



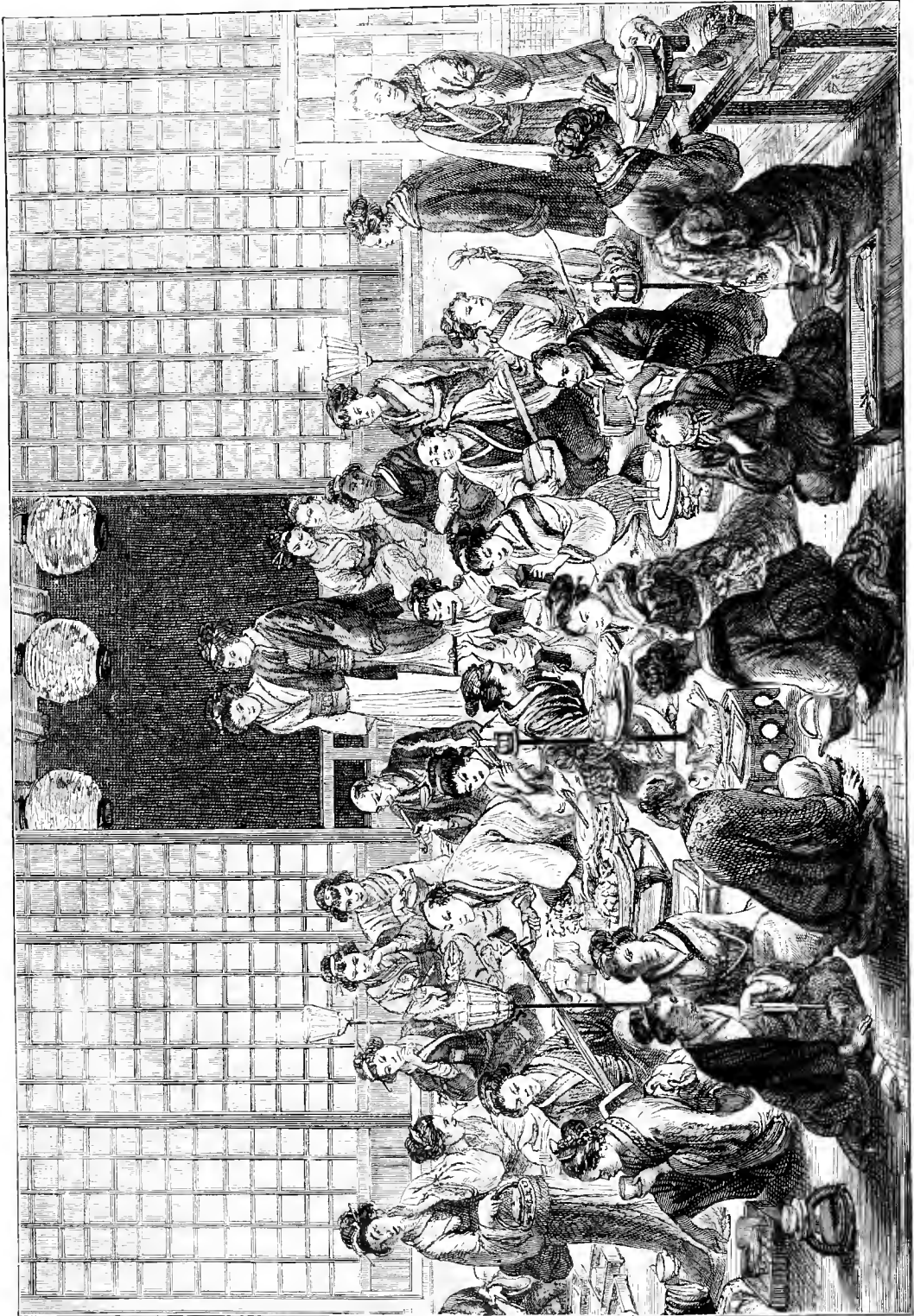


W. C. H. W. 2
Edwin, 1887
Legends of the cross

I wish to lend you
It you of me do borrow
Do soon as you have read it through
Pray bring it home the morrow
Then after which if you do
Borrow get another
Just come to me and you shall see
But I can lend be other

W. C. H. W. 2
Edwin, 1887

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.



A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

4/
CONQUESTS
OF THE CROSS.

A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World.

EDITED BY
EDWIN HODDER,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY," ETC. ETC.

VOL. II.

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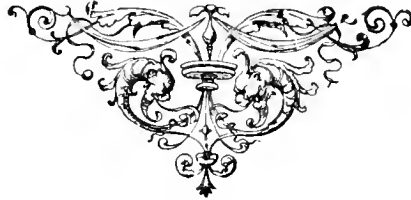
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CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

XVIII.—JAPAN.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

The Hermit Nation—Mendez Pinto—Arrival of Francis Xavier—Success of the Jesuits—A Religious War—Suppression of Christianity—The Gates of the Country Barred and Bolted—Commodore Perry—Six Ports Opened to British Subjects.

ONE Sunday in the midsummer of 1853, Commodore Perry, with four ships of war flying the stars and stripes, dropped anchor in the Bay of Yedo. His first act was to throw a flag over the capstan, place an open Bible on it, and give out the One-Hundredth Psalm, Kethe's immortal version, which was sung by officers and crew in the ears of the wondering Japanese. It was the first time a Christian Psalm had been heard on the shores of the "Sunrise Kingdom" for more than two hundred years, during which Japan had been bolted and barred against the hated foreigner.

Repeated attempts had been made to break through the stern walls that secluded the "Hermit Nation," but in vain. European and American emissaries had knocked at its gate, but had been denied admission. Its shores were not only a bulwark against the barbarian: they were equally a prison for the people of Japan. No native might leave the country; or if he broke through the cordon and visited a foreign land, he durst not return, for he had incurred the penalty of death. To make escape impossible, it was forbidden to construct vessels fit for the open sea, and only coasting junks with open stern were permissible.

To find the cause of this isolation we must go back three hundred years. When Columbus sailed west on his eventful expedition, it was not America, but Japan he had in view. Of the existence of the New World he was ignorant. But he had read with delight Marco Polo and his bewitching stories of an island called "Jipangu," of which the old Venetian explorer had heard when at the court of Kublai Khan. These stories, two centuries after they were written, captivated the imagination of Columbus, and fired him to sail west in search of this rich island. Instead of "Jipangu"—corrupted into "Japan"—he found America; and it was left to a Portuguese traveller, in the middle of the sixteenth century, to make the envied discovery, and to inform its inhabitants of the existence of Western countries.

A rude vessel might have been seen, during a storm in 1542, drifting in the China seas. It was a Chinese junk commanded by a pirate. On board was a Portuguese adventurer, Mendez Pinto, afterwards dubbed (in punning reference to his

wonderful tales) "the mendacious Pinto." After having been attacked by another pirate and driven helplessly before the wind, the pirate and the traveller at last sighted the shores of the southern island of Japan. Pinto landed safely, the first European who set foot on the "Land of the Rising Sun." In native annals that year is remarkable for the introduction of fire-arms, foreigners, and Christianity—a "Trinity of Terrors" inseparable in the minds of six after-generations, and till recently alike regarded with horror.

Pinto's arquebuses secured for him a delighted welcome. Numerous traders—Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch—followed in his wake, who found their dreams of a rich land and large profits verified. Daimios vied with each other in offers of hospitality. The trader was soon followed by the Jesuit missionary.

Seven years after Pinto's arrival, a Japanese named Anjiro, having killed a fellow-countryman, escaped to India on board a Portuguese vessel, and at Goa encountered the illustrious Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier. Anjiro picked up colloquial Portuguese, and ere long professed the new religion. Xavier inquired what would be the prospects of a Christian mission to Japan. The answer was true to the nineteenth as well as to the sixteenth century: "His people would not immediately assent to what might be said to them, but they would investigate my religion by a multitude of questions, and, above all, by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words. This done, the daimios, the nobility, and the people would flock to Christ, being a nation that always follows reason as a guide." Xavier hastened to test the truth of this assurance, and in 1549 he landed on the southern horn of the crescent formed by the islands of Japan, accompanied by Anjiro as his interpreter.

In midwinter, through snow-drifts and mountain torrents, he walked, barefoot and thinly clad, to the capital, a two months' journey. Neglecting to acquire the language, however, he was unable to preach, and had to rely mainly on images of the Virgin and Child. He failed alike to gain access to the sacred presence of the Mikado, and to win the ear of the people. Before long he left the country, keenly disappointed with his reception.

But where Xavier had failed, his followers succeeded. Within thirty years, 200 places of worship were established, and 150,000 Japanese, including daimios, generals, and even members of the Imperial House, were entered on the roll of converts. An embassy of four young noblemen was sent to the Pope, to declare themselves vassals of the Holy See. A few years more, and the native Christians numbered over half a million.

This success of the Jesuits is attributable partly to the action of the illustrious Shogun (Premier), Nobunaga. The Buddhist priests, with their vast estates, one occupying thirteen valleys, had become a danger to the realm. To humble their pride and power, open favour was shown to the Christians. The Jesuits, moreover, grafted their own religion on the ceremonies and paraphernalia of the dominant religion of Japan. Buddhism, it has often been said, is Roman Catholicism without a God. In both alike there were altars, candles, vestments, censers, bells, monasteries, celibates with shaven heads, pilgrimages, beads, saints, and indulgences. Buddhist temples were,

without difficulty, converted into Christian churches; lavatories, where the pious had formerly rinsed their teeth in preparation for worship, were turned into baptismal fonts; images of Buddha became images of Jesus; Kuanon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, was changed into the Virgin Mother. At the same time, to a people who had no prospect better than oppression and war here, and endless re-births hereafter, the promise of Paradise to the faithful at death, came as a welcome Gospel.

Unfortunately the Jesuits had forgotten nothing, and had learnt nothing, and took the sword to spread their faith. They put many of the priests (bonzes) to death, burnt numerous monasteries, introduced the Inquisition, and exiled hundreds who refused to conform. Jealousies and quarrels sprang up upon the arrival of other orders, Franciscans and Dominicans. The old Shogûn and his successor discovered the Jesuits carrying on intrigues for his overthrow. Fear of a foreign occupation took hold of his mind, and he resolved to extirpate the new faith.

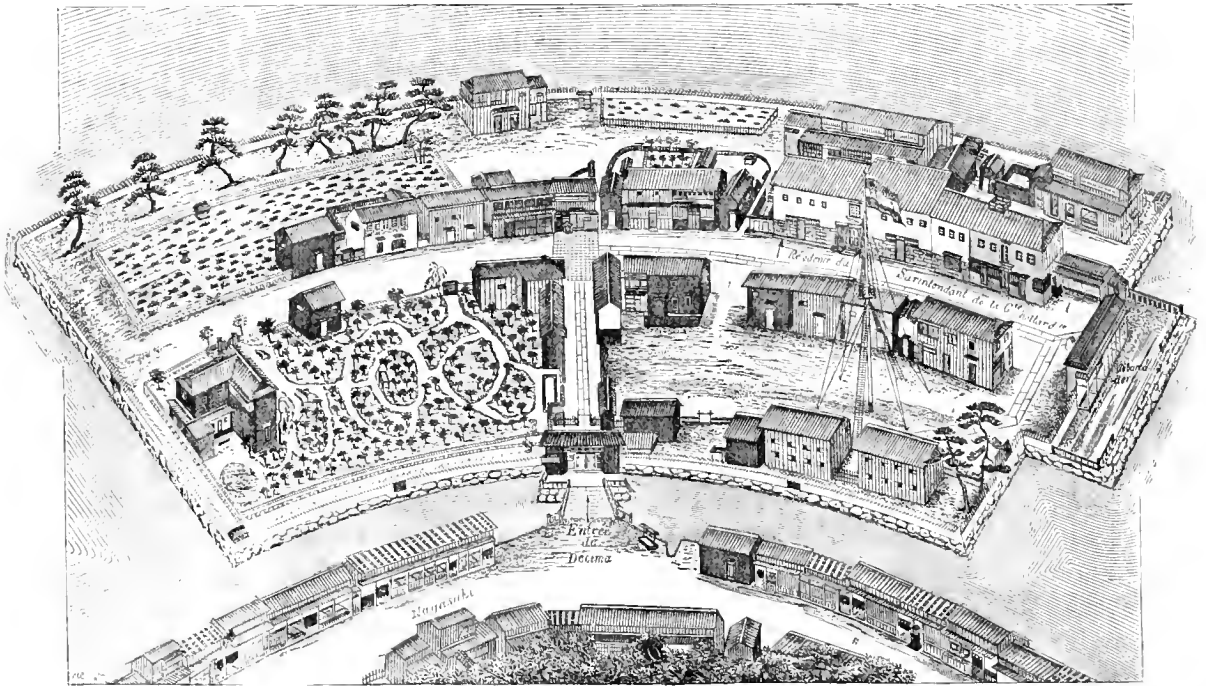
At length, in 1615, as the culmination of a bloody religious war, thousands of Christians were massacred. Their unflinching devotion to their religion compels our admiration. One may search the grim history of early Christian martyrology, without finding anything to surpass the heroism of the Roman Catholic martyrs of Japan. Burnt on stakes made of crosses, forced to trample on plates engraved with the words "The Christian Criminal God," torn limb from limb, buried alive, they yet refused to recant. We are told of "one Jesuit priest, Christopher Ferreya, who, after enduring horrible tortures, was at last hung by his feet in such a way that his head was in a hole in the ground from which light and air were excluded. His right hand was left loose that with it he might make the prescribed sign of recantation. He hung for four hours, and then made the sign. He was at once released, and compelled to consign Christians to torture and death."

Then, after a lull, in 1637 thousands of Christians rose in armed rebellion. They seized an old castle, but after a two months' siege were forced to surrender, and 37,000 were slaughtered. At the mouth of the lovely bay, or amphitheatre, of Nagasaki, is the rocky islet capped with wood, called, by the Dutch, Pappenberg. The closing act in the Jesuit tragedy took place when thousands of native Christians were hurled from this spot into the sea.

Stern decrees were then issued forbidding the admission of any foreign vessel. An exception was made in favour of Chinese and of Dutch citizens, twenty of whom were allowed to remain on the small fan-shaped island of Deshima, and to receive two ships per annum. Japan had experienced a century of "Christianity;" and the chief results were the introduction of gunpowder, fire-arms, tobacco, and some new and repulsive forms of disease; but especially the creation of a loathing of all foreign races and all foreign faiths. For more than two hundred years notice-boards stood beside highways, ferries, and mountain passes, containing, among various prohibitions of other crimes, the following:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

For centuries the name "Christian" would blanch the cheek and pale the lip. It was "the synonym of sorcery, sedition, and all that was hostile to the purity of the home and the peace of society. Christianity was remembered only as an awful scar on the national annals. No vestiges were supposed to be left of it, and no knowledge of its tenets was held, save by a very few scholars in Yedo, trained experts, who were kept as a sort of spiritual bloodhounds to scent out the adherents of the accursed creed."* A Police Inquisition was formed, after the model with which the Jesuit Inquisition had supplied them, and now the Buddhist priests used that identical instrument for the discovery of Christians, paying their parishioners an



PLAN OF DESHIMA. (From a Dutch Original.)

annual visit of inquiry and examination. But in the Southern Island the smouldering fire was never quite extinguished. As recently as 1829, six men and an old woman were crucified at Osaka! A large Christian community was discovered near Nagasaki in 1860, whose story must be told at a later point. The Bible had not been translated by the Jesuit missionaries, else many more communities would no doubt have outlived persecution.

At length the gate was shut and bolted; and during the long period of isolation, only nebulous tales about the romantic hermit-nation floated in the Western mind. Charles H. despatched a vessel to open intercourse with Japan, but in vain. A little later a Chinese junk was driven out of Nagasaki for having on board a book

* Griffiths, "Mikado's Empire."

descriptive of the Papal Cathedral at Peking. Early last century an Italian priest induced the commander of a vessel to send him ashore, only, however, to be kept in close imprisonment till his death.

It was the repeated attempts of Russia in the present century to seize Japan, that induced America to forestall her aggressive efforts, and take the action which brought Japan into the brotherhood of nations.

When Commodore Perry's war-ship steamed into Yedo Bay, a native official approached and ordered the intruder away. Perry was resolute, and refused to negotiate with any but the highest authorities. He had, he said, a letter from the President of the United States requesting a treaty of friendship and commerce, and it must be put into the hands of some responsible representative of the Government. When the Council at Yedo received the news of the arrival of the powerful fleet, and the Commander's demand, they were thrown into wild alarm. Conflicting opinions were expressed. Some advised summary and stern dismissal of the "barbarians;" others dreaded the consequences, and recommended that, at least, a representative of high blood should be sent to receive the President's letter. This last was done, and Perry retired, promising to return within a year to receive a reply.

Early in 1854 Perry returned, faithful to his word, supported by a larger squadron; and, by the application of pressure, constrained the Government to sign a Treaty. A British Embassy under Lord Elgin followed four years later, taking a small steam yacht from the Queen to the Emperor, and the Treaty of Yedo was signed without delay, securing larger concessions than Perry had obtained. Six ports were to be opened to British subjects, where also consuls were to reside. A Diplomatic Representative was to be received at Yedo, and other valuable terms were obtained. The seclusion of two centuries had been broken, without expenditure of blood or shot.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN EASTERN BRITAIN.

Extent and Climate of Japan—The Inland Sea—Mountains—Flora and Fauna—Agriculture—Lineage—Dress—In Tokio—Street Scenes—Shops and Shopkeepers—Fires—Houses and Gardens—Feasts and Festivals—Schools and Schoolmasters—Women—Poetry—Public Baths—Amusements—Art—Social Ranks.

A RED ball on a white ground—the rising sun emerging from the lonely Pacific—distinguishes the national flag of Japan. The most remote outpost of Asia, with four thousand miles of unbroken sea stretching eastwards, the Land of the Rising Sun clings close, in crescent form, to the great Eastern continent. In insular position, as in extent, population, and many other features, it is an Eastern edition of the British Isles. Of its three thousand islands there are four of considerable extent: one the size of England, containing a mountain as large as Mont Blanc, and a lake as wide as Geneva. Its climate is moderated in the south and east by a warm ocean current from the Equatorial belt—the "Black Stream"—three times larger than

the Gulf Stream. Its southern shores are thereby rendered semi-tropical, while Yezo in the north is washed by a reverse Arctic current. To this "Black Stream" it owes its luxuriant vegetation, which mantles mountain slopes and broad valleys in perpetual green. Its streams are of necessity short and rapid; its coast-land irregular, and indented with deep estuaries and bays.

After a week's run from Hong-Kong, we sight the tall and lonely archways worn out of the rocks that stand like sentinels of Japan, and steam past Pappenberg, the rock of the Jesuit martyrs, through the narrow passage that admits to the harbour of Nagasaki. This bay—a colossal amphitheatre—is second only to Sydney harbour in point of beauty and situation. At the upper bend, the artificial island, Deshima, recalls the story of the few Dutch settlers who were permitted to remain after the expulsion of other foreigners, and whose solitary life was broken only by the arrival of a Dutch merchantman twice a year. It was in this neighbourhood that a Roman Catholic remnant from the Jesuit movement was unearthed in recent years. Leaving this land-locked bay, we soon reach Shimonoséki, the Japanese Gibraltar, the narrow gateway to the Japanese Mediterranean.

The Inland Sea has no rival in all Europe for varied charm and gem-like beauty. We are reminded now of the Isles of Greece, and again of the Lakes of Killarney, now of the Kyles of Bute, and again of the Rhine. From dawn to dusk we sail on, through the shifting panorama of its thousand islets capped with green. Repeatedly we seem to be hemmed in and to be running aground, when a hidden channel reveals itself, opening out into another vista of emerald isles and sand-bordered bays. Traversing the maze at dusk or by moonlight, we glide through the fairy scene as in a dream. The troop of clumsy junks, with swollen sails and open sterns, the villages dimly dotting the shore, the terraced slopes like Rhine-side vineyards, the water like a floor for Titania and her court, and the swift procession of lovely islets, combine to make us rub our eyes, and wonder whether we are the prey of fancy.

Through an intensely clear atmosphere we see the summits of Japan's loftiest range of mountains, from sixty to eighty miles distant. As we round the coast towards the capital, we can see that it is a land of mountain and flood, and at the same time a land of vast plains luxuriant in evergreen. A closer inspection on our first expedition inland will reveal the composition of the landscape: feathery bamboo thickets, beech, oak, maple, and pine trees, azaleas and camellias; among plants, chrysanthemums—the national flower—cryptomeria, and many varieties of evergreens: stretches of watery paddy-fields, for the cultivation of rice, arranged in small squares, like the map of the United States.

Great mountain chains rise here and there into lofty peaks, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet high, volcanic in shape and origin. The scenery in some of these regions is of Alpine grandeur. The widest plain stretches unbroken from the capital, Tokio, to a wall of blue mountain, seventy miles inland. Visible across this plain even by moonlight, the tent-shaped mass, Fuji-san, towers into the sky in silent majesty—an extinct volcano, "clothed by a garment of lava, on a throne of granite," its summit

rising like a cone some 13,000 feet above sea-level. The popular belief is that it rose in a night. We do not wonder that it is an object of worship, is more sacred to the Japanese than their temples, and is the resort of numberless pilgrims. It figures in every painted landscape, every lacquer bowl, fan, dress, or tea-cup. The Japanese artist introduces the sacred mountain, or the sacred stork, into every possible scene. The volcanic nature of the country is seen in the peaks and islands that still vomit forth smoke, in the sulphurous springs whose medicinal qualities attract numerous sufferers, and in the earthquake shocks which daily alarm the nervous, and, in a serious mood, every ten years destroy a city.

Agriculture is the chief source of the nation's wealth. Terraces of carefully cultivated rice-beds cover every acre to which water can be brought, and adorn the hill-sides and shoulders of the mountains. By dint of careful tilling and manuring, the soil is made to yield two crops annually. But the eye looks in vain for English meadows and pasture-lands. The Japanese farmer rears no cattle, breeds only a few pack-horses and draught oxen. Believing in the transmigration of the soul, the people are necessarily vegetarians. To kill an animal would be to unhouse some soul, perhaps to stop it on its upward way. Rice is the staple product of the country; next comes the mulberry-tree, for the silkworm; and tea, exported mainly to the United States. The national drink, called saké, is a fermented decoction of rice, which intoxicates quickly, but which does not render its victims so savage and brutal as does British fire-water.

Landing in spring-time, we are greeted with a glorious show of peach, plum, and cherry blossoms. One of the sights of Japan is Uyeno Park, on the outskirts of Tokio, at the time of the cherry-blossom. By the river's bank is an avenue of two miles in length, bordered by cherry-trees, gay with delicate bloom, and dotted with pavilioned tea-gardens, where the merry pleasure-seeker early in April enjoys a drink flavoured with cherry-blossom.

Summer follows and covers the lakes with irises, and August spreads the sacred lotus over the waters of the castle moats. More representative than any, and at its best in October, is the chrysanthemum, to Japan what the rose is to England. Camellias stay till December, and evergreens relieve the wintry landscape.

The fauna of Japan is as poor as its flora is rich. Its birds are almost songless, with the exception of the thrush, the skylark, and the nightingale. Impudent crows assail the ear with their coarse caw-caw. Foxes, badgers, and hares abound, and have long been the objects of the people's superstitious reverence. Cats are, like their Manx kindred, tailless, and dogs are wolfish. Sheep find the grass of Japan too coarse, and die. Oxen are used only for draught purposes, and may be seen slowly dragging a wooden plough, a reproduction of the Greek *pekton*.

Our voyage in the Japanese waters has been hastened by the "Black Current," a stream which appears to have played a curious part in the history of certain races. There is a reasonable theory which supposes that the original home of the North American Indians was Japan. The "Black Stream," which strikes its south-eastern

shores, bounding off in a curving course across the Pacific, is known to have carried, between 1782 and 1876, forty-seven Japanese junks to the Californian coast. There are other facts, in language and appearance, which give colour to the supposition that the Mexicans and Indians may be traced to Japan.

As to their own lineage, the Japanese claim to be directly descended from the gods. The present Mikado is the 123rd in direct succession from Jimmu Tenno, whose mother was a goddess, and who came down from the heavens in a boat. A theory, almost as reasonable, finds at last the long lost ten tribes of Israel in the Japanese! Probably the Koreans, certainly not the Chinese, are their progenitors.

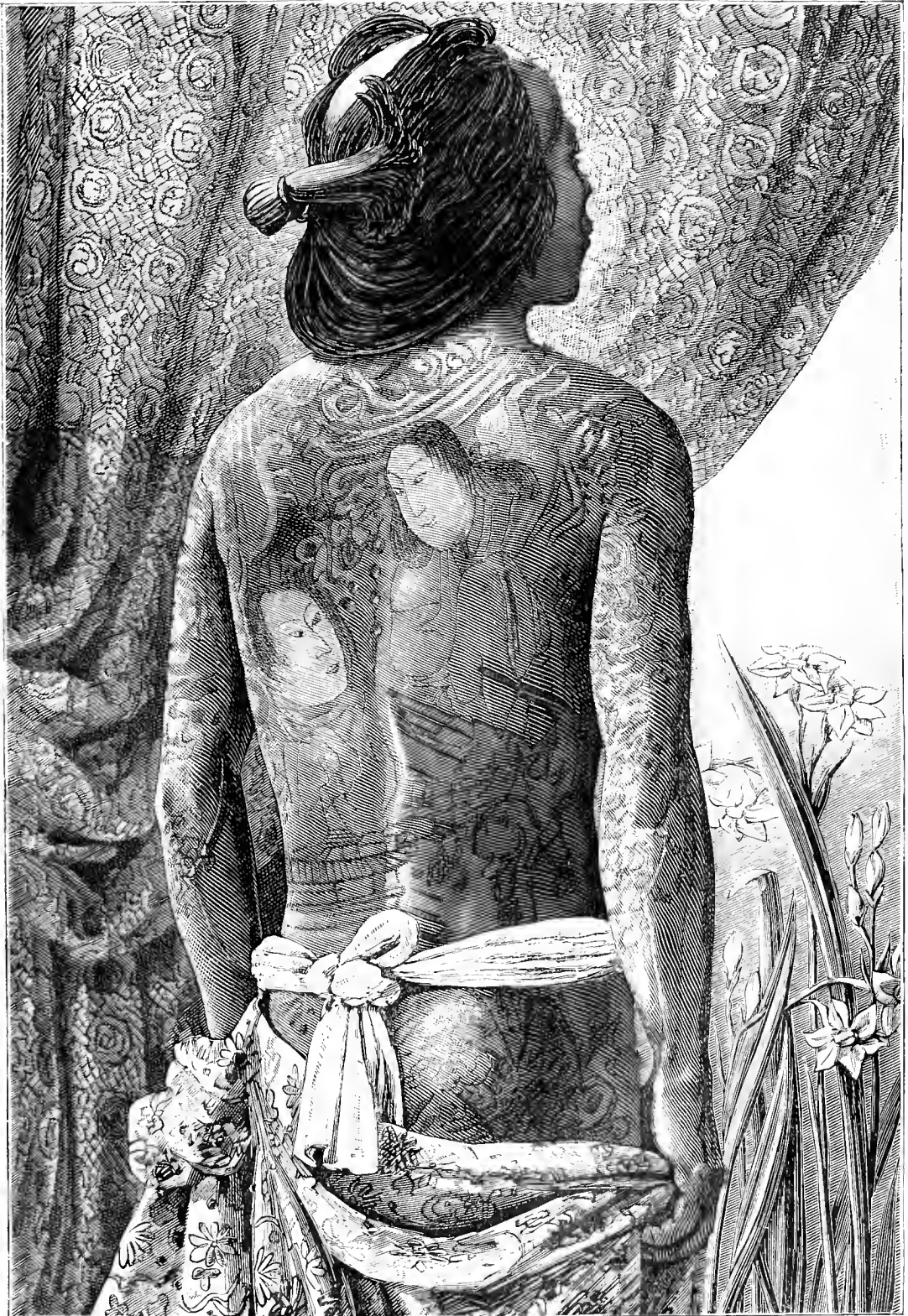
Two distinctly marked types of feature are found among the people, says Griffis. The upper classes are characterised by "the fine, long, oval face, with prominent well-chiselled features, oblique eyes, long drooping eyelids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high and narrow forehead, bud-like mouth, pointed chin, small hands and feet." The labouring classes are marked by the flattened face, less oblique eyes, and heavy features; and are akin to the Aino race, a remnant of which, hairy, muscular, and without an alphabet, survives in the northern island of Yezo.

We will make our first visit to Japan in company with the earliest diplomatists, merchants, and missionaries, ere the life and customs of centuries disappear before Western civilisation. A stalwart boatman sculls us ashore, in Venetian fashion, with his oar resting on an outrigger at the stern. A cotton wisp bound round his temples, and a girdle round his loins, compose his wardrobe. Behind he is an "art exhibition," a study in tattooing. Safely landed, we are transferred to a *kago*, an open framework like a sedan chair, suspended to a long pole which rests on the shoulders of two or four men. No one but a tailor could comfortably submit to be jostled along in this cramped and cribbed position.

A good-humoured crowd gather to inspect the foreigner. From the bearded grandfather to the merry children, all are polite, genial, and light-hearted. The cares of life seem to weigh lighter here than in other lands.

The men shave a broad strip of their crown, while their long uncut hair is gathered up into a queue, bandolined and knotted in thumb-shape close to the head. The peasants wear palm-leaf hats about one yard in diameter, and in wintry weather thatch themselves with a grass overcoat, which transforms them into so many hedgehogs. With the exception of the rusties and the workmen, the people wear loose long toga-like robes, bound round the waist with a band, in which smoking or writing materials are carried. The most striking features of the fashionable or festive dresses of young women, are the richly brocaded girdle tied in a huge bow behind, the graceful folds of the successive garments at the open bosom, the powdered necks and faces, and the lips reddened with carmine. All wear white socks, which divide between the large and the other toes to admit the thong of the patten by which it is held to the foot. The clatter of these loosely attached pattens, mingled with the street cries, gives life to the scene.

On our way to Tokio, the Yedo of our school-books, we pass several fishing



TATTOOED JAPANESE SERVANT.

villages, thread our way among the ubiquitous paddy-fields, and emerge on the Tokaido, the great imperial highway of Japan, and the scene of the military exploits and historic events of many generations. Among the wayfarers are pilgrims clad in white, carrying tinkling bells, and chanting to each other in turn some rhythmical and musical lines. Pack-horses pass us shod with straw shoes, and supplied each with two extra pairs slung to its harness.

The capital, which we are nearing, presents the appearance of a wilderness of dingy wooden structures. It is one wide waste of shingle roofs, relieved by a few wooded heights whose ancient trees shelter the curving roofs of lofty temples. We are startled by a cry of agony, a choking groan, that appears to come at regular intervals from some coolies who are dragging a laden cart. None of them is in the pangs of a colic, however: it is only the alternate cry by which they keep time and urge each other to the effort. We have scarcely entered the city streets when we hear a shrill whistle of a double-barrelled reed-pipe coming from a blind man who is groping his way with his staff. He is a professor of shampooing—stone-blind, like all the members of his profession—who perambulates the streets ready to shampoo tired travellers, or shave their heads, or apply the massage treatment as a cure for rheumatic and other ailments. He is prepared also to lend money at liberal interest.

Amid all the jangle of the street cries coming from coolies, and sweetmeat sellers, and visiting barbers, the milkman's cry is never heard. It is, according to Japanese taste, an indelicate, an immodest thing to milk a cow!

The music of the streets in the evening reminds us of the squalling of two babies in one room. On the occasion of *matsuris*, or festive street shows, girls squat by the way in the line of booths, and draw a knot of admiring listeners by their incessant high-pitched tremolo, relieved by a brief chase down the scale and up again. It is clever, but it is not music.

Here comes the water-cart—a man with two pails suspended at the end of a bamboo pole carried on his shoulders. As he trots along with swaying motion, a thin slit half round the bottom of the pail throws a stream of water on the dusty road.

Each street name, instead of being posted on the corner as with us, is written above each portal. A slab of wood hangs over the entrance, inscribed with the name of the street or block, the number, and names and sexes of the occupants. The Japanese believe in door-plates. Often a charm may be found suspended beside the board, the horse-shoe of Japan. The streets are christened with very flowery and poetic names. But the most curious of all is Will Adams, or the Pilot's Street. The Englishman thus immortalised had a strange history. As pilot of a Dutch fleet, he was the first Englishman to enter the country, fifty years after Xavier's arrival. He rose by ability and fidelity to be the trusted counsellor of the illustrious Shogūn Iyeyasu. A street in the capital was honoured with the name of the Pilot, *Anjiu Cho*, and its inhabitants still maintain an annual festival in commemoration of his fame. His grave has recently been discovered, surmounted by a stone monument erected by the Japanese.

Shops are open from side to side to the streets, their signboards needlessly

indicating the character of their contents, which are all visible to the passer-by. The floor is raised a foot or two above ground, and serves at once for counter and seat. It is covered with thick rush mats invariably six feet by three. The size of a room is "so many mats." It is kept scrupulously clean—on the exterior, for within it is often densely populated—and sandals are always dropped at the entrance before setting foot on its shining surface.

The shopkeeper squats on the soles of his feet, toasting his hands at his *hibachi*, a portable metal or stone fire-box in which a meagre charcoal fire is kept burning. In his hand is a pipe, with a long stem, and bowl of the size of a bean, filled afresh at every second or third whiff. As we approach he salutes us by dipping his forehead to the floor. But time is not money to him, fixed prices are unknown, and to make a bargain is a slow process. He asks four times the actual amount he will take, incredulously shrugs his shoulders at the sum you offer, and finally, after counting on his *soroban* and humming his soliloquies, he accepts it with a resigned air, sealing the bargain by calling for a cup of tea for us from the room behind. He bids us adieu with another polite obeisance, sucking his breath through his teeth after the manner of native good-breeding.

The picturesque appearance of the shops delights our artistic taste. One deals in rush hats like mushrooms, paper umbrellas plain or decorated, and straw sandals. His neighbour, the greengrocer, is driving a roaring trade in rice, wheat, vegetables of trying odours, and edible sea-weed. One advertises *Tubako*, a trace of the Portuguese visitors two centuries ago; another announces Saké, the native rice-spirit. Special trades—coopers, china-dealers, silk-merchants, &c.—are to be found clustering together in their own special streets.

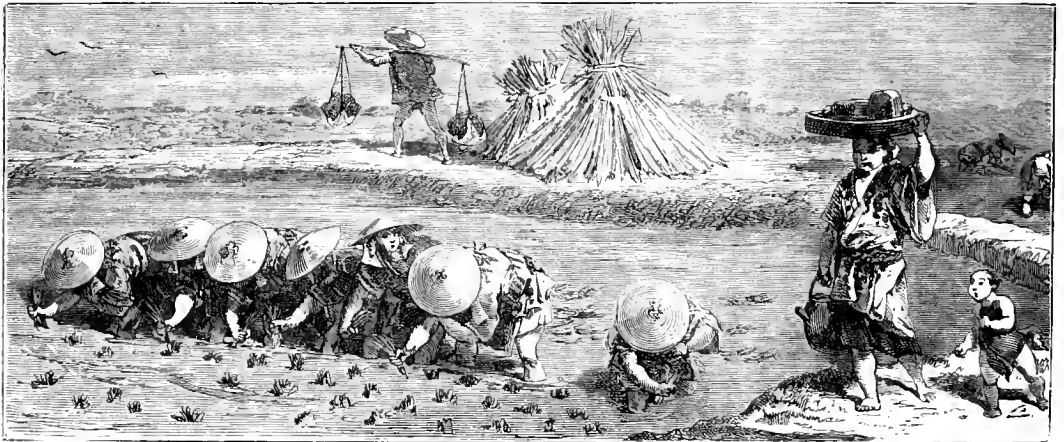
We see few houses of more than one storey, with a dwarf storey above, and all are constructed of wood, with the exception of the clay-built go-downs or storehouses. Stone-built houses would soon be shaken to the ground by earthquakes. Here then among these wooden streets is a splendid field for fires, which are so common that a tradesman calculates on being burnt out once every seven years. One night's conflagration in the capital has destroyed as many as 9,000 houses; and every winter night sees numerous fires, some of them traced to incendiaries, but most of them to the upsetting of lamps or braziers. A watchman in each ward sees the glare of fire from his lofty look-out and rings the bell, once if the destroyer is far off, continuously if it is at hand. The only objects that resist the devouring flames are the fire-proof clay store-houses. Next morning sees the luckless citizen preparing with Yankee speed for the re-erection of his house, and within a month or two the streets are lined with shops again.

In Japanese houses there is little attempt at privacy. Through the open door or lattice may be seen the family at their fish and rice, or the mother shaving her child's head of its entire crop of hair except a tuft above each ear and one at the nape of the neck. And "at night when the paper windows are drawn closely together, you may see many a side-splitting comedy or painful tragedy enacted in shadow by the unconscious inmates. Japanese caricaturists have, indeed, not been slow to seize and

utilise this salient feature in the national life, and comic silhouettes or shadow-pictures are to be seen in any print-shop or bookseller's window."

A native house has no walls, except sliding doors, and the heavy roof with its overhanging eaves is supported only by wooden pillars. Screens with paper panels, which slide in grooves, divide the house into apartments. Remove the partitions and you have a spacious room. An entrance can be made from any side. The floor serves for chair and bed alike. The language has no word for "chair" other than a "priest's seat." The thickly matted floor is a bed softer than a soldier's. The pillow is a curiosity—a small box of wood topped with a tiny cushion, while a thickly quilted coverlet serves for blanket. There is no furniture except a *hibachi* (brazier) and dwarf table.

Every house has its garden in the rear, with its tiny lake, its rockery relieved



JAPANESE PADDY FIELDS—PLANTING RICE.

with ferns, its dwarfed trees trained into all sorts of gnarled and grotesque shapes. These toy gardens—never laid out in flower-beds—are the delight of the people, and give a fairy aspect to their homes. "The whole calendar is pervaded by festive seasons named after particular flowers or plants. On certain nights, too, which in the stifling summer-time happily come very often, certain streets may be seen from afar to gleam with the radiance of innumerable torches, and, shades of Macbeth! whole uprooted forests, often in full bloom, are seen moving towards the open flower market."

Japan is, according to Sir Rutherford Alcock's phrase, now well worn, "a Paradise of Babies." With their wise, precocious faces, their knowing, twinkling, jet-black eyes, they look little men and women. They hunt in pairs, one always mounted on the back of the other, bandaged on with a special arrangement of cloth. Often the two children—the rider and the ridden—are so near an age that one is tempted to suppose that they must be taking it in turns and carrying one another." On the back of a boy of six may be seen a child of two, toasted all day in the burning sun, and, when asleep, his little head hanging over loosely and jerked at every

Long 55° E of Paris

AFRICA

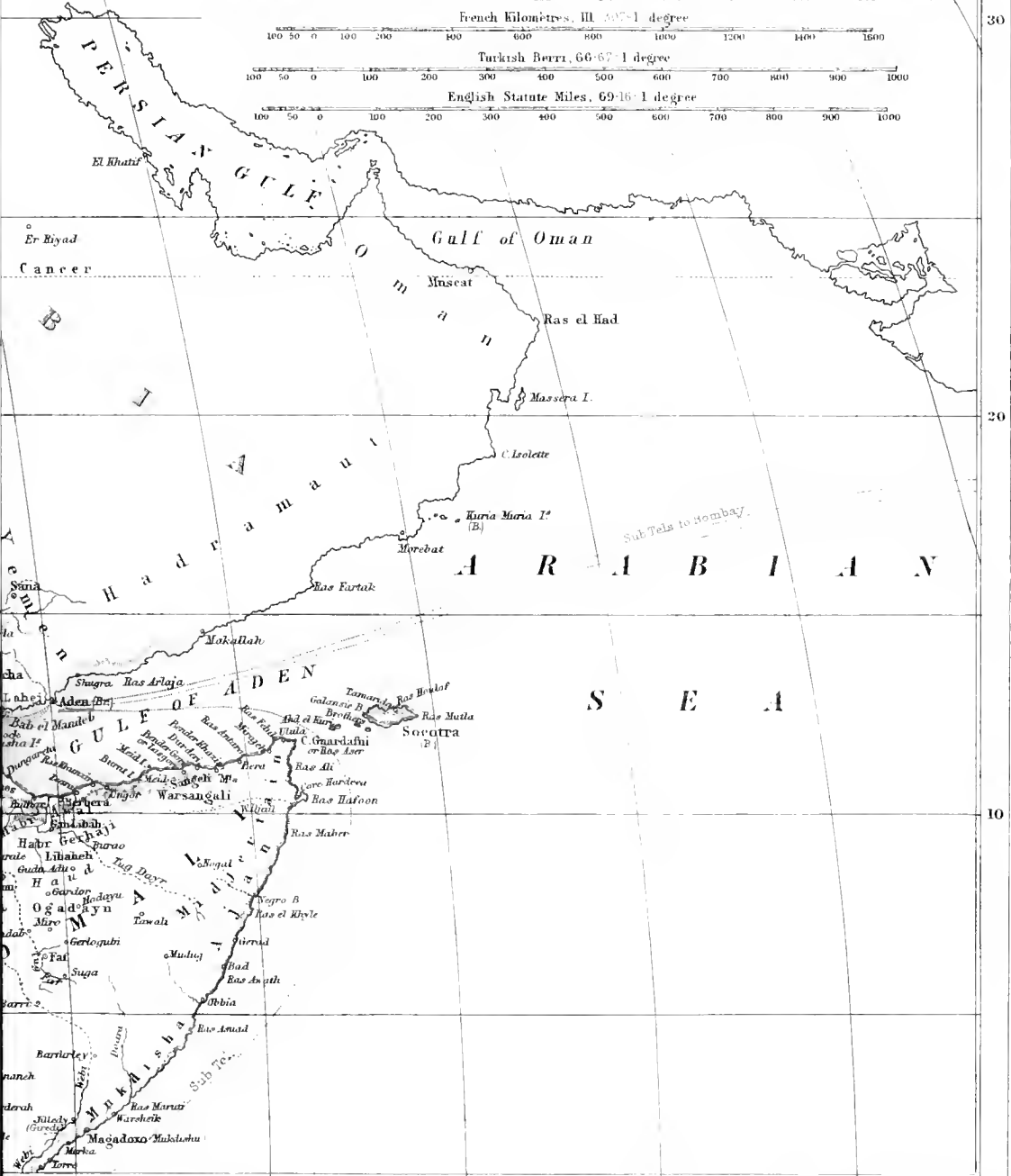
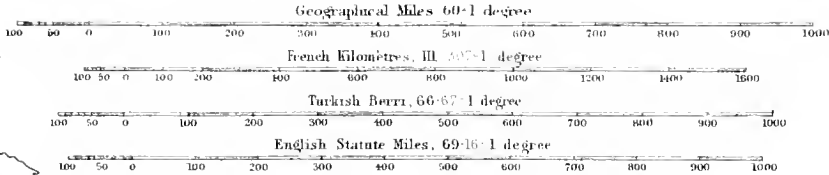
NORTHERN PORTION

BY REITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E.

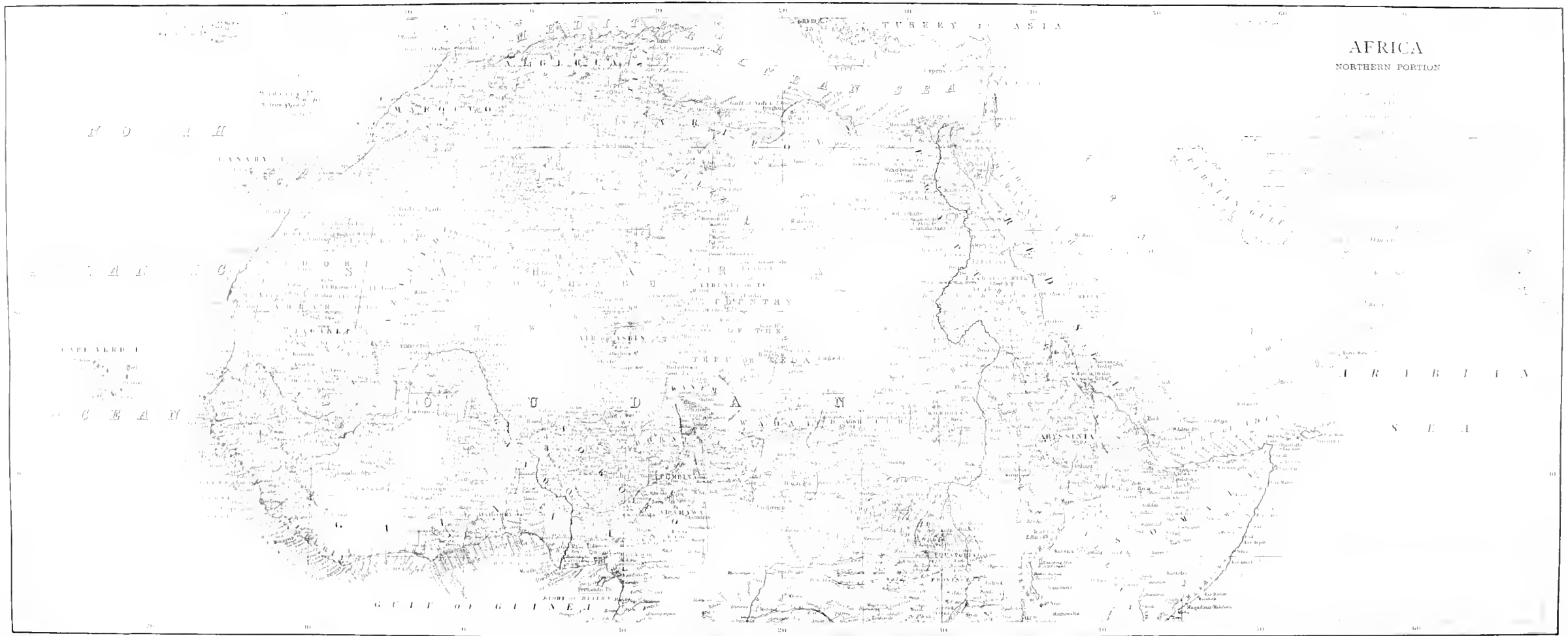
With Corrections and Additions to 1889

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:19,008,000 300 miles to an inch



AFRICA
NORTHERN PORTION



AFRICA.

(IN FOUR MAPS.)

MISSION STATIONS underlined on the four Maps, alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

<p>C. M. S. ... Church Missionary Society. S. P. G. ... Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Col. ... Colonial and Continental Church Society. L. M. S. ... London Missionary Society. Wes. ... Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. Bapt. ... Baptist Missionary Society. *Soc. Fem. Ed. ... Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. Ch. Scot. ... Church of Scotland Foreign Mission. " " Jews ... " " Mission to Jews. Free Ch. Scot. ... Free " " Foreign Mission. Un. Presb. ... United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland). Univ. Miss. ... Universities' Mission to Central Africa. N. African ... The North African Mission. Eng.-Egypt. ... The English-Egyptian Mission (Miss M. L. Whately). L. S. P. C. Jews ... London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Friends' ... Friends' Foreign Mission Association. " Miss. to Zulu Kafirs ... Mission to Zulu Kafirs of Rock Fountain. Un. Meth. ... United Methodist Free Churches Foreign Missionary Society. Prim. Meth. ... Primitive Methodist Missionary Society. Freedmen ... Freedmen's Missions Aid Society. Berlin ... Berlin Evangelical Missionary Society. Basel ... Basel Evangelical Missionary Society. Rhenish ... Rhenish Missionary Society. N. German ... North German Missionary Society.</p>	<p>Paris Evang. ... Paris Society for Evangelical Missions. Free Ch. Switz. ... Missions of the Free Churches of French Switzerland. Morav. ... Moravian Missionary Society. Herm. ... Herrmannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Mission. Norweg. ... Norwegian Missionary Society. Schreuder Miss. ... The Schreuder Mission (Norwegian). Swed. Ch. ... Missionary Committee of the Swedish Church. " Miss. Un. ... The Swedish Missionary Union. Finland ... Finland Missionary Society. Am. B. F. M. ... American Board of Foreign Missions. Am. Bapt. ... Baptist Missionary Society. Am. S. Bapt. ... Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.). Am. Meth. Epis. ... American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society. Bish. Taylor ... Bishop Wm. Taylor's Mission (in connection with the Meth. Epis. Church). Am. Prot. Epis. ... American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society. Am. Presb. ... Missions of American Presbyterian Churches. Am. Wes. Con. ... American Wesleyan Methodist Connection Foreign Missions. Am. Evang. Luth. ... American Evangelical Lutheran Church Missions. *Am. Wom. Assn. ... American Women's Missionary Association. Meth. Ch. N. Amer. ... Methodist Church of North America Missionary Board.</p>
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* In all other cases, Stations worked by Women's and Auxiliary Societies are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

N.B.—The following list of Stations only gives those of Foreign Missionary Societies, and does not include local missions nor the work of colonial churches of all denominations.

<p>ABEOKUTA . . . Slave Coast . C. M. S., Wes., Am. S. Bapt. ACCRA Gold Coast . Wes. ADA " " . Basel. ADAMS Natal . . . Am. B. F. M. (Amanzimtoti) ADAMSHOOP . . . Kimberley . Berlin. ADELAIDE . . . Cape Colony . S. P. G., Un. Presb. ADEN Arabia . . . C. M. S., Free Ch. Scot. AKROU Algeria . . . N. African. AKROPONG . . . Gold Coast . Basel. ALEXANDRIA . . . Egypt . . . Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb. ALGIERS Algeria . . . L. S. P. C. Jews, Swed. Miss. Un., Un. Presb. ALIWAL, NORTH . Cape Colony . Prim. Meth., Col. AMALIENSTEIN . . " " . Berlin. AMBAHY Madagascar . L. M. S. (Farafangana) AMBATONDRAZAKA . . . " " . AMBOHMANDROSO . . " " . AMBOHMARINA . . . " " . Norweg. AMBOSITRA " " . L. M. S. ANAMABOE . . . Gold Coast . Wes. ANDEVOKANTE . . . Madagascar . S. P. G. ANTANANARIVO . . . " " . L. M. S., S. P. G., Friends, Norweg. AND DISTRICT. ANTIOKA Delagoa Bay . Free Ch. Switz.</p>	<p>ANUM Gold Coast . Basel. ARTHINGTON. See Stanley Pool. ASABA Niger . . . C. M. S. ASYOOT Egypt . . . Am. Presb. (Sioot) BADAGRY Slave Coast . C. M. S. BALLANDO Angola . . . Am. B. F. M. BANANA Congo . . . Bishop Taylor. (Chavunga) BANDAWÉ Lake Nyassa . Free Ch. Scot. BANZA MANTEKE . . Congo . . . Am. Bapt. BARBERTON Transvaal . Wes. BARKLY Cape Colony . L. M. S. BARMEN. See Otyikango. BASSA, GREAT AND LIBERIA . . . Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Little. Prot. Epis. RAZIYA. See Buzeia. BEACONSFIELD . . Kimberley . S. P. G., Berlin. BEDFORD Cape Colony . S. P. G. BEERSHEBA . . . Great Namaqua Land. Rhenish. " " . Transvaal . Herm. BENGUELA Angola . . . Am. B. F. M. BENITO Lower Guinea. Am. Presb. BEREÁ Basuto Land . Paris Evang. BETAFO Madagascar . Norweg. BETHANY Great Namaqua Land. Rhenish.</p>
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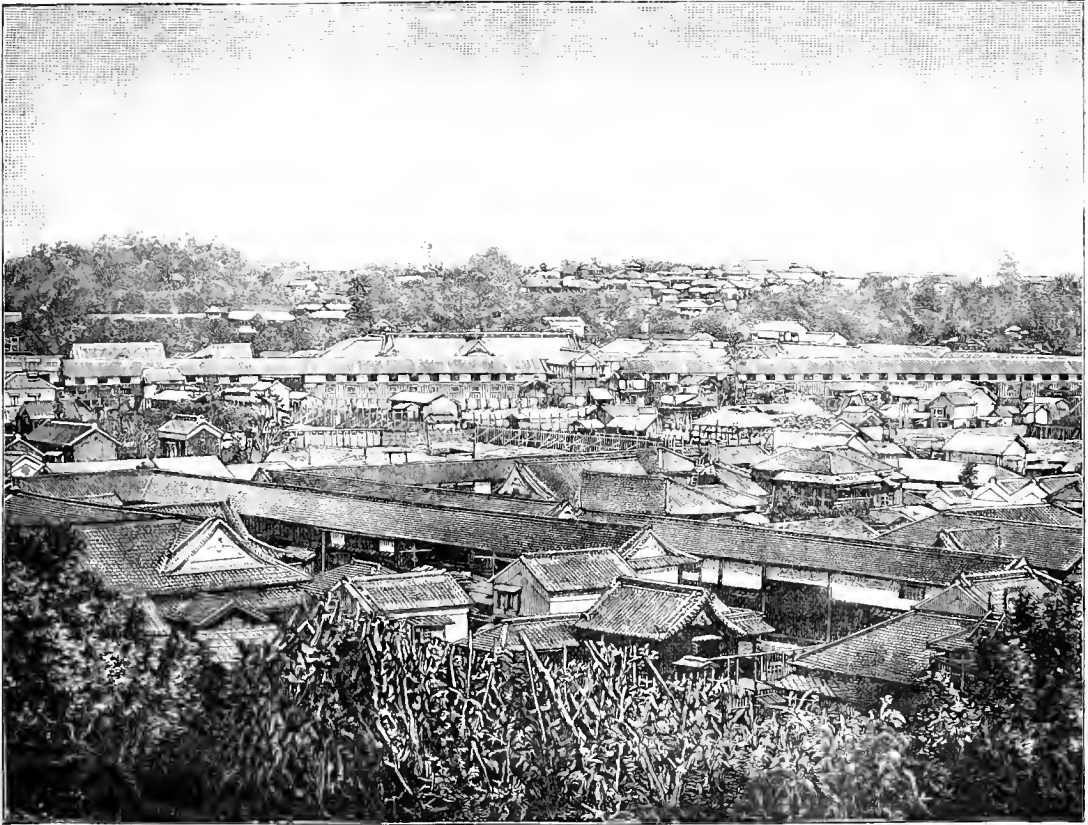
BETHANY	Orange Free State.	Berlin.	
"	Transvaal	Herm.	
BETHESDA	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.	
BETHULIE	Orange Free State.	" "	
BETISILEO, <i>District of</i>	Madagascar	L. M. S., Norweg.	
BEXLEY	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
BHIE	Angola	Am. B. F. M.	
BLANTYRE	E. Coast Africa	Ch. Scot.	
BLAUBERG	Transvaal	Berlin.	
BLOEMFONTEIN	Orange Free State.	S. P. G., Berlin.	
BLWTHSWOOD	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
BOLOBO	Congo	Bapt.	
BOLOTWA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
BONNY	Guinea	C. M. S.	
BOTSABELO	Transvaal	Berlin.	
BRASS	Niger	C. M. S.	
BREDASDORP	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
BURNSHILL	" "	Free Ch. Scot.	
BUZEIA	Tembn Land	Morav.	
(<i>Baziya</i>)			
CAIRO	Egypt	C. M. S., Wes., Eng. Egypt., Am. Presb., Col.	
CALABAR, NEW	Guinea	C. M. S.	
" OLD	" "	Un. Presb.	
CALDWELL	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
CALEDON	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CAPE COAST CASTLE	Gold Coast	Wes.	
CAPE MOUNT	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
CAPE PALMAS	" "	Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Meth. Epis.	
CAPE TOWN	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Col.	
CARNARVON. <i>See</i> Schietfontein.			
CAVALLY	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
CERES	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CHALUMNA	" "	Col.	
CHAVUNGA. <i>See</i> Banana.			
CHIKUSI	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.	
CHIRAZADO	East Central Africa.	Ch. Scot.	
CHIRENJI. <i>See</i> Mweniwanda.			
CHITESI'S	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.	
CHRISTIANA	Transvaal	S. P. G.	
CHRISTIANSBERG	Gold Coast	Basel.	
CLANWILLIAM	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CLARKSON	" "	Morav.	
CLYDESDALE	Griqualand, E.	S. P. G.	
COLUMBA	Transkei	Un. Presb.	
CONCORDIA. <i>See</i> Springbokfontein.			
CONSTANTIA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CONSTANTINE	Algeria	N. African.	
CORISCO	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.	
CRADOCK	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CREEK TOWN	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
CUNNINGHAM	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
DIX COVE	Gold Coast	Wes.	
DJEMAA SAHRIDJ	Algeria	N. African.	
DONDO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.	
DORDRECHT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
DORMASI	East Central Africa	Ch. Scot.	
DUFFBANK	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
DUKE TOWN	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
D'URBAN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
DURBAN	Natal	"	
EBENEZER	Cape Colony	Rhenish.	
EDINA	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
EGGA	Niger	C. M. S.	
EHLANZENI	Natal	Herm.	
EKOMBE	Reserved Territory.	Norweg.	
EKOWE	" "	" "	
EKULANGENI	Transvaal	Herm.	
ELIM	Cape Colony	Morav., Herm.	
"	Natal	Herm.	
"	Transvaal	Free Ch. Switz.	
ELMINA	Zulu Coast	Wes.	
EMATLABATINI	Transvaal	Norweg.	
EMGWALI	Cape Colony	Un. Presb.	
EMHLANGEN. <i>See</i> Inyati.			
EMLALAZI	Res. Territory.	Herm.	
EMPANGENI	Zulu Land	Norweg.	
ENON	Cape Colony	Morav.	
ENTUMENI	Reserved Territory.	Norweg., Schreuder Miss.	
EQUATORVILLE	Congo	Am. Bapt.	
ESIHLENGI	Transvaal	Herm.	
ESTCOURT	Natal	S. P. G., Meth. Ch. N. Amer.	
ETLOMOTLOMO	Transvaal	Herm.	
FANOARIVO	Madagascar	Norweg.	
FARAFANGANA. <i>See</i> Ambahy.			
FERNANDO PO. ISLAND OF		Prim. Meth.	
FEZ	Marocco	N. African.	
FIANARANTSOA	Madagascar	L. M. S., Norweg.	
FORT BEAUFORT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
FORT DAUPHIN	Madagascar	Norweg.	
FOULE POINT	" "	S. P. G.	
FREE TOWN	Sierra Leone	C. M. S., Wes., Un. Meth., Am. Wes. Con.	
FRERE TOWN	E. Coast Africa	C. M. S.	
FWAMBO	Lake Tanganyika.	L. M. S.	
GABOON	Lower Guinea.	Am. Presb.	
GAMBIA	W. Africa	Wes.	
GEBEBE	Niger	C. M. S.	
GENADENDAL	Cape Colony	Morav.	
GEORGE TOWN.	" "	S. P. G.	
GLENAVON	" "	Un. Presb.	
GLENTHORN	" "	"	
GOEDEVERWACHT	" "	Morav.	
GOSHEN	" "	"	
GRAAF REINET	" "	S. P. G.	
GRAHAMSTOWN	" "	S. P. G., Un. Presb.	
GREATNOODESBERG	Natal	Swed. Ch.	
GREYTOWN	" "	S. P. G.	
GROUTFIELD	" "	Am. B. F. M.	
HARPER	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
HEIDELBERG	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
"	Transvaal	S. P. G., Berlin.	
HERMANSBURG	Natal	Herm.	
HERMON	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.	
HERSCHEL	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
IIO	Gold Coast	N. German.	
HOACHANAS	Great Namaqua Land	Rhenish.	
(<i>Hoakanas</i>)			
HOPE FOUNTAIN	Matabele	L. M. S.	
IBADAN	Dahomey	C. M. S., Wes.	
IDA	Niger	C. M. S.	
IKORANA	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
IMERINA, <i>District of</i>	Madagascar	L. M. S., S. P. G., Friends'.	
IMFULE	Transvaal	Norweg., Swed. Ch.	
IMPOLWENI	Natal	Free Ch. Scot.	
INANDA	" "	Am. B. F. M.	
(<i>Lindley</i>)			
INHAMBANE	E. Coast Africa	Am. B. F. M., Meth. Ch. N. Amer.	
INHLAZATYE	Transvaal	Norweg.	
INYATI	Matabele	L. M. S.	
(<i>Emhlangen</i>)			
INYAZANE	Reserved Territory.	Herm.	
ISANDLANA (<i>Isandula</i>)	" "	S. P. G.	
ISANGILA	Congo	Bish. Taylor.	
ITEMBENI	Natal	Herm.	
IXOPO	" "	Friends' Miss. to Zulu Katlirs.	

JHOOSY	Madagascar	Norweg.
JOHANNESBURG	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes., Berlin.
JOMFU	East Coast	Un. Meth.
KABINDA	Congo	Bish. Taylor.
KAMAGGAS	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.
KAMLIKENI	East Coast	C. M. S.
KANGWE	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.
KANYE	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
KARONGA	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
KAWELE	LakeTanganyika.	L. M. S.
KEETMANNSHOOP	Great Namaqua Land.	Rhenish.
KIMBERLEY	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Berlin.
KIMPOKO	Congo	Bish. Taylor.
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.	Cape Colony	S. P. G., L. M. S., Col.
Ditto, <i>Neighbourhood of.</i>	" "	Berlin.
KISULUTINI	East Coast	C. M. S.
KLEKSDORP	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes.
KNYSNA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
KORSTADT	Griqualand E.	"
KONGHA	Cape Colony	"
KRUGERSDORP	Transvaal	"
KURUMAN	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
KWA MAKOLO	Victoria Nyanza.	C. M. S.
LADISMITH	Cape Colony	Berlin.
"	Natal	S. P. G.
LAGOS	Slave Coast	C. M. S., Wes., Am. S.
LEOPOLDVILLE	Congo	Am. Bapt.
LERIBE	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
LICHTENBURG	Transvaal	Herm.
LINDLEY. <i>See Inanda.</i>		
LIXOKANA	" "	"
LITTLE POPO	Slave Coast	Wes.
LOCEO, PORT. <i>See Port Loceo.</i>		
LOHARANO	Madagascar	Norweg.
LOKODZA	Niger	C. M. S.
LORENZO MARQUEZ. Delagoa Bay		Free Ch. Switz.
LOVEDALE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
LUKOLELA	Congo	Bapt.
(<i>Liverpool</i>)		
LUKOMA, ISLAND OF	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.
LUKUNGA	Congo	Am. Bapt.
LUNEBURG	Transvaal	Herm.
LUTULI	Transkei	Un. Presb.
LUXOR	Egypt	Am. Presb.
LYDENBURG	Transvaal	S. P. G., Berlin.
MACFARLANE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
MACLEAR, CAPE	Lake Nyassa	"
MADAGASCAR, ISLAND OF.	—	C. M. S., L. M. S., S. P. G. Friends', Norweg.
MAENDAENDA'S	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.
MAFEKING	BechuanaLand	Wes.
MAGILA	East Coast	Univ. Miss.
MAHANORA	Madagascar	S. P. G.
MAHE, ISLAND OF	Seychelles	C. M. S., Col.
MAIN	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.
MALAN	Cape Colony	Un. Presb.
MALANGE	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
MALMESBURY	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
MAMBA	Lower Guinea.	Bish. Taylor.
MAMBOIA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MAMRE	Cape Colony	Morav.
MANSOORA	Egypt	Am. Presb.
MAPUMULO. <i>See Umpumulo.</i>		
MARABASTAD	Transvaal	Wes.
MARBURG	Natal	Herm.
MARSHALL	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.
MASASAI	East Central Africa.	Univ. Miss.
MATATIELE	Griqualand E.	S. P. G.
MAURITIUS, ISLAND OF.		S. P. G., C. M. S.
MBULC	Transkei	Un. Presb.
MIDDELBURGH	Transvaal	S. P. G.
MILLSBURGH	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Evang. Luth.
MODIMULLE	Transvaal	Berlin.
MOGADOR	Marocco	L. S. P. C. Jews.
MOLOPOLOLE	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
MOOMBASA	East Coast	C. M. S.
MOBERA'S	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
MONROVIA	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Prot. Epis.
MORIJALI	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
MOSCHI	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MOSSEL BAY	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Berlin.
MOSELLA	Transvaal	Herm.
MOSTAGANEM	Algeria	N. African.
MPWAPWA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MTINGINYA'S	" "	"
MUKIMBUNGA	Congo	Swed. Miss. Un.
MUKIMVIRA	" "	Am. Bapt.
MURUNDAYA	Madagascar	Norweg.
MWEMWANDA	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
(<i>Chirenji</i>)		
NASA	Victoria Nyanza.	C. M. S.
NATETE	" "	"
NEU HALLE	Transvaal	Berlin.
NEWALA	Mozambique	Univ. Miss.
NEWCASTLE	Natal	S. P. G.
NGOMBI	Congo	Bapt.
(<i>Wathen</i>)		
NHANGUEPEPO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
ODE ONDO	Benin	C. M. S.
OKAHANDYA	Damara Land	Rhenish.
OKOZONDYE	" "	"
OKRIKA	Guinea	C. M. S.
ONDONGA	S.W. Africa	Finland.
ONITSA	Niger	C. M. S.
ORAN	Algeria	N. African.
OTYIKANGO	Damara Land	Rhenish.
(<i>Barmen</i>)		
OTYIMBINGUE	" " "	"
OTYOSAZU	" " "	"
OUTSHOORN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
OYO	Dahomey	C. M. S., Wes.
PAARL	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PALA BALLA	Congo	Am. Bapt.
PEDDIE	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PEELTON	" "	L. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
PELLA	Transvaal	Herm.
PIETERMARITZBURG	Natal	S. P. G., Free Ch. Scot.
PINETOWN	" "	S. P. G.
PIRIE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
PLETTENBURG BAY.	" "	S. P. G.
PNIEL	Kimberley	Berlin.
POKWANI	BechuanaLand	S. P. G.
(<i>Phokwane</i>)		
PONGO RIVER	Sierra Leone Coast.	S. P. G., Miss. of West Indian Ch.
PORT ELIZABETH	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PORT LOCEO	Sierra Leone	C. M. S.
PORT LOUIS	Mauritius	C. M. S., S. P. G.
PORT NOLLOTH	NamaquaLand	S. P. G.
PORTO NOVO	Slave Coast	Wes.
PORTGEFSTROOM	Transvaal	Wes., S. P. G., Berlin.
PRASLIN	Seychelles	S. P. G.
PRETORIA	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes., Berlin.
(<i>Herm.</i>)		
PRINCE ALBERT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PUNGO ANDONGO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
QUEENSTOWN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.

QUITA	Gold Coast	N. German.	TAMATAVE	Madagascar	L. M. S., S. P. G.
REHOBOTH	Great Nama- qua Land.	Rhenish.	TANGIER	Morocco	N. African.
RIBE	East Coast	Un. Meth.	TARKA	Cape Colony	Un. Presb.
RICHMOND	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	TARKASTAD	"	"
"	Natal	"	TAUNGS, <i>District of</i>	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
RUKATLA	Delagoa Bay	Free Ch. Switz.	TETUAN	Morocco	N. African.
RIVERSDALE	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Berlin.	THABA BOSIGO	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
ROBERTSON	"	S. P. G.	THABA MORENA	"	"
ROCK FOUNTAIN. <i>See</i> IXOPO.			THABA NCHU	Orange Free State.	S. P. G.
ROKKE'S DRIFT	Natal	Swed. Ch.	TLEMCEM	Algeria	N. African.
ROUXVILLE	Orange Free State.	Prim. Meth.	TLOTSE	Basuto Land	S. P. G.
RUSTENBURG	Transvaal	Herm., S. P. G.	TRIPOLI	Tripoli	N. African.
SAGALLA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.	TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, ISLAND OF.	—	S. P. G.
ST. ALBAN'S	Tembu Land	S. P. G.	TULBAGH	Cape Colony	Rhenish.
ST. ANDREW'S	Pondo Land	"	TULLEAR	Madagascar	Norweg.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S	Griqualand E.	"	<i>(Tolo)</i>		
"	Madagascar	Norweg.	TUNDWA. <i>See</i> Underhill.		
ST. HELENA, ISLAND OF.	—	S. P. G.	TUNIS	Tunis	N. African, L. S. P. C. Jews.
ST. HELENA BAY	Cape Colony	"	TUTURA	Transkei	Un. Presb.
ST. JOHN	Pondo Land	"	UITENHAGE	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
ST. LOUIS	Senegambia	Paris Evang.	UMBONAMBI	Zulu Land	Norweg.
ST. MARK'S	Tembu Land	S. P. G.	UMGENI	Natal	S. P. G.
ST. PAUL'S	Zululand	"	UMPUMULO	"	Norweg., Am. B. F. M.
ST. PAUL DE LOANDA	West Central Africa.	Bish. Taylor.	UMSINGA	"	Free Ch. Scot.
ST. PAUL RIVER	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	<i>(Gordon Memorial)</i>		
SAN SALVADOR	Congo	Bapt.	UMSUNDUZI	"	Am. B. F. M.
SANTA ISABEL	Fernando Po	Prim. Meth.	UNITATA	Tembu Land	S. P. G.
SARON	Cape Colony	Rhenish.	UNITWALUMI	Natal	Am. B. F. M.
"	Transvaal	Herm.	UNZINTO	"	S. P. G.
SCHIEFFONTEIN <i>(Carnarvon)</i>	Cape Colony	Rhenish.	UMZUMBI	"	Am. B. F. M.
SEFULA	Zambesi	Paris Evang.	UNDERHILL	Congo	Bapt.
SEKUBU	Basuto Land	S. P. G.	<i>(Tundwa)</i>		
SESHEKE	Zambesi	Paris Evang.	UNIONDALE	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
SETTRA KRU	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	UNGOYA	Reserved Ter- ritory.	Norweg.
SEYCHELLES, THE	—	S. P. G., C. M. S., Col.	URAMBO	East Central Africa.	L. M. S.
SEYMOUR	Cape Colony	Col.	USAMBARA, <i>District</i> <i>of.</i>	East Coast of Africa.	Univ. Miss.
SHERBOBO'	Sierra Leone	Wes., Freedmen.	USUTU RIVER	Amatonga	S. P. G.
SHILOAH	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.	UYU	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
SHIMBA MTS.	Mombasa	C. M. S.	VALDEZIA	Transvaal	Free Ch. Switz.
SHOSHONG	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.	VANGAINDRANO	Madagascar	Norweg.
SIDBUKY	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	VATOMANDRY	"	S. P. G.
SIERRA LEONE.	West Coast	C. M. S., S. P. G., Wes., Un. Meth., Am. Wom. Assn., Freedmen.	VERULAM	Natal	"
SIHANAKA, <i>District</i> <i>of.</i>	Madagascar	L. M. S.	VICTORIA	Cameroons	Basel.
SILUVANE	Transvaal	Free Ch. Switz.	VIVI	Congo	Bish. Taylor.
SIQOT. <i>See</i> ASYOOT.			VRYBERG	BechuanaLand	Wes.
SMITHFIELD	Orange Free State.	Paris Evang.	WALFISCH BAY	S. W. Coast	Rhenish,
SOAFANANA	Madagascar	Norweg.	WALLMANSTHAL	Transvaal	Berlin.
SOMERSET EAST	Cape Colony	Un. Presb., Col.	WARMBAD	Great Nama- qua Land	Rhenish.
SPRINGBOKFONTEIN <i>(Cooxalia)</i>	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.	WATERBERG	Transvaal	Wes.
SPRINGVALE	Natal	S. P. G.	WATHEN. <i>See</i> Ngombi.		
STANDERTON	Transvaal	"	WESSELTROOM	"	Wes., S. P. G.
STANGER	Natal	"	<i>(Walkerstrom)</i>		
STANLEY POOL	Congo	Bapt.	WINEBAH	Gold Coast	Wes.
<i>(Arthington)</i>			WINKLEIBOSCH	Cape Colony	Morav.
STEINKOIFF	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.	WITWATER	"	"
STELLENBOSCH	Cape Colony	Rhenish, S. P. G.	WOGENTHIN	Transvaal	Berlin.
STENDAL	Natal	Berlin.	WORCESTER	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Rhenish.
SWELLENDAM	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	WUPPERTHAL	"	Rhenish.
TABASE	Pondo Land	Morav.	ZANZIBAR, TOWN AND ISLAND OF.	—	Univ. Miss.
TALAGUGA	Lower Guinea.	Am. Presb.	ZEERUST	Transvaal	S. P. G.
			ZICURBRAAK	Cape Colony	"

movement of his nursing brother. At first their heads are shaven like priests', then at different stages of their childhood they are allowed to grow three or four tufts of hair, and still later a fringe or forelock is worn. At fifteen they attain their majority, and adopt the style and dress of men and women.

They have the liveliest and most varied games. They may be seen happy at battledore or shuttlecock on New Year's Day, or spinning tops and flying kites, or playing at the serious occupations of mature life. On the fifth day of the fifth month is



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celebrated "The Feast of Flags"—the great annual festival for boys. Banners, imitations of military regalia and drill, models of heroes and soldiers, images of great wrestlers, are displayed in the toy-shops in anticipation of the occasion, and a set is purchased for every son in the family. Looking back along the street, we see hundreds of enormous paper carp-fish filled with the wind and fluttering at the end of bamboo rods over the doorways. These are commonly displayed to mark the birth of a male child during the year.

The great day for the girls is the third day of the third month, "The Feast of Dolls." "Several days before the festival" says Griffiths, "the shops are gay with the images bought for this occasion. Every respectable family has a number of these

splendidly dressed images, which accumulate from generation to generation. When a daughter is born in the house during the previous year, a pair of *hina* or images are purchased for the little girl, with which she plays until grown up. When she is married, her *hina* are taken with her to her husband's home, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases. Other toys, articles in use in a lady's chamber, the service of the eating-table, the utensils of the kitchen, travelling apparatus, are also exhibited and played with on that day. The girls make offerings of saké and dried rice to the effigies of the Emperor and Empress, and then spend the day with toys, mimicking the whole round of Japanese female life, as that of child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother."

The indoor games of Japanese children are natural, sensible, and instructive—a sort of kindergarten. Some of them teach history and geography, others inculcate dutiful respect to parents or elder brothers or the Mikado. The character of their games contributes largely to the frank, intelligent, and respectful relations of children to parents, so striking in the family life of Japan.

In sauntering through the streets, our attention is arrested once and again by the rhythmical hum, the plaintive, high-pitched notes of children's voices in school. They seem to chant their lessons into ear and memory together. Old memories spring into view of a country school in the old home-land, and of the sing-song way in which we committed our tasks. Six is the lowest age at which they are admitted—only two years after they have been weaned. After five hours' study they are "let loose from school," and with their loose wooden clogs make a strange clatter on the roadway.

There are thirty thousand schools throughout the country, in which three million scholars are at work. There are few people to be found who cannot read, write, and keep accounts, but, beyond elementary studies, their education develops the faculty of memory rather than intelligence. The classics are recited and committed to memory, although utterly incomprehensible at the time. They are consequently hummed or chanted over without any trace of expression.

Among the peculiarities of native education, is the fact that etiquette and morals form a prominent part of school instruction, that the young are taught how they ought to behave as young men and young women, as fathers and mothers, as grandfathers and grandmothers. Another peculiarity is that skill and valour in warfare are always connected with skill in literature, that even in school young Japan is taught that the soldier and the scholar are one and the same, that pen and sword are to be wielded by the same hand. They have their moral heroes, whose deeds are rehearsed: one that captivates the waking imagination the most being an industrious peasant lad who, "when too poor to buy oil for his midnight lamp, learned to read the classics by the soft green radiance of fireflies, which he imprisoned in eages of rush."

In consequence of the common schools, and of the moral systems and heroes they study in their favourite books, the people have reached a state of enlightenment and civilisation which offers a splendid soil for Western science and truth.

Unlike their sisters in India, the women of Japan walk abroad as openly as the men. Happily they have not the Chinese custom of binding their feet, nor the Egyptian custom of covering their face except during the northern winter, when, in common with many of the men, they cover all but their eyes from the cold. One offensive custom, however, prevails. A maiden has the whitest of teeth, but, apparently to lessen her attractions in the eyes of others, upon marriage she must blacken her teeth and shave off her eyebrows. This custom cannot stand before the incursion of Western taste. To know whether a lady is single we look, not for a ring on her finger, but for a red skirt just under her gown. The most expensive part of a woman's dress is her sash or *obé*, knotted into a rich and full bow behind. A parasol takes the place of a hat, except in winter, when her hood serves to screen her from the blast. Her wide sleeves—at once sleeves and pockets—cover her hands instead of gloves. Her tight skirt compels her to turn in her toes and walk with an ambling gait. To see the olive colour of her skin we must look at her wrist, for she powders face and neck and paints her lips vermilion. Her hair is a study. It is done up only once a week, we are told. We at once think of her pillow, and wonder how she can prevent her locks from becoming dishevelled. The difficulty is partly solved when we learn that she makes assiduous use of cosmetics. The rest is explained when we see the pillow, so small that she can lay her head on it without disturbing her chignon. Foreigners have not been known to make large use of native pillows, which may be warranted to dislocate the necks of the uninitiated. It is curious that pillows of the same construction were in use in Egypt, and that the one on which King Cetewayo rested his ill-starred head appears, if London illustrated papers may be trusted, to have been similar in shape.

Women in Japan look haggard while yet in middle life. The explanation is easily found. They marry when only sixteen or eighteen, and they do not wean their children till they are four or five years old. Here, however, woman enjoys a status far superior to that in any other Asiatic country. As a girl she is educated; as soon as she can read, her constant companion, almost her Bible, is a volume containing a collection of writings on the duties of women. This lady's library has been compared to a collection composed of the Holy Scriptures, "Ladies' Letter Writer," "Guide to Etiquette," "Young Ladies' Own Book," Hannah More's "Works," Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," a work on household economy, and an almanack! She excels in love of beauty, order, good breeding, and becomes a tender, affectionate mother.

But she is entirely subordinate to man. Obedience is her supreme duty, obedience first to her father when a child, to her husband when a wife, and then to her eldest son when a widow. She can hope to be saved only by becoming a man in some future re-birth. On festive occasions she is admitted to the banqueting-room, but is not permitted to eat, or only sparingly. In the street she walks behind her husband, and she thinks that an English lady rules her husband! To such a length is obedience carried, that a girl will, at her father's command, adopt the profession of shame, and sell herself to a life she hates, in order to provide means for paying her father's debts. Marriages are only too easily made and unmade. A man seeks a

wife through a professional go-between or match-maker, and goes through a ceremony without priest or official or spoken pledges, consisting of an exchange of presents, drinking tea together, and perhaps a festival of music and dancing. A simple pretext is sufficient to justify the dismissal of a wife. It is enough if she has disobeyed her mother-in-law, or if she talks too much, displays a jealous temper, or proves childless. While she has the enfranchisement of personal and social freedom, as compared with her sisters in the Zenanas of India, she is subjected to degrading limitations as compared with the women of Christendom.

Yet, in the history and literature of the nation, women occupy an honoured place. Nine out of the one hundred and twenty-three Sovereigns were women. The Elizabethan period of Japanese literature belongs to the reign of a Queen. The Homer of Japan, the writer who gave fixed shape to the traditional sacred Kojiki, was a woman. "Moses established the Hebrew, Albert the Saxon, and Luther the German tongue in permanent form; but in Japan the mobile forms of speech crystallised into perennial beauty under the touch of a woman's hand." When the men were deep in civil war or were poring over the classic Chinese, accomplished ladies amused themselves by composing brief poems and reciting them to each other. A poem written by an Emperor's daughter in the ninth century, has been translated thus:—

"Deep in depth of wintry dell
 One Flower looked with lifted gaze
 On the Sun—
 Deep in lonely woodland maze—
 Though but one—
 There's a Bird that knoweth well
 Of the Springtime's coming spell,
 Seated on Thy throne apart,
 Thoa the Spring and Sunshine art,
 I, the lone Bird, know Thy grace,
 I, the Winter-flower, beholding,
 Feel the brightness of Thy face."

Poetry takes a novel and unique form in Japan. It despises rhyme as a coarse element in versification. Its beauty depends on the idea, and the gem-like brevity of the expression. Most frequently it contains about thirty-one syllables, arranged alternately in lines of seven and five syllables. But the external form is of trivial importance compared with the poetic idea, which is the one distinctive requirement.

Pick up a volume from any of the bookshops as you pass, and you find—with some assistance—that a reader begins at the end, as in Hebrew, and reads also from top to bottom in vertical lines, which follow in order from right to left. Are the people of the East left-handed? They certainly reverse Western methods. They turn their screws to the left, plane towards them, saw with the upward stroke (as in Palestine). A lady sews from left to right. A *butto* (groom) puts the horse in its stall with its head out, and a rider mounts from the animal's right side: he does not, however, sit in the saddle with his face to its tail! The blacksmith blows the bellows with his feet. The cooper holds the tub with his toes. Cows wear bells on their tails, and horses are shod with straw shoes, carrying an extra supply with them, and leaving the

old ones on the road. The carpenter makes the shoes, and the basket-maker weaves the head-dress. Gardens are watered with a wooden spoon, and the roofs of houses are built first. When friends meet, each cordially shakes his own hand. At table the honoured guest is placed at the left hand. The crow, not the nightingale, is the bird of love, and it is a compliment to be called a goose. As in French, "No" conveys,



JAPANESE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

in reply to certain kinds of questions, the same meaning as "Yes" would in English. To revenge an insult a man kills, not his enemy, but himself.

We have not spent an evening in the streets, without having more than once heard the splash and the boisterous merriment of men and women in the public baths. These are the common resorts of the people, as were the baths in Imperial Rome, where they gather to gossip, and lounge, and discuss the latest political incidents. The Japanese love of cleanliness in their homes and their persons is bound up closely with their godliness. The public bath, heated beyond a poor foreigner's endurance, is the people's sanitary safeguard as well as their luxury.

The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese has been cleverly put: "The Chinaman every other day puts clean clothes on the same dirty skin, while the Japanese puts the same dirty clothes on a clean skin." If there is truth in the theory that a nation's stability and good government are proportioned to the people's cleanliness, Japan has a fair prospect of stability. But they need all the sanitary security of their cleanliness, for they have no system of drainage.

Peer through the grating of the baths, and you find both sexes innocently mingling in the one bath (we are describing what the earliest missionary and diplomatic agents found, and are not anticipating the changes effected by the entrance of Western influences). This promiscuous bathing shocks our sense of decency; but remember that the uncovered face of a European lady offends the propriety of her Egyptian sister. There is no consciousness of immodesty among the bathers.

The morality of the people is, however, about as low as that of other heathen nations. Vice is licensed openly, and has its own streets. Polygamy does not exist, but concubinage does on a limited scale. Of such companions a man may have as many as he can afford to keep, although as a matter of fact not many take advantage of this freedom. Daughters and wives who have gone out to share the shameful life of the quarter allotted to courtesans, and have by their earnings saved father or husband from poverty, are received back into their old social circles, and honoured for their conduct. The people's talk is sadly rich in obscene terms.

We soon find that the Japanese are too polite to be truthful. Lying is a characteristic sin. White lies scarcely rank as dishonourable among a people whose first and great commandment seems to be, "Be courteous." They are impressionable and receptive, but so fond of change as to deserve the epithet fickle. They are kind and generous-hearted. Filial devotion, the national virtue, is only equalled by their gentle, bright courtesy of manner.

The Japanese, says "The Land of the Morning," "are a pleasure-loving people. Most of them lead a hand-to-mouth, butterfly sort of life. Misfortune they endure quietly, consoling themselves with a submissive fatalism. In the afternoon a family have a slender wooden house burned to the ground; in the evening they are among the ashes, drinking tea and looking quite contented. So many fires, they say to themselves, must come in so many years: they have got over one, and the next will be so much the longer in coming."

That he has to deal with a pleasure-loving race is evident to the missionary, as he examines his future field and sees the numerous places of amusement. Here is a theatre, flanked on each side with tea-houses, its gable decorated with paintings on wood. The play is over each day at an hour long before an English theatre is open. The performance lasts from sunrise to sunset, and theatre-goers may be seen carrying in with them a store of provisions for the day. On the matted floor of the square seatless boxes, they squat and smoke and sip tea and make havoc with the contents of their luncheon baskets. When the tragedy culminates, and some insulted retainer is preparing to take revenge by self-slaughter, the audience listen in rapt admiration as he sharpens his dirk with grim and

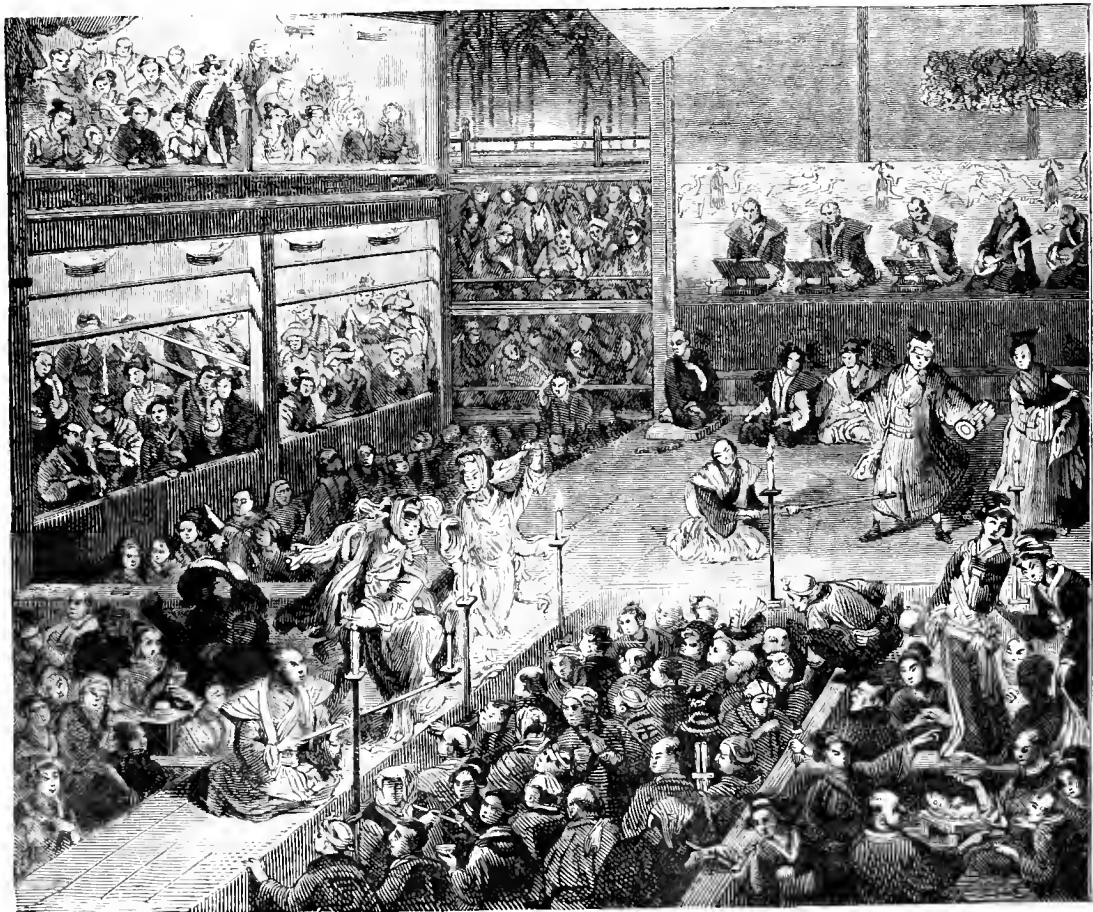
prolonged ferocity. We are reminded of the English theatre of the age of Shakespeare, in the early hour at which the performance closes, in the fact that women do not appear on the stage, their place being taken by boys or men, and in the movements of attendants in black who are supposed to be invisible. As in Britain, also, the drama had a religious origin, and bears the marks of some Japanese mysteries and miracle plays. But in spite of its early purpose, its influence is pernicious. The most virtuous families, as well as the upper classes, do not frequent it.

The art of Japan has a unique fascination for the Western eye. It must not be judged by the crude, coarse imitations rampant at home. Nor can we, by a casual visit to a Japanese home, estimate the range of the people's artistic taste and skill. A householder does not display all his treasures of art at one time. In the storehouse, where he lays aside the furniture and dresses not in actual use, he hoards also his articles of *vertu*, many of which are of high value. These are brought out on great occasions, or, month by month, exchange places with those already decorating the owner's rooms. In the feudal residences or *yushikis*, the sliding doors are covered with paintings; while screens and lovely lacquer ware and porcelain give gratification to artistic taste. We miss in a Japanese landscape painting, accurate rendering of distance and graduation of light and shade, perspective and chiaroscuro. It contains no shadows, no changes of tint and tone. Nor are human figures and the higher animal forms drawn with accuracy. Yet the Japanese artist has wonderful skill in drawing, with a few strokes, many of the simpler and commoner objects in nature. He can, with rare ease, give the sense of motion: a wild goose alighting among the reeds, or a swallow waving to and fro with the branches of the willow. The bamboo, with its slight form and graceful lines, is treated with endless variety, and figures in every sketch. Frequently the sparrow is included in a picture. The cherry-tree comes in wherever it can, with its delicate colours and twisted branches. A crane—the sacred bird of the pious, and the symbol of long life and constancy—is found pictured on every form of ornamental work, on painted screens, fans, kakemono, lacquer ware, and bronzes. Almost as frequent in works of art is the noble conical mountain, the sacred Fuji-san, its volcanic summit often capped with snow.

Whilst behind European painters in certain qualities, the artists of Japan are masters of other means by which they can quickly give living form, and produce effects that delight the imagination. They have something to teach the West, and have a great artistic future, if they will allow the West to teach them perspective and light and shade.

A word on the social ranks of Japan will complete this chapter. Japan has no system of caste such as is found in India. Yet the people are divided—we speak of pre-revolution times—into four main classes. First come the two million Samurai, the knights who form at once the military and literary class, carrying pen and sword, or rather two swords; second, farmers; third, artisans; fourth, shopkeepers and merchants, traders always occupying the lowest of the four social grades. Lower still, belonging to no social class, and spurned by all, are the *eta*, who live apart and perform the degrading

duties of life. They are the tanners and executioners: we shall see what Christian civilisation will do for them, and for the *hinin*, the beggars. Above the Samurai are the Daimios, the chieftains, two hundred and sixty-eight in number: and, still higher in rank, though not in money-power, come the court nobles—whose fate remains to be told—and all branches of the Mikado's family. The Samurai form the backbone of the



JAPANESE THEATRE.

nation, monopolising "arms, learning, patriotism, and intellect." It is the only case in which the soldiers of a country have written its literature. True, the classics of Japan are mainly importations from China, but the books read by the people, the tales, the poetry, are all the work of native writers.

It is a country that ministers to eye and ear and lofty taste, occupied by a quaint, bright people, who have clearly a unique place to fill in the history of the East. We cannot but be interested in the career of such a nation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FAITHS OF JAPAN.

Buddhism and Shintoism—The Shinto Creed—Temple of Isé—Temple of Asakūsa—Shrines and Altars—The Dai Buts—Casting a Bell—Kioto, the Mecca of Japan—The Neehrens—Shiushiu—Religious Life of the People—Confucianism—Superstitions—Death Rites and Symbols.

SHINTOISM is the indigenous religion of Japan, if religion it may be called. Its bible is the Ko-jiki, "a bundle of miscellaneous superstitions," of mythologies and heroic narratives. It contains neither moral code nor language for the soul. Its latest exponent mildly claims that "morals were invented by the Chinese because they are an immoral people; but in Japan there was no necessity for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted aright if he only consulted his own heart."

It is a mixture of primitive nature-worship and the worship of ancestors, headed by the Mikado, who is a god in the direct line of descent from the Sun-goddess. Along with living and dead emperors and mythological divinities, national heroes, warriors, patriots, poets, scholars, who have been canonised, are worshipped the eight hundred myriads of gods. The Emperor has the prerogative of elevating human beings, illustrious for wisdom or heroism, to the rank of the deities. These control the elements, the seasons, the fortunes of individuals and states. No wonder they are universally worshipped. In almost every house, Buddhist as well as Shintoist, a god's shelf is fixed on the wall, where every morning the tributes of reverence are paid—rice and fish—to the family ancestors and the gods.

Every village has its Shinto patron divinity, and in his honour a lighted lantern is suspended during festivals over every door. The people of the locality are called the children of the god, and bring their infants to be dedicated to him.

Reverence for rulers, heroes, and ancestors is the central feature of Shinto. It was for this reason that, after the Revolution of 1868, Shintoism was adopted as the national religion, and placed under a special department of state, which issued the following as its great commandments:—

"1. Thou shalt honour the gods and love thy country.

"2. Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of heaven and the duty of man.

"3. Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy Sovereign, and obey the will of his Court."

Pure Shinto has no ritual and no idols, although in the approach to its temples are often found figures of illustrious beings, real or imaginary. Its sacred edifice is usually of the simplest possible character, constructed of plain, uncoloured wood, with roof thatched with straw or covered with shingles. Cleanliness is the outward qualification of the worshipper, who must wash his hands and rinse his mouth at a lavatory near the gateway. You may see the pious at their necessary lustrations in a pool or running stream. The ablution alone has any sanctity; the water itself has none. The

priest, too, must bathe before officiating, and must cover his mouth with white paper when presenting offerings.

Shinto has its married priests, who wear hair and dress in lay fashion when off duty, and virgin priestesses who perform its sacred dance. Its offerings are gifts of rice, fruit, vegetables, and wine. Its worship is as simple as its temples. Its shrine is known by the *torii*, which now serves as a gateway, but originally was meant to be a bird-rest, on which the sacred fowls should find their perch. Within the interior, the only sacred object is the metal mirror, an imitation of the mirror kept at Isé which the Sun-goddess consecrated.

The Mecca of Shintoists is the Temple of Isé, ninety miles inland from Kioto. Sir E. J. Reed describes the curving avenue of over-arching trees which led through a park wooded with equal richness, past a building in which the priests preach to the people, past another in which reside the sacred horses kept for the convenience* of the Sun-goddess, past another in which the religious dances of the temple are performed, and then a broad flight of steps is reached leading to the first gateway of the sacred place. The gateway is hung with a long white curtain, and beyond are seen other *torii*.

Few of the thousands of pilgrims who visit this sacred spot see the actual Temple of the Sun-goddess, and none are permitted to look upon the original mirror which she consecrated for the use of men with these words—

“Look upon this mirror as my spirit: keep it in the same house and on the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence.”

Worshippers are permitted to see the imitation mirrors which occupy the Sacred Places of other Shinto shrines. The original, even the chief priest of Isé may not see for years. Pilgrims are content to stand at a distance, to cast a few coins on the ground, to bow low and clap the hands and utter a few magical words of prayer. This is the full extent of their worship. They attend no religious service, hear no music, gaze on no idol, see no performance, receive no advice. No blessing is pronounced as a reward for their pilgrim devotion; no memorial is carried away, except some little memento which is bought at one of the numerous stalls in the grounds or in the sacred village. During the couple of minutes occupied by their devotions, they pray for long life and prosperity, and good fortune in any important enterprise of life.

Buddhism is the popular religion in Japan. Its St. Paul's Cathedral is the Temple of Asakūsa at Tokio. You approach its gateway through an avenue of booths which form the great market for the sale of toys and refreshments, rosaries and ornaments. The scene is a perpetual fair. “There is nothing strange,” to quote the quaint description of Griffis, “to the Japanese mind in this association of temples and toy-shops. The good bonzes declare, as the result of their exegesis and meditations, that husbands are bound to love their wives, and show it by allowing them plenty of pin-money and hair-pins, and to be not bitter against them by denying them neat dresses and handsome girdles. The farmer who comes to town with his daughter turns from prayer to the purchase of pomatum or a mirror. Crapes for the neck and bosom; strings of beads for prayer; gods of lead, brass, wood; shrines and family altars, sanctums,

prayer-books, sacred bells, and candles: all kinds of knick-knacks, notions, and varieties are here."

Passing through a colossal gateway of painted wood, we find our approach challenged by two guardian monsters, wooden demons hideous with contracted muscles. Attached to the railing in front of them are clumsy straw sandals which have been hung up by worshippers with ailing feet, to propitiate Gog and Magog, and to implore healing. The usual pious beggars are at hand to offer prayers for you in return for any iron cash you may choose to throw to them. Within the gate, to the right, the intending worshippers are busy at a huge lavatory washing their hands and rinsing their mouths. Cleanliness, we see again, is close to godliness in the religions of Japan.

To the left is a wooden frame covered with tablets, on which are written the names of generous subscribers to the temple; while piercing the sky on the right is a lofty pagoda. Here, in this temple yard, the sacred pigeons find their home, and are fed with even greater care than are the winged frequenters of the British Museum. As we ascend the broad steps and pass under the heavy curved eaves, we encounter a huge bronze censer that sends up a cloud of odorous incense. Cast your smallest coin into the lap of the acolyte, throw a pinch of incense into the burner, and proceed to your devotions.

Here is Binzuru, a god who has lost ears, eyes, nose, all his organs. Should you suffer from a rheumatic arm or gouty foot, rub first the corresponding part of the god of healing, and then transfer the virtue to your own suffering limb. "The old idol is polished, greasy, and black by the attrition of many thousand palms. We warrant that more people are infected than cured by their efforts."

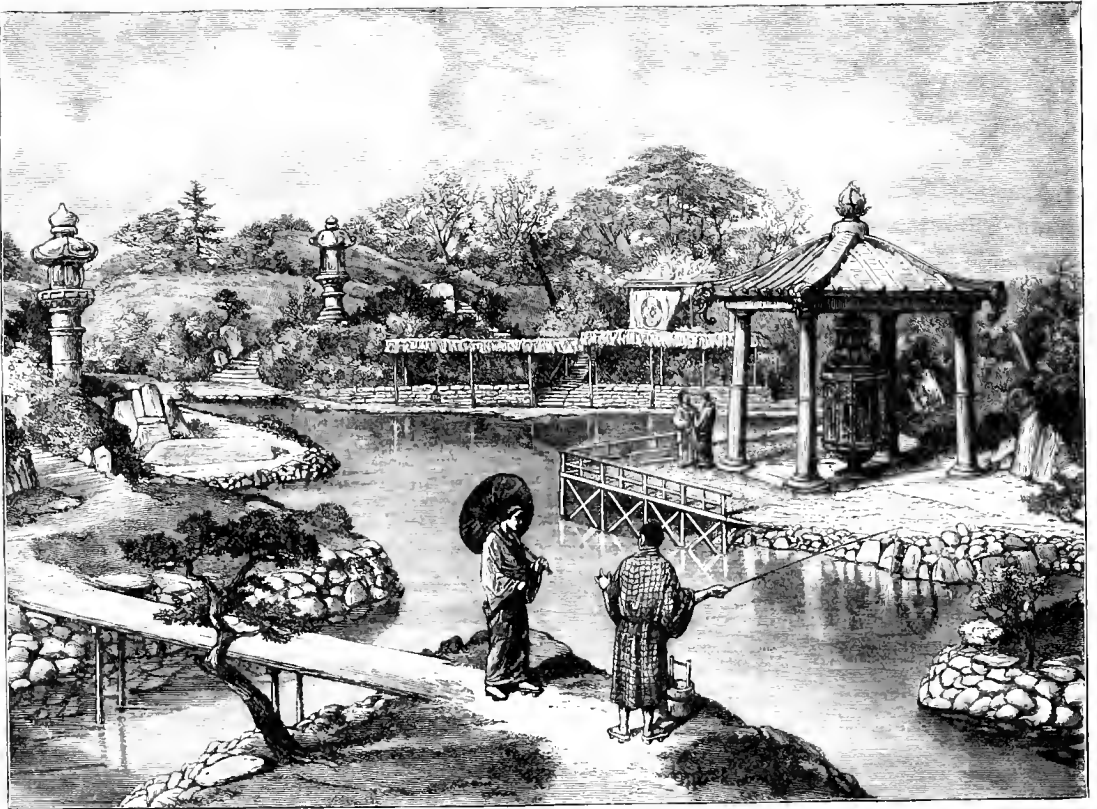
Here is the shrine of Kwanon, the Goddess of Mercy, frequented by large numbers. Walls and pillars are covered with votive tablets presented by devotees whose ventures have been prospered or whose lives have been spared in time of danger. Women's locks and men's topknots are here, too, as grateful memorials of Kwanon's mercy. Here worshippers stand in silence except for an occasional clapping of their hands, as if to call the god's attention to their offered prayers.

Here, at the main altar, one is seen to take a slip of paper bearing a written prayer, make it a soft pulp ball in his mouth, and shoot it out at the screen. If it adheres, the suppliant may go home in peace: his prayer has been heard. Successful devotions depend upon a good aim and a skilful preparation of the prayer-ball! Here again old men are selling charms, litanies, and beads. Within a low railing the priests squat in solemn worship, while at times some one comes and sweeps up the cash that has been dropped on the soft mats by the crowding worshippers. Further in the temple, reserved from the public, are shrines to other Buddhist saints and deities. A small fee to the priests will admit you to the sacred precincts where, amid incense and candles and sacred tombs, a more potent service may be rendered to the gods.

Such is the great Buddhist Cathedral of Tokio, surrounded by extensive pleasure-grounds, and gardens famed for their flowers. Images of Buddha in stone and bronze abound, sometimes with aureole and finger lifted, sometimes sitting on a lotus in

meditation, but always wearing on his countenance the mute, passionless calm of Nirvana.

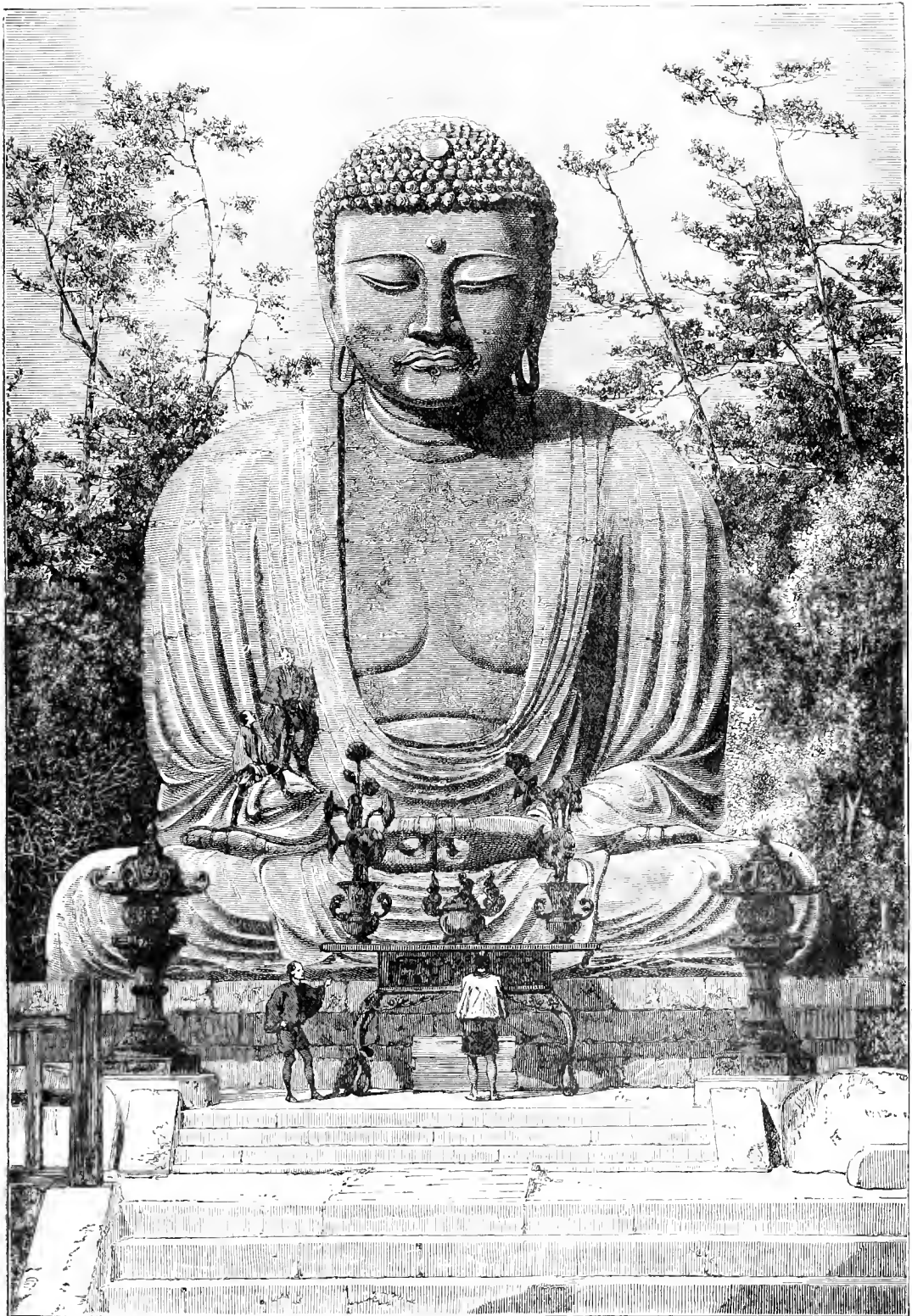
Among the wonders of Japan are the frequent figures of Dai Buts—August Buddha. Two colossal images in bronze at Kamakūra and Nara attract devout believers and curiosity-hunting foreigners. Selecting Nara as the more important, we approach through the usual fair of booths and pious purchasers, past the usual guardian



THE TEMPLE GARDEN IN TOKIO.

demons and the huge bronze lantern, and enter the sacred ground through the wooden gateway that has stood for eleven centuries, resisting the fire that destroyed the temple seven hundred years ago. The Dai Buts is a figure of gigantic dimensions. Including the lotus-flower on which he rests, and the halo and the flame-like glory which surmount his brow, the total height is about eighty feet: the face sixteen feet, the ears eight, and the middle finger five feet long. The halo alone is seventy feet in diameter; and the entire mass weighs four hundred and fifty tons. Destroyed during the Wars of the Chrysanthemums, it was re-cast seven hundred years ago. As usual, the expression of the face, with drooped eyelids and lips sealed, is one of placid silence of passionless repose, symbol of the eternal rest of Nirvana.

Beyond the temple, up a long flight of stone steps, we come to the monster bell,



THE DAI BUTS AT KAMAKŪRA.

which dates as far back as the temple, and weighs thirty tons. Few sounds are so mellow and musical as the boom of these big bells. On still evenings their deep rich tones may be heard ten miles off. They are struck, not by a tongue, but by a heavy hammer or block of wood suspended from the roof, and drawn back so as to swing against the exterior with a thunderous blow. On the rebound of the beam, the bellman holds it till the quivering boom has died away.

The casting of a bell seems always to have been an occasion of rejoicing. "When the chief priest of the city announced that one was to be made, the people brought contributions in money, or offerings of bronzed gold, pure tin, or copper vessels. Ladies gave with their own hands the mirrors which had been the envy of lovers, young girls laid their silver hair-pins and *bijouterie* on the heap. When metal enough and in due proportion had been amassed, crucibles were made, earth-furnaces dug, the moulds fashioned, and huge bellows, worked by standing men at each end, like a see-saw, were mounted; and, after due prayers and consultation, the auspicious day was appointed. The place selected was usually on a hill or commanding place. The people, in their gayest dress, assembled in picnic parties, and with song and dance and feast waited while the workmen, in festal uniform, toiled, and the priests, in canonical robes, watched. The fires were lighted, the bellows oscillated, the blast roared, and the crucibles were brought to the proper heat and the contents to fiery fluidity, the joy of the crowd increasing as each stage in the process was announced. When the molten flood was finally poured into the mould, the excitement of the spectators reached a height of uncontrollable enthusiasm. Another pecuniary harvest was reaped by the priests before the crowds dispersed, by the sale of stamped kerchiefs or paper containing a holy text, certifying to the presence of the purchaser at the ceremony, and the blessing of the gods upon him therefor. Such a token became an heirloom, and the child who ever afterward heard the solemn boom of the bell at matin or evening was constrained, by filial as well as holy motives, to obey and reverence its admonitory calls."*

Kioto, the Mecca of Japan, is crowded with both Buddhist and Shinto temples. For a thousand years it was the capital and the residence of the mysterious Mikado. Built on a plain, its suburbs clothe the wooded spurs of mountains that surround the city. The finest sites, on hill-slopes mantled in green and in the secluded glades, are appropriated for temples and monasteries. Their gardens and parks, with arbours and winding footpaths and rustic bridges, are among the loveliest sights of a lovely country. One street, lined with the familiar heavy gateways admitting to the temples, is appropriately named "Church Street."

Every week a holy day or festival comes round, to enliven the streets at dusk with lanterns, and bring out the children and the ladies in their brightest costumes. The river is gay with barges, and lined with bright cherry-blossoms and dark pines. Each may have a temple to his taste. Here is the most notable of all, that of Chionin; there are the three and thirty thousand gilded images ranged in rows. Here is the

* Griffis, "Mikado's Empire."

Dai Buts; yonder are the roofs of the pagoda and of the cloistered courts of Honguwauji. "The slow throbbing of the *basso-profondo* bell of the Chionin temple mingles with the rippling laughter of pleasure-seekers on the river, and the wailing music of the minstrels of the historic temple of Gion, with the strumming of guitars in its music schools." As we pass some dimly lighted shrines, we hear monks chanting psalms to Buddha, in tones that remind us of the Ambrosian and early Gregorian cadences.

Buddhism, although now the people's religion, is an exotic in Japan. Its founder had been dead a thousand years, when it was driven out of India by the Brahmins. As was the case with early Christianity, persecution scattered its adherents, who travelled eastwards, and carried it through Burmah and Siam, to China and Korea, and finally to Japan in the sixth century. But it was no longer Buddhism as Buddha had taught it. He had revolted from the caste and ceaseless sacrifices and priestly tyranny of the Brahmins, had shown with lip and life his sympathy with the toiling weary millions, and had gone forth from throne and palace to seek the truth. When found, his Gospel had some lofty notes of human brotherhood and self-denial, but was in sober truth a gilded pessimism. There was no God, no help from above, no need of sacrifice—

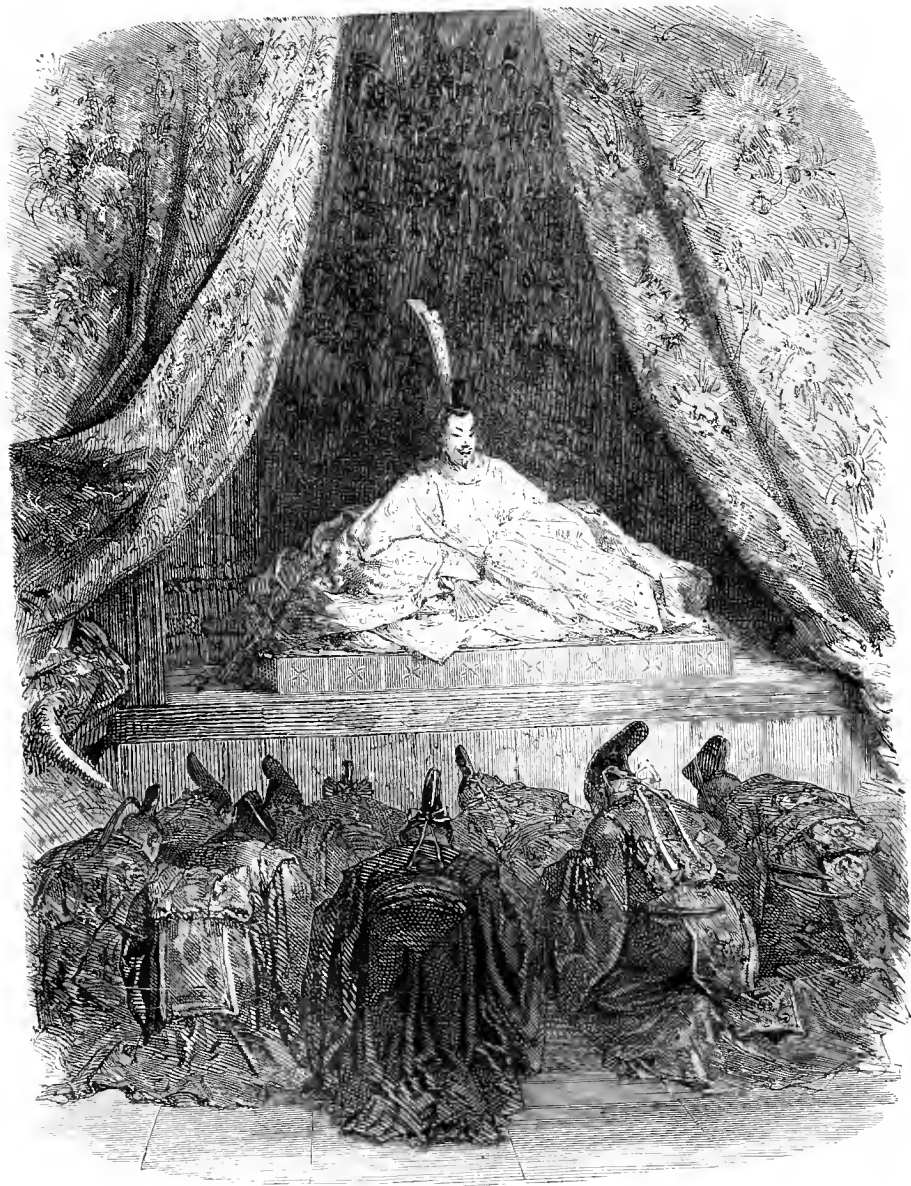
"Pray not! the darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the silence, for it cannot speak."

The highest bliss was to escape from the endless re-birth in other lives, and emerge into Nirvana. The goal was little better than the rest of annihilation; but to a down-trodden people, such as sweated under Indian suns and Indian oppression, such a goal seemed a paradise.

But scarcely had Buddha finished his noble life-work, when they turned round and made him, who had preached atheism and pessimism, their God and Saviour. The hearts of men could not endure his blank nihilism, even although relieved by high moral teaching and humane sympathy. Where at first there was neither God, nor conscious Heaven, nor idol-worship, there arose, in course of years and of migration, a huge ceremonial priestly system, with elaborate dogmas about the supreme Buddha, and heaven and hell, and innumerable gods. When it entered Japan it had all the paraphernalia of a popular religion, idols and altars, vestments and candles, priests and nuns, relics and pilgrimages.

For three centuries after its importation from Korea, its progress was slow. An eminent priest and scholar, the inventor of the Japanese alphabet, Kōbō Daishi, gave it a new start in the ninth century by combining the two religions, declaring that the Shinto deities were manifestations of Buddha. Its golden era came with the thirteenth century, when new leaders—among the number Nichiren and Shinran—and new sects sprang up, and it became the popular faith. Buddhism is split up into thirty-five sects in Japan, which differ in liturgy, in ritual, in superstitions, in the use of images, in theology, and in the extent to which compromise has been made with Shinto and Confucian teaching. The two most important sects bear the names of the leaders already mentioned.

The Nechiren sect is the most bigoted, fanatical, and intolerant. Like its founder, it has been the most aggressive and controversial. Within its pale have arisen the largest numbers of illustrious thinkers, of bitter persecutors, of faithful martyrs. Its



RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO.

teachers refuse to recognise any other sect as a true Church, and, with an assurance equalled only by certain Churches of Christendom, consign all schismatics to a hot hell. Its priests are celibates and vegetarians, and are much given to charms and prayer-books. The Salvation Army cannot compete with their noisy revival

meetings, in which the devotees shout excitedly, preachers make frantic appeals, and incessant drums are beaten. They are justly called the Ranters of Buddhism.

Neehiren, whose birth was, according to the floating legend, attended by wonders, was a profound student of Buddhist classics in Chinese and Sanskrit. The common prayer of the Buddhists, "Hail, Amita Buddha!" he declared to be an heretical and false invocation, and based his sect on the true prayer, "Glory to the salvation-bringing book of the law!" On temple curtains and tombs and wayside shrines, as well as on the banners of the great Neehiren warriors, this inscription may still be read. But, while worshippers piously reiterate the sounds without end, they have no more knowledge of their sense than a Spanish peasant has of Latin liturgies. The religion of Japan owes more to Neehiren than to any other religious teacher. His strong if fanatical personality, his clear and definite dogmas and uncompromising demands, have given the sect vitality and vigour.

The Protestant, or Broad Evangelical sect of Buddhists, by name Shinshiu, presents a striking contrast to its rival, and forms the most fascinating study in Japanese religions. Shinran, the Luther of Buddhism, who originated the denomination in the thirteenth century, began by breaking away from the celibacy of the priesthood. Marrying a lady of noble blood, he set family life in the place of monastic seclusion; he abolished nunneries and monasteries, penance and fasting, pilgrimages and charms; he decreed that the priests must mingle in society with the people, and establish pure home life. While the sacred books of other sects are written in Sanskrit and Chinese, known only to scholars, those of the Shinshiu are written in the Japanese vernacular. The former erect temples in secluded groves among the hills; the latter plant them in busy thoroughfares among the people. The Shin priests have sought after the highest education for their families, and have on many occasions formed battalions and taken the field.

Not content with these practical reforms, which antedate the Christian reformation by fully two centuries, Shinran anticipated much of the Protestant theology, "salvation by another" (Amita Buddha) and justification by faith. Sir E. J. Reed, who had special facilities for becoming acquainted with Shinshiu thought, received from a learned priest, a "Cardinal" of his Church, who had travelled in Europe, the following summary of the doctrine of the Reformed Buddhists:—

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF "SHINSHIU."

Buddhism teaches that all things, both abstract and concrete, are produced and destroyed by certain causes and combinations of circumstances; and that the state of our present life has its cause in what we have done in our previous existence up to the present; and our present actions will become the causes of our state of existence in the future life.

As our doings are good or bad and of different degrees of excellence or evil, so these produce different effects having many degrees of suffering or happiness; all men and other sentient beings have an interminable existence, dying in one form and being re-born in another; so that if men wish to escape from a miserable state of transmigration, they must cut off the causes, which are the passions—such, for example, as covetousness, anger, &c.

The principal object of Buddhism is to enable men to obtain salvation from misery according to the doctrine of "extinction of passion." This doctrine is the cause of salvation, and salvation is the effect of this doctrine.

This salvation we call Nirvāna, which means eternal happiness, and is the state of Buddha.

It is, however, very difficult to cut off all the passions, but Buddhism professes to teach many ways of obtaining this object.

Nāgārdjuna, the Indian saint, said that in Buddhism there are many ways, easy and difficult, as in worldly ways—some painful like a mountainous journey, others pleasant like sailing on the sea. These ways may be classed in two divisions, one being called “self-power” or help through self, and the other called “the power of others” or help through another.

Our sect, called “Shinshiu”—literally meaning “True doctrine”—which was founded by Shinran Shonin, teaches the doctrine of “help from another.”

Now what is the “power of another?” It is the great power of Amita Buddha. Amita means “boundless,” and we believe that the life and light of Buddha are both perfect, also that other Buddhas obtained their state of Buddhahood by the help of Amita Buddha. Therefore Amita Buddha is called the chief of the Buddhas.

Amita Buddha always exercises his boundless mercy upon all creatures, and shows a great desire to help and influence all people who rely on him to complete all merits and be re-born into Paradise (Nirvāna).

Our sect pays no attention to the other Buddhas, and putting faith only in the great desire of Amita Buddha, expects to escape from the miserable world and to enter into Paradise in the next life. From the time of putting faith in the saving desire of Buddha we do not need any power of self-help, but need only keep his mercy in heart and invoke his name in order to remember him. These doings we call, “thanksgiving for salvation.”

In our sect we make no difference between priest and layman, as concerns their way of obtaining salvation, the only difference being in their profession or business; and consequently the priest is allowed to marry and to eat flesh and fish, which is prohibited to the members of other Buddhist sects.

Again, our sect forbids all prayers or supplications for happiness in the present life to any of the Buddhas, even to Amita Buddha, because the events of the present life cannot be altered by the power of others; and teaches the followers of the sect to do their moral duty; loving each other, keeping order and the laws of the Government.

We have many writings stating the principles inculcated by our sect, but I give only the translation of the following creed, which was written by Rennyō Shonin, who was the chief priest of the eighth generation from the founder.

CREED.

Rejecting all religious austerities and other action, giving up all idea of self-power, rely upon Amita Buddha with the whole heart, for we our (*sic*) salvation in the future life, which is the most important thing: believing that at the moment of putting our faith in Amita Buddha, our salvation is settled. From that moment, invocation of his name is observed, to express gratitude and thankfulness for Buddha's mercy. Moreover, being thankful for the reception of this doctrine from the founder and succeeding chief priests, whose teachings were so benevolent, and as welcome as light in a dark night, we must also keep the laws which are fixed for our duty during our whole life.

Whilst these doctrines have a pronounced Christian aspect, it is fair to say that Amita Buddha is only the chief among many Buddhas. It is not monotheism, but, to use a recently coined term, henotheism, the worship of one among other, but inferior, gods. Buddha is not from everlasting, neither sustains all things nor punishes sin, neither possesses personality himself, nor preserves for men the *I* and *thou* of personality in Nirvāna.

That the theory of this sect is more enlightened than the practice, is evident to any one who visits a Shinshiu temple. One in Kioto is described by a sympathetic and admiring writer:—

“The side opposite the entrance has three recesses, the middle one of which contains the high altar. This has very much the effect of an altar in a Romish church. It is surmounted by a neatly carved gilt image of Amita Buddha standing on a lotus, which, in the uncertain light, might at first be mistaken for a crucifix. In the adjoining

recesses are portraits of eight saints, with halos round their heads—the seven fathers of the faith (two Indian, three Chinese, and two Japanese), and Shōtoku Daishi, the prince who was the chief promoter of Buddhism on its introduction from Korea in the sixth century A.D. Several magnificent bronze lamps hang from various parts of the roof. The air is scented with incense. The worshippers assemble, and, squatting on the mats, begin, with heads bowed upon the floor towards the altar, to mutter, in a childishly beseeching tone, the canonical but to them only vaguely intelligible prayer, ‘Namu, namu, Amita Butsu’ (Hail, Amita Buddha). Some gorgeously gilt and painted shutters are slid open, and then enter the officiating priests, with their shaven heads and variously coloured robes and academic hoods, followed by a procession of acolytes in black. Squatting in front of the altar, they begin a Gregorian-like chant, the weird strains of which are at intervals varied with the ring of a bell. Then offerings are, with due ceremony, laid on the altar. Almost everything in the ritual reminds us of a Roman Catholic service. Judged from external appearances alone, this religion might be Romanism orientalised.”

Yet, making all requisite deductions, this reformed faith of Japan bears a striking resemblance to the Protestant teaching of Christendom. No wonder its enemies cast at it the new reproach, that it is so like Christianity it might as well be such out and out. Certainly it is as remote from pure Buddhism as well could be. The sect is aggressive and liberal-minded, enlightened in its methods of operation, has sent representatives abroad to study Christianity and the civilisation of the West, has erected in Kioto large and costly buildings, where Western science occupies a place in the course of instruction. This progressive movement falls to be described later in its connection with Christian missions. It may be mentioned here, however, that recently a monster temple in Kioto was being restored. Towards the fund for the purpose, one province alone subscribed half a million yen—about eighty thousand pounds. “Women and girls are said to have cut off their hair and plaited it into cords with which to drag colossal cedars to Kioto, there to be formed into pillars for the shrine.”

But, at best, the Japanese are not a strongly religious people. Large numbers are indifferentists, although they will pay occasional visits to their temple during some religious festival, joining in the pious gaiety, or, if more devoted than the rest, will combine a holiday trip with a pilgrimage to some shrine or sacred mountain. They will also regularly place their gifts of rice and fish on the family “altar.” This shelf may be seen in every house, rich or poor. Upon it is placed a small box containing the *miya* or shrine, and the *Gohai*. This is a religious symbol, formed of strips of paper which bear the inscription, “Ten Thousand Prayers.” A Buddha-shelf, according to *Fu-so Mimi Bukuro*, is to be found in every house, notwithstanding the remarkable growth of scepticism in the student and upper classes. This is the household altar, where the memorial tablets of departed relatives are deposited. A record is kept of the anniversaries of the death of members of the family, and on these occasions special prayers are recited to them. It is a curious proof of the hybrid character of modern Japanese customs, that now, instead of tablets, *photographs* of dead parents occupy the altar, and are the objects of pious worship.

Confucian ethics have for centuries been absorbed by much of the religious teaching of Japan; but, as a distinct religious system, Confucianism has had few disciples. Some may still be found among the more educated classes. When Chinese writings formed

the classics of Japan, naturally Confucius was largely read. But it is a significant fact that the school of Confucius in Tokio became the meeting-place of the Japanese branch of the Asiatic Society. At best, Confucianism was little better than Secularism or Positivism; and now Western science of the materialistic school has taken the place of the Chinese philosophy. So far from the Confucian, or any system of thought, entering into the common religion of the people, much of their piety consists in charms and pilgrimages.

Fuji-san, the solitary volcanic cone, about 13,000 feet high, is the object of universal reverence, akin to worship. In summer, frequent groups of pilgrims, of old men and young, haggard dames and fair maidens, may be seen *en route* for its sacred soil. You meet them on the Tokaido, or on the green slopes of the mountain, usually personally conducted by some experienced guide, who carries a bell that tinkles as he trudges along. The pilgrims are clad in white, with broad straw sunshades, and straw sandals, wallets, and rosaries; while men and women alike wear tight-fitting trousers, with loose toga tucked within a belt. Each carries a staff, on which is written some mysterious "Ave;" and at night, at the pilgrim inn, he performs his pious ablutions, and chants his cabalistic prayers. As they ascend the lava-strewn mountain path, they hum the refrain, "Rokkon Shôjô, Rokkon Shôjô," "A pure



JAPANESE PRIEST.

heart! a pure heart!" reminding the Bible student of the question of Hebrew pilgrims to the Holy City, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

Spending the cold night on the summit, they watch for the morning, and when the "Rising Sun" emerges, they place their hands together, bow their heads, and repeat some solemn chant. Every devout person is supposed to visit the Temple of Isé, and

parties of pilgrims travel, some even begging their way, from all parts of the Empire to "perform their vows." Prayer-wheels may be seen by the wayside, as among the Kalmucs, on which written prayer-slips are placed, and as the little wind-mill revolves it works out the sins of some previous existence.

Near Tokio is a library of 6,000 volumes, to read which procures high favour with the gods. As a short cut to this result, the library has been placed on a central pivot, and the devout, who must of course first pay the fat priest the necessary fee, push round the library three times and thereby have read the books!

Superstitions are more common than devotions among the people. The great



FUJI-SAN MOUNTAIN.

majority, even many who profess indifferentism, wear charms. Women carry amulets in their girdles, never parting with them except when in the bath. Among the most common of those which swell the girdle to the dimensions of a European lady's bustle, are the charms that bestow children, that save from drowning, that bring them beauty. Men wear amulets from Isé, concealed in some part of their dress; children carry them openly suspended to their sashes.

The fox and the badger play a prominent part in their superstitions, as well as in many a good bonze's preaching. Master Fox takes all shapes, generally that of a beautiful woman, steals away people's senses, and plays practical jokes upon his victims. A curious instance of the belief that foxes bewitch people and make them see all sorts of unrealities is given in a recent issue of the *Japan Weekly Mail*. In July, 1888, a terrible volcanic eruption (no rare event) took place, when a mountain, Bandai-san, was blown into fragments and hamlets were buried. The only calm and undisturbed view which appears to have been obtained, was due to a fox. A resident of the neighbourhood

happened to be ascending a hill opposite to Bandai-san at the moment of the eruption. When he saw the mountain belch out mud and fire, he remembered that he had seen a fox not long before, and concluded that all the commotion was a hallucination prepared for his bewilderment by Master Reynard. Resolved not to be affected by this mischief-maker, he quietly sat himself down and calmly watched the fox's fireworks. It was only when he returned home to the valley that he learnt the truth. The eruption of a mountain had been less credible than the magic powers of the fox.

Trees may be seen that are surrounded by a circle of twisted rice-straw. These are sacred as the abodes of spirits, while some possess the sinister fascination of inducing men to hang themselves on their branches. It has repeatedly occurred that insurrections have arisen among the peasantry because the local magnates proposed to hew down some sacred tree.

A dead body is always placed with its head to the north, and, on that account, no one will ever sleep in that position. Some Japanese travellers carry a compass by which to escape the northward direction, while others find the points of the compass drawn on diagrams pasted on the ceilings of their hotel-rooms.

In suburbs and villages may be seen the mark of a strange superstition, the "Flowing Invocation." A piece of cotton cloth is suspended by its four corners to stakes set in the ground near a brook, rivulet, or, if in a city, at the side of the water-course which fronts the houses of the better classes. Behind it rises a higher lath-like board, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Resting on the cloth at the brook-side, or, if in the city, in a pail of water, is a wooden dippet. Perhaps upon the four corners, in the upright bamboo, may be set bouquets of flowers. A careless stranger may not notice the odd thing, but a little study of its parts reveals the symbolism of death. The tall lath tablet is the same as that set behind graves and tombs. The ominous Sanskrit letters betoken death. Even the flowers in their bloom call to mind the tributes of affectionate remembrance which loving survivors set in the sockets of the monuments in the grave-yards. On the cloth is written a name such as is given to persons after death, and the prayer, 'Namu miō hō ren gé kiō' (Glory to the salvation-bringing Scriptures). Waiting long enough—perchance but a few minutes—there may be seen a passer-by who pauses, and, devoutly offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on.

"All this, when the significance is understood, is very touching. It is the story of vicarious suffering, of sorrow from the brink of joy, of one dying that another may live. It tells of mother-love and mother-woe. It is a mute appeal to every passer-by, by the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain."

When a person is dying, a priest is sent for, but no prayers are said over the sufferer. A wooden table is placed by his side, with a slip of paper pasted on it, on which he writes the posthumous name he has chosen. When he has expired, a desk is placed near his head bearing lights and offerings, a rush wick in a saucer of oil, raw rice-cakes,

fish and saké. The cups and chop-sticks which he had used are placed beside him. Two days thereafter the dead is prepared for burial, in the course of the ablutions cold water being first poured into the tub, and then boiling water added. From this association the Japanese will not pour hot water into cold, but cold into hot. Within the coffin are placed, in some cases, a cotton quilt and a pillow of tea-leaves, and always a dress suited to the season. Sandals, however, are not included, not being worn in Paradise. Robed in white, the body is placed in the coffin in the usual sitting posture, the hands being joined in the attitude of prayer. The funeral procession, white prevailing, forms a solemn sight. After the funeral service is over, the procession retrace their steps.



FUNERAL CEREMONY—THE BONZE ADMINISTERING THE LAST RITES.

XIX.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

STORMS BEFORE SUNSHINE.

Early Career of Sir Harry Parkes—An Adventurous Errand—Treachery and Cruelty of the Chinese—Facing Death—Lord Elgin—Destruction of the Summer Palace—"Chinese Gordon"—Assaults on Foreigners—The "Term" Controversy—Important Questions Involved in it—Definitions of "God"—Dr. Bridgman—Dr. Lockhart—Recuperative Powers of Chinamen—The Taiping Rebellion—Gordon and the Ever-Victorious Army—The Steamer *Hyson*—Tributes to Gordon.

AS our readers may already have observed, it was not uncommon, in the early days of foreign intercourse with China, for the Foreign Ministers to that country to call scholarly missionaries to their aid as interpreters, and even as counsellors. It was thus that the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, a short time after the exploits we have already mentioned, was to be seen daily sitting at the desk of the English Representative, in the capacity of Secretary and Interpreter. Mr. Gutzlaff had as his assistant a bright boy of fifteen, with fair auburn hair, who began to reveal an extraordinary aptitude for official business, and revelled in the intricacies of Chinese diplomatic thought and speech. This boy became Consul Parkes at Canton in the great crisis of 1857; as Sir Harry Parkes, he lived to represent England during the most interesting and changeful period of modern Japanese history; and was for a short time, and until his death in 1884, the honoured Ambassador of Her Majesty to the Emperor of China. A medallion portrait of him has just been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's. Sir Harry, who had more than one tie to the body of missionaries, always showed much warm and practical sympathy for the great work they were engaged in, and on several occasions acted in such a way as to earn their gratitude and esteem. A brief notice of some incidents in his life, closely related to our main purpose, may not be out of place here.

The expedition of 1857 first brought Parkes into notice. After Commissioner Yeh was captured and Canton was entered, Lord Elgin found that the hardest part of the work before him was now to come, and he wrote thus:—"You may imagine what it is to undertake to govern some millions of people, when we have *in all* two or three people who understand the language! I never had so difficult a matter to arrange." The young Consul was a very busy man at this time, and one who was not disposed to favour Englishmen unduly, expressed himself thus:—"The greater part of the responsible labour came upon Mr. Parkes, because of his ability to talk Chinese; but before many months he had taught many natives how to assist in carrying out the necessary details. He showed much skill in circumventing the designs of the discontented officials at Fuhshan, giving Pihkwei all the native criminals to judge, restraining the thievery or cruelty of the foreign police, and sending out proclamations for the guidance and admonition of the people." Lord Elgin was enthusiastic about the services of the young Consul, and declared that, "Parkes is one

of the most remarkable men I ever met: for energy, courage, and ability combined, I do not know where I could find his match."

In 1858, the treaty of Tientsin was agreed to, not only giving foreigners the right to travel in the interior with passports, but also affording protection to Christian native converts, and establishing practical toleration for the "doctrine of Jesus" or Protestantism, and that of the "Lord of Heaven," or Roman Catholicism.

It was two years after this great forward step had been taken by China, that events occurred which led to Parkes's adventurous errand to the Chinese camp, which had most tragical results for some of his companions, and was followed by consequences that mark one of the most notable epochs in the long history of China.



LORD ELGIN.

Fighting had been carried on with results of a kind that did not promise to be good for either side; so, when a truce was mercifully to be proposed by that amiable diplomatist, Lord Elgin, Mr. Parkes was sent, along with Mr. Loch and some others, to pave the way. For a little time all went quite smoothly with the British party in dealing with their Oriental foes: then suavity began to blossom into the usual bland pretexts for delay, and these suddenly ripened into plans for carrying out a piece of diabolical treachery. Parkes, after labouring at his despatches till he became quite exhausted, about midnight went for a ride around the neighbourhood, shrewdly hoping to get a useful peep at the ground proposed by the Chinese general as the temporary camp of the British forces. As day began to break, it became evident that during the

night some forty thousand Chinese troops had been secretly and silently massed about the very ground the British were to occupy on the morrow. The brave man could easily at this time have secured his own personal safety; but he made his choice, and straightway rode back to the native headquarters, to demand from the Chinese authorities explanations of this suspicious arrangement. Parkes and his companions were at once, and without further ceremony, seized, stripped, and beaten. Their arms were then so tightly tied together that they became quite livid, and then the poor men were roughly thrown into rude springless carts, in which they were conveyed to Peking, arriving there about midnight. Their sufferings on the way were indescribable, the sun beating on them, and clouds of fine stifling dust forming their only shade. They were tortured all the way with feverish thirst, but not one of those in the staring, jeering crowds which accompanied them would give them even a drop of water. Parkes himself had not slept for forty-eight hours, and sleep was impossible now. The unfortunate representatives of England were without delay thrust into a foul den of convicted felons, including robbers by violence, and even murderers, some of whom had been in that horrible prison for years. The stench of the place was unendurable, and a narrow grating, which during the day-time let in a little air, was closed when darkness came on. Possibly there was nothing exceptional in all this treatment as denoting any national disrespect, and in China "political" prisoners are not even favoured with the luxury of plank beds, or the hygienic attentions of the barber. Indeed, confinement in those places has never been at all popular in China, and the slang term used to denote them by the vulgar is more expressive than elegant, for they are called "hells," or *ty-yo*.

The anguish caused by the tightness of the cords which bound the unhappy "devils," as the Chinese termed the foreigners, was relieved when heavy chains were substituted for them, one of these being placed about the body, another around the neck, while one clasped each arm. Each captive, however, was tightly hitched up by another chain to the rafter above him, so that it was impossible for him to sit down; but after a time the chain was lengthened. A jailor sat by the side of Parkes day and night. The food given to them was coarse and vile, but several of their poor Chinese fellow-sufferers who were better off showed much kindness to the unfortunate young Englishman who could speak their language so fluently. Parkes and Loch, who were confined together, had a pocket Church Service with them, which afforded them much solace in their dire estate.

The cruel torture of compressing the fingers was now employed for the purpose of extorting information; but after many unsuccessful applications of the "question" in this form, Parkes, who was known to be of great importance to the English, was, along with his brave companion Loch, sentenced to die the next day. Mr. Parkes solemnly warned the judges of the disastrous results which such a policy would entail upon their empire; and this scene is still vividly remembered and pointed to with admiration by many a Far-Eastern politician, for many were amazed to observe the firmness and dignity of the young Englishman. When the cart that was to carry them, as they supposed, to the field of blood, suddenly stopped, the two doomed men were reading together

for themselves the solemn concluding collect in the grand Church of England Burial Service, when at once, and as if by a miracle, they found they were near the British camp, and that there might be a chance of escape. Running for their lives, therefore, with such agility as was left to their stiffened limbs, they at last dropped, almost fainting, at the feet of a red-coated sentry, and were safe within the British lines!

When this great outrage put upon peaceful embassies had become known, Lord Elgin and his French allies resolved to mark their just sense of such treachery. "They marched on Peking in October and invested the city, Lord Elgin refusing to negotiate until the prisoners had been returned. The guns of the allies were in position to blow in the gate of the city, when the Chinese acceded to their terms, and surrendered the gate. The allies entered the city, and hoisted the English and French flags on the walls."

As several of the captives had succumbed to the tortures inflicted upon them, that mildest of diplomatists, Lord Elgin, concluded that summary and severe measures, such as would ring through the empire, should mark Britain's righteous resentment of the barbarous treatment her sons and representatives had sustained. While the allied forces drew near, the Emperor found a hunting excursion in the mountains of the interior present great attractions to him, and thither he advanced with great dignity and *celerity*. But he left behind him the magnificent Summer Palace of Peking, which the French looted and the British utterly sacked and burned; a course which it is now very easy for philanthropists to condemn, but which more than any other single event helped and heralded the dawn of a new life for China, and has even aided the development of that intelligent respect and cordial friendship that now mark our relations with the great Chinese race and its rulers.

The Yuen-Ming-Yuen, or Summer Palace, has been described in rapturous terms by many Western writers, some of whom probably never saw it. It occupied an extent of some twelve square miles, and was set in a beautiful natural landscape. In some parts it was almost overcrowded with costly antiquarian treasures, and was laid out like another Versailles, in superb Chinese fashion, with "gardens, temples, small lodges and pagodas, groves, grottoes, lakes, bridges, terraces, artificial hills." British officers and soldiers grumbled a good deal because the French had "remorselessly looted and sacked the Palace before Lord Elgin had given his order." Probably the Emperor would not have relished the performance any better had it been done by the English alone. A young British captain of Engineers, who was engaged in this pitiful work of devastation, gives a candid enough opinion on the matter, thus:—"We accordingly went out, and after pillaging it, burned the whole place, destroying, in a Vandal-like manner, most valuable property, which could not be replaced for four millions. . . . You would scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the palaces we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn it; in fact, these palaces were so large, and we were so pressed for time, that we could not plunder them carefully. Quantities of gold ornaments were burned, considered as brass. It was wretchedly demoralising work for an army. Everybody was wild for plunder."

The writer of these words, Charles George Gordon, whose monument adorns Trafalgar Square, and who is still known to many as "Chinese Gordon," had another

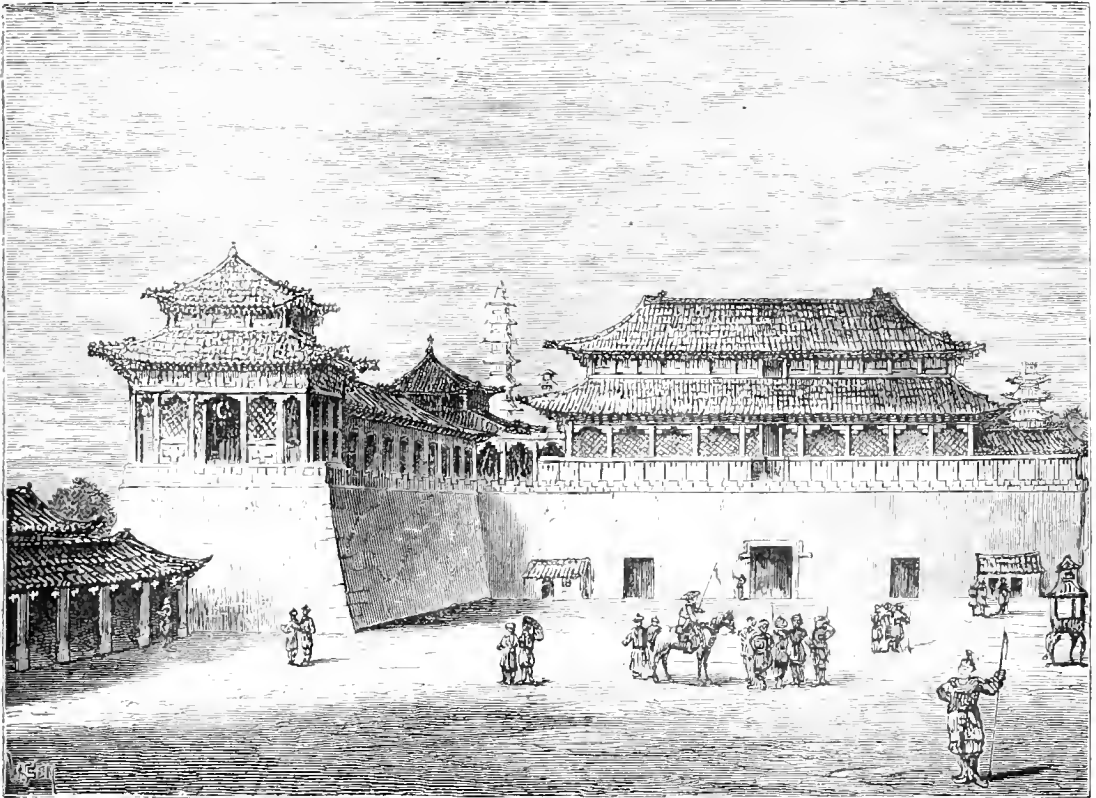
very serious piece of "smashing" to do before he had done with China: and to the story of how he swept the Taiping rebels from the stage of history we shall return a little farther on. Before viewing the work in the interior, which was now to be free from legal restriction, we must turn for a little to the preparations that were being quietly but sedulously carried out in the treaty ports to sow the good seed broadcast over the land. Dr. Bridgman's name has already been mentioned. The labours of his study were, during all the turmoil of events around him, persistently and most



FRENCH TROOPS SACKING THE ROYAL PALACE, PEKIN.

successfully pursued. A cousin of his, James Granger Bridgman, came to share his toils in Canton, but the country around that great city was for a long time in a most unsettled and lawless state, and one day he was seriously injured on the head by a stone thrown at him by a fanatical opponent of the "foreign devils." Studious men in China have often shown a strange proneness to mental disorders, arising partly from close confinement and over-study, but also from some as yet obscure climatic condition, probably of a malarious character. Poor James Bridgman, who was a profoundly pious and devoted man, never quite rallied from his wound, but gradually sank into a state of great mental depression, and in a fit of insanity wounded himself so that he died soon afterwards.

There were frequent and often murderous attacks made upon private foreigners at that period, and few of them went about without some kind of defensive weapon. Dr. Lockhart mentions an instance where "six unoffending foreigners, taking a walk, were attacked and murdered by the villagers; and when their mangled remains were demanded, they were sent down to Canton in a common leper boat, as adding the last insult that could possibly be made." When Dr. Bridgman himself was going on a missionary errand with his wife in a boat, on one of the canals, they were cruelly attacked by a



THE EMPEROR'S PALACE. PEKIN.

large and angry mob which lined both sides of the canal, and hurled large stones at them as they passed. Some of the rioters swam out to them, trying all they could to wreck the boat, while others massed themselves on a bridge which the missionaries had to pass under, pouring down upon the devoted bark a perfect avalanche of large stones, "the heaviest of which weighed eighty-five pounds." Two of the poor boatmen, who stuck manfully to their posts, were badly injured, nor was their sturdy junk improved by such a cannonading as it received, but happily Bridgman and his wife escaped without a scratch.

As knowledge of the language became more general, extensive, and accurate, the missionaries began to hope that a still better version of the Holy Scriptures in Chinese,

than Morrison and Milne had been able to secure, might now be achieved; and the different mission stations had portions of the New Testament assigned to them for re-translation, the first drafts of which were to be submitted to a committee of delegates for careful revision before the results should be printed and circulated. This committee was intended to be carefully representative of the different organisations at work in China, but Bishop Boone's infirm health prevented him from taking part as was intended, and Mr. Walter Lawrie's tragic fate has already been recorded in an earlier chapter of this work. Practically, the task fell to Messrs. Bridgman, Medhurst, and Stronach, and Dr. Bridgman had to leave Canton for Shanghai, where the committee sat. For fourteen years this devoted scholar strenuously pursued his great work, and, although he did not live to see the whole Bible finished, the so-called "Delegates' Version" is likely to be always associated with the name of Bridgman.

It was during the sittings of this committee of delegates that there arose the unhappy dispute known as the Term Controversy, which resulted in the withdrawal of the English members of the committee, who left Bridgman to finish the work. It may perhaps be questioned whether anybody but the hypothetical German professor who mastered the Schleswig-Holstein question, is able to claim a complete knowledge of the literature of the Chinese Term Controversy. Yet the main problems discussed so keenly by great Oriental scholars are of the greatest practical interest, and lie at the root of all religious thought. The immediate result of the first outbreak of the discussion was that the English, as a whole, and the Americans, agreed to differ; each party producing a version agreeable to its own view of the case.

Dr. Bridgman, in a paragraph not quite free from the adornment of question-begging epithets, says of the American version, which bears so strongly the impress of his own fine scholarship:—"In the cardinal rule to give the *entire sense* of the text, and nothing more nor less than the entire sense, we are agreed; but in the manner of doing this we differ. It is my opinion that the style of the translation should be precisely that of the sacred text, equally plain and simple, preserving and exhibiting, as far as practicable, the peculiarities of the original."

The Delegates' Version marks a very distinct advance in Chinese scholarship, and especially in the work of translating the Word of God into the language of China; but when we remember the many attempts to have the Bible in our own tongue before *The Book of English literature* became that invaluable treasury of pure and perfect Anglo-Saxon phrase that it is now held to be, we shall not be surprised to hear the hope expressed that China may yet possess one or more better versions of the Bible than even Bridgman and his colleagues could furnish. The main activity of the most scholarly missionaries is now directed to the preparation of *colloquial versions* in the numerous dialects which are spoken, and to some extent written, in China, and Mr. Gibson of Amoy advocates the general use of Roman characters for the common people.

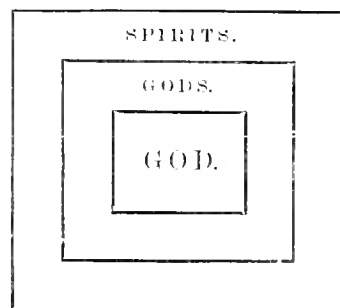
But let us turn to this Term Question, which has now been debated with almost unabated vigour for about forty years. The controversy wholly hinges upon the question, What are the proper words in Chinese to express the ideas of God (gods) and

Spirit (spirits)? As one writer aptly puts it, "we want for each term a word which is "as tolerant of supposed heterodox opinions or ideas as are our English terms God and Spirit," but unfortunately this one safe canon has not always been respected by its warmest advocates. Much of the difficulty which has been felt by the translators of the Bible and Christian books into Chinese is common to every language written or spoken under the sun, but there are some peculiarities belonging specially to the language and thought of China, some of which have already been alluded to, which tend to explain the acuteness that the controversy has sometimes reached in that land. First of all, the Chinese characters have so fixed and changeless a form that we cannot always be sure whether the hieroglyph is to be taken as a noun, verb, or adjective, unless the environment of the symbol helps us to a conclusion: nor is the singular number distinguished from the plural.

Dr. Wells Williams, in an able and dispassionate treatment of the whole subject, contained in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (vol. for 1878), points to a second element of confusion which is more questionable. "The discussion," he says, "has its origin partly in the nature of the language of the Chinese, but really more *in their pantheistic cosmogony.*" It is very doubtful whether we can justly describe the Chinese cosmogony as pantheistic in any customary sense of the term, though *henotheistic* it might perhaps be called: for Shang-ti undoubtedly occupies a unique place as the One Supreme. Good authorities, such as Professor Legge, hold that the Chinese religion is really *monotheistic*.

Again, when Dr. Williams instances, as an obscurity arising from the language, that "there are many deities in China whose sex cannot certainly be decided from anything attributed to them," he may really be adducing an example of Chinese intelligence. Why should it be possible to determine the sex of the gods by anything attributed to them? That Romans and Greeks, and some modern English poets, have thought in that infantile way, is surely no reason why a plain, practical people like the Chinese should repeat the blunder. Besides this, Dr. Williams evidently confused gods with *saints*, as we are accustomed in English to term the beneficent powers of Buddhism—a distinction always carefully maintained by native scholars in Japan.

Suppose our readers had to sit down in committee to translate into a language quite new to them, and free from the hallowing influence of a long Christian tradition, some such sentence as this—"God is a *Spirit*, and is above all *gods*," they would soon find to emerge some of the main problems that have long troubled Christian missionaries in China. In such a sentence as the above we find certain terms (italicised in the example), one of which is more inclusive or general, or less precise, than another; and so they might all be arranged in logical relation to each other, in a diagram, thus:—



There may possibly be some pious minds to whom such a visible relegation of the Almighty God to an intellectual place *amongst* gods many and spirits (ghosts and angels) savours of irreverence; if so, such an erroneous impression must be got rid of, because logic has its stern laws, and in doing this we follow one of them. The more we know of God, or of any thing or being, the narrower, in a technical and logical sense, is the place which that being takes in such a scheme. It was the confusion of thought between God's place in formal logic as an object of thought, a Being of whom

we can really assert something, and God's place in theology in relation to other beings, that was one chief cause of the controversy. The view contended for by some, leads to an extreme form of agnosticism if pushed to its legitimate issue. The Christian God is rich in attributes. He is not a vague entity lying far apart from thought.

To start with a perfectly clear idea of this in our own English minds, let us glance at our great lexicographer's definition of the word "God." Dr. Johnson defines it as meaning—"The Supreme Being; a false god, an idol; any person or thing deified, or too much honoured." Now, when one of the most learned of the controversialists says—"It is an inadmissible definition of *God* to say the term means an object of religious worship," we must at once feel that, rightly or wrongly, elements beyond the mere significance and value of Chinese words have been imported into the discussion. Whatever



A CHINESE DOCTOR.

particular Chinese words may mean, or not mean, every intelligent Englishman knows that the plain English word "god" does convey an idea very close to that of "an object of religious worship," and that, in short, Dr. Johnson's definition is a very good one. It is not, therefore, a question only for Chinese scholars. The most vital doctrines in theology were rightly felt to be somehow at issue, in the question as to what terms were to be used in teaching the truths of our holy religion, about the nature of God, and the life of spirits.

As has been already hinted, a Chinese word or character, while fixed in form, is somewhat variable, or rather *undefined*, in sense. The same symbol may stand for a noun, singular or plural, or for a verb with a cognate meaning; gender is not denoted: there is no true declension, hardly anything like a conjugation; and so the result of

all this is frequent obscurity of meaning. It must be remembered also, that there is no such distinction as we ensure by printing with capital letters. A Chinaman speaking English after his own idiom will say, "My see two piecee man yesterday; my see two piecee man to-day; my see two piecee man to-morrow," and his meaning perhaps may be respectively, "I saw two women yesterday; see them to-day;" or "will see two men (or women) to-morrow." In hearing such a colloquial statement, the environment of facts, as in literature the context, must needs be our chief guide to interpretation, and in abstruse subjects obscurity of phrase may become seriously misleading. Now it seems as if this danger of falling into obscurity led the early missionaries to form an almost morbid desire for perfect precision, a goal hardly possible to attain within the limits of any language which has had a history of natural growth and development. Neither Greek nor Latin presented the Christian apostles and fathers with such terms ready to hand, as certain of the missionaries sought for in Chinese. The more important names that have been used in China for "God" may be tabulated as follows:—

CHINESE NAMES FOR "GOD."

1. ALOHO. Used by the early Nestorians in China. Now abandoned.
2. ALOAH. Was used by Mahommedans for "Allah." Now abandoned.
3. SHANG-CHU. Now almost abandoned.
4. SHANG-ti. Ancient Chinese word applied to the Supreme Power worshipped by the Emperor. It seems to be a proper name, like Jehovah, Zeus, or Jove. It was adopted for "God" by Morrison, Sir George J. Staunton, Professor Legge, Chalmers, and Gutzlaff.
5. SHIN, or SHEN. Used in native works with generic force of "God," and so in Japan also, where it has been unanimously adopted by the Protestant missionaries and converts. In China it was adopted by Bridgman, Wells Williams, Bishops Russell and Boone, and others.
6. TAO. Used sometimes in China, but it seems to have more the force of our word "Nature."
7. TI. (Also occurs in Shang-ti.) According to Professor Legge, it signifies "Lordship" and "government."
8. TIEN-CHU. Used by the Roman Catholics in China and Japan. The sect is named in these countries the *Tien-chu* sect. The term means "Heaven," or "Heaven's Lord," and was fixed by authority of the Pope. It is also used by some Jews in China.

As we have already indicated, while paramount importance is attached to the written symbol in Chinese, a very inferior and secondary place is given to speech as a mode of grave expression. Even in the ninth century, an Arab traveller noted this great peculiarity, and he records that the Chinese "never answer at all to anything that is not written." From this neglect of the colloquial, as an element in the higher culture of the mind, arises its comparative poverty: which has to be made up for by frequent writing in the air, or on the palms of the hands, during ordinary conversation. The spoken language consists of monosyllables, of which there are not many more than

four hundred, distinct in sound, but varied by elocutionary inflections or "tones." These have to be combined to make really distinctive words for colloquial purposes, as we do in the case of such words as wood-man, wood-lark, wood-cock, wood-bine, &c. It seems, too, from the fact that old rhymes remain good still, three thousand years after they have been made, that in some respects, Chinese pronunciation has not undergone such changes as other languages have passed through in much less time.

It seemed to Dr. (Sir J.) Bowring that the question of the name for God in Chinese literature could thus be treated differently from that of a colloquial name, and he therefore made the ingenious suggestion that the Greek Θ , the first letter in *Theos*, the Greek word for God used in the New Testament, might be added to the copious symbol-alphabet of China to denote God. Bishop Boone twitted the maker of the proposition thus, "Could Dr. Bowring kneel down and pray to Θ , 'O! Θ , have merey upon me'? This was witty, and helped, no doubt, to slay the proposal, which is no longer within the range of present discussion; but the broader objection is that no lofty system of religious thought can be permanently strangled by the conditions of an almost fossil language. It is becoming very clear to observers of Chinese progress, that Romanised and almost colloquial versions of the Bible are to become a new and most powerful factor in the evolution of Chinese literature and speech.

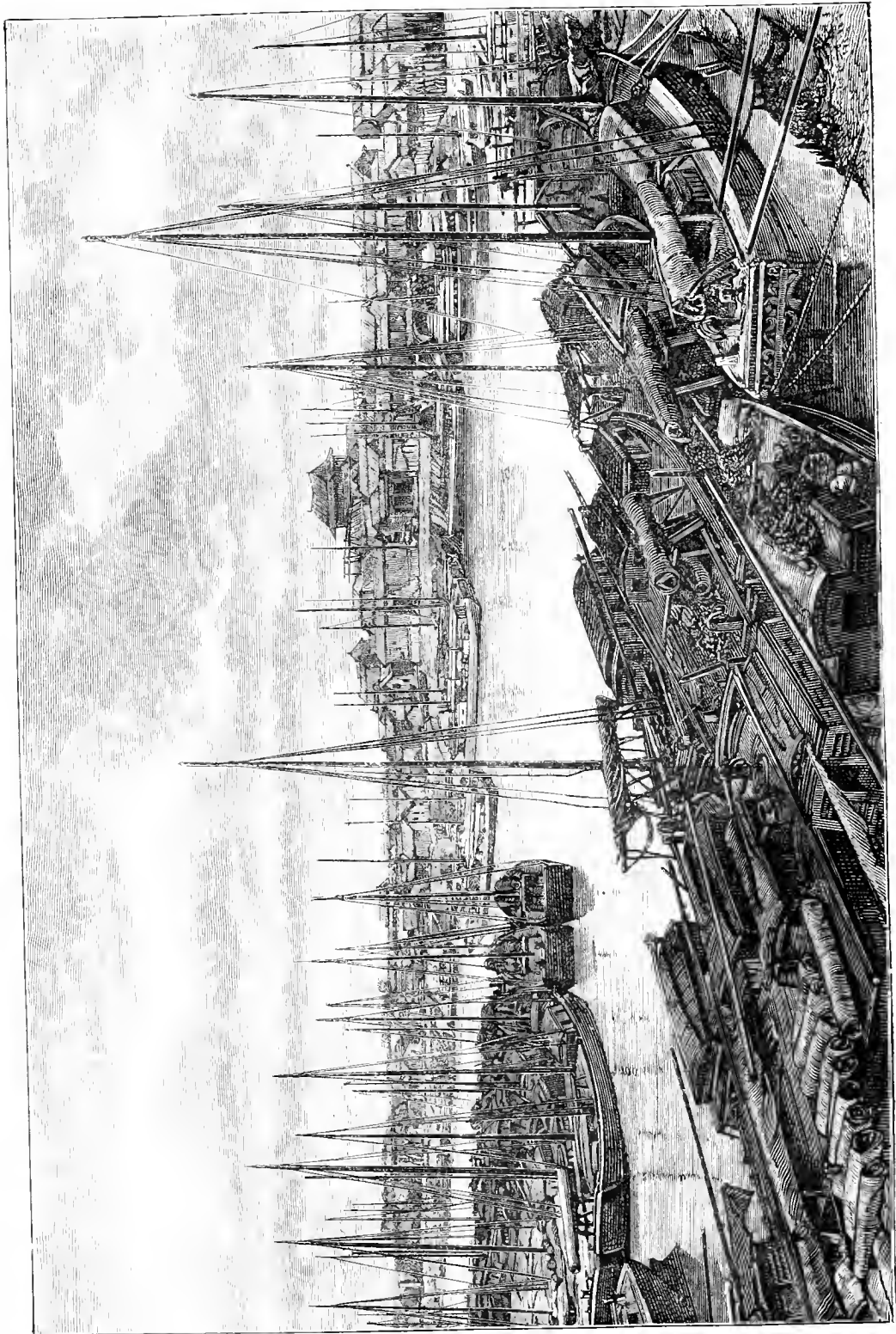
When England and her allies, America, France, and Russia, were bringing the resources of Western civilisation to bear upon the rather self-satisfied minds of the Celestials at Tientsin in 1858, Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman frequently entertained the Ministers of those great Powers on their way, and the learned doctor was of much service to them in unravelling various knotty matters, in translating official Chinese documents into Western languages, and in expressing diplomatic wants in scholarly Chinese.

In 1860, Dr. Bridgman's report on Bible translation was full of the joyful anticipation that the new version would soon be issued in all forms of type, but ere another year had fled, this great and most modest scholar had no need to trouble himself with any further wrangling about the name of God, for he was face to face with Him, knowing even as he was known. His Hebrew Bible was found on his study table lying open at the twentieth chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, to which point his revision of the Old Testament translation seems to have reached. The New Testament had been carefully and completely revised before Bridgman was called to enter on his well-earned rest. His wife (Eliza Jane Gillette, of New York) was an active enthusiast in education, giving of her substance liberally, and establishing an excellent girls' school in Shanghai, the first of its kind there. She died in China in 1871. Not only had Morrison's colleague, Bridgman, lived to see the whole empire shaken by a revolt that grew out of missionary effort, through no fault of the missionaries; but his eyelids only closed for ever when the gates of the empire had been thrown widely open to the unfettered preaching and circulation of the Gospel. It was a short time for a vast work to have been well done, and the change was not expected to occur so soon by the clearest-visioned adept in Chinese affairs.

While the Western Powers had been gently coercing China into the pleasant paths of civilisation, that venerable empire was seriously menaced from within, by the revolt of the Taipings, who, as we saw in a previous chapter, had first acquired strength in the southern parts of China. As repeated unsuccessful wars with foreign Powers lowered the prestige of the Imperial Government, the rebellion rolled northward towards Peking, gathering volume and momentum in its progress. In 1853, the sky around Shanghai was nightly lit up with the ruddy glare of burning villages. At last, in 1854, the town where many of the missionaries had now their headquarters, passed into the hands of the rebels, but the nearness of foreign armies and fleets prevented some of the horrors which were witnessed elsewhere.

Dr. Lockhart, of the London Missionary Society, opened a hospital there which was of much service, bodily and spiritually, to the wounded from both sides of the fray, and the doctor had many striking incidents to relate of his experiences during this terrible period. Through his agency, rice was given to many of the starving people during the siege, and a quantity of slightly damaged provisions, sent to him by a friend of the institution, were very thankfully accepted by the poor famished wretches to whom they were distributed. As the result of liberal assistance in the shape of donations, an attempt was made to enlarge the hospital during hostilities, but the work, as the doctor in his quiet way records, "had to be discontinued, the flight of cannon-balls over the ground making the site unsafe." Meanwhile, religious services were regularly conducted by the missionaries, and many a sick or wounded soldier, who had never before heard of the Saviour of mankind, had an opportunity of carrying the message of salvation to friends in far-off provinces where the Word had never before been heard. While this noble work was going on, the bullets of the opposing hosts used often to whistle merrily through the crowded dispensary, but generally without doing injury to any one, though several persons were struck by cannon-balls almost within the precincts of the institution.

Dr. Lockhart performed many serious and difficult operations under these trying conditions, with results of the most satisfactory kind, causing much wonder. "At certain times," he relates, "there were in the wards, Imperialists wounded by rebels, rebels wounded by Imperialists, and rusties who had suffered from both parties; but there they all lived together in peace, receiving help themselves, and often and cheerfully helping each other." Some of the cases seemed to show that Chinamen have great powers of recovery. One of the most remarkable is thus recorded in the doctor's narrative:—"A man was brought in one morning whom a Triad (or rebel) had caught and tried to behead, taking him for an Imperial soldier. Unable to effect his purpose, owing to the man's struggles, he yet inflicted most severe injuries upon him. The man had a wound on the forehead, which passed through the frontal bone, and raised up a portion of it; a wound on the face, through the malar bone and part of the upper jaw; another wound on the lower part of the face, which cut through the lower jaw; two deep wounds in the neck; one on each shoulder, one of which penetrated the shoulder joint; a wound at the back of the neck, exposing the vertebrae of the spine; and one on the fore-arm, causing compound fracture of the ulna; besides



THE PEHO RIVER AT TIENSIN.

numerous severe flesh wounds on the body and limbs. The man had literally *to be sewn together again*. After much suffering for more than three months he finally recovered."

Professor John Ker's last volume of sermons contains a very eloquent and impressive discourse on "Things Passing and Things Permanent," in which the preacher remarks that—"Christianity intensifies social struggles by pouring new light upon human rights and duties. The oppressed learn what belongs to them, and the oppressor does not yield without a conflict." That the nearly successful revolt of the Taipings was due to the fermentation of Christian doctrine in the popular mind, with the addition of a sense of wrong sustained at the hands of the authorities, cannot admit of doubt. It is very doubtful, however, whether justice has ever been done to those who were the mainspring of this most formidable rebellion, one consequence of the success of which would apparently have been the immediate opening-up of China to all Western ideas and improvements. History never repeats itself, and the circumstances of China were in many respects very different from those of Japan; but if analogy is at all to be found in the opening-up of the countries, the speedy civilisation of China would have followed the success of the Taipings, whose views, though fanatical and crude, were in the main modern and advanced. The excesses which stained the latter stage of their career were no essential part of the movement, and are common to Oriental notions of warfare. Even Christian Russia is supposed not to be free from the methods that critics so much deplore when employed by Chinese fanatics.

The south of China is tenanted by those who in England might have represented the old Saxon element, when the Normans had been established firmly in this country. The conquerors of China came from the north, bursting at last through the great wall and all that it symbolised, and pouring like a flood over the land. We think of Chinamen as always wearing pigtails, but this custom dates from the middle of the seventeenth century only, when the Tartar or Manchu *coiffure* was imposed on the conquered. The new fashion was vigorously opposed by the southern people for a long time, and many of the boatmen of the south—about Amoy and Swatow—conceal their pigtails carefully under their turbans. The queue is now, however, "one of the most sacred characteristics of the black-haired race." Chinese settlers in British territory, such as Hong Kong, and emigrants to our colonies, where, of course, they can adopt any *coiffure* that pleases them, cling now to this very modern custom with all the conservative tenacity of their race. "Even their British-born sons and grandsons, reaching now to the third and fourth generations, steadily refuse to lay aside the tail." Now one of the "innovations" of the rebels was to resort to the old custom of their fathers, and by way of protest against the Manchus, to wear the hair long.

At that time, old residents in China say, corruption and bribery were very general amongst the Mandarins, both high and low; justice was frequently bought and sold, and there were many forms of oppression and extortion which tended to fan the ever-glowing embers of disaffection into a fierce and all-devouring conflagration. It seems that the pirates of the coast, whom the Western Powers had disturbed, joined the

rebels in great force, and to this cause may partly be ascribed the horrors which followed the army on its northward progress. As to the fanatical ideas of the Trinity of chief men, one of whom was called the Prince of Peace and Plenty, and Brother of Jesus Christ, little seems to be known of a quite reliable kind, and most of the accounts that have been written are uncritical, and intensely coloured by natural and pious horror of such blasphemy. But that is not history.

Hung-seu-Tseuen, the chief and leader, whom we have met with in this narrative before as the reader of a tract, was a man of education and great energy, and quite capable, had success attended him in overthrowing the Manchus, of establishing a firm and responsible government in China. The rebels had at first a certain fanatical zeal

which gave them an irresistible fury, and some little moral strength; but although they gained access at the ports to copious stores of Western arms and ammunition, which tended further to demoralise the imperial troops opposed to them, their growing rapacity and cruelty far more than counterbalanced those advantages, and roused a growing storm of resentful indignation among the mercantile population, Chinese and foreign.

In 1860, an American civilian named Ward gained high distinction by his most successful attempt to raise and discipline a fresh Imperial force of natives and aliens. Colonel Sir W. F. Butler, in his graphic sketch of Gordon, written for the "English Men of Action" series, pays a well-merited tribute to this energetic American organiser of what was to be known as the "Ever-Victorious Army,"



GENERAL GORDON.

who died while leading an assault at Ningpo in September, 1862, and who, in the short, well-filled two years of his military life, fought about seventy battles without once meeting defeat. Ward, who has been far too much lost sight of amid the dazzling lustre of his English successor Gordon, was, according to Colonel Butler, "unquestionably a natural leader of men, a brave and skilful soldier, possessing all the qualities which, had not death cut short his career, might easily have attained to a reputation not inferior to that of Clive."

The English and French allies, after the Treaty of Peking, aided the rather crest-fallen Imperialists to clear the rebels from the vicinity of Shanghai, which was then becoming the important centre of foreign trade it continues to be. Gordon was for a time engaged in those operations, and as senior engineer followed up his ordinary duties by an extensive and careful survey of the intricate network of creeks and canals which formed the chief groundwork of the hostilities.

A serious defeat of the Imperialists at Tait-san in 1863, resulting in the loss of many European officers and privates, besides vast numbers of native soldiers, put into the hands of Gordon, in his thirtieth year, the fate of the oldest and largest empire

in the world; for this disaster was the direct occasion of Gordon's receiving full powers to deal with the revolt. Li (or Li Hung Chang), who is often spoken of as the Bismarck of China, and is still by far the most notable personage in the East, was then Fu-tai, or Generalissimo, and to him Gordon promised to crush the rebels in eighteen months from the end of March in 1863. The "Ever-Victorious Army" was disbanded in June, 1864, but the Manchu dynasty, which the rebels desired to overthrow, still retained the Dragon Throne, and a month or two later peace once more reigned in China, and not a rebel was anywhere to be seen. Such an undertaking was not rashly or thoughtlessly entered upon by this Christian hero, and it required for its successful carrying out a combination of qualities rarely found existing even singly in diplomatist, soldier, or engineer.

Throughout the incidents of this rapid and unique campaign, the mercy, firmness, and justice of Gordon were very conspicuous at all times, and many of the bravest of the rebels themselves were soon glad to take arms under a commander whose prestige was so lofty and whose pay was so certain. He was wont to carry nothing in his hand but a bamboo cane or rattan, and, seeing him exposed in the thick of battle to imminent danger with no other weapon of defence, many of the natives thought that Gordon's life was a charmed one, and that the modest bit of bamboo exercised a magic influence over the fray, like that of the uplifted hands of Moses.

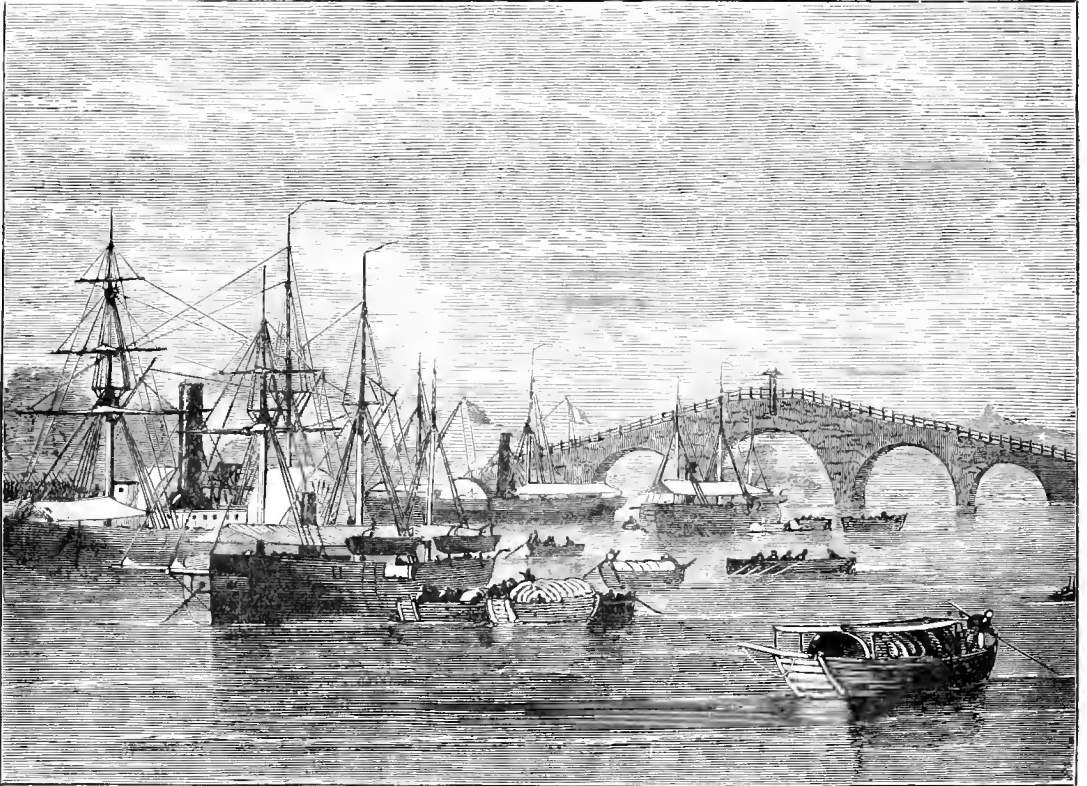
As Colonel Butler very vividly shows, the area occupied by the hitherto triumphant rebels was perceived by Gordon, with all its intricacies, to be "only a big chess-board, its vast maze-work making it all the better for the man who first learns it by heart; and these creeks and cross-creeks will be so many parallels and trenches for sapping up to the very heart of the revolt, for turning cities, taking positions in reverse, and, above all, for using the power which steam gives for transporting men, stores, and munitions along these navigable waterways."

One of the chief difficulties in the management of such troops as Gordon had under his command is that after gaining a victory, however incompletely, they always wish to retire for a little from the field to be among their friends, in order to strut about as heroes and get some mild enjoyment out of the spoils they have taken. After these have been used up and the slender pay exhausted, the Chinese brave is ready to resume warfare like a giant refreshed.

A little steamer, the *Hyson*, with its crew of forty men, came to be of much service to the Imperialists in Gordon's hands. The rebels in great strength held a rich district in which lay the old city of Soochow, a place very lovely in itself, most beautifully situated near the Great Lake, and which Chinamen, indeed, are wont to say is in relation to this earth what Paradise is to the realms of the unseen. Gordon, by a cleverly planned and cautiously executed bit of strategy, passed up country by a series of loop canals, and, suddenly appearing from an unexpected quarter, broke up and dissipated an immense force of the rebels, who thought there was something uncanny about the man and his strange new nautical machine. Such a move was certainly unique in the annals of Chinese tactics, and Colonel Butler, who enters into interesting military details, says: "This was perhaps the most strikingly representative feat of

Gordon's peculiar genius for war—quick to catch, resolute to act, knowing the power of rapid movement against a demoralised foe, and realising the enormous effect which the unexpected can produce even with the slenderest means."

It was a curious circumstance that an English soldier, and a most earnest and somewhat fanatical Christian, should, in the Providence of God, be the means of destroying a movement which English opium and Christianity had been the means of initiating. Sir John Davis says, in an appendix on the Taiping Rebellion, contained in his work



LANDING OF GORDON'S CREW FROM THE *HYSOX*.

on China: "There can be no doubt whatever of the existing insurrection in China having been the result of our own war. A Manchow general, in his report, distinctly stated that 'the number of robbers and criminal associations is very great in the two Kwang provinces, and they assemble without difficulty to create trouble; all which arises from that class having detected the inefficiency of the Imperial troops during the war with the English barbarians. Formerly they feared the troops as tigers; of late they look on them as sheep. Of the multitudes of irregulars who were disbanded on the settlement of the barbarian difficulty, very few returned to their original occupations—most of them became robbers.' He observes that 'the army has never recovered from the effects of the want of success in the *barbarian business*' (as they call our

war): 'the troops regard retreat on the eve of battle as established custom, and the abandonment of their posts as an ordinary affair.' This view was also supported by Consul Meadows, and, indeed, by every one conversant with the affairs of China. Sir John is emphatic, that although the chief of the rebels had received lessons in the rudiments of our religion, his followers were "no more like Christians than Mahomet was like a Jew." When told by Meadows that the English must remain



TARTAR SOLDIER.

neutral, they replied that they were under the special protection of Heaven. Their great opponent, Gordon, had a similar conviction, but in his case the belief appeared better grounded, and the Taipings were destroyed by the sword to which they appealed.

That excellent military authority, Colonel Sir William F. Butler, thus sums up the value of Gordon's work: "The service rendered by Gordon to the Chinese was very great. His presence gave vigour to their plans, thought to their councils, rapidity to their movements, courage to their soldiers. He climbed to a far higher standpoint than they ever could have attained to, and surveyed the entire theatre of the struggle

from an eminence they could not reach. In fact, he taught the Chinese how to make war, and, what is still more important, how to end war. His blows were struck in vital places, and followed each other with a rapidity that left the enemy no time for reparation. He suited his strategy to the peculiar nature of the country, and timed his tactics in exact accord with the habits of his enemy. Indomitable resolution, inexhaustible resource, sleepless activity, were his master qualities."

Hung-Sen-Tsuen, the rebel king, whose avowed aim was to overthrow idolatry and the Manchu rulers, and to establish the authority of the Bible, in token of which he claimed to have received a seal and a sword from Heaven, died in 1864, and with him all outward traces of the great revolt soon disappeared, though many believe that there are still smouldering embers, that may one day mount again into flames. Be this as it may, there is now a strong native Church in China, and it is impossible to conceive of any movement of the kind receiving Christian recognition or encouragement.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PRINTING PRESS AS A MISSION AGENCY.

Samuel Wells Williams—"Called to his Work"—A Missionary Printer—Chinese Books and Printing—Paper—Movable Types—Scholarship—Plea for the Roman Alphabet in China—Reverence for Printed or Written Words—The Lettered Paper Pagoda—Williams' Printing Office—Distribution of Tracts and Bibles—Career of Williams—Review of his Character and Work—The American Presbyterian Mission—The Rev. James Webster—Power of the Press.

TO a Christian mind, accustomed to take for granted the conditions of intellectual and religious activity which exist within the familiar regions permeated and suffused by an old Christian civilisation, it is difficult to do justice to the peculiar obstacles met with by the little but strong band of soldiers of the Cross who had invaded the Empire of China.

To such an one it seems very easy and simple for an earnest man to preach the Gospel to any heathen people when the mere language of that people has once been mastered. In Judæa, in Greece, and in Rome, as amongst the European nations, public speaking has always held an important place in popular estimation, and the living voice of the orator has even had a notable influence in determining policy affecting the gravest interests of the State. But in China silence has ever been specially golden: though we sometimes read in history of grave debates, and the never-failing popularity of the street story-teller shows a possibility that the spoken tongue may one day become a great power in the country. The Chinese brain uses the pen rather than the tongue, however: and preaching has, of necessity, often been felt to be an adjunct of the press rather than the chief instrument of spreading the truth through the land. Thus the press came very naturally to attract the attention of the early missionaries to China, as an engine absolutely requisite for the rapid and effective diffusion of

Christian teaching, and unsuccessful experiments were made in various directions, which, however, left, at the least, a useful residuum of dearly purchased experience.

When a strong and urgent need has arisen in the history of Christian warfare against superstitious darkness, Providence has not usually withheld suitable human instruments to supply the want. It was not in this case long after the emergency was perceived to exist, when there appeared in the field a man eminently fitted by hereditary training, natural capacity, and power of diligent and concentrated application, to link modern practical ideas in a conservative fashion to the primitive methods of Chinese printing, and in such a way as to win the approval and even admiration of native scholars, while securing the speedy furtherance of aggressive missionary effort amongst the people.

One of the leading citizens of Utica (U.S.A.) at the beginning of this century, was Colonel William Williams, a publisher of Bibles and other books, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and superintendent of the first Sunday-school organised in Utica. The Colonel married a Miss Wells, and the worthy couple were in course of time blessed with a family of fourteen. Mrs. Williams was a lady of some culture, a "working believer," and of very marked zeal in behalf of the cause of foreign missions, then interesting the Churches in America in a special manner. The story is told that on one occasion, when the collecting plate was passed along the pew on behalf of that object, she was dismayed to find herself without money, but put into the Lord's treasury a slip of paper on which the words were pencilled, "I give two of my sons." Years afterwards two of her sons responded to this solemn consecration, one of them going out to Turkey as a missionary, and the other to China, as we have to relate in this chapter.

Samuel Wells Williams, born at Utica (New York) in 1812, when a boy once heard his Sunday-school teacher speak with such tender emotion about the spiritual darkness of the heathen peoples, that a strong desire arose within his bosom to become a missionary and go to their help. The desire does not seem to have ripened into a fixed resolution all at once, and he passed through most of the experiences of boyhood and youth, getting into scrapes and tasting the bitterness of discipline, dabbling in universal science, and leaning with a very strong bias to natural history. His youthful letters abound in allusions to mineral hammers, crystals of carbonates, and so forth, and in after-life he retained a keen eye for scientific observation. At last his school course drew to a close, and the career of a botanist was that which seemed most to captivate his fancy: but a call was to come to him of a different kind.

Far away in China one or two anxious men were puzzling over a great problem. It had begun to be clearly seen, that if the messengers of the Cross were to succeed in their mission there, the press would have to be freely and intelligently used to prepare books for circulation over the land. But, as we have seen in a previous chapter, it was not easy to get respectable and competent natives even to teach their language to foreigners, and it seemed hardly possible to organise and work a printing press without the help of experts, not only in mechanical details, but also in the language itself. People in America interested themselves in the solution of the problem, and at last a Presbyterian congregation in New York (Bleecker Street) sent to China a printing press,

with type and other requisites, "in recognition of the need of books as aids in evangelising the heathen."

Colonel Williams was asked to select a properly qualified young man to superintend the new printing office in China, and without hesitation the good man singled out his own son Wells for the duty. It was not a very brilliant appointment from a worldly point of view, to be sure, and at that time a journey to China was still a serious business. After a night chiefly spent in prayer and meditation, young Wells replied to his father in the following letter:—

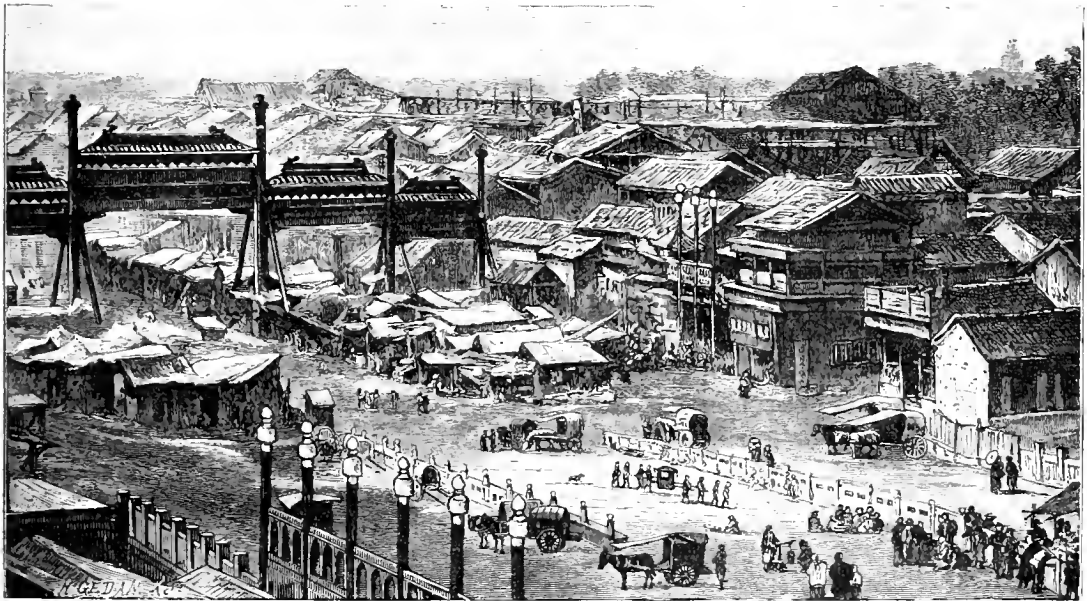
"TROY, *April 23, 1832.*

"DEAR FATHER,—Perhaps, from the short length of time that has elapsed since I received your last, you may think that I have not sufficiently considered the question, 'Will you go?' It is, I must say, a very important question when its bearings are considered. But did you, my dear father, know the tendency of my thoughts on this subject, and what they had been since a year had passed away, this question would be different. To come to the point. If *one* objection can be done away to my satisfaction, I will go. This is: is it possible, after the course is finished here in October, to learn the printer's trade sufficiently well to take charge of such an undertaking? I should not be willing to leave here till the course and tours" (geological and botanical) "were all finished. For chemistry and botany have a great bearing, and a very useful one, upon the common occurrences of life. Now if, after these were through, I could sufficiently learn that part of the trade which I do not know, I am willing, and indeed would esteem it a privilege, thus to serve the cause of Jesus. . . . Such is the result of what I have thought on the subject. Yet I would say (not by any means that I wish to be excused), why would not Shepard be a better one to go? So deeply has the love of the works of God, and through them, Him, got imbued into me—and is almost now a second nature—that I fear, if I went, any object of natural history would interest me more than anything else. If this takes place, it will alter my course of life, which was to be a naturalist. . . ."

He wrote also at a later date to Dr. Anderson, who had to do with the appointment, objecting to the hastening of his departure, and stating his opinions fully. In that letter the following passages occur:—"I would not wish to have a longer time than reasonable, but if it is necessary absolutely to go by next fall or spring, I must say that I cannot possibly be ready. I cannot obtain a sufficient knowledge of the business to be able to do any one justice, and you would not wish to send one who was incompetent. In that short space of time I would have to learn all the pressman's and foreman's department, and also other small matters, though these would be the principal. All the knowledge I have of the printing trade has been learnt by stealth, while engaged in other employments. The whole would therefore have to be reviewed or learned. . . . I believe that I have, by the light which God has given us in the Bible, examined this question, and as far as I am acquainted with my own heart, I am willing to go. Many doubts and difficulties arise, and also many first impressions of times and places which are dear are to be considered. But I also look at the other side and see

three-fourths of the world in a state of heathenism or half-idolatry—then that side of the scale weighs heaviest. . . . The reasons, however, why I could not be ready as soon as you wish, you have above. I also think that if I could wait even a still longer time than specified it would be better, as nineteen is a young period of life to be sent on such an expedition. . . . If I should go I should expect to collect specimens in natural history, as that is my favourite pursuit: the study of nature is a pleasant one, and carries its own reward along with it."

The little difficulty as to the time of departure to his new sphere was soon got over, and he was formally, but very heartily, accepted by the American Board as a missionary printer for China. To the varied experience which he had been steadily



A STREET IN PEKIN.

acquiring from boyhood, of which he himself thought and wrote so modestly, he now very diligently added much special knowledge likely to prove serviceable to him in "running" a well-equipped printing-office in China. In making this novel appointment to the mission field, the Board had publicly recognised the necessity of such an adjunct to preaching as the printed utterances of the missionary could best supply. Probably they did not at first perceive the full significance which such an enterprise had for China—the potency of the press in giving a new and religious bias to an ancient civilisation, moulded by literary influences on purely literary models.

In April, when he hoped to sail, we find him writing to his parents (the Colonel had married a second time): "I hardly realise the fact that I *am* going as yet, though as the time draws near, it comes up before me in pretty glowing colours, the vividness of which sometimes almost startles me. But turn the page and consider the object—to evangelise the world; consider the immediate portion of

labour, the mighty population of China now at this time shaking to its very centre, and these are enough to recall to mind the fact that he who has hold of the plough has but one way to look."

