



... for ... and ...  
... one ...

... you ...

... it ...

... after ...

... get ...

... to me ...

... and the other

*Handwritten signature*



*Faint handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a date or reference number.*







CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.







LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

(See page 35.)

# 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. III.

*SPECIAL EDITION.*



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]





# CONTENTS.

## XXXIII.—CENTRAL AFRICA.

### CHAPTER LXIV.

#### DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE ZAMBESI.

PAGE

Livingstone's Long Journey across Africa—Arrives at Linyante—The Chief Sekeletu—Preliminary Tour—Unpleasant Companions—Preparations for the Expedition to Loanda—Canoeing a Foray Prevented—Native Liberty—Crocodiles—A Female Ruler—Popular Superstitions—Livingstone Under Petticoat Government—Interviews with Shinte—A Magic-Lantern Exhibition, and Terror of the Women—Lake Dilolo—Difficulties of the Way—Loanda—Illness of Livingstone—Rest and Recovery—His Companions' Industry—Starts on his Return Journey—A Useful Revolver—Reaches Linyante—Letters from Home—African Honesty—Decides to make for the East Coast—Helpfulness of Sekeletu—The Victoria Falls and the Gorge of the Zambesi—A Geographical Problem Solved—The Batoka Country—Armed Opposition—Crossing the River—Approach to Portuguese Territory—Reaches Tete—Arrangements for his Men—Delay at Quilimane—A Tragedy—Livingstone Arrives in England . . . . . 1

### CHAPTER LXV.

#### DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEYS.

Honours Bestowed upon Livingstone—He Decides to Resume his Explorations—Arrives off the Mouths of the Zambesi—Its Channels—Up the River in a Steamer—A Monster—War between Portuguese and Natives—Exploration of Zambesi and Shire Rivers—The Murchison Cataracts—The *Ma Robert*—Lake Shirwa—An Upset—The Manganja—Lake Nyassa—Return to Seshche—Illness of Sekeletu—A Farewell Service—Sinking of the *Ma Robert*—Bishop Mackenzie—The Rovuna—Further Exploration of Lake Nyassa—Native Graves—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—A New Steamer—The Expedition Recalled—Voyage to Bombay, and Return to England—Livingstone once more in Africa—Starts for the Interior—Desertions—The Kirk Mountains—Loss of Stores—Serious Illness—Rumours of Livingstone's Death—A Search Expedition under Mr. Young—Stanley finds Livingstone—The Last Year—Dies at Itala—Funeral in Westminster Abbey . . . . . 19

### CHAPTER LXVI.

#### THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

Livingstone Lectures at Cambridge, and Appeals for Help—Response of the Universities—Public Meetings in England—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Brougham—C. F. Mackenzie goes to the Cape as First Missionary Bishop—Journey up the Zambesi with Livingstone—Release of Captive Slaves—Its Consequences—Settlement of the Mission at Magomero—Training Native Boys—An African War—Messrs. Burrup and Dickinson—Attack on an Exploring Party—Deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup—Removal of the Mission—A Famine—Further Deaths—Bishop Tozer—The Slave Trade—Schools—The Magila Mission—Cholera at Zanzibar—Deaths of Missionaries—Dr. Steere—Christchurch, Zanzibar—Printing Press—Journeys on the Mainland—A Colony of Fresh Men—Death of Bishop Steere . . . . . 38

### CHAPTER LXVII.

#### RECENT MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Scotland's Tribute to Livingstone—Presbyterian Missions—An Exploring Party in Charge of Mr. E. D. Young—The *Itala* Steamer—English Graves—Mponda—Livingstonia Founded—Voyage up Lake Nyassa—Blantyre—Native Converts—An African Sermon—White Ants—William Black—Livingstonia Deserted—A Row of Graves—London Missionary Society and Tanganyika Mission—Captain Hore—A Lady's Travels in a Bath Chair—A Big Snake—Ujiji—Kavala Island—The *Good News*—Little Jack—The Tanganyika Martyrs—Mr. Thomson—Dr. Mullens—Dr. Southon—Other Missions to Central Africa—Conclusion . . . . . 39

## XXXIV.—NEW ZEALAND.

### CHAPTER LXVIII.

#### LEIGH AND THE METHODISTS.

The Rev. Samuel Leigh lands in New Zealand—Returns to England—Sails again with Reinforcements—Harmony between Church and Wesleyan Societies—Settles at Wanganui—A Perilous Position—Trials and Dangers—Arrival of a War Party—*Utū*—Promising Work Suspended—Hongi's Desolating Legions—Martyrdom—Colonisation—Rev. J. Bunby—Thirsting for Knowledge—Harvest-time . . . . . 71

## CHAPTER LXIX.

## WAR AND HAU-HAUISM.—"THE WILLIAMS."

PAGE:

- Spread of the Gospel—A Curious Scene—A Narrow Escape—Changes Effected by the Gospel—Deaths of Maori Christians—Christian Rites and Heathen Ceremonies—"Prayer Houses"—The Old Heart and the New—Visit of Bishop Broughton—A Grievous Relapse—The Maori War—Its Religious Features—The Pai Mariri—The Cry of the Hau-hau—Israel and Maoridom—Inauguration of the New Religion—Carl Volkner—His Martyrdom—How the Apostasy Revealed Itself—Death of Henry Williams—His Monument . . . . . 81

## CHAPTER LXX.

## NEW ZEALAND CHRISTIANITY OF TO-DAY.

- The Good and Bad of a Colony—A New Zealand Poem—Religious Fraternity—Sects and Parties—Requisites for Clerical Work in the Colony—Things to put up with—Native Martyrs—Opening of the Cathedral at Christchurch—The Temperance Movement—The Salvation Army—Gun-diggers—The Bible and Gunpowder—Whisky and the Blue Ribbon—Fanaticism—Anniversary of Marsden's Death—Decline of the Maori—The Fatal Foot of the White Man . . . . . 91

## XXXV.—SOUTH AMERICA.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

## BRAZIL AND GUIANA.

- Villegaignon—Early Exploits—The Colony in Brazil—First Protestant Mission—Failure and Disaster—Henry Martyn at Bahia—The South American Mission—Clough in Amazonia—Dr. Lee and Others—Close of the Mission—Moravians in Guiana—Dahne in the Wilderness—The Church Missionary Society and the Indians . . . . . 98

## CHAPTER LXXII.

## TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

- Charles Darwin and the *Beagle*—Captain Fitzroy—Jenny Button—Homes of the Aborigines—Matthews the Missionary—Early Life of Allen Gardiner—The Patagonian Mission—Sails for Tierra del Fuego—Banner Cove—The Third Voyage—The *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*—Wreck of the *Pioneer*—Waiting for Relief—Hope Deferred—Spaniard Harbor—Starvation Imminent—Joy in English—Death follows Death—Rescue, but Too Late—The Rev. G. Pakenham Despard—Jenny Button Again—A Terrible Tragedy—Bishop Stirling—Native Agencies—Training Fuegian Boys in England—A Grammar of the Language Constructed—Ooshooa Settlement—Italian Recognition of Protestant Missions—Tierra del Fuego as it is—Darwin reverses his Opinion . . . . . 119

## XXXVI.—CHINA.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

## PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE PEOPLE.

- Early Traditions—Was St. Thomas ever in China?—The Nestorians—Roman Catholic Missions—Mahometanism—The Chinese a Religious People—William Charles Burns—In Canada—Goes to China—Translates the "Pilgrim's Progress"—Canton—Chang-Chew—Burns Wears the Chinese Garb—Character of Burns and his Work—Books and Tracts—Dr. Edkins—Chalmers and Muirhead—A Curious Proclamation—The Story of Tan Khe—Returning Good for Evil—Petty Persecutions . . . . . 140

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

## FEMALE WORK, MANCHURIA, COREA, FORMOSA, ETC.

- Dr. Nevins—The Lot of Women in China—No Zenanas in China—The Girl-Baby's Welcome—The Separation of the Sexes—A Round Tower Village—A Chinese Empress Claims Rights for Women—Literary Women—Little Feet—"Only a Girl"—A Chinese Sutte—Mission Work in Manchuria—Inundations—Corea, the Land of Morning Calm—The Hermit Nation—Hospitality in a Corean Settlement—Formosa—A Pathetic Tale—Opium Smokers—China, and its Difficulties as a Mission Field—George Piercy . . . . . 154

## XXXVII.—AUSTRALIA.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

## PIONEERING FOR CHRIST IN DARK PLACES.

- Outline of Attempts to Evangelise the Natives—The New Holland Mission—Messrs. Watson and Handt—Early Victorian Settlers—Strange Career of William Buckley—A Roman Catholic Episode—Moravian Missions—Spiescke and Hagenauer—Nathanael and Phillip—"Ramah-our-Home"—In the Heart of the Continent—German Missionaries—Western Australia—Rev. J. B. Gribble—Archdeacon Hale of Adelaide—Poonindie—Brisbane—Bush Clergymen—Poor Peter!—In Queensland—Hagenauer's Travels—In Tasmania—The Rev. B. Carvosso—Many-colored Immigrants—The Kanakas—Chinese Communities—Success and Failure—Public Houses and Mission Chapels—Renan and the Papoos—A Dying Race . . . . . 174

## XXXVIII.—MISSIONS TO BIBLE LANDS.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

## PALESTINE, SYRIA, ASIA MINOR, AND EGYPT.

PAGE.

- Jerusalem—The Mediterranean Mission—American Board of Foreign Missions Fines and Imprisonments—Messrs. Fisk, Bird, and King—The Maronites—The Beyrout Mission—Mrs. Bowen Thompson—Massacre at Damascus—"Rob Roy's" Visit to Beyrout—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Bishop Gobat—Miss Arnott, of Jaffa—Van Lennep—A Baby Missionary—The Moravian Brethren—Mr. Antes—The Bastinado—Among the Copts—Miss Whately—Life in Egypt—Mr. Keith-Falconer, the Proto-Martyr of Arabia . . . . . 204

## XXXIX.—WEST AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

## THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE—SIERRA LEONE.

- Granville Sharp—The Clapham Sect—Zachary Macaulay and the Sierra Leone Company—The African Seminary—Augustine Johnson—The Regent's Town Settlement—An African Convert—German Missionaries—Adventures by the Way—Slave Arrivals—Kiscey Cemetery—Dr. John Bowen—His Early Career—Bishop of Sierra Leone—Death—Mrs. Hannah Kilham—Slave Stories—Mrs. Kilham in Liberia—Death at Sea—John Newton . . . . . 228

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

## FROM THE GAMBIA TO THE NIGER.

- The Foulahs—Mumbo-Jumbo—Charms and Amulets—Sacred Mountains—A Devil-house—Campbell and Henderson—Brunton and Greig—In the Susoo Country—The Yoruba Land—The Wonderful Life-story of Bishop Crowther—The Abeokuta Mission—Lagos—The Ibadan Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer—Native Curiosity—Trials and Persecutions—A Great Annual Festival—War and Starvation—Forced Marches—The Methodists in West Africa—The Old Calabar Mission—The Rev. H. M. Waddell—Religious Beliefs of the People—A Reign of Terror—Purification of Devils and Ghosts—On the Gold Coast—Coomassie—The King of Ashanti—Streams of Blood—Hoffman and the Republic of Liberia—Mr. Morriss and the *Liberia Advocate*—Fernando Po—Peter Bull—King Ripuchu puts on Clothes . . . . . 243

## XL.—INDIA.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

## THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

- Christmas Day, 1718—The Rev. Richard Cobbe—Governor Duncan—Samuel and Harriet Newell—The Revs. Donald Mitchell and Robert Nesbit—Dr. John Wilson—Early Life of Wilson—The Scottish Missionary Society—Arrival in Bombay—Oriental Studies—Journeyings—The Temple Caves of Elora—A Monkey-God—In Goa—Fire-Worshippers—The Jains—Separation and Death—Parsees—Mrs. Wilson—Attacked by Wild Bees—The Caves of Elephanta—Death of Dr. Wilson . . . . . 281

## CHAPTER LXXX.

## THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

- Early Labours in Madras—Work of Various Missionary Societies—The Rev. Elijah Hoole—A Ship on Fire—At Negapatam and Tanjore—The Study of Hinduism—Holy Beggars—Some Strange Experiences—Opposition—John Anderson—His School in Madras—Caste—Robert Johnstone—The Rev. J. Braidwood—Trying Ordeals for Young Converts—Leaving all for Christ's Sake—Converts in the Court-Houses—Mooniatia—Samuel Hebich—Early Yearnings for Mission Work at the Basle Mission Institute—Bazaar Preaching—Among Court and Military Officials—Eccentricities—Out-Station and Fishing Villages—Persecutions—A "Devils' Nest"—Sowing Beside all Waters—Hebich's Old Age—and Death . . . . . 298

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

## SCATTERED MISSIONS.

- The Punjab—Lahore and Amritsar—The Sikhs—The Story of a Scrap of Paper—Mr. and Mrs. Janvier—Imperial Delhi—Ram Chunder—Opposition—Difficulties of Converts—Benares, the Sacred City—Mr. Leupoldt—Boat Services—Chota Nagpore—The Kols—Pastor Gosner—Mr. Batsch—A Confirmation Scene—Mission at Chanda—Demon-worship—Tinnevely—Travancore—Medical Mission—Ceylon—Position of Women—Zenana Work . . . . . 328

## XLI.—IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

## MELANESIA.

- Polynesia and Melanesia—Atmospheric Conditions—Pen-and-Ink Portraits of Chiefs—Dwellings of the People—Arts and Sciences of the South Seas—Social Economy—A Curious System of Taxation—Diviners—Beliefs—Ancestor-Worship—Commodore Goodenough—Death of the Commodore—Three Martyr-Missionaries—Bishop Selwyn—John Coleridge Patteson—Early Life of Patteson—Consecrated Bishop of Melanesia—Plan of Operations—Thrilling

Adventures—The <i>Southern Cross</i> —St. Barnabas College, Norfolk Island—Dysentery and Fever—Santa Cruz—A Melancholy Disaster—Illness of Patten—An Iniquitous Traffic—Labour Ships—Mota—George Sarawia's School—Nukapu—An Impending Fate—Martyr-Death of Bishop Patteson—Effect on the Mission—The Rev. Joseph Atkin—A Hero of the Cross—Taro—Norfolk Island—Present State of the Mission—Letters to the Missionaries—John, Son of Bishop Selwyn . . . . .	357
--	-----

## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN MISSION LIFE.

Gradual Evangelisation of the Islands—Tahiti—Queen Pomare and the French—Alleged Intrigues of France—M. Moerenhout, the American Consul—Tahiti becomes French—Wesleyan Mission to Tonga—The Rev. W. Lawrey—Trying Experiences—King George of all the Friendly Islands—Chief Josiah Tubou—Mr. and Mrs. Cross—A Tragic Death—Great Religious Revival—A King in the Pulpit—War on New Principles—The Harvey Islands—Rarotonga—A Fearful Hurricane—Mangaia—Aitutaki—Samoa—Nine—The Apostle of Savage Island—Rapa—A Striking Change—Kidnapping—Lifu—The Young Evangelist Pao—The Rev. J. MacFarlane—Old King Bula—Civil War in Lifu—A Curious Congregation—French Interference—The Commander of the Loyalty Islands—A State of Siege—English Expostulation—Results . . . . .	390
---	-----

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

## NEW GUINEA AND THEREABOUTS.

The Three Great Melanesian Missions—The Rev. S. MacFarlane—Landing in Treachery Bay—Cannibalism—Native Teachers—Skull-hunting—The Rev. H. Penny—Norfolk Island—The Tindalos—Work in the Floridas—New Hebrides—The Revs. John Geddie and J. Inglis—Ancityum—The Rock of Fortuna—Amiva—Tanna—Tragic Deaths—Erromanga and its Martyrs—Faté—The Rev. Donald Morrison—Espirito Santa—A Curious Religious Festival—The Kanaka Labour Traffic—An Iniquitous System: Will Christian England Stop It? . . . . .	415
--	-----

## XLII.—WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

## THE CONGO MISSIONS.

Mr. Stanley's Discoveries and their Importance—The Congo Free State—The Portuguese in Africa—The Livingstone Mission—Mr. Henry Craven—A Terrible Death-roll—A Harvest at Last—The Baptist Society's Mission—Mr. Thomas J. Comber—Another Army of African Martyrs—Trials and Difficulties—Cost in Lives of Mission Work—Present Situation on the Congo . . . . .	431
---	-----

## XLIII.—EASTERN AND NORTHERN AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

## EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Early Exploration—A Bold Project—Krapf's Earlier Experiences—Is Imprisoned in Abyssinia—Attempts to Reach the Gallas—Arrives at Zanzibar—Settles at Mombasa—The Wanika—Rebmann Joins Krapf—House-building—Sunday Services—Journeys to the Interior—Snow under the Equator—Fresh Arrivals—Frere Town—James Hannington Volunteers to go to Africa—Is Received by the Sultan at Zanzibar—Crosses to the Mainland—A Pleasant Station—A Narrow Escape—Illness—Arrives at the Victoria Nyanza—At Death's Door—Returns to England—Restored to Health—Consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa—Diocesan Duties—Starts for Uganda through Masai-land—A Native Clergyman—Difficulties of the Caravan—Want of Water—Perils from Savages and Wild Beasts—The El Moran—The Caravan Divided—The Rubaga Mission—King Mtesa—His Death and Successor—Persecution of Native Christians—Their Steadfastness—Approach of the Bishop—Agitation of the Chiefs—Decision to Kill the Bishop—A Fearful Struggle—Hannington's Martyrdom—Conclusion . . . . .	445
---	-----

## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

## NORTHERN AFRICA.

The Kabyles—The North African Mission—Algerian Stations—In Morocco—Tunis—Tripoli—Howling Dervishes—The Soudan—Abyssinia—Legends of Hermits—Dr. Gobat—Ludwig Krapf—King Theodore II.—Death Threatened to the Missionaries—Cruel Captivity—Sir Robert Napier at Magdala . . . . .	464
---	-----

## XLIV.—CENTRAL AMERICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

## MEXICO, MOSQUITIA, AND HONDURAS.

Nominal Christianity—Cortes and his Companions—Ancient Religion of the Mexicans—Gods and Temples—Human Sacrifices and other Cruel Rites—Skull-places—Enforced Religious Conformity—Las Casas—Mexican Catholicism—The Civic Hidalgo—Distribution of Bibles—Miss Melinda Rankin—The Rev. John Beveridge—Messrs. Stephens	
--	--

and Watkins—"Death to the Protestants!"—A Tragedy. The Rule of Juarez—The "Church of Jesus"—The Rev. Henry Riley—True Liberty—Manuel Aguas—A Challenge to Controversy—Death of Aguas—Puebla—Oaxaca—Murders and Riots. The Indians of Mexico—Roman Catholicism and the old Aztec Religion—The Mosquito Shore—Belize and Belize—No Grog! The Moravian Mission—Sorcery and Witchcraft—British Honduras—Messrs. Angus and Co.—George Fife Angus and Native Slaves . . . . . 475

## XLV.—MISSIONS TO LEPERS.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Moravians and Lepers—South Africa—The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Leitner—Their Successors—Robben Island—Mr. and Mrs. Lehman—Affecting Scenes—Mr. John Taylor—Outside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem—Mrs. Tappe—Mr. and Mrs. Müller—Terrible Sufferings—Leprosy in India—Norway—Honolulu—Father Damien—"Go to Molokai!"—Toil and Self-denial—The Last Christmas—Death of Father Damien . . . . . 499

## XLVI.—GENERAL SURVEY OF THE MISSION FIELD.

## CHAPTER XC.

The Great Battle-field—Statistics—The Spreading Leaven—Centenary Conference on Protestant Missions—What has been Wrought in One Hundred Years—Now and Then—Some Startling Contrasts—The Bible Society; a Fruit of the Missionary Idea—Ancient Christian Faiths—The Persis—Roman Catholic Missions—Beacons and Patterns—Protestant Methods adopted by other Creeds—A New Spirit Abroad—Commercial Relations—Secular Enterprise—Some Crying Evils—The Liquor Traffic—Terrible Testimony—Sale of Guns and Gunpowder—Letters from Alexander Mackay—The Opium Trade—Two Views Thereon—Moral Wrong and Political Right—A Graphic Illustration—India—A Century of Progress—Changes—Tinnevely—Unoccupied Areas—The Salvation Army and its Missionary Methods—The Mission of the Traveller—Mr. Graham Wilnot-Brooke—Stanley's Visit to Alexander Mackay—Death of Mackay—South Africa—Isles of the Seas—French Influence—Chinese Influence—Methods—Civilisation and the Gospel—Obscure Heroes—Native Churches—Present Position of the Heathen World—Lack of Labourers—The Duty of Christendom—United Action Required—Recent Criticisms—Fruits of Revivals—The Man and the Hour—The Flowing Tide—A Prayer—Finis . . . . . 511



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Livingstone's Last Journey . . . . .	Frontispiece	On the Amazon . . . . .	104
Crocodiles on the Shire River, as seen from the Pioneer Steamer . . . . .	5	Mundurucu (Amazon) Indians . . . . .	105
Reception by the King of Shinte St. Paul de Loanda . . . . .	8 9	Santarem, on the Amazon . . . . .	108
The Falls of the Zambesi . . . . .	13	Hypurina Indians . . . . .	109
Moonlight Dance of the Balondas . . . . .	16	The Mission House at Sao Paulo, on the Purus River . . . . .	112
The <i>Ma Robert</i> on the Zambesi . . . . .	20	Jangadas (Raft-Houses) of the Pamarys on Lake Ajarahan, with Mission Launch . . . . .	113
Murchison Cataract . . . . .	21	Youth of Surinam . . . . .	116
Manganja Smiths . . . . .	21	Girl of Surinam . . . . .	117
The <i>Pioneer</i> on the Zambesi . . . . .	25	Fuegian Camp . . . . .	120
Grave of Mary (Moffat) Livingstone . . . . .	28	Fuegians in Winter . . . . .	121
Discovery of Lake Bangweolo . . . . .	33	"It was Jemmy Button" . . . . .	124
Meeting of Livingstone and Stanley . . . . .	36	Portrait of Captain Allen Gardiner . . . . .	125
Death of Livingstone . . . . .	37	Captain Allen Gardiner's Directions Painted on a Rock at Banner Cove . . . . .	128
Bishop Mackenzie on the Shire . . . . .	41	"Brave Allen Gardiner's Body lying beside his Boat" . . . . .	129
Portrait of Bishop Mackenzie . . . . .	41	A Significant Contrast: Fuegian Converts—Alaculooft Savages . . . . .	133
The Grave of Bishop Mackenzie . . . . .	45	Residence of Bishop Stirling at Ooshooia, Tierra del Fuego, during the First Seven Months of 1869 . . . . .	136
Christ Church, Zanzibar . . . . .	48	Orphanage Children at Ooshooia, with Mrs. Hemmings, Matron (from a Photograph by Dr. Canton, H.M.S. Ruby) . . . . .	137
The Old Slave Market, Zanzibar (site of the present Christ Church) . . . . .	49	In a Mission School . . . . .	141
Theological College and Boys' School, Kiungani . . . . .	52	Chinese Girl and Baby . . . . .	141
Mwcin Girls' School . . . . .	53	Emperor of the Dynasty of Tang according an Audience and Making a Present . . . . .	144
Portrait of Bishop Steere . . . . .	56	View of Amoy . . . . .	148
Magila—View of Quadrangle, with Church . . . . .	57	Natives of Amoy . . . . .	113
Portrait of Mr. E. D. Young . . . . .	61	Chinese Barber . . . . .	152
Nests of White Ants . . . . .	65	Women of Amoy . . . . .	153
Portrait of Captain Hore (from a Photograph by Russell Seymour) . . . . .	68	Chinese and Tartar Ladies . . . . .	157
Boys' School on Kavala Island . . . . .	69	Chinese Feet . . . . .	160, 161
Girls' School on Kavala Island . . . . .	69	Manchurians . . . . .	164
Steam Launch <i>Good News</i> , Lake Tanganyika . . . . .	72	Specimen of Korean Print . . . . .	165
Hongi and a Council of War . . . . .	77	Coreans in Wet Weather . . . . .	168
Maori Weapons . . . . .	81	Huts and Natives of Formosa . . . . .	169
Native House and Pah . . . . .	84	Asiatic Mission in the East-End, London . . . . .	172
Portrait of Bishop Hadfield . . . . .	85	Australian Aborigines . . . . .	176
Portrait of the Rev. C. S. Volkner . . . . .	88	An Outlying Settlement in North Australia . . . . .	177
Church built by Volkner at Opotiki . . . . .	89	An Aboriginal of the Early Type . . . . .	180
Half-Caste Maori Girls . . . . .	93	Herr Hagenauer (from a Photograph by George He, Melbourne) . . . . .	181
Christchurch Cathedral . . . . .	96	Ramalynek Mission Station . . . . .	184
The Moa ( <i>Struthio</i> ) . . . . .	97		
Rio de Janeiro, the Capital of Brazil . . . . .	100		

	PAGE		PAGE
Cooper's Creek . . . . .	189	Sanneel Hehich . . . . .	326
Natives of South Australia . . . . .	189	Temple at Amritsar . . . . .	329
Aboriginal Labourers . . . . .	192	The Jumna Masjid, Delhi . . . . .	332
Sugar-Cane Cultivation in Queensland . . . . .	196	Enviions of Delhi . . . . .	333
The Chinese in Australia: A Chinese Kitchen—		A Kol Village . . . . .	337
Chinese Gamblers . . . . .	197	The Rev. J. C. Whitley, First Bishop of Chôta Nagpore	340
Chinese Opium-Smoking in Melbourne . . . . .	200	Ranchi Church . . . . .	341
An Australian Grave . . . . .	201	The Right Rev. R. Caldwell, D.D., LL.D., Missionary	
Jerusalem . . . . .	205	Bishop, Tinnevely . . . . .	345
Maronites at a Convent . . . . .	208	Kandy . . . . .	349
Portrait of Miss Mary Baldwin . . . . .	213	The Karunda, or Shrine of Buddha's Tooth . . . . .	352
scholars at the Mission School, Joppa . . . . .	216	Buddha's Tooth . . . . .	352
Bagdad . . . . .	217	The Dewa Milkme, or Principal Kandian Chief . . . . .	353
Portrait of Miss Whately . . . . .	221	Bullock Cart for High-caste Brahman Women . . . . .	355
Aden . . . . .	225	Melanesian Canoe . . . . .	361
John Newton, Zachary Macaulay, Henry Thornton . . . . .	228	Commodore Goodenough . . . . .	364
Charles Simeon, William Wilberforce, Edward Bicker-		Bi-hop Pattenon . . . . .	365
steth . . . . .	229	The <i>Southern Cross</i> . . . . .	369
Freetown . . . . .	233	Norfolk Island . . . . .	372
Arrivals of Rescued Cargoes of Slaves . . . . .	236	St. Barnabas (Pattenon Memorial) Church, Norfolk	
The Cemetery at Kiskey . . . . .	237	Island . . . . .	373
Portrait of Bishop Bowen of Sierra Leone . . . . .	240	The Rev. G. Sarawia's Parsonage, Kohimaran, Island	
Mandingoes . . . . .	244	of Mota . . . . .	376
Group of Foulahs . . . . .	248	The Rev. G. Sarawia . . . . .	377
A Yoruba with his Charms or Fetishes . . . . .	249	Native of the Solomon Islands . . . . .	380
Fourah Bay College, where Bishop Crowther was		Scene of Bishop Pattenon's Murder in Nukapu . . . . .	381
Trained . . . . .	252	Bishop's House, School, and Kitchen, Norfolk Island . . . . .	385
Portrait of Bishop Crowther . . . . .	253	A Native of the Solomon Islands . . . . .	388
Factory at Lagos . . . . .	257	On the Coast of Tahiti . . . . .	392
Sacred Trees and Groves . . . . .	264	Polynesian Fish-hooks . . . . .	393
Going to a "Ladies' School" at Cape Coast . . . . .	265	Natives of Tonga . . . . .	397
Executions in Coomassie . . . . .	268	Nukualofa . . . . .	400
Coomassie . . . . .	269	Protestant Church at Arorangi, Raratonga . . . . .	401
King Coffee's Palace, Coomassie . . . . .	272	Young Girl of Rimatura . . . . .	405
Fetish House, Coomassie . . . . .	273	London Missionary Institution, Lifu, Loyalty Islands . . . . .	408
Natives of the Gaboon . . . . .	276	Missionaries and Natives of Lifu . . . . .	409
Santa Isabel, Fernando Po . . . . .	277	The Mission House, Uvea, Loyalty Islands . . . . .	413
Bombay . . . . .	284	On the Coast of New Guinea . . . . .	416
Nasik . . . . .	288	Port Moresby, New Guinea . . . . .	417
Hanuman, the Monkey-God . . . . .	289	The First Mission House, New Guinea . . . . .	417
Brahman Girl of Bombay . . . . .	292	Discovery Bay, New Guinea . . . . .	420
Tower of Silence, Bombay . . . . .	293	U'maint, the most remote Mission Station in New	
Entrance to the Caves of Elephanta . . . . .	296	Guinea . . . . .	420
Madras . . . . .	300	The Volcano, Tanna . . . . .	424
Zion Church, Madras (Church Missionary Society) . . . . .	301	Dillon Bay, Erromanga . . . . .	425
Palanquin and Bearers . . . . .	304	Native of Faté, Sandwich Islands . . . . .	428
Hindu Water-Carrier . . . . .	305	Natives of Faté, Sandwich Islands . . . . .	428
The late Rev. P. Rajahgopaul . . . . .	309	Old Man of Erromanga . . . . .	429
Hindu Dancing Girls . . . . .	313	Boy of Erromanga . . . . .	429
Free Church of Scotland's Medical Mission House,		Heury Craven . . . . .	433
Madras . . . . .	317	The <i>Henry Reed</i> Mission Steamer . . . . .	436
Free Church Institution and Christian College Madras	317	Thomas J. Comber ( <i>from a Photograph by Messrs. Deben-</i>	
General View of Bangalore . . . . .	320	<i>han and Gould</i> ) . . . . .	437
In Bangalore (Canarese Chapel on the right) . . . . .	325	The Congo, from Musaka . . . . .	440

	PAGE		PAGE
Settlement of Manyanga . . . . .	444	Indian Sovereign and Child . . . . .	497
Dr. Krapf . . . . .	448	Scenes in Robben Island . . . . .	500
The Rev. J. Rebmann . . . . .	448	Rev. A. R. M. Wilshere ( <i>from a Photograph by the Rev. W.</i>	
Mombasa, from the Anchorage . . . . .	449	<i>J. Cornish, St. Matthew's Vicarage, Brighton</i> ) . . . . .	501
Frere Town, from Mombasa . . . . .	452	Leper Mission Station at Chôta Nagpore, India . . . . .	504
Church Missionary Society's Buildings at Frere Town . . . . .	453	Leper House at Jerusalem . . . . .	504
Bishop Hannington ( <i>from a Photograph by Mr. Fradelle</i> ) . . . . .	456	Father Damien . . . . .	505
Students' House at Rabbaï . . . . .	457	Father Damien's House and Church at Kalawao,	
The Mission House at Rabbaï . . . . .	457	Molokai . . . . .	509
A Masai Kraal . . . . .	461	Parsi Merchant of Bombay . . . . .	517
Algiers . . . . .	465	State of Religion in the World at the close of the	
Tangier . . . . .	468	Seventeenth Century . . . . .	519
Magdala . . . . .	469	The State of Religion in the World at the close of 1750 . . . . .	521
Managing the Missionaries at Magdala . . . . .	472	State of Religion in the World in 1850 . . . . .	523
The Church at Magdala, after the Capture . . . . .	473	State of Religion in the World in 1890 . . . . .	525
Aztec Pyramids and Temples at Palenque . . . . .	476	The Salvation Army in India . . . . .	528
The Great Pyramid of Cholula . . . . .	480	Commissioner Booth-Tucker and Mrs. Booth-Tucker	
The Gardens of Chapultepec . . . . .	481	( <i>from Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Co.</i> ) . . . . .	529
President Juarez . . . . .	484	Mr. Brooke and the Negroes . . . . .	533
Plaza of Guadalaxara . . . . .	485	Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke ( <i>by permission of the Church</i>	
The Cathedral of Mexico . . . . .	488	<i>Missionary Society</i> ) . . . . .	536
Puebla de los Angeles . . . . .	492	Rev. A. M. Mackay . . . . .	537
Massacre of Protestants at Azatlá . . . . .	493	Religious State of the World in 1890 . . . . .	542

## FULL-PAGE PLATES AND MAPS.

Livingstone's Last Journey . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>	Map of the Turkish Empire and Persia . . . . .	p. 204
List of Mission Stations in South America . . . . .	p. 98	List of Mission Stations in India (Three Maps) . . . . .	p. 280
Map of South America . . . . .	p. 98	Map of India (Western Portion) . . . . .	p. 280
List of Mission Stations in China (Two Maps) . . . . .	p. 140	Map of India (Southern Portion) . . . . .	p. 298
Map of China (Southern Portion) . . . . .	p. 140	Map of India (Northern Portion) . . . . .	p. 328
Map of China (Northern Portion) . . . . .	p. 151	Bishop Patteson ( <i>Photogravure Plate</i> ) . . . . .	p. 366
The Rev. George Piercy ( <i>Photogravure Plate</i> ) . . . . .	p. 170	Mr. Thomas J. Comber ( <i>Photogravure Plate</i> ) . . . . .	p. 442
List of Mission Stations in the Turkish Empire		Bishop Hannington ( <i>Photogravure Plate</i> ) . . . . .	p. 450
and Persia . . . . .	p. 201		





# CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

## XXXIII.—CENTRAL AFRICA.

### CHAPTER LXIV.

#### DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE ZAMBESI.

Livingstone's Long Journey across Africa—Arrives at Linyante—The Chief Sekeletu—Preliminary Tour—Unpleasant Companions—Preparations for the Expedition to Loanda—Canoeing—A Foray Prevented—Native Liberality—Crocodiles—A Female Ruler—Popular Superstitions—Livingstone Under Petticoat Government—Interviews with Shinte—A Magic-Lantern Exhibition, and Terror of the Women—Lake Dilolo—Difficulties of the Way—Loanda—Illness of Livingstone—Rest and Recovery—His Companions' Industry—Starts on his Return Journey—A Useful Revolver—Reaches Linyante—Letters from Home—African Honesty—Decides to make for the East Coast—Helpfulness of Sekeletu—The Victoria Falls and the Gorge of the Zambesi—A Geographical Problem Solved—The Batoka Country—Armed Opposition—Crossing the River—Approach to Portuguese Territory—Reaches Tete—Arrangements for his Men—Delay at Quilimane—A Tragedy—Livingstone Arrives in England.

IN June, 1852, David Livingstone, whose earlier history and adventures in South Africa have been already described, left Cape Town to begin his famous journey "from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa, in an oblique direction, to Quilimane in Eastern Africa." This long and perilous enterprise, undertaken with the cordial approval of the London Missionary Society, had for its object the exploration of an unknown country, in search of a healthy district that might prove a centre of civilisation, and open up the interior by a path from the east or west coast. We need not detail the earlier stages by Kuruman, the home of the Moffats, along the border of the great Kalahari desert, and past Kolobeng (where Livingstone had for many years laboured amongst the Bakwains, until the hostility of the Boers had compelled him to withdraw), to the pleasant town of Linyante, on the Chobe river, the capital of the Makololo, whose former chief, Selbitwane, had now been succeeded by his son, Sekeletu, though not without a contest with Mpepe, another member of the family. Livingstone and his party were received on their arrival at Linyante by the whole population. A man, who acted as herald, stood forward, and, after leaping into the air and performing other antics, shouted a loud welcome, while Sekeletu himself ordered a great number of pots of native beer to be brought, that he and his guest might drink together in native fashion.

The chief, a young man only about eighteen years of age, readily entered into Livingstone's plans, and promised to help him forward on his journey. But when it was explained that the missionary wished to make him and his people Christians, he

urged the common objection of the polygamist to the morality of the New Testament. "I have no wish," he said, "to read the Bible. It might change my heart, and make me content with one wife, like my neighbour Sechele." Livingstone was, however, permitted to preach, and the herald was directed to summon the people to the kotla, or hut, of the chief, to hear the message of salvation, and to take part in the service, which consisted of prayer, reading, and a brief address. Many were interested, and Motibe, Sekeletu's father-in-law, became a regular attendant, and expressed a wish to learn to read, so that he might be able to find out for himself what was contained in the preacher's book. Livingstone was only too glad to teach the old man, who soon mastered the alphabet, and then reported to the chief that, so far as he had gone, there was nothing harmful in the lessons. Thus assured of the absence of danger or charms, Sekeletu himself, with some other young men, also became learners, and made fair progress, so long as their teacher remained with them.

At Linyante Livingstone was for the first time attacked by African fever, but as soon as he was well enough to travel he made a preliminary tour of nine weeks among the Makololo and Barotse, accompanied by Sekeletu and a hundred and sixty attendants for the greater part of the time. They struck across the country to Sesheke, and as the party, in single file, tramped along the winding footpath, they presented a picturesque appearance—some wearing caps ornamented with white ox-tails, or great bunches of ostrich feathers luxuriantly flowing behind them, others with head-gear made of lion's mane; while many wore red tunics or coloured prints, that had been bought by the chief from Fleming, a trader who had accompanied the missionary. The luggage belonging to the party was carried by the common men, and the "gentlemen" walked with clubs of rhinoceros horn, their shields being borne by servants. A number of swift runners, armed with battle-axes, completed the escort.

As they arrived at the villages on their route, the women turned out to receive them, and greeted the chief with shrill cries of "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep, my lord!" The head-man then produced pots of native beer and bowls of thick milk, the latter being scooped up from the bowls and drunk from the hand. At the end of each day's march an ox was killed, cut up, half broiled on the fire, and eaten with all possible despatch, nobody taking time to masticate the food, and each man trying to eat as much as he could in the shortest possible time. Livingstone had brought some coffee, and every night made a sufficient quantity for himself, the chief, and one or two of the principal men. Sekeletu greatly relished the warm beverage, saying, as he drank it, he knew the missionary's heart loved him, because he found his own heart warmed by the food. He had formerly tasted coffee made by Griquas, who had come to trade with him, but their coffee, he said, was not so nice, for they loved his ivory and not his heart.

The travellers struck the river Leeambye, "the large river," at Katonga, some miles above Sesheke, and there found canoes waiting to carry them across the stream, which is more than six hundred yards wide. The older men, in accordance with native etiquette, were first ferried over, even the chief being obliged to wait for his

seniors; and as the party was large, the crossing took some time to accomplish. Some days were spent at Katonga in collecting a sufficient number of canoes, and when all were ready the fleet, began to ascend the river. This was Sekeletu's first visit to this part of his territory, and as he passed up the stream the people of the villages came out to present him tribute of food and skins. At one village two of the party who had formerly opposed his succession were ordered out for execution, and thrown into the river, in spite of Livingstone's protest against life being taken in such an off-hand manner. "You see," said the chief, "we are still Boers; we are not yet taught."

As opportunity offered, Livingstone explored the neighbouring country to find, if possible, a healthy station in which he might be able to arrange for a home for some of the Makololo, and for the furtherance of missionary enterprise. But the door was shut, and had he wanted an excuse for returning home, he could easily have pleaded the difficulty of settling in a district where he was brought into more immediate contact with heathenism than ever before, and where, in spite of the kindness and attention of Sekeletu, he had much to endure in the dancing, roaring, singing, jesting, quarrelling, and murdering of children by the natives into whose company he had been thrown for a time. But it was not in a downcast spirit that he returned to Linyante. He was more than ever determined to carry out his idea of penetrating further into the unknown interior of Africa, and he busied himself for two months in making preparations for carrying his idea into practice, Sekeletu assisting him in every possible way.

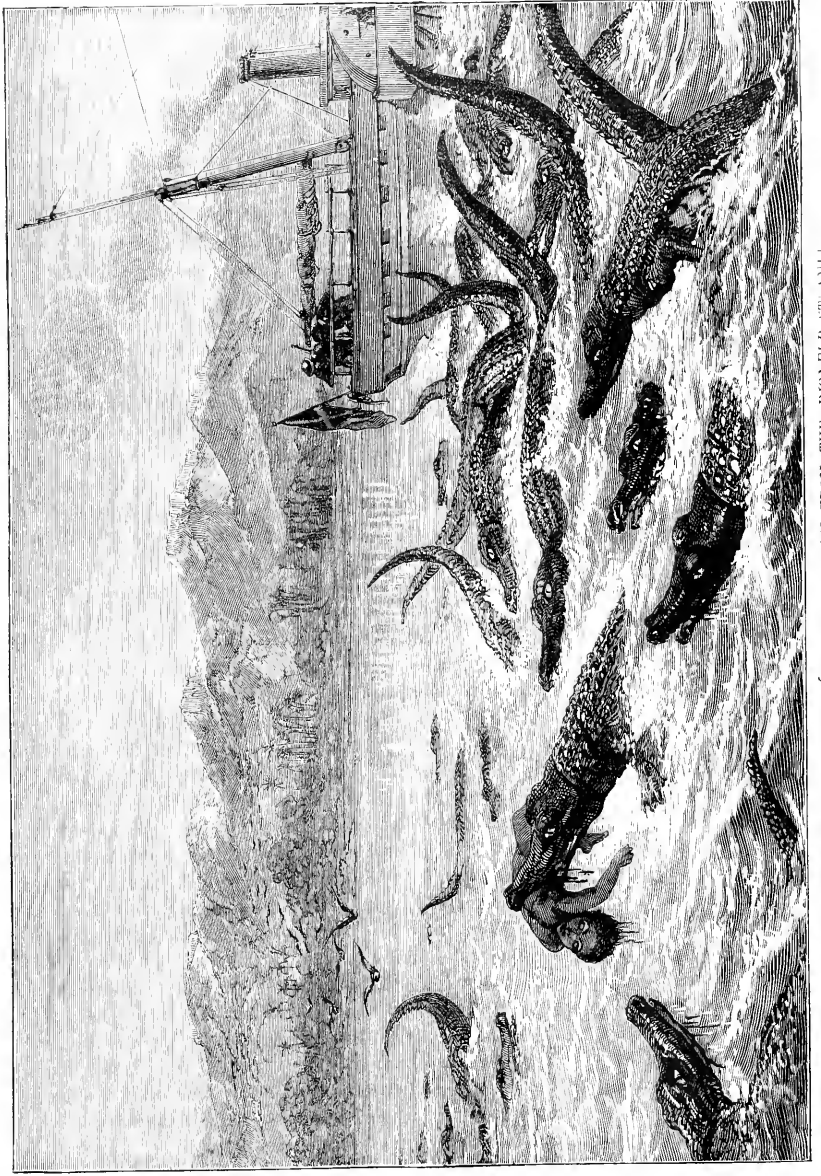
In November, 1853, Livingstone was at length able to begin his long journey. A *picho*, or native assembly, had previously been summoned to consider the undertaking, and some of the older men—one especially, who was a regular croaker—raised all kinds of objections, declaring "The white man is throwing you away; your garments already smell of blood." The chief, however, was favourably inclined, the objectors were silenced, and twenty-seven natives, eager to obtain free and lucrative trade with the white men, volunteered to go; the Bechuanas from Kuruman, who had suffered frequent relapse from fever, being instructed to return with Fleming, as soon as he had finished his trading. Two only of the twenty-seven were genuine Makololo, the rest being of the Barotse, Batoko, and other neighbouring tribes. The baggage was reduced to the minimum, and included a small tent, a sheep-skin, a horse-rug, and some square tins, one filled with sheeting, trousers, and shoes for Livingstone's personal needs; another containing medicine; a third, a small library, consisting of a Bible, a nautical almanac, and a book of logarithms; and a fourth a magic lantern, a sextant, a thermometer, compasses, a few biscuits, and a little tea and sugar. About twenty pounds of beads for presents completed the equipment. The firearms were three muskets, a rifle, and a double-barrelled gun, and the ammunition was distributed as widely as possible to prevent accidents.

Sekeletu and many of his principal men escorted the travellers as far as the river Chobe, to see the expedition fairly on its way. Rapidly were the canoes paddled down the winding stream to Sesheke, near the confluence of the Leambye and the

Chobe, where a halt was made for some days, and Livingstone gave many addresses under an outspreading camel-thorn tree on the high bank of the river: men, women, and children coming, under the guidance of their head-men, from different quarters of the town, to listen to the missionary. These congregations, which often numbered five or six hundred, were very attentive, and order was kept by the chief, who on one occasion threw his staff at some young men he saw working at a skin instead of listening. Many of the people asked sensible questions upon what they heard, and soon began to pray to Jesus, as the white man's God, without, perhaps, understanding very clearly what they were doing. Others were very frivolous, and talked the wildest nonsense immediately after listening to the most solemn truths, but some, on waking in the night and thinking over what had been said by the preacher about the future world, were so frightened that they resolved to listen no more to his teaching. The time spent at Sesheke was not entirely wasted, but Livingstone could only stay a few days, and was soon on the wide bosom of the Leambye, paddling up against the stream.

On the last day of November they reached Gonye Falls, below which the river rushes for miles through a narrow gorge, with such rapidity as to make canoeing out of the question. The natives, who carry the canoes round the falls by slinging them on poles, worked rapidly and good-humouredly, being rewarded by a small present and the exhibition of the magic lantern, which was always a most popular entertainment, and proved a good means of conveying instruction. After passing the falls, Livingstone heard that some of the Makololo had been on a foray up the Leiba, under the direction of Lerimo, and with the sanction of Sकेलेतु's uncle, Mpololo, the head-man of the district. Another foray was in contemplation, but Livingstone prevented it, and in a picho called expressly for the purpose, pointed out that the marauding expedition was opposed to Sकेलेतु's orders, and insisted that the captives should be given up to him to be returned to the place whence they had been taken. To this Mpololo and the people agreed, after some hesitation: and as Livingstone pursued his way farther up the stream he was able to set the men at liberty, and thus gained the confidence of their fellow-tribesmen, who had but recently been disturbed by Lerimo's expedition. The rains had fallen in this part of the valley, and the fresh pasturage caused the cows to yield so much milk that the men and women gave Livingstone butter in sufficient quantities for the whole of his followers, and added to the value of these gifts by always making them gracefully. This conduct the missionary could not help contrasting with the manner in which his old Bechuana friends made presents. They always exaggerated the value of what they were giving, and in offering a goat would exclaim, "Behold an ox!" whereas the Barotse, in giving an ox, say "Here is a little bit of bread for you!"

At Naliole Sकेलेतु's canoes were sent back to him, and others were borrowed from Mpololo, who gave Livingstone eight riding oxen and seven for slaughter, some for his own use, and others as a present for the chief of the Balonda, living further up the river. The valley through which they were now travelling abounded in wild ducks and geese, which are consumed by the people in great



CROCODILES ON THE SHIRÉ RIVER, AS SEEN FROM THE *PIOMELÉ* STEAMER.

numbers. These birds often lie very close together on the water, and once Livingstone was able to kill eighteen in two shots, greatly to the delight of his companions, who thoroughly enjoyed the prospect of the good supper thus obtained for them.

Wild fowl were not the only inhabitants of the river, for it also contains a prodigious number of crocodiles, alleged to be more savage here than in other places. The natives say that many children are devoured every year, and cows and calves which go down to the water to drink are frequently carried off. One of Livingstone's men was seized as he was swimming across the stream, but, fortunately having a javelin in his hand at the time, was able to stab the crocodile, which let him go; but he came out of the water with deep marks of the brute's teeth in his thigh. On another occasion two of Livingstone's men rescued a young woman whose leg had been bitten off by one of these monsters, though she died afterwards; and at a later period, when on the Shiré river in the *Pioneer*, sixty or seventy could be seen from the deck at once, and one of the corpses frequently seen floating as the result of the horrible slaving raids so prevalent in the district, would be the cause of such a swarm as depicted in the illustration. At the confluence of the Leiba and Leeambye rivers (where the captives who had been rescued by Livingstone from Mpololo were sent off to Masiko, the Barotse chief, in charge of one of the Batoka men) the navigation of the Leiba was begun, and on the banks of this stream the travellers came upon the nests of some crocodiles, only recently deserted by the young. The eggs, about the size of a goose's egg, are of the same diameter at both ends, and the white shell contains so little lime as to be quite elastic. After laying them, the dam covers them with earth to the depth of four inches, and then leaves them until they are ready to be hatched, when she returns to help the young out of the shell, and leads them to the edge of the water, where they are soon able to earn their own living by catching fish, the staple food of old and young, though, as we have seen, they do not despise other animal food when they can get it.

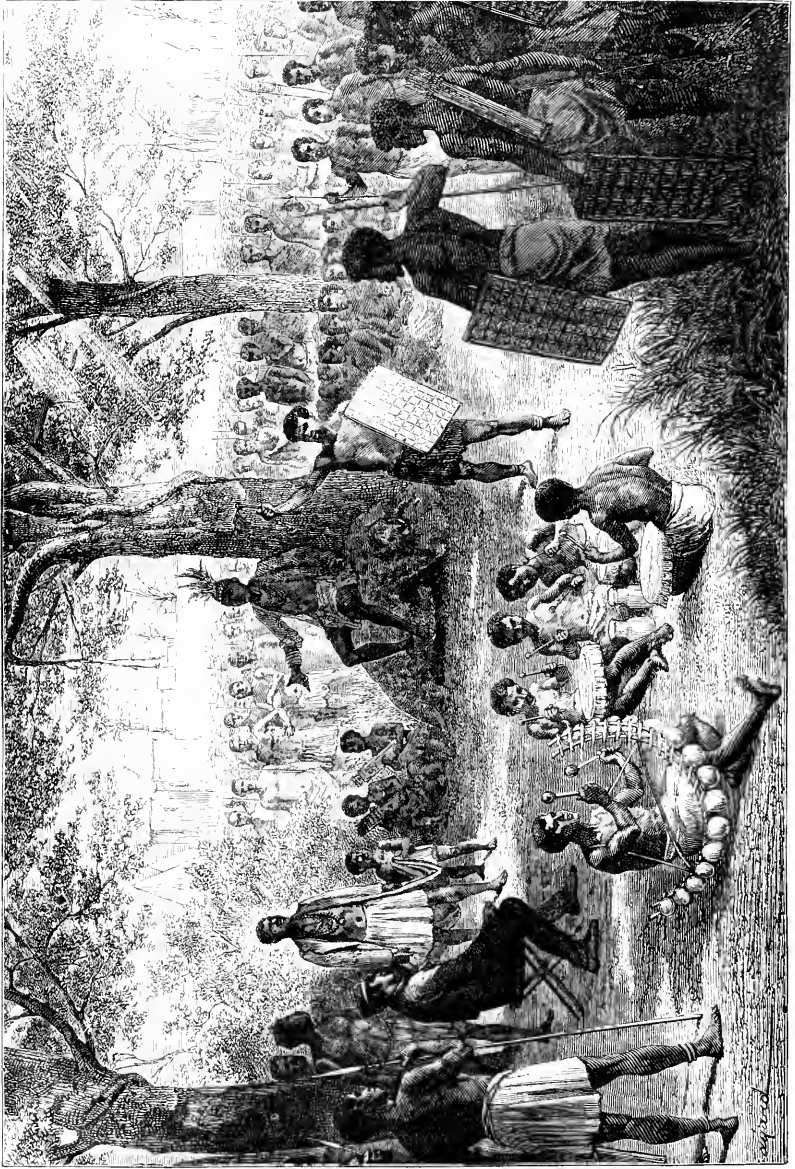
The ruler of the Balonda tribe inhabiting the district through which the Leiba flows in this part of its course, was a woman named Maneuko, who regarded the travellers with some suspicion, as one of the party was believed to have been Lerimo's guide in the recent foray. To some extent Livingstone was able to remove this feeling by producing and giving up the captives he had brought with him, and he was very desirous of an interview with Maneuko to explain the object of his visit; but though she sent him a present of manioc roots with a message that he was to remain where he was until she came, and afterwards wanted him to visit her at her village, he was unable to comply with her invitation. Further on, in the course of this journey, he was more fortunate in securing an interview with her mother, Nyamoana, the ruler of another Balonda district, an old woman with an ugly squint in her left eye. She received her visitor sitting with her husband on skins placed on a raised piece of ground, and all around her were men and women, the former armed with bows, arrows, spears, and swords. After salutations by clapping hands in the customary manner, the talker was called forward, and Livingstone was asked who was to be his spokesman. Kalimbotu, who best understood the dialect, was selected, and the palaver began, in the

course of which it was explained to Nyamoana why her visitor had come into her territory; but as everything Livingstone said was repeated by his interpreter to the talker, by the talker to the chieftainess's husband, and lastly to the lady herself, and the replies were returned in the same roundabout way, the missionary's message of peace and friendship got terribly mixed up with Makololo affairs.

These people were very superstitious, and had built two sheds for the pots in which they kept their charms. Livingstone asked what the pots contained, and was told, "Medicine for the Barimo," but when he looked into them they said the medicine was for the game. In a deserted village, an old idol, in the shape of a human head cut out of a wooden block, and dotted over with red ochre and white pipe-clay—the first evidence of the existence of idolatry he had found in the country—was occasionally worshipped, and even a crooked stick, when nothing else was forthcoming, was honoured in some places as a deity.

Whilst Livingstone was discussing with Nyamoana the best way of reaching the next stage of his journey to where her brother Shinte was the ruler, Maneuko arrived—a tall woman about twenty, profusely ornamented with charms, and smeared all over with a mixture of red ochre and fat, though otherwise almost nude; not that the Balonda women do not wear clothes, but because she seemed to be of opinion that the chief should appear differently from her subjects. She was an arrant scold, and insisted upon arranging in her own fashion for the transport of the travellers to her uncle Shinte; but as some delay occurred in getting together her men, Livingstone ordered the luggage to be put on the canoes and a start to be made. Maneuko was not the woman to allow herself to be circumvented, and came down to the canoes to explain that her uncle would be annoyed if she did not carry forward the party. Livingstone's men at once desisted from further attempts to proceed independently of her, and when he was unwilling to follow their example, she patted him on the shoulder and said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." There was no alternative but submission, and in a day or two she led the party forward to Shinte's village.

Since he had left Sकेलेतु, Livingstone had generally been able to do very much as he chose, but while travelling under Maneuko's guidance, he found he must submit to her orders, and move forward or halt as she dictated. She arranged the resting-places, sent forward messengers to announce the approach of the white man, and would not permit him to enter the village until she thought the proper time had come. The travellers were received in state, and, Maneuko being ill, were presented by her husband to the chief, who was surrounded by his warriors and wives. A party of native musicians beating drums, and playing the marisuba, an instrument made of two bars of wood to which are attached a number of calabashes, each with a wooden bar across the mouth, marched round the kotla or assembly; and, after hearing several speeches, Shinte, with all his people, stood up, and the meeting was at an end. Subsequently, Livingstone gave him the presents Sकेलेतु had sent, and added an ox on his own account; but when Maneuko heard of these gifts, she came forward and told her uncle that as the white man was hers, and she had brought him there, the

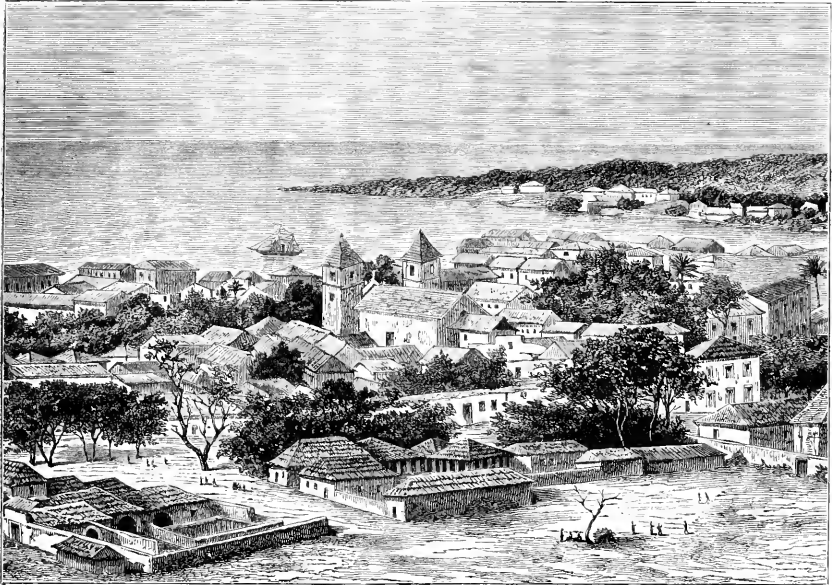


RECEPTION BY THE KING OF SHINTE.



ox was hers too, and she ordered her men to fetch it and slaughter it. Her orders were obeyed, and she kept all but one leg, which she gave to Shinte, who bore his disappointment with philosophical indifference.

Many and long were the interviews between the missionary and his host. The Balonda had no oxen, and Livingstone strongly advised Shinte to trade with the Makololo in cows, and the idea was so promptly acted upon, that in the following year, when he again passed through the country, he found the best conditioned cows he had ever seen in Africa. Less satisfactory was the response to Livingstone's



ST. PAUL DE LOANDA.

remonstrance about slavery and the selling of children. Shinte offered his guest a girl of ten as a present, and was much surprised when the gift was refused; at first he supposed Livingstone would not take the child because she was so young, so he sent for an older girl and offered her, with the same result; nor did he seem able to understand the objections of his guest to such presents.

As soon as Shinte heard of the magic lantern and its wonderful pictures, he was most anxious for an exhibition, and grew somewhat impatient because an attack of fever prevented Livingstone from immediately complying with his request. When in a few days the missionary was able to come, he found a large gathering of the chief men and women all eager to see the wonderful sight of which they had

been told. The first slide, Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac, with the figures shown on the screen about life-size, was duly explained and much admired. The men thought the picture more like a god than their own clay or wooden idols, and the women sat in silent awe until in moving the slide the dagger seemed to be approaching them, when they all rose, shrieked "Mother, mother!" rushed tumultuously away, and could not be induced to return. Shinte, who sat through the whole exhibition, and, when it was over, examined the lantern with much interest, was not satisfied with one entertainment, but asked for its repetition; and whenever the lantern was shown, crowds of men and women came from long distances, and were greatly pleased at what they saw.

It was not easy to get away from Shinte; indeed, throughout the journey the chiefs were unwilling to allow their guest to depart, and when every arrangement had been made, would at the very last moment make some excuse, such as the difficulty of getting guides, or the heavy rains, for keeping him a little longer. Still following the course of the river Leiba, and halting for a time at Katem's town, from whom they received an even more hospitable welcome than from Shinte, they arrived at Lake Dilolo—one of the principal feeders of the Leiba, lying at a height of about 4,700 feet above the sea-level, and at no great distance from the watershed between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. From this point onwards to Loanda, Livingstone's difficulties increased: he suffered from frequent attacks of fever; the chiefs through whose territory he passed were always exacting, and sometimes hostile to his progress; and his own men were discouraged because of the way.

At last, having crossed the somewhat barren plains above Loanda, Livingstone beheld the welcome sight of the blue waters of the Atlantic, and for the first time in their lives his companions looked upon the sea. Hitherto they had supposed the world to be one continuous stretch of land, but now, to use their own quaint expression in subsequently describing their astonishment, they found that what the ancients told them was not true, for all at once the world said to them, "I am finished, there is no more of me." On the 31st of May, 1854, nearly seven months after his departure from Linyante, Livingstone, depressed by disease and worn out by anxiety, entered Loanda, and was hospitably received by Mr. Gabriel, the only English resident in the town.

Welcome indeed to the weak and weary missionary, after sleeping six months on the ground under a small tent, was the comfortable bed in Mr. Gabriel's house, and even more welcome was the kind attention of his host and the medical attendance of the surgeon of Her Majesty's good ship *Polyphemus*, which came into Loanda in the course of a few days after Livingstone arrived there. The English officers, seeing his emaciated state, urged him for the sake of his health to go on a cruise to St. Helena, or to return with them to England, and the temptation to accept their offer was strong. But he steadily refused to avail himself of their kind invitation. He had indeed reached the coast, and so far had accomplished an object of his journey, but the nature of the country through which he had passed, and the unfriendliness of the native tribes near the Portuguese settlement, dissipated his hope of making

a highway for waggons along his recent route. Moreover, he had to consider his men and their faithful service; and feeling it would be quite impossible for them to return to their homes without him, he resolved, as soon as his health and the season permitted, to retrace his steps to Linyante, and to endeavour to find an outlet to the east coast of the continent by means of the great river Zambesi. He remained at Loanda nearly four months, and this interval was employed by his men in gaining new experiences which made them the objects of curiosity and admiration to their fellow-tribesmen ever afterwards.

But the men did not spend their whole time in sight-seeing, or in mere idle astonishment at the wonders of Loanda. Without any prompting, they set up a trade in firewood, and when a coal ship came into port they were employed at sixpence a day in unloading her, thus earning what was to them quite a little fortune. Livingstone took care they spent their money to the best advantage, and they bought beads, clothing, and other articles to carry home. He thought he ought to show them a place of worship, and therefore took them to High Mass at the Cathedral, where the elaborate ritual of the Roman Catholic Church, the genuflections and the burning of incense, produced the comment that they had seen the white men charming their demons. A simpler form of worship was to their untutored minds more impressive than the most gorgeous ecclesiastical ceremonies. Before leaving the city, Livingstone was asked by the merchants and other traders to convey a handsome present, consisting of a horse, a colonel's full uniform, and two donkeys for Sekeletu. The authorities also provided suits of clothing for the men, and gave Livingstone letters of introduction to the Portuguese commandants in Eastern Africa.

The return journey to Linyante, along almost the same route as that traversed in going to Loanda, was full of interesting incidents, and not without danger, especially in the districts adjacent to Portuguese territory, where, as they had previously experienced, the native chiefs demanded and sometimes obtained heavy tribute for the passage of the travellers. In one place an attack was about to begin, and blood would have been shed, had not Livingstone rushed forward with a loaded revolver, a present from one of the English officers, and encountered the leader; who was so much alarmed at the sight of the six barrels that he at once declared he had only come to speak peaceably, and did not wish to prevent the passage of the travellers. At another place a chief demanded nearly all their goods, and on this being refused, ordered his men to arm; but the sight of the revolver was again sufficient to ensure an unmolested passage.

Much of this hostility was no doubt due to the existence of slavery, too often connived at, if not actually encouraged, by the half-caste Portuguese living near the coast. One day the travellers met eight women chained together on their way to the Matiambo country to be sold for ivory, and soon afterwards they found a poor little slave-girl who had turned aside from the path and had been lost. Livingstone's men described the slave-traders as having no hearts, and asked why the poor blacks did not rebel against the harsh treatment they received, a question more easily asked than answered. The existence of this abominable institution must

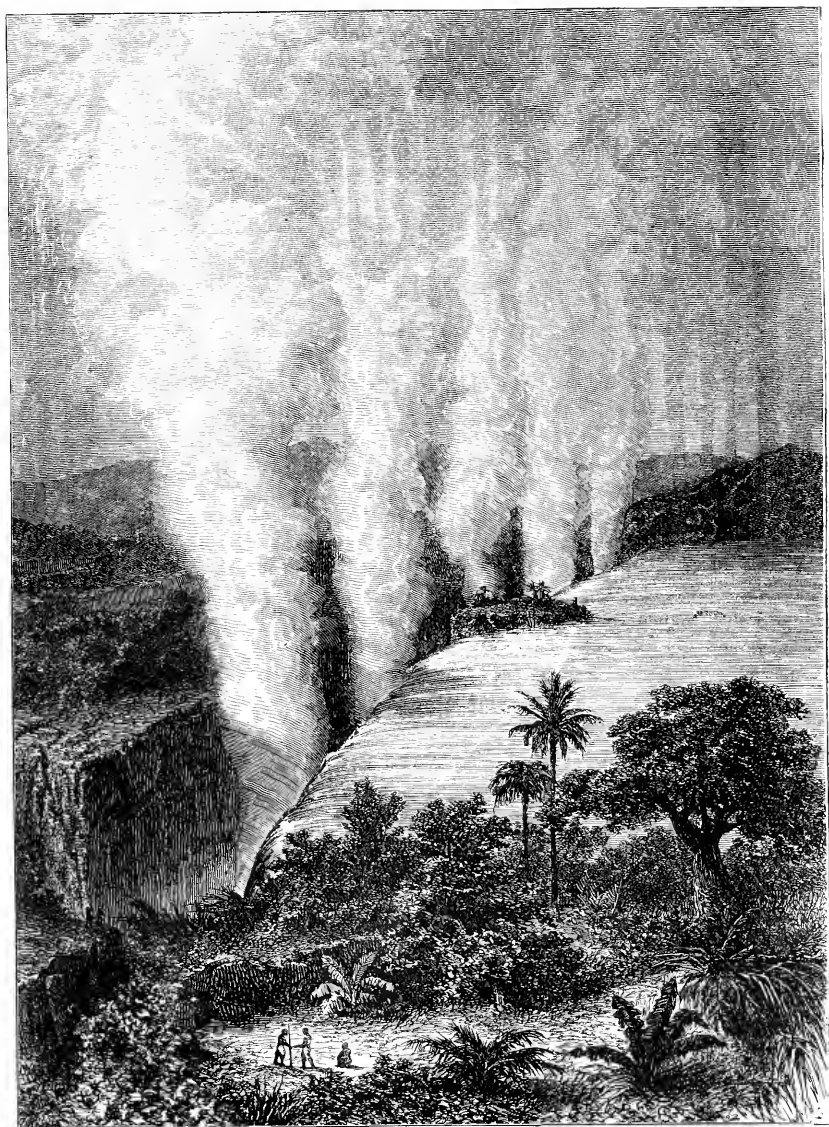
always prove a barrier to the progress of Christianity, but in this inaccessible region it is easier to denounce the evil than to apply a remedy.

The difficulties with the natives did not continue after the travellers had quitted the neighbourhood of the coast, and as they passed through the villages where they had halted on their outward journey they were welcomed with great heartiness and treated as old friends. As he found opportunity, Livingstone held services, and on these occasions his men attended in all their finery and carrying muskets he had given them at Loanda. The heavy demands to which he had been obliged to submit in the earlier portion of this return journey had so exhausted his stores that he was unable to make many presents, but his men explained the reason, and the people were quite content. "It does not matter," they replied: "you have opened a path for us:" and, by way of expressing their gratitude, they seldom failed to make some acceptable gift—such as an ox, or butter, or meal—to their benefactors.

These journeyings were so full of strange and sometimes dangerous incidents, that it is quite impossible to give anything like a full account of all that Livingstone underwent in his self-denying efforts to help the uncared-for tribes of Africa, and to prepare the way for the advent of civilisation and Christianity.

At last, in September, 1854, the travellers reached Linyante, and Livingstone not only found his waggon and other property perfectly safe, but also received the letters and goods which his father-in-law, Moffat, had brought with such care from Kuruman, and had entrusted to the Matabele to send on to their destination. The safe arrival of these things affords a strong testimony to the respect in which the two missionaries were held by the rival tribes of the Matabele and Makololo, who ordinarily held no intercourse with each other, and proves the honesty of the natives. The news contained in the letters was not very recent, but they were the only communications that had come to the missionary from his friends for nearly three years, and though ancient were by no means unwelcome.

When Livingstone explained his project of making for the east coast, many of the people offered to go with him, eager no doubt to see some of the wonderful sights which, as they learnt from himself and his companions, existed beyond their own land. Sekeletu was as anxious to assist in starting the new expedition as he had been to help in the former, and many consultations were held as to the equipment of the travellers, and the route to be followed. Some Arab traders had recently come from Zanzibar, and described the people of the intervening country as friendly to travellers, but it was finally decided to attempt the descent of the Zambezi, for Livingstone desired to discover the easiest outlet from the interior; and, although he had reason to fear the hostility of some tribes living on the banks, he hoped the stream itself would afford a practicable means of getting to the coast. In this conclusion the chief concurred, and appointed one of his men, Sekwelu, who had previously travelled along the Zambezi, to be a member of the proposed party. He also assisted in the choice of others, and generously gave twelve oxen, hoes for presents, beads to purchase a canoe, and provisions of various kinds for the support of the travellers. And thus, for the second time, Livingstone was indebted to



THE FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

Sekeletu for the means of making those discoveries which have already added so much to our geographical knowledge, and which may, in a possibly not remote future, lead to the further development of missions, and to the advance of progress among the inhabitants of the vast regions of Central Africa.

“You are now going among people who cannot be trusted, because we have used them badly, but you go with a different message from any they have ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you through among enemies.” Thus spoke Mamiro to Livingstone as the latter was about to make a second attempt to find a way out of the Makololo country. Experience proved how true these words were, but the difficulties were not encountered in the beginning of the journey, and for a time all went smoothly. Sekeletu and two hundred followers escorted the explorer for some days, and attended him to the Victoria Falls, where for the first time the eyes of a white man beheld the broad Zambesi—here more than half a mile wide—precipitate itself a hundred feet, and then boil and rush along through a narrow fissure of unknown and unfathomable depth, but not more than thirty yards wide. Columns of vapour ascended from this strange abyss, and condensing in the air fell again to the earth in constant showers, which soon wet to the skin those who approach the Falls. Here, in sight of one of the most sublime and awe-inspiring spectacles on earth, the Batoka chiefs used to offer prayer and sacrifice to their gods, and surely no spot could be more suitable for worship, though we must regret it was not directed to Him “who sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills.” The natives proudly enquired of Livingstone if he had in his country “smoke that sounds,” the equivalent of the name by which they call the stupendous cataract, and he willingly confessed that nowhere in all Europe was there such a wonderful sight. The discovery of the Falls at once established the fact that the Zambesi is but a continuation of the Leiba and Lecambye, and that one mighty stream flows right across Africa from near the confines of Angola on the west, to Quilimane on the east coast, thus disposing of the old opinion of geographers that the whole interior of Africa was a barren desert as we see it marked in the old maps.

Sekeletu, having accompanied the expedition for some distance beyond the Falls, returned home, and the travellers, leaving the river, struck across the country in a north-easterly direction, and in a few days reached Moyara, the first Batoka village. Everywhere Livingstone insisted upon the peaceful nature of his errand, explaining that he was the servant of Him whose words were “Peace on earth and goodwill to men.” No wonder that these people, who had suffered so much at the hands of many enemies, answered, “We are tired of flight; give us rest,” and eagerly welcomed the idea of having a white man to live amongst them. They would protect him and his property, and would willingly learn what he had to teach them, though they had no idea of Christian instruction. They were impressed by the presence of a man so different in race and colour from themselves; for though many of these Batoka had heard of white men, they had never seen one before, and curiosity had much to do with their profession of willingness to receive a teacher.

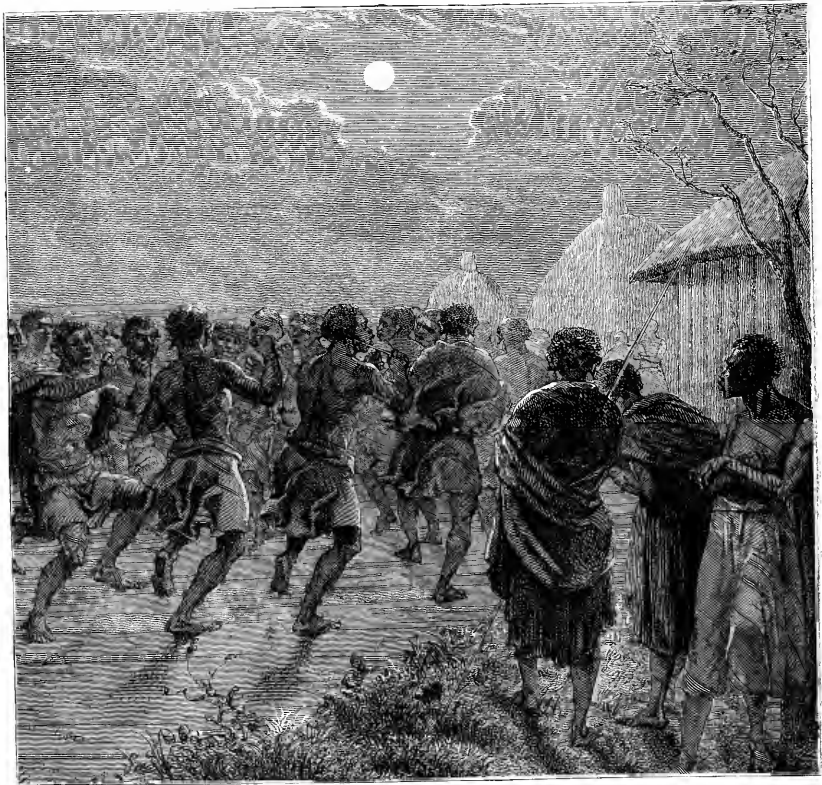
After traversing the Batoka country, the party descended the valley of the Kafue, a tributary of the Zambesi, and finally regained the banks of the latter river about eight miles east of the confluence of the two streams. In the neighbourhood they found traces of the slave trade, and once more encountered the hostility of the natives, after having for a time been among friendly people. At Scoli all the women had fled on hearing of their approach, and the head-man of the village sent forward a message to his chief, Mburuna, to ask for the assistance of an armed force to resist the travellers. No hostilities occurred, as Livingstone was able to partially allay the fears excited by his coming; he afterwards learned that a few years previously an Italian had come up the river with an armed party in canoes, and had taken many prisoners, besides carrying off a quantity of ivory, and the people, hearing of the advent of another white man, had supposed he was bent on a similar errand. The travellers passed on to Mburuna's village, where Livingstone again attempted to convince the people that he was no friend of slavery, by pointing to his own company of free men, but he was still regarded with suspicion, and the people never came near him except in large bodies fully armed with bows, arrows, and spears.

At the confluence of the Loangwa and Zambesi the same hostility was exhibited; it seemed for a time doubtful if the travellers would be allowed to cross the former river, and Livingstone spent an anxious night in the prospect of being prevented from making further progress in his journey. In the morning the natives appeared fully armed, and would only allow the use of one canoe, which made several voyages across the stream, the missionary remaining to the last, and trying to amuse the people who stood round him by showing his watch, pocket lens, and other articles. When all had preceded him, he entered the canoe, and, as soon as he got across, gave the men some beads for themselves, and a handkerchief and some red baize for their chief. These presents put them in good humour, and they went back to their own side of the river highly pleased with the liberality that had been shown them.

The head-men of the next village were more friendly, and gave supplies of food, which were supplemented by some of Livingstone's party going round to dance in the neighbourhood—greatly to the delight of the younger women, who ground corn for the dancers in return for lessons in the new steps they had to show. But this friendliness was quite the exception, for the next chief, Mpende, sent forward a body of armed men to Livingstone's encampment, where, after screaming and waving their hands, they lighted a fire to burn some charms, and then departed making more hideous noises. The natives were observed to be coming in from all sides, evidently preparing to resist any attempt on the part of the travellers to move forward, or perhaps intending to begin the attack. To inspire the courage of his companions, who were a little nervous about the effect of the burnt charms, Livingstone ordered an ox to be killed and roasted. This had the desired result; and finally it was decided to allow the missionary and his followers to proceed, the chief doing all he could to help them by furnishing canoes for their transit across the river.

The Zambesi is here about 1,200 yards wide, the current running down at the rate

or three or four miles an hour, and ferrying the party over was not accomplished in one day. Livingstone was sincerely thankful to find himself once more on the southern bank, as the people on the other side were at enmity with the Portuguese, and would probably have endeavoured to turn back the caravan, as Mpende had been at first inclined to do. The travellers were now in a district where slave-dealing prevailed.



MOONLIGHT DANCE OF THE BALONDAS.

but also where the reputation of the English as enemies of the slave trade seemed well established. English and American goods are brought by native traders into this part of the country, and Livingstone purchased some American cotton-cloth at Mozinkwa's village to clothe some of his men who had worn out their own garments, and were reduced to a state closely bordering on nudity.

The natives in this district make an offering to their gods whenever they are



successful in the chase, and Livingstone could not but admire the devout belief of these people in the existence of unseen beings, and looked forward to the day when they would learn to worship the one true and living God.

Difficulties seemed to increase as the travellers approached Portuguese territory. The natives were unwilling to allow a free passage, and their endeavours to obtain a toll were unsuccessful, for Livingstone's stores were nearly exhausted and he had scarcely anything to give. One night at a Banyai village the people got up a demonstration, in the form of a war-dance, close to the encampment, beating drums and occasionally firing a gun, as if to intimate their hostile intention, and Livingstone's men were in expectation of an immediate attack. To avoid similar risks, they now kept as far as possible from the villages, by going roundabout ways through the forests; but even this did not secure immunity from the hostile natives, for so large a party could not move through a country, by no means sparsely inhabited, without exciting attention, and rumours of their approach travelled faster than they.

The longest journey, however, must come to an end, and on March 2nd, 1856, Livingstone found himself, at the close of a trying day, during which a number of natives had pursued his party and exacted two tusks of ivory, within eight miles of Tete. The men were anxious to go on, but their leader was too fatigued, and contented himself with sending forward to the commandant the letters of introduction he had brought from Loanda. In the middle of the night he was aroused by cries that the camp was surrounded by armed men, and, on turning out to see what had really happened, was delighted to find that a company of soldiers, under the command of two officers, had marched out from Tete to welcome his arrival, and had brought with them the materials for the first civilised breakfast he had enjoyed for many months.

The news of the arrival in Tete the next morning soon spread through the place, and the principal inhabitants lost no time in visiting the English missionary who had actually travelled right across Africa, a journey which seemed to them, with their knowledge of the difficulties of the country, an impossibility. Rumours of an attempt to get out of the interior of Africa by way of the east or west coast had, indeed, reached them through Portugal, but were described as idle tales; and now, to their astonishment, these rumours were well founded, and the "impossible" had been accomplished. Many questions were asked as to the country he had traversed and the people he had seen; and while the Portuguese officers and traders were eager to learn all that Livingstone had to tell, he was anxious to gain from them as much information as they could give him about the district in the immediate neighbourhood of Tete, about the lakes to the north, of which he had been told in several places, and, above all, of the means of getting down to the mouth of the Zambesi, and thence to the Cape or to England direct. For the weary man was anxious to see his wife and children, of whom he had heard nothing for years, and to carry home the wonderful story of his adventures, and of the openings he had discovered for missionary enterprise.

He had to arrange for the safety of his men, and for their living until they could find an opportunity of returning to their distant homes. He thought it would be

best to leave them at Tete; the commandant, Major Sicard, whose name deserves to be remembered, undertaking to allow them land to cultivate, feeding them at his own expense until they could keep themselves, and giving them permission to hunt with his own servants, and to purchase goods with the ivory and dried meat they secured, in order that they might not return empty-handed to their own country. With this arrangement both Livingstone and his companions were fully satisfied, more especially as Major Sicard refused to accept any payment for what he promised to do.

The commandant also provided liberally for the voyage to Quilimane; and Livingstone, with some of his men, set out in three canoes for the voyage down the Zambesi, in the course of which exposure to the great heat brought on an attack of tertian fever. At Interra a Portuguese gentleman offered his launch to enable the travellers to proceed in greater comfort, and the last days of this memorable journey were accomplished in comparative luxury; Quilimane having been reached on the 20th of May, 1856, only a few days before the expiration of a period of four years from the date of Livingstone's departure from Cape Town.

Six weary weeks were passed at Quilimane waiting for a vessel. At last H.M. brig *Frolic* appeared off the bar at the mouth of the Zambesi, and the captain offered to convey Livingstone to the Mauritius. Sekwelu asked to go to England. It was pointed out to him that the cold climate might kill him; but he persisted so earnestly in his entreaty that he was told he might go, and was highly elated at the prospect. The passage across the bar, though rough and dangerous, was accomplished in safety, and when, after considerable difficulty in getting on board, Livingstone found himself once more on the deck of an English vessel, he received a right hearty welcome from his fellow-countrymen, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother tongue, though he had so long been accustomed to the language of Africa that English seemed a strange speech, and for some days he was scarcely able to use it. The arrival at Mauritius was marked by a sad fatality. Poor Sekwelu was so bewildered by the strangeness of all he saw, that he lost his reason, and finally jumped overboard. His body was never recovered, and this faithful servant, without whose invaluable help Livingstone could scarcely have travelled from Linyante to Quilimane, passed thus tragically to his everlasting rest.

Livingstone remained at Mauritius for rest and recovery from the effects of fever until November, and arrived in England on the 12th of December to receive a hearty welcome from his wife and children, and to find himself honoured by all classes of society as a philanthropist and a discoverer.

## CHAPTER LXV.

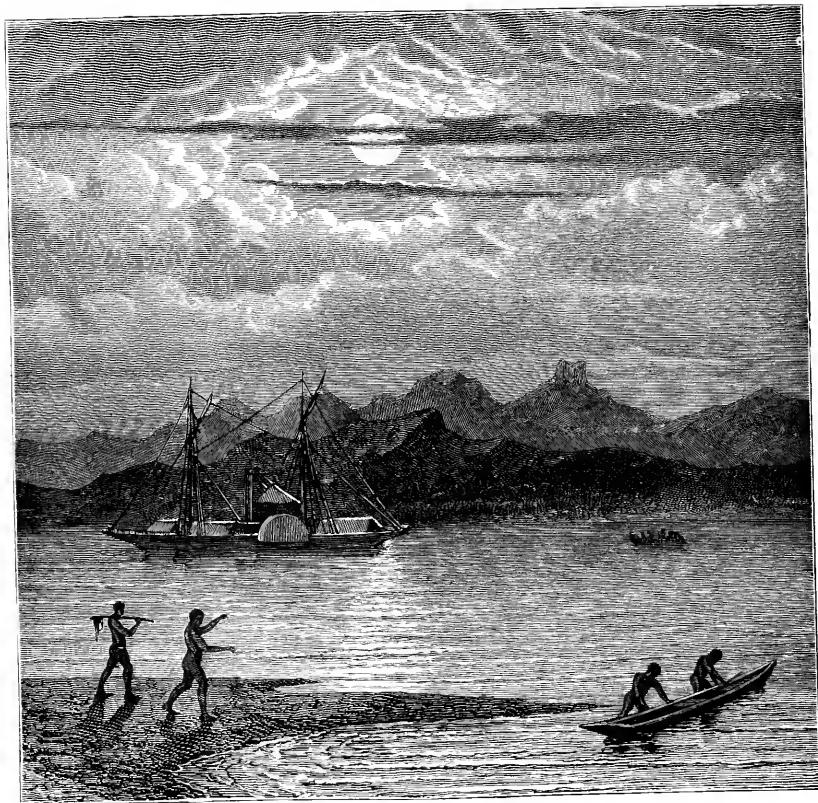
## DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEYS.

Honours Bestowed upon Livingstone—He Decides to Resume his Explorations—Arrives off the Mouths of the Zambesi—Its Channels—Up the River in a Steamer—A Monster—War Between Portuguese and Natives—Exploration of Zambesi and Shiré Rivers—The Murchison Cataracts—The *Ma Robert*—Lake Shirwa—An Upsat—The Manganja—Lake Nyassa—Return to Sesheke—Illness of Sekeletu—A Farewell Service—Sinking of the *Ma Robert*—Bishop Mackenzie—The Rovuma—Further Exploration of Lake Nyassa—Native Graves—Death of Mrs. Livingstone—A New Steamer—The Expedition Recalled—Voyage to Bombay, and Return to England—Livingstone once more in Africa—Starts for the Interior—Desertions—The Kirk Mountains—Loss of Stores—Serious Illness—Rumours of Livingstone's Death—A Search Expedition under Mr. Young—Stanley finds Livingstone—The Last Year—Dies at Ilala—Funeral in Westminster Abbey.

THE natural modesty and innate humility of David Livingstone were put to a severe test during his fifteen months' residence in England after the termination of his first great African journey. Honours fell thick upon him; the Royal Geographical Society of London presented him with its gold medal, and the French Geographical Society recognised his services to science by a similar presentation; the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws; publishers competed for the production of the story of his discoveries; and whenever it was announced that he was to speak, crowds flocked to hear and see the man who had undergone such perils, encountered such marvellous adventures, and had brought to England the knowledge of countries and peoples hitherto unknown even by name. As men looked upon that slight figure, and beheld that pale face still bearing traces of suffering and disease, they instinctively felt they were in the presence of no ordinary person; and when he rose to speak, and told in simple language what he had done in Africa, and how he longed to labour again for her swarthy children, the conviction grew in the minds of those who heard him that here indeed was a born hero and king of men. Many a traveller who had not accomplished a tithe of his discoveries, would have contentedly settled down upon his reputation, and have desired to end his days in peace at home. But Livingstone felt that a great work had been committed to his hands, that it was his duty to make further endeavours to open up the interior of Africa, to spend his life in trying to carry to her people the blessings of Christianity and civilisation; to expose the horrors of slavery; and above all, to do what he could to put a stop to this terrible traffic in men, women, and children.

In March, 1858, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk as naturalist, and Mr. Thornton, he started for the Cape; in the following May they were off the mouths of the Zambesi, and found that its waters are discharged into the ocean through four separate channels, the Quilimane river, shown on some maps as the principal mouth, being, in fact, a distinct stream communicating by a natural canal with the Zambesi itself. Thus the expedition began with an interesting geographical discovery—the importance of which is modified by the circumstance that these mouths are full of sand-banks, thrown up by the waves of the Indian ocean, which render

navigation very difficult. The Kongone channel was, however, practicable, and the *Pearl*, in which the travellers had come out from England, was able to steam up the river for about forty miles until the water became too shallow to allow of further progress. The appearance of the vessel caused great alarm to the natives living



THE "MA ROBERT" ON THE ZAMBESI.

near the banks, who, thinking she must be engaged in the slave trade, left their canoes on shore and hurried away as fast as their legs would carry them. Higher up, the half-caste Portuguese were less timid, and paddled after the *Pearl* or ran along the banks offering fowls, rice, and meal for sale.

When, in consequence of the want of water in the river, the *Pearl* was brought to a standstill, the goods she had brought, including a small steam-launch in sections named the *Ma Robert* in honour of Mrs. Livingstone, were landed on an island called

by the travellers "Expedition Island," and the vessel returned to the sea. Some of the party were detained here for two months, while others were employed in superintending the conveyance of the stores by boat and canoe up the river to Shupanga and Senna, a hazardous enterprise, as the country was in a state of war. Those engaged in this service were, however, more fortunate than their friends on the island, who found time hang somewhat heavily on their hands, and, being exposed to the malaria of the delta, suffered from attacks of African fever.

The hostilities carried on at this time originated in the brutal conduct of a



MURCHISON CATARACT.

half-caste named Mariano, who, not content with harrying the natives in his own neighbourhood, had boldly captured and sold into slavery some of the Portuguese subjects. He seems to have been a monster of iniquity, and it was his practice to terrorise his neighbours by putting his captives to death with his own hands, as many as forty miserable wretches having been placed in a row and killed by him in one day. Finding himself likely to get the worst of it in his encounters with the Portuguese, he suddenly fled to Quilimane, hoping to arrange matters with the governor there; but that official imprisoned him, and then shipped him off to be tried for his crimes at Mozambique. His flight did not, however, end the war, which was continued by his brother Bonga, and all trade on the river was stopped; although when Livingstone came into actual contact with the rebels and explained that he

was an Englishman, friendly relations ensued, and shortly after there was a temporary cessation of hostilities, the Portuguese being unable to continue their attack owing to having expended all their ammunition, a circumstance which happily for themselves they were able to conceal from the enemy. Two months later they received further supplies, and destroyed Bonga's stockade, thus ending the war.

After many delays, the *Ma Robert*, with Livingstone on board, reached Tete, where nearly three years before he had left his Makololo friends, who had come with him all the way from Linyante. They quickly recognised their old leader, and no sooner was he ashore than they crowded round him and were about to embrace him, when somebody cried out, "Don't touch him—you will spoil his new clothes." They had much to tell, and much to hear.

One object he had in view was to find out how far the Zambesi was navigable, in the hope that a waterway might be opened into the interior. The Portuguese at Tete told him that the navigation for canoes ended at the Kibrabasa Rapids, though they thought that when the river was in flood and the rocks were well covered with water a steamer could get through; but on investigation, and after three separate visits, it was deemed quite impracticable to make the attempt with so small a boat as the *Ma Robert*. In a subsequent voyage in canoes down the Zambesi, Livingstone and Kirk were upset and nearly drowned in these rapids.

Livingstone then determined to explore the river Shiré, an important tributary of the Zambesi, into which it falls about a hundred miles from the sea. No European, so far as could be ascertained, had ever been up it, and the Portuguese could give no certain information about the river itself or the dwellers on its banks, except that they had always understood the latter to be brave but bloodthirsty savages. This was not very cheering; but, of course, it did not affect Livingstone's decision, and the bows of the *Ma Robert* were directed down to the mouth of the Shiré, and then up its stream. The people looked threatening, and came out armed with bows and arrows. At one place a large body of men ordered the vessel to stop, and Livingstone went on shore to explain that he had come on a peaceful errand to open a path for his countrymen, who would follow, as he hoped, to buy cotton, ivory, and everything the people might have to sell, except slaves.

For two hundred miles the *Ma Robert*—already beginning to show signs of her inefficiency—threaded her way along the winding channel, until her further progress was effectually barred by a series of magnificent cataracts, which were named in honour of Sir Roderick Murchison. Owing to the state of the weather, and the dubious attitude of the people, it was thought undesirable to make any attempt to proceed further, at least for the present; so, after sending messages and gifts to the chiefs, the explorers steamed down the river at a rapid rate, disturbing many hippopotami and crocodiles in their course. The former always gave the steamer a wide berth, but the latter often rushed at her as if she were a huge animal swimming, and on discovering their mistake dived quickly to the bottom.

A few months later Livingstone returned to the Shiré, when he found the natives inclined to be friendly, and willing to sell rice, fowls, and corn. Leaving the

vessel at the village of a chief named Chibisa, who lived about ten miles below the Falls, and accompanied by Dr. Kirk and some of the Makololo, Livingstone took a northerly direction across a mountainous country, sometimes with guides and sometimes without them, to Lake Shirwa, a considerable body of bitter water full of leeches, fish, crocodiles, and hippopotami, and surrounded by high hills. They did not reach the northern end, and though the lake appeared large, the natives reported that it was nothing as compared with another lake farther to the north. Following their previous policy of endeavouring to establish friendly relations with the people, they decided upon withdrawing for the present, and, returning to the *Ma Robert*, took her once more down the Shiré, and thence down the Zambesi to Kongone, where she was beached for repairs.

These two voyages up the Shiré were but the first-fruits of the present expedition, but they resulted in the important discovery of the Murchison Falls and Lake Shirwa, besides confirming the rumours of the existence of another and larger body of water farther to the north, which it was decided to explore as soon as possible.

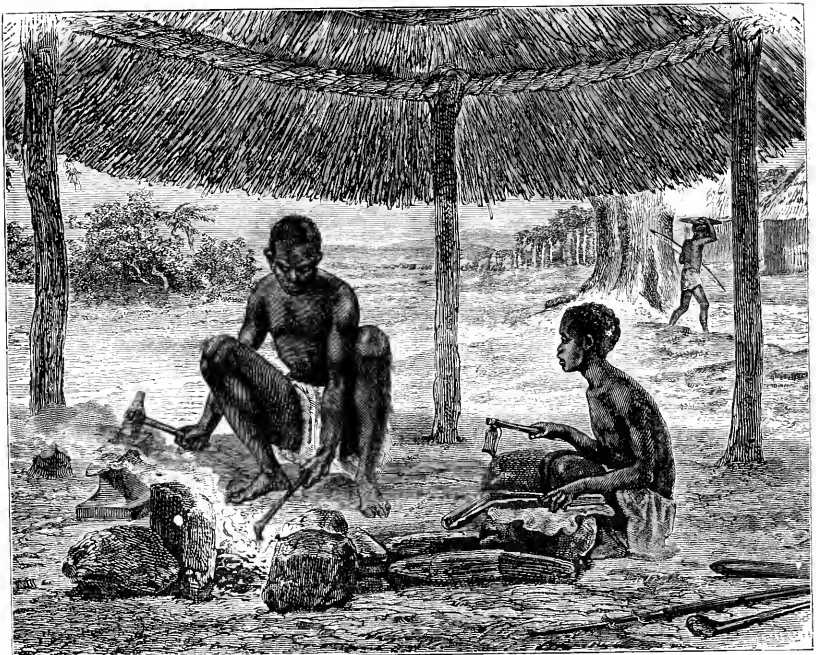
Once more the wretched little boat the *Ma Robert*, now generally spoken of as the *Asthmatic*, started up the river, towing some of the party in boats, for she was not large enough to carry all. One dark night one of the boats capsized. All on board, save one man who could not swim, were rescued, but his loss threw a gloom over his fellow-travellers, and added to the ill repute of the steamer.

The *Ma Robert* was again left below the Murchison Falls, in charge of her native crew, and Livingstone and his three white companions, with thirty-eight natives as carriers or guides, set off on their overland journey to discover the great lake, travelling over a high plateau, in some places 3,000 feet above the sea-level, well watered with numerous clear cool streams. The inhabitants are the Manganja tribe, an industrious race who work in iron, make baskets, and cultivate the soil, raising large crops of maize, millet, beans, rice, sweet potatoes, tobacco, and hemp, besides large quantities of cotton, which they clean and weave into cloth. They brew beer in large quantities, and, having no hops or other appliances for checking fermentation, drink the whole brew in a few days, amidst drummings, dancings, and general disorder. Scenes of this kind were witnessed in many of the villages through which the travellers passed, and Livingstone in all his African experience had never seen so much drunkenness; but the people did not appear to suffer from their excesses, and many of them lived to a great age. They are not too clean; one old fellow said he remembered to have washed once in his life, and some of the women asked the Makololo why they washed, saying at the same time that their men never did.

The Manganja treated the travellers with consideration, though they regarded them with some suspicion, and did not quite approve of their design to explore the country. They professed ignorance of the existence of the great lake even when it was only distant one day's march; the river Shiré, they said, continued for two months, and then came out between two towering perpendicular rocks, an announcement which so alarmed the Makololo that they wished to return. "Never mind," said Livingstone, "we will go on and see these wonderful rocks;" and on they

went accordingly, and next day at noon discovered Lake Nyassa. Two months later a German explorer, Dr. Roscher, also visited it, and lived some time on its banks, but he never returned to tell the tale, having been murdered on his return journey to the Rovuma river. The credit of the first discovery, however, is undoubtedly due to Livingstone.

The travellers could not remain many days on the shores of Lake Nyassa, but



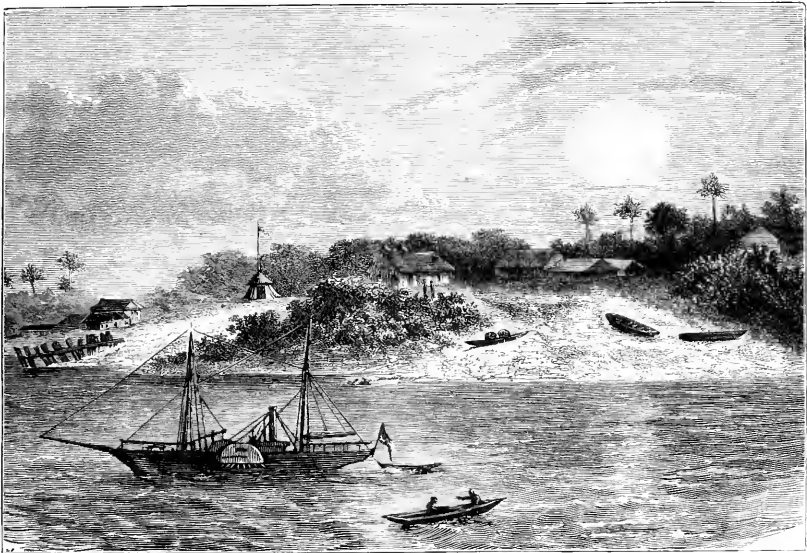
MANGANJA SMITHS.

Livingstone's fertile brain had already formulated a plan for opening up the district to traders, and preventing the traffic in men, women, and children. By means of the rivers Zambesi and Shiré there is a waterway between the sea and the Nyassa, with the exception of about thirty-five miles of interruption caused by the rapids and the Murchison Falls, but it would be easy to make a good road past this obstruction, and to employ the natives as porters. Thus steamers, made up in compartments of suitable sizes, could be carried to the upper waters of the Shiré, and when put together these would command the navigation of the lake.

Livingstone now redeemed his promise to take back to their own country the



Makololo who had served him so well, and the journey was accomplished without serious difficulty, though the travellers experienced many minor annoyances inseparable from such an undertaking, Livingstone and Kirk both suffering from attacks of African fever. In the middle of August, the travellers reached Sesheke, where Sekeletu was now living, having left Linyante some time before. He was suffering from leprosy, and no native doctor had been able to do anything for him; believing himself to have been bewitched, he shut himself up and allowed nobody but his uncle Mauire to see him, but he gladly received Livingstone and Kirk, who were able to apply remedies to



THE "PIONEER" ON THE ZAMBESI.

alleviate his sufferings, though they could not cure him. He was much pleased with the presents they had brought him, made many inquiries about Livingstone's journeys, asking amongst other things whether a ship could not bring up goods from Tete; and, on being told that the Victoria Falls made that impossible, he suggested whether a cannon could not blow them away and open a free passage up the river to the sea.

Sekeletu told Livingstone that some papers and goods from Kuruman were lying at Linyante, and sent a messenger for them, who performed the journey there and back, a distance of 240 miles, in seven days, but left one of the packages behind, as it was too heavy for him to bring. Livingstone himself went to fetch it, and to

examine his old waggon, which was found, as on a former occasion, quite safe, with its contents untouched. Seven long years it had remained at Linyante, and was in no way injured except by time, and nothing had been removed from it! Would such a thing have been possible in any other country?

Before quitting Sesheke, on the last occasion of holding divine service, Livingstone invited the Makololo to a conversation on his address, in which he had spoken of the many deaths that had taken place since his last visit, of the improbability of their all meeting again in this life, and of the certainty of a future state.

Much of the return journey to Tete was effected in canoes hired or borrowed from the chiefs, and without serious accident, but not without many adventures. Tete was reached on the 23rd of November, after an absence of little more than six months, and the sailors left in charge of the *Ma Robert* were in excellent health and spirits. But that unfortunate steamer was going from bad to worse, and as she was taking the party down to Kongone she grounded on a sandbank, filled, and finally sank, nothing except about six feet of her two masts being visible next morning. No lives were lost, and there was time to save most of the property on board.

A new ship, the *Pioneer*, arrived off the Zambesi at the end of January, 1861, though owing to the stormy weather she could not cross the bar for some days; and about the same time two of H.M. cruisers brought Bishop Mackenzie, five other Englishmen, and five coloured men, from the Cape, who formed the Universities Mission to the tribes of the Shiré and Lake Nyassa. The Bishop wanted to proceed at once to the proposed scene of his labours; but as the *Pioneer* was under orders to explore the Rovuma river some hundreds of miles to the north of the Zambesi, and as the rainy season, during which alone such an exploration could be made, was half over, it was necessary to postpone for the present the beginning of his work, and the *Pioneer* steamed away northwards, arriving at the mouth of the Rovuma on the 25th of February. Unlike most African rivers, there is no bar at the mouth of the Rovuma, and the scenery on the lower part of its course is far superior to the flat delta of the Zambesi. The highlands are visible from the sea, and the mangroves do not extend more than eight miles from the mouth, where a range of beautiful hills crowned by magnificent woods begins on each bank. An unfortunate delay of some days in the arrival of the Bishop detained the steamer until the river began to fall, and as she drew five feet of water it was found impossible to proceed more than thirty miles, except at the risk of her detention for nearly a year. She proved an admirable vessel, in every respect suited for the service except her too great draught, a deviation from her original design, that she should draw three feet only, caused by the necessity of making her seaworthy. This additional depth not only prevented her remaining in the Rovuma after the floods, but also rendered it difficult for her to navigate the Shiré, into which she was taken as quickly as possible on her return from the north, and it was only practicable to get her up as far as Chibisa's village by hauling her over the shallows, a work in which the Bishop and his companions readily joined. When at length she reached her destination, she had

to remain there for many months, until the waters rose after the summer rains in the following December. Meantime, with the help of carriers readily obtained at the villages, Livingstone started to show the Bishop the scene of his intended labours on the high ground between the river and Lake Nyassa, where it was thought a healthy and in every respect suitable site could be obtained for the Mission.

Bishop Mackenzie having decided to settle on the banks of the Mageromo, Livingstone took leave of him, and proceeded to make another voyage of discovery on the waters of Lake Nyassa, accompanied by his brother Charles, Dr. Kirk, and a score of attendants, including an English sailor. A light four-oared gig brought up in the *Pioneer* was carried past the forty miles of the Murchison cataracts by native porters, who received a cubit of cloth a day for their services, and was successfully launched on the upper Shiré, whence it entered the lake on the 2nd of September, for a more prolonged examination of the waters than had hitherto been possible. The boat was not, of course, large enough to carry the whole party, so most of the men remained on the shore, and followed the movements of their leaders as closely as they could. The boating party were on several occasions in imminent peril of being swamped by the great waves caused by the sudden storms to which Lake Nyassa, like all lakes surrounded by mountains, is liable.

The shores of the lake were found to be densely populated, especially at the southern end, where the villages formed an almost unbroken chain, and, except in places where the slave trade was carried on, the people appeared generous and hospitable. Many were fishermen, and if the boat happened to be near when a net was drawn, fish were offered to the travellers; one chief wanted them to stay with him to spend a day in drinking his beer, and when they replied that they must take advantage of a fair wind, loaded them with provisions before they had given him any present. The arrangements of the burying grounds, and the care bestowed upon them by the natives, struck Livingstone as remarkable; the graves of men and women were marked by the implements they had used in life, broken as if to show they were to be used no more; a broken paddle or a piece of net showed the last resting-place of a fisherman, and a wooden mortar for pounding meal, or a basket for sifting it, denoted the long home of a woman.

At the northern end of the lake the travellers found that the Mazitu, a tribe of Zulu descent, were continually swooping down from the highlands, where they dwelt, upon the villages of the low country, burning the houses and carrying off everything they could; and this so alarmed Livingstone's native servants that they refused to travel by land unless accompanied by a white man. He therefore left the boat and joined the land party, who by a series of accidents became separated from their companions afloat for four days, and had great difficulty in procuring food from the natives. The boating party were much alarmed at his absence, especially as they knew the Mazitu were out marauding, but in the end all met again in safety, though they were obliged to desist from attempting to reach the northern extremity of the Nyassa, and turning southwards returned to the Shiré, and thence once more made for the delta of the Zambesi.

On their arrival they learned that Mrs. Livingstone, and some ladies who had come out to join Bishop Mackenzie's mission, were in a brig off the Luabo mouth of the Zambesi. The *Pioneer* towed the brig into Kongone harbour, and joyous was the meeting between Livingstone and his wife, who had not seen each other for nearly four years, and were, alas! too soon to be again separated, by the hand of death. Only three months passed before Mrs. Livingstone succumbed to an attack of fever, on Sunday evening, April 27th, 1862, and on the morrow her body was committed to the grave under the great baobab tree behind Shupanga House. The burial service was read by Mr. Stewart, of the Free Church of Scotland, who had come



GRAVE OF MARY (MOFFAT) LIVINGSTONE.

out to find a suitable site for a mission; and for some nights the English seamen volunteered to watch the grave. But no attempt was made to disturb the last resting-place of Mary Livingstone, and a plain white cross still marks the spot where her sorrowing husband laid her in an African grave. The daughter of Robert Moffat, the wife of David Livingstone, the *Mu Robert* of her loving and loved Makololo, could have found no fitter burial-place than on the banks of that great river her husband was the first to explore. In far off England and Scotland, at Kuruman where she had spent her childhood, at Kolobeng the home of her early wedded life, and in many another African village, the news of her death caused many tears to flow from sorrowful yet not desponding hearts. Her work was done and well done, and she had now entered upon her reward.

To her bereaved husband the loss was irreparable; but the path of duty, upon

which he had entered with her full approval, lay before him, and he did not delay to follow it. The *Lady Nyassa*—a new steamer which had come out in sections—was put together on a platform of palm-trees to facilitate launching, and was speedily afloat; but by the time she was ready to start, the waters had fallen too low to allow of her going up the Shiré, and it was therefore decided to take her down to the sea and to make another attempt to explore the Rovuma river. After ascending the stream for about 150 miles, a narrow rocky passage prevented further progress, and it was reported by the natives that higher up the obstructions were more formidable; the statement that the river was navigable for a month's journey proved to be incorrect, and the hope of finding a better approach to the Nyassa was dissipated.

Returning from the Rovuma, the two steamers started for the Shiré, and Livingstone hoped to be able to take the *Lady Nyassa* to pieces at the foot of the Murchison Falls, whence she would be carried to the upper river, put together again, and navigated to the lake. These hopes were doomed to be disappointed, for whilst working at their task of taking the *Nyassa* to pieces, Dr. Kirk and Charles Livingstone were taken so seriously ill that it was found necessary to send them home as quickly as possible, and then Livingstone himself was laid low by an attack of dysentery. Almost simultaneously with these calamities, a despatch was received from home ordering the *Pioneer* to return to England and recalling the expedition. It was difficult indeed for Livingstone to realise that he must give up so many plans, but he was bound to acquiesce in the decision of the authorities; and the conduct of the Portuguese in connection with the slave trade had recently added to the difficulties of travelling in the country, and had not improved his relations with them. It was not practicable to return for some months, owing to the insufficiency of water in the rivers, and this interval was utilised in making another journey to the banks of the Nyassa, and in a fuller survey of much of the adjacent country. More than ever he was impressed during this journey with the devastating effects of slavery, and it was with a sad heart that he turned southwards, and for the last time steamed down the Shiré and Zambesi to the sea.

For a time he must leave unsolved many questions arising out of his discoveries of lakes, rivers, and mountains unknown to Europeans until he had visited them, and he must quit Africa with all its memories and associations, sad or joyous, bright or depressing. The *Pioneer* must be handed over to the naval authorities, and the *Lady Nyassa* disposed of to the best advantage. Fortunately, two cruisers belonging to the English navy were off the mouth of the Zambesi when Livingstone arrived, and they took the two steamers in tow, and hauled them first to Mozambique and then to Zanzibar, not without some difficulty in a heavy gale, from which, however, they escaped without serious loss. At Zanzibar Livingstone decided to navigate the *Lady Nyassa* to Bombay, and having coaled her and taken a crew of four Englishmen and nine natives, proceeded on his adventurous voyage across the Indian Ocean, now running before the wind under sail, and at other times making way under steam. Livingstone was his own captain, but he was so used to taking observations on land, that he had

no difficulty in making out his position at sea, and after a passage of more than five weeks, safely entered Bombay harbour in the beginning of June, 1864.

In the following year Livingstone left England for the last time. The Home Government gave him a commission as British Consul, hoping thereby to assist him in his undertaking; while Sir Bartle Frere, the Governor of Bombay, where the expedition was organised, devoted some time to the selection of his travelling companions and to the other necessary preparations. Early in January, 1866, Livingstone left Bombay with a letter of commendation from Sir Bartle Frere to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and with instructions to present to that potentate in the name of the Queen of England the steamship *Thule* in which the expedition had sailed. The Sultan was much gratified at receiving this token of the goodwill of the English Government, who had directed the ship to be fitted out in the gorgeous style dear to the Oriental taste, and he wrote a letter of thanks in which he promised to show Livingstone respect, to give him honour, and help him in all his affairs. To his credit it must be recorded that he was as good as his word, and helped forward the expedition by every means in his power.

Livingstone's party, which included several men who had been with him on the Zambesi or Shiré in former years, embarked on board the *Penguin* and a dhow for Rovuma Bay, at the mouth of the river of that name, but owing to the recent changes in the sandbanks it was found inadvisable to attempt to land, and the vessel therefore made for Mikindany Bay, a little to the north, where the expedition was safely put ashore. Livingstone, once more on the tramp, has recorded in his journal the feelings of exhilaration with which he looked forward to another "trip" in Africa, as if he were merely off on a holiday jaunt, instead of beginning a journey of thousands of miles through partially unknown and oftentimes through hostile countries. Travelling as he was with the specific object of improving the condition of the natives, every act seemed ennobled, and whether exchanging the customary civilities of travel, arranging for a night's lodging, buying food, or answering inquiries as to the reasons for his journey, he felt he was spreading the knowledge of his own countrymen, and he looked forward hopefully to a future when, following in his footsteps, other Englishmen would visit Central Africa, resolved to enlighten the people, and to put down for ever the slave trade and all its atrocities.

Well it was that he could start in such high spirits, for his difficulties soon began. The people near the coast were generally friendly, but there was at first some trouble in obtaining the services of carriers, owing, as was afterwards discovered, to the false representations made by some of the sepoy's from Bombay who formed part of the escort. The track sometimes lay through a jungle, where it was impossible for the camels to move until the overhanging trees and creepers had been cut down, and sometimes through more open country, where the grass was so high as to tower above the men's heads, yet not high enough to afford any protection against the heat of the sun. The sepoy's persistently overloaded the camels, and even after Livingstone had re-adjusted the burdens, the men would increase the loads in order to relieve themselves immediately his back was turned. At last their conduct became so

unbearable that he decided to send them back; and, supplied with provisions, they returned to the coast.

Meantime, progress had been very slow; the tsetse-fly had bitten the camels and buffaloes, and the poor creatures quickly died one after another. These losses deprived Livingstone of part of his means of transport, and of his supplies of meat, and he was obliged to rely entirely on the natives for food. These people were generally kindly disposed, and had great reverence for the Deity, to whom they offered meal when they prayed; but they seemed unwilling to speak of Him, and when questioned as to their beliefs, replied "We do not know Him," in order to prevent further inquiries. One of the chiefs advised Livingstone not to ask the people if they prayed, because they would suppose he wished them to be killed. So strange and perverse are these poor Africans in their ideas on this solemn subject.

Lake Nyassa was reached at the beginning of August, and some weeks were spent in skirting its south-eastern and south-western shores, the difficulties of the way being greatly increased by numerous bogs, or "sponges," in the narrow openings between the hills. Livingstone on this last journey was obliged to cross many of them as best he could, generally getting soaked to the skin, and often being compelled to remain in his wet clothes for hours.

At many places on the shores of Nyassa the people collected in large numbers to see the white man, to ask questions, and sometimes to tell fearful stories about their neighbours, and the natives of the more remote districts. Their tales did not affect Livingstone himself, but their frequent repetition, and the difficulties and dangers already experienced, so frightened the Johanna men, who remained after the defection of the sepoys, that they now refused to go further, and made their way homewards as best they could. This second desertion added much to his difficulties, but Livingstone as usual made the best of it, and regretted it the less as the men were inveterate thieves, carrying off everything they could lay hands upon, not so much from want as for the mere love of appropriating what did not belong to them. The party—which originally numbered thirty-eight—was now reduced to three or four, and with this little band the traveller was obliged for some time to content himself. His camels and buffaloes had perished, many of his stores had already been wasted or stolen, and now these Johanna men took away most of his clothes, and left him in a very deplorable condition.

Still he was not without hope, and the kindness of the natives gave him encouragement to proceed in spite of their dismal prognostications. They listened attentively to him as he told them about the Bible and the future state, putting intelligent questions, and answering his inquiries as to their religious beliefs. They had little idea of the immortality of the soul, saying their fathers had never taught them anything, and that they supposed the whole man rotted and came to nothing, but they were interested to hear of their Father in Heaven, of His love towards men, and of His willingness to listen to the prayers of His children no matter how ignorant and weak they may be, and making no difference between black men and white men.

At Kimsusa's, at the foot of the range of mountains known as Kirk's Mountains, from having been discovered when Dr. Kirk was with him in his former journey, Livingstone met with a warm welcome from his old friends, and was supplied with abundance of food by the chief's wife in the absence of her husband. Kimsusa, indeed, on hearing of his arrival, had sent an invitation to a drinking bout, but as this was not accepted he hastened home to entertain his guest, and to supply his wants. A large fat ram, maize porridge, cooked meats, and a quantity of "pombe," or native beer, was speedily produced, the chief assisting in the consumption of the pombe, and recommending it to the traveller as sure to put fat on his bones. Kimsusa was now following the advice Livingstone had given him on his former visit, not to sell his people, with the result that his village had increased in size, and that he had another not far off. But his subjects did not pay much attention to his authority, and refused at first to carry forward Livingstone's baggage: the chief then directed his wives to take it up, and this shamed the younger men, who turned out and bore off the loads.

Livingstone's route now lay in a north-westerly direction, across the Kirk Mountains, through a succession of villages, some of which had recently been burnt by the Mazitu, at that time the terror of the inhabitants of this district, and across the Loangwa, an important affluent of the Zambesi, into which it falls at Zumbo.

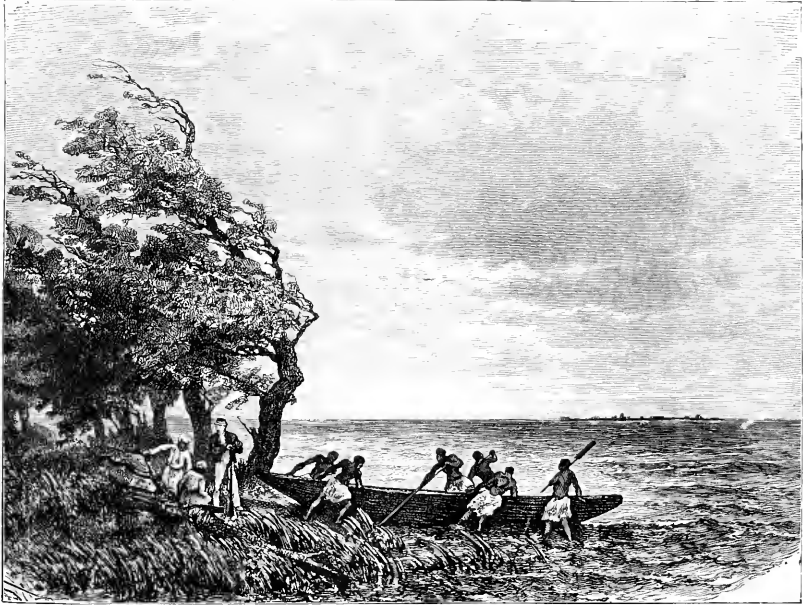
The year 1866 ended in very distressing circumstances, whilst Livingstone was still in the valley of the Loangwa, wandering slowly through a difficult country inhabited by inhospitable people, who refused to supply food except at exorbitant prices. At times the party were entirely dependent upon their leader's rifle for provisions, and were often for considerable periods without meal or vegetables. Christmas Day came, but it was unaccompanied by Christmas fare, and the heavy rains were a sad hindrance to locomotion, besides spoiling the goods and often wetting the gunpowder. The beginning of the new year was marked by further misfortunes, the most serious being the loss of the medicine-chest, which was carried off with other property by a deserter. Livingstone was now entirely without the means of counteracting the repeated attacks of fever, for which quinine is a sovereign remedy; and there can be no doubt that his subsequent sufferings were greatly enhanced by the absence of proper medicines. He felt, on discovering the loss, as if he had received sentence of death, and, now that it was too late, regretted that he had not taken the precaution of dividing his drugs between the carriers, so as to render their total loss improbable.

The course of the little party was now directed towards Lake Tanganyika, which they reached in April, 1867, but, unfortunately, Livingstone was unable to enjoy the pleasant scenery more than a few days. An attack of fever reduced his strength; and for some time he was quite insensible. Being without medicine, he could only wait patiently to see what nature would do for him; but at length his naturally strong constitution and the careful nursing of his men got the better of the disease, and he was able to travel once more.

But it was impossible to proceed with the exploration of the lake, owing to the



opposition of the people and the danger of encountering the Mazitu, so turning off to the west an effort was made to reach another lake—the Moero. The route lay through a country full of marauding parties, and, strange to say, it was only the kindness and forethought of some Arabs, no doubt slave traders, that prevented Livingstone falling into their hands. His new friends advised him to take the east side of the lake and proceed to Ujiji; but he was unwilling to give up his design of visiting Moero. After much privation, he succeeded in reaching it, and made a very thorough exploration of



DISCOVERY OF LAKE BANGWEOLO.

its waters, his object being to ascertain whether they were tributary to the Nile or the Congo, and to define the watershed between the sources of those mighty rivers. South of Moero another great lake—Bangweolo—was discovered, and its connection with Lake Moero satisfactorily proved. So important did Livingstone consider these facts, that he took the earliest opportunity of writing a despatch to Lord Clarendon announcing his discoveries, and forwarded it by Arab traders from Ujiji, who promised to send it thence to Zanzibar for transmission to England.

An entry in Livingstone's journal at this period has a singular and mournful interest, when it is remembered that five years later he passed to his rest on the banks of

the Bangweolo. In travelling through the forest he came upon a grave strewn with flour and beads, with a little path showing that it was often visited. "This," he writes, "is the sort of grave I should prefer; to lie in the still, still forest, and no hand ever disturb my bones." And then his thoughts wander off to another grave, at Shupanga, where his dear wife lay at rest.

All this time rumours of Livingstone's death, originated in the excuses made by the men who had deserted him at the beginning of his journey, reached England, and caused great alarm to his many friends. Dr. Kirk and Mr. Seward, the British consul at Zanzibar, believed these rumours, and the vessels at Zanzibar had their flags half-mast high on the arrival of the news at that port; on the other hand, Mr. Moffat, Livingstone's brother-in-law, at the Cape, and Sir R. Murchison, with many others in England, did not credit the deserters. The statements were very circumstantial, and the details given by the Johanna men were exceedingly precise, but Mr. Moffat pointed out many discrepancies, and expressed a very decided opinion that the stories were pure inventions intended to cover their own criminal conduct in deserting their leader. Still, no letters came from the traveller, and much anxiety respecting his fate was felt by all his friends. A search expedition was, therefore, organised, and placed under the command of Mr. E. D. Young, an old companion of Livingstone in his earlier journeys to Lake Nyassa, and a small steamer was sent up the Zambesi and Shiré. Here, in what seemed a most unlikely place, intelligence was obtained of the traveller, and higher up the lake further and unmistakable evidence of his recent presence was forthcoming, though it was not possible to communicate with him or to find out where he was. A friendly chief, Marenga, whose jovial behaviour reminded Mr. Young of Old King Cole, assured him that no harm could have befallen Livingstone within three months' journey of the lake, and the production of some leaves of a "Nautical Almanac" for 1866 was further evidence of the traveller's safety up to a recent date. Mr. Young, therefore, returned to England, and almost simultaneously with his arrival letters were received from the traveller himself entirely discrediting the stories told by the deserters, and confirming the hopes expressed by those who had all along believed that he was alive and pursuing his undertaking.

Alive indeed he was; sometimes little more than alive, yet always struggling bravely on, observing natural phenomena, noting the rainfall and the temperature, examining rivers, lakes, and mountains, and comparing his own discoveries with the accounts given by geographers from the days of Ptolemy down to his own contemporaries. After many delays and difficulties he at length arrived, in March, 1869, at the great Arab settlement at Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Tanganyika, where he hoped to find the stores he had ordered to be sent up from Zanzibar. Some of his goods were safe, but much had been stolen, and the medicine he so sorely needed had been left at a place thirteen days' journey off. He now gradually recovered strength, and resolved as soon as he could to plunge once more into an unknown land and explore the countries to the west of the lake.

He crossed the lake in canoes, and soon found himself among the Manyema,

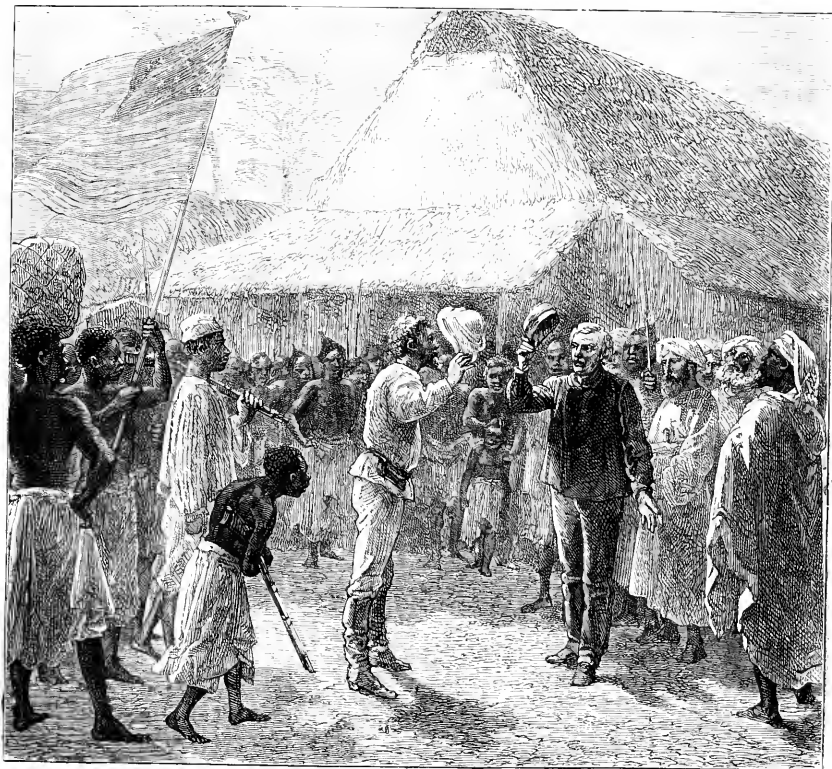
in a beautiful district clothed with forests containing gigantic trees, climbing plants of rare beauty, graceful palms, and many unknown wild fruits. More than two years of hardship, desertion by his followers, sickness and exhaustion, were spent in these lands and eastward of the lake, and all that long time Livingstone was without communication from the civilised world, while his friends at home could gather no tidings of him. Mr. Bennett, the energetic proprietor of the *New York Herald*, had long watched Livingstone's movements with interest, so far at least as it was possible to follow him, and now determined to send Henry M. Stanley, at that time his Madrid correspondent, to search for the traveller. The conception of this enterprise reflects no little credit on Mr. Bennett, and its satisfactory execution placed Stanley in the first rank of African travellers.

Both men were overjoyed at their strange meeting in the very heart of Africa, and each had much to tell the other. Both sorely needed rest, and the welcome relief put new life into the veteran traveller, who soon found his appetite returning and began to renew his strength. In a few days he was once more on the move and with his new friend made a further exploration of Tanganyika, to discover, if possible, the outlet of its waters, a matter of much interest to geographers, about which the dwellers on its shores told conflicting stories, some asserting that the current set northwards, and others maintaining it flowed in the opposite direction. No outlet could be found, though Livingstone seems to have formed an opinion on the subject, and the travellers returned to Ujiji without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. From Ujiji they started eastwards to Unyanyembe, where they found some of Stanley's stores, as well as a few articles intended for Livingstone. And now Livingstone had to decide whether, as his friend strongly urged, he should return to England to recruit his strength and see the children and dear friends from whom he had been so long separated, or resume his explorations and complete his work by a more thorough examination of the lakes he had discovered, and the countries he had passed through. He decided to remain, and Stanley returned to Zanzibar. A few days later, on his birthday, he records in his journal the touching prayer, "Grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task."

Little more than a year of life remained for the weary, worn-out man, and we must hasten to the last scene at Ilala, Chitambo's village, to the south of the great Lake Bangweolo, where he arrived, after a terrible journey in a kind of litter (*see* Frontispiece) through a flooded country, at the end of April, 1873. On the last day of the month the chief called to pay him a visit of courtesy, and was shown into the little hut where he lay, but his weakness was such that the visitor was asked to come again. Three faithful servants, Susi and Chumah, who had been with him for years, and Jacob Wainwright, formerly an attendant of Stanley, were the more important members of the little band that had for some days carried their master, now utterly prostrate and unable to walk, in an improvised palanquin. Of these, Susi was the last who saw him alive, having been called about eleven o'clock at night to give him some medicine. Early next morning, another servant, who had slept in the hut, begged his comrades to come at once to their master, who was

found kneeling at the bedside, his body stretched forward and his head buried in his hands. His spirit had passed away while he was in the attitude of prayer.

His followers were not a little alarmed. Their master had been taken away from their head in a land strange to most of them, and in the midst of a people who had



MEETING OF LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

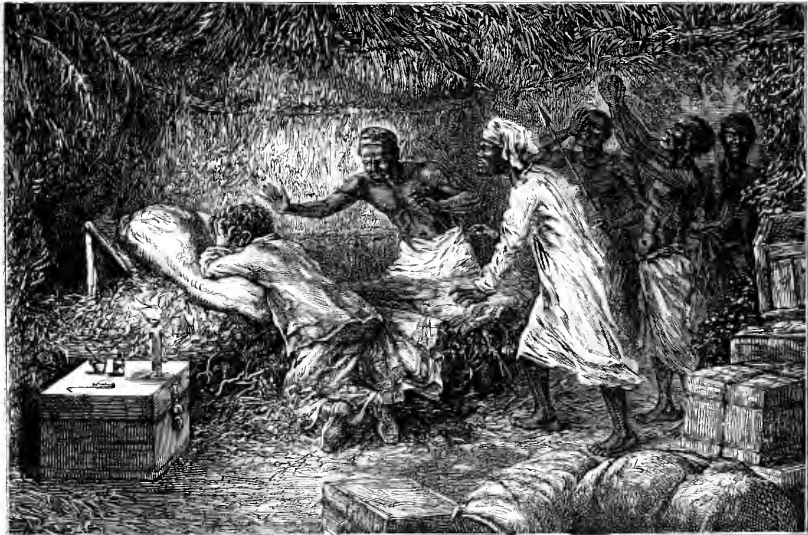
a superstitious horror of death. But they had not travelled with him without learning to be patient in difficulties, and no small portion of his enterprising spirit seemed at this crisis to have possessed their souls. They decided to make an effort to carry his body to Zanzibar, and, contrary to their fears, Chitambo seconded their attempt. The body was prepared with such appliances as they had at hand, and the heart and other parts were removed and reverently buried, Jacob Wainwright reading the burial service in the presence of the chief and his people, while all the servants stood round.

Then, after the body had been thoroughly dried, the men began their sad march across Africa, encountering many obstacles, delayed by sickness, and having to make long detours to avoid observation, or to escape from the neighbourhood of hostile tribes. But their purpose was fixed, and after a march of six weary months, they brought their precious burden in safety to Zanzibar!

A few months later, nearly a year after Livingstone's death, his body was committed to the earth in the presence of a great crowd of mourners. We need not linger over the closing scene in that temple of silence and reconciliation, the last home of so many illustrious Englishmen, nor tell how he was laid to rest—

“Amidst the noblest of the land,  
In the great minster transept  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.”

It was right and fitting that David Livingstone should be thus honoured, and never did the great Abbey receive a worthier guest. A plain granite slab marks his grave; but his true monument is in every modern map of Africa, which shows the result of his discoveries, and in the example he has set for us, and for succeeding times, of patient continuance in well-doing, and of his manful fight under the banner of the Cross against the powers of darkness and sin.



DEATH OF LIVINGSTONE.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

## THE UNIVERSITIES MISSION.

Livingstone Lectures at Cambridge, and Appeals for Help—Response of the Universities—Public Meetings in England—Mr. Gladstone and Lord Brougham—C. F. Mackenzie goes to the Cape as First Missionary Bishop—Journey up the Zambesi with Livingstone—Release of Captive Slaves—Its Consequences—Settlement of the Mission at Magomero—Training Native Boys—An African War—Messrs. Barrup and Dickinson—Attack on an Exploring Party—Deaths of Bishop Mackenzie and Mr. Burrup—Removal of the Mission—A Famine—Further Deaths—Bishop Tozer—The Slave Trade—Schools—The Magila Mission—Cholera at Zanzibar—Deaths of Missionaries—Dr. Steere—Christchurch, Zanzibar—Printing Press—Journeys on the Mainland—A Colony of Fresh Men—Death of Bishop Steere.

“I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you.” With these pregnant words Livingstone concluded a lecture on his African travels, delivered in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge in December, 1857. They were not uttered in vain, for when in the following year Bishop Grey, of Cape Town, came to Cambridge to ask for help towards an intended extension of his own work among the native population of South Africa, he found men discussing Livingstone’s appeal, and considering how they could respond to it. Abandoning his own scheme with a readiness which greatly redounds to his honour, he at once threw his energies into carrying out a design for sending to Central Africa a mission, having for its objects the planting of Christianity and the checking of the slave trade by the introduction of honourable commerce. Committees were formed at Oxford as well as at Cambridge, and in the course of a few months the project took a definite shape.

It was not until November, 1859, that a report on the proposal was presented to a public meeting, held in the building that had witnessed Livingstone’s appeal nearly two years before. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, in opening the proceedings, quoted the words of the great traveller, and added, “Such was the text, and this meeting is the commentary.” Speeches from Mr. Gladstone and Bishop Wilberforce evoked no ordinary enthusiasm, while the crowded room, and the interest felt in the proceedings, obtained for the assembly the name of “The Great Zambesi Meeting.”

Among the audience was a tall, muscular Scotchman, whose gentle face, bright eyes, and mouth expressive of courage and determination, marked him as no ordinary person. Charles Frederick Mackenzie, the son of an intimate friend and colleague of Sir Walter Scott, had graduated in 1848 as Second Wrangler, had subsequently been elected a Fellow of Caius College, and had filled several important positions in the University with great distinction. In 1859 he gave up all idea of further preferment at home to go out to Natal as Bishop Colenso’s archdeacon, and he worked hard in the colony at several stations, endearing himself to Europeans and natives alike. He was now at home upon diocesan business, and the Universities Committee decided to ask him to head the proposed mission; Bishop Wilberforce undertaking to convey

the invitation. Mackenzie only hesitated until he knew that his sister, who had gone out to Natal with him, could accompany him to the Zambesi, and then at once accepted the honourable but dangerous position. A friend pointed out the risk he was incurring, by asking him how an insurance company would estimate his chances of life, but he turned the question aside as already well considered, and one upon which his mind was fully made up.

He quickly set to work by assisting the committee to raise the necessary funds; and at Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool was one of a deputation, the other members of which were Bishop Wilberforce and the venerable Lord Brougham. The presence of the ex-Chancellor upon a missionary platform was not the least striking feature of these crowded meetings, and those who recalled his earlier efforts in the campaign against slavery, rejoiced to hear the "old man eloquent" denounce the accursed traffic in human beings, and listened with no common pleasure to the expression of his belief that the new mission would succeed in freeing the natives of Central Africa from the horrible yoke under which they had suffered so long and so painfully.

These meetings resulted in awakening an interest in the mission itself, and in raising the required funds for its maintenance. They culminated in an impressive farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral, and a few days later Mackenzie, accompanied by two clergymen—Messrs. Procter and Seudamore—and by Mr. Horace Waller, who went out as a lay helper, left Plymouth for the Cape of Good Hope.

It had been decided, after much consideration, that the head of the mission should be a bishop; but as there were serious legal difficulties, which have since been overcome, in the way of consecrating a missionary bishop in this country, it was arranged that Mackenzie should be admitted to the episcopate at the Cape of Good Hope. On the 1st of January, 1861, he was consecrated by the Bishops of Cape Town, Natal, and St. Helena. Missionary bishops in communion with the Church of England are now to be found in almost every quarter of the world, but thirty years ago they were unknown; and it is worth notice that the first missionary bishop of the English Church in modern times was set apart to his high office in a distant South African colony.

The romance of the mission the Bishop was undertaking, the hopes excited by Livingstone's journeys, and the fact that the two men were for some time to be companions in travel, added to the interest felt in the first attempt to evangelise Central Africa. Whatever the expectations entertained by his friends, Mackenzie himself was under no delusion as to the dangers and difficulties of the enterprise. In speaking one day of happiness, he said, "I have given up looking for that altogether. Now till death my post is one of unrest and care. To be the sharer of everyone's sorrows, the comforter of everyone's griefs, the strengthener of everyone's weakness: to do this as much as in me lies is now my aim and object; for you know, when the members suffer, the pain must always fly to the head."

Mackenzie and his party, now reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. Henry Rowley, the historian of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, arrived off Kongone, one of the mouths of the Zambesi, on February 7th, and on the 9th met Livingstone, who was

to conduct them to the scene of their labours. An unlooked-for, yet unavoidable, delay of more than four months hindered their arrival at Chibisa's village below the cataracts of the Shiré. It was disappointing to all, and the tedious voyage up the river seems for a time to have damped the ardour of some who had not fully appreciated the inevitable difficulties of African travel. They were eager to begin their work, and instead of preaching to the heathen found themselves left high and dry for many days in succession on the shifting banks of the Shiré, and learning to read a new meaning in Heber's lines:—

"Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand."

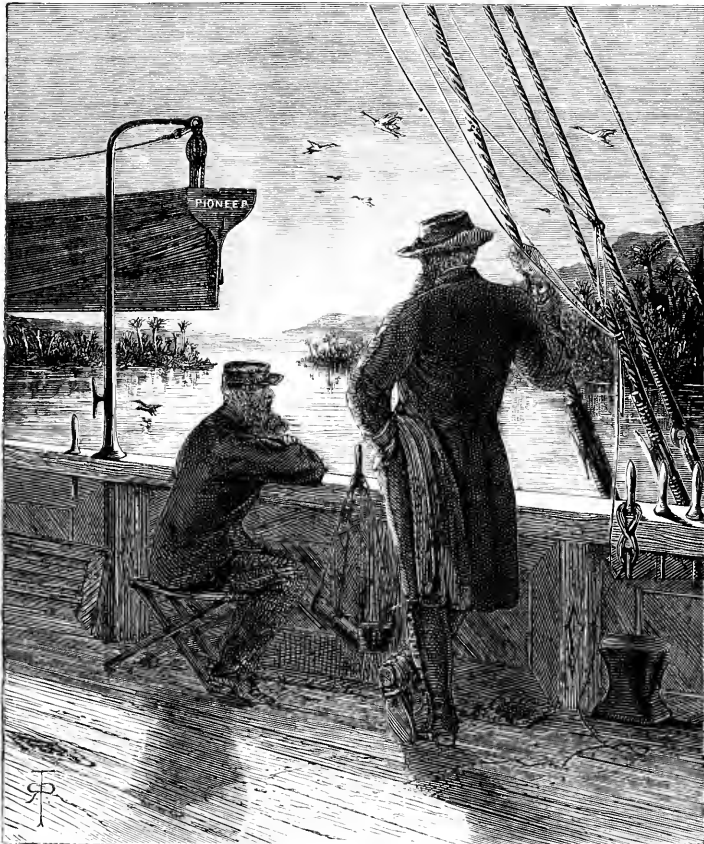
In time the practical energy of Livingstone, and the Bishop's sanguine temperament—"I always believe things will go well," wrote the latter, when the *Pioneer* had only made seven miles in three weeks—overcame the difficulties of the navigation. And by way of making things go well, he cheerfully helped to haul the vessel until his hands were cramped and sore from pulling at chains and cables. Slowly indeed, but surely, the vessel ascended the river, and in the middle of July they were at Chibisa's village, ready to begin their march to the highlands, where they hoped to find a healthy residence from which, as a centre, they would be able to extend their labours among the neighbouring tribes.

In the course of their march they came upon a party of Ajawa, the most powerful tribe of that part of Central Africa, driving nearly ninety recently captured slaves. Livingstone set the captives at liberty, and told them they might return to their homes or go where they liked. Homes they had none, for the Ajawa had destroyed them; so, after consulting with Mackenzie, Livingstone explained to them the object of the mission, adding that they were at liberty to join the missionaries if they chose. This offer was gladly accepted, and the Bishop unexpectedly found himself in the position of an African chief, with a large number of persons dependent upon him. To some extent this arrangement would alter the character of the mission, as it would for a time necessarily fix the Bishop and his companions to one spot, and prevent their moving from place to place, until they had made a home for their new friends. Yet it was not without advantages, for the rescued slaves would be bound to them by the strongest ties, would be useful as servants, and might form the nucleus of a Christian congregation.

Livingstone was not at this time fully aware of the disturbed state of the country owing to the incursions of the Ajawa, and probably underrated their power and influence. The Manganja chiefs, through whose country they passed, were very friendly and well-disposed, and more than one wished the missionaries to settle with him. At last Magomero, a village about half-way between Chibisa's and Lake Shiré, was selected as the most suitable home for the mission, and the chief Chigunda offered Mackenzie a piece of land, promising at the same time to give more if it should be required, and to help the missionaries by every means in his power. Everything seemed to augur prosperity and success; and Livingstone, having settled his friends in their new home, left them to continue the exploration of Central Africa.



The missionaries lost no time in putting up round straw huts for themselves and for their dependents, and as soon as these were built they enclosed the settlement, which on three sides was naturally protected by a river, by building a stockade. With so large a number to be provided for, it was necessary to make arrangements



BISHOP MACKENZIE ON THE SHIRÉ.

for a regular supply of food, and to be careful, in distributing it, that every man, woman, and child got enough, yet did not waste. Work, too, had to be found for all who were capable of employment, and order maintained in the little community, and, as the missionaries could not for some time make themselves understood, all

directions and instructions had to be conveyed through interpreters. The names of the men and boys were called over every morning before breakfast, each answering "Kumo" (Here) in his turn; and, breakfast over, the men were set to work, while Mr. Scudamore drilled the boys, the exercise concluding by all undressing—which did not occupy much time—and plunging into the river at the word of command. The afternoon was spent by the members of the mission in study and in visiting the huts, and in the evening the plans and arrangements for the next day were discussed.

So far as the men and boys were concerned, matters went smoothly from the very beginning, but it was more difficult to deal with the women, many of whom were rough and rude, though they took kindly to the children, nursing and tending them with much care.

The missionaries had not been long at Magomero when they ascertained that a large body of Ajawa were in the neighbourhood threatening to reduce the Manganja to slavery. This discovery was followed by an application from Chigunda and other chiefs for help against their enemies. To entertain such a request seemed like stepping outside the proper duties of a missionary, but to refuse it might involve themselves, their dependents, and their neighbours, in all the horrors of war. It was therefore prayerfully considered; and as the result of much serious thought and deliberation, Mackenzie promised to assist the Manganja, provided they would agree not to sell their fellow-creatures into slavery, to set at liberty any captives that fell into their hands, and to punish any chief or other person who broke this understanding. On these conditions being accepted Mackenzie proposed to go with the Manganja to the camp of the Ajawa, in order if possible to come to terms, and to dissuade them from hostilities. Next day, the Bishop and his party set out at the head of a procession, which was joined by large numbers of the natives until it consisted of nearly a thousand men. On arriving within sight of the camp, the procession halted, and the Bishop, calling his friends around him, knelt down to pray that God would induce the Ajawa to go away peaceably, and if not that He would give the Manganja the victory, and forgive the sins of all who might fall that day. He then advanced unarmed, and, accompanied by Mr. Waller and an interpreter, soon reached an outpost where he was met by four men, two armed with guns and two carrying spears. He told them he wished to speak peaceably with their chiefs, but this was refused, and the men inquired what kind of white man he was. Upon hearing he was English, they replied that the English were their enemies, and had already helped the Manganja against them. They rushed forward as if to attack, but halted as the Bishop held up his hand and repeated that his errand was peaceable and that he desired to see their chiefs. A cry, however, came from the main body, "Shoot them; don't listen to them!" so the Bishop, with Mr. Waller and the interpreter, turned back, closely followed by the men with whom they had been talking, and expecting every moment to be fired upon.

A battle could not be prevented. The Manganja moved forward upon the advancing foe, and in an hour the Ajawa were in full flight, leaving behind them several captives, who were subsequently restored to their friends, and about forty of

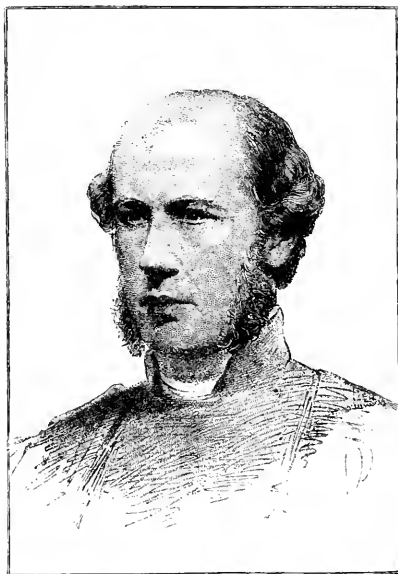
their own women and children. Although the Manganja had agreed not to enslave the prisoners, the Bishop thought it best to take charge of the Ajawa women and children, and next day they were conducted to Magomero.

Not long after these events, several more Ajawa were brought in. The Bishop's family was now so numerous that it was impossible to find room for them all within the original enclosure, and additional huts were built outside the stockade. The people were told that as they lived under the Bishop's protection they must submit to his laws and government.

Religious services were now held regularly, and the people, who at first supposed the morning and evening meetings had some connection with magic or incantations, soon began to take an interest in them. It was very difficult to convey to the minds of these Manganja any idea that wrong-doing was an offence against God. They had a notion, though a very dim one, of a Supreme Being, but why He should concern Himself with what they said or did they could not understand, and so long as the missionaries were obliged to communicate with them through interpreters it seemed hopeless to attempt to reason with them on this subject. Preparations were made for putting up a church for the natives, and Mr. Scudamore, who was an excellent woodman, felled a tree for a corner post, and it was solemnly set up by the Bishop on October 1st, 1861, in the hope that by the time the building was complete he and his brethren would be able to conduct services for the natives in their own language. But this hope, alas! was never fulfilled.

A few weeks after the church was begun, the mission was reinforced by the arrival of Mr. Burrup, a clergyman, and Mr. Dickinson, a medical man. They were to be followed by Mrs. Burrup and Miss Mackenzie, and huts were at once begun for the reception of these ladies. Meantime, stores were getting low, and food was not so easily obtained in the neighbourhood as had been the case at first. The Bishop therefore decided to send Messrs. Scudamore and Proctor, with an interpreter and a few natives, to try and find a line of communication with the Shiré at a point lower down than Chibisa's, by way of the Ruo valley, in the expectation that if the route were practicable it would be better than that hitherto followed, besides opening up the country for the extension of mission work. The party started on the 2nd of December; five days later Charles, the interpreter, returned alone, ragged and footsore, with the fearful story that the party had been attacked, and that he was the only survivor. Happily this was not actually the case, for in a few hours loud shouts announced the arrival of the missionaries and four of their servants, worn and wearied by sickness. Their tale was soon told. All had gone well for three days; the people were well disposed, and were delighted to hear of the proposed opening of a new route, which they hoped would bring profit to themselves. On the fourth day the travellers came to the village of a chief named Manasomba, where they were asked if they wished to buy slaves. They said "No," and as the chief could not be found and they were anxious to push on, they prepared to start, though the people wished them to remain, and were annoyed that they refused to do so. After they had gone on a little way, they reflected on what had occurred, and

thinking it would be well to make a friend of the chief, they decided upon returning, and were received with every appearance of sincerity, and were pressed to remain all night. They gave Manasomba a scarf, but unfortunately showed some other things which they were carrying to pay their way, and this so excited the cupidity of the people that, on their return from a bathe in the river, Charles, the interpreter, told them that their bearers had overheard plans for killing them in the night in order to get possession of their goods. In confirmation of this statement, the women were

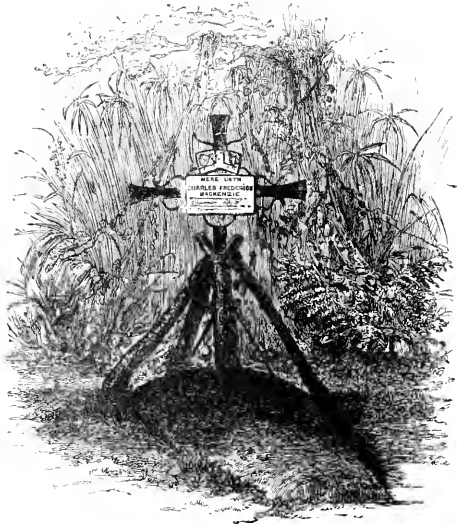


BISHOP MACKENZIE.

observed to be preparing to leave the village, as their custom is when a fight is imminent. This settled the matter; Proctor and Scudamore determined to move forward, instructed their bearers to make ready, and announced their departure to the chief. The sight of the bearers preparing to go showed the men of the place that they had been forestalled. They raised a cry, "They are running away," and tried to block up the gate, but were prevented by Charles rushing forward and compelling them to fall back for a moment. A general fight ensued, and Charles managed to reach the bush, followed by several men, from whom he got away, and as darkness was now setting in, he finally escaped. But he saw nothing of his friends, and hearing several shots fired, concluded they had been killed. They had passed through the gate immediately after him, pursued by men armed with poisoned arrows. Proctor fell,

but an arrow aimed at him was providentially warded off by the stock of his gun, in which the point remained fixed. Sendamore then discharged his rifle, and Proctor, getting up, fired both his barrels. These three shots frightened the natives, and in the confusion which ensued the missionaries got off into the bush. Their bearers also escaped, but two were separated from the rest, and did not reach Magomero for some days.

All the Englishmen at this time were suffering from the effects of the climate and the unhealthiness of the station; but the Bishop could not give himself a much-needed rest, as he made an appointment to meet Livingstone at the mouth of the Ruo, and he was also anxious to meet his sister and Mrs. Burrup, who were on their way up the Zambesi to join t'he mission. Taking Mr. Burrup with him, he started for Chibisa's, and found the intervening country flooded in many places from the overflow of brooks and rivers. It rained almost incessantly, and the journey occupied much more time than had been anticipated, but Chibisa's village was reached at last, and the travellers proceeded in a boat down the Shiré, halting for the first night at Chikwaba, where they received a cordial welcome, and on the second night at a village in the Elephant Marsh, belonging to a chief named Magala. In this place the flies and mosquitoes were so numerous that they were obliged to seek better accom-



THE GRAVE OF BISHOP MACKENZIE.

modation. Darkness came on before they could find another village, and in the dark they mistook a creek for the main river, and upset the boat on a bank. The water was not deep, but all their goods were thrown into the river, the gunpowder was rendered useless, the tea and coffee spoiled, all the clothing they wore or carried was wet, and, worse than every other misfortune, their supply of quinine and other medicine was totally lost. For more than an hour they groped about in the creek to recover what they could, and then, having baled out the boat, lay down in it and wrapped themselves in their damp rugs. Next day they proceeded to Malo, at the confluence of the Ruo and Shiré rivers, and learned that Livingstone had passed down in the *Pioneer* a few days before. Anticipating his early return and the arrival of the ladies, the Bishop and Mr. Burrup decided to remain where they were, as the chief was hospitably inclined, giving up one of his huts to them, and food was plentiful.

At Malo, therefore, they remained, but the Bishop never left the place alive, and his companion only left it to die. Burrup was never quite well after the upsetting of the boat, and the Bishop soon began to feel the effects of the accident, gradually getting weaker and weaker until he became quite insensible, and, after remaining in a comatose condition for a week, fell asleep on the last day of January, 1862. A few hours later his body was buried under a large tree, Mr. Burrup reading the burial service in the dim evening light.

Thus died the first missionary Bishop of Central Africa, the first of the glorious band of missionaries who have given up their lives in the attempt to propagate Christianity among the dwellers on the lakes, rivers, plains, and mountains of the land which has been opened up to them by Livingstone and his successors. Mackenzie had only been a bishop for thirteen months, and his actual work had not extended over more than six of those thirteen. He had put his hand to the plough, and had only turned a few furrows when the call came to him to go up higher. Only by a strong effort did Burrup succeed in getting back to Magomero. The current in the Shiré was so turbulent that it was impossible to row against it. The boat was therefore left in the care of some natives, the party proceeding on foot, and occupying three days in reaching Chibisa's. Mr. Burrup repeatedly fell down from weariness and exhaustion, and when, after a rest of two days, he was utterly unable to walk, the natives made a palanquin of wood and bamboo, in which they carried him up to the station. The Bishop's friends there had already heard of his death and now learned from his travelling companion all the sad details. The Lord had taken away their master from their head, but a double portion of his spirit rested upon them, and they resolved to continue the work he had begun.

A few days elapsed, during which Burrup got weaker, until on the 22nd of February he too passed away. The next morning, after a celebration of the Holy Communion, they buried him within the enclosure that had been marked out for the church. His young widow, with Miss Mackenzie, was probably close at hand, and three of the Englishmen went down to Chibisa's to meet them. They had come up with Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Gorgon*, in one of the ship's boats, but had heard nothing of the Bishop's death. Mr. Burrup had left a letter for them in the hands of the chief at Malo, and he, fearing probably he might be held responsible for what had happened, neglected to deliver it. At Chibisa's Miss Mackenzie first heard of her brother's sad end, but Mrs. Burrup knew nothing of her own trouble until Mr. Scudamore arrived from Magomero. These noble women had come out to work at the mission station, and both bore up bravely under the terrible blow that had fallen upon them. They were, however, too ill to remain in the country, and in the unsettled state of affairs it would not have been right for them to do so, deprived as they were of their natural protectors. They were neither of them in a condition to judge for themselves and Captain Wilson decided any doubt they might have had by announcing his determination to take them back with him to the *Gorgon*.

By Mackenzie's death Proctor, as the senior missionary, found himself at the head

of the settlement at Magomero. The place was unhealthy; and the continued presence of the Ajawa in the immediate neighbourhood, and the probability of war between them and the Manganja, convinced the missionaries that their present station could not in existing circumstances become a centre for their operations. They therefore decided to remove to Chibisa's, and to take with them the orphan children and as many of the adults as were willing to go.

Their work at Magomero had not been entirely thrown away, and before quitting the place they received many proofs of native gratitude. A chief from a neighbouring village visited them with a long train of men carrying corn, which he offered as a token of his gratitude and friendship. "The English," he said, "had given him peace so that he had been able to plant and grow corn." Another chief brought a similar offering, while Chigunda, who hitherto had been mean and untruthful, came one day dressed in his smartest clothes to thank them for all they had done for him and his people, and to give expression to his thankfulness by a liberal present of provisions.

The removal to Chibisa's was a work of time. The men behaved excellently, and showed much care in looking after the comfort and safety of their wives and little ones.

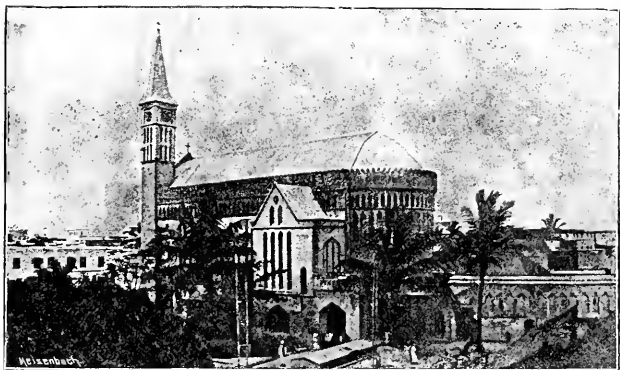
At length the travellers arrived at their destination in safety, and found excellent quarters on a high bank overlooking the river, and commanding a glorious view of the surrounding country. Only a year had elapsed since the missionaries had ascended the Zambesi, and that year had been a trying and anxious time. They had lost their leader and Mr. Burrup; nor did they know until they could hear from England whether another bishop would be appointed. But Mackenzie's spirit seemed with them encouraging them to go on, and commanding them to devote themselves to this work with redoubled energy and zeal.

A few weeks' residence at Chibisa's, during which some of them were attacked by African fever, showed them that the place was no more suitable for Europeans than Magomero, and that if they were to continue their mission a healthier spot must be found. To discover a better site for a permanent station, they set out in small parties of two or three to scour the neighbourhood, and at last succeeded in finding at Mount Choro a position apparently eligible in every particular. The chief, Mankoburo, who lived near the mountain, raised no objection; but when Waller returned to make arrangements for a permanent settlement, he found the people had taken alarm, and were objecting to the proposed occupation. Vainly did the missionaries try to overcome their scruples.

As no other place could be found, they remained at Chibisa's, to encounter fresh difficulties and to experience all the horrors of famine. No rain had fallen for some months, and though on the banks of the river there was a narrow belt of living vegetation, everywhere else the soil was dried up and nothing would grow. It was only too evident that a great dearth of food was coming upon the people, and unless rain fell it would be difficult to maintain life. The missionaries scoured the neighbourhood to obtain supplies, with little success. In every place there was the same sad story, "We

have not enough for ourselves, and we cannot sell to others." Wherever corn was growing close to the river, it was watched day and night by the owners, and any attempt to steal it was punished by death.

The famine grew worse every day. Too weak to undergo the fatigue of hunting, the missionaries tried to shoot crocodiles or hippopotami from the banks of the river; but these creatures became very shy, and Chibisa's men were always on the look-out for them. Waller went down to Quilimane to bring up supplies, which had arrived there from the Cape, but he could not return for weeks, perhaps months, and in the meantime the missionaries knew not how to feed their large family. At this crisis a report reached them that corn was to be had at Mikaronko, a place about fifty miles to the north-west on the road to Tete, and Mr. Rowley at once started, with an



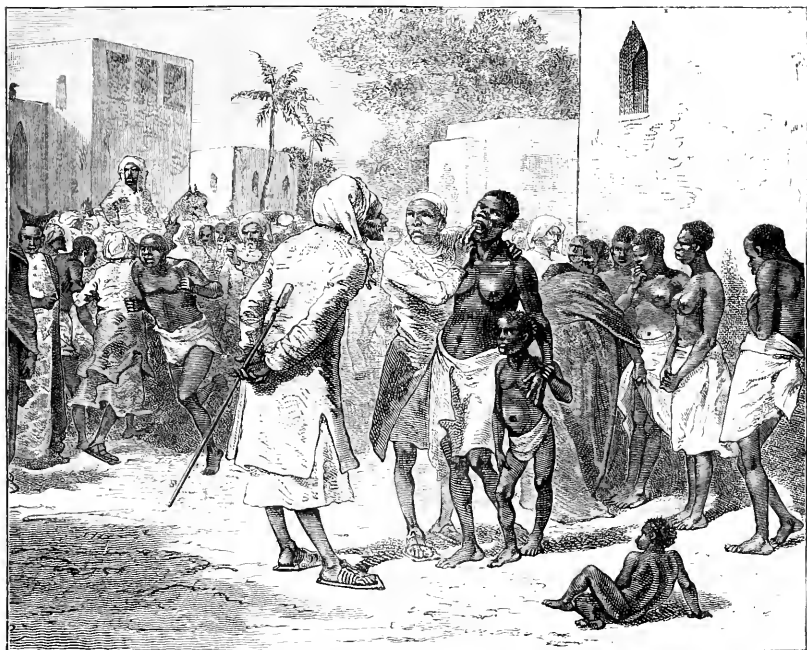
CHRIST CHURCH, ZANZIBAR.

interpreter and twelve men, in the hope of getting a supply. On the third day they reached Mikaronko, a large village surrounded by trees and bush, and consisting of several circles of huts, each circle enclosed within a high grass fence. The people were well fed and well clothed, and seemed rather curious than friendly. Having learnt that corn could be obtained in the neighbouring villages, Mr. Rowley was able to buy it, and returned to Chibisa's well laden with stores. A few days later, a supply of rice came up from Shupanga, and the missionaries were relieved from anxiety so far as concerned themselves and their immediate dependents.

They could not, however, for the present, do more than provide for their own families, though later on, when they received a more abundant stock of provisions, they distributed food to all comers, and saved not a few lives. For months the Shiré was literally a river of death. Hungry men who tried to steal corn were ruthlessly murdered and thrown into the stream. Mothers, unable to feed their babes, tossed them into the water and then jumped in themselves. Husbands and wives committed suicide together, and the crocodiles were gorged with human food. Wild-



looking men almost worn to skeletons grubbed in the fields on the chance of finding roots, and dropped down to die of hunger and exhaustion. November came, and the natives said the November moon always brought rain; but the clouds gathered only to roll away again, and the drought continued. Next month there was a change, and the thirsty earth was at length refreshed by abundant showers. Seed-time had come, but there was no corn to sow, and for a



THE OLD SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR, SITE OF THE PRESENT CHRIST CHURCH.

while the damp weather only aggravated the miseries of the people. Death still stalked over the fatal valley, and more than half the inhabitants perished of famine.

During this sad time there was no cannibalism, and very little dishonesty. The English lost nothing in the shape of food, and their other property, though often exposed, was never injured or taken away by the natives. The famine did not, however, pass away without exacting a European victim. The trials he had to undergo, and the pressing anxieties of the time, told severely upon Scudamore, while the great change caused by the rain brought on an illness which terminated fatally.

He was ill for some weeks, and on Christmas Day his friends thought him dying, but on the morrow he rallied, though only to relapse once more into a hopeless state. For three days he was almost insensible, though occasionally his mind cleared for a few minutes, and he murmured, "There remaineth a rest." His companions watched him in turns, and did all they could to stimulate his fast fading powers, until early on the morning of New Year's Day, 1863, he gently passed away. Dickinson selected a site for the grave close to the station, and in full view of the valley and the ascent to the highlands.

Only a few weeks elapsed and Dickinson, too, fell in the path of duty. His health had been greatly tried at Magomero, as well as at Chibisa's, and his brethren often urged him to go home as the only means of saving his life. But he refused to leave them, believing he ought as a medical man to stay at his post. In March he was seized by a severe illness, and died in eight days. Once more his broken-hearted companions stood beside an open grave, and laid him at rest beside their friend who had gone so short a time before.

With this terrible experience of the valley of the Shiré, Bishop Tozer, who came out in June as Mackenzie's successor, decided to remove the mission to higher ground. A return to the neighbourhood of Magomero seemed impracticable, for the Ajawa were still in the land, and everything was unsettled and insecure. Dr. Livingstone thought the mission might be maintained, if not at Chibisa's, at least in the neighbourhood, but he was on the point of leaving the Zambesi, and thus would be unable to render any further help to the missionaries. They were therefore reluctantly compelled to leave the scene of so much trouble and so many anxieties, and to leave behind them all their dependents, except some of the orphan children, who were ultimately sent to homes at Cape Town. But they made an arrangement with Kepana, an Ajawa chief, who professed to be friendly towards the English, to protect the men and women; and as he was the most powerful person in that part of the country, they felt that if he kept his word these people would be able to maintain themselves in comfort and safety.

The new site of the mission was on a mountain, 4,000 feet high, named Morumbala, not far from the Shiré and Zambesi rivers; and the missionaries, including Dr. Steere and Mr. Alington, who had come out with Bishop Tozer, resided there for a few months. But the Bishop soon arrived at the conclusion that Central Africa could be more easily approached from Zanzibar than from the Zambesi, and he decided to remove his headquarters as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements. For this purpose he and Dr. Steere started for Zanzibar, and as there was no present need for the services of the other members of the mission, they returned to England for a time.

Zanzibar, at the time of Bishop Tozer's first visit, was the seat of a large trade in human beings, unblushingly carried on in spite of a treaty between the Sultan and the British Government forbidding the export of slaves to foreign countries. A great space in the centre of the town, where the lofty spire and long high roof of Christ Church now stand out conspicuously above every other building, was then the slave

market, where miserable-looking men, women, and children were exposed for sale by their owners who had brought them from the mainland. The transport of these slaves across the straits which separate the island of Zanzibar from the continent, was not without risk, for an English man-of-war was generally on the station, and if a dhow was captured at sea, the slaves were liberated, the dhow itself was destroyed, and the owners were punished. A duty was levied upon all slaves landed in Zanzibar, but the traders often attempted to evade it, and if they were unsuccessful their vessel was burnt and the slaves were forfeited to the Sultan, who generally gave them away as presents to his friends. Not long after Bishop Tozer's settlement, several slaves thus came into the Sultan's possession, and the English Consul suggested to him that it would be a compliment to present some of them to the Bishop. The suggestion was acted upon, and with the five boys who came into his hands in this singular manner, the second missionary attempt to win the people of Central Africa was begun.

The Bishop himself undertook the education of the boys, whilst his coadjutor, Dr. Steere, a man of great ability and linguistic attainments, devoted himself, for a time, almost exclusively to the study of the Swahili and other languages of Eastern Africa.

The Bishop wisely decided not to undertake more than could be efficiently performed. He believed that if Central Africa was to be evangelised the work must chiefly be done by her own children, and it was his desire to train natives who, under the guidance of European missionaries, would be able to teach and preach to their brethren. The five boys he regarded as the beginning of this native ministry; and as other helpers came out from England he added to the original number of boys. He also took charge of some girls, and handed them over to his sister and another lady who had recently joined the mission.

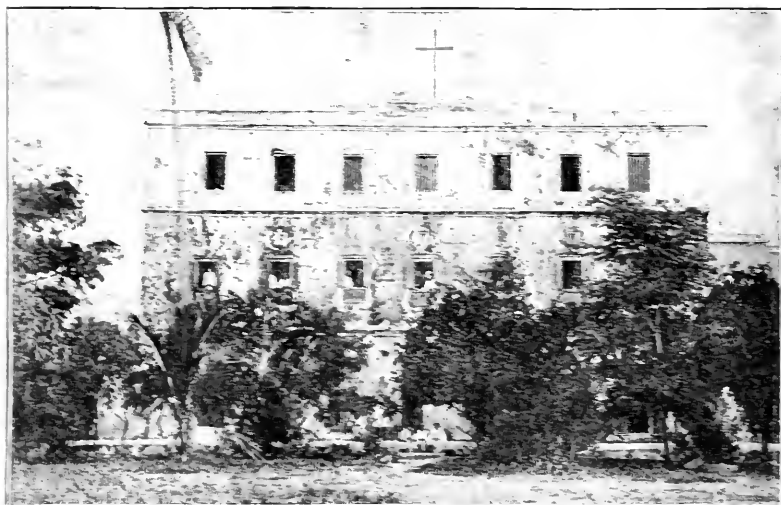
These additions to his household were, like the original five, rescued slaves. In May, 1865, a slave dhow was captured, and five boys and nine girls were selected, and taken to Zanzibar to be trained and educated. Their arrival gave much delight to the boys previously connected with the mission, who by this time had developed into well-behaved and intelligent little fellows.

The Bishop had already bought a large house facing the sea, and this sufficed for the present, but in view of the probable growth of the mission he now purchased an adjoining plot of ground and a small estate at Kiungani, two miles out of the town, upon which he proposed to build an industrial school for boys. In a few years this plan was carried into effect, and the school contained nearly a hundred boys, who learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic in Swahili, while the more promising were taught English, and trained to become teachers, catechists, readers, and sub-deacons.

The girls, too, as they grew up to be well-behaved and useful young women, formed a nucleus to which such frequent additions were made that the school had to be removed to Mbwein, a beautiful spot planted with cocoa-nut, clove, and other useful trees, and at a considerable distance to the south of Zanzibar town. Here, in a flat-roofed stone house, divided into long narrow rooms (for as the native timber was

very short time, and as the natives had no other articles to trade, were obliged to go to the coast to purchase the necessaries of life. They were found near a small island west of the mouth of the bay, where they had been married and the ceremony was very simple.

While I was engaged in the settlement at Madja, a vessel of provisions from which the natives of Central Africa will be reached, and as soon as his arrangements permitted he sent Mr. Allington, one of the missionaries, to explore the Usambara country a part of the mainland lying opposite the island of Pemba, and to the north-west of Zanzibar. Mr. Allington's object was to reach the capital of the country,



THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE AND BOYS SCHOOL, KUNGWANI.

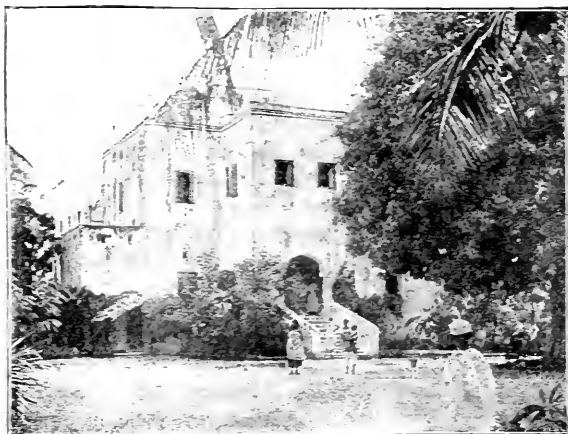
and to obtain the permission of the king to settle there. On arrival at his destination, he was hospitably received by the king's eldest son, Sekalava, and presented with a fat cow in return for which he gave his best dress and cloth of various kinds. A long interview then took place. Mr. Allington explained why he had left his own country and come to Usambara, and asked permission to remain in Vuga to build a house and to teach the people about the one true and living God. Sekalava, after considering a little, said he was quite willing to allow his visitor to teach, but before any buildings were begun he would like to know if the Sultan of Zanzibar approved, and he would send men to enquire.

After long and weary negotiations he at last gave permission for the settlement of a mission at Madja, a town between Vuga and the sea.

Mr. Alington was the first to begin the work for which he had prepared the way by his visit to Magila. On the evening of Friday, Sunday, 1870, he began to build a hut and was hoping to complete it when all the men of the district were called up to fight against a chief named Shidja who was endeavouring to obtain supreme power.

As Mr. Alington's helpers had to go with the rest, the further progress of the building was arrested; and an attack of fever compelled him to return to Zanzibar for a time. In a few months he was again at Magila and found the hut just as he had left it; but when he inquired for three oxen that belonged to him, he was shown their skins, and was told that they had died, though he suspected they were killed for the sake of the meat. A few days' hard work enabled him to complete the walls of the hut,

and to roof it in with rushes, and he then made several journeys to and from the coast, and one all the way to Zanzibar, to bring up furniture and other necessaries. Before, however, he could begin to teach or preach, he was obliged to return to England, and the Magila mission was taken up by Mr. Fraser, who had recently come out. He devoted himself with much zeal to the welfare of the people, and soon succeeded in winning



MWEINI GIRLS' SCHOOL.

their confidence. Many of them began to come to a service he conducted in Swahili, which they understood though it differed considerably from their own vernacular and they showed an intelligent interest in what they heard. But Mr. Fraser was not spared to labour more than a few months at Magila. Having occasion to go to Zanzibar, he arrived one morning tired from his journey though apparently well, and spent the afternoon in talking over the affairs of the mission, and in relating his experiences and adventures to the Bishop. Before the two friends separated for the night, it was arranged that Fraser should take one of the services on the morrow. But they little knew what the morrow would bring forth. In the night Fraser was taken ill, and the doctor who was speedily summoned pronounced the dreaded word, cholera. Remedies were applied in vain; and in a few days another English missionary was added to the roll of those who had laid down their lives in the endeavour to plant the standard of the Cross in Central Africa.

Cholera broke out with terrible virulence, and claimed two more victims from the mission. The people in the island were panic-stricken, and ships avoided the port, so that for some weeks no mail arrived at Zanzibar. Bishop Tozer was left during this terrible time with only one other Englishman, and the two remained bravely at their post, doing everything in their power to relieve the suffering and sickness that surrounded them on all sides.

Presently the weather cooled, and the cholera disappeared. As soon as he could get away, the Bishop paid a flying visit to Magila, where he found the mission-house untouched, and such furniture as it contained quite safe. He could not himself remain there, and on his journey back to Zanzibar he had a sunstroke, which for a time laid him aside. When he recovered, Mr. Pennell and Mr. Handcock, who had recently arrived from England, once more resumed the Magila mission, and were received by the people with eagerness. Mr. Pennell did not intend to stay permanently at Magila, his companion having arranged to undertake the charge of the mission as soon as he was able to preach in Swahili. There seemed, however, to be a fatality about the place, for Mr. Handcock, after being in the country for three weeks, had a sunstroke. As soon as he could travel, the two Englishmen returned to Zanzibar, and on the fourth day after their arrival, Mr. Handcock died suddenly.

Thus for the third time in the short space of three years was the endeavour to carry Christianity to the mainland of Central Africa frustrated. Two years elapsed, during which no attempt to resume the work seemed possible; but in October, 1872, a chief from the mainland came to Zanzibar to ask when Magila was to be reoccupied. The people, he said, were anxious to have a missionary in their midst, the house was still standing, and the place was more populous. Dr. Steere, who was then in sole charge at Zanzibar, felt he ought not to ignore such a request, and he therefore despatched Mr. Spears and Francis Mabruki, a native, both of whom had been admitted to the sub-diaconate by Bishop Tozer, to revive the mission, which was subsequently reinforced by Mr. Hartley, a schoolmaster, and later still, by Mr. Midgley. With the exception of Mabruki, none of them remained long at their post. Spears and Midgley were driven away by ill-health. The former went to England, and died as he was on the point of returning to Zanzibar, while the latter was permanently invalided. An even more tragical fate overtook Hartley, who, in coming down from Magila to spend Christmas at Zanzibar, was attacked by some Arab slave-dealers and severely wounded. The people at Morongo put him on board a dhow and sent him across to Zanzibar, where he lingered for several weeks, and then succumbed to lockjaw, the result of his wounds.

Mabruki continued steadily at his post, and when in 1875 Mr. (afterwards Arch-deacon) Farler, with several native assistants, arrived at Magila to take charge, the mission made a fresh start. The old house was put in order, and a chapel was built. Mr. Farler developed considerable medical skill. His fame as a doctor as well as a preacher spread far and wide, and the chapel was often crowded.

Not long after this, the King of Usambara sent for Mr. Farler to come and make peace between himself and his half-brother, the King of Ukalindi, who had been at

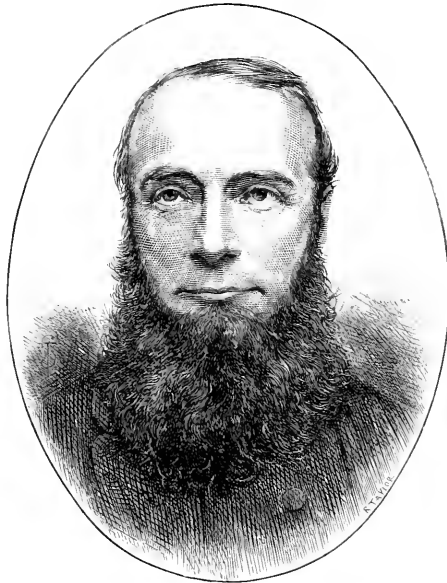
war with one another for ten years. They could not trust one another, but they both trusted the missionary, who suggested they should meet him at Masasa, a frontier town of Usambara, and that his presence would be a guarantee against treachery. This was agreed to by both parties, and Mr. Farler proceeded to the place of meeting. On his arrival a great assembly was held, and he made a speech to the chiefs on the sinfulness of war, and of God's anger against brother fighting with brother. Shouts of approval rose on all sides as he concluded. Terms of peace were agreed upon, and after the chiefs had shaken hands, all sat down to a feast. Later on Mr. Farler preached to the people about the love of God and the life to come, with such effect that the King of Usambara asked that a missionary might be sent to him, and invited Mr. Farler to select a site for a mission station. Unfortunately, he was not in a position to comply with the request, having neither a man to send nor funds to sustain a missionary if one could be spared.

The Magila mission was now firmly established, and its good influence extended far and wide, in spite of the opposition of some Mohammedans, who busied themselves to make proselytes, and built a mosque at Umba, between Magila and the coast. The chief and some of the principal men of Umba having asked for instruction, Mr. Yorke, an English layman, volunteered to go to them. The result was most gratifying, for within two years the mosque was deserted, while the Christian church was filled every Sunday with a devout congregation of worshippers. Mr. Yorke continued his good work for some years as a layman, and was then ordained a deacon, but not long after, he too fell a victim to the climate, and another precious life was lost in the endeavour to evangelise Central Africa.

To return to the story of the Zanzibar mission itself. In 1872 ill-health drove Bishop Tozer to England, and as soon as he found it would be impossible for him ever to return to Africa, he resigned the bishopric. Dr. Steere was evidently marked out for his successor, and in August, 1874, he was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. In the following March he was once more at Zanzibar in the midst of the work to which he had already devoted some of the best years of his life, and, with the exception of occasional visits to England, chiefly on mission business, he remained at his post until his sudden death in 1882. Dr. Steere was no ordinary man. He had been trained as a lawyer, and called to the Bar with every prospect of a successful career. He felt, however, that his proper sphere of usefulness was in quite a different direction, and after working some years as layman, was ordained, and ultimately presented to a living in Lincolnshire. There he had for a near neighbour Mr. Tozer, and when that clergyman was appointed Bishop Mackenzie's successor, Steere volunteered to accompany him to Africa, and became his most active and energetic helper.

It is to Bishop Steere that the Universities Mission owes the erection of Christ Church, Zanzibar, on the site of the old slave market. In 1872 a treaty was agreed upon by Sir Bartle Frere, representing Great Britain, and the Sultan of Zanzibar, by which the carriage of slaves by sea, and open slave markets in the coast towns, were forbidden. It is unfortunately the case that this treaty has not produced all the results anticipated at the time; but it shut up the Zanzibar slave market, which was at once

bought by Bishop Tozer. One of the first acts of his successor was to erect on the site a mud house as a preaching station, and he next commenced to build a great church, which took four years to finish. Bishop Steere was his own architect, builder, and clerk of the works, and his church, both externally and internally, is certainly the most striking architectural feature in Zanzibar. The concrete roof, with a span of twenty-eight feet, its centre sixty feet above the floor, is an abiding monument of the Bishop's skill. Many persons viewed its erection with alarm, and prophesied that as



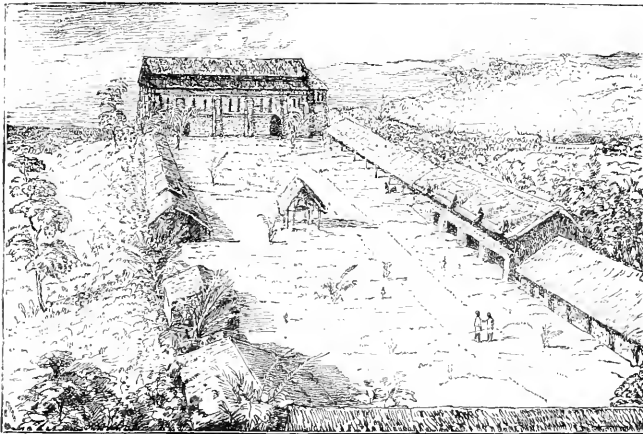
BISHOP STEERE.

soon as the support was removed it would collapse: but the Bishop was undaunted by these dismal announcements, and the result has shown that he was wiser than his critics.

In other handicrafts he was equally successful. While a young man he possessed a printing press, and as a missionary he made good use of his early experience, setting up type himself and teaching others how to print. The mission press in Zanzibar was continually at work, not only for the Universities Mission, but also for the Church Missionary Society at Mombas, the London Missionary Society at Ujiji, the Methodists at Ribe, and the French Roman Catholic Mission at Bagamoyo. When he found himself at the head of the mission, he determined to make another effort for the evangelisation of the tribes of Nyassaland, and to combine with the attempt the planting



in that district of a village of freed slaves. With these objects in view he left Zanzibar in September, 1875, for a march into the interior, accompanied by three Englishmen and about twenty natives as porters. From Lindi, a port to the north of the Rovuma river, he proposed to push across the country; and while waiting there to make the needful arrangements, one of his English companions was seized with illness, and had to be sent back in the care of another. This incident very seriously reduced the effective force of the little expedition; but the Bishop decided to go on, and after a long journey through the Mwera and Yao forests, and across the Rovuma, he reached Mwembe, where the chief Mataka gave him a hearty welcome, and agreed to receive a missionary. In returning, as in going, the horrors of slavery were vividly brought to



MAGILA—VIEW OF QUADRANGLE, WITH CHURCH.

the travellers' notice, and in following the track of one caravan they observed that each day's stage was marked by the corpses of slaves who had either been murdered, or had died from hunger and exhaustion. "Surely," said the Bishop, "if there can be a holy war, it would be one against a traffic that bears such fruits as these."

An almost immediate result of this journey was the issue of proclamations by the Sultan of Zanzibar, at the desire of Bishop Steere and Dr. Kirk, the English Consul, forbidding the slave traffic from Kilwa and the Nyassa district. These documents were printed at the mission in Arabic, English, and Swahili, and were circulated as widely as possible. In Kilwa itself the people rose in rebellion against the decree, but a visit from H.M.S. *Thetis* restored order, and the chief instigators were taken to Zanzibar and punished. Unfortunately, the Sultan's authority counted for little on the mainland, and the slave trade was only turned into other channels, where it was carried on as vigorously as ever.

In the following year Bishop Steere was able to carry out his design of planting

a colony of freed men in Central Africa. Taking with him a large party, including seventy porters and fifty-five liberated slaves, he crossed from Zanzibar to Lindi in a dhow towed by one of the Queen's ships, and then conducted his followers to Masasi, whence he intended to push on to Mwembe. The freed men, however, were so pleased with Masasi itself that they begged permission to settle there, as they were among their own people, in a healthy spot, and out of the trade of slave caravans. For a day or two the Bishop hesitated, hardly knowing how to decide for the best. In the end, after permission had been obtained from the chief, he decided as the men wished, and set them to work to put up huts and a mission house and a chapel, which were completed before he left. During his stay at Masasi he was visited by two men living in the place who had been delivered from slavery by the English; one by Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie on their way to Magomero, and the other by the Consul at Zanzibar. The presence of these men seemed to promise well for the future of the station, and experience has amply demonstrated the wisdom of Bishop Steere's proceedings. Masasi is very healthy, fever is rare, the rate of mortality low, and the fertility of the soil is such that the crops are superior to those of any other place in the neighbourhood. Two years after the freed men occupied Masasi, another station was established at Newala, about sixty miles distant, and later still a mission was begun at Mwembe, Mataka's town, where the Bishop originally proposed to plant his colony. Here the missionaries were not far from Livingstonia, the settlement founded by the Free Church of Scotland on Lake Nyassa, so that a chain of mission stations has been extended across Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Great Lake.

Bishop Steere had thus the satisfaction of knowing that the work suggested by Livingstone and begun by Mackenzie, had been so far successfully carried out under the direction of his predecessor and himself. In 1882 he felt that he was no longer equal to the many demands made upon his energies, and this feeling became so strong that he commenced a letter to the Universities Mission Committee tendering his resignation of the bishopric, and expressing a desire to remain at Zanzibar for a time, that he might welcome his successor, and complete the translation of the Bible into Swahili. That letter was never finished. One Saturday evening, in August, 1882, he retired to rest as usual, and on the following morning, as he did not appear, the door of his room, being locked, was forced open by his friends. He was in bed insensible, and in a few hours passed away, leaving to others the duty of carrying forward into the Dark Continent the Lamp of Truth he had borne aloft so bravely and so well. Thus suddenly death struck down a second time the head of the mission, and the name of Edward Steere, third missionary bishop in Central Africa, was added to the long roll of Christian heroes who have died at the post of duty. He rests behind the altar of the church his own energy and skill had built in the old slave market at Zanzibar, and his grave occupies the site of the whipping-post, at which many an unhappy African had, in years gone by, writhed under the cruel lash of the slave-owner. For such a man no grander end, no more suitable tomb, could have been. Faithful unto death, his life and example are yet teaching the lesson of patient continuance in well-doing.

## CHAPTER LXVII.

## RECENT MISSIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Scotland's Tribute to Livingstone—Presbyterian Missions—An Exploring Party in Charge of Mr. E. D. Young—The *Hulu* Steamer—English Graves—Mponla—Livingstonia Founded—Voyage up Lake Nyassa—Blantyre—Native Converts—An African Sermon—White Ants—William Black—Livingstonia Deserted—A Row of Graves—London Missionary Society and Tanganyika Mission—Captain Hore—A Lady's Travels in a Bath Chair—A Big Snake—Ujiji—Kavala Island—The *Good News*—Little Jack—The Tanganyika Martyrs—Mr. Thomson—Dr. Nullens—Dr. Southon—Other Missions to Central Africa—Conclusion.

NOWHERE was the interest in African missions, re-awakened by Livingstone's death, felt more keenly than in Scotland. The fellow-countrymen of the famous explorer who had been laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, soon decided that the best monument they could raise to his memory would be the establishment of missions in the land he had made known to the world; and within a very few months of his funeral large sums of money had been collected by the Church of Scotland and the Free Church for the furtherance of this purpose. The United Presbyterians and the Reformed Presbyterians also entered heartily upon the enterprise, and in May, 1875, an expedition was despatched, having for its object the discovery of a suitable site on Lake Nyassa for the foundation of an industrial mission.

Mr. E. D. Young, of the Royal Navy, who had previously served in Africa under Livingstone himself, was invited to assume the charge of the exploring party, which included Dr. Robert Laws (a medical missionary), Mr. Henderson (who represented the Established Church), a carpenter, two engineers, a seaman, and an agriculturist. Their instructions were to find a suitable settlement on Lake Nyassa, and for the purpose of making a thorough exploration of its waters they took out with them a handy little steamer, named the *Hulu*, after the place where Livingstone had died, and so constructed that she could be taken to pieces, and transported overland between the waters of the upper and lower Shiré, where the Murchison Cataracts prevent through-navigation. The *Hulu* was thoroughly tested on the Thames, and the trials were in every way satisfactory, so that when, at the end of July, 1875, she was put together on the Zambesi, no difficulty was experienced in navigating her upon that river.

Old associations prompted Mr. Young to make a brief halt at Shupanga, where eleven years before he had helped to lay Mary Livingstone in her grave under the wide-spreading baobab tree; and he was not a little pleased to find the white stone that marks her resting-place carefully kept clean of grass and undergrowth by the natives. Similar care had been taken of the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, at the junction of the Ruo and Shiré rivers, and Mr. Young was able to erect there an iron cross, sent out by Miss Mackenzie, with the knowledge that it would be protected by men who had not forgotten the good Bishop's services. Further up the river, at Chibisa's, the graves of Dickinson and Scudamore had been scrupulously preserved, though at a later period it has been found that some of these interesting memorials have been neglected. The little colony of captives liberated by Livingstone and

Mackenzie, and planted on the Shiré, had spread in all directions and multiplied exceedingly, while the Makololo, who had preferred to settle on the Shiré rather than return to their own land, formed a flourishing population, and have to this day continued to increase in power and influence, in spite of the hostility of the Portuguese. It will doubtless be remembered that quite recently Lord Salisbury has compelled the authorities at Lisbon to withdraw their claims to the banks of the upper Shiré and the adjacent territory.

At Matitis, just below the Falls, the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and arrangements were made for carriers to convey her and her cargo for sixty miles to the upper waters.

It is not a little to the credit of the natives of this region, that the work of transporting the *Ilala* piecemeal was successfully accomplished, and every one of the eight hundred men employed proved thoroughly honest and careful of his burden. They knew, indeed, they were working for kind friends, and were not a little pleased at being able to help in an enterprise which they trusted would place serious obstacles in the way of the slave trade that had been carried on for so long on the waters of Lake Nyassa.

Mponda, one of the native chiefs, who had known Livingstone in former years, asked many questions about his old friend, and expressed a great desire to go to England. He was very hospitable, and wanted his guest to join him in drinking mowa, the native beer, of which he consumed an enormous quantity at a sitting. To enable him to do this with greater facility, one of his wives put her arm round his body and sham-pooed him from his chest downwards, while another held a calabash to his lips. Mponda was very anxious that Mr. Young should submit to similar treatment, but he declined the compliment, much to his host's disgust. Notwithstanding this apparent slight, Mponda was very willing to promise his help in the foundation of the new settlement, and on the following day, when the *Ilala* resumed her voyage, the Englishman and the African parted on the best of terms.

The first business of the exploring party was to find a suitable location for the mission, with a harbour in which the steamer could be safely moored during the storms that are so frequent on the lake. A glance at a map will show that the southern end of Nyassa resembles the human foot, and at the head of the promontory known as Cape Maclear, which divides the heel from the fore-part of the foot, and just opposite a small island, to which Mr. Young gave the name of Elephant Island, a little land-locked bay seemed to be in every respect adapted as a harbour, while the breezy promontory itself offered a healthy site for the intended settlement. Here, on the 18th of October, 1875, the first tent of Livingstonia was put up; and whilst some of the party were left to begin work on the new buildings, Mr. Young returned in the steamer to the head of the Falls, to bring up some of the goods that had been left there. On the way down he called to tell Mponda that Cape Maclear had been selected for the mission station, an announcement which gave the chief much satisfaction, as he was anxious to trade in ivory and other goods, and believed he would do so more profitably with the new-comers than with the Arabs from Zanzibar, or the Portuguese on the Zambesi.

As soon as a good start had been made in clearing and draining the site of Livingstonia, Mr. Young, accompanied by Dr. Laws and Mr. Henderson, started in the *Itala* on a voyage of exploration to the head of the lake. The appearance of the little steamer created great excitement among the people of the villages, and there were many inquiries why the white men had come, and not a little wonderment at the sight of a vessel moving swiftly through the water without sail or oar. One or



MR. E. D. YOUNG.

two of the chiefs accepted an invitation to go for a short trip, but others were unwilling to trust themselves in a boat so different from anything they had ever seen before, and contented themselves with asking questions about her and watching her movements from the land. Most of them expressed themselves as friendly to the new enterprise, some were eager to trade, and all appeared to think that the placing of a steamer on the lake would be a deadly blow to the slave trade carried on by the Arabs. In the course of a conversation with one of these traders, Mr. Young elicited a statement that about ten thousand human beings—men, women, and children—were taken across the lake every year in the slave dhows and driven in gangs to the east coast. This number seems incredible, but the accuracy of the statement was confirmed by Bishop Steere, of the Universities Mission, who at about this time

ascertained that five thousand slaves passed annually by one of the two routes from the lake to Kilwa, opposite Zanzibar, and that an almost equal number were taken by the other road. Unhappily the slave-traders soon discovered that the *Ilala* was powerless to prevent their horrible business, and the traffic in men, women, and children went on as vigorously as ever. Sad indeed it is to think that many districts near the Nyassa have been thinned, and some entirely depopulated, by the slave-trader, and that the open sore of Africa is not yet healed, in spite of many attempts to do away with it.

In the course of their voyage Mr. Young and his companions made as careful a survey as circumstances permitted of the coast and of the waters of the lake, taking frequent soundings, and measuring distances for the guidance of future travellers. Some of the scenery was exceedingly beautiful, and in places the richness of the vegetation surpassed anything Mr. Young had previously seen in Africa.

After an absence of more than three weeks, during which the *Ilala* had given excellent proof of her seaworthiness, the voyagers returned to Cape Maclear, having satisfactorily cleared up several important geographical problems, and having also established amicable relationships with several of the chiefs. Meantime, progress had been made with the new settlement, and some of the houses were nearly finished. Mr. Young, as soon as he had recovered from the effects of the voyage, during a great portion of which he had been unable to get regular rest, set to work to clear the jungle grass and brushwood from the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, in order to destroy the harbour for snakes and other pests. He also superintended a large body of native navvies engaged in digging a deep cutting for draining, and in throwing up an earthwork as a protection to the settlement. His men worked with a surprising vigour and cheerfulness. They had been living in deadly fear of being sold by Mponda and shipped off in dhows, and as they saw the massive earthworks growing under their hands, they hoped to find future protection and shelter within the space they were enclosing for the missionaries.

Mr. Henderson, of the Established Church of Scotland, who had come out with his brethren belonging to the Free Church, was unable to find a suitable place for a mission settlement on the shores of Nyassa, and therefore decided to occupy a position in the Shiré highlands, not far from Magomero, formerly the site of the Universities Mission under Bishop Mackenzie. Whilst Livingstonia was being built, he had made a house for himself and his colleagues, and named it Blantyre in honour of the birthplace of the great traveller. Mr. Young had now practically completed his work for the Free Church Mission, and he determined, before finally quitting Africa, to visit his friends belonging to the other mission. On reaching Blantyre, Mr. Young found them fairly settled, and very busy about their houses; but they had been suffering a good deal from attacks of African fever, from which up to that time the missionaries at Livingstonia had been tolerably free. The rainy season was at hand, and Mr. Young was anxious to get down to Quilimane as quickly as possible, so that his visit was necessarily short. He had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the good work had been fairly started in the Shiré highlands, and that

in order to lessen the difficulties of transport between the upper and lower river, a road was about to be made, which was intended to pass through Blantyre itself, and thus secure easier communication with the outer world. In carrying out this most useful undertaking, Mr. James Stewart, a civil engineer from India, subsequently gave up a year of his furlough; and the International African Exploration Society, inaugurated by the King of the Belgians, defrayed the greater part of the cost.

When Mr. Young reached Quilimane, he hoped to catch a steamer for the Cape, but owing to some failure in the signals she started earlier than had been announced, and he was compelled to spend many weary days of waiting in the midst of the unhealthy mangrove swamps at the mouth of the river. An attack of fever supervened, his strength was much reduced, and the irritating uncertainty about getting away did not tend to quicken his recovery. In a few days a Norwegian trader fortunately appeared in the offing, and Mr. Young secured a passage to the Cape, where he arrived, after a rough passage, early in January, 1877, having satisfactorily performed the task he had undertaken, of establishing the Scotch Mission on Lake Nyassa and in the Shiré highlands.

The missionaries he had left at these stations took up their work with vigour; opening schools and conducting religious services, which were well attended. In the course of a year or two, many of the natives gave up their former superstitions, and became at least nominally Christians. Some of them were able to preach, and to teach their fellow-countrymen the truth they had embraced: and these converts have proved a real source of strength, and an encouragement to the founders of the mission. Many of the Livingstonia native Christians have won for themselves a good name, and their services as guides and bearers are eagerly sought by the occasional travellers who have visited Nyassa. A recent explorer of the plateau between Nyassa and Tanganyika found them eminently trustworthy, and has left it upon record that their behaviour was always excellent. Of one of them, named Moolu, he says that after a close acquaintance of several weeks, he never discovered any inconsistency in his conduct. Moolu used to assemble his fellows every evening during the journey for religious services, which he conducted with much earnestness. On Sundays he always preached, and though the subjects he selected for his sermons were occasionally a little incongruous—as, for instance, when he discoursed about the Tower of Babel—he had a homely way of enforcing the truth he desired to communicate to his hearers. Once, when preaching on the rich man and Lazarus, in order to illustrate the wealth of the former, he described him as possessing “plenty of calico, and plenty of beads,” and probably succeeded in giving a clearer illustration of his text than many a learned divine, who would have hesitated to treat it so familiarly.

The industrial side of the missions was not overlooked. An improved system of husbandry was introduced, and the natives were amazed at the large crops raised by the missionaries, far exceeding, indeed, both in quantity and quality, any ever seen before in the district. The Scotch mechanics taught carpentry and blacksmiths' work; and though labouring at a forge has its drawbacks in the tropics, the people took very

kindly to the bellows from the first, and presently, when allowed to hammer red-hot iron, manifested a childish glee at making the sparks fly, and learnt after a few lessons to weld the metal with much dexterity.

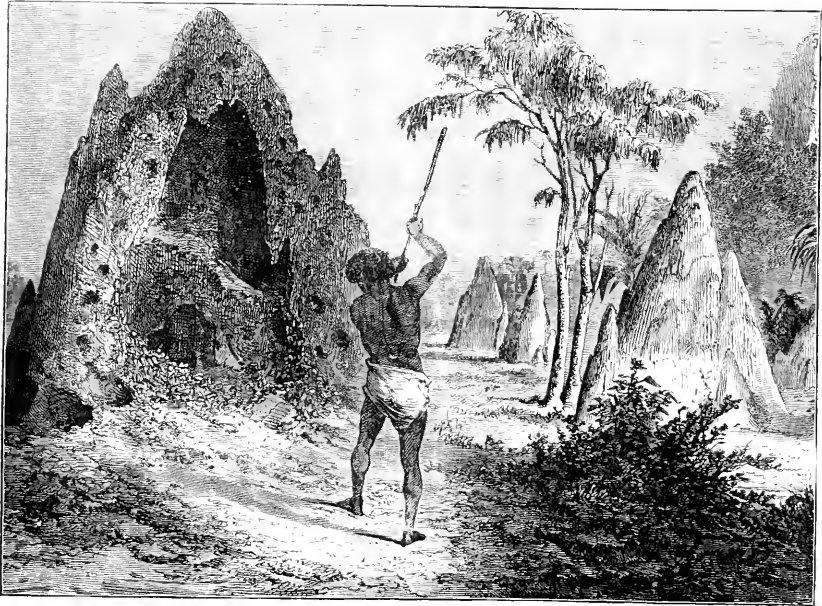
The art of wood-cutting and carpentry on Lake Nyassa and in many parts of Africa is carried on at a great disadvantage, in consequence of the ravages of the white ants. These terribly destructive little creatures are not, properly speaking, ants, but belong to a much humbler race, living chiefly on wood. They work entirely in the dark, and the first evidence of their ravages is frequently discovered too late to save a whole house from ruin. A site has perhaps been selected, apparently free from their presence, until some fine morning the door-post collapses; and then on examining the rest of the structure it is found that the entire woodwork of the building has been eaten away from the inside, and the house has to be abandoned, and is ere long a ruin. They are equally dangerous to furniture, and so sudden and thorough in their attack, that it is said a man with a wooden leg, who incautiously went to sleep in their neighbourhood, found on waking that his artificial support had been reduced to sawdust. They raise great heaps of earth, in which they live and breed, and their nests are often several feet high and of considerable extent. A recent traveller has suggested that their special function in nature is the renewal of the soil, just as, according to Mr. Darwin, the earthworm performs this useful office in other countries. The soil of Africa is, during many months of the year, so sun-baked that no worm can penetrate it. But the white ants go steadily on building their nests in the driest weather, and when in course of time the nests are deserted, the soil of which they are constructed is loosened by the action of wind, heat, or rain, and is blown in all directions, covering the land with fine powder, renewing the face of the earth and rendering it capable of bearing grain and other crops. In South Africa the Zulus and Kaffirs pave their huts with earth from the heaps of the white ant, and at Livingstonia one such heap was sufficiently large to supply enough earth to make all the bricks the missionaries needed for their houses!

Although Livingstonia and Blantyre were founded under such happy auspices, they have not been free from those inevitable trials that accompany and surround missions in heathen lands. Sickness has struck down, and death has carried off, many victims. William Black, the first of those brave men who have given up their lives in connection with the Scotch Mission, died within a few months of his arrival on the shores of Nyassa, after an illness which his constitution, weakened by eight or nine attacks of fever, was unable to throw off. He had graduated at Glasgow in medicine, and, by special authorisation of the Assembly of the Free Church, his theological course was shortened, and he was formally ordained to the Christian ministry, and went out in charge of a second party, which followed Mr. Young and the other pioneers in May, 1876. He arrived at Livingstonia in October, 1876, prostrate indeed from fever, but just able to join his voice with those of his companions in raising a psalm of triumph as they rounded Cape Maclear on board the *Ilulu*, and gained a view of their new home. The fever was speedily thrown off, and Black devoted to his new work the zeal he had formerly shown in the slums of Glasgow and the streets of St. Andrews, winning the



love and respect of the swarthy Africans, and endearing himself to his colleagues, who found him a true yoke-fellow and a brave leader. But his useful life ended all too soon. In the May following his arrival in Nyassa, the first grave was dug for him at Livingstonia.

Only a few years later a traveller approached Livingstonia one fine summer morning, and was greatly struck at the beauty of its situation. Landing from the steamer, he made his way up to the settlement and entered the largest of the houses. It was clean: the furniture was in its place, but there were no inhabitants. Passing on to the



NESTS OF WHITE ANTS.

school-house, the benches were empty; no teacher, and no children, were visible. The blacksmith's shop was deserted, and every other building was in the same condition. Presently a native appeared, and led the visitor a few yards into the forest. There, under the trees, was a row of graves! Disease had carried off the missionaries, and the colleagues and successors of William Black sleep beside him in their last earthly home.

Livingstonia has been given up, but the work has been transferred to Bandawe, on the western shore of the lake, and about one hundred and fifty miles to the north of the original settlement. Here the Free Church Mission has found a second home, from which its influence is already spreading far and wide over the villages that surround the deep waters of Nyassa.

In the amicable division of territory which took place at the time enthusiasm for African missions was rekindled by Livingstone's death, Lake Tanganyika fell to the share of the London Missionary Society. Placed as this lake is, in a much more inaccessible situation than Nyassa, or even than the Victoria Nyanza, the difficulties of establishing a settlement upon its shores have been tremendous, and large sums of money have been spent, and many valuable lives lost, in carrying out and maintaining the arduous enterprise.

The lake has long been known by report to the earliest missionaries to East Africa, but it was really discovered in 1857 by Captains Burton and Speke. It was afterwards, as we have seen, visited by Dr. Livingstone, and at Ujiji, on its western shore, he met Mr. Stanley, who had been sent out to look for him. Separated from Nyassa by a lofty plateau, across which a road has been recently made, and from the Indian Ocean by eight hundred miles of forest, marsh, and mountain, it had long been a question whether the best approach to it was by way of Zanzibar, and then across the Continent, or by the Zambesi and Shiré rivers to Nyassa, and thence by the intervening plateau. Either way the difficulties of transport and carriage are very great, and opinions appear pretty equally divided as to the advantages or disadvantages of the river route.

In 1877, Captain Hore, an English sailor who had for years desired to connect himself with missionary work, took charge of the expedition fitted out by the London Missionary Society, and surveyed a considerable portion of the lake. As his experience in establishing a settlement did not materially differ from that of Mr. Young, which has already been described, it is unnecessary to enter into details. Greater interest attaches to his subsequent journey to Tanganyika, accompanied by Mrs. Hore and their infant child, Jack, who were conveyed, the former in a bath-chair, and the latter in a perambulator, from Sandani, opposite Zanzibar, to Ujiji, on the shores of the lake. Neither bath-chair nor perambulator was wheeled, for a preliminary attempt to push or drag them along the forest tracks was a miserable failure; so the wheels were taken off, and the two vehicles were carried on men's shoulders for ninety days, and over eight hundred miles of difficult country.

In the long journey to Ujiji, the travellers, in spite of the careful preparations made by Captain Hore for the comfort and safety of his wife and son, were exposed to considerable peril. Water ran short on several occasions, and one night a sudden flood nearly washed Mrs. Hore and Jack out of their beds. In one part of the route Mrs. Hore observed lying by the wayside some strange objects, that on examination proved to be corpses of slaves, who from fatigue or sickness had been unable to keep up with the caravan to which they belonged, and had been left by their cruel owners to their fate. The heat and drought had been so great that these bodies were thoroughly dried, but they presented a most gruesome appearance, and told a terrible tale of the waste of human life and the suffering caused by the slave trade. In Central Africa traces of this terrible scourge are evident on every side, and the road followed by Mr. and Mrs. Hore being one of the regular slave routes from the interior, naturally brought to their notice much that appealed to their feelings. The

coast of Tanganyika is one of the favourite hunting grounds of the Arabs, and a large tract of country on its western shore has been entirely depopulated by them, most of the inhabitants having been carried off as slaves, and the more fortunate minority escaping by migration from the clutches of their enemies.

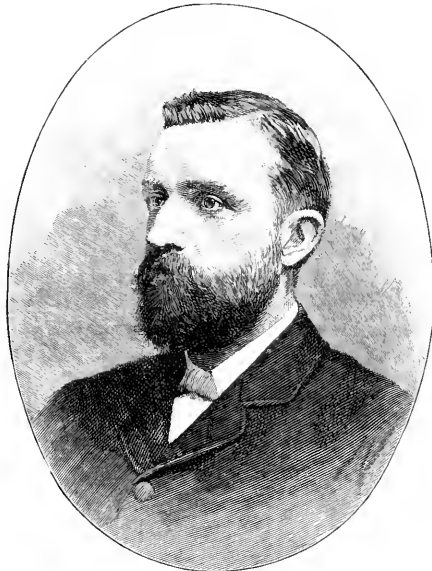
At Urambo, a station of the London Missionary Society in the Uyamwezi country, our travellers made a brief halt with Mr. Shaw, the missionary in charge. Amidst many discouragements, and entirely unaided, this excellent man had been patiently labouring for two years, and had won the sympathy and respect of the chief Mirambo, who regarded himself as the friend of the Englishman. Mirambo had died quite recently, and his death, as so often happens in Africa, had been followed by a period of confusion and uncertainty, adding very considerably to Mr. Shaw's anxieties, so that even a very short visit from his friends was most welcome. Time, however, was precious, and our travellers were compelled to press forward to Ujiji; but to get there they had to cross a dismal swamp, in which the men sank to their knees, and Mrs. Hore's chair was carried by the bearers at arm's length. In the middle of this swamp, the guide Uledi, who had travelled from Zanzibar with the party, standing up to his waist in the mud, called out to Captain Hore to pick his steps carefully, and to beware of a big snake. "How big?" was the inquiry. "Oh, about as big as my thigh. I fell over him, but he is quite harmless."

Ujiji was reached at last, but the place has such a bad name for unhealthiness, that the Hores were anxious to get out of it as quickly as they could. They were, however, detained for nearly a fortnight in expectation of the arrival of one of the mission boats to transport them across the lake to the island of Kavala, which had been fixed upon as their home, and as the headquarters of the mission. But no boat came, so Captain Hore struck a bargain with an Arab named Mohammed, who offered for sale a large dhow just built, and admirably fitted for the navigation of the lake. The transaction took some days to complete, for the price originally asked was preposterously high, and Captain Hore's offer was gradually raised as Mohammed's terms were as gradually reduced, until the two approached within a hundred dollars of each other; and then the Arab gave way with much politeness, in order, as he said, that Mrs. Hore and her son might be speedily transported to a more healthy place than Ujiji. So the porters who had come up from the coast were paid off, each man receiving his due in cloth or beads. The goods they had brought up were securely packed in the new boat, which was now named the *Alfajiri*, or *Dawn of Day*, and the passengers having embarked, a voyage of a few hours, now under sail and then with oars, brought them in safety to their island home.

