

**G**REAT MISSIONARIES  
A SERIES OF BIOGRAPHIES

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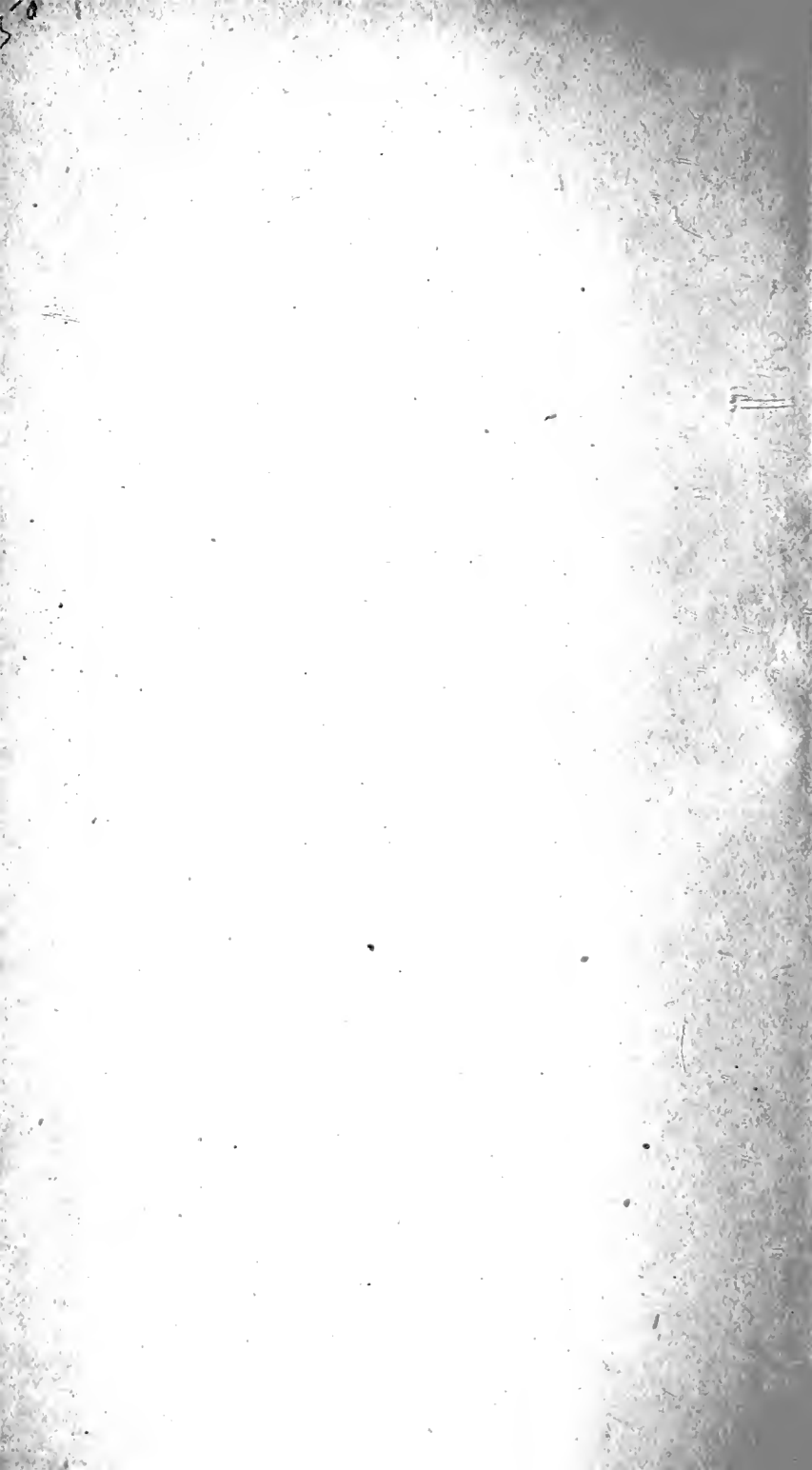
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ELIOT PREACHING TO THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