A wealthy and liberal merchant, Mr. Olyphant, was mentioned in an earlier chapter as having done much to originate missions in China. This same great-hearted friend of the cause had a ship named after the pioneer of Chinese missions, and in the *Morrison*—a good omen for the young printer!—the Rev. Ira Tracy and Williams duly set sail from New York, casting anchor at Whampoa, near Canton, in October, 1833. Foreign life in China during those days, ere the Opium Wars had done their harsh but useful work, was cruelly restricted, and the new arrivals were, of course, consigned to the tender mercies of a Chinese "hong" merchant, who was held responsible to the Mandarins for their orderly and peaceable conduct. The three hundred or so of Western foreigners who were then in China, lived, like the Dutch in Japan, strictly by themselves in a very close and narrow district, unbearable in the summer-time, while they had an ill-defined legal position in the land, and hardly any rights at all. All official business had to be done through the medium of the body of hong merchants, who had a monopoly of foreign trade, and let their premises to the unhappy foreigners. Some of them were large-hearted and intelligent men, representing, indeed, the advance guard of Chinese civilisation, but these were exceptional, and did not always receive the support of their official countrymen. Mr. Williams gives an interesting account of the arrangement that prevailed on his arrival in China:—"These merchants were the intermediaries between the Chinese authorities and foreigners. When the foreigners wished anything from the Chinese, the plan was to draw up a petition and take it to a certain gate of the city known as the Oil Gate, where it was received by a policeman or some low official who was generally at hand. But sometimes the hong merchants refused to receive or transmit said petitions. On one occasion a Scotchman named Innes, a man of great energy, brought a petition to the Oil Gate, but the hong merchants, having got a hint of its purport, refused to receive it. He waited at the gate all day, but they persisted in their refusal. As night approached he gave orders to his boy to go and fetch his bed, as an indication that he intended to stop there all night; and when the merchants came to know that, they received his petition. On another occasion before my arrival, Mr. Jardine, the head of Jardine, Matheson and Co., having taken a petition to the gate in question, received rather hard usage, some one having struck him a rap on the head. He, however, never stirred or gave any indication that the blow had hurt him, from which circumstance he came to be known and spoken of by the Chinese, during all his subsequent stay in China, as *teet tou lo shu*, 'the iron-headed old rat.'"

In another letter, of a later date, he throws a fresh side-light on the state of affairs between the Western nations and that China of the Old World which exists no longer:—"When one looks back on the then state of things, it is difficult to understand how we could have been there so long, and yet have known so little about the people and been known so little by them. When Canton was thrown open to foreigners, as late

as 1858, some missionaries went into the city and found Chinese who had never seen a foreigner, who had never heard that places for preaching had been opened, who did not think it possible that any foreigner could speak Chinese."

Williams found in Bridgman, whom he succeeded as editor of the *Chinese Repository*, a warm and most sympathetic friend, and a genial but uncompromising critic. Indeed, the highly cultivated literary gifts of the latter were not without a happy reflex influence on Williams' style of composition, which rapidly improved under such able tuition. Encouraged by his preceptor, Williams at last made an ambitious flight, attempting to picture life in a Chinese slum after the model of Charles Lamb's famous "Essay on Roast Pig." But unfortunately the reading of this brilliant effort at fine writing brought tears of unrestrained laughter down Bridgman's good-natured cheeks, and he besought the crestfallen young author, by all that he held in reverence, to return to the sober prose of real life. Williams's great Dictionary of Chinese was, perhaps, the fruit of this rough but well-timed coercion into sanity and science, for, as his filial biographer, with perfect accuracy and justness, remarks, "the terse and direct quality of his dictionary definitions has received the commendations of multitudes of students, and contributed directly to the advancement of philology."

A month or so after his arrival in Canton, Mr. Williams wrote to America, and mentions the first convert, Liang A-fah, "a venerable looking man about fifty years old; his countenance expresses benevolence, and at first view you are prepossessed." He tells also, without any thought of the grave results that were to follow, of Liang A-fah's success in circulating some of his books (which he himself wrote, engraved, and printed) amongst the candidates for literary degrees. This good man, who had been led to the light by reading the blocks he was engaged in engraving for Morrison, "got some coolies to take his boxes into the hall, and there he dealt out the Word of Life as fast as he could handle them [*sic*], to intelligent young men."

Along with the same communication, specimens of tracts or booklets were sent, which could be furnished, he wrote, in any quantity—after the blocks from which they were printed had been paid for—at *one cent* per copy, including paper, silk, and ink.

A word or two on Chinese books and printing may here be useful. In very early times, scrolls of silk or cotton cloth were used in place of books, and such are still to be seen hung up on interiors everywhere—in temple, hospital, or dwelling-house. The works of Confucius, and other writings of his times, seem to have been first transmitted as "rude marks made on boards with red ochre." When Buddhism came to China, its sacred writings were contained on sheets of palm-leaf or thin laths of bamboo, and these were contained, loosely piled up, in boxes. After these slips had been written upon, they received a thin coating of a hard, resinous kind of varnish, and many of them have been so well preserved by this method, that Buddhist writings in the Sanskrit and Pali languages, belonging to the earliest periods of their use in China, are frequently found at the present day, looking almost as fresh as when they were first written.

Just as the priests and missionaries of the Indian cult began to circulate their

爾於市塵，遍築高臺，招彼途人，與己行淫，爾雖殊色，人厭而

棄之矣。埃及隣邦，淫風流行，爾徇欲與私，干我震怒，故我降

災，滅爾精糧，非利士人，羞爾淫行，深為厭惡，故我以爾付於

其手。爾行淫無度，故與亞述人私，大縱厥欲，靡有底止。南行淫，至於迦勒底，亦不知足。主耶和華曰：爾行此事，有若

淫婦，既無羞惡之心，又精神之頓耗，爾在達衢，特構高臺，以

為妓室，妓在圖利，爾則不專於利，譬彼淫婦，背夫而私人，居

恆之時，人以金子娼，惟爾以金贈於所權，使四方咸歸，爾與

他婦行淫，本甚懸殊，無人從爾，予爾以金，爾反以金子人，若

是則爾與他婦不同可知矣。爾為娼妓，宜聽我言，我耶和華

是則爾與他婦不同可知矣。爾為娼妓，宜聽我言，我耶和華

doctrines freely among the Chinese people, the transition from boxes of loose sheets to the bound volume seems to have been made, during the time of the Tang dynasty, in the seventh century of our era.

Paper was invented in the first or second century of the Christian era, and was made from fibres of the bamboo beaten into a pulp. That graceful plant—now so popular an element in our own ornamentation—is the classical emblem of literature in China, supplying from its inner layers the material for the making of paper, and yielding up its tubular twigs to form shafts for hair-brushes. Great varieties of paper are now made, many of them being of excellent quality, and of an exquisite fineness and transparency—like silk-gauze.

The pens used for writing were at one time made from fine tubes of bamboo, split at the points like our quill pens; but about three centuries before our era the hair-pencil came into use, and is now universally employed throughout the land for all the uses to which a pen is put in our country. The writer holds the pencil perpendicularly as if he were going to prick the paper. An old traveller tells us that “The *Chinese* always write from top to bottom, and begin their first letter where ours ends; so that to read their books, the left page must first be sought for, which with them is the beginning. Their paper being very thin, and almost transparent, they are fain to double it, for fear lest the letters do run one into another when they write on the back side; but these doubled leaves are so even that one can hardly perceive it.”

In printing a book, movable types were not employed till the missionaries initiated the change; indeed, it hardly seemed practicable to make types for an alphabet of some thirty or forty thousands of characters. An old-fashioned Chinese book is an almost perfect *fac-simile* of what the author himself wrote, or of the penmanship of the scribe who copied for him or wrote at his dictation. Written out on properly sized sheets of the gauze-like paper we have described, the original manuscript is, sheet by sheet, firmly and evenly glued on to the blocks which are to be printed from, and when the white unwritten surface has been neatly cut away by a wood engraver, it is passed into the hands of the printer, and the rest is merely a matter of good ink and careful printing. Illustrations to the text generally involve no extra expense, unless they are of a character requiring unusual technical skill. The number of blocks required will be exactly as many pages as the printed book should contain, with the addition of title-page, and while the risk of fire and expense of storage involved disadvantages, it must be admitted that there is no need to run the risk of printing a large issue till it is called for; and, of course, proof reading is not required. Imagine a modern political orator having to send the manuscript of his oration to be printed *fac-simile* in the morning dailies! How carefully framed would each sentence be, how calmly the fire of partisan spirit would glow under the apprehension of a criticism of which there could be no verbal evasions. May this not be the secret of the strange and persisting survival of Chinese institutions?

With all its good qualities, Chinese paper is not very durable, and the great works, and even the extensive libraries, which so much excite the admiration of Western scholars,

have to be renewed (in *fac-simile*) from time to time. Mildew and insects soon make havoc among the thoughts of sages and the doings of statesmen, if their evil influence is not constantly counteracted by vigilant airing and dusting.

Mr. Samuel Dyer seems to have been the first to adopt movable types in the printing of Chinese works, but Wells Williams brought the whole machinery of book-making to great perfection, and the work done under his auspices was noted for its thoroughness and accuracy. But such results as he attained to were not reached without toil and tears. His first printers were the descendants of Portuguese from Macao, and he had to acquire their language as a first step. By-and-bye he was driven from Canton to Macao, and on returning to Canton, in 1856, his house and office, with three presses, 7,000 printed books, and extensive founts of costly Chinese and other type, were destroyed by fire.

Chinese civilisation is essentially *bookish*. It is not so stiff and unchangeable as many suppose it to be, and progress can be detected all through its history, unless for one brief period of almost retrogression. But reform must be based on literary precedents, and be effected by literary machinery. The people are by no means impotent, and the high officials are only too apt to curry popular favour by their measures and judgments, but the real power is at present in the hands of the *literati*.

Scholarship is, indeed, the ultimate basis, all through the empire, of political power and social influence, and the son of the humblest peasant may freely compete for the highest academical titles—the empire ringing with the honoured names of the wranglers for the year, who hold a greater place in the hearts of their countrymen than even the fortunate members of the crew in the annual boat-race of the universities obtain in England. It has already been related how one of the famous people of antiquity was a farmer's boy, too poor to buy oil for his lamp, and too busy with farm work to be able to study in daylight, who collected fireflies, and placing them in a rush cage, read the ancient masters by their pale glow.

And yet reading is less general an accomplishment than one would expect from such favourable conditions, and women are very seldom taught to read at all. A great authority on Chinese education, Dr. Martin, estimates the proportion of reading women as one in ten thousand. In the northern provinces of China, education is much more general than in the south, but still it is estimated that in the north less than ten per cent.—perhaps only five per cent.—of the population can read. It is hoped that the introduction of the Roman alphabet for the use of the common people will in course of time remedy this condition. Mr. Gibson of Amoy thus sums up the question as to the use of Roman letters for the common people, to whom ordinary book Chinese is an almost dead language:—

“If an alphabet is to be used, there can be no doubt that the Roman is the simplest and clearest. It is also that in which there is at command the largest and least costly supply of printing material. Are there any objections to its use?”

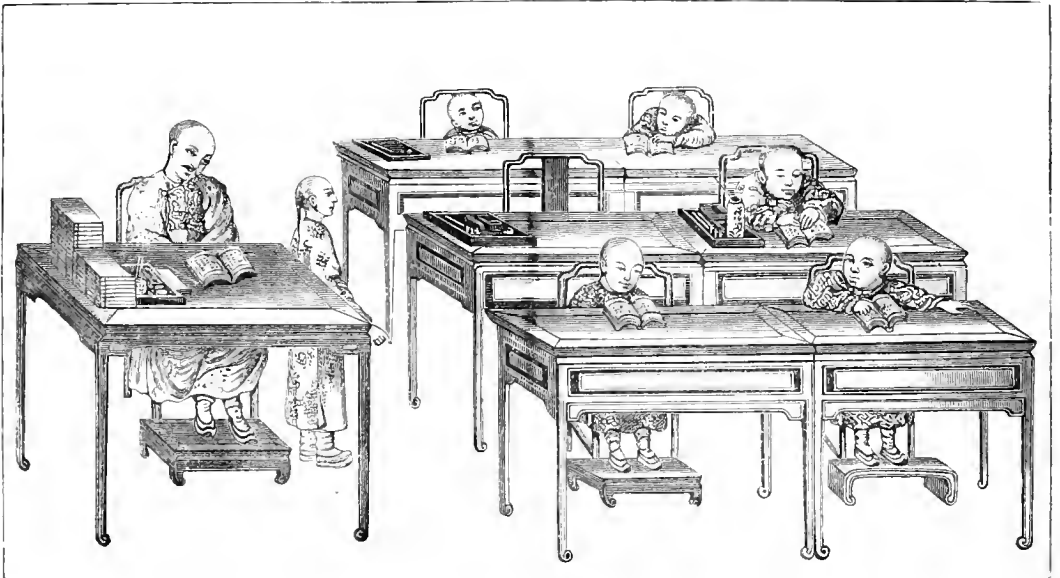
“There is a strong prejudice among the Chinese—not against the Roman letters, but in favour of the Chinese characters. Let us not blame them. They have, as it were,

been born to a profound and unreasoning veneration for these picturesque symbols. It has been a shock and surprise to them to discover that there are in the world many books beside their own, and they can hardly bring themselves to speak of anything else as 'letters.' As servants of Christ, we are not to deal harshly with national prejudices, even when least enlightened. . . . But let us not exaggerate the national prejudice. It is generally supposed that the Chinese are an eminently stolid people, wedded to their old ways, and looking with a suspicious eye on new methods. There is some truth in this view, but it is often pressed too far. The Chinese have a keen eye for what is useful, whether it be new or old. Newness is not in itself a recommendation, although in China, as elsewhere, it serves to attract attention. The new thing must show its credentials and prove its usefulness. But when it has done so it finds ready access to the Chinaman's heart. Steamers have long established themselves in his affections by keeping down the price of rice; telegraphs and even railways are winning their way; modern science, under the name of 'Ancient Learning,' is already installed as a special subject in the public examinations: and in a country where 'safety matches' are supplanting the historic flint and steel, we need not despair of the future of the Roman alphabet."

We have already alluded to the reverence shown by the Chinese for any scrap of paper on which words or letters have been printed or written. Mrs. Lyall, a missionary lady residing at Swatow, relates how this fact was once strongly impressed upon her own mind. It had been a rainy day, the walks were very muddy, and when the teacher from whom she was acquiring the language arrived, she laid down an old newspaper at the doorway to save the matting from his miry shoes. To her surprise, he begged to be excused from treading even on foreign "characters," but rested his feet on the unprinted edge, and readily trod upon a clean sheet of white paper laid down for him. This led her to ask him for further information on this subject, which she records thus:—"In most towns and villages throughout China may be seen a large stone-like furnace, about ten feet high, built in the shape of a pagoda, with a small opening in front. This is called the 'Lettered Paper Pagoda.' There may be one or more, according to the size of the village. This small pagoda receives all the useless paper of the village people. The village elders engage, and pay by public subscription, a man whose business it is to search the market places, streets, by-ways, and even the drains, for every bit of printed, stamped, and written paper. The soiled pieces are carefully washed and dried, and then carried to the furnace and burned. On convenient occasions the ashes are collected and carried off with state, often attended by a procession of the principal men of the village, and thrown into the river or sea. Boats vie with each other for the honour of bearing so precious a cargo to the mouth of the river, or out to sea, where it is thrown overboard in the direction of the current or of the outgoing tide, to be mingled with the waters of the great deep. Happy the boat with such a cargo, for they believe that good luck will be sure to follow it." The old pundit went on to relate how those who were sacrilegious enough to put paper containing characters to any common use would be struck blind, while their descendants would

remain ignorant, and never would distinguish themselves by the attainment of literary degrees.

“In olden times,” continued her heathen instructor, “people knew nothing about reverencing letters, but gradually came to know their duty from noticing that any place in which printed paper was stored was safe from fire and flood, and that families who respected it prospered, and their children became wise and honoured. “Once upon a time there was a merchant who entertained great reverence for letters, and carefully preserved every bit of paper that came in his way, regardless of the jeers of his neighbours. One day a terrible fire broke out in his city, destroying a large part of it. The shops on either side of him and those in front and behind, belonging



CHINESE SCHOOL. (From a notice Drawing.)

to persons who had made themselves merry at his expense, were burned to the ground, while his shop, in which he had stored the paper, alone remained uninjured. By such lessons as this did the Supreme Ruler teach the nation to regard and reverence the printed and written symbols of our language.”

While the reverence of the Chinese for letters is very profound, there is perhaps a qualifying influence, such as is expressed in our proverb, “familiarity breeds contempt,” for the majority of the people are satisfied with learning enough to meet the ordinary wants of life, in this respect presenting a great contrast to the people of Japan, who are great readers. Indeed, few of the urban population in that country are to be found who cannot read ordinary popular literature fluently.

Some of the peculiarities of printing offices in China are revealed in a lively sketch which occurs in one of Williams’ letters to a friend. He writes:—

“I have one of the oddest printing offices you can possibly imagine; ’tis quite unique,

I am sure, in its way. In the first place there are the Chinese types, which are arranged on frames on the sides of the room, so as to expose their faces, for they must all be seen to be found. There are sixty cases of the large type—which is about the size of four-line Pica—and there are upwards of 25,000 types, hardly any two of which are alike. The small type stands on frames, one case above another, and justifies with the Great Primer, being contained in twenty cases, all so arranged that the type stands on the base, exposing all the faces. So much for the Chinese type, which fills up half the room. There is one clumsy English press of iron, and three composing stands. But



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.

my workmen are really the most singular part of the office furniture. There is a Portuguese compositor, who knows not a word of English and hardly a Chinese character; yet sets up a book containing both. . . . A Chinese lad, who knows neither Portuguese nor English, sets Chinese types, and does his part pretty well. Lastly, a Japanese, who knows nothing of English, Portuguese, or Chinese (hardly), picks out the various characters, and makes plenty of errors. . . . I am sometimes much amused at the mutual endeavours of my motley group to hold intercourse."

In spite of all these hindrances, great correctness of printing was maintained in the establishment, and almost every work which proceeded from that humble office is now rare, and to some extent valuable. But it was not only as printer, editor, and author that our missionary busied himself. Some of Dr. Williams' early letters—as contained

in his Life written by his son, and recently published—give as vivid pictures of Chinese village life as any we have seen. Here is one to the Rev. Rufus Anderson, dated from Macao, 1836, and containing a graphic record of the way in which books were given and received in the south of China before the Taiping rebellion arose:—

“Mr. Lay, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been living with me for the last two months. We have, during that time, taken two or three interesting excursions in the vicinity of Macao, intending to spend the whole day in visiting the Chinese scattered about there, and distribute among them the books we carried. We were rowed across by women—who here, as elsewhere in China, perform this laborious business—and landing among a group of huts, belonging to the fishermen frequenting the waters hereabouts, we started for a village seen in the distance. The day was most pleasant, and our way through the paddy-fields and among the farm-houses was enlivened by the singing of birds and the playful children who ran out of the houses to see us pass. The supposed village, however, proved to be only a cluster of half a dozen substantial brick houses, in which we found a few females, who treated us quite civilly, and one man engaged in sweeping rice on the threshing-floor. He accepted the proffered book very readily, and invited us into his domicile to rest awhile. The house within did not comport, in our estimation, with its exterior effect; the walls were barren of everything, saving a few inscriptions; the floor was the cold and naked earth; and the room in which we sat was half filled with agricultural implements, rice, potatoes, and tables. A partition divided this from the kitchen and bed-chamber, and on it was placed the household tablet for ancestors, with incense sticks burning before it. We endeavoured to direct the attention to the worship and the God spoken of in the book just given him, and then left him, greatly to the mortification of his wife, who had been busying herself to make us some tea ever since we came in, but whose despatch did not equal our haste.

“We were now at a loss where next to go. No village was in sight except at a great distance, and the bag of books was too heavy to carry back again. While still in this half-settled frame of mind, we saw a bevy of females sitting by the wayside resting from their burdens. We made towards them, and found their loads to consist of dried grass procured from the mountains for use in the kitchen during winter. This unsubstantial fuel was bound up in faggots proportioned to the strength of the carrier, and hung at either end of a pole laid on the shoulder, in which manner these industrious women had already brought it several miles, and their homes were yet a good distance. They were rather reserved at our first salutation, but soon became sociable, so, opening our bag of books, we asked an active lad who had joined the group to read aloud one of the Gospels. He read a few lines, when the volume was taken from him by a man standing behind and looking over his shoulder. By this time the number of people had considerably increased, from those passing by with faggots stopping to see the foreigners, and we were soon quite hedged about with bundles of grass. Applications for books were now general, and the same boy who had before read to us was now engaged in preferring requests in behalf of the women; but they seeing our stock rapidly diminishing, cast aside further bashfulness and themselves came up to get tracts,

affirming that they had husbands and sons at home who could read if they could not. Their petitions were not to be resisted, and our bag was soon empty, which called forth loud expressions of disappointment from some of them. ‘So few books for so many people! Why did you not bring more?’ . . . Before we separated there had probably fifty people collected, and every one behaved as kindly to us as the same number of like persons would in any part of the world. The influence of the females was apparent in restraining all rudeness. One young fellow of about twenty, who was unable to read, came to me for a book, but was laughed at so heartily by them for applying, that he straightway took up his burden and walked off hastily. I was making a comparison between those of them whose feet were as nature made them, and those with whom they had been cramped in fashion’s vice, giving my judgment, of course, in favour of the former. The comparison seems to have been made at rather an unfortunate instant, for what I said was heard by one just hobbling by, and she, to show that I was no judge of such matters, set out to run with her load, which experiment nearly overthrew the poor girl, and excited the merriment of those sitting near us. . . . One intelligent-looking man, after glancing over a volume of Scripture given to him, began in a loud voice to inform those around of the tenour of their contents. He declared they taught the practice of virtue, that men should be good, and once made a reference to the name of Jesus, when I reminded him of it, in a manner that one does when a thing is momentarily forgotten. This movement on his part was so voluntary that we were much pleased with the attention and the thought it betokened.”

In one excursion, Wells met a Chinese ship-carpenter who had sailed to London, Bombay, and other places in opium-vessels, and who had been in the habit of giving Bibles as his customary New Year gift to his friends or relatives. Some of them lived far off in the interior, and they, he believed, had read the books. The carpenter took with him some tracts to give to the schoolmaster of his village.

In the same letter there is a quite unvarnished picture of a Chinese hamlet, with its environment of nature, for which the writer had ever a keen eye:—

“The men were mostly in the fields, and the women and children were indeed dirty and ragged enough. Filth and misery appear everywhere to be concomitants of heathenism; a Christian peasant strives to make his poverty clean and wholesome, while a heathen is content to live in such wretchedness and mire as put the more cleanly beasts of the forest to blush. The cabins here were mostly built of mud plastered, and at a distance they appeared very pretty, embosomed as they were in a grove of bamboos. The buffaloes were alarmed at our approach, and were inclined to make closer observation of us than was altogether agreeable. They are a larger animal than the cow, but much coarser in appearance and dirtier in habits, delighting to wallow in the mire like swine. Near this village we found the tallow-tree growing, a most beautiful tree in its foliage and shape. The tallow envelopes the seed, and is separated by boiling in hot water, whence it is taken floating from the top and run into candles. These are covered with a coat of vermilion, and have the property of never becoming hard.”

Besides extensive contributions to the *Chinese Repository*, Williams published

“Easy Lessons in Chinese,” in 1842; “An English and Chinese Vocabulary in the Court Dialect,” in 1844; and in the same year “The Chinese Commercial Guide.” Twelve years afterwards he issued the first edition of his “Tonic Dictionary of the Canton Dialect;” and in 1874 his great dictionary of the Chinese language was published.

President Porter has thus pourtrayed the sweet character of his distinguished countryman:—

“Few men were better fitted in temperament, in intellectual tastes and habits, in moral energy, and in spiritual self-consecration, for the constant and unsparring drudgery involved in such a life. Few men, it is believed, have put their powers and gifts to a more constant and productive use. His elastic spirits, his wakeful curiosity, his minute observation, his loving sympathy with man, and his affectionate trust in his Divine Master, seem never to have failed. His interest in nature and in natural history never abated. The taste for botanical studies, which began with his youth, continued to the day of his death. He observed and discovered in China the habits and varieties of flowers with the same zest and the same success which he had manifested when a youth in Utica.

“The simple and childlike faith which had been inspired by his mother’s zealous sweetness and enforced by his father’s enterprise, and had sent him to China for his life-work on the notice of a day, enabled him always to see light and hope along the long and often lonely pathway the earlier missionaries to China were compelled to travel. The buoyant and cheerful temper which made sunlight for others whenever he was present, also reflected unbroken sunshine into his own soul. The Christ who dwelt ever in his thoughts as the hope of glory, enabled him to find indications of hope in the social and spiritual movements which he had watched so closely for more than a generation, and oftentimes from points of view which gave him almost the outlook of a prophet. . . . Towards the end of his life he spoke with glowing and almost prophetic confidence concerning the changes which were to befall China and Japan within the next generation. He was by himself and in his words a living and speaking witness of the dignity and inspiration of the missionary calling, and the missionary spirit when it becomes an inspiration.

“There was much in the closing years of his life to admire and almost to envy. The sweetness and simplicity of his character made friends for him with all who met him. It is no exaggeration to say that every casual acquaintance was illumined and inspired by the briefest interview. Though feeble in body and with impaired eyesight, he maintained his habits of close and constant literary occupation. . . . His elastic spirit refused to be bound or depressed, and he seemed almost as buoyant as ever as he smiled at his own infirmities. He sought employment with his hands almost to the hour of his death, and in the quiet but unspoken triumph, nay, rather, in the unspeakable serenity of the peace which Christ gives to those who are eminently His, he breathed out his life.”

Dr. Wells Williams arrived at Canton just when such services as he was eminently capable of rendering to Christian missions in China were most needed, and most likely

to be effective. Since his first attempts to organise a well-furnished office, others have profited by his example and experience. Under Dr. Farnham the Press of the American Presbyterian Mission is now as well appointed as need be, and it brings in some revenue to the mission. From a recent report we learn that its business comprises two departments—the manufacturing and the distributing. The former includes the foundry, type-setting, printing, and binding. The foundry has seven casting-machines constantly at work, which turn out six sizes of Chinese type, besides English, Korean, Manchu, Japanese, Hebrew, &c. There is also machinery for stereotyping, electrotyping, matrix-making, type-cutting and engraving. In the type-setting depart-



STREET IN A CHINESE TOWN.

ments (Chinese and English) a number of men and boys have been kept busy on books and tracts for the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American and Foreign Bible Union, the various Tract Societies, and others. The work set up in these two departments has been printed on three presses run by gas-engines, and on five hand-presses. The book-binding department is fitted up for work both in the foreign and Chinese styles. From eighty to one hundred persons have been employed, during the year to which the report refers, in the various branches of the office. The earnings of the Press for the year, including increase in the plant and stock, were \$12,629.65, of which sum \$5,000 were received into the treasury of the mission for evangelistic operations.

Such a report as this is calculated to fill one with amazement, when he thinks of the short period that has elapsed since the first Chinese convert, Liang A-fah, stealthily printed a thousand or two of tracts, circulating them with his own hand, and having

a price set upon his head for doing so. There is room enough in China for all the books and tracts that are likely to be printed, and if once the ordinary colloquial forms of speech, used by the common people, were reduced to the printed form, there can be little doubt that an immense increase would be given to the potency for good of evangelistic effort upon the vast masses of China's empire.

A forgotten Bible or tract has often been fruitful in ways that could not have been anticipated. We have already seen what resulted from one copy of Liang A-fah's "Good Words." But recent and happier examples can now be pointed out. A very remarkable religious awakening took place some years ago in certain secluded valleys lying eastward in Manchuria, the subjects of its influence being chiefly colonists from Korea who had settled down there as farmers. The origin, progress, and results of this movement are quite remarkable, and its origin, at least, calls for special notice in this chapter. The Rev. James Webster, of the United Presbyterian Church (Scotland), made an arduous journey to visit and witness this work, and to form some judgment for himself as to what its value might be.

As Mr. Webster toiled up the mountains, snow was lying eighteen inches deep at the foot of the solitary Great Pass, with its thirty miles of dense forest, the monotony of which is broken by nothing but a solitary Buddhist temple. It is a region which till then had never been visited by any foreigner, and Mr. Webster's description of the country through which he passed is so vividly picturesque that we regret our space will only permit us to quote a line or two. "At some parts the trees were so dense as to shut the heavens out from view. Again and again the freshly made footprints of the deer or the tiger crossed the path; sometimes we heard a sudden crash among the underwood as if we had disturbed the slumbers of some denizen of the mountain. But all through that immense tract of forest, the deep silence was scarcely ever broken, save by the gurgling of some mountain stream threading its way under a covering of ice, or the *tap, tap, tap* of the prettily plumaged woodpecker." Mr. Webster goes on to relate how the simple cottars, whom he found in the valleys below, had been ploughing and sowing in this secluded territory for some twenty years, shut out from the great world and leading most quiet and uneventful lives, till a great event happened which gladly turned the whole current of their simple lives. The Gospel of Jesus Christ had at last reached them, and hundreds had been led in their hearts to accept Christianity, and many homes had been made joyful by the glad tidings. How, then, did the new ideas of religion reach these secluded peasants? No missionary had ever penetrated so far in order to teach them the truth; but gospels and tracts in their own language had come to them from a distant mission-field. Well might Mr. Ross, whose literary labours had thus been blessed, exclaim: "It is worth while to translate a few books to see such results!" Those results, so far as can yet be judged, were very genuine and practical religion, followed by all the moral and social elevation therein implied. Nothing, indeed, could better illustrate the value of well-directed literary labour in the mission-field, than many details of this striking movement which have been recorded.

Such isolated and apparently spontaneous stirrings of dry bones as this incident reveals, have not been so uncommon as some suppose, and missionaries in China have

not unfrequently enjoyed experiences of a similar kind, though they have not always been so graphically recorded. Possibly, had China been opened up much earlier than it was, the mission agencies would not have been so well prepared to use the mighty power of the press, as they were compelled to fall back upon it for lack of other means. But without a Christian literature of some sort, it is hard to understand how the people of China could have been reached.

Great efforts are at present being made to supply the studious public of China with wholesome, well-written handbooks on every theme that is likely to be useful and interesting. Such works may not belong strictly to the province of the Christian missionary, but it is felt by those who are most active and intelligent in the work of direct evangelisation, that nothing prepares the way so well as the fresh knowledge that breaks up old prejudices and national exclusiveness. The Rev. Alex. Williamson, LL.D., is the missionary to whose powers of origination and organisation this recent and most successful enterprise owes most. The publication at moderate prices of such popular works on science, politics, ethics, and history, as have been undertaken by local specialists, or are now being projected, must have an immense influence on the minds of the Chinese, who are now bent on making up leeway after the long period of isolation to which they have been subjected.



A CHINESE SCHOLAR.



A BAMBOO BRIDGE IN BORNEO.

XX.—THE EAST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

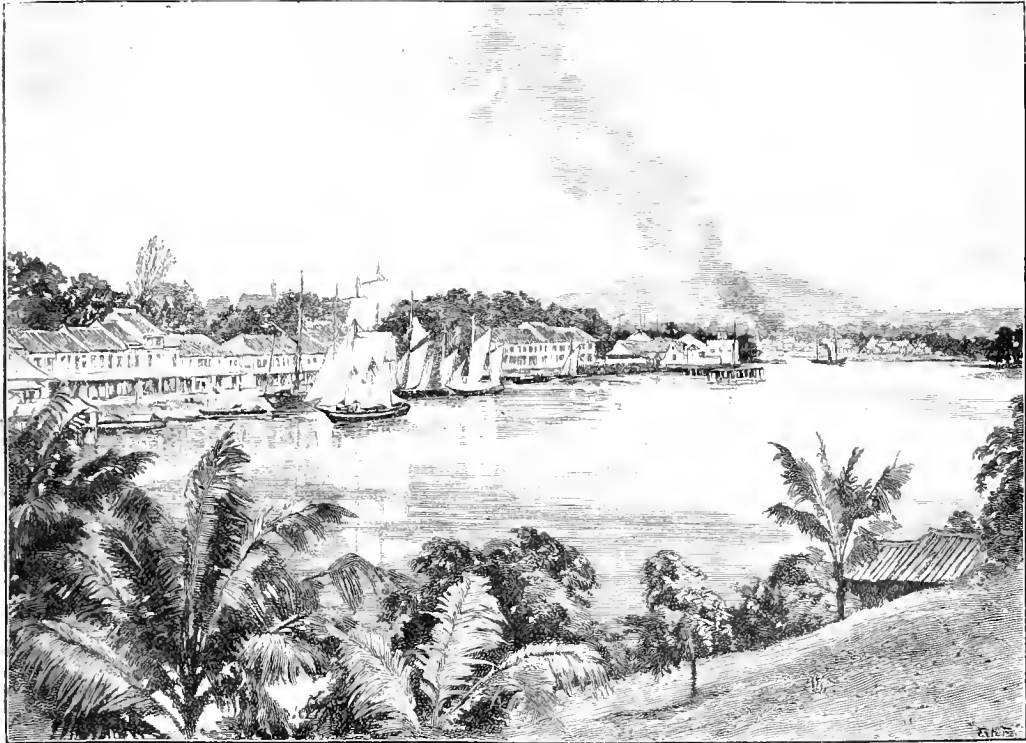
BORNEO AND THEREABOUTS.

Sir James Brooke of Sarawak—His Invitation to Missionaries—Bishop McDougall—Beliefs and Superstitions of the Dyaks—Mission Work in Borneo—Condition of Women—Extension of Missions—Revolt of the Chinese—Head-taking Customs of the Dyaks—Tendency of Converts to Relapse into Heathen Habits—Bishop Chambers, the Rev. W. Crossland, and Other Missionaries—Glimpses of Dyak Mission Life—The Dutch in Sumatra and Java.

IN that victorious army which, in 1825, advanced into Burmah under Sir Archibald Campbell—bringing about, amongst other results, the release of the Judsons from captivity—there was a young cadet named Brooke, who happened to be dangerously wounded in one of the engagements. Recovering from his wounds, he relinquished the service of the East India Company, and, in pursuit of health and pleasure, took a voyage to China. His course lay amongst the beautiful islands of the Indian Ocean, and he gazed delightedly upon the varied scenes of tropical splendour and upon the rich luxuriance of vegetation that everywhere met his view. But he saw also that these magnificent islands, with their vast capabilities for adding to the wealth of the world, were for the most part lying waste; the real natives were poor and degraded, and only the slave-trader and the pirate flourished amidst the universal wretchedness. Young Brooke was now twenty-seven years of age—imaginative, enthusiastic, chivalrous—and as the vessel sped past those far-stretching shores, he formed a project for rescuing at least some portion of that lovely region from savagery, and for putting an end to the crimes and cruelties that gave an aspect of horror to the loveliest landscape. To achieve this design became the settled purpose of his life, and at his father's death he found himself possessed of ample resources for the furtherance of his plans.

He got together a crew of twenty English sailors, with whom he spent a year in the Mediterranean, on board his yacht *Royalist* (160 tons). Having proved their personal attachment for himself, and the reliance that could be placed on them, Mr. Brooke set sail for the East, and in August, 1838, he sighted Kuching (or Sarāwak), then a poor collection of huts built on piles and containing about 1,500 people, but now a flourishing well-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants.

It would be foreign to our purpose to describe in detail the adventurous career



KUCHING, OR SARAWAK.

of the great pioneer of civilisation in Northern Borneo, and it would be equally inopportune to attempt to discuss the vexed questions that have arisen in connection with the energetic methods, and severe repressive measures, adopted by him towards pirates and slaveholders. We must here only note the prominent scenes and events of his administration, and more especially in connection with the civilisation of the natives and the planting of Christianity amongst them.

Sarāwak was a province governed by a Rajah on behalf of the Sultan of Bruni. Brooke, on his arrival in the *Royalist*, found the Rajah Muda Hassim, the uncle of the Sultan, at war with the Dyak tribes, who had risen against the Malay Government. Brooke helped the Rajah to put down the rebellion, and then with great difficulty procured pardon for the survivors. He saw his opportunity, and remained at Sarāwak, making himself so useful, and daily extending his influence to such a degree, that at

last Muda Hassim begged Brooke to undertake the task of governing the province, for he himself had become heartily sick of it. The Sultan consented to this arrangement, and ultimately settled the government of Sarawak on Rajah Brooke and his heirs for ever. Years of arduous toil succeeded, as the new Rajah devoted his indomitable energy to the reform of the entire system of government, the enactment and execution of good laws, the development of commerce, and the suppression of piracy. Plots and rebellions were incessant on the part of those who wanted the old order of things kept up. The Malay nobles and their followers were very turbulent, and oppressed and cheated the poor Dyaks in every possible way.

The pirates, who came forth in vast swarms from their lurking places whenever opportunity favoured, were extirpated with merciless severity: in this task Captain Keppel, of the Royal Navy, was allowed by the English Government to co-operate. In 1849 their atrocities were so frequent and so terrible, that three British war-vessels were sent to help the Rajah. A great expedition against the pirates was organised on this occasion. Eighty of their vessels were captured and the rest destroyed, whilst of the pirates themselves hundreds were slain, and the remainder driven away into the jungle. The Rajah had to be putting down rebellions and unmasking conspiracies up to the very close of his career. So much the more wonderful was it, that he yet made his way, as if endowed with a magic power for winning the hearts of his subjects. He founded a State which has been an asylum of freedom and civilisation, and made the name and fame of Sarawak acknowledged and feared over a wide area.

Besides the Dyaks—the aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo—and their oppressors, the fierce and turbulent Malays, Rajah Brooke had to deal with a vast number of Chinese, who gave much trouble. The Dyaks were a gentle and teachable people, mentally and morally superior to their Malay tyrants. They were of reddish-brown colour, with high cheek-bones and *retroussé* noses, and with bodies, as a rule, considerably tattooed. They dwelt in houses built on piles, each house being in fact a village. Mr. Brooke mentions one house six hundred feet long, with a large common street twenty-one feet wide running the whole length, and having doors along one side opening into the various private rooms. From the roof-tree of the common hall, thirty human heads were hanging. Head-hunting was with this people a cherished institution: no house was worth living in unless adorned with these horrible ornaments; and no youth could attain to the privileges of manhood without proving his prowess by the possession of a certain number of heads. As is usual among savages, the women were worn out by lives of hard toil—one of their most wearisome tasks being the preparation of the daily supply of rice by pounding it with a huge wooden stamper.

Sir James Brooke found the Dyaks cheated by Malay traders, and robbed by Malay chiefs. They were plundered and murdered with impunity, and their wives and children carried off into slavery. But the white Rajah dispensed equal justice to every man—Malay, Dyak, or Chinese. The Dyaks marvelled as they came to experience the hitherto unknown blessings of peace and security, and almost deified Brooke in their grateful admiration. Can he not bring the dead to life? Can he not give good

harvests?—such were questions eagerly discussed in the pile-built villages of the Bornean forest.

Vast was the forest that stretched away from the coast to the mountains of the interior, and very numerous were the villages from which the curling smoke rose above the tree-tops. Paths of tree-trunks placed end to end led from village to village, but only a native could safely thread the intricate maze. The numerous rivers were, as a rule, the lurking-places of the pirates, who ever and anon swarmed forth to plunder and destroy.

In 1846, Rajah Brooke appealed to England to raise the Dyaks from their unparalleled wretchedness. A mission was set on foot, which in 1852 was transferred to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The pioneer of this mission, and its guiding spirit in its trials and in its successes, was Dr. McDougall, the first Bishop of Labuan and Sarāwak. For a time he laboured single-handed, but he lived to see missions established beside most of the principal rivers in the Sarāwak territory. The converts number about 2,000; there are many Dyak and Chinese catechists and teachers, and one Chinese ordained clergyman. But the highest success of the mission has been in the general raising of the moral tone of the whole community. Many who are still far from accepting Christianity as their religion, would be shocked at the bare idea of doing things in which their forefathers took a pride and a pleasure.

The religion which the converted Dyaks have had to give up for the religion of Jesus, was at best a gloomy superstition. It had neither temples, priests, nor regular religious worship, though a supreme God was dimly apprehended, and various spirits (good and evil) were sought to be propitiated by rites and sacrifices when occasion required. The Dyak religion is naturally one of fear. It is thus forcibly alluded to by Mr. Helms, in "Pioneering in the Far East." He says, "Like most barbarous and savage natures, the Dyak identifies his gods and spirits with the great phenomena of nature, and assigns them abodes on the lofty mountains. Though in his opinion all spirits are not equally malignant, all are more or less to be dreaded: the silent surroundings of primeval forests in which the Dyak spends most of his time, the mountains, the gloomy caves often looming mysteriously through cloud and mist, predispose him to identify them with supernatural influences, which in his imagination take the form of monsters and genii. With no better guide than the untutored imagination of a mind which in religious matters is a blank, who shall wonder that this is so? I have myself often felt the influences of such surroundings, when dark clouds deepened the forest gloom, and the approaching storm set the trees whispering: if, at such a moment, the shaggy, red-haired, and goblin form of the orang-outang, with which some of the Dyaks identify their genii, should appear among the branches, it requires little imagination to people the mystic gloom with unearthly beings."

Mrs. McDougall, in the course of her two works on Borneo, gives many illustrations of Dyak superstition and savagery, and yet always testifies to the gentle kindness, and the love and reverence of this people. She tells us that they pray to one God over all, but seek in many ways to propitiate the *Autous* or spirits. When a man lost his wife or child, he used to put on coarse mourning and set out to take so

many heads. Before sowing seed, it was needful to get more heads and fasten them about the sower's neck, and thus all danger and misfortune were averted. The successful head-taker covered himself with glory, and the Dyak girl never felt so fond or so proud of her lover, as when he laid some gory head as a love-token at her feet.



RAJAH BROOKE OF SARAWAK.

Dyak medical skill was, for the most part, a system of charms to counteract the evil designs of the Antoos. On one occasion, Dr. McDougall, visiting the Lundu Dyaks (the most intelligent of the Sarawak tribes), found the wife of the chief's son and her infant dangerously ill. He offered to relieve her sufferings, but the old woman insisted upon first driving away the Antoos. Shrieking and yelling, and beating gongs and drums, they rushed on to the roof of the house, making the most frightful din conceivable. The poor baby died, and the mother grew much worse, whereupon Dr. McDougall was permitted to attend to her, and she was soon in a fair way of recovery.

Besides the Antoos, we find other spirits mixed up with Dyak belief. One group

called Kamang are very malignant. War is their chief delight, and they love (like the war-god of ancient Rome)—

"To drink of the stream that flows
From the red battle-field."

Charms and magic form an important feature in Dyak life. On every native farm, there is a certain white lily kept in a shed, and before this lily offerings of fruit and rice are duly laid. The usual reason assigned for this proceeding is, "that it was the custom of our forefathers." Their legends are curious, and seem to vary in different localities. One account is that Gantallah or Betana at the first created two birds, through whom his will took effect. The Creation is described with a variety of fanciful details, and there is a distinct tradition of a deluge. Another account tells us that the eldest and highest god is Brikkunshan, ordinarily known as Rajah Boiya, King of Alligators. The second is Singallong Burong, and the third is Kling, the special ruler of birds and men and the helper of all. He haunts the jungle or the hill slopes, and when men fall asleep in the woods, they may chance in their dreams to meet Kling. But if they tell any one of that interview, they will either die or go mad. A Dyak who guides an Englishman across a hill-top is very fearful lest by cutting trees, cooking food, or throwing stones, any dire offence should be done to the deity. But all these superstitions are fast losing their vitality, through the spread of Christian influence even amongst the unconverted natives. At places remote from the mission stations, many of the village communities decline any longer to patronise the "Manang" or Sorcerer, whose services were formerly in constant requisition; they have buried the ghastly skulls that used to hang from their roofs, and they carry on their farm work without reference to the flight of birds or other omens once held to be of momentous importance. Head-taking has been suppressed by the civil authority, whilst at the same time the savage inclinations from which it sprang, have been to a large extent supplanted by more humane sentiments. No longer do the women eagerly set out to receive from the returning warriors their ghastly trophies, to decorate them with flowers and pretend to feed them, and to perform, with dance and song, the ancient ceremony known as the "Fondling of the Heads."

Before proceeding with the personal narrative of the pioneers of the Gospel in Borneo, it seems desirable to linger a little longer over the wild and fanciful beliefs of the Dyak people. As a system their mythology is certainly incoherent, inconsistent, and contradictory, so from the maze of traditions we will select the stories of certain beings, whose supposed attributes have always exercised a vast influence over Dyak life. Pulang-Gana is a powerful spirit, whose dominion is the ground, and all cultivation is under his authority. They say that when, at the first, men began to farm the land and cut down the jungle, they found next morning that the trees they had cut down were growing as firm as ever, whilst the plantains and sugar-canes they had planted were all rooted up. Again they cleared a piece of jungle, and at night lay wait to see what would happen. In the darkness Pulang-Gana came forth and began replacing the trees, whereupon the indignant watchers rushed out and seized him. "Why do you injure us in this way?" they asked. He answered, "Why do you injure

me? Why do you come here and farm without my permission?" "Oh! who are you?" they said. "I am Pulang-Gana, your elder brother who was thrown into a hole in the earth, so now I hold authority over it." And so, ever since (except where the missionaries have taught them otherwise) men have never farmed without asking Pulang-Gana's permission. Every year when farming begins, fowls or pigs are killed as offerings in token of borrowing the land from Pulang-Gana. Twice a year a festival is held in his honour. At the festival of the whetstones, all the parangs and axes are ranged along the verandah or open room of the long house, and Pulang-Gana is invoked to make the parangs sharp and give good crops of paddy. At a certain moment the spirit is supposed to enter the house as a guest, and a Manang kills a fowl in the doorway and waves it about to welcome him. Similar proceedings take place at the festival of the seed. Kwang Kapong (a bird spirit) is held to superintend the fruits of the jungle, and Sera Gindi the waters; but no particular notice is taken of them.

Singalong Burong, the patron of war and of head-hunting, is a great spirit far away in the heavens, and is said to be always on the war-path. Very numerous are the stories told of his bravery and his prowess. Mr. Perham (of the Krian mission), who has written on the subject of Dyak beliefs, considers it probable that Singalong Burong was a famous ancient warrior, raised by tradition to the ranks of a great spirit. His grandson was Suru-gunting, from whom most Dyaks are proud to trace their descent, claiming to be not many generations removed from him at the present time. When head-feasts were in vogue, Singalong Burong used to be solemnly "fetched" to be a guest at the house. A pig or fowl was sacrificed at the door, from which the women and children shrank away lest his terrible though invisible presence should overcome them. It is only brave men who have dreams of Singalong Burong, and it is his sons-in-law who animate the birds which are regarded as omens by those Dyaks who still cling to their old beliefs.

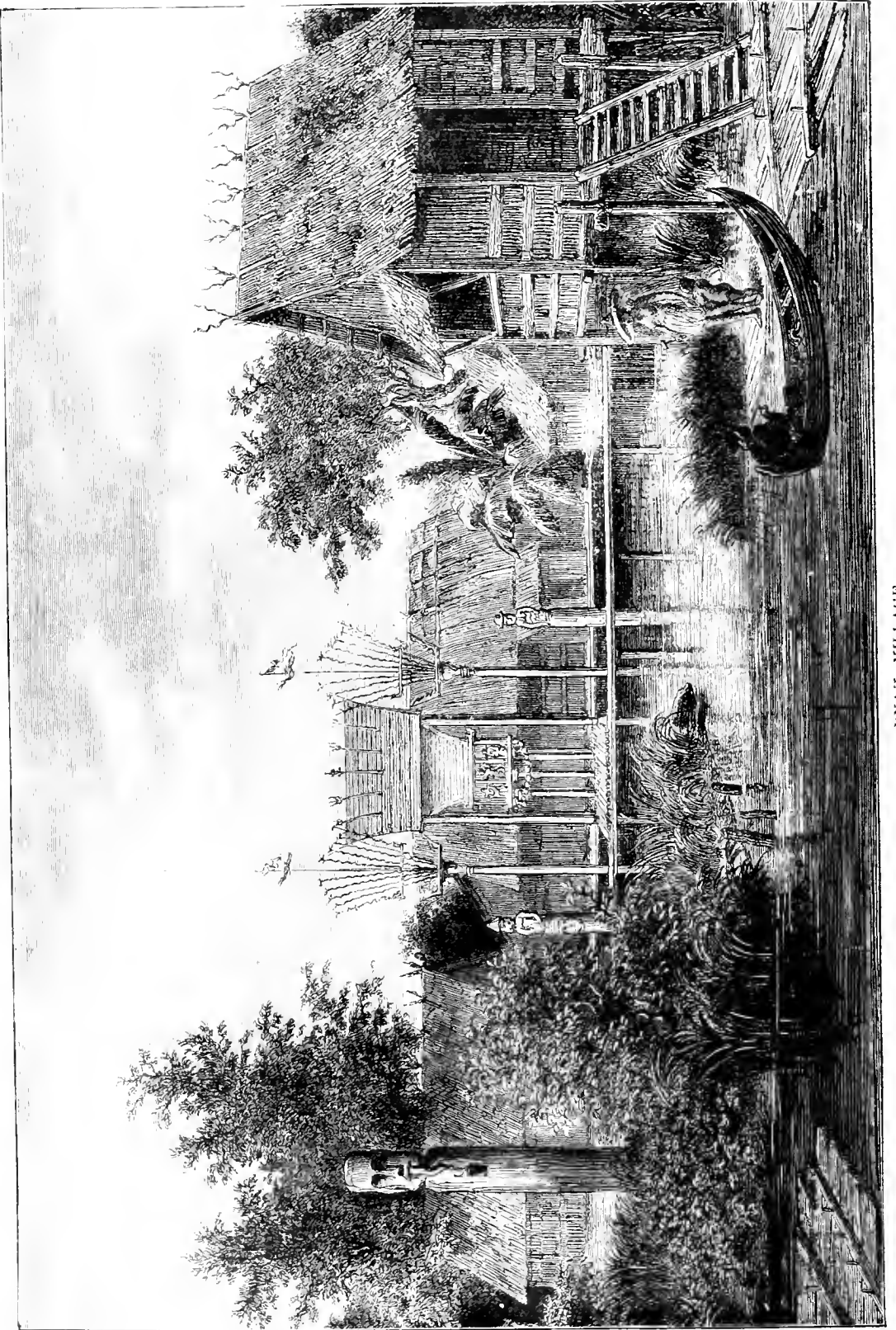
Betara, the Almighty and Supreme, is to the Dyak mind little more than an abstract idea. Traditions acknowledge him as above all, and (through his instrumental spirits) the creator of all, and missionaries can usefully point to these when they wish to substantiate the fact that there is but one God. But no service or worship is recognised in Dyak belief as due to Betara, and the most contradictory notions are afloat with regard to him. The native religion in fact rises little higher than an abject slavery to birds and dreams. The note of a particular bird sends a person setting out on a journey back to his home: a certain bird gets into a house, and a new one must be built forthwith; or another bird flies across a field of paddy, and the crop must not be eaten by the owner or his family, but sold to others. The Dyak imagination personifies the whole realm of nature. The wind is a great spirit, and when a strong breeze sweeps across the land, the natives beat gongs and shout, that he may know where their house is situated, and pass by it instead of blowing it down. When they are sailing on the waters, they will not point to a cloud or island, lest the sea-spirit should be enraged and raise a tempest to punish them. To every beast and to every creeping thing they assign an intelligent soul. They have a high respect for

the intelligence of the alligator, and even to the snakes they speak with courteous civility. Mr. Perham tells us of a big boa which found its way up into a Dyak house, whereupon it was immediately secured and then treated as an illustrious guest, and after offerings of rice and sweetmeats had been made to it, was allowed to depart in peace. "Even trees," says the missionary just named, "especially fruit-bearing ones, are believed to have a spiritual principle—a soul which has the power of changing itself at pleasure into a human being. With all this array of ghostly nature around and about them, it is no wonder that to a very great extent 'God is not in all their thoughts.' And then the nooks and venerable trees of the jungle are peopled by hosts of spirits generally inimical to man, who are sometimes seen having the appearance of monstrous human creatures as high as the trees of the jungle, and who are ever ready to grip human victims with their terrible power. Unless these spirits are fed with the usual sacrifices and offerings, they will feed on human beings, or otherwise inflict trouble or injury. Diseases for which they have no name are the effect of their malignity." They account for almost any evil that happens to them, by assigning it to the blow of a spirit. All idea of duty or worship to Betara, is swallowed up by the necessity of perpetually propitiating the capricious spirits who are always with them.

It was towards the end of 1847 that the Rev. F. T. McDougall, well qualified both as pastor and physician, sailed from England with his devoted wife, the nursing-mother of the Christian Church in Borneo, for the scene of their future labours. Midsummer, 1848, found them passing the coast of Java "under a broiling sun, the very sea dead and slimy, with all sorts of creatures creeping over it." A few days later they were sailing up the river to Kuching, watching the pile-built houses, the alligators basking in the mud, the tropical forest fringing the shore, noisy with chattering monkeys by day, and lit up by glittering fireflies at the approach of night.

They had their first dwelling-place and dispensary in a house where life was a perpetual warfare with ants, white, red, and black. Then they removed to "College Hill," a plot of forty acres presented by Rajah Brooke, and upon which a house and church were erected, and a large garden was laid out. Chinese and other children were induced to come to school, and by degrees the usual methods of Christian work were set on foot. The daily services at St. Thomas's church had one very singular result. The sounding of the bell twice a day for Christian prayer, stirred up the Mohammedans to renewed faithfulness in the performance of their own religious rites. The muezzin was again heard from the mosque, and the yearly average of pilgrims from Sarāwak to Mecca rose considerably!

The large wooden mission-house was, by the McDougalls and their friends, soon called "Noah's Ark"—so many waifs and strays were there accommodated. There was Polly, a skinny, yellow-haired Dyak baby, found in the grass after an expedition against the pirates. The child grew up, and was afterwards married to a Christian Chinaman. We hear, too, of Sarah and Fanny, and various other rescued little ones; of two girls, Limo and Ambal, with their brothers Esau and Nigo, these four being the remnant of a slain family. Poor Esau was covered from head to foot with a leprous disease called *karap*, but a Chinese doctor came to the mission-house and cured



DYAK VILLAGE.

him with an ointment, of which he would not reveal the secret. One little Chinese girl, Nietfong, was trained and educated till she became quite a little lady, and then her father actually took her to China and sold her to be a rich man's wife.

Mr. McDougall was very much concerned about the condition of women in Borneo. The Dyak girls often have considerable beauty, but they soon have to help in sowing, planting, weaving, and reaping; to perform the toilsome daily task of beating the rice; to grow cotton, and dye and weave the product; to carry heavy burdens, and to paddle boats. So they soon lose their beauty and grow old. But as old women



DYAK WARRIORS.



DYAK WOMAN.

they become very important persons in the community. In bygone times they were at once the oracles and the ministers of numberless superstitions. At festivals they figured prominently in their long garments embroidered with shells so as to represent lizards or crocodiles, and sang or recited the wild songs and strange legends of their forefathers. It was they who had previously prepared the chickens and rice and curries, and who now served out the rice spirit, and incited the men to partake of it. The Dyak is generally temperate, but on these occasions it is a point of honour to indulge freely, and be able to boast next day of his fearful headache. But these scenes of licence have been greatly modified under the new *régime*.

As a valuable adjunct to the mission-house, a hospital with twenty beds was established. Twenty sick Chinamen occupied it immediately. One of them died, whereupon the other nineteen got up and ran away forthwith, so it was found necessary to supply another room for extreme cases. Medical work has been made a prominent feature of mission labours in Borneo, and with great success. "Is he clever at physic?" is a question always asked at the mission stations when they hear that a new man

is coming. Whilst ministering to the health of others, the missionaries have often had to be anxious about their own, for the climate is a very trying one, especially for children. In 1851, the McDougalls lost their last remaining child; the bereaved mother writes :—" Perhaps it urged us to a deeper interest in the native people than we might have felt, had there been any little ones of our own to care for. But those six years 'the flowers all died along our way,' one infant after another being laid in God's acre." Their children born after this date were sent to England to be reared.

In 1854, after a visit to England, Mr. McDougall was made Bishop of Sarawak and Labuan. Mr. Chambers (his future successor in the episcopate) now laboured at Kuching, Mr. Gomer among the Lundu Dyaks, and other stations were soon set on foot. The Bishop saw a good deal of his diocese by accompanying Rajah Brooke on peace-making expeditions up the rivers. He thus obtained much communication with the natives, though, being lame at the time, he found considerable difficulty in getting up into their houses. The usual access is only by means of a large tree-trunk set up at a very steep angle, with notches, but with no side rails. He was assured by the natives that, further inland, there was a tribe of people with tails, who sat on logs specially constructed for their convenience. This race, though often heard of by travellers, has not yet been met with.

An object sometimes seen floating out to sea from the rivers is a boat with no one to direct its course. It contains a quantity of coloured clothes and other property, and in the middle is the corpse of its late owner, who is thus despatched upon his last journey with all his belongings. Some of the tribes burn their dead. The deceased is placed upon a pile of wood, which is lighted whilst friends and relatives stand by. It is said that at a certain moment the dead man for an instant springs up into a sitting posture through the action of the heat on the sinews. For this moment all eagerly wait, and then join in loud wailings of farewell.

All was going on hopefully in connection with the new civilisation and the work of the Church in Borneo, when in 1857 a storm that had long been gathering, threatened to undo the patient labour of years. The Chinese immigrants had become so numerous that their leaders apparently thought it would be possible for them to assert a position of supremacy. The insurrection broke out (during the Rajah's absence) on February 18th, when the occupants of the Mission House were suddenly roused by a confused noise of shouting and screaming and the firing of guns. They looked out into the night, and saw that the Rajah's bungalow and several other houses were in flames. The family was so large, that it was impracticable to attempt to hide in the adjacent jungle, so they assembled in the schoolroom, and spent the night in prayer and in reading appropriate Psalms. The din in the town was fearful, and they knew that at any moment the insurgents might rush in and massacre them. It was about five o'clock when a message came from Chinese Town, to say that no harm was intended to the mission family, that "the Bishop was a good man who cared for the Chinese," but that he must come at once and attend to the wounded.

Many horrors had been perpetrated during that fearful night. Mrs. Cruikshank,

the wife of the Chief Constable, was brought to the Mission House from a ditch where she was found wounded and bleeding. She had been roused in the night to find the house full of armed men. Her husband had fought desperately till he thought his wife was killed beside him, and then had watched his burning house from the neighbouring jungle. Mrs. Middleton, wife of the Magistrate, saw her little boys killed and burnt, and then hid herself in the jungle, till found and led to the Mission House by a friendly Chinaman. All that day the town was given up to pillage and destruction, and many Christian Chinese took refuge at the Mission House.

Several days of terror and anxious suspense followed. Mrs. McDougall, with another lady and the children, tried to escape to Singapore; but the schooner to which they were rowed was so fearfully crowded, that they were obliged to decline proceeding by it, and came back to Kuching, where they found the Malay town burning. The Bishop and the Rajah sent off a pinnace full of ladies and children, accompanied by another boat full of friendly Chinese, to Linga, where a force of Dyaks was being organised to put down the rebellion. Mrs. McDougall says they had a very miserable night journey beneath a leaking deck, but she felt very thankful, and seemed "to have no cares." They would have liked to make a cup of tea, but were forbidden to light a fire for fear of its being seen by enemies on shore. The only thing that troubled her was a faint sickly smell, which, she found in the morning, arose from a Chinese head in a basket, that had been standing by her all night. Mrs. McDougall records that her hand-bag which was beside it was quite spoilt, and had to be thrown away. A fine young Dyak, who was helping to row the pinnace, acknowledged the head to be his property. He explained that he had gone into a house at Kuching and saw a Chinaman at a looking-glass. Availing himself of the opportunity, he drew his sword and cut the man's head off. He had merely put it where it was found, to be in safe keeping whilst he was busy rowing the pinnace!

The party got safely to Linga. Meanwhile Rajah Brooke, who was following with his friends, met the steamer of the Borneo Company, and returned with it to Kuching. Rounds of shot were fired into Chinese Town, and then Malay Town was relieved. Malays and Dyaks now united vigorously to subdue the Chinese, and a strong force of Dyaks, under the Rajah's nephew, also arrived, and the insurgents were soon utterly routed. But this outburst of war revived for a time the ferocious customs it was hoped had passed away, and the Dyaks gathered in a tremendous harvest of Chinese heads.

Kuching was retaken just in time to save the Mission House and church from being burnt. As it was, both buildings were looted, and the harmonium was smashed. Before returning, Mrs. McDougall went from Linga to Banting, where St. Paul's church was the centre of a mission, and whilst here she was one day invited to a native festival. It was held in the long spacious living-room of a house accommodating thirty families. Fruit-trees in abundance surrounded the raised dwelling, beneath which an immense number of pigs were located. The table was well filled with food and various ornaments, and Mrs. McDougall was just partaking of some rice, when she suddenly saw amongst the crowd of objects on the table "three human heads standing

on a large dish, freshly killed and slightly smoked, with food and sirih leaves in their mouths." However horrified she might feel, it was not the moment for expostulation. "I dared say nothing," she writes. "These Dyaks had killed our enemies, and were only following their own customs by rejoicing over their dead victims. But the fact seemed to part them from us by centuries of feeling—our disgust and their complacency." But the Dyaks could not understand that there was anything horrifying in the matter, and were very much annoyed when the poor captured Chinese children cried at seeing their parents' heads up in the rafters.

As a further illustration of the subject of head-taking, which has always formed such a prominent topic in books relating to the Dyak tribes, we may quote the following graphic description of a Dyak war-dance, as it was exhibited by friendly natives to a party of Europeans:—

"A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, sashes round their waists descending to their feet, and small bells were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the Rajah, and then with all the Europeans present, thereby giving us to understand, as was explained to us, that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us, a view of the case in which we fully coincided with them. This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream; then poising themselves on one foot they described a circle with the other, at the same time extending their arms like the wings of a bird and then meeting their hands, clapping them and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war-cry. Then the motions and the screams of the dancers became more violent, and everything was working up to a state of excitement by which even we were influenced. Suddenly a very unpleasant odour pervaded the room, already too warm from the numbers it contained. Involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause, when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of ratan. These heads had been taken in the late Sakarran business, and were therefore but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of ratan, and were ornamented with beads. Their stench was intolerable, although, as we discovered upon after examination, when they were suspended against the wall, they had been partially baked, and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features somewhat shrunk, and they were altogether very fair specimens of pickled heads: but our worthy friends required a lesson from the New Zealanders in the art of preserving. The appearance of the heads was the signal for the music to play louder, for the war-cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more piercing. The motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion. Their eyes glistened with unwonted brightness. The perspiration dropped down their faces, and thus did yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-toms become more rapid and more violent every minute, till

the dancing warriors were ready to drop. A farewell yell, with emphasis, was given by the surrounding warriors. Immediately the music ceased, the dancers disappeared, and the tumultuous excitement and noise were succeeded by a dead silence. Such was the excitement communicated, that when it was all over we ourselves remained for some time panting to recover our breath. Again we lighted our cheroots, and smoked for a while the pipe of peace."

As soon as order was restored, the McDougalls again got to work at Kuching, and continued their labours till 1867. They had been abundantly blessed in their work, and



HEAD-TAKING DYAKS.

were privileged to see many churches and stations dotted about beside the Bornean rivers, as the result of eighteen years of prayerful labour. The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. McDougall to a daughter in England, show the character of some of the work in which the good Bishop was engaged during the latter portion of his stay in Borneo:—"Last month papa went to visit the Quop Mission. . . . To get there he goes down the Sarāwak river, and up the Quop river, then lands at a Malay village, from which there is a walk of three or four miles, up and down pretty hills, and across Dyak bridges, and over paths made of two bamboos tied together, with a muddy swamp on either side. Then you come to the mission-house which papa has built, and . . . the church and some long Dyak houses. Papa baptised twenty-four men, women, and girls, and confirmed nineteen people who had been baptised by Mr. Chambers. The old Pangara, one of the principal chiefs, was baptised, and three of his grown-up sons, and one little grandson, whom the old man held in his arms. We had made white jackets for the baptised, but the old Pangara had not quite made up his mind, fearing the ridicule of the other elders of the tribe, till papa

talked to him; so there was no jacket for him, and papa gave him a clean white shirt, round the skirt of which we tied his chawat, a very long waistband which wraps round and round his body, and that was all!—no trousers—and very funny he looked, but papa was too rejoiced at his becoming a Christian to laugh at him. These people will all be Christians soon. They come to Mr. and Mrs. Abi morning, noon, and night, to be taught, and there are two daily services, so the missionaries have plenty to do. Two of our old schoolboys, now grown up, are catechists there, Semirum and Aloeh. There is much love between the people and their teachers; they are so happy at the Quop, they never want to come away. However, I have asked the Abis to come to us for a fortnight at Christmas, and bring their poor little baby to be fattened on cow's milk. There are no cows at the Quop."

In the year just mentioned (1867), the worthy Bishop and his excellent wife, whose names will ever be associated with the planting of Christianity in Borneo, found that their health was giving way under the influence of eighteen years of constant service in that tropical climate. Neither had their joint lives of labour been without perils and trials, and they now felt that the time had come when the direction of Church affairs should be placed in younger hands. They came back to England, and the Bishop accepted from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster the well-earned retirement of an English living, and was succeeded by the Rev. W. Chambers, who had for some time acted as Archdeacon. He, too, worked with zeal and energy, visiting all the churches and stations, and making long journeys through the dense forests to native villages. Soon after his appointment, he visited the Sakarang Dyaks, inhabiting a district hitherto untrodden by Christian foot. The people were very kind and attentive. Bujang-Brani (the Brave Bachelor) told the Bishop that he had been living retired for many years, striving to be honest and harmless and kind. For the first time he now heard the news of God, but the Bishop told him that it was the same God who had been leading him to avoid evil, who was revealed unto us by His Son Jesus Christ. Whilst talking to this old man, the Bishop slipped off the path of tree-trunks, and Bujang-Brani waved a leaf seven times over the bruise, and declared all would soon be well.

Of the numerous clergymen who have gone out to the Bornean mission field, we can, of course, only mention a few. The Rev. J. Holland, who was labouring at Banting, tells us of the wedding of his native catechist, Ah-Fook. The bride was a Christian girl named Binn. The natives crowded the church to witness a Christian marriage, and, after the service, did ample justice to the rice and curry provided at the house for all comers. All day long guns kept firing, and Chinese crackers danced about the hill. Part of the day was spent by the men in dancing their war-dance. "The movements of the dancers," says Mr. Holland, "are so slow that we should scarcely call it dancing; yet, at the same time, there is something so dreadfully ridiculous in them that one cannot help being amused and laughing heartily at them." This seems to have been a different sort of war-dance from the one previously described, or possibly the wedding feast may have made the men lethargic.

Mr. Holland was very much tried by the tendency of his people to relapse at

intervals into heathen practices. During his absence on a visit to Singapore, a young woman at Banting died in giving birth to twins. One of the children died soon after its birth, but the other was a fine healthy child. Early the following morning they tied the three bodies together, and buried the living with the dead. It is an old Dyak custom to bury the babe along with a mother who dies in childbirth, but the custom was supposed to have fallen into disuse. And yet the man who sanctioned the act (the grandfather of the child) had been a Christian over twenty years, "and was generally supposed to be one of the most earnest Christians in the village. No one was more frequent at Holy Communion, or at daily prayers. He scarcely ever came to the house but he asked to be taught some of the Church prayers. However, in an hour of trial, he fell back upon his old customs." Many fell back in a time of bad harvest, when the heathen declared that it had happened because the ancient propitiatory sacrifices had not been made to the spirit of the earth. It was usually the old folks who relapsed on these occasions; the young, fortified by education as well as conversion, mostly stood firm.

The Rev. W. Crossland was sent in 1862 to reside amongst the Dyaks of the Undup tribe, a race of warriors formerly the scourge of the whole country, but at this time loyal to Rajah Brooke. Mr. Crossland has written a very interesting account of his experiences in this out-of-the-world spot, about seventy miles up the Batang Lepar River. Here he induced a few boys to come and be taught, and gradually collected a congregation, for which ultimately the church of St. Luke was built and consecrated. But there were years of patient, self-sacrificing exertion to be gone through before this climax was reached. The people he had come to labour amongst dwelt in a number of pile-built houses near the river, and amongst them he raised (with native help) a small house on twelve piles. He found the people very neighbourly, and evidently capable of improvement, but with no god, no worship, only a complicated system of charms and omens and traditions to regulate their lives by. They were moral, and generally temperate, and were skilful in carving wood and in farming and house-building. They were grateful for kindness, and very seldom did any one come to ask for medicine without bringing a new-laid egg or some rice or even a fowl as a little present. They have no word for "Thank you" in the language, which Mr. Crossland says is just the difference between the Dyak and the Malay, who uses the expression but does not feel it. As regards attire, the Undup Dyaks wear immense earrings, and the "chawat" or waist-cloth is fringed with small bells which jingle as they walk. Many wear a mat behind them on which they sit when in a house. The hats worn by the women are as large as moderately sized umbrellas.

Mr. Crossland found the people very superstitious. They had birds of bad and good omen. Men going to work in the morning and hearing a bad bird would return home. When the moon rose of a golden colour through the haze, there was a fearful din of gongs and drums to frighten away the "Antoo" who was trying to destroy it. One day an Undup woman was bitten by an alligator, which, however, fled when the woman called out and her people came running up. They assured Mr. Crossland that the alligator must have made a mistake: he thought the woman was a Sakarang, and

when he heard her voice he knew she was an Undup and went away. They have a tradition that the Rajah of the Alligators was once very ill, and sent for aid to an Undup doctor. The doctor was afraid at first to go back with the deputation of alligators who came for him, but the promise of a rich reward induced him to undertake the journey. They took him down through the waters to the palace of the "Rajah of the Alligators," and the doctor soon cured him of his ailment. He asked for the promised reward, but was politely told that he ought to think himself lucky at being allowed to go away at all; but, not to seem ungrateful, the Rajah promised that



DYAK PILE DWELLING.

there should be peace between the alligators and the Undups. So the doctor came home empty-handed; and even the promise was not kept, for now and then the alligators do eat up an Undup.

Of alligators, bears, snakes, and so forth, our missionary often speaks, as well as of the many strange forms of tropical insect life that attracted his notice. There was the spider with a spiky shell and two long tails like buffalo-horns; various kinds of mantis or praying insects—one of them resembling three inches of string with six legs to it—others that left off praying and rose up to fight when molested, inflicting a sharp bite; big grasshoppers that bobbed against the lamps—one species making such a dismal noise that it was absolutely necessary to get up and kill it; beetles of wondrous shape and rich colour, and magnificent butterflies. Besides insects there were other troublesome creatures—after a walk over moist land it was needful to sit down and pull a few irritating jungle leeches off one's legs.

By his medical and surgical skill, constantly being called into requisition, Mr. Crossland gained much influence over the people. He often had peculiar cases to deal with. One day a woman was, with a number of others, in the jungle

gathering the fruit from which they make oil for cooking, when a sharp-pointed piece of bamboo fell and cut the end of her nose almost off, and split her lip. She was taken home, and the missionary was soon brought to her. He put three stitches into her nose and four into her lip, and the woman neither spoke nor winced under the operation. The woman's friends declared that Mr. Crossland was "a good Antoo,



IN A BORNEO FOREST.

sent by Rajah Patara (God of Heaven) to take care of us. What could we have done with the woman's mouth if you had not been here? Who is there among us brave enough to touch it?"

One day the missionary was much annoyed by a man coming and asking to have his body and face rubbed, for he was ill. It was in vain that Mr. Crossland declared that he was no Dyak doctor. The man would persist in his entreaties. "You have cured many of my people, and I have come that you may rub me over that I may be well." Mr. Crossland replied, "I am not Patara, I am not an Antoo. If you ask for medicine to drink, I will give it you; if you ask to be rubbed, you may

go to your own people to be rubbed—my fingers contain no charm.” The man ultimately accepted medicine, but evidently thought himself hardly dealt by that he could not have his rubbing.

On another occasion Mr. Crossland was fetched to staunch a wound which had been bleeding three days and nights. To get at the case he had to walk three hours along rotten logs, every now and then up to the middle in bog where the timber path was deficient. At last he reached the sufferer, a boy wounded in the foot, and the wound in such a state that there had to be a very copious application of bowls of water before its real magnitude could be seen. In another minute, to the astonishment of the natives, it was neatly bandaged up. Two magic threads placed round the ankle by the manangs were soon thrown away. The family had been giving all they could scrape together to the manangs, and had sent for the missionary at the last extremity.

A severe visitation of small-pox in the district tried Mr. Crossland severely. For ten months he had very little rest, inoculating those who had not had the complaint, and ministering to the sick. Sixteen deaths took place in the sixty families dwelling close by the mission. Scarcely a woman was to be seen with her ornaments on. The women, as soon as a friend died, took off their finery of brass or coloured cane, and put on black cane round the waist. The people were very kind in nursing the sick—a great contrast to the Sakarang Dyaks near them, who ran off into the jungle and left their sick to live or die. Mr. Crossland found that there was an old man who was going about with a charm declaring it would cause the disease to subside. He was driving a thriving trade with it, and yet he had brought his own grandchildren to Mr. Crossland to be inoculated. The assurance and deceit of the medicine-men were something astonishing. “They look wise,” says Mr. Crossland, “chew some leaves, colour them, spit on the people who are sick, rub them up and down, tie a piece of string round the neck, fasten a stone, bone, or piece of stick to the end of it, finally ask a high price for the charm, and so get on, and are sent for from all parts. To be able to do this, they must have a lot of dreams, in which the Antoo tells them of drug, or plant, or stone, bone, pig’s, dog’s, or deer’s tooth which is in a certain place, and possesses certain properties. Having first caught their hare, they skin it. They get the tooth, or bone, and narrate their dream, which is the best part of the charm. To be a *manang* is something very different, and requires an amount of subtlety and practice almost unheard of. But once a manang, you can do anything, and command a high price. Has any one a pain in his body? the manang will soon show you how to extract the cause. He passes his fingers over the spot, and, by pinches, extracts the most wonderful things—porcupine quills, fishbones, teeth, stones, pieces of wood. You *see* the things, and might see them before extracted, but the manang is too sharp.”

Mr. Crossland got his church finished early in 1871. It was forty-two feet in length. He says: “All the seats are very handsome, quite of an ecclesiastical type. I gave the designs myself, and saw them cut out by Chinese carpenters. Windows—or, more properly speaking, *wind-holes*—are all neat, almost Gothic in their simplicity,

but not quite so simple as Early English: they are neatly latticed. The flooring is plank, a great improvement upon earth. The roof is nondescript leaf and grass, but that is only temporary, as I hope, ere long, to exchange it for slates of ironwood. The carpenters' wages were about £30; and the wood, nails, paint, with carriage and portorage, about £40 more."

This little sanctuary in the wilderness was consecrated by the Bishop in September, 1873. Rajah Brooke and the Ranee were present; altogether, "a party of nine pale-faces in the depths of the jungle assisting to consecrate to God a pretty little church."

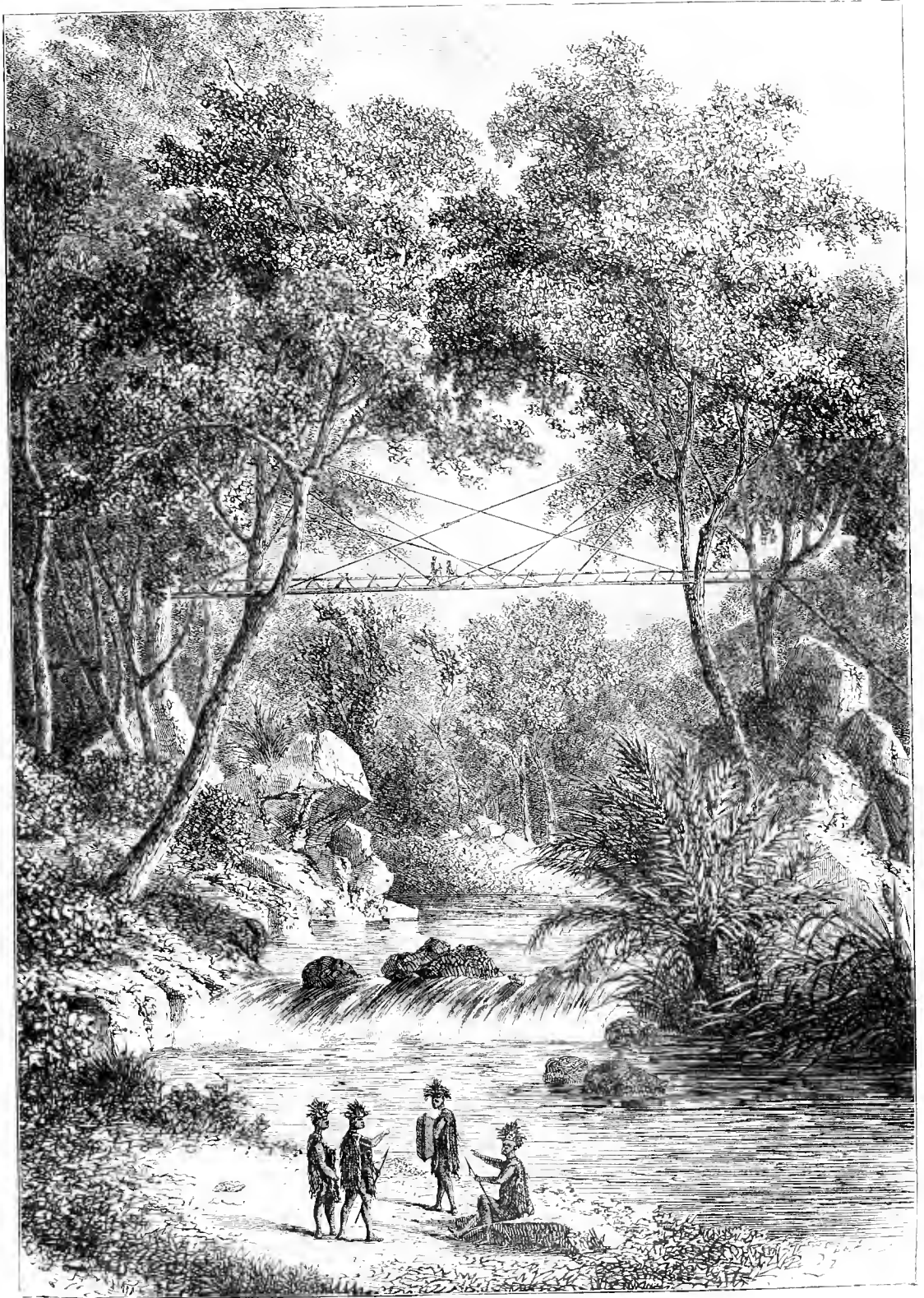
The Rev. J. Perham, who went out to Borneo in 1867, very forcibly portrays some of the obstacles to the reception of Christianity by the Dyaks. "For them," he says, "the Christian religion is gathered up in the one word 'Sembayang'—worship, the outward service, rather than the living a new life. The missionary would persuade them to be Christians, but possibly they want to know the worth of Christianity in wages, paddy, or other tangible and immediate gain. One family told me they wished to be baptised because they were always ill, and they thought that by becoming Christians they might have better health. Or they may ask whether Sembayang will keep off the rats from the growing paddy." Many of them assert that attention to bird omens used to keep off failures of crops, ravages of rats, and so forth, and that Sembayang has made them more liable to these and other evils. Still, it is exactly the bitterest opponents of Sembayang who have in many cases ultimately become its firmest adherents. There are others by whom the constant watching of birds had been found exceedingly burdensome, and who were first attracted towards Christianity by its promising to free them from this intolerable yoke.

Mr. Perham's narrative contains much information of a novel and interesting character respecting the mission at Banting (now St. Paul's church). Dyaks have not been used to distinguishing one day from another, and so on Saturday evening a big gong sounds from Banting Hill to remind the people that the morrow is the day of rest and worship. The little church nestles among thick foliage on the hill-side. In the adjacent churchyard there are simple crosses to mark the graves, and one large four-post arrangement shows where a chief lies buried. For a long time the Dyaks would not use the churchyard; they clung to their old custom of taking their dead away into the jungle. They thought that a cemetery near the village would be a place where the spirits of the dead (some of them, perhaps, ill-natured and badly disposed) would howl and frighten passers-by. But they have lived down this notion. They bury at early dawn, for they will not keep a corpse in the house after daybreak. If the coffin is not ready, they bring the body to the churchyard and wait while the carpenters finish their work. The missionaries have to keep a keen look-out, or some old heathen custom would be introduced—perhaps a fowl brought and killed at the grave as a sacrifice, or a burning stick to scare away evil spirits carried before the procession. The funeral service (as far as can be) is sung by a surpliced choir, and the occasion is usually an impressive one, and fully suggestive of Christian hope. Sometimes, however, as in the following case, incidents occur which mingle strangely with the solemnity expected at such a time.

"Buda had died" (says Mr. Perham), "and great lamentation was made for him. All day and night a sad, piteous cry of wailing rose up from relays of women, friends and neighbours who came to show their sympathy. As each one went into the presence of the dead, she veiled her face with a native cloth, and burst out into a shrill and mournful voice of passionate grief, feigned perhaps in some cases, but generally real, at least for the moment. At times it abated somewhat, but in the morning, when the corpse was about to be removed, it rose to a more intense pitch, as if they were grappling with death itself to prevent their friend from being carried off and seen no more. A crowd had assembled, and the little church was full. When St. Paul's grand discourse on the resurrection was being read, the wife rushed into the church, and clasped the coffin with her arms and remained kneeling beside it, sobbing and weeping. She followed to the grave, and when the corpse was being lowered into the earth, she jumped down into the grave and lay at full length upon the coffin, crying out: 'I will be buried with my husband; I can't live without him.' A man had to go down and lift her out. And I was just reading, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' &c., when the man shouted out, 'He never would have died if he had not eaten salt fish.' With a voice of sternness I rebuked him, and was then allowed to finish the service without further interruption."

Mr. Perham got a very respectable Dyak Christian, whom he had long known, to act as vergier in the church, and robed him in a cassock by way of impressing the congregation with a due sense of the man's dignity and authority. The poor Dyak wore it two Sundays and couldn't stand it any longer. He suggested that Mr. Perham should give him a robe of the pattern of the Sarawak flag—a striking combination of blue, yellow, and red. He thought that would keep the people in proper awe of him. Mr. Perham, however, could not see his way to adopt this suggestion.

Mild incongruities, that would sadly disturb an English congregation, not infrequently, occur in this little church amongst the Bornean jungles. Now and again an old man has walked in, smoking a long pipe, meaning no harm, and soon induced to put it away by the significant glances of those who knew better. Or perhaps some raw youth from the interior, in very scanty raiment, would perch on the back of a bench with his feet on the seat, and so remain throughout the service. Not infrequently, when the words of the preacher went home forcibly to the hearts of the hearers, remarks of approval or comment would be made. Mr. Perham did not find this an interruption; on the contrary, it roused general interest. One day the minister was exhorting the people to follow God's teaching with single-heartedness, when an old man exclaimed, "So we do; see how many of us are here; that's a proof of it." Sometimes the interruption was uncalled for, and indeed reprehensible, as when an old woman, who thought herself quite the lady of the place, said, "Yes, what you say is quite right—I am true and faithful; but these other people are very dubious Christians." Another time, when Mr. Perham was speaking of the parable of the great supper, and mentioned some of the excuses which Dyaks made for not coming to public worship, an old man, by way of completing the list, said aloud, "Yes, and pig-hunting." It transpired afterwards that the man's son-in-law had that morning gone pig-hunting



SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN BORNEO.

instead of coming to church. "Yes, the young one speaks fairly well," was the audible comment of an old Dyak when a young missionary was giving almost his first address in the native tongue. But it is almost always the old folk who thus violate church decorum: the young people, with their school training, plume themselves on knowing better than to indulge in these eccentricities.

Mr. Perhan paid occasional visits to the mission-stations at Serian and Gensurei on the Sarebas river. At Gensurei were some inquirers who mostly had a passage of Scripture or point of doctrine ready for him to explain to them. "Wisdom is justified of her children." "A prophet hath no honour in his own country." "How many days of judgment will there be?" Such or similar topics were usually awaiting him. At these station-chapels, the offertory is in kind more often than in money. A basket has to be taken round into which the saucer of rice (which is the most frequent offering) is emptied. A bunch of plantains is sometimes brought.

These Dyak chapels, which are dotted here and there in addition to the half-dozen regular churches, are very simple structures. They stand, like the houses, on posts of wood; dried palm-leaves compose the walls and roof, and split wood the floors. They cost little, and are easily rebuilt when required. As the Dyak village huts are often being moved about, a permanent church in the outlying districts would stand a chance of being left alone in the jungle. There is little ornament or furniture except the Holy Table, and the Dyaks sit about the floor as in their own homes. Of course the settled churches at Kuching and Banting are much more after the pattern of similar edifices in England.

It will be seen that the mission work of Sarāwak has been entirely in the hands of the Church of England clergymen sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1839, the American Board of Missions sent out three men to the West Coast. They laboured earnestly amongst the Dyaks, but had to contend with great difficulties in consequence of hostile influence exerted by the Malays, as well as vexatious hindrances from the Dutch authorities. The missionaries and their families also suffered severely from sickness, until all were dead but one, and he returned in broken health to America. The Rhenish Missionary Society sent missionaries to South Borneo in 1834. They have carried on some good educational and evangelical work, and by them the Bible has been translated into the dialect of Pulu Perak.

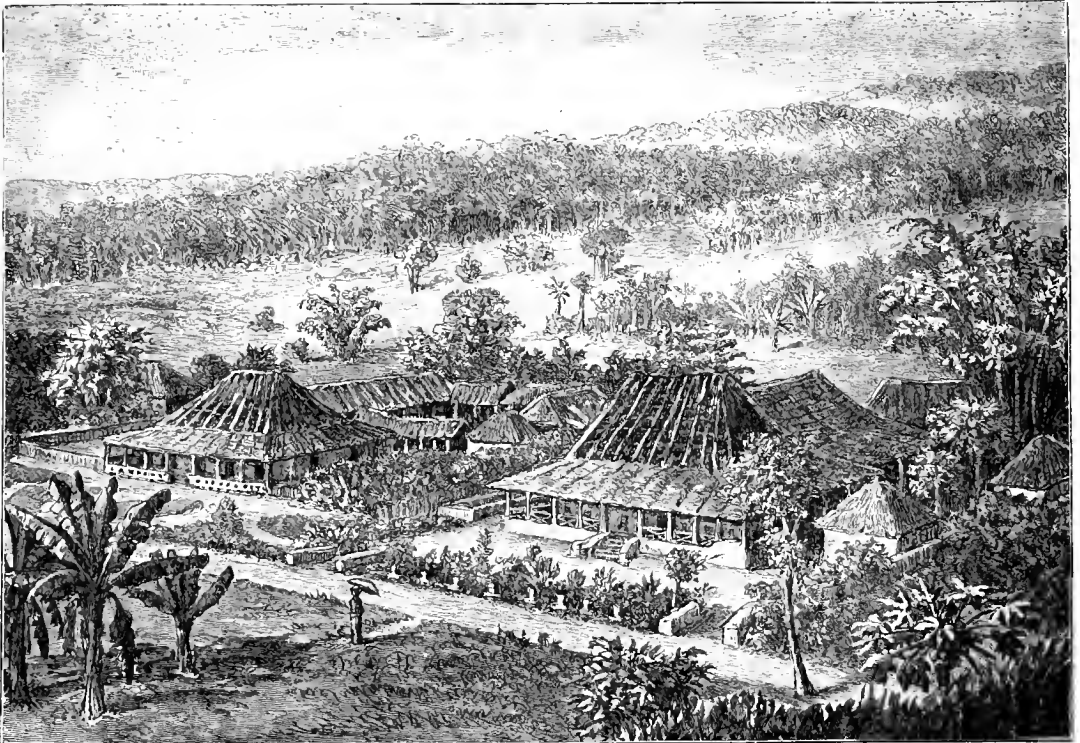
The Straits Settlements are now under the episcopal charge of the Bishop of Sarāwak, but the mission work done in these parts is very scanty. There has been, however, for some years past a mission at Singapore. But the variety of races and creeds to be dealt with, renders religious effort exceedingly difficult. The missionary can do little more than direct native catechists. Tens of thousands of Tamils, Chinese, and Malay-Chinese, remain in the district a few years, and then depart—some to their own countries, some to other fields of industrial labour. Whatever Christian truths are brought home to them they may be the means of scattering far and wide, but they do not stay to build up a church, so that there is very little to show for long persistent effort. Singapore is one of the most important British outposts in Asia. Once an insignificant fishing village with a population of about 150, it is now the

key of Eastern commerce. Sir Stamford Raffles, with wise forethought, secured this splendid station for the English Crown, made it a free port, built a church (now a Cathedral), and also a college, respecting which he wrote: "I trust in God that this institution may be the means of civilising and bettering the condition of millions." With 300,000 Mahometans scattered up and down the Straits, and with a vast population, speaking many tongues, constantly entering and leaving the district, Singapore presents a most important centre for varied missionary effort. Yet the Christian enterprise of the Church of England has been represented here by one missionary, Mr. Venn, who fell a victim to cholera, and whose post it seems there has been great difficulty in filling up. The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the oldest Zenana Society in existence, has been carrying on a good work amongst the Chinese women and girls.

Borneo is only one of the numerous fertile islands, large and small, which go to make up the Eastern Archipelago. This vast assemblage of islands includes also Java, Sumatra, and Celebes, as well as numerous groups such as the Philippines, the Moluccas, and so on, and is inhabited by nearly thirty-seven millions of our fellow-creatures. The greater portion of these regions has long been under the rule of the Dutch, who have not been wanting in efforts to extend Christianity amongst their subjects. Too often, however, the matter seems to have been attended to in a wholesale manner, and vast numbers were, in various ways, induced to take up the profession of Christianity without giving evidences of real conversion, or even conviction. Early in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch established themselves in Java, and founded the city of Batavia, all the ministers in the colony were directed at once to use their best endeavours to bring the inhabitants of the country into the Dutch Reformed Church. Accordingly a church and school was established in each district, native teachers were trained and set to work, and the whole affair was really a department of the State. The result was that, in 1721, there were said to be 100,000 Christians in the island. One lasting benefit that accrued was, that the Dutch presented the Malays with the New Testament in their own language as early as 1688, and with the whole Bible in 1733. Upon these early translations have been based other improved versions that have since appeared. But after a time all care for the nominally converted natives seems to have ceased, and during the present century great numbers of so-called Christians in Java have been found living in gross vice, and with no more real sense of religion than their heathen neighbours.

In Amboyna the Dutch were putting forth great efforts to Christianise the natives about the middle of the seventeenth century, and it is said that in 1686 there were 30,000 natives under pastoral care in the capital, and in Amboyna and the neighbouring isles there were fifty churches. Some of the native youths were taken to Holland, and there taught and ordained as ministers. In many parts there were distinct Christian villages, where the authorities took care that no one was absent from divine service or catechising, without lawful excuse. But there is ample evidence to show that before the close of the eighteenth century a very great declension had taken place in this region. To a large extent the religion of the natives seems to have become

little more than a superstitious regard for the minister himself and the perfunctory practice of a few outward forms. Of doctrines, few had any notion whatever, and indeed most had freed themselves from all moral restraint. Whilst still calling themselves Christians, they were revengeful, dishonest, and unchaste, and had revived many of their old superstitions. Whenever they sailed past a certain hill upon the coast of Ceram, they let a few flowers and some small pieces of money in cocoanut shells float away upon the waters, and also, if it were evening, some lighted wicks floating in oil.



THE FIRST DUTCH MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT IN SUMATRA.

Having performed this rite, they went upon their way satisfied that the Demon of the Hill would now do them no harm. There have been fresh efforts at evangelisation in Amboyna during the present century, and a great willingness to make outward profession has been met with. But the work has been too much characterised by wholesale baptisms, unaccompanied by a sufficiency of proper instruction, or proper examination as to the real piety of the converts.

In Sumatra, Timor, Celebes, Banda, Ternate, and the Moluccas, Christianity was introduced by the Dutch much more extensively than is generally supposed. Multitudes of converts were brought into the church by the early ministers, whose successors, however, seem to have very much neglected the religious interests of the people supposed to be under their charge. During the eighteenth century the churches in the country districts were for long periods often without ministers, and the schoolmasters,

being left unpaid, were obliged to desert their schools and go and work in the fields to earn a living. Bibles were exceedingly scarce, and it is reported that some ministers had only a few leaves of one for use both in the public services and in their own studies. We hear, however, that in some of the villages, boys who had been taught in the school, kept up the public Bible-readings on Sundays after other ministrations had ceased.

A quaint peep at Christian work in Sumatra about the year 1718 is afforded us by the narrative of Jacob Vischer, a Dutch minister of Batavia. He writes that in the year just mentioned he was employed in Sumatra, and at the Castle of Badan, to administer the Sacraments, and that many came to be baptised, presenting at the same time offerings of great value to the Lord; that they received the Lord's Supper only once in two years, and that he (Vischer) was very acceptable unto them; that he ordained elders and deacons, provided golden cups for administering the communion, and obtained teachers from the neighbouring islands to instruct the young; that ships full of heathens came there to be baptised, who willingly embraced the Christian religion, bringing gifts of gold and precious stones, which on their knees they offered to the ministers of the Gospel.

The Netherlands Mission Society, which was instituted at Rotterdam in the year 1797, for sixteen years contented itself with training agents, who went out under the care of the London Missionary Society to Java, Ceylon, and elsewhere. After that, it carried on missions of its own in Java, Ternate, Celebes, and other islands of the Malay Archipelago. But this work was still characterised by the old features of Dutch evangelisation. The missionaries adopted the policy of indiscriminately baptising all persons who were willing to profess the religion of their Dutch masters—all-powerful in these islands. Still, the work was carried on very vigorously, and the clearing away of outward symbols of idolatry and devil-worship was in itself beneficial, even if the baptised persons did not learn at once to exemplify the Christian graces. A great many of the Dutch colonial ministers seem at times to have aided in the modern renewal of mission efforts, but amongst them all the Rev. Mr. Kam, an agent of the above-mentioned Society, stands out pre-eminent for his zeal and activity. He visited Celebes and the other islands in 1817, and for sixteen years preached and baptised without intermission. In one island he baptised a vast number of slaves at the special request of a pious king to whom they belonged. Several thousand persons in all were baptised by this resolute evangelist, who strove hard to sweep idolatry from the Dutch islands. He seems to have had the power of communicating his own enthusiasm to the people whom he exhorted; and his progress through the islands was marked by burnt idols and devil-houses. Thirty-four devil-houses were burnt in one native town, and in Amboyna idolatry was completely abolished. This indefatigable missionary died of sheer overwork in 1833.

There have been recent missions in Sumatra and Java on behalf of the Rhenish Missionary Society, the Dutch Reformed Missionary Society, and the Memnonite Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the Dutch Colonies.

XXI.—SOUTH AFRICA.

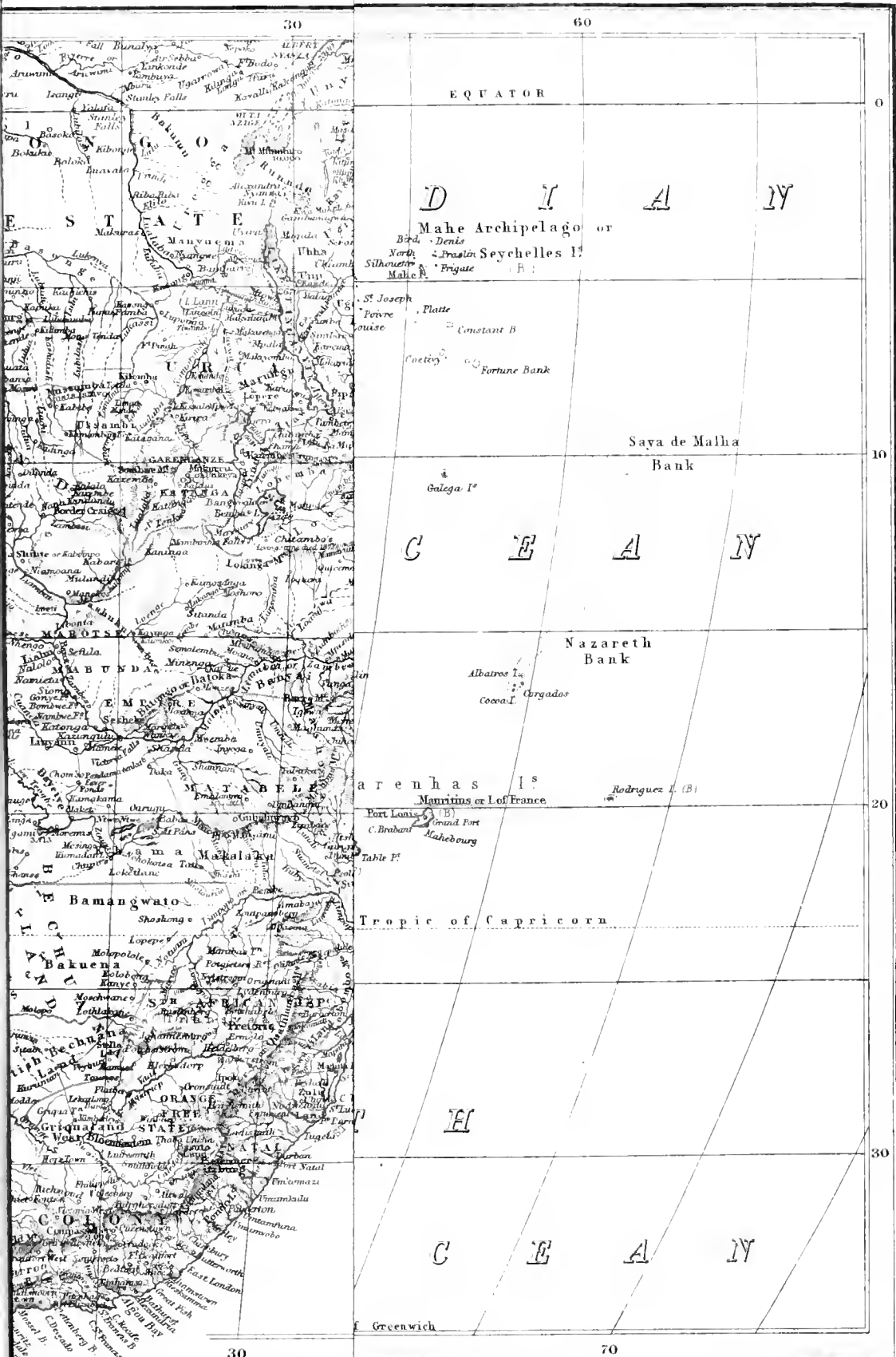
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELDS.

British and Foreign Missions to South Africa—Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg—His Work in Germany—Sends Missionaries to South Africa—Emigrants—A German Christmas on the Atlantic—Arrival at Zanzibar—Fail to reach Gallas Country—Settle at Natal—Opposition—New Hermannsburg Founded—Work among the Kaffirs—Travelling Adventures—An Arrant Beggar—Missions to Sechéle and Umpanda—Illness and Death of Harms—Bishop Gray—His Consecration and Voyage to South Africa—First Visitation—A Kaffir Gathering—Malays at Cape Town—A Kaffir Training College—Sisterhoods—Bishop Cotterill at Grahamstown—A False Prophet—Liberality of Converts—Bishop Callaway—Bishop Colenso and the Zulus.

THE Hottentots, Bushmen, Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, and other native tribes of South Africa, have not as yet yielded so many converts to Christianity as might have been anticipated from the numerous agencies that have been endeavouring to carry the Gospel into the countries between the Zambesi and Coanza rivers (which may be regarded as the northern boundaries of South Africa), and Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of the whole continent. To no other country, with the possible exception of India, have so many missionary societies devoted their attention. Englishmen and Scotchmen have gone out from the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Methodist Missionary Society, and the Glasgow Missionary Society. Germany has sent her sons through the agency of the Berlin and Rhenish Missionary Societies; and Frenchmen, Americans, and Norwegians have occupied parts of the field which the Moravians were the first to enter. The seed has been sown far and wide by many hands, and some of the first-fruits have been gathered in; but there have been many discouragements and hindrances, and it is a matter for congratulation that, in the face of so many obstacles, some progress has been made. With the exception of Schmidt's brief residence at Gnadenthal, it is little more than a hundred years since the Moravians began their work, and during a large portion of the century, missions have had to contend with active opposition from the Dutch, and indifference on the part of the English authorities. Latterly, the colonial governors have taken a more liberal view of the claims of missions, and two of them, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, have assisted and supported the missionaries as far as it was in their power to do so.

We have referred to the religious societies which have interested themselves in South Africa, but one of the most remarkable missions to that country is due to the initiation of one man, a simple German pastor who sent out his first missionary expedition in 1853, and followed it up with so much vigour that, in ten years, twenty-five mission stations had been established by his instrumentality amongst the Kaffirs, Zulus, and Bechuanas. This man was Louis Harms, the pastor of Hermannsburg, in Hanover. Born in 1808, he migrated with his family to the village with which his name is inseparably connected, on his father being appointed to the pastorate there. Hermannsburg is in the midst of the Lüneburg Heath, a wild tract between the rivers Elbe and Weser, only broken by a few narrow valleys formed in the course of ages by



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EQUATOR

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D I A N

Mahe Archipelago or
 North & Prasin Seychelles I's
 Bird Denis
 North & Prasin Seychelles I's
 Silhouette
 Mahe A. Frigate

St Joseph
 Poivre
 Louise
 Comant B
 Fortune Bank

Saya de Malha
 Bank

10

C E A N

Nazareth
 Bank

Albatros I.
 Cocoa I. Ourgados

arenhas I's
 Maurins or Lof France

Rodriguez I. (B)

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Tropic of Capricorn

E

C E A N

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Greenwich

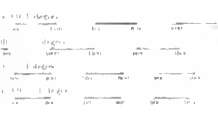
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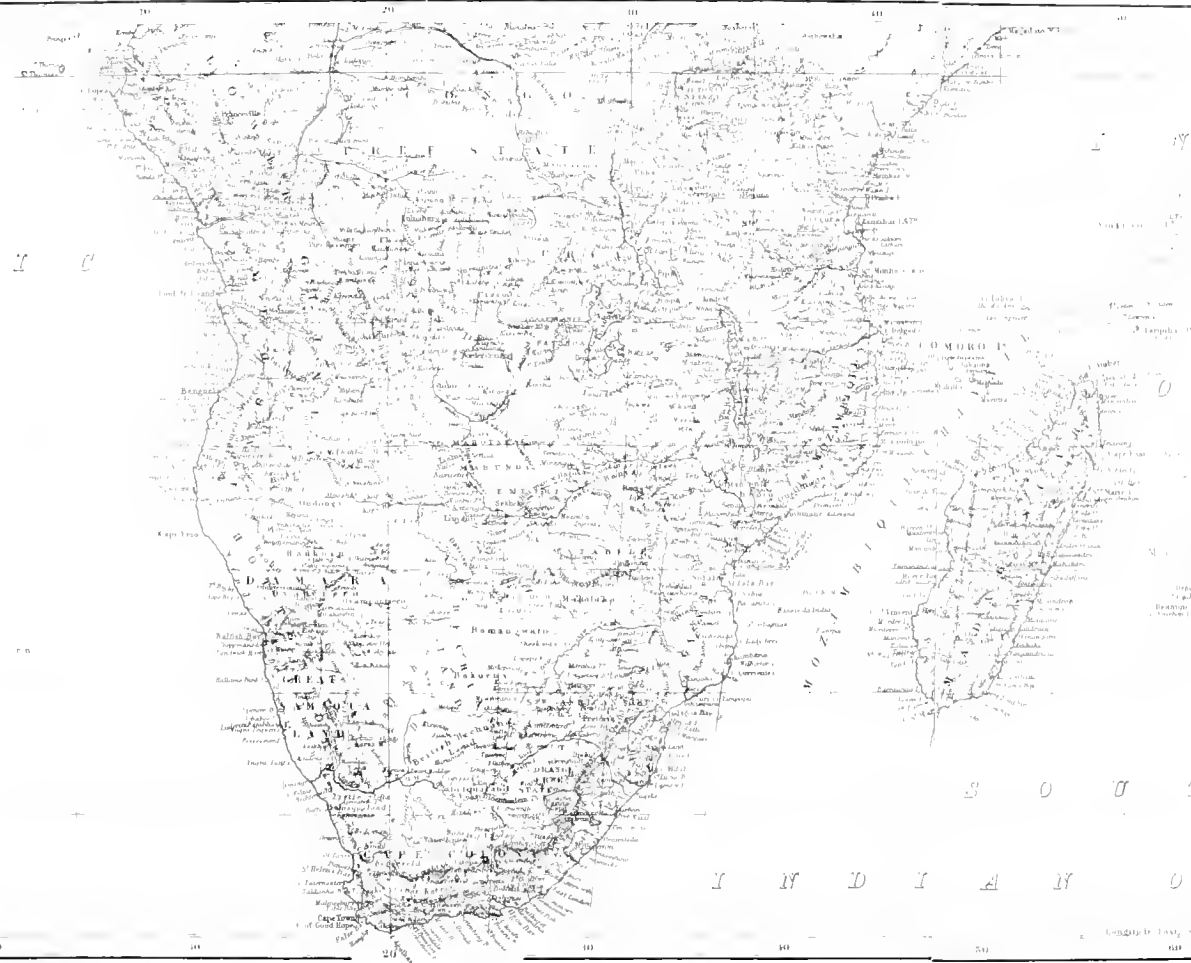
C E A S Y

ICA
PORTION



Latitude and Longitude
Scale of 1 degree
Scale of 2 degrees
Scale of 3 degrees

Scale of 1 degree
Scale of 2 degrees
Scale of 3 degrees



20. Millions in South Africa (the cities marked on the two sectional maps) that portion. For names of numerous countries showing at places underlined, see separate list.

the action of small streams, which have fertilised their own immediate neighbourhood in smiling contrast to the bleak and barren heath itself. Here Louis Harms spent his boyhood, and learned to love the wild moors over which he wandered in the long dry summer days, when everything was burnt up by the heat, and in the short days of winter, when a thick covering of snow obliterated almost every feature of the landscape. It was to Hermannsburg that he returned after a brilliant university career at Göttingen, and a few years spent at Lauenburg as a tutor, at first as his father's assistant, and subsequently as sole pastor.

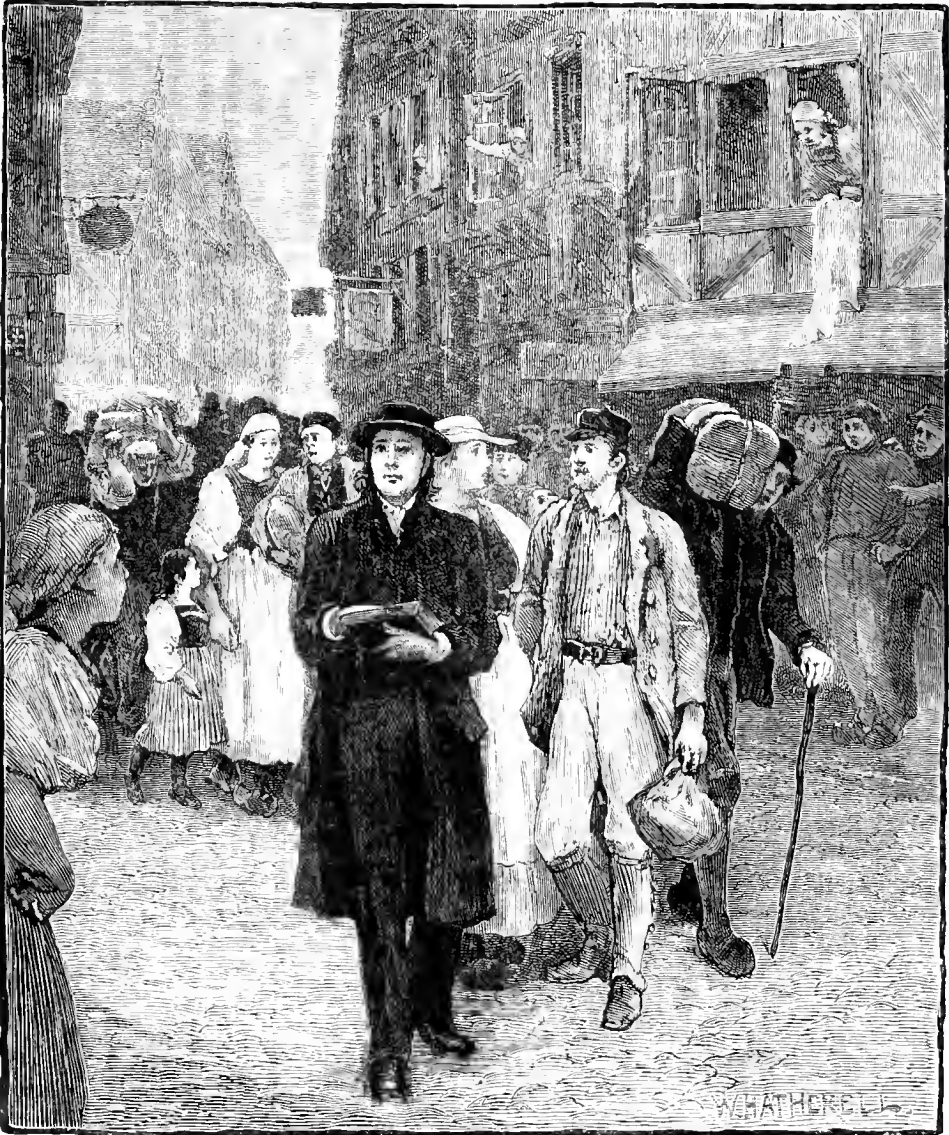
In the earlier years of the present century, evangelical religion was at a very low ebb in Germany, and it was said of Hanover, that one might pass through the kingdom without discovering a faithful pastor. The clergy were dull, formal, learned moralists, and for some time Harms was under the spell which had fallen upon his brethren; but, after many inward struggles, he emerged from the chilling mists of the prevalent rationalism into the light of spiritual religion. Soon after this change he was invited to enter the mission-house at Hamburg, with the object of preparing himself to labour among the German population in the United States of America; but he could not be persuaded to leave his native land, and to give up the prospect of becoming the pastor of the sturdy and independent peasants who lived on his beloved Lüneburg Heath.

His work there was eminently successful. The people were poor, and comparatively uneducated; but he found a way to their hearts, and in a few years his influence was felt in every household, and by almost every individual in his parish. Family prayer was observed in all the homes, and almost every adult was a regular communicant. The church services were well attended on Sundays and on weekdays. At noon the bell in the church tower invited the men to cease work, and spend a few minutes in private prayer. Even the children gave up singing songs and ballads, and raised their voices in hymns and psalms as they trudged along the roads, or wandered across the fields. Hermannsburg became a model village, of which it might truly be said, "like pastor, like people."

Harms had not been long settled there before the condition of the heathen was vividly brought home to him. He could not sleep for thinking of their state, and of the obligation laid upon him to do something for them. He was not a man to spend his time in fruitless contemplation, and he at once spoke to his people and asked their help. Twelve persons offered to go out as missionaries. A house was immediately obtained for their residence and training, and a brother of the pastor, who was also a clergyman, took charge of it. The volunteers needed much instruction. For four years they studied Introductions to the Old and New Testaments, Exegesis, Dogmatic Theology, Church History, the History of Missions, Homiletics, and kindred subjects. They were also taught to labour with their hands, "partly," as their pastor told them, "for your bodily health, partly that you may to some extent earn your own bread, and partly that you may remain humble, and be no more ashamed of your work than Peter was of his fishing or Paul of his tent-making." They were told to be diligent and to remember Luther's saying, "Well prayed is more than half learnt." Therefore

they were to pray diligently, not only in their common prayer, but in their own rooms daily.

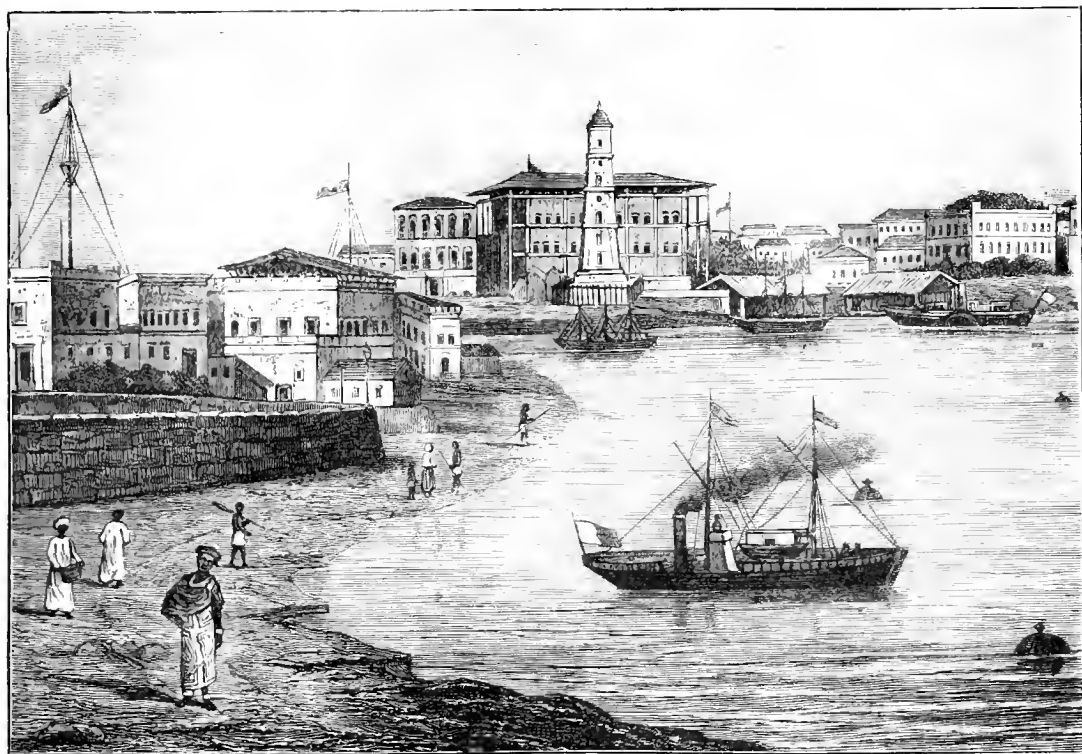
It happened during the preparation of these twelve volunteers, that some young



PASTOR HARMS SEEING OFF HIS FIRST MISSIONARIES.

sailors, who were recent converts, applied to join in the work. Their idea was to found a colony in Western Africa, near Bonney, and, under the superintendence of Christian missionaries, to help in putting down the slave trade; but they were quite willing to go to any other part of the African continent. The offer of these young men suggested to Pastor Harms that the mission might be a means of colonisation; and when he had

determined to combine the two objects of preaching to the heathen and founding a settlement for emigrants, many peasants, who would have been quite useless as missionaries, applied to join the enterprise. Sixty offered themselves. Of these only eight were selected, and received suitable training, but in the meantime six of the sailors grew tired of waiting, and found other employment. This was discouraging, and was followed by a fresh difficulty—want of the necessary funds for sending out the



ZANZIBAR.

missionaries and settlers. Harms, to use his own expressive phrase, “knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer;” and applied for help in various quarters, but without success. One of the sailors, who was still at Hermannsburg, suggested that a ship should be built to go to and from Africa on the service of the mission; but this proposal, which Harms readily accepted, could not be carried into effect without money. Again the pastor prayed diligently, and rose from his knees determined to go on with the project. Arrangements were made for building a brig at Hauburg. Money and material came in from various sources, but chiefly from Hermannsburg itself. Smiths, carpenters, coopers, tailors, and shoemakers gave their services freely, and during the busy season of preparation, it was said that a water-butt or a suit of clothes was not to be had in the village at any price.

At last the ship was finished, and though she cost more than £600 above the estimate, the additional money was forthcoming in due time. She was named the

Candace, her intended destination being to carry the Gospel to the Ethiopians. The eight missionaries, two of the volunteers having died and two having proved unworthy, were examined by the Consistory, and, having passed with credit, were ordained. The colonists included two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The cargo was sent on board, and then a leave-taking service was held at Hermannsburg, which concluded with Luther's hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg ist Unser Gott*" (Our God, a sure stronghold is He). The next day the emigrants went to Hamburg and embarked on board the *Candace*. Much to the astonishment of the quay-porters and sailors, another service was held on deck, and many seafaring men swarmed up the rigging of other ships in the harbour to see the strange sight, to listen to the singing, and to catch the last words of Pastor Harms as he bade the missionaries and colonists read the Word of God and pray daily morning and evening. "Begin all your work with prayer; when the storm rises, pray; when the billows roar round the ship, pray; when sin comes, pray; and when the devil tempts you, pray; so long as you pray, it will go well with you body and soul."

The *Candace* left Hamburg on the 28th of October, 1853, for Zanzibar, whence it was intended that the missionaries and colonists should proceed to the country of the Gallas, a wild tribe who dwelt to the south of Abyssinia, between that land and the Indian Ocean. The voyage was prosperous. Every Sunday there were two services, and morning and evening crew and passengers met for family worship. Some of the colonists were married, and took out their wives and their children, who were regularly taught in school. The workmen carried on their trades; the tailor was busy with his needle, and the carpenter with his saw and hammer. The ministers continued their studies and prepared sermons, some of them with the assistance of their pipes. At Christmas the chests, specially packed and prepared for that festal season, were opened, and their contents—wax-lights for the Christmas-tree, which proved a failure and was ignominiously thrown overboard, apples, nuts, gingerbread, toys, Bible pictures, and other presents—were distributed. There was singing, and blowing of trumpets, with merriment and rejoicing in the good old German fashion, though the sailors and passengers were far from their fatherland on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. After having been eighty days at sea—for the brig sailed but slowly—they reached Cape Town, and then proceeded to Natal and along the east coast of Africa, whence they were driven by a storm out into the Indian Ocean. The storm, however, abated, and at length they anchored at Zanzibar, intending to proceed from that port to the country of the Gallas.

In order to reach their proposed destination, it was necessary to obtain the permission of the Imaun, or ruler of Muscat, to pass through his territory, and in his absence his son told them they might make their way by sea to the island of Mombaz, 150 miles north of Zanzibar, and wait there for leave to go inland. Contrary winds and an adverse current prevented them for some days from approaching the island, and when at length they succeeded in reaching port, it was only to encounter fresh obstacles. The Governor could not help them, and suggested that they should return to Natal. But to this proposal they would not listen, and some of them asked permission to go to a German missionary named Rebmann, who had settled some little distance off

amongst the Wanika tribe. The Governor would not hear of this, but, by way of compromise, agreed that Rebmann should be sent for, and a native messenger was despatched to bring him to Mombaz. Meanwhile three of the Hermannsburgers rashly attempted an expedition to find Rebmann on their own account, but they were obliged to return to the ship, and the Governor at once ordered the whole party to leave, Rebmann being quite unable to turn him from his purpose.

They remained altogether three weeks at Mombaz, and were much impressed by the richness and beauty of the tropical scenery, and astonished at the huge trees, unlike anything they had ever seen before, cocoa-palms a hundred feet high, mangoes, great cactuses and dense underwood, all growing in a profusion which contrasted with the barrenness of their native heath. The people did not impress them so favourably. They found them lazy, unhealthy, and suffering from diseases brought on by excessive eating; for though, being Mohammedans, they nominally fasted at certain seasons, they made up for abstinence in the day by gluttony at night. One of the missionaries, Meyer, who had some knowledge of medicine, was called upon to prescribe for the sick, and found his time fully occupied, but he was obliged to depart with the ship, which sailed for Natal, and arrived there at the beginning of August, 1854, nearly ten months after she had left Hamburg.

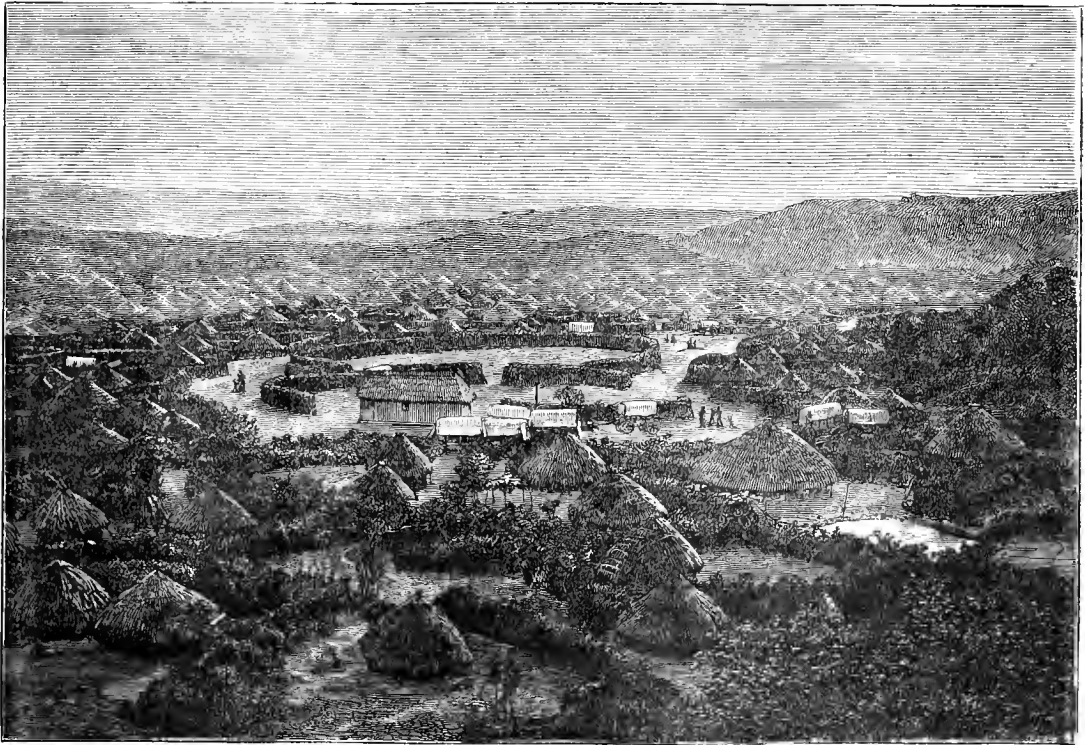
As it was impracticable to carry out the original plan of settling amongst the Gallas, it was decided to remain in Natal. Here, too, difficulties awaited them which were overcome only by great patience. It was first reported that the *Candace* was carrying a company of Jesuits, and the people were warned to beware of them, but a German who met them soon dissipated this rumour. Then the English Governor refused to allow them to settle, and ordered them to return to Germany, at which they were not a little surprised, seeing they had brought letters of recommendation from the Colonial Secretary in London. They found out afterwards that the captain of their ship had entirely misrepresented their object, and had told the Governor, who had accepted the statement only too readily, that they were revolutionary demagogues. When they had satisfied him upon this point, he was unwilling, or unable, to grant them a place for a settlement unless they paid for the land, and they therefore bought 6,000 acres near Pietermaritzburg, for which they paid £630. The site was in many respects advantageous. A river flowed through their property, and limestone and coal could be obtained by mining. Some of the land was arable, and the rest pasture, but there was little wood, and timber was not obtainable in the immediate neighbourhood. They were under English protection, and not far from some of the most powerful tribes of Southern Africa. Within the colony there were Kaffirs and Zulus, while to the north lay Zululand itself. The Matabele and the Bechuanas were at no great distance, and the missionaries hoped that they might, after all, be able to reach the Gallas by overland journeys. But the first thing to be done was to build some shelter for themselves, and they set to work promptly to put up houses, camping out until the buildings were ready for occupation. The kitchen was first completed, in order to provide for their daily meals, but the smith appropriated a corner for his anvil and bellows, and raising too fierce a fire, burnt off the roof, a misfortune which was soon repaired.

Farming operations were next taken in hand, and twenty acres were cleared, ploughed, and sown with hemp, maize, and wheat; sheep and oxen were bought and turned out to pasture, and the poultry-yard was stocked. Fish were caught in the river, and sometimes a buck or a peacock was shot. Meanwhile, the missionaries did not neglect to prepare themselves for teaching and preaching to the natives, and applied themselves with diligence to learn the Kaffir language, which they found difficult, especially as regards pronunciation. "Yet," they said, "the Lord will help." A Berlin missionary who superintended their studies wrote to Pastor Harms, "I have seen them struggling with their clicks and clacks till their eyes turned round in their heads." They persevered, and were martyrs to their attempt to master the difficulties of a strange tongue. They were eager to teach, and spoke as they were able to find interpreters; but in their anxiety to communicate directly with the natives, they sometimes fell into ludicrous blunders. One day there was a lively dialogue between a missionary and a Kaffir. A bystander asked the former what it was all about. "The man wants work from us, but he asks more than I can give," was the reply. It turned out that the Kaffir did not want work, but wished to be paid a shilling owed to him for maize. As difficulties of a like nature occurred in their religious conversations, they applied themselves with more diligence to their studies, and in other respects they were not idle. Harms had warned them against the enervating influence of climate, and they sent him an account of their day's work. "We rise at half-past five, and have worship at six; after coffee, every one hurries to his work; for breakfast, we have bread and milk; dinner is at twelve, and coffee follows; then to work again as long as our dear God lets the sun shine."

After some months of hard labour, the permanent dwelling was successfully completed, and received the name of New Hermannsburg; and shortly afterwards, a friendly English magistrate who visited the place was so pleased with all he saw, that he prevailed upon the colonial authorities to remit the timber tax and the ground rent which the Brethren had hitherto paid. Subsequently orders came from Lord Clarendon that 3,000 additional acres were to be allotted to the mission, and Sir George Grey made further grants of land, and gave every encouragement to the Brethren, so that their organisation was in time firmly and completely established. More emigrants came out, and in the course of time new stations were founded in Natal, in the Transvaal Republic, in Bechuanaland, and further north in Mosilikatse's country, forming a line of mission stations which can be traced on the map from Natal right up to the Zambesi river.

The Brethren, as we have seen, found it no easy task to acquire the Kaffir language, but the difficulties were overcome, and they were able to preach to the natives, large numbers of whom had settled in the neighbourhood of New Hermannsburg. Many of these Kaffirs had been driven from their original homes as the result of war, their tribal arrangements had been broken up, and their chiefs had fallen in battle. They were therefore the more inclined to submit to the mild authority of the missionaries, and were tractable and willing to work. Their houses reminded the Germans of beehives, at least externally, but the interior economy was very different

from the well-ordered homes of the busy bee. With one or two mats, a block of wood for a pillow, an assegai and some clubs, a Kaffir hut was furnished. If a man had more than one wife, he had a separate hut for each, and a rich man bought as many wives as he could afford, the usual price of a wife varying from ten to twenty oxen. They were ravenous eaters, ten of them, it is said, consuming an entire ox in twenty-four hours, but after such a feast they would fast for several days. They were not



THE NATIVE CAPITAL, BECHUANALAND.

wanting in intelligence, and sometimes puzzled their teachers with shrewd questions and subtle arguments. It was very difficult to convey to them the idea of an invisible God. "Your God is up there," said a Kaffir to his teacher; and throwing a stone into the air and waiting until it fell to the ground, he continued, "If your God were there, why didn't He catch the stone?" Then, much pleased with his cleverness, the Kaffir stalked off laughing, without waiting for an answer. The good Germans were often puzzled by similar objections, and were greatly shocked at the almost total nakedness, the dances, and the immorality of their heathen neighbours.

In time the influence of the missionaries brought about a great improvement in the immediate neighbourhood of the settlement, and many of the Kaffirs gave up their former manner of living, and learnt to work at the various trades and handicrafts which the German workmen carried on. It must be remembered that New Hermannsburg was at once a mission station and a German settlement, and

many of the settlers were engaged in farming operations, or as carpenters, builders, and blacksmiths. The Kaffirs took very kindly to the forge, and one of them, a tall, powerful fellow, wielded the hammer with great skill, and even learnt to make horse-shoes, and to put them on. One day the master-smith invited him to come into the settlement with his wife and child, that they might all be taught. "I am too stupid to learn," was the reply; but the smith told him that was just the reason why he should try. A few days later he said, "Sometimes my heart tells me I ought to learn, and then again it says, 'No, you are so stupid.'"

The fame of New Hermannsburg soon spread far and wide, and the Brethren were sometimes invited by the native chiefs to come and settle in their neighbourhood. "If the Gospel is to flourish," wrote one of the pastors, "the Kaffirs must work, for there will be no Christianity among them as long as they lie all day in the sun drinking sour beer." Four of the Brethren went to Umpayandi, one of the most powerful chiefs in Natal, to negotiate for a settlement; on their journey they had to live on such native fare as they could obtain, and though it was not very palatable, they were satisfied. They had evening worship as they travelled, and astonished the people by singing hymns before retiring to rest. One night a whole kraal turned out to hear the solemn German harmonies, and the people were so pleased that the hymns had to be sung over and over again, whilst men, women, and even children listened in awed amazement. Before the Brethren reached their destination Umpayandi's son met them; and when he had brought them to his hut told them it was theirs as well as his, and, calling the people together, explained to them that teachers would come to live among them, and tell them of the great God in heaven.

Sometimes these pioneering journeys were attended with dangerous adventures. Brother Weise once found himself far from any human dwelling, without food, in a district full of wild animals, and in front a deep river abounding in crocodiles. The nights were dark, and on two evenings he was obliged to lie down and take his rest amongst the reeds which grew on the river-bank, with the possibility that a crocodile might devour him ere the morning broke. At last, when he had almost made up his mind to risk the passage of the river, he caught sight of a waggon, and was delivered from his peril. Another time two of the Brethren were travelling with a waggon and oxen, when the driver called out suddenly, "Lion! Lion!" The cattle took fright and rushed on, and for a moment the men's hearts were in their mouths, but the sudden movement of the oxen, or the voice of the driver, alarmed the beast, and he started off. "The lion," said the men in telling the story, "is a very wicked creature, and we cannot thank the Lord enough that He has defended us."

As soon as New Hermannsburg was fairly established and in efficient order, a further advance was made, and a new settlement was founded among the people of a Natal chief named Somahasche. This man was an arrant beggar. His first question, when the missionaries Schroder and Hohls were introduced to him, was—"What presents have you brought me?" and when they gave him two shirts, he put them both on

in an instant. Then he complained of the state of his feet, and they handed him a pair of white stockings, which he immediately drew over his black legs, much to the amusement of himself and his visitors. He further begged the counterpane under which they slept; and having killed a cow to make a feast in their honour, requisitioned all their salt to preserve some of the meat for himself. Several interviews followed this first introduction, and the Germans were detained so long that they were obliged to send for fresh supplies of provisions from New Hermannsburg, until they obtained permission to settle amongst the people.

In 1857, a message was received at New Hermannsburg from Sechéle, the Bechuana chief, and the friend of Moffat and Livingstone, asking for teachers to be sent to him. The request came through the Boers of the Transvaal, who some years before had established the Dutch Republic beyond the Drakenburg range of mountains. They had always endeavoured to thwart the effort of the English missionaries amongst the Bechuanas, and had even ordered Sechéle to send away Livingstone. On his refusal to comply with this monstrous demand they attacked and burnt several villages, and destroyed the mission station. But Livingstone had now left the country; and the Boers, who probably regarded the Germans of New Hermannsburg as harmless, did not object to their presence in Bechuanaland, and a number of them at once started on a formidable journey of thirty days to accept Sechéle's invitation. On the way they met Moffat, who was going on one of his long circuits to visit Mosilikatse, and he gave them some Bibles and a few lessons in the language of the country. Sechéle received them joyfully, and when he had learnt something of their pastor in Germany, wrote him a letter of thanks, and sent him a present of ivory and skins. The old chief's communication recalls Oliver Cromwell's famous order: "Put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry." "I thank my God with great joy, for I had no teachers; and now I thank God that I see them with me and in the congregation; also there is help which I need from you, which is powder, a thing I can never get. I greet you all; and may the blessing of God be with you. I am Sechéle, lord of the Bechuanas."

The request for powder was not unnatural or unreasonable. Disease was rapidly destroying Sechéle's cattle, and his people had to rely upon game for their food; but to kill game in sufficient quantities, fire-arms and gunpowder were absolutely necessary, and the Boers refused to allow these articles to pass through their territory. Meantime many of the natives were dying of hunger, and it is believed that more than four hundred perished in two years. At last the missionaries succeeded in persuading the Boers to remove the prohibition, and the Bechuanas were enabled to obtain supplies of powder to shoot game.

Sechéle had begun to put up a church in anticipation of the arrival of the Germans, and it was soon completed and filled by an attentive congregation. The chief took a warm interest in the services, and occasionally, as the people dispersed, reported to them what had most interested him in the sermon. He was, the missionaries said, as a brother to them, doing nothing without their advice, and seconding their efforts in every way. Shortly after their arrival he reinstated a chief

who had been a fugitive from the Bamangwatos, and this man was so impressed by what he had seen of the missionaries, that as soon as he was settled in his own government he sent to New Hermannsburg for teachers, who came willingly and opened a new station for the chief and his people.

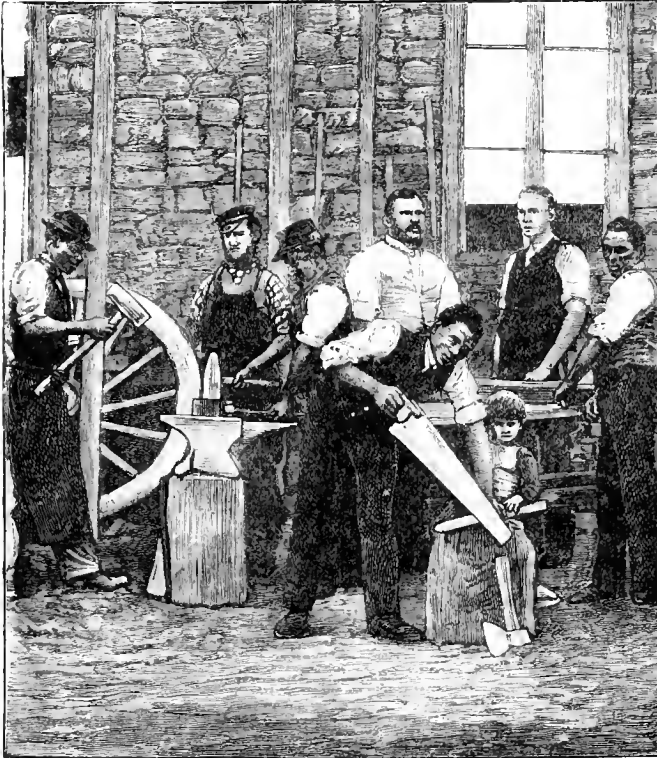
In another direction the New Hermannsburg missionaries found fresh fields and new openings. A Norwegian missionary, Schreuder, had been labouring for some years amongst the Zulu Kaffirs, who dwelt between Natal and the Portuguese territory at Delagoa Bay, and finding that Umpanda, one of the kings or chiefs, was anxious for further missions, wrote to the Germans to send men. Two started at once, and



BECHUANA WOMEN.

five others prepared to follow. The pioneers lost their way, and were in imminent danger of starvation, when Schreuder met them and conducted them to the kraal, which included about 900 huts. After some delay they had an interview with the king, who was holding a sort of court and giving audience to his subjects, but his attention was diverted by so many other calls that for some time the missionaries thought he would not listen to them. At last he welcomed them, and they told him, amongst other things, that they could build waggons. This pleased him so much that he inquired where they would like to live; they asked for a place called Ungoie, but whilst he was considering the matter nearly 2,000 soldiers advanced, and the king commenced a review of his troops, and took no more notice of the missionaries. Two days later he sent a messenger to tell them their request was granted, and almost immediately afterwards he desired them to build him a waggon-house; which was to be the biggest in the country, and he directed 150 of his soldiers to help in the work. But the soldiers were lazy, and did nothing; they were sent into the woods to cut laths, and at the end of the day they returned in long procession,

each man carrying one lath. The missionaries soon discarded them, and finished the building by their own exertions in about six weeks, greatly to the gratification of the king, who had watched them daily, as they worked harder than he had ever seen men work before. The queens and princesses, too, came frequently to see them, but were always begging. "I love God, give me something," was a common way of appealing for gifts, and the missionaries had much difficulty in



MISSIONARY CARPENTERS AT WORK.

satisfying the applicants. At last they were obliged to refuse, and when asked to give, offered to sing a psalm, which was attentively heard and usually appreciated.

These numerous settlements and missions in South Africa made great demands upon the founder of the mission. Fresh arrivals came out from Germany, some as teachers and others as settlers, and Pastor Harms had his hands full of candidates to be examined, and, if qualified, prepared for the work. He also had to find the money, and though the expenses were small as compared with the outgoings of some of the Missionary Societies, he was responsible for the payment of large sums. The good Luneburgers were liberal beyond all expectation, and help came from other quarters. In seven years he received nearly £20,000. But he would not beg, and even when he published a Missionary Chronicle of his own, he refrained from making direct appeals for money. He once put a short account of

his work in a Hanover newspaper, and as a result he received contributions from Belgium, Holland, Russia, and America. "God put it into men's hearts." "The dear Lord has sent me 10,000 thalers," he said. Once he had to make a payment of 550 thalers, and on the day before the money was due he had only 400. Then he prayed that the deficiency might be provided, and the next morning he received anonymously 20 thalers from Schwerin, 25 from Bücksburg, and 100 from Berlin; and later in the day a labourer brought him 10, so that the money was all forthcoming. A medicine-chest was much wanted for the mission, and, while the good pastor was reckoning the cost and the means of meeting it, a letter was delivered to him announcing that the writer had sent his medicine-chest for the use of the heathen.

In all his abundant labours for foreign missions, Pastor Harms did not neglect his own parish. He carefully studied his sermons, and many of them were printed and circulated far and wide; he regularly visited his people, especially the old and feeble; and he found time for a good deal of reading. An iron constitution would hardly have carried him through all he undertook, but he was not a strong man, and he suffered much, bearing all his pain with wonderful patience, and always having a smile for those who met him, or came to visit him in his modest parsonage. As his illness increased he was unable to mount the pulpit stairs, but he preached still, addressing the people from the steps of the communion-table. Only a fortnight before his death he spoke in his sermon of his great weakness: "O Lord Jesus, if I can no longer preach, take me from the earth; of what use can I be, if I can no longer speak of Thee to my brethren?" Days of much suffering followed, but he was able to get about, and even to bury one of his parishioners. The next funeral at Hermannsburg was his own. His spirit passed away as he slept, and his body was committed to the grave in the presence of a great crowd of mourners. Pastors from neighbouring parishes and distant towns, missionary students from the Institution, his own people, and a representative of the King of Hanover, filled the church, and many more who were unable to find room in the building stood round the grave. It was a day of general mourning, and a day never to be forgotten by those who were present. Two months later the sad news reached New Hermannsburg, and the missionaries were for a time stunned by the blow. But, as they remembered their pastor's injunction and recalled his parting advice to them, they felt that he being dead yet spoke, and with fresh energy devoted themselves to their work. Their leader had gone; but his followers are still carrying on the mission he founded, and the name of Pastor Harms is still honoured by many a German settler, and by many a Kaffir convert in South Africa.

The Church of England in South Africa owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Robert Gray, first Bishop of Cape Town, Metropolitan of Africa, and son of Robert Gray, Bishop of Bristol, whose palace was burnt down by the mob in the famous riots of 1831. On the very day of the fire the Bishop preached in the Cathedral, in spite of the entreaties of some of his clergy to absent himself, as it was known the building would be attacked. "I thank you," he said to his friends, "for your kind

consideration of my person, but I am to regard my duty to God, and not the fear of men. It shall never be said of me that I turned my back upon religion." It was in this spirit that his son, the Bishop of Cape Town, went about his work; fearless in the midst of danger, and unswayed by opposition, nothing would ever induce him to give up what he believed to be right, however great the sacrifice he was called upon to make in order to attain the object he had at heart.

He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on June 29th, 1847 (St. Peter's Day), as first Bishop of a diocese which included the whole of Africa south of the Orange and Tugela rivers. In this wide territory there were, at the time of Bishop Gray's consecration, only thirteen clergymen, of whom eight were supported by the colonists, and two were army chaplains; he took out with him several others, who formed the nucleus of a clerical staff which grew during his episcopate to nearly one hundred and fifty. Some of these were engaged in work amongst the colonists, but many were missionaries to the native tribes; for the Bishop took as much interest in the spiritual welfare of the heathen inhabitants, as in that of his own countrymen who had settled in the country.

He arrived at Cape Town in February, 1848, and at once set to work to put his diocese in order. This was a matter of some difficulty, for he and the majority of his clergy were of different "schools," and they had been so long independent of episcopal supervision that they did not very easily reconcile themselves to his authority. As soon as he had arranged matters at Cape Town he started on a three months' visitation of the country, and in a letter to a niece in England he humorously anticipates some of the difficulties of the undertaking. "I could draw you a pathetic picture of my coming hardships in the way of impassable rivers, overturning of waggons, sleepless nights while outspanning in the rain, parched deserts, &c.; or I could turn it all into ridicule by describing the care with which I am going to pack sundry bottles of ale and brandy, and to provide myself with hams, smoked beef, gridirons, frying-pans, and all the apparatus for the cuisine department: but I forbear." He travelled in a waggon, and found that mode of conveyance less uncomfortable than he had feared. Services were held wherever it was found practicable, and the Bishop preached in private houses, in the open air, and even in Methodist chapels. Once he was asked to hold a service in Dutch, and beginning with a psalm, he proceeded to read a portion of the Word of God, and to offer up some of the prayers of the Church; but though the people professed to understand him, he confessed that he was afraid his pronunciation must have seemed ridiculous to them.

At King William's Town he met Sir Harry Smith, the Governor of the Colony, who had come to hold a gathering of the Kaffir chiefs, and he accompanied the Governor to the assembly. The sight of men dressed in dirty blankets, brass armlets, necklaces of beads or bone, and carrying long wands, was to him novel and picturesque. The Governor had previously endeavoured to explain to Umhala, one of the chiefs, the difference between a bishop and an ordinary minister, by showing him a long and a short stick, the former representing the superior height of a

bishop above all other ecclesiastics; and at the meeting he told the Kaffirs that the chief minister of the church, and of the Queen's religion, had ridden ninety miles the previous day in order to be present. The Bishop then explained more fully why he had come, but as his remarks had to be translated into Dutch, and from Dutch into the Kaffir tongue, the result was not entirely satisfactory, although one or two of the chiefs expressed a desire to be taught about God, and to have schools established amongst them.

After an absence of four months, during which he had travelled nearly 3,000 miles, and confirmed 900 persons, the Bishop returned to Cape Town, full of plans for building new churches and schools, and founding missions in various parts of his large diocese. In the capital itself he established schools, and arranged for frequent services. On Whitsunday, 1849, he baptised seventeen adult heathen converts in the cathedral, and later in the same year started with his wife on another visitation tour of 2,000 miles. They met with much kindness, and were frequently entertained by the Dutch farmers: but as Mrs. Gray knew no Dutch, she was unable to talk to her hosts, except when the Bishop was at hand to interpret, he having by this time fairly mastered that language. They travelled sometimes very rapidly, but Mrs. Gray bravely underwent fatigue, and her husband proudly records that in one day she rode on horse-



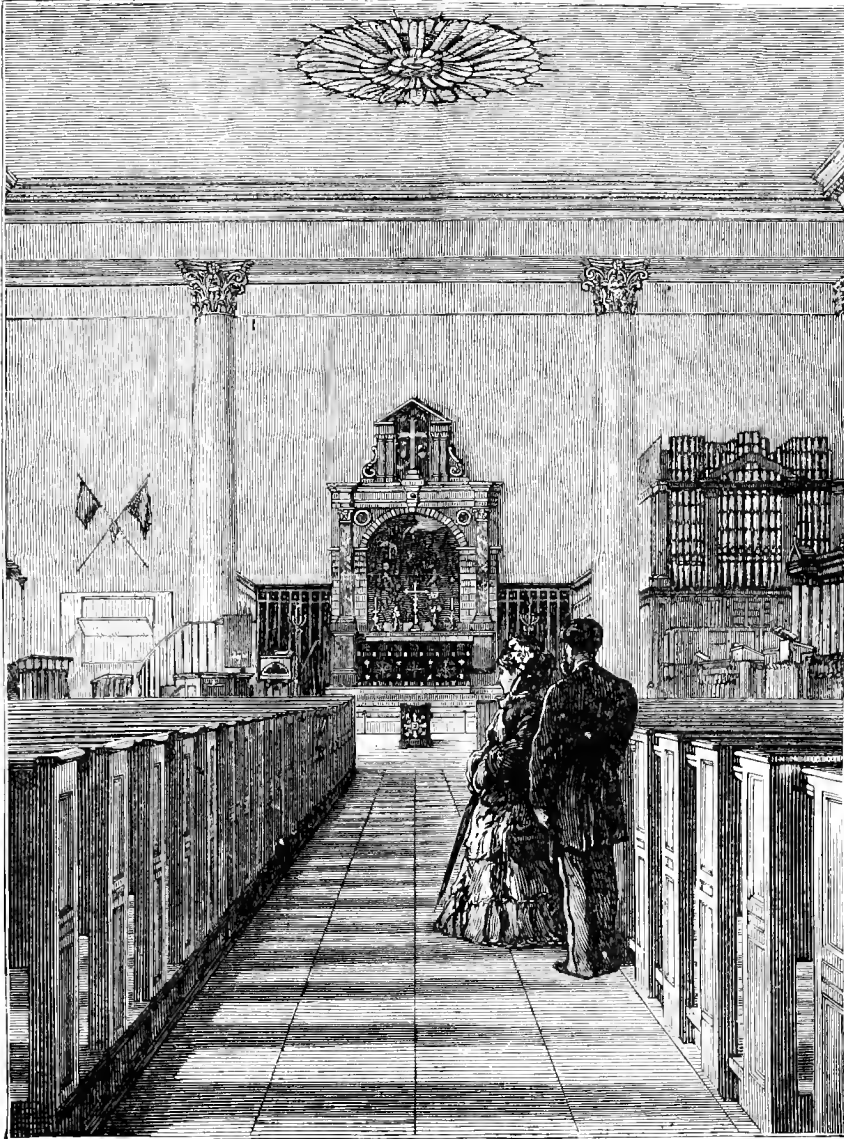
BISHOP GRAY.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Mason and Co.)

back sixty miles, in the course of which she crossed five deep and rapid rivers.

At Cape Town, Bishop Gray's attention was soon directed to the Malay inhabitants, who numbered about 7,000, and professed Mahommedanism. Their ancestors had been brought into the country by the Dutch, and they lived apart from the other inhabitants, occupying several streets, consisting chiefly of small square one-storied cottages with flat roofs. Clean, orderly, and well conducted, they formed a useful part of the community; the men were said to be exemplary husbands and good fathers; and, contrary to what might have been expected, very few of them were polygamists. Once a year, on the birthday of the Sultan of Turkey, the father of the faithful, whom they regard as the representative of their prophet, they were accustomed to decorate their houses with flowers and evergreens, and to throw festoons of flags across the streets, observing the day as a great religious festival. Dressed in their best clothes, the men wearing red fezzes, handsome neckerchiefs, blue jackets, and white trousers, and the women many-coloured dresses and bright jewellery, they crowded the mosques, specially decorated for the occasion with triumphal arches,

banners, and transparencies to be lighted as soon as darkness set in. Inside these mosques were more flags of every hue, texts from the Koran in Arabic characters, and flowers made of paper with great ingenuity and skill. Services were held all day long ;



CHAPEL OF BISHOP GRAY.

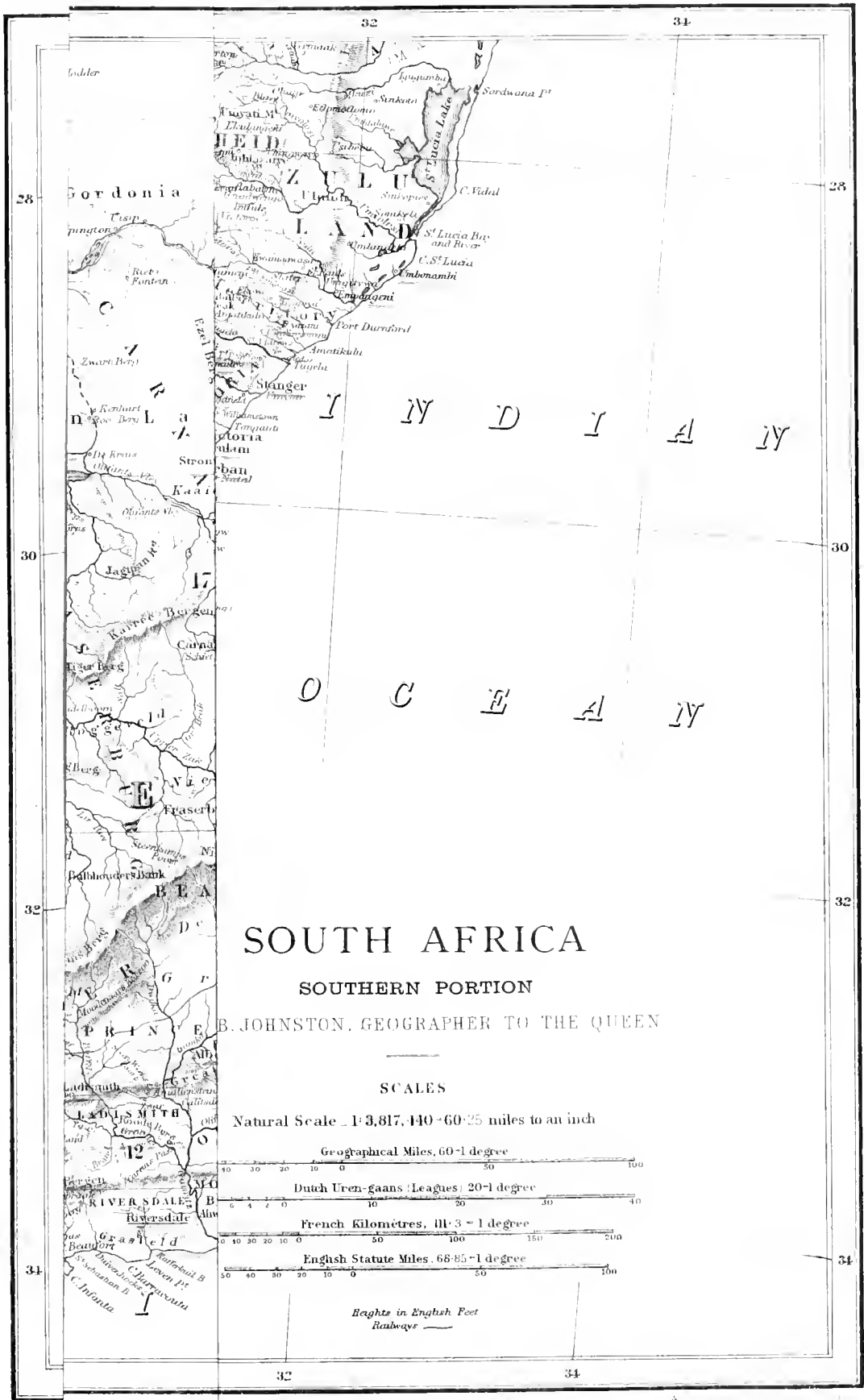
the evening service, in which special reference was made to Jesus of Nazareth, being followed by a very curious observance called the Kalifa. It commenced with singing or chanting in a low tone by one of the performers, and when this had been continued for a few minutes, others took it up until the whole of the performers, singing in tones of gradually increasing intensity, and accompanying themselves on tambourines,

created a noise absolutely deafening. Six of the troupe, armed with short daggers, with which they feigned to pierce their bodies, next danced to a singing accompaniment; and as soon as this was ended, several of the men stripped to the waist, and an old man thrust skewers of iron and steel into the lobes of their ears, leaving them dangling like earrings. Other and longer skewers were run into the sides of each of the performers, who thus transfixed went round the mosque to make a collection, and then the skewers were withdrawn, and the wounds dressed by one of the priests. This exhibition was followed by an apparent disembowelling of one of the younger men, so skilfully managed as to deceive the spectator, though no real injury was inflicted. The origin of these strange observances in connection with the Sultan's birthday seems unknown, but they still attract numerous visitors of all classes, Englishmen, Dutchmen, and others being freely admitted to the mosques on this occasion.

For these Malays Bishop Gray was most anxious to obtain the services of a competent missionary, and he made many inquiries amongst his friends in England for a man who would come out and devote himself to their welfare. The work was at last undertaken by Dr. Camillari, who made some progress, in spite of the many difficulties attendant upon any endeavour to wean followers of the Prophet from their ancient beliefs, and as early as 1849 three of his converts were baptised in the cathedral.

During the first visitation of his great diocese, the Bishop had been greatly interested in the Kaffirs, and as soon as he was able he founded an institution for their education and training, of which his son-in-law, Archdeacon Glover, became the first Warden. The institution was quickly filled, and many native clergy and schoolmasters, who have done good work in different parts of South Africa, have been educated there. Curiously enough, some of these natives showed a keen appreciation of English history, and in one of his letters to his son, then an undergraduate at Oxford, the Bishop says:—"Yesterday we had the annual examination of the Kaffirs; if you were as well crammed as they were with historical facts, you would be pretty safe. They were bristling with English history from the Romans down to George III., especially the Wars of the Roses and Marlborough's campaigns."

Another important development of religious work was a Missionary Association of Ladies for the diocese, established in 1868, on the Bishop's return from one of his numerous visits to England on Church business. He had laid his plans with great care, after consultation with the founders of sisterhoods at home; but he was anxious that his own association should be conducted on his own lines, and none of the eight ladies who accompanied him to the Cape had been previously members of any similar community. The voyage out was utilised, as far as possible, in singing lessons and learning Dutch on the part of the ladies, and by the Bishop, amongst other occupations, in drawing up regulations for the government of the sisterhood. Some of the ladies were a little opposed to any fixed rule, and there were, as was perhaps natural, some differences among them, but these were overcome by judicious management; and when they reached Cape Town they were at once



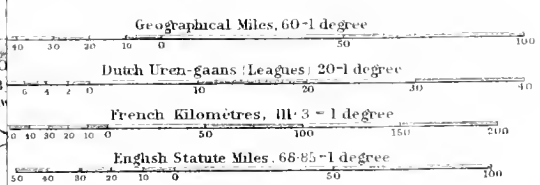
SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTHERN PORTION

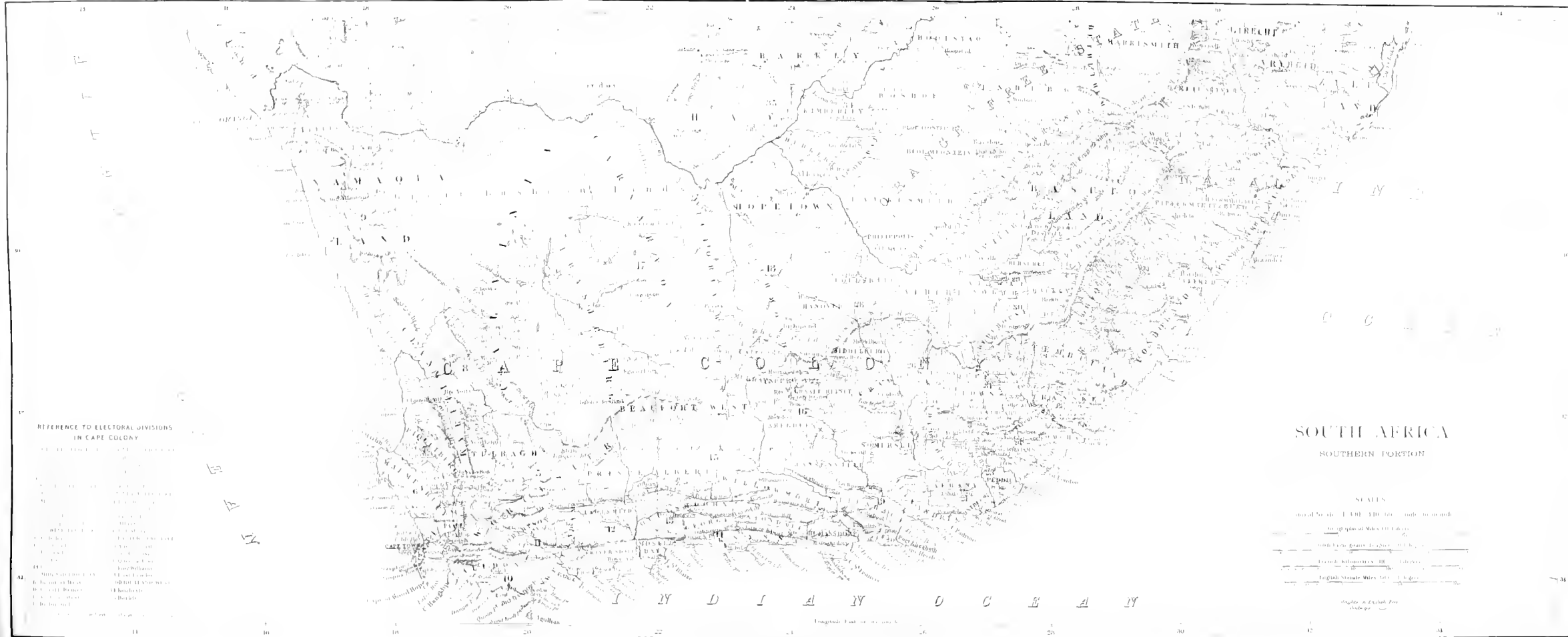
B. JOHNSTON, GEOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:3,817,140 = 60/25 miles to an inch



Heights in English Feet
Railways



REFERENCE TO ELECTORAL DIVISIONS
IN CAPE COLONY

1. ...	11. ...
2. ...	12. ...
3. ...	13. ...
4. ...	14. ...
5. ...	15. ...
6. ...	16. ...
7. ...	17. ...
8. ...	18. ...
9. ...	19. ...
10. ...	20. ...

SOUTH AFRICA
SOUTHERN PORTION

STATES

Orange Free State	1:100,000
Cape Colony	1:100,000
Natal	1:100,000
Transvaal	1:100,000
British Bechuanaland	1:100,000
Orange River Colony	1:100,000

Scale: 1 inch = 10 miles

INDIAN OCEAN

ATLANTIC OCEAN

INDIAN OCEAN

Longitude East of Greenwich

Height in English Feet

installed in a small house the Bishop had hired for the purpose. Their work was not to be restricted to the English and Dutch population, but was to be extended to the heathen and Mahomedans, and to include the care of the poor and the sick, the young and the ignorant, and the recovery of their fallen sisters from a life of shame.

They were not bound by religious vows, and were free to quit the community, or to fulfil any claim of duty which to their own consciences appeared more binding, or they might leave at any time by permission of the Dean. Each associate was expected to contribute towards the maintenance of the house, if she possessed the means, and all were under the direction of a Superior, who was to act as an elder sister among her fellow-labourers, and to have charge of the household. A wise rule was laid down as to fasting. The fasts of the Church were to be observed, but the members might not fast beyond what the medical attendant approved; and, as ladies engaged in bodily work cannot fast without injury to health, fasting was not ordinarily allowed to those engaged in such work. Their motto was "Adoremus et laboremus," which united the two great objects of the community—the glory of God, and the service of man, the two parts of Mary and Martha.

Bishop Gray's work in South Africa was sadly hindered, and his usefulness was to some extent marred, by his long and unfortunate controversy with Bishop Colenso, who had been appointed to the see of Natal in 1853. With that unhappy quarrel we have no business; both the combatants have passed to their rest, and, we may hope, to their reward. Each, we may charitably think, believed he was fighting for the truth; and in one respect—a desire to serve the native races of South Africa—they aimed at the same end.

In his episcopate of twenty-four years, Bishop Gray never spared himself, nor abated his zeal for the Church of Christ. His private fortune was largely spent in missionary efforts, and in his frequent visits to England he was always begging, and begging successfully too, for men and money for his diocese. He died literally in harness, and was holding confirmations within less than three weeks of his death. On the day of his last visit to Cape Town, he handed over to the care of the Sisters two little boys, as the first candidates for a Little Boys' Home he had just established, and then he rode home to Claremont to die. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 1st of September, 1872, he gently passed away, and on the following Tuesday his body was laid in a grave next to that of his beloved wife, in the presence of a great crowd of men and women of all ranks and of many races; the Governor-General and his staff, the commodore of the fleet, the clergy, and ministers of several religious bodies, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic, Kaffirs, Malays, and negroes, crowding into the little churchyard to witness the funeral of one whom all recognised as a faithful soldier of the Cross.

Bishop Gray had found, almost as soon as he had settled at the Cape, that he would never be able to exercise proper and effective supervision of the vast territory committed to his charge. In 1853, six years after his appointment, separate bishoprics were founded for Natal and Grahamstown; Dr. J. W. Colenso being consecrated to the

former, and Dr. Armstrong to the latter diocese. In less than three years the first Bishop of Grahamstown passed away, but his brief episcopate was characterised by much activity, and by the foundation of four mission stations, named after the four Evangelists—St. Matthew's at Keiskamma, amongst the Fingoes; St. Mark's in Independent Kaffraria; St. Luke's in Umhalla's country; and St. John's in Sandili's land. The missionaries at the stations were active and earnest men, who set about their work with an energy that soon produced very gratifying results. A few weeks before his death, in his last letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Bishop Armstrong was able to report that many of the native chiefs

received him as an honoured guest, that the schools were filled with attentive children and adults, and that the missionaries were able to preach in the Kaffir tongue. His successor, Bishop Cotterill, took up the work, and in 1857 was called upon to face a time of trial caused by a curious outburst of fanaticism, to which the African temperament seems peculiarly liable.

A man calling himself Umklakazi announced that he was a prophet, and, assisted by a half-mad girl, who professed to be in communication with the spirits of the departed, preached a new and strange doctrine of the resurrection. People flocked in crowds to hear his pretended revelations, and submitted readily to his orders. He directed them to slay their cattle in sacrifice to the spirits of their forefathers, and to destroy their stores of corn, telling them at the same time that their cattle would rise again, their maize and millet be restored tenfold, and their



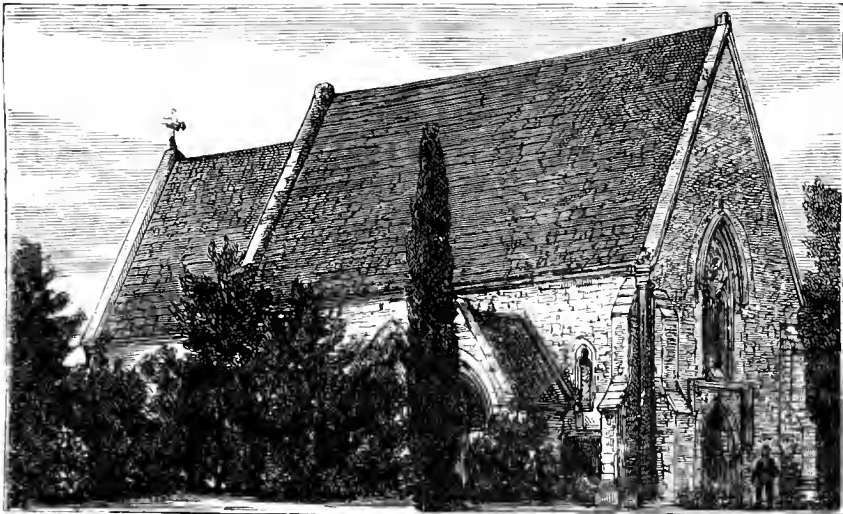
BISHOP COLENSO.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.)

ancient chiefs and heroes would come back to earth, and lead them on to conquer the English, and drive them into the sea. He even fixed the precise date of the fulfilment of his prophecy, and enjoined upon the Kaffirs to be every man in his own hut on the 18th of February, 1857, and to await, in darkness, the issue of events. On that day the cattle were to rise from the rivers, the white men would become snakes, and the Hottentots baboons, and then, in storm and earthquake, the dead would come to life. The day arrived, and the excitement was intense. It ended in disillusion, and the prophet disappeared, dying, according to one account, of starvation, and according to another of drowning. Many of his unhappy victims perished of hunger. Some migrated to distant parts, leaving the aged and infirm, the children and many of the women, to their fate. The missionaries placed their own stores of provisions at the service of these unhappy people, and as soon as

Sir George Grey, the Governor, heard of the disaster, he forwarded supplies. The famine was a trying ordeal, but the charity of the missionaries taught the people who were their real friends: and when, in course of time, some of the men returned to their kraals, they gratefully recognised the help that had been given to their wives and children.

The missions seemed now to take a fresh start, and some of them became flourishing communities, throwing out branches which were placed under the direction of other missionaries sent out from England, and assisted by native converts. In 1863, the native congregation at St. Matthew's contributed £37 to the Lancashire Cotton Famine Relief Fund, besides giving a liberal subscription to the Society under whose



BISHOP COLENSO'S CHURCH AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

auspices the station had been founded. In the same year Bishop Cotterill held his first synod, which was attended by thirty-two ordained clergymen and thirty lay members.

Many of the chiefs in the diocese of Grahamstown accepted the teaching of the missionaries. One of them, Sandili, sent his daughter, who received the name of Emma at her baptism, to the Bishop of Cape Town's Native Institution at Zonnebloem, and after remaining there seven years she returned to her native district as schoolmistress. The liberality of some of the converts was very marked, and from almost every station that had been established for any length of time, contributions were sent every year to London for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The list of these contributions reads a little strangely—one man gives a calf, value 10s.; another a goat, value 2s. 6d., a third a turkey, value 10s.; while two women gave one plank, value 2s. 6d.

In 1868, the Grahamstown synod resolved that all members of the church above fifteen years of age should be asked to pay a poll-tax towards the Diocesan Fund. In the case

of the colonists, this tax was fixed at half a crown a head, but it was decided that the amount to be paid by the native Christians should be left to be fixed by the missionary at each station. At St. Matthew's, Mr. Greenstock brought the subject to the notice of his congregation, and explained to them the Mosaic rule that every Israelite should pay half a shekel, and that our Lord had worked a miracle to enable Himself and St. Peter to pay His own and His disciple's contribution. A long consultation followed; some were anxious to know the exact purpose to which the money was to be applied, others thought the very smallest sum would be more than the poorest could afford. At last one man asked what was the exact equivalent of a half-shekel, and on being told one shilling and threepence, it was agreed by the meeting to fix the payment at that sum, and eighty-five persons came forward with their money in the course of a few days.

In 1871, Bishop Cotterill left Grahamstown to become Bishop of Edinburgh, in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church, and Mr. Merriman was consecrated to the vacant diocese. Two years later the charge of the Transkei mission was committed to Dr. Callaway, who was consecrated Bishop of St. John's in St. Paul's church, Edinburgh, the Scottish Episcopal Church having undertaken the support and maintenance of the new bishop. Dr. Callaway, who had been educated for the medical profession, had obtained a lucrative practice in London, which he gave up to become an evangelist in South Africa, and at the time of his consecration had already been labouring amongst the Kaffirs for nearly twenty years as physician, farmer, printer, and priest, winning the hearts of the natives and making many converts. He was in much request on account of his medical skill, and was held in great esteem by his patients. Calling one day upon a chief named Umkqikela, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, he recommended a lotion and a shade, which were productive of such good results, that the chief declared he was a most skilful doctor, and that his very touch was beneficial.

In 1879, Bishop Callaway founded at Umatatu, on the St. John's river, an institution for training native converts, and the ceremony of laying the corner-stone was attended by most of the neighbouring English settlers, who placed their offerings on the stone itself. Suddenly a troop of native horsemen appeared on the scene, and created much alarm. But they came on a peaceful errand; and at the outskirts of the little gathering all dismounted, when their leader, the chief Gangalizwe, a famous Tembu warrior, reverently approached the stone and deposited ten pounds. The others followed his example, and those who did not give money offered sheep and cattle.

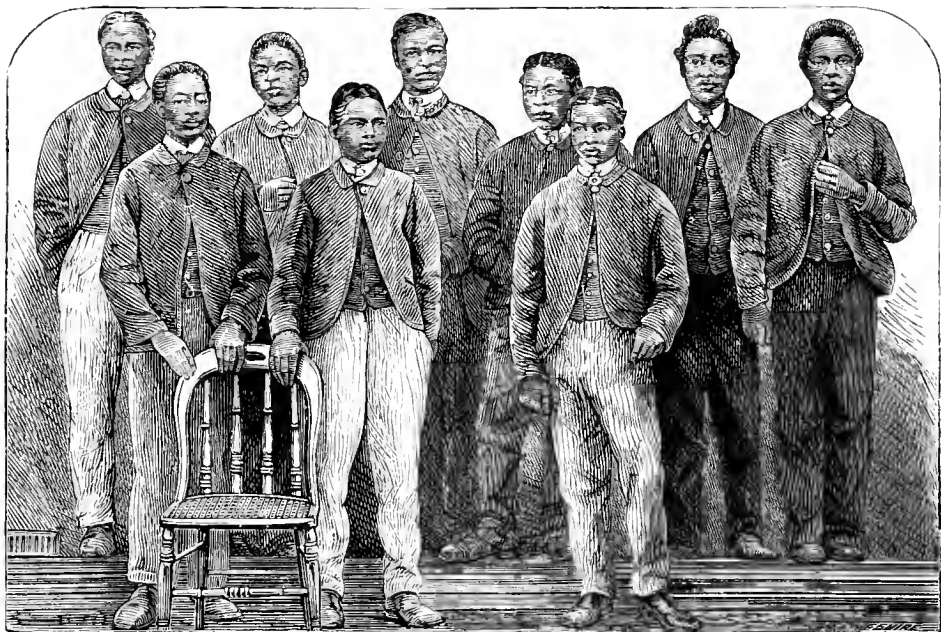
The good bishop's health failed in 1883, and he found it necessary to obtain the assistance of a coadjutor in the person of Mr. Key, who had been educated at the famous Missionary College, St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and for sixteen years had been in charge of a mission on the borders of Natal. In this situation he had been exposed to much peril, and on one occasion during his temporary absence the station was attacked and five native Christians were put to death. Many of the marauders soon bitterly repented their wickedness, and one of their chiefs is

reported to have reproached them for what they had done, adding that they might have murdered Key had he not fortunately been absent at the time.

Reference has already been made to the consecration of Dr. Colenso to the see of Natal. Whatever may be our opinion of the unhappy controversies excited by his teaching, his bitterest opponents are bound to admit that he was always the friend and champion of the Zulus. On his arrival in his diocese, he made it his first business to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir tongue, and he afterwards compiled, at the cost of much time and labour, a Zulu grammar and dictionary, which have been of immense service to the missionaries. Frequently he interposed with success between the Government and the natives, and often secured justice which might, without his help, have been denied them. The last of his many journeys to England was undertaken to plead the cause of the Zulu chief, Cetewayo, and he was enabled to return to Natal bearing a message of peace from the Colonial Secretary. He has now passed to his rest, and his name is still gratefully remembered by many of the natives of South Africa, who ever found him a true and faithful friend.



BISHOP COLENZO'S HOUSE AT PIETERMARITZBURG.



CHRISTIAN KAFFIR YOUTHS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

Wesleyan Missions to South Africa—William Shaw—A Children's Christmas—Dutch Generosity—Scottish Missions—Epidemics and Infection—Curious Fears of the Natives—German Missions—Herr Scholtz—Paris Missions—Captain Allen Gardiner—Arrival in Natal—Work Among the Zulus—American Missions—Successors of Robert Moffat—Mackenzie's Journey to Linyali—A Ravenous Lion—A Sad Meeting—"Fallen in Harness"—Among the Bamangwatos—The Diamond Fields—The Canteen—Kaffir Protests against Ardent Spirits—Story of Heathen Northumbria—Hope for the Future.

NO account of the good fight of faith in South Africa could pretend to be complete which did not include the names and the deeds of the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries in Cape Colony and Natal. In 1820, a large number of Wesleyans emigrated in a body to the Cape, in order to settle in the district of Albany, to the north of Algoa Bay, and the Rev. William Shaw was sent out with them as chaplain, the British Government having agreed to allow any party of a hundred families to select their own minister. The emigrants reached Algoa Bay in the middle of May, and at once took possession of the territory assigned to them. They came out with great expectations of finding the promised land in their new home, but it turned out to be little better than a wilderness, and the earlier years of the settlement were troubled by unforeseen difficulties. By continuous labour, and the exercise of much patience, the settlers succeeded after a time in breaking up the soil for cultivation, and in building permanent and comfortable houses, their faithful pastor and his devoted wife being always ready with counsel and practical help to cheer them

in their arduous undertaking. They came to him for advice in every emergency, and found him helpful both as regards the affairs of the present life and the life to come.

In the course of three or four years the settlement was fairly established, and another minister having arrived to take his place as chaplain, William Shaw was able to carry out his long cherished wish of devoting himself to missionary work among the Kaffirs. His aim was to establish a chain of mission stations along the coast of South Eastern Africa, as far as the then remote and unsettled district of Port Natal; and under his superintendence this noble idea was carried out. In



CHRISTIAN KAFFIR GIRLS.

November, 1823, setting out in an ox waggon, he, after some negotiation with the Kaffir chief Gaika, established a station on his territory not far from the sea and the Kieskamma river, and called the place Wesleyville, in honour of the founder of Methodism. In less than two years another advance was made; a second station was founded by Mr. Kay and named Mount Coke, after Dr. Thomas Coke, the friend and colleague of John Wesley, and the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Coke well deserved to be thus commemorated, for he had crossed the Atlantic nine times as a missionary, and had finished his long and active course in Ceylon, contending earnestly to the last for the faith. Other stations were soon occupied, and the practice begun at Wesleyville and Mount Coke, was continued at Butterworth, Morley, Clarkebury, and Buntingville, which all recall the names of men famous in the history of Methodism. Some of these places have been destroyed in the Kaffir wars, and Clarkebury has furnished two soldiers to the noble army of martyrs—Rawlins, killed by the Fiteani; and Thomas, murdered by the assegais of some Kaffirs who

were attempting to steal cattle. But undaunted by calamities like these, as soon as the wars had ended the stations were restored, and the good work again commenced.

Few missionaries in South Africa have been so often exposed to the perils of war as the Wesleyans in Kaffirland, and wonderful have been their escape. Again and again have the Kaffirs taken up arms, not always without provocation, against British rule, and have frequently inflicted heavy losses upon our troops. They know how to fight, and have proved themselves brave and determined on the field of battle, dangerous in attack, and desperate in defeat. Yet these bold warriors have often submitted themselves readily to the soldiers of the Cross, and many of the Wesleyan stations in Kaffirland have witnessed scenes astonishing to men who doubt the power and influence of the Gospel. At Morley, Mr. Palmer obtained a remarkable influence over a chief named Faku, whose followers numbered more than a thousand warriors. The chief, though retaining his old superstitious, never allowed any of his tribe to touch the property or the persons of any of the converts at the station. He lived beyond the Umtatu river, and once, having lost some of his cattle, he determined to make reprisals upon the tribe that had carried them off. Calling together his men, he started on his avenging expedition. The road lay through Morley, and fearing the missionary and the people would be alarmed, he halted as soon as he had passed the river, while a messenger was sent forward with an assurance that Mr. Palmer need not be frightened, as nobody at the station would be injured, and nothing would be touched. These promises were faithfully observed, and the whole army marched through the place without touching man, woman, or child, or carrying off any property belonging to the inhabitants.

It was at Morley, during the out-door celebration of Christmas Day by a party of two hundred children of the schools, who in spite of the hot weather, thoroughly enjoyed a feast of roast beef and plum pudding, that some Dutchmen made a remarkable admission as to the beneficent work carried on by the missionaries. They were seeking some horses that had been stolen, or had strayed, and rode up as the children were singing. At the sound of the fresh young voices, the party halted as if by instinct, and listened with attention to the hymn. When it ended they told Mr. Palmer of the pleasure it gave them to see such a sight, and to hear such singing, and then and there they offered to subscribe to the mission funds, and undertook to persuade their friends to do likewise.

A recent traveller has described a Sunday spent at one of these Methodist missionary stations. Soon after daybreak, he saw the natives wending their way from all the neighbouring kraals towards the chapel which was soon crowded. Loud was the singing of the hymns, hearty "Amens" were ejaculated during the prayer as some special petition went home to the hearts of the hearers, and at the end of the prayer there was a unanimous response. The sermon was listened to with great attention, and when the service was concluded the congregation quietly dispersed, some returning to their homes, and others remaining for a second and later meeting. Those who had been unable to find room inside the chapel had worshipped in the open air, the preacher standing on the box of an ox waggon, and the people sitting on the ground.

A few years ago, when the late Rev. G. T. Perks, one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was on a visit to Natal and Kaffirland, he was welcomed by hundreds of Christian Kaffirs; heard thousands of children singing their native hymns, and dedicated for public worship some recently erected chapels. And all this amongst a people who, a few years before, had no notion of religion, and scarcely any idea of a First Cause; who believed in witchcraft, and were cruel, merciless destroyers of their fellow-men. There are persons still bold enough to tell us that the Kaffirs cannot be civilised, and English travellers through their country have not been ashamed to speak of them as dogs, and to treat them with less consideration than they would extend to the brute creation. The Wesleyan missions are, however, a convincing proof that the Kaffir is not too wild or too degraded to become a faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

Nor has success amongst the Kaffirs been confined to the Wesleyan missionaries, or to the missions connected with the Church of England. As long ago as 1821, the Glasgow Missionary Society sent out Messrs. Thomson and Bennie to begin work in Kaffirland, and these pioneers have been followed by other like-minded men. They too have had sad experiences of the horrors of war, and have been often compelled to quit their stations, sometimes barely escaping with their lives. On one occasion a missionary was obliged to fly before an invading host, and only carried off the clothes on his back and his Bible, leaving behind him property in buildings and goods which could not be replaced for less than £700. The Disruption in the Scottish Church in 1843 had for a time a disastrous effect upon the Glasgow Missionary Society, which was dissolved, but the work in Kaffirland was subsequently taken up and is still continued by the Free Church of Scotland, and now includes several flourishing stations. The early experiences of the Scotch missionaries differed little from those of other teachers and preachers in Kaffirland, and they have only begun to reap a harvest after a long and trying series of years, that gave no promise of ultimate success.

The Scotch missionaries seem to have experienced peculiar trials. It was rumoured that the Colonial Government controlled the stations, and would use them for the purpose of murdering the natives, and taking possession of the country. At Pirie there was an epidemic of measles, and a story was circulated that they were brought in a red pocket-handkerchief by a missionary from Keiskamma, who had killed many people there, and was anxious that Mr. Ross, his brother missionary, should do likewise at Pirie. It was said that all the chapel seats had been smeared with infectious matter, and to such an extent did these fables obtain credence, that for some weeks there was no communication between the missionary and the other inhabitants of the place. A few years later another epidemic broke out in different parts of the country. This time it was small-pox, and the chief tried to establish a cordon round the infected places. Mr. Ross, though not actually living in one of these, was stopped as he was journeying to Lovedale to obtain lymph in order to vaccinate persons willing to submit to that operation, and he barely escaped with his

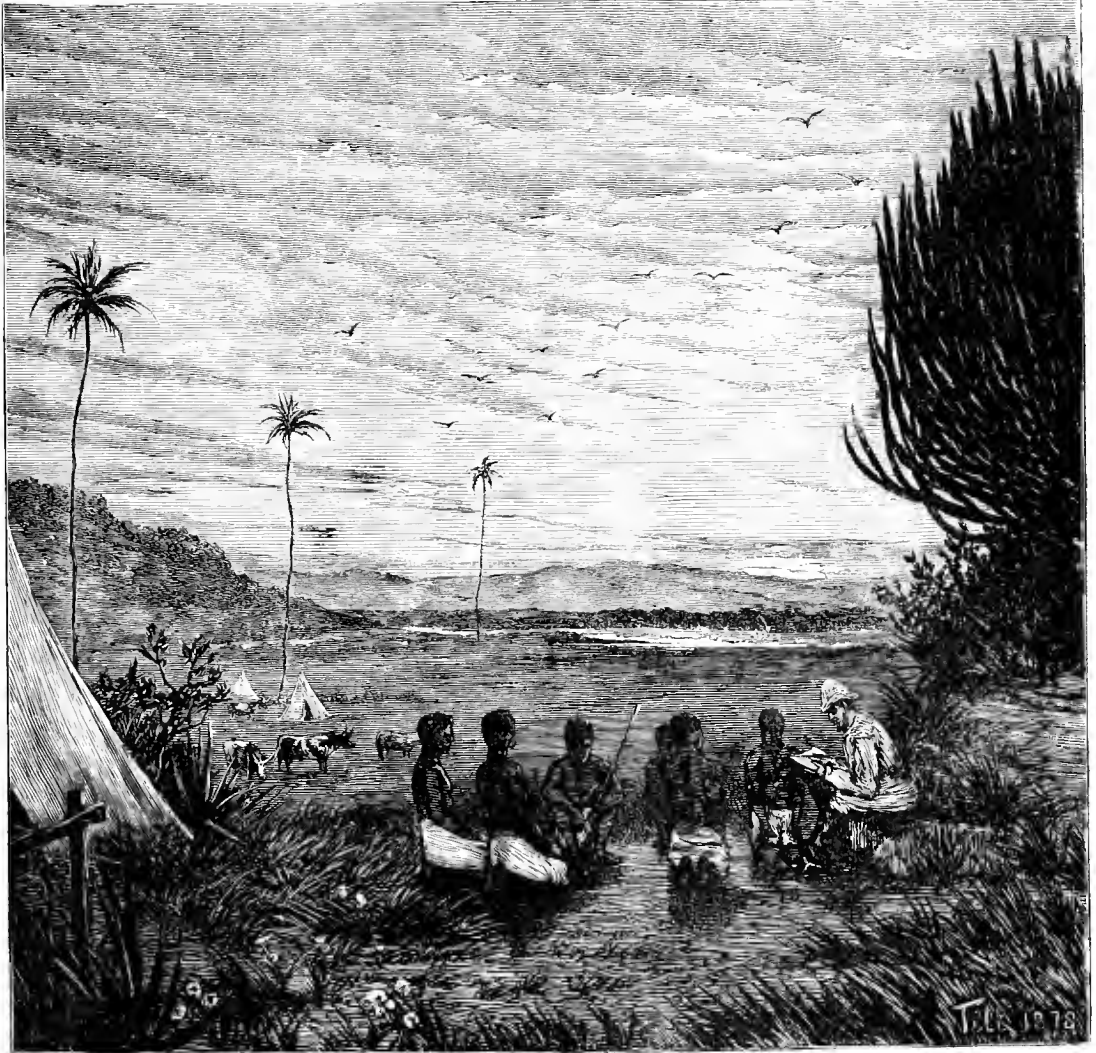
life. Having obtained what he required, he was successful in persuading a number of the people to be vaccinated, and thus saved many lives; but it was still asserted by the natives that the small-pox had been malevolently spread by the missionaries and white men.

Before Pastor Harms undertook the great enterprise associated with his name, the Berlin Missionary Society had already sent out several missionaries to the Cape, and they had established themselves in Kaffirland, Natal, and the Bechuana country, working with determination and energy, and in time seeing some gratifying results. One of these pious Germans, Herr Scholtz, obtained the crown of martyrdom just as he was about to begin labouring among the Kaffirs. The party with which he was travelling had entered the native territory and outspanned for the night, the servants lying on the ground round the watch-fire, and the missionaries sleeping in the waggon. At one o'clock they were awakened by the loud barking of dogs, and supposed that some wild animals were prowling round the camp. Rushing into the darkness to discover the cause of the disturbance, a servant was stabbed by a Kaffir, and Scholtz, who was looking out through the curtain of the waggon received a wound in the stomach. He speedily withdrew the weapon, and did not suppose the injury serious. Help was soon obtained, but the unfortunate missionary quickly grew so much worse that he could not be removed, and after enduring terrible sufferings for some hours, was at length released by death. The body of the servant was found in the bush on the following day, and the missionary and the native servant were buried in one grave.

The Paris Society for Evangelical Missions has also entered upon missionary enterprise in South Africa, partly to minister to the needs of the descendants of the French refugees who emigrated to the Cape two hundred years ago, on the revocation by Louis XIV. of the edict of Nantes, but also to preach the Gospel to the heathen. Their work has been chiefly among the Bechuana tribe, and we have already met with one of them in the person of Fredoux, the son-in-law of Robert Moffat. They have founded several stations, to which they have often given Biblical names, and an examination of the map will disclose a Beersheba, a Carmel, a Hebron, and a Bethesda and another name which one would hardly think could have been chosen by a Frenchman—Wellington.

Captain Allen Gardiner is usually associated with missionary enterprise in South America, where he died in 1851, the last of the heroic band who attempted to introduce Christianity into Tierra del Fuego; but it can never be forgotten that some of the best years of his noble life were devoted to the service of God and the welfare of man in South Africa. Gardiner was the son of a country gentleman in Berkshire, and even as a child showed a strong predilection for a life of adventure, to which he was impelled by reading the travels of Mungo Park. He entered the Royal Navy at the age of sixteen, during the long war between this country and the great Napoleon, and in 1814, whilst serving on board the *Essex*, distinguished

himself so highly in the capture of the United States vessel *Pharbe*, that he was sent home as lieutenant in charge of the prize. Four years later, as he was on the point of sailing for the East Indies, a lady who had attended his mother on her death-



MISSIONARY MEETING IN KAFFIRLAND.

bed, lent him an account of her last days, and allowed him to make a copy. It recalled to his mind her early but long-forgotten teaching, and he determined before he left Portsmouth to purchase a Bible. Yet he was so unwilling to be seen doing this, that he loitered outside the bookseller's shop until it was empty of customers before he ventured to enter. At Penang he received a warm and wise letter from his friend, and this letter, coming to him as it did in the midst of his perusal of the story of the death of his mother, and his study of God's Word, produced a complete

change in his life, and resulted in his becoming a sincere Christian. In the course of the voyage he visited South America, where he was much interested in the natives, and sailing afterwards to Tahiti, he was greatly impressed with the successful results of missions in that island. He returned to England temporarily invalided, and as soon as he was in a better state of health offered his services to the directors of the London Missionary Society. They, however, were unable to accept his offer, and shortly afterwards being appointed to another ship, he was once more afloat, but in consequence of his wife's delicate health, was obliged in a few years to retire, and to settle in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Gardiner's illness proved fatal, and beside her coffin his old longing for missionary work returned. He solemnly dedicated himself to the conversion of the heathen, broke up his home, and abandoned all prospect of further advancement in his profession.