Kavala is nearly five miles long by about one and a half miles wide, and is one of a numerous group of islands lying off Kahangwa, a promontory opposite Ujiji, and on the western shore of Tanganyika. Lying well out in the lake, and consisting chiefly of granite, quartz, and slate, which form a lofty range of hills, it is exposed to every breath of wind that blows, and is therefore free from the malaria so fatal to the health and life of the European settler. It is nearly covered with dense masses of trees, creepers, and bushes, and is free from beasts of prey, though

snakes and insects abound. Three or four groups of huts, forming small villages, have been built by the native Waguha, and at one of these villages was the residence of the chief of the island, with whom arrangements had previously been made for the settlement of the new-comers.

The arrival in the island of an English woman and an English child was a great event to the natives, whose small acquaintance with white folks had hitherto been restricted to grown-up men. Mrs. Hore and little Jack were the objects of much curiosity, and as both were unwell from the effects of the journey, this was at



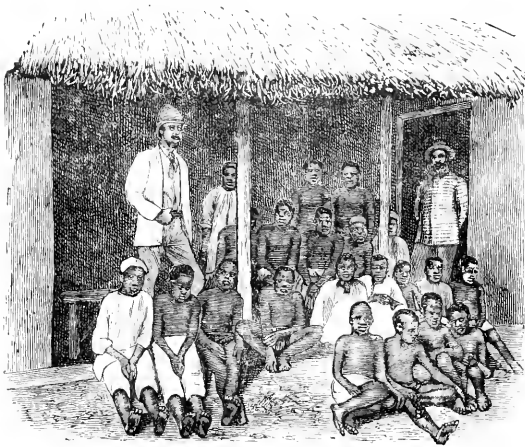
CAPTAIN HORE.

*(From a photograph by Russell & Sons.)*

first the cause of some inconvenience. The little boy, indeed, was in so precarious a state that he was only kept alive for some time on small quantities of milk and by rubbing his body with oil, a treatment that in the end proved successful, though he was dreadfully thin for some months; in fact, he was "all bones and no meat," as one of the women told his mother.

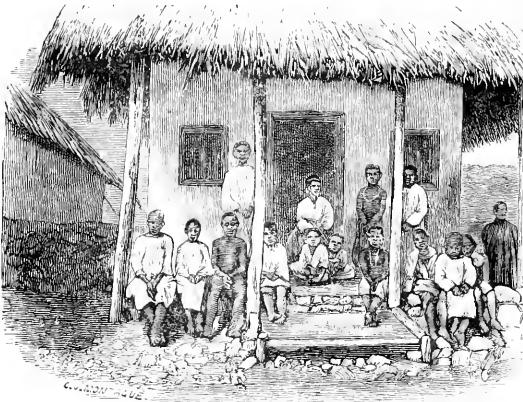
The health of the two invalids was but partially re-established when Captain Hore was compelled to leave them and go to the southern end of the lake to fetch a steam-vessel that was being built for the use of the missionaries. During her husband's absence Mrs. Hore was entirely without European companions save her little son, but the servants who had travelled with her from Zanzibar would

have been a most efficient body-guard had their services been needed in that capacity. It was nevertheless a great relief when one evening, about sunset, her servant Ulaya rushed up to her exclaiming very excitedly, "Mistress, the big ship is coming!" A few



BOYS' SCHOOL ON KAVALA ISLAND.

minutes later the white hull of the *Good News* entered the harbour, and husband and wife met again. The ship was not yet finished, and had made the voyage



GIRLS' SCHOOL ON KAVALA ISLAND.

from the southern end of the lake under jury-masts. The same evening the *Morning Star*, a smaller boat belonging to the mission, arrived, and in the two vessels Captain

Hore had brought away from the southern end much of the material collected for the marine department of the mission. The success of this undertaking was unhappily hampered by the serious illness of the engineer who had built the *Good News*, and sailed in her to Kavala. It was hoped that the change to a healthier station would bring him round, but the poor man's disease had advanced too far, and, in spite of every attention, he died ten days after his arrival.

The *Good News* had again to be taken to the southern end of the lake, to bring up further material for her completion. It was hoped that this would now have arrived by way of Nyassa, but the difficulty and uncertainty of African transport had not, it appeared, been overcome as soon as was expected, and the ship returned without her intended cargo. Yet this was a slight matter as compared with the sad intelligence she brought back of another death—that of the missionary in charge of the southern station of the mission, which was, by his removal, left for many long months entirely unoccupied. The two missionaries at Ujiji were almost at the same time compelled to return to England, and the little band at Kavala were now the only representatives of English missions in the Tanganyika district.

Captain Hore, assisted by his excellent colleague, Mr. Swan, who had lived for some time at the southern end of the lake, and had come to Kavala in the *Good News*, now applied themselves energetically to the building of workshops for the completion of the vessel. The long-expected stores had at last been received, though in a very damaged condition, and many months were occupied in repairing them and putting them in the ship. All this hard and continuous exertion did not affect the health of either of the Englishmen, and at last they had their reward in seeing the end of their labours, the boilers of the *Good News* put in, her machinery adjusted, proper masts and sails in their places, and a vessel of thirty-six tons, fifty-four feet long, with a beam of twelve feet, ready for her work on the longest and most remote lake of Central Africa.

This was indeed no small achievement, and the *Good News* has proved a most valuable and efficient auxiliary to the brave men who, amidst heavy trials and disappointments, have been endeavouring to plant the banner of the Cross on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Captain Hore had on his previous visit made a preliminary survey of the lake, and he was now able to verify his former discoveries, to clear up some doubtful points, and to lay down an accurate chart of its waters. The presence of one vessel has not, of course, been sufficient to put a stop to the traffic in human beings, though it has probably not been without some effect. Far superior in build and in speed to the ordinary dhows, the fact that it might appear at any moment in the remotest part of the lake, and that any transport of slaves would be observed and inevitably reported to the English authorities at Zanzibar, has made the Arabs more careful in their business; and the recent proclamation of the Sultan professing to abolish altogether the African slave traffic is in no small degree due to the reports of the missionaries in Nyassa and Tanganyika, supported as they have been by the Foreign Office authorities at home and by the English Consul at Zanzibar.

As soon as Mrs. Hore was well enough, she began a girls' class, the chief's

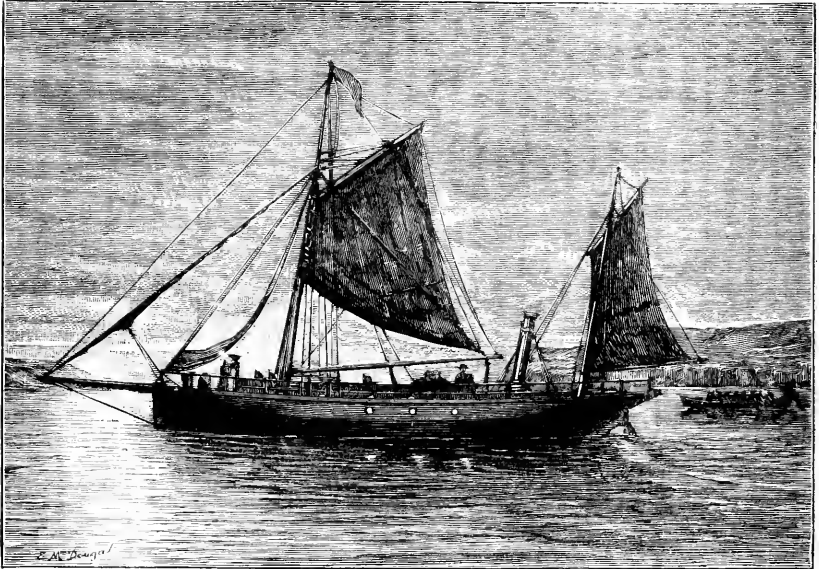
children being among her first pupils. The girls were taught reading, writing, and needlework, an art in which several quickly became proficient. Captain Hore gave a short time daily to teaching the boys, and found much encouragement in the aptness of his pupils. A Sunday morning service was also started for adults, and in the afternoon an instruction class was held. In the absence of a regular missionary, these efforts were the utmost that could be managed, and Mr. and Mrs. Hore could not help regretting that circumstances had deprived them of coadjutors who could devote themselves to the work of teaching and preaching. In the course of time this want was supplied, but owing to its remoteness and to other causes, Lake Tanganyika has been frequently deprived of its English Christian teachers, and the progress of the mission has been greatly retarded.

After a short residence in Kavala, the anxiety of his parents about Jack's health was alleviated by his complete recovery from the effects of his long journey across Africa, and the little fellow became strong enough to run about by himself and find playmates in the native children. On their part, they were delighted to have a little white boy to join in their games, and he quickly became a great favourite. With them he learnt to sing hymns in their own language, and his voice blended with theirs in Swahili versions of the Morning Hymn, of "Safe in the arms of Jesus," of "We plough the fields and scatter," and in many others familiar to English children, and apparently as attractive in the tropics as here at home. Jack received many gifts from his juvenile friends, and from older persons who were attracted by his bright smiles and winning ways; and, young though he was, his influence was felt by his parents to be indeed a help in their work at Kavala.

After residing three years in the island, and having fairly completed the establishment of the mission, Captain and Mrs. Hore were enabled to return home with the conscious satisfaction that they had laid a good foundation for others to build upon. They reached home safe and well; but poor little Jack, who had survived the dangers of African fever and the climatic influences of Central Africa, was carried off after a very short illness, within a few months of his arrival in his native land.

The entire history of the Tanganyika mission has been a chequered one, and of the missionaries who have gone out few have long been able to remain at their post. Two or three of these brave men claim at least a passing record. Mr. Thomson, one of the earliest labourers in the field, died soon after reaching the post of duty. His sudden removal threw the whole mission into confusion, and threatened so seriously to injure its usefulness, that the Directors of the London Missionary Society were at their wits' end to know what to do. In this emergency Dr. Joseph Mullens, their foreign secretary, volunteered to go out to Central Africa, and prepared to start almost as quickly as Sir Colin Campbell, who when called upon to go to India at the time of the Mutiny, offered to leave London in twenty-four hours. Dr. Mullens, after working successfully in the East for twenty-three years, had been recalled from India in 1865 to the secretary's chair at the Mission House. In the course of a few years he reorganised the whole of the operations of the London Missionary Society, infusing new life into every branch of its work, and communicating no small portion of his

own activity to his colleagues at home and to the missionaries abroad. The Mission House was too small and its work too restricted for his energies. In 1870 he visited the United States of America as a delegate from the London Missionary Society, and in 1873 he went for a year to Madagascar, to assist in the re-establishment of the missions in that island, and to devise further extension of the work there. In April, 1879, he again left England for Africa, and after spending little more than a fortnight at Zanzibar making ready for his journey across the continent, he arrived on the mainland in the middle of June, his mind well stored with plans for the revival



STEAM LAUNCH "GOOD NEWS," LAKE TANGANYIKA.

of the Tanganyika mission, and full of hope for its future development. But the hand of death was upon him, and on reaching Mwappé he too died, after a very short illness, leaving the task he had so cheerfully undertaken for other hands to accomplish.

The last of this band of martyrs who have fallen fighting the good fight of faith in Central Africa, Dr. Ebenezer Southon, had gone to Urambo as a medical missionary, and soon won the heart of the chief Mrambo, a man of many good qualities, who became an excellent friend to the missionaries. Dr. Southon's career was cut short by the accidental discharge of a gun, the bullet passing through his arm: and though under more favourable circumstances he would probably have recovered, the want of early and efficient surgical aid produced a fatal result.



During his illness he contrived to write some letters and instructions for his burial. His letters contained no trace of impatience, but showed much anxiety about the mission. "If my work here is over as a human being," he wrote to his brother at home in England, "I shall be glad to get to the higher seat, and with Mullens, Thomson, and others, carry on in perfectness the Central African Mission. Remember there are spiritual foes in high places to fight, and only spirits can fight with them. May it not be the work of the redeemed to do this? I firmly believe it is, and that after we have done with earth we enter on a new kind of work for the same objects as we worked on earth. But we shall be untrammelled in it, and I believe everyone who dies in Christ immediately takes it up and continues to help to bring on the perfect day of Christ."

Other attempts to evangelise Central Africa must at least be mentioned. The Société des Missions Évangéliques, of Paris, have established themselves in the Basotu Valley, above the Victoria Falls, and 1,200 miles from the mouth of the Zambesi. The Church of Rome has occupied Bagamoyo, on the coast, and has founded missions at Uganda and Ujiji; while as long ago as 1862 the United Methodist Free Church of England took possession of Ribe, not far from Mombasa, and have successfully carried on a good work among the native population. Another society, the International Association for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, and the opening up of Central Africa to honourable commerce, inaugurated in 1876 under the presidency of the King of the Belgians, is holding its ground in spite of many obstacles, and bids fair in time to enlist the sympathies of the native chiefs in more legitimate and more profitable business than the sale of their fellow-creatures. Livingstone's appeal to civilised humanity to help forward the great work of healing the open sore of Africa, is bearing fruit, and Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, and Germans, are fighting side by side in the glorious enterprise.

And if progress has been slow, and the result as yet hardly commensurate with the efforts put forth, there are many causes for encouragement. Europe was not converted in a day, nor even in a century, and we cannot reasonably look for rapid changes in the habits and superstitions of the swarthy African. Harried as he has been by the slave-traders, despised and down-trodden by more civilised peoples, the wonder is, not that so little progress has been made, but that any harvest should have been gathered in. Too frequently, instead of trying to find the better side of his nature, and to draw out his good points, harshness and superciliousness have been exhibited, when gentleness and conciliation were eminently necessary. We are slowly learning wisdom in this respect, and those who have carefully studied the religions of Africa have found in what was once considered the densest superstition, much that ought to encourage the missionary in his attempt to lead the peoples of that continent to a higher nobler, and truer faith.

## XXXIV.—NEW ZEALAND.

## CHAPTER LXVIII.

## LEIGH AND THE METHODISTS.

The Rev. Samuel Leigh lands in New Zealand—Returns to England—Sails again with Reinforcements—Harmony between Church and Wesleyan Societies—Settles at Wangaroa—A Perilous Position—Trials and Dangers—Arrival of a War Party—*U. a.*—Promising Work Suspended—Hongi's Desolating Legions—Martyrdom—Colonisation—Rev. J. Bamby—Thirsting for Knowledge—Harvest-time.

MUCH of what has been narrated in connection with the Church Missionary Society is true of other Christian efforts for the reclamation of New Zealand. In 1818, when Mr. Marsden's plan of making civilisation the precursor of Christianity had been tried for three or four years, he prevailed on the Rev. Samuel Leigh, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, to inspect the new field for himself. When spending some few weeks in the heathen land, Mr. Leigh was impressed with a sickening sense of its cruelty and degradation, and of the need of direct evangelisation rather than of civilisation. He found it to be the region of the shadow of death, where men bartered human heads as ordinary articles of trade. The villages which he visited on his short tour were formed forthwith into a circuit, and lay agents from among the whites were engaged to teach them every Lord's Day.

Mr. Leigh visited London, and laid before his Society the opening for a Mission to the New Zealand cannibals. But the Society was in debt, and could not help. The good man therefore formed the project of obtaining contributions of useful articles which, in New Zealand, would be more valuable than money itself. Meetings were held in manufacturing districts, where his powerful and pathetic appeals were liberally responded to. The store-room of the Mission-house in London became too small for the consignment of goods sent in, consisting of ploughs, spades, saws, axes, grates, pots, kettles, fish-hooks from Sheffield, mingled with prints, calicoes, and stuffs in great variety from Manchester. The mission to New Zealand was started, Mr. Leigh having offered his personal service in its commencement.

At this juncture Hongi came to London, and, exciting much interest, the new mission acquired a strange impetus. Hongi insisted on being Mr. Leigh's guest in town, and the missionary, knowing that his life might be soon in this wild chieftain's hands, accepted the offer as a mark of respect, and shared his mattress with the Maori, who, objecting to lie on a bed, obliged him to sleep beside him on the floor.

In 1821, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Horton, and Mr. Walker sailed as Wesleyan missionaries to the Antipodes; the Hortons remained at Tasmania, and the others were concerned to hear, at Sydney, that a native war had desolated the district in New Zealand whither they were bound. Mr. Leigh preached his farewell sermon at Sydney on the last day of the year, and after a good voyage the longed-for coast was reached. "When I stepped upon deck," said Mr. Leigh, many years afterwards, "and looked towards the shore, and then at my dear wife, and reflected upon the probable consequences of our landing, I felt as if divested of all spiritual strength.

We were running in upon a nation of ferocious, bloodthirsty heathens, where there was no power to protect, and while the country was convulsed with war. Never shall I forget the agony of mind I endured, until reflection brought me to feel that I was surrounded by the Divine perfections, and that a hair could not fall from our heads without the concurrence of God." They were welcomed by the agents of the Church Missionary Society, for in those early days there was no jealousy between them and their Wesleyan brethren, arrangements having been made between the two Societies to prevent rivalry and waste of effort. Between Marsden and Leigh there had been ever a most cordial Christian brotherhood, and the Church Missionary Society had sought the Wesleyan's counsel, and acknowledged its indebtedness to him during his visit to London. Mr. Leigh had also expressed to the Church Society his view of the evangelical principles on which the work ought to be carried on, when they appointed the Rev. J. Butler. The field was wide enough for both, and the Wesleyan entered it with full knowledge and approval of the friends of the Church of England. The spot chosen for a commencement among the tribes of the interior on the Thames and Mercury Bay, was sufficiently far from the Church mission at the Bay of Islands to prevent interference with activities already begun there. But the prospect of good was blighted by Hongi's desolating wars the Thames tribes, which had been selected as the special object of the Wesleyan mission, being those which this ambitious chief sought to annihilate, and, during five years of intermittent war, had slain and scattered. Beaten and baffled in this direction, Mr. Leigh sought a more eligible site for a mission elsewhere. He pitched upon Wangaroa, the scene of the *Boyd* massacre, and this ultimately became the central headquarters of New Zealand Methodism.

The missionary's first visit was a unique adventure. He set out in a boat with five natives for the Wangaroa harbour, and, being driven out to sea in a storm, the natives lay despondent in the boat's bottom, leaving the missionary to manage the navigation himself. Land was seen in the moonlight at midnight. It was Wangaroa harbour, and they were compelled by stress of weather to risk a landing on its inhospitable shore. Mr. Leigh was the first European who had put his foot on that beach since the massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyd* by the cannibal inhabitants. The native boatmen fired their muskets to notify the sleeping town of their arrival, and were immediately greeted by armed hordes of wild men. Mr. Leigh sought the chief, and begged from him the loan of a hut for the night. This was granted, but they could not sleep for the clamour, which kept increasing around them till, at daybreak, the cannibals had reached a tumult of excitement which only too well expressed their designs. Mr. Leigh diverted them by admiring their lovely country, and inviting the chief to show him more of it. And thus they sailed together in the missionary's boat, through the spacious harbour, passing at one point the remnant hulk of the ill-fated *Boyd* embedded in the sand. The chief, who spoke English fairly, having learned it on his visits to Sydney, entered into full particulars of the massacre without emotion of any kind. After a long sail, they walked towards the village, when, the boatmen refusing to land, Mr. Leigh ordered them to keep well in shore, and pull quickly to him if he should wish it. A ferocious multitude now came down to meet them, and, surrounding the

missionary, flourished their spears and clubs about him in fierce thirst for his blood. The chief who had been friendly exhibited the most stolid indifference to the plight of his white companion. Mr. Leigh, slowly moving to the beach, suddenly cried, "Stand back, I have fish-hooks!" and, drawing from his pocket the coveted articles, he threw them over their heads, and the crisis was thus averted by the surprise of the people. The missionary ran to the boat, succeeded in getting into it, stood out to sea, and, with a grateful heart, reached the Bay of Islands in safety.

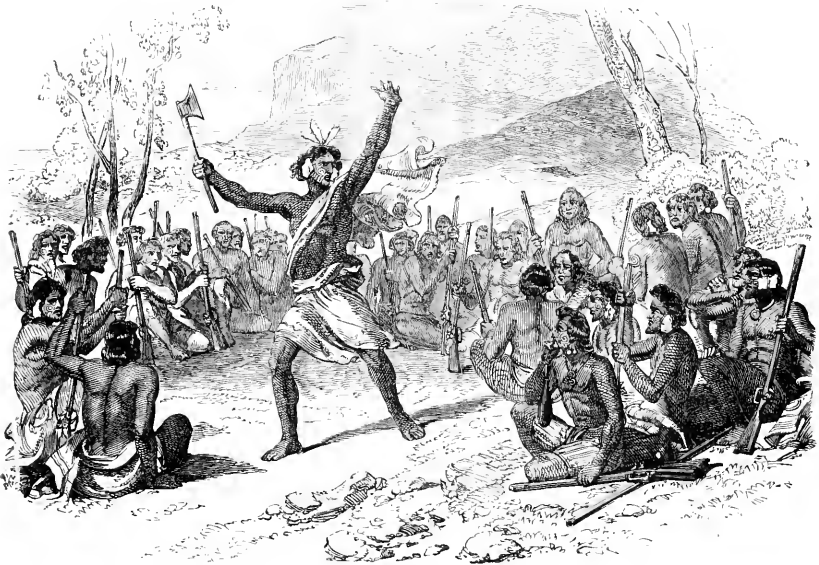
Wangaroa, notwithstanding its ferocity, seemed more suitable than any other place for a mission enterprise, and accordingly a second visit was paid to it in the ship *St. Michael*, which had just returned from conveying the first Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands. Mr. Leigh was accompanied by his wife and by three members of the Church Missionary Society, who were struck with the exceedingly romantic grandeur of the scenery, especially admiring the site of the *pah*, a perpendicular rock three hundred feet high, rendering the fortress impregnable. When they landed and called on the chief, several recognised the "white man who had given them the fish-hooks." On the Sunday, Mr. Leigh conducted the first religious service ever held in this region, and on the Monday selected a beautiful valley as a suitable place for a settlement, seven miles from the mouth of the river, thirty-five from the Bay of Islands, and twenty from the Keri-Keri mission station, to which location they gave the name of Wesleydale.

Lonely enough in their isolated home in that strange land of wild people, they gave themselves up vigorously to their work; while plunder was carried on with a high hand. Even their meat was stolen from off the fire on which it was cooking, and the thieves, never having seen water boiling before, ran away screaming that it had bitten their hands when they had eagerly plunged them into it for the purpose of self-help; the missionary would then dress and anoint the scalds, during which doctoring he would seek to enforce in the minds of the injured thieves the lesson that honesty is the best policy; but forks of stick would be substituted for fingers, and with equal dexterity the pot would be robbed of its seething contents, and the missionary deprived of his dinner. Three daily services were held, at which the natives gave symptoms of a disposition to listen, and children were taught to read. But for Hongi and his ceaseless warrings the mission might have succeeded; but scarcely a day passed without alarms; and wars or rumours of wars kept the place in a violent excitement.

One day a war party from the Bay of Islands arrived unexpectedly. The Wangaroans mustered in front of the mission-house, and danced like frenzied creatures in their hideous war-dance. The missionary held a prolonged conversation with the invaders, and succeeded in dissuading them from accepting a challenge. Nevertheless a tumult arose among the Wangaroans baffling all description. Mr. Leigh was thrown down, but got into his house and barricaded the door. Here, considering that they had but a few moments more to live, he commended his wife and his native servant, Luke, to God in prayer. Violent battering at the door was repeated, but the outsiders being unable to break it open, the servants of God were mercifully delivered from harm. In the evening the hostile chiefs became friends; yet, after the nose-rubbing, the clamour

through the night was great. Next day the sleepless missionary distributed a peace-offering of hatchets, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Though thus unceasingly interrupted by storms of human passions, the mission was nobly persevered in. The language was acquired, children were taught, the ground was cultivated, the Gospel was preached. The introduction of civil arts had its own surprises on the part of teachers and taught. The white lady's needle, in all its parts, astonished beyond measure the dark girls, who were eager to be taught to sew with it;



HONGI AND A COUNCIL OF WAR.

and the use of the British needle and scissors worked wonders in a few months among the native women, who speedily learned to cut out clothing and deftly to put it together.

In 1823 Mr. Leigh's return to Sydney was necessitated by his failure in health, and the work was carried on by others, who ingratiated themselves in the favour of the natives, and made considerable progress in removing their paganism and gaining at least a foothold for Christianity. But the character of the savages seems to have been unchanged, for a deputation from the London Missionary Society, returning from a visit to the station, were severely handled on board their vessel by an infuriated mob who had got possession of the ship.

In 1826, the work, just when most promising, was suspended. The mission had made progress, buildings had been erected, land cultivated, two school-chapels built in

distant villages, and a hopeful impression produced in many native minds. The prospect of success was, however, dashed to the ground. *Utu*, the New Zealanders' ideal vengeful righteousness, was expected to be sought by Europeans for some depredations committed on them by the savages; and the Wangaroa chief, who had been friendly to the mission, dying at the same time, had also commanded that *utu* should be sought by his people from the missionaries for the death of his father, who had blown himself up by igniting the gunpowder-magazine of the *Boycl* at the time of the massacre of her crew. As soon as the chief was no more, an attack was planned on the mission. Its fence was broken, its property plundered, and an assault with spears made on the missionaries, whose death was only averted by an invisible *Arin* in answer to prayer. The wife and children of one of the missionaries were removed to the Church Society station at Keri-Keri, although nothing would induce the missionaries themselves to leave. An attack was made upon them; but the natives were induced to accept the blood of a duck as sufficient *utu* for their supposed or real grievance against the Europeans, and the storm blew over for a time.

Then suddenly Hongi marched his devastating legions into the smiling valley of Wangaroa. The mission family were at prayers when they received tidings of his approach. Aid was sent for from the brethren at Keri-Keri, but it did not arrive in time. Early one morning an armed band of twenty savages approached the station, and the missionaries had scarcely time to dress before the work of spoliation began. The affrighted household left at six in the morning, saving hardly anything from the merciless fury of the people, who wrecked the premises. Apart from some native youths who clung to them, there were Mr. and Mrs. Turner and their three children (the youngest an infant of five weeks), Luke Wade, the assistant, and his wife, Mr. Hobbs, and Miss Davis, a young lady who was on a visit from the Church settlement. They set out for the Church Missionary station at Keri-Keri, twenty miles distant: and on the way met a Bay-of-Islands chief, who afforded them his patronage. They crossed the river repeatedly, and at a bend in the stream were descried by a band of warriors; when the chiefs rubbed noses and agreed to protect them. When they turned into the woods, they met their emissary, Mr. Stack, returning from Keri-Keri, accompanied by others from the mission there, and they had to send for chairs in which to carry the exhausted females the rest of the distance. They met also a friendly party from Pahiā, and from them and the Keri-Keri station they received every assistance. After recruiting at Keri-Keri, they came to Pahiā, where a captain sailing for Sydney gave them a passage; and thus the Wesleyan work in New Zealand was for a time abandoned.

Not until after Hongi's death was the work renewed. The chief, Patnone, who had shielded the flying missionaries, had been ever since uneasily concerned about their disastrous flight, and had earnestly invited them to return. In 1828, therefore, the mission was resumed at Mangungu, on the western coast, about thirty miles from Wangaroa and fifty from the Bay of Islands. The secular branch of the mission work succeeded well, but in seeking the eternal welfare of the people the encouragements were few: the apathy and impertinence of the natives, not to mention their superstitious and sanguinary character, militated against any permanent spiritual good being achieved.

After ten years of toil the fruit appeared, in 1831, to gladden the hearts of the toilers. There was a general awakening of a desire to acquire the knowledge of the truth, and a spirit of inquiry was spread abroad even in most out-of-the-way villages. The progress made in all the elementary stages of learning was rapid, and a great demand reached England for school-books, slates and pencils; the religious services were well attended, and the Gospel became the power of God to salvation in the case of not a few who believed. Soon the cry came for more labourers, as those on the field, itinerate as they would, were unable to meet the increasing demands made upon them. In 1834, the Rev. J. Whiteley went out, a devoted man, who, after thirty-six years of exemplary labour, received the martyr's crown. In time of war he left his home to keep a preaching appointment, and was near his journey's end, when he met a party of hostile natives, who ordered him to return. He declined, thinking he might prevent bloodshed, instead of which they first shot his horse and then himself. A family of Europeans was murdered in the neighbourhood on the same day.

New stations were formed in the Waikato and in many other parts, the converted natives assisting the missionaries in their building of chapels and schools with great readiness; and young men were also soon employed as mission assistants in teaching and preaching. In 1836, Mr. Turner, who had fled from Wangaroa, was reappointed to New Zealand, and was greatly cheered at the marvellous change which had taken place since the day when he was obliged to flee for dear life with wife and family. Other trials were now in store for him. His mission-house at Wangunga was destroyed by fire, and the family made a narrow escape. Mrs. Turner, who was an invalid, especially sustained a severe shock. The loss in furniture, books, and stores was estimated at £600. Temporary accommodation was provided by his missionary brethren until the gutted premises could be rebuilt.

Upon the proclamation of New Zealand as a Crown colony, six missionaries were sent out to increase the South Sea staff of Christian workers. One of the newly arrived missionaries, the Rev. J. Bunby, was called suddenly away after labouring in the colony only fifteen months. He was crossing the Bay of Thames in a large canoe with eighteen natives; the weather was bright, and a gentle breeze springing up, one man jumped up to set the sail, and at the same moment several others rising to assist, the canoe was upset, and the natives, who were all expert swimmers, made strenuous efforts to save the beloved missionary. They got the canoe righted and Mr. Bunby into it, when it was upset again by the number still in the water clambering into it at one time. They raised the good man once again on the canoe, but again he was washed off by the waves, and sank, with twelve natives, to rise no more. Six escaped to tell the sad news, when a scene of lamentation, woful beyond description, was caused at the mission station.

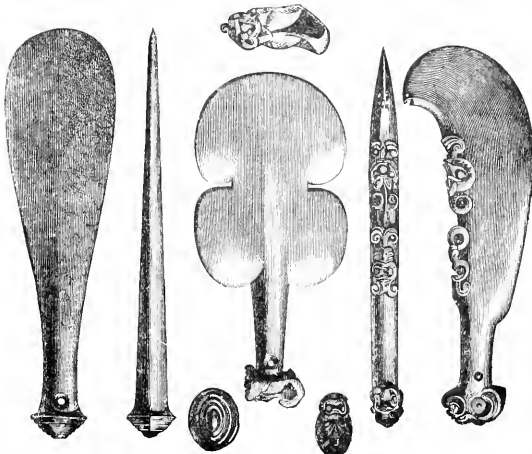
The missionaries had not now to contend with the grosser forms of heathenism which had frequently appalled them in the beginning. Cannibalism and superstition had ceased almost entirely, and a large proportion of the people were brought under Christian influence. They could, at any rate, read and write. But the pale-face brought his ardent spirits with him, and wherever he went abominations

followed—avarice, ambition, contention, and in short, the worship in general of the god of this world in forms unknown to the Maoris before. The incessant quarrels about the sale and purchase of the land, culminating in the great war, impeded the progress of all true religion. With this trial came another to the Wesleyan Church, in a spirit of intolerance and exclusiveness manifested towards them by the Episcopalians in the colony. So far from being regarded by Marsden as antagonistic to his work, that catholic-hearted man gave the Wesleyans every assistance and sanction in their well-known ardent zeal; and they in turn respected him so much that at Paramatta, when he died, the Wesleyan church was closed in order that all might attend his funeral sermon in the Church of England, as a mark of respect to his memory. The good-feeling with which the two Christian bodies had inaugurated the evangelisation of New Zealand was unhappily disturbed on the arrival of Bishop Selwyn in 1842, although gradually the Bishop acquired a juster view of the Methodist cause.

The mission press became a power in the land, and the Maori Bibles and Testaments were received with joyful acclamations at the several stations. Books became the travelling-companions of the Maoris wherever they went. Their thirst for knowledge was remarkable. They taught one another at home, at school, in the fields, by the wayside, in the canoe. In 1853, three-fourths of the adults could read, and two-thirds could write—a proportion not exceeded by any civilised people in the world of that day. Instances of mental superiority occurred, and some Maoris of intelligence elevated themselves, in business, style, and dwellings, to a high social rank. The spiritual harvest was great, also, when the Wesleyans could number 3,259 converted natives at their thirteen stations, and four thousand children in their schools. The testimony of the regenerating and sanctifying power of Divine grace was, in some cases of conversion, most cheering.

Christian work in New Zealand is now very different in character from what it was in the early days, for the Maoris are few and the white-faces many, and commodious chapels, schools, and seminaries have been erected. Methodism is the popular religion of the colony; and while the aboriginal tribes are scattered and peeled by war and disease, even the spiritual interests of the dusky sons of the soil are not left unattended amid the more engrossing work of ministering to the Pakeha who dominates the land.





MAORI WEAPONS.

## CHAPTER LXIX.

## WAR AND HAU-HAUISM.—"THE WILLIAMS."

Spread of the Gospel—A Curious Scene—A Narrow Escape—Changes Effected by the Gospel—Deaths of Maori Christians—Christian Rites and Heathen Ceremonies—"Prayer Houses"—The Old Heart and the New—Visit of Bishop Broughton—A Grievous Relapse—The Maori War—Its Religious Features—The Pai Mariri—The Cry of the Hau-hau—Israel and Maoridom—Inauguration of the New Religion—Carl Volkner—His Martyrdom—How the Apostasy Revealed Itself—Death of Henry Williams—His Monument.

FROM the first establishing of the mission to its eventual popularity, the transition was astonishing, the indifference in 1827 being merged, in some cases as early as 1832, in excessive devotion; in the former year, they would demand payment for listening to a missionary, and return to their interrupted employments laughing to scorn his good intentions; in the latter, chapels became crowded with worshippers, too mechanically, perhaps, repeating the beautiful liturgy, but still, on the whole, from that day till 1860, giving visible expression to the feelings of Israel's sweet singer when he said, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." For the mission agents they had the greatest regard, sending for them in all hours of need; nor was the bread which these cast on the waters of Maori life thoughtlessly disregarded, the tourist missionary never failing to find himself surrounded in out-of-the-way spots by such as wished to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. On one such occasion a venerable chief concluded an evening's conversation with the man of God seated at his tent door, in this speech to the earnest crowd: "Come, friends," he cried; "let us all believe; it will do us no harm. Believing, what will it do? It will not kill us; for the white people do not die: it will not make

us ill; for the white people are not ill: it will not make us ashamed; for the white people are not ashamed: therefore let us all, all, all believe; and perhaps it will make the white people's God gracious to us; and our souls will not be any longer devilified, but will be Christified; and we shall all, all, all go to heaven."

Sometimes episodes occurred like that recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, when "the whole city came together to hear the word that was spoken." Perched on housetops, stretched full length at the speaker's feet, squatting on the ground with a child on each knee and another on the shoulders, would be an indiscriminate, grotesque crowd of savages, old and young, rich and poor, bond and free, listening with smiling faces to the liturgy and the address, the old tricked off in the best their fantastic wardrobe could furnish; the young, for the most part, naked, oiled, and ochred, with blue over the eyes and tattooed ferocity in the lines of many a countenance, reminding the preacher of Bunyan's Apollyon. Said an old man on one such occasion, "We shall never forget to sit still on the seventh day. I will count the nights and remind the tribe when the sacred day comes round." Then an eager number asked to be taught to sing a hymn, and were succeeded by six Hohungas, versed in superstition, who said, "At last the words that are straight about God, the creation, sin, salvation, man, the devil, heaven and hell, are come to us, and you must either come yourselves, or send us some that we may never forget your sayings."

A signal instance of the salutary leavening of Christianity occurred to Mr. Davis, a student at the Waimate College, who, on visiting the *pahi* of two Christian chiefs, who were brothers, found they were just expecting an attack from a heathen chief, Ripa by name, whose unjust demands they had refused. Mr. Davis found them surrounded by a hundred warriors, engaged in solemn prayer, especially desiring pardon for their enemies, with a white flag hoisted above their heads as a token of their desire for peace. The enemy, about twenty in number, came on with frightful yell and war-dance. One of the Christian chiefs walked out to them quietly, and told them they were acting contrary to God's Word. He was accidentally cut on the head by one of the hostile party striking the fence with his hatchet, and although he tried to conceal the wound, his friends saw the blood trickling down his face. In an instant they rushed forth, every man levelled his musket, and in another moment the foolhardy man would have been laid low; but the wounded man sprang forward, threw his body as a shield over his foe, and cried, "If you kill Ripa I will die with him!" Peace was then made amid great rejoicing; whereas, a few years before, the sight of that blood would have been the signal for dreadful carnage.

Of course the Great Enemy had his emissaries too. The celebration of Christian rites was frequently interrupted by the rude usages of the savages, and especially was this the case with the marriage ordinance. A youth, Pahau, was to be married to a maiden, Rea, from the *pahi* of a neighbouring tribe, when upwards of three hundred guests were present in the chapel, and three or four times that number unable to gain admission. The wedding over in Christian form, the olden rite of opposing it was regarded by all as a necessary accessory.

The bride's mother came to the minister on the day preceding, and assured him that, although she was well satisfied with the match, she must, as a matter of custom, be angry with her mouth the next day. On his coming out of the chapel, therefore, she put on a most terrific aspect, threw her garments about, tore her hair like a fury, and screamed:—

“Ah, you white missionary, you are worse than the devil: first you make a slave-lad your son by redeeming him from his master, and then marry him to my daughter, who is a lady! I will tear your eyes out! I will tear your eyes out!”

Suiting the action to the word, the old lady feigned a scratch at the clergyman's face, saying in an undertone that it was “all mouth;” and his promise to stop it with a blanket elicited a laugh, to which she retorted:—

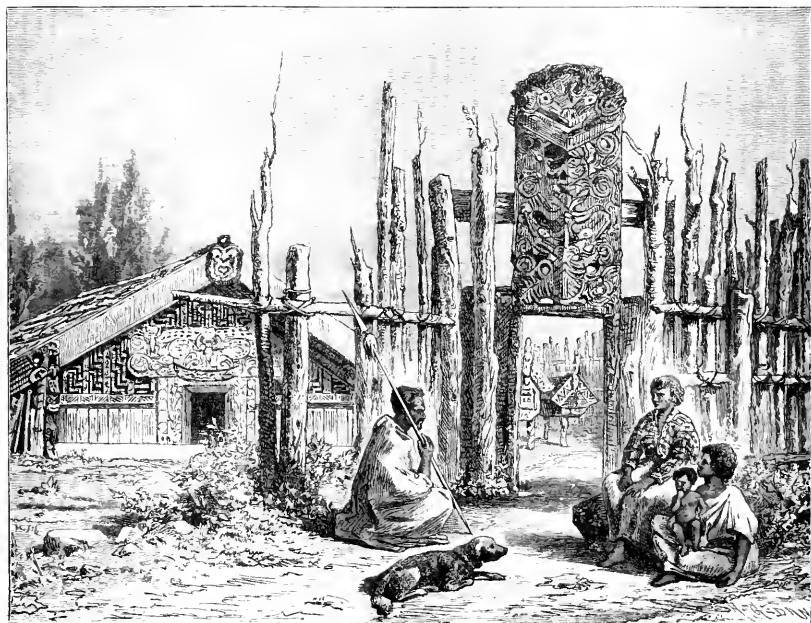
“Ha! ha! ha! That was all I wanted. I only wanted to get a blanket, and therefore I made all this noise.”

The mission encouraged intermarriages between different tribes, and broke down, in this respect, a custom of ages, the only ill attending such a levelling of olden tribal distinctions being that these novel unions became matter of endless and engrossing conversations, without which, indeed, nothing either good or bad was ever done in New Zealand.

The Romish ceremonial did not affect the pure evangelism of the heathen, although it appealed powerfully to the native mind. When the French bishop landed in 1838, Protestantism was progressing with gigantic strides, and, as a most seasonable antidote to Romanism, the Maori translation of the New Testament was completed, and a first impression of five thousand copies being exhausted, the Bible Society issued a further edition of twenty thousand copies; and even this not meeting the demand, two other editions of twenty thousand each were shortly sent out. The natives gladly purchased their own books, and in a few years the whole country seemed almost self-educated in the arts of reading and writing, and all classes were eagerly devouring the Word of God. In many parts unvisited by missionaries, “prayer-houses” were constructed, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel endowing a theological college, a widespread knowledge of truth was imparted by native teachers trained in that seminary. Of course the progression from savagery was by easy stages, and the Maoris retained many of their ways unchanged. Their thirst for knowledge was greater than their desire for ablution from their filthiness or abandonment of their idleness. Their innate inquisitiveness led hundreds to study, and that being their natural turn of mind, knowledge was quickly communicated. And when remote regions became acquainted with the visible advantages accruing to their fellow-countrymen from such acquirements as carpentering and brickmaking, they more readily received the holy teaching of the religion of Jesus as the spring whence had flowed such signal benefits; and in many instances the truth was received into the head by instruction, if it did not enter the heart by faith.

The following conversation between a chief and a missionary may serve to illustrate this. The chief announced that his old heart was gone. “Gone! Whither?”—“It is buried: I cast it away from me.”—“How long has it been gone?”—“Four days.”

“What was your old heart like?”—“Like a dog: like a deaf man: it would not listen to the missionaries nor understand.”—“How long have you had your old heart?”—“Always till now; but it is now gone.”—“What is your new heart like?”—“Like yours—it is very good.”—“Where is its goodness?”—“It is altogether good: it tells me to lie down and sleep all day on Sundays, and not to go out and fight.”—“Is that all the good of your new heart?”—“Yes.”—“Does it not tell you to pray to Jesus Christ?”—“Yes; it tells me I must pray to Him when the sun rises, when the sun stands in the middle of the heavens, and when the sun sets.”—“When did you last



NATIVE HOUSE AND PAH.

pray?”—“This morning.”—“What did you pray for?”—“I said, O Jesus Christ, give me a blanket in order that I may believe.”—“I fear your old heart still remains, does it not?”—“No, the new one is quite fixed: it is here”—pointing to his throat; whereupon the nature and objects of prayer were explained.

When Bishop Broughton, of Australia, visited the mission in 1839—then part of his diocese—he wrote his views of the interesting work to the Society in England, dwelling with especial pleasure on the large and earnest assemblies of Christian Maoris, many of them taught by their own native teachers. “The grey-haired man and the aged woman took their places to read and to undergo examination among their

descendants of the second and third generations. The chief and the slave stood side by side with the same holy volume in their hands." On this interesting occasion, the Rev. O. Hadfield, afterwards consecrated Bishop of Wellington, was ordained to the priesthood.

About the time when New Zealand was proclaimed a colony of the British crown, a marvellous movement began, which brought the whole Maori nation under Christian influence; but disputes then arising regarding the land, prolonged in most bitter wars, were destined to shake the native Church to its foundations. Hadfield on the West Coast reported that on the field of Matakau's labour, if he had five thousand Maori Testaments he could not keep one of them a fortnight. Henry Williams stated in his Society's Report for 1841, "The natives assembling every Lord's Day under our missionaries and native teachers are not fewer than thirty-five or forty thousand;" and his brother William, writing from Turanga, could say that idols were cast away, swords converted into ploughshares, animosities between distant tribes abandoned, and local quarrels settled by arbitration.

Very grievous was the relapse of this whole "converted" nation into Haŋ-haŋism, a fanatical heathenism, after it had given so many bright indications of its professed Christianity. The strange phenomenon thus created by a blundering British policy has no parallel. After years of labour without an apparent impression being produced, and the people being, as Archdeacon Williams said, "as insensible as brutes," a sort of religious awakening had taken place, churches at several stations being crowded, and schools filled, so that the conversion of a nation appeared at hand. Then in ten years of further toil, the whole country had seemed religiously impressed, the numbers known to be in actual attendance upon public worship rising from 2,300 to 35,000 during that period, and thousands being baptised. Was it for the supposed advantages of the contiguity of the white man that the chiefs had led and the multitude had followed? To christen a cannibal nation in a day was quickly proved to be a shallow ritual; the most eager for instruction became careless: some who had "run well" brought disgrace on their Christian profession; numbers lapsed into heathen superstition, and others were infected by the spirit-drinking, the theatre, and the gambling-table of whites, who brought them to profane the Sabbath, and to neglect the means of grace. Terms of Christian doctrine or experience



BISHOP HADFIELD.

were at length used by many who would talk glibly of the hardness of the stony heart, the necessity of the new birth, and the war between the old man and the new, but who were themselves utter strangers to Christ; and it is greatly to be feared that in New Zealand more attention was given to renunciation of heathen customs, attendance at Divine services, adoption of Western ecclesiastical forms and European modes of life, than to a thorough work of spiritual regeneration. Still, not a few were persons of sincere piety, who grew in grace, and whose spirits, with those of others who died before them, are now in the presence of God. But to those mission supporters who clamour to see results for their money, there is a warning in this strange enamelling of a heathen people with Christianity, without a lasting spiritual change being effected. For, when untouched by the grace of Christ, the Maori threw off the name by which he had been called at baptism, and the bloodthirsty cannibal was seen remaining what he had ever been. Some of the ardent toilers in the mission so revolted at the sight, that they gave up the work in despair, and left the colony in search of more promising fields: one of the best of them, preaching his farewell sermon, confessed that the bitterness of his defeat consisted in "the knowledge that after labouring twenty-five years in New Zealand, he left it with the Maori no more Christianised than he was when he first landed."

The religious feature of the "Maori" war was the extraordinary exchange of the pure religion of Jesus Christ for a medley fanaticism—almost Mohammedan—of their own, known as *Pai Marire*, a name apparently signifying "Bide-your-time," and referring as much to political aims as to religious faith. The Old Testament had always held a stronger fascination over the Maori mind than the New, so that the new creed exhibited a strange mixture of heathenism and Judaism, witchcraft and incantations, with the gods of the land as well as the God of the Christian foreigner included in its articles. The superstition arose from the delusion of a half-witted man, who declared that the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary had appeared to him, and had promised that Maoris, uttering a dog-like bark, "*Hau-hau*," should drive the Pakeha (white man) into the sea. The king faction took up the term *Hau-hau* as their battle-cry, and the war party thus acquired the name for themselves. The votaries of the *Hau-hau* god excited themselves to a pitch of temporary insanity, as they danced round a pole. The priests, whose influence had waned during the missionaries' supremacy, were only too eager to revive their power over the people, and thus they became the inspirers of the new phase of superstition. They taught that Maoris had taken the place of the ancient Jews in the favouritism of Heaven: Maoris were the true Israel, and for their co-religionists, the Jews, they manifested unbounded respect; while on the other hand intelligent Hebrews spoke of the *Hau-hau* ceremonial as essentially Jewish. Of course the Pakeha personated the Pharaoh, and the rebel chief Topare became the Maori Moses, sent to rescue the New Zealand race by drowning the foreign yoke in the sea.

Revenge is the deep spring within the savage heart, from which its priesthood has always drawn its water of life; and so there came to pass even a reviving of cannibalism as a religious rite, although it had become abhorrent to the Maori in his Christian attire. The favourite bark-like cry "*Hau-hau*" was often heard at night from

their *pahs*: the grossest immorality was re-introduced into worship; and this melancholy delusion, the offspring of lust and cruelty, had in a few months completely altered the character of the people whose rapid Christianisation was one of the greatest triumphs of missionary enterprise in the nineteenth century. Missionaries who had spent their life in labours for them, were denounced by the priests, accused as being the originators of the plan for defrauding them of their land by the English. Mission stations were abandoned, and churches, where the blessedness of the pure in heart had been taught, were polluted by the worst orgies of heathenism. Politically, the watchword of a fanatical faith was used to inspire its followers with a fervour as striking as that of Mohanmedanism when preached by the false apostle. The race was given over to believe a lie, and its extinction was threatened.

The new religion was inaugurated by an ill-omened commission of crime. On the altar of its *atua*, or spirit, the life of a good man was sacrificed in Carl Volkner, the proto-martyr of New Zealand Christianity, who, originally a soldier in the Prussian army, had been sent out in 1844 by the North German Missionary Society from the Fatherland, and after labouring in many parts, had attracted the eye of Bishop Selwyn, who ordained him as a Church missionary. He was stationed at Opotiki, in Poverty Bay, on the breaking out of the war, and being persuaded to fly, had removed his wife to Auckland; but his heart was with his flock, and he spent most of his time with them, nursing several cases of virulent fever when the sufferers' own relatives had abandoned them, and thus incurring a double danger to his own life. In the close stifling atmosphere of his hospital hut, he laid down his life for the spiritual good of the sick, just as he was imperiling it in visiting Opotiki at all. He was accompanied on one of his approaches in a coasting schooner by a brother missionary, when large numbers of natives were seen lining the river banks as they sailed up unapprehensive of danger; and on casting anchor they were warned to escape, as the Maoris had vowed to kill them. Two days before, a rebel chief had been there recruiting for his army by preaching the new fanatical faith; the *Hau-hau* standard had been reared near the church, with the device of a letter of the Hebrew alphabet emblazoned upon it; the missionaries had been spoken of bitterly, and the fanatics in their mad joy had promised themselves to cut off Mr. Volkner's head and send it as a trophy to Zerubabel, the great prophet of the new faith. An ex-Maori policeman greatly excited the people by an address and the exhibition of a soldier's head which was said to speak at sunset. He denounced Christianity, and spoke with asperity of the missionaries as having robbed them of their lands by a system of lying.

On the Sunday a dance round the worship post was kept up, and a gibberish was muttered, said to be the speech of the *Hau-hau* god. Mr. Volkner's house was entered, and his goods spoiled, while the people were in a delirium of excitement, and the impostor swept clean the fruits of many years of missionary toil in his visit of a few days; Bibles and prayer-books were torn up, and the Christian catechist left in charge was the first to adhere to the new doctrine of devils. The missionaries were warned too late; natives crowded the beach, as they landed in a whirl of savage joy, and women danced with hideous gestures. The crew of the schooner, together with

the missionaries, were imprisoned in a *whare* with a guard of twenty armed men over them, although two Jews were set at liberty, and were reassured by the *Hau-haus* that, being of the same religion, they had nothing to fear.

Mr. Volkner prepared to meet his fate with Christian fortitude. "We must put our trust in God," he said, in the great extremity. In the morning he was summoned to a meeting; on the way he was informed that he was about to die, and without a murmur he went to his fate, only asking permission to kneel down and pray. They stripped him and bandaged his eyes, and hoisted him up to a high branch of a tall willow tree by a block and tackle brought from the schooner for the purpose, while he warned his murderers of the great crime they were committing, expressed his own forgiveness, shook hands frankly with them, and then bravely and calmly resigned himself into their hands. Noble, simple, guileless, and inoffensive, this true servant of the Lord died with his Lord's prayer on his lips—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The savages were surprised to see tears in his eyes. For an hour



THE REV. C. S. VOLKNER.

and a half his body was left dangling in mid-air amidst the derisive shouts of the fanatics, and life was not extinct when it was then conveyed into the church. Harrowing details were reported of its being maimed so that the natives, formed in line, might all taste the flowing blood, the women fighting like tigers over it, the *Hau-hau* priest, instigator of the crime, scooping out and swallowing the eyes, and the mutilated corpse being finally thrown to the snarling dogs to finish the work of their inhuman masters. The other prisoners were set at liberty, with the exception of Mr. Grace, the missionary.

The great *Hau-hau* chief returned next day and summoned all Europeans to meet him in the church. He censured his followers for their deed, and agreed to release Mr. Grace, on condition that a brother rebel chief, taken captive by the English, should be restored. The remains of Mr. Volkner's body were decently interred.

In a fortnight, Bishop Selwyn arrived in H.M.S. *Eclipse*. Having heard of the missionary's death, and being anxious to release Mr. Grace, he sent a Jew in search of two natives known to be friendly; but, when these could not be found, "Jump in," cried the Jew to Mr. Grace, as his men pushed off the boat; and the sailors pulling for their lives with the tide in their favour, he was soon on board the *Eclipse*. Women had shouted the alarm, and armed men were quickly on the beach, but too late. A ringing cheer greeted Mr. Grace from the British ship of war as he stepped on board, thus rescued perhaps from sharing, after all, the fate of his missionary brother Carl Volkner.

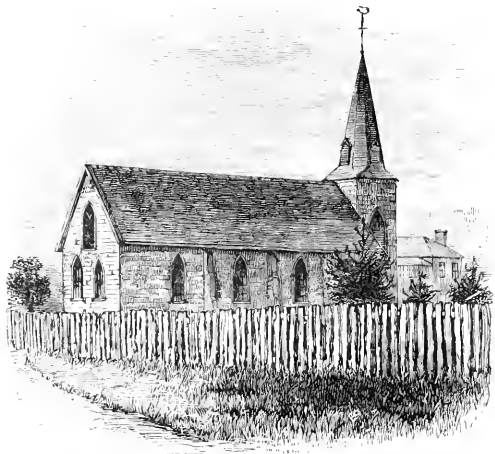
Not only in the return to gross superstitions and reckless crimes did the apostasy reveal itself, but also in the general disregard of religion on the part of those who were too enlightened to be the victims of the *Hau-hau* delusion. Many a missionary's



counsels were spurned by those who, before this, received them. But the dark cloud had its silver lining, and those who maintained their steadfastness proved the reality of their faith under the most trying circumstances. It is recorded that no *ordained* native clergyman fell in his allegiance, either to the Queen or to the great Head of the Church. The new religion spread rapidly, however, throughout every part of the Islands, as the adopted creed of the rebellion. Partisans went everywhere working miracles, speaking in unknown tongues, practising cannibal and other barbarous rites, and predicting boastfully the driving of the foreigner into the sea.

Thus the apostasy of the Maori race from the Christian faith was as rapid as its conversion. Like the gourd of the prophet, growing up one day and perishing the next, so the falling away of quickly converted believers was a result which might have been anticipated. Moral, as well as material progress, to be durable must be slow. The unstable character of the people may in part account for its declension. The want of a thorough spiritual regeneration in the vine which the mission planted, may have been another cause. And had not the iron heel of war crushed all good feeling in the show of its injustice, the noxious weeds of ancient superstition might have been more effectually choked by the Maori assimilation of the better religion and civilisation of their neighbours.

Henry Williams died in 1867, during the progress of the war. He had been a leading instrument in gaining New Zealand for England and for Christ, but his life had been far from tranquil. The lamentable disputes which arose as to the purchases of land by missionaries—a perplexing contest fifty years ago, and rendered still more intricate by the lapse of time—circled for the most part round the Archdeacon. The Church Mission Society resolved that he was in the wrong after Wakefield's abuse of his land purchases, and the Bishop requested him to give way; but his character being at stake, he preferred to disregard his superior rather than acknowledge himself in the wrong; he was deemed recalcitrant, and dismissed from the Society in 1850. Not as a wrongdoer, but as a wronged man, he had the sympathy of all who knew him and the facts of the case, and when he left his mission work which he had cradled at Pahiā, and took his congregation to a barn, he had the tearful sympathy of both whites and blacks.



CHURCH BUILT BY VOLKNER AT OPOTIKI.

Bishop Selwyn desired his re-instatement, and the violent measure of his dismissal was cancelled.

Williams, the victor-victim of the early land-struggles, lived to see war breaking out continually to settle the grievances. He saw Maori atrocities, such as have been just described, revived in the grim spectre of *Hau-hauism*, stalking through the land. He saw his brother made Bishop of Waiapu at Selwyn's expense, and he could write of that brother, "I cannot pretend to equal his piety or maturity of wisdom." Thereafter the *Hau-haus* drove forth the Bishop-brother to take refuge with him, and at the age of seventy-five he saw him return to his diocese. The old man grieved that he could not rush between contending combatants as of old, but he sent his sons, and one of these risked his life, after his father's example, and rode between the lines of dusky warriors.

Suddenly it was reported, "The Williams is dead!" The general on one side exclaimed, "I have killed the Williams." A truce, not formal, but felt, was made; Maoris left the battlefield to act as mourners. Their chief, filled with remorse, vowed he would fight no more; peace was proclaimed: a chief, issuing from the hostile *pah* bearing a white flag, read from the New Testament to his foes, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." The chiefs of one party spent the night in the *pah* of their adversaries. Altogether the funeral sermon thus preached was one of the most telling testimonies to the life of influence for good, treasured to the last in the hearts of all Maoris alike, of that noble missionary "the Williams."

They determined to build a memorial to their deceased friend (at seven places he had himself originated church endowments), so a church at Paka-raka was opened to his memory in 1873 by the Bishop of Auckland. In 1876 a stone cross was unveiled at Pahiia by a Maori clergyman, and the inscription ran:—"A monument to the Williams. A token of love to him from the Maori Church. He was a father indeed to all the tribes; a man brave to make peace in the Maori wars. For fifty-four years he sowed the glad tidings in this island. He came to us in the year 1823. He was taken from us in the year 1867."

## CHAPTER LXX.

## NEW ZEALAND CHRISTIANITY OF TO-DAY.

The Good and Bad of a Colony—A New Zealand Poem—Religious Fraternity—Sects and Parties—Requisites for Clerical Work in the Colony—Things to put up with—Native Martyrs—Opening of the Cathedral at Christchurch—The Temperance Movement—The Salvation Army—Gum-diggers—The Bible and Gunpowder—Whisky and the Blue Ribbon—Fanaticism—Anniversary of Marsden's Death—Decline of the Maori—The Fatal Foot of the White Man.

AS in the earliest days of the settlement, so now, the best and worst elements of English life wend their way out to the colonies. Ne'er-do-weel youths are sent there to be better off, on the principle that they will be farther off; and they generally go from bad to worse in idleness and drink, so that the "rather fast" sons of good families, who have received a liberal education, drift into disreputable courses and disappear in rags, no one knows where and no one cares to know. Not unfrequently such "cadets" as are sent out to New Zealand farmers are most unfit for the life and work of the emigrant, and as often they are sent to the most unfit persons in a social, moral and religious point of view, so that the sums paid by their parents and guardians for their training, or, as in most cases, for their being got rid of, become a premium for the further demoralisation and complete ruin of their wards. And what they are at home they remain beyond the seas; only the tendency is that, loosened from moral restraints, they soon spend their all in riotous living. Hence the missionary character of the New Zealand Church requires to be maintained, in view of the constantly increasing white population, as much as ever it did. On the other hand, there is a high standard of education and proficiency in technical studies, and the spread of knowledge is general. The first university that granted the degree of B.A. to a woman was that of New Zealand, the first recipient being Miss K. M. Edger, daughter of a colonist minister, who took her diploma at Auckland in 1877. In such a land of romantic wonders poetry is indigenous, and the new race is just catching its genius from the lingering *atua* of the sons of the soil, in strains rich in promise, like the following profoundly religious sonnet, which, indeed, is worthy a master-hand:—

"A simple lark—this is a fable new—  
 That perched each morn upon a golden ray,  
 Up where the lashes of the eye of day  
 Sweep all night's lesser jewels out of view,  
 Beheld a lovely idol's shrine, and flew  
 Down earthwards, to that form of painted clay,  
 And warbled there his sweetest, purest lay,  
 Thinking his song might it with life imbue.  
 He sang to it God's royal anthem—Love.  
 At Eden's windows he had caught the strain—  
 His lay the soulless image could not move.  
 His melodies were warbled all in vain;  
 He turned away and tried to soar above,  
 But never reached his morning perch again."\*

The Christianity of to-day in New Zealand is represented by as many denominational

\* Thomas Bracken: "Lays of the Land of the Maori and the Moa."

sections of the Church as in the mother-country, and the places of worship which adorn the large centres would do no discredit to cities at home. A spirit of more cheerful fraternity characterises the members of the divers sects: the pulpits of their churches and chapels being more freely and more frequently than at home occupied by other ministers than their own. Especially is this the case with Episcopalianism, which rejoices in its ignorance of the skeleton in the cupboard—disestablishment. "They will be having you up before the Primate for irregular ministrations," remarks the jocose Presbyterian to the Episcopalian brother who has officiated in his kirk, with a shortened order of evening prayer to suit worshippers unaccustomed to its forms. Even Selwyn was catholic enough to defer, in one instance, the consecration of a building until it had been hallowed by the exercises of a Wesleyan preacher: and Orungeism seems to have had its bitterness toned down by its removal to the Antipodes; while an Irish Presbyterian loses none of his staunchness by becoming the host, where there is no other, of a bishop, during his lordship's visitation of a benighted region. No heartburning has been occasioned by the exclusive rights of Churchmen in their own cemeteries, permission being freely given to Nonconformists to bury their dead in these in districts where they have no burial-ground of their own. The fraternal spirit thus encouraged is of paramount importance, as a blessed exhibition of "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity:" and it is a regrettable circumstance that addresses on religious subjects, which it is now the fashion for public men visiting the colonies from England frequently to give, should unfortunately tend to proselytising, and so to the disintegration of the common brotherhood of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, by fomenting the divisions of Christians.

"Church" development in New Zealand has progressed apace, so that the Episcopalianism are numerically the strongest body: Selwyn's one Episcopal chair of 1841 having multiplied into seven sees, with their separate synodical organisations, constituting a colonial hybrid between Episcopacy and Presbytery, the whole forming the Province Ecclesiastical of New Zealand. Otago had been colonised from Glasgow by the New Zealand Company, who declared that they "intimately co-operated with the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland:" and as a sort of opposition, Canterbury was "run" as a purely Church settlement, Bishop Selwyn resigning so much of his great see as would give validity to the erection of a new diocese. Waiapu was the first district sliced off in the Northern Island, Christchurch having been previously reared into a diocese for the Southern. Canterbury was then colonised, with the idea of keeping a distinctive and intact "little bit of hallowed ground" for the "Church" in the Middle Island, where, by an endowment of land in perpetuity, clergy were to be supported, buildings erected, and children educated; but the pious idea of a Church paradise, with none of the thistles of the curse of dissent, was too quixotic: the true ideal Churchman is not formed, any more than the true Christian, by being taken out of the world of noxious things, such as other sects, but by being left in it.

To be fit for clerical work in New Zealand, a man must be able to say: "These

hands have ministered unto my necessities," whether as an oarsman guiding his skiff through perils of waters down river rapids, through billows of surf and in stiffish gales of wind, or as his own trustee signing the contract for a new church, trusting to Providence to pay back the debt of honour. "My Lord" the Bishop, according to Mr. A. Trollope, must be as ready to knock a man down as to preach him a sermon—one



HALF-CASTE MAORI GIRLS.

who can defend the faith, like St. George, either with word or fist against all comers; the recognised colonial difference between an Englishman and a Maori being that the one is industrious with his hands, and the other with his mouth. No clergyman, it is said, need fail to find employment who comes out thus prepared; but woe betide the novice who, instead of such qualifications, packs his portmanteau with the

divine's debatable dress-coat! The minister who finds his English sphere too arduous need not have his head turned by "an eye to the colonies." To the oversight of a large parish, he may add the exceeding exertion required to work it: the long rides between services, and then in bad weather the casualty of finding no one in the church when he has reached it, dripping wet or bathed in perspiration: or as in the case of a certain bishop, after ringing the bell himself without avail, having to mount his horse and try his luck elsewhere. The congregation, when it meets, is a motley gathering, at which the olfactory nerves must not take offence. Fleets of well-filled canoes bring the people together, not, as formerly, to kill and devour one another, but to hear of peace and goodwill, and they converge from all tributary parts to the mission ground, bringing, along with their provisions, their pet dogs and pigs. Sometimes, after toiling through the tangled bush, tired and weary, the missionary comes upon a cluster of huts sequestered from the rest of the world, where may be heard the delightful sounds of worship, no Christian but their own kindred having been the means of constraining the people to bow before the living God.

For the scene has been entirely changed in Maoridom from the time of the first visit of white missionaries, when every place on which they put their foot was in danger of being *tapu'd*. Selwyn had full faith in the system of evangelisation by means of native converts visiting their heathen friends. At a great meeting of two thousand at Wanganui in 1846, two resolved to preach to a tribe then at war with their own: they were both shot by an ambushed foe, of whom they had been warned, one living just long enough to bequeath to a friend his New Testament as his most valued possession. Those two martyrs sowed, in their blood, the seed of the Native Church, of which the Rev. Rota ("Lot") Waitoa was ordained the first deacon in 1853, being the forerunner of a native ministry, who, in all the disastrous apostasy which afterwards befell the Zealandic Church, proved, to a man, singularly faithful and true. Thus the Maoris enjoy the ministrations of clergy from among themselves: and although their faith never truly recovered after the convulsion in which it was shipwrecked, the labours of the missionaries remain in many thousands of peaceful native Christians. A few more or less disaffected tribes were, until recently (1885), still led by the Maori king, Tawhiao, but they were but a small minority of the race.

Among the circumstances connected with the rebellion, it may be mentioned that the day of the opening of the Cathedral at Christchurch was one of extreme anxiety, because of the collision of the Maoris and the Government, although the Maoris acknowledged there was no collusion between the Government and the mission. The congregation were deeply affected in their response to the bishop's appeal that they—the largest congregation ever assembled in New Zealand—should "pray in silence for our Maori brethren now in great trouble and perplexity." Since then the "king" has visited England, with benefit to himself, and a more friendly feeling towards Christian missions. On his return the mission flag, with the *Rongo Pai*, "glad tidings," device emblazoned on it—the well-known emblem that floated over the early mission stations—has been again formally hoisted, with the full consent of five

hundred natives, whose king, among other good results of his English visit, had resolved to maintain not only the Gospel, but total abstinence. Thus has the temperance movement become general all over New Zealand, and the publicans are loud in their complaints of the dulness of trade, and that the business does not pay.

Thus the once "gregarious conversion" of the people, in which tribes flocked over to a nominal Christianity, has been in latter years raised to a higher level of reality; and while in its incipient era New Zealand Christianity might be compared to a bush fire which, when once it "took," carried all before it in its burning impetuosity, it may now be compared to the cultivation of flower and fruit, beheld standing on the soil once left thus blackened and scorched. That first glorious change was blotted with tears and stained with blood in those devastating wars, wherein England gained no honour, but found only what a noble and generous foe she was bent on overwhelming. The remnant of religious faith found in the land after that, made it a case of the missionary "holding on," as Bishop Stuart said, "to a desperate cause;" but now a wonderful transformation scene has again been effected—a Maori Church supporting its native clergy out of its own contributions and voluntary endowments, and showing great zeal in planting churches. When the English were making war upon them, they subscribed £546 for the endowment of the see of Waiapu, and £500 more for its native pastorate. *No English settlement did so much.*

The Salvation Army has lately given out that New Zealand is now ready to embrace Christianity. The shiftless and demoralised population living on tourist routes, mostly described in English books, must not be confounded with the Maoris at home in districts rarely visited by travellers. The former, as on touring routes in other countries, contain degraded specimens of humanity, who prey on tourists by lying and begging; but fully three-fourths of the native race is professedly Christian, many having joined also the Blue Ribbon Army, although not a few break through, it must be confessed, at a fair or a horse-race, to attend which they go almost any distance for the sake of its gauding accompaniments, pleading the example of prominent Europeans as their guide and excuse. The roving life they lead is a main obstacle against the Christianising of such as these. Diggers for the Kauri gum, too, go far into the bush, and are absent in its unknown recesses three or four months at a time, when those properly belonging to one district are to be found in another, perhaps a hundred miles off, where they spend the major portion of the year. But however far afield they go from their own house of prayer, most of these industrious diggers rest and have service on the Lord's Day, besides holding daily morning and evening prayer. The preparation of the natives for Sunday is most scrupulous, and when a Christian pastor appears among them, such is their eagerness to hear more of the Word of Life, that these earnest hearers have been known to hide his canoe to detain him. The tourist pauperises and demoralises wherever he goes on the face of the earth, and New Zealand is no exception to that rule. Thus does England continue to supply the Maori, as she has ever done since she made his acquaintance, with the poison and the antidote, first gunpowder and the Bible, and now whiskey and the Blue Ribbon.

The Maori churches are always opened free of debt, and some have cost as much as

seven hundred pounds, a much larger sum to a Maori than to an Englishman. They have again and again shown a most Christian spirit in regard to the only *utu* (revenge) demanded for spoliation suffered in war, which was that missionaries should again come and live with them, and that churches should be built. The 12th of May, 1888, the fiftieth anniversary of Marsden's death, was held as a sacred day by the forty-seven Maori clergy then in holy orders; and marvellous as were the changes which the Apostle of New Zealand lived to see, the great work was going on under the guidance of this native ministry in quickened intensity fifty years after he was dead. In an obituary notice, the *Auckland Church Gazette* thus comments on the life of one of these Maori clergymen:—



CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL.

“His influence with his own people was great, and was also exercised for good. His presence was as familiar in the home and in the native assembly as in the church, and while the progress of his ministry was marked by the number of communicants and by the number of candidates for confirmation he used to bring forward on every visit of the Bishop, it was still more so in the improvement of the lives of his people.”

As in other parts of the world, the native race cannot stand in presence of its civilised brother-man. It is a revolting theory, because it ought to be disproved practically by an enlightened Christianity, but, nevertheless, the fact almost amounts to an axiomatic truth, that it must be so. Aim at a Christian civil polity as we may, the customs no less than the vices of civilised men assert an immense power towards the decay of a barbarous people as well as of their barbarism; and thus while with one hand



his English brother has ennobled the Maori, with the other he has destroyed him; Christianity has striven to say to him, Arise and go unto thy Father: Civilisation has actually said, Succumb and go to the devil. Missionaries now seeking the regeneration of the race speak altogether despairingly of its future. One of them, in language said to be none too strong, ascribes their decay to "uncleanmess—inwardly and outwardly—in diet, dress, and habitation, in body and mind, in all their thoughts, words, and actions." For four centuries they multiplied, until the Pakeha set his fatal foot on their shores, and introduced alongside of his heavenly message, loathsome vices entailing disease and death. Since then they have been steadily diminishing, and soon the New Zealander, predicted by the prophet Macaulay as surveying the ruins of our modern Babylon from London Bridge, will be as impossible a personage as the extinct species of his own Moa: while the Anglo-Saxon, by a strange supernatural law, fills instead of him the gap thus created in the habitable parts of the earth.



THE MOA (DINORNIS).

## XXXV. — SOUTH AMERICA.

## CHAPTER LXXI.

## BRAZIL AND GUIANA.

Villegagnon—Early Exploits—The Colony in Brazil—First Protestant Mission—Failure and Disaster—Henry Martyn at Bahia—The South American Mission—Clough in Amazonia—Dr. Lee and Others—Close of the Mission—Moravians in Guiana—Dahne in the Wilderness—The Church Missionary Society and the Indians.

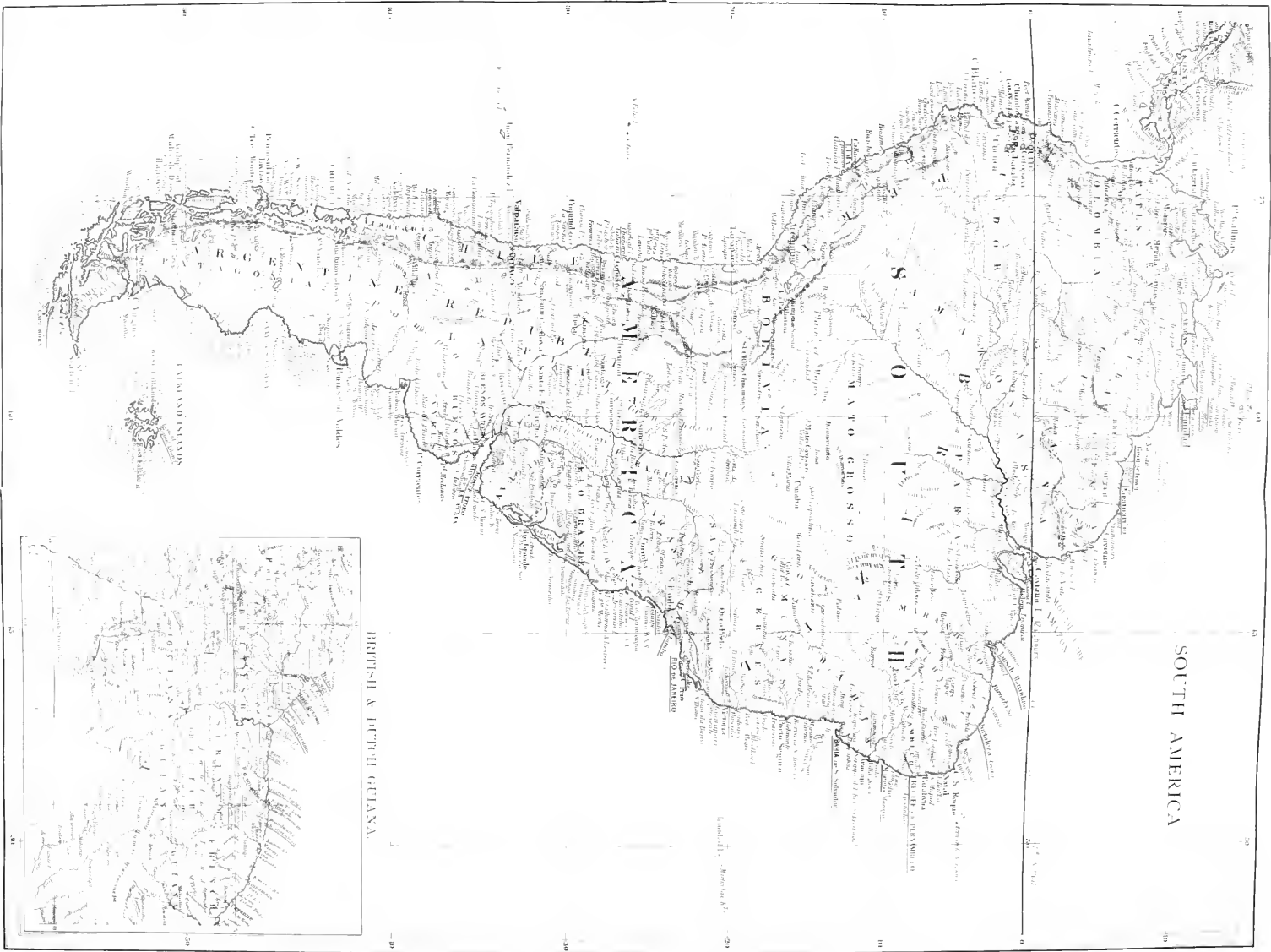
**N**ICHOLAS DURAND DE VILLEGAGNON, Knight of Malta, was one of the remarkable men of the sixteenth century. In his historical works and in his controversies with Calvin he displayed considerable ability, but it was as a man of action that he attained most celebrity. After serving for a time under the banner of the Order, he joined the expedition of Charles V. in Africa, and distinguished himself by single-handed deeds of prowess against the Moors. In 1548 the Queen of Scotland, a beautiful child of six, was dwelling with her playmates—the four Maries—in Dumbarton Castle. It was a moment of peril, for her kingdom was torn by faction and menaced by foreign arms. She was already promised in marriage to the Dauphin Francis, and many a French knight was eager to rescue the child-queen from the dangers that threatened her. The honour was reserved for Villegagnon. In spite of the hostile cruisers that hovered between the two countries, he brought Mary and her companions from that picturesque castle on the rock of Dumbarton in safety to Brittany.

Villegagnon was engaged for a time in fighting Turks at Tripoli and Malta, then he began to dream of founding for France a great colony in that new Western World, which was attracting to its mysterious shores so many of the more adventurous spirits of the age. Affecting a zeal for the Reformed religion, Villegagnon managed to secure the aid and support of the good Admiral Coligny, who was very anxious to secure a haven of rest for the persecuted Huguenots.

In 1555 Villegagnon, with three small vessels containing a number of soldiers, artificers, and adventurers, accomplished his long and perilous voyage to the beautiful bay now overlooked by the capital of Brazil. The island upon which he built Fort Coligny still bears Villegagnon's name. "It was upon this island," writes a traveller, "that they erected their rude place of worship, and here these French Puritans offered their prayers and sang their hymns of praise nearly three-score years and ten before a pilgrim placed his foot on Plymouth Rock, and more than half a century before the Book of Common Prayer was borne to the banks of the James River."

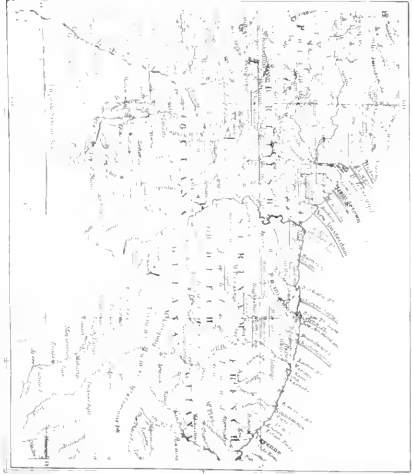
Villegagnon wrote to Coligny, and also to Calvin, encouraging the sending out of more colonists, and especially of a supply of godly ministers from Geneva, to spread the doctrines of the Reformed Church in the New World. This was the first call to the Protestant Churches to send labourers into the vast foreign mission-field. Rome, from the first, had sought to extend the frontiers of her spiritual empire to the utmost bounds of the new territories which were being added by intrepid voyagers





SOUTH AMERICA

BRITISH & DUTCH GUIANA



# SOUTH AMERICA

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

* S. A. . . . .	The South American Missionary Society.	Can. Presb. . . . .	Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.
* S. P. G. . . . .	The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	Am. Meth. Epis. . . . .	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
L. M. S. . . . .	The London Missionary Society.	Am. Meth. Epis. (South). . . . .	American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions.
Bapt. . . . .	The Baptist Missionary Society.	Am. Presb. . . . .	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
W. I. Wes. . . . .	West Indies Wesleyan Methodist Conference.	Am. Bible . . . . .	American Bible Society.
Un. Presb. . . . .	United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).	Am. S. Bapt. . . . .	American Southern Baptist Convention Foreign Mission.
Morav. . . . .	Moravian Missionary Society.		

Stations of Missionary Societies only are marked on the Map, the work of local Churches and Societies of all denominations not being indicated.

\* There are two Dioceses of the Anglican Church in South America, that of GUYANA, which takes in the whole of British Guiana, with some eighty-two places of worship and forty clergy, exclusive of lay helpers; and the Diocese of THE FALKLAND ISLES, which has episcopal jurisdiction over the rest of South America, with a staff of twenty clergy and thirty lay workers. The position of these Stations is only indicated where they are occupied by Missionaries of, or Missionaries assisted by, either of these two Societies.

ALEXANDRA COLONY.	Argentine Rep.	S. A.	CASTRO . . . . .	Brazil . . . . .	Am. Presb.
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.	—	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.	CEARA . . . . .	" . . . . .	" "
ASUNCION . . . . .	Paraguay . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	CHANARAL . . . . .	Chili . . . . .	S. A.
BAHIA. See San Salvador.			CHARLOTTENBURG . . . . .	Dutch Guiana . . . . .	Morav.
BARACA . . . . .	British Guiana . . . . .	S. P. G.	CHILI . . . . .	—	Am. Presb., S. A.
BEERSHEBA . . . . .	Dutch Guiana . . . . .	Morav.	CHUPAT . . . . .	Patagonia . . . . .	S. A.
BERGENDAL . . . . .	" . . . . .	Morav.	COLOMBIA . . . . .	—	Am. Presb., W. I. Wes., S. P. G.
BOGOTA . . . . .	Colombia . . . . .	Am. Presb.	COLON . . . . .	Panama . . . . .	S. P. G.
BOTUCATU . . . . .	Brazil . . . . .	" "	CONCEPCION . . . . .	Chili . . . . .	Am. Presb.
BRAZIL . . . . .	—	Am. Presb., Am. S. Bapt., S. A., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Bible.	CONCEPCION . . . . .	Paraguay . . . . .	S. A.
BUENOS AYRES . . . . .	Argentine Rep. . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.	CONCORDIA . . . . .	Argentine Rep. . . . .	S. A.
CARACARI . . . . .	British Guiana . . . . .	S. P. G.	CORLAPO . . . . .	Chili . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CACHOEIRA . . . . .	Brazil . . . . .	Am. Presb.	CORDOVA . . . . .	Argentine Rep. . . . .	S. A.
CALDAS . . . . .	" . . . . .	" "	CORONEL . . . . .	Chili . . . . .	S. A.
CALLAO . . . . .	Peru . . . . .	" "	CURITIBA . . . . .	Brazil . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CAMPANHA . . . . .	Brazil . . . . .	" "	DEMERARA. See Georgetown.		
CAMPOS . . . . .	" . . . . .	" "	EPIRA . . . . .	British Guiana . . . . .	S. P. G.
CANA VERDE . . . . .	" . . . . .	" "	FALKLAND ISLANDS.	—	S. A.
CARACAS . . . . .	Venezuela . . . . .	" "	FRAY BENTOS . . . . .	Uruguay . . . . .	" "
CATHERINE SOPHIA.	Dutch Guiana . . . . .	Morav.	GANSEE . . . . .	Dutch Guiana . . . . .	Morav.
			GEORGETOWN . . . . .	British Guiana . . . . .	W. I. Wes., L. M. S., (Demerara) Can. Presb., S. P. G.
			GEORGETOWN, Neighbourhood of.	—	Morav.
			GOEJARA . . . . .	Dutch Guiana . . . . .	Morav.

GREENADA, <i>Island of.</i>	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.	PIRASSUNINGA .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.
GUIANA, BRITISH	—	L. M. S., S. P. G., Can. Presb., W. I. Wes., Morav.	POBONGAS .	Uruguay . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
„ DUTCH. ( <i>Surinaam</i> )	—	Morav.	PORTO ALEGRE .	Brazil . . .	„ „ „
HACKNEY .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.	PORT OF SPAIN .	Trinidad . . .	W. I. Wes., Bapt., Un. Presb.
ITAPETINGA .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.	QUINO . . .	Chili . . .	S. A.
ITURIBISI .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.	RIACHO FEB- NANDEZ	Argentine Rep. .	„
KEPPEL ISLAND	Falklands . . .	S. A.	RIO CLARO .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.
KÜBLERH .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.	RIO DE JANEIRO	„ . . .	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
KOFFYCAMP .	Dutch Guiana .	Morav.	RIO NOVO . . .	„ . . .	Am. Presb.
LARANGIAS .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.	ROSARIO . . .	Argentine Rep. .	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis.
LENCÖES . . .	„ „ . . .	„	RUSTENWERK .	Dutch Guiana .	Morav.
LIMA . . .	Peru . . .	Am. Bible.	SALEM . . .	„ „ . . .	„
LÖRENA . . .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.	SALTO . . .	Uruguay . . .	S. A.
LOTA . . .	Chili . . .	S. A.	SAN FERNANDO .	Trinidad . . .	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
MACEIO . . .	Brazil . . .	Am. S. Bapt.	SAN FRUCTUOSO	Uruguay . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
MARAICA . . .	British Guiana .	W. I. Wes.	SAN PAULO .	Brazil . . .	S. A., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Presb.
MAHAICONY .	„ „ . . .	S. P. G.	SAN SALVADOR .	„ . . .	Am. Presb., Am. S. Bapt.
MALALTY . . .	„ „ . . .	S. P. G.	( <i>Bahia</i> ).		
MARANBAO, S.	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.	SANTIAGO . . .	Chili . . .	Am. Presb.
LUIS DE			SANTOS . . .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb., S. A.
MARIFASTOON .	Dutch Guiana .	Morav.	SHENANBAWI .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.
MENDOSA . . .	Argentine Rep. .	Am. Meth. Epis.	SOROCABA . . .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.
MONTE VIDEO .	Uruguay . . .	„ „ „	SURINAM.	<i>See</i> Dutch Guiana.	
MURITAVO . . .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.	TIERRA DEL FUEGO . . .	—	S. A.
NEW AMSTERDAM	„ „ . . .	S. P. G.	TORAGO, <i>Island of</i>	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
OOSHOOIA . . .	Tierra del Fuego	S. A.	TRINIDAD, <i>Island of</i>	—	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
OREALA . . .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.	TUCUMAN . . .	Argentine Rep. .	S. A.
PANAMA . . .	Colombia . . .	W. I. Wes.	UBATURA . . .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.
PARAGUAY . . .	—	S. A., Am. Presb.	URUGUAY . . .	—	Am. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis., S. A.
PARAMARIBO .	Dutch Guiana .	Morav.	VALPARAISO .	Chili . . .	Am. Presb.
„ <i>Neigh- bourhood of</i> ( <i>Six Stations</i> ).	—	„	VENEZUELA . . .	—	Am. Bible.
PARANA . . .	Argentine Rep. .	Am. Meth. Epis.	WARAMURI .	British Guiana .	S. P. G.
PATAGONES . . .	„ „ . . .	S. A.	WATERLOO . . .	Dutch Guiana .	Morav.
PATAGONIA . . .	—	„	WOLLASTON IS- LAND . . .	Tierra del Fuego	S. A.
PAYSANDU . . .	Uruguay . . .	„			
PERNAMBUCO .	Brazil . . .	S. A., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.			
PERU . . .	—	Am. Presb., Am. Bible.			
PETROPOLIS .	Brazil . . .	Am. Presb.			
PIRACICABA . . .	„ . . .	Am. Meth. Epis. (South).			

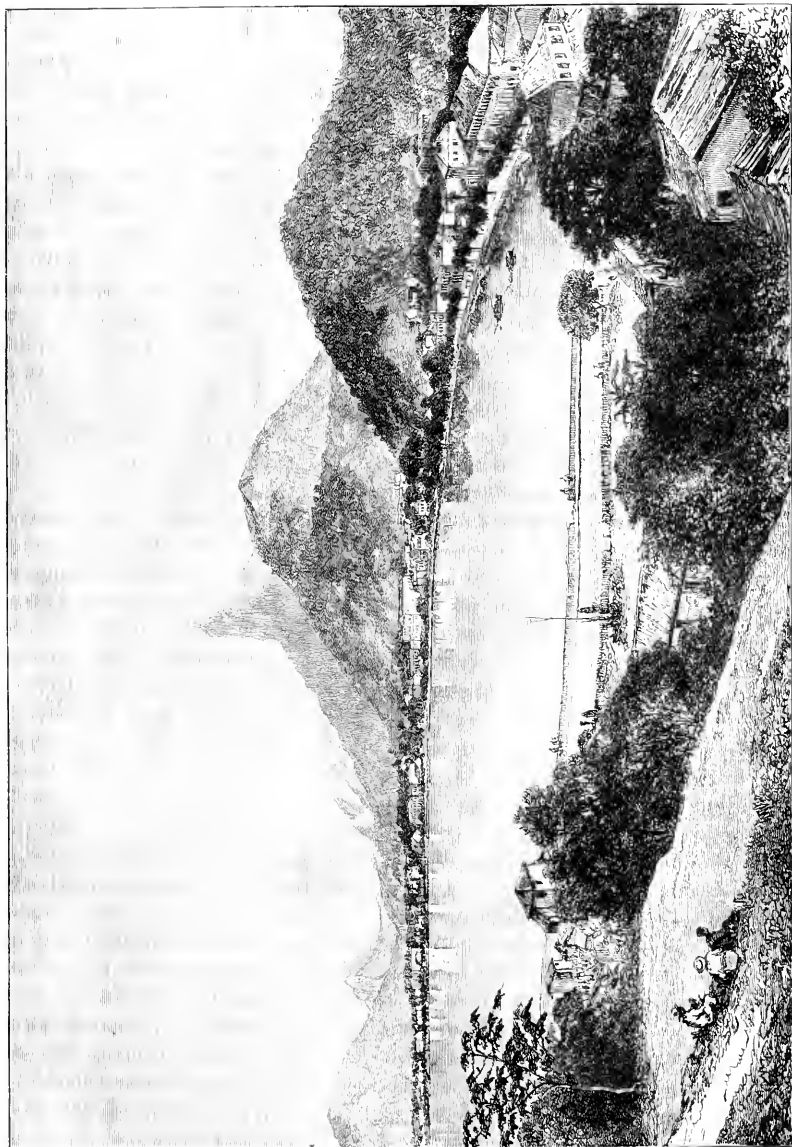
to the dominions of earthly monarchs. In every fleet her missionaries had accompanied the bold explorers, and as new regions upon the African coast, in Southern India, or in the Western hemisphere, were taken possession of in the name of European kings, priests and friars planted there the standard of the Cross, and set to work to transform the pagan savages into obedient children of the Church. The story of their trials and triumphs, their bitter intolerance and tortuous policy, their arduous toil, their privations and cruel sufferings, their martyrdoms by sword and fire and cross, is a history of great interest and importance, but cannot, of course, be more than alluded to in our present work, which deals with *Protestant Missions*. But in chronicling the first attempt of the Protestant minister to carry the Gospel message beyond the seas, this word of recognition is due to the devoted emissaries of the ancient Church of Rome.

The invitation received from Villegagnon to make his new colony a centre for Protestant missionary effort in South America, was cordially responded to in the city where Calvin and Farel and Theodore de Beza were still watching over the spreading of the Reformed doctrines in Europe. Two divines of experience, Philip Corguilleray and Peter Richer, with twelve students, were deputed to set out forthwith. They journeyed by way of France, where their Protestant brethren were still a persecuted and proscribed people, many of whom, encouraged by Coligny, resolved to accompany the ministers to the promised asylum in the New World. They got on board their three ships at Harfleur, after an encounter with the Papist population of the town. A long and stormy voyage succeeded, and on landing they had a contest with Portuguese Papists before they could reach the headquarters of their countrymen. Villegagnon cordially welcomed the newcomers, and set them to work at completing his fort, but it was not long before the hard work and the hard fare caused many of the colonists to regret that they had ever left the shores of France.

Meanwhile the missionaries from Geneva, besides attending to the spiritual needs of the settlement, endeavoured to preach the Gospel to the natives, but, being utterly ignorant of the language, could only communicate with them through interpreters. The savages are reported to have expressed great astonishment at the religious principles sought to be inculcated. Some promised to become worshippers of the true God, but the means of communication were so imperfect that it is very doubtful how much they understood of what they heard, or to what degree it really impressed them.

Villegagnon soon showed himself a mere time-serving adventurer, who had probably only affected a conformity with the Reformed religion for the sake of Coligny's aid and influence. He began persecuting the Protestants, and finally drove them out of the fort, ministers and all, into the open country. Ultimately he allowed them to return to France; but he also sent a sealed packet of letters by the captain. One of these was a formal process against the returned colonists, with orders to the magistrates of the port they should land at to burn them all as heretics.

Storm and disaster attended their homeward passage. The ship leaked so much that constant labour was required to keep it from sinking. They were not many leagues from the shore when provisions ran short, and several of the company had



RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL.



to be landed at the nearest point. Amongst these were three of the Geneva missionaries, Bourdon, Borel, and Verneuil, two of whom, by Villegagnon's orders, were subsequently thrown into the sea and drowned.

Meanwhile, the leaky vessel, only kept from going to the bottom by incessant pumping, was driven about by storms for weeks together. It was the carpenter who, by his constant skilful repairs, really saved the vessel, once having to stem the water by treading his coat into a hole whilst he prepared a board to cover the aperture. Another time some powder caught fire, and four men (as well as sails and cordage) were burnt; one of the sufferers died a few days afterwards. As month after month of the long voyage passed by, it became evident that they were all in real danger of death by famine. The monkeys and parrots they were taking home as curiosities were soon disposed of. They were glad to eat a black bitter pottage made of the very sweepings of the store-room, and containing more dirt than food. The rats and mice, themselves enfeebled by famine, were easily caught and devoured. The coverings of their trunks, the leather of their shoes, and even the horn of the ship's lanthorns, were eaten. At last there was nothing left but Brazil-wood, one of the driest of all woods. By gnawing this they strove to stay the pangs of hunger. "Alas! my friend," said Peter Corguilleray to his friend Levy, as they were struggling with the hard Brazil-wood, "I have 4,000 livres due to me in France; yet I would gladly give a discharge for the whole for a glass of wine and a pennyworth of bread." Near them lay Peter Richer in his little berth, so prostrate with weakness that he could not raise his head, and constantly engaged in prayer.

Five or six died of starvation before the five months' voyage ended, and they sighted the coast of Brittany just as the captain had decided to kill a passenger for food on the following day. They landed near Hembont, and were tenderly cared for by the inhabitants, who commiserated their sad sufferings. The magistrates of the place were favourable to the Reformed faith; they treated Villegagnon's process with contempt, and kindly helped the refugees to return to their homes.

So ended the first Protestant attempt to carry the Gospel message to the American shores. Villegagnon's colony was in all respects a failure, and a few years afterwards the Portuguese seized the settlement, and reared beside the beautiful bay the city of St. Sebastian, afterwards known as Rio de Janeiro. Its foundations were stained with the innocent blood of the learned John Boles, who had fled from Villegagnon's persecution only to languish for eight years in a Jesuit dungeon, and then to wear the crown of martyrdom, whilst Anchieta, so renowned for his holiness and zeal, stood by and prompted the bungling executioner. Villegagnon returned to France and engaged in fierce controversy with Calvin. But the Catholics suspected him of heresy, and the Protestants regarded him as an apostate and a traitor; and his career practically closed some years before his death in 1571. By the Huguenots he was long spoken of as "*Le Cain d'Amérique.*"

For three hundred years Brazil, and indeed most of South America, saw no missionary efforts, except on the part of the Roman Catholic priests. In 1805 the vessel that was carrying Henry Martyn to India touched at Bahia. The ardent young

soldier of the Cross landed, and ascended to the battery that overlooks the beautiful Bay of All Saints. Amidst that charming scenery his heart was burdened, and he sought relief in prayer. There riding at anchor was the ship that was to carry him to his distant field of service; there, close beside him, lay outspread the city of Bahia or San Salvador—teeming with churches, swarming with priests, but with tokens of unbelief or blind superstition on every side. As he gazed upon the scene, he repeated the hymn—

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul! be still, and gaze."

Before resuming his voyage he found opportunities to enter the monasteries, Vulgate in hand, and reason with the priests out of the Scriptures. Were he to look upon that prospect from the battery now, he would see a Protestant place of worship amongst the rest. The agents of the Bible Society, and some others, have, in a quiet way, during the present century done what they could in Bahia and some other South American cities.

The Patagonian Mission, of which the touching story is narrated in another chapter of the present work, developed, after the lamented death of the sainted Allen Gardiner, into the South American Mission Society. The agents of this society have in various cities or towns of Peru, Chili, Brazil, and other South American countries, carried on their threefold work—missionary to the heathen, ministerial to our fellow-countrymen, and evangelistic amongst the Spanish and Portuguese, and the seamen of various nations.

About the year 1872 the attention of the Society was forcibly attracted to the vast regions watered by the mighty Amazon and its two hundred tributaries. In September, 1866, there had been a grand ceremony at Para to celebrate the opening of the river to the merchant shipping of all nations. For two thousand eight hundred miles, steamers of various draught successively carry passengers into regions where native tribes still dwell on their ancestral lands. Many of these tribes have long had Romish missionaries settled amongst them, teaching them agriculture and civilisation. Other tribes still remain in their original paganism, and it was felt that here was an opportunity for Gospel labour without interfering with the vested interests of the priests.

An interesting volume published by the Society, and entitled, "The Amazons," contains the diary of a twelvemonth's pioneer journey by Mr. R. S. Clough in these regions. From Para up to Santarem, and thence onward amongst wild tropical scenery, and encountering all sorts of tropical experiences, Mr. Clough journeyed, till he came to the region where the Indians form the great bulk of the population. Upon the banks of the Purus River alone there are thirty-two tribes whose barbarous names are known, but there are rumours of many more of whom even the adventurous half-breed trader knows nothing except by hearsay. Finding it impossible to get a true idea of Indian life and character by rapid transit through the country, Mr. Clough for six months made Pebas his head-quarters. The missionary lodged at the best house in the town. It was mud-built, and thatched with palm, with a

three-foot space left for ventilating purposes between walls and roof. The floor was of earth. Domestic duties were performed by an ugly woman, who leered with ghastly delight at the remembrance of cannibal repasts in her youth, and a girl of ten, whose head was ridged from forehead to neck through having been flattened with boards in infancy to get it into shape. Though timid and gentle, she was exceedingly monkey-like, and picked up a coin with her toes as easily as other people with their fingers.

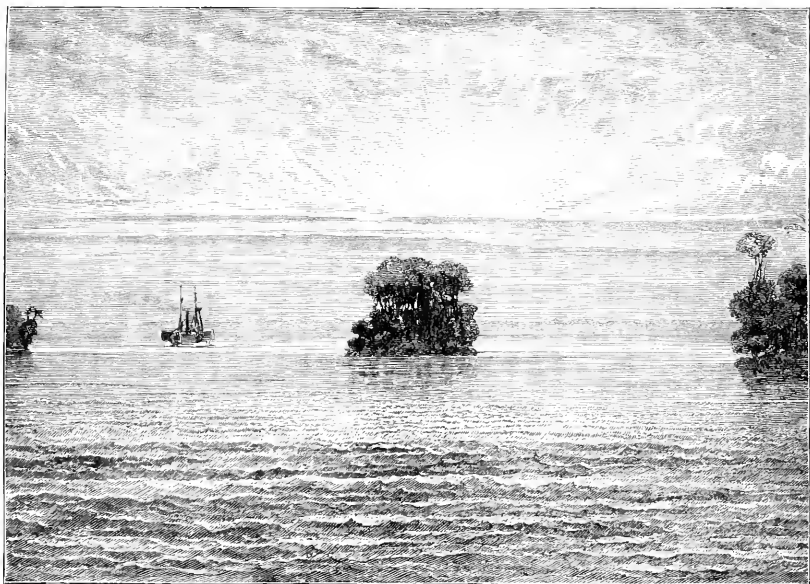
Friendly relations with the Indians were soon established, and many curious incidents occurred. There was a scene of amazement when some young men were induced to look through a field-glass. They evidently thought it a piece of witchcraft. One day, when a party of Yáguas were about to have a smoke, Clough ignited the tobacco in a pipe-bowl with a magnifying-glass. The Indians looked at each other in blank astonishment; all had a puff at that pipe—even the baby was made to put his little lips to it. This experiment was always a success; one old chief lay on the ground, with his face upward, to watch carefully how the fire was pulled out of the sun, but he declared that Mr. Clough was too quick for him.

Clough often threaded the forest paths till they brought him to Indian villages. The small houses were like bee-hives, the larger of an oval shape; the walls, consisting of tough sticks tied with vegetable twine, supported a high-pitched palm-leaf roof. One oval hut was seventy-four feet long by twenty-six broad, and was the abode of several families. No furniture was visible but the hammocks stretched from centre poles to the sides, and some fibre mats spread on the muddy floor round three distinct fires, which were filling the place with smoke. On the faces of the women and girls sitting on the mats a settled gloom rested. Ever and anon one of them slapped a mosquito on her leg or arm, or on her neighbour's back. All looked far more haggard and weary than when they would come freshly painted to the town. Home-life was evidently a very melancholy affair in this establishment, though there was no lack of food, for plantains, fish, and flour were to be seen in plenty, and a good stock of bows and arrows, harpoons and spears. Outside were pots and pans, and numerous shells of the turtles which provide the staple article of diet in these regions.

No priest ever visits these huts, but once a year a *pudre* comes to Pebas, and for several days religious ceremonies, attended with a considerable amount of dancing, eating and drinking, are kept up. There is an open barn in the town, with an altar at one end of it, and here some zealously disposed persons place an image of the Virgin with a light burning before it from Saturday evening till Monday, so that, though there is no public service, the faithful can pass any portion of Sunday in adoration.

Mr. Clough found Indians living to a great age; their tranquil life in these regions does not wear them out rapidly. When young, they are handsome, but want of exercise spoils their outlines as they grow older. Extreme old age is not, however, encouraged; one couple living in the woods had been turned out by their family at

seventy, as too old to live. But they set to work, cleared a bit of land, built a hut and canoe, cultivated corn, cane, and tobacco, and joggled on comfortably together for another twenty years. "They loved each other, there could be no mistake about it, and they were inseparable, the husband never stirring from the door without his wife or the wife without her husband." The man told Clough he trusted in the Mother of our Lord for salvation: he knew nothing of Christ, except that He was the Son of Maria Santissima.



ON THE AMAZON.

As amongst Indians of other regions, an appointed ordeal has to be passed through before a youth can claim the rights of manhood. "When the day arrives, amid the crash of drums, the young man steps boldly into a circle, and thrusts his arm beyond his elbow into a gourd filled with hornets, wasps, and tucandera ants (one sting or the last-named insect being enough to make a strong man almost faint). How eagerly his face is scanned by the assembly! No cry of pain escapes between his clenched teeth, and blood might spurt from his pores before the gallant youth would show the white feather. The spectators do not delight in inflicting agony: they rejoice in seeing it bravely endured, and another worthy addition made to their band of warriors. When the arm is withdrawn at the medicine-man's signal, a huge bowl of intoxicating liquor is handed to him to drink, and partly to pour upon the ground

as a libation, after which he is welcomed. Sometimes he falls and swoons with excruciating pain; the women then nurse him, bring him round, and his mother unites her voice with theirs in chanting over his senseless form: 'His heart is brave, he knows not fear,' and so forth."

Mr. Clough tells us much more about the Amazonian Indians than we can possibly refer to here. He describes the mothers' intense love for their offspring, and yet of their readiness, out of genuine pity, to bury alive a deformed or sickly infant. Baby lies in a hammock which mother swings while she chants a soft lullaby, or



MUNDEUCU (AMAZON) INDIANS.

smokes her long red pipe. Out of doors it is carried in a net at the mother's back, till it is old enough to cling with legs and arms. Young and old leave their hammocks at sunrise, and pour water over their bodies with cucas at the brink of the nearest stream. To procure and prepare food, and be constantly on the alert against mosquitoes, venomous reptiles, scorpions, centipedes, poisonous ants, and so forth, make up the duties of an ordinary day, and at sunset the hammocks are once more tenanted, and the village is hushed in slumber.

From Pebas Mr. Clough made explorations much further west, and met numerous other tribes of Indians, amongst them the fierce Anguteros, said to be in the habit of attacking and murdering traders when they get the chance. In this region (as

among the Mundrucus and some other Amazonian tribes) smoked human heads are often seen. "I saw one," says Mr. Clough, "in admirable preservation, though it had been reduced to the size of my two fists. The hair was very long and thick; colour of skin resembled tanned leather, and splints had been thrust through the upper and nether lip and tied, 'to prevent the head from telling tales.'" These horrors used to find a market as Indian curios, till the Government wisely prohibited their sale.

Many of the Indian tribes, as we have said, are nominally Roman Catholics; and a civilising influence has, to a certain extent, become apparent, but the grossest ignorance of religion is also shown by the nominal converts. In one western forest our author came upon a hut with a cross twenty feet high in front. The owner had dyed his hands and feet black, and the rest of his body was dyed with oehote. He and his squaw knew nothing of Christianity, but had been baptised, and when from home wore clothes. "We would have dressed had we known you were coming, but you have taken us by surprise. We do not wear clothes when alone; they are uncomfortable." Presently the man appeared in a pair of trousers, and his wife was dressed for company in a narrow blue skirt. They were nice people, with well-behaved children, and were glad to feast Mr. Clough on roasted yuca and broiled fish. Amongst the tribes bearing a bad name are the Cashébos, Péros and Stébos, and also the Campas, who are undoubted cannibals.

A curious peep at Indian life is afforded by the story told by a small Cashébo boy to Mr. Clough. This boy had been baptised and taught Spanish. He said in reply to questions:—"We did not wear clothes; never saw clothes till I was captured. My father and uncle used to hunt and fish, my mother and aunts grew corn and manioc. I never was badly treated. We never killed anybody, but my father would kill Conibo men, women, and children, if he had a chance. He used to show us how to shoot men with the arrow. He used to shoot at a target, and call it a Conibo. We believed in a good and a bad spirit. We thought we should go to a beautiful country after death, where there would be no enemies, and we should be able to catch turtles whenever we wanted them, and shoot monkeys without trouble. Sometimes my mother would cry, and say she wanted to go to the spirit-world to be at rest; she lived in fear of enemies; we always were listening. One day we saw a canoe enter our lake, but as it departed without approaching us we thought no one had seen us. Mother, however, was very anxious, and every now and then would jump and start. Three nights afterwards, when we were all asleep, the house was suddenly entered, and my father, mother, uncles and aunts, all run through with spears. Yes, I was very sorry, and wanted to be killed, but my cousins and self were enslaved by the Conibos, and from them I was purchased for some goods. I am happy now. Sometimes I see in my dreams all that happened on that dreadful night. No, I do not want to go back again; I am happy here. I can croak like a frog!" and then a variety of croaks were emitted. Mr. Clough says, "He was a wonderful child for his age: he could say the first two lines of the Lord's Prayer, count twenty, and stand on his head alone."

After traversing three thousand miles of riverage, and closely observing the

inhabitants of these interminable forest regions, Mr. Clough returned to report that there was a vast field ripe for missionary enterprise. "I had seen the wild Red man in his native solitudes, and found him oftentimes so low in point of knowledge, though not lacking latent intelligence, that he was nothing more nor less than a giant baby. I had found him a stolid though earnest listener, and believed the Gospel would be to him what it is to all who believe it—the power of God unto salvation."

The Rev. Dr. Lee was sent out to organise and conduct the mission, with Messrs. Clough and Resyck-Polack as lay evangelists. Dr. Lee went a thousand miles up the Purus River to search for a suitable place, but found the Indians of the Upper Purus scattered so far apart as to make any settled work amongst them impracticable. After their protracted inquiries in these regions, Dr. Lee and Mr. Resyck-Polack were returning to Santarem on the Amazon, where Mr. Clough was at work, when a lamentable accident occurred. The little steamer *Colibri* was deeply laden with india-rubber, besides the crew and passengers with their luggage, so that the gun-wales were only ten inches above water. On Sunday evening, October 11th, the boat was fastened as usual by a rope to the shore for the night; most of the crew and passengers, as on other occasions, took their hammocks and mosquito-nets ashore. Unfortunately (reports Mr. Polack), Dr. Lee on this night remained on board to sleep; he never used a mosquito-net, but simply covered his face with a thin white gauze, and his whole body with his blanket. He turned into the captain's hammock, which was fastened at the prow under the *toldo*, or fine awning; and near the little cabin lay aft the fireman, an able-bodied negro, the property of the captain; on the toldo were three boys; altogether there were five persons on board. There were no wind, and no rain, and no current where the boat was. About one a.m., while Mr. Polack was in his hammock ashore sleeping, the dead silence of the night was suddenly interrupted by a faint voice calling out to the captain, "Commandante, a lancha està no fundo!" ("the boat has gone down!") All started from their hammocks and hurried to the shore. Mr. Polack called vigorously, "Dr. Lee!" but received no reply. The three boys on the toldo escaped and swam to shore; Dr. Lee and the fireman were lost. Afterwards, when the boat was recovered, it was found that the fireman had neglected to close the lower cock. The water thus gradually filled the vessel, and when it had reached a certain height the little iron-built *Colibri* sank like a stone. The body was recovered a day or two afterwards: a grave was dug for it by some of the people, who quietly listened, though they understood not, whilst Mr. Polack read the burial service over his dead comrade, so lately full of hope and energy.

Messrs. Clough and Polack dwelt for a considerable time amongst the Hyapurina Indians, near Terruhan on the Purus. They were a fine handsome race, and the men painted their bodies with tasteful designs in black on a scarlet ground. They were very friendly, and often came in parties of a dozen or more at a time in a bark canoe to stay a few hours with the missionaries. "One evening," says Clough "a couple of young men exhibited their method of warfare. Selecting the stump of a tree for their supposed enemy, they retired some distance, halted, turned round, and

pretended to apprehend the proximity of danger. The Indian nearest me dropped upon the ground, to which he placed his ear, listened a few moments, and then fitting an arrow to a bow, stealthily crawled upon his hands and knees. So thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of his occupation, that the most consummate actor could not have given truer facial expression of hatred, cunning, and thirst for blood. His savage nature seemed stirred to its lowest depths; his eyes glared green with fury; his unkempt jetty locks crested like a lion's mane; and every attitude betokened the warrior bent on slaughter. Springing to his feet, he discovered himself by yelling at the pitch of his voice, 'Hy-pu-ri-na! Hy-pu-ri-na!' meanwhile brandishing his bow and arrows, and apparently cursing his enemy as sincerely as the giant



SANTAREM, ON THE AMAZON.

Philistine 'cursed David by his gods.' As arrows were supposed to be shot at him, he leaped from side to side under cover, uttering cries of derision, now stooping and contracting his body into the smallest compass, and again exposing his splendid frame as if courting danger. At the proper time he delivered three arrows as rapidly as a Snider can be discharged, and with such tremendous force that they sank deeply into the wood; had they struck a man, they would have completely traversed his body. His antagonist now mortally wounded, he rushed upon him, and placing his foot upon his body, gave him the *coup de grâce* with a long knife of hard wood, immediately afterwards making the forest re-echo with triumphant shouts of victory."

One of the most interesting results of the first Hypurina mission was the obtaining by Mr. Polack of two boys and two girls from their parents to reside with him



and be educated. He hoped largely to expand this work as means and opportunity permitted. His most promising pupil was the lad Irimá; he soon mastered the alphabet and became able to count up to two hundred—achievements which rendered him the most learned individual of the whole Hypurina tribe. His aid in provisioning the household was invaluable, for when Mr. Polack shot a monkey, it mostly died amongst the branches, but Irimá would quickly ascend the highest tree and bring down the prize. Education could only be carried forward when there was enough food in the house to make it unnecessary to go hunting for a day or two. "Some-



HYPURINA INDIANS.

times," says Mr. Polack, "I leave the hut early in the morning, and may not return before late in the afternoon, with only two or three birds, and sometimes nothing at all." Then followed another day or two of effort till the larder was replenished, and school business would go forward. By noticing the free conversation of the children, Polack improved his knowledge of the Hypurina language, which he reduced to a grammatical form, and he compiled a vocabulary of some four thousand words.

In August, 1876, the Rev. W. T. Duke was sent out to superintend the mission, of which he fixed the head-quarters at Sao Paulo, on the Purus River. To this place also came Mr. and Mrs. Woods, to whom, as Polack was leaving for England, his young pupils were transferred. The Woods soon retired, broken down by ill-health, but Mr. Duke got some aid from a friendly adventurer, his nearest neighbour,

and set to work building a mission-house. It was tedious work, owing to the scarcity of labour, and what men could be got took their time over everything, and thought nothing of being absent a week when it suited them. Nobody seems to take work seriously in these regions. The thirteen main posts, dragged from the forest and brought by canoe to the steep river-bank, lay on the ground a fortnight before they could be raised. At last Mr. Duke, aided by his friendly neighbour and another man, got them into position. The joists were of hard andiroba wood, hewn and squared in the forest; a very durable and strong-scented wood, which even the insatiable white ants find impregnable. The walls were of cedar planks, the roof of Parà red tiles, and the whole structure stood on piles which raised it five or six feet from the ground. Its erection involved a great expenditure of time and labour, but at last Mr. Duke had the pleasure of seeing this advanced post of Christianity standing complete in the midst of the tropical forest.

Mr. Polack came back on the last day of 1878, in company with Irimá, much improved and developed by a visit to England. Soon afterwards came Mr. Hugh McCaul, the catechist and engineer to the mission, bringing with him the steam-launch *Pioneer*, provided by the liberality of friends in England. By means of this launch the missionaries were able to open up communication with many tribes of Indians, endeavouring to plant the seed of the Kingdom wherever practicable. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that they did not limit their religious labours to the Indians, but wherever they found Brazilians or others willing to discourse on serious subjects, the opportunity was taken to put before their hearers the claims of Christ as the only Mediator between God and man.

Lieutenant Jones and his wife joined the mission in 1880, the latter as matron to the orphanage, in which the number of children under instruction had increased.

The care of the children, and the necessary work of house-building, land-clearing, and so forth, occupied at first all the time and energy of the brave little band located at Sao Pedro, a thousand miles from the nearest town, Manaos. In the course of 1880, however, Messrs. Polack and McCaul, and two Indian boys, set out with the *Pioneer* for a missionary journey to some of the higher tributaries of the Purus River. During this journey they saw and talked with many Indians, and Mr. Polack renewed numerous acquaintances formed when exploring with Mr. Clough a few years before. As may be supposed, he found his friends still living from hand to mouth, as poor and uncultivated as ever, and with the same aspect of calm sadness. The Pamarys of Lake Ajarahan were revisited—people who live on rafts or jangadas. A jangada is a collection of tree-trunks lashed together, sometimes moored, sometimes used for conveyance from place to place. A permanent hut on shore is never built by the Pamarys, and they say it has been so with them from time immemorial. They have a tradition that there was once a direful and universal deluge, that their ancestors escaped drowning by means of jangadas, and therefore the Pamarys always live now in readiness for any such great flood in the future. Upon the tree-trunks, floored with rough laths made from a certain straight-grained tree which splits easily, they raise one or two wigwams with pliable boughs and roofs of palm-leaf mats. A few

long poles sunk deep into the bed of the lake secure firm anchorage, and here, surrounded by his few worldly goods, the Pamary dwells, living chiefly on fish, and less annoyed than dwellers on land by the mosquitoes and other insects, which do not seem to care to come far from the thickly wooded shore.

When the steam-launch came puffing and blowing up the narrow channel that led from the river to the lake, the poor Indians took to their canoes, and hurrying to the further shore, hid themselves in the thick forest. But they soon learned better. In many places Indians who were shy at first became perfectly satisfied when Irimá told them his experience of the kindness of the missionaries, and the wonders he had seen during his visit to England. His old friends by the Chiwané River could hardly believe him when he told them he had seen water become as solid as a rock, and with people walking about on it.

The next exploratory trip in conjunction with Mr. McCaul was made by Mr. Duke. Great numbers of Indians were found to be living in the region watered by the Mamuriá and Içumiá. Up the latter river they pushed forward amongst overhanging boughs and sunken trees, till the narrowing river presented obstacles so formidable that there seemed a prospect of the *Pioneer* being left high and dry in the forest during the forthcoming dry season. The river was falling rapidly, and the return was very difficult.

The school at Sao Pedro slightly increased in numbers, but from some cause or other very little seems to have been done among the adult Indians. Before long Lieutenant and Mrs. Jones and Mr. McCaul were compelled to return to England through ill-health and other causes. In 1882 the South American Missionary Society had to come to the conclusion as regards the Amazon Mission that "the lack of men fitted for the peculiar work, the trying climate, the great distance from the sea, and from any civilised centre, and above all, the difficulty of supervision by the bishop, appear to render the working of the mission impracticable." It was accordingly given up, and in all probability the neat mission-house stands out there in the forest, a mournful memento of an abandoned mission-field.

Side by side, between the mouths of the Orinoco and the Amazon, lie the three territories known as British, Dutch, and French Guiana. They are colonies with a motley population near the coast, and with aboriginal Indians in the interior. As regards British Guiana, all about Georgetown, the handsome capital at the mouth of the Demerara River, and along the coast on either hand and for some miles up the principal rivers, the sugar plantations are continuous. These are mainly cultivated by the negroes, who form the bulk of the population, and by immigrant labourers from India and China. Churches and chapels and schools abound in Demerara, but the story of the mission work in this district has been told in another chapter. We have now to refer to the work of faithful evangelists to the scattered tribes dwelling amongst the vast tropical forests that stretch inland beyond the narrow belt of cultivated territory.

Thousands of European adventurers perished amid these interminable forests, here

and there varied by broad savannahs or unwholesome swamps, and intersected by noble rivers and mountain ranges. For more than two centuries Christendom believed that, somewhere in these mysterious solitudes, the legendary Prince El Dorado, "the gilded," reigned in his golden city of Manoa. But, needless to say, no city of opulence and luxury has been found. The natives of Guiana are copper-coloured, long-haired barbarians, speaking various languages—remnants of the gentle Arawaks, the fierce Caribs, the Waraus, and many other tribes.

The Dutch, who till 1803 were the possessors of what is now British Guiana, made no attempt to teach Christianity to the Indians. But in 1738 two good Moravians

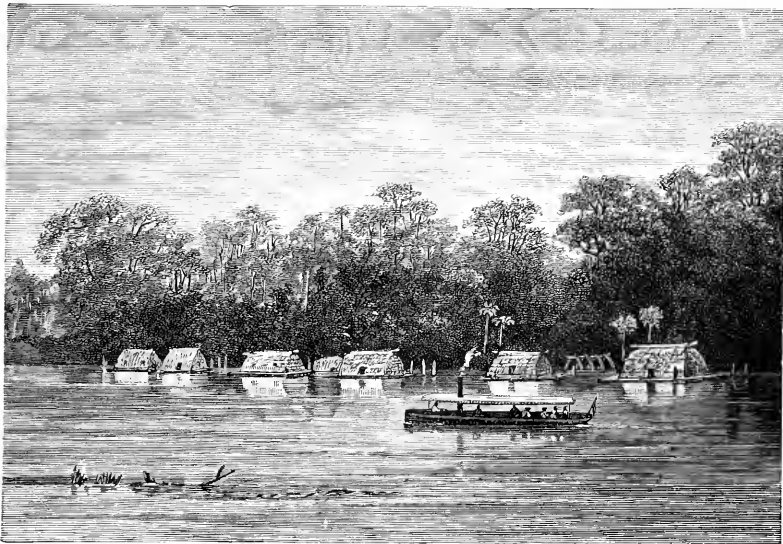


THE MISSION-HOUSE AT SAO PAULO, ON THE PURUS RIVER.

from Hernnhut, Dähne and Guettner, came upon the scene. The planters of Berbice would not let them teach the negroes, so they turned to the Indians. It was a toilsome enterprise, for the congregation at Hernnhut was at that time too poor to send help, and the two pioneers, with the Brothers and Sisters who soon followed them, had to work hard at their little forest settlement of Pilgerhut to get the means of subsistence. To reach the scattered Indians they had to carry on their backs five or six days' supply of cassava-bread, and their hammocks. By day they toiled on through the forests often for immense distances without seeing a sign of human life, and at night hung their hammocks to the trees. If they came upon Indian huts whilst the men were away, the women and children would vanish with fearful shrieks into the neighbouring thicket. When they could get any of the people together, the missionaries read to them an Arawak Life of Christ which they

had compiled by the help of a mulatto youth. The Indians were interested in the narrative, but it took some years of patient labour to bring even a few of them to the state of fitness for baptism.

The new converts and some inquirers settled at Pilgerhut, and received regular teaching. The missionaries redoubled their efforts. They joyfully made their way through the most frightful wilderness, and to the remotest distance, wherever there was a prospect of winning a soul for Christ. Their success, though so limited, roused the jealousy of the planters, who however, failed in their efforts to bring the



JANGADAS (RAFT-HOUSES) OF THE PAMARYS ON LAKE AJARAHAN, WITH MISSION LAUNCH.

missionaries under restrictions by the Government, and also in their attempts to persuade the Indians that their meek Moravian teachers wanted to make slaves of them.

In 1753, two hundred and sixty Indians resided at Pilgerhut, and the numbers were constantly increasing. Then came several years of terrible scarcity, followed by an epidemic which carried off many of the people at the settlement, both Europeans and Indians. Several of the missionaries died, and the Indians began to disperse through the adjacent forest. But the settlement was kept up by the remnant of the Moravians and a number of the converts, who remained with them hoping for better times. Then came the terrible year of 1763, when the negroes, goaded to madness by cruelty, rose in revolt, laid waste the country, and murdered all the whites who came into their power. The insurgents drew near Pilgerhut with designs of

massacre, and the missionaries had to flee for their lives. The direct route was cut off, and the fugitives were four weeks in reaching Demerara by circuitous forest paths, undergoing in the course of their journey great dangers and privations. Most of the party sailed at once for Europe, leaving two to await instructions. But both of these died before letters could reach them, and so ended the Moravian mission to Berbice.

Meanwhile, in the neighbouring province of Surinam, a Moravian mission had been developing. A first effort in 1739 was a failure, but in 1754 Dähne and Ralfs were sent from Pilgerhut into Surinam, and obtained a grant of Government land, upon which they founded the station of Sharon, by the Sarameca River. Here an Indian congregation was gathered, and the settlement was fairly flourishing, when the fierce enmity of the bush-negroes gradually brought about its ruin. The bush-negroes were escaped slaves living in the woods. Their numbers were large and constantly increasing, and in spite of all that Government could do they often swarmed down upon the cultivated estates, and committed great depredations. The authorities used to give the Indians a reward of fifty florins for every slave whom they captured and brought back. This policy naturally led to a great hatred of the Indians on the part of the negroes, who thought that the Sharon settlement would give them an opportunity of wreaking their revenge.

One Sunday morning in January, 1761, a large band of negroes approached the mission, and attacked the congregation as they were dispersing after divine service. A number of the Indians took refuge in the mission-house. The negroes, knowing that many of those in the house were armed with guns, dared not approach, but continued firing from the adjacent wood. Brother Odenwald, one of the missionaries, fell wounded by a ball in the arm, and at length the mission-house took fire. Missionaries and Indians fled into the forest, and after the negroes had withdrawn, returned to find Odenwald bleeding from his wound, but still living. They dressed his wound, and placed him in the only hammock they had saved. House, and church, and all their little property, were destroyed, and they lay that night upon the damp ground, afraid to kindle a fire for fear it should bring back their enemies. Three of their comrades had been killed, and several taken away captives.

Hoping that the negroes would now be satisfied, Schirmer and Cleve soon afterwards re-established the settlement. Government gave them a guard of fifteen soldiers, but the missionaries found the presence of a military garrison a great hindrance to them in many ways. Schirmer and Cleve both fell ill, and for a long time were both in their hammocks with no medical aid and no suitable nourishment. They were thankful when one or other of them had a day's remission of fever, and strength to come to the aid of his comrade. Several new missionaries came out to help them, but one after another they sickened and died soon after their arrival.

In 1779 the Sharon settlement was given up. The congregation kept dwindling, and the negro feud was never properly healed; while the land was so infested by ants that cultivation was a failure. For these and other reasons the missionaries went to join their brethren who had been for some time working at Hope Station, on the Corentyn River.

The indefatigable pioneer, Dähne, who, after founding Pilgerhut, had left it to settle Sharon in 1754, had also left the latter place to found a station on the Corentyn in 1757. This also was on a Government grant of land. Some of the Sharon Indians accompanied him and helped him to build a hut, but subsequently they all left him except one. Ultimately he, too, was scared away by Indian medicine-men who came to see him when he was ill, and told him that so long as he lived with a white man he would never recover, and that his white friend was under the power of the devil, and would soon be grievously sick himself. As soon as the poor frightened Indian felt strong enough to travel, he slipped away from his teacher, and went back to his people.

Dähne was now alone in his forest home, but records that he spent his time in happiness and peace. Meanwhile the Caribbee Indians of this region were very suspicious of his motives, and formed a design of putting him to death. The soldiers at the nearest fort heard of the plot, and advised him to come and live nearer to them. He was grateful for their kind offer, but resolved to remain at his post, hoping that whatever happened might be overruled for the good of the cause he had at heart.

He was seated one day at his solitary meal, when about fifty Caribbees landed from their canoes and surrounded the hut. Swords and tomahawks gleamed in their hands. He went out and cordially bade them welcome, and the following conversation ensued. They asked him, through the medium of an interpreter, who gave him liberty to build on their land. To this he replied, "The Governor." They next inquired, what design he had in coming thither. To which he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the great ocean, who, having heard that many of the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, have, from the great affection they felt towards you, sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what He has done to save you." The chief then said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?"—"Yes," answered Dähne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among you some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am the friend of the Indians." To this the chief replied, "Yes, I have heard so: they say you are another sort of Christian to the white people in general." The missionary then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you come to kill me?"—"We have done wrong," answered the chief. Every countenance now altered, and the Indians quickly dispersed. The chief, however, remained behind, and behaved in a very friendly manner. As Dähne was then in want of provisions, he gave him a supply of cassava and other articles, and on taking his leave promised that he would often come and see him. Thus our missionary, by his magnanimous, temperate conduct, warded off the blow that threatened his life, and even converted his enemies into friends.

Dähne was often on short commons in his retreat, and many a time a handful of cassava from some passing Indian came just when hunger seemed no longer supportable. They helped him when they saw him ready to drop with fatigue in clearing his ground, but they would not come near him when he was ill, for they could not get rid of their idea that the devil lived with him. The beasts and

serpents tried him greatly. One fierce jaguar fairly stalked him for a long period, watching him by day and, in spite of the huge fire that Dähne kindled near by, roaring hideously round the hut at night.

One evening a paroxysm of fever came over him, and he resolved to go and lie down in his hammock. He had just entered his hut when a serpent descended upon him from the roof. There was a struggle, and the missionary was three times bitten, and then he felt the twining creature tightening its folds round his head and neck. Thinking escape was impossible, and fearing that the Indians might be suspected of murdering him, he wrote with chalk on the table, "A serpent has killed me." Then there flashed into his mind the words, "They shall take up serpents and shall not be hurt." He seized the creature with all his force, tore it loose from his body, and flung it out of the hut, and then lay down and peacefully slept. It was, of course, one of that class of serpents which destroy their prey by constriction. Their bite, though painful, is not venomous.



YOUTH OF SURINAM.

Two years Dähne dwelt alone, and then other brethren came to help him. They erected a little settlement, which they called Ephraim, in which, however, they were able to do little more than almost starve in company. In 1765 they moved further up the Corentyn, and founded Hope. Here, too, they carried on a struggling work, but after some years had some success in getting many Indians to live by industry, and come more or less under Gospel influences.

In the year 1800 there were a hundred and sixty-nine baptised persons among the two hundred and eight dwellers in Hope settlement. This was after the members had been considerably diminished by small-pox and the flight of many to escape that scourge. In 1806 the whole settlement—church, mission-house, and Indian dwellings, with all the tools and stores—were destroyed by fire. From this disaster the settlement never recovered, and in 1808 it was relinquished.

We find the Church Missionary Society taking an interest in the Indians of Guiana in the year 1829. Mr J Armstrong was sent up the Essequibo River, and subsequently Mr Yound and other missionaries. The Rev. J. H. Bernau went and settled amongst the Indians, and after a time won their confidence. At first his very touch was thought to bring death, and everybody ran away at his approach. He used to fill his pocket with biscuits, and throw a handful among a group of children when he saw them about to scamper away. They soon learned to come to him for biscuits, and when it was seen that no harm came to them, the mothers, and after a time the fathers, would stay in Bernau's company. He made the best use of his opportunities, and in about a year five Indian families had become Christians,



and came and settled near them. To these, he says, he had to act as the "minister, schoolmaster, carpenter, mason, doctor, and dentist." His labours were blessed with considerable success. Mr. Youd, his predecessor at this post, began a mission at Pinara, on the shores of Lake Amucu. The Indians of the place had been visited, and had asked for a missionary to reside amongst them. They had even built a house and chapel in readiness, and Mr. Youd thus describes his first service:—

"The appearance of the congregation was most extraordinary. All except the chief were well painted on the forehead, face, arms, and legs. Some had cutlasses, others bows and arrows. One had a monkey on his back, others wreaths and crowns of feathers; some with belts of wild hogs' teeth from the top of their shoulders, crossing the breast and back, and falling on the hip on the opposite side; others with knives, sticks, and other things. Some were engaged in cutting their nails, or some small sticks, others in detecting the vermin which abounded: some stood or sat with their backs to the preacher, and others leaned against the posts."

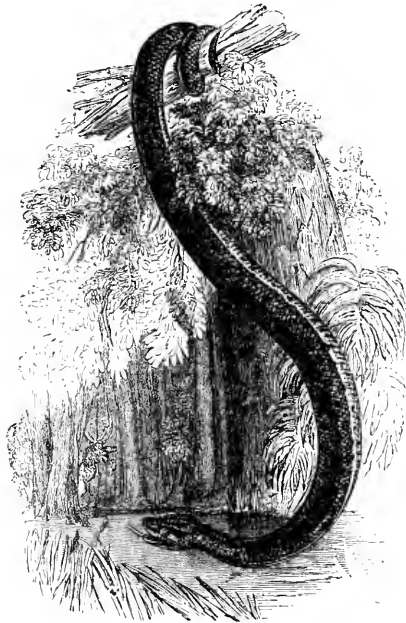
In spite of interruption, through a disputed boundary question with Brazil obliging the mission to be removed to Waraputa Rapids, some miles away, Mr. Youd's work prospered; but in returning from his first position, he had to leave his dead wife in her lonely forest grave. He passed safely through many dangers. "One fine morning," as Mr. Youd reported to Mr. Bernau, "when they were quietly paddling along, the Indians observed a snake swimming across the river. They at first nalted to obtain a nearer sight of the creature, but on perceiving that he was making his way for the canoe, Mr. Youd directed them to proceed with all speed. Soon, however, the snake had overtaken them; a scuffle ensued; the Indians striking him with their paddles, he became greatly enraged, and raising himself over their heads, he dropped himself into the canoe in the midst of them. In a moment every Indian was in the river, diving and swimming from the canoe. Mr. Youd grasped a cutlass, and just when the monster was raising himself a second time to make an attack, he fortunately struck a blow a few inches below his head and cut through the vertebrae. It dropped into the canoe struggling, and Mr. Youd soon despatched him by a few more blows. He measured thirty-one feet, and his body was the size of a stout man's leg. It was a fortunate circumstance that the blow fell just below the head, where the body was no thicker than a man's arm, and the skin not so tough as in other places."

Mr. Youd was two or three times ill from the effects of poison administered to him by unfriendly Indians, jealous of the influence he was exerting. After again and



GIRL OF SURINAM.

again saving his life by emetics, he at last died from the effects of a fatal dose. Many Indians mourned his loss, and showed by their lives that his instructions had not been in vain. About the time of Mr. Youd's death, and whilst Mr. Bernau was still labouring at Baruea, Dr. Coleridge, the first Bishop of Barbados, resolved to establish a mission on the "Wild Coast," a swampy, savage district, between the Essequibo plantations and the Orinoco Delta. At his request, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent the Rev. W. H. Brett to the banks of the Pomeroon River. The labours of this devoted evangelist are fully detailed in the section on the West Indies.



## CHAPTER LXXII.

## TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

Charles Darwin and the *Beagle*—Captain Fitzroy—Jemmy Button—Homes of the Aborigines—Matthews the Missionary—Early Life of Allen Gardiner—The Patagonian Mission—Sails for Tierra del Fuego—Banner Cove—The Third Voyage—The *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*—Wreck of the *Pioneer*—Waiting for Relief—Hops Deferred—Spaniard Harbour—Starvation Imminent—Joy in Anguish—Death follows Death—Rescue, but too late—The Rev. G. Pakenham Despard—Jemmy Button Again—A Terrible Tragedy—Bishop Stirling—Native Agencies—Training Fuegian Boys in England—A Grammar of the Language constructed—Ooshooia Settlement—Italian Recognition of Protestant Missions—Tierra del Fuego as it is—Darwin reverses his Opinion.

IT was during the Christmas week of 1831, on the eve of the Reform Bill, that H.M.S. *Beagle* set sail from Devonport under the command of Captain Fitzroy. Young Charles Darwin was on board: and in the captain's care were three natives of Tierra del Fuego. The little barque was bound upon an expedition to survey the coasts of South America, completing the work which had been begun several years before by the *Adventure* and the *Beagle*. For science and modern thought the voyage was to have stupendous issues. In the forests of Brazil, among the storm-beaten islands near Cape Horn, and beside the torrents and up the Andes of Chili and Peru, Darwin was to find the first crude hints of his evolution theory, and to gather materials to be afterwards used in his "Origin of Species."

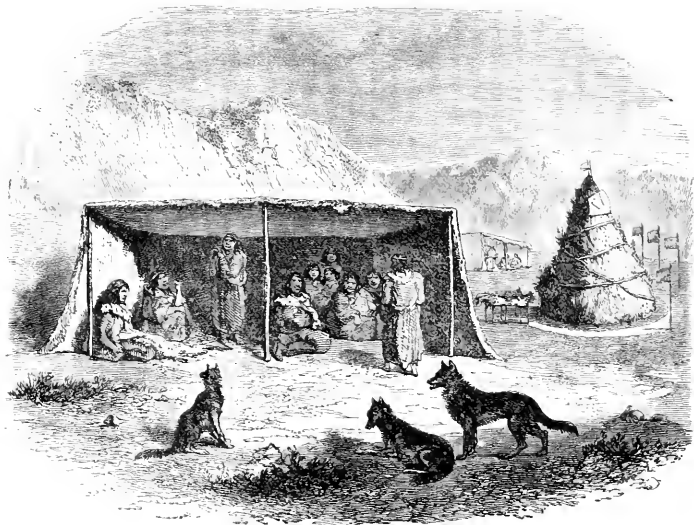
On the previous expedition a party of the Government surveyors had been in peril of their lives from the theft of a boat by the Fuegians, and Captain Fitzroy had seized a number of natives as hostages. He was a Christian, and the new missionary spirit had touched him. Some of these natives he resolved to take home with him to England, and educate and Christianise them at his own expense, and afterwards settle them among their own people. One of them, a child, had been bought for a pearl button—hence called Jemmy Button. Another was a girl, known as Fuegia Basket; and a third, a full-grown Fuegian called York Minster.

These, Captain Fitzroy had taken to England, and now he had resolved to bring his three wards—a fourth had died in England—to their native home, and at his own expense had chartered a vessel for the purpose, when the Government determined to send out another survey expedition, with Captain Fitzroy in command. A missionary, Matthews by name, was on board, who was to be left in company with the three Fuegians in their wild home. Jemmy Button had become the ship's favourite on the voyage, merry and amusing, though vain and passionate. He had shown wonderful aptitude for learning: but, in acquiring a sort of "pidgin" English, had forgotten his native tongue.

Fires were lighted along the shores, and sent up their columns of curling smoke as signals to the other islanders that a ship had arrived: hence the name Tierra del Fuego, the Land of Fire. Groups of Fuegians darted out of the tangled forest and followed the barque along the coast, waving their tattered cloaks of guanaco skin, shouting with wild gestures and beckoning the ship to an anchorage. Darwin, with the captain and others, rowed ashore, and was greeted by "the most interesting spectacle I ever

beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilised man: it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal."

The old man who met them had white feathers bound round his head, but in spite of them his black tangled hair half covered his heavy face. Two broad transverse painted bars crossed his face: one, bright red, ran from ear to ear across his upper lip; the other, in white, stretched across his eyes. The men were tall and stalwart, unlike the stunted islanders of the Western Archipelago. But they looked abject creatures, and their language seemed like the hoarse, guttural clearing of a throat.



FUEGIAN CAMP.

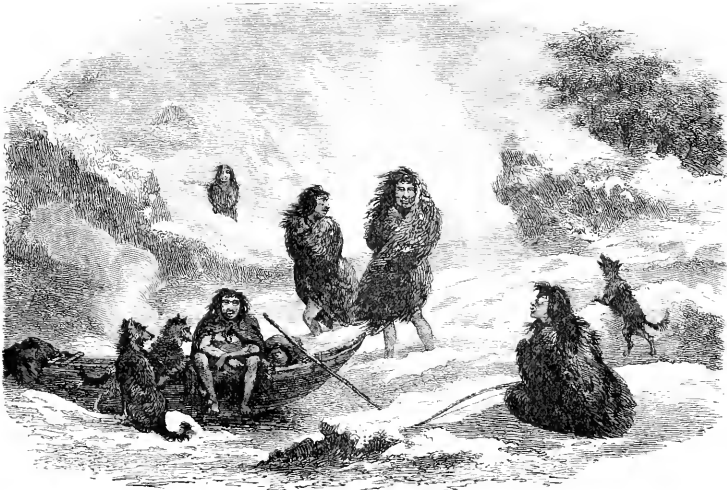
Some scarlet cloth was presented to the natives, who at once became friendly, patting and slapping the breasts of the captain and the naturalist, and exposing their bosoms to be patted and slapped in return.

Darwin resolved to penetrate these tangled woods and climb one of the jagged mountains that rose to the south. The forest was impassable. Along the bed of a torrent, over dead trunks of trees and rocky banks, and round waterfalls, he clambered in the gloom of the forest shade. He emerged at the summit at last, and looked down and round upon these God-forsaken islands. To the north and east the land stretched in undulating plains and swampy moorland, like the Pampas of Patagonia, from which the Straits of Magellan divided it. Southwards and westwards, mountains rose in savage magnificence and mysterious grandeur into the region of perpetual snow, and in some parts they rose in one continuous sweep from the water's edge. Up to the

height of fifteen hundred feet nothing could be seen but evergreen beech forest that ended in one level, horizontal line along the mountain side.

Not a sign of civilised life! Here were the celery and fungi and berries which formed the vegetable food of the natives. On the beach, when the tide was out, day or night, the women were to be seen gathering shell-fish, or diving for sea-eggs, or fishing with a hair-line without a hook. Occasionally an otter or a seal was captured, or a whale was found dead on the shore, and it was a feast.

Houses they had none. Their wigwams were constructed of a few broken branches fixed sloping in the ground, with a thin thatch of rushes—the work of an hour.



FUEGIANS IN WINTER.

Wandering from place to place in search of food, they use their wigwams for only a few days at a time. Often the natives sleep with scarcely a covering from the stern climate, lying on the wet ground coiled together like snakes. Large numbers live in canoes. They construct a rude hearthstone by means of sod and gravel, where they cook their food. Here they sleep, hunt for fish with a spear for a hook, eat, and rear families. The Fuegian needs two paddlers for his canoe, one on either side, and this requirement determines the number of his wives. "His usual bill of fare ranges between mussels and limpets." From the stern snow-storms he has no covering except a skin, fur outwards, thrown over his shoulders, while his two wives are even worse off.

As the *Beagle* rounded the interlacing coasts and arms of the sea, and especially as it threaded its way amongst the wild western islands, the home of the aborigines, the *Zahgans*, the explorers saw strange sights. In a certain harbour "a woman, who was

suckling a recently born child, came one day alongside the vessel and remained there out of mere curiosity, whilst the sleet fell and thawed on her naked bosom, and on the skin of her naked baby." With faces hideous with paint, skins filthy, hair entangled, and habits degraded, they seemed scarcely human. They were without even the rudest form of government, even the tribes having no chief. In time of war they were cannibals. Jemmy Button affirmed—and other evidence lent support to the belief—that, when long without food, especially in winter snows and storms, rather than destroy their dogs, they ate the aged women, killing them by holding them over smoke and choking them. The reason was naively expressed by a native lad in broken sentences, "Doggies catch otters; women no." A traveller saw a mother pick up her half-killed child, "whom her husband had mercilessly dashed on the stones for dropping a basket of sea-eggs."

Under Jemmy Button's guidance, the ship's boats, with the captain and twenty-eight of the crew, threaded their way through the scattered islets to the haunts of Jemmy's own tribe. Here, at the pretty and secluded cove of Woollya, Captain Fitzroy resolved to settle Jemmy, York Minster, and Fuegia Basket, along with Matthews the missionary. Wigwams were built, plots of ground laid out for gardens, and goods landed. Jemmy's mother and brothers soon heard of his arrival, and appeared on the scene: but the meeting was prosaic and undemonstrative. Natives crowded round the party, and, with a cry as incessant as that for "backsheesh" in Egypt, begged for everything they set eyes upon. Some ominous signs, too, began to show themselves.

It was with mingled feelings that Captain Fitzroy left Matthews and his party to the tender mercies of the untried Fuegians, and proceeded in the boats to survey some other arms and reaches of the Beagle Channel. Ten days later they returned, and found Matthews in a sad plight. Everything he possessed, except what he had hidden underground, had been pilfered and distributed in parts among the natives. They had threatened to strip him and "pluck all the hairs out of his face and body." The boats had probably arrived just in time to rescue the missionary from the murderous hands of the savages. It was impossible to allow him to remain, and he was taken on in the *Beagle* and left in New Zealand.

A year later, anchoring again in this same cove of Woollya, they observed a canoe approaching the ship with a diminutive flag flying, and carrying one man, almost naked, with streaming, tangled hair, and washing paint off his face. It was Jemmy Button! He had so quickly returned to a savage life, that he was scarcely recognisable. He was conscious of his fall, and looked ashamed. He was taken on board once more, tidied and clad and dined, and was regretfully left next day among his people. As the ship sailed out of sight, the curling smoke of Jemmy Button's fire rose up to bid his generous friends a last farewell.

Darwin's sober conclusion was that amongst the Fuegians "man exists in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world." The same word served for "hand" and "finger." They had no numeral higher than five. Captain Fitzroy could find nothing to indicate that they had any term to express a deity.

On the ships that rounded Cape Horn on the highway to and from California, the

Fuegians bore a name of evil omen. Many a shipwrecked crew they had massacred. One crew, rescued by the *Beagle*, had been thrown on the coasts of the "Firelanders," and so much did the sailors dread death at the hands of the natives that they had stockaded themselves, and laid a charge of powder so as to blow themselves up in the last extremity. "Mr. Darwin often expressed to me," wrote Admiral Sir James Sullivan, "his conviction that it was utterly useless to send missionaries to such a set of savages as the Fuegians probably the very lowest of the human race."

The century had scarcely begun when a boy of some six years might have been seen lying asleep on the floor of his father's house, Coombe Lodge, in Oxfordshire, at an hour when he ought to have been in bed. When roused, he explained that as he intended to be an explorer and traveller all over the world, he was preparing himself for hardships. The navy was to be his profession; and one day he was found drawing plans for cutting the French fleet out of Rochelle Harbour. He was commended to his life-work by the prayers of his God-fearing parents. As midshipman, lieutenant, and finally as captain, he saw service and won some distinction in many parts of the world. In his rambles and adventures in the lands he visited, his pen was as skilful in sketching as in description. He was in his twenties when he passed through the vital spiritual change that turned his natural gifts and force into a new channel.

After receiving his command, Captain Gardiner was never engaged in active service. In Brighton he devoted himself to work among the poor and neglected; but the heathen world had a fascination that was for him irresistible. He went to South Africa, explored Zululand, and founded the earliest mission station at Port Natal. In New Guinea and the East Indies he strove to open a door for the Gospel. But it was to the Indians of Chili and the Pampas of Patagonia that his mind was steadily turning. He traversed the valleys of the Cordillera from Valdivia to Concepcion, and made the acquaintance of the chiefs, but his missionary proposal was received with suspicion. Foreigners were associated in the minds of the Chilian Indians with military forts and Romish priests, and "they hated the soldier without loving the priest." The jealousy of the *Padres* poisoned the minds of the chiefs against this interloper; and the Captain-Pioneer retired, beaten for the time being at least.

Further south, amongst the nomadic tribes of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, he would be beyond the range of the priests' influence. He would make the Falkland Islands, a British possession, his head-quarters, would cross over to the Patagonians, and bring back native lads to teach them English, and in turn learn from them their own rude tongue.

Unable to get a passage by any trading vessel, Captain Gardiner chartered a schooner, and, in March, 1842, entered the Straits of Magellan, and anchored in Gregory Bay. It was known to be the resort of numerous Indians, but none were to be seen. No doubt they had gone northwards on one of their expeditions across the Pampas to barter with the traders at El Carmen. He moved further westwards, and found a camp of the Indians under Wissale, their chief. Wissale received him

in a friendly spirit, gave the missionary permission to settle among his tribe, and bound himself and his men not to rob or injure him. The beginning was so hopeful that he resolved to invoke the assistance of the Church Missionary Society, and himself lead its new mission. He hastened to England with his wife, the companion of his travels, but found the Church Missionary Society with more work on its hands than it could well manage.



"IT WAS JEMMY BUTTON!" (See p. 122.)

A special mission must be organised for this work, and, in 1844, at Brighton, the South American (then called the Patagonian) Missionary Society was formed. But the Christian public was slow to move, and four years had elapsed ere Captain Gardiner and Mr. Robert Hunt, catechist, set sail for their pioneer work. They had huts and stores on board, and provisions for some months.

Soon after landing, Wissale, the friendly chief, arrived, attended by eight stalwart men, each between six and seven feet high. But Wissale was sullen, overbearing, a different man. Gardiner humoured him, ate with him, gave him presents, and succeeded in moderating the chief's opposition. The *Commodore* happening, in passing, to anchor in the Bay, Captain Gardiner took the opportunity of the presence of some of its passengers to enforce his requirements upon Wissale. The chief

replied that "they were brothers," and that he would give the missionary complete protection. But the *Commodore* was scarcely out of sight when the same sullen, threatening hostility began to show itself.

The truth was that the tribe was a mere wreck of what it had been four years before. The Chilians had formed a military settlement at Port Famine, not far off: the tribe had broken into two; foreign rum had hastened the demoralising work; Wissale was a victim of intrigue and strong drink; and thus Patagonia on its southern shores seemed closed against the missionary for the present. Captain Gardiner and Mr. Hunt took advantage of the call of the English barque *Ganges*, and, in March, 1845, embarked for England.

The supporters of the mission were discouraged; the early hopes held out had



been defeated. It seemed useless to spend money upon another experiment. The Committee advocated withdrawal. "Whatever course you may determine upon," replied Captain Gardiner, with the decision of a hero, "I have made up my mind to go back again to South America, and leave no stone unturned, no effort untried, to establish a mission among the aboriginal tribes." He would explore the islands of the Fuegians. He begged them to at least fund the Society's money, and wait, before dissolving, to see the results of his expedition. To this proposal the Committee consented, and Gardiner, accompanied by a young Protestant Spaniard Frederic Gonzales, returned southward in the autumn of the same year.

Once more he made trial of the Indians along the slopes of the Cordillera. He penetrated to the capital of Bolivia, and won the favour of the liberal-minded Bolivian Governor, who promised to shield the Protestant missionary from the sinister influence of the *padres*. But a revolution broke out, the friendly President was deposed, and Gardiner's hopes were suddenly quenched.

Again his mind turned southwards, to the Fuegian Islands and their savage inhabitants that lay beyond the evil spell of the priests. He made another journey to his native land, visited town after town in England and Scotland, urged his Committee with great pressure, but found the Christian public deaf to his appeals. Under these circumstances he moderated his demands. He would take four sailors,

a carpenter, several boats, and provisions for six months. It was early in 1848 when Gardiner and his party were landed by the *Clymene* on the shores of Picton Island, and Banner Cove was chosen as the spot for the future mission station. The hut which they had brought out was put up, the supplies were landed; but soon the natives began to rob and plunder, and it became evident that, if the missionary's stores and goods were to be safe, they must be sheltered in a large vessel from which the agents could work. "A Fuegian Mission must be afloat—in other words, a mission vessel, moored in the stream, must be substituted for a mission house erected on the shore. I should recommend a ketch or brigantine of about 120 tons, with a master and seven hands. Provisions for twelve months should be taken out, but three-quarters should be deposited on the Falkland Islands."

Another—alas! that it was to be his final—effort was to be made. Money to procure a schooner must be obtained, from which to carry on operations along the



CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER.

coasts and in the harbours of "Fireland." His plan found few supporters in his Committee. He applied to the Moravians at Hermhut, to the Church Missionary Society, to the Church of Scotland, but without success. Each found its own undertakings enough for its means. Either the mission must be abandoned, or else the brave and persistent captain must be allowed to have his own way. They therefore commissioned him out to find the required money among the churches. The response was paltry and disheartening. One bit of good-fortune, however, cheered his heart. The Rev. G. Pakenham Despard, of Bristol, afterwards to give life and labour to the mission, became a warm friend to the cause and its intrepid captain, and joined the Committee as secretary.

But, alas for the poverty of the response to the appeal for funds! It necessitated the abandonment of the proposal to send out a schooner or brigantine; and two launches, each twenty-six feet long, had to satisfy the eager missionary. In his enthusiasm, however, he was confident that these would be able to traverse the channels and inlets of the Fuegian Islands in safety, and serve as the storehouse and refuge of the mission band. Again he travelled the country to collect the necessary funds; and happily an encouraging response came, in the shape of a donation of £1,000 from a Cheltenham lady.

The mission launches were ready, the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*. The mission agents were appointed. One of these, Richard Williams, had once been a septic, although always a kind-hearted man; had, during a critical illness, been changed into a devoted follower of Christ; had practised as a surgeon, and now, hearing of the efforts which Captain Gardiner had made for the poor Fuegians, had sacrificed all his professional hopes in order to serve his Master among the heathen. Another was John Maidment, a young man of apostolic ardour and faith. The rest were Erwin, the ship-carpenter, who had been one of Gardiner's former crew, and who, although still in spiritual uncertainty, declared that "being with Captain Gardiner was like a heaven on earth;" and three Cornish fishermen, Pearee, Badoock, and Bryant. It was a harmonious, apostolic band. It was in September, 1850, that they embarked on the *Ocean Queen*, and three months later they reached Pieton Island.

They landed at Banner Cove, erected their tents, and surrounded themselves by a strong fence of trunks of trees. The news of their arrival quickly spread over the island, and drew numerous parties of natives, who, true to their character, and in spite of the fortifying fence, forced their way into the mission tent and thieved at every turn. Only by force of arms would it be possible to protect the stores, and the messengers of peace must not commence operations with the use of powder and shot. They must return to their "floating mission." Gardiner resolved to go to Button Island in search of Jemmy Button, in the hope of inducing him to come to Banner Cove and secure a peaceable footing for the missionaries. But the *Pioneer* was leaking, and must be beached for repairs. In seeking for a quiet harbour, the fitful storms that make Cape Horn their home carried away the dingies, anchor, and timber, and almost wrecked one of the launches. At the eastern entrance of the Beagle Channel they entered Spaniard Harbour, and found shelter in what seemed safe waters, Earnest

Cove and Cook's River. No nook, however, in these storm-beaten islands is secure. A fierce gale blew direct into the harbour, drove the *Pioneer* on to a rock, and dashed her against an ugly tree-root, where she split. One section of the vessel was drawn ashore and covered with a tent, making a sleeping-room. The *Speedwell* was still left intact to them; but it was doubtful whether it could weather these rough seas and reach either Woollya or the Falkland Islands. "Our plan of action is to 'tough it,' wrote Williams in his diary, "through all the circumstances which it shall please God to permit to happen to us, until the arrival of a vessel, and then to take with us some Fuegians, and go to the Falkland Islands, there to learn their language; and, when we have acquired it, and have got the necessary vessel, to come out again, and go amongst them."

But they waited for the expected vessel in vain. Captain Gardiner had made arrangements that a vessel should bring provisions from the Falkland Islands. The Admiralty also had ordered H.M.S. *Dido* (Captain Morshead) to call at Pieton Island on the way to the Pacific. Meanwhile they had provisions for several months on board.

But soon ominous signs of disease began to show themselves. Fish, it had been believed, would be plentiful, but none had been found except what the natives had given in barter. Ducks and geese were seen in flocks, but the mission party's guns were useless. They had unluckily lost their store of powder, and had no means of procuring animal food. Scurvy was the consequence. Williams, the surgeon, was the first to suffer; then Badoeck, one of the Cornish sailors.

The *Speedwell* made a hurried run to Banner Cove to bring away some supplies which had been hidden there. It would be foolhardy for the party to return and settle, putting themselves in the hands of such hostile tribes. They landed only long enough to leave directions such as would inform any search-party whither they had gone. Three bottles with notes enclosed they buried underground. On a rock above they painted in rude letters: "Dig below: go to Spaniard Harbour. March, 1851." The notes in the bottles read as follows: "We are gone to Spaniard Harbour, which is on the main island, not far from Cape Kinnaird. We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out; and, if not soon relieved, we shall be starved. March 26, 1851."

For the last time they returned to their lonely quarters in Earnest Cove. Day followed day, week succeeded week—each seeming a year to the waiting seven—and no sign of a sail appeared. What followed we know only from the journals of Gardiner and Williams.

In April they had still two months' supplies. They rigged up a net, after the manner of the Indians of the Pampas, to catch the sea-fowl on their roosts on the rocks. Again, we find them planting a gun-trap and catching a fox, which they eked out as food for days. A remnant of a stag was found on the beach, and served for another day. The furious storms compelled the *Speedwell* to take refuge in Cook's River, with Williams, Erwin, and Badoeck on board, leaving Maudment and Captain Gardiner at Pioneer Cavern with their boat-tent, a mile and a half from their comrades. Captain Gardiner passed from one group to the other, keeping up their

courage and suggesting possible ways of finding food. Nets were spread across the mouth of the river to catch the fish, but blocks of ice floated down the stream and carried them away. Maidment gathered mussels and limpets and wild celery, so long as his strength enabled him to search the shores and woods. Their faith in God never failed: even in their famished state, they seem to have known nothing but mutual affection and jubilant trust in the Father for life or for death. "Asleep or



CAPTAIN ALLEN GARDINER'S DIRECTIONS PAINTED ON A ROCK AT BANNER COVE.

awake," says Williams, "I am happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell." On his birthday, when the winter (June) snow lay around, Captain Gardiner wrote: "Should we languish and die here, I beseech Thee, O Lord, to raise up others, and to send forth labourers unto this harvest." His diary is radiant with the sunshine of peace and joy in God. He painted a hand upon an adjoining rock, pointing towards Pioneer Cavern, followed by Psalm lxii. 3—8: "My soul, wait thou only upon God." He and Maidment had taken refuge in this cavern, and had constructed a rude dyke as a protection against the sea. But one day the tide rose and drove them out, and they took with them their lives only. When they sought shelter on Hermitage Rock, the sea again threatened to surround them, and they fled to the woods, where the cold drippings from the trees made them prefer the open ground and the bitter driving rain. For seven weeks they had been on short allowance, when the news came to the



"BRAVE ALLEN GARDINER'S BODY LYING BESIDE HIS BOAT." (See p. 120.)

captain of the death of Badoeck, the Cornishman. As his last act he had asked Williams to join him in a hymn, and had repeated the lines:—

"Arise, my soul, arise,  
Shake off thy guilty fears."

The failing strength of his comrades was devoted to digging his grave close beside the boat where he had expired. Six weeks more of hunger, and patient waiting for rescue or death, and Erwin expired. Then followed Bryant, both buried by the heroic Maidment. A white tablecloth had been hoisted to the top of a prominent tree as a signal to any passing ship, but no sail appeared. On the 28th and 29th of August, 1851—the year of England's great Exhibition—Gardiner wrote farewell letters to his wife and daughter: "He has kept me in perfect peace. . . . I trust poor Fuegia will not be abandoned. If I have a wish for the good of my fellow-men, it is that the Tierra del Fuego Mission might be prosecuted with vigour." He drafted an "Outline of a Plan for Conducting the Mission," and an "Appeal to British Christians." He wrote in pencil a letter to Williams, destined never to reach him, in which he said how he had resolved to visit the remnant of the party at Cook's River; how Maidment had cut two forked sticks to serve as crutches; how they set out together, but a few steps had spent all their strength. "Mr. Maidment was so exhausted yesterday that I have not seen him since, consequently I tasted nothing yesterday. Blessed be my Heavenly Father for the many mercies which I enjoy: a comfortable bed, no pain, nor even cravings of hunger, though scarcely able to turn on my bed." Two days later he wrote what proved to be the last entry in his diary: "Great and marvellous are the loving-kindnesses of my gracious God unto me. He has preserved me hitherto, although without bodily food, yet without any feeling of hunger or thirst." One more letter, September 6, 1851, meant for Mr. Williams, ending, "Marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner:" and then the story is done.

Twenty days after, the *John Davison*, under Captain Snyley, sent on a special voyage of relief, ran into Banner Cove, and on the rocks was read:—"Gone to Spaniard Harbour." They dug up the bottles and read their enclosed directions. Next day Captain Snyley was at Cook's River; and there, within the boat, lay one dead, no doubt Williams; another on the beach, and another buried. "The sight was awful in the extreme. The two captains who went with me in the boats cried like children. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools were strewed along the beach, and on the boat's deck and cuddy." But the gale blew so hard that it gave them barely time to bury the dead and get on board.

Three months later, H.M.S. *Dido* touched at the same point, and Captain Morshead found John Maidment in the cavern, and brave Allen Gardiner's body lying beside his boat, where, apparently failing to climb into it, he had fallen and expired. On one of the papers found were written these words, undated:—"If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a half, you will find us in the other boat hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbour on the south side. Delay not: we are starving." Rescue had come; but too late!

The letters and papers which had been so strangely preserved on the beach where Gardiner died, were brought back to England, and stirred the hearts of all who knew the story. Mr. Despard, the Bristol vicar, who had saved the Society before, came to the rescue again, and roused its supporters to a fresh effort. A schooner, such as Captain Gardiner had from the first desired, was built and launched at Dartmouth, and set sail for "Fireland" with Garland Phillips and a surgeon, Mr. Ellis, on board. Gardiner's recommended plan was to be followed. Keppel, an island near the Falklands, eight miles by four, was entrusted to the mission by the British Government, and here a site for a station was selected. Rough wooden sheds soon rose upon the shore of that lonely, treeless spot, and in these the pioneers sheltered themselves. A brief visit was paid to the scenes of the martyrs' efforts, and who should meet the visitors but Jimmy Button himself, greeting them in broken English and in high glee.

A year later, Mr. Despard relinquished his prosperous school at Bristol, the mainstay of his family, and headed a new band of mission-agents. The new staff included the only son of Captain Gardiner, a Fellow of his college at Oxford; Tom Bridges, a boy of fourteen whom Mr. Despard had rescued from the life of a waif; a carpenter, a farmer, and others. It was a welcome addition to the two lonely workers at Keppel. A new era in the mission had opened. They reared houses, laid out gardens, constructed fences, made roads, dugged peat, and hunted for seal and birds and fish for food. Mr. Despard, now the head of the mission, visited Patagonia, Monte Video, and Banner Cove, and the cavern at Spaniard Harbour, where the painted directions on the rock, and pieces of the *Pioneer*, were still to be seen. He was preparing a settlement to which he could bring Fuegian natives, especially boys, to be trained and educated, and, in time, to open the door of Fuegia for the missionaries.

One mid-winter day, in June, 1858, the *Allen Gardiner* sailed into Woollya Bay, amidst drifting snow and boisterous winds. It was the spot where Captain Fitzroy landed Matthews and his party. In one of the canoes that came alongside was a daughter of Jimmy Button; and soon she was off in search of her father, pulling all night to find him. Early next morning his broken English was heard in the distance; and he mounted the ladder, shook hands with the visitors, ate with them, and talked as well as if he had lost nothing of what he had learned in England. Mr. Gardiner proposed to him to take him to the mission settlement, and in ten days he, his wife, and three children, were safely housed with the mission staff at Keppel. For five months the Buttons remained, behaving well and acquiring cleanly, industrious, and Christian habits. When they were taken back to their home, and left in a house of English construction, three other men, with their wives and families, were easily induced to trust themselves to the care of Mr. Despard. The number included two lads, Lueca and Okokko, who learned to write and read, to saw wood, and practise tidy habits, till the period for their return approached.

It seemed to the missionaries that it was time for them to seek a footing among the Fuegians in their own islands. In October, 1859, the *Allen Gardiner* sailed for

Woollya, with nine Englishmen and nine Fuegians on board, amongst them being Captain Fell, in command, and Garland Phillips, the missionary; with two brothers of Jenny Button, and Okokko and Lucca.

Weeks passed, and Mr. Despard in vain scanned the sea for some sign of the returning vessel. At last, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he despatched Captain Smyley in the schooner *Nancy* to Woollya. Arriving on the scene, he found the *Allen Gardiner* riding in the bay, but deserted and plundered. Hastening ashore, the facts were soon ascertained.

For six days Mr. Phillips had found the natives friendly, and all suspicion was disarmed. But canoes had been gathering from other quarters; and, on the Sunday, when all the party except the cook went ashore to hold service in their rude hut, a rush was made upon the place. Two natives stole down to the beach and snatched off the boat's oars and hid them in a wigwam. Then a crowd of natives closed round the house just as the company of worshippers were singing "From Greenland's icy mountains." From on board the *Allen Gardiner* the cook watched the scene; saw Okokko, who was devoted to Mr. Phillips, dashing about the beach wringing his hands in distress and helplessness; saw the natives with clubs and stones hit Captain Fell and the others; he saw all fall except Mr. Phillips and one of the sailors, who scrambled to the boat and pushed out into deep water, when "Macalwense," one of the nine just brought back from Keppel, threw a stone and stunned Mr. Phillips, and he was dragged ashore and speedily killed.

The only survivor of the party was the cook, who escaped from the schooner to the woods, where he concealed himself till forced by the pangs of hunger and cold to cast himself on the tender mercies of the natives. They robbed him of everything he possessed, but spared his life, and allowed him to find shelter with the Button family, who behaved generously to him, till Captain Smyley arrived and rescued him.

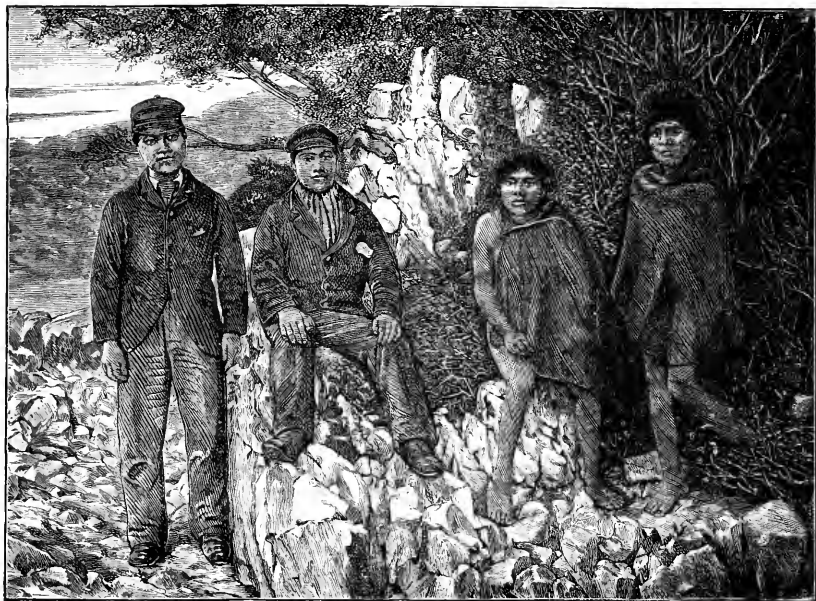
Eight more victims exacted before the conquest of Fireland for the Cross! It was a terrible price to pay.

Okokko begged hard to be taken back to Keppel, and for some years thereafter he and his wife and family were the only Fuegians at the mission settlement. But their improvement delighted Mr. Despard's heart. In the garden and the field, the work-room and the house, they learnt and laboured well. Nothing was left to Mr. Despard and Mr. Bridges but to strengthen their settlement, teach Okokko, and, in turn, to learn the Fuegian language from him.

This second massacre appalled the heart of England. But where so much blood had been spilt the work must not be relinquished. Three years later, the Rev. W. H. Stirling, now Bishop Stirling, joined the mission as its superintendent, and a new impetus was given to the work and the workers. When the *Allen Gardiner* next sailed into the Woollya seas, the natives were terrified, thinking it had come to take revenge for the massacre four years before. Okokko, now known as George, who accompanied Mr. Stirling, calmed them by assuring them that they were messengers of peace, and had come to raise and help them. It was the



first time that the Gospel had been told, however feebly, in the Fuegian tongue by a native of Fuegia. They were alarmed, however, at the idea of a Resurrection, for would not the massacred missionaries take revenge upon them? Mr. Bridges, too, who had mastered their language, won a respectful hearing, and they were invited to come to Keppel, and learn habits of industry and the Gospel of Christ. So many offered themselves, that numbers had to be refused. Eleven, however, were soon under training in the garden, schoolroom, and farm at Keppel. The day was



A SIGNIFICANT CONTRAST.

FUEGIAN CONVERTS.

ALACULOOF SAVAGES.

filled full with varied duties: worship in the morning, with instruction followed by school-work; at eleven o'clock, all in the fields at manual labour till evening; then once more books and blackboard, with a hymn to close the day.

Okokko, earnest, steady, and devoted, must now be settled somewhere among his countrymen, to influence them by personal daily contact. When the schooner touched at his old haunts, the natives were in despair, and the majority of them were observed to have had the hair on the crown of their heads cut short in token of grief. An epidemic had been ravaging the islands. Jemmy Button and two of his sons had been swept away by it. All the Christians returning home from Keppel found friends dead. But the dead were not named. Fuegians, like some other races, bury

their dead in silence, and never allude to them by name: strange hint of the universal awe at the spirit's release.

Lucea took them ashore and pointed out the spot where the bodies of the murdered missionaries lay. He and Okokko had at the time covered the bodies with stones to shield them from the foxes. "We scramble over the broken rocks, and presently traces of the deceased come to light. The remains of Mr. Phillips and Captain Fell are unmistakable. I read the Burial Service, partly in the ship, and partly at the grave. The flag hung half-mast high, and every token of reverent feeling was unaffectedly offered. The hymn beginning:—

'When our heads are bowed with woe,'

concluded the service, and the booming of the ship's two signal-guns announced that it was over."

Okokko was settled in a well-built hut, supplied with partial provisions for six months, and left with his wife and family to dig, and fence, and breed goats, and show his countrymen an example of industry and cleanliness, of a Christian home and character.

Numbers volunteered for Keppel; fathers brought their boys and offered them to Mr. Stirling; but a select number only could be taken. The work of training fresh recruits went on, and the *Allen Gardiner* plied busily, conveying them from and to their homes. Some forty or fifty visited Keppel in groups in successive years, most of them young and open to the influence of Mr. Bridges and his helpers.

Mr. Stirling resolved to try the experiment of taking four young "Firelanders" to England with him. These were "Threeboys," so called by his father, Jemmy Button, Uroopa, Sisoy, and a loving little fellow, Jack. All of them had spent one or more winters at Keppel. First at Bristol, and then at Redford and elsewhere, they proved themselves capable of acquiring the ways, and suiting themselves to the habits, of civilised society. They learned to read and write, to manage cattle, to garden and farm, to travel by rail, and thread their way through the city streets. It was after a stay in England of sixteen months that, on their return voyage, the eldest and most mature, Uroopa, fell into a decline and died. At baptism he had chosen the name John Allen Gardiner,—“John, whom Jesus loved,” and Allen Gardiner in memory of the proto-martyr of the mission. His end was radiant with Christian peace and hope. When Uroopa's father was told of his boy's death, he grew sullen and suspicious, but, as Threeboys told of the happiness of his end, he calmed down. Poor Threeboys was soon to follow his comrade. A fatal illness seized him: Mr. Stirling sailed off with him to the Falklands to get medical help. During the course of the sickness, it became evident that the Christian death of his companion had deeply impressed him, and so marked was the deepening of personal religion that he was baptised on the voyage. In his delirium, he often repeated the Lord's Prayer, a hymn, or text. The end came soon, and he was buried at sea. Only two of the four visitors to England were left. The hope of the mission lay in these and other young Fuegiens who had been under Christian training. Mr. Stirling resolved to

make another attempt to plant English missionaries on the islands, and, in company with these youths, to brave the risks himself.

On the southern shores of the Beagle Channel at Liwya, not far from Woollya, he landed in 1868, settled his four young Fuegians, built a log house, supplied them with seeds and implements, and goats and sheep. A year later he crossed to the opposite shores on the main island, and chose a well-wooded, well-watered ground for his new mission station. The schooner left him there, the only Englishman on these islands. "As I pace up and down at evening before my hut, I fancy myself a sentinel—God's sentinel, I trust—stationed at the southernmost outpost of his great army. A dim touch of heaven surprises the heart with joy, and I forget my loneliness in realising the privilege of being permitted to stand here in Christ's name."

Ooshooia had an excellent harbour, and good lands for tillage and pasture; and behind rose lofty, snow-clad mountains, to shut them in. The stores were put in charge of the more trustworthy natives. At first the others were excited to jealousy and hostility towards Mr. Stirling's favourites, and made attacks on them. But as soon as the missionary appeared, the quarrels subsided. The Fuegians had now become accustomed to the sight of the mission schooner, and had learnt that the missionaries were their friends.

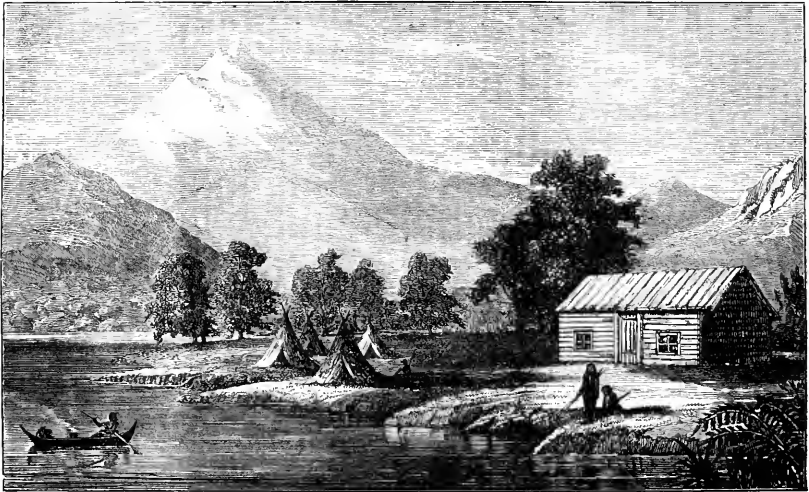
It was difficult to teach them settled habits of manual labour. Most of them preferred to hunt in their canoes, to spear the fish, and catch the seal, and live their savage life. Mr. Stirling drew out a plan of the future Christian settlement, laid out the ground, paid with food all natives who laboured at digging or wood-cutting. A rude system of government was established, and habits of honesty and industry were inculcated. Mr. Bartlett, the farm-bailiff at Keppel, was brought over to extend these agricultural and industrial beginnings, and to teach them the use of implements. The family was an institution sacred to Fuegians; so the idea of the Father in Heaven was seized readily, and the Father's family (of Christians) was easily understood. At early morning, and again at dusk, a little service was held in the log hut, and the listening natives were pleased and awed at the sound of Christian hymn and Scripture story.

Mr. Bridges, who had mastered the language, and had begun to construct a grammar and to translate some portions of Scripture, returned to England after an absence of eleven years, to be ordained as a missionary. An iron house was built at East London for the mission, and at a farewell meeting held there he and two new agents, a carpenter and a farmer, bade farewell to their English friends. He reached the new Fuegian settlement at Ooshooia in 1870, and found the natives adapting themselves to the habits of Christian civilisation. Canoes were gathering to the settlement from many quarters, theft and revenge were disappearing, and distant tribes were hearing of the new state of things. Mr. Bridges settled down for the rest of his active lifetime to extend and consolidate this centre of Christian influence.

Mr. Stirling had been called home to England to be consecrated first Bishop of the Falklands. His Society had planted chaplains among the English residents in

Chili, Brazil, Paraguay, and Uruguay, and these as well as the Fuegian stations needed superintendence. His diocese stretched from the Equator to Cape Horn, and a single visitation would take him ten thousand miles.

When the Bishop next paid a visit to the Ooshooia settlement in 1872, he found that since the day when he landed on the spot the scene had been transformed. Five acres of land had been fenced in, and six Fuegian families settled thereon; behind rose the iron house (named Stirling House), Isle House, and the rude little chapel, surrounded by well-built wigwams and neat outhouses. "I joined with Mr. Bridges in baptising



RESIDENCE OF BISHOP STIRLING AT OOSHOOIA, TIERRA DEL FUEGO, DURING THE FIRST SEVEN MONTHS OF 1869.

thirty-six of the Indians, adults and children, and in joining in Christian marriage seven couples. The service took place in the open air, in the presence of, I suppose, a total of one hundred and fifty persons. The baptised had organised evening worship spontaneously, and were meeting in the houses of one another for prayer and praise." Amongst the number then baptised was Okokko, witness of the slaughter at Woollya, who chose the name of George Despard.

Of the four Fuegians who had visited England, what had become of the two who still survived? Sisoï had vanished for years, and it was feared that he had relapsed into a pagan life. But Bishop Stirling found, upon setting foot on Ooshooia, that Sisoï's father had forbidden him to join the mission, and out of filial respect, he had dutifully remained at home until his father died, when he at once took his canoe and made for Ooshooia. After years of isolation from Christian society, he

could still lead the singing at worship and repeat the Lord's Prayer. He was of great service to Mr. Bridges in the work of Bible translation.

A new era had opened in Fireland; and every year since 1870 has seen some advance in the work under missionary and catechist, translator and teacher, farm-bailiff and artisan. Cattle and goats were introduced, trees were felled and sawn, and wooden cottages were built. Roads were constructed, and sanitation taught. The



ORPHANAGE CHILDREN AT OOSHOOIA, WITH MRS. HEMMINGS, MATRON.

(From a Photograph by Dr. Canton, H.M.S. "Toby.")

missionaries became the virtual kings, the law-givers and peacemakers. It was only a small corner of Fuegia that was occupied, but the civilising influence was felt round the whole coastland and amongst the numerous islands.

It was significant that the Admiralty issued a "Notice to Mariners" informing them where, in case of being shipwrecked near Cape Horn, they might find refuge, and where the natives could be trusted.

The *Dreadnought*, an American ship, was lost off Cape Penas, and the crew, consisting of twenty-four hands, expected to be massacred by the bloodthirsty natives, as crews had been before. To their extreme amazement, they were treated well by the Indians, who offered them not the slightest violence: and ere long they were rescued by a passing Norwegian barque. In their nomadic migrations the natives had paid

visits to the Christian settlement at Ooshooia, and there had learnt friendliness to the white man.

The schooner *San José* had been sent out by the Argentine Government to settle the boundary line which gives the western half of Tierra to Chili, and the eastern to the Argentine Republic, and, in the course of its expedition, visited Ooshooia. Mr. Bridges and his two sons resolved to accompany the *San José* in its voyage, in the hope of making the acquaintance of the Onas, the race occupying the eastern shores of Tierra, and akin to the Southern Patagonians. A gale sprang up and drove the *San José* ashore, where they were left at the mercy of the biting snow and the Ona natives. A whale-boat was despatched under Mr. Bridges' eldest son to bring the *Allen Gardiner* to the rescue. The intervening eleven days gave Mr. Bridges his opportunity of approaching and studying the Onas, their customs and language. Knowing the Zuhgan language, he was able to make himself understood, and, according to the master of the wrecked ship, Captain Pritchards, it was his presence and influence alone that prevented the outbreak of hostilities. "I encouraged the Onas to pay us a visit at Ooshooia, and promised them a warm welcome and assistance to come and go. They are resolved to come. We visited their camp, and their whole company visited ours, and we had no trouble with them." One or two of them Mr. Bridges took with him to be educated and trained at the mission. After nearly a fortnight's waiting, the shipwrecked party were rescued by Captain Willis and the *Allen Gardiner*. Mr. Willis took them to the settlement, where they were treated with the utmost kindness. They had started on their expedition suspicious of all English mission work: they returned to bless.

The rescue was reported to the King of Italy, and, at the Society's annual meeting in 1883, Captain Bové, of the Italian Royal Navy, in the stead of the Italian Ambassador, presented to the Society, on behalf of the King of Italy, a royal letter, together with a gold medal specially struck to commemorate the event. A letter was read from the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Mancini, which bears indirect testimony to the Conquests of the Cross in Tierra:—

*"Office of Foreign Affairs, The Ministry,  
Rome, March, 1883.*

"DEAR SIR,—Lieutenant Bové, of the Royal Italian Navy, and several able naturalists, also belonging to Italy, during the last summer season of the Southern Hemisphere, whilst engaged in exploration and research in the dangerous channels of Tierra del Fuego, underwent complete shipwreck, and would undoubtedly have perished but for the succour which (through the greatest good fortune) reached them from the missionaries of Ooshooia, succour which was rendered in the most generous and noble way. Having learned the particulars from the statements of the shipwrecked persons, who are now arrived at home, and who are unanimous in their expressions of gratitude towards those estimable missionaries of your Society, I have brought the circumstances to the notice of the King. His Majesty has been made aware how thoroughly these apostles of universal civilisation have maintained the character of their holy calling when coming, in circumstances so critical, to the aid of H.M.'s subjects. His Majesty has also learned how it is due to their indefatigable Christian labours that the very savages of Tierra del Fuego, who were formerly such an object of dread, have shown, at their very first meeting of our shipwrecked crew, to how great an extent their old ferocity has been laid aside. This had been beyond the hopes of that great man Darwin, when he wrote his first work, the harbinger of such advances in science: yet in a short lapse of years the work of the missionaries had sufficed to transfer the natives of that island from the depths of

savagery to such a level of improvement as drew forth the praises of Darwin himself, and led him to enter his name among the subscribers to the South American Missions. To this commencement of civilisation, and therefore to the missionaries and to your Society, we owe the rescue of our countrymen. His Majesty the King has given orders that thanks should be tendered to the President of the Committee of South American Missions, and that the expression of these thanks should be accompanied by the presentation of a gold medal bearing his Majesty's effigy and the inscription :—'*Demersis equore navis attulit Religio salutem.*' 'Religion has brought safety to the mariners rescued from a watery grave.' With sentiments of genuine satisfaction I now carry out the Royal orders, and beg you, Sir, to convey thanks to the worthy Society, and to accept, on the part of the missionaries in Ooshooia Station, the medal which will reach you with this document. Be pleased, dear Sir, to accept the expression of my particular respect.

“ALFRED ROBERT PITE, Esq.,

(Signed)

“MANCINI.

Chairman of Committee of South American Missionary  
Society, London.”

For twenty years this work has been widening and deepening, without the occurrence of any tragic event, and is the result of steady missionary and industrial operations. Allen Gardiner's dying prayer is being quietly answered. Not in vain did he and Phillips and Captain Fell give their lives for “poor Fuegia.” New stations have been opened: an island of the Wollaston group has been ceded to the Society's agents by the Chilian Government for a term of years. Three hundred natives had, in 1888, been baptised, many of whom have, moreover, been trained at Keppel. At Keppel natives have been boarded, and instructed in Christian truth, and trained in the workshop and in the industrial farm, on which there are already large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

At Ooshooia there is now a Christian village, with cottage-wigwams, a church, a school, and an orphanage, where twenty-five children are under the care of an English matron, Mrs. Hemmings. The children sew and read, write on slates and copy-books, and recite from black-boards, learning all their lessons with wonderful rapidity. The *Allen Gardiner* plies between the various settlements, conveys missionaries and natives to and from the base of operations at Keppel, carries supplies to the mission-agents, and opens up new stations as required. Several of the Gospels and the Acts have been translated, under the linguist of the mission, into the Zalgan tongue; and the same indefatigable worker has collected a vocabulary of thirty thousand words. To no one, except Captain Gardiner himself, does Fuegia owe so much as to Mr. Bridges. In the course of his thirty years' service he saw the transformation of that desperate country from savagery to opening civilisation. Right well did he deserve a period of rest after a lifetime of such heroic and patient labour.

Well might Darwin write: “The success of the Tierra del Fuego mission is most wonderful, and shames me, as I always prophesied utter failure.” He did honour to himself, not only in making this frank avowal, but in sending a yearly subscription to the mission. The success of the Fuegian Mission may stand as an unimpeachable evidence of the power of the Cross to conquer and elevate the lowest forms of humanity.

## XXXVI.—CHINA.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

## PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO THE PEOPLE

Early Traditions—Was St. Thomas ever in China?—The Nestorians—Roman Catholic Missions—Mahometanism—The Chinese a Religious People—William Charles Burns—In Canada—Goes to China—Translates the "Pilgrim's Progress"—Canton—Chang-Chew—Burns Wears the Chinese Garb—Character of Burns and his Work—Books and Tracts—Dr. Edkins—Chalmers and Muirhead—A Curious Proclamation—The Story of Tan Khe—Returning Good for Evil—Petty Persecutions.

THEY that had taken the sword had perished by the sword, and, by the Treaty of Peking, China was thrown widely open to the peaceful preaching of the Gospel. It would be quite wrong, however, to suppose that the true God had never been heard of in that vast country till the treaty of 1860 secured to modern missionaries the right to travel and evangelise in the interior.

There has long been a vague tradition that St. Thomas the Apostle travelled from India (across the Himalayas?) to China to proclaim the doctrines of Jesus; but the belief, however ancient, does not seem to rest on a very secure foundation. Mr. E. Colborne Baber, Chinese Secretary of the English Legation at Peking, made recent extensive journeys of exploration in Western Ssü-Ch'uan, a graphic account of which is contained in the "Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society" of 1886. Mr. Baber relates that his party was received one night at a temple called "The White Buddha Shrine," which is about twenty miles, or less, distant from Tsü-Chou, and that this turned out to be a place of unusual interest.

"Vague accounts," he says, "have from time to time been published of a Chinese sect who worship a deity called Tamo, and regard the cross as a religious symbol; a story which has led the Roman Catholic missionaries to identify Tamo with St. Thomas, and to accept as proved the tradition that the Apostle made a voyage to China. On the other hand, the Tamo of Buddhism is, if I am not mistaken, a well-authenticated patriarch, who came to China in the sixth century. It was therefore very curious to discover in this temple a graven image of the Apostle, whether of Christianity or of Buddhism, depicting him with very marked Hindu features, a black complexion, and with a Latin cross on his breast.

"Images of Tamo are numerous in Ssü-Ch'uan temples, and he is nearly always—I think I may venture to say always—represented with black or very dark features. I have never heard of any other case of a cross being attached to his effigy."

The presence of the cross is not in itself decisive, but this special form of cross is quite unknown to Buddhism. In one case, in Japan, its presence in a Buddhist shrine was believed to be conclusive as to Christianity, and in due time there was elicited a chain of historical links connecting the edifice with a Christian family who had hid their belief during the great persecutions. If the cross has not been recently added to the image, its presence on the whole tends to favour the Catholic tradition. As to the dark complexion and Hindu features, it must be remembered that St. Thomas is believed to have lived in India, and his followers





1<sup>st</sup> chow 2<sup>d</sup> and then 3<sup>d</sup> class are generally omitted  
 OW 1<sup>st</sup> class towns as Nan Yong 2<sup>d</sup> as Ho ping 3<sup>d</sup> as Tung chun  
 y soi. Ho river Ho lake. Quon fort. King court. Chang small town  
 Lush Fort - Sites of Battles X 1856-8.



# CHINA.

IN TWO MAPS, SHOWING NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PORTIONS.

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

<p>C. I. M. ... .. China Inland Mission. S. P. G. ... .. Society for the Propagation of the Go-pe. C. M. S. ... .. Church Missionary Society. L. M. S. ... .. London Wes. ... .. Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. Bapt. ... .. Baptist Missionary Society. Ch. Scot. ... .. Church of Scotland Foreign Mission. Eng. Presb. ... .. Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission. Irish Presb. ... .. Irish Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission. Irish Presb. ... .. United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland). Meth. N. C. ... .. Methodist New Connexion Missionary Society. Un. Meth. ... .. United Methodist Free Churches Foreign Missionary Society. Bible Chris. ... .. Bible Christian Missionary Society. Friends' For. Miss. ... .. Friends' Foreign Mission Association. Blind ... .. Mission to Chinese Blind. Soc. Fem. Ed. ... .. Society for Promoting Female Education in East Berlin ... .. Berlin Evangelical Missionary Society.</p>	<p>Basel ... .. Basel Evangelical Missionary Society. Rhenish ... .. Rhenish Missionary Society. Can. Presb. ... .. Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Am. B. F. M. ... .. American Board of Foreign Missions. Am. Bapt. ... .. American Baptist Missionary Union. Am. S. Bapt. ... .. Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.). Am. S. D. Bapt. ... .. American Seventh Day Baptist Missionary Society. Am. Meth. Epis. ... .. American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society. Am. Meth. Epis. (South) ... .. American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions Board. Am. Prot. Epis. ... .. American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society. Am. Presb. ... .. Missions of American Presbyterian Churches. Am. Ref. ... .. American Reformed (Dutch) Church Missionary Society. Am. For. Chris. ... .. American Foreign Christian Missionary Society. Am. Bible ... .. American Bible Society. Am. Wom. Un. ... .. American Women's Union Missionary Society.</p>
--	---

\* In all other cases, stations worked by Women's Societies are included under the heading of the associations to which they are auxiliary.

Station.	Province.	Society.	Station.	Province.	Society.
AMOY. . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	L. M. S., Eng. Presb. Am. Ref.	CHOW-K'ING (Chou-ki) . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. M. S.
<u>BHAMO</u> . . . . .	BURMAH . . . . .	C. I. M.	CHOW-KING . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.
BING-YA . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	" "	CHOW-PING . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Bapt.
CANTON . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	L. M. S., C. M. S., Wes. Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb., Berlin.	CHOW-TOONG . . . . .	Yun-nan . . . . .	C. I. M., Bible Chris.
CHANG-CHAN (Chau-shan) . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Bapt.	FAN-CH'ING . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	" "
CHANG-CHOW (Chang-chin) . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	L. M. S., Am. Ref.	FAN-SHAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Wes.
CHANG-HUA . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	FEN-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
CHANG-POO . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	" "	FENG-SIANG . . . . .	Shen-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHANG-SHAN . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.	FOO-CHOW (Fuh-shan) . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Soc. Fem. Ed.
CHAN-HWA . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Meth. N. C.	FOO-SHAN . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHAO-CHING . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.	FORMOSA, Island of . . . . .	" "	Eng. Presb., Can. Presb.
CHA-OO (Shao-oo) . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.	FUNG-HOIA . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHAO-YANG . . . . .	Shing-King . . . . .	L. M. S.	GAN-K'ING. See Ngan-K'ing.	" "	" "
CHAU-KIA-K'EO . . . . .	Ho-nan . . . . .	C. I. M.	GAN-SHUN. See Ngan-shun.	" "	" "
CHAU-TUNG-FOO. See Chow-Toong.	" "	" "	HAI-CHING . . . . .	Shin-king . . . . .	Un. Presb.
CHIE-CHOW . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	" "	HAI-NAN, Island of . . . . .	" "	Am. Presb.
CHIEE-POO . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	C. I. M., S. P. G., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Can. Presb.	HAN-CHOW . . . . .	Shen-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
" "	" "	" "	HAN-CHWAN . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Wes.
" "	" "	" "	HAN-CHOW . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M., C. M. S., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb.
CHENG-TU . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M.	HAN-KOW . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	L. M. S., Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
CHENG-YANG-KWAN . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	" "	HAN-YANG . . . . .	" "	Wes.
CHI-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.	HIANG-SHAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.
CHINAN-FOO. See Tsi-nan.	" "	" "	HIANG-KAN . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Wes.
CHIN-CHOW . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	HIAO-Y . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHIN-KIANG . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.	HIN-CHOW . . . . .	" "	Bapt.
" "	" "	" "	HING-WHA . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
CHIN-KIANG-POO (Tsin-kiang-p'oo) . . . . .	" "	C. I. M., Am. Presb.	HOO-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHIN-KOO (Cheng-ku) . . . . .	Shen-se . . . . .	" "	HOK-CHIANG . . . . .	Fo kien . . . . .	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
CHI-SHUI . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Wes.	HOK-NING . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S.
CHOU-CHOW . . . . .	Che-Kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.	HOK-POU . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	C. I. M.
CHONG-KIA . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Meth. N. C.	HOK-SHAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	" "
CHONG-HING . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M.	HONG-KONG . . . . .	" "	L. M. S., C. M. S., Wes., Basel, Am. B. F. M., Soc. Fem. Ed.
CHOW-CHOW (Chi-chow) . . . . .	Pe-chili . . . . .	L. M. S.	HOO-CHOW . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
CHOW-HING (Shao-shing) . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M., C. M. S., Am. Bapt.	HUNG-FENG . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.

Station.	Province.	Society.	Station.	Province.	Society.
HWAH-LIH . . . . .	Pe-chili . . . . .	C. I. M.	SHANG-HAI . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	C. I. M., L. M. S., Un. Presb., C. M. S., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Bible, Am. Wom. Un., Am. S. D. Bapt.
HWANG . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Am. S. Bapt.	SHAO-SHING . . . . .	See Chow-king.	
(Hwaan-shan)			SHAO-WU . . . . .	See Chiao-oo.	
HWUY-CHAW . . . . .	See Whai-choo.		SHIA-SHI . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	C. I. M.
ICHANG . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Ch. Scot.	SHI-SHU . . . . .	" . . . . .	"
LONG-PING . . . . .	See Yen-ping.		(Shieh-shou)	" . . . . .	"
KAI-PING . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Meth. N. C.	SHING-HIEN . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	"
KAI-YUEN . . . . .	Shing-king . . . . .	Un. Pres.	SHIH-HING . . . . .	See Chow-king.	
KALUANG . . . . .	Pe-chili . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.	SHIU-KWAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Wes. Meth. Epis.
(Kai-ma)			SHUE-CHOW . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
KAO-YAO . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	C. I. M.	SHI CHAC . . . . .	See Chi-chow.	
KIA-PING . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M.	SHI-MAN . . . . .	Shue-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
KIA-YI . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	SHI-SING . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	"
(Kia)			SHU-CHOW . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis. (South), Am. Presb.
KIEN-NING . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S.	SUI-CHOW . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Bapt.
(Kiang-ning)			(Suifu)	" . . . . .	"
KIN-HOA . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Bapt.	SUI-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	"
KIOW-CHOW . . . . .	" . . . . .	C. I. M.	(Sueh-oo)	" . . . . .	"
(Kia-dai)			SWATOW . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Eng. Presb., Am. Bapt.
KIHIN . . . . .	Manchuria . . . . .	Irish Presb.	TAI-CHOW . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.
KIU-KIANG . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.	TAI-KU . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
KIU-KU-CHOW . . . . .	Hainan . . . . .	Am. Presb.	TAI-PING . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis.
(Kiu-chow)			TAI-TUNG . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
KU-CHENG . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	TAI-WAN . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.
KUH-WU . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.	TAI-YUEN . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M., Bapt.
KWANG-CHI . . . . .	See Quang-si.		TAKAU . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.
KWEIF-HWA-CHWENG . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	"	TAKU . . . . .	Pe-chih . . . . .	Meth. N. C.
KWEIF-KI . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	"	TAKU-TANG . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	C. I. M.
KWEIF-YANG . . . . .	See Quai-yang.		TAL-LU . . . . .	Yun-nan . . . . .	"
LAI-NGAN . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	TAM-SI . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Can. Presb.
LAMBAY . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	TAN-ING . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
LAN-CHOW . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	C. I. M.	TAN-LIN . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	"
LAO-HO-KEO . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	"	TAPONG . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	"
LIANG-CHOW . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	"	TEH-AN . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Bapt.
LIAO-YANG . . . . .	Shing-king . . . . .	Un. Presb.	(Te-an)	" . . . . .	"
LING-CHIN . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.	TENG-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
LO-NGWONG . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S.	TIEN-LING . . . . .	Manchuria . . . . .	Unit. Presb.
LO-PING . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.	TIEN-TSUN . . . . .	Pe-chih . . . . .	C. I. M., L. M. S., Meth. N. C., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis.
LU-AN . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.	TONG-KANG . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.
(Luan-yan or Lu-an)			TONG-NGAN . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	Am. Ref.
MAOAO . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Am. Presb.	TONG-NGAN . . . . .	Presb.	Irish Presb., Un.
MOOKDEN . . . . .	Shing-king . . . . .	Irish Presb., Un. Presb.	TONG-NGAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.
NANG-CHIANG . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	TOONG-CHUEN . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	Friends' For. Miss.
NAN-KANG . . . . .	C. I. M.		TSCHONG-TSICHUN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Basel.
NAN-KING . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. For. Chris.	TSUNAN . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	Bapt., Am. Presb.
NEU-CHWANG . . . . .	Shing-king . . . . .	Irish Presb., Un.	TSIN . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	C. I. M.
NGAN-K'ING . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	C. I. M.	TSING-CHOW . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Bapt.
NGAN-SHUN . . . . .	Quei-chow . . . . .	"	(Tsing-chen-fan)	" . . . . .	"
NING-HAI . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	"	TSING-KIANG-PU . . . . .	See Ching-kiang-poo.	
" . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	"	TSUN-HUA . . . . .	Pe-chih . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
NING-HIA . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	"	TSUN-CHOW . . . . .	" . . . . .	Am. B. F. M., Am. S. Bapt.
NING-KUO . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	"	TUNG-KUAN . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Rhenish.
(Ning-kwah)			WAN-HIEN . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M.
NING-PO . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M., C. M. S., Un. Meth., Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.	WEI . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Am. Presb.
NING-TAIK . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S.	WEI-NAN . . . . .	Shen-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
NIYEN-HANGLI . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	Basel.	WEN-CHOW . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M., Un. Meth.
PA-TEO . . . . .	MONGOLIA . . . . .	C. I. M.	WHUI-CHOW . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	C. I. M., L. M. S., Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
PAK-CHOW . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. M. S.	WOO-CHIANG . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Bmd.
PAK-HOI . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.	WOO-HOO . . . . .	Ngan-whi . . . . .	C. I. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
PANG-CHUANG . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.	WOO-SUEH . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Wes.
PEH-SHIE-KIAM . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	C. I. M.	YANG-CHING . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
PE-KING . . . . .	Pe-chili . . . . .	S. P. G., L. M. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Presb., Bmd.	YANG-CHOW . . . . .	Kiang-su . . . . .	"
PIN . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Meth. N. C.	YANG-SIN . . . . .	Shan-tung . . . . .	Meth. N. C.
PIN-YANG . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.	YAN-PING . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	C. M. S.
PIN-YAO . . . . .	" . . . . .	"	YEN-CHOW . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.
PI-TAO . . . . .	Formosa . . . . .	Eng. Presb.	YEN-PING . . . . .	Fo-kien . . . . .	C. M. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
POH-LO . . . . .	Quang-tung . . . . .	L. M. S.	(Yung-pang)	" . . . . .	"
POW-NING . . . . .	Sze-chuen . . . . .	C. I. M.	YOON-KANG . . . . .	Che-kiang . . . . .	C. I. M.
(Pow-ang)			(Yung-kiang)	" . . . . .	"
POW-TING . . . . .	Pe-chili . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.	YUNG-NING . . . . .	Shan-se . . . . .	C. I. M.
(Pow-tung)			YUN-NAN . . . . .	Yun nan . . . . .	C. I. M., Bible Chris.
QUANG-SI . . . . .	Hoo-pe . . . . .	Wes.	YU-SHAN . . . . .	Kiang-si . . . . .	"
(Kwan-shi)			YU-TIEN . . . . .	Pe-chih . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
QUEI-YANG . . . . .	Quei-chow . . . . .	C. I. M.			
SAN-YAN-CHWANG . . . . .	Kan-su . . . . .	"			
SHA-KI-TIEN . . . . .	Ho-nan . . . . .	"			

might adopt the style of art of their country. Mr. Baber's facts, all most valuable and interesting, give the legend *shape*, while they throw doubt on its accuracy. There can be no question that at the early periods of Christian history, Buddhism, or rather the general Indian cult from which it sprang, and Christianity, were often intertwined, and this mysterious Tamo may be one of the evidences of such an early blending of the two great religious systems.



IN A MISSION SCHOOL.

influence of belief in One God. It makes conquerors out of very poor material sometimes, and it was so in this instance, as Mr. J. Thomson in "The Land and the People of China" has stated:—"Fired with the zeal of the faithful, these Mahometans, though greatly inferior in numbers, gained easy victories over their less warlike foes. To pagans they gave no quarter, slaughtering cities full of men, women, and children, but sparing the native converts to Christianity, who were all Roman Catholics."

A time of retribution came, however, and the revolt was suppressed with great carnage; but Mahometanism can no longer be ignored in Chinese politics. It is not absurd to suppose that Nestorian teaching left some faint impress on the people of that district, preparing the way for the monotheistic creed of Mahomet. It has been supposed by some that the Pentateuch was brought to China six centuries before the Christian era, but this may now be considered as very uncertain. Jews certainly came thither during the reign of the Han dynasty (B.C. 200—A.D. 200), and they founded a colony. A synagogue was built in A.D. 1164, and in the year 1850 some Hebrew rolls were found in the possession of the descendants

In 1625, at one of the principal cities of the province of Shense, in which province was for many centuries the ancient metropolis of China, an inscription in Syriac letters was discovered, which records the first well-authenticated introduction of Christianity into the Empire. In A.D. 635, certain Nestorian bishops were driven eastward by persecution in the Roman provinces, and reached China. That their descendants or converts were still to be found in the same province, in the time of Marco Polo, is clearly attested by that famous traveller, and from that very province arose a great Mahometan rebellion in recent times. Strange is the military



CHINESE GIRL AND BABY.

of these early Jewish immigrants: but none of them could read Hebrew, and they had ceased even to retain the old belief of their Israelitish forefathers.

The early efforts of the Portuguese, Jesuits, and other Roman Catholic missionaries, are well known, and need hardly be entered upon here. They did excellent service to China, and furthered education and science nobly, receiving appreciative attention from the great emperor, Kang-hi. Mr. Giles, in his admirable sketches of "Historic China," gives a brief and impartial summary of the Catholic missions, thus:—"Under the third Manchu emperor, Yung Chêng, began that violent persecution of the Catholics which has continued almost to the present day. The various sects—Jesuits, Dominicans, and Franciscans—had been unable to agree about the Chinese equivalent for God, and the matter had been finally referred to the Pope. Another difficulty had arisen as to the toleration of ancestral worship by Chinese converts professing the Catholic faith. There was a time when, but for this particular hitch, it seems probable that the Chinese people might have been gained over to Rome. They hung fondly, however, to their traditional worship of departed ancestors; and as the Pope refused to permit the embodiment of this ancient custom with the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, the new religion ceased to advance, and by-and-bye fell into disrepute."

Mahomet's doctrine, as we have seen, came into China, and remains there still; but how and when it first appeared is not precisely known. Those Mahometans who dwell in the northern provinces are supposed to have descended from a horde of Tartars whom the dynasty of the Tangs (A.D. 600—900) called in to suppress a revolution. They seem to have made converts in various parts of China, but keep themselves quite separate from the idolatrous people of the country, and do not intermarry with them. Indeed, they are almost looked upon as belonging to a separate nationality. The Chinese say, "The people of that nation worship Heaven alone, nor is there any other being or thing to which they pay divine honours." It will be seen from these few paragraphs that the religious mind of China has not been a mere stagnant pool, as so many seem to suppose.

A German missionary of much learning and experience (the Rev. Ernest Faber), in an introduction to "The Science of Chinese Religion," says:—"I, from my own observations, feel inclined to maintain that the Chinese belong, perhaps, to the most religious people of the world. Only we must not look for any symptoms of religion similar to those to which we are accustomed in Christian lands. There are, however, comparatively more temples and altars, more idols and more religious practices in China than in almost all other countries. The whole public and private life is impregnated by religious observations; we see every important action of the Government, as well as almost every movement in private life, inaugurated by different religious rites."

The man who figures most largely in popular estimation as a preacher to the Chinese is William Charles Burns. This devoted servant of the Cross was born on the 1st of April, 1815, in the parish manse of Dun in Angus.

William seems to have been a strong-limbed, healthy boy of the average Tom

Brown sort, with a strong tendency to cultivate and develop more of the muscular than of the devotional side in his Christianity. He was passionately fond of all kinds of strenuous out-of-door activity: delighted in the hewing down of trees; would spend days with a fishing-rod on the banks of the Carron, and sometimes he would vary the performance by going after crows and sparrows with an old carbine lent to him by the village blacksmith.

After the usual preliminary drill of the parish school, narrow in its range but usually thorough enough, William came under the intellectually vivifying influence of the Rev. Dr. James Melvin, an ardent Latinist, and head-master of the Grammar School in the Granite City of Aberdeen. He began thereafter to manifest some devotion to study, and entered Marischal College; but, without completing his studies there, he went up to Edinburgh to acquire a knowledge of law. Burns had not been long resident in Modern Athens before his soul passed through a great and transforming change. He felt that he was now another man, and abruptly hastened to his home, walking thirty-six miles, in order to announce to his mother and the family that he now meant seriously to become a minister of the Gospel.

Resuming his studies in Aberdeen, which now pointed definitely to the service of the Presbyterian Church, he gained a first place in mathematics, and other honours. A fellow-student of his at this time, who also became a very distinguished missionary of the Free Kirk, Dr. Murray Mitchell, thus writes of Burns:—"When he returned to Aberdeen he was an altered man. He came back full of holy earnestness, having in the meantime sustained the greatest revolution of which the spirit of man is susceptible, and seeking now every opportunity to converse with his old companions regarding Christ and his salvation."

He took his degree with distinction in 1834, and went to pursue further studies in Glasgow, along with certain budding divines, who were afterwards to blossom into ornaments of the Church—Norman MacLeod, William Arnot, James Halley, and James Hamilton, being amongst the number.