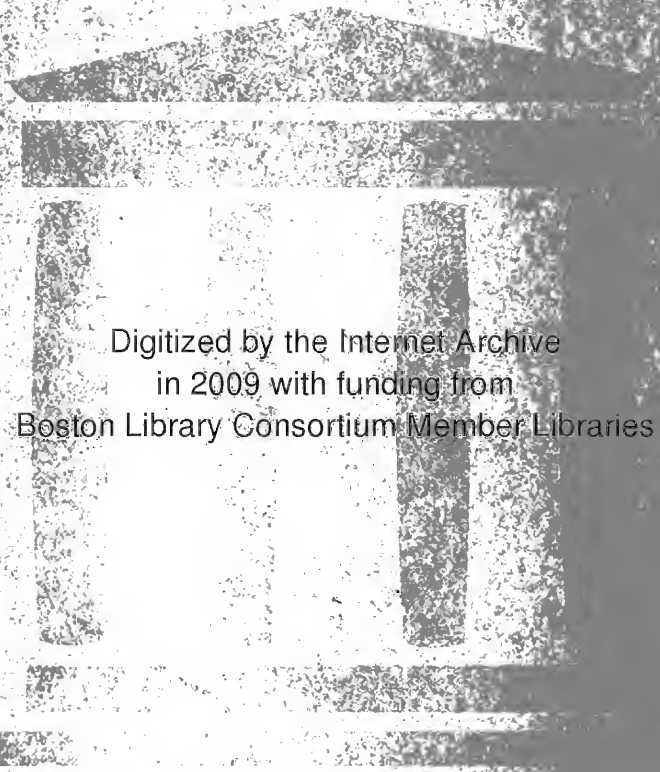
# Great Missionaries

BY THE

REV. A. THOMSON, D.D.  
EDINBURGH



G. NELSON AND SONS  
LONDON EDINBURGH AND NEW YORK



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# GREAT MISSIONARIES.

A Series of Biographies.

BY THE

REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D.,  
*Edinburgh.*



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
*Edinburgh; and New York.*

1870.

11197.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him  
that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that  
bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation.”

ISAIAH.

“Not sedentary all: there are who roam  
To scatter seeds of Life on barbarous shores.”

WORDSWORTH.

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## Preface.

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**T**HE Author, some few years since, delivered in Edinburgh, Manchester, and Liverpool, a lecture bearing the title of this volume, containing six short biographical notices of eminent missionaries. A wish was then expressed by many who heard the lecture, and has often been repeated since, that those notices should be enlarged and others added; and the present volume is the result of those suggestions. While not ignorant that the labours of primitive missionaries present a tempting subject for narration, the Author has restricted himself to the toils of modern evangelists, both because this gives greater unity to his notices, and because even this field is more than ample enough for one volume. He has also confined his sketches to Protestant missionaries, because, while not blind to the self-denial and the devotedness of some who have sought

to propagate among heathen nations a corrupt form of Christianity, his belief is that their labours have been of doubtful advantage; and, moreover, that it is the message which makes the missionary as well as the martyr.

In preparing these biographies, the Author has had to conquer two opposite forms of difficulty. In the case of the earlier missionaries, the material has been scanty, and scattered through a number of documents and periodical accounts that had gone to sleep on the shelves and amid the dust of libraries. The greater part of his information regarding Ziegenbalg was derived from a paper in the "Calcutta Review," which seems to bear internal evidence of having proceeded from the pen of Dr. Duff, though he is indebted for some interesting hints, both regarding that missionary and Brainerd, to the "Lives of Eminent Missionaries," by Mr. Carne. His most valuable information regarding Vanderkemp has been obtained from notices left behind by his departed and venerated friend, Dr. Innes; while the volume on the Caffres, by the Rev. Mr. Calderwood, has supplied a few additional hints to fill up the outline

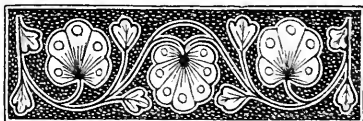
In the case of the later missionaries, the difficulty has been to condense into a space suitable to the

plan of the volume, the matter supplied in the elaborate biographies that exist regarding nearly every one of them. Thus, with the "Missionary Enterprises" of Mr. Williams, and the truly admirable and judicious memoir by Dr. Prout, as well as miscellaneous details which have been added since, the temptation was strong to linger even longer over the story of that remarkable evangelist. In like manner, the life of Martyn, by Mr. Sargent, was only one of many sources from which light could be shed on the character of that amiable and gifted youth; and the details of John Campbell's marvellous career, so ably traced by his distinguished namesake, were so unique and instructive as to render brevity impossible, if it was indeed desirable. The Author, however, will have accomplished one of his chief aims if he shall be found to have succeeded in gathering together the "*disjecta membra*," the scattered and fragmentary hints regarding some of the earlier missionaries, ere they were finally lost to the Church, and in sending readers back to the larger and still accessible biographies of those labourers in heathen lands, who have only recently passed away.