His natural love of adventure, and his earnest desire to become a pioneer, determined him to go to South Africa. Some of his friends counselled him to seek ordination and to become a regular missionary, but he felt that he would do better as a layman, and, unencumbered with the status and dignity of a clergyman, would be more useful in preparing the way for those who might follow. He was not the first instance of an English sailor leaving his ship to become a preacher of the Gospel, but unlike John Newton, who took orders, Allen Gardiner had no formal commission. Called to work for his Master by an inward vocation more powerful than any authority conferred by ecclesiastical laying on of hands, he left Spithead in August, 1834, and reached the Cape in the following November. On the voyage he made the acquaintance of a Polish gentleman, named Berken, who was going out as a settler in the colony, and the two became such fast friends, that on their arrival in South Africa, Berken gave up for a while his original intention, and agreed to accompany Captain Gardiner to Natal. They travelled overland, and met with many difficulties on their journey. At one time they lost all their cattle, and were hindered for days in recovering them. They were nearly drowned in crossing one river, and on the banks of another were in peril from the hippopotami, who resented an intrusion upon their accustomed haunts. For these trials they had some compensation in the hearty welcome they received at the flourishing Moravian settlement at Gnadenthal, and at several stations of the Wesleyan missionaries. They also visited Bethelsdorp, where, however, they were not favourably impressed with the place or the people. At last they reached Port Natal, which had been recently founded and called Durban in honour of the governor of Cape Colony, though it is now generally known by its former name. Gardiner was soon in communication with Dingaan, a powerful chief of the Zulus, the brother and successor of the great Chaka, who, in fourteen years, had transformed that once peaceful people into a nation of warriors. It seems indeed strange that the Zulus, who have now for so many years been the boldest and fiercest of South African tribes, should, in the early years of the century, have been quietly cultivating their fields, and apparently content to lead a purely agricultural life. In 1814, Chaka began his career by inducing his immediate neighbours to join in a common league to defend their

homes from attack. Next he raised an army and carefully trained his men, until he felt himself powerful enough to fall upon and conquer the neighbouring peoples, with the result that in ten years his name had become a terror throughout South-Eastern Africa. Four years later he was assassinated at the instigation of Dingaan, and it is said that with his dying breath he prophesied the coming rule of the white men. Dingaan was favourably impressed by the frank, sailor-like manners of Captain Gardiner, and allowed him to preach to the people, who listened attentively as he explained the power and wisdom of God, the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the dead, but only laughed when he told them that every man was full of sin. During his residence among the Zulus, Gardiner was much interested in many of their customs and rites, which he thought resembled those of the Jews; and he took great pains in investigating the religious traditions, handed down from a period anterior to the rise of Chaka's military power. Their forefathers had certainly believed in one great overruling spirit, to whom they had given the name of Villenanga, or the First Appearer. He had created another great power, who had visited the earth for the twofold purpose of proclaiming the truth, and of separating the sexes and the colours of the human race. Circumcision had at one time been practised among the Zulus, and sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenanga. The first ripe corn was given to the chief, and he partook of it and blessed it before any of the people dared to touch it. Witchcraft, so common with the neighbouring Kaffirs, was punished by death, and it was usual for a younger brother to marry his deceased brother's widow. Other and darker observances had also prevailed; a new chief on his accession to power was washed in human blood, generally in the blood of his own brother, who was killed in order to secure a powerful and happy reign. Many, though not all, of these customs had been suppressed by Chaka, but the memory of them still lingered among the older men who described them to Captain Gardiner.

Dingaan on being asked to receive missionaries firmly refused, and Gardiner was unable to overcome his objections. But when he returned to England he persuaded the Church Missionary Society to undertake a mission to Zululand, and the field was also occupied by the American Missionary Society. Mr. Owen, an Englishman, and Mr. Grant, an American, were persuaded by the chief to settle in the country, and both underwent many dangers and much trouble. Dingaan listened to the preaching of the former, and often questioned him upon religious subjects, but in a captious, sceptical spirit. The doctrine of the resurrection was a great stumbling-block, and he frequently inquired why, if the dead were to rise again, they did not appear then and there before his eyes. The missionary's hut had been built by his orders on a hill near the kraal, that he might be able to see what was going on there, and one day he sent up some cloth with instructions that it was to be made into jackets. Mr. Owen instructed his servants to carry out these directions, and when the jackets were finished sent them to the chief, who then declared that some of the cloth had been kept back, and insisted upon making a search for it. Nothing was found; Dingaan was profuse in his apologies, and sent some cows as a present

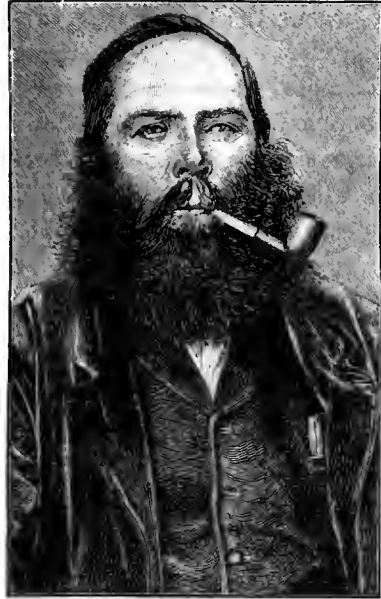
to the missionary, but he was much disappointed that Mr. Owen did not, by way of showing his forgiveness, eat a whole cow in one day. This was only one of the many annoyances to which Mr. Owen was subjected. Dingaan soon found the missionary had no great liking for the war-dances, which were frequently exhibited at the kraal, and therefore always invited him to be present at these entertainments, and insisted upon the invitations being accepted. The chief sometimes attended Mr. Owen's preaching, and when he was tired of listening, would seek to distract the attention

of the other members of the congregation by some childish expedient, and was not a little pleased when he succeeded in interrupting the service.

At last circumstances compelled Mr. Owen to withdraw. Some Boers had come on a peaceful errand to Dingaan, to negotiate with him for the sale of land as a settlement; he entertained them with apparent hospitality, and then put them to death in cold blood. The missionary felt bound to remonstrate, and though he was told he had nothing to fear, he judged it best to leave Dingaan, who was afterwards deposed by the Boers of the Transvaal Republic as a punishment for his base treachery.

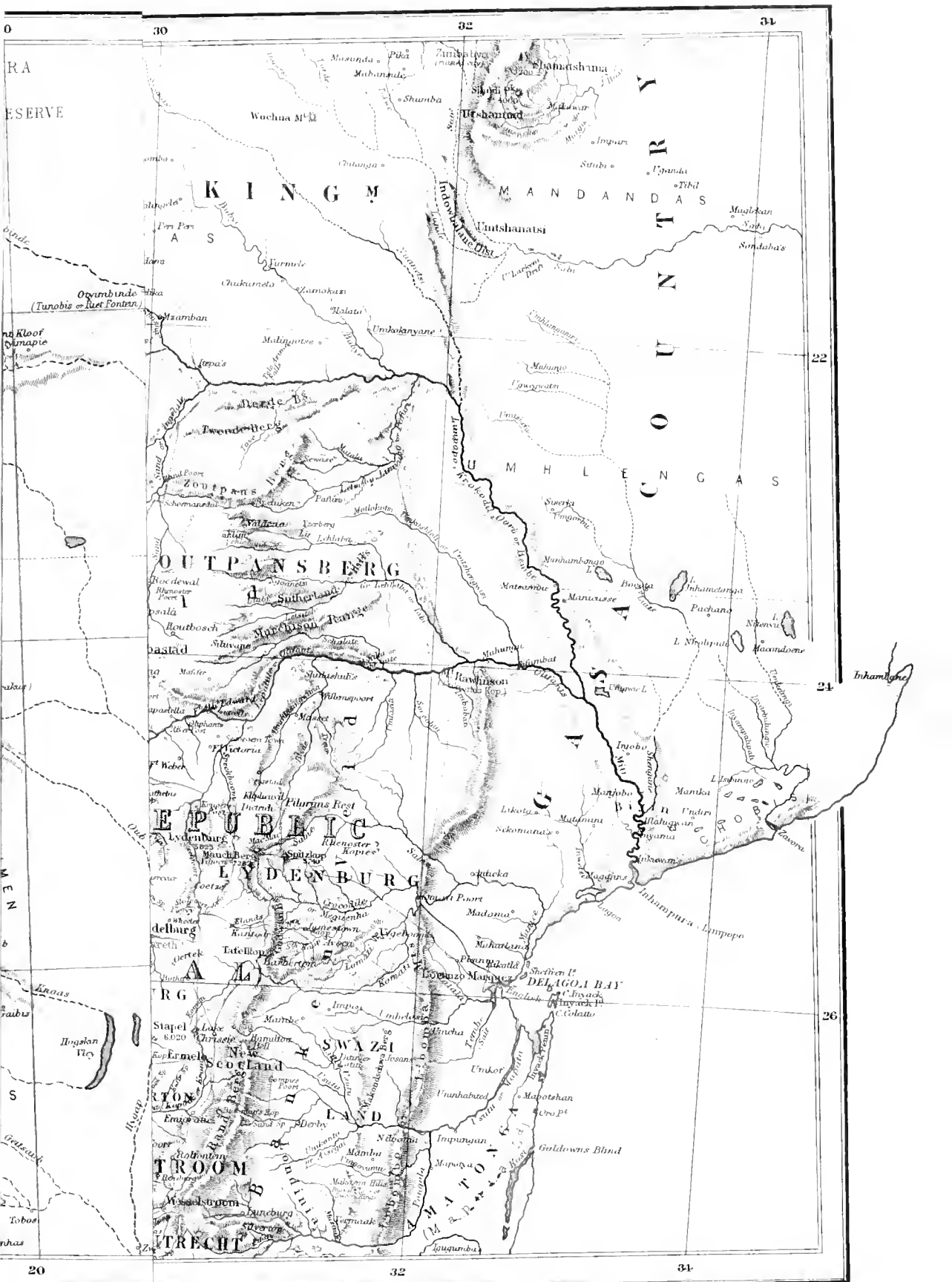
These untoward events also compelled the American missionaries to quit the country and to take refuge in British territory. Mr. Aldin Grant, the senior missionary, a man of indomitable energy, subsequently returned to the work, and reopened the schools, which were largely attended. For a time he was permitted by Panda, the successor of Dingaan,

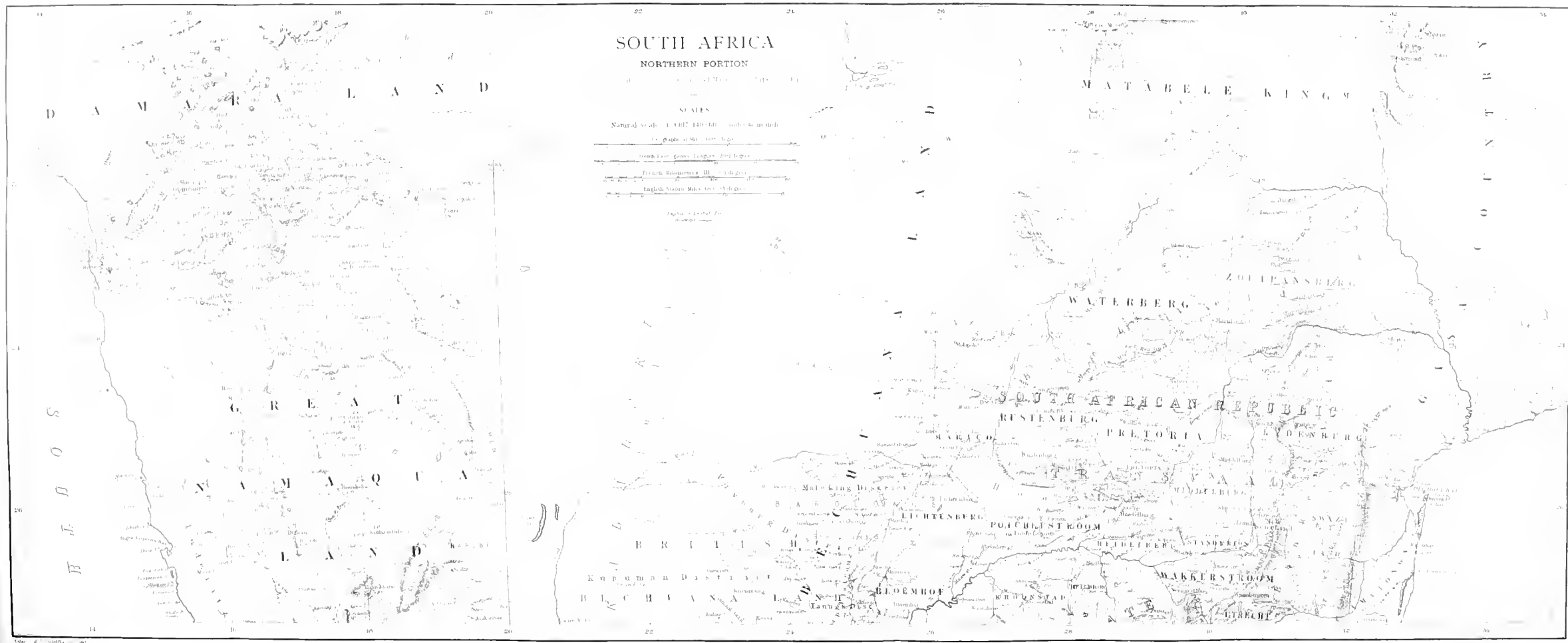
to carry on the mission, but after a while the chief, pretending that the station was a rendezvous for those who wished to avoid military service, burnt several of the adjacent kraals. Mr. Grant once more returned to Natal, but in the following year Dr. Schreuder, the Norwegian, was permitted by Panda to teach, on condition that he would cure his Majesty's gout and keep him in health, and subsequently other Norwegians were allowed to settle in the country, and were protected by Panda and his successor, Cetewayo.



TRANSVAAL BOER.

Before taking final leave of South Africa, a few pages must be devoted to the successors of Robert Moffat in the Bechuana mission, the later history of which has been told by John Maekenzie in "Day-dawn in Dark Places," an interesting narrative of twenty-five years' wandering and work in Bechuanaland. Mackenzie arrived at Kuruman in 1858, where he was heartily welcomed by Moffat, at a time of much anxiety as to a threatened occupation of the place by the Boers, which was, however, prevented by a strong remonstrance addressed to the President of the Transvaal Republic by Sir George Grey. For some months, in the absence of



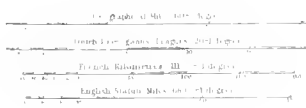


SOUTH AFRICA

NORTHERN PORTION

SCALES

Natural scale 1:100,000 (not to scale)



D A M A R A L A N D

G R E A T

N A M A Q U A

L A N D

M A T A B E L E K I N G D O M

W A T E R B E R G

Z O U L I A N S B E R G

S O U T H A F R I C A N R E P U B L I C

R U S T E N B E R G

P R E T O R I A

L I D E N B E R G

T R A N S V A A L

M I D D E L B E R G

S T A N S B E R G

L I C H T E N B E R G

P O C H E S T R O O M

S W A Z I

M A K K E R S T R O O M

T R E C H E

B L O E M H O F

K R I T S T A D

K O O N S T A N T I N E

H U C H I A N A

S O U T H A F R I C A N R E P U B L I C

S O U T H A F R I C A N R E P U B L I C

Moffat, who had started on one of his long journeys to the Matabele, Mackenzie was left in sole charge of the station, and applied himself diligently to learn the Sechuana language with the assistance of a native teacher, and of Moffat's translation of the Bible. He also read medical works, and was called upon to exercise his surgical skill upon several patients, and even to advise upon cases reported to him by messengers from sick men at a distance. One of these patients had been attacked by a leopard, and was so seriously wounded, that the man who came to Kuruman to consult Mackenzie did not think he could recover. Mackenzie could not go to see the case, but sent materials for a poultice and a tonic, and from time to time heard of the patient's progress from the faithful messenger, who came for fresh medicine as it was wanted. At length the visits ceased, and one day, when the missionary was wondering as to the cause, a man walked into the mission house and introduced himself as the patient. He sat down, and told the whole story of the wound and the cure. 'My mouth is not exactly where it used to be, but the wound is quite whole. Everybody said I should die, but your herbs have cured me. You are now my white man. Please give me a knife.' Mackenzie expected some expression of gratitude, and hinted as much to his visitor, who seemed astonished he did not accept the request for a present as a token of thankfulness. The man thought that as he had now a white man of his own he could always beg of him.



BOER WOMAN.

In 1860, Mackenzie started on a long journey northward, accompanied by his wife, and escorted by about a dozen natives of different tribes, one of whom, Mebalwe, had been for some time with Livingstone, and had taken part in the doctor's encounter with the lion at Mabotsa. Moffat was still absent from the station, but Mrs. Moffat attended the travellers as far as Klein Chwai, and then returned to Kuruman. Three gentlemen bound for the Zambesi on a hunting expedition joined the missionary, and for a time they all travelled together as much as circumstances would allow, Mackenzie having discovered that one of the hunters was a fellow-native of the same district in Scotland. Before they had proceeded very far, one of the waggons broke down, happily at no great distance from Kamj, the chief town of the Bangwaketse, where it was repaired, though only after considerable delay, during which Mackenzie was able to preach to the people, who seemed very willing to hear, but wanted to know why he was going to distant tribes, while they were passed by. He confessed himself unable to give a satisfactory reply to this question, and Christian missions have since been established amongst the Bangwaketse with much success. At Kamj a native teacher attached to the tribe under the chief Montsieve, came to the waggons to ask Mr. Mackenzie to visit his congregation, and administer

the rite of baptism, and the request was gladly complied with. Thus the accident to the waggon was not without compensating advantages, and enabled the travellers to prepare the way for future work, and to encourage and assist a small congregation of Christians who were at the time entirely dependent upon a native teacher.

At last the waggon was mended and the journey resumed. Without further accident they reached Liteyana, the residence of Sechéle, the friend of Moffat, Livingstone, and the Hermannsburg missionaries, where they received from the chief a hearty welcome. He offered his visitors an ox for food, and often amused them by his eccentric dress, appearing one day in a suit made in European fashion out of a tiger-skin, and on another, when it was very hot, in an immense macintosh and huge boots. He introduced them to the Hanoverian missionaries who had built him a house, which he kept in excellent order—a wonderful contrast to the houses or huts of other chiefs.

The travellers did not stay long at Liteyana, but pressed forward to Shoshong, where they met Moffat returning from Moselikatse with a message of peace to Sekhomi, the chief of the district. The meeting between the two missionaries was welcome to both, but the interview was brief, for Moffat had to resume the journey to Kuruman while Mackenzie pursued his way northwards through a dry and barren country, in which he encountered many difficulties, and some strange adventures. One day he had a narrow escape from death in a Makalala trap for wild beasts. This was made of a piece of wood, with a large assegai pointed towards the ground, so suspended as to kill any animal passing under it. Not looking very carefully where he was walking, the missionary did not perceive his danger until he was almost immediately under the trap. A remonstrance with the chief, by whose directions it had been put up, elicited the excuse that the people were without food, and it was not to be supposed Mackenzie would have walked in that direction.

Again a waggon broke down, and there being no place near at which it could be mended, the missionary had to turn wheelwright, and compared himself to a shoemaker called upon to make a set of false teeth. With very unsuitable tools he contrived to patch up one of the wheels, and after a delay of some hours the waggon was once more capable of locomotion. The other waggons had been sent on, and it was dark before Mackenzie came up to the encampment. Scarcely had he arrived when a terrible cry of an animal in pain was heard in the direction in which the horses and cattle were grazing. They were at once brought in and secured, and it was discovered that one of the horses was missing. It was too dark to do anything that night, but early next morning all the men went out to make search, and not more than a hundred yards from the encampment, they saw a lion raise his head from the inside of the horse. One man immediately fired his gun, and the lion made off apparently uninjured. Mackenzie also fired, but the bullet only threw up a cloud of dust, and the beast escaped. A bushman who came up shortly afterwards said that he had seen the lion's track on the road for miles, so it was evident the beast had been following the belated waggon for some time during the previous evening, and had fallen upon the victim almost directly

after he had been turned out to feed. The owner of the horse, a Hottentot named Hendrik, now threatened to return to Kuruman unless he was compensated for the loss, and, on Mackenzie declining to pay, turned sulky and tried to induce the other drivers to strike. A little firmness and patience was, however, sufficient to tide over the difficulty, and the next day good humour was restored.

In another part of the long journey the travellers were sadly harassed by insufficiency of water, which could only be obtained in small quantities after digging for some hours, and even then it was found in the morning that wild animals had drunk what had been collected during the night. Fires lighted and kept burning were not effectual in deterring the marauders, and a stuffed figure intended to represent a man did not deceive the thirsty creatures. A strict watch was therefore kept until they approached the water, and then some were shot, and the rest found safety in flight.

As Mackenzie approached the Makololo country, where Messrs. Price and Helmore with their families had recently gone to establish a mission, he heard a rumour that the party of teachers had all died, except one man and two children. The same story was subsequently repeated, but was not much credited, partly because Mackenzie thought some of the people wished to prevent his own advance, and also because the details were not always identical. Still he could not help feeling that a sad catastrophe might have happened, and this feeling increased when one of the natives, who repeated the tale, and was somewhat severely cross-examined upon it, urged him to go on to Linyanti and see for himself. As he was passing along the banks of the river Zouga, he received a message from the chief Lechulatebe, inviting him to cross the river in boats sent for the purpose, and the messenger added that a white man who was sick and tired was waiting in one of the boats. Mackenzie did not at once accept the chief's invitation, preferring to continue his course until he reached the spot previously fixed upon as the halting-place for the night. There he found the white man, who was none other than Mr. Price, waiting as the messenger had said. "Can all this I hear be true?" was Mackenzie's first question, and even before he received the reply, "All is true," he understood by a look that the rumours were only too well founded.

It was some time before Price could tell the details of the terrible tragedy, in which his own wife and child, Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and two of their children, as well as several native Christians, had perished of African fever, induced by a wearisome journey, improper food, and an unwholesome climate. After travelling for seven months from Kuruman, the missionaries had reached Linyanti in February, 1860, and in less than a fortnight the whole party, except Mr. and Mrs. Price and one servant, were taken ill. The first victim was one of the tallest and strongest of the Bechuana drivers. Four days later, as Mr. Price, who was nurse, doctor, and cook, went out into the hut where the Helmore children were lying, he found little Henry cold and dead. His father was conscious, and on being told of his child's death asked that it might not be communicated to his wife. Two days later Mr. Price's infant daughter died, and again in two days Selina Helmore passed

away, to be followed on the morrow by Mrs. Helmore, who had been unconscious for some days, and did not know that two of her little ones had preceded her to the grave.

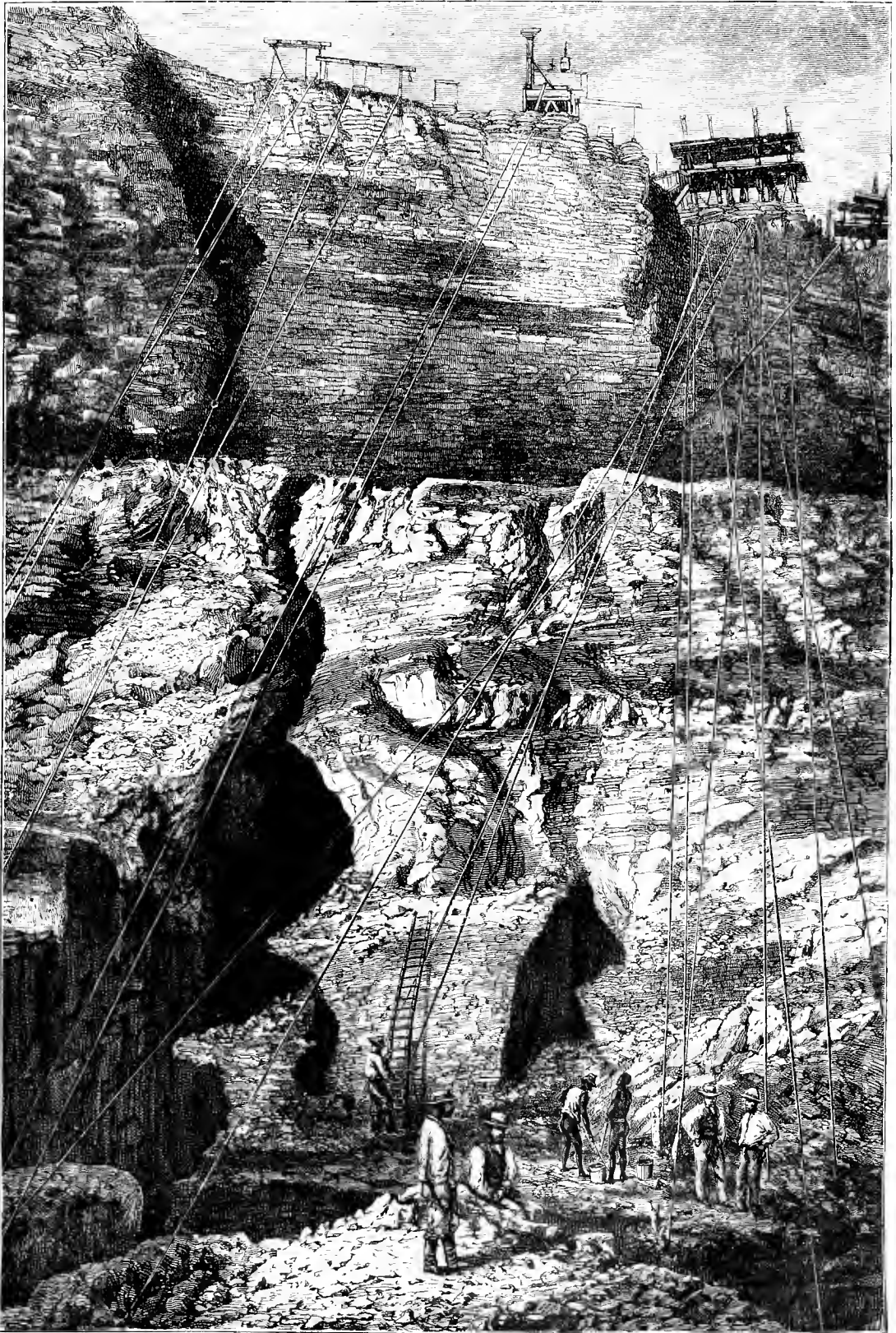
For a time the hand of death was stayed, and the missionaries seriously discussed the question of trying to find a more suitable and healthier station, but before any decisive step could be taken Mr. Helmore had a relapse, and died in a few days. Mr. Price then resolved to leave the Makololo, but the chief, Sekeletu, objected, and laid claim to Mr. Helmore's property, while the people made off with everything they could lay hands on — guns, ammunition, tents, and clothing belonging to Mr. Price being stolen, when he was too weak to protect his goods. It was with difficulty that he retained a sufficient amount of clothing for his own and his wife's personal use, but after many hindrances he was at last able to start for Kuruman, a distance of nearly a thousand miles. He had scarcely begun the journey when, waking early one morning, he found Mrs. Price breathing hard and quite insensible, and in a few hours she too had passed away, the last of the many victims of this unfortunate attempt to carry the Gospel to the Makololo.



GROUP OF KAFFIR CHRISTIANS.

This failure of the mission under Messrs. Price and Helmore, and the behaviour of the Makololo, compelled Mackenzie to change his plans, and he decided upon accompanying Mr. Price back to Kuruman, in order to await

instructions from England. Subsequently Mr. Mackenzie settled among the Bamangwato, though he made another long journey far into the interior to assist the mission in Matabeleland, leaving Mr. Price in charge at Shoshong. At first Mackenzie made small progress, but in time he felt he was getting hold of the people, who came to his services and schools in considerable numbers. He was able with their assistance to build a large chapel, and wishing to open it as far as possible in accordance with the native practices on occasions of rejoicing, he issued an invitation to the chief to come with his people to the new church on a given day to hear why it was built, and to partake of an ox. The invitation was generally accepted, and the people came in good time, dressed each according to his own taste, one wearing nothing but a sheet, another only a pair of trousers, though many were more completely arrayed in neater garments. The doors were thrown open and the building was criticised. Some thought it a capital place for drinking beer in, others that it would make a good sheepfold, and one man expressed the opinion that with a few warriors inside they could defy all their enemies. The older men were unwilling to enter, and



A DIAMOND MINE AT KIMBERLEY, GRIQUALAND WEST.

when at last they were persuaded to come in, it was noticed that they carried knives or daggers under their clothes. On being asked why they were thus armed, they replied that they feared the Christians intended to revenge themselves for all the ill-treatment they had formerly received. Mackenzie in a brief address was able to dissipate these fears, and then after prayer had been offered, the feast commenced, and was duly appreciated by the guests.

From that day the mission prospered, and Mr. Mackenzie subsequently commenced a theological class for training native ministers, which was, in 1876, removed to Kuruman, and is still continued there by the now veteran missionary, Roger Price.

Recent years have witnessed the discovery and development of the mineral resources and Diamond Fields of South Africa. Places in the distant interior, a short time ago untrodden by the foot of man, have become populous mining centres, and the face of the country has been scored in every direction by diggers in search of precious stones, white men and natives rushing to the fields in search of wealth and excitement. A day at the diggings reveals strange contrasts—streets of canvas tents, some inhabited by men of gentlemanly bearing, and furnished, if not luxuriously, at least with comfort and decency, and close by miserable shanties, affording the barest shelter to the broken-down, the vicious, and the profligate. The diamonds are mostly found in the clayey grounds, which also contains crystals, pebbles, and quartz. Each miner has an allotment of ten feet square, and his first business is to remove the surface soil, and next to dig out the underlying clay, which is carried or carted away to the nearest water, the clay to be washed away and the residue to be placed on a wooden table or stand. Eager eyes and busy hands are then engaged in a thorough examination of the heap, and careful search is often rewarded by the finding of rough diamonds, easily distinguished from the other stones. The work begins early in the morning, and goes on all day, except on Saturdays, when a half-holiday is usually observed, and is devoted to tidying up the tents or to some form of recreation. Saturday night is too often given up to dissipation and drunkenness, and the canteens are crowded with men singing, shouting, and lounging about in all states of intoxication; Sunday is spent by many in the same manner, although efforts have recently been made to secure order and quiet on the day of rest.

Almost immediately upon the discovery of the Diamond Fields, the English Bishop of Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, despatched a clergyman to undertake the care of the spiritual welfare of the miners. The first religious service attracted large numbers of the better disposed, who heartily welcomed the provision made for their needs, and agreed to pay all the expenses of the mission. Then a regular minister was appointed, and now several missionaries are at work in the fields among the European settlers and the natives. One evident result of these efforts has been an improvement in the outward appearance of the diggers, and a more general regard for the decencies of ordinary life. The Diamond Fields will always attract too many ne'er-do-wells from other parts of the country, and the task of the

missionaries will be arduous. The greatest obstacle to their success seems to lie in the temptation afforded by the drinking booths and canteens, where men who have become the possessors of more than they need for their immediate wants will often dissipate in a few hours the results of many weeks' hard and continuous work.

It is not only at the Diamond Fields that the missionary has found his worst enemy in the canteen. Wherever there is a European settlement there is almost inevitably a drinking-shop, largely frequented by white men and natives. The Kaffirs spend considerable amounts in "Cape Smoke," which is not, as might be supposed, some kind of tobacco, but brandy, often of the most fiery and abominable sort. To obtain it a Kaffir will sell his cattle, his skins, and even his wife and children, if only he can find purchasers; and when he has ruined himself in health and has lost every scrap of property, he becomes the most debased and the vilest of human beings, the victim of want and disease, only to be relieved from his sufferings by a miserable death. Many of the chiefs have protested against the neglect of the Colonial Government to stop this infamous, unhealthy, and soul-destroying trade, and have asked the authorities, "Why have your people brought this temptation into our midst? If we want brandy, let us come to town for it. Don't bring it to our doors, and don't place it before our wives and children." Such appeals and such reproaches go a long way to explain why so many of the natives hate the white man, and why our missions are not more successful in winning converts to Christianity.

We must not, however, despair of the ultimate success of missions in South Africa, or despond as we read of difficulties and of temporary defeat. A great historian has told an interesting story connected with the introduction of Christianity among our own heathen ancestors in Northumbria, and that story has its lesson for the supporters and friends of missions to-day. "With the general religious indifference of their race, they had yielded to their thegns in nominally accepting the new belief as they had yielded to their king. But they retained their old superstitions side by side with the new worship; plagues or mishaps drove them back to a reliance on their heathen charms and amulets, and if trouble befel the Christian preachers who came settling among them, they took it as a proof of the wrath of the older gods. When some log rafts, which were floating down the Tyne for the construction of an abbey at its mouth, drifted, with the monks who were at work on them, out to sea, the rustic bystanders shouted, 'Let nobody pray for them: let nobody pity those men who have taken away from us our old worship; and how their newfangled customs are to be kept nobody knows.'"^{*} The children of the men who were so hard-hearted and indifferent to the drowning of these teachers, threw away the old idols and exchanged the worship of Woden for the worship of Christ. And it is not too much to hope that even before this generation has passed away, Bushman and Hottentot, Kaffir and Zulu, Bechuana and Basuto, will reject their old superstitions and practices, and become part of the one flock under the one Shepherd and Bishop of the souls of all mankind.

* "The Making of England," by J. R. Green.

XXII.—MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

CHAPTER XL.

IN JERUSALEM AND ELSEWHERE.

A Strange Chapter in History—The Jews' Society—Letter from the Duke of Kent—Rev. Claudius Buchanan—A Noble Confessor—Palestine Place, London—A Christian Church on Mount Zion—Frederick William IV. of Prussia—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Bishop Alexander—Dr. Gobat—The Safid Mission—Story of Abraham Oezeret—Jews in Poland, Moldavia, Galicia, and South Russia—Fanaticism in Constantinople—Difficulties of Missions to the Jews.

IN his "History of the Jews," Dean Milman has the following striking passage: "The Jews," he says, "without reference to their religious belief, are among the most remarkable people in the annals of mankind. Sprung from one stock, they pass the infancy of their nation in a state of servitude in a foreign country, where, nevertheless, they increase so rapidly as to appear on a sudden the fierce and irresistible conquerors of their native valleys in Palestine. There they settle down under a form of government and code of laws totally unlike those of any other rude or civilised community. They sustain a long and doubtful conflict, sometimes enslaved, sometimes victorious, with the neighbouring tribes. At length, united under one monarchy, they gradually rise to the rank of a powerful, opulent, and commercial people. Subsequently, weakened by internal discord, they are overwhelmed by the vast monarchies which arose on the banks of the Euphrates, and are transplanted into a foreign region. They are partially restored, by the generosity or policy of the Eastern Sovereigns, to their native land. . . . Under Herod they rise to a second era of splendour as a dependent kingdom of Rome; finally, they make the last desperate resistance to the universal dominion of the Cæsars. Scattered from that period over the face of the earth—hated, scorned and oppressed, they subsist, a numerous and often a thriving people; and in all the changes of manners and opinions retain their ancient institutions, their national character, and their indelible hope of restoration to grandeur and happiness in their native land. . . ."

"The religious history of this people is no less singular. In the narrow slip of land inhabited by their tribes, the worship of one Almighty Creator of the Universe subsists, as in its only sanctuary. In every stage of society, under the pastoral tent of Abraham, and in the sumptuous temple of Solomon, the same creed maintains its inviolable simplicity. . . . Nor is this merely a sublime speculative tenet; it is the basis of their civil constitution, and of their national character. As there is but one Almighty God, so there is but one people under His especial protection—the descendants of Abraham. Hence their civil and religious history are inseparable.

"To the mere speculative inquirer, the study of the human race presents no phenomenon so singular as the character of this extraordinary people; to the Christian, no chapter in the history of mankind can be more instructive or important than that which contains the rise, progress, and downfall of his religious ancestors."

It is not surprising that when, in the early part of the present century, the

Christian Church awoke to a sense of her responsibility with regard to the spread of the great "commission" of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," she should also have remembered the letter of the mandate, "Beginning at Jerusalem."



JEWISH CHILDREN, JERUSALEM.

In 1809, a number of earnest men of all sections of the Christian Church met together to discuss how they might best promote the salvation of Israel, and after much prayer and conference, the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" was formed.

On the 7th of April, 1813, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, several Members of Parliament, and in the presence of some 20,000 spectators, laid the first stone of the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel and Schools in Palestine Place, Bethnal

Green, London. The occasion marked before the world the opening of a great Christian enterprise, which has since been largely expanded, and has been greatly honoured and blessed of God. The famous Wilberforce was present on that occasion, and the learned Lord Erskine was one of the speakers. After referring in his speech to the Jews as having preserved the foundation of our Scriptures, and their own prophets having foreseen the later sufferings of the Hebrews, he concluded in these words:—

“Let us remember that this is the greatest evidence attending the Christian religion; that its accomplishment is, after the life and death of our Saviour, the most durable of all prophecies; and that through it, it is in an especial manner we know that the Scriptures are of God; and having hitherto seen that the fabric of Christianity is supported by the evidence which the degradation of the Jew affords, shall we not endeavour to establish still further the proof of our own religion by bringing about, if such be the will of God, the conversion of the Jew.”

Such was the inauguration of the work of the Society, and henceforth it made steady progress. It was much indebted, from the first, to the aid of influential persons who took a prominent part in advocating its claims in public. The Duke of Kent, the Patron of the Society, was one of its warmest supporters, and a letter from him to Lord Dundas will be read with interest, as it sets forth his views on the subject:—

Kensington Palace, 4th May, 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,—As the return of the anniversary of the Duchess of York's birthday will render my attendance at Windsor on Friday, the 7th inst., unavoidable, and that being the day fixed for the meeting of the London Society, I shall thereby be precluded from the possibility of fulfilling the conditional promise I gave of presiding at it. I have to solicit the favour of your Lordship to fill the Chair on that occasion in my stead, and in doing so that you will further oblige me by taking an opportunity, in the course of the proceedings, of assuring the meeting that, although unavoidably prevented from personally attending it, my heart will be with them, as I am most sincerely and warmly interested in the success of the grand object they have in view, which I consider not only highly laudable, but, at the same time, most important; always, however, bearing in mind that every idea of proselytism must be excluded therefrom, the freest exercise of conscience upon all matters of religion being, in my own opinion, the only basis on which the plan can thrive. You Lordship will remember that I felt it incumbent upon me to express, in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, at the dinner of the 7th of April, that although holding, as I do, the Christian religion, agreeable to the manner in which it is professed and taught in the Established Church of this country, to be the purest guide to true happiness and morality, still I could not consider a right spirit of Christian benevolence as going beyond the extending our arms to receive into the bosom of our Church either the Jew or Mahometan who, from unbiassed conviction, becomes a convert to Christianity. It is therefore under the impression of these sentiments, conveying the exact principles acted upon by the London Society, that your Lordship will have the goodness to name me as their continual patron and supporter, and to offer my best wishes for the success of the meeting, which I trust a correct knowledge of its real object cannot fail to ensure. I remain, with sincere regard and esteem, my dear Lord,

The Right Hon. Lord Dundas.

Ever yours faithfully, EDWARD.

The third Annual Meeting of the Society was remarkable. It was announced that forty-four children were in attendance at the schools, and that forty-one children and sons of Abraham had received the rite of baptism. “Since the days of the Apostles,” said the Report, “when the Gospel was transferred to the Gentiles, there is no account on record of so many Jews on one day making a voluntary public profession of faith in the crucified Redeemer.”

It was at this Annual Meeting that the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, of Eastern fame,

made a speech in which he urged upon the Society the necessity of a Hebrew version of the New Testament Scriptures. That speech, resulting in action, had a marked and decided influence on the whole history of the Society, and initiated a work of incalculable value. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Buchanan said:—

“I was informed that many years ago one of the Jews translated the New Testament into Hebrew for the purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbours, the Syrian Christians. This manuscript fell into my hands, and is now in the library of the University of Cambridge. It is in his own handwriting; and will be of great use in preparing a version of the New Testament in the Hebrew language. It appears to be a faithful translation as far as it has been examined; but about the end, when he came to the Epistles of St. Paul, he seems to have lost his temper, being moved, perhaps, by the acute argument of the learned Benjamite, as he calls the Apostle; and he has written a note of execration on his memory. But, behold the providence of God! The translator became himself a convert to Christianity. His own work subdued his unbelief. In the Lion he found sweetness; and he lived and died in the faith of Christ. And now it is a common superstition among the vulgar in that place, that if any Jew shall write the whole of the New Testament with his own hand, he will become a Christian by the influence of the Evil Spirit.”

It was never an easy thing for a Jew to accept Christianity. He could not follow Christ without taking up his cross, and sometimes it was a heavy one, as Jacob Levi, a dweller in Constantinople, found. When the Rev. Mr. Hartley and Mr. Leves, both of the London Jews Society, were resident in Constantinople, several Jews came to them professing their belief that Jesus was the Christ, and seeking baptism. For some time they attended Mr. Hartley's instruction, and all went well with them until the matter came to the knowledge of the Rabbis, when a bitter persecution was commenced. Jacob Levi was the first upon whom the wrath of his countrymen fell. He was seized, thrown into prison, and bastinadoed. During this trial he displayed, to use the words of Mr. Hartley, “the true spirit of a Christian martyr.” When he was being conveyed to the Casa Nigra, a prison of the Jews, wherein their mad people also are confined, and a place of which the converts had always expressed the greatest apprehension, a Rabbi, concerned in the transaction, exhorted him to declare himself “a good Jew,” and he would suffer nothing. “No,” he replied, “I am a Christian; the Messiah is come. If I were to be confined a thousand years in prison, still I would declare that Jesus is the Messiah.” Neither the bastinado itself, nor the barbarous threat that he should *eat* it three times a day, could move him in his steadfastness.

At the expiration of five months Jacob Levi was released from his first imprisonment, but it was not for long that he was to enjoy his freedom. The spirit of persecution waxed stronger, and it was determined to persevere in silencing this “babbling.” Sixteen times he was cast into prison, thrice at the Bagnio, or Turkish prison of the arsenal, and thirteen times for longer or shorter periods at the Casa Nigra. The longest and cruellest of these imprisonments was one of nine or ten months in the latter prison, where he was often chained by the neck to the wall, and two or three times a week

beaten with great brutality. When these coarse means of inducing him to recant, failed, the Rabbis came and reasoned with him out of the Old Testament Scriptures. But Jacob Levi held the key to the interpretations of those writings, and would answer them so adroitly from the New Testament, that they found it a wiser policy to mock than to argue with him.

At length there came a winter long remembered for its remarkable severity, and Jacob Levi lay in the prison, without fire or sufficient clothing, and with only food enough to keep body and soul together. It was in vain that he pleaded with the jailors to mitigate his sufferings and save him from death. Their only answer was that "death was well deserved by such a rebel against his religion."

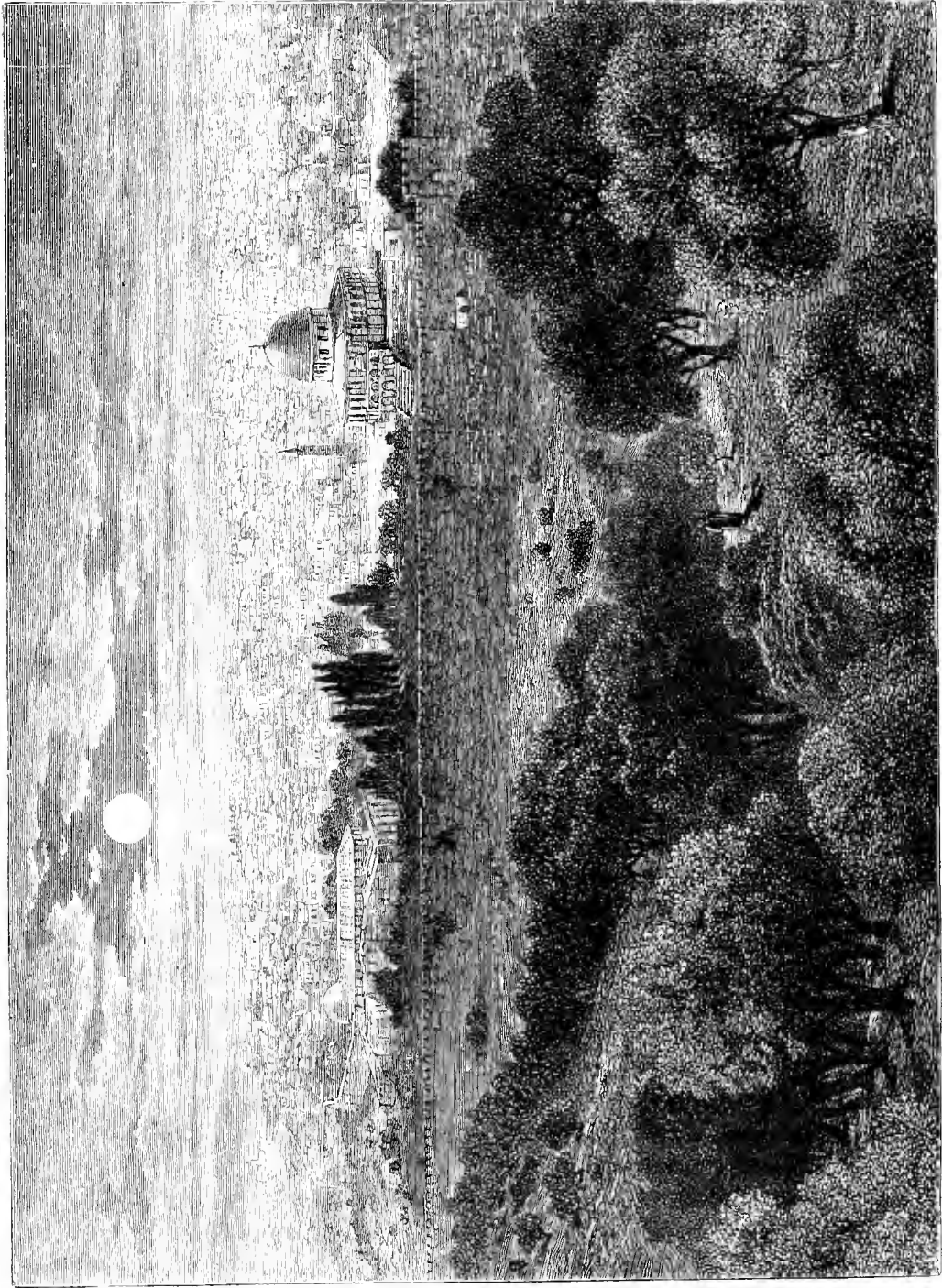
Then came the darkest hour in his life—his faith failed, and his enemies triumphed over him. "If they had put me to death at once," he afterwards said to Mr. Leves, "I could have borne it; but I was overcome by my sufferings from the intense cold, and could not bear to perish thus by inches. So I at last determined to dissemble, and called the Rabbis and told them that I repented of my errors and wished to become a good Jew again, and thus I obtained my deliverance."

But deliverance was bought at a high price. All the peace and joy of life had gone, and Jacob Levi suffered in mind more than he had suffered in body. Like St. Peter when he denied his Lord, he "wept bitterly," but like him also he became afterwards bolder than ever in his Christian profession, while humbling himself before God on account of the failure that had marred his testimony.

Between the years 1834 and 1836 the liturgy of the Church of England was translated into Hebrew. Embodying and expressing, as it does, a pure spiritual worship needing neither picture nor image, nor other material adjunct; discarding superstition, and recognising that high and holy standard which the Master Himself enunciated—"the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth"—it was found to be of great importance not only in respect to the Jewish converts, but to the Jewish nation at large.

It was not long before its value was put to the test. In 1837, after the lapse of centuries, Christian worship, in the holy language of the Hebrew nation, was commenced in the little church at Palestine Place, in the east end of London, and in the following year a band of Hebrew Christians joined with Gentiles in worshipping the Redeemer of Israel, in the language and words of their forefathers, on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. Referring to these events, Lord Ashley (afterwards the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury), in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1839, remarked:—

"It is surely of vital importance to the cause of our religion that we should exhibit it in its pure and apostolic form to the children of Israel. We have already mentioned that they are returning in crowds to their ancient land; we must provide for the converts an orthodox and spiritual service, and set before the rest, whether residents or pilgrims, a worship as enjoined by our Saviour himself—'a worship in spirit and in truth'—its faith will then be spoken of through the whole world. A great benefit of this nature has resulted from the Hebrew services of the London



MODERN JERUSALEM.

Episcopal Chapel; it has not only afforded instruction and opportunity of worship to the converted Israelite, but has formed a point of attraction to foreign Jews on a visit to this country, and has been largely and eagerly commented on in many of the Hebrew periodicals published in Germany. In the purity of our worship, they confess our freedom from idolatry, and in the sound of the language of Moses and the prophets, they forget that we are Gentiles. But if this be so in London, what will it be in the Holy City? They will hear the Psalms of David, in the very words that fell from his inspired lips, once more chanted on the Holy Hill of Zion; they will see the whole book of the Law and the Prophets laid before them, and hear it read at the morning and evening oblation; they will admire the Church of England, with all its comprehensive fulness of doctrine, truth, and love, like a pious and humble daughter, doing filial homage to the Church first planted at Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all."

It was only natural that the thoughts of those who were interested in the cause of Israel should be directed at an early period to Israel's land and city as a field of labour. Accordingly, the Rev. Lewis Way initiated a "Palestine Fund for the erection and maintenance of chapels and schools, and for other missionary purposes, within the Holy Land;" and in 1823 the Palestine Mission commenced.

Very soon a storm arose. Papal Bulls were issued against the *Bible-men*; the Maronite Patriarch fulminated his anathema against the missionaries, and threatened to withhold absolution to any Maronite possessing, borrowing, or reading a Bible; and a firman of the Sultan at last prohibited the distribution of the Scriptures.

For a long time the history of the Palestine Mission was a blank, but after the political storm that passed over Syria in 1832, the work revived, and continued, until in 1840 there arose on Mount Zion, exactly opposite the Castle of David, near the Jaffa Gate, and on the very confines of the Jewish quarter, a Christian Church.

The year 1841 was memorable for an event which excited an intense enthusiasm among all sections of religious society throughout the country, and will always remain a subject of great interest, inasmuch as it "brought to a test the principles which determined the action of each of the several schools of thought in the country." That event was the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

By the Treaty of July 13, 1841, signed in London, "for the pacification of the Levant," Palestine was declared to be entirely and solely under the suzerainty of Turkey, and this circumstance directed the attention of Christians in Europe to their fellow-Christians in the Land of Promise, especially at Jerusalem. No one felt a keener interest in the situation than Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, the brother of the late German Emperor William I. From childhood he had cherished the idea of ameliorating the condition of Christians in the Holy Land, and the fact of public concern in the question having been aroused, so soon after his accession to the throne on the 7th June, 1840, seemed to him to be a "special providence." He determined, therefore, to take advantage of the terms of the Treaty, to procure for the Evangelical Churches, for all future time, the same legal recognition in Turkey which the Greek and Latin Churches had long previously enjoyed. His design was to endeavour to raise the position of Christians in the East, and otherwise to benefit

the Holy Land. This idea, he felt, was "capable of general extension, not merely as a Prussian, but as a German question; and again, not merely as a German, but a general Protestant question, when viewed in its connection with the entire Protestant Church."

To give effect to this idea, the king sent for one of his Privy Councillors, the Chevalier Bunsen, and requested him to proceed at once to England as a Special Envoy; to place himself in communication with the Church Missionary Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, "as the immediate heads of the several congregations of the Church of England in foreign parts;" and to ascertain—"In how far the English National Church, already in possession of a parsonage on Mount Zion, and having commenced there the building of a church, would be inclined to accord to the Evangelical Church of Prussia a sisterly position in the Holy Land."

It was a difficult and delicate mission. On the forefront of the negotiations the king had placed this wise proviso:—"That Protestant Christianity can entertain no hope of enjoying full and permanent recognition in the East, and especially in the Holy Land, or of reaping any blessed or lasting fruits from its labours or its diffusion, unless it exhibits itself to the utmost possible extent as a UNITED BODY in those countries. Above all, it should be remembered that, in that quarter, both the Government and the people have been accustomed in all ages to see those who acknowledge themselves to be co-religionists, appear and act together in spiritual affairs as one body, subject to uniform discipline and forms. This is the character in which Judaism—this is the character in which the corporations of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches exhibit themselves to the people of the East. If, therefore, by the side of these, Protestant Christendom were to come forward, and insist upon being recognised under all its separate denominations—the Episcopal-Anglican, Scotch Presbyterian, United Evangelical,* Lutheran, Reformed, Baptist, Wesleyan, Independent, and such like, the Turkish Government would undoubtedly hesitate to grant such a recognition; an act which comprehends the grant of the highest political privileges to the heads of all such recognised corporations." . . .

Should these confidential negotiations be favourably received, the king was of opinion that the first step would be the institution by the Church of England of a Bishopric in Jerusalem, to include all Protestant Churches in the Holy Land within its pale, so far as they should be disposed to accept the inclusion, and to this end he was willing to contribute out of his own private purse the sum of £15,000. This was agreed to, and it was furthermore arranged that the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem should be nominated alternately by the Crowns of England and Prussia, the Archbishop of Canterbury having the absolute right of veto with respect to those nominated by the Prussian Crown.

All the negotiations were admirably managed by the Chevalier Bunsen (who was greatly assisted in his difficult task by the influential leader of the Evangelical party,

*The Church in Prussia is called "Die Evangelische Unirte Kirche."

the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury), and on the 19th of July, 1841, the Chevalier wrote in his diary:—

“This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston. The principle is admitted, and orders are to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October. He is by race an Israelite; born a Prussian in Breslau, in confession belonging to the Church of England; ripened (by hard work) in Ireland; twenty years professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College) . . . So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel.” . . .

Michael Solomon Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, was born in the year 1799, in a small town of Prussian Poland, and was brought up from his infancy in the strictest principles of Talmudical Judaism. When he arrived in England at the age of twenty-one, he was ignorant of the language, and of Christianity he had no other idea than that which he had derived from the traditions of the Talmud, occasionally illustrated by a passing view of a Romish procession in honour of some saint in his native town, which he regarded as idolatry, to be abhorred by every faithful Israelite. As to the New Testament Scriptures, if he was not ignorant of their existence, he certainly was of their contents.

Soon after his arrival in this country, he obtained a tutorship in an Israelitish family, and while there an event occurred which, although extremely simple in itself, was to be the means of altering the whole tone and complexion of his life. One day when walking with a friend, his attention was attracted by a large handbill, notifying the annual meeting of a local association in aid of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His curiosity was excited, and he was much surprised on inquiry to find that the Society hoped to convert the Jews by means of the New Testament. This led him to procure a copy, and he was told that “Every Jew should read it, for although it was an absurd book, it would tend to confirm him more strongly in his own religion, and in opposition to Christianity.”

He read it carefully, and the very first perusal of its sacred pages awakened an interest and a spirit of inquiry. Although he sought to resist the “fascination” of the book, his mind was disquieted, and he could not shake off its influence. While he was struggling against his convictions, an opportunity offered for him to settle at Plymouth as reader in the Jewish synagogue, and this he gladly accepted; not long afterwards he married, and these circumstances combined to strengthen him in his determination to abandon every thought of Christ and his religion. But the spirit of God still strove with him; again came all the alternations of doubt and fear; before him lay fidelity to conscience on the one hand, and worldly disgrace and ruin on the other. Meanwhile Christian hearts were yearning over him, and Christian love was drawing him nearer and nearer to Christ, until at length he could resist no longer, and, boldly facing the situation into which his convictions had brought him, he announced to his congregation his change of views, and that he had “fully and finally decided for Christ,” and was about to receive Christian baptism.

This was in 1825. In 1827 Mr. Alexander received ordination in the Church of England, and three years later entered upon important home missionary work among the Jews, lecturing and teaching in Palestine Place Chapel, and visiting the auxiliaries of the Society throughout the country.

On the 12th of November, 1841, Mr. Alexander was consecrated to his Episcopal office, and a few days later the first official act of the Jewish Church was performed when he preached at Palestine Place in Bethnal Green, and, to quote the words of Lord Shaftesbury—gave “the first Episcopal benediction that had fallen from Hebrew lips for seventeen hundred years;”—that is to say, the first since Jude, the last of the sons of Abraham mentioned by Eusebius, occupied the Episcopal See in the Holy City.

In 1846, Bishop Alexander died, a terrible blow to the friends of the enterprise he inaugurated. He was an altogether exceptional man, with gifts and graces peculiar to the office to which he had been called. His own zeal helped to keep alive the zeal of those who, full of hope for Israel, lived in anticipation that the hour for their restoration to their own land would speedily arrive. He was cut off in the midst of his labours, when engaged in his first Episcopal visitation of the darkened Kingdom of Egypt.

His successor, Dr. Gobat, of the Church Missionary Society, and a German by nationality, was selected, according to the terms of the arrangement made on the foundation of the Bishopric, by the King of Prussia. He retained his episcopate for thirty-three years.

We do not propose to tell in detail the history of the Jerusalem Bishopric. It has given rise to much controversy; many difficulties and dissensions occurred; it did not answer the expectations formed of it; Jerusalem showed no signs of being “a city at unity with itself,” and the saying of Newman, “I have never heard of any good or harm that Bishopric has ever done,” was bandied about, until at last it was endorsed even by many of those who at its establishment were most enthusiastic in its favour.

There can, however, be no two opinions as to the value of the Christian agencies in operation at Christ Church, Jerusalem. One of the best and most interesting descriptions we have come across of the present state of Jewish affairs in Jerusalem is given by the Rev. S. Schor, a Jewish convert and missionary, who was transferred to that station in October, 1886. He says:—

“The city has considerably altered since I last saw it, nearly ten years ago. In outward appearance it has greatly improved. The principal streets and roads are paved as well as any I have seen in London. Whole districts have sprung up in nearly all directions, and it is remarkable that perhaps two-thirds of the houses outside the city walls, if not a larger proportion, are tenanted by Jews. This deserves special mention, for I can remember when only about half a dozen Jewish families lived beyond the walls. All Jews then lived in the Jewish quarter, the dirtiest and most unhealthy quarter of the city. Jews are also taking a more prominent place in business than they did formerly. I was surprised to find one of the oldest and largest

places of business, which had been always kept by Germans, in the hands of a Jew; and in the same way many of the finest houses have changed hands, Jews becoming the possessors.

“And as their outward circumstances and social position have altered, they are also becoming more enlightened. The old days when the Rabbis could dare to put such a man as the late Sir Moses Montefiore under a ban of excommunication, are gone for ever, without a sigh of regret from any one except, perhaps, from those who lived on the ignorance of the masses. No parent is now called ‘Apostate’ or ‘Epicurean’ for teaching his sons other subjects than the Talmud, but, on the contrary, is encouraged to do so. I have heard Jewish boys speak English as fluently as boys taught in our own schools, besides French, Arabic, German, and Spanish. The *Alliance Israélite* has opened a large school for boys, besides night-schools for young men, and has actually sent out an Englishman (a Christian!) to teach Jewish boys some useful trades. This, perhaps, shows the great change that has taken place amongst Jews more than anything else.

“And again, I notice that the missionary aspect of things has changed considerably. There seems to be more life and activity in most departments of the mission than used to be the case. First and foremost, I noticed with intense pleasure many new faces amongst the regular worshippers in Christ Church, some of the converts of the last few years, who have settled in Jerusalem. When we remember that perhaps nine-tenths of our converts are obliged to leave Jerusalem in order to seek a livelihood elsewhere, it is clear that great progress has been made. I was also agreeably surprised at the crowded meetings for United Prayer held daily during the first week in January, when I remember the three rather poorly attended meetings held on a similar occasion ten years ago.

“Again, I find the schools overcrowded with children. The House of Industry is full, and so is the Enquirers’ Home. The behaviour of the young men is on the whole good, whilst some are very promising.

“Again, the behaviour of Jews towards missionaries has undergone a great change. They seem to have no fear of openly conversing with us, which is a great thing for Jerusalem. It is no doubt partly owing to the great influx of Jews from Europe, who have to a certain extent not placed themselves under the rule of the native Rabbis, and who receive no relief from the Chaluka. But, on the other hand, some of the Jerusalem Jews have changed, and will converse with us. I have already enjoyed numerous conversations with Jews, many of whom I have known for years, and who treated me with great kindness.” . . .

Three years later, Mr. Sehor, in one of his reports to the Society was able to say: “The more I come in contact with Jews here (Jerusalem), the more I marvel at their wonderful change of feeling towards the missionary. We are indeed reaping what our predecessors have done with great struggles and much earnest labour.”

One of the most marvellous stories of life and labours among the Jews is in connection with the Safed Mission. A gentleman—a Jewish convert, a native of

Jerusalem, and a Jewish missionary, whose parents were amongst the first-fruits of the Jerusalem mission, says in a letter to the present writer:—

“The time is not far distant when a missionary would have been killed had he ventured into the streets of Safed; now a missionary can actually reside there! But what makes it still more wonderful is the fact, that the Rev. Ben Zion Friedman is himself a Safed Jew, and had also to be sent away secretly and disguised from Jerusalem to London, because his life was not considered safe. That he can actually live in Safed is a perfect wonder to me. When I heard that he had been appointed to that station, I felt inclined to protest against sacrificing a man’s life to almost certain death. I may mention, by the way, that a Jew who twenty years ago used to pride himself in being the most zealous persecutor of the missionaries, every time they passed Tiberias or Safed on their missionary journeys, is now a preacher of the Gospel himself (the Rev. W. Schapira, Mission Curate in St. Mark’s, Whitechapel).

A pathetic interest attaches to the first missionary stationed at Safed. Abraham Leo Oezeret was born in Tarnopol, Galicia, in 1854, and was educated first in the Rabbinical schools, where he studied Hebrew and the Talmud, and afterwards in the gymnasium in Lemberg, where he acquired Greek and Latin—all useful to him in his subsequent work. When he had finished his education he devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, and obtained an appointment in an office in Lemberg. While he was there, he fell in love with his cousin Cecilia, and at once began to think about the future. An opening presented itself to embark in business in Egypt; he went there for the purpose, and met an old friend who, considering that his mercantile experience was an equivalent to Oezeret’s capital, persuaded him to go into partnership. The friend, with all the available cash, made his way to Paris to buy goods, but he never returned, and Oezeret was left in Cairo helpless and penniless!

As the Jews in Jerusalem are famous for their benevolence, some Jewish friends advised him to go there, and supplied him with the necessary funds. Arrived at the gate of the city, the first man he met was an old Jewish convert, who opened up conversation, learned his sad story, and advised him to put himself in communication with the missionaries. Here for the first time he heard about the Saviour, His sympathy, and His sufferings. Oezeret’s heart was softened by the trials through which he had passed, and was receptive to the truth. Deeply impressed by what he had heard, he determined to attend the early Hebrew service in Christ Church. Here he was much struck with the simplicity of the service, so different from the superstitions of the corrupt churches. Again and again he attended, each time with fresh light breaking in upon his soul, until at last he asked that he might receive regular instruction, and this resulted in his conversion.

And now came another trial. He had corresponded regularly with the lady to whom he was engaged, but had not told her of the great spiritual change that had taken place in him. His first intention had been to do so, but fearing that his motives might be misconstrued, and that it was possible she might think he had been driven to this step by poverty, and would despise him for it, he resolved to

keep his own counsel. But his letters soon assumed a serious tone: he mentioned various passages of the Bible that had impressed him, and wrote on subjects that would cause even the most thoughtless to pause and reflect.

This continued for some time, but it was obvious it could not last for ever, and one day he received a letter from his betrothed, asking what these religious



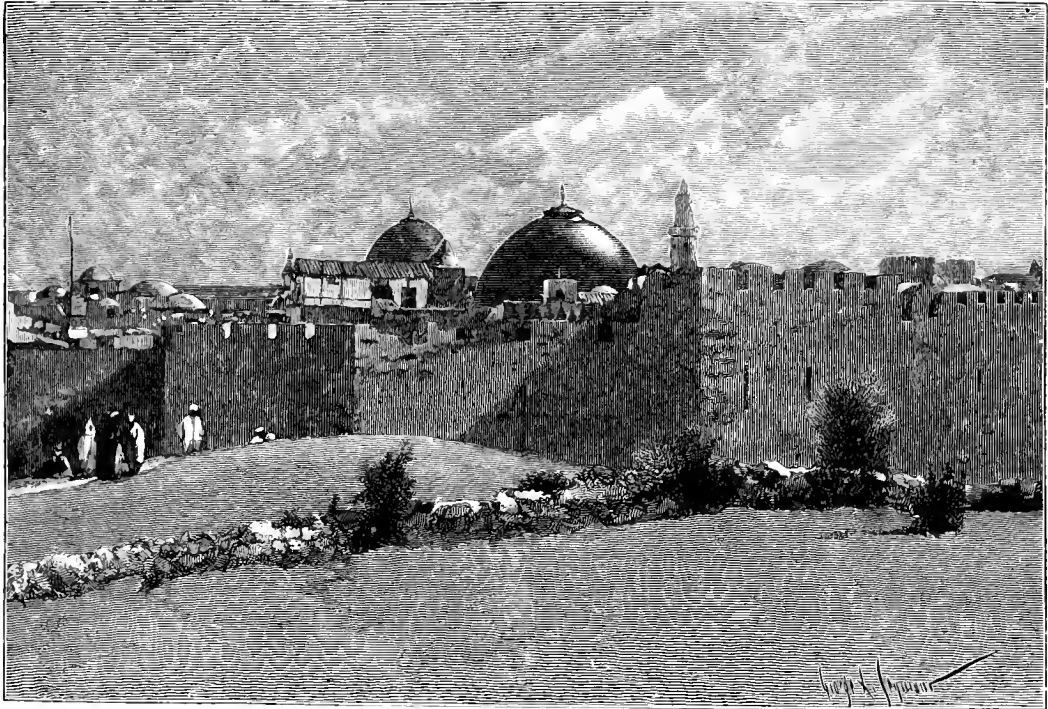
DR. GOBAT.

letters meant, and requesting an explicit answer. The critical moment had come. It might result in the breaking-off of the engagement: but he could not shirk the question any longer, and therefore, relying upon God for strength in his great trial, he told her all, writing as plainly as he could the reason of his belief in Jesus, and his renunciation of Judaism.

For the next few weeks Oezeret suffered the most intense mental anguish. Until the answer came he did not know whether he, for conscience sake, had not robbed himself of a love that was dearer to him than all other human loves put together. At last the answer came, and receiving it with trembling hands, he rushed into his room to read it.

In order to explain the contents of that letter, it will be necessary for us to go

back to his home in Austria. Naturally enough, after his departure Cecilia was very lonely, and beguiled the weary hours by novel reading. But she soon exhausted her little stock of books, and happening to visit Lemberg, determined to visit the first bookseller's she could find. This happened to be the Bible depôt of the Jews' Society. Looking in at the window she caught sight of a New Testament in German, bought it, and took it home with her. It was not until she had begun to read it



JERUSALEM, FROM THE DAMASCUS GATE.

that she was aware it was a Christian book: and knowing that her parents would immediately take it away if they found it in her possession, she read it secretly in her own room, hiding it in her pocket when she heard any one approaching. One day when reading it, a young man, a relative, entered suddenly before she had time to hide the book. He asked her to show him what she was reading, pressing his request very persistently, and promising that he would keep it a secret. When she showed him the book, he assured her that she need not have feared to show it him, as he was equally guilty, and so saying he produced a New Testament from his pocket, and from that day they studied the sacred book together.

It was at this time that she noticed the altered religious tone of her lover's letters, in which many expressions were suspiciously tinged with thoughts she had found in her New Testament, and began to suspect that he too was reading the forbidden book. Not daring to divulge her own secret, she at length took the bold step of writing to ask what these altered letters meant.

Great was the joy of Oezeret on reading this strange story in the spiritual history of his betrothed. He had hoped and prayed that ultimately he might have been the means of bringing her to the Saviour, little thinking that God, who moves in such mysterious ways His wonders to perform, was leading her to Himself in His own way.

After two years' probation, Oezeret was baptised in Jerusalem; and then, his talents and zeal pointing him out as a useful future missionary, he was sent to be trained in the Hebrew Missionary College, at Palestine Place, in London. Some friends in London who had heard the story of his engagement, provided a home for his future bride near to him, as her parents would not allow her to be a Christian and remain with them. Here she was baptised, her lover acting as godfather.

After completing the usual course of study, Oezeret was sent to Paris, and laboured very successfully among the Jews in that city. There, too, he was married, and soon after was selected by the Jews' Society for service in the East, and returned to the Holy City, his spiritual birthplace, with the intention of proceeding to Safed, near the sea of Galilee, to open the proposed new station.

He received his ordination at the hands of the lately martyred Bishop Hannington, and with dauntless courage proceeded, with his heroic wife, to the very hot-bed of Jewish superstition and fanaticism. Safed had long been thought not only a dangerous, but an impossible station for a missionary. When those from Jerusalem had visited the town, they never felt quite at ease in entering the place, and were always glad to quit it after a few days' stay. Many of them had to bear the brunt of an excited and easily excitable mob. Some had very narrow escapes, while others were roughly handled. One old Jew boasted of having on one occasion flung a stone at Bishop Barclay (when a missionary of the Society), with such violence as made him stagger for a while, and at last fall to the ground.

For eighteen months Mr. Oezeret and his wife resided in Safed unmolested, and testified boldly to the 15,000 Jews, amongst whom their lot was cast. The Medical Mission was a powerful auxiliary to the work. One who knew the whole of the operations, wrote:—

“It is really marvellous to witness scores of Safed Jews and Jewesses flocking to the Mission-house long before the appointed time, to see the physician, and here, for the space of two or three hours, beguiling their time with reading the New Testament and Christian tracts. At last the physician makes his appearance; the missionary rises, and amidst a silence which is not observed in Jewish synagogues even on the most solemn occasion, reads a chapter from the Hebrew Old Testament, offers up a prayer, in the name of Jesus, and gives an address bearing on the Messiahship of our Saviour, which is listened to with marked attention. People of every description, young and old, men and women, learned and unlearned, the self-righteous Pharisee as well as the ignorant bigot, all come and sit and listen to the exposition of their own Scriptures in the light of the New Testament. And this takes place in the face of all Safed—a fact to which even our enemies bear witness.”

Perhaps no higher testimony to the work could have been unconsciously given

than by a Safed correspondent of a well-known Hebrew weekly paper. Bemoaning the changed attitude of many Jews towards the mission, he wrote: "Woe unto us! Woe unto our holy religion! There were times when the missionaries have had to walk their feet sore in the streets and lanes of our towns, in search of some light-hearted Jew who might condescend to enter into a religious conversation with them. The missionaries, too, had to be grateful if they returned home from their excursions without some insults from those whose religion they tried to pervert. We can well recollect, for it is not so very long ago, when even our little children used to hunt them down like some pest; nay, the hue-and-cry of our very streets pursued them, and they were hated and despised of all men. But now, alas! how have things changed! The missionary no longer needs to come into our streets in search of somebody to speak to. His house, we are told, is full of Jews from morning till evening, and that, we are sorry to say, not of Jews of the lowest sort only, but of those of our brethren who ought to know better. His dispensary is sought after as if there were no Jewish chemists and doctors in our place to minister to our sick. Oh, Israel, how art thou fallen! It all comes from that so-called progress of the day, of which so many of our people seem to boast. Who in the world would have believed that these renegades would be thought of as objects of great importance? We are constrained to ask, Does our holy religion lose hold of our people, or do the missionaries employ new tactics to outwit us through and through?"

In the midst of his prosperous work Mr. Oezeret's health gave way—for a month he was labouring almost without cessation, while fever and bronchitis were constantly afflicting him. At last the doctors said that nothing but an immediate change of climate would restore him. In the sultry month of June he left Palestine for Europe, attended by his sorrowing wife. But it was too late—his work was finished, and on the 31st of July, 1886, he passed away.

But, again, "though God buried His workman, He carried on His work," and the Safed mission is still one of the most notable successes of the Jews' Society.

Although the founders of the Jews' Society contemplated little more than attending to the temporal and spiritual needs of Jews in England, and London especially, it soon became apparent that they must extend the field of their operations, and as early as the year 1810 they were sending out tracts to the West Indies, Gibraltar, and elsewhere. In that same year attention was specially directed to the condition of the Jews in Poland, and a request was made that a qualified person might be sent out. This was done, and found to be the commencement of a series of missionary organisations in every country of Europe. But the history of the Polish mission is crowded with incidents of a most interesting nature.

On the advent of the Jews into Poland in the tenth century, on the privileges and immunities granted to them in the thirteenth century, and confirmed by successive monarchs in later years, and on their long period of prosperity, we need not dwell here. When the Rev. Lewis Way, an eminent friend of Israel, went to explore this vast harvest field, he found intellectual activity and a spirit of religious inquiry prevalent everywhere. As to the social condition of the Jews, he wrote—

“In these provinces the Jews actually swarm to such a degree, as to appear the possessors of the country; while the native Poles appear among them as the strangers and proselytes of ancient Judea. All the trade of the country is in their hands. They are the *trûteurs* of all the post-houses on the road; most of the inns are kept by them; they keep the ferry boats on the Dnieper, Prypetz, and Berizyna; they farm the mills, and buy the produce of the land from those who till, and in some places are the cultivators; they all have Polish servants for domestic purposes, and are the masters of *fabriques* where Gentiles work. At one place where an immense flame ascending through the roof of a house attracted my notice at night, I found on entering that it was an iron mill which a Jew rented, with twenty-four Gentile slaves who work it night and day by sixes in succession.”

The Polish mission was commenced in 1821, and Warsaw was selected as the centre of operations. Testaments and tracts were put freely into circulation, and were received with eagerness. But in the following year opposition arose; the missionaries were summoned to appear upon the “Commission of the Religious Confessions,” with the result that they were obliged to abandon their mission in Warsaw, and take up their abode in Posen, where, through the intervention of Sir George Rose, the mission was placed on a firm and sound basis. Success followed, and Mr. Moritz, one of the missionaries, wrote:—

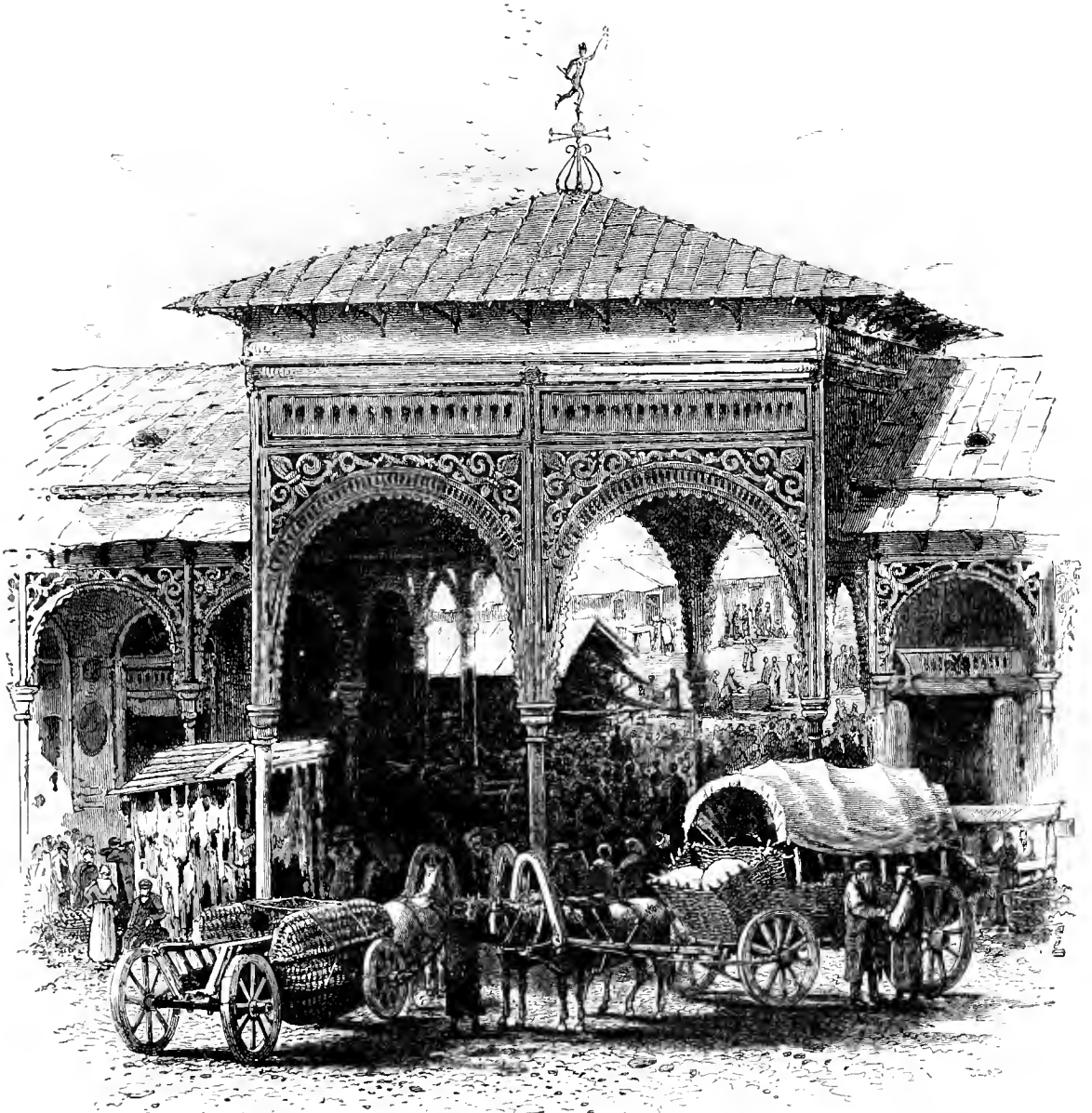
“There have now upon the whole been with me at least 800 Jews of all ages; among whom there were nearly all the Jewish schoolmasters of the place, and the greater part of the youths that study the Talmud in the Beth Hamedrash: there have also been some respectable Jews from Berditschef, who were there afraid to visit me. The crowd on the first day was so great that I was obliged to place my people at the door as a guard, allowing only a certain number at a time to enter, and when these were despatched, another number could enter. I was forced to this expedient, otherwise I should have been suffocated; and in this manner I have distributed 1,000 Hebrew and 200 Polish-Hebrew tracts, and 58 New Testaments in these languages.”

The value of services such as these, of course, can never be estimated. It may be that those words of Life are even at this day winning their way to the hearts of the people in obscure places from whence no sound of their influence will ever reach this country.

One of the chief difficulties of the missionaries was to make the Jews understand the Rabbinical perversion of the Scriptures, and to separate the Word of God from the absurd commentaries that obscured its meaning. An illustration may be given here. One day a Jew, evidently sincere, went to Mr. Hoff, one of the missionaries, and, after some conversation, left, taking with him a copy of the Jewish translation of Isaiah. On his arrival at home, he spoke to his father-in-law of the beauty of the translation, and read to him the fifty-third chapter. The old man was greatly touched, and when asked what he thought of it, replied, “The prophet evidently speaks here of a person who shall come, be rejected and despised, but who shall, notwithstanding, be the Redeemer from sin.”

This was a perfectly natural exposition of the chapter, but no sooner had he

uttered the words than he became uneasy, and exclaimed, "This is a most embarrassing matter; it is quite favourable to the Christians. How do they interpret it?" His son-in-law replied that their interpretation coincided exactly with his. "Then," said the



JEWS' MARKET, WARSAW.

old man, "perhaps they have purposely made a wrong translation: let us compare it with the original." This was done, with the result that the true translation was justified, and the exposition confirmed.

Then a great fear came over the aged Hebrew; his faith in the traditions of his

fathers had received a shock, and he at once called for the commentary of Rashi as a refuge for his doubts; but when he read the ill-grounded explanation, which was in opposition not only to common sense, but to the reverent feeling which the sacred words had inspired, he pushed the commentary aside, and declared that the only true view of the chapter was the one given by the Christians.

What became of this old man no one knows, nor is there any record that his son-in-law, who brought him face to face with God's revelation, ever accepted Christianity; but it is certain that the veil over the hearts of those two men was thinner after that day's conversation; and it may be that ere they passed away the grain of mustard-seed had spread, and under its shadow they had found a resting-place.

From time to time many dangers beset the Polish mission, and in 1831 the breaking out of the Revolution at once altered the whole aspect of the work, and placed the missionaries in a peculiar position. At that time Mr. Lange, one of the missionaries, wrote to the Committee as follows:—"You are no doubt in anxious expectation of hearing something concerning us, especially on account of the events which have taken place here. We have passed through a time of great danger. . . . An alarming event took place on the night of the 15th of August, but we slept in peace, and knew nothing of what was going on till the next morning, but from this time the distress was continually increasing, and we had to fear great misery from famine and sickness. Amidst the evils to which a besieged city is exposed, we were kept between fear and hope till the 6th of September, when we were awakened by the terrible thunder of cannonading. During the course of this day some balls fell in our street, but without doing any hurt. Next day we were again alarmed by the report of cannon nearer to us, and therefore more terrible. As the attack was made near the Wola Gate, our houses were the more exposed to danger. That night was dreadful; black clouds of smoke, partly from the artillery, partly from the houses which were set on fire, were hanging over us, and seemed to threaten us with destruction. Afterwards our street was lighted by the flame of fire as if by moonshine, and we expected every moment that our house would fall upon us, or become the prey of fire. But, praised and glorified be God! nothing of this kind happened. We cannot but admire and bless the goodness of God, who has dealt so exceedingly kindly and graciously with us, while hundreds and thousands of others have suffered so very much."

Without entering into the history of this eventful period, we may say that in the end it worked advantage to the mission. From many quarters, however, expected and unexpected, there came opposition. The Chasidim, a sect very numerous in Poland, endeavoured to stop the work by issuing a Bull of Excommunication:—"Cursed be the man who visits the missionaries! cursed be his parents! cursed be his sisters and brothers! cursed be his relations! and may the door of his house be blocked up!" As this totally failed in its object, the rage of the Chasidim knew no bounds, and they ventured on threats of assassination, which, however, were frustrated by providential circumstances.

After the war with Russia it pleased God to permit the hitherto open door to be

closed against the missionaries. After being summoned on several occasions before the Russian authorities, they were at length enjoined to discontinue all missionary work, or to be prepared to leave the country in three weeks—viz., on the 13th of January, 1855, the New Year's Day of the Russian Church.

On the 8th of February took place at the Warsaw Railway Station the touching leave-taking of the missionaries:—

“When the Brethren Becker and West arrived at the station with their families to quit Warsaw, the scene was overwhelming. Crowds of people of all classes, Jews and proselytes, Protestants and Roman Catholics, and members of the Greek Church, together with their own more intimate friends, had assembled to take a last farewell of the missionaries; and it may well be doubted whether a railway station in Warsaw ever before exhibited such a spectacle, and whether exiles ever left the Russian dominions so universally regretted and respected, and with such heartfelt blessings following them, as was the case when these devoted and long-tried missionaries to the Jews in Poland were compelled to leave the sphere of their labours.” . . .

Three weeks afterwards the Russian Emperor died, but it is only within a very recent period that the mission has been reopened.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the services rendered to the cause of Jewish missions by the wives of Jewish missionaries. A hundred stories might be told of wonderful Christian heroism shown by frail and delicate women, who have gladly taken their share of reproach and persecution, in order that they might plant the seeds of the Kingdom of Heaven in the homes of the Jewish people. Let one instance, selected almost at random, suffice as an illustration.

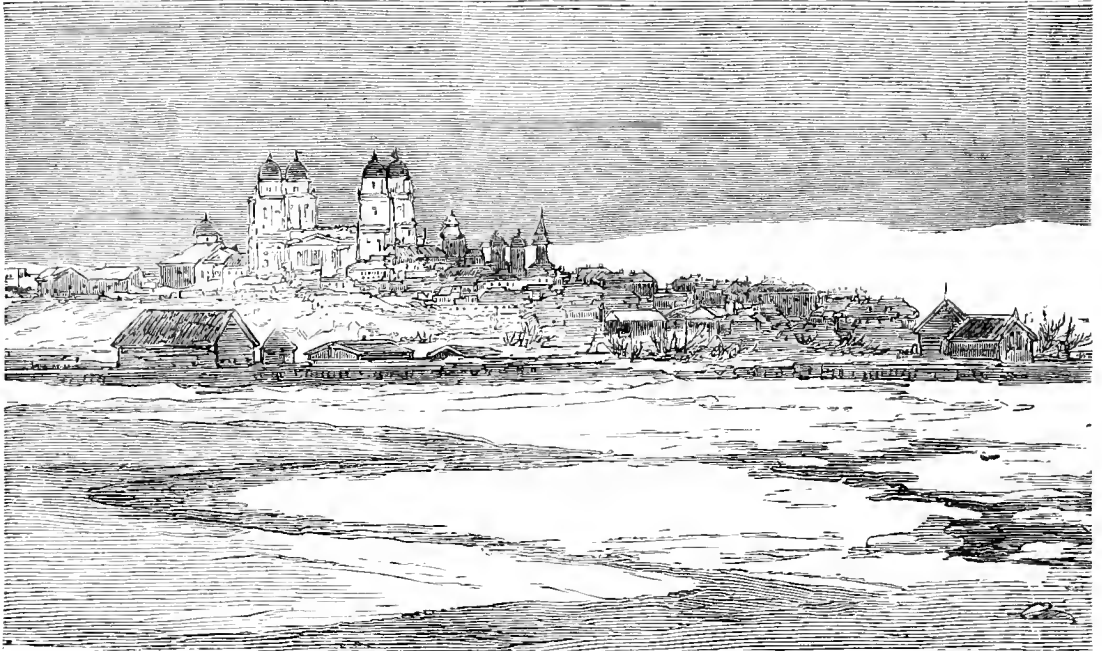
Catherine Grant was the eldest daughter of a parochial clergyman in the north of Scotland, and on the death of her father was left in poor circumstances. At the age of seventeen she became governess in the family of Principal Nicol of St. Andrews' University, in which situation she continued for eight years, during which time she had free access to the Principal's noble library, and made good use of her exceptional opportunities. The ill health of her mother, and the death of her sister, caused Miss Grant to leave, but a “Divinity was shaping her ends,” and while travelling abroad as governess in the family of Lord William Douglas, she acquired a thorough knowledge of the German language, which opened a door of wonderful usefulness to her in after life.

After the death of her mother, whom she attended with such faithful devotion that the strain upon her strength was felt for the rest of her life, Miss Grant went to live with her brother, the Free Church minister at Ayr, and while there she met the Rev. Daniel Edwards, missionary of the Free Church of Scotland to the Jews at Jassy, in Moldavia. Mr. Edwards soon found in her “a kindred spirit, glowing with the same ardent love for the house of Israel, and qualified by natural gifts and acquired attainments to be a helpmeet in his home and in his work.” A year afterwards they were married in Germany, and proceeded forthwith to their labours in Jassy.

Mrs. Edwards was a voluminous letter-writer, and many of her letters have been

published—graphic letters showing incidentally how intense was her zeal and energy, and how full of alternating joy and sorrow was the work into which she threw herself, heart and soul. The following extract from her Memoir* gives a vivid description of an incident—one of a hundred which might be read with interest, as giving an insight into the trying daily life of Jewish missionaries. Writing to her brother, she says:—

“I told you of a youth who came to us some weeks ago—Naphtali Horowitz, from Austria. He was several weeks in the house; his conduct most unexceptionable,



JASSY.

modest, meek, gentle; a truly engaging lad. His mind opened in a marvellous manner to receive the Scriptures. His answers at evening worship used to thrill us; we could scarcely restrain the emotion we felt. His friends had heard of his being here. They came, urging every inducement to get him away. At last the wife of one of them succeeded in enticing him away, only to speak with his friends, as she said. The poor boy, partly from tenderness, partly from fear that they would get him sent back to Austria, went with her. There he was closely watched; they promised him a shop, I know not how many ducats, and I know not what. One day he met one of the converts, and, drawing back from the street, he made a sign to him that he was to return to us. For some days our hearts were longing after him. He came, but was immediately informed upon; again at night he came, and, while he was here, old Rabbi Nahum came in. Had you but seen their mutual alarm!

* “Missionary Life among the Jews in Moldavia, Galicia and Silesia. Memoir and Letters of Mrs. Edwards.”

Naphtali then told us that, from what he had heard here, he was resolved to escape to Galatz, and there learn more of Christ. He could not remain; but he would come once again before starting at the close of their Sabbath. On Saturday he came. Now he had left all—his coat, his Bible, his shirts, his all, and he would fear no longer. Would we not conceal him for a time? We feared for him, but counting the possibility of aiding his escape, we shut him into a little room, and hung a padlock outside. All Sabbath he was there: spies came to watch for him, but he was not to be seen. Two women came in the evening, one a fierce opponent of Christianity, who had caused several to apostatise. We had a long conversation with them, and rejoiced to see this woman in our house. Of course we could answer no questions about our poor boy. His mind seemed to open like a flower to the sun. Though alone in his little dark room, he was full of joy and gladness. At length, when night came, and he had a light, suddenly he heard a voice above him—the woman had got a ladder outside and climbed up. His surprise was so great that he fell to the ground, but declared he would not listen to them. On Monday they went and bribed the corporal to come and demand him as an Austrian subject. For an hour and a half I was alone! Daniel soon turned the men out of the court; no officer of another Power has any right to enter our courts. But then the question arose. What was to be done? The youth was undaunted; Christ was enough for him! He was brought in—our old Rabbi was present—he was questioned, and his answers were most full and to the point. His danger was imminent; and after solemn and anxious deliberation, it was resolved that he should be baptised that evening. This would set him free from Jewish jurisdiction. Accordingly, between ten and eleven o'clock, he was baptised in the chapel, in presence of all the catechumens and converts present at evening worship, and a few Germans whom he had called as witnesses. Daniel questioned him fully, and then admitted one as like a lamb of Christ as you can well conceive. While I write, Daniel is out, and has been out for three hours, at the Consulate. To-day (Wednesday), the Austrian agent applied to our consul to have him delivered up, on charge of having stolen, nobody knows what. Of course they can find fifty Jews to swear that he has done so. The Lord alone knows how to help his own! 29th.—Poor Naphtali has to-day been before the Austrian consul; you may conceive the anxiety of last night to us all. Our consul was very kind, and went with Daniel to the Austrian agency. Marvellous to relate, they were exceedingly well received, and after an interview of about three hours, the agent promised to see justice done to the boy, but no stranger would be allowed to be present. This morning, at ten o'clock, Naphtali, accompanied by Daniel, went to the court of the Austrian consul. The Jews in their written accusation had declared that they missed a silver candlestick, and had given notice of the robbery at the agency last week; also, that after his escape they discovered in his trunk a pair of trousers which had been amissing, and therefore they concluded that he had stolen money, which they also miss. We sent to the agency this morning and discovered that no such notice had been given in there. The boy never had a trunk, and instead of taking their things, he, to avoid suspicion in quitting the house, had left

behind him all his own little stock. A dozen Jews were present; one old man was asked to swear, but declined. The chancellor was much enraged, and ordered them to take the great oath in their dead-clothes with black candles burning. If they refuse they are to be severely punished; if the Rabbi ventures to evade the oath, he is to be sent over the boundaries in chains—but should they swear, we fear the boy will suffer. The matter is in God's hands, we know that He is all-powerful; while we seek by all human prudence to procure a favourable issue, we are seeking earnestly to cast the whole matter over to the guidance of the righteous Lord. To the mission the consequences must be most important; either the Jews will have a triumph, and may be deterred from coming to us, or many of the entanglements that have hitherto hindered our motions may be removed. Now we know what sort of prayer was made by the Church for Peter. Meantime the boy is wondrous calm; he gave a noble testimony to-day before Jews and Austrians. The chancellor treated him very kindly. Naphtali showed him two fingers and said: 'So was he united to Christ, they might put him to death if they would—he committed himself to the Lord.' This morning, just before they went away, I went to see if he would take some coffee—he had an early breakfast. My knees were shaking and my heart beating, but I found him in the school teaching the children their alphabet. The British consul was quite interested in his appearance, and indeed we hoped much from the childlike simplicity of his appearance and story. Should our anxious prayers be heard, it is proposed to make him teacher here, now that Samuel is in Galatz."

Naphtali's future career was full of interest. He had to make his escape from Jassy, and after staying for a time in Constantinople, went to India to settle. Years passed by, and he returned to Europe on a visit for his health. He made his way at once to Breslau in the hope of finding Mr. Edwards there, but failing, followed him to London and thence to Edinburgh, and rested not till he found him in Ayr.

From Jassy Mr. and Mrs. Edwards removed to Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, or Austrian-Poland, where, out of a population of 130,000 inhabitants, at least 15,000 were Jews. For three and a half years they laboured with growing success, greatly to the annoyance of the Jesuit Archbishop, who used his influence to procure an Imperial order commanding the missionary and his family to leave the Austrian dominions. On its receipt Mr. Edwards proceeded at once to Vienna, to see if he could not procure some relaxation of despotic rigour, but instead of being met in a conciliatory spirit, he was ordered to leave Austria by the most direct route within twenty-four hours, without returning to Lemberg. Happily the police interfered and relaxed the cruel order, though the services of the English ambassador had failed in this respect, and Mr. Edwards returned to Lemberg. But in four days he and his family had to depart. It was in the month of December, the season was unusually severe, and Mrs. Edwards was not in good health. In those days the journey from Lemberg to Cracow was fatiguing, even for the merchant's clerk in summer-time. But now it was feeble women and little children who had to prosecute their journey

for four consecutive days, from morning till night, in the depth of winter—the ground covered with snow.

It was a fatal journey. Late on the night of the fourth day Cracow was reached, and the police refused to allow the party, exhausted as they were, to tarry and rest until an Austrian officer, moved with compassion, interceded for them. Then, after two days' respite, they moved forward again, and Mrs. Edwards reached Breslau more dead than alive. Soon after their arrival she gave birth to a boy, and the day following the physician despaired of her life. She rallied, however, but only to pass through much suffering. "Within four weeks she was called to watch, with all a mother's anguish, over the protracted agony amid which the young life to which she had given birth had to be resigned."

Mrs. Edwards never really recovered from the effects of that long and disastrous winter journey in such critical circumstances. Although for a time health seemed to have returned, it was soon found that her strength was gradually declining. No harsh or bitter expression escaped her lips; no vindictive feeling ever entered her heart. She grieved that she could not be laid beside her "martyr boy," who had perished through the Austrian expulsion, but her last words to her husband were to urge him to continue the work which had borne to them such bitter fruit. "Speak for Christ," she said; and then summoning up all her remaining strength, repeated, "Speak for Christ."

From time to time fruit was borne, in many diverse and unexpected quarters, from seed which long appeared to be dead, and with results which have been of special importance. Let us glance at the National Jewish Christian movement in South Russia as a case in point.

At Orgeyeff, in Bessarabia, Joseph Rabinovitz, a lawyer, obtained a copy of a Hebrew New Testament from one of the missionaries of the Jews' Society. Of this book Rabinovitz appears to have made little use. Years passed away, and then, urged by feelings of patriotism, he went to Palestine in the hope of preparing there a place of refuge for his oppressed brethren. One day as he stood on Mount Olivet, absorbed in meditation, the conviction flashed upon his mind that Jesus, the rejected One, was the only Saviour of his people. To Him must the Jews turn, and, side by side with the Gentile nations, rank themselves beneath His banner.

No sooner was he inflamed with zeal by this new idea, than he began to press it openly upon his brethren. With both Testaments lying open before him he pointed out their complete unity to his clients, who came to consult him in legal matters, and tried to impress upon them that the only way of escape from their fearful calamities was for them to acknowledge Jesus as their Messiah. Mr. Rabinovitz did not wish, like many converts, to renounce his nationality as well as his creed, but to form, with his associates, a distinct Jewish national communion of believers in Christ. This idea is in course of realisation; the teaching and the aims of this body have been formulated, translated, and published; the sanction of the highest authorities at

St. Petersburg was obtained for them to constitute themselves into an acknowledged community on their own peculiar basis as published in their articles, and Mr. Rabinovitz, as leader of these "Sons of the New Covenant," is successfully propagating his views, preaching the word of life and founding congregations in many parts of Southern Russia.

Opposition has been the common lot of missionaries to the Jews. In Con-



RABBIS DISPERSING THE SCHOOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

stantinople there was very violent opposition on the part of the Rabbis to the Jewish Mission, not only in regard to its work of preaching the Gospel, but in its efforts to spread intellectual light and knowledge. The following may be taken as a specimen:—

"We are told," says a writer in the *Jewish Intelligence* for 1859, "that in one quarter of Constantinople, a Jewish elementary school, which had been established under the sanction of the Government, was broken into by some of the Rabbis, who tore the books in pieces and forced the children to leave the place. They had previously pronounced a curse on all the Jews who should send their children to the school, and finding that many disregarded their threats, they thus proceeded to take the law into their own hands. And why? Because, as they say, it is unlawful for

Jewish children to learn geography, inasmuch as they ought not to utter such words as *Saint Petersburg*, *San Francisco*, or talk about the river *Saint Lawrence*, the Colony of the Trinity or of the Redemption, the Bay of Todos Santos, &c. Mathematics are also condemned because the signs [+] for addition, and [×] for multiplication, resemble the sign of the Cross!"

Notwithstanding such ignorant opposition of the rabbis in Constantinople and other places, however, the mission schools established by the Society have been a marked success.

The difficulties with which missionaries have to contend are manifold, but they may be summed up under the following three headings:—(1.) Superstitions. The Talmud is of course *the* great stumbling-block. It is considered by most Jews as equal to the Old Testament Scriptures; by some Jews as of even higher authority. The Talmud teaches the Jew to say, "It is more criminal to teach anything contrary to the ordinances of the scribes than against the written law" [Pentateuch].—"The law is like water, the Mishna like wine, the Gemara like spiced wine." As, therefore, the Talmud is considered of greater value than the Bible, and as moreover it constantly misquotes and mutilates Messianic passages, the difficulties with which the missionaries have to contend in urging the authority of the New Testament Scriptures are evident, as any passages they may quote in proof of Christian doctrine have already been carefully and quite differently explained away in the Talmud. The Jews have also a "Life of Christ" of their own, and, from the Christian standpoint, a more blasphemous production can hardly be conceived. Written many centuries after Christ, it is of course of no critical value. It does not deny that Christ worked miracles—on the contrary, it contains the record of



RUSSIAN JEW.

many miracles not found in the New Testament, but of a similar character to those found in the Apocryphal Gospels. They assert that Jesus went into the Holy of Holies, and stole the ineffable Name of God, with which He performed His mighty works. (2.) Infidelity. The majority of the Jews in Western Europe are now openly avowing their disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible. Nearly all so-called "Reform" Jews are, in reality, Rationalists. C. G. Montefiore says in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, "We Reform Jews cannot accept any form of religion which is obliged to take its stand upon miracles." (3.) Persecutions by so-called Christians. No Jew can ever forget that for centuries they were hunted down, persecuted, robbed, and despoiled by "Christians." How then can they believe that the religion which was, and still is, the cause of untold suffering to them, can be the true religion?

These are the main difficulties; and yet, in spite of them, every year shows that more and more of the House of Israel are being won over to the Kingdom of Christ.

"The more enlightened the Jew becomes," says Dean Milman, "the less credible will it appear to him that the Universal Father intended an exclusive religion, confined to one family among the race of man, to be permanent; the more evident that the faith which embraces the whole human race within the sphere of its benevolence, is alone adapted to a more advanced and civilised life."

"We may humbly believe," says Canon Farrar in the preface to his "Life of Christ," "that the day is fast approaching when He whom the Jews crucified, and whose divine revelations the Christians have so often and so grievously disgraced, will break down the middle wall of partition between them, and make both races one in religion, in heart and life—Sennite and Aryan, Jew and Gentile, united to bless and to evangelise the world."

But there is reason to believe that if the middle wall of partition is to be broken down, it will be effected by human instrumentality under the Divine guidance! How to assist in that work is indicated by Lord Shaftesbury in his diary. Speaking of the Jews at Carlsbad, he says:—

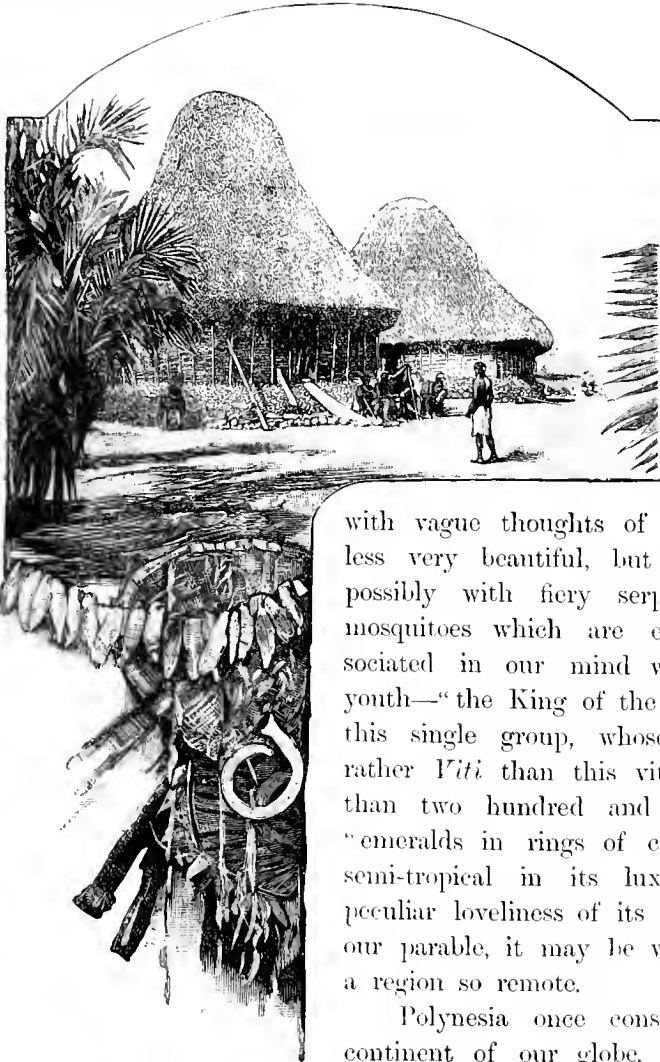
"There are many Jews here in their costume. They seem in comfortable circumstances, but separated from the Gentiles. I have bowed to several to show my respect to the nation. I shall next open a conversation with some of them. They are not oppressed here, but manifestly avoided. The veil is upon the hearts of the Gentiles in respect of that people, nearly as much as it is on their hearts in respect of the Gospel. Blessed will be the day when it shall be taken away from both!"

XXIII.—IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS—FIJI.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DAY-DAWN.

Polynesia and the Fijis—Geology—Climate—Discovery—Fijian Social Life—War—Religion—Cannibalism—Feasts and Festivals—The Wesleyan Mission—What has been Wrought—In Windward Fiji—Rev. William Cross—Rev. David Calvert—At Lakemba—Influence of Mission Life—Work in Rewa—Messrs. Hunt, Jagger, Calvert, and Cargill—Mr. Lyth and the Medical Mission—Somo-somo—Strangling Customs—Cannibal Feasts—The Story of Ono—Rays of Light—A Christian Heroine—Petty Battles—A Curious Prayer-meeting—A Hurricane.



IN that "milky way of islets," clustered in distinct archipelagoes, and spanning the Southern Pacific between America and Asia like so many giant stepping-stones in the sea, the group of "the Fijis" is perhaps the most familiar to our ears by name, and the least familiar in all besides. To within a comparatively recent date, here has been, at any rate, a *terra incognita*, furnishing us only

with vague thoughts of heat-cursed coral strands, doubtless very beautiful, but swarming with naked savages, possibly with fiery serpents, at any rate with huge mosquitoes which are equally bad; and poetically associated in our mind with that mystic demigod of our youth—"the King of the Cannibal Islands." Yet here in this single group, whose native name, by the way, is rather *Viti* than this vitiated "Fiji," there are no fewer than two hundred and fifty islands, all of them like "emeralds in rings of coral," covered with a vegetation semi-tropical in its luxuriance, and each possessing a peculiar loveliness of its own. Perhaps, before taking up our parable, it may be well to give a brief description of a region so remote.

Polynesia once constituted in all probability a fifth continent of our globe. Submerged beneath the sea, it still is outlined in the multitude of its coral reefs, the present islands originally forming its mountain tops. To Fiji has been left, out of such submergement, an area

of seven thousand four hundred square miles, or seven million acres, a tract equal in the aggregate to the surface of Wales, or, in its isolated insular fragments, greater than all the British West Indian Islands. To form an idea of the size of the largest and most important island, we are told to insulate the south-east corner of England, including the counties of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, Berkshire and Hampshire. That would about form the island called *Viti Levu*, Great Fiji, a territory as large as Jamaica. The next in size is an island somewhat smaller than the south-west corner of England would be, if it could be cut off to include the counties of Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, being one hundred miles long, by twenty-five broad. The decrease in magnitude is gradual, till we reach but an isolated rocky islet, but even on some of the lesser, towns of importance have been built where the sites promised shelter or anchorage. The natives classify their island homes into three groups, *Windward* Fiji, lying to the east, *Inner* Fiji being the central archipelago, and the *Leeward* Isles on the west.

The geological formation is volcanic. Ex-craters are distinctly observable in the basaltic peaks, some of which attain an elevation of four to five thousand feet above sea-level. The coral itself is found in some instances to have been up-heaved a thousand feet out of its sea-bed. Hot springs occur, some of them reaching boiling point in temperature, and covering half a square mile in extent. Earthquakes are known, and gold has been found in small quantity. There is not much level ground. Tavinni, an island twenty-five miles long and five broad, has a central ridge two thousand one hundred feet above sea-level, with a deep fresh-water lake running the entire length of its crest. But along some of the coast lines there are rich tracts, with extensive mud-flats and river-deltas, often flooded. On the larger islands are several vast stretches of open land, suitable for all purposes of native culture or white settlement.

Another distinctive feature in the formation is the coral reef, which, round many of the islands, forms a natural breakwater. Some of these insect-raised barriers are so huge in their proportions, rising as they do from the ocean's bed to its surface, as to dwarf the greatest monuments to the architectural skill of man. They belittle the Babel-builders of old time, both in the gigantic spaces they occupy and the ages consumed in their erection. They defy the rage of the Pacific, an ocean whose nature frequently belies its name. Outside the reef it may be heaving tempestuously, but a line of white foam marks the encircling protection of insectile opposition. All is calm and clear within the reef as a rule, the blue pellucid water baffling the sky to match its loveliness; while beneath, the sea-flora exhibition is as abundant as it is exquisite. The gazer over the side of the lazily floating canoe descends a submarine landscape of rich and curious things of endless hues and fantastic shapes—an aqueous flower-garden of perfect wonderment, the fish floating athwart the scene vying with the coral in the brilliance of its coloured iridescence.

Navigation amid such barrier reefs may be well supposed to be most intricate and perilous. Usually there is but one means of access over the bar to the quiet waters within, through a break in the reef opposite a river's mouth, the coral insect

disdaining, it is said, the flow of tasteless fresh water. In most cases this portal is available only at high tide. Streams abound, and are large in proportion to the size of the islands, forming waterways to the interior districts. The Rewa is navigable by vessels of light draught for fifty miles up-stream.

The climate is considered equable, although severely enervating to European residents. For three months the hot blast of the equatorial furnace is kept up, ending generally in a hurricane which desolates plantations and homes, and, clearing the atmosphere, introduces "the Trades," and these for the remaining nine months render bearable the great and constant heat. Dysentery is a serious evil, influenza is prevalent, rheumatism is common.

The hot moist climate and rich alluvial soil make these Eden hot-houses like so



A CORAL ISLAND.

many conservatories blooming with beauty and teeming with fertility. All the year round the vegetation wears the aspect of a thick tropical jungle. The great trees are covered with great creepers which interweave in tangled festoons. The ferns are of the Australian type. The plains appeared grassy, except where broken in upon by the hand of cultivation, for the inhabitants were agriculturists for ages, and until recently had no use for grazing. On every side are to be seen the native gardens of yam, the staple food, interspersed with taro and mulberries, and with groves of banana or wild sugar-cane, while orange, lime, and rare plum-trees fringe every walk. The cocoa-palm is indigenous, the nuts being sometimes so thick as to defy computation. Coffee is a chief product. Sugar, tobacco, sago, tapioca, maize, rice, india-rubber, arrow-root and spices, are also among the exports. The "sea-island" species of cotton sent from Fiji to the Philadelphia and Paris exhibitions gained gold medal awards, and was pronounced by a Manchester Committee to be most excellent.

The volcanic basis finding a true accessory in the luxurious vegetation, the islands

possess a matchless picturesqueness of their own, suggestive of some marvellous fairy-land. A view obtained from a central coign of vantage presents their range as a whole under the appearance of an unbroken coast much like the sweep of our own colder shores, the interior mountain ridges perhaps hidden by those rain-squalls which, familiar there as nearer home, drive over them and add a saddening charm to the landscape. But the mountain undulations and irregularities are peculiar to themselves. Peaks and precipices, hills and valleys, cataracts and waterfalls common to other lands, have here a decided character which is unique. In some cases the mountain rises sheer from the bosom of the deep, its steep sides clad with graceful palms to the very summit. And within the recesses of those glorious rocks is one vast fernery of sublime magnificence. With forests of mangrove lining their river-banks with its dark green verdure, the home of the orange-coloured dove, and of the parrot ever and anon flitting across the scene and lighting it up with the red and blue and green of its satin wings; with hoary orchids clothing the sides of their deep ravines; with cinnamon and nutmeg blowing soft their spicy breezes, these distant isles of the sea are, to say the least, somewhat more romantic and attractive in their outward guise than must have been these northern shores of ours two millenniums ago.

But the romance only properly begins when we open the record of missionary adventure which these islands have witnessed; and then we are startled into truly thrilling interest in their history. Taking a retrogressive survey of a period a little over half a century in length, we find at its commencement the whole civilised world thrown into a sudden horror at the disclosure of the inconceivable barbarity of the South Sea Islanders; then we behold plunge into the midst of revolting scenes, with only God to care for them, a handful of men and women who, bereft of the common instinct of self-preservation, seem to care for nothing in this world but the reclamation of ferocious savages from their inhuman atrocities; and lastly, we are amazed to observe how this dark spot of earth, full of the habitations of cruelty, undergoes a transformation of extraordinary character, until to-day the religion of Jesus Christ has no more honourable testimony and no more ardent or sincere discipleship on the face of the earth than it has in Fiji. The tale is more variously marvellous than the greatest three-volumed romance which the human mind could possibly have devised.

The most that is known of the early history of Fiji, apart from the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook in 1773, is that some "whites," being runaway sailors and escaped convicts from the region of Botany Bay, had made good their landing on these shores, which were then the least likely to receive them. The desperadoes, who managed to become the dread of the savages by causing them to stand in wholesome and superstitious awe of their murderous firearms, had assisted some of the chiefs to carry on their wars, and so had gained repute for themselves. Outlaws against humanity, they were men of the vilest wickedness, and were regarded even by the islanders as monsters of superhuman villainy, outdoing in devilry the savage votaries of the devil themselves. To them is due the founding of the two chief centres of Fijian influence.

Thus, at the opening of the story of Fiji, we step upon its inhospitable shores to

find them filled with a humanity sunken, in its cruel thirst for human blood, to a level lower than that of the ravening beasts of prey, and goaded on in its loathsome excesses by fallen Europeans, steeped to the lips in crime.

In the beginning of the century, the islanders were designated by a great authority "a race of nature's noblemen." Being a fusion of the Papuan and Malayan stock, they have more in common with the Hindu than the Maori. The native towns are after the pattern of a Hindu village. Only the women are tattooed, whereas in other Polynesian groups it is the men who suffer this art. In the Windward Islands the Malayan element prevails in the reddish-yellow-coloured skin, the straight hair, and the cold, grave, treacherous character which is the incarnation of self. In the West, the Papuan is visible in the dark olive skin, frizzly locks, merry laughter, and impetuous character. The quick intelligence of the fairer race is thus a striking contrast to the suspicious savagery of the darker. Until the beginning of the last half-century the combined race preserved itself in its primitive purity by the massacre of all shipwrecked and other visitors to its coasts.

Mentally the Fijian was superior in some respects to the standard of brain-power usually attributed to savage races; morally he was a mixture of strangely heterogeneous ingredients, combining the extremes of politeness and cruelty, of open-handed hospitality and ferocious murder, of infanticide and tender adoption of orphans, of uncalculating generosity and abandoned mendicancy. A beggar and braggart, living in a constant atmosphere of suspicion and treachery, cunning was regarded as his highest virtue. For vindictiveness of passion, and for Satanic rage when provoked, for cruel jealousies, and for revengeful malignity, cherished even in the hour of death, the Fijian was unsurpassed.

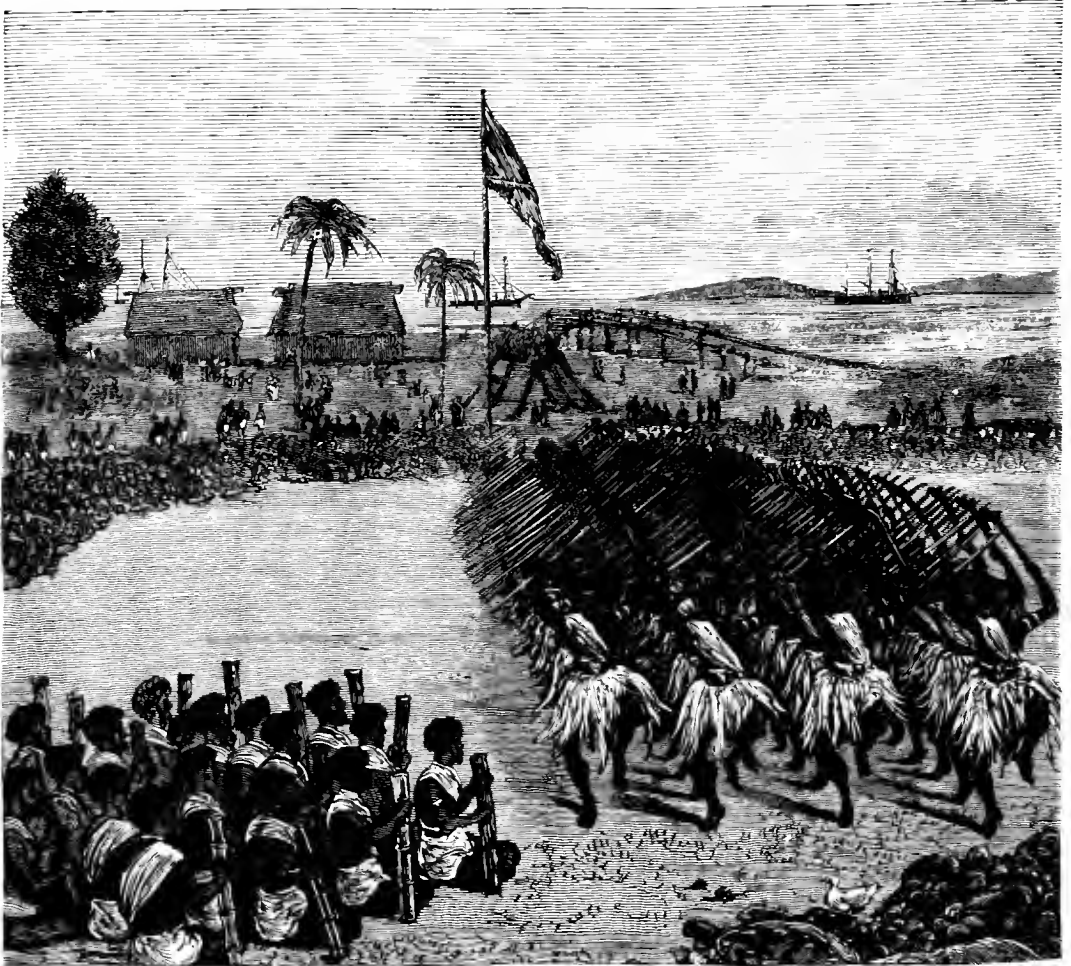
Socially the Fijian was neither much better nor worse than other savages. Woman was but a chattel; polygamy was common; vice was rampant.

As regards civic distinctions, which neither the missionaries nor the Government have erased, there are the grades of greater and lesser chiefs, priests, employés, distinguished warriors of low birth, common people, and slaves. The heathen population was grouped in townships under chiefs, and these again were subservient to the rule of a supreme chief. And this arrangement is still in force.

The most remarkable social person was the *vasu* or "nephew," the son of a chief by a woman of high rank, who had almost unlimited rights of appropriating the property of the mother's family or even of her people. This class "supplied the high-pressure power of Fijian despotism." However high a chief might rank, if he had a nephew, he had a master, who would not be content with the name, but who would exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever might strike his fancy, regardless of its value or of the owner's inconvenience at its loss. Resistance was never thought of. One chief who had quarrelled with an uncle, and had made war upon him, used the right of *vasu* so far as actually to supply himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores.

War was carried on with most courtly formalities. It was neither a necessity nor an amusement, but the business of life. Tribal wars were chronic. Boys were trained

“scientifically” in the use of the club from tenderest years. To neglect to teach a babe how to strike its mother would beget a fear of the child growing into a coward. Thus “without natural affection,” the Fijians became “implacable, unmerciful” at their mothers’ breasts. The child was taught to hate and spurn the dead bodies of slain enemies by kicking them with his tiny feet. Captives were treated with unspeakable

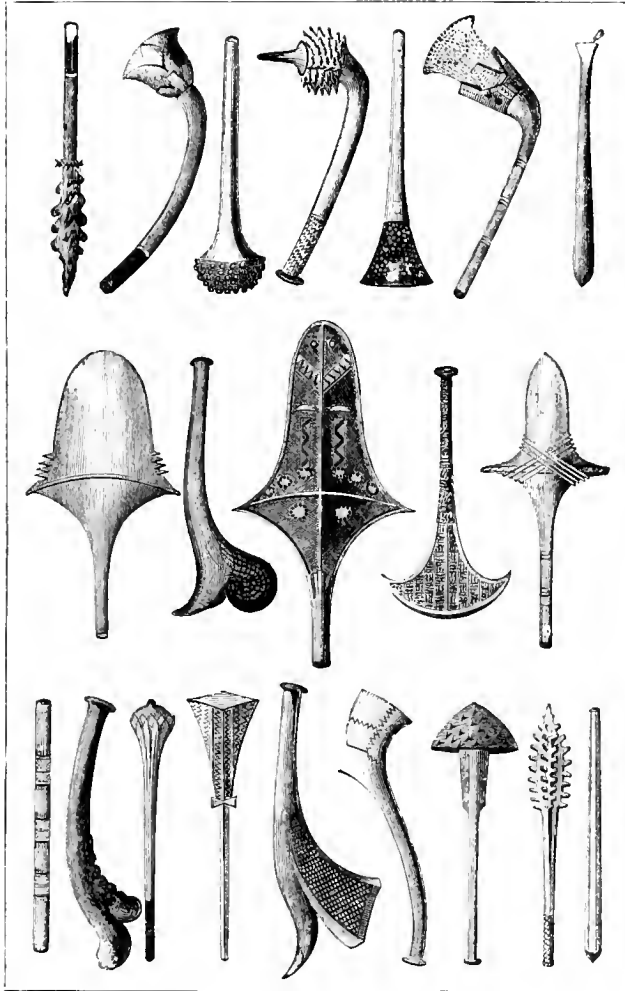


NATIVE WAR DANCE.

barbarity: some were given to boys of rank, to practise upon them their apprentice hands in every ingenuity of torture: some were stunned and cast into red-hot ovens, their returning consciousness under the fierce heat urging them to fearful struggles for escape, and creating uproarious laughter among the witnesses of the horrible scene: children were lunged from canoes’ mast-heads by their feet, to be brained against the masts of the rolling vessels.

As regards religion, the pre-Christian creed was that common to the Polynesian

mythology, including a belief in a future existence. There were two classes of gods: the immortals, of whom the greatest was Degei or Ndengei, the creator, eternally existent in the form of a serpent, troubled little by human or any other affairs; and those lesser divinities who were subject to like passions as men, and even to



FIJIAN WAR CLUBS.

death, and comprising the spirits of ancestors and heroes departed this life. Degei had two very natural sons—Ra-dina-dina, the Fijian Ceres, whose smile fills the air and ripens the crops: and Tokai Rabi, the Fijian Mars, whose breast was replete with every attribute of savage ferocity. The local or inferior gods were multiplied till they were countless as the stars, not only each islet being able to boast a presiding deity of its own, but every grove and rock being connected to the supernatural world by some superstitious legend. Religion was spiritual, in so far as the object of it

was immaterial; for the highly imaginative nature of these heathens made them thus capable of realising things unseen, and in their feeble way they acknowledged the superhuman, invisible powers which they felt to be around them. Even in the worst days of gross darkness, the appeals to a wild idealism contained in their traditions were never reduced to visible imagery. The Fijian was no idolater, in the sense of being a worshipper of stocks and stones, the representatives of deity in the shape of natural objects or artificial images. "Fijian gods" have been a late invention of enterprising Brummagem manufacturers, who thus dupe the passion of American and English wanderers for sorry "relics" of paganism, just as the saints of papal countries have developed and multiplied their remains *ad infinitum* for the behoof of their admirers.

The priests exercised a powerful influence over the people, and, in common with the priesthood of other islands of the Pacific, had in full force a system of *tabu* or *tambu*.

Among the cruel rites practised in the old days of heathenism was the strangulation of some of the wives of a great man; and the burying alive of individuals, either tired of life or no longer fit for it, the usual victims being the aged and infirm.

Of cannibalism among the Fijians a writer remarks:—

"There is a certain degree of religious awe associated with cannibalism, when a national institution—a mysterious hallow, akin to a sacrifice to a supreme being, with which only the select few, the *tabu* class, the priests, chiefs, and higher orders, are deemed fit to be connected. Ovens for baking dead bodies, and the pots in which human flesh is boiled or steamed, are not devoted to any culinary purpose.

"The cannibal forks obtained at Namosi tended to confirm this belief. My handling them seemed to give as much pain as if I had gone into a Christian church and used the chalice for drinking water."

But cannibalism degenerated into a mere morbid craving for human food. When a large canoe was launched, the rollers which bore it down across the shingly shore consisted of pinioned men, the torn, crushed, mangled corpses of whom were, after the launch, cooked and eaten. Human victims were sacrificed upon the laying of the keel, the beginning of the planking, the stepping of the mast, or the hoisting of the sail for the first time. They were considered the proper food for the carpenters. And a new canoe was never launched without her decks being "washed" in blood. Some poor creature would be also captured and killed at each point of land it touched, or even at the lowering of the sail. In short, upon every available occasion the opportunity for a human feast was secured, and no ease of cannibalism is reported through scarcity of food.

Thus, from different points, light is focussed on the fact that the worship of heathen Fiji had simply become a means of glutting the vilest passions of our fallen nature. The religious festivals were but scenes of loathsome orgies. Man is never better than his religious system. And Fiji, unchristianised, exhibited the heart swollen with Satanic pride to such an extent that there was rife a boasting of wickedness,

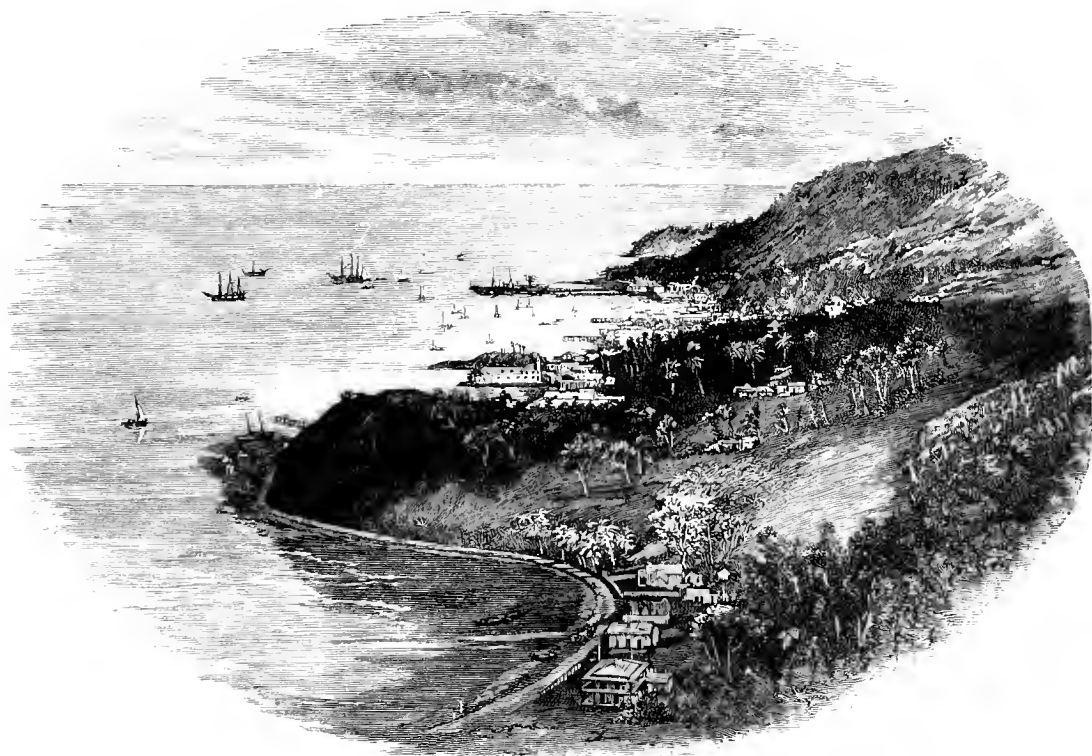
cunning, treachery, and murder from sheer love of notoriety, or human nature's delight in its own self-adulation. The most bitter revenge was deified as an object of devotion. The cultus partook of unutterable obscenities, indulged in by both sexes in all the hideousness of indescribable lust. And when this is said, it must be left after all to conceive as matter of imagination into what a realised pandemonium the first messengers of heaven entered, bearing their lives in one hand and the grace of God in the other.

The Wesleyan Mission holds a prominent place in Fijian history. Apart from the services rendered to humanity, which are acknowledged to have been immense, it was mainly through the efforts of that mission that the heathen abominations just described as so recently in full vigour, have become a thing of the past; and the vastness of the change which has come across these islands, equally with the wonderful tale of the mode of its accomplishment, speaks aloud to all the world of the power of the Gospel of Christ. God has honoured the Wesleyan Church to an extraordinary extent in this corner of the great field which is the world. Independent testimony is plentifully borne to the fact in the Blue-books of the British Government, while reports of naval officers, and the observations of travellers of intelligence and integrity, sufficiently approve the completeness of the work. Forty years after the landing of the missionaries, heathenism as a system was abolished; the temples, the priesthood, the human sacrifices were gone, and Thakombau, as a Christian king, ruled over a Christian nation.

Strange is it, for instance, to read of Levuka for some years the commercial capital, as having become possessed of five churches, a government-house, courts of justice, masonic halls, and mechanics' institutes and library, a club-house, a bank, two bi-weekly newspapers, besides hotels, shops, and schools, and one eab! To-day the sound of the church bells mingles with the tones of the *lali* (the native wooden drum) in calling the worshippers to prayer. The harbour, when the monthly mail steamer from Sydney was in, presented an animated spectacle, with its inter-island steamboats and sailing craft of all kinds flying their various national flags—a gay scene before the long town, straggling its two miles' length along the coast. There was one Episcopalian chaplain, with an assistant from Bishop Patteson's native clergy, to assist him in missionary work and foreign labour, but the Church of England judged it wise to leave Fiji wholly to the Wesleyans, who have been so marvellously successful. Indeed, Wesleyanism is the "established church" of Fiji, and while other sects are now to be found as visitors on the islands, the Methodists hold their own as the almost indigenous Church of the people. "Out of a population of 120,000," wrote Sir Arthur Gordon, on his appointment as Governor in 1874, "102,000 are now regular worshippers with them."

The history of the mission that has effected so wondrous a transformation contains a prodigality of all that is heroic and romantic. Looking back at such scenes as we have now to conjure up by the firelight of our own happy homes, and at this distance of time, a halo of glory encircles them. But in the romance which fascinates us so powerfully, let us not forget the commonplace details of sacrifice, of suffering, of lonely isolation, of dreary depression, which, apart from immediate peril, was the daily lot of the noble men and women who ventured to live amongst those wildest

of savage men. We know not whether to admire more their first daring plunge into the midst of such appalling surroundings, or the steady perseverance and unflinching nerve which they evinced in their work. They had not more than a yearly communication with the outside world. Letters from home were usually fifteen months old. No medical man was within a thousand miles of them, and Fiji was a hot-bed of strange diseases. They had not one of their own language to speak to them a word of sympathy in illness, or of cheer in their work. Apart from peril and the nauseous environment of their life, their toil was no sinecure. Services increased rapidly, both for

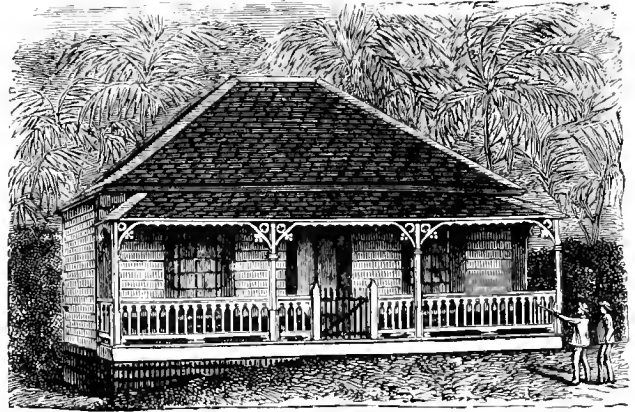


LEVUKA.

brain and hand and limb. Every day, and all day, they were compelled to hold intercourse with natives, that they might gain some; beneath the hands of these nude light-fingered gentry, the mere conveniences of life disappeared, and the periodical running short of provisions also told upon their health. In one missionary abode, all that was left of comfort at one time was a solitary tea-cup, minus its handle. A supply of clothing took two years in coming, having been written for three years before. No ordinary grace sent them there; and no ordinary zeal kept these men of education, and these women who had been used to civilised comfort and refinement, faithful amid such privations. No more hopeless or forbidding prospect could be found than they had chosen; yet their ardour, like the flame of fire on the Jewish altar, never went out.

They sought to offend no prejudice, and to provoke no hostility. In their daily life of self-denying goodness, they preached the Gospel of a living Christianity in the patience of their faith, the endurance of their love, and the fortitude of their living martyrdom. What the happy results cost those good soldiers of Jesus Christ, only He knows who saw their labours, their sickness, their pain, their disappointments, their outraged feelings, and who heard their strong crying with tears. How dare we look on the fashionable shabbiness of our own Christian profession, when we contrast the gifts these heroes cast into the treasury of the Lord!

The mission settled first in Windward Fiji, which the natives of Tonga, another group of the South Sea Islands, were in the habit of visiting. Perhaps it was identified too closely with the Tongan element in the outset, for the generally tyrannic bearing of those seafaring ruffians towards Fiji led to much mischief. But it must not be forgotten that to obtain any introduction to Fiji was most difficult. And among the rough visitors were some who had received Christianity in the love of it, and these became zealous in making known to their Fijian neighbours what they knew of the Gospel. In 1834, when the little Tongan Church was blessed with a remarkable revival, in which thousands, including the king and queen, were converted from idolatry, Fiji was remembered with especial prayers, and an earnest desire sprang up to send the Gospel of Jesus to its savage inhabitants. That year, when the missionaries met in the Friendly



WESLEYAN CHURCH AT LEVUKA.

Islands District Meeting, one chief subject of deliberation was the need of benighted cannibal Fiji. Although they had their hands full, and were just beginning to reap the fruit of much toil and danger in the district already being evangelised, they could not refuse the call which came to them from Fiji to preach the Gospel there. In October, 1835, the Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, not ignorant of the character of the barbarians, undertook to go forth from Tonga for their civilisation and enlightenment. Past the vigour of youth, their homes established, their little ones growing up, their work succeeding, it must have been a second wrench, and a second immense sacrifice in the lives of these men, to leave all and follow Christ. But the voice of the Master sounded unmistakably across the face of the dividing waters, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and, counting the cost, they gave to His "marching orders" their solemn "Amen!"

With wives and little ones they awaited the opportunity of crossing the seas to the scene of new peril, utilising the period of delay in arranging an alphabet, and printing, at the Tongan press, a four-paged "First Book" in Fijian, and a "Short

Catechism." The two families embarked in a passing schooner, 8th October, 1835, King George of Tonga manifesting his sincere interest in the undertaking by sending along with them an influential person with a present to the chief of the district whither they were bound, urging him to treat the missionaries well, and stating what great benefits had accrued to him and his people from their sojourn amongst them at Tonga. In four days they reached Lakemba. Early in the morning the two men went ashore, the schooner lying in the offing without daring to come to anchor. On that shore deafening yells had announced the approach of the vessel, and when the two whites stepped out of the boat, a great crowd of savages had thus been gathered to give them the usual anthropophagal welcome, running naked on the beach and gesticulating in wild excitement. A hundred feet from the water's edge were two hundred men armed with muskets, bayonets fixed on sticks, clubs, bows and arrows, their bodies painted jet-black and their faces reddened, in the approved manner of the Fijian fashion of fifty years ago. The missionaries hailed the Tongans in the crowd with the familiar greetings of their own land. And it was well that they could converse with these, so as to bespeak a friendly reception from the natives by describing through them the well-meant intention of their visit. Leaving the long row of houses that lined the shore beneath the shade of cocoa-nut trees, they came to the abode of the chief, situate in a large inland fortress. To him and his great men they explained the purport of their visit, and begged some land on which to erect a house. This was readily granted; they were promised temporary homes at once, and were desired to land their families and their goods. Then the vessel cast anchor, and the sea-sick women and children were taken on shore. For the first night, the shelter of a canoe-shed, open at end and sides, was lent them. Here they spent the hours of darkness amid mosquitoes innumerable and unusually large, within range of the sonorous grunting of a herd of pigs that ran about them in all directions, the children crying with the pain of the insects' stings, and in the midst of a tribe whose ferocious propensity was to eat all strangers, and whose language they knew not. These were the circumstances in which two faithful men of God began their assault upon that ancient stronghold of the cruel.

The chief had promised them a dwelling, and during its erection they gladly availed themselves of the captain's invitation to remain on board the schooner. But house-building was a rapid process in Fiji; a timber frame-work, bound together by sinnet, the native twine, was soon run up, latticed and thatched; the thatching was a ceremony wherein every friendly disposed person was supposed to help with shouts of triumphant, albeit discordant, glee. Thus, in three days, a large company of willing natives erected the mission-premises, the doors and windows being landed from the schooner with furniture, books, clothes, articles for barter and other stores. And on a Saturday night the two missionaries, with their families, found themselves domiciled in their new home among the cannibals.

Next day the mission work began in earnest, by their holding two out-door services, conducted in the Tongan tongue. The king had been invited, and he came and listened attentively. A favourable impression appears to have been made

on him. "The Dayspring from on high" had at length visited this region of the darkness and shadow of death.

Speedily the language was mastered. A version of part of St. Matthew's Gospel containing the "Sermon on the Mount" was soon able to be sent to the Tongan press, where it was printed in a booklet of twenty-four pages. This proved a valuable acquisition. Meantime the preaching in the Tongan dialect was bearing its own precious fruit. Many Tongans, who had found in Fiji a congenial sphere for the free indulgence of every vice, became truly penitent. Bitterly repenting of evil deeds, and putting away the licentious courses still so easily open to them in Fiji, they returned to their own land. Many a cordial greeting then took place between these wanderers and their friends at home, who, themselves converted to the faith of Christ, received them back as "dead but now alive again."

In October, 1837, a fleet of canoes left Fiji in which there removed about three hundred persons who, at Lakemba, had been brought to the knowledge of the truth; and of these earliest results among the Tongans, the thoroughgoing disciples proved some of the most devoted of Christian labourers. Zealous in spreading the cause of Christ, they greatly aided the mission by their earnest exhortations wherever they went, and strove to repair the evil effect of their past lives by their indefatigable and invaluable services. Thus they seemed raised up of God as the best pioneers in the new field, for they held the chiefs in no such fear as did their own Fijian subjects, but professed their Christianity boldly and in an independent fashion of their own.

Among the Fijians themselves, the work did not progress so rapidly at first as afterwards. Many of the professedly converted Tongans were insincere and half-hearted, although some were entirely changed in character and life. And the *lotu*, as the new religion was called, permitted no compromise. It achieved nothing if it did not elevate these lawless people to the standard of morality taught by the New Testament. That was its one position. It sought to go deep into the heart of the cannibal, and, introducing a new set of ideas, a new class of motives, a new style of life, it would rest satisfied with no half-way measures. And that doctrine was unpalatable at first sight to the Fijian, as it is to the natural heart in every man.

The first great attraction of the natives to the new settlers was the system of barter which they had established. In payment for gardening, fencing, building, or for pigs, fowls, crabs, fish, fruit and vegetables, they would receive a long and hopelessly coveted article, such as an axe, a knife, a pot, a piece of calico or other treasure. These things became, of course, matter of admiration; the theme of conversation was soon the mission station, with its air of comfort, its domestic tranquillity, its happy contented life, which stood in marked contrast to their own. So many came to see it at length, that the native curiosity became a nuisance, the more especially that the smaller articles upon which hands could be deftly laid were secreted and "annexed" by the visitors. Some looked upon the mission established among them as giving them respectability, others found in it other advantages, and there was a danger at one time of the Fijian embracing Christianity solely from a sense of the benefits it manifestly conferred. Especially was this the case when medicine became

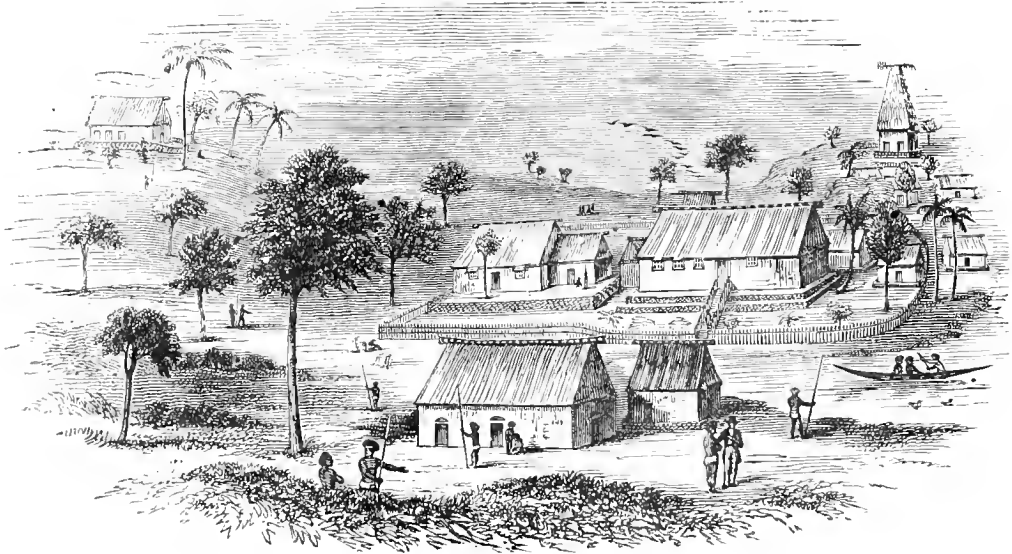
part of its beneficent schemes, the Fijian's great desire in this life being that he might enjoy good bodily health. A chief once urged as a reason for the adoption of the white creed, that his life might be preserved by the love and power of the white God. Thus at first the mission generally met with a favourable reception, though not because the people understood the nature of the Gospel or had any love for it. Mr. Cargill was made to sit on one occasion for two hours in conference with a chief who insisted on "interviewing" him. The heathen was then asked, "Do you believe to



KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

be true what I have stated?" And his reply evinced the state of public opinion in Fiji regarding the whites: "Everything is true that comes from the white man's country; guns and powder are true; your religion *must be* true." As the people became enlightened and thought for themselves, they began to provoke the hostility of "the powers that be," by manifesting an increasing dislike to the tyrannic demands of the chiefs; and when one or more were converted every week, it inflamed the incensed chiefs to greater threatening and persecution. One of these, although supposed to be himself favourable to the *lotu*, was tributary to the monarch of a neighbouring State, and before accepting it openly, he wished to know the mind of his more powerful ally. "When Tanoa leads," he said, "I and all my people will follow." The force of this was felt by the missionaries for some time. Until some chief of importance set an

example, the Fijians would not in any great numbers embrace the Gospel. This circumstance of the subordination of the people to their feudal lord, explains the fact of the great number of Fijians who were afterwards "converted" at one time. In the first six months thirty-one adults were publicly baptised, the sacrament being in no case administered indiscriminately, and merely because heathenism had been forsaken and the Christian services attended, but only such persons being received as had been enlightened by instruction regarding the vows imposed on them, and evidencing sincerity in their endeavour to live according to the principles of their new profession. At the end of the first year of the mission, the Lord's Supper was administered



MISSION HOUSE AND HEATHEN TEMPLE AT VIWA.

to two hundred and eighty persons, reclaimed from the very worst excesses of which our human nature is capable.

The first hastily built mission premises were blown down by a hurricane, but good eventuated out of the calamity, for a much-needed chapel, besides more substantial and comfortable homes, were soon erected in their place. Then the extending of Christianity called forth very violent opposition from the priestly caste, which felt its own influence was on the wane in proportion as that of the missionaries increased. It was proposed that the setting up of the posts of a projected new temple should be celebrated by the eating of some of the Christians. A Tongan chief interfered, however, in time to save them from destruction, and the calm boldness with which these converts endured the annoyances heaped upon them was a new feature in Fijian character. Ex-cannibals, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, were a novelty indeed; and that they should sustain so much loss, and should show, not only no revenge, but goodwill to their cruel persecutors, was, to all beholders, a perfect paradox, so that when those who had suffered the loss of all things returned to their homes,

they were treated with unwonted respect. The multiplied failures of their own oracles tended to decrease the popular favour towards the priests, while, on the other hand, the missionaries seized every opportunity of conferring solid benefit. Thus, quietly but firmly, the good work sped. Besides the regular preaching, a school at daybreak was held, and there were added, with fresh translations of the sacred Scriptures, class-leaders and exhorters instructed in their exposition.

The two pioneer missionaries, by advice of the king, and in circumstances of exceeding difficulty, determined to push their efforts at length into the leeward and more important part of Fiji. Thus Mr. Cross, though in an enfeebled state of health, left Lakemba and proceeded to Mbau, then promising to be the centre of power which it afterwards became. Here he found affairs in a state of high civic tension, the place crowded with people, wrought up to a pitch of excitement in consequence of the successful crushing of a revolt in connection with the exile of Tanoa, the king. Two bodies were already in the ovens, so that he thought it wiser to settle at Rewa, on the mainland of Viti Levu, and distant from Mbau by river about twelve miles; the king there offering him protection, and promising that any of his people should *lotu* who chose. The first services were conducted in the dialect of Lakemba, but in a week Mr. Cross was able to talk to the people in their own brogue. His house was small, low, and damp, and here the missionary sickened. "For six weeks he lay ill, first with intermittent fever, then with cholera, and then with typhus fever, until his strength was gone, and his poor wife saw closely threatening her, the hard lot of being left alone with her little ones among cannibals." On recovery, a better house was built, a chief and his wife were converted, the services were well attended, a school was opened, and the aspect seemed brightening, when persecution arose, and besides being threatened with arson, Mr. Cross nearly lost his life by one of the stones hurled into the Christian assembly. Here the chief of Viwa, a town a few miles north of Mbau, besought that a Christian teacher might be sent him. He was a man of blood, and Mr. Cross feared some scheme of vengeance. However, the chief told the old king Tanoa privately that he intended to *lotu*, as he was afraid of the whites, some French war-ships having severely revenged an outrage a short time previously. A teacher was accordingly sent into this new district.

Thus was the mission started in two centres of influence, east and west, by these two men defying, single-handed, the Evil One in his ancient fastness of Fiji, where, secluded in its lovely islands, he had for ages succeeded, unchecked, in fostering every vice and unheard-of abomination. No wonder if the demon of savagery, outstripping the common limits of rapine and bloodshed in his fury, and violating the very instincts of humanity, should have been provoked, so that opposition became obstinate, and the people appeared *en masse* more debased and devilish than ever. But the voice of omnipotent exorcism was in the evangel these men had brought, and Providence had its never-slumbering eye upon its servants, not only protecting them, but in due course sending them much-needed help. The Friendly Islands District Meeting foresaw that many more missionaries for Fiji would be required immediately. A stirring appeal was written by one of their number, and circulated broadcast in England.

with the result, that in December, 1838, the Rev. John Hunt, the Rev. T. J. Jaggar, and the Rev. James Calvert, with their wives, landed from England at Lakemba, and Fiji was at once formed into a separate district, with the Rev. David Cargill for its chairman. The noble Hunt then consented to relieve Cross, which meant that he hesitated not, at the request of his brethren, to risk himself to work among cannibals, of whose language he knew nothing; while, with equal nobility, the shattered brother to whose relief he promptly went, would not yield his post when he came, choosing possible death rather than forsake a young, inexperienced man alone in such unexampled difficulties. Fortitude like this was as timely as it was God-given. One of the king's brothers had instigated the pelting of the native Christians, and the plundering of their houses. The new missionary wrote: "Mrs. Hunt and I were not very comfortable, especially about midnight, when the death-like stillness of the town was broken by the firing of a musket. We thought, 'Surely this is the signal for the attack,' and expected nothing less than to have our houses plundered. Mr. Cross slept comfortably enough. He was the old veteran, who had stood the shock of many a battle; we were the raw recruits just introduced into the field, and consequently we felt the timidity which most experience on the first charge. The chief never came near us, and the king called a meeting of chiefs shortly after, which was the means of checking the persecution for a time."

Thus was kindled in Fiji the light that should never go out, but that should burn into the darkest recesses of its degradation until, with holy opposition, it should consume them. Scenes too horrible, too full of fiendish cruelty to be imagined, surged around the missionary band; every vice was committed, and every suffering endured, until the cannibal atrocities lost their novelty, and were looked upon as a matter of course. Yet the work of conversion was really begun. At Lakemba, a printing-press was established among a people who three years before had possessed no written language; but as Rewa appeared more naturally suited to form the centre of the mission activities than Lakemba, to Rewa it was removed. Almost simultaneously, Mr. Lyth arrived from Tonga, to prove, by his medical aid, a great accession of strength to the small but already effective force.

For long these men laboured on, disappointed even in reasonable expectation. "Unfruitful labours," "barren ground," "apparently useless toil," are among the epithets used to characterise such Hereulean tasks as lay before them, by people given to too free indulgence in "cold water." But they toiled on in solitude and in faith. Always and everywhere,—by the wayside, on board the canoe, at the sick-bed, and in the garden, the missionaries pressed home to every man's conscience, religious truth. And these men were chosen wisely and well, for individually they had aptitude for their work. While Hunt translated the Scriptures, Calvert managed the press, assisted in this by a Frenchman, who, being shipwrecked on the coast, and coming under the influence of the Gospel, relieved the missionary from the manual labour of printing, and gave him release for his own proper work of evangelism. R. B. Lyth, by his knowledge of medicine, mitigated suffering and prolonged life, leaving, wherever he went, not only a grateful reminiscence of his skill, but an impression of his high honour and

conscientiousness. On gaining some repute for medical skill, his first influential patient was a young chief of wonderful physique, whom Lyth attended during a long illness, so that a deep friendship was formed. Then the old king summoned his professional aid, and being a man of violent temper, proved a most difficult patient to manage. If dissatisfied, he would seize his club and threaten his doctor with instant extinction. On one of these scenic occasions, the physician fled the room, leaving his coat-tail in the royal hands—a breach not easily repaired in Fiji. The

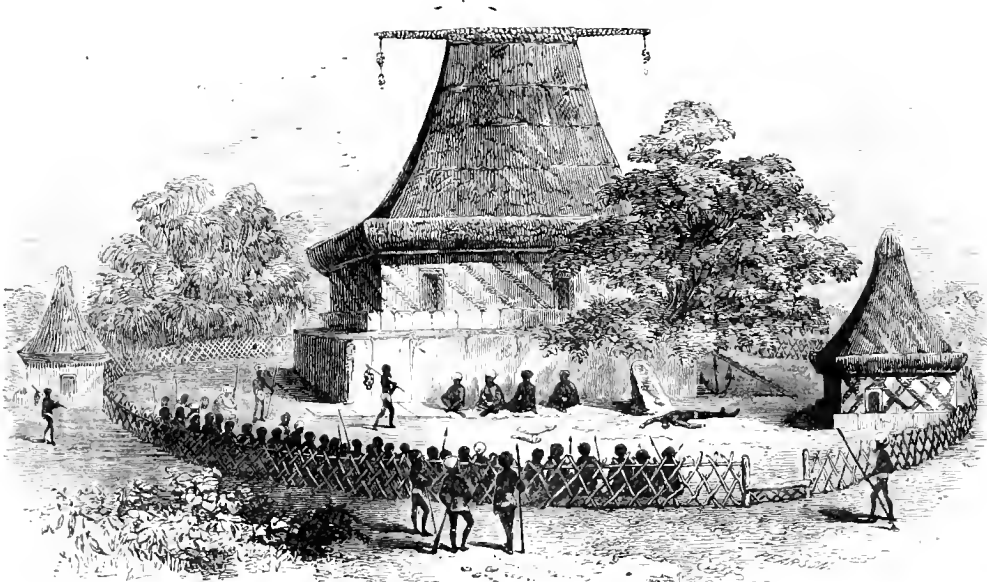


THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

children were gathered round Watsford, who organised schools and put the Gospel into verse and song. David Hazlewood, whose name is little known, was a man holding a front rank amongst apostolic labourers of the Christian mission-field. Highly gifted and of a peculiarly elevated and refined nature, here was a spirit aflame with zeal—kindled, we might suppose, at the great patriarchal fount of Methodism, for it was closely akin in many respects to that of the Wesleys. To him is due a translation of a large portion of the Old Testament. He compiled a masterly scientific grammar of the language, and gave to future generations of missionaries a dictionary which made the work of acquiring the strange tongue comparatively easy to them. In all these men and their wives shone an intensity of unspeakable devotion to their work, which seemed to make them forget the common instincts of

self-love and self-preservation. Apart from all other qualities, with which they were conspicuously endowed for the work, their courage was of an order approaching the sublime in moral grandeur.

The next place which the missionaries attempted to supply with the Word of Life was Somo-somo, a town of weighty influence and of the most barbarous wickedness. Its king and his two sons had visited Lakemba with two hundred people, and being struck by the supply of useful articles bartered at the mission, they had pleaded hard for a similar boon for themselves, on the ground of their greater importance, numbers, and renown. In response, Hunt and Lyth went to Somo-somo in July, 1839, but they soon found, to their disappointment, that they were treated with



TEMPLE OF NA VATA-NI-TAWAKE, MEAU.

conspicuous neglect by the supercilious cannibals. The king's youngest son had been lately wrecked at sea, and it was whispered that he had been eaten. And when the missionaries tried to prevent the strangling of several women, the king was enraged at their interference with the ancient and popular custom, and only increased the number of wretched victims. Sixteen were put to death, the graves of some being contiguous to the mission-house. What the missionaries endured here will never be known. "In quick succession they were compelled to witness scenes of cruelty and degradation too deep for words. Deeds of darkest abomination were the familiar sights of every-day life, and the people of Somo-somo proved themselves fully entitled to the character they bore throughout the group, of being the vilest of the vile. Cannibal feasts, attended by wildest orgies, were of constant occurrence, the bodies being cooked in ovens close to the house in which Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth had their quarters; and so great was the offence they gave by closing the doors to try and shut out the revolting scenes, that their own lives were endangered, and the king's

son, Tui-kila-kila, came up furiously, club in hand, threatening to kill Mr. Lyth, who had ventured on remonstrance." Every day increased the peril in which they stood, until one awful night they believed their doom was sealed. Defence was impossible, and, crouched in the great gloomy house, they closed the frail doors and hung up their curtains of mosquito cloth to hide themselves from eyes that might be peering through the reed walls; and then, one after another, they called on God, resolved that their savage murderers should kill them on their knees. A band of noble martyr-spirits, they had left their happy homes in England, counting the cost of the risk they ran in these islands of blood; and now, when the full sacrifice appeared to be demanded, they bent their knees to its completion. "Just at midnight, when each pleading voice was hushed and each head bowed lower," the horrid brooding stillness was broken by a wild sudden ringing yell; but God had changed the death-knell, which they took it to be, into a savage invitation to all the women to come out to dance. So the night passed with the ghastly cannibal purpose unfulfilled.

After a year, the Rev. John Waterhouse, General Superintendent of the South Sea Missions, visiting the station, found Mrs. Hunt ill, and alone in it, her husband having gone to console his brother-labourer, Mr. Cargill, whose wife had just died in Rewa. His reports of this period state that Somo-somo was proverbial even in Fiji for depravity. Tui-kila-kila, who was practically the monarch, maintained a determined opposition to the *lotu*. He permitted the preaching and teaching, but he thought it would be vain, for he was determined to kill the first poor man that should profess Christ. Now it happened that the first to renounce heathenism and publicly worship the true God, was the king's own brother. Success, however, wavered in the balance. The most that the missionaries could effect was the sparing of human life, which was taken on every available occasion. To Lyth, indeed, as a physician, the king became somewhat attached, but he could on no account be persuaded to abandon his heathenism. "Such a Goliath I had not seen before," wrote Mr. Waterhouse; "we measured together, and I found him to be the head and neck taller than myself, and nearly three times the bulk; every part indicating the strength of a giant. This is the king whose mandate is life or death. He called at the mission-house. Such a human form (all but uncovered) was enough to frighten Mrs. Brooks, who had called on her way to Sydney, and who had seen nothing of the kind in the Friendly Islands; and more especially so, when he took her child (about seven weeks old) into his arms, and put his great tongue in its mouth."

The District Meeting of 1842 granted Mr. Cross leave of absence, as he expressed the feeling that another year of Fiji would kill him; but the death of Mr. Waterhouse being reported, Mr. Cross, decided to stay in residence with Mr. Lyth, who in the previous year had been the means of raising Mrs. Hunt from the brink of the grave. But the fatigue of his removal, added to his exhaustion by disease, proved too much for the intrepid missionary, and the sick man passed to his rest on the 15th of October. Over his grave was erected, in Fijian style, a neatly thatched house, and a wooden monument told how the faithful servant awaited the coming of his Lord.

In August, 1843, the Rev. Thomas Williams joined Mr. Lyth, and in September,

1844, the Rev. David Hazlewood strengthened the staff. For nearly two years from this latest arrival, the weary toil was carried steadily on, before these devoted men could persuade themselves of their duty to exchange this barren field of Somo-somo for some other more promising sphere. But in 1847, the purpose of its abandonment was fully formed. The greatest care was necessarily observed to keep the intention a secret in the place itself. Preparations for removing were carried on for months. Clothes, books, furniture, and other goods were packed ready, and doors and windows partially unscrewed, so that the whole might go on the shortest notice. Late one evening the vessel arrived with two other missionaries to assist in the decampment, and at day-break everything was quickly and quietly stowed on board. Then the missionaries went and bade formal farewell to the king, telling him that as he was constantly engaged in war and not disposed to listen to their message, they were leaving his dominions for a time to visit other parts, where the people were most eager to *lotu*. Thus was the dust of Somo-somo shaken suddenly off their feet. The natives were much annoyed, as they were losing a source of wealth and honour, and they made themselves very troublesome in purloining remnant goods, one old chief indulging in the usual vindictive threat to kill some of them on the spot. The benefit of their sojourn can scarcely be estimated. But after the little leaven of good had gone, the whole district went express speed from bad to worse. The king was murdered while asleep on his mat by his own son. The son was killed to revenge the father's death by the brother, who in turn was soon assassinated. Then the town became utterly chaotic. Civil war, in which brother slew brother in deadly defiance, soon rendered Somo-somo a region of desolation.

Perhaps the most remarkable chapter in the history of this mission opens in the story of Ono, an island far removed from the rest of the group, lying, as its southernmost extreme, about 150 miles distant from Lakemba. An epidemic raging in 1835 was proved to be positively incurable by the heathen gods, to whom the thinned ranks of the living made unceasing appeal. One of the chiefs had formed the acquaintance of a Lakemba magnate who, having visited Sydney and other places, had become a Christian. The scant information conveyed through this channel, that Jehovah was the true God and that all men should worship Him on His own seventh day, kept holy for the purpose, was the first ray of that Light which was soon to burst in glorious fulness on distant Ono. This chief and his comrades resolved to pray only to Jehovah, of whom they thus had heard, and accordingly, donning their best and anointing their limbs with a profusion of oil, they observed a sabbath of their own.

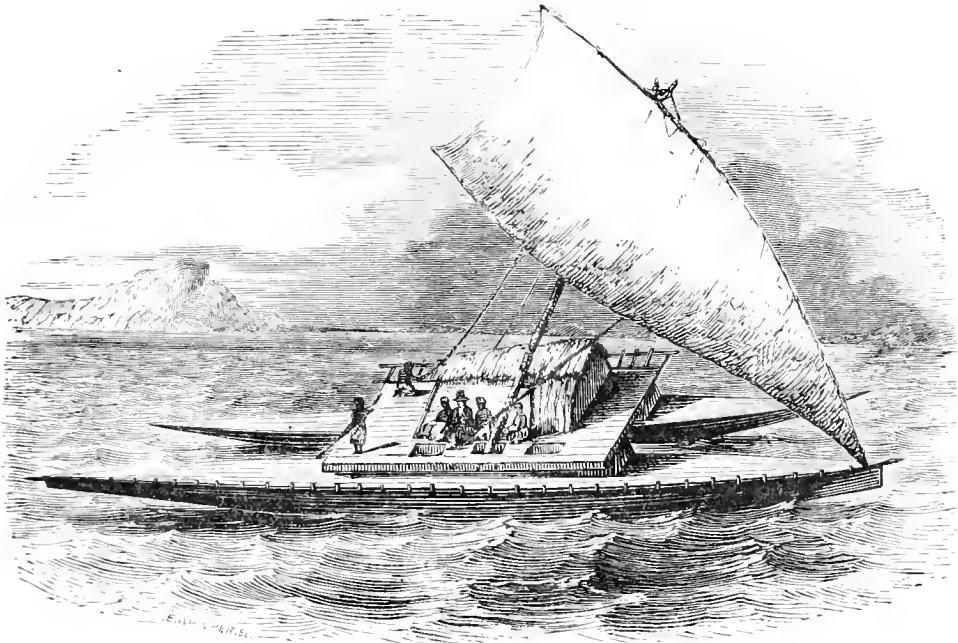
These seekers after God were filled with inexpressible longing to have a teacher among them, and a deputation of two went all the way to Tonga to beg for one to be sent. Meantime, in May, 1836, a canoe from Lakemba drifted within reach of Ono, having on board a number of converted Tongans. One of these, Josiah by name, hearing of the anxious hearts at Ono, hastened over to the island to tell all he knew of the Gospel. He soon took the place of the old priest, and a chapel to hold a hundred persons was built. Other native teachers followed, and in 1839 the glad news was brought to Lakemba that 168 men and 160 women

had turned to the Lord, that the three chapels which had now been built were crowded to overflowing, that the converts were so anxious to be taught that they had scarce allowed the Christian teachers time to sleep; and that, in addition, Vatoa, another little island near Ono, had been Christianised by means of a convert of the Lakemba mission who, on his return home, had persuaded his fellows to *lotu*, and that all the inhabitants, to the number of sixty-six, had followed his example. Mr. Calvert, now left alone at Lakemba, was greatly moved by the report, the marvels of which were being noised abroad throughout Fiji, and by the pleading of the people for a missionary's visit to their distant home. The long, perilous voyage in a canoe, sailing to windward, and especially the leaving of his wife and child, were prospects by no means inviting. But, urged by his heroic wife, he decided to pay the prayed-for pastoral visit; and his resolve was confirmed when news reached him of the unfaithfulness of the head teacher. He embarked the last day of 1839, and reaching Ono in safety, baptised 233 persons, and married sixty-six couples. The evidences he beheld of the good work that had been done, were wonderful and cheering.

Here occurred an incident of peculiar interest in many ways. Toro, the converted daughter of a chief, had been betrothed in infancy to the old heathen King of Lakemba, and Calvert refused baptism unless she resolved, at any cost, to decline to become one of this king's thirty or forty wives. The girl declared her purpose firm. She would die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal, and the old chief her father, and all the Christians, resolved to die rather than give her up. She was accordingly baptised, and took the name Jemima. When Calvert got back to Lakemba, after about twenty-two days' absence, he informed the king of Toro's baptism. Thus a crisis was raised in regard to olden rights and customs. The heathen were clamorous that their king should demand his wife; eleven canoes were equipped with warriors to sail to Ono, and when Calvert remonstrated, he was only put off with excuses. He met the king's party by a final word of solemn warning at the recklessness of this attempt to fight against Jehovah, whose were both land and sea. The king chose to sail on a Sunday, although two canoes containing Christian converts did not start until the following day. He reached Vatoa in safety, and then the heathen lordling threw off all disguise, and, by his wanton destruction of property and food belonging to the Christians, clearly showed his intention towards Ono. Thence he despatched four canoes, manned by a hundred pirates, preparatory to the attack, but these were never heard of more. Then he started with the rest, but when in sight of Ono the wind shifted, and, do what they would, the canoes could not beat against it, but drifted away to sea. The breeze freshened, the canoe-housings became unfastened, and the lives of all were in great jeopardy. The king dressed and anointed himself, and sat in state for death: for if he escaped the devouring waves, it would be only to be devoured by more relentless fellow-savages. The night closed, and, destitute of hope of rescue in the fearful darkness, the still small voice of the missionary's warning spoke in the heathen soul. He made good his escape next day, being treated with strange kindness by some islanders on whom Christianity was exerting an influence, returned to Lakemba, and begging that the missionary would never follow him with his words

again, owned, in an ostensible way, that his life had been spared by the mercy of the Christian's God.

Strange to say, the two canoes which had refused to sail from Lakemba on Sunday, although they left Vatoa in company with the king's, had reached Ono in safety, while his, which were superior craft, drifted away and were almost lost. At Ono, when news came that the fleet had been sighted, preparations were made for a determined resistance, the heathen, thinking they would also suffer damage from the visit, making common cause for the time with the Christians. The party who landed, headed by Tokoi, an inveterate hater of the *lotu*, collected the usual



THE MISSIONARY DOUBLE CANOE.

tribute, and after waiting three months, sailed back to Lakemba, having never heard news of the king. At last the missionaries thought they had got this man to waive his claim upon Jemima; the usual presents in lieu of the bride were accepted, and she was free by law to marry any other man. But, surrounded by evil counsellors, and forgetting the lesson of the sea, he again demanded her in the interests of heathen influence, which was considerably threatened by the ever-growing *lotu*. Mr. Waterhouse, on his circuit visitation, went with the missionaries to the king to dissuade him, but he was implacable, and nothing remained for Jemima but compliance or death. The Ono people, however, refused to yield her up, although the king's delegate was a chief who had always been successful in manœuvring them; and remembrance of those seas caused the determined husband to dread venturing on the errand again himself.

Meantime, heathen Ono was turned against Christian Ono in a long series of petty battlings, till at last the Christians took the enemy's position by surprise, leaving no

chance of escape. "To the astonishment of the heathen, who had been so abusive and cruel, and contrary to all Fijian precedent, the lives of all the conquered were spared, and their ill conduct was freely forgiven. Hereby a greater victory was won, for the hard hearts of the heathens were softened by this unexpected and unmerited clemency, and no more opposition was shown to the true religion, but many who had before been its enemies now confessed its power, and sought Christian teaching." Peace once restored, nowhere in Fiji was there a greater work of evangelism than that which ensued, and all the people began to turn from their old ways.

Before the news of this remarkable movement had been received, the District Meeting, not able to spare one out of the six missionaries who were all that were in Fiji at this time, deputed to visit this distant and isolated spot a converted Tongan of considerable influence, being a chief of high rank, Silas Faone, remarkable for his piety and zeal, and successful as an evangelist at Rewa. During the visit of the Rev. Thomas Williams in 1842, the only three persons remaining heathen were converted, and about 200 were baptised, the whole island being filled with a spirit of devout seriousness.

The District Meeting of 1847 appointed the Rev. David Hazlewood to proceed to Ono for one year. His journals are full of interest. Thus he writes:—

"On meeting together they found themselves in a great difficulty about the conduct of the service. None of them had ever tried to pray, but they had always been accustomed to employ the mediation of priests in their religious observances. A heathen priest was therefore waited upon, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. Whether moved by his own good temper, or by fear of the consequences of refusal, the priest consented to become chaplain; and in this strange groping way did these Ono heathens feel after the Lord, if haply they might find Him. When all were seated, the priest offered prayer in terms after the following fashion:—'Lord, Jehovah, here are Thy people; they worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people; keep them from harm, and do them good.' Such was the first act of worship rendered to the Almighty in the far-off island of Ono.

"April 5th.—The wind for some days had been strong, but to-day it increased mightily, and continued to increase till midnight, when it blew a fearful hurricane. Myself and one of our dear little girls were at Ono. I, and one of our teachers, sat up all night, watching our house, and expecting every renewed blast to bring it to the ground. The roar of the sea, and the howling of the wind, and the rain descending in almost a solid mass, made it a most dismal night. Such was the roar of the wind in the trees, and the breakers on the reef, that we did not hear the crash of a house which fell not half a dozen yards from where we were sitting. But where were my dear wife and children? On a little island on the weather side of the land, where they might, by one vast billow, be all swept in a moment into the foaming abyss, without the possibility of human aid. But where was our faith? Was there not One sitting above the water-floods who could say to the proud waves, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?' Yea, and in Him our souls confided; and I felt

but little doubt that their lives would be precious in His sight, and that He would either still the waves, or preserve them in the midst of them. He did the latter. In the morning, the rain having ceased, and the wind moderated in a slight degree, I walked out, and found that many houses had fallen, and in many places the ground was covered with fallen banana and bread-fruit trees. I hastened to the sea-side, and looked towards the little island, on the safety of which all my earthly comforts depended. We could not discern any house distinctly, and concluded that ours had fallen during the night, but were happy to see that the trees made their usual appearance, and had not been materially disturbed. But there still appeared no possibility of approach to them, the waves running, and the wind blowing as if propelled by some almighty engine. About mid-day, the wind having somewhat abated, eight of the natives ventured to attempt a passage in two little *puddling* canoes, the life-boats of Fiji. They succeeded, and returned in the evening, and set my heart quite at rest concerning my treasures there. Our house, in which they were, had fallen, as we suspected, during the night, and they had made their escape into a small house belonging to one of our teachers, which they managed so to prop up as to serve them for the night; but early in the morning the waves came up into it and they were obliged to flee, and build a little temporary shed on higher ground, and further from the sea. It was not until the third day that I could venture across the water to see my dear wife and children, the wind being still very strong. I found her quite comfortable, her mind having been kept in peace. Some of our people who were away at a little uninhabited island not more than twenty miles off, knew nothing of the hurricane till they came home. We deem it a great mercy that it did not happen two or three months earlier, as it would have left the people in great distress; but the yam crop was so far advanced as not to be materially injured by it."



GRAVE OF MR. CROSS.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY.

Tribal Wars—A Missionary's Firmness—Struggles at Rewa—Sorrows and Perils—Work at Rewa Abandoned and Resumed—Thakombau, King of Rewa—King George of Tonga—Revival at Rewa—Fiji Poetry—Death of Mr. Hunt—Sea Rovers—Incidents in the Life of Mr. Calvert—His Presence of Mind—Peace-makers—Funeral Rites of the Old King of Mbau—The Giant King—His Visit to Sydney—Speech of Thakombau.

ALMOST simultaneously with the great "awakening" in Ono, similar movements took place in other parts of the Fijian group. At Lakemba, Oneatu, Loma-loma, and many other places, chapels were built, schools erected, idolatry was forsaken, and heathen customs were abandoned. From time to time fresh supplies of teachers, English and native, came to take part in the mission; and, although there was much up-hill work to be done, much deadly opposition from priests and chieftains to be encountered, and many perils and privations to be undergone, everywhere the seed was being scattered, and in smaller or greater degree was springing up.

We do not propose to give the history of the mission in detail, but rather to select some scenes and incidents in its progress which shall illustrate, not only the pluck, endurance, and Christian fortitude of the noble band of men who, with their lives in their hands, fought at such long odds what, humanly speaking, appeared a hopeless battle, but also the plans and methods they employed, and which became, by the Divine blessing, powerful to the pulling down of the strongholds of savage Fiji.

On one occasion a war broke out between two towns, and the Christians from each were allowed to colonise, unmolested, on a little island midway between them. It was a strange sight in Fiji, that people should thus leave their fastnesses and reside on an open coast in protest against the abominations of the land. The heathen wonderment was great. Here a great multitude congregated to listen to the words of truth from the lips of an Oneatu teacher. Prosperity, too, attended the colony on the islet, while the Fiji notions of war were devastating the mainland; another island, notorious for wickedness and opposition to the *lotu*, yielded to the influence and example of its new neighbours, and many forsook the old faith for the new.

An interesting instance of the firmness required by missionaries when dealing with the heathen is shown in the following experience of Mr. Calvert:—

"The king's daughter had been very ill, and Calvert's medicine had produced a good effect. But he refused to go on with the treatment when a priest was fetched who said that the gods must be appeased. Huge puddings were to be offered, during the lengthy preparation of which the girl grew worse. The king sent for Calvert, and excitedly exclaimed:—'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes, I know it,' said the missionary; 'you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship, instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial.' And he declined the case while the priests' heathen practices were allowed, alleging that should his

medicine succeed, the senseless incantations would be credited with the recovery, and thus error would be confirmed.

“After a long talk, and a lecture to the priest on his absurd deceptions, Mr. Calvert at last consented to undertake the case. He administered a stimulant, which



FIRST MISSIONARY CHURCH IN FIJI.

revived her from stupor, making her throw about her arms restlessly. This frightened the king, who thought she was dying, and cried out angrily, ‘You have killed my daughter!’ The missionary was in no enviable position. The attendants and people all round were very savage at his interference with the priest, and only wanted a word to lead them to revenge. It was late at night, and the mission-house was far off. The place was full of enraged heathens, in the midst of whom stood the stranger

accused by the king of murdering his favourite child. Mr. Calvert snatched up his bottles, and showed great indignation at such a charge, after he had come at their earnest request—though served so badly by them before—and had given some of the medicine that had been sent all the way from England for his own family. Then, assuming a look of being greatly affronted, he hurried away. During the morning a message came from the king, begging for medicine for another of his children, who was ill with dysentery. Mr. Calvert sent word:—‘Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night, and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time!’ An apology soon came, and an entreaty for forgiveness for words hastily spoken; but the medicine was not sent until another urgent request was brought.

“For four weeks the priests tried all the efforts of their incantations and sacrifices, but the sick girl got no better; so that, at last, the father’s heart relented, and he gave his consent that she should renounce heathenism and be removed, with her attendants, to the mission-house. This was accordingly done, and the missionary’s wife will not soon forget the toil and inconvenience and annoyance of having so many Fijian women in her house. The care, however, was cheerfully borne, and in a short time the patient improved. Now that she had lost all trust in the heathen remedies, she was perfectly submissive to the directions of the missionary, and soon recovered. And God blessed her soul as well as her body; so that she became an enlightened and earnest worshipper of Him, much to the disuay of the priests and the rousing of the whole island.”

One of the most interesting things in connection with the spread of Christianity in Fiji, was, that the “bread cast upon the waters” was found again in so many unexpected ways and places.

In Totoya, an island which no missionary had ever visited before, Mr. Malvern found fifty-nine church members, earnest and intelligent, with everything very orderly. In Thikombia, an eyrie village perched on the top of a precipitous island rock, the Christian religion had found a resting-place, and the elevated inhabitants, living in prayer and praise, could say after Balaam’s example, “From the top of the rocks I see HIM.” In Mango he baptised twenty-nine adults and nineteen children, and married twelve couples. At Nayau, whither a contrary wind had driven him, he found nearly all the population possessing or seeking salvation, and baptised over a hundred of them.

In 1854, Calvert revisited the scene of his ten years’ almost solitary labours, and was greatly cheered. Evidences of Christianity were everywhere visible about Lakemba: People were outwardly reformed and decently attired. They had renounced their obscene midnight orgies. Polygamy was lessening, and domestic happiness improving; temples were rotting, or their foundations cultivated with yam or taro. Club law was abolished. Not a heathen priest was left. There were five chapels to which the people flocked. Eight hundred children were daily taught in the schools. Two-thirds of the adult population had become church members, none of whom were received

without evidence of "fruits meet for repentance." Everywhere there was a hunger for a copy of God's Word, the purchasers being willing to make any sacrifice to secure it, and the press being incapable of producing more than a limited number of New Testament portions. A training institution for a native pastorate had also been founded.

At Rewa, to which place it will be remembered the printing-press was removed in 1839 from Lakemba, many deadly struggles were to take place before a similar record of prosperity could be given. The king, although remaining heathen, was well disposed to the *lotu*, but his brother was its most determined opponent. The attendants at the open-air services were pelted with volleys of stones, some of heavy weight, yet no one was hurt. The opposition was so strong that it was thought wise to postpone building a chapel, although the king had granted a site. Influenza breaking out violently among all classes, was attributed to the arrival of the friends from England, and the anxiety of the mission families for their own safety became very great. When the king's brother died, many horrible customs were observed, which showed that they were among a much more barbarous race than at Lakemba. One night, three miscreants shot their muskets through the house where the missionaries were at worship, and the balls went whizzing very close to some of them, but God protected His servants. Then a house, adjoining the mission premises, was fired, and from all parts the savages rushed to the plunder, but a friendly disposed brother of the king prevented this. Thus the constant alarm was kept up. One day, seventeen bodies were dragged into the town out of a canoe sent on from Mbau as Rewa's share in certain spoil. These were subjected to disgusting abuse. "The scene appeared to the imagination as if a legion of demons had been unchained and let loose among the people to revel in their degradation and misery, and to lash their passions into a storm of imbruted or diabolical barbarity." In another serimmage, when Cargill was lying ill, the bullets passed through the house, and Mrs. Cargill, in fear for the children, placed them for safety behind a chest of drawers stuffed with clothes, and at the back of the house-posts. The missionary journeys up the Rewa to visit the large populations on its banks, remind us of the apostolic "perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen."

There were sorrows, too, as well as perils: the alarms and hazards, added to arduous duties, proved too great a strain upon Mrs. Cargill, who, with her babe of five days old, died. She was a noble and faithful woman, and in Fiji, where for six years she laboured zealously, her memory is still blessed. Mr. Cargill resolved to take his motherless little ones away from the awful sights that surrounded them, and for a time the management of the printing, preaching, and other laborious duties of the station was left to one missionary and a few Tongan teachers. Brutal murders, strangling and burying alive, sacking of whole towns, when scores were put to death, and cannibal orgies, were surging round the mission station at Rewa, but the Gospel which had turned the world upside down had come hither also. The first few converts had every form of opposition to withstand, from derision to harshest persecution: but when others saw that these men of blood and lust had become men of peace and purity, they greatly

wondered, and from the king, chiefs, and priests, down to the lowest of the people, misgiving grew into awe as they witnessed the might of the engine in their midst. They could only say, with unaffected astonishment, "The *lotu* makes all our land to move."

About this time the betrothed wife of a Rewa chief, an old enemy of the mission, was reported to have been unfaithful with a young chief of Kandavu. Forthwith the Rewan crossed with a large force, burned the town, and killed and ate many of its inhabitants. The survivors who escaped would not give up the accused, but when the messengers came the second time, he yielded himself up, and, with a comrade, was killed and eaten. When the girl was carried off to Rewa, it was discovered that the whole report had been a fabrication of certain enemies of her town, who had thus accomplished their own diabolical plot for its total destruction. The wicked victor got the Christian teachers out of Kandavu, and compelled those who had *lotu'd* to give up their profession under pain of death.

Apart from its many sorrows and discouragements, the work at Rewa was carried on in the teeth of horrors. A Christian chief sinking in death, and unable to speak or act, was carried off by relatives, who performed the usual heathen offices, and strangled his mother before his eyes to bury with him. Suva was in ceaseless war with Rewa, and its teacher lived in constant fear of its being burned, which actually happened in 1843, when one hundred persons were killed and cooked. Yet there were a few even in Rewa who had washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—sure signs to the patient, toiling watchers through the dark heathen night, that daybreak was at hand.

The sorest hindrance was a fierce war between Mbau and Rewa. For seven weary months, the missionary could do nought but work in the printing-office, surrounded by the continual discharge of musketry, and the dreadful noise of the death-drum, telling of cannibal orgies at his very door. On one occasion, when the Mbau party approached close to the premises, all fled but himself, where, at the greatest risk, he remained working at his type. But his operations, confined to sending the truth to islands at peace, were not lost.

Eventually the work at Rewa had to be abandoned for a time; but in 1854 it was resumed, and Mr. Moore was appointed to the station. Thakombau was king of Mbau, and he had been so far influenced by Christianity as to make overtures of conciliation to his old enemy, the King of Rewa; these were declined, but just then the relentless King of Rewa died. The chiefs capitulated, and Mbau was a scene of rejoicing. Moore, being suspected of giving the king poison in his medicine, awoke that night to find the mission premises in flames; the family were hurried out in their night-clothes, and there was great excitement. Moore's presence of mind sustained him as he called out to the furious mob to take what goods they could, and thus diverting their mind, he saved his own life and the lives of his wife and little ones, which had been his chief object. All undressed as they were, they decamped to Mbau. Moore returned next day to Rewa, and, in the midst of danger, persevered in his work. His property was all either burnt or stolen.

A reputed brother of Thakombau next appeared on the scene, in an attempt to nullify the peace and constitute himself King of Rewa. Hereupon arrived King George of Tonga, with thirty-nine canoes, and after some fresh intricacies, in which Calvert played the part of unavailing peacemaker, he joined his forces with those of Mbau. At 6 a.m., a prayer-meeting was held before going to war, by request of the Tongan chiefs. An immense number attended; the king conducted the service, and sixteen led in prayer. They supplicated Divine guidance for the future of Fiji. They were all of one mind on the subject of the war. Strangers from the Friendly Islands and Tonga would never be safe in Fiji if they did not now make a stand, and they hoped by a



EARLY CHAPEL, MISSION-HOUSE, AND SCHOOL, MBAU.

battle to end the unceasing distractions. The whole force of one thousand Fijians and two thousand Tongans then proceeded to invest Kamba. The town, standing out on a promontory, was taken seawards by the Tongans, and landwards by the Fijians. The rebel chief and one hundred men escaped by a long swim. The rebellion had no hope, and offerings of peace were sent in from several towns. Mbau was very gay. Moore now took his family back to the former scene of suffering and escape, the various missionaries contributing to supply their lost conveniences. Calvert made a round of visitation throughout the disturbed districts with George, whose canoe—probably the largest in the world, and carrying one hundred and forty persons—was a present from Thakombau. They were met by such shrewd assurances as, “The party that is right with God would assuredly prevail;” “The *lotu* is true, or Kamba would never have been taken.” Mara, the rebel chief, and certain whites settled in Ovalau, were still at deadly feud with Mbau, but the sparing of life on the fall of Kamba had made its own impression on the minds of the heathen.

The Rewa mission was now fairly re-commenced, the people wondering at the missionary's continued kindness notwithstanding the treatment he had received. Their minds were preparing for any movement towards the *lotu*, and it soon came. A chief of influence abandoned heathenism and publicly professed Christianity, while his brother chiefs, after resisting much pressure, resolved to *lotu* also. The peace was permanent when Rewa and her dependencies had begun to serve the true God. In 1855, things had taken this turn for the better; where, in the opening of that year, the Gospel had been refused, doors were now opened to it on all hands, and many were inquiring the way of salvation. Great surprise was expressed at the fervour of the converts, and at the simple faith which they manifested. The work of God was altogether surprising, and in the course of a few months it was greater than the missionary could overtake. The District Meeting of 1856 was perplexed to know what to do. Sixty thousand Fijians had bowed the knee to Jehovah, and thousands more were following. In the Rewa circuit alone were twenty thousand professing Christians, and every week was bringing additional numbers. The missionary wrote that he required a thousand bodies, in order that he might be in every place at once.

The "revival" in Rewa spread to Mbau, and without tracing its progress in detail, we may sum up the result in the words of a recent writer:—

"Mbau, that was an *Aceldama*, is now the Jerusalem of Fiji, whither the tribes go up to worship. It has a very fine stone church, 97 feet by 45 feet inside measurement, with walls $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick—the cathedral of Fiji Methodism. It was built from the stone gathered from the foundations of fifteen heathen temples, and will hold, I judge, about eight hundred people." The font is made out of the stone upon which the human victims of cannibal orgies were dashed. "If Messrs. Cross and Cargill, Hunt and Calvert, Watsford and Williams, and others, planted the seed of the Kingdom in Fiji, Mr. Langham (who has been longest of any of the missionaries in the work) and his contemporaries have nurtured the young and tender plant, and now it is a great tree, and it is like Joseph, a fruitful bough by a well: whose branches run over the wall." *

The marvels of the mission press greatly delighted the people; the heathen declaring it to be a god. With silent power it carried on its work of transforming lovely Fiji, cleansing it of its foul pollutions, and conferring on it the civilisation of happier lands. After the missionaries had revised and corrected their translation of the Books of the Bible in the islands, Calvert brought home the precious treasure, and the work has since had its place among the publications of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The people paid the cost price most cheerfully, that they might possess a copy of the Word of Life. In Fiji one language prevails in several dialects, the purest example being the speech of Mbau, which was therefore chosen as the normal tongue, and into this the Bible was translated. The miniature Gospel of John iii. 16, runs thus, in the beautifully euphonious version:—

"Ni sa lomani ira na kai vuna—vuna vakaogo na Kalou, me Solia kina na Luvana e dua banga sa vakasikavi, me kakua ne rusa ko ira yadua sa vakabanti koya, me ra rawata ga na bula tawa mudu."

* Reed, "Recent Wanderings in Fiji."

It is a language copious, flexible, vigorous, and full of euphony. The people, so addicted to chattering, have also much poetic feeling inherent in thought and word. The following translation of some native lines on the Resurrection afford an instance:—

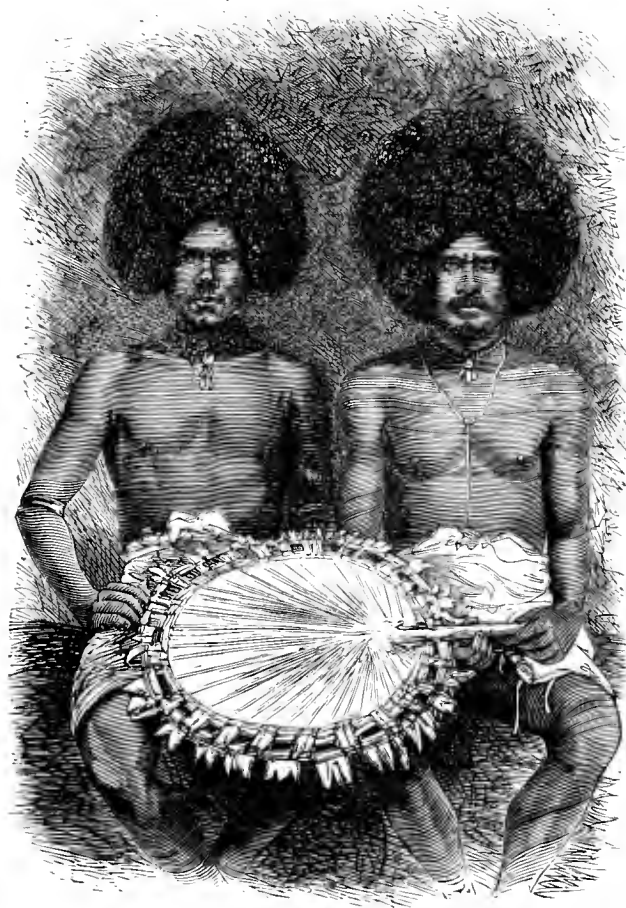
The Saviour of mankind has expired,
 And the gloom of an eclipse covers the world—
 The Sun is ashamed, and ashamed is the Moon:
 Joseph carried away the body,
 And buried it in a new tomb.
 The world's Atonement buried lies:
 Three nights it lay in the grave.
 And the inhabitants of Judæa rejoice!
 Then of the angels there came two:
 The faces of these two flamed like fire,
 And the children of war fell down as dead.
 They two opened the sepulchre of stone,
 And the Redeemer rose again from the dead—
 The linen lay folded in its place.
 I stamp underfoot the tooth of the grave!
 And where now, O Death, is thy might?
 Take to thyself thy envenomed sting:
 I pledge a wide-spread exemption.
 Shout triumphantly, sons of the earth;
 For feeble now is the tooth of the law."

The great calamity sustained by the mission in 1848, was the death of Mr. Hunt. With one heart the poor Fijians gathered in prayer to pour out their common grief. They pleaded for his life with importunate cries: "O Lord! we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant! If *one* must die, take *me!* *Take ten of us!* But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!" The beloved and faithful man had created a love and admiration amounting to reverence. As he died, he cried continually, "Lord, bless Fiji; save Fiji. Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji." The end was a scene of exceeding triumph. Outside Viwa is a spot sacred to the dust of the man who, in unwearied effort, was the instrument of raising from its heathen vileness the wilderness of Fiji. Here also reposes William Polglase, Joel Bulu, and other of the glorious company of Fijian apostles.

Of the heroism of the men and women who fought the good fight in Fiji, we cannot omit one or two extraordinary illustrations here.

On one occasion a tribe of sea-rovers returned to Mban, bringing a large present of spoil to the king. Profitable guests like these must be entertained by the royal honours of a cannibal feast. The missionaries were away at the District Meeting. The purveyor of human flesh, the chief of the fishermen, set out in his official capacity and zeal, with a murderous crew, on an expedition to obtain *bokolo*. At a certain point, hiding themselves in the bushes and covering their canoes with leaves, they awaited their prey. Fourteen women were seized alive and one man was killed. Long before they returned the news spread in Mban, and the rejoicing was great. The next day there was an excited mob to meet the fleet of death. The intelligence of the slaughter of the poor women was soon carried to their white sisters, Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth, who were alone at the Viwa mission station with their children. It would be desperate for two

lone women to venture into Mbau to thwart the fiendish rage of those bloodthirsty cannibals, yet they determined to go. They procured a canoe, and as they approached the place, the yells of the orgies, the beating of the death-drum, the firing of muskets, mingled with the piercing shrieks of the victims, grew louder. A *lotu* chief met them and hurried them on impatiently. Guarded of angels, they pressed through the mad



FIJIANS.

crowd unhurt into the old king's house, whose entrance was barred to women. Without ceremony they took the old man by storm; and the butchery was stayed, though nine had been already killed. Then they visited the chief whose word had sealed their dark sisters' death-warrant, and made him wince again under their sharp rebukes. Women like these were the brave, intrepid heroines who, in many a similar scene of horror, proved themselves, for the missionaries whose lot they shared, the true helpsmeet.

The officers of a British war-ship were struck with the beneficent result of Christianity in one part of the group, and coming to Viwa, hinted to the missionaries

that the tales of barbarism were exaggerated. As they sat at a meal in the mission house, the fisher chief, a handsome man, "modest and gentle," came in. That he had taken part in such a tragedy was incredible. But the next day the visitors saw at Mbau the bloody stone on which the victims' heads had been dashed, with multitudes before them, and the sea-rovers pointed with pride to the ovens in which the women had been cooked: also a spot where, a few months previously, eighty slain corpses had been piled before being apportioned to greedy warriors. The reality of the tale of horrors brought expressions of unmitigated disgust to the lips of the naval visitors, who soundly lectured the king on his detestable destruction of human life. Such judicious backing of the long and often weary efforts of the missionaries by these high-spirited



MBAU.

representatives of the British navy, was not without beneficial influence on the savage chief, and a tremendous impression was produced, in addition, by an exhibition of field gun and bomb-shell practice, which astounded him at the same time.