When the Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne, of Dundee, left his congregation to pay a visit to the Holy Land in 1839, he requested the young preacher to occupy his pulpit. A great religious movement followed Burns's ministrations there and elsewhere, but he had a strong repugnance—doubtlessly based on some knowledge of his own imperfect aptitude—towards the duties of the regular pastorate. He made a series of evangelistic journeys in this country and in Canada, frequently preaching in the streets, depending with apostolic simplicity on the offerings of the faithful, and often meeting with more rudeness and cruelty from nominal Christians than he was ever to encounter in the pagan villages of China.\*

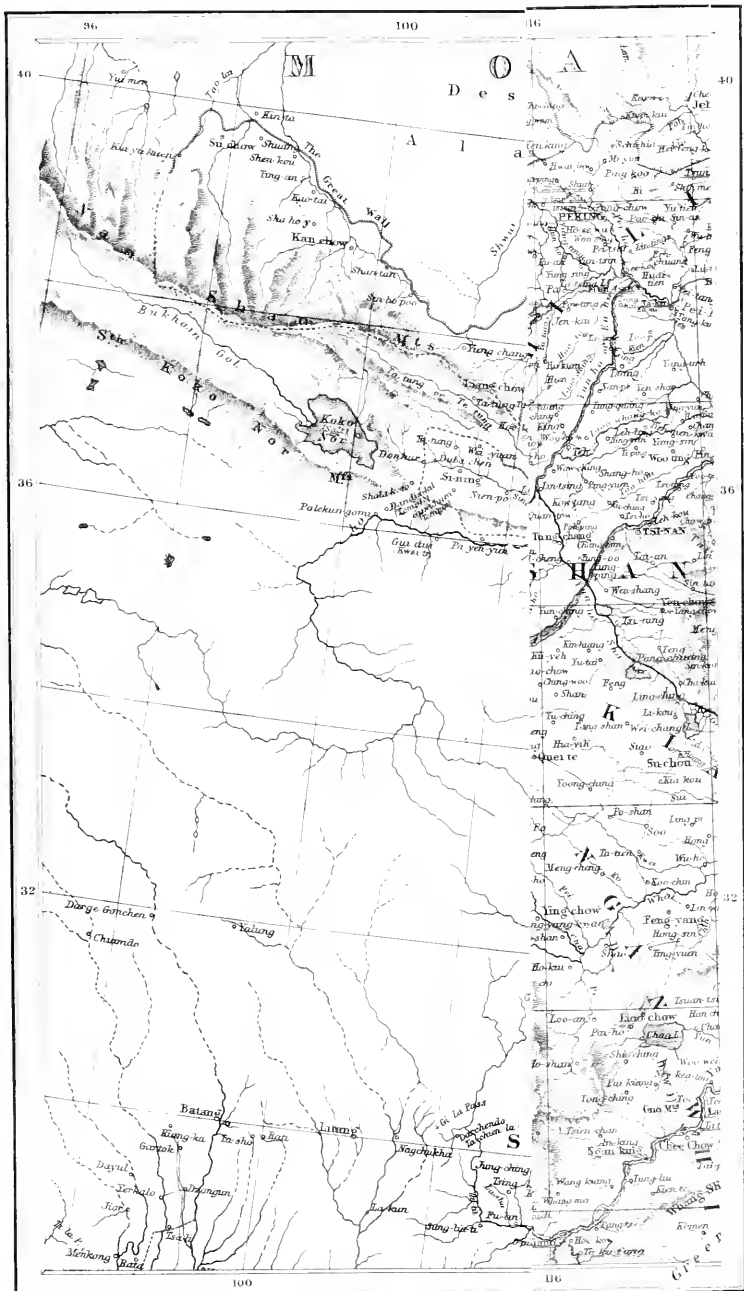
In 1844—6 he was in Canada, stirring up much needless strife, but reaching souls in the process. That famous Highland Regiment, the 93rd, was at Montreal when Burns was there, and he laboured diligently amongst the men. A non-commissioned officer describes the impression made upon these Balaclava heroes. "I have known

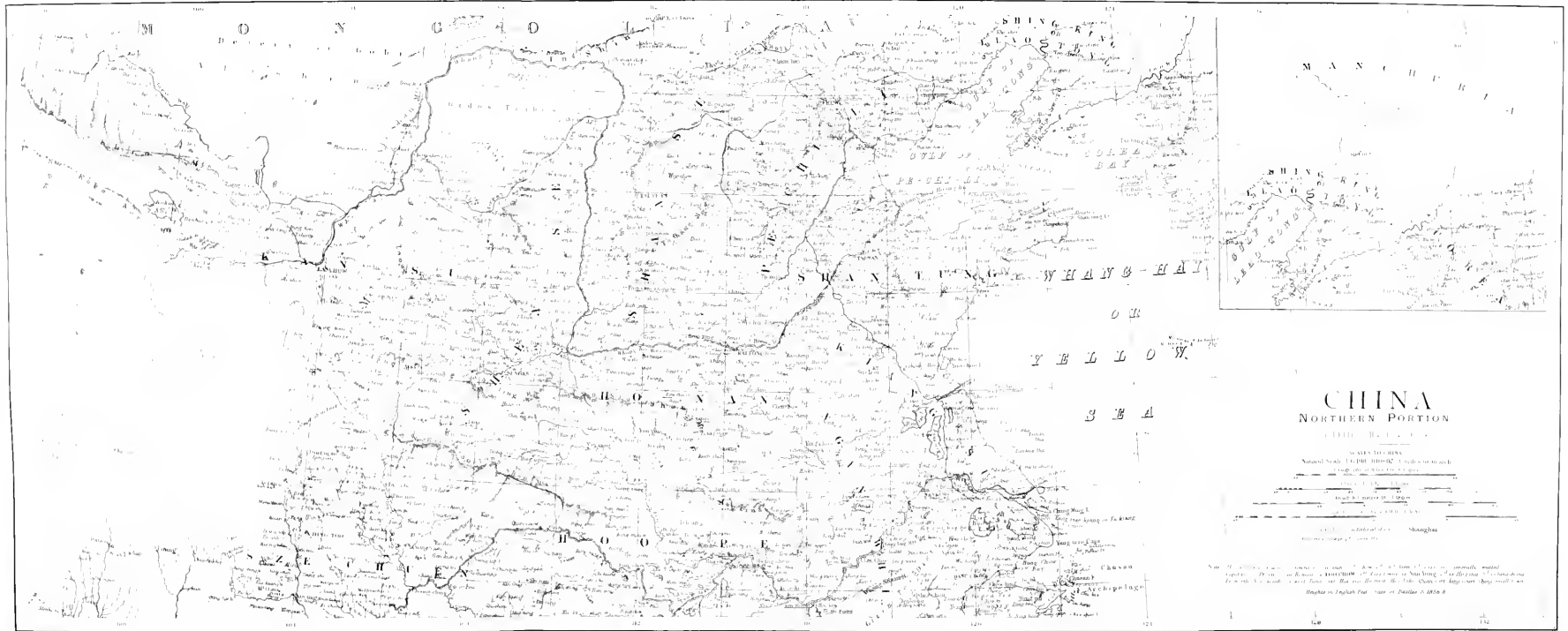
\* See Vol. I. page 14.



EMPEROR OF THE DYNASTY OF TANG ACCORDING AN AUDIENCE AND MAKING A PRESENT.

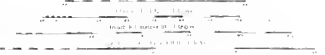






**CHINA**  
NORTHERN PORTION

SCALE TO BE USED  
Natural Scale 1:1,000,000 (1 inch = 16 miles)



Published by the Government of the Republic of China  
Shanghai  
Copyright 1928

Mr. Burns," he writes, "send them home to their barracks, after hearing him preach, every man of them more or less affected; not a high word, or breath, or whisper heard among them; each man looking more serious than his comrade."

In the year 1847, just after his return from Canada, the Foreign Mission Committee of the English Presbyterian Church, of which his old friend and fellow-student, Dr. James Hamilton, was convener, invited Mr. Burns to enter China as their first missionary. He consented at once to go "to-morrow," but on the condition that he should be considered a free evangelist, and not a fixed pastor—a contract which he seems persistently to have upheld till the last. The ordination took place during a meeting of the Synod at Sunderland in April, 1847, and Burns arrived in China in the month of November of the same year. He took up his abode for a time in the Island of Hong Kong, which had not then the social attractions it now puts forth. There he ministered to a small English-speaking congregation, chiefly composed of his own Presbyterian countrymen, and busied himself earnestly in acquiring the language.

Very soon after he came to Hong Kong he was asked to visit in prison three Chinese criminals under sentence of death for murder, who were said to be "in deep distress and anxious to be visited by the ministers of Christ." He at once went to the prison, accompanied by a native evangelist, tried to converse with the unhappy men, read some passages from Christian books and prayed with them. After the ice had thus been broken he acquired the colloquial language very rapidly and thoroughly, and he might often be heard far into the night reciting words of Scripture or praying to God in Chinese.

Great was his joy when he discovered some new expression unknown to European scholars; and, dressed in Chinese clothes, he often overheard conversations which would naturally have been suppressed in the presence of foreigners. He began the translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a labour of love from which he never desisted till the work was ready for the press.

After an unsuccessful attempt to settle a mission station in the great city of Canton, Burns went to Amoy to join Dr. James Young, a former member of the congregation at Hong Kong, who offered his services and was gladly accepted by the English Presbyterian Church as their medical missionary.

In 1842 the American Presbyterians began work in Amoy, one of the five ports opened by the Treaty of Nankin, which followed the first so-called Opium War. There they still, in harmonious co-operation with their English brethren, carry on vigorous operations, the results of their joint labours being now gathered up into a native Presbyterian Church, which has perhaps a healthy little tinge of Congregationalism about it. Mr. Talmage, a brother of the eloquent New York preacher of the same name, and Mr. Doty, both American Presbyterians, had been labouring there for some years with fair success, and Messrs. Stronach and Young, of the London Missionary Society, had also begun work before the arrival of Burns. It may, therefore, naturally be concluded that Amoy was a place of some considerable importance.

Amoy was in the seventeenth century the head-quarters of the notable Chinese king of pirates, Koxinga, who expelled the Dutch from the Island of Formosa, which lies almost directly opposite. The great city of Chang-chew, of which Amoy is the port, contains a population of not much less than half a million of souls. The province of Fukien, in which it lies, is famous for its black tea, and scenery of surpassing grandeur is to be found amongst the spurs of the Nanking mountains and the Bohca hills. Around Chang-chew and Amoy there is a great plain, broken up by creeks. Amoy is an island—lying close to shore—the soil of which is not very productive, and as the people suffered greatly during the rebellion, emigration to America and our West Indian colonies has been gladly welcomed as a source of relief to the pressure of an excessive population. The provincial capital, Chang-chew, is reached by boat from Amoy, and the distance is about forty miles. In 1853, just after his translation of the first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim" had been finished, Burns visited that populous city, spending some time there preaching, but secretly, from fear of the mandarins. However, a neighbour, who happened to be a magistrate, overheard a Chinese evangelist with Burns singing a Christian hymn—probably one of those translated by the Scottish missionary—and they were compelled to leave the city. Travellers speak of the place with much admiration: its fine shops, well-paved and tidily kept streets—which are spacious, and quaintly adorned with many a monumental arch to citizens of credit and renown—presenting a contrast to the squalor, sordidness, and extreme filth of most Celestial towns. In 1865 the rebellion swept like a blast over this fair city, and what little the rebels left intact the unruly Imperialists destroyed, finally leaving Chang-chew an utter ruin. It is still the scene of many an evangelistic effort, and the population is now perhaps greater than ever.

In 1854, Dr. Young, unhinged in body and mind, was ordered to return to Scotland, under the care of Mr. Burns. He safely reached home, but died a few months afterwards. Burns returned to China in the following year, after stirring up much interest in Chinese missions, assisted by the novelty of a minister appearing in Scottish pulpits dressed like a Chinaman. Burns's eccentricity did not end there, for he inflicted Chinese words and phrases on everyone, and, probably from forgetfulness, once said grace in Chinese at an English table. His Chinese dress, and aping of Chinese manners, was not much more necessary nor serviceable even in China, but it gave much satisfaction to himself and many friends, and in that way perhaps may have been useful in increasing the sum of human happiness. Burns, in fact, was strikingly lacking in knowledge of and feeling for the subtler and more essential elements which belong to the Chinaman and his ways of thinking.

In China he hoped that in such disguise he might travel about without much observation, and indeed, it has been said that he became so like an ordinary respectable Chinaman in his very look and manner—many of them have features like our own—that he was not readily suspected; but this is doubtful. He frequently records that he could not do so and so because it would be a subterfuge; and one incident in his career led to a good deal of critical comment. His own account of this secret

and somewhat absurd expedition to reach the camp of the insurgent Taipings at Nankin is the most interesting portion of his writings, but the journey was really otherwise quite fruitless in its results.

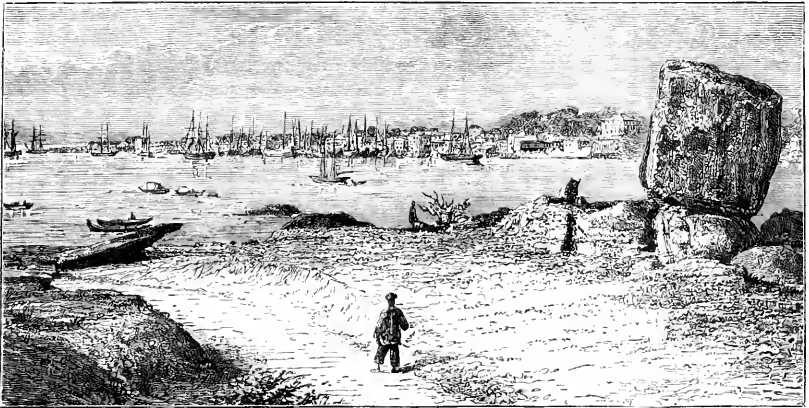
We have not space to chronicle the further efforts of this fervidly devoted but sometimes unwise missionary, whose plans were certainly not always so futile. He died in Nien-chwang, in the far north of China, on the 4th of April, 1868, in his fifty-third year. Fleming Stevenson visited the place where he lies, "a sad-looking cemetery, reclaimed from mud," and in the town itself he found a "few that preserve the pleasant traditions of the man, his earnestness and holiness, his genial ways and bright smile." Reared in one of the narrowest and intensest schools of theology recent times have seen, Burns was naturally somewhat unfitted to understand the very peculiar problems of China as a mission-field. The impression that he was a mere pioneer, which his own resolution has led to, is unfounded, for he co-operated heartily with those engaged in fixed and methodical work; but the results of his wide journeys are not now very readily to be discerned. As an ideal missionary of the Cross, he will long figure largely in the story of Chinese evangelisation; but his fame does not seem to rest on a very solid foundation of learning or actual work accomplished, or of originality of methods in evangelising. He was a good and earnest man, but can hardly now be deemed a very great one.

It would be utterly impossible to compress into a few pages anything like a history of the various missions that now spread their organisations over the land. We cannot even attempt to sketch the careers of the many great and good men who, since the people became accessible, have given their strength to preaching the everlasting Gospel, often with spiritual results of a most remarkable kind. Let us take such a bird's-eye view as it may be possible to accomplish within our narrow limits.

Tens of thousands of Bibles, and hundreds of thousands of tracts and other publications bearing on the religion of Christ, have been circulated in almost every province by the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society, the National Bible Society of Scotland, and the Religious Tract Society. These books have, for the most part, been esteemed and reverently treated, have been read and even carefully studied, by men of education, have sometimes been passed on from neighbour to neighbour, and in many cases have led to serious inquiries, to conversion, and to baptism.

It was not to be expected that the opponents of Christian missions would long refrain from using similar weapons, and hostile tracts have been issued in great numbers, some of them utterly vile and loathsome in the language used against the Christians. In 1870 such a work was translated, and its influence on the minds of those who were guilty of the massacre of Christians in Tien-tsin has been believed to have been direct and powerful. Protestants and Roman Catholics are declared to be identical, the distinction being deceptive and intended to be injurious. The grossest public immorality is laid at the door of the Christians; but the phraseology is too coarse for reproduction.

The London Mission Society, which was first in the field, continues to maintain its high position. The Rev. Joseph Edkins (born at Nailsworth, Gloucestershire, in 1823) has attained a most eminent position among European scholars as an authority on Chinese Buddhism in all its picturesque intricacy, and he is the author of a "Refutation of the Principal Errors of Buddhism," which has done good mission service among the people of China. In 1885 he issued a "General View of Western Knowledge," and has at various times published useful scientific and historical primers, some sixteen in number, which have attained much popularity among the rising generation, who are acquiring tastes that threaten us with a new and entirely different edition of the Indian Babu, who has become so interesting an ornament of his own race.



VIEW OF AMOY.

Dr. Edkins began his career as missionary in 1843, having previously studied at Coward College, and University College, London, graduating as B.A. at London University just before his departure to China. He has been a great traveller through the interior of China, and is intimate with many a quaint temple and populous monastery, and no one who visits Peking could desire a better guide to the city itself or to the country around.

The scholarly Chalmers, who has enriched Anglo-Chinese literature with numerous contributions of a most valuable character, showing much patient research and accurate knowledge, still preaches to large and growing congregations of respectable-looking, hard-headed Chinese in Hong Kong and Canton. The venerable Muirhead, genial friend and untiring guide and helper of every new missionary who passes through Shanghai on his way to the interior or to other ports, may still be seen, his thin, keen, intellectual face crowned with silver, shining out through the dense crowd of sallow-toned Chinamen who surround him in the preaching quarter in the "native town" of the busy port, as he pours out with nervously vigorous gesticulation his fluent and

telling torrents of shrill Chinese. Younger men, not of mere promise, are rising to enter new fields, or to hold those firmly that the veterans have won in former days.

Protestant missions entered upon a new and happier era in their history when the Government of China opened up to the efforts of the missionary, as well as to the studies of the scientific explorer, the towns and great cities of their populous Empire.



NATIVES OF AMOY.

Popular prejudices might still have to be met by tact and prudence, but legal freedom at all events was henceforth to exist. It was not expected by those well informed as to the people of the interior, that much progress would be made by merely legalising the propagation of Christianity. Time had to soften the popular animosity towards the new creed and its teachers. Recently the chief mandarin of the city of Lu-ngan made the following proclamation to the citizens of that large town, and it shows the growth of opinion:—"Be it known that whereas the English teacher, Mr. Stanley P. Smith, and others, have come to Lu-ngan to propagate religion, they do so in accordance with treaty right; and, further, these teachers come after it has been signified to us by official documents, and the teachers all carry passports permitting

them to enter every city and town. Those are at liberty to hear who will. There are some who, having heard the doctrine, give me to understand that certain senseless scoundrels had the impudence to stick up a placard on the main street crossing, meaning by their unfounded stories to mislead all, and to stir up others to hurt virtuous men. Over and above apprehending the scoundrels in question, I issue this proclamation to inform others. Constables should take all the more care, lest this senseless people should again stir up matters; should this occur, the constables must at once arrest them and put them in prison. Thereupon I shall punish them with the utmost rigour of the law. The treaties state that Chinese traders going abroad are specially protected in the countries they visit. I, the magistrate, am now resigning, and fear lest you should set matters agoing and break the laws; therefore you people clearly understand, as you love your own lives, that you are on no account to fabricate or listen to trumped-up stories, lest I shall have to punish you heavily. All should heed this with profound care, and not disobey. A SPECIAL NOTIFICATION."

After this very sensible proclamation, the mandarin dropped, like Silas Wegg, into poetry, and wrote in red ink, with his own pen, some verses which run as follows:—

"Each religion exhorts people to be good;  
 The words of some are easy, of others difficult to be understood;  
 Willing to follow or not  
 Is a matter for each man's heart.  
 Why fabricate false reports,  
 Showing envy and hatred to others?  
 Of old there is this saying.  
 'Love the benevolent, be good to your neighbour;'  
 If you break the law and stir up strife,  
 You only bring calamity on yourselves.  
 Those who sedulously remember this proclamation  
 Will for ever reckon us law-abiding people."

The history of Christian missionary effort in China may have to record "journeyings often, in perils of rivers, in perils of robbers," sometimes even in perils of our own Christian countrymen, but comparatively little of perils arising from the Chinese people—although cases of some rudeness and even violence have occurred. But amid the breathless calm and beneath the seemingly unruffled surface of Celestial society, surges of wild and cruel persecution have swept along, taking social forms which have not always arrested the attention of the outer world. For social and family persecution there would seem to be no legal remedy. A new life must leaven the people amid whom prejudices grow up or survive. The following sketch of the life of a native Presbyterian pastor, Tan Khe, which was written by himself, gives an interesting picture of a Chinese home into which the light of the Gospel has come with disturbing and searching beam. The good man was recently voted Moderator of the Amoy Presbytery, which incident led to the republication of the brief autobiography.

Tan Khe relates that he went to school at the age of eleven, but at eighteen he



had not learned much. When he used to go to the barber to get his pigtail dressed and his head shaved, that important functionary, who had become a Christian, was wont to read the Scriptures, and as young Tan Khe had some knowledge of literature, the barber asked him to explain a word now and again. To continue the story in his own words:—"Though I did my best to tell him what he asked, I did not then know that all men under heaven should believe and obey the doctrine taught in that book. When I was nineteen, I went to learn the drug business in Pechuia. At that time the long-haired rebels [the Taipings] were at Chang-Chew, and all the country was panic-stricken. Every night, watch was kept by the shopkeepers in Pechuia; and one night when I took my turn there was amongst us a worshipper of the true God called Jit-som. This man, to pass the time and keep us awake, sung Christian hymns. At the end of the year a literary graduate, who esteemed virtue and ability, came to my master and said, 'You should let this young man return next year to his books. His parents have already given their consent, and a school is to be opened in an adjoining village.' This was agreed to, and I proceeded with my studies in great hopes of becoming a famous scholar."

In this place the young ex-apothecary found a kinsman who had become a Christian, and who brought him to the feet of Jesus. He goes on to tell:—"The preacher taught me also a short prayer, and when alone, I often bent my head and prayed, and often in a secluded place I prayed earnestly, but did not let my voice be heard. . . . As my parents continually ordered me to present offerings to the idols, I at first compelled myself to obey them. Afterwards, in evasive words, I excused myself, for I knew that the idols are vain and dead things, and that if I worshipped them I could not escape the punishment of Heaven. At that time I gradually reformed myself, but soon found that if I continued to conceal myself, I could not be a true worshipper of God. At the winter feast, therefore, I openly renounced the idols, declaring that they were false, and at the same time stating that God was the only Spirit that should be served.

"On hearing this, the whole household scolded and reviled me. Of our neighbours, some ridiculed, some slandered. One said, the money spent all these years in school-feasts is thrown away; the teacher's labour is in vain. Another said, 'It is because his grandfather's grave is in an unlucky situation.' Others said, 'He has eaten foreigners' pills and is bewitched, and if he doesn't quickly change his course, when he dies these barbarians will tear out his heart and liver, and also his eyes, and then how will he do?'

"When my father and mother heard all this, they were beside themselves with rage, and often beat me, especially when I went to worship God at Pechuia. They also threatened to bind me and cast me into the river, or break my legs. I remembered that the Holy Book said: 'Do not fear those that can kill the body, but cannot kill the soul,' and so my heart was not in the least discouraged. I prayed the more earnestly, and did not bear any grudge against my parents. At that time they were full of grief and vexation, and continued to hope that I would return and walk in the old paths. When neither threats nor entreaties availed, they asked help of the idols and fortune-tellers, and when that failed, got village elders and

others to exhort me. But all was in vain. My heart was fixed, and, though they tried to change it, it could not be moved. . . . Afterwards two heathen acquaintances of my parents, who, in Amoy, had heard a little about the Christian religion, stated that the design of this new teaching was to lead men to do good, and that my parents might safely allow me to take my own way, and have no fear that evil would befall me."

By-and-bye Dr. Carstairs Douglas, who came to China along with Burns on his return from Scotland, comforted him, and he was in due course baptised, his aged mother and two brothers following in the same path soon afterwards. What became of his father is not mentioned, but he says that his "parents relented." The Rev. Tan Khe is looked upon by the Christians, native and foreign, as a man of weight and learning, whose character is full of great amiability and modesty.

Mr. Meadows, of the China Inland Mission, with which the name of Hudson Taylor is so very closely associated, reports some cases from the maritime province of Cheh-kiang. From these we select one instance that illustrates the softening power of that Gospel which does *not* counsel revenge as the proper attitude to assume when real injury has been received. "I wrote you of a poor woman," says Mr. Meadows, "at one of our out-stations, whose husband has beaten her times without number for



CHINESE BARBER.

attending the services. The preacher dared not visit her, and no disciple, male or female, was permitted to enter the house while her husband was at home. A short time ago, he beat his poor wife so severely as to make even himself fear that he had gone too far; and he began to regret his violence. Whilst in this state of mind, he was seized with a serious illness, and was unable to rise from his bed or help himself. 'Now,' thought he, 'my wife will pay me back for my ill-treatment. She will not attend to me, so I must do the best I can for myself' . . . Our sister, who was slowly recovering from his cruel treatment, did all she could to make him comfortable, and even used up her little savings to buy him some delicacies. This was all done with such Christian grace and patience, without one unkind word, that the

husband was astonished, and began to think, 'There cannot be anything very bad in the religion of Jesus, or my wife would not have acted in this manner towards me.' From that time he has given her full liberty to attend the service." Mr. Meadows mentions that she and her fellow-believers hold a meeting-house rent-free, through the liberality of a female member; they pay a preacher twenty-four dollars a year towards his support, and give other sums to the Church out of their very slender means.

Very frequently the missionaries have had to report a long period of discouragement, with perhaps one inquirer, who turns out to be of doubtful character; then



WOMEN OF AMOY.

a sudden increase of interest, several converts, great persecution, and the final establishment of a little working centre of earnest and faithful Christians. Here is a typical history, in the words of the Rev. J. A. Leyerberger, at Wei Hein, in Northern China:—

"In former years no opposition was aroused, because the number of converts was so few. At the beginning of 1887, however, the number of inquirers largely increased, and immediately the lawless classes began to organise repressive measures. They seemed to fear that if nothing was done, the whole region would embrace Christianity. They resorted to the usual tactics to arouse the passions of the multitude; they endeavoured to collect money from the Christians for the repair of heathen temples, and to assist in paying for theatrical entertainments for the delectation of their gods; they refused the Christians the right of drawing water from the public wells; they endeavoured to cut them off from all intercourse with the rest of the people, and to boycott them in the most effectual manner; they

reviled them with the most shocking language when they appeared upon the street; they stole their animals, ruined their crops, and finally burned the house of one of the Christians." This led to such a crisis that Mr. Leyenberger invoked the interference of the mandarin in authority, who refused to see him, but received a statement of the case, and issued a notification that led to the re-establishment of harmony.

#### CHAPTER LXXIV.

##### FEMALE WORK, MANCHURIA, COREA, FORMOSA, ETC.

Dr. Nevius—The Lot of Women in China—No Zenanas in China—The Girl-Baby's Welcome—The Separation of the Sexes—A Round Tower Village—A Chinese Empress Claims Rights for Women—Literary Women—Little Feet—"Only a Girl"—A Chinese Suttie—Mission Work in Manchuria—Inundations—Corea, the Land of Morning Calm—The Hermit Nation—Hospitality in a Corean Settlement—Formosa—A Pathetic Tale—Opium Smokers—China, and its Difficulties as a Mission Field—George Piercy.

AN experienced missionary in China, Dr. Nevius, has recorded his impression as to the relative effective value of the different modes of evangelising the people of that country. The order adopted shows progressively, in numerical sequence, the modes which have yielded the best visible results:—1, Bible distribution; 2, Tract distribution; 3, Preaching in chapels; 4, Translation and literary work; 5, Schools; 6, Preaching on missionary tours; 7, Private social intercourse.

The last method is undoubtedly that which is now being most successful; but it must be remembered that previous labours have broken up the soil and disseminated many religious conceptions, thus preparing the way for heart-searchings in individual lives. It is to be noticed that neither medical missions nor women's work for women are mentioned in this category. The first of these two agencies has already received as full treatment as the compass of this work will admit, and the latter is of comparatively recent development in China.

Before taking a final glance at the outlying dependencies of China as regards their mission prospects, let us try to gather up what we can of an interesting nature as to the lot of women in China, and see what it is that those noble ladies who are now carrying the Gospel to their almond-eyed sisters have to meet with and to do. Their task is quite different from that which is set for the lady missionary in Oriental lands nearer to Europe.

The term "Zenana" has frequently been applied to mission effort by women for Chinese women, but really nothing could be more misleading than the use of such an expression. There is nothing to correspond with the idea which the term suggests, in the social conditions under which the evangelisation of Chinese women has been carried on with so much genuine success. It is true that there is a certain separation of men and women, which we Europeans have indeed ourselves often found to be proper and necessary; but it does not exist to an extreme degree except among the higher classes, and female children and elderly women are not at all restricted in their social intercourse with the other sex. Young women do not

usually go out alone, but there is nothing to hinder them except *fashion*—often tyrannical enough outside of China—from even engaging in such occupation as they may find to be most pleasant and lucrative. As in the East generally, and as in Europe up till recent times, the position of women, of the wife even, is on the whole very humbling and subordinate. “A Chinese woman,” says a lady missionary, “does not walk in the street with her husband; she does not eat with him, but takes what is left after the men of the family have finished their meal; she has no legal right to anything whatever, apart from her male relatives.” On the other hand, she has certain advantages denied to her sisters in other Oriental countries, such as the entire absence of caste, freedom from confinement in a harem, acknowledgment of the possession of a human soul, with its capacity for religious and intellectual development, and a code of morality which guards her virtue and secures respect.

According to strict Confucian teaching, however, woman is only entitled to the same status as a slave, and so sons are always welcomed into the world much more warmly than daughters. Indeed, it has been said that a baby-girl is sometimes left in rags for three days on the floor, to indicate the esteem in which she is held.

As a Chinese poet has said—

“When a son is born,  
He sleeps on a bed;  
He is clothed with robes;  
He plays with gems.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But when a daughter is born,  
She sleeps on the ground;  
She plays with a tile;  
She is incapable of either good or ill.”

Nothing can better illustrate the *legal* inequality of the sexes than the fact, vouched for by one of Her Majesty’s Consuls in China, that if a wife lifts her hands on her husband she receives one hundred blows, while the latter is entitled to a divorce. On the other hand, if the husband chastises his wife without causing an actual open wound, he is not liable to any penalty whatever. Should the wife die from the injury, however, the husband is put to death by the merciful form of strangulation, which allows the victim to enter Hades entire; but if the wife, in a similar way, should cause the death of her husband, she must die by the punishment—horrible to the Chinese mind—of decapitation, and become a headless ghost.

The separation of the sexes is rigid enough to make it impracticable for any real Chinese gentleman to think of introducing his female relations to a male friend, however intimate he might happen to be. To do that would be considered a very gross breach, not only of good manners, but of moral propriety.

The men and women do not sit together in church, but the superior sex occupy the best seats in the centre of the edifice, while the women are squeezed into a side room, and they slip in or out with little chance of being seen or spoken to by the presiding missionary.

In Chinese houses of the better sort, there is for the ladies pretty complete seclusion from the public gaze. Mr. Giles says that in Peking "care is taken that no one builds his house higher than his neighbours', lest he should be spying into the adjoining courtyards or small gardens in which the ladies of each family are wont to sit on summer afternoons, sometimes very lightly clad."

M. Jules Simon, in one of his recent articles in the *Matin*, amusingly argues that the British "Club," now becoming fashionable on the Continent, is practically a return to Oriental manners, where the separation of the sexes has been the destruction of true domesticity. There is wit and cleverness in such a mode of helping us "to see ourselves as others see us," but let us piously hope that European society will never be willing, or able, to reduce woman to the merely servile position which, as a rule, she now occupies in China, and which the devoted lady missionaries there are doing so much to revolutionise for good.

Amongst the humbler classes in southern parts of China, and in many northerly districts, the social partition of the sexes is anything but rigorously carried out, and we are too apt to expect the "West-End" manners, described in books, to meet us everywhere. The Rev. G. J. MacLagan paid a recent visit to one or two "Round-tower" and other villages, and his sketches give a vivid conception of the people as he saw them in their homes. Let us take a peep at those quaint communities.

Describing Liang-khe, Mr. MacLagan says:—"This is such a strange little place. The village is really one huge round tower. Its outside is a blank wall, with tiny slits, like prison windows, and a small entrance-gate. . . . Just round the inside of the thick stone wall, and lining its lower portion, is a row of wooden stalls, where many of the inhabitants live. Another strong stone tower, just like the outer one, rises within the stalls, and towers above them. We step inside, and find ourselves in a large stone-paved court, open to the sky. It is, of course, circular, and a raised pavement runs round it, off which are doors opening into rooms the depth of the walls' thickness—dark, gloomy-looking places—but here *the people live like one large family* [our italics]. We sat and watched the women sitting at the doors, one picking a goose, another smoking, a third nursing her baby, and so on. In one place was a loom, in another the stone mill for husking rice: piles of brushwood for firing were collected in a third, and in a fourth the rubbish of ages seemed to be stored away. One of the girls took us up-stairs to the second floor, also a ring of dwelling-houses; another broader flight of steps led to a third landing, where old chairs, bins of rice, etc., were kept: and a final elmb led us to the attic, round which were stored nothing more nor less than the ancestral tablets and idols of the population, nicely out of the way! It was so strange to look down over the railings on the one hand, into the round court, with its busy groups of people, pigs, and hens, and on the other side to peer through the narrow windows in the thick masonry of the wall, at the natural rampart of mountains and rivers beyond."

In the same article, published in "Our Sisters in Other Lands," the writer narrates how, in visiting another town, he came upon a number of women sitting with their work on a doorstep: and, making some remarks on their occupation,

was invited to sit down. "Of course," he continues, "I accepted their invitation, and asked them if I should read something to them. In a few minutes quite a



CHINESE AND TARTAR LADIES.

crowd had collected. I sat in the doorway; in the room behind me were two men lying in bed smoking opium, and a number of young girls, half-hidden behind the open door; on the table at the end of the room stood three gilded idols and a number of ancestral tablets. In front of me, sitting on the steps, were six or seven women, most of them making clothes or embroidering shoes, lots of half-naked

children crowded round me, full of curiosity, and a number of men formed an outer circle. These men were of all classes, some well dressed in their long robes almost down to the ground, and pig-tails quite as long, some coolies with their burdens, some vendors with their wares, some diseased, ragged, dirty beggars, holding out their little trays for a few cash. Both men and women listened very attentively. The men are much more intelligent than the women, understand what one says more readily, and ask more intelligent questions."

Women are not always so unintelligent as those Mr. MacLagan met with seem to have been. About the close of the sixth century of our era the so-called Empress Wu, who was a lady of strong character and determined purpose, assumed the reins of Celestial government, and after settling herself comfortably on the Dragon Throne, took it into her imperial head to establish literary examinations for women who desired to enter the Civil Service, previously confined to the male sex. An article appeared about a year ago in the *Figaro* which was contributed by a Chinaman of distinguished rank, General Teheng-Ki Tong. The gallant General—gallant in a double sense—takes up the cudgels for the blue-stockings of China in good style, pointing out that the ladies of his country are not described at all by the Europeans who scurry through China, or they are described as if they were illiterate slaves, like other Asiatic women. The reason of such reticence, or blundering, is, that "Europeans are not admitted to see our women."

The Chinese woman, living enclosed, does not get much talked about; her sphere is one of quiet action. "She performs in silence her duties as wife and mother, assists her husband with her counsels, which are frequently wiser and more prudent than those of the men. Our Government has quite appreciated the part she plays; it often rewards her with titles and honours, some of which even carry with them the right to wear uniform. Furthermore, in the absence of her husband on any urgent business, the wife of a Chinese *fonctionnaire* may undertake the performance of his official duties. Placed in such an advantageous position by the public and private customs of her country, the Chinese woman has no need to fight for equal rights with man, and in China the political woman is absolutely unknown. In the world of art and letters, however, China has celebrated her heroines from the most remote antiquity to the present day. Thus, when Confucius compiled the *Chi-King*, or 'Book of Ballads,' he placed in the front of his collection of 300 odes, certain verses due to the inspiration of a young maiden. Later on, in the first century, a lady named Tsao-Tchao wrote a continuation to an historical work left unfinished through the death of the author, her brother, Pang-Kou. She was appointed to give instructions in literature to the Empress, and to the great ladies of the court."

Much of this is quite true, and a great deal more could be added in a similar strain. It is well to hear both sides of a question clearly stated, but we shall not find it difficult to obtain trustworthy evidence that women in China, high or low, have not yet attained the position which is frankly conceded to them as a right in all Christian countries. It is true that any peasant girl who has filially nursed her parents through a tedious illness may awake one morning to find her name inserted



in the oldest newspaper in the world, with the information that imperial honours have been bestowed upon her, and that her humble name will go down to posterity as an example of filial devotion and piety.

In China, more perhaps than in any other land, the family is the type and pattern of the national life—for the Emperor himself is looked upon as the father of the nation. If, therefore, we ever hope to be able to understand the people aright, it must clearly be by a study of the domestic units which go to make up the great composite nation. The family has extraordinary legal, or at least customary, authority over each of its individual members, judging offences and punishing them, often with the greatest severity, even by lingering and painful modes of death, although in certain cases there is a carefully guarded appeal to higher tribunals. When a Chinawoman marries, she almost passes out of the view and memory of her own relations, and is subject to the domination of her husband's family. In a Chinese work called the "Memoirs of Ladies of Ancient Times," her position in life is thus defined. "Confucius said, 'Let the woman be in subjection to the man.' Therefore, she has no part in the direction of affairs; but there are three whom she must obey; while under her paternal roof, she must obey her father; after marriage, her husband; and when he is dead, her eldest son; in no case may she presume to follow her own will."

Most foreigners visiting China have written about the little feet or "Golden Lilies" of the women, but probably no better description of them has been given than that of the genial old Jesuit traveller, Le Comte. We quote from the English translation, 1697. He says of this custom, "So soon as ever the Girls are born, the Nurses take care to tie their Feet extream hard for fear of growing; Nature, that seems to be disposed for this Torment, does more easily buckle to it than one could imagine; nay, one does not perceive that their Health is impaired thereby. Their Shoes of Sattin, embroidered with Gold, Silver, and Silk, are extraordinary neat; and tho' they be very little, yet do they study to let them be seen as they walk; for walk they do (which one would not be apt to believe), and would walk all day long by their good will, if they had liberty to go abroad. Some have been persuaded that it was an Invention of the ancient *Chineses*, who to bring Women under a necessity of keeping within Doors, brought little Feet in fashion. I have more than once inquired about it of the Chinese themselves, that never heard nothing of it. 'These are idle Tales,' says one of them smiling; 'our Fore-fathers knew Women but too well, as we do, to believe that in retrenching half of their Feet, they could be deprived of the power of walking, and of longing to see the World.'

The people of the land are the first to see and recognise the oddity of this strange Chinese *fashion*, for it is really nothing else, and is not adopted by working women as a rule; while the Manchu or Tartar women, including even the Empress, do not follow it. In a native story of the latter part of the seventh century of our era, the resident in an imaginary foreign land is made to say to a Chinese Sindbad:—"We can see no beauty in such monstrosities as the feet of your ladies. Small noses are considered handsomer than large ones; but what would be said of a person who sliced a piece off his own nose in order to reduce it within proper limits?" The custom is

said to have been begun about nine hundred or a thousand years ago. That great and liberal-minded patron of literature, the Emperor Kang-hi, made efforts to stop the practice, but what could a mere Chinese emperor do against fashion and the ladies? Christian societies have been recently formed to discourage the custom, of which various illustrations are given on this and the next page. Sometimes the binding of feet begins at a comparatively mature age, when the process must be extremely painful.

Professor Legge says that woman has no occasion to bless the religion of China. Confucius and Mencius were devoted to their mothers, and did not add concubines



CHINESE FEET.

to their homes, but, says the Professor, "their married life does not appear to have been very happy, and no generous sentiment tending to the amelioration of the social position of women ever came from either." For a woman's wrongs there is hardly any redress.

One of the Church Mission Society's missionaries mentions (in the report of 1887) a case in which a loyal Christian wife was subjected to brutal persecution by a heathen husband. "She was locked up in a loft by her husband, and kept a prisoner for three or four months, but was able to persuade somebody to buy a hyan-book for her. About this time, her husband and a few friends of his met the catechist in the street, and struck him, and before the case was settled the woman was released. For two Sundays she walked through the rain to the chapel, and her husband, making some other reason an excuse for his anger, struck her, and not long after she died from the effects of the blow." Apparently the husband suffered no inconvenience from the effects of his cruelty in this case.

When children are unwelcome or become inconvenient, from the poverty of

the parents, they may be sold into domestic slavery; or they may be made over to the Buddhists when quite young in order to be brought up as priests or nuns—a practice which evoked a notable protest against Buddhism from an eminent judge within the times of the present dynasty; or—especially in the case of girls, they may simply be put to death by strangling or drowning. Miss MacLeish writes:—"Another child we heard of just too late, a child of three years; she had turned ill, and as she was 'only a girl' her mother could not be troubled attending to her, so just laid her in the blazing sun and left her to die. There she lay for two days, and not a soul gave her so much as a drop of water. Girls are looked on as useless lumber: just the other day I heard of three baby girls drowned by their grandmother in the same jar." It is often said that these accounts have been exaggerated, and that the frequency of infant corpses may be accounted for by the parents not considering it necessary to bury young infants.

This may be true and important, but infanticide is a reality in China, very terrible, and not at all uncommon.

Many are the terrors that lie in the path of the Chinese woman, too, through after-life. The leading native paper of China, the *Shên-Pao*, is at present agitating for the suppression of a form of widow-murder which may be described as the Indian *sati* (suttee) in Chinese form. A feast is provided three days before the tragedy is to be enacted, at which relatives and friends ply the unhappy woman with every kind of argument to induce her to comply with the barbarous custom. Having been at last compelled to consent, she is placed in a palanquin



and carried, to the sound of gongs and other instruments, in the midst of a grand procession to a lofty platform. When she reaches this elevation, the assembled relatives and friends perform their solemn salutations to the wretched victim, and officials are even known to appear and recognise the proceedings by saluting the doomed widow in public. When this part of the ceremonial is accomplished, a stout rope is hung from a cross-beam, the widow places her neck within the noose, and one of her brothers (if she has one) pulls the end with all his might till she is strangled. Of course, such a pure instance of wifely loyalty and subordination, which so beautifully illustrates classical ethics, demands Imperial recognition and reward, and frequently enough the name of the victim figures among the good women whom the Emperor loves to honour.



The *Shên-Pao* asserts that there is scarcely a family in Lieu-Kiang which does not pride itself on having had a virtuous widow of this self-sacrificing type. Some

thirty years ago, the story is told, a new prefect was much horrified when he heard that this widow-strangulation was general in Lien-Kiang, and having received an invitation, soon after his arrival, to be present at such a doleful ceremony, and to make his salutation in full official dress, he declined. However, as the "elders" of the town and the county gentry were pressing in their desire for his presence, he made up his mind to appear, and to keep a vigilant eye on the proceedings. As soon as the prefect had made his obeisance, the poor widow on the lofty platform began to cry out and stamp with her feet in such a way as to make it plain that, however great was the grief she might feel for the dear departed one, she did not offer herself a very willing victim on his tomb. The worthy prefect, roused to righteous indignation at the visible evidence of the widow's unwillingness to become a sacrifice, promptly arrested her elder relations, neighbours, and others participating in the affair, and "administered several hundred blows with the bamboo to each: the husband's father being *cangued* in addition, and the mother being beaten on the mouth. The prefect issued a proclamation stringently forbidding such enforced suttees for the future, but this was only obeyed in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and produced no reformation in the country a little removed. . . . Since then the practice has virtually gone on without a protest, thousands of widows being thus sacrificed every year." What is proposed is, that the young Emperor who now reigns should decree the abolition of the suttee throughout the Empire of China, the penalty for infringement of his command to be banishment to the frontier—the Siberia of the Chinaman, practically being equivalent to a sentence of death. It is hoped and almost believed that Imperial action in this direction will be promptly and effectively taken.

In our first chapter on China we expressed the intention of glancing at mission work in Manchuria. The products of this province are so rich and varied that an excess of physical comfort has tended to produce a sensuous, heavy animalism not favourable to the evangel of Christ. The people on the whole are well-to-do. There are many populous towns, and even large cities, in Manchuria, with seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants, and one city has even 250,000. It does not seem that any higher standard is found in these. Buddhism prevails, and what is called Shamanism, with "Confucianism."

Dr. Hunter, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, once travelled as far as the Amur, where he shook hands with Russian soldiers, amongst whom Greek religious books had been circulated. He wrote that he had carried one end of the Gospel chain until he put it into the hands of those who met him from the other side, and thus "put a blessed girdle round the globe."

The recent inundations caused by the overflows of the river Liao laid a heavy but pleasing duty on Messrs. Fulton and Carson, the Irish Presbyterian missionaries in Manchuria. An area of about 250 square miles was assigned to them for relief. There they found that houses had subsided, crops had been carried, and junks were sailing where the peasants had been toiling in the fields a short time before. The

Chinese officials and native merchants and gentry contributed lavishly, and plentiful funds from other sources were placed in the hands of the missionaries to aid the distressed.

"Regarding the calamitous condition of the people," writes Mr. Carson, "from a missionary point of view, the effect produced upon them by such a Divine visitation, and our attitude towards them—it cannot but turn out to the furtherance of the Gospel. We were everywhere received with gratitude, and hailed as the saviours of the people." He also states that the Tartar general in authority there had made official inquiry into what they had been doing for the suffering people, in order that he might gratefully lay the matter before the august occupant of the Dragon Throne.

The Scotch United Presbyterian Mission took up ground in this northern region soon after their Irish brethren, and have since occupied it in considerable strength, pushing their way up to, and now at last over, the borders of the Hermit Country, Corea, to which we now turn.

On All Saints' Day, in the year 1889, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, and several other prelates, consecrated the Rev. Charles John Corfe, D.D., as Bishop of Corea.

A good many people have since asked, "Where is Corea?" and have puzzled over their forgotten school atlases to try and find the place. It has a population of probably about eight or ten millions, of fair-skinned, almond-eyed people, who owe semi-allegiance to the Emperor of China. A revolution took place in 1882, and since that time, through much blood and turmoil, the country has been opened up to the influx of foreign peoples and modern ideas. Corea, or as the Japanese call it, the Land of Morning Calm, is a mountainous neck of land, cutting off the Yellow Sea from the Sea of Japan. King-ki-tao, its *Seoul* or capital (for Seoul is not strictly a proper name) is supposed to have a population of about a quarter of a million. All trade had been hitherto carried on by barter, in which a root called *ginseng*—of fanciful virtues, like the mandrake of Holy Scripture—played an important *role*, being sometimes estimated at nearly its weight in gold. The advanced Government now in power are making arrangements, however, to establish a mint. The people are tall, and often graceful and well formed, with kindly manners, though the women are obliged to hide themselves from the eyes of foreigners. Blue eyes and moderately light-coloured hair are not unfrequent among them, while the features are often like those of our own race. Their garments are white, and they wear a Puritan style of tall black hat with broad brim, curiously and delicately wrought in horse-hair, and fastened on the head by a strap.

Their language is peculiar to themselves, and they have an alphabet greatly superior in its simplicity to that of any of their neighbours. Indeed, it is wonderful to find existing side by side with the vastly complex picture-words of the Chinese, a phonetic system on which even Mr. Pitman could not greatly improve.

The Coreans are for the most part adherents of the Chinese systems of thought, but Buddhism has been for long the popular creed, and the hills and valleys of

Corea are dotted over with its shrines. Fetishism, as it has been called, is said to be prevalent, and offerings are constantly being presented to certain trees, or more probably to the spirits believed to make their abode within their shade.

The missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church (Scotland) were among the



MANCHURIANS.

first to become acquainted with the language of the Hermit Nation, whose traders often came to the borders of Manchuria. A considerable portion of the Bible was translated, and a font of type having been provided, copies of the Sacred Book were soon in circulation. Coreans not a few came even to Moukden in Manchuria to inquire and to be baptised. None were so sanguine, then, as to suppose that the barriers to evangelisation in the country itself were speedily to be removed. One little portion came to be under Chinese magistrates, "who of course," writes Mr. MacIntyre, "will grant toleration of religion, and allow the Coreans perfect freedom in the matter of building churches. Here is *Corea opened*, and giving us a cordial welcome."

Mr. Webster, along with Mr. Ross, visited in 1884 some Corean settlements where

an awakening had taken place. After a most picturesque but toilsome journey, they arrived at the first settlement in the Corean valleys just at dusk. Mr. Webster thus describes the very warm and hospitable reception given to them by those poor peasants just emerging from the gloom of heathenism.

“About thirty men dressed in light blue or white robes had convened to welcome us, and we were ushered into the principal house in the settlement. It was but a hovel, as all their houses are, divided into three rooms, one the kitchen, another the family apartment, and a third the guest-chamber. There is no *k'ang* here as in Chinese houses, but the whole floor is a *k'ang*, heated from beneath by flues from the kitchen fire. There is no door: we enter by the window, two and a half feet high and eighteen inches wide. Our room is not by any means large, about nine feet wide and seven feet high; and crowded with Coreans, as it was continually, the atmosphere was something horrible. They use no seats of any description, but squat upon the floor, tailor fashion. They brought round toy tables to us, one for each, about a foot in diameter and six inches high, and reclining on the floor with these at our elbow, while our host and his friends looked on, we enjoyed our evening repast. Their hospitality knew no limits. It seems to be a point of honour with them to entertain strangers. . . . The colonists were highly spoken of by their Chinese neighbours as a quiet and respectable class of people, very much disposed to live and let live. The Chinese as a rule, however, treat them with utter contempt as an inferior race; in fact, the Corean is to the Chinaman what the Publican is to the Pharisee. . . . We saw nothing of the women-folk; according to etiquette, they were in hiding all the time; but the children came about us quite freely. We were struck with their bright, intelligent appearance, and pleasing manners, reminding us much more of home young folks than those we meet in China. The dress, too, especially of the girls, was not at all unlike that of their Western sisters—a low-bodied gown, a very short jacket with long sleeves.”

Some of these simple farmers were afraid of the Chinese, who had threatened them for daring to harbour foreigners: but, on the whole, the missionaries were made welcome to their houses. Sometimes the little rooms would be packed for hours with eager hearers. At one pretty little spot hard by a mountain stream, it was decided by the new believers that a log house should be erected for the worship of God in the following spring.

Webster and Ross rode on the frozen Yalu for several miles, Ross's beard white with hoar-frost, and Webster's furs silvered in the same way. Six of the poor people had come through darkness and snow-fields to meet the messengers of the Cross at one of the resting-places. Before baptism the converts were questioned as to their life and faith, and their answers were frank and ready: one lad of twelve among

하나님이 세상을 사랑하여 그 외아  
달을 주어 무론 밋는 자 난 죄를 면하  
고 길 이 살을 엇게 하니라

SPECIMEN OF COREAN  
PRINT (JOHN iii, 16).

them, fair complexion, bright eyes, intelligent as any English boy. In all, seventy-five souls were added at that time to the mission by baptism, and the foundations of a Christian Church for the Coreans were laid in prayerful hope.

We now turn to take a parting glance at Formosa—an island dependency of China to which the attention of our readers was directed in an earlier chapter of this section of our work. Early in the seventeenth century the Dutch became masters of this fair territory, but in 1662 the great Chinese pirate Koxinga, after protracted warfare and a final siege of the Dutch settlement—situated where the present capital, Taiwan, now is—expelled them from the island.

A pathetic tale comes down from those dark times, in which the heroism of a Dutch minister named Hambrocock shines out with a lustre that age cannot dim. The Chinese robber-chief had captured a number of the Dutch settlers, amongst whom were this brave-hearted pastor, his wife, and certain of his children. Two of his daughters, however, still remained with the Dutch in their castle at Taiwan, when Hambrocock, leaving his wife and young ones as hostages in the hands of the Chinese, was sent to negotiate a surrender of the Dutch forces. The worthy pastor, too true a patriot to sacrifice his country's good, even to save his own dear ones, urged the Dutch authorities still to hold the fort, as the Chinese chieftain must needs soon raise the siege. His countrymen entreated him to stay, and his two weeping daughters clung to him in agony, knowing the fate in which his unsuccessful mission would surely involve him. His only answer was that his wife and little ones would perish if he did not faithfully return. With words of encouragement to his besieged fellow-citizens, he went back to the camp of the piratical Chinese, and was soon led out with many others to be beheaded.

Chinese imperial authority was finally established in Formosa, but it has ever proved a hard realm to govern, and the savages of the interior have not been reduced to order. Wreckings and cruel murders are often recorded in the newspapers at the present day, and an outrage of this kind recently led Japan, after much patient diplomacy, to take prompt and summary vengeance on the miscreants, to the intense surprise and disgust of the stately but sluggish Court at Peking, which now looks with some degree of nervous distrust on her lithe and agile neighbour of Tokio.

A hybrid Buddhism, here as in other parts of China, is the religious system which prevails amongst the ruling race; and of the aboriginal savages little has yet been made known of a reliable nature.

We have already alluded to the formation of the English Presbyterian Mission in Formosa, the medical mission of which has had a very prosperous history. Dr. Maxwell, now a well-known presence at Mildmay meetings, is still gratefully remembered by many a sufferer who has been relieved by his skill. By his kindly ways and genial wisdom he gained access for the Gospel message to the heart of many a callous, sordid Chinaman. He began work at Taiwan in 1865. The Roman Catholics have also had an active mission in Formosa since 1859, while the northern section of the island is well occupied by the Canadian Presbyterian Mission—begun in 1872—



the apostolic labours of whose missionary, Mr. MacKay, would merit many a page of mission history.

Formosa had, a few years ago, a population of about three millions of Chinese, who lived chiefly along the northern and western shores: while, living in the uncultivated forest tracts of the interior, in a more or less savage condition, are supposed to be some sixty to a hundred thousand dark-skinned aborigines. Some of these savages have begun to intermarry with the Chinese. Mr. Corner of Amoy thus tersely describes the aboriginal race: "of middle height, broad-chested and muscular, with remarkably large hands and feet, the eyes large, the forehead round, and not narrow or receding in many instances, the nose broad, the mouth large and disfigured with betel." Tattooing is an almost universal custom. In some parts of the island the dead are buried under the bed on which they lay when in life, and in a sitting posture—a custom of primitive type observed in many countries. Some efforts are now being made to reach those poor darkened representatives of an earlier and infantile stage of civilisation, and it is hoped that many of them may soon be found clothed, in their right minds, and sitting peacefully at the feet of Jesus.

Opium seems to have an unusual attractiveness to Chinamen in Formosa, and the power of the drug is very frequently referred to in desponding terms by the missionaries at work there. Dr. Anderson, in his report on hospital work at Taiwanfoo during 1888, mentions that of 615 in-patients, 109 were opium-smokers, who came hoping that medical treatment would eradicate the craving for the noxious drug. He goes on to add that:—"As we found in our experience, certain other in-patients were also opium-smokers, though secretly, and we are probably not far aside of the mark if we put the total number resident in the hospital during the year at 150—that is, almost one in four. They form the most unsatisfactory class of patients we have to deal with. Till lately, our plan was simply to look after them as closely as possible while under treatment, and prevent their going outside the hospital till we had reason to believe they had got the better of the habit. About the middle of the year, however, a somewhat more rigid plan appeared to be called for, and so we made a rule that every applicant for treatment must deposit one dollar as evidence of good faith, and also remain within the hospital for a minimum period of twenty-one days on penalty of forfeiting the money. Of the sixty-three submitted to this *régime* forty-four fulfilled the conditions, the remaining nineteen either absconded (leaving the deposit money in our hands) or otherwise broke the contract. The proportion of failures, even under the new system, seems large, and we can only attribute it to the fact that as yet we have no opium refuge into which the patients can voluntarily enter, but be compulsorily detained till the expiry of the specified period: in this way there would be no temptation to escape. To attempt to treat opium-smokers on the open system, as at present, is scarcely worth the pains, and, indeed, it seems wonderful that the proportion of failures is not larger."

The doctor goes on to describe the hopeful looks of those who come trusting that they will be cured, and the abject misery betrayed in the countenances of those

who begin to suffer from the deprivation. "Most of them," he says, "smoke up to the moment of entering, trusting to the magical influence of the foreign medicine to rid them at once and for ever of all craving for the drug."

Perhaps we cannot do better, in closing our account of China and its dependencies



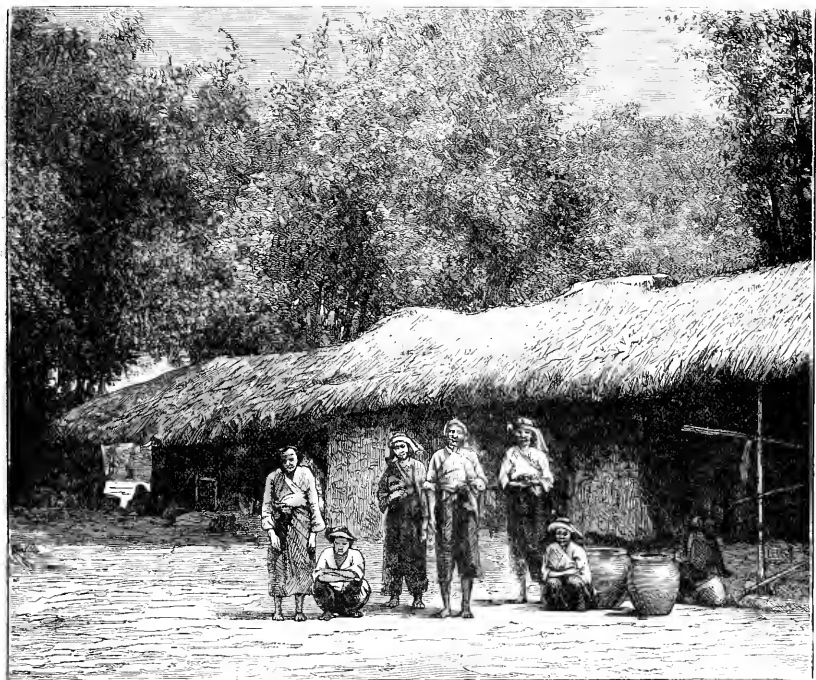
COREANS IN WET WEATHER.

as a mission-field, than quote the verdict of a most distinguished missionary, who knows better than most the character of the difficulties which have been encountered and, in the strength of Christ, largely overcome. The following extracts are from a paper read by Dr. Williamson before the Chefoo Missionary Association in 1888. He says:—

"1. The Chinese are, beyond all question, the ablest of all non-Christian nations. They are extremely quick in perception, wide in the sweep of their mental vision, fertile in resources, and remarkably accurate in their estimate of men and circumstances. And their ability is wonderfully diffused, so that you often meet an able man among the coolies.

"2. They are also the most unscrupulous of all people. Truth is nowhere when it does not suit their interest. Weapons of all sorts are used with equal equanimity.

Lying, cheating, bamboozling, cajoling, and bribing are all wielded as legitimate with perfect nonchalance. They are masters in deception; and are also the most close-minded and difficult of all people to fathom. One hundred generations of buying and selling and conspiring for office has begotten in them a proclivity and astuteness in



HUTS AND NATIVES OF FORMOSA.

seheining and over-reaching which it would be difficult to parallel. The paramount thought in the mind of every Chinaman you meet is: 'How much can I make of this foreigner?' This terrible phase of accumulated heredity we have to face.

"3. Again, their minds are better trained than any other non-Christian nation. Their school education and their examinations have accomplished this, and they are especially well drilled in moral truth. Emphatically, they know the truth, but do it not. They meet you at every point with the highest sentiments, set often in the most elegant forms, perfect literary gems. And the consequence is twofold—first, they are hardened beyond measure against Divine truth; their hearts are not only stones, but stones polished and impervious to all ordinary impressions; and, secondly, they

are full of high moral maxims which they will rattle off by the mile when you accuse them of deception. There is no hypocrite in the world who can robe himself in such glittering garments of an angel of light, and sustain the deceit for such a length of time, as a Chinaman, until a crisis comes, and you grasp him firmly, and sometimes find him as black as the devil. . . . Examine carefully the physiognomies of the crowds you meet, in any city you please, and you will hardly find one ingenuous face among a thousand.

"4. They are also the proudest nation in the world. But they have reason to be proud, for no nation can show such a roll of illustrious men and noble deeds as they can. Still, this accumulated heredity of pride, though in a sense justifiable, is nevertheless no small barrier in our way."

Such are the people that now spread themselves with yearly accelerating rapidity over every land that the waters of the Pacific reach. Borneo, Java, and the Philippines; Japan, America, and our Australian colonies; even the West Indies rely upon the patient toil of John Chinaman. His moral and social future is of the most solemn and far-reaching importance to the whole human race. Every traveller to the far West now knows the dirty and evil-smelling, but altogether picturesque, slums which John Chinaman has created for his own delectation in the fair city of San Francisco: and in a striking chapter of the never-to-be-solved "Mystery of Edwin Drood," Charles Dickens has painted, *more suo*, an almost too realistic picture of one of the opium dens of East London, with which Oriental civilisation has repaid us for our rough services. There, within sight of the golden cross that gleams from above the fog-smothered dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, the patient toiler from Cathay is found in considerable numbers.

This section may perhaps fitly close with a notice—alas! too brief—of the career and work of a scholarly veteran, who carries our minds back to the time when the fermenting process of the new life of China was exerting its pressure on the teeming crowds of its great cities. We find Wells Williams in 1850 lamenting that "the poverty induced by the opium trade is pressing harder and harder upon them, and the lower classes are devoting themselves to robbing, piracy, and emigration, in order to procure food and work," and a little later he writes:—"Our attention is turning just now to supplying the emigrants, leaving here for California in great numbers, with tracts, etc. The total emigration of Chinese in this direction is estimated at already about 10,000, of whom most are from this region; fully 2,000 have gone to Peru. A plan is now started to supply labourers to complete the railroad across the Isthmus, as it is found that Irishmen cannot stand the climate. Ships are loading with Chinese labourers for Panama and Callao, while emigrants flock to San Francisco at the rate of sixty dollars for passage money, which they pay themselves."

At this crisis in Chinese social history the Rev. George Piercy landed in Hong Kong. Born in 1829 in a Yorkshire village, he began under religious impulse to utter the Gospel as a Methodist lay preacher, at the age of nineteen. This he did for some years: but meanwhile the claims of the great world lying in heathen gloom



THE REV GEORGE PIERCY.

*Portrait by the Rev. George Piercy.*



pressed upon his heart, and he thought he should like to carry the Divine message to far-off Pagan lands. There was a good deal being said at that time about China and its vast population, then perhaps somewhat exaggerated. Business was opening up with foreign nations there, and England was getting the lion's share of it. Young Piercy thought that perhaps a niche might be found for him in some merchant's *hong* by which, with other means, he might maintain himself as a champion of the Cross at his own charges. At that time reliable information about the Celestials and their ways was most difficult to obtain, but the would-be missionary to China found valuable facts of the kind he wanted in a work by the older Medhurst, which set forth in stirring terms its claims as a mission field. At last Mr. Piercy left London, in September, 1850, and duly arrived at Hong Kong, where he was very kindly received by Dr. Legge. Forthwith "throwing off his coat" to the language, but not, like Burns and some others, donning a Chinese one, he supported himself for two years at Hong Kong, and subsequently at Canton, in an independent position as a missionary. In August, 1852, however, he was received by the Methodist Conference, on which the Chinese Mission became officially recognised and established. Soon two brethren, the Rev. W. R. Beech and the Rev. Josiah Cox (both are still living) joined Mr. Piercy, and the mission work was thenceforth carried on on the ordinary lines.

The study of the language was pursued amidst many difficulties, and while the ordinary work was carried on in the usual Canton dialect, Mr. Piercy gave himself strenuously to the literary language as well. Dr. Hobson had charge of the London Mission at Canton during the early years of Mr. Piercy's labours there, and the latter recalls with interest that Dr. Morrison's convert, Leang-Afah, then an ordained missionary of venerable appearance, used to aid him in conducting services before the language came easily to his tongue.

The work done in those years was necessarily somewhat of a pioneer character. Only five ports were open, and the missionary could venture out of the limits for but twelve hours at a time. Still, much was done to lay a solid foundation, and various elementary school books were got ready for missionary operations when brighter days should dawn.

On the 8th of October, 1856, Commissioner Yeh sent a small force to haul down the "meteor flag" from the *Arrow*, a little ship, with an English master on its deck. The flag was successfully hauled down—but some history followed. Among other events of a graver kind, Mr. Piercy lost his furniture and many of his beloved books, and the ladies of the mission, including his wife, had to be suddenly sent off to Macao. The others waited at Canton in somewhat anxious suspense, although they found the common people, who had come to understand and respect them better than before, very civil and accommodating. There was some real danger, however, to be feared from the military and official class, but Rear-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour was close at hand, and made the brave old flag to be respected once more.

Mr. Piercy soon became well qualified to take an active part in translating, and he was now to be associated with Dr. Happer and Mr. Preston, of the Presbyterian,



ASIATIC MISSION IN THE EAST END, LONDON.



and Dr. Graves, of the Baptist missions, in preparing the "Union Version" (in the Canton dialect) of the Holy Scriptures to the end of the Acts. By himself he further went on to translate Romans to Revelation, completing also Genesis and the Psalms, which latter book has been republished by the American Bible Society.

Perhaps George Piercy is likely to be remembered best of all by his valuable translation, into the same widely prevalent dialect, of the "Pilgrim's Progress." This work has been well illustrated by native artists, who have rendered, under Chinese art conditions, very clever adaptations of the incidents of the pilgrimage to the life and thought of China. The pictures are quaint and interesting, and have earned the commendation of so expert a student of the literature of Bunyan's great story as Dr. Brown of Bedford. Prior to this sensible innovation, the illustrations in missionary literature were drawn from the stores of English societies, and did not very readily or directly appeal to Chinese taste and feeling, and the "new departure" has been diligently followed up.

In 1865 Piercy wrote a little work called "Love for China"—a genial sketch of the life of gentle Mary Gunson, the first lady teacher connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Mission in Canton. This young and ardent pioneer was early cut off, a pathetic tribute to England's Christian love for the down-trodden women of China.

After thirty years of laborious service in the trying climate of China, Mr. Piercy returned to England, and in the East End of its great metropolis now brings consolation and guidance to many a poor Chinaman whom fortune, or the lack of it, has cast adrift on these shores. It is a thing for all the Churches to be grateful for, that there is at least one wise and experienced Englishman here who can tell the story of the Cross in their own tongue to these wanderers from far Cathay.



## XXXVII.—AUSTRALIA.

## CHAPTER LXXV.

## PIONEERING FOR CHRIST IN DARK PLACES.

Outline of Attempts to Evangelise the Natives—The New Holland Mission—Messrs. Watson and Handt—Early Victorian Settlers—Strange Career of William Buckley—A Roman Catholic Episode—Moravian Missions—Spieseke and Hagenauer—Nathanael and Philip—"Ramah-our-Home"—In the Heart of the Continent—German Missionaries—Western Australia—Rev. J. E. Gribble—Archdeacon Hale of Adelaide—Poonindie—Brisbane—Bush Clergymen—Poor Peter!—In Queensland—Hagenauer's Travels—In Tasmania—The Rev. B. Carosso—Many-coloured Immigrants—The Kanakas—Chinese Communities—Success and Failure—Public Houses and Mission Chapels—Renan and the Papoos—A Dying Race.

AN enumeration of the various attempts which have successively been made by all denominations to evangelise their sunken brethren the aborigines of Australia, and nearly all of which have successively failed, would form a long catalogue of dry and somewhat uninteresting facts. Suffice it to say that great sums of money have been spent by English, German, and Australian Christians, whose agents, representing Episcopacy, Congregationalism, Methodism, Presbyterianism, Quakerism, and Lutheranism, have been welcomed by the blacks to whom they were sent, and by the settlers who had possessed themselves of their land; and yet the truth must be told that the lowest type of black humanity in the world has, as a rule, baffled the most arduous labours of these very varied workers in their endeavour to teach and baptise them. Happily there have been some striking exceptions to this rule, especially in later years, when the general mode of conducting a mission has been to plant a station as remote as possible from European influence. The missionaries having explored a region and selected an eligible site in some populous corner of it, the Government grant as many hundreds of acres as are required; and here in several instances the wild children of the soil have succeeded in building townships of their own, with only the missionary to oversee them, fencing in and clearing by their own hands the area which has been reserved to their use, after prolonged negotiations and weary red-tapeism, not to mention perilous journeyings to and fro for hundreds of miles on the part of their Christian friends. The character of all the "reserves" wears the same general features: they have rescued the natives from a wild, roving life, wherein they were exposed to the worst temptations, and have sought to bring them within the more benign influence of home; they have taught the necessity of labour, for the natives in them have built their own houses, burned their own lime, sunk their own wells and tanks, made their own furniture and clothing, tended their own gardens, and poultry and other live-stock; the women learning to make and mend, and to clean and cook for the community.

We can only take a rapid glance at some of the principal agencies employed, and what has been effected by them.

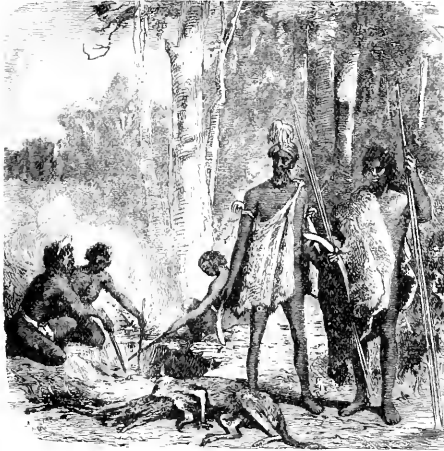
In 1832 the New Holland Mission was undertaken at the instance of Her Majesty's Government, who decided to appropriate £500 from the colonial funds of New South Wales towards its inauguration by the Church Missionary Society; and this early enterprise may serve to illustrate the character of a multitude of similar undertakings which

followed. Two missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Watson and Handt, proceeded to Wellington Valley, two hundred and fifty miles north east of Sydney, where the inhabitants of a tract of country two hundred by a hundred and fifty miles in extent, spoke the same dialect. The difficulties were found to be exceedingly great, "arising not more out of the deeply degraded condition of the aborigines by nature, than out of the demoralising influence upon them of the convict population on the outskirts of the colony." The first intention of the mission was the establishment of a school; and an attendance of from twenty to thirty children was for some time maintained. The young people, though most degraded and wild, proved not inferior in intelligence and ability to the children in European schools of the same age, the girls being more tractable and intelligent than the boys; and after the tedious mastery of the alphabet and spelling-book, which in itself was a discipline equally tiresome to teachers and scholars, the learning of lessons, hymns, and prayers became a task as easily accomplished as by the young folks in England. This preliminary grounding once over, they grew much attached to book-learning; their application became unwearied, and, with their attention once excited, they deemed it a punishment to be deprived of their lessons. A general want of steadiness, however, together with the difficulty of bringing natives to settle near the mission, rendered the work exceedingly discouraging.

In 1837 the clerical staff was augmented by the Rev. Mr. Grünther, who afterwards died as Archdeacon of Mudgee. Handt was then appointed by the New South Wales Government to a chaplaincy of the penal settlement at Moreton Bay, four hundred miles north of Sydney, where he divided his attention between convicts and aborigines, which last form a not very numerous class, but speak a dialect differing from the Wellingtonians, with an affinity sufficient only to point to a common origin. Here again the promise of success was small, because of the wandering and savage character of the people, so that Handt gave up his work and returned to Wellington, where a certain religious advance was marked in course of time by an improvement in attendance and behaviour; and after five years' toil expended upon them, the rising generation exhibited a pleasing spectacle in contrast to the wild heathen habits of their early life. But even then a congregation of worshippers was scarcely to be gathered, the young men, though they might be married, showing a rooted reluctance to worship with females, males having a traditional objection to be seen in company with the opposite sex. Civilised life made some considerable changes for the better, although many savage customs were still retained: the blacks employed by the missionaries in various labours became more steady, and less wandering and filthy: a vocabulary and grammar of the dialect were compiled, and the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, and John, with catechisms and prayers, were translated. The cutting off of their natural resources for food by the encroachments of the new occupiers of the land, and the baneful influence of these Europeans everywhere upon them, were two circumstances which were deplored: and then, as the results did not seem to justify the outlay or fulfil the expectations of the Society, this undertaking was relinquished, a fate in which many other aboriginal mission stations were doomed to share in their turn.

In Victoria the first corners met some scattered tribes similar in most respects

to the aborigines found in other parts. One day their new settlement was visited by a party of these wandering blacks, among whom was a very fine man, six feet and six inches in height, as naked and as savage-looking as any of the rest, but of lighter complexion and sharper features; and this individual's history proved stranger than fiction. He was an Englishman named William Buckley, who had served as a soldier, and for some offence having been transported, had been sent with other convicts to Port Phillip; but that place being considered unsuitable for a penal establishment, the authorities had decided to remove to Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. When the vessel was about to sail from Port Phillip, some of the prisoners were missing,



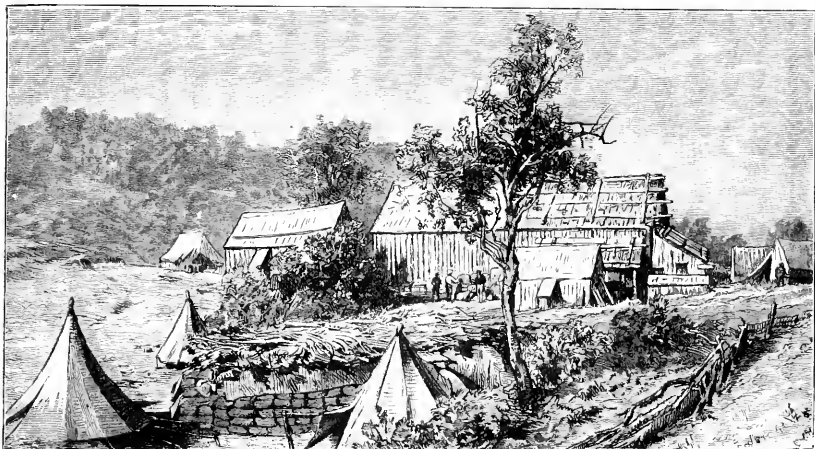
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

and all search for them had failed: among these was Buckley, who was found and befriended by the natives far in the Bush. They gave "the giant pale-face" food to eat and skins to wear. At length he married a native woman, and when the new colonists came upon him he had lived as an aboriginal for thirty-two years, until he had forgotten his own language: but on meeting the settlers he gladly joined them—soon regained the manners and tongue of an Englishman, and subsequently became a medium of communication between the Wesleyan missionaries and his friends the aborigines, so that when the Rev. Joseph Orton paid Port Phillip a visit from Tasmania in 1836, with

a view to ascertain the number and condition of the Victorian natives, Buckley was one of the first persons to whom he was introduced.

From him Orton learned that about a thousand natives were to be found in the district sixty miles on either side of Port Phillip, that they had no certain dwelling-place or dwellings, that they lived on kangaroos, opossums, and roots, and that their morals were extremely degraded. After several interviews with the natives, Buckley acting as interpreter, Mr. Orton prevailed on his Society to open a mission to them, and in the following year the Rev. Messrs. Hurst and Tuckfield were appointed to commence it on a reserve of land obtained from the Governor of Sydney at an eligible spot on the river Barwaim, thirty miles from Geelong, into possession of which the missionaries entered after some delay caused by Government formalities. A strange home they found awaiting them in the wild haunts of the savages. Wooden houses for their families, with necessary out-buildings, had first to be erected: trees required clearing from the land ere it could be brought under cultivation for the support of the

station; flocks and herds could only be gradually reared; but in the end the outward prosperity of the establishment was very gratifying. Nor, in the midst of such engrossing and laborious secularities, were the spiritual interests of the aborigines lost sight of by the missionaries, and there were some results in a higher sphere than that of mere industry apparent among their black sheep. A school was opened, and services were regularly conducted, to which not a few of the wild dusky flock were induced to come. They showed, in spite of their low-lying level, considerable capacity for learning at least the arts of reading and writing; but the notions of a spiritual realm, a Supreme Being, or a future state, never having crossed their minds, religious impressions were quite



AN OUTLYING SETTLEMENT IN NORTH AUSTRALIA.

evanescent, and never fulfilled the patient and sanguine hopefulness of the Christian toilers, so that those devoted men of God were doomed to the pain of seeing them drift back into savagery, and decrease in numbers year by year.

Mr. Tuckfield, after thus fruitlessly labouring for several years, took a journey of two hundred miles into the interior, in hope of securing a station away from the neighbourhood of white men. He suffered much privation, and at length pitched on what he considered might prove a more hopeful basis of effort to reclaim these lost tribes, but his committee resolved that their ten years of futile struggle were enough: Providence pointed to more promising fields elsewhere, and the scheme was abandoned.

In the pioneer work of Christianising these savages, a Roman Catholic episode must not be omitted from our review. In 1849 mission operations were begun in Western Australia by ten priests, fourteen monks, and seven nuns, under Dr. Brady, who divided the whole of that immense district into three spheres, with a small force

for each. The southern section relinquished the work after untold hardship and suffering: the leader, with the largest company under him, embarked for the north, and was never heard of more, but Father Salvado, now Bishop of New Norcia, settling a central detachment among the natives north-east of Perth, has told a tale of his own highly successful enterprise which reads like a romance. One Captain Scully, a Romanist settler, invited the party to the country north of his own station, and thither they went on foot, a journey of sixty-eight miles, requiring five days to accomplish. In a Swan River summer, and wading through long tracts of sand, the first day gave them so travel-stained an exterior, that the Father said they might be mistaken for the savages whom they hoped to save. After remaining two days at Captain Scully's house, they went on, for some days, wandering in a vain search for water, and losing heart; but a native accompanying them found the needful element in a pool, and revived their despondent spirits by uttering, a mile off, loud and joyous cries of "*Coo-ee!*" That reviving water decided their mission site, and by it they encamped, in the very heart of the Bush, celebrating their first Mass on the following morning, being that of the fourth Sunday in Lent.

They erected a large hut to serve for residence and worship, and then the natives, who had looked on suspiciously, took possession of the pool and lighted their fires at night. "We also," says Father Salvado, "lighted our fire when we could no longer see to work, and chanted Compline with as much solemnity as on our days of festival at home; but the remembrance that we had such wild neighbours close around us made sleep an impossibility." Large numbers of natives surrounded them, each armed with several spears; signs were made inviting them to "afternoon tea;" but without accepting the proffered hospitality, they sat down beside the pond talking eagerly. The missionaries made some large "dampers" and carried them boldly, with plates of sugar, as a peace-offering, filling their own mouths and chewing the food in a vigorously demonstrative way to show that no treachery was intended. The women and children ran away howling, and the men snatched up their spears; but very soon the sugar had its influence on such of the children as clung to their sires' limbs, and in a few seconds sugar and dampers had all disappeared, and there was a scramble for the crumbs. Friendly relations thus established brought to light the aboriginal wit, for in a very short time the blacks had eaten clean the whole supplies of the mission, and Father Salvado had to undertake a solitary journey to Perth for more.

There the Bishop, to whom he appealed, had unhappily no means of help at hand: but he suggested the novelty of the Father giving a *pianoforte rehearsal* in aid of himself and his starving compeers! The loan of many an instrument was offered; a Protestant printer issued the programme gratis; the Anglican clergyman lent his church candlesticks; a Jew distributed the admission tickets; in short, all was provided by the catholic-hearted Christianity of Perth, except a suit of new clothes for the ragged and tanned performer; and it required as great courage on his part, he tells us, to face the well-dressed audience in such plight as he was, as it had done to take the long and lonely journey through the Bush! The

appearance of the ecclesiastic excited both laughter and compassion, but the applause could not banish from his mind's eye the picture of his four poor brothers who were dying of hunger in the Bush.

The mission of New Norcia, begun in such hardships, soon assumed the character of one of the most prosperous in Western Australia, and its success is respected even by those opposed to its religious tenets. The village of native Catholics which thus sprang into being, had in 1870 a population of eighteen male and sixteen female adults, some of whom, being married, were leading domestic and useful lives; and no wool sent to the English market was better cleaned or packed than that which had been received from their hands.

Among the earlier as well as the more notable reserves were those established by the Moravians. The first of these was planted in 1850 at Mount Franklin, some eighty miles from Melbourne, where the missionaries studied the people's language and habits, and generally reconnoitred the godless and abject savagery with which they had come to measure their strength. Subsequently Lake Boga became a popular resort of the natives, who were not blind to the object of these settlers being different from that of other whites who had invaded their country seats; and they made the long shore of the lake their habitat, attracted not more by the fish in its waters and the game on its banks than by the commodities, such as sugar, flour, tea, and medicine, which the station could supply. Here the dialectic difference in the speech from that already acquired, made the work of teaching and preaching out of the question, and except in clearing the Bush and dragging logs for a dwelling-house across eleven miles of rough country, the progress made was slow; nor did they once hear the eager cry for which they worked and prayed in their exile, "What must I do to be saved?" Gold discovered on Mount Alexander caused the existence of the mission to be threatened, as it stood on the river highway to the mines, traversed by reckless multitudes who stole its property, broke down its fences, and insulted its agents. The Melbourne authorities, as well as the local magistrates, were appealed to in vain; and in 1854 the desperate cause was abandoned, and the disheartened missionaries returned home—an ill-advised step for which their Directing Board censured them, as having brought discredit on the fair name of Moravian Missions through their not having sufficiently observed the possible jealousy of Britons at what they might consider a stoppage of their own right of way.

In 1858, the Governor lending it his countenance, the mission was resumed under Spieseke and Hagenauer, who transferred its operations from Lake Boga to a district upon which the whites were less likely to encroach, selecting, after long inspection of sites, a spot which they named Ebenezer, belonging to a warm-hearted Christian friend of the aborigines. While the Government formalities were being negotiated, his wool-shed was called into requisition as a church. Here other settlers sought to frustrate the opening of a mission, on the ground of its presumably depriving them of black labour. For long there was no response to the Gospel message by any of the heathen, whose only desire was to better their temporal condition, and whose attainments in reading, with altered appearance and manner, were the only signs of the

missionaries' toil having been not altogether in vain. In January, 1860, came the first anxious inquirer after the way of salvation; and in August of that year a little church was opened, and was consecrated by the baptism of this first convert, who assumed the name Nathanael, being thus appropriately recognised as "the gift of God," and as an example of the secret yearning deep in the heart of black humanity for the truth of life. It was a day of general rejoicing, in which several Christian supporters of the mission came from Melbourne to share.



AN ABORIGINAL OF THE EARLY TYPE.

This revived the hopes of the labourers, for the first convert had his conversation in heavenly things, and did not fail to impress his fellows with the power of a living Saviour to fill the human heart with peace and joy. Nathanael and "his own brother Philip," with others, turned out successful evangelists, active and zealous in preaching the Gospel to their countrymen, with great power and signs following, while Philip and his wife for many years managed the orphan home with admirable devotion. Progress was now sure, if it was slow; a prejudiced indifference marked the attitude of the elder people, whose callous women were especially addicted to former and frequently terrible customs, apparently unable

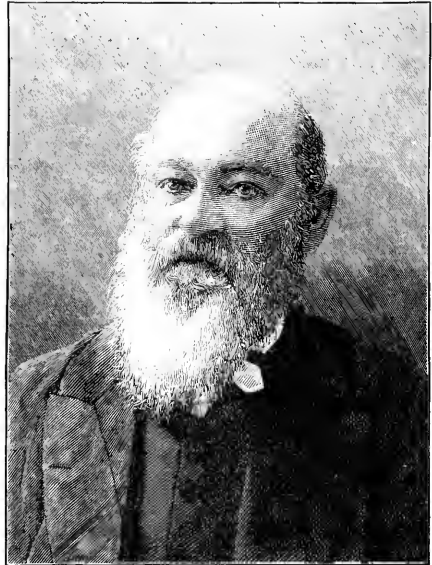
to shake them off: but the more impressible young people abandoned their heathenism by degrees. The station assumed the aspect of a neat village; houses enclosed by pleasant gardens gradually superseded the wretched squalor of their residents' former manner of life; attendance at church and school became fairly regular, and no year passed without additions of believers to the native church. Some pairs of converts were united in holy wedlock, and the strange spectacle of domestic happiness was for the first time exhibited by the once roving denizens of the Bush.

Industrial habits supervened among the once incorrigibly indolent people; scenes of lawless strife and obscene debauchery became happily rare. Those baptised into a profession of Christianity set an example of quiet, consistent piety; and when in 1864 Hartman joined the staff of workers, as an eminently practical missionary, he was amazed to find what five years of faithful effort had achieved. "I counted twenty dwellings of native Christians," is the testimony of a stranger visiting Ebenezer, "some of stone, some of square timber. A black who was busy



carpentering told me he was making a bedstead for his little child, who was praying at his side." The chapel stood in the midst. "At nightfall the bell called the villagers to church, where, besides the mission party, there were about sixty natives. A single visit would convince the least credulous what a great work has been silently done, and what a debt of gratitude our colony owes to the missionaries." Thus wrote one of the newspapers concerning the enterprise.

The manifest success of the Moravian Brethren at Ebenezer encouraged other denominations of Christians in Melbourne to enlarge for them the circle of their operations; and Hagenauer, supported by the Presbyterians, opened a new field at Gippsland in 1862, where the natives exhibited a marked thirst for knowledge. A reserve was secured on the Avon, near Lake Wellington, and the station, called Ramah, with a terminal of the people's own adding, making it Ramah-yuck, significantly meaning Ramah-our-Home, became a centre to which the native population flocked round the energetic missionary and his wife. Here, though the same indolence and fickleness were apparent as at Ebenezer, a deep impression was made in time upon the character of individuals; in 1866 a church was opened, wherein were baptised the first converts, though before any great changes were witnessed, years of heroic labours were passed. At one time the "hot wind blew across the land with a blast so terrible and fiery that they were afraid even to venture forth to snatch a little water from the almost exhausted river-beds;" but they never lost their trust in God, though at another time they knew their death had been determined upon by the savages. They were unshaken, though frequently they were compelled to seek the errant black sheep on the mountains, and separate them from their fellows in order to bring them back to their "home."



HERR HAGENAUER.

(From a photograph by Gronzelle, Melbourne.)

The Inspector-General of Aborigines reported on Ramahyuck to the Colonial Parliament in 1875 in these terms:—"There are many satisfactory features in the management of this station: among them the fact that the natives, besides doing the work of the place, make use of their spare time to cultivate patches of arrowroot in their own gardens for sale; that many of them have money in the savings bank; that each subscribes at least a trifle to the local hospital; and that there is a free library

of between three and four hundred volumes, ranging from pictorial books for the young up to geography, history, astronomy, etc., for the more advanced; and many even of the latter books show signs of constant use." It was at least a marvellous advance upon the day when the missionary had to track the savage like a wild beast to his lair in the bush; a bright change from the period when he haunted the low drinking saloon, or when at personal risk and by main force the Christian philanthropist had to interfere in the dangerous fights and heathen dances, in order to drag the wild objects of his solicitude from mutual destruction. Some of the spiritual transformations were equally striking, for the Gospel had proved itself in several of the poor blacks the power of God unto salvation.

In 1877, when Spiesecke ended his labours as the spiritual father of the flock, and entered his eternal rest, the blacks were sorrow-stricken, for he had loved them with self-denying zeal, warning, entreating, encouraging, and rebuking them as a brother, and watching for their souls as one who must give account. That year died also Nathanael, full of a joyous assurance of his own glorious inheritance among the saints in light, having been preceded shortly before by his brother Philip. Twenty-five years had elapsed since their baptism as the first-fruits of the Victorian aborigines.

At Ramahyuck the Lord's Day is strictly observed, and the services are attended by all able to come, whites mingling in considerable numbers with the natives in listening to the preaching; and it has had a beneficial effect on the mission that all have thus worshipped the same Lord and enjoyed the same blessings of His salvation, without distinction of race or colour. The sacrament of the Holy Communion is celebrated with much solemnity and comfort; the Sunday-school is well-attended by the youth of the station, who make good progress; daily morning and evening service are held as part of the habitual life of the people, when prayers are offered freely on behalf of Christians and of the unconverted, and absentees are regularly inquired for; preparatory classes of candidates for baptism and the Holy Supper are frequently attended with manifest blessing; marriage is duly celebrated; and children, born of Christian parentage, as well as adults, are admitted to church-membership. On sick-beds and death-beds the Lord's own comforting presence has again and again been clearly displayed, and both young and old have died looking with joy from the new-found "home" on earth to the upper mansions in the Father's House.

The day-school, which is under the Educational Department, is said to be the pleasure-ground of teachers and taught. Half an hour's religious instruction precedes each day's lessons; tuition in singing is occasionally given; the school-mistress encourages her black young sisters in the arts of the needle. Not the least creditable part of the institution is an orphanage efficiently managed by a native woman; out of school the deft fingers of the black boys and girls are trained with a view to future usefulness and domestic life. Secular work is of the utmost importance, and the people's labour is paid for in cash derived from the produce of their industry, an account of which is rendered to the Aboriginal Board.

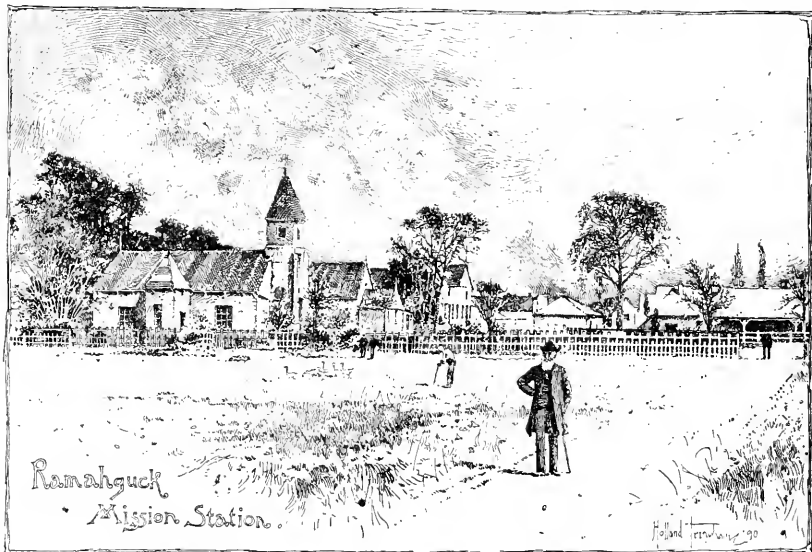
while an annual report is laid before Parliament by the Inspector-General. The houses, furnished by the Board, are kept in excellent repair, and their numbers would accommodate many more blacks than are disposed to yield their nomadic life at the missionary's invitation.

Friends of the aborigines in Victoria, anxious to start a mission in the very heart of the continent, sent out exploring parties as far as Cooper's Creek, eight hundred miles north-west of Ebenezer, the Moravian station, which was itself some two hundred miles inland from Melbourne. Here four or five tribes, numbering about twelve hundred souls, were found by four brethren sent out to Melbourne from Germany in 1864, viz., the Rev. Messrs. Walder, Meissel, Kramer, and Kühn. A severe drought shut up the whole district to their entrance, and forbade their project by rendering travel impossible for fifteen months after their arrival. At length the adventurous journey was begun by the first three of the men just named, Kühn, as we shall see, finding himself engrossed in work near at hand, and one of the Christian natives who was to have accompanied them having died in the meantime in the Adelaide hospital. They started from Adelaide, and danger and difficulty increased with every advance. The whole country was a scene of barren desolation; hills of loose sand alternated with long plains of rough, stony ground, and the physical endurance of the explorers was severely strained. A burning sun was accompanied by blinding sandstorms; thirst became intolerable, and the only water in many parts was that afforded by shallow stagnant pools, which were surrounded by carcasses of drought-slain animals in every stage of decay. Four months were spent on this painful journey, and when Lake Hope was reached, men and horses were so completely worn out, that a halt was called for necessary recruiting in a neighbourhood infested with savages.

Then a first station was established about forty miles west of Lake Hope, at Lake Kopperamanna, where subsistence could be had in the vegetables and fish with which the land and the lake abounded. The tribes, although strong, active, and very savage, were evidently dying out; young people were scarce, and there was a paucity of children. No opposition was offered to the white strangers settling among them, so a school was opened, numbering at the outset nine pupils. But the work had hardly begun when it was stopped, for a strange tribe made its sudden appearance, and the missionaries were warned that on a certain day an attack would be made upon them. The ever-increasing blacks kept up a series of savage dances, as if in joyful anticipation of tasting white men's flesh. Three days and nights were spent by the Germans in anxious watch, and horses were kept saddled ready for flight; but providentially, on the day named for the assault, a patrol of mounted police arrived with most timely succour, and the savages were frightened and dispersed. The mission party, warned by the police, withdrew to Lake Kilaipanina for six months, where they assisted four other brethren of the Hermannsburg Society of Germany in founding a station, after which they returned to their own abandoned work at Kopperamanna. But so difficult and precarious was the forwarding of supplies, in consequence of the drought having annihilated many of the sheep-runs on the long route, that the Melbourne Missionary Association, which was responsible for the support

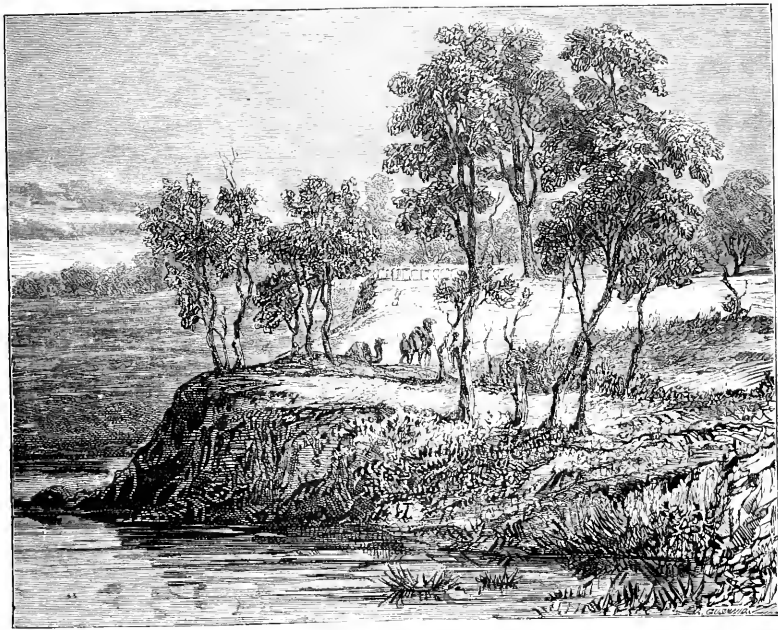
of the undertaking, found it impracticable, and the missionaries were recalled, the Hermannsburg brethren occupying their place.

When in 1865 the drought prevented the exploration of Cooper's Creek by the four German missionaries, one of them, Mr. Kühn, began a station near Wallaroo, on Yorke's Peninsula, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, and he was so successful that, when the interior could be traversed, he found it advisable to maintain the work, although its subsequent career was as characteristically short-lived as that of nearly all these Aboriginal Mission reserves. A lady, a genuine friend of the children



of the woods, has described the work, complaining that "of all the millions of broad acres constituting this fertile and prosperous colony, the Government has restored to the aboriginal proprietors of the soil in this peninsula one square mile of all but uncultivable land." Two hundred pounds was secured for building, and Mr. Kühn built, with his own hands and with the help of the natives, strong, rough dormitories, and a school-room wherein services were conducted, lessons given, meals eaten, and the girls slept. Progress was rapid, and in a few months many could read and write, knew a little geography and arithmetic, a few hymns and many portions of Scripture, while the children loved their teacher with extraordinary devotedness. One lad, enticed away by some natives, made his way back to the mission alone, through nearly forty miles of scrub. The Government afterwards granted eight square miles of land, and the mission became possessed of a thousand sheep; the boys built a wool-shed of stone, and the first sale of their wool realised £163.

Among typical instances of first essays at Christian enterprise may be mentioned the exploring of the River Gascoigne, by the Rev. J. B. Gribble, for the site of a mission in the heart of Western Australia. Encamping near a good pool a mile from his landing, he erected his tent: and over thirty persons presented themselves at his first service, which was held on the shortest notice. A large number of blacks were living just like brutes on the sandhills in the neighbourhood, entirely nude, and without



COOPER'S CREEK.

huts of any kind, but burrowing holes for themselves in the sand as though they were rabbits.

But certain irreligious whites held a meeting, and a resolution was passed disapproving of a mission to their heathen neighbours, and appealing to the Government to put down any species of Christian effort, their main objection being that they feared the amelioration of the savages would render native labour less available than hitherto. A later and more successful attempt of the devoted Mr. Gribble was the establishment, in the diocese of Bathurst, of an Aboriginal Mission under episcopal auspices. It has had connected with it over one hundred natives at one time, and the missionary and his wife have laboured in great privation, hardship, and discouragement, but have been refreshed by the real and childlike faith of the

blacks, and by marked alteration in many of their lives. The aid of the Government is scanty, and the burden of supporting the mission and feeding daily its hundred mouths falls mainly upon the bishop, who keeps it alive only by desperate and self-denying effort; but in the Christian example which some of their *protégés* set to their fellow-blacks, he and his co-labourers find their reward.

One of the most carefully worked and successful of the attempts that have been made to Christianise the aborigines was that begun in 1850 by the venerable Archdeacon Hale, of Adelaide, afterwards raised to the See of Perth, who opened a native institution at Poonindie in Port Lincoln, under the superintendence of Mr. J. Shaw, formerly of Condah station. The project was formed with the idea of the separation of the young persons whom the Archdeacon had formerly rescued and befriended, from their old associations, and the introduction of a patriarchal system of life for them differing from any that had yet been tried; and for this purpose he selected an isolated spot where they would not be affected by parental or tribal influences. Government and society came to the promoter's aid with grants of land and money, and very great hopes of final success were formed from the first, when a little band of aboriginal pilgrims, consisting of five married couples and a single man, who had received their education at Adelaide, were landed on Boston Island, opposite Port Lincoln, under the care of the Archdeacon. They took up their quarters on the River Tod, and built a village of neat whitewashed buildings, with chapel, school, and other offices; and here again the nomad Australian was for twenty-five years brought under the rule and into the habits of social Christian life. At the end of that period the station showed a community of eighty, married and single, boys, girls, and infants, dwelling in as much quiet and godly order as might be found in an English hamlet, supplying themselves with clothes out of their earnings, living in domestic comfort, sending their children regularly to school, and attending the church services twice a day.

An industrial farm had formed part of the founder's project, the aim being to render the mission self-sustaining, and reliant on neither Government aid nor private subscription. From his own resources the worthy Archdeacon had purchased five thousand sheep, and being aided for three years by a Government grant of £1,000 per annum, the property in six years had been improved by £2,960, which was entirely the produce of the labour of the resident aborigines, one hundred and ten of whom had been in regular employment at the station during that period: and in 1870, after paying all expenses, including salaries of clergyman, overseer, and schoolmaster, a net profit was realised of £366. The blacks worked willingly under the overseer's guidance; the station became the favourite rendezvous of the tribe, although some left to find employment on sheep-runs elsewhere; and several died trusting in the Eternal Hope. Indeed, pulmonary disease seems to have baffled every effort to combat its ravages, and the tribe rapidly decreased.

The Day-school had an evening class attached to it, and lessons in carpentering, masonry, brick-making, bullock-driving, horse-breaking, and the tending of sheep, were put in practice. Sent into Port Lincoln on business, these Poonindie natives

were always reliable: and one of them could read prayers at home, with such decorum, when the clergyman was called away to officiate elsewhere, that settlers attended the chapel services regularly. Everything at Poonindie was done by the aborigines, except the instruction which was necessary, and their wages varied according to the character of the work done. A weekly sewing-class had its work paid for according to skill, and the proceeds were devoted to some charitable object at the end of the year: £10 was subscribed annually by these well-trained natives to maintain a Melanesian scholar in a distant island school. Mechanical punctuality regulated the day. At six the station bell rang, and horses were fed and watered: at seven the chapel bell called to morning prayer, which all were expected to attend: at half-past seven, men and women in two separate rooms broke their fast, except the married, who ate their meal in their own cottages; at eight the work-bell rang, and all went to their different employments; at twelve rang the welcome summons to dinner; at one work was resumed till six in summer or five in winter; at half-past seven evening prayer was read and hymns were sung; at nine the young people retired to bed, and their seniors soon followed.

Let the native spirits should flag under the constraint of these labours, games were introduced; bagatelle, draughts, and the like, were indulged in every evening in the school-room; music was always a favourite pastime. Occasionally some couples danced, two men learning to dance the hornpipe with great precision; and, above all, cricket became a passion of their hearts, the black eleven of Poonindie being successful in most matches with their white rivals of Port Lincoln. In 1856 the Archdeacon's call to the new See of Perth was a sorrowful and well-nigh disastrous event for Poonindie, for with the loss of its founder and friend a cloud fell upon the institution; severe sickness visited it, and, twenty-one deaths occurring in as many months among its inmates, rumours of the mortality reached their friends in the Bush as well as the ear of the Government. The latter refused to vote supplies, and the natives lost heart.

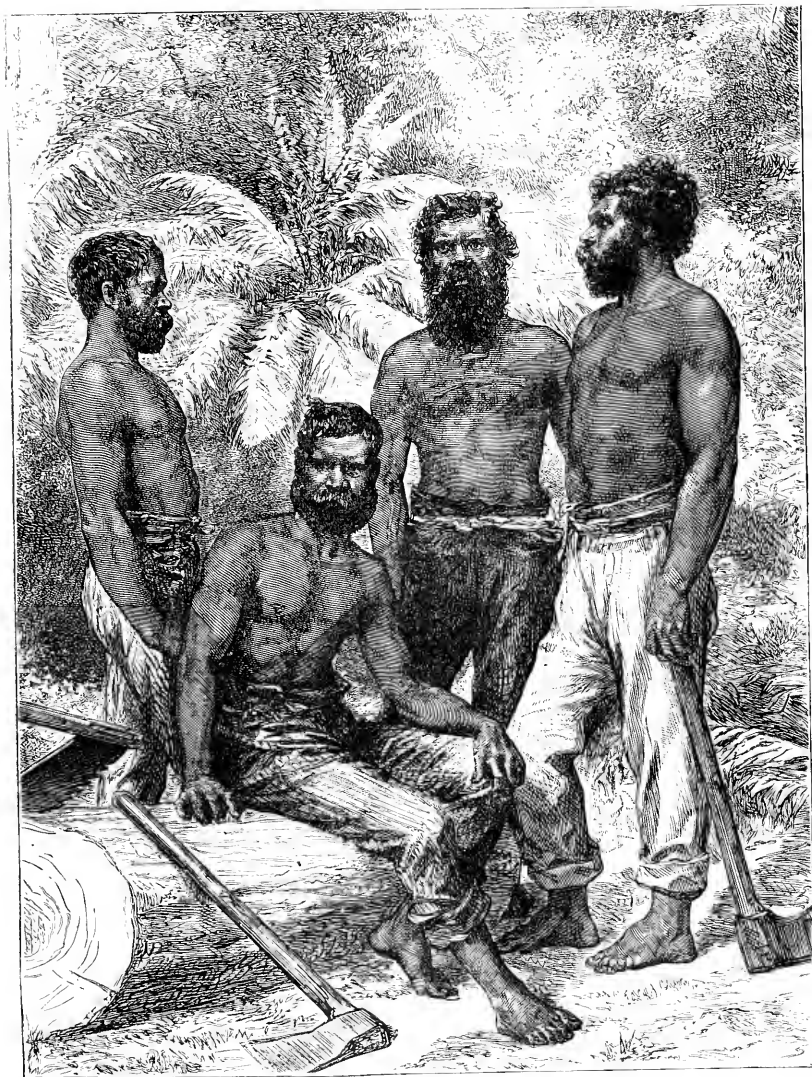
Soon, however, outward prosperity was restored; good clothes were purchased, domestic comforts increased, and passages were taken to Adelaide for the sake of enjoying a holiday. But the higher spiritual tone was lacking: the station prospered, but the mission failed when its ardent Christian guide was gone. After some changes in the management, however, its missionary character was restored; so that after an absence of sixteen years, the Bishop of Perth, revisiting the institution, observed improvement everywhere, and manifest advances in domestic and social habits. The looks of all betokened their joy at greeting once again their old friend. The school-room had been tastefully decorated, and the aborigines presented their benefactor with a tea-service, for which they had subscribed £13 15s., as a mark of their gratitude. The shipping of the wool was ever kept as a red-letter day, all Poonindie turning out to see its hundred bales taken on board in Louth Bay, four miles distant: and on this occasion a cricket match was also held in honour of the visit. The Sunday services were deeply impressive, and twenty-one aborigines received the Sacrament at the episcopal hands. It was altogether a season of refreshing, and the Bishop of Adelaide, writing of the visit of his right reverend

brother to this corner of his own diocese, made these trenchant remarks: "To those who have any doubts as to the identity of the manhood in the white and black-skinned races, it may be satisfactory to learn that the same hopes and fears, the same zeal for the honour of the institution, the same pride in the cricketing uniform and colours, the same self-complacent vanity in looking 'the thing,' the same, it may be, affectionate pride on the part of the dark-skinned 'loving wife' in the appearance at Adelaide of her 'well-got-up' husband, animated on this occasion the quondam denizens of the wilderness, as the like feelings annually manifest themselves on the part of mothers and sisters of old Etonians and Harrovians at the cricket matches at Lord's, proving incontestably that the aristocracy of England and the 'noble savage' who ran wild in the Australian woods are linked together in one brotherhood of blood moved by the same passions, desires, and affections; differing only because, in His wisdom, God has ordained that His revealed truth, made known first to a Syrian ready to perish from 'Ur of the Chaldees,' should travel westward from the hills and valleys of Canaan, until at the appointed time the stream of Divine knowledge should turn eastward, and cover the whole earth 'as the waters cover the sea.'"

Many smaller Christian communities have here and there exerted a godly influence on these sunken races, though in more minute degree. A little band of pious Germans, settling themselves about eight miles from Brisbane, laboured hard to turn the hearts of the aborigines to the Lord, but the blacks would not attend to them, and, being in distress, they began stock-keeping and pineapple growing as a means of livelihood. A clergyman from England visited their little settlement, and started a Bible Association in their wooden chapel, when the whole community of some thirty souls were present, all work being laid aside for the meeting. The deepest interest was manifested, and when the collection was made it burst into enthusiasm, the one requested to hand round the plate saying: "It is of no use; we have got only silver with us, and nobody will give that for shame; we must have paper and put our names down for what we will give." The others said they might as well empty their pockets into the plate; so when it was passed round it produced £3 15s. 6d., and on a bit of paper was further written a medley of promises, one giving a cow and her calf, another a bullock and four rows of pines, and the others being equally generous!

In the Bush much direct and indirect good has been done by individual clergymen, who have acquired a sufficient knowledge of the language to converse with the black nomads whom they have met on their lonely rides. One such clergyman gives an instance of his preaching thus to a company of natives, and as it affords a picture of aboriginal life in other ways, we transcribe the passage:—"One afternoon in 1849, as I was on my monthly journey to Merriwa, I overtook a party of about fifteen returning to their camp, which was then at the township; some women and children were among them. One *gin* had her infant, where they usually carry them, at her back, sitting in a fold of her opossum rug, and looking over his mother's shoulder. Two or three fat little fellows, clothed only in their own black skins, ran beside them, throwing toy boomerangs. We were more than a mile from the township; so I dismounted, determined to teach what I could. I had made up my mind that my first teaching must be the





NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

existence of God, His omnipresence and His moral government. The sun was towards the west; so, pointing to it, I said, 'See big sun! You know who made him?' The only answer was a laugh and a look of inquiry. I took off my hat and bowed my head as I said, pointing to the sky, 'Great God made sun.' The same question was asked in reference to many different objects—the ground on which we were walking, the trees around us, the river, the hills, the beasts and birds; and pausing for a few seconds after each question, I gave the same answer as before, with the same gestures of reverence; and then said, 'Great God make me white fellow, Great God make you black fellow,' and then, spreading out my hands, 'Great God make 'em all.' By this time we were on a ridge, and twenty miles to the north rose clear and distinct the bold Liverpool range. Pointing to it, I asked, 'You see black fellow up on big range? Black fellow on big range see you, me? You see Muswell Brook?' (Forty-five miles east.) 'You see Cassilis?' (Twenty-five miles west.) And then as the half-inquiring laugh followed each question, I said, uncovering my head, 'Great God see black fellow on big range—see you, me—see Muswell Brook—see Cassilis—see all place. Dark night—no star, no moon, no camp-fire—all dark; you no see, Great God see; see in dark, see in light—see you, me, now—see you, me, all time.' . . . We now reached Merriwa, and each went his way. Several months later, some blacks came to me at Muswell Brook, and I spoke to them on the verandah. When I began to say much that I had said on the last occasion, one who appeared to be listening attentively said, 'That what you tell me up at Merriwa.' 'Have I seen you before?' 'Oh! you not know me? I Peter!' 'I not know you now. I know you after. Glad you think what I told you.' He said he had thought of it much, and had talked of it to other natives."

Poor Peter was but a unit in a decaying race. He was found by the writer from whom we have quoted, lying very ill one morning under the partial shelter of a sheet of bark, in a steady downpour of rain, and was persuaded to have a bed in the parsonage kitchen; but before mid-day two men of his tribe, jealous of his white friendship, took him back to their camp, and he himself said the house made him feel giddy. Not long after, a native came to the gate weeping bitterly, and his pitiful tale was soon told: "Poor Peter dead! poor Peter, your black fellow, dead! he my brother!" He had been far in the interior when he felt his end approaching, and had said: "I no go further; I die. You bury me. Go to Misser Boodle; say to him, 'I going to Almighty God.'"

Peter's was perhaps a representative case of the working of the grace of God in individual hearts among the degraded aborigines. On one occasion the struggle with himself was clearly witnessed. He had been with other natives employed by a publican on a certain job, the payment being tobacco: the blacks crowding the tap-room for their hire, Peter received his tobacco in the crush, and afterwards re-entered, holding out his hand as if he had not received his share. The tobacco was twice given, but Peter's conscience smote him, and would not allow the deceit to sleep, so that in a few minutes he came back ashamed, confessed his falsehood, restored the tobacco, and said, "Massa say mustn't tell lies!" If this instance of a conscience rightly directed by the light that was in it, be taken as an indication of good produced by the most

desultory scattering of the precious seed of life on the hordes of Australian wanderers, we may hopefully believe that many an individual will be gathered from this lowest of heathen humanity to take his stand in the great white-robed multitude whom no man can number.

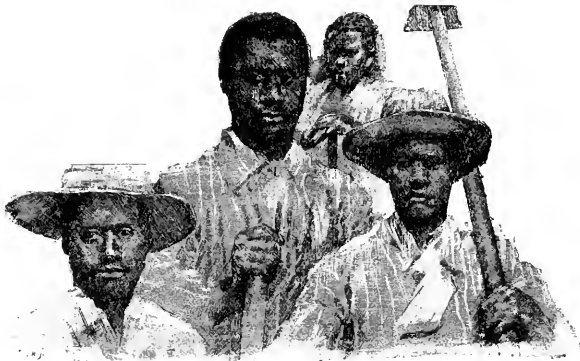
A notable tour of exploration into Queensland undertaken in 1885 by Brother Hagenauer, of the Moravian Mission at Ramahyuck, brought to light much fresh information regarding the long despised Northern tribes. The adventure was inaugurated by a Mission Committee, and aided by Government and ecclesiastical officials giving such credentials of State and Church to the esteemed envoy as would ensure a successful issue to his long journey from Victoria to Cape York. No better expert could have been employed, than the self-sacrificing missionary who had spent a lifetime in studying the aborigines and attaching them to himself. His leave-taking of his beloved black congregation at Ramahyuck was most affecting. He preached a farewell sermon, exhorting them to pray that as the result of his tour the same Gospel might rejoice the hearts of the Queenslanders, that had brought the peace that passeth understanding to their own. Many silent tears trickled down the swarthy cheeks of his auditors, and the preacher recorded that this parting from Rama-our-Home (so the native name signified) for twelve months, affected him more than had done his bidding farewell for ever to his own native home in the Fatherland, years before, in order that he might seek and save the Australian savages.

On such an errand the Moravians follow their Lord in sending forth their emissaries two by two; and by a singular providence a young German accompanied the missionary as a volunteer and at his own expense; so that when he returned to Europe from his Australian visit, he was able to supplement written reports by the narrative of an eye-witness. The Governor of Queensland entered fully into the plan, anxious to ameliorate the really miserable condition of the imbruted aborigines. Previous to the explorers' setting sail from Brisbane, a great missionary festival was held in a German church, when the speakers (many of whom had come from Berlin in 1838) spoke hopefully of that which lay nearest to their hearts, the evangelising of Australian heathendom, and inspired the courage of the two who, with many prayers, were being sent forth, like the Apostles from Antioch, to the dark recesses of the Gentile world. From Cooktown the missionaries sailed in "a vessel tight and snug, bound for the Northern seas," being a ship chartered to convey a scientific expedition of the Royal Society to New Guinea. On board of this bark, amid a magnificence of scenery unsurpassed on the face of the globe, Sankey's hymns blended with conversations on botany, geology, and zoology, and the exquisite delights of the daytime were closed by the representatives of the two expeditions, with mutual interest in each other's welfare, singing in the moonlight the "Old Hundredth," when the force of the words must have been felt in all their grandeur—

"His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure."

Hagenauer, wherever he went, found the Northern congeners of the Victorian natives

possessed of the same irreclaimable savage nature, given up to the same untameable wandering, adopting the same vices and contracting the same deadly diseases along the whole line of their contact with civilisation; and they were if anything more degraded in their physical and intellectual nature, and more cruel in their savagery. Judging from the number of wild roving blacks to be seen to this day in North Queensland, it can be readily believed that when Captain Cook first cast anchor in the bays off the shore, the wild hordes running from rock to rock on island and mainland must have appeared to represent an infinite population of demon-like beings; and within quite recent times the survey of the coast has been accomplished amid the constant danger of meeting hundreds of savages armed with spears and ready to drive off the



ABORIGINAL LABOURERS.

intruder: so that Hagenauer required to observe the greatest caution in landing. Stories of the blacks of the far North give them an unpromising character: the dusky inhabitants of Cape Yorke Peninsula are a wild, murderous people, and not to be approached but with an armed escort. A railway contractor was speared on the line he was constructing, and was walking on crutches from the effects of his wounds when the missionary visited him: a police official had his life attempted close to his office in Cooktown, yet, as a Christian gentleman and a humane Government officer, he had worked for their good, and deeply sympathised with the project of a mission amongst them.

Government, dealing with these natives in a kind, firm manner, holds out to them the prospect of various industries, so that their thieving, wandering, useless tribes may turn into wholesome labouring classes. It induces them to serve for specified terms in the plantations or public works; and where the Barrier Reef impinges near the shore they are engaged in *bêche-de-mer* and turtle fisheries, watching the great testacea swim in from that repository of aquatic wonders, and delighting to turn upon their backs those that land, so that, kick the air as they may, they cannot run away. In Weary Bay—name indicative of the

"weariness," from Apostolic days downwards, of such missionary rambles as those which brought these facts to light—the shores swarm with savages. When signs were made to them by Hagenauer to come and meet him at the landing-place, they launched their canoes and followed close in shore, naturally timid of meeting the white stranger, notwithstanding the kind intention of his heart. When he wished to shake hands, they trembled for fear; but photographs of the Gippsland natives being exhibited, they were astonished and perplexed at pictures of black men dressed as whites, for in the heat of their own wild mountain solitudes they had no need of clothes, and were innocent of them in any shape or form. Confidence was created after a time by the captain giving them some biscuit, which pleased them greatly; and they retired with smirking smiles to their home of nature—the only home they knew or cared for—in the shelter of the scrub's dark mangrove foliage, and within the dense entanglement of its creepers and giant ferns.

Those to whom the police and the press agreed in giving a character of evil, which in the main was only too true, were thus visited for the first time in the ages of their degradation by a Christian explorer, followed by many Christians' prayers for their redemption, that they might be raised to become a useful part of the colony. Government was led to establish two aboriginal stations in consequence of Mr. Hagenauer's report, and although the whole visit was treated in a joocular and frivolous spirit by some of the leading papers, the report of the tour was read in Australia with great interest, and was to the effect that there really exist three classes of Queensland aborigines. The highest and most frequently met is that of the "civilised blacks," who have lived in plantations or worked among settlers, and have consequently become amenable to firm and kind treatment. The "half-civilised" natives, met with about townships, roadside public-houses, and stations where they labour intermittently, seem to have for the object of their existence to beg, to drink, to smoke, or to eat opium when that can be obtained. Their appearance is repulsive, clad as they are in dirty clothes, or rags, which diffuse a certain aroma that warns anyone with European nostrils to keep at a respectful distance from them. Their knowledge of English is almost confined to bad expletives, and they can express little that is good; they become a social nuisance, adopting the vices of the whites in addition to their own, without cultivating any mitigating virtues. As occasion may arise, they will tear off their dirty clothing, and, affecting the glory of their pristine wildness, give way to inordinate wickedness, being cruel to each other and especially to their unfortunate wives. The "wild blacks," forming the third class, are such as continue to represent the remnant of the savagery which was the original human condition of Australia. Still resident in the seclusion of the great dense thicket, they point to the fact that, at the close of this nineteenth century of enlightenment, there are many regions of the vast island-continent wherein our commerce and our intellectual activities have spread, which are infested with barbarous tribes whom no regenerative agency has touched.

The Christian missionary exploring the interior of Queensland found that "the noble savage" may exist as a romantic ideal within the covers of a book, but that secluded within the covers of the tropical scrub, and roaming wild his native forests,

unfettered by the form and fashion of civilisation, he is a being very different in reality from the fallacious painting of his picture by a poet's imagination.

In Tasmania, which we may not lose sight of as a part of the great Australian mission field, the first preaching of the Gospel was carried on under much the same conditions, and its Christianisation presents, therefore, similar characteristics to that of the continent itself. Van Diemen's Land, as it is sometimes called from its discoverer, was established as a further outlet for the criminality of Christian England in 1804, when it put forth at once strong claims on English Christianity. For, besides the convict population now cast upon the prison island, it was already peopled by a dark race differing but slightly from the aborigines living across the two hundred miles of sea known as Bass's Straits: the chief difference being their more negro-like cast of features, their darker skin, and their more woolly hair. Contests, severe and frequent, are said to have taken place between this negrine race and the earliest settlers at Hobart Town, until gradually the natives were hemmed into one corner of their insular domain, and finally removed by Government to Flinders Island, in the adjoining straits, having been immensely reduced in numbers by famine, by small-pox, and by the cruel retaliation of the whites for the foul murders they were constantly perpetrating.

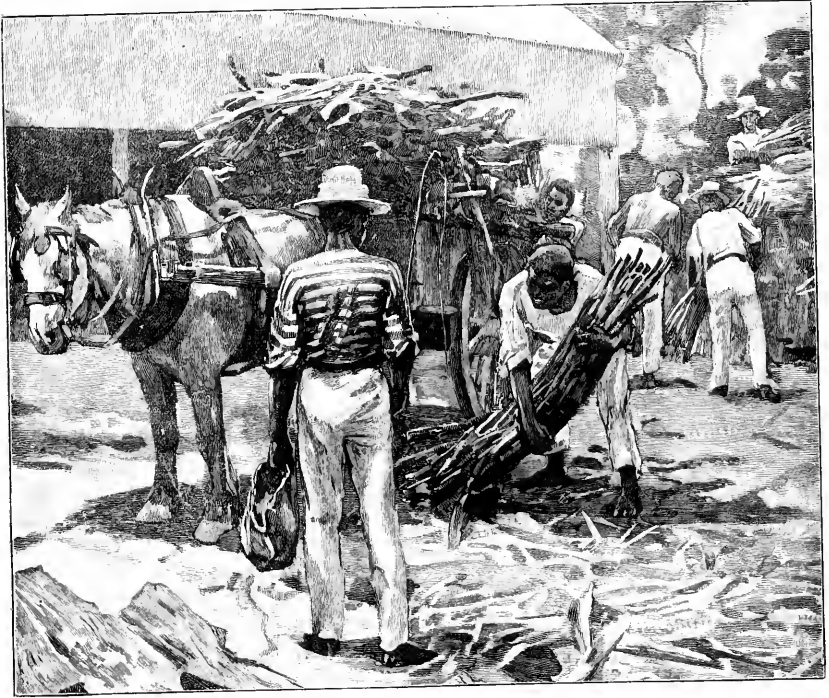
Some good soldiers of Jesus Christ, wearing the uniform of H.M. service, were the pioneers of the Cross in this island, having themselves been converted under the Methodism of New South Wales, whence they had come. When the Rev. B. Carvosso was on his way from England to assist Mr. Leigh as missionary in that colony, the ship put into the Derwent to land cargo and passengers at Hobart Town. Finding the people destitute of religion and living in utter violation of the laws of God, he preached in the open air the first Methodist sermon in the island, and so continued to preach daily to increasing crowds until he reluctantly sailed, when he described the condition of Hobart Town to his London Committee as a place of spiritual destitution, and urged the appointment of a missionary. Before the committee could respond by sending a suitable man, the pious soldiers referred to arrived, and being greatly exercised by the wickedness of their new quarters, they hired a room for prayer. That little sanctuary soon attracted attention: many townspeople found it out, and were there convinced of their sin and led to Christ. A diabolical persecution then threatened the infant cause with extinction: the rabble of "lewd fellows of the baser sort" besieged the house, and while prayer and praise ascended within, they shouted without, throwing stones at the door, smashing the windows, and doing their best to stop the worship. But the faithful soldiers held the fort, while in face of the enemy's fire "the more mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed;" and the Governor, hearing of the disturbance, put a stop to it. In 1821 the Rev. W. Horton was received as the first missionary from England with joy and gratitude: crowds flocked to hear the Word of Life from his lips. The first erected chapel became too small, and was enlarged, but in five years it had to be supplanted by a new and commodious building, wherein officiated Mr. Carvosso, preaching for the next five years to earnest and ever-increasing congregations.

The work extended over the rest of the island as the mission-staff was reinforced by other labourers: commodious chapels were built in outlying townships, which ultimately became the centres of New Methodist circuits, until the whole community was permeated with the doctrines of Christianity; schools were established, at Ross a superior seminary called Horton College being erected, with a view to higher education and to supersede the necessity of Wesleyan parents sending their sons to England. The convict: were the especial care of the minister, whose services the Government were ready to recognise by grants in aid: and not a few of these, unhappily transported in increasing numbers, were led to repentance and newness of life. Macquarie Harbour was the penal settlement chosen for the banishment of the most abandoned, and here specimens of the vilest humanity on earth, found incorrigible under the treatment of the New South Wales and other "establishments," were met by the servants of God, sometimes at the risk of their lives; some of these malefactors were subdued and renewed by Divine grace: and remarkable instances of conversion occurred in this awful place, so that the den of thieves, as was said, became in some signal instances the house of prayer.

The wide field presented to Christian missions in Australia possesses, beyond the element of its native population, a many-coloured humanity, not only emigrated from Europe, but also from all lands that fringe the seas of which it is the centre—China, Ceylon, India, and the multitude of archipelagoes in the Pacific. Consequently any seed of eternal truth sown here among the sons of every nation under heaven, may be supposed to be carried by individuals to many a tribe of earth's inhabitants. Especially on the shores of North Australia and Queensland is the labouring population a strange amalgam, coolies from India blending with pigtailed Chinamen; the gentlefolks of the working class being the Cingalese, ornate in dress and hair; and its lowest representatives the Malays, who engage in *bêche-de-mer* and pearl fisheries, and are deceitful and treacherous to the last degree. The Kanakas, or, as they are familiarly termed, "the boys," form the major portion of this medley community, and are next after the aborigines in importance, being the natives of the Pacific Islands who are imported under contract with the planters, and are to be met in considerable numbers at all the centres of the sugar industry. The climate of torrid Australia, with its winter temperature equal to that of the warmest summer in the south, renders black labour an absolute necessity for the cultivation of the sugar-cane in the steamy atmosphere it loves, as well as for the laborious efforts required to crush it in the mills.

The labour-traffic, or, as it might have been called, the slave-trade in these imported Kanakas, has been, until recently, a sorely vexed question: and the Colonial Governments are to be congratulated on the success of regulations which have suppressed the kidnapping of these distressed inmates of distant insular homes by piratical rovers: for the abomination which was practised on a wholesale scale under the name of "Blackbirding" has been put down by a firm hand, as, for instance, when a labour-ship, with four hundred poor Kanakas on board, was sent back round the thirty-four islands whence they had been stolen, to return them to their

homes and sorrow-stricken friends. "The boys" and their employers now sign contracts for a term of years, by which both parties are bound, and Government inspectors sail on all transit vessels; so that the philanthropist, considering these noble ordinances, can exclaim with gratitude: "Behold the feet of the grave-diggers of slavery in other parts of the world are come hither to bury this also." "The boys"



SUGARCANE CULTIVATION IN QUEENSLAND.

from the South Seas grow in respectability; for having gained their freedom, they are reliable and tractable, and by far the best workers; they are of such saving habits, moreover, that not a few have purchased their own land and become settlers.

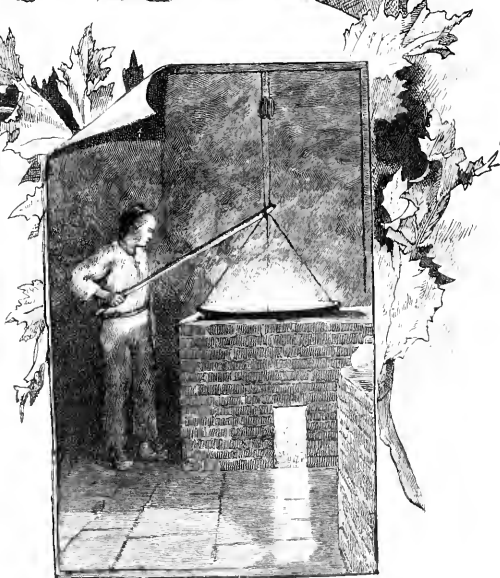
Here, then, is a *multam in parvo* of the field which is the world; and it is ripe for the harvest, but, alas! "the labourers are few!" All these varied peoples seem equally neglected, as a poor and despised class, living solely for the gainful ends of their so-called Christian employers, while the Church apparently ignores her "marching orders," which were never more distinctly emphasised than in the command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." In few instances, sad to tell, is there





GAMBLERS.

any care for the evangelisation or education of the many nationalities here represented, so that, for the most part, they remain in heathen ignorance and superstition: the excuse being everywhere the linguistic difficulty, viz., to find preachers and teachers able, supposing they were willing, to speak in so many different tongues, so that every man should hear the truth in the language in which he was born. But missionary societies do not well to pass over this wonderful opening because the miracle of Pentecost will not repeat itself at their pleasure. Schools might be founded broadcast for the teaching of English, and then every pastor and evangelist visiting the land would



A CHINESE KITCHEN  
THE CHINESE IN AUSTRALIA.

become an occasional missionary ready to hand.

It speaks highly for Hagenauer's wisdom that, being a German, he taught the people in his charge the English language; for thus not only can they converse with Europeans and Americans, but they may also hold fellowship with the ennobling authors of our literature.

As it is, Christian planters can now attend only to the spiritual needs of their Kanaka workpeople; and they do this in some instances with a marked degree of earnestness, attended by consequent success. In the Vilele plantation is a good specimen of their care for the souls of their "boys," the managers alternating in holding regular Sunday services, according to the Episcopalian formularies, with the overseers, who conduct worship after the simple Presbyterian style: while a Sunday-school is superintended by a worthy planter's daughter. But in regard to the Asiatics, Christian planters, on being asked what is done for their spiritual necessities, are fain to reply, "Nothing at all!" The social outlook, from the introduction of such large masses of races of inferior caste, is not bright for the coming generation of white men, for not only will the blood become tinged with the inferiority, but the general tone of morality in the country will be lowered; and a weightier counterpoise needs to be adjusted in the other scale. Our grand ideas regarding the elevation of the heathen, and our high standard of a common brotherhood of mankind, can only be promulgated by our preaching the Gospel to every one among them; and then the many thousands of aboriginals, as well as of imported blacks, whose savage hearts Nature, with all her beauties, has not lifted Godwards, will be brought to newness of life through the love and death of Jesus Christ.

That it is so has been shown by the good work of one of "the boys" themselves. This was a South Sea Islander who had been converted in his island home, was well acquainted with Patteson, the martyr-bishop, and was named Sam Crowther after the African coloured bishop; and he has turned out a bright specimen of the steady, industrious, thriving Christianity of the Kanakas who settle down in farms of their own. Besides attending to his bananas and pineapples, Sam finds time for keeping school for aboriginal children, and has had at one time from twenty to thirty wild youngsters in hand; and a great deal of good he does them, being sincerely devoted to them, and they in turn being equally fond of their black teacher from another land, for Sam's kindness has completely won their hearts. This humble Kanaka, deeply interested in the Aboriginal Mission Station near Townsville, was the only man doing Christian mission work in North Queensland met by the missionary Hagenauer during his visit in 1886; and as a stranger in a strange land, he could tell how his fellow-countrymen, having parted with all near and dear to them, are in need of the sympathetic hand of Christian friendship in the country of their exile.

The Chinese in the great world of Australia form of themselves almost a separate community, which flows into the country in a continuous stream in spite of most stringent Government measures to prevent it, and chiefly impinges on its northern shores. They do not come under the labour contracts, but, having emigrated at their own and not their employers' cost, they work as "free labourers." So great was their increase at one time, that the colony in its alarm created a poll-tax of £30 for

every Chinaman entering the country, for the Celestials threatened to have both it and its trade in their own hands. Their gambling, opium-smoking, and other evils, contributing to the lowering of the standard of morals, call loudly for some counter-acting influence, John Chinaman being regarded as a factor among the inferior immigrant races, although he may become merchant or storekeeper, cabinet-maker, cook, or general labourer. In such places as Cooktown, where they are plentiful, their quarters are marked by fan-tan shops, joss-houses, and their own very particular eating and drinking; and here they were so numerically and financially strong in the year of the fearful floods in their native land, that in a few hours they collected £262 for their suffering fellow-countrymen, an exemplary instance of the humane in non-Christian breasts. In the new town of Palmerston, a district little known, a clergyman beginning singlehanded mission work among them, had an agitation created against him by the floating population of miners, on the ground that he was endeavouring to replace European labour by that of the cheap "heathen Chinese."

Usually the language proves an insuperable bar to all such good work; but a Chinaman of the name of Leong-on-Tong, having been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, laboured under the direction of a missionary with unwearied efforts for the conversion of his fellows, and he was greatly blessed of God in having many added to the Church. The Victorian Chinese Mission held an interesting service in 1888, when six were publicly baptised, and sixteen joined their brethren from the West in celebrating the Lord's Supper: and in consequence of the increasing importance of the work, a missionary was appointed to the Celestials at the gold-diggings; but, proceeding to China to learn the language, he was unfortunately drowned at Canton, and the mission received a check. In Victoria, where the Church Mission works mainly among the Celestials, there are five Chinese catechists working under the clergy of various districts, and in 1887 eighteen baptisms took place. The Chinese Mission in Sydney also steadily advances, and quite recently reported that eight or ten catechumens would be shortly baptised.

While rejoicing in such instances of missionary success as have been given in these pages, it must be confessed that the results, as a whole, have been painfully disappointing. After the toil and expenditure of years, it is distressing to find roving wildly in the Bush many a black who is able to speak and write the English language; to meet an educated savage in the smoke of a *warley*, or to behold a semi-nude black belle finishing some fancy needlework in the wilds which she began in some mission station; to see fresh gashes in the flesh of those who have been trained and accustomed to join in Christian worship, and have lapsed back into heathen superstition and its debasing rites. The comparative failure of missionary philanthropy gave rise to the question, What natural influence had the generality of that white race to whom the missionaries belonged, on the practical sympathies of the coloured tribes? It could only be one of blank despair. For these people, we must remember, were, in the first instance, cruelly ousted from their ancient rights, driven heartlessly from their hunting-grounds and fishing-lakes, mercilessly poisoned or ruthlessly shot for outrages of their own, or for

retaliating on injuries done by others. Even if they had shown any decided inclination towards better things, they had no correct civilisation laid before their aspirations by that inbruted criminal community which had encroached upon them, and in the sweeping tide of whose demoralisation they were being visibly wiped clean off the face of the earth. It is a sad but a true confession to have to record that the arrival of Englishmen, bearing the name of Christian, and having the habits and appliances of civilisation, brought a positive curse upon the wild children of the forest: that fresh sins debased the already sunken tribes by their contact with those of higher race, whose knowledge and influence ought to have raised them towards the God who made them. What could missions effect when the licensing of public-houses on every

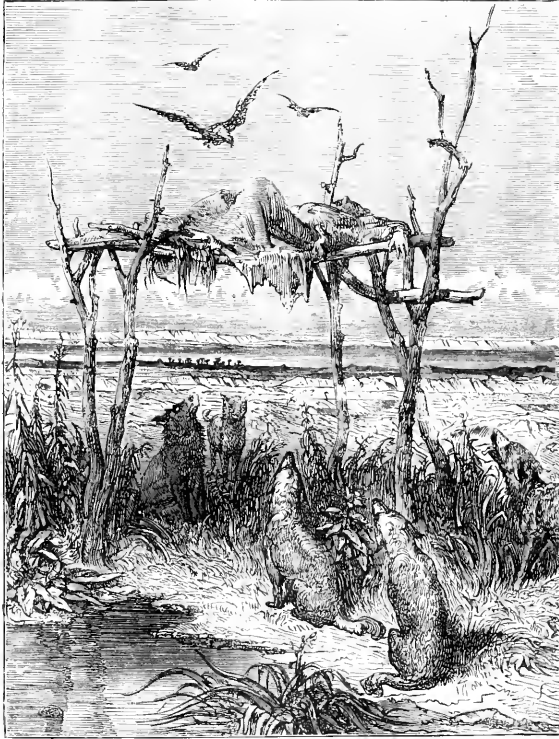


CHINESE OPIUM-SMOKING IN MELBOURNE.

side tempted the low, passionate nature of the savage to sell body and soul to ruin for the sake of quenching that new-born thirst for ardent spirits, which to him was one chief feature of the civilised men around him? A Government granting its subsidies for the protection of aborigines presents but a sorry picture, when with one hand it is seen methodically salving its conscience for having possessed the goodly land of the savages, while with the other it is beheld frustrating by its liquor licences the very object which its reserves, and stations, and protectors seem to embody. "The law," as it is complacently called, of the rapid diminution of the Australian blacks is too evidently one of evil human agency: the savage fading before the white until he is threatened with complete extinction, is a fact due not even to the white's rifle so much as to the white's drunkenness and lust, and the Australian is being destroyed by the importation, not of deadly weapons, but of even deadlier drink and disease: the decrease in population being in proportion to the amount of intercourse between the two races.

Thus, in one district of about three thousand square miles in area, only about sixty of its black inhabitants were known to remain, the fragments of

several tribes who would assemble at certain times to hold a *corroboree* in the Bush, a pitiful reminiscence of their ancient festival of that name, whereat a multitude of them would gather. In a report from a missionary at Port Phillip to the Government in 1842, it is stated that the population of four tribes in the vicinity of his station had, since the beginning of the mission, a period of four years, decreased one-half; and



AN AUSTRALIAN GRAVE.

in later years the appearance of natives was a very rare occurrence, the only sign of them being such as would hang about public-houses for drink. Several tribes who lived in the neighbourhood of Sydney have become totally extinct, one wretched drunken native being for a time pointed at as all that remained of the race that used to fish in those waters, and hunt on those shores; and now, not a single individual remaining to represent them, they are "simply wiped out, and, except in God's book of remembrance, and in the future resurrection, are as though they had never existed."

In Van Diemen's Land comparatively few aborigines survived its colonisation. Their scattered remains were placed in a reserve under the care of a medical man, who paid them all the attention that they could be persuaded to receive. The account of their dying out in presence of the whites is brief and gloomy; the last man of the Tasmanian race was present at Government House in 1865, and he has since gone the way of all flesh.

It is beyond doubt that one of earth's multitudinous tribes is rapidly passing out of sight, the weaker succumbing to the stronger, which sends it into eternity with its civilised "fusel," its firearms and its firewater: and it is also without doubt that Christianity, if it did not come too late, manifested an impotence to snatch the brand from the burning which has no parallel in the annals of its conquests. A few who yet remain of the doomed people survive in conditions of extreme wretchedness, slowly dwindling, in the region of mission stations, but very rapidly becoming extinct elsewhere: and the mission, which has been called "the visit of Christianity to the death-bed of a nation," has the appropriate office of ministering the last consolations of religion to the fast dying people, thankful that in not a few instances the sufferer's passage through the dark valley has been shorn of its gloom and heathen horrors by Him who brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel. "That a remnant may be saved," Government is still putting forth most strenuous efforts in conjunction with the mission to preserve the Australian race from complete extinction, candidly confessing that "without comparison the stations under the missionaries are the most effective."

When the illustrious French philosopher Renan thought to tear up by the roots the Christian doctrine of the universality of the brotherhood of man, he exclaimed, "I do not see any reason why a Papoo should be credited with an immortal soul!" But the specific difference between man and the lower animal world never came out more strikingly than in reports, published in the same French language, which proved that the poor slandered Papoo, sunken as he is, is just as capable as Renan of that of which the brute is not capable at all: for the Société des Missions Évangéliques has conclusively shown in its "Transactions" that in the very lowest of what is human, there abides a faculty only waiting the development of Christianity to become a sublime capacity for holding communion with God. "Sixty miles from Melbourne," says the record, "in the bosom of an immense solitude, two missionaries struck their hatchets into the trunk of a tree exclaiming, 'The sparrow hath found an house and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God.' One day in the following year a large assembly was gathered in the same spot for the dedication of a house of prayer called Ebenezer, and the baptism of Nathanael, the first-fruits of the Papoos."

These Bohemians of Australia, hideous in aspect and savage in manner of life, staying in one place only long enough to bury a corpse, roast a kangaroo, or celebrate their wild orgies, were exhibited, by that voluntary act and deed of one of them, as linkable with the higher branches of the human family and capable of taking their place as having been made "a little lower than the angels." And because

they are dying out there is all the more reason for Christianity to faithfully hold out to them the Hope of the life to come. With the sick and dying amongst ourselves we express our tenderest sympathy; those lying unrecoverable in our hospital wards are tended to the last with every solicitude. So reason missionaries, as they meet the daily decreasing aborigines in their remote homes in the dense scrub, while they note that in the black man's heart, as in the white's, lie buried feelings and impulses which only the Gospel of Jesus can touch with humane yet divine influence, so that the black passes from death to life in the same simple way of faith, and lives the same blessed life of the justified, and dies in the same great and blessed assurances. Still living at Poonindie and Ramahyuek are some few natives and half-cestes, who enjoy much happiness, and are found walking in the fear of God all the day long; and their testimony, were there no other, is that even to the death-bed of a dying nation this visit of Christianity has not been in vain, but that the Cross has had its conquests among the lost Papoos, and that in the day of the Lord this most sunken of all earth's human tribes will witness, "He is able to save *to the uttermost* all that come unto God by Him."



## XXXVIII.—MISSIONS TO BIBLE LANDS.

## CHAPTER LXXVI.

## PALESTINE, SYRIA, ASIA MINOR, AND EGYPT.

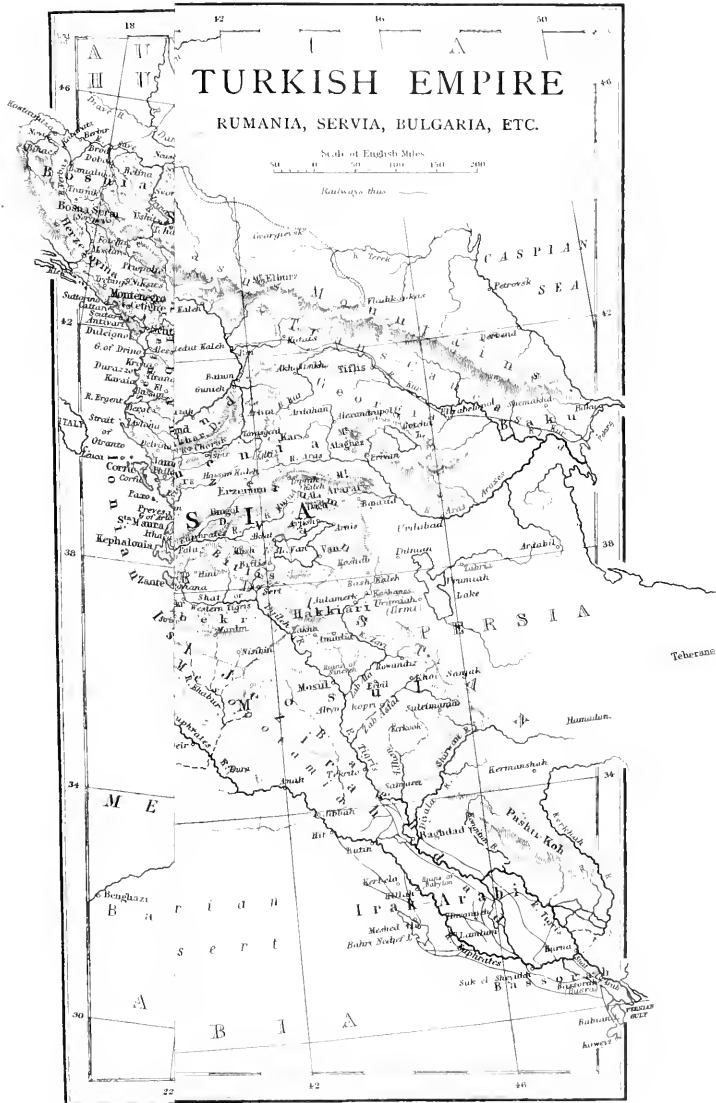
Jerusalem—The Mediterranean Mission—American Board of Foreign Missions—Fines and Imprisonments—Messrs. Fisk, Bird, and King—The Maronites—The Beyrout Mission—Mrs. Bowen Thompson—Massacre at Damascus—“Rob Roy’s” Visit to Beyrout—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Bishop Gobat—Miss Arnott, of Jaffa—Van Lemep—A Baby Missionary—The Moravian Brethren—Mr. Autes—The Bastinado—Among the Copts—Miss Whately—Life in Egypt—Mr. Keith-Falconer, the Proto-Martyr of Arabia.

“**B**EGINNING at Jerusalem!” Such was the command of the Divine Founder of the Universal Church in sending forth His followers to bring “all nations” under the dominion of the Cross. The centuries rolled away, and nation after nation became professedly Christian, but in the meantime the very land in which “God manifest in the flesh” lived and taught, passed under the sway of the infidel. The crescent of the False Prophet gleamed above the sacred shrines of the Holy Land; a few handfuls of degenerate Christians guarded what was left of their ancient faith with fear and trembling, and the down-trodden Jews were grateful for the liberty to meet and wail beside the crumbling memorial of their ancient greatness.

It would be beyond our province to say more than a passing word of those efforts to realise outward and visible conquests of the Cross, in which the chivalry of Christendom was engaged for two hundred years. At a comparatively recent date a new crusade was begun, more in harmony with the precepts of the Kingdom which it seeks to establish. The long wars with Napoleon came to a close in 1815, and the era of peace witnessed the extension of missionary effort in many directions. Amongst others, the “Mediterranean Mission” was set on foot by the Church Missionary Society. Malta was at first its head-quarters, and from the printing press there set up the Levantine shores were for thirty years flooded with religious literature in various languages. From this station also the Rev. W. Jowett and others made extensive missionary tours. The Rev. J. Hartley in 1828 went to Smyrna and various parts of Asia Minor, and a few schools were subsequently established. The Bible was largely circulated by the Church Missionary Society, but for a long time very little permanent mission work could be carried on. To Greek and Armenian Christianity, mere systems of lifeless formality, the Turk had in some degree become reconciled, but the advent of a purer and more aggressive Gospel was in nowise to be tolerated. Neither did the Oriental Churches themselves show any desire to be roused from the lethargy of ages. The ultimate result was that the Church Missionary Society withdrew all its workers from Asia Minor, and concentrated its strength on the Palestine field. To its operations in this land we shall refer presently.

Meanwhile, as early as 1819, the American Board of Foreign Missions was also turning its attention to Palestine. The Revs. Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons sailed for Smyrna, where Mr. Fisk remained for a time, whilst Mr. Parsons made a pioneer journey to Jerusalem. Soon after his return he went in broken health to Alexandria, where he died, and his place was taken by the Rev. Jonas King, who travelled with Fisk through Egypt, the Desert, Palestine, and Syria. They circulated two thousand







# TURKISH EMPIRE

RUMANIA, SERVIA, BULGARIA, ETC.

Scale of Geographical Length

Longitude and Latitude of Constantinople

# TURKISH EMPIRE AND PERSIA.



MISSION STATIONS underlined on the Map 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.	Free Ch. Scot. ...	Free Church of Scotland Mission.
S. P. G. ...	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	North Africa ...	North Africa Mission (Branch Station).
Archbishop's ...	Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission to Assyrian Christians.	Friends' Syr. Miss.	Friends' Syrian Mission.
Bapt. ...	Baptist Missionary Society.	Friends' Armenian Miss.	Friends' Mediaeval Mission among the Armenians.
Leb. Schools ...	Lebanon Schools Committee.	Am. B. F. M. ...	American Board of Foreign Missions.
Jaffa Med. Miss.	Jaffa Medical Mission.	Am. Presb. ...	American Presbyterian Church Missions.
*Soc. Fem. Ed. ...	Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.	Am. Ref. Presb. ...	American Reformed Presbyterian Church Missions.
Brit. Syr. ...	British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission.	Am. For. Chris. ...	American Foreign Christian Missionary Society.
Brit. Soc. Jews ...	British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews.	Am. Bible ...	American Bible Society.
L. S. P. C. Jews ...	London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.	Am. Meth. Epis. ...	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Ch. Scot. Jews ...	Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews.	Am. Friends' ...	American Friends' Mission.
Free Ch. Scot. Jews	Free Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews.	Morav. ...	Moravian Missions.

\* In other cases Stations worked by Women's Societies, and Auxiliary Societies such as "The Turkish Missions Aid Society," are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

ABETH ...	Am. Presb.	MER-SIVAN ( <i>Merician</i> ) ...	Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris.
ADANA ...	Am. B. F. M.	MONASTIR ...	Am. B. F. M.
ADRIANOPLE ...	Brit. Soc. Jews.	MUSUL ...	" "
AINTAB ...	Am. B. F. M.	NABULUS ( <i>Shechem</i> ) ...	Bapt., C. M. S.
BAALBEK ...	Brit. Syr.	NAZARETH ...	C. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
BAGHDAD ...	C. M. S.	NICOMEDEA. <i>See</i> Ismid.	
BEIROUT ( <i>Beirut</i> ) ...	Brit. Syr., Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb.	OROOUMAH. <i>See</i> Urumiah.	
BETHLEHEM ...	Soc. Fem. Ed.	PHILIPPOPOLIS ...	Am. B. F. M.
BITLIS ...	Am. B. F. M.	RAM ADLAIH ...	Am. Friends'.
BRUMMANA ...	Friends' Syr. Miss.	RASTCHUK ...	Am. Meth. Epis.
BRUSA ...	Am. B. F. M.	SAPED ...	L. S. P. C. Jews.
CONSTANTINOPLE ...	S. P. G., Free Ch. Scot. Jews, Friends' Armenian Miss., L. S. P. C. Jews, Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris., Am. Bible.	SALONIKA ...	Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb.
CESAREA. <i>See</i> Kaisariyeh.		SALT ...	C. M. S.
DAMASCUS ...	C. M. S., Brit. Syr., L. S. P. C. Jews.	SAMARIA ...	Bapt.
ERZERUM ...	Am. B. F. M.	SAMAROV ...	Am. B. F. M.
GAZA ..	C. M. S.	SHECHEM. <i>See</i> Nabulus.	
HAMADAN ...	Am. Presb.	SHUMLA ...	Am. Meth. Epis.
HARPOOT. <i>See</i> Karpuz.		SHWHEH ( <i>Shawwir</i> ) ...	Free Ch. Scot., Leb. Schools.
HARBEIA ...	Brit. Syr.	SISTOVA ...	Am. Meth. Epis.
HEMS ( <i>Homs</i> ) ...	North Africa.	SIVAS ...	Am. B. F. M.
ISMID ( <i>Nicomedia</i> ) ...	Am. B. F. M.	SMYRNA ...	S. P. G., L. S. P. C. Jews, Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. B. F. M.
ISPAHAN ...	L. S. P. C. Jews.	SUEDDAH ...	Am. Ref. Presb.
JAFFA... ..	C. M. S., Jaffa Med. Miss., L. S. P. C.	SUK ..	Am. Presb.
JERUSALEM ...	C. M. S., Brit. Soc. Jews.	TABARIA ( <i>Tiberias</i> ) ...	Free Ch. Scot. Jews.
JULFA... ..	C. M. S.	TABRIZ ...	Am. Presb., Am. Bible.
KAISARIYEH ( <i>Cesarea</i> ) ...	Am. B. F. M.	TARSUS ( <i>Tarsos</i> ) ...	Am. Ref. Presb.
KARPUT ( <i>Harput</i> ) ...	" "	TEHERAN ...	Am. Presb.
KOCHANES ...	Archbishop's.	TIBERIAS. <i>See</i> Tabaria.	
LARNAKA ...	Am. Ref. Presb.	TRNOVA ...	Am. Meth. Epis.
LATAKIA ...	" "	TREBIZOND ...	Am. B. F. M.
LOFTCHA ( <i>Loft</i> ) ...	Am. Meth. Epis.	TRIPOLI ...	Am. Presb.
MARASH ...	Am. B. F. M., Am. For. Chris.	TYRE ...	Brit. Syr.
MARDIN ...	Am. B. F. M.	URUMIAH { <i>Urumi</i> } ...	Am. Presb., Archbishop's.
MERSINA ...	Am. Ref. Presb.	{ <i>Orooniah</i> }	
		YAN ...	Am. B. F. M.
		YARNA ...	Am. Meth. Epis.
		ZAHLEH ( <i>Zaehleh</i> ) ...	Brit. Syr., Am. Presb.



copies of the Bible, in twelve different languages, and vast numbers of tracts, and also discussed religious subjects with all who would converse with them. But Mr. Fisk tells us: "In whatever way I come into contact with the minds of men in this country, it seems like walking among the scattered walls and fallen columns of its ancient cities. All is confusion, desolation, and ruin."

The proceedings of the missionaries awakened great interest. At Jaffa the



JERUSALEM.

common report was that they induced people to embrace their religion, and gave each convert ten piastres, which would always remain in their pockets, however much they might spend. It was also said that a picture was taken of each convert, and if he was unfaithful the missionaries had only to shoot at his picture, and wherever the man was he would die immediately. One day a man in whose house they were lodging came, and said he had been informed that they would pay people to come and worship the devil. If it was true, he would gladly come, and bring a hundred more with him. "What, would you worship the devil?" he was asked. "Yes, for the sake of money," said the Moslem.

On one occasion at Jerusalem Mr. Fisk and Mr. Bird, who had lately joined him, were brought up before the Mullah, and then before the Governor, charged with circulating books that were neither Christian (*i.e.*, Roman Catholic or Greek Church),

Jewish, nor Mussulman. A crier was sent into the market and to the doors of the convents, prohibiting all persons from purchasing these books, and ordering all who had them to give them up. The property of the missionaries was examined, and several letters and private papers were taken.

The Governor, after asking them what books they had brought? why so many? why in Arabic? and so forth, demanded of Fisk: "Why do you give them to the Mussulmans?" Fisk answered, "It is not our wish to do anything in secret, nor to distribute books in this country, which we are not willing you should all read; nor do we consider it unlawful for Mussulmans to read Christian books. If Mussulmans wish to read our books and learn what we believe, we are always ready to give them an opportunity."

"He said that was all very well" (writes Fisk, whose narrative we abridge), "begged us not to be offended, and threw the whole blame of the arrest on the judge, and added, 'You will lodge here with my nephew to-night, and to-morrow return to your rooms.' His nephew Hasein Bey conducted us to his room, insisted on my taking his own seat in the corner of the sofa, which is the place of honour, ordered coffee, pipes, sherbet, and a supper, and said, as many as twenty or thirty times, 'Excuse us.' 'Be not offended with us.'

"After supper we entered into a free conversation about the Arabic language, and then about the Bible and the Koran, and Christ and Mahomet. I was struck with the remark as coming from him at that time and place, 'This house is the place where our Lord Jesus was condemned.' It was even so, and we had the unmerited honour of being arraigned for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus in the palace of the Governor, which now occupies the ground where the palace of Pilate stood."

After some further detention, the missionaries were liberated, and all the officials concerned were indignant at the absolute refusal of Fisk and Bird to make them presents. "They probably thought it hard that they must insult us, search our rooms, trunks, and secretaries, seal up and open once and again all our doors, conduct us to the judge and the Governor, and keep us twenty-four hours in custody, and not be paid for all this trouble. It is probably the first time that they have done all this for nothing, for the poor Greeks and Jews always have to pay dearly for being insulted and abused." Two hundred copies of the Bible were sold in the next four days, and the authorities were evidently at this time in great fear of giving offence to persons under English protection.

The Rev. Jonas King, the companion of Fisk during much of this pioneer service, was a man of marked individuality and power. Amongst the hills of Massachusetts he received a rough New England training, then by diligent study became proficient in Oriental languages, as well as in the usual branches of a college education. He was an ordained minister, and Professor of Oriental Languages in Amherst College, when a letter from Fisk determined him to take up, for a time at least, the work from which the lamented Parsons had been called away. At Alexandria in January, 1823, he knelt with Fisk and Wolff by Parsons' grave, and after they had prayed together Fisk

exclaimed, "Brother King, I welcome you with all my heart to the place rendered vacant by my brother Parsons' death."

From Alexandria to Cairo, and on to Siout, the three travellers journeyed. All along the Nile River they delivered their message, and gave away hundreds of tracts and Bibles. Once or twice they were excommunicated by the superiors of Coptic convents, and they were often threatened by Moslems; but they passed through the land, unharmed, in safety, and forty-three years afterwards Dr. Robertson came across more than one old man in Egypt, to whom words spoken by Dr. King had been a life-long blessing.

From the Nile valley they went by caravan across the desert to the land of the Philistines, and on by Joppa to Jerusalem. Here they found an eagerness to receive their books; in three days they exhausted their first stock of Armenian and Arabic Bibles and tracts.

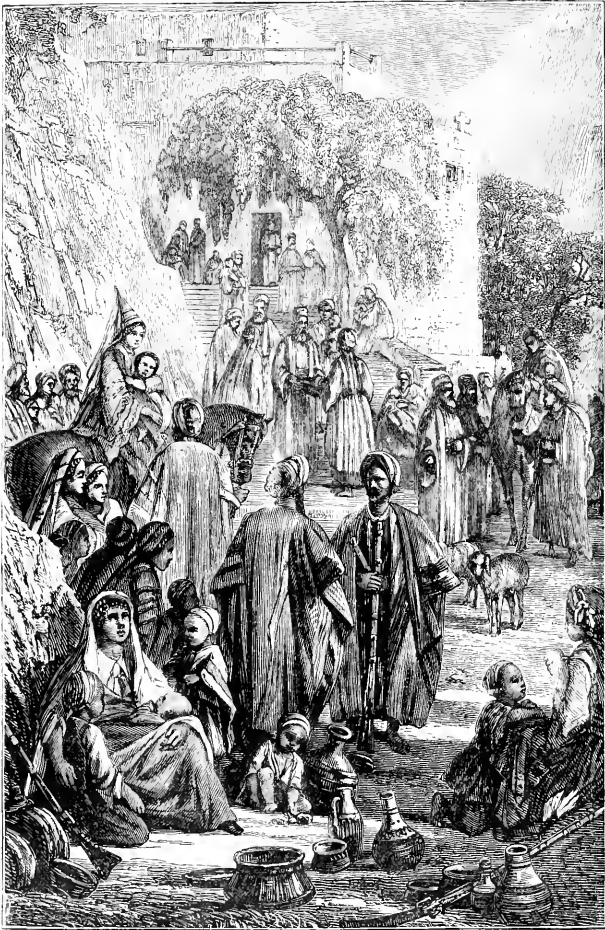
Dr. King continued his Oriental studies and missionary journeys in Palestine and Syria till September, 1825. On his way home, news reached him at Smyrna that Pliny Fisk, from whom he had so lately parted, was no more. Fisk's piety and devotedness, and "rare combination of missionary qualifications," were highly appreciated by Christians of that generation, though to-day little remembered. He died at Beyrout in October, 1825.

Meanwhile to Beyrout had come Messrs. Bird and Goodell, and that town has since remained the head-quarters of the American Mission. A hard battle for toleration had to be fought with the zealots of the various Christian sects of the Lebanon and adjacent districts. The Patriarch of the Maronites launched an excommunication at Sheikh Laloof and his family for their "infernal hardihood" in letting a house to "that deceived man and deceiver of men, Bird the Bible-man." For this the whole family were cut off from Christian communion. "Let the curse envelope them as a robe, and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like a fig tree cursed by the mouth of the Lord Himself. And let the evil angels rule over them, to torment them day and night, asleep or awake, and in whatever circumstances they may be found. We permit no one to visit them, or employ them, or do them a favour, or give them a salutation, or converse with them in any form; but let them be avoided as a putrid member, and as hellish dragons."

The Maronite zealots did not confine themselves to ecclesiastical fulminations. Assad Shidiak was in the service of the missionaries, and became a Christian in spite of alternate threats and allurements from his friends and relatives. His mother, brothers, and other near relations, at length came and induced him to visit his home with them. Here he was seized and delivered to the Patriarch, who had him shut up in a convent at Kanobin. He was frequently beaten, and after attempting to escape was fastened to the wall by a heavy chain round his neck. Subsequently he was treated more mercifully, but was never liberated, and the missionaries could not ascertain when or how his reported death took place.

We cannot trace in detail the history of the Beyrout Mission, and its varied troubles with Greeks, Armenians, Romanists, Mohammedans, and pseudo-Mohammedan Druses.

Twice the missionaries had to retire to Cyprus or Jerusalem, whilst Beyrout was bombarded by the allies fighting for the Turks against Ibrahim Pacha. Every now



MARONITES AT A CONVENT.

and again the Lebanon districts were devastated by social wars between the Druses and Maronites.

But in spite of such interruptions and constant opposition, the Beyrout Mission



has endured and prospered. It has established branch stations at Tripoli, Abeih, Tableh, and Sidras, and from its Bible House and printing press has flooded Syria, Palestine, and Egypt with Christian Arabic literature. By means of the Syrian Protestant College and the numerous schools, a large number of Syrian youths have received "an education saturated with Bible truth."

The Free Church in Scotland since 1839, and the American Presbyterians since 1856, have been carrying forward important work in Syria. The Reformed Presbyterian Church have been labouring amongst the Ansayrich, a Pagan race in Northern Syria. The Baptists and other denominations have also their missions: in fact, the land is dotted over with orphanages, medical missions, schools, and so forth, supported by European or American Christians, who, holding the Bible as their dearest earthly treasure, are earnestly longing to see all the Bible lands brought into the Kingdom of Christ.

In the year 1860 there were fearful massacres in the ancient city of Damascus and in all the towns and villages of the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon district. The Druses and their Mohammedan allies killed eleven thousand Christian men and boys belonging to the Greek and Maronite Churches; their homes were destroyed, and their wives and daughters, to the number of twenty thousand, were driven away. To supply the needs of these homeless and starving women and girls, much relief was sent from various Christian countries. But one Englishwoman was stirred up to devote her life to the service of these poor creatures, in higher ways than in merely supplying their temporal needs.

Mrs. Bowen Thompson was a woman who, to large-hearted benevolence and fervent religious enthusiasm, joined executive capacities of a thoroughly prompt and practical character. It was this trait in her character that drew from a leisurely Oriental dignitary the remark, intended as a high compliment, "Madame, you are as quick at seizing opportunities as a Frenchman is at catching fleas!" Daoud Pasha, of the Lebanon, was equally astonished when he saw how Mrs. Thompson, after three days' work with broom and whitewash-brush at the head of her teachers, had changed a filthy schoolhouse into a model establishment. "This is administration; this is work!" he exclaimed, and was thenceforth one of her warmest supporters.

From earliest years this lamented lady and her sisters had dreamed of life-work in the East. Their father's cousin discovered the Rosetta Stone, and the girls loved to gaze at this wonderful relic of antiquity, and form plans for Egyptian travel and research. In the family circle Elizabeth was looked upon as the *beau idéal* of Israel's warrior prophetess, and "Awake, awake, Deborah!" was the usual invitation of her sisters to take the lead in some girlish project. The incident coincides with the remark of the Quaker preacher who saw her long afterwards in the midst of her Syrian school work, "Thy sister is a great general."

Miss Elizabeth B. Lloyd (as her name then was) married Dr. Bowen Thompson, of the Syrian Mission, and with him resided some time at Antioch. Here she taught little circles of Bible-readers in the neighbourhood. When the Crimean War was in progress, Dr. Thompson went with his wife to the aid of the sick and wounded. He died of fever at Balaclava, and the sorrow-stricken widow came back alone to England.

She busied herself in Christian work; the sufferers by the Indian Mutiny, the soldiers' wives at Woolwich, and others needing help, found in her a willing friend and supporter. Then came, in 1860, the terrible cry of anguish from the valleys of Lebanon and the streets of Damascus, where Christian blood was poured forth like water. Mrs. Bowen Thompson helped at first in the work of procuring temporal relief; but there came to her soul the conviction that she must give her life to these afflicted ones, and strive not only to alleviate their sorrows, but also to win them for Christ. The massacres took place in June, and October saw Mrs. Thompson fitting up a house at Beyrout for an industrial refuge, in which, before the close of the year, she had two hundred outcast widows under her care.

Thus were founded the British Syrian Schools and Bible Mission—a work which, through steady perseverance and quiet, patient labour, has realised a considerable success, and has won the kindly appreciation of a very wide, though scarcely adequate, circle of Christian supporters. Intensely ignorant, filthy in their persons, repulsive in their manners and habits, and foul in their language, were the neglected women of Syria, among whom this sainted woman came to labour. But they felt their misery, and were eager to be led to higher things, and they were taught to sew and cut out, and also to read, and more as they were able. Soon, instead of cursing and impure jesting, there was heard the voice of Christian melody and joyful utterance that came from grateful hearts, touched by the power of Christian precept and Christian life. Several schools were opened in Beyrout—one a boarding-school, in which Syrian girls were trained as teachers. At Hasheryah, Damascus, and other places, branch schools and mission stations were established. Mrs. Thompson's sisters, Miss Lloyd and Mrs. Mentor Mott, with the husband of the latter, came to the aid of "Deborah;" so the girlish dream of working together in the East was realised, though not in the manner anticipated. With their aid and that of a small staff of English, and a considerable number of native assistants, the work was well organised, and Christian instruction regularly imparted to increasing numbers of scholars and of those who attended at the mission services.

Mr. Macgregor ("Rob Roy") saw the schools in 1870, the last year of their founder's life. After speaking of the pleasant schoolroom, he says, "See that first class of girls with their bright-hued dresses, the natural and therefore graceful colours of their land toned down a little by the neat, plain pinafores sent as presents from England. How many lovely faces there are among those maids from the mountains! Druse girls with gay kerchiefs and black hair; Arabs and Mohammedans—some who will not show their faces, and others who smile at every look from a visitor. One coming in state with nine servants, another sent to school in a carriage; the next one a mere pauper from the street; and beside them both an Abyssinian with her frizzled locks."

Of the St. Paul's School, Damascus, the same graphic writer says: "After you have struggled up and down dirty lanes, ankle-deep in mud, you enter a lively, substantial pile of buildings, and under these gilded roofs and carved portals the girls of Damascus stand with Bibles in their hands. How difficult to realise this, when one recalls that not long ago a Christian dared scarcely ride through the streets on his

journey. In the forty-four young people who had assembled, there were Jewesses, Greeks, Moslems, and Christians. I never saw so many pretty faces among a like number of girls. . . . Mrs. Thompson was received with a gush of welcome and sweet smiles. She went round and kissed every child in turn. This was indeed a pretty sight for a rough-bearded traveller to see! I do not enlarge upon the importance of sustaining this school. One thought of Saul and Paul stamps Damascus upon a Christian's heart, and fixes it as a post of duty for the brave and the generous who have gone out there to labour for Christ's sake."

In October, 1870, Mrs. Bowen Thompson was seriously ill, and went home to England to die. As the last moments approached, death opened before her as "a gate of glory." She passed away at midnight on Sunday, November 14th. At Beyrout and Damascus, when the news came, all classes mourned for her. The memorial service was attended by a dense crowd, besides four hundred girls from the various schools, and also the large boys' school. Many Moslems wore deep mourning as for a personal friend. "Poor Syria has lost her mother!" wrote a native, and such, indeed, seemed to be the universal sentiment; or, as the Rev. Gerard Smith wrote:—

"Damascus mourns her—Hermon's daughters weep—  
Their 'mother in the Lord' has fall'n asleep;  
Her native land hath claimed her mortal part,  
Jesus her soul, but Syria hath her heart."

Since Mrs. Thompson's death her sisters have carried on the mission, which has been extended to Tyre, Baalbec, and Beekfaya. There are about twenty English workers, and nearly a hundred natives—teachers, Scripture-readers, and Bible-women.

In the years 1867-8-9 two ministers of the Society of Friends, Eli and Sybil Jones, were engaged in a missionary tour through Palestine and Syria. One of the outcomes of that visit was the Brumana Mission; it comprises religious teaching, schools, training homes, medical mission, and hospital, and is under the general superintendence of Mr. T. Waldmeier, one of the captives delivered by British arms from the cruelty of King Theodore of Abyssinia. He is aided by a staff of English and native helpers. When the "Friends" began their work here, they were bitterly opposed by the priests of the district. The people were told, "Cursed be you if you look at this English missionary, because he is not sent from God, but from the devil." When a plot of land was chosen on Mount Lebanon for a Training Home, the priests hurled their anathemas at it, saying, "Cursed be this place! Let no grass grow upon it, nor flower blossom upon it; let no tree grow upon this cursed place—cursed to eternity because it belongs to the English people." The Home was, however, opened, and has flourished. In spite of priestly anathemas, the people welcome the Bible-women to their homes, and multitudes of sick folk flock from far and near to the dispensary, some on mules or donkeys, some carried on mattresses by four of their friends. When waiting to be attended to, they hear patiently the story of Him who went about doing good. The "Friends" have a similar mission at Ramallah, near Jerusalem.

The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews had sent its agents

to Jerusalem as early as 1820, but did not begin building till 1838. It had a building site on Mount Zion, and here arose the Anglican Cathedral Church of "Christ Church." In 1841 England and Prussia jointly established the Bishopric of Jerusalem, with jurisdiction over Palestine, Syria, Chaldea, Egypt and Abyssinia. The first Bishop of Jerusalem was a converted Jew, the Rev. Michael Solomon Alexander. He died in 1845, and was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Gobat, who for thirty-four years was the life and soul of missionary enterprise in the Holy Land. Under Bishop Gobat's superintendence buildings were erected or procured in Nablous, Nazareth, Bethlehem, and many other places wherein schools and missions were established. His admirers declare that no man ever did so much for Palestine as Bishop Gobat, and that the more recent workers in that field have in many cases entered into the fruits of his labours.

In 1851, at Bishop Gobat's invitation, the Church Missionary Society sent agents to Palestine, and ultimately concentrated all its Oriental efforts on that mission field. To this Society Bishop Gobat transferred his numerous orphanages, schools, and other agencies. The Church Missionary Society has accordingly carried on Christian work in its various departments at Jerusalem, Ramallah, Nazareth, Nablous (the ancient Shechem), Jaffa (of which we must say a few words presently), Gaza, where both converts and teachers have been beaten and stoned, and also beyond Jordan at Salt (Ramoath-Gilead), and lastly in the Hauran; the latter an extensive district near Damascus.

Jaffa, or Joppa, has been the scene of the labours of two or three sainted women, of whom something must be said. Mary Baldwin, from her home in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, went to teach Christianity round about Mars' Hill, where Paul had preached of the Unknown God. Amongst the Athenians and amongst the Cretan refugees who swarmed into Athens as a refuge from Moslem cruelty in 1869, Miss Baldwin laboured for three-and-thirty years, and then went to Jaffa to engage in fresh service. Here she found that Miss Arnott, a devoted Scotch lady, had been conducting a boarding-school for girls. In this work Miss Baldwin helped for a time, and then threw all her energies into the setting up of a school for boys, which was the great effort of her life.

For seven years Miss Baldwin did good service for the cause she loved. Boys become men at a very early age in Syria, so that a large number passed from her care to leaven the outer world with the Gospel truth she had implanted in their souls. Her life was one of constant self-denial. Only once did she go up with joy to Jerusalem, and hear Bishop Gobat preach in Christ Church. In the autumn months, when English and American residents flee to the mountains from the malaria that infests the plains, Miss Baldwin would remain at home, spending the school holidays in visiting the homes of the poor. They were homes that sadly needed the influence of Christian womanhood, homes where woman was a mere slave, and where it was considered the proper thing to give a bride a good beating on the morning after her wedding, in order that she might acquire a wholesome fear of her husband. In the midst of all her zealous labours, Miss Baldwin had been for years a constant sufferer

in consequence of a fracture of the hip-bone. She gradually grew weaker, until in June, 1877, she passed from works to rewards. The schools were continued on the same lines by her widowed sister, Mrs. Hay. Another American lady, Miss Jacqueline Davison, also came out and devoted herself to the work with fervent zeal and energy. Bishop Gobat had failed in an attempt to establish a school at Jaffa, and he rejoiced to see the efforts of Miss Baldwin so successful.

Before we pass away from Palestine a little more must be said concerning this



MISS MARY BALDWIN.

faithful servant of the Church and his devoted wife. At a little village in the Jura Mountains Samuel Gobat was born, just before the close of the eighteenth century. Pious parents devoted him to the service of God, and his own personal conversion, when he was about eighteen years of age, was followed by strong desires to become a missionary. At one time he thought of joining the Moravian Brethren, but circumstances led him to study at the Missionary College at Basle, in Paris, and afterwards in London, whence he was sent out in 1826 to the Mediterranean Mission. His first missionary journey was to Palestine and Egypt, and then came three years of successful activity in Abyssinia. He returned to Europe, and in 1834 married Marie Zeller, henceforth his devoted helpmeet. With her he went into Abyssinia, but was driven back by serious illness. There was a year of waiting, some translating work in Malta, a visit to the Druses of Lebanon, followed by various

services in Europe, and then came his appointment to his great life-work at Jerusalem. In accordance with treaty arrangements, Queen Victoria had nominated the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and the King of Prussia, now exercising his right to appoint a successor, called upon Mr. Gobat to occupy the See. Never was there uttered a more sincere "Nolo episcopari" than that of Gobat when the official message reached him. Lord Shaftesbury and the Committee of the Church Missionary Society counselled him to accept, and after a week of doubts and scruples, although still feeling his unfitness, he saw that Jerusalem was the post of duty. He was duly consecrated at Lambeth, and on Christmas Eve, 1846, he landed with his beloved wife at Jaffa. They were soon hard at work in Jerusalem, and a new physical constitution seemed to be granted to the good Bishop to enable him to fulfil his mission. For twenty-three years he had hardly known what it was to be well, but from this time forward he had thirty years of almost uninterrupted health.

The missionary institutions founded or developed under Bishop Gobat's care have been already referred to, and of his troubles with high and low Churchmen we need say nothing here. Other trials he had also, brought about by designing politicians in Europe, who only valued the Bishop of Jerusalem as one of the pieces in their game.

Of his pleasant family life at Jerusalem one of his daughters has given a delightful sketch. We see him winning the confidence as well as the love of his children, joining in nursery games at the twilight hour, drawing out their powers of observation in their walks, or in the winter evenings telling them stories of his early days in Germany, and of his wonderful deliverances in Abyssinia. Every year the family dwelt in tents for a month or two at Lifta, an hour and a half's journey from Jerusalem, the father riding to and fro to his duties.

"In the year 1857" (says Miss Gobat), "we took up our summer residence in tents for the last time. One reason for this might have been that in the autumn, just before our projected return to the city, we were molested by robbers. Two watchmen were posted; but whether they betrayed their trust, or how it happened, we know not. Thieves broke in one night, and entering the very tent in which a night-light was burning, stole money, clothes, etc., without, however, personally attacking any one of the party. This was due to the manifest protecting love of God, which hindered any one from awaking and calling for help. A proof that murder was contemplated by the robbers lay in the circumstance that they had heaped sharp stones in the front of each tent, wherewith anyone might easily have been killed." The Turkish Pasha, when informed of the event, imprisoned all the men of a village near at hand, only releasing them one by one as each paid him a considerable sum. The Pasha made a good thing out of the affair, but this was all the redress the Bishop and his family could obtain!

In his eightieth year Bishop Gobat, feeling that the end was near, paid a farewell visit to friends in Europe. He came back to Jerusalem very weak and ill, and on Easter Day, 1879, appeared in Christ Church for the last time. His last moments were full of happiness and peace. When his son spoke of his having no need to

fear any evil in the dark valley of the shadow of death, he replied, "*It is not dark.*"

Three months afterwards, she who for forty-five years had shared his earnest and faithful labour, was also called home, and they were laid side by side under an olive-tree upon Mount Zion. For Maria Regina Christina Gobat a place may rightly be claimed amongst the heroines of the mission field. She was brought up in an atmosphere of self-denying work for the good of others; for her father, Christian Heinrich Zeller, was superintendent of a well-known home for destitute children at Bengglen near Basle, and of an institution for training poor schoolmasters. She was barely twenty when the missionary Gobat won her heart. They were married in May, 1834, and set out at once for Abyssinia. It was a rough journey, and was succeeded by a time of hardship and suffering, and the first baby came when its father was lying helpless with severe illness. For two years the young mother had to nurse her invalid husband, until it became evident that he must go home or die. The journey to the coast and the voyage up the Red Sea in a small Arab boat for thirty-eight days were very trying experiences, but more fearful still was the journey across the desert in the burning sunshine. They reached the Nile and went on by boat to Cairo; but the privations of the journey had been too much for their little one, and for the last few hours of the voyage the sorrowing mother was weeping over the dead infant in her arms. They buried little Sophie in the Coptic cemetery, and about a month afterwards, whilst still residing at Cairo, their second child, aptly named Benoni, was born.

In his subsequent missionary labours Mr. Gobat had the able help of his wife, and when he became Bishop of Jerusalem she took a warm interest in all the schools and missions; and to the poor, the widows, and the afflicted from any cause she was as a ministering angel. When, after the lapse of a few weeks, she followed her revered husband to the tomb, all felt that a true "mother in Israel" had been taken away.

From Syria and Palestine we turn to Asia Minor, where the American missionaries have for half a century been doing good service amongst the Armenian Churches. As our readers are aware, these ancient Christian communities form a separate organisation distinct from either the Latin or Greek Churches, although in doctrine and practice very similar. But of late years, through the labours of the missionaries, there has been a remarkable revival of evangelical Christianity going on amongst these people. Eleven thousand Armenians are now members of Protestant Mission Churches, and sixteen thousand pupils are attending the four hundred schools.

The Rev. H. J. Van Lennep, after spending fourteen years in missionary labours in other parts of Turkey, was sent in 1854 to Tocat. Here a native teacher had his head beaten with a club, and his few followers had been turned out of their shops and houses. They were therefore placed for safety in a ruinous old palace which had been bought by Mr. Metz of the Christian colony of Amasia.

As Mr. Van Lennep neared Tocat, the little band of converts came out three miles to meet their new teacher and escort him to the town. They were on horseback, some of them with children sitting behind them; Mr. Van Lennep was also riding, whilst

Mrs. Van Lennep and the baby were carried in a *tahtaravan*. As the procession came on in single file, the men singing hymns, the townspeople, who lined the route, frowned and scowled, but when the baby appeared, crowing and laughing at the *tahtaravan* window as if the whole affair had been got up for its delectation, there was a cry of "See, they have a baby! God bless him!" Many of them afterwards declared that it was the baby who first won their hearts. Thus the importation of a missionary baby into Toeat was a decided success.



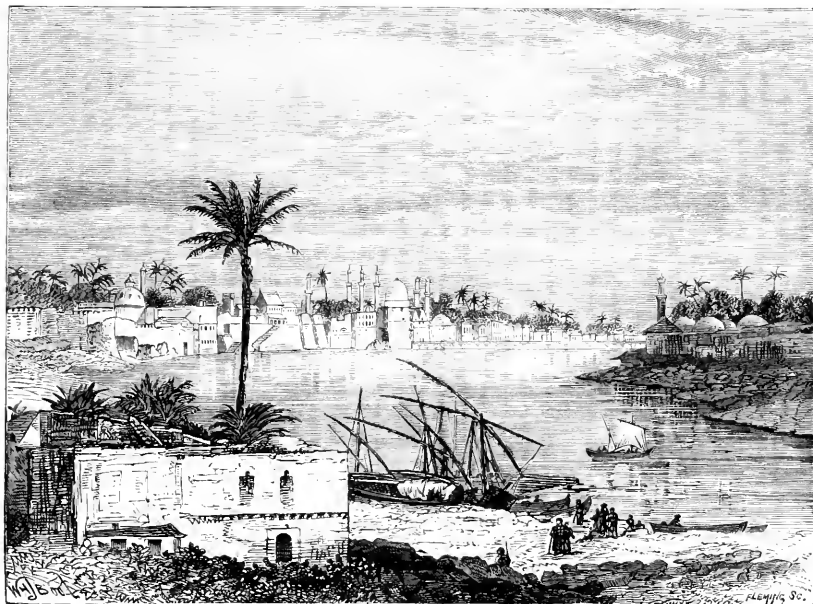
SCHOLARS AT THE MISSION SCHOOL, JOPPA.

The old house they occupied had been built by the humpbacked tyrant Dere Bey. He made the people build his house, and paid them no wages, and if anybody was dissatisfied he was either beheaded forthwith or shut up in the narrow stone prison which was still to be seen in the cellars. He went on from one atrocity to another till the Sultan thought it best to suppress the scandal, and sent officials who enticed Dere Bey from his stronghold, despatched him with the bowstring, and sent his head to Constantinople.

And now the "habitation of cruelty" became a centre of Christian beneficence. It stood on the hillside with the town outspread like a panorama below, and there was an extensive garden which proved a useful adjunct to the mission. Potatoes were introduced and thrived well, but it was some years before the people could be educated up to liking them. The house contained a large hall which made a capital chapel, and there were plenty of rooms for sleeping, living, teaching, and so forth. To the services many came at first out of curiosity, but did not seem to understand that quiet behaviour was of any consequence.



The difficulty was got over after a time, and Mrs. Van Lennep rendered effectual service by her little meetings of women in different houses in the town. Soon there was a small band of steady church members, and a school for theological instruction was also set up, and some young men who had been studying under missionary care at Marsovan were transferred to it. Very earnest were these young students, spending their leisure time in going from house to house and discussing religious questions with



BAGDAD.

any who would listen to them—Armenians, Jews, or Moslems. In vain the people were forbidden to communicate with or even salute any of the occupants of the Mission House. Whenever a fresh anathema was hurled at the missionaries from Armenian, Greek, or Latin altar early on Sunday morning, there was an increased attendance at the mission services that day. So, as the priests saw that their curses were only effective advertisements of the cause they hated, they resolved to let the thing alone.

The Theological School was making good progress, and seventeen young men were preparing for the ministry, when, through want of funds, the Society sent word to suspend this effort for a time. The seventeen finished their studies at home, and most of them became pastors of churches. After a time the school was reopened, and a few fresh students were collected, when the work was again interrupted by a serious calamity. The whole of the mission premises were destroyed by fire, and a library of

2,000 volumes, MS. lectures, translations, notes of travel, and so forth, all perished in the flames. Mr. and Mrs. Van Lempe saved nothing but the clothes they wore; their colleagues, who occupied a distinct wing, were more fortunate in rescuing their property.

Two years afterwards, a rich Catholic Armenian, being about to die, confessed that he hired a man to fire the mission premises, in order to be revenged on Van Lempe for espousing the cause of a European doctor whom this Armenian's son had tried to murder. After the fire, the mission work was carried on for a time in temporary premises, but ultimately the post was abandoned.

An interesting effort to establish a Christian Mission in Bagdad, the ancient city that was so famous "in the golden prime of the good Haroun Alraschid," began in 1826. Mr. A. N. Groves and his family, and a deaf young man afterwards known to literary fame as Dr. John Kitto, settled here for a time. The plague broke out in the city, and thousands died daily; the roads being strewn with their dead bodies. Then the Tigris overflowed all the country, and swept down numbers of dwellings. Mrs. Groves died of the plague, and their little child also sickened and died. War and famine were also experienced, and the schools were for a time given up. Mr. Groves afterwards laboured in India and other parts. The Bagdad Mission was kept up for a time by J. Parnell and F. W. Newman. The latter afterwards became Latin Professor at University College, and was as famous for his vindication of rationalism, as his distinguished brother, Cardinal Newman, for rigid adherence to dogma and tradition.

Of modern Protestant denominations, the first to take into account the needs of Egypt were the Moravian Brethren. We have already told how Dr. Hoeker came back in 1750 from a disastrous attempt to carry the Gospel message to the Gaures or Guebres of Persia. In 1752 he was in Egypt, with an intention of pushing forward to Abyssinia, but circumstances were unpropitious, and he had to return. In 1756 he was again there, accompanied by George Pilder; but other hindrances occurred, and two years passed before they were able to set out for Abyssinia.

Hoeker and Pilder left Cairo in September, 1758; they reached Suez, and embarked in a small Turkish vessel on the Red Sea. But a violent storm came on, the Brethren were shipwrecked, and compelled to spend nineteen days on an uninhabited island, and at length, after enduring many perils and privations, got back to Cairo, and returned to Europe.

Hoeker came out again in 1768 to practise as a Christian physician in Cairo, and wait for the door to open for further service. He was accompanied by J. H. Danke. In the following year Mr. John Antes came out to help in the work. From the traveller Bruce, on his return journey, the Brethren learned that there was no opening for them in Abyssinia, so they earnestly devoted themselves to doing what good they could in Egypt. They visited the Copts in the villages of Upper Egypt, and, without directly attacking their superstitions, tried to bring them to faith in the sufferings and death of Christ as the only ground of hope. Mr. Antes used to take exercise in the flat country near Cairo, and, by looking out for any one journeying with a numerous retinue, he managed for a long time to elude observation. But in

November, 1779, he was noticed by the Mamelukes attending Osman Bey, and as he was not able to satisfy their rapacity with what he had about him, they dragged him before their master as a European from whom some money might be obtained.

Mr. Antes, on approaching the Bey, gave the usual salutation, "I am under your protection." Instead of giving the usual reply, "You are welcome," the Bey glared furiously, asking, "Who are you? What are you doing here in the night? You must be a thief, and most likely the one we were looking for the other day." Mr. Antes replied, "I was entering the city half an hour before sunset, when I was seized by your Mamelukes, and detained till now, and, though dark, it is not yet an hour after sunset, the time for shutting the gates." Paying no attention to this defence, the Bey sent Antes under guard to the castle, situated on a broad, sandy plain at some distance from the town.

Mr. Antes was spat upon and kicked by the men in the Bey's retinue, and then he was dragged along by a rough rope round his neck to the castle. Here he was thrown into a dungeon, half under ground, and secured to a piece of timber by a large iron chain padlocked round his neck. Soon the Bey came home, surrounded by his retinue bearing lighted torches. Mr. Antes was sent for, and unchained and taken upstairs to a room where the Bey sat waiting to receive him. A few questions were asked, and then the Bey exclaimed, "Throw him down." Mr. Antes begged to know what he had done. "How, you dog," cried the Bey, "dare you ask what you have done? Throw him down."

The servants then threw the missionary flat on his face, and confined his feet above the ankles by means of a strong staff about six feet long, with a piece of an iron chain fixed to both ends. Two of them, one on each side, twisted the staff and chain together, so as to turn up the soles of his feet. Duly provided with the thick strap of hippopotamus skin, a yard long, and thicker than a man's finger, the servants now waited their lord's command.

"When they had placed him in this position" (says the Rev. W. Brown), "an officer came and whispered in his ear, 'Do not suffer yourself to be beaten; give him a thousand dollars, and he will let you go.' Mr. Antes, however, reflected that should he now offer anything, the Bey would probably send one of his men with him to receive it, and that he would be obliged to open, in the presence of this officer, his strong chest, in which he kept not only his own money, but considerable sums belonging to others, which he had received in payment for goods belonging to different merchants, and the whole of this would, in all probability, be taken from him. Being determined, therefore, not to involve others in his misfortunes, he said, 'Mafish'—that is, 'No money'—upon which the Bey immediately ordered the servants to strike. They laid on at first pretty moderately; but yet Mr. Antes gave himself up for lost, considering that his life was in the hands of a capricious tyrant, to whose unrelenting cruelty many others had fallen a sacrifice. Having, therefore, no other refuge, he commended his soul into the hands of his Heavenly Father, and he experienced His gracious support on this trying occasion in so remarkable a manner that the fear of death was entirely taken away.

“After they had beaten him for some time, the officer, supposing that he might now have become more tractable, again whispered in his ear the word, ‘Money;’ but now the sum was doubled. Mr. Antes again answered, ‘I have none here.’ They then laid on more roughly than before; every stroke was like the application of a red-hot poker. At last the officer, thinking that though he had no money he might have some valuable goods, once more whispered in his ear something to that effect. As Mr. Antes knew that English firearms often attract their fancy even more than money, he offered them an elegant blunderbuss, richly mounted with silver, which he could get without opening his strong chest. The Bey, having inquired what he said, the officer answered, with a sneer, ‘Only a blunderbuss.’ To this the tyrant replied, ‘Beat the dog!’ They now began to lay on with all their might. The pain was at first exercising beyond conception, but after some time all sensation ceased; it seemed only like beating a bag of wool. When the Bey at length perceived that no money could be extorted from him, he probably thought that the prisoner might after all be a poor man, and therefore ordered them to take him away. Upon this they loosed his feet, but yet he was obliged to walk down to the dungeon with the chain about his neck. In about half an hour a messenger came with orders to bring him up again. The servants now took off the chain, and, after carrying him till he was near the door, told him to walk in, or the Bey would beat him again. Mr. Antes was afraid some one had told him that with a little more beating money might be obtained from him. There are instances, indeed, of the bastinado being applied three days successively, to the number of one or two thousand strokes. Persons of very vigorous constitutions may still, perhaps, survive; but, in general, after five or six hundred strokes, the blood gushes from the mouth and nose, and the unhappy wretch dies either under the torture or immediately after.”

When Mr. Antes re-entered the chamber, one of the Bey’s officers pretended that he knew Mr. Antes. “By Allah!” he exclaimed, “this is the best man in all Cairo, and my particular friend. I am sorry I was not here before to tell you so.” The Bey answered, “Then take him. I give him to you, and if he has lost anything, see to get it restored.” Mr. Antes had never seen the man before, and soon found that this was only a trick to get rid of him, and extort a little money. The servants of his “particular friend” carried him to his house, where he was fed and put to bed. The officer anointed the missionary’s feet with balsam, and tied them up in rags, and tried to reason down the missionary’s complaint of hard usage, by telling him, “It is from God! It is so written in the book of fate, which cannot be altered.” Next morning this officer took Mr. Antes to the house of the Master of the Customs, whom the missionary requested to settle everything for him with his pretended deliverer. On summing up the fees, it was found that he had about £20 to pay for this piece of service. Being then carried home, Mr. Antes was put to bed, and was confined to it for about six weeks before he could even walk out by the aid of crutches. But his feet and ankles had been very much hurt by the twisting of the chain, and he suffered much from swellings in these parts for three years afterwards.

The Moravian Mission to Egypt, though kept up for thirty years with great

patience and perseverance, was attended by so much danger, and was productive of so little result, that in May, 1783, it was finally given up.

The Revs. Leider, Kruse, Mueller, Gobat, and Kugler were in 1825 sent to Cairo by the Church Missionary Society. Voyages and journeys were made in Upper and Lower Egypt, and even into Nubia, and the Coptic Christians were found very willing to purchase Bibles and religious books in their own language, but they would not come and listen to preaching. As a medical missionary, Mr. Leider found abundant opening for good service in and about Cairo, in the way of religious conversation with the families he visited.

Little lasting result, however, flowed from the persistent efforts of the missionaries, either with Copts or Mohammedans. The latter, indeed, would point at the evil lives of so-called Christians and ask, "Would you make me as bad a man as one of these?" The most successful efforts were in connection with education. Schools for boys and girls were opened, and after a time well attended. Not only were the children of the poor sent to these schools, but some of the first Coptic families, and even a few Mohammedans, availed themselves of the opportunity to get their children educated. In the girls' school a great disadvantage was experienced on account of the betrothal of the girls, which generally takes place between nine and eleven; after which event they live in strict seclusion till marriage.

Many of the Coptic clergy and one bishop received their training in the Society's establishment at Cairo. About seven years ago the Church Missionary Society sent the Rev. F. A. Klein there from Jerusalem to begin a new mission amongst the Mohammedans.

The United States Board of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, with its seventeen pastors and over two hundred native helpers, has been doing for nearly forty years the chief evangelical work in Egypt. It has established a College at Assiout, theological classes at Cairo, and has churches and schools in the Delta and up the valley of the Nile as far as the first cataract.

But there is also another good work going on in Egypt of a very important character, originated by a lady whose praise is in all the churches, though her successful organisation of schools and mission work rests upon an independent basis. About thirty years ago she went to Cairo in poor health, meaning to spend five or six months there, but became interested in the people, and started a school for poor girls.



MISS WHATELY.

Thus began the transient effort which developed into a life-work, and now includes schools, hospital, Bible Mission, and itinerant preaching in the villages. Miss Whately found good helpers, some from abroad and some native, who ably seconded her efforts, and the mission as a whole has been characterised by marked success. The works published by Miss Whately, such as "Letters from Egypt," "Ragged Life in Egypt," "Among the Huts in Egypt," and others, contain a large amount of deeply interesting information on the subject of the people and their modes of life, and the means that have been found effective in the endeavour to raise and enlighten them.

Taking for her headquarters the ground floor of a house in one of the poorest localities of Cairo, Miss Whately went personally among the Moslem mothers of the neighbourhood, and tried to get them to send their children to school. A few promised, and on the appointed day nine little Moslem girls were sitting in a semicircle on the floor. Teaching was a hard task with scholars that did not want to learn and saw no good in trying. But the sewing lesson (for the sake of which most had come) was a time of enjoyment, and great was the admiration shown for the English needles, scissors, and thimbles. Business was a good deal interrupted by the frequent in-coming of anxious parents, bringing raw carrots or other dainties to their children, evidently under the impression that the little ones were passing through a trying ordeal, and would want a good deal of keeping up. There were fourteen at school next day, and so by degrees the work grew, till in three months' time there were forty-six scholars, nearly all Moslems.

On the second day one little thing was led in by an elder sister named Shoh, a fine girl of fifteen, who lingered about the place and pored over the alphabet cards, and showed an evident desire for instruction. It turned out that she was a married woman who could only leave her household duties at intervals. Sometimes her husband beat her for coming, but when he was in a good humour she ran in and sat down on the mat with an alphabet card, but was too full of questions to learn much. But the matron, Um-Usuf, a Syrian Christian, would read Gospel narratives to Shoh and the elder girls, and by degrees some new ideas of the love of God reached their souls. Shoh was often away several days, but when again able to come "she bounced in with such a look of joyous triumph" (says Miss Whately), "seized my hand to kiss as usual, and then skipped round the room nodding to the scholars, till at length she flung herself down in a corner, pulled the yellow kerchief off her head in order to show that her plaited locks were clean and neat, then sprang up again and ran to the window-seat, where soap and water stood, to wash her hands, holding them up significantly, as if to say, 'I know you are fanciful about cleanliness,' and finally snatched up a card from her shelf and commenced repeating her alphabet aloud."

Shoh had a sister, Fatmeh, who lost all her three children by croup, and came in great sorrow to the school. Miss Whately was able to open her eyes also to some idea of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and there was reason to believe that in these two hearts the seed of the Kingdom was not sown in vain.

The girls' school long remained the nucleus of Miss Whately's mission work, but

she was "instant in season and out of season" to grasp at opportunities for Christian service. She pleaded with Bedouins in the adjacent desert; she induced a professional story-teller to read the Gospel narrative in a coffee-house, instead of his oft-told legends of "Antar" and "Abou Zeid," and the theme was so novel and striking that the changing crowd listened to it night after night for months. She worked like any Biblewoman in the slums of London, amongst the poorest inhabitants of Cairo, winning the grateful love of countless women as she sympathised with them in their trials and cares, and, as opportunity offered, spoke of a loving Saviour.

In 1864, a larger house having been obtained, the school for boys was opened, and Miss Whately procured the efficient Christian services of Mr. Mansoor Shakoore from the Beyrout College. Subsequently his two brothers also came into the work. The schools increased till there were between three and four hundred scholars, all of the ragged class, but now scrupulously clean. To attain this end was a matter of great difficulty, for the system of Moslem ablutions only seems to apply to male adults! Many a pupil had been lost by insistence on cleanliness; Arab mothers have an idea that plenty of dirt keeps a child from coming under the dreaded influence of the evil eye.

In connection with Miss Whately's institutions, evangelistic work was carried on at intervals in the Moslem villages on the Lower Nile. "Sometimes," she writes, "one of the principal inhabitants would invite the missionaries to his house; or a carpet was spread under a tree, and a group assembled to listen; or some peasants would come to the boat or sit on the shore with their teachers. Meanwhile I visited the women, and frequently found interested listeners. In one village which had been visited by my party the previous winter, I was cordially welcomed, and urged to come to the house of my former acquaintance, where between thirty and forty women assembled, and would not let me leave off reading until fatigue actually obliged me to stop."

In 1887, while on a missionary visit to the fellaheen of the Nile villages, Miss Whately was suffering from a severe cold, and returned to her Cairo "home" to die. She passed away on the 9th of March—a sad day for Egypt and for many English Christians—after nearly thirty years' self-denying and laborious work in the land of the Pharaohs.

Arabia appears to have been totally neglected by Protestant missionaries until five or six years ago. Under the care of the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, a mission was founded in 1885 at Shaikh Othman, near Aden, by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Keith-Falconer, at their own expense. The mission is going on, but the gifted and devoted young soldier of the Cross who planned the work, and who threw himself into the service with characteristic ardour, is no more. A recent visitor to his far-off grave tells us how "behind it and around it stand the black mountain rocks—the gloomy hills of darkness to which the departed labourer came with the message of the Gospel's glorious light; in front of it lies the white sandy Arabian shore, with the ocean stretching away into limitless distance."

The Hon. Ion Grant Neville Keith-Falconer, third son of the late Earl of Kintore, was born at Edinburgh in July, 1856. A pious mother brought him up in

that simple faith in Christ which never left him, and from his very childhood he seems to have given evidence of the self-denying consecration of his life to the service of God and man. At Harrow School in 1869 he was, by the testimony of the masters, "energetic, manly, and vigorous," and although neither "a prig nor a Pharisee," was fearless in the avowal of his religious belief.

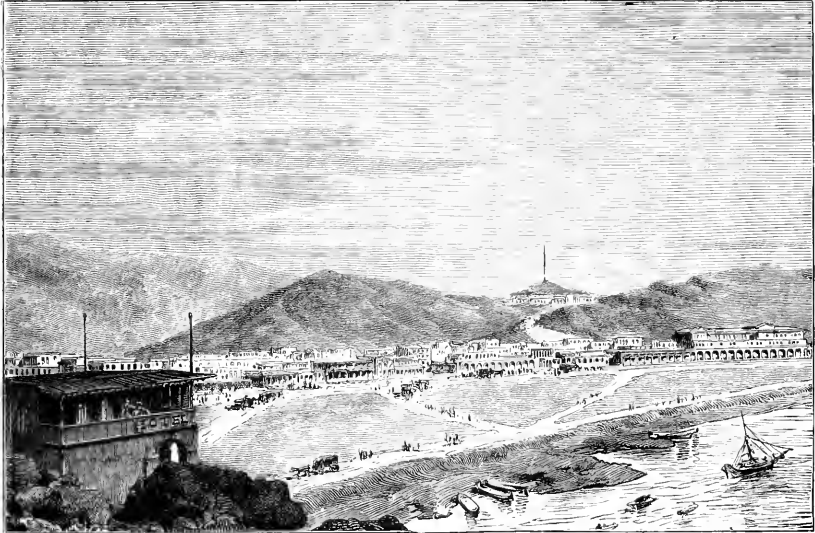
On leaving Harrow, Keith-Falconer studied for a year with a private tutor at Hitchin, and in 1874 began his brilliant career at Cambridge. We need not recount the details of his academic triumphs—Theology, Hebrew, Semitic languages, and other recondite studies, were successfully mastered. Nor did he confine his studies to the prescribed curriculum—he learnt the Tonic Sol-fa system, and used his knowledge to good purpose in temperance and mission work. He excelled as a shorthand writer, and found the acquisition very serviceable. Amongst the athletes his fame stood high, and for a year or two he was the best amateur cyclist in England, beating the champion, John Keen, in the five-mile race, which was done in 15 minutes 11½ seconds—at that time the fastest on record. In 1882 he rode on his bicycle from Land's End to John o' Groat's in thirteen days. The feat has since been done in much shorter time, but by shorter routes and with machines specially constructed for feats of this kind.

But there were other matters in which Keith-Falconer was interested besides his studies, his music and shorthand, and his athletic triumphs. He was one of a band of Christian students who carried on ragged-school and mission work in the old theatre at Barnwell, near Cambridge. From amongst themselves and their friends the workers raised £1,650 to buy the building. A great work for good has been done in this place. Keith-Falconer was an earnest helper here, and occasionally gave an address; but though a clear, common-sense speaker, it is not claimed for him that he excelled as an orator. Some years previously, when a lad of fifteen, Keith-Falconer was introduced to a young man six years his senior, who, whilst engaged in a walking tour through Aberdeenshire, paid a visit to Lord Kintore's house. The young man was Mr. F. N. Charrington, and between him and Keith-Falconer began a warm and close friendship, and a fellowship in good works. Mr. Charrington had two years previously given himself to the service of God amongst the East End poor. When he saw, late at night, the wretched women waiting for their husbands outside the beershops above which the name of "Charrington, Head and Co." gleamed in gold and azure, he resolved to free himself from the drink traffic. Instead of his birthright share in the business as eldest son, he accepted a younger son's portion, and devoted it to the cause he had at heart. Mr. Charrington began his work in a hay-loft; then in a larger room or hall, followed by huge tents, till in 1877 an Assembly Hall to hold 2,000 persons was built, and for nine years a glorious work was done in it. Keith-Falconer was a warm sympathiser and frequent helper in all this. Covered with flour that had been thrown at him by the mob, and towering head and shoulders above everybody else, he was at the police office when Mr. Charrington was taken off by the police falsely charged with disturbance in front of a music-hall.

Numbers had been raised to a higher life, gangs of thieves had been broken up,



and public-houses in the neighbourhood were selling for half their previous value, when Charrington and Keith-Falconer developed a new scheme. The wholesale feeding of the hungry by means of public subscriptions during the fearful winter of 1879 entailed a vast amount of work on the East End Mission. It was seen to be needful to build a new hall, the outcome of the special effort made being the present buildings, which have cost £40,000. Keith-Falconer, as honorary secretary, wrote the necessary appeals, worked strenuously to collect funds, and himself gave donations amounting to £2,000. He used to run down from Cambridge a week or more at a



ADEN.

time, help in administrative details, in Gospel teaching, in personal visitation of the poor, or anything he could put his hand to, and then go back to his studies. Not till 1886 was the grand Assembly Hall completed, capable of accommodating 5,000 persons. "In the summer of that year" (says his biographer, the Rev. R. Sinker, B.D., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, from whose deeply interesting "Memorials" our information is mainly taken), "I accompanied Keith-Falconer to see the building, and we were taken by Mr. Charrington to the central point of the upper gallery of the great hall, to gain the best general view of the room. As we sat there, I could not but be struck with the similar expression on the faces of the two men. It was one in which joy and keen resolve and humble thankfulness were strangely blended. One great work for God which Keith-Falconer had striven hard to further, he was allowed to see in its full completeness, carried on by men working there with

heartiest and purest zeal. Not while any of the present generation of workers survive, will the name of Keith-Falconer fade out of loving remembrance in the great building in Mile End Road."

After passing his last examination at Cambridge, in 1880, in the Semitic languages, Keith-Falconer devoted himself exclusively to Arabic. With classical Arabic he became fairly acquainted from books, and then went to reside for a few months with Dr. Hogg, a Scotch missionary, at Assiout, on the Nile. Thence he returned to Cambridge for three years longer, still pursuing his studies, and also translating from the Syriac the *Kalilah* and *Dimnah*, otherwise known as the "Fables of Bidpai." He also wrote the long article on Shorthand in the "Encyclopedia Britannica," and ably performed his duty as Hebrew Lecturer at Clare College, and as an Examiner for the Theological Tripos. Of his continued interest in the East London poor during all this period we have already spoken. In the meantime he had married Miss Gwendolin Bevan, daughter of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, of Trent Park, Hertfordshire. Their home at Cambridge was the house previously occupied by Professor Fawcett.