Without obtruding any formal plan, the Author has sought to make each life serve as the vehicle

of some lesson, or for establishing some important principle in connection with the great enterprise, on whose success, he believes, the progress of our race and the happiness of the world mainly depend. That these sketches, illustrating the principles which sustain men in great duties, and proving what may be accomplished in a short but earnest life, may have the effect of luring other labourers forth to the great harvest of the world, and of raising the thoughts of many to the great Missionary of all, who travelled the wide distance from earth to heaven, and in his life and death gave all missionaries at once their example and their message, is the Author's earnest desire and prayer.

63 NORTHUMBERLAND STREET, EDINBURGH,  
*April 1862.*





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# GREAT MISSIONARIES.

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## INTRODUCTION.

**Y**OU remember the little tree which was planted by your cottage-door in your early childhood, and whose top you could easily touch with your infant hand. You returned lately after many years of absence, and found the same tree overshadowing the cottage, its tallest points reaching above the chimney-tops, and many a fowl of heaven lodging in its branches. But those who had never left the cottage, had meanwhile scarcely marked the silent growth. From year to year it had looked to them as almost an unchanged tree. This simple illustration represents the state of mind with which many regard the steady and silent progress of the kingdom of God in our modern Christian missions. We may discern but little change from year to year, for still the law pronounced by Christ at the begin-

ning of the kingdom holds good, that "it cometh not with ostentation or empty parade." But could those who planted and watered the infant sapling now return from their tombs, or rather descend from their thrones: could Watts and Doddridge, for example, revisit for a season the world for which they so often prayed; could even the venerable founders of the London, the Wesleyan, or the Church Missionary Society once more stand on the earth, and compare their recollection of the state of things as they left it with the progress of the last fifty years, as well as wisely read and interpret the signs of the times, they would speak, we may be assured, in no desponding tone, but would rather utter their feelings in the exulting language of the psalm—"The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of them that published it."

Although in attempting to estimate the increase of the missionary sentiment in our Churches, or the advance of the missionary enterprise, we have no instruments resembling those by which men of science are able to gauge the depth of tides, or to calculate the velocity of winds, there are not wanting facts and signs which may help us at least to approximate the truth. Leaving statistics then, and arithmetical figures to others, let us, in keeping with the intention of the present volume, glance at some of the signs which our literature affords.

Now, if any man will even look into the modern

hymnology of our Churches, he will be struck with the number of hymns that are intended to express and enlarge the desires of the Church for the extension of the gospel. And the hymn-books of Churches, when of modern selection, may be regarded as indicating with considerable certainty the predominant thoughts and longings of the contemporary period. When we go back even a century and a half, and dip into the literature of the age of Queen Anne, there is comparatively little of this sentiment even in what is justly enough termed religious poetry, and that little, except when it is a mere paraphrase of some portion of Scripture, is usually both cold and vague. Nearly all our great missionary hymns are modern, until we go back through eighteen centuries to the hymns of the Bible, whose width of sympathy and elevation of view demonstrate their inspiration, and show that the Bible is not the mere book of an age, but looks with benignant glance over all the earth, and down through all time.

And does not the very bulk of our existing missionary intelligence afford us a satisfactory means of measuring the steady growth of the missionary enterprise? There are good men who linger among us 'even unto this day,' who can remember the time when the "Evangelical Magazine," then in its honourable youth, promised to gratify its readers with one page of missionary intelligence in each number, as often as intelligence sufficient to occupy a single

page could be procured! And with the whole missionary world to gather from, the requisite amount of information could not always be obtained, and the consecrated space needed to be filled with other matter! The time has come when every living Church in our land sends forth its monthly periodical, mainly devoted to its own missionary intelligence and correspondence, and when men of enlarged sympathies and charities are acknowledging the necessity of some new document that will make it possible for them to master, within a moderate space of time, the recorded results of the entire mission-field.

Then it is impossible to look into our secular literature without marking the respectful tone in which it has come to speak of missions and missionaries. The age and the race of the Major Scott Warnings, who undertook to prove the singular excellence, purity, and humanity of the Hindoo religions, and the impossibility of converting the Hindoo to Christianity, and who even laboured hard to awaken ignorant apprehension in the minds of British senators, that the missionary would make it impossible for Britain to keep hold of India, has passed away; and writings like his are now looked at only as curious specimens of the credulity and the boldness of assertion of strong and embittered prejudice. Even the articles of the Rev. Sydney Smith on Methodism and Missions are regarded as nothing more than ignorant and clever

burlesque; and while they are still read at times for their reckless wit, no sober man ever thinks of reading them for their argument. It was not so much the assertion of missionaries, as the frequent admission of candid civilians during the late appalling mutiny in India, that our empire there could only be retained by confidence among the natives, and that this confidence could only be secured by means of a wide-spread Christianity, and that the Bible more than the sword must make that great empire either capable of being retained, or worth retaining.