An incident in the life of Mr. Calvert, showing how nearly he ran into the jaws of death, may be given in his own words extracted from his diary:—

"June 6th.—In going to Viwa I desired to call at Moturiki, which I had also attempted to do the last time I passed on to Viwa. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity, I now desired to warn them of danger near, Tui Levuka having told me that Moturiki would certainly be destroyed, as the mountaineers would go by night. We found that the tide did not serve well for landing; we therefore proceeded towards the entrance leading to Viwa. One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning for us, and told me. I desired one of my Rotumans to go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and we would put in at another point for him, where I would see the people. He got in the water,

and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, 'They are from Lovoni, and will kill me.' I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think that he was a man from Mbau who had *lotued*. I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water-shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians; but said to the boat's crew that, should I be killed, they were to return to Levuka so that Tui Levuka might get my body. Kaitu, a Rotuman, wished to go with me. I forbade him, and ordered them to take the boat round by the deep water near the reef, and put in for me at the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee-deep. As I proceeded towards the shore, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled; but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognised, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat, and he knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in danger, had run towards me; but was late in reaching me from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognising me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me, but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated Mara and the mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them that I had interceded with the Mbau chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened, and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them, led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life; he was extremely ferocious; but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed

he once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them—indeed, quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death-song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed towards their own town.

“I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed; they also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o’clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence; but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. Ratu Luke Matanambamba was very kind, and very ready to go, though it was thought that my death was the *vukivuki* (‘turning’) of Moturiki to Ovalau against Mbau; in which case those who went would have been in danger. At midnight I reached Viwa in a canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to the going to look after me.

“During the whole of the attack on me, the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about being ended; yet I was comforted in the assurance that

‘They could not yet my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of His hand.’

While looking at the instruments of death which were held over and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken by His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that if He permitted my death, I should glorify Him in some way that I could not have done by my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him, whether by life or death. I thought of my family: and committed my children in England, New Zealand and Fiji, and my much-loved and faithful wife, to the Lord, in whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought my own likely to be mangled

and abused to the same extent; but I knew that I should not be eaten, even in cannibal Fiji, which was some relief to my mind. And then I felt very thankful to Him who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end to my labours in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how powerful my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours.

“7th.—I went to Mbau. I felt stiff and tired, having been wet in my legs from twelve at noon to twelve at night, as I had to get into the water with the crew several times in coming to Viwa in a canoe. When about to leave Mbau at three p.m., Mr. Waterhouse asked me to remain and preach. After the service, it was later than desirable for me to be out, so I slept at Mbau.”

Sometimes the missionary inherited the blessing of peace-maker in a double sense. Mr. Williams undertook the reconciliation of two districts that were at war. To get the chief who had *lotu'd* to accompany him to within a short distance of the fortress of his opponent was his first endeavour: and then to enter the fortress and induce the suspicious heathen to come to the conference unarmed, was a difficult task. The meeting was brought about in an enclosure of majestic chestnut trees. The least indication of scorn or anger might mean a scene of bloodshed instead of peace. The first moment of anxious suspense soon gave way to a thrill of pleasure, as the two enemies positively embraced and kissed each other. A Christian chief wept aloud and cried, “We thank thee, O Lord, for thus bringing Thy creatures into the way of life”—both sides having considered the rash judgment of the servant of God in proposing the meeting to be the way of death.

The death of Tanoa, the old King of Mbau, was looked forward to as a dreaded crisis. The tragical custom of strangling must mean the death of many wives to honour so high a chief. If on so great an occasion it could be broken through, the signal of its discontinuance throughout all Fiji would be given. But if the efforts of the missionaries proved unavailing here, they feared the bitter effects of such notorious failure would be a confirming of the horrible institution which had proved so deep-dyed a curse. They became most importunate, and Calvert went so far as to offer the amputation of a finger, in Fiji fashion, if the crime might be demitted. Walsford offered the new mission boat, twenty muskets, and all his own personal property, to save the women. But the consciousness of power made the succeeding chief exceedingly jealous of interference with native dignity. When the missionary arrived on the scene, on the day of the old man's decease, there were six biers standing outside the house, a sign that five wives would be sent into eternity after their lord. One was already dead, and the ghastly work of strangling the second had begun. The third pranced up to the executioners, and was applauded by gentle hand-clappings as she gracefully refused to be strangled with an old cord. The others followed in cheerful composure. Only the new king seemed moved by the murderous part he was playing. He ordered one to live, but she refused, whereupon he helped her own son to strangle her.

This chief, Thakombau, is said to have "gained a pre-eminence in Fiji beyond any one who ever lived or shall live. Through the circumstance of a letter being addressed to him 'Tui Viti,' by an English Consul, he assumed, to the jealousy of his fellow-chiefs, the title 'King of Fiji,' a title which his adroitness enabled him successfully to sustain." "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief," says a naval officer; "of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and



KING THAKOMBAU.

proportioned; his countenance with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; whilst his immense head of hair covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire, the evident wealth that surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity, he looked 'every inch a king.' His name, "Evil-to-Mbau," refers to his successful *coup d'état* by which he destroyed the Mbau rebellion, and re-established his long-exiled father in his sovereignty. His industry, an example to all his subjects, was only exceeded by his boundless ambition.

For years before his father's death he had ruled supreme, and had proved himself, amid increasing difficulties, a ruler of considerable capacity. At length his supremacy being disputed by a Tongan chief in the Windward Islands, and being harassed by an American demand of £9,000 for alleged injuries to the United States Consul, his mind was humbled by his many reverses. His first overtures to become suzerain under Great Britain were rejected; Col. Smythe, who had been sent out, having laid a black report before the Foreign Office. The death of a great friend, a fellow-chief who had turned out an earnest Christian, produced a powerful effect on his mind. His downfall was sought by the resident whites as the solution of Fijian troubles. Their number had risen from 200 in 1860 to 1,800 in 1869. Being afflicted with a distressing disease, he held a conversation with Mr. Calvert on the assassination of the King of Somo-somo, who, although he had been raised up by Mr. Lyth's medical treatment, had resisted God's truth until he was suddenly cut off and that without remedy. "And does the Lord work so?" asked the king in anxiety of heart. King George of Tonga wrote entreating him to become a Christian.

In a few days his mind was made up. Calvert was summoned, the big war-drum was beaten, which ten days before had called the cannibals to their human feast; three hundred attended, the old priest with long white hair and flowing beard stood beside the king, all had assumed more ample *lotu* costumes, and the missionary in the midst of that crowning service, for which he had laboured and prayed so long, could scarce proceed for his emotions. The king became regular and devout in his worship, and his example was joined in by many.

For about twenty-nine years this remarkable man maintained his Christian character, and wielded immense influence for good. His wife Lydia passed away in perfect peace in 1881. Their Christian instruction had been promoted by their own son at the age of seven, a bright intelligent scholar in the Christian school. So eager were the royal parents for knowledge of Divine and secular things, that the lad would frequently fall asleep with fatigue, to resume the lesson after a nap. But although the change was great, it was not at first profound. Hatred and revenge were too deeply seated passions to be removed at once. The benefit and truth of Christianity had commended themselves to his judgment, but it cost many an earnest appeal to break his rock-bound pride. Then his confidence in God became calm and simple and strong, though he was surrounded by many a danger. He was at length utterly humbled before God, confessing his sins and seeking often-rejected mercy. The hope of the Gospel was gladly received when his pride and power were in extremity, his town beleaguered, and his people famine-stricken. After the danger had passed and peace was established, the work of the Lord was greatly advanced by his help on all sides. His marriage in 1857 to his "one wife" created no small stir. The Holy Ghost was poured out on Mbau and its surrounding dependencies, and hundreds yielded to the power of the Gospel, the congregations always being large.

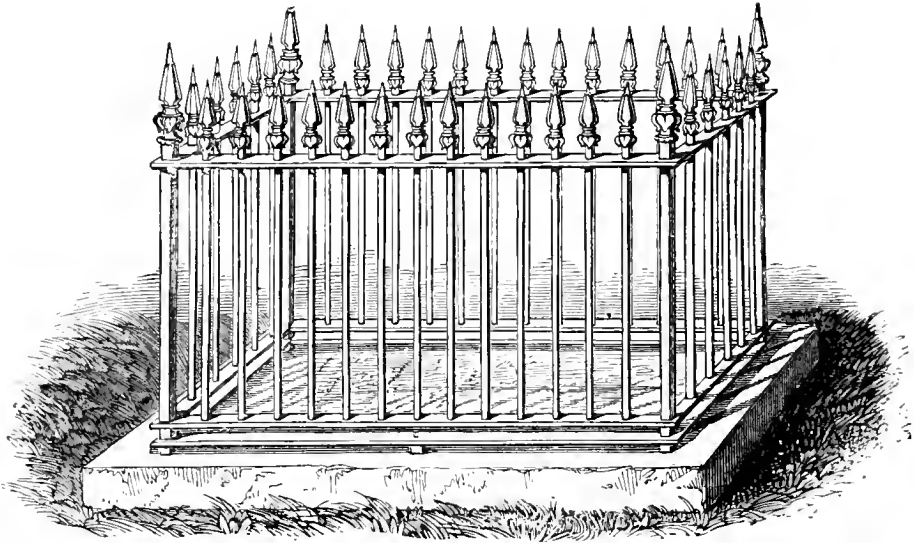
Miss Gordon Cumming speaks of his visit to Sir Hercules Robinson in Sydney:—"Thakombau and his sons came to visit Sir Hercules and see something of

civilisation. You can imagine how strange the great city must have seemed to men whose notion of a king's palace is a one-roomed thatched house one storey high. The horses and carriages were still more wonderful: and as to the railway, that was beyond comprehension. But the old king took it all very philosophically, and was never so happy as when Lady Robinson's little grand-daughter, a pretty little child with golden hair, crept on to his knee, whispering, "You won't eat *me*, will you?" Or else he would lie down and rest on his own mat, keeping his big Bible beside him—not that the old man could read it, for I believe his studies commenced rather too late in life, but he said "it made him feel so good!"

Thakombau's autobiography, well and fully written, would form a volume in the library of the wonders of the world. He was a man of great common sense, and had a forcible way of giving vent to his views. Being encouraged to put down murder by the Scriptural requiring of the murderer's life, he was frustrated by the whites, who on one occasion would not give up to justice one of their own number. The king called a meeting forthwith, and thus addressed it:—

"Being now assembled together here this morning, I wish first to say this is purely my own desire and request, not that of my advisers; I have something to say to you, and I wish to say it myself. The chiefs of Fiji are now united, and our object is the good of the land. *According to our own customs, we had no difficulty in getting rid of an offensive person [by clubbing and eating him!], and we understand revenge or retribution;* but such customs are bad, and we wish for a better state of things, and for that purpose laws have been made by you, and approved by us chiefs, and are now in force, and were to apply to all alike. But now I hear of dissension, and amongst you. Why is this so? You know and understand what is right. You have had the like laws in your own land, and if laws are a good thing for all, is the good not to be mutually enjoyed by you and us? Or are you to have good, and no evil? When a native does wrong, there is no rest till he be punished. If the laws are to apply to both races, then it would be well, but if it be your mind that they are not so to apply, what is to be done? I understood all inequalities were to be levelled and brought to a smooth surface by the introduction of a new state of things; but I heard the day before yesterday, when a man charged with killing a native was to be brought to justice, you of Levuka assembled with arms, and refused to give him up. I thought law and order was a good thing, and expected and hoped for mutual help from all. Three natives have been killed but lately—one at Kenitogaboa, one at Saou-Saou, and one at Saviuni—and nothing has been done to any of the parties yet, and you Levukans now refuse to give up one of them. If a Fijian commits a wrong, the governors are in their several provinces, and he can soon be brought to justice; but if you refuse help and take up arms to resist, what, then, am I to do? What will be the consequence, suppose a native kills a white man? If the laws are to apply alike to all, and we all mutually assist in their execution, there can be no difficulty. I have told you my mind: it is with you to follow it or not. I desire the peace and welfare of all in Fiji, and with this wish to end my address to you."

In 1883, King Thakombau died, faithful to the end, beloved by all, an elder in a Christian church; a man who had wrought havoc, and run greedily in the way of blood, but who, as an ex-cannibal king, had become the means of turning multitudes of his people into paths of righteousness.



TOMB OF THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

Cession of Fiji to Great Britain—A Plague of Measles—Polynesian Labour Traffic—Governmental Tributes to the Missionaries—Christian Fiji—State of Education—Native Agency—Ordination of Students—Eminent Native Ministers—Fijian Public Worship—Praying and Singing—Strict Sabbath Observance—Fijian Liberality—Fiji as It Was and Is—The South Kensington Colonial Exhibition—"What Hath God Wrought!"

FOR a long time the evil repute of Fiji limited European communication. It had become the Alsatia of persons whose pecuniary embarrassments rendered the Australian climate unwholesome to them. White people of shady virtue had found these the islands of the blessed. To them the absence of government was the reverse of distasteful. After years of thus borrowing enchantment from its being viewed at a distance, it began to attract settlers of a better type by the richness and variety of its vast unoccupied tracts. On that virgin soil, energy, and a handiness akin to the native characteristic, appeared as the sole necessity to secure that success should be as certain as the sunshine. In 1871 an attempt at self-government turned out an utter failure. When at last the British Government felt obliged to accept the

unconditional cession which Thakombau then offered, and when Queen Victoria, with the unanimous consent of the chiefs, became its acknowledged and gracious ruler, the change was felt to be a great relief. The late Lord Mayor Sir W. McArthur had much to do with the movement for annexation. The population invited us to govern them, and in 1874 this bright jewel, with its magnificent harbours and opening commerce, was added to the possessions of our Empire as a Crown colony. To insure freedom for the native inhabitants, according to the instincts of the race, and to afford scope for the emigrants from our overstocked home population, was the task of the new government. Wise laws have been framed to enable the Briton and the Fijian to live together in peace, and to contribute to the general and imperial wealth. In many of its smiling valleys, English houses have risen. A few years ago, to be a neighbour was to be an enemy. Now, whites and blacks are living side by side in peace—these grown into a serviceable colony, for the most part possessors of the land; those gathered in native towns.

The first Governor had many evils to combat. The whites, in consequence of the low price of cotton, were struggling with poverty; and a plague of measles had swept off nearly one-third of the population. Miss Gordon Cumming describes the awful havoc thus:—

“So, from every corner of the group, came tidings that the plague was raging. Whole villages were stricken down; young men and maidens, old men and children lay dead or dying. The handful of white people, as a rule, did their utmost to help, and gave all the food and medicine they possessed; but their own labourers and their own children were stricken, and needed more care than they could give. Nor were there lacking bad white men, who went about telling the natives that the disease had been purposely introduced to kill them and get their lands. So the plain medical directions which were at once published were ignored, and the white man’s medicine too often refused, from a conviction that it would cause certain death. Native medicines, and bad, ill-cooked food, made matters worse. Of course, anything like isolation of the sick was impossible; nor could they be prevented from rushing to the nearest water to cool their burning fever. How could men who were continually bathing and swimming be persuaded that this could harm them? So the rash was thrown in, and congestion of the lungs and dysentery of the most malignant type were brought on in thousands of cases.”

The abuses in the Polynesian labour traffic, which had called forth a storm of indignation, formed also one of the tasks before the new Governor. It was thus stated at the time:—

“The supply of labourers is one of the vexed questions of the present, as each year the labour-vessels bring back a smaller number of volunteers from the other groups; and the employment of Fijians on the plantations of white men is in no way encouraged by Government, which recognises as its first duty the care and preservation of these, the true owners of the soil, by whose own invitation, and for whose welfare primarily, England here rules. Considering how invariably dark races have been found to die out before the advance of the white races, the problem of whether

this evil cannot be averted in the present instance is one of the deepest interest. It is therefore considered of the utmost importance that the natives should remain in their own villages, subject to their own chiefs, and cultivating their own lands, both for their own benefit and to enable them to contribute their just proportion of the Government taxes, which it has been found desirable to collect in produce, from gardens specially cultivated for this purpose by each village. Now that the number of the people has been so appallingly reduced by measles, it is the more desirable that those that survive should not be encouraged to leave their homes. Consequently, a comparatively small number of Fijians are in the service of white men, who, as a rule, are not anxious to secure the labour of men from neighbouring villages, but endeavour to engage those from other isles, who thus are virtually as much strangers in a strange land as the labourers imported from other groups. It is said that only under these circumstances are Fijians found willing to work diligently on the plantations—no great wonder, considering how easily they can supply their own simple needs in their own homes.”

The good treatment of native labourers by their masters, and a supervision of the conduct of both, was the policy of the new Government. A three years' term of enlistment was approved. A Government agent sailed on board every labour-ship. Strict inquiry was made on its arrival in port. Not only the Government, but the employers, became most anxious to check any irregularity. Now the labourers will enlist a second or third time. Wild-looking, black, native giants, they are described to be—perfect models of Herculean power as they throw their muscled arms into the turning of the cotton-press screw, in the full nakedness of savagedom. They work for three years away from their island homes, to be sent back with more extended knowledge, a big box full of clothes, knives, tobacco, hatchets, Jews'-harps, accordions, and a like or dislike of the whites, according as they have had a good or bad master.

The Government has followed the mission in its employment of native agency where possible, and in its tender handling of native laws, customs, and polity, utilising the old order as far as practicable. The admiration of those in authority for the mission work may be seen in the following extracts:—

“We cannot speak of the missionary body, which has laboured for thirty-eight years among these people, without recording our admiration of the zeal, intrepidity, and devotion which have characterised their work here. It is to their teaching that the great progress which we have recorded is due.”—*Blue-Book, Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners, Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Consul Layard; Clause 60.*

“The great social advances which have already been made within the last forty years from savage heathenism, are due to the self-denying and unostentatious labours of the Wesleyan Church.”—*Sir Hercules Robinson, Administrator of the Colony.*

Such testimonies as these are emphasised by Sir Arthur Gordon, the Executive Commissioner, who, in his catalogue of Fijian exhibits for the late Sydney International Exhibition, reports the “entire native population not only civilised to a large extent, but also Christianised and educated.”

The methods employed to accomplish a work like this are very suggestive to all who

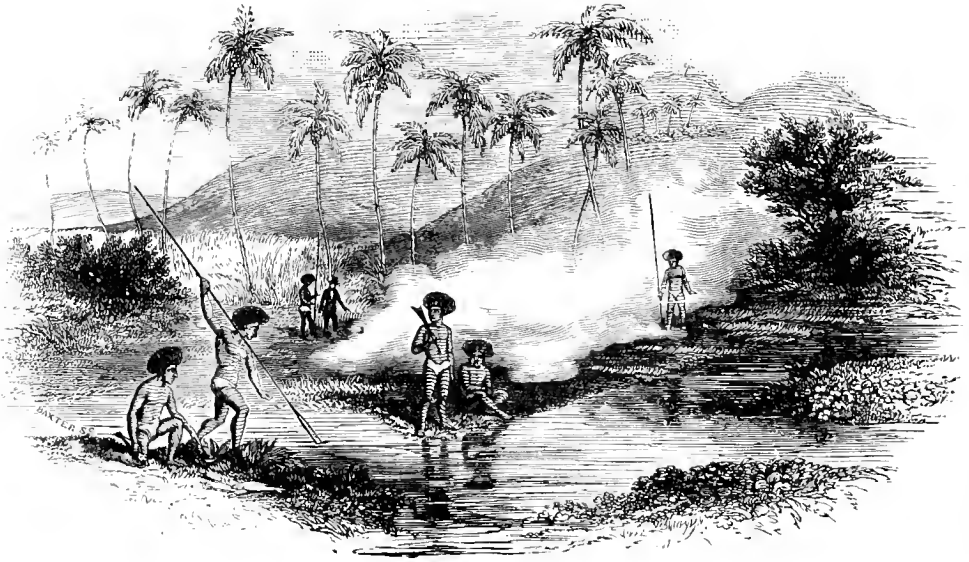
are interested in missions to the heathen. The missionaries have never sought to denationalise. They were satisfied to change the savage heathen into a Christian Fijian. They made no attempt to compel their convert to dress, or look, or sit, or kneel, or sing like an Englishman. His Christianity is adapted to his climate and habits, and while he has abandoned everything heathenish, he has not been required to give up even an amusement because it was Fijian.

Wisely and well had the mission paved the way for civic laws. For example, it had been alive to the jealousy of the chiefs for their time-honoured rights. Taking a firm stand against so deep-rooted a system as polygamy, would the *lotu* interfere likewise with the offerings to the gods, and the tribute to the chiefs? That was a momentous issue. Hitherto, their rule of club seized, for every man who could wield it, whatsoever he listed. Industry was paralysed, and poverty reigned. Injustice everywhere beset the missionary in his path, but from the first he had enjoined the necessity of subjection to those in authority. In all reasonable service people were constrained to obey their chiefs willingly, and they were taught to cheerfully and diligently render the lawful tribute. When all Fiji had its eyes upon Ono, the interest concentrated on the question whether or no it would acknowledge the supremacy of Lakemba. The new converts paid their tribute promptly, and the news of this effect of the spread of the *lotu* there, had great and good results. On the other hand, the Christians everywhere refused to work on the Lord's Day, or to offer first-fruits to the gods. The great event of the visit of the terrible King of Somo-somo to Loma-loma was arranged to take place on a Sunday. Vainly they tried to get the day altered, for their absence would surely be noticed, and might be taken as a slight. The next day they acknowledged his supremacy by the usual offerings, which were graciously received; and this act of united protest and compliance produced a most favourable impression, as showing the genuine effect of Christianity.

The sphere where the mission's success in working on native lines shines most conspicuously, is in its own direct work of preaching and teaching. The excitement of heralding the evangel of God was wedded to the less romantic, but more patient, plodding of the schoolroom. Schools were founded everywhere. When a party of engineers was going out under the first Governor, some of the men kindly volunteered their help to a missionary with whom they sailed, in teaching the people of his charge to read and write. He "expressed his pleasure at their good intentions, but added, 'I think that you will find that some of them can read a little. We have already established some schools in Fiji—*about fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches!*' The engineers were not the only people who opened their eyes at this statement, which was strictly true." Latterly some complications arose between Government and the mission on the education question. It was felt desirable to establish industrial schools as a means of breaking up the hereditary trade guilds, which crippled the rising race in its proper development. There are lately reported (1887): day-schools, 1,765; teachers, 2,526; day-scholars, 40,718. No help is received from the Government.

No other mission has taken the same pains to secure native agency for carrying on its operations, or has employed it so largely and successfully. Lyth had been deeply

impressed with the absolute necessity of this in the midst of his labours. Native agents of all kinds, visitors of the sick, class-leaders, prayer-leaders, exhorters, local preachers, or those more fully set apart as evangelists, pastors, and superintendents, received his special attention. He laboured hard night and day to render these agents efficient. With all possible earnestness and sanctified wisdom, he gave himself up to laying this foundation of the future Church, and his plan of training was published in the Society's Report for 1854. The result was most satisfactory; all schools were made to converge in the training-school. In the young savage scholars, bronzed by the sun, were desiered the future Pauls and Apolloses and Timothyhs of the Church of Fiji. From



HOT SPRINGS IN FIJI.

the training-school, the most promising young men went on to the theological institution for further preparation as catechists and pastors. They were taught in Fijian, but encouraged to learn English for the sake of the vast literary wealth which thereby was opened before them. Few students in English ever made better use of such standards as "Hodge's Outlines," translated into Fijian, than the late Joel Bulu, and Paul Vea, both of them powerful preachers.

The training institution, situate on the island of Kandavu, consists of a substantial stone building on an eminence christened Richmond Hill, accommodating a hundred students, and surrounded by a model village. A missionary in charge, and native assistants, form its teaching staff. Most students are married, and their wives likewise receive instruction in the art of rendering home brighter by their presence, in assisting to lead classes, in teaching girls to sew, or in the conduct of mothers' meetings. To this institution, the non-success of Romanisers has been mainly due. The influence of an intelligent young man, with his happy home-life, and his Protestant Bible in his hand, makes the work of the Romish priest in a Fijian village

as difficult as it is unpleasant. The candidate for ordination must, besides, have a course of eight or ten years to recommend his conversion by its own proof of his pious gifts and graces. The post of a missionary in his circuit now, is become that of a bishop directing the clergy of his diocese, and watching the systematic education which, like a network, has spread everywhere. The need of supervision of native agency, even where the agents have been men of unwavering devotion and blameless integrity, has been strongly felt throughout. It could not be otherwise than that a people, newly emerged from gross savagery, should be unable to direct and control, socially or adequately, their own infant church. The native teacher is not



RICHMOND HILL THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, KANDAVU.

European in any sense; his education is superior to that of his flock, but his manner of life is as one of them, and he is simply supervised. Thus the natives are proud of their own men occupying the position of pastors.

The wisdom of this system compares favourably with such a mistake as that of the New Zealand Mission, which had secured no such agency, and was not able to leave a native pastorate on the breaking out of the Maori war with the British. The resultant disaster to Christianity is notorious; whereas, when Tahiti was occupied by the French, the English missionaries left in charge of the church its own native pastors, without fear of the consequences. Such would have been the case in Fiji. The system was made self-sustaining by the arduous perseverance of Mr. Waterhouse. The work of a teacher is no sinecure; he may be sent to a distant island, whose dialect must be learned; three mornings a week he must teach the children in school, and three evenings the adults; he has two Sunday services with sermon, and one week-day with address; he conducts an early prayer-meeting in the church, besides leading morning and evening devotion in the houses successively: he visits the sick, buries the dead, and, once a week, must find time to travel and report himself to the district minister. His pay varies from

ten to twenty shillings per quarter, in kind, and he is provided with a free house and a garden, wherein he must work. The sustentation by congregations of their own native preachers, has been found to work admirably. The men are no longer regarded by the people as mission agents, but as their own pastors. Funds have been saved, the scriptural duty performed, and tropical indolence checked, because people would not pay a man who would not work. The village builds its own chapel and teacher's house. It then provides for his support according to a fixed circuit scale, in money or money's worth, in food, cloth, or produce, exchangeable for necessaries.

Among the native ministry have been found men of exalted life. Nathan Thataki, for long a catechist, was for nine years a successful minister, a powerful preacher, mighty in prayer, and greatly respected. His one desire on the approach of death was "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Joel Bulu was another fully-devoted helper, labouring assiduously and successfully for thirty-seven years, and passing away on May 7, 1877, full of peace and hope. Miss Gordon Cumming, who was at Mbau at the time of his death, wrote: "He is just my ideal of what Abraham must have been . . . a man whose faith is an intense reality. I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest."

Nearly thirteen hundred pulpits have now to be supplied by Fijian preachers every Sunday. There are nine hundred chapels built by themselves, free of debt and filled with attentive congregations.* The service is simple. The Apostle's creed and *Te Deum* are chanted in true Fijian fashion; which to a foreigner has a certain drone-like monotony. The earnestness in prayer is most striking. A Fijian congregation at prayer suggests to travellers the prostration of Moslems in a mosque. Everyone kneels on the matted floor with his forehead touching the ground. Not a head is ever raised, except that of some tiny brown child standing by its mother's side. All in the daily life tends to show that this is not merely outward devotion. The presence of the white missionary makes no appreciable difference in the congregation, for the church is as crowded when only its native pastor conducts its simple worship. The nation of beggars and thieves has been converted to industrious honesty, which is its remarkable feature now; while into every detail of life, true godliness enters as its most striking and predominating motor. In quelling a rebellion of mountain tribes against the Government, a small native army was employed; each body of men brought its own chaplain, and it savoured of Puritan days to behold the separate tribes at sunrise joining in prayer and praise, and ending the day's adventure by chanting the Lord's prayer and thanking the Lord for His goodness. Where else in the world could be realised a faith so simple and so strong in the Lord of hosts?

The family worship of Fiji is to-day one of its proverbial characteristics. The traveller is pulled up, night and morning, by the eustomary ceremony of every house,

* From the Report of the Australian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the year ending March, 1887, the following information is taken concerning the Fiji district:—Churches, 862 (which number seems to vary according to the will of the hurricanes!); other preaching places, 496; Missionaries, 10; Native Ministers, 56; Catechists, 47; Local Preachers, 1,910; Class Leaders, 3,480; Sunday School Teachers, 2,679; Native Members, 27,097; on Trial, 4,264; Sunday Schools, 1,425; Sunday Scholars, 41,432; Attendants on Public Worship, 101,150. This is out of a native population of about 120,000.

and which is never forgotten. Sometimes the teacher, clad in a white *sulu*, is present and leads the devotion. The melody of the hymn-singing has been compared to that of the psalmody prevalent in a village church of Scotland. A long prayer fluent and eloquent, is offered, the body being prostrate on the mats as in church. If the teacher is not present, the head of the house takes his place naturally. The Scriptures are read and the Lord's prayer audibly joined in by every one present. Thus in every village, now sleeping in perfect security, where horrible and revolting cannibal revels, too appalling to be described, were once common, one is arrested by the return twice a day of all thoughts to the Lord who has redeemed them. "I doubt," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "if there is any other corner of the world from which the outgoings of the morning and the evening waft to heaven so united a voice of prayer and praise."

Another characteristic of Christian Fiji, as contrasted with cannibal Fiji, is its strict Sabbath observance. Once the Lord's day was devoted to the din of savage orgies equally with every other day of the week. Now, if a canoe is seen darting its white-winged way out of harbour and across the foam of the coral reef, it is known to be speeding on some embassy of peace for the King of Kings, or some errand of mercy towards man. There is a strange natural phenomenon peculiar to these islands in the rising to the surface of the sea of small vermicelli-like worms, which occurs only twice a year. The natives esteem these creatures a great delicacy, and calculate their appearance with certainty by the position of certain stars. The first diet of worms they call "The Little Balolo Festival," and the second "The Great Balolo." They rise in countless myriads just before daybreak, and the natives in eager excitement prepare for the sport of catching them, which, while it lasts, is a game of merriest laughter. It so happened that one year the Great Balolo fell on a Sunday, and thus a witness of the disappointment describes what took place:—

"Sad to say, both this year and last year the full moon tide occurred on Sunday morning, notwithstanding which, the irreligious little worms rose to the surface with their wonted punctuality. So rigid is the obedience of all the Wesleyans in the matter of Sabbatical observance, that not one of their canoes went out; whereas their Roman Catholic brethren, to whom more laxity is allowed, went forth rejoicing. The latter, however, are a very small minority, and you can imagine what an act of self-denial it must be to give up this highly-valued harvest of the sea on two following years. So rigid is the adherence to the letter of the old Sabbatical law throughout the group, that not a canoe will put to sea except to carry a teacher to a place of worship; nor will a native climb a tree to fetch a cocoa-nut, even when bribed with much coveted silver; in fact, the offer of silver is considered as a Satanic temptation to trade on *Singha tambu*, the holy day. Of course to us this seems an overstraining of obedience; but then these people are still like children, for whom a strictly defined law has many advantages; and, moreover, many of them are still in the fervour of their first faith, and they certainly are the most devout race (*for Christians*) that I have ever seen."

The Fijian Church is notably imbued with the missionary spirit. A missionary

meeting is a right joyous time, associated with hospitality, with merry native songs and the *meke* or native dance. The collection is made in kind, chiefly in cocoa-nut oil, with pigs, poultry, copra, and latterly in money notes. No sooner were congregations formed, than it was explained to them that just as other English Christians had sent missionaries to them out of love to them, so must they not only support their own cause, but, having been benefited themselves, they must help in extending



A TYPICAL YOUNG MAN OF FIJI.

blessings to others. It was most gratifying to witness their zeal. The chiefs would preside, and themselves, the fruit of mission enterprise, would urge on the audience the peculiar privilege to which they were now called of cultivating a missionary spirit. Amid chanting, the congregation would form into a procession with the chiefs at its head, and carrying their divers gifts, they would lay them before the Lord. This they did, first giving *themselves* to the Lord. They sent many a champion of the cross to the regions beyond. Forty Fijian teachers went at one time to New Britain and other islands on the coast of New Guinea, where they acquired the language, gathered congregations, and founded schools, preaching the gospel of peace amidst

savages more degraded than their own forefathers, and inducing two thousand three hundred of them to embrace Christianity. They make capital missionaries. Difficulties do not dishearten them, for they can look back on their own past; nor do perils affright them. When one falls under the club of the savage, (and many have so fallen,) others are ready to take his place. In the earlier days each canoe setting out for a business voyage to a distant part of the group, became a little mission ship. In later days the same spirit animates them, and scarce a steamer sails but has on board a Fijian ready to urge quietly but cogently the claims of his Saviour upon others.

“What hath GOD wrought!” The change in Fiji superficially is one which, to the candid student of its history, refuses to explain itself except by the recognition of a supernatural Force—almighty and beneficent. And, compared with past conquests of the cross, we learn, moreover, that God in these days is speeding the chariot wheels of the Gospel. Looking back on the religious past of our Northern Isles, truth and error have waged war for generations since the day when St. Columba came over the rough Irish Sea in his hide-covered canoe to preach Christ to the “painted” savages who, clad in skins, wore, in Fijian style, a tusk at the throat. But in the sunny South Seas, the transformation scene has been more rapid, even as the work of grace has apparently taken deeper hold on the heart and genius of the people. Secluded in their indulgence of unchecked passions until they had become a disgrace to mankind, they are now in thousands the most devout worshippers of that Holy One into Whose Name and by Whose Spirit they have been baptised. To realise the meaning of nine hundred churches crowded with these Fijians, and seventeen hundred schools eagerly attended by them and their children, while the first and last sound day by day is their familiar hymn-singing in every dwelling, one must ask how does this compare with British religion, which, guided by the Light of Christian centuries, should certainly be letting its candle shine equally with this prodigal, who so recently was recovered from the far country where the devil’s swine were being assiduously fed. Out of London’s four million inhabitants, one million are not recognised as even nominally Christian, an exceeding small number of it ever having entered the house of prayer, and of the remaining millions how few would be characterised by uprightness towards man, not to say devotion towards God, in any degree equal to Fiji! So that the evidence which this mission affords for the more rapid, as well as deeper working, in these days, of the grace that brings salvation, would appear most satisfactory. Cavillers, for ever sneering at Christianity, are brought to book by such grand results as are here patent to the most ordinary observer. Recalling the fact that, before the *lotu*, every man’s hand was against his neighbour, unresting from barbarous, intertribal wars, in which foes were regarded as so many head of game, and prisoners fattened like fatted calves for a feast: when no war was occurrent, the living had their limbs lopped off, cooked and eaten before their eyes; the dead were dug out of their graves, ten or twelve days after burial, so that only in the form of puddings could they be cooked; the sick were buried alive; strong men clasped the uprights of their chiefs’ new houses while the earth was heaped on them: widows were strangled in multitudes;

men bound hand and foot acted as rollers for the launching of new canoes, in a death of excruciating agony—recalling these days of darkness and anguish and fear, when the life was as insecure as the property, and whole villages were depopulated to supply their neighbours with carrion—it seems scarcely possible to put side by side with this state of things, the Fiji of the present and deny the potency of the engine that alone has wrought the change. But for the exemplary fortitude, the heroic self-sacrifice, and the perseverance unto the end, enforced in the hearts and lives of the devoted mission band by the grace of God, no Englishman dare have stepped on these shores, with all his vaunted education and civilisation. Now, he may pass from isle to isle not only secure, but certain of a kindly reception from the hospitable inhabitants, whose hearts are full of gratitude for the happy change. Christian schools stand where stood heathen temples, into which if a woman entered she would have been laid a bleeding victim at the threshold; the hideous human ovens are overgrown with yams; and where the shrieks of agony and death mingled with the shouts of obscenity, there is now heard the voice of prayer and praise: the sick are visited, and the dying say they have heard the voice of their beloved Lord, and are going to be with Him for ever. Gratitude and joy have become the regnant affections in Fiji, taking the place of the olden malicious guile and remorseless hatred. Often have the builders of some chapel been heard chanting to each other such passages as, “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.” “But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded!” To which the response would be, “The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation.” Or with devotional feeling a number would join in the petition, “Hearken unto the prayer which Thy servants shall make; and when Thou hearest forgive.” The Christian spirit opened the door through which civilisation has pushed its way among these hordes of cannibals, and now to speak against that fact is to kick down the ladder by which it has climbed. The early days of unheeded effort were looked upon as visionary; while the faithful servants toiled on in solitude. And now that their little mission vessels have given place to mail steamers, and in the “Colinderies” at Kensington the Fijian annexe has contributed one of the most interesting exhibitions of the industrial arts of our great empire, it is vile ingratitude that denies our indebtedness to the missionary of Christ as having been the pioneer of these wonderful results. A vast commerce has followed Christianity. For the Christianity of Jesus means the highest social blessings to which its disciples can aspire.

Thus Fiji stands like a finger-post, in this nineteenth century of scientific development and commercial organisation, and proclaims in letters so large and distinct that he who runs may read, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the regenerative power of God to every one that believeth, and that He is able to save to the uttermost. In the snatching of this prey from the Terrible, we may, if we choose, hear the footfall of the coming One, who is even at the door, and whose right it is to reign. In the fact that here so recently and so rapidly has sprung up, in the distant islands of the sea, a native church, self-supporting and self-governing, there may be read by every Christian heart longing for that great re-appearing, a sign of the times.

Foreign missions to the heathen will ere long be among the things that are past; for even in Fiji the native ministry is taking their place. The time is at hand of which the prophets wrote: "They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."





IN THE STREET OF CALCUTTA.

XXIV.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HENRY MARTYN AND THE CALCUTTA BISHOPS.

Early Years of Henry Martyn—At Oxford—Ordination—Starts for the East—The Pagoda at Aldeen—Dinapore—Cawnpore—Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood—Out-door Preaching—A Strange Assembly—Martyn goes to Persia—Bishop Middleton—Bishop Heber—His Early Life—Poems—Arrives at Benares—Idols and their Temples—A Tour of the Churches—Heber dies in his Bath—Bishop James—Rev. Daniel Wilson, of Islington—Becomes Bishop of Calcutta—The "Caste" Controversy—The Mutiny—Bishop Cotton—A Mournful Catastrophe.

THE venerable college of St. John's, Cambridge, has sent forth many earnest and enthusiastic workers into the mission field. Among the students who dwelt within its walls in the first year of the present century, was a youth, who, though not yet twenty years of age, had just won, as Senior Wrangler, the highest academic honour his university had to bestow. Twelve years passed by, and the brilliant young scholar was lying in an unknown grave in the far East, leaving to the churches the touching story of his martyr-life as a bright incentive to heroic self-sacrifice and devotedness.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 18th of February, 1781. His father had been originally a miner, but he was a man of great native talent, who by self-culture, by persevering energy, and by making the best use of his opportunities, had raised himself to the position of head clerk to a mercantile firm. Henry, as a child, soon showed that his mental gifts were not of the common order, but unfortunately they were associated with a delicate physical frame, and great nervous sensitiveness.

His usual quiet and gentle demeanour gave place to passionate fretfulness under the influence of excitement or annoyance.

When his father, anxious to procure for him the advantages of education, sent him, before he was eight years of age, to the Truro Grammar School, it was only natural that a child so gifted should get on well with the masters, but it was equally natural that, with his keenly susceptible organisation, he should experience (like the amiable Cowper at Westminster) a good deal of misery from commonplace fellow-scholars. But young Martyn's school troubles were for the most part put an end to when one of the elder lads came forward as his protector, and a friendship was formed between the two, from which, both at school and college, much happiness resulted.

Young Henry Martyn was but fourteen years of age when he went up to Oxford as candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College. The lad did well at the examination, but was unsuccessful, and went back to the grammar-school for two years more. He believed in after years it was a special interposition of Providence which kept him from being too soon let loose amongst the temptations of undergraduate life. His friend and protector went to St. John's, Cambridge, and Henry Martyn followed him there at the age of sixteen. He soon distinguished himself by his abilities, and took a high position in the college examinations. His father, down in Truro, had been rejoicing over the news of his son's successes, but immediately afterwards the sad intelligence had to be sent to the young student that his beloved parent had suddenly passed away. Martyn says in his diary: "At the examination at Christmas, 1799, I was first, and the account of it pleased my father prodigiously, who, I was told, was in great health and spirits. What was then my consternation when in January I received from my brother an account of his death. But while I mourned the loss of an earthly parent, the angels in heaven were rejoicing at my being so soon to find a heavenly one. As I had no taste at the time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable at this time. I began with Acts as being the most amusing; and whilst I was entertained with the narrative, I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrines of the Apostles. It corresponded nearly enough with the few notions I had received in my early youth. I believe on the first night after, I began to pray from a pre-composed form, in which I thanked God, in general, for having sent Christ into the world. But though I prayed for pardon, I had little sense of my own sinfulness; nevertheless, I began to consider myself as a religious man. The first time I went to chapel, I saw with some degree of surprise at my former inattention, that in the *Magnificat* there was a great degree of joy expressed at the coming of Christ, which I thought but reasonable."

Prior to his father's death Martyn had been a hard student, moral, temperate, and as a rule amiable. At times his temper got the better of him, and once, in a moment of passion, he had thrown at a companion a knife which remained sticking in the wall. The thrill of horror that succeeded did him good for a time. The counsels of his college friend, and the loving letters of a pious sister, helped to keep alive at least a reverence for religion; but it seems evident that he had taken very little personal

interest in the matter, and in after years he looked back upon the first part of his university career as a time of darkness.

But the death of his father, and the reflections to which it gave rise, were the real awakening of his spiritual life. The letters from his sister in Cornwall had now a deeper significance. Martyn was at this time attending the sermons of the Rev. Charles Simeon, who was exerting, both by his pulpit ministrations and by conversations with inquiring students at his rooms, a vast influence over the religious life of Cambridge. Our young student had many temptations and trials and spiritual conflicts, but he came at length to complete rest in Christ as his Saviour. His diary reveals the remarkably searching character of the self-examination which he kept up as a constant habit through life, and which sometimes might almost be called morbid in its intensity. Very harsh and bitter are the things he often says of himself, but at times he experiences a joy that is almost ecstasy. "Rose at half-past five," he says on one occasion, "and walked a little before chapel in a happy frame of mind. Endeavoured to maintain affectionate thoughts of God as my Father on awakening in the morning. Set a watch over my first thoughts, and endeavoured to make them humble and devout. I find this to be an excellent preparation for prayer and a right spirit during the day. At chapel, the sacred melody wafted my soul to heaven: the blessedness of heaven appeared so sweet, that the very possibility of losing it appeared terrible, and raised a little disquiet with my joy. After all, I would rather live in a humble and dependent spirit, for then, perceiving underneath me the everlasting arms, I can enjoy my security."

Henry Martyn's religious experiences did not hinder him from pushing forward with his preparations for the final examinations in 1801. When he came to Cambridge he was very deficient as regards mathematics, and, indeed, he thoroughly disliked the subject. To obtain high honours at Cambridge it was absolutely necessary to excel in this branch. It was said of him (as it has been said of some others) that at first he began learning the propositions of Euclid by heart, without trying to follow the reasoning. Be that as it may, he soon found the right method of study, and set to work with indomitable perseverance to make himself master of the science. He had not been four years at the University when, in his twentieth year, he attained to the proud position of Senior Wrangler.

When the prize was won, Martyn was surprised to find how little real gratification its possession afforded him. There were in his soul deep spiritual longings which no worldly successes could satisfy. It had been the dream of his young ambition to carve out for himself a career as a lawyer; but his increasing intimacy with Simeon filled him with new aspirations. It was one of the characteristics of that venerated divine to imbue the minds of his young associates with ardent longings for the service of the sanctuary. Henry Martyn resolved to devote his talents to the ministry of the Word, but he had yet to take another step in the path of self-dedication. One day he heard Mr. Simeon talking fervently of the self-denying labours of Carey; about the same time he read the marvellous story of Brainerd's work among the Indians. As he mused upon these things, his own soul became fired with zeal for the missionary cause. The command, "Go ye and teach all nations" came home to his soul as a direct personal injunction, and he

resolved to consecrate his life to the service of the Cross in distant lands. The "Society for Missions to Africa and the East," afterwards known as the "Church Missionary Society," had recently been established, and to this organisation Henry Martyn offered his services.

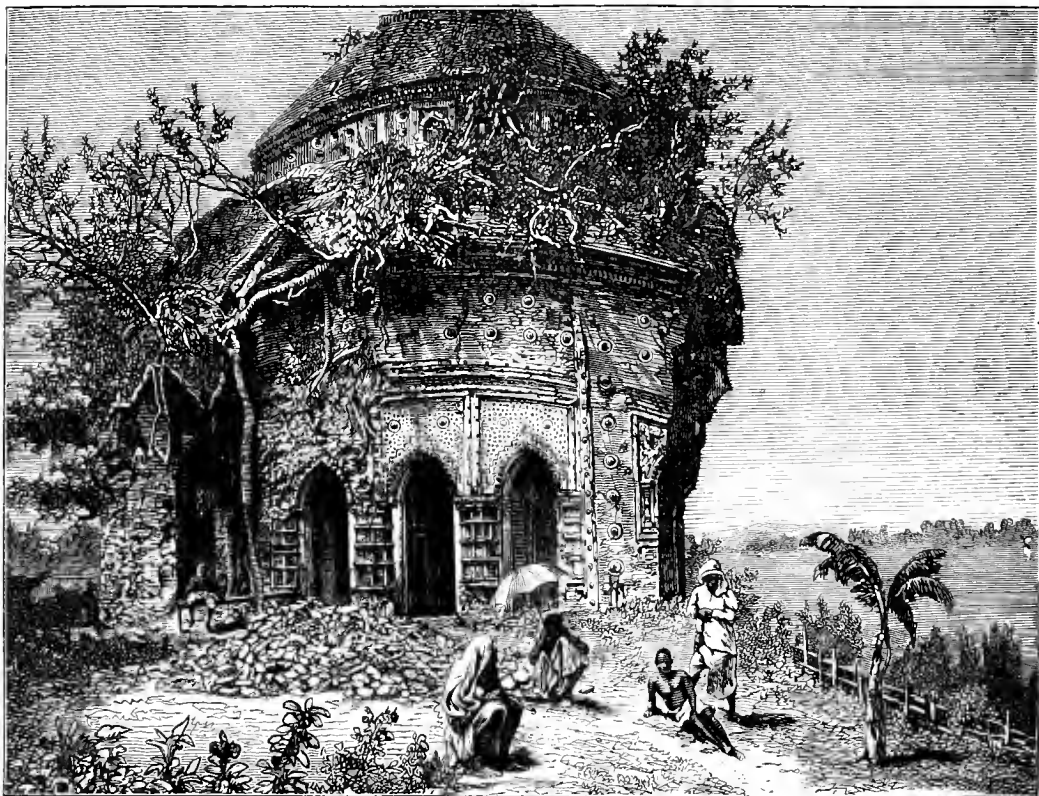
But he was as yet too young to take orders. It was needful to go on with his work as a tutor at Cambridge for a couple of years. In 1803 he went to Ely Cathedral, with other candidates, and was ordained a deacon. To Martyn it was a very solemn occasion, and he addressed some strong remarks to a fellow-candidate who was evidently about to assume the ministerial office in a spirit of light-hearted frivolity.

He now became, for a time, the curate of his esteemed friend, the Rev. Charles Simeon in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, and also took charge of Lolworth parish. Here he preached his first sermon, but soon he had to take his turn at preaching in Trinity Church, where the earnestness and pathos of his discourses were strikingly apparent. He had been made a Fellow of St. John's College, and also one of its Public Examiners, and still carried on tutorial work; so that with his clerical and academic duties, his time was fully occupied. But all these arrangements he regarded as temporary, and still kept in view his high resolve to devote himself unreservedly to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. Nor did his active engagements interfere with his deep spiritual exercises. Sometimes he seemed inclined to abjure everything that was not really devotional in its character. He even struggled prayerfully against the pleasure, which he could not but feel, in his professional perusal of the works of Greek historians and poets. Almost beyond endurance was the misery into which constant self-contemplation sometimes plunged him. And yet at another time he writes, "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before: I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful."

In 1804, Martyn's temporal prospects received a check. Through a disaster in Cornwall, the property left by his father was all lost. To Martyn this would have mattered little, but it was now needful for him to take such an appointment as would enable him to support his sister. He obtained a promise of the next vacancy that should occur amongst the chaplaincies founded by the East India Company, and went down to Cornwall to pay a farewell visit to those who were near and dear to him. Among these was Lydia Grenfell, a young lady between whom and Henry Martyn a strong mutual affection existed. Circumstances were such that it was needful for them to part without any definite hope of re-union. "Parted with Lydia for ever in this life, with a sort of uncertain pain which I knew would increase to violence," is the entry in his journal. Mental anguish gave way at length to calm and comfort as he became absorbed in his Master's work; but we know well that, up to the very last, in all his varied labours his dearest earthly hope was that Lydia might even yet be able to come and work beside him.

Before his departure to the East, Martyn spent two months in London, studied Hindustani, preached with his wonted fervour at St. John's, Bedford Row, and received a

parting blessing from the venerable Newton, expecting soon to be "gathered to his fathers." He set sail on July 17th, 1805, from Portsmouth in the *Union* East Indiaman, which, however, in consequence of an accident to one of the sixty vessels forming the convoyed fleet, put into Falmouth harbour for three weeks. This was a precious respite, although involving a second painful parting. He found his sister engaged to be married in such a way as to relieve him from all anxiety as to her welfare, and as regards Lydia, there was a renewal of hope and an agreement to correspond.



OLD PAGODA AT ALDEEN ON THE HOOGLHY.

(Henry Martyn's first home in India.)

And now the long voyage began in earnest. Martyn was soon hard at work at Hebrew and Hindustani. On board the *Union*, besides crew and passengers, was the 59th regiment, sent out to help in snatching Cape Colony from the Dutch. Martyn wanted to do some good amongst this great concourse crowded together for so many weeks. But he was only allowed to hold one service on Sunday, and officers sat drinking and smoking within earshot of his ministrations. It was evidently the general opinion that it was a great bore to have a parson on board at all, and especially one so terribly in earnest. He helped the cadets in their studies, and tried to talk to the soldiers and their wives between decks, but the general tone of feeling was so adverse that he could

do but little good. Still, some impression was made, and the Captain, who had been one of his bitterest opponents, was anxiously calling for Martyn to attend him on his death-bed before the voyage was over.

The 59th landed at the Cape, and Henry Martyn mourned over the bloodshed and suffering that attended the seizure of the Colony. He tried to minister to the wounded, and was much comforted and strengthened by meeting Dr. Vanderkemp and other missionaries. The voyage was resumed, and at length the *Union* was sailing up the Hooghly. He was soon being nursed through his first fever in the family of the Rev. David Brown, at Aldeen, near Serampore, who was the first chaplain appointed by the Company in India.

Recovering from his illness, he continued his work with Sanscrit and Hindustani, and also sought opportunities for communication with the natives. Though in receipt of his salary as chaplain, it was some time before the Company assigned him a station. He wrote to Miss Grenfell and urged her to come out to India, as he found that his means would be sufficient to justify them in marrying. Eighteen months of mingled hope and anxiety followed before he received the letter stating that she could not accede to his request.

Meanwhile, Martyn's personal trials had not interfered with his work and service. He was no Baptist, but he showed a heartfelt sympathy with the little band of workers in the adjacent town of Serampore, and Mr. Carey writes: "A young clergyman, Mr. Martyn, is lately arrived, who is possessed with a truly missionary spirit."

Close beside the crumbling river-bank at Aldeen, stands the picturesque ruin of an ancient pagoda. It was for a time the dwelling-place of Henry Martyn, and the scene of his earliest efforts to bring the natives to Christ. Many a Christian traveller has visited that sacred spot with loving remembrance of the departed saint. Gone for ever is the open platform that once overhung the bank, and upon which the young missionary sat in the cool of the day or knelt in prayer for the people. The pagoda had once been a shrine of Radhaballub, but the river came nearer and nearer, and, inasmuch as no Brahmin may receive a gift or eat his food within a hundred yards of the sacred stream, the priests saw that they must either remove or suffer considerable inconvenience. So the little black doll of an idol, famous as a work of art, and also for its special sanctity—for it was stated to have been miraculously wafted to this spot—was, with great pomp and ceremony, removed to a new temple further from the shore. Mr. Brown and other Christian residents had a place of prayer and praise fitted up with an organ beneath the vaulted roof of the deserted shrine. As Martyn wrote, "The place where once devils were worshipped, has now become a Christian oratory." It was here, too, that he wrote, "I began to pray as on the verge of eternity; and the Lord was pleased to break my hard heart. I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country; thinking within myself that the most despicable Sudra of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the King of Great Britain." But he was not always absorbed in meditations and solitary prayer. He was bravely active whenever opportunity offered. Once, as he sat here, he saw the flames of a funeral pyre, and rushed off to hinder, if possible, the living sacrifice

which he knew would take place. But the widow had been burnt with her dead husband before he could interfere. He heard the hideous uproar from the gongs and drums at Radhabullub's new temple, and strove to turn his fellow-creatures from "a black image placed in a pagoda with lights burning round it" to the one true God, whilst he himself "shivered as if standing, as it were, in the neighbourhood of hell."

But the time came for Martyn to set out to his appointed station at Dinapore. Mr. Brown and two or three fellow-Christian friends had a parting prayer-meeting with him in the old pagoda. Martyn writes: "My soul never yet had such divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the saints above. May I go in the strength of this many days! Amen. I found my heaven begun on earth. No work so sweet as that of praying and living wholly to the service of God." He went on his way up the river, and as he passed the Baptist mission-house Dr. Marshman joined the party, and after going a little way with them left them with prayer.

At Dinapore, his chief official duty was to minister to the soldiers, and to the English residents and their families. He also held a service in Hindustani for the soldiers' native wives. When the 53rd regiment halted for a time at Dinapore its paymaster, Mr. Sherwood, and his talented wife stayed for a few days as guests in Martyn's quarters. The lady describes Martyn's residence as "a church-like abode with little furniture, the rooms wide and high, with many vast doorways, having their green jalousied doors and long verandahs, encompassing two sides of the quarters." But not a pillow could Mrs. Sherwood (who was suffering from neuralgia) find in the place—only a bolster as hard as a pin-cushion.

The lady gives us a vivid description of Martyn at this period of his life. She says:—"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape or form: the out-heaving of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners, which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness. He did not appear like one who felt the necessity of contending with the world and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him."

For a year and a half Martyn worked at Dinapore, establishing schools, studying, translating, preaching, and performing pastoral duties for the English, who were spread over a very wide area. His assistant in translation was Sabat, an Arab, with a strange

and disappointing history. In past years he had been one of the most bigoted of Moslems, and had brought about the martyrdom of his own bosom friend Abdallah, when he found that his friend had become a Christian. Before Abdallah was beheaded his hand was cut off. Sabat was standing by, and received from his tortured friend a look of sorrowing pity which he could never forget. He came to India, was led to search the Scriptures for himself, and after being baptised went to Serampore. Here he helped in the translation that was always going on there, till sent to help Martyn translate the Bible into Persian. He rendered effectual aid to Martyn, but his wild manners were a constant source of anxiety, and his roaring voice disturbed the missionary's high-strung nerves. His aspect, which at Serampore had been rather admired, was somewhat terrific, and Mrs. Sherwood depicts him as the ideal of the Saracen's Head on the well-known sign. His gorgeous Oriental attire, decked with jewels and embroidery, and the haughty demeanour which he cultivated, heightened his singularity. Ultimately he became so self-opiniated that he would argue for hours when the missionary differed from him over the translation, until Martyn could bear it no longer, and would go to a friend's house to escape the distracting clamour. In the end Sabat relapsed into Mohammedanism, and after a few years of wandering life was cut in pieces and thrown into the sea at Acheen in Sunatra, for offending the Mussulman chief with whom he had taken service.

The removal of Mr. Martyn to Cawnpore in April, 1809, brought him once more into communication with his friends the Sherwoods. But the journey thither almost killed him. He had to cross sandy plains in the face of a hot wind, and of the last two days and nights he says:—"I lay in my palanquin, faint, with a headache, neither awake nor asleep, between dead and alive, the wind blowing flames." He fainted as he slipped into the bungalow of the Sherwoods, and for several days was too ill to move from the couch that was prepared for him in the hall.

Convalescence saw him again at his studies and duties, which were similar to his labours at Dinapore. But here he enjoyed the restful influence of congenial companionship. Mrs. Sherwood's infant daughter Luey, to whom, for her winning gentleness, he gave the name of Serena, became a special favourite with him. When urgently needing to refer to his Hebrew Lexicon, he would do without it rather than disturb the silken-haired little mortal in white muslin who had perched herself on the bulky volume.

An avenue of palms and aloes led up to the house occupied by Martyn at Cawnpore. A long passage connected two bungalows, one inhabited by himself, the other by Sabat and his wife. There was a pleasant garden, on one side of which dwelt the servants allowed him by the Company, also sundry hangers-on, who for subsistence depended on the daily handful of rice which Martyn gave them. Mrs. Sherwood notes many curious features of this bachelor establishment. One evening a party of invited guests was kept waiting an unconseionably long time for the evening meal. The reason was that Martyn had suddenly remembered that he had heard Mrs. Sherwood confess to a fondness for mutton patties. He ordered some to be brought to table without a thought of the necessity for killing a sheep to

procure the mutton. On another occasion the Sherwoods noticed that the cheese on Martyn's table was the very image of their own, and it came out that the servants had combined to make one cheese do for both tables, and yet had charged each household with the cost. This was easily managed, as Martyn usually partook of fruit for his evening meal, and only produced his cheese when the Sherwoods came to supper.

An interesting feature of Henry Martyn's work at Cawnpore was his school—one of several which he established in the district. Of this institution Mrs. Sherwood

gives a graphic description; she writes:—
 “The master sat at one end like a tailor on the dusty floor, and along under the shed sat the scholars, a pack of little urchins with no other clothes on than a skull cap and a piece of cloth round their loins. These little ones squatted like their master in the sand; they had wooden imitations of slates in their hands, on which, having first written their lessons with chalk, they recited them *à pleine gorge*, as the French would say, being sure to raise their voices at the approach of any European or native of note. Now Cawnpore is one of the most dusty places in the world; the Sepoy lines are the most dusty part of Cawnpore; and as the little urchins are always well greased, either with cocoa-nut oil, or, in failure thereof, with raneid mustard oil, whenever there was the slightest breath of air they always looked as if they had been powdered



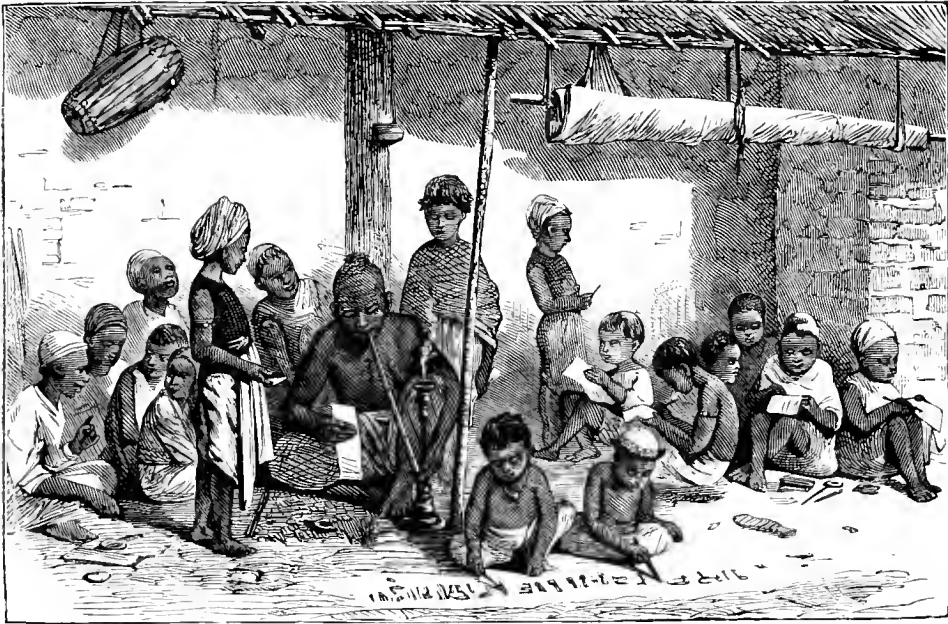
HINDU SCHOOL-GIRL.

all over with brown powder. Who that has ever heard it can forget the sound of the various notes with which these little people intoned their ‘Aleph, Zubbin ah, Zair a, Paiche oh,’ as they moved backwards and forwards in their recitations? Who can forget the self-importance of the schoolmaster, who was generally a grey-bearded dry old man, who had no other means of proving his superiority to the scholars than by making more noise than even they could!”

Towards the end of 1809, Martyn began out-door preaching to the natives. By giving every attendant a piece (rather more than a farthing), a motley crowd was collected in his garden every Sunday evening—often to the number of four or five hundred. Frightful looking devotees, hideous with self-inflicted deformities, and the very lowest of the vagrants that haunted the station, flocked hither to earn a coin by listening to the missionary. The congregation were “clothed with abominable rags or nearly without clothes, or plastered with mud or cow-dung, and with long matted locks streaming down to their heels; every countenance foul and frightful with evil passions;

the lips black with tobacco or crimson with henna. One man, who came in a cart drawn by a bullock, was so bloated as to look like an enormous frog; another had kept an arm above his head with his hand clenched till the nail had come out at the back of the hand; and one very tall man had all his bones marked on his dark skin with white chalk, like the figure of grim Death himself." It was like a crowd of phantoms from some delirious dream. In the midst of this repulsive assembly, and contrasting strangely with the loathsome forms that surrounded him, stood the pale young missionary in his white dress, telling them of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

The congregation had been paid to attend, but did not feel bound to accept the



A HINDU SCHOOL.

teachings of the missionary, or even listen with decorum when his remarks jarred with their prejudices. Ever and anon they interposed with frantic yells. It became evident that his preaching and constant labours were telling on his constitution. The medical men ordered him to leave off work and visit England, and leave of absence was procured for him. He tells us in his diary how he dreamed of a walk with Lydia, and woke to the remembrance that they were sixteen thousand miles apart. He was evidently looking forward joyfully to a visit to England when a new project took possession of his soul.

The Persian translation of the New Testament, over which he and Sabat had spent so much time and labour, had not proved satisfactory. It had become evident to the critical scholars at Calcutta that the work would have to be done over again, to be of real service in the Mohammedan courts of India, where Persian is the polite

language. Martyn saw very clearly that the work could only be effectively done in Persia itself, where a translator would have the advantage of conference with learned natives. He determined therefore to take the present opportunity of visiting Persia, and residing there whilst he revised his translation, intending then to proceed to Arabia and perform the same task with the Arabic version. He was in frail condition, but his Indian friends thought the journey might do him good, and it would at any rate give him rest from the constant preaching which had told so severely on his constitution. "But can I then bring myself" (wrote his friend Mr. Brown, of Aldeen), "to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not if your bodily frame was strong, and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn with the intensesness and rapid blaze of phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? Your flame may last as long or perhaps longer in Arabia than in India. Where should the phoenix build her odoriferous nest but in the land prophetically called the 'blessed'? And where shall we ever expect but from that country the true Comforter to come to the nations of the East? I contemplate your New Testament springing up as it were from dust and ashes, but beautiful as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold!"

That out-door preaching on the Sunday evenings had, indeed, been a terrible strain upon Martyn's power. He often began in a low voice, but strength seemed to come as he *warmed* to the work. In clear, fervent tones he delivered his message, then with his own hands distributed the coins amongst the crowd, and retired to his house to fall faint and exhausted on the couch. And what was the outcome of all this toil and suffering? So far as Martyn knew, only one poor woman had been baptised as the result of all his labours amongst the natives at Cawnpore. He never knew that Sheik Salah, a young Mussulman, son of a learned pundit at Delhi, had received his message. This young man had distrustful doubts of his own faith before that Sunday evening when he happened to be smoking with some companions in a summer-house that overlooked Martyn's garden. They were at first intensely amused at the English teacher and his horrible looking congregation, but Sheik Salah heard words that night that sank deep into his soul. He heard Martyn preach several times, but never came into personal communication with him. Afterwards Sheik Salah was baptised under the name of Abdul Messeh (servant of the Messiah), and by his own efforts brought thirty-nine Hindus into the Christian Church.

Martyn left Cawnpore on the 1st of October, 1810. On the previous Sunday he saw his dear friend and successor, the Rev. Daniel Corrie, installed as chaplain, and witnessed the opening of the church which had been rising through his exertions whilst he was holding the church services in his own verandah. Another church now occupies the site, erected as a memorial of those whose sad fate has for ever associated Cawnpore with some of the most terrible incidents of the Mutiny. In the evening Martyn preached to his concourse of beggars for the last time, and afterwards, as he reclined prostrate with weakness, declared to his friends that he did not believe a

single person had received any religious impression during the whole course of his Sunday evening services.

A month's journey down the Ganges brought Martyn, somewhat recruited by the rest, to Mr. Brown's house at Aldeen. He preached for eight or ten Sundays at Calcutta, and then bade farewell to all his Anglo-Indian friends, and set out alone, and in feeble health, for the accomplishment of those services in his Master's cause, which were to be the closing scenes of his long life-sacrifice. Our readers will find the narrative of these events in the chapter entitled "In the Far East."

In the year 1814, through the persistent efforts of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and of several leading English Churchmen, the East India Company were induced to endow a Bishopric at Calcutta. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, Rector of St. Pancras, London, and Archdeacon of Huntingdon, was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel to be the first Colonial Bishop of England, with a see that included all India and Ceylon, and ultimately the whole of Asia and the Islands, with New South Wales, New Zealand, and Tasmania! An Indian Bishop nowadays can rush across Europe, steam through the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean, and reach his Cathedral in a month. But Bishop Middleton stocked his cabin with a hundred books in various languages, and settled down to his studies for his long five months' voyage. He landed at Calcutta with his wife and two of his Archdeacons in November, 1814, and the entry was kept as quiet as possible, for fear of native excitement. When he came to look round his diocese he found rather a disheartening state of things. The scattered chaplains of the East India Company were at immense distances from each other, performing divine service on Sundays in verandahs, dining-rooms, or riding-schools, and more than half inclined to look upon the Governor-General as their Bishop, and to resent any further attempt at organisation or church discipline. In imitation of the Baptist College at Serampore, he set to work to establish a College at Calcutta for training young men (European or native) for holy orders. He wanted to ordain some of the catechists trained by Schwartz, but there were legal difficulties in the way. He visited Tanjore, and found Serfojee exceedingly polite. The prince came down from his throne to welcome the Bishop, and had Mrs. Middleton taken to the Zenana to see the ladies, whilst her husband was being shown Serfojee's library and curiosities. The Bishop was glad to find five hundred native Christians here, and that the good works established by Schwartz were being kept up. Bishop Middleton was very assiduous in his episcopal labours, visiting the native Christians of Malabar, Ceylon, and elsewhere, but circumstances did not admit of his engaging to any great extent in direct missionary work. He was moreover fettered in all his efforts by an inelastic State Church system, and was perpetually being worried by prejudiced officials and rebellious subordinates. He died on the 8th of July, 1822, the victim of incessant work and worry.

His successor was Reginald Heber, well known to many as one of the "sweet singers" of the Christian Church, and whose hymns have taken a lasting place

in the services of the sanctuary. He was born on the 21st of April, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, of which place his father was rector. It was a family living, and Reginald was understood to be consecrated, as it were, to the ministry from his boyhood. He was so well acquainted with the Scriptures at five years of age that his father could often save himself the trouble of referring to a Concordance by putting a question to the child. He went to school at Neasdon, where he won the hearts of his schoolfellows by his good nature, his overflowing fun, and adventurous daring. He had read somewhere of wild animals being overawed by the steady gaze of the human eye. He tried it on a bull in the field, but the animal did not properly enter into the spirit of the thing, and charged so furiously that Heber was glad to climb the fence rapidly and jump into the green pond beyond it. He excelled in playground sports, and was ready to fight a bully when it seemed needful. But books were his chief source of enjoyment, and his reading gave him material for the stories to which his comrades were never weary of listening. But perhaps his greatest pleasure was to stroll away alone and dream over Spenser's "Faerie Queene," or some other work of poetry, and he himself began composing verses at a very early age.

Brasenose College, Oxford, received young Heber in 1800, and here, too, he led a blameless life, and by his brilliant talents and untiring industry took high honours in the University. In 1803, he gained the Newdigate prize for English verse with a poem on "Palestine." Reginald's elder brother Richard was a man of culture and scholarship, and had several literary friends. The most eminent of these was Walter Scott, then chiefly known for his collection of "Border Minstrelsy." He was breakfasting in Richard's rooms, at Oxford, in the course of a flying visit, when Reginald's poem, just completed, was produced and read. Scott was delighted. "But," said he, "you have missed one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the Temple—that no tools were used in its erection." Before the party separated the young poet had interpolated his well-known reference to the circumstance of which Scott had reminded him:—

"No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;"

It was a memorable scene when, in accordance with the usual custom, "Palestine" was recited by its author in the Sheldonian Theatre. Miss Yonge has well described it:—"Reginald Heber, a graceful, fine-looking, rather pale young man of twenty, with his younger brother Thomas beside him as prompter, stood in the rostrum, and commenced in a clear, beautiful, melancholy voice, with perfect declamation, which overcame all the stir and tumultuous restlessness of the audience by the power and sweetness of words and action:—

"Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen; forgotten Zion, mourn.
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone:
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?"

“On flowed the harmonious lines, looking back to the call of the chosen, the victory of Joshua, the glory of Solomon, the hidden glory of the greater than Solomon, the crime of crimes, the destruction, the renewal by the Empress Helena, the Crusades, and after a tribute (excusable at the time of excitement) to Sir Sidney Smith’s defence of Acre, gradually rising to a magnificent description of the Heavenly Jerusalem:—

“Ten thousand harps attune the mystic throng.
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong:
 Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save!
 Who died, Who lives triumphant o’er the grave.”



BISHOP HEBER.

The young poet held his cultured audience spell-bound, now hushed in deep feeling, now roused to acclamations. Both his parents were present in this hour of triumph. The mother went from the theatre to her son’s rooms, and found him overcome by his feelings, kneeling at his bedside.

After taking his Bachelor’s degree, and receiving a Fellowship and other academic honours, young Heber went for a tour in Northern and Eastern Europe. We see him, in 1806, in a volunteer’s red coat, figuring at a banquet of his brother’s tenants. In the following year he is ordained and becomes Rector of Holnet. Two years later he is married to Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. Thus possessed at an early age of wealth, leisure, and good social position, endowed with literary tastes and with his mind well stored it would have been little wonder had Reginald Heber, like so many others, resigned himself to a life of scholarly indolence. But he worked hard as a parish priest, and qualified himself for the wider field of service

that was as yet undreamed of. He saw there was a lack of hymns suited to congregations rather than to individuals, and wrote several which are assigned to appropriate days in Church of England hymnals. He watched the growth of missions under the fostering care of the dissenting bodies, and saw how needful it was for the Church of England to take her right place in the forefront of the mighty movement. Then there came to him the story of Henry Martyn's life and death, and the outcome of his emotions was the grand missionary trumpet-call, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The incidents of life that touched his deepest feelings often led him to the composition of appropriate verses; thus the death, in 1817, of a little daughter, whom, as he says, "he had the pleasure of seeing and caressing for six months," led to that beautiful utterance of stricken yet triumphant faith:—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide.
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

When, as already related, Dr. Middleton died, the Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to Heber. From a worldly point of view it was not a position that he had any need to covet. His home life was delightful, and his prospects good. In India worry and toil would be incessant, and the result doubtful. But the man who had striven to rouse the missionary fervour of the Church, was not the one to hold back when the opening for foreign service was thus presented to him. "I hope I am not enthusiastic," he writes, "in thinking that a clergyman is, like a soldier or a sailor, bound to go on any service, however remote or undesirable, where the course of his duty leads him, and my destiny (though there are some circumstances in it which make my heart ache) has many, very many, advantages—in an extended sphere of professional activity, in the indulgence of literary curiosity, and, what to me has many charms, the opportunity of seeing nature in some of its wildest and most majestic features."

"Thank God for that man!" was the fervent exclamation of a leading Wesleyan after hearing Heber preach his last sermon in Lincoln's Inn Chapel before leaving for India. He went out full of ardour for his new duties, and in October, 1823, was installed in his cathedral. Clergy were so scarce in Calcutta, that the Bishop had to work as hard as any parish priest. He opened the college which his predecessor had founded, and as the technical difficulties which hindered Middleton had now been arranged, Bishop Heber, on Holy Thursday, 1824, ordained Christian David, a pupil of Schwartz, and the first native of India admitted into Holy Orders by the Church of England.

Bishop Heber as soon as possible set out to survey his diocese, or, at least, such portions of it as were within reach. He journeyed up the Ganges to Dacca, Bankipore, Dinapore, and other towns, here and there meeting with cheering evidences of Christian work. At Buxar he found Captain Field holding crowded Sunday evening services in his verandah, which many Hindus as well as the soldiers attended. Here, too, he found Carreem Mussch, a converted Mohammedan, teaching school. The schoolmaster

was simply dressed in a white robe and turban, but above his desk hung his sword and sash, for he had formerly been a Sepoy havildar. He was teaching the boys to read Hindustani, and also to recite the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

The Bishop's journal traces his progress minutely, but we must pass on to the sacred city of Benares, his entry into which is thus described in a letter to his wife:

"I will endeavour to give you an account of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town:—

"*First beggar*: Agha Sahib! Judge Sahib! Burra Sahib, give me some pice; I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying of hunger!

"*Beavers* (trotting under the tonjon): Ugh! Ugh!—Ugh! Ugh!

"*Musicians*: Tingle, tangle; tingle, tangle; bray, bray, bray.

"*Chuprassee* (clearing the way with his sheathed sabre): Silence! Room for the Lord Judge, the Lord Priest. Get out of the way! Quick! (Then gently patting and stroking the broad back of a Brahmin bull): Oh, good man, move.

"*Bull* (scarcely moving): Bu-u-uh.

"*Second Beggar* (counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards): Ram, ram! ram, ram!"

The city of Benares, to which the Hindus gave the name of "Kashi," or "The Splendid," is the most sacred city of India. Macaulay tells us how Hastings coveted "that labyrinth of lofty allies, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds." It was densely populated, and religion and commerce brought thousands of pilgrims into its narrow streets, which were rendered almost impassable by holy beggars and holy bulls. Long after Heber's time, the British Government banished the holy bulls to the other side of the river, and after some show of discontent the people learned to appreciate their absence. Benares looks best from the river, where the carved marble palaces are relieved by groups of trees, and where stately flights of stone steps conduct crowds of worshippers down to the bathing places in the sacred stream.

Benares swarms with temples, and many deities are worshipped there, but it is to Siva the Destroyer, the third person of the Hindu Triad, commonly known as Mahādeva, or "The Great God," that the city is more especially consecrated. He is usually represented in paintings as a naked man with a tiger-skin wrapped round his waist, and his body well sprinkled with ashes. Deadly cobras are twined about his neck and in his matted hair. He wears a half-drunken expression, in harmony with his recorded habits. According to the Hindu Scriptures, he was always either begging or drinking or enduring voluntary hardships and sufferings. He is not said to have accomplished any good action, and yet no other Hindu deity is so generally worshipped; but the upright column of stone that so frequently does duty as his image in the temples, shows that an older and more esoteric worship has been incorporated with that of Mahādeva.

Siva in his vagrant days had a faithful wife, Parvati, who, when her father refused to invite her disreputable husband to a great festival, threw herself into the fire, and

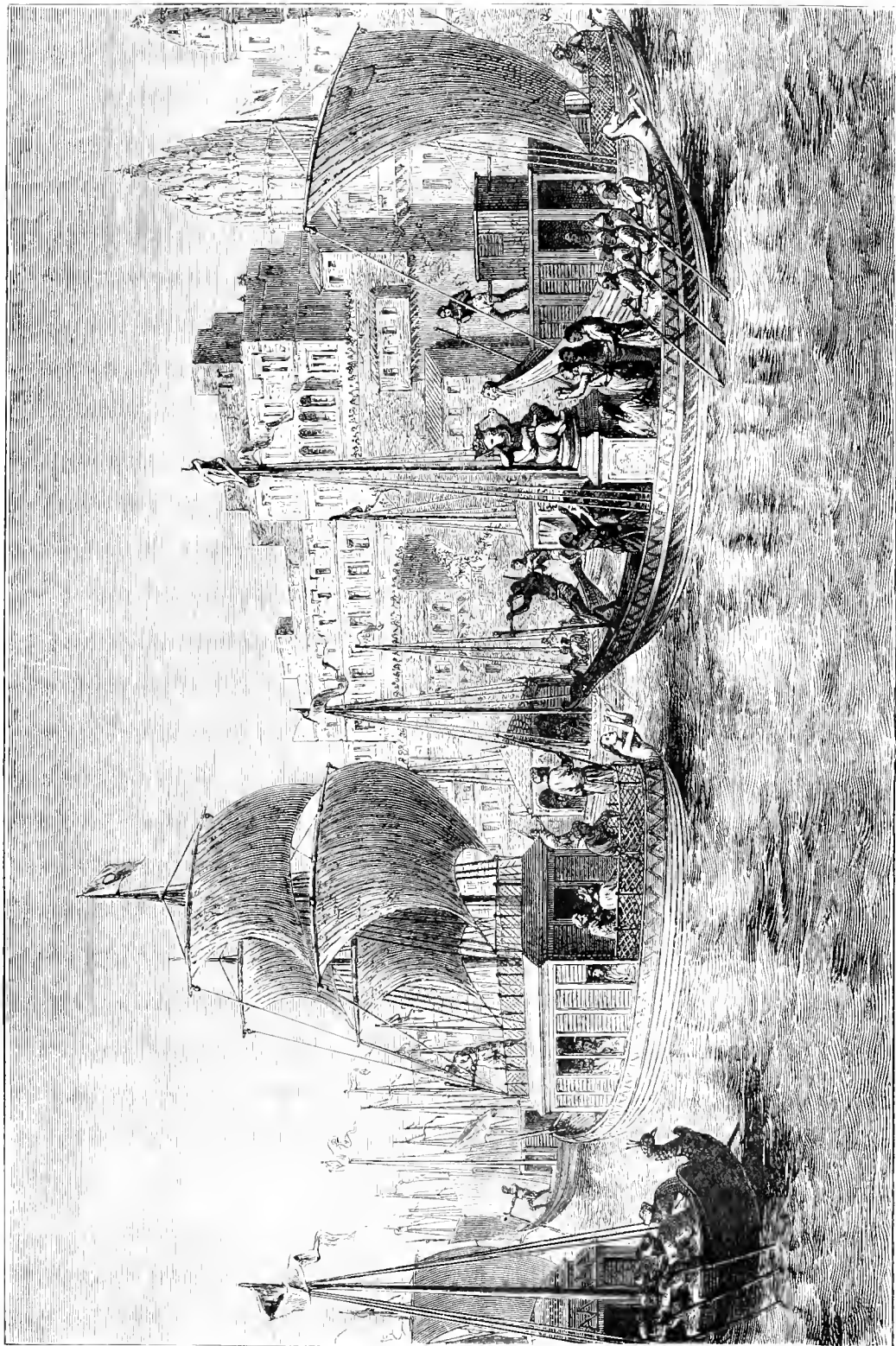
was burned to death. For this act she received the name of Sati, or the faithful one, a name henceforth bestowed on every widow who chose to be burned alive with her husband's corpse. Parvati reappeared on earth long afterwards to engage in war with the race of giants. She slew the great giant-demon Durgā, and all Bengal still commemorates her prowess by suspending business for twelve days during the great festival of Durgā Puja. As Durgā she is represented as a beautiful woman with ten arms.

Very different does this goddess appear under her name of Kali—an ugly black woman with three glaring eyes, and with a huge protruding tongue reaching down to her waist. Earrings and necklace are of human skulls, and a girdle of human hands surrounds her waist. All these are trophies of her victories. She stands upon the body of her husband, Siva. They say she was dancing with joy after conquering all her enemies, and she danced so violently that the earth shook. To prevent its destruction Siva flung himself at her feet. When she found herself dancing over his body, she desisted and blushed for shame. Hence the protruding tongue, which to this day (though certainly not in such an exaggerated form) is the prominent characteristic of a Bengali blush.

Kali is supposed to be delighted with the smell of blood, and therefore abundant sacrifices (happily no longer human) fill her courtyards with an indescribable stench. Upon her days of festival, crowds flock with their offerings from far and near, and great numbers cut and burn themselves to win the favour of Mahādeva and Kali.

It may here be mentioned that this pair of deities had a son, Ganesa, the god of wisdom, or, more correctly, cunning. Hindu men of business keep an image of this elephant-headed deity in their shops and offices, and begin the day by bespeaking his kind offices in furtherance of their schemes. We are told that Ganesa when born had a human head, but that it was inadvertently burnt by the Sun, who had called in to see the baby and congratulate its mother. Parvati therefore besought her husband to procure another head for the child. Siva, being drunk, as usual, cut off the head of a passing elephant and clapped it on to his infant son, and so Ganesa has been elephant-headed ever since.

Benares, then, is the headquarters of Siva worship. His recorded life was one of frequent suffering, and so pain and laborious effort are supposed to please him. For hundreds of miles people journey hither on foot; but for the last few miles, very many measure their length on the ground at every step. To die in Benares is considered to ensure a happy life hereafter, and therefore people who can afford it, when they feel the end approaching flock hither to breathe their last breath in Siva's sacred city. Benares stands between the river Ganges and a road which leaves the river-bank above the city and rejoins the river fifty miles lower down. All the enclosed place is holy ground, and gives the same celestial privileges as the city itself. To account for the sanctity of Benares and its precincts, it is said that when Siva, during a quarrel, struck off the fifth head of Brahma, it stuck to his hand and could not be removed. Everywhere as he travelled he bore with him this proof of the crime he had committed. But when he reached this spot, the head dropped



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION ON THE RIVER, BENARES.

from his hand, and he had peace. If coming here could atone for the sin of a god, it seemed reasonable to suppose it could do as much for his followers.

Close beside this great stronghold of heathen superstition, Bishop Heber found a church ready for consecration, and thirty converts, of whom fourteen were natives, waiting to be confirmed. He visited a school founded by a wealthy Bengali who was an admirer of Christianity. Here 140 lads were taught by English, Persian, and Hindustani masters, under the presidency of an English catechist in training for the ministry. Afterwards, as the good bishop was looking round in one of the temples of Siva, one of the brightest scholars he had examined at the school came up and narrated in English the stories of the gods and goddesses, whose effigies were painted on the walls. The young lad wore the cord of a Brahman, and the bishop saw how Young India would slide into that policy of making the best of both religions, which has since become such a marked characteristic of our Hindu fellow-subjects.

It had been found that in Benares, ever swarming with fanatics, street preaching and similar methods could not be engaged in. But the agents of the Church Missionary Society conversed much with people in private houses. Many persons of rank were interested inquirers. Amongst these was Amrut Row, a pious and charitable Hindu, who gave away in rice and money the value of 50,000 rupees on the feast of his patron god, and at least three times that sum in the course of the year. He had appointed a day for the Rev. Mr. Morris to see him, and tell him about Christianity. But he died before that day came, and his body was being consumed in the Burning Ghat when the bishop left Benares.

The bishop went on to Cawnpore, and as far north as Oude, confirming on the way many converts who had been brought into the Church by Henry Martyn's friend Mr. Corrie. After ten months' travelling he reached Surat, and from thence voyaged to Bombay, Ceylon (where he stayed some weeks), and Calcutta. Here he ordained Abdul Messer (formerly Sheik Salah), Henry Martyn's unknown convert, whose brief ministerial career of eighteen months was greatly blessed. After attending to the affairs of the College, and receiving into it with joy two or three young men as candidates for the native priesthood, Bishop Heber set out on another diocesan visitation, which was to see the close of his life and labours.

He went by sea to Madras, and occupied his time with some invalid soldiers, who were returning home, and with a heart-broken mother mourning for her babe who died on the voyage. At Madras he was delighted with the schools, and other good work progressing under the care of Sir Thomas Munro, the Governor, and his excellent wife. The bishop had been deputed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to present to the lady a vote of thanks from that Society for the good works encouraged and aided by her in the schools of the Madras Presidency. Archdeacon Robinson, who was present when this took place, says:—"I have seldom witnessed a more interesting or affecting picture; the beauty and gracefulness of Lady Munro, the grave and commanding figure of the Governor, the youthful appearance and simple dignity of the dear bishop, the beloved of all beholders, presented a scene such as few can ever hope to witness!"

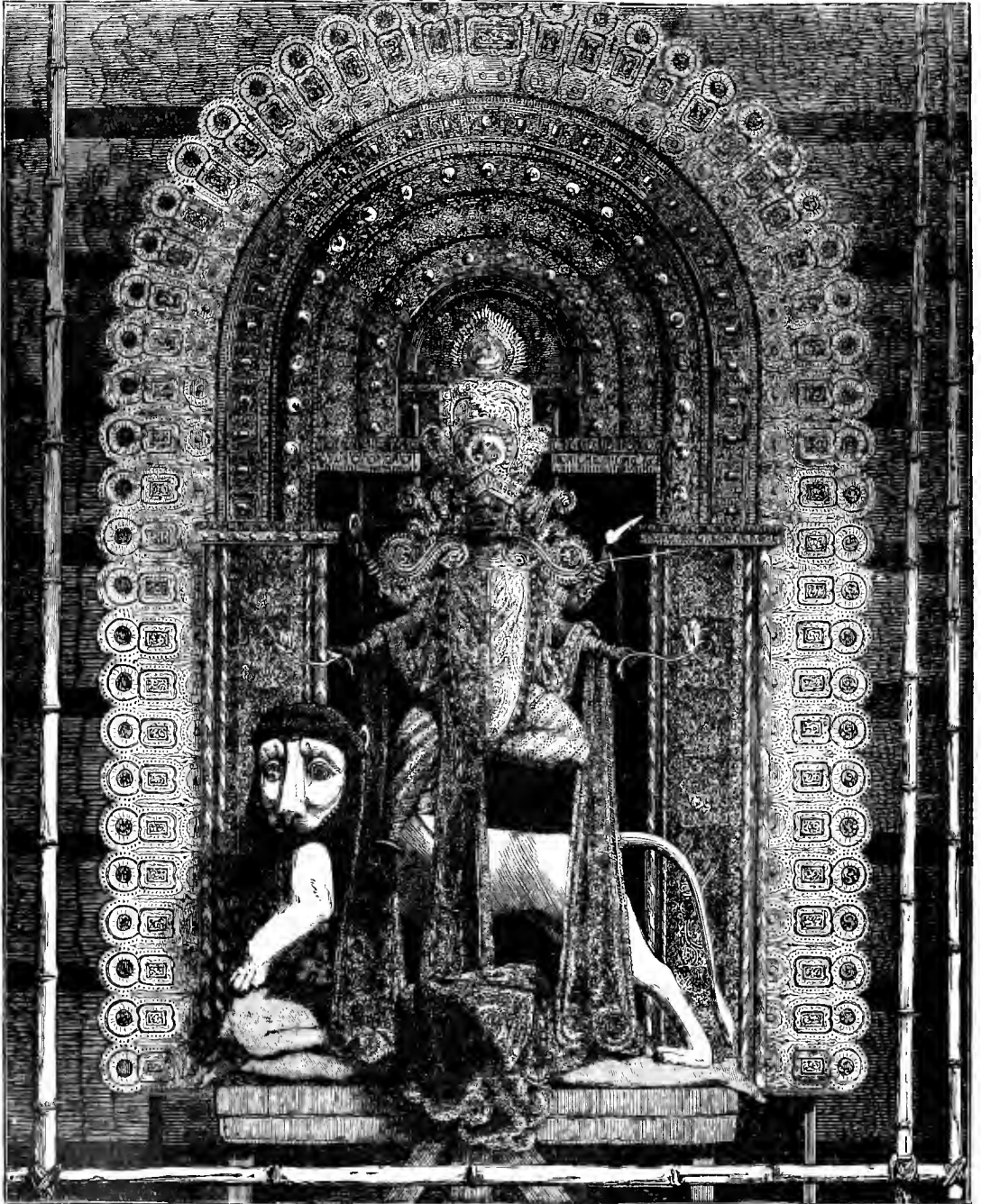
From Madras the bishop journeyed into the region where the Danish missionaries had so abundantly laboured. At Cuddalore he found the Christian converts very badly off, but in Tanjore matters were more flourishing. He was delighted with the simple faith and consistent lives of the native Christians in the villages.

Of our old friend Serfojee, whose connection with Schwartz has been described in a previous chapter, Bishop Heber writes:—"I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindu prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Foureroy, Lavoilier, Linnaeus, and Buffon fluently; has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakespeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron; and has actually written English poetry very superior to Rousseau's epitaph on Shenstone; at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger." After referring to the prince's education by Schwartz, he says:—"To finish the portrait of Maha Raja Sarbojee, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy grey mustachios; generally splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French General officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me."

Serfojee (or Sarbojee) had a son, a pale, sickly-looking lad of seventeen, who spoke English imperfectly, and the father was lamenting the impossibility of getting him properly educated in Tanjore. Heber offered to take the lad to Calcutta, accommodate him in his own house, introduce him into good English society, superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters to be found in India. Both father and son seemed pleased at the proposal, but were doubtful as to the consent of the lad's mother. "Next day," says Heber, "I had a very civil message that the Rancee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c. So poor Seroojee must chew betel and sit in the Zenana, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindu princes, till he is gathered to those heroic forms who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the King of Spades (whose portrait-painter, as I guess, has been retained by this family), adorn the principal room in the palace."

We can imagine the bishop's feelings when he found, that when Serfojee was actually the ruler of his territory, he had permitted Christians to hold any office in the State, but that since the East India Company had taken the administration of affairs into its own hands, no Christians were admitted to Government employment. He warmly denounced the lukewarmness and cowardice of the Government in its attitude towards Christianity.

On Easter Day, Heber preached in the church that Schwartz had built, from the words, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." More than thirty years had passed away since Schwartz ministered in that place, yet many of his spiritual children were present, and close by the pulpit was the marble

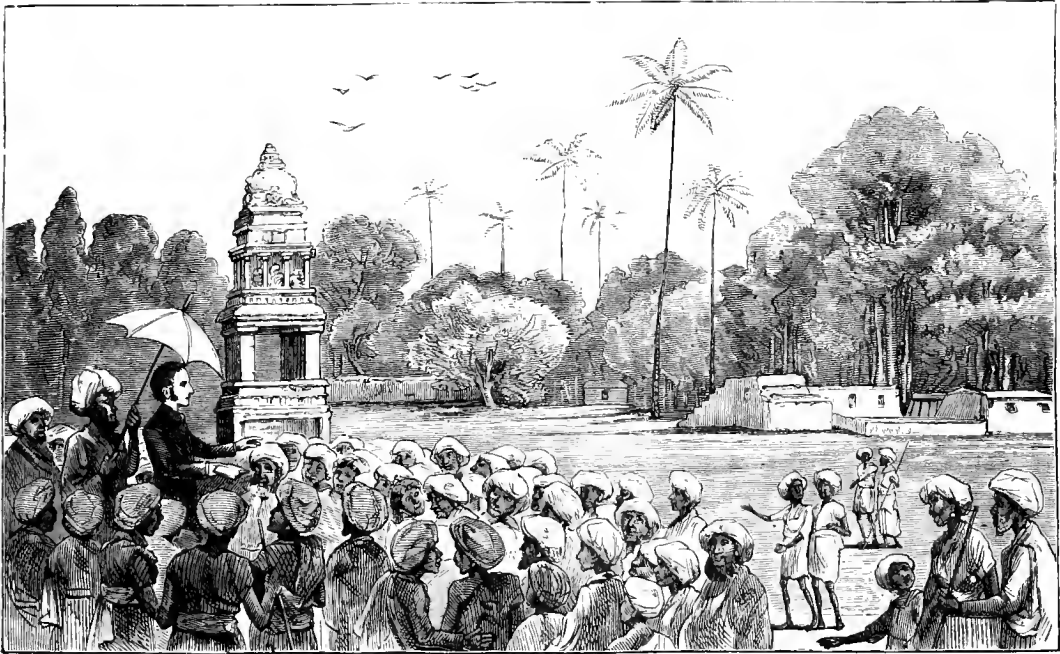


THE GODDESS KALI.

monument reared by Serfojee to the sainted pastor's memory. Thirty English and fifty-seven natives came up to partake of the communion on this occasion. In the evening Heber attended the Tamul service, and was rejoiced at beholding a reverent

congregation of thirteen hundred, all correctly taking their part in the liturgy. A Hindu read prayers, a Dane preached, and the good bishop, thrilled with emotion, gave the Benediction in Tamil to the surprised delight of all present. "Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!" was Heber's confession when disrobing after the service.

After confirming a large number of persons at Tanjore the bishop proceeded to Trichinopoly, where on the Sunday he preached and confirmed, but was evidently unwell. Next morning, however, he held a Tamil confirmation in the native church, a poor neglected building, and visited the schools, but was obliged to retire oppressed by



A MISSIONARY OPEN-AIR MEETING.

the heat and bad ventilation. A deputation waited on him bringing an address from the poor native Christians, lamenting that they had been without a pastor for two years, and earnestly beseeching the bishop to send them one. Heber was intensely interested in their condition, and eagerly talked over the matter with his companion, Archdeacon Robinson, to whom he mentioned a Danish minister whom he thought he should appoint to the care of these poor people. To recruit himself after his exertions, Heber presently visited the bath—a separate building near the house. It measured fifteen feet by eight, and had stone steps descending seven feet into the water. A servant waited outside whilst he bathed, but becoming alarmed at the length of time that elapsed, he ventured to look in, and saw with amazement the lifeless body of the bishop lying in the water.

So perished Reginald Heber, in his forty-fourth year, zealous in good works to the

last hour of his life. Unsuspected disease had been developing for years. They buried him next day in the church at Trichinopoly, where a tablet to his memory displays no elaborate eulogy, but simply warns the living—"Be ye also ready!" His dying wishes for the neglected native Christians of Trichinopoly were not unheeded. English Christians sent money in abundance: a church and three schools were established, and the pastor whom he had himself named was placed in charge.

Heber's successor, Bishop James, died very shortly after his arrival. Bishop Turner's episcopate was also very brief, and when he passed away, in 1828, men noted with dismay that four Bishops of Calcutta had died at their post in nine years. Several clergymen of eminence refused the appointment, dreading it as a sentence of death. But at length the parish of Islington (London) had the honour of giving up its venerated and beloved vicar, Daniel Wilson, to be for six-and-twenty years the guiding spirit in the Church of England missionary work in India. During that quarter of a century, in addition to his episcopal and missionary labours, he strove earnestly to induce his fellow-countrymen to cease from that fostering of heathenism, and that indulgence in vice and irreligion, which had cursed our rule. But to a large extent he pleaded in vain, and before his death the land was reeking with blood in the terrible year of the Mutiny, and the horrors of Cawnpore and Lucknow were the miserable fruits of ruling for Mammon and Belial instead of for Christ.

Daniel Wilson was the son of a wealthy silk-manufacturer in Spitalfields, and after being educated in a private school at Hackney, was apprenticed to his uncle in Milk Street, Cheapside. It was a busy house, where some of the young men seldom had occasion for their hats except on Sunday, for the half-holiday movement was as yet undreamt of. Young Wilson, fortunately for his health, was a good deal employed in outdoor work—visiting banks, merchants' offices, and so forth. On Sundays all went to church with their employer and his family. Wilson managed to study in the evenings, though without any definite object. As regards religious matters, he wrote in after-years that at this time he had no faith and no understanding—that he never prayed, that he had vile thoughts and did vile things, and was altogether a castaway.

Of course, like most such confessions, this was an exaggerated picture. He was neither better nor worse than the average young city men of his time. A few words spoken by a companion in March, 1796, led him into serious thought and anxiety. He began to pray. He consulted John Newton, Richard Cecil, Rowland Hill, and other leaders of religious life in London. He passed through a long time of doubt and despondency before he was able to struggle forth into the light. "Yesterday and to-day," he writes to a friend after taking his first communion, "have been, I think, the happiest days of my life. The Lord shines so upon my soul that I cannot but love Him, and desire no longer to live to myself, but to Him. . . . I have felt great desire to go and do anything to spread the name of Jesus: and I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands."

It was thirty-five years before the last aspiration was realised—years of earnest work and service in his own country. He was still a City apprentice and his father and his uncle were both averse to the desires which he expressed to become a minister.

Rowland Hill plainly told him, "You have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other." But, as time passed on, it was seen that his longings proceeded from no passing influence, and so (largely through Cecil's influence) his relatives allowed him to leave business, and he was entered as a student at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. Wilson worked hard as an undergraduate, and did fairly well with his academic studies, but was not renowned for brilliant scholarship. No one was more astonished than himself when he took the prize for English prose, and had to read his essay on "Common Sense" in the Sheldonian Theatre on Commemoration Day. Amongst those who were warmly applauding him as he came down from the rostrum, was a young man who then took his place, and read a poem on "Palestine." It was Reginald Heber, in whose footsteps Wilson was to tread long afterwards on the banks of the Ganges.

Daniel Wilson was ordained, and became a curate under the well-known Rev. Richard Cecil, at Chobham, in Surrey. In 1809 (having previously married his cousin Ann, daughter of his late master in Milk Street, Cheapside), he was transferred to St. John's Chapel, Bloomsbury. Here he laboured for fifteen years. He had no parish work; his Sunday services and sermons were his chief engagement. He always chose his text on Monday morning, and spent the week in bringing every possible light to bear upon it. His preaching, though elaborate and thorough, was intensely earnest and forcible, and a crowd of intellectual men used to gather to hear him. Amongst these were Zachary Macaulay and his son Thomas, the historian; William Wilberforce and his son Samuel; and Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Stephen. His preaching did not always take immediately with those who heard him for the first time. "I will never hear that Daniel Wilson again," said a young lawyer. But he came again, and then declared, "I will never hear any one but Daniel Wilson if I can help it."

He was always ready to confer with earnest inquirers; hundreds, chiefly well-to-do people, came to him for spiritual advice, and he gave up much time to this service. Of mere visitors, however, he was somewhat impatient. His old friend Mr. Basil Woodd used to say of him, "When I go to see Mr. Wilson, before I have well settled myself in my chair I hear him say, 'Good-bye, dear Basil Woodd: here is your hat, and here is your umbrella!'" "No doubt," adds his biographer, "affection was in some degree checked, and a certain kind of influence forfeited, by this, and some persons may be disposed to blame it; but the man who himself fills a public post, with unceasing engagements, and every hour occupied, will not be inclined to throw the first stone."

But Wilson also gave a great deal of time and energy to the help of Christian Societies, often travelling great distances to speak on and of some good cause. He overtasked his strength, and for a year or two was stricken down by painful ailments, that all but put an end to his career. But he was raised up to be for eight years vicar of Islington, where his unceasing and indefatigable labours were long remembered. Here, in 1827, his beloved wife was laid to rest. Of his six children, three died in childhood; one grew up to manhood, but died on the Continent. His daughter Eliza went forth to cheer his widowhood, and his eldest son Daniel succeeded to the

vicarage of Islington when the father left England as Bishop of Calcutta, in June, 1832.

He found scant furniture in the episcopal residence at Calcutta, and when he asked the Archdeacon why his orders to procure all that was needful had not been attended to, that functionary is said to have replied, "I thought this would be enough to last for six months." It had come to be considered that a Bishop of Calcutta would not want goods and chattels for any long period! But the new bishop took every precaution, lived quietly two years to get acclimatised, and then flung himself with ardour into the long series of labours and journeyings which he kept up till just before his death, at the age of eighty.

In 1834 the bishop began his first long journey. He visited Penang and Moulmein, examining schools, confirming converts, and consecrating a church built of teak wood, with each pillar a single teak-tree. Then he proceeded to Ceylon, and from thence into the Madras Presidency, where some laborious work awaited him. There had been sad declension among the native Christians; in one year 168 had gone back to heathenism. The policy of keeping up caste distinctions in the churches made it easy to retrograde. Had caste been broken, there would have been an irrevocable barrier against returning to the old life. But the bishop found all sorts of unchristian distinctions kept up, and saw that the time had come to make a bold step in advance. He ordered that all catechumens should, for the future, renounce caste before being baptised or confirmed or allowed to partake of the communion, and that all distinction as to place or precedence in church should cease.

The bishop's letter fell on the churches like a thunderbolt. The warlike Sudras, whose proud boast it was that they sprang from Brahma's shoulders, were indignant. At Trichinopoly a large number left off attending the services. At Vepery the Sudras, with their catechists and schoolmasters, walked out of the church when the bishop's letter was read, and for some time held a service of their own. At Tanjore there were now 7,000 Christians, 107 catechists, and four native clergy superintended by Kohloff. Here it seemed as if a formidable schism would be developed. The bishop came, and was met on the bank of the Cavery by Kohloff and Nyanapracasem, the last survivors of Schwartz's co-workers, accompanied by the faithful members of the church and the school-children. The Hindu was the eldest, a picturesque old man with snowy hair, who, as he fervently clasped the bishop's hand, blessed God for his coming. Then followed a conference with the dissentients and a service in the church, to which the Sudras came, but kept themselves separate. The bishop preached from the text, "Walk in love, as Christ also loved us," and a catechist translated every sentence into Tamil. There was a time of deep silence after the sermon, and then, at the bishop's request, the whole congregation repeated these words in Tamil—"Lord, give me a broken heart to receive the love of Christ and obey His commands."

Much private labour with individuals followed, as well as a two days' stormy conference with the main body of dissentients. Resistance was kept up for a time, though many returned, one by one, to their allegiance. Serfojee was now dead, and his son, who had been prevented from accepting the advantages which Bishop Heber

offered him, had grown up an indolent, pleasure-loving prince. He was very polite to the bishop, who noticed that the young man had taken upon himself to try and improve Flaxman's fine statue of his father. He had actually had a coloured turban with black feathers and tassels substituted for the white marble turban which originally crowned the statue.

At Trichinopoly the bishop preached with reverent emotion from the same pulpit from which Heber had preached his last sermon nine years before. Seeing a number of the caste party standing about in groups instead of sitting down with the



A CHILD TAUGHT TO ADORE SIVA.

congregation, he walked up to two or three of the foremost and led them to seats. They could not but conform when thus "personally conducted" by a bishop in his robes, and the rest were soon induced to follow their example. The communion was administered to 147 persons, and Sudras, Pariahs, English and Eurasians, were purposely mixed. Thus, by firmness, the victory over caste was accomplished in the church of Trichinopoly.

The bishop again visited Tanjore, where he found the dissentients were still coming back by degrees, and then proceeded to Calcutta. On his way there he visited the great temple at Puri, where Jagganatha, the Lord of the World, sits in darkness. To this habitation of cruelty and uncleanness, thousands of pilgrims flocked at the great festivals, paying a poll-tax to the English authorities, who thus became partners in the abominable system.

In 1836, Bishop Wilson visited Bombay and the interior of India, and found a

most deplorable ignorance of religion amongst the English officers and residents in the service of native princes. Many of them had seen nothing to remind them of Christianity since they came out as lads to India. Extending his journey northwards, he reached Delhi, where he had the pleasure of consecrating a church—a fine domed building, with porticoes and flights of steps and marble pavement. Colonel Skinner, a stout warrior, came in helmet and glittering uniform to ask the bishop to consecrate the church which he had built. Twenty years before, as the colonel rode into Delhi amongst the army that captured it, he had looked upon the countless domes and minarets, and had vowed that the cross of a Christian church should be seen amongst them.

At Allahabad the bishop saw the crowds of pilgrims bathing in the Ganges, and was indignant that here, too, a Christian Government should be guilty of making a profit out of heathen superstitions. He brought away a pilgrim ticket, "76,902," and used it as his text with such effect both in India and in England, that in the following year the poll-tax at Puri and also at Allahabad was abolished.

Krishnagar, 130 miles from Calcutta, is the headquarters of the worship of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. Krishna's life is detailed in the "Vishnu Purāna," a work written about a thousand years ago, evidently by a person familiar with the Christian New Testament. Many incidents are copied, and the name (pronounced Kreeshta) is very similar to Kreesht, the Hindu for Christ. But here all similarity ends, for Krishna was thoroughly bad, and only used his superhuman power to gratify his own inclinations. Impurity and dishonesty were the prominent features of his career, and his professed followers, probably about one-sixth of the Hindus in Bengal, display the same characteristics. The name of his wife, Lakshmi, is seldom mentioned, but Rādhā the cowherd's wife, the object of his evil passion, is always associated with him, and "Rādhā Krishna! Rādhā Krishna!" is the formula repeated hundreds of times by his adherents. There is no element of terror in Krishna worship: songs of passionate love are sung to him in his temples, and his festivals are, above all others, days of gladness and pleasure.

To Krishnagar the bishop was called in 1840, in consequence of a remarkable movement towards Christianity in the district. In a previous visit in 1837, he had found two agents of the Church Missionary Society keeping a school here, but having no adult converts. But now there were hundreds of serious inquirers, and numbers waiting to be baptised, having been for months instructed and prepared by the missionaries. At Anunda Bass the bishop baptised 150 at one time; at Ranobunda 250; altogether about a thousand in the different villages. All were ready to renounce "all idolatry, feasts, poojahs and caste," and gave evidence of thorough conversion. The work has proved permanent, and, in the very stronghold of Krishna, the power of faith in Christ has been manifested.

After twelve years of service Bishop Wilson's health gave way. He had a fever at Umballah in November, 1844, from which he rallied, but in such an enfeebled condition that he was ordered home for a long rest. He unwisely hurried to England by the Red Sea route instead of the long sea voyage, which to many Indian invalids

has given such robust health that their friends in England have thought sick-leave was very readily granted. But Wilson reached England "worn, pale, thin; the hollow eyes buried in the brows, the knees feeble, the nerves shaken, and the whole body agitated." Slowly he gained strength, and the lingering traces of the jungle fever were driven away by his native air and the pleasant change of scene. He enters in his journal: "Went to No. 31, Milk Street, where in 1792 I was an apprentice. I visited the warehouse, counting-house, parlour, kitchen, bedroom, where I passed with my staff over Jordan in my boyhood." He preached in his old pulpits, and gave numberless addresses at public meetings, and in his sixty-eighth year returned to his Indian labours—just two years after being stricken down by fever. In the following year he consecrated his cathedral, of which he had laid the foundation-stone seven years before, and towards the cost of which he had himself given £20,000. He was in his seventy-third year when he undertook a fourteen weeks' voyage to Sarawak and back to consecrate a church. Not long after, Mr. McDougall, of whom we have more to say in another chapter, was consecrated in the new Calcutta Cathedral as first Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak.

Bishop Wilson had many attacks of illness in 1856, and in December of that year was prostrated by a terrible accident. He was knocked down by striking against a "jill-mill," or wooden shutter, in his verandah. On being raised, it was found that his thigh was broken. He was not expected to survive, but the good old man was very resigned and cheerful, and when in too much pain to sleep, was thankful that he could still pray.

In the following year came the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny. Blood was flowing all over the land, even in the very churches where he had laid his hands upon the heads of the converts. But he rejoiced to see those converts remaining steadfast in that wild trial-hour. Where Christianity prevailed in any district, all remained tranquil, and where the rebels were revelling in outrage and slaughter, the native Christians took no part, but either hid themselves away or suffered with the English. The bishop's last sermon was preached on the day of fasting and humiliation which he had appointed on July 24th, 1857. It was a fearful moment:—men were standing aghast with horror at the news from Cawnpore and Lucknow, and no one knew whether worse horrors might not yet be in store. The old man, with the burden of his fourscore years, preached comfort and encouragement, but faithfully pointed out the errors of the past, and declared that in Christianity alone was there any hope for the future. Till the close of the year Bishop Wilson was gradually sinking. "All going on well, but I am dead almost. Firm in hope." Thus he wrote on New Year's Day, 1858, and at the dawn of the next day his spirit passed to its eternal Home. His body was laid in the grand cathedral, the erection of which had been (as he considered) the crowning work of his episcopal life—an outward and visible sign in the sight of all men of the importance and dignity of Christianity in the capital of our Indian Empire.

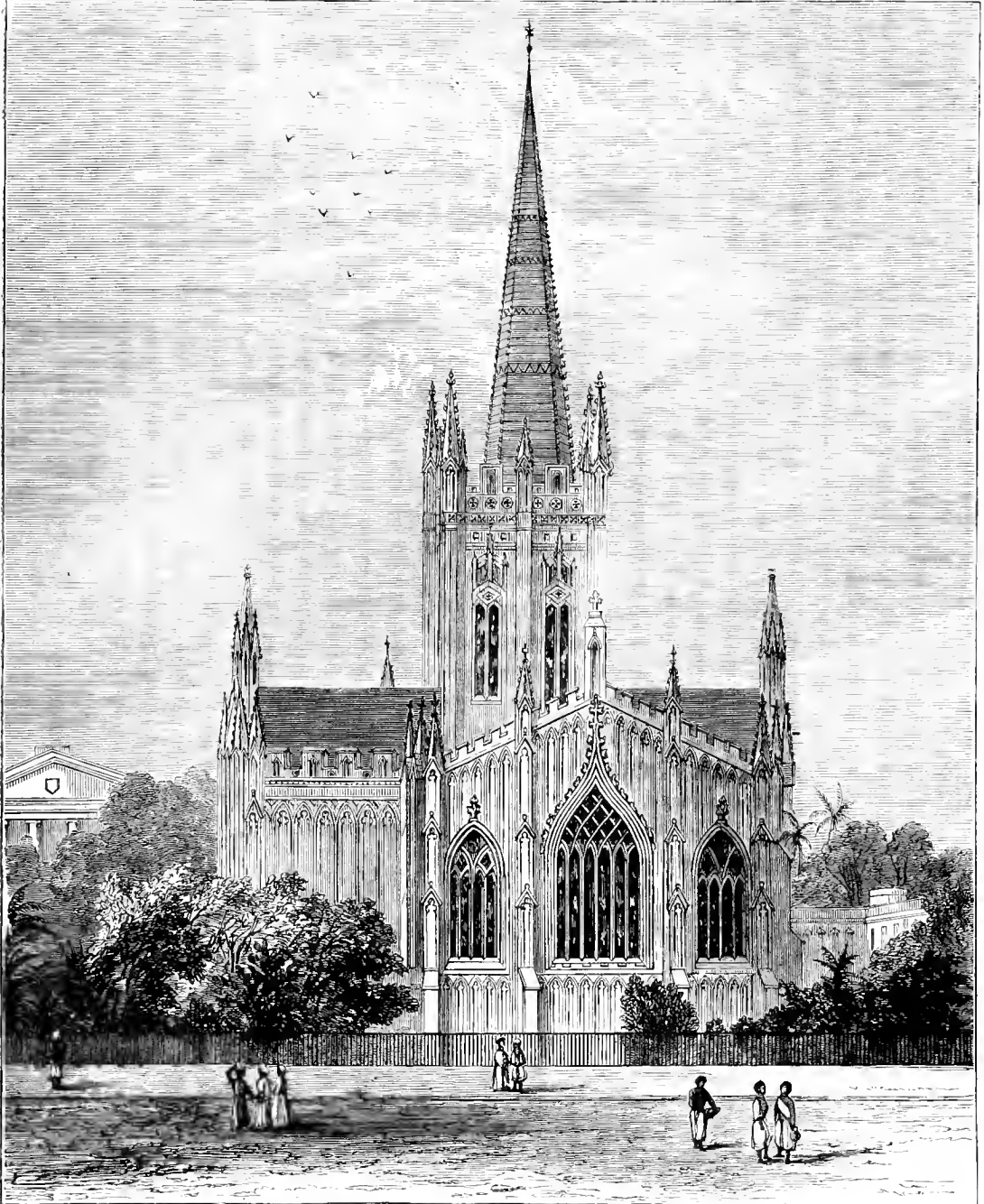
Not to be buried in Calcutta Cathedral, but to be swept away by the mighty Ganges, so that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day," was the lot of

the next bishop of this diocese. Dr. Cotton was a man of refined literary culture, and yet one of the humblest and most earnest of Christians. His sympathies were broad and keen. His widow says of him:—"He never heard a false religion inconsiderately or contemptuously denounced in the presence of its votaries without a jar on his own mind. Once, indeed, he wrote, with more bluntness than was usual with him: 'If I were a Hindu I am sure I should be exceedingly angry at hearing my religion so abused.'" Calm in temper, clear in perception, sound in judgment, Bishop Cotton travelled to and fro in his diocese for eight years, building up the Church and helping and directing its aggressive warfare.

He was a child when, in 1813, his father, Captain Cotton, was killed in battle, and in his twelfth year he went to Westminster School. In that purgatory for boys of gentle disposition he suffered much, but by his quaint humour won himself an independent position there, and became known as a "good angel" to many a suffering junior. He passed through Cambridge, became one of Arnold's assistants at Rugby, then head-master of Marlborough College. During six years' residence he completely re-organised that institution, which he left in order to undertake episcopal duties at Calcutta.

He came upon the scene when the after-effects of the Indian Mutiny were everywhere painfully apparent. He had to work hard to reorganise the mission that had been deserted, and to regain ground that had been lost. But still the work of winning souls from heathenism was carried on: converts were gained, and often in a manner to win from those who were witnesses the exclamation: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." In all this work Bishop Cotton took a warm interest, and, wherever possible, an earnest part. "I have been deeply impressed," he writes to Dr. Bradley, "with the reality and thoroughgoing character of the whole business, and I entreat you never to believe any insinuations against missionary work in India, or to scruple to plead, or allow to be pleaded in your chapel, the cause of either the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Church Missionary Society. All the English humbug, the petty rivalries between the two societies, the nonsense which one hears from a wandering deputation, vanish in this land where the real work is going on, and the actual contest is waged between Christ and Belial."

In 1864 he wrote to Dean Stanley in cheerful mood: "Do you remember that in 1858 you and I drank tea together in Dean Trench's drawing-room? I wonder whether in 1868, when, if alive, I shall be entitled to furlough, we shall drink tea together in Dean Stanley's drawing-room?" That anticipated meeting was never to take place. In 1866, when fresh out of a fever at Kooshteah, he had gone to a consecration service, and was returning to the vessel in the river just as night was setting in. Owing to currents, eddies (sandbanks), and the precipitous nature of the banks, it was impossible to bring any vessel up close. The *Rhotas* was lying out in full stream. Between it and the shore was anchored an intervening flat, which had to be crossed. Somewhere on the perilous causeway of planks bridging the water the bishop's foot slipped, he fell, and was never seen again. The increasing darkness, the unsteadiness of the platform, his near-sightedness, his bodily weariness, and the weakness



CALCUTTA CATHEDRAL.

following recent fever, all doubtless conspired to bring about the mournful catastrophe. He had done much for the cause of religion and education in India, but much more was still expected from him when he was thus snatched away in full mental vigour.

CHAPTER XLV.

DR. DUFF.

The Pass of Killiecrankie—Dreams—Duff Chooses his Career—Wrecked on Dassen Island—His Bible Found on Beach—A Terrible Cyclone—Refuge in a Heathen Temple—Dr. Duff's School—A Craze for Learning—Lectures on Christian Evidences—Some Notable Converts—Tempest and Pestilence—The Calcutta Free Church Institute—The Seringham Pagoda—Return to England—Appeals for Aid—The Mutiny—The Rev. Gopenath Nundi—The Indigo Riots—Dr. Duff Leaves India—Death.

NOT far from that famous Pass of Killiecrankie, where "Bluidie Claver'se," otherwise "Bonnie Dundee," fell in the moment of victory, stood the old farm-house of Auchmahyle, where, on April 25th, 1806, was born Alexander Duff, destined hereafter to do in India a mighty work, of which the far-reaching results cannot as yet be rightly estimated.

Of the picturesque scenery that surrounded the home of his childhood, Alexander always retained a vivid remembrance. By Indian rivers and amongst Indian mountains, he always looked back with delight to the foaming Garry and the wooded glens of the Grampians. His father, James Duff, was a man of godly zeal at the prayer-meeting and in his own family worship. He carefully instructed his children in Bible history and doctrine, and made them familiar with the heroic stories of the Scottish martyrs. He used also to show them coloured pictures of Jagganātha and other heathen gods, and led them to take a warm interest in the work of the Gospel messengers in foreign lands. Little did he think that one of those listening children was to go forth as leader in a grand attack upon the very citadel of Indian idolatry. Another powerful influence upon Alexander Duff's early mental development was the recitation of the poems of Dugald Buchanan, who, amongst Gaelic bards, ranks next to Ossian. The appalling scenes described in "The Day of Judgment" so affected the lad's mind that one night he dreamed of the Great White Throne, and the whole human race waiting for judgment. He thought his own name was about to be called, and, thrilling with terror and alarm, he awoke. He prayed fervently for pardon; the impression on his mind was so deep that he could not rest till he realised a sense of acceptance with God in Christ Jesus.

There were two streams near his father's cottage to which they had removed from Auchmahyle. Into one of these the boy fell and narrowly escaped drowning. One evening he was resting beside the other stream, when, as his biographer tells us, "he dreamed as he lay on its banks among the blaeberreries musing alone, that there shone in the distance a brightness surpassing that of the sun. By-and-bye from the great light there seemed to approach him a magnificent chariot of gold studded with gems, drawn by fiery horses. The glory overawed him. At last the heavenly chariot reached his side, and from its open window, the Almighty God looked out and addressed to him, in the mildest tone, the words, 'Come up hither; I have work for thee to do.' In the effort to rise he awoke with astonishment, and told the dream in all its

details to his parents. Not long before his death he repeated it in this form to his grandson, so deep and lasting had been the impression."

The village "dominie" of Moulin parish was a learned man, but was not sufficiently alive to his responsibilities. He mended watches and fiddles, and let the scholars hear each other's lessons, and often went out fishing whilst his wife conducted Bible-reading with the pupils in the kitchen. So, in his eighth year, Alexander was sent to a school further off, and, after three years' rapid progress, to the school twelve miles off, at Kirkmichael. This school, kept by Mr. A. Macdougall, was the making of Duff. Amongst his fellow-pupils was Duncan Forbes, afterwards well known as Professor of Oriental Languages in King's College, London. "What would I have been this day," wrote Duff to Macdougall, long after, "had not an overruling Providence directed me to Kirkmichael School?" His fourteenth year was spent at Perth Grammar School, where he largely increased his knowledge of classical and English literature. Amongst the books which he took back to his Highland home was Milton's "Paradise Lost"—a book that exercised a vast influence over him. It was always in his pocket, and portions of it were read every day. "Thus," says Dr. Smith, "the 'Paradise Lost' moulded his feelings and shaped his thoughts into forms peculiarly his own. The Gaelic Buchanan and the English Milton, the Celtic fire and the Puritan imagination, feeding on Scripture story and classic culture, coloured by such dreams and experiences, and directed by such a father and teacher—these were used to send forth to the world, from the bosom of the Grampians, a tall, eagle-eyed, impulsive boy of fifteen."

His father gave him £20 to finish his education, and henceforth the lad was at his own charges. He went to St. Andrews University, and soon won highest honours in Greek, Latin, Logic, and Natural Philosophy. He obtained a scholarship, which supplied him with the means to live, before that £20 from the parental store was exhausted; he won his degree of M.A.; but he realised something more precious than all these scholastic triumphs. He sat at the feet of Dr. Chalmers, who was then rousing in sleepy St. Andrews a fervour of spiritual life that had scarcely been witnessed since the memorable days when the Scottish Parliament of 1650 declared that "this glaid tydingis of the kyngdome sall be precheit through the hail ward for a witnes unto all natiouns, and then sall the end cum."

Alexander Duff, and several like-minded young men, founded a "Students' Missionary Society." Most fervent and most dedicated of that little band was the lamented John Urquhart, who had given himself up for work in India. Duff had talked and written much of Urquhart, and his father was deeply interested in the subject. In 1827 the son had come home for the winter vacation. "The usual budget of intelligence was produced, but as the parents hung on their son's revelations, now with tears, now with smiles, and ever with thankfulness and pride, the loved name of his Jonathan was not once mentioned.

"But what of your friend Urquhart?" at last exclaimed the father.

"Urquhart is no more," said Duff with the almost stern abruptness of self-restraint; and then slowly, wistfully added, "What if your son should take up his cloak?"

You approved the motive that directed the choice of Urquhart; you commended his high purpose. The cloak is taken up.

“Mother and father were awed into silence at this, the first breaking to them, or to man, of the vow that had already been made to God.”

Roused to a sense of its responsibilities by Dr. Inglis and Dr. Chalmers, the Church of Scotland resolved to send a missionary to India, and Alexander Duff was chosen for the service. He completed his course of studies, and was duly ordained in April, 1829.

In July he married Annie Scott Drysdale, of Edinburgh—for thirty-six years his devoted wife. “She worthily takes her place among those noble women, in many lands of the East, who have supplied the domestic order, the family joy, the wedded strength, needed to nerve the pioneers of missions for the unceasing conflict that ends in victory.”

The East India Company's ship *Lady Holland* bore Mr. and Mrs. Duff towards the land of their adoption. They passed through a severe storm in the Channel, and were depressed by the sight of a timber-laden vessel, swept by the waves, and not a living soul upon it. They were detained at Madeira by storms for about a month, and held Sabbath services, which were attended, amongst others, by the well-known novelist Captain Marryat. Continuing their voyage, they came within three hundred yards of a pirate ship, but the frigate which had accompanied them, to look out for these gentry, came to their rescue, and the *Lady Holland* was unmolested.

But the worst danger was to come. On nearing Cape Town, the vessel struck on some reefs of rock over which the billows were dashing furiously. She became a total wreck, and crew and passengers were only saved with great difficulty in the long-boat, which bore them to the adjacent sandy shore. In the darkness of midnight the boat had to make three perilous journeys amongst the surging billows and the mass of floating wreckage before all were brought safely away. They were now on Dassen Island, ten miles from the coast and forty from Cape Town. The sole human inhabitants were two Dutchmen who were collecting the eggs of the myriads of penguins that frequented the islands. Upon these eggs the shipwrecked company had to subsist until deliverance came.

A sailor who had been one of the most interested in the missionary services on board the ship was strolling along the beach, and suddenly came upon Mr. Duff's large quarto copy of Bagster's Bible, presented to him by friends at St. Andrews, and a Scotch psalm-book. The box in which they had been packed was dashed to pieces. Joyfully the sailor took these treasures to the hovel where the passengers were sheltered. All hearts were moved at the incident. They came forth to the open beach and knelt round Mr. Duff as he read the 107th Psalm with its wonderful description of deliverance in deep waters. To Mr. Duff himself it taught a special lesson. Of eight hundred volumes representing every department of knowledge, these two were all that had not been either utterly lost or reduced to mere pulp. All his journals, notes, memoranda, and essays had shared the same fate. “They are gone,” he wrote to Dr. Inglis on reaching Cape Town, “and blessed be God, I can say, gone without a murmur.

So perish all earthly things; the treasure that is laid up in heaven alone is massailable." Henceforth the human learning he so dearly loved was to be a means and not an end. The Bible, so marvellously preserved and placed in his hands, was to be his great weapon in his coming conflict with the time-worn creeds and superstitions of India.



DR. DUFF'S BOOKS FOUND ON THE BEACH.

The shipwrecked band could see from their island refuge the white mist that hovers over Table Mountain. The Irish surgeon was sent to the mainland in the Dutchmen's skiff, and in four days time an English brig of war, sent by the Governor, bore away the unwilling tenants of Dassen Island in safety to Cape Town. Here the Duff's were detained for weeks, and then had to pay exorbitantly for a passage forward in the *Moira*. Troubles were not over yet. Contrary winds drove them far out of their course; a hurricane nearly submerged them off Mauritius; and

not until the end of May did the *Moirra* sight the pilot brig in the muddy waters where the Ganges and the Brahmapootra mingle their currents. The vessel was soon carefully steered up the Hooghly and moored off Saugar Island. It had been a day of fearful heat, and was followed by a terrible cyclone. The three anchors were of no avail, and wind and storm-wave jointly lifted the vessel on to the steep muddy bank, with ten feet of water on one side of her, and sixty or seventy on the other. The vessel wedged itself into the clay, but kept heeling over more and more towards the deep waters. It was an awful night—the hurricane blast howled in the pitchy darkness, and ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning revealed the tumultuous floods that were submerging the low-lying delta lands.

At dawn, by the help of natives with a rope, the passengers got on to a bank, where they were still, however, up to the waist in rolling waters. They hurried inland, but notwithstanding the tempest, the natives, for fear of losing caste, would not admit the shipwrecked party to their houses. They had therefore to take refuge for twenty-four hours in the temple of the great sage Kapila, of whose famous curse, and all that resulted from it, we have spoken in a previous chapter. Then in small "dinghies" they reached Calcutta, terribly exhausted and covered with the mud of Saugar Island. Small wonder that the natives of Calcutta should exclaim, when their newspapers told of the repeated shipwrecks, "Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India."

Mr. and Mrs. Duff were most cordially received by the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and his accomplished and amiable wife, as well as by many other persons of note in Calcutta. Alexander Duff, in his twenty-fifth year, is described as "a tall and handsome man, with quivering voice, flashing eye, and restless gesticulation, when he first told the ruler of India what he had given his life to do for its people."

The first thing to be done was to get a clear idea of the situation. So Mr. Duff visited all the missionaries, and inspected all the village schools and chapels in the district. Six weeks of the hottest and wettest portion of the Bengal year were spent in this work. Last of all he visited Carey at Serampore. It was on a blazing day in July, 1830, that the young missionary, full of Scottish fire, strode up the steps of the college ghaut and sought the simple study of Carey. There he came upon "what seemed to be a little yellow old man in a white jacket, who tottered up to the visitor, of whom he had already often heard, and with outstretched hands solemnly blessed him." Duff had made up his mind that his life-work was to give young India, and especially its Brahmanical element, an English education, saturated with the Bible. Carey heartily approved of the plan. It would not in any way interfere with the work of the ordinary evangelist. "While you engage" (wrote Mr. Duff to the Indian missionaries) "in directly separating as many precious atoms from the mass as the stubborn resistance to ordinary appliances can admit, we shall, with the blessing of God, devote our time and strength to the preparing of a mine and the setting of a train which shall one day explode, and tear up the whole from its lowest depths."

With a few scholars Mr. Duff began the work, in a hall obtained for him by Rammohun Roy, the Hindu Theist. Rammohun Roy's father, the descendant of a long line of holy ascetics, had retired in disgust from the service of Suraj-ud-Dowla, (the perpetrator of the "Black Hole" atrocity) before his son's birth in 1774. Young Rammohun was a born inquirer. He studied Bralmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, but found no satisfaction in any of them, and then took refuge in Pantheism, and afterwards in pure Theism. He had managed to shake the faith of his mother, who had been all her life a zealous devotee. She died at Puri during the festival of Jagganātha, and before setting out confessed to her son, "Rammohun, you are right, but I am a weak woman, and grown too old to give up rites which are a comfort to me." Her gifted son had, unfortunately, not found a Saviour to whom he could point her in their place.

Rammohun and his friends had for some time carried on Theistic worship in Calcutta. It was the hall which they vacated for a new building that Rammohun now procured for Mr. Duff. His views were by this time so developed that he recognised a personal God in the Christian sense, and had the highest veneration for the teaching of Christ. Before his death he came to believe in the Divinity of our Saviour's mission, although not in the deity of His person.

At the opening of the school, Rammohun attended. Mr. Duff offered the Lord's Prayer in Bengali, and then asked the older pupils to read from the Gospels. "This is the Christian Shaster," exclaimed one of them; "we are not Christians. How then can we read it? It may make us Christians, and our friends will drive us out of caste." Then Rammohun Roy seized the expected opportunity. He rose and told them of Christians who had read the Hindu Shasters without becoming Hindus, and how he himself had read the Koran without becoming a Mussulman, and the whole Bible without becoming a Christian. "Why, then, do you fear to read it?" he continued; "read and judge for yourselves. Not compulsion, but enlightened persuasion, which you may resist if you choose, constitutes you yourselves judges of the contents of the book." For ten months the Hindu reformer came daily to the opening Bible lesson, and when he left for England his eldest son gave his frequent presence and counsel to the work.

It was very laborious work. The number of attenders had gone up to 300, all learning the English alphabet from a teacher who was sitting up half the night preparing graduated school-books. He used to paint wooden letters, which he put in a grooved frame in sight of all his scholars. He began by teaching them O thoroughly, he then put up X, and presently put the two together and told them what ox meant in English. Now ox-carts abound in Calcutta, and the drivers were astonished at being saluted with shouts of "ox, ox," whenever they passed any of Duff's pupils. The lads were simply delighted to show off their English.

Of course, till English was mastered, instruction in other subjects had to be imparted in Bengali. As the school increased, more accommodation was obtained. Mr. Mackay, and subsequently Mr. Ewart, were sent out to help. Pundits were engaged to work in the Bengali department under supervision, and altogether the school became

one of the most famous institutions of Calcutta. Europeans who came to the first annual examinations were amazed at the results which had been obtained. An appeal was made to Mr. Duff to found a school of a similar character at Takee, forty miles off, and building and appliances were promised. A fellow-passenger from the *Moirra*, who had been helping him at Calcutta, was sent as first master to Takee.

The excitement amongst the natives during this period was very great. "They threw open the very doors of our palanquin," wrote Mr. Duff, "and poured in their



A CYCLONE ON THE HOOGHLY.

supplications with a pitiful earnestness of countenance that might have softened a heart of stone. In the most plaintive and pathetic strains they deplored their ignorance. They craved for 'English reading,' 'English knowledge.' They constantly appealed to the compassion of an 'Ingraji,' or Englishman, addressing us in the style of Oriental hyperbole, as 'the great and fathomless ocean of all imaginable excellencies' for having come so far to teach poor ignorant Bengalees. And then, in broken English, some would say, 'Me good boy, oh take me;' others, 'Me poor boy, oh take me;' some, 'Me want read your good books, oh take me;' others, 'Me know your commandments, Thou shalt have no other gods before Me, oh take me;' and many by way of final appeal, 'Oh take me, and I pray for you.' And even after the final choice was made, such was the continued press of new candidates that it was found absolutely necessary to issue small written tickets for those who had succeeded; and

to station two men at the outer door to admit only those who were of the selected number."

Secular knowledge was, of course, the main attraction, but these earnest and inquiring youths did not by any means treat the Bible-reading as a mere form. They took a keen interest in the Scripture history, and also in the Scripture doctrines. Many were the evidences that showed how much the purity and loveliness of Divine teaching impressed the minds of the scholars. When they were reading the First



HINDU OX-WAGGONS.

Epistle to the Corinthians, and came to the words, "Charity endureth all things," the young Brahman, who at the opening of the school had protested against reading from the Christian Shasters, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, that is too good for us! Who can act up to that!" Another young Hindu, after the reading of the Sermon on the Mount, often exclaimed during the next few weeks, "'Love your enemies! Bless them that curse you!' How beautiful! How Divine! Surely this is the truth!"

The spirit of inquiry which had been roused in the minds of the pupils was further stimulated by the public lectures on Christian evidences and similar subjects delivered by Mr. Duff and his associates. Mr. Adam and Mr. Hill, of the London Missionary Society, and Mr. Dealtry (afterwards Bishop of Madras) lent good aid in this service. Crowds of young Hindus became as familiar with Christian history and teaching as

with their own intricate and whimsical mythology. They could not but see that in point of reasonableness and common sense their own system could not hold its ground. Then, too, their own sacred books are held to be infallible authorities as regards science and philosophy, which are so interwoven with the system of religion that all must stand or fall together. It became impossible for these intelligent youths to credit a system of geography that supplied seas of butter and seas of treacle, whilst astronomical and other phenomena were accounted for in a similar lunatic fashion. Doubt led to doubt, and young Bengal took to holding debating societies, and circulating journals, in which they denounced and ridiculed the Hindu religion as vile and corrupt, and unworthy the notice of rational beings. Some refused to wear the *Poito*, or sacred thread, which was the sign of their pure Brahmanical descent. Others, when enjoined to recite the *Mantras* or prayers, would repeat lines from Homer's Iliad.

One of the most noteworthy of the Brahman youths in this time of excitement and unrest was Krishna Mohan Banerji. His talents and acquirements were of a high order. He was an excellent Sanscrit scholar whilst yet in his teens, and good judges found a difficulty in deciding whether his compositions in Bengali or English were more to be preferred. He still retained his caste and his high place in Bengal society, but he had lost all faith in Hinduism, and was seeking the truth amongst the various religious systems that surrounded him. His reputation for scholarship, and his powerful mental endowments, made him a leader amongst his fellow-students, who eagerly sought his company. One day a few of these called for him at his father's house, and finding him absent agreed to wait for his return. They were all sceptics, and ready to vie with each other in showing contempt for old opinions and restrictions. "Let us try what Christian food is like! Let us have a beefsteak!" was suggested in a spirit of bravado by one of the party. The proposal was received with hearty acclamations, and a sample of the unclean food of India's foreign masters was sent for from a neighbouring hotel. These young men, who had been chiefly brought up on rice, found the steak good, but it seems to have had an intoxicating effect upon their frugally nourished frames. They had the audacity to pelt a respectable Brahman family with the scraps that were left, calling out at the same time that it was "the flesh of kine." There was immediately a tumult and almost a riot. The young infidels were obliged to make themselves scarce in order to escape a merciless beating by the infuriated crowd, who came with clubs to vindicate their outraged religion.

But this was not the end of the affair. In native circles all over the city nothing was talked of for a time but the sacrilegious "beef dinner" of the young Brahmans. Many an orthodox zealot went about in hourly expectation of an awful judgment on Calcutta to expiate the crime. Krishna Banerji had not been present at the unholy repast, but his avowed heretical opinions and his high standing among his compeers marked him out as a suitable person to make an example of. He was called upon to make public profession of Hinduism, or threatened with excommunication from his caste if he refused. He resolved to abide by his convictions. He was forthwith disowned by his family, and became a disgraced outcast in the eyes of the orthodox. Bravely and resolutely he fought his way in the world, winning general

admiration by the way in which he edited the English newspaper called the *Enquirer*. This journal was for a time the brilliant organ of those Bengali seekers after truth who had cast off Hinduism, but who were not satisfied with the Vedantic Theism of Rammohun Roy, nor yet prepared to accept the Christianity of the missionaries. For a year Banerji struggled with his doubts, then through Mr. Duff's ministrations he arrived at a clear understanding and reception of the truths of Christianity, and he became a member of a Christian Church. He was afterwards ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, became the minister of a handsome church which was erected for him in that city, and was subsequently appointed one of the Professors at Bishop's College. He was the author, editor, or translator of numerous books, both English and Bengali.

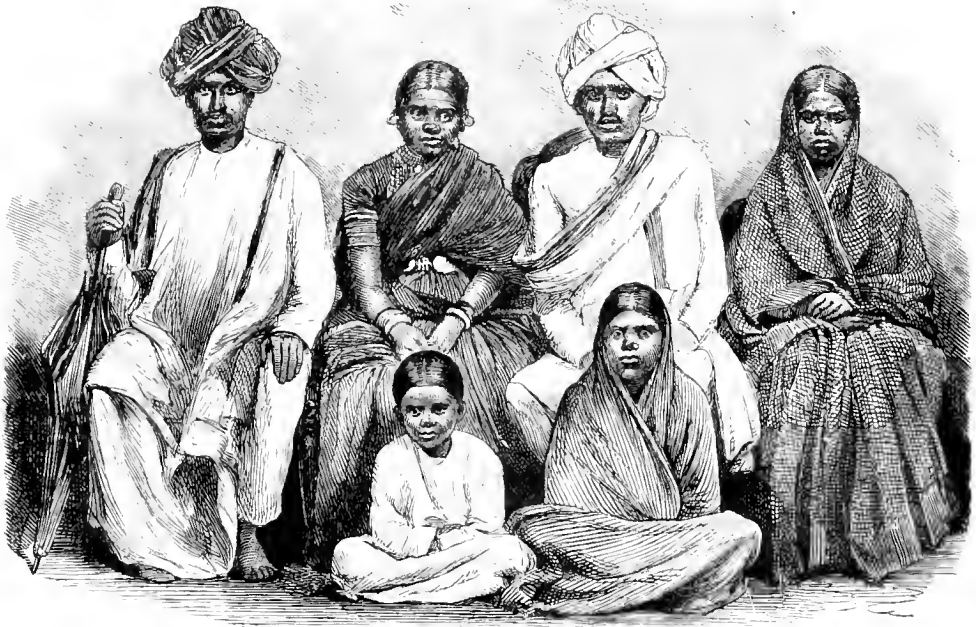
Year by year the work grew, till the institution became a flourishing college, with an average attendance of eight hundred. But during those years Mr. Duff had never lost sight of the great missionary object which was, after all, the mainspring of the enterprise. He had a private class on week-days, when inquirers were taught more fully the doctrines of Christ, as well as Bible-classes, and services in Bengali and English on Sundays. A few converts were gathered in, one by one. Of these one was Anundo Chund Mozoomdar, the youth who had been so impressed by the Sermon on the Mount. He had renounced caste and idol-worship, and passed through a period of atheism till he found rest in Christ. Another young convert was Gopenath Nundi, who came weeping to Mr. Duff's study and asking, "Can I be saved?" He, too, found peace in the Saviour. His family shut him up for a time, and then advertised him in the newspapers as cast off for ever. Nothing moved him. His brothers and friends made a final effort to retain him. They offered to give him wealth and all that heart could desire, and even to connive at his private belief in Christianity, if only he would refrain from open profession. Terrible was the piercing shriek of his sorrowing mother as Gopenath finally rejected all their overtures. The lad wept but his faith remained steadfast. Of his heroic courage in the terrible year of the Mutiny we shall have to speak by-and-by.

Five years of ceaseless labour had, in 1834, reduced Mr. Duff to such a state of ill-health and feebleness, that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave India for awhile. The terrible cyclone of May, 1833, carried an East Indiaman of 1,500 tons several miles inland, destroyed hamlets, and scattered hundreds of thousands of bodies of human beings and cattle over a wide extent of country. Pestilence followed in the track of the tempest. Mr. Duff and his family, going to inspect the prosperous school at Takee, had to force their boat through a mass of putrid bodies of men and beasts. The return journey by palanquin was worse. Mr. Duff was struck down by jungle fever, and recovered only to be again prostrated by remittent fever next year. He appeared to be dying, when Sir Ronald Martin brought him back to consciousness and ordered him home forthwith.

Duff spent his furlough in rousing England and Scotland to the claims of the mission cause. During this visit Marischal College, Aberdeen, bestowed on him the degree of D.D. The autumn of 1839 saw him and his devoted wife again seeking their field of service. They found the institution flourishing. The Rev. W. Ewart

and the Rev. J. Macdonald had gone out to it, and were doing good service. There were now five earnest missionaries at the head of this noble establishment. Several high-class youths were living as converts at the institution, or at the houses of the missionaries. One of these was Lal Behari Day, who has since written a graphic little work, entitled "Recollections of Alexander Duff, D.D." He gives us the following beautiful picture of Dr. Duff in his personal association with his students:—

"After my baptism, I took up my abode with Jagadishwar and Prasama, who were living in Duff's house. . . . We there messed together by ourselves; but we joined Dr. and Mrs. Duff at family worship both morning and evening. Duff was



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY OF HINDUS.

punctual as clock-work. Exactly at eight o'clock in the morning—not one minute before or after—the prayer-bell rang and we were all in the breakfast-room, where the morning worship used to be held. Duff was always observant of the forms of politeness, and never forgot to shake hands with us, asking us the usual question, 'How do you do?' By the way, Duff's shake of the hand was different to other people. It was not a mere formal, stiff, languid shake; but like everything else of him, it was warm and earnest. He would go on shaking, catching firm hold of your hand in his, and would not let it go for some seconds. The salutations over, we took our seats." After referring to the Psalm-singing, reading, and comment which followed, the narrator says—"Oh, how shall I describe the prayers which Duff offered up both morning and evening? They were such exquisitely simple and beautiful prayers. Much as I admired Duff in his public appearances—in the pulpit and on the platform—I admired and loved him infinitely more at the family altar, where in

a simple and childlike manner he devoutly and earnestly poured out his soul before our common Father in Heaven. . . . I as a young convert experienced sensations which it is impossible to describe. I felt as I had never before felt. I seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. I seemed to be transported into the third heaven, standing in the Holy of Holies, in the presence of the Triune Jehovah."

The Scotch missionaries in Calcutta were working steadily on, when, through causes that need not be discussed here, the Church of Scotland was riven in twain. Dr. Duff and his co-workers unanimously gave in their adhesion to the Free Church. In all justice their institution and library and appliances, built or supplied from private gifts and legacies, ought to have remained theirs; but, as seceders, they had to leave all and found a fresh establishment. They procured a large native house, in which ministers and teachers and over a thousand pupils met for the first time on March 4th, 1844. Thus was the Calcutta Free Church Institution founded. There was a spacious hall, once devoted to heathen revelry, but now dedicated to Christian teaching and the worship of the living God. The very shrine of the family idol was made into a class-room, in which the younger children were taught to read the words of Jesus.

The branch schools in the rural districts next claimed Dr. Duff's attention. Whilst visiting these he saw the need of a school in a certain populous district, and found an empty bungalow and grounds just suitable for the purpose. But he would require 6,000 rupees to erect buildings and start the institution properly. He was revolving in his own mind how to procure the amount. Just then he received a letter from Sir James Outram. That high-souled warrior had received £3,000 as his share of prize-money on the capture of Scinde. Of this "blood-money," as he called it, he would not touch a farthing. He had spent the bulk of it among the philanthropic and religious charities of Bombay, and now wrote to ask Duff (whose career he had watched with admiring interest) whether the balance of 6,000 rupees would be of any special use to him on the banks of the Ganges? Dr. Duff gladly accepted the sum, and began to build at once. Thus the Bansheria school came into existence, through the opportune help of the great Indian soldier who afterwards relieved Lucknow, and whose statue adorns the Thames Embankment.

There was great excitement amongst the orthodox Hindus of Calcutta when they saw numerous conversions of high-class youths taking place at the Free Church Institution. An intensely interesting case was that of Umesh Chundar Sirkar. For two years he was secretly wrestling with the impressions made on his mind by the college Bible teachings. As soon as he showed a bias towards Christianity his friends got him to read the works of Paine, the infidel. The perusal of these writings only confirmed his convictions, and he resolved to be an obedient follower of Christ. But he was only sixteen years of age; his father was a stern bigot; his child-wife was only ten years of age, and he longed to take her with him into the Saviour's fold. For two years this married boy and girl robbed themselves of slumber in order to seize their only opportunity for searching the Scriptures together. They had thus read much of the Bible, when Umesh Chundar bought his wife the "Pilgrim's Progress" in

Bengali. She was now twelve (a womanly age for India), and as she read she turned appealingly to her husband. "Is not this exactly our condition? Are not we now lingering in the City of Destruction? Is it not our duty to act like Christian—to arise, forsake all, and flee for our lives?" At the next idol festival, when women visit their friends in palanquins, Umesh seized the opportunity, and with his brave young wife got safely to Dr. Duff's house.

There was a raging tumult round the house for some days, but the young people would not go back. Then there was an appeal to the law courts, but Sir Laurence Peel investigated the case, and decided that the youth was of legal age to choose for himself. The young people were accordingly baptised—"the first instance (in Bengal) of a respectable Hindu and his wife being both admitted at the same time, on a profession of their own faith, into the Church of Christ by baptism."

There was great trouble a few weeks afterwards over a young student, who subsequently became the Rev. Baikunta Nath Dé, of Culna. He was forcibly abducted from the house of Dr. Thomas Smith during that missionary's absence, and chained up in the house of a distant relative. Whilst thus imprisoning him, they surrounded him with every opportunity for indulgence in sensual pleasures, and deliberately tried to pollute his morals so that he might feel unfit to go back to his Christian friends. After a time the place of his captivity was discovered, and a writ of *habeas corpus* served. In after years this youth became an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel.

To Dr. Duff's editorship of the *Calcutta Review*, and other literary work, we can only here give passing allusion. He was delighted to aid in the philanthropic work of Calcutta, and did good service when the Medical College Hospital for the poor of all creeds and races was opened, just after Bengal had been desolated by fever and cholera during the latter rains of 1844. A native (one of Dr. Duff's chief opponents) gave the ground for the hospital, and all creeds united in the effort to provide for its maintenance.

In 1847 came the news of the death of Dr. Chalmers, and the Free Church of Scotland loudly called for Dr. Duff to come home and take the veteran's place at the head of the New College in Edinburgh, the fountain-head of Free Church life. But Dr. Duff refused to abandon his missionary calling, consenting, however, to go home and assist in such reorganising work as might be found needful. Before doing so he resolved to make a survey of the chief Indian mission-fields.

He first went by steamer to Madras, and then by palanquin through the Trichinopoly, Tanjore, and Tinnevely districts. It was a fearful journey to undertake at that season of the year. When he left Madras, on May 11th, the thermometer stood at 97° in the shade. At Chillumbrun, on the 18th, he relates how the water he sipped was not tepid, but positively hot. Ink dried on the paper as fast as he wrote. On May 21st he reached Tranquebar, "the classic land of modern Protestant missions." He visited the new church which Ziegenbalg erected in 1718, the old one which he erected in 1706 having been swept into the sea. Dr. Duff writes, "I mounted the pulpit, and with no ordinary emotion gazed around from the position from which

Ziegenbalg and Grundler and Schwartz so often proclaimed a free salvation to thousands in Tamil, Danish, German, and Portuguese. At the end of one of the wings at either side of a plain altar lie the mortal remains of Ziegenbalg and Grundler. I stood with not easily expressed feelings over the remains of two such men, of brief but brilliant and immortal career in the mighty work of Indian evangelisation. Theirs was a lofty and indomitable spirit, breathing the most fervent piety."

Dr. Duff then visited Ziegenbalg's house, and mourned over the dilapidated remains of the famous old library. There was a pile of MSS. in the handwriting of the missionaries: some had been sold as waste-paper; some, it was reported, had been used as wadding for the guns of the fort.

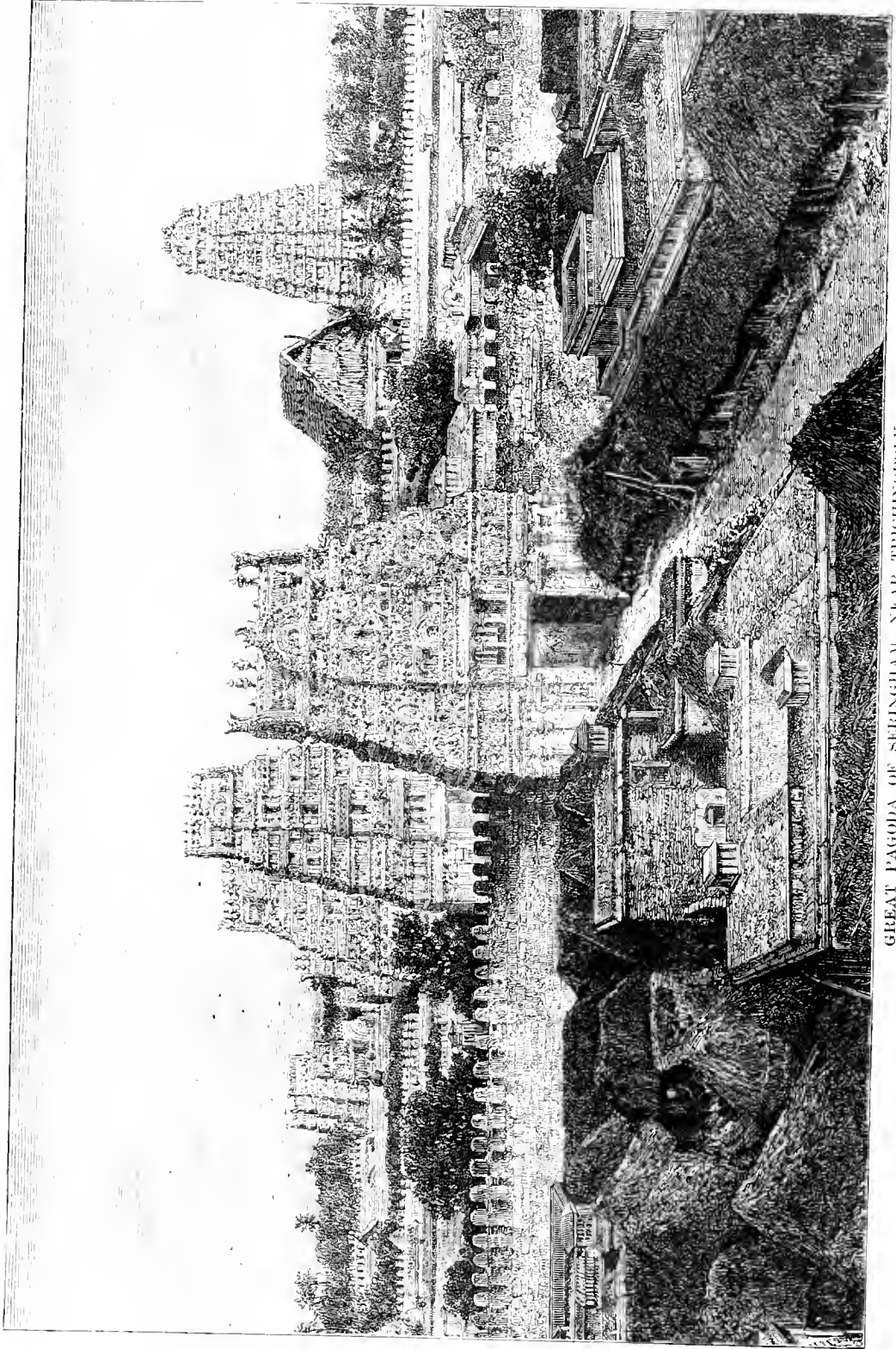
At Combaconum Dr. Duff entered the region of pagodas—the marvellous vestiges of the famous Dravidian dynasties, "as remarkable a group of buildings as are to be found in provinces of similar extent in any part of the world, Egypt, perhaps, alone excepted, but they equal even the Egyptian in extent." There are thirty groups of temples in the Tanjore district—each group a vast aggregate of courts and buildings—a veritable city of priests and prostitutes—approached on every side by immense gateways between elaborately sculptured towers of gigantic height. The most famous of these temples, the Seringham pagoda, near Trichinopoly, was visited by Dr. Duff. He and his companion were conducted through six of the seven great courts or squares whose high and massive walls rise one within the other—each wall at a considerable distance from the next, and having its own gigantic entrances and vast towers completely covered with mythological sculptures. Into the seventh enclosure, the "holy of holies," none but the sacred Brahmans might dare to enter. Close to the seventh court was the great mandapum for pilgrim worshippers—the roof upheld by a thousand lofty columns. Dr. Duff was taken to the roof of this building to get a general view of the whole temple, his attention being specially directed to the gilded dome over the shrine of the principal idol. It was getting dark when they descended, and they were preceded by torch-bearers. They were next ushered into a room lit by large lamps, and were seated on chairs, whilst a number of massive boxes with large locks were placed in a row before them. These were opened one after another to display some of the jewels and ornaments of the god of the shrine. The missionary was astonished at the profusion of gold and jewels shown to him—amongst other things, large vessels of solid gold, from one to several stones each, and golden ornaments studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The silver ornaments and vessels were simply countless. "I had always looked on the accounts of such things as hyperbolic exaggerations before," remarks our cautious Scotch doctor. He was most surprised at the great golden idol—a hollow figure so constructed that it could be taken to pieces and put together again. Each separate portion was of massive gold. "The immense size of the figure," says Dr. Duff, "may be inferred from this: when the feet and the hands &c., were shown us in parts, I took the hand from the wrist to the extremity of the fingers, and having applied my arm to it, found it extended from my elbow rather beyond the top of my middle finger: the feet and every other part in proportion. The figure, therefore, joined and compacted into one, must form a huge

statue of at least fifteen feet in height, all apparently of solid gold." The joints were concealed by a profusion of ornaments and jewellery, and, no doubt, when erected, and wearing all its ornaments, it would be one of the most wonderful sights of its kind in the world. It is carried about at festivals on a brazen platform, overlaid with massive gold, and the long projecting arms of the idol rest on the shoulders of the bearers. The doctor was also shown a covering gown of the deity; apparently a fabric of gold-thread tissue, plentifully inlaid with pearls.



THE REV. ALEXANDER DUFF.

All these costly treasures, Dr. Duff points out, "were the gifts of kings, princes, and nobles when Hinduism was in its prime; and must convey an awful idea of the hold which it took of a people naturally so avaricious, ere they would be so lavish of their substance. Whoever desires to know what a potent—yea, all but omnipotent—hold Hinduism must once have taken of this people, has only to take a visit to the great temple of Seringham! It is worth a thousand fruitless arguments and declamations." The jewels of the idol are valued at half a million sterling, and the cost of rearing the vast temple, even with cheap Indian labour, must have been double that sum.



GREAT PAGODA OF SERINGHAM, NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

Our good doctor was, naturally enough, sadly indignant at seeing the riches of the earth alienated from its rightful Lord to "a rival deity that holds millions in thralldom." But a further trial of his allegiance was to take place, of which we must quote his own naïve description:—"A ring of ropes" (he says) "was placed around us and the lights, and boxes of gods and their ornaments, to keep off the immense crowd which gathered to witness the spectacle! Then the guardians of the temple came to me and asked if I wished to see a nāch (a dance of the prostitutes of the temple). In a most emphatic way, and in a tone indicative of real displeasure, I said, 'No, no; I wish nothing of the sort. It would give me real pain and not pleasure; do not, therefore, for a moment think of it.' The guardians, or trustees of the temple, spoke a little broken English, so I spoke it simply that they might understand me. Still, whilst the ornaments were being exhibited, I heard the tinkling of bells, and the preparatory notes of instruments of music. Then sideways I saw a procession of the temple girls, gaily and gaudily arrayed, march with the bearers of all manner of musical instruments. I took no notice of it, but felt pained and wounded to the quick. I said nothing to my companion. But as they were about to open new boxes of ornaments I abruptly rose and said I had seen enough as specimens of the whole, thanked the trustees for their courtesy, and begged to bid them 'Good-bye!' On which one of them cried out in broken English, 'Oh, sir; oh, sir, your honour not stop to see the fun!' meaning the intended dance. 'No, no,' said I, moving hastily on, 'I have seen enough—more than enough—may the Lord forgive me if my curiosity (or rather my desire to know what heathenism really is) has led me beyond the threshold of forbidden ground.' So saying, and rushing precipitately forward, the rope ring was raised to let me pass on with my friend. The crowd hurled themselves pell-mell inwardly, and so 'the fun' for that time was at an end.

"With joy I again got out and began to breathe the fresh air of heaven, thankful to have escaped the sad contagion. But doubtless, the matter-of-course way in which they expected that the crowning gratification on our part would be to see the dance, must serve as an index to their ideas of our countrymen generally, judging from past experience."

The temple has an income of £4,000 from land, besides the abundant offerings of pilgrims. At the outer gate Dr. Duff saw, with astonishment, the huge stones, twenty or thirty feet long and five broad. The Hindus ascribe this work to the gods; and it is certainly far beyond any mechanical skill and power which they themselves possess at the present day.

In the Tanjore district, Dr. Duff earnestly looked for traces of Schwartz; the room in which he died, the pulpit from which he preached, the stone that covers his grave, and the monument reared to his memory by the Maharajah of Tanjore. "This monument," says the doctor, "has been pronounced a failure, a disappointment: I know not why. Men of the world, men of carnality, men of mere ostentation and show in the fine arts—that is, men guided and lorded over by the senses—may discern nothing very remarkable, very striking, very imposing, very overpowering there. But the Christian, the Protestant Christian, cannot help being overpowered. . . . I gazed

at the monument as if I were in a trance. I had no consciousness as to what had become of my companion: I was literally absorbed. . . . There was a spell-like power in that simple monument. . . . Before me in solid well-grained marble, in bold, but not obtrusive or glaring relief, was the couch of the dying saint; on it stretched, lay the pale, bald, worn-out veteran, apostolic man, whose assistance and mediation heathens, Hindu and Mohammedan, as well as Christian governing powers, eagerly coveted, in the last gasp of expiring nature. Behind him, at his head, stood the affectionate, tender, loving fellow-labourer, Guerieke, . . . looking wistfully at the pale collapsed features of the mighty saint. And there is the Maharajah in full dress holding the left hand of the dying father. . . . Altogether it is a simple, natural, and affecting scene, and the group who compose it possess an interest to the Christian mind beyond what mere words can express."

Dr. Duff returned to Calcutta in August, but in October he was steaming up the Ganges on his way to visit the North Indian mission fields. He visited the various missions on the Ganges and Jumna valleys, and pushed on to Kolghur on the Upper Sutlej. He reached Lahore before the close of 1849, and was the favoured guest of Sir Henry Lawrence. Here he preached to a large assembly in the great hall of the Government House. Thence he took boat down the Sutlej and Indus, and so reached Bombay. There was some brief joyful intercourse with Dr. Wilson, and then a passage home in a crowded vessel—he could procure only "a den in the second lower deck." May, 1850, saw him in Edinburgh.

The great problem which Dr. Duff had before him in this visit to Scotland was to provide a permanent and sufficient income for the Free Church Missions. To accomplish this object he induced the Scottish congregations to put the support of foreign missionaries side by side with the "sustentation" of their own ministers. A quarterly Association for this purpose in every congregation was agreed upon. A vast amount of effort had to be expended in bringing about the organisation of this arrangement. At the General Assembly of 1850, he delivered five addresses, which, as reprinted, cover 80 pages. Of these speeches, the last two specially referred to the Indian Mission. Mr. Smith graphically tells us how "on each night, now swaying his arms towards the vast audience around and even above him, on the roof, and now jerking his left shoulder with an upward motion, till the coat threatened to fall off, the tall form kept thousands spell-bound, while the twilight of a northern May night changed into the brief darkness, and the tardy lights revealed the speaker bathed in the flood of his impassioned appeals. As the thrilling voice died away in the eager whisper, which at the end of his life marked all his public utterances, and the exhausted speaker fell into a seat, only to be driven home to a couch of suffering, and then of rest barely sufficient to enable his fine constitution to renew and repeat again and again the effort, the observer could realise the expenditure of physical energy, which, as it marked all he did, culminated in his prophet-like rapture."

Once the Moderator and other leading men were alarmed at his symptoms of exhaustion, and begged him to postpone the conclusion of his address. But he

refused to rest and held the house in close attention for two hours longer. His last discourse was a triumph of fervid eloquence. He spoke of the old Scottish loyalty that had been so often commemorated in legend and song: "Are these the visions of romance," he asked, "the dream of poetry and song? Oh let that rush of youthful warriors, from 'bracken, bush, and glen,' that rallied round the standards of Glenfinian—let the gory beds and cold, cold grassy winding-sheets of bleak Culloden Muir bear testimony to the reality, the intensity of the loyalty to an earthly prince; and



A NAUTCH GIRL.

shall a Highland father and mother give up all their children as a homage to earthly loyalty, and shall I be told that in the Churches of Christ, in the Free Church of Scotland, fathers and mothers will begrudge their children to Him who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?" He went on to tell how he had found "from one end of India to the other, monuments of British dead." On the southmost coast overlooking Ceylon he had seen the humble tombstone of a young officer from the braes of Athole. "From one end of India to the other the soil is strewn with British dead. There is not a valley, nor dell, nor burning waste, from one end of India to the other, that is not enriched with the bones, and not a rivulet or stream that has not been dyed with the blood, of Scotia's children." He earnestly besought parents, so willing to let their children go forth to seek wealth or fame, not to hinder them "from going forth in the armies of the great Inmanuel to win crowns

of glory and imperishable renown in the realms of everlasting day."

It is, of course, impossible for us to follow in detail the labours of Dr. Duff in this home campaign. He set to work to visit and organise associations in each of the 700 congregations of the Free Church in Scotland. Every member and every Sunday scholar was, as it were, brought into personal connection with the foreign mission cause by seeing or hearing the valiant soldier of the Cross fresh from his field of service. He also traversed England, Wales, and Ireland, and stirred up the sister Churches to fresh zeal and liberality in the support of their own missions. He was Moderator of the Free Church Assembly in 1851; he gave evidence on Indian education before a committee of the House of Lords; and he gave to the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall a lecture on "India and its Evangelisation," which is one

of the gems of missionary literature. He graphically portrayed the hoary creeds and rituals of India, and pictured the power and progress of Christianity in that land: and roused the audience to enthusiasm when in his peroration he called upon the young men to let Britain, through them, "discharge her debt of justice not less than benevolence to India, in reparation of the wrongs, numberless and aggravated, inflicted in former times on India's unhappy children. In exchange for the pearls from her coral strand, be it yours to send the Pearl of great price. In exchange for the treasures of her diamond and golden mines, be it yours to send the imperishable treasures of Divine grace. In exchange for her aromatic fruits and gums, be it yours to send buds and blossoms of the Rose of Sharon with its celestial fragraney."

In 1854 Dr. Duff, after strong solicitations, visited America. The newspapers described his course as a triumphal progress; his own letters take a far humbler view of the matter. At Philadelphia about seventy ministers were on the platform of the railway station to welcome him, a little before midnight, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. In the various halls Dr. Duff was astonished at the almost tempestuous applause which greeted his utterances. The verdict of all the great cities was—"There has been no such man among us since Whitefield." With the benedictions of the religious world of America, he returned to England in May. In October, 1855, he was on his way to India, and reached Calcutta (after tarrying in Central India) in February, 1856.

He received a joyful welcome from his colleagues and scholars, and was at once busily engaged in the work of the mission and in various new developments. He had just started his Girls' School, when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and for many months was the absorbing subject of attention. The European residents in Calcutta escaped, by God's Providence, the massacre which had been planned for their destruction. But the tidings of the outrages and horrors in other parts of the country were harrowing in the extreme. Mr. and Mrs. Duff remained quietly in Cornwallis Square when almost all the other English had left that part of the city. Of that anxious Sunday evening when the British authorities and troops were disarming the Sepoys at Barrackpore, Dum-dinn, and elsewhere, and when it was known that failure to accomplish this purpose would doubtless mean a general uprising, Dr. Duff says—

"Faith in Jehovah as our refuge and strength led us to cling to our post; and we laid us down to sleep as usual; and on Monday morning my remark was, 'Well, I have not enjoyed such a soft, sweet, refreshing rest for weeks past!' Oh, how our hearts rose in adoring gratitude to Him who is the Keeper of Israel, and who slumbers not nor sleeps! Then we soon learnt the glad tidings that all the armed Sepoys had been successfully disarmed, and that during the night, the ex-King of Oudh and his treasonable courtiers were quietly arrested and lodged as prisoners of State in Fort William."

This was in May of the memorable year 1857. June brought tidings of woe from every quarter. Military stations were in possession of the mutineers, public treasuries

and the homes of officials were plundered; officers and their families were cruelly butchered; here and there little remnants were cooped up in narrow quarters surrounded by miscreants who were thirsting for their blood. Everywhere the country was ravaged by the insurgent bands. One little incident Dr. Duff records which is a bright spot in these scenes of dismal horror:—

“A poor wailing British child found exposed on the banks of the Jumna, beyond Delhi, by a fakir, or religious devotee, was taken up by him and brought to Kurnal, after being carefully nursed and cherished for several days. The parents of the poor infant were unknown, having in all probability been murdered in their attempted flight. But once safely lodged in Kurnal—through the tender care of a dark heathen devotee, in whose bosom the spark of natural humanity still glowed—the child was soon caught up within the circle of British and Christian sympathy, whose special concern is for the poor, the needy, and the destitute.”

July came, and every day brought additions to the black catalogue of treason and murder. It culminated in the unspeakable horrors of Cawnpore. Before the end of the month came the news of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, the brave hero and at the same time the tender Christian philanthropist—one whom Dr. Duff had to mourn as a personal friend, and also as “one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission.”

Very earnestly, amidst all these barbarities, did Dr. Duff strive to remember the need for Christians to watch their own spirits, and to lay it to heart “that the men who have been guilty of such outrage against humanity have been so, just because they never, never came under the regenerating, softening, mellowing influences of the Gospel of grace and salvation. And their diabolical conduct, instead of being an argument against further labour and liberality in attempting to evangelise this land, ought to furnish one of the most powerful arguments in favour of enhanced labour and liberality.”

October brought to Calcutta the brief but significant message—“Delhi is entirely ours! God save the Queen! Strong column in pursuit!” There was joy at hearing that the great stronghold of rebellion had fallen, mingled with sad uncertainty as to the fate of relatives and friends. Then came the news that Havelock had released Lucknow garrison; but all Calcutta mourned to hear that General Niell, who saved Benares and Allahabad, was amongst the slain.

Before the end of the year another great man had died of fatigue and wounds. This was General Havelock, the son-in-law of Dr. Marshman of Serampore. The corps that he led into battle was a phalanx of modern Ironsides. “He was the first of our generals,” says Dr. Duff, “who distinctly recognised the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty hosts of rebel mutineers. ‘By the blessing of God I have captured Cawnpore,’ were the first words of his memorable telegraphic despatch from that scene of one of the strangest and bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time.”

We have spoken on a previous page of the conversion of Gopenath Nundi. He was one of the many native Christians who witnessed a good confession in this

dreadful year of havoc and bloodshed. When the Mutiny broke out he was in charge of the mission station at Futtchpore. Under his leadership, Europeans and natives worshipped and laboured side by side with harmony and zeal. News came to Futtchpore that on June the 7th the Sepoys of Allahabad had massacred their officers. The rabble rose at once, and burned the houses of the Christian residents, who, for the most part, fled forthwith. The Judge, Mr. Robert Tucker, would not leave his post. He called upon the native police and the Deputy, Hickmut Oollah Khan, to join with him in protecting Government property. He received a message that prepared him for the worst, but he waited resolutely at his post. Evening saw Hickmut and the police entering his park with the green flag of Islam waving above them. They called upon Tucker to abjure Christ and become a Mohammedan; he refused, and, after shooting sixteen of his assailants, he fell.

The Rev. Gopenath Nundi had left for Allahabad a few days before with the Christian women. Finding worse dangers before them, they returned to their husbands, and Gopenath and his family made for Mirzapore. After fourteen miles walking, they reached a village where they were robbed of all they had, even to their shoes, and their only copy of the Scriptures. They just got away decently covered while the Brahmans were quarrelling over the plunder. They were more fortunate than others whose sad fate they witnessed. Travellers who were too poor to be robbed were mostly butchered, for all the restraints of law and order were cast aside. A Hindu leather-worker of low caste, returning from Cawnpore, came to the village; his wife was stripped of every rag, and their infant swung by the feet till its brains were dashed out upon a stone, and he himself was driven away naked.

Gopenath and his family fled to Allahabad, where bloodthirsty Mohammedans swarmed about them, and would have killed them at once, but were induced to take them before the Moulvie who had usurped supreme authority in the city. The Moulvie questioned Gopenath as to his work, and his converts, and especially "How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion?" "I have not perverted anyone," said Gopenath; "but by the grace of God, ten were turned from darkness to the glorious light of the Gospel." On this the man's countenance became red as fire; and he cried out, "You are a great haranzadah (traitor to your salt)—you have renounced your forefathers' faith and become a child of Satan, and now use your every effort to bring others into the same road of destruction. You deserve a cruel death. Your nose, ears, and hands should be cut off at different times so as to make your suffering continue for some time: and your children ought to be taken into slavery." Mrs. Nundi with folded hands besought the Moulvie to kill them at once rather than to torture them. The Moulvie presently expressed his pity, and advised them as a friend to become Mohammedans, promising them high rank if they did so. He would give them three days to consider and to hear extracts read from the Koran, and if they did not become Mohammedans their noses should be cut off. They were sent back to prison, where they found a European family and some native Christians. They all knelt down together at Gopenath's request, and while he was praying, one

of the guards kicked him in the back, and told him to pray after the Mohammedan form or else hold his tongue.

A British officer, Ensign Cheek, was brought into the prison severely wounded, and Gopenath ministered to him till he was forced away and placed in the stocks by himself. Mrs. Nundi was dragged away by her hair and received a severe wound in the forehead. The third day came, the day of threatened execution, and all day long people came offering release with high honours if Gopenath and his family would recant, and threatening to cut off their noses if they refused.

On the sixth day the Moulvie himself came over to the prison, and asked Gopenath if he was comfortable. "How can I be comfortable whilst my feet are fastened in the stocks?" said the prisoner; "however, I am not sorry, because such has been the will of my Heavenly Father." He then asked the Moulvie, "How he could be so cruel as not to allow a drop of milk to a poor innocent baby?" for their little one had for six days lived principally on water. It was on this day that Allahabad was retaken by the Europeans and Sikhs, after a desperate struggle. The insurgents fled without troubling about their prisoners, who, being now unwatched, managed to break their stocks and come forth to their friends, who rejoiced to see them still in the land of the living.

The courage of Gopenath's wife is worthy of all honour. She, when appealed to by the Moulvie, was ready to give up her life rather than become a follower of the false prophet. When she saw the Moulvie in a rage at the failure of his efforts, and ready to try torture and mutilation as a means to gain his ends, she quietly took her twin sons apart and told them, "You, my children, will be taken and kept as slaves, while we shall be killed; but remember my last words: do not forget to say your prayers, both morning and evening, and as soon as you see the English power re-established, which will be before long, fly over to them, and relate to them everything that has befallen us." Gopenath Nundi and his wife lived to reorganise the Church at Futtelpore, but were soon afterwards called to their reward.

Amongst Dr. Duff's anxious inquirers in the early years of the College at Calcutta was Dukshina Runjum Mookerjea, a Brahman, who edited the Bengali journal *Gyandveshan*. He had never professed Christianity, but had been eminent as a reformer, and especially as a promoter of female education. Throughout the rebellion he was steadfastly faithful to the British power. When the time came for the distribution of rewards to natives who had been conspicuous for their loyalty, Dr. Duff called Lord Canning's attention to Mookerjea. The result was that this Bengali Baboo was made a Rajah and Talookdar of Oudh, and the confiscated estate of a rebel was conferred upon him. At Lucknow he rendered efficient aid in the foundation of the Canning College, a similar institution to that of the Presbyterian Free Church in Calcutta. In the exercise of his duties as the feudal lord of thousands of ignorant peasants, he profited much by the wise counsels of Dr. Duff. He created a model village, to which, in remembrance of his counsellor and friend, he gave the name of Duffpore. In acknowledging the Oriental compliment the Doctor wrote: "A village reclaimed from the jungle of a rebel is a singularly happy type of the building of

living souls, whom I would fain reclaim from the jungle of ignorance and error. And if, through your generous impulse, the village of Duffpore is destined to become a reality, how would my heart swell with gratitude to the God of heaven were I privileged to see with my own eyes its instructed, happy, and prosperous occupants."

Till 1863 Dr. Duff laboured on at the flourishing Bengal mission. Many catechists



CAPTURE OF THE ALUMBAGH, NEAR LUCKNOW, AFTER THE MUTINY.

and ministers were raised up from among the students. In the year of the Mutiny the college had been transferred to new buildings, for which £15,000 had been raised in England, Scotland, and America. He also took a prominent part in the establishment of Zenana work, which has since become so remarkable a feature of Indian missions. He was warmly interested in the indigo troubles of 1860. In that year the peasantry, roused to a sense of their almost numberless wrongs, refused to cultivate indigo, and there were "riots, plunderings, and burnings." The result was destruction to an industry annually worth a million sterling to the country. Indian society was convulsed with the question. Some blamed the planters, but these, to a

large extent, were themselves victims of the oppressive system which had been established by their predecessors. Others were for adopting severe measures towards the discontented peasantry, and those who, like Dr. Duff and the *Friend of India*, sought the good of the people as well as the preservation of a valuable industry, were denounced in the newspapers, and even their lives were threatened.

Whilst inquiries by a commission were pending, the Rev. James Long, of the Church Missionary Society, translated *Nil Durpana*, a Bengali play, which graphically mirrored the alleged misdeeds of the planters and their wives. The planters proceeded against Mr. Long for libel, and the missionary was sentenced to a fine of a hundred pounds (which a Bengali immediately paid) and imprisonment for one month in the hottest season of the year. But general sympathy was with Mr. Long; the authorities did all they could to make him comfortable, and the best men and women of Calcutta, including planters, flocked to the gaol where the imprisoned missionary held his daily *lectées*. Amongst other visitors came Dr. Duff, who also in a letter to Mrs. Long expressed his warm adherence to her husband's cause. Mr. Long's imprisonment sobered all parties. It was felt that the teeming masses of India must no longer be neglected, and plans were soon set on foot, that have since been largely extended, for giving the peasantry a chance of education.

Dr. Duff earnestly helped in introducing into Eastern India the system of the Christian Vernacular Society. For six years he watched with unremitting zeal over the development of education, and whilst he lived secured fair play as regards the administration of Calcutta University and the distribution of grants in aid to non-official colleges and schools.

In July, 1863, Dr. Duff was again laid low by dysentery, and to save his life was hurried off on a sea-voyage to China. He had dreamed that the coolness of such a Himalayan station as Darjeeling would complete the cure. But, as his biographer remarks, "he was no longer the youth who had tried to fight disease in 1834, and had been beaten home in the struggle. He had worked like no other man in East and West for the third of a century." So, in letters to Dr. Candlish from Calcutta and the China seas, he reviewed all the way by which he had been led to recognise the call of Providence, and he submitted.

Bengal was roused to a keen sense of loss by his approaching departure, and then to a unanimous determination to honour him as not even Governors had before been honoured. Duff scholarships were founded at the University. In the hall, where he had so long presided, his marble bust was set up at the expense of his students, Christian and non-Christian. A few Scottish merchants of India, China, and Singapore raised £11,000, and presented to him. On the interest of this sum he lived for the remainder of his days, and then left the capital intact for the benefit of invalided missionaries.

A volume might be filled with the farewell addresses presented to him during the last days of 1863. Scarcely a class or creed in Bengal was left unrepresented. His replies to these addresses were full of holy pathos. Perhaps the most striking was

his reply to the address of the Bethune Society, which represented all educated non-Christian Bengal. He eloquently pointed out that, strong as were the claims of science and philosophy, nothing but Christianity could account for missionary enterprise. He painted his bright hopes of India's future, and concluded by saying, "Wherever I wander, wherever I roam, wherever I labour, wherever I rest, my heart will still be in India. So long as I am in this tabernacle of clay I shall never cease, if permitted by a gracious Providence, to labour for the good of India; my latest breath will be spent in imploring blessings on India and its people. And when at last this frail mortal body is consigned to the silent tomb, while I myself think that the only befitting epitaph for my tombstone would be, 'Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful guilty creature, but saved by grace through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;' were it by others thought desirable that any addition should be made to this sentence, I would reckon it my highest earthly honour, should I be deemed worthy of appropriating the grandly generous words, already suggested by the exuberant kindness of one of my oldest native friends, in some such form as follows: 'By profession, a missionary; by his life and labours, a true and constant friend of India.' Pardon my weakness; nature is overcome; the gush of feeling is beyond control; amid tears of sadness I must now bid you all a solemn farewell."

Over the words in which Bishop Cotton and others testified their high appreciation of the devoted life and services of Dr. Duff, we must not linger. He left India, but it was not to spend his days in restful ease; fourteen years of ceaseless labour were still before him. In December, 1863, he had his last glimpse of Saugar Island, of which he had first caught sight in May, 1830. The sight brought up many reminiscences. "At the close of 1833," he says, "I was for three weeks in a pilot brig at these sandheads, while recovering from a severe jungle fever, with my dearest and then only child, who was suffering from ague. To the south of Kedjerie we saw the *Duke of York*, of 1,500 tons, high and dry in a rice field, having been carried there in the tremendous cyclone of the preceding May, perhaps the severest on record. The embankments were everywhere broken down. The sea rolled inland for scores of miles. Myriads perished. In some parts, as we passed, we saw poor emaciated mothers offering to us their skeleton-like children for a handful of rice. The whole of Saugar Island was seven or eight feet under water. Plantations, cleared at a great expense, were destroyed; and for years afterwards salt and not rice was its product. They are only now tolerably recovered. In carrying on the draining, European superintendents resided in bungalows raised ten or twelve feet from the ground to keep off malaria, wild beasts, &c."

With such a parting reminiscence of India, Dr. Duff sailed for the Cape.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of his shipwreck on Dassen Island found him at Cape Colony, where he stayed some time and inspected the South African Mission, and then reached home in time for the General Assembly of the Free Church, in August, 1864. Of the activity and interests of his latter days we need not to say much here. In February, 1865, the beloved wife, who next to God had been his solace and his

inspiration, was taken from him. "As a wifeless husband to a motherless son," he imparted the sad news to his son in India, in a strain of mingled pathos and resignation, that concludes, after referring to other bereavements, with the words—

"And now my faithful, loving spouse—my other half, who sustained and cheered and comforted me, and was herself not merely the light of my dwelling but my very



IN A ZENANA.

home itself, and your precious mother, who so fondly nursed and cherished you, ever ready to deny and sacrifice herself if she could only minister to your comfort and joy and happiness—she, too, is gone. She is not, for God hath taken her, taken her to the temple above, to serve Him and enjoy Him for ever there."

In loneliness tempered by communion with many loving Christian friends, and in such active service as his now failing strength permitted, Dr. Duff lived till 1878. February found him dying, and he feelingly alluded to the prospect of soon being laid beside the dust of his wife. He thought of Chalmers and Guthrie and the other great

and good men who lie in Grange Cemetery, and exclaimed, "Why, there's a perfect forest of them!"

The 3rd of February was his last conscious Sabbath. "I can feel, I can think," he said, "but the weakness almost prevents my opening my mouth."

"You are like John at Patmos, in the spirit on the Lord's Day," said one.

"Oh yes! oh yes!" was the reply.

Slowly and surely the end came; still, for every kind ministrations he was careful to express his thanks. He lay apparently unconscious in the evening, but when his daughter repeated the 23rd Psalm he responded to each verse. All through the next week he lingered, till a clasp of the hand was all the recognition he could give to his loved ones. On February 12th, without apparent pain, and in perfect peace, the end came. One of those who were present says—

"He was just like any one passing away in sleep. I never saw so peaceful an end."



XXV.—JAPAN.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE REVOLUTION.

Storm and Earthquake—Civil Wars—Mikado and Shogun—An Elaborate Feudalism—Action of the Shogun—Treaties—The Crisis in Japanese History—Progressionists and Imperialists—The Daimios surrender their Rights, Revenues, and Titles—Material Progress of Japan—Embassy to Europe and America—Educational System—The Army and Navy—Postal System—Newspapers—Costumes—Progress the Policy of the Nation.

IN the years that followed the signing of the Treaty, and the opening of ports to foreign trade, the very earth seemed to resent the intrusion of the "barbarians," and echo the alarm of the mass of the populace. Even in that land of earthquakes, nothing had ever been known like the succession of ominous upheavals of land and water. The land rocked like a rolling sea. In Yedo (Tokio) 14,000 dwelling-houses were thrown down. The sea swept up the rivers and flooded the plains. The Russian frigate *Diana* was whirled round and round forty-three times in thirty minutes, carried inland by the wave, and left hopelessly aground. No wonder many regarded these catastrophes as danger-signals of the gods!

Social and national upheavals of a still more momentous character began with the admission of the foreigner. For fifteen years the State was shaken to its foundations. Civil war ravaged the country, and the people were rent from the hermit life of our Middle Ages, and set in the centre of nineteenth century civilisation. At first it seemed to outsiders that the civil warfare was being waged over the admission of foreign nations. It appeared to be a battle between the ancients and the moderns, between the spirit of seclusion and the spirit of liberalism. But the advent of foreign emissaries claiming the rights of trade and friendship was only the unwitting occasion of a natural revolution, for which in reality rival factions and opposing forces had been long preparing. The real causes of the Japanese revolution, which was merely precipitated by the presence of Western representatives, lie back in the dualism which had been the growth of centuries.

The story has no parallel in history. The Mikados, "descendants of the gods," had throughout all time been venerated as semi-divinities. Only Court nobles were permitted to look on a Mikado's face. Others might be allowed an audience, but it was only to see a pair of feet peering under a curtain that screened his sacred person from the vulgar gaze. This was true till recent years. Imperial authority was vested solely in him, and for a time he exercised it; but the theory of his divine descent rendered him too sacred in public estimation to concern himself with sublunary affairs, and gradually the actual power fell into the hands of his military Ministers of State. The European reader will not fail to notice the remarkable parallel between this gradual military usurpation, and that growing power of the Mayor of the Palace which ultimately gave rise to the dynasty of Charlemagne.

In the course of time two rival houses contended for office, the Taira and Minamoto families. The flag of the one bore the red, the flag of the other the white

Chrysanthemum. The Wars of the Roses between the Houses of Lancaster and York have their Japanese parallels in the Wars of the Chrysanthemums. The conflict began in the middle of the twelfth century: the red flag was victorious; Yoritomo was left without a rival, and received the highest title—*Sei-i-tai-shogūn*, Barbarian-subjugating-Great-General, commonly shortened to Shogūn, Generalissimo.

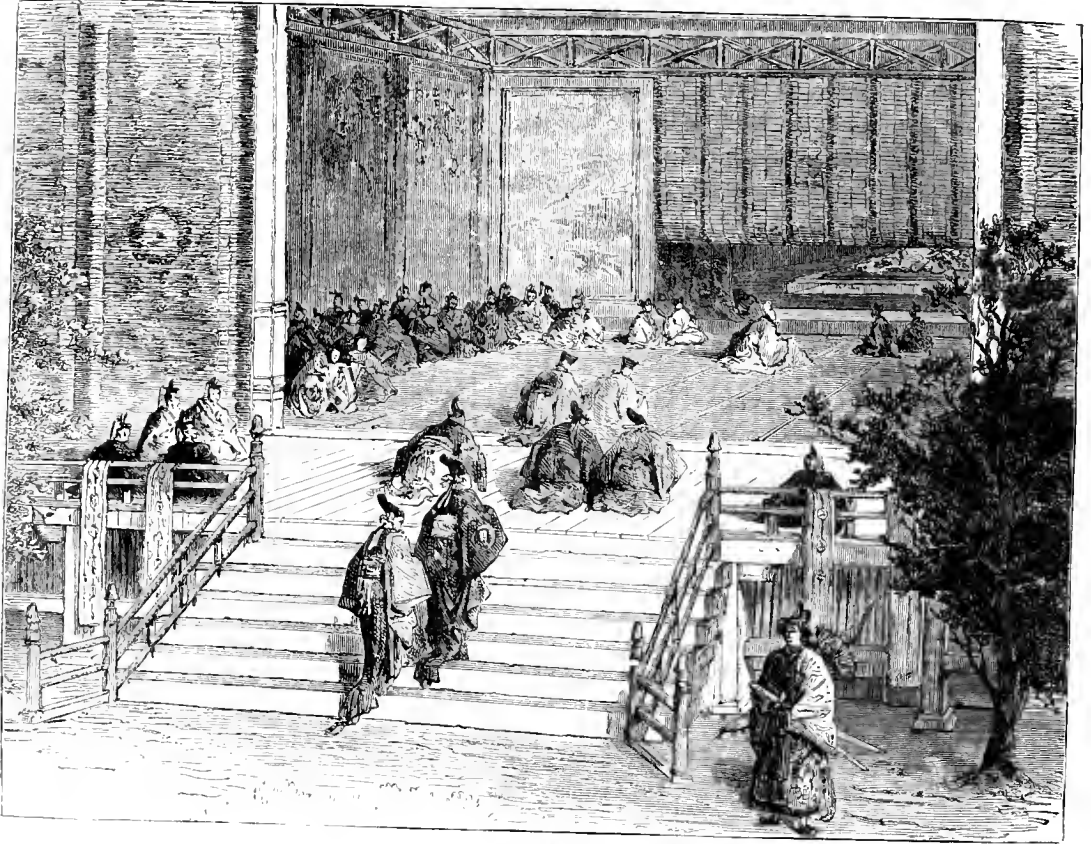
Thus began the usurpation of Imperial authority. The Mikado reigned at Kioto, sovereign *de jure*; the Shogūn ruled *de facto* at Yedo. The latter appointed and dismissed officers of State and Provincial Governors. While doing everything in the name of the Mikado, he was real master of the country, like the Mayors of the Palace under the Merovingian Sovereigns.

Along with the rise of the Shogūn, the feudal system had been gradually growing. By the twelfth century it was as perfect and stable as the European feudal system. Up till 1872 this relic of the Middle Ages remained intact. Japan had its barons—its chiefs, called *Daimios*; and its clans—its Campbells and Camerons, its MacLeans and MacDonalds. Each baron had his armed retainers, the *Samurai*, or “two-sworded men,” who have played such an important part in the recent history of their country. In return for protection and land, these vassals rendered military service to their barons, and the barons to the State. Each clan had its chief’s arms emblazoned on its flag: each Daimio possessed his crest, and, in consequence, heraldry became an elaborate and intricate system. Every knight as well as his charger was clad in a complete suit of armour. Each Daimio and his trusted Samurai fortified themselves within their own walled town. He possessed despotic power within his own territory. He could levy what taxes he desired, could establish his own mint, and coin his own currency.

The Shogūn, who was, as it were, great Daimio, compelled the others to present themselves at Yedo, and spend six months each year there; during their absence for the other six months to leave their wives and eldest sons as hostages. The scramble for favour with the Shogūn aroused bitter jealousies among the Daimios. Government spies lurked in every quarter. As history would reveal the origin of the Shogūnate, the people were forbidden to study it, unless in the garbled form in which paid writers concocted it. To prevent possible insurrection, the Daimios were forbidden to meet, either in public or in private, without the presence of spies. Nominally there was a Council of State, like the English Council of earls and holders of fiefs, but its power was nominal, its existence a form.

Here was an elaborate feudalism, perhaps the most complete the world has ever seen, and certainly the most stable and long-lived, for it lasted seven hundred years. But at last the smouldering jealousy of the Shogūn’s power began to burn fierce in the breasts of the Daimios, who regarded him as only one of themselves who had usurped authority. This spirit of discontent was fomented by the revival of Chinese learning in Japan, which familiarised thoughtful students with Confucian ethics, and with their reverence for the Sovereign. The sack of Peking, acting in the history of Eastern progress indirectly as the fall of Constantinople in the West, scattered the classic scholars, and sowed seeds of future revolutions.

A book of history did the rest. A Prince of Mito assembled a number of scholars who composed, in two hundred and forty-three volumes, the *Dai Nihon-shi*, or "History of Japan." Its motive was to disclose the real origin of the Shogûn's authority, and to enforce the sole sovereignty of the Mikado; and when the spirit of insurrection burst forth, "the war-cry," says a native writer, "that led the Imperial



VISIT TO THE MIKADO AT KIOTO.

party to victory was 'King and Subject'!" Thus the mines were laid; only the spark was needed.