Such was Keith-Falconer's position at the age of twenty-nine—a happy home with his young bride, in the midst of the culture and refinement of an ancient university—the paths of academic and literary fame lying open before him. He left it to preach the Gospel in distant Aden. His thoughts had been directed towards the foreign mission field by the perusal of the Life of Dr. John Wilson, and about this time General Haig had been appealing to the Christian world on behalf of Arabia, and pointing out the advantages of Aden as a starting-point. Thousands from all parts of Arabia entered the territory every year, and were accustomed to compare its peace, and order, and liberty with the wretched misgovernment everywhere else. Keith-Falconer had an interview with General Haig, and in the autumn of 1885 was on his way to Aden to prospect. On the way he began teaching his wife Arabic, and wrote, "G. is struggling with Arabic. Arabic grammars should be strongly bound, because learners are so often found to dash them frantically on the ground."

Keith-Falconer determined to settle at Shaikh-Othman, leaving Aden itself to the Church Missionary Society, who were about to begin work in this district. He explored the neighbourhood, and talked to the people, of whom "many imagine that Europeans are clever people who get drunk, and have no religion to speak of." He found camel-riding not pleasant, especially when he saw a fierce, powerful brute seize a man by the waist, and lift him off the ground and shake him. He adds, "Sometimes a camel will bite off a man's head."

Mr. and Mrs. Keith-Falconer were back in England in the spring of 1886. On Easter Day, Keith-Falconer preached on "Temptation" in the Grand Hall, at Mile End—the most striking address his friends ever heard him deliver. In May, he was at the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, sitting in the seat formerly occupied by his lamented father. He addressed the Assembly very impressively on the subject of Mohammedan Missions, and gave many encouraging facts from his own experience. He had been again and again urged to come and set up a school. One day a Mohammedan asked him for a piece of paper, and then wrote in a mysterious

way, "If you want the people to walk in your way, then set up schools." This was a Hadjee who had gone the pilgrimage to Mecca, where probably he had been fleeced of all the money he had, as they generally were. Keith-Falconer offered the Hadjee a copy of St. John; but he said he would not have it. Asked why, his reply was that he liked the historical part, but that there were parts that made him tremble. He pointed to the conversation between Christ and the woman at the well: "If thou knewest the gift of God," etc. "That verse," he said, "makes my heart tremble lest I be made to follow in the way of the Messiah."

Keith-Falconer proposed to have a school, to distribute the Scriptures indiscriminatingly, and to establish a medical mission. The Assembly cordially recognised him as an accredited missionary of the Free Church. In November, in company with his devoted wife and his gifted medical colleague, Dr. Stewart Cowen, he was again on his way to the field of service. Alas! there is little more to tell. Work at Shaikh-Othman began vigorously, and a rough hospital was built, for this department of service gave abundant promise of being a very busy one. Christian work was engaged in as a way opened for it; but in February both Keith-Falconer and his wife had attacks of Aden fever, and there were fresh attacks subsequently, and much weakness. Early in May he was sinking fast, and on the morning of the 11th he quietly breathed his last.

"It was indeed the end," says Mr. Sinker; "quietly he had passed away. 'God's finger touched him, and he slept.' Slept! Nay, rather awakened. Not in the close-heated room, where he had so long lain half helpless—the weary nurse, overcome with heat and watching, slumbering near—the young wife, widowed ere yet she knew her loss, lying in the adjoining room, herself broken down with illness as well as anxiety—the loyal doctor, resting after his two nights' vigil—not on these do Ion Keith-Falconer's eyes open. He is in the presence of his Lord; the Life which is the Life Indeed has begun."

In the wild and dreary cemetery at Aden his body was lovingly and reverently laid to rest by the officers and soldiers of Her Majesty's 98th (then at Aden), the first offering of Christian Great Britain towards the evangelisation of Arabia. But the work he founded has been warmly taken up by the Free Church, and ample arrangements have been made for the successful development of all its departments.

The Church Missionary Society has also started a Medical Mission at Aden, and further extensions are likely to result, in ports on both sides of the Red Sea.



## XXXIX.—WEST AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

## THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE—SIERRA LEONE.

Granville Sharp—The Clapham Sect—Zachary Macaulay and the Sierra Leone Company—The African Seminary—Augustine Johnson—The Regent's Town Settlement—An African Convert—German Missionaries—Adventures by the Way—Slave Arrivals—Kissey Cemetery—Dr. John Bowen—His Early Career—Bishop of Sierra Leone—Death—Mrs. Hannah Kilham—Slave Stories—Mrs. Kilham in Siberia—Death at Sea—John Newton.

GRANVILLE SHARP saw, in the streets of London, a wounded slave who had been ill-treated by his master. Roused to indignation at the sight, the brave philanthropist succeeded in rescuing the poor negro from his cruel bondage. Seven



years afterwards he took up the cause of another negro slave in London. This case was brought before Lord Mansfield, who delivered the famous judgment which prompted the stirring words of Cowper:—

"Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free—  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall."

The friends of freedom and humanity rejoiced over the glorious principle that had been established; but, as one result of its enforcement, there were, in the course of a few years, about four hundred black men getting their living by begging in London streets. Wherenpon Sharp, Wilberforce, Thornton, and other philanthropists, formed at Sierra Leone a free colony as a home for liberated Africans, and united themselves into a Company to promote commerce and civilisation along the West Coast of Africa. For fifteen years the Sierra Leone Company had to struggle against almost overwhelming difficulties. Mutinies and contentions were frequent amongst its own people, and the predatory attacks by hostile tribes were incessant. The whole scheme would undoubtedly have been shipwrecked but for the wise policy of the distinguished man who became Governor of the colony.

Zachary Macaulay (father of the celebrated historian) had been for ten years the overseer of a West Indian estate. In this position he had been distinguished by his high character, and by his unceasing efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the three hundred negroes under his charge. In 1792 he was compelled (on account of his health) to return to England, and soon became acquainted with the friends of Africa who were promoting the Sierra Leone project. They saw in Mr. Macaulay a man who knew a good deal about the negro race—a man of sound principles and benevolent impulses, associated with great mental power. They induced him to go out to Sierra Leone, and in a short time he became Governor of the colony.

Many were the trials and troubles of the infant settlement; but, thanks to Macaulay's wisdom, firmness, and high Christian principle, the colony, although (through the fatal influence of the slave trade) a commercial failure, became a well-ordered community. In 1794 the French invaded the colony, and destroyed its capital, Freetown. The French Republican sailors, with their motto of "Liberty, Equality, and



Fraternity," showed scant regard for this asylum for liberated slaves. "The volumes of the town library," writes Zachary Macaulay, "were tossed about and defaced with the utmost wantonness, and if they happened to bear any resemblance to Bibles they were torn in pieces and trampled upon. . . . Every house was full of Frenchmen, who were hacking and destroying and tearing up everything which they could not convert to their own use. The destruction of live stock on this and the following day was immense. In my yard alone they killed fourteen dozen of fowls, and there were not less than twelve hundred hogs shot in the town."

In 1799 the Sierra Leone Company made Macaulay their English secretary, and he resided at Clapham, in close communion with the founders of the "Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East." Amongst those founders were Charles Simeon and William Wilberforce, and the venerable John Newton, pastor of St. Mary Woolnoth, and formerly himself working for a slaver on the very coast upon which the banner of the Cross was now about to be set up.

Macaulay had persuaded several leading chiefs in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone to let their sons return with him to be educated in England, in the hope that on their return to Africa they might effectually aid in the regeneration of their fellow-

countrymen. "I expect," wrote Henry Thornton to Hannah More, "that when Macaulay arrives, he will make his triumphal entry into this island with twenty or thirty little black boys at his heels, the trophies that he brings with him from Africa. They have been living chiefly at his house, and have been somewhat instructed already."

In an establishment at Clapham these young Africans were educated, being also taught carpentry, printing, and other arts, and carefully instructed in the principles of the Christian religion. The names of eight of them, "Yarrah, son of Naminamodoo, a chief of Port Logo, in the Timmany Country;" "Sammel Peter, son of Tamro, a near relation of Pa Jack (now King George Bann), of Yongroo, near the Bullom Shore," and so forth, may be found in the baptism-registers of Clapham Church for the year 1805. A writer in the *Christian Observer* tells us how, one Sunday afternoon, he went with Zachary Macaulay to the African Seminary, and heard the boys examined in the Bible. They stood in a semicircle round Mr. Macaulay, who questioned them; whilst outside the group was good William Wilberforce, going from boy to boy, "patting them on the shoulder as they gave good answers to questions, and giving them each a few words of encouragement, and an admonition to teach the same truths to their countrymen."

Still, it must be confessed the African Seminary was not a success. Student life at Clapham proved fatal to several of the young Africans from the torrid zone, and only a few returned to Africa. A similar institution was opened at Sierra Leone in its place.

The new Missionary Society, in spite of the fervour of its venerated founders, did not get really to work for five years, when it sent German missionaries to Sierra Leone, and to some of the West African tribes. Of what was done and suffered by these devoted pioneers we shall speak in our next chapter, confining ourselves at present to Sierra Leone proper. This colony was transferred to the Crown in 1808, in which year, also, England abolished the iniquitous traffic in slaves—after having, in the course of two hundred and fifty years, carried away in all from these western shores of the Dark Continent a greater number of human beings than the entire population of the British Isles; while the lives of at least as many more were sacrificed through the chronic state of war and anarchy into which unhappy Africa was plunged in order to keep up the supply of victims.

From this time forward Sierra Leone received large numbers of liberated slaves, recaptured by British cruisers from the slave-ships that, under the Spanish or Portuguese flag, still haunted the adjacent seas. Year by year swarms of pagans of the most degraded type were let loose in the colony, supplying ample materials for the labours of missionaries. In the year 1816, its efforts amongst the Susoos of the adjoining territory having been frustrated by the slave-traders, the Church Missionary Society concentrated its efforts upon the mixed multitudes of Sierra Leone, where, indeed, its agents had been twelve years at work, but on a very limited scale.

The negroes disembarked here had been settled in villages in different parts of the

colony, and were supplied with food and clothing till they could keep themselves. The Church Missionary Society now vigorously took up the work of educating the children in these villages, and, as ways opened, extended its care to the adults also. Many self-denying men and women were found willing to come and give themselves up to this service. One of the most successful of them was Augustine Johnson.

The year 1812 had seen Augustine Johnson working as a day-labourer at a sugar-refiner's in Whitechapel. Wages were scanty, and provisions were at their highest price. "One evening," says Johnson, "having nothing to eat, and being almost naked, and my dear wife lying in bed weeping for hunger, which drove me into great distress, I threw myself also on the bed, turning from one side to the other, thinking what I should do. No friend to go to!" Suddenly, there flashed upon his mind a text learned in his school-days, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me!" But there also came a sense of deep sinfulness, a feeling that it was not for such as him to call upon God. All night long he lay awake in doubt and terror, and went to work in the early morning feeling like a madman. The breakfast time came, and Johnson went home like the rest, though not expecting to find any breakfast to go home to. But the meal was all ready for him, and his wife, smiling through tears, told him how a lady had taken a house close by and had engaged her to work, and given her some money.

This unexpected mercy was the means of Johnson's conversion, but he was still staggering under the burden of sin. At the German Church in the Savoy he heard a sermon by Mr. Lehman, a Moravian, on the text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour," etc. The awakened labourer saw the truth, and grasped it, and was thenceforth free. It was more than a year before his wife found joy and peace in believing, and from his fellow-workmen—to whom he felt compelled to speak of the goodness of God—he received only ridicule and scorn. At length he heard a missionary sermon, and his heart burned within him with fervent desire to devote himself to the heathen for Christ's sake. His wife flatly refused to accompany him, but after a few days of prayer he found her as fervently longing to go out as he was himself. He mentioned the matter to his pastor, and he was soon standing before the Committee of the Church Mission Society. One of its members then present was Daniel Wilson, whose subsequent labours as Bishop of Calcutta have been detailed in another chapter. The result of this meeting was that it was decided that Augustine Johnson and his wife should have a year's training, and then go out as schoolmaster and schoolmistress to Sierra Leone. They reached their destination in April, 1816, dismissed with blessings from English shores by the veteran Josiah Pratt, and welcomed to their field of service by Edward Bickersteth, who was visiting Sierra Leone to arrange the mission work of the Church Missionary Society. Bickersteth wrote warmly of Johnson's "deadness to the world and devotion of heart to the cause."

In a lovely valley, girt about by eight lofty mountains, stands Regent's Town, a settlement in which 1,500 negroes dwelt, feeding their cattle and tilling their fields, beside the rivulet formed by streams leaping down from the cliffs around. The Governor and Mr. Bickersteth placed the village temporarily and spiritually in Mr.

Johnson's charge. He accepted the task gladly, and wrote to Mr. Pratt, "I will go in the strength of the Lord; I will teach them to read and tell them of Jesus."

Before they went to their station the new convert had to feel the effects of the climate. Mrs. Johnson was for a time seriously ill, and Mr. Jost, a missionary who came out with them, died two months after landing. Still Mr. Johnson went undauntedly to his mountain valley, where there were six or seven deaths daily, but was rather discouraged when he came to look at his flock. "Natives of twenty-two different nations were here collected together, and a considerable number had been but recently liberated from the holds of slave-vessels; they were greatly prejudiced against one another, and in a state of continual hostility, with no common medium of intercourse but a little broken English. When clothing was given them they would sell it or throw it away, and it was not found possible to induce them to wear it, till led to do so by the example of Mr. Johnson's servant-girl. In some huts ten of them were crowded together, and in others even fifteen or twenty. Many of them were ghastly as skeletons, and six or eight of them sometimes died in one day. Superstition, in many forms, tyrannised over their minds; many devil-houses sprung up, and all placed their security in wearing greegrees or charms." Improvement was very slow; for a long time only five or six acres were cultivated. Some who wished to till their ground would not, for fear of being robbed of the produce. Some of them lived by thieving (the missionary himself lost thirty fowls in his first week's residence), whilst others went away to live a wild life in the woods.

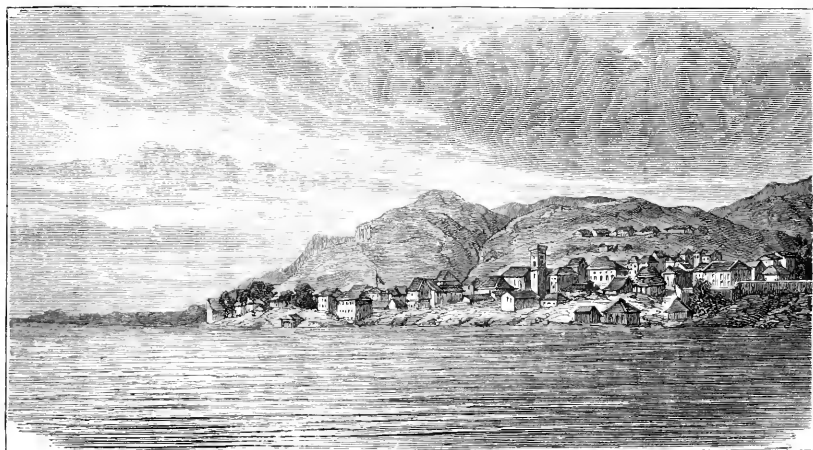
Augustine Johnson (as he himself declared) had under his charge the very "off-scouring of Africa," still further brutalised by the cruelties of the slave-trade. He had to regulate their building and road-making, mark out the land for new-comers, distribute food and clothing and settle disputes, care for them in sickness, educate them, and preach to them. To his first Sabbath service only nine people came, and these with scarcely a garment amongst them. But the attendance soon increased, and on week-days the schools for boys and girls, and the adult schools in the evening, attracted considerable numbers. A thousand more negroes captured from a slaver were sent up to him, and the good missionary was so overworked that he says: "Sometimes I was on the point of giving up all; but the prospect of bringing them to a crucified Saviour enabled me to endure." Very soon a stone church was raised and covered in—a church capable of holding five hundred persons—and when the sound of its bell echoed along the valley, the people flocked to the services; and they began to take a pleasure in making a neat appearance.

Often after the services one or another would stop to speak to Mr. Johnson, but it was always about the supply of temporal needs, and the missionary began to feel disheartened at meeting with no anxious inquirers, when all of a sudden the hoped-for blessing came. "One evening" (he writes in his journal) "a shinglemaker, Joe Thompson, followed me out of church and desired to speak to me. I was in some measure cast down, thinking he wished to speak to me for clothing. However, with astonishment, I found he was in deep distress about the state of his soul. He said that one evening he had heard me ask the congregation if any one had spent five



minutes that day in prayer to Jesus, or the past day, week, month, or ever? He was so struck with it, and could not answer the question for himself. He had heard the present and future state of the wicked explained—he could answer nothing, but that he was wicked; after that, all the sins which he had ever done before had entered into his mind. He had tried to pray, but he could not; he would therefore ask me what he should do to save his soul.

“What I felt at that moment is inexpressible. I pointed him to a crucified Jesus, and tears ran down his cheeks. I was obliged to leave him, for I could scarce contain myself. I went home and thanked God for having heard my prayers.



FREETOWN.

“The following week several more came in like manner to me, which removed all doubts and fears at once; and I had such an assurance that God had sent me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, that there was no more room left me to doubt.” There was now a flow of converts into the church, as well as an increased attendance, so that a gallery had to be added to the building. The doctor to the settlement was a black man who had been educated in England. His name was Macaulay Wilson, but his father was King George, who reigned at Yongroo over the Bullom nation, and to whose dignities Wilson expected in due course to succeed. He had been converted by Johnson, and now acted as clerk in the little church, and even took the service when the teacher was detained at a neighbouring station.

In March, 1817, by desire of the Church Missionary Society, three German Brethren, Renner, Butscher, and Wenzel, came to Regent's Town and ordained Augustine Johnson as a minister of the Lutheran Church. The next Sunday was a

memorable one. The people could not be restrained from interrupting the services by weeping and praying aloud. The fervour of the people was such that the church was always crowded for an hour before service began.

The people were readily induced to help in spreading the truth which had given them life. At their first anniversary meeting there were seventeen addresses in broken English, and more than a hundred of the people so recently rescued from the holds of slave-ships put down their names as regular subscribers of from twopennee to half a crown a month for the missionary cause. The convert Tamba besought his countrymen to pray that some of them might be sent, as well as their money.

It was not long before William Davis, one of the church members, took his Testament and went into the Cackle country, where some of his relations resided, to tell them about Jesus. He persuaded some of them to promise to attend the mission services at Wilberforee, and returned home. Christmas came, and whilst Freetown, the capital, and some other places, were full of revelry and drunkenness, Regent's Town was quiet and peaceful. Not one person was intoxicated, there was no drum-beating or gun-firing, but the people flocked to church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon walked several miles over the mountains with their pastor to the monthly prayer-meeting at Leicester. And so the year came to a close with Johnson rejoicing over his converts and his 409 scholars, but bitterly lamenting that his attention to "brickmakers, masons, carpenters, storekeeping, cultivation, land-surveying, etc., besides our schools," prevented him from properly performing his pastoral work. Several times he was down with fever, and he had frequently the melancholy duty of soothing the last moments of dying missionaries at other stations in the colony.

Mr. Johnson had spent two years in Regent's Town, and longed to go further afield with the Gospel tidings. Accordingly, in January, 1819, in company with Mr. Cates and the faithful Tamba, our missionary made in seven days a complete circuit of the colony, 120 miles, preaching everywhere as they went. The Cosso people on the edge of the settled portion of the colony were astonished when they heard Tamba preach in their own language from the words, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Everywhere the heathen listened, though often with careless indifference. The journey was a very arduous one. Often the three missionaries had to wade along the edge of a river through mile after mile of mud. Once, after walking thirty miles with nothing to eat, they came to a town where every one was absent except an old woman and some children. The woman would have nothing to do with them, and as they were trying to reach another town their guide deserted them. Darkness came on, and they were lost in the woods, till they came upon a shed where were a fire and an iron pot, and here they spread their blankets on the earth and lay down. The animals in the wood howled them to sleep. They woke up cold at early dawn, and were glad to heat some water and mix with it the last of some port wine they had brought with them, and drink it out of an old broken wooden bowl. Elephants and leopards were abundant in the woods around the open field where they slept, and they were wet with the heavy dews, but still remained uninjured.

It was Sunday morning when they woke (still of course without food), but they found a beaten path, which led them to a town where their wants were supplied. Passing on by way of other towns, in which they had good services, they at length reached home in safety. One result of this journey was that Tamba, who had so well proved his qualifications, and also William Davies, already alluded to, were appointed native evangelists.

Augustine Johnson suffered in 1821 from severe illness, which left serious after-effects. It was the solemn warning of "the sentence of death," which West African missionaries had now learned to expect almost as a matter of course. He was only thirty-four years of age, but was already looked upon as a veteran in the ranks, from which so many had been struck down. He was raised up, however, to work unceasingly and earnestly for two years longer.

Not the least striking of the scenes witnessed in connection with missionary labours in Sierra Leone were the arrivals of cargoes of rescued slaves. In May, 1821, Johnson had to go to Freetown and receive 217 new-comers of this character. With some of his people, he brought the liberated negroes up to his mountain-girt station. "I cannot describe," he says, "the scene which occurred when we arrived at Regent's Town. I have seen many negroes landed, but never beheld such an affecting sight. As soon as we came in sight, all the people came out of their houses to meet us with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people, weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house. After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognised their friends and relations, and there was a general cry, "Oh, massa, my sister!" "My brother!" "My countryman!" etc. The poor creatures being faint, just taken out of the hold of a slave-vessel, and unconscious of what had befallen them, did not know whether they should laugh or cry when they beheld the countenances of those whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and fed, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms.

"The schoolboys and girls brought the victuals they had prepared, and all the people, following their example, ran to their houses and brought what they had got ready, and in a short time their unfortunate country-people were overpowered with messes of every description: and they made a good dinner such as they had not been accustomed to for a long while."

In May, 1822, the missionary's devoted wife was so ill that the doctors in the colony declared her case hopeless, especially if she remained in Sierra Leone. It was decided that she should seek mitigation of her sufferings by returning to England, and the sorrowing husband watched the vessel disappear that bore her from his sight on earth for ever. The negroes sorrowed with him. "Oh, massa," said one poor woman to him, "I am sorry that mammy go so quick; I no say good-bye to her, which make me so troubled. Two words mammy talked to me I never forget." After awhile the news came that Mrs. Johnson was recovering under English care, and her husband indulged in hopes that were, however, never to be realised.

Seven years had Augustine Johnson laboured incessantly for the good of his people when the end came. He was now sadly troubled with ophthalmia, and to

cure this complaint, and for various other reasons, a visit to England seemed desirable. Arrangements were made for the proper care of the flock by Mr. Durer and native teachers. "He left the mountain valley in its loveliness," says Miss Cartwright; "the beauties of nature, the beauties of holiness! Within it rose the house of prayer, and the dwellings of the righteous round it; the hymn of praise, the tones of supplication, the hum of busy learners, young and old; and through the mountains stretched the roads for peaceful traffic and friendly intercourse, which the missionary's eye had planned, his hand directed, his untiring feet had traversed. He left his children walking in the truth, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour."

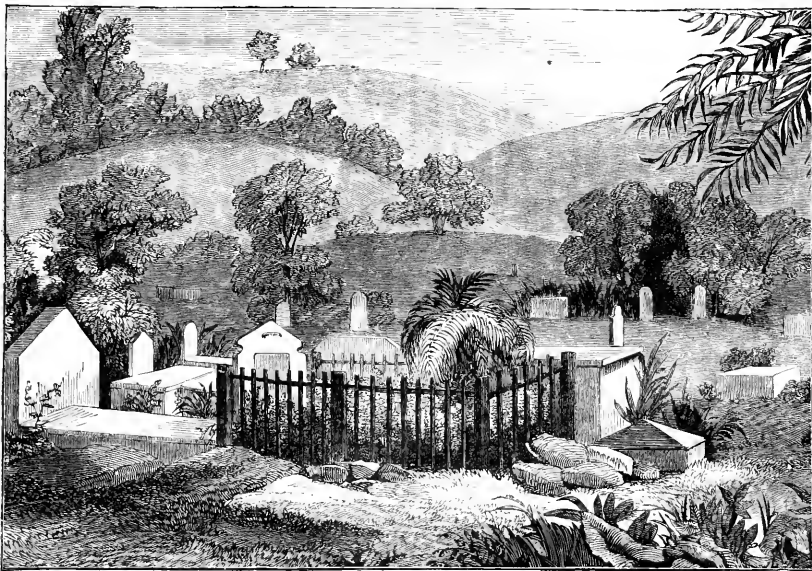


ARRIVALS OF RESCUED CARGOES OF SLAVES.

Hoping to meet once more his beloved wife, and bring her back in restored health to the field of service, Augustine Johnson left Sierra Leone for his native country. His companions were, a little daughter of Mr. Durer, and her negro attendant, Sarah Bickersteth, who on Sunday, May 4th, a week after sailing, heard his last words: "I cannot live, for God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him."

But Augustine Johnson was only one out of many servants of God who built up the native churches of Sierra Leone. At Kiskey there is a cemetery, one of the sacred spots of modern Protestant Christianity, where are the graves of many godly and heroic men and women, who freely gave their lives for the good of the African race. "The African Mission," wrote Bishop Vidal, "has been conducted in the midst

of danger and death; trials have been the portion of the African missionaries above all others. The churchyard of Kissey, with its multiplied memorials of those not lost but gone before, is a silent but eloquent witness to the kind of schooling which the missionary for Africa requires." Bishop Vidal himself lay among the dead at Kissey within two years of writing these words. In the first twenty years of the mission, no less than fifty-three missionaries or missionaries' wives died at their posts! But there was never any want of a succession of willing labourers to occupy the vacant places. Thus, in 1823, of five missionaries who went out, four died within



THE CEMETERY AT KISSEY.

six months, yet in 1825 six more candidates came forward. Two of these died within four months of landing in Africa; yet in the following year three more went forth, and before six months had passed two of these also were at rest in the quiet churchyard at Kissey. So the work has gone on, though under somewhat improved sanitary conditions since the cultivation of the jungle lands; the result being that there are now 32,000 professing Christians out of the 37,000 inhabitants of the colony, the remainder being pagans and Mohammedans. A considerable body of native clergy have been trained, not only for the pastorates of Sierra Leone, but also for missionary work throughout West Africa.

The bishopric of Sierra Leone was established in 1852, at the instance of the

Church Missionary Society. Each of the first three occupants of the episcopal chair died within three years of his succession. The third bishop was John Bowen, LL.D., a man whose character may be gathered from his reply to his friends when they urged him to refuse the appointment: "If I served in the Queen's army, and on being appointed to a post of danger were on that account to refuse to go, it would be an act of cowardice, and I should be disgraced in the eyes of men. Being a soldier of the Cross, I cannot refuse what is now offered to me because it exposes me to danger. I know it does, and therefore I must go. Were I offered a bishopric in England I might feel at liberty to decline it; one in Sierra Leone I must accept."

John Bowen was born on November 21st, 1815, but he used to give the date of his new birth unto righteousness as March 6th, 1842. He was at that time a settler in Canada; he resolved to leave his farm and take orders in the Church, a career which had been put before him previous to his emigration. He accordingly returned to his home, where he was gladly welcomed; "but" (he says) "treated coldly by those around me—esteemed perhaps as a visionary or even as a fool."

He now studied at Trinity College, Dublin—a great change from the free life of the Canadian woods. In 1845 arrangements were being made for his going out to help Captain Gardiner and Mr. Owen amongst "the poor savages of Magellan," but the temporary suspension of the mission put an end to that project. Meanwhile he sought opportunities for service. We find him visiting and preaching to Catlin's Indians when they visited Dublin; speaking at a missionary meeting near his mother's house in Pembrokeshire; praying and discussing religious topics with his fellow-students. Then came his ordination and his first cure at Knaresborough, where two years of faithful service endeared him to many hearts. A couple of years were next spent in the Bible lands, seeing for himself the actual state of things, conferring with missionaries, and wherever practicable preaching the Gospel and helping forward all good work. After a summer spent in giving sermons and addresses on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, Mr. Bowen settled down as Rector of Orton Longueville, in Huntingdonshire. Two years were spent in this quiet retirement, and all the poor and afflicted of the country-side came to know that rectory as a fountain of unflinching charity and beneficence. But he was always longing to be among wild races, and in 1854 there came an appeal from the Holy Land which he could not resist, and October saw him taking temporary charge of the mission at Nablus (the ancient Shechem).

In July, 1856, he was again at parish work at Orton Longueville, but ready to go anywhere to speak for the mission cause. As he always paid his own expenses, the Church Missionary Society naturally did not forget to keep him well employed. When the "Bedouin Arabs" were being exhibited in Birmingham, he astonished them by talking in their own language. He also took them for a day under his care, and showed them over the principal buildings and factories of Birmingham. It was in June, 1857, that there came to this man of talent and culture, wealthy enough to choose his own path in life, the offer of the bishopric of Sierra Leone. He could preach in Arabic with ease, he had a passion for work in Eastern

lands, and there were those who, with Mr. Layard, "looked forward to the time when, as Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Bowen, by his moderation, his experience of Eastern character, and his Christian forbearance, by his wise and prudent administration, would have rendered inestimable services to Christianity in the East."

He was consecrated in September, 1857, and began his preparations at once. One evening, at a missionary meeting, he was introduced to Miss Catherine Butler, daughter of a former Dean of Peterborough. What followed may be gathered from one of his letters. "Just as I had given up all hope and submitted to God's will in what seemed to me the greatest sacrifice in going to Sierra Leone, a light has shone upon my path, and an excellent Christian woman has been given to me. The circumstances of our coming together are very providential; I can clearly trace the hand of God. I had only heard of her this summer, and seen her but three times, yet I know much of her character and sentiments, and was led to seek her; and she, with a devoted missionary spirit, is ready, and has been in fact already anxious to go to Sierra Leone. I was miserable at leaving Orton, and at my Mungo-Park-like state, but I now bless and thank God for His good gift. I am afraid I am not quite episcopal without 'one wife.'"

The bishop was married to Catherine Butler on November 24th, and on the 26th they embarked from Plymouth. They reached their African home in safety, and at once pronounced Sierra Leone to be on the whole a success. "They have not made Englishmen of a whole heterogeneous population of African savages, but they have transformed them into orderly and peaceable subjects, who are rapidly advancing in civilisation, and are not so deficient in industry as many would persuade us." The new bishop threw himself with characteristic energy into his various duties, and his gentle wife aided and encouraged him in all his efforts. Both their diaries show how complete was their happiness in each other; but the first year of married life had not passed away, when Dr. Bowen had to lay his beloved helpmeet beside her stillborn child in the "wild, neglected cemetery."

Sorrowing, yet resigned, the bereaved bishop applied himself vigorously to the care of the churches. He packed up the unused bassinet and little clothes, and sent them to Orton to be of use to some poor family. He worked on steadily till April, 1859, and then he too, after being only sixteen months in the colony, was laid in the silent grave. During his brief episcopate he had won the hearts of all, and men of all denominations, races, and colours in the colony mourned his loss.

The Wesleyan Methodists took a considerable part in the efforts made to Christianise the negroes of Sierra Leone. George Warren came out in 1811, and after that there were always two or three Methodist missionaries in the colony. As, in accordance with the regulations of their society, they were changed every three years, the death-roll, though a long one, was not so formidable as in the case of the Church missionaries. The Methodists of Sierra Leone are now about 20,000 in number, mostly Wesleyans.

Hannah Kilham, a devoted lady who gave her life to Africa, claims some notice in these pages. When Alexander Kilham, the strenuous opponent of the priestcraft

that was fast developing in the Methodist churches, and the founder of the "New Connexion," died in 1798, he left a young widow twenty-four years of age, who fully shared all his reforming tendencies and convictions. A few years afterwards she joined the Society of Friends, and became very much interested in schools and in efforts for bettering the condition of the poor. Those who worked with her bear witness to her "sterling good sense, clear discernment, decided firmness of purpose, unusual business-like habits and plans, untiring industry, united with winning yet unobtrusive manners." She spent some months in Ireland, whither she was sent on a philanthropic mission after a famine in that land. Subsequently she became interested in



BISHOP BOWEN OF SIERRA LEONE.

Africa, and devoted much time and labour to the reduction of the West African languages to a written form. Then she became conscious that it was her duty to go herself to Africa. Her first voyage was to the Gambia in 1823, with John and Ann Thompson and Richard Smith; the two men never returned. Mrs. Kilham held very strong views as to the barbarous broken-English used in the intercourse of the whites and negroes, and was very anxious that pure English should be taught. As she pointed out, great benefits would result to the African from such teaching, even though the anecdotes told of him might become less amusing. She had made most proficiency in the Jaloof tongue, and began her school work amongst the people who spoke it. She also visited Sierra Leone, and greatly increased her lists of words, and after having thoroughly reconnoitred the field of labour, the two women returned alone to England. Thompson died on board ship just after starting for home, and Smith



died very soon afterwards in the village where he had settled and where he had opened a school.

Whilst waiting till she could again visit Africa, Mrs. Kilham devoted herself to the poor and wretched in St. Giles's. In November, 1827, she was again voyaging to Sierra Leone, having in view "first, the obtaining of an outline of the principal languages spoken by the liberated Africans and others in the colony, . . . and eventually to prepare such an outline of elementary instruction in each language as might introduce the pupils in the liberated African schools to a better knowledge of English than they at present possess."

In less than three months this indefatigable woman had taken copious notes and lists of twenty-five languages spoken by recaptured negroes, when illness drove her back to England. She was firmly convinced that educated Africans would have to be the chief "travellers, and instructors, and improvers of Africa." She strongly advocated the establishment in England of schools for Africans, where they could be well instructed, and also taught surgery, carpenter's work, gardening, printing, and other arts. These could then be sent back to instruct native communities. In December, 1830, she was again in Sierra Leone. A number of children from slave-ships were given into her charge, and she settled down with them in the village of Charlotte, shut out from all Christian society but that of her helpful matron. As she came to know the girls she was instructing, she heard from them many sad details of their sufferings. They came from regions where wars for the purpose of procuring slaves were perpetual, so that they had hardly ever known what it was to go to bed at night and feel secure from alarm. For a time the household was frequently disturbed at night by all the twenty girls crying out together, some noise outside having induced them to believe that the slavers were coming.

One little girl of seven, with cruelly scarred limbs, told how her father and mother were fleeing from the slave-dealer, and how her mother, who was carrying her, was hindered from moving quickly. The father snatched the child away, and threw it on a fire, saying it was better for the child to die than for all of them to be made slaves. But the mother again took up the little girl, and hurried away with it till she reached a place where she thought she could stop and dress the little creature's wounds. Whilst doing this she was captured, and the child was soon separated from her, and so little Towah never again saw her father or mother.

The heart of Mrs. Kilham was cheered by finding her girls ready to receive instruction, and by seeing their minds and dispositions improve under her watchful care. She bade her friends in England regard her sojourn in Africa as no "mournful exile," but as "delightfully relieved from any extreme care, and crowned with the sense of infinite kindness and tender mercy."

"Thus stayed upon God" (says her biographer), "she passed through the rainy season (so dangerous to Europeans) of 1831 with tolerable comfort and safety, continuing her labours, in translating, teaching, superintending, or arranging plans for native teachers being trained. She corresponded with missionaries and with persons in authority, investigated the evils that had crept into the apprentice system, and

mitigated by her just and wise representations the condition of apprentices; and in all ways, by personal observation and exertion, and by the labours of her pen, she promoted the work for which she left country and kindred, and the usages of civilised life, and dared the dangers of a deadly climate, and the scarcely less exhaustive anxieties of devising plans and establishing schools with but little adequate aid or sympathy."

In 1832, Hannah Kilham visited the new colony of Liberia. She warmly protested against the policy of the American Colonisation Society, who seemed disposed to ship off their freed black population as fast as possible, and leave them upon the African shore without previously preparing them for independence. She reached Monrovia (the capital of Liberia) in safety, inspected the schools, arranged for the sending of some native children to England for education, used her influence in various ways for the furtherance of things that were "lovely and of good report," and then set sail for Sierra Leone to resume her service there. But the girls, whose young hearts she had won by her loving care, were never to see her again. For some days the ship was almost becalmed, and then came a storm, during which the vessel was struck by lightning, and had to put back to Liberia. Mrs. Kilham was taken ill, and rapidly became worse, till on March 31st, 1832, she died, and her body was committed to the deep. Nothing more is known of her last moments, for only strangers were present round the death-bed of one so dearly loved by her friends and associates.

The poet, James Montgomery, says of Hannah Kilham: "Having known her for many years, and having often had occasion to glorify God in her, I can honestly testify that during all that period, at home or abroad, she was one of the most actively, influentially benevolent persons with whom it was ever my privilege to be acquainted." Her last entry in her journal shows how distrustful she felt of the merely formal religion in which many of the professedly converted heathen were allowed to rest. She saw that "the utterance of vocal prayer, the hearing of religious instruction, and outward abstinence from worldly amusements and occupations on the Sabbath Day," could not alone suffice in the place of real dedication of heart and soul shown in "daily walk, temper, and deportment."

Lying off the southern promontory of Sierra Leone are the Banana Islands, now the seat of a flourishing Christian Church. Upon one of these islands there landed, in 1746, a wretched youth, clothed in rags, who entered the service of a white slave-trader, living near by. Many bitter hardships did he suffer from the severity of the climate, and the cruelty of his master's negro mistress. He had lost all faith in God or man, but was brought out of his troubles by a series of remarkable deliverances. His future career is briefly, but forcibly, sketched in his epitaph, written by himself, and now to be seen on the walls of St. Mary Woolnoth Church, of which he was for many years the rector:—"John Newton, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long

laboured to destroy." He was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society, and before his death, in 1807, he saw the West African Mission at work upon those very shores that had seen his youthful degradation and misery.

---

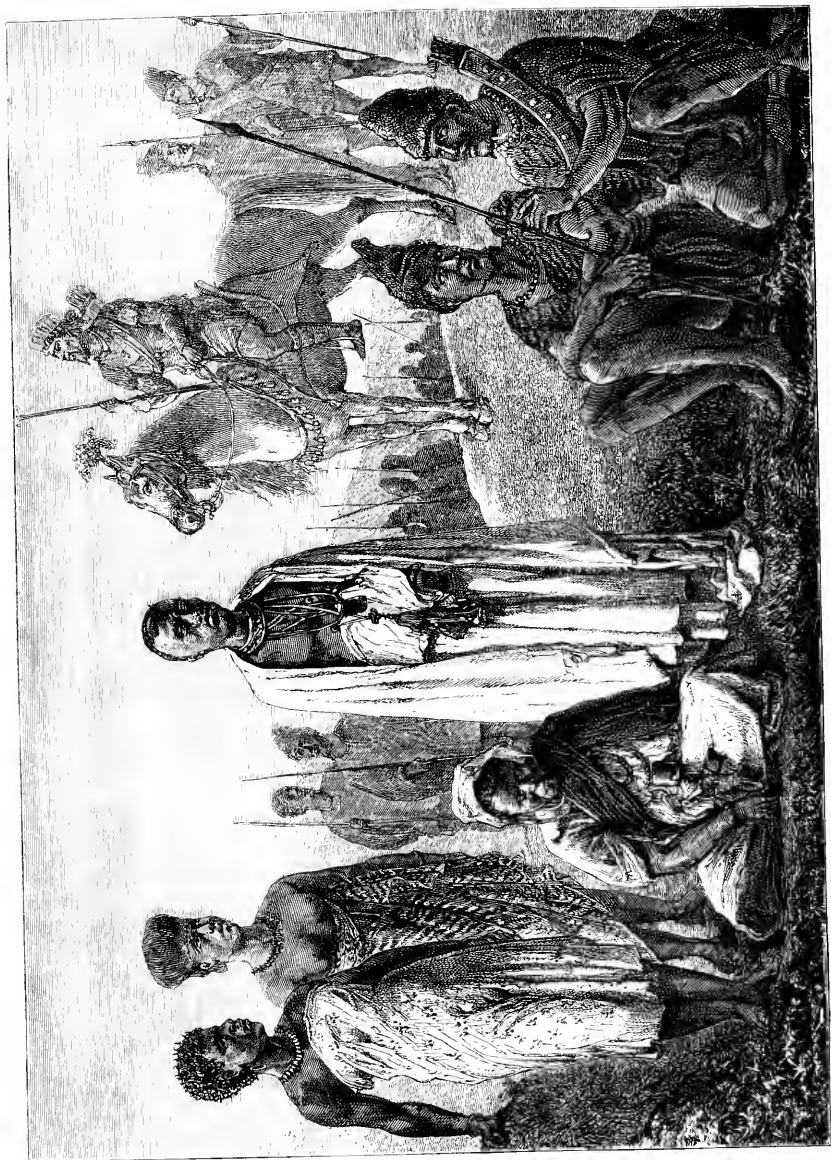
## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### FROM THE GAMBIA TO THE NIGER.

The Foulahs—Mumbo-Jumbo—Charms and Amulets—Sacred Mountains—A Devil-house—Campbell and Henderson—Brunton and Greig—In the Susoo Country—The Yomba Land—The Wonderful Life-story of Bishop Crowther—The Abeokuta Mission—Lagos—The Ibadan Mission—Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer—Native Curiosity—Trials and Persecutions—A Great Annual Festival—War and Starvation—Forced Marches—The Methodists in West Africa—The Old Calabar Mission—The Rev. H. M. Waddell—Religious Beliefs of the People—A Reign of Terror—Purgation of Devils and Ghosts—On the Gold Coast—Coomassie—The King of Ashanti—Streams of Blood—Hoffman and the Republic of Liberia—Mr. Morriss and the *Liberia Advocate*—Fernando Po—Peter Bull—King Ripuchu puts on Clothes.

IN the region bounded by the vast Sahara, the majestic Niger, and the Atlantic shores, dwell many distinct tribes. There are the tall Jaloofs of Senegambia, whose nearest neighbours are the Mandingoes, the finest types of the negro race, and of whom every schoolboy has read so much in Mungo Park's famous narrative. Over the territory of these two tribes roam by sufferance the meek and peace-loving pastoral Foulahs, almost devoid of negro characteristics, and claiming traditional descent from a white man. There are Foulahs of another type, though speaking the same language, forming powerful States. The stunted and haggard Loubies (also speaking the Foulah tongue) are the gipsies of Africa. The cruel and treacherous Moors, keen traders and strict Mohammedans, swarm in many parts, and go to and fro in the land with their merchandise and flocks of slaves. Along the Niger dwell the powerful Fellatahs, who have spread over a large district, reducing the inhabitants to slavery. On their western frontiers dwell the Yoruban tribes, under many names, also forming a powerful nation, whose capital, Eyeo, is described by Clapperton as being fifteen miles in circumference, and as having seven markets. Its monarch boasted that his wives, linked hand in hand, would stretch across his kingdom. But most renowned of all the West African peoples, not only in war and commerce, but also in agriculture and the arts, are the Ashantis, by whom, but for British protection, the feebler Fantis would have been extirpated. The Ashanti capital, Coomassie, has become a byword for sanguinary cruelty. The same may be said of Abomi, the capital of the neighbouring kingdom of Dahomey, where, in a palace guarded by Amazons, the walls of the royal bedchamber were seen by Dalzell to be ornamented with human jawbones, and the path approaching it was paved with human skulls.

These are the principal peoples of Western Africa, although there are many other tribes whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Their manners and customs are very similar; their government is pure despotism—the will of the ruler the supreme law. Death is inflicted for trifling offences, except when the ruler sees that it will be more profitable to sell the offender into slavery.



MANDINGOS.

For one class of offences, men are allowed to take the law into their own hands. For correcting the rebellion or other misbehaviour of wives, the well-known African institution known as Mumbo-Jumbo has been developed. As the evening closes in, whilst the people of a town are at their usual amusements in the public place, a monstrous figure is seen to enter, strangely attired in the bark of trees and with a hideous mask over his face. Many a swarthy lady feels bad as she remembers her frailty, and anxiously waits to see if the visit of the avenger is for her. But Mumbo-Jumbo looks through the crowd, and suddenly pounces on his predestined victim. Heedless of her cries, he strips off her scanty raiment, ties her to a post, and severely beats her till she promises never to be naughty any more. Meanwhile the crowd of men and women laugh and shout with joyous excitement. When his work is done, Mumbo-Jumbo retires into the dark forest and hangs up his dress in a tree near the town. There it remains, a warning symbol to the women-folk, till it is again required. The husbands have their own methods of arranging who shall personate the mysterious chastiser of unruly wives.

Some of the tribes we have named are Pagan, some Mohammedan; but the difference is more nominal than real. In neither case is their moral conduct affected by their religion. All appear to acknowledge a Supreme Being when asked questions upon the subject, but all in times of danger or trouble place their chief dependence on amulets worn on the person. The Mohammedan calls his amulet a *greegree* or *sapliche*. If properly made, it contains an extract from the Koran, and has been purchased from one of the marabouts, who do a thriving business in the manufacture of these commodities, supplying specialities to suit all requirements. One greegree is warranted to prevent boats from upsetting, another turns aside bullets, whilst a third secures prosperity in business. The greegree is enclosed in coloured cloth or leather, and hung about the person or the dwelling. Many people spend a great deal in these things, and go about completely festooned with greegrees from head to foot.

The greegree is no doubt a Mohammedan development of the fetish used by all the pagan negroes as a safeguard from every human ill. The fetish may be almost anything, but it must be consecrated by the priest and enclosed in horn or leather, and worn as already described. Bones or claws are often used, and since the power of the white race has been so strongly felt in West Africa, anything appertaining to the white man—a lock of his hair or the parings of his nails—is considered to make first-rate fetish. Some of the greegrees are combination arteles, constructed to secure the advantages of fetish in addition to their own inherent virtues; thus, in one that was cut open, there was found a square of white man's soap, marked "Genuine Brown Windsor."

There are sacred mountains, rivers, and lakes in West Africa, where certain mysterious deities are adored, and the priests or fetish-men in several places keep in a sort of rough temple a large serpent, which is worshipped at intervals. Mr. Minter tells us that at Dix Cove a large crocodile, kept in a pond near the fort, constantly received divine honours a few years ago. Any person going on shore at that place

might have a sight of the hideous monster at the expense of a white fowl and a bottle of rum. The fetish-man took the fowl and the spirit, and proceeding to the pond, made a peculiar whistling noise with his mouth, when the crocodile came forth and received the white fowl as his share of the offering, whilst the priest appropriated the liquor to himself. On one occasion Mr. Hutchinson and Captain Leven were exposed to considerable peril on paying a visit to this place to witness the novel scene, for the fowl having escaped from the fetish-man into the bush just as it was being presented, the crocodile made towards them, and pressed them so closely that, had not a hapless dog crossed their path, of which the monster made his repast, one of them would most probably have fallen a victim to his rapacity.

Another dark picture of African superstition is afforded us in the following description, by the Rev. A. Bushnell, of a *Ju-ju* or Devil-house—"a rude thatched edifice, upon opening the door of which I saw grinning at me four or five hundred human skulls, with which the pillars and walls were lined, and as I crossed the room I walked upon a pavement of human skulls. The sight was the most ghastly and horrid I have ever seen. As with trepidation I retreated from this habitation of devils, my attention was called to a scaffold, eight or ten feet high, in the yard near the door, on which were a large quantity of human bones, some of which seemed fresh and new. Upon inquiry I learned that these were the bones of enemies taken or killed in war, or for witchcraft: and some of the flesh had been eaten, and the blood drunk, in horrid fetish orgies. To this temple the sick are brought to sleep, and to have incantations performed over them. From this temple I went to call upon Ju-ju Jaek, the 'arch-priest' or 'chief devil-man.' I found him sitting in the porch of his dwelling, with emblems of his craft on either side. He conducted me through a room in which were skulls and fetishes, and through a dark passage into a back apartment, where I was furnished with a chair and offered palm wine. He is a fiendish-looking elderly man, and seems capable of any work of cruelty and blood."

As early as 1796 a number of Wesleyan Methodist mechanics came out, with the encouragement of Dr. Coke, to establish a colony in the Foulah country. But at Freetown the emigrants quarrelled and broke up—some went back to England, and the rest settled in Sierra Leone. In March, 1797, under the auspices of the Glasgow Missionary Society, Duncan Campbell, a weaver, and Robert Henderson, a tailor (not yet twenty years of age), went out as missionaries and settled at Racon, in the Timmi country. Henderson was on the brink of the grave for months after landing, but when he got to work was very enthusiastic. Campbell taught at Racon, but had no gift of tongues himself, and so his few scholars made slow progress. Henderson went daily four miles under a burning sun to teach some chiefs and others. His youth and amiable manners made him a great favourite. The little children loved him, the old women declared that if he had only been black he would have been a good man, and the young women put forth all their wiles to try and get him for a husband. His scholars got on well, and he saw in imagination his little flock developing into a school of the prophets and evangelising all Africa by their ministrations.

Campbell devoted himself mainly to secular concerns. He and Henderson quarrelled, and though Governor Macaulay intervened and made peace, there was no real reconciliation. Henderson was again prostrated by fever, and was sent home to Scotland. On his recovery he studied medicine, and relinquished the missionary career. He afterwards threw off all profession of religion, avowed himself an infidel, and died while still young. Meanwhile Campbell was working more for himself than for the mission cause. His schools were not successful; he was unfaithful to the Society who sent him out, and to the merchants with whom he had business connections, until, sinking lower and lower, he associated himself with slave-traders, and died in poverty and degradation. So ended the first Scottish mission to the heathen in modern times.

A few months after the departure for Africa of Campbell and Henderson, the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London Missionary Societies sent out two men each on a mission to the Foulah country. But religious toleration was less understood in those days even than it is in the present, and these six good men quarrelled so desperately and so incessantly, that when they got to Sierra Leone it was found best to separate them. Accordingly the two London men went to the Bullom shore; one of them died very soon, the other returned to England. The two Glasgow men, Ferguson and Graham, went to the Banana Islands, associated with the youthful experiences of the venerable John Newton. Here the chief, educated in England, had gone back to pagan superstitions. A fierce war was in progress, and there was no opening for Gospel teaching. The two teachers retired to the adjacent Sherboro shore, where they were kindly entertained; but there were great banks of mud left by the ebbing tide in front of their dwelling-place, and low swamps behind, and in less than two months they both died of fever.

The remaining two missionaries, Brunton and Greig, of Edinburgh, went to Kondia, on the Rio Pongas, under the protection of the friendly Susoo chief, Fantimance. Here they studied the language, and taught and preached, till the rainy season set in and prostrated them both with fever. Mr. Brunton was first attacked, and through the fatigue of attending him day and night Mr. Greig's health failed, and he was found one night, by the people of a neighbouring trader, lying helplessly exhausted on the river-bank. For three weeks he was delirious, and at times speechless. Brunton's fever had now become intermittent, and between the paroxysms he could crawl to his companion's bed, though unable to sit up with him. No negro woman could be prevailed on, for any money, to attend to him, through a superstitious dread of his dying under her care. Their house was almost roofless, and let in the rain abundantly. Once Brunton found his fellow-sufferer lying apparently lifeless on the floor in a large pool of water, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could lift him into bed. Greig was perpetually flinging himself out of bed, and wandering out of doors, when the natives, by arrangement with Brunton, used to convey him back. During all this season of anguish the weather was terrible; rain fell in torrents; trees were torn up by the roots; lightnings flashed through the air, and the earth shook with

the fearful peals of thunder. At one time Brunton thought Greig was really dead, and was planning how he should get his lost companion buried. "Few circumstances in my life," says he, in telling this sad story, "have left a stronger impression on my mind than those now related. A bird which ushered in the day with its melodious notes is fresh in my memory. Indeed, it fixed itself in such a happy situation every morning that I was sometimes led to think it was a kind of messenger from heaven sent to cheer me in my dreary residence."



GROUP OF FOULAHS.

But Greig recovered, and worked on for some time by himself, as Brunton was appointed chaplain to the Sierra Leone colony. Greig spoke Susoo like a native, and his schools and services were fairly attended. After service he used to offer a pipe and tobacco to those who chose to stay for further conversation. He always took tobacco in his pocket when he went preaching in the neighbouring villages, and found it very useful in securing attention.

In January, 1800, seven Foulah men called on Greig, and after talking to them of Christianity and civilisation, he showed them what European articles he possessed, and spent a cheerful evening in their company. He then invited them to stay the night in his house. This hospitable offer they gladly accepted, but in the night, the savages, eager to possess themselves of the articles that had been shown them, rose silently, and one of them began to cut the missionary's throat with a razor



of which he himself had made them a present. Poor Greig struggled violently, when he was stunned by a blow on the head with an axe, stabbed with a cutlass, and left with his throat cut from ear to ear. One of the boys living under his care saw the whole scene, but did not dare to stir. Fantimance, considering Greig to be under his protection, was much affected by the tragedy. He and other Susoo



A YORUBA WITH HIS CHARMS OR FETISHES.

chiefs tried to track the criminals, and two of them were taken in irons to Freetown, the Susoo people being with great difficulty restrained from tearing them to pieces.

But the Susoo people had not been brought beyond friendly interest in the mission and personal attachment to the missionaries. There was not one convert to Christianity, though it is difficult to believe that so much heroic fortitude and devotedness can have been expended in vain. Mr. Brunton's constitution was now failing, and he was obliged to return to Scotland. Here he compiled, in the Susoo language, grammars, vocabularies, spelling-books, catechisms, and manuals of Christian instruction, for the use of the missionaries whom the Church Missionary Society sent

out to the banks of the Rio Pongas. The Susoo language is said to be very simple and easy, and is understood by Foulahs, Mandingoes, Bulloms, and Timnis, and indeed, more or less by the inhabitants of nearly a million square miles of West Africa; a fact which largely determined the decision of the Church Missionary Society in sending its first missionaries to the Susoo country.

A slave-trader named Curtis was living in 1808 at Bashia, in the Susoo country, when Messrs. Renner, Butscher, and Prasse were sent by the Church Missionary Society into that region. On condition that they would teach his children, Curtis gave the missionaries a two-storeyed brick factory with extensive gardens, as their head-quarters. Here and at Canoffee, further up the country, Renner and his colleagues began educating the children. They expected to carry on their work in the Susoo language, but this did not suit the parents' views, who knew the commercial value of English in the coast trade. Accordingly, it was needful to teach English, or they would have had no scholars. Mr. Butscher went to England in 1812, and came back with six helpers and a quantity of stores. They were wrecked, on a reef near Goree, and managed with great difficulty to reach their destination beside the Rio Pongas. Of the six new helpers only one lived over eighteen months.

The missionaries persevered with their teaching, but their presence in the district was resented by many of the people, who still made a good deal of money by carrying on a smuggling trade in slaves in spite of the British cruisers. The slavers would sail into the Rio Pongas with a cargo of goods, and within twenty-four hours sail away with a cargo of slaves instead. The Governor of Sierra Leone in 1814 sent three armed vessels up the river, which destroyed about a dozen factories, and brought away three hundred slaves. No injury was done to the Susoos, but they chose to make common cause with the slavers, and vehemently accused the missionaries of having given information which led to the armed vessels visiting the river. This was not true; but the whole slave-trade interest of the country was roused against the missionaries, and their establishments at Bashia and Canoffee were repeatedly set on fire. Their property was thus destroyed, and the schools were dispersed. For four years longer these devoted pioneers of the Gospel continued their preaching and teaching. Many of those who were sent out to help in the work died soon after landing, and the obstacles to success were so great in consequence of the determined opposition of the slave-traders, that in 1818 the missionaries and many of the children under their care retired into the colony of Sierra Leone.

Of the Church Missionary Society's work in this colony we have treated in the preceding chapter. From Sierra Leone as a basis, and greatly aided by the native teachers trained up in its schools and institutions, the Society has planted its stations amongst the surrounding tribes. Missions (now under the sole charge of the Sierra Leone native church) were established amongst the Bulloms and Timnis. Large numbers of the liberated slaves in Sierra Leone were from the Yoruba nation, and when, about the year 1840, many returned as Christian traders to their Fatherland, the way seemed to open for the establishment of missions in this district. At Badagry, Abeokuta, Lagos, Ibadan, and other stations, many faithful men and women have

laboured diligently. Much of the work has been done by native teachers and pastors. The career of one of these we must briefly sketch.

In the year 1821, as on many other occasions, the Yoruba land was being ravaged by an army of Mohammedan Foulahs, plundering the towns, and driving the wretched inhabitants into slavery. They came to Osbogun one morning, and bursting open its six gates, were soon rushing through the streets, slaying the men who resisted, and lassoing the women and children as they tried to flee into the bush. In one family thus captured there was a boy of twelve, named Adjai, afterwards known as Samuel Adjai Crowther, Bishop of the Niger.

Fast bound with ropes, young Adjai, with the other children and their mother, were led past the burning town and the corpses of its defenders, away on a long, weary march to Isch-n. There was a great procession of prisoners, and those who could not keep up were killed or left to die on the roadside. After being two or three times sold, and losing sight of all his relations, Adjai was taken towards the coast by a Mohammedan woman who had bought him. As he travelled with his mistress, he saw everywhere the smoking ruins of devastated towns and villages, and upon the large trees in the market-places there were heads nailed up to warn the poor Yorubans against resisting their conquerors.

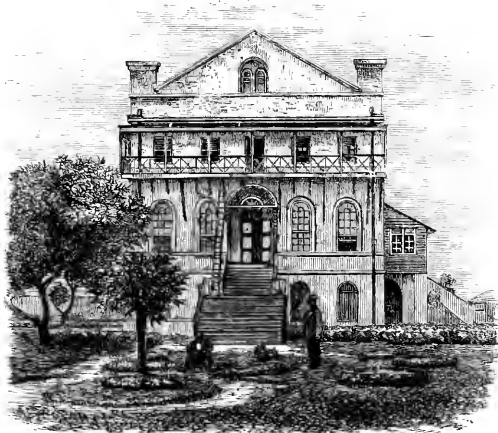
Adjai was sold to a Portuguese merchant at Lagos, and padlocked by the neck to the long chain which secured many other wretched captives. They were stowed for a time in a suffocating barracoon or slave-hut, and then one morning, to the number of one hundred and eighty-seven, they were packed close together in the hold of a slaver. Many of them were ill, some dying, and all cruelly treated by the hardened wretches in charge of them, when an English cruiser swooped down upon the slave-ship, and the poor negroes were delivered. Adjai was soon at school at Bathurst, in Sierra Leone, where he made rapid progress in his studies, and also became a Christian. He was baptised as Samuel Adjai Crowther in December, 1825. A year was spent in England (chiefly at the parochial schools, Islington), and he was subsequently trained in the college at Fourah Bay. He became a teacher in the college, and married Susanna (formerly Asano), a schoolfellow at Bathurst, who like himself had been rescued from a slave-ship.

In 1841 Adjai Crowther was appointed to accompany the Niger expedition. The *Soudan*, *Wilberforce*, and *Albert* sailed up that mysterious river, and some information was obtained respecting the people dwelling upon its banks. The Ibo people were found to be addicted to human sacrifices of the most barbarous character. The victims had their legs tied together, and were dragged about till they expired, and the bodies were then cast to the alligators in the river. They also had a custom of killing any infant whose top teeth appeared before the lower ones, as they held that this was a sign that the child would grow up to be a very bad man.

But the first Niger expedition was on the whole a complete failure. As the explorers went higher up the stream, the deadly climate prostrated one after another, till the ships were obliged to come back to the coast, "moving hospitals," in which

forty-two white men out of the hundred and fifty who started had died in sixty-two days.

During 1842—3, Mr. Crowther was in England pursuing his studies at the Highbury Missionary College. He was ordained by the Bishop of London, and was soon back in Sierra Leone. Meanwhile the Yoruba people had risen against their Foulah oppressors. They had gathered together and built a city four miles in diameter, and containing a population of 100,000. Close by towers a huge rock, from which the city derives its name of Abeokuta—"under the stone." It was peopled by refugees from no less than a hundred and thirty towns devastated by the Foulahs. By way of its port,



FOURAH BAY COLLEGE, WHERE BISHOP CROWTHER WAS TRAINED.

Badagry, seventy miles distant, trade with Sierra Leone was established, and from the latter colony Christian traders of Yoruban origin came and settled at Abeokuta.

Under these circumstances the Yoruban Mission was set on foot by the Church Missionary Society, and Messrs. Crowther, Townsend, and Göllmer taught and preached, first at Badagry, and then at the new capital. At Abeokuta, Crowther's mother, from whom he had been twenty-five years separated, found him. He writes of this incident:—"When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment, big tears rolling down her emaciated cheeks." She was the first to be gathered into the new mission church, of which Crowther writes in August, 1849:—"This mission is to-day three years old. What hath God wrought during the short interval of conflict between light and darkness! We have five hundred constant attendants on the means of grace; about eighty communicants, and nearly two

hundred candidates for baptism. A great number of heathen have ceased worshipping their country's gods; others have cast them away altogether, and are not far from enlisting under the banner of Christ."



BISHOP CROWTHER.

The history of the Abeokuta Mission is a story of mingled triumph and trial. The frequent wars with neighbouring States were often productive of great disaster. In 1851 it seemed as if the city were doomed to destruction. Gezo, the "Leopard" of Dahomey, came against it with a vast army. The low mud walls of the town were surrounded by thousands of well-trained soldiers of both sexes, who fought desperately,

but the Yorubans proved themselves equally valiant, and the foe was routed with immense loss. But through imminent perils the missionaries were preserved, till in 1867 a ferocious mob plundered and destroyed the various stations about the city, and for seven years no European teacher dwelt in Abeokuta. In 1874 the veteran Townsend was permitted to return to the city, and found that, except as regards education, good progress had been made by the native teachers during the seven years they had been left to themselves.

But Crowther had left Abeokuta in 1857, when, with a few native helpers, he went to found the Niger Mission, which has ever since remained entirely in the charge of African clergy and teachers. In 1864 the Rev. S. A. Crowther was made first Bishop of the Niger. He still occupies that position, and encouraging accounts are received of progress in these frontier outposts of Christianity.

Lagos, once the very head-quarters of the slave-trade, the home of degrading superstitions and the frequent scene of human sacrifice, is now a flourishing British colony, in which the Church and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have laboured with good results. It is Bishop Crowther's head-quarters, from which, in his little steamer, the *Henry Venn*, he pays his episcopal visits to the various stations up the Niger and other rivers of his diocese.

A very interesting mission was carried on at Ibadan from 1852 till 1869 by its founders, Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer. It is now under native African care. Anna Hinderer (*née* Martin) was one of those devoted women who seem specially created to be the nursing-mothers of pioneer missions. In her Norfolk home as a girl of twelve she was panting for missionary service. At Lowestoft Vicarage, coming under the guiding and inspiring influence of Mrs. Cunningham, the sister of Elizabeth Fry, she threw herself with ardour into parish work. She had charge as visitor of one of the largest and poorest districts in the town, taught a ragged class which grew into a school of two hundred, and also gave some portion of her Sunday leisure to the boys at the workhouse. Thus the happy years of ripening womanhood were spent in preparatory work fitting her for her future career. In 1852 she was married to the Rev. David Hinderer, who had already spent four years in the Yoruba mission-field. Whilst at Abeokuta he had explored the country round, and had become interested in Ibadan, where it was decided that he and his wife should settle.

At the end of April, 1853, Mrs. Hinderer was carried through the dense African bush in a hammock to Ibadan. Here for some months their home was a primitive mud dwelling, with a grass-covered roof, from which spiders and various strange insects dropped at intervals. Many thousands of such houses, with luxuriant tropical gardens interspersed, make up Ibadan. The older portion covers a tremendous hill, but it has grown over the surrounding plain, and the whole is girt about with mud walls eighteen miles in circumference, and further by a belt of cultivated land about six miles in width. Along the streets there are sheds, used as shops, and frequent idol houses, and, here and there, broad market-places shaded with trees, where the hum of busy life is incessant. The missionaries began work at once, and Mrs. Hinderer won the hearts of the little black boys as readily as she did the hearts of the "Arabs."

of Lowestoft. "At afternoon school" (she writes) "I sat on my chair. One little black fellow had clasped my arm with both his hands, another every now and then nearly resting his chin on my shoulder, the other two sitting close at my feet; and then such a burst of voices repeated the Lord's Prayer after me in Yoruba, and then two of the Commandments. The affection of these people is very great, and in these four boys it is remarkable; if a fly comes near me they push it away."

The natives were astonished at the mission house and church which in the course of a few months rose before their eyes, put together by native labourers under the direction of Hinderer and his associate Kefer, who had themselves often to toil like labourers to get the work done. The large, cool mission house had an upper storey with an outside staircase; the roof was of iron, the walls were whitewashed, and there were comfortable piazzas. When it was finished, Bale, the head chief of the town, paid the missionaries a visit. "He came in great state," says Mrs. Hinderer, "with drums and various strange instruments of music, with his host of attendants, singing-men and singing-women. He marvelled greatly at our house, and could not imagine how it was made. He was quite alarmed to think of mounting the steps, but with my husband pulling and others pushing, we got him up. I stood at the top to receive him in his mass of silks and velvets; he very graciously took my hand, and we walked into the room, at the sight of which he gave a great shout and wondered; he then took a fancy to the sofa, and sat there. We admitted up-stairs his wives, his eldest son, and a few of his great people, and then we were obliged to move away the steps, or the house, strong as it is, must have broken down with the mass of people. We gave him and those in the room with him a little refreshment—English bread, biscuits, and a few raisins. They looked at the bedroom and all the things in both rooms: Bale was extremely amused to see himself in the looking-glass. I took the women by themselves; the washing-stand attracted their attention, so I washed my hands to show them the use of it. My soap was wonderful, and that I wiped my hands after I had washed them was a thing unheard of. But they took it into their heads to follow my example, and all hands must touch the soap and go into the water, and there was a fine splashing and a pretty towel, for the indigo dye comes off their clothes so very much that I believe the towel will be blue and white for ever. At last we got into a state of composure again, and all being quiet, Mr. Hinderer made a little speech, telling Bale how glad we were to see him, why we built the house, and what brought us to this country."

Of the quiet and steady progress made by the three missionaries in their work there is no need to recount the details. They were esteemed by the people generally; and when the King of Ibeju (hitherto inaccessible to Europeans) sent for Mr. Hinderer to come and talk to him, Mrs. Hinderer was left for three weeks a solitary white woman in an African town of a hundred thousand inhabitants.

On Mr. Hinderer's return, he was brought to the brink of the grave by severe illness. Just as he recovered, they heard of the death of Bishop Vidal, who had recently been to Ibadan to confirm their converts, and Mrs. Hinderer remembered with sadness that this was the tenth death out of fourteen fellow-voyagers to West Africa

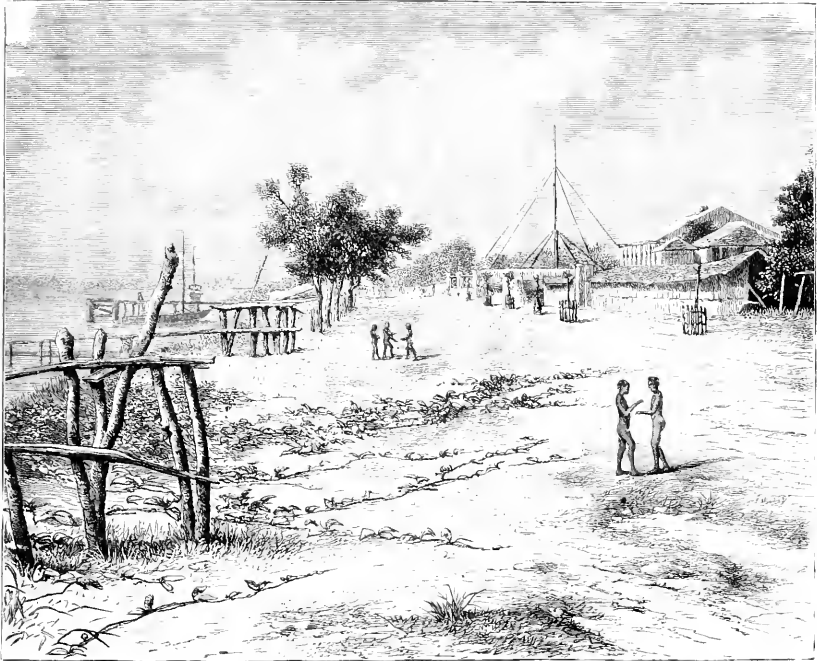
two years before. The eleventh soon followed when Mr. Kefer was struck down whilst itinerating in the neighbouring villages, and was laid in the first white man's grave in Ibadan.

In December, 1855, Mr. Bühler and Mr. Hoch came out to the help of the Ibadan Mission. By this time several more converts had been baptised, and the priests had stirred up persecution to prevent the growth of the white man's religion. The parents of one young Christian woman were very harsh to her, and at length married her to a husband who they thought would control her. He was very rough and cruel, and told her, "You shall never enter white man's house again." "Very well," she replied; "as you wish it, it shall be." "Neither shall you go to his church." To this she answered, "I cannot and will not submit; it is God's House; I will go." She was then cruelly beaten and stoned till her body was swollen from head to foot, and then she was dragged by a rope round her neck to her father's house. When Mr. Hinderer heard what was going on, he hurried to the spot to beg of her tormentors to let her go. He found a mob of furious people holding her on the ground before some idols which had been brought out for her to worship. "Now she bows down! Now she bows down!" they shouted. "No, I do not! it is you who have put me here," she exclaimed. "I can never bow down to gods of wood and stone which cannot hear me. Only in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour of poor sinners, can I trust!" Then they dragged her away, threatening to kill her. For months she endured all sorts of ill-treatment, till she could bear it no longer, and ran away alone through the bush to Abeokuta. Many other instances of steadfast endurance of cruel sufferings and hardships are recorded in Mr. Hinderer's journal.

For several months in 1856 Mr. Hinderer was prostrated at frequent intervals by fever, and a visit to England was deemed advisable. Before they left Ibadan there was a wedding in their flock. Their valued helper, Olubi, who for many years had charge of the first mission school in the town, had fallen in love with a servant at the mission house, Susannah, the child of an Abeokuta convert, who had committed her to Mrs. Hinderer's care. Olubi's history was a remarkable one. His mother was a priestess of the god Igum, and had dedicated her child from its birth to the service of the idol Atbatala. Young Olubi inherited his mother's fervent enthusiasm for the gods of her nation, and was very indignant when he first heard the Gospel preached in the streets of Abeokuta. "This white man preaches that we must give up our idols," said Olubi. "If I were a war-chief like my uncle Ogbomma, I would kill him; and if ever he comes into my street, I will do so myself." Not long after, Mr. Müller preached under a tree close by the house in which Olubi dwelt. But poor Olubi had injured himself in the service of his idol, and was now lying a helpless sufferer, where he could both see and hear what was going on outside, but could not interfere. For several days he was thus compelled to hear the preaching, and at last he thought, "After all, it is nothing so very bad that he is saying." As soon as he got better, he somehow felt inclined to go and see more of the white people's worship. He went to the mission school, and was so delighted with what he heard, that he told his mother he meant to go there again. She threatened and beat him, but he persisted in attending, and began learning the Lord's Prayer.



A short time afterwards the great annual festival took place, and, in accordance with their custom, as specially dedicated persons, Olubi and his mother spent seventeen days in performing acts of worship and offering sacrifices in the idol temple. But before it was all over, young Olubi was disgusted with the whole affair, and declared to his mother, "I am sure that I shall not be with you next New Year at Atbatala's house, for I shall follow white man's fashion." His mother was very angry,



FACTORY AT LAGOS.

and for days would give him neither bread nor cowries, but his father-in-law was kind to him, and was even induced to go with the lad to the mission church. The boy attended school regularly, and became a true Christian, in spite of his mother's constant and strenuous opposition. But the zeal and conscientiousness which in his early years Olubi had devoted so fervently to the service of Atbatala, were now sanctified to the service of Christ. Very earnest were his prayers that his mother might be brought into the fold, and those prayers were answered. She came to the mission church; the Gospel message found its way to her heart with convicting power; and casting away all

the symbols of superstition, she forsook Igum and Atbatala, and became a worshipper of the true God. Both she and her husband became regular communicants, and her son Ohibi, with his Christian helpmeet, Susannah, did good service for the Ibadan Mission.

The visit of the Hinderers to England was, of course, a time of joyful intercourse with their Christian friends, and during their return journey they had a passing glance at the work going on in the Sierra Leone churches, and talked at Regent's Town with white-haired Africans who revered the memory of Augustine Johnson. They got safely to Ibadan, which they entered amidst a galloping escort, and the firing of guns, and other signs of joy. There was an increased attendance at church, and many people brought their idols to the mission house and declared what lies the priests had circulated to stir up persecution. Even chiefs stated that a short time back they were persuaded that they would be poisoned if they touched a white man, but now they sat down on the mat and shook hands and chatted freely. "We have now a large basketful of idols," writes Mr. Hinderer, "and last evening a man who had been a large dealer in slaves brought the irons with which he used to chain the poor creatures, saying "that having been made free by the blood of Jesus, he never should want such cruel things again."

In April, 1859, Mrs. Hinderer records the death of their old friend, the King of Oyo; forty-two wives took poison, so as to accompany him to the other world. In the following year there was fierce civil war amongst the Yoruba people. The towns of Ijaye and Ibadan were demanding the heads of each other's chiefs, and each town was kidnapping stragglers from the other. At Ibadan, to ensure success, a human sacrifice was offered—a man of twenty-five or thirty, who was first paraded through the streets to show what a fine fellow he was, and who appeared to be as proud as possible of his honours. He had been a poor slave, but on that day he was all but worshipped, and had the privilege of saying or doing anything he chose, except escaping his certain death in the evening. At the moment he breathed his last, all the people bowed in prayer, and then there was feasting and revelry, followed by the immediate departure of the warriors for the scene of expected conflict.

During the war the missionaries were again and again for many months at a time completely shut off from communication with the outer world, so that remittances from England could not reach them; and through the dearness of provisions and other causes, the mission family were occasionally reduced to great straits. Christmas, 1860, had to be kept very sparingly. The missionary helpers, native teachers, and resident scholars numbered in all seventy persons—no inconsiderable community to provide for. Vams were cooked in all sorts of ways, but beans were their chief resource. In January, 1861, Mrs. Hinderer wrote: "Our store of cowries is now nearly exhausted, though we have been as careful as possible, only allowing our two selves a pennyworth of meat in our soup, and glad to eat beans with a little onion and pepper to flavour them, pinching in the salt as if it were gold-dust." As time went on, difficulties increased. In March, 1861, they felt compelled to send home all the children who had homes to go to. Before the end of that month, they had to limit themselves to a handful of beans daily, and "could smile afterwards at the remembrance of having

sometimes cried themselves to sleep with hunger, 'like children,' but the suffering was terribly real at the time." At last they began to sell what they could find about the place that could be spared to procure food. At first old tin match-boxes, biscuit-boxes, and linings of deal chests and other disused articles, were polished up and traded away in Ibadan market, and then household utensils and articles of clothing had to be parted with. At times they were most opportunely helped by kind presents from their native friends. One morning, when the children who still remained with them sat down after the usual prayer for "daily bread" to a coarse meal which Mrs. Hinderer, though faint and hungry, was too weak and ill to touch, a woman passed by with a bunch of Indian corn on her head. She gave a handful of the corn to Mrs. Hinderer, who soon cooked and ate it, very grateful for the "daily bread" so unexpectedly supplied. The milk-woman who supplied them with milk would not accept the order to decrease the quantity, but sent in milk for nothing for a whole year, and would not take any payment for it when the Hinderers afterwards had the means.

In March, 1861, Mr. Hinderer ventured, with two boys, on a three days' journey through the bush, to Lagos on the coast. They got there safely, but were detained a considerable time. On the 23rd Mr. Hinderer sent to his wife by some traders a quantity of flour and other provisions. But the caravan was attacked and pillaged, and only about one load of flour reached Ibadan to represent an expenditure of about £80. Towards the end of April Mr. Hinderer set out on his homeward journey, though in very weak health, and with grave doubts as to his safety, for the King of Ibeju (through whose territory he had to pass) had put a price on his head, and had set men to watch the roads. Hinderer, however, travelled in great confidence, but the two boys with him were alarmed at the bones and skulls and skeletons that strewed the paths. When they reached Ibadan, the missionary was too weak to get off his horse without help. For eight weeks Mrs. Hinderer had lived in anxious suspense as to his safety.

The war continued, and it was a marvel how the difficulties of the position were overcome. The little presents of yams and corn were wonderfully helpful. Mrs. Hinderer sold her large cloak to an Ibadan warrior for 20,000 cowries (about £1), much less than it was worth, but still the cowries were just then invaluable, "so we laugh, and say we have all been living on Iya's cloak. This week we are living on the proceeds of my onion beds: onions are much used here, and I determined by a little care to try and improve on my beds, and I have had fine ones. One of our church-people sells them for us."

The year 1862 brought but little relief. The overdue mails for six months were got through to them in February, and Mrs. Hinderer was delighted with her batch of fifty letters. In May the town of Igaye, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, was destroyed, and Mr. Roper, of the Church Missionary Society, came and stayed with the Hinderers. The war was now being carried on in the Ibeju country, shutting them off from communication with Lagos. By small gifts and loans at intervals from friendly Africans, and by selling what they could spare, the mission

family got through the year. In December Mrs. Hinderer writes: "We sold a counterpane and a few yards of damask that had been overlooked by us, so that we indulge every now and then in one hundred cowries' worth of meat (about a pennyworth), and such a morsel seems like a little feast to us in these days." She managed to buy ten baskets of corn. "Those baskets of corn are such a delightful sight to me this evening, that I can scarcely help running to take a look at them and be thankful."

During 1863 and 1864 the civil war was still raging, and little or no success attended the frequent efforts of the missionaries at Abeokuta and Lagos to send relief to the isolated family at Ibadan. There could be little public Gospel teaching in those days; street preaching was impracticable, and, in visiting, it was found that people would talk of nothing but the war news.

In April, 1865, Captain Maxwell led an expedition by a new path which they cut for themselves through the bush, and arrived at the mission house at ten o'clock one night with supplies of food, and a hammock to bring Mrs. Hinderer away. It was needful to begin the return in seven hours' time, unobserved if possible. Mr. Hinderer decided not to leave his post without arranging with the native helpers for the continuance of the work, but that his wife should depart forthwith. It was a sore parting, full of anxiety and doubt as to the future. Mrs. Hinderer's faithful African servant, Konigbagbe, suspected what was being planned in that busy night's work, and was in dire distress till she got leave to go with her mistress to Lagos. At early dawn there were tearful partings, and the cavalcade set out, and by forced marches accomplished a circuitous six days' route to Lagos in less than four days.

In May Mrs. Hinderer was in England, where two months later she was joined by her husband, who had managed to arrange matters and get away safely. But by the end of 1866 they were able to return to their Ibadan Mission. The native Christians rejoiced, and the whole community seemed to share in the welcome. The schools and services prospered, but towards the end of 1867 the Yoruba tribes were again in a state of wild unsettlement. The Abeokuta churches were pillaged, and the missionaries banished to Lagos. The hostile tribes tried to get the chiefs at Ibadan to banish the white people, but these chiefs met to consider the matter, and then told the missionaries, "We have let you do your work, and we have done ours, but you little know how closely we have watched you, and your ways please us. We have not only looked at your mouths, but at your hands, and we have no complaint to lay against you. Just go on with your work with a quiet mind; you are our friends and we are yours."

But the Egbas and Ibejus, failing to get the white people everywhere expelled as they wished, closed the coast roads, and the painful anxieties of isolation were again felt. Both husband and wife were feeling much worn with their frequent severe illnesses. To each of them life in Africa had been a long martyrdom. Early in 1868 their object was to set things in order for transference, if possible, to younger and stronger hands. As the year advanced, it became evident that for each of them life depended upon an early departure from Africa. Again an expedition from Lagos was sent, and reached Ibadan on New Year's Eve, 1869. Mrs.

Hinderer was safely conveyed through the Ibeju country, where they were plotting to take her life as the most dangerous enemy of their gods and customs. Mr. Hinderer stayed to confer with the chiefs for the safety of the native teachers, and it was nine months before he was able to join his beloved wife in England. Both needed prolonged medical treatment, and the hope of a return to Africa had to be given up. Mr. Hinderer was appointed curate of Martham in Norfolk, and his wife threw herself with joyful energy into the parish work. For a few weeks the lamp of life seemed once more burning brightly; but the end was now very near. In May, 1870, Anna Hinderer, in her forty-fourth year, peacefully passed away to her eternal Home.

We need only add, with reference to the Ibadan Mission, that on revisiting the town in 1874 Mr. Hinderer found matters in a satisfactory state. There are three centres in the town, and three out-stations—at Oyo, Agbomeso, and Ilesa—all now under the charge of the Rev. James Johnson, an energetic African clergyman from Sierra Leone.

The Wesleyan Methodists have done a great work in West Africa. In Sierra Leone, and at various stations on the Gold Coast, their adherents are now numbered by thousands. In Africa, as in other lands, a certain class of minds appear to exist to whom the Methodist presentation of Divine Truth seems specially to commend itself, whilst others require to be attracted by a more elaborate ritual. It is cause for rejoicing, that the Church Missionary Society agents and the Wesleyan Methodists of West Africa, where brought into association, have worked very harmoniously.

The Wesleyan Methodists began to work on the Gold Coast in 1834, where the English had had forts for two centuries. For a hundred years there appears to have been no attempt at any recognition of Christianity. In 1751 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out a chaplain, who after four years of ill-health returned to England with two African youths. One of these, Philip Quaque, came back and officiated as chaplain at Cape Coast Castle for fifty years, but took to his fetishes on his death-bed! Several English chaplains afterwards died here successively, but their work appears to have been very restricted.

There was a Government school here, however, in which in the year 1834 there were a few native youths who had learnt to read the Bible. They were so interested in its contents, that they formed themselves into a little society for the study of the Scriptures. But they found it very difficult to get copies, and agreed to send to England for some Testaments. They mentioned the matter to Captain Potter, master of a merchant vessel in port, who took up the subject warmly, and not only got them the Testaments, but also called at the Wesleyan Mission House and offered to take out a missionary free of cost if the Society would send one.

The result was that the Rev. Joseph Dunwell went back with Captain Potter, much to the joy of the young Africans, whose hearts were already prepared to receive him. He preached with great success at Cape Coast Castle, and at other places in the settlement, but in less than six months he was laid in his grave, the first victim out of a noble band of devoted Wesleyan missionaries, who have since

then sacrificed their lives on these pestilential shores. All along the coast and far into the interior, the churches they have planted and the schools they have organised flourish as living monuments to their memory. It is very gratifying to hear that of late years the average term of service has been gradually lengthening.

Brief allusion must also be made to a mission sent in 1854 to the Susoos, and other tribes on the Rio Pongas, by a Church of England West Indian Association at Barbadoes. The first missionary was the Rev. J. H. Leacock, who was attacked by fever almost immediately on his arrival at the Rio Pongas. The natives, on whose behalf he was risking his life in that deadly climate, took advantage of his helpless state to steal almost all of the scanty possessions he had with him. As he lay alone in his hut in sore discouragement, he was unexpectedly cheered by a visit from Lewis Wilkinson, son of the native chief of Tallanja. The man brought a message from his father, earnestly requesting a visit, and as soon as he was able Leacock went to see him. This old chief, on seeing the missionary, greeted him warmly, and then, with much agitation, repeated the "Te Deum." He told Leacock that his name was Richard Wilkinson, and that when a youth he had been taken to England, and had lived three months in the house of the celebrated commentator, the Rev. Thomas Scott. When he left England, in 1812 (as shown by the Church Missionary Society's "Proceedings"), great hopes were entertained of his usefulness, and he was sent forth specially commended in prayer. But it seemed for a long time as if these fervent hopes and prayers were doomed to disappointment, for Richard Wilkinson went back to his idols and his heathen customs. But in the year 1835 he had been brought almost to the brink of the grave by severe illness, and in that low state he had come to his right mind, and now for twenty years he had been praying that a missionary might be sent to him. He considered Leacock's arrival as an answer to his prayers, and did all he could to help forward the evangelisation of the people. He at once gave land for the mission premises, and until his death in 1861 proved himself a warm and zealous friend of the cause.

The Old Calabar Mission was another offspring of West Indian zeal. It was undertaken by the United Presbyterian Church of Jamaica, under the sanction of the mother church in Scotland. The Rev. H. M. Waddell and his companions, who went out in 1846, were well received by King Eyamba of Duke Town, and King Eyo of Creek Town. There were about ten thousand people in these two towns, and there were several other smaller towns close by. The inhabitants were already to some extent civilised, and the chiefs lived in very good furnished houses; but there were all sorts of incongruities.

At Creek Town, Duke Town, and Old Town, mission stations were established; but the principal work for some time was done in the mission schools, where the young people received the rudiments of a good education. At the same time preaching was not neglected, and a galvanised iron church and a printing press sent out from London were made good use of. The missionaries reduced the Efik or Calabar language to a written form, prepared a dictionary and a grammar, and translated the Bible. In spite of ignorance, superstition, and cruelty, a good work has been steadily carried on, the

whole tone of the community has been raised, and a numerous band of ordained pastors, lady helpers, and native evangelists and teachers, are now carrying on Christian work in connection with the six congregations of Old Calabar and its vicinity.

In investigating the religious belief of the people, Mr. Waddell found that there were local deities honoured for special purposes. Sometimes, to hasten the arrival of ships, a human being was sacrificed to some river or sea god. The fishing villages used annually to fasten a man to a stake at low water, and leave him there to be drowned or devoured by alligators. A headman declared that he never knew that God disliked the custom; their fathers had always done it, and he supposed it must be good for business. In various parts there were sacred trees and groves, said to be haunted by spirits, and in most households there was an *ekpungong*, a stick surmounted by a human skull, adorned with feathers and daubed with yellow paint—an ugly thing, but considered to procure great benefits for its possessor. All sorts of charms were sold to the people by the *abia-ehok*, or doctor of medicine. Their ideas of a future state were very shadowy, but they agreed in the belief that it was a very mean thing for a chief to go to the other world without a considerable escort. "If you have no one with you when you die," said one old man, "Ekpa country will say, 'What poor slave is that coming now? he has not one boy to carry his snuff-box!'"

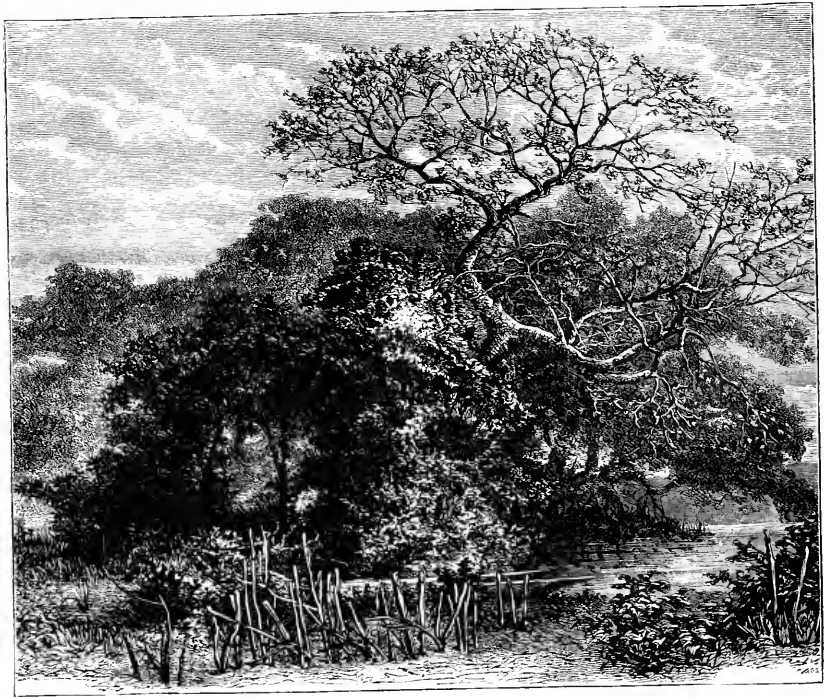
When King Eyamba of Duke Town died, a reign of terror at once set in. His brothers and nephews went into a large number of houses and strangled the inmates, and armed men were placed by the paths leading from the town to kill passers-by promiscuously. Meanwhile for the king's burial a great pit was dug inside a house, with a chamber excavated at one side. Here the body, crowned and adorned, was laid on a sofa. The king's umbrella, sword, and snuff-box bearers, and other personal attendants, were slain and thrown into the pit, also a number of virgins *alive*. A supply of food and a quantity of goods and coppers were then added, and lastly the earth was filled in, beaten hard, and, as far as possible, every trace of the grave removed.

Thirty of the late king's wives died the next day. "King calls you," was the simple message brought to each successively; and the doomed one adorned herself and drank off a mug of rum and went to the executioner, who quickly strangled her with a silk handkerchief. For many days and nights an epidemic of murder seemed raging. Numbers were drowned in the river, and their corpses floated to and fro with the tides; the outlying farms of the country round were visited by armed ruffians, who slaughtered young and old, male and female, promiscuously. Night after night the missionaries had to hear the screams of victims whom they were powerless to help: for when they pleaded with the native authorities, who were polite and plausible, the force of ancient customs was urged. Eyamba's daughter, Ofiong, whom Mr. Waddell declared to have been, for massive fleshiness, the "greatest gentlewoman" he ever saw, was indignant because her father had been insufficiently honoured, and upbraided the rulers for having slain so few. The killing of people for the dead was, through the persistent action of the missionaries, abolished by Calabar law in 1856.

*Embonpoint* of an exaggerated type is in Calabar the climax of female loveliness. When a girls' school had been got together, it was attended by the daughters of

the king and chiefs—"above a score of fine girls, clever and well-behaved young gentlewomen," but all already promised in marriage, and soon taken from school to undergo the fattening process, and prepare to become wives.

Once in two years came the ceremony called *Ndok*, the annual purgation of the Calabar towns from devils and ghosts. For some days previous there had been rude figures of cows, alligators, and so forth, in front of the houses, when a message came



SACRED TREES AND GROVES.

from the king to Mr. Waddell, telling him not to be frightened if he heard noises in the town next morning, "because every man and woman would begin at three o'clock to knock door." Mr. Waddell was startled, nevertheless, at the sudden hurriean of noise and uproar that broke forth. It was a wild mingling of musketry and cannonading, of howling voices and bell-ringing, and the belabouring of doors with great sticks. "All this wild uproar," says Mr. Waddell, "was designed to frighten the devil out of town, and was enough to frighten everything but the devil. In the morning every house was carefully swept, and the sweepings, as well as the effigies of animals,



above referred to, were thrown into the river, and it was supposed that all ghosts and devils had now been got rid of. There was grief in many homes, for this was the final parting with the spirits of those who had died in the last two years, and who until *Ndok* are supposed to hover about their old dwelling-places."

The Rev. Mr. Jameson laboured at *Creek Town*, and when this devoted missionary died, *King Eyo* was in sad trouble to understand "how God take him away so soon, after He send him here long way, for teach we good." He had his flag placed half-



GOING TO A "LADIES' SCHOOL" AT CAPE COAST.

mast high above his palace, and came through the streets with his huge umbrella furred. The body of the faithful missionary was laid in his African grave, but his name was long held in reverence by both king and people.

On the Gold Coast, which lies to the east of the Bight of Benin, German missionaries have been at work for more than sixty years. Their earliest efforts only realised failure and disaster. In 1827 three men were sent out by the Basle Missionary Society. One of them, *Hegele*, was wounded in the head by a block that fell from the rigging of the ship in which they were about to proceed to Africa. He had to be left behind at *Plymouth*, but went forward with two other missionaries, *Wulf* and *Kissling*, soon afterwards. Three more joined them in the same year. Of these eight

men, four died within a few weeks, two others were sent home invadided, and the remaining two, Kissling and Sessing, laboured for a short time, but had to retire exhausted from the struggle.

In the following year four more missionaries went out from the Basle Society, but only to sicken and die in a few months. Of the three who followed them in 1831, two were speedily in their graves, and Andreas Riis was left alone. He worked on the coast and in the adjacent country for twenty-three years. Several of those who from time to time came out to join him in the work were struck down at his side.

Riis, who died in 1854, had found it advisable to carry forward his work amongst the negroes some way inland, and had even visited Coomassie, the capital of Ashanti. To this State and the neighbouring kingdoms of Dahomey a horrible interest has long attached, as abodes of cruelty and organised murder. The ferocious "customs" prevalent on the death of the king, or of any man of note, include the wholesale slaughter of human beings, in combination with immoderate eating and drinking and the wildest licence. Between Ashanti and the British settlements on the coast lies the Fanti territory, under British protection. With the Ashantis the English have been frequently at war, the last occasion being in 1874, when Sir Garnet Wolseley advanced through the bush and delivered the two missionaries who had spent four years in captivity.

When the war broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Ramseyer and Mr. Kühne were taken prisoners at the mission station of Anum, near the frontier, and hurried away by forced marches, from which they suffered greatly. They were eleven months with the army, often half-starved and ill-treated, and frequently in fear of instant death. Want of proper nourishment caused the death of their little baby, ten months old.

In May, 1870, they were brought to Coomassie and introduced to the king, in the midst of a picturesque assemblage of the chiefs and warriors of Ashanti. Each chief had a numerous retinue, and was shaded by a gorgeous umbrella. Conducted by the royal sword-bearer, who was a walking museum of the king's arms and ornaments, so thickly were they slung about his person, the missionary party were marshalled into the king's presence, and saluted by wild music of horns and drums. Then, in order duly to impress their minds with the power and splendour of Ashanti, a grand procession passed before them. Messrs. Ramseyer and Kühne, in the interesting work which Mrs. Weitbrecht has translated, have given the following vivid description of the scene:—

"All rose, the horns blew, the jubilant cry resounded louder than the drum, as the grandees approached us with measured steps. The inferiors preceded, then the great men, shaded by their umbrellas and surrounded by their pages, saluted us as they passed by, each raising the hand. In front of the principal chiefs marched boys, adorned with elephants' or horses' tails, and carrying drums made of the trunks of trees, and horns adorned by human jaws. A few of them had elephants' tusks hollowed out, and emitting a sound surpassing all others in strength and clearness, each musician trying to honour us by producing their loudest and shrillest tones as they passed us. The chiefs were arrayed in silk or the brilliantly embroidered cloth of the country;

every individual wore his handsomest jewels, especially his massive gold plate on his breast; his carved seat being carried on the head of an attendant, who was followed by soldiers bearing his arms.

"After a number of such personages had passed, the great monarch himself approached. He was heralded by some eighty individuals, each wearing a cap of monkey's skin adorned by a golden plate, and each holding his seat on his hand. Then came the dwarfs and buffoons in red flannel shirts, with the officials of the harem; there were also sixty boys, every one of whom wore a charm sewn up in leopard's skin, with written scraps from the Koran. This train was followed by five tastefully carved royal chairs, hung round with gold and silver balls, and richly ornamented with bells, but all black, being stained with the blood of human sacrifices.

"Next, under an enormous silk sunshade, appeared the actual royal chair, encased with gold, and with long golden pipes carried behind it, as well as many wonderful vessels and articles of *vertu*. A peculiar music was heard rising above the sound of the horns and the beating of the drums. This was produced by some thirty wild-looking boys, each of whom swung, as he marched, a calabash half filled with stones. This din was anything but agreeable to a European ear, though the performers kept marvellously good time.

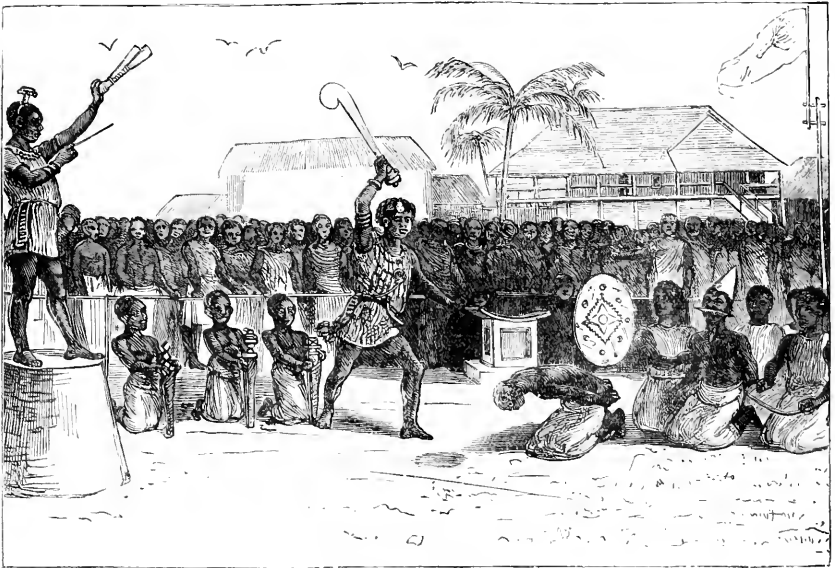
"Still larger umbrellas and fans now approached, preceded by a corps of a hundred executioners dancing, whose ages varied from boys of only ten years to grey-headed old men. All wore leopard-skin caps, and had two knives slung from their necks. The dismal death-drum, whose three beats were heard from time to time, closed the procession.

"Now the music became wilder and louder, the ivory horns sounded shriller, the screaming and howling surpassed all description. Led by an attendant under a magnificent sunshade of black velvet, edged with gold and kept in constant motion, the royal potentate appeared. Boys with sabres, fans, and elephants' tails, danced around him like imps of darkness, screaming with all the power of their lungs, 'He is coming! He is coming! His Majesty the Lord of all the Earth approaches!' The boys then retired, that the king might be able to look well at us and enjoy the intensity of his happiness. Golden sandals adorned his feet, a richly ornamented turban was on his head, his dress was of yellow silk damask, his hands and feet glittered with gold bracelets and bangles. Half a dozen pages held him by the arms, back, and legs, like a little child, crying continually, 'Look before thee, O Leon! take care, the ground is not even here.'"

The king gazed with astonishment at his captives—the first white people he had ever seen—as they stood before him in torn garments, with their toes peeping through their shoes. Mr. Ramseyer describes the appearance of King Coffee Calcalli as powerful yet beneficent, and "with no look of cruelty." Like many other monarchs, he was powerless to change old customs, and it was necessary for him to go to war with the English or cease to reign. But to the missionaries personally he seems to have been not unkindly disposed, though for four years he kept them at Coomassie. Their wants appear to have been on the whole tolerably well provided for, and a large portion of

the supplies sent to them from the coast were permitted to reach them. They had a faithful friend in John Owusa Ansa, a converted Ashanti prince who had been educated in England. He was an ordained minister of the Wesleyan Mission on the coast, but having been sent to Coomassie on business for the Colonial Government, he had been detained in the city.

But the captive missionaries had to suffer much through constantly seeing or hearing of cruelties and murders, without being able to intervene on behalf of mercy.

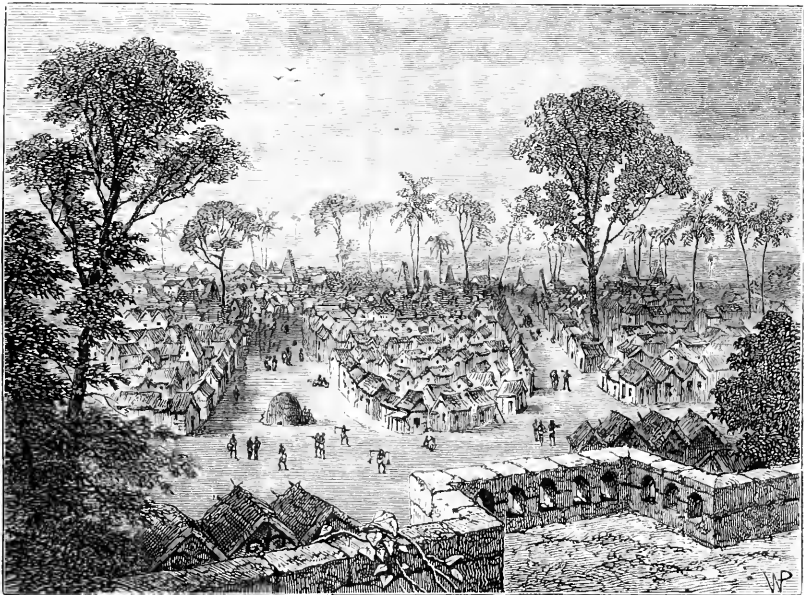


EXECUTION IN COOMASSIE.

Killing people is an everyday occurrence at the capital of Ashanti, and is even an organised part of the system of government. The king has about a thousand *kra* (literally "king's souls"), individuals who are destined to be put to death when the king dies, and who therefore watch carefully over his safety. Death is dealt out by the code of Coomassie for the most trifling offences, *e.g.*, for whistling in the city, for letting an egg fall and break in the street, or for spilling palm oil in a public thoroughfare, and so forth. Murderers were put to death with horrible tortures. Mr. Ramseyer's account of his experiences positively reeks with gore. The king goes to repair the royal burial-place, and at every stage of the proceedings human blood is shed. After a campaign in which several Ashanti chiefs of note have fallen, there is a three days' death wake, during which all the people are madly drunk, and a vast

number of persons are slain as a retinue to the fallen warriors. Prince Mensa Kuma, aged sixteen, dies, and the event is followed by ten days of slaughter. The New Year is ushered in with the sacrifice of many lives, but at some of the great national festivals even Coomassie outdoes itself, and becomes more than ever a place of blood.

For instance, at the festival of Baulama, the king goes to the long building parted off into cells, in which repose the skeletons of the Kings of Ashanti, fastened together with gold wire and placed in richly ornamented coffins. "On this occasion



COOMASSIE.

every skeleton was placed on a chair in his cell to receive the royal visitor, who on entering offered it food; after which a band played the favourite melodies of the departed. The poor victim selected as a sacrifice, with a knife thrust through his cheeks, was then dragged forward and slain, the king washing the skeleton with his blood. Thus was each cell visited in turn, sacrifice after sacrifice being offered, till evening closed ere the dreadful round was completed.

"We had heard the blowing of horns and beating of drums all the day, and were told that nearly thirty men had been slain. These, alas, were not all! for at six o'clock, after the king had returned, the horn and the drum again sounded,

betokening that more victims were yet to fall, and far into the night the melancholy sound continued. Two blasts of the horn signified 'Death! death!' three beats of the drum, 'Cut it off!' and a single beat from another drum announced "The head has dropped!" Powerless as we were, amid the fearful darkness around, to hinder such atrocities, we could only sigh and pray that our captivity might bring about a better state of things."

It seems strange that in the midst of all these horrible practices the king seemed tolerant of Christian teaching. When Mr. Ramseyer asked Bosommurn, the king's chamberlain, if he might proclaim the Gospel in the streets, that functionary replied that the king had often wondered why he did not do so. Henceforward open-air services, as well as the services in the old Methodist Mission House which had been given to them, were frequent, and Prince Ansa showed himself an out-door preacher of great power and fluency.

The approach of Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition in 1874 effected the deliverance of the captives. The power of Ashanti was broken, and the king signed a treaty, in which he promised to use his best endeavours to check the practice of human sacrifice, with a view to hereafter putting an end to it altogether. Another indirect result of this war was the abolition of domestic slavery amongst the Gold Coast tribes. Some subsequent efforts to renew the missionary campaign in Ashanti do not appear to have been successful. The Bible and other books have, however, been translated by the Basle missionaries into the Otshi or Tshi language, which is spoken amongst all the Ashanti tribes.

Seventy years ago the people of the United States woke up to the fact that there were about 200,000 freed negroes in the country. Philanthropists wanted to do them good, and people of another class wanted to get rid of them, and so with general consent and encouragement the American Colonisation Society was formed, and several thousand negro emigrants were deported to the African coast. This was the origin of the black Republic of Liberia, now inhabited by about 700,000 persons—emigrants, rescued slaves, and natives of the district.

Regarded as an evangelising force, which it was hoped would bring the barbarous tribes of the coast and the adjacent districts to Christianity, Liberia has, in comparison with Sierra Leone, been almost a failure. It has done very little for West Africa. Still, so far as the colony itself is concerned, it is in an infinitely superior condition to any other independent West African State. Amongst the emigrants have been many sincere Christians, and the different religious denominations of America have sent out many missionaries to the colony. The Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Protestant Episcopal Churches of America all have their organisations in Liberia—not only missionaries, but settled pastors and teachers. In almost every town and village of the settlement, places of worship and educational buildings are conspicuous.

As early as May, 1822, the Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church—a Society only established in the previous October—

appointed missionaries for Liberia, but, partly through the strange opposition of the Colonisation Society, and partly through other hindrances, thirteen years passed before Mr. J. M. Thompson and wife were sent to the colony. Other missionaries followed and passed away, until in 1847 the Rev. J. Payne found himself the only ordained labourer in the field. More help soon arrived, and when, in 1851, Mr. Payne was appointed Bishop of Cape Palmas and the parts adjacent, he was able to take an encouraging view. He declared the popular faith in idolatry to be widely shaken. He himself had buried idols and greegrees by the wheel-barrow-load.

Of one devoted man, who lived and died in this field of service, a few particulars may be noted. Cadwallader Colden Hoffman, of New York, was twenty-nine years old when he offered himself for the Liberian Mission field, on hearing that four men were urgently required to fill vacant places. He was then studying at the Theological Seminary, Alexandria, with a view to the ministry, and his anxious mother forcibly set before him the hundreds, perishing for want of the Bread of Life in his own land. But after careful and deliberate consideration, he still felt that his call was to Africa, and his mother and sisters gave cordial consent and bade him God-speed.

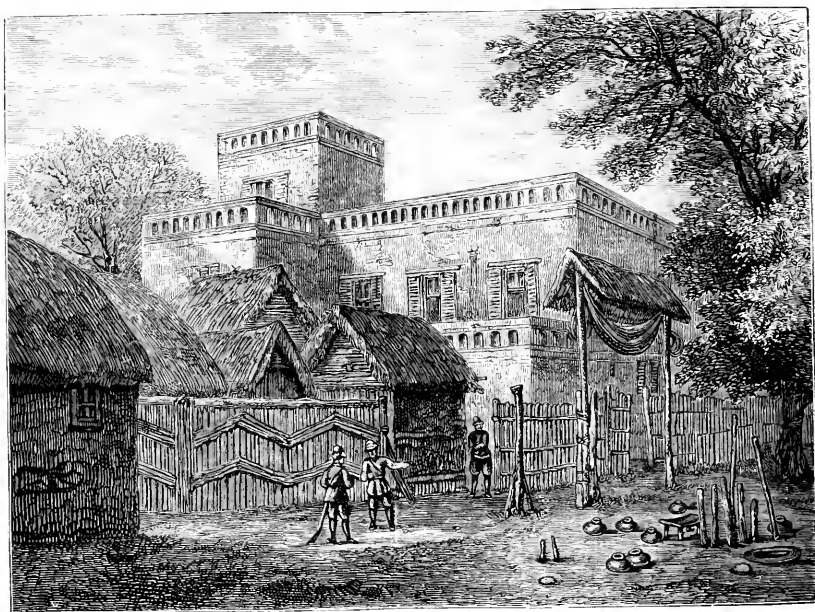
Hoffman was in Liberia early in 1849, alone. He had been engaged in marriage to Miss Virginia Hale, an attractive young lady whom he had hoped would have accompanied him to his African home. She was an orphan, and her guardian, who would have permitted the marriage had Hoffman settled as a clergyman at home, positively refused to allow her to go to Africa. It was a severe trial to both, but Hoffman was prepared to count nothing dearer than his Master's service, and what was looked upon at the time as a final parting took place. But after a year's preliminary work amongst the mission stations—during which time he got through the acclimatising fever, began the study of the Grebo language, preached to the natives without an interpreter, and made various preparations for future work—he paid a short visit to America. He rejoiced to find the previous obstacle to his marriage removed, and in February, 1851, he landed at Cape Palmas with his chosen bride.

They settled at Cavalla. Hoffman had to preach and teach and make pastoral visits, superintend a printing office and the building of the church, and attend to all the secular interests of the mission, such as the care and distribution of stores. His wife proved herself an able helpmeet, and they lived together a life of calm happiness, training their little flock in the midst of about three thousand, mostly heathen, natives. But their married life was of brief duration, for in five years after her first landing Virginia Hoffman was laid in the grave to which her little daughter, her only child, had been taken a month before.

The bereaved husband and father, again left alone, threw himself into his work with a more determined and self-sacrificing spirit than ever. At the close of 1856 there was war between the natives and colonists, and much property was destroyed. When peace was restored, Hoffman assembled the leaders of both parties on the plain near the Hoffman station, which Bishop Payne had named after him, and thus addressed them:—

“Colonists! lately 1,500 natives were in their houses on yonder hill, which you have burned to the ground. Through your influence they are here: is it not your duty to provide them a house of worship? And now, that you may remember the spirit in which this work should proceed, I will remind you of it from God’s own Word.”

“Then placing a little native child of ten years on the table” (says his



KING COFFEE'S PALACE, COOMASSIE.

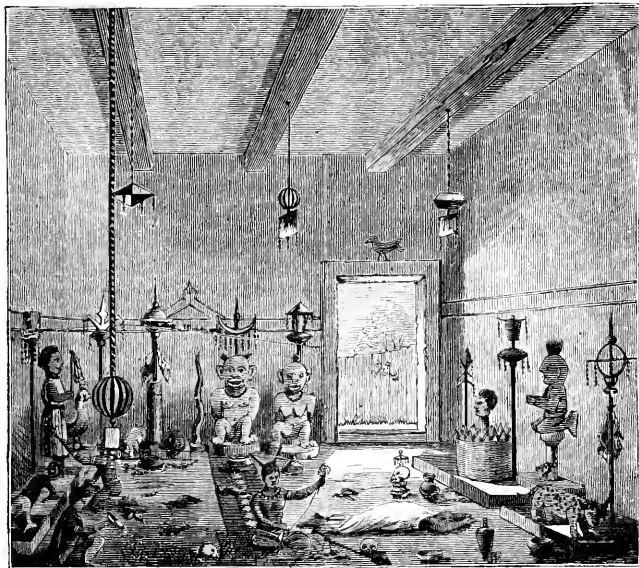
biographer, the Rev. G. T. Fox, “he made him repeat the thirteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians: ‘Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity,’ etc. The effect was electric. The general who commanded the colonist militia was the first to seize the hoe; from that moment hearty goodwill was displayed, the foundations of the church were speedily dug, and in due time a convenient structure for the worship of God was completed. Schoolhouse and dwellings of Christian villagers followed in quick succession, whilst a native minister and teachers were appointed to carry on the work of evangelisation so propitiously commenced.”

In February, 1858, Mr. Hoffman married Carolina M. Hogan, a lady who had



come out to Africa to aid in the mission; for the orphan asylum, since his wife's death, had been in great need of female assistance.

In constant labours round about Cape Palmas, as well as in occasional inland journeys, Mr. Hoffman was fully occupied, till in 1864 he felt that he could be spared for arduous pioneer work at the new station at Bohlen, in the interior. He went with his wife on a preliminary visit, making their way through the bush by almost trackless paths. Eight times he visited the station, preaching at villages *en route* but



FETISH HOUSE, COOMASSIE.

for want of a successor could not get permanently relieved from Cape Palmas. Here it should be mentioned there was (amongst other Christian institutions) a hospital which had come into being through Mr. Hoffman's exertion. An asylum for the blind was one of his latest achievements. In one of his visits to England he had met Mr. Moon, who was anxious to introduce his system of printing for the blind into Africa. The two zealous men spent three days together, and the result was that Hoffman took out a number of the books printed on Mr. Moon's system, and eventually a neat asylum was built for blind persons, connected with the mission.

The end was now drawing nigh, but to the very close he was zealous in good works. He had only recently returned from his last missionary tour to the interior, when the illness set in which ended fatally on November 25th, 1865. "Don't grow

weary; remember who has promised, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' Let not the Church go back, but rather increase her efforts the more." These were his last words, uttered with his expiring breath.

So, after seventeen years of faithful labour, died this devoted missionary, of whose many works of benevolence and constant Gospel service our brief sketch gives only a faint idea. "No wonder," writes Bishop Payne, "that when such a good man died five hundred missionaries, Liberian and native ministers, catechists and Christians, should follow him in tears to his grave, as their best benefactor, devoted pastor, most earnest and successful missionary—a very Barnabas to Africa and the Africans."

After thirty-four years of service in the African field, Bishop Payne resigned in 1871, and died three years afterwards. He has had three successors in the episcopal chair since that date. The present bishop is the Rev. Dr. Ferguson, a coloured man. Of the thirty-seven workers now conducting the sixty-five stations of the Episcopal Church Mission, only one clergyman, one physician, and one female teacher, are white.

The American Board of Foreign Missions sent Mr Wilson and other missionaries to Cape Palmas in 1833, and did much good work in teaching and printing. They were astonished to find that the Vey people near Cape Palmas had recently invented an alphabet, and reduced their language to writing. Their characters were fanciful in form, some resembling Arabic letters, others Greek, others Hebrew. Their language contains only about two hundred syllables, recurring over and over again in various combinations, and for each syllable they had invented a character. An old man told Mr. Whincop that he dreamed that he must immediately begin to make characters for his language, that his people might write letters as they did at Monrovia. He communicated his dream and plan to others, and they were delighted at the idea, and at once set to work and accomplished the task.

Mr. Wilson began in 1842 a new station in the Gaboon country, and hither the other missionaries of the Board removed from Cape Palmas. Here they found a remarkable people, with much of the appearance of civilisation, doing a large amount of business with European traders, and dwelling in houses containing useful and even costly articles of European furniture. They had curious traditions of a great man, Ragombe, whose wonderful sayings had been handed down from generation to generation, to whom they assigned the making of their language, and whom, indeed, they credited with superhuman wisdom and power. The Gaboon people possessed a good deal of property, and were uniformly civil and polite in their intercourse with white men. Their women were chiefly employed in domestic pursuits, such as sewing, washing, and cooking, rather than in the unceasing laborious toil which is the usual lot of African women. Still the missionaries found it to be a heathen land—slavery, polygamy, belief in witchcraft, intemperance, licentiousness, were universally prevalent. The Liberian and Gaboon Missions were ultimately transferred to the Presbyterian Board, by which a considerable number of missionaries have been sent out to these regions within the last fifty years.

Before leaving the subject of Liberia, some brief reference should be made to the work and mission of Edward S. Morriss, of Philadelphia. He looked at Liberia, with

its million of aboriginal inhabitants and its twenty thousand Americo-Liberians, its churches, chapels, and schools scattered over the land, and its picturesque capital, and believed the time was come for the colony to enter on a new phase of its existence as the "open door to heathen Africa." To stimulate the prosperity of the colony he urged the colonists to "Plant coffee! Plant coffee!" and he himself acquired eight hundred acres of land on the St. Paul's River for this purpose. It seems that the best coffee in the world can be raised in Liberia to any extent, and the coffee plant is gradually superseding the sugar-cane, which led so largely to the manufacture and consumption of the curse of the colony—Rum.

In 1874 Mr. Morriss started the *Liberia Advocate*, and in its first number there was an Arabic editorial inviting Mohammedan chiefs of the interior to trade with Liberia, and to receive Christian teachers if any were sent to them. A striking answer came from a chief in the Niger valley, who wrote, "I love the Toura and the Ingil [Old and New Testament], and would like them to be taught to our boys. Our religion is widespread, our laws are just; but we have not the Bible. Some of us have only heard of it in the Koran. I have seen it, and read it and understood it, and would like it to be sent to our country." Fifty Arabic Bibles were at once sent to this chief for distribution.

The Rev. C. C. Hoffman, already referred to, rejoiced over the efforts of Mr. Morriss, and warmly encouraged the coffee-planting movement. The *Liberia Advocate* became very popular amongst the colonists and educated natives; the annual subscription, we may state, was a bushel of coffee-berries. It appealed to negro patriotism, and treated of "The Ancient Glory of the Negro Race," and similar topics, as well as of Liberian products, and other practical matters. For instance, an article on Soap began, "Soap is the difference between civilisation and barbarism. It is the distinguishing feature of enlightenment. The savage does not use soap!" Then followed practical directions for making the article.

At the American Centennial Exhibition, Mr. Morriss took care that Liberia should be well represented. The Americans were astonished at the display of products, and one freedman came to Mr. Morriss, crying, in his excitement, "Can you send me to Liberia? If not, I'll strip and swim across!"

Mr. Morriss was a sworn foe to the intoxicating liquors that have wrought such havoc amongst the native tribes. Once, in direct opposition to his positive orders, twelve hundred bottles of gin found their way to his agent at Monrovia. Mr. Morriss at once sent orders for their "execution." "No doubt much to the astonishment of the inhabitants of Monrovia," says Mr. A. S. Dyer, "and much to the gratification of not a few, a handbill, surmounted by a picture of a bottle of rum suspended from a gallows, was freely circulated in the town and neighbourhood, announcing the 'Hanging of those well-known murderers, Old Rye, Old Tom, Crooked Whisky, and homes' worst enemy—Rum.'" A large crowd assembled to see the hanging of the criminals, and also the breaking of the twelve hundred bottles, and the pouring of their contents into the sea.

There has been during the last few years a stream of coloured emigrants from

the United States to Liberia; but of this movement comparatively little has been heard in England. "Exodus Associations" have been formed by the most enterprising and enlightened of the freedmen in many places. Many of these are Christians, and thus the United States is sending to Liberia "farmers, mechanics, and merchants allied in blood and race to the indigenous inhabitants, who can furnish not only the song and the prayer and the sermon, but the singers, teachers and preachers who can



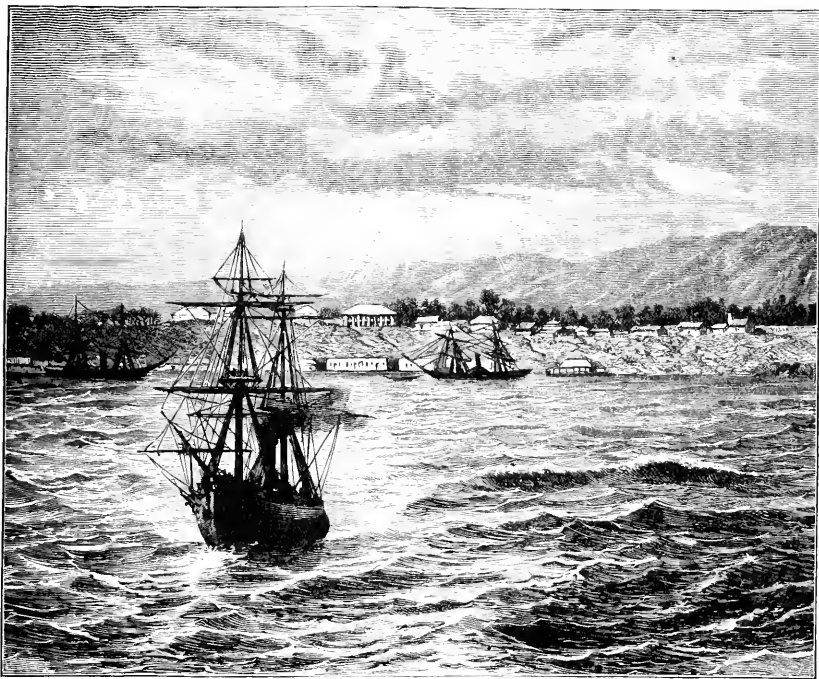
NATIVES OF THE GABOON.

live in that country." "Africans," said Dr. Moffat, "must go to teach and to save Africans," and there is hope that Liberia, increasingly educated and Christian, will yet rise to her true position amongst the nations of the Dark Continent.

Mr. Morriss was more recently engaged, with the warm encouragement of the late Earl of Shaftesbury and several distinguished British philanthropists, in the establishment of an industrial boarding school for the sons of African chiefs, and other industrial schools for the people generally.

The beautiful island of Fernando Po, in the Gulf of Guinea, being a Spanish

colony, has naturally received its chief religious teaching from Roman Catholic priests. But in 1869 the ship *Elgiva*, trading between Liverpool and West Africa, had occasion to touch at the island. The captain was a Primitive Methodist, so also was Hands the carpenter, who, having to attend to some work on shore for a few days, got a number of the people to meet him to worship God. Some of these were pious people who had been members of the short-lived Baptist Mission suppressed by the Spaniards eleven



SANTA ISABEL, FERNANDO PO.

years before. They wanted Hands to stay and be their minister. He could not accede to their request, but represented their needs to the Missionary Committee of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, who obtained leave of the authorities to establish a mission at Santa Isabel, the chief town.

In January, 1870, the Revs. H. Roe and W. J. Turney and their wives came to the island, and of this mission Mr. Roe has published many interesting particulars in one or two works. The aborigines of Fernando Po—the Bubis—have a shockingly bad character. They were filthy and wicked in their habits, and at least once a year were addicted to cannibalism. Polygamy, murder, sorcery, were everyday

matters, and some of their ceremonies were horribly disgusting. Lander tells us that the principal chief in his time was a most determined savage, who bore the name of "Cut-throat."

But the people the missionaries first saw were chiefly African settlers and liberated slaves, dressed more or less in European style. Mrs. Job (once an African princess), "a tall, nobly built woman, whose sable face shines brightly beneath its crown of silvery curly hair," greeted the new-comers. Her house was a common-looking building with plain wood sides, roof of shrivelled leaves, and uneven earth floor, but yet one of the hallowed spots of Africa. Near the back of the house, shadowed by rich tropical foliage, is the grave of Lander, the discoverer of the Niger, and within that house, after the expulsion of the Baptists, a few faithful Christians met to pray together *in silence*, for the spies of the Jesuits were peering and listening at the eaves to pounce on any one breaking the law.

Mrs. Job's house, sufficiently commodious and easy of access without ladders, was fixed upon as the place at present for religious services. To the meetings came representatives of nearly all tribes between the Gambia and the Niger; for Fernando Po had long been a refuge for escaped or liberated slaves, runaway prisoners, and all sorts of refugees. With these motley groups services of the usual character were held, and Mr. Roe and his colleagues were delighted to find several Africans at once taking an effective part in the prayer meetings. It was a very curious thing, after an evening service, to see the crowd that had filled the house and the doorways going off with their seats on their heads, and with oil-lamps in their hands, to track their way home along the various paths.

Not far from the lodgings of the missionaries dwelt Peter Bull, an interesting specimen of the Bubi race. He had been brought up in the usual savage way—living in a hut of rough posts and palm leaves, and for dress wearing little else but yellow oil, tufts of grass, and a rush hat. But when he grew up he travelled to Clarence (now called Santa Isabel), and became acquainted with a trader named Bull, with whom he entered into business relations, and whose name he took instead of his original name, Lobesor. He put on European garments, and learned to speak broken English, and trade in palm oil and yams, but the tattoo marks of heathenism on his face were not to be got rid of. He was working a little farm of his own when Mr. Roe first met him, and found that he was a believer in the white man's God, but still in great need of enlightenment. He ultimately became an earnest Christian, and an efficient helper in the mission cause.

One Sunday morning Mr. Roe was standing on his verandah after the morning service, enjoying the cool breeze, when he saw a small boat approach the shore, and from it there stepped out on to the beach a man in clerical dress, with a delicate pale infant on his left arm, and in his right hand a feeding bottle with the india-rubber tube. No wife and mother was visible, but some bundles and boxes were brought on shore by the boatmen. "Is this a mission house?" said the stranger, as he earnestly grasped Mr. Roe's hand; and the wants of the suffering child were soon being attended to by Mrs. Roe and Mrs. Burnett.

“While refreshments are being served,” says Mr. Roe, “the stranger informs us that his name is J. Menant, and that he is an American Presbyterian missionary, stationed at Corisco, an island near the Equator. That there, less than three months ago, his wife gave birth to this dear child, and within a fortnight afterwards she died. The natives helped him to bury her, but the sorrow and climate soon prostrated him with fever. Having no white friend to nurse his child, and being very anxious to save it for its mother’s sake, and while the fever still burned in his own veins, he got these natives to start with him in an open boat, and be tossed by winds and waves a hundred and fifty miles by sea, in hopes of meeting a ship to help him home. Thus he arrives here so faint, so sad and lone, with a heart ready to break, but clinging to Bessie for its dear mother’s sake.” They stayed a fortnight at Fernando Po, and then shipped for England.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roe, in March, 1870, a child who received the name of Lizziamie was born. Two months afterwards, whilst Mr. Roe was absent on the mainlands, a fearful tornado swept over Fernando Po. It swept off part of the mission-house roof, and the bed on which lay Mrs. Roe and the infant was deluged with rain, the result being that they both took fever. The father returned, walking sixty miles on his last day’s journey in his anxiety again to be with his dear ones; but within twenty-four hours of his arrival he watched his little Lizziamie’s last breath as its spirit gently passed away. Next morning, the broken-hearted father and two native youths dug the little grave in the forest burial-place, and the Christian community gathered to witness the simple funeral. One of the members had made a neat coffin, which was carried to the grave by four native females. After the parents had left the island, that little grave was still kept clear of long grass and weeds by the loving hands of those to whom the revered parents of the child had brought the message of peace and salvation.

Missionary journeys to the interior of the island were occasionally undertaken, with Peter Bull as interpreter. At Bassupu they saw the palace of King Busapo. It was a single rough-built room, about six yards square, with a high palm-leaf roof. The entrances were three low holes, and, within, the aged king reclined on a coarse mat on the earthen floor, with his back against the wall of posts. Several youthful wives sat near, one of them smoking. The missionary party, ten in number, were made welcome, and presently two more kings, and about fifty people, came in, and there were a considerable number outside. The Gospel was preached, hymns were sung, and a short prayer in Bubi was taught to this curious congregation, who all held up their hands by way of promise that henceforth they would pray to God daily.

Mr. Roe preached on this journey to many similar assemblages. On another occasion he preached to King Ripuchu and his people. The children here ran away in terror from the white man and his clothes. The clothes puzzled even the adults, and they stared with amazement when they saw him put his hand in his pocket. King Ripuchu was much impressed, and said aloud to the congregation, “We go to the caves of the mountain—we cry much; but we no hear, we no see. But now our eyes see, and ears hear.”

An amusing incident which occurred at another visit to King Ripuchu is thus told by Mr. Roe:—"Some calico was worked by Mrs. Roe and her sewing-class of native girls into plain long garments of no special name, but which might pass for either shirts or nightgowns. When three of these were made, I rolled them under my arm, and hastened with them to Kings Ripuchu, Busapo, and Bubaka. As the garments were presented, the kings shook my hands, patted their naked breasts, clapped their hands, and gave me many a "Poto, poto." After Ripuchu had examined his most critically, he let the sleeves fall near the ground, held the bottom wide open, and raised his leg to put it in, at which I interposed, and took the liberty to dress him properly. This was done amid roars of laughter from his people, in which I heartily joined. This event marked a new era, for though we had before given large loin-cloths, we never before saw any living in these native towns wearing made-up garments."

The Fernando Po Mission has been reinforced from time to time from England, and several native helpers have been raised up. There are now three stations, and considerable success is reported both as regards mission work and education.





# INDIA.

IN THREE MAPS, SHOWING NORTHERN, SOUTHERN, AND EASTERN, AND WESTERN PORTIONS.

MISSION STATIONS underlined on the three 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.            L. M. S. ... London Missionary Society.            Bapt. ... Baptist            Wes. ... Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society            *C. E. Z. S. ... Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.            *Z. B. &amp; M. ... Indian Female Normal School Society or Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.            *Soc. Fem. Ed ... Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.            Ch. Scot. ... Church of Scotland Foreign Mission            Free Ch. Scot. ... Free " " " "            Scot. Epis. ... Scottish Episcopal Church Foreign Mission Board.            Un. Presb. ... United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).            Eng. " ... Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission.            Irish " ... Irish Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission.            Gen. Bapt. ... General Baptist Missionary Society.            Welsh Cal. ... Welsh Calvinistic Methodists' Foreign Missionary Society.            Strict Bapt. ... Strict Baptist Mission.            Friends' ... Friends' Foreign Mission Association.            Camb. ... Cambridge Mission to Delhi.            Ed. Med. Miss. ... Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.            Chris. Vernac. ... Christian Vernacular Education Society for India.</p>	<p>Morav. ... Missions of the United Brethren, or Moravians.            Basel ... Basel Evangelical Missionary Society.            Gossner ... Gossner's Missionary Society.            Leipzig ... Leipzig Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.            Herm. ... Hermaunsburg Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.            Dan. Luth. ... Danish Lutheran Missions.            Swed. Evang. ... Swedish Evangelical National Society Missions.            Am. B. F. M. ... American Board of Foreign Missions.            Am. Bapt. ... Baptist Missionary Union.            Am. F. B. ... Free-Will Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.            Am. Meth. Epis. ... American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.            Am. Presb. ... Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.            Am. Ref. Dutch ... American Reformed (Dutch) Church Missionary Society.            Am. Evang. Luth. ... Missions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States.            Am. For. Chris. ... American Foreign Christian Missionary Society.            *Am. Wom. Un. ... American Woman's Union Missionary Society.            Meth. Ch. N. Amer. ... General Missionary Board of the Methodist Church of North America.            Can. Bapt. ... Missions of Canadian Baptist Churches.            Can. Presb. ... " " " " Presbyterian " " " "</p>
---	--

\* In all other cases, stations worked by Women's Societies are included under the heading of the associations to which they are auxiliary. Societies such as "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," "The Mission to Lepers in India," &c., have also been classed with the associations with whom they either act in concert or assist by grants.

Station.	Society.	Station.	Society.
ADONI	L. M. S.	BACKERGUNG (District of)	Bapt.
AGRA	C. M. S., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed., Ed. Med. Mis., Am. Meth. Epis.	BADDEGAMA	C. M. S.
AHMADABAD	Irish Presb.	BADOOOLA	S. P. G.
AHMADNAGAR	S. P. G., Z. B. & M., Chris. Vernac. Am. B. F. M.	BAINPUR (Bhojpur)	Am. F. B.
AJMIR	Un. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis.	BAIZWADA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
ALIBAG	Free Ch. Scot.	BALASUR	Z. B. & M., Am. F. B.
ALIGARH	C. M. S.	BALLARI (Bellary)	S. P. G., L. M. S., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.
ALLAHABAD	C. M. S., Bapt., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Wom. Un.	BALUNDSHAHR	C. M. S.
ALLAPALLI (Aleppey)	C. M. S.	BANCURAH	C. M. S., Wes.
ALMORA	L. M. S., Z. B. & M.	BANDAH	S. P. G.
ALWAR (Uwar)	Un. Presb.	BANGALORE (Bengaloor)	C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., L. M. S., Wes., Leipzig, Am. Meth. Epis.
AMALLAPURAM	C. E. Z. S.	BARA BANKI	Am. Meth. Epis.
AMBLANGODDE	Wes.	BARASUT	Bapt.
AMRAWATI	Free Ch. Scot.	BARDHWAN (Bardwan)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
AMRITSAR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.	BAREILLY	Am. Meth. Epis.
ANAND	Irish Presb.	BARISAL	Bapt.
ANANDAPUR	Basel.	BARUCH (Broach)	Irish Presb.
ANEIKADU	Leipzig.	BARODA	Am. Meth. Epis.
AOCNLE	Am. Meth. Epis.	BARRACKPUR	C. E. Z. S., Wes.
ARCONUM (Arconam)	Ch. Scot.	BASTI	C. M. S.
ARKAT (Arcoot)	Am. Ref. (Dutch).	BATTALA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
ARNI	"	BATTICOOLA	S. P. G., Wes.
ASHAPOORA	Un. Presb.	BAULEA (Bampur Baulha)	Eng. Presb.
AURANGABAD	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.	BEAWAR	Un. Presb.
AZINGARIH	"	BELASPUR	Am. For. Chris.
		BELGANW (Belaham)	L. M. S.

<i>Station.</i>	<i>Society.</i>	<i>Station.</i>	<i>Society.</i>
BELLARY. <i>See</i> Ballari.		CUDDALORE ( <i>Cuddalore</i> ).	S. P. G., Leipzig
BENARES . . . . .	C. M. S., Bapt., L. M. S., Wes., Z. B. & M., Am. Presb.	CUDDAPAH. <i>See</i> Kadapa.	
BENGALUR. <i>See</i> Bangalore.		CULNA . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
BETTIGERI . . . . .	Basel.	CUTTACK ( <i>Katal</i> ) . . . . .	Gen. Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed.
BHAGALPUR . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.,		
BHANBARA . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M.	DACCA . . . . .	Bapt.
BHARECH . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	DARAPURAM . . . . .	Wes.
BHAWALPUR . . . . .	C. M. S.	DARJILING . . . . .	Bapt., Ch. Scot.
BHEEMPORE. <i>See</i> Bainpur.		DEHKA ( <i>Dhoka</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., Am. Presb.
BHIMANIPATANAM ( <i>Bimlipathan</i> )	Can. Bapt.	DELHI . . . . .	S. P. G., Camb., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed.
BHUASWAL . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.	DEOLEE . . . . .	Un. Presb.
BHURTPORE . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	DERA GHAZEE KHAN . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BIJAPUR . . . . .	Basel.	DERA ISMAIL KHAN . . . . .	" "
BIJOUR . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	DHARWAD ( <i>Dharwar</i> ) . . . . .	Basel
BILSI . . . . .	C. M. S., " S. P. G., Bapt.,	DHULEN . . . . .	C. M. S.
BOMBAY . . . . .	Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. M., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.	DINAGEPUR . . . . .	Bapt.
	Irish Presb.	DINAPUR . . . . .	Bapt., S. P. G.
BORSAD . . . . .		DINDIGAL . . . . .	Chris. Vernac., Am. B. F. M.
BROACH. <i>See</i> Baruch.		DUNDUM . . . . .	Wes.
BUDAUN . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	DUMMAGUDEM . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BUNNU ( <i>Bannu</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.	DURBUNGA . . . . .	Gossner
BURDWAN. <i>See</i> Bardhwan.			
BURHANPUR (BENGAL)	L. M. S.	ELLICHPUR . . . . .	Meth. Ch. N. Am.
" (MADRAS)	Gen. Bapt.	ELUR ( <i>Ellore</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
" (SINDHIA)	Am. Meth. Epis.	ETAWAH . . . . .	Am. Presb.
BURJU . . . . .	Gossner		
BUXAR . . . . .	"	FAIZARAD ( <i>Fezabad</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes., Z. B. & M.
		FARROKABAD . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CACHAR ( <i>District of</i> ) . . . . .	Bapt.	FEROZPUR . . . . .	" "
CALCUTTA . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., Bapt., L. M. S., Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Wom. Un.	FURIDPUR ( <i>Furiedpur</i> ) . . . . .	Bapt.
		FUTTIGARI . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CALICUT. <i>See</i> Kollikod.			
CALTURA. <i>See</i> Kaltura.		GALLAPULI . . . . .	Wes.
CANANORE. <i>See</i> Kanarur.		GALLE, POINT DE . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes.
CASHMERE. <i>See</i> Kashmir.		GAUCHATI . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
CAWNPORE . . . . .	S. P. G., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Wom. Un.	GAYA ( <i>Gyga</i> ) . . . . .	Bapt.
		GHAZIPUR . . . . .	Gossner
CHAIASSA . . . . .	S. P. G., Gossner.	GOGHA ( <i>Goga</i> ) . . . . .	Irish Presb.
CHAMBA . . . . .	C. E. Z. S., Ch. Scot.	GONDA. <i>See</i> Gubra.	
CHANDA . . . . .	Scot. Epis.	GONDS ( <i>Mission to</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.
CHELAMBRAM . . . . .	Leipzig	GOOTY. <i>See</i> Gatti.	
CHENGLEPATT ( <i>Chingleput</i> ) . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.	GORAKHPUR . . . . .	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
CHICACOLE . . . . .	Can. Bapt.	GOVINDPOOR . . . . .	Gossner
CHICKMUGLAR . . . . .	Wes.	GUDALUR. <i>See</i> Cuddalore.	
CHINDWARA . . . . .	Swed. Evang.	GUDUR . . . . .	Herm.
CHINSURAH . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.	GUJARAT . . . . .	Ch. Scot.
CHIRRA PUNJI ( <i>Cherra Poonjee</i> ) . . . . .	Welsh Cal.	GUJRANWALA . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CHITAPUR ( <i>Sitapur</i> ) . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	GULBURGA. <i>See</i> Kulburga.	
CHITRADURG . . . . .	Wes.	GULEGDUD . . . . .	Basel
CHITTAGONG . . . . .	Bapt.	GUNKA ( <i>Gonda</i> ) . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
CHITTOR . . . . .	Am. Ref. Dutch	GUNTER . . . . .	Am. Evan. Luth.
CHOMBALA . . . . .	Basel	GURDASPUR . . . . .	Am. Presb.
CHOTA NAGPUR ( <i>Mission to Kohls</i> ) . . . . .	S. P. G., Gossner.	GURGAON . . . . .	S. P. G., Camb.
CHICNAR . . . . .	C. M. S.	GURHWAL ( <i>District of</i> ) . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
CHUNDOWSI . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	GUTTI ( <i>Gooty</i> ) . . . . .	L. M. S.
CHUPRA . . . . .	Gossner		
CLARKABAD . . . . .	C. E. Z. S.	HAIDARABAD ( <i>Hydrabad</i> ) (BOM- BAY) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
COCONADA. <i>See</i> Kakinada.		HAIDERABAD ( <i>Hydrabad</i> ) (NIZAM'S DOMINIONS) . . . . .	Wes., Am. Meth. Epis.
CODACAL . . . . .	Basel	HAMBANTOTA ( <i>Hambantotto</i> ) . . . . .	Wes.
CODOOR . . . . .	Herm.	HARIDWAR . . . . .	Am. Presb.
COIMBATOUR. <i>See</i> Koimbatur.		HASSAN . . . . .	Wes.
COLOMBO . . . . .	C. M. S., S. P. G., Bapt., Wes., Strict Bapt.	HATRAS . . . . .	C. M. S.
		HONAWAR . . . . .	Basel
COMILLA . . . . .	Bapt.	HOSHARPUR . . . . .	Am. Presb.
COMBAKONUM. <i>See</i> Kumbakonam.		HOSPETT . . . . .	L. M. S.
CONJEVERAM . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.	HUBLI . . . . .	Basel
COONDAPOOR. <i>See</i> Khundapur.		HURDA . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. For Chris.
COONOR . . . . .	Am. Ref. (Dutch)	HURDUI . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
COTTA . . . . .	C. M. S.	HUSHANGABAD . . . . .	Friends'
COTTAYAM. <i>See</i> Kotium.			
		IDAIYANGUDY . . . . .	S. P. G.
		INDAPUR . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
		INDUR . . . . .	Can. Presb.
		ISAKHAIL ( <i>Isr. Khel</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.

Station.	Society.	Station.	Society.
JABALPUR . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Wes., Am. Meth. Epis.	MADRAS . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., L. M. S., Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Am. Ref. Dutch, Strict Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed., Z. B. & M., Leipzig, Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
JAFNA . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes., Strict Bapt., Am. B. F. M., Am. Presb.	MADURA . . . . .	Leipzig, Am. B. F. M.
JALALABAD . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	MADURANTAKAM . . . . .	Wes.
JALANDHAR . . . . .	C. E. Z. S., Am. Presb.	MAHU ( <i>Alibon</i> ), SINDHIA . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis., Can Presb.
JALNA . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M.	MAISUR. See Mysore.	
JALXPUR . . . . .	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.	MALBAGAN ( <i>Malagan</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.
JELHASUR . . . . .	Am. F. B.	MALUR . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
JESSUR . . . . .	Bapt.	MANDLA. See Mundlah.	
JEYPUR ( <i>Jaypur</i> ) . . . . .	Un. Presb.	MANGALORE . . . . .	Basel
JHANSI . . . . .	Am. Presb.	MASULIPATAM . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
JHELAM . . . . .	Un. Presb.	MATRA ( <i>Mitra</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis.
JODHPUR . . . . .	Wes.	MATURA . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes.
JOWYE ( <i>Jowai</i> ) . . . . .	Welsh Cal.	MAWPLANG. See Moftung.	
JUGGERNAUT. See Pooree.		MEDDUCK ( <i>Melak</i> ) . . . . .	Wes.
JUNNAR ( <i>Junair</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.	MEERUT ( <i>Mirat</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
KACHHI ( <i>Kachin</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.	MEGNANAPURAM . . . . .	C. M. S.
KADAPA ( <i>Kadlapath</i> ) . . . . .	L. M. S.	MERKARA . . . . .	Basel
KADSAWPAH . . . . .	Welsh Cal.	MGARARAM . . . . .	Leipzig
KAKINADA ( <i>Cocanada</i> ) . . . . .	Can. Bapt.	MHOW (N.W. PROVINCES) . . . . .	Z. B. & M.
KALIMPONG . . . . .	Ch. Scot.	MHOW (SINDHIA). See Mahu.	
KALSAPAD . . . . .	S. P. G.	MIDNAPUR . . . . .	Am. F. B.
KALTURA ( <i>Kalutara, Coltura</i> ) . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes.	MIRZAPUR . . . . .	L. M. S.
KAMBAMPET ( <i>Kammampet</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.	MOFTUNG ( <i>Moetphung</i> ) . . . . .	Welsh Cal.
KAMPTI . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis.	MOLUNG . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
KANANUR ( <i>Cananore</i> ) . . . . .	Basel	MONGHYR ( <i>Mongpeth</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed.
KANDY . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes., Bapt.	MONXABUDH . . . . .	Wes.
KANGRA . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.	MOOLTAN. See Multan.	
KARACHI . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Am. Meth. Epis.	MORADABAD . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
KARKAL . . . . .	Basel	MOZUFFERNUGGER . . . . .	Am. Presb.
KARNUL ( <i>Karnool</i> ) . . . . .	S. P. G., Am. Bapt.	MOZUFFERPUR . . . . .	Gossner, Am. Meth. Epis.
KARUR . . . . .	Wes.	MUDDUMULLY . . . . .	Am. Ref. Dutch
KARWAR . . . . .	Basel	MULKI . . . . .	Basel
KASERGOD . . . . .	"	MULTAN ( <i>Mooltan</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed., Am. Meth. Epis.
KASHMIR ( <i>Schianger, Coshuere</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.	MUNDLAH ( <i>Mualha</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.
KATAK. See Cuttaek.		MUTIALAPAD . . . . .	S. P. G.
KELLUNG . . . . .	Morav.	MUTLAH. See Port Canning.	
KHAIWARRA ( <i>Kherwarra</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S.	MUTRA. See Matra.	
KHOOLNA. See Kulna.		MUZAFFURGARH . . . . .	C. M. S.
KHOORDAH. See Kirdah.		MYMENSING . . . . .	Bapt.
KHUNDAPUR ( <i>Coondapoor</i> ) . . . . .	Basel	MYNPUR . . . . .	Am. Presb.
KHUNDITTUR . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.	MYSORE ( <i>Misir</i> ) . . . . .	Wes.
KHUNDWA . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	NAGAPATNAM ( <i>Nagapatam</i> ) . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
KISHNUGAR ( <i>Krishnagar</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.	NAGERCOIL . . . . .	L. M. S.
KOCHIN. See Kachhi.		NAGPUR . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis.
KOHEIMA . . . . .	Am. Bapt.	NAGUR . . . . .	Wes.
KOHLs ( <i>Mission to</i> ). See Chota Nagpur.		NAIN-TAL . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
KOIMBATUR ( <i>Coimbatour</i> ) . . . . .	L. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed., Leipzig	NARBABAD . . . . .	"
KOLIAPUR . . . . .	S. P. G., Am. Presb.	NAROWAL . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
KOLIKOD ( <i>Calicut</i> ) . . . . .	Basel	NARSINHPUR . . . . .	Sweet. Evang.
KOTAGIRI . . . . .	"	NASHIK . . . . .	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
KOTGARIH . . . . .	C. M. S.	NASHIRABAD ( <i>Nasseerabad</i> ) . . . . .	Un. Presb.
KOTHPULLI . . . . .	Wes.	NEGAPATAM. See Nagapatnam.	
KOTIUM ( <i>Cottayam</i> ) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.	NEGOMBO . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes.
KRISHNAGUR. See Kishnugar.		NELORE . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Bapt.
KULBURGA ( <i>Gulbarga</i> ) . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.	NEYOOR . . . . .	L. M. S.
KULNA ( <i>Khoolna</i> ) . . . . .	Bapt.	NONGRYMAI . . . . .	Welsh Cal.
KUMBAKONAM ( <i>Combaconam</i> ) . . . . .	S. P. G., Leipzig	NOWGONG . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
KUMMAMET. See Kambampet.		NUNDIALL . . . . .	S. P. G.
KURDAH ( <i>Khoordah</i> ) . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.	ONGOLE . . . . .	Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.
KURNAL . . . . .	S. P. G., Camb.	OODEYPORE. See Udaipur.	
KURNOOL. See Karnul.		OOTACAMUND. See Utakamund.	
KURNEGALA . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes.	PADRIPOLLI . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.
LAHORE . . . . .	C. M. S., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.	PALIAMKOTTA . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
LAKHIMPUR . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.		
LEH . . . . .	Morav.		
LOHADUGGA . . . . .	Gossner		
LOODHIANA . . . . .	Soc. Fem. Ed., Am. Presb.		
LUCKNOW . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.		

Station.	Society.
PALIKAT . . . . .	C. M. S., L. M. S.
PALMANER . . . . .	Am. Ref. Dutch
PALNAI (Palnai) . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
PAMBAN . . . . .	S. P. G.
PANDURA . . . . .	Wes.
PAREYCHALEY . . . . .	L. M. S.
PATNA . . . . .	Bapt., Z. B. & M.
PATTAMBAUKAM . . . . .	Dan. Luth.
PATHANKOT . . . . .	Am. Presb.
PEDRO, Pt. . . . .	Wes.
PESHAWAR . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
PETHOKA-GARHI . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
PILLIBBIT . . . . .	" "
PIND DADUN KHAN . . . . .	C. M. S.
PIPLEE . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.
PONANI . . . . .	Basel
POO . . . . .	Morav.
POONA. See PUNA.	
POOREE (Puri, Jagm. count) . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.
PORT CANNING (Muttah) . . . . .	Bapt.
PUNBA . . . . .	" "
PUDUKOTA . . . . .	S. P. G., Leipzig
PUNA (Poona) . . . . .	C. M. S., S. P. G., Bapt., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.
PUNDMALLI . . . . .	C. E. Z. S., Strict Bapt.
PURL. See POOREE.	
PUTCUR . . . . .	Hern.
QUETTA . . . . .	C. M. S.
QUILON . . . . .	L. M. S.
RAECHUR . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
RAGAVAPURAM . . . . .	C. M. S.
RAJKOT . . . . .	Irish Presb.
RAJURI . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
RAJAHMAHENDRI . . . . .	Am. Evang. Luth.
RAJAMPETT . . . . .	L. M. S.
RAMNAD . . . . .	S. P. G.
RAMPORE BAULEH. See Baulea.	
RAMYAPATANAM (Rampatanam) . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
RANCIH . . . . .	S. P. G., Gossner
RANJANG . . . . .	Wes.
RANKHET . . . . .	L. M. S.
RAPUR . . . . .	Hern.
RATNAGIRI . . . . .	Am. Presb.
RAINAPURA . . . . .	Bapt.
RAWUL PINDI . . . . .	Wes., Am. Presb.
REWADANDA . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
ROHTAK (Rhotak) . . . . .	S. P. G., Camb.
ROY BAREILLY . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
RUNGPUR . . . . .	Wes.
RURKI (Roortree) . . . . .	S. P. G., Am. Presb.
RUSSEL KONDA . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.
SABHATHU . . . . .	Am. Presb.
SAGAR (Saugor) . . . . .	Swed. Evang.
SAHARANPUR . . . . .	Am. Presb.
SAKAR (Sakur) . . . . .	C. E. Z. S.
SALM . . . . .	S. P. G., L. M. S., Leipzig
SAMBALPUR. See Sumbulpur.	
SAMULCOTTAH . . . . .	Am. Evang. Luth., Can. Bapt.
SANTALS (Missions to) . . . . .	C. M. S., Wes., Free Ch. Scot., Dan. Luth.
SANTIPUR . . . . .	Am. F. B.
SASWAD . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
SATARA . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
SEALKOTE (Sealkot) . . . . .	Ch. Scot., Un. Presb.
SEUNDERABAD. See Sikandarabad.	
SERAMPUR . . . . .	Bapt.
SERUR . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
SETABALDEE . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
SHAHJAHANPUR . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
SHEALLI . . . . .	Leipzig.
SHEEMOGGA . . . . .	Wes.
SHELLA . . . . .	Welsh Cal.

Station.	Society.
SHIKAMPUR . . . . .	C. M. S.
SHILLONG . . . . .	Welsh Cal.
SHIVARAM HILLS . . . . .	Dan. Luth.
SHIVLUPUR (Shivluputra) . . . . .	C. M. S.
SHOLAPUR . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
SHALKOT. See Sealkote.	
SIBSAGOR . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
SIKANDARABAD (Secundrabad) . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes. Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis.
SILHET . . . . .	Welsh Cal.
SIMLA . . . . .	C. M. S., Bapt.
SINGROWLEE . . . . .	L. M. S.
SIRINGGUR . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
SITAPUR. See Chitapur.	
SOLIAPUR . . . . .	Friends'
SOORY. See Suri.	
SORAN . . . . .	C. M. S.
SOWNI (Sower) . . . . .	Friends'
SRIINAGAR. See Kashmir.	
STRIVALIUPUR. See Shivluputra.	
SUKUR. See Sakar.	
SUMBULPUR (Sumbalpur) . . . . .	Gen. Bapt.
SURAT . . . . .	Irish Presb.
SURI (Soory) . . . . .	Bapt.
TADIATRI . . . . .	L. M. S.
TAKALMA . . . . .	Gossner
TALIHARI . . . . .	C. M. S.
TAMBERAM . . . . .	Wes.
TANJUR (Tanjour) . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
TANK . . . . .	C. M. S.
TELLICHERI . . . . .	Basel
TEZPUR . . . . .	S. P. G.
THANAH . . . . .	Free Ch. of Scot.
TINDIVANAM . . . . .	Am. Ref. Dutch
TINNEVELLI . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Strict Bapt.
" (District of) . . . . .	C. M. S., S. P. G.
TIRUMANGALAM . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
TIRUPUNDI . . . . .	Wes.
TODGURI . . . . .	Un. Presb.
TRANQUEBAR . . . . .	S. P. G., Leipzig
TRAVANCORE (District of) . . . . .	C. M. S.
TRICHINAPALLI (Trichinopoly) . . . . .	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
TRICHUR . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
TRINCOMALI . . . . .	Wes.
TRIPATUR . . . . .	L. M. S.
TRIPETTI . . . . .	Hern.
TRIVANDERAM . . . . .	C. E. Z. S., L. M. S.
TRIVELLUR . . . . .	Wes., Free Ch. Scot.
TUMKUR . . . . .	Wes.
TUNI . . . . .	Can. Bapt.
TURA . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
TUTICORIN (Tuttukudi) . . . . .	S. P. G.
UDAMPUR (Dooleypore) . . . . .	Un. Presb.
UDAPI . . . . .	Basel
UDYAGIRI . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
UJJAIN . . . . .	Can. Presb.
ULWAR. See Alwar.	
UMBALLAH . . . . .	Wes., Am. Presb.
UNAO . . . . .	Am. Meth. Epis.
UTAKAMAND (Udistanamad) . . . . .	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Bapt., Wes., Leipzig.
VAKADU . . . . .	Hern.
VELLORE (Vellore) . . . . .	S. P. G., Ch. Scot., Dan. Luth., Am. Ref. Dutch.
VENUKONDA . . . . .	Am. Bapt.
VIZAGAPATAM . . . . .	L. M. S.
VIZAYANAGARAM (Vizianagaram) . . . . .	L. M. S.
WADALI . . . . .	Am. B. F. M.
WALLAJABAD . . . . .	Free Ch. Scot.
WARDHA . . . . .	" "
WAZIRABAD . . . . .	Ch. Scot.





## XL.—INDIA.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

## THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

Christmas Day, 1718—The Rev. Richard Cobbe—Governor Duncan—Samuel and Harriet Newell—The Revs. Donald Mitchell and Robert Nesbit—Dr. John Wilson—Early Life of Wilson—The Scottish Missionary Society—Arrival in Bombay—Oriental Studies—Journeys—The Temple Caves of Elora—A Monkey-God—In Goa—Fire-worshippers—The Jains—Separation and Death—Parsees—Mrs. Wilson—Attacked by Wild Bees—The Caves of Elephanta—Death of Dr. Wilson.

IT was a goodly company of "fair women and brave men" that dined with the Governor of Bombay on Christmas Day, 1718. The toast of "Church and King" was drunk with enthusiasm, and all the ships in the harbour fired their guns in response to the twenty-one great cannon that thundered from the fort. Bombay was proud that day, for, after fifty years of perfunctory religious services in an upper room of the fort, it had actually built itself a church.

Amongst the guests sat the Rev. Richard Cobbe, the chaplain, who had come out four years before, and had been grieved at having to perform Divine Service locked up in a fort. "He ventured," he says, "to propose the building of a church for God's honour and service according to the use of the Church of England, that all the island might see we had some religion amongst us, and that the Heathens, Mohammedans, and Papists round about us might in time be brought over as converts to our profession." As the result of Mr. Cobbe's persistent earnestness, a handsome church was built, and on that Christmas morning it had been consecrated.

Mr. Cobbe was a man of a missionary spirit, but he found himself able to do little enough either for the natives or their European masters. He did, however, establish a Charity School, which was of considerable benefit to the poor of both races, and taught many native pupils privately. Bombay had the good fortune to be ruled by several wise and enlightened Governors, under whom public instruction to a certain extent was encouraged. For sixteen years at the beginning of the century, Jonathan Duncan was Governor: the man who put down infanticide in Kutch and Guzerat, where, prior to 1807, three thousand little children were annually killed. But though just and humane, even Duncan rarely attended public worship. Henry Martyn was in Bombay in 1811 on his way to Shiraz. He describes Bombay society in the main as "aliens to the Commonwealth of Israel, and without God in the world." He was horrified to find that a large number met near the church door about the time service should commence on Sunday, and then, instead of coming in, rode straight off to the "Bobbery Hunt." One Sunday during Martyn's five weeks' stay a great race was advertised; but Martyn earnestly remonstrated, and his courteous host, Governor Duncan, forbade the race. Martyn had a large audience that Sunday, who came in a very ill humour, expecting to hear him preach against hunting and racing. But he discoursed on "the one thing needful," and made no allusion to the

interrupted sports. "Finding nothing to lay hold of" writes Martyn, "they had the race on Monday, and ran *Hypocrite* against *Martha* and *Mary*," in allusion, of course, to the preacher and his sermon.

In Bombay Presidency, as in other parts of India, the Church of England chaplains had in these early days more than they could manage to do, to keep up some regard for religion amongst their own countrymen. The Dissenting churches had to set the example of resolute work on behalf of the teeming millions of India, and the London Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Methodists have both carried on work in this Presidency from early in the century to the present time. The language is chiefly Marathi, and a New Testament in this tongue came from the Serampore Press in 1811.

We have told in another chapter how Adoniram Judson and his wife, in company with some other devoted young men and women, sailed to Calcutta in the year 1812 under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. In consequence of the high-handed action of the Calcutta authorities the little company were separated. Samuel Newell and his wife Harriet were amongst the number. The latter was not yet nineteen years of age, and eighteen years had been spent in calm tranquillity in her Massachusetts home. But in the soul of this slender, delicate girl there had arisen a fervent interest in the state of the heathen world, and when the young missionary Newell, already consecrated to the Indian Mission field, asked her to be his bride, she consented, after deep searchings of heart, to share his life and service. As our readers are aware, the voyage out was safely accomplished, and Harriet Newell saw with joy the work that Dr. Carey and his colleagues were carrying on at Serampore, and gazed with horror at the hideous eyes of Juggernaut. Deep pity and compassion thrilled her heart as she looked upon countless thousands of men and women shouting joy and praise to a repulsive idol, and she was longing to throw all her energies into the service of her Redeemer, when to the newly arrived missionaries there came the peremptory order to depart.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell set sail for the Isle of France, and experienced a long and perilous voyage. In the course of it Mrs. Newell was delivered of a daughter, who died within five days of its birth. The mother, in much weakness and suffering, reached the Isle of France, and there, a few weeks after her nineteenth birthday, the sorrowing husband laid the mortal remains of his beloved young wife to rest in the Port Louis burial-ground. The early death of this amiable and accomplished girl aroused much interest in the religious world. Her letters and journal and her reported utterances (especially on her death-bed) reveal a remarkable intensity of spiritual life.

Mr. Newell proceeded to Ceylon, and subsequently to Bombay, where however two other of the Andover students, Messrs. Gordon Hall and Nott, had arrived before him. The authorities were at first determined to ship them back to England, and their luggage was ready to go on board, when, in response to their urgent entreaties, Sir Evan Nepean and the Council suffered them to remain, pending further orders from Calcutta. There Charles Grant, the resolute and untiring friend of missions, exerted himself so energetically on their behalf that they received permission to settle



at Bombay and establish their mission, which was speedily joined by Mr. Newell, and also by other missionaries from America.

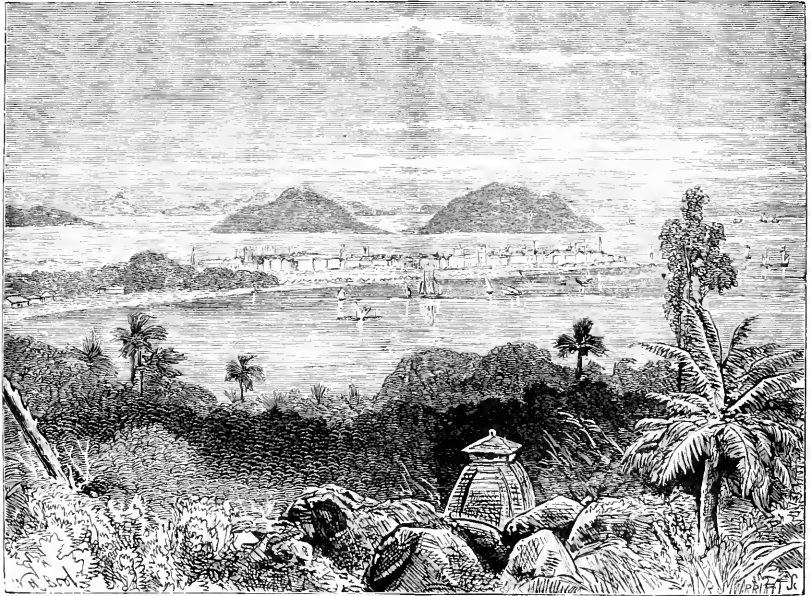
Thus the first missionary enterprise of the American Churches, broken up and scattered by the authorities in Bengal, had become providentially established in each of the great Indian Presidencies. It is difficult to calculate the disheartening and discouraging results that might have followed, had the enemies of missions succeeded in their attempts to send back that group of young American students and their noble-hearted wives to their native land. The American missionaries have held their position at Bombay to the present time, and have continued to do much good work in teaching, translating, printing, and in all the usual departments of service.

When, in 1822, the final subjugation of the Maratha power vastly extended the bounds of the Bombay Presidency, the Scottish missionaries began their work there. The Rev. Donald Mitchell was the first to arrive. The son of a Scotch minister, he had himself intended to embrace the sacred calling, but whilst a student he had imbibed Socinian views, and abandoning his former aspirations, had obtained a commission in the East India Company's service. But whilst his regiment was cantoned at Surat he had been led back to evangelical truth by a missionary of the London Society. He resigned his commission, and returned to Edinburgh to complete his studies, and his knowledge of India led him to press the claims of that country on the Scottish Society. He was sent to Bombay, but although he died eight months after his arrival, he was the pioneer founder of that wide sphere in which for forty-seven years the Rev. Dr. John Wilson laboured, and made his name one of the foremost in India.

After Mitchell's death, a band of Scottish missionaries came out, and deeming Bombay City provided for by the agencies at work, wished to settle at Poona, the Maratha capital. But the Government would not hear of their going to Poona to excite the proud Maratha Brahmans, and perhaps get martyred themselves; so for a time they worked at Bankole and Hurnee, on the coast. They got a large number of schools into their hands, for many a heathen teacher found it more profitable to hand his school over to the missionaries and accept a salary as teacher of arithmetic, than to carry it on himself. It soon became evident that there was room in Bombay for their labours, and also that Poona was not so inaccessible as had been supposed. In September, 1827, the Rev. Robert Nesbit came to the work, and in about fifteen weeks was talking Marathi so as to be pretty well understood. The pronunciation of this language presents an almost insurmountable difficulty to most Europeans, but Mr. Nesbit came to speak it so well that if he was behind a screen Brahmans could not detect that it was a foreigner who was speaking. For twenty-eight years he gave his wonderful intellect, sanctified by Divine grace, to the service of the Gospel. The text, "Declare Jehovah's glory among the heathen," is engraved upon his tomb; it is one which he had made the watchword of his life. For more than a quarter of a century he was the able coadjutor of the remarkable man whose career we are about to sketch. And here we would express our high sense of the great value of the comprehensive biographies of Dr. Wilson and

Dr. Duff, written by Dr. George Smith, for many years the able editor of the *Friend of India*. From both these works we have culled many interesting facts.

From the summit of Lauder Hill, at the junction of three Scottish counties, the eye surveys a vast extent of beautiful country, rich in historic and legendary associations. Sites made memorable by stirring scenes and romantic episodes of border warfare, or linked with holy memories of the heroic struggle for faith and freedom, and the birthplaces of men of whom, in the council-chambers or on the



BOMBAY.

battlefields of India, Scotland has had reason to be proud, cluster thickly about the fertile dales of Tweedside. At Lauder town itself Archibald Douglas "belled the cat," and here long afterwards the Covenanter Guthrie was martyred by Lauderdale. In 1804 the little town gained another title to be kept in perpetual remembrance, when to the stalwart farmer, Councillor Andrew Wilson, and his wife Janet, there was born a son, who was hereafter, as scholar, missionary, and philanthropist, to stand as an equal amongst the foremost men of our Indian Empire.

Before the child John Wilson could walk, he was talking in such a way as to astonish, and indeed frighten his simple-minded mother. As he grew up he became known at school as a boy who never told a lie. He was diligent and amiable, and

chivalrous on behalf of the timid and feeble. His religious impressions were received at a very early date, and were mainly due in the first place to listening to the fervent private devotions of his pious father, in whose room he slept. One Sunday evening it came into his head to preach from a hollow tree to the people passing by. For this, however, as an irreverent meddling with holy things, his father duly chastised him!

From his fourteenth year, Wilson studied for eight years at Edinburgh University, occupying himself as a teacher between the sessions. As tutor to the family of an Indian officer who had sent his children to the minister of Stow to be educated, Wilson became interested in Indian affairs. He heard his pupils talking Hindustani to each other, and every mail brought to the family exciting stories of Indian warfare and adventure. Here, also, he met a friend of the family, General Walker, who had formerly been in charge of Baroda, Kathiawar, and Kutch, and who had zealously carried out the plans of Governor Duncan for the suppression of infanticide. It was one of the treasured memories of this retired veteran, that on his farewell visit to his district, children were brought to him who, but for him, would have died; and one little maid lisped in Gujarati, "Walker Sahib saved me." In the perpetuation and extension of this work, the young tutor who listened with so keen an interest was to do good service in after-years.

Wilson had gone to college with a view to the ministry. During his student days not only did the religious convictions of his childhood become deepened and confirmed, but there also came upon him the persuasion that for him the right field of service was the foreign mission field. He read the Lives of David Brainerd and Henry Martyn, and his soul was fired with earnest longing to go forth as a soldier of the Cross. There is still in existence a time-stained paper, on which, in his twenty-first year, he formally signed a "solemn profession, dedication, and engagement" of himself to God.

It soon became needful to pass through the scathing trial which so many young missionaries have had to undergo—the communication of an unsuspected design to the loved ones at home. Let Wilson tell the story himself. He wrote in his journal:—"Saturday, 6th.—This day visited my dear parents and friends at Lauder. Mentioned to them my intention of soon offering myself as a missionary candidate to the Scottish Missionary Society; and, oh! what a burst of affection did I witness from my dear mother! Never will I forget what occurred this evening. She told me that at present she thought the trial of parting with me, if I should leave her, would be more hard to bear than my death. When I saw her in her tears, I cried unto God that He would send comfort to her mind, and that He would make this affair issue in His glory and our good. I entreated my mother to leave the matter to the Lord's disposal; and I told her that I would not think of leaving her if the Lord should not make my way plain to me, but that at present I thought it my duty to offer my services to the Society. She then embraced me and seemed more calm. My father said little to us on the subject, but seemed to be in deep thought. In the course of the evening, the words, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it,' and 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me,' came home to my mind, and

kept me from making any promise of drawing back in my resolution to preach the Gospel, by the grace of God, to the heathen world."

John Wilson's offer was gladly accepted by the directors of the Scottish Missionary Society, and for three years he studied hard to be thoroughly equipped as a missionary. He became proficient not only in Biblical and theological knowledge, but also in physical science, anatomy, surgery, and physic. To the simple peasants of many a mountain ravine these medical studies were in after-years a vast benefit, as well as being a help to the cause of the Gospel. Wilson was terribly in earnest: he induced sixty of his fellow-students to join him in an Association to Aid the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, and of that association he was the life and soul. In 1828 he published a *Life of John Eliot, the Apostle of the Red Indians*: and he kept up an extensive correspondence, to enable him to lay before his fellow-students the latest news of missionary enterprise.

Wilson was duly ordained to preach by the Presbytery of Lauder, his parents became reconciled to the separation, and the Society assigned him a field of service in India. In August, 1828, he married Margaret Bayne, the gifted and accomplished daughter of a clergyman. She had studied at Aberdeen, and during the six years of her Indian life showed remarkable talents for the acquirement of Oriental languages and for evangelistic work amongst the women of India, and at the same time proved her excellence in all wifely and motherly duty. There was a touching parting service in the old kirk at Lauder, and farewells that might be for life, and early in September Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were sailing from Portsmouth in the *Sesostris* towards their far-off haven.

It was on a Sunday morning—the 1st of February, 1829—that the vessel sighted Cape Comorin, and husband and wife united in prayer for success in the work in which they were about to engage. For thirteen days they were in sight of the western shore of India, passing many wretched-looking, populous towns; the country very mountainous, "but," says Wilson, "very unlike my native Scotland." They reached Bombay on the 14th, and next morning Mr. Laurie, one of the Scotch missionaries, came out with a boat to take them on shore.

Of his earliest impressions of Bombay, Wilson thus wrote:—"Everything in the appearance of Bombay and the character of the people differs from what is seen at home. Figure to yourselves a clear sky, a burning sun, a parched soil, gigantic shrubs, numerous palm-trees, a populous city with inhabitants belonging to every country under heaven, crowded and dirty streets, thousands of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists, Jews, and Portuguese, perpetual marriage processions, and barbarous music, and you will have some idea of what I observe at present."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson soon left Bombay for a time, and at Bankole and Hurnee studied the native language. By giving nine hours a day to Marathi, Wilson was able in six months to preach in that tongue. November saw them settling down to work at Bombay, and their hearts were cheered by the promulgation of the Government order abolishing Suttee—that order which, as we have told in another chapter, Carey, on the other side of India, stayed away from his Sunday duties to translate.

Their time was fully occupied. In the morning there was Divine Service in Marathi at their own house, open to all comers, and variably attended. At four in the afternoon Mr. Wilson preached in the streets to large crowds, and on two evenings in the week he preached in native houses, and visited the people as the way opened. Besides all this he had two boys' schools, and his wife three girls' schools under care. In February, 1831, he formed his eight converts into a little church on the Presbyterian model. But the Scottish Missionary Society thought this was going on too fast, and the result of the friction was that Wilson, Nesbit, and Mitchell became, in 1835, missionaries of the Church of Scotland itself, and no more home interference was experienced.

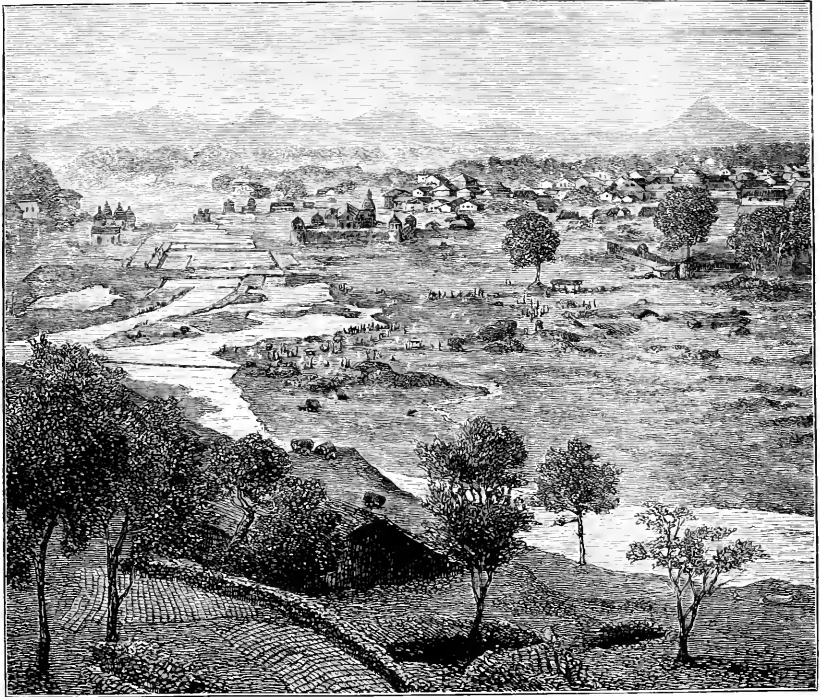
Wilson continued his Oriental studies, and soon became fluent in Gujarathi, Hindustani, and Persian. His profound Oriental scholarship and research, and the various works he produced on these topics, would alone have rendered him famous, independently of his missionary career; but he kept all such matters in their right place, and made them subservient to his main design of educating and converting the people. He felt himself sufficiently equipped to go out of the ordinary grooves of missionary work. He tells us how he thought of Paul on Mars' Hill, and of Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and "resolved by Divine grace to imitate them." In public discussions, in pamphlets, and in the newspapers he challenged Hindoos, Parsees, and Mohammedans to come forward and bring their religions to the test of argument. The controversies that ensued roused general attention; hundreds examined the subject who had been indifferent before; as a result, numbers flocked to the services to hear more of these things, and in the course of time the seed thus sown brought forth fruit.

Mr. Wilson found it desirable to know more of Western India than could be learned by dwelling in Bombay, and was also anxious to proclaim the Gospel message to wider circles. Almost annually he made extensive tours, and became acquainted with many varieties of Indian life. There was in Bombay an agent of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. C. R. Farrar, whose infant son (best known to fame as Canon Farrar of Westminster) was often dandled on Mr. Wilson's knee. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Farrar were intimate friends, and took their first extended tour together. They penetrated to Nasik, on the upper Godavery, a town of which Mr. Wilson used afterwards to say that it first stoned him, and forty years afterwards would not let him leave Western India for a time without presenting him with a eulogistic address on parchment.

On the top of a majestic mountain, near Nasik, they saw the couch of the god Rama, and twelve pools near by, each with its guardian idol. Nasik was soon afterwards taken in charge by the Church Missionary Society, and a school established there for liberated Africans. From this school Dr. Livingstone selected the boys who were his faithful companions in his Nile explorations.

Next year, in company with Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Wilson journeyed westward into the native State of Hyderabad. At Alandi they found the festival of the god Inánoba in progress. "Inánoba," writes Mr. Wilson, "is unlike most of the other gods of the

Dekkan. He is a literary character, while his fellows, with the exception of Tukobá, are warriors and robbers. While he sojourned in the world he had really a considerable taste for Prakrita poetry, and he translated the *Gítá* and several other works into a peculiar kind of verse. He was treated with respect during life, and after death he was made a god. I do not think he desired this honour, for in some of his verses in my possession he appears to condemn idolatry and polytheism. His



NASIK.

favourite shrine is in Alandi, and his votaries, during the *Jatrá*, which was almost concluded when we arrived, were estimated at a *lák* (100,000). His divine presence, however, does not appear to diffuse an overplus of religious veneration. It appears to be most propitious to mercantile speculation and absurd diversion and amusement. A peep at the god—a short prayer for money, rain, and children, and a humble prostration, were all the services rendered. The feet of his highness, which have walked from his body about a *kos* on the road to *Puná*, seem to be peculiarly lovely in the eyes of his friends. The osculations were all bestowed upon them.

Hundreds were flocking around them, and forming small piles of stones in their neighbourhood."

They journeyed on through numerous romantic villages, preaching the Gospel as opportunity offered. In most villages they saw the shrine of Hanuman, the monkey-god, his image daubed with red lead, outside the principal gate. Its votaries were kneeling before it, or walking many times round it, and sometimes decking it with garlands. The shrine is a favourite one with wives anxious to become mothers, and Mr. Wilson says, "The exercise which they take in connection with their worship may not be without effect."

In a ridge of hills, overlooking the Dekkan plains, they came upon the famous temple-caves of Elora. There are three sets of excavations—Jain, Buddhist, and Brahmanical—all very extensive and wonderful structures. In Kailas, the Brahmanical temple, the two missionaries preached the Gospel. "Little," writes Wilson, "did the formers of this wonderful structure anticipate an event of this kind. We are, in all probability, the first messengers of peace who have declared within it the claims of Jehovah, announced His solemn decree to abolish the idols, and entreated His rebellious children to accept of the mercy proposed through His Son. Some of our auditors pointed to the magnificent arches and stupendous figures around us as the very works of God's own hand: but we pointed them to the marks of the instrument of the mason, to the innumerable proofs of decay everywhere exhibited, and to the unsuitableness, absurdity, and impiety of the representations."

At Nandoor Nimba there was a curious scene. Messrs. Wilson and Mitchell offered the little community eight rupees for the whole collection of their village gods. They said they were afraid to part with them, but consented that Mr. Mitchell should be allowed to test the power of their idols. A large club was given him, and he bestowed three sounding blows on the monkey-god Hanuman. "His lordship," says Wilson, "received them with great meekness, and without showing the least symptom of displeasure. The villagers stood aghast; but they immediately destroyed their convictions by alleging that our *virtue* gave us a great power over the gods, which *they* could never exercise. Death, they said, would be the consequence of *their* inflicting a blow."

In the cold season of 1833-4 Messrs. Wilson and Mitchell journeyed through the southern Maratha country to Goa. As they went from town to town, they were disgusted at the frequent evidences of English complicity with idol-worship. Temples everywhere were receiving allowances from the public revenue. They entered Goa by an ancient gate bearing a statue of Vasco de Gama, visited the stately cathedral, saw with reverence the tomb of Francis Xavier, and had some pleasant intercourse "with the most respectable monks in the Roman Catholic Church" at the Augustinian Convent.



HANUMAN, THE MONKEY-GOD.

Partly by the jungle of the coast, and partly by the forest defiles of the Ghâts, the missionaries returned towards Bombay. At one place Mr. Wilson was riding through the jungle a little in advance of Mr. Mitchell, when a large tiger sprang up about six yards from the horse. "I then cried out as loud as I could, with the view of frightening him. I had the happiness of seeing him retreat for a little, and I galloped from him as fast as my horse would carry me to Mr. Mitchell, whom I found walking with four or five natives." On passing the scene of the encounter the animal was not seen, though he was heard among the trees by the horse-keepers. The men said he was often seen at that place at sunset, and that they presented offerings to an image on Wardham Hill for protection from tigers.

Mr. Wilson's next journey was northward, into the Gujarathi country, with its great native States of Baroda, Kathiawar, and Kutch. It was in these regions that the Parsees found an asylum before they were attracted by the English to Bombay. In Persia, the land of their origin, the Parsees are a despised and poverty-stricken people; but in India they have flourished, and are now distinguished by their superior intelligence, their great wealth, and their generous support of public charities. They regard earth, air, fire, and water as sacred symbols of the Deity, but indignantly repudiate the charge that they worship either of these elements. But the especial reverence they pay to fire has led to their being universally regarded as fire-worshippers. Fire is ever burning in their temples, and a Parsee at prayer either faces the sun, or, in its absence, the fire which represents it. The great law-giver and founder of their faith, Zoroaster, is said to have flourished in the reign of Darius Hystaspes. He wrote in the Zend language certain books called Avestas, of which some still exist. The Zend Avestas teach the adoration of Ormuzd, the principle of all righteousness, co-equally with whom has reigned from the beginning Ahriman, the author of all evil. In the end Ahriman will be vanquished, and evil will be annihilated. The Parsees believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in future retribution, and are taught a simple, practical morality. They object to either bury or burn their dead, and near Bombay they expose them on the far-famed "Towers of Silence," to be devoured by vultures and other birds of prey.

In these regions the missionaries also found many of the half-Hindu, half-Buddhist communities of Jains. Their principal belief and worship seem to centre in certain holy mortals who become divine by self-denial and mortification. Of these "Tirthankaras" twenty-four belong to a long-past age, twenty-four to the present, and twenty-four to the future. Of those appertaining to the present era, the first, Rishaba, is declared to have been five hundred poles in height, and to have lived more than eight million years. Seeing that the Jains can only carry back their own history for about a thousand years, it is difficult to appreciate these big figures. The twenty-third Tirthankara of this series, Parinath, and the twenty-fourth, Mahiviva, are acknowledged to have been but ordinary men, and to have lived comparatively a short time on earth. But these two are held in highest esteem and veneration, and many are the temples built in their honour.



The Jains believe that all matter is eternal; they deny any active providence in the Deity. Their tenderness for every form of animal life is excessive and ludicrous. They never eat or drink in the dark, for fear of inadvertently swallowing some insect, and they strain, three times over, the water they are about to drink. Their priests and devotees go about with a cloth over their mouths for fear of destroying some minute organism in the act of breathing, and they carry a small broom with which to sweep the path before them, and especially any place on which they purpose to sit down. Their kindness to fleas and other vermin almost surpasses belief.

At Bhooj, Mr. Wilson and his companion, Dr. Smyttan, saw the monument erected by the Rajah Rao Daisul in memory of the Rev. James Gray. Gray had begun life as a shoemaker in the township of Dunse, not far from Mr. Wilson's own birthplace, but had educated himself until, as senior master of the High School at Edinburgh, he was acknowledged to be the second best teacher of Greek in Scotland. He was the friend of Burns, whose sons he taught, corresponded with Wordsworth, and contributed poetry and classical criticisms to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Subsequently his aspirations took another direction, and, relinquishing his scholastic and literary prospects, he entered the Church, and accepted a chaplaincy under the East India Company. He was placed at Bhooj, his official duty being to minister to about 140 Europeans. But he gave all his spare time to the service of the natives, reduced their Kutchi dialect to writing, and flung himself into the task of educating their young Rajah. "I shall be able to make him one of the most learned kings that ever were in India, as he promises to be one of the most humane. Oh, that I may be able to impart to his mind a portion of that wisdom that cometh down from above." The good missionary died in 1830, and in 1833 Rao Daisul succeeded to the tributary throne for which Mr. Gray had so well prepared him, and, till 1860, ruled over his little State of half a million people in a way that showed his high appreciation of the teachings of his Christian tutor. He abolished slavery, and zealously suppressed infanticide, and his son and successor co-operated with Sir Bartle Frere in putting down the slave trade between Zanzibar and Muscat.

From Bhooj, Mr. Wilson proceeded to the south of the Gulf of Kutch, where Dwarka, with its shrine of Krishna, is to Western India what Puri, with its shrine of Jaganātha, is to the East. Here had long dwelt a mixed race, who lived chiefly by piracy, filling up their time by plundering; but vigorous administration had procured tranquillity for the devotees, who might now throng hither in peace and safety to seek absorption into Krishna, "the prince, the intoxicator." The tour of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Smyttan attracted great attention, crowds flocked together in the bazaars of Porebunder to hear their public preaching, and at Joonagurh they had discussions with native scholars lasting far into the night. Near the latter town they visited the noted rocks of Girvar, upon which the Buddhist Emperor, Akoka, had engraved his famous fourteen edicts two thousand years before. Little attention had hitherto been given to "the most interesting historical rock-book in all Southern Asia;" but ultimately the inscriptions were read by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Prinsep, and found to be most important links between the histories of India and Greece. Upon a mountain close by, at an

altitude of nearly 3,000 feet, were numerous Jain temples, with images of all the twenty-four Tirthankaras. From an adjacent peak Hindus weary of life have been



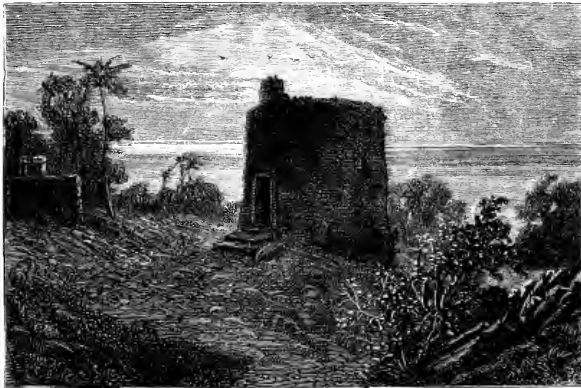
BRAHMAN GIRL OF BOMBAY.

accustomed to throw themselves, in the belief that they would thereby secure immediate entrance into heaven. After visiting *en route* the famous Temple of Somnath,

pillaged and disfigured by Mohammud of Ghuznee eight hundred years before, Mr. Wilson returned to Bombay.

Separation and death, the two dark shadows that seem ever hanging over the family life of Europeans in India, had already visited the Wilsons. Of their four children two had died young, and the eldest, Andrew (since known to fame as traveller and author), had been sent to England. Deeply had the devoted parents felt these rifts in the family circle, but to John Wilson the severest stroke was yet to come.

In March, 1835, Mrs. Wilson wrote to a friend, "Dr. Smyttan has just been here, and says that I cannot live much longer in this country. He urges my going home; I know not what to do. It seems worse than death to part from my husband; but if I must indeed go, the Lord will give me strength in the hour of trial. Dr. S. has not



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

yet mentioned it to Mr. W. He is afraid of distressing him; and he wished me *first* to give my consent to it. This I can never do."

Within three weeks of writing the above letter, Margaret Wilson was no more. A Sabbath morning saw her gently pass away—to the great grief of all classes of the community. Her name, side by side with that of her great contemporary, Anne Judson, heads the long list of noble-hearted women who in modern days have lived and died for the peoples of Southern Asia.

Mr. Wilson did not let his own personal sorrows interfere with his work for the Master. The English school at Bombay was now a missionary college, which became a very flourishing institution. Dr. Wilson (the diploma came unexpectedly from Edinburgh in 1836) rejoiced also to see his wife's work among the females making progress under the care of her sisters. He ardently pursued his Gospel labours, and great interest was excited by his vigorous controversies with Parsees, Jews, Jains, and Brahmins, both by means of the Press, and also in prolonged discussions. But,

though he could defeat his adversaries in argument, to convert them was quite another matter. "With regard to the conversion of a Parsee," one excited Zoroastrian declared, "you cannot ever dream of the event, because even a Parsee baby crying in the cradle is firmly confident in the venerable Zarthosht." "The conversion of a Parsee, I allow," answered Wilson, "is a work too difficult for me to accomplish. It is not too difficult, however, for the Spirit of God. It is my part to state the truth of God, and it is God's part to give it His blessing."

In 1842, Dr. Wilson published his greatest work, "The Parsi Religion;" but in the meantime three young Parsees at the college had been admitted into the Christian Church. The Parsee community were roused to indignation at the news. Crowds came to the mission house, and tried to decoy away two of the youths who had taken refuge there, and even made a forcible attempt to seize the lads in Dr. Wilson's presence. The baptism had to be carried out under police protection. Thousands of pounds were subscribed by the Parsees to bring the matter into the law courts, and writs were duly served; but it was proved that the youths were over sixteen, and therefore had the right to choose for themselves. But there was great excitement as Dr. Wilson drove away from the court with two of the lads in his carriage. A turbulent crowd of low-class Parsees surrounded the vehicle. Some of them clung to the wheels, and there would have been mischief done but for the interference of European bystanders. Even then the crowd pursued the carriage through the streets, shouting, "Seize! Kill!"

One of the converts, Franji Bahmanji, had been taken possession of by his friends, who carried him before the Parsee Punchayat (or Sanhedrim). Here he was threatened with severe treatment if he renounced the Parsee religion, and riches and pleasures were promised him if he would live in the faith of his fathers. When they found nothing would move him, he was taken home, whilst his female relations beat their bosoms, and mourned as if for the dead. He was afterwards removed to a distance, tied to a tree, and cruelly beaten. For some weeks he was kept in confinement; but at last his friends wearied of their fruitless opposition, and let him return to Bombay. For a time the schools suffered much by the withdrawal of scholars in consequence of Parsee opposition; but they came back again, and in 1842 there were 1,446 young people, of whom 568 were girls, in the Bombay schools.

Dr. Wilson took great interest in the African youths captured from slave-ships, and placed them in the schools at Bombay and Poona. Dr. Livingstone visited Bombay, and, after a period of pleasant intercourse with Dr. Wilson, selected some of these lads as his attendants in his last journey of exploration. The civilisation and evangelisation of Africa was always a subject very dear to Dr. Wilson's heart, and he proved himself a true friend to its people.

Dr. Wilson visited his native land just as the Free Church started into life, and at once heartily co-operated with Chalmers and Duff, and the other "Great-Hearts" of the movement. During this visit he married Miss Isabella Dennistoun, who entered energetically into all his plans, and for twenty years by his side showed the true spirit of the self-sacrificing missionary. Of the sisters Bayne, who had so well carried forward

the work of Margaret Wilson amongst the Indian women, one had married, and one was at rest in the Scottish burial-ground, so that for Isabella Wilson there was an ample field of service, which she well and worthily cultivated. Her "unobtrusive piety and unselfish simplicity" were striking features of her character. Thus was Dr. Wilson twice over especially blessed as regards his experience of married life; and when, in 1867, it was again his lot to suffer the pangs of bereavement, he wrote, "I always felt that one quiet glance of her loving and approving eye was better to me than the applause of the multitude."

A few months after his return to Bombay with his bride, in 1847, Dr. Wilson was out with his colleague, Mr. Henderson, and a few friends and pupils, making some researches in Salsette Island, when a remarkable incident occurred. "We were attacked," writes Dr. Wilson, "by an immense cloud of wild bees, which had received no sensible provocation from any of our party, and nearly stung to death. Mr. Henderson was the first who was attacked. He soon sank on one of the jungle roads, in the hopeless attempt to guard himself from injury; and he had lain for about fifty minutes in a state of almost total insensibility before he was found by our friends, and any relief could be extended to him. It was on my joining him from behind, when he first gave the alarm, that I came in contact with the thousands of infuriated insects. I sprang into a bush for shelter; but there I got no adequate covering from their onset. In my attempt to free myself from agony and entanglement, I immediately slid over a precipice, tearing both my clothes and body among the thorns in the rapid descent of about forty feet. From the number of bees which still encompassed me and multiplied upon me, and my inability to move from them, I had a pretty strong impression upon my mind that unless God himself specially interfered on my behalf, all my wanderings and journeyings must then have been terminated, though by the humblest agency—the insects of the air. That interposition I experienced! I had kept hold of a pillow with which I had gone to Mr. Henderson; and tearing it open on the bushes when I was unable to rise, I found within it, most unexpectedly, about a couple of square yards of blanket. It was to me in the circumstances like a sheet let down from heaven to cover my head; and partially protected by it, I lay till the bees left me. When from the poison of the numerous stings which I had received, violent vomiting and other agitation came on, and my pulse failed and my heart fainted, a native, a Phakoor, one of the aboriginal sons of the forest, who had come up, pulled me into the shade."

Mr. Henderson and Dr. Wilson were removed in native carts to their tents, and subsequently brought to Bombay, where, under the skilful care of Dr. Burn and other friends, they gradually recovered. The wild bee of India is of a dark chocolate colour, and about an inch and an eighth in length. Instances have been known of natives losing their lives through an attack of the kind described.

Whilst Wilson had been away in Scotland, Seinde had been added to the British dominions. Wilson took the earliest opportunity of visiting the province, and was the first to preach the Gospel to the natives. One day he was sitting beside the river Indus translating, and now and again pausing to survey the scene through his

telescope. Presently he saw a boat dropping down the river; it came nearer, and as it touched an adjacent landing-place, who should step out from it but Dr. Duff. The two friends were overjoyed at this remarkable meeting, and travelled in company through Kutch to Bombay.

We cannot, of course, profess to follow Dr. Wilson through the details of his energetic and laborious career during all the long years that followed—preachings, lectures, discussions, literary labours, deciphering inscriptions, and so forth. For information on the wonderful rock-hewn caves of Elephanta—where, carved in stone,



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, the great Triad of Hindu divinity, have gazed in calm silence for eight hundred years—Wilson was the recognised authority, and no distinguished traveller was allowed to visit these remarkable monuments of antiquity without him.

“In velvet skull-cap and with long wand,” says his biographer, Dr. Smith, “the enthusiastic scholar, with the air of an old knight, would lead his friends through the caves, pouring forth his stores of knowledge with unflagging courtesy, and charming all by the rare combination of goodness and grace, historical and Oriental lore, poetic quotation and scientific reference, genial remark and childlike humour, till visitors like the accomplished Lady Canning declared they had never met such a man.”

With all his scholastic acquirements, Wilson never forgot to put his sacred calling in the foremost place. The Governor of Bombay offered him the post of Oriental

translator to the Government, but Wilson would not risk the chance of being hindered in his duties. He declared he would remain only a missionary, and respectfully declined the honour.

The Indian Mutiny came in 1857, but in Bombay its terrors and anxieties were only felt at a distance. Of its actual horrors nothing was seen, and at a meeting called to consider the need for taking precautions, Wilson offered to walk unarmed at night through any lane in the city. When the Mutiny was over, all throughout India, our wisest and best men, seeing that the great need of the people was "more light," made various efforts in the great cities in the direction of higher education. Amongst other institutions dating from this period is the University of Bombay, of which Wilson became Vice-Chancellor, and it is owing to the exertion of his beneficent influence that a due recognition of the claims of Christian philosophy and literature was obtained.

The year 1870 saw Wilson again in Scotland, presiding as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church. In addresses to the brethren at this great gathering, and in sermons and lectures as the way opened for them, Dr. Wilson fervently pleaded the cause of Indian missions, and roused the Christian Churches of Great Britain to fresh enthusiasm. In the following year he went back to Bombay for a few more years of active service. But the end was now approaching. At intervals he suffered severely from attacks of acute pain; and when, in 1871, the Prince of Wales was anxious to have the pleasure and advantage of Dr. Wilson's company in exploring the eaves of Elephanta, the weary veteran was too ill to leave his bed. The Prince sent his portrait by Sir Bartle Frere to the aged missionary, as a token of his regard. There was a grand banquet in the wondrous rock-hewn halls of Elephanta; but the Prince and his hosts could not but regret the absence of one whose painstaking assiduity and erudition had forced the sculptured chambers to reveal their mysterious stories of gods and heroes of a bygone age.

There were at first grounds for hoping that Dr. Wilson might recover from this attack, as he had done from many others. But the improvement was only temporary, and on the 1st of December, 1875, the soul of this great champion of the Cross, who for forty-six years had waged incessant war against the false gods of India, passed away into the eternal rest. It was an imposing funeral that swept through the streets of Bombay to the Scottish burial-grounds, where already lay his two wives, Margaret and Isabella, and his bosom friend, Robert Nesbit.

Dr. Wilson's influence was far vaster than the mere record of known conversions would indicate. An immense number of young people received, through his instruction, Christian ideas and a Christian tone of thought, which could not but influence their lives and the circles in which they mingled. A Parsee gentleman expressed the sentiment of many minds, when he said, "Dr. Wilson did not make me a Christian, but I hope I am a better man for having known him."

## CHAPTER LXXX.

## THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

Early Labours in Madras—Work of Various Missionary Societies—The Rev. Elijah Hoole—A Ship on Fire—At Negapatam and Tanjore—The Study of Hinduism—Holy Beggars—Some Strange Experiences—Opposition—John Anderson—His School in Madras—Caste—Robert Johnstone—The Rev. J. Braidwood—Trying Ordeals for Young Converts—Leaving all for Christ's Sake—Converts in the Court-Houses—Mooniatta—Samuel Hebich—Early Yearnings for Mission Work at the Basle Mission Institute—Bazaar Preaching—Among Court and Military Officials—Eccentricities—Out Stations and Fishing Villages—Persecutions—A "Devils' Nest"—Sowing Beside all Waters—Hebich's Old Age—and Death.

**S**HELTERED by the frowning ramparts of the fortress of St. George, the city of Madras had for a hundred years been growing in size and importance before the first mission was established here by Schultze and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The work in this city received valuable aid from Schwartz, and here, too, at times, Sartorius and Geister laboured. In 1742, Fabricius was spared from Tranquebar to come to the help of the Madras Mission in a time of emergency, and remained working there till his resignation in 1788, having "lost his faculties by age, labour, and trouble." Then the faithful Gerické, known to his fellow-workers as "The Primitive Christian," and emphatically styled by Schwartz, "a Nathanael in whom there is no guile," tore himself from his beloved flock at Negapatam, and superintended affairs at Madras till his death in 1803.

The ceaseless labours of these honoured men, aided by many faithful coadjutors, had brought, in all, some five thousand souls into the Christian Church, besides exerting an influence of which mere numbers give no adequate idea. But of late there had been serious troubles; war and political tumult had unsettled men's minds, and the people of Madras had seen the columns of black smoke that tracked the destroying march of Hyder Ali's terrible army. His horsemen ravaged the outlying suburbs, where the mission-work had been mostly carried on; the flocks were dispersed, and the pastors for a time had to take refuge in the fort of St. George, for their mission church and premises in the suburbs of Vepery were made the headquarters of the troops brought from Bengal by the Government to meet the formidable hosts of Ali. These trials were, however, surmounted, and converts were added even in the midst of calamities, until difficulties arose of a more desolating character.

In 1793, a young missionary named Pœzold came out from Halle, and after studying for some time under Schwartz at Tanjore, came to the help of Gerické at Madras. After Gerické's death, in 1803, Pœzold displayed a grasping and litigious spirit which brought dissension into the mission, and the natives saw for the first time a Christian missionary summoning members of his flock in the civil courts.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the Madras Mission was in a declining state, and at the same time Christianity itself seemed to be little regarded by its nominal professors.

The young Irish chaplain, Dr. Kerr, and the Rev. Marmaduke Thompson, successively strove to effect a reformation amongst Europeans. About the same time





Cassell & Company Limited.

For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.



David Brown at Calcutta, and his friend Henry Martyn, and a few other chaplains here and there, were endeavouring to raise the Christian tone of European society in India, and were thus preparing the way for the missionary efforts about to be put forth. In 1807 Thompson wanted some Bibles, but all the shops in Madras were searched in vain, and it was two years longer before any arrived for sale. When Henry Martyn preached here on his way to Bengal, his text was: "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" His audience seemed scarcely aware that he was quoting Scripture. Quite a storm arose, and he was accused of having "used language in the pulpit so gross as was not fit to be used in any decent place in the presence of decent company."

Through the persistent exertions of Messrs. Kerr and Thompson, an improvement in religious life, and a demand for Bibles and other religious literature, set in. Mr. Thompson tried to establish a Bible Society, but this was forbidden; supplies of Tamil and other Bibles were, however, procured by private subscription.

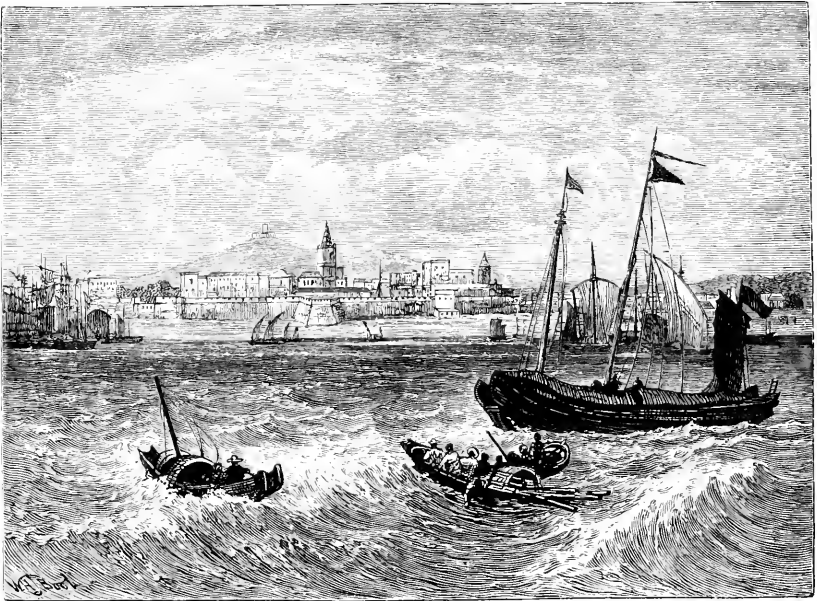
The London Missionary Society sent to Madras, in 1805, the Rev. W. C. Loveless, an earnest labourer, who fraternally co-operated in some of Mr. Thompson's efforts. The same Society has continued to send a succession of devoted men, who have established schools, preached in streets, bazaars, and villages, and ministered to congregations up to the present time.

In 1814, in response to appeals from the Madras chaplains, the Church Missionary Society sent two missionaries, Messrs. Schnarre and Rhenius, to establish a mission in the part of the city called Blacktown. This work has also been kept up to the present time, and has been fully developed in the various departments of native pastorate, schools, Mohammedan Mission, and Zenana work.

The Wesleyan Mission was begun in 1817 by the Rev. J. Lynch, sent hither from Ceylon. An English society was formed, and a native congregation gathered, and other Wesleyan ministers soon came out to help in the work, and its extension to Negapatam and Bangalore. Amongst these was the Rev. Elijah Hoole, who, with the Rev. James Mowatt and his wife, was passing Ceylon in the ship *Tanjore*, when a fearful storm came on. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning was incessant, and soon after eight p.m. "a flash which illuminated the whole hemisphere, and was accompanied by loud cracking and a tremendous noise, struck the ship, prostrating one of the passengers who was reading by the glare, and killed upon the spot two of the seamen in the fore-castle." The cargo in the hold caught fire, and, in spite of every exertion to quench the flames, the vessel was soon in a blaze. With great difficulty the passengers and crew, forty-eight in number, were crowded into the two boats, and with only three oars and a number of spars, paddled away from the ship, on which the fire was raging fiercely. "It was now about nine o'clock," says Mr. Hoole, "the rain poured in torrents; the lightning continued to stream from one side of the heavens to the other, one moment dazzling us by its glare, and the next leaving us in darkness, relieved only by the red flame of the conflagration from which we were trying to escape."

All through the night the *Tanjore* was burning, the flames from the spirits and

other inflammable goods rising to an enormous height. (Some months afterwards, Mr. Hoole picked up one of the burnt spars three hundred miles off, at Negapatam.) When the sun rose, the occupants of the boat saw land in front; all day they made towards it, and discovered it to be a wild jungle fronted by rocks, upon which the waves dashed furiously. Towards evening they providentially came upon a small native vessel at anchor. The owners ministered to the wants of the famished company, and



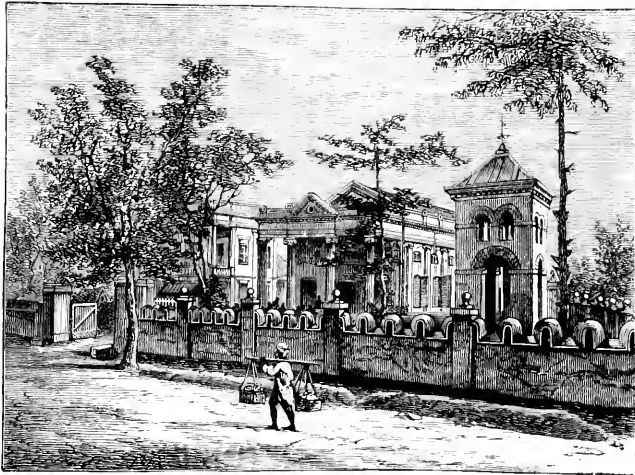
MADRAS.

arranged to take them to Trincomalee, which was safely reached next day. A tiny vessel, the *Cochin*, now took the mission party on their way, and they soon saw the British flag waving above the fortress of St. George, and Madras outspread before them like a panorama—"a line of coast several miles in extent, varied by gardens, houses, churches, minarets, waste lands, esplanades, and public buildings."

Mr. Hoole helped the missionaries at Madras for a short time, and was then sent to Negapatam. He travelled in a palanquin with ten bearers, who relieved each other at short intervals, and had also six porters for his luggage. At first his mind was much disturbed at being supported by men, but he soon found that palanquin-bearers were amongst the most satisfied and cheerful of the Hindu people. Sometimes at the end of a stage they had fierce quarrels among themselves, all about nothing, and

leading to no particular result. Hoole tells how one of his missionary friends once imagined a disturbance of this kind to be the prelude to his own murder, and astonished the bearers by offering them his watch and money to propitiate them.

By way of Pondicherry and Tranquebar, Hoole reached Negapatam in eight days. Here he found Mr. Squance, who was delighted to receive a helper, and the two were soon going about to the choultries (or travellers' resting-places) preaching and singing, and distributing portions of Scripture. Hindu temples abounded at Negapatam, but the thriving town of Nagore, four miles off, was picturesque with mosques and lofty minarets. In one mosque was a sacred cassowary, which was alleged to eat fire.



ZION CHURCH, MADRAS. (*Church Missionary Society.*)

Hoole and Squance visited Nagore freely, but their poor Cingalese assistant, going there alone to address the people, was set upon by the fierce Mohammedans, and narrowly escaped being stoned.