And even when the more remote and important results of missions in their effects upon the immortal destinies of men are kept out of view, and their immediate and tangible fruits alone are looked at, they are admitted by thousands who have never formally identified themselves with the missionary movement, to be a great and benignant power on the earth. As the frequent pioneer of commerce, the founder of schools, the agent of civilization, the instructor of the savage in the industrial arts, the arbiter and peacemaker between contending tribes, the defender of the coloured man against the arrogance and oppression of the white—how much is the missionary accomplishing every day, even by the more secondary and incidental effects of his labours, for his bleeding and suffering race! There is not, in truth, a department of useful knowledge

or a science whose stores the Christian missionary has not enriched. Men like Duff, with his eloquence and his schools—or like Dwight, with his calm energy and shrewd foresight—or like Livingstone, finding his way in safety where no common travellers could penetrate, doing the work of a whole company of *savans*, and rendering the entire circle of the sciences his debtor—are not of the class who can be extinguished by a sneer. And if there are some authors still, who persist in depreciating the entire missionary enterprise, and in speaking with incredulity and scorn of the triumphs of Williams and others in the South Seas, it will commonly be discovered that they are “lewd fellows of the baser sort” in our literature, who have found some of those very islands no longer affording an open sphere for their vices—or men of avowed Antichristian sentiments, who cannot bear to have the tree known by its fruits, and who, shutting close their eyelids,—

———“hoot at the glorious sun in heaven,  
And cry out, Where is it?”

We are further convinced, that in addition to those standards of measurement which we have thus named, few things would more surely enlarge our estimate of the progress of Christian missions than a thoughtful examination of the existing biographies of missionaries. The impression thus effected would be far more vivid and deep than could ever be produced by a mere arithmetical array of columns, informing us

of the number of catechumens and converts on each mission-field. We should especially note what statistics fail to tell us, how much of the missionary work of the past fifty years has been preparatory, in the formation of lexicons and grammars, and the translation of the Scriptures into the language of the people among whom the missionary laboured; and how much, therefore, we have hitherto been doing the work of David, in gathering the materials of the future temple of God, rather than that of Solomon in building it. At the same time, we should also be struck with the circumstance, that with all this laborious working under ground, which will not need to be repeated, but which has absorbed so much of the energy of the past, there have been missions which have already advanced to a singular maturity, and missionaries who have been called to begin their harvest-song when they had scarcely ceased to sow. What are the journals of Judson and Boardman among the Karens, or of Williams among the Coral Islands, or of Cross and others in the Feejee groups, but the records of a succession of almost pentecostal triumphs? And how suggestive, as well as encouraging, is the fact, that in a period somewhat less than the average length of a human life, the inhabitants of the whole cluster of the Sandwich Isles have been transformed from paganism, moral debasement, cannibalism, and infanticide, to a community with its churches, its printing-presses, and its schools;

with its courts of law, its harbours, and its commerce; and with the rights of property universally respected; and that all this has been accomplished at an expense of treasure somewhat less than is necessary to build a single war-frigate and to keep it afloat for a year.

Impressions such as these are likely to be produced and deepened even by the perusal of the brief sketches of "Great Missionaries" which we have attempted to trace in the present volume. And while, perhaps, there is not one of these narratives which does not convey some special lesson or suggest some useful hint, there are especially two conclusions of some moment which the whole series of sketches may be held to sustain. The one is, that Christianity alone is the great moral lever of our humanity,—producing among all races, under all climes, and amid every variety of external conditions, the same kind of fruits, and doing this where every other expedient has failed; so that, even as the result of experiment, it may be affirmed that the Gospel is the great hope of the world, and Christ may still be represented as saying to those who have vainly attempted to deliver the possessed one by their feeble exorcisms, "Bring him hither to me."

And the other conclusion is, that where Christianity is faithfully and earnestly taught, it receives the Divine blessing, and produces these divine results, independently of the peculiar ecclesiastical



order and polity of those who minister. We are far, indeed, from thinking that the particular form of Church order is a matter of indifference, either in the first planting or in the subsequent development of Churches; but still there is meaning in the fact that no one denomination can proudly boast of a monopoly of Heaven's benediction upon its toils. There are men who have done their utmost to exalt the framework above the faith; but the Spirit of God has not been bound to the narrow spots within which these men would willingly have circumscribed his blessing. Wherever there has been sown the seed of Christian truth, there at length the heavenly dew has descended—no matter whether it has been sown by Episcopal or by other hands. The history of Christian missions and missionaries is a rebuke to all sectarian exclusiveness. Does any one Church stand saying, "We are the temple of the Lord, and alone bear an unequivocal commission to disciple the nations?" Then the Baptist moving forward with his Karens, the Moravian with his Greenlanders, the Wesleyan with his Feejeeans, the Congregationalist with his Tahitians, the Presbyterian and the Episcopalian with their Indians, both from the East and the West—or, rather, the Christian missionary under all these forms—would present these most enduring seals of his apostleship, and God's own condemnation of such presumptuous bigotry.