It was the Shogûn's act in signing a treaty of commerce and friendship with foreign nations, without the consent of the Mikado, which supplied the spark and sprang the mine. Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin naturally supposed that they had the signature of the Emperor to their treaties; and when they heard of a king who lived secluded in a sacred inland city, they naturally believed him to be the religious ruler of the nation. Hence arose the theory under which Sir Rutherford Alcock wrote his "Capital of the Tycoon," and which still lingers in many minds—the theory of two Emperors, one Spiritual, the other Temporal.

The Mikado and his Court refused to approve of the Shogûn's treaties, and

denounced his assumption of a new and proud title—the Chinese word *Tai-kûn* (Tycoon). The conflict thickened, and involved the nation in civil war and fearful carnage for ten years. Early in this period of anarchy and bloodshed a series of outrages was perpetrated on foreign residents, ere they had well entered the country. Twice the residence of the English Plenipotentiary, Sir Rutherford Alcock, was attacked,



A DAIMIO IN COURT DRESS.

and once held for a time by turbulent Samurai. The Secretary to the American Legation was assassinated in 1861. An Englishman, Mr. Richardson, was murdered on the public road between Yokohama and Yedo. No foreigner's life was safe, and without an escort he durst not leave his house. In default of the payment of indemnities, the British fleet bombarded Kagoshima, the city where Xavier had landed two centuries earlier.

The motive that inspired these outrages, we now know, was not enmity to foreigners, so much as a desire to embroil the usurper, the Shogûn, in difficulties with these Powers, and hasten his downfall. That lofty personage was in a hot position. On the one side were the irresistible foreigners, who were revenging insults suffered by their

countrymen by shelling their sea-ports and exacting—however justly or unjustly—a million sterling as reparation. On the other, were the forces of the Mikado, who were planning his destruction. Ere long he was found dead under suspicious circumstances. New complications and jealousies then arose which cannot be detailed here. But the Daimios had already begun to perceive the advantage of foreign intercourse, and the chief of Satsuma had, in defiance of the ancient prohibition, despatched some rising young men to study the institutions of Europe and America. These “returned, with open eyes and high hopes, in time to guide the Empire at the crisis of its change.” The new and last Keiki secretly conducted intrigues with the agents of Napoleon III., and sought to secure his support in the deadly conflict which was now culminating, forwarding valuable Japanese articles which were exposed at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

In the same year the Mikado died; Mutsūshito was his youthful successor. The new Shogūn, no longer able to resist the forces of opposition, was induced by Okubo and Katsū to resign. But his supporters would not submit so tamely. A fierce civil war began; and, after a three days’ battle near Kioto, the forces of the Mikado were triumphant, and soon his restoration to sovereign and sole power was complete. The deposed Shogūn was wise enough to recognise that consolidation of the Empire could never be accomplished unless under the rule of the Mikado. He withdrew into private life, and “became a quiet and loyal country gentleman.”

Some who had fought desperately on behalf of the Shogūn, sharing the noble clemency of the victors, afterwards held office under the Mikado. One, Enomoto, became Japanese Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg. Another, Okubo, one of the greatest statesmen that Japan has produced, devoted his genius and patriotism to the Imperial cause. He and others who had studied Western civilisation, and were fired with Progressionist ambitions, joined the heterogeneous elements which formed the Mikado’s supporters, and counterbalanced the reactionaries and the firebrands.

There were still many among the Imperialists who were bent upon expelling the foreigner; they were only biding their time. But the men of intelligence and travel, the strongest forces among the advisers of the Mikado, kept these fierce spirits in check, and prepared to lay the foundations of new Japan. One of these, Fukuzawa, to be introduced again later, published a volume on “Western Manners and Customs,” and various essays which were read voraciously. English books, such as the useful works of Samuel Smiles, “Self-Help,” “Character,” &c.; and Mill’s “Essay on Liberty,” and some writings on religion and morals, were translated by a far-seeing schoolmaster, by name Nakamura.

The Progressive party, led by Okubo and Katsū, resolved, in face of fanatical opposition, to invite the foreign representatives to an audience with the Mikado. The British and Dutch Ministers alone accepted; but on their way some of their retinue were fiercely assailed by assassins, one of whom, however, was speedily cut down by a Japanese Minister of State, one of Okubo’s henchmen. For the first time in history, a “barbarian” looked upon the sacred person of the “Son of Heaven.”

One of the first acts of the young Mikado was to appear in person at a council

of nobles and Daimios, and make a solemn proclamation "that a deliberative assembly should be formed; that all measures be decided on by public opinion; that the uncivilised customs of former times should be broken through, and the impartiality of justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as a basis of action, and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of empire."

It was a splendid step in advance—the watershed of Japanese history, a nation led by a few brave and enlightened minds, emerging from the middle ages and accepting the institutions of nineteenth century civilisation—accepting them intelligently, too, and maintaining them with high-souled consistency. No parallel to this can be found in the world's history.

The new era was marked by the removal of the throne and court to Yedo, the former seat of the Shogûn's government, and more accessible than the inland city, Kioto. To escape the unwelcome associations of the old name, Yedo was re-named Tokio—"Eastern Capital." These steps, which profoundly impressed the new epoch on the public imagination, were taken at the instigation of Okubo, the illustrious promoter of the nation's progress. After seven hundred years' seclusion in his sacred city, the Mikado dropped the screen which had hidden him from his people, and entered the new capital in state, driving through its streets under the gaze of rich and poor alike.

In his Kioto Palace he was a god "whose foot must not touch the ground. When he walked in its gardens, mats were laid before him as he stepped, to keep his foot from touching earth; and when he left it, as he rarely did, he was conveyed in a large carriage closed in by screens, and, as he passed along, the people stopped and worshipped. Any eye that saw his sacred form would, the people believed, be blinded by the sight. He was a monarch and yet a prisoner, a god, and yet a slave" (Reed). Now he was riding openly through the streets of his capital, was making a tour of his country, and his photograph could be purchased in the streets. And the change had occupied only ten years. Outsiders began to wonder if they were Rip Van Winkles and had slept through a century.

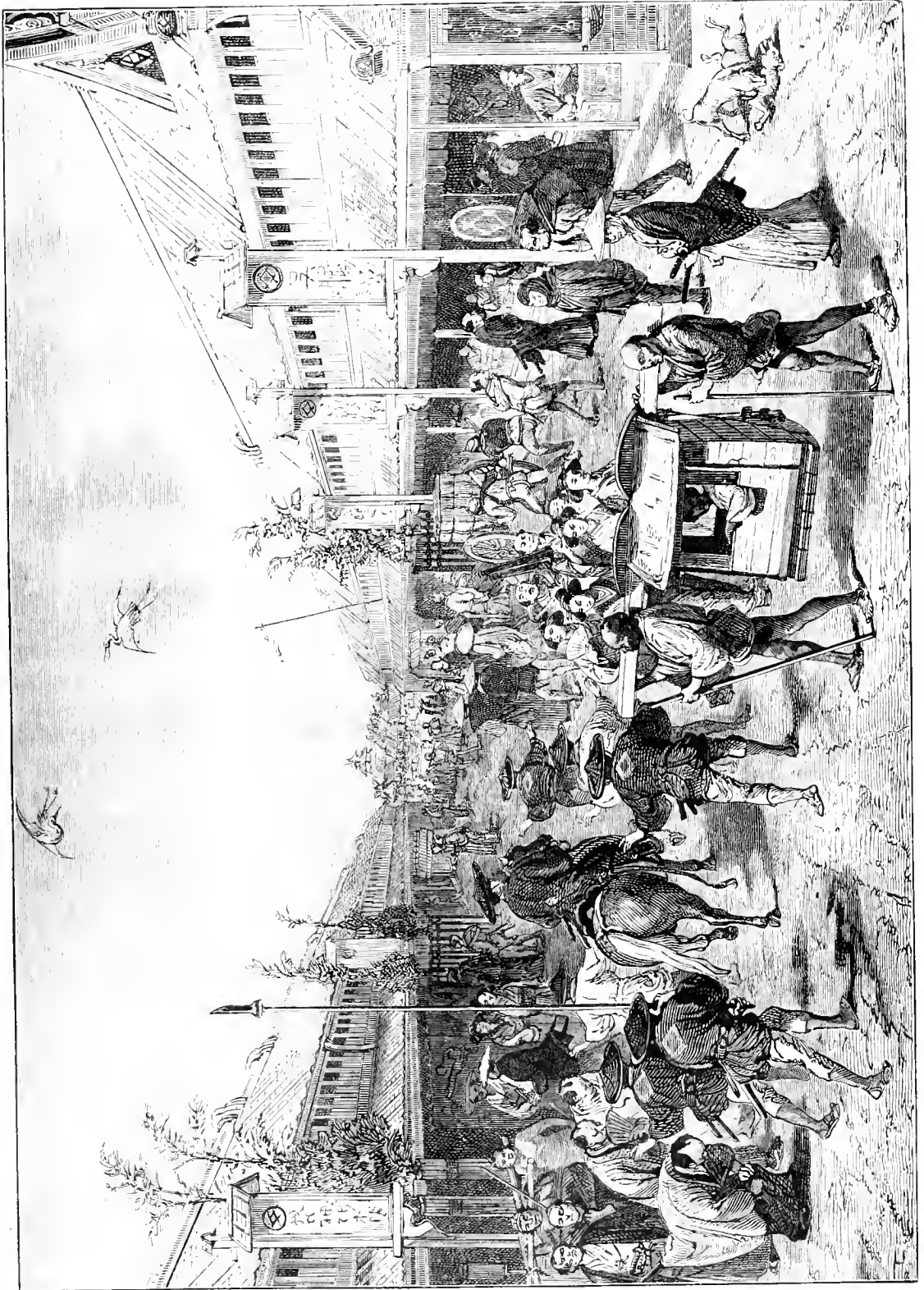
But the most magnanimous of all the acts of the revolution remains to be told. It was daily becoming evident that, in order to establish a consolidated and national administration, the Daimios must follow the Great Daimio (the Shogûn) and relinquish their authority. The feudal lords were local Sovereigns with semi-independent principalities; national unity was impossible so long as that antiquated system remained in existence. The Daimios of Satsuma and Choshû—leaders among the rest—conscious of this stern fact, and impelled by patriotic devotion, memorialised the Mikado requesting permission to relinquish their fiefs into his hands. The enthusiasm was contagious; those who at heart were reluctant to part with their estates were constrained by public opinion to consent. Soon the Mikado had the revenue and control of every principality placed in his own hands. At first, in order to break the fall, the Daimios were allowed to remain governors of their territories. But in 1872, the feudal system finally disappeared, the Daimios became private gentlemen in the enjoyment of

Government pensions: which, however, became such a drain upon the national finances that a forced reduction was afterwards made, and finally they were commuted at a very few years' purchase. The Samurai transferred their allegiance to the Mikado, and went forth to varying fortunes, some to descend to trade and service, others to hold the helm of the nation. It has been pointed out by Mr. Stock that "in the very same year the petty kings and princes of Germany crowned King William of Prussia Emperor at Versailles, the princes and nobles of Japan assembled in solemn council in Tokio and bowed their heads in submission to the Mikado, as his new Prime Minister read out the Imperial decree abolishing feudalism."

History can name no parallel instance, however, in which landed proprietors surrendered their lands and rights, revenues and titles, for the sake of their country's interests, though truth requires us to make a deduction from their magnanimity. These Daimios had long been the mere puppets of their Samurai, the ablest of whom ruled their master. These barons' Ministers were ambitious to have a share in the government of their country, and they persuaded their obedient lords to resign their fiefs. As a matter of fact, most of the Daimios have disappeared into quiet country residences, while the advisers of the Mikado and officers of State are almost entirely drawn from the leading ex-Samurai. From among their number is rising a new aristocracy of ability and intellect. Still, with all deductions made, the self-suppression of the barons was a magnificent action: it was as if our own House of Lords were voluntarily to abdicate political power, and give up the bulk of their estates, for a few years' purchase, to further the growing power of the Commons. Many a pathetic scene must have been witnessed when the dispersal came. Mr. Griffis, one of our authorities, describes one of these scenes, when the wealthy lord of Echizen bade farewell to his clan:—

"I shall not forget the impressive scene. All the sliding paper partitions separating the rooms were removed, making one vast area of matting. Arranged in the order of their rank, each in his starched robes of ceremony, with shaven crown and gun-hammer top-knot, with hands clasped on the hilt of his sword, resting upright before him as he sat on his knees, were the three thousand Samurai of the Fukui clan. Those bowed heads were busy with the thought born of the significance of the scene. It was more than a farewell to their feudal lord. It was the solemn burial of the institutions under which their fathers had lived for seven hundred years. Each face seemed to wear a far-away expression, as if their eyes were looking into the past, or striving to probe an uncertain future. I fancied I read their thoughts. Is the Samurai to become less than the trader? Is honour to be reckoned less than money? Is the spirit of Japan to be abased to the level of the sordid foreigners, who are draining the wealth of Japan? Our children, too—what is to become of them? Must they labour and toil, and earn their own bread? What are we to do when our hereditary pensions are stopped, or cut down to a beggar's pittance? Must we, whose fathers were glorious knights and warriors, and whose blood and spirit we inherit, be mingled hopelessly in the common herd? One could have heard a pin drop after the hush that announced the coming of the Daimio.

"The feudal lord, who was to be a private nobleman to-morrow, now advanced



STREET IN YEDO (NOW TOKIO).

down the wide corridor to the main hall. He was a stern-visaged man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. He was dressed in purple satin hakama, with inner robes of white satin, and outer coat of silk erape of a dark slate hue, embroidered on sleeve, back, and breast with the Tokugawa crest. In his girdle was thrust the usual side-arm, wakizashi, or dirk, the hilt of which was a curved and frosted mass of solid gold. His feet, cased in white socks, moved noiselessly over the matting. As he passed, every head was bowed, every sword laid prone to the right, and Matsudaira, with deep but unexpressed emotion, advanced amidst the ranks of his followers to the centre of the main hall. There, in a brief and noble address read by his chief Minister, the history of the clan, and of their relations as lord and vassals, the causes which had led to the revolution of 1868, the results of which had restored the Imperial house to power, and the Mikado's reasons for ordering the territorial princes to restore their fiefs, were tersely and eloquently recounted.

"In conclusion, he adjured all his followers to transfer their allegiance wholly to the Mikado and the Imperial house. Then, wishing them all success and prosperity in their new relations and in their persons, their families, and their estates, in chaste and fitting language, he bade his followers solemn farewell."

The Christian missionary followed close upon the heels of the diplomatist. Commodore Perry's action in greeting Japan on his first arrival in Yedo Bay by singing into its startled ear the Hundredth Psalm, was a significant prophecy soon to be fulfilled. Christian missionaries in China, who had been watching events with keen interest, made use of Perry's treaty to pay several hurried visits to Japan to discover any possible openings for mission work. The existing treaty was too limited, however, to permit mission operations, and it was not till the wider treaty which Lord Elgin negotiated came into force in 1868, that any forward step could be taken. No sooner, however, was that treaty concluded than the ever ready American missionaries entered.

Before proceeding, however, to glance at the history of Protestant missions in Japan, and the mighty transformation wrought by them, it will be well to pause awhile and look at some of the other closely allied agencies at work in moulding the future of the "Land of the Morning."

Soon after the first Christian missions were established, tremendous strides began to be taken in the material progress of Japan. The people saw at once what a higher civilisation was capable of effecting, and the large majority were more concerned, therefore, about education, laws, medicine, and literature, than they were about the doctrines of the Christian faith.

All the institutions which the Japanese saw with admiration in Europe and America, and copied at home, bore, however, the visible mark of Christianity. That religion was attested to them in (1) the superior civilisation it had produced; (2) the rich literature inspired and animated by its conceptions; (3) the education and enlightenment to which it had given birth; and (4) the science in which its claims were affected. They might at times pick up books which assailed the Christian faith: but

even these shook the torch before their minds, and "the more 'tis shook it shines." Students abroad could not easily escape the discovery, that the Gospel of the missionaries had shaped the life, the social and national institutions of the peoples they had gone forth to study. Japan began to adopt the civilisation of Christendom, and the source of its superiority was—only partially at first, but afterwards fully—recognised.

In his proclamation of 1868, the Mikado had pledged himself to progress when he promised that "intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world." He lost no time in fulfilling his pledge. An embassy of nobles and Ministers of State was appointed to visit America and Europe—the first Imperial Japanese Embassy ever commissioned to appear before Christian nations. It is true that young men, some of them now in this embassy, had been sent by the far-seeing Prince of Satsuma years before to study foreign countries, and learn the arts of war and peace. At the peril of their lives they had eluded the surveillance of the eagle-eyed officials, and had escaped in a ship to Europe. They returned, and foundries and arms, factories, &c., were begun at Kagoshima.

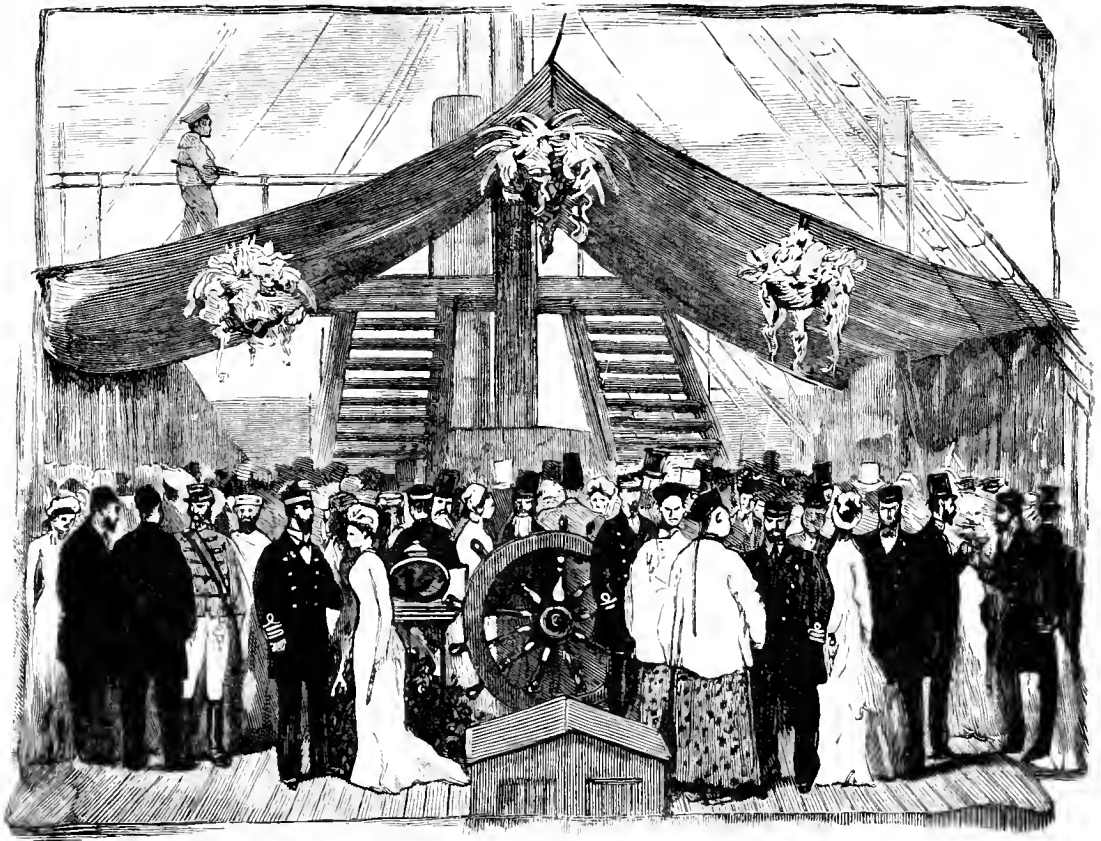
But this was the first *Government* embassy to the West. It consisted of the foremost men of New Japan—five Cabinet Ministers, headed by the illustrious statesman Iwakura, and commissioners representing every Government department. They were received at Washington by the President, and at Windsor by the Queen. They studied minutely the political methods, social and national institutions of various countries, and returned to start a new era in the history of their country. The work which they were to perfect and crown had already been begun by anticipation.

The educational system was transformed. Previously, upper schools and colleges had been monopolised by the aristocracy—the barons and their retainers. Merchants and farmers had no share in the higher education. The civil war, that completed the downfall of the Shogun, had turned the common schools for the time being into barracks and hospitals. But no sooner was peace won than a new educational era was begun. An Education Board was created. The Foreign Language School was opened in Tokio—a school which has since grown to vast dimensions, having had in a recent year over six hundred pupils under twenty foreign teachers. The old Confucian College at Tokio was transmuted into a university, afterwards to be better housed elsewhere, and to become a strong and comprehensive institution. A Bureau of Translation was constituted for the purpose of translating into Japanese the best text-books for schools. They republished every scientific book produced in Chinese by the missionaries. Schools were begun at all the ports for the purpose of supplying instruction to young men in English, German, and French. Schools for military and naval tactics sprang up. Native scholars and select foreigners, with Dr. Verbeek as chief director, were charged with the translation of Guizot's "History of Civilisation," a "Compendium of Geography," "Chambers's Information for the People," and the "Code Napoléon."

The Japanese Minister at Washington had issued a circular letter to the leading educationists and publicists in the United States, inviting advice on the best means

of promoting education in Japan. Voluminous replies were received, and these were submitted to the Government at Tokio. One result was that Professor David Murray was appointed Superintendent of Schools and Colleges in Japan, and joined the Educational Department at Tokio as their adviser in reorganising their system of education.

A gigantic plan was laid out and begun. The empire was to be divided into



RECEPTION ON BOARD THE MODERN JAPANESE WAR-SHIP *SEIKI*, 1878.

eight large territories. In each of these there were to be a university, thirty middle schools, 210 academies, and 53,760 common schools. Native teachers, female as well as male, were to be provided by means of Normal Training Schools. The best students in the Language Schools were to be drafted to the University, and from the University 180 young men were to be sent abroad each year to complete their study of Western science and literature in Harvard, Oxford, or Edinburgh Universities.

These plans have proved not to be Utopian. Already they are speeding on their way to complete fulfilment. It is said that over three millions of young people of both sexes are at school to-day. An Imperial College of Engineering was founded, and is

now attended by enormous numbers of students. Under the patronage of the Empress, a Female School was established in the capital in 1872 for the higher instruction of girls in Japanese and English. Numerous foreigners were engaged at large salaries to come and teach in schools and colleges. Controlling the new and splendid educational system were British and American professors and masters.

From the same countries gentlemen were invited to organise the navy, the army, arsenals, agricultural colleges, and public works generally. Under the feudal system each Daimio had his army of Samurai. A new army organisation was adopted, with a system of conscription, rendering seven millions of men, between seventeen and forty, liable to service, and securing a regular force of thirty-five thousand in time of peace. They dressed on the model of the French army. England supplied the model for their navy, and provided the officers for its instruction and training. Armed war-ships of the latest and best type were procured, and merchant steamers subsidised.

Surpassing both army and navy in the calibre of its men was, and is, strange to say, the police force. When the feudal system fell in 1872, and the Samurai were disbanded, many of them became police officers. There must be 20,000 members of the force, mostly of superior build, educated and patriotic, trusted by the people and admired by all except the jealous army. When in 1877 the Satsuma rebellion arose, the regular soldiers were on the verge of defeat till a police battalion arrived!

Similar progress was made in the law of the land, when the code of Napoleon was adopted. English law "was everywhere and nowhere." Before the revolution and the advent of the Christian foreigners, death was a common punishment for all manner of offences. In serious cases, torture preceded capital punishment. The new code abolishes all excessive penalties, and now the convicts not only learn and practise certain trades, but also produce porcelain and lacquer ware, and even works of art.

A postal system on European model was inaugurated in 1871, replacing no system at all. So rapidly did the people avail themselves of the postal service that by the time of the Satsuma rebellion there were more post-offices than in all Ireland, and thirty million letters, &c., were carried. Telegraph-wires were soon visible on the main highways, and a cable was laid bringing Japan into immediate communication with the rest of the world. The first railway in Japan, covering eighteen miles, between Yokohama and Tokio, was opened in 1872 with great ceremony by the Mikado in person. A second ere long joined the old sacred city of Kioto with its natural port Osaka. Together not above sixty miles, they carried in a few years three millions of passengers per annum. Lighthouses began to mark sunken rocks and promontories and river mouths. Steamboats began to ply between the coast towns.

A mint was established at Osaka, and the decimal currency adopted. When English merchants first landed, the traders had no notion of the value of coins. Gold to them was no better than silver, and they readily bartered the former for the latter, weight for weight. It is to the eternal shame of foreigners that they abused native ignorance, and bought up all the available gold. The new Government has

created paper-money, unhappily seriously depreciated for several years owing to the drain upon the national finances created by the new movements. Trade and commerce took a new start.

A large measure of freedom of the Press was granted; and newspapers, daily, weekly, fortnightly, sprang up with mushroom speed. One of the rising Government officials, Kido, established one of the most enterprising papers. Their editors were often men of culture and liberal-mindedness, who had returned fired with progressive ideas from the study of foreign civilisation. Journalism became a potent factor in the enlightenment of the people. The freedom of the Press was seriously threatened in 1876, and a determined battle was fought between the Government censors and the journalists. Owing to the state of the country, stringent restrictions were imposed. The new Press laws led to numerous prosecutions. "A noble army of editors" suffered fines and imprisonment. The cause of freedom won in the end, and the Press flourished. About the time of the rebellion they had fourteen papers, with a daily circulation of fifty thousand, without a Sunday issue.

The *eta* and *hinin*, the pariahs of society, who had done the defiling and despised work of the people, were now enfranchised, and entered into the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

In all these new undertakings, each foreign nation was taken as the model in that in which it was believed to excel. Hence they went to England for the model of their navy and for officers to train naval cadets; to France for their army and their code of law; to Germany for their medical and hospital system; to America for their educational schemes and for their instructors in agriculture; and to Scotland, the Clyde, for their engineers. Japan was to combine in its institutions the best products of world-wide civilisation. Every detail of foreign life and customs was copied. Soldiers wore foreign uniform (the baggy trousers of the Zouaves), carried rifles and bayonets, used foreign words of command, marched to well-known airs played on foreign instruments by a band in foreign dress. Sentinels guarded the avenues to public buildings, and saluted in foreign fashion; while horses stood saddled and bridled as at the Horse Guards, ready for any emergency. Policemen donned white trousers and dark-blue frock-coats with stripe on arm, and carried a long baton in their hand. Railway guards wore British railway uniform, even to the brass buttons, and when the train was ready to start gave the signal with the familiar English "All right!"

Many a side-splitting absurdity was to be seen. It was every man to his own taste. Some scenes can never be forgotten: a young clerk with a Paris felt hat, tall wooden pattens, native robe with a bath-towel or shawl round his neck; or a Government official going out to dine dressed in swallow-tailed coat, white gloves, native pants, and clogs: some in Wellington boots, others with silver-headed canes and cigars: some with English coats, others with English trousers, all usually melancholy misfits. A lady traveller records having even seen a man stretched on the ground, supporting his head with his hands, and absorbed in a book, who was dressed in—a pair of spectacles!

Civilised customs were too much for some of them. The principal of the

Engineering College tells how he once saw a good lady, according to the custom on entering a house, leave her pattens on the railway platform as she stepped into the Tokio train, expecting no doubt to find them on the platform at her destination.

Japanese engineers were not long in supposing that they could dispense with foreign help. They started a steamer on a trial trip in the Bay of Yedo, but when they wished to round back to the anchorage again, no one knew how to get the ship about, nor did it occur to them to stop the engines. By a happy accident "they so steered that the vessel went wildly round and round in eddying circles, to the infinite danger of all the other shipping in the anchorage, while at intervals the crew called lustily for help, until, finally, an English crew boarded the runaway, seized the engine-room, and brought the steamer to an anchor."

When the steamship *Hiroshima maru* was on one of its earliest voyages to Shanghai, a heavy storm occurred, during which some sulphuric acid came into contact with some zinc, and ignited a cargo of matches. Believing that their doom was sealed, they, like all Easterns, refused to work. An officer happily remembered a native superstition, and worked upon it. He distributed charms, telling the sailors that, protected by these, they were beyond all danger. They now set vigorously to work and saved the ship. Such are some of the incongruities and absurdities that mark the transition from the old order to the new.

But people were asking, Would this progress last? The Satsuma rebellion of 1877 settled that question decisively. Reactionaries were numerous and powerful, especially in Satsuma, in the southern island. Its Daimio, Shimadzu, supported by Saigo, a distinguished and influential statesman, believed that the country had gone far enough at the Restoration of the Mikado, and that the wholesale introduction of Western ways and means would be fatal to the national life of Japan. To resuscitate the glory of the disbanded *Samurai* he demanded an invasion of Corea, but in vain. He thereupon presented to the Mikado a petition protesting against twenty unwarranted innovations. One was the tacit toleration of Christianity (the "evil sect"), another the extensive "employment of foreigners and adoption of their ideas." The petition was fruitless. The climax came in 1876, when the right of the Samurai to wear two swords was abolished. It was "the knell of all his hopes of a return to the old order." In despair he abandoned the effort. His former henchman, Saigo, however, proceeded to manufacture arms at Kagoshima, and, under a false pretext, prepared for a deadly conflict. When it came, it cost thirty-five thousand lives and eight millions of money. In the struggle Saigo, a noble and patriotic spirit, but mistaken in his reading of events, was the first to fall. His lieutenant, according to ancient military custom, cut off Saigo's head with his heavy sword, and then, with his lighter blade, carried for the purpose, he committed *hara-kiri*, disembowelment. The reactionaries were crushed; the backward tide was turned again. Progress became now the steady policy of the nation. That rebellion of 1877 had been a momentous crisis. Happily for Japan, the Rising Sun was not stopped in its upward course.

But its progress was mainly material thus far. It had adopted only the machinery of Western civilisation, and had its dark sides. It was intoxicating the

people with the prospect of proud pre-eminence in the East. It was unsettling the foundations of all religious belief. The more advanced minds were beginning to distrust and even despise every form of religion. The moral maxims of Confucius were less generally studied, and the restraints which his ethical teaching had exercised were vanishing. Japan was making the Kingdom of Heaven consist largely in steam and electricity, books and colleges. The change did not at first strengthen the moral principle of the people. A characteristic story is told by Dr. Maclay in his "Budget of Letters":—

"The Mitsui Bank in Tokio is a national bank, backed up with the money of the Government. Young Japan had been especially educated abroad to carry on the banking system on approved foreign principles. They were intelligent, capable, and shrewd. They made excellent cashiers, tellers, bookkeepers, and clerks, so far as the merely executive qualities were concerned. They possessed every intellectual requirement necessary for carrying on a bank, but they were *too* intelligent. They were so thoroughly acquainted with financiering that they understood many little methods of deflecting cash from the treasury into their own pockets. And there was no power except fear that could prevent their doing so; and fear had but little effect, as there was hardly any fear that the capitalists, composed of effete Daimios and of Government officers unfamiliar with banking, could detect how the cash disappeared. In this predicament, one of the bank officers, with great candour and solicitude, came and explained the situation to one of the missionaries. He frankly admitted that he did not believe in any religion whatsoever. He claimed that the Japanese intellect was of too philosophical a nature to accept the Jewish myth called Christianity. 'But,' said he, 'your religion does something that our religion cannot do. *It makes men honest.* Now, we wish our employés at the bank to be carefully instructed in these principles, so that they may learn to discharge their duties with scrupulous integrity.'"

It was indeed not surprising that their ethical progress should be less rapid at first than their material and intellectual progress. Thus far, they appeared to think that a nation that travels fifty miles per hour is ten times more civilised than a nation that travels only five. A few years later, and they would be found deploring the lack of lofty moral principle among the people, and inquiring after the religion that would best produce moral feeling. But meanwhile much silent vigorous work remained to be done by Christian men and women before Japan would be leavened with the moral spirit of Christianity.

XXVI.—AUSTRALIA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

Area—Discovery—Western Australia—Victoria—South Australia—Queensland—The Austral-Negroes—Manners and Customs—Cannibalism—Thieving—Atrocities—Mental Capabilities—Religious Ideas—Evil Spirits—Marriage Rites—Introduction to Manhood—Corroborees—Rev. F. A. Hagenauer—Thirty Years with the Australian Blacks.

THAT extensive area of the earth's surface denominated by the general name of Australasia, and broken up into islands, large and small, was once peopled throughout by savage blacks; but, like America, it has become a new Anglo-Saxon home, and converted by the British into a great Christian dominion, whose seven colonies are partially federated in government. Over this area of nearly three Europes the English have spread; until, in little more than half a century, they exceeded three millions, a population which, ever receiving increment from within and from without, promises to rival the fifty millions of the United States. As yet only one-twentieth part of the available land of this vastly greater Britain is in occupancy by man.

The discovery of the largest island in the world was made by the Dutch in the fifteenth century; it was named by them New Holland, now familiarly known as Australia. Its length from east to west is about three thousand miles, and its breadth from north to south about two thousand: its magnitude is thus about three-quarters that of Europe. A massive chain of steep mountain ridges for the most part forms its coast line, and encloses its magnificent interior as by a natural girdle; and behind this barrier range, the country, except that formed into basins by the few rivers which it boasts, partakes mostly of the character of a *terra incognita*. Vast table-lands stretch their level plateaus in the south-east, while the region northwards exhibits extensive steppes like those of Southern Africa. The whole of the eastern shore was first discovered by our own distinguished countryman, Captain Cook, in 1770, and, reminding him of the Welsh coast, with whose bold scenery he was familiar in his native land, he named it New South Wales.

Upon the report made to Parliament by that great navigator, it was resolved to form a penal settlement at a convenient point in the coast called, from the vegetable fertility which it displayed, Botany Bay, with the object of "ridding the mother country from time to time of the yearly increasing number of prisoners who were accumulating in the gaols, of affording a proper place for the punishment of criminals, and of forming a free colony out of the materials which the reformed prisoners would supply, in addition to the families of free emigrants who might be induced to settle in that country." In 1788 a fleet sailed with this extraordinary purpose in view, having an assemblage of upwards of a thousand persons on board, seven hundred and fifty of whom were convicts. Captain Phillip, who had been appointed commander of the expedition, discovered rather to the north of Botany Bay the extensive haven of Port Jackson, whose narrow entrance among the rocks had been passed unobserved by his illustrious predecessor; and there the long silent solitudes of the thinly-wooded coves in

the many beautiful ramifications of that Port were suddenly broken, a hundred years ago, by the landing of the infant colony, which, as an empire in embryo, was destined to grow in a century into a city and its suburbs, having a population of about two hundred thousand souls. Where these emigrants first pitched their tents, and then, bond and free together, cleared the ground and built their timber huts on the margin of the sea-lake, the splendid city of Sydney now stands, with its palatial buildings, the oldest English home in the southern world; and from that moment of their landing, the history of these men and their descendants has been, as regards temporal welfare, one of progressive prosperity.

In 1829 a new settlement was begun at the head of King George's Sound, on the Swan River, designated the colony of Western Australia, with Perth as its capital, three hundred miles from the mouth of the great stream. There the first landing was effected perforce in a storm in mid-winter: the ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, a crowd of people gathered together in confusion and starvation; families, officers, soldiers and sailors, with their horses, cows, sheep, and other live stock; ploughs, pianofortes, casks, furniture, bedding, and tools heaped together in the soaking rain. Several abandoned the enterprise upon the first opportunity of a ship visiting them; others pushed on, and, being gifted with a larger share of the true Briton's indomitable energy, succeeded fairly well.

Victoria, situate at the southern point of the great continent, and formerly called "Australia Felix," was disjoined from New South Wales, and made into a separate colony in 1838, those who first arrived at the site of the now robust capital having found there but a cluster of rude huts. Soon wooden houses were run up, a small square one being built for a church, to which an old ship's bell was for long used to call them, as to a place "by the river's side where prayer was wont to be made," a veritable home of catholic Christianity, inasmuch as all denominations of Christian worshippers were gathered within its primitive walls. In thirty years the city of Melbourne had sprung into existence, with hundreds of vessels at anchor in the splendid harbour of Port Philip, representing its world-wide commerce, and with its churches and public buildings bidding fair to rival the most magnificent capitals of the old world. In the centennial celebrations of 1888 this colony, into which every year pours its fresh additions, was able to boast a population of four millions of souls. But, in spite of railway facilities and river steamers, the recesses of this, the best known of the colonies, are not nearly opened up.

South Australia, another colonial block of territory of more than double the size of the British Isles, fertile and free from forest, is speedily being brought under cultivation, although parts of its vast area are as unexplored as the hidden depths of Central Africa. Its copper has proved a source of great wealth: farms are on the increase; townships are rising everywhere; and Adelaide, its capital, is a city ornate with excellent architecture.

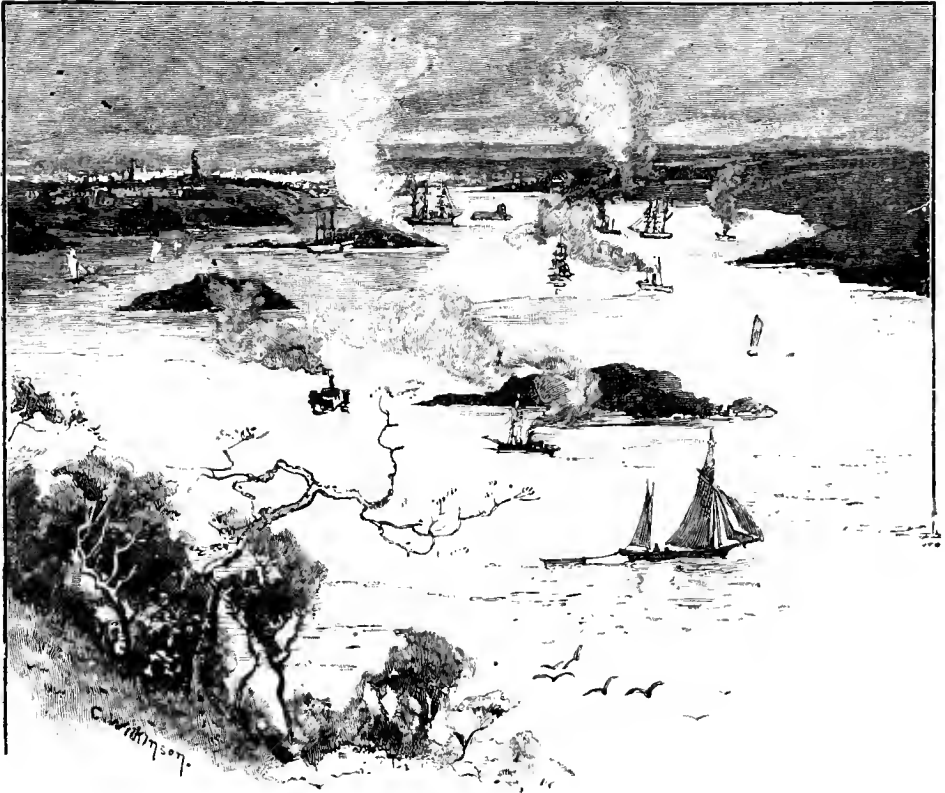
Queensland and North Australia, the extensive colonies of the north, possess a climate too exhaustive to the physical system of inhabitants of a temperate zone to promise such great things as their sisters of the south have exhibited under the skillful treatment of the British emigrant.

The Austral-negroes, the original possessors of this immense island, were of the Papuan stock, and, forming a branch of the coloured descendants of Ham, almost merged its physical and spiritual characteristics in the instincts of the lower creation. In some exceptional specimens the physique was singularly fine, the muscles of arm and limb a perfect study, the head, uncovered and unkempt, carried loftily, the dignity of its well-shaped brows being increased by a fillet bound round the roots of the hair; the brilliant eyes mingling curiosity and pleasure in their keen vision; the skin black, but not sooty like the negro's. But in general, the people represented the lowest members of the great human family, and stood low down as one of its shabbiest and least creditable relations; and miserable mementoes were the most of them of a glory that had gone. Inured to hardship of every kind, their appearance in the eyes of their fellow-men was not enhanced by a fitful kind of natural merriment, which served to render them only the more disgusting as fallen members of the *genus homo*. Sense, acuteness, and keenness of sight reached a perfection which, in itself, we are accustomed to consider the birthright of the brute. With a vision, hawk-like in its keenness, and with hearing acute enough to enable him to track like a blood-hound, so that he could steer as by the unerring instinct of the home-going bee a direct course through the dense, pathless forest, with its impenetrable walls of living green on either side, the Australian has been held in infinite contempt by his learned and cultured and well-to-do fellow-man, and it is true that in all things he was a child of nature and ignorant of grace. Practically coverless, he was altogether homeless. If anything was ever worn, it was a kangaroo's skin thrown over the left shoulder, brought under the right arm, where it was securely skewered with a wooden peg; or, as was more usual, some matted grass round his loins contented him; a twist of opossum hair on one arm held a tobacco pipe; a bundle of spears—primitive reminiscence of the sharp-stone age, and sufficiently murderous—was carried in one hand, and completed the accoutrements. The women were porters to the tribe when on the tramp, which was always, and the poor creatures wandered after their lords, bowed down beneath the loads of flour and blankets constituting their whole supplies and stores.

Until quite recently, the land swarmed with hundreds of such degraded human items, roaming their forest home with no sign of clothing; with no prospect of bettering their condition; with no idea of anything more elevated in life; and in their miserable death worse than the beasts of the field. A tribe consisted of from one to two hundred persons, comprising both sexes and all ages, interconnected by blood relationships, their only government being the despotic control of the weak by the strong, and tribal intercourse frequently rendered hostile by the alliance of individuals, wherein one set became party to the quarrels of another; but conflicts appear seldom to have reached the point of taking each others' lives. Much clamour, and a wordy war with some wounding, generally ended their feuds, the chief causes of which were the usual heroic *causæ belli*, the invasion of territory or the abduction of women. Sometimes injury would be atoned for by the sacrifice of a woman or a child, but for the most part the art of warfare was beyond them, although in some of the more savage tribes the spear never quitted the

male hand from boyhood onwards, and they were inured to the practice of the grossest outrages.

The aboriginal habits and customs were similar in all parts of Australia. They rarely slept two nights in the same place for fear of some treacherous deed; their bed-chamber was soon run up, being but a lean-to shelter, like a rude fence of boughs



SYDNEY.

and bark, with a fire kindled at its open side, to which they put their feet when they "turned in." Warmth to the last was the one luxury of life; in case of death the deceased was left alone with a solitary fire at which he might warm himself unmolested in his unspeakable chilliness, and even the grave was warmed before receiving its inmate, as part of the ceremonial of his sepulture. At night their fires, twinkling on some hill-side, would denote their presence and determine their number; but in the north this adjunct of their rendezvous is necessarily dispensed with. The northern savage, who as yet has not died out like his southern cousin, knows neither clothing nor shelter of any kind, the large fan-like leaves of the friendly palm being his natural sunshade by day, and the roots and fruits, abundantly supplied by the tropical scrub, furnishing him with food in plenty without the expenditure of the sweat of his brow in procuring it. Food everywhere consisted in whatsoever of flesh,

fish, reptile, or vegetable the people could devour with impunity; moreover they were anthropophagous, being given to eating one another; troublesome children, if not abandoned in the woods to take care of themselves, were killed and eaten. The “noble savage” lived for his body, and, in fulfilment of its worst passions, was an incarnation of sensuality and cruelty; wanton outrage was the order of his existence, and when the whites settled in his land he added to his natural corruption the deeper miseries of drunkenness, and the other vices which they of the pale face introduced



NATIVE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



BOY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

to his notice, so that he soon turned out a filthy, idle, roving beggar, hanging about tap-rooms as containing his most exalted notion of “the blessings of civilisation.” Where the fire-water beverage is still unknown in the land, every right-minded man will agree that the continuance of such blissful ignorance is to be devoutly wished. The already rapid strides of the Australian towards self-destruction were greatly accelerated by his contact with criminal England, until the complete obliteration of the bestial man was more than probable.

A revolting picture might be drawn in detail of the inbruted cannibalism of the people, and of their altogether treacherous and cruel morals. After living sometimes for months in a settler's house, some cunning plot on his property or his life has been discovered as the motive of their residence. They were arrant thieves, and dishonesty was detected among all their tribes. “A sour-looking old man,” says a missionary, “to whom a ribbon had been given, made many signs to get another, but knowing that he had already received one, we wished to discover where he had secreted it. Now the gentleman had neither coat nor trousers pockets to put it in, and the mouth was also free: it turned out that he had placed it carefully under his left arm, whence

it escaped when we lifted up that limb. This exposure of his deception created great merriment amongst all the spectators, although the man himself looked as if he could have speared us all in his great disappointment." This trait, characteristic more or less of all savage tribes, chiefly discovered itself in the most treacherous cruelty. Gliding serpent-wise among the long grass, they waylaid their foes, speared them unawares, and then ate their flesh and drank their blood. They have been caught in the very act of cannibalism, and the information that the human flesh they were devouring was a most pleasant delicacy was accompanied by a pointed reference to the various parts of the body which were preferred. In reply to a missionary's protest against the horrible practice, a chief gave the pretext usual to cannibals:—"We like *boomar* (human flesh) and you like pork or something else." The feasting on *boomar* was spoken of quite gleefully till the blood curdled in the veins of the listener, and he shivered at the low inhumanity to which human hearts had fallen in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Civilised ears were greeted from time to time with reports of their atrocities, of which the following is a sample:—

"30th October, 1856.—Some of the aborigines of this country are gathered in this spot (about 250 miles south of Sydney), induced to come by the excitement of the whale-fishing season. Their time is spent in drinking, dancing, and fighting. A poor young man belonging to a different tribe was yesterday found murdered, and his body concealed under boughs of trees. Full of cruelty are the habitations of these poor heathen, for whom, as yet, no messenger is found to tell them of Heaven and a Saviour's love; and yet they are as intelligent, and as capable of receiving instruction, as any other race of human beings."

As to the mental capabilities of the black races, Government examinations removed all doubt: the highest number of marks ever obtained by an elementary school in Victoria, being scored by Kramer at Ramahyuk, testified not only to the able management of the master, but also to the educational aptitude of the swarthy young humanity under his tutorship. A public examination was held, with the results of which his Excellency the Governor, who was present, was so well pleased that he gave presents to six youths who had answered and sung remarkably well. In rare instances the native intellect has attained a high degree of acuteness.

Religious ideas, if any such the aborigines possessed, were confined to faith in an Evil Spirit, who pursued and harassed them, and who, if he met them in the dark, would cast them down. Death, according to the universal creed, was the result of sorcery; the Evil One had charmed away the departed spirit from its tenement, but it would reappear at the mention of its name; and hence they fled in terror from the spot where one had recently died, and strove to banish his name from their recollection and their heart. In Queensland, the dwelling-place of Evil is marked to this day by a huge stone that obtrudes its dark mass at a gloomy spot in an overhung river. The natives will never approach the dreaded place, and when compelled to pass it in a plantation boat, they couch behind the gunwale lest the Evil One should see and catch them away; they always caution their friends against the locality; and when "Bimny," a chief's son, heard of missionaries who had touched the fearsome stone, he

received the news with every gesture of dismayed astonishment. Thus lived these hordes of men and women, a life of benighted terrorism from one another, and from the dead, and as if under the foul spell of the very presence of the Evil One; and thus, spiritually capable of supernatural dread, they forcibly embodied the miserable plight of such as are described in the New Testament as having been "through fear of death all their life-time subject to bondage."

Only nowadays to be met occasionally in the luxurious vales and deep mountain gorges which fill the impenetrable recesses of their country, the black people seem to shun, like wild beasts, the centres of civilised life: in greatly decreasing numbers they are being driven into these retirements before the advance of squatters on the table-lands, of sugar planters on the fertile plains, or of other settlers on the rich coasts or river-banks.

"Very rarely do any considerable number of them meet in one place: they generally wander in parties of from two or three to twenty, sometimes camping for a few days near a township, and then scattering among the hills, or by the rivers, and disappearing for months. In a long ride a few may be overtaken, with their hatchet, boomerang, and waddy stuck in their girdle, with a lump or two of fat twisted among the curls of their hair, and perhaps their *gins*, or wives, following, carrying by the tail the newly killed opossums. The clothing of the men is sometimes a striped shirt, sometimes a blanket given by Government, sometimes nothing but their girdle; and the women usually wear a blanket or opossum rug, unless some white woman has given them a gown."

When nearing the wooden homestead of some of his white skinned acquaintances, the Christian minister is reminded that there are "other sheep which are not of this fold," by the appearance of perhaps some dozen of the homeless children of the bush encamped close to the "town," lying or squatting on the ground, each of the seniors having a blanket, skewered by a stick, round his neck, or a girdle round his loins, the youngsters playing around in Nature's full dress, their own black skins, which even in adults are almost equal to clothing, and deprive one of the sense of nudity. If they have passed the night in the place, their sojourn will be notified by the sheets of bark left slanting against the trees, and which are all the shelter they seek from wind and rain, and there will be the smouldering ashes of their camp-fire; while under one of the strips of bark may still be seen asleep some curly-headed or grey-haired aboriginal coiled up in his blanket.

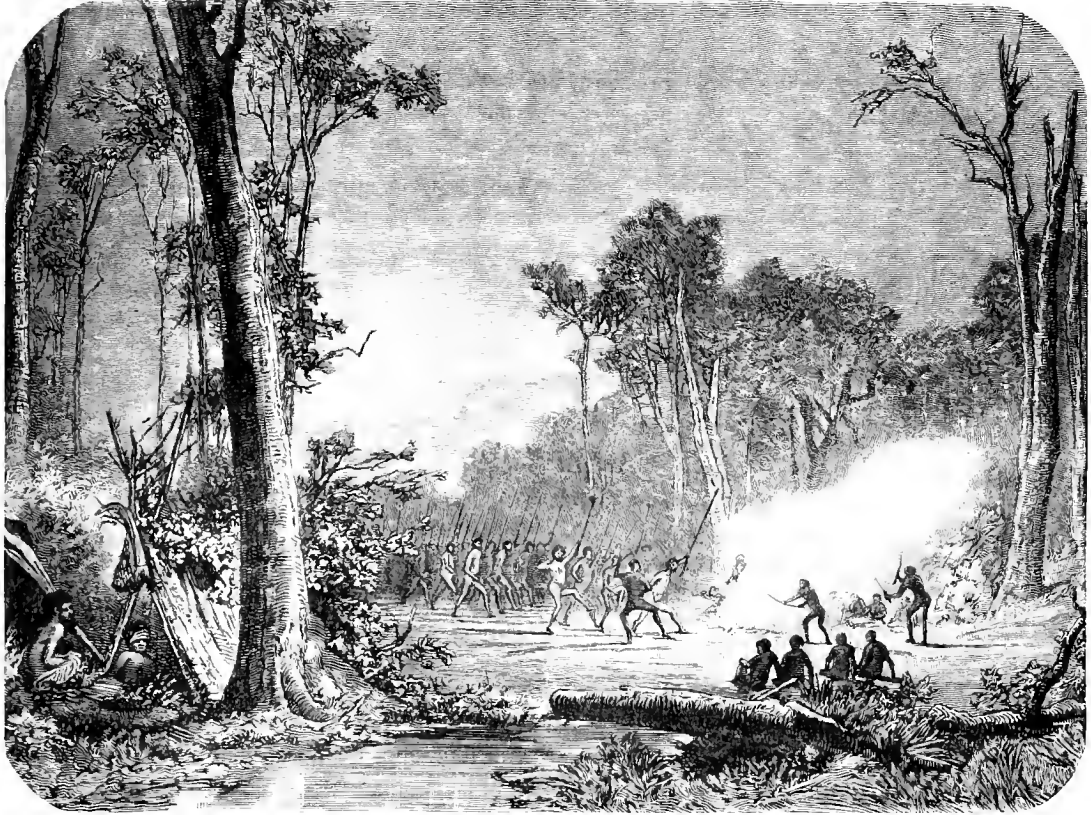
These wild people have certain customs by which, among themselves, they regulate their wandering, their fighting, their marriages, and the ceremonies of life from the day that one is born till he is buried and his bones carried about. Their communism indeed presents a field of study for the political economist, and for the student of the laws of property, not to be met with among his own white civilisations. The German missionary Hagenauer came to the conclusion that it would be a capital thing for some of the French preachers of that system to spend a time, as he himself did, in observing how it operates if honestly carried out, as has been the case in North Queensland: for, if spared to return to his native land, any communistic gentleman

who made that experiment would go back a sadder but possibly a wiser man. In regard to property, the law of the black comes into grievous collision with that of the white: the black holds that he has as good a right to property as any other man, and the white being the richer of the two, the black asserts his communistic ideas by appropriating the cattle, horse, sheep, or other goods of the settler; according to the white man's laws he must be punished as a thief, and awful consequences have ensued from the misunderstandings which have thus arisen; the black is stirred by another of his laws to murderous revenge; this leads to retaliation on a wider scale, and is indeed said to be one of the causes tending to the speedy extermination of the northern aborigines. The inborn law by which they hold all things common property produces, even among the "civilised blacks," notorious results. One of these is their manifest lack of gratitude; the feeling of thankfulness is totally absent from their nature, for why should they be grateful for a present when the thing is their own as much as the donor's property? They hand it on to some other black fellow, feeling, according to their law, that they have a perfect right to it; the gift is lightly esteemed because one has as good a claim to it as another. And yet in regard to favours shown to the sick and dying and distressed they prove themselves to be not wholly devoid of a grateful spirit; for they will keep in long remembrance any good offices performed at such times, and will return them with interest.

On all the northern shores there were wont to be practised several savage customs more or less disgusting to European taste, and revolting to Christian eyes. The introduction of boys to manhood, for example, was accomplished by cruel ceremonies which were only effectually stopped when the manliness of the Christ was set before the people as the great and true ideal. The rite was much more mildly performed in the south, but in the north it was marked by three degrees of extreme savagery. The first, called the Wombal, was undergone by boys between eleven and fourteen years of age; and if they came out of the trial courageously, they had accorded them certain privileges; for more than fourteen days they sat together in a long, deep trench dug in the sand, their heads bent as low as possible, the men dancing round them several hours every morning, followed by a game of imaginary fish-spearing and grubbing for turkeys' eggs, played after the fashion of children "pretending" scenic things in real life, and which was wound up by a "beehive ceremony," consisting in the throwing of innumerable spears over the boys' affrighted heads to represent the stings of the bees. The Wombal step towards manhood was concluded by the "Tombee," which was a ritual of gross immorality. After the lapse of a year or two, the second degree was taken by candidates for manhood passing the "Tarbuljee," a much more trying ordeal, wherein a small hole was punched through the nose for the insertion of an ornament later on in life, the mode of operation being one of the profoundest secrets among the rude barbarians. The third degree, called "Nooman Terrie," or "Bora," consisted in knocking in, or out, or off, the front teeth by a kind of wooden mallet; a sacred rite, and a most terribly cruel one, for by it many a poor lad has lost his life as he stood at the portals of his opening manhood: carried out from the circle of the males by whom he had been surrounded, his corpse, stiffening in the last

convulsion of its agony, would be taken to the women, whose yelling testified their woe. An English officer who witnessed the whole series of these ceremonies pronounced them, from first to last, horrible beyond description.

All the disgusting scenes connected with the nocturnal "corrobborees" of the Australians cannot with propriety be described. The vile performances carried on beneath the graceful palm, or the umbrageous fig-tree, contained the most shocking outrage on



CORROBBOREE.

every decent feeling—nude savages, trembling with excitement in every limb and muscle, were beheld jumping, crawling, hopping, swinging, stretching, drawing themselves together, beating time on their own bodies, the women seated in front of them in abject fear; their howling filled the night with terrible cries heard afar: a state of extreme exhaustion was induced, which completely prostrated the wretched creatures in the end. These were orgies which amazed the unaccustomed spectator with an insight into the depth of degradation to which the human heart of the untutored savage can reduce itself.

Yet, degraded and lost as is this prodigal son, he has proved his divine original, and also his capacity for becoming a son restored. In regard to the capabilities of the aborigines for receiving Christianity, no one is more entitled, from close personal

knowledge of the native character, to express an opinion on the subject than the Rev. F. A. Hagenauer, who has had about thirty years' experience of the Australian blacks, and who gained a plentiful insight, prior to his successfully evangelising them, into the cruel and superstitious nature which made them slaves to their passions, and their feet swift to shed blood; and he has recorded an awakening among these poor creatures of a desire for those better things which he was privileged to preach to them. "In the beginning of 1860 a remarkable awakening amongst the blacks began, with earnest cries to God for mercy, and sincere tears of repentance, which was followed by a striking change in their lives, manners, and habits. The wonderful regenerating power of the Gospel among the lowest of mankind worked like leaven in their hearts, and, through patient labour and the constraining love of Jesus, we were soon privileged to see a small Christian Church arise, and a civilised community settled around us. To the glory of God it can be said, that a comparatively large number of the remnant of this rapidly-decreasing race has been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and a good many honoured the Lord by their humble Christian life for many years, and a still greater number died in full assurance of eternal happiness through faith in Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

Early Settlers in Australia—Rev. Robert Johnson—Rev. Samuel Marsden—The Convict System—Christian Work among the Convicts—Prodigal Sons—Life in the Bush—Rev. Samuel Leigh, the Pioneer of Australian Methodism—Light in Dark Places—Drawbacks—Episcopalianism—Book Mission—A Peep into a Township—Floating Populations—Sheep-runs—Death in the Bush—The Gold Fields—How a Preacher got to Adelaide—Bible Christians.

BEFORE passing to the story of the various attempts to evangelise the natives of Australia, we must glance at some of those influences which have been imported into their country in connection with the early settlement of convict colonies, the life in the bush, on the sheep-runs, and among the gold diggers; with a cursory review of religious activity, and of the notorious fact that Christianity in the wilds of Australia is at a discount.

New Holland had become, in the early days of this century, a pandemonium of vice and wretchedness after the Government had laid the foundation of the colonial structure deep in crime. It was a simple process, but a discreditable policy, which thus disposed of the mother country's social refuse by casting it out on the far-distant shore; but rulers seemed imbued with the unchristian spirit of the times, for it was the age in which Voltaire's "perfumed blasphemies" filled the air with atheism as regards God and anarchy as regards man; and religious love in both spheres of its operation waxed cold, so that when the gaols overflowed with moral and physical pollution, contagion was thought to be best avoided by emptying it out in one seething mass of fermenting wickedness into the great bush at the Antipodes. In the mind of the Government there was evidently no other cure for the convict malady, and hence neither clergyman,

nor schoolmaster, nor kindly Christian official of any kind found a place in its ideal programme. Just before the first batch of evil-doers sailed with their two hundred military warders, a pious parson, the Rev. Robert Johnson, offered himself to the Bishop of London, in unparalleled devotion, for self-exile, and for the disagreeable work of ministering to the souls of these banished ones. During the voyage of eight months, of course only the ship in which this good man had secured a berth could be benefited by his presence, except when the vessels put into Rio Janeiro, and he held services on them all in turn. In the new colony, the absence of religious restraint was soon apparent, for when the severe discipline of shipboard was relaxed, the depraved activities of the people burst forth in awful excesses after the long confinement and its enforced idleness; thefts and murders were frequent, and their punishment was after a most barbarous sort. Without hope of earthly reward, and in the midst of a famine which was aggravated by ever-increasing numbers of convicts arriving from Great Britain, the worthy chaplain laboured on in solitary zeal, often in the teeth of official opposition. The convicts, it is true, were ordered "church attendance," which meant that they were drawn up in the open, surrounded by a military guard armed with loaded muskets, the Governor and his officers never thinking of attending themselves, their ordinary boast being that they had left off the profession of religion as they rounded the Cape of Good Hope. For six years there was no church, or prospect of one, until Mr. Johnson erected a wooden structure at his own cost, and then it was burned down by wicked hands. The Governor thereupon ordered stone churches to be built by way of "hard-labour" punishment, and not the more likely were the recusants to enjoy worshipping within their walls on that account. After twelve years of noble and most unselfish service, Mr. Johnson returned to England in 1800.

A better known name, and one which indeed glitters as a star of the first magnitude in connection with this convict chaplaincy, is that of a man who turned many to righteousness, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, senior chaplain at Parramatta, near Sydney, where he was appointed in 1795. By the unwearied exertions of this warm friend of lost men, whether civilised outlaws steeped in crime, or uncivilised barbarians stained with cannibalism, much good was done, and his name holds a foremost place in the Christianisation of Australia, as indeed it does on the roll of apostolic labourers among the savage tribes of the earth. Of humble origin, he had been reared in the grammar school at Hull, of which Dr. Milner, the Church historian, was headmaster; and exhibiting no ordinary literary aptitude, he had been sent by the "Eland Society" to finish at Cambridge, where, while still a student, he was offered, through Charles Simeon's influence with Wilberforce, the vacant chaplaincy among the convicts at the Antipodes. Having accepted the unlooked-for call as one from God, he was waiting with his newly-wedded bride at Hull for the sailing of the ship which was to carry them into exile, when, just as he entered the pulpit of that seaport's parish church one Sunday morning, the gun fired as a signal to sail, and the congregation lost their sermon, and parted with the preacher on the beach amid mutual prayers and benedictions. The ship put into Portsmouth for her

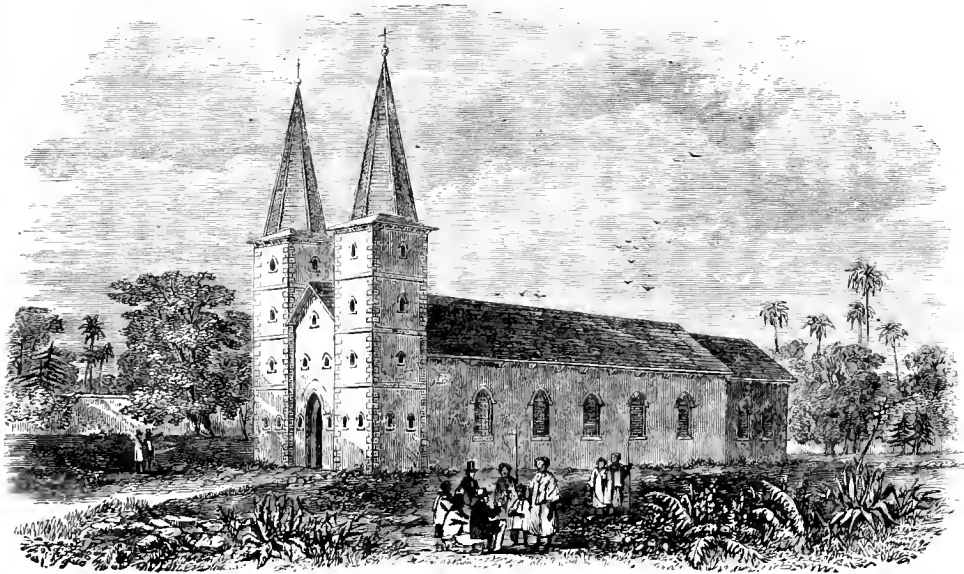
contingent of convicts, and visiting the Isle of Wight, Marsden preached a sermon in Brading church, which led to the conversion of "The Dairyman's Daughter," whose story Legh Richmond afterwards told for the benefit of countless readers. Arrived at Paramatta, his destination near Sydney, the chaplain here laboured heroically for the rest of his life amid the worst offscum of society. Few men have ever been more vehemently opposed by their friends, or have met greater hindrances in their work than did this sturdy Yorkshireman nearly a century ago; at every step in his reforms he was thwarted, opposed, and misrepresented by those in authority; for no clergyman had been found as yet so courageous as to attempt the reformation of that abandoned population which had been outlawed by England from her civilisation and her Christianity alike, for every conceivable crime, and which surrounded the good man with the reckless, brutish, and abominable habits of its class. Personal abuse, official misrepresentation, and newspaper libels were the only reward which his godliness met in the first instance, and he had at last to appeal to the Home Government for its interference. In the Irish rebellion of 1804, in New South Wales Marsden's life was marked as "the first to be taken," and, indeed, he had carried it in his hand for years, such was the abandoned viciousness of those amongst whom he laboured.

On the appointment of Sir Thomas Darling as Governor in 1825, Marsden reported to him that only five or six persons habitually attended church, whereupon His Excellency announced his intention of attending himself, and his example carried weight. But crimes of horrible atrocity were even then of daily occurrence; no punishment checked them: men on the scaffold thanked God for the termination of their living misery. Sir W. Burton, a truly Christian judge, uttered a manly protest against the whole system; the absence of religion in it had produced its own inevitable consequences: and the Archdeacon of Australia, W. G. Broughton, came to England and brought the awful condition of her convict colony before the notice of the authorities, so that an attempt was made to mitigate some of the crying evils forthwith. The vast island continent had been hitherto considered as part of the diocese of Calcutta: the Archdeacon returned in 1836 the first Bishop of Australia, and the establishment of the episcopate, with the introduction thereby of a new Christian element, effected changes for the better in the religious atmosphere of the community, and began the new page of its proper ecclesiastical history and Christianisation.

Not the most encouraging sphere of labour for a Christian minister, however ardent, could have been presented by that early colony, where "the establishment," a euphemism for the prison, formed the life-staple of the people's thought, as it was the *raison d'être* of the community, consisting of convicts, officers, and those who catered for them; and the chaplain's work was not hopeful. No personal interviews with the convicts were to be had but in presence of officials, and therefore the inner life of the individual sinner could scarcely be disclosed. Periodical visits had to be paid to the gangs at work on the roads, probably from twenty to thirty miles in extent: when the chaplain rode up the warder summoned the men, perhaps ten

out of sixteen of whom were Protestants, and a short service was held; after requests for slight favours had been preferred, the warder dismissed them, and the worshippers turned listlessly back to their "hard labour," the whole thing looking too much like a device to cheat them into being good. There was rather more attention when the chaplain could give them a service on a Sunday: that seemed at least a more fit and proper performance, and if there was singing of hymns they entered into it with gusto.

Under certain restrictions convicts were permitted to enter the employ of private gentlemen, under whose control, which was generally considerate, these so-called "assigned servants," working out their various terms of sentence, would be greatly



REV. S. MARSDEN'S CHURCH AT PARAMATTA.

humanised by a treatment at any rate more benignant than that of the gaol and its iron-glove machinery. Encouragement in well-doing had its own reward in signs of improvement, and the man who could act the Christian friend-in-need to his degraded brother when there was none other at hand, could always count on winning his way into his heart. In those days Christian laymen were unhappily rare; but just because of the rarity, the man found sitting at the bedside of sick or dying convicts, administering comfort to body and mind, performed a service which told immensely, even as he shone the more conspicuously as the good Samaritan neighbour to a humanity that had fallen among thieves. For the most part the brutal discipline only demoralised the outcasts, if that were possible, and they in turn reacted on the social and religious atmosphere. Hence, missionaries to the blacks always desired to be removed as far as practicable from a settlement, on that account, and a chief cause of the failure of their labours among the benighted heathen was attributed by one of the colonial governors "to the deadly influence of ungodly Europeans"—men who were

either convicts or the offspring of convicts, and whose evil influence could scarcely be exaggerated. The disheartening attempts to elevate the aborigines failed for one great reason, because of the baneful propinquity of the missionary's fellow pale-face, whose life was actively antagonistic to his own Christian teaching: the white community needed itself to be raised from its own gross sinfulness before it could appreciate the labours of a missionary, far less set a true pattern to the poor heathen: and not more sunken were the hearts of the blacks than were the consciences of the whites, debased and hardened by sin, to whom repentance was being preached, not in the winsome love of the Gospel, but in the iron grasp of law.

Nor was this state of the case greatly altered when, in addition to sowing the ground with the seed of evil-doers, England poured forth a tide of voluntary emigration upon Australia, the one anxiety of the volunteers being to make money out of the penal labour of their enslaved brethren, the convicts. So that if in a succeeding generation deeply ingrained habits of evil moulded the progeny of the one ancestry, no high Christian standard could be expected from the other. Alongside of transported criminals sailed out wild sons, spoiled at home, prodigals, likewise banished for reclamation, in the far country—thus reversing the order of the father's love in the parable of the pearl of parables. The unthrifty and useless, to be got rid of as a public nuisance by the employers and ratepayers of England, were shipped out also to people the new earth, where already dwelt unrighteousness: so that the wonder is that purity, piety, or even temporal prosperity could be secured at all "on the other side." Even those who had been accustomed from youth to regular outward observance of religion, found the absence of churches, as well as of home influence, too great a trial of their faith. Habits of Scripture-reading and of prayer once broken in upon, are at all times difficult to re-establish, and in the case of any who might be thus piously inclined, the excitement of the voyage and of the new life amid novel surroundings, made too often a sad havoc of a good beginning of Christian life. For the most part the colonists required to possess Christianity ere they could practise it; and even in later days, when less antagonistic to its tenets than formerly, they might frequently wield a greater influence for good than they do: the Australian employé, whether black or white, can at least understand the simple message of divine love, equally with the baptised heathen in London shams or rural cottages, and consecrated self-denial might reap harvests for its Lord.

Two main influences have let and hindered Australian Christianity hitherto—the love of money together with the divisions of Christendom. In many thriving settlements the positive irreligion is a disgrace: churches and schools are regarded as bad investments by the worldly-wise squatters, whose whole soul is given up to amassing stupendous fortunes and returning "home" to spend their days in showy opulence: and this fortune-hunting having been the ground of their emigrating at all, they grudge every penny which makes not towards that aim of their being. A settler rolling in his acquired wealth of £5,000 or £6,000 a year has been known to promise one pound only towards settling a parson in his township. Where thirty, twenty, or even ten years before, there was not a sign of the white hand, where no

spade had ever turned the virgin soil beneath the rank verdure of the forest fernery, there are now numerous communities, each composed of hundreds of persons, their neat wooden houses surrounded by peach and nectarine trees, adorned with blossom, or bending with the weight of fruity plenty. As surely as there are five hundred souls thus congregated there will be two, three, or more separate houses for them to pray in; and the English, Scotch, and Irish being pretty determined to display their nationality on the forefront of their respective creeds, religious differences do not suffer under the new conditions, but in the smallest township prevent its inhabitants, otherwise brothers born, from combining in one solid flock, so that the vigorous flow of warm Christian life-blood, which might have been hoped for, is found to be sluggish in the ecclesiastical veins, and settlers, however they may desire improvement, drop into the old routines with greater conservatism than ever.

The first to attempt evangelising the bush appears to have been the Rev. Samuel Leigh, the pioneer of Australian Methodism. The Methodists, deeming that there was room for all earnest-minded workers in the wicked colony, no matter what section of the Church they represented, began one of their Societies in 1812. A minister had previously broken up the fallow ground, but had been compelled to relinquish his effort from the stupendous difficulty which beset it; and now the humble beginning was confined at first to two schoolmasters and their wives, two school-girls, two soldiers, and four other persons, who prayed together that a minister might be sent them from England. There were twenty thousand in the New South Wales colony living without God, they said, the higher ranks of whom had been convicts, and were either engaged in amassing wealth or squandering it in riotous living; the lower orders revelled in sin with unblushing indecency, while moral order and propriety were not only relaxed but were almost extinct, the differences in rank simply meaning that the wealthier had the greater possibilities of indulgence in vice. Nineteen met in class and called at length for help for themselves and their children, as well as for the social outcasts daily landed on their shores: and to their prayers and appeals was given Leigh, a pioneer wonderfully suited to his work.

Providence prepares its instruments when it has special work to do, and here was a godly ambassador of Christ singularly robust, cheerful, and energetic. Taking leave of his aged mother and dying sister in his Staffordshire home, he sailed in 1815, and arrived at Sydney in the August of that year after a stormy passage of five months. The reception he met with was not of the warm Methodist type: for the appeal for a minister having been written by a poor scribe, the singular mistake had been made by the Committee of reading "furniture for a *house*" into "furniture for a *horse*;" so that instead of household utensils being shipped, the mission equipment, when it arrived, consisted of a second-hand military saddle and bridle! Fears were also expressed as to the legal difficulties which might arise in regard to his exercising his ministry in the colony. The day after his arrival, therefore, Leigh waited on the Governor, and meeting a rebuff in these high official quarters, he set forth his aims and methods in such cogent and large-hearted terms that the objections of his Excellency were overcome. He was wished God-speed, and directed to call at the Surveyor-General's office, where every

facility would be offered him for travelling in the unknown country, the Governor closing the interview by advancing and affectionately shaking hands with the missionary, thus establishing a life friendship between them; after which the solitary labourer in the untried field had to betake himself to prayer for his Master's guidance.

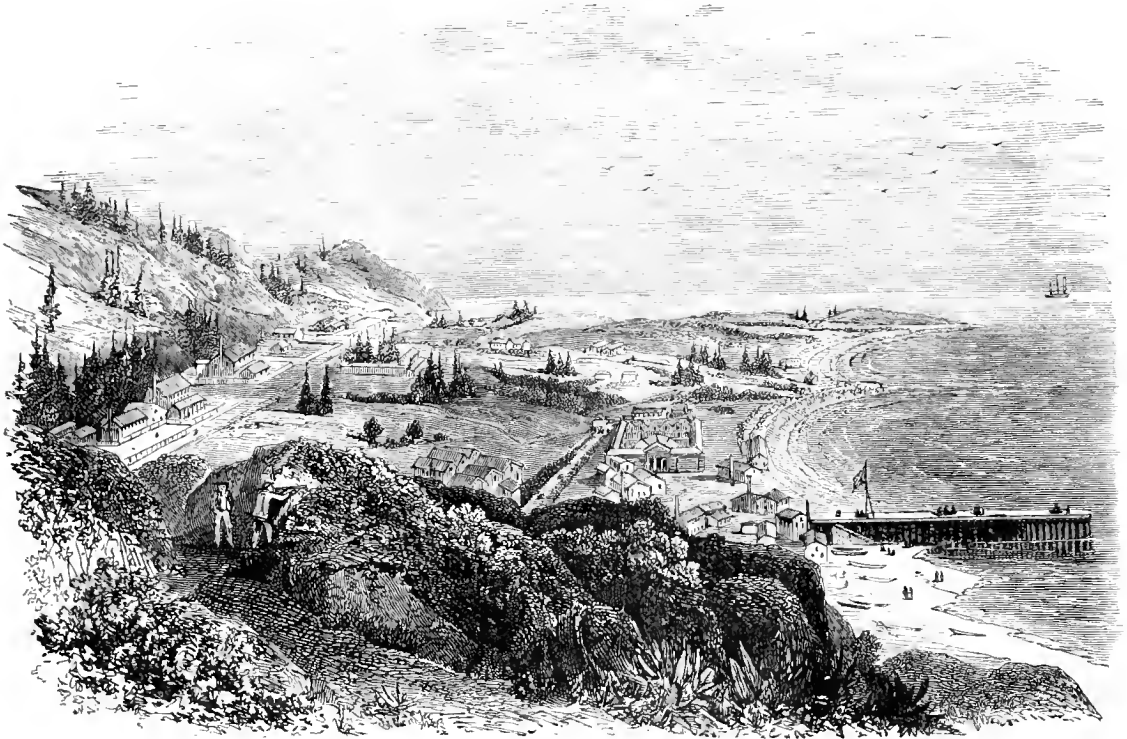
Nor were the openings of his work encouraging; a vast convict community was on every side, and upon its outskirts were the wandering denizens of the forest, with free squatters scattered up and down the country, by all of whom "the one thing needful" seemed to be the one thing forgotten. The building of gaols instead of churches appeared the major desideratum towards the "improvement" of the people in the eyes of the Government, whose mode of "reforming" their immoralities was, to his Christ-like spirit, heartless and repulsive in the extreme, with its "discipline" darkening the atmosphere, and degrading the society of already degraded men, and deadening every higher impulse within them. But Leigh, transported though he felt himself to be in that strangely godless place, was not the man to be daunted. Skilful in his systematic Methodism, he soon had an elaborate itinerating "plan," in which alone he could breathe freely as a true son and heir of the Wesleys; posing himself on his map as though already "on circuit," he vigorously commenced his attack on the stronghold of evil; and numberless as were his difficulties at first, his success soon exceeded his most sanguine expectation. "Men who had despised parental authority, who had disregarded truth and honesty, who had passed through the discipline of the prison and the treadmill, and finished their convict life in the chain-gang, trembled like Felix under the faithful preaching of the Gospel, gave their hearts to God, became consistent members of the Church of Christ, and exemplified the beauty of religion by a holy walk and conversation."

A beginning was made at Sydney, where, in a room in one of the lowest parts of the town, Leigh preached on Sundays to a motley congregation of emigrants, soldiers, and convicts, and a Sunday-school was organised for the rising generation, which was in much danger of following the vices of its seniors as it grew up. In these departments several of the missionary's first converts turned out valuable fellow-labourers in the Gospel. One of these, Sergeant Scott, a zealous Wesleyan formerly converted in India, became a local preacher, held forth first in his own dwelling, then purchased a property, part of which was fitted for the missionary's abode, and the rest apportioned as a site for a chapel, and, lastly, when the time had come for its erection, he finished his munificence by erecting it at his own sole expense.

Leigh soon became acquainted with Marsden at the Paramatta convict establishment; and the Episcopalian chaplain—reared himself in Yorkshire Methodism, to which he was ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness for much of his own well-known sterling piety—heartily welcomed the Methodist missionary as a co-labourer in the common cause. The first convict-convert Leigh made at his station at Paramatta had been a notoriously bad man, and the change produced by the grace of God was so extraordinary that it attracted much attention; the man, on obtaining his freedom, rose steadily until he set up the first Australian stage-coach, which he drove for many years afterwards, strictly forbidding all profanity and excesses among his passengers. He acquired an honourable competence, and was further privileged to see in his old

age one of his sons enter that ministry which had been the means of so much blessing to himself.

Leigh had not been long in the colony before he mounted his horse, and, with the spirit of the Wesleys strong upon him, began a tour of exploration. At the end of the first long day's ride he came to the door of a settler's cabin with a letter of introduction, but was refused admission, and told to move on. After adding two more miles to his journey, he came to a second door, which opened to his call—



OLD CONVICT STATION, SYDNEY BAY.

“Will you receive a Wesleyan missionary?” A sturdy lad appeared, and, laying hold of bridle and stirrup, responded heartily, “Get off, sir, my father will be glad to see you.” Within the hut, the wearied missionary found the family about to join in their evening prayer; opening the Bible, the words he read through blinding tears were, “The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose,” and his emotion so overcame him that he had to stop for some moments before he could command the power of utterance. There in the dark and lonely bush the homeless had found a home, which was a Bethel, and, better still, a divine voice within it preaching the regeneration of the world. After he had offered a fervent, though broken, prayer, the settler, who had once been a drunken soldier, and was now a thriving farmer on his own land, seized his hand, exclaiming, “We have been praying for three years that God would send us a missionary!”

This man, from the terrible moment when God had spoken to him by a dream in the awful solitude of his bush clearing, had renounced his evil ways, had become a new creature in Christ; he afterwards built a chapel of his own and presented it debt-free to Mr. Leigh's Society—the first Wesleyan chapel erected in New South Wales. The day following this adventure, the missionary continued his difficult journey through forty miles more of tangled bush, often being obliged to dismount and cut with his axe a passage for himself and his horse through the compact scrub. At one point, a large snake, hissing its pathway through the dense foliage, startled his horse, but it did no other harm than produce a fit of vomiting from the offensive effluvium thrown off its trail. All along the line of his passage the good man marked the trees in case of his being lost, and at a late hour found himself at the long-sought settlement, fatigued, but thankful: and there planting a second Methodist banner (for the people were Wesleyans who had lapsed from "Society"), the missionary returned in safety from the new outpost in the heart of the forest.

Soon a well-organised circuit, occupying ten days to travel, was in full operation, the missionary spending one fortnight in the city, and the next in the country, chiefly in the saddle. So great were his successes, that his labours becoming overpressing, other ministerial appointments were made to assist him during the next few years; and on a subsequent visit to England he was able to say, "When I commenced my missionary work in Australia there were only fourteen clergymen of the Church of England, and very few communicants: now there are ninety-three thousand one hundred and thirty-seven persons in connection with that Church! Then there was no Presbyterian minister in the colony; now the members of the Church of Scotland number eighteen thousand one hundred and fifty-six! Then there were only fourteen accredited Wesleyans, now there are about ten thousand, and nearly as many children receiving instruction in the day and Sunday-schools! May we not say, in the language of admiration and gratitude, 'What hath God wrought?'"

The attempt to arouse Christian life among such people, scattered as they were, and hidden in far-away corners of the bush, was no easy task; and from the vastness of the area, regular ministrations were excessively laborious. Even in the case of hard-working men and women who had sought a home in the distant land, and who might wish churches or chapels to be planted in their midst, the means of their erection and sustentation were not always forthcoming, and home Christianity, while it listened to appeals on behalf of heathen nations, did not keep itself abreast of the spiritual needs of its own emigrant sons and daughters, whose public standard of morals was in danger of being lowered through an utter absence of religious culture. Serious droughts have more or less always affected the well-being of Australian settlers, checking their efforts towards church extension, among other branches of their industry, and calling loudly for external help. It is not wonderful, when the grass is withered, and the cattle are, in consequence, dying in thousands, that the people, however highly they may value religious privileges, are unable themselves to support them. As a sphere of active missionary enterprise, the spiritual needs of the bush have thus been again and again terribly accentuated, the drought of the earth caused

by rainless summers being, as a natural visitation, symbolical of the deeper spiritual dearth caused by the universal famine of the Word of Life. Such seasons, frequently overlapping one another for a succession of years, are beyond the imagination of the English agriculturist to conceive. With all his grievances, he cannot experience the wholesale destruction of his flocks, and failure of his crops, on the broad scale which visits the Australian periodically with its dire severity, so that from a condition of affluent prosperity, he tumbles into a hand-to-hand struggle for bare subsistence; and however loyally he may have devoted a sacred tithe of his gains to the service of religion and philanthropy in the years of plenty, these sieges upon his purse make continued subscriptions burdensome, and even reduced giving sometimes becomes impossible. In a few signal instances, when pioneer missionaries have called the inhabitants of certain populous districts together, and propounded the plan of providing church accommodation for them and theirs, they have, rich and poor alike, from their bounty or their hard-earned savings, responded with prompt and marked liberality; but it is well for old England to remember that in the tide of immigration, which never slackens, new Englands are being built up in the wild solitudes of her Australian Colonies which require the faithful abetting of the stronger religion of the mother country to promote in them the faith of Christ, as well as the intelligent vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race to which they still belong.

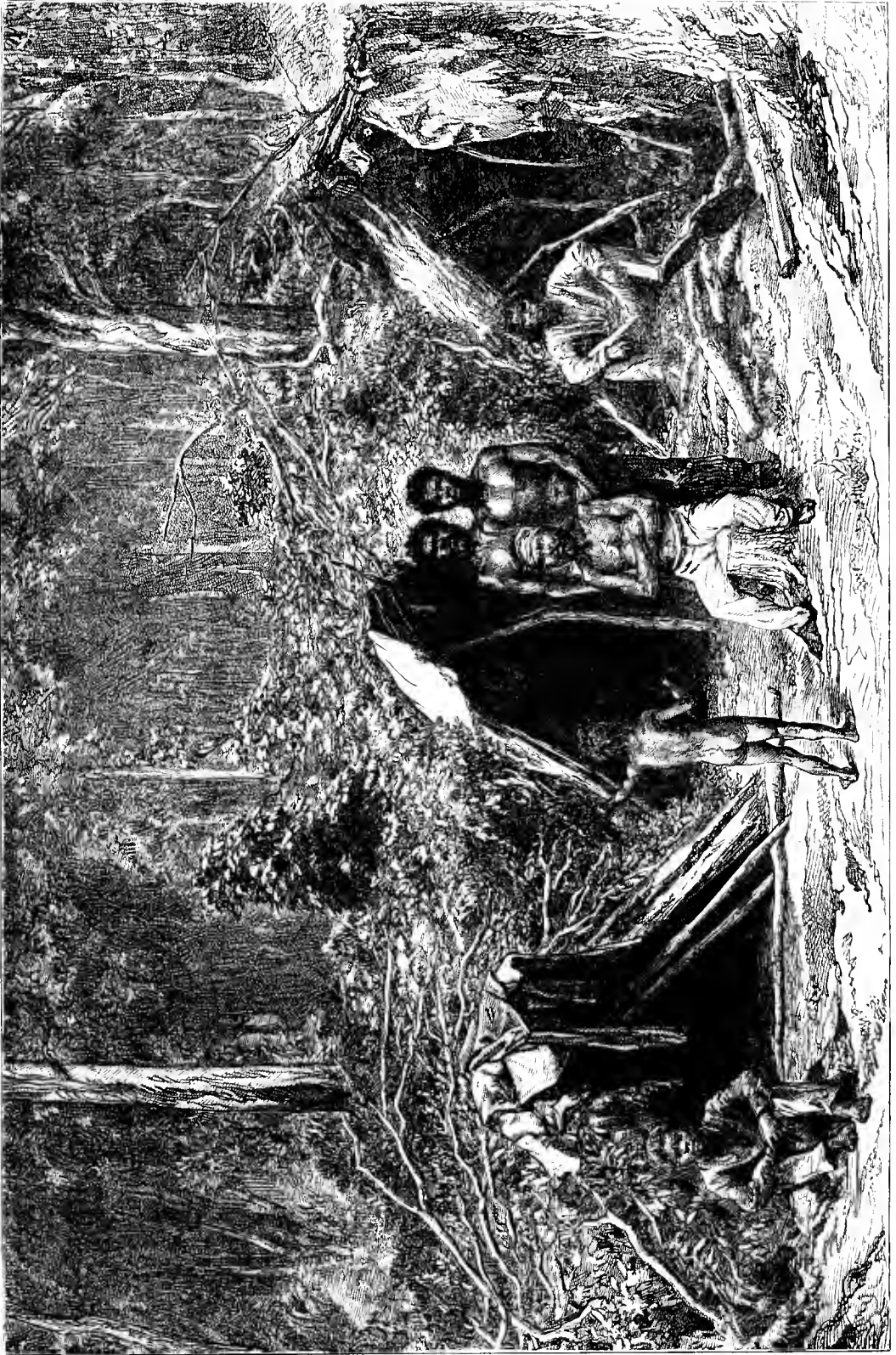
It might be well to disabuse the mind of the familiar meaning given at home to some ecclesiastical terms which have somewhat changed their dress as they crossed the seas. The Episcopalian, for example, wherever he goes, must carry his diocese and his bishop along with him, together with his parish and his parish-priest, or he endangers his character as a good Churchman. Now, an Australian diocese is practically but a church division of the great missionary world as such, and in its initiation is thoroughly missionary in its character. To this day it is so in North Queensland, teeming in tropical scenery, but where many of the settlers have not attended public worship for twenty years, and where a diocesan visitation means for its present witty but earnest bishop a tour of thirteen thousand miles. The ordinary notions of a bishop in his lawn sleeves also succumb before the actual picture of a Cambridge man, everywhere spending the major portion of his weary and solitary days in the saddle, very usually with coat and vest stripped off, his white flannel trousers and shirt-sleeves rolled up, a huge cabbage-leaf hat to protect him from the sun, and the perspiration or the rain streaming off his right reverend person, as he enters among the congregation for a confirmation or a dedication.

The parish, like the diocese, begins on an extended scale, until, with the increasing population overtaking his single-handed efforts, the clergyman is glad to have a slice cut off and given to another labourer. One parish, six hundred miles long by two hundred broad, is said to be worked vigorously and systematically by its single incumbent and his single curate; while in the North Queensland diocese is a parish as large as England, having been likened to the unifying of our English parishes in one vast parochial area, with London for its parsonage, and Berwick, Plymouth, and Norwich as outposts on its circumference; a ride round the giant

enclosure carries its incumbent thirteen hundred miles, and to his credit it is reported, that he traverses it twice or thrice a year. In the Sydney diocese, another clergyman has nine places of worship to serve with his ministrations, eked out as best he may with the assistance of invaluable lay agency. In a land where no old village churches dot the unfenced forests with their heaven-pointing spires and their earth-hallowing associations, it may be imagined that, strange though the work of the pastorate may be among a people so scattered, and demands so rapidly increasing, many in outlying districts would lapse into practical heathenism but for the visits of missionary clergymen. From many such places comes still the Macedonian's cry, sometimes wringing the pastor's heart in vain, "Come over and help us; we never see a minister. No man cares for our souls!" "But the labourers are few," and bush parishes lack not only clerical, but lay-agents, such as Sunday-school teachers, and other efficient helpers of the ministry usually found at home.

In face of all difficulty and discouragement, however, with many to hinder and few to help, the mission-work of preaching Christ has prospered, the preachers being instant in season and out of season, doing the work of evangelists, and making full proof of their ministry. The Book Mission has also done silent but noble work, travelling thousands of miles with waggon-loads of wholesome and holy literature, the bush families being read and prayed with by its itinerating agents. At all points where the adversary, embodied in freethought and impure sensational literature, has been found most actively at work, the Book Mission has been established to prevent the unwary from being led astray; and the pernicious tendencies of the secularist and sceptical press have been counteracted by its circulation of the Word of God, eagerly purchased in numberless cases; while the agents, usually happy in their knack of giving a reason for the hope that is in them, have spoken winsome words for the Master. In some instances the bread cast thus on the waters of human life has been found after many days. Among the labouring immigrants of the present day are such as are engaged in the construction of railways on a large scale across the interior, which implies an immense accession of navvies to the colony. This, together with the fact that one line they are engaged in building—the Great Northern or Trans-Continental Railway—already extends a hundred miles beyond any churches, shows at once the increasing need of immediate provision in the way of religious instruction, and also that the path is opening up to the Christian missionary to penetrate into "the regions beyond."

A peep into one of the townships which now thickly stud the Australian wilds, will afford a typical illustration of the religious atmosphere of the bush. Its site is chosen at a junction of roads leading from coast or river to the great squatting districts among the upland plains: and its population of five or six hundred includes a doctor, a clerk of petty sessions, four or five storekeepers, an equal number of publicans, and a minister of religion. Here and there in the middle of the wide street may be seen sticking up as a danger-signal to drivers the stump of the forest-tree, with the marks upon it of the cross-cut saw which originally effected the clearing. A Presbyterian kirk on a hill at one end confronts, in rather a perky



A NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

way, a Roman Catholic chapel on another at the other end: while the mediæval Church of England, with its brick school-house, parsonage, and master's dwelling, maintains the post of honour and of dignity *in medio*; and these sacred buildings are perhaps the most westerly churches for several degrees of longitude, not another being found for any kind of worship, even if required, between them and Western Australia, a distance of some two thousand miles. Other townships within riding distance are ministered to on alternate Sundays by the clergy of the various religious schools, who form in reality an order of primitive bishops, assisted in their immensely extended parishes by laymen, those of the Episcopacy being licensed by the bishop to read prayers and printed sermons. Church music is not a great success in the bush: loving zeal supplies a piano, which in due course makes way for a stately organ; a busy mother comes a distance of two or three miles as the only available organist, and here, as elsewhere, reaps the commendatory award as the only repayment for her toils—"She hath done what she could." When at home, the parson announces the fact by a daily tolling of the bell: and when it does not ring it is understood throughout the quiet country side that he is absent on some distant round of visitation. The religious condition of so vast a district, without reckoning other circumstances that have been mentioned, may indeed be considered to be as a rule at a very low ebb, but in a thinly peopled tract like this there must be also some pleasing exceptions.

The fluctuating nature of the population in many a "town" is not conducive to the permanence of religion. For instance, Grenfell, formerly the haunt of outlawed bushrangers, and so-called from the fact of a miner of that name having there been shot by this seed of evil-doers, formed, in the second period of its history, part of a large sheep-run; but a shepherd finding a nugget of gold twenty years ago, an influx of all nationalities from every part of the colony speedily rushed in to populate it until the lonely spot in the bush was suddenly filled with at least ten thousand people, and an irregularly built town sprang into being in the form of a boomerang, and quite oriental in the narrowness of its streets, with three churches representing the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Romanist communions, occupying prominent positions. Yet the township dwindled down to five hundred persons, almost as speedily as it had arisen, in consequence of the failure of the promise of a golden harvest; and the Government, having in the meantime severed state aid from denominational teaching in the schools, the churches received a succession of reverses, from which, in such circumstances, they can scarcely be expected to recover. Thus the people move hither and thither, and the attempts to follow them on the part of the Christian Church have been arduous in the extreme. We, in our settled home-habits, can form but a faint conception of the mobilisation which goes on among the bush populations at the Antipodes: news of "a find" is sufficient to shift a whole town in a week, and to us it would be rather more than a nine days' wonder if one of our midland boroughs were to become suddenly disintegrated, and dissevered from its site were to be found in a few days springing up in the New Forest or among the Welsh hills. Amid the excitement of such a life, and with the novelty of every fresh

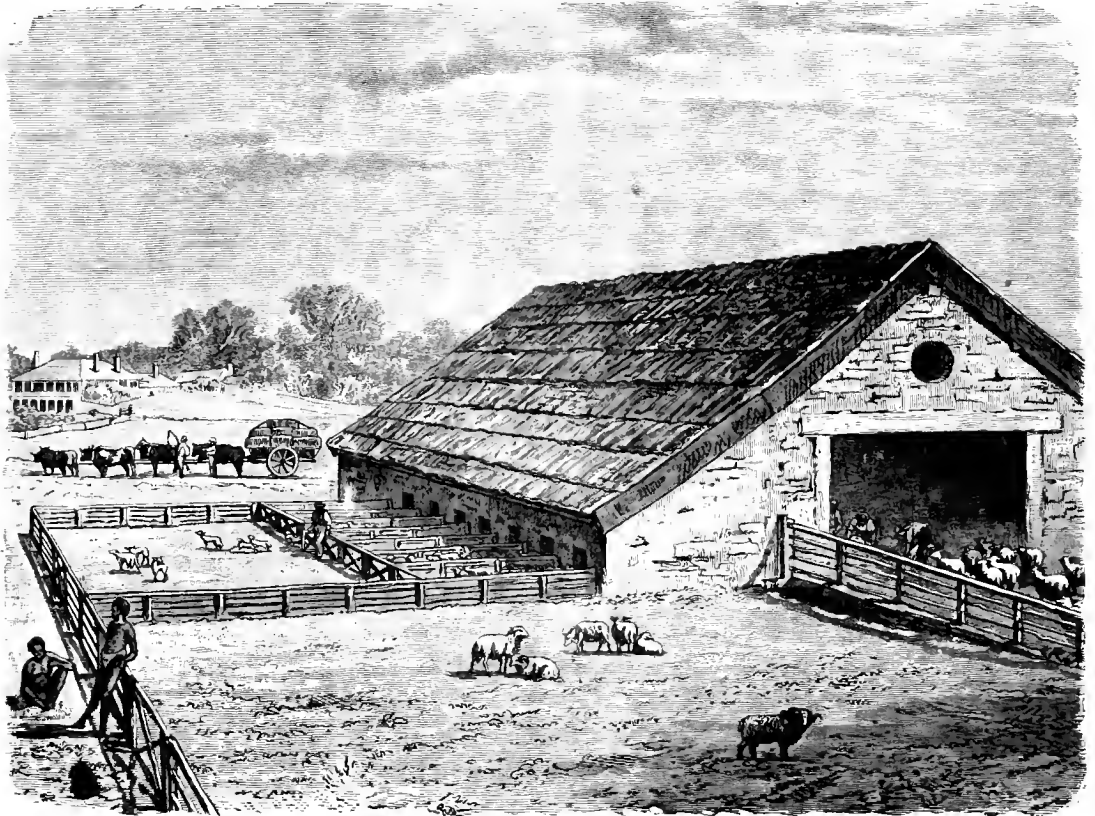
migration, the task of ministering to the souls of the people is in toil and patience second only to that of catching them "at home."

Another element in the uncongregated assemblage to whom the faithful pastor, whose parish is the wide bush, must address himself, is that of the draymen, who form by profession the most migratory class of the ever-shifting population. On all the long bush routes, many companies of these ever-wanderers are met driving down wool, tallow, or hides to the coast, or carrying up-country loads of stores for the supply of the cattle-masters, inland towns, or publicans: two-wheeled drays are the only vehicles possible to the unmade roads, and they are drawn by either horses or bullock-teams. At night a halt is called, near water where it can be had; the animals are tethered and turned out to graze; a fire is kindled; quart pots of tea are put on; "damper" is made of flour, water, and salt kneaded on a piece of flat bark and baked in the hot ashes: this, with salt beef, constitutes the evening meal; the draymen chat over their pipes in the firelight, and "turn in" beneath the dray on sacks stuffed with dry grass, and beneath coverlets of blankets or opossum rugs. Too often one of the well-known tap-rooms abounding on the chief lines of route is made for as the resting-place: rum is then substituted for tea, and does its own mischief on the fellows, who are very apt to drink. To seek these errant ones is the duty of the parish priest, whose ever-roaming parishioners they are, spending their whole lives in the bush, without the possibility of attending a church, so that to be faithful he must avail himself of every chance occasion of walking by their side, and of so conversing with them as to lift their thoughts heavenwards. When he camps with them for the night, the ecclesiastical holster must be unclasped and the Bible drawn forth; and indeed the offer to read and pray is seldom rejected by these complete wanderers on the face of the earth. The transient opportunity of "speaking a word to him that is weary" being embraced by the servant of Christ, the two or three thus gathered in the Master's name never meet again after the morning dawn has parted them on their several devious paths; and only God can estimate the effects of such gleams of heavenly sunshine on those dark tracks pursued by many a human heart in the bush.

A drawback said to be felt in bush religion is the absence of any external hallowing associations. In the thick forest glades no church spire points visibly upwards above the trees, and nothing on all the undulating plains serves as a reminder to man of the claims of his God upon him as the sovereign source of all good. One favourite device has been the connecting of the diurnal hours with sacred themes: for the bushman tells the time of day by the sun's position in the sky with great accuracy, and the practical religion of these isolated men has been advantaged by nothing more material than the linking each passing hour with some particular act of God's mercy to man. Thus the sun has become a witness of divine light in the spirits of those who have breathed their prayers and praises under the influential sacred theme to which the hour was thus consecrated: and out of that spiritual rock which has thus followed them the wearied wanderers in the great wilderness have learned to drink of the water of life.

On the sheep-runs, there are usually two or three flocks of a thousand sheep each at a station, with a shepherd to each flock and a hut-keeper: but sometimes the life

of a shepherd is absolutely solitary, and in other cases, the hut, which is tenanted by him only at night, is the abode of his family also. The sheep-runs represent a wide area, and the problem of "seeking for Christ's flock that are dispersed abroad" upon them, according to the ordination service, is a very difficult one, while the work of the parish priest in a parish, as practically limitless as the bush is, has features widely different from the well-defined and well-organised labours of the same official at home. For one thing, the clerical conscience knows no compunctions arising from



AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-STATION.

a sense of his officiating beyond his own parochial limits, such as prevent clergymen from trenching on each others' patent rights in the crowded parishes of merry England. Long, weary rides in a blazing sun over routes rather than roads, leading from hut to hut in the vast pasturage, constitute the pastor's daily toil, at the beginning, middle, or end of which he holds services, classes, communions or baptisms: speaking as he goes "words in season, out of season," by the wayside. Along the banks of "creeks"—the Australian rivers—he must go for three or four miles from the deserted huts; up hollows where wells have been sunk he must climb: one here and another there, the flock of God must be sought out by the faithful

under-shepherd, who must remember their several haunts, and the conversation on each last visitation, following them to the spot in their runs where they are most likely to be found. When he greets them like wandering sheep on the mountains "he rejoiceth": the reins are thrown over his horse's neck: a little talk about the old country and the "old folks at home" engages their attention, and then beneath some all too scanty shade the Bible is read and prayer offered. Often, in out-of-the-way corners where only two may be gathered together, has the graciousness of the promise been intensified by a sense of the blessed presence of the Lord, in that His own loving foresight has provided equally for two as for three, in such cases as these where



AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD-MINE.

three would be impossible. "Thank you, sir!" is generally the attentive listener's response at the close of such a meeting, and sometimes he may add, with the tears glistening on his weather-beaten cheeks, "you are the first clergyman I have seen for sixteen years": the event of meeting a parson, or any rough and ready attempt at a service, recalls the events of life in the distant past: the old-fashioned teaching of the old, old story of Jesus and His love is well received by men and women of all denominations; and especially are parents anxious that their children should know something of the simple religious impressions which they received themselves in early life. Their shy bush children listen to the Gospel stories with glowing interest: for old and young alike, having none of those passing events, which, in town life, so rapidly efface impressions, have plenty of time for ruminating on the Christian visitor's words, so that these are often found after many days to have been deeply embedded by being long pondered in the mind. Inmates of a hut are seldom without an Achan in the

camp, one whose impurity or blasphemy goes far to lead the minds of his fellows astray on a downward and ruinous path by polluting the moral atmosphere which they breathe: and it is no slight conquest if the missionary can divert the mental faculties to some fresh theme of light and love during the solitary hours of the weary days to come. When all gather in the hut at eventide, and tongues sealed during the day are loosened, it is a blessed counteractive of evil if, amid ribald conversation, the thoughts suggested by the visit of a man of God have any place or potency: and that such a visit is an event long looked back upon with emotions of gratitude may be surmised by the sad but expressive saying too truly realised at every sheep-run: "There's no Sunday in the bush!"

The destitution of the bush also in regard to medical aid compels the parson to become a doctor, whether it suits his humour or no. The nearest practitioner to a man with his shoulder put out has been known to be upwards of seventy miles, necessitating a ride of a hundred and forty miles before the case could be attended to, with the chance that the doctor when sent for might happen to be twenty or thirty miles from his residence in another direction. Sometimes the people manage to bandage or physic themselves, without a licence from a college of surgery or of medicine. In addition to the simple remedies which good sense packs into the clerical holsters—and every bush parish priest would do well to be a trained medical missionary—the presence and sympathy carried along with them possess a magical charm of their own: and a patient has been healed, according to her own account, from the moment that a minister's kindly hand touched the region of her pain, so that on his next visit superabounding blessings have been invoked on his head, which have lost none of their fervour or their honesty by reason of the person susceptible of such manifest priestly cleansing having hailed from the Green Island.

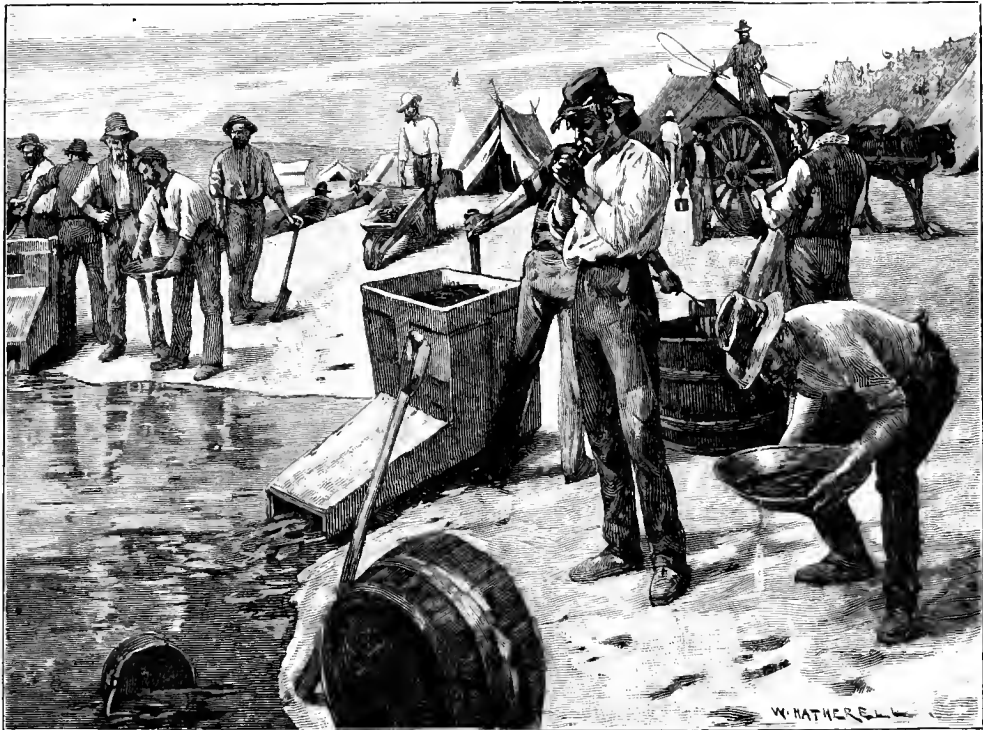
Death in the bush is often a terrible scene. In a miserable hut lies a once fine-looking man disfigured by disease: the minister admits the air, but is well-nigh sickened by the smell: the buzz of hundreds of blow-flies, settling now on the patient's face, and now darting about in all directions as if to warn the intruder from their prey, fills the interior with their restless annoyance; the temperature is 100°; and the first words of the sufferer are: "O, sir, for the love of God, give me a drink of tea." Alone for hours, he has had no strength to move in any self-help, and there has stood the pot of cold tea, almost within arm's length, to mock his dying agony: the life is ebbing in unrelieved suffering: the words of spiritual sympathy and comfort are brought to his ear by the "chance" clerical visit: he passes away with his eternal interests sadly neglected in the day of life: and as the minister leaves him with no man to care for his soul besides himself, he can but commit him in his awful need to the all-pitying care of the Father above. Such is the last hour of many a bushman, wherein the ghastly king has been shorn of none of his terrors. On the other hand there are here and there the graves of those who have "departed to be with Christ, which is far better," dotting the vast bush as the first-fruits of them that sleep in Jesus, and consecrating its distant plains with their sacred dust: revealing the truth that missionary labour in Australia has not been in vain in the Lord, whom to faithfully preach

is to have sooner or later to acknowledge, "Thy paths drop fatness: they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness."

The gold-diggers form another separate community, with a special interest for the Christian philanthropist. It was in 1852 that the first discovery of gold carried the colony "off its head," when an immense influx of maddened fortune-hunters streamed in upon it from every quarter of the globe, so that it has been questioned whether the world has ever presented a spectacle of greater wickedness, more intense suffering, or unbridled lust, combined with such positive want, as the gold fever entailed in Victoria in 1852-5. "All evil, and only evil continually," was represented in the great excitement and infatuation, as though it were a repetition of the Noachian era of abandoned ungodliness: "the diggings" became the scene of appalling vice: the love of money poured a torrent of iniquity upon the colony, which not the most urgent effort of every Christian minister could stem. The utmost exertion was made to provide religious services for the thronging multitudes of heterogeneous people suddenly congregated: but those held regularly in houses of prayer were largely deserted by their respectable communities, who had to be followed to the mines. Denominational "homes" were erected at great cost, Government voting grants in aid: and these proved both a temporal blessing and a spiritual comfort to many a homeless one. Tent chapels were pitched in the extensive mining camps, and much good, at least in the way of checking wholesale corruption, resulted from the services held in them: rough slab churches were erected also, in which the gold-seekers might hear the Gospel of a better treasure in the skies. Thus have the mining classes, ever prone to the dust, and spending their substance, when they have procured it, in riotous living, found that in all their migratory unsettledness, and dwelling as they do only on the fringe of civilised life, the Christian Church has not left them utterly to perish, although the minister who will be faithful to them finds his attempts replete with hardships, and his dangers quite of the primitive type. As fresh centres of mining wealth are opened, ever and anon whole unheard-of populations are unearthed in new regions by "those who watch for souls as they who must give account." "Five hundred miners and no religious service" is one of the latest reports of such a case to the Christianity of Adelaide. In another place is met a population of seven thousand, with forty-seven public-houses, and sitting accommodation for eight hundred worshippers in small sanctuaries.

Not only has the Gospel to be preached to the greedy lovers of gold in some of the gold-fields, especially in those of North Australia, to which are also attracted a mixed heathen population of Malays and Chinese, but members of various denominations are being constantly drawn away to the lucrative fields, who, unless watched and warned are too apt to bid farewell to every semblance of religion, and to slip back into semi-heathenism. Perhaps the choicest example of what Christianity has effected is to be witnessed in Townsville, the key to the rich gold-fields of the north-east, a young and rising centre of ideal attractiveness, with a wholesome supply of public institutions, excellent schools, and several fine churches, all of which, with shipping and railways, contribute to make it the mining capital of the north, while the religious activity of the prosperous place appears as flourishing as its commercial, the zealous and

self-denying Bishop Stanton having selected it as the centre of his great diocese of North Queensland. At Charters Towers, also in the north, and "the capital of squatterdom," where miners met on the main street leading to the Day Dawn mine are recognised as having come from Victoria for the sake of enhanced profits, there are four handsome church edifices representing Episcopalian, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic sections of Christianity.



GOLD-WASHING.

In some respects the survey of the Christianisation of white Australia is as cheering, as the retrospect of the attempts to evangelise black Australia will be found to be depressing, and a pleasing picture is presented by the growth of a living Church side by side with the march of civilisation. Distinctive sectarian features are among the things transported to the colonies, it is true, by members of various denominations who emigrate; and being part of the home-land life which they may carry with them, things that are distinctive, rather than things that are common in their creed, are cherished as reminiscent of the old country, distance from which lends its own enchantment, so that none of their hold upon the heart is lost. Thus the seeds of all the British denominations have struck deep and vigorous roots in the new soil. On the other hand, catholicity, both in spirit and in practice, has more free scope; there is no State Church: those who prefer the Episcopal are, as a rule, liberal-minded towards those who do not, while all comers have fair play; and as it is generally the young

blood that emigrates, representing the advanced thought and bolder temper of the nation, it may be presumed that mid-walls of religious partition are not so strong at the outposts as in the overcrowded sectarianism of the mother country.

The Church of England does not neglect her sons in the land of their adoption. The first Bishop of Australia, Dr. W. A. Broughton, consecrated in 1836, soon found the inrolling tide of immigrants too onerous for a single-handed episcopate, and the "Province of Sydney" was in due course broken up into several sees; after Tasmania, in 1842, followed Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle in 1847; and thereafter, in successive years, Perth, Brisbane, Goulburn, Grafton and Armidale, Bathurst, Ballarat, North Queensland, and Riverina. At first, churches were aided from the colonial purse, but Bourke's Act of 1836, whereby this State aid was afforded to religion, died a natural death; and Australia was never a land flowing with the milk and honey of pious bygone generations and their wealthy benefices, so that Episcopalians had some hard pecuniary lessons to learn. For some years home societies, like that for the Propagation of the Gospel, came handsomely to their rescue; and in 1850 a conference of bishops held at Sydney, "where, within the memory of man, the word of God and the name of Jesus were unknown," founded a "Church Society," which, by creating a deepened interest among the widely-scattered members of the Church in their own common brotherhood, and by rendering the young dioceses self-reliant in regard to raising funds for church building, clerical support, and other such purposes, marked the actual struggle into existence of the colonial Episcopacy.

It is difficult in England to form any correct estimate of the discouragement which these bishops had to face when State aid was removed: to them and to their people it appeared an act of spoliation; missions and schools were broken up for lack of means; and what could they do towards building up the religion of their fathers among people, many of whom were as far from the religion of Christ, and as undesirous of it, as the heathen around them? The English Churchman, beyond most people, is at a loss to know how to manage his affairs under conditions so trying. Accustomed to see his clergyman and his church maintained without his aid as almost a part of his churchmanship, he begins with the idea that voluntarily to support a pastorate is degrading alike to pastor and people; and when the Government proposed no longer to provide his church and school revenues, the colonial Churchman found himself at sea as to ways and means of promoting religious ordinances for himself, his family, and neighbours. His education had been neglected in matters financial, compared with the Nonconformist, who felt it no hardship to do what he had been accustomed to do all his life. He was in tutelage, always asking what the State—"the Government"—was going to do to discharge that part of its function, the maintenance of religion? Yet, labouring under this enormous disability, the Episcopalians have grown in numbers, and multiplied in finance to an extent which speaks its own testimony to their earnestness and determination. In twenty-five years the Victorian clergy alone increased from three to a hundred and twenty, and their churches numbered more than two hundred; in one year of great commercial depression an increase of £705 was announced in the Newcastle Diocesan Church Society, many of the bush shepherds

having willingly contributed in sums varying from five shillings upwards. And everywhere the Church has led the van in mission-work among degraded whites, as well as aborigines.

Presbyterianism has also been carried to "the other side" with the thistle and the shamrock; and at the Pan-Presbyterian Council held in London in 1888, it reported upwards of three hundred congregations federally united, and occupied in combined missionary operations among the native heathen and the Queensland Kanakas.

Wesleyan Methodism has been from the first an immense evangelical power in every part of the Australian continent. Jubilee services commemorative of the arrival of Samuel Leigh were held at Sydney in 1864. The president at a breakfast party of five hundred persons, happened to be descended from one of the original Methodists, and charmed his guests by tales of the missionary and his horse, "Old Traveller": an offertory of £4,000 was the result of the meeting, which sum was further increased by £12,000 for the foundation of a Wesleyan College, as a thank-offering for what God had done by Australian Methodism, the progress of which has been as rapid as its success has been marvellous, until to-day it is in its various sections and agencies one of the chief factors in the religion of the Greater Britain of the Southern hemisphere. In Victoria, the sphere of a single minister settled in 1841, which year added a hundred and fifty persons to the Church, has multiplied into many circuits, having beautiful chapels in each, with a "Wesley College" and numerous schools; although here it will be remembered it has suffered some severe afflictive losses. In 1866, in the ill-fated steamer *London* which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, the Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Draper found a watery grave, when nearing their home; in 1868 the Rev. J. Caldwell was drowned; in 1869 the Rev. W. Hill was murdered by a convict whom he was visiting in his cell in Melbourne Prison; in the same year another highly successful labourer, the Rev. B. Field, suddenly died.

At Adelaide a most remarkable Providence realised the prayers of a small but earnest society in 1837, when a shipwrecked missionary was sent, as one of those "men who have hazarded their lives for our Lord Jesus Christ," and turned a seeming calamity into great good. The Rev. W. Longbottom, sailing for Western Australia from Hobart Town, with wife and child, fell in with a gale which increased in fury, until one midnight the vessel struck on an unknown coast, and they were landed through the surf by means of a rope. They suffered for want of a fire, till on the second day of their escape some friendly natives ventured near them; and after a fortnight passed in a forlorn condition and not knowing whither to turn, a crew of shipwrecked mariners joined them who, by their chart which they had saved, had come a hundred miles and were going fifty more in search of a whaling station. For forty-five days they wandered through the bush, and reaching the station, they were taken by sea to Adelaide, where the pastorless society of sixty members welcomed the missionary and would not let him go. The chapel was speedily crowded out under his faithful preaching; and the Home Committee continued the services of the man thus ordered of Him whom winds and waves obey, until a commodious sanctuary was built by the earnest crowd who flocked to hear the Gospel. As the work expanded other districts were opened, chapels were built

in the villages, and stations planted in "the regions beyond." In the first circuit, which was a hundred miles long, hundreds of sinners were gathered into the Redeemer's fold under the preaching of the missionary and his staff of zealous lay-helpers, and the good work, notwithstanding occasional trade-depressions and other hindrances, has continued to spread from that day to this.

The Bible Christians have contributed a large quota to the advance of morals and the promotion of spiritual interests in various parts for a third of the century. The first meeting of their Colonial Conference being held in 1888, the year celebrated throughout Australia as the centennial of its occupation by Great Britain, became a source of double gratitude to Almighty God on the part of these faithful servants of His who have preached the Word of Life not only in their sanctuaries—numbering over a hundred, besides preaching rooms—but also from door to door, and have taught the young, and promoted the cause of temperance. One of their earnest agents held quite recently upwards of four hundred services of various kinds in one year, and penetrated sixty miles farther into the country than any similar labourer had gone before; and another, standing in the door opened in Queensland by the influx of a thousand immigrants per month into its fertile country, writes, under the burden of his over-abundant toils—"Do send some help at once." Many of this denomination's ministers are happy in the manifest blessing of God on their work, and, having carried the Gospel far into the bush, they have seen many of the most reckless and godless of its settlers turned to repentance by their means, and leading peaceable lives to the glory of God.

An interesting feature of colonial Church-life was the recent union of the Methodist Church of the New Connexion and its minister in Adelaide, with the Bible Christian denomination, an augury of still greater and brighter conquests to be yet accomplished by these brethren, who thus at the Antipodes assert that nity to which is attached the guarantee of farther achievements—"For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

XXVII.—MADAGASCAR.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

Description of Madagascar—The Malagasy People—Language—Early Notions of God—Radama I.—David Jones and Samuel Bevan—Desolate Families—Character of the King—Boys sent to England for Tuitiou—David Griffiths—Spread of Education—Religious Progress—The Printing Press—Death of Radama I.—Queen Ranavalona—Appeal to the Idols—Beginning of the Persecutions—A Reign of Terror—Rasatama the Proto-Martyr—Rafaralahy falls a Victim—The Flight of Rafaravavy—Perilous Hospitality—Hunted Down—Escape in Disguise—Trial by Ordeal—Burning Alive—Hurling from the Rocks—Christian Heroism—Lessons for To-day—Stories of Persecution.

MADAGASCAR is one of the largest islands in the world, being about 960 miles long by 300 wide, with a superficial area somewhat larger than France. It consists physically of three zones—first, a low-lying flat tract of coast-land, where the tidal-mud and river-swamps breed fever and other deadly ailments; next a region of forest-land, of grassy plains and of mountain slopes, rich in food-producing trees, and trees valuable as timber; and last, a mountainous plateau from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level, upon which rise mountains to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet higher. The principal seaport on the east coast is Tamatave, about 250 miles from Antananarivo, or “The City of a Thousand Towns,” the capital, which is situate on a hill rising nearly 1,000 feet above the great central plateau.

Little is known of the early history of Madagascar, but it would appear that Fernando Suarez landed there in 1506, and founded some trading stations for Portuguese enterprise; France attempted to take possession of the island in 1643, and on many other subsequent occasions; and the English and Dutch sought to found colonies there, but most of these attempts ended in failure.

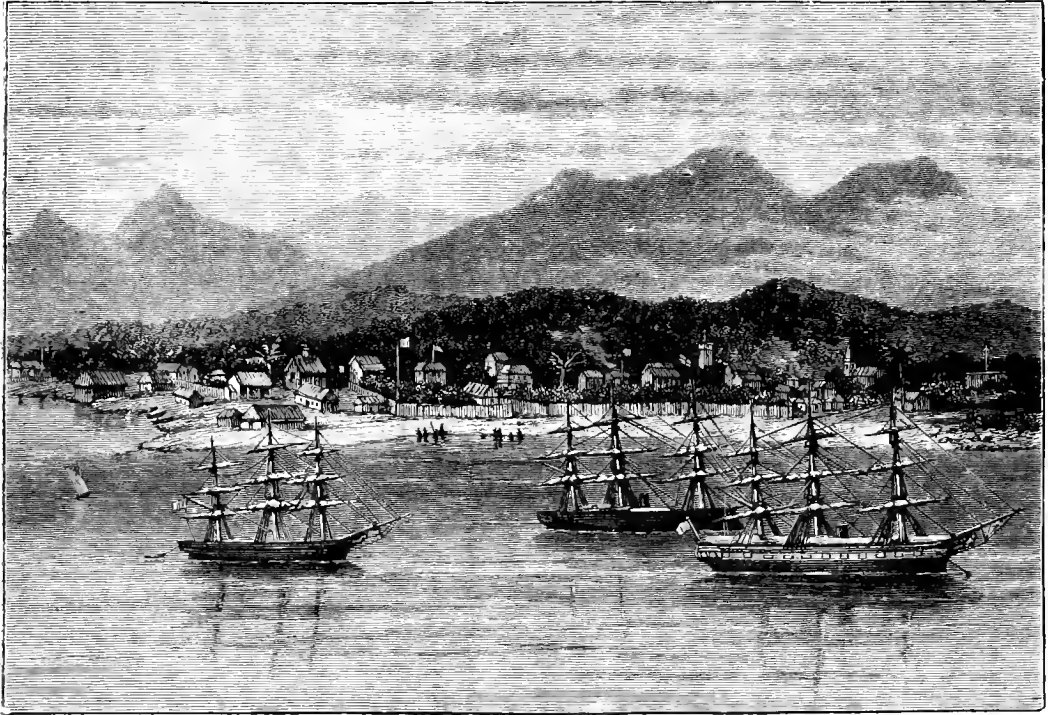
The Malagasy were not an utterly barbarous people. Those inhabiting the central and some of the coast provinces had a civilisation of their own, differing widely from ours, ages before they came in contact with Europeans. They had, for example, established forms of government, gradations of rank, and laws affording considerable protection to life and property.

The people differ considerably in colour, the tribes inhabiting the sea-coast being much darker than those occupying the high lands. They may all, however, be classed amongst the yellow-skinned races. They are a well-built people, of middle height, with features regular and fairly good, the nose aquiline and prominent, forehead broad, mouth large, and lips thick. In the central provinces there are, irrespective of slaves, two classes, the Hovas, or governing class, and the Andrians, or members of the royal family. The latter are numerous, and are divided into seven classes, according to the nearness of their connection with the reigning sovereign. They are not permitted to intermarry with the Hovas.

Throughout the whole island only one language is spoken. There are, of course, many dialects, but not so many as might have been supposed considering how large

the island is, and how difficult intercommunication has always been. Any one knowing the Hova dialect would have no great trouble in making himself understood among every other tribe in the island. The language is closely allied to the Malay or Malayo-Polynesian, many words in the Malagasy being identical with those in the Malay.

The Malagasy were not without a knowledge of the true God—faint though that knowledge may have been. It was probably brought with them when they came to the island, and became more and more shadowy, and with less and less power



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to stir the life of the people. In some of their proverbs and traditional sayings it would almost appear that they had a conception of God's power, omniscience, and justice; of His sovereignty, and of His dispensing final rewards and punishments. This is a matter open to question, however, while as a matter of fact, when the first missionaries went among them they found the place "a habitation of cruelty," and the people given up to every form of licentiousness; the whole land was full of idols, and their religion appeared to chiefly consist in a slavish belief in witchcraft, luck, and divination. Their superstitions were at once dark, degrading, and cruel. Thousands of children born during an "unlucky" period were exposed and perished; while it was calculated that every year thousands of persons died by the tangena, a trial by ordeal, poison being given to ascertain whether or not a suspected person had been guilty of witchcraft.

They had no written language, which fact in itself is a good criterion as to the

state of their civilisation, and although they were not entirely ignorant of the arts and sciences, such as working in iron, weaving, carpentry, and so forth, they had not made much progress in these things.

Such were the people sixty years ago, and now we have to tell one of the strangest stories ever told in the history of the progress of Christianity, and to see how the gross darkness which overhung the people vanished before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

Towards the close of the last century the newly founded London Missionary Society turned its attention towards Madagascar, and Dr. Vanderkemp, whose labours in South Africa we have described elsewhere, was invited to undertake the proposed mission. After some years delay, arrangements were fully made, and he was about to start from the Cape in 1811, when his sudden death put an end for a time to the enterprise.

Meanwhile there had come into power as ruler of the Hovas a young prince, Radama I., the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar. He was shrewd, clever, and far-seeing, a man in advance of his time, and withal fired with an intense ambition to encourage civilisation and to extend the political power of the Hovas over the whole island, and himself to be King of Madagascar. To this young prince there came in 1816 an embassy from England bearing proffers of friendship. The envoy was joyfully welcomed, and Radama ratified his treaty of amnesty and good-will with the English by the solemn and binding oath of blood. "England was the first to hold out the hand of friendship to Madagascar," is a saying of the natives; and the fruit of that friendship was soon seen, as in the following year a treaty was signed for the abolition of the slave trade.

A year later, and there arrived at the port of Tamatave two Welshmen appointed by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to establish a mission in Madagascar. These were David Jones and Samuel Bevan, with their wives and children. They met with a very favourable reception, but unhappily they arrived at the most unhealthy season of the year, and hardly had they settled down than the infant daughter of Mr. Jones died, and within a fortnight his wife followed her. A little later the child of Mr. Bevan died; then he sickened under the terrible malaria that spread over the shore, and eleven days later was carried to the grave, where, in four days after, his wife was laid by his side. Thus, in seven weeks, out of six persons who had landed in health and vigour, only one—Mr. Jones—was left. With wonderful heroism he determined to stand by his post, but the state of his health made it necessary that he should for a short time retire to the Mauritius for recovery.

In the following year he returned, and proceeded at once to Antananarivo, the capital, where he was kindly received by Radama, who was by this time virtually, if not actually, King of Madagascar.

Radama was a remarkable man. Tenacious of the manners and customs of his people, he was yet so keenly alive to the advantages of civilisation, that in order to secure these he was willing to countenance the introduction of Christianity. He believed

in himself, more than he believed in the faith of his fathers, or in the new faith as he had learned it from the Europeans. Mr. Ellis* narrates several instances which illustrate this characteristic. On one occasion the king visited a cavern to salute a renowned idol, who was believed to have the power of imparting the knowledge of divination. In the part where the altar was fixed there was a curious reverberatory echo, in which probably originated the belief of audible answers being given to those who visited the cavern and saluted the idol. Radama entered, saluted the idol, and was answered in a low solemn voice. He then offered his present of money, and a mystic hand moved slowly forward to seize it. Radama had too much good common sense to believe in spiritualism, and seizing the hand he cried out, "This is no god. This is a man!" and gave instant orders for the impostor to be dragged out.

In like manner he refused to be brought under the influence of the diviners—that is, if they opposed his will. Once, when returning with his army from a campaign, he learned, on approaching the capital, that the diviners had declared he must halt outside for a number of days. Radama had no intention of submitting to their will and pleasure, and despite their covert threatenings, marched straight to the palace. "This public act," says Mr. Ellis, "on a great occasion, was but one of many in which Radama had shown, that however frequently he might, for state purposes, follow the pretended directions of the idols, he was at least sceptical as to their existence or power; and his conduct could not fail to affect very powerfully the minds of his more intimate companions, as well as many others."

There was an opposite side to the character of Radama. He was dangerous when his will was thwarted, or when his temper was provoked, and at such times—happily they were rare—he felt no obligation to respect human life. One day, for example, a slave attending at table had the misfortune to break a dish. The king ordered an officer near him to take the man away and see that he never committed the offence again. The officer called the man out, returned soon afterwards, and, in answer to the king's inquiry, reported that the man was dead.

The friendly reception of Mr. Jones by the king was partly owing to the recommendation of Sir Robert Farquhar, Governor of the Mauritius, and also to the fact that he was personally introduced by the British agent, Mr. James Hastie, who had been sent to renew the negotiations, which had been temporarily broken off, for the abolition of the slave trade in Madagascar. To this important measure the king acceded, making as one of the conditions that ten Malagasy boys should be sent to the Mauritius, and ten to England, to be educated and instructed in the useful arts—a distinction which the people were extremely anxious to obtain for their sons.

The two sides of Radama's character came into prominence in the selection of candidates. One chief was so eager for his son to go, that he offered to give three hundred dollars for the privilege. On the king hearing of this offer, he sent for the

* To the works of Mr. Ellis—"The Martyr Church," "Three Visits to Madagascar," "Madagascar Revisited," &c.—we are largely indebted for the information contained in these chapters.

chief, and finding that he was in earnest, said: "Your son shall go free. I will pay his expenses."

One of the youths selected, afraid of the sea or fond of his home, declared that he was sick and unable to go, notwithstanding the fact that he was perfectly well the day before. On hearing of this, Radama ordered the youth to receive fifty lashes, and to be hung by the thumbs on a high pole in sight of all the people. Both these instances reveal, in part, the secret of the great influence of the king over the people.

Radama not only gave Mr. Jones every encouragement to settle in the country, but having made himself acquainted with the work of the London Missionary Society in the South Seas, he arranged that the ten youths sent to England should be placed under the care of that Society—the English Government defraying the cost of their education—and caused a letter to be sent to the Society requesting them to send out more missionaries, provided there was among them a proportion of artisans to instruct the people in the arts of civilisation.

Meanwhile Mr. Jones was comfortably settled in one of the royal houses in the capital, with servants to attend upon him, and here he commenced his labours as a public teacher in a school with three scholars, one of whom was heir-apparent to the throne, the other two being children of distinguished chiefs. In a very short time the numbers increased so much that a new school-house was necessary, and the king testified to the good services of the missionary by laying the foundation-stone, and sprinkling it with sacred water.

After he had been nearly a year at the capital, Mr. Jones was greatly delighted to welcome his fellow-countryman, David Griffiths, and those two devoted men were the pioneers of Christian missions in Central Madagascar. They were afterwards joined by others, among them David Johns, who rendered conspicuous service, and the Rev. John Jeffreys, who, with four skilled artisans, had been sent out in compliance with the king's request. Radama gave them a hearty reception, and directed that a piece of land should be set apart for the artisans, on which they might erect houses and workshops, and that each of them should have two apprentices, and a boy as a servant.

Never was a mission commenced under more auspicious circumstances. Everything gave promise of success. School after school was opened, "technical" schools for learning trades, schools for ordinary education, schools conducted by the missionaries' wives for teaching women needlework, and the making of articles for their own clothing. Education became a passion. After two years' tuition some of the children could read the New Testament in English; the king studied English under Mr. Hastie, and French under M. Robin, the king's secretary, who also opened a school for officers of the army and their wives, who attended to the number of about three hundred. Meanwhile Messrs. Jones and Griffiths were hard at work in reducing the Malagasy language, which hitherto had no written alphabet, grammar, or vocabulary, to writing; their efforts being principally directed to a translation of the Bible into the Malagasy tongue, a stupendous work which they lived to successfully accomplish.

The eager desire for education was not confined to the capital. It spread to the villages for many miles round, where schools were established, and placed under the charge of teachers selected from among the more intelligent youths who had distinguished themselves in the schools of the capital.

Although attention to education and the arts of civilisation demanded an amazing amount of time and labour from the devoted band of missionaries, they never for a moment lost sight of the higher aims of their mission. Public worship



STREET IN TAMATAVE.

in the native language was held in the large school building in the capital every Sunday, where, from the first, the attendance was over a thousand persons. Messrs. Jones and Griffiths also visited the villages, where schools were established, for the purpose of preaching to and catechising the people. Moreover, the school routine was the great vehicle of religious instruction. At least two thousand quick, intelligent children were under tuition, and the wonderful revelations of the Bible, more especially the teaching of the New Testament respecting the only Saviour of men, laid hold upon their imaginations.

In 1827 the printing press was introduced into Madagascar, greatly to the satisfaction of the king, and in the course of a few years there issued from it school-books, catechisms, and tracts; the Old and New Testament translated into the Malagasy language by Messrs. Jones and Griffiths, a dictionary and grammar of the Malagasy language, and other works.

Without pausing to trace the progress of civilisation step by step, it may be stated here that at the end of the first ten years of the Christian mission in Madagascar the results were in every respect satisfactory. It is true that there had been no avowal of Christianity—not a soul had come forward to express a desire to be baptised in confession of Christ; even the king, who had done so much to foster Christianity, had not himself become a Christian. But the seed had been sown broadcast among the young; the simple truths of the Gospel had been set before them in great faithfulness: everywhere there was a turning away from idolatry and the monstrous superstitions in which they had hitherto believed, and, as we shall see by-and-by, when the testing time came it was found that the missionaries had not laboured in vain. In 1828 the public examination of the schools was most gratifying. "The one small school in the missionary's room, commenced in the end of 1820 with three scholars, had, in less than eight years, increased to thirty-two, in which four thousand youths and children were receiving Christian instruction."

In that same year an event happened of enormous importance to the mission. Radama, whose constitution had been injured by over-fatigue, exposure, and repeated attacks of fever, fell seriously ill, and died on the 27th of June, at the early age of thirty-six years.

Radama, not having a son living, nominated his nephew, Prince Rakotobe (the first scholar sent to the first school in 1820) to be his successor. One of Radama's wives named Ranavalona, had, however, determined to secure the throne for herself, and at her instigation the young Prince Rakotobe was seized at night, hurried away to a distance, where, "by the side of a newly-made grave, after granting his request for a few minutes to commend his spirit to God in prayer, they thrust their spears through his body, covered up his corpse in the grave, and returned to the capital." On the 3rd of August following, an immense concourse of people assembled in the capital to hear the official announcement that Ranavalona was the successor to Radama, and that all were required to take the oath of allegiance to her. Having, prior to her accession, cut off the members of the royal family whose claims were superior to her own, almost her first act as queen was to make away with those who had been her agents in that murderous business, lest they should claim more substantial proofs of gratitude than she was disposed to confer upon them, for having been the means of elevating her to the throne. Nor could she feel secure while a single member of the family of the late king remained alive. Radama's eldest sister and her husband were barbarously murdered; his mother was banished and died of starvation in prison; his brothers and uncle were also starved to death, suffering such agonies that they implored their guards to put them speedily out of their misery: his early companions, trusted generals, and faithful governors of provinces were shot.

No wonder that the minds of the people were filled with dismay when this bloody woman, in whom every evil seemed to concentrate, came into power, or that the hearts of the missionaries sank within them as they foresaw the probable cessation of the work that had been carried on so successfully under Radama. It does not, however, appear that the queen had any special hatred of Christianity or of

Christians; on the contrary, almost immediately after her accession she assured the missionaries that they need be under no apprehension, that she would countenance them not less than the late king, and would rather augment than diminish the encouragement given to the schools. For some time she was as good as her word. She repeatedly gave directions for the maintenance of the schools and for promoting their efficiency: she gave permission for the opening of new places of worship, and she also granted liberty to such of the natives as wished to receive baptism, and twenty-eight of the first converts to Christ thus publicly renounced paganism. At one time it seemed that, after all, the reign of the queen, although it had begun in blood, might continue and end in peace, and the revival of interest in the Sunday services at the large chapel in Antananarivo, where the attendance was larger than at any former period, appeared to warrant the conclusion. One of the missionaries wrote at this time:—"It is truly delightful to see the present attendance at the chapel. The hour of the solemn assembly never arrives without exhibiting the pleasing spectacle of many already met together, awaiting with apparent desire the commencement of the service. The number of adults is so considerable as to render the children almost invisible; and these adults consist principally, not of occasional hearers who step in when passing by, but of regular attendants, who manifest a desire to become acquainted with the Gospel, and to become the followers of Christ. The chapel is not only crowded within, but numbers usually stand around several of the windows to some distance outside. The attention of the people is equally pleasing; all are silent and reverent, apparently intent upon listening to what is said, and sometimes a degree of emotion is manifested under the preaching of the Word quite unparalleled here in former times."

But notwithstanding the apparent friendliness of the queen to the work of the missionaries, they "rejoiced with trembling." And they had cause. It soon became clear that she was greatly under the influence of the priesthood, who were persuading her that the followers of Jesus were politically dangerous; that the object of the missionaries was to alienate her people's affections from her and her rule, and to transfer their allegiance to the English. It was said that she sent spies into a meeting of Christians, who reported that they invoked one Jehovah and one Jesus to confer favours upon them: and that this Jehovah was the King of England, and Jesus was his son, or the general of his armies; and that an insurrection was meditated in which those potentates were to come to the aid of her discontented subjects, and assist them in dethroning her.

Be this as it may, it is certain that on her coronation day, in the presence of thousands of people, she stood upon a sacred stone, and taking two idols in her hand, exclaimed, "I have received you from my ancestors, I put my trust in you; therefore support me." The season of calm was but a prelude to the storm. It was not long before the policy of the queen became unmistakable. Little by little, attempts were made to destroy or nullify all the efforts of the missionaries; the schools were encouraged only because they served to supply better qualified officers for the army; masters were forbidden to allow their slaves to read; permission to baptise natives, and to observe the

Lord's Supper, was withdrawn; under the public and express sanction of the Government many of the idolatrous practices and superstitions of the country revived.

At last, in March, 1835, an edict was issued requiring the people from the surrounding country, even to a child of a cubit high, to assemble at the capital on a certain Sunday. Early in the morning of that day the booming of cannon and the tramp of 15,000 troops, announced that the time had come when the will and power of the sovereign of Madagascar to punish the followers of Christ, and to stop the spread of the new religion, had to be announced.

The following was a portion of the message of the queen delivered to the anxious multitude by the chief judge:—

“As to baptism, societies, places of worship distinct from the schools, and the observances of the Sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanyaka; for they are not the customs of our ancestors, and I do not change their customs, excepting as to those things alone which improve my country.

“Now then, those of you who have observed baptism, entered into society, and formed separate houses for prayer, I grant you one month to confess having done these things, and if you come not within that period, but wait to be first found out and accused by others, I denounce death against you, for I am not a sovereign that deceives.”

Eventually the period for confession, which would remit half the punishment that would otherwise be imposed, was limited to one week—a week of intense anxiety, for in every family in and around the capital some of its members were involved in the accusations. It was a searching and a sifting time in the experience of thousands. Some who had once consorted with the Christians now withdrew, and joined the heathen party, plunging headlong into their old heathenism. But the great body of the disciples held together with wonderful tenacity, and despite the fact that prayer to any other than the gods of the country was prohibited, they gave themselves to prayer and supplication to the God of gods and the King of kings as they had never done before.

At last the fatal day arrived, but the sword which had been so cruelly brandished was again sheathed. The people of the provinces had been so moved by the sternness and injustice of the queen's decree that they had interceded in a body for the Christians, with the result that a message was sent from the queen duly setting forth the offences of the Christians and the punishment due to them, but concluding, “Now for all this evil which you have done in my country I would so have dealt with you that you should never again have had power to do good or evil, had not the cries and entreaties of Imerina (*i.e.*, the people of the provinces) prevented me.” The message, however, closed with these words: “If any change the national worship I will punish him with death, saith Ranavalona.” No one was put to death or sold into slavery, but 400 officers were reduced in rank and 2,000 others were fined.

Then a series of persecutions set in almost unparalleled in history. Every

person who had received books was ordered to deliver them up; prayer or Christian instruction was prohibited on pain of death; no missionary dared preach in his own house, still less in a chapel; no inquirers could visit him, nor could he visit any of his flock; Sunday was desecrated by compulsory work and public amusements. In this state of things the missionaries had no alternative but to obey the order of the queen, and retire for a time, in the hope that God would some



HOVA WOMEN.

day open for them a door large and effectual. Accordingly four of them left the capital in June, 1835, and the other two, Messrs. Johns and Baker, in July, 1836.

In the interval between these two dates there happened one of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of missions. Persecution, instead of damping the ardour of the native Christians, kindled it into a burning enthusiasm. The number of converts increased daily; they hungered and thirsted for the Word of God and for prayer; some of them walked sixty or a hundred miles to procure a copy of even some portion of the Scriptures. Some resorted to strategy, by passing a scripture watchword to find out those who were like-minded, with whom they might converse on holy things. No one was in ignorance of the risk involved in these proceedings—the penalty of death hung over every one of them; but they had counted the cost, and were prepared to dare all and bear all that the profession of the faith

could bring upon them. They were at first accustomed to meet secretly in their own houses, but, as the Government spies were abroad, they found it safer to meet on the tops of hills, where they could sing the praises of God without being overheard by their enemies, and whence their sentinels could descry the approach of their persecutors and give the alarm, so that the meetings might be broken up and the worshippers dispersed before the arrival of their enemies; a state of things in some respects not unlike the doings of the Scottish Covenanters, who, in the like manner, sought security from their persecutors in the remote glens and by the dashing waterfalls, and worshipped the God of their fathers in defiance of "a bigot's and a tyrant's bloody laws."

But it was impossible that the Christians could long escape the fury of the cruel queen, who, with all the force of her strong will, had set herself to destroy the new religion. "It was cloth," she said, "of a pattern she disliked, and she was determined that none of her people should use it." Many were the victims of her fury.

The first to suffer was Rasatama, a young woman who was persuaded by the Government officials that the names of the whole body of Christians were known, and thus she unwittingly revealed those of seven who were her friends and companions. This preyed upon her mind, and, feeling that she herself was doomed, made her the more bold in exhorting others. For herself she had no fear, and when the officer representing the power of the queen arrested her, she said, "I am not afraid, rather I rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus. I have hope of the life in heaven." She was put in heavy irons and severely beaten, but in her prison cell she sang praises to God. Before the last trial came, all excitement had passed away, and she calmly and resolutely faced death without either courting, or seeking by retraction to avert her fate. From the afternoon of one day till the morning of the next she was kept in irons of a peculiar construction, consisting of rings fastened round the wrists, ankles, knees, and neck, and so connected with chains as to force the body into a position excruciatingly painful. "Being led to the place of execution next morning, she expressed her joy that she had received the knowledge of the truth, and continued singing hymns on the way. Passing by Mr. Griffith's chapel, where she had been baptised, she exclaimed, 'There I heard the words of the Saviour!' On reaching the fatal spot she requested permission to kneel down and pray. Her request was granted. She calmly knelt down, committed her spirit into the hands of the Redeemer, and in that attitude was speared to death; the executioners, three in number, standing behind and by the side of her, and striking her through the ribs and heart. Her body was left to be devoured by the wild dogs that frequent all places in Madagascar where criminals suffer."*

Thus died at Ambohipôtsy, on the 14th of August, 1837, the proto-martyr of Madagascar—the first of a long and honoured line of Christian confessors.

So far as is known, only one of the Christian community was present when Rasatama sealed her testimony with her blood—a young man of about two-and-twenty,

* "A Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar," &c. By J. J. Freeman and D. Johns, formerly missionaries in the Island. London, 1840.

named Rafaralahy. He had been under the influence of the Gospel for some years, but had only made profession of Christianity since the publication of the royal edict. He was of high family, and was noted for the abundance of his good works, especially his liberality. He was wont to gather a band of Christians in his house for worship; and the knowledge of this chanced to come to a man who had once professed Christianity, but, when the persecutions began, had apostatised, and thenceforth had become one of the most virulent of the enemies of the Gospel.

When Rafaralahy was seized he was immediately put into irons, and every cruelty was exercised in order to extort from him the names of his companions. But he remained inflexible, saying: "Here am I, let the queen do what she pleases with me; I have done it, but I will never accuse my friends." After three days of torture, during which time all attempts to cause him to recant or to betray his companions were utterly fruitless, he was led to the place of execution, where, after offering a prayer for his persecuted brethren, he commended his soul to the Saviour and was spared to death.

The story of the persecution of a Christian woman named Rafaravavy, which occurred about this time, is one which has been told many times as a typical instance of Malagasy heroism, but will bear repetition here.

Rafaravavy was once as conspicuous for her support of idolatry, as she had since become in the service of Christ. Contrary to the law of the land, she was accused by her own slaves of reading the Bible, and of assembling some of her companions for private prayer. In answer to the judge, she acknowledged herself to be a Christian, but refused to divulge the names of her companions. This was reported to the queen, who in great wrath exclaimed: "Is it possible that anyone is so daring as to defy me? And that one a woman too! Go and put her to death at once." But Rafaravavy was a member of a family of rank and position, and her father had rendered such important services to the State, that the advisers of the Crown urged the queen to inflict a lighter penalty. This was accordingly done: she was fined to the half of her property, and then to avoid interruption and danger she removed to a distance from the town. There her house again became a Christian sanctuary, little companies of believers from outlying parts, many of them coming a distance of twenty miles for the purpose, forming the assembly.

But no long time elapsed before information was again laid against her, and an order was given to the people in the market to seize her property. The rush of the rabble into her dwelling, seizing everything it contained and destroying the very fabric of the building, was the first intimation she received of danger. Presently she was arrested and led away by four of the royal guards towards Ambohipôtsy, where criminals were usually put to death, and concluding that orders had been given for her execution, she breathed the prayer of the first martyr, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But the end was not yet; she was led to a house by the way, was bound hand and foot by chains, and informed that before the day dawn she was by the queen's command to be executed. During the night a fearful fire raged in the capital and wrought tremendous havoc. The superstitious fears of the queen were aroused; she did not like the tones of those about her who whispered of the calamity as a Divine judgment.

An order was therefore issued to "discontinue Government service," and in the universal confusion the sentence on Rafaravavy was forgotten or neglected.

After five months of imprisonment in irons, which she passed amid great spiritual joy, the queen ordered her to be sold in the public market place. A distant relative became her proprietor, and treated her with the greatest liberality, allowing her the exercise of her liberty as much as possible consistent with certain prescribed work. During this period she had the happiness of spending much time with her husband,



DEATH OF RASATAMA.

a colonel in the army, who having heard of her enslavement, obtained leave for a few months to come to the capital.

Rafaravavy was not content to enjoy immunity from the sufferings of her fellow-Christians, and once more she ventured to attend with them a place where prayer was wont to be made. This meeting was discovered, and its little band perfidiously betrayed by one who had professed Christianity and had established himself in their confidence. Death seemed inevitable to all who had formerly been convicted, and of these there were several. Flight was now their only hope of safety, but whither could they go? Some found a temporary refuge in the forest, and food was brought to them secretly by Christians from the city. Others seared themselves in pits and caves to evade the vigilance of the soldiers who explored the entire country in search of them.

Rafaravavy and a friend, under cover of the darkness, left the city at midnight, and travelled towards the west, until on the evening of the following day they reached Itanimanina, forty miles distant. A warrant was issued for the execution of Rafaravavy, who for several weeks found shelter in the house of a Christian friend by night, and by day concealed herself in the hollow of an adjacent mountain.

“Venturing to return one evening before dusk she was discovered, and her hiding-place reported to the chief Minister at the capital, who sent eight soldiers to apprehend her. So unconscious was their victim, that two of the soldiers were within a minute or two of entering the house before its inmates had the slightest intimation of their approach, and Rafaravavy had only time to conceal herself behind a mat before they entered, stated their business, and inquired where she was. Every syllable they uttered she heard, and trembled lest her loud breathing should betray her. After a lengthened conversation the owner of the house went out, and the men, supposing he had gone to inform Rafaravavy, followed him, and thus allowed time for their victim to escape by another way.”

It was a perilous thing to offer hospitality to a Christian fugitive in those days, as the protectors of Rafaravavy soon found, for not long after the soldiers arrived in the district their house became unsafe, and they, with her, were homeless wanderers. The perils through which they passed during the weary and anxious weeks they were hiding for their lives were constant and severe, while their privations and sufferings were quite as greatly distressing. Sometimes they found that the soldiers had gone before them, leaving orders with the head men of the village to apprehend any woman not belonging to that part of the country who might come amongst them. At other times the soldiers would be following along the same road, or a number would come upon them suddenly, causing some to run into the bush, and those unable to fly to seek concealment by plunging into some bog which might be near, in which they sometimes sunk so deep as to be unable to extricate themselves without help. Sometimes the soldiers would halt for the night in a village beyond which, in order to avoid suspicion, the Christians did not proceed until the early morning, or, as they expressed it, before the light enabled them to “see the colour of the cattle.” At one time Rafaravavy was concealed in an empty room with an unfastened door, before which, while the soldiers who searched the house were standing, the master of the house, a friend of the Christians, succeeded in diverting their attention for a few moments in another direction, while she made her escape.

At times they were drenched by the falling sheets of tropical rain on the barren mountains over which they travelled; sometimes they slept among the large stones and boulders by the sides of the rivers, or lay concealed among the tall grass on the flat top of some ancient sepulchre. As they frequently travelled by night they met with brigands and robbers, and, on one occasion, discovered that they had taken shelter in one of their caverns. Their preservation amidst dangers so imminent during the three months in which they were wanderers in the country west of Antananarivo, impressed them deeply with a sense of the ceaseless protection of their Heavenly Father, and inspired them with hope of ultimate deliverance.

Nor were they less impressed with the reality of Christian sympathy and fellowship.

Many a time whole households hazarded their lives to give them shelter and protection. On one occasion, arriving in a village where the soldiers on their track had already taken up their quarters, they were concealed by a faithful woman in a pit beside her house, the mouth of which was covered by thorn bushes, and here they remained a night and a day.

At last there came a gleam of hope. One day, while they were sharing the hospitality and protection of a Christian family, they heard that Mr. Johns, the missionary, was at Tamatave, and, finding means to communicate with him, they acted upon his advice, and made their way towards the port. It was in some respects the most dangerous journey in all their wanderings. For four days they did not venture to enter into any house, and for three days they were entirely without food of any kind, but at last they approached the port, and while hiding in the jungle managed to send a note to a friend, who replied that he would come for them in a canoe after dusk.

The sun had not set when they proceeded to the appointed rendezvous. Shortly afterwards their friend came and conveyed them in his canoe safely to their dwelling. They breathed more freely when they found themselves within protecting walls and beneath a sheltering roof, but felt scarcely assured of the reality of their position and treatment, so different from that which had marked every waking hour of the time since they had parted from their friends at the capital. The friend whom God had raised up for their protection was a military officer as well as a local judge, secretly also a believer in Christ, and he incurred equal risk with the fugitives in rendering to them help and shelter. He received them with sincere kindness, set food before them, and they united together in reading God's Word, and in rendering praise to their Divine Protector. A ship was soon expected, and although he could not be much with them himself, he promised that his nephew, who in the meantime would attend to their wants, should see them safe on board.

At last the ship arrived, and the fugitives received a confidential message from their friend bidding them to cut their hair short and follow the guide he had sent.

"The darkness of night was descending when they left the house and proceeded to the jungle near the sea, where their guide left them with anxiously palpitating hearts, while he informed those who were to take them to the ship. Friends soon came with a suit of sailor's clothes for each, which they put on in the bush, while another friend went to the landing-place to divert the attention of the guards.

"The moment had now arrived when life or death seemed to depend upon the slightest movement. Noiselessly, and with almost suppressed breath, they proceeded to the water's edge, entered the boat, pushed off from the shore, passed over the rippling waters of the bay and reached the ship! As soon as the last of the Christians was safely on the deck, the captain, rubbing his hands, addressed to them the welcome and assuring words of their own language: 'Efa Kabary' (finished is the business, or accomplished is the object). The Christians, as soon as they could realise their actual safety, and could command their feelings, asked permission to offer a song of praise to God for their deliverance, which, being granted, the sailors and the captain listened with evident pleasure, while standing together on the deck, as the Christians thus gave

expression to their devout and grateful feelings. The cool, fresh breeze from the land in the early morning wafted the ship out of harbour, and they reached Mauritius in safety on the 14th October, 1838."

For several years the persecution continued, rendering it unsafe for the fugitives to return to Madagascar. Great was their sorrow when in 1842 their faithful friend, and the friend of every native Christian in Madagascar, the indefatigable missionary, Mr. Johns, died from fatigue and anxiety.

And truly those were years of anxiety for everyone deeply interested in the progress of the Gospel in Madagascar. There were times when the rigour of the persecution appeared to relax, but this would be followed by a period of relentless fury. One of the most terrible of the punishments inflicted upon the Christians was the *tangena*, or trial by ordeal, and this not so much on its own account, as on account of the treachery exercised in its administration. The ordeal consisted in swallowing poison, and subsequently drinking plentifully of hot water. This acted as an emetic, and if it was effectual in nullifying the effect of the poison the person was declared innocent; if he died, he was considered to have been guilty. Generally the one or other of these results would occur, according as the emetic was given, that is to say, whether immediately after the administration of the poison, or whether it was delayed; and as it was supplied by the judges, who were leaders of the heathen party, it was virtually at their option, by giving it at once or withholding it for a time, to find the suspected person innocent or guilty. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that five out of every six Christians who submitted to the ordeal should have perished under it.

There was revolting barbarity in many of the punishments inflicted on the Christians. One woman having been discovered with a Bible in her possession, was beaten by six men to force her to reveal the names of her companions. Failing in their object, she was condemned to public flogging, and bore the painful laceration till, from loss of blood, she swooned at the feet of her torturers.

For those who managed to make their escape, the queen issued orders that soldiers should search for them, bind hand and foot any whom they might find, dig a pit on the spot, hurl them into it head foremost, and pour boiling water on them till they ceased to live!

When the trials of the Christians were multiplying on every hand, a source of consolation arose in an extraordinary manner, and from an extraordinary quarter. The Queen Ranavalona had a son, an only son, and heir to her throne. When he was sixteen years of age he came in contact with a youth, the nephew of an officer who often had business in the palace. This youth told the young prince about the faith of the Christians, and of their meetings, and invited him to attend one of them. This he did, and was so much impressed, that, having a palace of his own, he arranged for Christian teachers to meet him every evening for prayer and study of the Scriptures. New hope was now inspired in the breasts of the persecuted Christians, and not without good reason, for their sufferings had deeply touched him. Not only was he moved to compassion, but he was roused to action, and when the names of one

hundred persons who had disobeyed the laws were handed in by the officers, he pleaded with his mother so effectually that, although some were punished, none were put to death.

Two years passed away—years of comparative rest and calm, greatly owing to the influence of the young prince. But, in 1849, there burst forth the greatest storm of persecution hitherto known. The queen had, in her own mind, finally determined that no religion other than that of her ancestors should exist in Madagascar. Again the Christians were ordered to accuse themselves within a certain date at appointed places in each district, and to take the oath which recognised the idols, and implored the prescribed curses on themselves.

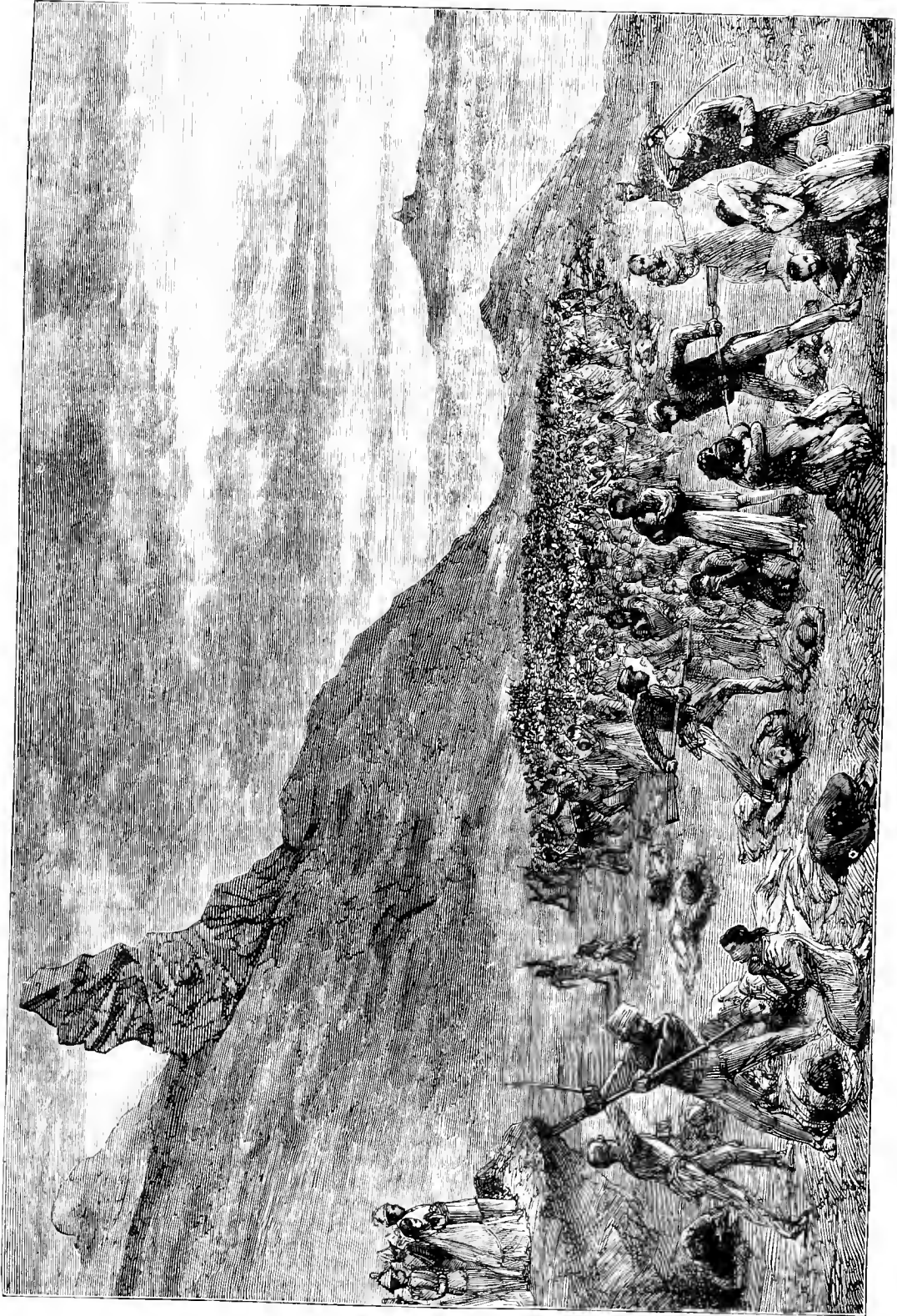
Multitudes were haled before the judges, and what followed must be told in the words of Mr. Ellis:—

“The trials were now ended, and the multitude separated until the morrow, when sentence was to be pronounced. The captives in chains spent this, their last night on earth, in their respective prisons, guarded by the soldiers, their keepers. . . . Their brethren in Christ, whose limbs were still unbound, met together an hour after midnight to pray. The firing of cannon at break of day agitated the hearts of thousands, and while the firing of guns continued at intervals through the morning, the multitudes gathered at Analakely. The preachers, teachers, readers of the Scriptures, and worshippers of God were conducted to the plain, and each class of offenders was placed by themselves.

“But the sight which most deeply penetrated many hearts, and stirred their inmost feelings, was that of the true, steadfast confessors who had refused to bow down and worship the idols of Ranavalomanyaka. . . . Each Christian man and woman was fastened with cords to two poles, their bodies wrapped in torn and soiled pieces of matting, in token of their degradation, their mouths filled with rag to prevent them speaking of the Saviour; yet these eighteen, the noble, the civilian, the slave—all equal now, children of God, going to glory, formed, as they were borne along, . . . the grandest procession which the sun of Madagascar had ever shone upon.

“On reaching the appointed spot these Christians were placed on the ground, the soldiers encircling them with their spears fixed in the earth. And then, accompanied by their escort, and marching to the sound of military music, with all the solemn pomp belonging to their rank and duties, the officers and judges, with their attendants, arrived, and delivered the message of the queen.”

The sentences were then officially announced. “The four nobles, two of whom were husband and wife, were sentenced to be burnt alive at Faravohitra, the last village on the northern end of the mountain on which the city is built. The fourteen others of inferior rank were sentenced to be hurled from the edge of Ampamarinana, a rock to the west of the palace, and their wives and children to be sold into irredeemable slavery. The remaining sentences included labour in chains for life, inflicted on one hundred and seventeen persons, with public flogging on one hundred and five of their number. Fines, equivalent to one-half of their value if sold into slavery, were imposed on sixty-four. A fine of three oxen and three



THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.

dollars was inflicted on 1,643 persons for attending Christian worship. Prince Ramonja, holding high rank in the army, was, for the same offence, fined one hundred dollars and reduced to the rank of a common soldier. One of the officers of the palace was deprived of his rank and fined fifty dollars (as were also all other officers in the army, or in the civil service of Government) and reduced to the lowest grade. The total number of those on whom one or other of the sentences was pronounced on this occasion amounted, at the least computation, to 1,903, but by some accounts it is nearer 3,000."

All the sentences were carried out to the letter. The four who were burnt were of noble blood, which, according to the law of the country, it was unlawful to shed. One of the ladies gave birth to a child after she had been actually fastened upon the pile. Yet, while the flames were rising they sang praises to the Lord, and as they sang a deluge of rain fell and extinguished the fire, which had to be re-kindled. Then, "a large and superb rainbow, the sign of God's promise and faithfulness, was stretched across the heavens," and many of the superstitious spectators fled in terror, while the martyrs uttered the words of the Man of Sorrows, "Lay not this sin to their charge."

Perhaps a digression may be pardoned in this place. It is unhappily the fashion nowadays for professedly Christian men to speak in a loose and flippant way of the decadence of vital Christianity. Even ministers of the Gospel are apt to point to the Acts of the Apostles, as if it closed the history of God's heroes. But the Christianity of to-day has a greater vitality than it ever had, and the noble confession of St. Stephen, the martyr, was not one whit more heroic than the confession of these yellow-skinned martyrs of Madagascar, who not only "hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus," but endured unspeakable torture, imprisonment, starvation, and the cruellest forms of death for the sake of Him who was made perfect through sufferings. If anyone doubts whether the Gospel has still its old power, let him read with an impartial mind any of the many volumes giving a faithful history of these times, and we think he cannot fail to alter his views.

And, in passing, a hint may be given here to home ministers of the Gospel. What is wanted in the pulpits of our day is not so much the enforcement of what God did in the past, as what He is doing in the present. For one sermon preached on the heroism, the self-denial, the confession of God's heroes of to-day, there are ten thousand preached on the heroes of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; and yet the faith that inspired those of old times to "quench the mouths of lions, and to stop the violence of the sword," is the same faith that has achieved the modern Conquests of the Cross of which we write. If ministers of religion would aid the cause of missions as they should, they would not ignore the devoted lives of the missionaries, or content themselves by dragging in some set phrase at the end of a prayer for "light to shine on the dark places of the earth," or relegate to an annual "missionary sermon," followed by a collection, all that they have to say on God's great message to the nations of heathendom. There was a time—and it was the time when the great evangelical

revival was stirring the cold heart of the Church at home—when from almost every pulpit in the land there came a trumpet-call to Christians as to their duty in regard to this matter, and in proportion as it met with response there was spiritual prosperity in the churches at home. Then the great missionary societies were formed, then men went forth eagerly to the vast fields of labour, then a deep and thrilling interest was taken in the simple unaffected reports of the missionaries, the voyages of missionary ships, the stories of discovery and adventure, the record of God's dealings with individuals to whom the Gospel message came as good news from a far country. If, as alleged, there is now a decline in missionary zeal, to what is it to be attributed? May it not arise from the failure to recognise the present personal inspiration of God in the actions of man: the failure to honour the present-day martyrs and confessors; the transfer of interest in individuals to that of societies; the zeal to keep a mass of machinery in working order, rather than to follow with prayer and sympathy the labours of the missionaries? We venture to commend the study of the Malagasy persecution as one of the most marvellous and instructive chapters in the history of missions. Certainly there is nothing in the whole range of Christian martyrology more touching and affecting.

After the great storm of persecution in 1849, although the Gospel was still proscribed at the capital, the fury of the queen seemed to have spent itself, and in the provinces many of the disciples enjoyed comparative freedom, although all were still obliged to meet in secret, and some were hiding in places of concealment. Many of these had been sentenced to chains for life, and it was an affecting thing to see them coming from their hiding places to take part in the meetings of the brethren. Although the edicts against Christianity were unrepealed, and from time to time indeed were reiterated with even greater severity of language, they were only occasionally enforced. This was in part due to the fact of the profession of Christianity by the queen's son, and the zealous Christian conduct of the Prince Ramonja, a man of great influence in the capital, who, notwithstanding the fact that he had suffered severely, spoke without fear to the queen of the Gospel of Christ.

Towards the end of 1852, it was reported that the Malagasy Government was anxious to resume the friendly relations with England which had for many years been interrupted, and the London Missionary Society, deeming that this would be an excellent opportunity to send some trustworthy person to Mauritius to watch the progress of events, and to negotiate for the re-introduction of Christian missionaries into the country, selected for that purpose the Rev. William Ellis, who for many years had been engaged in important missionary labour, and had shared in the exile of those faithful men who introduced the Gospel into the South Sea Islands. His important mission to Madagascar and the fruits it bore, will be the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER L.

WILLIAM ELLIS AND HIS MISSION.

Death of Rainiharo, the Prime Minister—First Visit of Mr. Ellis—Hopes Revive—Second Visit—Smuggling in the Scriptures—Third Visit—Reaches the Capital—Spread of Christianity—Conspiracy against the Queen—Madame Ida Pfeiffer—Horrible Deaths—Terrible Outbreak of Persecution—Instruments of Torture—Death by Stoning—An Interesting Letter—Death of the Cruel Queen—Radama II.—Return of the Banished—An Open Door and who Entered It—Arrival of Mr. Ellis—Conferences with the King—Not a Christian—The Coronation—A Reign of Progress—Mr. Ellis made Foreign Secretary—The Dancing Sickness—The King Relapses to Idolatry—Murder of the King—Labours of Mr. Ellis—A Tribute of Praise.

IT was said of the Hebrews, when they dwelt in Egypt, "The more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." This was equally true of the native Church in Madagascar. That little Church which, in 1834, consisted only of "several" believers, was estimated, after years of terrible persecution, at five thousand souls. Even the horrors of the year 1849 had not only failed to quench the ardour of their zeal, but had been the means of adding to their numbers.

In 1851 important news arrived in this country from Madagascar after a long silence. A letter was received from some of the Christians, intimating that their persecutors, as if weary of their work of blood, had for some time remained passive, and had ceased to molest the Christians. Other letters followed at intervals, but as each was tinged with the complexion of the mind of the individual writer, it was extremely difficult for the Committee of the London Missionary Society to know what was the actual state of affairs. One of these letters ran thus:—

"May, 1852."

"My heart and soul are full of sorrow and grief when I take up my pen to write to you. . . . The wrath of the sovereign continues to rage against us. There is a law that no one shall pray or worship according to the religion of the white people; and he that does shall be put to death. This law is read once a fortnight to the soldiers in their military exercises. . . . Yet the people here are advancing. They meet to receive the Lord's Supper once a month. They worship in seven different houses, for the law of the sovereign is very strict. It says, 'Spy into the houses, make a diligent search, and if you find any practising this new religion, bring them to me, saith Ranavalomanyaka.' Yet Prince Ramonja, the queen's nephew, officer of the palace, is one of our company. He is a wise man, and he truly loves Christ. He continually preaches to the queen, though her heart kindles in rage against him when he speaks to her about the Christian faith. . . . He does not fear the queen's anger. . . . He is deemed stubborn and obstinate; but the queen does not punish him, because he is her sister's beloved son.

"As to those that have been imprisoned, they are still in chains. Some remain in various prisons, others are at home, but still in chains. Those that took refuge in the wilderness are still wandering from place to place. The officers whose honours had been taken away were ordered to carry muskets as common soldiers. And having thus been punished and tormented we remained nine months in town, and then we were

sent to Mantasoa, near the forest, to build a stone house. When this was done, we were sent to drag timber out of the forest."

There was no mistaking the tenour of the queen's order, referred to in the foregoing letter. It ran thus:—

"If any administer or receive baptism, I will put them to death, saith Ranavalomanyaka: for they change the prayers of the twelve kings. Therefore, search and look, and if ye find any doing that, whether man or woman, take them that we may kill them; for I and you will kill them that do that, though they be half the people.



ANTANANARIVO.

For to change what the ancestors have ordered and done, and to pray to the ancestors of the foreigners, and not to Andrianampoinimerina and Lehidama, and the idols that sanctified the twelve kings and the twelve mountains that are worshipped; whoever changes these observances, I make known to all people, I will kill, saith Ranavalomanyaka."

Notwithstanding the fact that this order was still outstanding, there were many who, reading the signs of the times, entertained hope of better things in the near future. One of the chief grounds for this anticipation was that Rambilaro, the Prime Minister, and sworn foe of the Christians, was dead, and his son, in full sympathy with the Christian friends, and bosom-friend of the Crown Prince, had succeeded to his office. There were tokens given in various ways that the queen was growing tired of her reign, and was relinquishing her power to her son, whose name was now inscribed upon the flags that were hoisted along the coast. Moreover, it had become known that at Tamatave, the great port, there was a strong desire on the part of the Commander and those in authority that trade should be re-opened with the English, under a treaty of commerce similar to that in force in the days of Radama I.

When these matters were represented to the London Committee, endorsed by an

earnest letter from Mr. Le Brun of Mauritius, in which he yearned for "one of the old missionaries to watch the moment when his feet could again tread the land so dear to his heart," the committee determined to take action, and in 1853 they issued an appeal to the friends of the mission, in which it was stated: "At length God has heard the blood of His martyrs from beneath His altar, and to His suffering Church there has arisen light in the darkness. The only child of the persecuting queen has learnt the faith in which the martyrs died, and the only son of the late Prime Minister, Rainiharo (the bitterest foe of the Christians) has avowed himself the Christian's friend. To the young prince has been committed the government of the country, while the son of Rainiharo has succeeded to his father's office; and as the first fruits of this most blessed change, the ports of Madagascar are about to be opened to foreigners, and English missionaries, it is confidently expected, will be freely admissible to the country."

Most of this, as we shall see, was sanguine anticipation; but so intense was the interest taken by the English people in the Church of Madagascar, that within three months of the issue of the appeal special contributions poured in to the treasury of the committee exceeding the sum of eight thousand five hundred pounds!

Before making any direct attempt to resume missionary labour in Madagascar, the committee determined to request the Rev. William Ellis, for many years a successful missionary in Polynesia, to visit the island, accompanied by Mr. Cameron, at that time stationed at the Cape, who had formerly been a missionary in Madagascar, and was therefore well acquainted with the people and the language. They landed at Tamatave in July, 1853, and were favourably received by the authorities when it was known that they were the bearers of a memorial to the queen expressing the friendly feelings of the English towards Madagascar, and praying for the re-opening of trade with that country. They requested that they might be allowed to proceed to the capital, but were informed that this could only be done with the queen's permission, and that a fortnight at least must elapse before it could be received.

During the time they were thus waiting they had many opportunities of obtaining information respecting the state of the people, and especially of the Christian converts. It was found that though the prohibitions against the Christian faith stood unrepealed, active persecution had virtually ceased. "Nothing struck me so much," says Mr. Ellis, "as the earnest, importunate, and reiterated applications for the Holy Scriptures and other Christian books, which reached us through all available mediums. One fine-looking young officer, who had come from a distance, on hearing that we were at Tamatave, almost wept when in reply to his solicitation for a book, Mr. Cameron told him that we had not a single copy left. In answer to an inquiry as to the number of Christians in his neighbourhood, he replied, 'We are few in number, because we have so few books. If we had books, many would read them and would unite themselves with us.'"

When fifteen days had expired the answer of the queen arrived. It was couched in courteous words, inquiring after some of the former missionaries, but

* "Three Visits to Madagascar." By the Rev. W. Ellis.

concluded with the recommendation that the visitors should not prolong their stay lest they should fall victims to the prevailing fever! A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mr. Ellis left Tamatave for the Mauritius, where he decided to remain until the following year, and when an opportunity arrived, to attempt once more to reach the capital. Meanwhile Mr. Cameron, acting with the merchants of Port Louis, was instrumental in concluding important trade negotiations which resulted in the opening of the ports of Madagascar to foreign trade.

When Prince Ramonja heard of Mr. Cameron's arrival at Tamatave, he at once recognised his name as that of one of the former missionaries, and wrote to him the following encouraging letter:—

Antananarivo, 28 Mahamadjo, 1854.

TO MR. CAMERON.—Hearing of your arrival at Tamatave, through the blessing of God, I now write to you to ask after your welfare, for I am alive in this dark generation; and I also praise God for His goodness manifested towards me. And I send my salutations to all the brethren in Jesus. And, sir, wishing you the blessing of God, when you send Bibles and Testaments and Catechisms, give them to Mr. — that I may receive them, and that we may examine them in this dark place. May God's blessing rest on you.

Farewell, says

DAVIDRA RAMONJA, PRINCE,

Your relation in Jesus.

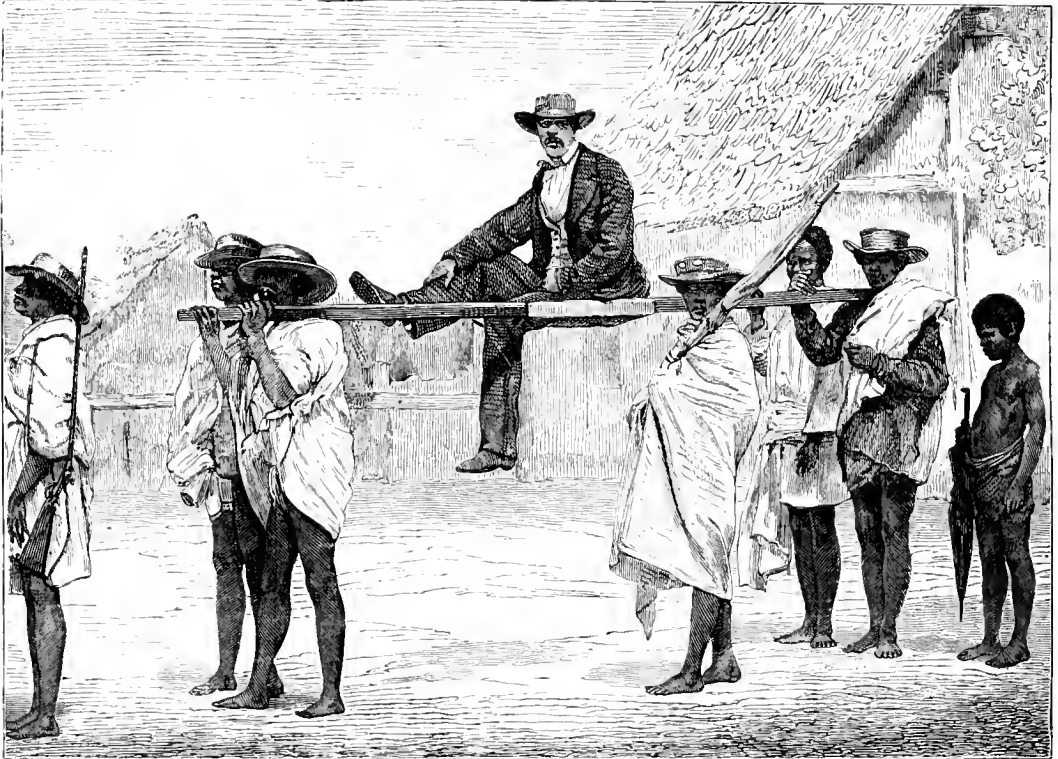
In June, 1854, Mr. Ellis paid his second visit to Tamatave, and while waiting for permission to proceed to the capital, was able to enjoy much intercourse with the Christians, although under the strictest caution and secrecy. While harmless as a dove, he had a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent, and there is something amusing in his description of the manner in which he conveyed copies of the Scriptures to the Malagasy. He says:—

“I found that amongst those at Tamatave, and at Foule Point, as well as at the capital, the great want was the Word of God. I had sent from Mauritius a few copies, and I had brought a number of New Testaments, bound together or in separate portions, as well as copies of the Psalms and other religious books; but as the officers of the Custom-house had strict orders to seize all books which there was any attempt to introduce into the country, my great difficulty was to get them on shore from the ship, as the captain was unfriendly. I could only conceal them tied under my dress, and in this way, and in my pockets, I managed to take eighteen Testaments and other books at a time. But my heart sometimes beat a little quicker when the bow of the boat touched the shore, and I had to jump down on the beach amidst three or four Custom-house officers, lest a copy should get loose and fall on the ground before them. I generally spoke to them and passed on, breathing a little more freely when I had entered my house, locked my door, and deposited my treasures in the innermost room. By this means I was able, during my successive visits to Tamatave, to introduce about 1,500 copies of portions of the Scriptures and other books among the furnishing Christians, some of whom had only a few chapters in manuscript, or three or four leaves of a printed book, soiled and torn and mended, until the original was the smallest part left.”

When the answer came from the capital, it once more brought disappointment: permission to visit the capital was refused on the ground that cholera was raging in

the Mauritius, and its introduction into Madagascar was greatly dreaded. Mr. Ellis therefore returned to England to wait for a more favourable opportunity. It came in the following year, when he received a letter from one who held office in the Government, and had been one of the youths sent to England for education by Radama, conveying the permission of the Government for the missionary to visit the capital.

In March, 1856, the dauntless ambassador of the Gospel, authorised by the



TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

British Government to convey to the queen the assurances of the friendly disposition of England towards her Government, and bearing presents for her and other members of the royal family, again set forth, this time alone, and landed at Tamatave in July. Here he was received in a very different fashion than heretofore; a newly-built house was assigned to him; servants were placed at his disposal; and the most respectful and marked attention was shown by the authorities.

When he began his progress to the capital, his party of bearers and attendants amounted to considerably more than a hundred men; he was borne along in a palanquin, and for twenty days passed through strange and stirring scenes. The people, the novel scenes, the strange and lovely forms of vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical profusion and marvellous in their beauty—a very paradise

of orchids and Eden of ferns—seemed to invest every step of the way with enchantment. “Their course,” says his son,* “lay sometimes along rivers, but to a



BY THE ROADSIDE.

greater extent by a more toilsome march over land, occasionally through swamps and muddy flats, though more frequently on firm ground, passing on their way

* “Life of William Ellis.” By his son, John Eimeo Ellis.

through vast, dense, and intricate forests, crowded with gigantic trees, ferns, and creeping plants, and intersected by hollows, water-courses, and steep ravines, so as to render the road almost impassable—a natural barrier to an approach towards the interior, in which the first Radama placed much reliance, boasting that he had two generals—General Hazo, *forest*, and General Tazo, *jeer*—in whose hands he could leave any invading army.”

The reception of Mr. Ellis in the capital was in every respect satisfactory. Three houses were set apart for his accommodation: the Prince Ramonja and other devoted Christian men, as well as representatives of the Government, came to welcome him; the Crown Prince paid him a preliminary visit of ceremony, and afterwards became a frequent visitor, and was always most cordial in his demeanour. Mr. Ellis was a keen observer and a subtle student of character. Of his first interview with Prince Ramonja, he says, “The meeting affected me much. After we had exchanged greetings on his entrance, he knelt down by his chair, and in simple terms, but with much earnestness and feeling, thanked God for His goodness in bringing us together. He then prayed for the Christians who had sent me, and implored blessings on the believers in Madagascar. He afterwards conversed with earnestness, but with gentleness of manner, about the friends of whom he had heard in England, of the afflictions and sufferings of the Christians in his own country, of God’s great goodness throughout their long season of trial, and of their continued increase, both in the city and in the country.”

Of the Prince Royal he formed an estimate which subsequent events fully confirmed. Although he had been a sturdy friend of the Christians, and although his language abounded in devout expressions, Mr. Ellis had no difficulty in discovering that he was wanting in strength and stability of character: singularly humane in disposition, but pliant and fond of pleasure.

In his interview with the queen, which was held in the presence of a large assembly and with much ceremony, Mr. Ellis had opportunity for uttering only a short speech or two of compliment and friendship, to which, however, he received a courteous reply.

The visit to the capital, which was limited to one month, the time originally prescribed, was a very fruitful one. In his free intercourse with the Prince Royal, Mr. Ellis had frequent opportunities of advising him as to the future when the reins of government should be in his hands: to the members of the Government he gave ample proofs of the friendly feelings of England towards their country; to the Christians he brought hope and comfort in telling them of the intense interest taken in their welfare by the whole Church, and of the prayers and labours of Protestant Christians on their behalf.

On the 26th of September he took leave of the capital. In recording his impressions of the state of religion among the native Christians, he says:—

“The religion of the present is the same as that of the past, and appears to be a religion derived simply and solely from the teaching of God’s Holy Word, unfolded, applied, and sustained by the operations of the Holy Spirit. Under this Divine influence it appears to have attained a measure of development which is truly marvellous. That it is to be ascribed to this source alone, would appear from the fact that

a large number of those who have suffered became Christians after the last missionaries had left the country. I repeatedly passed the places where the martyrs suffered—spots which will be consecrated by the most hallowed associations in the minds of the Malagasy throughout all future ages. I met and conversed repeatedly with their widowed survivors and their orphan children, and with those who had witnessed the steadfastness of their faith, and the triumphant character of their deaths. Deeply affecting were the details I received of the sorrows and consolations of the sufferers; of their conduct in the hour of peril; and of the noble testimony which they bore when ‘brought before kings and rulers for His Name’s sake.’ From these testimonies I derived more than confirmation of all that I had previously heard.”

The persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar, unhappily, had not come to an end. In 1857, only two months after the arrival of Mr. Ellis in England, there was a conspiracy in Madagascar for the dethronement of the queen. Only the vaguest and most contradictory accounts of it were received in England, nor were the facts of the case fully recorded until Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveller, published her last “*Journals*.” On her way to Mauritius she fell in with M. Lambert, a French merchant, who proved to be the very centre and mainspring of the conspiracy. A few extracts from the diary of Madame Pfeiffer will explain the position of the Christians in Madagascar at this time. Of the plot originated by M. Lambert, it will be enough to say that it failed “owing to the cowardice or treachery of the Commander of the Forces,” and that knowledge of the conspiracy having reached the ears of the queen, she at once associated it with the work of the native Christians. Her old animosity was aroused, and she at once ordered the people to attend a great *kabar*.

“Such an announcement,” writes Madame Pfeiffer, “always spreads terror and apprehension among the people. The purport of it was as follows:—The queen had long suspected that there were many Christians among her people. Within the last few days she had learnt that several thousands of this sect dwelt in and around Antananarivo. She gave the people fifteen days to accuse themselves.

“July 11th.—Yesterday an old woman was denounced to the authorities as a Christian. She was immediately seized, and this morning they dragged her to the market-place and her backbone was sawn asunder.

“July 12th.—This morning, I am sorry to say, six Christians were seized in a hut at a village not far from the city. I fear there will be horrible scenes of blood. The queen is said to have been in continued ill-humour, or fits of rage, for the last eight or ten days.

“July 17th.—This very morning, a few hours before our departure, ten Christians were put to death with the most frightful tortures. I am told that the poor creatures behaved with great fortitude and continued to sing hymns till they died. On our way through the city we had to pass the market-place, and encountered this horrible spectacle as a parting scene.”

As the queen had “never put a white person to death,” she limited the punishment of the conspirators—M. Lambert and his party, among whom was Madame Pfeiffer—

to perpetual banishment from her dominions. Although they had to leave the capital within an hour, and the usual time for making the journey to Tamatave would occupy about eight or ten days, the military escort, doubtless under instructions,



A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

protracted the journey to fifty-three days, during which the prisoners, already suffering from fever, were kept in the jungles and marshes, which were at all times very unhealthy. When at last Madame Pfeiffer reached Mauritius she was, as she says, "almost in a dying state." Although she partially recovered, a disease resulting from the

Malagasy fever could not be eradicated, and it terminated her life in the following year.

Of the cruel and violent outbreak of persecution which followed the discovery of the plot, Mr. Ellis says:—

“More than two hundred of the Christians suffered different kinds of punishment, most of them severe. The greater number of those who suffered death were men of mark, distinguished among the Christians for their position, piety, devotedness, ability, and usefulness. Fourteen were stoned to death at Fiadama, as were also others afterwards. Fifty-seven, if not a larger number, were chained together by the neck with heavy iron fetters, and banished to distant parts, where more than half of them died a lingering, agonising death in their chains. Fifty took the poison, of which eight died. Sixteen, amongst a large number reduced to slavery, were redeemed at heavy cost to their friends; and six devoted leading men among the Christians who had been condemned to death, escaped, and remained for four years and six months in concealment, often suffering from want of food.”

The horrible barbarity of these punishments is almost inconceivable. Of those who were chained, it is not surprising to find that a large majority died. The instrument of torture consisted of an iron ring passed through an aperture at one end of a heavy iron bar, nearly three feet long. The ring was riveted on the neck of the Christian, and a heavy iron ring was also riveted on each ankle. A second ring was passed through an aperture at the other end of the bar, and riveted on the neck of another Christian, and in this manner seven or more were chained together. Mr. Ellis brought to England the fetters, weighing fifty-six pounds, worn for four and a half years by one Christian.

Death by stoning was a diabolical device designed to meet cases in which other means had proved unsuccessful. “The heads of those stoned at Fiadama were severed from their bodies, in some instances shortening the sufferings by terminating life; the heads were then fixed on poles. Those whose friendly eyes had watched, as near as safety would allow, the last moments of the departed, guided afterwards the footsteps of friends who repaired to the spot during the hours of the night, to drive off the hungry dogs, and to bear away the bruised and mangled remains of the martyrs who had that day sealed their faith with their blood. These remains, regarded with hallowed



A MALAGASY CRIMINAL IN CHAINS.

affection, were received by loving hands, and finally consigned in secret to the resting-places of their ancestors."

This persecution—the most severe that the Christians had experienced—was happily the last. This, however, was not known until some time afterwards, and meanwhile the greatest anxiety prevailed in England amongst those interested in the welfare of Madagascar. Access to the island on the part of any Christian missionary, or, indeed, of any foreigners, was strictly prohibited, and only occasional letters were received.

Some of the letters written by the native Christians about this time are very beautiful, and, when it is remembered how scanty their education had been and how limited their opportunities for acquiring Christian knowledge, are quite extraordinary. The following, as an example, was written to Mr. Ellis:—

Antananarivo, June 27, 1861.

TO MR. ELLIS AND ALL OUR FRIENDS,—Blessed be Jehovah, God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has preserved us unto this day; for from God does all mercy come, which we obtain through His love towards us.

Although the distance by sea is great between us, it is as though it was even near for us to look upon each other. Therefore we can talk with one another, and this increases our gratitude.

Pray to the Lord for us, His simple children, that He would give us power and strength to endure this affliction, and that He would pardon our transgressions which we commit in His presence, and that we may be remembered among His chosen people (John xv. 16), and that the darkness of the land may close (1 Tim. ii. 1—6).

Pray, dear sir, that the blessing of Jesus Christ may be with us, and with you, and that we may be helped to receive the exhortation given by you to us, and to endure the affliction that is so severe. May we have love and courage during our lifetime upon earth (Rom. v. 8—11), and may the God of peace quickly subdue the work of Satan, and advance the knowledge of the people respecting Jesus Christ (2 Cor. ix. 10; x. 15).

The distress of the people here is increasing daily; for they are in darkness and have no knowledge. The country is not tranquil. There is much war with the enemy, so that they are hated and hating one another. Therefore we say pray to God that light may spread among us, the people of Madagascar. Let us ask the God of mercy that darkness may be scattered from the land of Madagascar; and, perhaps, while we both are alive we shall see your face and shake hands with you, dear sir; and even though we be not permitted to see one another in this life, may God help us to meet in the great salvation that was accomplished by our Lord Jesus Christ, to increase our gratitude and praises.

With respect to the royal prince, indeed, dear sir, it causes us to rejoice and bless God that he supports and makes the people of God strong to bear the affliction and trouble in Madagascar. Yes, what he has done, he has done by the help of God, and we therefore bless the Most High on that account (Matt. xvi. 17); and not towards the Christians alone does he show kindness, but to the people in general, when he can. And when any evil thing or calamity overtakes a man, he protects him from being reported if he can do it. And also when anyone wishes to talk with him, and shake hands with him, he does it in a friendly manner with all. This comes from the mercy of God.

The blind woman, whose name was Rabodamana, spoke, saying, "May God be blessed, who made my ear to hear the words—'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' May God be blessed for sending the white man to tell these words to the people of Madagascar, that their ears might hear, though my eyes have not seen the messengers."

She had been blind for a long time, and in the year 1831 the people spoke of the nature of God, and the nature of man, and of God's mercy in giving His Son. This was the conversation of the people that knew her before the forbidding of Christianity and the Word of God in Madagascar; and when the prohibition came she was blessed of God, for she would not let that word depart out of her mouth, saying also—"He is at the right hand of the Father, asking God to bless us, for He always maketh intercession for us." She continued during her life, though both in trouble and blind, according to what I have said to you since you were at Antananarivo.