Mr. Hoole, after some months' service at Negapatam, and a diligent study of the Tamil language, went by palanquin a long journey into the interior of the country. At Neddiamungulum he was almost stunned by the uproar of the people, who were firing crackers, beating tom-toms, and shouting in honour of Rama. In the midst of the crowd was the heavy black-wood car, fifty feet in height, "exquisitely carved with very disgusting figures," illustrating the god's adventures. High up in the car, beneath a canopy of coloured cloth, sat the idol, surrounded by shouting Brahmans. Hundreds of men tugged at the cables, or worked at the wheels with levers—it was a nine days' task to get the huge affair once round the temple. It was motionless for six hours whilst Mr. Hoole was in the town, one wheel having sunk in a soft place, and

he was glad to resume his journey when evening came, for he saw a tendency to regard him suspiciously as the probable cause of the obstruction.

At Tanjore, he was entertained by Kolhof, a pupil of Schwartz. The Rajah Serfojee was absent, having gone on pilgrimage to Benares, much to the disappointment of his missionary friends, to wash away his sins in Gunga's waters. Hoole rejoiced at seeing the prosperous state of the mission here, and went on his way. Next evening he saw the famous rock of Trichinopoly, lit up by the setting sun. Under the care of the missionary Rosen, Hoole duly inspected the oft-described temple and fortress, and on Good Friday attended service in the church where Schwartz had often ministered, and in which Bishop Heber was soon afterwards to preach his last sermon.

By successive stages Mr. Hoole journeyed on to Bangalore, where he was joined by his fellow-voyagers, Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt, and the little band went zealously to work to establish a permanent mission. The study of the language, of course, still took up a good deal of time, but within a few weeks of his arrival Hoole was preaching in the open air to mixed crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans in their own Tamil tongue. Then a house was obtained, and the nucleus of a settled congregation was formed. But Hoole did not confine himself to Bangalore; as the pioneer Methodist missionary of Southern India, he took many a long weary journey to Mysore, to Seringapatam, to Madras, and other places, seeking everywhere for opportunities to plant the standard of the Cross.

At the mission station at Bangalore, Hoole studied Hinduism both in its literature and in its practical exemplification. His teacher was Govinda Moodely, a learned man with the triple mark of Vishnu on his forehead, who, as they read together "an extraordinary medley of mythological fables, morals and metaphysics, rapturously pointed out the beauties of the composition, and triumphantly bade the missionary admire the excellent morals inculcated." But when Hoole pointed to the crimes and insane follies which were recorded as deeds of the gods, poor Govinda was ashamed. Long and frequent were the arguments, but though this learned Hindu saw the superior purity and truthfulness of the Bible, he refused to accept its teachings. Like all Tamil scholars, he was a poet, and after asking a few questions wrote a poetical account of Hoole's life, rhyming at the beginning of the lines, as is the Tamil custom, instead of at the end.

Govinda introduced Hoole into some of the temples, but repented of having done so when the missionary plainly gave his opinion of the "abominable figures displayed." Hoole gives an interesting account of the origin and progress of a small temple under his own observation. "I had observed a mound," he says, "on a small piece of waste ground by the roadside, sometimes decorated with flowers, and which I was told was the burial-place of a heathen man or woman. Within a short time a sort of heading to the grave was built, with a hole for a small lamp, which was sometimes lighted, and flowering shrubs were planted about it. I saw women and carmen, passing with firewood, throwing each a small stick, or faggot, as an offering, and was told that loads of bricks and tiles passing that way generally left a tribute of one brick or tile, the carman not fearing to rob his master for so pious a

purpose. Within a few months, by these contributions, a small temple rose, having its idol, its servant, and its worshippers, whose festivals were generally more noisy than any others in the vicinity."

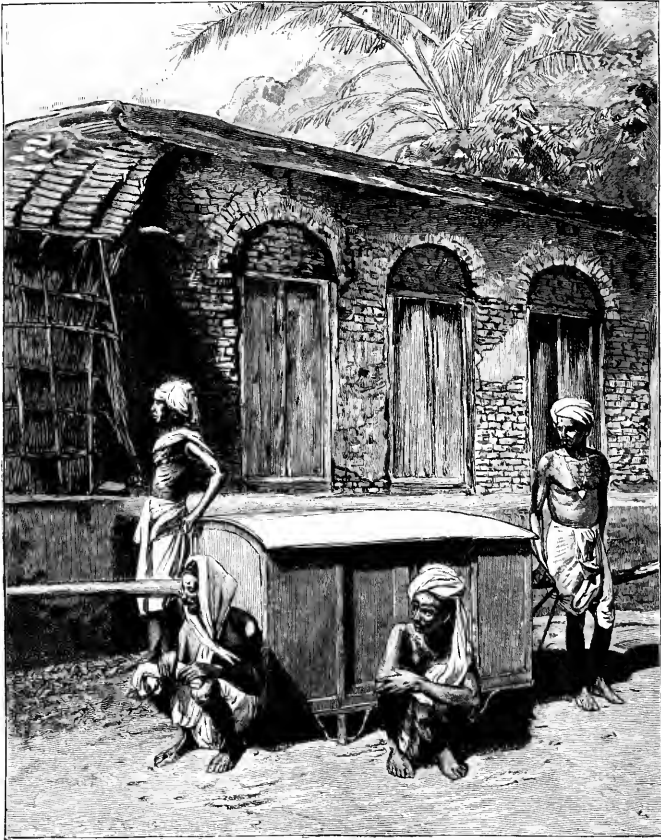
Govinda, when expatiating on the excellences of Hinduism, declared that there were in the mountains *yogis* (or hermits) who had lived in caves without food, and in entire abstraction from the world, for several hundred years. Hoole offered to go any distance with him to see these men, and pay all expenses—an offer never accepted. The missionary saw, however, plenty of pilgrims performing *shāntāngasu* before the temples by repeatedly lying flat, face downwards, till now and again they writhed in real or pretended convulsions of religious ecstasy. Then, too, there were the holy beggars, as dirty as they were holy, with spikes through their tongues and cheeks. Some lit fires on their head as proof of their sanctity, others journeyed along with many spikes pointing upwards from the soles of their sandals.

Instant in season and out of season, Mr. Hoole faithfully delivered his message to the Brahmans who guarded these heathen shrines, to his fellow-passengers on the river boats, to the bustling crowds in noisy bazaars. To many a devotee or pilgrim who rested with him in the shade at noonday he spoke words that they were not likely to forget. The most difficult to make any satisfactory impression on were those who affected the broadest toleration. "It is true," said one influential person, "that there is only one God, and He is Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, Christ, or whatever you please to call Him."

In one village Hoole had a curious experience. He says—"A woman brought a quantity of milk for me in a measure formed by part of a joint of the bamboo; not wishing to defile the vessel in her estimation by drinking from it, I put my hands together to form a channel to my mouth, in the manner customary with the natives, whilst one of the men poured out for me to drink. I had soon drunk enough; but both hands and mouth being occupied, I had no means of expressing myself, and was obliged to continue drinking until I had finished the whole."

In the course of his journeying, Mr. Hoole often met the running postmen, who were at that time the regular means of communication between the different European stations in India. The mail-bags were carried by men, who simply ran from stage to stage, about ten or fourteen miles each, having no other weapon than a staff with a few links of chain at the upper end. The jingling noise was considered to frighten serpents out of their path, and at night a long lighted torch was also borne. In this way the mails were carried at the rate of a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The year 1824 was a time of prolonged drought, and of consequent famine and pestilence in the vicinity of Madras. Few families, Hindu or European, entirely escaped its influence. The effects in the surrounding country were terrible; "men and cattle were to be seen lying dead, and the latter being frequently allowed to remain unburied, tainted the air with noxious effluvia;" the fish at the bottom of tanks and rivers became a prey for kites and crows, whilst even the birds were frequently dropping dead in their flight. Many Hindus ignored their caste prejudices, and crowded to receive the food charitably bestowed on them. Others sternly adhered

to their customs. "One day," says Mr. Hoole, "whilst we were at dinner in the mission house in Madras, a woman, much worn by hunger and fatigue, came into the garden, and, standing opposite our door, gently lowered from her back a tall lad



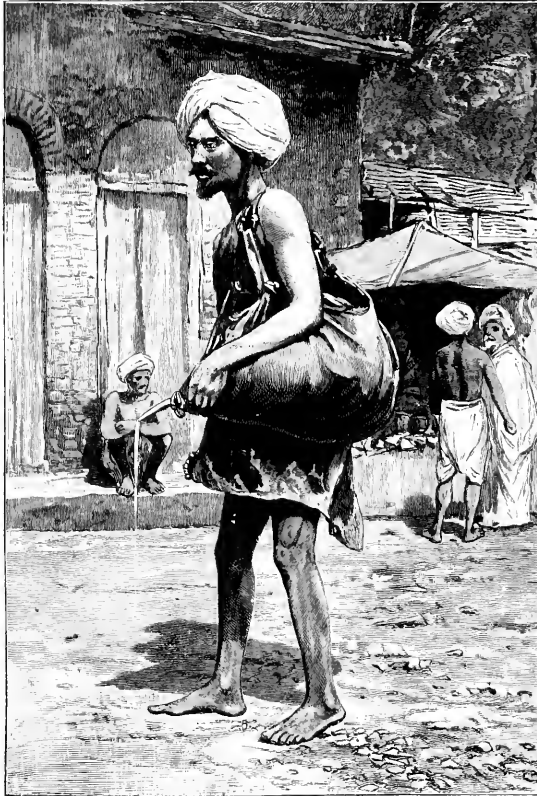
PALANQUIN AND BEARERS.

reduced to a mere skeleton, unable to stand or move without help, imploring pity and assistance. I immediately directed the rice and curry on the table to be taken to them, but the woman both rejected it herself and refused it to her famishing child, because it was against the rules of the caste to eat any food cooked or touched by Europeans."

Mr. Hoole saw several years successively, at Royapettah, the notorious hook-



swinging performed by devotees. A horizontal bar forty feet long turned on a point at the top of a tall perpendicular pole. One end of the cross-pole had attached to it a rope, which men held as they ran round in a circle; the other end of the cross-pole was furnished with bright iron hooks, on which the devotees



HINDU WATER-CARRIER.

swung in turns, the hooks being passed through the muscles and flesh of the middle of the back. Some whilst swinging scattered flowers among the crowd. The Brahmans disavowed this hook-swinging, which was, however, a favourite devotional exercise amongst lower-class Hindus, generally in consequence of vows made in time of sickness or danger, and also very frequently, it was understood, out of gratitude for having escaped punishment after committing a crime.

A curious custom which Hoole mentions is the weekly feeding by the Hindus of the Brahmany kite, the representation of Garuda, who is to Vishnu very much what the eagle is to Jupiter in classic mythology. Garuda was held to combine the wings and powers of a bird with somewhat of a man's form and intelligence. Images of Vishnu and one or two of his wives, borne through space by Garuda, are not uncommon. On Sunday morning Hoole saw the religious bird-feeding in progress. Respectable natives were seen on all the public roads with small baskets containing bits of flesh. They called out "Hari! Hari!" (one of the titles of Vishnu) till the kites, which had learned the meaning of the sound, hovered within a few yards of the ground, and stooped on the way to catch the bits of flesh thrown up to them by their worshippers.

After nearly ten years of missionary service in India, it became apparent that Mr. Hoole's almost continuous labours over a large extent of country had over-taxed his strength, and, to the great sorrow of his brother missionaries and their congregations, he returned in broken health to England. He recovered his strength, and for forty years, as one of the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, rendered invaluable services to the cause. As an Oriental scholar he acquired a high reputation, and his own personal experience as a pioneer missionary rendered him specially fitted to watch over the subsequent large developments of the Wesleyan missionary work in India. Very numerous are the Wesleyan mission stations and schools in Southern India at the present time. To the Wesleyan work in Ceylon we shall refer in another chapter.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has accomplished much in the Madras Presidency. In 1826 it took over the work of the S.P.C.K. Reorganised and endued with fresh vitality, these missions entered on a long and prosperous career of continued progress. In 1835 Bishop Corrie became the first Bishop of Madras, and has been since succeeded by Bishops Spencer, Dealtry, and Gell. Nearly fifty-five thousand persons attend the Society's mission services in this diocese; and of the eighty-five clergy, seventy are natives.

The American Board of Foreign Missions planted numerous stations in Southern India in 1834, and in 1836 sent Messrs. Winslow and Scudder to Madras. Soon afterwards they purchased the extensive printing establishments of the Church Missionary Society, and did a large amount of printing for their own stations, and also for other mission societies. Many village congregations were gathered and schools set up. At Madras their educational efforts were warmly appreciated, but conversions aroused great opposition. One young convert was carried off by force to a distant temple, and there shut up and drugged till he became imbecile. At Royapuram suburb the missionaries used to preach in the house of a native merchant, but the services were interrupted by loud shouting and the beating of drums by a crowd outside. Dried chillis were burnt on an adjoining verandah, till the congregation were almost stifled with the suffocating smoke. Stone-throwing was a matter of constant occurrence, and at length the people burnt down the house. It was rebuilt, and in the meantime Scudder and Winslow preached in a tent. Sometimes at a given signal the pegs were all pulled up,

and the whole concern came down on the heads of the assembly. Police protection had to be obtained to enable the work to be carried on. Except as a printing establishment, the American Board Mission in Madras does not appear to have been at any time a distinguished success.

We have told in a previous chapter how the missionary labours of Dr. Duff at Calcutta were in the year 1834 interrupted by severe illness. It almost seemed as if his career of usefulness was to be cut short. But a visit to his own country gave fresh energy to his shattered frame, and at the next General Assembly he uttered the memorable oration on the subject of missions, which so effectually roused in the Church of Scotland a fresh enthusiasm for the cause. The institutions established at Calcutta by Dr. Duff, and at Bombay by Dr. Wilson, were attracting great interest, and the desire arose that mission work on similar lines should be set on foot in the Madras Presidency. The man who was to do this work was ready for the call. He wrote in after-years:—"We well remember the time when, on his return from India, the Rev. Dr. Duff, emaciated by disease, and worn with the strenuous exertions of the first five years of his missionary life, delivered his first speech on Indian Missions before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Though not privileged to hear him deliver it, we know that its statements flew like lightning through the length and breadth of Scotland, vibrated through and warmed many hearts hitherto cold to missions, and tended to produce unity among brethren standing aloof from each other. Never will we forget the day, when a few of its living fragments caught our eye in a newspaper in our quiet retreat on the banks of the Nith, near Dumfries, when suffering from great bodily weakness. It kindled a spirit within us that raised us up from our bed, and pointed, as if with the finger, to India as the field of our future labours, should it please God to spare our life and to open up the way."

The writer of those words was John Anderson, who was born in 1805 at the farm of Craig in Galloway. His blind father was a skilful practical farmer, and seemed to have the greater part of the Bible in his memory. To this pious Scotchman and his loving wife were born nine sons and daughters, of whom John was eldest. "He was nursed" (his biographer, Mr. Braidwood, tells us) "amid hills and streams, amid the memories and gravestones of martyrs, and the straits and joys of humble Scottish life." At the parish school he gained the elements of learning, and at the Sabbath-school came under deep religious impressions, which ultimately led him to consecrate his life to the service of his Maker. But as a boy he was "remarkably bold and adventurous" in boyish pursuits, and books of history and travel were his favourite reading. He was passionately fond of fishing, and once after a heavy fall of rain, astonished the household by bringing home a fine haul of trout in one of the family blankets. This article, with the aid of a companion, he had dexterously used as a net.

Anderson's youth was one of frequent hardship and of trying experiences, to which, however, he makes but brief reference. In spite of difficulties, Anderson studied Latin diligently, and learned by heart fine passages in the classics that pleased him. In his twenty-second year he entered Edinburgh University and gained prizes for Latin

verses, and in other ways distinguished himself—gaining high commendation from Dr. Chalmers and other professors.

At Edinburgh Anderson studied for eight years, supporting himself by one teaching engagement after another. During one winter his daily toil was as follows:—His morning was spent in the classes, and then in the afternoon he had to walk two miles to Leith, where he was teaching in the Mariners' School. About nine o'clock he got back to Edinburgh, and then set to work by his solitary rushlight preparing the tasks which it was necessary to have ready next morning. His friend Professor McCosh describes him at this time as "tall, thin, and angular; his countenance was sharp and strongly marked with small-pox; it looked weather-beaten, and altogether gave unmistakable indications that he who bore it had come through trials and temptations. His picturesqueness was increased by reason of his wearing a long, flowing, blue camlet cloak." The professor goes on to describe Anderson's high intellectual powers, his flowing conversation and healthy piety.

Anderson was thirty years of age when he broke down with overstudy and overwork, and for nearly two years he was feared to be dying of consumption. But health and strength returned sufficiently to permit of his undertaking the service to which during his time of weakness he consecrated himself. In August, 1836, a duly appointed missionary of the Church of Scotland, he set sail on his five thousand miles' journey to his field of labour.

He reached Madras, where an elementary school established by the Scotch chaplains was removed by Mr. Anderson to a central position in Black Town, and transformed into an institution for supplying the native population with a liberal English education. But he made no secret of his ultimate objects, which he plainly declared in his prospectus printed in the local papers. After alluding to the schools established by Duff and Wilson, he explained his own intentions, and added:—"The ultimate object is that each of these institutions shall be a Normal Seminary in which native teachers and preachers may be trained up, to convey to their benighted countrymen the benefit of a sound education, and the blessings of the Gospel of Christ." With one English assistant and some moonshees, Mr. Anderson opened school with fifty-nine pupils; but in less than two years he had two hundred and seventy-seven under his care. Then came a time of trouble. Two boys of the Pariah class with Brahman marks on their foreheads came to the school. After a time the deception was discovered, and some of the high-caste youths and their friends vehemently demanded the expulsion of the Pariahs. Anderson stoutly refused to recognise caste in the institution—all who came voluntarily might remain. The result was that a hundred pupils left, and there was great excitement in the whole community. But the storm passed over, and the work again flourished, and it was seen to be needful to extend it. But the strain was too much for Anderson alone, and he was soon afterwards joined by his gifted associate, Robert Johnstone. "True Yoke-fellows in the Mission Field" is the appropriate title of Mr. Braidwood's interesting volume narrating their joint labours, and Mr. Hunter styles Anderson "the Luther," and Johnstone "the Melancthon" of the Madras Mission.

At Craigie Burn farm, near Moffatt, Robert Johnstone first saw the light, on December 16, 1807. The parish school and the Sabbath-school supplied his early education, and it was his mother's dying wish that he should be a minister. He was the devoted friend of Anderson at Edinburgh, and a sharer with him in Christian work. When the Foreign Missions Committee saw Anderson likely to break down through overwork at Madras, they asked Johnstone to go out to his friend's assistance, and after much prayerful deliberation he accepted the appointment. January, 1839, saw Anderson clasping his friend's hands in the cabin of the *Lady Flora* in the Madras Roads, and presently they were being rowed by madly yelling boatmen through the surf to the shore. "It being the vacation," writes Johnstone, "the school was shut; many of the pupils came to see me; two converted natives, one the son of the late Rajah of Cochin, and the other a very high-class Brahman who attends him, came the first night; they have given up all for Christ; their effigies were burnt after their baptism; their relatives have renounced them for ever. One of them wished me to pray on account of my safe arrival; this was interesting. I could not help asking what I had given compared with these youths!"

Forty miles from Benares stands the ancient Dravidian city of Conjeveram, with its grand Sivavite and Vishnuvite temples and its crowds of attendant Brahmans and dancing girls. Here in May, 1839, when the great annual festival, which attracts a hundred thousand worshippers, was in full swing, Mr. Anderson opened a Christian school in a portion of a stable. This branch establishment began with eight pupils, but soon rose to forty. But twice it seemed as if the devoted missionary was to lose his life over this effort, as first fever and then cholera prostrated him. But his health returned, and soon more help was obtained, and fresh branches were opened at Chingleput, Nellore, and Triplicane. In January, 1841, the Rev. J. Braidwood and his wife came out eager to educate the girls and young women of India. The youths were induced to compete for a prize for the best essay on native female education, and in studying the subject they became so enthusiastic that they set to work trying to teach their female relations. But an unforeseen difficulty arose, through the ladies refusing to enter into the spirit of the thing. The Braidwoods, too, failed for a time in their efforts to set up a girls' school in Black Town.



THE LATE REV. P. RAJAHGOPAL.

The year 1841 gave the missionaries some of the first fruits they had been longing for. One Sunday in June, after the truth had been working in each of their minds for about a year, P. Rajahgopaul and A. Venkataramiah were baptised. "They were by far the two best, most interesting and intelligent lads of the first class, both in their general bearing and in every department of study, especially in mathematics, where they stand acknowledged the best." As a matter of necessity, the two youths remained that Sunday night at the mission-house; they partook of the evening meal with the missionaries, and thereby broke the chain of caste. Next morning for two hours "these two devoted youths," says Anderson, "were called upon to endure a sharp, fiery trial before their uncles and two or three of their near relatives. No art was left untried to induce them to swerve from their faith, and to go back to Hinduism. Their appeals to the youths and to myself were a trial to flesh and blood, such as in all my life I never had witnessed and felt; and their looks of despair and of silence when they saw the youths so firm, might have moved a heart of stone to pity them. "What! what!" they often cried out, "does Christianity teach you to hate us, your fathers and mothers and friends! What a religion is this!—'No, no,' both lads replied, their eyes streaming with tears; 'Christianity tells us to love you; you know we love you, and our mothers our fathers, and our brothers: we love you better than ever: we pray for you day and night, that the Lord may have mercy on your souls.'"

Rajahgopaul, writing in after-years of this trying interview, says: "I came through overwhelming struggles of mind in leaving behind me one of the noblest of mothers, whose sole earthly prop and support I was . . . Venka had a most affectionate mother lingering on a bed of sickness. . . . The only point upon which we were weak was our fond attachment to our mothers. Now that we were to bid them, as we imagined, an eternal farewell, they seemed to be more lovely than ever, more tender, more entwined with the best and deepest of our affections. We were told of our mothers, that one was at her last gasp, and the other waiting to receive the news of our declining to return home, to sacrifice her life. We were reminded of their ten thousand acts of tender affection: what bright prospects and joys they associated with our progress in education; and now what a wrench it will be to their nature to bury us alive in the vilest of graves—Christianity. These were enforced by tears, sobs and cries, and by one of our uncles threatening to stab himself with a knife that lay on the table. I remember yet vividly their retiring from the scene, tottering along, looking now and then as one who had newly interred in the grave his only first-born, with a look of inexpressible tenderness and despair. The two families began to curse each other. My people spoke of Venka as the cause of my degradation; his in return held me up as the sole cause of their poor, bewildered, apostate son's ruin."

That same day the youths and their teachers were summoned to the police station. The magistrates (one of whom was a Brahman) heard the case patiently, and then told the youths they were of age to judge and think for themselves. As they left the court, there was a rush by the people, and an unsuccessful attempt at

rescue, and for two or three days the mission house was surrounded by threatening crowds; for six weeks the missionaries felt it best not to leave the house.

A month or two afterwards, another youth, Ettirajooloo, who had been for some time attached to Christianity, was baptised in the mission house. After the previous baptism, he had been for a time kept at home, but he wrote asking to be prayed for, and stating that his Bible had been taken away and burnt. Once or twice he managed to visit Anderson, bringing the horoscope which is made out at every Brahman's birth, and which proved his age, and begging to be baptised. On his face were marks of the cruel scourge with which he had been flogged. Mr. Anderson still advised him to wait for a time and fully consider the results of taking the final step. "At last, one Monday night, about nine o'clock, being a notable new moon, when his stepfather had gone out to collect money among his friends for the idol, his friend Venkataramiah, who had observed his entrance in the middle of our evening prayer, suddenly exclaimed, 'Lord, we praise Thee that Thou hast heard our prayers; Thou hast given us an immediate answer; Thou hast brought Thy servant!' A few minutes before, we had prayed for him by name. We determined now to baptise him. I could not again send him back. Accordingly, I baptised him next morning."

The immediate result of these baptisms was the scattering of four hundred scholars,—only thirty or forty remained. Of the scattered ones at least a hundred could read the English Bible. Mr. Anderson now started the *Madras Native Herald*, which for many years did good service as an assailant of idolatry and a defender of Christianity. It formed an important link with the inquiring young Hindus no longer under his personal care. In a few months the schools had fairly recovered from the effects of the storm, and two hundred and seventy-eight pupils were present at the examination in January, 1842. During that year, in spite of more baptisms, the number rose yet higher. Meanwhile, the Hindu party were doing all they could to oppose missionary progress. They started a high-class heathen school, and stirred up the people to renewed enthusiasm in the performance of all their heathen rites and ceremonies.

One of Siva's festivals (Kutchel Easwaren) came round as usual in April. "Morning and evening for many days," says Mr. Braidwood, "sometimes at midnight and sometimes long before the dawn, crowds of idolaters pass our windows carrying their gods. Lesser idols are brought from their temples, to give importance to the principal one seated on a platform, which is supported by poles and carried along the streets by forty or fifty sweating coolies. In front of it walks a band of temple women, without fear or shame, parading their ornaments. After it come Brahmans, chanting a hymn, their foreheads and naked arms rubbed with ashes, their heads, as usual, bare; hand in hand they walk amidst the vast crowd, Satan's chief and willing servants. Cymbals, tom-toms, and pipes accompany; rockets ascend at intervals: flaming torches and blue lights in base effrontery contend with the moon's pure brightness. A maddening joy shoots through the immense multitude as they drag the idol on its car past our door. There is no lack of willing arms; mothers make their tender daughters lay their hands on the huge ropes. The idol is decked with jewels and

flowers; agile Brahmans at its feet receive cloth and money from the worshippers, and give in return a hallowed piece of a cocoa-nut. Idolatry is a living power; rich and poor mingle in the concourse, and many respectable women are seldom seen except on such occasions."

At the time of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, the missionaries in Madras, like their brethren at Bombay and Calcutta, cast in their lot with the Free Church. During succeeding years, fresh converts were from time to time gathered in. The case of the young Brahman Rajahvooloo was a very interesting one. His relations attacked the mission house with stones and hatchets to carry him off by force, and being foiled in the attempt obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*. It came before Sir William Burton, and the father swore that the lad was only twelve years of age. He was proved, however, to be seventeen, and by his replies to questions satisfied the judge as regards both his discretion and his voluntary determination to go with Mr. Anderson. The judge decided that the youth was perfectly free to choose for himself, and directed the sheriff to see him safely taken to the mission house.

It was more easy to give this direction than to carry it out. "It is impossible," says Mr. Braidwood, "to give an idea of the tumultuous scene that followed. Within the court-house were crowds of Brahmans and other natives of all castes, who began to move and swell like a troubled sea: outside was a large mass unable to get in, whose feelings had been roused by the cries of the youth's mother. The mob swayed to and fro like the deafening surge. Mr. Anderson was advised to retire out of view, while the other missionary remained with the youth. The congregated masses in front did not disperse; and the Brahmans resolved to rescue the boy at all risks. The day was declining. A conveyance was stationed at the sheriff's office as a decoy, whilst Mr. Anderson's was brought to the back part of the buildings. Scarcely had the youth and his protectors got into it when hands were thrust out to stop the wheels. The coachman's whip made the old fiery war-horse bound through their midst. A shower of missiles rattled on the carriage; through the smashed shutters behind, a body of Brahmans were seen in full cry, pelting as they pursued. In a few seconds the gate of the mission house was reached. The police were there to prevent further molestation. "The native community," said the *Atlas*, "appear panic-stricken by this occurrence: the moral benefits of it to them can hardly be estimated, whilst the present position of the missionaries cannot fail to command the increased sympathies of all true Christians."

As the immediate result of these conversions, three hundred pupils were withdrawn from the schools, and a memorial went up from heathen natives to the Court of Directors praying to be saved from "the fangs of the missionaries." But this storm, like preceding ones, was successfully weathered, and larger premises in a more prominent position were secured as headquarters.

Early in 1847 there were conversions amongst the girls and young women, with whom Mrs. Braidwood had been so zealously and lovingly labouring. Unnum and Mooniatta, two Tamil maidens from the first class of the girls' school, confessed their conviction of the truth of Christianity. About a month afterwards both these girls





HINDU DANCING GIRLS.

found that they were about to be married without having been consulted in the matter. As the last chance of escape from a heathen life, they fled to the mission house. Unnum's case was soon arranged; her grandmother and guardian was Um-marice Ummah, already herself inclined to be a Christian, and subsequently baptised under the name of Sarah. But Mooniatta's case was to be a far more difficult one. On the morning after she had taken refuge with the missionaries, her mother Jyalanda and a number of relatives came to the mission house, and strove with threats to induce Mooniatta to return with them. But the girl was firm in her refusal to go back to idolatry, and the next step taken by the relatives was to take out a writ of *habeas corpus* against Mr. Anderson. Whilst the heathen crowd, armed with iron bars and stones, were still raging in front of the house, and were only kept from open violence by the presence of the chief magistrate and the police, two other girls, Venkatlutehmo and Yaygah, arrived, and on the following day, another, named Mungah. The three last named were Telogoos, and experienced little opposition from their relatives. But at the girls' school the attendance sank from 170 on the Wednesday to only three on the Thursday, and these disappeared before the end of the week. The branch schools also suffered.

When the day came for Mooniatta's case to be heard in court, Mr. Anderson came up with the girl in obedience to the writ. The mother Jyalanda brought a horoscope to prove that her daughter was only seven years, eight months, and twenty-seven days old. But the girl was some five years or more older than that, and the horoscope was undoubtedly a forgery. The judge decided that if the girl possessed sufficient discretion to act for herself, she could not be prevented from going where she pleased.

"Whither do you wish to go—Mr. Anderson's, or your mother's?" asked the judge, Sir William Burton, who had previously decided the Ragavooloo case.

"I like to go to Mr. Anderson's," replied the girl.

"Now, consider," said Sir William; "you were born to your mother, your mother suckled you at her breast, she carried you about when you were a little child, she gave you food and clothes, she put you to a good school; now, what is the reason that you wish to leave her and go to another place?"

"If I go home," firmly replied Mooniatta, "they will force me to worship idols made by men; they have eyes but they see not; ears have they but they hear not; a mouth have they, but they speak not. I wish to go to a place where I can be saved."

Some further questions were then asked as to her religious belief, to all of which she gave clear and satisfactory replies. She had just answered a searching question as to her convictions with reference to Christian worship, when, "at this moment," says Mr. Braidwood, "her eldest brother, a man of twenty-four, who had watched her from the beginning, and, after moving close to her, had been whispering, 'Come away, come away, do not say that,' suddenly seized her arm with one hand, and took hold of her upper cloth with the other, and almost strangled her as he attempted to drag her away. It was the work of a moment. Mooniatta gave a loud scream. The baton of a European constable was heard on the knuckles of her

brother, making him relax his death-like grasp. The judge rose from his seat; the whole court was in confusion; they lifted the trembling girl and placed her on a chair; the brother was seized and carried off; Mooniatta had much pain in her arm and neck, and was not in a state to be examined further. Her companion Umum kept fast hold of one hand. They were removed to a side room. The Court ordered the girl to be taken back to Mr. Anderson's and produced when required. Thus passed four agitating, exhausting hours."

The case was resumed on May 3rd, when the judges decided that in all these cases "age, discretion, and special circumstances," had to be taken into account. A very material "special circumstance" was the sending of the children by the parents to Mr. Anderson's school. Mooniatta was declared free to choose for herself. Her name became permanently enshrined in the records of Indian law cases, and it seems a great pity that it was changed to Ruth at baptism.

No doubt to some readers it may appear strange that a girl of thirteen should be deemed old enough to leave her relatives for the purpose of baptism; but the physical and mental precocity of Oriental women must be borne in mind, and also the fact that as soon as she is twelve, a girl is liable to be married, and may very probably have no other opportunity of uniting herself with the Christian Church. Young mothers of only thirteen years of age are pitifully common in India, and it cannot be maintained that a female deemed old enough for maternity is too young to decide for herself as to religious profession.

Amongst the valued helpers of the Madras Mission was Miss Locher, a Swiss lady. A little before the events last narrated, she had become Mrs. Anderson, and it was soon her lot to stay and watch over the female converts while her husband was absent nearly two years to regain health and strength in Europe. Soon after his return it was evident that Mr. Johnstone's constitution was breaking up. Consumption had taken a firm hold upon him, before he was carried on board the steamer in a palanquin in February, 1851. He rallied for a short time after the homeward voyage, and then peacefully died in the house of Lady Foulis at Edinburgh, in March, 1853.

Three or four of the converts were now native preachers, doing good service to the cause, and more helpers from Scotland also came to the work. One of these, Mr. Blyth, tells us how astonished he was to find the threat of half an hour's extra tuition (for not giving satisfaction) was hailed with delight by the scholar. "Being kept" was of no account here as a means of discipline!

During succeeding years there were many baptisms of converts, and several more natives from time to time entered the ministry. One curious case was that of Nagalingum. He was educated in a heathen school, where English books were used, because, although felt to be dangerous, they were vastly superior in all other respects to anything of Hindu manufacture. One day the 115th Psalm, with its graphic description of heathen idols, was read in class, and Nagalingum was so excited by it that he cried out aloud, "I will be a Christian." The teacher was at first astounded, and then, rising to the level of the occasion, flogged the class all round to prevent this horrible notion from spreading further! But Nagalingum's convictions could not

be beaten out of him, and soon afterwards he fled to the mission, and was baptised with ten others.

Early in 1855 the veteran founder of the mission, Mr. Anderson, gave signs of speedy departure from the field of service. Remittent fever set in, and the symptoms became so grave that it had to be intimated to him that his end was near. "I thank you, beloved friend," he replied to Dr. Lorimer, "for making so simple and direct a statement. It makes me lean on the Lord entirely, and love my heavenly Father more, Jesus my Saviour, the mission and all in it, and my loving and faithful wife. I feel that the mission will never want men to labour, or means, or converts, or institutions. People of all denominations will support it, for the Lord has His hand here." There were a few more expressions of his steadfast faith, and two or three days of lingering weakness, and then, upon a Sabbath morning in March, 1855, his spirit gently passed away. He was deeply and sincerely mourned, and that not only by the English residents and the Christian converts. The bereaved widow heard with tearful joy how that even the heathen mothers were telling their children that the benefactor of the Hindus had died. They all understood that he loved them, for his heart was open to every one.

Under a succession of able and devoted men and women, the Madras schools and missions of the Free Church of Scotland have maintained and increased their efficiency and success. Native preachers and teachers have been sent out to various large Tamil- and Telegu-speaking towns in the interior. The institute has, under the Rev. Dr. Miller, developed into the United Christian College for all South India.

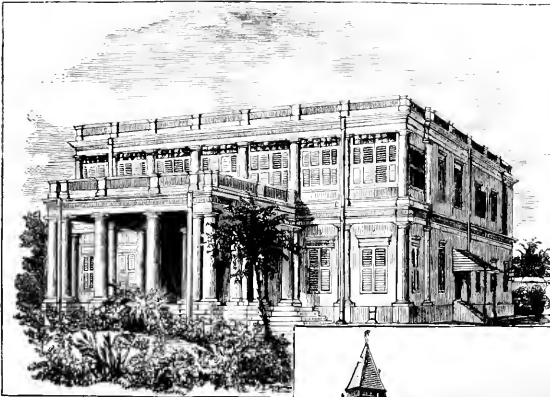
We have now to speak of the important work carried on for a quarter of a century in the Madras Presidency (though for the most part on its western shore) by Hebieh and his associates.

When on Christmas Day, 1827, the sturdy little pastor of Nellingen, so renowned for his skill as a swordsman, died with the "Odes of Horace" on the bed beside him, he left behind him seven sons, each a head taller than himself. Of these the fourth in age was Samuel Hebieh, born in 1803. His brothers went into commercial pursuits, but Samuel showed a quiet, contemplative disposition, and his father resolved to make a preacher of him. He could not afford to send the lad to a public school, and therefore, in a more or less desultory fashion, he taught him the elements of theology, Latin, and French. Samuel noticed that in their studies his father always kept to the Psalms and the Prophets, and seemed to shrink from the New Testament; and yet, whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, the old man raised his cap reverently—a habit that made a deep impression on his son's mind.

At Lübeck, where, for a few years, he lived with his brother Max, Hebieh devoted his days to business and his evenings to study; and here, too, he passed through deep spiritual experiences which were to mould his life to those high purposes to which he ultimately consecrated himself. His search after peace of mind so affected him, that his brother thought him ill, and took him out shooting, and Hebieh never forgot his bitter sorrow after bringing down his first bird. Neither business, study, nor diversion, could meet the case. He

seemed to feel himself getting farther and farther from God, until there came "a time of utter destruction and darkness," which lasted for about eight days, during which Satanic suggestions that he should kill himself and make an end of it all were incessant. He was in this condition when a popular festival took place, on June 13th, 1821. In the evening young Hebich strolled away from the houses and the giddy crowds, and "hardly noticing whither I went," he says, "I came to a

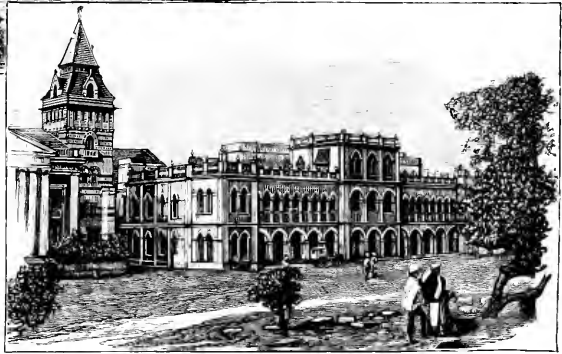
quiet open cabbage-field. There I once more ventured to lift my sinful glance to the Holy One and Pure; then falling on my knees, literally in the very dust, I prayed to Him whose Holy Spirit was even then overshadowing me." He goes on to tell how his burden of sin fell away, and he beheld his Saviour.



FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, MADRAS.

There were many doubts and difficulties, as for several months he read the Bible diligently, and ceaselessly strove to shape his life by the Divine commands. But in February, 1822, he came under the preaching of Pastor Geibel of the Reformed Church, and his eyes were opened to see that the Saviour from whom he had found forgiveness could alone sanctify his life.

But his constant poring over the Bible and his new religious associates were not to the liking of his brother Max, who denounced the whole thing as hypocrisy. The old father (freethinker as he was) was indignant that his son should waver from established orthodoxy. He wrote a terrible letter, beginning, "Son, thou hast chosen the downward path," and ending, "faithfully, your father, a respected Lutheran clergyman; neither a tailor nor a cobbler." Samuel's faith was almost shaken by this



FREE CHURCH INSTITUTION AND CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS.

letter from the father he so dearly loved. The language of his heart was, "Barely twenty years old, while your father is over seventy, a learned and experienced clergyman, your brother held in universal esteem; can it be that both these are mistaken and you only right? Surely not!" He adds, "Sorely I grieved; the day was wild and stormy; I could yet show the place where, on my way home through the market-place, I seemed to hear a voice, 'If thou lovest father or mother more than Me, thou art not worthy of Me.' At once I knew what I had to do; all my father's and brother's reproaches fell off from me like the rain which was then falling."

There was a full reconciliation with his father when Samuel visited the old home in 1823. The old man saw that his son's religious experience was not a matter to be tampered with, and Hebich went back to Lübeck with his mind at rest. He was now twenty, wrote a great deal of devotional poetry, and studied English diligently.

To his early yearnings for mission work, his communings with Pastor Geibel on the subject, and his experiences as a commercial traveller in Russia, Finland, and Sweden, we must only allude in passing. The details will be found in the excellent *Life of Samuel Hebich* written by two of his fellow-labourers, and translated into English by Colonel J. G. Halliday. In August, 1828, Hebich was prevented, by a vexatious police detention at St. Petersburg, from returning by the vessel he purposed sailing in. He saw it sail out of sight, and came on by another ship to Lübeck, where he received the startling intelligence that the first vessel had gone down at sea with all on board. For a year he was superintending a large estate and paper factory in Finland, quietly watching and disciplining himself for the missionary career which he felt assured was in store for him.

At length, through the liberality of a Christian lady, Mrs. Lefren, a way opened for Hebich to study for four years at the Basle Mission Institute. His biographers tell us how "assembled in the dining-hall the students were singing, when an important-looking traveller in cloak and fur cap walked straight in, inquiring for the inspector, who at first greeted him in a courteous but somewhat ceremonious manner, then heartily kissed him on both cheeks, and introduced him as our new brother Hebich." It was Christmas Eve, and after hymns had been sung each student had a plate of apples and walnuts in honour of the occasion. Very simple was the life at the institute, and Hebich had to take his part in menial offices. He plodded diligently at languages and theology, but was not a brilliant student. For active service his soul yearned, and in his holiday trips he earnestly preached the Gospel at Königsfeld, in Alsace, at Neufchâtel and elsewhere. To householders with whom he lodged, to the passengers on the steamer deck, to the monks of the Simplon over the supper-table, to wayfarers by the roadside—to all, the young evangelist faithfully declared the Truth, and narrated his own experience of conversion. On the top of the Wengern Alps, he records, "I was able to acknowledge my Lord and Master." This long stay at Basle, and its attendant experiences, was to Hebich a time of great spiritual growth. There was an atmosphere of fervent devotedness in the institute itself, and again and again was the zeal of the students quickened by the visits of veterans from the fields of active service. Amongst others who came with

soul-stirring messages were Dr. Steinkopf, Dr. Gobat, from Abyssinia, and the saintly Quaker preacher Stephen Grellett.

Prince Victor of Schomberg, in February, 1834, by a generous gift of ten thousand thalers, enabled the Basle Committee to send out three missionaries to India. Hebich, Lehner, and Greiner were chosen for the work. Hebich went to Ulm on a farewell visit to his aged mother, whose last words to him were, "You have ever been a dutiful son to your father and mother." Then with his companions he proceeded to London, which they reached in time to attend the "May Meetings" of that year; and July found them on board the *Malabar* bound for Southern India. Hebich strove to influence the sailors for good. At first they would not listen, but when he went away discouraged they sent a man after him to fetch him back, and good results followed.

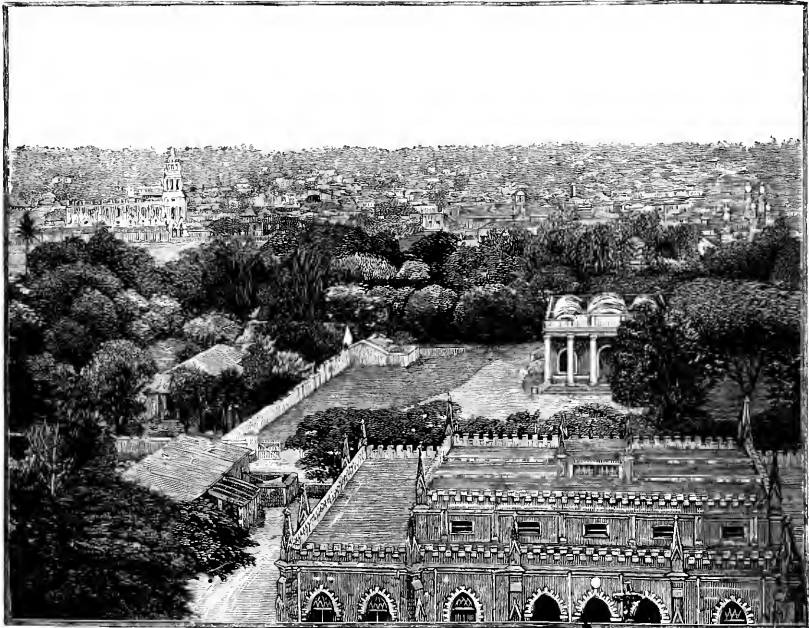
The missionaries first settled at Mangalore, and for a year did little more than study the Canarese and Konkani languages. At length they were able to converse with Brahmans who called on them, and Hebich resolved to make a tour of observation. He journeyed first to Cannanore, and then to Mysore and Bangalore. Here he found the Wesleyans and the London Missionary Society working, and Mr. Campbell transferred a catechist, the Brahman "Malachi," to Mr. Hebich. At Bellary he met the venerable Mr. Hands just about to set out for Europe after twenty-five years of patient labour. On his return journey Hebich preached every day. In company with Malachi he traversed on foot the whole coast region of the Canara district; often he had to let himself be carried across pieces of water on Malachi's back. Reaching Mangalore, Hebich was laid up for a while with inflamed feet, but, recovering, set vigorously to work at bazaar preaching. He declined all further study of the language when he found himself able to declare the truths of salvation. For Oriental scholarship he cared nothing; his only aim was to be a preacher of the Gospel. Soon the missionaries began a little school, and also a regular service in the mission-house; their first congregation consisted mainly of Malachi and his family.

The bazaar-preaching was very arduous; the Brahmans contradicted and derided them, the populace threw stones and filth. "A God who was nailed to the Cross with nails like this!" cried one Brahman, holding up four nails before the crowd. Hebich stayed not for any of these things. Sometimes with Malachi and sometimes alone, he went forth into the thick of the market-place, covered his face with his straw hat for a few moments of silent prayer, then laying down his long bamboo stick read a text and preached upon it. He used bold imagery to arrest attention; once when fervently preaching about hell being *open*, a shrewd urchin politely asked, "Then, will you not be kind enough to put the lid on, sir?"

Other helpers came out to the mission in 1836, but Hebich was undoubtedly impetuous and peculiar, and the missionaries found it best to let him work out his own plans, aiding him as opportunity offered, and leaving him to himself when that seemed best. He had a good deal of mercantile sharp-sightedness, and was very economical. In one year he saved £141 out of the allowance for the maintenance of himself and the other missionaries, and credited the Home Committee with the sum.

An orphanage or seminary was started, and in December, 1837, we find Hebich

rejoicing that it had now twenty-four inmates. Hebich was hard at work over new buildings to accommodate both seminary and chapel, whilst his brethren were away on preaching tours. Unfortunately the boys were, most of them, Tamulians, so they had to begin by learning Canarese. "They are still wild beings," says Hebich, "some almost like animals, and cost a deal of trouble, though they still fill the heart with joyful hope." It was found needful to cut off their hair as the only way of keeping their heads clean, whereupon several were at once withdrawn by their relatives.



GENERAL VIEW OF BANGALORE.

Great was the joy of Hebich when, in July, 1838, his three Canarese teachers and three palm cultivators broke caste and asked to be baptised. Their relatives bemoaned them as dead, and the townspeople would not sell them anything. Hebich had to procure protection for them, and for a time to supply their wants.

Mögling and Gundert came to Mangalore, and Hebich assisted the new missions established by the Basle Committee at Darwhar, Hubli, and elsewhere. But it became increasingly evident that his peculiar gifts and powers did not so much fit him for co-operative work and conference, and he was set at liberty for free itinerant work amongst Europeans and Canarese, without being confined to a particular station.



He first journeyed eastward to Mysore, preaching earnestly to the civil and military officials who entertained him, and often making them tremble. "You do preach such terrible things!" exclaimed a lady. Her husband replied, "Well, I am able to laugh at all Mr. Hebich tells us." "Yes," answered Hebich, "you laugh now. Wait till you come to your death-bed, and then tell me where the laugh is." He says he had many "lively encounters" with Europeans, and some found peace through his ministry. After leaving Mysore his work lay more amongst the natives. He jogged along in a bullock-cart, stopping to preach in the villages. Sometimes he was listened to only with stupid amazement, sometimes with evident delight, but on one or two occasions he was pelted with stones. At Mindridroog he visited a Mohammedan State prisoner at the hill-fort. As they conversed, Hebich spoke of the Koran as false, whereupon the prisoner threw his slippers at the missionary and then rushed upon him with a drawn dagger. Only by rapidly retreating down the slippery granite rocks did Hebich save his life.

After a brief stay at Mangalore, he proceeded to Cannanore, the town of Kannan or Kana, the one-eyed one, *i.e.* Krishna. This place has a Portuguese and Dutch history, and is the great export town for ginger and cardamoms. The English had made it an important military station, and the chaplains had carried on some religious work here amongst natives as well as amongst the British soldiers. But all was in confusion, and Hebich was appealed to to come and put matters in order. He succeeded so well in his efforts, that he was directed from Basle to remain there and establish a branch mission.

He accordingly settled down at Cannanore, labouring amongst the natives, the Portuguese, the Indo-Britons, and some English. But he and his assistants still made street and bazaar preaching a very prominent feature of their work. During one of these bazaar services a man from one of the neighbouring villages was so affected that he came for more instruction to the mission house, and stayed there a day or two. Soon his wife came to look him up. She spurned with contempt the invitation that was extended to her to become a Christian, but came repeatedly to try and get her husband away. Presently came a message that two of the man's children were dangerously ill, and the anxious father went to see after them. For a time nothing more was heard from the man, and a catechist was sent to visit him, who reported that the man wanted to come away, but his fellow-caste-people of the community declared that he was their barber, and they had a right to the continuance of his services. Accordingly one Sunday Hebich himself went to see into the matter. He found the man anxious to come to the mission house, but his wife clasped him tight in her arms, and other relatives also used force to keep him in his house, and so, amidst the jeers of the people, Hebich had to go back alone. But the barber was determined to become a disciple, and ultimately got over to the mission house, where, with fourteen other adults, he was baptised, and took the name of Jude. He led a quiet, consistent life, but never could induce either his wife or his children to follow his example.

As time went on, Hebich extended his work by establishing out-stations, and,

amongst others, one at the fishing village of Tai. He placed there one of his own trained assistants, Timothy, whom he calls his "first-born from among the boys." He himself went and preached there on Saturdays. The youths flocked to his school, but the adults, though friendly, were impervious to his arguments or entreaties. They were stupefied by continuous drinking of toddy (palm-wine) and smoking hemp, and were confirmed devil-worshippers. Still they affected to be philosophers, and prated of a First Cause which they called Parabrahm, and declared that no sin committed in the flesh could defile the spirit. But when ever and anon the cholera came, smiting down its victims in their reeking filthy huts, they were all trembling in their terror. The devil-priest of Tai prophesied during the monsoon of 1843 that cholera would not visit the village that year. But an opposition devil-priest came forward and declared that he himself was the veritable cholera spirit, and that the immunity of the village would depend upon the way in which he was propitiated. The people, sadly frightened, brought gifts in abundance to this impostor, who in return promised them that for eight months they should be free from the plague. But almost immediately the disease broke out, and two of the prophet's relatives were among the first to die, whereupon this priest declared that it was not *his* cholera, but a plague sent upon them by some one else. Sacrifices in abundance were offered, but numbers of the people died. Hebich went about everywhere distributing medicine and talking to the sufferers. The results, both physically and spiritually, were satisfactory.

Hebich exerted a mighty influence over both Europeans and natives in Cannanore, and as the British garrison was changed annually, the effects of his rough, rousing ministry were subsequently seen in many other places. He visited all the accessible places in the country round, especially at the time of heathen festivals. In December, 1844, he went to Taliparamba, "a chief devils'-nest," as he says, in north Malabar, and preached among the crowds of heathen. Soon afterwards we see him with a chosen band of helpers at the forest shrine of Payavoor. This shrine is a lonely spot during most of the year, but in February a town with long streets of booths springs up, and crowds of pilgrims and merchants take up their residence there. It is a religious festival, but the hill folk and coast folk take the opportunity of exchanging their products and wares. Hebich pitched his tent among the rest, and he and his assistants preached by relays for the four days of the festival, and distributed tracts and portions of Scripture. Sand was freely flung at them, and ultimately stones. "That was meant for me," said Hebich sympathisingly, when he saw a Brahman listener rubbing his head. "Oh, never mind," said the man. A policeman was, however, told off to follow the missionary about, thus preventing open breaches of the peace.

In 1849 an attempt was made to drive him away from Payavoor by means of elephants. Hebich says of this occasion:—"First, while we were standing to preach on a low mud wall, the chief man came right down upon us mounted on a small elephant. The animal hesitated, the rider trying to force it nearer to us. I raised my voice and rebuked him loudly: the elephant took fright, ran up against the wall, and then moved slowly past me. The next day four very large elephants appeared

on the scene of action; one of them was without a rider, and appeared so violent that every one ran away. The animals moved in our direction; two of them were easily driven off, but the other two still came on and pressed us hard. We trembled, but the Lord gave us grace to stand our ground, and our firmness favourably impressed the people. The proprietor of the temple and of the elephants then asked me if I had been sent by Government, as in that case he would not oppose me. 'But,' he said, 'Government respects me, and my God which you call a stone!' My coming regularly for these five years past had, he said, caused him a yearly loss of two hundred rupees; he would lay a complaint before Government praying that I might be forced to reimburse him this thousand rupees." Hebich, of course, pleaded the authority of the King of Kings as being paramount to that of the Government.

In the hot season of 1846, Hebich and his company went to Cherukuru, where, from the midst of an extensive plain, rises a steep hill crowned by a temple of Kali. They pitched their tent during the night, but their morning devotions were disturbed by the shouts of the excited people. When Hebich began to preach in the afternoon, a yelling crowd of young men tried to drown his voice. Sand was thrown over him, and presently a rush was made at the tent, and the ropes were cut and a deliberate attempt was made to trample down the Christians in the dust. For two hours there was a raging combat about the tent, and the tent-pole was with difficulty kept upright by the servants. At six o'clock there was a great firing of guns and beating of tom-toms in connection with the grand sacrificial procession. An elephant took fright at the swaying tent, and rushed away with the crowd following it. Thus left to themselves, the mission party thought it prudent to pack up their belongings and get away. Hebich was at home at Cannanore before midnight, and never again visited this "devil's place."

There was much evidence of good resulting from his terribly earnest preaching at the idol festivals. He began to be expected as one of the attractions of the spectacles, and many came for the express purpose of seeing and hearing the "man with the beard."

At Cannanore the work as a whole prospered, though there were occasional trials and difficulties. Sometimes his converts and even his catechists grieved him with their backslidings; the home committee, straitened in its resources, pressed him to reduce expenditure at all the stations. Then his own proceedings and style of preaching often provoked criticism. He encouraged full confession of sins, which laid him open to a charge of Romanising tendencies. As regards his religious teaching Mügling, his coadjutor at Mangalore, wrote to him, "I cannot help thinking that you preach much more about the devil and unclean spirits than is at all necessary; especially as, whether from Scripture or our own experience, we know so very little of these mysteries." Once Hebich, whilst preaching, declared that noxious insects and the disgusting carrion crows of the burning Ghâts were the creation of the devil—an avowal which brought upon him the serious expostulations of his brethren.

Anjerakandi was an out-station under the care of a catechist named Timotheus. Hebich visited it at intervals, and was much concerned for the poor Puláars, the

down-trodden slave caste. About fifty were church members, and Hebich induced the planters to allow them a little cessation from labour. A great work was done in reclaiming many of these people from habitual drunkenness, and from "stealing, witchcraft, and incontinence." At the New Year (1850) almost the whole body of labourers at Anjerakandi got two days' leave to visit Cannanore, and twenty-five more of them were baptised. Unfortunately, the people took back the small-pox with them: their leader Timotheus and several of the people died, and many others were laid by for a considerable time. The pepper crop was just ripe for picking, and Hebich had to bear the reproaches of the planters—"All this comes of your Cannanore New Year's Feast."

But the pestilence passed away, and seemed overruled for good. The young men were seriously impressed: they broke up their secret drinking-places, and Hebich received an extensive assortment of bamboo and cocoa-nut drinking vessels, which he treasured as trophies of victory. The planters aided and encouraged the work. The gangs on the plantations were no longer seen toiling almost naked, but were in decent clothes, and sang Christian songs over their work. But the higher-caste Hindus still looked on these poor creatures as scarcely human. Only certain of the public paths were free to them, and they dared not enter a Tier village. One Christian was nearly beaten to death for approaching the shop of a Mapila tradesman. The Mapilas are the descendants of the Arab settlers in Malabar, and conversion to Mohammedanism would have procured Mapila rights and privileges for these poor people: but Christian baptism, though in the dominions of a Christian Empire, was of no such social efficacy, and the Mapila shopkeepers declared that by admitting these native Christians to their shops, all high-caste Hindu custom would be driven away. But Hebich was delighted to see the cause flourishing both at Cannanore and Anjerakandi. Forty-three women from the latter place joined the Church in one day, and soon afterwards over fifty men and women at the same place. Among these new converts was a man of the dominant caste—a Tier—and his daughter. The heathen were stirred up, and there was some rioting, which the authorities soon suppressed, and at the New Year's Festival, 1851, Hebich was delighted to see the Anjerakandi Christians, 180 strong, walking over to the joint services at Cannanore.

In the autumn of 1851, the Basle Committee sent out Mr. Jasenham, the Inspector of the mission house, to visit the missions, and report on their actual condition. He took with him Ernest Diez, who was to be Hebich's assistant in account-keeping and secular matters. The visitors were sitting down to tea at Balnatha, when they became aware of "a strange figure with a long stick, a broad-brimmed white hat, and a prodigious shirt-collar falling over his shoulders, approaching at a rapid pace." Mr. Jasenham writes: "In a moment he stood before me, truly a noble figure, great and strong, his head almost bald, but a long grey beard down to his chest. He greeted me earnestly, modestly, yet with a certain childlike simplicity, with a few Scripture words. But no sooner did he turn towards the brethren than the fire kindled within him, and all was life and animation throughout the mission house. 'Mr. Hebich has come,' passed from mouth to mouth, and all hastened up to welcome him. Soon, however,

with the air of a commander, he formed the young catechist class into a semicircle, and gave out a hymn to be sung. He then sat down with us to tea, and entered into lively conversation."

Hebich was confirmed in his position as head of the Basle Missions in India, and went back with the new-comer, Diez, to his own station at Cannanore. After visiting the other stations, the Inspector, Jansenham, got there also, and was much interested in studying Hebich's methods. He describes the assembling of the congregation—women and girls from Cheripal, officers and ladies in carriages, a squad of soldiers in red



IN BANGALORE (CANARESE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT).

jackets and white trousers marching in to the higher benches at the back. The natives on benches in front—children squatting on mats down in front of them. Then comes the service, singing, a prayer of nearly an hour's length, with at least fifty names of persons and places mentioned in it, and a sermon. Sentence by sentence the English prayer and preaching are interpreted into Malayalam by Jacob kneeling or standing at his side. And if Jacob doesn't keep well up to the mark, a smart reproof is there and then administered.

"This church," writes Jansenham, "is certainly one of the phenomena of our mission. There is much spiritual life manifested; but the form is just Hebich's own—much, indeed, to admire, but also much that rather startles. What mean

that small rod and longer cane on the table by the side of the English, the Tamil, and the Malayalam Bibles? Well, it is soon made evident. If during the prayer the little children, who kneel just in front of Hebiel, forget themselves, and begin to play or fidget, he is up in a moment, and having restored order by the administration of a smart cut, kneels down again as though nothing had happened. I remonstrated with him on this as being quite contrary to all ecclesiastical propriety. Afterwards these peculiar church ornaments disappeared." A Sunday-school for the children took the place of the enforced church attendance.



SAMUEL HEBIEL.

Hebiel and one of his catechists, O'Brien, whom he had placed over a new station at Palghat, often went on preaching tours together. One day, whilst travelling in the jungle, Hebiel suddenly found himself in close proximity to a wild elephant, and had to run as he had never run in his life before. In the Anamalle Hills they found themselves among the wild race called Kaders, renowned for their skill in climbing the tallest forest trees. They listened attentively to Gospel preaching, and told the missionaries, "We never tell lies, and we put all adulterers to death. We do not pray to idols, but we worship certain birds and goats. We live on what our forests produce, feeding mainly on bamboo rice. To be sure, we do not know how to read, but we are quite willing to hear your message, and to learn whatever you will teach us." Unfortunately, the unhealthy character of the region, and its distance from the stations,

prevented anything permanent being done for these people.

It must be remembered that whilst Hebiel was incessantly labouring to extend the mission work amongst the heathen, he never ceased also to work diligently amongst the Europeans, both civil and military. He completely altered the tone of society at some of the missionary stations, and many of all ranks realised true conversion. The 39th Sepoy Regiment acquired the nickname of "Hebiel's Own;" and several English regiments, after staying awhile in the district, left for other quarters with many of Hebiel's converts, both officers and privates, in their ranks.

Long toil in the climate of India was beginning to tell upon the health and strength of Hebiel, but he laboured on unceasingly. His itinerant journeys he looked upon to be far more blessed than any settled work at a station. In May, 1857,

the terrible Mutiny broke out, but the Madras native army remained loyal. However, many of Hebich's friends went away to Europe, and the regiments of soldiers familiar with his teaching were at the scenes of conflict in Northern India. He found himself amongst new surroundings—his work less appreciated by the new men who were coming into power. For awhile longer he went about amongst the stations, and preached as usual at the Hindu festivals. Then he spent the summer of 1859 in quiet evangelistic work on the hills of Southern India. Enfeebled in body, but with spirit as youthful as ever, he preached every evening, till his physician urged the necessity of his going home before the next winter. To the Europeans, and to the native Christians of Southern India, the news of his approaching departure came as a thunderclap. "I do believe," said an aged chaplain, "that this German has done more for the eternal good of the English in India than any dozen of the best of us chaplains." A Hindu journal declared, "We doubt whether modern times have produced his equal in apostolic characteristics."

September, 1859, saw Hebich leave the Nilgherries, the scene of his latest Indian work, and pass down to Madras, whence, after an affectionate leave-taking with his friends, he embarked in the steamer for Suez.

For eight years longer—at Basle, at Ulm, at Stuttgart, Hebich spent the evening of his days in continued work for his Lord. At first German conventionalism rose in arms at his strange style and demeanour. His bold figures of speech became the talk of the town. At length, in St. Leonard's Church, he was interrupted by the lovers of dry and dull decorum with cries of "Pull him down," "Kick him out." There was a discussion on the matter in the Town Council, but the proposition to prevent his use of the pulpit was defeated by forty-four votes to forty-two, the burgomaster sagely suggesting that perhaps many who remained unmoved under the old preaching might be reached by the new. At many places Hebich experienced opposition; he was in actual danger from a mob at Schaffhausen, where the tumult reminded him of an idol festival in India. After this last demonstration he settled down, in 1864, at Stuttgart, declaring that for the future he would be "quite tame." He still preached incessantly, visiting as late as 1866 fifty-one churches in Baden, and rousing their zeal for mission work. In May, 1868, just when he was projecting a fresh round of services at Carlsruhe and Basle, he peacefully fell asleep. A vast multitude followed the funeral to Kornthal, where, in accordance with his own request, only a short prayer was offered at his graveside.

The Basle Evangelical Missionary Society has continued to follow up the work of its pioneers in Southern India. Besides numerous preaching stations, it has a mission press and bookshop in Mangalore, and several industrial establishments in South Canara and Malabar.

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

## SCATTERED MISSIONS.

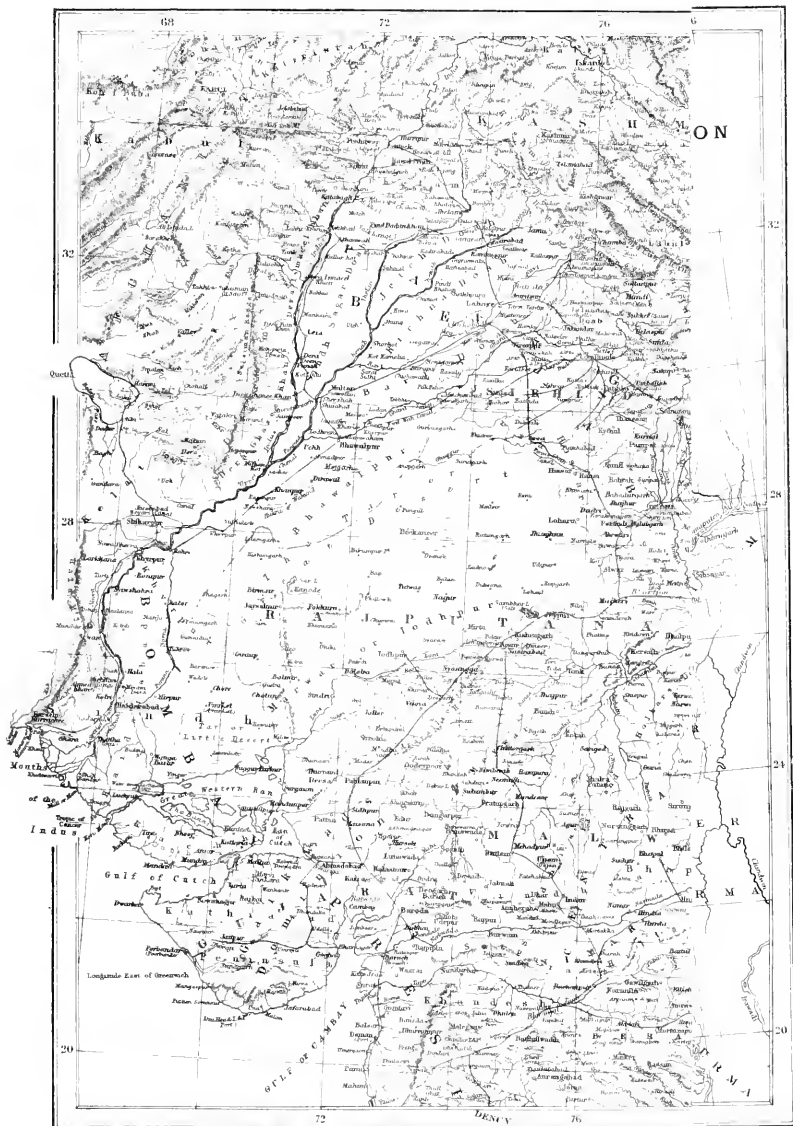
The Punjab—Lahore and Amritsar—The Sikhs—The Story of a Scrap of Paper—Mr. and Mrs. Janvier—Imperial Delhi—Rām Chunder—Opposition—Difficulties of Converts—Benares, the Sacred City—Mr. Leupoldt—Boat Services—Chōta Nagpore—The Kōls—Pastor Gossner—Mr. Batsch—A Confirmation Scene—Mission at Chanda—Demon-worship—Tinnevely—Travancore—Medical Missions—Ceylon—Position of Women—Zenana Work.

FROM Kashmir's lovely valley and the rocky ramparts of the Thibetan frontier, to where "the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle," are scattered numerous missions planted here and there by the Churches of Christendom. Although so much remains yet to be done, the story of that which has been accomplished is too vast and varied for a complete narrative of the work to be attempted here. Of Schwartz, Carey, Heber, Wilson, Duff, and other Great-Hearts of the long struggle, we have given fuller details, inasmuch as the importance of their life-work seemed to demand it. We must now briefly glance here and there throughout the land at some of the more prominent features of Indian mission work not yet described.

The Punjab, two thousand years ago, saw the legions of Alexander the Great crossing its broad rivers. A thousand years afterwards it took three centuries of fire and sword to bring its heroic Hindu inhabitants under the Moslem yoke. Five hundred years passed away, and then the Sikh power, at first a religious and afterwards a military commonwealth, rose into being. The Sikhs (disciples) or Singhs (lions) were fanatical warriors, whose teaching combined some of the leading principles of Hindu philosophy and Mohammedanism, who sought merit by good deeds and by reading their shallow, incoherent *Grunth* or sacred book. The events which brought the Punjab under British rule lie outside our province; but under the Lawrences and other able Governors it has been ruled so wisely and so well, that in the terrible year of the Mutiny the tranquillity of the Punjab saved Northern India. By the Lawrences and their coadjutors and successors, missionary effort has been actively and liberally supported. The spirit that has animated the rulers of this province has been that of Sir John Lawrence, who wrote, "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. It is when unchristian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned."

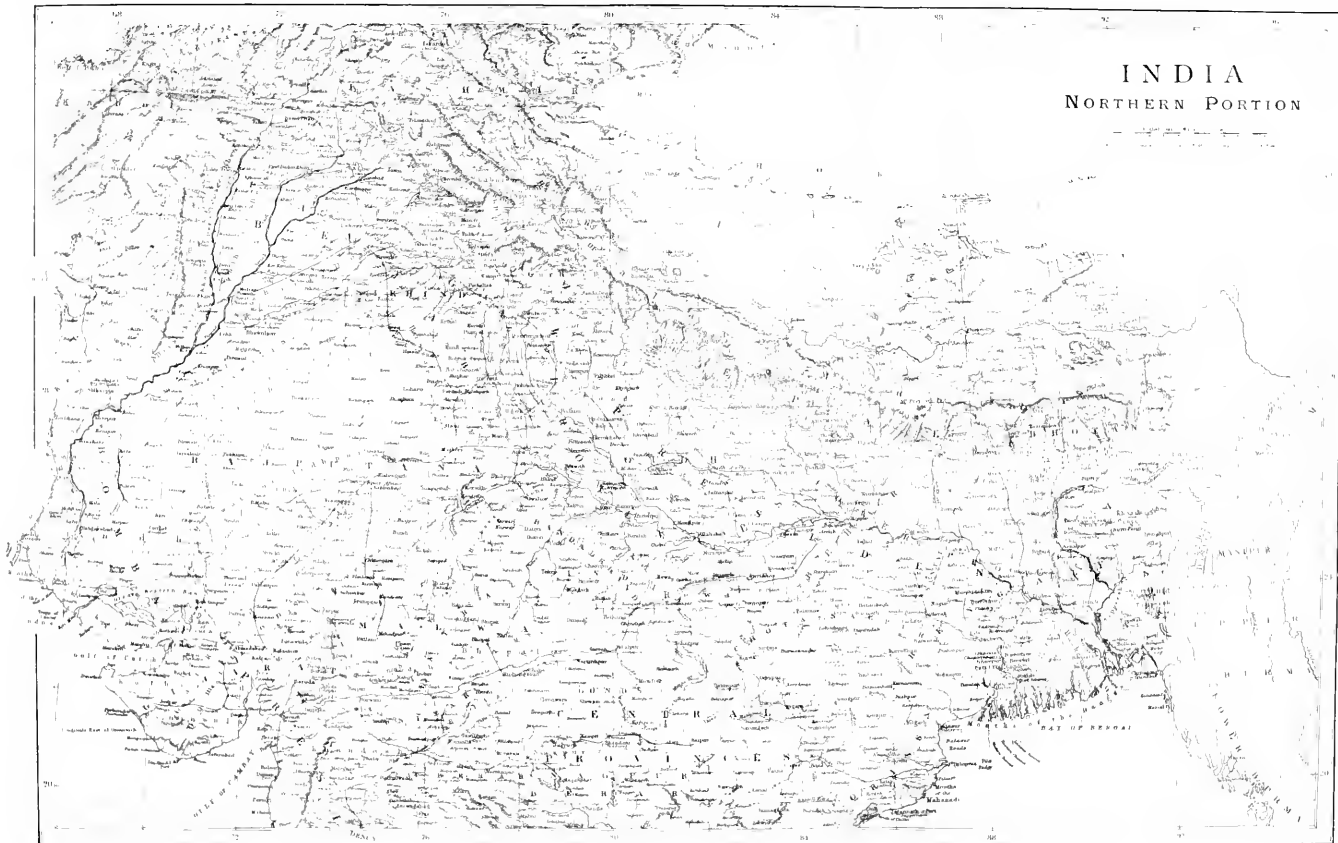
As far back as 1836, Bishop Daniel Wilson, sailing down the Sutlej, had stretched forth his hands towards the right bank exclaiming, "I take possession of this land in the name of my Master, Jesus Christ." When the British troops, fourteen years afterwards, had occupied the country, the Church Missionary Society, the American Presbyterians, and others, began "the new subjugation of the land by the sword of the Spirit." Amritsar—of which Mr. Clark says, "If Lahore is the head, then Amritsar is the heart of the Punjab"—is the chief centre of mission effort. It is also the chief stronghold of Sikhism. Here, surrounded by a large tank (the *amritsaris*, or fountain of immortality), rises the magnificent marble temple, with its gilded cupolas, enshrining a specially revered copy of the *Grunth*. Close at hand are the





# INDIA

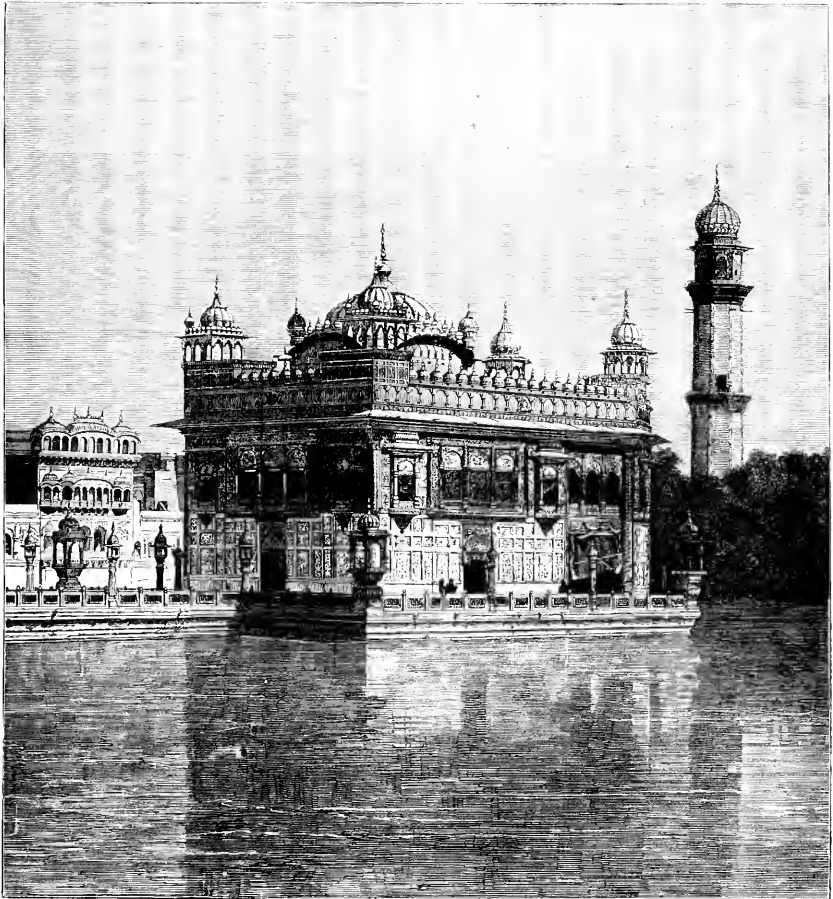
## NORTHERN PORTION



Town & Company Limited.

For names of Meteorology Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List

mission church, schools, orphanages, and other Christian institutions. Among the first-fruits of the work at Amritsar was Shaman, a Sikh priest, who at his death left all



TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.

his property to establish "a flag for Christ" (alluding to the little flag over the houses of Hindu religious teachers). Miam Paulus, the *lumbardar* or headman of Narowal, suffered much for the faith, and many notable converts, young Brahmans and others, came from that out-station. Maulavi Imad-ud-din, once a famous Mohammedan fakir,

became an able preacher and writer, and was the first native of India to receive the degree of D.D.

Amritsar has become very noteworthy in connection with that important work amongst Indian females, of which we shall have more to say presently. At Lahore (the capital), at Multán, and at several smaller places, a considerable number of missionaries have persistently laboured, and have been particularly successful in the training of youths to fit them for work as native pastors and catechists. The Revs. R. Bateman and G. M. Gordon conducted a very interesting itinerant mission, and were known far and wide as the "fakir missionaries."

When Delhi was besieged in 1857, the hard rough work of digging trenches, running-up breastworks, and so forth, was mainly performed by the Muzbee Sikhs. These were a corps that had been rapidly formed from the lower class of the Sikh population—hard workers, very fearless, and very faithful to their employers. When Delhi was at length taken by assault, these Muzbee Sikhs joined in the general looting. One of them found in a goldsmith's shop a valuable diamond wrapped in a piece of printed paper. He hid it in his waistband, and in his quarters at night he feasted his eyes on his prize, and then glanced at the paper in which it was wrapped. He read it, and showed it to his comrades, and all were interested, and very curious to know of what book it was a part. An officer to whom it was shown told the finder it was a leaf out of a Punjabi New Testament, and lent him a copy. During the subsequent marches to Agra and through Oude, that book created such an impression amongst the men, that on their return to the Punjab a missionary was allowed to visit their lines. The result was that several were baptised at Amritsar, and thus began that Christian work for which the 24th Punjab Light Infantry became so remarkable.

At Sabathu, a retired and elevated station amongst the Punjab hills, Mr. Janvier and his wife conducted a mission and schools for the American Presbyterian Society. Mr. Janvier (in accordance with his custom) was away on a preaching tour, and had encamped one night near a large fair. He left his tent in the darkness to give some orders to his servants about marching next morning, when a native came behind him and struck him to the ground. Mr. Janvier was taken up insensible; he lingered till the next morning, and then died. It turned out that the Sikh murderer had been insulted by a European in another part of India, and had sworn to kill a European out of revenge. The bereaved widow, who had long laboured so ably by his side, and who had been accustomed to superintend matters during her husband's absence on his preaching tours, continued the schools, aided by native teachers.

We turn next to Imperial Delhi, with its palaces and mosques and frowning battlements, and its memories of Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe and Nadir Shah. Above all else towers the Jumma Musjid, with its lofty marble domes and minarets. Hither came Bishop Heber, and interviewed the Great Mogul, who, under British supremacy, had become "a fine and interesting ruin." When Bishop Wilson came here, in 1836, he was impressed with the wide streets, the ample bazaars, the shops

with every kind of elegant wares, the prodigious elephants, the numerous native carriages drawn by noble oxen, the children bedizened with finery, the vast elevation of the mosques, fountains, and caravansaries for travellers, the canals full of running water raised in the midst of the streets—all giving an impression of the magnificence of a city which was once twenty miles round and counted two millions of inhabitants." And he adds, "May God bless the 130 Christians out of the 130,000 Hindus and Mohammedans of the population." During this visit the bishop consecrated the beautiful church of St. James, built at a cost of £10,000 by Colonel Skinner, in fulfilment of a vow made twenty years before. This church, in the year of the Mutiny, was "riddled with balls, filled with dying men, and made a magazine for shot and shell."

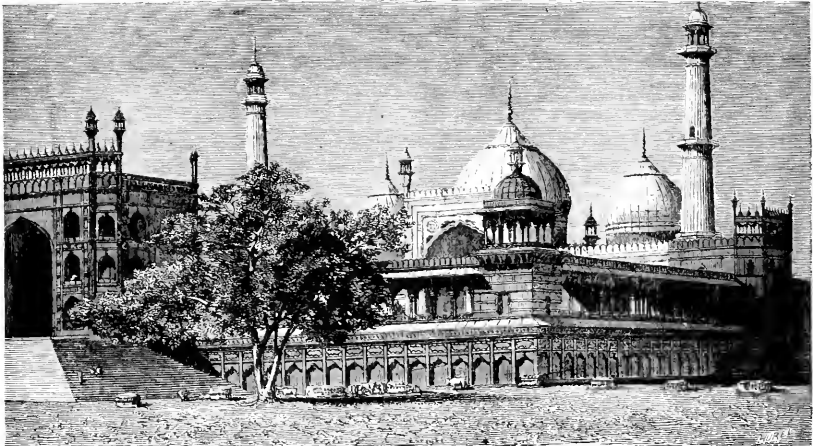
The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel planted a mission at Delhi in 1851. The Rev. J. Stuart Jackson and the Rev. A. R. Hubbard were at the head of the mission, in warm co-operation with the Government Chaplain, the Rev. M. J. Jennings, who was practically its founder. Public discussions, preaching, schools, and the circulation of religious literature, were carried on vigorously and with good results. Then came the horrors of the Mutiny. All the mission staff, except one who was absent from ill-health, were murdered in May, 1857. Among those who thus perished were the Chaplain, Mr. Jennings, and his daughter; the Rev. Mr. Hubbard; Mr. Sandys; a catechist; and Chimmun Lall, a distinguished convert. Thus was stamped out for a time a mission of which the Bishop of Madras had just before testified: "The one at Delhi is among the most hopeful and promising of our Indian mission fields. The intelligent and well-informed converts, holding as they do high and important positions independent of the mission; the superior nature of the school, with its 120 boys—among the best I have visited in India—and the first-rate character for attainment and devotedness of the missionaries and schoolmasters, are making an impression which is moving the whole of that City of the Kings."

The Rev. T. Skelton, M.A., from Cambridge, and Mr. R. R. Winter, B.A., from Oxford, came in 1859 to help forward a work "just recovering from total extinction." At the time of the massacre, Rám Chunder, professor of mathematics in the Delhi Government College, was concealed for some days by his heathen relations, and then with great peril escaped to the English camp, which was being formed on the heights outside the city. He had been converted by the zealous chaplain Jennings, and now threw his zeal and influence into the revival of the mission. By the educated youth of Delhi he was held in high esteem, and his conversion had led to much private inquiry. The scattered remnants of the former mission were got together in a church named St. Stephen, "In memory of our fallen brethren."

Of the rapid and varied development of Christian work that has since taken place in Delhi, we need say but little. The educated inquirers and the low-caste Hindus have been alike ministered to, and the women and girls have been cared for by Mrs. Winter and other Christian ladies. Many earnest and accomplished English men and women have gone out to carry forward the work, and

their efforts have been ably supported by the native catechists. To give surrounding heathenism a practical proof of the Christian bond uniting every class and caste, Rām Chunder, on St. Stephen's Day, 1869, invited all the resident Christians to a breakfast together. "The roofs of neighbouring houses which overlook our compound were lined with spectators, and doubtless they wondered what strange bond it could be that thus could lead Brahmans, Shatryas, Bunyas, Mehtars, Chamars, and Mlechas to sit down together to a common meal. But most truly did we feel ourselves to be one body when on Christmas Day our little church was to all appearance filled, and fifty-five of the worshippers received together the Holy Communion of our Lord."

All this zealous activity of course stirred up opposition. Two bands of men

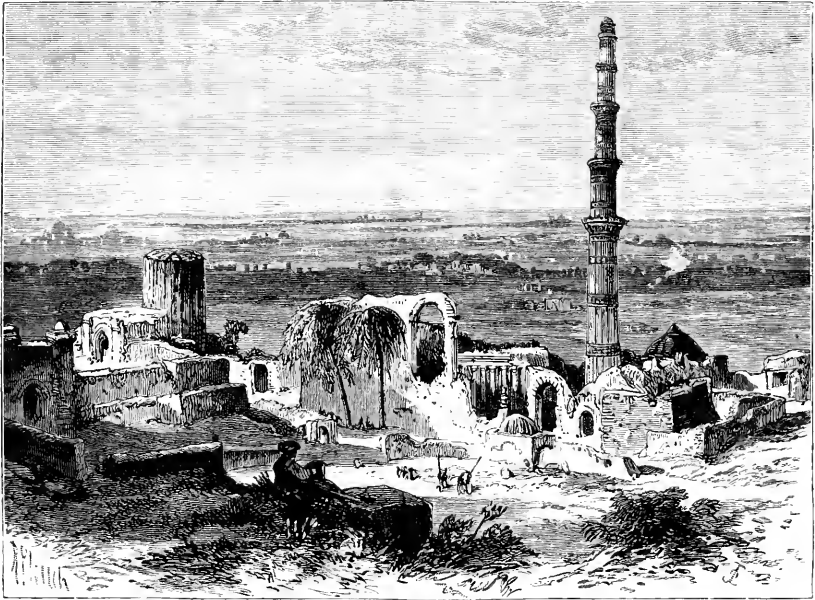


THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

were now preaching daily in the suburbs and neighbouring villages—a strange contrast to former apathy and indifference. As soon as a preacher took his stand in a bazaar, a Mohammedan would spring up a few paces from him and warn the people not to listen to such "preachers of heresy." But all this opposition was really helpful to the cause, and for a hundred miles to the north, west, and south-west of Delhi did the mission staff push their itinerant work.

Opposition of another kind was experienced from the families of the young educated men from whom converts were from time to time gathered in. Of one sample case the Rev. C. J. Crowfoot gives some interesting details. He writes:—"Last Sunday week, J., about whom I once sent you a letter from Tara Chand, was baptised. Tara Chand performed the ceremony; Chandu Lall and his wife, and myself, were witnesses. He had kept his intention secret from his relatives, so that there was not a larger number of heathen present than there usually is at our

evening service. Afterwards, in the evening, he dined with Chandu Lall, thus hopelessly breaking his caste. He was a Brahman of very high caste. That evening he sent word down to his brother to tell him of the step which he had taken; and his brother persuaded him to return home, promising that he should be at liberty to come and see us, and that we might see him. However, he did not come to us for the first three days, and a rumour was getting abroad that he had renounced Christianity; so Tara Chand and myself went down to his house to try and see him.



ENVIRONS OF DELHI.

His brother came to the door, and at first told us that J. was not at home. However, in the course of a conversation, in which he said that the only remedy now for his brother was for a doctor to be called in, who would pronounce him mad, and so his caste would not be lost, it oozed out that J. was in the house. This was lie No. 1. We then sent his brother to him to ask him to see us. In a little while he came back to say that J. could not see us that day. This we felt sure was lie No. 2. So I wrote to J. in English (he can read and write English—his brother cannot) asking him to come and see us. After a long while he came back with the paper, on which J. had written, 'I am quite well,' to say that his brother was too unwell (!) to write any more. Lie No. 3. We then said that we would go to see him; but his

brother said that he was in the zenana apartments, and that, therefore, we could not go. However, the house had been gradually filling, and we noticed several men going up-stairs, so we followed them. There, in a room close by, lying on a bed and muffled up, we found J. He looked sleepy and stupid, and had, I believe, been drugged. However, we managed to rouse him, and he said that he would come away with us. He had just put on his dress, and was coming down-stairs, when they sent for his wife. She so clung to him that we could not get him away; and, indeed, he himself then wished not to come away with us. We thus failed in our attempt; but for the next three or four days we made a point of calling upon him, to encourage him to stand firm: what we most feared was that they might drug him and send him away out of Delhi. However, in a day or two, his brothers for fear of being themselves made out-caste, cast him out; and he now lives quite by himself in a separate part of the house, and none of them eat with him. There is now, I think, no longer any fear of violence from them. His wife and mother and her relatives are doing their utmost to make him renounce his faith; but I do not fear the result. Indeed, I hope that after a little while his wife will join him. At present she refuses to do so, and says that she must wait until she has married off their little girl—a poor little dot, a few months old. In the case of our other Christians, the wives joined their husbands after a little while. There is, however, still much cause for anxiety, as J. has not yet liberty of action. He is still very closely watched. These are some of the difficulties which attend conversion to Christianity. There are many signs that Christianity here is working underground; but several, who believe it to be true, dare not confess their faith, with this frightful system of caste standing over and threatening them."

J.'s wife continued obstinate, and after trying in vain to counteract the magic spells of the missionaries by casting dust over her husband's head when he was eating, and by sundry other devices, she at length separated from him.

The Delhi Mission, in 1877 and since, has been largely reinforced by the Rev. E. Bickersteth and others from Cambridge, who have co-operated in an organised effort for evangelistic and educational work among "the more thoughtful heathen." The advantages of this concentration of effort are reported to have been very clearly manifested. It has been said that Delhi itself is but "grandeur in decay. And yet amid the ruins of its bygone dynasties there has arisen a fabric, which it may be is destined to endure and to outlive all its ancient palaces and temples. Christianity has there attacked heathenism in one of its strongest fortresses, and has even already carried the outworks of the citadel. The Delhi Mission, baptised in the blood of its earliest founders, has gone on steadily from strength to strength."

Of Benares, the Sacred City, known also to the Hindus as Kashi, "the Splendid," some description has already been given. Street and bazaar preaching has been the most prominent feature of Christian work at this place, and for a very good reason. Besides the regular inhabitants, there are thousands of people who come here to the great Hindu feasts to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. These pilgrims stay in Benares about a fortnight, and the effort is made to impress as many of them as



possible during that time. The pilgrims must go to the bazaars to get the necessaries of life, so the missionaries go there too, and earnestly preach the Gospel to the crowd amongst the stalls of jewellery, and muslin, and grain, and fruit, and everything else. And often have missionaries travelling in remote districts come across anxious inquirers who had never forgotten words that fell upon their ears in the bazaars of Benares.

Mr. Leupoldt, who laboured in and near this city for forty years, met one day in a village a carpenter who had been at Benares, and who, simply from a workman's interest in a new building, had gone into the church. He was astonished at seeing nothing there to worship, and was told by the caretaker that Christians worshipped the true God, who had forbidden the worship of idols. He had been thinking a great deal about this in his country home, and was ready for the truths which Mr. Leupoldt now gladly imparted to him.

Once this missionary and some companions went to a great festival at Patna, lower down the Ganges. They went about preaching and tract-distributing till night, and resumed their itinerating at six next morning. About seven they had exhausted their stock of tracts, and were returning for more when the idea of speaking from the boat occurred to them. So till mid-day Mr. Leupoldt and two others read and preached by turns to a crowd of about three thousand people on the shore. Then the weary missionaries declared that they could not speak to them any more at present. "If you are tired, go lie down and rest," was the reply; "we will sit down on the shore and rest also." The missionaries had been sleeping about half an hour when a deputation came and roused them, and said, "The people think you have now slept long enough, and that you might now come out again and tell them something more of what God has done for them." It was impossible to refuse the invitation, so the missionaries got up and went on preaching and reading till four o'clock. Next day this curious boat service was resumed from half-past six till four—the eager congregation pressing forward till many of them were up to their waists in the water. As one result of the work of these two days, Mr. Leupoldt could not speak, so as to be heard, for a fortnight.

At Benares itself Mr. Leupoldt's services were often interrupted by fanatical disputants or frivolous jesters. Once a monkey dressed up as a soldier was sent across the chapel. It took off its cap and bowed to Mr. Leupoldt. The congregation roared with laughter, and the service for that evening was necessarily closed at once. Some opponents were won over by Mr. Leupoldt's tact to friendly tolerance, if to nothing more. One evening the missionary was trying in vain to collect a congregation in the street, when a man whom he had had to rebuke publicly, with good effect, passed by. "You cannot collect a congregation," said the man; "I shall have to collect one for you." He seized the Testament, read a few verses, and began commenting on them at the top of his voice. The people ran together at the unwonted spectacle, whereupon the man handed the book to the missionary, saying, "I have fulfilled my promise: now your part is to keep them together and preach to them."

Mr. Leupoldt had much success with private inquirers, but his schools for boys

and girls, and his orphanages, formed an especially prominent feature of his work. So well known was his Christian care of the orphans, that after a dreadful famine, in which the English had done all they could to relieve the distress, an English gentleman collected five hundred half-starved little ones and sent them at one time to Mr. Leupoldt's orphanage. Kind friends came forward at once to share in the expense, but a great many of the little waifs and strays arrived too late to save their lives.

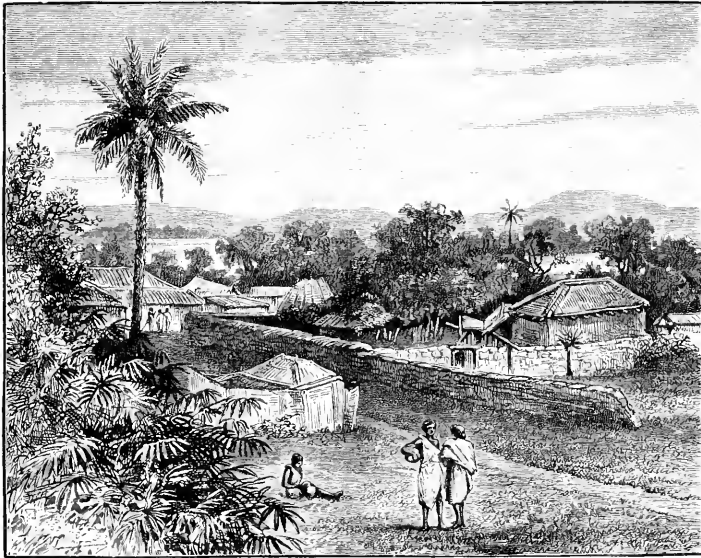
Over the important work of the Church Missionary Society at Benares, Lucknow, Allahabad, and various other towns, we cannot linger, but it will be desirable to give some details of the truly marvellous circumstances that have given Chôta Nagpore an undying fame in the records of Christian missions. The venerable Gossner, of Berlin, sent to Calcutta in 1844 four Lutheran missionaries—E. Shatz, F. Batsch, A. Brandt, and H. Snake. Pastor Gossner was now in that latter period of his long life when all his soul was given to evangelistic effort. It was said of him, "Every year has its own story to chronicle of missionaries equipped and stations opened. Wherever a people were living without God, there Gossner was waiting to step in." The four men now sent to Calcutta were by no means to remain there, but were to choose their field of service as way should open. They had some idea of pushing forward into the wilds of Thibet, of which Abbé Hue had lately been telling such strange stories.

They had not been long in Calcutta before they noticed that the men at work mending the public roads, digging canals, cleaning drains, and so forth, were a distinct race from the Hindus and Mohammedans, who spoke of them contemptuously as Shanyars (hillmen), and not unfrequently termed them "savages." They were small in stature, well shaped, and muscular, "active as monkeys," yet with earnest, simple faces, that attracted the interest of the missionaries. They found that these people were Kôls from Chôta Nagpore, a hilly country about three hundred miles to the west of Calcutta, a district in which as yet no effort had been made to dispel the darkness of heathenism. The four evangelists saw that Chôta Nagpore must be the scene of their labours.

The Kôls are one of the hunted remnants of Dravidian tribes, who struggled so long against the successive waves of Hindu invaders that in ages past swept over the land. Upon the table-land of Chôta Nagpore, a beautiful region where purple gneiss rocks, and green jungle, and the carefully cultivated crops, afford a striking variety of colour, the Kôls still kept up the customs and superstitions of their pre-Aryan forefathers. At Ranchi, in the midst of these people, the missionaries settled down in March, 1845. They found the Kôls terribly ignorant and depraved, and with no word in their language for God. They believed in Bhôts, or ghosts, who haunted the thickets and had to be propitiated by offerings of kids or lambs. The Kôls lived in mortal terror of witchcraft, and considered that to kill a witch was a very praiseworthy action. Drunkenness, vice, and immorality were constant features of ordinary life, and the orgies of the village akra or dancing-place were scenes of shameless licentiousness.

The missionaries had no settled means of subsistence. Pastor Gossner would

send what he could, when he could. But the four evangelists were full of faith and hope, and never despaired. "At first a few orphans," says the Rev. J. Cave-Brown, "rescued from starvation by the magistrate of the district, were entrusted to them. These furnished some occupation; the mere teaching them seemed to bring a faint ray of light into the mission house. These orphans became the nucleus of a school, in which some of them would be seen teaching, while others would be traversing the country-side on foot, seeking to find an entrance in village after village, from which they were sometimes driven out with stones. And at the close of a day



A KÔL VILLAGE.

of weary and seemingly fruitless toil, they might be seen again digging in their own little garden plots, to raise up a few vegetables for the supply of their common table; or working with hatchet and plane, squaring timbers for their dwelling-house or school; or with their own hands raising the walls or laying on the roof of their goodly church. Such was their life: truly one of self-sacrifice, and devotion to their Divine Master."

Five years passed away, and not a single convert had been won. But the Kôls were all more or less acquainted with the Hindu language, and portions of the Scriptures in that language had been freely distributed. One day, early in 1850, four men came to the mission house at Ranchi, and desired to see the missionary. They said that they had been reading in a book about some one who was called Jesus. They liked

the name, and what they had read of Him, and now they were very anxious to see Jesus. The missionaries invited them to attend the evening prayer-meeting, which at that time consisted only of themselves and the two or three orphans under their care. When the service was over, they said, "The word pleases us, but we desire to see Jesus Himself." The missionaries very patiently tried to explain, but the four Kòls would not be satisfied. They reiterated their demand to be shown Jesus Himself, and at last went away in great anger, passionately abusing the missionaries.

A week passed by, and the four inquirers again came to the mission service, with the same demand as before, and declaring that they would not rest till they were allowed to see Jesus. Then Mr. Batsch took them apart into another room, and prayed fervently that grace might be given them to see Christ spiritually. The result was that they went away more satisfied, and apparently under real conviction. They soon returned for more instruction, and in a short time they were baptised. These were the first-fruits of the Chôta Nagpore Mission, and during the next seven years seven hundred converts were gathered into the fold.

Then came the terrible year 1857; and out of those seven hundred Christian Kòls not one faltered in his faith or loyalty, although the mission was broken up and the people were scattered far and wide. They carried the Gospel to remote villages hitherto unvisited by Christians, and when the Mutiny was suppressed reassembled at Ranehi. Large numbers of converts were gathered in during the next few years. Out-stations were formed, churches and schools built, and several fresh missionaries came out to work under Mr. Batsch's direction. In 1868 there were ten thousand baptised converts, besides a large number of catechumens.

The painful circumstances that ensued need not be detailed here. Enough to say that the treatment of Mr. Batsch and his colleagues by the Berlin Curatorium, after the death of Pastor Gossner, was such, that the great bulk of the missionaries and their converts were received into the Church of England, under the care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The good work has continued to grow and prosper. "Christianity," wrote the Rev. J. C. Whitley, who went out to this mission in June, 1869, "now spreads spontaneously among the Kòls. Within the last ten months there have been six hundred baptisms, including the children of Christian parents, and there is every reason to hope that the whole people will become Christian." Education, and the training of natives for Holy Orders, have been diligently carried forward. But whilst genuine piety has increased, converts have not become saints all at once, and the national vices have been very hard to eradicate. The prevalent drunkenness and impurity, the superstitious dread of ghosts and witches, and the tyranny of the village headmen, have been great obstacles. And then a Kòl has no caste to lose by becoming a Christian, and can at once regain his former status by treating his heathen friends to a feast with plenty to drink.

In spite of all this, the mission has prospered marvellously. A band of native pastors, who retain their original simple mode of living, have been raised up, so that there are priests living comfortably on £18, and deacons on £14 a year. But the religious instruction is very sound and thorough. "A stranger, witnessing for the

first time," says the *Indian Church Gazette*, "a confirmation in a crowded village church, amid the twittering of birds, the crows or cries of scores of naked, black-eyed, dusky babies, and the consequent restlessness of the simple mothers, might be excused for doubting whether there was a due sense of the solemnity and reality of the rite: but inquiry and observation showed the care with which instruction had been given, and the attention with which it was received, and a casual opportunity proved that a herd-boy might have more knowledge of Christian doctrine, and a more intelligent appreciation of its bearing on his own life, and a more intimate acquaintance with his New Testament, than would be found in the majority, it is to be feared, of English public-school candidates for confirmation."

On the 23rd of March, in the year 1890, the Bishops of Calcutta, Bombay, and Lahore assembled in the beautiful Gothic Church at Ranchi, and consecrated the Rev. J. C. Whitley, who has so long faithfully laboured amongst the people, to be the first Bishop of Chôta Nagpore.

A small and modest mission was established a few years ago at Chandah, and bids fair to expand into a very comprehensive work for the evangelisation of the Central Provinces. Native priests and catechists have been the agents employed here, and it is intended to extend this system to numerous other stations. The cost of bringing trained missionaries from England and suitably maintaining them, and sending them back when ill, is very great. Increased efforts have therefore been made to train native evangelists, acting with the advice and help of the Bishop of Calcutta and his chaplains. The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh and the Rev. Nathaniel Yanapragasum have been working at Chandah. The jungle races in this district appear to believe in one God or Bhagwan, and every one chooses some visible object called *Deo* as the outward medium of communication between himself and Deity.

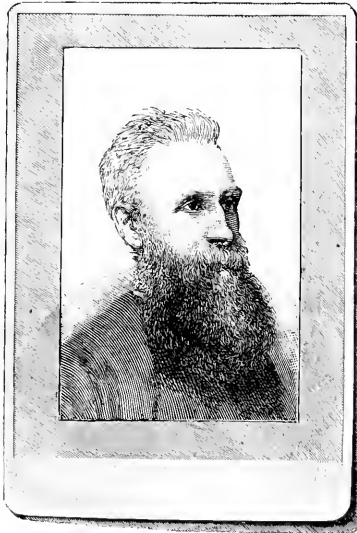
"I asked a man why he was painting a stone red," wrote a Civil Servant in this district. "He told me he intended to put some flowers on it for the Bhagwan, and make a '*Deo*' of it. 'But why *that* stone? does it matter which stone you colour?'—'No, Marahaj, it might be this tree, or this rock, or this earth; the Bhagwan made everything, and can come anywhere: wherever I make a *Deo* the Bhagwan will come and be pleased.'—'Have you ever seen the Bhagwan come to your "*Deo*"?'—'No; no one can see the Bhagwan.' On another occasion I asked a man whether he would eat alligator's flesh; his answer was, 'No, sahib; *ham Deo rakhte* (I have made it my *Deo*); but there are many people in my village who eat it.'—'But do you not get angry when they kill and eat your *Deo*?'—'No, sahib; I make another.'"

Mr. Goreh and his associates have had considerable success in and around Chandah.

The interesting Church Missionary Society missions to the demon-worshipping Santhals and Gonds, to the Bheels of the Hill Country, and to the Telugus of the Eastern Ghâts, must not detain us. We must hasten to speak of one of the most striking successes ever achieved in connection with modern Protestant missions. Did the Army of the Cross (like the armies of earthly kingdoms) inscribe upon its banners

the names of its victories, the word Tinnevelly would indeed claim a prominent position.

The district of Tinnevelly, which is about the size of Yorkshire, lies between the sea-shore and the Western Ghâts, in the extreme south of India. It contains some rich fertile land, but for the most part is a vast sandy plain, covered in every direction with groves of palmyra trees, which, striking their roots forty feet below the surface, manage to obtain moisture and nourishment. The palmyra yields a sap which is made into sugar, and forms the chief subsistence of the rural population; its leaves roof the houses, or are made into paper; its fibres provide string, and its trunk timber. The Shanars, a caste numbering 300,000 (one-fourth of the entire population of Tinnevelly), cultivate these trees and collect the sap. A Shanar labourer will climb thirty or forty trees, each to a height of sixty or eighty feet, twice or thrice in the day. The great majority of the Tinnevelly native Christians belong to this caste.



THE REV. J. C. WHITLEY, FIRST BISHOP OF  
CHOTA NAGPORE.

The ancient devil-worship of the Shanars has been tolerated by the Hindu conquerors; and even in the great temple of Siva, with its thousand Brahmans and one hundred and fifty dancing girls, there are numerous shrines of devil-spirits to suit the popular taste. In every heathen village of the province is seen the *pei koril*, or devil's house, around which the wild devil-dances which form the chief rite in this strange religion take place.

A hundred years ago, chiefly through the Bible-readings of Savari Muttu, a congregation of about a hundred and sixty were assembling at Palamecottah in a church built by the Brahmans, under Clorinda, whom Schwartz had baptised. Schwartz sent here the native catechist Sattianadan, afterwards ordained a Lutheran clergyman, who laboured diligently, with abundant success. To his help came Jaenieké and Gerické, under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and at the beginning of the present century there were about four thousand native Christians in the province. Then came a time of trial; the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge became unable to continue the work; the East India Company was doing its utmost to discourage missions, and forbade missionaries to land. When Mr. Hough went as chaplain to Palamecottah, in 1816, the Christians were only three thousand in number, scattered over thirty-three villages. He appealed to the Church Missionary Society, who sent Rhenius and Schmid; and the number had risen to six thousand when, in 1829, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel also came

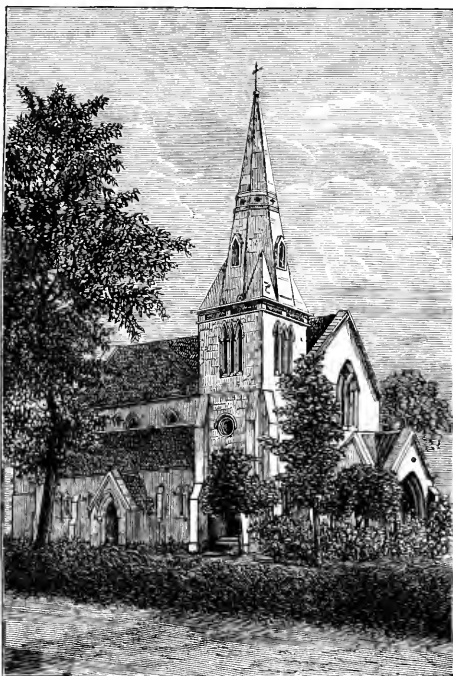
into the work. At the present time the native Christians of Tinnevely number about eighty-five thousand, with chiefly native pastors and catechists, under two associate bishops, one from each of the two societies mentioned, and have also supplied numerous evangelists to the Tamil Missions in Ceylon and the Mauritius.

A large population of the Shanar villages are now Christian communities, where, at the beginning of the climbing season, there are special services, including prayers that the trees may yield abundantly, and that the feet of the climbers may not slip. "Frequently, when riding in the palmyra forest, the traveller is greeted by a voice from the top of a neighbouring tree offering him the usual Christian salutation of 'Praise be to God!' and inviting him to take a draught of palmyra-juice. To refuse would, or course, be uncourteous. The Shanar, cutting off a piece of palmyra leaf, hastily descends, manufactures a very neat drinking-cup from the leaf, places it in his hands, and fills it from the vessel of juice. The oftener you require it to be filled, the greater is his delight."

The formation of distinctively Christian villages has been a prominent feature of the Tinnevely Missions. Muthaloor, or First Town, was founded by David, who had been converted by Schwartz at Tanjore. Twenty persons who had become Christians through David's influence were baptised by Sattianaden, but were so persecuted by the

heathen that they built this refuge village, now the centre of a district of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with fifteen congregations. Its three wide streets of clean houses contrast very favourably with the heathen villages, where the houses cluster promiscuously in the midst of dirt and refuse. The huge whitewashed church, with its red-tiled roof, is a conspicuous object; its steps are formed of idols once worshipped in the locality.

It must not be supposed that heathenism has altogether disappeared even in these favoured districts. The Rev. J. Selles, long resident at Muthaloor, tells us how he visited unexpectedly a village that was in a transition state, and found a grand



RANCHI CHURCH.

festival in progress, the mud hut serving for a temple adorned with jessamine flowers and strewed with plantains, and curry and rice as offerings to the demon. There were the minstrels making a noise, well smeared with holy ashes, and in their best robes, but the professional devil-dancer had taken flight. On one side was a heap of goats and sheep killed in honour of the devil. The women were all in holiday attire, and both males and females exhibited on their foreheads the mark of the beast. Mr. Selles spoke to them earnestly of the folly of their proceedings, and of the only true sacrifice for sin. They seemed ashamed, timidly taking away their slaughtered beasts, and bringing their singing and dancing to an end. "I have often been struck," says Mr. Selles, "in returning from some distant village on a Tuesday or Friday night (these being their nights of sacrifice), to see in the distance a fire, the flames of which send a flickering glare over the dark night, surrounded by some five or six black and unearthly figures, some of them in frantic motion, beating time to a jingling tambour. It is a strange scene, and would terrify one who saw it in any other country than India. It reminds one of some dance of Shakespearian witches round the cauldron of Hecate. It is ludicrous and horrible when seen in the daytime. The wild apoplectic snort, the distorted countenance looking eagerly into the distance as if expecting the coming god, the tokens of pain and distress, would make one believe that over those who have given themselves utterly to the work of Satan's will he has some special power."

Menguānapuram (Village of True Wisdom) is the centre of one of the ten Church Missionary Society districts. As soon as the village was founded, in 1837, the Rev. John Thomas settled there. It stood in the midst of a sandy desert, swept by dry parching winds from the mountains; the village was generally half hidden by clouds of dust. Mr. Thomas sank wells, and soon created a perfect oasis, in the midst of which there stood the finest church in South India, in which Bishop Cotton saw with such delight the fourteen hundred dark-skinned worshippers—sitting on the floor or reverently kneeling for the prayers—joining heartily in the responses, singing soft and melodious Tamil lyrics, eagerly listening to the sermon, and the more intelligent diligently taking notes with their iron styles on strips of palmyra leaf. Mr. Thomas laboured here for three-and-thirty years, and had the satisfaction of seeing twelve boys from his own schools ordained clergymen, before he died in the midst of the people who loved him so well.

There are hundreds of these Christian villages in Tinnevely, but we must only glance at one or two more. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's village of Edeyengoody (Shepherd's Dwelling) was the scene of Jaenieké's successful ministrations at the end of last century. It is a neat village, cut off by a belt of vegetation from the sandy plain around, and approached by a long street, thickly planted with tulip trees. The houses have verandahs facing the street, and above all towers the noble church, near which is the mission bungalow with its garden. Here, too, is the lace room, where girls from the boarding-school are taught lace-making. The Rev. R. Caldwell (afterwards bishop) was long the resident pastor at Edeyengoody district. He had some trouble with a new sect that arose, "a kind of distorted heathenish imitation of Christianity:" but the leader of this sect could not get his miracles to



work properly, and his prophecies never came right. The result was that Mr. Caldwell could report, "Many of his followers have joined our congregations, and this new temptation has had on the whole a beneficial result."

All through the province are seen these clean and well-cared-for villages, and an oasis of palmyra trees on the sandy plain indicates the presence of Christianity almost as surely as a church steeple. But every Christian village has its church, sometimes built of sunburnt bricks, often of stone. "In church the men sit on the south side of the church, and the women on the north side, the children in the middle. All, except the families of the clergymen, European or native, sit cross-legged on the floor. The women while at prayer bow their foreheads to the ground. The cloth is drawn over the head, which then looks like a mantilla. Some of the men also assume this attitude in prayer, others fold their hands before them like figures on old monuments, in a supplicating attitude. All sermons are catechetical; no other plan will avail to keep the people awake during the very warm weather, and after the hard labour of the week." Questions are asked and answered at each division of the discourse, and texts quoted are verified at once and read aloud by the first person who finds them. In this and other ways continuous Scriptural instruction is carried forward.

In many places devil-temples have been converted into Christian prayer-houses. An ingrained fear of devils always wandering about to do mischief has been a great hindrance to Gospel progress. At all times and seasons the impending anger of devils shadows the life of the heathen Shanar. "Every bodily ailment which does not immediately yield to medicine is supposed to be a possession of the devil. The fever produced by the bite of a rat is found difficult to cure, and the native doctor tells the names of the five devils that resist the force of his art. An infant cries all night, and the devil is said to be in it. An ill-built house falls down, and a devil receives the blame. Bullocks take fright at night, and a devil is said to have scared them." Bishop Caldwell, from whom we have just quoted, tells of one hamlet containing only nine houses, but its inhabitants were habitually worshipping thirteen devils. Great has been the joy of Christian Shanars on finding the way of escape from this frightful bondage.

Besides the village and district schools, the missionaries have established a training institution for the native clergy, a high-school which educates pupils up to the matriculation standard of Madras University, and a native college with a still more advanced curriculum. And specially must be mentioned the Sarah Tucker Institution in the town of Tinnevely, with its forty affiliated district schools. Here, where the wisest natives declared that "since the beginning of the world it had never been known that a woman could read," stands the institution from which in nineteen years have been sent out over a hundred well-trained female teachers holding Government certificates. Mr. Harcourt, the principal, thus pictures the scene during school hours:—"We have no less than twelve classes. As each girl receives her printed paper of examination questions (when trying for Government certificates as schoolmistress), you may see her, as she sits down, offer up a silent prayer for

help, with head inclined. I think many of the little ones would take your heart by storm—they are so pretty and graceful, and their dress also is so very graceful. What would you say to their nose-jewels? Some are simple little buttons of gold, but some are sprays of pearls (mock), and it is always a wonder that the concussion of a sneeze does not scatter them in every direction. The girls are very simple and prayerful, and, though we have so many young ones, we have not had since we have been here a single case of misconduct to sadden us. God be praised for this, for surely He has kept us from harm."

The Shanars, as we have said, form one-fourth of the population of Tinnevely districts. Hindus of various caste, from Brahmans to Pariahs, make up the rest. Perhaps the most important sections are the Vellalars, 400,000 in number, chiefly the yeomanry class, farmers and land proprietors, though including many tradesmen and artificers. They are often well educated, and take a high social position. Even the proud Brahmans meet them socially and eat with them, though the two castes may not intermarry. It has been felt from the first that the almost exclusively Shanar character of the Church has been a defect, and special efforts have been made in one or two directions to reach the upper classes. The Rev. A. Margoschis brought twenty-three young Brahmans and Vellalars at Alva Tirumogari to a knowledge of the truth, so that they read Christian books and offered Christian prayers in their own houses, though they were afraid to come regularly to the church. But in the evening they went in parties of three or four, and prayed together at some sequestered spot on the river-bank.

The Rev. S. G. Yesadian struck out a new plan in the Nagalapuram district. He went to villages inhabited by the higher sections of the agricultural classes, accompanied by a well-trained choir of boys. In the evening, when people had dined, he set up a table with lights, and sang a series of Tamil and Sanskrit verses, accompanying himself with a violin, and ever and anon explaining the meaning of what he sang. There were plenty of choruses, sung by the boys, and now and then the people joined in.

Some good results followed from this novel procedure. At Velidupatti, where the people had come to enjoy Mr. Yesadian's visits, he was surrounded one evening by men and women of all ages and ranks, when Kondu Reddi, one of the chief men of the village, stood up and said, "Sir, this is enough: please baptise me." Then Narayana Reddi and Sanga Reddi, and also two younger men, immediately followed his example. Mr. Yesadian was too astonished and delighted to reply, but Mr. Swamiadian asked them to think the matter over with prayer, and on the next day—Sunday—if they still desired it and were found to have sufficient knowledge, they might be publicly baptised.

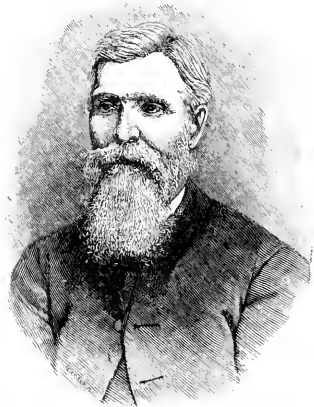
Great was the excitement in the village all that night. One of the young men was seized by his father, but escaped from being carried away, and took refuge in the house of a Christian till the morning. All night long the widowed mother of another of the young men was screaming like a mad woman. Another young man had to stay all night in the little Christian chapel. But three of the five

were baptised next day, and the other two a week afterwards. Kondu Reddi had been a very devout Hindu; the reading of the Hindu Puranas and the visiting of sacred places had been his chief delight, but he had never known rest or peace till he became a Christian. He soon enlisted himself as a voluntary worker for Christianity, and accompanied Mr. Swamiadian in his evangelising tours. A few other cases like those recorded, lead to the hope that the Tinnevelly church may yet draw within its fold the social classes that have hitherto held aloof.

At the little station of Maniachi, on the railway that crosses the district, from eight to ten thousand Christians assembled one morning in December, 1875, to meet the Prince of Wales. In bright white dresses, set off with red and other gay colours, they formed a picturesque crowd. There was an address, a presentation of the Tamil Bible and Prayer Book, and of course a gracious speech from the Prince. Then the girls from the boarding schools came forward with their presents of lace and other work for the Princess of Wales; and after listening to the singing of anthems and the enthusiastic cheering of the vast concourse of people, the Prince went on his way, leaving amongst the Tinnevelly Christians a very pleasing remembrance of the day when they met to greet the son of the Kaisr-i-Hind.

Crossing the mountains westward from Tinnevelly, we descend into Travancore—the "Land of Charity," as the Brahmans have named it, for it has always liberally supported its priests, who have long been accustomed to receive one-fifth of the public revenue. The Maharajah rules a million and a half of inhabitants, of whom some twenty thousand have been gathered into the Christian fold in connection with the missions of the Church Missionary Society; and the London Missionary Society has over thirty thousand in its congregations.

Hinduism is the established religion, and nowhere in India do the Brahmans rule more absolutely. The man of low caste dare not so much as touch the walls of a Brahman temple. In Travancore caste is omnipotent; the proud Numburi Brahmans head the list. They dwell in opulent seclusion, inaccessible to mission effort; and in order to keep the caste select, only one son in each family marries. Next come the foreign Brahmans, who have found their way here from neighbouring States, and who are the chief merchants of Travancore. To them this land is a paradise. "The Brahman's word is law, his power with Heaven unlimited, his smile confers happiness, the very dust of his feet is blessed. He thanks God that he is not as other men, and is as infallible as a Pope." There are fixed distances—so many paces for a Nair, so many for a Shanar, so many more for a slave, within



THE RIGHT REV. R. CALDWELL, D.D., LL.D.,  
MISSIONARY BISHOP, TINNEVELLY.

which a Brahman must not be approached. In early days Europeans were not allowed to use the main road by which Brahmans travel, and there are still occasional contentions about the right of way.

From the Brahmans down to the lowest class of slaves, there are no less than eighty-two grades of social life. The Sudras are more respectable than in Northern India, forming the middle class, with numerous sub-divisions. The slaves of the lowest degree (the aboriginal inhabitants of the land), though now emancipated, remain in the slave caste, and are very ignorant and degraded. They may not wear clothing above the waist, or use umbrellas or shoes. Their very speech is abject. The slave does not presume to say "I," but "your slave;" he does not call his food (which is often his only wages) *choru* (rice), but *karikudi* (dirty gruel). He speaks of his children as his "monkeys," or calves, and covers his mouth with his hand when he speaks to you, lest his breath should pollute you. If he builds anything better than a miserable shed, it is pulled down. He can only toil in the fields; for as he pollutes all he touches, domestic service is closed against him.

In this land of mingled wealth and misery, the heathen temples, to the number of 3,817, are conspicuous. The Government pays the expenses of some of the annual festivals. To the great stone idol at Suchindram, near Cape Comorin, vast crowds of excited worshippers flock in December for a ten days' festival. On the last day, a procession, headed by Government officials, accompanies the enormous cars which are drawn by men and elephants round the temple, and the Rajah in his capital fasts on that day until the news reaches him by electric wire (formerly by relays of mounted troopers) that the ceremony is duly finished. Besides temples, there are seen, all over Travancore, free inns for Brahmans, where any Brahman can stay so many nights with free board and lodging.

In this priest-ridden kingdom the two societies previously named have been labouring since the beginning of the present century, each assisted by a large staff of native clergy and teachers.

It is amongst the Shanar tree-climbers (as in Tinnevely) and the slaves that the greatest success has been realised. To the poor slave who had never known a friend, and whose only religion was fear of the devil, the Gospel was glad news indeed. With a little food as his only wages, he had been accustomed to steal, as a matter of course, whenever he got the chance. But Christianity produced a marked change. "Sir," said the headman of a village one day to a missionary, "these people of yours are wonderfully altered. Six years ago I had to employ club-men to guard my paddy" (unhusked rice) "while it was being reaped. Now for two or three years I have left it entirely to your Christians, and they reap it and bring it to my house. I get more grain, and I know they are the very men who robbed me formerly." Another day, as a native catechist was discussing with a heathen Nair the nature of human responsibility, he illustrated his remarks by referring to the habits of the slaves, who were accustomed to lie, or steal, etc. The heathen at once interrupted him, saying, "No, the slaves do not lie, or steal, or get drunk, or quarrel now; they have left off all these since they learned your religion."

Medical missions have been found very useful in Travancore. The Mission Hospital is liberally subscribed to by the Rajah and the Hindu nobles and gentlemen. "When they are sick in body," says a writer in *Mission Life*, "people forget their caste, and for the time being, at least, broken bones will level all distinctions. At one time a young Brahman with two broken legs, a Sudra with a fractured skull, and a Shanar with a fractured thigh and two broken arms, the result of a fall from a palmyra tree, all lived together for two months in the same room quite happily. The Brahman and the Shanar had their mothers, the Sudra his wife, with them, and there were besides patients of other castes who stayed a shorter time; they all made good recoveries, and left the hospital very thankful for the attention they had received."

The European missionary has to give a good deal of time to the instruction of native teachers. Many of these can recount remarkable experiences. One native pastor, who was long supported by a boys' school in Surrey, but of late by his own congregation, started on a pilgrimage to Benares at the age of seventeen, and stole four cloths from a friend to get money for carrying out his holy enterprise. But the journey was too much for him, and he soon turned back. One day he strayed into the mission school, and was so fascinated by the maps and books that he resolved to become a teacher. He was received into the mission school, and after four years' training was employed in a village school, though still a heathen. Whilst here he got fifty days' imprisonment, for harsh conduct towards a Government messenger of low caste who dared to step into his house while he, a Brahman, was eating. After he came out of prison he was led to study the Bible, became disgusted with his idols, and resolved to be a Christian. In presence of his friends, he broke his sacred string, and broke his caste by eating with the missionary. His Brahman wife, whom he had married when she was five years old, was not allowed to come to him. He waited long for her, and then married a Christian Pariah, with whom he lived happily ten years. Then the first wife sent word that she wanted to be a Christian. She was married in Christian form to the pastor, and has been a great help to him in his work.

Some of the native preachers were once renowned as devotees or as devil-dancers. One Meshack had been a priest of a temple; such was his piety that he fasted twice in the week, and picked up his food off the temple floor with his mouth. When leprosy appeared on his person, he found his goddess, in spite of prayers and sacrifices, powerless to help. This led him to inquire about Christianity, and the result was his conversion. He became a catechist and schoolmaster, but his disease crept on and disabled him for regular work. Still, to the very last, after his fingers and toes were gone, he would drag himself to the roadside, accompanied by a blind man whom he had brought to Christ, and there preach the Gospel to the passers-by.

In Travancore are found ancient congregations of Syrian Christians in very fraternal relationship with the missionaries, and of late earnestly engaged in reforming abuses and in reviving amongst themselves a Scriptural faith and a purer worship. Some years ago it was far otherwise, and many of these people came to the missionaries for

the pure Christian instruction which they could not get in their own church. Several of the mission teachers and pastors originally belonged to this church.

For more than two thousand years the beautiful Island of Ceylon has been one of the strongholds of Buddhism. Hither came Gautama Buddha himself, and here his mysterious creed was able to hold its own against the great Brahmanistic revival which almost drove it out of continental India about ten centuries ago. Buddhism in Ceylon is atheistic nihilism—no personal god, and yet a system of sacrifices and fasts and festivals—a life (professedly) of self-denial and the purest morality, and a looking forward to the dreamless sleep of Nirvana. But Ceylon also contains in the northern and eastern parts a large population of Hindus, and in every town are found Mohammedan traders. The Moslems keep their mosques select, but the Brahmans and Buddhists are very tolerant; their temples are often side by side, and not unfrequently the images of one creed are found in the sacred place of the other. In the Eastern jungles the outcast Veddahs still dance and howl in their devil-worshipping orgies as their aboriginal forefathers did before Gautama came upon his mission. Demon-worship, indeed, is prevalent amongst all the Cingalese population, and the only medical man known in many parts is the devil-priest with his sorceries.

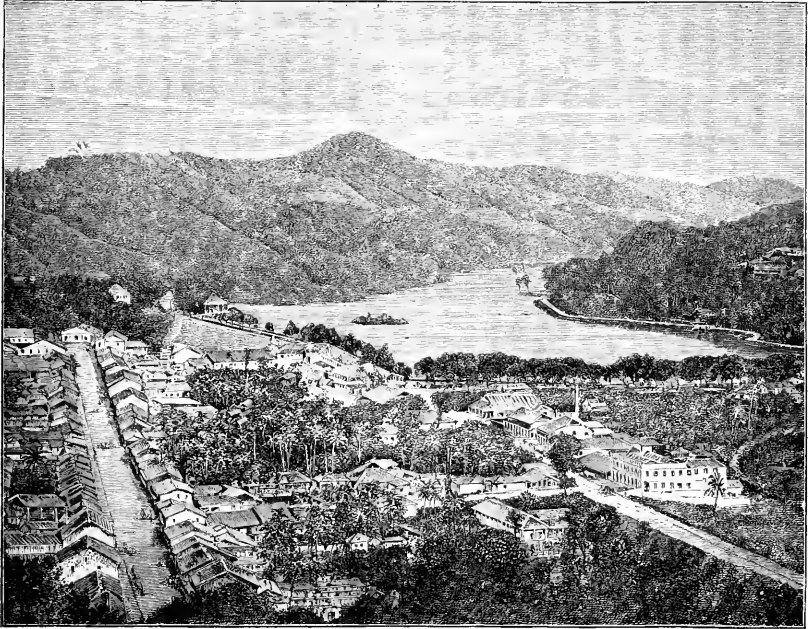
Francis Xavier uplifted his cross upon the shores of Ceylon in 1541, and for over three centuries a large number of the fishermen and their families have remained Roman Catholics. When the Portuguese were driven out, the Dutch became masters of the island, and strove hard to stamp out heathenism and bring the people over bodily into the Lutheran fold. They built churches and schools, and appointed ministers to the different districts, and ordained that only baptised persons could hold a title to land or receive Government employment. The idea seems to have been to have a Reformation straight off, without the usual period of missionary preparation. But thousands relapsed into heathenism when the coercive measures were withdrawn, though Dutch (as well as Portuguese) churches still remain as witnesses of the early attempts to Christianise the island.

The Treaty of Amiens gave Ceylon to England in 1796. It was a time of indifference and discouragement, and for twenty years no missionary effort was made in the island. The Church Missionary Society began to talk about the matter in 1803, but did not send men till 1818. In the meantime the Baptists, the American missionaries, and the Wesleyans, had got to work. The last-mentioned have attained to a development so important that some further details must be given.

Dr. Coke was one of the pioneer preachers of Methodism, and, like his friend John Wesley, regarded "the world as his parish." He has been appropriately called "The Father of Methodist Missions." Eighteen times had he crossed the Atlantic to plant missions in America and the West Indies, and in the intervals had laboured ceaselessly in the British Isles, when at the age of sixty-six he believed it his duty to establish a Methodist mission in India. "Go to Ceylon," seemed ever sounding in his ears. The Conference of 1813 was at first doubtful and hesitating, but

Dr. Coke's ardent appeals, concluding with the offer of himself and a gift of £6,000 from his own property towards the expenses of the mission, compelled it to assent. In December, Dr. Coke, with six young missionaries, and the wives of two of them, were on the way to Ceylon.

But in February, 1814, the enterprise was shadowed by a sad event. One of the ladies of the party, Mrs. Ault, who had been ill throughout the voyage, died.



KANDY.

A few weeks afterwards, on May 3rd, Dr. Coke himself passed to the eternal rest. The stricken party reached Ceylon in June, and established Cingalese stations at Colombo, Galle, and Matura in the south, and Tamil stations at Jaffna and Batticaloa in the north. Since that time many other missionaries have gone out to this field of service, some never to return. Numerous other important stations have been established, and it is now universally acknowledged that the Wesleyan Mission to Ceylon has been a grand success.

The Church of England mission work in Ceylon has been carried forward by the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The former has now over ten thousand native Christians under its care, the latter

about three thousand. For seventy years the Church missionaries have been unwearied in their efforts to educate the people, and a goodly band of native catechists and schoolmasters have been raised up, and several have been ordained. In 1818 the first four Church ministers arrived, and began missions at Kandy in the central province, Jaffna in the northern, and Baddegama in the south. Afterwards stations were planted at Cotta, Colombo, and elsewhere. Jaffna is chiefly peopled by Tamil emigrants from the mainland—bigoted Hindus. But the Dutch, American, Wesleyan, and Church schools and missions have been carried on here in prosperous harmony, and the Christian homes are abundant. "The Christian religion will prevail!" said a Brahman priest, as he contemplated the course of events.

"The legends concerning Jaffna," says Mr. Rigg, the Wesleyan missionary, "are very curious. It is built near a hill called Nakula-malai, or Kiri-malai. A holy sage, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of a mongoose, or Nakula, is said to have lived at the foot of the hill. Near the temple a spring still rises, the waters of which flow some distance into the sea without losing any of their freshness. In this streamlet Nakula-mini, the mongoose-faced sage, was accustomed to bathe, until one day his deformity miraculously passed away.

"Some time after this, a princess with the face of a horse came to this spot, and hearing from the wise man of the holiness of the place, and the cure that the waters had already effected, bathed in the stream until she too was transformed into a marvel of beauty. As a proof of her gratitude, she built this temple near the scene of her recovery. Her father supplied her with men and materials, and a Brahman was induced to come over from India to perform the sacred rites necessary for its consecration. To this day the story is believed by the Jaffnese peasantry, and taught to them by their priests. Nakula-malai is looked upon as a most sacred spot, and the virtues of the streamlet are as powerful in the eyes of the Jaffnese as the Ganges itself."

One of the most interesting of the Church missions at Ceylon was that at Kandy, the ancient capital of the native kings. The debased Christianity of the coast had obtained no foothold here, so that the missionaries found unbroken soil to work upon; and nowhere have converts proved more staunch and consistent. Lakes, richly wooded hills, and lofty mountain peaks, picturesquely surround the ancient capital, which, moreover, abounds with interesting memorials of bygone times. The graceful palaces and other tropical trees are grouped about its royal palaces and its numerous temples, and amidst them all stands the famous shrine of the "Sacred Tooth," venerated by faithful Buddhists in every land. For two thousand years it had been adored in this place, when a Portuguese Archbishop got hold of it in 1560, and burnt it with great ceremony at Goa. We cannot exactly say "how it's done," but the tooth of Buddha is there still, encased in shrines of wrought gold, gleaming with precious stones. At stated intervals the precious relic is brought forth and displayed with great pomp to the thousands of assembled worshippers. Close by the temple stands the spacious audience-hall of the kings, with its richly carved columns



of teak. Not long before the missionaries Lambrick and Browning came here, this hall had been the scene of the horrible cruelties which led the British authorities to dethrone the tyrant and annex his capital, at the request of the great majority of his subjects. One of his last deeds was to compel the wife of one of his Ministers, who had offended him, to pound her own children in a mortar. In the very room where these revolting horrors took place, Bishop Heber, six years after the mission had been established, confirmed 300 converts.

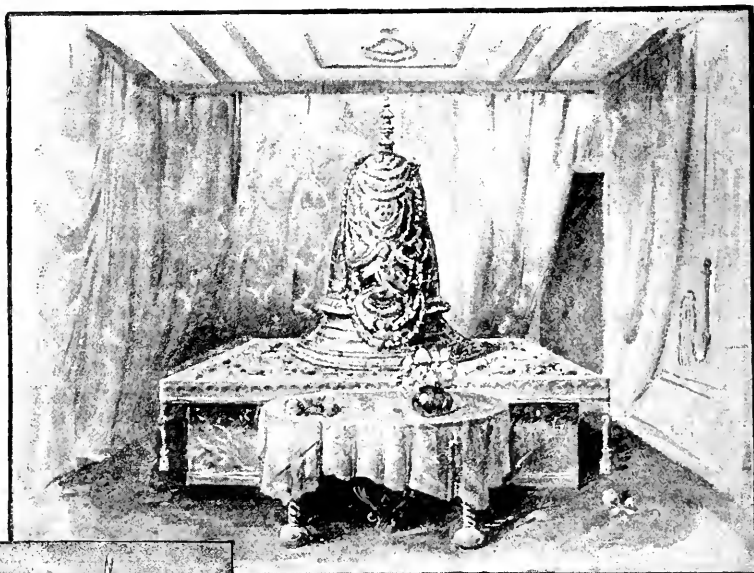
Since 1845 Ceylon has had a bishop of its own, and, aided liberally by the aforementioned great societies, the work has gone on apace. At Colombo a granite cathedral has been built, and also St. Thomas's College, at the end of a busy street two miles long, crowded with types of Oriental humanity. Of the scene presented in this street Bishop Claughton has given a graphic narrative, which we somewhat condense:—"Here are effeminate-looking Cingalese, with long hair, tortoiseshell combs, and tight petticoats; Arabs, with flowing garments and venerable beards, bringing horses for sale from the Persian Gulf; defiant-looking Bengalese, or an unmistakable Chinaman, selling shoes or sweetmeats; Moorish women, closely veiled; Malays, with dangerous countenances and scarcely concealed 'krisses'; Parsees, in curious head-dresses; Malabar 'coolies,' with here and there a Portuguese or Dutch 'burgher' in European dress, all shouting, gesticulating, and chattering in a perfect Babel of tongues. In the busiest part of the street is a large Hindu temple, and its hideous music is no grateful sound as one threads one's way amidst the surging crowds. But here, too, stands the mission catechist, preaching in some open space, surrounded by a small cluster of curious Tamils. The next sight is perhaps a distorted Fakir, or the Mohammedan professor of Hassan and Hussein, throwing the whole place into excitement."

Such is the scene that conducts to the peaceful-looking College buildings nestling among palmyra and cocoanut palms, with green sloping lawns shaded by magnificent banyan trees. Close by rises the grey cathedral, with its simple Early English windows and massive tower. Groups of native boys are scattered about the College grounds, some playing at cricket with their English masters, others preparing their work for the next day, all unconsciously imbibing the high tone of moral discipline and manly exertion which it was the aim and effort of the founders to produce.

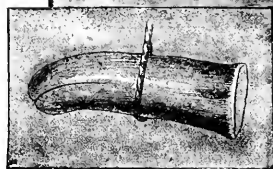
We must take a rapid glance at the beautiful and (to a Buddhist) sacred province of Suffragam. Here for miles you may ride over temple lands, and the yellow robe of the priest is met at every turn. Here stands Adam's Peak, with its mysterious footsteps annually visited by thousands of pilgrims, and with Ratnapoora (City of Rubies) at its foot, with wondrous mountain and forest scenery—the rich lowlands of this province. Here a solitary catechist long ministered to a little flock, till a mission of a more aggressive character was planted by Bishop Claughton.

The position of woman in Buddhist Ceylon is one of absorbing interest. The enfranchisement of woman, as well as the abolition of caste, gives Gautama a true claim to the admiration of mankind. There were no distinctions of class or rank or sex in Buddha's temple, and all might equally share in the propagation of the faith. Sanghamitta, princess and priestess, came to Ceylon with her brother, the

royal priest Mahindo, three centuries before Christ, to preach devotion to Buddha. "The feminine followers of the Princess Sanghamitta," says the Wesleyan missionary, Mr. J. Nicholson, "have never lost their freedom. Woman is not imprisoned in the zenana, or denied the right of free worship in the Buddhist temples. Unchecked, she can climb that peak where the footprint of Buddha is made out of holes in the rock; and fear-



THE KARUNDA, OR SHRINE OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH.



BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

lessly she can go on pilgrimages to the ancient temples of her faith. You see her in 'upasaka,' or devotee robes, on the 'poya,' or holy days of Buddhism, leading the trains of mothers and daughters to the dumb idols. In the home, she guards that altar where the image of the dead teacher stands behind the veil. Woman there can take, herself, and give the family, 'maha sil,' the three chief precepts; or 'pan sil,' the five binding vows; or 'dasa sil,' the ten embracing laws of Buddhism.

"The mothers have done for Buddha what no one else either could or would have accomplished, and to-day the mothers are the central power of Buddhism in this land. Ask the children who took them in their infant years to the gaudy painted figures of the temple, and held their tiny hands while they lisped the words of the Great Refuge, in the Buddha, the Book, and the Brotherhood. Find out who filled their young minds with the legends of the Bodisat, the Prince, and the Teacher of

gods and men. See what hold Buddhism has upon the men and women of Ceylon, in spite of the priesthood, and then you will realise it in the *mother* who has lifted her children to the *ideal Buddha*, above the soiled robes and the false coiners of the temples."

So, likewise, it is woman that has often intervened with effect to win back converts from the influence of the missionaries. She has been willing for her sons to qualify in the mission schools for Government employment, but has sought with jealous bigotry to counteract any religious impressions. She has allowed her children to be taught, trusting in her own authority to preserve their orthodoxy. The school-girl Loku Hamie was taken to the temple by force. "The aunt and the mother determined that she should go to the *wihara* and lay an offering before the image of Buddha. The girl dared not scream in the road, and was silently sad as they compelled her to accompany them. Bruised and trembling, she was pushed into the temple; her hands were held, a flower placed on them, and with a jerk thrown on to the table before the image. Baffled, enraged, yet unconquered, the girl spat in Buddha's face, saying, with a sneer, 'It is only clay.' The aunt and the mother did not repeat their cruelty; they let Loku Hamie alone."

In this instance, as in many others, the young convert has faithfully withstood and conquered; but a growing conviction has arisen of the absolute need for winning the women of Ceylon. The special efforts that are being made to educate girls are most encouraging, and present a very hopeful augury for the future of Ceylon. But it is now time for us to leave this beautiful island, "where," as Heber writes, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," although the Itinerant Mission, the Coolie Mission, the Orphanages, and some other phases of mission effort, might well claim detailed notice did space permit.



THE DEWA MILLEME, OR PRINCIPAL KANDIAN CHIEF.

Our rapid survey of the mission fields of India must not be closed, without a more special notice of the great and good work that has been carried on by certain societies, and also by independent workers, in connection with the Hindu women. Of the 125,000,000 of women and girls in India, only one in eight hundred knows how to read. Their lives are spent in jealously guarded seclusion, and though the

prevalent slaying of female children has been stopped, they have grown up in great darkness and ignorance. Educated Hindus have been positively astonished at finding that girls were capable of receiving instruction. Infant marriage is one of the serious evils against which the missionaries have had to contend; it was pitiful to see mothers of thirteen nursing feeble infants. The better class of Hindus have in many places aided the missionaries in discouraging marriages before the age of sixteen. But to retain girls in the training institutions till eighteen or twenty, to complete their education, has often been a difficult task. The treatment of widows is another crying evil in the experience of Indian women. Suttee has been abolished, but the widow must remain one for life; and many of this class never saw their deceased boy-husbands! The general belief is that the bereavement is a punishment for sin in a previous life, and the poor girl is held accursed, and lives on, "a sad being in coarse white clothing, to whom the simplest braiding of the hair is counted vanity; who may not eat enough to appease her hunger; who may sleep on no bed, but only on the bare ground for a mat; for whom even the approach of death may not relax any of the severities of life." Twenty millions of widows are said to be enduring this terrible doom in India, and it is cause for rejoicing that the Zenana societies have been raised up to take steps to ameliorate their condition, and carry to them the consolations of the Gospel.

The absence of proper medical knowledge and treatment has been, and in most places still is, also a cause of great suffering to the women of India, but has, under Providence, given Christian women the desired opportunity to penetrate the darkness of the Zenana. The ordinary medical missionary has been baffled here; the women might die, rather than men should attend to their ailments. But Christian ladies have been enabled to qualify for medical practice, and, in face of many difficulties, have ministered to the needs of suffering bodies and perishing souls.

The spiritual darkness and ignorance of these poor secluded ones has been beyond description. Debasing superstitions—a mixture of the aboriginal demon-worship and Hindu idolatry—make up their religion. In the midst of wealth and outward comfort, the Zenana is often the scene of despair and madness, and horrible crimes have not been unfrequent behind those carefully guarded lattices. But through the patient, devoted labours of the Zenana missionaries, the light is finding its way into many a Hindu home; and when the importance of the movement is fully recognised, so as to be more adequately supported by Christian Churches, a work will go triumphantly forward worthy to rank among the grandest conquests of the Cross.

The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East has sent many workers to the field of service under notice. For over fifty years it has been at work, as its first female teacher was admitted to a Zenana in 1835; and it has trained in its institution many girls and native ladies, who have become efficient helpers in the cause. A native gentleman, witnessing the labours of this society, exclaimed, "The light has begun to shine in our Zenanas, and everything is changed. Only get the hearts of our women, and you will get the heads of our men."

The Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, or Zenana Bible

and Medical Mission, is another agency that has done much good work. The way in which "Lady Dufferin's Fund" originated in the operations of the society is thus described:—

"In the beginning of the year 1881 Miss Beilby, of Lucknow, was summoned by the Maharajah of Puna to attend his wife, long suffering from painful internal disease, and who could receive no aid from native physicians, because the customs of the country positively forbade a Zenana lady from being seen by any man except her husband, father, or brother. The lady physician, prompt to see the significance of such a call, made the journey of one hundred miles, stayed for weeks in this city, in which was no other European, and devoted herself with so much skill and fidelity to the care of the lady that a complete recovery was the result. When the time came for her return, the Maharanee entreated her to tell the Queen what the Zenana ladies of India had to suffer in time of sickness, and to give the account in person, that it might have more weight. Miss Beilby tried to make her understand that it might not be easy to obtain an audience of the Queen; and that if she could, the Queen would not be able to make lady doctors, or order them to go out; not even the great Queen of England could do that. But the persistent lady brought pen, ink, and paper, and said she *must* write a message, and 'Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba, for I want you to put it in a locket, and you are to wear the locket round your neck till you see our great Queen and give it to her yourself.'

"On reaching England Miss Beilby secured the interview with the Queen, who listened with deepest sympathy to the story the physician had to tell. A kind message was sent to the Maharanee, and another given to Miss Beilby for everyone with whom she spoke upon the subject: 'We wish it generally known, that we sympathise with every effort to relieve the suffering state of the women of India.'

"From this time the sufferings of the women of India in sickness attracted much attention in England, which culminated in the National Association for their relief, of which Lady Dufferin was the efficient president."

The "Church of England Zenana Missionary Society" is another organisation that has taken a very prominent position in this movement. It has a staff of a hundred and forty missionaries and assistant missionaries, with Indian Bible Women and teachers under their superintendence, labouring devotedly in India, China and Japan. Amongst its missionaries may be mentioned Miss Tucker, so well known in England as a graphic and touching writer, under her *nom de plume* of "A.L.O.E." She has never returned to England since in 1875 she went to Batala, resolved to die in the service of the women of the Punjab. Miss Clay (mentioned in the Life of Frances Ridley Havergal as her chief friend) is another zealous labourer, who has been often spoken of as the "Mother of the Punjab Village Missions." Miss Blandford has worked for over twenty years in Trevandrum. The Rani of a native State became one of her pupils, and subsequently the husband of this lady was banished by the Maharajah for some actual or supposed plot, and his wife was

commanded to marry some one else. But the Rani was a heroine. She confided to her Zenana teacher her determination to be faithful to her husband, and received her encouragement and advice. Though repeatedly urged to yield, she was firm in her resolution. At length the Maharajah died, and at the accession of his successor



BULLOCK CART FOR HIGH-CASTE BRAHMAN WOMAN.

the banished Rajah was restored to favour. Queen Victoria, on learning the story, bestowed the Star of India on the faithful Rani.

But here we must pause. The records of Zenana work, not only in connection with the three societies named, but as carried on by independent workers at various places, teem with scenes and incidents that only want of space prevents us from detailing. If our readers are thirsting for more, we must refer them to the interesting periodicals published by the societies, and to such works as Miss Lowe's "Punrooty," which alone might well furnish material for a chapter of this volume.

## XLI.—IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

## MELANESIA.

Polynesia and Melanesia—Atmospheric Conditions—Pen-and-Ink Portraits of Chiefs—Dwellings of the People—Arts and Sciences of the South Seas—Social Economy—A Curious System of Taxation—Diviners—Beliefs—Ancestor-Worship—Commodore Goodenough—Death of the Commodore—Three Martyr-Missionaries—Bishop Selwyn—John Coleridge Patteson—Early Life of Patteson—Consecrated Bishop of Melanesia—Plan of Operations—Thrilling Adventures—The *Southern Cross*—St. Barnabas College, Norfolk Island—Dysentery and Fever—Santa Cruz—A Melancholy Disaster—Illness of Patteson—An Iniquitous Traffic—Labour Ships—Mota—George Sarawia's School—Nukapu—An Impending Fate—Martyr-Death of Bishop Patteson—Effect on the Mission—The Rev. Joseph Atkin—A Hero of the Cross—Taro—Norfolk Island—Present State of the Mission—Letters to the Missionaries—John, Son of Bishop Selwyn.

THE innumerable islands which stud the waters of the Southern Pacific divide themselves naturally, if we consider race distinctions, into two main groups; the countless array of little worlds east of the New Hebrides coming under the generic title of Polynesia, while to define the western archipelagoes, including Northern Australia, the term Melanesia has been more properly used, as denoting the black rather than copper-coloured skin of tribes whose woolly hair and negrine features, as well as their language and mental aptitude, mark them off from their eastern conquerors. The vulgarly-called "niggers" whom we shall meet in the following pages as peopling these "green islands in glittering seas," are, as we shall see, being brought hopefully under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, who has arisen upon their swarthy humanity with healing in His wings; so that their insular homes and haunts may be said to be "black but comely," in the language of the Shulamite who prayed, "Look not upon me because I am black, because the Sun hath looked upon me;" and we shall be reminded that "One fairer than the sons of men" has left an impress of His own renovating glory upon them in these latter days.

The appearance of these distant isles of the sea is variously reported, due, no doubt, to the atmospheric conditions, or the temperament and humour of the reporter, all of which are variable circumstances; scarcely, at least, should we expect to hear a missionary in that glowing region speak thus: "From our rainy decks the following islands are to be clearly seen: the pastille-like Star Island, forty miles astern, and ruined battlemented Ureparapara, thirty miles ahead; sulphurous, steamy, rain-sodden Vanua Lava, or Great Banks' Island, with its four great cones piercing the lowering clouds in search of light and life beyond; Mota, squat and like a dozing cat; and Saddle Island, fringed with the flying foam of the thundering surf." The hot, aqueous climate is an uncertain commodity, for when rain or wind visits the earth after a drought, it frequently comes with tropical severity.

The fury of the tornado at sea is one of the risks to which the sailor-missionaries of Melanesia have at all times been exposed; and intense alarm has sometimes been caused their friends in Auckland, when the mission vessel has been belated long beyond the hour of her expected arrival. A first succession of light winds, delaying her for many days within sight of her destination, has been followed

by a terrific blast that has blown her a hundred and thirty miles to leeward; and it is known on shore that the danger outwardly is seriously augmented by the crew and passengers on board running short of supplies.

The Melanésians have borne the general bad reputation of all the South Sea Islanders, as savages with whom it was dangerous, or even impossible, to hold intercourse. Some are tall and muscular, such as those inhabiting that fine and populous but ill-famed Santa Cruz, where they are terribly wild, "a fine and war-like race, armed with bows and clubs, and wearing the usual armlets and necklaces and strips of a kind of cloth, made of reeds closely woven, and having their hair plastered white with coral dust." The first landing on an island infested with such glittering desperadoes was, it may be readily conceived, one of immense risk; and a missionary's nerves must have been cast-iron when he could brace himself to advance alone into the midst of a bloodthirsty group, chattering and yelling around him, as he proceeded to shake hands with the chief, who, stark naked like the rest, was perhaps a short and fat and funny-looking man, with a tame bat hanging from his hand, his lips disgustingly reddened by betel-chewing, and his teeth ebonised from the pipe stuck in his armlet. The chiefs are all possessed of that quality designated "human nature;" and capital pen-and-ink portraits of three of these potentates, drawn by a missionary, may give the reader an insight into the strange diversity of character which they presented.

"Takua is of middle height, stout, and heavily built; his eyes are very close together, his cheek-bones high, brows prominent, and forehead receding. With the exception of a little imperial and a tuft on the top of his head, he is clean-shaven. His temper is sullen and morose, but as far as I can judge, not treacherous. Like all his people, he is rapacious. He behaved towards me as a gentleman from first to last of my visit, gave me much sensible advice, and was exceedingly anxious that I should look fat and well when the vessel came back. Never awkward, ever at his ease, polite, and singularly apt in entering into one's thoughts and objects of interest, and turning the conversation in that direction, he is (in common with many other heathen chiefs), a noble by nature as well as by position.

"Sauvui, the second brother, is quick and impulsive, insolent, rough, and noisy; as rapacious as a shark, as hysterical as a woman, as merciless as Shylock, and, at times, as polite as a dancing-master.

"Notikea, in the first vigour of manhood, is as straight as an arrow, agile, with a fine open countenance, but with a frequent frown upon his brow. His powdered hair is long, and is worn like that of a German professor, combed back off his forehead and falling behind. His eye, quite unlike the dull smear which usually represents that feature in these people, is clear hazel, with *depth* in it. It is large, full, and bright. His face is clean-shaven, save two little tufts of hair, one at each corner of his mouth, which are called 'crumbs.' He is a great warrior, and, when he pleases, a perfect gentleman."

Among the *malayai*, or "great unwashed," is found the same variety of feature and admixture of blood as among that order nearer home. The difference in colour



is often surprising, some being light yellow and others jet-black; some are coarse "niggers" with protruding jaws, thickened lips, and retreating forehead; others are equally refined; there are grave and gay, silent and talkative; the good-tempered stay-at-home, and the avowed libertine with his professional Rembi.

The Melaneseans lived in villages which they placed as near the sky as possible, perching their houses on rocky pinnacles or razor-back terraces with the airiness of birds' nests, their gardens covering the precipitous slopes: for the double reason of breathing a cooler atmosphere, and because a stockaded eminence possessed the advantage of becoming a natural fortalice in war. Within the village enclosure each residence was fenced to keep out the pigs; the house-door, too, was made with a waist-high threshold and a low lintel, so that to leap clear through the aperture was a gymnastic feat, only to be acquired by long practice: while the reed dwellings, being built on piles, were in some instances so elevated, in order to avoid the rats, that it was next to impossible to enter them at all. Although for the most part a phlegmatic people, the Melaneseans show considerable taste and skill in decorative work; their shell ornamentations express both pains and patience; and a ludicrous aspect is frequently given to the rooms of their "upper ten thousand," who, as if to mock the civilisation which has intruded itself among them, paper their bamboo walls with newspapers, such artistic periodicals as the *Illustrated London News* being conspicuously turned upside down! The coolness of the night is the detestation of the sun-baked islanders, so that a fire is kept burning in their houses while they sleep, the door is shut, and there being no chimney, it is rather more than difficult for European lungs to breathe; but as this does not hurt the natives, and it is said that they cannot sleep except under these conditions, they, no doubt, have here a source of wonderment in regard to the choking, suffocating missionary—who at odd times, by the way, finds his devoted head pillowed on "the cleanest and tamest of pigs in the dirtiest of houses," or discovers that a fire has been lighted "almost under his couch, and every exit for the smoke from the hut carefully closed:" while he has noted the most loathsome forms of sickness and disease afflicting the slumberers around him in the filth of the *kialu*, where he has lain half-stifled with the smoke of damp firewood.

The culinary art was much what it is among all unsophisticated palates: for a big feast, the noise of the pestles mashing the yams was incessant; the "spread" was laid in a clearing made for the purpose in front of a house; heaps upon heaps of food were brought in: the yams were turned out of their bamboo mortars of four feet in depth, while an army of butchers delighted to tear to pieces the fatted pigs; and the whole populace was in a ferment of excitement, streaming with sweat and shouting in ecstacy; heathen grace was said by the assembled multitude giving a sudden staccato yell, accompanied by a simultaneous clap of the hands, after which they fell to, the polygamists being wisely careful to distribute equal portions to each of their wives.

The arts and sciences of the South Seas comprise excellent canoe-building, of exquisite workmanship throughout, from the accurate adzing of the timbers with sharp stones, to the inlaying of the gigantic and symmetrical water-fowl with mother-

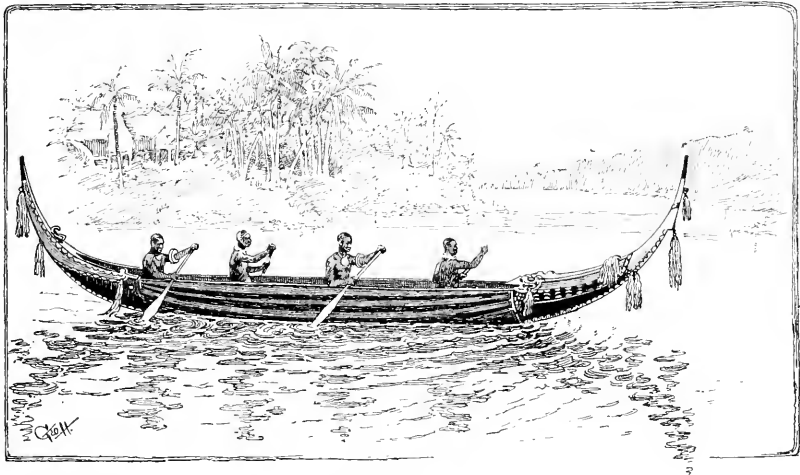
of-pearl and other glistening decorations. All honour to the self-taught artists who thus combine convenience with strength, and, with an innate ignorance of bad taste or vulgar show, produce vessels which skim the water as lightly as the sea-foam, fifty feet long, with stem and stern rising twelve feet, after the curve of a bird's neck and tail, and with all the symmetry of the "horned moon." Indeed, so nicely is the balancing of the keel-less boats adjusted, that when loaded, or rather overloaded, the poise between life and death is so even, that a catastrophe has been known to be brought about by the movement of an old man on board reaching behind him for a bunch of cocoa-nuts, when the sudden and awful capsize has plunged the whole party, together with their cargo of pigs or cocoa-nuts, into the sea. Drumming, it would seem, is one of the fine arts also, one insular village appearing famous as the residence of the drum-makers, whose drum-shed is a large house open at either end, the drums being sections of the trunk of some hard-wood tree from four to nine feet in length, with a slit down one side, by means of which the wood is hollowed out, the shell being left of varying thickness so as to produce shades of sound when struck. The shed contains many drums of various sizes ranged along its sides. Three men squat, each opposite a separate drum, and the music begins, a mellow jarring on the ear, the drumstick management being a very complicated performance, so that when an English amateur tries his hand, the amusement of the swarthy drum-majors is great.

As regards social economy, the women, as in other lands, are their lords' chattels, being chiefly engaged as light porters. At dusk long files of them may be met, each with a big, heavy basket of yams, and above that a large bundle of firewood nicely balanced on her head, while over the shoulders hang bamboo water-pots filled with water, and some other burden carried in either hand. A chief with a multiplicity of wives has a domestic village of his own; each wife has her own house, which is *tapu* from all the rest, although the several doors open into the same courtyard, which is planted with trees; and the whole seraglio is surrounded by a coral wall, on the broad top of which the dusky husband will sit and discuss his connubial bliss with any interested listener. Intermarriage in the same tribe is in some islands forbidden, the death penalty being attached to a transgression of the rule.

Among the commercial transactions of benighted Melanesia was a practice which might commend itself to the study of more enlightened warriors; for in going to war the curious custom was observed of paying for all whom they killed in battle. Thus when a peace was proclaimed, the relatives of the deceased came down upon their slaughterers, who had no alternative but to pay for their doughty deed-doing in hard cash, such as it was. The folly of war was matched by its doubled costliness: there was no premium on braggadocio, except the loss of wealth, and the victorious side was shorn of half its glory by having to settle the longer bill of the two. Nor can we compute the ignominy to the savage heart of being thus mulcted in this species of fine; a brave possessor of "a few knives and tomahawks, with two or three guns, a couple of sailors' chests, and some odd saucepans," was considered a merchant prince for the exceeding greatness of his wealth; and when a

conquering hero was compelled to empty his private purse, which inventoried such precious items as "one piece of iron, two pipes, one plug of tobacco, one long piece of iron hoop, two fathoms of bead-money," we cannot imagine that he would "take joyfully the spoiling of his goods." And thus it is not wonderful that poor creatures with possessions so few and so choice were found to be inmate beggars, giving their missionary friends no peace, but worrying them to give them things with a covetousness quite sickening, making them cry, "Would to God they had an equal desire for the true riches."

In some places dancing parties were organised by the chiefs, who carefully trained and severely criticised their men, with a *maîveté* equal to that of any Monsieur Michaud,



MELANESIAN CANOE.

and the ballet would proceed in calm weather on a circular tour among neighbouring isles, payment for the performances being demanded in backsheesh or food. The system of direct taxation carried on by the *dae*, a term meaning "watch," was found to be fully as arbitrary and burdensome as that of any other inquisitorial and extortionate income tax. Injured persons would *dae* their injurer if they could; *i.e.*, they would go in force and sit on his doorstep night after night until he paid sufficient to atone for his offence. The *daer's* refusal to pay, entitled the *daers* to snatch his pigs, destroy his gardens, and, if necessary, knock him on the head. Every chief is thus more or less of a landshark, condemning his people to "throw," which is the technical name in Melanesia for "paying the piper." When regal rapacity has seized on everything available for "throwing," it proceeds to "crown the edifice," which is a practical although more euphonious synonym for that other vulgar but expressive English phrase, "putting the screw on," and which consists in first forcing on the

acceptance of the taxed some royal favour, *e.g.*, a trussed pig, and subsequently *dacing* everyone who has accepted or partaken of the uninvited mark of sovereign condescension, and who may have aught to "throw." Thus go hand in hand *dacing*, "throwing," and "crowning the edifice," to keep up the dignity of the State.

Above the ridge-poles of their council halls, large and airy, human skulls were made to dangle, some of them blackened with the smoke, and some fresh with dripping gore, all giving the idea of hideous and summary judgment, meted out as though by the sword of a heathen goddess of justice.

The prophets of these heathen were great diviners, who took even the weather under their charge, always crediting themselves with making its calms and fine days; and when ordered to supply it fair and it turned out perversely foul, they had easy explanations ready at hand. They were full of charms and evil spirits, especially instant in warning their disciples to give certain spots—such as some bold forbidding headland at sea—a wide berth, lest the misanthropical old fiend, whom they dogmatically asserted to be resident therein, should turn grimly upon them. They believed strongly in ghosts and their midnight *séances*; nocturnal noises were thought to proceed from supernatural beings, who roamed about Melanesia as elsewhere, the invisible unemployed; and the enclosed hut, *distingué* as the residence of a ghost, was found by the missionaries to be none other than a probable tumulus, or a log-built mausoleum of the dead.

To lament the departed, the women, as in other lands, rent the air with their piercing shrieks and discordant wails; the regular *tangi* of the Melanesian "mother" being an exceeding loud and bitter cry, invoking the lost husband, brother, or nephew by name, as if to summon him back to her from a far-distant sphere, thus: "Mbu—la—a! Mbu—mbu—mbu—la—a!"

The accounts given of the belief of these heathen are very meagre. For the most part their ancestors were alone worshipped, as heroes, but not among all of them; they did not "serve graven images," and, although they carved figures of men and animals, which they called *Atua*, they held them in no respect; sacrifice was performed by throwing meat or money into the sea or upon the fire. The water kelpies apparently caused them most anxiety: a fleet of canoes would suddenly draw up in line, and its occupants maintain a dead silence for a long period. On the vessels beginning to rock, the wave-spirit would be conjured to tell whether they should proceed or return, the old diviner rising up and crying in long dying cadences, "We—inquire—of—thee! Inquire—of—thee! 'Quire—of—thee! Of—thee! Of—thee—of—thee—of—thee!" the suspense reaching a climax when, after no response for a long time, the wave-spirit would relent and give his assent by bowing the tall prow and poop of the canoe, at which the shout would be instantly raised, 'Let us go up, let us dance, and eat, and pipe, and betel!'

Worship appears to have been ancestral. The following description, from the diary of Commodore Goodenough, of a visit which he paid to one of these South Sea Islands, in which he was afterwards to meet his death, will be read with double interest, affording as it does an insight into that keen observer's appreciation

of the worship in its character and merits, and testifying also of the Christian goodwill towards those remote heathen, that breathed in the breast of that gallant and good commander:—

“I took Perry in the galley, and went round Direction Island (Santa Cruz group), finding a landing as I expected. The people all escaped to the main across the joining reef, poor creatures, laden with household goods apparently. I landed, after calling *Omai* repeatedly, and looking into six or eight of the houses. One, which was oblong, and had side walls four feet high, was evidently a public-house. The others were perhaps not quite so high, and had a semicircular end, indifferently pointed, but generally inshore, the door being beachwards. This end was generally cut off by a wooden sill, four or six inches high. In the centre of the apse were eight to twelve black stones, some little columns of basalt, some flat pieces, and some round pebbles. On the left, as one faced this little assemblage, was always a little cane bench. I could not think what this meant, till in one hut I found a child's skull upon the stool, well smeared with yellow earth. Besides a few old bags and mats, a bow, and the hafts of adzes, there was absolutely nothing in the village. Everything had been removed. At quite one end, and at the last of all the houses, was a roof without walls, but with side-posts, and under it a quantity of skulls around some upright stones, but no bones of any sort, and no lower jaws. I conclude from all this that this is, again, a worship of ancestors, household and tribal, and that each has its own *penates*. There were no marks of any sort upon the stones.”

He who wrote the above description was a man inured to hardship, and to facing danger, by a process of self-discipline from boyhood. After living a brave yet unassuming life as a gallant Christian officer, he died beloved by all who knew him, and mourned by all his fellow-countrymen, a victim of poisoned arrows hurled upon him at Santa Cruz. The scene of that violence, with his own self-command and his concern for the safety of his men, is worth recording here also in his own words:—

“Harrison was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man, who held his bow in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left, I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes, fitting an arrow to a string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, and stared him in the face, thud came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted ‘To the boats!’ pulled the arrow out and threw it away, and leapt down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them, all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out and helped to push her out into deep water, and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. I ordered the armed men to fire; the instant they fired the arrow-flights ceased. I looked round, and the boats were clear of the beach. Perry immediately cleaned and sucked my wound, and on my coxswain and cook saying they were hit, sucked their wounds

too, which were quite slight. I asked, 'Are all in the boats?' and was answered by Jones, the coxswain of the first cutter, 'All in, sir, and I'm wounded.' For a moment there was a doubt about Harrison, and I was just turning back when I saw his white coat myself in the other cutter, and ordered the boats to pull up to the ship. . . . My only object in firing was to stop their arrows and drive them off."

The narrative of the gallant commodore's Christian death is as follows:—



COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

"When he felt all hope was over, he was carried to the quarter-deck, and the ship's company called round him, when he told them that he was dying, and wished to say good-bye to them. He begged the men to smile to him, and not look sad. He had lived a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and in the conviction that all was according to God's will. He exhorted them earnestly to the love of God, and begged the older men, who had influence with the younger ones, to use it for good, adding, 'Will you do this for my sake?' 'As for the poor natives,' he added, 'don't think about them—they could not know right from wrong.

Perhaps some twenty or thirty

years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among and taught them, something may be learnt about it. Before I go back to die,' he went on, 'I should like you all to say, "God bless you,"' which they did: and he then said, 'May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me.' In this spirit he died, as in this spirit he had lived—an illustration of the "Happy Warrior" in life and in death, as beautiful and perfect, surely, as the Christian poet himself imagined when he penned his poem. No word of reproach escaped him, though doubtless his death was due, like that of Bishop Patteson, to the foul misdeeds of others, breeding distrust and hatred in the minds of these poor heathen people."

It is noteworthy that three leading missions in the South Seas were each

called upon to sacrifice a martyr as the seed of the Polynesian and Melanesian churches. The vigorous operations of the London Missionary Society, which had begun to Christianise the islands south of the equator, include the thrilling tale of John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga in the New Hebrides. Second on the field was the Church of Rome, whose opening enterprise was consecrated by the blood of its first Bishop, Jean Baptiste Epalle, who, in 1845, being then in the prime of his days, was slain by the savages at Ysabel, in the Solomon Group, and who was laid to rest in a deserted spot, with scarce any ceremony, by his weeping priests. The third enterprise which yielded up its devoted leader on the same sacrificial altar, was that of the Church of England in Melanesia, and its story now opens before us.

The Melanesian Mission was inaugurated by the indefatigable zeal and courage of Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, whose heart had been directed to those scattered islands lying under the equator and uninhabited by Europeans. In 1849 he ventured on a first cruise among them in his tiny schooner the *Undine*, twenty-two tons; when he sailed to the Loyalty and other groups, a distance of over a thousand miles from home, and returned with a first batch of five scholars, whom he installed at his St. John's College, Auckland. In 1851 he went for a four months' cruise in the *Border Mail*, and repeated his visits during the next two years, each time bringing back a larger number of pupils; but this immense extension of his already huge diocese soon became too much for even



BISHOP PATTESON.

Selwyn's energies. In paying a visit to England, he happened to sojourn with his old friend Judge Patteson, whose boy of fourteen gave such promise that, on bidding Lady Patteson good-bye, he asked, "Will you give me Coley?" and from that moment the thoughts of the youth were turned to the vast mission-field opened before him by the enthusiasm of the Bishop of the Antipodes. Twelve years thereafter the Bishop paid the Judge a second visit, and found the boy grown into an ordained clergyman, earnestly working among his own people, when Selwyn invited him to share his work. The young man sailed with him on his return to the other side of the globe, and Selwyn never made a more happy choice than when he was directed by God to take "Coley" out as his successor in the work of evangelising Melanesia. As the individual biography of this great and good man is intimately connected with the history of this mission, the story would be incomplete without a reference to the character and early career of its apostle.

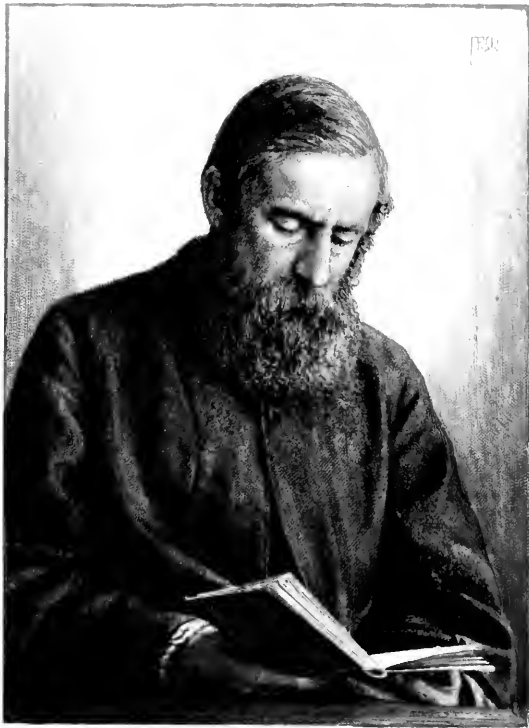
John Coleridge Patteson, son of one Judge and nephew of another, was born on April 1st, 1827, his mother, Frances Coleridge, being one of those bright, sunny

Christian women who fill the earthly home with the goodness as of some heavenly visitant. Her son grew up one of those even-minded, reliable boys, beloved and trusted by all, not so much for any extraordinary abilities, as for thoroughness of character and genuineness of heart. One of the chief longings in which his child-spirit grew was to be able to say the Absolution, because it would make people so happy; and the benignant influence of his cheerful, early home was afterwards a living power in his solitary heart as he roamed an exile among distant islands, full of the staying comfort of "home, sweet home!" He was educated at Eton, where, on a great State occasion, he got entangled in the throng of rolling carriages, and his life was imperilled by the royal wheels, beneath which he would have been crushed had not the young Queen herself held out her hand and rescued him, her gracious Majesty little knowing that the valuable life she had thus saved was that of one who was afterwards to be enrolled among the martyr-bishops of England.

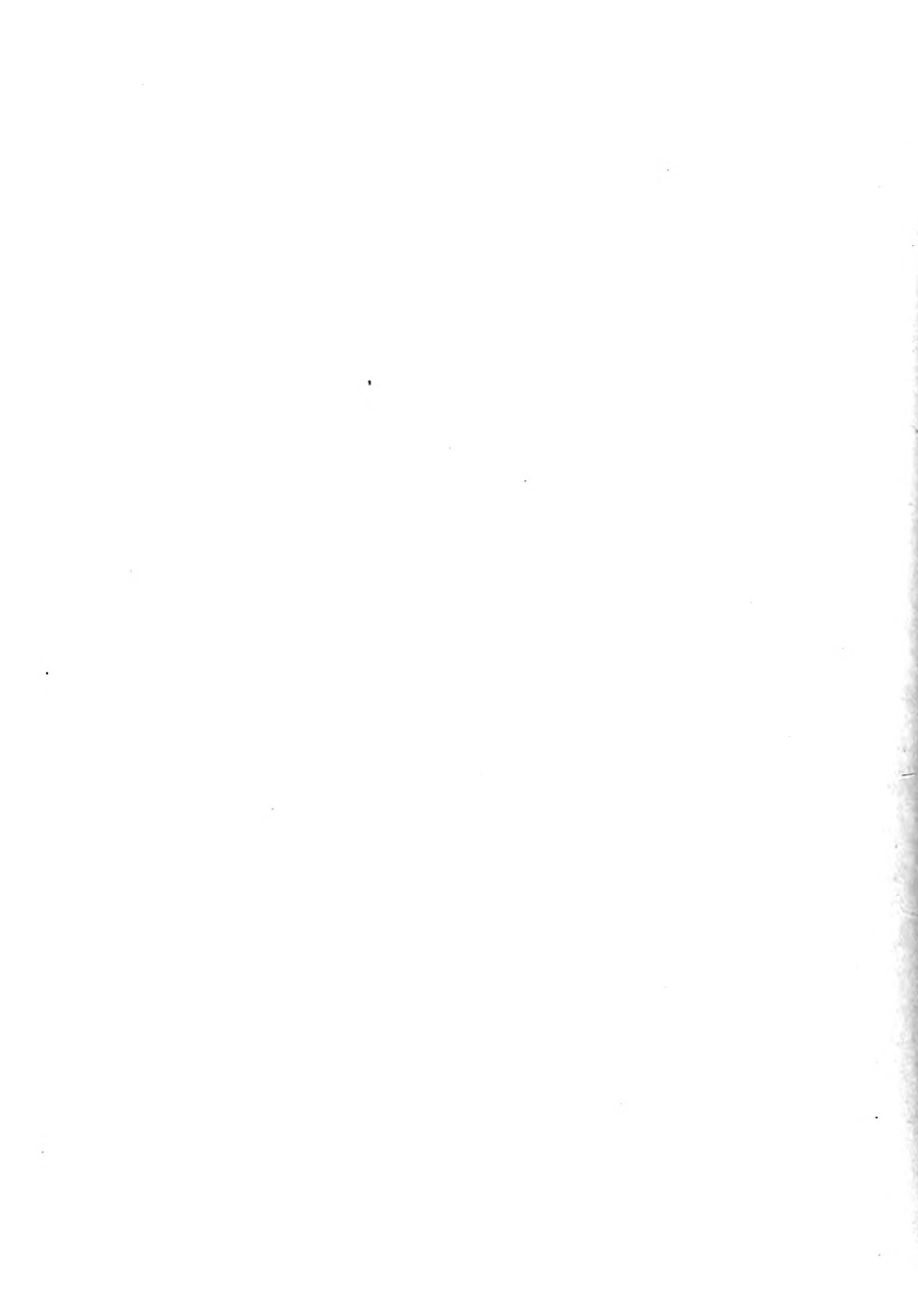
Courage, moral and physical, was a feature most discernible in Patteson's character; and among the recollections of his school-days is an episode in which he took a determined stand for the right and the good. At one of those great dinners which were the wonted thing in the old times among the senior boys at the close of the summer half, but are now "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the president gave Coley to understand that he was going to sing some objectionable song. The future bishop remonstrated with the elder scholar for the sake of others, and promised that if he did carry out that item of the programme he should protest by leaving the room, which he accordingly did; and although most of those assembled agreed that he was right, only one other lad had the pluck to approve his conduct by following his example in the face of a storm of that ridicule which is awful in the eyes of schoolboys, little and big. From Eton he passed to Oxford, where the same self-discipline and courage were displayed; as, for instance, when, instead of indulging in the habitual expensive after-dinner "wines" and dessert which, in rotation, the undergraduates were expected to provide for the sake of social intercourse, he advocated the pleasant interchange of thought *minus* the unnecessary luxuries, the cost of which, being calculated, was, in most cases, sent to enhance the fund for the relief of those who were perishing by thousands in the terrible famine then raging in Ireland.

As a young clergyman, his parish surrounded him with near relatives, being contiguous to his father's estate; and when the higher call came, and Selwyn gained his consent to accompany him to the Antipodes, his one anxious and affectionate thought was for the sorrow that his departure would cause to his widowed father. To father and son the trial was a severe test of faith. The learned Judge, then advanced to a green old age, knew well that the chances were against his ever meeting him in this world again, and yet would not allow any thought of himself to stand in the way of his going, but freely and tenderly said, "I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again;" and to the young clergyman's ears that episcopal invitation sounded like Jehovah's voice, saying, as it had done to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." To a cousin, a little girl of eight, he wrote





BISHOP PATTESON



words which might now be construed into a prophecy: "After Christmas you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world," and thus parted the brave spirit from its happy English surroundings, from a home which was endeared to it by more than ordinary tender affection, and from all it held sacred and loved most dearly, never to see them more.

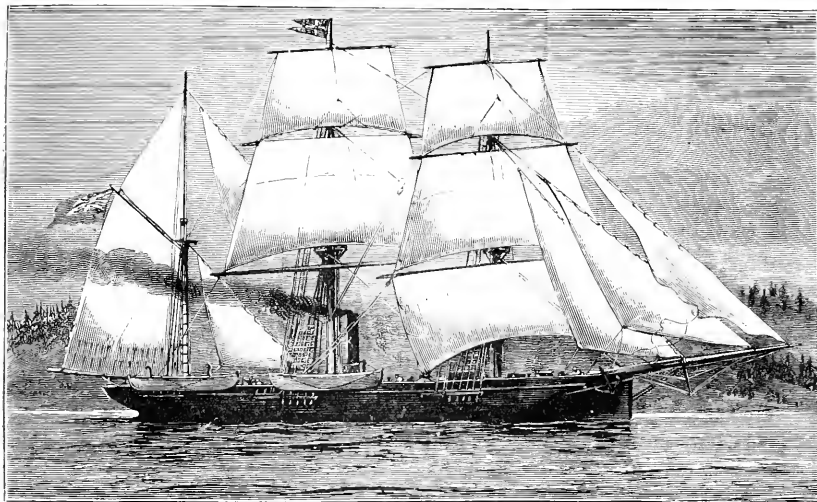
On the outward voyage, Patteson soon discovered to the shrewd eye of Selwyn that he was possessed of a rare combination of gifts fitting him peculiarly for the work among the islands, his very constitution finding congeniality in the excessive heat of the tropics, and himself turning out as great a linguist as his superior, for on arriving at Auckland he had mastered Maori to such an extent that a not very complimentary native asked a senior missionary "why he did not speak like Te Patehana?" His unusual aptitude for language proved one of his chief fitnesses for his work, which in the student's aspect of it might be termed polyglot, from the variety of dialects in which it was necessarily carried on; and to his remarkable "gift of tongues" he added a genius for seamanship, so that from the first the episcopal eye was upon him as the chosen instrument in the evangelisation of that maritime tract of the vast diocese beyond the seas, abounding in islands which were lying literally "under the sun." The two made frequent voyages together, until, after seven years of apprenticeship, Selwyn handed over the entire spiritual control of those distant islands to his friend, of whom he wrote that the "cool calculation to plan the operations of a voyage, the experience of sea-life which would enable him to take the helm in a gale of wind, to detect a coral patch from his perch on the foreyard, or to handle a boat in a heavy sea-way or rolling surf; the quick eye to detect the natives lurking in the bush, or secretly snatching up bow and spear; the strong arm to wrench their hands off the boat," were the qualifications which this ex-captain of his Eton eleven had displayed, and which had frequently stood the prelate in good stead. After labouring thus for six years, Patteson was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, the service being held at St. Paul's, Auckland, in 1861, the Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington, and Nelson officiating, and Bishop Selwyn preaching the sermon. The impressive scene was rendered very striking when one of the Melanesian lads came forward at the moment of consecration to hold the Prayer-book, like a living leetern, as though, by the voluntary act and deed of Melanesia, the Holy Spirit was implored to set apart its spiritual overseer to his mighty work.

The plan of operation was different from that hitherto adopted among the Pacific Islands, for mission work in the South Seas had been started by sending trained native teachers into the midst of the savages for a number of years, and then returning, to find them either surrounded by a Christian colony of their own, or to receive the tidings of their having been cooked and eaten long ago. In places where success had gained for them a listening ear, Europeans would go and settle at a risk second only to that of the pioneer, and often to fall victims in turn. Instead of this, Patteson used to visit islands with the express purpose of taking scholars off with him; and we can but imagine how constantly he was running every kind of risk in this most venturesome employment, wherein the chances were that, however *sauciter in modo*,

*fortiter in re*, which he always was in his dealing with the natives, his aims would be identified in their untutored minds with those unscrupulous piratical slave-dealers known throughout the South Seas as "Labourers." Canoes "paddling" the mission ship (as the expression went) on its approach to an island, indicated that the natives were friendly disposed, and while they exposed their yams for sale with a timidity which was natural to them, on the deck of the bigger vessel, the missionary would beg the loan of boys to teach during the few moons of a visit to New Zealand; but where there was no such indication, the plan of operation centred all its hazard on the chivalrous leader, and Patteson's invariable rule was to be rowed to within a safe distance from the shore and then himself to land alone, thus exposing no life but his own.

In visiting places where he was not known, he waded or swam ashore, carrying nothing with him but a manuscript book in his waterproof hat for the sake of entering names or words of the language. The risk was, of course, greatest in islands from which no scholars had been obtained, because the object of his visit was so likely to be misunderstood; and when difficulties were occasioned with the natives, Patteson had nothing for it but to retreat as best he could, amid perhaps a shower of arrows, or warding off some uplifted tomahawk that threatened to cleave his skull, or forcibly wrenching off from the gunwale the hands of black swimmers who had plunged into the sea after him when he had only just made good his leap for life into the boat. In at least two of these perilous escapades he was shot at, and he lived constantly in the midst of dangers that would have unnerved any other man; but his pluck, as a special gift, was ever ready, as when in a conference with savages seated in a circle, of which the solitary white was the centre, one of them rushed upon him brandishing his club, and he exhibited a coolness which disarmed the murderous black by its very appearance of amused unconcern. On many such occasions his life, humanly speaking, hung on the single thread of some successful diversion, such as that of dangling a few fish-hooks in the face of the hectoring darkie, so as, in a figurative sense, to take the savage's breath away, instead of suffering himself to be actually deprived of his own. Re-visiting islands previously touched at, he would probably be well received by an interested gathering of people. The boys who had sailed with him, and who had earned among their friends the title of "Stay-boys," had grown so fond of their new friend that they would beg to be allowed, after a few weeks' holiday, to re-embark when the mission vessel sailed; fresh lads would make up their minds to apply for entry as recruits; the beach would be lined with crowds standing to see them off, their arms akimbo in meditative attitude; the chiefs would walk waist-deep in water to say a last good-bye; a boy has been known to dash into the sea at such a moment and swim off to the ship in his anxiety to be one of the honoured "Stay-boys." In course of time the wildest savages became the missionary's gentle friends, so that when the white sails of a schooner hove in sight on the horizon, there would be no small stir among the isolated inhabitants of the shore, excited to the utmost pitch to determine whether they belonged to the *Southern Cross*; which being ascertained, the glad cry of "Bisopé!" would ring from every mouth, descending from those who had climbed

the rugged cliffs for a coign of vantage to the people on the shore, and being carried inland to the villagers, until a dense multitude of blacks was congregated, and the vessel as she neared the anchorage would be surrounded by a flotilla of canoes that had "paddled her" to bid her welcome. On Patteson landing, the mutual joy frequently exceeded all bounds, the chief first seizing "Bisopé" in his embrace and lifting him bodily off his feet in the ecstasy of his heart, and the right reverend missionary, with the same warm absence of dignified composure, returning the salute on the naked person of the slippery chief. Parents would ask with affectionate interest and no little



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

clamour for their educated offspring, and the missionary, with benedictory hands patting the curly wool of the swarthy children, whose native shyness was lost in the eagerness of the greeting, would return the paternal zeal with interest.

Twice Patteson remained for months to keep winter school (*i.e.*, during the cooler months from about May to August) in solitary confinement on a second Patmos; and to be able to make any stay on an island where no European was able hitherto to spend an hour, marked in itself an important advance. At Mota, one of the Banks Islands, where school was opened in the heart of Melanesia, a great change had been indeed effected since Bishop Selwyn's first visit to it in 1856, and, after Patteson's consecration, over a hundred scholars could be here obtained. Thus the young Bishop's time was divided between schooling the young blacks on shore, either at Auckland or Mota, and visiting their far-distant homes.

"I wish you could see him," wrote Selwyn, "in the midst of his thirty-eight

scholars at Kohimarama (Mota Island), with thirteen dialects buzzing round him, with a cheerful look and cheerful word for every one, teaching A B C with as much gusto as if they were the X Y Z of some deep problem, and marshalling a field of black cricketers as if he were still the captain of the eleven in the upper fields at Eton; and, when school and play are over, conducting the polyglot service in the mission chapel."

The little mission ship, the *Southern Cross*, became his home: not without its discomforts and its dangers: for sometimes it would be crowded with as many as fifty blacks, and the sea was never peculiarly kind to the Bishop. He had the schooner's hold fitted as a floating school-room, where, during her long voyages, instruction was as systematically given as on *terra firma*; and thus the boys, being trained at regular hours on land and sea during the whole six or eight moons that they were absent with him, had gained much knowledge before they returned home to their eager friends. New Zealand being found too cold a climate for the delicate dwellers under the sun, the youths in St. John's College at Auckland were transferred to Norfolk Island, an isolated sanctuary in mid-ocean, far away north, and much nearer the mission sphere, so that voyages were shortened and time was saved: and here lay the Bishop's earthly home for the remainder of his life.

We must not fail to remember that he who thus occupied himself day and night in his Master's service was naturally indolent, by no means an enthusiast in literary studies, brought up to enjoy a high degree of the luxury and refinement of the modern world, and that while he laboured on in self-forgetfulness in the seclusion of his distant See, he had his heart filled with longing for his loving father, and his whole life consciously enriched by the treasured memories of the happiest of homes which he had left on the other side of the globe: none of which singular circumstances is to be omitted from our estimate of the power of the all-constraining love of Christ which was the mainspring in the heart of this devoted man, underlying all his work in Melanesia. Here is a replica of his incidental labours at Norfolk Island: "The Bishop, with pen in hand and ear intent, begins his questions to a group seated on the floor. First may come a set of Sesake lads, who will divulge very little of and about their mother tongue, making it a matter of hard pumping to get at anything. To this party a printer will enter with a proof-sheet of some other dialect, and the Sesake men go to sleep and rest their brains. By-and-bye a Mota set appear, and these, too, are quiet and silent, not to say dull. Now and then a meaning is given, or a word used which seems to let in a ray of philological light upon researches into other tongues, to have affinities and open out vistas which it is quite cheering to follow. The unlearned companion listens with admiring but ignorant attention to the hunting down of a word—a prefix or an affix, it may be—up Polynesia, down Melanesia, till it comes to earth in Malay, and there it is left, *en pays de connaissance*, for future consideration."

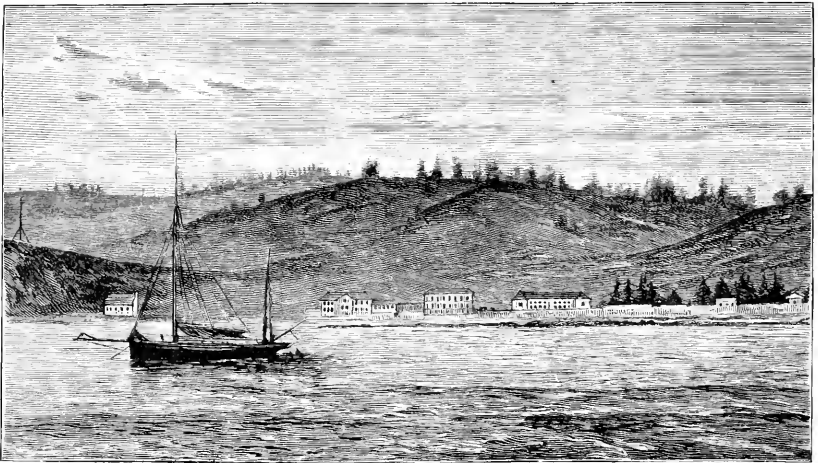
Here, again, is a sketch from the Bishop's own pen: "Come into the hall," he says: "they are all at school there now. What do you expect to find? Wild-looking fellows, noisy and unruly? Well, it is true they come of a wild race, that they are familiar with scenes you would shudder to hear of. But what do you see? Thirty

young persons seated at four tables, from nine or ten to twenty-four years old. Some are writing, others summing: 'Four cocoa-nuts for three fish-hooks, how many for fifteen fish-hooks?' etc. etc.; others are spelling away, somewhat laboriously, at the first sheet ever written in their language. Well, seven months ago no one on their island had ever worn a stitch of clothing; and that patient, rather rough-looking fellow, can show many scars received in warfare. . . . Who is that older-looking man, sitting with two lads and a young girl at that table? He is Wadrokal, our eldest scholar: this is the tenth year since Bishop Selwyn first brought him from his island, and he is teaching his little wife and two of his countrymen. . . . If you come in the evening, you will be most of all pleased to see these young people teaching their own friends, the less advanced scholars. We are all astonished to find them so apt to teach: this is the most hopeful sign of all—no mere loose talk, but catechising, explaining, and then questioning out of the boys what has been explained."

At first the whole of the work of St. Barnabas' College, Norfolk Island, fell on Bishop Patteson, and he was by turns ship-master, missionary, schoolmaster and cook, now teaching a class of advanced scholars who gave promise of a future native ministry, and now giving a reading lesson to some small boy from an island whose dialect he alone could speak: merrily telling in his letters home how "housekeeping affairs take up a good deal of time," what with weighing, and cutting out, and "all the work of housemaid and scullery-maid" baking bread or a turn-over cake for the delectation of his youngsters, besides supervising all the building, farming, and printing, so that he had to think of everything, even to chapel decorations, and, when a marriage diffused its happiness through the station, to providing a suitable trousseau for the bride, and manufacturing her a wedding-ring out of a threepenny-piece; and himself amenable throughout to the same discipline as the smallest Melanesian under his care, as regards the habitude of punctuality and order. His palace consisted in a little wooden sitting-room which he called his "box," with bed-chamber attached, whose walls were tastily adorned with choice etchings and photographs of familiar scenes. Even when the toils of the day were over, and he betook himself to this *sanctum*, it was understood that his privacy might be invaded by any boy who wished to talk quietly with him in private. Here many of these lads, under the emotion of joy or sorrow, found, as they unbosomed their strange dark thoughts to their friend, what a true spiritual comforter he was: and the lovely image of the Bishop's Christianity, gentle and holy, impressed itself indelibly on many a most unlovely nature.

Some events which affected the mission during Patteson's ten years' episcopate demand a cursory notice. In 1863 dysentery broke out in the Auckland College, attacking fifty out of fifty-two scholars, who bore their terrible sufferings with exemplary patience. The Bishop added to his other duties those of head-nurse as well as doctor, and turned the dining-hall into a hospital: night and day he nursed them, no task too mean for him, and all but six recovered from the attack; but the same epidemic re-appearing, carried off other six a few months later. In 1868 typhoid fever broke out in the Pitcairn Islanders' Village on Norfolk Island, and although every precaution was used to prevent it reaching the mission school, it spread there, and

four died, the Bishop once again taking the chief care of nursing and watching upon himself and two of his English *aides*. These outbreaks not only put a stop to the yearly voyages, from fear of carrying the fever-seeds to those hot islands, where the absence of doctors, nurses, and nourishment would make them very deadly, but they also occasioned much anxiety to the missionaries, whose return to the distant homes of the deceased, breaking the tidings of their death as best they might to their bereaved kindred, would be no pleasant task: although in one instance amusement as well as relief was afforded them when the property of a boy who had died was handed back to his guardian, comprising a knife, a bottle, a jew's-harp, and a



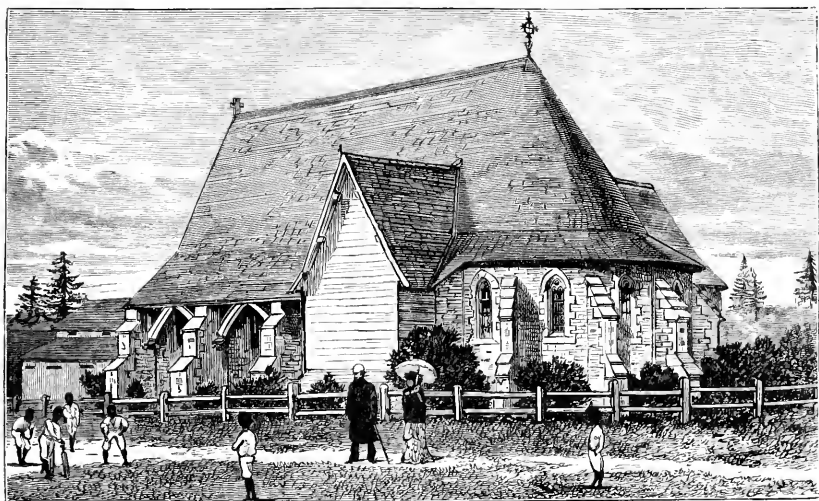
NORFOLK ISLAND.

few beads, and called forth no lamentation other than the philosophic remark, "They die all the world over."

In 1864 a melancholy disaster occurred at Santa Cruz, a group of the wildest of the Pacific Islands. The Bishop, two years before, had landed at seven different villages on the north coast, swimming and wading ashore in his usual manner among great crowds of naked armed savages: now once again he had already been on shore at two villages, and about noon had waded across the reef to a third, while the boat with five helpers pulled off to a distance. From the boat there were counted upwards of four hundred wild cannibal fellows, all armed, crowding about him, though to him use had made such a circumstance quite natural. He went into a house and sat down, though he knew only a few words of the speech: then he waded back to the edge of the reef, still thronged by the fierce people. The boat was backed in, and he made a stroke or two and got into it, when he became aware of it being held fast by those



who had swum out with him. Their hands were detached; but three canoes gave chase, from which men stood up and shot long deadly arrows. Three of the boat's crew were wounded; one, an Englishman, Edmund Pearce (23), was knocked over, and when the vessel was regained, an arrow was extracted from his chest by the Bishop's hands which had pierced the flesh to a depth of five inches and three-eighths, and from which wound he afterwards happily recovered. Fisher Young (18) was shot right through the left wrist, and died in seven days of lock-jaw: Edwin Nobbs (21), with the fragment of an arrow sticking in his cheek, and the blood streaming down, once called out, thinking of the Bishop rather than of himself, "Look out, sir, close to you;"



ST. BARNABAS' (PATTESON MEMORIAL) CHURCH, NORFOLK ISLAND.

but apart from that the silence was unbroken except for the Bishop's orders, "Pull port oars! pull on steadily!" and the two Norfolk Islanders, severely wounded though they were, never dropped an oar. Edwin's was not a deep wound, but the thermometer was ranging up to 91°, and the Piteaimers are terribly subject to tetanus, so that in three weeks it proved fatal. To the Bishop the loss of these two was a severe blow, and in his grief he wrote: "The very truthfulness and purity and gentleness, the self-denial and real simple devotion that they ever manifested, and that made them so very dear to me, are now my best and truest comforts. Their patient endurance of great sufferings—for it is an agonising death to die—their simple trust in God through Christ, their thankful, happy, holy disposition, shone out brightly through all. Nothing had power to disquiet them: nothing could cast a cloud upon that bright, sunny Christian spirit. One allusion to our Lord's sufferings, when they were

agonised by thirst and fearful convulsions, one prayer or verse of Scripture, always calmed them, always brought that soft, beautiful smile on their dear faces. There was not one word of complaint—it was all perfect peace. And this was the closing scene of such lives, which made us often say, ‘Would that we all could render such an account of each day’s work as Edwin and Fisher could honestly do!’”

After this sad affair it is said that Bishop Patteson never regained his usual buoyancy. In 1870 he fell sick, and his sickness appeared for a time to be unto death, so violent was the internal inflammation which had seized him, and which kept his life hanging in the balance. When the crisis had been passed, he was for weeks prostrated in body and mind. He lay in his room adjoining the chapel, his delight being to hear the voices of the worshippers. After seven weeks he sailed for medical advice to Auckland, where he slowly recovered, until he was able to resume his duties after an absence of about six months; but he aged rapidly, and appeared to be raised up from dying ignominiously with faculties shattered and scattered, for the purpose of meeting, with all his characteristic intrepidity, a martyr’s death. In his religious life he became quite John-like, and was often found absorbed in prayer for “these poor people,” the murderers of his friends.

Meantime European influence was exerting its own baneful effect on the mission, and rendering the visits of its agents to the islands less welcome. The approach of the vessel seemed to alarm the natives, and though the mission party was safe—even at places where outrage had been committed, and where the fierce people still continued their deadly deeds—so long as scholars had been brought to and from the central school, yet the islanders on the whole were found to be growing suspiciously timid of all white men, and manifested none of the trustfulness, even towards their friends, which formerly they had done. In some cases they came on board without fear, as at some spots even in Santa Cruz, where the Bishop landed once again, and met nothing but friendliness and kindness; but in other cases the missionaries were entreated by lapsed converts or former scholars not to enter within range of some particular shore, since the hatred of the islanders towards Europeans would lead them to shoot at any pale-face who approached.

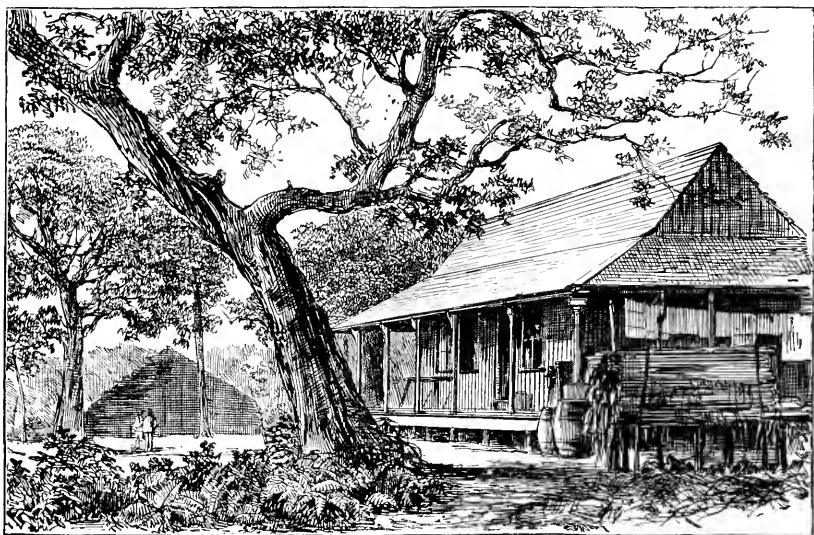
The reason of this deplorable change, which perceptibly depressed the spirits of the Bishop in the last year of his life, was the traffic in “free labourers,” which expression euphoniously denoted a gigantic slave-trade, and covered pharisaically a multitude of sins: for the traffic was one full of diabolical atrocities in the garb of religion, defended by interested parties, but repudiated as a scandal to humanity by every unbiassed man acquainted with the scoundrelism which characterised the trade in able-bodied blacks. Captain Jacobs, the gallant skipper of the *Southern Cross*, practically cognisant of its character from intimate and daily contact with the rascality, decried the Government red-tape preventive measures as “all such bosh;” and he would probably have agreed with the *New Zealand Herald* in demanding that the cure of the wickedness should “be a short shrift and a single whip at the yard-arm of one of Her Majesty’s cruisers.” It was no “system of emigration liable to abuse,” as its upholders apologetically stated in its defence, but an inhuman crime which

required abolishing; and which no restrictions could make endurable any more than they could burglary or child-murder. The evidence of the Presbyterian missionaries in the Southern New Hebrides was identical with that of the Episcopalian Melanesian missionaries, that these South Sea Islands were being fast depopulated by a traffic in the natives in which, as a rule, they themselves had no voluntary say whatever. One-half the population of Banks Islands had thus been carried off: in a New Hebrides village forty-eight persons were counted where formerly three hundred had resided. Fiji and Brisbane were in every mouth, these being the pirates' markets, and muskets were in every hand: retaliatory fighting was everywhere rife, and cannibalism had returned unchecked. "It is enough to break one's heart," wrote the Bishop; and his *aide-de-camp*, Mr. Atkin, wrote, "The deportation *cannot* go on for two years longer as it has during the past twelve months." So far from the islanders benefiting, as was alleged, by their sojourn under Christian and civil influence, the black-fellows who were returned from the Queensland or Fijian plantations in batches came home much the worse for their visits, and took the lead in the worst of heathen vices; which was not wonderful, seeing that their contact with men of a higher level was frequently denoted by deep cuts and flesh sores caused by the irons in which they had been bound in their captivity.

The labour-ship became the hated scourge of these island homes. When the *Southern Cross* was surrounded by canoes, none would be seen venturing near those other vessels of the white man, three or four of which might be in the same place along with her at the same time. The native mind readily comprehended the difference between body-snatchers and soul-seekers, the rude speech of the barbarians nicknaming the "Labourer" a "*snatch-snatch* ship," which, when murder was rife on either side, was eventually corrupted into "kill-kill vessel," the sighting of the ugly thing being the signal to slay or to be slain. "What a *gûlère!*" says a missionary describing one of them; "guiltless of paint or tar, without a single taut rope or well-set sail, a broomstick for a top-mast, the compass-card copied by hand in bad ink which had run, the rudder-head bandaged as if it had got the toothache; filthy, foul, a makeshift from stem to stern, her crew and captain all sick; perils from the sea, perils from the heathen, perils from sickness, staring them in the face; such are the ventures men will make rather than follow some honest calling. . . . The shallowness of the craft was wonderful, it being impossible to sit upright in the hold as fitted for the labourers." Vessels of this class were known to have been altered at great expense to resemble the mission ship, and every deception was practised to get the natives on board. In some cases they came willingly enough to look round the vessel, to trade, or even to accept an invitation for a three or four days' trip, and then before they were aware, the hatches would be fastened down on them, and from some internal loop-hole the muzzle of a gun would threaten to stop their unmelodious din if they did not silence it themselves.

The knowledge of the Bishop's immense influence made the traffickers actually use his name to promote their sinister designs, while their worthless lives were all the time preserved, in some instances, by virtue of its talismanic power. Once the swarthy

braves pointed out a spot where they had attacked a boat's crew and driven it from their coast, and it leaked out that they would have killed every white man there in retaliation for the slaughter of some of their own number, but that "they had let them go for fear Bisopé would be angry." One of these vessels carried a letter of recommendation to the Bishop in favour of the captain, actually asking him to aid in getting a living freight. The extreme Christianity of the crew and of the planters was set forth, and a lady was carried into the bargain, who was reported to evangelise the human property by reading the Scriptures to the black cargo in her English tongue! The snatchers had turned missionaries with a vengeance, and went



THE REV. G. SARAWIA'S PARSONAGE, KOHIMARANA, ISLAND OF MOTA.

so far as to mock their Maker by performing religious services, of the success of which artifice they made public boast; one of their number stalking the deck robed in a white surplice to represent that this was none other than Bisopé, until the paying impiety—for each human item ensnared commanded a market price of from £12 to £15—gained such proportions that the heathen grew confused in their ideas, and asked, "Why does Bisopé come to-day and the 'kill-kill' to-morrow?"

These things seemed to prey upon the mind of Patteson, after his long illness, with depressing effect, although he had many considerable encouragements to revive his drooping spirits on the other side. Among the last recorded of his words, was a summing-up of the general character of the results of his work in these terms: "Such advance as has been made is rather in the direction of gaining the

confidence and goodwill of the people all about, and in becoming very popular among all the young folks. Nearly all the young people would come away with me if the elders would allow them to do so." He could also write, a month before his death: "The time has arrived, by God's great goodness, for Mota to receive the Gospel. Much has, no doubt, been done by George Sarawia's steady, consistent behaviour; by the regular school that for two years he has kept up, and by the example of our scholars, as they returned to take up their quarters for good on their native island. But so it is, that God's Spirit is now working in the minds and hearts of the people there, so as to be to themselves and to us a cause of thankfulness and astonishment. We have sought to be very cautious, and have not baptised even the children, except where they were evidently sickly, or even dying. But now the parents all promise that their children shall go to school, and be brought up as Christians, and many of the people are seeking to be baptised, saying that 'they do see and feel the truth and blessing of this new teaching, and have really abandoned their old habits, and feel new thoughts, and hopes, and desires, etc.' Our catechism classes have been large, and I think I may safely say that they have learned the great truths of Christianity, and have an intelligent apprehension of a Christian's faith and duty. In



THE REV. G. SARAWIA.

every case I need not say we sought to ascertain fully that there was real conviction, earnestness, faith in the truths and promises of the Gospel, and full purpose of amendment of life. There has been no excitement and no outpouring of strong feelings; but a quiet, gradual movement, extending itself from one party to another. Men went away from evening school to sit all night in their houses talking, thinking, etc. Their own accounts of their timid attempts to begin to pray, of what they said and did, are striking for their simplicity and sincerity. So, from one to the other, the desire communicated itself, as God's Spirit wrought in the heart of each, to make a full profession of their faith."