To us it has seemed, while studying the lives of

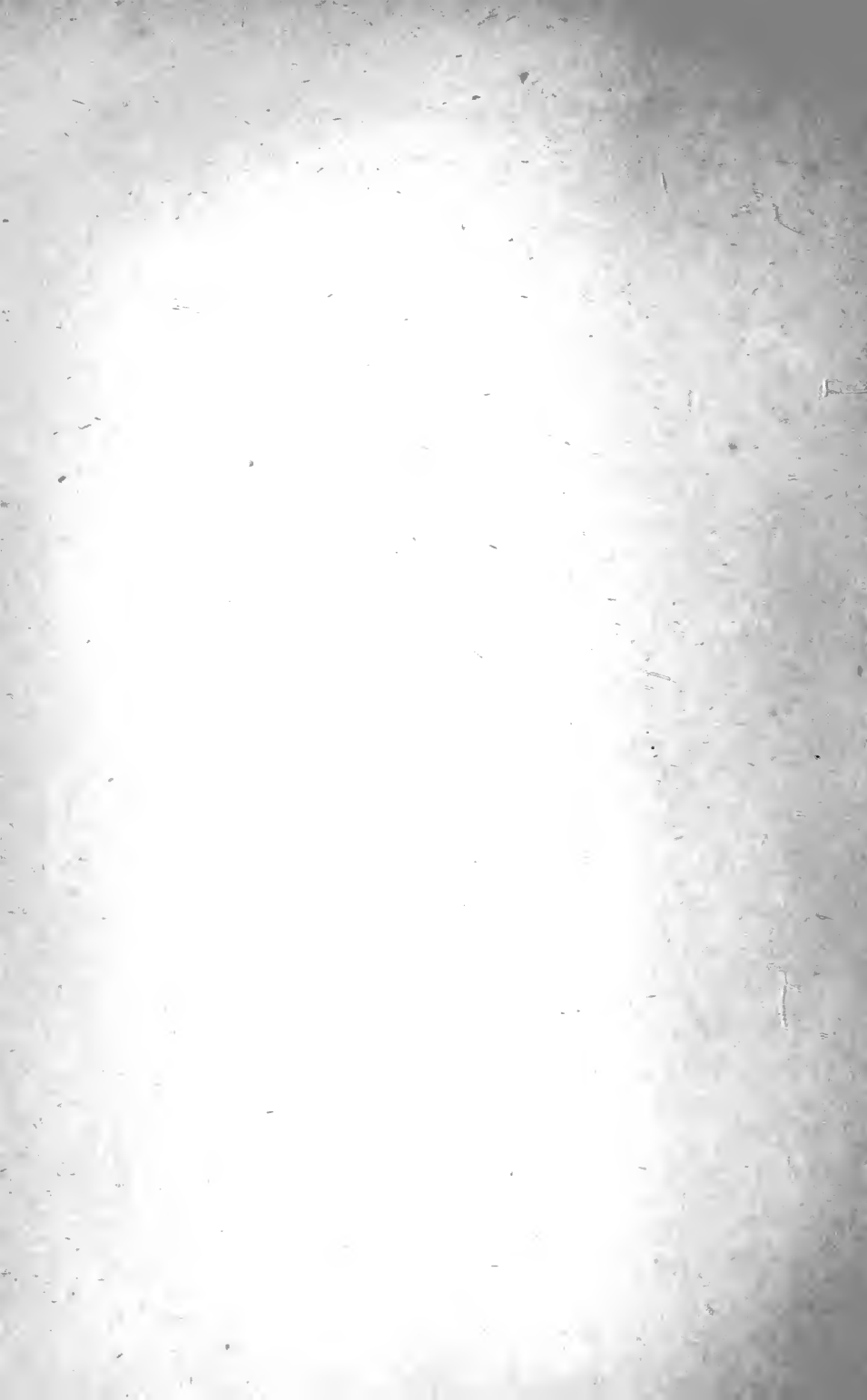
some of these Great Missionaries, as if in them the Christian character, which had become dimmed and defaced by contact with the world, had been cast afresh and issued anew from the mint of heaven. Thrown back upon their Christian principles alone in their missionary solitudes, the cause which found them great has made them greater; and we are almost compensated for all our past expenditure of missionary treasures by the simple fact that our missions have produced such men. Had Paul lived in our times, he might have found in their lives material for a second eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. Men like these are the earth's true immortals. - Astronomers tell us that some stars are diminishing in their lustre, and some acquiring an ever-increasing brightness. The names of Great Missionaries are as those enlarging stars. They are, in fact, the heirs of a double immortality, for there is at once a human and a heavenly sense in which "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."