And may you all, dear friends, live and be happy in love and holy salvation. And I send this letter to shake hands with you, dear sir, saith

NOAH RAINIBEKOTO AND HIS COMPANIONS.

For three years after the departure of Mr. Ellis, dark clouds continued to hang over Madagascar; then came the dawn of better things. On the 16th of August, 1861, the cruel, tyrannical Queen Ranavalona died, and her son, Radama II., ascended the throne. There was a conspiracy among the heathen party to set up a rival claimant to the throne; but Radama having been forewarned was forearmed, and his rival, Rambosalama, the officers, judges, and leaders of the people concerned in the conspiracy, were banished.

The first act of the new king was a free invitation for the return of all foreigners, the proclamation of perfect religious liberty, without distinction or favour, throughout the land, and the liberation of all exiles, prisoners, and captives. Never were stranger scenes witnessed than those which followed the issue of this proclamation. Suddenly there came forth from concealment men and women who were thought to have long since been dead and buried, or eaten by the dogs; many dragged themselves to the capital in their chains, but hardly able to stagger owing to the weight of their fetters, and the weakness and febleness of their bodies; others were brought in by the king's messengers, poor, bruised, maimed, emaciated, and sometimes dying creatures—sad witnesses to the barbarity of the dead queen.

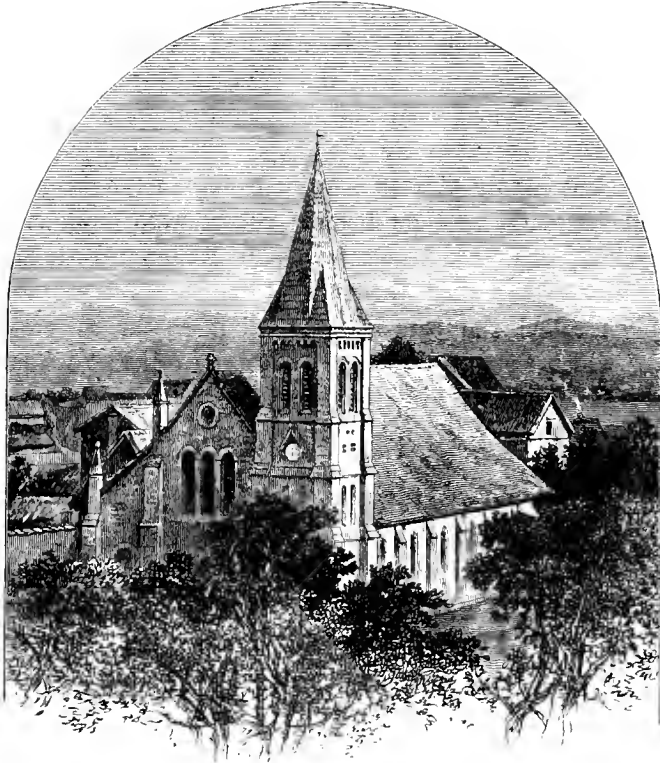
Radama not only recalled the banished ones, but as far as possible restored to them the property of which they had been dispossessed; others he caused to be loaded with gifts; those who had been sold into slavery he redeemed; even the disaffected tribes, who were prisoners of war, he set at liberty, and secured thereby their lasting friendship.

When the tidings of all these stirring events went forth, and it was known that there was no obstacle to religious teaching, Romish priests and agents of France rushed in from Mauritius the moment the door was opened. In England Mr. Ellis was among the first to receive intelligence of the things that had come to pass, and on the very day of its receipt he concluded arrangements with the London Missionary Society to once more visit Madagascar. As fever was raging at Tamatave, he remained for some time in the Mauritius, from whence he wrote to the king setting forth a plan that had occupied much of his thought. He had conceived the happy idea that the localities in and about Antananarivo where the Christian martyrs had suffered, would form most appropriate sites for places of worship, and, as long as they stood, would be striking memorials of the trials of the early Church of Madagascar, and the sublime constancy of its heroic members who had sealed their fidelity with their blood. The idea not only commended itself to the king, but to English Christians generally, who forthwith subscribed the necessary funds for its accomplishment.

When Mr. Ellis arrived in the country, officers from the king were staying at Tamatave to conduct him to the capital, where his coming was awaited with great expectancy. Thirty miles from the capital a large number of Christians from Antananarivo met him, and as he drew near commenced singing a hymn of praise, in which the Christians of his party joined. For ten miles they all travelled together, and then halted for the Sabbath, large congregations assembling for morning and evening service. Shortly before the evening service seven officers, one of high rank,

arrived from the palace, bearing messages of welcome from the king. All these officers remained to the service, in which they joined heartily. Six years before, Mr. Ellis had rested in that same village. Then, a few Christians came by stealth and late at night to meet for secret prayer; now, the chief room in the largest house in the place was opened in broad daylight, and was thronged with simple and devout worshippers, while numbers crowded round on the outside.

The procession into the capital was an imposing one; the cavalcade comprised some



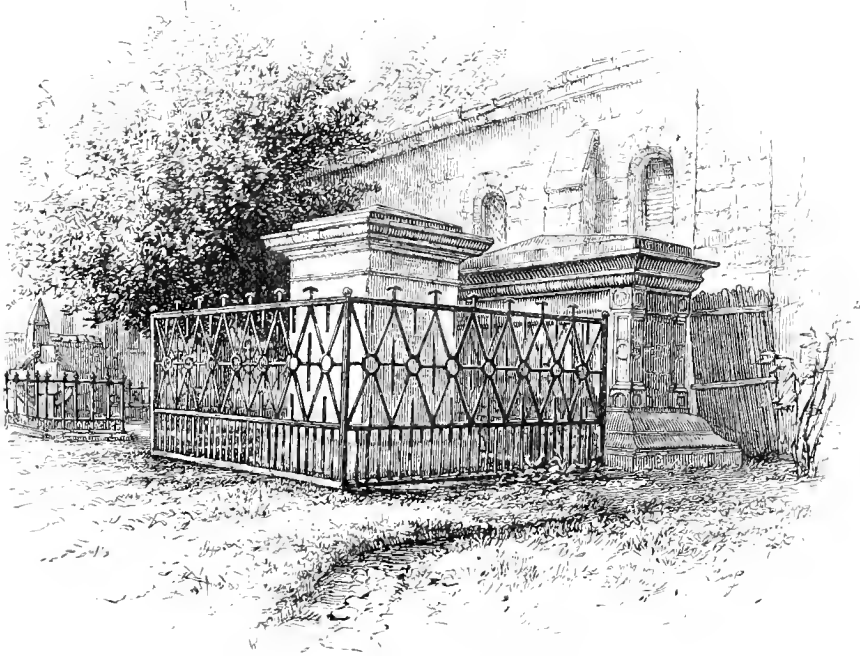
AMBATONAKANGA CHURCH, IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS.

two hundred persons, who were joined by delegates from the Christians, additional officers from the king, and a number of refugees who had been slaves or outlaws during the reign of persecution, and were now returning to their homes.

No sooner was Mr. Ellis settled in the capital than he commenced the most strenuous labours. His house was continually thronged with Christians from different parts of the capital, or by Christian families from the numerous villages in the suburbs, all craving for teaching and assistance, and especially for copies of the Word of God. He was surprised to find that among entire congregations there was not a single copy—that the people only heard the Scriptures read when a friend or minister from the capital chanced to visit them. “and yet,” he says, “their faith is simple, *scriptural*, and firm; no deviation in their teaching or belief from the great essential truths of the

Gospel; no visionary or erratic opinions on the subject of religion, which seems to be with them a simple, sincere, earnest, personal concern."

Mr. Ellis was very frequently sent for by the king or some of the high officers, and in addition he spent some hours daily with the king teaching him to read English; he also had a class for the instruction of nobles and officers, and another for the sons of these men of rank—the future rulers of the country—who came to him for an hour and a half each day. Besides these labours in tuition, Mr. Ellis was constantly



T. MBS. OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES.

engaged in preaching in the large chapels of the capital; in conference with the pastors and officers of the various churches, and in tending the sick, of whom, among those especially who had returned to the capital from long exile and captivity, there were many.

Greatly as Mr. Ellis rejoiced in the changed aspect of affairs in Madagascar, he rejoiced with trembling. Although Radama II. was a prince of amiable disposition, quick sensibilities, and considerable intelligence, and had his father's desire to raise Madagascar in the scale of nations, he had not his father's political wisdom to sustain him. Moreover, although he was in every way favourable to Christianity, he was not, as had been so long supposed, a Christian indeed. Mr. Ellis describes his personal attitude with regard to Christianity in these words:—

"On one occasion, when the members of the British Embassy, including the Bishop of Mauritius, referred, in the presence of the king and queen, to his abolishing

so many evil usages, and having proved such a friend to the Christians, the king looked at me as if he wished me to speak. I said before the king, and all his own officers, as well as the foreign visitors, that he had undoubtedly done much to promote the welfare of his people, for which they were grateful, but, I added, 'there is one thing yet wanting—the one thing needful. He has not yet become a Christian himself.' The king looked gravely towards me, and said with some emphasis, 'Mr. Ellis knows what is in my heart. He knows that I desire to understand and serve God. I desire—I pray to God to enlighten my mind—to teach me what I ought to know.'

Nor were the changes he introduced always those which were best for the people. He removed all customs duties on the sale of spirits, and in consequence drunkenness, rioting, and licentiousness prevailed in some quarters as they had never done before. He was too mild and lenient in disposition, and relaxed many laws which had hitherto been in force, and a disastrous increase of crime followed. The very reforms he promoted, excellent as they were in themselves, were introduced with far too great rapidity; and he attempted in the course of one year what should have been the work of a generation. It was not, therefore, to be supposed that all his subjects would look upon the new order of things with favour; and very soon there were signs of disaffection apparent.

The coronation of the king, however, attended as it was by French and English Embassies, the latter having presents from the Queen, kept matters in check for a while, but scarcely had they withdrawn than the ministers and officers of Ranavalona, who still held office, were in league with the keepers of the idols, plotting, scheming, and inflaming the rising discontent.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ellis, who had been joined by a strong reinforcement of missionaries from England, was hard at work as before, and in addition was actively advancing his cherished scheme of erecting memorial churches on the sites of the martyrdom of the Malagasy Christians—a scheme in which he was warmly supported by English Christians. His great work at this time was, however, in making preparation for the future by planting the various native churches on a satisfactory basis. When the Bishop of Mauritius was in Antananarivo at the coronation—charged with the duty of presenting the sovereign with a handsomely bound copy of the Bible in the name of Queen Victoria—Mr. Ellis held many earnest conferences with him on the position and prospects of the mission, "and it was mutually admitted that the interests of the people and the progress of the Christian religion among them, would best be served by the missionaries of the Church of England occupying other stations than those already filled by the London Missionary Society, and where their labourers had in former years so long and patiently toiled and suffered." "Surely the principle is a sound one," adds Mr. Ellis's biographer, "and the Gospel will better be commended to heathen tribes by co-operation, than by the display of antagonism among rival sections of the Church."

Among the matters that Mr. Ellis sought to settle were the following:—That no pecuniary help should be given by the English Society for carrying on divine worship,

as the churches would be stronger and more robust by depending upon themselves rather than on foreign aid; that Bibles, Testaments, and other books should not be given away indiscriminately, but should be paid for; that each church should be established on a thoroughly independent basis—every church member being qualified to vote for office-bearers; that for the present the labours of the missionaries should be confined to the capital and neighbourhood, rather than spreading their strength over the provinces, thus making Antananarivo the centre of all operations, and concentrating there all the power of the mission for the first few years after its re-establishment.

All these points were carried, and the wisdom of Mr. Ellis in projecting them has been more than amply justified in the subsequent prosperity of the churches.

Early in 1863 Rahaniraka, the king's foreign secretary, died, and Mr. Ellis was urgently entreated to undertake, at least temporarily, the duties of the office, and as he could not refuse the request, there was now added to his almost overwhelming labours the task of translating and drafting answers to the English correspondence of the Government. This happened, too, at a time when he was in deep personal trouble, mourning the loss of his only surviving daughter, intelligence of whose death had only recently reached him from England. Clouds of another kind were rising which were soon to break in storm. The king, instead of gathering men of age, experience, and rank as his friends and counsellors, placed himself in the hands of the Menanaso, the royal body-guard, chiefly young men, the companions of his youth, without influence or position, who pandered to his vanity and his pleasures, and drew him away from better influences. The consequence was that the character of the king sadly deteriorated; he was guilty of foolish acts which exasperated many of his most powerful subjects, and destroyed the confidence of his government.

The heathen party were not slow to take advantage of the reaction in popular feeling. The keepers of the idols excited the fears and fanaticism of the heathen population by threats of coming woe, and directed all their denunciations against the missionaries generally, and Mr. Ellis in particular. About this time there broke out an extraordinary epidemic—a species of hysteria, called the dancing sickness, which, it was said, rendered the subjects of it at certain times unconscious of what was passing around them, but opened up to them visions, in which they heard voices of invisible beings, supposed to be the ancestors of the king, deploring his apostacy, and foretelling fearful calamities. Young people, principally females, were seized with this dancing madness, and exhibited themselves daily in the places of public resort, the tombs of the kings, and the buildings for Christian worship.

Had not the manhood of the king degenerated, he would have done what one of his nobles did, who, when the disorder appeared among his dependents, threatened to flog the next person who manifested the least symptom of the disease, with the result that no other case occurred in his establishment. But the superstitious fears of the king had been excited; and acting upon a mind naturally weak and now degraded by dissolute habits, he dreaded the vengeance of the offended gods of his country, ordered all his subjects to uncover their heads whenever any of the persons

affected with the malady approached them, and withdrew his favour from the Christians.

Throughout this period Mr. Ellis was exposed to great and constant danger from the fury and malevolence of the heathen party. For many nights in succession, says his son, warning emblems of death, believed to be endowed with a malign influence of fatal omen, were laid at his door. On one occasion, while reading with the king, a number of the mad dancers, armed with stones and other weapons, forced their



REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

way into the room, and, with savage countenances and menacing gestures, seemed bent on taking the missionary's life; but the king remained close to his side, leaning heavily on his shoulder, and taking his hand in his own, which trembled violently; and though so much agitated that he could scarcely articulate, he ordered the intruders to be forced back, and the door barred against them. It afterwards appeared that they had bound themselves by oath to take Mr. Ellis's life on that occasion.

A crisis was near at hand. The mind of the king evidently became unhinged. He continued to support the Menamaso, notwithstanding the fact that it increased his unpopularity: he made territorial concessions to a French Mining Company, to the great exasperation of his people: and he resolved upon the issue of an insane injunction, that after a certain day all suits of law, instead of being argued before the magistrates,

should be decided by a resort to arms, and in the event of the death of either party the other should go free and unpunished!

The Prime Minister, accompanied by a number of the chief men in the land, went to the king and expostulated with him, but without effect. Startling events followed. The city was filled with troops: the Menamaso were seized and put to death, and then the conspirators, who were all men of high standing, effected an entrance into the palace, and broke into the king's apartment. The queen interfered with cries, and promised that all their demands should be acceded to, but without avail; she was forced from the apartment, the king was seized, and a mantle being thrown over his head, the sash was tightened round his throat until he sank dead upon the floor, only three days after the last ineffectual appeal of the nobles, and only little more than a year since he ascended the throne.

The last visit of Mr. Ellis to the king was on the day preceding that monarch's tragic end, and it was a visit fraught with great danger to the missionary, whose escape was almost miraculous. It was perilous to approach the house of the king, for the whole city was in commotion, each one dreading some undefined but dire calamity. Nevertheless he made his visit, but much earlier than usual, and found seated in the room two Roman Catholic priests, as well as the leader of the party who had sworn to kill him. Adroitly apologising for the interruption, he shook hands with the king and hastily withdrew. On his return home he found two messengers from the Prime Minister, with a warning from their master that he should at once change his residence into safer quarters. It afterwards transpired that the man he had seen in the king's presence with the priests was under oath to put him to death that very day, the time selected for the murder being the hour at which he uniformly left his own house to visit the king. The fact of his having gone earlier than usual and coming immediately away was, in God's providence, the means of his escape.

Within a few hours of the death of the king the crown was offered to his widow Rasaherina, and was accepted. The conspirators in the revolution became the real governors of the land, but they acted with much wisdom and forbearance. The concessions made to the French Mining Company were revoked, the old fiscal regulations were re-established, capital punishment for certain crimes was again enforced, trial by jury was established, religious toleration was continued, and foreign commerce encouraged.

Throughout this time Mr. Ellis was working indefatigably, nor did he relax his labours until confidence was restored to the Christians in Madagascar, 7,000 of whom were present at a public reception accorded by the queen, nor until he had secured a treaty that the memorial churches in course of erection should be "put aside by the sovereign of Madagascar for the teaching and worship of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and for the Malagasy who unite in the same worship with them, and for their successors for ever."

The signing of this treaty was the last public act of Mr. Ellis in connection with the mission, and on the 15th of July, 1865, he took his leave of the queen, and received, in presence of the Court, the expressions of Her Majesty's regret at his

departure, and her good wishes for himself and his family. Three days afterwards, on the slope of the hill on which Antananarivo stands, his missionary brethren and large numbers of the native Christians, among whom were many of the widows and orphans of the martyrs, bade him an affecting farewell, "sorrowing most of all that they would see his face no more."

Few men ever more completely won the respect and admiration of friends and foes than did Mr. Ellis. A writer in *The Overland Commercial Gazette*, a paper published at Port Louis, and by no means favourable to the missionary's enterprise, or apprehending the motives by which he was actuated, paid this high tribute to his energy and wisdom:—

"It cannot fail to strike even his enemies with admiration, this picture of a stern self-denying veteran 'Soldier of the Cross'—a relic of an age gone by; a very Palmerston in religion; leaving wife, home, beloved Albion, that garden of the world, all that makes life pleasant, all the luxuries of civilisation, and, at the age of seventy years, burying himself in the capital of Madagascar, almost ruling the country, puzzling the Jesuits, guiding his fellow-missionaries, opposing the policy of the British Consul, advancing the interests of the London Missionary Society in a masterly manner, rendering his name a very bugbear to the French party, accused of attempted assassination, revolution, and regicide, holding his position in spite of attacks and misrepresentations, from without and within, and finally obtaining a signal triumph in the successful manner in which the ambassadors have made their *début* in England: and if all this is the result of religious conviction, it is only another instance of the extraordinary force and energy derived from a belief in a future state of reward after death for acceptable and meritorious actions performed here, and we can no longer wonder that the enthusiastic and puritanical 'hordes of Oliver Cromwell finally triumphed over the chivalrous courtiers of Charles II.'"

CHAPTER LI.

MADAGASCAR AS IT IS.

Queen Rasaherina—Her Death—Ranavalona II.—Declines to Recognise Priests, Astrologers, and Diviners—Her Coronation—The Queen and her Prime Minister Publicly Renounce Idolatry—Burning of the National Idols—A Harvest, and Those who Availled Themselves of It—The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—A Bishop Refused—The Church Missionary Society Retires from the Field—Report of Dr. Mullens—State of Civilisation—Religion and Education—Malagasy Literature—Music and the Arts—"Friends of the Villages"—Madagascar and the French—What has Christianity Done?

THE reign of Queen Rasaherina, widow of Radama II., was short and uneventful. She retained her heathenism to the last—although her faith in the gods of her ancestors was rudely shaken towards the end, and at the same time she adhered faithfully to the promises made on her accession, not to allow the Christians to be molested, and not to exclude foreigners from full access to her country. Early in 1868 her health began to fail, and rumours were soon afloat that the throne was vacant;

whereupon a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of changing the dynasty. The attempt was unsuccessful, the aspirant to the throne was executed, and the principal conspirators were cast into prison. The queen was staying at that time at Ambohimganga, the sanatorium of the royal family, and was urged by her nobles to return to the capital. But her idol had promised her recovery if she remained where she was, and she refused to leave.

“The Prime Minister then requested the chief of the priests to induce the idol to recommend Her Majesty to return. The veteran hierarch is reported to have replied that he could not force the god. The minister replied that was true, but, perhaps, he might influence his keepers! The priests afterwards brought the idol Kelimalaza to the queen, and said the oracle declared that Her Majesty must go to Antananarivo; but the queen doubted their word, asking if they had really received such inspiration, and although they answered that they really had, she still refused to return.” The outbreak of the conspiracy rendered her return compulsory; she was conveyed to the capital, where she died on the 1st of April, 1868, her confidence in the idols greatly shaken, but without hope in Christ.

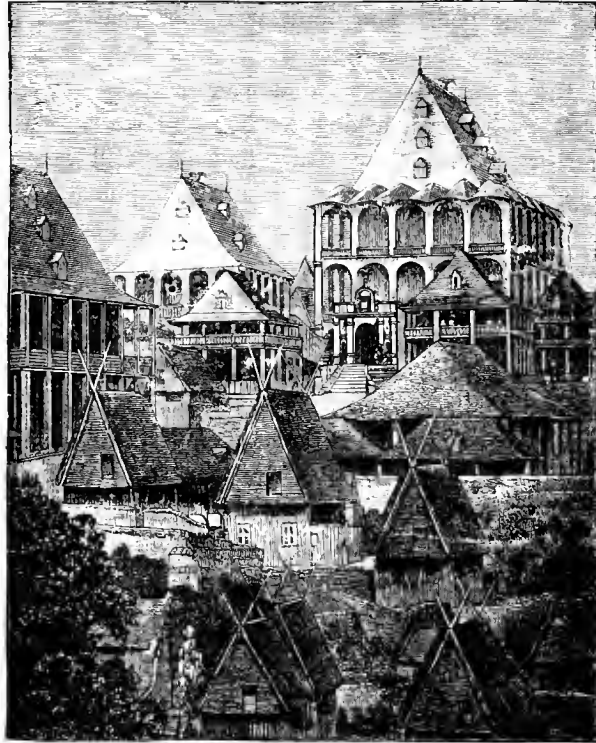
On the following day Ramona, the sister of Prince Ramonja, was proclaimed queen under the name of Ranavalona II.; her first act on the morning of that day being to send to the missionaries and inform them that all their privileges would be preserved.

The new sovereign was not long before she gave decisive evidence of her principles and purposes. Scarcely had Rasaherina been laid to rest in the palace yard beside the tomb of Radama II., than the priests of the idols came, in their capacity as priests or keepers, to offer to the new queen their acknowledgment of her sovereignty. She declined, however, to receive it, and informed them that she could not recognise them as priests, but merely as subjects. In like manner the astrologers and diviners were informed that she could only regard them as subjects, as she did not recognise their pursuits. More distinct indications of the queen's religious feeling were soon forthcoming; she issued an order that all Government work should cease on the Lord's day, and that all Sunday markets should be closed; native preachers were sent for, and daily the Scriptures were read, and prayer offered within the court of the palace.

On the day of her coronation, not only were all idolatrous ceremonies banished from the arrangements, but there was a distinct public recognition of Christianity, although up to this time the queen had not declared herself to be a Christian. Inscribed in glittering characters upon the front of the canopy above the throne were the words, “Glory be to God,” and on the back and sides, “Good-will among men,” “On earth peace,” and “God shall be with us.” On either side of the throne stood two tables; on one lay the crown, on the other the handsome Malagasy Bible sent to her predecessor by the British and Foreign Bible Society. In her speech the queen assured the people in unmistakable terms of liberty of conscience, and concluded in these words: “This is my word to you in regard to the praying (Christianity); it is not enforced, it is not hindered, for God made you.”

Greater surprises of joy were in store for the Malagasy Christians and the English missionaries. On the 21st of February, 1869, at the invitation of the queen, the judges, nobles, and head men of the people, together with the preachers from each of the city churches, assembled in the large court of the palace, where, after singing, prayer, and preaching, the queen and the Prime Minister publicly renounced idolatry, and were baptised by Andriambelo, a Malagasy minister!

The impetus given to all Christian labours by the example thus set by the queen



ROYAL PALACES AND HOUSES OF NOBLES, ANTANANARIVO.

it is impossible to fully describe here. Everywhere there was great searching of heart and an earnest spirit of inquiry, and when, later in the same year, the most remarkable circumstance in the history of Madagascar occurred, the people were for the most part ready to receive it. This was nothing less than the public burning of the national idols, followed by the wholesale destruction of the household gods or fetiches in the possession of the people in the capital and around it.

The story of this extraordinary event cannot be better told than in the simple language of the Prime Minister, in a letter he addressed to Mr. Ellis:—

Antananarivo, Sept. 8, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have received the letter which you wrote on the 14th of April last, telling me of your joy and praise to God when you heard how the queen loved the Word of God and proposed to walk in His ways; also to trust in the great Saviour our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes, there was true reason for your rejoicing, for things greatly to gladden the heart indeed are these.



TRIBUTARY QUEEN OF THE ISLE OF NOHU LI.

We may indeed praise God, for it is as His Word, which says, "The sovereign's heart is in the hand of the Lord; He turneth it whithersoever He will." God has guided the heart of the queen to that which pleaseth Him, and caused her to understand that in which He delights; and now the queen has been baptised and has partaken of the feast of the Lord. We are also building a beautiful stone house within the court of the palace to be a house for the worship of God. Joyous are the men in this good work, energetic are the Christians, because they see the worship of the sovereign; for those who believe in Jesus Christ have no anxiety and no fear. Truly rejoicing is it to behold the deportment of the people at Antananarivo on the Sabbath day. Scarcely is any one to be seen in the streets until the close of the public worship, because the great majority of the people assemble in the houses of prayer. No public work is done on that joyful day.

Another fresh cause of rejoicing is here. On the same day that I write this letter to you, the queen sent for the officers and the heads of the people to come within the courts of the palace, and when they were assembled the queen said, "I shall not lean upon nor trust again in the idols, for they are hlocks of wood; but upon God and Jesus Christ do I now lean and trust. And as for the national idols I shall burn them or cause them to be burned, for they do no good whatever; they are all deceit and falsehood."

And when the people heard this they expressed their pleasure, and asked the queen if she would summon a Kabary (or general assembly) to cause all the idols of the people to be burned.

The queen answered and said, "That would please me; I have no desire that there should be idols any more in the kingdom. Nevertheless, I do not force or compel you, my people."

Then agreed or consented the people, there before the queen, to the burning of all the national idols in Madagascar; and the queen, consenting, rejoiced. And on the same day the queen sent officers to burn all the idols of the queen . . . and they were all burned, and some of the people also burned theirs.

And astonished to the utmost were the keepers of the idols when they saw the idols in the flames; for they had said that the idols were too sacred and powerful to be affected by the burning.

That was a new thing here, therefore we sincerely thank God, for He has manifested His power here in Madagascar. . . .

Saith your true friend

RAINILAIARIVONY

Prime Minister.

To the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS,

That memorable day was the beginning of a moral revolution throughout the whole country. Voluntarily released from all connection with the old idolatry, an immediate reaction set in, and thousands flocked in to the churches craving for instruction and the privileges of the "new religion." Except perhaps in the Sandwich Islands, where, in the metaphorical language of Scripture, "a nation was born in a day," there has hardly ever been a parallel to the task that lay before the missionaries in Madagascar. Day by day, and sometimes day and night by day and night, they were teaching, preaching, reading, praying, and conversing with the people, and had it not been that there was a wise and settled purpose among the missionaries not to allow themselves to be overcome by the clamour for admission to Church fellowship, the consequences would have been most disastrous to the future of Madagascar. The everyday concerns of the people were for a time almost neglected; the whole business of life seemed to be the acquisition of knowledge relating to Christianity.

Of course other societies besides the London Missionary Society entered into this harvest-field. It was an irresistible temptation, when intelligence arrived in England that new churches were being built both in the city and in every considerable village, to send forth agents from many denominations. Probably the most effectual aid was rendered by the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association. Their agents, strong on the education question, threw themselves heartily into the work, and co-operated on the best possible terms with the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. The Norwegian Missionary Society in like manner lent their services; and both these

societies, and especially the former, "came into the field with the avowed intention of doing nothing to unsettle the minds of the native Christians on any of the minor points of Christian doctrine on which their own views might differ from those of the missionaries already at work in the island; while they felt such full unity of sentiment with them in all that was fundamental, that a clear field of labour appeared before them, in which, while being on an independent footing, they could work by the side of and with those already in the field, for the one great end of bringing the knowledge of salvation to this dark land. And so, in regard to Church government and organisation, they had no difficulty in accepting what they found already in vogue."*

It would have been well, perhaps, had the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel been in a position to have adopted a similar course. The Queen, Prince, Minister, and chief nobles, had all declared themselves adherents of the London Missionary Society, and were then, and are now, members of churches founded under its auspices and according to its teaching. Yet in 1869 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took active steps for sending forth a "Bishop of Madagascar" forsooth, and for the reinforcement and further development of the Church of England Missions.

The present writer was resident for some years in a heathen country, where at first the sole occupants of the mission field were missionaries of the Church of England. The people listened and were interested, believed, and were baptised, and casting away their idols they worshipped the One God. By-and-by sect after sect sent forth its emissaries, and the effect was most disastrous; how disastrous those of us may understand, who know the difficulties of mastering even an approximate idea of what are the claims of the rival sects in a Christian country. But in a heathen land, among a nation of people only emerging from savagery, the fine distinctions of creed were wholly inexplicable; and while the sects were striving for mastery, the people relapsed into heathenism, and were baptised back again, out of Christianity into their old idolatry!

When the application of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for licence to consecrate a Bishop of Madagascar was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace refused to grant it, wisely remarking that "the advent of a bishop in Madagascar would be calculated to produce schism in the Anglican community, and therefore have an injurious effect on the conversion of the heathen of that country." Nevertheless the plan was persevered in, and the Rev. R. Kestell-Cornish was consecrated to the office by the bishops of the Scottish Episcopalian Church. It need not be said that this was a source of considerable pain to those who had so long laboured in Madagascar, and whose work was practically ignored. It was as though the bishop had said: "I alone teach and hold Christianity in the true way; your missionaries are not authorised teachers; I cannot worship with them or attend their prayer meetings, and so long as you do not acknowledge me as your bishop, I cannot worship in your churches or pray with you."

For some years missionaries of the Church Missionary Society had been working in Madagascar, confining themselves by agreement to the coast, in order that their

labours might not clash with those of the London Missionary Society, and that the minds of the people might not be disturbed by the appearance of two different sets of Protestant teachers, each with their own peculiar doctrines and forms of Church government. When, however, the bishopric, in the face of remonstrance, was planted in the midst of the oldest churches, "the Church Missionary Society, feeling that they could not countenance such, to say the least, ungenerous conduct, withdrew from the country rather than remain and appear to be indifferent to the breaking of an agreement under which they had been successfully labouring for years." *

A few years after the destruction of the idols and the religious revolution in Madagascar, the directors of the London Missionary Society sent a deputation of their members to that country to meet the native pastors and native churches; to assure them of the warm regard in which they were held by English Christians; to inquire into their welfare generally, and to collect information as to details of the work going forward which it was desirable that the Society should know. The result, in epitome, is given by the Rev. Dr. Mullens in these words:—

"My visit to Madagascar not only afforded me intense pleasure, it gave me a very high idea of the spiritual work going on amongst its people. From reading and correspondence that work had for years appeared to me, as to others, truly marvellous. I found it all that I had hoped, and even more. In certain respects its form differed from what I looked for; the outward civilisation of the Malagasy was less advanced. But the tide of Christian life through all the central provinces and its offshoots was flowing wider, deeper, stronger, than I had imagined. The Christian renovation of the Malagasy people is truly the work of God, and by the direct use of His own instruments, the teaching of the Word, the bestowment of gracious gifts, and the discipline of sorrow, the Holy Ghost has long been leading, not individuals only, but multitudes of the nation towards Himself. It was a source of the greatest satisfaction to my colleague" (the Rev. J. Pillans, of Camberwell) "and myself that in the spirit and the aims of the four evangelical missions working side by side in Imerina, we found nothing to mar that Divine work, but everything to carry it forward, in dependence upon the Saviour's blessing, and to His praise. And what we desire and hope for these Malagasy converts is that they may grow up into the full stature of men in Christ Jesus, not as a branch of any English Church or denomination, but as a veritable Malagasy Church organised in a way natural to itself, worshipping God in its own fashion, and offering its own contributions of national life and faith and love at the feet of the Saviour." †

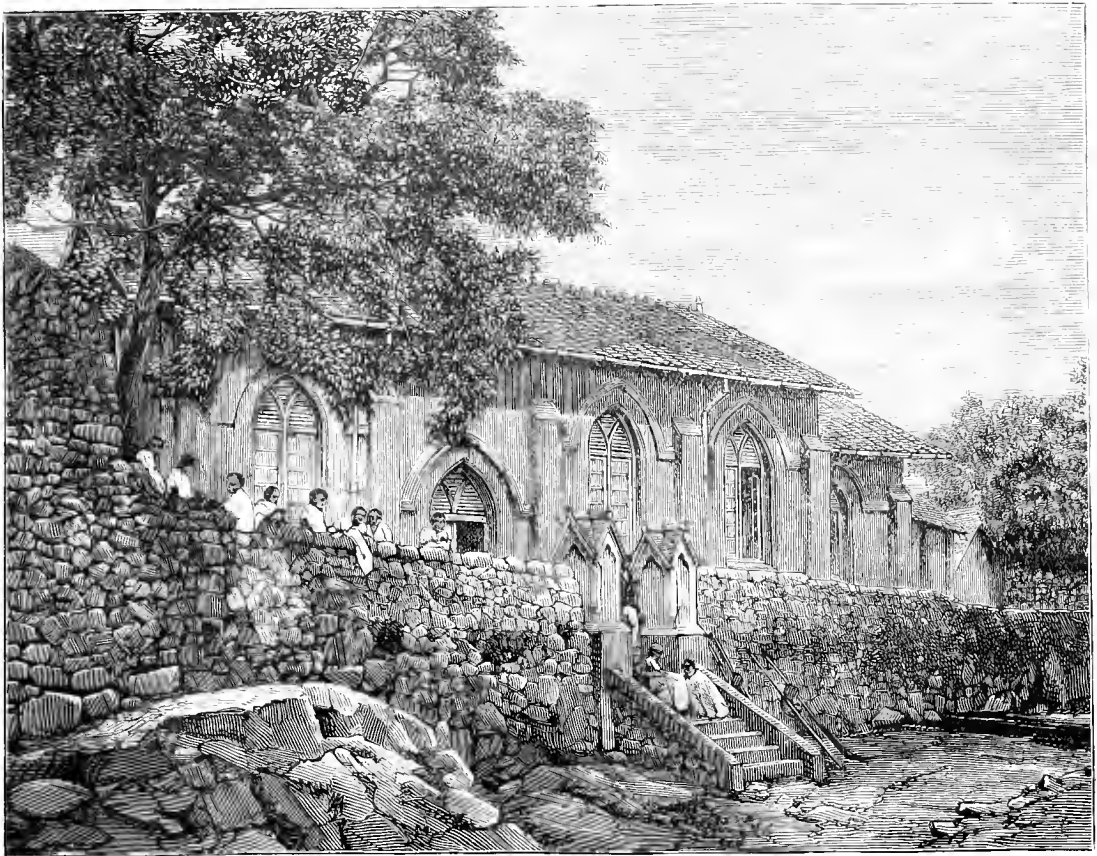
The civilisation of the people kept pace with their religious progress. Here is a picture drawn, many years ago, by a native teacher named Rábé, showing what the Gospel had done for the habits of the people in the Sihanaka province, in the days soon after the great change had come over the nation:—

"Only a person here and there could be found who washed his clothes, for everyone's dress was smeared with castor oil, and they thought it would spoil their

* "Madagascar of To-day," by George F. Shaw, F.Z.S.

† "Twelve Months in Madagascar." By Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D.

clothing to wash them, as they would be soon worn out, so that the clothing of the people was offensive to the last degree. For that reason the dark blue cotton was generally worn, as it was nearly black to begin with. But now there is hardly any one who does not wash his clothes and has not white dress. Not long ago, when it



GIRLS' CENTRAL SCHOOL, ANTANANARIVO.

was evening, the young men in the villages used to form into two parties and had violent boxing matches all through the village, the women also often joining in the fray. But now no one practises this rough sport. Not long ago run was what the people chiefly delighted in, and if any strangers who visited them were not made thoroughly drunk, the owner of the house was looked upon as inhospitable, although he gave them the best of everything to eat. One day, I, with five others, happened to be staying at a certain village, and the people of the house in which we stayed brought thirty bottles of rum and a small water-pot half full for us to drink together with the family. And although we reprov'd them, it was with difficulty we prevented them from drinking, until they saw we were really in earnest. So that at night there was great disturbance everywhere from drunken people. But now there is nothing of that kind, for if anyone is seen drunk by his companions he is exceedingly

ashamed, and those who still like excess, drink in secret, for everyone now knows the folly of it. And what has brought about such a change but the spreading of the Word of God?"

It does not fall within the scope of our present purpose to give, even in the briefest outline, an account of the political history of Madagascar, of the claims, or supposed claims, of France upon that island, or of the disastrous events that followed. But our sketch would be very incomplete unless we glanced rapidly at the present state of affairs in Madagascar.

"No nation, with perhaps the exception of the Japanese," says Mr. Shaw, "has made so much progress and has shown so much vigour for development in civilisation and Christianity as the Malagasy, especially the Hovas, during the past twenty years. . . Since the late Queen Ranavalona ascended the throne, giant strides have been made in social, political, and religious progress. The arts of civilisation have been encouraged by those in authority. The people are well housed, well clothed, and well fed. The houses are better built, of better material, better arranged, and well furnished, with well made native furniture. Ornamentation of a civilised type has taken the place of the crude and often gaudy attempts of twenty years ago; and the silversmith and goldsmith find plenty of employment. Carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, bootmakers, and tailors have also learned to turn out articles which would be no discredit to workmen in this country, while the best buildings in the capital would be no disgrace to the finest city in the world. The queen's palace, with its four massive towers, the palatial residence of the Prime Minister, and the graceful spires of the stone memorial churches, attract the attention of the most indifferent traveller, and call forth the admiration of all interested in the social advance of the world."*

In two points, however, the Malagasy are behind the times—they have no roads, and the system of slavery is still in vogue. Usually road-making is one of the first signs of advancement among a hitherto barbarous people, but in Madagascar they remain as they were, little better than sheep tracks. The reason for this is not far to seek. They do not court the advent of foreigners among them, and therefore do not care to throw open highways for them. Meanwhile, for their own needs, they have ready means for the conveyance of news and despatches by their native runners, who can carry a message from the port to the capital, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, in two days and a half, while burdens of from fifty to eighty pounds can be conveyed on men's shoulders by the same route in six or eight days.

Slavery in the Madagascar of to-day bears no resemblance to that which was in existence when early travellers visited the capital, and recorded the fearful scenes they witnessed there. In 1877, by an edict of the queen, all the imported slaves and descendants of those brought from Mozambique and elsewhere were liberated. "Option was given them," says Mr. Shaw, "of either remaining in the country as subjects of the queen, or of leaving the island for their homes. As a matter of fact, I believe, all remained, and have never been treated but as the faithful people of the sovereign. Their liberation was real, and not, as was stated at the time, merely

* "Madagascar of To-day," by George F. Shaw, F.Z.S.

a *ruse* to obtain the good opinion of England. Although the time has not yet come when the Government feel that all slavery may be safely abolished, yet the new code of laws greatly restricts the powers of the masters; and there is evidence that the system will of itself crumble away under the levelling influence of Christianity, and as the universal brotherhood in Christ becomes more clearly understood by the people."

Among the many advances in social progress that have been made during the past twenty years is a new code of laws, containing over nine hundred statutes, to each of which is attached the punishment to be inflicted in case of disobedience—the death penalty only applying to murder and treason. Laws have also been made regulating conscription, and limiting the period of service to five years: and for prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the interior of the country.

But more important than any other, perhaps, have been the laws relating to education, making attendance at school compulsory, and giving to teachers a political standing. From time to time efforts had been made by the Government to improve the elementary school system, but it was not until the year 1881 that it was put upon its present firm basis. Now all children over seven and under fourteen years of age are obliged to attend school regularly. A register is kept in which the names of all children between these ages are recorded; agents are appointed to see that they actually attend, unless prevented by illness or other sufficient cause, every day the schools are open; and fines are inflicted upon any teachers who knowingly permit the infringement of the school laws by the scholars.

Although these are Government arrangements, and the scholars are regarded as Government pupils, yet as a matter of fact, it is the missionary in whose schools the children are taught and who has the fullest control over all arrangements, examinations, holidays, and the like.

When the registration was made, the Government schedule stood as follows:—

	SCHOOLS.	SCHOLARS.
London Missionary Society and Friends' Foreign Missionary Association	818	105,516
Norwegian Missionary Association	117	27,909
French Jesuit Mission	191	14,960
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	41	2,521

* It is interesting to learn that one result of increased education has been a desire for literature, and that five mission printing establishments are constantly employed in producing school books of all kinds, as well as magazines such as "Good Words," the "Children's Friend," and "The British Workman," the two latter being illustrated from electrotypes of the original engravings in those journals.

Although there has been a marked want of public spirit in the Malagasy Government, exhibiting itself in the fact that there are no public works in the country, no roads, no bridges, no drainage or system of irrigation, no railways or tramways, but only the cumbersome native palanquin, still there has been considerable progress in the arts and sciences, many sources of productive labour have been developed, and much to contribute to the enjoyment of social life has been introduced.

Spinning and weaving are universal throughout the country, and it is thought that the Malagasy are indebted to the Arabs for their knowledge of the art; the iron manufacture was introduced by the artisans sent out by the London Missionary Society in the days of Radama I.; straw-plaiting and the manufacture of mats and baskets from reeds and rushes is universal. In the manufacture of jewellery, especially among the Hovas, they are extremely dexterous and ingenious. "They will make most excellent copies of flowers, birds, or European jewellery, and even execute a design from an illustrated price list in such a way as to defy any but an expert to tell that



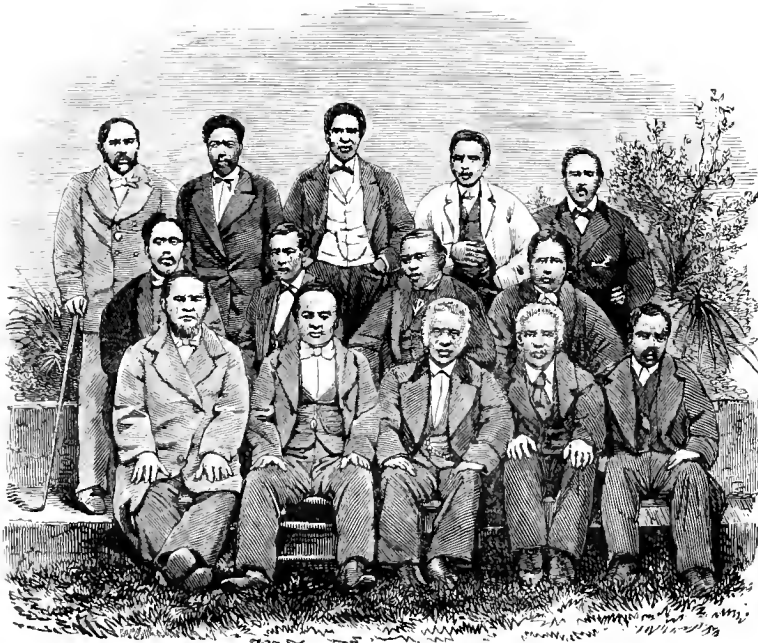
ENGLISH CHILDREN WITH MALAGASY NURSES.

it is not of English manufacture, and made with all the advantages of modern machinery and not with the few rough tools in the possession of the Hova silversmith. Some of the silver chains and filagree work are marvels of fineness and exactness, while the delicate and precise repairs successfully done to valuable watches would drive an English watchmaker to despair when he saw the tools with which it was to be performed." In like manner carving and artistic designs—altogether unknown before the introduction of Western civilisation—are executed with consummate skill, and the elegance of the designs in wood and stone, in the adornment of their houses or on tombs and monuments, have surprised most travellers in the island.

As regards music, sixty years ago it was of the most primitive sort, consisting of a monotonous kind of chant accompanied by bamboo instruments, which were capable of producing only two or three notes. Now, good bands are to be met with in most of

the Government towns, composed either of stringed or wind instruments, with cymbals, triangles, and side drums. The service of praise in the churches has greatly increased the Malagasy love of music. Harmoniums are not at all uncommon; part singing, acquired by means of the Tonic Sol-fa system, is quite general; very many of our best hymns are translated into the native language, and the "Sacred Songs" of Mr. Sankey are sung to the same tunes, with a ring and enthusiasm not excelled by congregations at home.

Within quite recent years the Executive Government has been re-modelled, and to a large extent upon the English system. The supreme power is vested in the Queen,



NATIVE PASTORS OF ANTANANARIVO.

and is wielded by her Prime Minister. There are eight departments of the Administration, each with a Secretary of State at its head, who is responsible to the Prime Minister for carrying out the laws relating to that department.

"Registration of births, deaths, and marriages, sales of property and slaves, have been established, and carried out by a number of men in each large village, called 'Friends of the Village.' These are not only the registrars, but the men responsible for the peace and order of the village, and in most cases the only representatives of the central Government. They are the guardians of the civil rights of the people, and the only easy means of communication between the common people and the Government.

"The book of regulations with which they are supplied, and which has been circulated far and wide in the country, contains instructions with regard to divorce, polygamy, registration of births, deaths, and marriages; the annual returns of the residents in each

village; all acts of oppression and causes of social disturbance; the sale or renting of land or houses; the registration of property; stealing, loans, false weights and measures, the cleaning of the roads and public thoroughfares of the villages; the non-separation of young slave children from their parents; and also general instructions with respect to the observance of the Lord's day, the attendance of children at school, and the proper regard to be paid to places of worship. For the work involved in the discharge of many of these duties the *Sakaizambolitra* receive small fees, varying from twopence to two shillings."

In 1883—the year in which many disastrous complications arose between the Malagasy Government and the French, resulting on the one hand in the bombardment of Tamatave, but on the other in the permanent presence of a representative of the British Government in Antananarivo—an event occurred which had been contemplated throughout the country not only with sorrow but with a foreboding fear. For two months the queen lay at the point of death. She was suffering from a painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude amounting to heroism, and on the 13th of July, 1883, she passed away to her reward. Nobly had she done the great work committed to her by the "God of all the peoples of the earth"; in a thousand-fold more than in a mere political sense had she earned for herself the honourable title of "Friend of the People," and when she died there was mourning such as had never been known in Madagascar.

Great fears were entertained by many as to the future. The times were troublous; hostilities with the French were just commencing; clouds seemed to fill the horizon; but, contrary to expectation, the new queen was proclaimed in peace. She was a niece of the late Queen Ranavalona II., a young woman who, as a girl, had been trained in the admirable schools of the Society of Friends and of the London Missionary Society, and who had already given evidence of being a true-hearted Christian.

The future of Madagascar is full of hope. If the next thirty years bear any relation to the last thirty years of her history, she will stand one of the queens among the nations conquered by the Cross. In the meantime should anyone ask—"After all, what have your Christian missions in foreign lands done?" let the one to whom the question is put, answer—"Study the history of Madagascar, and see."

XXVIII.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER LII.

SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Modes of Teaching—Professor Legge—Confucius—The Four Wishes—Chinese Boys—Giving a Name—School Routine—Chinese Primers—The Books of the Four Philosophers—The Analects, or Digested Conversations—The Book of Wisdom—The Doctrine of the Golden Mean—The Teachings of Mencius—Dr. Martin—Cemetery at Peking—Mr. Alexander Wylie—Dawn of a New Civilisation—English Thought and Chinese Tea—Old and New Literature—Introduction of Roman Characters.

IT follows from the high place that books have ever held in Chinese estimation, that schools must also have an honourable position, and education is indeed the one great lever by which promotion is to be hoped for throughout every department of the State.

Soon after Morrison and Milne founded the mission college at Malacca it was perceived that, while all education was prized by the Chinese, the mode of teaching adopted in mission schools must be framed to some extent after Chinese models, while these, in turn, were seen to be determined by the peculiar qualities of the written language as a system of complicated symbols. The Chinese scholar from the first is compelled to be something of an artist, and the mere formation of the letters in such an extensive alphabet occupies a major portion of the school life. Again, the Chinese scholarly class are so imbued with respect for the classic works of the sages, that their whole system of education is actually hung around these writings as pivots. The memory of the student, too, is loaded with quotations, as it used to be in our own "classical education," while literary style is entirely dominated by the fossil precedents of a most venerable antiquity.

Mr. Thomson, whom we have already quoted, assures us, however, that the Chinese are, in a sense, great prose writers, expressing with considerable accuracy such crude science as they have attained to, and giving prosaic and patient utterance to the story of their national life.

"They possess," he says, "a power of observation the most minute, supplemented by a patient and preserving spirit, which, even in the absence of higher qualities, will serve them in good stead when they take to the serious studies of Western art and science."

It is impossible not to feel indebtedness, in writing on such a theme, to a great scholar, who, still with us, carries our minds back to the times when missionary effort was impossible in China itself; to the time (within a year or two) when Morrison was still busy at work. Professor Legge, of Oxford University, who has done so much to make the loftiest products of the Chinese mind accessible to Western students, was born at Huntly in Aberdeenshire in 1815. Like Morrison, he too went to study at Highbury Theological Seminary, before departing for China as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Legge enjoyed a course of study before this at King's College, Aberdeen, and in after years his country, through its two Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, each bestowed

on him as a well-merited honour their degree of LL.D. On his arrival in the East he took charge of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, founded by Milne and Morrison, and he filled the important office of president during the period 1839-43. In Hong-Kong and the region around Canton, as a practical missionary, he had many opportunities of studying the working out in real life of those ethical and religious ideas which are embodied in the ancient classical writings of China, to the interpretation of which he has brought so much of the patience and fine tact of the scholar. We shall throughout this and the following chapter be glad to borrow from the treasures disclosed by the genial Oxford professor of Chinese language and literature.

The undoubted master of Chinese thought is Confucius, and as a religious instructor we shall return to him in our next chapter. But Dr. Legge has given us many interesting glimpses of the great teacher and of his disciples, by means of the records that come down to us from those dim times, and these help us to understand the school life of the present day, with the curious and almost tender relationship that still subsists between the preceptor and his pupil, and survives in the most modern and Christianised school in China.

One of the disciples of Confucius was Ch'ae, an unprepossessing but very honest and sincere little man, whose stern sense of justice was felt by the common people to be so essential a part of his character, that on one occasion a man whose feet he had caused to be cut off in punishment for some gross offence was afterwards led to save the life of his righteous judge. In what kind of school was this man taught? we may be disposed to ask.

The master moved about the country with his disciples, and his one end was apparently to create a class of learned and thoughtful men, who might look at plain facts in order to learn to *govern rightly*. One day, we are told, as Confucius was riding in his carriage along the skirts of a famous mountain, his attention was arrested by the lamentations of a woman who was weeping over a grave. The sage, bending down, listened with sympathetic interest to her cries. At last he sent one of his young disciples to inquire kindly as to the cause of such very unusual sorrow. "You weep and wail," said the messenger, "as if you had endured quite a succession of afflictions." "Yes," she replied, "it is as you have supposed. My father-in-law was killed at this spot by a tiger;"—an animal still to be found, strangely enough, even beyond the northern limits of China—"my husband, too, has been slain here in the same way, and now my own son has met the fate of the others." The master very naturally asking her why she had not at once moved away from so very fatal a spot as this, the poor mourner answered:—"Well, Sir, *we have not an oppressive government in this place.*" Confucius hearing this answer, turned to his young politicians and made the significant comment, "My sons, remember this! An oppressive government is even more to be dreaded than a devouring tiger."

Such was the teaching that has helped to build up perhaps the most stable government the world has ever seen; and it is on the basis laid down by Confucius that the education of the young Chinaman is still conducted.

In one part of the work, which contains a digest of his conversations with his lads, there is a pleasant little sketch of the every-day work of the school, which, paraphrased just enough to make obscure allusions intelligible, is as under. It might be called:—

THE FOUR WISHES.

On one occasion the master was in a playful mood; so he said to the four students who were sitting by his side:—"Though I may be a day or two older than some of



PROFESSOR LEGGE.

(From a photograph by W. Blackall, Oxford.)

you, forgetting all about that, I wish you to speak out your minds quite freely to me. Now, day after day I overhear you each deploring that you remain quite unknown and unnoted by the world. Suppose now that some great potentate were to favour you all with frank recognition of your talents, what, now, would each of you do with them?" One of the students, Tszeloo by name, lightly replied thus:—"Suppose the case to be that of a State owning ten thousand war chariots. Suppose, too, that it were to be straitened between other large rival States; to be also suffering from an invasion of hostile armies, and to all this add, that its people were suffering from a great famine. Well, if I were but entrusted with the government of it, in three years' time I could assuredly impart to the people courage and rectitude." At this the master quietly smiling, turned to another, and said, "K'ew, what are *your* wishes?" K'ew expressed

a similar ambition to that which his fellow had uttered, but with more moderation, and somewhat less self-confidence. In three years he felt sure that he could make plenty to exist in the land, but was candid enough to confess that he would have to await the rise of some heaven-born sage to instruct the people in the high themes of morals and music, which in Confucian teaching are strangely interwoven. Ch'ih, when it came to his turn, with some trace of the spirit and character of his master, wished to take part in the services of the ancestral temple, and at the audiences given to princes by the Emperor, to act as a merely minor assistant, dressed in dark square-cut robe, with the proper black linen cap of ceremony on his head. Last of all, the master, turning to Teen, asked him to declare his desires. Teen, who seems to have been a gay young fellow, pausing as he twanged his harpsichord, and while it still continued to resound, laying the instrument aside, arose and said:—"My own wishes differ a little from the desires of these three brethren." "There is no harm in that," says the teacher, "just speak out as they did, the wish within."

Then up spake the gay, genial, and honest Teen:—"In this, the last month of spring, rigged out in the proper costume of the season, I would fain go bathe in the river E, along with five or six young fellows like myself and a few younger boys, enjoy the soft breezes that blow among the rain-altars, and return home singing."

The master heaved a sigh and softly said, "Well, after all, I give my approval to Teen."

In one place there is a statement as to his method of imparting instruction. He says: "I do not open the truth to one who is not eager after knowledge, nor do I help anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject, and the listener cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.

We have already alluded to the strongly democratic feeling which exists and has always been potent in China. Through the writings of Confucius every schoolboy is led to know that government exists solely for the good of the people, who have the moral right to rebel whenever the sovereign proves faithless to the trust he has received from Heaven. On the other hand, as the sovereign, *de facto*, is Heaven's vicegerent according to the teaching of Confucius, so long as his conduct is reasonable and serviceable to the commonwealth in an ordinary degree, his position is simply impregnable, for Confucius in his writings is the very soul of loyalty, and loyalty in China is religion. His writings almost take the place that the Coronation Oath and Magna Charta occupy in this country, and hence their importance in education. Professor R. K. Douglas says on this point that "the possession of so highly-prized a literature at so early a date having suggested its adoption as the curriculum in schools and the test of scholarship at all examinations, the people, ignorant of all else, have learned to look upon it as containing the quintessence of wisdom, and its author as the wisest of mankind. It might be considered impossible to calculate the effects of the concentration of a nation's mind century after century on the study of any given textbook; but in China we have the result worked out before us, and we find that it

has amounted to the absolute subjection of upwards of forty generations of Chinamen to the dicta of one man." This last statement is probably too sweeping in character, and we shall see, when we come to consider the systems of religious thought that have arisen in or spread to the empire, that there has never been absolute subjection "to the dicta of one man."

A Chinese boy's education very properly does not begin till he enters upon his seventh year, and this system agrees very closely with the opinions held by the best European authorities of recent date, who base their conviction on the data furnished by a careful study of the physiological development of the human brain, which, as Professor Calderwood in his "Mind and Brain" shows, does not reach maturity till about that time.

The advent of a son in a Chinese household is a very different affair from that of a *mere* girl, for the infant son of the poorest parents has the possibility of a grand career before him, of service to the State and the loftiest rewards. Not only may he win spurs for himself by dint of industry and learning, but should he rise high enough in the ranks of his countrymen, the humble parents, and even their parents, who have perchance sorely pinched themselves to make a path for his progress, may be rewarded, long after they are dead and gone, with titles of high nobility. That such a reward is desired, esteemed, and diligently laboured for by the people, is surely one amongst the many evidences, direct and indirect, which are to be found in China of a general belief in the doctrine of an existence continued and enjoyed far beyond the boundaries of the grave.

At the birth of a boy the happy father at once proceeds to get one element in the fate of his offspring read and determined. Now, in a Chinese day there are only twelve hours, and each period of two hours has a sign, like those of the zodiac, by which it is symbolised, and those twelve signs consist of the Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Serpent, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Cock, Dog, and Boar. Some wise people may suppose that each animal in this lively zoological collection represents the sacred protector or guardian of some ancient and primitive clan, that, in short, there is a manifest survival of the *totem* in this conception of the Chinese of to-day. It is very lamentable, however, that at present there is no clear and reliable evidence for the truth of such a view as regards China, and we can only give the facts as they seem actually to be. When papa finds the sign under which his boy has been born, it requires some care to know how to act. Suppose the youth has fallen under the geomantic sway of the Rabbit, it must appear quite clear to the most unsophisticated mind that it would never do to place him under the tuition of a master whose natal sign happened to be the Tiger, and so on till a comfortable result is reached.

These preliminary cares over, the boy gets a family or pet name—which is often contemptuous and unappreciative, lest the fairies should learn too soon his value and make away with him—but there has been no such solemn naming hitherto as British Christians associate with baptism or christening. This serious naming of the boy belongs to the teacher, and takes place at that great event, the entrance on school life.

Arriving, say at the village school (the usual hours of which are from nine o'clock

in the morning to six o'clock in the evening), young hopeful is respectfully introduced to his master, who is perhaps a "stickit" graduate; presents suitable to the rank of the parents are presented, the boy receives his public name, duly prostrates himself before the image of the great master, Confucius, from whom all wisdom and learning flow, and forthwith sits down on his own special hard angular bench to rub down Chinese ink, and learn how to grasp his hair pencil properly, to hold it perpendicularly, and to make the strokes into which all Chinese characters can be analysed.

These have to be written in a certain elegant style, and at first they are traced on square sheets of transparent tissue paper of a red colour from a copy placed underneath. This is done till the pupil's wrist and fingers fall into the muscular habits



CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

required, and then the copying has to be done from sight alone, the relative position of the strokes being equivalent to the spelling of a word. Mr. Giles, in his "Historic China," gives an interesting account of the succeeding stages, from which we gather much that is valuable and interesting.

For the past six centuries the next task has always been the same, and it is the committal to memory of a tiny primer called the *Three Character (or Word) Classic*. The sounds and tones are gone over very assiduously, the pupil repeating line upon line and page after page, again and again, till he retains the sounds in their order. A few explanations are usually given, but in Japan, where the same code, so to speak, was in use till very recently, those explanations did not come till farther on, as if an English boy were to commit to memory the Beatitudes in Latin before he could translate them into his mother tongue: and, as we have seen, ordinary *local* Chinese diverges quite as far from the literary language of the classics. The Three-Word

Classic is a mere concatenation of loosely-connected words, sometimes with a little meaning, arranged mnemonically and in a very compressed form. As Mr. Giles shows, each character is linked by means of sound rather than sense to its neighbours. The opening sentence, quite a hard nut to crack for a boy entering his seventh year, is:—

"Man at birth,
By nature good,
In instinct similar,
In practice diverging."

There may be some difference of opinion as to the theology of such a comprehensive statement. Further on the pupil is brought back to more mundane interests, and is taught that "the three great lights" are "sun, moon, stars," and that "the six domestic animals" are "horse, ox, sheep; pig, dog, fowl." Still following Mr. Giles in the main, we are told that a little history, biography, and so forth, make up the sum and substance of this work. While learning their lessons the pupils all chant aloud their monotonous task at the same time, which results in a discordant din quite unbearable. In the midst of all this hubbub the master calmly hears each of his scholars at a time repeat his task in a still louder and falsetto note to the same sing-song melody, the pupil *turning his back* to guard against any chance of stealing a glance at the text-book. The youth thus gets to be familiar with the sound and shape of each character which the primer contains, in all about four hundred, arranged in triplets. He thereafter steps on to a higher rung of the educational ladder, and proceeds to the next great task, which is to memorise a unique piece of composition called the *Essay of the Thousand Characters*.

Mr. Thomson, who has formed a poor opinion of the results achieved by the literary school which grew out of the Chinese sage's teaching and influence, says:—"The cold Confucian philosophy may be likened to a broad stream, and the literature to pebbles thrown up upon its banks, all of them uniformly rounded and polished, and none of great intrinsic value to the world." The *Essay of the Thousand Characters* is almost typical of the style of poetry into which Chinese thought tends to crystallise.

Mr. Giles gives some account of the work:—

The obvious object of the poem as a school exercise is to collect, in such a method as to be easily remembered, one thousand word-pictures or characters, which are in every-day use. Those characters are arranged in lines containing four each, and these again in two hundred and fifty columns.

Of course this forced collocation of ideas is too arbitrary to have very much sense, and a strange story is told as to how it first came into existence. It is related that an unfortunate prisoner had the one thousand word-symbols in question supplied to him in prison. They were simply jumbled together, and out of this hopeless looking chaos of characters he was commanded to build up a poem. He did so in a single night, but, as usual in such legends, his hair turned white with the agony of mental effort. That the mere subsequent reading of this tragic effort of Chinese

imagination might have some such effect, a brief specimen may suffice to illustrate. It is Mr. Giles' translation, and improves upon the original:—

“ Like arrows, years fly swiftly by ;
 The sun shines brightly in the sky ;
 The starry firmament goes round ;
 The changing moon is constant found ;
 The heat remains, the fuel spent ;—
 Be then on time to come intent.
 A dignity of mien maintain,
 As if within some sacred fane.
 Adjust your dress with equal care
 For private as for public wear ;
 For all men love to crack a joke
 At ignorant or vulgar folk.
 Four words which give a sentence force
 Are really, so, indeed, of course.”

The Four Books (or The Books of the Four Philosophers) are then most carefully committed to memory, hardly any explanation being afforded till the pupil has got a parrot-like grasp of the mere sounds, which, to him, as yet, are little more than so much gibberish. A great difference of opinion seems to exist amongst the missionaries, not only as to the value of the material thus so painfully acquired, but also as to the method of acquiring it. It is alleged with some justice that the memory is cultivated, to the neglect and even starvation of the higher faculties; and to remedy this, mission schools have done very much by introducing new ideals of education, apart altogether from their great direct effectiveness as a means of presenting Christian truth to the minds of the young and impressionable.

The Rev. J. MacGowan of Amoy found that, although darkness and superstition prevailed amongst the masses, no missionary could fail to find, amongst the crowd which surrounded him to hear the Word proclaimed, men of good understanding and intelligence, and that in addressing such people a knowledge of the Chinese classics, which form the basis of a celestial education, is sure to be of great service to the missionary. He tells us that many of the pithy phrases which these classics contain are almost household words, so that the vulgar herd catch them up and understand them as readily as the *literati* themselves. They often embody great truths, and an appeal to them will gain the assent of the people more quickly than any more direct argument, a method which certainly seems to have the authority of Saint Paul's example in dealing with heathen writings.

Let us glance very cursorily at the four books. First comes a short work (none of them are long) reminding us in literary form of one of our Gospels, say that of St. Matthew. It contains pithy discourses or conversations of Confucius and his disciples, which were probably compiled within two generations of the death of the sage.

Professor Legge mentions, what is for the most part clearly enough seen in reading the work, “ that many chapters, however, and one whole book, are the sayings, not of the sage himself, but of some of his disciples.” This first book is called the “ Analects,” or “ Digested Conversations.” The ideal man, or as we should say,

true gentleman, is held up for admiration and imitation in China, Corea, and Japan, and Western writers usually give "the superior man" as the translation of the term used. In this and other books of the same system of morals he is thus described as the type of scholarly ambition and good citizenship, for the system of Confucius, it must be remembered, is essentially a religion for gentlemen.

The scholar and gentleman of the Chinese ideal is reverent, grave, earnest in deeds, careful in speech, loyal, sincere, economical in habits, and temperate in food: loving the common people for whose good he exists, and employing them properly: bending his own mind to what is radical in conduct, so securing purity at the primal source that all practical courses come right of themselves; having no friends who are not of equal rank with himself, and frequenting the company of men of moral principle in order to get his own standards rectified; though poor, yet cheerful, though rich, yet loving the rules of propriety; feeling no slight, and not afflicted that men do not know him, but afflicted that he does not know men; catholic, and no mere partisan; not a *utensil* simply; combining learning with productive thought, and guarding against the perils of mere thought by accurate learning. On one occasion, as we are told in the Analects, a disciple asked the master to tell him what constituted this superior or ideal man. The answer was:—"He acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions." In another place, we are told that in times of haste and danger alike, he cleaves to virtue. Again, "The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favours to be received." As to himself he is humble; as to his superiors, respectful; to the people kind in his treatment, and just in his commands.

Some of the sayings of Confucius are very suggestive from an educational point of view. Of one disciple he said, "Rotten wood cannot be carved; a wall of foul earth will not receive the plasterer's trowel." When about sixty years of age, he cried, "Let me return! Let me return! The *little children* of my school are too ambitious and too hasty."

Much that this volume contains seems obscure and inconsequent, and, even allowing for darkness that better study of these old writings may yet help to remove, there is much that is supremely Chinese and commonplace; and yet, such seeds of moral truth as some we have indicated, cannot fail to germinate and prove fruitful on good soil, with the vivifying influence of the Holy Spirit. Many missionaries are strongly of opinion that there need be no conflict between the moral teaching (as a whole) of Confucius, and the religious faith which centres in the Christ. Confucius was wrong, however, and taught wrong doctrine as to the duty of revenge; nor in this respect does his system advance much beyond the barbarous instincts of primitive humanity, while it is fraught with grave danger to the fabric of society. From this work we learn most that we know authoritatively as to the life, doctrines, and doings of the great sage. It contains several interesting paragraphs as to his personal bearing in society, and even as to little petty details of his life, and has been irreverently compared to Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson.

The next book is *The Book of Wisdom*, or *The Great Learning*. It also occurs in a subsequent classic (The Book of Rites), much as the song of Moses reappears in the Book of Psalms. This second classical work is supposed to be the compilation of a disciple of the very earliest Confucian school.

Next follows *The Doctrine of the Golden Mean*, as it might be called. It seems to teach the doctrine of Patience or Quiescence. "While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of EQUILIBRIUM. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of HARMONY. This EQUILIBRIUM is the great root *from which grow all the human actings* in the world, and this HARMONY is the universal path *which they all should pursue*." [Legge's translation.] We are reminded of Hegel in one of the opening sentences, which professes to describe the book itself: "The book first speaks of one principle; it next spreads this out, and embraces all things; finally, it returns and gathers them all up under the one principle." Such is one of the books that Chinese small boys for 600 years have had to commit to memory without any explanation! The thoughts of this book seem to have more affinity to India than to China, and belong to a period subsequent to Confucius. Many scholars, however, suppose it to have been written by a favourite grandson of Confucius.

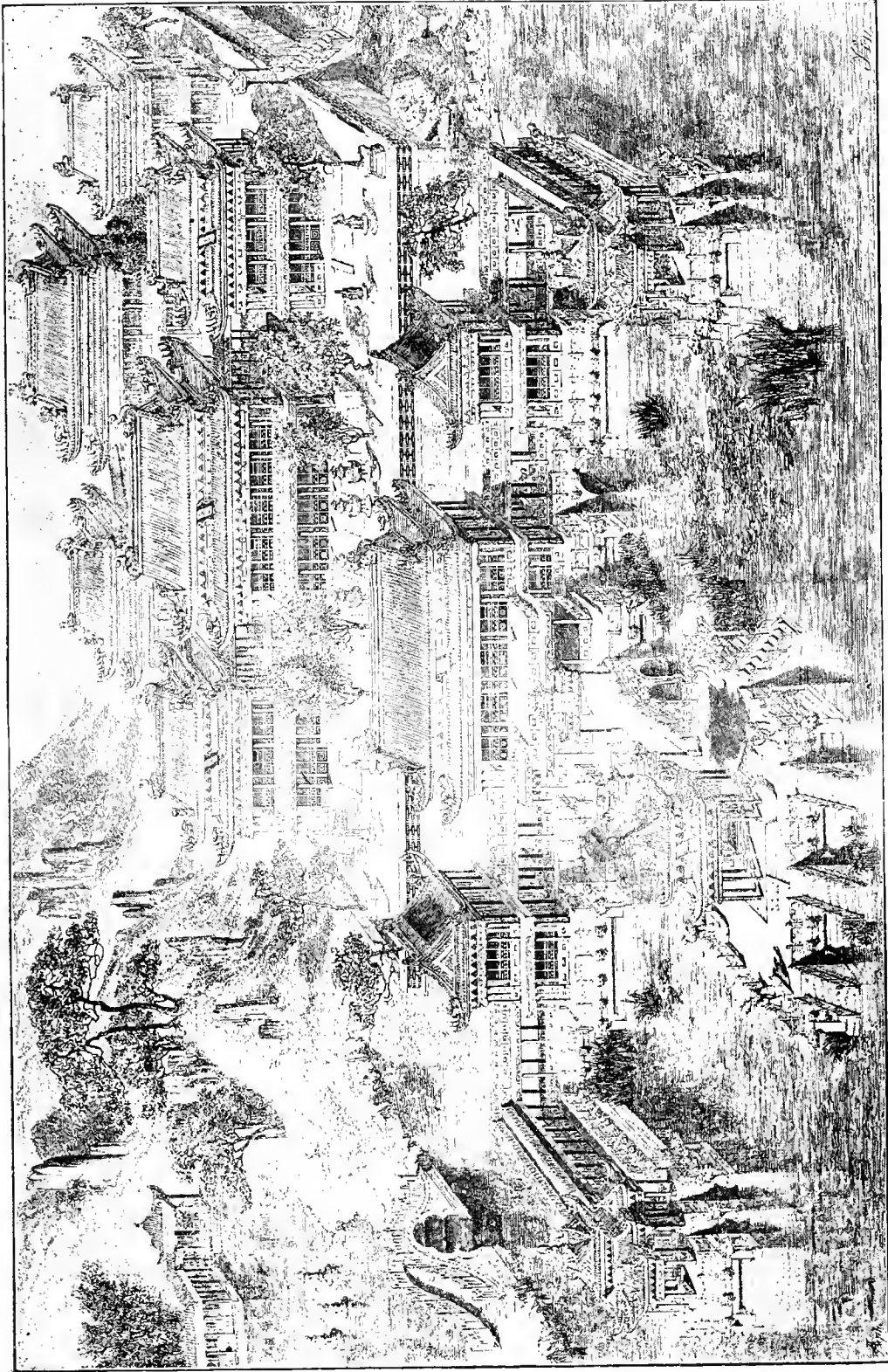
The fourth book is like the first in character, but contains the teaching of another eminent sage, Mencius, whose doctrine is that the nature of man, coming to him as it does from Heaven, is originally good and pure. The heresy which this book opposes is that of Kao, who taught that man's nature runs like water hither and thither, without any bias or tendency either to good or bad, that, indeed, it is morally indifferent. Mencius' reply is that water will, no doubt, indifferently run eastward or westward but will *not* flow indifferently up-hill or down-hill. As water naturally tends to run down-hill, so man by birth has a bias to good. "There are none but have this tendency to good, just as *all* water flows downwards."

The classics contain, in addition, the Five Chronicles (or properly, "orderly warps"), which are—

1. The Book of Changes, probably supplemented by Confucius.
2. The Book of Chronicles, proper.
3. The Book of Ballads, the sum of which, Confucius said, is, "Have no depraved thoughts."
4. The Record of Rites.
5. Spring and Autumn, a kind of provincial chronicle made by Confucius, supposed by some to have been begun in spring and ended in autumn.

For the higher education of Chinese young men on modern lines, which is now required by their changed relationship to the wider world their fathers knew not of, no one has done so much as Dr. Martin, President of the Tong Weng College at Peking. Our narrowing limits will only permit a very brief outline of his distinguished and most useful career.

William Alexander Parsons Martin was born at Livonia, Indiana, in the year



THE SUMMER PALACE AT PEKIN.

1827. In 1850, then being twenty-three years of age, he went to Ningpo, and laboured there faithfully as a missionary for about ten years. On one occasion he was captured by a gang of those dreadful pirates, who, in unsettled times, were a perfect terror to seamen in the southern seas of China. During the important and critical negotiations in 1858, Martin was associated with Drs. Bridgman and Wells Williams as interpreter to the Minister of the United States, the Hon. Wm. B. Reed. When the Hon. E. Ward was appointed to become Mr. Reed's successor, Martin accompanied the new minister to Peking during the presence of the allies there, and afterwards went with him on a diplomatic visit to Yedo, the seat of the then potent Shogun of Japan, a mission which, however, was doomed to become a conspicuous failure.

After the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1860, which the allies left a smoking ruin—its white marble bridges battered and broken, its beautiful Lotus Lake foul with rubbish—the country began to settle down to the practical carrying out of the new treaties. It was then that Martin found a favourable opportunity of entering upon a new sphere of mission activity in the great city of Peking, and till the year 1868 he continued to reside there as a missionary, giving much attention and study meanwhile to the nature and new wants of Chinese education.

Peking, which the Mongol dynasty fixed as their capital, although ten degrees south of the latitude of London, is very cold in winter, a cruel dry wind coming from the frost-bound steppes of Mongolia, and often laden with dust, making it a trying residence in that season. The country around the metropolis is subject to floods, but the city itself is on a higher level than the surrounding plains. It can be reached by the Grand Canal, and from the sea near Tientsin by the Peiho river, but large vessels do not go beyond Tientsin at present. A day or two's boat journey up the river and you reach Tungchow, where an old stone road to Mongolia begins, but it is now in a fearful state of disrepair, and almost impassable in moist weather.

Dr. Fleming Stevenson went to visit the famous Portuguese cemetery at Peking, and he gives an interesting account of the tombs of those who were in a sense the predecessors of Dr. Martin in his educational influence on China. "Behind a mission chapel we entered a garden, and walked under trellises of famous vines supported by stone pillars, and then through a narrow door in among coarse, withered grass and between rows of tombs—tall, upright stones, with inscriptions in Latin and Chinese, that contain the brief record of the Jesuit fathers whose dust they cover. But near the platform at the further end there are three names, and the traveller treads softly as he approaches the monuments of those mighty men. Ricci and Schaal and Verbiest lie almost side by side underneath the tortoises and the incense burners and the other Buddhist emblems carved over their graves; while on the bare platform a grey, weather-beaten cross of stone, with nothing but the letters I N R I, rises up against the cold, grey sky. Those missionaries are held in wonderful honour; they guided famous schools, were consulted by the emperors, built their palaces, and introduced the science and learning of the West."

Dr. Martin had not been very long in Peking when the Chinese Government called

him to be their adviser in diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, and up till now he has been constantly at their elbow, having proved specially serviceable during the recent war with France—in 1884-5, receiving for his valued counsel the highest decoration it is usual to bestow, that of mandarin of the third class. The colleges of his own country had not been slow to recognise the merits of the great educationalist and diplomat; Lafayette College bestowed upon him, in 1860, the degree of D.D.; and in 1870, the University of New York City granted him that of LL.D.

Dr. Martin conducted for some years a very useful scientific magazine which tended to open Chinese eyes a little; he translated many works of a legal or political character which have been of service to officials, such as Martin's "Guide Diplomatique," Woolsey's "Introduction to International Law," etc. He also published in Chinese, works on "Natural Philosophy" and "Mathematical Physics," and a treatise which has made his learned name familiar to every reading man in China and Japan, Martin's "Evidences of Christianity," which reached a tenth edition in 1885, and is now selling more largely than ever.

There can be little doubt that a great change is now creeping over intellectual China. New standards of education and culture are being appealed to, and the higher minds in the land feel that the old bottles will hardly suffice to hold the new wine of Western thought and activity. It is not likely that the higher education will pass into the hands of the missionaries as such, and perhaps the lofty educational schemes of a Morrison or a Duff would not be practicable in modern China: but in a few years more the current will probably be better marked and its future course more easily determined.

Mr. Alexander Wylie, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, before his return to this country, where he died a short time ago, translated a "Treatise on Steam-Power," Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy," and completed a work on Geometry which Ricci left unfinished. It is to be hoped materials have been left for the biography, not, we believe, without incident, of one of the greatest Chinese scholars our country has produced, one of the sweetest and most modest of Christian gentlemen, and a veritable martyr to over-study in the cause of science and literature as a means to advance Christian missions in China. His services have been acknowledged in other fields, such as Chinese bibliography, by scholars like Max Müller, who always mentions Wylie's name with profound respect.

The Chinese mind is now becoming awake, for the dawn of a grander civilisation than that of the vanished golden age she mourns is softly breaking over the land, and suffusing it with a strange new glow. Her students are travelling with keen practical outlook in all our Western countries, her merchants are organising fleets of steamships, are familiar with the advantages of telegraphic communication, and as a keen observer has said, "her statesmen are rising from the study of the past to view with alarm the progress of nations that a few centuries ago had hardly found a place in the history of the world." It has been a bitter cup to drink; but China has at last placed it to her lips, and perhaps the flavour of the bracing tonic she so much needs, may not prove any more distasteful after all than her tea proved to

Western palates when the first strangeness had been overcome. As the gift of China has become almost a prime necessary of life even to our poorest inhabitants, we may hope that cosmopolitan truth will yet reach the myriads of China, raising the level of their hard lives, and setting before them noble ideals of conduct and lofty hopes of a higher life than this we now enjoy or suffer.

We have seen how the peculiarities of the language of books dominate even elementary education in China. Although, in a sense, it is the most ancient of



CHINESE YOUTH.



CHINESE MAIDEN.

languages, it is still alive so far as educated Chinamen are concerned, and it has shown an unexpected and German or Greek-like capacity for carrying the heavy burden of modern technical lore. The Chinese book market is rapidly being flooded with popular manuals, competently written, bearing on every possible subject of interest to the modern practical mind of this century. Its old literature is almost rich in terms pregnant with moral and spiritual significance, and many pithy expressions which have come down through the ages weighted with thought are evidently capable of having infused into them cognate ideas of sharper and clearer import as the expanding intelligence of the people gives scope for new developments of thought in the good old national grooves. What the adoption of Roman characters may do for education in China is at present a subject exciting much interest and discussion. The new method of spelling has fairly been set afloat in Japan, where, however, the conditions are somewhat different, but the results achieved there are giving fresh hope to a small but ardent band of "Romanists" in China.

CHAPTER LIII.

GIANTS IN THE LAND.

Early Religion of China—Misapprehensions Concerning It—Heaven and God—Earth and Man—Pre-Confucian Ideas—A Spotless Official—Early Years of Confucius—His Life and Teaching—The Chows—Tomb of Confucius—Mencius—The Sovereign People—The Law of Life—Taoism—Lao-tze, the Old Philosopher—"The Path"—Distorted Traditions and Absurd Beliefs—Writers of the School of Lao-tze—Teaching in Dreams—Mystery of Life—The Name of God—The Vendetta—Laws of Love.

IT was a serious error to suppose, as many Christians at first did, that the missionaries would find the minds of the three hundred millions or so who inhabit the flowery land to be mere "clean slates" upon which to write the new message of the Gospel of Jesus. Thanks to the labours of eminent scholars amongst the missionaries, who have been brought into daily contact with the great religious and ethical systems of China, we are now able to take a comprehensive survey of the ideas which, on the arrival of Christian teaching, were found to preoccupy the heart and intellect of the Chinaman.

So persistent, however, has been the wrong impression that the Chinese people had never enjoyed any form of religious belief, that a returned missionary of intelligence vouches that within the last two years he heard a distinguished contributor to the leading reviews state to a London audience as an undoubted fact, that the millions of China had got on very well, for a longer period than any other nation had existed, without any notion whatever of a God! How very far from the truth such a view is, we hope to make plain in this chapter; but it must not be forgotten that several of the earlier missionaries, of authority in other matters, were led to form a somewhat similar misconception, and even diligently to propagate their blunder far and wide amongst Christian communities.

In the Chinese people we have a strong indirect testimony to the Biblical doctrine of the unity of the human race. And so, in some respects, we can study in the religions, social customs, and even industrial appliances of that isolated race as they exist to-day, the infancy or childhood of our own advanced civilisation. But we shall find that there has never been absolute stagnation amongst the "black-haired," while there has at times been considerable intellectual activity, especially after fresh contact with foreign races, while some useful lessons for humanity at large have been grandly enforced, as we have seen, by the teaching and practice of the sages of China. As an observant missionary, Mr. MacGowan, has truly remarked:—"The more we become acquainted with her philosophy and her systems of morals, the more shall we be convinced that, isolated as she has been, and apparently shut out from the world, she has been acting as high a part in the history of the world as any other heathen nation."

Long before the names of Buddha, or Jesus, or Mahomet had been even uttered on the banks of the Yellow River, where we first find the Chinese as a settled and civilised people, there had been firmly rooted amongst the natives of the land a

system of religious thought linking this world to that above, and giving sanctions to the growing society on the banks of the Hoang-He. With all its sectarian diversities this system, upheld by the early sages as already a venerable thing, long maintained a unity which has to some extent outlived the strife of schools, a fact best explained by the supposition that, underlying it from the first, there was an indestructible foundation of genuine religious truth.

It has sometimes been supposed that the primitive religious faith of the Chinese was a crude form of nature-worship; but on the contrary, its very kernel was the recognition of a kindly parental Something, above what we are accustomed to call nature, determining its phenomena for the welfare of men, which Chinese writers, fully conscious of the difficulty of the attempt, tried to name by the conjoined title (implying, as many believe, no real duality) of Heaven and Earth.

Not only is there a constant reference of human affairs to this over-ruling Providence, but under the personal title, Shang-ti, do the Chinese seem to recognise, and through their Pontiff or Sovereign, annually offer very solemn worship to, one Supreme God, ruler of heaven and earth, and so superior, in an immeasurable degree, to all genii, ghosts, and spirits. These latter are believed to fill earth and air and sky. Miss Fielde speaks of the tortuousness of the country roads, which makes it necessary always to employ a guide. "In visiting," she says, "among our church members, and in teaching in the hamlets, I at first pondered much upon the fact that the Chinese did not appear to have discovered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. I would start for a village that looked as if it were but a short distance away on the plain, but the road to it was always many times further to my feet than to my eye. After a while I learned that all roads and canals are made labyrinthian, so that wandering evil spirits may not easily find their way to the abodes of the inhabitants of the lands."

A third element is constantly introduced along with that of Heaven and Earth, and that is Man. He is called the Microcosm, or world in little, and in him is found the type of all things, the symbol, the very flower of all existing and created beings. We have already referred to the Confucian conception of an ideal or superior man, the moral knight, the true gentleman, which now pervades all schools of Chinese thought. He is the one who fulfils rightly all the relationships of life according to his station, acting towards others as he would have them act to him in return, and showing generally that he is swayed by a moral sense. In life and conduct the middle course is where safety and peace are surely to be found: all extremes lead to ruin and disaster. Filiality is the type of all virtues, perhaps the one source whence all have really sprung. Hence ancestor-worship is yet almost universal, and is one of the very last weeds to yield to the good seed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who claims the undivided allegiance of His followers.

Such, in brief, are the main lines of an ancient creed that cannot strictly be called Confucianism, however closely the name of the sage may be now identified with it. No Chinaman would readily so speak of the early faith of his forefathers, which Confucius only claims to have transmitted, which existed long before his day, and is

loyally held by many of his hottest opponents. Just as we speak of Judaism or Hinduism, it has been proposed that a new term, "Sinism" (from *Sinin*), be used to denote the national faith of the Chinese race. The system has had some qualities within it of a useful kind, if the continuity of the national life is any evidence.

Here is an example, with which every native is familiar, of a "spotless official." This man, Yang Chên, was of such scholarly reputation that he used to be called the Confucius of the West, living a century or two after the great sage. He attained a high official position, with great influence and many opportunities of quietly adding to his rightful emoluments, yet nevertheless he died a poor man, and attained only the one object of his ambition, which was to be known as a spotless official. To-day the family or clan of Yangs worship with pride in the temple of their ancestors, which derives its title of "The Hall of the Four Knows" from an incident marking his incorruptibleness in an age when such virtue was rare. The story goes that some importunate suitor had urged the righteous-minded officer to accept a bribe, saying that the matter would never come to be known by anyone. Yang Chên with quiet firmness declined the temptation, saying, "How so? Heaven would know; earth would know; you would know; and I should know."

There is an appearance of duality in this phraseology, but elsewhere the terms Heaven and Earth each appear as the necessary complement of the other. To the ancient dwellers in the wide, garden-like plains of China, the vast over-arching dome of azure was always figured as a circle, while the flat expanse of earth was less fitly represented as a square, and those two geometric forms are produced respectively by masonic square and compass. The outcome of a good man's life, therefore, was to combine harmoniously the significance of those two forms, the all-round man and the square hole—a moral lesson constantly brought close to men's business and bosoms, even in far back times, by means of the brass or copper coinage of the empire, the "cash" being round in outline but perforated, so as to be strung on straw cords for convenience, with a square opening. To this very day the grand national worship of Shang-ti is twice annually offered by the Emperor amid much pomp, at two altars, one square, the other round, each having the same significance as in the instances already mentioned. Very striking is the fact that this worship is felt to be too solemn to be directly engaged in by anyone but the Pope-Emperor, or spiritual father of the people, and by him only after solitary prayer and fasting. Yet so great an authority as Professor Legge gives it as his opinion, after a life-long study of the early classics, that were a Chinese child, familiar with the old pagan prayers used long before Christ's time, to be asked in the familiar words of Dr. Watts's "First Catechism"—"Can you tell me, child, who made you?" he would probably enough answer in the very words of Dr. Watts, "The great God who made heaven and earth."

The greatest name in China is Confucius, or rather is that of the sage, K'ung, which the Jesuit missionaries long ago latinised into the form which has now become far too familiar in Western countries to be readily superseded.

In the northern part of China, where the province of Shan-tung now is, and nearly

north-west from the modern treaty-port of Shanghai, six centuries before our present era began, existed the kingdom of Lu, one of an adjoining series of petty states, at constant feud with each other, but which had always one common centre, round which at last crystallised into final solidity the present empire of China. In the middle of the sixth century before Christ there lived in Lu a very tall and brave old officer with a grand pedigree, named Liang-ho, noted not only for his stature, but also for his strength, courage, and sagacity, who had attained his seventieth year when at last a son—the future sage—was born to him.

The birth of Confucius is believed to have taken place in the year 551 B.C. Not long before this, Cyrus had founded the great Persian empire, and Shakhya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, was probably still alive and teaching his sublime lessons of patience and mercy to the people of India.

Only three years afterwards, the young mother of this notable boy was left a widow and had to bear the hard lot which, in China not less than in other lands, so often falls to her class. The poor child took his amusements in a rather serious form, and was passionately fond of going through dignified ceremonies with sacrificial vessels for playthings, and elaborately posturing according to the rigid etiquette so dear to the obsequious courtiers of that age and kingdom. This prim little posturer grew up amid the narrow and ungenial atmosphere of the poor widow's home, to be very early recognised as the greatest teacher of his countrymen. Long afterwards, when surprise was once expressed at the extent of his accomplishments, he replied—“When I was young my condition was humble, and I acquired some ability in numerous things, but they were mean matters.”

The youthful sage was greatly attached to his widowed mother, and at her death, which took place when he was in the prime of youthful manhood, he mourned for her long and bitterly. We are told that a sudden heavy fall of rain had destroyed the memorial mound which, following the fashion of the time, he had caused to be raised over the grave, to which he had also removed the bones of his father. At this he wept greatly, characteristically chiding himself for having departed from the venerated customs of ancient times in raising such a mound. He ate nothing for three days after this.

Confucius was married at the age of nineteen, and he adopted the profession of teacher, or rather tutor, in his twenty-second year. His disciples were young men, anxious probably to qualify for the duties of official life. Their studies seem to have consisted largely of a kind of Socratic puzzling over the problems of life and government, illustrated chiefly by an ideal golden past, very dimly portrayed to be sure in authentic history. This group of disciples finally grew to be not only large but also somewhat select. Like modern Scottish students, many of those young men seem to have busied themselves in ordinary employments in order to gain a living, but the Chinese seemingly resorted only to their instructor when embarrassed about particular problems. On such points of detail, however, our knowledge is very meagre.

Confucius lived within the period when the dynasty of the Chows (B.C. 1122—250)

dominated the growing empire. The country was still in a kind of feudal condition of development, and had not yet been welded into anything like the substantial



CONFUCIUS.

unity which it now presents. While there were even then distinct traces of imperial influence and control, the land was really split up into many minor principalities governed by scheming and ambitious "dukes" and other rulers. We are reminded by many incidents recorded in those times of the conditions which existed in our own

young island empire before the Duke of Normandy and other leaders hammered our heterogeneous mobs into an imperial race. It is difficult to project ourselves away back into an age and amongst a people like that in which Confucius lived, where so many fruitful "first things" were just budding into being. But unless we can in some degree approach to the almost infantile stand-point of those who formed the auditory of those early sages, we cannot hope properly to appreciate the originality and true greatness of their teaching relatively to their special sphere and time.

In politics, where Confucius sought to find his true life, his aim was on the whole to support, with an evidently sincere loyalty, the ruling dynasty, and of course to weaken all the rival ministers about him. It was the opposition and partial coalition of these rivals that every now and then drove him from office in disgust, and made him frequently become an unwilling pilgrim to other states, where his private counsel was generally in greater request than his official control. "Heaven," said an older sage, "gives birth to the man of intelligence to regulate the people." It was a disappointment to Confucius to the end of his life to find so little recognition of his celestially-inspired mission to men.

The age of the Chows was that in which ceremonial dignity and courtly prinness had risen to its highest development. Its traces survive to our day in the lordly pomp and stiff etiquette with which the modern mandarin loves to fence himself, just as not a little of our judicial picturesqueness and dignity come down to us from the courtly days of the Stuarts. We need to have some understanding of this, to perceive the point of much that Confucius and his followers laid stress upon, which now seems altogether trivial to ourselves. In this field some Western critics have looked upon him as a kind of more earnest Lord Chesterfield, and he has streaks, too, of his lordship's quiet courtly humour. One of his sayings, however—"Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue"—does not seem a Chesterfieldian sentiment. In another passage he says: "He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling-place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified—such a person may be said to love to learn."

While his teaching has some bearing on all the duties and relationships of life, it turns more frequently on the duties and burdens of official life. In those days, before morning newspapers and political platforms existed, such sayings as many of those that come down to us had a direct bearing on the problems of the times, which can hardly now be appreciated.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson paid a visit to the tomb of Confucius (the "Throneless King," as he has been popularly called), and from his graphic account, contained in "Journeys in North China," we glean a few sentences. Beside the tomb there is a temple of peculiar sacredness, very richly adorned. The chief building is of two stories, surrounded by a verandah resting "on gorgeous marble pillars, twenty-two feet high, and about two feet in diameter, which at a distance appear as if huge dragons were

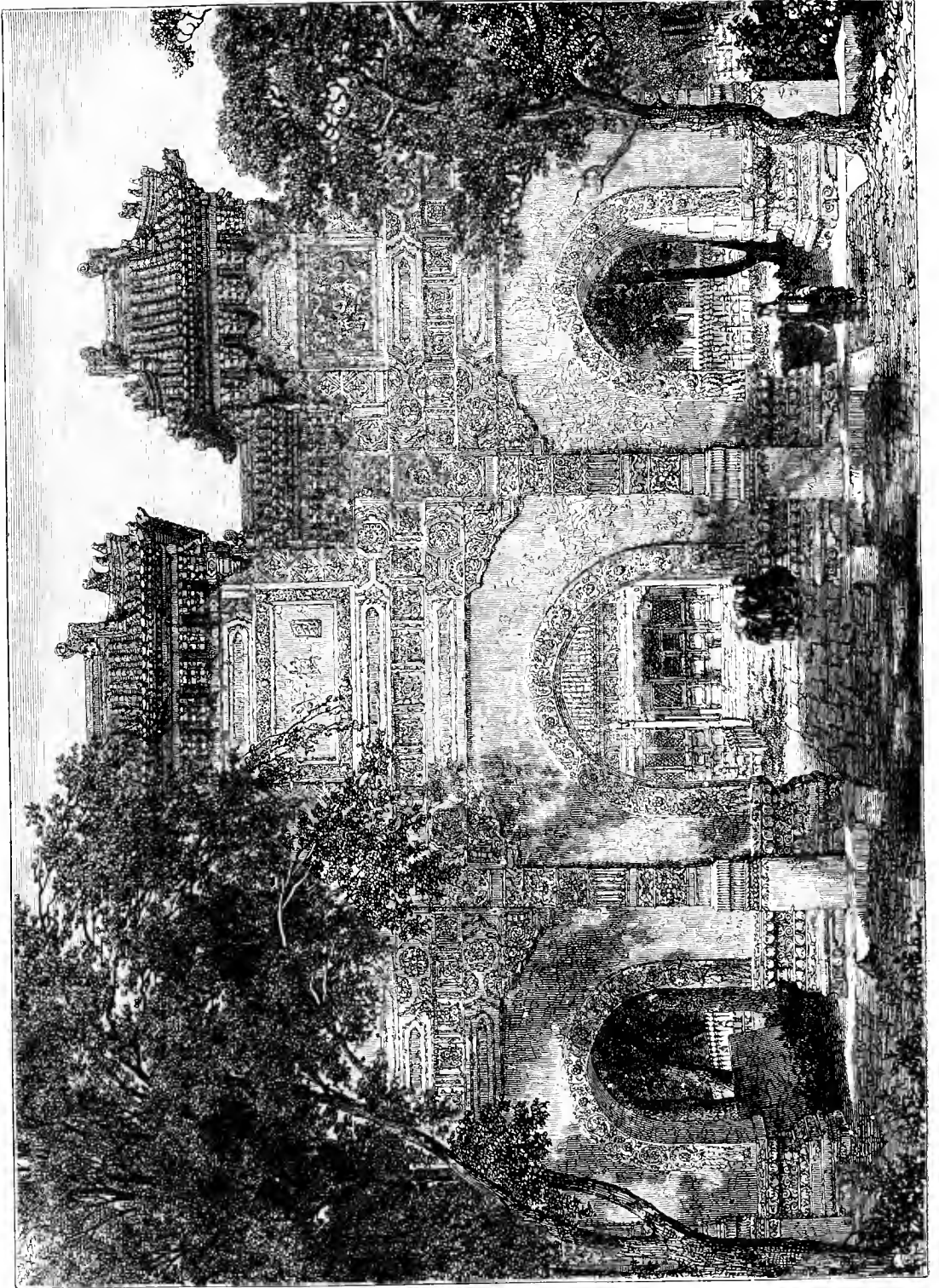
coiled around them, and hanging from the top. . . . The tiles of the roof are of yellow porcelain, as in Peking, and the ornamentation of the eaves is covered with wire-work to keep it from the birds. Inside the building is the image or statue of Confucius, in a gorgeously-curtained shrine, holding in his hand a slip of bamboo, such as was used for writing upon in his days. The statue is about eighteen feet by six feet, and is life-like. Confucius was tall, strong, and well-built, with a full red face and large and heavy head. . . . On the tablet is the simple inscription, 'The most holy pre-existent Sage, Confucius—his spirit's resting-place.' On the east side are images of his favourite disciples, arranged according to the estimation in which he is said to have held them. . . . Before him, and also before his disciples, were the usual frames for sacrifices, and, in front of these, beautiful incense-pots; beside them were several most interesting relics, such as vases, said to be of the Shang dynasty, B.C. 1610, the work of which was superb. There were also two bronze elephants, reported to be of the Chow dynasty, and a table of that same era of dark red wood."

In another temple, behind this one, Dr. Williamson saw "three pictures of the sage on marble, one an old man, full length, rather dim, having no date; the second smaller, with seal characters on the side; the third and best, giving only his head and shoulders. These varied somewhat, but were substantially alike. All of them have the mouth or lips open and front teeth exposed, and full, contemplative eyes. Immediately behind these are gravings on marble, illustrating all the chief incidents of his life, with appropriate explanations at the side."

The old writings inform us that Confucius was very careful to have his clothes well cut and of the proper colours—red being excluded. All his home affairs were required to be arranged "squarely." He liked to stand still by a river's brink and watch, with a sense of lofty exultation of spirit, the flowing of the water past him, and the Chinese have still a saying: "The wise ones love the water." To the calm judgment of our day, he may seem to have been too much a mere doctor in decorum, and to have laid undue stress on details of ceremony or costume. His views in theology seem to have lain somewhat close to what we call agnosticism, for while he recognises in forms of reverence the current belief in a personal sovereign of the heavens and earth, his teaching does not seem to lead up to Him, and to sacrifice to spirits not related to the worshipper he denounced as mere flattery.

Confucianism, as Mr. Duffield Jones remarks, "has no priests, but in every public office . . . there is found a person who directs the ceremonial observances which the Emperor requires to be performed in particular temples at certain seasons of the year. . . . They wear the dress peculiar to the lowest literary rank, and are allowed to have a brass button or ball on their hats." These directors of ceremonial worship, he adds, "are necessarily men of respectability and some literary attainments, who can put on a grave and dignified air when occasion demands, and speak with authority."

A collection of high-toned thoughts uttered by a later disciple have been accorded a secondary place in the Chinese classics along with those of Confucius, and so enter



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS AT PEKIN.

universally into the academic and official culture of the empire. Not a plausible courtier or glib flatterer of princes, Mencius (B.C. 371) met with the same kind of discouragement from statesmen that embittered the life of his greater prototype. Besides, he was a stronger claimant of the rights of the people than Confucius, and in his well-known saying, "The people are the most important element in the country . . . and the ruler is the lightest," there may be found ere long a taking catch-ery for a great and intelligent political party. There was need in his day, at least, for the emphasis of so pregnant a sentence. China was not only then in a most deplorable state, but seemed to contain no remedy within herself. Mencius used to teach that the people can be guided by their great men in any given direction, but they cannot be made to understand the reason why. He asserts that there is no such thing as a "righteous war." We are only, in his opinion, justified in saying that some wars have been comparatively better than others. With him the law of life is this, there should be between father and son, affection; between sovereign and ministers, righteousness; between husband and wife, attention to their separate functions; between old and young, a proper order; and between friends, fidelity.

The great leading doctrine or principle, which has had much influence on Japanese ideas, is that the nature of man is essentially good, though subsequently to birth it may be warped by selfishness and passion, and by the evil communications received in one's pilgrimage through the rough highways of life. When a man ceases to do evil, he literally, like the prodigal son, comes back to himself, or, as the Japanese express it, "his original heart returns."

We come now to sum up the main facts we have elicited as to the pre-existing elements of a moral and spiritual kind, which modern missions inherit as the legacy which the classical teaching of China has left.

Has it all to be considered a combustible heap of used-up and offensive wood, hay, stubble? We have seen, first, that there has been recognised from the most ancient times the existence in man of a guiding moral sense; that a view has also been held not far removed from Bishop Butler's conception of a human constitution which, in its balanced adjustments, on the whole makes for good; that there is a seemly awe of those in lawful authority as having *parental* authority as well as wielding power; a national love of courtesy, propriety, and order which preceded even the early teaching of Confucius; and, lastly, a deeply rooted filial reverence which has decayed into an abject superstition, spite of the wise warning of Mencius, who wished *affection* to make the mutual bond between parent and child.

Confucius, it is said, having on one occasion paid a visit of inquiry to a contemporary philosopher, who was probably his senior by a good many years, afterwards said to his followers: "I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how animals can run. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot with an arrow. But as for the dragon!" (a mythical rain and storm power which assumes that shape, derived, perhaps, from the appearance of a waterspout), "I cannot tell how *he* mounts on wings of wind through the clouds and rises up to heaven.

To-day I have seen Lao-tze, and can only liken him to the dragon." If one of Lao-tze's admirers may be relied on in such a matter, Confucius, ever looking about diligently for official patronage and employment, was rather roughly lectured by that Carlyle of those days, somewhat in this fashion: "I have heard that a good merchant, though he be rich in treasures deeply stored, appears as if he were really poor, and that the knightly man of culture, whose virtue is complete, appears outwardly to be stupid. Put away your proud air and many desires, your insinuating habit and wild will. These are of no good to you. That is all I have to say to you."

This great and genuine leader of thought in China, Lao-tze, held by tradition to have been born with hoary hair, is hence called the Old Infant, or more commonly, the Old Philosopher. He is next in importance to Confucius himself, if, in some respects, he is not to be ranked before him.

The system of which he was the founder is not very easy to define, but is known to Western scholars as Taoism. The word *Tao*, from which the term is derived, in its ordinary usage, simply denotes a way or path. And just as Jesus speaks of being the Way, and Shakhya Muni points to the Path, this term has a special meaning to the disciples of that system to which it is made in Europe to give a name. Some of the early Jesuit missionaries thought it to be close in meaning to the *λόγος*, or Word, of the Apostle John. Others, on better grounds, perhaps, translate it Reason; while, again, it often resembles the Divine Wisdom spoken of by the wise man.

As to the system itself, which is more important than its name:—"Three precious things I prize and hold fast," said the sage, Lao-tze: "humility, compassion, and economy." Sir John Davis says, "He seems to have inculcated a contempt of riches and honours, and all wordly distinctions, and to have aimed, like Epicurus, at subduing every passion that could interfere with personal tranquillity and self-enjoyment."

One brief scripture, "The Path," is all that he left beyond his own direct oral teaching and example, but his religious following is still very large. His comparatively pure and morally helpful lessons have become encrusted with such a deposit of superstitious nonsense and idle alchemy, that it is now one of the chief obstacles to mental and moral progress in China. How such a wonderful transformation, or more strictly degeneration, could take place, has always been somewhat of a puzzle. There is, however, a certain naturalness in the process of decay here as elsewhere. Human passions might be subdued or even crushed, and a philosopher, at least, might reconcile himself comfortably to a life of pinching poverty and obscurity, but what of the great stern fact of death, which each must face? There was the question! It must come and be met somehow, and without a life beyond, the outlook must have been meagre and disappointing. Hence, perhaps, arose, as there did arise, in China, an intense thirst for some kind of mechanically acting "elixir of life," which led not only to the secret study of magic and alchemy, but also caused an expedition to be sent to search for it over the seas.

The mystic work, "History of Great Light," written about two centuries before Christ, serves to mark this striking transition from comparative moral light to intense

darkness. Whether in any indirect way much service was rendered to Chinese progress by those futile efforts of a purblind humanity, we know too little at present to be able to judge.

In an old Chinese work containing legends of three brothers who belonged to the fraternity of Tao in this degenerated condition, there is a story illustrating the absurd beliefs which grew out of the distorted traditions of Lao-tze's teaching. Chang-paou, leader of a band of Taoist rebels, called "Yellow Caps," was surprised by the Imperialist general in force. So Chang, mounting his horse, with dishevelled hair, and waving his sword blade, made magic cuts like invisible symbols written in air. The wind arose, loud peals of thunder burst from the sky, and from on high there came down a sable cloud filled with warring men and horses. The imperial troops were drawn off in confusion, and the general consulted a soothsayer, who supplied him with—not ammunition, but a collection of the blood of sheep, swine, and dogs, and other impurities to be hurled at the rebels when the proper crisis in the battle should arrive. The rebels in due course advanced plying their magic arts; again wind and thunder arose, followed by a storm of sand and stones. The imperialists feigned retreat and led their foes into an ambush where their foul resources of a very crude civilisation were hid. Launching their treasures on their enemies, lo! the air became thick with horses and men of paper and straw, which fell confusedly to the earth like snow-flakes. The wind and the thunder were hushed, and the sand and stones were still and ceased to whirl about. The rebels, of course, were in this case defeated; but in history we find that similar troubles soon ended the great dynasty of the Huns.

The same Emperor who built the by no means mythical great wall of China, who burned the Confucian books, and who sent some 300,000 men to fight the Huns, also despatched an Imperial roving commission of some kind to hunt for herbs wherewith to brew this most desirable beverage, the elixir of life. There were supposed to be some far off islands of the Sun in which the materials were likely to be found. And so the commissioners set sail for the golden shores of Fāng-lai, but, alas! they never returned. Did they simply find and colonise Japan? is a question which, for many years, Orientalists have been more ready to ask than to answer.

By-and-by this strange Taoist system began more and more to assimilate itself outwardly to the Buddhism which it resembles in several respects internally, and great is the likeness now born by the priests and temples and services of the two systems. Like its great rivals, Buddhism and Confucianism, it is legally recognised, and to some extent officially endowed. Its Pope or "Heavenly Master," having the family name Chang, comes down through an uninterrupted descent (so it is believed) from almost the beginning of the Christian era. Of its theological tendency Professor Legge writes, "The name Ti, or God, which Confucianism never abused at all without calling forth some protest and, in the end, correction of the error, is given to scores of the Taoist deities. No polytheism could be more pronounced, or more grotesque, with hardly a single feature of poetic fancy or æsthetical beauty."

There were two writers of the school of Lao-tze, the father of Taoism, who stand out prominently, Licius and Chwang-tze. They are not considered orthodox by respectable Confucianists, and while they show very clearly the impotence of the mere human understanding to reach and rest in divine truth, their very human-like struggles are significant and interesting. The tendency of Licius—or rather Lieh-tsze—is thought to be pantheistic. Speaking of death, he says:—"The ancients call the dead returned (or *gone home*). If the dead are gone home, the living, then, are pilgrims." Possibly he means little more than some Buddhists mean by Nirvana, for again, "Why trouble oneself about anything in life? Is not death, which is but return from existence to non-existence, ever close at hand? My body is not my own; I am merely an inhabitant of it for the time being, and shall resign it when I return to the 'Abyss Mother.'" Once he exclaims:—"O, how great is death! the knightly men it leads to rest, the rough ones it reduces to submission."

Like John Bunyan, Licius loved to teach in dreams, a precedent followed by Chwang-tze and others of the same school. There is a touch of modern rationalising treatment of the Biblical account of Creation in this ancient Chinaman's theory (possibly following hints from now forgotten traditions) of the origin of things. At first there was unconscious, unintelligent change. Then came spirit, after which followed form, then matter; but spirit, form, and matter were not yet separate. As yet they existed only as chaos, invisible, inaudible, impalpable. Then at last came the one (or unity) which sundered into seven.

There was one tolerably faithful follower of Lao-tze who was by no means an admirer of Confucius. Chwang-tze is most caustic in his sarcastic condemnation of the *fussiness* which he fearlessly attributes to the great sage and his whole school. But for the bitter, clever, bantering scorn which belongs to him, he would seem to have been under some influence from that Indian quietism, which was about that time making itself felt in the far east. His works have recently appeared in English translations, and although hard to read, they show great originality in the "art of putting things." Like Licius, he now and again indulges in didactic dreams. Is this troubled sea of life a reality or a nightmare? One day the philosopher dreamed a dream, finding himself fluttering gaily on the wings of a butterfly, all oblivious of the human cares and joys of poor Chwang-tze. Suddenly he awakes, and coming slowly to himself, again he wanders away into a still more dreamy speculation as to which was the mere dream, and which the reality. "Am I, after all, the man who dreamed he was a butterfly, or am I not, mayhap, a butterfly which idly dreams he is a man?" And so life, it seems, is an unreal thing in itself, although it has aspects and issues real enough for us.

Chwang-tze seems ever to be sighing for that undisturbed guileless infancy of humanity of which authentic history is so grimly silent, and his crude system of reform has elements in common with the pretty dreams of fairyland, with which Mr. Henry George is wont to entertain his hearers. Says this old-world philosopher of China: "If the world (society) were but left to itself, people would wear that which they spun, and eat that which they grew. . . . All created things would

rejoice in life. Wild animals would wander in troops, and trees and shrubs would flourish, among which birds and beasts might roam, and then would man enjoy a golden age." The obstacle in the way of all this happiness is government; and, of course, the reforms were to have been brought about on the familiar old plan of putting down the other party first of all, and that having been accomplished, a clean sweep was to be made of laws, judges, and policemen. Many passages, far too long to quote, read almost like a clever modern parody of some of the extreme forms of Socialism that now assert themselves so noisily. The high-toned Confucian books were



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

duly burned to make way for the new era, which, however, has been somewhat slow in coming. Nothing can evidence the fruitfulness of Confucius's advocacy of catholicity better than the tolerance extended by the orthodox and governing classes to views apparently so subversive of the established order as some of those taught by this school, of which there used to be an active and vigorous offshoot in Japan also.

The Christian missionary of intelligence (and none but intelligent men and women can hope to succeed in China) has no idle task before him in supplanting those old and giant forms of belief by "the truth as it is in Jesus." He does not find mere empty rooms, swept and garnished, to be fitted and furnished, and oft-times perchance he sighs that it is not so. On the contrary, he has to do with a people who cannot be called Atheists, who even recognise the tenderness of a Divine Providence, and the

awful sanctions of the life to come, a life closely in touch with the life that now is; and in all this there is a ray of hope for the religious future of China. To build on this is not to take a foundation of wood, hay, stubble, for there is deep in human nature, and very deep in Chinese nature, a belief in the immateriality and so, perhaps, in the immortality of the soul.

Shakespeare makes Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*, define the opinion of Pythagoras, "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird;" and such a view is common enough in China; but in China the soul asleep would seem to be no soul. The *nirvana*, or swoon, which the higher Buddhism promises, is to the common-sense of the Chinaman no explanation of the mystery of that life which a disembodied spirit lives. Dr. Lockhart relates an incident, which shows how such ideas sometimes work in common minds. "At about eleven o'clock one night a man was noticed standing at a door in one of the public streets. He held a lantern in his hand, which he occasionally waved above his head, calling in a most plaintive voice upon some absent person. He was answered from within in the same tones. It was found upon inquiry that a child in the family was suffering from fever, with delirium, or, in the native phrase, 'his soul had gone away—was rambling abroad.' In such a case the father hangs up on the side of the house a paper figure of Buddha which he burns. Then lighting a candle in a lantern he holds it at the door, and calls in a mournful and beseeching tone for his child's soul, 'A-sze, hwui lae!' (A-sze, come home); to which the person who is watching the child replies, *A-sze lae tsae* (A-sze has come back). This continues till the delirium subsides, or till some change has taken place. The wandering spirit is supposed to see the light, and hearing the call, returns to its usual abode."

Among the great problems pressing for solution which the missionary has to encounter daily and hourly, and which arise from previous religious thought and culture, are, as we have seen, such questions as how to name God in common speech or writing; and the choice from existing and ancient terms is much more difficult than the creation of new ones. We are inclined to agree with Professor Legge, that the Chinese Emperor in worshipping Shang-ti is worshipping the Almighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth whom we call Father.

Dr. Wells Williams, on the other hand, describes Shang-ti as a heathen "vanity." Now it is quite possible for impartial people to agree so far with Professor Legge, and yet to discard the proper name Shang-ti for a generic word meaning god (or spirit). Williams relates that he himself used Shang-ti, as he found others, such as Morrison, doing on his arrival in China, till he began to observe that in loyal and reverent Chinese minds there was a horror of trespassing on the ground which from antiquity had been claimed as too sacred for anyone but the Emperor to tread. "It is highly probable," he says, "that the worship of God by the Taiping rebels under the name Shang-ti, which they adopted from Christian books, caused them to be suspected from the first, as aiming at the throne."

Although Shang-ti proper may have no birthday, as Professor Legge points out, Dr. Williams has shown that there are inferior beings to whom the same name is

popularly but improperly applied—an argument, however, that is fatal to Dr. Williams' own most powerful *objection* to Shang-ti. He tells us that he was impressed by the fact that annual placards were to be seen in the villages through which he travelled, on which were the words "The precious birthday of Shang-ti." So much for Professor Legge's challenge to show that Shang-ti had a birthday. The converse, indeed, holds good of the Shang-ti whom the Emperor alone is privileged to worship, but Dr. Williams has in this shown the absurdity of his own argument, that the worship of a Being called Shang-ti implies, in Chinese minds, disloyalty to the Dragon Throne. Suppose the early Christians in Europe had chosen the word Jupiter for God, and the Latin language furnished precedents for the use of adjectives, such as tonans, pluvians, etc., would our theology or religion have suffered? They found other words ready to use, such as Theos, Deus, God, and they used them. It may be fortunate for the future of theology in China that Christians have been driven to form clear conceptions of God Himself rather than to deaden thought by the easy choice of words that, after all, are only signs.

Another serious question arises in connection with the supposed duty of revenge, or the Vendetta, as sanctioned in the most solemn manner by Confucius—perhaps the chief flaw in his moral system.

The missionaries, however, from the first have found that the great practical objection urged against Christianity is its cruel interference with the popularly accepted duty of worshipping the spirits of one's ancestors. Said an intelligent Chinaman to one who was urging him to become a follower of Jesus—"If you take away the worship of ancestors, you take away filial piety; and where there is no filial piety all the relations of life are thrown into confusion." On the other side it is contended that filial piety has been steadily degenerating from the times of Confucius, till the talk about it has become mere empty cant. Frequently it is not shown by the typically filial son till after the death of the neglected parent, and there can be no doubt whatever that it is constantly the occasion of acts of the most terrible domestic tyranny the world has ever seen. What Christianity has to do and will do—for it alone has the power—is to re-create that old tender tie of *mutual* affection, which even Mencius, two thousand years ago, perceived to be lacking in the doctrine of filiality as taught by Confucius.



IN A JAMAICA FOREST.

XXIX.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SCOTTISH MISSION.

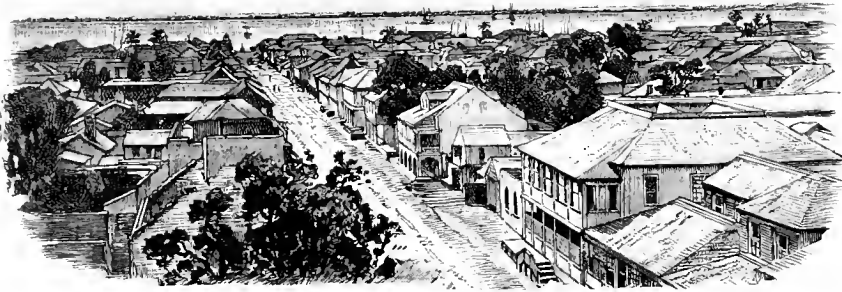
Origin of the Scottish Mission to Jamaica—Devoted Labourers—A Christmas Sabbath—Education—Drunkenness—A Series of Misfortunes—Cholera—A Tragic Event—The Rev. H. M. Waddell—Negro Holidays—Slavery—Some Terrible Statistics—The Sugar Trade—Plantation Life—Negro Worship—Sugar-Cane Harvest—The Caribbean Sea—Capture of a Spanish Slaver—Involuntary Colonists—Native Churches.

THE Edinburgh Mission Society, which came to be the Scottish Missionary Society, was at first of an undenominational character, and became established at Edinburgh in February of the year 1796; but its mission to the West Indies was not inaugurated for a good many years afterwards—in 1824.

Some wealthy Scottish proprietors of estates in the Caribbean seem to have initiated the enterprise with the hope of conferring benefit chiefly upon the slaves at work in their own plantations. One of those liberal landlords was Archibald Stirling, of Keir, who was the chief proprietor of a Jamaica plantation called Hampden. Another was William Stothert, of Cargen, who owned a similar estate called Dundee, and these two gentlemen agreed to share between them one half of the expense of the new mission. Other planters readily came forward at a later period and gave liberal help to the new project, some of them frankly expressing their hope and conviction

that Gospel teaching would improve the value of their human property, by tending to preserve order among the slaves and to promote fidelity to their owners.

The Rev. George Blyth, who had just returned from the borders of the Caspian where the Scottish Society had a mission to the Tartar followers of Mahomet (ultimately suppressed by the Russian Government), sailed for Jamaica in 1824 with the object of seeking to promote the spiritual elevation of the slaves, especially those who lived and toiled on the estates of Hampden and Dundee, which lay towards the northern limits of the fertile, and at that time exceedingly prosperous, island of Jamaica. Mr. Blyth, whose name became prominent in an unfortunate controversy with Mr. Knibb, was soon followed by a succession of devoted labourers, among whom we may mention the



KING STREET, KINGSTON.

Revs. John Chamberlain, James Watson, Hope Masterton Waddell, John Cowan, and Warrant Carlile—who established little centres of Christian activity in various parts of the island, and much sooner than the most sanguine hopes could have anticipated, had quiet, orderly congregations of slaves around them. Much futile criticism has been expended on the work which was done at that time, amidst great hostility from those whose lives were rebuked by the very existence near them of a few old-fashioned believers in a life to come. Probably greater stress was laid on the sanctity of the Sabbath by the Scotchmen than other Christians might have deemed to be either expedient or necessary. We are told that “the Sunday markets were abolished: men and women were no longer to be seen working their fields; it was even very seldom that any one was seen carrying a burden,” on the sacred day of rest. Even the ordinary holidays, which had once been scenes of wild revelry, drunkenness, and unbridled licentiousness, with noise and excitement, became times of quiet rest and peaceful enjoyment.

Mr. Watson thus describes the scenes that had once prevailed:—"I have seen the streets of Lucea on a Christmas Sabbath crowded with hundreds of the country negroes, wearing masks, grotesquely dressed, having caps with feathers, red coats, and swords, marching in procession preceded by about thirty men and women dancing and cutting all sorts of capers to the sound of the rude noisy kind of music of a drum and fife, with the harsh and grating accompaniment of a stick rapidly drawn up and down the teeth of an old jawbone of a horse, or some other animal. These scenes were disgusting in the extreme, and painful to witness as a proof of the almost hopeless degradation into which the people were sunk, and of the vast amount of ignorance and darkness which everywhere prevailed."

Marriage now began gradually to take the place of concubinage, and the efforts of the Scotch missionaries to promote elementary education among the slaves and the "brown" population were received with some degree of favour. The planters were not always hostile to such means of improving the negro mind, and many of them were quite favourable to any means which might tend to keep them from plotting insurrections, a pastime in which servile races have always been wont to indulge. Mr. Blyth, who took much interest in the matter, wrote that "it has been remarked by all my acquaintances who have paid attention to the subject, that comparatively few of the negroes are able to read with ease and fluency. This does not arise, in my opinion, from want of capacity, but from their not being accustomed in early life to fix their attention on minute objects. On this account, numbers of them, who are otherwise acute and intelligent, have been unable to learn the alphabet, or to distinguish the form of one letter from another." This opinion refers chiefly to adult negroes, but as the rising generation inherited some capacity, better results were gradually attained, till a very good standard was reached at last.

The British Government gave the Scottish Society £6,630 in various grants for education, and the desire to use their opportunities for improvement seemed to gain upon the negro population. The one great difficulty was to secure regular attendance on the part of the little woolly-headed pupils, each of whom had to make out monthly, at least one week's work, and so their periodical recurrence on the benches was compared to that of planets in the heavens, while some of them were almost comet-like in the shortness, infrequency, and general eccentricity of their appearance on the scene. As a rule they were taught English grammar, geography, writing, and arithmetic, with the very sensible addition of a little natural science. Uncivilised races do not seem to have the capacity even for simple enumeration, and it is not surprising to be told that an absence of faculty for arithmetic was very conspicuous, while, strange to say, the girls excelled the boys in almost every department of study.

This was a golden age in the education of the Jamaica negroes, which, however, soon passed away. The poor people had hoped to find great material benefits from conning their primers, painting bill-hooks, and multiplying fabulous sums of money, but the material benefits were not yet plainly visible on the narrow horizon of their sordid lives, and so, even the best Christians among them thought the Bible was

the best and therefore the only food for the mind, while village politics were able to thrive without the aid of newspapers, which were very rarely to be seen.

Chastity and general propriety of demeanour were certainly highly developed under the influence of Christian church life, but temperance was not so favoured. In former days the slaves rarely got drunk, for they had no money to spend on liquor, and they had no friends on whom to levy hospitality; but when they became *men* with money in their pockets, they had abundant opportunities of making *beasts* of themselves, to which many of them were not slow to respond. This dreadful scandal led to a vigorous temperance agitation, and Mr. Blyth had the happiness of recording that in one year no case of drunkenness occurred in his church of seven hundred members. The poor people began to make efforts to help the good cause, and within about three years they collected the sum of £3,891, exclusive of charges for buildings, etc.

Mr. Anderson states that 310 people gave a week's labour each in order to make a lime-kiln, required for the building of a new church. It was an interesting sight to see these black Christians labouring so earnestly in such a cause, without the old stimulus of the lash. Mr. Cowan gives some interesting and vivid touches to the fascinating picture. He writes:—"The people have come to-day to carry materials for the church. I have been remarking the difference between the manner in which they perform their work now and in the days of slavery. In those days they were often employed in the same kind of work. The manner in which they walked was indescribable—*not faster than half a mile an hour*. I remember also that those who were thus employed were young people, who otherwise would have been sprightly and active. It was sickening to see them. Now the people are as active and as agile as if they had never tasted the cup of slavery. Just now, old and young are passing and re-passing with a step so smart and sprightly, that it does one's heart good to see them. Their movements are as fast as those of willing workmen in Scotland. Such a change even in this respect has the removal of the load of slavery effected."

At this period of the mission's history, while the church-going people had a most respectable and orthodox appearance, there was often felt to be much real indifference to the spirit of the religion of Jesus, and the missionaries perceived the revival of old African forms of thought. With freedom there came not only a good deal of luxury, comparatively speaking, but even licentiousness, while the young negroes, who were no longer to be considered as valuable property, merely threw off the paternal reins, bolted from the home, and were often not to be seen again by any one who cared for them.

In 1835, the Rev. James Paterson and the Rev. William Niven sailed for Jamaica to join the Scottish mission; the latter, however, some few months after his arrival, perished during a storm, his young wife following him very soon afterwards, in child-bed. A series of sad misfortunes overtook the mission from that time, and the deaths were numerous. Among those who speedily succumbed to the climate chiefly may be mentioned the Rev. W. P. Young; the Rev. J. Scott, and his

young wife; Rev. J. Caldwell; Mrs. Winton; Rev. W. Turnbull, and Mr. J. Drummond, teacher.

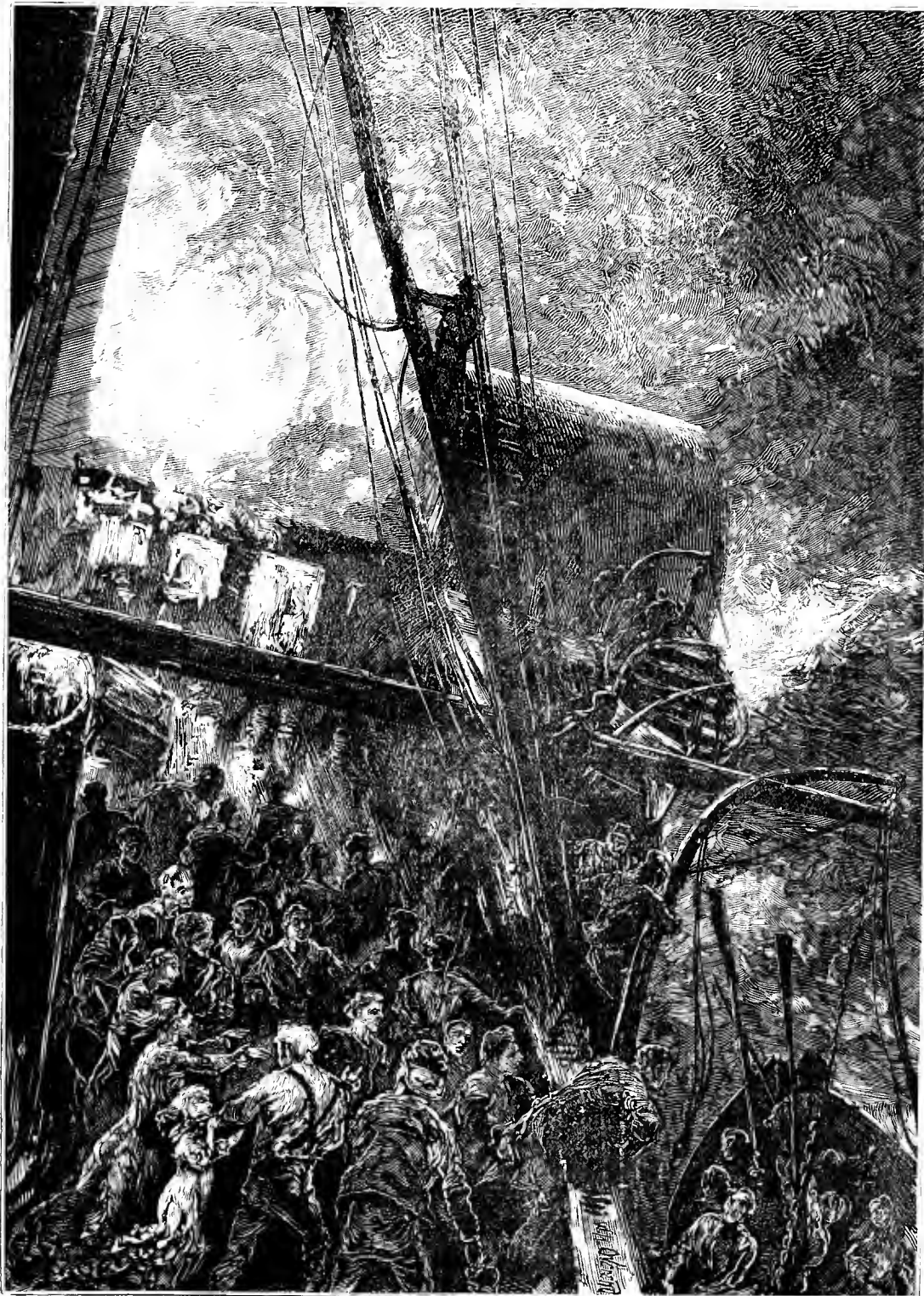
In 1847, after the union of two of the numerous "splits" from the old National Scottish Presbyterian Church, which agreed to form the body now called the United Presbyterian Church, the missions in the West Indies were transferred to the care of the Board of the United Presbyterians. At the time when this peaceful transfer was effected there were on the mission roll of communicants about 2,700 members; the average Sunday attendance at the services was 4,500; and there were some 1,100 children attending the mission schools.

In 1850 the cholera made dreadful havoc among the people under the care of the United Presbyterian missionaries. Mr. Anderson (now in Calabar) wrote thus, during the height of this awful visitation:—"I state a simple fact, and within the truth, when I say the half of the congregation are dead, smitten down by cholera. This is the twelfth day, and oh! what twelve days! From morning to night I have been among the sick, the dying, and the dead. Eight, and sometimes eleven, persons have been employed in digging graves. I cannot write; my whole frame is quivering."

Mr. Aird, writing of a visit which he made to the station at Lucea, says:—"I went to preach and dispense the sacrament there last Sabbath, but have never seen a town in such a melancholy state—nobody from the country, and the townspeople either sick or attending the sick. The streets had all the appearance of midnight. No one was to be seen but the doctors and their visitors moving in haste from place to place, and the dead-carts conveying bodies to their resting-place. Except the administration of medicine, the making of coffins, and the digging of graves, business of every kind was suspended."

The beginning of 1852 was marked by a tragic event in the history of the mission which cannot yet be quite forgotten in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Winton, just after their marriage, took passage for Jamaica in the ill-fated *Amazon*. She was a fine new steamer of 2,250 tons, 310 feet in length, and of 800 horse-power. Under the command of the experienced Captain Symons she left Southampton on the 2nd of January, on her first voyage, with fifty passengers and a rich cargo. There was a crew of 110, including engineers and officers. The weather was a little rough as the Bay of Biscay was entered, and the engines being quite new, a good deal of friction took place, and the bearings got so heated as to necessitate slowing and sometimes stoppage. A sudden alarm of fire was then raised; the passengers made attempts to get into the boats, one of which capsized, but the fresh wood-work was of so resinous a nature that the whole ship was soon in flames, with her funnel red-hot. An explosion as of gunpowder was heard, and soon a few shivering survivors were all that could be seen. One hundred and forty people perished, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Winton.

We are indebted to the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell for a vivid and interesting narrative of many of the doings of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission in the West Indies. That gentleman, now residing in Dublin, after a life of arduous mission service



THE BURNING OF THE AMAZON.

in the tropics, has published a valuable record of his experiences as a missionary to the African negro, under the title of "Twenty-nine years in the West Indies and Central Africa." When Mr. Waddell was eighteen years of age he was serving an apprenticeship to Messrs. Andrew Pollock and Co., druggists, etc., in Dublin, when there came to him what he felt to be a Divine call—"It pleased God, who called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen." After giving himself to study he was ordained to the ministry in the year 1829 by the Edinburgh Presbytery of the United Secession (now United Presbyterian) Church, and duly arrived at Jamaica in December of the same year. Like other travellers before and since, he was charmed with the picturesque aspect of the islands of the West Indies, the steep ascents of their lofty mountains, their deep and leafy ravines, the waving cane-fields, and snow-white beach of coral sand, which give so much grace and beauty to each vision of the shore. A lifetime in the tropics, he assures us, "has not effaced the first vivid impressions of the splendid scenery that burst on our view as our ship passed close along the coast." The night was more strikingly tropical in its impressions on the new arrival than the day. The bay was lit up by fire-flies, and other strange luminous insects "with globes of dazzling light, sailing like steamships in straight lines hither and thither," made a grand insect illumination. Even more striking than this novel appeal to the eye "there was an insect serenade, too, which gradually but unceasingly swelled till it filled the air—a chorus of countless multitudes of tiny voices—a universal song from all little creeping and flying things that love the night—in shrill notes of endless number and variety."

Just before Mr. Waddell's arrival in the field a new white church had been built for the negro congregation of his predecessor, Mr. Blyth. It stood charmingly framed in the deep shadowy green of a cocoa-nut grove, and near it towered some lofty cotton trees. The black people who formed the congregation were slaves for the most part, but the young missionary was quite surprised to observe how decently they were clothed, how attentive to the service, how intelligent in appearance, how decorous in their general conduct—in short, this congregation of negro slaves was greatly superior to anything he had expected. They were generally dressed in Osuaburg and Penistons—the former a coarse linen, and the latter a woollen material of a blue colour, which seems to have been the usual clothing for slaves on the plantations. There is one pleasing feature throughout Mr. Waddell's narrative, and that is, he seems to wish to make the lot of the slave appear to be no worse than it really was, and his intense sympathy for the servile race of negroes never tempts him to do injustice to the planters, who had their own troubles, and sometimes very great ones too.

When Mr. Waddell began his labours in the West Indies, negro congregations were still rare, except in the larger towns, and the dominant race was not in the least degree favourable to measures intended to develop intelligence or self-respect among the slaves, and so "the religious instruction of the slaves and their admission to church privileges were fiercely resisted." Even Christian men of the ruling community doubted whether religious ideas—tending to equality—could be communicated to the slaves with safety. Everywhere Mr. Waddell found the same questions being keenly debated,

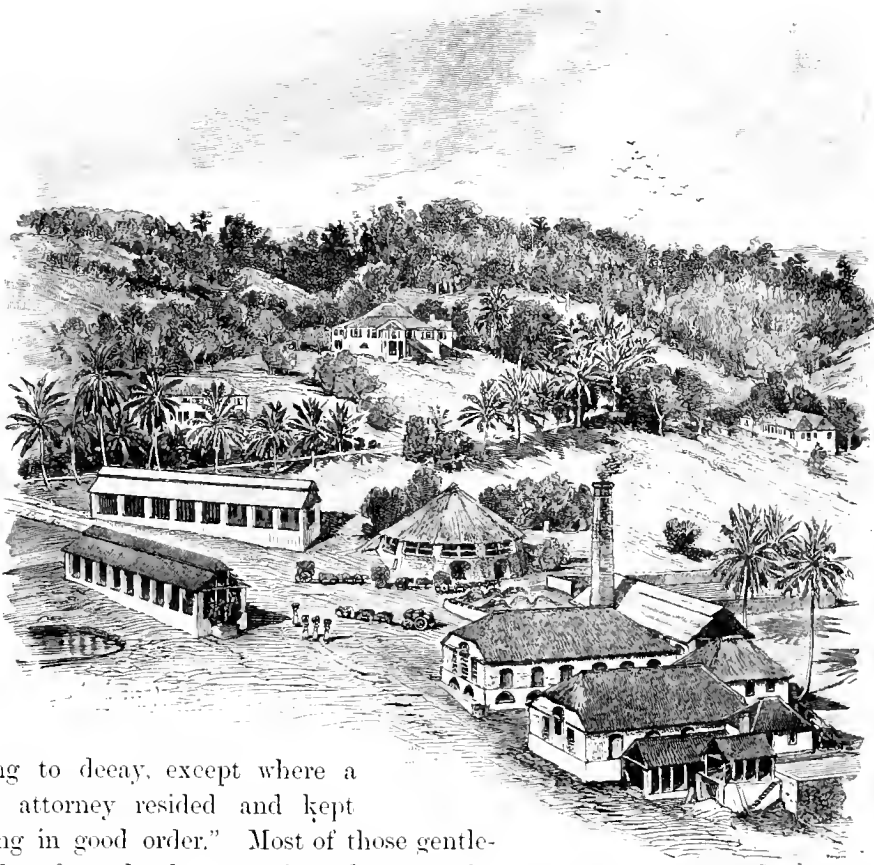
and the doubt being freely expressed whether the slaves would continue to be docile and obedient if education was to be given them along with the religion of Jesus, which is the highest source of education and social improvement.

At Christmas time, the slaves had at least one brief period of relaxation and even licence, reverting in some degree to the barbaric superstitions of their African ancestors. "The slaves had three holidays," Mr. Waddell relates, "and made the most of their annual festival by unbounded revelry. Then they got their annual clothing, and a good allowance of salt-fish, sugar, and rum, which enabled them to feast and be merry. The estate overseers usually gave a dance to the people, where the most dissolute of both sexes were sure to be present, and to indulge too freely in the shrub made for the occasion. Companies of young men paraded the estates, carrying a fanciful and gaily-painted structure called a Johnny Canoe, and followed by a crowd singing and beating the gombi. In the towns two parties or sets of girls, called from their dresses 'reds and blues,' paraded the streets in rivalry, followed by crowds of both sexes and all ages. The young men who led, gaily dressed, sang sweet airs to improvised words, their followers swelling the chorus. They received contributions from the householders, and spent their evenings in feasting and merriment. The three days became a week among the town slaves, who made a saturnalia of a Christian festival, spending the time in the grossest rioting. The result of so much licence or licentiousness, it was hoped, would be great good humour, to prepare the slaves for another year of ill-required toil." When the revelry was over, things settled down into the old dull routine for another year.

The growth of public opinion led to the abandonment of the cruelty that had at one time marked the treatment of the slaves; but even from the lowest point of view, unkindness was discovered to be an expensive luxury. With the best of masters and with the most thoughtful management, the mortality amongst the slave population was very extraordinary; and when the trade of slave importation was stopped it became clear that, even by natural laws, slavery would come to an end in the West Indies, and by the mere dying out of the existing slave community. Some of the facts are simply appalling in their suggestion of untold misery.

About 18,000 negroes were being annually introduced as slaves up to the year 1776, and there had been in all up to that period some 600,000 bondsmen landed to work on the plantations. Now what became of them? Let us quote Mr. Waddell's quietly eloquent figures:—"130,000 had been sold away again, and 270,000 had perished, leaving about 200,000 in the island. In 1817, when the slave trade had been suppressed, their numbers were 346,000. It is certain that a much greater number, probably twice as many, had perished. Even after the importation had ceased, and when the planters had the greatest interest in taking care of their slaves and promoting their natural increase, they decreased at the rate of several thousands annually. In 1829 their numbers were 322,000; five years later they were only 302,000."

Amidst such surroundings as slavery tends to environ itself with, a high tone of moral sentiment was not likely to prevail, and Mr. Waddell's narrative gives a painful impression of the degradation into which an English community may sink when the standards of our high moral development are abandoned under the pressure of such conditions as the system imposed on the planters. "Cheerful willing labour was not to be found, it was not looked for; nor peace and purity. The proprietors or island nobility were for the most part absent, and their 'great houses' unoccupied



A SUGAR PLANTATION.

and going to decay, except where a planting attorney resided and kept everything in good order." Most of those gentlemen, who formed the "squirearchy" of the island, had families, but they were rarely married men, and some planters had never seen a married lady since leaving England, nor would they know how to address one. "Housekeepers" were supposed to be more economical. Mr. Waddell describes how young men coming to the country would at first be shocked, then amused, and finally would adopt the customs of this strange community.

Mr. Waddell was somewhat fortunate at the outset of his career, for it was arranged, after some travelling about to study the conditions of the field, that he was to settle at a place called Cinnamon Hill, where he found a pious lady, the

proprietor's wife, who, on hearing his decision, said with emotion, "I thank God, for I have earnestly desired and prayed for you to come here."

Those were the palmy days of the West Indian sugar trade, and whatever scenes of darkness, cruelty, and lust might lurk beneath the shadow of the profitable plant, a sugar estate at that time was a pleasing sight to the outward eye. Our missionary thus describes such a scene as then greeted him:—

"The canes presented an appearance of the utmost luxuriance, and especially



NEGRO SQUATTERS, JAMAICA.

when crowned with the lilac arrowy blossoms. The pastures, shaded by the most valuable or beautiful trees, were often like English parks. The works, usually white and clean, comprised an extensive range of buildings. There were the overseer's house and stores, with the barrack for book-keepers, carpenter and mason; the mill-house, boiling-house, cooling-house, and still-house: the carpenter's, cooper's, and blacksmith's shops, and extensive trash-houses. A little way off stood the hospital or 'hot-house.' Overlooking the estate from a rising ground generally, stood the mansion of the proprietor, or "great house," as it was called by the negroes of the estate, and alongside, at some distance off, were the villages in which resided the slaves—who were very numerous, of course, in some of the larger estates. These

last buildings were often buried in a very picturesque manner under groves of the kingly cocoa palm, or were kept cool and shady by the graceful leafage of the orange and mango, or the avocado pear-tree. All this was very pleasing and attractive from a merely pictorial point of view—an idyl of prosperity and happiness! But the young missionary was soon to see the other side of the shield. Meanwhile he began with his wife's assistance to attend to the various wants of the poor and sick. The worthy couple had brought with them from Scotia a bag of the national oatmeal, which seems to be indissolubly bound up with Presbyterianism, but unfortunately it became too popular as a remedy to last long, and daily the cry would be:—"Missis, me beg you a lilly (little) o' meal to make pap for my pickaninny, him bery sick. Do my good missis."

A good attendance was promised at the first service, and Sunday morning found a room swept and garnished, with a goodly array of benches—all empty. The minister rang the house-bell vigorously, and even went to the slaves' quarters and rang it there as it never had been rung before, but dead silence was the only response. At last, some poor crippled and worn-out old slaves were discovered, who seemed quite surprised to find the buckra troubling themselves about *them*. They were induced to lend their presence, became attached worshippers, and old Daddy Brown, Grandy Fanny, Grandy Juliet, Grandy Phoebe, and some others were placed in due order on the roll of the church. The *crop* had begun—the great plantation event of the year—and there was rest for no worker, those who could get away having gone to market for their week's needs. At night, however, there was really a good turn-out of people to the service of this first Sunday, and never again were empty seats to be found. The congregation, indeed, soon grew all too large for the accommodation, and the little group of cripples had expanded to a regular gathering of about one thousand souls.

The routine of work was to visit the negroes at "shell-blow," or dinner-time, when they had a few minutes to spare for instruction and inquiry. Mrs. Waddell assisted her husband in the formation and carrying on of a school for the negro children, and the sadly neglected class of whity-brown "free" children. The house was soon made to resound with the cheerful notes of A B C in every key and pitch, and the demand for education became quite embarrassing. There were, of course, many grumblers as to this fresh move on behalf of a parcel of "niggers." "What! teach the *slaves* to read!—to read the Bible, and then newspapers and so forth, till they become discontented, rebel against their masters and proprietors, and burn up the country!" was the tone of those hostile criticisms, which came from all quarters.

On the other hand there was no lack of evidence for the sobering and staying effect even of such elementary education as had alone been proposed and attempted. "Minister," said a young man attending the Bible class, "you do very good teach we read book. Before time them leader hold book and talk, and we believe their word come from book. Now it no so; we find them out; they hold book upside down, and no saby (know) read one word. Ah! minister, plenty false prophets live for neger-house."

When the season came to harvest the sugar-cane—called “crop-time” on the plantations—the lads who had been toiling all day in the heat were often willing enough to attend evening lessons, but many of them were so overcome with fatigue that they could hardly keep their eyes open, reading when the turn of each came, and dropping off to sleep again with the mechanical alacrity of the fat boy in “Pickwick.” Mr. Waddell gives us a peep into his evening school at crop-time. “One class with books sat round the table, another faced a lesson-board on the wall. The rest were sound asleep on the floor. Whoever moved out of his place had to pick his steps among the prostrate scholars. When their turn came, however, the sleepers jumped up, rubbing their eyes, while the others took their places, and were fast asleep in a moment. Out of crop-time their craving for lessons was insatiable. They would not be done. ‘One word more, minister; only one. Missis, whara (what) dis be? Massa, whara you call dat?’ Ten o’clock sometimes came before we could get them out of the house.” Sometimes the individual results were very encouraging, and then the promising pupil would be transferred to some other plantation, and would be entirely lost to view thenceforth; but even now there are, or at least very lately there were, surviving evidences of the valuable influence of those evening schools.

A chief magistrate, who was also a planter, and was generally supposed to be a free-thinker, invited Mr. Waddell to give similar instruction to the people on his own estate, making a charmingly frank avowal of his motives for doing so. “I have,” he said, “a bad set of people; they steal enormously, run away, get drunk, fight, and neglect their duty in every way; while the women take no care of their children, and there is no increase on the property. Now, if you can bring them under fear of a God, or a judgment to come, or something of that sort, you may be doing both them and me a service.”

The usual dwelling-house became too small for the growing congregation, but Mr. Waddell was fortunate in obtaining permission to meet in a great empty house formerly the residence of a planter. Rats, bats, and owls were ejected, licence was obtained from Government to use this fine old colonial mansion, bedecked with family portraits, as a church. “Its floors and stairs, wainscoting and ceiling, doors and windows, were of mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, orange, and other native hard woods of various colours, fit for cabinet work, highly polished and well arranged. Spacious piazzas and corridors ran round the house above and below, and the front door was reached by a very elegant flight of stone steps.” It is not often that missionary congregations are so comfortably provided for, and in this case the grand house often contained a great congregation of negroes, many of whom were not insensible to the æsthetic charms of their house of prayer.

With all the grandeur of tropical scenery and the luxuriousness of colonial residence in the old style, life in Jamaica was often tainted with an unaccountable home-sickness, which received emphasis when a mail packet arrived. One is struck with the beautiful all-pervading presence of the sea in those records of missionary labours in the West Indies. Mr. Waddell thus writes:—“In the morning, smooth as glass, it mirrors the fleecy clouds floating aloft, and as the

sun emerges from its placid depths seems converted eastward into molten gold. During the day the trade-winds ruffle its surface, and dot the blue expanse with wreaths of foam. Defended by encircling reefs, only a few hundred yards distant, the verdant shores never hear the surging and breaking of a heavy swell: nor are they



NEGROES GOING TO MARKET.

ever deformed by long loose tracts of slimy sand, forsaken by the ebbing waters; for the great equatorial current fills the Caribbean Sea and keeps it always at high tide. In the gentle, limpid wavelets that murmur and sparkle along the pure white sands, children might delight to bathe." The arrival of a ship from afar with news of the wide world and its men and movements sent a thrill through the quiet communities, or sometimes a shipwrecked crew would engage the sympathy and employ the faculty of every missionary on the spot. The slave-ship, however, was no longer to

be seen discharging its dusky cargo on those shores over which waved the British flag. But slavery continued till long afterwards to be a legal institution in other isles of the Caribbean. In 1839 an incident occurred within Mr. Waddell's experience which brought to his mind the horrors of that slavery that had once been supported and approved of by Britons.

In that year, as Mr. Waddell records, "a Spanish slaver was captured off the coast of Cuba, and brought into Montego Bay, where about 400 emaciated and miserable objects, male and female, were landed. A special magistrate allotted them, on proper terms, to responsible parties, for a service of two years, till they could learn



A PLANTATION OF BANANAS.

the language and ways of the country, and take care of themselves. A large number of them were brought to Cinnamon Hill, and thereby under our care for their Christian instruction, and happily we were able to afford it to them, by the aid of Guinea people on the same estate, who spoke their different languages. Among them were parents and children, brothers and sisters, taken at the sacking of their native towns, and in other ways customary in the trade. A good-humoured little fellow, who ultimately came to my service, was sold by his grandfather, with whom he had been living, in payment of debt. On board the slaver he found his sister and a little brother. The former had been sold for rum by the man she trusted, the latter kidnapped. The one who came to me had the name George Buchanan given him by the estate, but subsequently took my name. He soon learned to speak English, and gave a lively account of the capture of the slaver. While waiting

at Popo, on the Guinea coast, he heard, that if an English man-of-war should meet them at sea it would take them to a good country, and set them free; and every day after they sailed, he and other boys looked out secretly for that English ship. 'But,' said he, 'we neber tell Panish capin,' for the captain had taken four of the boys into the cabin to wait on him. After a long time, one morning, the man on the look-out at the mast-head called to the captain, who took his glass, and went aloft to spy. Soon he called to the seamen on deck, who began to run about, and do many things to the ropes and sails. George peeped and saw a little ship, very far away, which came on, and on, after them, and grew bigger and bigger. When it began to come near, he saw fire and smoke, and heard 'boom-m-m-m.'

"This frightened the Spaniards, who ran about, as George said, doing everything up and down the ship. But he and the other boys began to be glad. Then Englishman fired another big gun very loud, 'boom-m-m-m-m,' and he heard something go over their heads, whiz, and through the sails, tearing and breaking everything. Then the Spaniards made haste and got into boats, the captain calling his cabin-boys to follow; but George and another hid themselves, and stayed in the ship till he saw the English sailors come on board; then he leaped, and shouted, and clapped his hands, and all the slaves on deck leaped, and shouted, and clapped their hands, and then the others below shouted too."

The involuntary colonists soon settled down in a manner to their new life; all of them improved in health, and were soon able to dress well and look like respectable British citizens; some of them became Christians; others also got married, but as usual nearly all of them wandered away from the estate and were lost sight of by their white friends. George, however, returned to his native Africa with Mr. Waddell, who went to labour in Calabar, where the United Presbyterians hoped to reach the negro ere he had been crushed by slavery. That mission is still carried on with much vigour, but its history does not belong to this chapter.

It is questioned by many influential members of the United Presbyterian Church whether the work now carried on under their auspices in Jamaica can any longer be regarded as mission work amongst heathen people. Three generations at least of Christians have grown up amongst the sable children of Africa who were long ago so cruelly deported to the West Indies to satisfy British lust for gold, and many hope soon to see those native churches stand alone, or leaning only on the Divine Master who has purchased their freedom from a slavery worse than that of the old British cane plantations.

CHAPTER LV.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Oglethorpe and Codrington—Bishop Coleridge—An Adventurer—Dr. Porteus—State of the Clergy—Wholesale Baptisms—Mr. Brett—Among the Caribs—In Swamps and Brakes—Story of African Jeannette—The Forests of Guiana—Cornelius, the First Indian Convert of the Pomeroon District—The Arawáks—Curious Customs—A Pisgah Vision and Farewell—Present State of West Indies—Great Bahama—New Trades and Industries.

THE story of missions to the West Indies in connection with the Established Church almost seems to involve the whole history of the British colonies in that region. We shall perhaps best succeed therefore, within our present limits, in producing a clear impression, by narrating vivid incidents which serve to illustrate characteristic phases of the Church's operations in those lands, of the work achieved and the difficulties encountered by the servants of the Church of England in carrying the banner of the Cross to all the various tribes who lived there under the Union Jack.

Those who now read of men who

“ — driven by strong benevolence of soul
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole,”

have probably a very indistinct impression as to the person named in those lines. Early in last century General Oglethorpe made strenuous, though but moderately successful, efforts for the reform of debtors' prisons, then in a most shocking condition. He afterwards sought to establish in America a British refuge for Protestants, whom Europe at that period was too illiberal to harbour. It was by this good man that the earliest efforts to establish missions from the Church of England in the West Indies were made, and since that time the Church has not been without witnesses in the Caribbean.

Codrington College, in Barbadoes, derives its name from another eminent layman and religious benefactor, Christopher Codrington, who lived to be Governor of the Leeward Islands. Christopher was born in Barbadoes, but came to England when very young, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner. He became a Fellow of All Souls' in due time, joined the First Foot Guards of King William III., of which regiment he became colonel, and saw some fighting. He spent the latter part of his short life in retirement and study, and died at the age of forty-two in the mansion-house of one of his Barbadoes estates, which house is now the "Lodge" of the College Principal. His body was carried to England and buried at All Souls' College in 1716, when Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," pronounced a Latin oration in his honour, the foundation-stone of the Codrington Library being laid at nearly the same time and place.

A bequest of this good man and gentle scholar to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was intended to found a college, in which were to be "maintained a convenient number of professors and scholars, who should be under the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and be obliged to study and practise physic and chirurgery as well as divinity, that by the apparent usefulness of the

former to all men they might both endear themselves to the people and have the better opportunities of doing good to men's souls whilst taking care of their bodies." It was not till 1829 that this bequest was utilised in the way intended by the testator. Prior to that year scholarships to England were granted, but says Principal Webb, from whom we have taken some particulars:—"This system gave only one parochial clergyman to the West Indies, though these 'scholars' could have been ordained by the Bishop of London, in whose diocese the West Indies were supposed to be." When slavery became clearly doomed as a colonial institution, Bishop Coleridge, the first Bishop of Barbadoes, in 1829, connected the school with the residence of the chaplain provided by the will of the founder, and soon the college became a living and somewhat powerful institution.

The Rev. J. Pinder was the first principal, and when he resigned from illness in 1835, he was succeeded by the Rev. H. Jones, M.A., of Oxford, who resigned in 1846. Next came the Rev. R. Rawle, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was afterwards Bishop of Trinidad. Mr. Webb succeeded the bishop, to whom the college owed much of its influence. "The course of instruction," says Principal Webb, "comprises divinity, mental and moral science, classics, history, mathematics, and medical science, in any of which honours can be obtained. The mathematical lectures for the greater part of the last twenty-five years have been given by Cambridge wranglers. The founder's will is not exactly carried out as regards 'physic and chirurgery,' the practice of which is neglected, though those students at least who are intended for foreign missions ought certainly to be able to commend their care for men's souls by ability to do good to their bodies."

A son of Christopher Codrington was Governor after him, but the Church and the colony were not always favoured with governors of this high Christian type. An adventurer of evil reputation, named Daniel Parke, succeeded the younger Codrington as Governor in 1706. Born in Virginia, his own early conduct there had compelled him to fly to England for refuge, finding here a social position in the county of his adoption and a seat in Parliament. Driven from that most tolerant of all clubs for bribery, he rashly committed further offences and fled to Holland, where his valuable services were frankly accepted by the Duke of Marlborough, to whom he became *aide-de-camp*. When the great English general, at the head of his extraordinary medley of Teuton troops, with calculating fury drove the French from their "impregnable" little village of Blindheim, or Blenheim, Parke did the terrible "Malbrook" a great service by carrying the first tidings of his glorious victory to the Duchess, and was soon rewarded by his grateful sovereign, Queen Anne, with the Governorship of Antigua. His darkly spotted public career, his tyrannical and senseless administration of local affairs, and the open and unblushing profligacy of his own personal behaviour—not too fastidiously criticised in such a community, we may be sure—roused general opposition, which resulted in the recall of the new Governor. He curtly refused to obey the summons, but one December day, in 1710, the local magnates felt obliged to give orders to a loyal body of men—some five hundred in number—to use force if necessary to cause the degraded official to vacate the Government House.

Parke ordered them to disperse, but the sense of lawful authority was gone, and although his opponents strove to mediate on his behalf, he fell before the muskets of the semi-legal mob, for whom a general pardon was readily enough secured. Such were some of the men in whom at that time was vested the power of appointing the clergy to colonial livings. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that the clergy themselves were



PORT MORANT.

often not without reproach—were indeed, sometimes men of little or no education, leading dissolute lives, and causing much scandal.

Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London from 1723 to 1748, to whose care colonial charges were committed, was diligent and even zealous in assisting the Church's work. A Commissary, James Field, laboured for thirty years in the West Indies to secure reforms, and was succeeded by James Knox, a pious man, and also an earnest labourer for Christ.

The Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction of the Negroes in the British West India Islands was originally promoted by Dr. Porteus, Lord Bishop of London, and was formally incorporated by Royal Charter in the year 1794. An estate was left for the support of the Society by the Hon. Mr. Boyle, the resources provided

from which enabled them to send several clergymen of the Church of England to different parts of the West Indies. The planters, however, who had generally shown severe disfavour to the representatives of the dissenting bodies, and had even secured the passing of laws imposing heavy penalties on unauthorised preachers of the Gospel to the negroes in their possession, do not seem to have shown much greater sympathy for the efforts of Churchmen, and, indeed, often were very marked in their manifestations of hostility.

In 1824 the Bishoprics of Jamaica and Barbadoes were established, but the supply of suitable clergymen for colonial and mission work was very limited. Mr. Waddell, with whom we have travelled in the preceding chapter, thus, we believe impartially, describes the state of things then prevalent in Jamaica.

“Previous to the arrival of the bishop the parish clergy were in a state of shocking disorder; nor did his presence immediately correct the evils which prevailed. Things not to be spoken of were too well known in nearly all the parishes along the north side. The Rev. Mr. Trew had distinguished himself for zeal and fidelity, and was perhaps the first parish minister who attempted the instruction of the slaves. Four or five zealous evangelical curates succeeded him, and were already eminent when I went to the country. Of them nothing but good could be spoken by any who loved good. In time they got parishes, and their number happily increased. Except by them the Gospel was not preached in the parish churches, and few attended them.

“The clergy, indeed, were bound to christen the slaves at the requisition of the masters, but that was done without instruction. The negroes got a half-holiday for the occasion, came in clean frocks to the overseer’s or master’s house-steps, and drew up in a row. One by one they advanced and received a new name and a few drops of water on the head, by the high authority of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. ‘It was like driving cattle to a pond,’ said one of them afterwards to me. ‘I heard something about God,’ said another, ‘but thought the parson in the long gown was he.’ If it did nothing else, it made many of them think they were now proof against Obeah.” This last statement contains the undoubted reason for much of the zeal shown by planters, unnoted for any special piety, to have their slaves christened. They were perfectly aware of the menace to themselves and property of the power which this secret bond of heathenism had over the servile race.

A Churchman writing apologetically on the other side, thus puts the case from the standpoint of the Established Church. “In theory such system is excellent; it is a public recognition on the part of the civil authorities of the duties of caring for the spiritual well-being of the people. In practice it is not provocative of zeal, either among the clergy or their flocks. There was not in the West Indies, as in the East, the same open field for missionary work; for, until 1834, the state of the slave population depended on the will of their owners, without whose permission the clergy did not venture to approach them. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if, in a society so constituted, there were frequent outbreaks on the part of the

slaves, which were repressed at the cost of much bloodshed and cruelty; or that the clergy, who were regarded by the slaves as in league with their masters, were not acceptable to them."

The most interesting field of the Church's labours was on the adjoining continent, and amongst the aboriginal tribes who live in the forests of British Guiana. Of these most primitive savages, who represent the races found by Columbus in the West Indies, there are four so-called "distinct races," namely, the Arawáks, or Arawa-aks; the Acawoios, the Waraus, and the Caribs.

In 1824 the see of Barbadoes (Bishop W. H. Coleridge) was divided into those of Guiana (Bishop Austin), Barbadoes (Bishop Parry), and Antigua (Bishop Davis). In 1875 Bishop Parry wrote (in *Mission Life*), that the two hundred "black Caribs" in St. Vincent's, and the five hundred "yellow" or pure Caribs, had been converted to Christianity, and are now, without exception, members of the Anglican Church. Such a result was not accomplished without tears, and prayer and earnest labour.

In 1840 Mr. Brett was sent out as a catechist, when a very young man, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and his efforts were addressed to the Arawáks, on the banks of a minor river, the Pomeroon, which empties itself into the Atlantic about one hundred miles south of the great Orinoco. Good Bishop Austin showed every kindness and consideration to the young catechist, and, as every wise ecclesiastic does in relation to a unique man like Brett, very sensibly left him nearly free to carry out his own plans. The result was most satisfactory in every way, for the mission certainly became one of the most successful that the history of modern Christianity can point to, while the story of the life of this noble and cultivated man, immured in the deep jungles of Guiana, reads like the pages of a romance. It belongs naturally and properly to the West Indies, and we can only regret that our limits prevent so full a treatment of the subject as its interest and importance warrant.

The account of Mr. Brett's first visit to the country of the Caribs, a remnant of that once formidable race having remained or settled on the upper banks of the Pomeroon river, is very interesting. Attended by four lads to paddle his large canoe, he went up the river for several miles with the flowing tide, and turned off by a tributary stream, arriving before mid-day at the settlement of the Caribs, or Caribi, called *Kamawatta* or the Bamboo. Here resided the chief's brother, a gentleman who possessed two wives and rejoiced in the European name of "France." In the absence of Mr. France, his two wives, along with some other women, received our missionary, who goes on to describe the scene in his lively and pleasing style:—

"The appearance of these women was very barbarous, as is, indeed, the case with most of the Caribi females. Their dress was merely a narrow strip of blue cloth, and their naked bodies were smeared with the red arnotto, which gave them the appearance of bleeding from every pore. As if this were not sufficiently ornamental, some of them had endeavoured to improve its appearance by blue spots upon their bodies and limbs.

They wore round each leg, just below the knee, a tight strap of cotton, painted red, and another above each ankle. These are fastened on while the girl is young, and hinder the growth of the parts by their compression, while the calf, which is unconfined, appears in consequence unnaturally large. All the Caribi women wear these, which they call *sapuru*, and consider as a great addition to their beauty. But the most singular part of their appearance is presented by the lower lip, which they perforate, and wear one, two, or three pins sticking through the hole, with the points outward.



CARIB INDIAN.

Before they procured pins, thorns or other similar substances were thus worn. . . . The cloth which is worn by the Caribi men, secured by a cord round the loins, is often of sufficient length to form a kind of scarf. As it would otherwise trail on the ground, they dispose of it in a graceful manner over the shoulders, so that part of it falls on the bosom, while the end hangs down the back. It is often adorned with large cotton tassels, and is the most decent and serviceable as well as the most picturesque covering worn by any of the native tribes. The coronal of feathers for the head is sometimes worn, but not generally. The head is usually adorned by a large daub of arnotto on the hair above the brow, and the forehead and cheeks are painted in various patterns with the same vermilion colour."

Another village was soon reached, very tidy—cleaner, indeed, than any Indian village Mr. Brett had yet seen. Most of the men were off on some expedition with the chief, but a few were got to sit down and listen to an exposition of the truth,

as revealed in Holy Scripture, of their Tamosi Kabo-tano, or Ancient One of Heaven, which is the native title of the One Supreme Being. The Caribs were interested in what was said to them, and gave their guest at parting a large pine-apple and a cluster of ripe bananas as a token of a welcome visit.

On a hill where the ancient Carib chiefs had been buried they found a roof under which to sleep, and early next morning they started to go up stream. "The weather was delightful," Mr. Brett goes on to relate, "and though our prospect was very limited, yet each object was beautiful and striking; the venerable forests, with the manicole palms growing out of the river and reaching a great height; the mirror-like stream, reflecting every leaf on its unruffled surface; the fish springing from the waters, and the splendid azure butterflies fluttering among the leaves—all rendered the scene interesting to a stranger. Over our heads the king of the vultures hovered motionless on his strong pinions, while many of the common species were at a respectful distance flying in circles through the sultry air. To complete a picture so purely South American, a party of Caribs with their bright copper skins, black hair, and brows variously adorned, now passed us. They were seated apparently on the surface of the water, their frail canoes, or wood-skins, made of the bark of the purple-heart tree, being at a little distance scarcely visible beneath them."

The next settlement proved to be very difficult of access, and Mr. Brett had to wade through swamps, and to tear through thorny brakes under a burning sun. When, with sun-scorched face and muddy garments stuck over with grass-seeds, he burst through the bush into the right track, a party of little Carib girls ran screaming to the village and brought their mother, who received the missionary visitor civilly. A very tall man just coming from the chase heard what Mr. Brett had to say with respect, and the pair gave him fruit and other presents on parting. When the expedition returned, in three days from their starting out, the Arawák Christians—for some had been baptised—showed their anxiety to hear of others accepting the Gospel, by their eager inquiries as to how the Caribs received the news of salvation.

For ten years Mr. Brett lived and toiled alone among his people. Once he was laid aside by the deadly fever of the swampy forests, and the story of how an old pious negress attended him in his sickness is very touching. African Jeannette was not one of the "bush" negroes, or descendants of those who last century revolted against their white masters and established their independence. These people grow up in the bush with a curious mingling of the obeah superstitions which had birth in the Dark Continent from which their fathers came, and with them are blended many of the wild conceptions of the red men whom they have helped to drive away. Jeannette's origin and training, however, were different from theirs. Mr. Brett records that "Jeannette might herself have seen Park" (Mungo, the traveller), "for she had been born on the banks of the Gambia, and was kidnapped there (as I found by questioning her) soon after his first expedition. Another young girl, who was probably a decoy, had said to her, 'Let us go down to the shore where I have seen beautiful shells.' So she went, and was seized by two black men who

were there lying in wait, and sold to a slaver captain, who brought her to Demerara." She there became a domestic slave, and when the slaves were freed she came to the "Wild Coast," as the Dutch called the scene of Mr. Brett's first labours, and settled there.

When the young catechist arrived in 1840, Jeannette, who was then a Christian and devoted Churchwoman, supplied him out of her own slender stores with a table, minus one leg, a form and chair, and a Caribbean jar, or rather portion of one. She could hardly be prevailed on to accept payment for the "black broth" and other delicate luxuries with which she furnished the table of the young bachelor, and when the schoolroom showed an entire lack of pupils, she went paddling about in her canoe to coax children to come. The poor things had not even "moral pocket-handkerchiefs," but Jeannette was equal to the emergency, and "the old woman dressed them, scantily indeed, but somehow. Boy No. 2 was rigged out in a blue striped coatee, which, as he was very rotund (from the depraved habit, engendered by disease, of eating clay or earth), could not be made to button by some inches. He would have looked, in my eyes, better with nothing on, and been much more comfortable. But tastes differ. Garments which would not cover were still garments, and as such considered respectable by the river people. It would not do to be too fastidious; to raise people we must first take them as they are." This curious little colony of semi-civilised savages were set to work in the garden, Mr. Brett evidently doing a fair share of the hard manual labour. Sometimes a scorpion, a centipede, or better still an opossum, would cross the horizon of the youthful scholars, and then there would be a hue-and-cry.

At last, after much fatiguing duty, Mr. Brett began to feel a pleasing drowsy feeling come over him sometimes, and a growing lassitude. One night, soon after this, violent thirst, with racking pains, especially in the back, came on, and ideas began whirling in the poor agonised head with frightful rapidity. When the morning came the little darkies had found their teacher lying on the floor, for he had, in his delirium, tumbled out of bed, and Jeannette solemnly pronounced the diagnosis to be yellow fever. The good woman administered a "puke" of tartar emetic, and nearly finished both the yellow fever and Mr. Brett, to the admiration of the collected scholars. This sort of experience lasted, with variations, for some eleven months of "seasoning," as the process is called. "No mother could nurse her child more tenderly than old Jeannette nursed me," says our missionary. "One instance of her care struck me more than all. I had only a few books, and she knew that I had read them over many times. So, without telling me, she went in her canoe ten miles to a settler's house to see if she could borrow a book to amuse me, and succeeded." This was in 1840 or '41, the book she secured being Mungo Park's recent account of his first expedition, and Mr. Brett recalls the story of the negro woman who befriended the great traveller, as illustrative of his own tender treatment during a time of trouble, by a negress from the same region!

Poor Jeannette's own sorrows soon came. She had, like all well-conducted slaves, saved a little money, and a worthless old negro, called "Uncle Body," a

contraction for nobody, cast sinister eyes on Jeannette's little savings, and made love to the good old soul, who was finally enticed into the noose of matrimony. Married life, even in the forests of Guiana, is not all that young poets deem it to be, and this sad truth good old Jeannette soon found. Little domestic unpleasantnesses sprung up, sounds of blows and feminine cries of help were sometimes heard, and one morning Jeannette was found to have been severely injured by her brutal husband, who had used a "squared stick" for the purpose. Mr. Brett visited her in her affliction. "She was quiet and resigned, making no complaint, but she had received severe bodily injury, and her heart was broken. She was evidently thinking of the mission, to which she had been, in her degree, a nursing mother, and where she might have lived yet many years as a sort of queen among the Indians, who loved her, and were grateful for her care of their children." She died shortly after this, deeply mourned by the young catechist whom she had nursed.

Mr. Brett's knowledge of the Indian tribes on the shores of British Guiana and the vicinity is both most extensive and accurate. His recently published "Mission Work among the Indian Tribes in the Forests of Guiana" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a most fascinating book, and contains the substance of earlier and more elaborate works from his pen, which are not accessible to every one. The Arawáks and Caribs had constant feuds long after Columbus visited them, and when the Caribs of St. Vincent's came to pay a hostile visit to the coast they used Tobago as a resting-place. "There is little doubt," says Mr. Brett, "that the cannibal scenes which Defoe, in his charming fiction, describes as enacted on 'Robinson Crusoe's Island,' really took place there."

A great conference was once arranged by the Governor, which led to some increased smoothness of working between the natives, and Mr. Brett mentions an incident which came to be for the Arawáks a connecting link to his mission in a striking manner. The chief speaker and representative of the Arawáks had with him a fair little boy, with unusually fine and wavy hair for an Indian, a fact which got him the native name of *Saci-barra*, or Good Hair. "That boy gazed with some degree of awe upon Mahanarva, a robust and stately personage, whom he heard the whites style the 'Carib King.' He observed all that passed at the meeting, and listened also with attention to the tales which his people at that time recited—traditions of the wars of ancient days, and incidents of individual prowess—treasuring them up in a retentive memory, of which I," says Mr. Brett, "had the benefit in after years." This man was the first convert, and was christened Cornelius.

Saci-barra had married and settled down by the Pomeroon river, and was about forty years of age, when he came to Mr. Brett, resolved to give up his sorceries and incantations, for he himself had practised the black art among the Indians. How he came to thirst for the Word was not exactly known. He knew little English, and Brett as yet knew little of *Saci-barra's* tongue, but the new inquirer was a determined man, and set about to learn what he could with great diligence

and perseverance. He left his little son and also his daughter, Ko-i-ahle—or the *red and blue macaw*—to be taught at school. Henceforth the name of Cornelius is very prominent in Mr. Brett's narrative. The first impression made by the heathen inquirer was not deceptive. "He seemed," says his instructor, "the most simple-minded and straightforward Indian I had yet seen, and the opinion then formed I never had occasion to change."

Poor Cornelius invested in a pair of store spectacles with only one glass, and



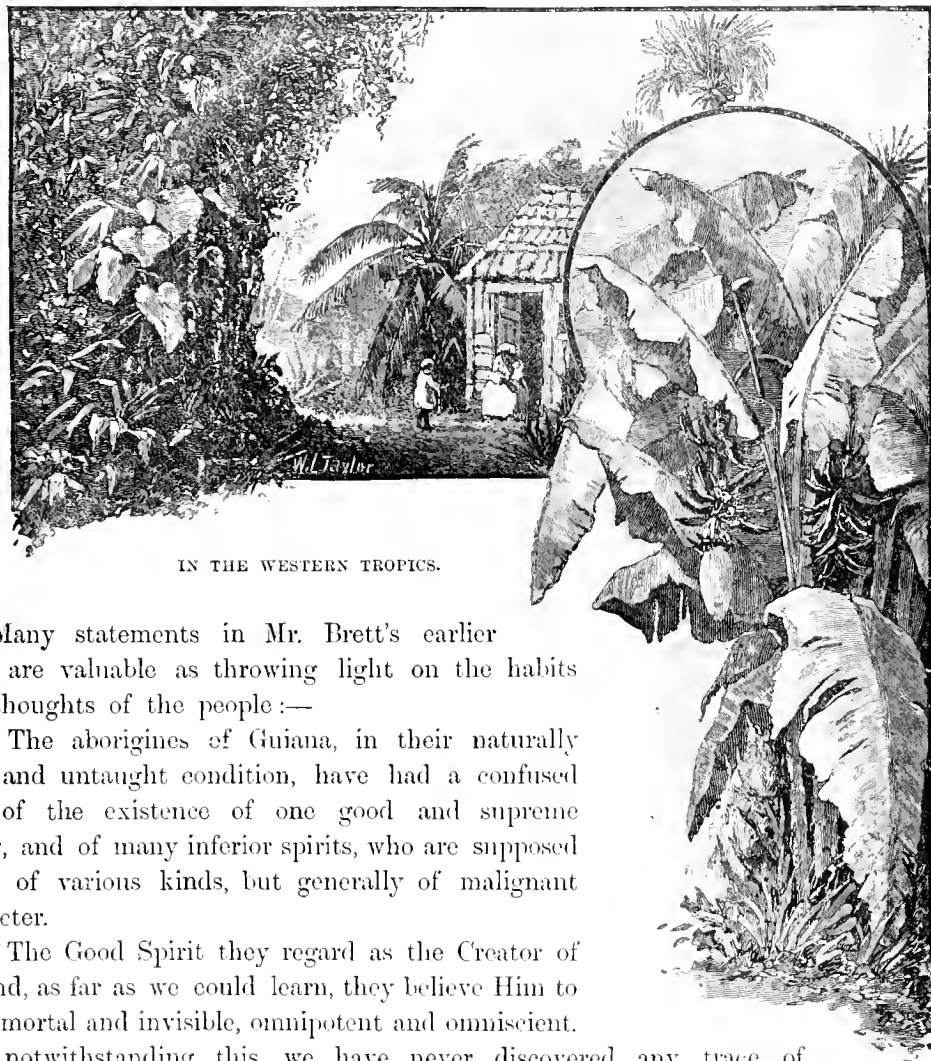
NEGRESSES IN GUIANA.

set himself to study the Ten Commandments, stumbling at the words "third and fourth generation."

This led to Mr. Brett's resolution, which he began forthwith to carry into effect, to have the Lord's Prayer, the creed, and other articles of the Christian faith translated into the Arawák language. In a short time, natives thirty miles away were found who had learned to repeat them without direct missionary instruction.

Cornelius became captain, or head man of his tribe in that district, and also churchwarden. He was a great enthusiast in all matters pertaining to the Church and Mission, a man of simple but pure and noble mind, and loyal to the Christian faith

till his death. The church bell is always rung by one of his family, and it bears the inscription:—"In memory of Cornelius, the first Indian convert to Christ in the Pome-
room district. Died February, 1868."



IN THE WESTERN TROPICS.

Many statements in Mr. Brett's earlier work are valuable as throwing light on the habits and thoughts of the people:—

"The aborigines of Guiana, in their naturally wild and untaught condition, have had a confused idea of the existence of one good and supreme Being, and of many inferior spirits, who are supposed to be of various kinds, but generally of malignant character.

"The Good Spirit they regard as the Creator of all, and, as far as we could learn, they believe Him to be immortal and invisible, omnipotent and omniscient. But, notwithstanding this, we have never discovered any trace of religious worship or adoration paid to Him by any tribe while in its natural condition. They consider Him as a Being too high to notice them; and, not knowing Him as a God that heareth prayer, they concern themselves but little about Him.

"It is not, therefore, surprising that they should pass their lives in abject dread of evil spirits, and, not regarding God as their protector, seek blindly to propitiate devils. Their belief in the power of demons is craftily fostered by a class of men who are their sorcerers or priests, who pretend to hold intercourse with the evil spirits, and to cure diseases by their means." Those sorcerers offered fierce resistance to the

encroachments of the religion of Jesus, and they threatened to work fatal injury on any who listened to the poisonous words of the white man.

The Arawáks do not call themselves by that name, but *Loko*, or in plural form, *Lokono*, which means "the people," reminding one of the word used by Hindus in India, *lōg*, with the very same meaning. The tribe is divided into clans or families with distinctive names, and descent goes by the female line, as has been observed in many primitive races. "Thus," says Mr. Brett, "a woman of the *Siwidi* family bears the same name as her mother, but neither her father nor her husband can be of that family. Her children and the children of her daughters will also be called *Siwidi*, but both her sons and daughters are prohibited from an alliance with any individual bearing the same name; though they may marry into the family of their father, if they choose. These customs are strictly observed, and any breach of them would be considered as wicked."

Filial affection does not, in British Guiana, readily respond to the parental love shown, as a rule, by the Arawáks, but chastisement is not very often inflicted upon the erring child. The young grow up without much reverence or regard for their parents, till middle life is reached, when, as in China, great respect and filial regard are shown towards the old people. In a primitive state, as in advanced and Christian civilisation, experience is one of the best teachers; and *paterfamilias*, even in the forests of South America, begins to know what the tenderness of paternal love has been to him, when his own little brown bairnies begin to show symptoms of revolt. Mr. Brett tells us how the Indian mother may be seen calling after her little naked Arawák, "who is, perhaps, pursuing some unfortunate lizard with his tiny arrow, but not the slightest notice will 'Satchi' take of her, until it suits his pleasure to do so."

Sometimes the women followed their husbands on the war-path. The great naturalist, Waterton, describes the conduct of one whose husband was slain in 1801:—"She was a fine young woman, who had her long black hair fancifully braided in a knot on the top of her head, and fastened with a silver ornament. She unloosed it, and falling on her husband's body, covered it with her hair, bewailing his untimely end with the most heartrending cries."

When any of "the people" get angry with each other—and even savages sometimes do—the parties to the quarrel do not speak to each other for some time. If an angry man ventures to tell another he is *bad*, that is looked upon as decidedly strong language, not at all parliamentary. Sometimes, however, in contact with the facts and needs of civilisation, a crisis occurs, when swearing is felt to be almost necessary for the prevention of serious internal complications. In such a case the copious vocabulary of Christian England has to be resorted to, for the poor heathen of the Guiana forests have no such resources in their own language.

A curious superstitious custom is mentioned by Mr. Brett, which has also been observed in the Pacific Islands and elsewhere, among primitive races. When a baby is born, the poor mother has to get about her domestic duties as quickly as possible, while the happy *father* is obliged to take at once to his hammock, and lies there

strictly confined for a long time, being carefully dieted and nursed by the sympathising female relatives!

Mr. Brett describes the manner in which a Carib family travels through the woods. The woman carries the loads and leads or drags the children. Describing one group he says:—"If any one had compelled that man to carry his wife's load, she would herself have objected to it as a degradation to his manhood. Independently of which, in a country infested with wild beasts and dangerous reptiles, it is necessary for the man, who goes armed in front, to have little to impede the use of his weapons. On his courage and activity the safety of all frequently depends."

It is impossible here to give even such an outline of this missionary's labours as would do anything like justice to his remarkable career, and we may now glance but at a few illustrative incidents. A considerable group of the Acawoios lived above the Falls on the Demerara river, and thither Mr. Brett went in 1867 to seek them out, and begin their instruction. On his return he left the infant mission under the fostering care of a pious Englishman settled near the spot, who was interested in the welfare of the people. When the bishop came next year to visit this new station, in the depths of the primeval forest, he found that the Indians had formed a big encampment and, with their canoes drawn together at the foot of the cataract, were respectfully awaiting his arrival. After an examination extending over some days, 241 dusky Indians with their children, numbering 145, were added to the church by baptism. The chief himself built a school-chapel, and ten months afterwards seventy-nine Acawoios were added to the number of converts.

In an interesting little work (published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) containing papers on Modern Missionary Work, by the Rev. H. W. Tucker, Secretary of the Society, an account is contained of the Guiana mission, from which we take the following passage:—"Mr. Brett's labours have been so abundant, that there is now no Indian people within the limits of Guiana who cannot learn the rudiments of the faith in their own tongue from the translations which Mr. Brett has made, and which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has printed. . . . The thirty years of work performed by Mr. Brett represent more of 'peril, toil, and pain,' than are to be found in many of the semi-mythical labours which have conferred on the doers of them the honours of canonisation."

Before returning to spend the evening of his toil-worn life in England, Mr. Brett took a parting glimpse of the scenes where his struggles had taken place. Standing on the site of a village of cannibals, where a Christian mission now has its centre, he looked around him, and thus describes his feelings:—"It was a lovely and peaceful Sunday evening. The Moruca before us was shining in the rays of the setting sun and gliding calmly through a wide extent of forest, in which two lines of taller trees marked the course of tributary streams. My first visits to those rivers had taken place nearly forty years before. Each had its peculiar association. At Washiba Hill, near the head of one, the Caribs had, soon after that visit, made their first attempt at 'church'-building; on the other I had met with a most

unfriendly reception from the uncouth Waraus; and there also their first favourable movement towards the Gospel had afterwards begun. A great change had taken place since those days. The people of those races, and of two others, had joined our congregation on that hill, no longer hostile to us, or to each other, but all worshipping together in peace. . . . They were just then departing after evensong, and their clean white garments formed an agreeable spectacle as they streamed across the plain, or entered the paths which led to their forest homes. . . . The time had come. Increasing bodily infirmities had warned me that my forest journeys were all ended, and that I must now, with deep thankfulness to Him whose undeserved mercy had protected me so long, leave canoe and wood-skin voyages to younger and stronger men."



QUADROON

We cannot leave the West Indies without a peep at the present condition of the population there, in so far as it relates to the mission field.

The Rev. Henry Philpot, who left this country for the West Indies in 1867, thus describes the state of things amongst the negroes in the island of Grand Bahama, in the diocese of Nassau:—"The island of Grand Bahama has a savage, rock-bound coast, excessively dangerous of approach; indeed, when southerly winds prevail, it is impossible to land on the south side of the island, the angry roar of the waves, as they dash upon the rocks, being quite deafening. The island is large, but only very partially cultivated: a low bush covers the face of the country, diversified with pine forests, palmetto, and bog-rush, with an undergrowth of wild creeping plants.

"The natives being entirely black or coloured, are poor, ignorant, and superstitious to a degree almost incredible. The African Obeah is freely practised, and witch-doctors abound. Any one in pain or sickness is pronounced by the blacks to be 'put so,' *i.e.*, some one has *obeahed* him, and an Obeah-man must be sent for, who for a consideration, either in money or kind, will take the spell off him. These Obeah-men are great rascals, and by sleight-of-hand appear to extract centipedes, scorpions, worms, and other noxious insects from the patient. All the time they have, of course, these insects concealed in their sleeves, or sometimes even in their mouths; and when the



MULATTO.

incantations are over, they triumphantly produce these reptiles, pretending that they were the actual cause of the malady. I have often seen an old bottle, filled with insects or trash of some kind, hung up in a field, or suspended to the branches of a fruit-tree, to scare away thieves; and the device is not without its effect, so great is the superstition of these wretched Africans." The testimony of the missionaries is quite strong and uniform as to the existence among the African population of those superstitions, which Charles Kingsley was derided by old West Indians for assuming as still in existence. We have only to glance at the people of Hayti, to understand how persistent are such national or race prepossessions and prejudices, for the independent negroes of that island republic are found even to revert to cannibalism, if official testimony is to be relied on.

The conditions of the mission-field in any region must vary with the industrial conditions of its population. What are these, speaking generally, in the West Indies? Eastern labour has been imported largely, and now considerable "floating" colonies of Hindus and Chinamen exist, which are based on the temporary contract system. Workmen from England cannot endure the conditions of life in the tropics for any length of time, and the free negro, with his light heart and head, has been somewhat disappointing to many of his best friends as a worker. His heritage as a labourer is the cane-field, the plantation, and the pasture-land, for which there may be a future. The creole, mixed, and "coloured" population, would seem to be that section of the community on which hope must be placed. The creole has a neat hand as a worker. With better technical training than he has hitherto enjoyed, he will make an excellent smith or painter, carpenter or engineer; and many there are of this once despised race who now fill those spheres, with great credit to themselves and comfort to their employers. To them do we now look with growing expectation, and probably Nature is busily engaged in fitting them, by development and adaptation, to people and master a region on which our own stock seems to be in every way unsuited to settle permanently. Already great numbers of them attend religious services, and it is to be hoped that greater success will follow efforts now made on their behalf by the various Christian organisations in the West Indies.

The Rev. Dr. James Brown, of Paisley, as one of a deputation to the missions of the United Presbyterian Church, wrote a series of most instructive and attractive papers describing his impressions, which appeared in the *Missionary Record* of that body during the year 1883. On one occasion the doctor visited the estate of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, where capital and enterprise were reaping their reward even in Jamaica. "We found ourselves," says the writer, "driving between well built



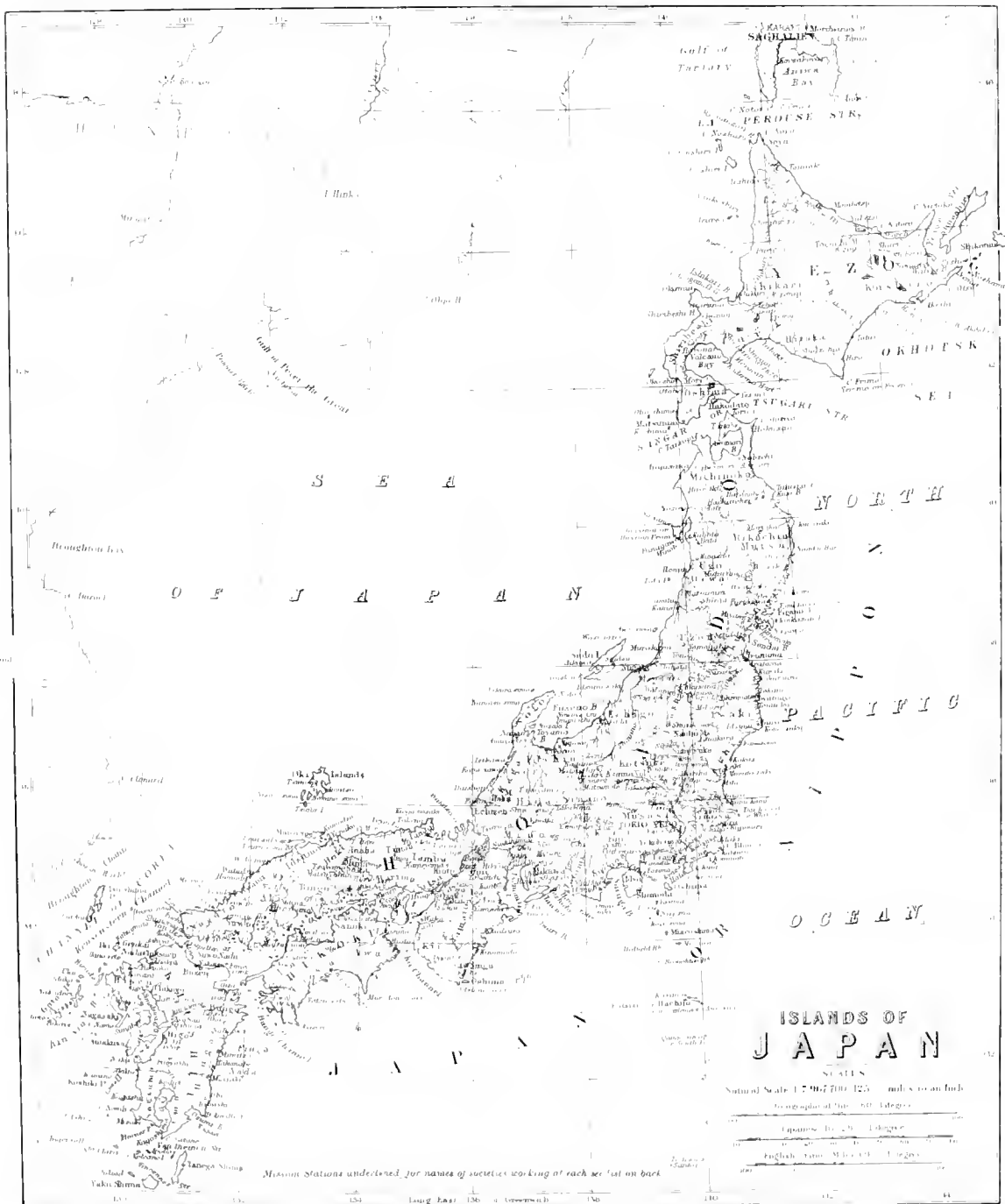
CREOLE.

fences, which enclose rich pastures, and the approach to the house was along a trim avenue and through park-like fields studded with comfortable looking oxen. . . . We were interested in obtaining some insight into the industry of cattle-rearing, which has taken the place of sugar-growing in so many districts of the island, and which, through the opening up of a trade with such islands as Barbadoes, where the old industry still maintains an exclusive place, promises to become a source of wealth. Young Mr. Edwards (the manager) gave us amusing accounts of his efforts to introduce home methods of working. Believing the wheel-barrow to be an important civiliser, he procured one, but it was long before he could get his labourers to understand its use. They filled it carefully, but when it was full they persisted in lifting it on to the head of a man or a woman, who contentedly walked away with the load."

Dr. Brown mentions Mr. John E. Kerr, son of an Episcopalian missionary, as doing a great service for Jamaica, by shipping fruit for the small growers to America. "The people are thus able to dispose of their oranges and bananas, which before often went to waste, or had to be carried to distant villages and sold for a trifle. The prosperity of this firm is one of the evidences that Jamaica has a future, and that the late governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, was right when he tried to convince the people that that future is not bound up exclusively with the growth of sugar."

An excellent quality of paper—a commodity for which the demand is yearly increasing—can now be made from the "trash," or cane refuse, of the sugar-crushing industry. To utilise this valuable discovery the planters would require to introduce appropriate machinery; but it does not seem improbable that those in the West Indies who are now almost giving way to despair may yet retrieve their fortunes and restore some measure of prosperity to those islands, upon which Nature has lavished her productions without stint. A great, but not growing, population of loyal subjects of all shades of colour, black, brown, red, yellow, and white, is still there, and it is to be hoped that, while these races are being built up into steady church-going communities, they may find enough of this world's comforts to make life endurable, where the necessaries of life are so accessible, and easily secured.

The lesson of the West Indies may be well summed up in a passage from the Report of Special Commissioners in 1850, who, in urging immigration from India and education of the Creoles, say:—"It is obvious that with the advancement of moral and religious instruction among the labouring classes, the better citizens will they become, and the more useful and industrious members of society."