On his last voyage he was able to record also: "We have baptised two hundred and ninety-three persons; seventeen lads of George Sarawia's school, forty-one grown-

up, and mostly married, men and women, the rest children and infants." George Sarawia was one of the first-fruits of his labours, whom, after ten years' probation, he had had the happiness to ordain to the holy ministry of the native Church, praying with fervent thanksgiving "that he might be the first of a goodly band of Melanesian clergymen to carry the Gospel to their people," and he ably prepared the way for a general movement towards Christianity. On the occasion of the baptism referred to by the Bishop at his station at Mota, the whole Christian population were present as sponsors. The anxiety to know how George succeeded as a responsible head of a Christian community amid heathen surroundings, was soon allayed by the first visit paid him by the *Southern Cross*: "George was quite well. Everything was in order. The house beautifully clean, and unmistakable evidence everywhere of a systematic, orderly life. His assistants were also well, and looked clean and tidy." These things encouraged the heart of the Bishop, who for sixteen years had now laboured with unflagging zeal and unfaltering devotion, never seeking relief, though worn by suffering from a complication of deep-seated maladies; so much so, that his brother bishops, gathering at Whitsuntide in Dunedin, with one consent wrote him a request that he should visit England for a period of rest and change, making the ground of their doing so the furthering of the interests of his work by his personal pleading it at home; but before the letter reached him he had started on his last voyage, and, without a rose plucked from his chaplet, had entered the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

He had visited George Sarawia, and had been cheered by the very abundant success of the first native minister's work; but the darling wish of his heart was to re-visit the "poor people" of Santa Cruz, so as to bring to bear that same Gospel of love to enemies, and of overcoming evil with good, on the ruthless murderers of Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs. He acknowledged the considerable risk which would be incurred, and in a letter bemoaning the cruel wrongs done by English traders, he earnestly begged, as if by intuitive precognition, that any harm done himself might never be avenged. A four days' sail, rendered tedious by an unusual shift of wind, and impressive by a detention under the grand spectacle of a burning mountain, brought the voyagers within sight of the notorious group, until, on the 20th of September, 1871, a day hot and brilliant, with a motionless sea, the *Southern Cross* neared the island of Nukapu, one of a cluster of small islets, twenty miles north of Santa Cruz.

During those four days, while every other on board was bewailing the loss of time, the Bishop, as if premonished by some inward inspiration of his own impending fate, had been reading, morning and evening, the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles with his Melanesian scholars, and they afterwards remembered with what passionate fervour he had spoken of Stephen's death, just before leaving them to go ashore at Nukapu. He had himself described this islet as a "small, flat island, situated in a large lagoon, enclosed with a coral reef." Its people, being Polynesian, spoke a dialect of the Maori tongue, and he had been struck on previous visits with their very gentle and orderly manners, as well as by the hearty desire they evinced to entertain strangers, as compared with their neighbours of the Santa Cruz group, and had thought that

‘this island might by God’s blessing afford us an introduction to that large and populous country.’ A “Labourer” preceding the *Southern Cross*, en route to Santa Cruz, had caused additional uneasiness, for the people’s fierce, impulsive temper there had been too well shown; and as regards even milder people, like the Nukapuans, any change in their behaviour towards the missionaries could be accounted for by the nefarious traffic. That such a change had taken place on the lovely island, was suggested by no canoes “padding” the mission ship as she stood in for the land, while four hovered ominously about the reef, joined afterwards by two others. But the Bishop’s charity attributed this to the unusual wind, and he had a boat lowered, and presents prepared for going ashore.

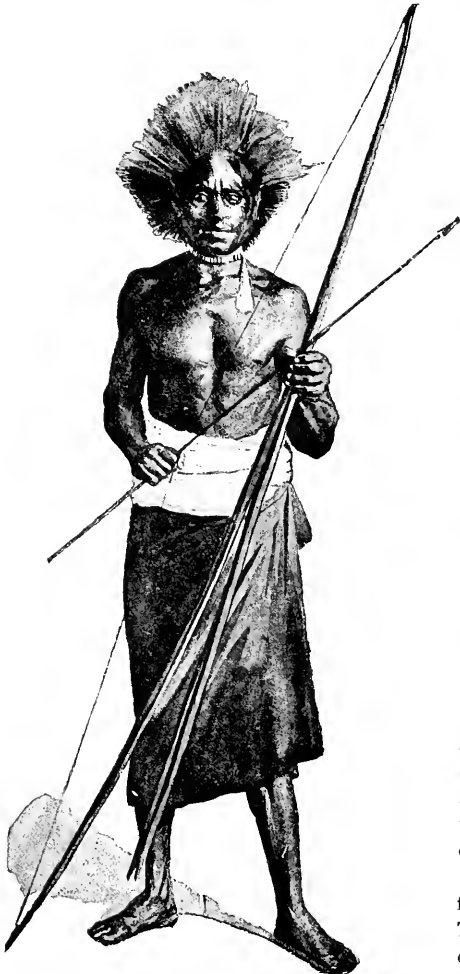
As the canoes were approached, the men in them appeared friendly, and as the tide was not high enough for the boat to cross the reef, the Bishop was taken by two men into their canoe, who paddled him ashore in company with two chiefs, one of whom he knew, the rest of the canoes being left drifting about with the boat. The Bishop was seen to land, and after half an hour the fluttered handkerchief was being eagerly looked for, when, without warning, a man rose in one of the canoes, and, fixing an arrow to his bow, cried, “Do you want this?” and shot it into the boat. This was the signal for a simultaneous shower of arrows from the canoes, which were about ten yards off, so that the javelin-like, “long, heavy arrows, headed with human bone, acutely sharp, so as to break in the wound,” did terrific havoc, one of the boatmen being trussed with six of them. An escape was made good, however, and on reaching the vessel the boat was manned by an armed reinforcement, and returned to ascertain the fate of the Bishop, the Rev. J. Atkin still taking the pilotage, wounded though he was. Entering the lagoon, they descried a canoe drifting towards them, apparently tenantless, but with a bundle heaped up in it, and, pulling towards it, their worst fears were confirmed. On the floor of the canoe, wrapped decently in a native mat, tied at the ankles and neck, and with a palm-frond, emblem of victory, unwittingly laid over the breast by the hands of his heathen murderers, lay the body of Bishop Patteson. A yell of fiendish triumph rose from the beach when the corpse was lifted into the boat. With it was placed part of a cocoa-nut leaf, with five knots tied to signify that the life had been taken as *utu* (revenge) for five others. From the awful nature of the wounds, death must have been instantaneous. There was no mutilation, though all the clothes had been removed except socks and boots. As the boat pulled alongside, its occupants broke their solemn silence by the murmured intimation, “The body!” On closer examination, the right side of the skull was seen to be completely shattered, the top of the head had been cloven by some sharp weapon, and there were numerous arrow-wounds about the body; but the sweet face smiled from amidst the ruin and the havoc, and the closed eyes seemed to indicate that the patient martyr had died breathing the prayer for his murderers, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” And the supreme peace reigning over the features, which gave no sign either of terror or of agony, came like a last silent benediction upon the stricken band of his mournful fellow-workers, who buried him next day at sea.

It was a terrible blow, under which the mission reeled for many a day; for although it was felt that God had called

and had fully prepared His servant to water his work with his blood, and while the lamentable event was recognised as a Christlike end to a Christlike life, in both of which was exemplified "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" the bitterness was none the less that he had borne the sin of many, and was numbered, in the eyes of his people whom he went to seek and to save, with those transgressors of law whose lives his holy influence had again and again been the means of sparing. Thus, in a far lower sphere, it sufficed that the servant should be not greater than his Lord; and the faithful under-shepherd's honour was great, inasmuch as he was called to be *as* his Lord. In his well-worn Bible was a passage scored, and underscored, and blotted with his tears—it was Mark x. 28, 30—always associated with the thought of his father: "Then Peter began to say unto Him, Lo, we have left all and have followed Thee. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life."

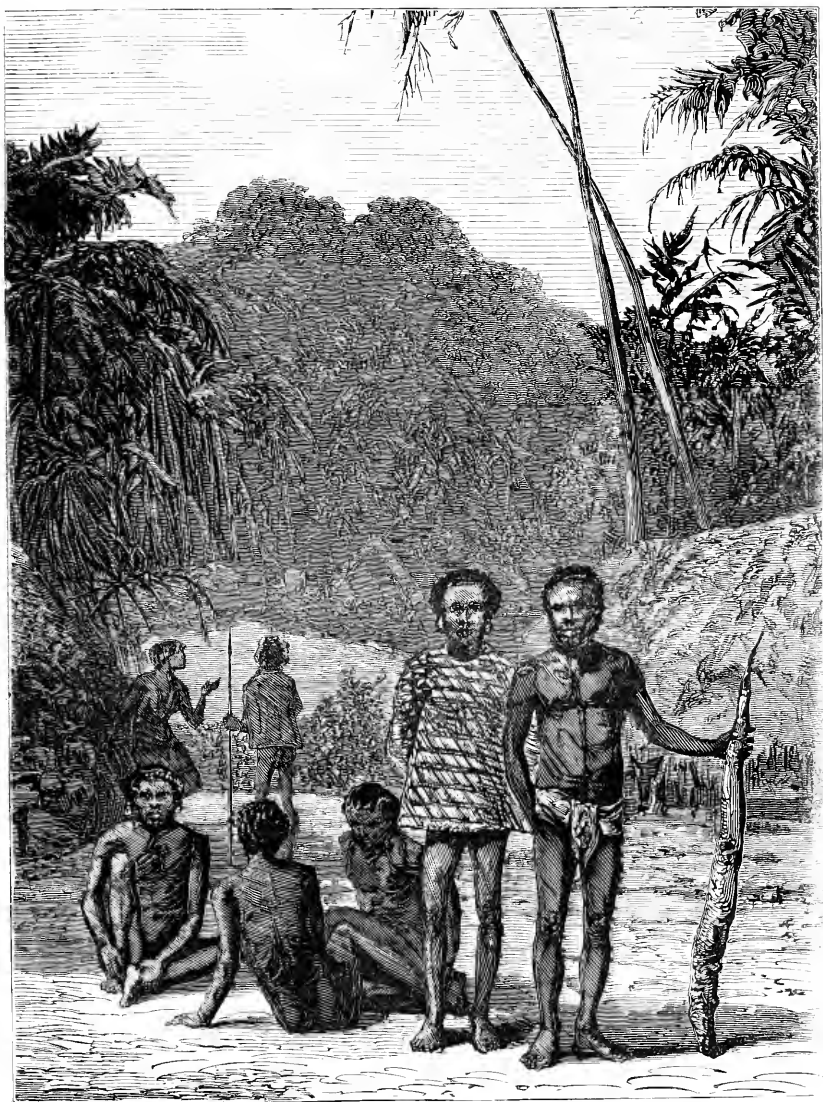
Never had that promise a truer fulfilment than in the Apostle of Melanesia. The Pacific, when it heard of his murder, was stirred to grief in its length and breadth: its insular inhabitants, stunned by the shocking news, clamoured, in their

heathen rage, to be taken to Nukapu in shiploads to avenge the death of their beloved Bisopé, who had laid down his life to win their hearts. He had often prayed



NATIVE OF SOLOMON ISLANDS.





SCENE OF BISHOP PATTESON'S MURDER IN NUKAPU.

for his murderers by anticipation, and had expressed the hope that all allowance might be made for them by his fellow-men, and cheerfully pursued his work, conscious that his chief safeguard lay in his manifesting sincere friendliness with the natives, but that his dangers were doubled by his following in the wake of his own countrymen. While there was little excuse made for the chiefs, who knew the Bishop well and yet entrapped him as their prey, still the terrible law of their mysterious *utu*, by which the wild people demanded his death to satisfy five deaths of their own people, was not regarded by the world as so heinous a crime, as that inhuman kidnapping which had caused and cherished so retaliatory a spirit among the blacks.

The *Southern Cross* reached Auckland on the 31st of October, and the tale of her half-masted flag quickly spread through the city. The Diocesan Synod was assembling, but her melancholy intelligence struck such a blow that the members greeted one another in significant silence; for the stroke was felt to have fallen, not on the South Sea Mission alone, but on the cause of religion in the Southern Hemisphere. The Cathedral bell tolled throughout the day, and after the Bishop had taken his seat at the Synod the meeting was at once adjourned for a week, the President leaving the chair, and the members separating as they had assembled, in solemn silence. The deep and universal grief of the first shock became gradually swallowed up in admiration for the character of the man. He had fallen in action while bravely storming the battery of heathendom and endeavouring to make one further breach in its stronghold, so that Englishmen were everywhere proud to call him countryman.

Two of the brave helpers of Bishop Patteson perished with him, the only difference being that whereas his death was speedy—and none knew what happened during the terrible moments he was on shore at Nukapu—the martyrdom of these was a long suspense and a lingering agony. They also deserve commemoration.

The Rev. Joseph Atkin, familiarly known in native speech as "Joe," was the son of a New Zealand settler, educated at St. John's College, Auckland, and ordained in 1869 to the mission work after labouring in the Piteairn settlement. He was a noble young missionary, taking his share, and more than his share, of the work in all kinds of ways, and evincing the same innate gallantry as his chief. When wounded by the fatal arrow, he had no thought of any one else but himself going in search of the Bishop, and after depositing his wounded companions on the deck, he insisted on piloting the boat back to the shore, though he knew that every motion diffused the poison of the arrows more completely through his system. "The wounds," he wrote to his mother, "are not worth noticing," but in five days he became suddenly very ill, and spent a night in acute pain: at last, leaping from his berth in intolerable agony and crying "Good-bye," he lay convulsed on the floor. Asked in the morning "did he want anything?" his last words were, "To die," and after another hour of anguish he passed away. Truly the days of the martyrs are not done. "Joe" had been the Bishop's right hand in life, and "in their death they were not divided." A year or so before, they had together visited Fisher Young's grave, canopied as it then was in its desert loneliness by a lovely tropical creeper with bright blue flowers. As they stood there

together, there had probably been inborne upon both their hearts the sense of how they too might soon be called to suffer for Christ's sake: and the hallowed endearment in which they held the young Melanesian, sanctified the work still entrusted to them. When "Joe" was no more, all who knew him mourned with a grievous lamentation second only to that which wrung their hearts at the murder of their Bisopé.

The damage which the poisoned arrows of the vindictive Nukapuans inflicted on the mission was not complete until another life was yielded up. Stephen Taronario, known familiarly as Taro, had five arrow-heads extracted from his body, a sixth being left in the chest as being beyond reach. Taro was a Solomon Islander from San Christoval, a young and promising native, in whom, next after George Sarawia, the Bishop's hopes had fondly centred. At the age of eighteen, and already married, he had come away with Patteson in 1864. The typhoid fever had produced serious thinking in him, and to his episcopal friend he had confided that "everything seems new. . . . I don't think I could even wish to think the old thoughts and lead the old life," and his Christian life was unusually steadfast and earnest. His wife's father, supposing him to be dead, had given her to another, and there being no hope of his recovering her, although his little daughter was living with his friends, he found another *fiancée*, whom, after instruction at Norfolk Island, he married in 1871 with the Bishop's approval. He had been helping Mr. Atkin keep school at Ysabel, and was one of the three natives who manned the boat under "Joe" when it was attacked: the Bishop had fixed his ordination to take place at Christmas, but God willed otherwise. Long was the name of Taro an honoured one in Norfolk Island; where his life had exerted a wholesome influence, and where in death he still proclaimed to his fellow-islanders his Master's word, "If any man come to Me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple; and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

The station at Norfolk Island was begun in 1867, when a thousand acres were granted on the side opposite to that occupied by the Piteaimers, and a group of mission buildings quickly sprang up, including a chapel, a dining-hall where a hundred and sixty Melanesians dine together daily, and rooms for the missionaries, with cottages for the married and a "house" (after the idiom of English public-school life) for the lodgment of boys from each particular island. Here the work goes on in a way so quiet and methodical, that the first impression a visitor receives is that nothing is being done. The whole is more like a village than a college, although since Bishop Patteson's death the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has voted £7,000 for its endowment, building a memorial church in his honour at a cost of £2,000, and contributing £1,500 towards the maintenance of the *Southern Cross*. The school numbers Melanesians from all islands between Three Hills in the New Hebrides and Ysabel in the Solomons, an area stretching over nine degrees of latitude, and affording such tribal variety that a connoisseur might tell which islands the boys are natives of by the fashion of their hair. In regard to the whole institution, it is difficult to realise that such quiet and well-behaved young people are the offspring of

men many of whom are as wild as Patteson's murderers; but some of the wildest boys from the wildest islands have been trained into perfect gentlemen.

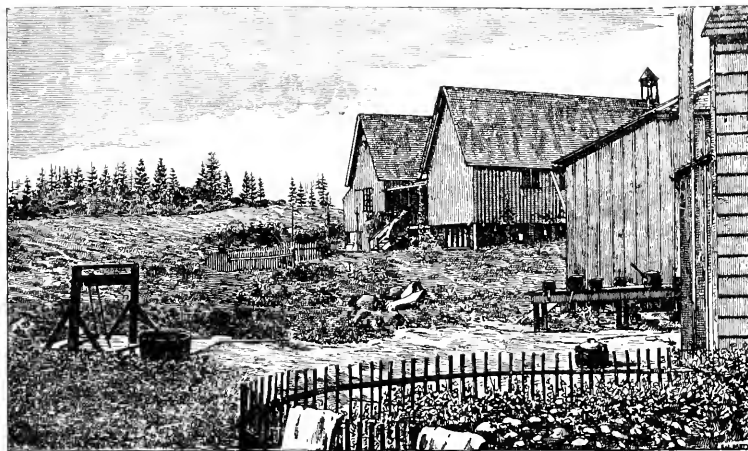
The day begins at 6 a.m., and ends at 9 p.m., when curfew rings, a chapel service being held for a quarter of an hour at 7 a.m. and 7 p.m., when an abbreviated form of prayer is read in Mota, and there is capital chanting and singing, "Abide with me" being an especial favourite from its associations with Patteson's last illness; the lessons are fairly read by natives, and the reverence of all is remarkable. In secular things, co-operation has been studied, so that the thought of there being nothing really menial is inculcated. The unwearied missionaries labour on from dawn to dusk among the boys, as belonging to them rather as equals than superiors, one superintending the farm, another doing the cooking; plain living and high thinking being an appreciable quality of the Melanesian Mission. The native mind exhibits a capacity for thought not always reached by educated persons; the girls sew well, and sing accurately and sweetly, and their writing-books are models of neatness, and as clean as when new, while some attain a lady's running hand. Ten pounds per annum suffices to keep a youngster at the school, and some English churches, such as St. George's, Bloomsbury, have their own Melanesian *protégés*; the Pitcairn Islanders, whose settlement is three miles from the station, express their sympathy with the work by supporting three boys; and the Sunday-schools in Auckland contribute in pence and halfpence nearly enough for the maintenance of three others.

Of course, the place is full of mementoes of Bishop Patteson, especially his sitting-room opening into the chapel, through which the bare-footed lads pass stealthily to say their prayers in the sanctuary before going to bed. In one corner of this apartment a sick lad may be lying, whose heart is being thus prepared for baptism or confirmation: at one of the writing-tables may be seated some dusky candidate for the holy ministry, earnestly absorbed in his studies: across its floor all walk noiselessly, as though revering the plain palace of their martyred Bishop: and the whole suggests how little of privacy belongs to the missionary's lot, and how much, from the Bishop downwards, every agent must be bound up in the work of heart and hand.

Smoking, we are told, invaded the college at one time—as what college has it not invaded? The use of tobacco, unknown in many Pacific islands until Western civilisation swept down upon them, proved a difficulty. Bishop Patteson smoked not; but as in some parts, such as the Solomons, it appeared as natural to man to smoke as to sin, and the babe turned from its mother's breast to its post-prandial mother's pipe; and as, moreover, the Bishop had observed that "so many excellent Christians smoke," he did not prohibit it, although he ruled that every freshman to the art should first obtain licence from himself, and dissuaded the boys from forming the habit. An insurrection would have been caused by any measures of severity, but an anti-smoke promise, when it was kept, was a manifest inclination on the part of the boy who made it to swim against the stream, and the missionary hailed it with gladness as an indication of a sterling character.

From the number of native lads brought away to Norfolk Island, the more promising are selected, from some of whom it is hoped teachers may be raised up for

their fellow-islanders; and therefore correct living, together with habits of regularity and punctuality, are especially necessary. In the bereavement of the mission of its head, Bishop Cowrie of Auckland held an ordination service, when three Melanesians were admitted to deacon's orders in the presence of the whole population of the island, white and black, one hundred and forty Melanesians being seated in front, and about four hundred and fifty people filling the rest of the church; and touching allusion was made in the senior missionary's sermon to him "to think of whom, without mentioning his name, is enough to bring tears into our eyes."



BISHOP'S HOUSE, SCHOOL, AND KITCHEN, NORFOLK ISLAND.

The work in the islands was much crippled after Bishop Patteson's death, not only by that lamentable loss, but by the visits of the kidnappers who infested them, the safety of the missionaries being endangered by astonishing outrages committed almost under their eyes upon the people; so that when the *Southern Cross* set her agents on shore in safety at places where there were no suspicious signs observed, and in ignorance of massacres of which they only heard on landing direct testimony was given to the thorough respect in which the mission people were held. Even so, the risks they ran were enormous, for the black sheep of the Melanesian fold could not be expected always to differentiate between the good shepherd who was laying down his life for their sake, and the robber who came not "but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy."

Among the discouragements in the work might be mentioned the grievous fall of some of the converts, when they were left, away from Christian influence, in their island homes of heathen surroundings; but in other ways the encouragements more

than counterbalanced those temporary falls of human nature, which exist wheresoever Christianity has planted her renovating foot. In Saddle Islands, the whole population of five hundred turned out to attend divine service—an astonishing sight in a haunt of cannibal heathen. One Advent Sunday, thirteen of “Patteson’s dear children” were received into the bosom of the Church in the College Chapel, which was crowded: the Psalms were chanted in the language of the Sugar Loaf Island, the font being beautifully decorated with sweet-pea, large white lilies, and other lovely specimens of tropical *flora*. At Mota all continued to flourish, the school and the services overtaxing the energies of the coloured incumbent, whose devotion was assisted by a good staff of zealous teachers; for here a third of the population was Christianised, and every village had its school, one day-school numbering a hundred and thirty, and a Sunday-school three hundred scholars. The same happy state of things was found existing in adjoining islands when the missionaries visited them, so that he had blinded eyes and heart who did not perceive that the once immoral and God-ignoring wilderness was blossoming as the Garden of the Lord.

In many of the individuals emerging thus from the gross darkness of heathen irreligion, a peculiarly decided conscientiousness was evinced in minor matters, which augured well for their steadfastness in the Christian faith. In some hearts the power of the new religion was most potently manifested, as when a lad assisting in unloading a timber ship at Norfolk Island, had his foot amputated by the sudden tightening of a rope, yet by the cheerfulness with which he bore his affliction preached, more forcibly than by any words, the power of Christianity to give peace in trouble and soothing under pain. Startling conversions were never a characteristic of Melanesian Christianisation; but that the religion of Jesus had taken a deep and powerful hold of heart and life, might be judged both from the earnest external behaviour, as well as by the habit of unceasing prayer it engendered. The simple Christians of the South Seas are everywhere a praying people, and in Melanesia their chapels are made the resort for private as well as for common prayer, so that both in the early morning and at curfew, congregations of silent worshippers may be seen bowing before the Father of their spirits. During the last days of Bishop Patteson, as we have seen, he was privileged to see a decided quickening of the Holy Spirit in the native ministrations at Mota, where he tells us that during his visit men went away to sit and talk over the matter of their souls all night. He had planted, others were watering, and, by the signs given him before his departure to be with Christ, it was an assured certainty to him that God would give the increase, for there he was permitted to see men, whom he knew to be ex-cannibals, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind as a well-ordered and promising Christian community.

Thus speeds missionary labour in Melanesia as elsewhere. Every year the teaching in Norfolk Island is exchanged for the wonted berths in the *Southern Cross*. Boys are going and coming constantly, some being perhaps dismissed for a holiday, or perchance a cargo of such as have been voted a nuisance is being taken home for good; here a dear son is landed who has been called in his baptismal pnenomen “Joe,” after the martyr dear to his heart, and because of the promise of good there

is in his determination to become the living memento of his namesake, and to be, in that heathen place which is his home, an affectionate and strong disciple of Christ. And there is put on shore some little Christian Rota (Lot), with many prayers that his fragile faith may not be vexed with the filthy communication of the wicked, but that his soul may be kept unspotted from evil. Besides the human cargo thus shipped on the *Southern Cross*, with all its spiritual and living interests, she usually conveys on her long circular voyages of some thousands of miles a heterogeneous assortment of other requirements—calves, cats, she-goats, an occasional harmonium, school utensils such as desks, forms, and blackboards, and domestic apparatus such as pots and pans, together with a wardrobe of suitable apparel in which to clothe the limbs of the naked blacks.

It was well when, by the adoption of some common language understood of the people, the enthusiastic missionary to Melanesia was saved the curse of a second Babel; and not the least of the many marvels connected with this mission was the ready way in which teacher and taught seemed to read and sympathise with one another's thoughts and feelings, to which one would have supposed the infinitude of dialects would have presented a complete bar. In the scholars' letters from Norfolk Island, which are full of expressions of affection for the absent missionary to whom they may happen to be addressed, they remind their friend very quaintly of all things great and small in their little world; his parrot talks well, the flowers of the doorstep are grown good, his bananas are ripe, and are they to be eaten by the black boys alone, or should some be given to the whites? "Sad was my heart when you went away from me, yea, desolate was my heart;" "Other boys chafed me so that I could not write;" "You buy for me one *toursisi* [*anglicé* trousers] to cook in on shore;" "the almond and the *kosu*, I have not seen the growing of them—only of the creeper have I seen the growth;" "Lest you should forget the 'Fortokillthéat;'" "Let it be quickly night, and let it be quickly day, that you may come back, and that we two may gaze-gaze eyes;" "Beautiful exceedingly are the children of the duck, which were born behind you, ten are they." Such are among the naïvely primitive expressions to which the missionary's ear and tongue get accustomed in the many tongues of Melanesia; and the theological ideas involved in his disciplining all these nations in the name of Christ, have frequently to be supplied by his own philological inventiveness. Sometimes, however, the genius of the language comes to his aid, as in the double meaning of their word *fault*, which, existing in their mind in both good and evil spheres, was found to be very happy in helping the explanation of justification, or death through the *fault* of the first Adam, and salvation through the *fault* of the second Adam: the *fault* of the former being washed away, the *fault* of the second becomes ours.

So work on hopefully and well these isolated labourers in the great vineyard of human souls, rejoicing in their work, and, by the amusing style of their letters, leaving with the reader the conviction that they are fitted with a special gift of vital cheerfulness for the loneliness, and of bright, brave spirituality for the difficulties and hazards, of their enterprise. In addition to the clerical reinforcements which the staff has

received from time to time from England, several scholars of Patteson's tuition have become clergymen, doing good work in various insular parishes since his death, so that his blood became the seed of the Church which he fostered. In 1877, John, son of the late Bishop Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, who afterwards removed to the diocese of Lichfield, and by whom the work was begun, was consecrated to the vacant Melanesian See. The "poor Santa Cruz people," among others of whom Bishop



A NATIVE OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Patteson spoke so tenderly, became from the first the especial object of interest to the new Bishop. After watching for a long time his opportunity for reaching them, he somewhat strangely met a Santa Cruzian chief in a distant island, whither he had been carried prisoner, very anxious to return to his home. The Bishop forthwith purchased his release, and conveyed him back whither he would, and the friendship thus struck opened the island to Patteson's successor without danger. On his leaving the well-known group, a young teacher from Norfolk Island came with his wife, and begged for Bishop Patteson's sake to be left behind. The next year the Bishop was able to gratify the wish, and encouraging accounts have been received of the good these two have done in that home of heathen terrors.



Thus is being heard, after long waiting, that ancient prayer of Israel's sweet singer: "Let them give glory unto Jehovah, and declare His praise in the islands," or, in the spirited language of a sweet Christian singer recently among ourselves, we can say, as we survey the wondrous Cross and its wondrous conquests—

"Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,  
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea."



## CHAPTER LXXXIII.

## SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN MISSION LIFE.

Gradual Evangelisation of the Islands—Tahiti—Queen Pomare and the French—Alleged Intrigues of France—M. Moerenhout, the American Consul—Tahiti becomes French—Wesleyan Mission to Tonga—The Rev. W. Lawrey—Trying Experiences—King George of all the Friendly Islands—Chief Josiah Tubou—Mr. and Mrs. Cross—A Tragic Death—Great Religious Revival—A King in the Pulpit—War on New Principles—The Harvey Islands—Raratonga—A Fearful Hurricane—Mangaia—Aitutaki—Samoa—Ninē—The Apostle of Savage Island—Rapa—A Striking Change—Kidnapping—Lifu—The Young Evangelist Pao—The Rev. J. McFarlane—Old King Bula—Civil War in Lifu—A Curious Congregation—French Interference—The Commander of the Loyalty Islands—A State of Siege—English Expostulation—Results.

AMONGST the beautiful islands that stud the surface of the South Pacific Ocean, sometimes towering aloft in evidence of the fierce volcanic action that in undated centuries upheaved them from the depths of ocean, sometimes just rising above the water's edge upon reefs raised in the course of ages by the ceaseless labour of some of the lowest forms of animal life, the Conquests of the Cross have been numerous and important. Of the Christian work accomplished in this delightful clime—where, however, till the advent of the missionaries, vileness and cruelty were rampant—some account has been given in previous chapters. It would be impossible, within the compass of the present work, to give a consecutive and detailed account of all that has been done by various Christian societies in the far-scattered islands of Polynesia. We can therefore only notice a few of the scenes and incidents that have marked the gradual evangelisation of these islands, which has now been going on for nearly a century, since (as already recorded) the world-famous "Night of Toil" began in Tahiti, in 1797.

The Society Islands were rejoicing in the daylight of the Gospel before John Williams won the martyr's crown at Erromanga; but, nevertheless, dark clouds were gathering in the sky. The public sale of ardent spirits, long restrained, had (chiefly through the persistent efforts of the French and American Consuls) again become general. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and other evils, became prevalent amongst the many who had conformed to the great religious movement of their time without becoming themselves changed. In various islands party spirit broke out into open warfare, and many church-members fell away. Here and there heretical preachers arose, some proclaiming perfect liberty to indulge every desire without sinning, some claiming direct inspiration and miraculous powers. Queen Pomare and her councillors had tried in 1834 to mend matters, by a law compelling universal attendance at public worship. In the following year the Quaker preacher, Daniel Wheeler, found the people in a state of great irritation at this enactment.

Louis Philippe of France and the Roman Catholic priests, anxious to obtain a footing in the South Sea Islands, were now bringing into operation that policy of aggression, intrigue, and duplicity, which ultimately resulted in Tahiti becoming a French dependency. First came the Irish monk, Murphy, disguised as a carpenter, a rough, unshaven fellow, with a short pipe in his mouth. He worked secretly for two months, and prepared the way for two priests, Laval and Caret, who, in 1836, landed

clandestinely on an unfrequented part of the coast. They surveyed the island carefully, and were entertained by M. Moerenhout, the American Consul and a Roman Catholic. He procured them an interview with the Queen, to whom they gave a silk shawl, and offered gold for permission to stay and teach. Pomare ordered them to leave the island, but they locked themselves up in a house supplied by Moerenhout. With just as much force as was needful, they were gently ejected, and placed with their property on a schooner, which took them back to the Gambier Islands. Caret, with another priest, Maigral, came back a few weeks afterwards in an American schooner. But by the Queen's orders natives waded out into the water, and prevented the schooner's boat from coming to the shore. The baffled priests had again to abandon their attempt.

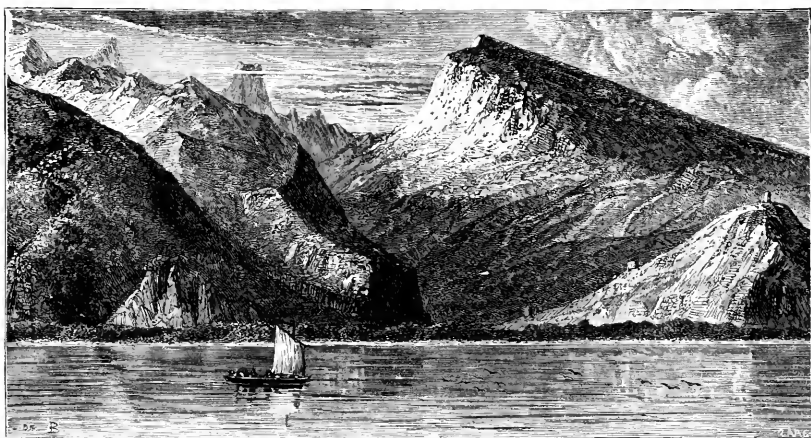
The priests were Frenchmen, and the wily monarch of France, seeing that there was only a weak woman to contend with, thought it a good opportunity for carrying out a resolute policy. He sent Captain Du Petit Thuars to demand reparation for an insult to France in the person of the Roman Catholic missionaries. The poor Queen was forced to write an apology to the French King. Dreading an attack from French war-ships, she wrote, "I am only the Sovereign of a little insignificant island. May knowledge, glory, and power be with your majesty. Let your anger cease, and pardon me the mistake that I have made." Englishmen on the island found for her the 2,000 dollars which she was compelled to pay to the priests, and Captain Du Petit Thuars had to give her the powder for a compulsory salute of twenty-one guns to the French flag. Moerenhout was for his conduct dismissed from the American service by President Van Buren, but he was soon appointed French Consul, and thenceforth all French subjects were to be free to settle and trade in the Society Islands.

We must not describe in detail the successive stages of the policy of the French Government. More war-ships visited the island, and Queen and people were kept in a state of terror and alarm. By threats and intimidation, grossly unfair treaties were forced upon the Tahitians. Disturbances were excited, and then by bribery or coercion chiefs were induced to invite French aid for the preservation of order. At length, in 1842, a farrago of false charges against Queen Pomare and her Government was concocted, and 10,000 dollars demanded in forty-eight hours. As was intended, in default of payment, the island was placed under French protection, and next year Du Petit Thuars got up a paltry quarrel about the Queen's personal flag, and Tahiti was proclaimed a French colony.

Through this course of events, most of the mission stations were broken up, and several missionaries found it best to return to England. The patriotic islanders in Tahiti, and also in the neighbouring islands, kept up for a few years a desperate resistance. Several of the missionaries still tried to meet the people, visiting them in their camps and mountain fastnesses, often at the peril of their own lives. The French "destroyed the dwellings and chapels of the missionaries, the houses and villages of the natives, their fields of potatoes and bananas, their bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, orange, and other trees, thus depriving them at once of shelter and the means of subsistence." But still the people held out against the invaders. At length their chief stronghold at Hautana was won by treachery. One day a large body of French troops

marched up the valley as if about to storm the fortified camp, and the Tahitians gathered to defend the passage. But a traitor in their camp had discovered a cliff-path in their rear. He had sold the secret to the French for 200 dollars, and was now engaged in leading a French force a thousand feet up the precipitous rocks to a position which commanded the entrenchment. The Tahitians saw themselves conquered, and surrendered; and as this camp was the key to those beyond it, the war was now at an end.

An amnesty was proclaimed. The Queen had a large income guaranteed to her, but all power passed into the hands of the French. Still there was peace and order, and the missionaries tried to collect their scattered flocks and rebuild their desolated



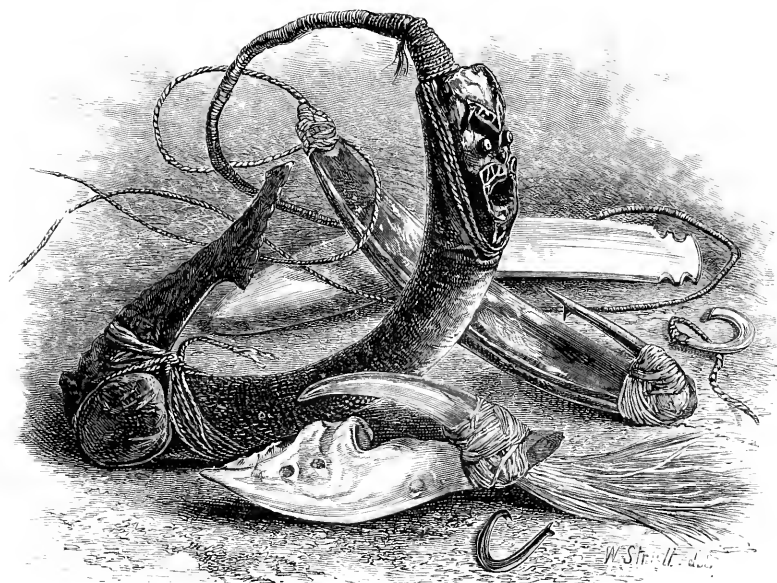
ON THE COAST OF TAHITI.

sanctuaries. But it was a difficult task, rendered still more so by the missionaries being made tenants of the Government, and their lands and premises national property.

Tahiti has since become more and more French; English missionaries have had to retire, leaving the churches under the care of native pastors. The other Society Islands have, through English intervention, maintained their independence, and are governed by petty kings or queens, keeping up a ludicrous affectation of state and ceremony, with fierce struggle of factions, and occasional revolutions on a proportionate scale to their microscopic kingdoms. The Society Islands, as a whole, may be said to have been for many years Christian, and display many of the inconsistencies and anomalies so apparent amongst Christian States in the old world. In all the islands there are bands of faithful church-members, large congregations, well-filled schools, zealous preachers and teachers. The old horrors of heathen life are matters of history. In civilisation and progress the people have made rapid strides, and, as a rule, enjoy

sufficient means to provide for their simple wants. The native churches pay all their local expenses, build their own chapels and schools, pay the salaries of their ministers and teachers, and contribute a large sum annually to the London Missionary Society—the honoured Association which in 1796 sent forth its twenty-nine pioneers in the good ship *Duff*, to spread the light of the Gospel in the islands of the great South Sea.

The Wesleyan Mission to Tonga, or the Friendly Islands, ranks amongst the foremost



POLYNESIAN FISH-HOOKS.

successes of missionary enterprise in the South Pacific. In spite of the name assigned to them in consequence of the hasty conclusions and erroneous reports of the early visitors to these sunny isles, the people lived in perpetual strife, and were, moreover, cannibals, polygamists, and idolaters. After sixty years of patient labour, the Wesleyan missionaries were able to report, "There is not one heathen remaining in any of the Friendly Islands." The entire Tonga Mission is now indeed self-supporting, and subscribes large amounts for the spread of the Gospel elsewhere.

The first white men who settled upon these shores, soon after their discovery, were escaped convicts and runaway sailors, who in most cases became more savage than the savages themselves, and taught the poor Friendly Islanders more wickedness than even they already knew. But when the good ship *Duff* landed the missionaries

at Tahiti, in August, 1797, ten pious artisans were sent to Tonga to form a missionary settlement. Chiefs and people at first welcomed them, and gladly supplied them with provisions in exchange for tools, fish-hooks, and other desirable commodities. A piece of land was assigned to them, and here the missionaries sowed and planted, and engaged in other industrial pursuits, watched by crowds of curious natives, who in their turn had to be carefully watched—for, with all their reported friendliness, they soon proved themselves arrant thieves. For a time, however, the prospect was a hopeful one; religious services were kept up, and the natives impressed by example and precept as opportunity offered. But the missionaries soon found that their efforts were being counteracted by two runaway Europeans living on the island, and subsequently they had to deplore the sad fall of one of their number who married a native woman, and adopted the dress and heathen practices of the islanders. For three years the little band persevered, till three of them were murdered when a fierce war was raging between the tribes, and the rest only escaped with their lives by means of a ship which called at Tonga just at the critical moment of greatest danger. The mission premises were destroyed, and so ended the first attempt to civilise and Christianise the Friendly Islands.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed away before any further effort was made. In 1722 the Rev. W. Lawrey came from Australia with his wife and children, accompanied also by a carpenter and a blacksmith, both pious men. In a large native house, of which the lofty roof was supported by pillars and the floor covered with mats, Lawrey met seven of the chiefs, whilst a vast multitude of people surrounded the building. The missionary proclaimed his object to be not merely trading with them and teaching them useful arts, but instructing them in the knowledge of the true God. The chiefs expressed approval, promised to send "thousands" of children to the school, and loaded the missionary with presents. For three months all went on satisfactorily. An Englishman named Singleton was interpreter; he had been wrecked on the island sixteen years before, had become Tongan, but was a well-disposed man, and did good service for the mission cause.

A rumour somehow became current that Lawrey and his helpers had come to spy out the land preparatory to its conquest. One old warrior told the chiefs and people in their assembly that in a dream of the night he had seen the spirit of an old chief come back to earth and look with anger at the fence of the mission premises, crying, "The white people will pray you all dead!" A spirit of insolence spread among the people, and barefaced robberies of mission property became frequent. Still Palu, the head chief, supported the mission, and was much impressed by the truths that Mr. Lawrey told him. But the missionary now saw his beloved wife drooping at his side, and for her sake was obliged to return to Australia. Palu wept bitterly at Lawrey's departure, but we regret to say that he behaved very badly to the two pious artisans who were left at the mission premises to carry on the work.

In June, 1826, the Revs. J. Thomas and J. Hutchinson and their wives were sent from London by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. A fearful storm kept them from landing for a few anxious days. Then, hearing of Palu's treachery, they went to the

great chief Ata, who was profuse in promises, and gave them a beautiful piece of land to settle on. But Ata soon proved more fickle even than Palu; within a month of attending the missionary services he withdrew his protection: suffered his people to rob and insult the teachers with impunity, and threatened to burn down their houses. He told his people that any of them who went to worship the God of the Christians should be put to death. Yet the people came, even though Ata's watchmen, and sometimes the chief himself, lurked near the gate of the mission house to prevent them from going in, and to chase away poor little children coming to the school. The chief's wife also stood forth as a defender of heathenism, and broke up Mrs. Hutchinson's little sewing and reading class for young women. Even the modern Irish process of boycotting was forestalled, by an attempt to hinder the wants of the missionaries from being supplied.

Through all these trying experiences the missionaries were upheld, and in less than a year more hopeful signs were manifest. Sunday after Sunday, people were coming from Nukualofa to the services. The missionaries followed up this opening, and Tubou, the great chief of Nukualofa, was convinced of the folly of idolatry. Giving up his false gods, he built a chapel for Christian worship. At first the other chiefs threatened him, but without effect. When, however, they promised to elect him King of all the Tonga Islands, he promised, at any rate for the present, to give up the worship of Jehovah, but at the same time gave leave for all other persons to do as they pleased.

In response to an earnest appeal from the missionaries, the Revs. N. Turner and W. Cross, with their wives, came out to Nukualofa. Hundreds of children now came under regular instruction at both stations, and Sunday congregations increased. Other islands began to cry out for help. "I am tired of my spirit-gods," wrote Finau, chief of Vavau; "they tell me so many lies, I am sick of them. I have had no sleep, being so uneasy for fear the missionaries will be so long in getting here."

The King of Habai, afterwards famous in missionary annals as King George of All the Friendly Islands, kept the Christian Sabbath, and paid an English sailor to read prayers in an extemporised chapel. He came to Tonga earnestly begging for a missionary to come and teach his people. The chief and people of Mua also adopted Christianity as far as they could, and built a neat chapel before any teacher could be spared to go there. The London Committee were very anxious to send out reinforcements, but before their arrival the acceptance of a nominal Christianity had spread largely through the islands, and there were not a few instances of real spiritual change. The voice of King Tubou was heard in the prayer-meetings at Nukualofa, and on January 18th, 1830, he was baptised.

Leaving Mr. Turner at Nukualofa, Mr. Thomas and his excellent wife established a mission in the Habai group. They were longing to take this step, and were anxiously waiting for the desired permission from London, when a small packet was washed on shore, which, on being opened, was found to contain a letter from the Committee fully authorising them to go forward. Of the schooner from Sydney by which that letter had been forwarded, nothing more was ever heard. Apparently ship, and crew, and

cargo had all disappeared, and yet the winds and waves bore safely to the right spot the longed-for missive that gave permission to the missionaries to proceed in their holy enterprise.

A humble native convert had already been sent to the inquiring Habai king and people, and his work had been eminently successful. Out of eighteen islands in the group, fifteen had accepted Christianity. The idol-temples had been turned into dwelling-houses, or set aside as Christian chapels. The king himself publicly hung up five of his chief gods by the neck, to show the people that they were "all dead." The people were thirsting for instruction, and poor Peter was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of his position, when, in January, 1830, the Thomases came to him at Lifuka, the principal island of the group.

An era of hard work and abundant success now set in. Preaching, teaching, translating went on ceaselessly. As yet, every book used had to be written out by Mr. Thomas' own pen. But the children were taught, the people rescued from idolatry, and in many cases changed into earnest Christians. The king and a hundred and fifty of his subjects were church-members before the end of the year, and the people flocked in thousands to attend the opening of a large new chapel that was erected. More help arrived from Europe, and before long a fine band of native teachers were raised up, who spread the good work through the adjacent islands.

Meanwhile, King Finau of Vavau, who had so touchingly appealed for missionaries, had gone back to his idols, and persecuted such of his subjects as were Christians. In April, 1831, King George of Habai, with a number of his people, went with twenty-four sail of canoes to Vavau, for purposes of trade, but also intending to bring the island to Christianity, if possible. The two kings conferred repeatedly on the subject, and at length Finau declared, "Well, I will; and I will spend the Sabbath with you in worshipping God." A Sunday was so spent, and next morning King Finau had seven of the chief gods brought out. These were told that if they were gods they might run, and if they did not they should be burned. The ugly effigies were soon reduced to ashes, and presently eighteen of the idol-houses, with their contents, were in flames. Some of the people shrank with horror from these proceedings, but the greater number rejoiced at the change. The Habai people remained some weeks, and all their time was taken up with instructing successive groups of inquirers. "I was four nights," says one, "and did not sleep. I was talking with the people, reading, praying, and singing, all the time."

Early in 1832, Mr. and Mrs. Cross went from Nukualofa to reside at Vavau. Chief Josiah Tubou lent them a canoe, and the natives crowded to the shore early one morning to bid them farewell. The missionary and his wife were accompanied by about seventy natives, and they had on board a large supply of goods. They purposed breaking the long voyage at Nomuka, but storm and darkness came on, their mast and sails were injured, and all night long they floated helplessly on the waters. Next day not a soul on board knew where they were, till about noon they reached the small uninhabited island of Hunga Tonga.

But the swell of the sea made it hopeless for them to attempt to land on this



rocky island, and they determined to try and get back to Tonga. After lightening the canoe by throwing over the mast and all that they could spare, they partook of refreshment, for Mr. Cross had taken nothing, and Mrs. Cross only a little cocoa-nut



NATIVES OF TONGA.

milk for thirty hours. The day was drawing to a close when they sighted the little isle of Atatu, near Tonga. But before they reached it, a fierce gale was blowing, and presently the canoe struck on a reef and began to break up. The moon went down

and darkness encompassed them, and whilst the little band were committing themselves into the hands of the All-merciful Father, the fierce billows rushed over their frail bark, dashing it in pieces and sweeping them all into the raging waters.

“Mr. Cross,” says the historian of Wesleyan Missions, “held his wife with his right arm, and they rose and sank repeatedly. With his left hand he caught a broken piece of the canoe that floated past, and resting on this they took breath occasionally. Mrs. Cross uttered no word of complaint or fear; but from time to time she called on the Lord for help. A few more seconds, and the buffeting of the waves conquered her feeble frame, and her spirit escaped to that place where all is joy, and calm, and peace. Mr. Cross’s faithful arm still clasped the lifeless body of his beloved wife, till, with the help of a native, he got himself and his precious burden lifted on to some boards that were floating about. The shipwrecked missionary, with a number of the natives, ultimately drifted on a small raft, which they managed to form, to an uninhabited island called Tekeloke; but on landing they found that the body of Mrs. Cross had been washed away. It was recovered, however, a few days afterwards, and received Christian burial. Besides the missionary’s wife, fourteen men, one woman, and five children, were lost on this melancholy occasion, and no portion of goods was saved from the wreck. The survivors were rescued from the lonely island on which they had been driven, by the arrival of a canoe from Tonga; and when the sad disaster became generally known, many hearts were filled with sorrow.”

Mr. Cross laid his dear one in her grave, and was soon hard at work in Vavau. Here also came other faithful labourers, and a printing press, which soon flooded the islands with books. With joyful admiration the people watched the machine at work, and eagerly received the sheets as they were distributed.

King Finau of Vavau died in 1833, and King George of Habai was chosen to succeed him. Tonga was afterwards added, and this enlightened chieftain, “a man of superior judgment and ability, and of unwavering religious principle,” became king of the whole of the Friendly Islands. Under his protecting care the native churches were firmly established.

A religious revival of a very remarkable character took place in the Friendly Islands in 1834. It began suddenly, as a native preacher was preaching in a village in Vavau, when a congregation were so powerfully affected that they remained crying for mercy most of that night. The movement spread, and the services elsewhere were followed by similar results. “Those who had been praying for the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of souls were amazed.” Throughout the islands the people were in a state of religious fervour. “In a single day,” says Moister, “during this remarkable movement, there is reason to believe that more than one thousand persons were truly converted to God. The change was not now from dumb idols merely, but from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan unto God!” King George and his Queen knelt in penitent confession with their people, and after a time of deep religious experience, found complete rest and peace in their Saviour. The king, indeed, became a local preacher, and on Sunday mornings the missionaries were gladdened by seeing their royal convert sailing off in his canoe to his allotted station on a distant island, with a

band of pious sailors, whose hymns of praise floated back from the water. His wife, Queen Charlotte, became a devoted class-leader.

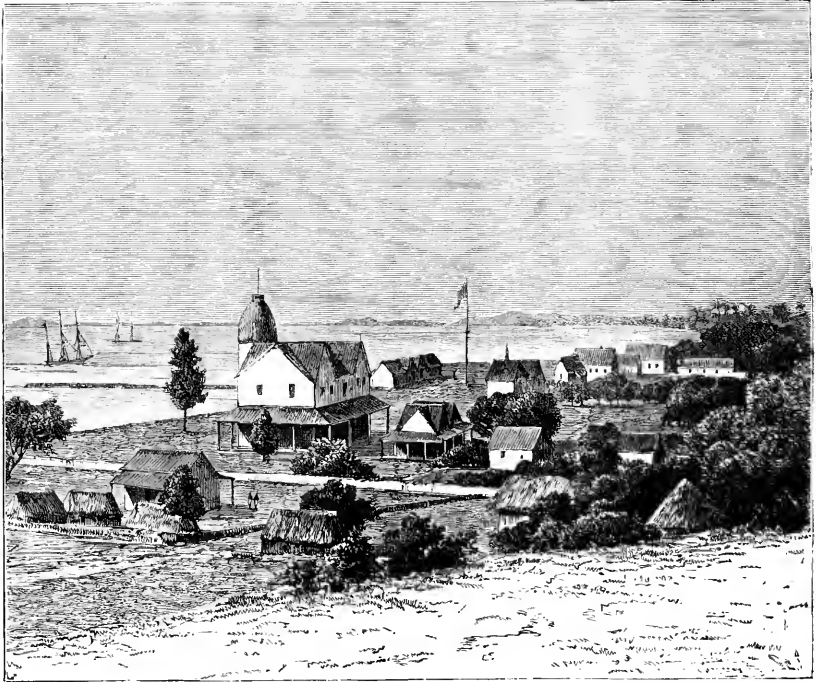
At Lifuku, King George built a beautiful new chapel. The chiefs and people of all the Habai group strove to help in this work, preparing timber and plaiting cords for binding them together. A vast camp meeting was held at the site, and after only two months of hard work by day, and religious services in the evening, the building was complete. Within, it was beautifully adorned, the carved shafts of spears forming the communion rails, and the two huge war-clubs at the foot of the pulpit stairs were reminders of the victory of the Gospel of peace over the powers of darkness. Not half the thousands who came could get within the precincts of the chapel on that memorable day, when it was opened by a sermon from the king in the morning, and one from Mr. Tueker in the evening. Twenty adults were baptised after the services, and there was now only one unbaptised person in the Habai group, and he was kept at home by sickness.

King George showed great wisdom in dealing with his people. In 1839 he gave them a written code of laws in forty-eight sections, which was readily accepted by both chiefs and people, except in a part of Tonga where a heathen party were still vigorous and hostile. The people of Hihifo and Bea made war on the Christians in 1837, and were defeated. In 1840 the heathen again rose in rebellion. King George and Chief Josiah Tubou tried every possible means of conciliation, but in vain; then, at the head of a select band of his subjects the king took the field, to uphold the laws of his State, but with no longing for mere conquest. When about to attack the heathen fortress of Hihifo, he thus harangued his soldiers: "Our late war with the heathen three years ago was, by the mercy of God, a victorious one. But though we got the victory, in some things we went astray. We fought not as Christians should fight. Our object was not to save, but to destroy. But you all now present hear me, that we do not so fight again. If, as may be expected, the enemy should come out of their fortress to-morrow morning, let every man endeavour to seize and save his man, but not one to shoot or strike, but in ease of life or death."

At dawn of day the fortress was taken, and five hundred rebels were prisoners. One by one they were brought before King George, who was seated under the shade of a tree. Each captive rebel as he came was expecting instant death, in accordance with the usages of Tongan warfare, but to each as he appeared the king said, "Live!" Only the ringleaders were banished to other islands, to prevent them from making mischief in Tonga again. Such a way of treating conquered enemies had never before been heard of in the Friendly Islands, and the incident was of great service as regards the impression it made on the minds of the heathen.

The Friendly Islands Mission had been dependent for their supplies on the uncertain visits of Australian trading vessels, but it was found desirable to have a special vessel exclusively for the service of the South Sea Mission. The *Triton* for over four years did good service in this capacity, and was succeeded by the more commodious *John Wesley*, which for several years carried letters and stores to the various missions, and which was afterwards fitted up with tanks to receive the

cocoa-nut oil which the natives gave as their subscriptions to the mission cause. In November, 1851, in consequence of a remarkable agitation of the sea caused by a violent earthquake, this serviceable vessel was wrecked on the Tau Reef, Habai. Six missionaries were on board proceeding to their annual district meeting at Nukualofa, but providentially no lives were lost, as the ship was carried on a tremendous wave inside the reef, and then left in three feet of water as the sea retired.

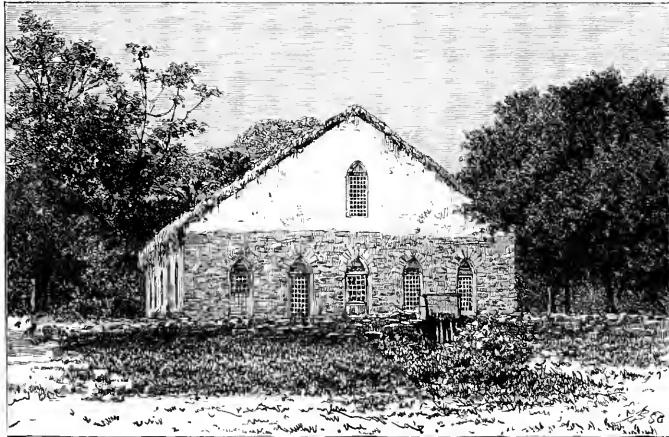


NUKUALOFA.

A second *John Wesley* was subsequently fitted out, and has done good service. But we must not longer linger over the flourishing churches of the Friendly Isles. It should be mentioned, however, that at Nukualofa is a high-class school known as Tubou College, where young natives study science and mathematics and other advanced subjects. The Friendly Islanders are now a Christian people, amongst whom Christian life not unfrequently reaches a high degree of development, and shows itself in Christian benevolence and other practical virtues. The entire expenses of the mission are more than covered by the contributions of the islanders, and there is a surplus left for the good of the cause in other lands.

The Hervey Islands, during the era of the Rev. John Williams and his colleagues, had made good progress in civilisation and Christianity. To these islands in 1838 came the Rev. W. Gill, who was located at Raratonga, where the people, though still needing oversight and instruction, formed a Christian community, and subscribed liberally to the mission cause.

At one of the Raratonga school treats an old man, who had once been a warrior, priest, and cannibal, told the children how once, in war-time, "a father and mother left their house on yonder mountain to fish in the sea towards Avarua. They had a little child whom they took with them, and being weary they sat under a tree to rest. While here they were surprised by the sudden approach of two men from the enemy's



PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ARORANGI, RARATONGA.

station. What to do they did not know. In a moment, however, they put the child up in the tree and hid themselves in the bush. Alas! the child was seen by the two men. Was it compassionated? No, they took it and with wild shouting they dashed it to death on a heap of stones. But this did not satisfy them: they took up stones and crushed its body to atoms. My heart wept for that child. Had the Word of God come in his time he would have lived, and perhaps now would have been in our midst."

The oldest deacon of Mr. Gill's church was a man who was formerly known as "always having human flesh on his meat-hook" (*i.e.*, in his own larder).

A very successful Training Institution was established by Mr. Gill and his colleagues in Raratonga, and many native teachers were through that agency sent out to other islands. In 1846 the island was visited by a dreadful calamity in the shape of a terrible hurricane, which in the course of a few hours spread ruin through all the settlements. On the night of March 15th, although the time of full moon, dense

blackness enveloped the island, only broken by the vivid lightning that flashed incessantly, but "so terrific was the roar of wind that the loudest thunder was not heard." Plantations, houses, chapels, school-buildings, were swept away, and the next morning revealed a frightful scene of desolation.

Mr. Gill and his wife were residing at the settlement of Arorangi. "About nine o'clock in the evening," he says, "while removing books, medicines, and papers into boxes for safety, our house gave indications that it would not long survive the fury of the storm. We sought shelter in a store-house that stood near, but had scarcely entered it before it was in ruins. During this consternation a native ventured to carry Mrs. Gill to a small detached schoolhouse on our premises. I lingered awhile, hoping to arrange a box or two so as to preserve a few stores. Before, however, this could be done, a native who had been watching our dwelling-house came crying in most piteous strains, "Oh, where is the missionary? Listen to my voice! (Nothing could be *seen*.) The house is down. We shall all die! We cannot live out this night." Hastening in a crawling position to Mrs. Gill, we endeavoured to encourage each other in God, and then removed, unsheltered, accompanied only by a single native, to an open field. We dared not go towards the mountains, for trees torn up by the roots were being carried through the air in every direction; and we could not go towards the settlement, for the floods had covered all the lowlands. Thus exposed, we well-nigh despaired of life; but receiving strength from on high, we watched for the morning."

Next morning showed the village a mass of ruins, the books and furniture of the mission house a heap of rubbish, the store barrels broken up or swimming on the flood. The beautiful new chapel, so recently finished, was utterly destroyed. The natives came in long procession weeping and wailing, more on account of the missionaries than themselves. "We are at home," they said; "we can eat roots of trees. We have known these trials, but what will you do?" Then remembering their chapel, the cry was, "O Ziona, Ziona, our holy and beautiful house! When shall we be able to rebuild thee?"

From the other settlements soon came sorrowful tidings. At Ngatangia the mission family were almost lost. Mr. Pitman lay for some time senseless. Mrs. Pitman sat for hours on a stone wall amidst a sea of water. Miss Cowie was only saved by being dragged through deep waters by a native female. At this place a trading schooner was carried by the raging billows over trees eighteen feet high, and deposited in a spot from which it took three months' work to get her back to the sea. At Avarua the Institution House trembled to its foundations, but yet stood amidst universal wreck, and was crowded to overflowing with refugees. At Titikaveka the stone chapel remained standing surrounded by destroyed houses.

The missionaries were cheered by the unexpected arrival of the mission ship, providentially driven from her course and laden with supplies. Soon, from the churches of England, came liberal means for relieving the distress on the island and rebuilding the chapels, schools, and mission houses. The people worked industriously, plentiful crops were realised, and the villages arose in a superior style to what had ever been seen before—hundreds of houses being now built of stone.

In October, 1854, died Tinomana, the chief of Arorangi, the first chief who destroyed his idols and abandoned polygamy when Mr. Williams came to Raratonga in 1823. He had long been a consistent Christian, the burden of whose testimony was, "See the rock whence I have been hewn! the hole of the pit whence I have been digged."

The Rev. A. Buzacott, who often visited Tinomana in his last illness, says, "On one occasion I found him alone, reclining on his couch, on the verandah of his house, leaning on his elbow intently looking into his Bible. 'What! all alone!' I exclaimed. —'No, I am not alone,' he replied; 'God is here with me!'—'What have you been reading?' Adjusting his spectacles, he read, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' and looking up, he added, 'That is what I am expecting.'" Soon afterwards he peacefully expired, and was buried (by his own desire), not in the ancient tomb of the chiefs at Avatua, but amongst his own Christian people.

Another island of the Hervey group is Mangaia, 120 miles from Raratonga. The attempts of Mr. Williams to establish a mission here had been frustrated by the savagery of the natives. Subsequently, however, Davida, a native teacher, lived here fifteen years, occasionally visited by a missionary from Tahiti. When Davida landed, he took to the island a pig, and as the natives had never seen an animal larger than a rat, they looked upon it with awe and reverence — as the representative of some superior spirit. In spite of the teacher's remonstrances, they clothed the animal in sacred cloth, and took it to the principal temple in the island, where it was fastened to the pedestal of one of their gods. The poor animal in vain resisted all this pomp and ceremony, but was kept securely fastened, although fed with abundant offerings, whilst the people bowed low before her in adoration. In a few weeks there was a litter of young pigs. These for awhile lingered about the precincts of the temple, but ultimately became scattered over the country. Davida got the parent sow returned to him, and then killed and cooked and ate it. Thus the spell was broken, and the progeny of that deified pig became of great value at the native feasts, and also as a means of barter with ships calling at the island.

In 1841 Mangaia came under the care of the Raratonga missionaries. It was by that time mostly Christianised, but still contained a compact and resolute "heathen party." In a very few years, however, these had become absorbed into the Christian community. Davida, who came in 1824, when heathenism was rampant, saw the island completely Christian before his death in 1849.

Aitutaki, another island of this group, was visited by Williams in 1821. The work then begun was well followed up by a succession of faithful missionaries, both native and European. This island has long been regarded as a model mission. One-third of the whole population have, as a rule, for some years past been consistent church members—a high average.

Samoa, or the Navigators' Islands, is another group once given up to all the horrors of paganism, but whose inhabitants (as the Rev. G. Turner remarks) now walk

in Manchester prints and Bradford cloth. The people are all adherents of the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Mission, or the Roman Catholics.

The planting of Christianity in Samoa by Mr. Williams and his teachers, helped and encouraged by the wise chief Fanea, soon bore good fruits. Six English missionaries went to Samoa in 1836 to carry forward the work, and four years later they were joined by Messrs. Nesbit and Turner.

It took, of course, years of anxious labour here, as elsewhere, to lead the natives into Christian life as well as Christian profession. When the disastrous civil war broke out in 1848, some tendency to relapse into ancient barbarism became apparent during the nine years' struggle. Still, as a rule, the humanising influences of even an imperfect knowledge of Christianity were evident; the missionaries were never injured, and they moved freely about in both armies. "We gave," says Mr. Turner, "medicine to their sick, dressed their wounds, and were admitted to any part of their forts every Sabbath Day to conduct religious services. Throughout all the nine years they never fought on a Sabbath. Even when the war was at its height, and one of the principal forts closely hemmed in, I have passed with perfect freedom on the Sabbath from the trenches of the besiegers to the fort of the besieged, and was received and listened to at both places with the greatest respect."

Through the exertions of the missionaries, peace was at length arranged between the contending parties. The power of the ambitious chiefs was broken; the people settled down under free institutions, and the churches had rest, and were edified and multiplied. The native ministers have so increased in numbers and in efficiency that the London Missionary Society has been able to reduce its staff to six, of whom two have charge of the college. The complete Bible in the Samoan language, and a considerable amount of religious and general literature, are amongst the permanent work of the devoted labourers who have successively given themselves to the evangelisation of Samoa.

To the island of Niūē, with its coral cliffs towering 300 feet above the sea, came, in 1774, Captain Cook, and was so impressed by the wildness of the natives, who ran at him with the "ferocity of wild boars," that he called it Savage Island. But amongst its Christian inhabitants of the present day foreigners may walk in perfect peace. The attempt of Mr. Williams to place here two native teachers from Aitutaki was a failure. They had to return, appalled by the barbarism they encountered. Mr. Williams then took two native youths from Savage Island to Tahiti. They seem to have accomplished nothing on their return except that one of them was incidentally the means of bringing about the conversion of Peniamina, the real Apostle of Savage Island.

This youth was educated at Samoa, and in 1845 offered to return to Savage Island as a missionary. For sixteen years or more, repeated visits had been made by missionaries from neighbouring islands, and they had been thankful to get safely away with their lives. With a good supply of books, clothes, and tools, he was landed on the shore; but the natives at first wished to send his property back to the ship, for fear it should bring some new disease. He reasoned with them, and showed them that his box was of wood such as they used themselves. The crowd surged round



him, and several cried out that he should be killed. He told the people why he had come, and spoke of their immortal souls, and of God their Creator, and Christ their Saviour. Expecting every moment to be struck down, he knelt amongst them, and



YOUNG GIRL OF RIMATURA.

prayed for himself and them. A few hearts were now touched, and were inclined to spare him; but some still cried, "Let us do it *now*, while he is alone; by-and-bye others will join him, and it will be more difficult."

Night came on, but no one would shelter him, and the young evangelist on his native island had nowhere to lay his head. He tried an old ruin, but the rain fell

heavily, and he had to walk about to keep warm. Towards morning some one in pity gave him food, and a place where he could get a little sleep.

But the natives were soon about him, inspecting the contents of his chest. Very little of his property did he ever see again. As opportunity offered, he talked to the islanders, who became interested. Soon many began by degrees to accept his teaching. It should be noted that the people had already lost faith in their gods, and though they still adored the spirits of their ancestors, the great national idol had been broken in pieces, and cast into the sea, on suspicion of having caused an epidemic. The priests now became alarmed at the spread of the new ideas, and set to work with incantations and sorceries, but it was too late. The Rev. A. W. Murray, visiting the island in 1852, found a Christian community who had wrought with their axes a teacher's house and chapel. Family worship was general in the houses of those under instruction, and many converts were frequent in retiring to the bush for private prayer. A few years later another visitor (in 1859) found only ten non-Christians on the island. The old superstitions and heathen practices had disappeared, and war and theft, once of constant occurrence, were memories of the past. A good road had been made round the island, and a village of improved houses had risen round each of the five school-houses. Woman had become the companion and equal of man, and the children, properly cared for and instructed, showed a great increase in numbers. The change in Savage Island had been so remarkable that the Rev. W. Gill might well apply to it the language of the prophet, "Henceforth thou shalt be called by a new name."

In the southernmost group of the South Sea Islands good work has been done. Rurutu, converted under Mr. Williams, has gone on and prospered, and after packing off its gods to Raiatea, retained no trace of idolatry. Rimatura, and Tubuai, and Rapa have been equally steadfast in their Christian faith.

Vancouver was the first European to set eyes upon the wild mountain scenery of Rapa, and he was surprised at finding no houses by the shore as in other islands—all the inhabitants were dwelling in palisade fortresses, on the highest hills. Several canoes came out to him full of dirty-looking savages, whose sole attire was a few green leaves tied round the waist. The Rev. W. Ellis called here in 1817, and received on board his ship a number of natives, who stole all they could carry away. They stole the cat, and tried to steal the dog and its kennel, but were prevented. They failed also in their attempts to carry off one or two of the ship's boys, but did manage to take away the shirt off the back of one of them. Seeing that their *modus operandi* was to jump overboard and swim to shore with anything portable they could lay hold of, it was difficult to save anything which they got well into their hands. The little cabin boy was only just rescued by the sailors as he was about to disappear over the ship's side.

Not till 1825 did the Gospel day begin to dawn in Rapa. A few of the natives had been to Tahiti, and becoming converted had returned, like the woman of Samaria, to tell their own people of the Saviour they had found. Two Tahitian teachers also came, and the benighted islanders were gathered into the fold. The idols were destroyed; it is said that the only trace of them in Rapa at the present time is a

roughly carved door-step which was once a portion of a god. With the Gospel came also a measure of civilisation, habits of busy and intelligent industry, and cordial friendliness towards strangers. Visitors must be prepared to shake hands with everybody. They are still, of course, a primitive people in this lone little island of the South Pacific; they dwell in bamboo houses sheltered by stout trees; the earthen floor is mostly strewed with grass, and there are mats and the usual wooden pillows cut to fit the nape of the neck. The Rev. A. T. Saville found the house of King Paruma distinguished by the possession of a four-post bedstead of native manufacture. It was constructed of straight boughs tied together with stringy bark. The blankets swarmed with fleas, which was the price His Majesty had to pay for deserting the simple mat and wooden pillow of his forefathers.

The people no longer patronise green leaves as raiment; they manufacture cloth, and import print and muslin, and even some silk. From many of the houses comes continuously through the day the sound of the wooden mallets used by the women in making cloth. Other women plait beautiful mats in the intervals of their domestic work. The men cultivate taro for food, fish, make boats, or herd goats on the mountains. Everybody works and seems to enjoy it. The conditions of life have become vastly changed for the better in Rapa, since the old days when they waited behind their palisades for a chance of killing each other.

But the change which Christianity has effected in these far-off islanders is strikingly illustrated by a circumstance which occurred some years ago. Ships from Peru were then haunting the islands, procuring cheap labour for the gold-mines by kidnapping natives. The captains would tempt the poor people on to their vessels, and when the decks were sufficiently full, set sail. Needless to say, the wretched captives never again saw their native isles. It happened that small-pox broke out on one of these vessels and spread rapidly amongst the captured people who had been crowded into the hold. Daily the dead, and even the dying, were cast overboard, till the captain in terror resolved to clear out his whole cargo on the nearest island, and so, if possible, rid his vessel of the plague. Upon the beach of Rapa, without food or shelter, the crowd of captives, nearly all suffering with the disease, were left by the inhuman slaver. The islanders came down and compassionated the unfortunate lot of these miserable creatures. Helpless and loathsome with their neglected disease, they were carried into the house and tenderly nursed. But of the hundreds thus cared for, only nine survived; the rest were buried in large graves.

Very Christ-like was the spirit in which the Christian islanders performed this service for their stricken fellow-creatures so ruthlessly cast upon their shores. But the labour of love was to have a sad sequel. The islanders themselves took the contagion, and in a few weeks, in every house there was mourning for the dead. Hundreds perished, and long afterwards many a face was seen that by its disfigurement recalled the memory of that time of sore calamity. But in speaking of the occurrence, they never regretted their deeds of kindness, but spoke with joy of the nine that had been saved.

Far to the westward of any of the islands hitherto treated of in this chapter, the

London Missionary Society has been carrying on a very interesting mission, in Lifu, the largest and most populous of the Loyalty group. It is an island similar to Savage Island in conformation—a mass of coral rock fifty miles long and twenty-five broad, upheaved by some convulsion of nature. Its scanty soil is not deep enough to plough, but supplies the natives with abundant food. Its fifty-five villages now contain about seven thousand inhabitants, all professing Christianity; about a thousand of them are Roman Catholics. Half a century ago the island was a perfect hell of cruel tyranny, idolatry, and cannibalism. The chiefs had their subjects clubbed and



LONDON MISSIONARY INSTITUTION, LIFU, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

cooked whenever they pleased. In times of famine, men with plenty of wives and children were considered very fortunate in having a good supply of food ready to hand. It was the correct thing in Lifu to dig up buried corpses and cook and eat them; and when a man with plenty of flesh on his bones was dying, the bystanders would be arranging for stealing the body and enjoying a good feast. The positive craving for human flesh, and utter disregard of human life, were the chief characteristics of the natives of this benighted isle.

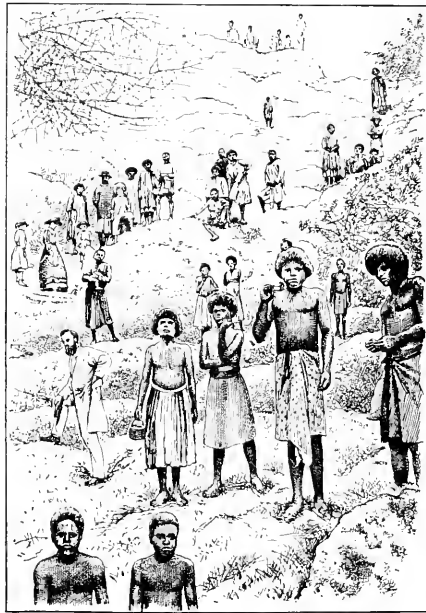
Sorcery was another of their strong points; they were always trying to practise it; always suspecting it in each other, and always making war on account of their suspicions. Their religion consisted in the worship of the departed spirits of their fathers, symbolised by stones, finger- or toe-nails, hair or teeth given to them by their

fathers before death. They had some remarkable traditions of a first man, Walelinemë, who (with his sons) brought death into Lifu through stealing yams from the chief of the lower world; of an old man, Nol, who was laughed at for making a canoe far inland, but who was saved by it when Lifu was flooded by torrents of rain; also of their forefathers trying to raise a structure of sticks tied with vines to reach the clouds, but before the summit was finished it had given way at the base and came down with a crash. Another story tells of a man who had many sons, but loved the youngest best. The others were jealous, and tried to kill their brother, but could not, although they buried him in a pit and afterwards tried to drown him. When the Christian teachers told them the Bible history, the people saw at once the resemblance to their old traditions, and were thereby very favourably disposed to the new religion.

The year 1842 saw Lifu still as it had been for ages—"Its rugged surface," says Mr. McFarlane, "raised about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea; the long breakers leaping up its steep craggy sides; its forests of stately pines, and groves of feathery cocoa-nut trees gently swayed by the steady trade wind; its inhabitants shrouded in heathen darkness, revelling in all the horrors of cannibalism, wallowing in the moral filth of a debasing idolatry, and groaning beneath the atrocities of a cruel despotism; the hour of her deliverance was at hand."

A young native of Raratonga named Pao, who had come under serious impressions, had offered himself for pioneer missionary work. After twelve months in the Raratonga Institution, he was appointed to Lifu. Pao was first sent to the teachers at Maré, another island of the Loyalty group, where a mission was in progress. But, full of enthusiasm, he soon pushed forward to Lifu. With his Bible and bundle of clothes, he went in a small native canoe, guiding its course with his long paddle as the mat sail, swaying in the breeze, bore him forward. As he neared the island, he saw the armed natives on the shore; but, fearing nothing, he dashed over the reef upon the crested waves, and soon stood amongst the people whom he meant to convert to Christ.

Fortunately the old King Bula took a fancy to Pao, and made him his "enemy,"



MISSIONARIES AND NATIVES OF LIFU.

or favourite stranger—an institution in many of the islands. But Bula had another enemy, an Englishman, who, under the name of "Cannibal Charlie," attained to much notoriety in the Pacific. The Rev. A. W. Murray says of this man: "A more appalling and humiliating instance of reckless depravity is hardly on record." He had received a Christian education, and was the son of highly respectable parents. When Lifu became Christian he left for Fiji, where he died.

King Bula listened to Pao, and thought it would be a good thing to have "Jehovah's" help in his wars, and so had no objection to include the Christian's God amongst the many he already served. Pao was obliged to live with the king, and go with him to the wars and everywhere else. This, of course, gave him frequent opportunities to speak the "word in season." Bula's party were victorious in war, and thinking Pao's God must be helping them, resolved to accept the new religion. But they did not want to alter their lives, and would go from evening prayer with Pao, to a feast of human flesh in another house. Old Bula became blind, and the natives thought that the new God was punishing them for their deceit, and resolved to kill Pao. Five men were chosen to do the deed. One of them afterwards told Mr. McFarlane how they surrounded Pao on the beach and talked to him, how the appointed signal was given, and yet not one of them felt able to raise his arm and deal the fatal blow.

Other teachers arrived to help Pao, and some satisfactory progress had been made when King Bula—a heathen and cannibal to the last, yet anxious that his friend Pao should be taken care of—died. But war broke out, and then an epidemic swept over the island, and for all these evils the teachers were blamed. It was resolved to kill them, but a chief, Ngazohni, took their part, and they were suffered to flee to Maré.

A fierce civil war raged for a time in Lifu, but it became evident that Pao had not laboured in vain. The confidence of the heathen in their gods was broken, and the little faithful band of Pao's followers continued to spread as much of the truth as they knew, and in a few months messengers came to Maré begging Pao and his companions to return. They went back, and found the way marvellously prepared for them. Schools were opened, a coral church was built, and both districts of the island, which had always been at war with each other, were visited. Pao made tours of the island, but sometimes met with rough treatment from the heathen who opposed the Gospel. Now and then he was cuffed and kicked and had his clothes torn off his back. More teachers came from Samoa and Raratonga, and fresh stations were formed. Pao settled at We, a spot which had been a battle-field from time immemorial between the two contending districts. To the astonishment of the whole island, a pretty village was built up here by people from both districts, with beautiful gardens and a lath-and-plaster church. So the ancient battle-field became the place of reconciliation and peace.

Bishops Selwyn and Patteson used to make annual visits to the western shore of Lifu, and the latter took some natives to New Zealand for instruction. Twice he spent a winter in the island, and he translated the Gospel of Mark into the Lifu language.

The London Missionary Society saw that their work in the island needed the continuous presence of a missionary to establish churches, and present the people with the whole Bible in their own tongue. Two Roman Catholic priests had already established themselves there, and had won over a portion of the people before the arrival of the Rev. S. McFarlane and his wife, who were brought out by the *John Williams*, and made their home at Chepenehe, where a cottage was assigned to them. The church at this place had been blown down, and the congregation was meeting *pro tem.* in a dark, dirty hovel. "It was a most amusing congregation," says McFarlane. "Some of them had procured European garments from traders; it looked as if a few suits had been divided amongst them; a native just opposite to where we sat had on a pair of spectacles; he was looking intently, with the most hypocritical face, upon a small hymn-book which was turned upside down. The natives sang with all their might, but I don't think that the melody was well fitted to make angels weep for joy.' For their singing at this time was evidently an attempt to make the most discordant sounds—the more discordant, the better the music, in their estimation. Most of them opened their mouths and shouted as loud as they could, keeping their tongues wagging to give variety, and stopping suddenly to draw breath. They listened as attentively to the sermon as could be expected, considering the intense heat; we all came out as from a vapour bath, and it was laughable to see the variety of dress, native and European, the most ludicrous of which was a fellow strutting along with an old hat and dress-coat without any trousers. All had, of course, their girdle of calico or leaves, which is amongst them the badge of Christianity. The word in the Lifu language for embracing the Gospel is that used for tying on this girdle: to return to heathenism is to untie it."

A new church was soon raised, and thousands came to the feast of the opening. The missionary made a tour of the island, and saw how great was the work that had been done. Cannibalism, idolatry, polygamy, had almost disappeared. The people went regularly to the chapels and schools, but they were very ignorant, and their Christianity was mostly of a very low type. McFarlane received from Samoa a horse, which the people considered to be a large dog. One old man fed up his dog to try and make it as big as the missionary's.

We need not follow Mr. McFarlane in his successive labours to organise churches and arrange for all things being done decently and in order. He was very successful in his work, and opened a seminary for the training of native teachers. Twice he nearly lost his life in stormy weather when visiting other islands of the group.

The king and chiefs took the advice of the missionary in forming an administration and a code of laws. These were useful in restraining the evil habits of merely nominal Christians. Officers were appointed in the different villages; and curious mistakes were sometimes made by these officials in carrying out what they considered to be their duties. One native who had been to Sydney in a vessel, had seen that at that port harbour dues were always paid. This native was appointed policeman at a bay to which there came a small schooner from New Caledonia, and the zealous officer insisted on the captain paying harbour dues. The astounded captain pleaded that

nothing had been done to form a harbour, but was informed, "You see, Lifu man got a law now; Lifu all same Sydney; all ship go Sydney give money for chief, suppose he no pay him, policeman take him quick: very good, you make all same here: suppose you no give one piece of calico, me take your boat." He delayed the captain two days, till the king (young Bula) being informed of it, sent word that ships were not to be interfered with, as there was no law on that subject. The indignant captain lodged a complaint with the French Governor at New Caledonia.

The Roman Catholic priests, anxious to suppress the heretical churches; and the French authorities in the Pacific, jealous of the extension of English influence, combined as in Tahiti to overthrow the new order of things in Lifu. Ukenizo, King of the Wet District, had favoured the priests, and ordered his subjects to become Roman Catholics, as Bula's subjects had accepted their king's religion. The under-chiefs did not obey this mandate, and the priests reported them to the Governor of New Caledonia as insubordinate to their chief, and strongly advised the stationing of soldiers at Lifu to preserve order. One Sunday morning in May, 1864, a man-of-war landed a number of officers and men near Chepenehe. Wainya, the chief of the district, and his people, went in their best attire with presents of yams to conciliate the new-comers. They were ordered to take off their Sunday clothes and begin building houses for the soldiers. When asked, "What will our wages be?" the captain in a rage told them they would be put in irons if they did not do what they were told. A day or two afterwards, Mr. McFarlane and his colleague, Mr. Sleight, visited the camp, and were astonished at being introduced to a young officer of five-and-twenty, as *the Commander of the Loyalty Islands!* This stripling declared that he had a good mind to burn down Chepenehe because the people had not returned to build his houses as he told them, and said they must be taught obedience, as the natives of New Caledonia had been taught. It was explained that the people were procuring grass at a distance to make the thatch.

The houses for the soldiers were built. The people had peacefully submitted to the new authority, and given their labour for nothing. But the French were evidently seeking occasions to show the strong hand. They fired upon an English trading vessel that, unaware of the French occupancy, came into the bay without showing its flag. The ship brought two cases of books printed at Maré, but the new "Commander" officially forbade the distribution of all books in the native language, and ordered that all public instruction should cease. It was not to be resumed without direct permission from the Governor of New Caledonia, who would require the French language to be exclusively used in all schools. The schools and institution were accordingly closed.

There was great excitement amongst the natives at these high-handed proceedings, and a dangerous conspiracy to massacre all the soldiers at the camp one night was frustrated by the exertions of the missionary, who, whilst they were assembling for the massacre, and had received word from their spies that the moment was favourable, persuaded them of the folly and madness of the scheme, and of the terrible



retribution which they would bring down upon themselves, even if they were for the moment successful. The leaders consulted, and went quietly home.

The excitement, however, continued, and the Governor, who had come to inspect the state of affairs, determined to make an impression. One Friday morning when the week-day service was in progress, the soldiers, now three hundred in number, attacked Chepenche. The church doors were forced open, and service was concluded amidst the glitter of bayonets. The congregation were then made prisoners whilst



THE MISSION HOUSE, UVEA, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

the work of devastation went on in the village. Several were shot on both sides during the fierce conflict that ensued, and ultimately the village was burned down. Many natives were cruelly beaten and bayoneted; teachers were put in irons, and Mr. McFarlane was forbidden to go beyond his fence or the sentinel would shoot him. Sorrowfully the missionaries watched the burning of their model village. "We had been used to look along that cocoa-nut grove," says Mr. McFarlane, "and see the houses of four hundred peaceful and happy natives, the smoke from which curled up amidst the beautiful green feathery tops of the trees; imagine our feelings as we now beheld nothing but the black trunks of the trees, with their drooping brown leaves, and saw the church turned into a barracks, and thought of the natives pursued

and the soldiers were. In the evening instead of the usual singing and prayer for family peace, and the evening singing of praise we heard the soldiers' Mass, and the songs of retreat in the camp. The floor was written over with dirt, and the church and village. The paragon was translated into a bedroom for the commander, some of the large pews was used as a kitchen. The seats were taken out and used as firewood. A large table was placed in the centre around which the officers met to eat, drink, and smoke. One end of the building was devoted to their baggage and the other was used as a sleeping apartment.

All Lifu was in a state of siege. The soldiers burnt the villages, and the Roman Catholic natives who thought the French had come to help them subdue the Protestants, enriched themselves by robbery, and clubbed to death solitary persons and forsaken invalids. All the machinery which had been got into working order for the social and spiritual good of the people was suddenly stopped, and hundreds of church members and thousands of young people in the schools were sent adrift. The terrified people hid in the bush, and held services there among themselves. But McFarlane was informed by the commander, now an agreeable elderly gentleman, that the people might return without fear to their homes. The natives were informed by messengers, and came back to their plantations and rebuilt their houses.

But there were still many acts of tyranny, and many petty annoyances, before the proceedings of M. Guillain, the Governor, were reported in England and in the Australian colonies, and raised such a storm of indignation that the Emperor Napoleon, memorialised by Lord Shaftesbury, Dean Stanley, and other distinguished philanthropists, felt compelled to take measures to pacify the public mind. Guillain was in some measure restrained, and had to eat humble pie by writing to McFarlane, "You will not in any way be hindered at Lifu in the exercise of your religious ministry, so long as it does not result in anything contrary to our authority." When this letter reached McFarlane and Sleigh at the station of the latter, the bells were rung, and the people collected to hear the joyful news. But the missionaries were still seriously hindered in their work by restrictions, and there was further correspondence and argument, until at length permission was granted to reopen the native seminary, and to circulate freely the portions of the Scripture as translated. The missionaries rejoiced to find that the churches were really in a healthier and more prosperous condition as a result of the fiery trials through which they had passed.

The grievances from which the Loyalty Islands Mission still suffered, and the harsh treatment of the natives were ultimately examined into by a special Commission of Inquiry, by order of the Imperial Government. The persecution of the Protestants at Uvea was one of the chief reasons for the institution of this inquiry, which resulted in the recall of the Governor and also of the priests, and a better state of things has since been experienced in the Loyalty Islands.

## CHAPTER LXXXIV.

## NEW GUINEA AND THEREABOUTS.

The Three Great Melanesian Missions—The Rev. S. McFarlane—Landing in Treachery Bay—Cannibalism—Native Teachers—Skull-hunting—The Rev. H. Penny—Norfolk Island—The Tindalos—Work in the Floridas—New Hebrides—The Revs. John Geddie and J. Inglis—Aneityum—The Rock of Fortuna—Amiva—Tanna—Tragic Deaths—Erromanga and its Martyrs—Fate—The Rev. Donald Morrison—Espirito Santa—A Curious Religious Festival—The Kanaka Labour Traffic—An Iniquitous System: will Christian England stop it?

THE chain of islands and clusters of islets from New Guinea to New Caledonia are, as we have shown in a previous chapter, collectively known as Melanesia. All true Polynesians can fairly understand each other's dialect, but the Melanesians speak no less than 200 distinct languages.

Among these ferocious savages numerous efforts have been made to establish Christian Missions, the three most prominent being the work of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea, the "Melanesian Mission," so mournfully associated with the name of Bishop Patteson, and the work harmoniously carried on by nine distinct Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain and America in the New Hebrides. It is to the first and third of these that we wish now to call attention.

The historian of the New Guinea Mission is the Rev. S. McFarlane, whose interesting work, "Among the Cannibals," is no doubt familiar to many of our readers. He was working at the Lifu Mission, when he received directions to commence operations in New Guinea, and with Mr. Murray and eight native teachers from Lifu landed at Darnley Island, in Treachery Bay, in July, 1870. The bay was so named on the chart because a boat's crew of white men had been murdered there. Darnley Island is often without rain for eight months, and then the only fresh-water supply is a pool near this bay. The boat's crew had been allowed to fill their casks, but when they subsequently returned with a quantity of dirty clothes and a bar of soap, and, in spite of remonstrance, persisted in polluting the only supply of fresh water by washing clothes and bathing in it, the natives felt that this was going too far, and murdered the whole lot. As may be supposed, a cruel vengeance followed, and the bay received its ill-fated name. Such incidents have too often marked the earliest intercourse between the whites and the natives of these regions.

But McFarlane and his friends had come in quite another spirit. He tells us that their landing was not exactly as often pictured in missionary illustrations of the old-fashioned type. "Instead of standing on the beach in a suit of broadcloth with Bible in hand, the pioneer-missionary in New Guinea might be seen on the beach, in very little and very light clothing, with an umbrella in one hand and a small bag in the other containing, not Bibles and tracts, but beads, jews-harps, small looking-glasses, and matches: not pointing to heaven, giving the impression that he is a rainmaker, but sitting on a stone with his shoe and stocking off, surrounded by an admiring crowd who are examining his white foot."

By kindly intercourse and an abundance of trifling presents, the goodwill of the natives was secured. A grass hut was obtained by barter, and two of the Lifu teachers

were left in it. The rest of the party proceeded to the main island, where other stations were established. We need not detail step by step the growth of the mission, the opening of an industrial school, teachers' seminary, missionary training institution, and so forth, but shall content ourselves with noting one or two illustrative incidents.

In the early days of the mission a few teachers lost their lives through the hostility of the natives, but many more from fever. Six European missionaries now direct the three branches of the mission, in which altogether about eighty native teachers are likewise engaged. There are also three small Gospel vessels engaged in the itinerant mission work up the rivers and about the coast.

Why the missionaries had come was long a puzzle to the native mind in these



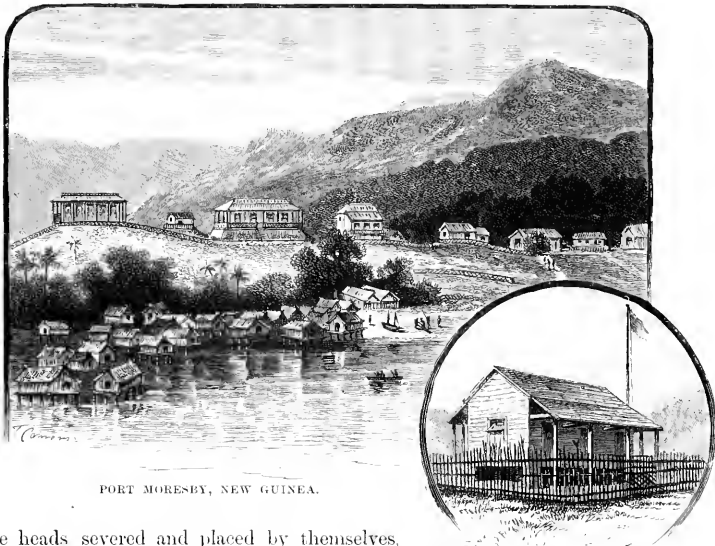
ON THE COAST OF NEW GUINEA.

regions. "We can understand you captains," said an inquiring native; "you come and trade with us, and then return to your own country to sell what you get. But who are these men? Have they done something in their own country, that they dare not return?" On another occasion the missionaries were visiting a tribe who were not cannibals, but who lived in constant fear of the cannibals of the interior. Some of them were, as usual, crowding the mission vessel and peering into everything, when they came upon the salt-beef cask with only a few pieces in it. A dense throng surrounded it, when suddenly an idea flashed into their minds, and in a moment natives were flying over the sides of the vessel and pulling off in all directions. They felt that they must have been decoyed on board in order to replenish the missionary's stock of provisions!

For the cannibals of New Guinea, in spite of their horrid custom, Mr. McFarlane has a good word. He declares that "the cannibal tribes make better houses, better canoes, better weapons, and better drums—and keep a better table, they would say, than their neighbours. Indeed, they exhibit great taste and skill in carving; and any one who has visited both tribes will at once notice the good-humoured hospitality

of the cannibals, compared with the selfishness and greed of their neighbours, who are incorrigible beggars."

It is satisfactory to hear that, under the influence of the missionary teachers, cannibalism is disappearing in many localities where it was once prevalent. One of the teachers, hearing of preparations for a cannibal feast in a village where he was well known and respected, although the inhabitants were not Christians, went at once to the spot. He saw two bodies lying beside a large fire that was prepared to cook



PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

THE FIRST MISSION HOUSE, NEW GUINEA.

them, the heads severed and placed by themselves, and a little girl of about nine years of age guarded by natives close by. The missionary earnestly addressed the crowd, and persuaded them to give up the two bodies to be buried, and let the little girl come and live with his wife. This was the last attempt at cannibalism in that place.

The work of these native teachers is not perhaps sufficiently recognised in our estimate of the foreign mission field. In New Guinea, as in other parts of Oceania, they are a superior class of people, physically and mentally, who have proved their devotedness and self-sacrifice in a vast variety of ways. Many have resigned property and influence in their own islands to live (with their wives) on £20 a year as missionaries. Many have been faithful unto death, but the world hears nothing of their martyrdom. The story of a John Williams or a Bishop Patteson is rightly proclaimed in every Christian land; but no such distinction awaits the teacher-martyrs. "If New Guinea is ever evangelised," writes a colonial official, "it will in great

measure be due to the devoted efforts of the humble native teachers. All honour to them! And in saying this let me not be supposed to depreciate the patience, the courage, the energy and perseverance, shown by the European missionaries. Their efforts are beyond all praise; but while fully and gratefully recognising their zeal and devotion, let us not fail to do justice to the virtues of their humble coadjutors."

Of the three branches of the New Guinea Mission, the Eastern is in the most hopeful condition. In many places the people are crying out for more teachers. Many towns and villages where no teacher resides have given up war and cannibalism, refrain from work on Sundays, and even conduct public worship amongst themselves as best they can. Where teachers are located the people are learning to read and write, and hundreds have been baptised as a renunciation of heathenism, after which they are on probation months, or perhaps years, before coming into full church membership. Of course young Christians marry only one wife, but the missionaries have not found it best to make old converts put away any of the wives they already had. The Lord's Supper is partaken of with yams and cocoanut milk, for to procure bread and wine would of course be almost impossible.

At the mouth of the Katou River, where the first mainland station in New Guinea was planted, dwelt an old chief, Maino, who was always friendly, but who had a weakness for cutting off the heads of his enemies, and declined to embrace Christianity because he saw that a Christian could not consistently indulge in this pleasure. When last Mr. McFarlane saw him, a little before his death, he was sitting, as usual, "cross-legged on a mat, in front of his house, waiting to receive us, and looking as dirty and as ugly and as great a savage as when I saw him thirteen years before." He was now too old to pursue his favourite sport of skull-hunting. His son and successor, a fine, tall, powerful man, was educated by the teachers, and has been for many years an earnest Christian and an indefatigable local preacher. He is one among many of the trophies of the New Guinea Mission—an earnest of the time when the Gospel standard shall float over all this magnificent land of promise, capable of sustaining millions of people in civilised comfort, but which has so long been given over to heathen darkness, cruelty, cannibalism, and death.

Three years after Bishop Patteson's death, the Rev. H. Penny went out to Norfolk Island, and has published, in "Ten Years in Melanesia," much interesting information with reference to this mission. He was more especially connected with the work in the Floridas, a small group to the south of the Solomon Islands. The inhabitants were not cannibals, but their superstitions were very curious. They people the spirit-world with Tindalos (ghosts of their ancestors), whose spiritual power is called Mana. The Tindalos are classified in groups, specially superintending love, war, health, sickness, and so forth. Also great chiefs, orators, warriors, etc., have their private Tindalos, from whose Mana physical or mental power is received. When a chief dies he is canonised, and his Tindalo is invoked and sacrificed to and sworn by. If good results follow, the name becomes a household word; if his name is linked with

failure, his memory soon fades. There is no such thing as chance in this system: everything, good or evil, is caused by a Tindalo. Sometimes a mission school in a village was interdicted because a chief was ill, and it was explained that the chief's Tindalo was angry because a school had been set up. As in connection with all other superstitions, a cunning class of men arose to make profit out of Tindaloism. The hereditary sorcerers of the Floridas could alone sacrifice efficiently; they could manufacture charms which bewitched people, or they could counteract the effect if the bewitched party liked to square the matter by a handsome consideration. Besides the sorcerers, there were secret societies of initiated persons who shared in the profits of the system.

When the Tindalos fell before the advance of Christianity, some of the young converts showed an inclination to retaliate on the initiated elders. Mr. Penny rescued two old men from some young fellows who were mobbing them, and this was the story they told him in defence of their proceedings: "You blame us," they said, "for tormenting these men, but you don't know how they have punished us while they were able to do so. This was one of their dodges to get a feast. They and their friends would come to us who were not initiated, and say, 'You must prepare a feast for the Tindalos: to-night they will come.' Then they would stop up the windows and fasten the door of the house from the outside, leaving only a small space open above, large enough for their purpose. 'If you look out or stop cooking till all is ready, you will die,' they would say; and then they would go away till night, and we—pity us—would break nuts, scrape cocoanuts, and pound yams till the heat of the cooking fires and the dust inside the house and our perspiration would torture us. At nightfall the Tindalos would come, screaming, whistling, hissing, their bodies covered with leaves, so that even if we had dared to look out we should not have recognised them; and we, trembling and weary, would hand out the bowls of food we had cooked, through the hole above the door, which pairs of hands would take and carry off into the darkness."

It was in 1883 that a popular movement against the Tindalos was witnessed in the Floridas, and many natives burnt their charms and relics. At this time there were seven schools in the islands, about two hundred and fifty baptised adults, and about half as many catechumens. But the whole population was feeling the leavening influence of Christianity, and heathen sorcerers visiting the island declared that the power of the new teaching was too strong for them. Various events proved to the native mind that the "Mana" of the "Tindalos" was gone for ever. They walked fearlessly on sacred ground, omitted the customary sacrifices, and sold their heathen relics and symbols for what they would fetch as curios. Mr. Penny bought for a trifle some ebony and ironwood clubs inscribed with names of Tindalos, and which were of unknown antiquity.

The work in the Floridas went on successfully till 1885 under Mr. Penny, and since then under Mr. Holford Plant, his successor. The other branches of the Melanesian Mission have likewise continued to show results calculated to gladden the hearts of all who rejoice over the conquests of the Cross.

We turn now to the group of the New Hebrides, where thirty inhabited islands lie scattered over four hundred miles of ocean. One of these is Erromanga, upon whose shore John Williams received the crown of martyrdom in 1839. During the



UMAINT, THE MOST REMOTE MISSION STATION IN NEW GUINEA.

DISCOVERY BAY, NEW GUINEA.

next few years several ineffectual efforts were made to plant the Gospel standard in these islands, but it seemed as if this field of service was reserved for the Presbyterian churches, who have laboured here with such signal success. In 1837 the Rev. Dr. Duff was preaching his first mission crusade in Scotland, and one

of the results was the founding of the mission now under notice. The Rev. John Geddie was sent here by the Free Church of Scotland in 1848, and the Rev. J. Inglis by the Reformed Presbyterian Church in 1852. The faithful martyrs, the Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife, and many others, came out subsequently. The whole history of this mission has been so replete with interest, and associated with so many lives, that it



might well occupy a great deal more of our space than we can possibly devote to it. But we must content ourselves with rapidly glancing over the principal islands of the group, and noting the most striking features of the work that has been carried on in them. For minuter details we must refer our readers to the works of the Rev. Dr. Steel, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, and others.

It was to Aneityun, whose mountains tower nearly 3,000 feet from the wooded ravines below, that Mr. and Mrs. Geddie came in 1848. The people were savage cannibals, who strangled widows that they might accompany their husbands to the spirit-world, and made offerings of pigs, and sometimes human beings, to their dreadful *natmases*. Samoan teachers had laboured here at intervals, and to some extent had paved the way for the missionaries. Nevertheless it is true, that when Geddie came there were no Christians on the island, but when he left in 1872 there were no heathens. He and his helpful wife had many trials: at first all hurricanes, diseases and deaths were laid to their charge. They carried their lives in their hands, but one after another listened to their teaching. A chief, Waihit, once a fierce opponent, was converted, and became himself a preacher of the Gospel. The old chief Nohoat cut off his long hair and came to school like a child. When an attempt was made to fire the mission premises, he gave efficient aid, and for two months slept in the house to be ready in case of need.

In 1854 the Rev. J. Inglis and his wife settled on the opposite side of the island. It was in this year that the last heathen district yielded, and its chief, Yakaina—a noted “disease-maker” and a horrid cannibal—became a Christian. He used to waylay children to kill and eat them: but now he was a Christian, people said they could rest in peace. The reign of the *natmases* was now over, and all the sacred men, the “disease-makers,” and “rain-makers,” gradually lost their influence. But years of patient labour had to be given before heathen ideas could be eradicated from the minds of the people. The last widow-strangling occurred in 1857, and was promptly punished by the chiefs. Women were no longer compelled to wear the strangling cord about their necks, in readiness for their doom if their husbands should die before them!

Messrs. Geddie and Inglis worked hard at translation, and the people had the New Testament in a language that had never been written down till fourteen years before. The cost of printing (£400) was entirely raised by the native contributions of arrowroot. Mr. Geddie was at Geelong, Victoria, arranging for the printing of the Old Testament, when he died. Mr. Inglis and other missionaries have zealously continued the work so well begun, and Aneityun is now a tranquil, industrious, God-fearing island.

The most easterly of the New Hebrides is the huge rock of Fortuna, inhabited by a mixed race of savages, partly Malayan, partly Melanesian. Here in 1843 two Samoan teachers were living as agents of the London Missionary Society. One day the two teachers, Apolo and Samuela, with the little daughter of the latter, were waylaid in their plantation and murdered. One of the murderers, Nasana, went to the mission house and asked the newly made widow—all unconscious of her husband

Samuela's fate—to be his wife. She refused with horror, and gave him a present to be gone. He shouted, his followers rushed in, and the faithful wife was killed. Her body and one of the others furnished material for a cannibal feast; the other two were thrown into the sea.

Nothing more was done in Fortuna till 1853, when the chief Waihit, and some other converted natives from Aneityum, gained a footing in the island. The Rev. J. Copeland and his wife laboured here many years (1866 to 1879), and a long and arduous struggle with heathenism has been kept up.

Aniwa is a coral island in the south of the group. Here, in the early days, a teacher from Christian Aneityum was cruelly murdered, but the scene of Neucian's martyrdom is now pointed out with reverence. But other Aneityumese took up the work, and in 1866 the Rev. J. G. Paton came to reside here. It is now a Christian island.

Fifty miles north of Aneityum lies Tanna, most fertile of the New Hebrides, where Captain Cook got a single yam weighing fifty-five pounds. Here is a wonderful volcano, which from its pool of molten lava is for ever sending into the air vast red-hot stones that fall back into the broad crater. From Tanna Messrs. Nisbet and Turner had to escape for their lives in 1843. From time to time native teachers came here, but their followers were mostly murdered by the heathen. In 1854 a party of Tannese visiting Aneityum were astonished at what they saw Christianity doing for that island, and especially that there was no fighting. They could not think it possible "that people could live together on an island without fighting!" They asked for teachers, who were readily supplied, and a movement against heathenism set in in Tanna, and prepared the way for Messrs. Paton, Copeland, Matheson, and Johnston, who went out in 1858 and 1859 to the island. Death played havoc with this little band. In three years Messrs. Johnston and Matheson, Mrs. Paton and child, and Mrs. Matheson and child, were dead. Mr. Paton, after fourteen attacks of fever and ague, had to flee for his life. His young wife, the sainted Mary Ann Paton, had impressed the savages themselves with her dauntless courage when a hostile group surrounded her, and a young chief had sprung to her side vowing to kill the first who dared to harm her. Through many trials and perils she had helped her worn and weary husband to sustain his faith and courage, and now he had to leave her in her lonely grave in savage Tanna. The bereaved husband was alone in his last ministrations.

". . . His trembling hand  
 Brought forth the linen sheet,  
 Bound on the gently folding band,  
 And veiled that face so sweet:  
 The coffin made, and dug the grave,  
 And ere that evening fell,  
 Had laid therein the young, the brave,  
 And weeping sighed, Farewell!"

Messrs. Neilson, Watt, and others afterwards resumed the work in Tanna, and

good results have followed; but adverse influences and unfortunate complications with hostile tribes have hindered the realisation of the longed-for harvest.

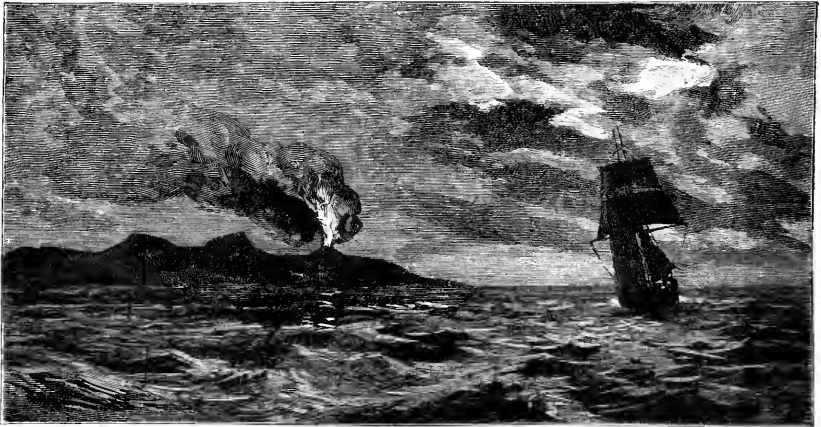
"Erromanga's blood-stained isle" is about eighteen miles from Tanna. Its natives are the lowest of all the inhabitants of the New Hebrides, and their natural cruelty and treachery has been increased by the conduct of white traders and labour agents. Captain Cook, in 1774, only got away safely by shooting two or three of them. For over half a century a constant slaughter of whites and natives went on here in connection with the sandal-wood trade. How John Williams, coming for a holier purpose, died upon this shore, has been already narrated.

Some Christian work was done in Erromanga by Samoan teachers who worked here in great peril, and the struggling cause was helped from Aneityum, as well as by visits from the London Missionary Society ships. In 1857 the Rev. G. N. Gordon, from Nova Scotia, came out, a man who, in addition to his college studies, had been a farmer and a city missionary, and now came full of fervent enthusiasm to grapple with heathenism. "He could hew timber, frame a house, tan and dress leather, drive the shoemaker's awl, wield the blacksmith's hammer, and thread the tailor's needle." He also had considerable medical skill, and was accompanied by a wife as earnest in the cause as himself. Four years of diligent and successful work followed—teaching, preaching, translating, were persevered with in spite of fever and ague and other trials. Then, in 1861, a fearful hurricane swept over the island, and the sacred men pointed at the missionaries as the cause. On the 20th of May, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were brutally murdered, and once more the soil of Erromanga was stained with the blood of martyrs.

Mr. Maepheron, who visited the island and collected the details of the incident, says: "Far up on the heights the missionary was engaged in building arrangements. Some eight or ten assassins came to him, and one of them aimed a blow at Mr. Gordon with his tomahawk. The attempt was observed soon enough to enable the missionary to raise his hand and break the blow by catching the blade of the weapon. Immediately a second assassin aimed his blow, but the doomed man intercepted this by firmly catching the handle in his other hand. Here for a moment was a terrible picture. Mr. Gordon was a very tall man, his height being much beyond six feet. Here he was with both hands occupied in averting his death stroke. The scene lasted only for a moment. The first assassin tore his weapon out of the hands of the missionary, inflicting a terrible gash across the hand as he did so. Soon the good man was laid low in blood." Mrs. Gordon, who was in a temporary residence close at hand, heard the natives yell, and rushed immediately to the door. "What is the matter?" she asked of a man named Ouben, who was coming towards the house.—"Nothing," he said. "It is only the boys playing."—"Where are the boys?" she asked, turning round to look. As she turned, Ouben's tomahawk descended upon her shoulder, and she fell on a heap of grass. One more blow nearly severed her head from her body. So perished these two faithful martyrs—lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided.

A faithful band buried the remains of their beloved teachers, and Bishop

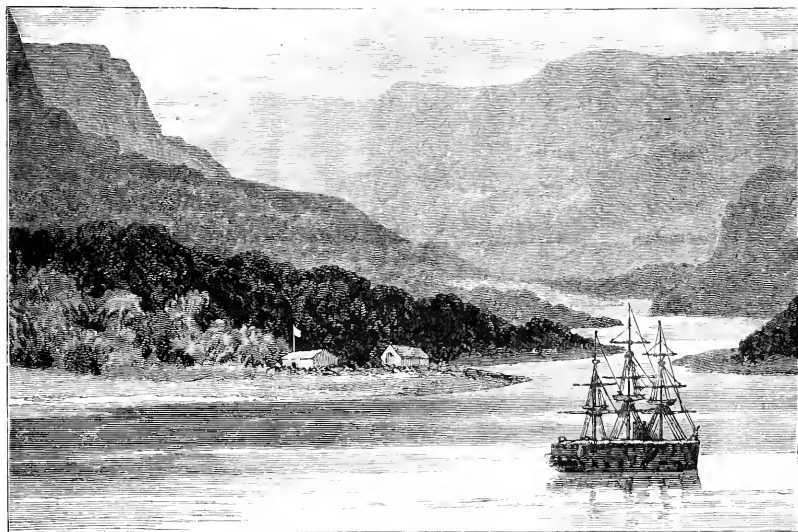
Patterson, who visited the island soon afterwards, read the burial service over their graves. In 1864 the Rev. J. D. Gordon came and took up the work of his murdered brother. His coadjutor for a short time, the Rev. J. McNair, was soon laid to rest beside the grave of the Gordons. In 1872 the Rev. J. D. Gordon experienced the same fate as his brother. He was murdered because, in a time of grievous sickness, people had died after taking his medicine, and therefore (the natives argued) in consequence of it. The Rev. Hugh A. Robertson and his brave young wife came at once from Nova Scotia to this fatal island, and a time of growth and blessing has been experienced by the little Christian community. A considerable band of native teachers have had much success at the various stations.



THE VOLCANO, TANNA.

Vaté, or Sandwich, is a charming island inhabited by a race of people superior to many of the other islands. Yet polygamy, infanticide, cannibalism, and revolting cruelty, abounded here, and for many years every white man caught upon its shores was killed and eaten. As makers of huts, canoes, sails, etc., the Vatese are cleverer than their neighbours. Their superstitions form an elaborate system; they believe in future rewards and punishments, and worship two supreme beings, as well as the spirits of the dead. The coast is full of bays and harbours, and most of these have witnessed deeds of blood on the part both of whites and natives. The *John Williams*, in 1845, left four teachers, and for the next twenty years a constant succession of Samoans and others were engaged in Gospel work here. Many of them speedily died; some were murdered. Still, in spite of danger and open hostility, the cause grew, and in 1853, when the mission ship called, it was found that two hundred and fifty converts were attending church. Erakor became a Christian settlement, through native agency, before the Rev. Donald Morrison and his young wife settled here in 1864.

Marik Tikaikow, a brave and cruel chief in the interior of the island, was afraid to come himself, for fear the new religion should hurt him, but sent one of his chief men to confer with Morrison. Tikaikow was the greatest cannibal known in those parts; it was recorded of him that he had once had thirteen bodies served up at a great feast. He had had altogether about a hundred and twenty wives, but many of these he had killed and eaten, as well as some of his children who had offended him. He was very jealous, and any man who dared to look at his wives was at once



DILLON BAY, EBROMANGA.

killed. Mr. Morrison visited this man, and was well received, and hoped to gain some opening for the Gospel in the interior of the island through his influence. But in 1867 the missionary had to retire through illness to the colonies, and died at Auckland. Messrs. Cosh, Mackenzie, Macdonald, and Ammand have since kept up the crusade against heathenism in Faté, and though the trials of faith and hope have been many, the work progresses.

Ten miles from Faté rises the steep hill of Nguma, with some small islets clustered near it. Amongst the ferocious cannibals of this island the Rev. Peter Milne and his young wife came to dwell in 1870, and, aided by native teachers, have gathered a little church. Much trouble has been caused here by the labour traffic, and Mr. Milne was persecuted by being falsely accused of ordering the natives to fire on a boat's crew of men-stealers. He and his wife visited Mau and Metaso and Makuru, and other of the adjacent islands, and put native teachers in charge of

stations. Christian influence grows in power, but ever and anon old propensities break out. Thus, in 1878, the Makuru people murdered and devoured some Faté men who had been driven near their shore. Accordingly, the Faté people caught some Makuru men and disposed of them in the same manner. This and similar occurrences have naturally given Mr. Milne much trouble. His young wife has sometimes had to be left alone a week at a time, whilst her husband has been to neighbouring islets.

The islands of the New Hebrides are far too numerous for us to mention more than a few. Many of the northern islands have had no resident missionaries; but the London Mission ship *John Williams*, the Melanesian Mission ship *Southern Cross*, and the New Hebrides Mission ship *Dayspring*, have cruised about them, and pioneer mission work has been done at various points wherever practicable.

The largest island of the New Hebrides is Espirito Santo, seventy miles long by forty broad, and with magnificent mountains rising to the height of five thousand feet. The natives have always been fighting with each other; they are of various tribes and speak different dialects, and have no general name for the whole island. The men wear very little clothing and the women still less; the men, however, go in for extensive decoration with shells, bones, and feathers, the women are bountifully tattooed, and both sexes use a great deal of red ochre for outward adornment. In the arts of life the natives of Espirito Santo are superior to most New Hebrideans. They build better huts, lay down pavement, make aqueducts of bamboo, and are more advanced than their neighbours as regards the cooking and serving of food. They actually use a sort of pin to put food to their mouths, instead of using their fingers. Messrs. Paton and Gordon saw men here walking hand in hand with their wives, and talking gently to them—a sight which they had never seen in any other island. Equally strange was it to see men nursing little children in the kindest way possible.

But with all their cleverness and their domestic virtue, these people are cannibals, and they have some strange customs. They tip their spears and arrows with human bone, and when any one dies the body lies in the hut one hundred days, and any bones that will be useful are taken from it before it is buried. Mr. J. D. Gordon, who spent four months on the island in 1869, was allowed to witness one of their religious festivals. At least a thousand natives were present, and proceedings began with dancing and drum-beating, after which the officiating priest brought his bag of mysteries to a stone altar. These altars abound on the island, usually a block of stone on four stone pillars about a foot high. Then followed some mysterious running to and fro by chiefs fantastically painted. Then a number of sucking-pigs were collected for a purpose to be explained presently. "Soon," says Gordon, "I heard something like rockets being let off in rapid succession, or rather like the cracking of whips, which in reality it was. This part of the proceedings was called *apromos*, and was performed by young men. A number of these were stationed on the feasting ground, about two or three yards apart, in two lines. Between these, two men ran, one from each end, halting an instant before the stationed men to receive a lash from a long stout tapering fibre, resembling the midrib of a small cocoa-nut leaf.

These switches were about two yards long, and it was the lash given to the two men around their bare chests, their arms being held above their heads, which produced the cracking sounds."

The sucking-pigs were now thrown one by one up into the air and caught by the dancing men with some difficulty. Each pig as caught was carried to the priest, now dancing on the altar, who despatched the animal by a blow on the forehead, and it was laid on the fast accumulating heap for the evening feast. The final performance was a grand procession of dancing women, with faces hideously painted, and stamping to the music of bamboo drums.

During his four months on the island, Mr. Gordon had about a hundred irregular scholars who learned a little reading and singing. He travelled about freely, and was well received, and the women wept as if for the dead when he was compelled to leave at the approach of the hot season. Two years afterwards the Rev. J. Goodwill came to a more elevated and healthy position in the south-west of the island. But he and his wife suffered much from fever and ague, and the island was very unsettled. Hundreds of natives had been decoyed away by labour agents; there had been serious disturbances, and more than one boat's crew had been killed and eaten.

Mr. Milne had to send his wife and one child to Sydney to save their lives, and during their absence he passed through many trials. He had no help, and had to look after a cow to provide milk for the little girl left with him. He and the child were both ill, then he broke some of his ribs in his exertions. "It was the rainy season," narrates Dr. Steel, "and particularly unhealthy. Meantime, a party of natives from the interior came down with the intention of robbing him, and actually broke some of his windows, furniture, crockery, etc. He had a very narrow escape from their arrows, which they showered upon the house, along with stones. Mr. Goodwill was obliged to get his revolver and open fire. There were thirty-two of them, led by a wretch known as one of the most active in stealing men for labour vessels. When the revolver was fired they fled. The friendly natives then rose for the missionary's defence and also for their own, as these wild men from the bush massacred all the people in two villages two days after the attack upon Mr. Goodwill. The chief and his people killed five of them, and divided the bodies among their own villages to grace their feasts. When Mr. Goodwill heard of this, he remonstrated, but they said, "They were your enemies and tried to kill you and plunder your stores; they stole your turkeys, broke your windows, furniture, crockery, etc.; and this is cause enough for killing them and eating them up."

Twice the missionary's house was unroofed by a hurricane, but in spite of these trials and continued ill-health he toiled on, till in 1874 he was compelled to give up the effort. The *Dayspring* has since occasionally visited this large and interesting island, but the missionaries have not again been able to locate one of their number there permanently.

It would scarcely be fitting to leave the subject of the New Hebrides without making more pointed reference to the infamous Kanaka labour traffic, by which virtual slave-trade and slavery are permitted in British dominions. To spread information

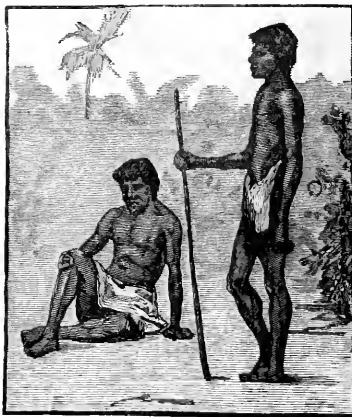
on this subject, and make efforts for the suppression of the system, has become one of the foremost objects of the missionaries. The Rev. J. G. Paton has recently distinguished himself by his exertions to procure the abolition of a traffic "steeped in



NATIVE OF FATÉ (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

human blood and suffering, by its murders and crimes on the islands, in procuring the labour, and on the sea to our colonies, and even on the plantations in them." Abundant evidence has been collected by Mr. Paton to justify these statements. The Report of the Queensland Royal Commission, 1884, "bristling with attested cruelty, proves that most of the Kanakas obtained are either deceived or kidnapped on board," and that the crews of some vessels "systematically committed the most atrocious murders."

The system still flourishes. The Rev. J. D. Landells tells of a woman taken from Malo, leaving an infant, in August, 1890. The Rev. J. G. Paton tells of wives and children left unprovided for in his island, Aniwa. "The chief and his leading men," he says, "wrote to me to try and get the captives sent back, and to plead with the good Queen Victoria to prevent her ships stealing their sons and daughters; for though they are Christians, it is very difficult to keep those so cruelly treated from taking revenge on the white men." The Rev. P. Milne, of Nguna, in September, had ten natives, including three of his hired servants, taken away. A very revengeful spirit was roused in the island, and as the missionary was responsible for the three lads he had hired, he went in considerable danger. It has been proved that new recruits are often kept handcuffed together, to prevent them running away after they have been induced to put their mark to the contract.



NATIVES OF FATÉ (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

The New Hebrides were visited in 1890 by a deputation from the Australian Presbyterian churches. In their report they rejoiced at the success of the mission, with its 11,000 converts, and urged fresh efforts to get at the 50,000 savages still unreached. They found in twenty islands life and property comparatively safe, and large commercial enterprises being undertaken in them by English and French companies, traders, and planters. But they had a sad story to tell of the desolating effects of the labour traffic. It is true, as the Rev. J. Lyall, head of the deputation,



acknowledges, "that the regulations for the traffic which have been made in Queensland are as nearly perfect as may be, and the French system is also reported to be well regulated. . . . But it is the interest of those who carry on the traffic to disregard the law and risk penalties for the sake of the £27 bounty on each 'recruit.'" Little can be done even by so able and just an officer as Captain Davis, of H.M.S. *Royalist*, who has been prompt to guard native rights when the missionaries, whose work he appreciates, have called his attention to breaches of the law. "The missionaries," says Mr. Lyall, "regard the labour traffic as a curse to the islanders, as interfering with their work, as taking away the most promising of the young men and women, as breaking up all family ties, and as generally tending to depopulate the islands



BOY OF ERROMANGA.



OLD MAN OF ERROMANGA.

and demoralise the inhabitants—and those who return have picked up

some of the airs and vices of the white man, and garnish their conversation with oaths never learned on their own islands. They return to find their homes desolate, their wives given to other men; their friends gather round them to share in what they have brought back, and they soon find themselves in a worse condition than when they left." The Rev. Mr. Gray, of Tanna, declares that he does not know of a single returned labourer having benefited by his Queensland experience.

But hundreds never return: they die and are buried like dogs in Queensland, Fiji, New Caledonia, and elsewhere. The "inter-island traffic" is worse than the colonial, for the planters are still less under supervision. Seventeen of Mr. Paton's young men were taken from Aniwa to Erromanga by two planters, who solemnly swore

to bring them back in three days. They were kept five years, working like slaves under the lash. "In the hope of being able to escape by a passing vessel they several times ran away and hid in the bush. The planters got armed savages under white leaders to hunt them down like beasts, and bound and carried them back to their work." Mr. Paton went and tried to get them away, but was resisted by armed force. A British man-of-war subsequently got the captives back to Aniwa, but without having received a penny for five years' toil!

It is no wonder that the iniquities of this system often lead to violence on the part of the natives, bringing in its train cruel retaliation. One of the islands in the New Hebrides was lately shelled by a French war-vessel as a sequel to one of these outbreaks. Disturbances are likely to occur, when incidents take place like that narrated by Mr. Landells, who tells how the *Marie*, a French vessel, "got a large number of married women on board without their husbands, with whom I went to get them back, but all appeals were unavailing, and I was only insulted. One of the women left a sucking infant."

One missionary told the deputation that four hundred of his young men had been taken away, but not one had returned. Another had had his school three times broken up by the labour traffic. All unite in the testimony that the majority of those who return are infinitely worse for having been away. "But the vast majority," writes Mr. Hardie, "never return, and misery is caused in many ways to the women and children and old men by such deportation. The traffic should absolutely cease. It is stained in blood, and steeped in fraud and wickedness of the worst forms." The poor islanders have reaped evil, and only evil, from the labour traffic, and it is difficult to believe that Christian England can much longer refrain from acceding to the unanimous prayer of the missionaries, and taking measures for its entire suppression.

## XLII.—WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXV.

## THE CONGO MISSIONS.

Mr. Stanley's Discoveries and their Importance—The Congo Free State—The Portuguese in Africa—The Livingstone Mission—Mr. Henry Craven—A terrible Death-roll—A Harvest at Last—The Baptist Society's Mission—Mr. Thomas J. Comber—Another Army of African Martyrs—Trials and Difficulties—Cost in Lives of Mission Work—Present Situation on the Congo.

MISSIONS to the Congo owe their practical development in large measure to the publication of Mr. Stanley's book, "Through the Dark Continent." Central Africa, once thought to be desolate, possesses, as we have shown elsewhere, a more magnificent system of inland lakes and rivers than any other region in the world. It has no less than 80,000 square miles of lake water, and in the Congo system the second largest river and river-basin in the world. The Congo and its tributaries form a longer line of navigable water than the whole coast-line of Europe. They have already been explored to a length of 11,000 miles, giving 22,000 miles of river-bank peopled with native villages, all of which can be easily reached by the noble waterway which traverses in every direction the Congo Free State. This State, "though not coterminous with the immense geographical basin of the Congo river, comprises the greater part of it. It has 1,508,000 square miles of territory, while England has only 48,000 miles, so that it would take more than thirty Englands to make up the territory of this great Central African Government, which is considerably larger than all India, including the native States." Its population has been roughly estimated at about forty to fifty millions. The people belong to the great Bantu family, and are not to be confounded with "negroes."

Of Stanley's extraordinary march "through the Dark Continent" we cannot give particulars here. He proved that "the long familiar mouth of the Congo, within three weeks' sail from London, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, was the real western entrance into Africa, an entrance which, by means of a short railroad, would afford ready access to a vast navigable waterway piercing the Dark Continent north, south, and east for thousands of miles." But during his long and hazardous journey of 7,000 miles, among countless people, kindreds, and tongues, he "did not meet one single Christian, nor any one who had ever heard the Gospel." He gazed on the representatives of tribes numbering at least 50,000,000, but to none of them had the message of Divine mercy ever been proclaimed.

In 1879 an influential association bearing the title of the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," was formed in Belgium, with King Leopold II. at its head, and Mr. Stanley was commissioned to go again to the Congo and endeavour to open up the vast region he had made known for the first time, with a view to the introduction of civilisation and commerce into the great basin of the mighty river. "I begin another mission," wrote Mr. Stanley, "seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open if possible—all such districts and countries as I

may explore, for the benefit of the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and wherever rejected, the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands are made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made and tolerance be granted under this new system. In some regions experience tells me the plan may work wonders. God grant it success everywhere. I have fifteen Europeans and a couple of hundred natives with me."

The Congo Free State was founded—a group of countries in the heart of Africa, almost as extensive and populous as the United States of America; the possibility of profitable intercourse between Europe and Central Africa was demonstrated, and at the famous Berlin Conference all the great Powers agreed, as the United States had already done, to recognise the Congo Free State. France and Portugal also, unfortunately, derived from this Conference enormously increased possessions in Africa. Of the influence of Portugal in Africa we cannot write in detail. It is only necessary to say that up to the year 1868 the slave trade was maintained by Portugal on the Congo, and only ceased through the interference of English cruisers (in 1878 it was nominally abolished by the Portuguese Government in all their possessions, although means were at once found to carry it on under another name); and that the testimony of all the best informed and most experienced African travellers—Cameron, Krapf, Livingstone, Drummond, and others—was unanimous that the influence of Portugal had been a curse to the country from the time they first set foot in it; that they had not in one solitary place or instance done one single thing to elevate the people, but, on the contrary, had been at perpetual feud with them, had fostered the slave trade, and had encouraged the introduction of ardent spirits.

When, therefore, Portugal put forth enormous claims for territory in Africa, extending not only from the Zambesi to the Mozambique in the Indian Ocean, but right across the African continent to Angola on the Atlantic, it was time for interference. One step in the right direction was taken in January, 1890, when an ultimatum was sent by the British Government to Lisbon, requiring the immediate abandonment on the part of Portugal of all pretension to rights in the Shiré Highlands and in Nyassaland, as well as in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, which were declared to be British protectorates. Portugal had no alternative but to yield the point; and she did so, as will be remembered, under protest and with much resentment.

After the Conference, the work of exploration on the Congo proceeded steadily and satisfactorily. Its entire basin proved far larger than was at first supposed, and apparently there was not a point in the whole basin which was a hundred miles from a navigable river. The great need, and in fact the only thing that could make the whole interior of Central Africa accessible to commerce, was a railway to bridge over the 200 miles of the Livingstone cataracts. Until that is done "a ton of luggage, which can be conveyed from England to the Lower River for £2, costs about £70 for

carriage to Stanley Pool, and twice as much to the far interior." In January, 1890, a Belgian company, liberally subscribed to by the Belgian Government, commenced building the requisite line of railway.

Mr. Stanley, in graceful recognition of Livingstone's share in their joint discovery of the Congo, named the river after him, the "Livingstone," but the new designation



HENRY CRAVEN.

never took root, and probably it never will. It will, however, be remembered in connection with the first missionary effort to evangelise the newly discovered territory, by the "Livingstone" Inland Mission, originated by the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. One of the principles of its constitution was: "That as it is the aim of this mission to introduce into the vast Congo valley as many Christian evangelists as possible, and as it is believed that land and native labour can be secured at small cost, the agents of the mission shall be men willing to avail themselves of these advantages, and resolved to be as little burdensome as possible to the funds

of the mission. No salaries are guaranteed, but the committee, as far as the means of doing so are placed in their hands, will supply the missionaries with such needful things as cannot be produced in the country.\*

A noble band of heroic and devoted men from the East London Institute responded to the appeal, and volunteered for this dangerous pioneer service. The first to leave was Mr. Henry Craven, of Liverpool, accompanied by a Danish sailor, and they reached Banana in February, 1878. Beyond that, save for Mr. Stanley's letters, every step was in an absolute *terra incognita*, every few miles in Congo-land bringing the travellers into the territory of some fresh "king" whose favour had to be propitiated by gifts.

Before the first permanent settlement was formed at Palabala, Mr. Craven had some terrible experiences, as all African travellers have. From the Lower River, he wrote:—"Musaka is a deadly place; this time of change very sickly—heat and cold both bring on sickness. The scorpion and serpent bring danger on land, the alligators swarm in the water, and there are other dangers too numerous to mention. This very week, within 300 yards from me, a boy standing in the water helping a carpenter to make a stage, was taken away by an alligator, to be seen no more. Four days ago a small canoe crossing the river was attacked by alligators, the side of the canoe smashed in, and one man of three lifted right out by one of these brutes to be food for the rest. Yesterday a native lay down to sleep, and rose no more—sunstroke! Buried to-day!"

Mr. Craven soon acquired a knowledge of the language sufficient to enable him to preach a little; two other missionaries, Messrs. Telford and Johnson, joined him in the summer of 1878, and good success attended their labours. Meanwhile there was enthusiasm at home on the subject of the Congo, and, as we shall presently see, the Baptist Missionary Society had sent out in that same year Messrs. Grenfell and Comber, who had founded a station at San Salvador.

The story of both those pioneer missions is among the most painful in the whole history of evangelical work. Splendid courage, glorious purpose, noble devotion, by as brave a band of consecrated men as ever put hand to plough—ending in fever, suffering, and early death.

Among the staff of the Livingstone Inland Mission, young James Telford, a vigorous, healthy north-countryman, who had only been in Africa a few months, was alone at Palabala, assisting to erect the station there, when he was stricken down with fever. Craven and Johnson were sent for, and arrived to find him in a dying condition.

\* The East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions was founded in 1872 by the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, as a Training Home and College for young men who, being earnestly desirous of missionary work, gifted for it, and suited to it, were prevented from making preparation for such work by the duty of labouring for their daily bread. In an old-fashioned house on Stepney Green the Institute commenced its work, and thirty-two students were received during the first year. House was added to house, and eventually the present College was built in the East End of London, and another in North Derbyshire, besides several mission halls, and extensive Home Mission work was originated, in which the students receive practical training. At the present time there are about 120 students, of various nationalities and denominations, in training; over 500 missionaries, formerly students, have been sent out into all parts of the world, and it is estimated that on an average, since 1875, one student every week leaves the Institute to enter upon active missionary life.

Next day his body was committed to the dust, and a cross was erected on the spot to mark the first Christian grave on the Congo! Very remarkable were the words spoken by this young man at a farewell meeting before he left for the scene of his brief labour. Thought to be extravagant at the time, they proved but words of truth and soberness. "I go gladly on this mission," he said, "and shall rejoice if only I may give my body as one of the stones to pave the road into interior Africa, and my blood to cement the stones together, so that others may pass on into Congo-land."

In December, 1879, Mrs. Johnson sailed for the Congo, escorted by an energetic young Scotchman named Hugh McKergow, a student at the College and a carpenter by trade. It was his aim to go out as an evangelist, but his training was still incomplete, when he found that the services of a carpenter were urgently needed for erecting stations. "I have only one object in view," he said, "and that is to help this mission on the Congo; if I can *best* do so by going out and building houses for the missionaries, well and good! I am heartily willing to use my trade for God and the mission. It is only attaining my object in another way."

Another dauntless-spirited man was Mr. Adam McCall, of Leicester, an architect and surveyor by profession, who had, during the seven years ending 1878, travelled over between 15,000 and 20,000 miles in Africa. On his return to England he became a devoted servant of Christ, and henceforth his travels were to be not for amusement, or as a mere explorer and traveller, but as a missionary of the Gospel. He diligently and eagerly studied the Scriptures, increased his knowledge of medicine at the London Hospital, and otherwise qualified himself for his work as leader of another Congo expedition. He left with Messrs. Harvey, Lanecey, and Clarke, and it was hoped that they would go right on to Stanley Pool, on the Upper Congo, in one dry season.

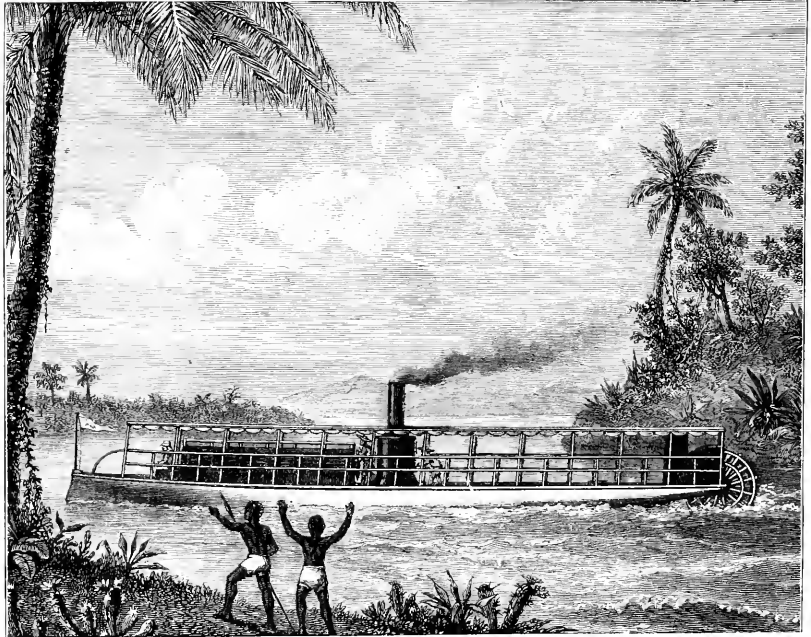
McCall, after many trying experiences, got his party up as far as Boma, and there he was met by the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Charles Petersen, a young Dane, the second member of the mission to lay down his life for the cause, dying alone among the heathen, all his colleagues being prostrate at the time from sickness. Pushing on with a sorrowful heart, McCall was in hopes of being able to march right through to Stanley Pool, but his plans failed, unexpected difficulties and detentions arose, and he was forced to tarry at Bamba. This was in 1880.

Meanwhile important events were happening to the mission at home. Fifteen missionaries had already been sent out (of whom two had died and two had been recalled as unsuitable for the work), and in 1881, nine fresh missionaries followed, as well as a beautiful little steam launch, the *Livingstone*, to ply principally between Banana and Matadi; while, for the Upper Congo, a much larger one was obtained through the munificence of a Tasmanian gentleman, after whom it was named, the *Henry Reed*.

But the year of prosperity at home was one of terrible disaster in Africa. On the 11th of January the brave young Scotch carpenter, Hugh McKergow, was stricken down with fever, and passed away, his last words being, "Thy will be done!" About the same time the Matadi station, erected with so much toil, was destroyed by a tornado. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Craven were sent home on sick leave, soon after the arrival of the new missionaries. And in September, the health of Adam McCall, the leader, having

completely broken down, he was taken, a dying man, on board a vessel homeward bound. When the vessel reached Madeira he landed, but was too ill to go on board again, and in Reed's Hotel, on the 25th of November, in the midst of strangers, while his mother and brother were on their way to meet him, he passed away.

While the vessel that bore McCall to Banana was on its way to Madeira, death had also invaded the station at Banza Manteka, and Mary Richards, a devoted woman, who had gone out with Mr. McCall's party, died from fever brought on by overwork, and



THE "HENRY REED" MISSION STEAMER.

which was obliged to be left to take its course, the stock of quinine and other useful remedies being exhausted. Five deaths in four years among the missionaries of one society only! But as they fell in the battle, other recruits came forward. In 1882 Dr. Sims, medical missionary; William Appel, a surveyor, linguist, and man of science; Miss Spearing, and others, set forth on their dangerous enterprise, to cheer the hearts of those who yet remained, and to take up the work their martyr-friends had laid down. They needed cheering on the Congo, for the beautiful station at Bemba was destroyed by fire; and later on the station at Palabala—the oldest in the mission—also fell a prey to the flames, the loss to the mission being about £800.



But 1882 was to be another year of disaster. George Lanecey, of Malpas, in Cheshire, caught in a squall while crossing the Congo, felt weak and feverish, and in two days died. He had loved mission work from boyhood, and when only fourteen years old had walked eighteen miles on one occasion to hear Dr. Moffat deliver an address. Six weeks later, at Palabala station, Jesse Blunt, a carpenter missionary, who, like McKergow, had placed his manual skill at the service of the mission "for Christ's



THOMAS J. COMBER.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Debenham and Gould.)

sake," was suddenly cut off. Nor was the death-roll complete even then. William Appel, a young man full of burning zeal, with a passion for missionary work, sailed for Africa in May, arrived there in June, and died in July!

And what, it may be asked, was the effect of these continued trials, calamities, and discouragements? The workers at home, with bowed heads but resolute hearts, said, "Life comes out of death; travail is the law of fruitfulness; every great advance issues from catastrophe and trouble; 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit!'" What message also did the brave workers on the Congo send back? These were their cheering words:

“We are not in the least daunted by these deaths! Forward is the order, and, by God’s help, forward we will go!”

We cannot give many further details of this Livingstone Inland Mission. When it had carried out its original programme, and had planted stations at intervals through seven hundred miles of country right into the interior, and had its steamer, the *Henry Reed*, floating on the Upper Congo, and four-and-twenty devoted men and women acclimatised, acquainted with the language, and settled down to work, the management of the mission was transferred to the care of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as it was never the intention of the East London Institute to be a missionary society. The American Baptist Missionary Union was organised in 1814, when Judson and Rice of Burmah changed their views on the question of baptism; and Burmah has ever since been the peculiar care of this society, although it has important missions in Assam, among the Telegus, in China, Japan, Siam, and elsewhere, while from it have sprung other large missionary societies.

Many new workers now joined the mission to the Congo, and it was not long before the hearts of all were rejoicing over the beginning of spiritual blessings. In August, 1886, a remarkable movement took place at San Salvador and several other mission stations on the Congo, the people throwing away their idols and professing the religion of Christ. At Banza Manteka, over a thousand professed their conversion. Here the first Christian Church in the Congo Free State was constituted, in November, 1886; and although the greatest possible caution was observed in the administering of baptism, ninety were admitted into membership after the performance of this rite.

We do not propose to give details of the labours of the various missions on the Congo, as there is of necessity a great similarity in all; but our chapter would be very incomplete if we did not make some special reference to the splendid work that has been done, and is doing there, by the London Baptist Missionary Society. Its action was stimulated, or rather inspired, by that of Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, who in the spring of 1877 wrote to the Committee of the Society thus:—

“There is a part of Africa, not too far, I think, from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it. It is the Congo country, an old kingdom once possessed—indeed, it is now—of a measure of civilisation, and to a certain extent instructed in the externals of the Christian religion.” After glancing at the history of the country and its readiness to receive “white men” if they would go there, Mr. Arthington continued:—“It is, therefore, a great satisfaction and a high and sacred pleasure to me to offer one thousand pounds if the Baptist Missionary Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted, interesting people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them, in imperishable letters, the Word of Eternal Truth. By-and-by possibly we may be able to extend the mission eastwards, on the Congo, at a point above the rapids.” Further contributions and wise suggestions followed, and the Committee decided to undertake the mission.

The vicissitudes of the Baptist Missionary Society on the Congo were not less remarkable than those of the Livingstone Inland Mission. It has its record of deeds

of marvellous courage, of labours prosecuted in the face of overwhelming difficulties, of faith tried as by fire, of hopes deferred, of martyr deaths; and its brave roll of heroes who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but gladly laid them down for the sake of Christ and His Gospel, is a long and glorious one.

It will not be thought invidious if we select one from among this noble army of martyrs, to weave around his life a brief outline of the operations of the society—Thomas Comber, their pioneer missionary.

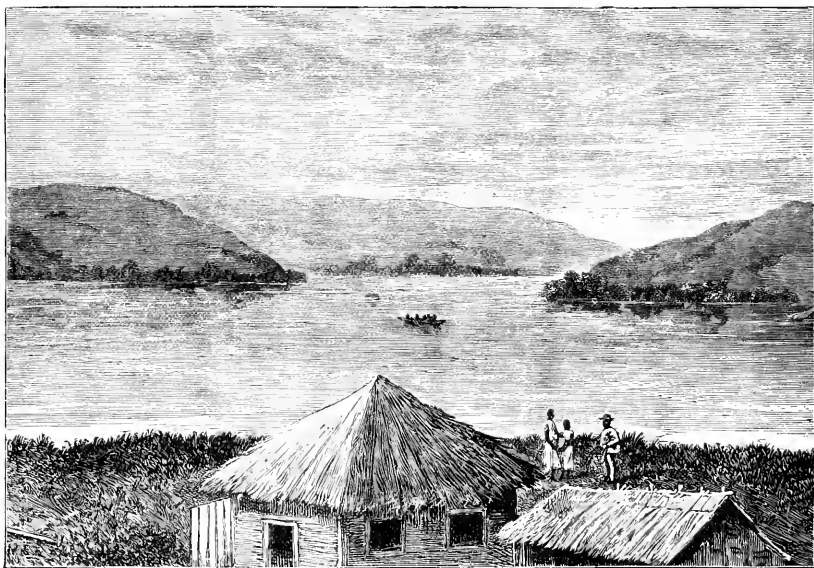
Thomas James Comber, the worthy son of a worthy manufacturing jeweller of Camberwell, while yet a youth in the Crawford Street Sunday-school, gave himself to the Lord, and longed to give himself as a missionary to the heathen. Events shaped themselves to that end: he received his theological training at the Baptist College, Regent's Park, devoted himself enthusiastically not only to study but to practical Christian work, acquired a good knowledge of medicine and surgery, was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as a missionary, and in 1876 sailed for Africa and began work among the Cameroons—a work that was in every way successful and satisfactory. While thus engaged, and at intervals making important journeys into the interior, the offer of Mr. Arthington was made to the Baptist Missionary Society, and "Tom" Comber and Mr. Grenfell were selected as pioneer missionaries to the Congo.

To this end they were instructed to proceed to San Salvador; not to settle there, but to find a base of operations for work on the Upper Congo river; and, having attained the objects of their preliminary expedition, Mr. Comber returned to England to lay the results of his researches before the Home Committee, and to confer with them as to the future work of the mission. It was resolved that on his return he should be accompanied by two or more colleagues, and Mr. W. Holman Bentley, Mr. H. Crudginton, and Comber's old friend and fellow-teacher, Mr. John Hartland, volunteered their services. While in England Mr. Comber read a paper on his explorations inland from Mount Cameroon, and his journey through Congo to Makuta, before the Royal Geographical Society, and in many places did good service to the cause of missions in Central Africa. On the 4th of April, 1879, he was married to Miss Minnie Riekards, the daughter of his old Sunday-school teacher, and a few weeks later set sail with his young bride for Africa. At a large valedictory meeting in the hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Tritton, in the course of his farewell address, said:—"Disappointments may await our brethren and ourselves, and trials neither few nor small. Africa has had her martyrs. She may have them again. There are graves of the saints in Africa. More such may be opened yet."

Little did speaker or hearers think how many and how soon! Not many days after their settlement at San Salvador, the young wife of Mr. Comber died of meningitis, brought on by bad news from home when just recovering from a severe attack of fever.

A little time elapsed, and then an adventurous journey was undertaken with the great object in view of effecting a passage to the Pool. At Banza Makuta the people raised the cry, "Fetch the guns; kill the white men!" and the missionaries, being attacked and deserted by their Kroo boys, had to seek refuge in flight. Suddenly Mr.

Comber fell—he had been shot in the middle of the back—but happily the ball had not entered the lungs, nor did the wound bleed much, and he was able to continue his flight with the others, pursued by a howling mob, until they found temporary refuge at Tungwa. Then on again to Kola and Sanda, where carriers and a crowd of men were obtained to assist them to Congo, where they arrived after travelling about eighty miles in three days. Here Mr. Crudginton extracted the bullet—a square piece of ironstone which was embedded more than an inch in the muscles of the back. Fever followed, but with skilful treatment the patient recovered.



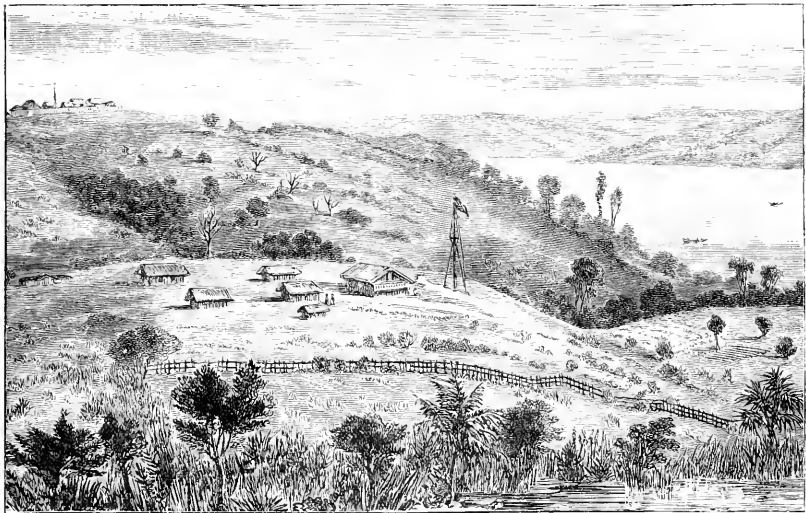
THE CONGO FROM MUSAKA.

Then began the weary work of planting stations between Musaka and the Pool, in the midst of which Mr. Comber was again stricken down with a serious attack of fever. "I cannot tell you how disappointing this is to me," he wrote, "but I am becoming a sort of Christian fatalist; and about all such things I say, 'It is all ordered, all inevitable, all God's will, and therefore all for the best.'" At length five stations were established, and missionary work was commenced in earnest; reinforcements arrived from England; the steam launch was carried up in sections to the Pool and reconstructed there (this gigantic task being accomplished by Mr. Grenfell), and everything promised well.

But within three weeks of the arrival of the reinforcements, Mr. Duke was smitten down with fever and died, and in three months after, Comber's old friend, Mr. Hartland,

succumbed from the same cause. Before there had been time to recover from this shock, death laid its hand upon Mr. Hartley and two engineers, and Mr. Comber, as head of the mission, felt these fatalities as terrible blows threatening its fate.

Meanwhile, his brother Sidney had arrived in Africa intending to settle as a missionary at Ngombe; his sister Carrie being already in the field at Victoria. Then came a brighter time, when, in company with Mr. Grenfell, he realised his ardently cherished desire, and sailed a long journey on the Upper Congo into the far interior of the Dark Continent; Sir Francis de Winton, "a Christian man, who knelt and sang with us every evening," being their *compagnon de voyage*. But almost immediately



SETTLEMENT OF MANYANGA.

after his return it was his sad lot to witness the death at Manyanga of Mr. Minns, an engineer who had been sent out to assist Mr. Grenfell, as well as to receive information of the decease of Mr. Craven, of the Livingstone Mission.

In January, 1885, "Tom" Comber, as his old friends loved to call him, arrived in London for a little well-earned rest (if the visit of a popular missionary to London deserves that name). He had scarcely, however, been in the home-country more than a month, before the gladness of the reunion was marred by the distressing tidings from Africa of his brother Sidney's death! With a heavy heart he went through the duties he was expected to perform of reading a second paper before the Royal Geographical Society, addressing crowded meetings at Exeter Hall and other places, publicly meeting Mr. Stanley, preparing a manual for the use of missionaries to the Congo, and other "driving work and anxiety"—and then his furlough expired.

Among the band of fresh missionaries who returned with him to Africa was his brother Percy, and on arrival at Victoria they had the pleasure of seeing their brave missionary sister Carrie, who had recently been married to Mr. Hay. It was the last time they saw her: a very short time afterwards they received the distressing intelligence of her death. Three months later, Mr. Comber was attending his friend Mr. John Maynard, suffering from his first attack of fever. It ended fatally, and on Tom Comber fell the trying duty of breaking the sad news to Maynard's friends and to Miss Pitt, who was on her way to Banana to become his wife!

The great and only real consolation in the midst of those trials, was the fact that steady progress was being made in the work of the mission: twenty-five boys had been induced to come and live with him; his medical work was telling, and the people were willing and wanting to hear the Gospel. For eight long months he was able to rejoice that his fellow-missionaries, eighteen in number, had been preserved. The only disaster, and that was remediable, was a calamitous fire at the Pool station. As in the case of the fire at Serampore in 1812, when Carey and his companions suffered so much, it called forth the sympathy and generosity of the Christian Churches at home to an extraordinary degree, the whole amount of the loss, some £4,000, being raised in fifty days, and almost without a special appeal.

Then came the joyful news of the marvellous religious awakening at San Salvador and Banza Manteka, to which reference has already been made, and he at once repaired thither to share in the joy of seeing the natives crowding to hear the preaching, and in many instances giving unmistakable proofs that the Word of God was touching their hearts and changing their lives. "The work is clearly that of our God," wrote Mr. Comber, "and He Himself is touching the hearts of the people. The Congo was never so full of promise as to-day. No one can study its long history without seeing most clearly the overruling hand of God."

From this interesting work Mr. Comber was called away to attend Mr. Darling and Mr. Shindler, brother missionaries, both of whom fell victims to the fever, and soon after he was mourning the loss of Miss Spearing, a devoted woman, who had been successfully labouring at the Pool. The continuous strain, both mental and physical, the anxious responsibility with which he was weighted, was more than mortal man could bear. A trip to sea, as the only means of saving the intrepid missionary's life, was recommended; but the respite came too late, and on the 27th of June, 1887, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, the end came peacefully, whilst the vessel on board which he had been carried lay anchored off Loanga.

What great end was gained by all these sad and tragic deaths? What did these intrepid men and women accomplish? Some merely explored certain small parts of the vast country; some only built a mission station or two; some had but just begun the work of evangelising, and could not claim a convert. The large-hearted Mrs. Guinness supplies, by implication, a very good answer to all these questions.

"The most important part of missionary work," she says, "has not always the appearance of missionary work at all. . . . Many were found a few years back harshly criticising the course and career of David Livingstone, and rashly accusing him



THOMAS JAMES COMBER.  
Pioneer Missionary to the Congo





of having abandoned the work of the missionary for that of the geographer and explorer, or at best of the philanthropist. No one would now venture to hazard such an opinion. It was the high and holy purpose of *opening up a new world to the Gospel* that impelled and sustained this prince of missionaries throughout his thirty years of weary pilgrimage and terrible sufferings. He was not less of a missionary than Moffat or others, but *more*, though he laid aside the ordinary routine work of a single station, and betook himself instead to the task of introducing to the knowledge and sympathies of the Christian Church *an entire continent*, cursed under the withering blight of heathenism and crushed under the cruel yoke of slavery."

Many of those good and earnest men of half a century and more past, whose lives and labours have been recorded in these pages, would not have understood this estimate of Livingstone's work, or the work of the dauntless pioneers of the Congo. A broader, robuster, manlier, and, in reality, a higher Christian idea runs through missionary work to-day, and Livingstone gave expression to it when he said, "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those of persons whose ideal of a missionary is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at a forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and in medical practice. I feel that I am not my own, and that I am equally serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation!" The Congo missionaries were, thank God, men of like spirit.

Nevertheless, one of the questions that occupied the serious attention of the Great Centenary Conference of 1888 was asked by the Rev. Professor Drummond: "Is it right to go on in missionary work, in regions where there is plainly a barrier of God against men living there at all?" It was a question that had haunted him every day since he came from tropical Africa; not on the mere score of saving a few lives, but on the ground of political economy—missionary economy; whether, until the safer portions of the globe were evangelised, it was right to send men to fight with that fever which no man has yet got to the bottom of, and which no man who has been in the country has ever escaped!

It was a question to be thought over, but hardly to be answered. As Mrs. Guinness very justly says, "The *death* of Livingstone, his tragic, touching, lonely *death*, did more to start the missions which are now planting Christian Churches all over Africa, than all his noble life-labours had done. The now prosperous and self-extending native church of Sierra Leone cost the lives of thirty labourers in fifteen years, ere it took root and grew. Each of the great Central African Missions of the last ten or twelve years has had a somewhat similar experience, and to the martyrs of the modern Church it may be said, as well as to those of apostolic days, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

In one of the crises of the Livingstone Inland Mission, when missionary after missionary was stricken down by death, the question had to be seriously discussed by the home authorities, whether they had any right to go forward in the face of the deadly climate and the inevitable diseases it produces. But it was replied, and finally determined, that the command was not, "Go ye into all the *healthy climates* of the

world and preach the Gospel"; and that if a command of Christ involved danger and death, that in itself was no ground for disobedience. More lately, however, as in some other cases, experience has gradually been gained in regard to the choice of localities, the use of medical remedies, and the constitutions best adapted to this particular sphere of service and the best method of living in such climates; and with this advance in knowledge and experience the terrible mortality of the first years of these missions has very much abated.

Eleven different missionary agencies are at the present time at work in the Congo Free State, three Roman Catholic and eight Protestant. This is remarkable, when it is remembered that only a dozen years ago the country was unknown, and that the Congo Free State itself only dates from 1885. The Protestant Missions are:—1. The Livingstone Inland Mission of the Baptist American Union; 2. The English Baptist Missionary Society; 3. The Swedish Missionary Society; 4. Bishop Taylor's Mission (American); 5. The American Missionary Evangelical Alliance; 6. The Mission of Mr. F. S. Arnot in the Garengange country; 7. The London Missionary Society on Lake Tanganyika, also in the Congo Free State (this mission was, as we have told elsewhere, long under the care of Captain Hore); 8. The East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missionaries (the pioneer society to the Congo) at Congo-Balolo on the Upper Congo.\*

Through all the pioneering work of the societies, spiritual results have been recorded, and the good work of civilising and evangelising is going on apace. The language of the people has been reduced by Mr. Holman Bentley to a written form; a grammar and dictionary have been published, and the "Peep of Day" has been translated and issued from the press, as well as the New Testament and other portions of the Scriptures. The Belgian Government continues to explore and settle as rapidly as possible its vast territory, and the Congo railway is making slow but satisfactory progress.

\* For a graphic account of the Congo-Balolo Mission, *see* "The New World of Central Africa," by Mrs. H. Grattan-Guinness, to which, with the "Life of Thomas Comber" by J. E. Myers, we have been largely indebted for information in this chapter. For the story of Baptist Missionary work on the Congo, *see* Mr. Joseph Tritton's "Rise and Progress," and Mr. Grenfell's narrative. For the work of Mr. Arnot on the Garengange, *see* his excellent book under that title.

## XLIII.—EASTERN AND NORTHERN AFRICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXVI.

## EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Early Exploration—A Bold Project—Krapf's Earlier Experiences—Is Imprisoned in Abyssinia—Attempts to Reach the Gallas—Arrives at Zanzibar—Settles at Mombasa—The Wanika—Rebmann Joins Krapf—House-building—Sunday Services—Journeys to the Interior—Snow under the Equator—Fresh Arrivals—Frere Town—James Hannington Volunteers to go to Africa—Is Received by the Sultan at Zanzibar—Crosses to the Mainland—A Pleasant Station—A Narrow Escape—Illness—Arrives at the Victoria Nyanza—At Death's Door—Returns to England—Restored to Health—Consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa—Diocesan Duties—Starts for Uganda through Masai-land—A Native Clergyman—Difficulties of the Caravan—Want of Water—Perils from Savages and Wild Beasts—The El Moran—The Caravan Divided—The Rubaga Mission—King Mtesa—His Death and Successor—Persecution of Native Christians—Their Steadfastness—Approach of the Bishop—Agitation of the Chiefs—Decision to Kill the Bishop—A Fearful Struggle—Hannington's Martyrdom—Conclusion.

ENGLISHMEN have good reason to be proud of the long list of famous travellers who have done so much during the last thirty years to make known the lands and lakes of Equatorial Africa. Nor is ours the only nation that has borne the burden of these adventurous efforts. France and Germany can justly claim a share in the honour of having disclosed the mysteries of the Dark Continent. But when we remember the names of Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Stanley, Thomson, Emin Pasha and Peters, we must not forget that two Germans, acting under the instructions of the Church Missionary Society in London, were the prime promoters of these discoveries. Living on the coast and doing their utmost to Christianise the people among whom their lot was cast, they heard from Arab traders and others of a great inland sea, regularly visited by caravans in search of ivory, horns, ostrich feathers, and other products of the interior. They saw, too, slaves brought down by the same Arabs from remote districts for sale at Mombasa and Zanzibar, or for shipment across to Arabia itself. The missionaries, not content with hearing the reports, travelled long distances up the country to verify them, and received from the natives full confirmation of the existence of a great lake hitherto unknown to, and unapproached by, Europeans. They never themselves succeeded in reaching the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, though in their travels they made many valuable additions to our geographical knowledge. But they looked forward to a day when a long line of stations would girdle the continent between Mombasa on the east, and the River Gaboon on the west coast, from each of which the glad tidings would be proclaimed to the peoples and tribes of Africa. These hopes have yet to be realised, and their fulfilment seems even now very distant; but the first links of the chain have been made, and mission stations have been established, though with long intervals, from Mombasa to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza itself.

The two men who projected this ambitious scheme, Johann Ludwig Krapf and Johann Rebmann, were both natives of the kingdom of Württemberg.

In his boyhood Krapf read an odd volume of "Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia," and the great blanks on the map of Africa aroused his interest and made him

wonder whether they really represented deserts or lands full of hyenas. His father wished him to become a clergyman or a lawyer, but the boy's passion for travel was too strong, and he could not be diverted from his purpose of becoming an explorer, which was, however, turned into a more definite channel by a lecture on Missions to the Heathen read before the school he attended at Tübingen. Very soon after hearing the lecture, he obtained an introduction to the Inspector of the Missionary Institution at Basle, and in his holidays he walked the whole distance from Tübingen in order to deliver it in person. He was only in his sixteenth year, so the Inspector counselled him to go back to his studies for a time, and he had sufficient modesty and wisdom to act upon the advice. Two years later he was invited to enter the Institution, where he remained for another period of two years, and then, as his family opposed his idea of going to the heathen, he returned to college to qualify for a curacy. In due time he was ordained, but having given some offence by a sermon too full of "mysticism," he resigned his appointment and became a tutor in a private family. The old zeal for missionary work was for a while quenched, but not extinguished, and in 1836 he accepted an invitation from the Church Missionary Society to go out to the land of his boyhood's dreams, Abyssinia.

In Abyssinia he laboured for some years, until he was imprisoned and then expelled the country. He attributed these troubles to the intrigues of a Frenchman, with whom at one time he had been on friendly terms. At this crisis of his life he visited Zanzibar, and was well received by the Sultan, Saïd Saïd, who was most anxious to obtain the friendship and protection of England, and had already sent two Embassies to London to promote these objects. When in Abyssinia, Krapf had heard much of the Gallas, a fierce, bold tribe dwelling in the "Unknown Horn of Africa," and he had long entertained the idea of penetrating their country from the Abyssinian side. This hope was now entirely cut off, but from inquiries he made on his voyage to Zanzibar he thought it would be possible to reach the Gallas from Mombasa, a town and island belonging to the Sultan, and lying considerably to the north of Zanzibar at about five degrees south of the equator. The plan was no sooner conceived than he endeavoured to carry it out, and having obtained the necessary authority from the Sultan, who in a letter of commendation described him as a good man wishing to convert the world to God, he set out for Mombasa, where he arrived in the middle of March, 1844.

His reception was friendly, and the Governor, who had been in London as one of Saïd Saïd's ambassadors, did all he could to meet his visitor's wishes. Krapf was so well satisfied with the place and the people, that he decided to settle in Mombasa itself, and returned to Zanzibar for his wife, who had accompanied him thither.

In May, Krapf and his wife took up their residence at Mombasa, where he was soon immersed in the difficulties of Swahili, which he endeavoured to learn from a native without other help in the shape of a dictionary or grammar. His knowledge of Arabic was of much assistance, but his studies were soon interrupted by a violent attack of fever, during which his wife was confined and died in three days. The people showed great sympathy in this sudden trial, and the funeral, to which

the missionary could scarcely drag himself, so weak and prostrate was his condition, was attended by the Governor and the principal inhabitants. Krapf gradually recovered his strength, but ere it was re-established the little lady had followed her mother to the grave, and the childless widower was left utterly alone in a strange land.

Though cast down, he did not yield to despair; he was full of plans for the future, and plodding steadily at the language soon began to master it, though the varying dialects long continued to puzzle him. He paid many visits to the neighbouring Wanika villages, and, as opportunity offered, preached to the people, who generally listened attentively to his addresses. They troubled him a good deal at first by repeating his words, but he was soon able to take advantage of this habit to ascertain from their repetitions whether he was making himself intelligible.

For nearly two years he remained alone at Mombasa, not making much apparent progress, but labouring diligently to win the affection and awaken the interest of the Wanika people. They were generally civil and even kind, but their dances and other strange customs were a source of annoyance, though he strove hard to conceal his feelings of disgust. Sometimes on entering a village the men, women, and children ran away as soon as they saw the white man, until, curiosity getting the better of their fears, they ventured to approach him, and, finding themselves unharmed, proceeded to examine his features and to point out to one another his hair and clothes, and everything else in which his appearance differed from theirs. Then they would laugh and ask questions, which he readily answered, and, having thus enlisted their attention, would in his turn question them and read some portions of the New Testament, of which he had by this time made a translation, following up his reading by explanations and remarks. They would often listen attentively, and ask him to come again to talk further with them, and thus he gradually made himself known in the villages within a circuit of several miles from Mombasa.

In 1846 Rebmann came out, and a few days after his arrival was laid low by an attack of fever, from which he speedily recovered. The two missionaries now decided to remove to Rabbai Mpia, on the mainland, as Krapf thought it would be better to plant the station there than to remain at Mombasa, separated from the continent by an arm of the sea. It was, however, necessary to conciliate the chiefs, and on reaching Rabbai they were invited to a palaver. Krapf introduced his colleague, asked that the kindness shown to him might be extended to his friend, who had come to help him. He then explained that he wished to settle in Rabbai, and, without making any stipulation or raising any difficulty, the chiefs shouted their assent, and promised to build two houses. "The birds," they said, "have nests, and the Wasungu [Europeans] must have houses." Satisfied with this assurance, the missionaries returned to Mombasa; but, unfortunately, the chiefs were by no means prompt in carrying out their undertaking, and when Krapf and Rebmann came back to Rabbai, their houses had not been begun. The chiefs professed to be very sorry, and declared that the delay was caused by the people having been busy in the fields; but they now brought the materials for the building, and in the course of time a house, 25 ft. long

and 18 ft. in width and height, was put up. The site chosen was nearly 1,000 ft. above the sea, in the midst of a grove of cocoanut-trees, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, as well as of the town and harbour of Mombasa.

Having finished the house, the missionaries built a church, and invited the people to come to public worship. On the first Sunday about fifteen attended, and at the close of the service asked what they would get to eat if they came regularly every Sunday, as it was not their custom to go to a palaver without eating and drinking. This was not very encouraging, but the missionaries would not bribe the people, and steadily refused to give presents. A regular house-to-house visitation was, however, commenced, in the course of which Krapf tried to explain why the Christians kept Sunday, and by degrees he succeeded in instilling into the native mind an idea of a holy day. Every Sunday morning a gun was fired to announce the beginning of public worship, and a few of the people



DR. KRAPP.

responded to the summons. Yet for a long time no impression was made upon their hearts. However, after some months a cripple lad, named Mringe, became an inquirer, and finally a convert to Christianity, in spite of the opposition of his mother and friends. But so slowly did the influence of the missionaries make itself felt, that for some years the poor youth was the only visible result of the mission at Rabbai.

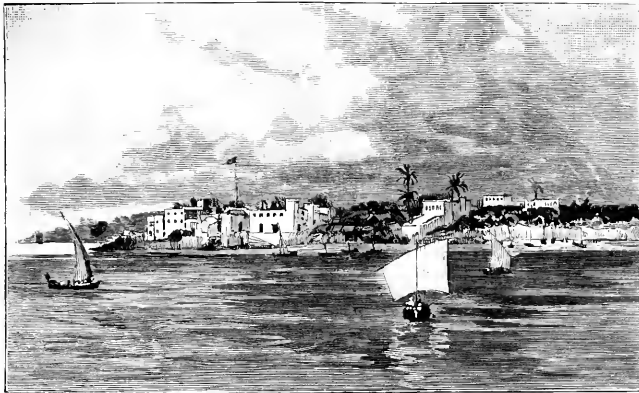
As soon as Rebmann was sufficiently acquainted with Swahili to understand others and make himself understood by them, it was arranged that he should undertake a journey into the interior, to find, if possible, convenient stations for the extension of missionary work. The Wanika chiefs raised many objections to this project as soon as they heard of it, fearing perhaps lest the



THE REV. J. REBMAN.

traveller, for whom they had a genuine respect, might be exposed to danger from the Gallas, Masai, and other formidable tribes of the country. These objections and

fears did not affect Rebmann, who one bright moonlight night in October, 1847, set out on his first journey, with an umbrella as his only weapon, and six Wanikas and two Mohammedans as his escort, and having advanced a few miles, bivouacked in the wilderness with his little party. Next day one of the men found by the wayside two magic staves, each about two feet long, burnt black, wreathed with bark, and used as a protection against robbers and wild beasts. Rebmann pulled off the bark and threw away the staves, much to the regret of his men, who pleaded to be allowed to carry them, telling him it was hardly fair in him to carry a magic book, while objecting to their using native charms against danger. He did not give way to their



MOMBASA. FROM THE ANCHORAGE.

superstitions, and explained to them that his book was intended to destroy their old heathen notions about magic, and as he was going to teach the Teita the good news, he could not allow his companions to practise what he believed to be sinful. With this explanation they had to be content for the time, but he took advantage of the next halt to set forth more fully what some of them had often heard before—the object of his coming into Africa, and the story of the Gospel. On this first journey he reached Kadiaro, and the people, who were of a different race from the Wanikas, were not a little astonished at his visit, though they received him with much kindness, and seemed interested in what he had to communicate.

Early in the following year he undertook a second and longer journey. Advancing further into the heart of Africa, his boldness astonished his guides, who remarked that formerly they had never come so far unless armed and in large numbers, while he came with only an umbrella and a mere handful of men.

No immediate extension of missionary enterprise followed upon these two journeys, but in the second journey Rebmann made an important discovery, which created considerable excitement among geographers. He got as far as the foot of Kilimanjaro,

a snow-clad mountain which rears its lofty summit to a height of 18,000 feet; and the announcement that perpetual snow existed within four degrees of the Equator gave rise to much controversy. Many arm-chair critics refused to believe the statement, and invented ingenious theories to account for the appearance of a white mass upon the mountain, some arguing in favour of chalk, and others inclining to the belief that the top consisted of white rocks, but both agreeing that the traveller was quite mistaken, and that snow could not exist in such a position. Subsequent visits confirmed Rebmann in his opinion, and other travellers have clearly established the accuracy of his observation. Indeed, it is an interesting and curious fact that the only real snow mountains of Africa are within a very few degrees of the Equator.

It is worthy of notice that though Krapf's original aim in settling at Mombasa was to convey the Gospel to the Gallas, neither he nor his colleague was able to carry out the idea, or even to reach Galla-land. We have already seen that the missionaries from Hermannsburg were some years later frustrated in an attempt to settle in that country, and had to return to South Africa. Access from the coast seems to be quite impracticable, at least for the present; and probably if this interesting people are to be brought under Christian influences, they must be approached from Abyssinia.

In 1850, Krapf, who returned to Europe for the first time after an absence of thirteen years, induced the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to extend their work from Rabbai to other places in the neighbourhood. In the previous year Messrs. Erhardt and Wagner had joined the mission, but within a few weeks of his arrival the latter had fallen a victim to fever, before he could even begin to learn Swahili. Two more missionaries and three artisans came out in 1851; one of the former died almost immediately, and two of the artisans were so weakened by the effects of disease and the climate, that their only chance of life was to go home. These deaths, incomprehensible as they seemed to the missionaries, were not, however, without their effect upon the Wanikas, who saw for the first time men dying in the hope of another and a better life, and could not but contrast their quiet and peaceful burial with the wailings and superstitious practices of heathendom on similar occasions.

In order to find suitable places for missionary settlements, Krapf had already undertaken a journey to Ukambani, which was attended by more perils than had befallen his colleague in his earlier explorations of the country, but which it would be foreign to our purpose to describe in detail here.

Nor can we follow minutely the labours of these pioneers of missionary enterprise in Eastern Equatorial Africa. In 1855 Krapf was compelled by failing health to return to Europe, and became secretary of the Christian Missionary Institute at Basle, while Rebmann remained at his post for twenty-four years, gradually extending his influence, and gathering about him a small but faithful band of Wanika converts. He lived long enough to witness the rise of Frere Town, a place of refuge for freed slaves on the mainland opposite Mombasa, and now the home of hundreds of Africans, who enjoy peace and liberty, and have learnt the truths of the Gospel from a devoted band of Christian teachers.





BISHOP HANNINGTON



Frere Town bears the honoured name of Sir Bartle Frere, who in 1873 urged the Church Missionary Society to establish a settlement at Mombasa for liberated slaves. It stands at the head of an almost landlocked creek, the sides of which are clothed with magnificent mangroves and tall, graceful palms. Neat white houses, many with iron roofs, nestle in the grateful shade of the trees, and beautiful creepers trailing over the walls give the visitor, as he sails up the channel, an idea of cleanliness and comfort rarely found in Africa. Critics who inquire whether missions are ever successful, may see in Frere Town something of the good work which has been effected by the patient continuance in well-doing of a generation of Christian men and women from the days of Krapf and Rebmann to the present time. A recent traveller, well acquainted with Central Africa, and not at all inclined to rate missionaries too highly, has described in glowing terms the warm welcome he received on landing here in 1883. The swarthy sons and daughters of Africa, looking, he observed, somewhat couical in their European dresses, crowded the beach, saluted him with pleasant cries of "Good-morning," and shook him warmly by the hand. Two years later, when Bishop Hannington visited Frere Town, he was deeply gratified to find well-organised schools and a crowded church, in which, on one occasion, five hundred persons were present at a week-day service at six o'clock in the morning, before the ordinary work of the day began.

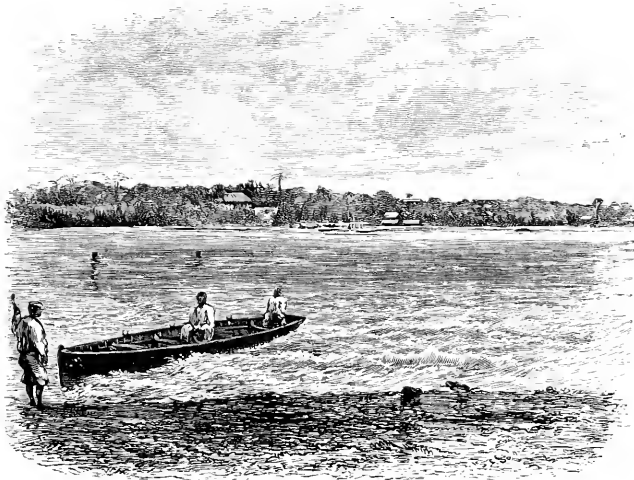
The name of Bishop Hannington brings us down to a later period in the story of Central African Missions; and though an early martyrdom terminated his career before he could make his influence widely felt, his noble self-denial and earnest zeal have obtained for him a high position among the heroes of missions. Nothing in his earlier career gave much promise of his future usefulness as a country curate in England, or a missionary bishop in Africa. At school he was generally known as "Mad Jim," while at Oxford his love of fun and his boisterous spirits often led him into serious scrapes.

On leaving Oxford he held for a while a curacy in Devonshire, and then became Incumbent of St. George's Church, Hurstpierpoint, where he won the hearts of his people by his energy, kindness, and anxiety for their welfare. He loved his work and his people, and though he seemed to have quietly accepted the lot of an English country clergyman, a feeling gradually took possession of him that he ought to do something for the heathen world. At first he thought he was not worthy of the honour, and that even if he offered himself as a missionary, his services would not be accepted: then he talked the matter over with his friends, and most of them urged upon him the claims of his parish and of his wife and family. But the impulse grew too strong for even the nearest and dearest of human ties. At last his mind was fully made up, and he volunteered to go out, partly at his own expense, to the Nyanza for five years. The Committee of the Church Missionary Society gladly availed themselves of his offer, and the country clergyman gave up his pleasant home and all that was dear to him, to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

He was in many ways admirably qualified for the work. An experienced traveller, a good sailor, quite able and willing to endure hardship, and possessing a strong constitution, it seemed that, if any Englishman could withstand the climate of Central Africa,

Hannington was the man. His brave wife willingly consented to his going, and in May, 1882, he left England for Zanzibar, with several others bound like himself for Africa. His destination was Rubaga, in the Uganda country, on the northern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, where a mission had already been established, and some converts had been won. To reach Rubaga, a long march had to be undertaken by way of Mamboia, Uyui, and Msala, right through the heart of Africa: for though a shorter route was known to exist through Masai-land, it was not deemed practicable or safe.

Zanzibar was reached in safety, and a hearty welcome from the members of the

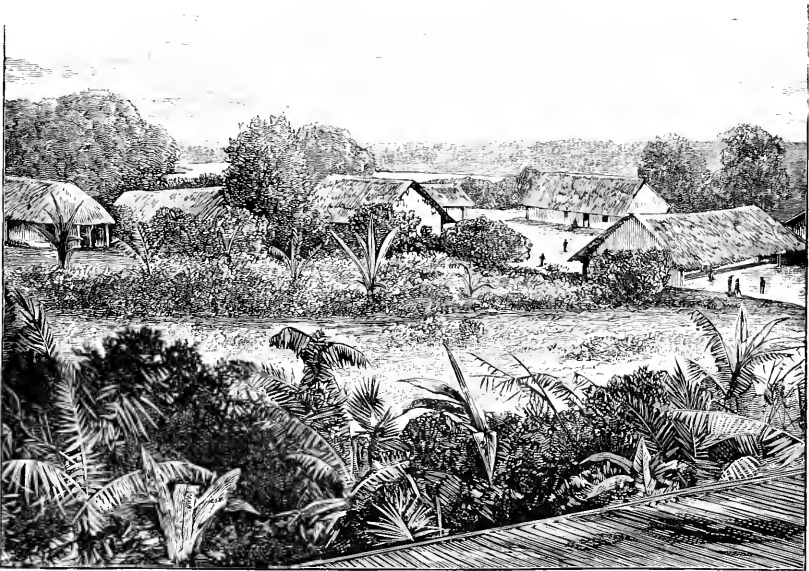


FREERE TOWN, FROM MOMBASA.

Universities Mission, and a state reception by the Sultan, came as a pleasant relief from the horrors of the voyage. Hannington was much tried by the dilatory proceedings of the men who were employed to pack the goods for transport across Africa, and sometimes his patience was nearly exhausted. The party was a large one, and had to convey their own luggage, as well as supplies for the missionaries already at Uganda, besides cloth and other articles as presents for the chiefs through whose territory they would pass. At last everything was packed in a dhow, and the caravan sailed for Sandani, on the mainland, where Hannington swam on shore, preferring to run the risk of being eaten by sharks to sitting in a canoe half full of water that had been sent out to fetch him. The other members of the party were not so venturesome, and the canoe went backwards and forwards from the dhow until they all got ashore.

The whole of the next day was occupied in organising the porters and getting

them into their places, and on the following morning a start was made. Travelling on for several days, and meeting with one exciting adventure—a terrific fire among the high grass—they reached Mamboia, a station of the Church Missionary Society, and halted to spend a few days with the missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last. This was Hamington's first introduction to his future work, and gave him an insight into some of the experiences to which he was looking forward. The station



CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S BUILDINGS AT FREERE TOWN.

at Mamboia is nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea: at that height many English vegetables and flowers were growing in perfection, and the travellers' eyes were gladdened at seeing a profusion of geraniums, petunias, and other plants which reminded them of home. And a deeper sense of satisfaction was afforded by the well-attended schools and the large congregation that on Sunday filled a circular church and joined heartily in the native service.

Pleasant as it was to refresh themselves in this delightful spot, the visitors could not prolong their stay, and the caravan moved forward to Mpwapwa, a missionary settlement further on towards the interior. On the way Hamington, carrying his gun at full cock, fell into one of the pits dug by the natives to catch the larger game, but his presence of mind did not desert him, and throwing away the gun, he lighted on his feet, and, as there were no spears at the bottom of the pit, escaped with a severe

shaking. Almost immediately after this accident there was an alarm of robbers, on hearing which Hannington rushed forward with such effect that the robbers took to their heels and fled headlong before the white man, whose prompt action raised him still higher in the estimation of his followers.

At Mpwapwa there was another short rest over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cole, the missionary and his wife, and Hannington again records an orderly and attentive congregation of Africans, some in gaudy clothes, some in goatskins, and others in red war-paint, carrying their spears or bows and arrows into church.

So far, matters had gone smoothly, and, except for an occasional attack of fever, the journey had been prosperous and successful. The caravan had now to traverse a more difficult country, very bare of trees, and often involved in clouds of dust. The water, too, was very bad; in one spot the only well being full of dead toads and rats, and no amount of boiling removed the abominable smell which flavoured everything cooked in it. Another and more severe attack of fever was the result, which for some days confined Hannington to his tent, where he was pestered and at the same time amused by the irrepressible curiosity of the Wagogo people.

After toiling for some days through this trying country, the caravan arrived at Uyui, another station of the Church Missionary Society, close to the spot where Stanley and Livingstone had separated some years before. Hannington was here attacked by dysentery, for which the Jesuit priests at Unyanyembe prescribed injections of carbolic acid; and though this relieved the more aggravated symptoms, he was so ill that for several days his friends despaired of his life. It was only too evident that he would not be able to travel for some time, and in these circumstances his companions decided, much against his own inclinations, that the caravan should proceed without him, and that he must stay at Uyui to be nursed by the missionaries there. After his company had left, he became so much worse that he gave up all hope of recovery, and one day went out with Mr. Copplestone, the missionary, to select a spot for his grave. But his strong constitution, aided by careful nursing, pulled him through, and he gradually got better. The caravan in the meantime had been unable to reach the Nyanza by the usual route, and returned to Uyui, after an absence of six weeks, just as Hannington felt himself able once more to resume his journey.

The members of the mission were very doubtful whether he ought to go on, yet he was so determined that they gave way, on condition that he would allow himself to be carried in a hammock. To this he consented, but owing to the awkwardness of his bearers, he had several tumbles, and was often obliged to walk. Thus, sometimes on foot and sometimes in his hammock, he travelled through drenching rain and burning heat, gradually getting stronger in spite of these drawbacks, and finding occasional opportunities of collecting butterflies and plants, or of paying a visit to an African chief. To one of them he gave a pair of blue spectacles and a soft felt hat, in which the chief strutted about as proud as a peacock, now taking off the hat and flattening the crown, and then erecting it to a point, to display all its capabilities to his amused and astonished subjects.

At last, to the great relief of everybody, the caravan arrived within sight of the Victoria Nyanza, and the men fired their guns to give expression to their joy. The first view of the famous lake was disappointing; no water was visible, only a wide expanse of reeds and grass, which at a distance looked like a new-mown English meadow. Stranger still, there was no water for drinking, and for some hours the whole party was tormented by raging thirst. In these trying circumstances a neighbouring chief paid them a visit to inquire why they had come into the country, and after Hannington had answered his questions and told him they were about to pray to God, he replied, "Go on, let me hear you." Evening worship was offered, and when it was over, the chief expressed his pleasure, and said, "You must teach me," a wish that seemed to come as a comfort to the weary travellers, and, as they thought, a happy augury for the future of the mission.

They had struck the Nyanza near its southern extremity, though they were not at first able to determine their actual position, and they had now to arrange for crossing the lake in canoes. The caravan was partially broken up. Two of the English missionaries had already been left at Uyui to replace Mr. Copplestone, who was going home on furlough, and Mr. Stokes, the leader of the party, was to return to the coast with the native porters. Hannington, with one English companion, Mr. Gordon, was bound for Rubaga, the missionary station in Uganda on the north of the lake, and when they had said good-bye to Stokes and the porters, they felt themselves very much alone in the wilderness, for the two remaining Englishmen, Messrs. Ashe and Wise, were under instructions to form a new station on the southern shores of the Nyanza. This purpose they were able to carry into execution by establishing themselves at Msalala, but Hannington's intention of going on to Rubaga was frustrated by a return of fever and dysentery. His life, to use his own expression, had now become a burden to him, and his English friends plainly told him that to remain in Africa would be suicidal. He felt they were only speaking the truth, and, with a heart saddened at the thought of failure, decided that he must make the attempt to return to England, though he was very doubtful if he should ever get there and see again his dear wife and little children. He had traversed seven hundred weary miles in coming up to the lake, and the prospect of returning that long distance through the heart of tropical Africa did not afford much hope that, in his shattered bodily state, he would ever accomplish it. To remain, however, would be certain death, and he set off as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made for his transport. His spirits, which had been terribly depressed, began to revive when once a start had been made, and sometimes on foot, though more usually in a hammock, he made his way back to the coast.

It was by no means an easy journey. More than once he was at death's door, but when he got into the higher ground near Mpwapwa he began to mend, in spite of the shock occasioned by the death of his companion, Mr. Penry, who succumbed to an attack of dysentery, and was buried in a grave next to that of Dr. Joseph Mullens, the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, who had died at Mpwapwa while on a journey to the interior a few years before. At Mamboia he had another

trial; Mrs. Last, his kind hostess, had been called away since his visit, and he remained for some days to console her bereaved husband. Hannington had now so far recovered his own strength as to be able to collect some more botanical specimens, and, indeed, felt himself so much better, as to actually contemplate returning to the Victoria Nyanza, and probably would have done so, had not Dr. Baxter, who was now with him, absolutely forbidden the attempt. He therefore resumed the route



BISHOP HANNINGTON.

(From a Photograph by Mr. Fradelle.)

to Zanzibar, and from thence sailed home to England, which he reached in June, 1883.

He settled down once more to his work at Hurstpierpoint, and was soon himself again. But his heart yearned for Africa, and he was still longing to be a missionary. As he could not serve in person, he devoted a fifth of his not too large income to the Church Missionary Society, besides advocating its claims on the platform, in the pulpit, and everywhere, as he found opportunity. This, however, was not enough to satisfy his ardent desire, and when in 1884 it was proposed to him to go out as the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, he accepted the position, and was consecrated in the parish church of Lambeth on June 24th, with Mr. Anson, who had been appointed to the diocese of Assiniboia.

Circumstances delayed Hannington's departure until late in the autumn, when he



left England for the last time, having arranged that his wife should follow him to Frere Town as soon as possible. At the end of January, 1885, he once more set foot in Africa.

At Frere Town he was received with due honour. The firing of guns and the blowing of horns announced the arrival of the Bishop, and the whole population came down to meet the little boat in which he was rowed ashore. Like other travellers, he was delighted with the place which was, he hoped, to be his home and the head of his diocese, extending hundreds of miles across Equatorial Africa to the shores of the Victoria



STUDENTS' HOUSE AT RABBAL.



THE MISSION HOUSE AT RABBAL.

Nyanza. One thing at Frere Town struck him as incongruous: the missionaries lived in comfortable houses, but the church was mean and inadequate, so his first care was to arrange for a more suitable building—"Not a tin ark, or a cocoa-nut barn, but a proper stone church to the glory of God," as he describes it in a letter to the Society.

He found much to be thankful for in the progress already made not only in Frere Town and Rabbai, but at other stations which he visited in turn—earnest missionaries, zealous native teachers, and large congregations.

From Rabbai he proceeded to Duruma and Taita, and from Taita struck across the desert to Moski, the scenery of which reminded him of Devonshire. So pleased, indeed, was he with the result, that he contemplated reviving Krapf and Rebmann's

scheme of a chain of missionary stations across Africa, at least as far as the Victoria Nyanza, and began to plan an expedition for opening up a new route through Masailand to the lake, so as to avoid the pestilential malaria of the usual caravan journey by way of Mpwapwa, of which he had such a terrible experience in his first visit to Africa. The Masai were reported to be savages and difficult to deal with, but Mr. Thomson had already penetrated their country; and if Thomson had done so, why should not he? At all events, he thought the attempt was worth making, and presently we shall find him setting about it.

Meantime, other duties claimed his attention. Several of the native catechists who were doing excellent service at the different mission stations had never been ordained, and rather objected to the preliminary examination in Biblical knowledge the bishop considered necessary. He gently but firmly insisted, and they yielded, passing the ordeal without difficulty.

Hannington was not the man to allow the grass to grow under his feet; his activity astonished everybody, and he did his work with such marvellous rapidity, that he was able to set his diocese in order in less time than he had anticipated, and to devote himself to the great undertaking of the march through Masailand. We have already learnt some of the reasons which induced him to prefer this route, and a consultation with Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar confirmed the opinion he had previously formed as to its practicability. James Martin, the young English sailor who had accompanied Thomson, also advised the Bishop to make the attempt, and other experienced persons concurred. The more the question was examined, the greater appeared the inducements to make a new road to the Victoria Nyanza, and after a very careful consideration of the cost, Hannington concluded that the journey could be accomplished for £1,000, or about a third of the expenditure incurred by Thomson. And though even this reduced expenditure may seem a large sum, if a direct road could be opened the ultimate saving in time and money would be great. The caravans for the interior could start from Frere Town or Rabbai, and the working of the missions in Eastern Equatorial Africa would be facilitated and improved. Hannington finally decided to make the attempt, without waiting for the concurrence of the Committee of his Society in London. The most favourable season for the journey was at hand, and he was not willing to submit to any delay. He, however, wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, explaining his reasons for starting at once, and detailing the plans he expected to carry out.

He invited his old African friend Mr. Coplestone, who was then at Frere Town, to be his companion, but failing health prevented him from going, and the Bishop eventually determined to travel without any European friend. Mr. Jones, a newly ordained native clergyman, agreed to be one of the party, and proved a great help in dealing with the natives of the various districts on the route, as well as in keeping the porters in something like order, and his journal, supplemented by Hannington's own diary and correspondence, has furnished a description of the adventures of this momentous journey, which had such a tragic ending. Another Englishman would not, in the Bishop's judgment, have added to his safety, and in a letter to Mrs.

Hannington explaining his intention of going alone, he italicised the words, "*In Jesus's keeping I am safe.*" So the lion-hearted man, bidding a long farewell to his English friends at Frere Town, started on the road to his martyrdom.

On Thursday, July 23rd, 1885, the Bishop, at the head of his caravan, marched out of Rabbai, and his difficulties immediately began. The first trouble in such an undertaking is almost always with the porters, who, having received earnest-money before starting, will, if not closely watched, desert their duty and make off with their loads. For some days, therefore, Hannington and Jones looked very carefully after stragglers, and kept the caravan well up to the mark. Another early trial was the passage of the arid desert near Taro: the unthrifty porters were supplied with an allowance of water intended to last for two days, but, unpractised in self-restraint, many drank their share on the first day, and suffered the consequences of their improvidence. This was only a repetition of Thomson's experience over the same ground, though he was more fortunate than the Bishop's party in finding unexpectedly a small lake full of dirty water, which his men greedily consumed. No such luck befell Hannington's caravan; but patiently plodding on, they got out of the desert and reached Taita in safety—only, however, to find themselves in a day or two in another waterless region, again to endure the pangs of thirst. The Bishop had a copy of Thomson's book among his baggage, and determined to take that traveller's homeward route, which seemed to be more practicable than the road he had followed on his outward journey, but it was disappointing to find that in the two years that had elapsed since his predecessor's travels a famine had decimated the country, and that cultivated fields had returned into a wild jungle.

On August 8th they came to a Wakamba village, where food was scarce, though they got enough to enable them to rest over Sunday, and, thus refreshed, were able to proceed to Nosanga, a densely populated district, where provisions were plentiful. Thomson's experience here was very different, and he was compelled to make forced marches owing to the want of food. Nothing, indeed, shows more clearly the ever-varying condition of the tribes of Africa than the journeys of these two travellers over the same route and within two years of each other. Where Thomson found fertile fields and abundance of provisions, Hannington often met with barrenness and was nearly starved; while what had been a desert to the earlier traveller, was now cultivated and well supplied with corn and other cereals.

From Kikumbulu, a day's march farther on, Hannington had an opportunity of sending down to the coast for transmission to England the last letter he ever penned. Cheerfulness is its characteristic, in spite of the trials which pressed upon him from all sides; of these he makes as little as possible, and he jokes about many of the minor accidents of the way. "My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp-oil were forgotten and left behind, so the camp fire has to serve instead. My donkey has died, so that I must walk every step of the way. Well! Having no watch I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candles, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do; for many

marches depend upon my saying, 'We will stop here and rest or sleep.' And he concludes with the watchword, "We will trust and not be afraid."

So far the caravan had met with no opposition from the inhabitants of the country through which they had journeyed, but they now experienced the hostility of armed men. One morning a large band of warriors suddenly appeared to block the way, demanding presents and threatening to fight. Jones, who was in front, halted and sent back word to the Bishop, who quickly came forward, and caused some astonishment by calmly walking on in spite of the living fence by which the way was barred. The warriors gave way before the white man, and the caravan proceeded on its journey.

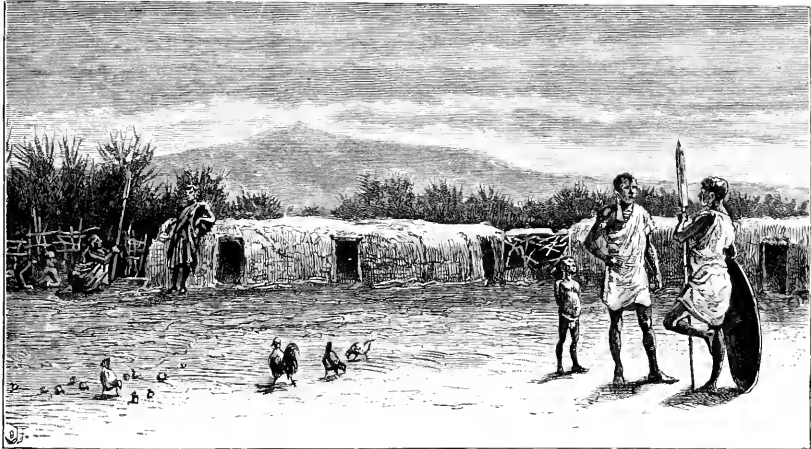
To perils from wild and savage men succeeded perils from wild beasts. A rhinoceros, infuriated by a bullet wound, rushed upon the Bishop, who happily had a second barrel in reserve, which he discharged at only four yards' distance, effectually putting an end to the creature, though had courage failed or his aim been untrue, the rhinoceros would speedily have put an end to the Bishop.

On September 10, the travellers encamped within sight of Lake Naivasha, a large sheet of fresh water, 6,000 ft. above the level of the sea, and in the midst of wild volcanic scenery, which bears traces of quite recent geological changes. In many places there are blow-holes emitting steam, and into these the natives drop offerings to propitiate the troubled spirits presumed to be working below. The caravan had now entered the land of the dreaded Masai, and Hannington knew he might at any moment be brought face to face with, and probably be attacked by, the *El Moran*, as the warriors of that people are called. All the younger men between the ages of seventeen and thirty constitute the army, and as the Masai are, as a rule, taller and stronger, and of a higher degree of intelligence, than the surrounding tribes, their soldiers are the terror of this part of Africa, and carry devastation and bloodshed far and wide. An *El Moran* smears his body with a mixture of oil and red earth, twists his hair into tails, surrounds his face with a kind of *chevaux-de-frise*, and covers his breast, shoulders, and lower limbs with portions of dressed skins. He protects his person with a large shield, on which devices have been painted, and carrying a long spear surmounted by a wide sharp-pointed blade, starts on the war-path reckless of his own life, and kills his enemies without mercy. At the age of thirty he ceases to be an *El Moran*, lays aside his arms and his fierceness, and settles down to a peaceable life. Thomson found the Masai much more tractable and friendly than he had anticipated, and learnt that they had considerable respect for white men. Hannington's experience confirms Thomson's, and he longed for the time when the knowledge of God's truth should be conveyed to this bold and haughty people, who are already worshippers of a Supreme Being, and in many other respects vastly superior to the other tribes of Equatorial Africa.

Soon after entering Masailand the caravan was surrounded by the *El Moran*, demanding a large *hongo*, or tribute, for permission to pass. Other bands appeared making similar demands, but Hannington and his fellow-travellers got clear of the Masai without much trouble, and following as closely as possible Thomson's route, reached the

Kavirondo country at the beginning of October, having been delayed twice through losing their way. The inhabitants, said to be the most naked and yet the most moral people of Africa, were at first rather afraid of the white man, though when they ascertained his peaceable errand they became very gracious, and gave him all the help they could. "Naturally," he recorded in his diary, "the natives seem good-natured and polite to strangers, and are by no means importunate. Oh, that we might possess fair Kavirondo for Christ!"

At Kwa Sundu, in this district, the Bishop decided to leave Jones in charge of



A MASAI KRAAL.

the caravan, and to press on himself with fifty men to Lussala, or Massala, on the Nyanza, where Thomson had turned back. From Lussala the Bishop proposed to cross the lake in canoes to Rubaga, and after he had visited that station, to go on to the other at the south of the lake, sending back from Rubaga any of the missionaries desirous of going down to the coast, in order that they might travel with the caravan. Hannington knew nothing of the risks he was incurring, and of the changes which had occurred in the Uganda country on the death of Mtesa, the former ruler, whose son and successor, a weak and vacillating young man, had become a mere puppet in the hands of the crafty and cruel chiefs. News travels slowly in Africa, or the Bishop would not have gone forward to certain death.

During Mtesa's reign the mission at Rubaga had prospered. The king himself was tolerant, and encouraged the missionaries to teach; they had set up a printing press, and found the natives eager not only to learn to read, but even to buy books and papers. One of Mtesa's daughters became a convert and was baptised, and, though the circumstance created some excitement at the court, the king accepted it

as a natural consequence of his tolerance. Not so his courtiers, and when he died shortly afterwards, the missionaries felt very anxious as to the course the new king, Mwanga, would adopt. He began well, and spared the lives of his brothers, who, in accordance with the horrible custom of the kingdom, expected to be killed to prevent any question being raised as to the succession. In a short time, however, the chiefs made their influence felt, and the young king's fears and suspicions were worked upon by these men, who held fast to the old tradition of their country, and were alarmed at the progress Christianity was making in their midst.

The storm-clouds of persecution soon broke upon the African church at Uganda. One of the Englishmen was arrested, though he was afterwards set at liberty, and the missionaries themselves, by a timely present to Mwanga, escaped further persecution. The native converts suffered more severely, and six boys connected with the mission were seized on the pretext that they were joining the white men against the king; the missionaries did their utmost to obtain the release of the prisoners, but only succeeded in rescuing three, and the others were condemned to suffer cruel torture, and finally were slowly roasted to death. They bore their sufferings patiently, and when the brutal executioners taunted them and told them to pray, they lifted up their voices, as did the three young Jews in the fiery furnace at Babylon, and until released by death, praised God by singing a native Christian hymn. One of the executioners was so moved by the spectacle that he came straight away to the missionaries asking to be taught to pray, and Uganda witnessed a confirmation of the old maxim, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

For a time the hand of the persecutor was stayed. The king, indeed, found so many of his people professing Christianity, that he was in doubt what to do, and when a man came to confess himself a Christian he was sent home in peace, and the accusers of the brethren were rebuffed. But this state of things was not of long continuance: the chiefs were more angry than before, and once more succeeded in exciting the worst fears of their young king. The fire of persecution was again lighted, and many native Christians suffered death; conversions followed the martyrdoms, and brave men and women sought baptism at the risk of their lives.

In the midst of this awful time the missionaries at Rubaga heard that the Bishop was at hand. They knew that the king strongly objected to any approach to his country from the direction Hannington was taking, and they repeatedly sought, though in vain, for permission to go out to meet him. The reports of his advance had also reached Mwanga, and more than one council was held to consider what should be done. At first the king was inclined to the more humane course of ordering the Bishop back, and it was not until after the chiefs had suggested a new motive for putting him to death, that Mwanga yielded to their evil advice. "Will you let the goods go back too?" they asked: and thus working upon his avarice, they furnished a politic argument for Hannington's destruction. Orders were at once despatched to kill the white man and take possession of his goods, a large body of armed men being entrusted with the fulfilment of this dreadful commission. At this juncture the missionaries again endeavoured to see the king; they were

refused admission to his presence, though he sent them word that their white friend would not be injured, but only ordered back. This message only deceived them a little while, for they soon learnt from one of the pages at Court, who was a Christian, the real and terrible truth.

And now the end was not far off. After leaving the caravan, Hannington and his fifty men advanced rapidly towards the lake, and covered a distance of a hundred and seventy miles in one week. On the 19th of October they fell in with a band of Uganda men, who surrounded the Bishop and seemed bent on stopping his advance. Many of them were drunk, and all were greatly excited, but he contrived to free himself, and pursued his journey for two days more, arriving on the 21st of October in the village of a chief named Lubwa, at the northernmost point of the Victoria Nyanza, and not far from the spot where the Nile flows out of the lake. Here Hannington was suddenly attacked by about twenty men, and after a terrible struggle with his adversaries, whom he at first supposed to be robbers, was separated from his followers and placed under strict guard in a dirty hut. The terrible mauling he had undergone, and the filthy state of the place in which he was confined, brought on an attack of fever, and his diary contains a record of much suffering, interspersed with comments upon his circumstances and with many expressions of patient endurance and of submission to God's will. For eight days his imprisonment was continued, his sufferings from weakness and fever being at times very severe. He was very low, but could still find comfort in reading his Bible, and in the last entry in his diary he stated how he had been held up by the thirtieth Psalm. Then he was brought out of the hut to an open space in the village, where his own men were already assembled, and perhaps in that moment he may have thought that the worst was over, and that he would now be allowed to resume his journey. Suddenly the flashing spears of the Uganda warriors revealed the terrible truth. The Bishop and his men had been thus brought together to be murdered. The bloody work soon began, and his helpless followers fell dead and dying before their cruel executioners. The Bishop was one of the last victims, for the men told off to kill him seemed to draw back from his commanding presence, and to hesitate before sacrificing that noble life. When they closed upon him, he drew himself up, and bade them tell their king that he was about to die for the Uganda, and had purchased the road thither with his life. Still they hesitated. He pointed to his own gun, and one of them taking it up set free his spirit from its earthly tabernacle.

Four men who escaped death carried back the news to Mr. Jones at Kwa Sundu. At first he refused to believe their story, but after waiting a month and getting no tidings from Rubaga, he was compelled to conclude that the Bishop had indeed perished in his attempt to create a new highway for the messengers of glad tidings to the peoples of Africa. Collecting the remaining members of the caravan, he sorrowfully led them back to Rabbai, which they entered at dawn on the 4th of February, 1886, to repeat their sad story to the widows of those who had been massacred, and to tell the English missionaries of the heroic death of their brother and leader.

Another victim had been sacrificed for Africa, and he whom Englishmen and natives had learnt to honour and revere had been struck down in the very beginning of his work. Yet we cannot believe that Hamington had laboured in vain. The native Christians in Uganda have not forgotten his dying declaration that he perished in the endeavour to open a new road to them. His memory is cherished at all the mission stations of his vast diocese; his example still animates the English missionary and the African convert; and the martyrdom of the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa has added another name to the long roll of Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy.

## CHAPTER LXXXVII.

### NORTHERN AFRICA.

The Kabyles—The North African Mission—Algerian Stations—In Morocco—Tunis—Tripoli—Howling Dervishes—The Soudan—Abyssinia—Legends of Hermits—Dr. Gobat—Ludwig Krapf—King Theodore II.—Death Threatened to the Missionaries—Cruel Captivity—Sir Robert Napier at Magdala.

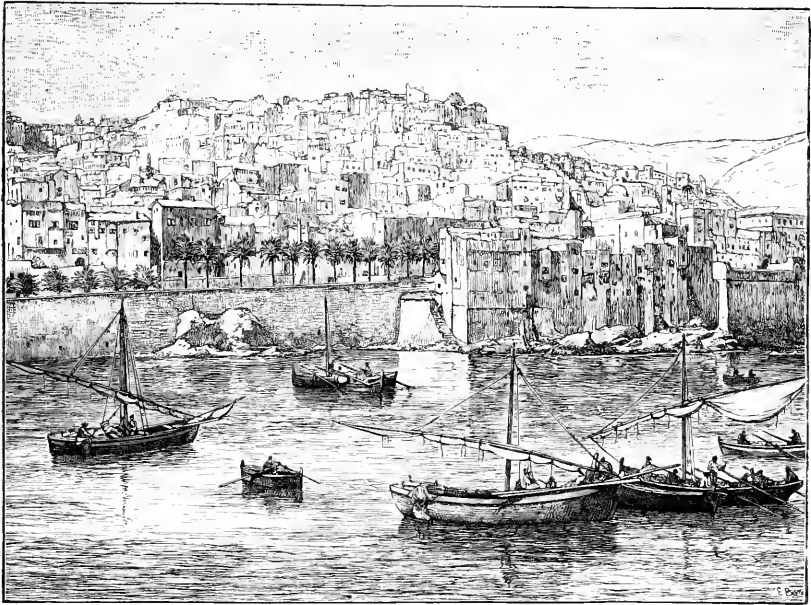
ONE night in 1876, when a terrible epidemic had succeeded to a time of famine, two poor Kabyles lay down to die upon the pavement in front of an hotel in Algiers. An English lady looking from the window saw the ghastly face of one of them upturned in the moonlight. In the morning when the doors were opened, the Arabs to whom the lady spoke thought no more of the affair than of the death of a couple of dogs. But the pitiful sight stirred the heart of this Christian woman to deep sympathy with a down-trodden people. She and her husband (Mr. George Pearse) had come to Algiers to labour amongst the French soldiers, but they could not rest till an effort was made to carry the Gospel to the Kabyles. And from this movement sprung the North African Mission, which now employs fifty missionaries in Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis.

But it was five years more before an actual beginning could be made. Mr. Pearse first wrote a little book to interest Christians in this ancient race—the tall, fair-skinned, blue-eyed people, who, as Professor Sayce says, “represent the descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments.” They have been successively subject to Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Turks and French, but have never lost their love of freedom. After several journeys amongst the Kabyle villages by the Pearses, a settled mission was established in 1881 in a village at the foot of Jur-jura. Here under great difficulties (for the French local administrators thought there must be some political aim in this business) a succession of workers have laboured in the little whitewashed mission house, and have had much encouragement as regards the women and children. “The girls of the lower class,” writes Miss Cox, “are from their earliest years despised and outcast, with the hardest work and no instruction whatever. These poor children lead a loveless life indeed, until sometimes at the early age of ten (often younger) the father or brother of the poor little



one decides to sell her to a strange man, old enough often to be her father or grandfather. After this she is little better than a slave in the house of her husband. When he rides she walks, while he is resting she is doing the most menial work of all kinds. If she fails to please she can be sold again, and even separated from her children. Higher-class Kabyle women are gentle and sweet-looking; they are close prisoners, only appearing abroad enveloped in black veils.