JOHN ELIOT.

DAVID BRAINERD.





## JOHN ELIOT.

1604-1690.

**J**OHN ELIOT, to whom common consent has given the honourable name of "The Apostle of the Indians," was the morning star of modern Christian missions. The earliest notices bring him before us as usher in a school in the village of Little Baddow, in England, in which Thomas Hooker, destined to rise in no long time to so great a distinction as a theologian, was superintendent. Favourably impressed from his childhood by the training of Christian parents, it was at Little Baddow that religion obtained that supreme dominion over his heart which we are accustomed to describe by the name of "conversion." Finding the state of the Church of England at that period unfavourable to those efforts to which he had now resolved to consecrate himself, we behold him, in the summer of 1631, in company with a number of settlers, seeking a home on the then comparatively barren shores of New England, and becoming the pastor of his fellow-emigrants in the town of Roxbury, about a mile from Boston.

From the first, his ministry was one of amazing power. "When he preached," says Cotton Mather, "he spoke as many thunderbolts as words. He would sound the trumpet of God against all vice with a most penetrating liveliness, and make his pulpit another Mount Sinai." The haunts of certain tribes of the American Indians were not far distant,—the dark forests in which they roamed might be seen from his dwelling; and his sympathies were soon powerfully drawn out towards the Red Man. More than twelve years were consumed by him in learning their language; and when we consider the unusual obstacles to its acquisition which this language presented, in the enormous length of many of its words, in the harshness of its pronunciation, and its little affinity with the tongues of Europe,—we wonder less at the time consumed in acquiring it, than at the spirit which refused to be daunted or turned back by any difficulties which were not in their very nature invincible. It is said that forty letters were employed to express "our question," and the words "our lusts," were represented in Indian by the following enormous vocable of thirty-two letters:—

Nummatchekodtantamoonganunnonash!

But, by an almost miraculous industry, he at length became such an adept in this language of the wanderers in those boundless forests, as not only to be

able to speak it intelligibly; but to reduce it to method and to publish a grammar. It was at the close of this grammar that, under a full sense of the difficulties he had conquered, and of the value of the acquisition he had made, he inscribed these words, which embody the spirit of his own life, and whose point and truth have obtained for them, for more than two centuries, all the currency of a proverb: "*Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything.*" And when he did master it, his success was great; for he soon perceived, for reasons that lie deep in the very nature of missionary effort, that a few words from the preacher were more regarded than many from the Indian interpreter. Even his noble outward appearance, indeed, bespoke the respect of the Indian, accustomed to look among his own people on finely developed forms; and, much more, his eloquence and love. It was no unusual thing, when he was preaching to them, to see the stern Indian chief—"the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear"—bending his head and weeping.

But let us learn from his own lips something of the matter and the style of this great missionary's preaching: "When prayer was ended, it was an affecting and yet glorious spectacle to see a company of perishing and forlorn outcasts diligently attending to the blessed word of salvation then delivered, and professing that they understood all that was then

taught them in their own tongue. For about an hour and a quarter the sermon continued, wherein one of our company (meaning himself) ran through all the matters of religion, beginning first with a repetition of the Ten Commandments and a brief explication of them; then showing the curse and dreadful wrath of God against all those who break them, or any one of them, or the least tittle of them; and so applying the whole unto the condition of the Indians then present, with much affection. He then preached Jesus Christ to them as the only means of recovery from sin and wrath and eternal death. He explained to them who Christ was, and whither he was gone, and how he will one day come again to judge the world. He spake to them of the blessed state of those who believe in Christ, and know him feelingly. He spake to them also (observing his own method, as he saw most fit to edify them) concerning the creation and the fall of man, the greatness of God, the joys of heaven, and the horrors of hell; and urging them to repentance for several sins wherein they live. On many things of the like nature he discoursed, not meddling with matters more difficult, until they had tasted more plain and familiar truths."