JAPAN AND COREA.



Mission stations included on the Map alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working in the field. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	Am. Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church
C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society	Am. Bapt.	Baptist Missionary Union
Bapt. Miss.	Baptist "	Am. Chris. Con.	Christian Conventions
Soc. Fm. Ed.	Society for Promoting Female Education in the East	Am. B. F. M.	Board of Foreign Missions
Un. Church	"The United Church of Christ in Japan" embraces the Missions of The United Presb. Church of Scotland, The Presb. Church of U. S., North and South, The Reformed (Dutch) Church in America, and The Reformed (German) Church in U. S.	Am. Friends'	Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Friends'
Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church	Am. For. Chris.	Foreign Christian Missionary Society
Am. Meth. Prot.	" " Protestant "	Am. Bible Soc.	Bible Society
		Am. Women's Un.	Women's Union Missionary Society*
		Un. Meth.	United Methodist Church Missionary Society
		Un. Presb. Bd.	United Presb. Church (America)

In all other cases Stations visited by Women's Societies are included under the heading of the Society to which they are attached.

JAPAN.

AKITA	Am. For. Chris.	NIIGATA	Un. Church, Am. B. F. M.
AOYOSHI	Am. Meth. Epis.	NUMATA	Un. Meth.
FUJISAWA	Am. Meth. Prot.	OHGI	Un. Church
FURUKAWA	Un. Church	OKAYAMA	Am. B. F. M.
HAJIMOSHI	Am. Bapt.	OSHOI	Un. Church
HAKODADI	C. M. S., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis.	OGAKA	C. M. S., Soc. Fm. Ed., Un. Church
HAMATA	C. M. S.		Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Camb. Presb. Bd.
HAMANATSU	Un. Meth.		
HITOYOSIMA	Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis.	SAWA	C. M. S., Un. Church
HOTA	" "	SAKATA	Un. Church
		SENGAI	" " Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt.
ISHINOMAKI	Un. Church, Am. Chris. Con.	SHIBUYAMA	Un. Meth.
IWANUMA	Un. Church	SHIMONOSEKI	Un. Church, Am. Bapt.
		SESO	Camb. Presb. Bd.
KAGAYAMA	C. M. S., Un. Church		
KANAZAWA	Un. Church	TOKI	S. P. G., Bapt. Miss., Un. Church, Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Chris. Con., Am. Friends', Un. Meth.
KOBE	Am. B. F. M.		
KOBE	Un. Church		
KOBE	S. P. G., Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis.	TOKUSIMA	C. M. S.
KOCHI	Un. Church	TOYOBA	Un. Church
KOCHI	Un. Meth. Epis.		
KOCHI	Un. Church	UENO	Un. Church
KYUSHUKU	Un. Church	URAGA	" "
KYUSHUKU	C. M. S., Am. B. F. M.	UITSUNOMIYA	" "
MISHIMA	Un. Church	WADO	" "
MIZUSO	" "	WAKAYAMA	Camb. Presb. Bd., Am. Meth. Epis.
MOBIARA	" " Am. Bapt.	WAZADZU	C. M. S.
MOBILAN	" "		
MURAKAMI	" "	YAMAGATA	Un. Church, Am. For. Chris.
		YAMAGUCHI	" "
		YANAGAWA	" "
NAOASARI	C. M. S., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.	YILGO	C. M. S.
NAOYA	S. P. G., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Meth. Prot.	YOKOHAMA	Un. Church, Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Meth. Prot., Am. Bible Soc., Am. Women's Un.
NAKATSU	Un. Church	YOKOSUKA	Un. Church

COREA.

SEOUL

Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb. Church,
S. P. G. (Station not settled).

XXX.—JAPAN.

CHAPTER LVI.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

Opening the Treaty Ports to Foreigners—Earliest Protestant Missionaries—Their Difficulties—Dr. Hepburn Prepares a Dictionary—Mission Schools—Uphill Work—A Ten Years' Record—In Search of God—Rev. G. Ensor—The Story of Futugawa—The Two Brothers—1872—Woman's Work in Japan—Increase of Labourers—Removal of Edicts against Christians—Progress—Effects of the Jesus-doctrine—The "Communion"—Attack on Christianity Defeated—An Anti-Christian Society—Influence of the Press—Dr. Griffiths.

WHEN in July, 1859, certain ports were thrown open to foreigners, with liberty of residence within certain limits, two missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States were already on the soil. The honour of being the first Protestant missionary to Japan belongs to the Rev. John Liggins. Forced to escape from the rigours of the climate of China, he was in Nagasaki in search of health when the door for mission work in Japan was thrown open. The Rev. C. M. (afterwards Bishop) Williams, followed by a medical agent named Schmid, was sent to join Mr. Liggins in the pioneer enterprise. In October of the same year Dr. Hepburn, who had done yeoman service for over twenty years at Amoy, and, driven home by ill health, had spent thirteen years in medical practice in America, landed at the port for Yedo. A month later two ordained and one medical missionary arrived as agents of the Dutch Reformed Church in America. Four months from the opening of the treaty ports to foreigners had not passed, when seven missionaries, acting for three Societies, were on the field preparing for service.

These pioneers found themselves surrounded by restrictions, suspicions, and discouragements. The Shogûn, under the proud and fraudulent title of Tycoon, had made terms with the foreigners; but the Mikado and the people were bent on expelling them. The situation had many disadvantages. The story of the Jesuit Mission of Xavier had been told in whispers to each new generation, and the name *Kiristan* (Christian) had become the traditional symbol of treachery, intrigue, crime, and torture. The dread of being suspected of Christian leanings made the people shrink from intercourse with the missionaries. "Whenever the subject was mentioned to a Japanese," says that valuable authority, Mr. Warren, "he would involuntarily put his hand to his throat as a token of the danger to which the introduction of such a subject exposed him. Some young men, who in these early days came to a missionary to learn a little English, purchased copies of a book called 'The Christian Reader,' and at once erased the word *Christian* from the title page and cover for fear it should be noticed by others and bring them into trouble." A native now tells how, when passing along the street where Dr. Hepburn lived, he took to his heels, looking anywhere but at the *Kiristan's* house, and did not halt till he was safely past the evil magic of the foreigner.

Tablets hung on the *Nihon Bushi*, the "London Bridge" of Japan, from which all distances are measured, inscribed with the following ominous enactment:—"The evil sect, called Christian, is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported

to the proper officers, and rewards will be given. Human beings must carefully practise the principles of the five social relations. Charity must be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless, and sick. There must be no such crimes as murder, arson, or robbery."

Many of those who visited the missionaries as inquirers proved to be Government spies, who had been sent to discover their objects and to watch their movements. Informers reported their daily acts and conversation. Anyone addressed by a foreigner on religious topics was bound to report the conversation. One who is now a physician at Kioto, became a servant in the house of Dr. Hepburn for the express purpose of assassinating him, but, overcome by the doctor's kindness, he abandoned his plot.

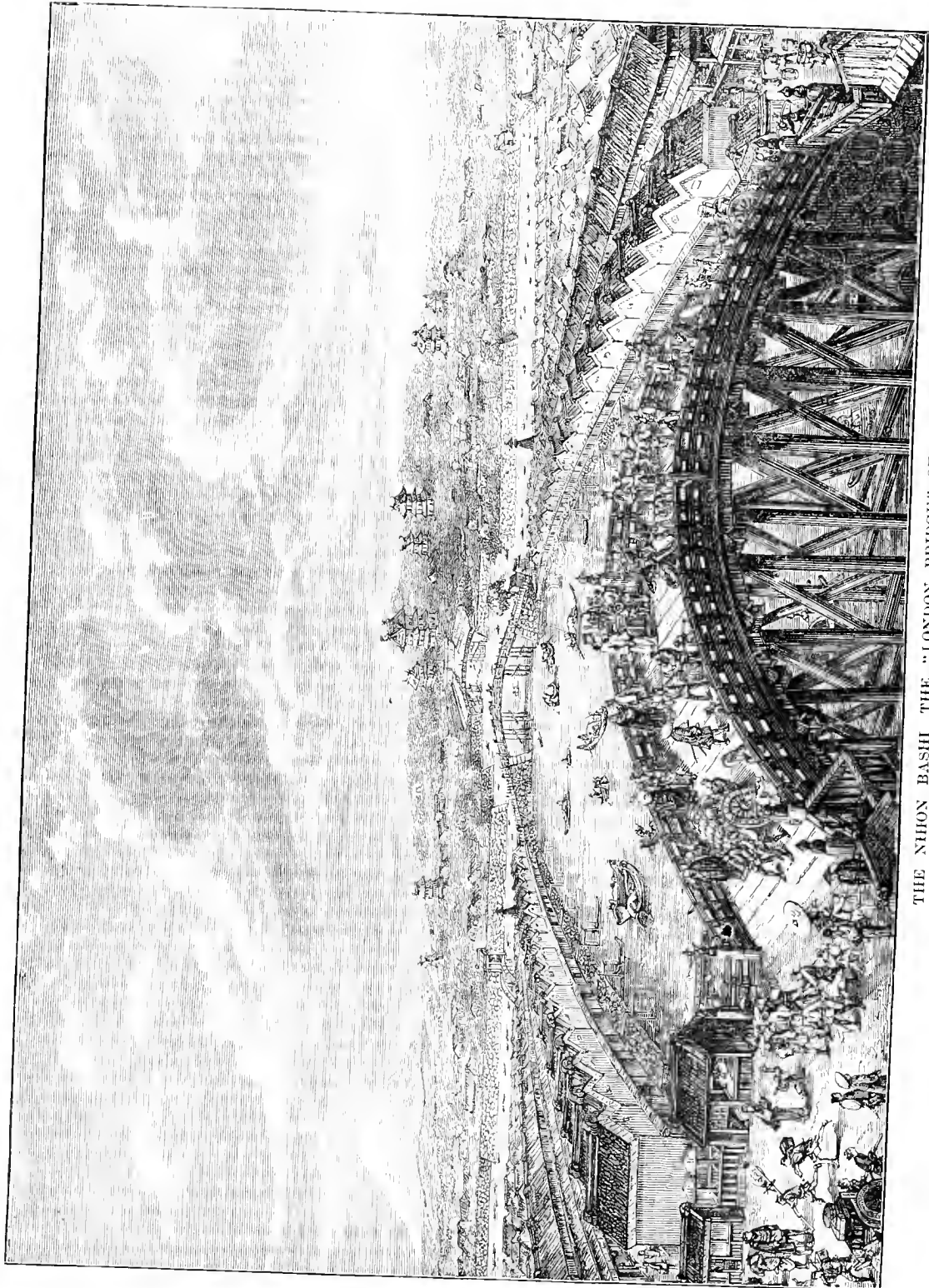
It was possible to do little more, during the decade from their first arrival till the completion of the revolution, than to live within sight of the people, exert a personal influence over them, and acquire their language.

It was no easy task to learn a language second only to Chinese in complexity, especially when there was neither grammar nor dictionary to assist. To compose the latter was the next duty—one congenial to Dr. Hepburn, who had, when in Amoy, produced the standard dictionary of Chinese. Dr. Hepburn's Dictionary of Japanese, finally perfected after twenty-seven years' labour, is now a monument of scholarship and patience. Portions of Scripture were being translated, but meanwhile Chinese versions, to Japanese what Latin is to Englishmen, were circulated among the educated. True, the sale of books was protected by a clause in the treaty to the effect that: "The Japanese shall be permitted to buy whatever the Americans have to sell." Apparently this sanctioned the sale of Bibles. But another clause ran: "Americans shall not do anything to excite religious animosity;" and under shelter of this latter clause the officials strove to hamper the distribution of the Scriptures.

Missionaries, however, first reached the people by means of education. They opened schools in their own houses, and won their way to the people's confidence. They gave instruction in English to the more ambitious and progressive Japanese who came to them. Their religion was considered pestilential, but their language was the key to knowledge; and education became in Japan, what medical science has been in Africa and India—the best instrument of the missionary. By means of it homes and hearts were opened, and a safe standing ground obtained.

Gradually the animosity relaxed, the suspicion was allayed. It was found that not all Christians were Jesuits; that Protestants as little as the Japanese themselves approved of the methods of Xavier's disciples. A slowly growing confidence in Protestantism was perceptible. Schools for teaching English were started in Yokohama and Nagasaki, and were manned with missionaries as instructors. The story of Nicodemus had now more frequently its Japanese parallel. From curiosity or from a sincere longing for light, groups of young men visited the missionaries, under cover of learning English, and read the Bible with them.

The first ten years of mission work was a period of preparation, and, indeed, up till 1872, there were not ten converts to Christianity in all Japan. The time was unfavourable; the revolution was in active progress during that same decade, and the



THE NIHON BASHI, THE "LONDON BRIDGE" OF TOKIO.

fortunes of Mikado on one side, and Shogun on the other, absorbed and excited the people, to the exclusion of religious interests. Social unrest and political change distracted the public mind. When the revolution, with the first decade of missions, closed, the work achieved was easily summed up; the language was learnt, grammars were constructed, Hepburn's noble dictionary was prepared, portions of the Bible had been translated, the instruction of a few schools was in the hands of missionaries, private pupils had been influenced, the system of espionage had been relaxed, the difference between Protestant and Jesuit had been discovered. But the revolution did not at once alter the criminal character of Christianity. Indeed, no sooner had the new Imperial Government seized the reins than they re-enacted the anti-Christian edicts, posting them afresh on the notice boards. Not only at the central Nihon Bridge, but in every town and hamlet the people read the warning:—

“With respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strictly observed. Evil sects are strictly forbidden.”

For four years, from 1860 to 1864, the work had been heavily handicapped by the American Civil War. So serious was the strain upon the finances of missionary societies, that several of the Episcopal missionaries were forced to return to the United States for a time. At the close of the Civil War, however, great enthusiasm was kindled, and the missionary imagination of Christian society in America was fired by the story of a young Japanese. The Rev. J. H. Ballagh, one of the most vigorous workers in Japan, tells how this youth of good family had been reading a book on geography written by a missionary in Chinese, and was startled by one sentence: “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” God! Who was that God? Where was he to be found? Certainly not in Japan; perhaps in America, the home of the writer of the book. He would go and see. To find this God he secretly escaped from the country at the peril of his life (for the law still existed that forbade a native to leave Japan), made the voyage to China in a trading vessel, and there embarked for Boston. But on arrival he found himself in still greater perplexity: “I came all the way to Boston,” he said in dismay to the captain of his steamer, “to find God, and there is no one to tell me.” The captain took him to the owner of the steamer, Mr. A. Hardy, a gentleman bearing a Christian reputation, who took him to his residence, installed him in his home as a son, and sent him to college. He soon knew and learnt to love the God in search of whom he had crossed the ocean, and became a devout disciple of Christ. In 1875 he returned to Japan as a missionary, to tell his countrymen of the true God. He went out in connection with the American Board of Commissioners (Congregationalist), but at the sole charge of the ship-owner who had received him. What work he accomplished, and is still conducting; how he founded a noble Christian college, where he presides over hundreds of students; how he is leading many to the God he sought and found, must be told later.

This incident woke the American churches to a new spirit of missionary enterprise, and had large results in a few years, while another event occurred which brought help from England. In 1866 a band of Christian people belonging to various nationalities at Yokohama, on the occasion of the world-wide Week of Prayer, had drawn up and

published an address to Christian churches throughout the world, describing the growing tolerance, the open schools, the widening doorways of Japan, and calling upon Christians to pray and make ready for the occupation of the country. This appeal, through the columns of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, reached and touched the heart of one generous English Churchman, who sent an anonymous donation of £4,000 for a mission to Japan. The Americans had thus far been alone in the field, but now British churches were to join in the Christian campaign.

The Rev. G. Ensor has the honour of being the first English missionary to Japan. He landed at Nagasaki immediately after the restoration of the Mikado, the removal of the Government to Tokio, and the first State reception of foreign representatives. He soon saw the situation when he was confronted with the Government notice confirming the historic prohibition of the "evil sect." "I read those words," he says, "in Japanese, and I realised at once that the missionary work in Japan was thenceforward to be one of excessive difficulty. What were we to do? I couldn't gather the little ones into the Sunday-school, or stand and preach in the streets. The only opportunity I had was simply to receive the visits of any inquirers who chose to come to me to my own house; and would a Japanese venture thus? They did venture.

"Ere a month had passed, day by day, hour after hour, my house would be thronged with Japanese visitors, all curious to know something about England and her science and art and progress, but, most of all, about her religion. They knew that she was a power among the nations, and believed that religion and power in a State are inseparable. More serious inquirers would wait till the darkness of night, and then steal into my house; and we used to have the doors closed and the windows barred; and as I bade them farewell when they left I scarce ever expected to see them again—for I was informed that an officer had been specially appointed to keep watch at my gate."

It seemed as if the Rock of Martyrs, which they had passed on entering the Bay of Nagasaki, might still be used for its former purpose, when he saw hundreds of Romanist Christians march past his house on their way to banishment. They belonged to the remnant, three thousand strong in number, of the Jesuit Mission of two and a half centuries ago, who had inherited the Romanist faith. One town near Naga was almost emptied. Reports ran through the country of terrible cruelties which were perpetrated on the exiles. Sir Harry Parkes interposed on their behalf, but was assured by the Government that the reported cruelties were fabulous, and that their banishment was the consequence of their disloyalty. How far this charge was justified we cannot now discover, but probably these poor peasants, ignorant and "mixed in their faith," were the victims of the traditional animosity of the Japanese to Jesuit Christianity. In 1873 they were brought back from their exile.

A man of the worst character, who had committed murder and had been outlawed from his home and district as irretrievably degraded, paid a visit to Mr. Ensor with sinister designs. They were alone together. The missionary aroused the curiosity and arrested the interest of the criminal by telling him the story of the Cross. Gradually the fierce heart was captivated, and ere long the man who had come to entrap the Christian became the devotee of Christ. Futugawa, the quondam murderer, devoted

himself to the assistance of Mr. Ensor with his printing-press. But that was not the end of his notable history. One evening he was missing, and after three days' search it was found that he had been put into prison, nominally for some small breach of the law, but really because he had turned Christian. His friends strove to get his release. But Mr. Ensor had to return to England invalided, and he never saw Futugawa again.

Three years after, however, a Japanese letter reached Mr. Ensor. "I knew the writing: it came from the Christian." It brought the news that he had been set at liberty; and along with the letter came the journal which he had kept while in prison, telling how he had been seized and thrust into a filthy den, with the roof studded with iron spikes, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright. Here he remained for some months, almost starved—for the little food which was given him was hardly fit to eat. Sometimes he was led out from his own cell, with heavy chains upon his hands and feet, to be examined by the magistrates, and sometimes he was put for a while into the common prison with all the worst criminals, who mocked and sneered at him.

"His friends could not get at him to help him, for he was twice removed from prison to prison; but he might, if he had chosen, have helped himself, for he was offered his liberty and all that he wanted if only he would give up his religion; yet he would not. At last a change came. Like Joseph, he found favour in the sight of the keeper of the gaol, and by-and-by, though still a prisoner himself, he was set over the other prisoners, and made the keeper of the dungeon. He began to speak to those around him of the Saviour for whose sake he was bound and incarcerated. The magistrates as well as the prisoners listened to him, and treated him with great kindness; so, like St. Paul at Rome, he preached Christ from his prison, and Mr. Ensor tells us that, during the three years of his imprisonment, 'there were between seven and eight hundred men who heard from him the Gospel, and out of these not fewer than seventy or eighty began themselves to study the Word of God.'

"At last he was set free. He went back first of all to Nagasaki, and has now gone to live at Tokio, the capital. There he may often be seen, preaching openly in the streets of the city, as before he used to preach in the prison: no less earnest a worker for Christ now, in the days of his freedom, than when he was 'an ambassador in bonds' for the sake of the Gospel."*

The perils of inquirers as well as the perils of the missionary are reflected in another story of Mr. Ensor's pioneer work—

"I was sitting by myself in my study, and heard in the darkness a knock at the door. I went myself to answer it, and, standing between the palm-trees of my gate, I saw the dark figure of an armed Japanese. He paused a moment, and I beckoned to him to enter; he came in and sat down, and I asked him what his business was. He replied, 'A few days ago I had a copy of the Bible in my hands, and I wish to be a Christian.' I said, 'Are you a stranger in these parts? Don't you know that thousands of your people are being detained as prisoners for this?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I

* "Heralds of the Cross."

know. Last night I came to your gate, and as I stood there, thinking of the terrible step I was about to take, fear overpowered me, and I returned. But there stood by me



TOKIO IN WINTER.

in the night one who came to me in my dreams, and said I was to go to the house of the missionary and nothing would happen to me, and I have come.' And, drawing his long sword, he held it up to me in a form signifying the Japanese oath, and promised that he would ever keep true to me, and I received him."

The first Protestant Christian convert was Yano Riu, who had been engaged as

teacher to one of the missionaries. The next were two brothers, officials under a Japanese Prince. The story of their conversion is worth recording. It tells how "an English pocket Testament which had been dropped overboard from one of the ships of the English fleet which visited Japan in 1854, came into the hands of the elder brother, Wakasa by name, and on learning that there was a Chinese translation of it, he procured a copy and began to study it." The younger brother and three friends read it and became interested, and sought instruction from Dr. Verbeck. Their official duties prevented them from personally visiting the missionary, but books were supplied, and "two messengers were employed in going regularly to and fro between teacher and pupils—a two days' journey each way," with questions from the brothers and explanations from the missionary. In May, 1866, they were baptised.

A generous action on the part of American Christians created a favourable impression in Japan. During the revolution, Japanese students in America were unable to get remittances from home, and a few kindly Christians belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church generously supplied them with funds. This conduct was highly appreciated by the Japanese authorities. On returning home in 1872, Iwakura and Okubo, members of the first great embassy, wrote a letter to Dr. Ferris, containing the following passage:—

"The generous conduct exhibited by yourself and other gentlemen in this instance, as well as in all matters of educational interest pertaining to the Japanese youth, will do more to correct this impression (that 'foreign nations did not entertain kindly feelings toward our people'), and will do more to cement the friendly relations of the two countries, than all other influences combined."

The year 1872, the date of the abolition of feudalism, marks the opening of a new epoch in the career of Japan. The nation woke up from a trance, and began to welcome with avidity all the products of Western civilisation. Thirteen years' contact with missionaries, diplomatists, and merchants, had broken down many a wall of prejudice, had taught them the advantage of intercourse with foreign nations, had demonstrated the intimate connection between Christianity and civilisation, between Christian missions and the enlightenment and education of the people.

Large reinforcements were made to the missionary staff. The first representative of the American Board, a society whose agents were yet to take a large and honourable share in evangelising Japan, had arrived in 1869. He and Mr. Ensor were the only additions which had been made since the first band of workers had entered ten years before. Two years later, three ladies connected with the Women's Union Missionary Society of America landed at Yokohama, and, within a year, had established the "Mission Home," which was destined to do much for the cause of female education and the elevation of woman. In 1873, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out the Rev. W. B. Wright and the Rev. A. C. Shaw. The American Methodist Episcopal, and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and a year later the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, entered the field. The Church Missionary Society strengthened its mission by sending the Rev. C. F. Warren to Osaka, the Rev. J. Piper to Tokio, the Rev. W. Denning to Hakodate, Rev. H.

Evington and Rev. H. (now Archdeacon) Maundrell to Nagasaki. It was not till 1833 that an English Bishop (Bishop Poole) was appointed; meanwhile Bishop Burdon of China and Bishop Williams supervised the Episcopal missions. Within four years of this new awakening of 1852, there were fourteen missionary societies represented by about one hundred missionaries in the field. Of these the largest number were American. Japan had been opened by the United States' ironclads, and the place of honour and prominence in missionary work has been held from the beginning by American Societies.

The first Christian (Protestant) congregation was gathered under Mr. Ballagh in Yokohama in March, 1854, the membership consisting of ten people, eight of them young men recently baptised. It took the name "The Church of Christ in Japan," adopted a simple evangelical creed, and organised a system of government by pastor and elders, representing and chosen by the people. From this small beginning grew one of the strongest Christian communities in the country, the "Union Church of Christ in Japan."

Ere long a church was erected on the little historic islet, Deshima, Nagasaki, on which, two centuries before, those accused of being Christians had been compelled to trample on the Cross, and where also the few privileged Hollanders lived their hermit life.

A significant step was taken in 1858 by the Government. The edicts against Christianity were removed from the notice boards. The prohibition of the "evil sect" was not repealed, any more than the laws against murder, arson, or robbery, which also were taken down, were withdrawn. Officers were appointed to warn the people against supposing that the law was changed because the notices were no longer exhibited as formerly. "But in spite of these explanations, the people soon began to regard what had been done as equivalent to a repeal of the obnoxious edicts; and the Government, who were undoubtedly anxious to avoid offending the Christian sentiment of Western nations, were not averse to such a construction being put upon their action, and were better able to ignore breaches of the law when its existence was less conspicuous."

Preaching was now openly conducted in and around the Treaty ports. Churches were built at first only within the foreign concessions, but ere long in the main streets also, although in the latter case the building was required by Japanese law to be held in the name of a Japanese subject. Only those foreigners who held Government appointments could live outside the concession, and this restriction prevented the missionaries from living among the people and getting into close contact with them, although some overcame this difficulty by teaching in public or private schools under Government sanction, and thus gained the rights of residence which were enjoyed by Government employés. Others took engagements under commercial companies: their extra-mural time they devoted to direct missionary work, and in many cases their best converts came from these schools.

Each year as it came, between 1854 and 1877, witnessed more and still more intense missionary activity. The Christians' opportunity had come, and they used it. The general ability to read and write—over 70 per cent. of the population had received

an elementary education—gave the missionary to Japan a great advantage over those in many other fields. Evangelistic work was extensively carried on. Under the protection of a passport for travel, tours were made into the interior, groups of casual listeners were addressed at the tea-houses by the way, and little congregations were collected in the inns at night; stations were formed in the neighbourhood of the Treaty ports; the “Je-us-doctrine” was carried by the converts to their own villages and homes, and the rising Christian churches became Andrew-and-Philip Societies—each brought brother or friend to hear the story of the Crucified.

It would form a romantic and heroic history could we construct the “book of golden deeds” in the spread of the glad tidings. One devoted Christian, a widow of Osaka, became a shampooer, not in order to earn a living for herself and her daughters so much as to get large opportunities of telling the story of divine love. In the inns and homes where she found employment, she stirred up an interest in the Christian’s Gospel, and at least one instance of her success became public when a young medical man and his wife were led to become first inquirers, and soon communicants, through her work as a missionary shampooer.

Nakamura, the first of Archdeacon Maundrell’s converts at Nagasaki, brought from Kumamoto three of his Samurai friends, who entered the Nagasaki police for the sole purpose of learning the Christian faith, and within a year all sought and received baptism.

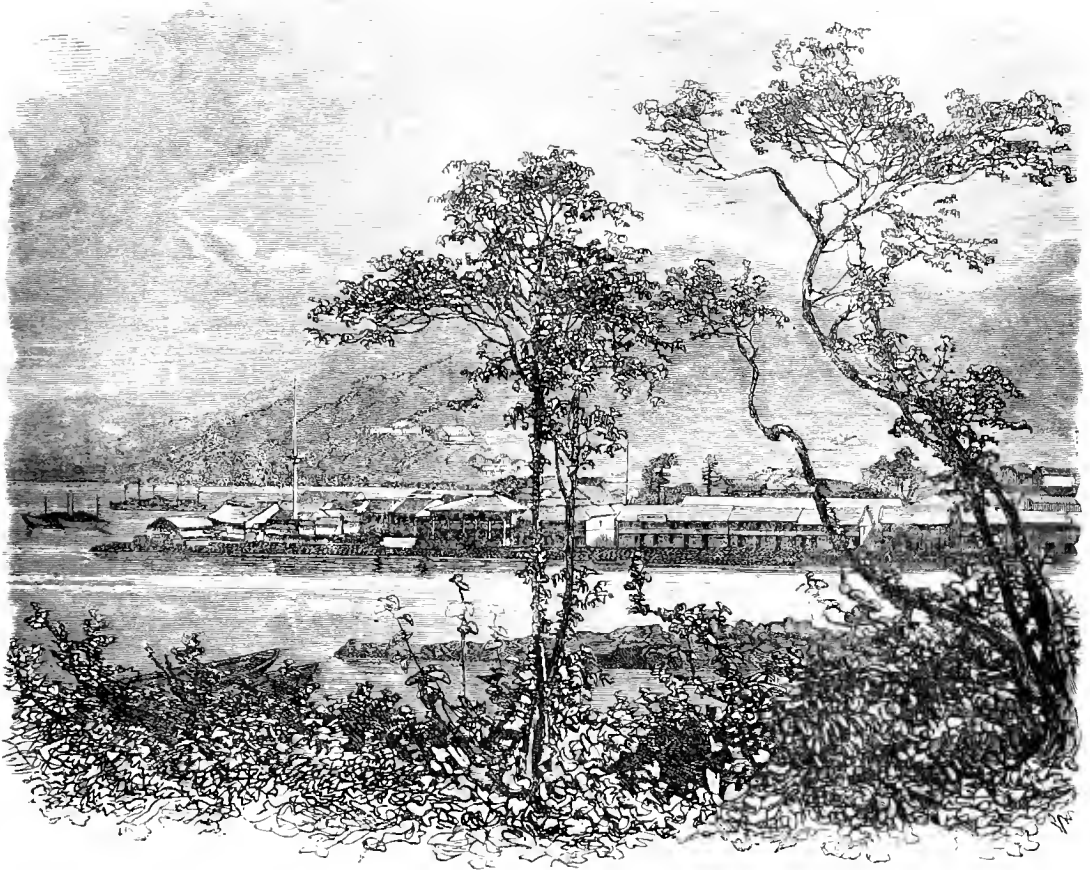
The Careys, American missionaries at Okayama, tell of a father who, in his determination that his son should not carry out his intention of becoming a *Kiristan*, had compelled him to become a monk. But a Christian colporteur met him in the course of his tour, and learnt from this young monk’s lips that he was not so unfortunate after all, as in the monastery there was a well-filled library, which contained a Bible and other Christian books such as his father had put out of his way.

It is told that the governor of a certain prison had a portion of a New Testament given to him, but not daring to examine its contents, he passed it on to one of the prisoners. Some time afterwards a fire broke out in the cells. But none of the hundred prisoners took the opportunity to escape from custody, and, instead, rendered what help they could in putting out the fire. Their conduct puzzled the governor. He made inquiries, and found that the man to whom he had handed the Scripture had become an earnest Christian. What he had found for himself he strove to share with his fellow prisoners. Such was the effect of his story that, following the example of Paul and Silas in their dungeon at Philippi, they did not take their liberty. Thus Scripture is fulfilling itself in every generation and in every land. Paul in his shipwreck at Malta has his Japanese parallel.

Christians began to draw together into social circles. Domestic life became sweeter and purer; many a wife was won to belief, through the change which the “Jesus-doctrine” had wrought in her husband’s treatment of her. The hearts of men were turned to each other with new feelings. The Peacemaker stilled revenge, and taught men how to forgive.

About twenty-five years ago, according to a recent issue of an American *Missionary*

Review, a native of Japan, not known by name to modern history, conceived the idea that for his country to open her gates to Occidental civilisation would be a benefit and blessing, and, with the prophetic foresight of a practical patriot and statesman, he dared publicly to advocate the abandonment of the exclusive policy hitherto pursued by his nation. For such advocacy he became so obnoxious to his



DESHIMA.

countrymen that it was resolved to put an end to his influence by putting an end to his life. On a great festival day, when Japanese came from all quarters to do honour to the gods of the kingdom, three bands prepared to waylay him: he escaped the first, but fell into the hands of the second and perished. Very recently, a native pastor was celebrating the Lord's Supper in one of the Christian churches of the island empire. He was a relative of that murdered man, who was the first modern martyr to his country's advancement. In the congregation an old man arose and begged to be heard. He said, "I am one of those who murdered that man, twenty-five years ago, and I want to confess my part in that crime." The young pastor said, "By all the ancient customs of Japan, I am

bound to avenge that blood-feud by plunging my dagger into the throat of the man who was the murderer of my relative. But Christ's blood reconciles all blood-feuds, and in Christ's name I wish to extend to this brother the right hand of fellowship." What a scene was that to betoken the change which twenty-five years had brought!

At intervals in the streets, lamps hung above little Christian churches bearing on opposite sides the invitation to enter and hear the *Yesu-no-michi*. Within squatted the congregation on the matted floor, while curious crowds blocked the doorway. The Japanese are, to use Dr. Maclay's crisp language, "champion listeners. They wear an ordinary man out. They are insatiate. They come three or four times a day, urging a continuance of the speech. I knew one missionary who began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when he was exhausted his native helpers carried on the exhortation until nine o'clock at night. Of course sermonising is not resorted to. Simply the barest recital of the life, the work, the agony of our Redeemer seems to chain their attention. The people then disperse. Very few of them, perhaps, will be baptised. But curiosity has been awakened to know about this extraordinary religion; books are bought; and when the missionary makes his next visit he will find a number of earnest inquirers after the truth."

Liberal Buddhists were on rare occasions found, who permitted the missionary to preach in their temples, where the new sensation drew large audiences, among whom were leading native officials. Students wrote home from Europe or America reporting what they saw of the Christian religion in its own home. One wrote from the States giving it as his impression that sooner or later it must become the religion of Japan. What was the later history of this student is not recorded, but his correspondent in Japan, Mr. Nakanishi, was deeply impressed by the contents of the letter, and, although a Buddhist of the strictest sect, ere long saw one duty clear, that he should rid his house of idols. He did so, leaving only the ancestral tablets. A Christian print came into his hands which helped him to determine that he would seek out the missionary, who found that not only had he renounced the worst half of his Buddhism, but was already worshipping the true God according to his light. His soon became a Christian home and family.

Some were "mixed in their faith." A curious case of the excreescences of a purely home-grown faith is given in a recent Church Missionary Society Report:—

"This man is forty-nine years of age, and very peculiar. Seven or eight years ago he was a policeman, and afterwards became 'kocho' (head of the village). Whilst kocho he bought a copy of the New Testament in Chinese, with diacritical marks to assist in the reading, and by degrees perceived that he ought to worship Christ. From this time he gave up his whole time to the study of the Scriptures, and, finally (dreadful to relate), placing bread and spirit upon a shelf after assembling his family, brake the bread and said, 'This is Christ's flesh,' then, taking the wine, he said, 'This is Christ's blood.' He then caused his family to eat and drink. He punished his wife because she did not believe in the true God, and told her that such as she were unfit to live; she ought rather to have a mill-stone tied to her neck and be drowned. For five years he gave up his work and made the reading of

Scripture and prayer his duty; latterly, however, he has perceived his mistakes and grieved over them, and has received baptism."

Scarcely less curious is the way in which Father Nicholas, the head of the Russian mission in Tokio, celebrates the communion. A large bowl of rice with a broad cross traced out on it in Japanese tea is brought in. After a short special liturgy, communicants receive the rice and tea—the two staple products of the country—which they take and mix together with their fingers into a ball.

There were open minds among the priests and people, and stories are told of men who, beginning the study of Christianity with the view of assailing it as a pernicious falsehood, became devout believers in it. A Buddhist priest in the north of Japan, by name Yohoi, was called to some ecclesiastical assembly at his headquarters, Niigata. A discussion sprang up among the priests as to the best methods of attacking the Christian religion. Mr. Yohoi contended that to attack it successfully, they must first study its doctrines. To practise his own advice, he bought a New Testament in Chinese immediately upon leaving the conference. He even went to see a missionary, and became convinced, not that Christianity was true, but that it was not an "evil sect." At a subsequent meeting of the same assembly the same question was again discussed. Mr. Yokoi urged them to zealous effort on behalf of their own religion. That was the sure means of defeating the invading rival. He declared that many of the priests were immoral, and that they did not know their own religion. He would advise that a clean sweep be made of all the priests in the country; that then a fresh start should be made; that the people should make choice of those pure and learned enough to be their religious guides: otherwise Buddhism would inevitably proceed on its course of decline. The other priests taunted him with being himself a Christian in secret and the enemy of Buddhism. A few days later he handed in a written statement to the chief priest informing him that, as his advice had been despised, he would no longer serve under him. Returning to his northern temple, he resigned his charge, with the intention of going to Tokio. Some of his people laid hands on almost all his goods in the hope of forcibly detaining him. He set out for the capital, travelling 180 miles on foot. In Tokio he became acquainted with a Scotch missionary, Mr. Davidson, through an aged doctor, who directed Mr. Yohoi to him as likely to satisfy him. He lived, with some other Japanese, in Mr. Davidson's house, not in the hope of becoming a Christian, but secretly with the intention of becoming the better qualified to attack Christianity. It was when he read the Ten Commandments and saw how pure the lives of Christian people were, that he was filled with a dread of the Supreme Being. His vision of his sins was so startling that he despaired of himself, and proposed to cease the study of religion. But one day when reading the Bible he came upon the passage—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He read those words ten times the same evening, and when he retired he had them off by heart. That night the priest could not sleep: he could see nothing but the words of Christ; and that night he ever after looked back upon as his birth hour as a Christian.

There were, of course, numerous drawbacks. While Christianity was tacitly tolerated by the Government, local officials intimidated and browbeat converts. Two Christians were spirited away and never heard of more. At Nagasaki an anti-Christian Society was organised from truly heterogeneous elements—Buddhists, Confucianists, Shintoists,



NATIVE JAPANESE SCHOOL.

Materialists, and Freethinkers, who combined to defeat the missionary. Some of the converts fell back: a few defamed their profession by immorality; in two congregations divisions arose, but, happily, were afterwards healed. But the chaff was trifling when compared with the wheat.

The Press was openly discussing the merits of Christianity, and familiarising the people with its claims. Some papers assailed it; many recommended indifferent toleration of it and of all religions. A few, while personally neutral, could not conceal from themselves that "the entrance of Christianity is the natural outcome of time." One

wrote: "There is nothing better than Christianity to aid in the advancement of the world, but there are sects which are injurious as well as sects that are beneficial. The best mode, therefore, of advancing our country is to introduce the most free and enlightened form of Christianity, and have it diffused among the people."

Splendid service to the Christian cause was done by several Englishmen and Americans who held Government appointments in Japan. In 1871, Mr., now Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, who afterwards wrote the best book on "The Mikado's Empire," was called to fill the post of lecturer on science in a college containing 800 students at Fukui, an inland town, where he was in frequent contact with a leading Daimio. Mr. Griffis was succeeded by Mr. E. Warren Clark, who, in his "Life and Adventures in Japan," tells us he was asked to sign an agreement, by which he would be prohibited from teaching the Christian religion throughout the three years of his appointment. Friends pressed him to submit; his Japanese interpreter advised him to accept and afterwards ignore the clause. He had spent all his means in travelling to Japan. Should he sign, or sacrifice the post? He refused to comply with the condition, and wrote to the Government: "It is impossible for a Christian to dwell for three years among a Pagan people, and yet keep entire silence on the subject nearest his heart." The Government surrendered, and Mr. Clark opened a Bible class for students the very first Sunday after his engagement commenced. Upon his transfer to the Imperial College at Tokio some years later, he followed the same policy, conducting three Bible classes every Sunday. Professor W. G. Dixon, of the Imperial College, and afterwards author of the "Land of the Morning," rendered service a few years later in the same way. Captain James, a teacher at a college at Kumamoto, in Kiusiu, was the means of leading a fine body of young men to Christ, of whom more than thirty joined the Christian College at Kioto at once, in 1876, and were subsequently received into the Christian Church in that city. About a dozen of this number completed their theological course in 1879—extending over three years—and are now engaged in educational, pastoral, evangelistic, and literary work.

CHAPTER LVII.

PHASES OF CHRISTIAN WORK AND PROGRESS.

Medical Missions—Sanitation—Red Cross Society—Health Society—Education—Collegiate and Theological School—Union College—Model Farms and Agricultural College—Mr. Warren Clark—Dr. Verbeck—"The Text-book of English"—Female Education—A Japanese Girton and Newnham—Home Relations—Social Progress—Vice—Young Men's Christian Associations—Liberty of Conscience—Amalgamation of Churches—Bible Translation—Revival without Extravagance—The Evangelical Alliance—Dr. Hepburn—Christian Literature—Sunday—A National Church Wanted—Change in Native Religions—Buddhists on the Defence—Japanese Students in England—A Testimony to Christianity—Agnosticism—A New Religion—A Strange Benediction—The Russo-Greek and Roman Catholic Churches.

THE Gospel of Medicine entered Japan in company with the Gospel of Grace. Dr. Hepburn was the first medical missionary to that country. He opened a dispensary forthwith, where, for many years he prescribed for thousands of applicants from

all parts of the country. He gave clinical instruction to numerous pupils, some of whom have since reached distinction in their profession. Dr. Simmons arrived a fortnight later, and helped to establish the State Hospital. Other medical men followed, and dispensaries and hospitals were opened at the leading ports.

Dr. Berry, of the American Board, soon after his arrival in 1872, was appointed to the Medical Directorship of the Government Hospital at Kobe, and had also a large share in establishing a hospital and a number of dispensaries within a radius of twenty miles of that treaty port. He was successful in enlisting the interest and co-operation of native medical men. Visiting country towns, he met the doctors, gave advice on their difficult cases, and instructed them on medical matters, until he had a hundred and twenty physicians under his medical instruction and missionary influence. He has since then started a hospital for the training of Christian Japanese nurses. Dr. Lanning began dispensary work in Osaka, and has recently erected excellent buildings called St. Barnabas Hospital.

In 1870 a petition was presented to the Government urging the advantages that would accrue from the employment of foreign physicians as professors, and recommending that German doctors should be invited to teach in their medical colleges and schools. The petition had its effect; twelve students were sent to Germany to study medicine; next year two Prussian doctors arrived, and other eminent Germans joined the faculty, and by 1875, twenty-five foreign surgeons were engaged in Government hospitals and schools. Years before that date, an Institution for Vaccination had been formed, which passed through various stages of growth, and finally became part of the Imperial University of Tokio.

All medical and sanitary matters were in 1873 placed under the control of a sanitary bureau under the Home Department. Local sanitary officers were appointed throughout the country, whose duty it was to inspect water supplies, the sanitary condition of houses and drainage, to inspect the manufacture of drugs, and prevent the adulteration of food. Every medical man must now undergo a regular course of training in the usual subjects, and must hold a licence from the Government before practising. Should any grave misdemeanour be proved against him, his licence may be revoked. Women may now practise medicine, and two are reported to have recently qualified with excellent diplomas. Every year the number who practise the old—the Chinese—system of medicine is diminishing, and it will soon disappear. In the 31 medical schools and 644 hospitals, Western science and Western methods are firmly established.

The humane and philanthropic sides of the medical profession have been cultivated, quite in the spirit of Christian nations. The "Society of Universal Love" was organised during the Satsuma rebellion, with the object, in common with the Red Cross Society in England, of caring for the wounded in times of war. Indeed, the Japanese Red Cross Society has become a widely beneficent medical and charitable institution. The "Ladies' Benevolent Society," with Countess Oyama as president, has rendered valuable assistance in charity hospitals, and it numbers among its members many ladies of the highest rank. There is even a Japanese Society of Health.

According to its printed report, it owes its origin to a few gentlemen, mostly medical men, who felt the pressing necessity for the general diffusion of sanitary knowledge in Japan. Within the first year of its existence, its membership reached nearly five thousand. These societies and institutions are all conceived in the spirit of the Great Physician, and, although not directly the fruit of allegiance to Him, are borrowed from nations whose life has been shaped by Him.

Japan has from the first travelled forward along the line of education. The prominence given to that subject by the earliest missionaries has been accorded to it throughout. They manned its first schools; they taught its ambitious sons; they became the synonym for enlightenment and knowledge. It was not long till almost every mission had its educational institutions, and found them repeatedly requiring enlargement. These beginnings have been crowned with great results and notable expansion during the last decade.

The indefatigable Fukuzawa, the early advocate of Western civilisation, the Japanese "of light and leading," had founded a school in Tokio. He was willing to gather for his fellow countrymen the rich fruits of Christianity from the West, although he had then no mind for that religion itself. He will figure later as a leading lecturer against Christianity. Yet, strange to say, his great school was entrusted to the educational charge of a missionary. The Rev. A. Lloyd, a Cambridge Fellow, and distinguished classic, who went out first to join the staff of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was soon recognised by the Government as an educational expert, and was entrusted with the entire charge of Fukuzawa's school, with its 600 or 700 pupils. He has raised it to a position of eminence, and manned it with Christian teachers, some of them missionaries like himself. Following the same policy, he has succeeded in getting not a few Christian masters into Government and municipal schools. More recently still, an application has come from the Naval College at Yokosuka for a missionary to teach English and Christianity, accompanied by the offer of a salary almost equal to that of a missionary!

The Christian Collegiate and Theological School at Kioto has been a signal success. Begun in 1875 by the Japanese who had gone to America in search of the God named in a book of geography, it has advanced by strides, until now it has, in all its departments, about 400 students. Of these, the majority above a certain age are Christians, most of whom have adopted that faith since they entered the school. Each term, long lists may be seen of boys who are applying for baptism. During the school year ending March, 1888, eighty-two had thus publicly professed their acceptance of Christian truth. One of the young men was a son of one of the most famous men in Japan. A visitor may attend service in the College Chapel, and join with between three and four hundred scholars in their Christian worship; and he may make the round of eight detached buildings for boarders, of lecture-rooms, library, and gymnasium.

This institution appears all the more remarkable, when, from its grounds, you look over on the adjoining palace of the august Mikado—a powerful Christian College bordering on the sacred precincts of the ancient Imperial court and temples!

Mr. Niishima, referred to above, who possesses great influence with his students as a man of culture and scholarship, of Christian character and gentle manner, is President of the College. It is in the hands of a Japanese Company, called "Doshisha," "The One Endeavour Society," but is practically under the supervision of the American (Congregational) Board. Here young lads may receive a scientific, literary, or theological education, and may be prepared for any civil or sacred calling. From its curriculum many native Christians have gone out into all parts of the country to become pastors, evangelists, and teachers.

Years ago a school for boys and girls was opened in Yokohama; now the boys' department has been removed to Tokio, and has become the Union College with 300 students, under the care of Dr. Hepburn—the missionary, be it remembered, who landed, past mid-life, in Japan, ready to be tortured to death or driven out.

The Colonisation Department of the Government had planted a model farm and centre of operations at Sapporo, in Yezo, the northern island, and had instituted an Agricultural College for the education of students in English, agriculture, and engineering. The Government placed the College under the superintendence of Mr. Warren Clark already mentioned. He enlisted the interest and won the confidence of the students in a wonderful degree by his devotion to their advancement, by his skill in developing the College, and by entering into their student life with enthusiasm. He conducted them on exploring expeditions, gave them an example of courage and coolness, braved dangers and discomforts, and evoked the manliness and contempt for difficulties which good colonists require. He held the principalship for only a year: yet so potent was his influence as a man, so strongly did his work as a president commend his teaching as a Christian, that the most intelligent portion of the College became followers of his Master. He opened his classes with Scripture and prayer, and preached every Sunday, besides importing Christian conceptions into much of his instruction. The Japanese authorities remonstrated with him, and told him to teach morality. In reply, he held up the Bible, saying, "If I teach morality, here is my text-book." Many young men owe their Christian faith to his instrumentality.

A similar, although not Government, agricultural college was established near Tokio by a Christian Japanese of excellent social position and influence, Mr. Tsuda. A Professor in the Imperial College of Engineering, Mr. Dixon, tells how he was invited to give Sunday lectures to the students, all of whom were of good social standing, one a son of a Minister of State. A large number had their prejudices removed, and a tenth part of those who attended contemplated asking for baptism when Mr. Dixon left. Upon the occasion of his leave-taking, one of the ablest students—who had been among the most virulent assailants of Christianity—arose and, amid not a little emotion, read an address of enthusiastic gratitude.

One of the greatest statesmen of New Japan, Iwakura, sent his sons to study under Dr. Verbeck, an eminent missionary who afterwards was decorated by the Mikado with the Order of the Rising Sun. This high honour was conferred on him for the services he had rendered to the cause of education, and as Principal of the Imperial



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

University. Even the ex-Shogûn became partial patron of a high school, at which the principal read and explained the Bible to the pupils.

Still more remarkable: in the great Buddhist school and college at Kioto, organised on Western lines, with fine foreign buildings, with two hundred students enjoying a liberal education, the New Testament is studied as the text-book of English. Let one control the education of a people, and he may make either its songs or its laws who will. The education of Young Japan has been given to Christian representatives, and already this fact has told.

Female education, as a new movement, is perhaps the most remarkable example of this fact. The earliest missionaries were loyal statesmen as well as preachers. They saw that Western civilisation would never take firm root in Japan unless it were planted and fostered in the homes of the people, and as female education was the sure way to that result, Christian schools for girls were accordingly planted by every mission. The Ferris Seminary, an example at Yokohama, has outgrown its limits. Several similar institutions at Osaka, the Venice of Japan, draw numerous pupils and boarders, one of these having altogether two hundred and sixty scholars. Others—American Reformed and Episcopal—at Nagasaki, Kobe, and Hakodate, touch large circles of female society. The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East has established one of its institutions at Osaka with success.

Japan has now its Girton and Newnham—for the higher education of woman has become the foremost social question of the day. Its Girton was organised by several University professors, who enlisted the sympathy of the chief Ministers of the Government and of wealthy merchants in their scheme for a large and high-class ladies' college. The Government placed a commodious house at the disposal of the college until the permanent buildings should be erected. A hundred thousand dollars were ere long subscribed. The Prime Minister, Count Ito, drew up a minute outlining the basis on which it was to be constituted. The college is nominally a secular institution—educational, not missionary—yet its promoters desired that the entire direction of its teaching and boarding arrangements should be put into the hands of Christian ladies. Within the official school hours, Christian teaching is disallowed; but the staff of teachers are understood to teach from the Christian standpoint. After the official hours of study, Christian work may be done. Thus Christian ladies come into intimate relations with the Japanese women of the upper classes.

A similar institution, the Newnham of Japan, has been planted at Osaka, with the Governor of the city as its president, and over a hundred lady students of good social standing. They are taught not only English, etc., but all practical domestic accomplishments, not excluding needlework and cooking. The latter has become a highly necessary accomplishment, now that so many husbands have at least one English meal per day, and have to resort to a public restaurant to get it. The ladies who attend such an institution no longer blacken their teeth or shave off their eye-brows. A committee composed of Japanese and foreigners manage the affairs of the institution; but its instruction and methods of work are committed to the hands of English and American ladies. The movement has become a contagious epidemic. Native

female schools and female normal training colleges have arisen, begun under the especial patronage of the Empress. Her Majesty intimated her desire "to contribute the sum of five thousand *yen* from her private purse for the purpose of promoting the education of her sex in the empire."

One such school is described by Dr. Fleming Stevenson—"attended by about three hundred girls of noble family. The education was excellent. The pupils would certainly be the better daughters and wives by the various plain work and embroidery that they were taught; and the conductors, with an eye to profit, had taken a small contract for army clothing. It was curious to watch the importance attached to the lessons in etiquette, for a young lady is thoroughly trained here in the elaborate ceremonies of good society; and the entrance of a visitor, the mysteries of afternoon tea, the respect to superiors, and the conduct of meals, were being taught to a class in one room with as much gravity as history and classical literature in another. It was also curious to find in the English section 'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,' and some of our hymns, written out by these girls as English compositions, and in a fair, even hand."

By such means Japanese ladies are acquiring practical skill in conducting domestic affairs, and, still more, a purer moral tone and loftier ideals of home life. "The religion of the home-maker, and the children-lover, and the woman-exalter, is mighty to save the Japanese mother, and must be potent to purify and exalt the Japanese home. Of all the branches of missionary labour in Japan, none is of greater importance, or more hopeful of sure results, permanent and far-reaching in its influence, than the work of Christian women for women in Japan."

The elevation of women is being accelerated by other causes as well. Fifty lady missionaries are engaged among the women of Japan, either in schools, hospitals, or in domestic visitation. Christian natives are now bringing their brides to Christian churches, where they are married with Christian rites, and on Christian terms of mutual affection. Japanese families sit together in Christian churches, the mother and her children ranged beside the father. When we recall that a husband owned his wife as property, could divorce her for disobedience to her mother-in-law, for jealousy of other women's clothes, for barrenness, or for talking too much, and could have concubines at will, we see that Christian civilisation has already done much for woman.

Social progress has been rapid in other directions. In a land where saké is freely imbibed, temperance work is needed, and is being prosecuted as part of Christian enterprise. A worse evil meets the Christian philanthropist, in the vice that has long eaten away the vigour of the race. The veteran Dr. Hepburn declares that the Japanese are lower in point of virtue than the Chinese, among whom he lived and worked for over twenty years, and immeasurably lower than the lowest masses in New York. One half of the people are sufferers from their own or their fathers' sins. Emissaries from Japan unhappily found, in Christian countries, not only models of education, but, as they believed, models of hygiene, and these observations induced and enabled them to systematise their own Contagious Diseases' Acts. The tide of feeling is

already beginning to turn. The Japanese Evangelical Alliance in 1887 sent to the Government a petition for the removal of the blot; and, within a few weeks, at



BUDDHIST PRIEST AND HIS PUPILS.

an important meeting of Japanese physicians held at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, this resolution was heartily adopted. The same medical meeting, in view of existing social perils, recommended that the daughters of Japan should be placed in Christian schools. It is a sign and a prophecy, when educated native physicians publicly connect disease with sin, and the cure of sin with Christianity.

Strict discipline has been exercised in the Christian churches, wisely, in view of

the moral condition of the people. In a case of a penitent pastor under discussion in a Presbyterian Church court, the native members were the foremost in the refusal to restore any such offender to office.

Already Young Men's Christian Associations are springing into existence and influence, and are being adapted to Japanese needs. A magnificent hall has been erected in Osaka, the necessary cost being defrayed by Japanese Christians and by Young Men's Christian Associations in England and America. It seats about 1,500 people, and the first week of 1887 saw it fully occupied during the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance.

Liberty of conscience has been recognised by the Government as a necessary factor of progress. Prior to 1884 every citizen required to register himself as either Buddhist or Shintoist, and every burial must be conducted according to the rites of the one or the other sect. In 1875 an American missionary at Tokio had buried a convert with Christian rites. Two native Christians, who had taken part in the ceremony, were brought before the courts, reprimanded, and threatened with fine. In many cases the cemeteries were in Buddhist grounds, and the priests refused burial. In the case of some who were more liberal-minded, permission was granted, the fee was exacted, and the priests absented themselves. In 1884 a notification was issued by the Government abolishing all religious distinction with reference to burial and registration, and announcing that public cemeteries should be provided available for people of all creeds. Religious liberty had been won, the rights of conscience vindicated.

This act did more: it completed religious equality among the sects. For this had been the only remaining distinction. The State Church had already been disestablished. At the revolution the Shinto faith—which amounted to reverence for the Mikado, the Son of Heaven, and for all parentage and authority—had risen into power along with the Imperial cause. A department of religion had been organised; but the influx of Western ideas in a few years changed the views of the Government. The department of religion was abolished; the Shinto priests were disendowed, receiving pensions in lieu of their former revenues. These pensions were to cease after twenty years; and some commuted and adopted a secular business. In 1884 the last strand that connected the State was cut, and Church and Shintoists, Buddhists and Christians, were alike self-governing and self-supporting.

Seldom have these ends been reached without protracted warfare and plentiful



GIRL SCHOLARS.

bloodshed. Japan would have carried the conflict through long generations, had it not been that Western nations handed them a national polity, in which the question was already settled, liberty of conscience already granted. The highest credit, however, belongs to a nation accepting so wisely the experience of other nations.

The churches had been taking forward movements of great importance during all these years, and in no mission field has there been such extensive amalgamation of churches. Alliances, conferences, and unions stand forth prominently in the history of the last decade. As early as 1866 we hear of an Evangelical Alliance having been gathered, which in 1887 held its sixteenth meeting. Composed of delegates from all Christian churches in Japan, on this occasion nearly 1,200 celebrated the Lord's Supper together. A native Evangelical Alliance—the Friendly or Harmony Association—was formed for the purpose of promoting brotherly feeling, discussing questions of common interest, securing uniformity of action in common work, and taking common action in public movements.

A great conference of missionaries took place in 1878, at which united action was taken in the matter of Bible translation. A second, and still greater, conference assembled in 1883, representing fifteen missionary and two Bible Societies, and composed of 110 delegates. The Bible Societies were the British and Foreign, and the Bible Society of Scotland, who were scattering Scripture portions and tracts by colporteurs in tens of thousands each year. Much work was being done also in connection with the Religious Tract Society.

That year saw the churches take a fresh start in their advancing campaign. A time of refreshing, a revival, had, earlier in the year, visited the entire mission field. Free from excitement and extravagance, it had deepened the faith of the congregations, and intensified their spiritual ardour. The missionary conference that followed in the same year bore the marks of this blessing, displayed a new enthusiasm, a closer brotherhood, and a surer confidence in Christ's coming victory. It marked another epoch.

The Buddhists were constantly striving to throw discredit on Christians because of their sectarian divisions. Many of the people were led to believe that the various missions were at "daggers drawn." Had that been true, it would have been no worse than the sectarianism of the Buddhists; for they are divided and sub-divided and cross-divided, and each division is the enemy of the rest. But to correct the false impression, Dr. Hada, a physician in the Church Missionary Society's Mission, organised a series of great lecture meetings, the various Christian missions taking part. The largest theatre in Tokio was rented, and 4,000 persons gathered, many being unable to gain admission. The Evangelical Alliance Lecture Meetings, with audiences of 2,500 people, attracting leading physicians and Government employés, had served the same purpose, proved Protestant unity, and awakened a wide-spread interest. These occasional conferences did not end in Japan where so often they end at home—in smoke. They speedily led to organic union. The tendency of the Christian churches thus far has been to gather into two clusters, Episcopal and Presbyterian.

The Episcopal missionaries of England and America held a united conference by

which a Prayer Book Translation Committee was appointed. The morning and evening prayer, litany, and communion offices were issued within a year; the remainder were added three years later, and in 1885 the thirty-nine articles were published in Japanese. This movement towards union was consummated in 1887, when the native churches, organised by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, and the American Episcopal Missions, met in Synod and formed themselves into one—the “Japan Church.” A constitution of canons was agreed upon. The Prayer Book and articles of the Church of England are for the present to define the worship and belief of the United Church; and Bishop Williams and Bishop Bickersteth share between them the superintendence of the congregations.

Another and larger union had been happily completed some years earlier. The various Presbyterian and Reformed Missions from America and Scotland held a Synod in 1876, and agreed to unite and form “The United Church of Christ in Japan.” When the union was consummated it had eight congregations and 623 members. At the Assembly of 1886, ten years later, 101 delegates represented 58 congregations and 5,152 members, which was a gain of 1,193 upon the previous year. In 1887, the membership rose further to 6,859; and thus the United (Presbyterian or Reformed) Church is the largest Church in the country. Negotiations have been proceeding with the Congregationalists, the next in size, with a view to union between them and the United Church. A committee of missionaries and native representatives have drawn up a basis of union, and these approaches are being happily crowned with success.

In the case of the theological colleges the same process of amalgamation has been in operation. The churches wisely demand a high standard of education from their native pastors; for the Christian converts have been taken largely from the middle and upper middle classes, especially from the Samurai, who in their heyday conjoined literature and warfare. Union among divinity schools will help to secure the ablest professors.

In the translation of the Scriptures, in Bible and Tract Society work, the same spirit of co-operation has manifested itself alike among natives and missionaries. The translation of the Old and New Testaments has been accomplished by committees representing the various churches. Portions of the New Testament have been published year by year as they were translated. It was in 1880 that the entire New Testament was completed, when a united public meeting was held in Tokio to celebrate the event.

The translation of the Old Testament was carried on through the next seven years, and in February, 1888, the entire Bible was issued, dedicated to God's honour and service “in the name of the whole body of Protestant missionaries in Japan.” The Japanese Churches had expressed a desire to have a share in this work, and in 1884 three Christian native scholars were added to the committee of translation.

Dr. Hepburn is on all hands recognised as holding the place of honour in this work, having originated the scheme and drafted most of the translation. Nor is this the only service he has rendered to Japanese literature. The standard dictionary



CHRISTIAN AT THE WICKET.

is his, the product of thirteen years severe labour. The name of the Rev. P. K. Fyson deserves to be mentioned along with his as a translator. Another of his coadjutors in that work has laid Japanese Bible students under a deep debt by his Reference New Testament.

The Press has been employed, not only in Bible work, but also in the publication of good Christian literature. Not only have millions of Scriptures been scattered by colporteurs over the land, but the Japanese have been supplied with *Lives of Christ, Commentaries on the Parables and the Gospels*, and books apologetic and devotional. Mr. White, an English Baptist missionary, has had the honour of translating the "Pilgrim's

Progress," with illustrations adapting the captivating dream to Japanese life and customs. A few of these we reproduce as interesting to the English reader. The fact that the first edition of 2,000 copies was almost exhausted within a year, shows the popularity of the Bedford prisoner in Japan.

Other forward movements were made; other signs of Christian progress were visible. The Sunday of Christian nations was officially adopted as the Day of Rest. The weekly holiday had come every sixth day, and an attempt had been made to induce the foreign teachers and professors to conduct their classes on the Sunday. The Government shrewdly tried the plan "Divide and Conquer," and gave the order



IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

first to the Frenchmen, who yielded to the demand. They next tried Germans, English, and American employes: but all, some on religious, others on purely mundane grounds, stood firm against the demand. It was soon found inconvenient to have two sets of holidays in Government departments: and, in consequence, ere long the weekly holiday was changed from each sixth to each seventh day in all Government offices! No one supposes that the change implied any Christian motives in the Government. Economy in diminishing the national holidays, the action of foreign teachers, and the custom of Western nations, had more to do with it. But it was done all the same.

In the native churches, self-reliance



PREPARING TO CROSS THE RIVER.



CHRISTIAN AND THE THREE SHINING ONES.

and the desire for organised Church life have been among the many fore-gleams of permanent stability. Everywhere, in Episcopal as well as in Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist congregations, members have claimed a responsible share in the government of the congregation's affairs. Accordingly, church committees have sprung up in almost every mission. While temporarily accepting the authority of Bishop Williams and Bishop Bickersteth, the congregations under their supervision "avow their desire for an independent national Episcopal Church, separated for a time from the other churches, but looking forward to union hereafter." This desire for organic amalgamation characterises all the mission

churches. They have also a singular pride in being self-supporting, and many have already reached a position of independence. They, who have received so much from missionary enterprise, display already great missionary and evangelistic zeal. A mission to Corea has long been contemplated; but, for years to come, home mission work is likely to give sufficient scope for Christian enthusiasm.

Radical and prophetic changes are passing over native religions: temples are being used by the Government as schools and hospitals, and the sanctity of the great shrines and images is passing away. Mr. Clark, already named in connection with educational and Christian work, writes:—"After studying the Dai Buts [or Great Buddha] at Nara, as a work of art, I climbed up into his capacious lap, and sat upon one of his thumbs, which are placed together in a devout attitude. Here I began to sing the Doxology, to the astonishment of the priest standing below." There are thinner streams of pilgrims to the shrines of Nikko and Isé, and the legends of the gods are greeted with derisive laughter in the streets. Some priests foresee with loud lamentations the coming triumph of Christianity; while others are spurred by these imminent dangers to larger efforts. The Japanese *Gazette* regrets to say "that Buddhism cannot long hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and Western sciences cannot stand together."

In the heart of the country, Mr. Fyson once found the Scriptures and other Christian publications being sold openly at a little bookstall in the grounds of a Buddhist temple. When asked, "Do the priests allow you to sell these books?" the stall-keeper's reply was, "They buy them themselves. They are some of my best customers."

A vigorous defence of their faith has been begun by the Buddhists. Years ago they subsidised newspapers and lecturers to demolish the new religion, and it is reported that they raised a large fund to bribe converts to return to the bosom of mother-church. They have begun to emulate Christian churches in their philanthropic work, in order to maintain their hold on the respect of the people. Several institutions have been started for rescuing and educating neglected children and orphans. One of these, called the "Blessed-field-assembly-rearing-children-institution," has a box for donations suspended on the pillars of city temples, with an inscription inviting support.

One sect of Buddhists has been intensely active in adapting itself to the new phases of Japanese civilisation. The Shin-Shiu, or Protestant Buddhists, described in an earlier chapter, founded at Kioto a school and college on the Western model, for the purpose of educating a priesthood who shall use the enemy's weapons in the coming Armageddon of religions in Japan. It has splendid buildings, capable of accommodating two hundred students, library, large chapel, and long blocks of students' quarters with studies below and dormitories above. The full course covers seven years, three preliminary and four collegiate. Western languages, science, and religions are studied, the text-book of English being the New Testament. This college is being rebuilt on a larger scale: and other similar seminaries are springing up in various parts of the country.

Students have been sent by the same sect to Europe, some to Oxford, to learn the secrets of Western thought in philosophy and religion, and return armed with

powerful weapons of defence and attack. One case is worth quoting, of a young priest who came to England to find the vulnerable points of Christianity, and who became oblivious of its weaknesses in the discovery of its sublimities. He appears to have been a man of intense application, independent mind, and pure heart. Excessive study destroyed his health, and he died shortly after leaving England to visit India on the way home to Japan. Professor Max Müller wrote to the *Times* a letter descriptive of his character and lamenting his loss. His English tutor gave some reminiscences of him, and of his impressions on confronting Christian teaching. It was proposed that they should read the Gospels together; and Kasawara, finding they were written in Greek, proceeded to acquire the Greek tongue in order to study them in the original. "In reading them he often made his comments as though thinking aloud." His tutor's notes contain such passages as the following:—

"'The Christ of your Scriptures,' he said, 'is a truly sublime personality. In all the four biographies or Gospels He stands out a distinctive and unique figure, always conscious of His own superior moral grandeur and of His intimate relations with the invisible essence. His personal presence must have been a profound awe, and at the same time an irresistible magnetism. His tone of authority is very majestic, and quite becoming His consciousness of pre-eminent moral superiority. His ethics are unimpeachable, and His own example of them grandly consistent and complete. I can conceive of nothing more morally beautiful in spirit and life than this figure of the Jesus of the Four Gospels. He could not have been a literary imagination, but must have been a fact in history. I am struck with the consistency of this portraiture of the Christ in His biographies, and the affirmation that He was the Word or manifestation of God. The image of God must needs be the Ideal Man. . . . He has spoken the first and last word of true religion, and is the first and last example of it in the purity and perfection of His own personal life. Religion can speak no higher word than life, and can be neither more nor less than life. Your Christianity has the whole of all actual and possible religion in its grand rudimental doctrine of life in Christ.

"So pure a nature as that of the Christ must have been a great sufferer from the misunderstandings, reproaches, and active hostilities of the powerful classes among his contemporaries. It seems as if He were always bearing the sins of wicked people, and bleeding at His very heart for the unhappy state of all who opposed themselves to Him. And yet He avows of Himself the consciousness of such a perfect peace within His own soul that, though a Son of Man in the midst of the suffering conditions of the world, He was yet while on earth a Son of Man who is in Heaven."

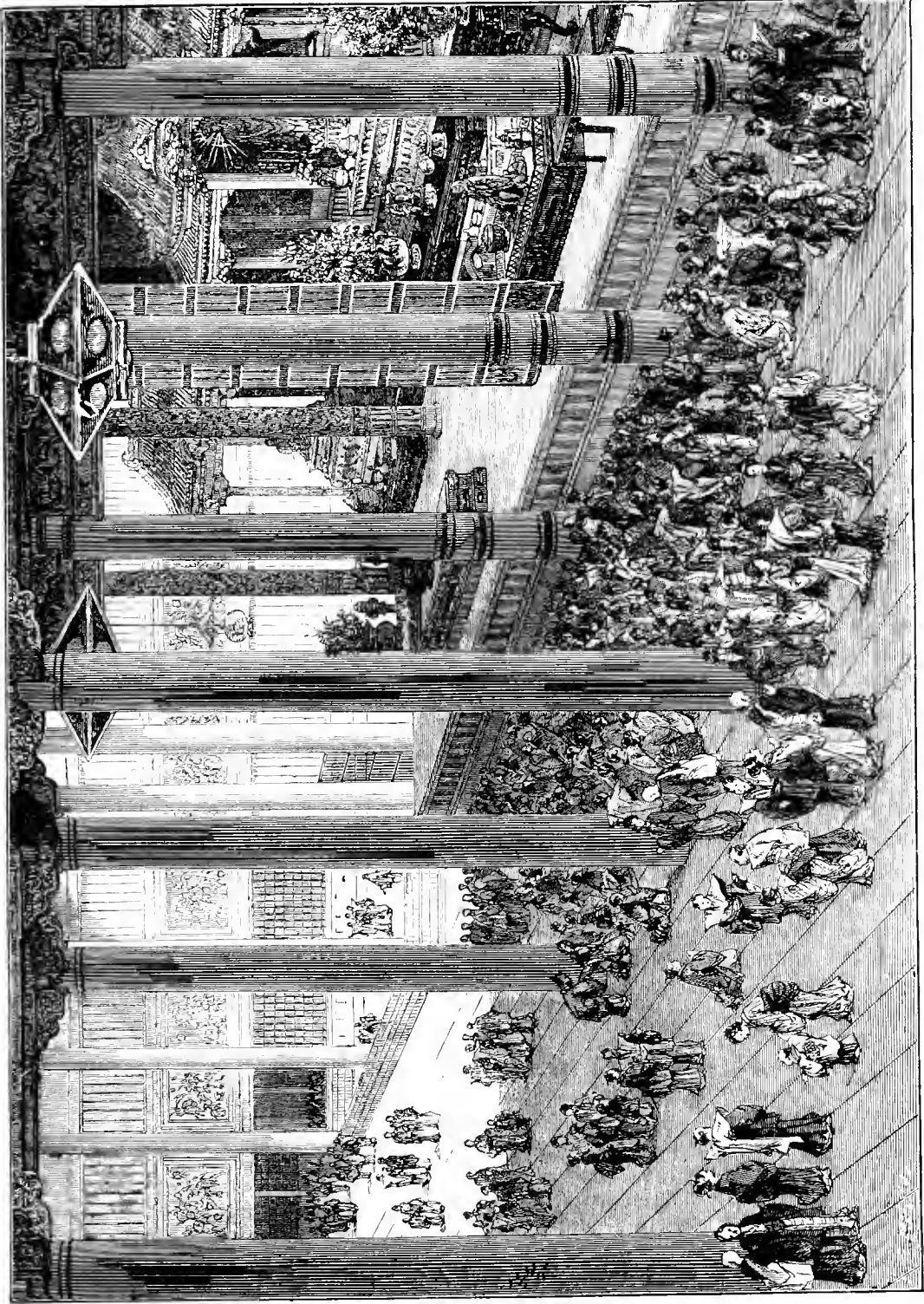
The battle to-day, however, lies between scientific Agnosticism and Christianity. The Reformed Buddhists, now so busy, may keep out the tide for a brief interval; yet already it is seen to be irresistible so far as they are concerned. But students sent to America or Europe by Government, return to talk Spencer and Darwin and look with philosophic indifference on all religions. Mill and Buckle, Huxley and Tyndall, "The Origin of Species" and "Sociology," are openly for sale on native book-stalls. A Professor of Natural History in Tokio University, an American biologist, used his

position in the class-room to preach Atheistic Evolution. He engaged a hall near the great Buddhist temple of Tokio—the Temple of Asakūsa—which answers to the St. Paul's Cathedral of Japan, and lectured to immense audiences, including many leading thinkers of the capital. His teaching became the talk of the college students, and many were captivated by his materialistic evolution. As in India, amongst the keen intellects of the Japanese the first-fruits of the decay of the older faiths is often the loss of any faith at all, and the greedy welcome of a materialism which professes to account for everything in purely material terms. Two hundred thousand English volumes were imported in 1887, a large fraction being Agnostic writings and anti-religious publications. The educated classes recoil from their own religions, so full of idolatrous superstitions, but in many cases it has become a recoil from all religions. A Christian Japanese declares:—"The aged, time-worn religions of Japan are tottering to their fall. The people are unsettled. They are ready to reject every belief, however reasonable, if it be only old, and to embrace every doctrine, however absurd, if it be only new. The scepticism of Japan, though now confined to the educated few, is yet an undeveloped giant, and must either be crushed while young, or else it will crush us."

The consequence is that large numbers are indifferentists, preferring philosophic neutrality to a defined faith. Eclecticism is the order of the day. The proposal to found a new religion has been seriously made and canvassed! Why should not Japan cull the best from the creeds of different countries, and adapt the new system to the customs and feelings of the people? But no one has come to the front to gather the cream of every religion. To compete with one already marching to success, the founder of the new, the Eclectic religion (as a great monarch said long ago), would need to give himself to crucifixion for the sake of truth and man, and then rise from the grave.

But even here there are signs that the current of Agnosticism is slackening. One significant fact may be given. Mr. Fukuzawa, the leading Progressionist of New Japan, who declined every offer of a place in the Government Ministry, and instead founded a famous school in Tokio, organised lectures against the Christian and all religions. His eminence as a writer and an educationist won a hearing for his free-thought lectures; and Fukuzawa became a large factor in the questions discussed by missionaries. But recently a remarkable change has appeared in his attitude to Christianity. Eminent publicists have been discussing the question whether Japan should adopt the Christian religion. Mr. Fukuzawa, who frankly acknowledges that personally he has no interest in religion, advocates its adoption for the sake of its secondary benefits, its social and national fruits. He recognises that it is the creed of the most civilised races, and that it is a security for social stability, and the best instrument of enlightenment and progress. In this he is supported by a large and influential section of educated Japanese opinion.

Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, has issued a work to promote this movement. He claims that Chinese ethics must now be replaced by Christian ethics, that the introduction of Christianity will secure such benefits as (1) the improvement of music; (2) the union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation; (3) the supply of a medium of intercourse between men and women.



THE GREAT BUDDHIST TEMPLE OF TOKIO.

This is a case of protective mimicry. It has not yet been shown, however, how a nation can, by the adoption of a religion, secure its secondary benefits without personal and honest belief of its substance by the people. The results that followed Constantine's official acceptance of Christianity do not supply an encouraging precedent. But such discussions in high quarters contribute to the spread of a spirit of inquiry and respect. It is a significant fact that Fukuzawa's son has become a Unitarian, and under his auspices a Unitarian "embassy" has been sent to Japan. In his farewell address, at Boston, in November, 1887, Mr. Knapp, the missionary, said—"My errand is not a mission to heathen. It is conference, not conversion, at which I aim." Thereafter young Fukuzawa read an address which closed with the extraordinary benediction—"May God, Buddha, and the eight million deities of Japan bless him."

Thus, as has been well said, "a new sun is rising upon Japan." Gently but resistlessly Christianity is leavening the nation. "In the next century the native word *inaka* (rustic, boor) will mean heathen." Strong native churches have been organised, and have given promise of one united Christian Church of Japan. The Bible has been given to them in their own language, and orders for copies have poured in by post and telegraph from all parts of the country. The members are drawn mainly from the best grades of society, the upper middle class, including the ex-Samurai, from whom the Ministers of State have also been taken. Mr. Katsū, a nobleman who had been Prime Minister of the Shogūn, and afterwards a Minister of State, who was also linked with Okubo as a hero of the Restoration, permitted a Christian professor to hold a service in his grounds, allowed his three daughters and two sons to attend, and by-and-by his eldest daughter avowed her acceptance of Christianity in baptism, and one son expressed his wish to enter the Christian ministry.

The education of Young Japan continues to be largely in Christian hands. Female education in its higher branches flourishes under Christian control. Domestic life, the marriage relation, social morality, are feeling the virtue that flows from the touch of Christ.

The Russo-Greek Church and the Roman Catholic have large numbers of converts; but they increase at a much smaller rate of progress than do the Protestant Churches. During the four years preceding 1888 the Protestant Church increased threefold. In 1872, there were only ten converts in all Japan after fourteen years' labour. The returns issued in 1888, sixteen years later, show that twenty thousand have been gathered into Church membership, representing a gain of five thousand upon the previous year's return. There are two hundred and twenty-one organised congregations and over a hundred ordained native pastors. In addition to these, twenty-four missionary societies in Europe and America have two hundred and fifty-three missionaries on the ground. Of these, five-sixths represent American societies. American Christianity has thus maintained the place it took when Perry broke through the seclusion of two centuries.

Latest reports tell of new movements and fresh progress, of a Scripture Union with five thousand members, of a religious awakening at Tokio in which five hundred Japanese within one month professed allegiance to the Son of God. The present is truly the spring-time, but it is the spring-time only: what shall the harvest be amongst a people such as this?

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE NEW ORDER.

Social and Political Changes—Lighthouses—Ships and Navy—Cabs and Bath-chairs—Boulevards and Bankers—Telegraphs—Railways—Post-offices—Omnibuses—Book-stalls—Fire-engines—Pullman Cars—Factories—Exhibitions—Chambers of Commerce—Newspapers—Roman Letter Association—The Court Language—Constitutional Government—A Second Chamber—Then and Now.

THE Christian transformation of Japan has been accompanied by social changes and political developments equally great. The old order has changed, giving place to new. We pictured the scenes and life of the people as seen by the earliest diplomats and missionaries. A second visit to-day will supply a sufficiently startling contrast.

Thirty years ago we found a country without lighthouses, without sea-going ships, and without a navy. Now the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, or Japan Mail Steam-ship Company, have a large fleet of ocean steamers that make swift passages between Shanghai and Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, and that sail, under native commanders and engineers, past frequent lighthouses and light-ships. We steam into the Bay of Yedo, past Japanese war-ships of the most modern type, thread our way through a fleet of foreign merchantmen and native junks, and gaze upon a large and flourishing sea-port, Yokohama, which in Perry's day was only a swamp. Pretty bungalows dot the green slopes of the Bluff, and foreign hotels and clubs front the bay. The sampans are the same, but they carry us to a well-constructed harbour, where we have to run the gauntlet of the custom-house, whose officers are dressed in English uniform, and speak to us in the English language.

Men who met the earliest visitors in a coat of mail, now beset us with perambulator-cabs. From the bath-chair or the perambulator has been evolved the *jinricksha*, the "man-power-carriage." Resembling a dwarf hansom, only with a man between the shafts, well lacquered and supplied with an available hood, this "Pullman car" will carry us sixty miles per day at the rate of six miles per hour. These "bipeds in harness" must now exceed seventy thousand in number in the cities of Japan.

We are driven along broad European boulevards to banker or money-changer, where we find John Chinaman entrusted with responsible duties. We post on past foreign warehouses and the Union Church (English) to the telegraph office, where we hand in a cablegram that reaches England seven hours earlier than it left Japan: On to the railway station, where we take tickets for Tokio printed in English and Japanese, have our luggage checked, and find in the waiting-room a daily paper on the table, and a bookstall in the corner covered with daily and weekly journals. The guards in the orthodox English dress wait to signal "all right" to the driver; so we take our seats in the long American car, and find ourselves beside picturesque women, who squat upon the seat and smoke tobacco. If we traverse the length of the train we shall find some among the third-class passengers who have hired tiny cushions for a cent before starting, to be handed to the porter on arrival.

During our journey of twenty miles to Tokio, we remember that this, the first railway, was opened in 1872, and now at least five hundred miles are opened to traffic, while eleven railway companies were started in 1887. Till 1869 there was no telegraph; now its network of fifteen thousand miles of wire covers the country, and four cables connect Japan with the rest of the world. Telephone and electric light have been added. The post-office was established in 1871, and in 1885 nearly one hundred million letters, post-cards, and packages passed through its hands. In Tokio there are letter-boxes in almost every street, red mail-gigs hurrying to the stations, and smart postmen in uniform delivering letters six or seven times per day. The words "post-office" in English may be seen in many a village, and money orders and savings banks have been added.

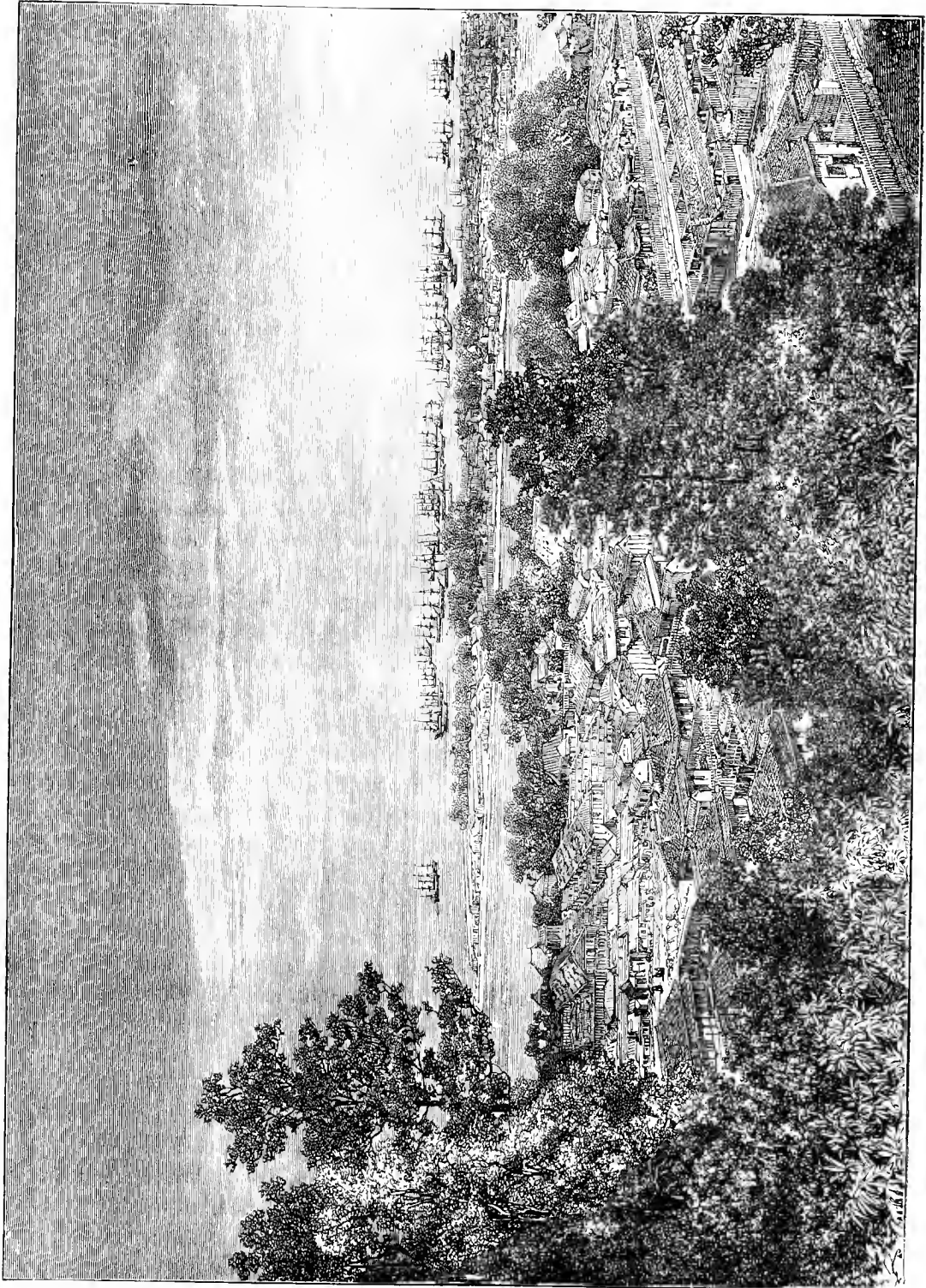
Our train passes stations with names in Roman letters, and is signalled on the block system. To our right, ironclads, with the flags of all nations, and coasting vessels and junks, cover the bay anchorage, while to the left Fuji, now as of yore, "gleams in its snowy surplice like a solemn priest before the altar of God."

At Tokio we emerge into a broad and busy thoroughfare, with a lining of trees on each side. Omnibuses run frequently, but the initiated beware of them. The ancient and the modern, side by side, make a strange patchwork. Young swells with Paisley shawls on their shoulders, shops littered with Manchester and Bradford goods, book-stalls with native and English books intermingled, fire-engines and gas-lamps, riders on horseback, carriages driven by grooms in livery, and passengers with clattering pattens, make up a strange and hybrid scene. The following, given by Dr. Faulds in *Nine Years in Nipon*, is typical:—"Notice. Shoe Manufacturer. Design at any choice. The undersigned being engaged long and succeeded with their capacity at shoe factory at Isekats, in Tokio; it is now established in my liability at under-mentioned lot all furnishment will be attended in moderate term with good quality," etc.

Our Pullman car hurries through the streets and past the lotus-covered moat of the ancient palace of the Shogûns, to the British Legation. Or we are trundled along to the Concession, covered with the homes of missionaries, or to one of the colleges on the wooded eminences.

The two-sworded men have disappeared since our last visit. The abolition of feudalism left the Samurai without aim or calling. They crowded the Civil Service and the professions, taught in schools, edited newspapers. The foremost became the real governors of Japan, the Ministers or officials of State: many of them—strange social upheaval—engaged in trade, once so despised. Many of these knights of the feudal times have been glad to become grooms or policemen, and were we to inquire we might find that our *jinnricksha* men once wore the two swords.

They still wore the knightly weapons; but as they adopted European dress they found the swords inconvenient encumbrances. Ere long a royal decree was issued permitting all and sundry to wear two swords, and thereupon they lost their charm. When the Government took the next step and forbade the Samurai to wear them, the order had been anticipated in large measure by common custom. "The pawnbroker



HARBOUR AND ROADSTEAD OF YOKOHAMA.

shipped them as curiosities to Europe, and the country became so bare of them, that during an insurrection they rose to a premium."

The social upheaval has placed the first last and the last first. It was a mark of radical revolution when, at the opening of the first railway, a group of merchants, formerly the lowest social grade, presented an address of congratulation to the Mikado. Factories, exhibitions, and Chambers of Commerce have become the stock-in-trade of new Japan. The year 1887 gave birth to 111 Industrial Companies in three cities alone.

Twenty-five years ago Japan had no newspaper, now it has over two thousand—more than we should find in Spain or in Russia, or in all the rest of Asia. These represent all varieties of interest—industrial, mechanical, medical, legal, educational, political, and Christian. You may address any of the leading dailies in Tokio in French, German, or English, and a translation of your letter will appear in the next issue.

The Roman Letter Association was formed in 1884, for the purpose of substituting the Roman alphabet for the Japanese and Chinese syllabary. An ordinary pupil loads his memory with at least 4,000 Japanese characters, while to graduate in a higher college, a student must know double that number. To learn to write the language in Roman letters would require hardly as many weeks as the present system takes years. For the Press the gain would be as valuable as for education, seeing that at present a compositor's case of type contains thousands of compartments, and fills a room. This society of Romanisation has now over a thousand members, many of them princes and Government officials, the Government warmly supporting this reform. A Romanised New Testament is now in its second edition.

It is even proposed to substitute English for Japanese as the language of the country. It is not likely, however, that a people with such a history will break with its past thus. But English has been made obligatory in the common schools of the country. Blackboard, slates, and Arabic numerals are extensively in vogue.

Of the 53,000 primary schools contemplated by the Government, 30,000 have already been erected. The entire increase of pupils in one year was two hundred thousand at least. The best scholars are prepared by the teachers to be sent to Europe or America, and there Japanese students have frequently taken foremost places in University Prize Lists. In twenty years 600 have been sent for foreign education at Government expense, and it is believed that another 600 have gone at their own cost.

The evolution of constitutional government has a remarkable record. After the Restoration the Privy Council, headed by the Mikado, was supreme. In 1877, according to promise, Provincial Representative Assemblies were instituted, empowered to control local taxation and local interests. This small experience of Local Government whetted the people's appetite for more power. The Press led public opinion in the same direction, and in 1881 the Mikado proclaimed that in 1890 he would "establish a constitutional form of government." A special commission was appointed, with Count Ito at its head, to prepare a constitution for the promised Representative Parliament.

Another wise step in advance was taken when the foundations for a Second Chamber were laid in the formation of a new nobility. The old nobles had been mere puppets of clever retainers. In 1884, hundreds who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country were admitted to the new peerage, under the titles of Marquis, Count, Baron, etc. Wise statesmen foresaw that the Parliament to be elected by citizens capable of writing and reading would need a regulator in the shape of a partially hereditary Upper Chamber.

Thirty years ago the Government was a tyranny; now it is a Constitutional Monarchy. Then Japan lived a hermit life, unknowing and unknown; now it has an emissary at every court in Europe. Then the feudalism of the Middle Ages combined with the dual system to make a consolidated empire impossible; now there is one sovereign ruling constitutionally his entire territory. Then "the sea was a bulwark; now it is a pathway." Then science, higher education, and medicine were a thousand years behind; now they are abreast of this century. Then woman was property, had no marital rights; now her elevation and higher education are among the watchwords of Japan. Then to leave the shores was to incur the penalty of death; now hundreds visit foreign countries annually, to bring back the civilisation of Christendom. Then a Christian was forced to trample on the Cross or perish; now Christians are counted by tens of thousands, and publicists are calling for the official adoption of Christianity.

The direct contribution of Christians through its missions to the civilisation of Japan has been incalculable; equalled only by its indirect contribution through the institutions and social character which it had already shaped in the West.

XXXI.—THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHAPTER LIX.

CHOCTAWS, DACOTAS, AND WYANDOTTS.

Moving towards the Setting Sun—The Good God and the Bad God—"Medicine" and "Medicine Chiefs"—The Great "Medicine" Dance—The Ordeal of Self-torture—Mourning for the Dead—The Happy Hunting Grounds—Life-processes—Early Missionary Labours—A Revival—Broken Treaties—The Indians of Oregon—A Horrible Massacre—The Dacotas—"Eagle-help"—The Gospel of Soap—Wandering Sioux—The Dakota Language—Hazelwood—Bloodshed—Danger and Deliverance—The Sioux War—The "Mystery-life"—Peter Cartwright—Rogues' Harbour—In Illinois—A Tragic Accident—Backwoods Preaching—Success of Cartwright's Ministry—Slavery—John Stewart, a Singing Pilgrim—The Wyandotts—Rev. J. B. Finley—Robert Armstrong—"Fire-water"—The Scalp Yell—Savage Whites.

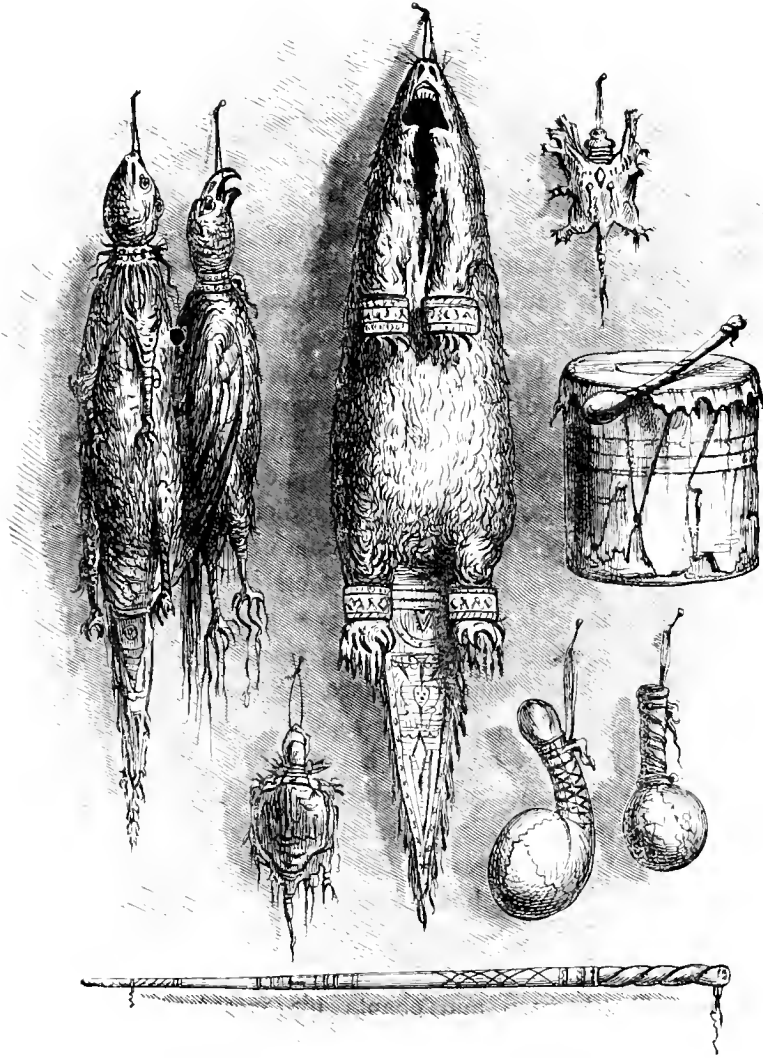
WILLIAM PENN made a treaty with the Indians and kept it. So far as the making of treaties goes, the United States Government has followed Penn's example; but unlike him, it has violated its solemn engagements whenever convenience or inclination made fresh arrangements desirable. Before the onward march of civilisation the poor Indian has had to keep moving on towards the setting sun. A score of times during the present century, the red men have been driven, by heartless tyranny, into savage outbreaks of spoliation and massacre, which have been repressed with merciless ferocity. To evangelise the Indian was one of the ostensible aims of the pioneer colonists; and yet, in 1876, Sitting Bull declares, "There is not one white man who loves an Indian, and not a true Indian but hates a white man."

Nevertheless much has been done. The Government has aided the work of civilisation amongst the settled Indians, and the various Missionary Societies have co-operated in the work. Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Friends—in short, all the evangelical churches of America have, either separately or in combination, taken part in the work of Christianising the Indians. Missions have been carried on in a vast number of places, sometimes temporarily sometimes permanently, by a succession of faithful labourers. We shall not attempt anything like an historical summary of the widespread and constantly varying labours of the churches amongst the red men, but shall content ourselves with a few sample narratives that may serve to show the nature of the work accomplished, and the more striking characteristics of the remarkable people whom it was sought to bring into the Christian fold.

But it will be well in the first place to say a little about the Indians of the present day before we refer to the work of the missionaries. The various tribes under the rule of the United States make up a total of about two hundred and fifty thousand red men, exhibiting a great many degrees of civilisation, from the cultivated Cherokee or Choctaw of the Indian territory, down to the savage Apache of Arizona. the "wildest, fiercest, most cruel and barbarous in all their habits and instincts, of the American Indians." But even amongst the Apaches, a large majority have found that it pays them better to cultivate land and deal in corn and bullocks than to follow the customs of their forefathers.

More than half the Indian population of the United States is comprised in the sixty tribes cut up into innumerable bands and inhabiting the country between the

Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. These are the Wild Indians of the Plains, who still to a large extent preserve their ancient customs. Amongst them Colonel Dodge spent over thirty years, and has given his experiences in a book



INDIAN MEDICINE BAG, WHISTLE, DRUM, &c.

which is acknowledged to be one of the most graphic and accurate presentments of Indian life ever published.

The Colonel found that (subject to many shades and gradations) the religious belief of the Indian centres in two Gods, a good one and a bad one. The Good God is his friend and helper in business, in war, even in crime. The Bad God is always thwarting him, and is the cause of every disaster, misfortune, or disappointment. There is no question of right or wrong mixed up with this system—the Good God or “Great

Spirit" is always doing the best he can for the Indian, and wants no prayers, thanks, or service of any kind. But the Bad God is unceasingly struggling against him, and can be bribed or propitiated by offerings. Only in this life these gods have power, and the Indian looks forward to immortality in a Happy Hunting Ground where he shall be beyond their control. But into that Happy Hunting Ground, according to the orthodox belief (now much modified), no man who has lost his scalp or who has been strangled can enter.

Under such a system, the only religious anxiety which the Indian feels is as to which of his two gods has got the upper hand in regulating his affairs. The relation of the gods to each other as regards himself is expressed by a term which has been universally translated "medicine." When all is going well with a man, his "medicine" is good; when he misses a shot or fails in an enterprise, his "medicine" is bad. Hence, every new theory is cautiously and doubtfully received. It may be "good medicine," and therefore helpful to the Good God in his unceasing struggle, or it may be "bad medicine," and so aid the Bad God to perpetrate mischief. By watching the flight of birds, the crawling of snakes, or the movements of horses, the poor Indian tries to discover which of his gods is in the ascendant, and arrange his proceedings accordingly. He also depends on his "medicine" bag, containing various ingredients, such as earth and bones, and likewise one special ingredient known only to himself. The making of medicine, generally performed about once a week, is one of the highest religious exercises known to the orthodox Indian. If, by certain signs which become apparent during the mixing, he finds that the medicine is not good, he carefully buries it, and mixes again. If he has reason to believe that his own special ingredient which he adds to the tribal ingredient is proving a failure, he goes out into the wilderness and starves himself into a trance, in hope of a new secret being revealed to him in place of that which he obtained by similar means at his initiation.

Each tribe has its "medicine chief," who lives in luxury at the expense of the community. When the women cook anything particularly nice for their husbands, they always run with a portion of it to the "medicine chief's" tent. This worthy has to be reckless in battle, for he claims to have "medicine" that makes him invulnerable. One of his chief duties is to heal the sick, for can he not cast out the Bad God who makes men ill? Old women howl in chorus, the medicine chief beats his tom-tom above the sufferer's head and chants his incantations, and the affair soon ends either by the patient's death or recovery. There are numerous grades of medicine men amongst the Indian tribes; some of them are addicted to all sorts of strange conjuring and horrible practices.

Now and again the Indians and their medicine chief meet in solemn conclave, not exactly to worship the Good God, but rather for the purpose of getting information from him as regards coming events. With burnt-offerings, with signs of divination, and with abundant smoking of the medicine pipe, conclusions are arrived at with respect to the number of ponies that may be expected during the coming season, and similar matters of interest to the tribe.

No doubt, many of our readers have heard of the great medicine dance. It has

become greatly modified in most tribes, and is now only carried out in its completeness by a few wild tribes not yet brought under the rule of the established authorities. We shall, however, describe it as it was practised by all the tribes of the plains until within the last few years. The reader must imagine a great central lodge with open sides, but with a rough roof of boughs and skins supported by poles. From the roof hangs a small image, painted white one side, and black the other, so as to symbolise both the gods. The middle part of the lodge is roped off for the dancers, who are selected by the medicine chief from the warriors of the tribe. At the appointed hour these appear in the circle almost naked; in each dancer's mouth there is a bone whistle, ornamented with a single tail-feather of the chapparal cock. All the Plains Indians esteem this bird so highly as "good medicine," that it is becoming exceedingly scarce.

Ranged in a circle, the dancers begin a slow monotonous round, each eye fixed on the small image hanging from the roof, and each dancer accompanying himself with continued shrill whistling. It is a dance of endurance, and although some young beginners soon begin to bound with enthusiasm, the more practised take care to husband their strength.

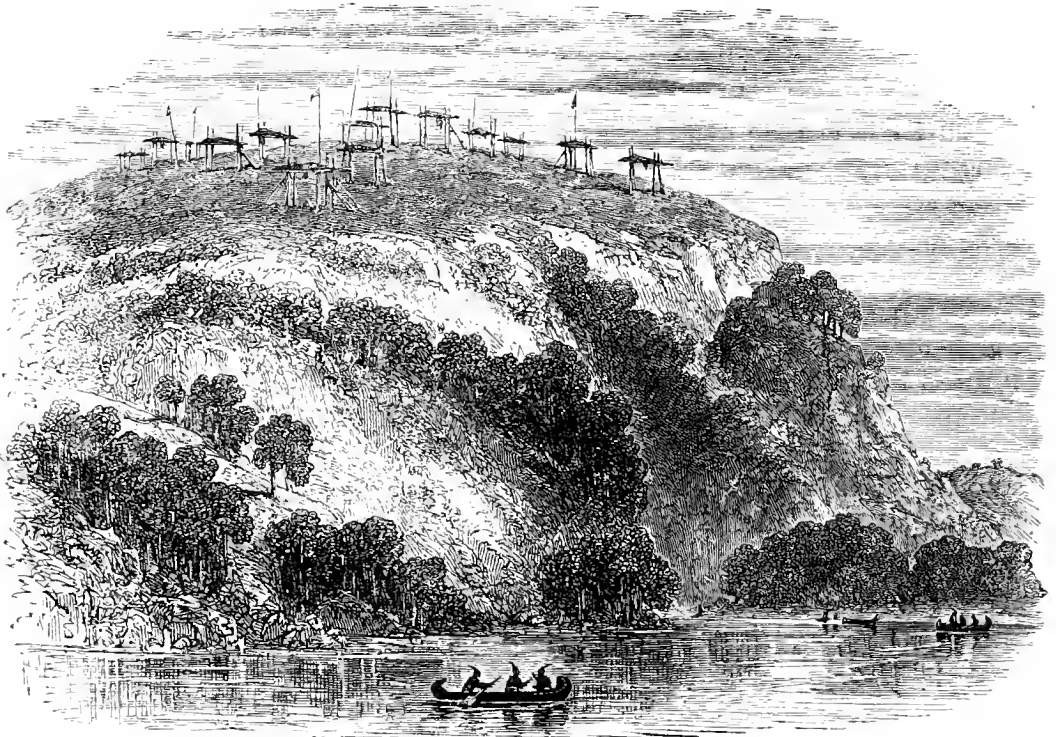
Without a pause for rest, food, or drink, the dance goes on, and is very monotonous and uninteresting, until in the course of eight or ten hours signs of weariness are apparent. Outside the ring of appointed guards there is now a dense ring of relatives and friends, who, with yells of frenzied excitement, stir up the dancers to renewed effort, or cheer up a favourite with words of loving encouragement. Presently the lodge rings with the wild shrieks of the women, as one of the dancers staggers and falls. The guards drag out the body and lay it on its back. The medicine chief comes with his medicine, paints and draws signs on the body, which is then taken out in the open air and revived with buckets of water. The women hail the restoration with cries of joy, and earnestly beg the officiating personage to spare this dancer from further effort. The medicine chief's word is law, and he may, if he pleases, order the warrior back into the circle. But the prayers of the women, backed up by the promise of one, two, or half a dozen ponies (according to the wealth of the dancer) generally result in the man's being led back to his tent to recover from his fatigue.

Meanwhile the dance goes on, and if at the appointed time no death has resulted, "good medicine" is declared, and with light hearts the council meet and decide on their programme for the season. But if, on the other hand, death has resulted, the camp resounds with howls and shrieks, the women gash their arms and bosoms with knives, and after burying the dead the bands separate, anxious to flee from the wrath of the Bad God, who has proved himself the strongest on this occasion.

But the glory of the medicine chief has now considerably departed. Any warrior may hold a medicine lodge if he can afford the expense. The dancers enlist voluntarily from motives of personal vanity, or to perform a vow, or because it is considered amongst the young warriors as the right thing to do. There is now no

obligation to die over the business, and of the hundred or so who begin the dance, many fall out at intervals, till on the fourth day some ten or twelve remain, who have actually danced and whistled for seventy-five hours without a moment's pause. Great fame is won by this trial of endurance; and if all has gone on harmoniously, and the weather has been fine, these are taken as sufficient signs of "good medicine," and the lodge is declared a success.

In days gone by, no young Indian could become a warrior without passing through an ordeal of brutal torture. This is no longer required, but the practice is by no

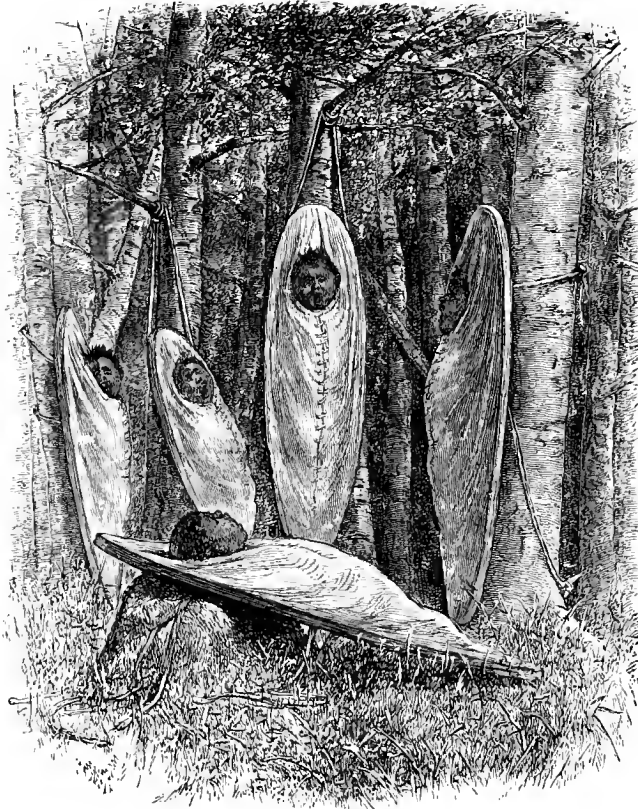


INDIAN BURIAL PLACE.

means discontinued. There are still many who submit to self-torture—some from religious motives, others from an ambitious pride in their own fortitude, and a desire to stand high in the estimation of their people. When the medicine dance is over, the aspirants for torture come forward. Some religious rites are performed, and then the medicine chief makes two vertical cuts in the breast of each of the volunteers, about two inches apart, and three or four inches long. He makes the incisions by passing his broad-bladed knife through the pectoral muscles, and then lifts the intervening flesh from the bone, and passes through the opening the end of a horse-hair rope, three-quarters of an inch thick. The rope is secured with a piece of wood, and the long end is fastened to the top of one of the lodge poles. Here the

sufferer must remain without food or water till he can tear himself free. Sometimes the ropes are passed through the muscles of the shoulder-blades, and weighted with buffalo skulls, which the devotee drags about till his flesh gives way and liberates the ropes. It is understood that it is "good medicine" to get loose speedily, and "bad medicine" to be several days over it.

The man who flinches from the knife, or who cries out at any stage of the process, is set free at once amidst general contempt. Formerly he was condemned henceforth to do women's work, and might not marry or hold property. As a rule



SIOUX PAPOOSES.

no lasting injury results from the torture to those who go through the ordeal; the skilful Indian treatment cures the wounds in a few weeks.

The Indian sometimes buries his dead in the earth or deposits them in caves, but the favourite resting-place, especially for a man of rank and importance, is a tree. The body is dressed in the most gorgeous raiment procurable, for it is believed that the spirit will appear robed in the same way in the Happy Hunting Grounds, and it is desirable to make a good first impression on arriving there. The face of the corpse is elaborately painted; at his girdle are all the scalps he has taken in life, and round about him are various articles supposed likely to minister to his

comfort in the future life, or during the long journey thither. The body lies upon a platform of poles covered with grass and leaves, and firmly secured with thongs of raw hide to the boughs of the tree. Above it is a roof of bent branches covered with buffalo hides, the whole forming a rough but secure burial-case from six to ten feet long, and from three to five wide. Upon the neighbouring boughs, pots and kettles and similar articles which will be wanted by the deceased, but which could not be conveniently packed in the burial-case, are suspended, and streamers of coloured cloth wave above the dead to frighten away animals and birds.

Stoical as the Indian is in many of the vicissitudes of life, his mourning for the dead is the very abandonment of woe. A chief bereaved of a beloved son feels that his "medicine" is wrong, and that the Bad God has struck a severe blow at him. He hacks off his long hair, and, almost devoid of clothing, lies in tearless agony on the earth floor of his lodge. Three or four weeks pass by before he can be persuaded to wash, dress, and resume his ordinary avocations.

But it is the Indian women who are pre-eminent in the extravagance of grief. When a chief lies dead, his women-folk surround the body, and keep up an incessant chorus of howls. They cut away their hair, tear their clothes, and inflict horrible wounds on their arms and legs and breasts. Covered with blood and dirt, they continue to howl and wail like maniacs till the body is taken to its last resting-place. But long afterwards, whenever one of the bereaved widows feels low-spirited she will go forth wailing to the grave. The other widows quickly join in, and plenty more women come out of sympathy, and presently the whole forest echoes with the unearthly din. The Indian woman is very great in lamentation; she seldom can see a grave without giving the mournful howl which is her version of a sigh.

The Indian's creed as to that hereafter which he calls the Happy Hunting Grounds, is exceedingly vague. The medicine men have always set themselves against any discussion on this subject. A future state in which death will be unknown, and where all persons of every age, sex, or colour will meet (if they die unstrangled and unscalped), and where the phantoms of animals and of portable property will have their place—where, in fact, there will be larger capacity and wider opportunity for the enjoyment of all earthly appetites—such is the Indian's heaven. He does not attempt to explain the contradictions in his scheme, or trouble himself as to how there can be the pursuit of game for food, and the killing and scalping of enemies, in a state where all death is abolished. His faith is too deep for argument, and he gladly practises self-sacrifice for the sake of giving the dead a good outfit when they start on their journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. An Indian will go hungry when game is swarming round him, although he knows that the guns and powder and lead which he needs are packed away in the burial-cases within easy reach.

Turning now to the beginning of an Indian's life, we find him spending his first year as a papoose, tied to a board, as in the illustration, which hangs from his mother's neck, or is placed against the wall, or swung from the bough of a tree, according to circumstances. The child's first lesson is to be taught never to cry. When it sets up an infantile yell the mother covers its mouth with the palm

NORTH AMERICA

NORTHERN PORTION

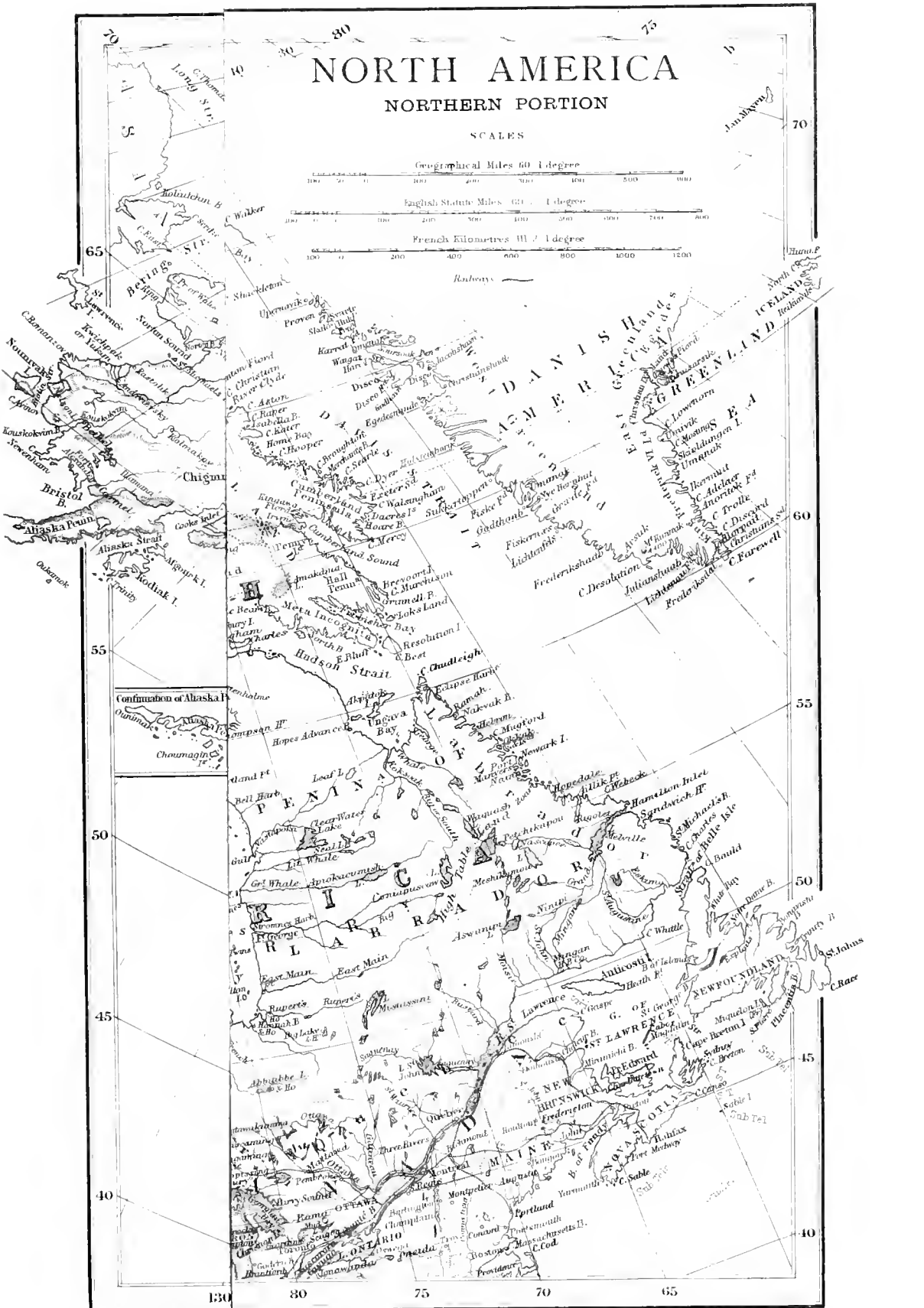
SCALES

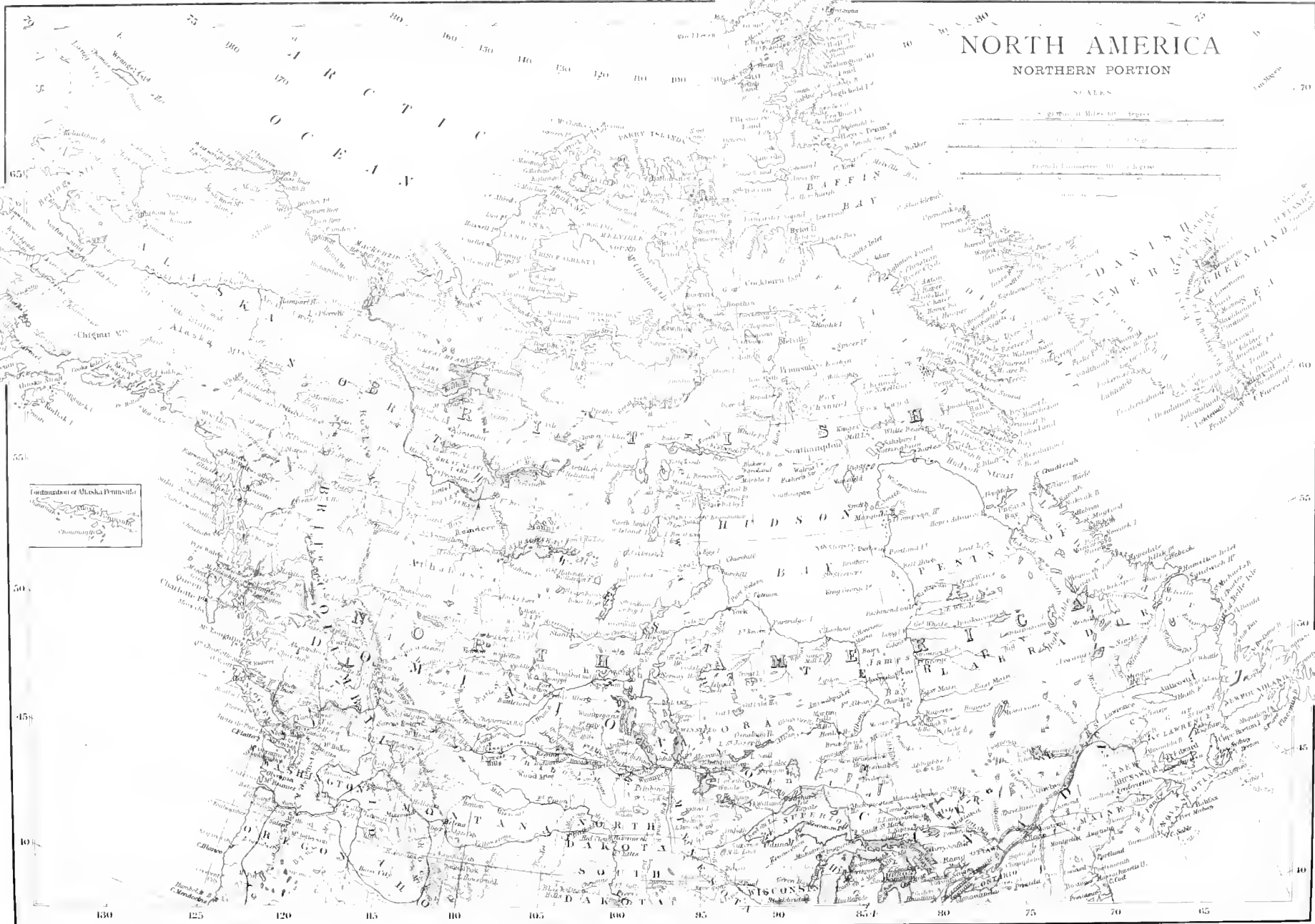
Geographical Miles 60 = 1 degree

English Statute Miles 60 = 1 degree

French Kilometres 111 = 1 degree

Railways





NORTH AMERICA

NORTHERN PORTION

SCALE

1 inch = 60 Miles (96 Kiloms)

1 centimetre = 10 Kilometres (6.25 Miles)

Continents of Alaska Peninsula

NORTH AMERICA.*

MISSION STATIONS underlined> on the two Maps, alphabetically arranged to show the various Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.	Am. Meth. Epis.	... American Methodist Episcopal Church Missions.
S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	" Meth. Epis. S.	American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions.
New Eng.	New England Company.	" Miss. Assoc.	American Missionary Association.
Col. and Cont.	Colonial and Continental Church Society.	" Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church Missions.
Morav.	Missions of the United Brethren or Moravians.	" Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
Danish	Danish Government Missions.	" S. Bapt.	Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.).
Can. Meth.	Canadian Methodist Church Missions.	" Friends'	Missions of American Friends.
" Presb.	Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.	" Bible	... American Bible Society.
Am. B. F. M.	American Board of Foreign Missions.		

In addition to other American Societies given there is the important WOMEN'S NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION, which has for its objects—(1) To aid by every means the securing of all laws necessary for the welfare of the Indians of the United States, and (2) the planting of missions in dis-tribute Indian tribes. It has been impossible to distinguish the stations of these missions, as after the first year they are usually transferred to one of the permanent denominational societies.

* Throughout N. America the stations marked are chiefly missions to heathen; but in Mexico they are to Roman Catholics as well.

ABITTIBE L.	. . . Ontario	. . . C. M. S.	FAIRFORD Ho.	. . . Manitoba	. . . C. M. S., Can. Meth.
AGCAS CALIENTES	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.	FILE HILLS	. . . Assinibolia	. . . Can. Presb.
ALBANY, FORT	. . . James Bay	. . . C. M. S.	FISHER R.	See Fairford Ho.	
ALBUQUEUIQUE	. . . New Mexico	. . . Am. Presb.	FORT ALBANY, &c.	See Albany, Fort.	
ALEUT I.	. . . Vancouver I.	. . . C. M. S.	FRIEDERIKSDAL	. . . Greenland	. . . Morav.
ALEXANDER FORT	. . . Manitoba	. . . "	GEORGE, FORT	. . . James Bay	. . . C. M. S.
ARDMORE	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S.	GEORGIA V.	. . . Ontario	. . . Can. Meth.
ARDPATRICK	. . . Manitoba	. . . Can. Presb.	GIBSON, FORT	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
(<i>Now Secord</i>)			GODTHAAB	. . . Greenland	. . . Danish.
ASISUPI	. . . Saskatchewan	. . . C. M. S.	GRAND RIVER	. . . Ontario	. . . Can. Meth., New Eng.
ATOKA	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.	GREEN BAY	. . . Wisconsin	. . . Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
BALGONIE	. . . Assinibolia	. . . Can. Presb.	(<i>Ojibwa Indians</i>)		
(<i>Muscovy's Ap. v. s.</i>)			GUADALAJARA	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
BARCAS.	See La Barcas.		GUANAJUATO	. . . "	. . . "
BATTLEFOOT	. . . Saskatchewan	. . . C. M. S., S. P. G.	HAZELTON	. . . B. Columbia	. . . C. M. S.
BERENS, FORT	. . . Manitoba.	. . . Can. Meth.	HEBRON	. . . Labrador.	. . . Morav.
BERNHOLD, FORT	. . . Dakota	. . . Am. Miss. Assoc.	HENLEY Ho	. . . Ontario	. . . C. M. S.
BETHEL	. . . Alaska	. . . Morav.	HERMOSILLO	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. B. F. M.
BIG RAPIDS	. . . Michigan.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis.	HIDALGO.	See Parral.	
BIRTLE	. . . Manitoba	. . . Can. Presb.	HOLSTEINBERG	. . . Greenland	. . . Danish.
(<i>Ojibwa</i>)			HOONAH	. . . Alaska	. . . Am. Presb.
BLACKFOOT CROSS-ING	. . . Alberta	. . . C. M. S.	HOPEDALE	. . . Labrador.	. . . Morav.
BOGGY DEPÔT	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S.	HOPE Pt.	. . . Alaska	. . . Am. Prot. Epis.
BRANTFORD	. . . Ontario	. . . New Eng.	IGLOOFAIT	. . . Greenland	. . . Morav.
BROADVIEW	. . . Assinibolia	. . . Can. Presb.	INDIAN HEAD	. . . Assinibolia	. . . Can. Presb.
BROWNSVILLE	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. Presb.	IROQUOIS Pt.	. . . Michigan.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis.
BRULÉ RESERVE	. . . Dakota	. . . Am. Prot. Epis.	ISLINGTON	. . . Ontario	. . . C. M. S.
CADDO	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.	JACOBSHAAN	. . . Greenland	. . . Danish.
CAPE PRINCE OF WALES	. . . Alaska	. . . Am. Presb.	JIMENEZ	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. Presb.
CARMEL	. . . Alaska	. . . Morav.	JULIANSHAAB	. . . Greenland	. . . Danish.
CATTARAUGUS	. . . New York	. . . Am. Presb.	JUNBAU	. . . Alaska	. . . Am. Presb.
CAYUGA	. . . Ontario	. . . New Eng.	KALAMAZOO	. . . Michigan.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis.
CHEMONG.	See Mud Lake.		KANYLAGEIL.	See Grand River.	
CHIHUAHUA	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. B. F. M., Am. Presb.	KEWAWENON	. . . Michigan	. . . Am. Meth. Epis.
CHILCAT	. . . Alaska	. . . Am. Presb.	KIOWA	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . " S.
CHUPWEYAN, FORT.	. . . N.W. Canada.	. . . C. M. S.	KUPER ISLAND	. . . British Columbia.	. . . New Eng.
CHURCHILL, FORT.	. . . Hudson's Bay.		LA BARCA	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. B. F. M.
CHRISTIAN I.	. . . Ontario	. . . Can. Meth.	LAC SEUL	. . . Ontario	. . . C. M. S.
CROKER C.			LAPIERE Ho.	. . . N.W. Canada.	
CUMBERLAND Ho.	. . . Saskatchewan	. . . C. M. S.	LAPWAL.	. . . Idaho	. . . Am. Presb.
DEVON	. . . Saskatchewan	. . . C. M. S.	LERANON	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Meth. Epis. S.
(<i>Was Mission</i>)			LEARD, FORT.	. . . B. Columbia	. . . C. M. S.
DUNVEGAN	. . . Athabasca	. . . "	LICHTENAU	. . . Greenland	. . . Morav.
DURANGO	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.	LICHTENFELS		
EAST MAIN FORT	. . . James Bay	. . . C. M. S.	LYTTON	. . . British Columbia.	. . . S. P. G.
EDMONTON FORT	. . . Alberta	. . . Can. Presb., S. P. G.	MACLEOD, FORT.	. . . Alberta	. . . C. M. S.
EL PASO DEL NORTE	. . . Mexico	. . . Am. Presb.	MACPHERSON, FORT.	. . . N.W. Canada.	. . . "
EEDS-MUNDE	. . . Greenland	. . . Danish.			
ESSINGTON.	See Port Essington.				
EUCALA	. . . Ind. Territory.	. . . Am. Meth. Epis. S.			

MCALLISTER	Ind. Territory	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
MANTH	Utah	Am. Presb.
MASSEY INLET	Queen Char- lotte's Is.	C. M. S.
MATAMOROS	Mexico	Am. Friends', Am. Presb.
MATAWAKUMMA	Ontario	C. M. S.
MATEHUALA	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt.
MEDICINE HAT	Assiniboia	S. P. G.
METLAKAHTLA	B. Columbia	C. M. S.
MEXICO	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Friends', Am. Bible, Am. Meth. Epis. S.
MIER	Ontario	C. M. S.
MISINABE L.	Ontario	C. M. S.
MISTASSINIE	N.W. Territory	
MONCLOVA	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
MONTENEGROS	"	Am. Presb.
MONTEREY	"	Am. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis. S.
MOOSE FORT	Ontario	C. M. S.
MOOSE LAKE	Saskatchewan	
MORELOS	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
MOUNT ELGIN	Ontario	Can. Meth.
MOUNT IDAHO	Idaho	Am. Presb.
MUD LAKE	Ontario	New Eng., Can. Meth.
(Chebanon)		
MUNCEYTOWN	See Sarnia.	
MUNISING	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
MUSKOGEE	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
NAIN	Labrador.	Morav.
NASSE	B. Columbia	Can. Meth.
NELSON HO.	Keewatin	
NEPOWEWIN PT	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
NEW BRUNSWICK HO.	Ontario	
NEW FAIRFIELD	"	Morav.
NEW SPRINGPLACE	Ind. Territory.	"
NEW WESTFIELD	Kansas	"
NEW WESTMINSTER	B. Columbia	Can. Meth.
NIOPHARA	Nebraska	Am. Prot. Epis.
NIPHOON L.	Ontario	Col. and Conf.
NOGALES	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
NOCKSACK	Washington	" " " "
(Chatham)		
NORMAN, FORT	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
NORTH FORT	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
NORWAY HO.	Keewatin	Can. Meth.
NYE HERSHUT	Greenland	Morav.
OCKMULGEE	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
ODANA	Wisconsin	Am. Presb.
OKKAK	Labrador.	Morav.
OMAHA	Nebraska	Am. Presb.
OMENAK	Queenslund	Danish.
ONEIDA (Quonbi)	See Sarnia.	
(U.S.)		
OSNABURGH HO.	New York.	Am. Meth. Epis.
OXFORD HOUSE	Manitoba	C. M. S.
	Keewatin	Can. Meth.
PACHUCA	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
PAROWAN	Utah	" Presb.
PARRAL	Mexico	" B. F. M.
(Hibolgo)		
PARRAS	"	" S. Bapt.
PARRY SOUND	Ontario	Can. Meth.
PAS MISSION	See Devon.	
PASSO DEL NORTE	See El Paso del Norte.	
PITT, FORT	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
POINT BARLOW	Alaska	Am. Presb.
PONCA	Nebraska	Am. Miss. Assoc.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Manitoba	C. M. S., Can. Presb.
PORTLAND	Oregon	Am. Presb.
PORT ESSINGTON	B. Columbia	Can. Meth., S. P. G.
(Sharon)		
PORT SIMPSON	"	Can. Meth., C. M. S.
POTATO	California	Morav.
POTOSI, SAN LUIS	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
PRINCE ALBERT	Saskatchewan	Can. Presb., S. P. G.
PEREIRA	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
PERCELL	Ind. Territory.	" " " S.
QU'APPALLE	Assiniboia	S. P. G.
QUERTARO	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
QUINTE, RAY OF	Ontario	New Eng., Can. Meth.
(Albrook, Re.)		
RAY, FORT	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
RAINY L.	Ontario	
RAMA	"	Can. Meth.

RAMAH	Labrador	Morav.
RAMPART HO	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
RED CLOUD	Dakota	Am. Prot. Epis.
REGINA	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
RENO, FORT	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
RESOLUTION, FORT	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
RICHMOND	Utah	Am. Presb.
RICHERT HO.	James Bay	C. M. S.
RUSH CREEK	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
SADDLE L.	Saskatchewan	Can. Meth.
SALTILLO	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
ST. CLAIR	Ontario	Can. Meth.
ST. REIS	New York	Am. Meth. Epis.
SAN BOIS MT.	Ind. Territory.	" Am' Presb. S.,
SAN LUIS POTOSI	See Potosi.	
SANTA FE	New Mexico	Am. Miss. Assoc.
SANTE	Nebraska	" " "
SARCEE RES.	Alberta	S. P. G.
SARNIA and neigh- bourhood.	Ontario	Col. & Cont., Can. Meth.
SAUGREEN	Alberta	Can. Meth.
(Southampton)		
SACR ST. MARIE	"	Col. & Cont., S. P. G.
SACOG	Ontario	Can. Meth.
SAVERN, FORT	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
SHOUQUANDAH	Ontario	S. P. G.
SIMPSON, FORT	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
SISSETON AGENCY	Dakota	Am. Presb.
SITKA	Alaska	
SKEENA R.	B. Columbia	Can. Meth., S.P.G.
SKIDGATE	Queen Char- lotte's Is.	" "
SKOKOMISH	Washington	Am. Miss. Assoc.
SKULLYVILLE	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
SOUTHAMPTON	See Saugreen	
STANLEY	N. W. Canada.	C. M. S.
STOCKBRIDGE	Wisconsin	Am. Presb.
STONEWALL	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
STRINGTOWN	"	"
SULLY, FORT	Dakota	Am. Miss. Assoc., Am. Prot. Epis.
SUPULPA	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
TABASCO	Mexico	Am. Presb.
TALEQUAH	Ind. Territory.	Morav., Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
TAMA CITY	Iowa	Am. Presb.
TETELA	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
TIHOMINGO	Ind. Territory.	" " " S.
TONAWANDA	New York	" " "
TOUCHWOOD POST	Assiniboia	C. M. S.
TRAVERSE	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
TROUT L.	N.W. Territory	C. M. S.
TUCSON	Arizona	Am. Presb.
TULSA	Ind. Territory.	"
TUSCARORA	Ontario	New Eng.
UMANAK	Greenland	Morav.
UPERNAVIK	"	Danish.
VANCOUVER	B. Columbia	Can. Meth.
VERMILION FORT	Altabasca	C. M. S.
VICTORIA	Alberta	Can. Meth.
"	Mexico	Am. Friends', Am. Presb.
"	Vancouver I.	Can. Meth.
VINITA	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
WALPOLE L.	Ontario	Can. Meth.
WASHITA	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
WESTBOURNE	Manitoba.	C. M. S.
WEWOKA	Ind. Territory.	Am. Presb.
WHALE R., GR.	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
" LITTLE	"	"
WHEELOCK	Ind. Territory.	Am. Presb.
WHITEFISH L.	Saskatchewan	Can. Meth.
WINNIPEG	Manitoba.	C. M. S.
WOUNDED KNEE	Dakota	Am. Presb.
WRANGEL FORT	Alaska	" " "
YAKIMA	Washington	Am. Meth. Epis.
YALE	B. Columbia	S. P. G.
YANKTON	Dakota	Am. Presb.
YATES, FORT	"	Am. Miss. Assoc.
YORK, FORT	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
ZACATECAS	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
ZOAR	Labrador.	Morav.

of her hand, and presses its nose with thumb and forefinger till the child is nearly stifled. At every attempt to begin a squall the process is repeated, till baby grasps the idea, and henceforth cultivates silence. Indian children are very precocious; the girls are at their best when ten or twelve years old, and at sixteen begin to age visibly, worn with incessant toil. The boys, who may not be struck by their mothers or any woman after they are weaned, imitate as soon as possible the warriors, whose highest exploits have been scalping and horse-stealing. Some of the most cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated on the plains have been the work of roving bands of young Indians in their teens, burning to achieve distinction. When a youngster can satisfy the council of his tribe as to his having done deeds that really prove his manhood, he is declared a warrior. The initiation by torture is no longer obligatory in any of the tribes, but the youth must go away to some lonely hill or forest and starve himself into a tranced condition, during which the idea comes into his head of the particular substance which is to be his special "medicine."

In the early part of the present century, many isolated attempts were made by numerous American societies to carry the Gospel to the Indians. Thus, in 1801 we find Mr. Holmes sent by the New York Missionary Society to settle among the Tuscaroras near the Falls of Niagara. After his preliminary visit to them in the previous year, some of their Sachems and warriors had written to the Society in a piteous strain. They begged that a good man might be sent to dwell among them and teach them. "We cry to you from the wilderness; our hearts ache while we speak to your ears. . . Think—poor Indians must die as well as white men. We pray you, therefore, never to give over and leave poor Indians, but follow them in dark times, and let our children always find you to be their friends when we are dead and no more."

Mr. Holmes and his successors had a good deal of uphill work, but the Tuscaroras ultimately became a Christian tribe. An effort, begun about the same time by the Connecticut Missionary Society, to evangelise the Chippewas near Lake Erie, was a failure. "The Gospel, though very good for white people, would never do for Indians," was the unanimous decision of the tribe, and the mission was abandoned.

The establishment of the American Board united a large number of scattered missions on a sound basis, and helped many of them to realise considerable success. Of the beneficent results that followed the labours of the Board's agents among the Cherokees, the details have already been given. Similar successes were realised among the Choctaws. It was a nation of pagans amongst whom, in 1818, Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Williams planted the mission station of Eliot. The Choctaws were ready to be educated and civilised, and the missionaries joined heartily with the enlightened chiefs in the work. The people in their councils voted money liberally for the schools; large sums were to be set aside from the United States subsidies due to them in payment for the lands of which they had been dispossessed. They soon excelled in agriculture and various industrial arts, and learned to dress well and furnish their houses comfortably. They established a strong civil government, and enacted a code of

laws; abolished many ancient customs which they saw to be prejudicial, and, by the firmness of the leading men, intemperance was banished from a nation of hitherto notorious whiskey-drinkers.

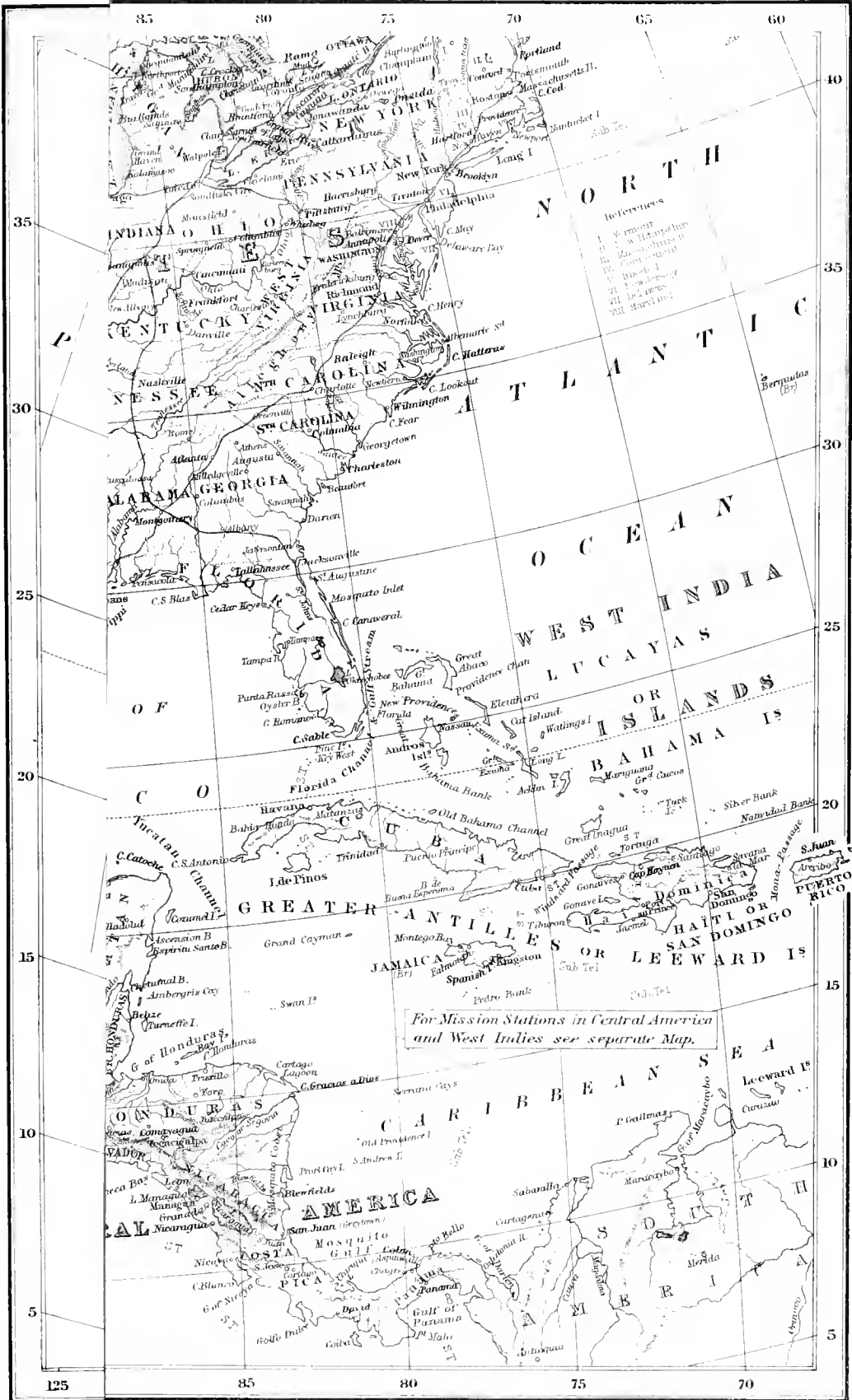
For ten years the missionaries had to be content with helping forward these reforms, and then came the looked-for signs of a spiritual awakening. In the year 1828 there was a flocking to hear the Gospel message, and stern warriors wept and cried out for salvation. In the villages the people neglected their sports and dances, to meet for prayer and religious conference. The revival was still in progress, and between 300 and 400 Indians had become church members, when a sad reaction was brought about by the high-handed action of the United States Government, which compelled the Choctaws again to sell their lands (guaranteed to them by treaty), and migrate to fresh reservations beyond the Mississippi.

The enemies of religion now came forth as patriots. They declared that the introduction of Christianity and the abolition of their ancient customs was bringing about their national ruin. They were led by Mooshoolatubbe, a chief who had been ejected from the council for his dissolute life. Several chiefs who favoured religion were deposed from their official position, and the law against Sabbath-breaking was annulled. Intemperance again became rampant; large numbers of the people either gave themselves up to reckless vice or sank into sullen despair; even of the church members, many fell away at this disastrous crisis.

From 1831 to 1833 the transfer of 15,000 Choctaws to the wilds of Arkansas was being carried out. Young and old, sick and well, alike performed the long journey through the uninhabited wilderness, many of them in the depth of winter. Numbers perished of cold, hunger, fatigue, and sickness. The swamps of the Mississippi engulfed a considerable number. One steamboat captain rescued a company who had been six days surrounded by rising waters, and a hundred of their horses were standing frozen dead in the mud.

Mr. Williams came amongst them in their new country, and planted the station of Bethabara, and subsequently several other stations. For some years little progress was made with the Gospel, though the Choctaws were wise enough to again encourage education, to adopt civilised habits, and acquire proficiency in the industrial arts. After a time Christianity again made headway, and at the completion of forty years of patient labour (dating from the settlement of Eliot station) the missionaries saw around them a Christian nation, industrious, intelligent, and thriving.

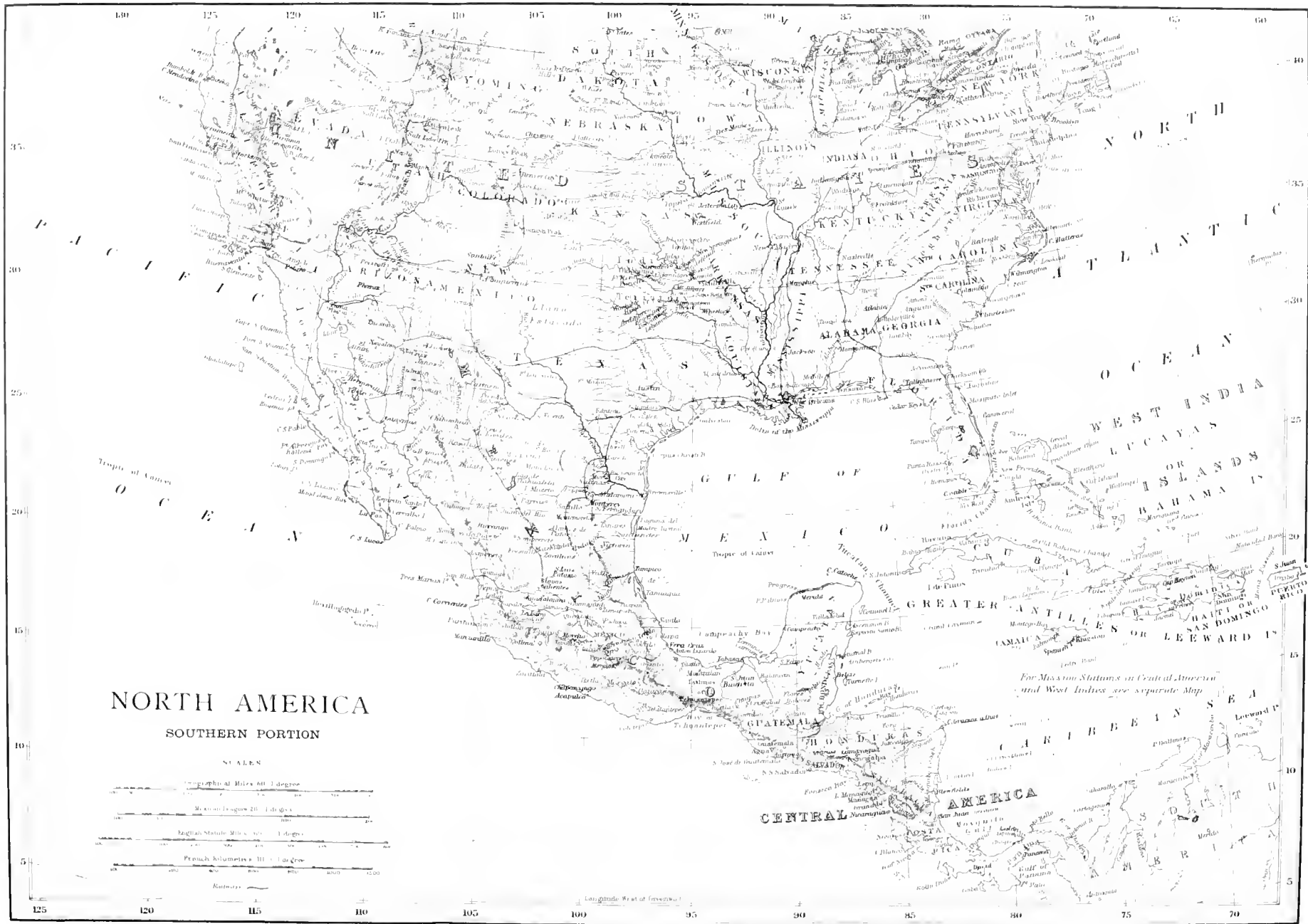
Passing over some other missions carried on under the auspices of the American Board amongst various tribes, we note that in March, 1836, it sent its agents beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Indians of Oregon. Messrs. Spalding and Gray and Dr. Whitman were the three missionaries who journeyed 3,600 miles, for the most part through a desolate wilderness, to the shores of the Columbia River. Here they taught the Kayuses and the Nez Percés Indians, and were delighted with their reception. "We might as well hold back the sun in its course," writes Mr. Spalding, "as hold back the mind of this people from religious enquiry. When they return from their tents after the services of the Sabbath, they sometimes spend the whole night in



NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN

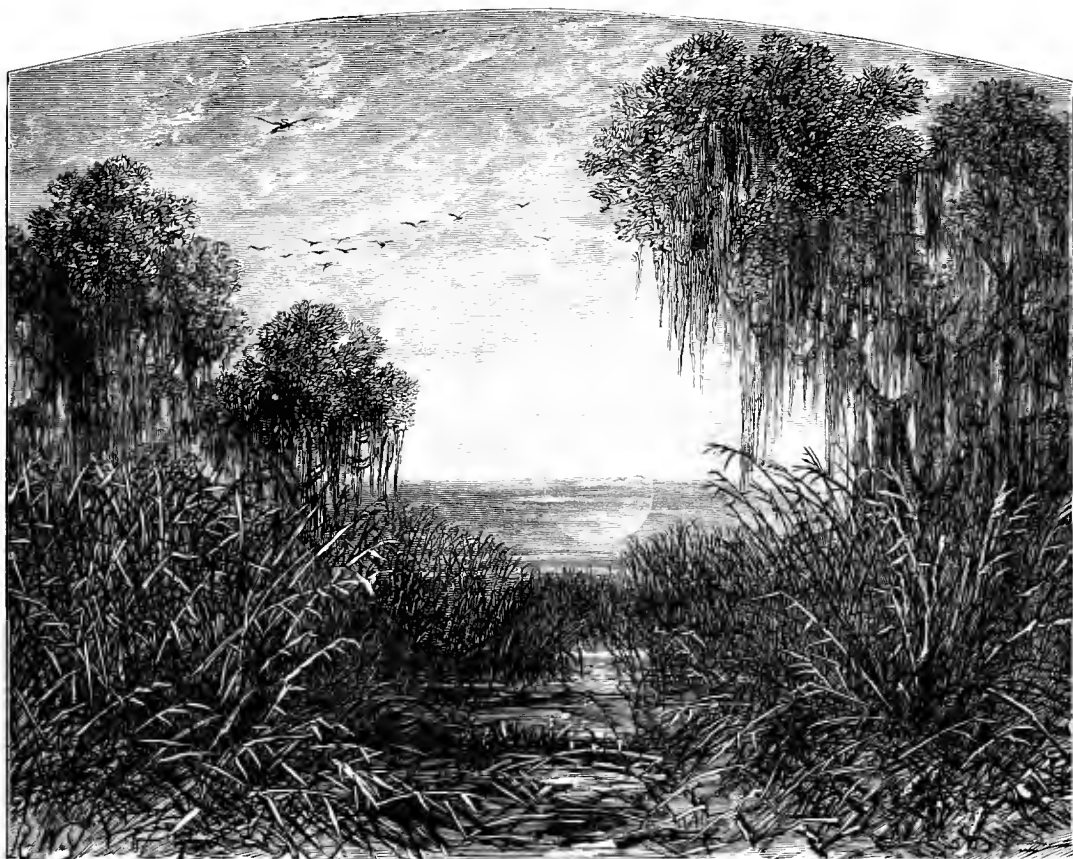
Telegraph Stations:
 1. V. Montreal
 2. W. Newfoundland
 3. R. St. John's
 4. P. St. John's
 5. N. St. John's
 6. L. London
 7. H. Halifax
 8. M. Martinique

For Mission Stations in Central America and West Indies see separate Map.



perfecting what they but partly understood. I am sometimes astounded at the correctness and rapidity with which several will go through many of the events recorded in the Scriptures; but no history is listened to with such profound attention as the story of the Cross of Christ. A paper with His Name upon it is clasped to the bosom with all the apparent affection of a mother embracing her darling child."

This description is a little high-flown, but that the Indians certainly did come to school, and learned a good deal, is certain. In 1839 the first printing-press beyond the



SWAMP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Rocky Mountains was set up at Clear Water station, and a school-book in the Nez Percés language was printed. That printing-press and all appurtenances, worth about £100, was the gift of a native church at Honolulu, where, only twenty years before, the darkness of heathenism had been unbroken.

But though these Indians were interested in school teaching, and improved in their agriculture and other paying pursuits, they did not realise Mr. Spalding's glowing anticipations, and in 1847 the mission came to a sad and terrible close. Dr. Whitman, after returning from the burial of an Indian child, was sitting reading, when an Indian came and asked for medicine. Whilst the doctor's attention was thus engaged, another

Indian crept up behind him, and killed him, with his tomahawk. As he lay dead on the floor, Tilaukait—a chief who had received many favours from the murdered doctor, and who was about to be received into the church—mutilated the dead body, and threw the heart on the road. The doctor's wife and Mr. Rogers were shot at the door of the house, and several other Americans in the neighbourhood were cruelly butchered. The cause of this outbreak was never clearly known. Mr. Spalding and his family were spared, and about sixty persons (mostly women and children) were ultimately given up by the savages, after suffering many wrongs and indignities. But the tribes were in an excited condition, and the mission had to be abandoned.

From amongst the many other Indian missions superintended by the American Board, we select one more example before passing on to speak of the labours of other societies. In June, 1837, the Board sent Stephen R. Riggs, of Steubenville, Ohio, to labour amongst the Dacotas or Sioux. He was the son of a blacksmith (who had managed to educate him for the ministry), and with his wife Mary, formerly a school teacher, and who proved herself an invaluable helper in the mission cause, Riggs spent many years amongst this warlike tribe. They settled at Lac-qui-parle, where there were seven native Christians in the employ of Mr. Renville, a half-breed fur-trader. For a language that had never yet been written, Mr. Riggs made a dictionary and began translating the Scriptures. He used English letters, and spelt the words phonetically, but had to arrange for representing four clicks, two gutturals, and a nasal unknown in English. Mr. Renville gave valuable aid to the missionaries, teaching them the language and helping them in their plans. But the Dacotas were very mercenary, and at first would only accept Gospel teaching when accompanied by boiled pumpkins, turnips, and potatoes.

The first Dacota who learned to read and write his own language was the war prophet "Eagle-help." He was of great service to the mission, though he expected to be well paid for all that he did, and clung for a long time to his Dacota customs. He professed to have communication with the spirit-world, and asserted that after fasting, praying, and dancing he saw in a vision Ojibways in a canoe on the river, or passing through a forest, and the spirit would say—"Up, Eagle-help, and kill." He declared that the whole scene just as he saw it had never failed to be realised.

Early in 1839 there was considerable irritation amongst the Sioux in consequence of the treachery of a band of Ojibways, who some months previously had feasted and smoked the pipe of peace in Dacota lodges, but had risen at midnight and murdered their hosts. Eagle-help determined to get up a war party. All the village took part in the circle dance, and then Eagle-help saw his vision and prophesied success. Twenty young braves decked themselves with war-paint; they fasted and feasted alternately; they danced the "No-flight Dance," and listened to the old warriors, who inflamed the passions of the young men by recounting their own deeds of vengeful prowess.

Mr. Riggs and his gentle wife were very grieved that their good friend Eagle-help should lead out a party to murder Ojibways. Their exhortations and entreaties were unheeded, and when they declared that they should pray that the expedition

might be unsuccessful, the Dacotas were greatly enraged, and seized two of the mission cows, upon which they feasted just before starting. The Indians had a long, arduous tramp, and came back without having seen an Ojibway. They said it was all owing to the prayers of the missionaries, and for some months Eagle-help would have nothing to do with them.

Of course the school was the principal missionary work of these early days. It was well attended; the education given included spinning, knitting, and weaving. Washing was also taught, for it had been the custom in Dakota to wear garments till they rotted off. "The Gospel of Soap," as Mr. Riggs remarks, "was indeed a necessary adjunct and outgrowth of the Gospel of Salvation." Other helpers were sent to aid in the school work.

The Susetons of Lake Traverse, the Yanktonais who hunted buffaloes on the great prairies beside the Missouri River, and the Teetons who lived beyond the Big Muddy, were populous branches of the Sioux nation, with whom our missionaries wished to open friendly relations. Guided by Thunder-face and a party of wild Sioux, and then by Sacred Cow, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs reached the Missouri near Fort Pierre, and were kindly received and entertained at a dog-feast by the Teetons. The intentions of the missionaries were explained, and the Gospel was preached, and after a month of forest journeying the explorers got back to their comrades at the mission, convinced of their inability to attempt much on behalf of the wandering portions of the Sioux people.

At *Lac-qui-parle* they laboured on steadily, and had many encouraging experiences as well as many trials of their faith. Up till February, 1841, the only males received into the church were Mr. Renville and his sons, but there were several women. "Your church is made up of women," said the Dakota warriors; "if you had got us in first, it would have amounted to something, but now they are only women. Who would follow after women?"

The first full-blood Dakota man to become a Christian was Anawangmane (Walks-galloping-on). By Dakota custom, no man can be punished for a misdemeanour except by a man whose brave deeds had exceeded his own. Anawangmane "had been a very dare-devil on the war-path;" his valiant deeds had exceeded those of all the other braves, so that amongst his own people he was above the law. Such was the man who was made willing to renounce all for Christ. For three years he had been wanting to be a Christian, but had acknowledged that the sixth and seventh commandments were too strict for him. But he was not quite thirty when he made the complete surrender and was baptised into the church by the name of Simon. He put on white men's clothes, and planted a field with corn and potatoes; and as they passed by, even boys and women pointed at the bravest of the Dacotas, saying—"There goes the man who has made himself a woman."

The schoolroom became too small for the Sunday services, and it was resolved to build a church. Catherine Totidutawin and the other women dug out the site and made mud bricks, which were dried in the sun and built up into walls. Not much money was spent on it, but much good work was done there.

About this time a native orator and two or three other young men joined the church.

A new station was formed in 1843 at Traverse des Sioux, and some more workers came to help in the Dakota mission. A good deal of opposition had to be encountered, but the great obstacle to success was the whiskey-drinking. Kegs of whiskey were brought up to Traverse from St. Paul in exchange for skins or horses, and then there would be general drunkenness, after which the whiskey in the keg



MEDICINE MEN DERIDING AN INDIAN CONVERT.

would be made up to the original quantity with water, and sold to other Indians further West. The drunken Indians with their guns and knives were often mischievous and threatening. Whiskey was the cause of some serious backsliding among the converts. Anawangmané was chaffed by old associates, and tempted to drink. He developed a passion for "fire-water," and spent eight years in alternate sin and reformation.

After four years of great discouragement and hardship at Traverse, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs were transferred back to Lac-qui-parle, where they found the church only half as large as when they left it. The Indians, as they more and more realised that Christianity required a great deal to be given up that they took delight in, became

stronger in their opposition. Sometimes they cut up the blankets of people who came to the meetings, and would kill the mission cattle, or steal the horses. They argued that the missionaries ought to pay for the fuel and grass and water that they used, or else go away. Mr. Riggs, however, conferred with the chief men of the district, when a more friendly understanding was arrived at, and teaching and preaching again went on hopefully. Young men who had learned to read and write wanted to know more, and asked for geography, arithmetic, and so on. "In the work of preaching," says Mr. Riggs, "I began to feel more freedom and joy. There had been times when the Dakota language seemed to be barren and meaningless. The words for salvation and life, and even death and sin, did not mean what they did in English. It was not to me a heart-language. But this passed away. A Dakota word began to *thrill* as an English word. Christ came into the language. The Holy Spirit began to pour sweetness and power into it. Then it was not exhausting as it sometimes had been—it became a joy to preach."

Mr. Riggs' Dakota Dictionary, with 16,000 words, was printed in 1852 by the Smithsonian Institute, and won high commendation. About this time the Dakota people were removed by "treaty" to a reserve on the Upper Minnesota. Whilst the question of removing the mission was under discussion, all the mission property at Lac-qui-parle, except the adobe church, was destroyed by fire.

This event accelerated the migration of the Christianised Sioux and their pastors. They settled near the Yellow Medicine, at a place that received the name of Hazelwood. Here an Indian boarding-school for twenty scholars was opened, and proved of great service. There was now a respectable community of young men who had been educated by the missionaries, all with their hair cut short, and wearing white men's clothes. Riggs got them recognised by the agent as a separate band, and they organised themselves into the "Hazelwood Republic," and appointed a president and other officers. They built themselves decent farmhouses, and subscribed liberally to the erection of the Hazelwood church.

The year 1857 brought serious trouble. A Dakota chief, named Inkpadoota, or Scarlet End, quarrelled with the white settlers of Spirit Lake, and destroyed the settlement. Forty whites were murdered, and four women taken captives. As they hurried westward one of the women was killed for not being able to cross a river by a fallen tree, and another was killed soon afterwards. The other two were ultimately rescued, by Indians who had learned humanity from the missionaries. White troops now appeared on the scene, and there was great excitement, but the Government forces were few in number in comparison with the five thousand Indians encamped near the Yellow Medicine, and a general rising was feared. Little Crow and a band of Dacotas were forced to go and punish the Spirit Lake murderers. They reported that they had fired upon Scarlet End's people, but their reports were never confirmed. The excitement, however, gradually died away, and there were a few years of apparent calm.

On Sunday, August 17th, 1862, the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the last time in Hazelwood church. Next day there came the fearful tidings of continuous

massacres of white people at the Lower Sioux Agency, only forty miles away. The few soldiers who put in an appearance had either been slaughtered or obliged to leave their arms and flee back to the fort. The Indians of Yellow Medicine met in council: some were for killing all the white people; some were for seizing the property and letting the whites escape. The Christian chief, John Otherday, spoke up nobly against bloodshed and violence, and the next morning at daybreak he started off with a party of over sixty whites, to guard them across the prairies to a place of safety.

Meanwhile the missionaries and teachers at Hazelwood, and the neighbouring station of Payzhe-hoo'-ta-ze, were in great trepidation. They retired to rest, but few of them slept, and about an hour after midnight friendly Indians roused them. "If you regard your own lives or ours, you must go." In less than a quarter of an hour the little band of twenty-one persons was on its way to seek a refuge. The children and most of the women were in two conveyances; the rest walked. Their Indian friends guided them through the tangled underwood and tall wet grass to the riverside, and then conveyed them to a wooded island and left them. All that night the party sat on the damp grass, cold and desolate, and anxious as to the fate awaiting them on the morrow. Next day Mr. Riggs and Mr. Cunningham paddled to the shore and reconnoitred, and some provisions were obtained, but the day passed wearily, and the fugitives were drenched with heavy rain. They heard that their houses had been rifled, and that they must all flee for safety. Before evening they were on the march, carrying their bundles, and soon fell in with the family of Mr. Riggs' valued coadjutor, Dr. Williamson, and a few other persons, with whom they struck out across the prairies in an almost forlorn hope to save their lives. They were joined on the way by a Mr. Orr, who had been shot and stabbed that morning; how he got to them was a marvel, and he had to be placed in one of the waggons. As they journeyed on, the party were soaked by a driving rain-storm, but they were thankful to see that it washed away their track. Tuesday night was spent upon the hard earth; then came another long day's march and another comfortless night. On Thursday at noon they reached a wood, and rested for the remainder of the day, venturing for the first time to light a fire and roast some meat over it on cross sticks. The next day they met Dr. Williamson and his wife and sister. He had remained at his post as long as he dared, when he sent the rest of his family forward. Anawangmane and another Christian Indian had said they could protect them no longer, and had helped them to get away.

The whole party pressed forward towards Fort Ridgley, and when within ten miles of it Mr. Hunter drove on to reconnoitre. "We felt ourselves in danger," says Miss Martha T. Riggs, "but thought if we were only inside the fort walls we would be safe. The men shouldered their arms, the daylight faded, and we marched on. In the mysteriously dim twilight every taller clump of grass, every blacker hilloek, grew into a bloodthirsty Indian just ready to leap upon his foe. All at once upon the brow of the hill appeared two horsemen gazing down upon us. *Indians!* Every pulse stopped, and then throbbed on more fiercely. Were those men now galloping away sent by a band of warriors to spy out the land, or had they seen us by accident?

We could not tell. The twilight faded, and the stars shone out brightly and lovingly. As we passed along we came suddenly on a dead boy some days cold and stiff. Death grew nearer, and as we marched on we looked up to the pure heavens beyond which God dwells, and prayed Him to keep us." Mr. Hunter met the party about a mile from the fort, and told them that Lieutenant Sheehan, commander of the fort, informed him they had been fighting hard for five days. The Indians had only withdrawn at seven that evening, and unless reinforced the fort could not hold out much longer. Some of their buildings had been burnt; they had already 500 women and children to guard, and if the newcomers *could* go forward they must go. Hearing this, the fugitives from Hazelwood again struck out on to the prairie.

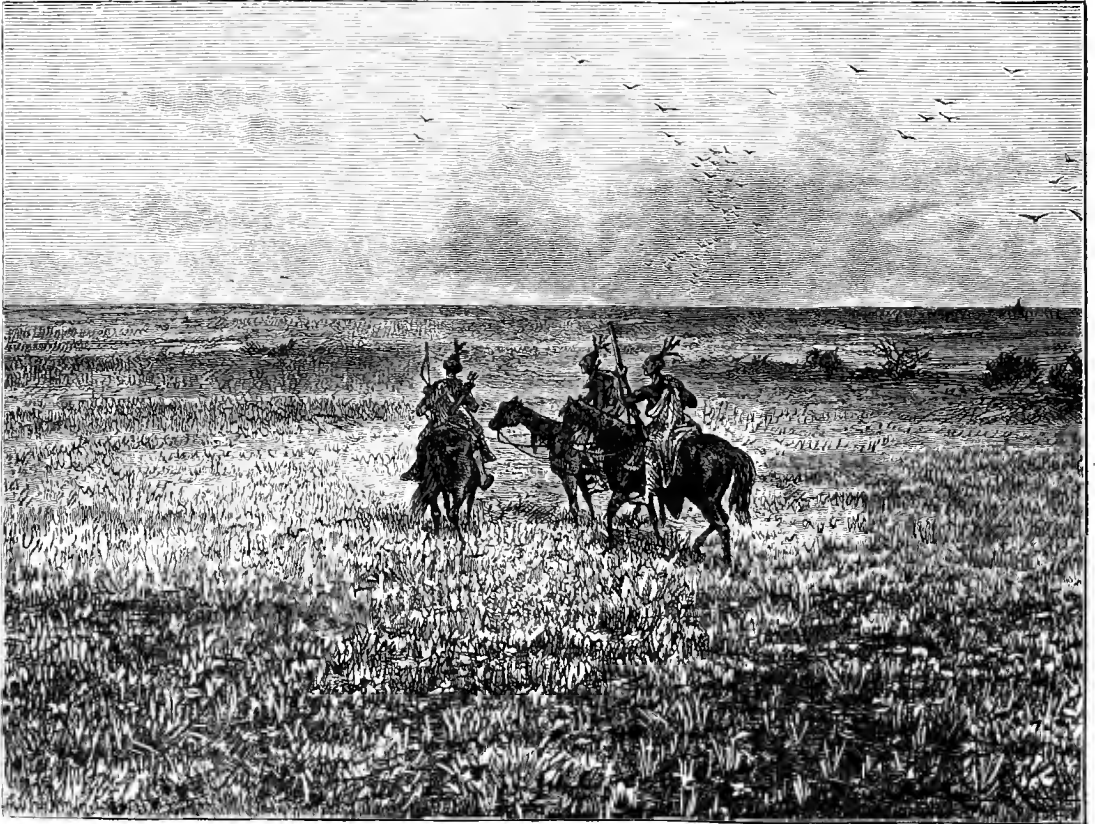
"Ah! if night of fear and dread was ever spent," says Miss Riggs, "that was one. Every voice was hushed except to give necessary orders; every eye swept the hills and valleys around; every ear was intensely strained for the faintest noise, expecting momentarily to hear the unearthly war-whoop, and see dusky forms with gleaming tomahawks uplifted. . . . Life was so sweet, so dear, and though it be a glorious heaven, this was such a hard way to go to it—by the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Oh, God! *our* God! *must* it be? Then came something of resignation to death itself, but such a sore shrinking from the dishonour which is *worse* than death, and we could not but wonder whether it would be a greater sin to take one's life than thus to suffer. So the night wore on until two hours past midnight, when, compelled by exhaustion, we stopped. Some slept heavily, forgetful of the danger past and present, while others sat or stood, inwardly fiercely nervous and excited, but outwardly calm and still."

After two hours' rest the march was resumed till nine next day, when the party struck the road to Henderson. Then from the little band, who now saw deliverance in prospect, rose the joyful hymn, "Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!" But still columns of smoke rising from the distant river-banks showed where burning ricks and homesteads had been fired by the Indians, and they even heard the reports of the guns which killed four persons who left their company to go to Fort Uln. They found abundant opportunity for rest and refreshment in deserted houses, where even the very dishes had been left on the table.

On Sunday morning they reached a spot on the road where a great number of settlers had collected. Mr. Riggs conducted divine service, and many hearts united in thanksgiving for having been brought safely through this "great and terrible wilderness." Ragged and dirty and footsore, the party reached Henderson, after their arduous journey of a hundred miles, on Monday afternoon. "Why, I thought you were all killed," was the greeting from every old acquaintance.

John Otherday, with his party of sixty-two, mostly Government employés, left the Yellow Medicine on Tuesday (the day after the massacres began), and he piloted them across the Minnesota River, and seven days afterwards brought them all safely into the city of St. Paul. Otherday was warmly congratulated, and at a meeting of citizens he stated that he was a Dacota Indian, born and reared in the midst of evil, without the knowledge of any good; but he had been instructed by the missionaries, had

become acquainted with the Sacred Book, and there learned his vileness. He was a member of Dr. Williamson's church, and his religion had taught him what to do. When he heard of the trouble of the Lower Sioux Agency, knowing that it was not in his power to prevent it, he thought the best thing he could do was to attempt to save the white people at the Yellow Medicine. "With sixty-two men and women," he said, "without mocassins, without food, and without a blanket, I have arrived in



ON THE PLAINS.

the midst of a great people, and now my heart is glad. This deliverance I attribute to the mercy of the Great Spirit."

For about three weeks the Indians had it very much their own way in Minnesota. Fifteen or twenty frontier counties were depopulated of whites; about 600 were slain, and the rest driven away. From many of the murdered families, fathers and brothers and sons had joined the army to help put down the Slaveholders' Rebellion in the Southern States. By September 23rd forces were got together, which routed Little Crow and the rebel Sioux at Wood Lake. Soon afterwards a hundred women and children were rescued from a shameful captivity of six weeks' duration.

The further history of the Sioux war, with its intermittent outbreaks and

subsequent hangings and imprisonments, would lead us too far from the main subject of these pages. One fact must be borne in mind—all through the war the church members had no hand in it, but in a great many conspicuous cases risked much to ensure the safety of the whites. The Rev. G. A. Pond, in reply to calumniators, says “Were not those Christian Indians, at least by profession, who rescued companies of our people from death, and conducted them through perils to a place of safety? Were not those Christian Indians, who sacrificed their all and risked their lives to protect individuals? Were not those Christian Indians, who effected the deliverance from bondage and death, or treatment worse than death, of hundreds of captives at Camp Release? Did not the leaders of that band bear Christian names given to them in the holy ordinance of baptism?”

The war itself had been largely brought about by the corrupt administration of the Indian Department, and by the lawless proceedings of many of the border settlers. And when war once broke out, mere sympathy with the fighting that was in progress drew many warriors into the rebellion. But beyond all this, there is no doubt, as the missionary, Mr. Pond, points out, that one great cause of the outbreak was the antagonism of heathenism to Christianity and civilisation. The war prophets and medicine-men wanted “an opportunity to rise and re-establish by violence the waning power of the *Tákoo-wakán*, and to return, wading through the blood of Christians if need be, to the homes of their pagan fathers.”

The *Tákoo-wakán* of the Dakotas is the mystery-life, and includes all their ideas of the supernatural. This spiritual essence they found everywhere—in earth and sky, in forest and lake, in river and mountain. The Dakota lived under a sense of an awful secret power everywhere present. He could only explain the mystery of good and evil, joy and pain, life and death, by peopling creation with demons engaged in eternal strife. Many of these were sought to be propitiated by sacrifices and dances. But of all their divinities the least regarded was the *Wakán-taka*, or Great Spirit, who indeed is considered by many to be a comparatively modern creation of the Indian mind, designed to fill up a felt void in their religious system, just as an altar to the Unknown God was introduced amongst the shrines of Athens. But *Wakán-taká* came to be recognised as the white man's God, and to be worshipped by many a Dakota as the only true God. When the war broke out, the Sioux medicine-men and warriors regarded it as a conflict between the one *Wakán-taká* and the mysterious powers of the *Tákoo-wakán*. The events of 1862-3 proved to large numbers of them that the white man's God and his religion and civilisation were to be supreme. A widespread reaction set in in favour of education and civilised customs, and the missionaries were not slow to profit by the opportunity.

Some portions of the Sioux nation, on their new reservations, have even of late years been provoked into hostilities. But the good work accomplished has been very thorough. Before leaving the Dakotas in 1877 Mr. Riggs could write as follows:—“The forty years are completed. In the meantime many workers have fallen out of the ranks, but the work has gone on. It has been marvellous in our eyes. At the beginning we were surrounded by the whole Sioux nation in their ignorance and

barbarism: at the close we are surrounded by churches with native pastors. Quite a section of the Sioux nation has become in the main civilised and Christianised. The entire Bible has been translated into the language of the Dacotas: the work of education has been rapidly progressing." After alluding to the Episcopalian work amongst the Sioux, of which we shall have to speak presently, he concludes: "Thus God has been showing us by His providence and His grace that the Red Men too may come into the Kingdom."

We must here turn from the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions to that of other societies, or, if space permitted, we might tell of their labours amongst the Osagees, Creeks, Pawnees, Ottawas, and so forth. In many of the Indian languages, most of which had not been previously reduced to writing, the Board had various elementary works and portions of the Scriptures printed.

The Baptist community has done some good work amongst two or three of the tribes, and rendered valuable aid in the civilisation of the Cherokees already described, but the chief missionary efforts of this denomination have been in other parts of the world. The latter remark applies also to the Presbyterians, who, however, have kept up several stations amongst the Iowas, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and others, with similar results to those experienced by other societies.

The great Methodist community, who take so prominent a position in the religious world of America, have not been unmindful of their obligations to the ancient inhabitants of the land. Amongst the vast scattered population of settlers in the border States and territories, early Methodism found a congenial field for the development of its ready methods and the free exercise of its restless activity and its fervent enthusiasm.

Peter Cartwright stands out pre-eminently as one of the pioneer missionaries of the Mississippi valley, preaching righteousness and salvation to white men, black men, and red men wherever he found them. Born in Virginia in 1785, he was reared in Kentucky when the bear and the buffalo were freely roaming the wilderness, and wild Indians were trying to check the advance of the white men by frequent massacres. Logan County, where the family settled, was so notorious as a gathering place of outlaws of all kinds—robbers, murderers, forgers—from all parts of the Union, that it was commonly known as "Rogues' Harbour." Here they led a wild, rough life, and young Peter's amusements were racing, dancing, and gambling. But a pious mother ceased not to warn him and to pray for him, and a travelling preacher uttered in the rude log cabin words which sank deep into the youth's heart.

He was sitting by the fire one evening after returning from a dance, when there came upon him such a sense of his condition that he fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy. His mother heard him, and was soon by his side, but there was no comfort that night for his wounded spirit. There were three long months of agonising conflict to be passed through—nights of sleepless anxiety—days of solitary retirement and prayer. He gave back his race-horse to his father, and brought his pack of cards to

his mother, who gladly threw them on the fire. Watching, praying, reading the Bible, the young man still sought for peace. It came at last: kneeling among the penitents at a camp meeting, the sense of pardon filled his soul with joy.

This was in 1801. In the following year (his seventeenth) we find him addressing large congregations, and soon he went regularly on circuit. Under his preaching large numbers became "soundly converted unto God." The circuit work of those days was very arduous, and attended by many privations. Of one of his experiences, he says:—"I had been from my father's house about three years; was five hundred miles from home; my horse had gone blind; my saddle was worn out; my bridle reins had been eaten up and replaced about a dozen times; and my clothes had been patched till it was difficult to detect the original. I had concluded to try to make my way home and get another outfit. I was in Marietta, and had just seventy-five cents in my pocket. How I would get home, and pay my way, I could not tell."

He was, however, helped and entertained by one and another, and at length reached home with threepence farthing in his pocket, and a heart glowing with gratitude to the Almighty for His preserving goodness. He rested a few weeks, and received from his father "a fresh horse, a bridle and saddle, some new clothes, and forty dollars in cash. Thus equipped, I was ready for another three years' absence."

In 1810, Peter married a noble-hearted woman who shared his enthusiasm. The results of his preaching were often marvellous. A hundred and twenty-seven adults and forty-seven children were gathered in at one meeting. At another meeting, which lasted day and night from Sunday till Tuesday, three hundred persons lay upon the ground "struck down by the force of their convictions." In 1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Wabash district, which ranged over the three States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky. To fulfil his duties he had to cross the Ohio sixteen times a year.

To withdraw his young children from the evil influences of a slave State, Cartwright, in 1824, settled in Illinois. As the family were removing to their clearing, they met with a tragic accident. "Just before we struck the prairies the man that drove my team contrived to turn over the waggon, and was very near killing my eldest daughter. The sun was just going down, and by the time we righted the waggon and reloaded, it was getting dark, and we had a difficult hill to descend; so we concluded to camp there for the night, almost in sight of two cabins containing families. I was nearly exhausted with reloading my waggon. The evening was warm, and my wife persuaded me not to stretch our tent that night; so I struck a fire, and kindled it at the root of a small and, as I thought, sound tree. We lay down and slept soundly. Just as day was reappearing in the East, the tree fell on our third daughter—as direct on her from her head to her feet as it could fall—and I suppose she never breathed after. I heard the tree crack when it started to fall, and sprang up alarmed, and seized it before it struck the child, but it availed nothing. Although this was an awful calamity, yet God was kind to us; for if we had stretched our tent that night, we should have been obliged to lie down in another position, and we should probably all have been killed instead of one. The tree was sound outside, but within it had the dry rot, which

we did not suspect." They got their little one out from under the tree, and carried her twenty miles to the house of an acquaintance, where they buried her. Cartwright settled his family in the log hut on his little farm, and went forth again to his work as backwoods preacher. Subsequently he was made Presiding Elder of the Sagamon district. Continuous travelling in regions without roads, frequent crossing of dangerous rivers, and (in winter) journeying over snow-covered prairies, largely made up his experience.

"This was a tremendous field of travel and labour," he says. "Around this district, extending six hundred miles, I had to travel four times a year, and I had many rapid streams to cross, mostly without bridges or ferries. Many of these streams, when they were swollen, I had to cross to get to my quarterly meetings. I would strike for some point of timber, and traverse up and down the stream until I could find a drift or a tree fallen across. I would then dismount, strip myself and horse, carry my clothes and riding apparatus across on the fallen tree or drift, and then return and mount my horse, plunge, and swim over—dress, saddle my horse, and go on my way from point to point of timber without roads." He often spent the night alone in the woods with his horse tied up, and sometimes on the open plains, holding his horse's bridle all night long.

It would be beyond our province to describe in detail how thousands were led into the open profession of religion during the many revivals that took place in connection with Cartwright's ministry. But in addition to his other work he was for some time Superintendent of the mission to the Pottawattomies of Fox River. In his first journey to the station he and his companions had to cross a hundred miles of unbroken wilderness to reach the mission. There were no roads, so they had to hire a guide and camp out. Several volunteers for the mission settlement accompanied them. They had to shape their course from point to point of timber. Late in the first evening they struck the timber of the Illinois Vermilion, and finding plenty of water they made a fire and cooked their food. After refreshing themselves with a hearty meal they had evening prayer in the wilderness, fixed their blankets and overcoats, and laid down to sleep soundly and sweetly till next morning. They rose early, breakfasted, fed the horses, and started on their way across the Illinois River, swimming their horses beside the canoe. At night they reached the settlements, and Cartwright at once called the mission family together and preached to them.

On the next day he met the Indian chiefs. "We smoked the pipe of peace together," says Cartwright, "and through an interpreter I made a speech to them, explaining our object in establishing a mission among them. All the chiefs now shook hands with us, as their custom is, and gave us a very sociable talk, and all bid us a cordial welcome save one, who was strongly opposed to our coming among them. He did not wish to change their religion and their customs, nor to educate their children. I replied to him, and met all his objections. I tried to show them the benefits of civilisation and the Christian religion. When our great talk was over I asked them the liberty to preach to them, which was granted." Cartwright at once used the permission, and preached to them an exhaustive discourse before they separated. This

mission was beginning to show hopeful signs, when the work amongst them was interrupted by the transfer of the Pottawattomies by the Government to a fresh location beyond the Mississippi.

Cartwright detested slavery. He was fervent in his desires that the ministers especially should not in any way be connected with the accursed system. Still he did not advocate that ministers should "meddle with slavery politically," but keep themselves clear, and spread the Gospel, of which the leaven would so work that slavery would perish. He knew the subject as well as any man: he had seen thousands of



PETER CARTWRIGHT.

poor slaves, and their masters too, converted to Christ. But at the Methodist Episcopal Conference, held at New York in 1844, he thundered against the party who wanted to permit ministers in the South to hold slaves. He was a man of mark at the Conference; everybody gazed with interest at the sturdy sunburnt backwoods preacher standing up in his drab coat, coloured vest, and narrow black necktie, over which his broad shirt-collar fell carelessly back. Thrilling in the extreme were his denunciations of the curse of his country. He lived to see American slavery swept away for ever during the suppression of the Great Rebellion in 1863.

Of Cartwright's latter years, though he was an earnest and indefatigable minister of the Gospel till compelled by increasing infirmities to consent to be superannuated, little more need be said here. Long after he had passed the limit of fourscore years

he was a useful and earnest man, still labouring in his Master's service as occasion offered and his strength permitted.

At a Methodist camp-meeting held near Marietta in Ohio in the year 1814, amongst those who came to the penitent bench was John Stewart, a mulatto. He had been a drunken reprobate in his time, and had once been on the point of drowning himself, but of late had been passing through some deep spiritual experiences. At the meeting referred to he passed the night in contrite prayer, but joy and peace came with the morning, and he was united to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon afterwards he had an illness, which was followed as he believed by a personal call to the ministry. He settled his outward affairs, and then shouldered his knapsack and pushed on through the woods to the North-West, till he reached the Moravian station at Goshen, among the Delawares. Thence he journeyed to Pipetown on the Sandusky River, where he charmed the Indians with his melodious singing. They wanted him to stay, but he went forward to the Upper Sandusky, where the United States Indian sub-Agent and his family welcomed him. Here dwelt a section of the Wyandott or Huron Indians, once the powerful owners of all the country adjacent to the great chain of lakes, and the vanquishers of the Six Nations and other warlike tribes. When Stewart came amongst them they had become demoralised by the vices of the border whites; drunkenness and gambling were fearfully prevalent. A large number of them were nominally Roman Catholics, and many of them bore names similar to those of white men.

Stewart was introduced to Jonathan Pointer, a coloured man who spoke the Wyandott language like a native, and who was prevailed on to be interpreter. Jonathan did not like the job, and very unwillingly took Stewart to a feast and dance, where the latter exhorted, and sang hymns, and shook hands with many chiefs, who agreed to come to Jonathan's house next day. At the appointed time only one old woman came, to whom Stewart duly preached, and next day she came again, bringing an old man named Big Tree with her. Stewart was undoubtedly an enthusiast, who, according to his own account, had sometimes been directed by audible voices. He always declared that he knew the old man and woman just referred to as soon as he saw them, for he had met them in his dreams before coming to the Sandusky. He had eight or ten to hear him on Sunday; and then his congregations increased, and kept up during the winter of 1816. His singing was a very great attraction, but Pointer, the interpreter, and some others, became really anxious for salvation. One evening Stewart preached against the feasts and dances, and invited discussion. Whereupon John Hieks, a chief, said they would take advice, but would not have their religion and customs assailed. Mononeue, another chief, said that the Bible would have been sent to them as well as the whites if intended for them. Stewart told them the book had come *now*, and it would so come to all nations and colours and languages, and none could stop it. He spoke so effectually that Mononeue said to Hieks: "I have some notion of giving up some of my Indian customs, but I cannot agree to quit painting my face; this would be wrong, as it would jeopardise my health."

In February, 1817, there were some unfortunate "manifestations." Many lookers-on at a prayer meeting were said to be struck down, some motionless, others crying for mercy. Some of them begged Stewart to stop singing his hymns or they should die. The heathen party got up a great feast and dance as a counter-demonstration, and Stewart was sorry to see some of his penitents dancing with the rest.

He was obliged to leave his congregation for a visit to his friends in Marietta, and was accidentally detained longer than he expected. On his return he found many had fallen away, and a powerful opposition, headed by Two Logs, or Bloody Eyes, and Mononcue, had sprung up. They amused the people with incessant feasts and dances and racing and gambling, and their medicine-men tried to frighten them with visions and prophecies. Stewart laboured on, and confirmed his followers in their faith and practice, and added to the number of his little flock. His credentials as a minister being questioned, he went in March, 1819, with several converted Wyandotts, to the Wesleyan Quarterly Meeting at Urbana, and this unlettered coloured man was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. Henceforward he was assisted by the Rev. J. B. Finley and other ministers. The work prospered, and Between-the-Logs and other opponents became earnest helpers; and an address signed by several chiefs was sent to the missionaries asking for a school at Camp Meigs, on the Upper Sandusky, and a preacher who could teach and preach and baptise and marry. The Rev. J. B. Finley was appointed to this post.

With his wife, a female school-teacher, a maid-servant, and two young men helpers, Mr. Finley went to his appointed place. Eight days they journeyed with the waggon and yoke of oxen that carried their household goods. Their piece of land had no shelter on it, but a blacksmith near at hand lent them temporarily a cabin without door, window, or chinking. One of Finley's young men soon had enough of it, and ran away before the first week was over. The other young man, George Riley, was laid up for a time by a bough falling on his head. He recovered, and toiled hard with Finley to make a log house, which was just finished sufficiently to take shelter in when the snow began to fall. But all that winter they were cutting and hauling timber, and hewing and sawing it to complete and improve their accommodation. The preaching and classes and prayer-meetings were all kept up at the same time. Stewart was suffering from pulmonary disease, and was set to teaching the children. When one of the flock, an aged woman, died, Finley and Riley rode fifteen miles through the night to her residence at Big Spring. Next day they made her a coffin, and the funeral had to wait till sundown while they finished it. Clouds hung heavily and snow was falling as they went to the grave. "We entered a deep and lonely wood," says Riley, "four men carrying the bier, and the rest following in Indian file. When they came to the spot, the Indians stood wrapped in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees in breathless silence. After the grave was filled up Mononcue (nephew of the deceased) spoke in eloquent testimony to her goodness."

There was a large promiscuous attendance at the meetings both at Big Spring and Upper Sandusky, but the introduction of church discipline and definite membership (including entire abstinence from ardent spirits) reduced the numbers to twenty at the

former place and ten at the latter. The white whiskey-sellers who haunted the vicinity of the reservation exerted their influence against the mission. The heathen party made fresh efforts to revive their customs, but in spite of obstacles the little church became more firmly established, and slowly increased in its number of members.

The Indian converts displayed a very shrewd insight into the practical working of real Christianity. At a meeting held on a new white settlement at Tyamochte Creek, Mononcue spoke of the peace that now prevailed in place of former bloodshed, and declared that to preserve the peace one thing must be done:—"You, my friends, must leave off bringing your water of death and selling to my people, or we can never live in peace, for wherever this comes it brings fire and death with it. Our poor people are but children, many of them, and you know that a child will just as soon take poison as food."

The people saw the need of consistency in their official members (class-leaders, etc.), and these were soon rebuked if they did not act up to their position. One leader was accused at a Quarterly Meeting of being too dirty in his person. "Look at his shirt," said the accuser, "it looks as if it had never been washed. Now, if I know anything about religion, it is a *clean thing*. It certainly has made our women more particular and nice in their persons. They now work and clean themselves and their houses, and all looks as if religion had been at that house. And if religion cleanses the inside, will it not the outside? That brother is too dirty to be a leader of a clean religion. Look at his head—it has not been combed, nor his face washed; I give it as my opinion, if that brother does not mend in this he must be no longer a leader. We must set some better example before our people."

The poor man thus vigorously criticised got up and said he had no wife, and he was a poor hand at washing. The reply came at once—"Your want of a wife is no excuse. We have women enough in our nation that have no husbands, and feel themselves lost for want of a head. They will marry if asked, and will make wives good enough for any of us; but some of our men are afraid to get wives now: they cannot throw them away when they please, but must now stick to them. Our women do not now cultivate our eorn, cut our wood, and do all our work as they used to do. This falls on ourselves, and I am afraid there are some who are too lazy to provide for their wives, and would rather live dirty and lounge about other people's houses than to work a little." In less than a fortnight Mr. Finley had to marry that old brother who had been so earnestly exhorted, and henceforth he looked like a man who had a wife to look after him.

The pioneer Stewart, who had been suffering much in health, married a woman of his own colour, in 1820, and settled down on a piece of land which was assigned to him, and where he resided till his death. Of the mission work which he planted, and which for a few years was carried on by Mr. Finley, a few more illustrative incidents may be noted.

Several remarkable changes took place in men at one time notorious opponents. Bloody Eyes, the brother of Between-the-Logs, came one day to the house of the latter to kill his brother for deserting the religion of his forefathers. He seized him

by the hair, and stood tomahawk in hand, while Between-the-Logs quietly said—“Brother, have I done you any harm? Am I not as kind to you as ever I was? If you will kill me for loving you and my God, you may, but I will not hurt you; and I know if you do kill me I shall go straight to heaven, for I feel the love of God now in my soul.” Bloody Eyes was abashed, and went off, saying, “I will give you one year to think and turn back.” A few nights afterwards he returned, and smoked the pipe of peace with his brother. Finley was sent for, and there was a



THE OLD CHIEF AND THE MISSIONARY.

talk which lasted all night and till nine next morning. The heathen was conquered. Soon afterwards the ferocious Bloody Eyes joined the Church, and died in great peace.

One day a band of warriors, dressed up and painted and adorned with jewels and feathers, came into the congregation and began smoking in a defiant manner. Finley took no notice, but preached his sermon from St. John v. 16—“Wilt thou be made whole?” The head chief, De-un-quot, then rose with the old story that the white man’s book was good for the white man, and so forth. He went on to say that “once in the years of our grandfathers, many years ago, this white man’s God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and disputed his right to the country. At last they agreed to settle this

matter by trying their power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle-shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got frightened and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do."

All the while he spoke the heathen party kept ejaculating, "Tough gondee" (that is true), and they wore an air of confident victory. Mr. Finley smilingly commented on "the queer story they had heard," and forcibly pleaded for the One God and His holy book. Between-the-Logs also spoke earnestly as to what the religion of the true God had done for him. But De-un-quot went away angry, asserting that he was the head of the nation and ought to be believed. Not long after, as he saw the work prospering, he declared—"This religion may go into all the houses on this reservation, but into mine it shall not come." In less than a year he died, and his widow joined the Church and had prayer meetings held at her house.

One of Mr. Finley's most useful helpers (more especially as regards interpreting) was Robert Armstrong, who had had a strange history. When a little boy of four years old he was living with his parents at Pittsburgh, on the banks of the Alleghany River. One Sunday morning he was taken by a young man to visit a camp of Indian corn-planters. They crossed the river in a canoe and walked four miles along a forest path to the camp. After spending some time with their acquaintances, they returned towards home, and were passing through a dense part of the forest when they were startled by a sudden noise, and still more so when four Indians leaped out and ordered them to stop. The young man, in his terror, tried to run away, but had only taken a few steps when one of the Indians shot him dead. Robert also ran a few yards, but was quickly caught and picked up.