Six stations are now occupied in Algeria, and the nineteen brethren and sisters



ALGIERS.

working there no longer confine their efforts to the Kabyles, but minister to any who are willing-hearted. Mr. Lilley at Mostaganew has a very interesting class of Arab shoeblacks. Mr. Cheesman works as a colporteur amongst the tents of wandering tribes.

In Morocco the work which began in 1884 has gone on very encouragingly. No remote region of the world can be more in need of missionary effort than these lands of intense faith, constant prayer, and rigid religious duties. "Side by side with it all," reports Mr. Thomson, "rapine and murder, rapacity of the most advanced type, and brutish and nameless vices exist. From the Sultan down to the loathsome half-starved beggar, . . . all are alike morally rotten. Everywhere Moorish misgovernment

is casting its blighting influence on the brave, industrious villagers of the Atlas Mountains." And this land is only three hours' sail from English Gibraltar, and about four days from London.

The work begun in a quiet way at Tangier in 1884 is now represented by substantial mission premises with a hospital and dispensary, stations at Fez and other places, and about twenty missionaries. Miss Tulloch's devoted services (of which the fruits remain) were cut short by typhoid fever in 1886. One of her converts endured several weeks of persecution from his friends, who enticed him home on false pretences, but he returned to the mission and was baptised after Miss Tulloch's death. A word of recognition is also due to the interesting work of Miss Herdman and Miss Caley at Arzila and Larache, and subsequently at Fez. But for more details we must refer our readers to Mr. F. T. Haig's graphic little volume, "Daybreak in North Africa."

Turning now to Tunis, we find that the work began here by the opening of a small book-shop, with a room for conversation with any willing to confer with the two missionaries and their wives who were in charge of the establishment. This was in Tunis city, the capital of the State. It was taken under the protection of the French a few years ago, when a French army marched to the sacred city of Kairwan, hitherto carefully guarded from profanation by a Christian foot for a thousand years. Here slumbered in death, with a piece of the prophet's beard upon his breast, Mohammed's intimate friend, known as "My Lord the Companion." The hated Nazarene may now gaze fearlessly through the gilded lattice, at the sacred spot where the revered corpse lies entombed in marble.

The workers in Tunis have since been reinforced, and are now nine in number. But they are very anxious for more help, in order to leave the capital and occupy some of the villages.

In February, 1889, two young missionaries were sent to begin the work in Tripoli—Mr. Michell, who had been learning Arabic in Tunis for a year, and Mr. Harding, a medical man from England. In Tripoli the Turk reigns supreme, and great fears were entertained as to Christian missionaries being permitted to reside in the State. The Moslems here are reported as being more intelligent and better educated than those farther west, and more bitterly opposed to the Gospel. But though encountering a good deal of bigotry, the two young missionaries have met with some encouraging results, and their pioneer efforts will probably be followed up. They reached Tripoli city through its belt of fields and wells, groves of palm and cactus hedges, and droves of camels and dirty Arabs. They began by visiting the cafés and conversing with people as they sipped their coffee. It got abroad that Harding was a "tabib" or doctor, and plenty of patients soon made their appearance.

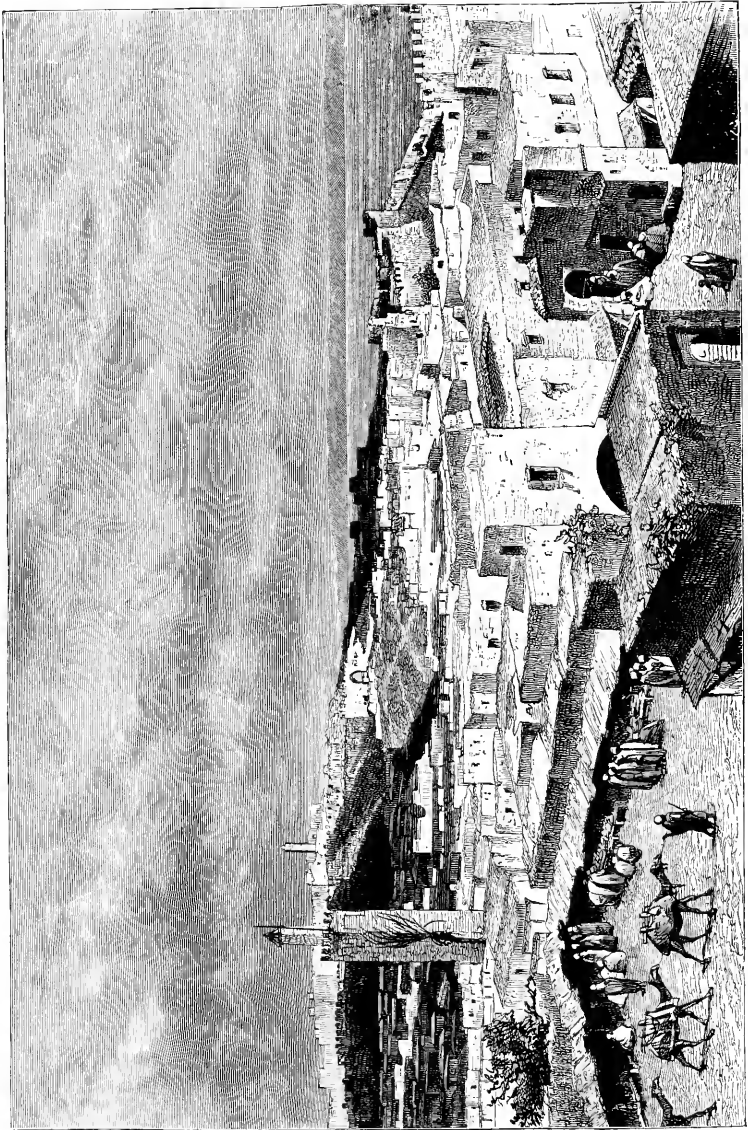
"We are looked upon as regular *habitués* of our café now," writes Mr. Harding in March, 1889, "and the Lord has evidently made good our footing there. One gentleman had a good long read out of the New Testament to-night. The proprietor is a very bigoted Mohammedan, but of course so long as our sous are forthcoming he is not the man to make a fuss."

Mr. Michell reports "a long talk with a very pleasant old gentleman, who came to ask for medicine for his wife. He told me the Mohammedan belief about the Lord Jesus, and their account of the substitution of another Jew for Him at the Crucifixion, and of their expectation of His return. 'But,' said he, 'when He does return He will declare Himself a true Moslem, and will expect His followers to repeat the formula, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!" and as for those that refuse——!' and he made a significant gesture with his stick."

On another occasion Mr. Michell tells how "till three o'clock in the morning we were preaching and discussing the Gospel with a whole society of 'Howling Dervishes.'" They had been introduced by a friendly Turk, and witnessed the usual performances, which went on till midnight. There were prayers and prostrations, followed by repetitions of "La Ilaha, illa Alla," at first slowly, "and then, beginning to sway their bodies from side to side, they spoke quicker and louder every minute, until it became a hoarse roar of inarticulate sounds, their bodies thrown frantically from side to side and backwards and forwards, till one would think their backs would be dislocated." After the chanting and jerking, began vigorous dancing to a roar of "Allahu, Allahu," and when all was over the Gospel was exhaustively discussed for two or three hours. These Turkish Dervishes were deeply interested, and most of them accompanied the missionaries to their home, and seemed anxious to meet them again. There is, however, reason to believe that a hope of converting the two young men to Islamism had something to do with this friendliness. "Oh! Michell," exclaimed one of their Turkish acquaintances, "what a fearful thing it will be for you when you will be in the fire, and you will remember your friend S., and wish you had remembered his words and believed in the Prophet." Both Harding and Michell felt the faithful earnestness of these men to be a lesson to themselves.

The North African Mission is attempting to push a branch into Central Soudan, under the care of Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke, but the unsettled state of the country has retarded this effort. The vast Sahara, with its few millions of scattered Berbers and Arabs, is still without a missionary, and Soudan, with its immense and varied population, has as yet seen little attempted in the way of direct religious teaching. In Eastern Soudan, it is true, influences of a more or less civilising character have been at work, in connection with the careers of Sir S. Baker, General Gordon, Emin Pasha, and others. Whether these influences, although unfortunately mixed up with many regrettable incidents, will eventually be overruled to make way for the triumphs of the Gospel, remains to be seen.

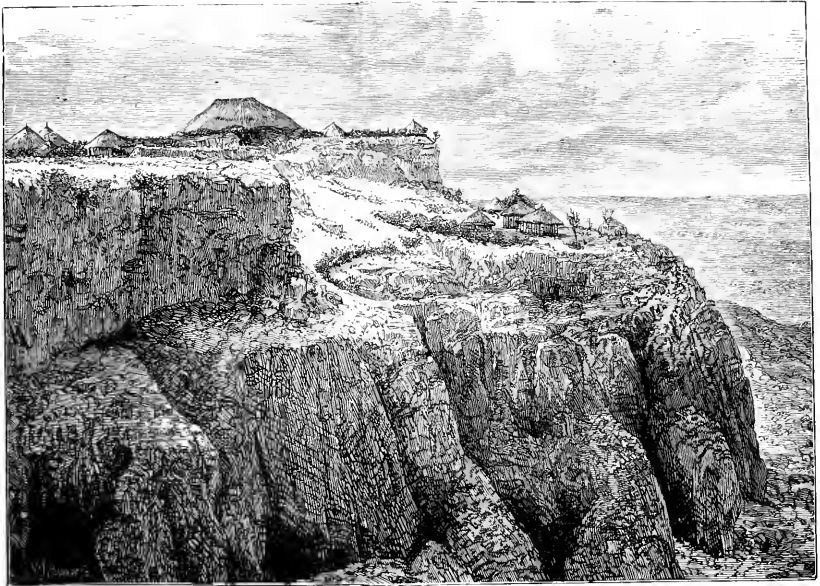
Abyssinia, as many of our readers know, is an isolated mountainous region, from whose lofty table-land and rugged defiles a thousand tributary streams bear down into the Blue Nile the fertilising silt that year by year makes Egypt. It is a wild land of volcanic rocks and towering basalt columns, and vast precipitous mountain walls that raise almost insuperable barriers against invasion from the outer world. In this elevated region the tropical heat is tempered to a genial warmth, and animal and vegetable life flourish luxuriantly in innumerable varied forms.



TANGIER.

In the fourth century of our era, Abyssinia became a Christian country, and behind its rugged ramparts, against which Moslem and heathen hordes had surged in vain, it was still guarding its religion when Vasco de Gama re-discovered the long-forgotten land.

But though on countless high places stand the innumerable churches with their conical roofs and wooden colonnades, and although the Abyssinian as a rule is very sound as regards the primary doctrines of the faith, yet for centuries the land has



MAGDALA.

known almost nothing of the true life of Christianity. Rites and ceremonies are duly kept up by the illiterate priests, fasts and festivals carefully observed, and saints and angels venerated. When Gobat came amongst them, his holy life led to a rumour that he was the Archangel Michael. Monks and nuns of an ascetic type dwell in clusters of huts or in caves all over the country. Some of these hermit colonies are on inaccessible rocks, to which the visitor is drawn up by rope and basket. Upon a plateau of this character at Debra Damot dwell 120 monks, who boast that no female, not even a hen, has ever invaded their sacred retreat. It was founded by a holy man, who only reached the summit by holding on to the tail of a monstrous serpent. This good man is known in legend as Aragawi, or the climber. Here in a cave was wont to dwell a recluse who could be conversed with, but never seen. He heard

the truth of the matter from Gobat's lips, who told him, "As long as you think so highly of yourself and so lightly esteem your brethren, all your works will be worthless and sinful in the sight of God." The old man was heard weeping, but he stayed in his cave.

Many are the strange legends told of venerated hermits. One fought with Satan for six miles, and threw him off a mountain; another actually converted the Devil, and made him do penance as a monk for forty years, and so forth. Their Christianity, such as it is, has kept the Abyssinians foremost amongst African races; yet gross superstition, ignorance, immorality, cruel ferocity when excited by passion—all these and other evils abound, though in combination with hospitality, benevolence, self-sacrifice, and many other admirable traits.

Nearly two hundred years ago Ludolf of Gotha tried to stir up Christendom to a sense of its duty towards the debased Church of Abyssinia. Except some unsuccessful efforts by Moravians, nothing was attempted until, in 1829, Gobat and Kugler took up their residence at Adowah. Gobat so charmed the people that they wanted to make him Abuna, or Patriarch of the Abyssinian Church. In October, 1830, the two missionaries were out hunting wild boars to procure fat for making ointment, when Kugler's left arm was wounded in several places by the bursting of his gun. Though temporarily stanchcd, the wounds burst out afresh, and in less than a week Kugler was dead. Gobat continued his labours in Abyssinia till 1836, and was joined by the Rev. C. W. Isenberg. But the people, though very respectful, took no real interest in religious truth, and after Gobat's departure became decidedly antagonistic.

All this time civil war was raging in the country, one result of which was that the mountainous province of Shoa, only approachable by desert roads infested by robber hordes, made itself independent. Here a cruel despotism and a degraded priesthood were flourishing in close alliance, when Dr. Krapf penetrated into this jealously guarded realm.

Ludwig Krapf, to childlike piety and fervent zeal in his Master's cause, joined scholarship of no common order, and also the enterprising boldness of the man of action. He and his colleague, Isenberg, driven out of Tigré by the savage tyrant Oubea, came to Shoa. Here he soon gained the confidence of the King Sahela Selassie; and a school was established and the Bible circulated in the dialect of the people. The king delighted to listen to him, presented him with a silver sword, and conferred upon him the rank of governor. The offered honour of a viceroyalty was respectfully declined. Krapf's efforts were ably seconded by Captain Harris, who came here as English envoy in 1842. Through their joint exertions the king was induced to sign a treaty to suppress the slave traffic in his territory, and he also set free 4,700 of his own slaves. Seven of the king's relations, who, in accordance with an ancient Abyssinian custom, were working in chains to keep them out of mischief, were set free after thirty years' captivity.

Krapf was hoping to see great things in Shoa, but unfortunately Harris was withdrawn by the English Government before the treaty was carried out. Krapf, by

the king's permission, undertook a journey to Egypt, but in passing through the Galla territory was robbed and imprisoned by the chief, Adara Bille. The missionary escaped by night, and had to beg his way through Abyssinia on foot. Sometimes over icy mountain passes and sometimes across burning plains, often in great danger from wild beasts or from savage natives, the indefatigable missionary pressed forward, and arrived safely at Massowah. He purposed resuming his work in Shoa, but the king refused him admittance. The priests, who tacitly sanctioned their Christian monarch's harem of three hundred women, induced him to banish the evangelical missionary. Thus Shoa lost its golden opportunity, and Krapf went away to work amongst the heathen Wanakas of the East Coast.

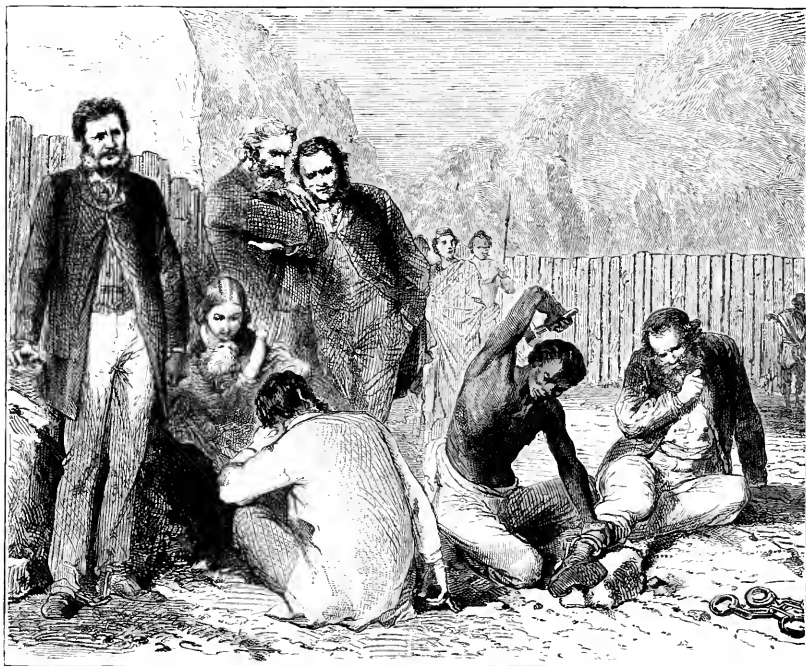
Great revolutionary changes had taken place in Abyssinia before the evangelical mission was resumed in 1856. The rival tyrants of Amhara and Tigré had both been overthrown by King Theodore. Gobat, in 1838, had by copious bleedings restored to sanity a savage maniac, the Viceroy Hailu, from whom the Abyssinian priests had in vain striven to drive the evil spirit. Hailu had a son named Kasai, a lad of twelve. He was a studious youth, and read with delight the New Testament given to him by Gobat. But next we hear of him in the wilderness shooting elephants, overcoming robber bands, and at length developing into a robber chief himself. He was noted, however, for his clemency, inasmuch as instead of killing his prisoners, he only cut off their ears. Through family influence he became governor of a province, married the daughter of Ras Ali, and then fought against and conquered both Ras Ali and Oubea, and in February, 1855, was crowned Negusa Negest, or king of kings, under the name of Theodore II.

Gobat (who had at this time been appointed Bishop of Jerusalem) believed that Theodore would rule well, and thought the time for reopening the mission had arrived. Krapf, Flad, Waldmaner, and others, were sent, and duly welcomed by the king. From 1855 to 1860 Theodore was giving promise of a beneficent reign. He was distinguished for personal bravery, and for skill with the rifle and in horsemanship. He was just though severe, and had even State Ministers whipped when he thought they deserved it. "Theodore," says Thiersch, "helped the poor and the oppressed; he encouraged agriculture and trade, prohibited the slave traffic, and abolished polygamy. He himself set a good example by living in lawful matrimony with Queen Towabetsch, and by receiving with her from time to time the sacrament of Holy Communion. This Queen possessed the power of influencing him by her gentleness of spirit, and of softening his anger. He was at this period in the habit of reading the Bible, and he also showed favour to the missionaries, protecting them against the attacks of the priests."

The missionaries were strictly forbidden to form congregations, but were to do all they could to help forward the spiritual life of the native clergy and laity. They mostly worked at trades, circulated the Bible, taught the young, and conversed with all who were willing, and for a time all went smoothly. Several hundred workmen were placed at their disposal, and the king was delighted with the results achieved. Unhappily, the missionaries consented to co-operate in the

manufacture of weapons of war—a concession which subsequently brought them much reproach.

Only in briefest words can we allude to Theodore's rapid declension. Absolute power ruined him. His good Queen died; his faithful friend and adviser, John Bell, who years before had left lion-hunting beside the Blue Nile to follow the fortunes



MANACLING THE MISSIONARIES AT MAGDALA.

of young Kasai, was killed in battle. The king took to hard drinking and other vices; polygamy and the slave trade were revived; oppressive taxation and merciless tyranny characterised his government. Theodore had himself usurped the throne, and as he grew unpopular, it was only natural that rebellions should be frequent. These were repressed with ferocious cruelty, and his victims, with hands and feet cut off, were left to die under the scorching rays of the sun. Offended at the European Powers, who slighted the offers of alliance which he now made to them, the king fell out with the missionaries. He confined them to their quarters, but continued to keep them well employed. His anger grew, and soon the missionaries and other Europeans



found themselves really prisoners. In November, 1863, they were all threatened with death, and for two years and a half their lot was a pitiable one. They were hurried from place to place, and several of them were tortured.

At length, in January, 1866, the British Government sent an embassy with rich presents, and an autograph letter from Queen Victoria asking for the liberation of the captives. Theodore was gratified, and liberated his prisoners, but as they were returning with the embassy, the king had the whole party arrested and brought in chains before



THE CHURCH AT MAGDALA, AFTER THE CAPTURE.

him. In April, 1866, he sent Martin Flad to Queen Victoria to negotiate for peace, and asking for engineers' tools and machines to be sent out to him. Whilst Flad was away on this mission, the prisoners were harshly treated, and kept in constant terror by the vindictive rage of the king. He burned alive or starved to death all who tried to desert from his army. When he doubted the loyalty of any particular district, he burned the inhabitants in their huts, without regard to age or sex. Cutting throats, hacking off hands and feet, pinioning down men to die of starvation, and other horrors, were of daily occurrence. Meanwhile the missionaries were working in chains, and two of them were compelled to make a journey on foot with their hands fastened to their knees.

Flad returned in May, 1867. The Queen's letter demanded the liberation of the

prisoners. Engineers and machines were sent to Massowah, but were to remain there until the captives were set free. Theodore refused, and laughed at the idea of any foreign Power getting at him in his mountain fortress of Magdala. The end, however, soon came. In October, 1867, Sir Robert Napier, with 12,000 fighting-men, scaled in six days the outer mountain barrier of Abyssinia. Just before Easter, 1868, King Theodore saw the English host on the table-land of Talanta, that faces the basaltic rocks of Magdala. We need not recount here the details of the siege and storming of the fortress city. The fifty-nine prisoners were delivered, and Theodore shot himself, with a revolver which he had received as a present from Queen Victoria. "I believe," he is reported to have said, "that God was with me: but Satan led me astray to deeds of cruelty."

King John of Abyssinia has tried to burn all Bibles left in the country by Gobat's missionaries, and will not tolerate any Europeans in his dominions. King Menelek of Shoa for a time encouraged Mr. Mayer (one of the rescued missionaries) to work in his territory amongst the heathen Gallas. But in 1886 he was compelled by King John, as his suzerain, to expel all Protestant missionaries and Europeans. Mr. Mayer and his fellow-missionaries had accordingly to leave their people, who were heart-broken at the parting. They had an arduous journey through the wilderness, where robbers abounded, and the bodies of murdered men half-eaten by hyænas met their gaze. They reached Tajarrab in safety, but their money was mostly stolen. A French war-ship conveyed them to Aden, and they were only just able to pay their passage to Jerusalem. So ends, for the present, Protestant mission work in Abyssinia.

## XLIV.—CENTRAL AMERICA.

## CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

## MEXICO, MOSQUITIA, AND HONDURAS.

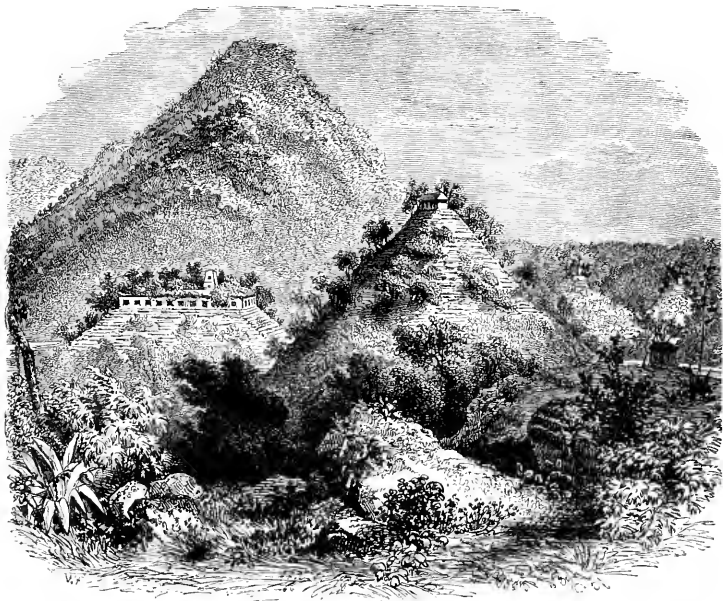
Nominal Christianity—Cortes and his Companions—Ancient Religion of the Mexicans—Gods and Temples—Human Sacrifices and other Cruel Rites—Skull-places—Enforced Religious Conformity—Las Casas—Mexican Catholicism—The Civic Hidalgo—Distribution of Bibles—Miss Melinda Rankin—The Rev. John Beveridge—Messrs. Stephens and Watkins—"Death to the Protestants!"—A Tragedy—The Rule of Juarez—The "Church of Jesus"—The Rev. Henry Riley—True Liberty—Manuel Agnas—A Challenge to Controversy—Death of Agnas—Puebla—Oaxaca—Murders and Riots—The Indians of Mexico—Roman Catholicism and the old Aztec Religion—The Mosquito Shore—Bluefields and Belize—No Grog!—The Moravian Mission—Sorcery and Witchcraft—British Honduras—Messrs. Angas and Co.—George Fife Angas and Native Slaves.

THE evangelisation of Mexico bids fair to be one of the great triumphs of modern missions. Only a quarter of a century ago, a noble-hearted woman, Miss Melinda Rankin, began upon the Mexican border that work which Episcopals, Friends, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists are now vigorously pushing forward. About a hundred and fifty foreigners and some three hundred native workers are engaged in the religious teaching of over thirty thousand church-members and attenders of the various Protestant missions. But the numbers are constantly increasing, and fresh churches, chapels, and schoolhouses are rising in various places—in many cases without any financial help from outside Mexico. The phenomenon is one of vast importance and of absorbing interest, and is, indeed, in a certain sense, a unique example of Christian effort. In no other case have Christian churches vied with each other in scattering their missionaries broadcast over a *nominally* Christian land. To understand the causes that have operated in leading up to the present hopeful state of affairs, we must briefly recount the religious experience of Mexico in the past.

When Cortés and his companions in the sixteenth century were conquering the New World for Spain and Rome, they found in Mexico a people enjoying a high state of civilisation, and animated by the "stirring memories of a thousand years." They had good houses, and fine clothing; they were manufacturers, merchants, farmers, miners; they had their schools and colleges, their palaces, temples, pyramids, and aqueducts; an elaborate legal system, which was at the same time cruelly severe, punished the drunkard or the swindler with death, and the slanderer with torture. The morality inculcated in private and civil life was very strict; the lips of a lying child were pricked with a thorn; and if the lying became habitual, one of the lips was permanently split.

The religion of the Mexicans seems to have had very little to do with their moral code, and was, for the most part, polytheism. It is true that there are some traces of a belief in a supreme invisible deity called Tloquetmahuaque, "he who is all in himself," or Ipalnemoan, "he by whom we live," and who was propitiated by incense and flowers, instead of bloody sacrifices. A mysterious rival deity, who, under the name of Tlaccatecoltl or "man-owl," embodied the principle of evil, is also heard of.

But these beings were only known to the esoteric few; the popular faith rested in a multitude of gods of the usual barbaric type. Of these the highest in rank was Tezeatlipoca, a deity of high antiquity, to whom many varied attributes were assigned. To him prayers were offered for health and fortune, for help in war, and for pardon to penitent transgressors. The huge pyramids of Teotihuacan show how important a feature of ancient Mexican religion was the worship of the sun and moon, personified



AZTEC PYRAMIDS AND TEMPLES AT PALENQUE.

as Tonatiuh and Metzli. But in many respects the real head of the Aztec Pantheon was the war-god Huitzilopochtli, according to some accounts a deified warrior-chief, and according to others the result of a miraculous conception. You may see his image in the courtyard of the National Museum at Mexico—the same idol that Montezuma showed to Cortes when they went up to the temple together.

Of Centeotl, goddess of corn; Mictlantotli, lord of the dead; Tlazoteotl, goddess of pleasure; Tezeatzoncatl, god of strong drink, and a whole crowd of minor gods and goddesses, we need not give further details. Numberless also were the deities of the hills and groves, whose shrines confronted the passer-by on every road, and at which he was expected to leave his offering. The more important gods had their temples in the great cities, each temple being designated a *teocalli*, or "god's house." The

teocallis of the greater deities were vast pyramids, rising in successive terraces from a square base to a small platform at the top.

The most famous temple in Mexico was the teocalli of Huitzilopochtli, in the capital. The wall that enclosed its square courtyard measured a quarter of a mile on each side, and from the outer square the four chief streets of the city radiated. In the centre rose the vast pyramid of rubble eased with hewn stone, upon whose five terraces and flights of steps the processions of priests and victims were visible to all the city. "On the paved platform," says Dr. Tyler, "were three-storey tower temples, in whose ground floor stood the stone images and altars, and before that of the war-god, the green stone of sacrifice, humped so as to bend upward the body of the victim, that the priest might more easily slash open the breast with his obsidian knife, tear out the heart and hold it up before the god, while the captor and his friends were waiting below for the carcase to be tumbled down the steps for them to carry home, to be cooked for the feast of victory. Before the shrines, reeking with the stench of slaughter, the eternal fires were kept burning, and on the platform stood the huge drum covered with snake's skin, whose fearful sound was heard for miles."

Looking down from the summit platform into the courtyard below, the spectator beheld seventy other temples within the enclosure, each with its image and its blazing fire. There, too, was the tzompantli, or "skull-place," where thousands of the skulls of victims were displayed, piled up into towers, or skewered on long sticks.

Religious festivals were the great feature of the Mexican calendar; one at least occurred in each of the eighteen twenty-day months that made up the year. One of the earliest festivals of the year was that of Tlaloc, the god of storms. A grand procession of priests, with triumphal music, carried through the streets on plumed litters a number of gaily attired children, who were then offered up as propitiatory sacrifices on the adjacent mountains. A notable festival was that of Xipe-totec, the god of the goldsmiths. It was known as "the flaying of men," because the human victims, after having their hearts torn out, were flayed, in order that the young men might dress in their skins and perform dances and sham fights. But perhaps the most solemn festival of the year was that of Tezeatlipoca, in the fifth month. From all the captives that had been taken in war during the previous twelve months, the handsomest and noblest had been selected to be the incarnate representative of the god. Dressed in embroidered robes, his head adorned with plumes and wreaths, and attended by a kingly retinue, he was carried through the streets to receive public adoration. They married him to four girls, representing four of the chief goddesses in the Mexican Pantheon, and then on the last day he was escorted by his wives and pages to the temple Tlacochealco. It was his last experience of earthly pageantry, for as he reached the summit of the stairs the priests seized him, and tore out his heart. His head was set to bleach on the tzompantli, and his body eaten as a sacred repast.

All the festivals were attended by similar horrors, and every temple was a

shambles. The victims were sometimes burnt, sometimes crushed, and the horrid round of butchery was varied by wild revelry and sham fights. But agony and death marked out the calendar, until at the close of the year every fire in the city was extinguished, to be rekindled from the altar of the God of Fire. There, upon the bosom of a living victim, new fire was kindled by a priest, and presently flaming brands in the hands of swift runners were carrying far and near the flame that was to spread from house to house, and light up once more the fires of the land.

In a very rough and wholesale fashion Cortes and his troops set to work to transform the Mexicans into Christians. They enforced religious conformity by the exercise of their power as conquerors, and baptised the people by thousands at a time. It was the soldiers, rather than the monks, that flocked after them, who really effected the nominal conversion of Mexico. Cortes insisted that the gods revered for ages should be at once overthrown, and the Virgin Mary substituted in their place. It was in vain that some cities offered "to give her a fair show with the rest;" the conquerors would accept no compromise, and all through the land "we, the conquerors," says Bernal Diaz, "taught them to keep wax candles before the holy altars and crosses." He goes on to say, "It is true that after the lapse of two years, when the country was subjugated and civilised, certain worthy Fathers, Franciscans of good example and doctrine, came here, and were followed in three or four years by Fathers of St. Dominic, who completed what others had begun."

Thus was a foreign religion forced upon Mexico by the sword, and established by dungeon, fire, and rack. For three centuries and a half the Roman priests had everything their own way in the land, and the history of that long reign of priestcraft is a story of greed, oppression, and crime. The Church joined with the State in a career of violence and plunder, and the heartless brutalities that marked the path of Spanish conquest, were endorsed as being for the glory of God and the true Church. One man stands out in that dark age of cruelty as an apostle of mercy. The good Las Casas never ceased to plead for mercy to the native races. "With mine own eyes," he says, "I saw kingdoms as full of people as hives are of bees, and now where are they? . . . Almost all have perished. The innocent blood which they had shed cried out for vengeance; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up to God."

The nineteenth century came, and Mexico was still a nominally Roman Catholic country. The Inquisition had suppressed every suspicion of heresy, and the Church had possessed itself of a large proportion of the wealth of the nation. The people everywhere were sunk in ignorance and degradation, the pastors were corrupt, the Indians to a large extent still pagan, even in their very use of the forms of the Church, whilst amongst the Creoles (of Spanish descent) and the Mestizzas (or mixed race) religion was very much a matter of externals, exerting little authority over life and conduct. But the present century has also witnessed in Mexico a native and spontaneous revolt against the Church—a revolt which from year to year has increased in intensity and force. As in Germany and Italy in the Middle Ages, and as in England before the Reformation, the popular Mexican literature has manifested an intense hatred of the priests. Their greed and corruption have been the favourite theme of caricaturists and

popular writers. The corruption of the Church and the debasement of its votaries can be emphatically proved by the printed testimony of hundreds of such witnesses.

But the debasement of religion that prevailed in Mexico, and which compelled the Protestant Churches of a neighbouring realm to rush in and occupy the country as if it were a heathen land, is more forcibly portrayed by Emmanuel Domenech, a French priest, who was chaplain to the French *corps expéditionnaire* of 1862, and afterwards Director of the Press in the Cabinet of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. He published several works on Mexico, but of these the most startling is "Le Mexique tel qu'il est." In treating of religion in Mexico, he writes unsparingly of the ignorance, greed, and immorality of the clergy, who trafficked in the Sacraments and made money out of every religious ceremony. It took a Mexican labourer five years to accumulate the sum demanded for marriage, so, as a rule, he found it expedient to do without the ceremony. Of the scandalous private life of the priests M. Domenech gives many details, and as a natural consequence he found the flocks in a very low state.

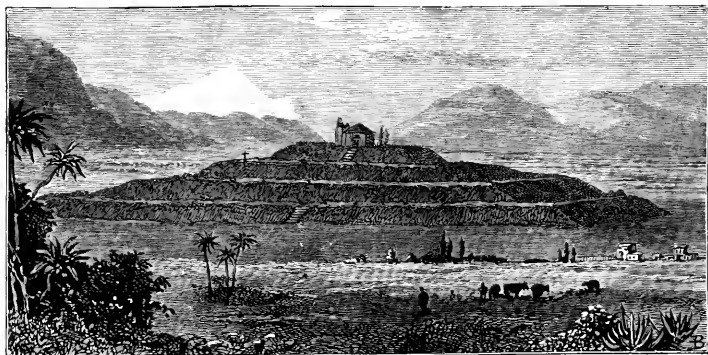
"The Mexican is not a Catholic," says M. Domenech; "he is a Christian simply because he is baptised. I speak here of the masses, and not of numerous exceptions which are to be found in all classes of society. I affirm that Mexico is not a Catholic country, because the majority of the Indian population are semi-idolaters—because the majority of the Mexicans carry ignorance of religion to the point of having no worship but that of form. This worship is materialistic beyond doubt; it does not know what it is to adore God in spirit. It is in vain to look for good fruits from this hybrid tree, which makes of the Mexican religion a singular collection of lifeless devotions, of haughty ignorance, of unhealthily superstition, and of horrible vices." "It would take volumes," our writer declares, "to recount the idolatrous superstitions of the Indians which are still in existence. . . . Sacrifices of turtles and other animals are still practised by thousands of Indians in many places. In the State of Puebla they used to sacrifice, not many years ago, on St. Michael's Day, a small orphan child, or else an old man who had nothing better to do than to go to the other world." We cannot follow the Abbé through his account of the absurd and disgusting performances classed as religious ceremonies among the Mexicans. "L'acconchement de la Vierge" is a horrible travesty almost passing belief.

Three hundred and fifty years of Romish culture having to so large an extent proved a failure, it was natural that Christian neighbours should step in. The Church had certainly done one thing for Mexico: it had (*almost* completely) abolished human sacrifices. From the great pyramid of Cholula the smoke of the burning victims no longer went up three times in every hour throughout the year. "The Virgin and her child," as Gilbert Haven writes, "were a tender grace compared with those awful demons." But, for all that, Mexico was practically a heathen nation, with thousands of her children hungering and thirsting for a purer and more elevating faith, when the missionaries from the North began to flock in and possess the land for Christ.

The movements of national life are so mixed up with the progress of religion in Mexico, that one or two prominent events must be referred to. The Curé Hidalgo raised in 1811 the standard of revolt from Spain; but though he was a priest, the

Church would not countenance his enterprise. There was a terrible era of slaughter, and then his efforts were crushed. But to-day young Mexico remembers him with grateful appreciation, and he is commemorated by a superb statue of heroic size in the Protestant church of San Francisco at the capital. But it was impossible for Mexico, with new life stirring in its veins, and beginning to realise its vast capacities for development, to remain a mere appanage of a fossilised European Power. About a dozen years after the revolt of Hidalgo had been suppressed, Iturbide, the very General who had been most prominent in the suppression, saw that after all the separation from Spain must be effected. He headed the movement, and very speedily, and without bloodshed, the aim was realised.

Wise in his generation, he leagued himself with the Church, and the second



THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

clause of the Declaration of Independence asserts, "The Roman Catholic Church is the religion of the State, and no other shall be tolerated." In spite of the growing hatred of priestcraft, the most enlightened of Mexican citizens for a time thought that the safety of the State was bound up with a policy of religious intolerance. The first treaty with the United States only permitted citizens of the great Republic resident in Mexico to worship in their private residences, "provided that such worship was not injurious to interests of State."

An incident of the era of intolerance is recorded by Mr. Black, who was for some time consul at the city of Mexico. One day in 1824 an American shoemaker was sitting in his shop door on the *plaza* before the Cathedral, when the procession of the Host passed by, carrying the altar, crucifix, and holy water to some dying person. In conformity with the customs of the country, the American rose and knelt. But he knelt on his chair, and a Mexican passer-by who had just knelt down in the doorway ordered the American to get down on the floor on his knees. This the American bluntly refused to do, whereupon he was immediately stabbed through the heart by the enraged



Romanist. The community were intensely excited by this event, and Mr. Black, who was then a young traveller visiting the country, determined that his fellow-countryman should have Christian burial. Having procured a Prayer Book, he went with the body to the grave, which had been dug (by permission) in the gardens of Chapultepec.



THE GARDENS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The obsequies were interrupted by showers of stones, one of which struck Mr. Black as he was reading the service. Afterwards the body was dug up and rifled, and left stripped upon the ground, until a second time consigned to the grave by Mr. Black and his helpers. This was the first time that the Protestant service had ever been made

use of at a burial in the city of Mexico. Now, as a Protestant funeral passes to the grave, uplifted hats on every side testify to the change of feeling that has taken place.

It seems unquestioned, that the Bible came into Mexico with the United States army in 1846. Many copies were left in the land, and it is known that some did good service. One family, which has since produced three Protestant ministers, owes its conversion to one of these stray volumes, purchased out of curiosity at a second-hand book-shop. Bibles, however, were contraband articles in Mexico till President Juarez, in 1860, under the new Constitution, proclaimed religious liberty, and invited Protestant missionaries to settle in the country.

As soon as the doors were thrown open, volunteers came rapidly forward. In spite of the growing national aspiration for more light and life, the forces of bigotry and intolerance have in some places been roused against the missionaries and their converts, and the Christianity of modern Mexico has been consecrated by the blood of fifty-nine martyrs. We cannot, of course, attempt to describe in detail the mission work that has been going on all over the land, but will proceed to lay before our readers some of the most striking incidents connected with mission life in Mexico.

It was in the year 1846 that Miss Melinda Rankin, a young lady then resident in Mississippi, first became interested in Mexico, through conversation with military men returning from the war in which the Mexican endeavour to recover Texas had been suppressed. "It seemed to me that after conquering these miserable people, it was the duty of American Christians to attempt something for their spiritual elevation. Indeed, I felt that the honour of American Christianity most imperatively demanded it." She strove to rouse the Churches by writing articles on the subject, but in these early days her appeals met with no response. "And I resolved," she says, "to go myself to Mexico, and do what I could for the enlightenment of her long-neglected people."

For five years Miss Rankin had to content herself with establishing schools in various places in Texas, but in June, 1852, she settled at the border town of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande. On the opposite shore of the river, where she might not at present venture, stood Matamoros. This part of Texas was largely inhabited by Mexicans, amongst whom Miss Rankin laboured freely. She got the children to come to school, and through them gained access to their parents. The latter were soon reading with eagerness the Bibles supplied to them by Miss Rankin. It was not long before she found that the books were being sent quietly over the river into Mexico. The result was a growing demand, which this lady (by help of the American Bible Society) had to do her best to supply. Before Juarez threw open the barriers so long kept jealously closed, *fifteen hundred copies* of the Scriptures, and more than two hundred pages of tracts, had been put into the hands of the Mexican people from this single Christian outpost on the Rio Grande.

Miss Rankin's principal work at Brownsville was her Protestant Seminary for Mexican girls, for which funds were sent from Christian friends. When in 1860 religious freedom was proclaimed, this lady's energies were taxed to supply the immense demand for Bibles that set in. Through her instrumentality, Bible Society

agents were sent to Monterey, where several persons were baptised. Thirty miles beyond, at Cadareita, a company of believers were found who had Bibles, but had never seen a living teacher.

In 1865 Miss Rankin herself went to Monterey. Here, after a visit to the North for funds, she built a chapel and schoolhouse, and eventually established several schools and preaching-places. She pressed the converts into the service, and many of them went about as colporteurs and Bible-readers. The work grew and prospered, and again this indefatigable woman had to go to the Northern States and raise means for supporting her band of workers and teachers. When the Monterey Mission included six organised churches, and had established in Tacatecas a branch which was transferred to other workers, Miss Rankin's health began to fail. Her work subsequently came under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The Rev. John Beveridge superintended the further progress of the work at Monterey. He began visiting the scattered churches, but was compelled to appeal for the help of a younger man in the itinerant work. "It requires," he says, "a man who can ride all day on horseback in the sun, sleep on the ground, and live on sour milk, cheese, and red pepper." Able helpers were sent, and the schools and churches increased in number and flourished. The mission was ultimately transferred to the Presbyterians.

Another interesting mission was established in 1872 by two young men, born in Wales but educated in California, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Watkins, who planted themselves in Guadalaxara, the second city in Mexico. Here they found many earnest inquirers, and received much encouragement from persons in authority, but had much to contend against. A letter was thrown in at the window warning them that they would be killed if they did not desist. One day the two missionaries and Mrs. Watkins were attacked by a crowd, who began throwing stones. Mr. Watkins was so badly struck as to be in bed three days. The missionaries were by no means frightened, and placarded all the city with the Ten Commandments and other portions of Scripture. The demand for Bibles kept growing, and many persons broke away from their superstitions and joined the missionaries, although situations and even homes were in many cases lost by doing so.

Mr. Stephens undertook a missionary journey to Ahualulco. Here the poor people were very kind, hiring a room for him and furnishing it: one man bringing a bedstead, another a blanket, another a jar of water, and so forth. Mr. Stephens would not go to the rich families who invited him, because their houses would not be open to the poor. So he dwelt with the latter, eating as they did, using a piece of tortilla (pancake) to convey food to the mouth, and eating the spoon each time. In the evenings he had well-attended meetings—door and window crowded as well as the room—and distributed hundreds of books. The priests grew alarmed at his success, and the authorities had to protect him against Roman Catholic Indians, who, excited by their spiritual guides, were plotting to kill him.

Mr. Stephens resolved to stay for a time in Ahualulco till some one could be

found to settle there permanently. We condense from the narrative of his coadjutor, Mr. Watkins, the sad story of the tragedy that ensued.

“For three months Mr. Stephens laboured with success far beyond the most sanguine expectations, until one Sunday the Cura preached a most exciting sermon to the numerous Indians who had gathered there from the various ranchas and pueblas near by, in which he said:—“*It is necessary to cut down even to the roots the tree that beareth bad fruit. You may interpret these words as you please.*” Next morning a mob of over two hundred men, armed with muskets, axes, clubs, and swords, approached the house where Mr. Stephens lived, crying, “Long live the religion! Long live the Señor Cura! Death to the Protestants!”

When Mr. Stephens and two brethren who were with him saw that the mob was fast breaking down the front door, they made their way into the back yard, seeking a place of shelter. Here they separated, Mr. Stephens taking a pair of stairs that led to a hay-loft, and Andres making his escape by climbing over the wall of the back yard, and letting himself down among the ruins of an old house, from which he made his way unseen by the mob to the mountains. Mr. Stephens had been in the hay-loft but a few moments when the furious throng of soldiers and others entered and discharged their muskets and firearms at the missionary, killing him instantly. One shot entered his eye, and several his breast, says Mr. Watkins, and “as soon as the villains reached him they used their swords, cutting his head literally to pieces, and taking the brains out, it is said, with sticks. Nor was it enough for these ferocious assassins to take



PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

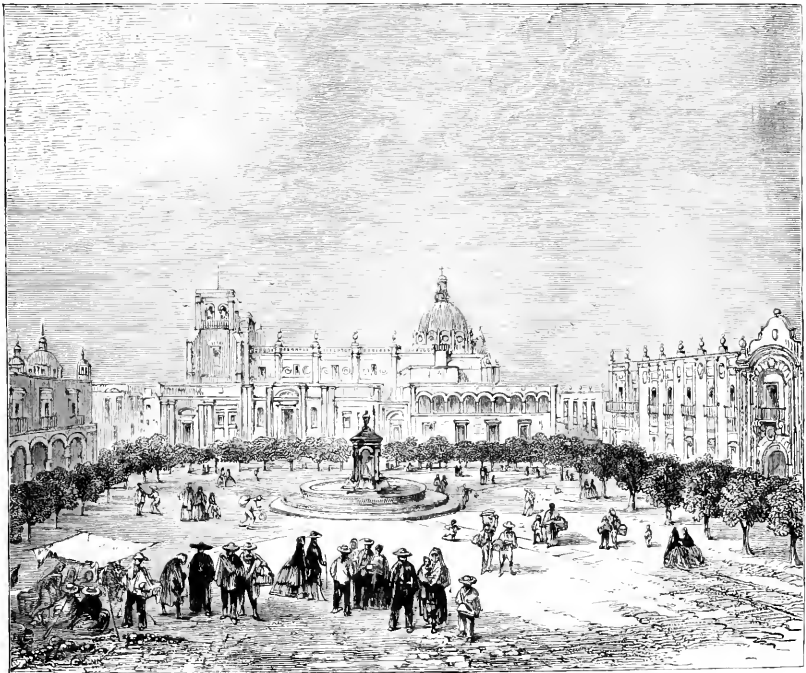
away his life so inhumanly, and commit such barbarities on his dead body, but they afterwards robbed his body of every article he had on, and the house of everything he had in it. They took all his books and burned them in the public plaza. The small English Bible that was in the dear martyr's hand when he died shared the same fate. And lest the awful crime should fail to prove the utmost barbarity, they entered the church, and announced the deed well done by ringing twice a merry peal of bells.”

It was an absolute impossibility to bring the body to Guadalajara, on account of the great heat and the insecurity of the roads, so it was secretly buried that night, by five of the brethren, in a place only known to them. The Cura and several of his instruments were imprisoned for a time, and tried, but were ultimately set free, so that no one was really punished for the murder.

Since the events recorded, a succession of faithful labourers have kept up the mission

in Western Mexico, of which Guadalajara is the centre. There have been many trials—harsh persecutions again and again, more than once accompanied by murder—but the cause has prospered.

Turning now to the city of Mexico, the capital of the Republic, we find that here, too, an important and flourishing work has been going on. When Mexico, about the year 1860, under the enlightened rule of Juarez, was freeing herself from the yoke,



PLAZA OF GUADALAJARA.

some of the clergy themselves saw the need of a religious reformation, and in two or three places congregations or societies were formed. Of these the most important was the Reformed Catholic Church, known as the "Church of Jesus," in the city of Mexico. President Juarez favoured this movement, and gave the Reformers two of the churches he had confiscated.

The invading French army, who came to establish the throne of the ill-fated Maximilian, lent their aid and influence to the Roman Catholic priests. During this period, one of the Reformed ministers was seized by the party in power. After

maltreating and degrading him, they led him out to execution. Before him stood the soldiers with rifles levelled at his bosom; and just as the fatal order was given to fire, he waved his arm, shouting, "Viva Jesus! Viva Mexico!" (May Jesus reign and Mexico prosper). This union of personal devotion to Christ, with love of country, characterised the whole movement.

The Bibles already scattered about the land were doing good work. One of these precious volumes led to the conversion of a famous Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the Rev. Francis Aguilar. When the French retired, baffled, from the task which the Pope and the Empress Eugénie had set them to achieve, leaving their puppet Maximilian to his doom, the Reformed Church, that had kept itself alive in troublous times, took a more prominent position than ever. Aguilar opened a hall in the old convent of the Profesa, and for three years preached to the people, who attended in considerable numbers. He also wrote and translated and zealously circulated the Scriptures. But all too soon his physical strength was exhausted. As his last hour approached, he caressed his Bible with loving tenderness, exclaiming, "I find in this peace and happiness," and then he calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

Fresh efforts were now made to crush the little Church, but the National party saw that its influence was for the good of the country, and gave it shelter and protection. The United States Churches were stirred by sympathy with the movement, but were fearful of marring it by untimely interference. But the "Church of Jesus" was crying out for help and guidance—it wanted a leader to take the place of Aguilar. At this time there was in New York a Spanish Protestant Church, of which the minister was the Rev. Henry Riley. He had been born in Chili of English parents, and had lived at Santiago till his sixteenth year. He had then been educated in England and in the United States, and had entered the ministry. "Possessing the spirit of consecration to Christ," says Mr. Abbott, "and, in addition to his intellectual culture, many natural gifts of a high order, and retaining a special interest in those who spoke his native tongue, the Rev. Mr. Riley was peculiarly fitted for the position which he held, as well as for that to which he was now to be called." To him in New York came a messenger from the little struggling Church in Mexico, asking him to come and be their leader.

Startled at first, he sought time to consider the question, but soon saw that it was his duty to accept the call. Being, fortunately, a man of independent means, he was able to give up his congregation and proceed at his own cost to Mexico. But further aid from sympathising Christians was soon forthcoming. Mr. Riley was joyfully welcomed by the little band of sixty souls, the remnant of Aguilar's congregation, and efforts were at once made to gather again the worshippers who had become scattered since Aguilar's death. This central congregation was in fellowship with other groups of worshippers in various parts of the city, who all met with great difficulty, in the face of fierce opposition. Some of these meetings were held secretly in little upper rooms; others of the faithful gathered within the ruined walls of old buildings, with no roof above their heads but the vault of heaven. Ecclesiastical penalties were imposed on the attenders: their books were seized and

burnt, and every species of contempt and ignominy was piled upon the poor brethren. They were isolated and shunned, and so deprived of the means of livelihood, but they struggled bravely on, willing to suffer in the cause of the Truth that had made them free.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Riley arrived in the city of Mexico, as the champion of the Reformed faith. A folded piece of paper was pushed under the door of his room at the Hotel Iturbide, informing him that six men had joined in a conspiracy to murder him before he left that hotel. He actually saw the band engaged in concocting their scheme. He cautiously withdrew to a less conspicuous dwelling-place, and then, committing himself to God, went on with his work. He was soon busily circulating broadcast a Gospel-tract written by himself on "True Liberty," in which he took up the cry of the dying martyr, "May Jesus reign!" and applied it to the political aspirations and social and spiritual needs of Mexico. He also worked hard at putting the little church in order, wrote many hymns and tunes for use in the services, and prepared a book of worship, with Scripture readings and prayers.

A war of pamphlet and pulpit was being fiercely carried on, when a notable event occurred. Conspicuous in the ranks of the Romish champions was the famous Dominican friar, Manuel Agnas, the ablest popular preacher in Mexico, whose eloquence had been the delight of thousands. He was universally respected and admired for his brilliant talents, and his true nobility of mind and soul; but none was more violent than he in antagonism to the new religious movement. He thundered against it from the pulpit, and put forth all his powers to crush out the life of the rising Church. He sat one night in his study surrounded by his books, carefully preparing a reply to Riley's tract on "True Liberty." The midnight hour had passed, and he was still pondering over its vigorous Scriptural reasoning, when the clear conviction came home to his soul that *the book was true*, and that there was no refuting it. Abandoning his own carefully prepared arguments, which he now saw to be mere fallacies, and abandoning also the Romish notes and commentaries which had too long been his spiritual leading-strings, he threw himself with ardour into the study of the Bible. The result was, that the simple truths of the Gospel were manifested with clearness to his soul.

Humbled and contrite, Manuel Agnas came and confessed to Mr. Riley his changed belief. With great joy this distinguished convert was cordially received into the "Church of Jesus," whose members looked upon the occurrence as the direct intervention of Heaven on their behalf; but terror and alarm spread through the Romish camp, when its noblest champion thus passed over to the ranks of the enemy. All was done that could be done to punish him for his heresy. They took away his emoluments, and so reduced him to poverty; and they thundered against him the Greater Excommunication, which made him an outcast from his friends, and one whom the very boys in the streets would have stoned if it had not been for the police.

Manuel Agnas published a powerful reply to the anathemas of the Archbishop. "Nowhere in modern history," says Gilbert Haven, "has there been a sharper, more sarcastic, and more effectual rebuke to the pretensions and career of the Papacy than

in this powerful pamphlet." He laboured incessantly at building up the new Church, in addition to fighting against its enemies. From the pulpit of the Church of San José de Gracia he preached the pure Gospel, in strains of fervid eloquence that roused the enthusiasm of his hearers. Mr. Riley put the new champion forward in the very forefront of the movement, and Agnas spared no effort to spread the truth, and expose the errors which had now become his abhorrence.

The great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico, the largest church on the American Continent, stands upon an immense stone platform, surrounded by massive stone posts which are connected by heavy iron chains. Agnas prepared a placard comparing side by side the Ten Commandments as in the Bible, and as mutilated by the Church of Rome. One night, in a specially holy season, when crowds were daily



THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

celebrating superstitious rites, Agnas had copies of his placard posted on all the stone posts just alluded to, as well as at the street corners and in other public places. Next morning the people crowded to read these bold proclamations, and there was great excitement in the city in consequence. By way of reply, a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, named Bustamante, challenged the Reformer to a public discussion on the points in dispute between the two religions. Copies of this challenge appeared on the cathedral doors and at the corners of the streets. Manuel Agnas joyfully accepted the challenge, and placarded the streets with "Is the Church of Rome idolatrous?" in large letters, as the subject of the forthcoming discussion.

The appointed day came, and the street of San José de Gracia, where, above handsome residences and scenes of busy traffic, towers the lofty dome of the Protestant Church, was rendered almost impassable by the crowds waiting for the opening of the doors that would admit them to the scene of disputation. The building was soon densely packed. On each side of the large area there was a raised platform, and



on that placed for the Protestant champion an open Bible lay upon the table. Amongst the vast audience were a considerable number of the most fanatical Romanists, including "a band of assassins headed by a Roman Catholic Presbyter, who appeared with his face concealed to the eyes by his cloak; these had come prepared to do their worst." But a force of police were also present by previous arrangement, and also several officers from the adjoining barracks, formerly a convent attached to the church. These had come of their own accord to protect Agnas if needful.

At the hour fixed upon, Manuel Agnas pushed his way through the mingled crowd of followers and foes, and took his place on the platform. "He stood there," says the Rev. Abbott Brown, "in all the dignity of his noble bearing, with the open Bible before him. But all eyes turned in vain to look for his opponent, who, at the critical moment, failed to appear in advocacy of the Romish Church. The effect of this upon the expectant audience, who had so long been anticipating the discussion, may well be imagined. Manuel Agnas perceived his opportunity, and at once proceeded to address that eager throng, boldly unmasking the idolatries of Rome, and proclaiming the simple 'truth as it is in Jesus' with a power which held the riveted attention of his audience, and no doubt reached the consciences of many of those who hung upon his burning words."

The Roman Church in Mexico received that day a severe blow, from which it has never fully recovered. Unhappily Agnas was not to gather in the full harvest of the seed he had sown and watered. With conspicuous self-sacrifice, devotedness, and fearlessness, he preached and laboured till the year 1872. He was then only in the fiftieth year of his age, when sudden sickness came upon him, the result, according to some accounts, of poison secretly administered. His last sermon was on the text, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you," etc. He was so ill, that it was with difficulty he could get through his address. He was taken from the pulpit by anxious friends, to whom it was soon apparent that he was dying. His last expressions told of his love for his Saviour, and of his faith in "the most precious blood of Jesus." As he breathed his last his face became composed into a serene smile, which rested upon it during the time that his body lay in state in the Chapel of St. Francis. His funeral was attended by a great multitude, many of them Romanists, animated by reverence and respect for their great antagonist. Above the hearse that carried him to his burial was the symbol of the open Bible carved in wood. His simple grave is in the American Cemetery in the suburbs of Mexico.

At the death of Agnas, the Rev. Dr. Riley again took the superintendence of the Church of Jesus, which came into intimate alliance with the Episcopal Church in the United States, and has continued to flourish. In 1879 Dr. Riley was appointed its first bishop. Numerous outposts have been established in other parts of the country.

Puebla de los Angeles has, under the Roman Catholic *régime*, been the most sacred city of Mexico. It was built six miles from Cholula purposely to counteract the influence of that Aztec Mecca. It was said that the walls of Puebla rose to the singing of angels, hence its full name. For three hundred and fifty years Romanism

was the life and soul of the place. Grand cathedrals, in which gold and silver were almost too common to attract notice, and spacious convents with their dazzling chapels, were the chief features of Puebla. Its people got their living by the Church, and whilst the political capital, Mexico, comparatively soon ceased from opposing the new movement, Puebla felt its very existence at stake, and has ever been foremost amongst the defenders of priestly power.

Yet even here a little band of evangelical Christians was got together, in the early days of the movement. One evening, as they were gathered for worship, they heard the sound of an approaching mob, and some of the congregation, in their terror, at once escaped by the windows. Their leader came towards the door, which was speedily broken open, and he was seized and brutally dragged by the mob along the streets. A huge stone was thrown at him by some one in the crowd, but it missed him and wounded the ringleader of the rioters severely. In the confusion that ensued the persecuted evangelist was able to make his escape, but the mob burst into the little chapel and destroyed all the furniture and books. One of the most conspicuous actors in this deed of pillage took home some of the half-burned leaves of a Bible. He had the curiosity to read these fragments, and the truth flashed upon his soul. He became one of the most devoted advocates of pure Bible religion.

In Puebla stands the stately convent of San Domingo, in whose walls have been found many skulls and human bones—the remains of wretched victims buried alive in the days when the Holy Inquisition bore unquestioned sway. That portion of the convent in which these horrors were revealed, now belongs to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Two hundred miles to the south of Mexico city is Oaxaca, to which distant city one of the native missionaries of the Church of Jesus travelled, to help forward a movement which had arisen there. The Governor welcomed him, and put a fine church-building at his disposal. Services were arranged for, but the young missionary received a notice threatening him with death if he persisted. Nothing daunted, he gave public notice of the first service, and was duly at his post. An excited and dangerous crowd gathered round the building, and many of them went inside along with the congregation. As the minister began to read the opening sentences, stones were thrown at him. The excitement within and without the building increased in intensity, and bloodshed seemed imminent, whereupon the minister made his way to the church doors and locked them against the furious mob outside. He quieted those within by telling them that if the crowd who were storming the doors with stones managed to get in, they would suppose all to be Protestants, and massacre all alike. Whilst they were waiting in suspense, other sounds were heard; the Governor had sent a company of soldiers, who were beating off the fanatics with the butt-ends of their muskets. In a short time order was restored, and the soldiers remained on guard whilst the service was completed.

The Mexican Church has been abundantly watered with the blood of martyrs. In Coaticman there dwelt a Protestant who was in the daily habit of reading his Bible

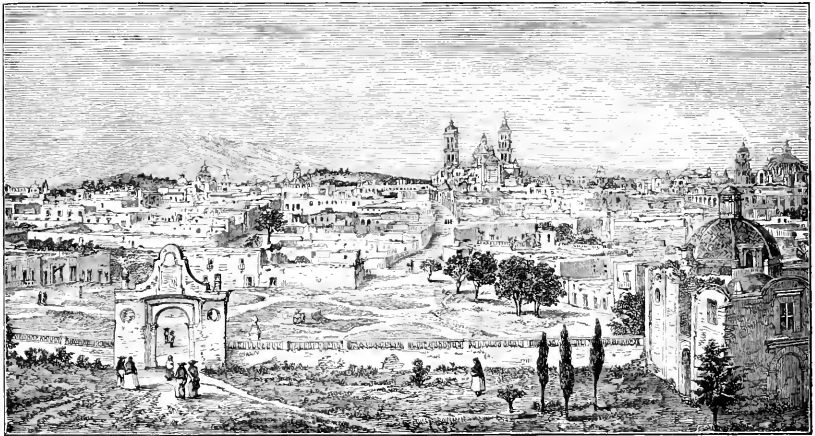
in his doorway. Opposite to him resided a Romanist judge, to whom this Bible-reading was an eyesore, and who had often declared it should be stopped, even if the man had to be killed. Not long afterwards, the Protestant was decoyed on a false pretence to the suburbs, where his dead body, pierced with wounds, was found on the banks of a stream. The murder was traced to the judge who had threatened him. The death of this martyr roused his fellow-believers in Coatinchan to fresh exertions, and with their own hands they built a chapel for permanent services.

The foregoing is by no means the only instance of a Christian's body being found pierced with dagger wounds. A sad tragedy was enacted in September, 1878, at the town of Atzala, in the fanatical State of Puebla. One Sunday morning the Protestants were engaged in divine worship, when a large band of fanatics, incited by the priest of the village, rushed into the assembly armed with pistols, daggers, and hatchets, and very soon the mutilated corpses of twenty faithful martyrs were lying on the blood-stained floor. Their widows and orphans were fleeing from the town in terror, whilst the bells of the Roman Catholic Church were ringing out a triumphant peal in honour of the foul deed that had been enacted!

At Tirajaen a gang of fanatics set on fire the house of a Protestant family, when all were sleeping, and severely wounded the father with a sword. There were also murders at Toluca, Cuernavacy, Capellhuac, and elsewhere. At Acapulco the mob killed and wounded about a dozen Protestants. This riot was suppressed by the commandant of the place, who fired several volleys into the crowd, until "tranquillity was restored." It will be seen that everywhere it was the ignorant lower class who were used by the priests as the instruments of their hatred for the purer faith that was slowly and surely undermining their dominion.

It is time to refer to the Indians of Mexico—the despised remnant of the ancient Aztec, Texcuan, and other nations once so formidable. Missionaries to Mexico have found so much work to do amongst the nominal Christians, that efforts to reach the aboriginal natives of the land have been limited. Some good work, however, has been done amongst these poor creatures, and notably by the Rev. James Pascoe (amongst others) on behalf of the Presbyterian Church South. Mr. Pascoe found the Indians in a very low condition. He tells us that, degraded to the level of beasts of burden, almost devoid of any spark of liberty and virtue, and steeped in superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism of the grossest kind, they form three-fourths of the population of Mexico, and dwell in distinct towns interspersed amongst those inhabited by the Mexicans of European descent. Their homes are one-roomed huts of shingles or mud bricks, and their staple food is the maize cake or tortilla. They get their living chiefly by supplying the large towns with poultry, vegetables, eggs, pottery, mats, charcoal, and similar wares. "The Mexican," says Mr. Pascoe, "cannot do without the Indian. Farms would be deserted, land untilled, cattle unattended, and the markets entirely deserted, were it not for the poor, patient, despised Indian. Worse still, the poor Indian is the staple food of the cannon, and without him the Mexican would be unable to sustain his revolutions."

It is a marvel that the Indians, being in so vast a majority, remain quietly in their down-trodden condition. Their state of profound ignorance can alone account for it. Although nominally Christian, scarcely a soul amongst them has read a line of the Bible, except a few who have of late learned to read at the Protestant missions. A few of the men have been partially educated in some districts; the women know nothing. The Mexican-Indian, as a rule, presents an aspect of dogged submission, and is steeped in "fearful uncleanness of body and soul, stupid superstition, and bloody fanaticism." But his patient submission veils a deep and growing hatred of his white masters, whose very language he will not speak, even when acquainted with it, except when absolutely necessary. White Mexicans are expected to confess and take the sacrament frequently, but if the poor Indian confesses once a year and takes the sacrament at



PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.

his marriage, and just when he is about to die, that is considered enough for him. At the same time, he is very religious, and devotes a large proportion of his earnings to the purchase of wax candles and rockets to honour the saints on their festival days, and processions and pilgrimages to distant shrines are amongst the most frequent incidents of his life. He worships on the same sacred spots, and with many of the ceremonies of his pagan forefathers, even though a San Antonio may be standing in the place of a Huitzilopochtli.

The Roman Catholic priests, when they were Christianising the natives after their fashion, often went by night and substituted a crucifix or a saint for the idol in some heathen temple. When the Indians came and saw the new deity, they bowed to the logic of accomplished facts, and continued their worship as before. "Cannibalism and human sacrifice," says the authority already quoted, "have died out; but if we view the Indian's present religion from his own standpoint, we shall see that really *he* finds not

one single point of difference. In his old Aztec religion he had a water baptism, confessions to priests, numerous gods to adore, whose aid he invoked under various circumstances. He worshipped images of wood or stone; employed flowers and fruits as offerings, and incense also, and offered fellow-beings in sacrifice, while he also worshipped a goddess whom he styled 'Our Mother'; and in his worship dances and pantomimes took a prominent rank. In his new Roman Catholic religion he finds baptism and confession, a great host of saints to adore—saints for every circumstance or ill of life; he finds images better made and of richer material than the old ones;



MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS AT AZATLA.

he again employs fruits and flowers and incense; worships another goddess as 'Mother of God' and 'Queen of Heaven' and 'Our Lady.' He is also taught to believe that not a mere fellow-being is sacrificed, but his Creator himself, as the Romanists declare, in real and actual sacrifice thousands of times every day; and as of old, the Indian still dances and performs pantomimes in his religious festivals."

Our missionary visited on various occasions the great annual festival at Yinaacantepec, near Toluca. For several days bull-fights and cock-fights and religious processions are continuous, and vast crowds of spectators assemble. With a grand display of banners and wax candles and images, the gorgeous procession issues from the church. The band plays, and rockets whiz through the air, but the most striking

feature of the whole display is supplied by the Indians, strangely attired in skins of animals with bulls' horns, cows' tails, and so forth. In a frenzy of excitement they leap and dance and shout round the long array of priests and saints, just as their fathers danced and shouted when human blood was flowing in the shrines of the ancient religion.

This process of adaptation applied to old beliefs and customs was universal in Mexico. La Villa de Guadalupe, near the capital, stands on the site of an Aztec temple, and, when required, an apparition was by some means forthcoming, which made our Lady of Guadalupe the patron saint of the nation. The renowned convent of El Señor de Chalma, near Toluca, is another case in point. No other shrine is held in such high repute as this amongst the Indians. Here an Aztec idol in a cave was worshipped, long after Roman Catholic churches had risen in the neighbouring towns. Mothers would come from far and near to bring their babes for a blessing from the Aztec god, and then take it to be baptised at a Romish church. At length the idol was secretly stolen, and the present "Lord of Chalma" (a copper-coloured effigy of the Saviour on the Cross) was substituted. The change was, as usual, acquiesced in, and a convent rose above the cave, and ever since from all parts of the land the Indians have constantly swarmed hither on pilgrimage. The convent does a large trade in candles and other requisites.

The long low coast stretching for two hundred miles beside the Caribbean Sea, and known as the Mosquito Shore, is a fertile land of lagoons and innumerable channels, bordered by rich tropical vegetation. Through its forests, where the mahogany tree abounds, and where the lordly cabbage-palm and the cedar grow nearly to the height of the Monument in London, jaguars roam in abundance, and venomous serpents are common, whilst all its streams are haunted by alligators. In this region dwell the remnant of the fierce Caribs or Cannibals (who have given their name to a practice at which humanity shudders), and of several other tribes. Of these the Mosquitos are the least barbarous, but all are savages of a very low type. Another element in its population are the Bush Negroes, perpetuating the abominations of African idolatry and witchcraft in the forests of the interior.

The shores of the Caribbean Sea saw some of the most fearful examples of diabolical cruelty, when Spain was turning the New World into one vast slaughter-house and slave mart. The Spaniards hunted the wretched Caribs with bloodhounds, reduced them to slavery, and sometimes in a fit of religious fervour forcibly baptised them. And the Church not only condoned this sacramental violence, but even the cutting of converts' throats to keep them from backsliding into idolatry. To this age of horrors succeeded the era of the Buccaneers, and every channel and lagoon along these shores was a lurking place of pirates. Two of these worthies have given their names to the towns of Bluefields and Belize. The vast importation of African slaves to prevent the extermination of the natives, supplied fresh elements of cruelty and wretchedness to the shores and islands of Central America.

Bluefields—the capital of the now independent State of Mosquitia—is a straggling

town of less than a thousand inhabitants, lying beside a lagoon. English (more or less broken) is the general language of the country. Fearful tornadoes are frequent; after one of them, a few years ago, all the houses in Bluefields, except twelve, were levelled to the earth. Formerly Great Britain kept the Mosquito shore under her protection. A Mosquito chief used to be taken to Belize or Kingston, and there crowned king. Sir Hans Sloane tells how they took one to Jamaica for this purpose in 1687. But the poor man failed to realise or appreciate his kingly dignity. He "pulled off the European clothes his friends had put on, and climbed to the top of a tree." Subsequently it used to be the practice to take the heir to the Mosquito throne, whilst still young, to Jamaica, and there educate him, and in some measure train him for royal functions. But at the best the whole affair was very much of a farce, and the inauguration was attended with a good deal of profane mockery, and mostly wound up with drunken orgies. The monarch was allowed a pension from the British Government, and was attended by a British official called a secretary, but who might more correctly have been termed a keeper.

The protectorate of Great Britain came to an end through the operation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in 1861, and King George, an Indian, became hereditary King of Mosquito. But there is no real security in the land, and in all probability it will become absorbed by Nicaragua.

The Mosquito Coast had long been notorious as the abode of the most degraded Indians of Central America, who to their own brutal savagery had added the worst vices of European civilisation, when the Rev. James Pilley, a Wesleyan, laboured amongst them, from 1830 to 1833. At Cape Gracias-a-Dios he got the natives to attend his preaching, which they did with great decorum on several occasions. But one day in the midst of his sermon he was interrupted by a leader, who on behalf of the rest declared that they had come repeatedly, and had listened patiently to Mr. Pilley, who had had all the talk to himself, and had yet never once offered them a glass of grog! Hereupon the whole congregation indignantly departed. Mr. Pilley tried again and again at two or three places, but with little or no result.

In 1849 the Moravians came upon the scene. Brother and Sister Pfeiffer, with Brother Lundberg and Brother Kandler, began the mission at Bluefields. They received a grant of land upon which to raise mission premises, and in the meantime were allowed to hold meetings in the Court House. The King attended the first meeting, and remained friendly to the mission. With the help of heathen Indians, the land was gradually cleared, though with considerable difficulty. Kandler was laid up for a time by a bite from an enormous scorpion ant, and occasionally work was interrupted by the discovery of poisonous snakes in hollow trees. Then we hear of Kandler being stunned by a heavy log, and of Pfeiffer's foot being nearly crushed by another. But they toiled on resolutely till they got their property in order, and, at the same time, kept up their meetings, the attendance at which gradually increased. But they were by no means unopposed in their work. They found numerous coloured Roman Catholic priests going about and baptising any one for six shillings, so giving their converts the *status* of Christians without requiring any reformation of

life. Polygamy was a great obstacle to true missionary effort; one chief at Bluefields had five wives. The Indians were displeased because there was no gratuitous distribution of rum and tobacco by the missionaries. The Soukiers or sorcerers, who went about and got their living out of the gross superstition of the people, were another hindrance. Still, year after year the work was persevered in, and other helpers came out, until a number of schools and mission stations were established at various places, and much good was accomplished.

As an instance of the prevalent superstition as to sorcery and witchcraft, Pfeiffer tells us how an Indian child was recovering from the measles under his care, when a Soukier arrived. He was at once applied to, and having procured some bark and herbs from the woods, began his enchantments. He prepared a liquor to wash the child in, and then laid the infant naked on its back on the floor. The sorcerer then took an iron pot, blew into it several times, and placed it over the child's body to receive the sickness. The whole scene (says Pfeiffer) became perfectly ludicrous by the sanctimonious airs which the fellow assumed. He then washed the child, especially the face, with the liquor which he had prepared. The next day the poor thing was swollen from head to foot, and died most miserably three days after. Of course the Soukier took no blame to himself, but maintained that the white man had killed the child. It was buried the next day by the sorcerer, and a hut built over its grave, covered with a piece of bark from the india-rubber tree.

On another occasion, when Lundberg went to bury one of the Sunday scholars who had died of nervous fever, an old woman declared that she had seen above the house a spirit which had bewitched the child. Before the funeral, in spite of Lundberg's protests, a little child was lifted several times to and fro across the coffin to propitiate the spirit.

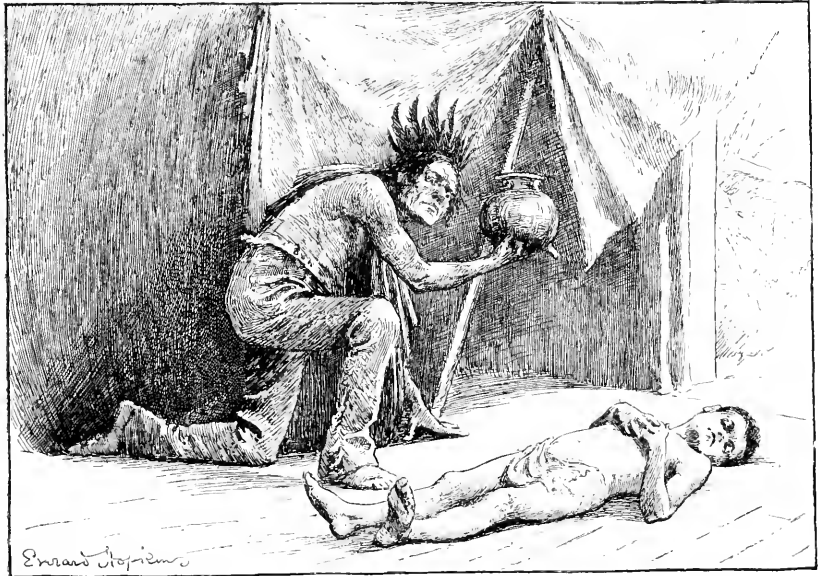
The occurrence of death seemed always to have a tendency to lead the survivors to recur to old superstitions, even when a desire for better things had been manifested. A woman died near the Magdala station, and it was declared that her spirit would not leave the house where she had lived. At last a Soukier came and carried a large cloth to the grave. In this the spirit was supposed to be wrapped, and the sorcerer groaned and puffed as if the burden was very heavy. Most funerals were followed by a drinking bout and a death dance, often terminating in a fight. Now and again a man died of injuries received while attending a funeral.

In the quiet persevering work of the Moravians in Mosquitia, much has been done through the agency of the schools; but the missionaries here, as elsewhere, found the English language, although the commercial language of the country, was inadequate for the teaching of religion to the natives, and a Mosquito grammar and vocabulary had to be prepared. The conversions at some of the stations have been numerous. Thus we read in one report, "Last week a hundred persons joined the church, and at our evening meetings the crowd is such that we cannot kneel to pray." To overcome the drinking habits of the people has often been a hard task, and a good deal of work has had to be done over again, when hopeful converts from stations in the interior have gone to Bluefields, where they could easily procure rum, and have taken part



in some drunken revelry. But Bluefields has itself become largely changed for the better, as the following extract from Dr. A. C. Thompson's able work on Moravian Missions will show:—

"To catch the attention," he says, "to awaken an interest in things spiritual, has required great patience. Look in for a moment at a service conducted at an Indian dwelling. You shall see people lying listless in their hammocks or on the ground; some one at the door with a long stick is hardly able to keep off dogs and cattle, but does succeed by his noise in drowning the preacher's voice. Yet faith has triumphed.



INDIAN SORCERER AND CHILD.

At Bluefields polygamy, once universal, is now unknown. Instead of naked savages, men and women are seen suitably clothed; and a collection amounting to ninety-five dollars was recently (1881) taken up among them in aid of South-African sufferers by the Basuto War."

Upon the eastern shore of the Peninsula of Yucatan, free companies of traders and adventurers, perpetually fighting with the Spaniards, founded in troublous times the settlements now known as British Honduras. These settlements formed a striking contrast to those formed by the Pilgrim Fathers further to the north, for robbery and violence, licentiousness and excess, were the prominent features of social life at

“the Bay.” The hard work of the colonies was performed by slaves—both red and black—who suffered wrongs and tortures innumerable. A considerable British garrison was permanently maintained here in idleness, and by its presence materially helped to keep the moral atmosphere corrupt.

For a century and a half there was no place of worship in British Honduras. If people knew when it was Sunday, they showed no signs of any regard for it as a day of rest. Marriage was a very exceptional thing in the colony. The merchants, the Government officials, even the military chaplains, indulged in temporary unions. Everywhere ardent spirits were perpetually flowing. There were no schools, and the people were sunk in the most degraded ignorance and superstition. The dark witchcraft of Africa spread its baleful influence, and even Europeans became mixed up with its frightful mysteries, and were credited with marvellous powers. Long did this state of things continue, and with such glaring evils the pioneers of Christian effort in British Honduras had to contend.

In 1802-3, we find Messrs. Angas & Co., pious merchants of Newcastle, trading with Honduras. They felt that a duty rested upon them as regards this locality, which their captains reported to be the wickedest place under heaven. At one visit Captain W. H. Angas had read the burial service over a seaman, because the chaplain was too drunk to perform his duty! Messrs. Angas & Co. made it a special point to send out good men as captains of their ships, and also placed men of the same stamp as clerks and agents in their stores. A nucleus was thus formed for gathering together what of good might be found in the colony. Supplies of books were also sent by the same firm, as well as the means of carrying forward the Christian and educational efforts that were soon afterwards begun.

The first church was built in 1812, to which came out the Rev. John Armstrong, the first evangelical chaplain the colony had known. Years passed on, and little was done besides enabling the few European Christians of the colony to maintain their position. But in 1820 Messrs. Angas stirred up the missionary societies to do something for this neglected corner of the British dominions. They also offered a free passage to any missionaries going out. At this time a small band of English residents were trying to aid the chaplain in some endeavours to reach the negro population and improve the tone of society. The Baptists were the first to send missionaries to labour amongst the negroes and natives. In 1824 Mr. George Fife Angas was instrumental in getting an Act passed by which natives of the country were set free from the unlawful slavery in which they had been kept. About three hundred Indians were emancipated at this time.

The religious work in the colony of Honduras since that time has not been so much of what is generally understood by mission work. It has rather been in the ordinary way of church extension by the various denominations who have opened churches and chapels in the colony.

## XLV.—MISSIONS TO LEPERS.

## CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Moravians and Lepers—South Africa—The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Leitner—Their Successors—Robben Island—Mr. and Mrs. Lehman—Affecting Scenes—Mr. John Taylor—Outside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem—Mrs. Tappe—Mr. and Mrs. Müller—Terrible Sufferings—Leprosy in India—Norway—Honolulu—Father Damien—"Go to Molokai!"—Toil and Self-denial—The Last Christmas—Death of Father Damien.

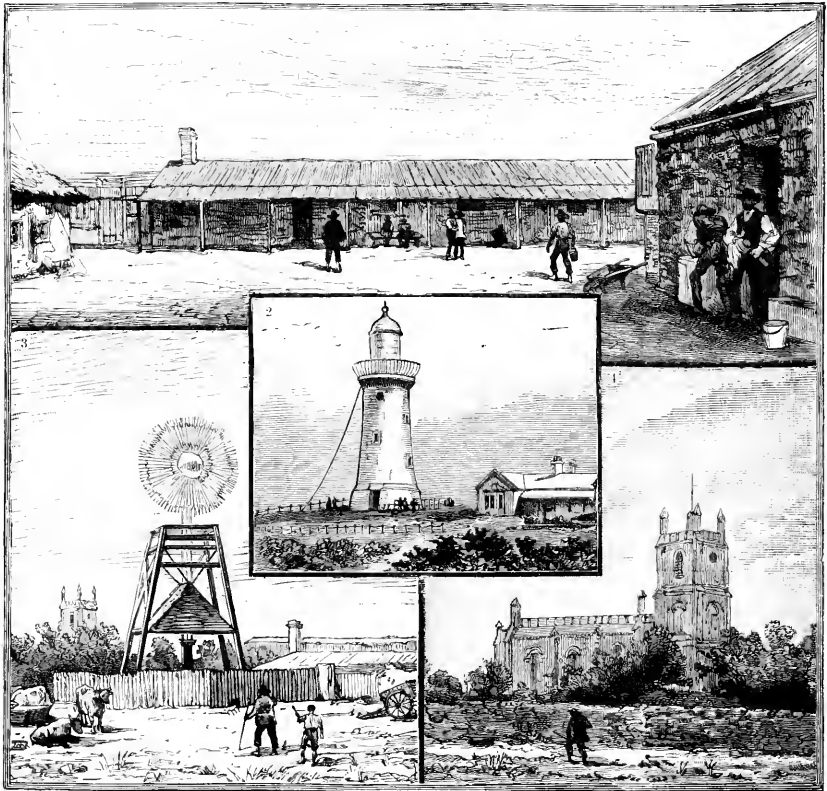
**H**EMEL EN AARDE—Heaven and Earth—was the name of a romantic South African valley, which in the year 1818 was remote from the habitations of men. So closely girt about with rocks was this lonely glen, that only a strip of sky was visible above. There were many lepers amongst the Hottentots, and to prevent the fearful disease from spreading in the colony, the Government isolated the afflicted ones in Hemel en Aarde. Moravian missionaries, from time to time, visited the asylum, and after its enlargement in 1822 it was placed under the management of the Rev. Dr. Leitner and his English wife. To a laborious life of self-denial amidst repulsive surroundings this exemplary couple were henceforth devoted. From their lips many a wretched being, whose body was literally wasting away with the deadly leprosy, received into his soul the sweet consolations of the Gospel. And a wonderful change also came over the material aspect of the institution. The lepers, roused from idle lethargy, found that diligent effort made their lot more bearable. Neat gardens, a cultivated plot for the common benefit, and an aqueduct, gave evidence of the industry of the little colony.

Reverenced as a father by his afflicted people, Leitner toiled and taught for seven years, until on Easter Day, 1829, he was suddenly called to his heavenly home. He was in the act of baptising a convert, and was uttering the words "Into the death of Jesus I baptise thee," when his voice wavered and he fell back dead into loving arms, and was carried from the church amidst the lamentations of his people.

Leitner's work is well summed-up by his mourning widow, who writes:—"The first sight of so many of our fellow-creatures, deformed and crippled by a loathsome disease, could not but make an appalling impression on us, but I can truly say that every feeling of aversion and disgust gave way before the conviction of our duty to labour, even in this place, to win souls for Christ. Never was my husband more in his element than while working here. By day and by night he was ready to minister both to the temporal and spiritual wants of his patients, and truly his work was accepted of his God. One after another of the poor lepers came to ask, 'What must I do to be saved?' Many a wild and depraved outcast from society has received power to become a son of God by faith in Christ, and has been brought to submit with patient resignation, and even inward joy, to the rod that chastened him for his profit. During the seven years of his service here he had the favour to baptise ninety-five adults, the greater number of whom preceded him into eternity in humble reliance on that Saviour whom he had preached and they had believed."

From the exceedingly interesting narrative by Bishop la Trobe, we learn that the

successors of the Leitners manifested the same devoted spirit year after year, till in 1846 an important change took place. The Government, wishing to enlarge the hospital by the addition of a lunatic asylum and an infirmary for the poor, resolved to remove it from the sequestered valley of Hemel en Aarde, and place it on Robben



## SCENES IN ROBBERN ISLAND.

1. Male Leper Wards.

2. The Lighthouse.

3. Windmill Pumping.

4. The Church.

Island, a low sandy islet surrounded by dangerous rocks, situated about seven miles from Cape Town, near the entrance of Table Bay. Here commodious buildings were erected, and superior arrangements made for diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and sea-bathing.

But in spite of these advantages, the people went mournfully to their new home, for it seemed they were to part from the beloved missionaries. After repeated

applications, however, the long-delayed consent for the Moravians to go to Robben Island arrived, and the last company of forty patients, who were removed from the valley, bore to their comrades the joyful news: "Our teachers are coming!"

Songs of joyful praise rose from the assembled lepers at Robben Island, when Mr. Lehman and his wife came amongst them, and were received as parents restored to their children. Government officials now took charge of all temporal matters, so the teachers were able to give themselves up to spiritual and educational work. Of the three hundred lepers, lunatics, and others on the island, sixty placed themselves under the direct care of the missionary. A school was carried on regularly, of which Mr. Wedeman gives us a pitiful glimpse. He says, "It is most touching to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with their mutilated hands, some not only without fingers, but with hands corrupted to the wrists."

Another affecting scene is thus described:—"On Sunday morning you would see the blind, and the lame, and lepers—just such miserable beings as pressed round Jesus to be healed of Him—exerting all their ingenuity to reach the little church. Here you see a young leper, sitting on the ground, and thrusting himself forward with difficulty; there another who has lost hands, and part of his feet, creeping on his knees and the stumps of his arms. Further on, a patient, wholly deprived of hands and feet, is seated in a wheelbarrow, and thus conveyed to the house of prayer by a stronger brother in affliction, whose head and face are swollen till they look like a lion's. Go into the wards of the hospital. On one couch lies a leper, whose hands are gone, and before him an open Bible. He has reached the bottom of the page, but cannot turn it over; he looks round, and one who can walk, but is also without hands, takes another, who has lost his feet, on his back, and carries him to the first to turn over the leaf."

In the year 1860 Mr. John Taylor, a well-qualified teacher, and the son of a highly valued missionary, bade farewell to a widowed mother to devote himself to service amongst the lepers and lunatics of this desolate island. He tells us, "Three days a week I kept school for about fifty lepers, chronic sick and blind patients, and we read the Dutch Bible and hymn-book. They are very attentive and eager to profit. Poor creatures, some of them are dreadfully disfigured by leprosy, and at times the effluvium is intolerable. Twice a week I take ten of the more quiet English-



REV. A. R. M. WILSHERE.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. J. Cormick, St. Matthew's Vicarage, Brighton.)

speaking lunatics for an hour's reading, a keeper always accompanying them." Only for five years was this earnest young teacher permitted to labour amongst his afflicted pupils, and then, in the shadow of the little church on Robben Island, his remains were laid to rest.

In the following year, 1861, after nearly half a century of faithful self-denying work amongst the lepers of Cape Colony on the part of the Moravian missionaries, the religious oversight of these poor creatures was transferred to a chaplain of the English Church. Bishop la Trobe declares that "in no field of labour was missionary labour accompanied by more signal spiritual blessing." It was with natural regret that the Moravian teachers relinquished their post to others, for whose success, nevertheless, they earnestly prayed. At the date these pages are written, the chaplain is the Rev. A. R. M. Wilshere, who in 1877 left a living near Cape Town to devote himself to these poor outcasts of South Africa.

But the Moravian Church was still to prove itself the friend of the leper in another land. Outside the gates of Jerusalem, miserable lepers have been for ages amongst the common objects of the wayside. Outcast and destitute, they dwelt in wretched huts, spinning out their lives by means of casual charity, until in solitary agony they died. In 1865 Baron and Baroness von Keffenbrinck-Ascheraden saw these poor creatures, and were so touched by their condition, that they could not rest until something was done to ameliorate their lot. The result was the erection of a Leper-Home outside the Jaffa Gate. Hither, in response to the appeal of the Baroness and Committee, came the Rev. T. Tappe and his wife, who had accomplished fourteen years' service in the Moravian Mission to Labrador, and who in 1867 became "house-father and mother" at the Leper Home. To the opening service no leper came, for the confidence of these poor creatures had to be won very gradually; but when a year had passed away, a dozen had placed themselves under the care of the missionaries.

The institution has had great trials. Financial difficulties were eventually got over, but the difficulty was to get sufficient help in the necessary work of the establishment. Mrs. Tappe's first servant soon left in disgust, and other German servants refused the situation with evident horror. As for Arab girls, to them any service is a disgrace, and in a leper home it was not to be thought of for a moment. In a few months after the opening of the Home, Mrs. Tappe, by no means a strong woman, found the entire domestic work of the establishment on her shoulders! She had herself lost the use of two fingers, and suffered much pain in that hand, probably the result of handling infected linen. To work far into the night became a frequent experience. "Entering the hospital late one evening," writes Pastor Weser, "I was touched and pained to find Mrs. Tappe all alone in the laundry, one little lump beside her, and the atmosphere of the room almost unbearable from the disagreeable smell of the patients' clothing. Not a word of complaint escaped her lips, but though she said nothing, the situation spoke for itself."

It was in this extremity that a pupil from the Kaiserwerth institution "Talitha Cumi," a young Arab girl named Sultana, came voluntarily to Mrs. Tappe's help, in spite of the threats and entreaties of her relatives. Johanna Woost, a German Sister,

afterwards came out to work, and ever since then there has been a succession of able and willing-hearted nurses from the Moravian congregations in Germany. These devoted women have left home and friends, for a daily life of toil "in constantly tending patients afflicted with incurable leprosy, binding up their wounds and sores, and ministering divine comfort to their spirits." It should be remembered that these faithful ones could never have the nurse's usual consolation of seeing a healing result from their labours. They could only make life a little more endurable, and point the way to eternal life hereafter. "When new patients come in," says one of the nurses, "our work is very hard to flesh and blood—more so than I can describe—till we overcome their uncleanly condition and habits. At first they hardly know what to make of a bed, having never slept in one before. Their nights are often spent in holes in the rocks. A spoon is a puzzle to them. But by-and-by they fall into our orderly arrangements, and then they would be sorry to return to the old life outside the Home."

The work grew as years passed by; the staff was increased by sisters from Germany and England; twice the Leper Home was considerably enlarged; and yet the accommodation proved itself totally inadequate to the needs of the suffering class whom it was designed to aid. The poor lepers had now learned to know their friends, and whenever a death occurred in the Home, the doors were besieged by clamorous candidates for the vacant place.

In 1885 the asylum wards were as full as they could be, with patients in every stage of leprosy, and the Committee at Jerusalem and the Moravian elders felt their hearts burdened by the wretched condition of the numbers whom, as yet, they could do nothing to relieve. They resolved to build a larger hospital, with more suitable accommodation in every respect. A site was found at some distance from the city gates, upon an eminence beside the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The new building, with its separate wards for male and female patients, and with proper accommodation for the house-parents and the staff of nurses, was opened in April, 1887, in presence of the Pasha of Jerusalem and representatives of all the Protestant denominations in the city. In this roomy edifice a large number of patients are cared for, till death relieves them from their sufferings.

After seventeen years of ceaseless toil, Mr. Tappe had gone home in failing health in 1884. His young coadjutor Fritz Müller stepped into the veteran's place, and married Wilhelmina Bartels, one of the sister-nurses in the institution. Mr. and Mrs. Müller are still the house-father and mother of the Leper Hospital at Jerusalem, working as with one heart and soul for the good of the pitiable sufferers under their care. The Moravian Church has now the sole oversight and responsibility of the institution.

This Leper Hospital has afforded unexampled facilities for the study of the disease. Eminent medical men have visited the establishment, and have remained for a time to share the labours of the resident doctor. The horrors of this foul disease have been greatly modified, and some of its most hideous features, once very common, have almost disappeared. The spiritual work accomplished has been of the most

consolatory and encouraging character. Many a poor leper, who had scarcely known anything of the joy of life, came to know the joy of salvation, and faces ravaged by disease beamed with a happiness not of this world. Some of the female cases were exceedingly interesting. Hassné came in her tenth year from the Kaiserswerth Orphanage, "Talitha Cumi;" Fatmé, aged fourteen, from Müller's house at Bethlehem; Lativé, also fourteen, was a nominal Greek Christian, and was sent by the Russian authorities from Bathshalei. They were all



LEPER MISSION STATION AT CHOTA  
NAGPORE, INDIA.



LEPER HOUSE AT JERUSALEM.

three in the early stage of leprosy, and their mental powers were as yet almost unimpaired. All three became willing helpers whilst their strength lasted, and learned to read the Bible and other books in Arabic. Mr. Tappe thus refers in touching words to their early days at the Home:—"As their fingers have not yet become stiff, they willingly help in housework, and as their

voices are not yet hoarse, they go about singing hymns which they have learnt in the before-mentioned excellent institutions, or from Sister Johanna, and Sultana our Arab maid. Really, it teaches one contentment to see them so cheerful, remembering that they must look forward to a life of suffering, in which every year must be worse than its predecessor. Poor girls! their sisters would think twice before they offered them a hand; nay, their own mothers could scarcely bring themselves to kiss them; and they are denied all those caresses which are amongst the blessed memories of our childhood's homes. We rejoice in the hope that our endeavours to bring these afflicted little ones to the Saviour have not been in vain."



The story of the intense physical sufferings of these girls, as the inevitable end approached, is harrowing in the extreme. But all three, like many others, died rejoicing in the Gospel. The whole history of the hospital is a story of self-sacrificing labour amidst appalling surroundings of torturing agony and of death-beds. But the sufferings have been relieved by all that loving care could accomplish, and the death-beds have in many cases been scenes of triumphant glory. Tender nursing, for the love of Christ, has opened the eyes of the poor sufferers to see Christ Himself. It



FATHER DAMIEN.

should be noted that of all the Moravians who have gone out to Hemel en Aarde, to Robben Island, or to Jerusalem, to work amongst the lepers, *not one has contracted the disease.*

Leprosy is still common all over the East from Syria to Japan, and there are numerous leper hospitals, more especially in British India. The inmates of these establishments in Calcutta, Madras, and other cities, have received much religious care from the agents of the Church Missionary Society and other missionaries.

Upon the west coast of Norway a few hundred lepers are found—a survival of the great mediæval outbreak which desolated Europe. The Bergen Hospital was founded in 1277, and is still kept up. It comprises two or three distinct buildings, surrounded by beautiful grounds. In this establishment all that medical skill can

accomplish is done for the suffering inmates, who, however, for the most part, are day by day drawing nearer to their inevitable doom.

Although the present work is mainly devoted to the history of Protestant missions, yet in connection with work amongst the lepers it seems needful to make an exception. The labours of Father Damien amongst the lepers of Honolulu have been so striking a feature of mission work in our own time, that our volumes would be very incomplete without some reference to that remarkable story.

In the year 1840 a little baby boy named Joseph was the pet of the De Neuster family at Tremeloo, in South Brabant. The good mother brought her children up to fear God, and at evening used to tell them stories of the holy saints and martyrs. Joseph and his brother Augustus (in after-years known as Father Damien and Father Pamphile) showed religious fervour in very early years. Once the two brothers were found by anxious searchers kneeling in a wood, heedless of the approach of nightfall. On another occasion Joseph, being lost at a fair, was found on his knees in one of the churches. As he grew up, he continued to manifest a deep spiritual life, as well as a practical readiness to benefit his fellow-creatures. He longed for self-sacrifice in any shape, and managed to smuggle a plank up to his room, on which for a time he passed his nights, until his mother found out the arrangement and forbid it.

Augustus de Neuster was destined for the priesthood, while to Joseph a commercial life had been allotted. But he believed himself called to missionary labour for the Church, and in a remarkable manner difficulties were overcome, and March, 1864, saw Joseph (now Brother Damien) gazing upon the peaks of the two snow-capped mountains of Hawaii, gleaming in sunlight above the clouds.

The Fathers of the Sacred Heart, at Honolulu, welcomed their young associate, with his fresh energy and fervour. He was ordained priest, and sent as Father Damien to Hawaii. A large district came into his charge, and here he showed untiring zeal, and won love and reverence from his people. Much might be said of his constant labours, but we must pass on to observe that he soon became plunged into deep sympathy with the poor lepers who were seen everywhere, with decaying limbs and shapeless features, spreading contagion on every side. In 1865 the Government, roused to action by the fact that the population of the islands was perceptibly diminishing through the ravages of leprosy, decreed that all lepers should be banished to Molokai. This was an island which, from its walls of rock rising perpendicularly from the sea, was known as the "land of precipices." From henceforth the Hawaiians gave it a new name, signifying "the living graveyard."

This stern decree, which separated the poor lepers for ever from all their dear ones, sent a thrill of horror through the Hawaiian group. It was carried into effect immediately, and hundreds of lepers were at once seized and shipped off. Year after year a fresh search was made, until, in the course of a few years, a large colony of these miserable creatures had been formed on an isolated peninsula under the frowning cliffs of Molokai.

Father Damien was touched at witnessing the heartbroken farewells of the banished

lepers, and before long "Go to Molokai!" seemed the clear command in his soul. He obtained leave from the Roman Catholic Bishop, and in May, 1873, he sailed out of the beautiful harbour of Honolulu in company with fifty banished lepers, to spend the rest of his days on the leper island.

"Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work," said Father Damien to himself, as he scrambled on shore and saw the sad spectacle around him. "Half clothed, ragged and dirty," says Miss Cooke, "many of them with faces stained and scarred, sometimes almost shapeless with the ravages of leprosy, with hands and feet maimed and bleeding, mortifying limbs and decaying flesh, there they were, gathered together in ghastly groups; and these were the most healthy inhabitants of the island: the more helpless and dying were lying in the settlement, two or three miles away."

There can be no question but that the leper island of Molokai presented to all the Christian denominations who were working in the Hawaiian group, a grand opportunity for the exercise of noble Christian heroism, and the Roman Catholic Church may well rejoice that the opportunity was seized by one of her devoted children. The prevailing sentiment was well echoed by a Honolulu newspaper, which declared, "We care not what this man's theology may be: he is surely a Christian hero."

Upon a grassy plain by the seaside, stood the two leper settlements of Kalaupapa, the landing-place, and Kalawao, three miles inland. Behind it were the precipitous cliffs, with one zig-zag path closely guarded from the lepers. The peninsula was at first a wilderness, with one rough hospital for dying cases. With each patient a coffin was sent: but there were no nurses, no doctors. Supplies of food and clothing were sent at intervals, but were often long delayed by stormy weather.

To this stricken, forsaken community came Father Damien, young and vigorous. At first he could do no more than attend to the physical wants of the sick and the dying, dressing their sores, and sheltering them from heat, and after whispering words of hope as they passed away, he would dig their graves and bury them with his own hands. In the midst of all these dying agonies, other poor creatures, not yet prostrated by their disease, passed the time in quarrelling and card-playing, in strange native dances and open wickedness. It was their constant assertion that "In this place there is *no* law." They maddened themselves with a liquor which they distilled from the Ki-root plant, till Father Damien got at the distilling apparatus and suppressed the practice. There was a dearth of water, of which Government had taken no notice. But Father Damien found a clear spring at the base of the cliffs, and got a schooner-load of water-pipes from Honolulu, so that the two settlements soon had an abundant supply.

Brighter days for Molokai now set in. The poor creatures who saw the good priest toiling for them day and night in their stifling huts, began to give ear to his spiritual ministrations. They came to his open-air services, and listened as he preached to them about their own peculiar temptations and trials. Identifying himself with his people, his customary address was not, "My brethren," but "We lepers."

A life of unceasing toil and self-denial was Father Damien's. Besides the constant

ministrations to the sick and dying, often carrying the dead in his own arms to their graves, he helped the community to replace their wretched huts with neat wooden houses, and induced those who were artisans to again occupy their time with labour. The ground was dug up, and potatoes were planted, or gardens laid out, and a changed aspect seemed to spread over the whole settlement.

The many friendless orphans of the leper colony were to Father Damien a special care. Under his cheerful oversight they began once more to laugh and play—strange sounds in Molokai, where, to all but drunken revellers, the atmosphere had so long been one of horror and gloom. An orphanage was soon reared for the girls, and another for the boys. He taught these children, and nursed them as the disease made progress; and as one by one they passed away, their last sight on earth was the kindly face of Father Damien as he bent over them with words of love.

It was soon seen that Father Damien could be trusted, and the Government entered into his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the lepers. Clothing and food were sent more plentifully, and also a small money allowance to each leper. Father Damien caused a small shop to be opened at Kalawao, and the poor creatures felt they were in the world once more, when they could do a little shopping on their own account. The Protestant residents of Honolulu sent the Father a purse of money with which to comfort his people, and far and wide the story of the brave priest of Molokai began to be told. In far-off England, and other Christian lands, kind hearts were stirred to aid in the work.

At Kalawao, and also at Kalaupapa, a church was built, each with its graveyard, that quickly began to fill with Protestants and Roman Catholics side by side. "There was great need for coffins in Molokai," says Miss Cooke; "they stood in piles within the sheds, where the busy workers made them, and the sound of nails driven in was constantly to be heard. But gloom and dreariness were no longer connected, as of old, with the thoughts of the leper's death. Father Damien had taught the hope of a heavenly life, and each newly made grave was only the answer to the call home."

Vessels of timber came to Molokai, sent by the Government, and Father Damien, at the head of the able-bodied lepers, worked away till the settlement wore a new aspect. Church, and orphanages, and rows of clean whitewashed buildings, seemed now to smile in the tropical sunshine. In the graveyard stood the palm-tree beneath which Damien passed the first nights after his arrival. He now occupied a small two-storied house, with a verandah and a garden. Here the children, and older visitors too, loved to come and watch him cultivating his garden, or feeding his poultry, which used to settle on his arms and head, as if they too shared the confidence which every one felt in the good Father. After a time, Damien was helped in his work by two priests, two lay brothers, and three nuns, who, incited by his example, gave up their lives to the service of the lepers. Yet he still led the same self-denying life.

Ten years had passed, when Father Damien saw in himself the symptoms of leprosy. He was still cheerful as of old, felt the lepers to be nearer and dearer than ever to him, and declared, "I would not be cured, if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work." Through the Rev. H. B. Chapman,

vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, a gladdening message came, with a present of £1,000, from Christians of various creeds. It was a timely offering, and was used for the benefit of the needy lepers without distinction of race or creed.

It was now manifest that the end was approaching. His people saw with sorrow that their good priest could no longer do as much as he had done. Christmas, 1888, saw the guest-house at Molokai occupied by an English visitor, Mr. Clifford, who tells us how he saw Father Damien in his broad straw hat coming slowly and painfully across the beach to greet him. It was to be Father Damien's last Christmas with his people. Presents had come from England—beautiful pictures, a magic lantern, an



FATHER DAMIEN'S HOUSE AND CHURCH AT KALAWAO, MOLOKAI.

“ariston” that played forty tunes, and some special curative agencies from which much was hoped. Damien much enjoyed sitting on the verandah steps and talking to his English visitor, whom he would not approach. His last letter to his brother was written on February 19th, 1889, in which he says he is grievously sick, but desires “nothing but the accomplishment of the will of God.” A month passed away, and he was in bed, suffering acute pain in the throat and mouth. But Brother James, who nursed him faithfully by day and night, declares that he never beheld a happier death. He died on April 15th, 1889.

In the little graveyard at Kalawao, beneath the tree that sheltered him when he first landed on the island, rests the mortal frame of the hero saint of Molokai.

The life and death of this extraordinary man have awakened keen interest in England, and under the auspices of the Prince of Wales a Father Damien Memorial Fund was set on foot. The objects are, first, a monument at Molokai; second, a leper ward in London, and the endowment of a travelling studentship of leprosy, third,

inquiry, and, if possible, prompt action with reference to the many thousands of lepers in India.

The Mission to Lepers in India, commenced in 1874 by Mr. W. C. Bailey, a missionary of the Church of Scotland, occupies entirely independent ground, by utilising as much as possible existing agencies, by assisting leper asylums already established, providing missionaries with the means for carrying on Christian work in connection therewith; making grants of money towards new asylums, prayer-rooms, and so forth. Its work is affiliated to that of the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the American Presbyterian Mission, Gossner's Evangelical Mission, the Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee, the American Episcopal Methodist Mission, and the Wesleyan Mission.

It is a fact little generally known, that there is in India an estimated number of 135,000 lepers—men, women, and children, victims of the most terrible disease known to humanity. The Mission to Lepers in India undertakes to support a leper for one year for £6, to supply a Christian teacher to an asylum for the same period for £20, and to build an asylum for £150 to £200.

It is the testimony of all medical men that, up to the present time, leprosy *cannot be cured*.\* But it can be relieved medically; the sufferers can be relieved physically, so as to make life tolerably bearable to them; and, above all, they can be consoled and cheered by the blessings of the Gospel. "As a class," says Mr. W. C. Bailey, who has had twelve years' experience of the work, "I do not know of any in India so accessible to the Gospel, and who receive it so willingly. We have had among them some of the brightest converts we have ever made amongst any class of the community. I have met with lepers as bright Christians as ever I have met with in this or in any other country."

\* The disease has only recently been traced to a specific *bacillus*; and recent results of the new study of bacteriology do hold out some hopes that possibly the terrible scourge may be either wholly or partially mastered as knowledge of it advances.

## XLVI.—GENERAL SURVEY OF THE MISSION FIELD.

## CHAPTER XC.

The Great Battle-field—Statistics—The Spreading Leaven—Centenary Conference on Protestant Missions—What has been Wrought in One Hundred Years—Now and Then—Some Startling Contrasts—The Bible Society : a Fruit of the Missionary Idea—Ancient Christian Faiths—The Parsis—Roman Catholic Missions—Beacons and Patterns—Protestant Methods adopted by other Creeds—A New Spirit Abroad—Commercial Relations—Secular Enterprise—Some Crying Evils—The Liquor Traffic—Terrible Testimony—Sale of Guns and Gunpowder—Letters from Alexander Mackay—The Opium Trade—Two Views Thereon—Moral Wrong and Political Right—A Graphic Illustration—India—A Century of Progress—Changes—Tinnevely—Unoccupied Areas—The Salvation Army and its Missionary Methods—The Mission of the Traveller—Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke—Stanley's Visit to Alexander Mackay—Death of Mackay—South Africa—Isles of the Seas—French Influence—Chinese Influence—Methods—Civilisation and the Gospel—Obscure Heroes—Native Churches—Present Position of the Heathen World—Lack of Labourers—The Duty of Christendom—United Action Required—Recent Criticisms—Fruits of Revivals—The Man and the Hour—The Flowing Tide—A Prayer—Finis.

OUR task is well-nigh accomplished. We have essayed to show how in every land of heathen darkness the Holy War has been waged. We have stood with the pioneer soldiers of the Cross in teeming cities whose palaces and shrines are mirrored by the waters of India's sacred streams; in the foulest shambles of "Darkest Africa;" in the far-scattered homes of the wildest tribes of the prairie and the forest; in the sunny islands of Southern Seas; and in rude homes where human beings shiver through six months of darkness amidst "rocks of ice eternal piled." But the war is still going on, and we close our narrative with a general survey of the great battle-field. It is not proposed to inquire into the progress of particular missionary societies, or to take the countries of the world in systematic order; still less shall we attempt to tabulate the results of missionary labour, or to prove success by statistics. The work is far too extensive, varied, and far-reaching to be stated in figures.

A story is told by Bishop Edward Bickersteth of a man in a little village on the west coast of the central island of Japan, who was a notorious evil liver as a heathen. He was a byword and a reproach among his heathen countrymen. That man was taken captive of Christ, and he returned to his own people and presented to them, not religious teaching, to be taken and compared with other religious systems, but the marvellous miracle of a changed life. The people came to him to know *where the power was* that had wrought that change in him; and so by the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost that man was instrumental in gathering round him many seekers after "the truth as it is in Jesus." Multiply that case by thousands, and it gives an idea of the leaven spreading through the masses of heathendom; but it furnishes no material for a statistical statement or a table of results.

Those who wish for such information can find it in the annual reports of the various societies, dealing with every branch of the great work in every part of the world, and a marvellous mass of literature, consisting of pamphlets, magazines, journals,

and books, from the most recent of which we are to a large extent indebted for the information in this chapter; but it is far too extensive to particularise. The Report of the Church Missionary Society for its ninety-first year (1889—90) alone, consists of 324 closely printed pages.

Since the publication of this work was originated, the Centenary of Protestant Missions has been celebrated by a Great Conference held in London, and attended by delegates from every part of the world. In an able magazine article\* Sir William Hunter thus described the main objects of the Conference:—

“During a century Protestant missionaries have been continuously at labour, and year by year they make an ever increasing demand upon the zeal and resources of Christendom. Thoughtful men in England and America ask, in all seriousness, What is the practical result of so vast an expenditure of effort? And, while the world thus seeks for a sign, the Churches also desire light. What lesson does the hard-won experience of the century teach—the experience bought by the lives and labour of thousands of devoted men and women in every quarter of the globe? What conquests has that great missionary army made from the dark continents of ignorance and cruel rites? What influence has it exerted on the higher Eastern races who have a religion, a literature, a civilisation older than our own? How far does the missionary method of the past accord with the actual needs of the present?”

These questions we have endeavoured to answer in our account of the Conquests of the Cross; but in bringing the work to a close, we desire to avail ourselves of the experience of the leaders of every department of missionary work, in our survey of the present state of the mission field. To this end we shall quote freely from the invaluable report of the Centenary Conference—a work which cannot be too carefully studied by all who are interested in Protestant missions, as it touches upon every detail of the vast subject, and helps to solve many of its baffling problems. †

In contrasting the present state of feeling with regard to missions and those in force a hundred years ago, Sir William Hunter, as chairman of the first open meeting of the Conference, said:—

“During the last hundred years the opinions of Christendom have undergone a momentous change. Many of you will remember how a century ago, when Carey, the founder of missionary work in Bengal, met the little assembly of Baptist ministers and propounded to them the question whether it was not the duty of Christians now, as in the days of the Apostles, to spread the faith of Christ, the president is said to have hastily arisen and to have shouted in displeasure, ‘Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen He will convert them without your aid or mine!’ To another pious Nonconformist divine present at that meeting, Carey’s words

\* *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1888.

† “Report of the Centenary Conference on the Protestant Missions of the World. Held in Exeter Hall (June 9th—19th), London, 1888.” Edited by the Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S. (Secretary of the Conference). Two vols. London: James Nesbit & Co.



suggested the thought, 'If the Lord were to make windows in heaven, might these things be?' At that time the Scottish Church (which has since done such noble work), through some of its ministers, pronounced this missionary idea to be 'highly preposterous'; and one of them praised 'the happy ignorance of the untutored savage!' A bishop of the Church of England—that Church whose labours now encompass the earth—publicly and powerfully argued against the idea of missionary enterprise. Parliament declared against it. The servants of England in the East treated our missionaries as breakers of the law. But for the charity of a Hindu usurer, the first missionary family in Bengal would at one time have had no roof to cover their heads. But for the courage of the governor of a little Danish settlement, the next missionary family who went to Bengal would have been seized by the English Council in Calcutta and shipped back to Europe. A hundred years ago the sense of the Churches, the policy of Parliament, the instinct of self-preservation among Englishmen who were working for England in distant lands, were all arrayed against the missionary idea.

"But the missionaries had to encounter not only prejudice at home. They had to encounter a better founded hostility among the people to whom they went. For, until a century ago, the white man had brought no blessing to the dark nations of the globe. During three hundred years he had appeared as the despoiler, the enslaver, the exterminator of the weaker peoples of the earth. With one or two exceptions—bright episodes of which our American friends may well be proud—which stand out against that dark background, the missionaries came as representatives of a race who had been the great wrong-doers to the poorer and weaker peoples of the world. In South America, the ancient civilisation had been trodden out beneath the hoofs of the Spanish horse. In Africa, Christian men had organised an enormous traffic in human flesh. In Southern India, the Portuguese had sacked cities and devastated kingdoms. Throughout the whole tropical oceans of Asia, the best of our European nations appeared as unscrupulous traders; the worst of them were simply pirates and buccaners. In India, which was destined to be the chief field of missionary labour, the power had passed to the English without the responsibility which would have led them to use that power aright. During a whole generation, the natives of India had been accustomed to regard us as a people whose arms it was impossible to resist, and to whose mercies it was vain to appeal. The retired slavo-trader himself looked askance at the retired Indian Nabob."

Dr. George Smith, the historian of missions, divides the past hundred years into three periods. The half-century from 1788 to 1838, was the winter of soil-preparation; the twenty years, 1838 to 1858, the time of seed-sowing; the thirty years since the close of the Indian Mutiny, the period of first-fruits of a certain harvest.

At the beginning of the century, the Church was in a deep slumber. Now, it is full of intense, almost restless, activity. Then, zeal was the only qualification for a missionary; now, the flower of our universities go forth to the mission-field. Then, Christian Governments withstood missions, and were intolerant of their influence. Now, they are welcomed and applauded. Then, the Press hurled its shafts of ridicule at

them; now its tone is completely altered. Then, there was not one organised missionary society to the heathen: now, there are, inside and outside the Churches, 150 separate organisations, with a fund of two and a quarter millions per annum. Then, a few individuals, mostly of the peasant class, but men rich in faith and full of splendid energy and heroic courage, were the only missionaries: now, there is a noble army of missionary officers from Christendom, 7,000 strong (of whom nearly a third are women), and of native workers 35,000, of whom 3,000 are ordained ministers. Then, there was only one method of presenting the Gospel, leaving the great cults of the Heathen, Mohammedan, and Jewish world practically untouched. Now, the highest learning of the best schools in every department of knowledge is brought to bear.

“Within the century, missions have virtually solved the problem of the moral regeneration of India. Churches have been multiplied: hundreds of thousands converted; education extended; infanticide prohibited; sutteeism abolished; Government support withdrawn from idolatry; caste broken down, at least in part; and heathenism everywhere on the wane. In China similar results have been obtained, if not on so grand a scale. The sea-coast provinces are occupied, and scores of missionaries have penetrated the interior; and, but for the enmity excited by the infamous opium traffic, the end of this century might have seen China evangelised. Within the period already mentioned, Africa has been encircled with a halo of light, and throughout its gloomy interior, in the track of William Taylor, and of the missionaries on the Congo, points of brightness are visible amid the darkness, like the watch-fires of an invading host, telling that the advance guard of the Christian army is already in possession. And that which is true of the continents is true of the islands. Madagascar is largely evangelised, and the principal groups of the South Seas are won for Christ. Japan is open to Western thought and Western religion. Formosa has been pre-empted for truth and freedom. The continent-island of Australia is peopled by Anglo-Saxon Christians. New Zealand is following in its wake. The Sandwich group is completely Christianised. Ceylon and Java have received the light.”\*

The British and Foreign Bible Society—a fruit of the missionary idea—has done excellent work in the century. When it was founded in 1804, there were in the world considerably under fifty versions of the Word of God—the work of eighteen centuries; now there are over 166 versions, fifty-six having been issued during the past ten years. At the beginning of the century it is estimated—but of course this is only an approximate estimate—that there were five or six millions of copies of the Scriptures in the whole world. The number put into circulation by the Bible Society during the past ten years was 34,512,517. Add to this that all the missionaries in the world are Bible distributors, and that, in addition, the Society has an army of five or six hundred colporteurs, besides about 200 Zenana women working through the various mission societies.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has given the Sacred Scriptures to “the inhabitants of the old lands of Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, and

\* Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., of Toronto, Canada.

Persia; to the indomitable Circassians; to the mountaineers of Afghanistan; to tribes of India speaking thirty-two different languages or dialects; to the inhabitants of Burmah, Assam, and Siam; to the islanders of Madagascar and Ceylon; to the Malays and Javanese of the Eastern Seas; to the millions of China, and the wandering Kalmuck beyond her Great Wall; to the brave New Zealander; to the teeming inhabitants of the island groups which are scattered in the Southern Pacific; to the African races from the Cape to Sierra Leone; to the Eskimo, and Greenlander, within the Arctic Circle; and to the Indian tribes of North America. All are now furnished with a translation of that wonderful volume, which, with the light of the Spirit of God, reveals 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

While rejoicing over the progress made in the extension of the Protestant religion throughout the world, it is melancholy to remember that many of the older forms of the Christian faith remain, so far as development is concerned, much in the same state as they were centuries ago. And yet, in some important respects they may be regarded as allies to the modern movements. For example, although Mohammedanism has swept over the East, devastating nation after nation, sweeping down hundreds of thousands before it established its position from Bagdad to Toledo, yet, in the providence of God, there has been preserved in every Mohammedan State a remnant of Christians. "Look upon your map," says the Rev. G. E. Post, M.D., of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout, "and you will find at the head of the eastern branches of the Nile, a Christian community, albeit depressed and degraded—albeit it has lost its first love—still a Christian community, and holding to the essentials of the Christian faith, right in the midst of these Mohammedan tribes. Go down to the head-waters of the Nile, and you will find the Abyssinians. You will find the Copts in Egypt. You will find the Greeks and Maronites in Syria. In Mesopotamia you will find the Jacobites. Go into Persia and you will find the Nestorians. Go into Asia Minor and you will find the Armenians. And in the Balkan Peninsula you will find the Bulgarians. I challenge those who proclaim that Islam is making progress in the world, to explain how these feeble remnants have been able to hold their own for all these centuries, in order, in these latter days, to become the standing point and the starting point of Christian missions, if this be not the religion which God founded in the world."

While thankful for the testimony borne by these ancient Christian Churches, it is to be regretted that they have not more actively co-operated with the great Protestant missions. So also is it, to find that some of those ancient faiths most closely allied to Christianity have lost, or appear to be losing, their opportunity of emerging from their semi-darkness into the true light. The case of the Zoroastrians or Parsis may be cited as a typical one. Their sacred book is called the "Avesta," and is about the same size as our Bible. Their religion has been described as the purest and the best of all Pagan creeds, and Geiger, a German scholar who has recently written on the subject, says, "With the single exception of the Israelites, no nation of antiquity in the East has been able to attain such purity and sublimity of religious thought as the followers of the Avesta." "The Parsi religion," says the Rev. J.

Murray Mitchell, LL.D., "stands honourably distinguished among heathen religions in the following particulars: 1. No immoral attributes are ascribed to the object of worship; 2. No immoral acts are sanctioned as part of worship; 3. No cruelty enters into the worship; 4. It sanctions no image-worship; 5. In the contest between good and evil, the Parsi must not remain passive—he must contend for the right and the true; 6. A place of comparative respect is assigned to women. Polygamy is forbidden. Thus God's great institution of the family is honoured."

The race is a compact mass, intelligent, active, influential—many of them merchant princes. In Persia their old religion has been trampled under the iron heel of Mohammedanism, and is slowly being crushed to death. But in India, under the beneficent sway of the Empress-Queen, the Parsis receive the fullest toleration. Not many of them have, however, been won to Christianity, either in Persia or in India. But of their future Dr. Mitchell, who speaks with authority, says:—

"I had often hoped that, as the wise men from the East, who were probably Zoroastrians, hastened to lay their gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the feet of the new-born Redeemer, so the Zoroastrians of our day might be the first of Oriental races to take upon themselves, as a race, the easy yoke of Christ. That high honour, however, seems likely to be claimed by others—by the Karens of Burmah it may be, or by the population of Japan; but I still cherish the hope that this active, influential people will speedily avow the convictions, which not a few among them already entertain, and will then prove a powerful auxiliary in the diffusion of Christian truth."

Little has been said in the present work of Roman Catholic missions, as our design throughout has been to follow the progress of Protestant missionary effort only. In pursuance of this plan, we have devoted one chapter to the great Protestant crusade against Roman Catholicism in South America. But, in making a general survey of the mission fields of to-day, it would be ungenerous, as well as unfair, not to acknowledge the labours of the devoted men who have gone forth to spread, according to their light, the Christian religion.

In the *Missiones Catholicae* issued by the Propaganda at Rome in 1886, the Romish Church claims to have in India, the Indo-China Peninsula, China, the regions adjacent to China, Oceania, America, Africa and its islands, 2,742,961 adherents, 7,561 churches and chapels, 2,822 European missionaries, 752 native missionaries, 4,504 elementary schools, and 110,742 elementary scholars.

"This," says the Rev. Principal D. H. MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal, "is the entire fruit of her efforts among the heathen, as we understand the term. This success is comparatively small considering the magnitude of the Church, the vast resources of men and money at her command, and the means employed in propagating her creed. Taking her own figures, so far as India is concerned, during the five years from 1880 to 1885, the rate of increase was only three and a half per cent. per annum; while Protestant missions in the same country increased at the rate of nine per cent. per annum!" In this connection, too, it should be remembered that Pagan and Romish

rites and ceremonies strongly resemble each other, and, as we have shown in a chapter on Missions in Mexico, are in some instances identical; and hence it should be comparatively easy to persuade the heathen to adopt a religion apparently resembling in its outward forms their own.



PARSI MERCHANT OF BOMBAY.

But whatever view may be taken of the doctrines taught by the Church of Rome, and whether or not in her theology she holds the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, no one can fail to admire the persistent zeal of her various religious Orders, and especially of the Jesuits, who have shown the utmost determination in prosecuting their designs

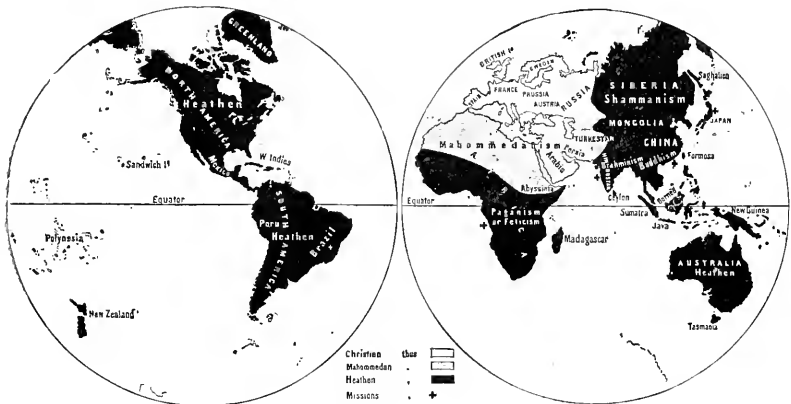
among civilised nations and savages. The tales of their daring and martyrdom in China and Japan have been told with thrilling effect, and will be told as long as the world stands. "When I look upon François Xavier," said Dean Vahl, of the Danish Evangelical Missionary Society, "and his burning zeal, and how he made himself poor to the poor, I admire his zeal, for I know that it surpasses my own. When I look upon the missionaries who went out to the Huron, to the Mohawks, where they were tortured with the most exquisite tortures, and where some who escaped went back to the place of their torture, to preach to their tormentors; when I am witness to the many thousand martyrs of Japan, and in our own days in Annam and Tonkin, I bow with deep veneration for these men and women, for I fear that if my faith should be put to such a test, it would decline."

The same speaker, at the Centennial Conference, after showing that Roman Catholic missions from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries had been a practical failure, and modern ones not much less so, considering that in most places the doors have been wider open to them than to Evangelical missions, inquires into the cause, and says—"The Roman Catholic missionaries have everywhere meddled with politics. Why was Roman Catholicism driven out of Japan? Because it tried to pave the way for the dominion of Spain. Why have the Roman Catholic missionaries been hated in China, in Annam, in Tonkin, in the eighteenth century, and in our days? Because of their connection with French politics. In the South Sea Islands, in West Central Africa, in Madagascar, we see the same thing. While Eliot tried to keep his converts peaceful and prevent them taking part in the wars, the Jesuit missionaries among the Abenakis and other tribes took part with France against England in the wars of the last century. And this meddling of politics with missions is suicidal"—a hint that our own missionaries would do well always to bear in mind.

The tactics of the Propaganda differ according to circumstances, and Rome is not ashamed to learn lessons from Protestant missions. (It would be well, as we shall presently show, if Protestant missions would take some lessons from Rome.) For example: When the American missions were established in Turkey and produced such marvellous effects among the Armenians and the Greeks, the Papal Greeks of Asia, and the Maronites, the Roman Catholics awakened to the sense of the necessity of adopting the evangelistic and educational methods, and, one by one, they imitated the institutions of the Protestants. The Roman Catholic missions all through the East are now educational missions, with primary schools for boys and girls, and schools of the highest character culminating in colleges and universities.

Let one other instance, given by Dr. Post of Beyrout, suffice:—"When I went to Syria four-and-twenty years ago," he said at the Centennial Conference, "there was no school in Syria beyond the grade of an academy for the education of the priesthood. The Protestant mission from an early period had established an academy, first under a Mr. Hebard, an American, and the Jesuits afterwards established a similar seminary in the northern part of Mount Lebanon. Growing out of the schools of the seminary, the Syrian Protestant College was organised in 1865. Three years after that, the Jesuit Seminary in Ghazir was broken up, and the Jesuit University of St. Joseph was

established in Beyrout. We established a medical department. The Jesuits then did what, as far as I know, in all their history is without parallel: they established a medical college, recognising the wisdom and sagacity which had promoted our effort. Then we established large schools for girls. Immediately the Romanists began to establish female schools all over the country, although heretofore, following the Oriental bias in this respect, they had neglected female education. Furthermore, one of the prominent methods of our mission was the press, the translation of books, and the printing of the Holy Scriptures. Now marvel at what has occurred in the providence of God. The Jesuits, when they found we had translated the Scriptures, turned round and issued a translation of their own—a thing they had never done before. And,



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

furthermore, desiring to exclude our copies, they sold theirs at an extraordinarily low rate—at about one-third or one-fourth their value—so that there are many thousands of volumes of the Jesuit Bible in circulation in Syria.”

Protestantism would do well to learn some lessons from Rome in zeal, in patience, in fortitude, in self-denial, in staying-power, in being less fettered by family ties, in never taking a backward step or relinquishing a station they have once held; in never keeping in their employ unfit men who cannot serve them, but promptly replacing them by the flower of the Jesuit universities. Moreover, they have an absolute confidence that the whole world will be subjected to Rome. In Germany they have a missionary map, in which the whole world is mapped out and divided into Roman Catholic provinces. We must follow them in the conviction, that the whole world will be subjected, not to Rome, but to Christ.

But beyond all this, they teach us this most important lesson. “They are not divided as we are,” says the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. “They have no rival charities fighting against each other. If

they move at all, they move all together, and a victory in India is a victory at home."

During the past century a new spirit has, happily, been abroad in relation to commerce. The trades of the world owe a debt of gratitude to missionary enterprise, which has opened up and made possible vast regions to commercial undertakings. A hundred years ago the great Indian Company, the monopolists of that day, asked the question which no one asks now, "What has commerce to do with missions?" and "they determined that commerce had nothing to do with missions so far as they could see, and they refused to allow their ships to take out pioneer missionaries, so that those noble men had to seek a Danish ship in which to cross the seas to India. And they refused to allow the missionaries to live on their territory, so that those men had to seek the protection of the Danish flag under which to land at Serampore, which was then a Danish settlement."

While missions have, on the one hand, aided commerce, commerce has greatly aided missions on the other. The growth of the Early Church followed the lines of trade across the Mediterranean, and on the continent of Europe Latin Christianity penetrated the forest homes of stalwart races where Roman arms and merchandise had opened the way. "Secular enterprise has built the great Christian cities of the Western Hemisphere, and opened mission-fields everywhere in the chief islands of the sea. The California of to-day could not have been created by missionary effort alone, and the magnificent spectacle of a British Empire in Southern Asia, with its Bible, its schools and colleges, its law and order, its manifold enlightenment and moral elevation, could not have existed but for the long and sometimes questionable career of the East India Company. But there is no universal law in the case. Civilisation, even in its ruder forms, has not always preceded the missionary movement. Often it has proved a hindrance. Throughout British America, mission stations have followed the factories of the fur traders; but in Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, and Madagascar, missionary labour has led the way."\*

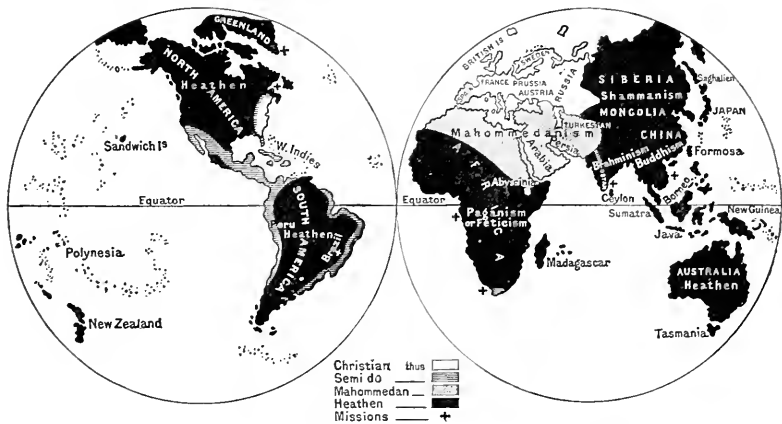
Unhappily, the first contact of commerce, especially during the period of rough adventure and lawlessness, has been evil, and has caused serious hindrances to the spread of the Gospel; and whether those adventurers have gone before or have followed the missionary, their influence has caused a blight, and has made us "debtors to the heathen," a debt which it is the duty of Christendom to repay a thousandfold. Whale fishermen in Tahiti and Hawaii, convicts in Tasmania, kidnappers in Melanesia, slave-traders on the Congo, opium dealers in China, and whiskey vendors among the Indian tribes of North America and elsewhere, all have proved a curse; and in many instances the curse remains. At the same time there is a bright side to the dark picture. "The first rough adventurers are at length followed by a better class. Homes are established by Christian merchants; fathers who are solicitous for the moral atmosphere which must surround their children, exert a wholesome influence; the missionary is no longer sneered at, but is supported;

\* Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D., Secretary, Presbyterian Board of F. M. (U.S.A.).



vice that was open and shameless is frowned upon: the church and the school are set up. In all new mining fields, whether in America, or Australia, or South Africa, the first contact of white men has been demoralising; and yet in those same settlements, when order has been established, when the Christian family has arrived, when a church and a schoolroom, and a Christian press and Christian influence have obtained a footing, all is changed."

One crying evil remains, however, which threatens to imperil not only the whole cause of missions in Africa, but in other parts of the world—the pernicious liquor traffic carried on under the flags of Christian nations. It has been well described as having "all the enormity of systematic cruelty to children—a conspiracy by representatives of civilised nations against simple tribes of men who know not what they do."



THE STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF 1750.

What is wanted to meet this evil is a united movement by the Christian Church throughout the whole world—a grand international movement, strong enough to make demands and insist upon their concession. Let one missionary, the Rev. W. Allen, M.A., of the Church Missionary Society, give some details of this criminal traffic, much of which is in the poisonous stuff called "trade" rum and gin—

"The figures, as I ascertained them from the Custom House authorities at Sierra Leone, were sad enough, amounting to over 180,000 gallons in the year 1887, besides incalculable quantities entering the country to the north, duty free. But they are far worse in the Lagos colony, for the Hon. and Rev. James Johnson, who is a member of the Government and speaks with authority, has declared that the liquor imported into that colony amounts to 1,230,000 gallons annually. Frightful as that quantity is, it is far from surprising to one who has been in the interior, for during the eighteen days I spent in Lagos, on the river Ogun, and in Abbeokuta, gin and

rum, or the cases and bottles which contained them, were constantly before my eyes. Large liquor-laden steamers lying at anchor: warehouses filled to repletion with liquid fire; canoes heavily laden with demijohns of rum; the well-known green boxes used for packing gin, in endless profusion; the streets, the lanes, the highways and byways, the river-banks, and even the bush itself, littered and strewn with gin-bottles and the capacious wickerwork rum-jars usually known as demijohns. The very soil of Abbeokuta seemed to consist of liquor bottles. . . . I was told by one of the principal trading agents at Brass, that 60,000 cases of gin, and half that quantity of rum, pass through Brass annually into the Niger territory, and he thought a still larger quantity through Akassa. . . . An English trader on the Manah River, to the west of Liberia, told me that he himself sold 1,000 gallons of spirits to the natives every week." Evidence could be multiplied from all quarters with the same terrible testimony added to it—that this pernicious trade is destroying the progress of missionary work, hindering and oppressing the growth of wholesome commerce, and threatening the extinction of the African race.

Another evil which needs international union to suppress it, is the indiscriminate sale of guns and gunpowder to the Africans, the exportation of cargoes of arms and ammunition to be used for shooting down the natives, or to enable them to shoot down one another. "Amongst the cargo on board the *Congo*," says Mr. Allen, "on which I took my passage from Liverpool, were seventy tons of gunpowder and five tons of cartridges, consigned to the Royal Niger Company alone."

In one of the touching letters sent to his sister by Alexander M. Mackay, the pioneer missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, he says:—

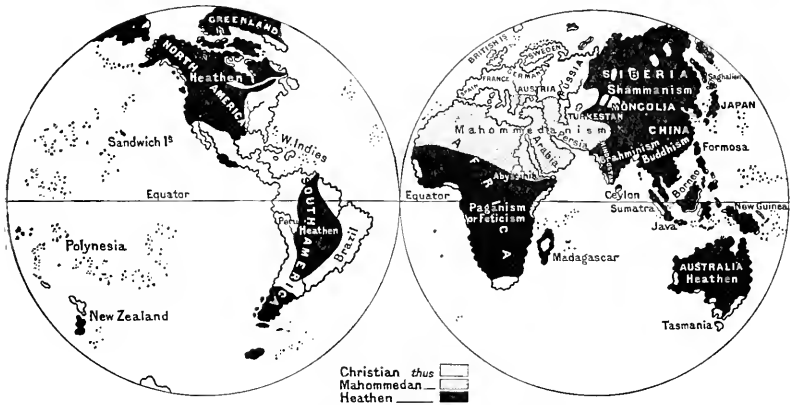
"Do try your utmost to press the firearms question. Interests of gunmakers and powder-makers and petty traders are all so bound up in it, that you will find it as 'tickle a p'int' as the whiskey-drinkers' traffic. 'Free-trade' and such-like objections will be raised; but there can be no free-trade in robbery and murder, or in the means for carrying on these unspeakable atrocities. Above all, in the present pocket-sparing epoch, when all the cry is 'expense,' as if all the end of existence were money-grubbing, you can well urge the argument of the *cheapness* with which a firm grip can be got of petty potentates, by allowing them only *so much* in the way of arms and ammunition annually, according to their *good behaviour!* Of course smuggling arms will be tried, but that is neither here nor there. Is no evil ever to be prevented because a few individuals ever will succeed in evading the law?"

"The profits to honest merchants on legitimate trade will be enormously enhanced when peace, and not war, is the order of the day among these millions of blacks. But they must be helped to peace, just as hitherto they have been helped to war. It is a dreadful and loud-crying iniquity that the British Agent in Zanzibar should be found backing Tipu Tip, the robber and murderer of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures in the heart of Africa. I hope you will be able to expose by tongue and pen this heinous patronage of bloodshed. . . . The voice of Moffat and Livingstone is not silenced, and will not be until the tribunal of Almighty Justice ceases to condemn the horrors of injustice in Central Africa."

Again, only a short time before his death, in one of the last letters he ever wrote—at a time, too, when on every hand he was being urged to leave his post and seek a little rest after his fourteen years of incessant toil—Mackay wrote:—

“How are the Arabs in the Soudan, on the Upper Congo, on Nyassa and on the Zanzibar coast, or the Kings of Uganda and Bunyoro, able to carry on this organised system of slaughter and slave-catching? It is only because of the three-blind policy of allowing them to procure *ad libitum* supplies of gunpowder and guns. It is Europe, and I hesitate not to say especially England, that is yearly supplying these men-killers with the means whereby they carry on their deadly work. . . .

“Here we have the astounding phenomenon of a continent bleeding at every pore,



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD IN 1850.

and of a feeble, ineffective effort made at the coast to check the export of slaves, while, at the same time, a few petty European merchants in Zanzibar are pouring into the interior, unchecked, arms and ammunition, without which not a single raid could be made by Arabs or Baganda. It is like one man plugging up the outlet of a deep-seated abscess, while others are saturating the blood of the patient with poisons. Tribe is stimulated to annihilate tribe, and Arabs encouraged to prey upon all, merely by their being allowed as much as they want of man-slaying material. If this is not a policy of *dementia*, I know not where madness is to be found. For years we have been sowing this bitter seed; and now we mourn, as we begin at length to reap the bitter fruit in assassination and defiance. The British vessels which bring out missionaries and Bibles to evangelise Africa, bring also, and in far greater number, Enfields and breechloaders, which convert the continent into a hell. The Church Missionary Society has already spent over £150,000 within the last dozen years in the endeavour to introduce Christianity into Eastern Equatorial Africa; but all their labour and expenditure is rendered well-nigh fruitless by the continual wars

and intrigues carried on upon the strength of the guns and gunpowder supplied by Christian traders, who are too cowardly to venture inland themselves, for their wares would probably cause their assassination."

We have quoted this passage at length, but readers who are interested in this important question, which demands an international association of determined men to take it in hand, will find much more on the same subject in the recently published "Memoir of A. M. Mackay."

Of the opium trade and its pernicious influence we have written fully in these volumes. But it will be well in this place, while looking at the causes which hinder the progress of Christian missions, and which need the strength of international union to uproot them, to give some of the views expressed at the Centennial Conference by men who have been in recent years brought face to face with the evil, which all the missionaries of China concur in describing as fatal to its slaves.

The Rev. Silvester Whitehead (Wesleyan) of Canton said:—"Hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, high shoulder-bones, emaciated frame, discoloured teeth, sallow complexion, are the signs which announce the opium smoker everywhere. And the evils thus set forth have their correspondence in the mental and moral degradation of the people. A smoker needs some three hours a day to consume the opium that is requisite for him. He is unable to do more than two hours' consecutive work, because he must have his opium, and when he needs it, whatever he may be doing, he must and will have it. If he has not time to take his rice and his opium, then he will smoke his opium. If he has not money enough to buy both rice and opium, then he will buy opium. If he has no money left, he will pawn his garments. If he has already pawned his garments, then he will steal. By one means or another he must have it. If he is deprived of it too long, water flows from the eyes, he experiences a burning in the throat and a dizziness in the head, and coldness in the extremities. If he is altogether denied the use of opium he will die, and die in agony. It is obvious the wife and family of such a man must be reduced to destitution, and that lifelong misery must be the result. Worse still, daughters must be sold into slavery or into shame in order to procure the money to stave off hunger. It may be said, perhaps, that I am describing the *abuse* of opium; but the mischief is that the *use* always ends in the abuse. There is no relief for an opium smoker. The craving gradually and rapidly increases until it becomes masterful. In this respect it is ten times worse than intoxicating drink. Only a small proportion of those who use stimulants fall into drunkenness; but very few of those who begin to use opium can possibly escape from becoming its slaves."

Another missionary, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, gave this startling testimony:—"I have laboured in China for over thirty years. I am profoundly convinced that the opium traffic is doing more evil in China in a week than missions are doing good in a year."

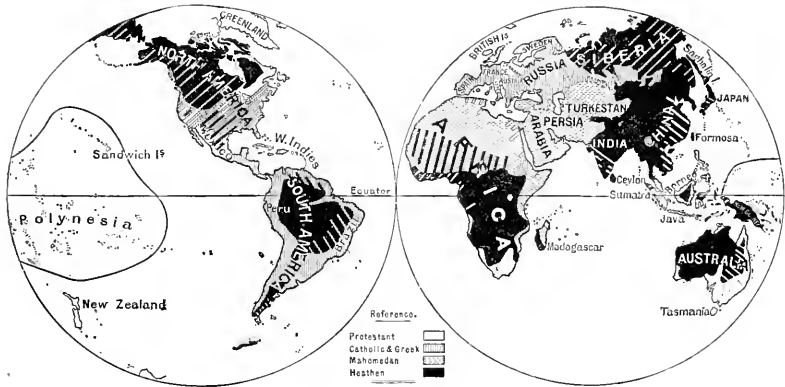
As we have shown elsewhere, however, the whole subject bristles with difficulties. That a great moral wrong has been done to China, there are few will deny; but how

to find a solution to the great problem of reparation has, up to the present time, baffled statesmen and missionaries alike.

One or two facts must be borne in mind—1. That the consequences of the trade in the past remain and multiply. 2. That the trade is still going on with scarcely any perceptible diminution. 3. That the Indian Government is still producing and manufacturing the opium which curses China.

Perhaps, as the subject is a highly controversial one, it will be best for our present purpose that we should place it before the reader in two different points of view.

This is the missionary standpoint:—"When we have forced a gigantic evil upon a nation, it is not sufficient to withdraw the aspect of force and leave the evil to work.



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD IN 1890.

It is our duty to attempt, as best we can, both to stamp out the cause and to undo the consequences of the evil. We have forced the opium into the country, thereby besotting and demoralising vast masses of the people. We have driven them in self-defence to cultivate the poppy for themselves, so that now whole provinces are well-nigh covered with it. And are we to be told that because the Chinese have consented to legalise the traffic, which they again and again fought and struggled to prohibit, that on this account the injury is wiped out, that we are now innocent, and that our responsibility is at an end, while the Indian Government is still producing and manufacturing the opium? Stop the production of Indian opium, and you will practically bring the hateful traffic to an end."

The standpoint of statesmanship is this:—"The Bengal monopoly is a hateful thing, and we would gladly do away with it. But we know that there is a syndicate of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and rich natives, who would at once buy the establishments, and the last days of the opium traffic would be worse than the first. Suppose the export duty—six millions—be done away with. What will be the result?

It will flood China with cheap opium. It is bought now, paying a duty of more than one hundred per cent. 'Remit that six millions. It is nothing. English people are rich: remit it.' What would China gain by it? The opium would only become cheaper in consequence.

"The next point is, 'stop the export from India.' Would any Government in the nineteenth century dare to prohibit any nation from exporting the produce of its soil? And, what is more, Nature has prevented it. There are two thousand miles of sea-coast, with rivers and creeks. The fleets of England, the fleets of the world, could not prevent the export from India. Lastly, 'forbid the cultivation.' But what civilised Government would do this? They cultivate every kind of product in that rich country; they pay their taxes, they submit to the Government: but there is a limit to the interference which is possible. It is the countries in which the opium is grown from which the Sepoys come, and they would not understand why the cultivation was stopped. And, more than that, half the opium is produced in independent countries—independent of us—in Rajputana and those great States which are only nominally subject to us. So that you are seeking to do that which you cannot possibly accomplish."\*

There is a principle, sometimes recognised in the British House of Commons, that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. In this light the whole question of reparation to the wronged nations of the earth who have become the victims of commerce, may be illustrated in the words of Colonel the Hon. G. W. Williams, LL.D., of Washington, U.S.A. :—

"In 1732 the then King of England, in a circular letter issued through the British Board of Trade, instructed all the Colonial Governments in the North American provinces to see that a marketable amount of negroes was kept on hand, and that good care should be given to the Christian religion. They introduced slavery into the colonies of North America, and when we had fought the war of the Revolution, when the colonies had broken away from the mother-country and established an independent Government of their own, they, instead of throwing off the yoke of slavery which they saw was upon the neck of the race, saw fit to continue it; and they said that they could not get rid of this question of slavery. Well, we built our constitution; we put slavery under that constitution, and we went on for nearly eighty years. Finally, God Almighty in His wisdom brought upon that country a war which deluged it in blood, until that curse was wiped out by making five hundred thousand graves, by maiming three hundred thousand men, by making two hundred and ninety thousand widows, and by piling up more than three billions of debt: and I do not think there is any man to-day in the United States but rejoices from the bottom of his heart of hearts that that curse has been wiped out from the United States. The question of putting down the liquor traffic on the Congo and of expelling opium from China is a question of legislation—is a question of statesmanship—and it rests with the Christians of this great British Empire to display the sentiments that will force your Parliament to legislate against it."

\* Mr. R. N. Cust, LL.D.

In taking a survey of some of the vast fields of mission service, such as India, China, and Africa, it is only possible to glance here and there, and that with the special object of calling attention to well-defined successes, to new men and their methods, to the remarkable changes that have taken or are taking place, and to some of the more difficult problems which missionaries have to solve.

Let us turn our eyes eastward towards the wondrous land we glibly called "India," although it must always be remembered that India is the name given to a great region including a multitude of different countries, in which Great Britain is the paramount Power. One word may be said here as to the language. Many years ago there was a great controversy in India whether Sanskrit should not be the common language of the country. Dr. Duff in Calcutta practically settled the question by establishing the English language as the means of education in the native schools. It did not seem such a very important step at the time, but it turned out to be a masterly stroke of policy, for now throughout all India, except in the north-western provinces, the English language is looked upon as the language which all Hindus, whether they speak Hindi, or Tamil, or Guzerati, or any other language, must learn.

In thinking of the work done in India, we must not forget men who were not missionaries in the ordinary sense of the word, but who rendered incalculable benefit to the great cause. Good old Charles Simco's five chaplains—what a work they wrought! David Brown, Henry Martyn, Claudius Buchanan, Daniel Corrie, and Thomas Thompson, scattered the seed of the Kingdom broadcast, and it has sprung up in innumerable agencies, direct and indirect, to strengthen missionary work in general. Nor is it possible to overlook the active aid and assistance from such men as John Lawrence, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Donald McLeod—men in whom the natives of India felt the profoundest confidence, and who on every suitable opportunity warmly supported missionary work. Time would fail to tell of Sir William Muir, Sir Charles Aitchison, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Richard Thompson, Sir Charles Bernard, Henry C. Tucker, Lord Lawrence, his brother Henry Lawrence, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, Henry Havelock, and a host of others, not one of whom shrank from supporting the cause of missions in India.

It was recently stated by Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., who has spent thirty years of active life in India, that since the middle of the present century Christianity is growing in India at a rate more than five times as fast as the population is growing, and this by direct conversions from the heathen. His figures are not taken from what some might call the "prejudiced source of missionary reports," but from the cold and colourless statistical tables of the official census made by the Government of India. Since the date of the census, all available information shows that the progress of Christianity in India is not in any degree abating.

The tables of education published annually also show that since 1881 the increase in the number of pupils in all the Government schools and colleges has been 51 per cent.; the increase in the Christian youths has been 58 per cent.—an increase greater than that of the rate of population.

On the same authority we are told that there is arising amongst the natives a feeling of great alarm with regard to the vigour, success, and progress of the Christian religion. As an example, it is stated that in Upper India the Mohammedans have put forward a manifesto, in which they warn the people against the admission of lady missionaries into their houses to teach the women and children, on the ground



THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

that (quoting the manifesto) "when from childhood these things are instilled into them, then when they grow older, nay, in two or three generations, all women, being drawn to the Christian faith and careless of their own, will go into the churches and become Christians. This has already begun." The Hindus are also alarmed, and there has recently been started a "Hindu Tract Society" (founded upon the model of the English Religious Tract Society,) the object of which is to circulate



Hindu tracts and leaflets, to counteract, as far as possible, the teaching of the missionaries in India.

Remarkable changes are also taking place with regard to the education of women. Only a few years ago Hindus could scarcely be persuaded to send their daughters to school, even when paid for attending. Now they are themselves opening girls' schools, and with the avowed object of counteracting the influence of mission schools upon their children.

Notwithstanding opposition, and, in some cases, because of opposition, from all parts of India encouraging facts are reported. That first convert, Krishna Chunder



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

(From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

Pal, in 1800, is now represented by 600,000 native Protestant Christians. Churches increase, colleges and schools flourish. At Calcutta a Hindu chairman presides, whilst 500 students listen to a Christian lecturer attacking his ancestral faith. Mohammedan functionaries politely receive renegades whom, once upon a time, they would have been ready to slay. Mussulman boys gladly receive as prizes, in the presence of their friends, Bibles, which but a year or two ago they could not be induced to read even as school lessons.

Too much importance is not to be attached to the tabulated number of converts, especially when given in connection with the reports of separate missionary societies. Such papers do not really represent the stupendous work which is spreading throughout the vast countries generalised under the name of India. Education is

everywhere weakening prejudice, pulling down the strongholds of superstition, revealing the hollowness of Hindu systems, and causing a craving for something permanent and satisfying. Nevertheless, there are some places in which the work of the missions has been concentrated, and the tabulated results may be seen in a very striking manner. Tinnevely is a case in point. It is not much larger than Yorkshire, but at one time over twenty missionaries were at work there. At the present time there are considerably over one hundred thousand Christians in Tinnevely; every European missionary has been withdrawn, and the whole work is carried on among the natives themselves, under sixty native pastors, whose salaries are paid by the native churches.

In like manner the Karens are divided into over 450 parishes, each supporting its own native pastor and village schools. There are about 30,000 baptised communicants, and fully 100,000 nominal Christians—about one-sixth of the entire tribe in Burmah. Moreover, they have their own Foreign Missionary Society, and send out their trained young men to the north and to the east, to distant countries and to men of other tongues.

But as in the East End of London there are ten thousand people who do not know the difference between an Agnostic and an Evangelical, so in India there are millions who know nothing whatever of the philosophical subtleties discussed by the educated and thoughtful Hindus. So much stress has been laid in recent years upon the attitude of the educated classes of India towards Christianity, that it is open to question whether the needs of the multitudes have not been somewhat overlooked. At a recent meeting held in connection with the Friends' Foreign Missionary Society, one of the speakers, lately returned from India, said:—"Another revelation to me was the awfulness of heathenism—the unspeakable licentiousness of it. We are told that there is as much darkness and heathenism at home, and I used to think there was something in that; but when I got amongst the heathen abroad, I found that in England, with all our drink and all the difficulties of our slums, the Christian atmosphere of England was holding back people largely from some of those things that were done 'religiously' in India. There is not a commandment in the Decalogue which the Hindus do not break in the name of their gods. To use Dr. Murdoch's expressive words, 'The Hindu sins religiously.' I do not say they have no light, but they sin most awfully against the light. I said to some friends, 'How shall I tell the people?' 'Shock them,' said one. Friends, I dare not use the language that would shock you in a mixed audience. It is simply unspeakable. I was going to use a slang term, and say it is unspeakably beastly. This is the popular Hinduism; but I know there is a philosophical Hinduism, which to a large extent is the indirect result of Christianity making them ashamed of their popular Hinduism, and they are obliged to find far-fetched notions to excuse it to themselves. Another revelation was, the open doors God is now setting before us. First and foremost, nineteen-twentieths of the Hindus live in the agricultural districts, although of course there are very large cities. The district we are now occupying is essentially agricultural. How are we going to reach all those villages,

with hundreds of thousands of people scattered in little groups? All the missionaries put together can never overtake it. We have in England a magnificent adult school work. In my judgment (speaking on my own responsibility, and not for the Committee) there is an open door for some of the most intelligent young men connected with our schools to go out in pairs. I hope this idea will be worked out by our Committee before long."

What appears to be an important step towards the solution of this difficulty—how to reach the ignorant masses and how to attack "popular Hinduism"—has been taken by the Salvation Army. Its missionaries are drawn from all classes. Natives and Europeans are placed upon an equal footing. Indian food, dress, and customs are adopted. Salaries are reduced to a minimum. Officers have to gain their support from the people among whom they labour. Foreign contributions are devoted to the travelling expenses of new parties, the erection of buildings, the care of sick and wounded, the training of native cadets, and objects of a similar nature.

Of course the scheme has been largely criticised, and is open perhaps to some objections; but the spirit in which those operations is conceived is not unlike that which impelled the Moravians to go forth without purse or scrip, almost begging their way, until they were able to cast in their lot with slaves in the West Indian plantations, the wild and degraded Greenlanders, or the savages of South Africa. "Commissioner" Booth-Tucker has answered some of the objections raised, and has shown some of the results of the enterprise. We quote his own words:—

"1. Is it true that the adoption of native habits has resulted in a heavy death-rate? We reply unhesitatingly that it has *not*. This we are able to say after *careful comparison* of our figures with those of nearly all the Indian missionary societies.

"2. But is not the sick-rate excessive? Here again we are able to answer in the negative, although we have been unable to obtain such exact figures for purposes of comparison. We have ascertained, however, that in several societies 25 per cent. of the missionaries are at the present moment absent from India, nearly all being on sick furlough. It is also the rule for, say, not less than 75 per cent. of those who remain in India, to spend from one to three months of the hot weather in the hills. These facts, we think, compare very unfavourably with our list of sick and wounded.

"3. What precautions, you may ask, are taken for the preservation and restoration of the health of officers? Every officer in the field has to send in a weekly report in which he has to mention his health and that of his lieutenant, while each divisional officer prepares a special weekly report of those who are sick, stating what is the matter with them, and whether they are being properly attended to, and in what way. Three Homes of Rest are established at convenient centres in healthy places, besides each corps being provided with a medicine chest and manual.

“Results of the war. After seven and a half years’ fighting we are able to point to results which amply justify the means adopted. The following figures speak for themselves.

“1. Our European missionaries number 131. This is the largest European staff employed by any Indian mission, although we are the last to enter the field. The General intends to keep up the number to about 150, special attention being devoted to the development of native officers.

“2. Our native missionaries number 217. Their quality is as satisfactory as their quantity. A large proportion of them have had very superior education, and for intelligence, and devotion to God, they would compare favourably with any other country.

“3. We have 81 corps and 36 outposts, at which open-air and indoor meetings are regularly held, more than three-fourths of the congregations consisting of heathen.

“4. During the last two months, 500 soldiers have been added to the rolls, about three-fourths of these having been raw heathen.

“5. Some 2,169 converts were recorded during a recent four months. Of these, 74 per cent. were heathen, 16 per cent. native Roman Catholic and Protestant Christians, 7 per cent. India-born Eurasians, and only 3 per cent. Europeans!

“6. We raised £4,000 in India during the year, and only received £2,500 from foreign countries, whereas another society, employing about the same number of mission agents, received £72,000!

“7. Our Prison Gate Homes in Colombo and Bombay have had more than 300 men pass through them during the year, of whom about 50 per cent. have given evidence of genuine reformation. In Ceylon we receive a monthly grant from Government, and in Bombay His Excellency the Governor, Lord Harris, has given us a donation.

“8. Thirty fallen women are in our Ceylon Rescue Home, and we are urged to commence similar work in other towns.

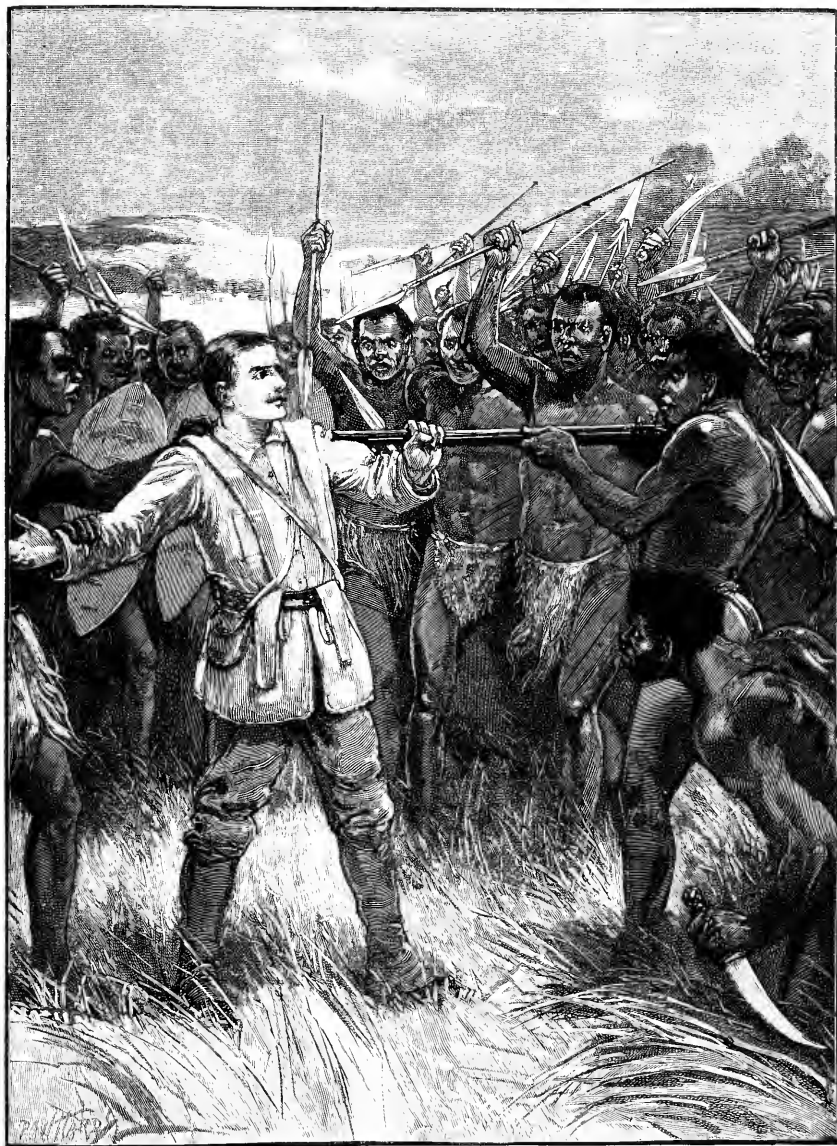
“£20 will pay for sending an officer to India (including outfit).

“£50 will build us a barracks.

“£400 will enable us to establish a colony of about two hundred persons.”

Whatever view may be taken of the work of the Salvation Army in the domain of matters spiritual—and it must be allowed that public opinion has recently undergone a considerable change on the subject—none can deny that the harvest field is enormous, and the labourers are all too few. If these men are but “voices crying in the wilderness,” they have in that capacity a great work to perform, and may become the forerunners of those who, educationally, have a higher mission.

If Indian missions have been pre-eminently indebted to great public men, representing British influence and authority, African missions owe as large a debt to great travellers. The mission of the traveller in the stupendous work of evangelising the world must in no case be overlooked. The instinct which inspires him, if he be a right-minded man, is, in its root idea, that which inspires the missionary. It is the



MR. BROOKE AND THE NEGROES.

feeling that mankind is one: it is the sense of kindred even with the most alien, the most perverse, the most degraded forms of humanity; it is the sense that in races most unlike to ourselves there are capacities of improvement, of superiority, of excellence, of which, till we had seen them, we were almost unconscious. And as the traveller, by the nature of the case, is almost always the representative of a more civilised nation, of a more refined religion than those into whose haunts he wanders, he becomes almost perforce a missionary—a missionary either for good or for evil.\*

If for good, then through every pathway he opens, civilisation, commerce, and religion will follow, and, "if we may so far venture to invert the ancient proverb, 'God's extremity is man's opportunity.'" † This was pointed out with great force by Sir John Kennaway, M.P., at a recent Church Congress. After referring to the travellers of forty centuries ago, and of the long silent interval, broken only by the travels of Bruce and Mungo Park, he said that the beginning of modern exploration was attributable to the expedition of Krapf some forty years ago, who, convinced "that the Lord had opened Africa," and having sought from various points to penetrate the Dark Continent, leaped forward to the conception of a chain of stations across Africa, and of missionaries from east and west shaking hands in the centre. The expedition which he started to carry out this was, to human eyes, a complete failure; yet it was, in its indirect results, of enormous importance. Out of it came the impulse that led to the journeys of Burton and Speke. These journeys inspired the wider and later travels of Livingstone; Livingstone set on foot the Universities Mission, and his death was the starting point of the Scotch missions. To find him, Stanley went first to Africa. Stanley's second journey opened Uganda, thus originating the Nyanza Mission of the Church Missionary Society, and discovered the Congo, which river is now the highway to at least four missions. Then came the Congo Free State, which has led to the virtual partition of Central and Southern Africa amongst the nations of Europe. Certain it is that the African continent can no longer be called dark or unknown. Its main geographical features have been ascertained; we realise its enormous extent, equal in area to Europe and America combined. Foreign Ministers of Europe have been engaged in considering the partition of Africa, not altogether of their own free will, but urged on by popular sentiment and in the interests of the trader and the missionary. Only the plan of campaign is somewhat changed. In former years it was the universal aim to steal the Africans from Africa; now all are bent on taking Africa from the Africans. France has spent one hundred millions in colonisation; Germany, Italy, Turkey, Portugal, and the Dutch have all made good their footing; but England in West and South and East stands pre-eminent. But it is in the evangelisation of Africa that interest chiefly centres to-day. What might have been done, and was not, by the flourishing Churches of North Africa to bring the Gospel to their heathen neighbours is incalculable, and God's judgment upon those Churches for their neglect is a standing warning and stimulus to us.

One of the most recent, and probably one of the most unknown, of African

\* Dean Stanley.

† *Ibid.*

travellers is Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke, who in 1889 left Liverpool for the River Niger, accompanied by a young Cambridge friend named Ernest S. Shaw, with the intention to go as far as, if not beyond, the kingdom of Sockotoo, some hundreds of miles up the Niger River. This was the fourth visit Mr. Brooke had made to Africa, his previous visits having been to the Congo and the Senegambia regions. He went simply and solely to travel as an independent missionary, and did not concern himself with scientific explorations. This was the second attempt that he had made to reach Sockotoo, his previous one being unsuccessful through ill-health. His last experience in the Congo district was full of exciting incidents. He penetrated the country as far as Mobangi. His intention was to reach a place 1,350 miles distant, but when he got about 1,000 miles inland, and a little way up the Mobangi River, he was seized by the pirate tribe of Baloï. Mr. Brooke was then in the company of a French Government agent, named Gol, and had about thirty canoe paddlers. As soon as the voyagers were brought into the village of the Baloï, the place became a perfect pandemonium, the yells, shrieks, and noise being terrible. The fate of the strangers was very soon settled, the natives drawing their knives across their own throats to indicate that all of the captives were to be beheaded. However, Mr. Brooke was able, by his knowledge of the language, to make the natives understand that if they killed the white men or the canoe men, the fellow-natives of the latter—a powerful tribe—would come up and kill all of the Baloï. The mention of the tribe was sufficient, and the Baloï allowed the strangers to pass. They, however, repented at night, and gave chase. But the fugitives managed to elude their pursuers, and by braving a very dangerous river at night-time succeeded in getting clear. These circumstances made the party abandon their first intention, and they had to return to the coast.

On another occasion, when alone, Mr. Brooke was captured by a ferocious tribe. His execution was soon fixed upon, and one man levelled his rifle at him whilst others stood around with uplifted knives and spears. So near was the end, that Mr. Brooke seized the muzzle of the rifle, and explained to the people that his death could do them no good, and if he lived he would do them no harm. His persuasion succeeded in bringing the chief and people to his side, and he was released.

Speaking generally, Mr. Brooke found the tribes on the main rivers much more civilised and humane than those dwelling alongside the tributaries, which latter were in most instances either complete or semi-savages. Since then he has made one or two daring explorations in Africa, never at any time carrying firearms with him, the Bible being, he said, his great protector. He has now joined the Church Missionary Society, and his future career will be looked to with interest. Quite recently, when writing about the Soudan, with its estimated population of sixty millions, Mr. Brooke said, and we quote it as a typical illustration of the style of man he is:—

“It is a distressing proof of the *vis inertia* of the Church, and of the shallowness of much of the so-called ‘missionary enthusiasm’ throughout the land, that after many missionary meetings in various parts of the country, at which the appalling fact was fully set forth, that in the Soudan there are as many people as in the whole continent of North America, and all dying without the Gospel, yet to such a field and to

such a battle all that can be mustered are four young men and two young ladies! In temporal things this would be called a miserable fiasco; but as it is a missionary movement, and as obedience to Christ is the only motive which is urged, we are told to regard this as a 'splendid party!'

In an earlier chapter we have given some account of the labours of Alexander Mackay in Uganda. Since that chapter was written, Mr. H. M. Stanley has told the story of his visit to Mr. Mackay at Usambiro. He says:—"We entered the circle of tall poles within which the mission station was built. There were signs of labour and constant unwearied patience, sweating under

a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them, and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools; a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths; a big canoe was outside repairing; there were sawpits and large logs of hard timber; there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard were a cattle-fold and a great pen; fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains, and out of the European quarter there trooped a number of little boys and big boys, looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, good-morning."



MR. GRAHAM WILMOT BROOKE.

(By Permission of the Church Missionary Society.)

After describing the interior of the mission-house and the large number of books to be found in every part of it, Stanley continues:—

"A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man, who lately spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping, to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep; and God knows if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful, and lonely, and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, M'wanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan, amid the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning and His faithfulness



every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."\*

Alas! that in less than four months from the date of this visit, the brave, large-hearted missionary—"the best missionary since Livingstone," as Stanley said—was taken ill with fever, and in five days passed away. Here are the last words of his last message to the Christian Churches. M'wanga, the bloodthirsty persecutor "with the eye of death," had written to him, "I want a host of English teachers to come and preach the Gospel to my people," and Mackay wrote these words, dated "Usambiro, 2 January, 1890," which were received by the Church Missionary Society ten days after the receipt of the telegram from Zanzibar announcing his death:—

"Our Church members urge me to write imploring you to strengthen our mission, not by two or three, but by twenty. Is this golden opportunity to be neglected, or is it to be lost for ever?"

"You sons of England, here is a field for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents—you will find scope for the exercise of them all. You men of God who have resolved to devote your lives to the cure of the souls of men, here is the proper sphere for you. It is not to win members to a Church, but to win men to the Saviour, and who otherwise will

be lost, that I entreat you to leave your work at home to the many who are ready to undertake it, and to come forth yourselves to reap this field now white to the harvest. . . .

"Forget also thine own people and thy father's house :  
So shall the King desire thy beauty.  
Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,  
Whom thou shalt make PRINCES in all the earth!"

"A. M. M."

Let us take just one glance more at South Africa. There, until within a very recent date, all was wild heathenism. Now, there are no fewer than four European colonies, two English and two Dutch, made possible by the pioneer work of missionaries. Think of the Wesleyan Methodist Society alone. It has, either as Church members or "on trial" for Church membership, 30,000 persons. It has 293 chapel buildings, and 1,000 other preaching places. There are 2,280 lay preachers, 14,000 children in the Sunday-schools, 15,000 in the day-schools, and nine native training institutions, all in vigorous work.

Rapid changes are taking place in the condition of the mass of the people in all parts of the world, affecting materially their relation to the Gospel, and imposing

\* "In Darkest Africa," vol. ii., p. 386.



THE REV. A. M. MACKAY.

additional burdens and responsibilities on the missionaries. For example, the South African missionaries report that thousands of Bechuanas now go to the gold-fields for work. They return home with more money than they have ever had in their lives before, and "having partaken of the new fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, they return home less amenable than ever to the restraining influences of the Gospel."

If we turn to the Isles of the Seas, we shall find that important changes in the condition of things are taking place with extraordinary rapidity, and in colossal proportions. One year marks changes that a century did not witness in the long past. The first convert in Tahiti, after fourteen years of apparently fruitless toil, is now represented by 752,000 converts in Western Polynesia. But in Tahiti French influence, morals, and literature are undermining much of the good that has been wrought.

The Samoan Islands are now visited monthly by three lines of passenger steamers, and are developing such trade relations with the Australian colonies, that the influences of European life are becoming very powerful among the people.

In Madagascar foreign influence has stimulated an unhealthy taste for amusements. Under the same influence, the native laws against the sale of intoxicating liquors have practically become a dead letter; the exigencies of the new times have led the Government to adopt the fatal policy of using the school registers as a means of enforcing conscription for the army, and of gathering together a large number of young people to work without pay in the gold-fields.

In many other old missionary fields new circumstances have arisen of great difficulty and danger. Here, for instance, is a problem affecting the future of Hawaii, as it affects the future of many other regions. China has opened her gates to receive the Gospel, and civilisation, and Western ideas, but she has opened them also "to let out upon the world a migration not inferior in extent to some of the hordes which changed the face of Europe." In a record lately prepared by the Hawaiian Government, it is shown, that whereas in 1866 the Chinese population there was 1,206—a percentage of 1.94 of the whole population—in the last year (1889) it was no less than 19,217—a percentage of 20.88. Thus in twenty-three years the Chinese have increased so as at the present time to number over one-fifth of the entire population of these islands. Besides this, it is worth noticing that while in 1882 the Chinese, out of a population of 14,545, contributed 5,037 to plantation labour, in 1889, with a population of 19,217, they had only 4,700 working on the plantations. This means that there has been a very large upward movement, and that plantation labour was only a stepping-stone to higher employment. On the other hand, the native Hawaiians have decreased to such an extent as to threaten extinction. Now, one of the great triumphs of Christianity in the present century has been, unquestionably, the conversion of the Hawaiian Islanders. There are few episodes in missionary history so romantic as that in which the Hawaiians cast away their idols, abolished their Tapu, and defied the fires of Pele. Few incidents, too, in the history of civilisation have been more remarkable than the assimilation of the Hawaiian to the customs of Western nations, and his adoption of the laws, government, and institutions of the civilised world.

With all this accomplished, what is the outlook? While we are quietly felicitating ourselves upon the past triumphs of Christianity and civilisation, almost unconsciously we are watching their threatened extinction on the scene of some of their most conspicuous victories, for twenty thousand heathen Chinese do not remain without diffusing their influence about them.\*

If there have been changes in the aspect of the missionary fields, there have been changes also in the missionary societies. On the 2nd of October, 1792, William Carey, on his way to the memorable meeting which founded the Baptist Missionary Society, threw down on the table in Mrs. Beely Wallis's back parlour at Kettering several numbers of the *Periodical Accounts* of the Moravian Church. "See what these Moravians have done!" he exclaimed. "Cannot we follow their example, and in obedience to our Divine Master go into the world and preach the Gospel to the heathen?" Every section of the Church of Christ has given its answer to that question. So diligently has the work been prosecuted for the past hundred years, that instead of the Moravian Church being about the only missionary agency, it is now comparatively a little one among the many. But it still retains the proud distinction, that it remains the only Church that has realised as yet, to the same extent, that the evangelisation of the heathen "is the duty of the whole body, and that every member of it ought to do his proportionate share at home or abroad."

There has been much discussion in recent years, as to the methods which missionaries should adopt in approaching new work amongst barbarous peoples. Some say, first civilise the heathen, then convert them: others would reverse the order; perhaps the natural course of allowing the two to go hand in hand is the safest and wisest plan. Civilisation is not Christianity, and wherever it has been tried as, in itself, an antidote to the world's heathenism, it has proved ineffectual. Nevertheless, its proper place must not be overlooked. Among many dark tribes and nations, both conscience and intelligence have had almost to be created, before there was capacity for either morality or religion. Physical habits had to be formed, and methods of life to be learned, industry to be cultivated, and observation, reason, comparison, and memory trained, before it was possible for the savage to become an intelligent hearer of the Word of Life. But all the labour, patience, and sympathy involved in these civilising processes were, with the end in view of implanting the Gospel in the heart and life of a tribe, clearly well-defined missionary labours, and the painful sowing time has resulted in the joy of the harvest. Apart from this higher aim, trade and commerce have done, in many instances, more harm than good; and civilisation, highly vaunted as it is by some, has only "enclosed the passions of the heart as in a net—it has not killed them: it has covered the savage, but it has not done away with him."

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the heroism and devotion of the noble army of men who have gone forth to teach these wild and savage races. It is impossible to exaggerate the self-sacrifice involved in it, and in these pages we have

\* The Rev. H. H. Gowen, in the *Mission Field* of June, 1890.

endeavoured to bring to the light some of the more obscure heroes of this part of the great mission-field. Heroic labours and martyr-life sacrifices such as we find in the lives of Patteson, Hannington, Paton, Damien, or Mackay, must not blind us to the fact that "for these two or three who stand out with such marked individuality there are scores who, in obscurity, are each day showing as true devotion, and as Christ-like unselfishness, content to do their duty unobserved and unknown, laying it as a silent tribute at the feet of the Master."

Nor can we over-estimate the heroism of native converts, more especially in the regions of intellectual culture, who have, in the midst of old associations, old friendships, and old sacred places, boldly stood forth as preachers of Christ. Dr. Westcott says, truly: "There is no question of greater importance, of greater anxiety, and of greater hope, than that of the organisation of native Churches." From them must come the pastors and evangelists, both of the present and the future, and the Church at home should watch with intensest interest their development, and assist their advancement in liberty and independent action for the rapid spread of the Kingdom of God.

And now, in conclusion, we must address ourselves to two all-important topics. (1) What is the present position of the heathen world; and (2) what is the attitude of Christendom towards it? For the great mission cause stands to-day in a perilous position. It has everywhere "created appetites, awakened long slumbering instincts, touched the filial spirit in the heart of humanity from one pole to the other;" and now the nations are asking Christendom to advance through the opening doors, and to seize the increasing opportunities that are everywhere multiplying. To hold back is to lose all: to shut ourselves out is to shut out from the great masses of the people the light of the Gospel.

Some very remarkable and striking figures have recently been given by the Rev. A. T. Pierson, LL.D., of Philadelphia, as to the vast extent of the missionary field, and the poverty in the number of workers. He says:—"Let us at once be glad and be sorry to know the truth. Seven hundred missionaries in China among 350 millions of people—one missionary to 500,000 souls; about the same number in India, where are from 250 millions to 300 millions—one missionary to somewhere about 400,000 souls; in Siam, from eight to ten millions, the whole missionary band labouring among the Siamese and Laos people numbering only thirteen men and women, and that means more than one million of souls as the average parish of every male missionary.

"I read, a few weeks ago, in a missionary journal, that Africa might now be considered 'tolerably well supplied with missionaries,' because there were thirty-five missionary societies labouring in that Dark Continent. Now, there was never a more absolute falsehood than is contained in that statement about Africa. If you will go to Liberia, cross that narrow strip of country on the western coast, and descend the eastern slope of the Kong Mountains, go through the Soudan of the Niger, and of Lake Tchad, and of the Nile, and if you should be able from some lofty

point, as you went along, to survey the country 400 miles north and 400 miles south of that line of journey, 3,000 miles long, you would not be able to find a missionary or a mission-station among ninety millions of people. You might go south of that to the Congo Free State, and start at Equatorville on the west, and go directly east to the great Lake stations, where the beloved Mackay has recently fallen (and I think that no more serious blow has come to missions in half a century than in the death of that marvellous man), and you would have passed over 1,000 miles east and west; and 500 miles north, and 500 miles south of that line of travel, there was not, a few years ago, one missionary or mission station among forty millions of people. And here is Africa, with at least one hundred and eighty millions of people that probably never saw a missionary, never saw a copy of the Bible, and have never heard the first proclamation of redemption; and yet it is said that Africa is 'tolerably well supplied with missionaries.' Am I not justified in saying that we must get above all this deceptive glamour? We must get beyond the passing of resolutions, beyond the evanescent touches of mere sympathy. We must even get beyond mere praying; and something must be *done* for men that are dying without Christ."

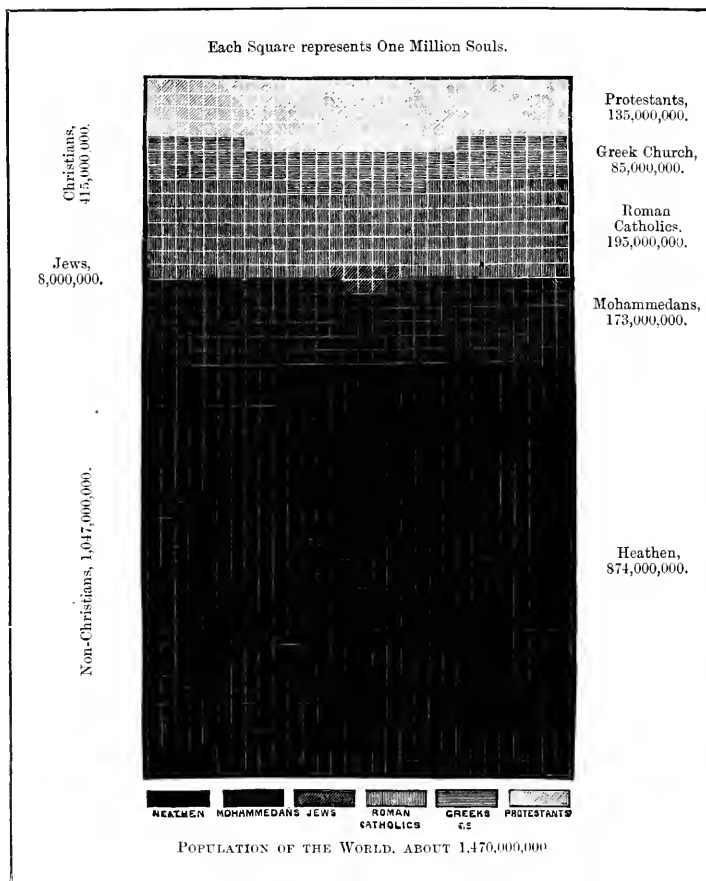
One of the most interesting incidents in the history of China missions occurred in May, 1890, when 430 missionaries met in conference at Shanghai to discuss every conceivable topic connected with their work; long accounts of each day's proceedings being printed in the daily papers, not of Shanghai only, but of other important centres. One result of the conference was the agreement to use one version of the Holy Scriptures instead of several as heretofore; and another was, to issue an appeal to the Churches of Christendom to send forth, within five years, one thousand men, ordained and lay, to work among the "three hundred millions of unevangelised heathen" in China. That appeal, passionate and pathetic, is now in possession of the Churches. What will be its result time must show.

That appeal, however, is from one part of China only, and for men only. But *all* China is crying aloud for help; so is India; so, too, is Africa; and tens of thousands of missionaries are wanted, if the whole world is to be won for Christ. Wherever there are willing hearts and ready hands, there, in every part of the world, is grand work waiting for all who will volunteer to take it up. China and India are begging for more women to be sent to them, that they may be saved body and soul by means of Female Medical Missionaries and Dispensary visitors. Zenana work presents one of the widest open doors for Christian women to enter; and a volume might be written of the good that has been done by giving a little ointment, or lotion, or a plaster, and with it a kind inspiring word of Christian teaching.

For be it remembered that in the mission-field, as in our own land, it is not always the ordained minister or the highly qualified practitioner that is most needed, or that does the most good. There must be "assistants" in every department of work, and it is not possible that missionaries, as such, can grapple with the details of all kinds of work. Assistance is needed in combating anti-Christian literature in India; in enlarging the Mission press generally; in Bible and tract distribution; in

telling stories and singing hymns as a medium for the Gospel; in the highly important work of organising Industrial Schools; in agitating against the curse of drunkenness; in establishing Sunday-schools and night-schools; and in all the adjuncts to direct Christian teaching, which have proved of value at home.

Christians are too apt to think that the work of Evangelisation is after all proceeding pretty well, and that there cannot be really such pressing need for help. Let them glance at the following graphic representation of the real state of the case:—



RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE WORLD IN 1890.

Referring to this diagram, which shows that out of the total population of the world little more than four hundred millions are Christians even in name, including Protestant, Greek, and Roman Catholic Churches, and that consequently over one thousand millions of our fellow-creatures are non-Christians, the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., says:—"Have you studied this diagram, which shows us in picturesque form the extension, numerically, of Christianity, and of other faiths? I have no head for statistics, and I get bewildered when people begin their calculations; but I can see a thing when it is put down in a picture before me, and I want you, my deaf friends, to look at that ghastly parallelogram prayerfully and earnestly. It reminds me of the pathetic saying in one of the Old Testament books, where the camp of Israel is described as being like two little flocks of kids, whilst the Assyrians filled the country. There is that tiny piece of white up at the top, and to make that white all sorts of nominal Christians and real worldlings have had to be included; and then down below it darkens—darkens into the blackness of desolation and utter ignorance. Do you believe that that was what Jesus Christ meant should be the world's condition nineteen centuries after He died? Surely no! And if we could take one of those little black squares, each of which represents a million souls, and think away all the 999,999, and have one left, and could get inside of it and could see the dreariness that is there, the darkness, the terror, the torpor, the unrest, the black pall that wraps the future, shot only occasionally by lightnings that come from beyond, ah, we should not need much more to make us feel that heathenism is indeed the shadow, and to a large extent the substance, of death."

It is the concurrent testimony of missionaries in all parts of the world, but especially in India, China, and Africa, that there is critical and most urgent need of more labourers in every department of work, and that glorious success or signal failure seems, humanly speaking, to depend upon the promptitude or dilatoriness of the Churches in following up the successes at present gained. Already important and magnificent work is imperilled by the Churches' lack of resolution, or lack of means to send out reinforcements; and longer delay will probably end in the fruits of much toil and conquest being lost. In India, especially, there is upheaval everywhere, and even in the most unexpected quarters the ground is broken up ready to receive the seed. It has been well said that "the present is a time of transition; and new movements of various kinds are active everywhere. Destructive processes are at work; and there is a widespread social and religious disturbance and unrest. It is true that a spirit of inquiry and earnest thought has been awakened in many quarters, and that worthy and pathetic struggles after reform are going on; but atheism, theosophy, and agnosticism, are confusing a large number; and dangers arising from irreligion and worldliness, from ideas of life and duty destitute of any worthy sanction, call for renewed moral and spiritual forces, and for wise and varied effort for the regeneration of India."

This brings us to the consideration of a difficult and delicate, but all-important question. On occasions in this country when pestilence has been abroad, as for example in 1849, and again in 1866, when cholera was prevalent, thousands of

Christian men went forth to the homes and haunts of the poor, to minister to their necessities and to preach the gospel of Sanitation—Presbyterian and Episcopalian, Churchman and Dissenter, orthodox and heterodox, High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. *Could not Christians combine to send out help to the nations of the world, perishing from ignorance and vice, in the same spirit?*

"The conversion of the heathen," says the enthusiastic A. M. Mackay, of Uganda, who laid down his life for his black brethren in Africa, "must become *the* work of the Church, and not merely a small branch of its work. Only when one actually sees the total ignorance and darkness of millions of people, can one in proper measure realise the great need of thousands and tens of thousands of missionaries among the heathen. This strikes me more forcibly when I reflect upon the enormous *waste* of energy in Christian work at home, each petty sect struggling to uphold its own shibboleth with a handful of adherents in every parish and village, instead of agreeing to let their paltry differences drop, and sacrificing a trifle for the great work of the regeneration of lost races of men. Millions untold are surely more to be cared for than trifling peculiarities of creed. But these go down to the grave, age after age, without a hope, because Christian men love to squabble over infinitesimals on church government and the like! If this goes on much longer, surely there will come a day of reckoning."

It would indeed be a glorious day in the religious history of the world, if Protestant Christians could unite, and, instead of each having its costly and ornate missionary building, its high-salaried staff, its separate reports and meetings, its own particular journal or magazine, there should be one vast missionary centre, sending forth into all the world men who should know nothing among the heathen "save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and leave altogether behind the creeds and denominational differences which are hard to be understood among Christians at home, and are totally unintelligible to the heathen abroad.

No true Christian could have heard at the Centennial Conference the speeches on "Missionary Comity," or can read a digest of them in the bulky "Report," without a feeling of intense sadness:—First, that such a subject, defined as "mildness, suavity of manners, courtesy, civility, and good breeding," should have to be discussed at all; and, next, that it should have been so painful a revelation of the struggle for sectarian pre-eminence, which is unhappily not restricted to any one place or denomination, but would appear to be more or less general in the whole mission-field, and among all the societies. Take a few extracts:—

Mr. John Archibald (National Bible Society of Scotland), from Hankow, stated that a clergyman in "his centre" had published a book in which the writer said, "Why do I desire that all the Christians in China should join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America? This is my reason:—The converts connected with the Gospel Halls (Nonconformist Churches) cannot join the Roman Catholic Hall without giving up essential doctrine, but they can join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America without giving up any essential doctrine. The converts connected with the Roman Catholic Hall cannot join the Gospel Halls without giving



up essential doctrine, but they can join the Holy Catholic Church without giving up any essential doctrine. Thus the important thing for all believers in the Lord Jesus is to become united in the Holy Catholic Church." . . . "We have been denouncing," said Mr. Archibald, "the opium traffic and the traffic in rum and gin. I think we ought also to denounce this trade in babes in Christ."

The next speaker was the Rev. A. H. Arden (Church Missionary Society), from South India, who strongly condemned the practice of one Society making inroads into the territory of another. "I may give you one illustration," he said: "I had, in an interesting mission district, a cluster of four or five villages. One of them was particularly unsatisfactory. The people had asked for baptism, but they were utterly unfit for it. An agent of another Society passes through that village: he does not stay a week there, but he baptises a considerable number of the natives, just in the very middle of the circle of my villages, and he then leaves them, and, as far as I know, he has never, to this day, been near them again." . . .

The Rev. H. Williams (Church Missionary Society), in deploring the want of unity among the missions in Bengal, put the matter as it must appear to an inquirer into Christianity on visiting Calcutta. "I am reminded of it as often as I go to Calcutta," he said, "for on leaving Sealdah station I go down an important street called Bow Bazaar. The first building I see is a large Roman Catholic Church; and if the inquirer goes there, what is he told? That he will find salvation there, but if he goes any further down the street he certainly will be damned, more certainly than if he remain in Hinduism or Mohammedianism. That will be the message given to him by the Roman Catholics. He goes a little further down, and comes to the Oxford Mission House (or might have come two years ago), and there he would have been told he might receive salvation in the Church he had just left, but he would be more secure with them, and be even less secure than with the Roman Catholics if he goes a little further down the street. He goes a little further, and then he will come to the Presbyterians. I am glad to say we do work well together there, but a stout Presbyterian would congratulate him upon having escaped Popery and Prelacy. He goes a little further down, and then comes to the Baptist Church, and is there congratulated on escaping Popery, and Prelacy, and Presbyterianism, and coming to be properly baptised. He goes a little further down, and then he comes to the Plymouth Brethren, who congratulate him upon escaping from them all, and arriving where he will find true unity. Now, I say, that is how it must strike a native inquirer in India; and can you wonder at the remark made by a man in a bazaar to one of our preachers, when he said, 'First of all settle your differences between Church and Chapel, and then come and try to convert us!'"

Utterances such as these might be multiplied to any extent, but surely these are sufficient to establish the point we have been discussing, namely, that the *real need* of non-Christian peoples is not Denominational Christianity, but the simple Gospel of Christ.

It is a proved mistake to suppose that large contributions to Foreign Missions diminish

in any perceptible degree the funds of Home Missionary work. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence that the reverse has almost invariably been the case; zeal for Home work has revived with zeal for Foreign Mission work. These points were emphasised at the Centennial Conference by the Rev. H. Percy Grubb, of the Church Missionary Society, who called special attention to facts occurring within the past fifty years. "If we go back fifty years," he said, "we find that in England there were not more than ten missionary societies. There are now more than one hundred. In the same way the missionary spirit has grown in America. If we look at the Church of England when the Queen came to the throne, we shall find that there were only seven Colonial Bishops—seven Bishops outside England. Now there are seventy-five. And this large number has resulted from the growth of the missionary enterprise of the Church, guided by the Church Missionary Society; and if we look at the American Episcopal Church, we find that it now numbers about seventy bishops. If, again, we look at the work done at home in connection with the Home and Foreign Missions during the last twenty-five years, there has been subscribed, in connection with various works in the Church, eighty-one millions of money. Of that, ten millions has been given to Foreign Missions." Never since their origin have missions and missionaries been more severely criticised than within the past few years, and the result has been not discouragement to them, but a deeper interest in their work, and, on the part of their friends, larger contributions and more personal solicitude for the progress of the cause. But criticism alone will not effect what is wanted. It must be a mighty revival such as shook the Churches at the dawn of the century. Those were right noble words spoken by the Rev. Professor Lindsay, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow, at the Centennial Conference, and they exactly illustrate the idea we wish to enforce, namely, that a great revival of Foreign Missionary work would not militate against Home work, but, on the contrary, would foster and encourage it.

"Our Christian Church," he said, "was born in a revival; from revival to revival is the law of the Church's ongoing; and the modern history of the Church tells us that whenever God's Holy Spirit shakes His Church mightily, then Home Missionary work and Foreign Missionary work are at the same level, and are prosecuted with the same zeal. Let me call to mind that marvellous revival in Germany—the Pietist movement. Spener, a child of the imaginative Rhineland, laid hold of Francke, a son of the old trading Lübeck stock. The latter put into practical form the ideas of the former, and out of the whole came such Home Missionary work as the Halle Orphan House and the Cannstadt Bible Depôt, from whence went the first German missionaries to the heathen. The great Moravian Church, which more than any other forgets that Foreign Missions are a secondary thing, came out of the Pietist revival. In the Wesleyan revival the same thing is seen. That revival produced not merely the Methodist Churches, that marvellous birth of modern times, and the great Evangelical movement in the Church of England; it also laid the broad foundations of the great Missionary Associations which now are the glory of the Church of England and of Nonconformist Churches in England. In Scotland, the revival of religion which had for its outcome the

separation of the Free Church from the State, had for its one aim the Home Mission work of Dr. Chalmers, and for its other the Foreign Mission work of Dr. Duff."

And it is surely a mistake for Christian people to think that attention to missionary work is *optional* with them. It is the positive and imperative command of the Lord, as much so as His commands with regard to baptism, the Lord's Supper, or any other institution of the Church. "The missionary enterprise is not a mere aspect or phase of Christianity: it is Christianity itself." It is not enough that once a year there should be a "missionary sermon with a collection:" or that once and away there should be a live missionary and a magic-lantern in lieu of the week-night service. It is surely mean and unworthy for opulent congregations to lavish their wealth on exorbitant salaries to men who can tickle the ear with fine phrases; on church decoration; on ornate worship; on local organisations for so patting working-men on the back as to unfit them for the practical duties of their station; on bazaars and fancy fairs, into which the quintessence of worldliness enters. If we wrote over our church doors "Christ for the world, and the world for Christ," these things would not be. The Church to-day needs a revival, almost as much as it did towards the close of the last century. There is plenty of missionary sentiment; but little of that practical self-denial and burning zeal which impelled the Moravians to go forth without scrip or purse, to carry the banner of the Cross to the dark places of the earth. We want a prophet to arise who shall do for foreign missions what "General" Booth is seeking to do for the heathen of our great cities at home.

Any really missionary church might produce such a man. But he must be born out of a great soul-struggle, of those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and who pant to see the Conquests of the Cross spreading until the whole world shall be won for Christ. Such a man will be a Martin Luther of his generation; for it is the universal testimony that interest in foreign missions helps to develop a comprehensive idea of Divine salvation; helps to express a sense of fellowship and unity at home; educates the Church in liberality; and holds her to the simple evangelical truths of the Gospel, from which there is a tendency to drift ever farther and farther away.

Never in the world's history was the time riper for the advent of such a man. A writer in the *Periodical Accounts* relating to the foreign missions of the Church of the United Brethren, has given this graphic illustration of the present aspect of the missionary question. At low tide the Solway Firth presents a wide waste of sand and mud. As the tide turns, its progress for a time is scarcely perceptible; gradually, however, the advance becomes quicker and quicker, until, especially if it be a spring tide accompanied by a strong west wind, the water rushes in, covering the whole expanse with such rapidity that a man on horseback may find it difficult to escape. So it is with the progress of the Gospel, and the fulfilment of the promise, that the "earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

It is true that within the past two years over 2,000 of the choice young men of American and Canadian colleges have offered themselves for the foreign mission field. It is true that the amount collected for missions is over two millions per annum; and,

in the light of such facts as we have furnished in these volumes, it is too late in the day to ask the question, "Are missions a failure?" or for any reply to the unworthy question to be necessary. When St. John the Baptist, in a lonely dungeon, removed from all the stirring activities of his eventful life, gave way to momentary doubt, and sent messengers to the Saviour, asking, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" the reply was, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk . . . and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." So we, instead of arguing, point to idols overthrown, to women elevated, to intestine wars ceasing, to marriage ties honoured, to infanticide stopped, to nations open to peaceful commerce, and to the increase of human happiness throughout the world.

But we repeat—and it cannot be repeated too often—the Christian world, while it rejoices in these victories, can only rejoice with humiliation and trembling. After all, the present supply is only as a handful among hundreds of millions. There was an undertone of deep sadness running through most of the speeches made at the Centennial Conference: "I have stood alone among one hundred thousand heathens year after year," said Pastor A. Haegart, of the Bethel Santhal Mission, "to preach our Saviour. . . . In India, if you sent there this year 4,000 missionaries, each missionary would have to instruct 50,000 of the heathen." Again: "Just think of me," said the Rev. G. W. Clarke, of the China Inland Mission, "a single missionary in a province of five million inhabitants, and my nearest Christian friend forty days' journey away. The nearest doctor was fifty days' journey away when my wife died."

In conclusion, we commend to all the Churches of Christendom this prayer from the Litany of the Moravian Church—of whom were the Fathers and Founders of Christian missions throughout the world—a prayer used in the morning service of that Church every Sunday:—

Thou Light and Desire of all nations,  
 Watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea;  
 Prosper the endeavours of all Thy servants to spread Thy Gospel among heathen nations;  
 Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and  
 of power;

Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen:  
 Keep them as the apple of Thine eye;  
 Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness;  
 And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee;

*Let the seed of Israel praise the Lord:  
 Yea, let all the nations praise Him:*

Give to Thy people open doors to preach the Gospel, and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen.

# INDEX.

\* \* For Missionary Societies and other organisations, see under the entry of "Missionary Societies," where references to them are collected in alphabetical order.

- Abbott, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, I. 517  
 Abeih, III. 209  
 Abeokuta, I. 26; III. 250; history of the mission at, 252; pillage of churches, 260  
 Abercrombie, Dr. John, and medical missions, I. 375  
 Abomi, capital of Dahomey, III. 243  
 Abyssinia, Bishop Gobat's work in, III. 213; Bishop Gobat taken for the Archangel Michael, 469, 470; work of Krapf in, 416, 470; described, 467; became a Christian country in the 4th century, 469; monastery at Debra Damot, 469; rule of King Theodore II., and persecution of missionaries, 471—473; arrest of missionaries and the British Embassy, 473; recent history, 473—4  
 Adams, Mr., missionary in India, II. 253  
 Adelaide, II. 317—319; Bishop of, III. 187  
 Aden, Church missions at, III. 226, 227  
 Ahab, South Africa, I. 108  
 A-fah, Liang, Chinese evangelist, I. 161  
 Afghanistan, missions in, I. 493  
 Africa, I. 4; object of curiosity and speculation previous to the discoveries of explorers, 18; horrors of the slave trade, 18, 19; progress of Christianity, 19; work of George Schmidt amongst the Hottentots, 19; pioneer missionaries in various parts and Livingstone's career, 22—27; general survey of the work of travellers and missionaries, III. 534—537; average of missionaries to population, 540  
 —, Central, Livingstone's labours and discoveries from 1852 to 1873, III. 1—37; the Universities Mission, and labours of Bishops Mackenzie, Tozer, Steere, and others, 38—58; Scottish Missions (Mr. Young, Mr. Henderson, and others), 59—65; work of London Missionary Society (Captain Hore and others), 66—73; French, Methodist, and Romish missions, and the work of the International Association for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, 73  
 —, Eastern Equatorial, work of Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann, III. 445—450; work, travels, and murder of Bishop Hamington, 451—464  
 —, Northern: Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, III. 464—467; the Soudan, 467; Abyssinia, 467—474  
 —, South, I. 2; Christianity in, 98—120; discovery by Bartholomew Diaz, 99; first Dutch and French settlers, 101; work of George Schmidt, 101—105; opposition of the Boers to Moravian missions, 106; success of Moravian missions in 1852, 108; work of Moffat, 312—328; Livingstone and the Bechuana, 329—345; founding of New Herrmannsburg by German missionaries, II. 104—110; work of Bishop Gray, 110—115; work of Bishops Armstrong, Colenso, Cotterill, Dr. Cal-  
 laway, and others, 115—119; work of various societies, 120—124; labours of Captain A. Gardiner, J. Mackenzie, and others, 124—134  
 Africa, West, I. 2; German missions, 25; Sierra Leone, III. 228—242; Liberia, 242; Banana Islands and John Newton, 242; characteristics of the Foulahs, Loubies, Ashantis, and other tribes, 243—246; a "devil-house," 246; attempt of Wesleyans to form a colony in the Foulah country, and early missions of the Scottish and London Missionary Societies, 246, 247; Church missions, 250; first Niger expedition, 251; early life and work of Bishop Crowther at Abeokuta, 251—254; Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer's mission at Ibadan, 254—261; the great work of the Methodists, 261; mission to the Suscos of the Church of England West Indian Association at Barbadoes, and the old Calabar Mission, 262; work of Mr. Wardell, 263; German missions on the Gold Coast, 265; King Coffee Calalli, 267; Sir Garnet Wolseley's Ashanti expedition, 270; the Republic of Liberia and C. C. Hoffmann's labours, 270—274; work of Mr. Morris and American missions in Liberia, 275, 276; Fernando Pomission, 276—280  
 —, West Central: the Congo missions, III. 431—444  
 Atracener, the "Bonaparte of South Africa," I. 125; becomes a convert to Christianity, 315, 316  
 Agnas, Manuel, Dominican friar, convert to Protestantism in Mexico, III. 487—489  
 Agnosticism in Japan, II. 459  
 Aguilar, Rev. Francis, convert from Romanism in Mexico, III. 186  
 Aird, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, II. 404  
 Aitchison, Sir Charles, III. 527  
 Aitutaki (Hervey Islands), I. 180, 182; 189, 190; III. 403  
 Ajawa tribe, Africa, III. 40  
 Alaska, bought by the United States from Russia, II. 503  
 Alcock, Sir Rutherford, designation of Japan, II. 12; his "Capital of the Tycoon," 276  
 Aleppo, I. 472  
 Alexander, Michael Solomon, first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, II. 144  
 —, Mount, Australia, Discovery of gold at, III. 179  
 Alexandria, III. 207  
 Algiers, I. 18; III. 464  
 Algora Bay, I. 112  
 Ali, Hyder, and C. F. Schwartz, I. 5; 33, 55; death, 57  
 —, Mahomed, I. 18  
 Alington, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 50; begins to work at Vuga, 53  
 All Saints, Bay of, S. America, III. 102  
 Allahabad, II. 212; III. 336  
 Allen, Rev. W., on the hindrance to missions of the liquor traffic, III. 521  
 Amasia, III. 215  
 Amazon, the, III. 102  
 —, burning of the, II. 404  
 Amazonia, Mr. R. S. Clough's work in, III. 102—107; description of the villages and people, 102—107  
 Amazons, the, of Dahomey, III. 243  
 America, Central: Mexico—ancient religion, Roman Catholicism, and Protestant missions, III. 475—494; missions in Mosquitia, 494—497; missions in British Honduras, 497, 498  
 —, North (see also Indian Tribes of America): first missionary work of English Colonists, and Sir Walter Raleigh's "first missionary donation," I. 2, 267; cursory view of missions in various parts, 27—32; work of Eliot amongst the Red Indians, 283—281; landing of the Puritan Fathers (1620), 269; missionary life and adventure in Labrador, 346—362; work of Zeisberger and others amongst the Red Indians, 440—471; educational grant to the Cherokees, 462; communication with Japan, II. 5; Wells Williams sent to China to superintend the printing-press, 55—58; visit of Dr. Duff to, 265  
 —, South: De Villegagnon founds a Huguenot colony with the assistance of Admiral Coligny, III. 98; Calvin sends Philip Corgouiller, Peter Richer, and other missionaries, 99; treachery of De Villegagnon, and abandonment of the colony, 99; sufferings of the missionaries on their voyage home, 101; visit of Henry Marty to Bahia, 102; South American Society's mission to Amazonia, and work of Messrs. Clough, Duke, and others, 102—111; Moravian mission to the Indians of British Guiana, and work of Dahne and others, 112—116; Church mission in Guiana (1829), and work of Messrs. Armstrong, Youd, and others, 116—118; efforts of Allen Gardiner and his company to work a Fuegian mission, and their sufferings and deaths, 123—130; work of Mr. Despard, Mr. Bridges, Bishop Strirling, and others, under the South American Society, and its ultimate success amongst the Fuegians, 131—139  
 American Centennial Exhibition, and the representation of Liberia, III. 275  
 — missions, I. 7, 32; in Ceylon, 38 (see also Missionary Societies)  
 — War of Independence, I. 156  
 Amherst, Lord, and the Treaty with China (1816), I. 143, 144  
 Amiens, Treaty of, and Ceylon, III. 348  
 Amida Buddha, II. 29—31  
 Anoy, medical missions at, I. 377; a "treaty port," 398; Presbyterian missions at, III. 145; pirates of, 146

- Amritsar, centre of mission effort in the Punjab, III. 328; Temple of, 328
- Amur, III. 162
- Anderson, Dr., of New York; II. 56; on opium-smoking in Formosa, III. 167
- Anderson, John, early life, III. 307; educational work in Madras, 308, 316
- , Mr., missionary in Jamaica, II. 403
- , Mr., missionary at Klarar Water, or Griqua Town, I. 119
- , Rev. Rufus, II. 66
- Andrews, Archdeacon, missionary to the Red Indians, II. 520
- , Mr., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 422
- , St., University, II. 247
- Aniutina (New Hebrides), work of Messrs. Geddie and Inglis, III. 421
- Angas, Mr. G. F., and the abolition of slavery in British Honduras, III. 498
- Angkoks, Eskimo priests, I. 67—69, 87, 88, 330
- Angola, I. 18; III. 1
- Animals, wild, at the Cape, I. 107; traps in South Africa for, 119, 124; perilous position of Moffat, 319; narrow escape of Miss Moffat, 326; Livingstone's encounter with a lion, 334, 335
- Aniwa (New Hebrides), murder of native teacher, and work of J. G. Paton, III. 422
- Annaud, Mr., missionary at Faté, III. 425
- Anson, Bishop, of Assiniboia, III. 456
- Antananarivo, II. 341, 351, 365
- Antes, Rev. J., missionary in Egypt, III. 218—220
- Antigua, work of Hon. Nathaniel Gilbert and John Baxter in, I. 494—502; shipwreck of missionaries at, 508
- Anty, white, their ravages and uses in Africa, III. 64
- Appel, William, missionary on the Congo, III. 436, 437
- Arabia, work of Keith-Falconer in, III. 223—227; medical mission, 227
- Aragawi, founder of monastery in Abyssinia, III. 469
- Archbell, Mr., missionary at Reid Fountain, I. 127
- Archibald, Mr. John, Hankow, III. 544
- Arden, Rev. A. H., on missionary proselytism, III. 545
- Argentine Republic, III. 138
- Argyll, Duke of, Parliamentary Report on Mission Work in India, I. 10, 11
- Arkansas, Migration of Red Indians to, I. 462
- Armcharl mission sympathy, III. 547
- Armenians, the, III. 215, 217, 218
- Armstrong, Dr., Bishop of Grahamstown, III. 116
- , Mr., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 422, 426
- , Mr. J., missionary to the Indians in Guiana, III. 116
- , Rev. John, chaplain at British Honduras, III. 498
- Arnold, first Christian Bishop of Greenland, I. 61
- Arnot, Mr. F. S., mission in the Garenge country, III. 444
- , William, III. 143
- Arnott, Miss, Christian worker in Jaffa, III. 212
- Arorangi, III. 463
- Arawaaks, the, I. 291
- Art in Japan, II. 19
- , Chinese and Japanese, its representation of Mercy, I. 135
- Arthington, Mr. Robert, III. 438
- Arzilia, III. 466
- Ashoe, Sister, extract from letter on Labrador, I. 360, 361
- Ashantis, the, III. 243
- Ashie, Mr., missionary at the Nyauza, III. 455
- Asia Minor, missions in, III. 215—218
- Asoka, Edicts of, III. 291
- Assiout, College at, III. 221
- Atalanta, I. 290
- Atkin, Rev. J., Bishop Patteson's assistant, murdered at Nukapu, III. 382
- Atzala, martyrdom of Protestants at, III. 491
- Auckland, St. John's College, III. 365
- Australia, I. 2, 4; its discovery, extent, and first colonists, II. 289; founding and growth of New South Wales and Victoria, 290; characteristics of the aborigines, 291—294; "dwelling-place" of the Evil One, 294; cruel practices in North Queensland, 296, 297; capacity of the aborigines for receiving Christianity, 297; the convict system at Botany Bay, 298—301; work of Robert Johnson and Samuel Marsden, 299, 300; life in the bush, and work of Samuel Leigh, 303—306; work of Episcopalian, 307; the Book Mission, 308; labours of Presbyterians, 308, 318; shifting character of bush settlements, 310; sheep-runs and gold-diggings, 311—315; formation of Church of England Diocese, 317; great work of Wesleyan Methodism, 318; the Bible Christians, 319; outline of attempts to evangelise the natives, III. 174; work of the Church Missionary Society and the translation of the Gospels, 175; work of the Wesleyans, 176; success of Roman Catholic mission at New Norcia, 178, 179; the Moravian mission, 179, 180; the Ramahyuck station, 181, 182; work of German missionaries in Victoria, 183; the Wallaroo and River Gascoigne missions, 184, 185; the Poona mission, 186, 187; German mission workers, 188; work in Queensland by Brother Hagenauer, 191; characteristics of the aborigines of Queensland, 193; work of Messrs. Carvossa and Horton in Tasmania, 194, 195; immigration from China and India, and the slave-trade, 195, 198; extinction of tribes and the gradual death of the aboriginal nation, 201—203
- Ava, Burmah, I. 549, 551, 552
- Avarua (Raratonga), I. 194—196
- Avesta, the, of the Parsees, III. 515
- Aztecs, the, III. 491—494
- Baber, Mr. E. C., explorations in Western Ssu Ch'uan, and the worship of Tamo, III. 140
- Badagry, III. 250
- Baganovo, III. 73
- Bahad, I. 472; mission at, III. 218
- Bahia, or San Salvador, Henry Martyn's visit to, III. 101
- Baird, Mr. W. C., missionary to the Lepers in India, III. 510
- Baldry, Sir David, I. 107
- Bakaas, the, or Betchuana tribe, and Dr. Livingstone, I. 332
- Baker, Rev. Mr., missionary in Madagascar, II. 329
- , Sir Samuel, and the Soudan, III. 467
- Bakhatias, the, and Dr. Livingstone, I. 334
- Bakker, Herr, missionary to the Kaffirs, I. 114
- Bakoba, the, I. 342
- Bakwains, the, a Betchuana tribe, I. 325, 326, 331, 339; attacked by the Boers, 345; III. 1
- Baldwin, Miss Mary, at Jaffa, III. 212
- Ballagh, Rev. J. H., missionary in Japan, II. 434, 439
- Bamangwatons, the, I. 2, 3, 132
- Banana Islands, and the work of John Newton, III. 212
- Bangalore, Mr. Hoole's visit to, and the heathen temples at, III. 302, 303
- Bangweilo, Lake, discovery by Livingstone, III. 35, 35
- Banks Islands, III. 375
- Banting, Borneo, II. 83, 91
- Bantus, the, I. 120
- Banyai tribe, the, Africa, III. 17
- Banza Manteke, III. 438, 439, 442
- Barbadoes, I. 292, 506; founding of Colingdon College, II. 415, 416; Church of England missions, 416—419
- Barclay, Thomas, and travelling in a Formosan forest, I. 389
- Barff, Mr., missionary to South Sea Islands, I. 190, 192
- Barnes, Mr. W. H., pastor of the Chinese congregation at Honolulu, I. 436
- Barotse tribe, Africa, III. 2
- Barr, Rev. Isaac, missionary to the Red Indians, II. 509
- Barna, III. 118
- Basuto Valley, Africa, III. 73
- Basupu, Fernando Po, III. 279
- Bastundo, the, used on a missionary in Cairo, III. 220
- Basutos, the, I. 23, 24, 322
- Batavia, I. 157
- Bateman, Rev. R., missionary in the Punjab, III. 330
- Baths of Japan, II. 17, 18
- Bathurst, III. 231
- Batoka, the, Africa, III. 14
- Batsch, F., Lutheran missionary in India, III. 336—338
- Bavian's Kloof, I. 161, 163, 166
- Baxter, Dr., and Bishop Hannington, III. 456
- , John, mission work in Antigua of, I. 495—492; amongst the Caribs, 502—504; death, 505
- Bayeye, the, I. 342
- Beagle, H.M.S., expedition of, III. 119
- Bechuans, the, I. 23, 120, 124; labours of Moffat, 316—323, 325—327; arrival of Livingstone, 331; work of Harms, II. 98, 105—107; labours of John Mackenzie, Roger Price, and Mr. Helmore, 128—134, III. 3
- Beck, John, Moravian missionary to Greenland, I. 89, 81; marries Rosina Stacha, 84; his labours, 85, 86; death, 93
- Becker, Mr., missionary to the Jews in Warsaw, II. 155
- Beech, Rev. W. R., missionary to China, III. 171
- Beilby, Miss, lady physician in India, III. 355
- Belgians, King of the, III. 63, 73
- Bell, Canon, II. 509, 510
- Bemba, III. 435, 436
- Benares, the holy city of Buddha, I. 11; II. 232; pilgrims at, and the mission work of Mr. Leupoldt; III. 335
- Bengal, I. 8; rule of the East India Company, 232; John Thomas seeks to start a mission at, 232; Carey and Thomas sail for, 234; Brahminism in, 244; work of Carey and others, 250—263; Dr. Duff's labours, II. 269
- Benguela, I. 18
- Bennett, Mr., of the *New York Herald*, and his Livingstone expedition, III. 35
- Bennie, Mr., missionary to Kaffirland, II. 123
- Bentuck, Lord William, Governor-General of India, and Sutteeism, I.