Eliot thus sought for no new gospel, but found in the old—as all will find who faithfully use it—God's key to the heart of man. But his well-placed confidence in this did not prevent him from employing



all his skill and ingenuity, by means of happy comparisons and otherwise, for illustrating and commending his instructions, and adapting them to the capacities and imaginations of his Indians; and in the choice of these he was often uncommonly felicitous. In one of his many conversations, he asked a company of inquirers whether they were not tempted to think that there was no God because they could not see him? Some of them replied that "they did believe though their eyes could not see him, and that he was to be seen with their soul within." "Hereupon," says Eliot, "we sought to confirm them the more; and asked them if they saw a great wigwam, or a great house, would they think that racoons or foxes built it, that had no wisdom, or would they think that it made itself, or that no wise workman made it, because they could not see him that made it? No; they would believe some wise workman made it, though they did not see him. So should they believe concerning God, when they looked up to heaven, the sun, moon, and stars, and saw this great house which he hath made; though they do not see him with their eyes, yet they have good cause to believe with their souls that a wise God, a great God, made it."

Energy was the characteristic feature of Eliot's character; and yet this energy was united in him with greatest gentleness,—the lion lay down in his heart with the lamb. It is a beautiful fact, which

we can imagine to have been true of the Great Exemplar himself, that whenever he entered a house, he was accustomed to call for the young people, that he might lay his hands on them and bless them.

Civilization soon followed in the footsteps of Christianity. Places in the forest were cleared, roads formed, villages built; and thousands of the wandering tribes reclaimed from their roving habits, settled down to the practices of a peaceful industry. Women were taught to spin; men instructed in husbandry and in the more simple mechanical arts; and spots that had once resounded with the war-whoop, or with the wild cries of the dance of death, echoed the hum of a virtuous and happy population. Eliot was not simply a pastor, but a social leader and civilizer. In his power of conquering difficulties, of evoking life and strength from the midst of ruins, and of uniting and inspiriting the divided energies of others, he reminds us of Arnaud among the Vaudois, and even at times of the ever-hoping and ardent Nehemiah on the walls of Jerusalem. When Whitfield visited one of his Christian settlements, he was struck with astonishment at their appearance; and declared that, from the correct behaviour and decent clothing of the natives, he could scarcely distinguish them from the English people.

And the indefatigable toil and self-sacrifice with which all this was accomplished, are graphically de-

scribed by Eliot in one of his letters:—" I have not been dry night nor day from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition ; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. The rivers also were raised, so as that we were wet in riding through. But God steps in and helps me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' " In the midst of all these evangelistic wanderings, in which one man seemed to do the work of multitudes, Eliot found time to translate the Old and New Testaments into the language of the North American Indians, and to compose a series of elementary catechisms for the young. It was on occasion of his completing his noble work of translating the Scriptures that Cotton Mather exclaimed, in words which sound strangely when read in the light of the America of the present,— "Behold, ye Americans, the greatest honour that ever you were partakers of! This Bible was printed here at our Cambridge ; and it is the only Bible that ever was printed in all America from the very foundation of the world."

Fourteen villages, many of them reared entirely at Eliot's own expense, rose in the Indian wilderness ; and though the greater number of them were destroyed in an unfortunate war between the Indians and the English, he lived to see them rebuilt and

reinhabited, and even to obtain substantial help in his great enterprize from England ; the Honourable Robert Boyle, and Baxter, now far advanced in his life and ministry, being among the most earnest and steadfast of his friends. A letter written to the great Nonconformist, when he was in the midst of troubles, and condemned to a most unwilling silence, would have been worthy of Baxter's own pen: " I rejoice to see and taste the wonderful gracious savour of God's Spirit among his saints in their humble retirements. Oh! how sweet is the trodden camomile ! How precious and powerful is the ministry of the cross ! It is a drier time with us, who are making after compliances with the stream. Sir, I beseech you, let us have a share in your holy prayers, in your holy retirements, in your blessed chambers when the Lord shuts the door, and is yet among you himself, and maketh your hearts to burn by the power of his presence."

To which Baxter replied:—" Though our sins have separated us from the people of our love and care, and deprived us of all public liberty of preaching the gospel of our Lord, I greatly rejoice in the liberty, help, and success which Christ has so long vouchsafed you in his work. There is no man on earth whose work is more honourable or comfortable than yours. . . . There are many here, I conjecture, that would be glad to go any whither,—to Persians, Tartars, Indians, or any unbelieving nation,—to pro-

pagate the gospel, if they thought they could be serviceable ; but the defect of their language is a great discouragement." But the eloquent old Puritan, impatient thus in his forced and cruel silence like a chained eagle, did, after all, preach to those Indians. His "Call to the Unconverted," translated by Eliot, and circulated among the wigwams of those forests, gained many a trophy ; and one dying young chief, who had become a Christian disciple, was so much delighted and moved by it, that on his deathbed he continued to read it with tears expressive of mingled contrition and joy, until death closed his eyes and bore him away.