"I was so scared," he said in the narrative he gave long afterwards, "to see the young man tomahawked and scalped, that I could hardly stand when set on my feet, for I expected it would be my lot next. One of the men took me on his back, and carried me for several miles before he stopped. The company divided. Two men took the scalp, and the other two had charge of me. In the evening they met and travelled till it was late in the night, and then stopped to rest and sleep. The next morning I had to take it afoot as long as I could travel: and although they treated me kindly, yet I was afraid they would kill me. Thus they travelled on several days, crossing some large rivers, till they got to an Indian town. Here they rested awhile, and then went on till they came to Lower Sandusky."

Here the little captive was adopted into the Turtle tribe of the Wyandotts, and received the Indian name of O-no-ran-do-rob. He seems to have submitted cheerfully to circumstances, to have become an expert hunter, and in fact a perfect Indian in all his feelings and habits of life. He married an Indian woman, and almost forgot his mother tongue. But after Wayne's treaty, Armstrong came more into association with the whites, and when the missionaries came to the Wyandotts, he soon learned to talk English well, and became a very able interpreter. Once, while interpreting for

Stewart, the words which he had to speak to others brought deep conviction to his own heart. He joined the Church, and henceforth the fire of his own converted soul seemed communicated to the messages he interpreted for others. His services to the mission and the school it would be hard to over-estimate, and Finley and his associates felt it as a severe blow when Armstrong, in his forty-second year, was carried off by consumption.

One of the greatest difficulties with which Finley had to contend at the Wyandott Mission was the selling of intoxicating liquors to the Indians by unprincipled traders. For the sake of gain they would give the people drink to rouse their thirst for it, and cause them to buy more. There were many backsliders on this account; and indeed, indulgence in "fire-water" often led to serious crime. One night Finley was sleeping on the floor of a cabin in company with some Indians, when he was awakened about midnight by the piercing yells of an Indian riding along the adjacent road as fast as his horse could go. Ever and again as he galloped on he uttered a singular whoop or yell. Finley thought it was only a drunken Indian, but the Indians with him in the cabin were alarmed, and some of them got up, saying, "Somebody kill." They knew the meaning of that mysterious sound—it was the scalp yell. In the morning they found that one of their neighbours had been stabbed by that drunken Indian. Big George, the Indian who had been stabbed, and who was badly wounded, told Mr. Finley that he did not know that his assailant had any spite against him. "He came," said Big George, "last night, and talked very kind, and asked me to let him in. I did so. I then wanted him to lie down, but he said no. I then sat down on the bed by my wife, and he said, 'I must go.' As he was going out, I rose; and as he passed me he struck back with his butcher knife, and drove it into my side. Then he jumped out, got on his horse, and fled."

Mr. Finley examined the wound, which was large and deep, as if a knife had been driven in up to the handle. In three days' time the poor man died, and in his dying moments charged his friends not to kill the murderer. The man who did the deed was the head chief's nephew, and to prevent his destruction by the "avenger of blood," according to Wyandott custom, a string of wampum and some other gifts were presented to the murdered man's wife as an atonement. But some months afterwards the widow joined the Church, and then told Finley she "felt very bad to see those things which she had received in exchange for her husband's blood, and she could not rest while she had them in her possession." She accordingly gave them back to the donors, and told them that she left the whole matter with God.

Amongst those converted Indians whom Finley rejoiced to own as Christian brethren, was one who bore the name of Sum-mun-de-wat. He was a tall, handsome man, of great intelligence, and there was great rejoicing when he was converted at a camp-meeting. He was seen weeping, when a female friend of his who had already joined the Church led him by the hand to the mercy-seat, and as he knelt there drew from his head the mighty head-dress of bright feathers and threw it on the fire, exclaiming, "Go there, you feathered god of this man, and let him come to the true

God, that can burn up all his sins by love." Sum-mun-de-wat was converted, and henceforth was a devoted Christian, exhorting his heathen acquaintances with an eloquent fervour that astonished them. He became a useful church officer and local preacher, and was so highly esteemed by his tribe that they made him head chief.



A SCALP.

One evening he was camping in the forest with his nephew and his little niece, Nancy, having with them horses loaded with furs and other skins, which he had bought with money entrusted to him for that purpose by some of his white friends. Two young white men came up, and said they were lost in the forest, and asked permission to stay the night. They were fed, and a sleeping place was assigned them. But in the night they rose, and with the camp axes killed the chief and his nephew and the little niece, and hid their bodies in the brushwood. On the next day the remainder of Sum-mun-de-wat's people came up, saw the blood and found the bodies, and then followed the murderers' trail. They recovered the booty, and gave up the murderers to the whites, who kept them for a while in gaol. But secret influence was used, and the offenders were allowed to go away unpunished! "Thus fell," says Finley, "my beloved brother in Christ, by the murderous hand of the more than savage white man."

On Mr. Finley's removal other faithful labourers continued his work, despite the many difficulties and dangers with which such service was continually attended, not only from the Indians, but also from the wild beasts and the climate. The Methodists also carried on missions amongst the Senecas, Shawnees, Ottawas, Ojibways, and others. In 1845 the Wyandott nation was removed far west to the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers.

CHAPTER LX.

OJIBWAYS, THLINKETS, AND INDIANS OF BRITISH TERRITORY.

The Episcopal Church of America—James Lloyd Breck—A Busy Life—A Good Pedestrian—Unclean Indians—Kissed by Five Hundred Natives—Whiskey *c.* Gospel—The Massacre of 1862—Ennegahbowh—Bishop Whippa—The Chippewas of Minnesota—Mr. Hinman—The Society of Friends—In Alaska—Cremation—The Weeping Dance—YehI—Devil-Worship—The Greek Church—Sheldon Jackson—Mrs. MacFarland—The Fort Wrangell Mission—Oneidas and Mohawks—Andrew Jamieson—E. F. Wilson—Little Pine—Wesleyan Methodist Missions—The Ojibways—The Red River.

THE Episcopal Church of America has of late years been very successful in its dealings with some of the Indian tribes, and in achieving these results is fulfilling the promise of its earlier days. The God-fearing men who founded the English colonies, felt the conversion of the Indians to be a sacred duty. A society, or as they then called it, a "company," was formed to propagate the Christian religion, and Sir Walter Raleigh subscribed £100—the first recorded donation to a Protestant Missionary Society. The planters in Virginia founded a college for the instruction of Indian youths, and made some other efforts at evangelisation. But as time went on the Church found itself barely able to hold its own against the multitude of antagonistic denominations who found a refuge on the American shore. During the whole colonial period it was shamefully neglected by its chief pastors in England, and its youthful development is indeed mainly owing to the fostering care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Then came the War of Independence, and after that a troublous time, during which all its energies were absorbed in perfecting its organisation for separate existence as the Episcopal Church of America, and in enlarging its borders to include the vast and increasing area occupied by the white population. Now and again we hear of some feeble and transient work amongst the Mohawks, or other tribes of New York State. Then, towards 1840, some devoted men went and laboured amongst the little remnant of the Oneida tribe, which had been removed from New York State to Green Bay, on the shores of Lake Michigan. But the first half of the present century had passed away before the Episcopal Church of America was roused to a proper sense of its duty to the heathen dwelling upon its own borders. The man who was raised up to initiate this onward movement was James Lloyd Breck, whose "pure heart," says J. A. Gilfillan, "was all aglow with holy fire; all the love, all the zeal, all the energy of the Church was incarnated in him."

Mr. Breck had been for several years working earnestly amongst the border settlers of Wisconsin and Minnesota, when it was made clear to him that he must go and work amongst the Indians. With the Ojibways or Chippewas of the northern forests of Minnesota there was dwelling a Canadian Chippewa, named Ennegahbowh, who, though born and bred a heathen, had received a fair education in Canada, and had for some time been a Methodist preacher. He had married and settled amongst the Minnesota Chippewas, and when he heard of the new teacher who had come to St. Paul, and was making the instruction of youth a prominent feature of his labour, Ennegahbowh sent his son to study under Breck's care. He next persuaded the

Chippewa chiefs to invite Breck to come and dwell as a teacher amongst them. Breck saw in this invitation a call from God. He walked 150 miles into the forest and back to survey the field of service, and then, after making arrangements for his flourishing work at St. Paul to be carried on by others, fixed his dwelling at Gull Lake, in the heart of the region inhabited by the Ojibways.

Here he set to work with the zeal and energy that characterised all his actions. With the aid of his Indian helpers, he built a church on Saturday, and had it ready for service next day. It was an arrangement of stakes and poles and pine-branches, with a nave twenty-four feet long by twelve broad, and a chancel measuring eight feet square. The roof, he said, was of the "Early Pointed" style. No nails were used in the building except to fasten a board on an upright stake to form an altar, and the white cloak which covered this simple contrivance was the only ornament. Here the sacrament was celebrated in English and in Chippewa, till a more substantial log church was erected. Schools were established, and a matron and a girls' teacher came out to assist in this department.

Breck had no narrow notions of the duties of a missionary priest, but did his best to teach the people everything they needed. Every morning he was up at four o'clock and about the cultivated plots, giving hints to one and another how to hoe and sow, and raise various kinds of plants and vegetables. At the appointed time every day he rang the bell for divine service, and his people came in from their fields to the church. Very carefully he instructed them for baptism, confirmation, and the Holy Communion. The latter he taught them to receive fasting, and when they were beginning the practice, used to reward their patience by taking them after it was over to the mission house and giving them a good dinner. This mission house, by the way, was a log construction reared with Indian help. On his first arrival he was hospitably entertained by the chief, Hole-in-the-Day, at his wigwam, charmingly situated between two pine-belted lakes.

The Indians were very grateful to Breck for his devoted labours, and for the tender care which he and his associates took of the little Indians who were brought up in the mission family and school. Very great was their reverence for his spiritual character. "They relate how once," says a writer in the *Church Review*, "when there had been a long-continued drought, and their gardens were just on the point of being ruined, and the sky was still brazen and cloudless as it had been for weeks, that he rang his little bell for prayers, and summoned them all to pray for rain; and though there was not a cloud in the sky when he began, the dropping rain began to fall as they came out of the church: 'the Heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.' They tell again how children, whom they thought dying or dead, revived when he knelt and prayed for them and baptised them. They say he never lost an hour while he was in the Indian country. They tell also how in Lent he always fasted till evening, yet his smile was as pleasant, and he would walk all day as if he had had his regular food. His physical powers were very remarkable, as well as his spiritual. The Indians, as is well known, are great walkers, but he surpassed them. He used to think nothing of walking from St. Cloud up to the agency in a day, a distance of about sixty-eight miles, and they

say would get there when the sun was still high, and walking so fast that they had to run to keep up with him. He was always of a placid, unruffled temperament, upon which no worry ever seemed to light."

Some of his duties were far from agreeable. He pulled out teeth, and did anything he could to relieve pain and suffering. "You will judge that I am in high repute," he says in one of his letters, "when I am called upon to minister cures to *stone-blind* old men, and to long-standing and incurable diseases in others; I can only tell them I can do nothing, that they are in the hands of the Great Spirit. But in many cases I have been, thank God, highly successful. Were you to see me in their wretched wigwams, applying liniments and rubbing their filthy persons with my own hands, you would really think me an Indian enthusiast. But I trust I do thereby 'become all things to all men to gain some.'"

The uncleanness of the Indians, till they were taught better things, was a great trial to Mr. Breck and his coadjutors, especially when brought into close contact. On New Year's Day Mr. Breck and the matron, Mrs. Welles, were at their Ojibway studies in the mission house, when the door suddenly opened, and a long train of Indian women entered one after another, and each gave the astonished priest "a huge kiss," and then gave the matron the same New Year's greeting. "She bore it nobly," wrote Mr. Breck to a lady friend of the mission, "or through the force of the noble or heroic example set her by me; which I know not, only such is the fact in the case, worthy of lasting record! But to narrate all the circumstances of the *kissing* of this first day of the year, would, I fear, try your nervous system a little beyond its capacity to bear. And you will not be surprised that as the onset thickened, even Mrs. Welles, who, as I have before told you, knew not what it was to be afraid of an Indian, began to draw back with a sort of righteous horror, on the approach not only of the *annual blanket* (*never washed, ever worn, bed by night and mantle every day, and every hour of every day*), but of faces as black as though just escaped from the mythic Erebus; faces not only black, but to make them appear handsome, or to hide the filth upon them, *blackened* by coals. When these creatures have been made Christians their faces will be made *clean*; . . . As for myself, on this memorable day I made up my mind to be kissed by *five hundred* of these natives, if it would add to their happiness; but I confess, a number far short of that fully satisfied my mind, and will satisfy it for the year to come."

Mr. Breck spent five years at Gull Lake—five years of ceaseless labour, which were rewarded by considerable success. At the time of his departure a hundred Indians had joined the Church—the boarding school was well filled, there was a large attendance at the daily and weekly services, and the whole community was improving as regards industry and regular life. Leaving this prosperous mission to the care of others, he pushed fifty-five miles further into the wilderness, and settled among the numerous and turbulent Pillager Band of Chippewas. Here, too, under his vigorous superintendence, schools and mission houses soon rose into being. But this effort was a failure. There was ceaseless trouble with drunken Indians. The windows were broken, the women of the mission threatened and molested, and divine service was

interrupted. They threatened to take his life if he did not go away, and at length the mission had to be abandoned.

To a large extent it was a triumph of whiskey over the Gospel. The mixed-blood traders also made a dead set against the mission, because Breck, seeing how unjustly the Indians were used, bought large quantities of goods and let the Indians have them at a very low rate in exchange for fish, maple-sugar, and other things. In all probability these traders were the instigators of the outrages which broke up the mission.



A KISSING ORDEAL.

Dr. Breck's direct work as an Indian missionary ceased, but his establishment at Faribault became a school of the prophets, and did good service for the cause in which he had so earnestly laboured. For twenty years longer he toiled on, chiefly among the white population of the western borders of the Mississippi, and in California, and died at Benicia in 1876.

The Rev. Mr. Peake, who had been associated in the work at Gull Lake, kept on the schools and mission at that place for some years. But a period of disaster was setting in. The frontier of civilisation was infested by the very scum of the white population, of whom many depended for their means of subsistence on the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians. Drunkenness and wretchedness increased. At

length came the Sioux massacre of 1862, into which the Ojibways were nearly drawn to participate through the crafty scheming of their treacherous chief Hole-in-the-Day. But three years previous to the massacre, Dr. Breck and Bishop Whipple had taken a considerable number of Chippewa children into the schools at Faribault. From amongst those children three ministers of the Gospel were raised up. Several Sioux children were also brought to the school, and thus the two races, which for generations had sought to kill each other at sight, were seen for the first time worshipping side by side.

The massacre of 1862 led to the withdrawal of white missionaries from the troubled districts. The poor Chippewas sank lower and lower. The church and missionary buildings were burnt, and the flock scattered. Anything was parted with to get liquor, and even women and children seemed mostly drunk. The fighting was incessant, and numbers of them were killed. Enmegahbowh (who had been ordained a deacon of the Church by Bishop Whipple) was left as a solitary light in the darkness. From a record kept by this worthy Indian, it is shown that during one summer at the village of Crow Wing, with a population of only a few hundred, there were seventy-five murders. At the earnest entreaties of the bishop (who raised his salary) the Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh stayed at his post as long as he dared; at length he too fled. "Can you blame me for doing this?" he writes. "I saw that those educated white men had all been compelled to run away, and here was a heathenism, and a grand one, too, standing before me, a poor and worthless man before the Philistine giant, with no sling in my hand." He set sail from the shores of Lake Superior with his wife to go to his friends in Canada, and as they watched the fast receding shores, they rejoiced at seeing the last of a land that seemed given over to drunkenness and murder. But a terrible wind arose, and sent them back to port next day. Again they set off when all seemed favourable, but a fearful hurricane arose, and the vessel seemed likely to perish. The captain declared there was something supernatural in the storm: he had never seen the like in twenty years' experience. To go back was their only chance, and that a slender one. Enmegahbowh and his wife were down on their knees on the cabin floor praying. They reached land safely, and leaving his wife and children in the town, Enmegahbowh paid a short visit to his friends in Canada, and then went back to his Indians to "preach the preaching that God gave him."

Enmegahbowh taught diligently, but amongst those poor besotted and miserable Chippewas could scarcely get any following. Every summer Bishop Whipple came round the district, travelling hundreds of miles in waggons and in canoes, or on foot, visiting the wigwams and talking to the people with Enmegahbowh for interpreter. He did all he could for them, and at length induced the Government to grant them "White Earth reservation" as a permanent home, where they could begin a better life under more favourable auspices. The Chippewas knew not what to think of the proposal. Most of them dreaded to go to an unknown region, especially as they would again be near the locality occupied by their old enemies the Sioux. They debated the subject, and the majority passed a law that the first man to set out for White Earth should be killed. But a chief who afterwards became a brave soldier of Christ

declared, "I see light and salvation for my children there and there alone;" and clutching his knife, "the first man that steps across my path to prevent me from saving my children, I will kill." At his determined aspect all shrank back, and the first band, soon joined by others, started for their new home.

Hole-in-the-Day went, but declared that no Protestant missionary would be allowed on the reservation. He was, however, soon afterwards killed, and then Emmegahbowh felt that he too could go there. As he approached White Earth some friendly chiefs came galloping forth to meet him. A log church was soon reared, and services were held. Under changed circumstances the Gospel made rapid progress; great numbers became Christians, dressed like white men, cut their hair, and set to work industriously. For a time they suffered many privations, sometimes even living upon acorns; also they were in constant fear of the Sioux. Bishop Whipple helped them with a store of provisions, or the settlement would probably have broken up.

The White Earth settlement has gone on progressing, till the once degraded Chippewas have developed into a peaceful and well-behaved community of Christian men and women. As a rule they never touch strong drink, and it is difficult to think that these respectable farmers are the descendants of the drunkards and murderers of Crow Wing. They have a beautiful stone church that cost 10,000 dols., and family prayer is the rule in every household. Under the fostering care of Bishop Whipple, Dr. Breck's labours have at last borne abundant fruit.

In that church of St. Columba, at White Earth, eight young Indians have been ordained, and have gone forth as preachers to the other Chippewas of Minnesota. Two of these, the Rev. Samuel Madison (son of the Grand Medicine Man of the tribe, Shay-day-ence) and the Rev. Frederick Smith, were sent to Red Lake, where a band of twelve hundred Indians lived by fishing, fifty miles from any other Indians, and a hundred miles from the whites. Here, too, a good work was done, and there is a growing Christian community. At St. Antipas and Leech Lake, similar satisfactory results have followed the labours of these young Indian preachers. The Rev. Charles Wright, of Leech Lake, was formerly a reckless dare-devil amongst the wildest of the young Chippewas, but a picture was once shown him of our Saviour on the cross. He asked, "What was that done to Him for?" and received the answer, "For you!" The incident worked upon his mind: he became an anxious inquirer, and at last a humble Christian. He studied for a few years, and then the Leech Lake Chippewas were astonished to see the man who used to gamble and dance with them standing before them in his white robe as an ambassador for Christ.

The missions of the American Episcopal Church along the Upper Missouri to the Sioux and other Indians, are really offshoots of Dr. Breck's work. S. D. Hinman, a young man in a New England school, read about Indian missions, and was so interested in the work that he came to the Faribault Mission House, in Minnesota, and after studying there for some time went to teach the Indians of the Lower Sioux Agency. He had been there two years, when "maddened by the stupendous frauds that had been perpetrated upon them, and goaded on by intense hunger, they like

fiends perpetrated the fearful massacre which, in 1862, swept hundreds of the frontier settlers to an untimely grave."

After the massacre eighteen hundred of the Sioux were settled round Fort Snelling, and here at their invitation Hinman went and taught them. The chief, Taopi, and a few other Christian red men, went with Hinman to Philadelphia, and many "Friends" and others contributed largely to the support of the loyal Santee Sioux. They were afterwards moved to Crow Creek, in Dakota, where, on a barren soil and with game very scarce, over three hundred died of starvation in three months. After three years of suffering they were moved to their present location at the mouth of the Niobrara, in Nebraska. Here Mr. Hinman and his supporters have been privileged to see Christianity and civilisation progressing amongst their people. The Church has also been carrying on prosperous missions at Yankton, at Whetstone for the Brulé Sioux, at Swan Lake, at Sioux Falls, and elsewhere. Although one of the last to come into the Indian mission field, the Episcopal Church has already reaped an abundant harvest from the consecrated energy and self-sacrifice of the devoted men whom she has sent as her ambassadors to the Red Men of the West.

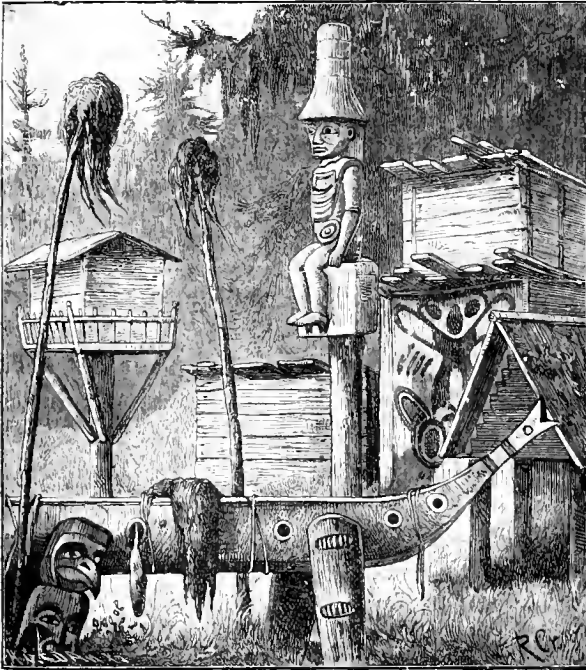
The Society of Friends in the United States—though numerically small in proportion to the other denominations that have been mentioned—has always exerted a considerable influence in favour of justice and kindness to the Indians. It has often intervened for their benefit in their misunderstandings with the white settlers, and has liberally aided the efforts of those who were civilising or educating the Indians or relieving their distress in times of scarcity. George Fox preached to the Indians on several occasions, and recommended them to the particular attention of his followers. William Penn put forward "the civilisation of the poor Indians, and the conversion of the Gentiles by just and lenient measures to Christ's Kingdom" as one of the ends in view in the founding of Pennsylvania. The Indians, who for a long period were allowed to dwell in the Eastern States, were frequently visited, and several Friends with their wives went to live amongst them, and taught them agriculture and various trades. Indeed, a large portion of the civilisation of the Senecas, the Shawnees, and several other of the more settled tribes, was due to the parental care of the Society of Friends. Endeavours were also made to communicate to the Indians "a knowledge of the principles and doctrines of the Christian religion, as plainly set forth in the Holy Scriptures." Of late years the Friends have made more direct efforts for the conversion of the Indians placed under their care in the Agencies, and with a considerable measure of success.

One of the latest developments of American missionary enterprise has taken place in Alaska, the vast territory which was bought in 1867 by the United States from the Russian Government for the sum of £1,500,000. For this trifling sum the American people added to their dominion a region far larger than the original thirteen States of the Union, abundantly rich in furs, fish, and minerals, and with thousands of square miles of good timber in readiness for the time when the fast disappearing forests of Maine and Michigan and Minnesota will supply no more. Of its high

mountains, the loftiest in the United States, its broad rivers and innumerable bays, its glaciers and boiling springs, and its far-stretching archipelago of volcanic isles, it is not our province to say much. Upon one island rises the mysterious volcano, Mount Edgembe, a sacred mountain to the Indians. "They say that the first Indian pair lived peaceably for a long time, and were blessed with children. But one day a family jar occurred. The husband and wife grew very angry at each other. For this the man was changed into a wolf and the woman into a raven. The metamorphosed woman flew down into the open crater of Mount Edgembe, lit on a stump, and is

now holding the earth on her wings. Whenever there is thunder and lightning around the summit, it is only the wolf giving vent to his rage while he is trying to pull her off the stump. It would be a great calamity if she should lose her grip, for then the earth would be upset, and all who live on it perish. So whenever it thunders, the Indians take stones and pound on the floor of their houses to encourage the raven to hold to the stump."

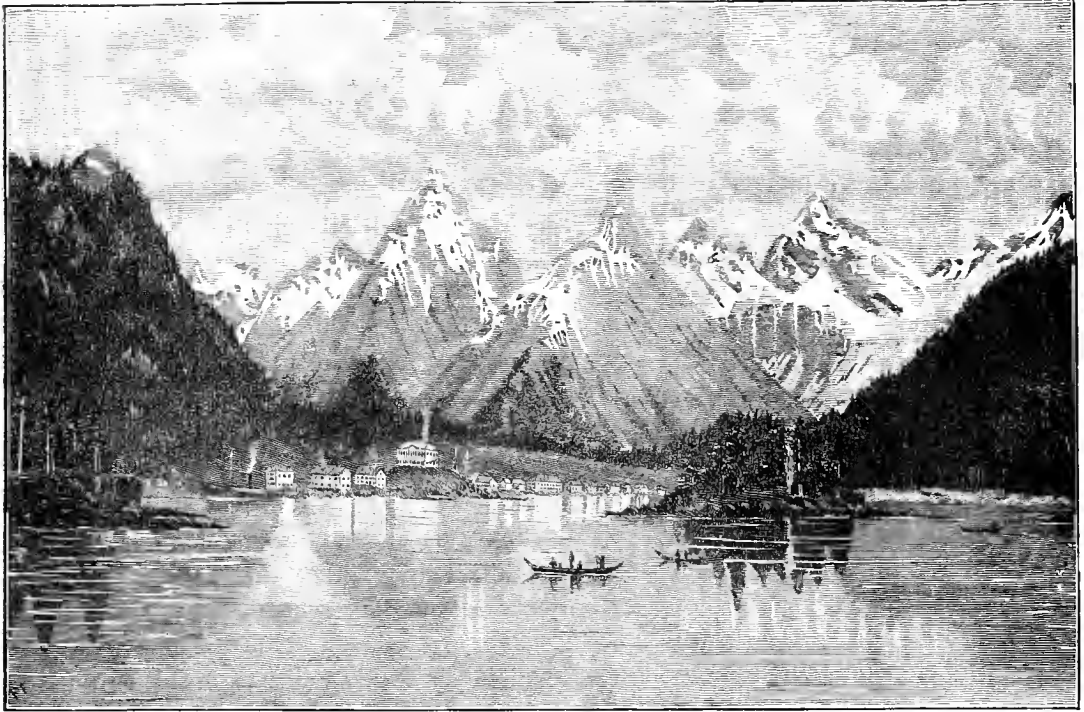
Eskimos are found upon the northern coasts of Alaska, and several tribes of Indians in other parts of the territory. Recent missionary efforts have been directed to those residing near Fort Wrangell and Sitka — an industrious people getting their living by fishing, and very clever at making all sorts of



THLINKET HOUSES AND TOTEMS.

household implements for themselves. Seven or eight tribes dwelling along this coast and on the adjacent islands speak a common language called Thlinket. Each tribe has several chiefs, whose rank is distinguished by the height of the totem poles erected before their houses. The totem poles, from two to five feet in diameter, and from sixty to a hundred feet in height, bear aloft the badge or totem of the chief — bear, eagle, or what not — and are carved below with the "quarterings" of family totems with which he is connected by marriage.

For the general manners and customs of this people we must refer our readers to the numerous works that have appeared on the subject of Alaska, and confine ourselves to matters bearing on our special topic. The dead are generally disposed of by cremation attended with prolonged ceremonies and dismal cries. Some tribes cut themselves with knives and stones, and formerly, in the case of rich men, slaves were sacrificed.



SITKA.

“I witnessed a scene of cremation on Bear River,” says a writer, “that was one of the most hideous and awful spectacles of which the human mind can conceive. The mourners leaped and howled around the funeral pyre like demons, holding long poles in their hands, which ever and anon they thrust into the seething, blistering corpse with dismal cries of *Wu-wu-wu*. On American River, after the body is reduced to a little smouldering lump, the women draw it out of the fire: then each one in succession takes it in her hands, holds it above her head, and walks round the pyre uttering doleful wails.”

In the *tsi'-pi-ka-mi'-ni*, or weeping dance for the dead, held about the end of August, these Indians have a sort of All Souls' celebration. They collect piles of fresh fruit and new clothing, and other things deemed acceptable to the dead in the other world. A fire is lit, and the offerings are arranged on boughs of trees stuck in the ground, something after the manner of Christmas-trees. As twilight closes in, the men and women sit upon the graves and wail dismally. Then, with hoarse Indian chanting, the dance begins—the articles being taken from the boughs at intervals and thrown into the flames. “All through the night,” says an American writer, “the funeral dance goes on without cessation: wilder and more frantic grows the chanting, swifter becomes the motion of the dancers, and faster and faster the offerings are hurled upon the blazing heap. The savage transports wax amain. With frenzied yells and whoops they leap in the fluttering firelight like demons—a terrible spectacle. Now some squaw, if not restrained, would fling herself headlong into the burning mass. Another will lie

down and calmly sleep amid the extraordinary commotion for two hours, then arise and join as wildly as before in the frightful orgies. But still the espaliers are not emptied, and as the morning stars grow dim, and daybreak is close at hand, with one frantic rush, yelling, they seize down the residue of the clothing (generally left till last) and whirl it into the flames, lest the first grey streak of dawn should appear before the year-long hunger of the ghosts is appeased."

The Thlinket Indians worship Yehl, maker of wood and water. Yehl was born through the miraculous conception of a Thlinket woman whose children had been slain. She was moaning on the sea-shore when a whale told her to swallow a small stone and drink some sea-water. She did so, and the result was the birth of Yehl, who, as he grew up, got the sun, moon, and stars out of the boxes in which a great chief had been keeping them. He also arranged many other things for the comfort and convenience of the Thlinkets, and then disappeared beyond the reach of either man or spirit.

Of the minor spirits called Yekh, their name is legion. Every shaman (or sorcerer) has some at his bidding. The Khi-Yekh (upper ones) who show themselves in the Northern Lights are the spirits of braves killed in battle; the Takhi-Yekh (land spirits) and Tekhi-Yekh (sea spirits) are ordinary ghosts. Everybody has a Yekh always with him, unless his conduct gets so bad that no respectable Yekh will stay with him. The spirits can be called together when required by the sound of a drum or rattle.

Good spirits do no harm to anyone, so there is no occasion to trouble about them; but bad spirits must be propitiated to keep them in good temper. The Thlinket religion is therefore practically devil-worship, and the system of propitiating these evil agencies has been called Shamanism, from the shaman or sorcerer who conducts the ceremonies. The shaman controls spirits, diseases, and the elements, and deals out success or misfortunes. His renown and consequent wealth depend upon the number of spirits, he can persuade people that he has at his bidding. For each spirit he has a name, and a special invocation, and a separate wooden mask.

The shaman never cuts his hair. To hold a grand invocation, he gets together a chorus of his relations, who must fast for a time, and also by using a feather for an emetic entirely free themselves from material substance, which would hinder spiritual manifestations. At sunset the people gather in the shaman's lodge, and join in the music and singing till sunrise, whilst the performer in his paraphernalia and with a mask on his face rushes round and round the fire in the centre, gazing towards an aperture in the roof. His eyeballs roll wildly and his limbs move convulsively; till suddenly he stops, and there is silence to catch his utterances as he speaks under spiritual influence. Again and again during the night the scene is repeated, the shaman simply changing his mask to be *en rapport* with the particular spirit speaking through him.

The Greek Church had formerly several missions and schools in Alaska, but these all ceased at the time of the American occupation. Then for ten years the Christian Churches of America made no effort to teach Christianity to its dwellers in their new territory, in spite of appeals from individuals and an educational grant

from Congress which was not used. But in the spring of 1876 a group of Christian Indians went from Fort Simpson on British territory to get work at Fort Wrangell. They kept up their Sunday worship, and sowed the seeds of the Alaska Mission.

One of these Indians, named Clah, was a preacher, and his Sunday audiences increased to three or four hundred three times in the day. Some well-disposed whites helped him, and a school was established. So the mission was really set on foot by the Indians themselves, before the arrival, in August, 1877, of the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. MacFarland, sent out by the United States Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. In Illinois, at Santa Fé, in Mexico, and amongst the Nez Percés—where her husband died—Mrs. MacFarland had for twenty years been an earnest worker in the mission field.

Dr. Jackson thus describes their first sight of what was going on at Fort Wrangell:—"Upon landing and passing down the street, I saw an Indian ringing a bell. It was the call for the afternoon school. About twenty pupils were in attendance, mostly young Indian women. Two or three boys were present, also a mother and her three little children. As the women took their seats on the rough plank benches, each one bowed her head in silent prayer, seeking Divine help on her studies. Soon a thoughtful Indian man of about thirty years of age came in and took his seat behind the rude desk. It was Clah, the teacher. The familiar hymn, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' was sung in English; a prayer followed in the Chinook jargon—the 'Pigeon English' of the North-West, compounded of French, Canadian, English, and Indian words. The pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer in English, then studied and recited their lessons, and school was closed with the doxology and benediction. 'Good afternoon, my pupils,' and 'Good afternoon, teacher,' brought the proceedings to an end."

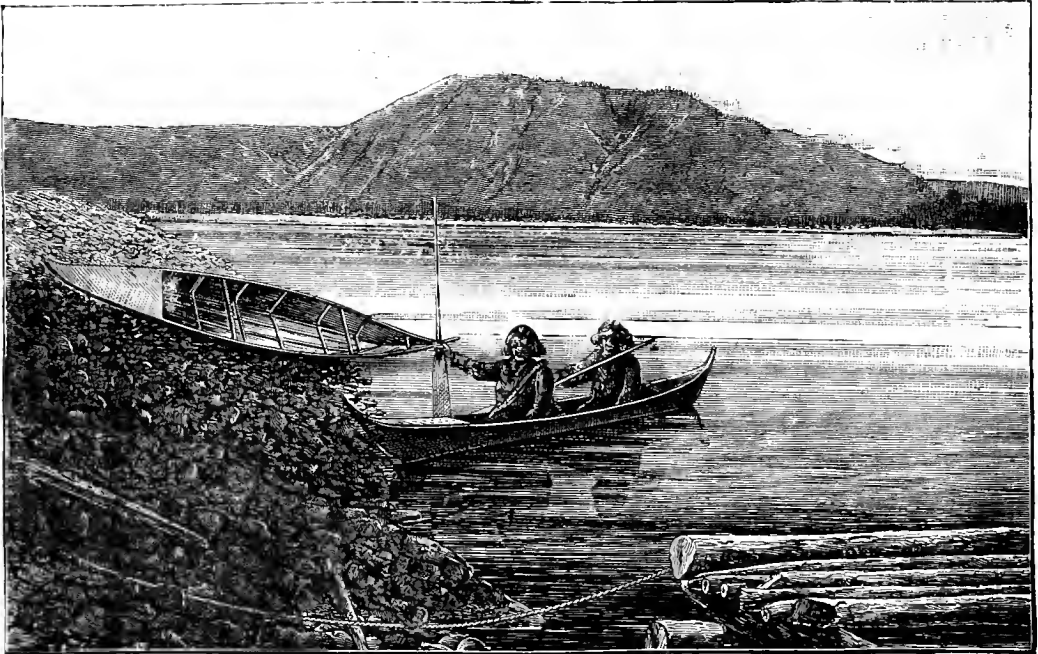
Dr. Jackson had to return East to raise means and procure further aid, and Mrs. MacFarland was left in charge. She became truly a "mother in Israel," a physician to the sick, a peacemaker in families, a counsellor and judge in social difficulties, an arbiter in tribal feuds. When the Christian Indians had to call a constitutional Convention, they put Mrs. MacFarland in the chair. Alleged cases of witchcraft were brought to her for decision; and when the Vigilance Committee were about to hang a white man for murder, they sent to her to act as his spiritual adviser. Noted chiefs came from far and near to be taught in the school of "the woman that loved the Indian people." Hydahs and Tongas and men from all the Thlinket tribes came, as well as the Stickeens of the immediate neighbourhood.

"Yesterday," writes Mrs. MacFarland, "a chief by the name of Hotcheox came to school. He said he was from Buffalo Island, and wanted to talk with me. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and I felt that if the Christians of the East, who have abundant means, could have seen him with the tears running down his face and heard what he said, there would be no lack of money to carry on the work in Alaska. Laying his hand upon his heart, he said—'Me much sick heart. You come teach all Stickeens, all Hydahs, all Tongas about God. My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus die. By-and-bye, all my people die (pointing down), go down, down, dark.' He was completely overcome. Oh, how my heart ached! I

tried to comfort him by telling him that we hoped to be able to send teachers and preachers to all these people soon."

In December, 1877, the native teacher, Clah, died of consumption, and was buried in the Christian Indian cemetery at Fort Simpson, British Columbia. The Indians subscribed for a fence round his grave, on a beautiful hill overlooking a bay of the Pacific.

The Rev. S. Hall Young was sent to help the Fort Wrangell mission in August, 1878, and pushed forward the work with great zeal and earnestness. The belief in witchcraft was one of the first great troubles he had to contend against. Shus-taks, a heathen chief, and his wife, were both sick, and came to the conclusion that some one



AYAN INDIANS, ALASKA.

had been working "bad medicine" against them. Their nephew, Shaaks, and his friends, went and caught an old man, an attendant at the mission church, and accused him of being "bad medicine." They dragged him to Shus-taks' house, stripped him naked, tied him most cruelly, hand, foot, and head, and put him in a dark hole under the floor. Mr. Young and the Clerk of the Custom House went and procured the old man's release. A five days' conference of the chiefs was held on the subject of witchcraft, and an effectual blow was dealt at the Indian superstitious notions concerning it.

Mr. Young set about building a school-house and church, and the Indians subscribed liberally according to their means. A Home for Girls, one of the most needed institutions along the North Pacific Coast, was also founded, and Mrs. MacFarland

became its efficient matron, through whom many girls, who had otherwise been lost, found shelter and salvation.

Sitka, a little farther north than Fort Wrangell, was once an important commercial city. It overlooks a beautiful island-studded bay, the entrance to which is guarded by Mount Edgecumbe. It has a Greek church with its dome of emerald green, a castle, and a custom-house. But besides these edifices the Americans in 1867 found only a few log huts. About a thousand Indians dwelt in or near the place, whose chiefs, Sitka Jack and Annahootz, gladly welcomed the Presbyterian missionaries, the Rev. J. G. Brady and Miss Fannie E. Kellogg, in 1878. School and mission work were at once organised, and the teachers were surprised to find the Alaska Indians so superior in all respects to the Indians of the plains. Other missionaries have gone out to help forward the work both at Sitka and Fort Wrangell; but the course of events, although of vast and increasing importance as regards the future of the mixed population of Alaska, have not been such as to call for further description here.

From the dominion of the United States we now pass to British North America. First, as regards Canada, we find that the idea has been not to make treaties with the Indians as separate nations, but gradually to absorb them into the body politic. The results of a wise and just policy have been eminently satisfactory, and instead of dwindling away, the Indians in some localities have considerably increased in numbers, and have settled down into respectable and useful members of society.

More than a century ago, Christian Oneidas and Mohawks were fighting side by side with British troops in the long struggle with the French; and during the War of Independence they remained loyal to the British Crown. At the close of the war, the Mohawk chief, John Brant, led his tribe away from their ancestral woods and streams, and settled on English territory. They brought with them the golden altar-vessels which Queen Anne had given to their church in the beautiful Mohawk valley, and in their new settlement they built a church to which George III. presented "an altar-piece with the Creed and Ten Commandments in the Mohawk language, and a loud-sounding bell." With the Mohawks, remnants of the Oneida, Seneca, and other tribes, also settled upon the Grand River. The name of Brant is commemorated by the flourishing town of Brantford, near which stands a monument to his memory. The old Mohawk church beside the Indian Burial Ground—the oldest church in Canada—is not now used, but has been superseded by a church at Kanyungeh, in the heart of the woods. Canon Bell, D.D., was delighted with a Sunday spent in this settlement a few years ago. He found Archdeacon Nelles, who for more than forty years had worked among the Indians, superintending the Boarding School, where sixty boys and girls are educated, and the Rev. Isaac Barr taking pastoral care of the six tribes in the woods.

Of the three thousand Indian farmers on this reserve, about eight hundred were still pagans, but not of the old type. They worshipped the Great Spirit, and met on stated occasions to sacrifice, with various strange rites, a white dog upon an altar. As the fire consumed the offering, aromatic herbs were scattered over it, and blessings

invoked upon themselves, upon the ground they cultivated, and upon the air they breathed. "Though un-Christianised," says Canon Bell, "they live peaceably with their Christian neighbours; and no doubt derive a reflex blessing from intercourse with those enlightened by the Gospel, for many of them are industrious farmers, and they are law-abiding and orderly."

The Canon found these Indians mostly attired in ordinary English dress—they reserve the plumes and crests and belts of wampum for State occasions, as, for instance, when they presented an address to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. "Hiawatha now wears a prosaic coat and waistcoat and trousers, and Minnehaha has gathered up her long flowing tresses and formed them into a chignon. The women, however, are still fond of bright colours, and many a scarlet shawl and blue bonnet we saw in the beautiful little church at Kanyungeh." The service was partly in English, partly in Mohawk. A fearfully sesquipedalian tongue is the latter. For instance, "Teyerihwahkwahkough" means simply "Hymns." The people seemed quite to enjoy hearing the Canon's sermon twice over, once in English and again in their own polysyllabic language. The settlement appeared to be in a very prosperous condition, and Dr. Bell felt that the church and schools were a centre of light and influence to all the country round.

Various other mission stations have been established amongst the Indians scattered about the shores of the great Canadian lakes. Walpole Island, in the middle of Lake St. Clair, is an Indian reserve, to which about forty years ago the Rev. Andrew Jamieson came to dwell among a thousand Ojibways, Pottowatomies, and Ottawas. They were a mixed assemblage of Indians of the lowest class, dirty, lazy, and ignorant. Mr. Jamieson opened a building as a church, but not a soul came to hear him. So he resolved to go to them, and visited the camps and wigwams, conversing and teaching as the way opened for him, and after a year of patient labour had two baptised converts as the result of his mission. He still worked on. It was his custom to send word to the chief when he was going to visit the tribe, and at the appointed time he would find the elders solemnly seated in the great wigwam, and would begin by making presents of tobacco all round. Under the influence of the fragrant weed they would listen patiently to what the missionary had to say.

On one of these occasions a chief laid his pipe slowly on the ground, and said, "Brother, what you have told us is good news; in truth, the very best news I ever heard." That man became a Christian, and was also very helpful in persuading others to accept the glad tidings of the Gospel.

For over thirty years Mr. Jamieson worked on at Walpole Island, till the collection of wild and ignorant pagans became a Christian colony, with a people living comfortably on the produce of their farms instead of hunting and fishing for subsistence. Many of the natives became catechists and teachers, and were very skilful in putting the truths of the Gospel before their people. Mr. Jamieson took down the following words from an address given by one of his Indian helpers:—

"What, my brethren, are the views you form of the character of Jesus? You will answer, perhaps, that He was a man of wonderful benevolence. You will tell me that

He showed Himself to be so by the kind of miracles which He wrought. All these, you say, were kind in the extreme. He created bread to feed thousands who were ready to perish; He raised to life the son of a poor woman who was a widow, and to whom his labours were necessary for her support in her old age. Are these, then, your only views of Jesus? I tell you they are lame. *When Jesus came into the world He threw His blanket around Him, but the God was within!*"

A little to the north of the Lake of St. Clair, on the river of the same name, is Sarnia, near which was a settlement of Chippewas, amongst whom in 1868 the Rev. E. F. Wilson came to labour. He was a son of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, and a grandson of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose services to the missionary cause have been narrated in a previous chapter. With Sarnia for his headquarters, Mr. Wilson visited at intervals the scattered Indian communities for a considerable distance round. Indefatigably prosecuting the usual routine of school and mission work, Mr. Wilson soon gained the cordial friendship of the Indians. It was shown in a characteristic manner at a New Year's Day Festival, and the scene was thus described by an eye-witness:—

"I shall now relate the red man's way of conferring names. When the Indians were all assembled, quite a large number of our white friends being also present, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, a missionary from across the big waters, with his excellent wife, were presented to Chief Shahwunoo as candidates for Chippewa names. The chief, a tall, fine-looking man, with an air of native dignity, then made a brief address to those present. It is the custom of our chiefs, when conferring names to children, to take them up in their arms; but the chief, finding it impossible to adopt that mode with the present candidates, took the missionary by the hand, and addressed him as follows:—'The name that I have selected for you is a name we greatly respect, and hold in fond remembrance; for it was the name of an old and respected chief of our tribe, who lived many years ago, and whose name we wish to have retained; and seeing you are a missionary to the Indians, it is the wish of my tribe, as well as myself, that you should be called after our late respected chief; so your name hereafter is *Puhgukkahban* (Clear Light).' And then taking the lady by the hand, the chief addressed her thus:—'It is with great pleasure that I give you also a Chippewa name. The name I am to give you was the name of one of our sisters, who has long since passed away from our midst; and it is our wish that her name should be retained among us. And seeing you are the wife of our esteemed missionary, it is the wish of my people that you should be called after our late lamented sister; so your name hereafter is *Nahwegeeshigooqua* (A Lady of the Sky); and we shall always look upon you as a sister, for you bear a name very dear to us.' Then the whole assembly arose and congratulated their new brother and sister.

"After this interesting ceremony, we all sat down to partake of an excellent dinner, which consisted of the 'fat of the land,' and which was provided by the Indians themselves. We were very attentively waited on by the maidens of the tribe, who attracted great attention by the manner in which they performed their duty, and by their pretty faces and dress, for they were arrayed after the fashion of their sisters,

the pale-faced young ladies. After dinner, the chair was taken by Shahkeen (chief's brother), and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Chief Shahwunoo, John Jacobs, George Pwahnukkee, Hiram Owens, Jeffry Pashekeshig, Andrew Jacobs, and John Shahwuhnahnuquod. The speakers dwelt principally on religion, education, temperance, and agriculture. A very efficient Indian choir favoured the audience with several select pieces of sacred music in the interval between the addresses. After the speaking, the company sat down to tea; and the festival was concluded by shaking of hands and wishing each other 'A happy New Year.' Thus ended one of the happiest Indian festivals I have ever attended."

In one of his missionary tours Mr. Wilson came to Garden River mission, near Lake Superior, one of the establishments of the "New England Company," where Mr. Chance was working hard amongst a few hundred Chippewas. The white frame church, the neat school-house, and the pretty parsonage with its verandah and garden, gave a very pleasant aspect to the village. Amongst the residents here was an old chief named "Little Pine," who had become a Christian, and who was very anxious to "see the Christian religion go on and increase" till all his brethren on the shores of the Great Lake were brought into the fold. The constant burden of his soul was that there should be a Home built where Indian children could be fed and clothed, taught farming and carpentering, and also brought up in the Christian faith, so that eventually they might be sent out to spread Christianity in the Indian villages. Whilst Mr. Wilson was taking charge of the mission during Mr. Chance's absence, there was much conference with "Little Pine" about the scheme so dear to his heart; but although suitable sites were freely offered by the Indians, there were as yet no funds available for building purposes.

Little Pine was one day at work in the woods. He was very sad, for Mr. Wilson was leaving, and the New England Company were about to give up the Garden River mission altogether. Suddenly a thought came into his mind, and what next occurred he thus relates in his own simple language:—

"I will go with him, I will journey with this black-coat [missionary] whither he is going. I will see the great black-coat [the Bishop of Toronto] myself, and ask that Mr. Wilson may come and be our teacher, and I will ask him also to send more teachers to the shores of the Great Chippewa Lake; for why, indeed, are my poor brethren left so long in ignorance and darkness, with no one to instruct them? Is it that Christ loves us less than His white children? Or is it that the Church is sleeping? Perhaps I may arouse them, perhaps I may stir them up to send us more help, so that the Gospel may be preached to my poor pagan brethren. So I resolved to go. I only told just my wife and a few friends of my intention. I felt that the Great Spirit had called me to go, and even though I was poor and had but a few dollars in my pocket, still I knew that the Great God in heaven, to whom forty years ago I yielded myself up, would not let me want. I felt sure that He would provide for my necessities. So when the raspberry moon had already risen, and was now fifteen days old [July 15], and the black-coat and his wife stepped on board the great fire-ship, I stepped on also. I had not told him as yet what was my object in going.

and at first he left me to myself, thinking, I suppose, that I was going on my own business. I was a stranger on board; no one knew me, and no one seemed to care for me."

Mr. Wilson found out at length why Little Pine was journeying with him, and the result was that they travelled together to many of the large towns of Canada; and so well did the Indian plead the cause of his people, that a sum of money was collected, but not sufficient for the object in view. One thing, however, was gained, for arrangements were made for keeping up the Garden River mission under the care of Mr. Wilson, who was succeeded at Sarnia by Mr. Jacobs. The Indians were shouting on the bank, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, with Little Pine flourishing his



INDIAN WOMEN OF CANADA CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET.

crooked stick in the midst of them, when the Wilsons got back to Garden River. Their first winter was fearfully cold; the thermometer was some time 36° below zero.

In the spring the question of getting more funds for the projected institution was again considered, and the Indians in council selected Buhkwujjenene ("Man of the Desert"), the brother of Little Pine, to go with Mr. Wilson and plead the cause in England. Buhkwujjenene spent six weeks in this country in 1872. "None who saw him," says the Rev. Daniel Wilson, "will forget his tall, fine figure, clad in a blanket and moccasins, with his scalping-knife hanging from his belt, and a skunk skin, the badge of his race, always worn round the left arm; the earnest expression of his face, and the graceful movements of his hands as he pleaded for his people. He often related the story of his own boyhood, his mother's death, his forlorn state, his father being

given over to the fire-water, no one to tend or care for him; no house, no bed, no place to sleep excepting by his drunken father's side. Then would follow the touching history of his own conversion. When he was rather more than twenty years of age, the Gospel was first preached in his neighbourhood. For many months he listened in vain to the message, the preacher's words, as he said, 'going in at one ear and out at the other.' One evening after hearing the missionary preach as he was returning to his home, he was greatly impressed by the beauty of the sunset. The crimson and golden clouds made the heavens seem to him as though on fire, and the words he had heard suddenly came to his mind about the Judgment-day and the Son of Man coming in His glory. Awestruck, he fell upon his knees in the lonely bush, and offered up his first real prayer. Then and there he gave his heart to God; and he has now for thirty-eight years lived an earnest and consistent Christian life. Very touching also was the account of his subsequent illness, his father's coming one evening to his bedside, and saying, 'My son, I see that you must die; I know that you cannot live. Now listen, my son, to my words, and know before you are parted from me that your poor father is a Christian. If you live to behold the morning light, you will see your father go to the missionary's house, and my other sons and daughters with me, and my grandchildren also. We are determined all of us now to become Christians.'

The appeal to English Christians was so successful, and the Indians worked so willingly in aid of the project, that on September 25, 1873, the Home was opened with a festal service. With eight boys and seven girls the work was begun; but five days afterwards a fire broke out in the middle of the night, and although all the sleepers were roused up and rescued, yet the whole of the building—including the missionary's house and furniture and all his personal property, the carpentering and bootmaking shops, the clothing and winter stores—perished in the flames.

Mrs. Wilson and the children were sheltered by the kind Jesuit priest who conducted a mission close by, and who had on a previous occasion generously helped them when they were short of provisions. He now worked manfully with the Indians to keep the fire from spreading to the church, which was saved, and procured clothing and medicines for the homeless family. The Indian children were sent to their friends. Unhappily the baby girl, carried by Mrs. Wilson through the rain, in fleeing from the fire had taken cold, and died three days afterwards. It was needful for the Wilsons to leave for a time, and as they went on to the steamer with the little coffin, Little Pine was sobbing bitterly, and Buhkwujjenene stood erect with head bent and eyes cast down.

Mr. Wilson spent the winter at Collingwood, chiefly engaged in preparing a Chippewa grammar and dictionary. Meanwhile, funds were raised in England and Canada to build the Home afresh in a more substantial manner. Beside the river that joins the two great Lakes Superior and Huron, the second Home was built. The corner-stone was laid by Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada, who took a warm interest in the work. There are now two Homes, the Shingwauk Home for Boys and the Waywanash Home for Girls. The former (named after the father of Little Pine) has a farm on which the boys work, and they are also taught trades. The girls

do the washing and mending for both Homes. It has been found desirable to give the children English names at baptism, for when a little boy of twelve bears the name of Ahzhahwushkokeyhik (Blue Sky) it is more convenient to call him James or George.

The Garden River mission was placed under the care of a catechist, and Mr. Wilson devoted his time to superintending the Homes, and to missionary journeys at intervals. *The Missionary* is the name of the boat, which was readily manned by some of the elder boys, and in which Mr. Wilson has visited many heathen tribes.

Very remarkable was their reception at Lake Neepigon, where a chief came up to Mr. Wilson as he landed, and told him that he was "the white teacher" for whom they had long been waiting. The chief declared that a good white man had met his father thirty-three years ago, and had advised him and his people to give up wandering lives and build houses. He had also promised to send a "black-coat" to them to teach them what was right. The old chief had persuaded his people to build log houses and clear the ground and plant potatoes, but they had waited in vain year after year for the promised teacher. At length he died, still counselling them to wait patiently and to get the white teacher to give them a school when he should arrive. "And now," said the chief, "we welcome you as the teacher my father told us to look for."

As soon as possible means were taken to satisfy the longings of these poor people. A considerable number have been taught and baptised. And now a plain wooden church stands upon a terrace overlooking the river at Neepigon, the centre of a flourishing mission.

The Homes, meanwhile, in spite of many difficulties and drawbacks, have prospered, and the good that has been effected by the change of wild, dirty-looking children into bright, intelligent youths and maidens, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Institutions of this character are full of promise for the future of the Indian people.

The Wesleyan Methodists have taken a full share in the work of Christianising and civilising the Canadian Indians. The schools and missions are numerous, and in many an Indian village the fruits of their labours are abundantly manifest. In 1808 the Rev. William Case had his attention forcibly arrested by the squalid misery of the poor Indians whom he met with in traversing the vast extent of country over which the remnants of the "Six Nations" were scattered. He became the promoter, and for many years the able superintendent, of the Wesleyan Mission to the North American Indians. The work began in a very humble way: a local preacher named Edmund Stoney held occasional prayer-meetings in the house of a chief near whom he dwelt, and sometimes added a word of exhortation. Then Seth Crawford, feeling called to the service, learned the Mohawk language and devoted himself to evangelising the Indians. Among those who heard him preach and were seriously impressed was Kahkewaquonaby (afterwards well known as the Rev. Peter Jones). Soon afterwards this young Indian was at a camp-meeting where Mr. Case and others preached. The young Indian chief's simple and artless account of the great change which he then experienced has moved many hearts. He was wont to tell how he first "felt sick in his heart," and how he

thought "the black-coats knew all that was passing within him;" and then how "the burden was removed while he was looking to Jesus, and he felt constrained to declare the power and goodness of the Great Spirit who had showed mercy to him a poor sinner." On seeing Peter stand up to praise the Lord for what He had done for his soul, Mr. Case exclaimed, with an overflowing heart, "Glory to God! there stands a son of Augustus Jones, of the Grand River, amongst the converts. Now is the door open for the work of conversion among his nation."

The prophecy was a true one. Peter Jones became a zealous and successful missionary to his own people, and, together with John Sunday, Peter Jacobs, and other converted Indians, did good service for the cause. For fifty years, with Peter Jones as a devoted colleague, Mr. Case dwelt among the Indians, and lived to see a rich harvest from the seed that they and their fellow-helpers had sown. Here and there all through the wilderness they saw the Christian villages they had formed, each around its modest chapel and school-house, with the habitations of the peaceful communities they had instructed in the arts of civilised life and to whom they had taught the way of salvation. Jones, Sunday, and Jacobs each visited England at different times, and very much impressed the religious public by their speeches on missionary platforms. They were living proofs of the reality of the work that was being carried on amongst the red men by the Wesleyans of Canada.

Another Indian who became eminent as a preacher of the Gospel was George Copway. As Kah-ge-gah-ga-bowh, he had been a veritable child of the forest, a keen hunter, and zealous in seeking the favour of the spirits who he was taught were everywhere about him. From a very early age he accompanied his father over the family hunting ground at the head of the Crow River, and he tells us how, when he shot his first bear, he felt as if his little leggings could hardly contain him. As a boy he had been very skilful in shooting birds with bow and arrows, but when he was allowed to use a gun he soon ranked high amongst the hunters.

The Ojibways, like other Indians, believed in a Good or Great Spirit, but the chief object of their religious exercises was the Bad Spirit, Mah-je-mah-ne-doo, who dwelt beneath the earth, and was the author of bad luck, sickness, and death. To him the Indians sacrificed, as choice offerings, dogs, whiskey, and tobacco. The dog had its paws painted red, and then, with a large stone and five plugs of tobacco about its neck, was flung into deep water, whilst drums were beaten and invocations chanted upon the shore. Whiskey was offered by pouring a little on the earth when a company of Indians were having a dram all round. It was also poured out near graves, so that their departed friends and the spirits might have a drink together. But ardent spirits were not always known to the Indians. It was the white man who brought the fire-water; and the Ojibways, against whom the brave Hurons and the terrible Iroquois had fought in vain, were conquered by whiskey. It turned them into demons, and Copway tells how when a whiskey "spree" was arranged for, the head chief would have knives and clubs and fire-arms collected and hidden away, lest the festivities should wind up with indiscriminate massacre.

But the time came when the pale-faces brought to the Indian something better

than fire-water. We must quote from Copway's narrative the quaint account of the way in which the Gospel message came to his family in 1827:—

“My father and I,” he says, “went to Port Hope to see our principal trader, J. D. Smith, about twelve miles from our house by Rice Lake, to obtain goods and whiskey. After my father had obtained the goods, he asked for whiskey. Mr. Smith said, ‘John, do you know that whiskey will yet kill you if you do not stop drinking? Why, all the Indians at Credit River and at Grape Island have abandoned drinking, and are now Methodists. I cannot give you any whiskey.’

“‘Tah yah!’ (an exclamation of surprise): ‘it cannot be; I must have whiskey to carry home; my people expect it,’ said my father. He wished to buy a barrel, but only obtained, after much pleading, about five gallons. My father promised to drink no



AGED CREE (OJIBWAY) CONVERTS.

more when the missionaries should come to Rice Lake. We reached home the same day about one o'clock, and the Indians were awaiting our arrival to have some fire-water. They assembled and began to drink and smoke. Many of them were sitting on the grass when the whiskey began to steal away their brains. One of our number suddenly ran into the road, and said, ‘The black-coats are coming, and are on the other side of the point.’ Each looked at the other with perfect astonishment. My father said, ‘Invite them to come over to us;’ and to the one who was dealing out whiskey, ‘Cover the keg with your blankets, and don't let the black-coats see it.’ The whiskey was concealed, and then came the messengers of glad tidings of great joy. They were converted Indians, saved by grace, and had been sent to preach to us, and to invite us to attend a camp-meeting near Cobourg. After shaking hands all round, one of them delivered a speech to the half-drunken Indians. He referred to the day when they were without the good news of salvation. He spoke with great earnestness, and the tears fell from his eyes. He said, ‘Jesus Christ, Ke-sha-mon-e-doo O-gwe-son [*i.e.*, the Benevolent Spirit's Son], came down to the world, and died to save the

people; all the Indians at the Credit River and Grape Island are now on their road to the place where the Saviour has gone. Jesus has left a book containing His commands and sayings to all the world; you will see it and hear it read when you go to Cobourg, for the black-coats have it. They wish you to come and hear it. Tomorrow is the Sabbath, and on that day we do not hunt or work, for it is the day which the Great Spirit made for Himself.' He described the way that the Son of God was crucified. I observed some of them crying; my mother heaved deep sighs; the half-drunken Indians were struck dumb, and hung their heads. Not a word was uttered. The missionaries said, 'We will sing, and then we will kneel down and pray to the Great Spirit.' He gave out the following hymn—

“ ‘Jesus ish pe ming kah-e zhod.’

“ ‘Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone.’

“They stood up and sang. Oh, what sweet melody was in their voices! The echo was so great that there appeared to be a great many more singers than we could see. After the hymn they prayed with the same fervency as they had sung.

“Peter Wason prayed, and his prayer said, ‘Oh, Great Spirit, here are some of my own relatives: open their eyes and save them!’ After the prayer they said they were going to Cobourg that evening, and if any desired to go with them they would have them do so.

“My father arose and took the keg of whiskey, stepped into one of the small canoes, and paddled some thirty feet from the shore; here he poured out the whiskey into the lake, and threw the keg away. He then returned, and addressed us in the following manner:—‘You have all heard what our brothers said to us. I am going with them this evening. If any of you will go, do so this evening; the children can attend the great meeting some other time.’ Every one ran to the paddles and canoes, and in a few minutes we were on the waters. The missionaries had a skiff. They sang again, and their very oars seemed to keep time on the still water. Oh, how charming! The scenery of the water, the canoes moving in files, crossing the lake to visit their first camp-meeting.”

The camp-meeting was a great success, and amongst the converted was Kah-ge-gah-bowh's father. The lad had been away in the adjacent woods with his bow and arrow, and returned to find his father lying partly on one of the seats. His first thought was that his father was ill, but the man exclaimed, “Come here, my son. I am not sick, but happy; kneel down and I will pray for you.” Copway knelt, and heard his father offer up his first prayer. Many Indians were kneeling and praying, and the work began that night to spread to several of the Ojibway villages scattered about the Canadian lakes. Young Kah-ge-gah-bowh, after renouncing heathenism, was impressed with a desire to teach his people, and became a missionary. He was sent to help the missionaries on the shores of Lake Superior, where a good work was going forward.

Curiously enough, some of the Indians, when brought under conviction, thought they were sick, and took their Indian medicines; but finding these gave them no peace, they

would come and talk to the missionaries. Many of the converts were very helpful, by going to the wigwams and persuading the unconverted to come and hear the missionaries. One old chief, Kah-be-wah-be-ko-kay (Spear Maker), was very vengeful, and threatened to tomahawk anybody that came to his wigwam with the white man's religion. "Already," said he, "some of my family are very sick and crazy." But the missionaries went to his wigwam armed only with Testament and hymn-book, and talked to his family, whilst the old chief would run growling into the woods. One day he was trapping martens in the woods, with his little daughter aged ten. The child seized an opportunity, whilst her father was busy with the trap, to kneel down on the snow behind a tree and pray for him. The old man was struck with remorse, and went home feeling "sick in his heart." A message came to the missionaries, "Your friend Spear Maker is very sick; he wishes you to call at his wigwam and pray for him." They went and prayed and talked with the old man, who was sobbing and sighing by the fire. Next morning he brought the teachers a large sack full of gods and "medicines," which he asked them to destroy. Henceforward he was a happy and consistent Christian, and remained steadfast when the heathen party appealed to him to join in the Grand Medicine Worship, which they kept up with drumming, singing, and dancing, for a whole week, near the mission, by way of a counter-attraction.

Copway travelled over the whole district, visiting Indians at their hunting grounds. He passed over the battle-grounds, where for generations the Ojibways and the Sioux had only met to murder each other. A chief who was with him pointed to a certain spot, saying—"There I killed two Sioux about thirteen winters ago; I cut open one of them, and when I reflected that the Sioux had cut up my own cousin but a year before, I took out his heart, cut a piece from it, and swallowed it whole." All about there were notches on the trees telling of warriors that had been slain.

We need not follow Copway through the details of his prolonged career of mission work among the Indians. He devoted his life to their service; translated for them a portion of the New Testament; pleaded for them before large meetings in the Eastern States, and left on record one or two interesting books on the history and customs of the Ojibway or Chippewa people.

But the missions to the Canadian Indians are only a portion of the great work that has been done in British America. In 1822 the Church Missionary Society established a mission to the Indians in the then young settlement of Red River, now known as Manitoba. The effort has been a successful one, and the descendants of the wild Indians, who then lived in brutality and degradation, now dwell in neat white houses, and cultivate their farms, and diligently attend the schools and churches.

Since the date mentioned, missions have been scattered over all parts of the vast territory belonging to Great Britain. "In every direction, along the banks of distant rivers which fall either into the Polar Sea in the north, the Pacific on the west, Hudson's Bay on the east, or Lake Winnipeg in the interior, the ministers of Christ have gone forth to spread the glad tidings of salvation."

The Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the Church Missionary Society, have all put

forth Christian efforts in these regions. To give an historical narrative of all these missions would be impossible in our limited space. We must therefore select two or three of the most important, and mention only such details concerning them as appear to be of striking interest.

On the banks of the Red River, whose waters flow into the Arctic Ocean, a mission was established in 1858 by Archdeacon Andrews, who came 2,500 miles from his Red River charge to teach the Tiunc Indians, amongst whom he laboured sixteen months. Partly by canoe down the river and partly by mountain-climbing, his successor, Mr. Kirkby, pushed on a thousand miles further, to Fort Youcon, then the furthest limit of the British possessions, but since ascertained to be within the territories ceded by Russia to the United States. He preached to the Indians, and after his return to Mackenzie River the Rev. Robert Macdonald settled here and laboured in the Youcon district with great success. Meanwhile, Mr. Kirkby journeyed amongst the scattered Indians between the two settlements, and built at Fort Simpson, not far from Great Slave Lake, a church, school, and dwelling-house. He had to work like a day-labourer himself, with the two or three men who were all he could hire to help him. In addition to his building and his travelling, Mr. Kirkby found time to translate hymn-books, tracts, Bible lessons, and an abridgment of Gospel history, and collected materials for the grammar and vocabulary, afterwards completed by others.

The Rev. W. C. Bompas came to Mr. Kirkby's assistance in 1865. After learning the language, he began itinerating amongst the tribes further north around Great Bear Lake, and subsequently in other directions, travelling many thousands of miles, for only in this way could the scattered tribes of this vast district be reached. In 1870 he went as far as the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and laboured amongst the Eskimos. These Eskimos are a tall race, the men averaging six feet in height, the women mostly smaller. The most prominent feature of the men's faces is an artificial one. A hole is bored through each cheek on approaching manhood, and a piece of walrus tusk inserted with a blue bead at the end. For one of these beads, worth a penny in England, they willingly give a couple of black fox-skins that will fetch £50 each. Mr. Bompas found them kind and hospitable, civil and skilful, but also passionate and lazy, and addicted to lying, stealing, and other vices. Their religion was made up of songs, dances, and conjuring; and like the Indians further south, each had his own bag of "medicines" and charms. They believe in a good spirit, whom they very naturally associate with warmth, and Atti, an evil spirit of cold and death. The latter they seek to propitiate with spells.

Numerous tribes of Indians, speaking different languages or dialects, inhabit the extensive region called British Columbia. Indeed, there are more Indians in this province than in the whole of America east of the Rocky Mountains. A great work has been done among the Tsimean Indians at Metlakahla, and we have seen how Clah, one of the converts from the mission, planted a Christian church at Fort Wrangell, in the United States territory. The founder of the Metlakahla mission was William Dunean, who went one evening in his youth to hear a missionary lecture. It was a wet evening, and scarcely any one came, so it was

proposed to put off the meeting. But the lecturer persisted in addressing the two or three who had come, and the result was that William Duncan devoted himself to the cause.

After training at a missionary college, Duncan was sent by the Church Missionary Society, in 1856, to Fort Simpson, where he found some twenty houses inhabited by English fur-traders, and nearly three hundred wood houses, in a long straight line beside the Pacific shore, inhabited by Indians. Soon after his arrival, he saw a crowd of these wild savages on the beach



ON THE NORTH THOMPSON RIVER.

ferociously tearing in pieces and devouring the dead body of a man. He soon met with an Indian, named Clah, who knew English, and with this man's aid he worked hard at the language of the Indians, and studied their manners and customs. He learned that they were not all cannibals, but that the "man-eaters" and the "dog-eaters" were two distinct parties amongst them.

The season of snow came, which kept the Indians indoors, and Mr. Duncan thought it a good time to do some visiting. Accompanied by Clah, he called at about

half of the long row of houses, and was well received by the groups of half-naked, painted savages sitting round the fires. "Good kind man" was the universal sentiment of the Indians, at which Mr. Duncan was considerably encouraged.

After toiling at the language for eight months, the missionary wrote out a plain sermon. Nine of the chiefs, when appealed to, agreed to assemble the people in their houses to hear what Mr. Duncan had to say to them. Nine times he read that sermon to audiences varying from fifty to two hundred. The people said but little, but their countenances showed that they understood and appreciated a good deal. At the close of the day Mr. Duncan thankfully wrote:—"About eight or nine hundred souls in all have heard me speak, and a great number of them, I feel certain, have understood the message. May the Lord make it the beginning of great good for this pitiable and long-lost people!"

The Indians saw that the superiority of the whites was largely due to education, and both children and adults came to the school, which was at first opened in the house of the chief Legaie. Then a school-house was built, the Indians providing material and doing the work, and fifty adults and a hundred and forty children were soon in attendance.

All was going on well, till in autumn Mr. Duncan refused to close his school for a month during the "medicine" season. To do so would have been to countenance all sorts of unholy rites and horrible festivals. Legaie and half a dozen medicine-men came in their feathers and paint, and strove to close the school, but Mr. Duncan held out, and though his life was threatened he was not molested.

Teaching, preaching, visiting the sick, Mr. Duncan laboured on, and in the course of a year or two there were about three hundred regular church-goers. The English settlers were astonished at the tidily dressed families going to and from the place of worship. A great many gave up painting their faces, and the ugly lip-rings and nose-rings went out of fashion. Legaie and other chiefs came to school, and in many ways the progress of Christianity and civilisation were manifested.

But the prevalent drunkenness, and the influence of surrounding heathenism, kept undoing much of Mr. Duncan's work. In 1863 he took a step he had for some time advocated, and went away with fifty of his Indian friends to found a new settlement on a retired bay twenty miles from Fort Simpson. All his associates promised to leave off all "medicine" (in the Indian sense), to give up drinking and gambling, to cease painting themselves, and be clean, honest, and industrious. Six weeks afterwards three hundred more followed on the same terms, and many others from time to time.

At Metlakahtla (as it was called) there were soon seen two streets of wooden houses and a church. This building developed into an edifice capable of holding seven hundred people, and the village grew and flourished, to the surprise of all visitors. The Bishop of Columbia came and baptised a number of the people, including Clah and Legaie. The latter gave up his chieftaincy and everything, and after battling with severe trials and temptations, the once fierce and passionate savage, whose hand was stained with many murders, became an industrious carpenter, and a right hand to Mr.

Duncan in his Gospel labours. Faithful to the end, he died six years afterwards rejoicing in his Saviour.

Metlakahltla, with its well-built frame houses and regular streets and roads, is a remarkable instance of "firm and Christian despotism." Mr. Duncan, says Mr. Tucker, "was made a justice of the peace by the Governor, and thus he had legal as well as moral force at his service. The latter was used almost exclusively for the Indians; by the former he kept at a distance the whiskey traders and other immoral folks, who would have negatived all his labours in a community whose Christianity was a plant of so modern and tender a growth. He found his Tsimean people had very artistic tastes, and could carve in ivory, wood, and stone, as well as produce good results as jewellers; he therefore set them up in these trades. To prevent dealings with objectionable people, he opened a store in the village, where all requisites could be bought; and in a little while he proposed to the Indians that they should buy a schooner, in shares, which should trade to and from Victoria, and be manned by themselves. This also was accomplished, and the vessel on some trips would return a profit of several hundred pounds.

"The internal government of the settlement was admirably managed by this same despotic authority. Mr. Duncan built a gaol and police-station, dressing his native officials in a proper uniform. Mindful of hospitality, and yet not wishing the clean houses of the settlement to be contaminated, or the morals of the people to be lowered, by intercourse with travelling Indians, a guest-house was provided by the settlement at the general expense. Having thus proved the capacity of the Indians for commerce and Christianity, this zealous missionary returned to England to acquire for himself a knowledge of certain crafts, and to obtain some machinery; and then, like another Peter the Great, he returned to instruct his people in the new arts which he had acquired."

A wonderful missionary work has been done amongst the Thompson River Indians. The Rev. J. B. Good was engaged at the Yale mission, on the Fraser River, when the chief, Sashiatan, so earnestly begged him to come sixty miles further up, to Lytton, that Mr. Good consented. Here, too, civilisation and Christianity have gone on hand in hand, and the catechumens and converts are numbered by thousands.

XXXII.—NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER LXI.

HEATHEN MAORIA.

Discovery and Description of Country—Captain Cook's Visit—Appearance of the Maori—Tattooing—Mental and Moral Qualities—Thievery—Passion and Revenge—Houses and Food—Baptism—Marriage Ceremonies—Polygamy—The System of Tapu—Legend of Maui—The Priesthood—Interpretation of Dreams—Honours to the Dead—Belief in a World of Spirits—Witchcraft—Dread of Night—Spiritualism—No Idols.

NEW ZEALAND was the name originally given, in 1642, by the Dutch discoverer Tasman to a couple of large islands encircled by numerous islets, more than a thousand miles south-east of Australia, and at the direct antipodes of England, the centre of the widest expanse of ocean on the surface of the globe, and containing "an epitome in miniature of all the great continents of the world." To the eye of the geologist, an eminent Austrian naturalist says, "it presents a scene of the grandest revolutions and convulsive struggles of the earth, which, continually changing the original form of the land, gave it by degrees its present shape." Carl Ritter, the great geographer, says, moreover, "it is destined before all other lands to become the mother of civilised nations." It is a colonial proverb that "in no other country does Nature know how to make a fine day as she does in New Zealand." Albion's enterprising sons have spread their tents there until they have come to regard it as "the Britain of the South;" although we are told that so fully alive are the natives to their own rightful landlordship and to the value of their land, that they prefer to lease it rather than sell out, so that it not unfrequently happens that "the native drives his buggy while the European goes on foot."

In New Zealand towns, the English visitor of to-day is chiefly struck by the non-foreign but quite familiar aspect of his surroundings; but in the country, nature still untouched by art possesses a sweet solemnity which leads his mind into the presence-chamber of its God: for in the forests all disturbing elements are missing, and the profound silence is often oppressive. As regards beasts of prey, it might be of New Zealand that the prophecy has been recorded: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:" there are absolutely none. There is on every hand a "boundless contiguity of shade," into the dense umbrageous recesses of which the eye can only pierce a few feet, and whose garb is the everlasting verdure of a most luxuriant fernery. Ferns are everywhere—on the ground, on the trees, on one another—from the monarch tree-fern, rising like some sculptured pillar until it bursts into a broad-spreading capital of fronds, to the tiny lustrous variety which adorns the shaft of this giant. One almost looks in vain for flowers. But the thistle, by repute imported by some Scotch adorer of the emblem of the curse, holds its own in spite of legislators and their "thistle ordinances." The whole atmosphere is impregnated with perfumes, and sweets are borne on the wings of every gale. On the bosom of the placid streams water-fowl sit in proud meditative state, so tame as to come within reach of the canoe paddles.

The proper name for this country, *Maoria*, should have been retained. But for long, the known custom of its cannibalism gave men a natural distrust of everything belonging to it. The famous Captain Cook first gained a footing on its shores, and



AN OLD TATTOOED CHIEF (*Photographed*).

established friendly relations with its brave, intelligent, but savage inhabitants; after which whaling vessels, putting in for water, kept open the only communication between it and the civilised world; even this being frequently interrupted by the cruel whites' rapacity, and the consequent wreaking of indiscriminate vengeance on the next whites the savages met. Thus, in 1772 twenty-eight Frenchmen were cut off; next year ten

Europeans were triumphantly eaten; and in 1809 the crew of the *Boyl* were massacred. To visit such a people was to court death.

The aboriginal Maori (name signifying anything native or indigenous) was a pronounced type of Polynesian humanity, composing one of the purest branches of the coloured Malay-Papuan stock. The Zealandic traditions of an ancestral migration are both strong and minute; the Tohungas, or learned priestly order, being great in "endless genealogies," recited the story of their forefathers with equal pride, but greater truthfulness than Anglo-Saxons have in tracing their "blue blood" to the Conquest; and their *memoria technica*, being nothing more than notched sticks, have proved trustworthy records in English law courts. Some *savants* have claimed for them a more remote origin than the people themselves; but it is not a little remarkable that notwithstanding tribal divisions and war, there is a consensus of traditional history throughout the country, the story everywhere told being that they sailed hither in several large canoes, whose names they religiously preserve, with those of their respective commanders, and the points of coast where each first landed. It is curious, too, that the story of an ancient exodus current in the Sandwich Islands agrees with this in detail, even down to the names of the canoes; and this tradition of their having come south from some sunny isle was singularly confirmed by the ease with which a Tahitian companion of Captain Cook could converse with the New Zealanders. It is interesting to notice how tribal divisions are still kept up in the prenominal "Ngati," which has descended as a relic of the occupaney corresponding to the Highland "Mac" or the "O" of Irish descent. Alas! that in presence of white brethren the pathetic tale of decay must be told; the Maori race, as if conscious of some fateful doom, is slowly but surely declining, the very introduction of the white man's blanket being apparently deleterious to its physique.

Physically the Maori was well formed and muscular, his face quiet in a strength which was latent, except for the vivacity of the dark, expressive eyes. With tutored self-command, he had the art either of concealing thought and feeling, or of giving them uncontrollable vent, and while he was proud in his bearing and bloodthirsty in his heart, his visage was more than a match for any thought-reading expert. For the mechanical symmetry of the curving lines deeply imbedded in his flesh left no possibility of facial expression; and for that imaginary beauty he would willingly pay a handsome price in suffering. So intense was the agony of tattooing, that only small portions could be taken at a sitting; and of one who insisted that his whole visage should be thus marred at one time, it is recorded that he died under the shock. The person to become thus beautiful for ever laid his head between the operator's knees, and had a series of incisions made by mallet and chisel in circles charcoaled on his face, all which outlines were soon rendered invisible by the streaming blood. The chisel-point, dipped in some venomous drug, caused almost immediate inflammation, over which a thick paint of oil and ochre was eventually plastered, so as to give the face as disgusting a look as possible. In the further ornamenting of the body were worn trinkets dear to the savage heart. Squeezed through the lobe of the ear would dangle a dead bird, or a live one fluttering pendent by its neck, the blood of the wearer freely flowing from

the desperate wound. They mourned their dead by lacerating their own living bodies till the blood gushed out. Happily the long-lost Levitical prohibition:—"They shall not make any cuttings in their flesh," was enforced by mission influence, and this engraving and painting of the "human form divine" is now a matter of history.

In regard to the mental and moral qualities of this interesting people, there were veins of silver in the clay. With all their savagery, their affection and their honour were genuine traits. The return of the young to the parental bosom after temporary absences caused unbounded and even anguished transports of joy; in spite of all their chronic wars, they were kind to one another. Sometimes, when a besieging party learned their foes' need of stores or spears, they would send a supply, laying them down in heaps near their defences and then retiring. But the method of showing affection was a mad one. In bidding farewell there was an overwhelming display of feeling; commencing with an ogling glance and a whimper; then, breaking into an affectionate exclamation, with a tear glistening in the eye and a wry face drawn, they would shuffle near the departing one and cling to his neck; then they cried outright, and used the sharp flint to face and arms, at last roaring most outrageously, smothering him with kisses, tears, and blood until he was only too glad to escape. The howling scene was re-enacted on his return; and altogether the dismal exhibition suggested that such extremity of fond devotion was but so much cant—a suggestion not diminished by the well-known power of savages to force the flow of tears, or to restrain them, at will. In the midst of an outburst of woful grief, they would suddenly be reminded of something more important, and they would instantly postpone the affecting tearfulness by saying that they could easily finish that at a more convenient season.

Thievery has ever been a virtue of the savage heart. Thus, while the missionary, the acknowledged friend of the Maoris, has been talking to them, they have cut the bridle off his horse, and when accused have instantly and unblushingly restored it. The nails of a pair of eamp-bellows were picked out, and when the only black-fellow by whom the theft could be committed was addressed, he could not speak, because he had concealed them in his mouth. Nor did their first acquaintance with civilised barter promote their honesty, for European roguery practised in vain upon their knavery. Counterfeit coin palmed on them, medals passed for dollars, and gilded farthings uttered for sovereigns, only served to create distrust of mercantile transactions altogether; and the native purchaser of a cask of gunpowder, finding on opening it in his distant home that it contained chiefly mould, was not to be wondered at if in his rage and disappointment he filled his basket of flax with stones to increase its weight, or his measure of potatoes with pieces of wood to enlarge the bulk.

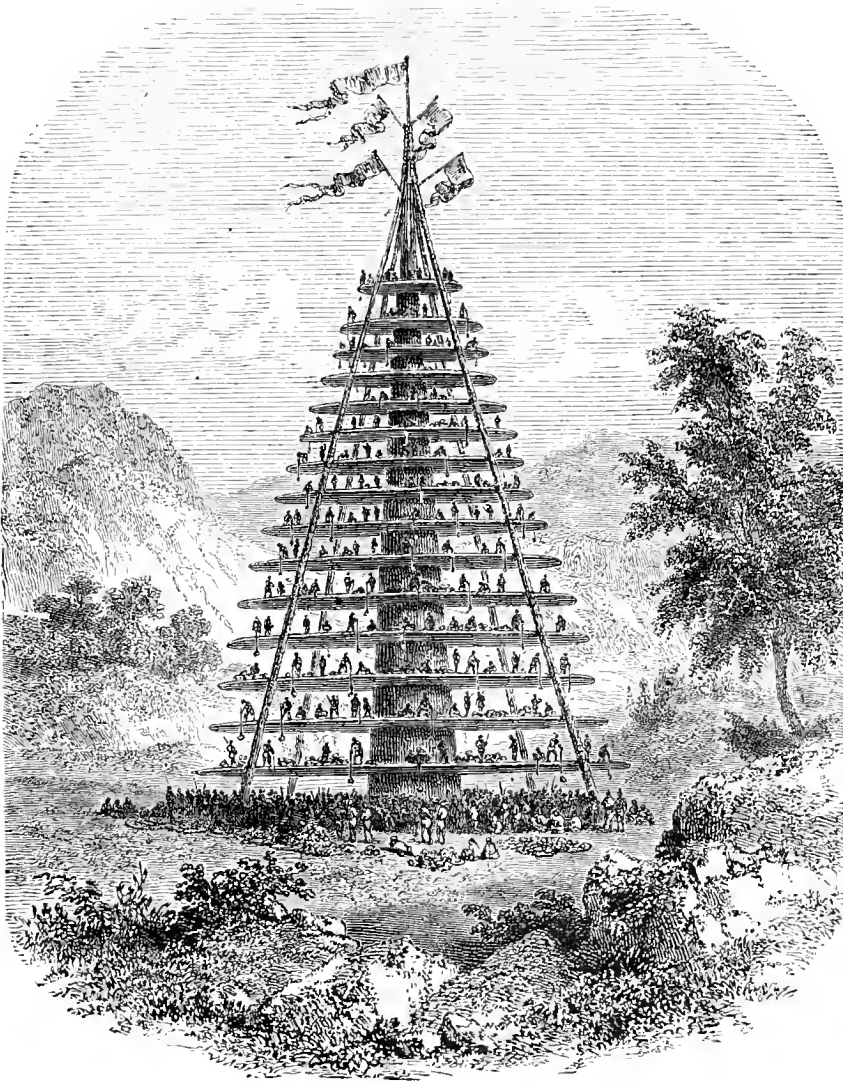
As regards passion, little was required to arouse the untamed demon in the New Zealander to a pitch of fury; and when the savage blood was up it was impossible to curb its ungovernable rage. Revenge was even sought by proxy. "The murderer's brother had killed the wife of Hopukia. When he escaped, an innocent

man, who was paddling a canoe with a European, was laid hold of, and but for the timely interference of the Christian natives, his life would have expiated another's crime. And then, according to their own law, his relatives would have avenged his death on the European that was with him." Thus were these dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty. War was waged for the express purpose of inflicting pain. From the most sensitive parts of the victim's body the blood was drained, that the conqueror might slake at once his thirst and his revenge by quaffing the ebbing life-stream. The diabolical spirit of revenge, and not the desire to satisfy hunger, made them anthropophagous, though they did not carry their cannibalism to the same extent as was witnessed in the vile orgies of some of their South Sea neighbours. From generation to generation an injury was had in remembrance; the heads of enemies being placed in rows on the house-tops, where biting taunts were hurled at them, as though the sightless orbs of the ghastly objects could see, or their deaf ears hear the bitter gibes.

Resentment was their strongest passion, and under its dark, malign influence they came to devour their foe as being the lowest degradation to which they could reduce him. "I have tasted human flesh," said a venerable Maori convert at a missionary meeting, "*and it was sweet.*" The last words, spoken with emphasis, caused a cold shiver to run through the audience. This "sweet" revenge was stimulated by mutual encouragement. The head of a slain one was preserved as a sacred thing, and when on the visit of some ally it was taken out for a sympathetic weeping, it became the central attraction of the occasion. The friend was led to the spot where the hideous reminder of his familiar acquaintance was conspicuously impaled for his behoof, and taking his stand before it in the attitude of broken-hearted grief, the big tears would course down his manly cheeks, until, giving vent to the overpowering melancholy of his soul, he forgot his grief in wrath, and worked himself up into a fit of rage bordering on madness; at which moment all slaves would keep well out of sight, or one or more would be slain as *pro tem.* substitutes for the foes who had beheaded his beloved. The ceremony over, the head was swathed once more in its grave-clothes, to await the advent of the next guest whose passion it was required to keep burning in like manner.

Before Christianity made life sacred and property secure, chronic wars compelled the people to huddle together in *pahs*, or fortified villages, usually built on commanding elevations, where they were governed by the arbitrary will of their chiefs. Houses were of timber and bulrushes, carved work being conspicuous, the walls of leaves interlaced rendering the dwelling warm and snug, but the head-room of only four or five feet making it equally inconvenient. Furniture they possessed not. A bulrush layer formed a bed, cooking utensils were red-hot stones, the water-jar was a calabash, a small carved box held their ornaments chiefly consisting of feathers; a stone axe was their one implement besides their spears. The village was thrown together with no regard to order; huts, sties or stores, in preservation or in ruins, were pitched at random among the superior dwellings of chiefs, or the stages raised on tree-stems for the security of produce from vermin or other thieves. In equal disorder plantations were scattered about, sometimes miles apart, as security against stripping parties.

The staple food after the potato appears to have been the *pīpī*, or cockle, for in every old *pah* this creature's shell is strewn in myriads, attesting its enormous consumption. Periodically a feast was given, when the quantity of food attacked was amazing.



MAORI FESTAL PYRAMID.

A pyramid eighty or ninety feet in height and twenty or thirty feet in its base diameter was constructed in tiers, as shown in the illustration, upon which was piled a solid mass of food, and the whole stupendous arrangement was adorned with flags. The bill of fare comprised sharks, eels, albatrosses, and potatoes, the extraordinary banquet being washed down with innumerable ealabashes of shark oil.

The Maoris had a rite supposed to be analogous to Christian baptism. A child

when born was wrapped up and laid in the sun. Its mother rubbed its nose to flatten it. A slit was made in the ear, and kept unhealed until it was sufficiently elongated for the insertion of a pendent ornament. At five or eight days of age was a ceremonious feasting, when the child was carried in a woman's arms to the side of some stream, and delivered to a priest who had been previously well fed. He recited a long list of ancestors' names. In the end he selected one, and as he pronounced it he sprinkled the child solemnly with a shrub or immersed it in the running water. The child was thereby consecrated to the god of war, was regarded as holy, to be handled only by the initiated, and with the greatest care nurtured by them in the superstitious and evil practices of its forefathers. Among the incantations mumbled by the priest, the bystanders could comprehend little but that the neophyte was desired to flame with anger and be strong to wield a weapon. The full prayer was never told, being of too sacred a nature. It addressed an unknown spirit supposed to hold the destiny of men and birds, and prayed that the child might be cruel, troublesome, adulterous, murderous, a liar, a thief—in short, guilty of every crime, emblematic of which very small pebbles were thrust down its throat to make its heart hard and callous and implacable. If a great man's name were presumptuously given to the child, it was presented to his friends to be eaten by them by way of compensation for an unpardonable offence. In this case a ransom might be made by a timely distribution of large presents of food, when the child was restored with singing to its parents, and old and young sat down to the feast in ancient style.

The marriage ceremony, if such it must be called, consisted in a tremendous scuffle between the bridegroom, who made a determined raid to carry off the idol of his heart, and her friends, who, at least in appearance, were equally resolved to hold her; while she, if never actually dragged in half, was thus considerably mauled. The success of the forcible suit ended in a feast, the happy pair being visited by a stripping party, whose time-honoured duty it was to seize as much of the bridegroom's property as could be carried off; another struggle was wound up by a dance, a talk over the marriage, and the distribution of presents among friends to sweeten their temper. Polygamy was common, and became the root of many social evils; jealousy inciting quarrels, murders, or bloodshed on an extensive scale. The fiend within the mother's breast, usurping the throne of maternal instinct, would throw the child but a few days old to the dogs or pigs, when, but for some rival, that mother would have died to save her offspring from harm.

"Land and women are the roots of war" became a Maori proverb, and war was the Maori passion. Even the women were martial, and the men were tutored to it from the breast. Arrears of reckonings for injuries, kept them alive with mutual distrust, and the avenger of blood was ever dogging his prey; but almost any pretext served as a *casus belli*; and while might overcame right, the weak went to the wall with loss of goods or of life. The braves under arms were almost undisciplined, but rushed to an attack under the furious influence of their passion, the party who made the first grand rush generally coming off winner of the field; for their war-shout struck terror in the breast of their adversary, who ran off in confused rout, well aware

that no attack would be made except by the party superior in numbers and ammunition. But they were intrepid as well as reckless, and in the ten years' war with the English, from being despised and feared they became respected by their civilised opponents; while military Europeans admired their skill and genius in the erection and defence of their *pūlis*. Here they showed a chivalry worthy of all commendation, whereas formerly the conquered had no mercy shown them, and if not killed and eaten, were enslaved as subjects of the conqueror's caprice, to abuse or to slay upon the first retaliatory necessity.

The Maori superstitions resembled those prevalent throughout the South Seas. For instance, the system of *Tapu*, elsewhere described, especially entered into all plans and purposes, with all the force of its prohibitory consecration, and constituted a network of grave embarrassment, and a ready occasion of feud, eventually disentangled and overcome by the Christian missionary.

The Maori mind being tinged with poetry, and the vernacular being highly coloured as the speech of an oratorical nation, the sage saws of New Zealand are rich in allegory; its proverbs require an interpreter to expound them, and its legendary lore is dark with oracular significance. According to its own account, Maoria was fished up out of the ocean: the myth being that an old man of the sea, Maui by name, slew his two sons for the sake of making fish-hooks out of their jaw-bones, handing at the same time their right eyes over to the sky, the one as the morning, and the other as the evening star. Fishing with the filial jaw-bone of his eldest-born, he fastened on a haul too heavy for even his strength, and for three months he tugged at it in vain; until at length he caught a dove, and infusing his spirit into it, the sacred bird soared above the clouds with the line, and drew up New Zealand above the waves. Maui on going ashore found much to astonish him, especially men and fire, the latter of which he took up in his hand not knowing its torture. When the sun set, Maui plunged beneath the sea after him, caught him, brought him back in the morning, and, to prevent his running off for good, weighted him with the moon, so that when he sinks he drags up the lesser light to rule the night. Maui holds up his right hand at odd times, and prevents men from seeing the sun or the moon, and he captured every breeze but the west wind, which in spite of him bloweth where it listeth.

Dreams wielded their own potent influence, some old person seeing every enterprise in visions of the night and interpreting the issues most favourably, and, whether grave or gay, momentous or trivial, with an equal earnestness of tone and gesture. Their reverence for the flight of birds reminds us of the importance attached to the same thing in the history of other portions of the pagan world. Their *Tohunga* was a patriarchal seer, the nearest approach to a priest, who uttered ambiguous things. "A desolate country! A desolate country!" he would cry when consulted by some war party, and when the encouraged warriors were slain to a man, this would only turn out to the greater glory of "Sir Oracle;" for of course not their enemy's, but their own land had been the one chosen for desolation. A favourite method of testing the issues of battle was for a youngster to select a spot sheltered from wind, on which, having cleared of ferns a space six feet square, he carefully planted a number of

sticks answering to the number of tribes at feud, placing them in two rows representing the battle array of the belligerents, naming each by the name of a tribe, and adjuring them in muttered sentences to declare the truth about the war. Then he retired to watch what the rising wind would do to his campaigning sticks; if the row representing the enemy fell backwards, it was a sign that the real foe would be discomfited; their falling obliquely promised only half a routing; should they fall so as to approach the others, then instead of their being demolished they would be the victors: a childish oracle indeed, and one easily stimulated by the cute youth's observation of the probable direction of the wind, and other private intercourse between himself and the spirit, which probably existed for the most part in the will of the chief who thus sought by jugglery to animate his warriors.

The dead were held in high honour, the biggest social pest in life being lamented with all the rites of *tapu* and festivity. When one day old, the corpse was severely beaten, in order to drive out of it any lingering traces of the old nature, while at the same time the spirit was sung away to the realms above or the regions beneath, according to the fancy of the singers; then it was trussed in a sitting posture, the chin resting on the knees; the head was dressed with feathers; the cheeks painted rouge and white, and for three days it was lamented with bitter wailings; dependents on the deceased cutting themselves with frightful curved gashes. Missionaries describe the night as made hideous in this valley of the shadow of death by the cries of the stricken heathen, and of its forcibly suggesting "that outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." The defunct was suspended in a box to a tree, and no further notice was taken of him until the annual assembly, when he was taken down, the bones scraped, bound up, and laid respectfully in their last resting-place in the ancestral burial-ground amid many ceremonies. This synod of united tribes was anything but funereal in its general tone; and dancing, whistling, wrestling, quarrelling, buying, selling, and telling lies, were the order of the merry day.

The Maori belief was that the soul did not cease to exist when it left the body, but flew either to a distant scene of happiness or to a nearer region of woe. The departed was supposed to be allowed such luxuries in the other world as he had been accustomed to in this. Slaves were slaughtered to attend their master in Hades, and it was no uncommon thing for a widow to hang herself in her desire to comfort her lord in his Plutonian state, quite content to leave to the care, or rather to the neglect, of relatives, the children who were thus orphaned of both their parents. Besides this, occasional liberty was supposed to be allowed to the departed to revisit the earth, when he would converse with his friends in sibilant whistles, under the guidance of some notable necromancer.

One night a tribe met in a large building for the purpose of such spiritualistic communion, and were bewildered in the darkness by hearing a voice which seemed to speak in the air and underground. The deceased believed to be thus called up, happened to be the lover of a girl, who declared that she would flee to him: her brothers restrained her for the time, but at midnight the report of a gun, followed by women's wails, announced that she had carried out her resolve. Her father, a *Tohunga*, supported

with one hand her lifeless body, and with the other tore in agony his matted hair, howling in despair over the wreck of his child, while his fellow-priest, who had been the medium, said in low calm accents, "She has followed her departed one."



MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD.

Witchcraft held its place in effecting divers dark ends, and, for the sake of gain, professional wizards peeped and muttered in the teeth of many a danger. "I have seldom known a man," is the testimony of a missionary, "who for any length of time has professed the sin of witchcraft, die a natural death." When an act of aggression was purposed without an adequate excuse, the accusation that the party attacked had caused sickness or death among the aggressors by the aid of evil powers was resorted

to, and the spells of the sorcerer were unavailing to ward off the sudden blow; his gains and his revenge equally perished, and he went down to his grave unpitied.

Frightful tales, exceeding in horror the most weird ghost-stories, were readily manufactured and accredited by this superstitious people. The night was a source of real dread. After dark every dimly outlined object was a monster about to devour them; the vast solitudes of nature were peopled with the indescribable "terror by night," which no effort to rid the mind of its foreboding was able to shake off. No proof had they ever of its dark designing existence; yet there it lay, as a secret influence by which their lives should be spirited away. They possessed a large measure of spiritualistic susceptibility; everything in nature being invested with supernatural power, every circumstance of life being under some unseen, ever-present spell, every tribe worshipping its departed ancestor and receiving from his consulted *Atua*, or spirit, mysterious replies, "half whisper, half whistle." It is said that when the first missionaries preached the Gospel, the Maoris consulted this *Atua* as to the truth of the new teaching. It is remarkable that the answers invariably declared Jesus Christ to be the true God, and to this circumstance the rapid growth of the Christian religion in New Zealand was in part attributed.

The superstitious New Zealander had, however, no idea of a personal Creator, and his very veneration of natural objects made it difficult for him to worship One only living and true God. Manufactured deities never rise above the passions of their votaries, and here "the gods many and lords many" were cannibal, and had to be appeased by the inhuman sacrifices of their inferiors. Malicious calamities of all sorts were brought to men's haunts by them; disease and death were explainable only by the fact of one of them, in the form of a lizard, entering the sick man's frame and preying on his vitals. One ludicrous tale was that of a missionary who resorted to a blister to cause the bilious reptile to bite on the outside, aperients having failed to exorcise the evil. This device, proving the lizard to be on the outside, completely succeeded; the patient grew instantly well, although the heated ovens were disappointed in not having him to roast.

Fear and dread were the only religious instincts of the Maories, and although they possessed a dim consciousness of a life to come, and knew good and evil, that future state inspired little either of hope or of terror, for it contained for them no place of reward and no idea of penalty. Idols they had none; neither public images nor domestic household gods—except their own repulsive countenances—were among the things which they required to abjure when they received the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

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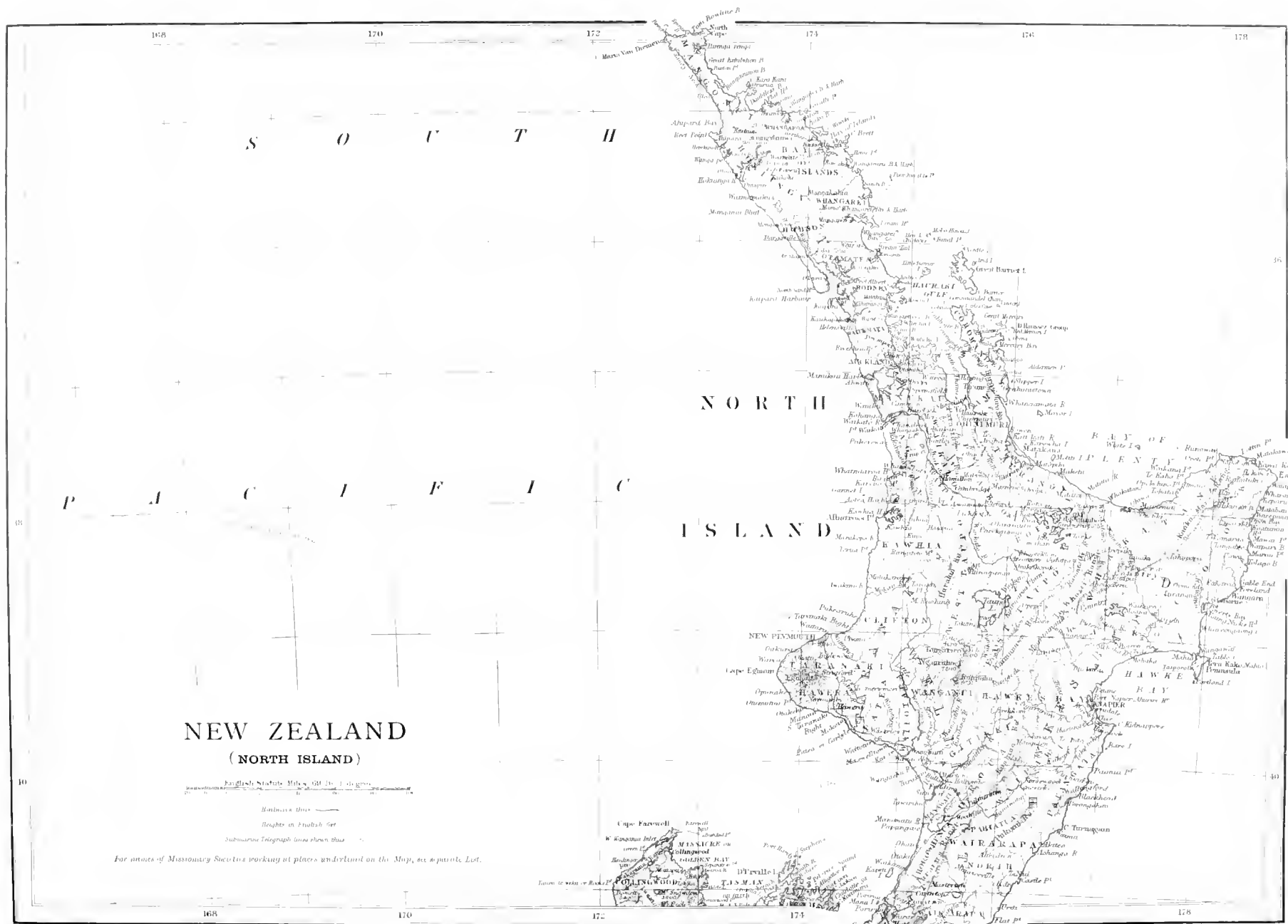
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For names of Missionaries





NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

(MISSIONS TO MAORIES.)



MISSION STATIONS underlined on the Map, alphabetically arranged to show the Societies working at each. The abbreviations used are explained by the following list:—

- C. M. S. . . . Church Missionary Society.
 Herm. . . . Hermansburg Evangelical Lutheran Mission.
 Aust. Wes. . . . New Zealand Branch of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Conference. (*Only imperfect returns available.*)

<p>AHIPARA C. M. S. AOTEA Aust. Wes. AUCKLAND C. M. S., Aust. Wes. GISBORNE C. M. S. HAURAKI " HOKIANGA C. M. S., Aust. Wes. KAIKOHE C. M. S. KAIPARA Aust. Wes. KAITIA C. M. S. KAUKAPAKA'IA Aust. Wes. KAWA KAWA C. M. S. KERIKERI " MAHURANGI C. M. S., Aust. Wes. MAKETU C. M. S. MANAWATU " MANGAKAHIA " MOHAKA " MONGONUI " NAPIER " OHINEMUTU " OPOTIKI " ORURUA " OTAKI " PAIHIA "</p>	<p>PARENGARENGA C. M. S. PORT WAIKATO " RAGLAN Aust. Wes. RANGITUKIA C. M. S. REPORUA " TAIPOROTU " TAPAROA. <i>See</i> Warepongi. TAUPIRI " TAURANGA " TE AUTE " TOKOMARU " TURANGA " WAIKATO Aust. Wes. WAIKANAE C. M. S. WAIMAMAKU " WAIMATE " WAIRARAPA " WAIROA " WAITOTARA Herm. WANGANUI C. M. S., Aust. Wes. WANGARA C. M. S. WAREPONGI. " (<i>Taparoua</i>) WELLINGTON C. M. S., Aust. Wes. WHANGAREI C. M. S. WHANGROA C. M. S., Aust. Wes. WHATAWHATA Aust. Wes. WOODVILLE C. M. S.</p>
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CHAPTER LXII.

MARSDEN AND THE MISSION.

Marsden's Civilising Theory—Tuatara—First Wheat in New Zealand—Landing of Marsden—Death of Tuatara—Scenes of Violence and Terror—Hongi and his Bloodthirstiness—Arrival of the Rev. Henry Williams and his Brother—Caution in Receiving Converts—Death of Hongi—Gradual extension of Missionary Influence—Heroes of Peace-making—The first New Zealand Martyr—Marsden's last Visit and Death.

IN days when the missionary triumphs of this century were but beginning, the task of converting cannibal savages appeared hopeless, and the current sentiment regarding them was that there was "nothing for it but to polish them off the face of the earth." Their energy and love of adventure having led individual Maoris to make voyages to the shores of Australia, from time to time they met the Rev. Samuel Marsden at Port Jackson, and soon attracted the earnest attention of that devoted convict-chaplain. New Zealand, it is true, was but a name hated and despised in New South Wales; yet beneath the murderous exterior of its tattooed travellers his humane eye, as though sensibly repeating Gregory's famous first view of Britons at Rome, and again uttering his dictum—*Non Angli, sed angeli*—read characteristics of a noble human type, and his heart was bent on preaching Christ to the distant barbarians, as well as to the bondmen under his immediate charge.

Thus Marsden may be justly regarded as the father of Maori civilisation, and the founder of the Zealandic Church. He began by inducing some chiefs to visit him, and so gained their confidence, while he was delighted by the ability and anxiety they displayed in discussing the elevation of their race. On one occasion he had as many as thirty of them at his parsonage at Paramatta, and the cannibal heart perceptibly softened in presence of genuine Christian love. In 1807 he visited London after an absence of fourteen years, and earnestly urged the claims of these warlike races on the Church Missionary Society, pleading that New Zealand opened "a great door and effectual" for missionary enterprise. The devoted man was listened to, for he appealed with all his might; and after mature deliberation, the Society resolved to proceed to the Antipodes as their second great field.

It was no uncommon thing in those days to suppose that a savage race must be civilised before it could be Christianised, and Marsden proposed to employ the arts of civil life as a step to the evangelisation of the ferocious people, who in his eyes were really common-sense folk, needing but a helping hand to elevate them. He therefore proposed to create a small settlement of emigrant artisans among the heathen Maoris; but no men could be found suitable or ready for such an undertaking. To go into exile in the uttermost parts of the earth among strange uncouth savages, whose language was unknown, and whose intelligence seemed limited to deeds of ferocity, was not inviting to ordinary flesh and blood. The inadequate sum of £500 per annum was voted by the Society, and two mechanics at length agreed to accompany the intrepid clergyman back to the new extension of his parish on the other side of the globe. One was versed in ship-building and navigation, the other in flax-dressing

and rope-making, and these were afterwards followed by a third. In order to the knowledge of Christ, they were instructed by the Society to introduce the arts of civilised life. Experience proved this a mistake, and Marsden, as if confessing the initial error, wrote, later on, these memorable words:—“Civilisation is not necessary before Christianity; do both together if you will, but you will find civilisation follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilisation,” an opinion verified in the history of this mission to a remarkable extent.

By a notable providence, the outward-bound vessel which conveyed the mission party across the seas carried in its fore-castle a poor emaciated New Zealander, by name Tuatara, who, under cruel promises of employment held out by English sailors, and with the innocent ambition of seeing King George, had worked his passage to England. Instead of gaining either end, he had been ill-used, cheated of his wages, abandoned to starvation, and finally left to make his way back to his native land as best he could. Marsden's indignation and sympathy were aroused by the man's tale, and taking the poor fellow under his care, he became the means of his speedy recovery, and the source of a gratitude so deep that Tuatara thenceforth belonged to the mission scheme as its most promising agent. Remaining with Marsden six months in Australia, he was then sent home to New Zealand laden with a profound sense of the Christianity of his host—a forerunner to prepare the way of the Lord among the Maoris.

Marsden and his settlers were greeted with disastrous news on their arrival at Paramatta; New Zealand was in every mouth as the scene of a late massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyl*, a large English merchantman, whose captain had wantonly provoked a chief. The horrible retaliation had led to worse reprisals, and some whalers having determined to execute their own vengeance on the cannibals, innocent and guilty were alike perishing. Excitement ran high between the races, and Marsden was constrained to delay his humanising enterprise; the more so that the colonial governor, whose despotic power was not to be gainsaid, forbade the pious enthusiast from exposing his life for the purpose of carrying out his chimerical schemes; thus it was only after a considerable lapse of time that the chaplain obtained leave to send his three lay pioneers with a greeting to Tuatara.

Among the many grievances suffered at the hands of whites which this man would have to recount to his friends when he regained his home, the story of Marsden's kindness stood out no doubt in striking contrast, and from that moment the convict-chaplain's name was hailed in New Zealand as that of “the friend of the Maoris.” The courageous clergyman would have gone himself, but for “the powers that be,” and thus three artisans became the first heralds of better things to New Zealand heathendom. When they arrived in the Bay of Islands, armed with the talismanic influence of Marsden, Tuatara received them with the liveliest expressions of delight; for so had a wondrous Providence overruled that his misfortunes as a castaway voyager, should become the shield and welcome of these defenceless strangers, as believers in, and heralds of, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

Another simple circumstance became the occasion of its further admittance. Among other things that Tuatara had received from his reverend friend, was some wheat-seed; from which he sowed the first crop of golden grain which that fertile land ever produced, and whose produce in forty years was to rival the best growth of English farms. Now, the Maoris could make nothing of their friend's green growing grass, for it had no potato-root when they tore up its stalks, and they could not



THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN.

imagine ship-biscuit being furnished by it. Tuatara waited, reaped his yellow field, and then borrowed from a trading ship a coffee-mill as the only means of converting the grain into flour; and great was the surprise of the still incredulous people when the mission pioneers, who had brought grindstones along with them, showed a white farinaceous stream flowing from beneath them. Hastily the first pancake was made, amid exultant shouts and dances; ridicule was turned into joy; and as Tuatara had proved true about the wheat, so he was believed about the good intention of these white strangers sent by Marsden to proclaim tidings of good-will.

On the occasion of two of the settlers visiting Paramatta shortly afterwards, in company of Tuatara and six other chiefs, Marsden's heart was filled with rejoicing at the sight of New Zealand stretching forth her hands unto God; and hope was strengthened, not more by the spared lives of his emissaries than by the earnestness of those who

had accompanied them. The scheme of evangelising the savage land was opening before him, and, obtaining leave, he decided to go back with the party on their return. But no captain could be found venturesome enough to take him to the cannibals' home. One asked six hundred pounds, so the chaplain forthwith purchased the brig *Active*—said to be the first mission vessel in the world—partly at his own expense, and partly hoping that her own trading would defray the rest of her cost, which in the meantime he had borrowed; a master-stroke of business which told well in many ways, the English settlers being able to barter stores for house-building timber, and fresh labourers being carried out to their work free of charge. With Marsden, embarked a motley crew to form the first settlement, Christian artisans who went as teachers of their crafts, accompanied by two sawyers, a blacksmith, an Australian settler, women and children, eight Maoris, five of whom were chiefs, together with horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry.

Dropping anchor in the Bay of Islands, Marsden found a kindlier welcome awaiting him, through the fame that had preceded him, than he could have hoped for under ordinary circumstances. The suspicious natives of the Bay were at the time in deadly feud with those of Wangaroa, so that to land in the territory of either might be misinterpreted as a slight towards the other; and how to show impartiality to all jealous eyes became a first problem. Unarmed, he landed with but one companion for the night, although Tuatara did all in his power to dissuade his friend from committing himself to what he knew of the fierce vindictiveness of his fellow-countrymen; and heroism perhaps never exceeded the bravery of that intrepid man of God, as at that moment he hazarded his life for his Master on that dreaded shore. A band of naked warriors armed with spears and clubs waited on a hill to bid him welcome, the eager warmth of which they indicated by brandishing their weapons, distorting their already hideous faces, throwing their limbs into the wildest gesticulations, and filling the air with screams and yells, until it appeared that the demons of another world were loose upon this. But the soldier of the Cross who faced them was safe, panoplied in unseen armour and in a good name of his own, which, once pronounced, acted like a spell upon the menacing crowd.

“Marsden, the friend of the Maoris!” was the cry; they all knew him well through Tuatara's report and their own intercourse with Paramatta, and he was kindly welcomed. With little sleep, but with indescribable feelings, he passed that night; the naked cannibal devourers of his countrymen slumbering in all directions about him on the ground, with neither huts nor tents to shelter them, and with their spear-heads buried in the earth in token of amity towards himself. There arose as a vision of the night upon his sleepless eyes the striking constellations of the southern sky, first an astral cross, and then a celestial diadem of brilliant stars; the “southern cross” and the “southern crown,” set there in the beginning to “be for signs and for seasons:” and now, like a Scripture written by unseen fingers, and inspired with heavenly cheer for the lonely apostle to the Maoris, “No cross, no crown,” was inscribed upon the canopy of the night; but as surely as the good and faithful servant was bearing the one, so certainly would he wear the other in the glorious issues which it announced to his work.

Thus, on December 23, 1814, he passed the night; and on Christmas Eve the olden anthem was never more forcibly repeated since the angels sang it, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." In the morning he had invited the chiefs to breakfast on board his brig, given them presents, explained the object of his mission, and begged them to be at peace; he even had the satisfaction of seeing the powerful rivals rub noses in token of reconciliation, and had entered with them into the sport occasioned by the landing of the live stock. Tuatara's tales of large animals, met on his travels, had only excited ridicule, and to all sensible Maoris the cows and horses, which, having no word for them, he could only describe as "big dogs," were creatures wholly fabulous, until they were actually landed from the *Active*. Then a cow, bellowing and frisking after her long confinement, sent the unbelievers scampering helter-skelter over the shore as became the mammoth "dog," and their amazement still further increased when Marsden mounted a steed, and pranced between their awe-struck lines. For the travelled Tuatara the triumph of the day was complete, and on Christmas morning, being a Sunday, Marsden saw from the deck of his brig the English flag hoisted on the highest hill behind the village.

At ten the ship's bell rang for all to attend an improvised church, half an acre having been fenced in by Tuatara, who had also made a reading-desk of an old canoe, and provided seats for the Europeans out of planks, after the style of the big civilised world he had seen. "The whole population of the neighbourhood assembled on the occasion, the warriors being marched rank and file into the enclosure. . . . The chiefs were dressed in regimentals which had been presented to them by the Governor of New South Wales, with their swords by their sides, while the savages stuck their spears in the turf as they squatted in a circle on the ground." The worship of the true God, which thus for the first time broke the stillness of that heathen land, was commenced by the Catholic-hearted episcopalian chaplain giving forth in stentorian tones "that grand old Puritan anthem," the Old Hundredth:—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell:
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

"Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take."

This in itself was a sermon; and then entering the pulpit, which had been rudely draped with mats, he told how "we are His flock," his text being the angel's Christmas greeting to the Bethlehem shepherds—"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." What must have been the emotions of the preacher, determined no less by kindness than by courage, to gain for his message, ably and impressively interpreted by Tuatara, an entrance into the hearts of some of the dusky

congregation to whom it was now for the first time addressed! At the close of the service they eagerly demanded of Tuatara to explain what it all meant, but he could only tell them that he did not fully understand himself, but that with patience they would soon learn all. Thereupon about three hundred natives surrounded the minister and commenced their war-dance, shouting and yelling in a most awful manner in testimony of their joy.

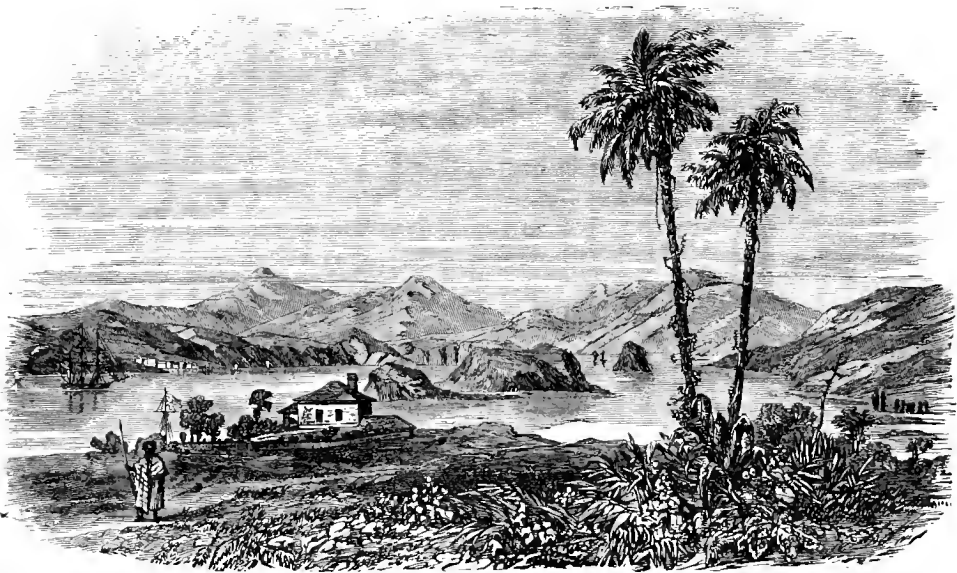


MARSDEN WELCOMED TO NEW ZEALAND.

Marsden's mission, thus begun, was the object of his fostering care for the next quarter of a century; and while he lived down obloquy and preached down vice in Australia, his heart was in New Zealand "with his beloved Maoris." A short coasting voyage was taken before he returned to Sydney, in which he was accompanied by twenty-eight fully armed chiefs, his desire being to secure a location for his work in their country. The lovely Rangihona was selected by them, the chief who vended it adding to the deed of conveyance a minute copy of the tattoo lines on his own face as his legal signature. Here extensive plans were projected for the cultivation of the soil, as well as for a town with regular European streets, and Marsden selected the site of the church before his departure.

But the ways of God are higher than the ways of His servants, and civilisation

was not to pave the way for Christianity. Tuatara, who had become much excited at the opening prospects of building and trading, and had exclaimed, "New Zealand will be a great country in two years!" after having spent years in Marsden's training with a view to this enterprise, fell sick before his friend's departure, and died four days after the *Active* had sailed. Thus the settlers were deprived of their most assiduous co-labourer in teaching the useful arts of life to the savages; and quick and active though these were, yet their native fondness for a rambling life stood as a great obstacle to their improvement. Like all savages, they could seek only immediate gratification—felling trees, making fences, or cultivating the



THE FIRST MISSION-HOUSE IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

ground—but other and more distant benefits they could not appreciate. The carpenter with his sharp-edged tools was popular, but the shoemaker's attempt to encase their feet in leather was utterly contemned; while learning to read was but a waste of time and temper. Thus the secular mode of elevating them to a condition wherein they might listen to the Gospel, although undertaken from high philanthropical motives, proved abortive, and the experiment served to enforce the doctrine that the faithful preaching of Jesus is before all things the Divine prime motor in the real recovery of any human tribes, however sunken or degraded. To every future mission scheme it proclaimed, that the Gospel is the pioneer of civil life.

These early employés not being licensed to preach, although Christian men and holding meetings for their own edification, made little impression on the character of their black neighbours, however earnestly they worked for their temporal benefit; and thus the conversion of the Maoris was not nearly so rapid at first as is generally supposed. Outbursts of passion occurred with such frequency that they could do no more than hold their own. Threats sufficient to drive away the most stout-hearted were unavailing,

probably because the threatened did not understand the language in which the native tongues abused them ; but their lives were entirely in the power of these frequently infuriated men. Their privations, too, were great : shelter, food, raiment, companionship, were lacking to them ; and some sent to reinforce them turned out so badly, that their names were ignominiously struck off the roll of mission agents. Struggling on in need of supplies, suffering through lowness of the Society's funds, incompetent to teach themselves the barbarian speech, breaking unwittingly the superstitious traditions of the people, hoping against hope for the darkness to pass and for the true light to shine, that noble band of Christian artisans, who were left alone in New Zealand to lift its abject sons to a better state, must have been men of no mean order, and they stand out on the page of missionary pioneering as heroes for Christ's sake—"workmen that needed not to be ashamed."

In 1819 the first clerical missionary, the Rev. J. Butler, sailed from England with a schoolmaster and a smith. The chiefs had now begun to perceive the temporal advantages of having whites settled with them, and they were displeased when they could not be thus favoured. One was extremely irate because no blacksmith had been given him. His wooden spades were broken ; he had no axe ; his canoes were dropping to pieces for want of nails ; his potato crops languished for lack of a hoe ; and although Marsden promised a smith as soon as he could get one, the man sat down and wept, surrounded by his wives.

We can scarce estimate the strain under which these first heralds of a brighter day toiled on ; but it was sufficient to break down the strongest nervous system. Two or three hundred naked savages rushing at a man, with levelled spears, brandished clubs, or loaded muskets, assuming, as they ran, postures the most fiend-like, assisted by yells the most terrible, made him perpetually sensible how subject he was to their caprice at each moment ; and in a life of such violent outward disturbance, and with his own heart sinking within him, he could but stay himself on God. Marsden was once reassured as he took farewell of his workers by the natives informing him that "Pakeha flesh was salt, not so sweet as that of the Maoris, and therefore his whites were in no danger."

When he went from Austraia with the new reinforcement just mentioned, he found that the warrior Hongi had marshalled a force of some thousands, and his war fleet was ready to sail on some devastating expedition, when his own unexpected appearance stayed the hand of blood. This proud and ambitious chief turned out an element of both good and evil as regards the preservation and progress of the mission. The early missionaries owed much to a visit that he had paid with a fellow-chief to England, when he returned full of the praises of everything Pakeha. In London he had been so courted, that in the belief that only out of a desire for New Zealand's good had these missionaries come to it, he warded off death and prevented attacks on mission property more than once. From him Marsden purchased for forty-eight axes a parcel of land, thirteen thousand acres in extent, at Keri-Keri, where he ruled, about twelve miles from Rangihona. Substantial buildings were after a time erected to grace the place, which, naturally picturesque, and the converging point of inland routes,

could not fail to become a centre of growing importance. Here the first attempt at a school came to grief, owing to the scholars' disappointment at their not being rewarded for attending; nor was church attendance more popular among the adult community, for the bell seemed to be a signal to all within hearing to abscond simultaneously. When they saw fit to come, they would present themselves in "a state of nature," absolutely nude, or decked in various fantastic styles, and the pulpit's universally accorded prestige of being "coward's castle" was imperilled by their ignorance of grace; for at any telling word of the preacher they would start and cry unanimously, "That's a lie!" and when their sin was smitten by its reproving voice, they would flee out of doors like a scared warren of affrighted hares.

Gradually at Keri-Keri the scene was changed, until at last the severest penalty that could be inflicted on the young blacks was the forbidding them school privileges for wrong-doing, and the house of prayer became too strait for its eager throng of worshippers: the station arose, a bright ornament of Christian Sabbath-keeping, and the lives of not a few of the first seals to Mr. Butler's ministry were closed by triumphant entry into the joy of the Lord. The change became noted, for the contrast between the eastern and western shores of the Bay of Islands was very visible. There was the war-god with its wild worship of naked savagery yelling its defiances, or moaning its dirges of pain; and here the "church-going bell" summoning a dressed assembly to adore the God of decency and order.

Report of these early days does not allow itself to speak of *well-dressed* assemblages. "I have seen a person come into chapel," said one missionary, "at whose monstrous appearance I had the greatest difficulty to restrain a smile. The sleeves of an old gown had been drawn on as a pair of stockings, two small baskets fastened on the feet as shoes, and one gown over another, so placed that you could see the flounce of one, the body of a second, the sleeves of a third, and the collar of a fourth, with a piece of old striped shirt thrown carelessly over the shoulders as a shawl, a pair of trousers hung round the neck as a boa; but so arranged as not to conceal any other article of dress."

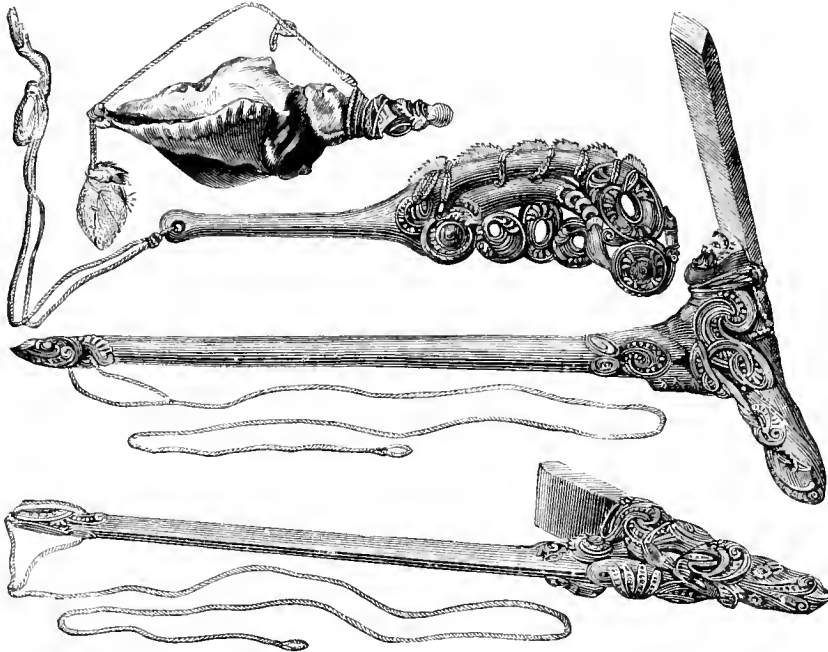
The prospects of the mission, thus gradually brightening, were soon overcast by Hongi's war-cloud. For if the truth must be told, his visit to England in 1821 had rather spoiled than improved this chief, so that while he had learned to believe in and defend the mission on the one hand, his haughty and bloodthirsty ambition menaced its very existence on the other. That "most religious and gracious King," George IV., with whom he had been indulged an interview, had given him an appropriate token of his royal love in a present of fire-arms; and the beauty of British monarchy had so impressed his Maori heart that he had resolved not only to bless New Zealand with that titular distinction, but with himself also as its sole ruler. His whole nature was set upon clambering into the Maori throne. In his insatiable rage, he would exclaim, "There is but one king in England, and there shall be only one king in New Zealand." From the moment of that royal favour he seems to have determined to wade to the supremacy of his native land through

a river of Maori blood—his one immediate object being the possession of arms and ammunition as the means to that end.

Reaching Sydney, Hongi straightway converted his many costly English presents into about three hundred stand of the coveted fire-arms. The Church Missionary Society, although they had treated him right regally as the friend of their work in this country, had exasperated him by denying him these dangerous play-things, and in New South Wales Marsden gave him great offence for the same reason; for, although the friend of the Maoris, there was one thing his civilisation would not do for them. The dragon's teeth of the civilised world were being sown in guns, powder and shot, throughout New Zealand, obtained from traders, and the deadly results were paralysing Christian effort; so that Marsden would supply no weapons whatsoever, and his smith was strictly ordered not to touch the implements of destruction. Hongi was highly incensed, and his people catching his spirit, refused to work for the mission agents except they were paid in muskets, or in money that would purchase them. The glittering array in London's Tower had fascinated the visitor to England, and King George, who he was surprised to find was a weak old man, kept his seat on the throne by means of arms and armour; and this man's determination to gain the supremacy was being baffled by the missionaries, so that he was highly incensed against them, and allowed, if he did not instigate, insolence and injury on the part of his people towards them. Marsden, finding that some of his staff pleaded hard to sell muskets to the natives, addressed the settlers, the missionaries, and the Maoris on the subject, and finally wrote home—"I think it more to the honour of religion and the good of New Zealand even to give up the mission for the present, than to trade with the natives on these terms."

But nothing appeased Hongi's appetite for power, or his rage for guns by which to obtain it. At Marsden's table he bespoke a war with Hinaki, whom he met there as an old enemy, at the very moment when the good host was discussing a mission project for Hinaki's tribe. With murderously distorted countenance, he bade the chief hasten home and build his *pah* for the attack. The two slept, ate, worshipped, and sailed together after that; but Hongi's threat slumbered not when they reached New Zealand. In successive attacks he slew thousands of his fellows, cooking on the field three hundred at one time, himself drinking the warm life-blood of his hated rival, and swallowing his eye. The poor victim had, with more Christian sense than his enemy, sought to dissuade that ambitious savage from purposes that were immovable, but Hongi had long yearned for that advantage which his deadly fire-arms quickly gave him. Fearful battles were fought; old and young in hundreds were carried off as slaves; many more were mown down, to become, after the carnage, the loathsome sport of cannibal revels. A complete dispersion of all the tribes, from the Thames to the Waiapa, took place: the land was given to slaughter. From Cook's Strait to the Waitemata there was wailing: the effort to redeem the Maoris appeared neutralised, and the ambassadors of God's peace on earth were in despair. Hongi, in unconcealed contempt for their pacific persuasions, stalked through the land raining his deadly fire upon its stricken inhabitants.

Marsden, proving himself as great a general in a good cause as Hongi in a bad one, returned in 1822 with the Rev. (afterwards Archdeacon) Henry Williams, formerly a gallant naval officer, and now an ardent soldier of Jesus Christ. Resolved to open the campaign of peace in the heathen land, whose rumours of wars were causing the Society's ears to tingle with horror, Williams strenuously urged the conversion to God of these Maoris as the prime object of the mission; and at the third station (began in 1823 at Pahiā, in the south of the Bay of Islands, sixteen miles from Keri-Keri) the success of his directly Christian effort on the native heart



MAORI WEAPONS.

and conscience was in due time very great. Instead of wheat-growing being "the one thing needful" to set before the savage, the end of his being was made to hinge on his devout reception of the Saviour; and instead of seeking to break up hereditary customs and debasing superstitions by instruction in "trades," the citadel of Maori wickedness was stormed by means of the olden proclamation, "Repent, believe, and live!" "First," said Williams, devoted admirer of Marsden as he was, "I shall seek the highest spiritual good of New Zealand, and then, as opportunity offers, embrace the wheat-sowing, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and carpentering."

With this determination of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, in the belief that all civilised *desiderata* would be added thereto, he began preaching the Gospel of peace to tribes who on every side were in a state of uncontrollable wildness, Hongi never having professed Christianity, and throwing only the shield of his patronage over the Pahiā mission. From dawn to dusk the rush habitation wherein Mr. Williams spent his first year there, was beset by natives who, attracted

by the novelties of a white family, deemed their curiosity had a right to satisfy itself on all points at all hours: doors, windows, and fences proved no protection against the most untimely intrusion: and instances occurred of domestics joining the household for the sole socialistic purpose of equalising property. For two years the mission was subject to such annoyances, and then the wilderness began to blossom, and the natives tamed down into orderly propriety.

Maori law ordained that a man injured or plundered should make reprisals against the injurers. Thus a rude chief hurting his foot in leaping the fence to take something from the mission-house, demanded redress with all the savageness of his race, and for three days threatened with frantic gestures to fire the house, only modulating his tones while the family were at prayer. Mrs. Williams sent him some tea, hoping "it might prove a quieting draught; but before long he was prancing about in the yard with other hideous figures armed with spears and hatchets, and some few with muskets." But after the change had come, it was soon recorded that "they were able to lie down in peace every night without fear of molestation, the windows not scoured, and in a ranpo (rush) hut which would burn to the ground in less than ten minutes." In connection with an intermarriage, a complete reconciliation between the two greatest tribes paved the way for the diversion of the people's mind from what had been their life-object, "to save their lives and to get guns."

As Marsden was sailing out of port, the vessel which he had bought at great personal outlay struck and was wrecked, and he was delayed two months at the Bay of Islands, shielded from all plunder by the chiefs, who held him in loving reverence. The brave Williams also, and his heroic wife, found themselves, with their three little ones, "comfortable, nay, never more happy" than in the work of winning the hearts of the savage people that crowded around them. The great project of building a schooner was undertaken, and after twenty months' toil a goodly craft was launched under the name of the *Herald*, to the astonishment of the natives and to the relief of the settlers, who during that time had been left without communication with the rest of the world, and were consequently suffering from lack of supplies. With the acquirement of the language the name of the Lord was more extensively proclaimed; but there appeared no effect until a few days previous to the battle of Kororareka, when a change was seen in the natives of the settlement, several expressing a desire to turn from their evil ways to the Redeemer. But Paihia suffered much from the conduct of masters and crews of vessels touching there, for it was a land without law, and civilised evil-doers found ample scope for giving rein to their iniquities.

In 1825 the Rev. William Williams, afterwards Bishop of Waiapu, joined the mission staff of which his brother was a chief ornament, and the first conversions to Christianity took place, several heathen being baptised. Among these came Whatu, a former guest of Marsden, who had heard but had not understood the Gospel at Parramatta. Now this chief, to his soul's comfort, and with willing mind, embraced the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ, and became the first-fruits of New Zealand Christianity. Another chief during the previous year had gone to reside at Paihia for the sake of its mission, and had induced his people to observe Sunday, and he too became a humble

disciple of Christ. Mr. Williams baptising him after many months of steady consistency; his being the first Christian Englishman in New Zealand. "Christian Rangit" was the new name given at this first open profession of Christ by a Maori. After their ten years of labour, Marsden and his devoted mission staff were greatly cheered by Rangit, who, before his death in 1825 "gave this testimony that he pleased God," and departed saying, "My heart feels full of light." It is a significant fact, illustrative at least of the caution with which the early missionaries received candidates for Church fellowship, that no other baptism took place for five years.

But everywhere reflective minds were inquiring into the motives which prompted the Christian religion; and enfranchised victims of Hongi's wars, liberated in some cases at the instance of the missionaries, carried to their homes the knowledge of Gospel truth and reports of the wisdom and kindness received from its teachers. Thus multitudes of people whom ruthless masters would have formerly dragged to death or slavery, were released to become the best humanising agents to their far-off countrymen; and the atrocities of the battle-field pointed to a salutary future wrested from them, by the hand of Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him. Deputations applied for Christian teaching; at the Thames the natives cordially received the servants of God near an ill-fated *puh*, where still "human bones lay scattered about in all directions," the site and the remains of Hongi's repulsive feast.

That haughty warrior's brutal schemes at last recoiled on his own head, and he fell in a domestic strife. His nephew shot himself when an intrigue between himself and one of his uncle's wives was discovered, and to revenge himself Hongi attacked his own friends, but only to find, to his cost, that fire-arms were as destructive in their hands as in his own; a bullet pierced his lungs, and after lingering for months he died at Paihia in 1828. Although he had never professed Christianity, he forbade the usual incantations at his funeral, as well as the sacrifice of slaves to appease his *manes*. In a fashion he had been patron of the mission, ordering his own people to be kind to the "doers of good," and exclaiming before he died, "Let the missionaries sit in peace!" And from that moment their doors remained unbolted in times even of alarm, and they enjoyed a peaceful security to which they had hitherto been strangers. The natives put on a more orderly demeanour than they had shown before, attended Divine service regularly, were altered in conduct, and some even appeared to inquire the way of salvation. But the savage heart still lurked beneath the self-righteous formality thus engendered, and the main features of heathenism remained unmoved; polygamy, adultery, theft, lying, suicide, were still as confirmed habits as though no missionary had appeared; and the increased number of settlers from so-called Christian countries, with their introduction of intemperance and prostitution, made it a wonder that any gracious influence should be felt at all.

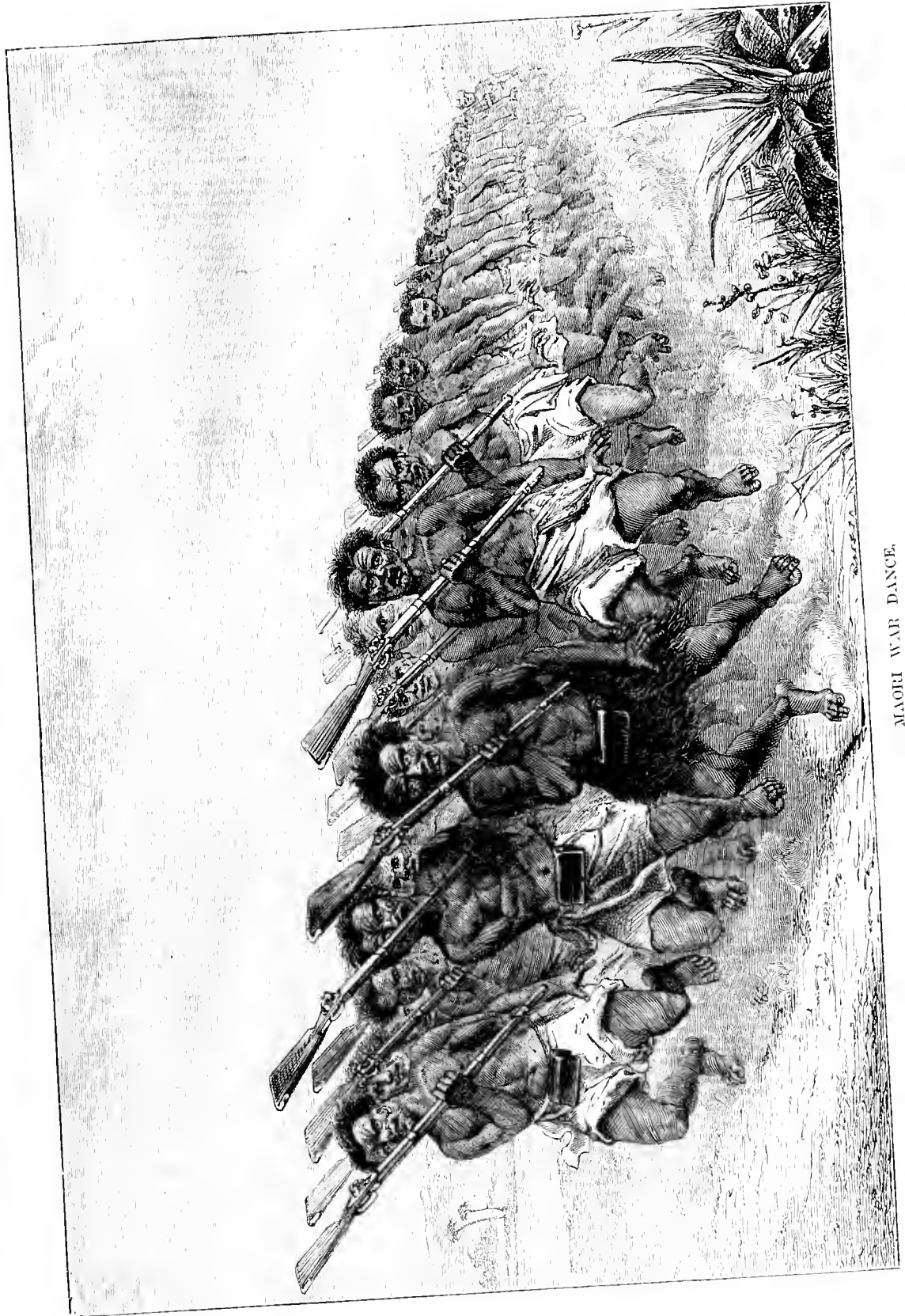
Up till 1830, entry into the heart of the land had been refused by the natives in their jealousy of the white man, but the advantage created by the establishment of each successive mission station made its own impression, until the missionaries, instead

of having to push themselves in, were inundated with invitations to possess themselves of the goodliest of the land. Maori eyes could attest the truth of that Scripture which saith, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." In that year a purchase of land was effected at Waimate, in the interior, the native assembly, met for the purpose, expressing itself satisfied with the payment received, and concluding the day's business with volleys of musketry and a speech from their chief, the peroration of which concluded—"Be gentle with the missionaries, for they are gentle with you; do not steal from them, for they do not steal from you; let them sit at peace on the ground that they have bought, and let us listen to their advice, and come to their prayers. Though there be many of us, missionaries and Maoris, let us be all one, all one, all one.—That is all I have got to say!"

In three months the enormous work of constructing a road, cutting through a wood, and building three large bridges across rivers, was accomplished, native labour being directed by the English mechanics. Thirty acres were fenced and laid under cultivation, the British plough being driven by youthful savages whose forefathers had never seen a horse; wells were sunk, mills set going, and numerous other works completed, the very implements being constructed by the wild people who till now had never known the yoke, but whose intelligence was equal to their willingness in the work set them by their Christian tutors. Sunday and week-day schools were held; the children being instructed, in addition to elementary book-learning, in such simple arts as would be beneficial to them in the way of turning the unknown resources of their country to account.

In four years the hopes of Marsden and his coadjutors were abundantly realised at this centre: the untutored sons of nature, who for ages had lived in habitations as rude as themselves, became strongly influenced by the higher attainments of Christianity; chapels sprang up in the villages around, some of matted raupo (rush), or of neatly sewn bark, others of substantial weather-board. The toils of six days caused the solemn stillness of the seventh to stand out in bold relief: the joyful rest was ushered in by a bell at half-past eight; worship began at nine; a Maori hymn was sung; the liturgy, printed in the "language understood of the people," was read, followed by other hymn-singing and an address. The chapel used to be excessively crowded, sometimes hundreds being unable to gain entrance. After service all Christians had some special work for their Master to attend to in the way of visiting, teaching, or reading, and the day was brought to a close by another short service.

Peculiarly happy were these "days of the Son of Man" to the self-exiled children, of far-distant English homes, who, in the wilds of New Zealand, were hasting to bring the deluded heathen to do homage to the Lord they loved. The deep stillness proclaiming the cessation of week-day work was broken by the mellow tones that called to prayer and praise, amid the familiar bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle: and the rustling morning wind, at whose rising the mountain mist that hung over one of nature's fairest scenes rolled from off its lovely features, became an emblem



MAORI WAR DANCE.

of the mighty breath of the Spirit, which should shortly scatter the clouds that for ages had hung upon the land.

In response to the repeated pleading of tribes resident at the North Cape, Kaitaia was next selected as a station, at a point where, half-way between the coasts of the long northern promontory, the land is so narrow that the roar of the surf on either beach is distinctly heard. Some delay was caused by the lowness of the Society's funds, but in 1834 Mr. Matthews made it his permanent home, constructing small rush houses for himself, his wife, and another couple, who together formed the little band which there began to teach the Word of God. There roads were cut through the entanglement of mighty ferns by the Maoris, who were most anxious to enjoy frequent intercourse with their new friends; and the works described in connection with Waimate, together with the observance of the Sunday, were soon repeated here. The following may serve to illustrate the intense eagerness with which they afterwards inquired the way of life at Kaitaia:—

“During our visits to the sick of Ahiparu, I visited the hut of a poor cripple, whom I found with a New Testament lying by his side. I asked him if he could read, as I saw he had a book. He replied in the affirmative. He was asked, ‘How did you learn to read?’ seeing he had never attended a school. He said, ‘I used to creep about to pick up (after raking the rubbish thrown out of my neighbours’ houses) all the bits of printed paper I could find. Sometimes I got a half-leaf of a New Testament, sometimes a bit of a leaf of the Prayer-book. These pieces, which I got from time to time, I used to sew together. Then came the task to learn to read. This I accomplished in the following manner:—I pointed to a word, and asked my brother to tell me its meaning. This I often did, till at last I could manage to read a whole verse, and from that to a chapter. I can now read any chapter!’ I next inquired: ‘Do you esteem the Word of God?’ He replied, in his expressive language, ‘It is my pillow!’”

“Give us missionaries to teach us, and we will cease to war,” became now the general cry, like the voice of a second Macedonian saying, “Come over and help us.” On the site of his future bishopric at Waiapu, William Williams preached to an assembly of five hundred, and fixed upon it as a new station. On another mission tour, divine service was held at Turua, a village hitherto unvisited by mission agents, and to the astonishment of the preachers a congregation of more than one hundred and fifty Maoris correctly and musically sang the hymns and made the responses, having been taught by lads from the Paihia school. At another place, Mata-mata, they came upon a dreaded warrior, Waharoa, “sitting in the midst of his nobles,” and even this wily savage graciously welcomed the travellers, and pleaded hard for a missionary. A sixth station was formed at Puriri. The missionaries could now pass freely everywhere, and when William Williams and the Rev. R. Maunsell, ascending the Waikato river, selected a further mission site at Mangapouri, they said that in five minutes forty men were clearing it for the erection of the house.

In connection with Puriri we cannot pass over an act of heroism performed in 1835 by two of its staff, only appreciable thoroughly by such as knew the vengeful

Maori nature, and illustrative of the kind of work these men had to do and dare. A war-party unreconciled to terms of peace accepted by their allies, had prepared to slay some unsuspecting flax-scrapers of the hostile Waikato tribe. "Wilson and Fairburn, taking a few Christian disciples as guides, started in a stormy night from Puriri, descended the Thames, crossed its Frith, ascended the Piako, walked through mire across the ranges, and before night succeeded in anticipating, by a few minutes, the arrival of the war-party. The flax-scrapers had barely time to glide away on the stream of the Mara-maru before Koinaki, the leader of the Ngati-maru, with characteristic gesture, dashed into the deserted *whare*. He did not enter in a straight manner, but, tomahawk in hand, leapt obliquely through the doorway, making a defensive ward as he sprang. Finding no prey, he emerged, and met Mr. Wilson, who confronted his passionate gaze with calmness. The disappointed warriors kept sullen silence for two hours. Sheltered from the rain under the same roof with the missionary party, they neither ate nor spoke. Silence was broken by prayers, commencing with a Maori hymn:—

"E! Ihu homai e ko
He ngakau hou ki au."

"O Jesus! give to me
A heart made new by Thee."

The stern features relented. When the service was ended, the thwarted war-party became courteous. All wended homewards on the morrow, Mr. Fairburn from exhaustion and excitement fainting repeatedly by the way. Koinaki, struck by the manner in which the Christians had risked their lives for peace' sake, said: "If Waharoa will cease fighting, so will I." He kept his word.

When Waharoa was upbraided for his vengeful cannibalism, and the missionary, reminding him that he might not return from war, pertinently asked, "How would he meet his offended God?" the heathen chief fiercely shouted: "Stop! say not that! If I am killed, what matter? If I return, will it not be well?" He vanished with his thousand men, not brooking reproof from those upon whom he would lay no hand; although, in consequence of his carnage, the missionaries were constrained to withdraw from Rotura and Mata-mata, two projected stations, as warriors were prowling everywhere. Despair for a time overwhelmed them; many were slaughtered before their eyes; and "when an old chief fell and a savage foe tore out his liver and ate it reeking hot in revenge for a grandfather," these promising extensions of their good work were left, as places which had become human shambles.

On their flight a raid was made on the mission party itself, and the young daughter of a chief, entrusted to the care of Mrs. Brown, a missionary's wife, was murdered. After the Christian burial of the body, the bereaved chief manifested quite a Christian spirit under his loss in a solemn address to his fellows, whom he entreated to take no murderous revenge for the deed, saying: "Let peace be now made. My heart is not sad for Tarore, but for you. You asked for teachers. They came, and now you are driving them away. You are weeping for my daughter;

but I weep for you, for myself, for all of us. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God's anger towards us for our sins. Turn to Him. Believe, or you will all perish."

Tarore herself shone in her young martyrdom as a light in a dark place, for she had carried the Maori Gospel of St. Luke along with her, and with its torn leaves her murderers made cartridge-paper. But some fragments were carried home, and being read by a slave-boy who had been at school at Pailia, became the means, in the unfolding of Providence, of that murderous tribe sending later on the son of their chief to implore that missionaries might be sent them. When in 1839 Henry Williams introduced the Rev. Mr. Hadfield to this new field, he described the systematic work of the slave-boy Matahau thus: "He has laboured with astonishing zeal and perseverance. He has taught many to read, and has instructed



MAORI WAR CANOE.

numbers, as far as he is able, in the truths of the Gospel, so that many tribes for some distance round call themselves believers, keep the Lord's Day, assemble for worship, and use the litany of the Church of England. The schools, also, are numerous. I felt that our boy Matahau had set an example which ought to rouse the missionaries to every exertion, and act as a powerful appeal to the friends of the Society at home."

Four months after his last war, Waharoa appeared before a great *pahi* on Lake Rotorna, and the mission station was plundered; Mr. Chapman was absent, but Mr. Knight was carried into the victorious camp, where the booty had just been brought in, including sixty bodies for a war feast, and but for the intervention of Waharoa's son, it was believed that the missionary would have been added to the number. The mission building was fired, and the deserted camp, visited at the end of a month, was described as "a valley of bones, the bones of men still green with flesh, hideous to look upon." Fighting was afterwards carried on, but was somewhat retarded by the conversion of some to Christian peace. In a retaliatory war, which had agitated all the northern tribes, many chiefs refused to fight, as their own relatives were the aggressors; and the missionaries were very sanguine of establishing a peace. Two sailed to distant parts with a view to preventing threatened hostilities, and the

result was so far gratifying that when the expedition left the Bay they were desired to accompany it. A strange picture the white-winged mission-boat made, as she sailed out amid her convoy of dark, long, ugly-looking canoes with their hideous figure-heads, and manned by swarthy paddlers, who kept time to the wild shouts and gesticulations of a demon-like being who stood in each above the rowers' heads. After some weeks on the summer seas the flotilla entered Tauranga harbour, and a fight was imminent; the missionaries returned after vain remonstrance, and the Great Enemy appeared to triumph; but after a week's absence they revisited the warriors, now wearied by delay and disposed to give them better heed. Yet again the ambassadors of peace returned disappointed to the field of their ordinary labour, interrupted for months as that had been by the war-god; nevertheless, the opportunity of preaching Christ to distant tribes *en route* was not lost, so that the glad tidings of salvation spread in localities where otherwise it would not have been heard, and encouraging indications were everywhere given that God had great things in store for His labourers who were thus faithfully sowing beside all waters.

The natives of Waikato, a harbour on the western coast, applied next for Christian instructors, and a deputation sent to them returned after three months, with reports of the goodness of that land of promise. The whole northern savage population of the land was appealing loudly and earnestly to the servants of God for help; the mission therefore reviewed its strength, so as to place to the best possible advantage the limited number of its agents available for the demand of the vast territory stretching out its hands to God like a second Ethiopia. But it was a hard battle that the soldiers of the Cross had to fight, against the combined evils of Maori passion and abandoned European lawlessness. A strange idea of peace had the inflammable spirits of those wild battling tribes. At Sunday services, the chiefs, with the Parramatta influence still strong upon them, would induce their followers to attend them; and the enforced restraint would end in war-dances accompanied by the dangerous tune of bullets whistling in the air, fired sometimes by mutual arrangement of those at feud, to the delight of their savage hearts.

A war broke out in consequence of a whaler having insulted a chief's daughter. Eight hundred opposed six hundred, and Henry Williams stood between the lines of contending warriors, but a few yards apart, and screened from each other's sight by leafy fences. He raised his voice in vain, for a stray shot rendered all conference null. A great chief, too, rushed between the combatants to stay them, but he fell, and then peace seemed impossible. A hundred lives were sacrificed; houses were fired; a vessel in port was covered with the wounded; two thousand armed men were ready to renew the fray, of which this first battle was but the opening, when Marsden opportunely arrived upon the scene. Fathers had been fighting sons; brothers were at war with brothers, when, during a truce in which they all mingled freely, a shout announced, "A ship! Mr. Marsden!" It was echoed tremendously, as the old man stepped on shore with his daughter, and was welcomed by each serried rank of vengeful savages in turn. A day was spent in parleying; but the war had been caused by an Englishman, and Marsden could give no satisfaction. It was finally decided

that Williams and he, with deputies from each camp, should arrange a peace. Marsden preached on the following day, being Sunday, possibly drawing a contrast in his sermon, as he did in his journal, between the two sides of the Bay, the one decently clad, reading prayers, the other abandoned to wrath and death. Thirty-six war-canoes came bristling up on the Tuesday, and Marsden was told that if peace should not be concluded he must die as the rest. That day was spent in anxious deliberation, and at night the leading chief made a grand oration, and cleaved a stick in two to signify that his anger was broken: peace was then concluded by the hideous war-dance, to its usual musketry accompaniment.

No sooner had the country apparently ratified this pacific termination of the good men's labours, than a general war threatened in the south! Thus lived the first Christian toilers among the Maoris, in one constant scene of indescribable savagery. Meanwhile the imported diseases of Europe, equally with its fire-arms, were decimating the people, and the pale-faced element threatened to make New Zealand the playground of deep-dyed scoundrels, who, indulging in their orgies with impunity out there beyond the pale of civilised laws, were a disgrace to humanity. Marsden wrote of them to the Church Missionary Society:—"These are generally men of the most infamous character, runaway convicts and sailors, and publicans who have opened grog-shops in the *pahs*, where riot, drunkenness, and prostitution are carried on daily."

Some few encouragements were not wanting, even in those early days. School examinations showed considerable progress, and church attendance, in some at least of the seven stations planted, was well maintained. In 1830, Taiwhanga, a great warrior in Hongi's wars, was publicly baptised, and other conversions were hopefully awaited. Mrs. Williams expressed the missionary rejoicing at that event, thus: "When I saw Taiwhanga advance from the other end of our crowded chapel with firm step and subdued countenance, an object of interest to every native as well as to every English eye, and meekly kneel where six months before we had, at his own request, stood sponsors for his four little children, I deeply felt that it was the Lord's own doing." At Rotorua, visited by the mission in response to earnest entreaty, the Maoris were most eager to be taught to read and write; and one man mastered the alphabet in half an hour so as to be able to teach his companions.

Seven times did Marsden visit New Zealand, each time with beneficial consequences, compiling a grammar, or installing fresh men, or founding a new station: now opening schools for the people, and again mediating to quell hostilities; always proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the Redeemer. His last visit was a memorable occasion. He was too old, he said, to preach to the grand colonists at Sydney, but he could still talk to his beloved Maoris. Bowed down beneath the weight of seventy-two years, with failing vision and racked by internal pain, he sailed to bid farewell to his mission, tended by his daughter. The captain of the ship that landed him at Hokianga, recorded in a letter the calm cheerfulness with which he bore his intense sufferings and displayed unabated zeal in his Master's cause: and the venerable patriarch of the Zealandic Church was greeted wherever he went with tokens of unutterable joy. Thousands poured in from every quarter to do him homage, and he

held one perpetual levée with them. They carried him in a hammock through the forest to the Waimate and back, a distance of six miles, on their shoulders. For hours one chief sat on the ground gazing at him in silence. The farewell was a solemn apostolic adieu, and they sorrowed knowing "that they should see his face no more."

Within the mission sphere "the dear old gentleman was delighted with what he saw." In five months the brave and vigorous spirit departed to be with Christ; his latest utterance was in response to some remark on the Saviour's preciousness—"Precious, precious, precious!" and the slandered and derided friend of the Maoris, the unflinching reformer of convicts, passed to his rest. The Church Missionary Society recorded its "deep respect for his personal character, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church, who raised and so long preserved this distinguished man for the good of his own and of future generations. . . . While he omitted no duty of his own proper ministerial calling, his comprehensive mind quickly embraced the vast spiritual interests, till then well-nigh entirely unheeded, of the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean. It is to his visits to New Zealand, begun twenty-five years ago, and often since repeated, and to his earnest appeals on behalf of that people, that the commencement and consolidation of the Society's missions in the Northern Island are to be attributed."

To "the Apostle of New Zealand" it is not too much to say that Great Britain owes, under God, both the colony and Church of her Antipodes. Bishop Selwyn, arriving three years after Marsden's death, and, himself prepared to tread in his apostolic footsteps, wrote thus of what he found:—"We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. God has given a new heart and a new spirit to thousands after thousands of our fellow-creatures in this distant quarter of the earth. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all with one heart and one voice praising God, all offering up daily their morning and evening prayers, all searching the Scriptures to find the way of eternal life, all valuing the Word of God above any other gift, all in greater or less degree bringing forth and visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruits of the influences of the Spirit. Where will you find, throughout the Christian world, more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the Kingdom of Christ?"

CHAPTER LXIII.

SELWYN AND THE SETTLERS.

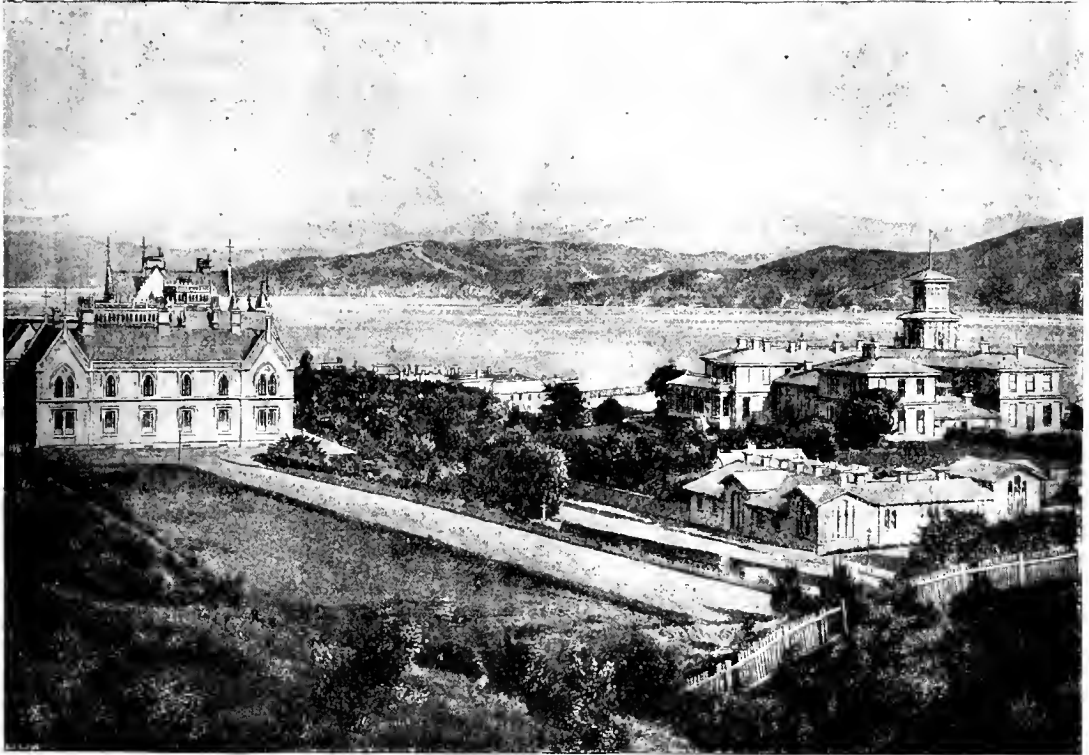
The British War-ship *Alligator*—The New Zealand Land Company—A million Acres sold for Guns and Gunpowder!—Captain Hobson, R.N.—The Treaty of Waitangi—Wellington—Trial by Jury—George Augustus Selwyn—The Waimate Mission—The Father of Maori Episcopacy—War—The Wairau Massacre—Governor Grey—Land-grabbing—The “King-Maker”—Beginning of the Ten Years’ War.

MARSDEN, hastening to the rescue of his endangered friends, was constrained to admit, as early as 1827, the necessity of a British protectorate. Up to this point he had hoped that the country would unite under some one chief; but Hongi had failed in his ambitious scheme of subjugation; and though all chiefs would zealously tread in his footsteps in affecting the supremacy, none were willing to be ruled by anyone but themselves. Henry Williams endorsed the opinion that the British Crown must stay the atrocities fomented by Europeans. A sanguinary captain had allowed cannibal rites on board his English ship; Europeans and Maoris alike were being alarmed by the threatening attitude of the French: a British war-ship—the *Alligator*—sent out to reconnoitre, had left a frightful stain on the fair name of our Christian nation, and the narratives of atrocities committed by His Majesty’s officers, and published by the surgeon, curdled the blood of every reader. The word of a gentleman had been broken—in itself an unpardonable sin in Maori etiquette: flags of truce were flying when a fearful fire had been poured into the native ranks: villages had been cannonaded when crowded with women and children: a chief advancing to a parley unarmed had received nine bullet-wounds: a game of football had been played with a Maori chief’s head by English soldiery on the deck. And all this was witnessed in a land where the writer had beheld a spectacle of most affecting interest: “week after week whole multitudes met together to make known their wants to the God of the whole earth, laying aside all malice and all guile:” effects undeniably introduced by Christianity. England was roused to horror at the blood-stain on her escutcheon: much more was Maoridom likely to be excited.

To anticipate the Government in its colonisation schemes, a New Zealand Company was formed in London, the purchase of land by missionaries having become a source of discussion at an early date. Visiting the islands in 1838, the sagacious Bishop Broughton of Australia had foreseen the scandal to the mission cause which rumour might raise, about the preachers of righteousness abusing their position to become like other harpies, seeking their own selfish advantages. The Company’s agent, Colonel Wakefield, who was instructed to observe the same terms of purchase as the missionaries, bought land by degrees of latitude: and at a time when the Company had no valid title to a single acre, he was ready to sell coasts, rivers, and vast tracts of inland country, until it became patent to any observer that his claims would be hotly disputed. A few chiefs had signed away their ground, but there were multitudes among their people who had ancestral and tribal rights to the property. “Upwards of a million acres purchased for less than fifty pounds in trade,” was Wakefield’s boast, the “trade” as set forth in a schedule consisting of “two hundred muskets, thirty-nine

guns, eight kegs of gunpowder, two casks of ball-cartridge;” and among other items of nefarious payment, “seventy-two hoes and a gross of jews’-harps.” Thus it was that the mission was handicapped by the demon of war. In one instance a chief snapped his gun over a barrel of powder, and blew himself and his comrades into the air.

In 1839, Captain Hobson, R.N., was sent out with a view to the colonisation of New Zealand by the British Government, who were actuated by an honourable desire



PARLIAMENT AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT WELLINGTON.

to have the fair or fraudulent claims set up by the Company and others properly tested. At a grand meeting at Waitangi, Hobson entered into a treaty with the chiefs, wherein they ceded to the Queen their sovereignty, and had guaranteed to them their inalienable right of disposing of their own land and other property: but designing men laboured only too successfully to impress the native mind with the idea that an English occupancy meant ill-treatment of the Maoris, as, alas! it had meant only too truly in the case of other subject races: and some six chiefs, whose minds were thus poisoned by the casuistry of French Romanists, opposed the scheme with great violence. “Send the men away!” they cried: but the eloquence of a leader of Maori thought came opportunely to the rescue, as he appealed to his countrymen to place confidence in the missionaries’ Queen, and turning to Hobson, said, “You must be our father!”

A day was allowed to intervene for reflection, and Williams, the labourer of upwards of eighteen years, proved more than a match for the French Bishop, who was a

comparatively recent settler. The character of the missionaries vouches for the good faith of the English, and it was well that there were men who could show the Maoris that the word of an Englishman might be trusted. Forty-six leaders signed the treaty in presence of at least five hundred of inferior degree, and many hundreds of signatures were afterwards obtained and witnessed by officers, merchants, clerks, and missionaries. Hobson stated to the Legislative Council in 1841, that but for the aid of these last "a British colony would not at this moment be established in New Zealand." "Henry Williams had but to raise his finger and his *mana* (virtuous influence) would have weighed more with the Maoris than the devices of Colonel Wakefield or the office of Hobson." Already he had effectually checkmated the manœuvres of that adventurer in "trade," and, in retaliation, accounts were sent home of the mission land purchases, in which the Colonel denounced the archdeacon's "selfish views, his hypocrisy and unblushing rapacity," language which only recoiled on the reviler's head in the estimation of all who knew the two men. William Williams at the same time petitioning the Queen against the unauthorised "trade" system, the Company confounded the one brother with the other, and poured out its abuse on Henry.

The Duke of Wellington had favoured colonisation, and hence the Company called the first English possession in New Zealand by his name. In September, 1840, the British flag was hoisted at Auckland as the capital, but in 1864 this was removed to Wellington, which has been since and will be henceforth the capital city of the colony, where the Legislature meets and the administrative Government is carried on. A swarm of speculating harpies now seized upon the prey; land-jobbing absorbed all interest of every class: in some cases tracts of five hundred square miles were claimed by single individuals: until, a proclamation having stayed the traffic, the conflicting claims of natives and Europeans fermented through all society: "the teeth of the serpent were sown everywhere; the children of the soil were to wage fratricidal war, and, too late, to discover that their own disunion was to subject them to the yoke of the invader."

Trial by jury, which the Maoris now saw at Auckland for the first time, had a curious effect upon them. A young man had slain some persons in a savage passion, had confessed his crime, and was given up to justice by his father, the moving cause of which act was, perhaps, fear of the chief in whose tribe the outrage had been perpetrated, "aided by the earnest efforts of Henry Williams." The criminal had been associated with white desperadoes, and the Maoris held meetings to decide whether they should allow themselves to be dealt with by foreign law. Their chief, who was absent at the surrender of the murderer, was furious when he heard of it; but the principal chiefs prevailed, and signed a memorial expressing loyalty to the Queen, denouncing the offender, and leaving English law to demand its own penalty. The Maoris could not understand taking upon trial a man who had confessed, wondered at the grave process of proving the accusation, and declaimed against the cruelty of keeping the wretch alive after condemnation. The man, attended by a clergyman, admitted the justice of his sentence, and "died a perfect penitent." He was hanged and buried in the gaol. After many months, the father begged the body, bore the carefully scraped bones to the ancestral cemetery, and composed a

dirge over his lost child. The next cause that came up for trial at the Auckland assize was one that brought in a British subject guilty of a "common assault" against a Maori, and his sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labour was not only a preventive to the committing of such offences by lawless Europeans, but also a convincing proof to the natives that justice would be meted out equally to both races.

A personage second only to Marsden in the annals of New Zealand Christianity now stepped upon the scene. The Company had embodied in its charter the idea of a bishopric, for which it had promised an endowment from its lands. A "Church Society of New Zealand," with many influential men in its ranks, applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the appointment of a bishop as a necessity in the new colony, and George Augustus Selwyn, curate at Windsor, was chosen—a youthful prelate but a vigorous. Barely thirty-four, none doubted his fitness for the post, for he possessed just the gifts needed in a world so distant and so strange as was the Antipodes to a young Englishman fifty years ago. Physically, he was a great athlete, having rowed twice in "the 'Varsity;" his mind was highly cultured and deeply earnest; his spirit was indomitable, and his zeal apostolic; he was Christian to the core, and just the man to be received by the wild Maoris and almost wilder settlers as a true leader of men, and "to wield an influence over them for which the worldly minded could not render a reason." Before sailing in quest of his diocese, which in those days was no Hesperides with its Golden Fleece, he displayed business-like energy in gathering funds for it. His last Sunday in England was passed at Exeter, in whose cathedral he preached a farewell sermon which struck a chord in every hearer's heart, his text being the Jewish exiles' plaintive strain, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" His prospects at home were known to be bright; but he went "far hence," he said, "to seek for a place for the temple of the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob; in the hope, like David, of finding it 'in the wood.'"

The Antipodes was an altogether strange land in those days, and what was known of it was, for the most part, terrible. The labours of such men as Marsden and the brothers Williams and Hadfield were little recognised, and what was on every lip was the horrible tale of its cannibal outrageousness. Selwyn took with him several clergymen and students, and during the voyage he himself became so conversant with the Maori language that he preached in the strange tongue on the first Sunday after his arrival in Auckland, in 1842. The mission more than met his expectation. "As for the people," he wrote, "I love them: from my heart, and my desire to serve them grows day by day." Soon all Maoris loved him, and he gained the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. His name became a proverb. A chief, informed that a zebra was untamable, said, "Ah! you never tried Bishop Selwyn with one!" During a tour with the Bishop of Newcastle, he walked on foot beside his episcopal brother, who was mounted. The horseman, gaining on the pedestrian, was brought up by a stream of water, but the knot was cut by Selwyn coming up, crying, "Follow me!" and plunging without more ado into the river, to the exceeding astonishment of his right reverend friend.

His first home was at the Waimate Station, which forthwith became the head-

quarters of the Church Missionary Society's operations. Here he founded a school, which was, during the troublous times, transferred to St. John's College, Auckland. His large and valuable library he stored in a spacious stone building at Keri-Keri, ten miles off; and a favourite "constitutional" before breakfast was to



BISHOP SELWYN.

(From a Photograph by Mr. John Collier, of Birmingham.)

clamber over the rough, hilly road to his books. His first visitation consisted of a five months' walking tour through the Northern and Middle Islands, his shelter being a tent, which did duty also as a church. His iron frame was made to "endure hardness," and his published journals read like a romance. He reached Auckland on his way back to the Waimate, his clothes in tatters, his last pair of shoes worn out, his feet blistered and tied up with native flax. "I reached the judge's house," he says, "by a path avoiding the town, and passed over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral!—a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops, better shod and far less ragged than myself." His whole

career embodied the sentiments of his first charge to his clergy:—"The episcopate is a title not of honour but of work." "It is to be hoped that the title of 'a dignitary of the Church' will never be heard in New Zealand. No earthly dignity, either in Church or State, can equal the moral grandeur of the leathern girdle and the raiment of camel's hair, or the going forth without purse or scrip and yet lacking nothing."

The letters patent of his preferment extended his diocese to thirty-three degrees of latitude north instead of south, and so comprised Japan. He looked upon the mistake as providentially comprehending the South Sea Islands, and would not have it altered. In the *Undine*, a little vessel of twenty-two tons, which he navigated himself—having, with wise foresight, learned the art on the outward voyage—he began the Melanesian mission, cruising about among the sunny islands of the frequently tempestuous Pacific; and to this charge he afterwards consecrated that martyr-bishop, the singularly gifted and lamented Patteson, who, after his murder, was succeeded in the office by Selwyn's own son. If Marsden was the founder of New Zealand Christianity, Selwyn—the criticised High Churchman—was the father of Maori Episcopacy. In 1867, while attending the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, he accepted from the Queen the bishopric of Lichfield, which he held for about ten years, until he was called to his rest.

Changes in colonial administration embarrassed the missionaries, and rendered their achievement of good extremely precarious. Thus, while Governor Fitzroy, a gallant naval officer, gave himself to the study of the genius of his subject race, his successor, the famous Governor Grey, committed some egregious blunders in headstrong ignorance of the Maori. One gracious Act of Fitzroy's passing was that for exempting natives from imprisonment in certain cases, out of deference to their aristocratic instincts. Kawau had upset a court of justice by brandishing his tomahawk and dragging out of the dock a culprit found guilty of theft, a *rangahira* (gentleman) not brooking the sentence that rendered him a gaol-bird. Kawau admitted that he had infringed the legal custom of England, but strongly urged that a monetary compensation satisfied both the law of the Maoris and that of Moses. And thus was passed, for the sake of a gentleman's feelings, the "Native Exemption Ordinance," a code based on the Scriptures, by which a thief, restoring fourfold the value of his theft, was not to be sent to prison.

In 1845, open hostility to the foreign aggressor broke out at Kororareka, a sink of the vilest rabble of settlers. John Heke, a Bay-of-Islands chief, being by them persuaded that New Zealanders were but the slaves of the English, cut down three times in succession the flagstaff on which was flying the symbol of their slavery, having himself been averse from the cession of the sovereignty from the first. Fitzroy offered £100 for his capture, and Heke promptly retorted by a similar offer for the capture of Fitzroy. The bishop and his missionaries had maintained that the treaty of Waitangi would be honourably respected by England; but to their grief, Parliament falsified these assertions by declaring that all lands not actually occupied should be regarded as Crown property, and the mission's influence was jeopardised by the falsehood of the position. Henry Williams in vain reassured Heke, around whom were gathering rioters from every tribe: and when he extolled the good faith of the Queen, the ringleader of the insurrection exclaimed, "All soap! Very smooth and oily!"

After a severe conflict, the British force withdrew, and a pathetic scene followed. English refugees were carried away unarmed in boats; the two parties buried their dead: natives even assisted Henry Williams to carry the dead to the shore. The warship *Hazard* engaged in the action, and her commander conveyed the thanks of all concerned "to the Bishop of New Zealand in the first instance for bringing off the women and wounded when exposed to a heavy fire, and also for attending, during the whole night, to their spiritual and bodily wants." The town was burned after the evacuation of its English residents; for only against the soldiers, as representing British power, was Heke's quarrel directed, and no missionary or mission property was intentionally injured—a remarkable contrast to the deeds of twenty years before. So great was the friendliness of Henry Williams and the natives that, on two occasions, an officer accused him of treachery: but the Governor replied that "the charge was unfounded, unjustifiable, and ungrateful, as it was indeed absurd."

In two subsequent attacks on Heke the British were repulsed; but in a third he was made to evacuate his *pah*, where at night his besieged forces had been heard singing their evening hymns. The graves of English who had fallen were deepened by Maori foes, who, re-laying the foreigner's dead to rest, read over them the Christian burial service. On the Lord's Day the English troops were engaged, as on other days, firing at the *pah*; and of course they had no service, whereas the natives held service in their *pah*, and did not return a shot during the whole day. Maori warriors, taught of the missionaries to observe the Day of Rest, to keep it holy, had in this way to learn that English warfare knew no Sabbath. Thus was British Christianity, not to say British honour and magnanimity, dragged in the mire in unholy strife with God and man, receiving, as it deserved, a most severe rebuke administered by religious savages. At length a decisive victory was gained over Heke, who sued for peace, and his submission was accepted, although the unrest remained among his scattered followers, and a deeper hostility took possession of the breast of New Zealand against the foreign power that had enchained her.

Years afterwards, Heke's son commemorated his chieftainship as a Christian by an act of public reconciliation. Four hundred men were chosen from the tribes who had warred against the Queen in 1845, and they dragged a huge spar from the forest to the hill above Kororareka, and in Maori named it "the-being-in-union." From that flagstaff has floated the banner significant of the new name thus given—the Union Jack—commanding many a lovely sea-inlet and many a pleasing landscape of the Bay of Islands—from the day of its re-erection by the son of that warrior who thrice cut down the hated emblem, down to the present day.

Governor Grey's first mistake was due to his determination to owe nothing to the mission, whereby he allowed Henry Williams to be maligned. In 1846, Williams wrote:—"My opinion was asked perpetually; now it is being rejected as that of a 'traitor,' 'unsafe,' 'false.' Our ears are saluted frequently with expressions truly savage as to how these people ought to be served—to be 'poisoned,' 'flayed alive,' 'shot like dogs!'" The bishop remarked that such language was manifesting itself in a general feeling of sympathy with the rebel Heke, which was overruling all intestine animosities of old times.

The Company scarcely attempted to conceal their grasping designs until the fatal encounter at Wairau came like the bursting of a bomb, and startled not only Maori-land but England and her colonies. In 1842, Taraia, a Thames chief, having treated with cannibal ferocity some natives of Tauranga, the Protector of Aborigines reasoned in vain with him, and finally urged a forcible coercion. The savage argued that the foreigner should not meddle with inter-tribal affairs, and other chiefs supported him in taking the usual *utu* (revenge) for friends slain and lands taken. The injured Taurangans were breathing fire and slaughter—a noble but a savage people, needing a wise, firm hand to civilise it: and “hasty military interference might draw down the resentment of a brave population.” Swainson’s humane and able arguing was thus asserting, from a Christian lawyer’s point of view, the inalienable right of the people to their own land, when suddenly troops and a warship from Sydney were sought, to prove the right by might of the Crown of England to occupy New Zealand, and to extinguish, if it chose, all native possession.

The lamb was confronted by the wolf when the Maoris were challenged by the power of Britain, and to provoke them into such unequal contest with the Queen had been the darling object of the Company, Wakefield well knowing that the proud spirit of their chiefs would never submit to fetters and gaol. Among other lands claimed by him, he pretended to have added to his purchases the lovely valley of Wairau, and had sent his surveyors to mark it out. The chief Rauparaha denied the sale, and wished to refer the claims to the proper tribunal. This was a man who had hailed with especial gratitude the prospect of a missionary settling among his people, whose son afterwards was sent to Bishop Selwyn’s College, and who had declared it to be his intention to “tread down anger,” so that those feuds might cease which Wakefield’s wicked “trade” had aided. And surely the Gospel had introduced a new feeling in the heart when, after a battle, the muskets and ammunition of the slain were buried with their bodies, and when twelve hundred Maoris, at the bidding of Henry Williams, assembled for worship.

The surveying of land that he had not sold went against Rauparaha’s sense of fairness, and he resented it by burning the surveyors’ huts; whereupon Wakefield had warrants issued for the arrest of the guilty chief on a charge of arson. Rauparaha said the huts were his property, and built on his ground; and the natives’ attitude was expressed by their saying, “We will welcome you as visitors, but we will not part with the land sacred to the ashes of our fathers.” A magistrate, eight gentlemen, and forty armed men, went in a brig to make the arrest, and on landing were implored by a Christian chief not to go armed; but they paid him no heed. Rauparaha was met encamped with a hundred men, and a war of words was waged, during which a native Christian read the New Testament and entreated both parties to be at peace; but an English musket was fired, and, being quickly answered by a Maori volley, several fell, and others made prisoners were tomahawked by Rangihacata, whose wife, Rauparaha’s daughter, had been shot. Twenty-two whites, including Wakefield’s brother, were killed in the affair, while the native loss was five.

European excitement ran high. To extirpate the chiefs, a volunteer corps was drilled

at Wellington ; but wise men knew that a national feud arising from so unjust a cause would sweep foreigners out of the land in a few days. A Wesleyan missionary decently buried the dead. Rauparaha would permit no cannibalism ; but a piece of bread was found under young Wakefield's head, as the gravest insult that could be offered him. The rash



JOHN HEKE AND HIS WIFE.

step which had been taken for the apprehension of Rauparaha was as illegal as it was unjustifiable ; and this catastrophe of Wairau, Cloudy Bay, formed one of the series of sad misunderstandings which eventuated in a throwing off of Christianity by one of the noblest races that had ever yielded it their credence. Mr. Hadfield was a witness to the

wonderful influence of Rauparaha's oratory on the occasion. Tribes of Maoris, apparently listless listeners at first, were enchained by the thrilling tale of his wrongs; and when he held up the obnoxious handcuffs, which he had secreted, and showed that by these not himself alone but the whole race would be ignobly enslaved, the thirst for war became tremendously manifest in their changed demeanour; and at one assembly, had not the missionary-assistant run off and rung the bell for evening prayer, there would have been no staying the wreaking of their vengeance. "The church-going bell silenced for that night the tocsin of war;" but next day Hadfield had the greatest difficulty in restraining a march upon Wellington. "Now is the time to strike!" cried the jubilant and imperious chief; and, humanly speaking, Hadfield prevented a wholesale massacre. For the preservation of their lives, the English in the colony had to thank God and His servant.

Later on, Grey again erred, in arresting Rauparaha, without accusation and in a treacherous manner, when, in the closing days of his life, his only thoughts seem to have been of heaven; but, on regaining his liberty, the chief exhibited a most Christlike spirit, and so great was the God-wrought change from the inborn vindictiveness of the savage, that he urged forthwith the building of a large church in Hadfield Town, his greatest desire being to worship God. His son tells how he was continually worshipping till he died, in 1849, and was followed to the grave by fifteen hundred mourning Maoris. Like Enoch, this once heathen chief walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Grey's conduct was also unwarrantable in doing to death, by martial law, Wareaitu, a young prisoner of war, who bore the name of Martin Luther. So unpopular was this sentence, that no executioner could be found to carry it out, till a purse of gold tempted a poor Maori to commit the revolting deed, while the victim was attended on the scaffold by a clergyman. The hangman was avoided by his fellows for ever after; his part in his comrade's doom clung to him like a curse, and, on his being drowned in shallow water, the people muttered that this was his righteous wages. By way of returning good for evil to that white race whose representative instigated this crime, the Christian Maoris gave the site of a college near the place of execution, declaring, in their deed of conveyance, their generous object to be an assertion of brotherhood, "that the Maori and the English might grow up as one people." Such was the charity which the Christian mission had evoked in these Maoris' hearts towards their oppressors.

Grey further sought to ensure the colonial possessions by demanding armed forces from England, alleging as his excuse, in what were called his "Blood and Treasure Despatches," the interest of members of the mission in their purchased lands. Henry Williams denied the allegation that the missionaries asked to be "put in possession," or that the Maoris disputed their claims, and protested that no missionary would make a claim rendering possible "such an awful circumstance as the shedding of blood," and that the Maoris had "remarkably strong feelings of attachment to the missionaries and their children." The bishop was not deceived by the Governor's pretences; and his words carried weight, backed by his well-known character. "Passing from camp to camp in time of war, visiting the wounded under fire, crossing swollen rivers, threading mountain tracts in company with those whom Earl Grey had scorned as treacherous savages, Selwyn had won a reputation for the courage of a warrior and

the devotion of a Christian apostle." He very deliberately protested against any breach of the treaty of Waitangi, and wrote to Grey that, with God's help, he would use his best efforts to assert it, as maintaining an honourable recognition of native rights in the land. He requested that his letter should be sent to the Secretary of State. The Maoris addressed a memorial to the Queen; the Wesleyan Missionary Society deprecated the policy of coercion; Chief Justice Martin stepped in also to save England's honour; and these combined forces were more than a match for Her Majesty's Government. The practical confiscation of the land of a people, chivalrous, friendly, and faithful, was abandoned; but the iron entered the soul of the great English statesman, and he vented his spleen on the bishop and his missionaries. In eloquent words Selwyn shielded his Maori flock as British subjects, and appealed to the Governor to say whether he had not found the missionaries of all denominations faithful to British interests; and Grey reported to his namesake the Prime Minister that such was undoubtedly the case.

In the Colonial Chief Justice's pamphlet there was struck a deeply prophetic note:—"Let confiscation be adopted, and the confidence of natives in Englishmen and in their religion would be shaken." "To them we shall appear but a nation of liars. All our means of exercising a moral influence will have ceased, together with all the hopes (which we have nationally professed to hold most dear) of success in the work of civilising and Christianising them. . . . *If our dishonesty shall be seen, the Christian religion will be abandoned by the mass of those who now receive it.*" Scorned at the time, the faithlessness of the succeeding policy verified this prediction, in the apostasy of large numbers of Maoris from the faith they had professed.

The vexed question of the land not only continued the friction between European buyers and native vendors, but occasioned also much contention amongst the Maoris themselves as to ancestral and tribal rights, and these vested interests were the cause of internecine feuds without end. From first to last it was the great stumbling-block in the way of peace and prosperity. We need not concern ourselves here with the fate of the New Zealand Land Company. Suffice it to say that within a few years of the establishment of British authority, the Company, being unable to give any valid title to their lands, suspended the sales; and as these constituted their sole source of income, they were obliged to discontinue their colonising operations altogether. But for many years afterwards the question of settling the claims of the Company was one of extreme difficulty, taxing the ingenuity of both the British and the Colonial Government.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, fresh complications connected with the purchase and sale of native lands had arisen, and these hastened the inevitable crisis that was pending. Maoris had sold thirty thousand acres at tenpence an acre, and the lust of land had become the root of all evil in the colony. The "king-maker," Waharoa, in 1857, sent a circular to all Waikato that Potatau should be king of New Zealand. Everywhere in the Northern Island the determination to shake off British dominion had been steadily gaining ground. A merciless war was the outlook, and, in 1860, Bishop Selwyn sent a deliberate protest, on behalf of his Maori flock, to the Govern-

ment, against the proclamation of martial law when not a single native had taken up arms, and claimed the Maoris' right of proper investigation into their titles before a regular tribunal, the colony having been avowedly formed for the protection of the aboriginal race.

In 1860, the fatal shot was fired at the Waitara which opened the unhappy and unwise "ten years' war." This "Maori War" is a subject sufficient to fill a volume. Far-seeing natives reckoned on it: short-sighted colonists did not count the cost, their general belief being that only a military demonstration was needed to give Maoridom a blow. "Ten years of warfare, an expenditure of millions of money, the devastation of happy homes, and the loss of hundreds of precious lives, resulted in the confiscation of some tracts of country, a legacy of bitter feeling, and the sullen alienation of powerful tribes—defeated, but not subdued." The war was neither unavoidable nor righteous, and after the weary years of bloody strife it died out, marked in its origin and in its continuance by woful blunders, as well as recording many an heroic exploit on either side. Religious exercises were gradually dropped as the men took up arms, and the natives themselves requested the missionaries to remove from scenes of danger, so that stations were broken up. One of the main evils arising out of it was the great apostasy of the natives called the "*Hau-hau*," which will be described in a future chapter.

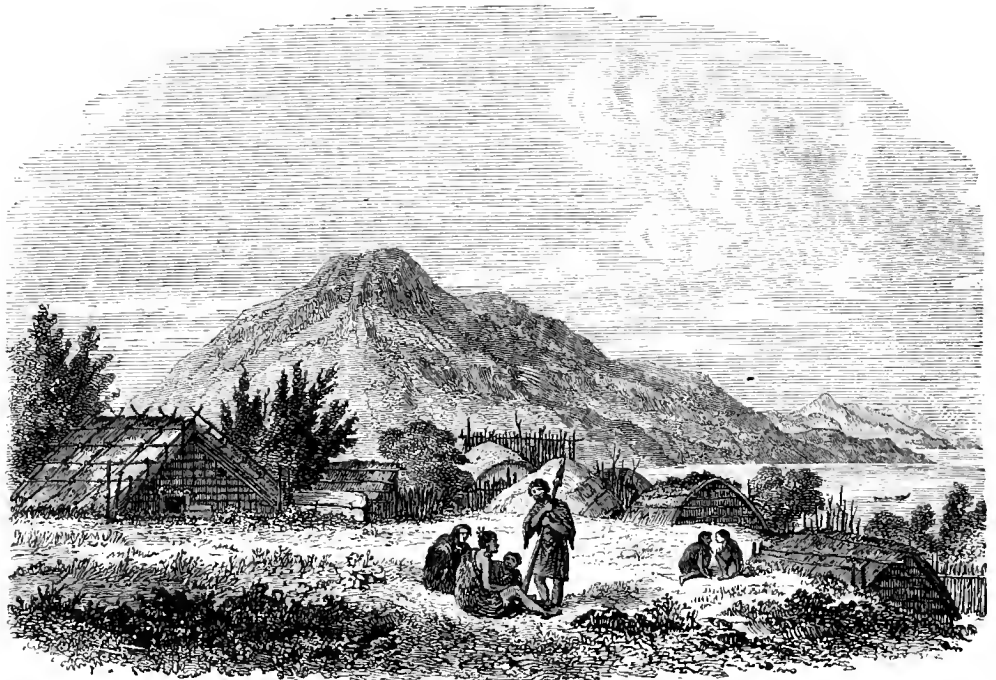
The origin of the war was the old story—colonists eager to grasp land, and natives equally jealous to guard the speedily vanishing possession—and being so, it had the normal wind-up: the stronger, although more than once repulsed by the weaker, sent him to the wall. In consideration of his honourable mode of conducting hostilities, the Maori was promised that not more than a quarter of his land should be confiscated, and that he should be supplied with seed for re-sowing his farms; but events finally led to grave discussion in Parliament; and after the precise and philosophical Mr. Roebuck had promulgated his rather offensive theory that when "the brown man" and the white meet, the brown is destined to disappear, the Legislature passed enactments confiscating some nine million acres of Maoria, and gave the Colonial Government absolute and arbitrary power of arrest and imprisonment, so that the original possessor of the soil has ever since resided on tracts which were made his own by allocation, and where he continues to be confined to this day, with his native customs duly and legally vouchsafed to him, but in all other respects a British subject, although in considerable fear and trembling at the insignia of his subjugation, the British flag.

But disastrous and demoralising as were the effects of the war on native character and on missionary work, there were some rays of light through the gloom, and in process of time there was a healthy reaction. Native Church Boards were again in active operation, and within two years of the conclusion of the war there were 13,000 regular hearers in connection with the Episcopalian and Wesleyan Missions.

In 1852 a representative Constitution had been granted, establishing a provincial council for each of the then existing six provinces: but in 1876, some years after the close of the war, and mainly through the instrumentality of Sir Julius Vogel, the Constitution was remodelled. Under the provisions of the new Act, an Upper House

or Legislative Council of fifty members was created, and a House of Representatives of seventy-six members elected for six years. Two Maori chiefs were in the former, and four in the latter, and they all acquitted themselves well.

Since that time there has been marked improvement and progress, as we shall show in a later chapter, and vigorous steps have been taken to set at rest for ever the vexed "Native Question."



MAORI HOUSES IN A PAH.

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