- 259,260; visits Carey in his last illness, 263; welcomes Alexander Duff, II. 250
- Bentley, Mr. W. Holman, missionary on the Congo, III. 433, 444
- Berbiec, Moravian mission at, III. 114
- Berega, I. 203
- Bergen, Bishop, I. 62, 63
- Bergen, and Hans Egede, I. 63; Leper Hospital at, III. 565
- Bernard, Sir Charles, III. 527
- Bernau, Rev. J. H., missionary to the Indians of Guiana, III. 116
- Berridge, John, I. 3.
- Berry, Dr., medical missionary in Japan, II. 446
- Bethany, South Africa, I. 126, 127
- Bethelsdorf, South Africa, I. 113; visit of John Campbell, 115-316; II. 126
- Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, I. 443, 446, 447; becomes a city of refuge at the time of the French war, 450, 456
- Bethune Society of Bengal, II. 271
- Bevan, Mr. R. C. L., III. 226
- , Rev. S., missionary in Madagascar, II. 322
- Beveridge, Rev. John, missionary in Mexico, III. 483
- Bevront, head-quarters of the American mission in the East, II. 207; bombardment, 208; Mrs. Thompson's industrial refuge at, 210
- Bibles in Mexico, III. 482, 486; work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the distribution of, 514, 515
- Bickersteth, Bishop (Japan), II. 453, 457; III. 231, 231, 511
- Bingham, Mr. H., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413; treatment by Lieut. Percival of, 417, 436
- Bird, Miss, her opinion of the Hawaiians, I. 414, 425
- Bird, Rev. Mr., American missionary in Palestine, III. 205
- Black, Mr., consul at the city of Mexico, gives Christian burial to a murdered fellow-countryman, III. 480
- "Black Stream," the, II. 5, 7
- Black, William, Scotch missionary to Central Africa, III. 64
- Blakie, Dr., "Personal Life of Livingstone," I. 332, 338
- Blantyre, Africa, III. 62
- Bleufontein, Bishop of, II. 134
- Blue Ribbon Army in New Zealand, III. 95
- Blith, Jesse, missionary on the Congo, III. 437
- Blyth, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, I. 516; II. 401-403
- Blyth, Mr., in Madras, III. 315
- Boardman, Mr. G. D., missionary at Rangoon, I. 549, 553; death, 554
- Boehmisch, Frederick, early life, I. 76; goes to Greenland, 80; work in Greenland, 88; death, 93
- Boers, the, I. 103, 104; they obstruct Moravian missionaries, 106; opposition to Dr. Vanderkemp in Kaifranza, 112; ill-treatment of the Hottentots, 114; and the Bechuans, 339, II. 107; attack on the Bakwains, I. 345
- Bogle, Paul, Baptist preacher in Jamaica, I. 525, 526
- Bohea Hills, China, I. 390
- Bohemia, The Church of the United Brethren in, I. 74; imprisonment of George Schmidt and Melchor Nitschmann, 99
- Boles, John, Geneva missionary in South America, dies in a Jesuit dungeon, III. 101
- Bolivia, III. 125
- Bona, II. 435
- Bonabay, I. 50; II. 211; visit of Livingstone, III. 29, 30, 294; opening of church, and work of Mr. Colbe, 281; Henry Martyn's visit and the Sunday races, 281, 282; Governor Duncan, 280; American and other missions, 282, 283; a band of Scottish missionaries, 283; work of John Wilson, 285-297; University of, 297
- Bonaparte, Rev. W. C., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 520
- "Bonaparte of South Africa, The" (Africamer), convert to Christianity through Moffat's work, I. 314, 316
- Bonatz, Herr, Moravian missionary, I. 20
- Bonville Zwaarts, I. 23
- Bonike, John A., Moravian missionary to the West Indies, I. 301; discussions with other missionaries and death, 306
- Bonny, Western Africa, II. 100
- Boone, Bishop, II. 42
- Booth, General; a man like him wanted for foreign missions, III. 547
- Booth-Tucker, Commissioner, and the Salvation Army in India, III. 381
- Bordel, Geneva missionary in South America, III. 101
- Borget, M., French traveller in China, description of the River Min, I. 390
- Borneo, I. 2; work of Sir James (Rajah) Brooke, II. 73-76, 79, 91; work of Dr. and Mrs. McDougall, 75, 76, 79-83, 85; Chinese immigration, 82, 83; work of Mr. Chambers and other missionaries, 86-97
- Boston, arrival of Eliot, I. 269, 288
- Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson," II. 379
- Botany Bay, Penal Settlement at, II. 281; work of Rev. Robert Johnson, 289; labours of Samuel Marsden, 300; treatment and degradation of convicts, 300-302
- Botha's Plain, I. 112
- Bourdon, Geneva missionary in South America, III. 101
- Bourne, Mr., pastor amongst the Red Indians, I. 275
- Bovingh, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I. 47
- Bowen, Bishop, early life and work in Sierra Leone, III. 238, 239
- Bowring, Sir J., on the name for "God" in Chinese literature, II. 46
- Boyle massacre, New Zealand, III. 75
- Boyle, Hon. Mr., benefactor to church missions in West Indies, II. 417
- Brady, Dr., head of Catholic mission in Australia, II. 177
- , Rev. J. G., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 509
- Brahma, I. 245
- Brahmins, of Tranquebar, and Ziegenbalg, I. 44, 54; and William Carey, 257; of Bengal, 244; hinder the work of Carey, 256
- Braidwood, Rev. J., educational work in Madras Presidency, III. 308
- Braimher, Cherokee town of, I. 461
- , David; his work amongst the Red Indians, I. 28; influence of his "Life" on Henry Martyn, 28, 238; labours amongst the Indians, 282-288
- Brandenburg, I. 50
- Bromdt, A., Lutheran missionary in India, III. 336
- Brasen, Brother, Moravian missionary to Labrador, I. 350
- Brazil, III. 98; South American Missionary Society in, 102
- Breck, J. L., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 497-500, 502
- Brett, Mr., catechist in West Indies, II. 419-427; III. 118
- Bridges, Mr., of the Fugian mission at Keppel, III. 131-138
- Brelguan, Elijah Coleman, American missionary to China, I. 157; conducts "The Chinese Repository," 159; preaches Dr. Morrison's funeral sermon, 165; his "Chinese Christomathy" and secretaryship to the American Legation, 165; II. 40; attacked by the Chinese, 41; translation of the Bible, and death, 46, 382
- , James Ganger, II. 40
- Brisbane, II. 317; III. 188
- Bristol Academy, I. 510
- British Guiana, Characteristics of the people in, I. 31
- Museum, Chinese manuscript of the Scriptures, I. 131
- Brooke (Rajah), Sir James, commencement of rule at Kuching, II. 73, 74
- Brougham, Lord, denunciation of slavery, III. 39
- Broughton, W. G., Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) of Australia, II. 300, 317; visit to New Zealand, III. 84
- Brown, Dr., and the distribution of books in China, I. 159, 160
- , Dr. James, on West Indian missions, II. 429
- , Rev. David, first chaplain to East India Company, II. 221, 222, 227; III. 299, 527
- Bruce, Rev. R., translator of Scriptures into Persian, and agent of the Church Missionary Society in Persia, I. 483
- Brunana Mission of the Friends, III. 211
- Brunsen, Mr., missionary at Serampore, I. 632
- Brunton, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 247-249
- Buchanan, Dr. Claudius, chaplain of the East India Company, I. 4; on Hebrew version of the New Testament, II. 138; III. 327
- , Dugald, influence of his poems on Alexander Duff, II. 246
- Buckle, J. H., II. 459
- Bukhmins, I. 11; of the Kalme Tartars, I. 204, 205; amongst the lamas, 209, 211; amongst the Mongols, 223, 226; its extent in India, 249; at Burmah, 354; in Japan, II. 22-27, 438; and Taoism, 355; the Nirvana, 358; possible early blending with Christianity in China, III. 111; in Ceylon, 348, 351
- Buhler, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 256
- Bullons, the, West Africa, III. 250
- Bulu, Joel, missionary in Fiji, II. 195, 208
- Bunby, Rev. J., Wesleyan missionary, drowned in New Zealand, III. 79
- Bunker's Hill, and Captain James Wilson, I. 33
- Bunson, Chevalier, negotiates respecting the bishopric of Jerusalem, II. 143
- Burhill, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, I. 312, 321
- Burden, Bishop (China), II. 439
- Burnts, the, a Mongol tribe, I. 222
- Burnish, I. 2; cruelty to Dr. Judson in, 7; Clatter and Felix Carey found the mission, 258, 534, 535; the work of the Judsons, Boardmans, Mr. Marks, and others, 536-568
- Burns, William, I. 2; work in Scotland, Ireland, Canada, and China, 11; self-denial and consistency in China, 95, 37, 388; early life and work in China, III. 145-147

- Burupp, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 43, 45; death, 46
- Burton, Captain, one of the discoverers of Lake Tanganyika, III. 66
- , Sir W., on the convict system in New South Wales, II. 300
- Bushman of South Africa, I. 118, 125, 318; II. 98
- Bushnell, Rev. A., missionary in West Africa, III. 246
- Butler, Bishop, on commerce with China, I. 398; on missions to negro slaves, 512
- , Col. Sir W. F., sketch of General Gordon, II. 50, 53
- , Dr., missionary to the Cherokees, I. 467
- , Rev. J., missionary to New Zealand, II. 542, 543; III. 75
- Butscher, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 250
- Buxton, Sir Thomas Fowell, brings forward an anti-slavery motion in Parliament, I. 19, 515
- Buzacott, Mr., missionary to Rarotongia, I. 183; early life, 183; goes to Rarotongia, 184, 192, 193; III. 403
- Byron, Commodore, and the Labrador missionary ships, I. 363, 415, 416
- Caird, Principal, I. 138
- Cairo, and Miss Whately's mission, I. 27; III. 207, 222; Moravian, Church, and American missions, 218—221
- Calcutta, I. 8; arrival of Carey, 235, 237; arrival of Marshman and Ward, 248; made a bishopric, II. 227, 240; cathedral, 245; arrival of Alexander Duff, 250; founding of the Free Church Institution, 257; opening of the Medical College Hospital, 258; work of Lutheran missionaries, III. 336
- Calcutta Review*, II. 258
- Caldwell, Rev. J., drowsing of, II. 318
- , Rev. J., missionary in Jamaica, II. 404
- , Rev. R., afterwards Bishop of Tinnevely, III. 342
- Caledon, Lord, Governor of Cape Town, I. 107
- Caley, Miss, mission worker in Morocco, III. 466
- Calibs, the (*see* Caribs)
- Callaway, Bishop, II. 118
- Calvert, Rev. James, I. 2, 33; missionary to Fiji, II. 179, 184; incidents of his labours, 188—190, 193, 194; bravery of his wife, 195; perilous position at Moturiki, 197, 198
- Calvin, sends missionaries to South America in response to De Ville-gagnon's request, III. 99; controversy with De Ville-gagnon, 99
- Cambridge, University of, confers honorary degree on Livingstone, III. 19; the lecture of Livingstone, and the Universities mission to Africa, 38
- Cametz, I. 42
- Cameron, Mr., missionary at the Cape and in Madagascar, II. 342, 343
- Cameron, Mount, III. 439
- Camillari, Dr., missionary to the Mohammedans of Cape Town, II. 114
- Camoens, Portuguese poet, I. 142
- Camp meetings, Methodist, I. 31
- Campbell, Sir Colin, III. 71
- , Duncan, missionary in West Africa, III. 246, 247
- , John, I. 22; sent to South Africa by the London Missionary Society, 114; visit to Bethelsdorp, 116; visits to Griqua Town and Lattakoo, 119—124; visits to Pella and Silver Fountain, 125
- Canada, I. 2; work of William Burns, 14; III. 143
- Candlish, Dr., II. 270
- Cannanore, III. 319; work of Hehich at, 321
- Cannibals, at Lifu, III. 408; in New Guinea, 416; at Vatik, 425
- Canning, Lord, II. 268
- Cantebury, Archbishop of, and the bishopric of Jerusalem, II. 143
- Cathedral, and the Universities Mission, III. 39
- Canton, I. 15; description of, 147, 148, 161; hospital, 376; a "treaty-port," 398; II. 36, 59
- Cape Coast Castle, III. 26
- Farewell, I. 92, 94
- of Good Hope, I. 99
- of Storms, I. 99
- Town, I. 22; ceded to the British, 106; given up to the Dutch, and retaken by the British, 107, 109; arrival of John Campbell, 114, 126; Moffat and Africaner, 315; marriage of Moffat, 315; work of Bishop Gray, II. 112; arrival of Alexander Duff, 249
- Capital punishment in China, I. 156
- Carbonelle, Captain, captures the *Duff*, I. 173
- Carey, Felix, baptism at Serampore, I. 251; becomes a missionary, 256; one of the founders of the Burnah mission, 258, 534; subsequent history and death, 542
- , William, I. 2; work in Northern India, 68; incidents of early life, 6, 229; departure for India with Mr. John Thomas, 235; meets Kiermader at Bengal, 236; hardships at Calcutta, 237; removes to Sunderhunds, 238; takes charge of an indigo factory at Mudnabaty, 239; translates the New Testament into Bengali, 241; enters into a covenant with the East India Company, 242; buys an indigo farm at Kidderpore, 243; meeting with Ward at Kidderpore, 249; removes to Serampore, 249; his garden, pulpit, printing-office, &c., 250; first converts, 251; completes the Bengali New Testament, and is appointed to teach Bengali at Fort William College, 252; secures the abolition of the sacrifice of children, 254; abolishes distinctions of caste amongst converts, and remonstrates with the supporters of Sutteeism, 255; ordered to desist from evangelistic efforts outside Serampore, and receives the degree of D.D. from America, 258; agitates for the prohibition of Sutteeism, 259; translates and promulgates the Act prohibiting Sutteeism, 260; death of his first wife, and the burning of the printing office, 261; accident, 262; destruction of his botanic garden and residence by a flood, 263; death (1834), 263; tomb and inscription, 264, 539; and Henry Martyn, II. 321; and Alexander Duff, 250
- Cargill, Rev. David, missionary to Fiji, I. 2; II. 173—182; labours, and death of his wife, 191, 194
- Caribbean Indians, III. 115, 494
- Sea, I. 289
- Caribs, the habits, I. 291, 300; driven to St. Vincent, 502; work of John Baxter, 504; work of Mr. Brett, II. 419—421
- Carile, Rev. Warrant, missionary in Jamaica, II. 401
- Carnege, Dr., medical missionary at Amoy, I. 377
- Caroor, I. 56
- Carson, Mr., missionary in Manchuria, III. 162
- Cartwright, Peter, Apostle of the Prairies, I. 31; early life, II. 486, 487; labours amongst the Red Indians, and denunciation of slavery, 487—489
- Carvosso, and Rev. B., missionary in Taumania, III. 194
- Case, Rev. W., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 516
- Cashmere (*see* Kashmir)
- Caste, Hindoo, and Lamaism, I. 207, 220; its tyranny in India, 245; repudiated amongst Christian converts, 254, 255; in Japan, II. 19; during famine, III. 304
- Cates, Mr., missionary in Sierra Leone, III. 234
- Catherine II. issues an edict permitting the Moravians to settle in Russia, I. 202
- Caucasus, Mount, Moravian expedition to, I. 203
- Cawnpore, Work of Henry Martyn at, II. 223—227
- Cecil, Richard, II. 238
- Ceclbes, II. 95, 96
- Centennial Conference of Protestant Missions, III. 512, 518
- Central Asia, Moravian missions to, I. 202, 207
- Cetewayo, II. 119
- Ceylon, astronomical calculations of American missionaries, I. 38, 50, 103, 126; II. 240; III. 282; stronghold of Buddhism, other religions, preaching of Xavier, the Treaty of Amiens, and first missionary efforts, 348; Church, Wesleyan, and other missions, 349, 350; Cathedral and College, 351; women of, 552
- Chalmers, Dr., I. 8; II. 247; death, 258
- , Mr., missionary to China, I. 149; III. 148
- Chamberlain, Mr. D., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413
- , Mr. John, missionary at Serampore, I. 256
- , Rev. John, missionary to Jamaica, II. 401
- Chambers, William, I. 54
- , Mr., missionary in Borneo, II. 82, 85, 86
- Chance, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 512
- Chandah, missions at, III. 339
- Chapman, Mr., missionary in New Zealand, III. 552
- Rev. H. B., of Camberwell, and Jeper missions, III. 509
- Charles I., and the Massachusetts charter, I. 300
- II., despatches a vessel to Japan, II. 4
- XII. of Sweden, I. 48
- Charleston, arrival of the *Annie* with British emigrants at, I. 440
- Chilton, Mr., British Consul at Hawaii, the beneficial influence of, I. 418, 429
- Charrington, Mr. F. N., work in the East End of London, III. 224, 225
- Charters Town (North Queensland), II. 316
- Château Bay, Labrador, I. 348
- Chater, Mr., one of the founders of the Burnah mission, I. 258, 534; goes to Ceylon, 535
- Cheesman, Mr., colporteur amongst the Kabyles, III. 465
- Cherokees, the, their civilisation, I. 461—471
- Chesterfield, Lord, II. 390



- Chibisa, Central Africa, III. 47  
 Chikwaba, Africa, III. 45  
 Children, abolition at Serampore of the sacrifice of, I. 254; habits of Japanese, II. 12—14  
 Chih, South American Missionary Society in, III. 102  
 China, I. 1, 2, 4; work of Morrison, S. 13, 131—165; annual sacrifice of the Emperor, 13; work of George Percy, 15; work of William Burns, 14; III. 145—147; opium trade, I. 17; probable origin of the Chinese, 134; representation of Mercy in art, 135; superstitious reverence of the people for books, 136; translations of writings by Max Müller and others, 138; cultivation of tea, 139; languages and dialects, 139; prayer-boxes and religious customs, 140; affair of the *Yopote*, 144—146; Mrs. Milne goes to Macao, 147; Canton, 148; opinion of Captain Laplace on Chinese civilisation, 149; Chinese characters and written language, 150—153; the spoken tongue, 153; pirates and capital punishment, 155, 156; Bridgman arrives at Canton, 157; secret societies, 158; distribution of books and tracts, 159, 160; seizure of books, 162; the rebellion, 163, 164; I. 47—54; pirates in the Yellow Sea and Mr. Lowrie, I. 165, 167; medical missions, 371—387; the opening of the country, work of C. Gutzlaff and others, and the opium war, 387—399; physical features, 391; emigration of the people to Hawaii, 435; early career of Sir Harry Parkes, II. 36; war with England and France, and adventure of Parkes, 37—39; sacking of the Summer Palace, Pekin, 40; translations of the Scriptures, and the Term Controversy, 42—46; names for "God," 45; work of General Gordon, 50—54; the printing-press as a mission agency, 54—71; schools and modes of teaching, 371—384; work of Professor Legge, 371, 374, 378; basis of the teaching of Confucius, 372—374; "Essay of the Thousand Characters," 377; the ideal gentleman, 379; teaching of Mencius, 380, 383; educational work of Dr. Martin, 382; Portuguese cemetery at Pekin, 382; translations by Mr. A. Wylie, 383; early religion, 385—387; early life and teaching of Confucius, 387—391; teaching of Lao-tze, Licius, and Chang-tze, 394—397; worship of Shing-ti, 398; the Vendetta, 399; St. Thomas supposed to have preached the Gospel in, III. 140; Mr. Baber's travels, and the worship of Fama, 140, 141; introduction of Christianity by the Nestorians (635 A.D.), and the Mohammedan rebellion, 141; migration of the Jews, and supposed introduction of the Pentateuch (600 B.C.), 141; early Roman Catholic missions, and probable origin of Mohammedans in, 142; opinion of Ernest Faber of the religious character of the people, 142; "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Scriptures in Chinese, 145, 147; work of Messrs. Edkins, Chalmers, Muirhead, and others, 148, 152; native preachers, 151; growth of opinion in favour of Christianity, 149; the position of women, and the mission work of European ladies, 154—162; mission work in Manchuria, Corea, and Formosa, 162—168; Dr. Williamson on Chinese characteristics, 168—170; emigration of the people, 170; George Percy, and his translations, 171, 173; emigration to Australia, 195, to Hawaii, 528; average of missionaries to population, 540; conference of missionaries at Shanghai, 541; appeal for 1,000 additional workers, 541  
 "Chinese Chrestomathy," Dr. Bridgman's, I. 165  
 Chinese Encyclopædia, The, I. 163  
 "Chinese Repository," I. 159; II. 59, 67  
 Chinese Tartary, visit of Mr. Gutzlaff to, I. 390  
 Chinese Tibet, I. 207, 211, 215, 219  
 Chipping Ongar Training College, I. 330  
 Chittagong, Burmah, missionary work at, I. 543, 547  
 Chohe River, Africa, III. 1, 3  
 Choctaws, the, I. 496  
 Cholera, at Zanzibar, III. 54; in India, 322  
 Chouaneu, a mission station of Livingstone, I. 336; removed to the banks of the Kolobeng, 337  
 Choro, Mount, Central Africa, III. 47  
 Chota Nagpore, success of missions at, III. 336—339  
 Chows, dynasty of the, II. 388—390  
 Christians, proportion of, to the population of the world, III. 542  
 Chwang-tze, teacher of Taoism, II. 396, 397  
 "Cities of Refuge" at Hawaii, I. 407  
 Civilisation and mission work, III. 520, 539  
 Charendou, Lord, and New Hemaunsburg, II. 104; letter from Livingstone on the discovery of Lake Bangweolo, III. 33  
 Clark, Mr., Methodist missionary in Antigua, I. 498  
 Clark, Mr. E. Warren, his book on Japan, II. 445; work of Agricultural College, Sapporo, Japan, 448, 458  
 —, Rev. R., missionary in Kashmir, I. 486  
 Clarke, Mr., on the Congo, III. 435  
 —, Rev. G. W., at the Centennial Conference, III. 548  
 Clarkson, Mr., I. 19  
 Clay, Miss, and Zenana mission, III. 355  
 Cleve, Brother, Moravian missionary in Surinam, III. 114  
 Clive, General, I. 232  
 Clough, Mr. R. S., missionary in Amazonia, III. 102—107  
 Coan, Mr. Titus, missionary at Hawaii, I. 404, 422; at Hilo, 423—425  
 Coatincham, persecution of Protestants at, III. 491  
 Cobbe, Rev. Richard, chaplain at Bombay, I. 281  
 Cochran, Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald, I. 33  
 Coldington, Christopher, Governor of the Leeward Islands, and benefactor to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, II. 415  
 — College, Barbadoes, II. 415, 416  
 Coffee (Calcutta), King, III. 266, 267  
 Coke, Dr., first "Bishop" of the Methodist Church, calls at Antigua on the way to America, 498; preaching in London, and characteristics, 499; agitation against the slave trade, 500; visits St. Vincent, 501; visit to the Caribs, 503; II. 121; III. 246; Ceylon, 348  
 Colbeck, Rev. J., missionary in Burmah, I. 563, 566, 567  
 Cole, Mr., at Mpwapwa, III. 454  
 Colenso, Bishop, II. 115, 119  
 Coleridge, Bishop, of Barbadoes, II. 416, 419; III. 118  
 Coligny, Admiral, founds a colony of Huguenots in South America in conjunction with De Villegaignon, III. 98  
 Colledge, Dr., surgeon to the East India Company, I. 373, 377  
 Colman, Mr., at Rangoon, I. 546  
 Colombo, Cathedral and College at, III. 351  
 Columbus, and the West Indies, I. 289; his missionary design, 299, 300, 496; II. 1  
 Comber, Carrie, III. 411, 442  
 —, Percy, missionary on the Congo, III. 412  
 —, Sydney, III. 441  
 —, Thomas, pioneer of Baptist missions on the Congo, III. 439—442  
 Comenius, Moravian bishop, I. 75  
 Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo, formed in Belgium, 1879, III. 431  
 Commerce and missions, III. 520  
 Conite, Le, Jesuit traveller, on the feet of Chinese women, III. 159  
 Concord, I. 271  
 Confucius, I. 12, 39, 138, 140; in Japan, II. 32; basis of his teaching, 372—373, 379; early life and habits, 388, 391; his "Book of Ballads," III. 158  
 Congo Free State, founding, III. 432  
 — missions, founding, III. 433; pioneer missionaries from the East London Institute, 434—438; Baptist missionaries, 438—442; Mrs. Guinness and Professor Drummond on the, 438, 439; agencies of various societies, 444  
 — River, called by Mr. Stanley the "Livingstone," III. 433  
 Connaught, Duke and Duchess of, visit to Peshawar, I. 493  
 Constantinople, I. 32; missions to the Jews in, II. 139, 160—162  
 Cook, Captain, and the South Sea Islands, I. 168; his death at Hawaii in 1779, 407, 410, 431; II. 166; his discovery of eastern Australia, 289; and New Zealand, 323; III. 192; and Savage Island, 404  
 —, Mr., Wesleyan missionary at Warm Bath, South Africa, I. 130  
 Cooke, Miss, missionary at Rangoon, I. 558, 561  
 Coombe Mission, the, III. 353  
 Coomassie, cruelty at, III. 243, 266, 268—270; imprisonment of Messrs. Rumseyer and Kuhne, 266; description of King Coffee Calcutta, 267  
 Cooper's Creek, Australia, III. 183, 184  
 Coote, Sir Eyre, I. 33, 57  
 Copeland, Rev. J., missionary at Fort-tuna, III. 423  
 Copenhagen, I. 29, 30, 34, 47; visit of Hans Egede, 64; University of, I. 61; coronation of Christian VI. 391  
 Coppelstone, Mr., missionary at Uyui, III. 454, 458  
 Copway, George, Red Indian preacher, II. 516—519  
 Coral reefs of Fiji, II. 164  
 Coromann, the, I. 119, 124  
 Corea, II. 458; consecration of Dr. Corie to the bishopric of, III. 163; description of the people and missionary efforts, 163—165  
 Corentyn River, III. 114, 115  
 Corie, C. J., D.D., Bishop of Corea, III. 163  
 Corguilleray, Philip, Genevan missionary in South America, III. 9  
 Corner, Mr., missionary in Amoy, III. 167  
 Coruwallis, Lord, and Indian missions, I. 234  
 Corrie, Bishop, of Madras, III. 306, 527  
 —, Rev. D., successor of Heury Martyn at Cawnpore, II. 226, 234

- Cortes in Mexico, III. 475, 478  
 Cosh, Mr., missionary in Fata, III. 425  
 Cotterill, Bishop, of Grahamstown, II. 116, 118  
 Cotton, Bishop, view of Christian work in Kashmir, I. 488, 558; II. 244, 271; III. 342  
 Couhart, Mr., in Jamaica, I. 512, 514  
 Cover, Mr., missionary to Tahiti, I. 170  
 Cowan, Rev. John, missionary in Jamaica, II. 401, 403  
 Cowen, Dr. Stewart, medical missionary in Arabia, III. 227  
 Cowrie, Bishop, of Auckland, III. 385  
 Cox, Dr., on negro slavery, I. 522  
 —, Miss, and the mission to the Kabyles, III. 464  
 —, Rev. Josiah, missionary to China, III. 171  
 Crabber, Indian settlement, work of Brainerd, I. 287  
 Crantz, Herr, narrative of the Greenlanders, I. 96  
 Craven, Mr. Henry, missionary on the Congo, III. 434, 435  
 Creek Town, West Africa, III. 262  
 Creeks, the, I. 442, 466  
 Crocodiles in the Leeuanby, III. 6  
 Cromwell, Oliver, orders a collection to be made in all parishes in England and Wales for propagating the Gospel in New England, I. 2  
 Crook, Mr., missionary to the Marquesas, I. 171, 174  
 Cross, Mr., Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands, I. 191; work in Fiji, II. 173—182, 187, 194; goes to Nukunala, III. 395; at Varan, 396; shipwrecked—death of Mrs. Cross, 398  
 Crossland, Rev. W., missionary in Borneo, II. 87—90  
 Crossweeksung, New Jersey, work of David Brainerd, I. 287  
 Crowfoot, Rev. C. J., missionary in Delhi, III. 332  
 Crowther, Bishop, I. 19, 26; early life and connection with the Niger expedition, 251; mission labours, 252—254  
 Crutlington, Mr. H., missionary on the Congo, III. 429, 440  
 Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," I. 290  
 Cuddalore, I. 33, II. 235  
 Cumming, Dr., medical missionary in China, I. 377  
 —, Miss Gordon, I. 382; II. 202; description of an epidemic in Fiji, 205, 210, 211  
 Cunard Company, the, I. 363  
 Cunningham, Mr., British Vice-Consul for the South Sea Islands, I. 198  
 —, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 482  
 Cust, Dr., and the opium traffic in India, III. 526  
 Cyril of Alexandria and Nestorius, I. 480  
 Cariztin and the Moravian missions, I. 202, 206  
 Dacha-plant, the, I. 102  
 Dahl, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I. 50  
 Dahne, Moravian missionary in Guiana, III. 112, 114—116  
 Dahomey, King of, I. 26, III. 243, 256  
 Dai Buts (August Buddha), II. 24  
 Dainius, the, of Japan, II. 20  
 "Dairyman's Daughter, The," II. 300  
 Dalai Lama, the, I. 204  
 Danantara country, I. 23, 124, 127  
 Damsacus, massacres at, I. 26; III. 209; Christian schools in, 210  
 Danien, Father, amongst the lepers at Molokai, I. 433; III. 507—509  
 Dana, Mr. R. H., on the work of missionaries in Hawaii, I. 491  
 Daning-girls in India, III. 340  
 Danish Lutherans, I. 28  
 Danke, J. H., in Egypt, III. 218  
 Darius Hystaspes, III. 290  
 Darling, Mr., on the Congo, III. 442  
 —, Sir T., Governor of New South Wales, II. 300  
 Darwin, Charles, and the cruise of the *Beagle*, III. 119; subscription to the Fuegian mission, 139; II. 459  
 Dassen Island, II. 248, 271  
 David, Christian, I. 78, 81  
 Davidson, Mr., in Japan, II. 443  
 Davis, Bishop, of Antigua, II. 419  
 —, Mr., in New Zealand, III. 82  
 —, Sir John, on the teaching of Laotze, II. 394  
 —, Sir John F., I. 139, 143, 164; and on the Taiping rebellion, II. 52  
 Davison, Miss Jacqueline, and the schools at Jaffa, III. 213  
 De Beza, Theodore, III. 99  
 De Villegagnon, Nicholas Durand, services to Queen Mary of Scotland, pretended zeal for Protestantism, and arrangement with Admiral Coligny to found a colony of Huguenots in South America, III. 98; writes to Calvin for ministers, 98; builds a fort, 99; betrays the Protestants, and sends them back to France, 99; and controversy with Calvin, 101; death, 101  
 De Wint, Dutch Officer, I. 113  
 Denial, Bishop, II. 255; III. 306  
 Decade's "New World," I. 291  
 Deer Island, I. 279  
 Dehm, Brother, Moravian missionary to the Kalmucs, I. 205  
 Delagoa Bay, I. 127  
 Delhi, missions at, III. 330; magnificence of, 33; the mutiny, and missions, 331; opposition to missions, 333, 334  
 Demerara, III. 111  
 Denig, Rev. W., missionary to Japan, II. 438  
 Denmark, purchase of Tranquebar, I. 40; royal grant to the mission at Tranquebar, 47; mission to Greenland, 65—73, 94; the Serampore mission, 248  
 Derwishes, Howling, III. 467  
 Doshima, Japan, II. 3, 4, 6  
 Despard, Rev. G. P., of the Fuegian mission, III. 126; work at Keppel, 131—133  
 Devan, Dr., medical missionary in China, I. 377  
 Devil-house, in Western Africa, III. 246  
 —, priests and worshippers in India, III. 322, 340  
 Devils and ghosts in Calabar towns, getting rid of, III. 264  
 Diamond Fields of South Africa, II. 132, 135  
 Din, Bartholomew, discovers Southern Africa, I. 99  
 Dickens, Charles, picture of an opium den in London, III. 170  
 Dickinson, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 43, 50  
 Dinapore, work of Henry Martyn at, II. 222  
 Disco Bay, I. 71, 78  
 Dixon, Professor W. G., Imperial College of Engineering, Japan, II. 445, 448  
 Dober, John Leonhard, I. 33, 75, 301; goes as Moravian missionary to the West Indies, 302, 303; comparative failure, and return to Hernhuth to act as presiding Elder, 304  
 Dogs of the Eskimos, I. 354, 355  
 Doko, Mr., on the Congo, III. 440  
 Domenich, E., on the Catholic Church in Mexico, III. 479  
 Doty, Mr., American missionary to China, III. 145  
 Douglas, Dr. Carstairs, on the opium traffic, I. 398; missionary to China, III. 152  
 Douglas, Frederick, I. 19  
 Drachart, Christian Lawrence, missionary to Labrador, I. 348  
 Draper, Rev. D. J., drowning of, II. 313  
 Drummond, Mr. J., teacher in Jamaica, II. 404  
 Drummond, Professor, on the Congo Mission, III. 443  
 Druses, the, I. 26, III. 209; of Lebanon, 213  
 Duff, Alexander, I. 2; ordination by the Church of Scotland, and work in India, 8, 10; and the College at Malacca, 158; parentage, early life, and marriage, 246—248; shipwrecked on the voyage to India, 248, 250; visit to Carey, 250; early work in India, 251—255; visit to England, 255; sketch of him by a Hindu, 256; return to India, and founding of educational institutions, 257; visits various mission stations, 258—263; visit to Scotland, 263; organises the Free Church, 264; visit to America, and return to India, 265; later labours, honours, and death, 265—275; meets Dr. Wilson, III. 296, 307, 420; on the introduction of the English language into India, 527  
 Duff, the first missionary ship, I. 33; sails to South Sea Islands, 168; second voyage, and capture by a French privateer, 171  
 Dufferin, Lady, and the Zenana Mission, III. 355  
 Duke, Rev. W. T., missionary in South America, III. 109—111  
 —, Town, West Africa, III. 262  
 Dukinfield, and Robert Moffat, I. 312, 315, 316  
 Duncan, Jonathan, Governor of Bombay, III. 281  
 —, William, missionary to the Red Indians, II. 521—523  
 Dundas, General, I., 111; and Dr. Vanderkemp, 112  
 —, Lord, and Indian missions, I. 234  
 Dunwell, Rev. Joseph, missionary at Cape Coast Castle, III. 261  
 Durer, Mr., missionary in Sierra Leone, III. 256  
 Duruma, III. 457  
 Dutch, the first European settlers in South Africa, I. 99; dealings with the Chinese, 143; discovery of Australia, II. 289; former possessors of British Guiana, III. 112  
 —, East India Company, I. 99, 104; permits the Moravians to carry on mission work in South Africa, 106  
 Dyaks, the, aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo, II. 74—81, 83, 84  
 Dyer, Mr. S., and printing in Chinese, II. 62  
 East, Rev. Timothy, and John Williams, I. 176  
 —, India Company, opposed to missionary enterprise, I. 1, 254, 255; renewal of charter, and William Wilberforce, G. 7, 8, 254; appointment of Schwartz as envoy to Hyder Ali, 55; deposes the Ameer Singh, 58; patronage of idolatry, 232; licences for

- British subjects in India, 242, III, 520
- East Indian Archipelago, missions in the, II, 72-97
- Indies, I, 2, 4
- Ebenezer, Australia, Moravian mission station at, III, 179-181
- Ebner, Mr., missionary in Africa, I, 314
- Eckner, Dr., I, 138; work in China and literary productions, III, 148
- Edmonds, Mr., missionary to the Kafirs, I, 111
- Education, effect on heathenism, I, 36; in Japan, II, 11, 447-450; in China, 62, 64, 371-384
- Edwards, Brother, missionary to the Red Indians, I, 456
- , Mr., missionary to the Kafirs, I, 111
- , Mr., missionary to Lily Fountain, I, 127
- , Rev. Daniel, missionary to the Jews at Jassy, II, 155-159
- , Jonathan, entertains David Brainerd, I, 288
- , Herbert III, 527
- Egede, Hans, work in Greenland, I, 28; pastor at Vaagen, 61; memorialises the King of Denmark respecting the "lost colonies" of Greenland, 62; his wife's decision on the projected Greenland mission, 63; visit to Bergen, 64; departure for Greenland, 65; privations and labours amongst the Eskimos, 66-72, 82; return to Copenhagen, and death, 72, 73; dispute with Moravians, 79, 301
- , Paul, I, 64, 71, 73, 81
- "Egede's Memory," I, 73
- Egypt, I, 18, 26; Moravian missions, III, 218-221; Church and American missions, and the work of Miss Whately, 221-223
- Eimeo, South Sea Islands, I, 175; work of John Williams, 177
- Eitel, Dr., I, 137
- Eldon, Lord, and the sanction of the slave trade, I, 19
- Elephant Island, Nyassa Lake, III, 60
- Elephant River, I, 126
- Elgin, Lord, first British ambassador to Japan, II, 5; ambassador in China, 36, 37, 39, 276, 282
- Elm, South Africa, I, 108
- Elmot, John, the Apostle of the Indians, I, 27; sails for Boston, 269; pastor of a new settlement, 270; begins to work among the Indians, 271; assists in building Indian towns, 273; "Tears of Repentance," 274; completion of the Indian Bible, 275; educates natives for the ministry, 275; missionary journeys, 277, 278; breaking up of the Natick settlement, 279; hopes frustrated by the war (1675-1684), 280; denunciation of negro slavery, 281; death (1690), 281; Wilson's "Life" of, III, 286
- Elizabeth, Queen, and the crest granted to Sir John Hawkins, I, 19
- Eller, Dr., visits Schmidt in South Africa, 163
- Ellinwood, Rev. Dr., on civilisation and mission work, III, 529
- Elliot, Captain, superintendent of the East India Company in China, I, 394
- Ellis, William, I, 2; visit to the Hawaiian Islands in 1822, 418, 419, 425; his books on Madagascar, II, 323, 336; three visits to Madagascar, 342-346; return to Madagascar in 1861, and his labours, 351-358; at Rapa, III, 406
- Ehlabse, William Jackson, medical missionary in Kashmir, early life, 486; work at Srinagar, and death, 487-492
- Emancipation Act, the, I, 341
- Emly, affair of the (China), I, 116
- Emu Pasha and the Soudan, III, 467
- Emma, Queen, of Hawaii, I, 432
- Emmegahob, Rev. J. J., Methodist preacher amongst the Red Indians, II, 499, 501
- Ensor, Rev. G., first English missionary to Japan, II, 455, 456
- Epelle, Jean Baptiste, Roman Catholic Bishop, martyred at Ysabel, III, 365
- Erhardt, Herr, in East Africa, III, 450
- , John Christian, Moravian missionary in Labrador, I, 346, 347
- Erik, Rauthi, or Eric the Red-haired, discovers Greenland, I, 61
- Erromanga (New Hebrides), scene of the murder of John Williams, I, 199; and murder of Rev. G. N. Gordon and wife, III, 423; murder of Rev. J. D. Gordon, 424; work of Mr. Robertson and others, 424
- Erskine, Lord, speech at the inauguration of the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel and Schools, II, 158
- Eskimos, the, I, 28; appearance, habits, religion, and labours amongst them of Hans Egede, 66-75; labours of Moravian missionaries, 79-95; present condition, 96, 97; work of Erhardt, Haven, Schlotzer, Draclart, Liebsch, Turner, and others, 347-362; in Alaska, II, 504
- Espirito Santo, cannibalism and religious festival in, III, 426; efforts of missionaries, 427
- Evangelical Alliance of Japan, II, 452, 454
- Evarts, Mr., secretary to the American Board of Missions, I, 463
- Evington, Rev. H., missionary to Japan, II, 433
- Ewart, Mr., missionary in India, II, 251
- Eyes, capital of the Yorubas, III, 243
- Eyre, General, Governor of Jamaica, I, 524; report on the Morant Bay riot, 527; resigns his post, 528
- Faber, Ernest, on the religious character of the Chinese, III, 142
- Fabricius, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I, 59; III, 298
- , Christian, Moravian missionary, killed by the Red Indians, I, 150
- , Otho, I, 95
- Failure, alleged, of missions, III, 548
- Fairbairn, Principal, I, 158
- Fairfield, Red Indian settlement, I, 459
- Faith-healing amongst the Chinese, I, 383
- Faiths of Japan, the, II, 21-35
- Fakirs, the, I, 232, 233
- Falkland Islands, III, 125; Mr. Stirling, first Bishop, 135
- Fanti territory, West Africa, III, 266
- Farel, coadjutor of Calvin, III, 99
- Faria y Sousa, on the Spanish traders to the West Indies, I, 299
- Farler, Archdeacon, of the Universities Mission to Africa, III, 54
- Farnham, Dr., and the printing-press in China, II, 63
- Farquhar, Sir Robert, Governor of the Mauritius, II, 323
- Farrar, Canon, "Life of Christ," II, 162
- , Rev. C. R., agent of the Church Missionary Society, Bombay, III, 287
- Fate, or Vate, III, 424, 425
- Feet of Chinese women, III, 159
- Fell, Captain, of the Fuegian mission, III, 132
- Fellatus, Mohammedan, I, 26; along the Niger, III, 243
- Ferguson, Bishop, of Liberia, III, 274
- Ferguson, Mr., missionary in the Banana Islands, III, 217
- Fernando P. de Primitivo, Methodist mission at, III, 277; description of the people, 277, 278; tornado, and incidents of mission work, 279, 280
- Ferreira, Christopher, Jesuit priest in Japan, II, 3
- Ferris, Dr., II, 438
- Fez, III, 166
- Fiddes, Dr., and George William Gordon, I, 530
- Field, Rev. B., in Australia, II, 318
- , James, churchworker in West Indies, II, 417
- Fieldie, Miss, on Chinese Roads, II, 386
- Piji Islands, I, 33, 191, 400; description of, II, 163-166, habits and religion of the people, 167-170; Wesleyan missions, 171-187; difficulties of mission work, and subsequent revival, 188-201; features of the language, 194, 195; bravery of Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth, 195; perilous adventure of Mrs. Calvert, 197-199; King Thakonban, 201-204; cession to Great Britain, 205; labour traffic, 206; methods of missionaries, trading institutions, etc., 207-209; native ministers, 210-213; Sunday observance, 211
- Finley, Rev. J. B., missionary to the Red Indians, II, 491-496
- "Fire-water" amongst the Indians, I, 271; II, 480, 495
- Fish River, I, 23
- Fish-hooks, power over New Zealand natives of, III, 76
- Fisk, Rev. Phiny, American missionary in Smyrna, III, 204, 207
- Fitz-Herbert, I, 99
- Fitzroy, Captain, of the *Beagle*, III, 119
- , Governor (New Zealand), II, 501
- Fled, Martin, missionary in Abyssinia, III, 4-179
- Fleet Prison, interest of James Ogilthorpe in the welfare of the inmates of the, I, 441; a company of debtors leave England with Ogilthorpe to found the State of Georgia, 442
- Florida, I, 443
- Floridas, the, III, 418; Mr. Penny's work, and Tindaloinism, 419
- Foochow, a "treaty port," I, 398
- Forbes, Duncan, II, 247
- Formosa, forests of, I, 389; a bird's-eye view of, 389, III, 146; murder of Humbroock, 166; description of the people, and missionary efforts, 166, 167
- Fort William, I, 292; College, I, 252, 258
- Fortuna (New Hebrides), murder of Samoan teachers, III, 421; work of Rev. J. Copeland, 422
- Foster, John, I, 263
- Foulahs, the, III, 243; Methodist missions to, 246; various missions, 247
- Fountain, Mr., at Serampore, I, 252
- "Fountain of Immortality," Anritzar, III, 328
- Fox, George, II, 503
- France, treaty with the Hawaiians, 1829, I, 426, 427
- Frankes, Dr., founder of the Orphan House of Halle, I, 10, 335
- Franklin, Benjamin, and the Labrador missionary ships, I, 364; defends the Red Indians from the Whites, 451
- , Mount, near Melbourne, Moravian mission station at, III, 179
- Fraser, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III, 53
- Frederick IV. of Denmark, and the first

- mission to India, I. 40, 45; and the first Greenland mission, 62, 64, 70
- Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, II. 142
- Fredler, Timothy, Moravian missionary to the West Indies, I. 307
- Fredoux, Jean, son-in-law of Dr. Moffat, I. 327
- French, Sierra Leone, III. 229, 234
- French, the, at Tahiti, III. 390; at Lifu, 412
- Geographical Society presents gold medal to Livingston, III. 19
- Protestants in South Africa, I. 101
- Revolution, Lessons of the, I. 3
- Frere, Sir Bartle, on slavery, I. 294; and Livingston, 335; II. 98; III. 30; treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar, 55, 291; and Frere Town, 451
- Town, settlement of freed slaves, III. 450; Bishop Hannington at, 457
- Frendlich, Moravian missionary to the West Indies, I. 307
- Friedenshütten ("Tents of Peace"), settlement of the Red Indians, I. 451, 454
- Friedenstädt ("The Town of Peace"), Moravian settlement amongst the Red Indians, I. 454
- Friedman, Rev. B. S., converted Jew, II. 147
- Friendly Islands, commencement of mission, I. 171; II. 173, 178, 193; Wesleyan missions in the, III. 393—400; remarkable revival, 398
- Froude, Mr., and the West Indies as the subject for an epic, I. 289
- Fuji-san, II. 6; object of universal reverence in Japan, 32
- Fukuzawa, Mr., progressionist of Japan, II. 460
- Fuller, Rev. Andrew, and William Carey, I. 231, 235, 242, 243
- Fulton, Mr., in Manchuria, III. 162
- Funeral ceremonies of the Lamas, I. 211, 212
- Fyson, Rev. P. K., translator of the Scriptures into Japanese, II. 456, 458
- Gabon Territory, West Africa, missions in the, III. 274
- Gabriel, Mr., English Resident at Loanda, 10
- Gallas, the, of Africa, III. 446, 450
- Gambier, Lord Admiral, and the Labrador missionary ships, I. 363
- Gamtours River, I. 115
- Ganga Saagar, festival of, I. 254, 256
- Ganges, superstitions bathing in the, I. 236, 257
- Gardiner, Allen, I. 23; death in Tierra del Fuego, I. 32; early life, dedication to mission work, and labours in South Africa, II. 124—127; III. 123; lands in Patagonia, 124; returns to England, 124; his Fuegian floating mission, 125; sufferings and death at Cook's River, 129, 130
- Gascoigne River, Western Australia, Mr. Gribble's attempt to establish a mission on the, III. 185
- Garrutz River, I. 115
- Gautama, I. 245, 534, 544, 545
- Geddie, Rev. John, missionary to the New Hebrides, III. 421
- Geelong, founding of mission station near, III. 176
- Geiger, Professor, on Parseeism, III. 515
- Gel, Bishop, of Madras, III. 306
- Geuadendal, I. 20
- George, Mr. Henry, II. 396
- , King of Tonga, II. 193, 202, III. 395; method of treating conquered foes, 399
- George I., I. 48
- II. grants a charter for founding Georgia, I. 442
- III, and Indian missions, I. 234; makes a grant of land in Eskimo Bay for Moravian missionary purposes, 348
- IV, on missions to the Hawaiians, I. 415
- of Denmark, Prince, I. 48
- Georgia, founding of, I. 440—442; war with the Spaniards, 443; and the Cherokees, 454, 466, 467—469
- Gerické, Pastor, colleague of C. F. Schwartz in India, I. 58; II. 298
- Gibbon, I. 2; opinion of the Hottentots, 102
- Gibson, Mr., at Amoy, II. 42, 62
- Gibson, Dr., Bishop of London, II. 417
- Giffard, Rev. A., Church missionary in Labrador, I. 362
- Gilbert, Sir Humphrey, expedition to America, I. 266
- , Hon. Nathaniel, Speaker of the House of Assembly, Antigua, influence on him of John Wesley's preaching, I. 494, 495
- Giles, Mr., his "Historic China," III. 142, 156
- Gill, Mr., I. 33
- , Rev. W., missionary in the Hervey Islands, III. 401, 402, 406
- Gilmour, Rev. James, missionary to the Mongols, I. 223—227
- "Girton" and "Newham" Colleges of Japan, II. 450
- Givrar, Rocks of, with inscription of the edicts of Asoka, III. 291
- Gladstone, Mr., speech on the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 38
- Glover, Archdeacon, warden of Training Institution for Kaffirs, II. 114
- Gnadenhuetten, Pennsylvania, I. 91; founding of, 447; work of Zeisberger, and murder of missionaries, 448—450, 455, 456
- Gnadenthal, South Africa, I. 102, 106, 108, 115
- Goa, Dr. Wilson's visit to, III. 289
- Gobat, Dr., second Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, II. 145; III. 212, early life, labours, and death, 213—215; taken in Abyssinia for the Archangel Michael, 469
- Gobi, Desert of, I. 392
- Godthaab, Danish mission station at, I. 4, 5
- Gold Coast, Methodist and other missions on the, III. 261; German missions, 265
- Golfer, Mr., in West Africa, III. 252
- Gomer, Mr., missionary in Borneo, II. 82
- Good, Rev. J. B., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 523
- Goodell, Mr., American missionary in the East, III. 207
- Goodenough, Commodore, II. 206; death from poisoned arrows in the South Seas, III. 363, 364
- Goodwill, Rev. J., missionary at Espirito Santo, III. 427
- Gordon, General, and the Chinese rebellion, I. 161, 164; II. 51; on the burning of the Summer Palace, Peking, 39; Colonel Butler's sketch of him, 50, 51; and the Soudan, III. 467
- , Mr., in Afghanistan, I. 493
- , Mr., with Bishop Hannington in Africa, III. 455
- , Sir Arthur, II. 171, 206
- , Rev. G. M., in the Punjab, III. 330
- , Rev. G. M., missionary at Erromanga, murdered, III. 423
- , George Wilham, Baptist preacher in Jamaica, executed on a false charge of sedition, I. 528—533
- Gordon, Rev. J. D., murdered in Erromanga, III. 424, 427
- Gordon-Cumming, Miss, and the Hawaiian schools, I. 433
- Gorch, Rev. N., native pastor at Chaudah, III. 339
- Görzitz, I. 42
- Goschgoschunk, work of Zeisberger at, I. 452—454
- Goshon, Ohio, I. 459
- Gosner, Dr., of Berlin, III. 366
- Gowen, Rev. H. H., on the Chinese in Hawaii, III. 539
- Graaf-Reynot, South Africa, I. 112; visit of John Campbell, 117
- Grabsch, Gottfried, Moravian missionary in Russia, I. 203
- Grace, Mr., missionary in New Zealand, III. 88
- Graham, Mr., missionary in the Banaua Islands, III. 247
- Graham's Town, I. 116; II. 115, 117, 118
- Grand Bahama, Island of, II. 428
- Grant, Mr. Alden, missionary to Zululand, II. 127
- , Charles, servant of East India Company and advocate of Indian missions, I. 232, 252; III. 282
- , Dr., missionary to the Nestorians, I. 480—483
- Graves, Dr., missionary in China, III. 173
- Graves of natives in Africa, III. 27
- Gray, Bishop, and the Moravian mission stations amongst the Hottentots, I. 20; first bishop of Cape Town, and work in South Africa, II. 110—116; and the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 38
- , Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 476
- , Rev. Mr., missionary at Tanna, III. 429
- , Rev. James, Chaplain in the East India Company at Bhooj, III. 291
- Great Namaqualand, I. 124, 125, 126, 127, 130; Ariëner, 314
- Greek Church, Baptism of Kalmuc converts into the, I. 206; reception of Mongols, 223; in Alaska, II. 506, 509
- Green, Mr. J. R., opinion of John Wesley in his "Short History of the English People," I. 495
- Greenland, I. 4; labours of Danish Lutherans, 28—30; discovery by Eric the Red-haired, 60, 61; first colonists from Norway, 61; its first Christian bishop, 61; the "lost colonies," 62; labours of Hans Egede, 66—73; work of Boehmisch, Beck, and Stach, 76—94; present state of the people, 96, 97
- Greunstock, Rev. Mr., of Grahamstown, II. 118
- Greig, Mr., missionary, murdered by the Fonlaks, III. 247—249
- Greiner, Herr, missionary in Southern India, III. 319
- Grenfell, Mr., Baptist missionary on the Congo, III. 439, 440
- Grenfell (Australia), II. 310
- Grenville, Sir Richard, expedition to America, I. 266
- Grey, Archdeacon, on China, I. 388
- , Governor (New Zealand), II. 561, 562, 565
- , Sir George, II. 98, 104, 117, 128
- Gribble, Rev. J. B., missionary in Western Australia, III. 185
- Griffis, Rev. Dr. W. E., II. 445
- Griffiths, David, missionary in Madagascar, II. 324
- Griqua Town, I. 119, 120, 124, 316, 321
- Griqualand West, I. 114, 119, 312
- Grothaus, T. W., Moravian missionary to the West Indies, I. 304

- Groves, Mr. A. N., missionary at Bagdad, III, 218
- Grubb, Rev. H. Percy, on zeal for foreign mission work, III, 516
- Grühl, George, Moravian missionary in Russia, I, 203
- Gründer, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I, 47, 49, 50; II, 259
- Grünkloof, I, 20, 107, 108, 115
- Grunth, sacred book of the Sikhs, III, 328
- Grünther, Rev. Mr., missionary to Australia, III, 175
- Guadalupe, Mexico, III, 483, 485
- Guadama, I, 11, 39
- Guess, George, work amongst the Cherokees, I, 463
- Guettner, Moravian missionary in Guinea, III, 112
- Guiana, British, characteristics of the natives of, I, 31; made a bishopric under Bishop Austin, II, 419; work of Mr. Brett, 423—427; Moravian missions, III, 111, 116; Church missions, 116
- Guinness, Mrs. Grattan, on the Congo mission, III, 442
- , Rev. H. Grattan, founder of the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, III, 434, *note*
- Gujarathi Country, India, Dr. Wilson's visit to, III, 290
- Gulf Stream, the, I, 290; II, 6
- Gulick, Dr., and the growth of morality amongst the Hawaiians, I, 439
- Guns and gunpowder, their hindrance to mission work, III, 522
- Gunson, Mary, mission-worker in China, III, 173
- Gutzlaff, Dr., missionary to China, I, 159, 206; his "Three Voyages" in China, 389; visits to Tien-Tsin and Chinese Tartary, 390; appointed English interpreter, 392; assisted by Harry Farke, II, 36
- Habai, III, 395, 396
- Hada, Dr., medical missionary in Japan, II, 454
- Hadfield, Mr., missionary in New Zealand, II, 554, 565
- , Rev. O., afterwards Bishop of Wellington, III, 85
- Hagart, Pastor A., at the Centennial Conference, III, 548
- Hagenauer, Rev. F. A., missionary to Australian blacks, II, 298; III, 179, 191
- Haig, Mr., author of "Daybreak in North Africa," III, 466
- Hale, Archdeacon, and the native institution at Pooinide, III, 186, 187
- Halekale, Volcano of, at Mani, I, 402
- Hall, Mr., missionary to Rangoon, I, 538
- , Gordon, American missionary at Bombay, III, 282
- , Robert, I, 263
- Halle, Orphan House of, I, 40
- , University of, I, 42, 51, 54
- Halley, James, III, 143
- Hambroock, Pastor, murdered in Formosa, III, 166
- Hamilton, Mr., missionary at Lattakoo, Africa, I, 316, 319, 322
- , James, III, 143, 145
- Hammett, Mr., Methodist missionary in Antigua, I, 498
- Handcock, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III, 54
- Hands, Mr., missionary in Southern India, III, 319
- Handt, Rev. Mr., missionary to Australia, III, 175
- Hang-chow, I, 378
- Hannah, Rev. Mr., I, 487
- Hannington, Bishop, I, 2; early life, III, 451; leaves England for Rubaga, Uganda, 452; illness at Uyii, 451; arrives at the Nyanza, 455; returns to England invalided, 456; appointed Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, 456; arrives at Frere Town, 457; determines to march through Masailand, 458; incidents of journey, 459—462; his murder by Uganda men, 463
- Hapai Islands, I, 191
- Happer, Dr., in China, III, 171
- Harcourt, Mr., principal of the Sarah Tucker Institution, Tinselyville, III, 343
- Hardie, Mr., missionary in the South Sea Islands, III, 430
- Harding, Mr., in Tripoli, III, 466
- Hariot, Thomas, efforts to evangelise American Indians, I, 256
- Harns, Pastor, I, 23, 327; work in Germany, II, 99; sends missionaries to Africa, 102—110
- Harris, Lord, III, 532
- , Mr., murdered, with John Wilbarns, at Erromanga, I, 199
- Hart River, I, 114
- Hartland, Mr. John, missionary on the Congo, III, 439, 441
- Hartley, Mr., missionary on the Congo, III, 441
- , Mr., missionary to the Jews, II, 139
- , Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III, 54
- , Rev. J., in Asia Minor, III, 204
- Hartman, Herr, Moravian missionary in Australia, III, 180
- Hartwig, Herr, I, 26
- Harvard College, I, 276
- Harvey, Mr., on the Congo, III, 435
- Hasseltine, Ann (see Jindson, Mrs.)
- Hassins, Governor of Tranquebar, I, 45
- , 47, 49
- Hastie, Mr. James, British Agent in Madagascar, II, 323, 324
- Hastings, Lord, I, 231
- Hau-hausim, III, 85—89
- Hau-haus, Muroi missionaries, I, 35; III, 86
- Havelock, Sir Henry, son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, I, 264; burning of his bungalow, 265; II, 266; III, 527
- Haven, Jens, missionary in Labrador, I, 347, 350; death, 353
- Hawaiian Evangelical Association, I, 431
- Islands, the, I, 400, 401; work of American missionaries, 401; the gods and the volcanoes, 402; the goddess Pele, 403; Pele's high-priest and temples, 404, 405; superstitions and horrible practices, 406; religious traditions, 407; death of Captain Cook in 1779, 407, 410; arrival of the *Discovery* and the *Resolute*, 408; the request of King Kamehameha I. for missionaries, 410; the rule of King Liholho, and the Dowager Queen Kaahumahu, 411; the breaking of the *tabu*, and fall of idolatry, 412; landing of the first Christian missionaries, (1820), 413; first results of missions, 414; visit of King Liholho and his Queen to England, and death, 415; outrages by white sailors, 418—418; arrival of Mr. Ellis, 418; conversion of the Queen Regent, and growth of the missions, 419; Princess Kapiolani defies the goddess Pele, 420; intemperate habits of the people, 422; establishment of schools, and publication of the New Testament in the native tongue, 422, 423; "the great religious awakening," 423—425; landing of Catholic priests, and French inter-
- ference, 426, 427; cession to Great Britain, 429; restoration of independence, 430; decrease of population, and formation of native pastorates, 432; King Kamehameha IV. and Queen Emma, 432; missions of the Church of England and Roman Catholics, 433, 434; the Lepers and Father Damien, 435; III, 506; native and imported immorality, I, 436—438; the native race probably doomed to extinction, 439; the Chinese in, 538
- Haweis, Dr., and the mission to the South Seas, I, 171
- Hawkins, Sir John, and the slave-trade, I, 19
- Hay, Miss, head of schools at Jaffa, III, 213
- , Mr., on the Congo, III, 442
- Hayti, I, 290
- Hazlewood, Rev. David, missionary in Fiji, II, 180, 183, 186
- Health missionaries, I, 10
- Heathen world, present position of, and attitude of Christendom towards it, III, 540
- Hebard, Mr., head of school in Syria, III, 518
- Heber, Bishop, opinion of C. F. Schwartz, I, 6; early life, II, 227, 228; Miss Young's description of him, 228; appointed Bishop of Calcutta, 230; work in India, 231—236; death, 237; at Delhi, III, 330
- Hebich, Samuel, early life, III, 316—318, itinerant work in Southern India, 319—327; his boldness of speech and preaching in Germany, 327
- Hebrew Episcopal Chapel and Schools, II, 137
- Hebron, fourth Moravian missionary station in Labrador, I, 359
- Hegel, Herr, German missionary at the Gold Coast, III, 265
- Heide, Brother, Moravian missionary to Central Asia, I, 207, 210, 211; plants a mission station at Leh, 220
- Helmere, Mr., missionary to South Africa, II, 131, 132
- Hemel on Aarde, leper settlement, work of Dr. Leitner in, III, 499
- Henderson, Dr., medical missionary at Shanghai, I, 378
- , Mr., colleague of Dr. Wilson in India, III, 295
- , Mr., Established Church of Scotland missionary to Africa, III, 59, 62
- , Robert, missionary in West Africa, III, 246, 247
- Henson, Rev. Josiah, I, 19
- Hepphurn, Dr., medical missionary in Japan, I, 377; II, 431; opinion of Japanese morality, 435; Japanese translations of the Scriptures, 455; his dictionaries of Chinese and Japanese, 432, 445; head of Union College, 448
- Herdman, Miss, mission worker in Morocco, III, 466
- Hernis, the lunassery at, I, 211
- Herrnhut, I, 34, 81, 93, 98, 104, 202, 206, 301, 436, 475
- Herschell, Rev. V., missionary in Jamaica, I, 527
- Herry Islands, I, 180, 186; missions in the, III, 401—403; hurricane, 402
- Hidalgo, The Curé, his revolt in Mexico against Spain, III, 479, 480
- Highlywood, I, 132; II, 252
- Hill, Mr., missionary in India, II, 253
- , John, Moravian missionary to Labrador, I, 348
- , Rowland, II, 238
- , Rev. W., murdered by a convict at Melbourne, III, 318

Hillier, Mr., missionary, wrecked off Antigua, I. 569  
 Hilo, Hawaii, religious awakening at, I. 423-425  
 Hinderer, Mr. and Mrs., work of, at Ibadan, III. 251-261  
 Hinduism, I. 11; of Benares and Madras, 244; number of gods, 245; pilgrims of, III. 303; hook-swinging of, 305; unspeakable licentiousness of, 530  
 Hinman, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 502, 503  
 Hinton, Rev. J., "Life of Rev. W. Kuibb," I. 519  
 Hirschel, Moravian missionary imprisoned in Russia, I. 202  
 Hoang-ho, the, or Yellow River, I. 392  
 Hobbs, Mr., missionary in New Zealand, III. 78  
 Hobson, Dr., medical missionary in China, I. 372, 375; III. 171  
 Hoch, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 256  
 Hocker, F. W., Moravian missionary to the Gaires or Parsees, I. 472; attacked by Kurds, 474; returns to Europe, 475; in Egypt and Abyssinia, III. 218  
 Hoernle, Dr. E. F., medical missionary in Persia, I. 485  
 Hoff, Mr., missionary to the Jews in Poland, II. 152  
 Hoffman, C. C., American missionary in Liberia, III. 271-273  
 Hogge, Reynold, first treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society, I. 231  
 Holland, Rev. J., missionary in Borneo, II. 86  
 Holman, Dr. Thomas, missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413  
 Holmes, Mr., missionary to North American Indians, II. 475  
 Holsteinberg, I. 95  
 Honan, I. 139  
 Houdaras, British, formerly "the wickedest place under heaven," work of missions at, III. 497, 498  
 Hong-Kong, I. 14; Dr. Hobson's hospital practice, 372, 398; II. 6; work of Burns, III. 145  
 Hongt, New Zealand chief, I. 34; visit to London, III. 74; ferocity and death, 78  
 Honolulu, I. 414, 415, 426, 427; the great work of American missionaries, and the consecration of the first Church of England Bishop, 432, 433; work of Bishop Willis, 434; building of the Cathedral, 436; lepers of, III. 506  
 Hooghly, cyclone on the, I. 8  
 Hook-swinging in India, III. 305  
 Hooker, John, master of Little Baddow Grammar School, I. 269  
 Hoole, Elijah, Wesleyan missionary in the Madras Presidency, narrow escape from a burning ship, III. 299; works at Madras, Negapatam, and in the interior, 300-306  
 Hope Lake, Australia, III. 183  
 — Station, Corentyne River, Moravian mission station at, III. 114; destroyed by fire, 116  
 Hopkale mission settlement, Labrador, I. 316, 353, 360, 361, 365  
 Hore, Captain, his work at Lake Tanganyika, III. 66-71  
 Horn, Cape, III. 115  
 Home, Bishop, I. 3  
 Horton, Mr., missionary to New Zealand, III. 74; in Tasmania, 194  
 Hottentots, Moravian missions to the, I. 19-22; their cession of territory to the first Dutch settlers, 191; work

amongst them of George Schmidt, 101-105; religion, appearance, and customs, 102, 103; work of missionaries opposed by the Boers, 106; prosperity of missions in 1802, 107; Dr. Vanderkemp's mission at Botha's Plain, 112; their ill-treatment by the Boers, 114; and Moffat, 314, 319; II. 98  
 Hough, Mr., chaplain at Palamcottah, III. 349  
 —, Mr., at Raungon, I. 543, 544  
 — "House of Everlasting Burnings," the, Hawaii, I. 402; heroic deed of Princess Kapiolani at, 420  
 Hoxton Academy and Dr. Morrison, I. 132, 183  
 Hualalai, volcano of, I. 403  
 Hubbard, Rev. A. R., missionary at Delhi, III. 331  
 Hubner, Brother, Moravian missionary to the Kalmucs, I. 206  
 Hudson's Bay Company and Labrador missions, I. 347, 348, 359, 363, 366  
 Huguenot settlement in South America, afterwards dispersed, III. 98-101  
 Human sacrifice in West Africa, III. 258, 263; Ashanti, 268-270; in Mexico, 477  
 Hume, I. 2  
 Hung-seu-tseuen, leader of Chinese rebellion, I. 162; II. 50; death, 54  
 Hnat, Rev. John, missionary to Fiji, II. 179, 181, 182, 194; prayer for Fiji and death, 195  
 —, Robert, of the Fuegian mission, III. 124  
 Hunter, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 482  
 —, Dr., medical missionary at New-chang, I. 378; in Manchuria, III. 162  
 —, Sir William, on mission work, III. 512, 513  
 Huntingdon, Countess of, and her "Connection," I. 168  
 Hurons, the (American Indians), I. 456, 457  
 Hurst, Rev. Mr., missionary to Australia, III. 176  
 Huss, John, and the United Brethren, I. 74  
 Hutberg, I. 76  
 Hutchinson, Rev. G., Church missionary in Labrador, I. 362  
 —, Rev. J., Wesleyan missionary at Tonga, III. 394  
 Huxley, Professor, II. 459  
 Hyde, Mr., at Montserrat, I. 507  
 Hyderabad, State of, III. 287  
 Hypericaria Indians, III. 107  
 Ibadan, III. 250; work of Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, 254; human sacrifice at, 258; privations of missionary, 259; ultimate success of the mission, 261  
 Ibeju country, West Africa, III. 259  
 Idolatry, withdrawal of Government support in India of, I. 11; British toleration in India of, 253; abolition in Hawaii of, 413  
 Izave, West Africa, III. 259  
 Iola, scene of Livingstone's death, III. 35  
 Illinois, I. 31  
 India, Baptist missions, I. 4; Dr. Claudius Buchanan's missionary advocacy, 4; work of Ziegenbalg and Plutschank, 4; work of Schwartz, 5, 6; work of Carey, 6; renewal of East India Company's Charter (1813), 7; work of Adoniram Judson, 7; work of John Wilson, 7; sanitary reform and Sir John Lawrence, 10; Duke of Argyll's Parliamentary Report on mission work, 10, 11; American missions, 32;

early missions, 40-59; early labours of Carey, 229-245; work of Carey, Marshman, Ward, and Thomas, 246-265; first converts, 251; British toleration of idolatry, 253; work of Henry Martin and the Calcutta Bishops, II. 216-245; labours of Dr. Duff, 248-273; Rammohun Roy's theism, 251; formation of schools, 251; early converts, 254, 255; Sir James Outram and the "blood-money," 257; the Mutiny, 265-268, III. 297, 331; missions in the Bombay Presidency, and the great work of Dr. Wilson, III. 281-297; missions in Madras city and presidency, 298-327; missions in the Punjab, 328; Delhi, 330-334; Benares, 334; Chota Nagpore, 336; Tinnevely, 340-345; Travancore, 345-347; Ceylon, 348-353; Zenana missions, 353-356; opium in, 525; the English language, and the progress of Christianity, 527; education, and the circulation of Hindu tracts, 528, 529; licentiousness of Hinduism, 530; work of the Salvation Army, 531  
 Indian Mutiny, II. 265-268; III. 297, 331  
 — tribes of America, first missionary work amongst the, I. 2; work of John Eliot and David Brainerd, 27, 28; the seven chief tribes, characteristics and descent, 267; arrival of Eliot and pioneer work, 269-271; grant of land for the "Praying Indians," 271; "Fire-water," 273; their needs brought before Parliament, 273; Eliot's division of the tribes, 274; the Indian Bible, 275; the Powaws, or "medicine-men," 275, 276; native ministers and college, 276; efforts of Eliot counteracted by the war (1675-1684), 279, 280; death of Eliot, 281; work of David Brainerd, 282-288; treaties with James Oglethorpe, 442; work of Zeisberger, 445-448; murder of Moravian missionaries at Gnadenhütten, 448, 449; Zeisberger's work at Goshogschunk and other places, 452-453; martyrdom of converts by Americans at Pittsburg, 459; treaty made by William Penn, II. 468; violation of pledges by United States Government, 468; belief of the tribes in a good and a bad god and in a happy hunting ground, 469; medicine chiefs, 470; the great medicine dance, 471; tortures and burial customs, 472-474; treatment of infants, 475; transfer of the Choctaws to Arkansas, 476; work of American missionaries, 476-478; the Dacotas and Ojibways, 478, 479; Sioux war, 482-485; work of Peter Cartwright, 486-489; work of John Stewart, J. B. Finley, and G. Riley, 490-496; labours of J. L. Brock, Mr. Peake, Bishop Whipple, 497-503; efforts of the Friends, 503; purchase of Alaska from Russia, 503; habits and superstitions of the Alaska people, and work of missionaries, 504-509; Oneidas and Mohawks, 509; Andrew Jamieson's work at Walpole Island, 510; E. F. Wilson's labours amongst the Chippewas, 511-515; Wesleyan Methodist missions, 515-520; British Columbia, and W. Duncan, 520-523  
 Indians, Mexican, III. 491-494  
 Indus, the, I. 220  
 Infanticide, I. 11; III. 354  
 Ingham, Benjamin, goes to Georgia with John Wesley, I. 442

- Inglis, Dr., II, 248  
 —, Rev. J., missionary to Aneityum, New Hebrides, III, 421  
 Inquisition, the, in Mexico, III, 478  
 International African Exploration Society, III, 63  
 — Association for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, III, 75  
 Interra, East Africa, III, 18  
 Intoxicants amongst the Hottentots, I, 192; amongst the Red Indians, 273; amongst the Hawaiians, 422, 427, 5; in New Zealand, III, 79; in Australia, 200; their "execution" in Liberia, 275; in the Society Islands, 390; a great peril to the cause of missions, 521  
 Iroquois Indians, mission of Zeisberger amongst the, I, 447, 448  
 Iseberg, Rev. C. W., missionary in Abyssinia, III, 470  
 Isle of France, III, 282  
 Isles of the Seas, the, I, 2, 33  
 Isphah, I, 474, 475  
 Italian slave raid in Africa, III, 15  
 Italy, King of, presents a gold medal to the South American Missionary Society for the rescue of the crew of the *Sao Jose*, 138  
 Jackson, General, President of the United States, I, 466, 467  
 —, Rev. Sheldon, missionary to the Red Indians, III, 507  
 —, Rev. J. Stuart, missionary at Delhi, III, 331  
 Jacobs, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II, 513  
 Jaenicke, Herr, in India, III, 340, 342  
 Jaffa, Christian work in, III, 265; work for Christian women, III, 212, 213; Miss Baldwin's schools, 215  
 Jagannath, the shrine and ear of, I, 254; I, 282  
 Jager, Johannes, I, 23, 128  
 Jagger, Rev. T. J., in Fiji, II, 179  
 Jains, Religious belief of the, III, 290, 291  
 Jalocof, the, of Senegambia, III, 243  
 Jamaica, I, 290, 504; work of George Laisle and Moses Baker, 510, 511; work of William Kubb, and the downfall of slavery, 512—523; negro riot at Morant Bay, 525, 526; vindictive measures on the rioters, 527; the Scottish mission, II, 401—414  
 James I., I, 99; authorises a missionary collection throughout England, 209, 330  
 —, Bishop of Calcutta, II, 238  
 Jameson, Rev. Mr., missionary at Creek Town, III, 265  
 Jamieson, Rev. Andrew, missionary to the Red Indians, II, 510  
 Janssens, Governor, I, 112  
 Janvier, Mr., missionary at Sabathu, murdered, III, 330  
 Japan, I, 2; Xavier's mission, and massacre of Christians, 17; II, 2, 3; opening to Christianity and civilisation in 1868, I, 17; American missions, 32; influence of the writings of Dr. Holson, 372; emigration of the people to Hawaii, 436; fruitless attempts of foreigners to fraternise with the people, and the arrival of Commodore Perry in 1853, II, 1; Mendez Pinto, the first European, lands in 1542, 2; success of the Jesuit mission, followed by a massacre, 2, 3; foreigners forbidden to enter the country, 3; opening of the country in 1854 and 1858, 5; description of the country and people, 5—20; the faiths of the country, 21—35; earthquakes, 274;  
 Mikado and Shogun, 275; feudalism, and its abolition, 275, 280; progress of civilisation, 283; education and laws, 285; adoption of European customs, 286; rebellion of 1877, 287; story by Dr. Maclay in his "Budget of Letters," 288; the first Protestant missionaries, 431—445; first converts, and withdrawal of prohibitions against Christians, 457—449; extension of mission work, 440—442; anti-Christian society, 444; tacit toleration of Christianity by the Government, 444; medical missions, 445; Red Cross Society, 446; educational institutions, 447—450; lady-missionaries, and the elevation of women, 251; abolition of religious distinctions (1884), 453; sectarian co-operation, and the translation of the Scriptures, 455; Christian literature, 456; defensive tactics of Buddhists, 458; agnosticism *v.* Christianity, 459; Russo-Greek, and Roman Catholic churches, 462; prospects of Christianity, 462; social and political changes, the progress of commerce, and the adoption of English customs, 463—467  
 Jardine, Mr., of Jardine, Matheson & Co., I, 58  
 Jaschke, George, Moravian missionary, I, 207  
 —, Brother H., Moravian missionary and Tibetan scholar, I, 207  
 Jasenham, Mr., inspector of the Basle Mission in India, III, 324, 325  
 Jassy, Christian missions in, II, 155—158  
 Java, I, 157; II, 95  
 Jeffreys, Rev. John, missionary in Madagascar, II, 324  
 Jenkins, Rev. E. E., secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, on unity in Catholic missions, III, 519, 520  
 Jennings, Rev. M. J., chaplain at Delhi, III, 331  
 Jerusalem, Christian missions in, II, 141—151; III, 204, 206; the bishopric of, and labours of Bishops Alexander and Gobat, 212, 213; missions to lepers at, 502—505  
 Jesuits, their medical books issued in China, I, 372; arrival in Japan, II, 2; enterprise as missionaries, III, 518, 519; in Syria, 518  
 Jews, missions to the, II, 136—162; migration to China, B.C. 200, III, 141  
 Johanna men, the, and Dr. Livingstone, III, 31, 34  
 John, King of Abyssinia, III, 174  
 —, II, of Portugal, I, 99  
 Johns, David, missionary in Madagascar, II, 324, 323, 334  
 Johnson, Mr., missionary on the Congo, III, 434  
 —, Augustine, his mission work in Sierra Leone, III, 231—236  
 —, Rev. James, native West African missionary, III, 261  
 —, Rev. Robert, missionary at Botany Bay convict settlement, II, 290  
 Johnston, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III, 422  
 Johnstone, Robert, educational work in the Madras Presidency, III, 309; the "Melanchthon" of the Madras mission, 308  
 Jones, Mr., missionary, wrecked off Antigua, I, 508  
 —, Mr., companion of Bishop Huntington in his journey to Nyanza, III, 458; return to Rabhai after the bishop's death, 463  
 —, Captain, and the accusations against Hawaiian missionaries, I, 418  
 Jones, Lieutenant, of the South American mission, III, 110, 111  
 —, Rev. David, missionary in Madagascar, II, 322; successful labours, 323—325  
 —, Mr. Duffield, on Confucianism, II, 391  
 —, Eli, missionary in the East, III, 211  
 —, Jones, Rev. H., principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, II, 416  
 —, Rev. Peter, Red Indian preacher, II, 515  
 —, Rev. W. E., missionary to the Kafirs, I, 564  
 —, Sybil, missionary in the East, III, 211  
 Joppa, III, 207  
 Jordan, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I, 47  
 Jost, M., in Sierra Leone, III, 232  
 Jowett, Rev. W., missionary in Asia Minor, III, 201  
 Juarez, President, III, 482, 485  
 Judson, Adoniram, I, 9, 10; early life, 535—537; marries Ann Hasseltine, 538; arrival at Rangoon, 539; early labours, 543—548; removal to Ava, 549; imprisonment, 550; arrival at the British camp, 552; settlement at Amherst, and death of his wife, 552; marries the widow of G. D. Beardman, 554; successful work at Moulmein, 554; death of second wife, and visit to America, 555; marries Emily Chubbuck, 555; death, 1830, 555  
 Judson, Mrs., I, 7, 9; early life and marriage, I, 537, 538; work amongst the women of Rangoon, 542; rouses missionary enthusiasm during her visits to England and America, 548; her ministry to her husband and others during imprisonment, 551, 552; death at Amherst, 552  
 Julia, I, 282  
 Julushanab, I, 95  
 Jumbo dance, the, narrated by Charles Kingsley, I, 298, 299  
 Jur-jura, mission to the Kabyles at, III, 464  
 Kabbardine Tartars, I, 203  
 Kabyles, missions to the, III, 464  
 Kaders, the, of India, III, 326  
 Kadiaro, visit of Rebuann to, III, 449  
 Kaffirs, Dr. J. T. Vanderkemp, the first missionary to the, I, 22, 110; witch-dance and cruel practices, 24, 25; influence of a missionary over a chief, Faku, 36; arrival of Dr. Vanderkemp and other missionaries in 1798, 111, 318; work of Larns, II, 98, 103—106; work of the Wesleyans, 121, 122; work of the Glasgow Society and other missions, 123, 124; mission of Capt. Gardiner, 126  
 Kairwan, III, 466  
 Kalahari desert, I, 339  
 Kahunu Tartars, Moravian missions to, 202—207  
 Kamakura, Japan, II, 24  
 Kamehameha I. (the Great), "the Napoleon of Hawaii," I, 406, 410  
 —, II, visit to London, with his Queen, in 1823, and their death there, I, 115  
 —, III, cedes the Hawaiian Islands to Britain, I, 429, 431, 432  
 —, IV., I, 402; marries Queen Emma, the granddaughter of an American sailor, 432  
 —, V., tries to establish in Hawaii the "Reformed Catholic Church," I, 453; lays the foundation of a cathedral, 456  
 Kanaoka labour traffic, III, 427, 428  
 Kanaquik, scene of David Brainerd's early labours, I, 285—286

- Kandler, Brother, missionary in Mosquitia, III, 495
- Kandy, missions at, III, 350
- Kang-hi, Emperor, and the feet of Chinese women, III, 160
- Kapdia, St., Indian legend concerning him, I, 257; II, 250
- Kapiolani, Princess, defies Pele, the Hawaiian goddess, I, 420
- Karens, the, I, 7, 553, 556, 564-566, III, 530
- Karn, Mr., missionary at Celebes, II, 97
- Kashmir, missions in, I, 485-492
- Katonga, on the Leeambeye, III, 2, 3
- Kavala, Island of, in Lake Tanganyika, III, 67; work of Captain and Mrs. Hore, 70, 71
- Kavirondo country, Africa, III, 461
- Kay, Mr., Wesleyan missionary in South Africa, II, 121
- Kefer, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III, 255, 256
- Kellenbrinck-Ascheraden, Baron and Baroness, and the lepers of Jerusalem, III, 502
- Keistmanacher, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I, 50
- Keith-Falconer, Hon. Ion Grant Neville, early life, and attainments, III, 223, 224; Christian work in Cambridge, and the East End of London, 225; work and death in Arabia, 226, 227
- Kellogg, Miss F., Christian worker amongst the Red Indians, II, 509
- Kenaway, Sir John, M.P., on religion following civilisation, III, 534
- Kent, Duke of, and missions to the Jews, II, 138
- Kentucky, I, 31
- Keppel Island, mission station at, III, 131, 133, 139
- Ker, Professor John, II, 49
- Keri-Keri, Church mission station, New Zealand, III, 78
- Kerr, Dr., Irish chaplain in Madras, III, 298
- , Dr., medical missionary at Canton, I, 378
- , Mr. John E., II, 430
- Kestell-Cornish, Rev. R., Bishop of Madagascar, II, 363
- Key, Mr., in South Africa, II, 118
- Khotghur, Little Tibet, I, 207
- Kibrabasa Rapids, III, 22
- Kicherer, Mr., missionary to the Caffirs, I, 111, 114, 117
- Kilderpore, Carey's indigo factory at, I, 243; departure of Carey, 249
- Kiermader, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I, 50; work at Bengal, 232; meets with Carey, 236
- Kikumbulu, III, 459
- Kilalpanina, Lake, Australia, III, 183
- Kilham, Mrs., work in Sierra Leone, III, 239-242; work in Liberia, 242
- Kilimanjaro mountain, snow on, III, 450
- Kilwa, III, 57
- Kimberley, I, 120
- King, Rev. Dr., Presbyterian minister in Jamaica, I, 529
- , Rev. Jonas, American missionary in Palestine, III, 294, 296
- , George's Sound, II, 290
- Kingsbury, Rev. Cyrus, work amongst the Cherokees, I, 461; II, 475
- Kingsley, Charles, description of the sugar-cane, I, 293; his "At Last" and heathen practices amongst the negroes, 298; on the West Indian climate, 503; on West Indian superstitions, II, 429
- Kingston, Jamaica, I, 502
- Kioto, Christian school at, II, 447; the Mecca of Japan, 26, 31
- Kirk, Dr., accompanies Livingstone to Africa, III, 19, 22, 23, 25, 27; returns to England, 29, 32, 34; English Consul at Zanzibar, 57
- Kirkby, Mr., missionary to the Red Indian, II, 529
- Kirk's Mountains, III, 32
- Kissling, Herr, German missionary at the Gold Coast, III, 265
- Kite-feeding in India, III, 306
- Kitto, Dr., missionary work at Bagdad, III, 218
- Kiungani, training school at, III, 51
- Klaar Water, I, 119, 120
- Klein, Rev. F. A., missionary in Cairo, III, 221
- Knock, Brother, Moravian missionary to Labrador, I, 367
- Knapp, Mr., in Japan, II, 462
- Kob, William, missionary in Jamaica, I, 511; champion of negro liberty, 514, 515; enrolls as a private soldier during the rebellion, 517; charged with complicity in the rebellion, 519; visit to England, 521; meeting in Jamaica on the eve of the downfall of slavery, August 1, 1838, 522; death, 523; II, 401
- Knowles, Rev. J. H., missionary in Kashmir, I, 492
- Knox, James, missionary in the West Indies, II, 417
- Kohl tribes, the, I, 11
- Kohlol, colleague of C. F. Schwartz, I, 50
- Ko-ji-ki, the Bible of Shintoism, II, 21
- Kolobeng, Livingstone's mission station on the banks of the, I, 337, 343; III, 1, 28
- Koïs, missions to the, III, 336-339
- Kondia, III, 247
- Kongone Channel, the, III, 20; village, 26; arrival of the members of the Universities Mission, 39
- Kopperamanna, Lake, Australia, mission station at, III, 183
- Korea, II, 27
- Kotow, Chinese question of the, I, 143, 144
- Kramer, Rev. Mr., German missionary to Australia, III, 183
- Krapf, Johann Ludwig, early life, III, 446; work in Abyssinia, 446, 470; settlement at Mombasa, 446; moves to Rabbai Mpia with Rehmann, 447; returns to Europe, 450, 534
- Krind, Moravian missionary imprisoned in Russia, I, 202
- Krishna, II, 242; III, 291
- Krishnagur, II, 242
- Kruse, Rev. Mr., in Cairo, III, 221
- Kuascha, I, 203
- Kuching (or Sarawak), Borneo, work of Rajah Brooke at, II, 73-76, 79, 91; labours of Dr. McDougall, 79, 82-86; Chinese insurrection, 82, 83
- Kuehnel, John, Moravian missionary to South Africa, I, 196, 198
- Kugler, Rev. Mr., missionary in Cairo, III, 221, and Abyssinia, 470
- Kühn, Rev. Mr., German missionary to Australia, III, 183, 184
- Kuhne, Mr., missionary, imprisoned in Ashanti, III, 266
- Kuruman, Moffat's labours at, I, 322, 325-327; arrival of Livingstone, 331; Livingstone's marriage, 335; III, 1, 25
- Kushogs of Tibet, the, I, 219, 221
- Kutch, Gulf of, III, 291
- Kwa Sundu, III, 461
- Kyelang, Little Tibet, Moravian mission station at, I, 207, 215, 218, 222
- "Labours and Scenes in South Africa," Moffat's, I, 324
- Labrador, I, 28; arrival of Erhardt and four other Moravian missionaries, 346; work of Haven, Hill, Schloetzer, and Druckart, 347-353; marvellous escapes of Liebisch and Turner, 354, 358; progress of mission work, 359; prosperity from 1865-1887, 360-362; remarkable preservation of missionary ships, 363-370
- Ladak, Little Tibet, I, 207, 208, 211, 218, 220
- "Ladies' Sea," the, I, 290
- Lagos, III, 250; headquarters of Bishop Crowther, 254
- Lahaana, mission-house at, I, 415, 416; opening of training school, 420; work of Miss Sellon's sisterhood, 434
- Lahoul, Little Tibet, I, 207, 210, 218
- Ladler, Mr., teaches Robert Morrison Latin, I, 133
- Lakemba, II, 178, 179, 188, 191
- Lamaison, I, 204, 207-217; amongst the Mongols, 226
- Lamassery at Hervis, I, 213
- Lambert, M., conspires against the Queen of Madagascar, II, 347, 348
- Lancashire Cotton Famine Relief Fund, II, 117
- Lanceley, Mr., missionary on the Congo, III, 435, 437
- Landells, Rev. J. D., missionary at South Sea Islands, III, 428
- Lander, Mr., discoverer of the Niger, III, 278
- Landroost at Clanwilliam, the, I, 128
- Langar, Mr., missionary to the Jews in Poland, II, 154
- Langham, Mr., in Fiji, II, 194
- Lanning, Dr., medical missionary in Japan, II, 446
- Lao-tze, I, 12; outline of his teaching, II, 394-396
- La Pérouse, I, 400
- Laplace, Captain, opinion of Chinese civilisation, 149
- La Place, M., demands tolerance for Catholic priests at Hawaii, I, 426, 340
- Larache, III, 466
- Las Casas, his plea for mercy to Mexico, III, 478
- Last, Mr., at Mombaio, III, 453, 456
- Lattakoo, Visit of John Campbell to, 120-124, 316; Moffat's work, 316, 317-319; invasion of the Mantatoes, 321
- Lawrence, Lord, letter to the *Times* on Indian missionaries, I, 38; III, 527
- Lawrence, Sir Henry, II, 263, 266; III, 527
- , Sir John, and Indian Sanitary Reform, I, 10; on Christianity and the heathen, III, 328, 527
- Lawry, Rev. W., at Tonga, III, 394
- Laws, Dr. Robert, medical missionary to Africa, III, 59
- Layard, Mr., Consul, II, 206, 239
- Leacock, Rev. J. H., missionary to the Susoo, III, 262
- Lebanon, massacres in the, I, 26; training school on Mount, III, 211; Druses of, 213
- Lee, Rev. Dr., missionary in South America, III, 107
- Leeves, Mr., missionary to the Jews, II, 139
- Leeward Islands, II, 415, 416
- Legge, Dr., and George Piercy, I, 15, 138; II, 45; his work as President of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, 372, 395, 398; on the position of Chinese women, III, 160, 171
- Leh, capital of Ladak, I, 207, 209;



- Moravian mission station at, 220; Mr. Redshol takes charge of the station, 220, 222
- Lehman, Brother,** Moravian missionary to Labrador, I. 549
- , Mr., missionary to the lepers at Robben Island, III. 501
- Leher, Herr,** missionary in Southern India, III. 319
- Leiba River,** Africa, III. 1, 6
- Leider, Rev. Mr.,** in China, III. 221
- Leigh, Mr.,** employer of Robert Moffat, I. 310, 311
- , Rev. Samuel, missionary labours in the Australian bush, II. 303—306; Wesleyan missionary to New Zealand, collects stores in England for starting a mission, entertains the chief Hongi in London, and departs for the Antipodes, III. 74; friendliness with Samuel Marsden and the Church Society, 75; adventure at Wangarua, 75; commences a mission at Wangarua and names the spot Wesleydale, 75; attacked by a war-party, 75; partial success and return to Sydney, 77
- Leitner, Rev. Dr.,** work amongst the lepers of Hemel en Aarde, III. 499
- Le Long, Mr.,** I. 83, 103
- Lemburg, mission to the Jews in, II. 158**
- Lemp, Rev. H. J. Van,** missionary labours at Tocot, III. 215—218
- Leopold III., King of the Belgians,** III. 431
- Lepetole and Livingstone, I. 332**
- Lepers, missions to, at Hemel en Aarde, South Africa, III. 499; at Robben Island, 500, 501; at Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem, 502; opening of new hospitals at Jerusalem, 503; in British India, 505; in Norway, 505; at Makoloki, and the work of Father Damien, I. 435; III. 506—509; in India, 510**
- Leprosy in China, I. 382**
- Lenpold, Mr.,** mission work at Benares, III. 335
- Levi, Jacob,** convert from Judaism, persecutions, II. 139, 140
- Levuka, II. 172**
- Leyenberg, Rev. J. A.,** missionary in China, III. 153
- Lhassa, I. 201, 210; substitutionary ceremony, 211; rebellion, 219**
- Li, the "Bismarck of China," II. 51**
- Liang A-fah,** Chinese evangelist, I. 376; II. 59, 69; III. 171
- Liberia, III. 212; colonised by freed American slaves, 270; work of E. S. Morris, 275, 540**
- Lichtenau, Moravian missionary settlement in Greenland, I. 30, 94**
- , Moravian settlement amongst the Red Indians, I. 455; its abandonment, 457
- Lichtenfels, I. 92, 347**
- Licinus, teacher of Taoism, II. 396**
- Liebisch, Samuel,** Moravian missionary in Labrador, perilous incident, I. 354
- Lifu, Cannibalism and secrecy in, III. 408; Christian work of Pao, 409, 410; visits of Bishops Selwyn and Patteson, 410; work of Rev. S. McFarlane, 411; formation of a code of laws, 412; Roman Catholic jealousy, and French rule, 412; burning of by the French, 413; Commission of Inquiry, and improved state of affairs, 414**
- Lifuku, III. 399**
- Liggins, Rev. J.,** first Protestant missionary in Japan, II. 431
- Lihohlo, or Kamehameha II., Hawaiian king, I. 411, 412, 413, 415**
- Lilley, Mr.,** at Mostaganaw, III. 465
- Lily Fountain, South Africa, and Mr. Barnabas Shaw, I. 126**
- Limeoil, Port, III. 186**
- Lindi, Central Africa, III. 57**
- Lindsay, Rev. Professor,** on home and foreign missionary work, III. 516
- Links, Jacob, I. 23, 128**
- Linyante, arrival of Livingstone at, III. 1, 25; honesty of the people, 26**
- Lisler, Brother,** Moravian missionary to Labrador, I. 351
- Literature of the Chinese, I. 138; II. 59, 63, 371, 399; III. 158**
- Livingstone, Charles,** accompanies his brother to Africa, III. 19, 27; returns to England, 29
- , David, I. 2, 18, 23; his extraordinary career in Africa, 26; Dean Stanley's eulogy, 27; on purity of character in Africa, 37; nearly sent to China, 131, 176; on slavery, 204; marries a daughter of Robert Moffat, 253, 327, 335; his grandfather's death-bed utterance, 329; early life, 329; offers himself to the London Missionary Society, 330; sails for Africa, joins Moffat, and his methods of work, 331; goes into the interior, and establishes a station at Mabotsa, 332; attacked by a lion, 334; removes to Chumane, 336; exodus to Kolobeng, 337; difficulties with the Boers, 339; amongst the bushmen, 341; arrival at Lake N'gami, 342; reaches Makololo and meets with Sebittuane, 343; returns to Kolobeng, 345; "plunges into the wilderness," as if "swallowed up by the waves," 345, 453; II. 107, 124; starts on his journey across Africa (1852), III. 1; arrival at Linyante, 2; departs with natives on his expedition, 3; journey up the Lecumbye and the Lebia, and interviews with chiefs on the way, 3, 10; his magic lantern, 9; arrives at Leonda, 10; return journey to Linyante, 11, 12; sets out for the east coast, 12; arrives at Victoria Falls, 14; journey down the Zambesi, 11, 18; arrival at Tete, 17; reaches Quilimane and departs for the Mauritius and England, 18; honours bestowed upon him in England, 19; starts again for the Zambesi, 19; reaches Tete in the *Ma Robert*, 22; narrow escape from drowning, 22; discovery of the Murchison Falls, 22; discovery of the Victoria Falls, 22, 23; discovery of Lake Nyassa, 21; takes leave the Makololo to Sesheke, 25; returns to Tete, 26; accompanies Bishop MacKenzie to the Lake Nyassa country, 27; explores the Nyassa, and returns to the delta of the Zambesi, 27; meeting with Mrs. Livingstone, and death of the latter, 28; receives orders to abandon his expedition, and goes to Bombay, 29, 204; leaves England for Zanzibar (1865), 30; another "trip" in Africa, 30; visits places on the shores of the Nyassa, 31; medicine-chest, and arrives at Lake Tanganyika, 32; goes to Lake Moero, and discovers Lake Bangweolo, 33; rumours of his death, 34; Mr. Young's expedition, 31; reaches Ujiji, and spends more than two years amongst the Manyema, 34, 35; meeting with Stanley, with whom he explores Lake Tanganyika, 35; parting with Stanley, and death at Ibadu, 35; his body carried to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey, 37; lecture at Cam-
- bridge, '38, 287; his broad ideas of missionary work, 113**
- Livingstone, Dr.,** surgeon to the East India Company, I. 341
- , Mrs., steam-launch rented in her honour, III. 20; death, 28
- , Robert, I. 345
- , Infant Mission (see East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions)
- Livingstoneia, settlement founded by the Free Church of Scotland at, III. 58—65**
- Lloyd, Rev. A. (Japan), II. 417**
- Lloyd, Miss,** in Syria, III. 210
- Loango, I. 18**
- Loangwa, the, confederation with the Zambesi, III. 15; Livingstone in the valley of, 32**
- Loch, Captain,** and his narrative of the opium war, I. 385, 386; II. 37
- Locher, Miss,** mission worker in Madras, III. 345
- Lockhart, Dr.,** on Dr. Holston's writings, I. 372; takes charge of the hospital at Amoy, 373; work at Shanghai, 370; II. 47; incident relating to Buddhism, 378
- Lotofeti Islands, I. 60**
- Lozbu, the, founding in the Bay of Eisey, II. 318**
- Long, Rev. James,** missionary in India, II. 270
- Lougnotom, Rev. W.,** missionary in Australia, II. 318
- Loomis, Mr. E.,** missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 113
- Loos, Brother,** Moravian missionary to the Kalmucs, I. 205
- Lombard, Dr., III. 316**
- Lombes, the, II. 243**
- Louis Philippe, and Tchiti, III. 390**
- Love, law of, in Christian missions, I. 15**
- Lowless, Rev. W. C.,** missionary in Madras, III. 299
- Low's, Miss, "Pungooy," III. 356**
- Lowrie, Mr.,** American missionary in China, I. 166, 167; II. 12
- Loyalty Islands, III. 408—414**
- Luaknow, II. 268; III. 336**
- Ludolf of Gotha, and the Church of Abyssinia, III. 470**
- Lund, Rev. Matthew,** missionary at St. Vincent, I. 505, 506
- Lunaillo, King of Hawaii, I. 455**
- Lunberg, Brother,** missionary in Mosquitia, III. 495
- Lushington, Dr.,** advocates Hinduo Sauterism before the Privy Council, II. 280
- Lussib, III. 161**
- Lutheran missionaries, I. 26; work in Greenland, 28, 94, 232**
- Lutkens, Dr.,** chaplain to Frederick IV. of Denmark, and organiser of the first Protestant mission to India, I. 10; death, 47
- Lyall, Rev. J.,** and the Labour traffic in the South Seas, III. 428
- , Mrs., and Chinese reverence for printed paper, II. 67
- Lynn, Mr.,** missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 422; settles at Hilo, 423; successful work, 425
- Lynch, Rev. J.,** Wesleyan missionary in Madras, III. 299
- Lyth, Rev. R. B.,** missionary to Fiji, II. 179, 181, 182; bravery of his wife, 185, 208
- Mabotsa, mission station founded by Livingstone, I. 332, 335, 336**
- Mabruki, Francis,** of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 51
- Macao, I. 141, 142; religious intolerance**

- at, 117, 162, 371, 374; attack on American opium ship at, 394; III, 171
- Macaulay, Lord, I, 19; II, 239; and the New Zealanders, III, 37
- , Zachary, II, 239; Governor of Sierra Leone, III, 229; his college at Cheltenham for young Africans, 239, 247
- MacCall, Mr., Adam, missionary on the Congo, II, 435
- MacCall, Mr. Hugh, missionary in South America, III, 140, 111
- MacCarty, Rev. Robert Murray, III, 143
- MacCosh, Professor, III, 308
- Macdonald, Mr., missionary at Faté, III, 425
- , Rev. J., missionary in India, II, 236
- , Rev. Robert, missionary to the Red Indians, II, 520
- MacDougall, Dr., missionary to Borneo, II, 75, 76; commencement of work, 79; appointed Bishop of Sarawak and Labuan, 82–85; II, 245; return to England, I, 86
- MacDougall, Mr. A., Alexander Duff's schoolmaster, II, 247
- MacFarland, Mrs., Christian worker amongst the Red Indians, II, 507, 508
- MacFarlane, Rev. S., missionary at Lifu, III, 409, 411, 412; goes to New Guinea, 415
- MacGowan, Dr., founds a hospital at Ningpo, I, 378; II, 378, 385
- Macgregor, Mr. ("Rob Roy"), on the schools at Beyrout, III, 210
- MacIntyre, Mr., in Corea, III, 164
- MacKay, Mr., in Formosa, III, 167
- Mackay, Mr., missionary in India, II, 251
- , Alexander M., of Uganda, on the hindrance to mission work of fire-arms, III, 522, 523; Mr. Stanley's visit to him, 536; his plea for help from England, and death, 537, 541, 544
- McKenay, Mr., Wesleyan missionary to South Africa, I, 125
- Mackenzie, Mr., at Faté, III, 425
- Mackenzie, Bishop, missionary to Central Africa, III, 26; Livingstone goes with him to Lake Nyassa, 27; settles on the banks of the Magerou, 27; heads the Universities Mission, and is consecrated at Cape Town, 39; journey up the Shire river, 40; takes charge of a party of rescued slaves, 40; commencement of labours at Magocero, 41, 42; settles with the Mangaujas, 42; death at Malo, 46
- , Dr., medical missionary at Tientsin, I, 378
- , John, missionary to the Bechuanas, II, 128–134
- McKergow, Hugh, missionary on the Congo, III, 435
- MacLagan, Rev. G. J., missionary in China, III, 156
- MacLaren, Rev. Dr., on the small proportion of Christians to the population of the world, III, 513
- Macley, Dr., and his "Budget of Letters," II, 288
- Maclear, Cape, III, 60
- MacLeish, Miss, mission worker in China, III, 161
- MacLeod, Norman, III, 113
- MacLeod, Sir Donald, III, 927
- Macpherson, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III, 423
- MacVicar, Rev. Dr., on Catholic missions, III, 516
- Madsen, Rev. I., 2, 18; first missionaries, and persecution of Christians, 25; extent, and description of, II, 320; description of the people, 320–322; Radama, I, and his treaty with England, 322–324; first missions and work of David Jones and others, 322, 325; translation of Scriptures, 321, 325; death of Radama I, and usurpation of the throne by Queen Ranavalona, 326; her persecutions and massacre of Christians, 328–328; withdrawal of missionaries, 329; fall in the persecutions, and visit of Rev. W. Ellis, 341, 345; visit of Mr. Ellis in 1836, and reception at the capital, 344–346; and persecution are renewed on the discovery of a plot against the queen, 347–350; death of the queen, and accession of Radama II., 351; re-opening of mission work under Mr. Ellis, and growth of the Christian Church, 351–357; death of the king and accession of Queen Rasoahina, 357; death of the queen and accession of Ranavalona II. (1868), 359; renunciation of idolatry by the queen, and her baptism, 360; public burning of idols, 360; letter to Mr. Ellis from the Prime Minister, 362; work of the Friends, and the establishment of a bishopric by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 363; visit of Dr. Mullens and Rev. J. Pilhans, 364; liberation of slaves, 367; social, educational, and commercial progress, 367–369; death of the queen and accession of her niece, 370, 378
- Madison, Rev. S., Red Indian preacher, II, 502
- Madras, mission work of Schultze, Schwartz, Sartorius, Geister, Fabricius, and Gerike, I, 50, 51, 53, 58; III, 298; Bishop Heber at, II, 234; Daniel Wilson's visit, 240; Dr. Duff, 258; work of various societies, III, 298, 299; work in the Presidency, III, 299, 300; work of American missionaries, 306; labours of John Anderson, Robert Johnston, J. Bridwell, and others, 309–316; hostility of Brahmins to the missions, 312; P. Rajahpaul, and other converts, 310, 311; itinerant work of Samuel Hebbel in the Presidency, 319–327
- Madura, I, 158
- Madgala, III, 474
- Magerou River, settlement of Bishop Mackenzie on the banks of the, III, 27, 40, 47; removal of Universities Mission to Chibisa from the, 47
- Maglia, Universities Mission at, III, 52–55
- Maidment, John, of the Fœgian mission, III, 126–130
- Maine, I, 267, 268
- Makoa, King of Rarotonga, I, 182
- Makobeli, the, I, 342, 343; III, 1; their honesty, 42, 23, 25, 60
- Makuta, III, 425
- Makuta, III, 439
- Makubar, III, 327
- Makucca, college founded by Milne at, I, 158; breaking up of mission establishment, 398; Dr. Legge's Presidency of the college, II, 372
- Malays, the, II, 74, 94
- Maldia, I, 239; Carey proposes an English settlement at, 242, 245
- Malo, Central Africa, III, 45; death and burial of Bishop Mackenzie at, 46
- Malvern, Mr., missionary in Fiji, II, 190
- Mamboia, mission station at, III, 453, 455
- Manchuria, a bird's-eye view of, I, 299; Irish Presbyterian mission in, III, 162
- Manchus, the, II, 50
- Manchurin language, I, 139
- Manley, I, 539, 560, 563, 564
- Mandingoes, the, III, 243, 250
- Mangalia, I, 180, 186; work of John Williams, III, 319, 327
- Mangaria, Africa, III, 23, 40, 42; settlement at, III, 11
- Manguya, Wesleyan mission station, New Zealand, III, 78
- Mansfield, Lord, his judgment on slavery, III, 228
- Manyuim tribe of Africa, III, 34
- Maori War, II, 269, III, 86
- Maoris, the (see New Zealand)
- Mapulas, the, India, III, 324
- Marcé, one of the Loyalty Islands, III, 409
- Margoschis, Rev. A., native missionary in India, III, 344
- Marks, Mr. J. E., schoolmaster at Rangooa, I, 538–543
- Malbaigh, Duke of, and Daniel Clarke, II, 416
- Maronites, the, I, 26; hostility to Christian missions, III, 297
- Marquesas Islands, commencement of mission at, I, 171, 174; mission by the Hawaiians, 431
- Marryat, Captain, II, 248
- Marsden, Samuel, I, 2, 33, 34, 176; work amongst the convicts at the Antipodes, II, 299, 300, 304; work in New Zealand, 535–535; friendship with Samuel Leigh, III, 75, 80; observance of the 50th anniversary of his death, 96
- Marsland, Joshua, the Serampore mission, I, 174, 214; early life and departure to India; with William Ward, 217 sets up a boarding-school at Serampore, 250; on the treatment of converts, 251, 262; visits England, 263; seven years' further work at Serampore, 265; his daughter marries Lieut. Havelock, 264; death, 265
- Marshman, J. C., "Life of Carey," I, 242; and Henry Martyn, II, 222, 266
- Marston, Captain, evidence on slavery before the Committee of the House of Commons, I, 295
- Marsveld, Hendrick, Moravian missionary to South Africa, I, 106, 108
- Martin, Dr., and Chinese education, II, 62; president of Peking College, 380; missionary labours, 382, 383
- , Frederick, Moravian missionary to the West Indies, I, 304; work at St. Thomas, 395; imprisonment, 307; death, 399
- , Montgomery, on slavery, I, 294
- , Sir Ronald, II, 255
- , Rev. Seila, I, 19
- Martyn, Henry, I, 2; and the Cape war, 22; influence of the "Life of David Brainerd," 28, 249; II, 218; goes to Shiraz to translate the Bible into Persian, 475, 476; influence at Shiraz, 477; goes to the Shattah with his translation of the Scriptures, 478; death, monumnt, and epitaph by Lord Macanulty, 479; early years, II, 216–218; offers himself to the Church Missionary Society, and starts for the East, 219; first labours in India, 221; work at Cawnpore, 223–227; visit to Bahia in 1805, III, 101; visit to Bombay, 281; III, 299, 527
- Masi, the, Mr. Thomson's travels amongst, III, 458; Bishop Hamington's journey amongst, 458, 460
- Massa, Central Africa, III, 53; colony of freed men planted by Bp. Steere at, 58
- Mason, Francis, missionary to Burmah, I, 551, 556, 558

- Massachusetts, landing of the Puritan Fathers at, I. 269, 271; effect on the missions of the war of 1675—1681, 280
- Massa, III. 161
- Massowah, III. 171
- Matabele tribe, the, I. 326; work of Moffat, 327; honesty, III. 12
- Matadi, III. 135
- Matawai Bay, I. 170, 171
- Matembe, King, I. 120—123
- Matheson, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III. 122
- Matrits, III. 69
- Mathews, Mr., missionary in New Zealand, II. 530
- , Mr., in Tierra del Fuego, III. 119
- Mau, III. 425
- Maueke, I. 188
- Maudrell, Rev. H., missionary to Japan, II. 439
- Maunsell, Rev. R., missionary in New Zealand, II. 530
- Mauritius, Livingstone's visit to, III. 18
- Maximilian, Emperor, III. 485
- Maxwell, Dr., medical missionary in Kashmir, I. 192
- , Dr., in Formosa, III. 166
- Mayer, Mr., in Abyssinia, III. 471
- Mayhew, Thomas, pastor of the Red Indians at Martha's Vineyard, I. 275
- Maynard, John, missionary on the Congo, III. 112
- Mazitu tribe, Africa, III. 27, 32
- Mban, II. 178, 193; "the Jerusalem of Fiji," 194
- Mbwein, training school at, III. 51
- Meadows, Mr., missionary to China, I. 149; III. 152
- , Consul, II. 53
- Medhurst, Dr., missionary to China, I. 153, 304; II. 42; III. 171
- Medical Missions, value of, I. 38; their germ, 132; to China, 371—387; Persia, 485; Palestine, II. 150; Japan, 415; India, III. 317, 341
- "Medicine-men," I. 267, 275, 276
- Meissel, Rev. Mr., German missionary to Australia, III. 183
- Melanesia, III. 357; characteristics and habits of the people, 358—362
- Melbourne, its founding and growth, II. 290; diocese of, 317; Moravian missions, III. 179
- Melville, Mr., English Resident at Griqua Town, I. 321
- Melvin, Rev. James, of Aberdeen, III. 143
- Menant, J., American missionary at Corisco, III. 279
- Mencius, Chinese sage, II. 380; chief elements of his teaching, 393
- Mermann, Bishop, of Grahamstown, II. 118
- Mersburg, I. 48
- Metosa, III. 425
- Mexico, persecutions of Protestants by Catholics, I. 31; commencement of mission work by Miss Melinda Rankin, III. 475, 482; Cortes and his companions, 475; ancient religion of the people, 475, 476; human sacrifices and other cruel rites, 477, 478; enforced religious conformity, 478; the *Curré Hidalgo*, 479; distribution of Bibles, 482; mission work of the Rev. J. Beveridge and others, 484; murder of Mr. Stephens, 484; work of Dr. Riley, and Manuel Aguas, 485—489; hostility to Protestantism, 491; mission work amongst the Indians of, 491—494
- Michell, Mr., missionary in Tripoli, III. 166
- Middleton, Bishop, of Calcutta, II. 227
- Middle, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 51
- Mikado, the, I. 17; II. 2; reputed descent, 8, 21
- Mokoukou, Central Africa, III. 18
- Mok, J. S., II. 459
- Moller, Rev. Dr., head of the United Christian College, Madras, III. 316
- Milman, Bishop, I. 538
- , Dean, "History of the Jews," II. 136, 162
- Milne, Dr., missionary to China, I. 117; founds the Malacca College, 158; and Chinese secret societies, 158; his monument, 164; II. 42
- , Rev. Peter, of Nagana, III. 125, 127
- Min, Rev. I. 340
- Missionary enterprise "is Christianity itself," III. 317
- Missionary field, vast extent of the, III. 519
- Missionary Societies—*English*: Association of Ladies for Missions in South Africa, II. 114. Baptist Missionary Society (established 1792), I. 3, 1, 231, 234; India, 213, 217; Jamaica, 511; China, III. 173; Syria, 209; Congo, 154, 158. Bible Christians' Society, II. 319. British and Foreign Bible Society (established 1804), I. 3, 31, 324; Persia, 485; China, II. 69, III. 117; Fiji, II. 194; Japan, 451; South America, III. 162. Christian Vernacular Society, II. 270. Church of England Zouma Missionary Society, II. 355. Church Missionary Society (established 1799), I. 3, 15, 25, III. 229; Labrador, I. 362; Hawaii, 132; Persia, 483; Kashmir, 186, 187; Africa, II. 98, 110, 127; Palestine, 113, III. 201, 212; Henry Martyn, II. 219; India, 212, 276, III. 282, 299, 339; Australia, II. 317, III. 174; Madagascar, II. 363; Japan, 454, 455; Red Indians, 519, 521; New Zealand, 535—561, III. 75, 89; Gtana, 116; Asia Minor, 211; Egypt, 221; Arabia, 229; West Africa, 230; Ceylon, 349; Mekeonia, 365; Abyssinia, 446; Equatorial Africa, 451; Lepers, 502. "Company" for the Diffusion of Christianity amongst the Red Indians, I. 2. II. 497. Corporation of the Long Parliament, I. 2, 273. East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, Congo, III. 433, 434. English Presbyterian Society, I. 377; China, III. 145. Friends' Foreign Missionary Association, II. 362; Palestine, III. 211. Livingstone Inland Mission (see East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions). London Missionary Society (established 1795), I. 3, 13, 15; Kaffirs, 22, 110, 111, II. 98; China, I. 233, 117, 375, II. 47, III. 145; South Sea Islands, I. 168, 171, 183, 191, III. 333; Mongols, I. 222, 227; Mohat, 312, 327; Livingstone, 330, 332, III. 1; Hawaiian Islands, I. 118, 538; Java, etc., II. 97; Madagascar, 322, 363, 364. Tonganika, III. 66—72; West Africa, 217; India, 282, 299; Loyalty Islands, 408; Hervey Islands, 422; Lepers, 510. Old Calabar Mission, II. 262, 263. Presbyterian Church of England Society, I. 15; Primitive Methodist Society, Formosa, Po, III. 277. Religious Tract Society (established 1790), I. 3; Japan, II. 454, III. 117. Salvation Army, New Zealand, III. 95; India, 531, 532. Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction of the Negroes in the British
- West India Islands, II. 117. Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts (established 1701), I. 2, 3; Tranquebar, 18, 119, 238; Barmah, 567; Borneo, II. 55, 98, 99; India, 114; Madagascar, 363, West Indies, 115, 119; Japan, 458, 455; New Zealand, III. 83; Gold Coast, 261; India, 306, 331; Ceylon, 349. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (established 1698), I. 2, 5, 25; Tranquebar, 48; Trichinopoly, 53, 232; Red Indians, 283; Calcutta, II. 227, 231; India, III. 306; Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, II. 157, 113; Palestine, II. 211. Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, II. 55, III. 351. South American Society (formerly the Patagonian Mission), III. 102, 121, 131, 139. United Methodist Free Church of England Society, Africa, III. 79. Universities Mission to Africa, III. 26, 38—58. Wesleyan Methodist Society, I. 15; South Africa, 126, 129, II. 98, 120—123; Antigua, I. 198; Jamaica, 504; Fiji, II. 171, 187, 188—215; Australia, 501, 506, 518; Red Indians, 515; New Zealand, III. 71—80; China, 171; West Africa, 216; India, 282, 299; Friendly Islands, 333; Mongolia, 195; Lepers, 510. Zeeman Bible and Medical Mission, III. 355. *Scottish and Irish*: Bible Society of Scotland, II. 451. Church of Scotland Society, I. 8, II. 218, 257; Africa, III. 59. Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, I. 375, 486. Free Church of Scotland Society, Africa, III. 58, 59; Syria, 209; Arabia, 227; New Hebrides, 292; Lepers, 510. Glasgow Society, II. 98. South Africa, 123; West Africa, III. 216. National Bible Society of Scotland, China, III. 117. Reformed Presbyterian Society of Africa, III. 59; Syria, 209; New Hebrides, 120. Scotch Missionary Society (formerly the Edinburgh Missionary Society), West Indies, II. 100—114; West Africa, III. 217; India, 285. United Presbyterian Board, West Indies, II. 101; Africa, III. 59; Manchuria, 165; Corea, 164. Irish Presbyterian Society, China, III. 162. *Canadian and American*: American and Foreign Bible Union, II. 69. Baptist Missionary Union, I. 377; Congo, III. 68. Bible Society, II. 117. Bishop Taylor's Mission, Congo, III. 114. Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, I. 7, 15; China, 374; Hawaiian Islands, 101, 113, 131, 134, 138; Cherokee, 164, 163, 167, 169; Wells Williams, II. 57; Borneo, 94; Africa, 127; Japan, 458; Red Indians, 126—181; Palestine, III. 201; Egypt, 221; Cape Palmas, 271; India, 282, 306; Mexico, 183. Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Formosa, III. 166. Congregational Mission Board, Rangoon, I. 538. Domestic and Foreign Mission Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Liberia, III. 271. Episcopal Mission Society, II. 155, III. 510. Methodist Episcopal Society, II. 186, 189. Missionary Evangelical Alliance, Congo, III. 111. New York Missionary Society, II. 175. Presbyterian Society, China, III. 115; Syria, 209; Egypt, 221; India, 330; Lepers, 510. Women's Union Missionary Society, II. 138. *Colon and Foreign*: Barbadoes Church of England West India Association, III. 262.

- Basle Missionary Society, Gold Coast, III, 205; India, 319, 327; Berlin Society, II, 124; India, III, 336. Copenhagen College of Missions, I, 64. Danish Society, I, 4, 6. Dutch Reformed Society, II, 97. German Society, I, 25. Hawaiian Society, I, 431. Hermannsburg Society of Germany, III, 183. Melbourne Missionary Association, III, 183. Menonite Society, II, 97. Moravian Society (or Society of United Brethren), I, 3, 73-79; Hottentots, 19-22; Greenland and Labrador, 28, 75, 79, 94, 346-370; West Indies, 33, 302; South Africa, 101-108; Kalmus, 202-222; Georgia, 442, 443; Persia, 472-475; Red Indians, 445-460; Guinea, II, 121; Australia, 179; Egypt, 218-222; Mosquitia, 493; Lepers, 430. Netherlands Society, I, 159. II, 97. North German Society, New Zealand, III, 87. Paris Evangelical Society, I, 427, II, 124; Africa, III, 73. Swedish Society, II, 94, 97, 98. Swedish Society, Congo, III, 444. Roman Catholic Society, Africa, III, 73; New Zealand, 83; South America, 90, 101, 103; China, 142; Formosa, 166; Australia, 177, 178; Fernando Po, 276; statement of its work, 516-520.
- Missionary work of Protestantism, its beginning, I, 2; its lack of zeal in 18th century, 2; growth of enthusiasm, 3; opposition in India, II; survey of, III, 511-518; century of, 512; the evils of sectarianism in, 543, 545.
- Mitchell, Rev. Donald, missionary in Bombay Presidency, III, 283
- , Dr. Murray, III, 143; and Parsees, 516
- Mitiaro, I, 188
- Moero, Lake, III, 33
- Moffat, Mr., son of Robert Moffat, III, 31
- , John, missionary at Myate, South Africa, I, 328
- , Robert, I, 2, 23, 25, 124, 176; gives an address in Westminster Abbey, 310; incidents of early life, 311; ordination at Surrey Chapel, and departure for the Cape, 312; goes to Namaqualand, 314; influence on Africa, the "Bonaparte of South Africa," 315; marriage, 315; settles in Bechuanaland, 316; opposition of the missionaries, 318; perils and difficulties, 319; conflict with the Mautates, 321; removes to Kuruman, 322; translation of the Scriptures into Sechuana, 323; visit to England (1840), 323; return to Kuruman, 324; marriage of his daughter to Livingstone, 325, 335; visits to various tribes, 326; returns to England (1871), 327; death, 328, II, 107, 129; III, 12; "Africanus must save Africans," 276
- Mohammadians, missions to the, I, 26, 35; in Central Asia, 203; number in India, 245; at Cape Town, II, 112; a mosque built at Umhla, Africa, III, 55; in China, III, 141, 142; Christianity amongst, 545
- Moister, Mr., Wesleyan missionary in Antigua, I, 496, 501
- Molokai, work of Father Damien amongst the lepers, I, 155; III, 596-599
- Moluccas, the, II, 95, 96
- Mombasa, slaves at, III, 145; settlement of Krapf at, 447
- Monastery at Dehra Damot, Abyssinia, III, 169
- Mongols, Moravian missions to the, I, 206, 207, 218; work of Mr. E. Stally-
- brass and Mr. E. Swann amongst the, 222; Mr. Gilman's work, 225-227; method of teaching them Christianity, 225; religious customs, 226
- Monrovia, III, 242, 275
- Monte Video, and the *Duff*, I, 172; III, 131
- Montefiore, C. G., II, 162
- , Sir Moses, II, 146
- Montego Bay, trial of Rev. W. Knibb at, I, 519
- Monterey, Miss Rankin's schools at, III, 483
- Montgomery, James, opinion of Mrs. Kilham, III, 242
- , Sir Robert, III, 527
- Moon's system of printing for the blind, III, 275
- Moore, Mr., missionary in Fiji, II, 192
- Moors, the, III, 243
- Moravia, map showing settlements of the United Brethren, I, 74
- Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, I, 348
- Church, the, its proud position amongst mission agencies, III, 539; prayer for missions from its Litany, 548 (see also Missionary Societies, and United Brethren)
- More, Hannah, I, 263; III, 230
- Morley (Kaffirland), I, 36
- Morocco, I, 18; III, 464; missions in, 465, 466
- Morokwiv, I, 327
- Morris, Rev. Mr., in India, II, 234
- Morrison, Rev. Donald, missionary at Vate, III, 424
- , Robert, I, 2; work in China, 8, 10, 131-165, 371; translation of Scriptures into Chinese, 13; II, 42; early life, I, 131-133; wishes to go to Timbuctoo with Mungo Park, 134; studies medicine and astronomy, 134; learns Chinese in London, 134; leaves London for China, 136; early days in China, 137-146; saves a Chinaman's life, 156; College at Malacca, 158; return to England, 161; interpreter to the British Consul, 162; his dictionary of Chinese, and death, 164; II, 371, 372
- Morris, Edward S., work, coffee-planting, and "execution" of bottles of spirits in Liberia, III, 275
- Motumba, Mount Central Africa, III, 50
- Mosley, Rev. Dr., and the manuscript of the Scriptures in Chinese, I, 131
- Moski, III, 457
- Mosquitia, early history, and British protectorate, III, 494, 495; missions, 496
- Mota, Island of, III, 369, 378, 384
- Mott, Mrs. Mentor, Christian teacher in Syria, III, 210
- Moulmein, mission station in Burmah, I, 553; II, 240
- Mowatt, Rev. J., missionary in India, III, 299, 302
- Moyara, Batoka village, III, 14
- Mozambique, III, 21, 29
- Mwapa, mission settlement at, III, 435, 434
- Msalab, Church mission station at, III, 445
- Mueller, Rev. Mr., missionary in Cairo, III, 221
- Muir, Sir William, III, 527
- Muirhead, Mr., in China, III, 118
- Mullens, Rev. Dr., visit to Madagascar, II, 264; work in the East, and his secretaryship of the London Missionary Society, III, 71; visit to United States, departure for Tanganyika, and death, 72, 453
- Muller, Mr., in West Africa, III, 256
- , Fritz, of the Leper Hospital, Jerusalem, III, 503
- Muller, Professor Max, I, 138, 207; II, 384, 459
- Mumbo-Jumbo in Western Africa, III, 243
- Munro, Sir Thomas, II, 234
- Murchison, Sir Roderick, rapids named after him, III, 22; and the rumours of Dr. Livingstone's death, 34
- Falls, III, 22, 23, 24
- Murdoch, Dr., on Hindu benevolence, III, 530
- Murray, Rev. A. W., III, 410, 415
- Musgrave, Sir Anthony, Governor of Jamaica, II, 430
- Mwape, III, 72
- Mwembe, Central Africa, III, 57; Bishop Stere's commences a mission at, 58
- Myate, I, 328
- Mysoor, I, 53, 57; III, 319; preaching of Hehlich at, 321
- Nabobs, and Bishop Bowen, III, 238
- Nagasaki, II, 3; discovery of a Christian community in 1860, 4, 6; II, 439
- Nagore, mosques of, III, 301
- Nain, Indian settlement in America, I, 450
- , Moravian missionary settlement in Labrador, I, 348, 353, 366
- Naivasha, Lake, III, 460
- Nalole, II, 4
- Namaqualand, I, 126; destination of Robert Moffat, 312
- Namoor Nambla, Western India, III, 289
- Nanking, the opium treaty of, I, 163, 398
- Napier, Lord, British Consul in China, I, 162, 164
- Napoleon I., I, 18
- Nara, Japan, II, 24
- Nasik, Western India, III, 287
- Natal, I, 99
- Natick, Indian town founded by John Eliot, I, 274, 279
- Native teachers, great work of, I, 190; III, 417, 418, 510
- Navigators' Islands, or Samoa, I, 190; III, 403
- Nazareth, Moravian settlement amongst the Red Indians, I, 431
- Nechrens of Japan, the, II, 27-29
- Needle and scissors, their influence over the women of New Zealand, III, 77
- Negapatam, work of Elijah Hoole in, III, 300
- Negro preaching, anecdotes of, I, 31
- Neill, General, II, 266
- Neilson, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III, 422
- Nelles, Archdeacon, missionary to the Red Indians, II, 500
- Nepean, Sir Evan, III, 282
- Nesbit, Rev. Robert, missionary in Bombay Presidency, III, 283
- Nestorian bishops driven to China, III, 141
- Nestorians, missions to the, I, 480
- Nestorians, protest against the worship of the Virgin Mary, I, 480
- Newias, Dr., missionary in China, III, 154
- Newfoundland, I, 2
- , Bishop of, I, 362
- New England, The Corporation of the Long Parliament for propagating the Gospel in, I, 2
- New Guinea, I, 33, 198; II, 212; work of native teachers, III, 415-417
- New Hebrides, I, 191, 198; Presbyterian and other missions, III, 420-430
- New Hermannsburg (South Africa) founded by Pastor Harms, II, 104
- New Herrnhut, I, 79, 80, 90, 92
- New Holland (see Australia)
- New North, success of Catholic missions at, III, 179

- New York Herald*, III. 35  
*New Zealand*, I. 2, 4, 33, 34; Christians baptised back into heathenism, 35, 400; mistakes of the mission, II. 209; discovery of the islands, 524; description of the country and people, 525—534; beginning of missions by Samuel Marsden, 535; failure of method of civilising before Christianising, 535—541; visit of a chief to England and its evil consequences, 543—547; work of J. Butler, 542, 543; work of W. Williams and W. Williams, 545—554; influence of Samuel Marsden, 553, 555; vices introduced by white men, 554; Bishop Selwyn on the change wrought by the Gospel, 555; outrages by the crew of the *Albatross*, 556; the "New Zealand Land Company," 556; proclamation of British sovereignty, 558; Auckland made the capital, and afterwards Wellington, 558; appointment of Bishop Selwyn, 559; war, 561; Governor Grey's mistakes, 562, 565; continual land-grabbing leading to the ten years' war, 567; a representative constitution, 567; work of Samuel Leigh, III. 74—77; Church mission, 75; wars of Hongi, 75, 78; the missions bear fruit in 1831, 79; work of Mr. Turner and others, 79; proclaimed a Crown colony, 79; intolerance of Episcopalians towards Wesleyans, and arrival of Bishop Selwyn, 80; the mission press, 80; argument of a native chief, 81; amusing incident at a marriage, 83; native warriors hold a prayer-meeting, 82; Romanism, 83; translation of the New Testament, 83; a Maori's ideas of a "new heart" and the objects of prayer, 84; a great revival followed by the great apostasy, 85—89; description of Hana Hana, 86, 87; martyrdom of Carl Volkner, 88; arrival of Bishop Selwyn, 88; narrow escape of Mr. Grae, 88; death of Henry Williams, and monument, 90; present condition of mission-work, 91—97; bad elements, 91; poetry, 91; absence of sectarian bitterness, 92; progress of Episcopalianism, 92; the kind of clerical workers required, 93; native clergymen, 94; Salvation Army and Blue Ribbon Army, 95; diggers for Kawri gum, 95; observance of the 50th anniversary of Marsden's death, 96; native races nearly extinct, 97  
*Newala*, Central Africa, III. 58  
*Newcastle* (Australia), II. 317  
*Newell*, Mr., missionary to Rangoon, I. 538  
 —, Saouel, in Bombay, III. 282  
*Newman*, F. W., mission work at Bagdad, III. 218  
*Newton*, John, II. 238; III. 229; work in the Banana Islands, 242  
*N'Gami*, Lake, discovered by Dr. Livingstone, I. 332, 341, 342, 343  
*Ngatanga*, III. 402  
*Nguna*, New Hebrides, work of Mr. Milne in, III. 425  
*Nicholas*, the Emperor, stops missionary work amongst the Mongols, I. 222  
*Nicholls*, Rev. H. B., missionary at Moulmein, I. 558  
*Niger*, the, I. 18; expedition, III. 251  
*Nightingale*, Florence, opinion of Sir John Lawrence, I. 10  
*Nile*, sources of the, I. 18  
*Ningpo*, hospital opened by Dr. MacGowan at, I. 378; a "teary port," 398; II. 50  
*Nirvana*, and the *lamas*, I. 210; in Japan, II. 24, 27; China, 398  
*Nisbet*, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III. 422  
 —, Mr., and the Wesleyan mission to Great Namaqualand, I. 139  
 — Harbour, Labrador, I. 346, 347  
*Nitschman*, David, I. 34, 75; visits Schmidt in South Africa, 103, 301; goes with Dober to the West Indies, 303; emigration to Georgia, 443  
*Nitschman*, Martin, Moravian missionary, killed by Indians at Guadenhütten, I. 449  
 — Melchior, death in Bohemian prison, I. 92, 100  
*Niven*, Rev. W., in Jamaica, II. 403  
 Nonconformists, tolerance towards them at the end of 18th century, I. 3  
*Norfolk Island*, head-quarters of Bishop Patteson, III. 376—380; training school, memorial church to the Bishop, and the progress of the work after his death, 383—389  
*North American Indians* (see Indian tribes of America)  
*Norway*, I. 60; despatch of first colonists to Greenland, 61; leprosy in, III. 505  
*Nosanga*, III. 459  
*Nott*, Mr., missionary to Rangoon, I. 538; in Bombay, III. 282  
*Nukualofa*, Wesleyan mission at, III. 395, 396; college at, 400  
*Numarsook*, I. 30  
*Nundi*, Rev. Gopenath, II. 266, 267  
*Nyassa*, Lake, its discovery by Livingstone, III. 24; Universities Mission to, 26; explorations of Livingstone, 29, 31; founding of Scotch mission at Livingstone, 60  
*Nylander*, Herr, I. 26  
*Oaxaca*, persecution of Protestants in, III. 490  
*Oezeret*, Abraham Leo, missionary to the Jews, II. 147—151  
*Odenwald*, Brother, Moravian missionary in Surinam, III. 114  
*Oglethorpe*, James, one of the founders of Georgia, I. 440; early life, and championship of the Moravians in Parliament, 440; interest in the welfare of the inmates of the Fleet; 441; takes out a company of debtors to America for establishing Georgia, 442; enters into treaties with the Creek nation, 442, 461; II. 415  
*Ohio*, the, I. 31  
*Okak*, second Moravian missionary station in Labrador, I. 353, 355, 358, 366  
*Olaf Tryggvesson*, King, I. 61  
*Olyphant*, Mr., and the American mission in China, I. 156; II. 58  
*Onadago*, I. 446, 447  
*Ooshooa*, Flegnic mission settlement at, III. 135—139  
*Opechancough* (Indian chief), treachery of, I. 269  
*Opium den* in London, Charles Dickens' description of, III. 170  
 — trade in China, I. 17, 329; smoking dens, in China, 385; its legitimate uses, 386; the Nankin treaty (1842), 388; the Tien-Tsin treaty (1858), 398; its use in Formosa, III. 167; smoking dens in East London, 173; its pernicious influence, 524—526  
 "Opium War," the, I. 386; its origin, horrors, and result, 394—398  
*Orange River*, I. 117, 118, 119, 124, 125, 314  
 "Origin of Species," Darwin's, III. 119  
*Orinoco*, the, I. 291; III. 111  
*Orphan House* of Halle, I. 40  
*Orton*, Rev. Joseph, missionary to Australia, III. 176  
*Oshogun*, III. 251  
*Oswell*, Mr., goes with Livingstone in search of Lake N'gami, I. 341, 342  
*Otaheite*, I. 33, 168  
*Oude*, I. 11  
*Ouseley*, Sir Gore, English ambassador at Shiraz, I. 477; befriends Henry Martyn, 478  
*Outram*, Sir James, and Dr. Duff, II. 257  
*Owen*, Mr., missionary in the West Indies, I. 307  
 —, Mr., missionary to Zululand, II. 127  
 —, Captain, and Mr. Thobald, I. 127  
*Oxford*, University of, confers honorary degree on Livingstone, III. 19; the Universities Mission to Africa, 38  
*Pagell*, Brother, Moravian missionary to Central Asia, I. 207, 208, 210, 214, 215; attempt to penetrate Chinese Tibet, 215; vaccinates the people of Tso-to, 216; death, 219  
*Paine*, Tom, I. 2; II. 257  
*Palabala*, III. 436  
*Palestine*, declared to be under the suzerainty of Turkey, I. 142; missions in, III. 204—206, 211—215  
*Palmas*, Cape, III. 271, 274  
*Pamure*, Lord, I. 36  
*Paper*, Chinese, II. 61  
*Pappenberg*, Japan, massacre of Christians at, II. 3, 6  
*Papuan Race*, the, I. 198  
*Para*, III. 102  
 "Paradise of Babies, A," designation of Japan, II. 12  
*Paramatta*, convict establishment, II. 394; church, 391  
*Parish*, Rev. C., chaplain at Moulmein, I. 558  
*Park Mungo*, I. 18, 134; II. 421, 422; III. 243  
*Parke*, Daniel, Governor of the Leeward Islands, II. 416  
*Parker*, Dr. Peter, and medical missions in China, I. 374, 382  
*Parkes*, Sir Harry, early life and consularship at Canton, II. 36; an adventurous errand, 38, 39, 435  
*Parnell*, Mr. J., mission work at Bagdad, III. 218  
*Parry*, Bishop, of Barbadoes, II. 419  
*Parrees*, or *Gaures*, missions to the, I. 472; in Guajarath, III. 290; religious belief, 290; Christian converts, 294; their religion the "purest and best of all Pagan creeds," 615  
*Parsons*, Rev. Levi, American missionary in Palestine, III. 204  
*Pascoe*, Rev. James, missionary to Mexican Indians, III. 491  
*Patagonians*, the, I. 32; III. 138  
*Paternon*, Rev. James, missionary in Jamaica, II. 403  
*Faton*, Rev. J. G., missionary in the New Hebrides, III. 422; efforts for the abolition of "labour traffic," 423—439  
*Patteson*, Bishop, III. 198; early life, 366; life at Eton and Oxford, 366; qualifications for mission work, departure for the South Seas, and consecrated at Auckland as successor to Bishop Selwyn, 367; methods of work, 368, 369; an ideal bishop, 371; his efforts partly thwarted by slave-dealers, 375; falling health, 376; murdered at Nukapa, 378  
*Paul de Loanda*, St., capital of Angola, and destination of Dr. Livingstone (1852), III. 1

- Pauler's Pury, birthplace of William Carey, I. 229
- Paulet, Lord George, secures the cession of the Hawaiian Islands to Great Britain, I. 429
- Payne, Rev. J., American missionary in Liberia, III. 271, 274
- Peainan, I. 31
- Peake, Mr., and Mrs. George, to the Red Indians, II. 500
- Pearse, Mr. and Mrs. George, and the mission to the Kabyles, III. 404
- Pebas, South America, III. 102
- Pekin, Temple of Heaven at, I. 12, 13, 16, 229; II. 5, 38; burning of the Summer Palace, 39, 382
- Pele, Hawaiian goddess, I. 403; her temples, priests, and tribute, 404; her control over the volcanoes, 406; defied by Princess Kapiolani, 420
- Pella, South Africa, I. 124, 125
- Penang, II. 240
- Penn, William, II. 503
- Pennell, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 54
- Pennsylvania, work of David Brainerd, I. 286, 287; settlement of Moravians, 443
- Penny, Rev. H., and Norfolk Island mission, III. 418
- Penny, Mr., Bishop Hannington's companion to the Nyanzas, III. 455
- Pentateuch, taken to China B.C. 600, III. 141
- Pequots, the branch of the Iroquois Indians, I. 270
- Percival, Lieut., iniquitous demands on the Hawaiians, I. 417, 418
- Perham, Mr., missionary in Borneo, II. 78, 79, 91—94
- Perkins, Mr., commissioner at Goojerat, I. 491
- , Rev. J., missionary to the Nestorians, I. 480, 481
- Perks, Rev. G. T., visit to the Kafirs, II. 125
- Perry, Commodore, Arrival at Yedo Bay of, II. 1; success of his mission to Japan in 1854, 5, 276, 282
- Persia, missions to, I. 472—483; work of Mr. Bruce, 484, 485
- Perth (Australia), II. 290, 317; a novel entertainment on behalf of a Catholic mission, III. 178; Archdeacon Hale, 187
- Grammar School, II. 247
- Peru, South American Missionary Society in, III. 102
- Peshawar, Christian Church at, I. 493
- Pfeiffer, brother, Moravian missionary in Mosquitia, III. 495
- , Madame Ida, II. 347, 348
- Philadelphia, arrival of Christian Indians at, I. 451
- Philip, Indian Sachem, declares war against the English, I. 279; death, 280
- Philippine Islands, II. 95
- Phillippo, Mr., in Jamaica, I. 512
- Phillips, Captain, discovers Port Jackson, II. 289
- , Garland, murdered by the Fuegians when attempting to begin a mission, III. 132
- Philpot, Rev. H., missionary in the West Indies, II. 428
- Physiology, notions in China of, I. 374
- Pictou Island, III. 127
- Piercy, Rev. George, missionary to China, I. 2, 45; III. 171; his "Pilgrim's Progress" in Chinese, and labours amongst the Chinese of the East End of London, 173
- Pierson, Mr., English resident at Ispahan, I. 174
- Pierson, Rev. A. T., LL.D., on the vast extent of the mission-field, III. 540
- Pietermaritzburg, Bp. Colenso's church at, II. 117
- Pilder, George, missionary in Egypt and Abyssinia, III. 218
- Pilgerhut, Guiana, III. 112; Moravian settlement at, 113
- Pilgrimage, or Pilgrim's Rest, I. 459
- Pilgrims in India, III. 303
- "Pilgrim's Progress" in Japanese, II. 456; in Chinese, III. 145; George Percy's edition in Chinese, 173
- Pillans, Rev. J., II. 364
- Pillar, Rev. James, Wesleyan missionary in Mosquitia, III. 495
- Pinara, Church mission station at, III. 117
- Pinder, Rev. J., first Principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, II. 416
- Pinto, Mendez, landing in Japan of, II. 2
- Piper, Rev. J., missionary to Japan, II. 438
- Pitcairn Islands, III. 371, 373
- Pitman, Mr., missionary to Karatonga, I. 183, 193; III. 402
- Pitt, Mr., and the Hawaiian request for missionaries, I. 410; and Indian missions, I. 234
- Pittsburg, martyrdom of Red Indian Christians by Americans, I. 459
- Plant, Mr., Holford, missionary at the Florida, III. 419
- Pless, Count von, I. 78
- Plütschau, Henry, one of the first Protestant missionaries to India, I. 4, 40—48; early friendship with Ziegenbalg, 41, 42; work at Tranquebar and return to Denmark, 42—48
- Poetry of Japan, II. 16
- Poezold, Herr, missionary in Madras, III. 298
- Pohlé, Christian, I. 55
- Poland, I. 75; missions to the Jews in, II. 151—159
- Polgase, Wilhelm, missionary in Fiji, II. 195
- Polo, Marco, I. 289; II. 1; III. 141
- Polygamy amongst the Hottentots, I. 102; in the West Indies, 507
- Polynesia, description of, II. 163—166; III. 357; number of Christian converts, 558
- Pomare, King of Tahiti, I. 170, 175, 177
- , Queen, and the French, III. 390—397
- Pond, Rev. G. A., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 485
- Poo, Little Tibet, Moravian missionary station at, I. 215; the convert Gzalan, 217, 218, 222
- Poo mission station, burning of, III. 442
- Pope, Bishop (Japan), II. 439
- Poonah, III. 285; schools at, 294
- Poonindie, Archdeacon Hale's native institution at, III. 186, 187
- Port Jackson, I. 174
- Philip, III. 176
- Porter, Sir Robert Ker, "Travels in Persia," by, I. 477
- , President, on Wells Williams, II. 68
- Porteus, Dr., Bishop of London, II. 417
- Potatoes, introduction into India, I. 249
- Porto Rico, I. 290
- Portuguese, the, in Eastern Africa, III. 10, 11, 16, 17, 20, 22; founding of Rio de Janeiro, 101; in the Congo, 432
- Potsdamberg, missionary plantation at St. Thomas attacked by the Whites, I. 309
- Post, Rev. G. E., M.D., of the Syrian Protestant Coll., Beyrout, III. 515, 518
- Potala, Lama temples at, I. 210
- Prasse, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 250
- Pratt, Josiah, III. 231
- Prayer for missions, from the Litany of the Moravian Church, III. 548
- barrels, Kahuku, I. 204, 205
- mills and wheels in Tibet, I. 214, 225, 227
- Presbyterian Church of England Missionary Society (*see* Missionary Societies)
- Preston, Mr., missionary in China, III. 171
- Price, Dr., and Dr. Judson, I. 7
- , Dr., medical missionary at Ava, I. 549
- , Roger, missionary in South Africa, I. 328; II. 131, 134
- Prinsep, Mr., and inscriptions on the rocks of Girvan, III. 291
- Printing press of Carey, I. 242; as a mission agency, II. 54—71; of Dr. Steere at Zanibar, III. 56; New Zealand, 80
- Proctor, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 39, 43; perilous adventure, 44; heads the mission on the death of Bishop Mackenzie, 46
- Propaganda at Rome, the, and Romish missions, III. 516
- Protestantism, the beginning of its missionary work, I. 2; decadence in 18th century, 2
- Protestants, French, in South Africa, I. 101
- Providence Island, I. 451
- Puebla de los Angeles, Protestantism in, III. 490
- Pulsnitz, I. 41, 42
- Pundits, Indian, I. 4
- Punjab, the, missions, III. 328—552
- Puri, shrine of Jagannath at, I. 254
- Puritan Fathers, lauding at Massachusetts, I. 269
- Puritanism tainted with unbelief in the 18th century, I. 2
- Purus River, III. 102, 109
- Pyramids of Teotihuacan, Mexico, III. 476
- Queensland, colonies of, II. 290; cruelties and degradation of aborigines, 294—298; missionary work, 307, 308; III. 191, 192
- Quetta, mission at, I. 493
- Quilimane, Eastern Africa, III. 1; arrival of Livingstone at, 18; the river, 19; flight of Mariano to, 21, 48, 63
- Rabbi Mpia, settlement of Krapf and Hebmatt, III. 447, 457, 458
- Rabinowitz, Mr., founder of the National Jewish Christian Movement, II. 159
- Racon, III. 249
- Radamu I., King of Madagascar, treaty with England, II. 322; encouragement to missionaries, 324, 325; death, and murder of his heir, 326
- Radamu II., King of Madagascar, II. 351
- Raffles, Sir Stamford, II. 95
- Raiteata, the King asks for missionaries, I. 177; John Williams commences work there, 178, 193
- Railway over the Livingstone cataracts, III. 432
- Rain-doctors in Bechuanaland, I. 318, 320
- Rain-makers, and Livingstone, I. 331
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, the first contributor of a donation to missions, I. 2, 267, II. 197
- Ranahyuk, mission station in Australia, III. 181, 191
- Ramallah, Friends' mission at, III. 211
- Ram-Basoo, Hindoo, writes on Hinduism and Christianity, I. 250
- Ranmohun Roy, Hindu Theist, II. 254

- Ramseyer, Mr., missionary, imprisoned in Ashanti, III. 266—270
- Ranavalona, Queen (Madagascar), her murder of the royal family, II. 326; persecution of the Christians, 328—338
- Ranch, Christian, Moravian missionary at Shekoneko, I. 445
- Ranchi, church at, III. 339
- Rangoon, settlement of Messrs. Chater and Felix Carey at, I. 534; arrival and early work of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, 539, 542—547; Judson's imprisonment, 550; missionary successes and progress of education, 554, 558—568
- Rankin, Miss Melinda, her Christian work in Mexico, III. 475, 482, 483
- Rapa, Island of, III. 406; industries of natives since their conversion, 407; the small-pox, 407
- Raratonga, I. 33; work of John Williams, 180; arrival of Mr. Buzacott, 184; condition of the people, 184; epidemic, 188; return of Williams, and effects of a hurricane, 194, 195, 198; III. 402; work of Mr. Gill, 401, 402
- Rasong, Little Tibet, Lama festival at, I. 214
- Rationalism on the Continent in the 18th century, I. 2
- Rawie, Rev. R. (afterwards Bishop of Trinidad), principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, II. 416
- Read, Mr., missionary at Bethelsdorp, I. 117, 119, 122
- Rebmann, Johann, colleague of Krapf in East Africa, III. 447; visits to Kadiaro and the Kilimanjaro mountain, 449; and Frere Town, 450
- Red Cross Society in Japan, II. 446  
— Indians (see Indian tribes of America)
- Redlich, Brother, Moravian missionary in Little Tibet, I. 214, 218
- Reed, Sir E. J., and the Shinsiu of Japan, II. 29
- "Reflections of a Candidate for the Ministerial Office," Dr. Morrison's, I. 133
- Reformed Catholic Church, the, at Hawaii, I. 432
- Regent's Town, Sierra Leone, III. 231, 233, 234
- Reid Fountain, I. 127
- Reinann, Brother, Moravian missionary in Labrador, I. 359
- Renner, Herr, I. 26  
— Mr., in West Africa, III. 250
- Reseyck-Polack, Mr., missionary in South America, III. 107, 110
- Revival, need of a, in the Christian Church, III. 547
- Rewa, Fiji, II. 191; difficulties of mission work, 192; revival, 194
- Rhenius, Mr., missionary in Madras, III. 299
- Ribe, mission of the United Methodists at, III. 73
- Rice, Luther, missionary to Rangoon, I. 538
- Richards, Mr., missionary at Lahaina, I. 415, 416, 419; becomes Minister of Public Instruction at Hawaii, 426  
— Mary, mission worker on the Congo, III. 436
- Richer, Peter, Genevan missionary in S. South America, III. 99, 101
- Richmond, Legh, II. 300
- Riebeck, Van, and South Africa, I. 100, 102
- Rigg, Mr., Wesleyan missionary in Ceylon, III. 350
- Riggs, Stephen R., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 478; his Dakota dictionary, 481, 482, 483, 485
- Riis, Andreas, in West Africa, III. 266
- Riley, George, missionary to the Red Indians, II. 491  
— Henry, labours in Mexico, and persecution by the Catholics, I. 31; II. 486, 487
- Rimatura, Island of, III. 406
- Rio de Janeiro, III. 101
- Rio Pongas, the, III. 247, 250
- Ritter, Carl, II. 524
- Robben Island, hospital for lepers and leprotics at, III. 500—502
- Robertson, Rev. H. A., missionary in Erromanga, III. 424  
— Dr., missionary in the East, III. 207
- Robin, M., secretary to the King of Madagascar, II. 324
- Robinson, Mr., at Serampore, I. 258  
— Sir Hercules, II. 202, 206
- Robson, Captain, of the *Duff*, I. 171
- Rohy, Rev. William, and the training of Robert Moffat for mission work, I. 311, 312
- Roeks of Girvar, Dr. Wilson's visit to the, III. 291
- Rohr, Rev. H., Primitive Methodist missionary in Fernando Po, III. 277
- Rogers, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 478
- Romaine, William, I. 3
- Roman Catholics, their persecution of Protestants in Mexico, I. 31; attempts to commence a mission at Hawaii, 426; builds a cathedral at Honolulu, 432; friction with Congregationalists at Hawaii, 433; priests shelter Moravian missionaries at Ispahan, 474; their success in Japan followed by a massacre, II. 3; converts in Japan, 462; in Mexico, III. 478; their missionary enterprise, 517—520; lessons to be learned from, 519; (see also Missionary Societies)
- Roper, Mr., in West Africa, III. 259
- Roscher, Dr., German explorer in Africa, III. 24
- Ross, Mr., missionary in China, II. 70; in Corea, III. 165  
— Mr., in Kaffirland, II. 123
- Rovuma River, Africa, III. 24, 26;  
— Livingstone's explorations on the, 29; Bay of, 30
- Rowe, Mr., Baptist missionary in Jamaica, testimony on slavery, I. 297, 511
- Rowley, Rev. H., historian of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, III. 39, 48
- Roxbury, scene of the first labours of John Eliot, I. 270, 271, 276, 281
- Royal Geographical Society, and Sir Bartle Frere's obituary notice of Livingstone, I. 335; premium awarded to Livingstone for the discovery of Lake N'gami, 342; gold medal bestowed on Livingstone, III. 19; paper read by Mr. Comber, 439, 441
- Rulaxa, Uganda, III. 452, 455, 461; the mission during Mtesa's reign, 461; persecution and murder of native converts, 462; the approach of Bishop Hannington to, 462; despatch of men to murder the heathen, 462, 465
- Rudolph, Christian, perilous position in Greenland, I. 29, 59
- Rueffer, J., Moravian missionary to the Gauras or Parsoes, I. 472; attacked by Kurds, 474; death at Damietta, 475
- Ruggles, Mr. S., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413
- Ruo, River, Africa, III. 43, 45
- Ruruta, Island of, III. 406
- Russia refuses to allow Moravian missionaries to enter Central Asia, I. 267; attempts to seize Japan, II. 5; National Jewish Christian movement in the southern district, II. 159
- Russian Bible Society, I. 206
- Russo-Greek Church, the, in Japan, II. 462
- Ryland, Dr. John, and the Baptist Missionary Society, I. 231; and Moses Baker, 510
- Saabre, missionary in Greenland, I. 96
- Sabuthu, missions at, III. 330
- Sachems, the, I. 278
- Safed, Christian mission at, II. 147, 150, 151
- Sahib, Tippoo, I. 57
- Salena, I. 458, 459
- Salmon, Rev. A., in Burmah, I. 565
- Salvado, Father, and the Catholic mission in Western Australia, III. 178
- Samoa, I. 191, 192, 198; work of Mr. Williams and others, III. 404; civil war, 404; training college, 404, 538
- Samurai, the, of Japan, II. 19, 20
- Sau Salvado, III. 434, 438, 439, 442
- Sundani, III. 452
- Sundusky, Red Indian settlement, I. 458
- Sundwich Islands, I. 32, 35, 414
- Santa Cruz, and the death of Commodore Goodenough, III. 363; disaster to sailors at, 373  
— Isabel, Fernando Po, III. 277
- Santarem, III. 102
- Sao Paulo, mission at, III. 109
- Sarah Tucker Institution, Timuevely, III. 343
- Sarawak, Borneo (see Kuching)
- Sarawia, Rev. S., of Mota, III. 377
- Sarepta, Moravian colony in Russia, I. 202, 203, 205
- Sargasso, the, or Gulf-weed, of the Caribbean Sea, I. 290
- Sartorius, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I. 50
- Sass, Mr., missionary at Silver Fountain, South Africa, I. 125
- Saugar Island, II. 250, 271
- Savage Island, I. 190; frenzy of an old chief, 191; wildness of natives and their conversion by a Samoan preacher, III. 465, 496
- Savaai (Samoa Islands), I. 192
- Savannah, the, I. 442, 444
- Saville, Rev. A. T., missionary at Para, III. 407
- Saxony, migration of the United Brethren, I. 75
- Sayer, Professor, and the Kabyles, III. 364
- Schäpura, Rev. W., mission curate in Whitechapel, II. 147
- Schemmel, Mr., missionary at Pella, I. 125; and Mr. Barnabas Shaw, 126, 127
- Schill, Brother, Moravian missionary to the Kalmucs, I. 205, 206
- Schmürer, Herr, Moravian missionary in Surinam, III. 114
- Schlotzer, Andrew, Moravian missionary to Labrador, I. 348
- Schmidt, George, first preacher of the Gospel to the Hottentots, I. 19; suffers persecution in Boshemia, 99; lands at Table Bay, 98; work amongst the Hottentots, 101, 104; death, 105
- Schmitt, Moravian missionary to the Hottentots, struggle with a leopard, I. 20—22, 108, 115
- Schnarre, Mr., missionary in Madras, III. 299
- Schonbrunn ("The Beautiful Spring") Red Indian settlement, I. 455; its abandonment, 456, 459
- Schor, Rev. S., in Jerusalem, II. 145

- Schreuder, Mr., missionary to the Zulus, II. 108
- Schroeder, Mr., in Africa, I. 327
- Schultze, Danish missionary to Tranquebar, I. 50; influence on C. F. Schwartz, 51
- Schwartz, Christian Friedrich, I. 2; work in Southern India, 5, 6, 8; Bishop Heber's opinion of him, 6; influence at Tanjore, 36; early life, 50, 51; departure for Tranquebar, 51; masters the Tamil and Persian, 52; ceaseless labours, 53; appointed to superintend the mission at Trichinopoly, 54; visits the Rajah Tuljajee at Tanjore, 54; envoy to Hyder Ali, 55; labours and death, 57—59; II. 235, 259, 262
- Schwinn, Daniel, Moravian missionary to South Africa, I. 106, 108
- Schwe, first preaching of the Gospel in, III. 295
- Scott, Rev. J., in Jamaica, II. 403
- , Thomas, the connumerator, influence on William Carey, I. 230; III. 262
- , Sir Walter, III. 38
- Scriptures, the translation of, Ziegenbalg's, into Tamil, I. 4, 44; into Chinese by Morrison and others, 13, 162; II. 42; John Eliot's into the language of the American Indians, I. 28; into Persian by W. Chambers, 55; into the language of Greenland, 82, 86, 87; manuscript at the British Museum in Chinese, 131, 147; versions of the Chinese Bible, 166; into Samean, 193; into the language of Baratonga, 197; into Tibetan, 220; into the Mongol tongue, 223; into Bengali, 233, 241, 250, 252; into the language of the Red Indians, 275; into the Sechuana language by Moffat, 323, 327; into Hawaiian, 422, 426; into Persian, 475, 476; II. 225; into Syriac, I. 483; into the language of Fiji, II. 179; into Malagasy, 324, 325; into Japanese, 455; into Daecatan, 486; into Swahili, III. 58; into the Amri tongue, 83; into Zangian, 139; into Corean, 164; into Chinese, by Percy and others, 173; into the aboriginal tongue of Australia, 175; into the Calabar tongue, 262; into the Ashanti tongue, 270; into Marathi, 282; into the tongue of the Hervey Isles, 421; into the Congo tongue, 444
- Scudamore, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 39, 42, 43; perilous adventure, 44, 46; death, 50
- Scudder, Mr., American missionary in Madras, III. 306
- Sebastian, St., afterwards Rio de Janeiro, III. 101
- Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, I. 342, 344; his successor, III. 1
- Sechelle, chief of the Choname tribe, one of Livingstone's converts, I. 336, 337; and the demands of the Boers, 340, 343
- Sechuana language, and Dr. Moffat, I. 317; and Livingstone, 338
- Sectarianism, the evils of, in mission work, III. 554, 545
- Sekeletu, chief of the Makololo, III. 1; reception of Livingstone, 2, 12, 25
- Sekwulu, faithful attendant of Livingstone, III. 18
- Selenga, the Tibet, I. 222
- Selenginsk, Tibet, I. 222
- Self-denial in the Christian Church, lack of, III. 547
- Self-mutilation in China, I. 381
- Sellers, Rev. J., in India, III. 341
- Sellon, Miss, work at Lihana of the sisterhood of, I. 434
- Selwyn, Bishop, and the conversion of New Zealand to Christianity, I. 34, II. 555; appointment to the bishopric of New Zealand, 561; his work and influence, 565; and Carl Volkner, III. 87; method of evangelisation, 94; visit to Melanesia, 365
- Selwyn, Bishop (2) of Melanesia, III. 388
- Senna, Africa, III. 21
- Sepeys, with Livingstone in Africa, III. 30
- Serampore, I. 4; mission at, 244; arrival of Marshman and Ward, 248; the "Canterbury" of India, 249; Botanical Gardens, "Carey's Walk," library, etc., 250; the first converts, 251; passes into the hands of the British, 252; the Juggernaut festival, 254; opposition of Brahmins to Christianity, 256; the Ganga Sangar festival, 256; the "Gospel citadel of Northern India," 258; prohibition of Suteesim, 259; burning of the printing-office, 261; death of Ward, 262; destructive floods, 263; death of Carey, 263; death of Dr. Marshman, 265, 539, 542; II. 250
- Sertojeje, I. 58; tribute to C. F. Schwartz, 59; visits Serampore, 262; II. 235, 240
- Seringapatam, I. 55
- Serpents of South America, III. 116, 117
- Sesheke, on the Leeambye, III. 3, 25
- Sessing, Herr, German missionary at the Gold Coast, III. 266
- Seward, Mr., British consul at Zanzibar, III. 34
- Shaftesbury, (Seventh) Earl of, II. 140, 144, 162; and Bishop Gobat, III. 214; schools for African boys, 276
- Shaikh-Othman, Mr. Keith-Falconer settles at, III. 227
- Shamans, in Manchuria, III. 162
- Shanars, the, of Tanavelly, III. 340
- Shanghai, wounded pirates and Dr. Lockhart, I. 379; a "treaty port," 398
- Shang-ti, worship of, II. 398, 399
- Shapanga, Africa, III. 21, 48, 69
- Sharp, Granville, I. 523; his work for the liberation of slaves, III. 228
- Sharon, Surinam, Moravian mission station at, III. 114
- Shatz, E., Lutheran missionary in India, III. 336
- Shaw, Mr., missionary at Urambo, Africa, III. 67
- , Rev. A. C., missionary to Japan, II. 438
- , Barnabas, I. 2, 23; goes to South Africa, 126; the Lily Fountain mission, 126—128
- , Ernest S., companion of Mr. Wilmot Brooke in Africa, III. 535
- , George F., his "Madagascar of To-day," II. 364, 366
- , Mr. J., missionary in Western Australia, III. 186
- , William, I. 23; work amongst the Kafirs, II. 121
- Shears, Rev. A., in Burmah, I. 558
- Shekomeko, Moravian church at, I. 445—447; emigration of the Indians to Gnadenhutten (the "Tents of Grace"), 447
- Sherwood, Mrs., her description of Henry Martyn, II. 222
- Shillage takes possession of the Cape of Good Hope, I. 99
- Shimonoski, the Gibraltar of Japan, II. 6
- Shindler, Mr., missionary on the Congo, III. 442
- Shinran, the Luther of Buddhism, II. 29
- Shinshiu, the, of Japan, II. 29
- Shintoism, the indigenous religion of Japan, II. 21, 22, 453
- Shire, Rev. G., missionary, I. 493
- Shire River, Africa, III. 22, 24, 26, 29; terrible scenes during a famine, 48; engineering operations on the, 63
- Shirwa, Lake, III. 23
- Shore, Abyssinia, III. 470
- Shore, Sir John, Governor-General of India, and unlicensed Europeans, I. 242
- Shoshang, I. 326
- Sicard, Major, commandant at Tete, III. 18
- Sidras, III. 209
- Sierra Leone, I. 26; formation of the colony, and appointment of Zachary Macaulay as Governor, III. 228, 229; French invasion, 229; made a Crown colony, 230; mission work of Augustine Johnson, 231—236; "the White Man's Grave," 237; bishopric of, 238; Bishop Bowen, 238
- Sikhs, the, III. 328
- Silesia, I. 104
- Silver Fountain, South Africa, I. 125
- Simcoe, Dr., and Henry Martyn, II. 218; III. 229; his five chaplains in India, 427
- Simmons, Dr., medical missionary in Japan, II. 446
- Simon, M. Jules, and British clubs on the Continent, III. 156
- Sims, Dr., on the Congo, III. 436
- Singapore, II. 162; II. 94
- Sinox, Amerc, I. 58
- Sioux War, the, II. 482—485
- Siva, I. 245; a festival in honour of, III. 311
- Skelton, Rev. T., at Delhi, III. 331
- Slavery in Africa, I. 4, 18, 19; Sir John Hawkins and Queen Elizabeth, 19; in the West Indies, 34, 293—298, 513—523; II. 407; in South Africa, I. 114, 115; evidence of Captain Marston before the Committee of the House of Commons, 295; Sir Thomas Powell Buxton brings forward an anti-slavery motion in Parliament, 515; decree of abolition, Aug. 1, 1838, 522; hostility to Livingstone in Africa partly caused by, III. 11; Livingstone liberates a company of ninety slaves, 40; denunciation of Lord Brougham, 39; market at Zanzibar, 51; treaty signed by the Sultan of Zanzibar discouraging slavery, 55; further proclamations by the Sultan, 57; in Australia, 195; formation of the colony of Sierra Leone for freed slaves, 228; Methodist missions, 239; work of Mrs. Kilham, 239—242; on the west coast of Africa, 250; in Melanesia, and the devices of the dealers, 375; in the South Seas, 407, 428—430; on the Congo, 432
- Sleigh, Mr., missionary at Lifu, III. 412
- Sloane, Sir Hans, and the manuscript of the Scriptures in Chinese, I. 131
- Smith, Rev. F., Red Indian preacher, II. 52
- , Dr. George, biographer of Dr. Wilson and Dr. Duff, III. 284; and the history of missions, 513
- , Rev. Gerard, missionary in Palestine, III. 211
- , Richard, missionary to the Gambia, III. 240
- , Stanley P., in China, III. 149
- , Dr. Thomas, in India, II. 258
- , Dr. William, II. 247
- Smyttau, Dr., missionary in India, III. 291
- Snake, H., Lutheran missionary in India, III. 336



- Snow on Kilimanjaro Mountains, III, 150  
 Society Islands, I, 33, 176, 191, 400; III, 390—392  
 Sockotoo, III, 535  
 Socrates, I, 39  
 Solomon Islands, III, 118  
 Sonnath, Temple of, III, 292  
 Sonnenburg, I, 50  
 Soo-Soo, the, I, 26  
 Sorcery amongst the Red Indians, I, 433; in Borneo, II, 77; in Mesquithia, III, 406  
 Soudan, attempted mission in the, III, 467, 585  
 "South Sea Bubble," the, I, 168  
 ——— Islands, I, 4; beginning of the missions, 168—183; voyages of John Williams, the work of Williams and other missionaries, and death of Williams, 183—200  
 Southon, Dr. Ebenezer, missionary to Central Africa, III, 72  
 Spain, war with Georgia, I, 443  
 Spalding, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II, 17  
 Spangenberg, Herr, I, 34  
 Spangard Harbor, and the Fuegian mission of Allen Gardiner, III, 127  
 Spearing, Miss, mission worker on the Congo, III, 436, 412  
 Spears, Mr., of the Universities mission to Africa, III, 54  
 Speke, Captain, one of the discoverers of Lake Tanganyika, III, 66  
 Spencer, Bishop, of Madras, III, 306  
 ———, Herbert, II, 459  
 Spiesske, Brother, Moravian missionary in Australia, III, 179, 182  
 Spitti, Little Tibet, I, 207  
 Spizance, Mr., missionary at Negapatam, III, 391  
 Srinagar, I, 486—492  
 Stach, Christian, I, 78, 81  
 ———, Matthew, early life, I, 76; work in Greenland, 78—91; return to Europe, 91; founds a new settlement in Southern Greenland, 91, 92; death, 93, 246  
 ———, Mr., in New Zealand, III, 78  
 Stallybrass, Rev. E., missionary to the Mongols, I, 222  
 Stanley, Dean, eulogy on Livingstone, I, 27; II, 214; on the mission work of travellers, III, 534  
 ———, H. M., I, 18; expedition to find Livingstone, III, 35; his discoveries and their importance, 431; visit to Maskay at Usimburo, 536  
 ———, Pool, III, 435  
 Staunton, Sir George T., I, 134  
 Steele, Colonel, goes with Livingstone in search of Lake N'gami, I, 341  
 Steere, Dr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III, 50, 54; appointed to succeed Bishop Tozer, 55; erects Christ Church, Zanzibar, 55; opens a printing press at Zanzibar, 56; journey to Mwendu, 57; plants a colony of freed men, and opens a mission station at Masasi, 58; translates the Scriptures into Swahili, and death, 58  
 Steinman, Brother, Moravian missionary, and the Kahunas, I, 206  
 Stellenbosch, I, 114, 312  
 Stephen, Sir James, II, 239  
 Stephens, Mr., missionary in Mexico, III, 483; murdered, 184  
 Stevens, Rev. Edwin, missionary to China, I, 159, 290  
 Stevenson, Fleming, on missions in the West Indies, I, 302; on travelling in China, 387; description of Manchuria, 389; visit to Portuguese cemetery at Pekin, II, 382; description of a girl's school in Japan, 451; III, 117  
 Stewart, Mr., Free Church of Scotland missionary at Kongone, Africa, III, 28  
 ———, Mr. James, his engineering work on the Shire River, III, 63  
 ———, John, missionary to the Red Indians, II, 490, 492  
 Stirling, Archibald, proprietor of a Jamaica plantation, II, 400  
 ———, W. H. (afterwards Bishop), and the Fugian mission, III, 132, 135, 136  
 Stockbridge, Indian settlement, mission of David Brainerd and Mr. Sergeant, I, 286  
 Stottbert, W., proprietor of a Jamaica plantation, encourages missions, II, 400  
 Strachan, Dr., visit to Burma, I, 566  
 Stronach, Mr., missionary to China, II, 12  
 Stuart, Bishop, of New Zealand, III, 95  
 Stubbs, Jōpang, I, 75  
 Sturge, Mr., I, 525  
 Suchidrom, great stone idol at, III, 346  
 Sudras, the, the servile class in India, I, 245; III, 346  
 Suddragam, Province of, Ceylon, III, 351  
 Sugar-cane and plantations, I, 232, 235  
 Sultan of Mysore, I, 57  
 Sumatra, II, 95, 96  
 Superstitious practices amongst the Kalmucs, I, 205; of Lamaism, 207, 210; amongst the Hindoos, 255—257; in China, 383, 381; at Hawaii, 406; in Japan, II, 35, 287; in Borneo, 75, 76, 78; in Australia, 294; in Guiana, 427; amongst the Red Indians, 506; amongst the Maoris, 531—534; in Mexico, III, 477  
 Surinam, Moravian mission at, III, 114  
 Susoo, the, West Africa, III, 247—250; mission from Barbadoes, 262  
 Susupchannah, the, I, 451  
 Sutcliffe, John, and the Baptist Missionary Society, I, 231  
 Sutherland, Rev. Dr., on mission work, III, 514  
 Sutteism, I, 11, 255; its prohibition in 1829, 259; Hindoos denounce the Act of prohibition, 260  
 Sutton, Rev. F. W., medical missionary in Burma, I, 567  
 Swamy, Rama (*see* Singu, Amer) Swamidian, Mr., native missionary in India, III, 345  
 Swain, Rev. W., missionary to the Mongols, I, 222  
 ———, River, II, 290  
 Swain, Mr., colleague of Captain Hore at Kavala, III, 70  
 Sybney, I, 31; its founding and growth, II, 290  
 Syria, I, 32; missions in, III, 209  
 Table Bay, landing of George Schmidt at, I, 98  
 Tabled, III, 209  
 Tabriz, work of Mr. Perkins at, I, 480  
*Taba*, the, semi-religious system in the Hawaiian Islands, I, 406, 411, 412  
 Tahiti, I, 35, 168; first mission service, 170; abandoned by the first missionaries, 174; apostate missionaries, 174; abolition of idolatry, 175; arrival of Mr. Buzacott, 183; the *Messager of Peace*, 186, 413; designs of Louis Philippe and Catholic priests, III, 390; false charges against Queen Pōmare, 391; passes into the hands of the French, 392  
*Tapiwan*, rebellion of the, I, 161, 163, 164; II, 17, 31  
 Taita, III, 457  
 Tai-fel-hua, head of the Tibetan ecclesiastical system, I, 210, 219  
 Talmage, Mr., American missionary to China, III, 115  
 Tamatave, II, 331, 342, 343, 351  
 Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, I, 177  
 Tamil, the, I, 1, 43, 51  
 Tamo, worship of, in China, III, 110, 141  
 Tanganyika, Lake, Livingstone at, III, 32; Livingstone and Stanley try to discover its outlet, 35, 63; work of the London Missionary Society at, 65; discovered by Captains Burton and Speke, 95; work of Captain and Mrs. Hore, 66—71; Mr. Thomson, Dr. Millens, and Dr. Southon, 71, 72  
 Tangiers, I, 18; mission at, III, 466  
 Tanguje, I, 4, 5; influence of Schwartz, 36, 40; the labours of Schwartz, 51—59; its destruction by Hyder Ali, 57; II, 227, 235, 241, 262; Mr. Hoole's visit, III, 302  
 Tanna (New Hebrides), volcano, murder of native teachers, and mission work in, III, 422  
 Tausa, and its founder Lao-tze, II, 394—396  
 Tuppe, Rev. T., missionary to the lepers at Jerusalem, III, 502, 503  
 Taramaki War, the, I, 35; influence of a missionary on the Maoris, 36  
 Taro, III, 459  
 Tartary, Moravian missions in, I, 202—207  
 Tasmannia, II, 317; the first preaching of the Gospel, and the work of Mr. Curvoso, III, 191  
 Taylor, Burmah, I, 533  
 Taylor, Dr. Charles, American missionary to China, I, 164  
 ———, Hudson in China, III, 152  
 ———, Rev. J. Hudson, on the opium traffic, III, 524  
 ———, Mr. John, missionary to the lepers at Robben Island, III, 501  
 ———, Reynell, III, 527  
 Tea cultivation in China, I, 139  
 Telford, Mr., on the Congo, III, 134  
 Temple of Heaven at Pekin, I, 12, 13, 16  
 ———, Sir Richard, III, 527  
 ———, graves of Elora, II, 289  
 Temples of Mexico, III, 477  
 Teotihuacan, pyramids of Mexico, III, 476  
 Tern Controversy, the, II, 12  
 Terrahua, South America, III, 107  
 Tete, Africa, arrival of Livingstone at, II, 47; second visit of Livingstone, 22, 26  
 Texas, Miss Rankin's school at, III, 482  
 Theatres in Japan, II, 18  
 Theodora, King, I, 563, 568  
 Theodoros, King, of Abyssinia, III, 171—174  
 Thom, Mr., British Consul at Ningpo, I, 378  
 Thomas, Admiral, proclaims the independence of the Hawaiian Islands, I, 450  
 ———, Rev. J., Wesleyan missionary at Tonga, III, 394  
 ———, John, advocates mission work in India, I, 234; goes to Bengal with William Carey, 234; takes charge of an indigo factory, 239; superintends sugar factories at Berhoom, 250; first convert, 251; illness and death, 252; sinking wells, III, 342  
 ———, St., said to have preached the Gospel in China, III, 140  
 ———, St. (West Indies), I, 31, 40, 301, 304; work of Frederick Martin, 305  
 Thomsson, Mr., of Calcutta, raises

- finds for a new printing-office at Serampore, I. 262
- Thompson, Dr. A. C., on Moravian missions in Mesquitta, III. 497
- , Dr. Bowen, missionary in Syria, III. 209
- , Mrs. Bowen, her educational work in Syria, III. 209, 211
- , John, missionary to the Gambia, III. 240
- , Mr. J. M., American missionary in Liberia, III. 271
- , Rev. Marmaduke, and the Europeans of Malacca, III. 298
- , Sir Richard, III. 527
- , Rev. Thomas, chaplain in India, III. 527
- Thomson, Mr., in Kaffirland, II. 123
- , Mr., missionary to Lake Tanganyika, III. 71
- , Mr., missionary in Morocco, III. 465
- , Mr. J., his story of the fall of Nanking, I. 164; on the intelligence and schools of the Chinese, II. 371, 377; on the Mohammedans, III. 141
- Thorn, Mr., minister of the Dutch Reformed church at Cape Town, I. 312
- Thornton, Mr., accompanies Dr. Livingstone to Africa, III. 19
- , Henry, III. 228, 230
- Threlfall, William, I. 23; goes to Kaffiraria, 127; murdered by bushmen on the way to Great Namaqualand, 129, 130
- Threlkeld, Mr., at Raiatea, I. 178
- Thurston, Mr. A., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413, 419, 436
- Tibet, Chinese, I. 207, 211, 215, 219
- , Little, I. 207—222
- Tien-tsin, I. 143; visit of Mr. Gutzlaff, 390; treaty of 1858, 398; II. 37
- Tierra del Fuego, I. 32; visit of Charles Darwin, III. 119; description of the place and people, 120—123; efforts of Allen Gardiner to form a mission, 124—128; sufferings and death of Gardiner and his company, 130; murder of Garland Phillips and his party, 132; labours of Mr. Despard, Mr. Bridges, Bishop Stirling, and others, 131—139; ultimate success of the mission, 139; Mr. Bridges and the *Soto Jore*, and the medal presented by the King of Italy, 138
- Tigre, III. 470
- Timms, the West Africa, III. 250
- Tindaloism of the Floridas, III. 418, 419
- Tinghai, capture of, I. 161
- Tinker, Mr., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 419
- Tinnevely, I. 57; striking success of missions in, III. 340—345, 379
- Tinson, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, I. 512
- Tiraena, persecution of Protestants at, III. 491
- Titcomb, Rev. J. H., first Bishop of Rangoon, I. 563, 566
- Treat, mission of H. J. Van Lennep and others at, III. 215—218
- Tokio, II. 6, 7, 9, 10; view of, 13; Buddhist cathedral of, 23, 279; becomes the seat of the Japanese Government, 45; School of Fukuizawa, 117; Union College, 448; religious awakening, 162, adoption of European customs, 163—167
- Tonkin, Mr., missionary to China, I. 159
- Tonga, II. 175; 175, 176, 193; Wesleyan missions, III. 393, 400
- Tougalua, commencement of mission at, I. 171, 191
- Toukin, Mr., and John Williams, I. 176
- Tooth, Sacred, of Buddha, III. 350
- Topaze, Chinese affair of the, I. 144
- Tournon, Cardinal, I. 142
- Townsend, Mr., missionary in West Africa, III. 252, 254
- Townsville (Australia), II. 315
- Toyama, Professor, Imperial University, Japan, II. 460
- Tozer, Bishop, of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, III. 50; removes the quarters of the mission to Mount Morumbala, and afterwards relinquishes the mission, 50; transports native children at Zambar, 51; returns to England and resigns the bishopric, 55
- Tracey, Rev. Ira, American missionary to China, II. 58
- Traditions of a deluge, etc., at Lifu, III. 400
- Tranquebar, I. 4, 5; purchased by Denmark, 40; labours of Ziegenbalg and Plütschau, 43—50; work of Gründler and other missionaries, 50
- Travancore, priest-ridden, III. 345; caste grades in, 346; missions in, 347
- Trerechery Bay, III. 415
- Trew, Rev. Mr., missionary in the West Indies, II. 418
- Triad Society in China, I. 158
- Trichinopoly, I. 5; mission of the S.P.C.K., 53; II. 237, 241, 258
- Tripoli, I. 290
- Tripoli, I. 18; III. 209, 461; missions in, 466, 467
- Tritton, Mr., III. 439
- Trobe, Bishop in, and leper missions, III. 499, 502
- Trolope, Mr. A., on New Zealand bishops, III. 93
- Trondhjem, Archbishop of, I. 61
- , Bishop of, I. 62, 63
- Truscott, Mr., missionary, wrecked off Antigua, I. 508
- Tschecks, the, ineffectual search by the Moravians for, I. 203
- Tsee-ty, its ravages on Livingstone's camels, III. 31
- Tso-tso, Chinese Tibet, small-pox epidemic at, I. 215, 216
- Tubani, Island of, III. 406
- Tucker, Mr., missionary in the Friendly Islands, III. 399
- , Miss ("A.L.O.E."), and the Zenana mission, III. 355
- , Henry C., III. 527
- , Rev. H. W., his book on mission work, II. 427
- Tuckfield, Rev. Mr., missionary in Australia, III. 176, 177
- Tuljajah, Rajah, I. 54, 57
- Tullich, Miss, at Tangier, III. 466
- Tunis, I. 18; III. 464; missions in, 466
- Turball, Captain, and the Hawaiian request for missionaries, I. 110
- , Rev. W., missionary in Jamaica, II. 104
- Turner, Bishop, of Calcutta, II. 239
- , Mr., Wesleyan missionary in New Zealand, III. 78, 79
- , Mr., Wesleyan missionary to the Friendly Islands, I. 191; III. 385, 422
- , William, Moravian missionary in Labrador, I. 354, 355
- Turney, Rev. W. J., Primitive Methodist missionary in Fernando Po, III. 277
- Utahia (Samoa Islands), I. 192
- Tynhall, Professor, II. 149
- Udney, Mr., East India Company's servant, and friend of Carey, I. 239, 254
- Uganda, Catholic Mission at, III. 73; persecution of Christian converts in, 462; murder of Bishop Hannington in, 463; work of A. M. Mackay, 536, 537
- Ujiji, III. 23; arrival of Livingstone at, 31; Captain Hore at, 67; Catholic mission at, 73
- Ukalandi, III. 54
- Ukumbani, III. 450
- Ulva, I. 329
- Umka, Central Africa, Mohammedan mosque at, III. 53
- Underhill, Dr., letter to the Secretary of State on the distress amongst the negroes of Jamaica, I. 529; on mission work in Jamaica, 533
- Union of Christendom, the, for mission enterprise, III. 544, 545
- United Brethren, or Moravians, I. 3, 4; missions to the Hottentots, 19—22; labours in Greenland and Labrador, 28; West Indies, 33, 302; their origin, 73; growth in Bohemia, 74; founding of Herrnhut and commencement of missions, 75; beginning of missions to Greenland, 79; ultimate success of the work of Boehmisch, Beck, and Stach, 94; work in South Africa of Schmidt, and others, 101—108; settlement on the banks of the Volga, 202; search for the Tschecks, 203; missions amongst the Kalmucs, 204—206; missions in Little Tibet, 207—215, 217—222; attempt to penetrate Chinese Tibet, 215; missions to Labrador, 346—362; Labrador missionary ships, 363—370; their cause championed in Parliament by James Oglethorpe, 440; settlement in Georgia, 442; work amongst the Red Indians, 445—460; Persia, 472—475; Australia, III. 179 (see also Missionary Societies)
- Unity in Catholic missions, III. 519, 520
- University of Bombay, III. 297
- Unyanymbé, III. 154
- Upernivik, I. 94
- Upolu (Samoa Islands), I. 192
- Upper Lusitania, I. 76
- Urumbó, Africa, III. 72
- Urga, the religious capital of Mongolia, I. 226, 227
- Urquhart, John, I. 8; II. 247
- Urumiah, Persia, mission to the Nestorians, I. 480
- Usambara, III. 54
- Usambiro, Mr. Stanley's visit to Mr. Mackay at, III. 536
- Uvea, one of the Loyalty Islands, III. 414
- Uvui, Church mission station at, III. 454
- Vaagen, I. 60
- Vahl, Dean, on François Xavier, III. 518
- Vaisi, the, the productive caste in India, I. 245
- Vancouver, and the Hawaiians, I. 410; 428, 429; and the Island of Rapa, III. 406
- Vanderkamp, Dr. John Theodore, I. 2; first missionary to the Kaffirs, 22, 110; early life, 110; sent to Kaffirland by the London Missionary Society, 110, 111; opposition of the Boers to his work, 112; takes charge of a mission to the Hottentots at Botha's Plain, 112; Bethelsdorp, 113; death, 111; II. 221
- Van Diemen's Land, III. 194 (see also Tasmania)
- Vasco de Gama, I. 99
- Vatú, or Sandwich, New Hebrides, murders and cannibalism in, 124, 425
- Vavau, III. 396
- Vea, Paul, II. 208
- Vedas, the, I. 245

- Vellore mutiny, the, I. 258  
 Venn, Henry, I. 3  
 —, Mr., at Singapore, II. 95  
 Verbeek, Dr., II. 438; principal of the Imperial University, Japan, 418  
 Verneuil, Genevan missionary in South America, III. 161  
 Vestenantham, an astronomer of Ceylon, I. 38  
 Victor of Schomberg, Prince, gift to the Basle Missionary Society, III. 319  
 Victoria, Queen, superstitions about, I. 211; letter from the wife of a Maharajah to, III. 353; confers the Star of India on a faithful Indian wife, 356; and Bishop Patteson when a boy at Eaton, 366; and the labour traffic, 428; message from King Theodor to, 473; —, Australia, first-fruits of missions amongst the aborigines, III. 180—182  
 —, Hong-Kong, I. 373  
 —, Falls, arrival of Livingstone at the, III. 14; a chief's suggestion to blow them away with a cannon, 25  
 —, Nyanza, Lake, III. 66, 145; arrival of Bishop Hannington, 155  
 Vidal, Bishop, of Sierra Leone, III. 237, 255  
 Vincent, St., I. 291; John Baxter's mission work at, 501; work of Matthew Lamb, 503, 506  
 Virginia, I. 257  
 Vischer, Jacob, at Samatra, II. 97  
 Vishnu, I. 11, 245; and Jaganatha, 254; II. 212; III. 396  
 Viwa, Fiji, II. 195, 196  
 Volcanoes, in the Hawaiian Islands, I. 402; in Japan, II. 7  
 Volga, the settlement of the Moravians, I. 202  
 Volkner, Carl, the proto-martyr of New Zealand Christianity, III. 87  
 Voltaire, I. 2  
 Vuga, Africa, mission near, III. 52, 53  
 Wabell, Rev. H. M., missionary in Jamaica, II. 401; his account of the mission work, 406—411, 418; work at Duke Town and Creek Town, III. 262—264  
 Wade, Mr., missionary at Rangoon, I. 549  
 —, Luke, missionary assistant, New Zealand, III. 78  
 —, Rev. T. R., in Kashmir, I. 490  
 Wagner, Herr, in East Africa, III. 450  
 Wagogo tribes, III. 454  
 Waikato, New Zealand, III. 79  
 Wainwright, Jacob, attendant of Livingstone, III. 35, 36  
 —, Rev. R., Church missionary in Labrador, I. 367  
 Walder, Mr., German missionary to Australia, III. 183  
 Waldemarr, Herr, missionary in Abyssinia, III. 171  
 Waldmeier, Mr. T., head of the Brumana mission, III. 211  
 Wales, Prince of, and Dr. Wilson, III. 297; at Timnevelly, 345; and the Father Damien memorial, 509  
 Walfish Bay, I. 127  
 Walker, Mr., Wesleyan missionary to New Zealand, III. 74  
 Wallaroo, mission station at, III. 184  
 Waller, Mr. Horace, of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 39, 42, 48  
 Wang-tun, Dr., medical missionary of the London Missionary Society at Canton, I. 375  
 Wangarua, scene of the *Boyd* massacre, New Zealand, III. 75; Wesleyan mission settlement, 76; ferocity and warlike propensities of the people, 78  
 Wangungu, Wesleyan mission station, New Zealand, III. 79  
 Wanika, Mombasa, III. 117  
 Ward, Mr., organiser of the "Ever-Victorious Army" in China, II. 50  
 —, William, mission at Serampore, I. 214; edits the *Duchy Mercury* and *Hull Advertiser*, 246; goes out to India as Carey's "serious printer," 246, 247; meeting with Carey at Kidderpore, 249; work at Serampore, 251, 252, 259, 262; death, 262, 513  
 Warm Bath, South Africa, I. 128, 130  
 Warren, Mr., on Japanese suspicions of Christianity, II. 431  
 —, Rev. C. F., in Japan, II. 438  
 Warrener, Mr., Methodist missionary in Antigua, I. 498  
 Warsaw, missions in, II. 152—157  
 Warsaw, a blackamoor, I. 125  
 Washington, deputation of the Cherokees, at, I. 462; visit of George Guesek, 463  
 Watchnight services, Moravian origin of, I. 115  
 Waterhouse, Rev. John, missionary to Fiji, II. 182, 190, 209  
 Watkins, Mr., in Mexico, III. 483  
 Watford, Mr., missionary in Fiji, II. 180, 194, 206  
 Watson, Rev. Mr., missionary to Australia, III. 179  
 —, Rev. James, missionary in Jamaica, II. 401, 402  
 Watt, Mr., missionary in the New Hebrides, III. 422  
 Wang, Dr., and John Williams, I. 172  
 Way, Rev. Lewis, on the condition of the Jews in Poland, II. 151  
 Webb, Mr., principal of Codrington College, Barbadoes, II. 416  
 Weber, Brother, Moravian missionary in Little Tibet, I. 229  
 Webster, Rev. James, visit to China, II. 70; to Corea, III. 164  
 Wechquaunk, Indian settlement in America, I. 451  
 Wedeman, Mr., and the Lepers of Robben Island, III. 501  
 Weise, Brother, missionary to the Kafirs, II. 106  
 Wellesley, Lord, Governor-General of India, and Carey, I. 243; engages Carey to teach Bengali at Fort William College, 262; departure from Calcutta, 268  
 Wellington, Duke of, II. 558  
 Wesley, John, I. 3, 169; and David Brainerd, 282; goes to Georgia with James Oglethorpe, 442; influence on Nathaniel Gilbert, and lay-preaching, 494, 495; and John Baxter, 497, 498; II. 121  
 Wesleydale, New Zealand, III. 76  
 Wesleyville, South Africa, II. 121  
 West, Mr., missionary to the Jews in Warsaw, II. 155  
 West Indies, I. 33; David Nitschmann's work, 24; slavery and the slave trade, 289—299; work of Columbus, Dober, Nitschmann, Frelerick Martin, and others, 299—309; description of the islands, 299, 291; persecution by the planters, 299; mission work at Antigua and St. Vincent, 494—509; the Scottish mission, II. 400—414; Church of England missions, 415—430  
 Westcott, Dr., on native teachers, III. 549  
 Whately, Miss, missionary to the Muslims in Cairo, I. 26; III. 221—223  
 Wheeler, Daniel, Quaker preacher in Tahiti, III. 390  
 Whipple, Bishop, II. 501, 502  
 White, Mr., Baptist missionary and translator of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Japanese, II. 136  
 —, Mr., missionary, wrecked off Antigua, I. 508  
 Whitehead, Rev. Silvester, on the opium traffic, III. 524  
 Whitehorn, Mr., missionary in Jamaica, I. 517  
 Whiteley, Rev. J., Wesleyan missionary, murdered in New Zealand, III. 79  
 Whitfield, George, I. 169  
 Whitely, Rev. J. C., afterwards Bishop of Clota Nagore, III. 338, 359  
 Whitman, Dr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 176  
 Whitney, Mr. S., missionary to the Hawaiians, I. 413  
 Widows, hanging of, in China, III. 161; suicide of, in West Africa, 258; their hard lot in India, 351; strangling of, in Hervey Isles, 421  
 Wilberforce, Samuel, II. 239; speech on the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 38  
 —, William, and the renewal of the East India Company's Charter, I. 2, 7, 19, 251, 315, 525; II. 138, 229; III. 228  
 Wilkins, Mr., pastor of City Road Tabernacle, I. 175  
 —, Lieut., reports concerning the British Consul at Hawaii, I. 118, 127  
 Williams, Mr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 175  
 —, Rev. C. M. (afterwards Bishop), in Japan, II. 431, 439, 155, 157  
 —, Hon. G. W., LL.D., on American slavery, III. 526  
 —, Rev. H., missionary in New Zealand, II. 545—554, 565; III. 85; death and monument, 89, 90  
 —, Rev. H., on sectarianism in mission work, 131, 145  
 —, John, I. 2, 33; early life, 175; offers himself to the London Missionary Society, and is sent to Enamoo, 176; work at Raiatea, 178, 179; work at Raratonga, 180; builds the *Messenger of Peace*, 181, 182, 186; goes to the Hervey Isles, 186; escape from drowning at Atiu, 188; work at Aitutaki, 189, 190; visit to England, 197; returns to the South Seas in the *Candee*, 198; death at Erromanga, 199, 332; II. 191, 200  
 —, Richard, of the Fugian mission, III. 126—130  
 —, Rev. Thomas, missionary to Fiji, II. 182, 186  
 —, Rev. W. (afterwards Bishop of Waiapu), missionary in New Zealand, II. 546; III. 85, 90  
 —, Dr. Wells, missionary to China, I. 119, 159, 162, 371, 389; and the Min River, 390; on the Tern Controversy, III. 43; early life and departure to China to superintend mission printing, 55—57; Chinese dictionary, 59; his printing machinery, 62; on village life in China, 66, 67; works and character, 68, 382; on Shanghai, 398; on the opium trade, III. 170  
 Williamson, Rev. Alexander, LL.D., missionary to China, II. 71, 330; on the characteristics of the Chinese, III. 168—170  
 —, Dr., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 182, 484  
 Willis, Bishop, of Honolulu, I. 431, 435  
 Willmot-Brooke, Mr. Graham, and the Sudan mission, III. 467; attempt to reach Sokotoo, and his narrow escapes from death, 555

- Wishere, Rev. A. R. M., chaplain to the loopers at Robben Island, III. 502
- Wilson, Bishop, of Calcutta, visits Carey in his last illness, I. 263; early life, II. 258; his preaching in London, 237; work in India, 210—212; death, 243; II. 513; III. 251, 228; at Delhi, 330
- , Dr. Andrew, III. 295
- , Mr., American missionary at Cape Palmas, III. 274
- , Rev. Mr., missionary at Tahiti, I. 177
- , Rev. E. F., missionary to the Red Indians, II. 511—515
- , Captain James, commander of the *Duff*, I. 33, 169, 170
- , Dr. John, I. 2; work in India, 7, 10; III. 286—297; early life, 285; scholastic attainments, 296; his vast influence, 297
- , Mr. William, chief officer of the *Duff*, I. 169, 170, 171
- Winslow, Mr., American missionary in Madras, III. 336
- , Mr., and John Elliot, I. 276
- Winter, Mr. R. K., at Delhi, III. 331
- Winton, Mr. and Mrs., lost in the *Lauroux*, II. 404
- , Sir Francis de, III. 441
- Wise, Mr., missionary at the Nyanza, III. 455
- Witchcraft amongst the Hottentots, I. 102; in New Zealand, II. 533
- Wolseley, Sir Garnet, Ashanti expedition, III. 266
- Women as missionaries, I. 58; in China, I. 151—162; in Japan, II. 451; in Palestine, III. 209, 212; in India, 353—356
- , of Japan, I. 15, 16; II. 451; of Borneo, II. 81; of New Zealand, 530; of China, III. 154—162; of Ceylon, 352, 353; of Melanesia, 360; of the Kabyles, 465
- Wood, Basil, II. 239
- Woods, Mr., missionary in South America, III. 109
- Worcester, Mr., missionary to the Cherokees, I. 467
- Wren, Sir Christopher, inscription in St. Paul's to, I. 400
- Wright, Rev. Charles, converted Red Indian and missionary, II. 502
- , Rev. W. B., missionary to Japan, II. 438
- Wulf, Herr, German missionary on the Gold Coast, III. 265
- Wylie, Mr. Alexander, Chinese scholar, II. 383
- Wylie, Mrs. Macleod, on missions to Burmah, I. 556
- Wyllie, Mr., and Episcopal clergymen at Honolulu, I. 432
- Xavier, mission to Japan, I. 17; and Dr. Coxe, 196; tomb at Goa, III. 289; in Ceylon, 348; Dean Vahlson, 318
- Yale College, expulsion of David Brainerd, I. 282
- Yanapragasum, Rev. N., native missionary at Chandah, III. 339
- Yang-tse-kiang, the, I. 163, 392
- Yedo, Bay of, arrival of Commodore Perry, II. 1; signing of treaty between Great Britain and Japan, 5; change of name to "Tokio," 279
- Yellow River, the (*see* Hoang-ho, the)
- Yesudian, Rev. S. G., native missionary in India, III. 344
- Vincentupec, religious festival at, III. 492
- Yokohama, II. 439
- Yonge, Miss, description of the mission work at Serampore, I. 258; description of Reginald Heber, II. 228
- Yorke, Mr., of the Universities Mission to Africa, III. 55
- Yoruban country, the, I. 26; tribes of, III. 243; Mohammedan invasion, 251; missions, 252; war in, 258, 259
- Youd, Mr., missionary to the Indians of Guiana, III. 116; adventure with a snake, 117; escape from poisoning, 117; poisoned by unfriendly Indians, 118
- Young, Dr., author of "Night Thoughts," II. 415
- , Mr. E. D., commands expedition to find Dr. Livingstone, III. 34; heads a party for founding an industrial mission on Lake Nyassa, 59
- , Dr. James, medical missionary at Amoy, I. 377; III. 145, 146
- , Rev. S. Hall, missionary to the Red Indians, II. 508
- , Rev. W. P., in Jamaica, I. 403
- Young Men's Christian Association of Japan, II. 453
- Yucatan, Peninsula of, III. 497
- Zambezi, the, III. 12; Livingstone's descent of, III. 12—18; width, and force of the current, 15; its four separate channels discharging into the sea, 13
- Zanzibar, Livingstone carries a letter of commendation to the Sultan of, III. 30, 31; arrival of Livingstone's body, 37; the slave-market, and gift of slaves by the Sultan to Bishop Tozer, 31; Bishop Tozer opens a training institution for native children, 51; outbreak of cholera, 54; Christ Church erected on the site of the slave-market, 55; reception of Bishop Hammington at, 432
- Zelinger, David, Moravian missionary to Georgia, I. 443; removes to Pennsylvania, 443; work at Shokone, and opposition of the whites, 446; establishes the Indian settlement at Gnadenhütten, 447; work and influence at Goshogochunk, 452—454; made prisoner by the Hurons, 457; settled at Sandusky, 458; death, 460
- Zemna Bible and Medical Mission work, II. 269, 272; good work done in India by various societies, III. 353—356, 541
- Zerubabel, the great prophet of Hebraism, III. 85
- Ziegenhals, Bartholomew, I. 2; work in India, 4; incidents of early life, 41, 42; labours and persecution at Tranquebar, 43—48; return to Denmark, visit to England and marriage, 48; return to Tranquebar, and death, 49; writes in prison "The Christian Life," and "The Christian Teacher," 46, 52, 236; II. 258
- Zinzendorf, Count, I. 34; leader of the *Reformed United Brethren*, 75; death, 93; Moravian mission to the Hottentots, 98; and Central Asia, 202, 206, 301; arrives at St. Thomas, and secures the liberation from prison of Moravian missionaries, 308; Labrador mission, 346; visit to the Red Indians, 445; and the conversion of the Persians, 472
- Zunne, Born, Dutch Reformed minister, and the Moravians; questions the validity of a Moravian ordination, I. 397, 399
- Zoar, Moravian missionary station in Labrador, I. 360
- Zoroaster, I. 472; founder of Parseism, III. 290
- Zouga River, I. 542
- Zulus, the, I. 23, 318; II. 29; work of New Hibernsburg missionaries, 108; work of Bishop Colenso, 119; and Captain Gardiner, 126
- Zumbo, III. 32
- Zuurveld, the, I. 111, 112