For fifty years did Eliot thus toil for the Indians, and when he ceased to be fit for labour, he no longer wished to live. "I wonder," said he, "for what the Lord Jesus lets me live. He knows that now I can do nothing for him." There is fine moral beauty in the closing words of another of his dying sayings : "My understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me ; but, *I thank God, my charity holds out still.* I find *that* rather grows than fails." His death was in fine keeping with his life. One of his last acts was to teach the alphabet to a little Indian child. "My doings," he exclaimed, as he looked back upon his ministry from the precincts of eternity—"my doings have been poor, and small, and lean doings, and I'll be the man that shall throw the first stone at them all." The last words of this

venerable patriarch of Protestant missionaries were, —“ Pray, pray, pray!” “ Bereaved New England!” exclaimed the deeply-moved Cotton Mather, “ where are thy tears at this ill-boding funeral. We had a tradition current among us, that the country would never perish as long as Mr. Eliot was alive. We cannot see a more terrible prognostic than tombs filling apace with such bones as the renowned Eliot’s; the whole building trembles at the fall of such a pillar.” The tribes among whom Eliot thus laboured with apostolic zeal and success have long been extinct; like one of their own forest trees, they have withered from core to bark; but there is consolation in thinking that among the multitude of worshippers at the heavenly throne, out of every tribe and kindred, and people and tongue, there are thousands gathered by the hands of Eliot and others, to whom they taught the character and will of the “ Great Spirit,” whom they ignorantly worshipped.





## DAVID BRAINERD.

1718-1747.



ABOUT half a century after Eliot had finished his course, there appeared another labourer among other tribes of the North American Indians, preaching the gospel in places which have long since become populous with civilized communities, but which were then covered with dense forests through which the Red Man roamed in the chase or in war,—the banks of the Susquehannah and the Delaware. This labourer was the gentle, pensive, fervent, self-denying DAVID BRAINERD. “O that I were a flame of fire in the Lord’s service! O that I were spirit, that I might be active for God!” was his frequent prayer; and the words may be taken as the motto of his life. He plunged into the wilderness, a solitary white man among wild tribes whose most coveted trophies were the scalps of their victims, whose imagined virtues, when closely looked at, turned out to be gigantic vices, and whose savagism, though more picturesque than that of some other nations, was in no degree more pure. His most common dwelling was some rude log-house, covered with a

roof of bark, to which the snows of winter paid small respect; but not unfrequently, in his long journeys, especially when bewildered or benighted, he would sleep in the open air by a fire of pinewood, kindled not only to ward off the midnight damps, but to scare away the wolves that often prowled around his forest bed; and sometimes, when these precautions were insufficient, he would climb far up into one of the immense trees and sleep among its branches until early morning.

His usual fare was fried cakes, prepared by his own hands, or bread, sour and mouldy, brought from a distance of fifteen miles; dried apples were a rare luxury. Money left him by his father some time after he had devoted himself to the Indians, instead of being expended on the diminution of his own discomforts, was devoted to the education for the Christian ministry of a "dear friend," a "portionless student," on whom he ungrudgingly conferred comforts to which he himself remained a stranger. There may have been a want of prudence in this entire self-oblivion and absence of dutiful care for the body, especially when it was associated, so early as the age of twenty, with pitiless fastings; but there was no self-righteous asceticism or voluntary humility in this course of missionary life,—to him it seemed called for by the circumstances into which he was cast, and its root and spring were to be found in devotedness to God; or rather, as was finely said by Robert Hall,



“in such an absorption of the whole soul in zeal for the divine glory and the salvation of men, as had scarcely been paralleled since the age of the apostles.” Too literally at times he aimed to be “all spirit,” and such was the intense ardour of his mind that it seems to have “diffused the spirit of a martyr over the most common incidents of his life.” Perhaps these elements in his character account for the common popular mistake, which conceives of Brainerd as a man of fifty, while he died when he had scarcely reached his thirtieth year.

It is scarcely possible for us to imagine pictures of greater moral sublimity than those of Brainerd, which sometimes gleam upon us even from slight hints in his journal. At times we behold the lonely man withdrawing far into the dark forest, and there, in some natural inner temple, formed by the intermingling branches of the beautiful white and yellow pine, the dark cypress, and the golden-flowered tulip-tree, monarchs of the wood, “against which no feller has ever come up,” praying for his Indians, and startling by the strange sounds the passing savage, as he tracks the steps of some beast of chase. At other times, we find him in his solitary log-hut of rudely-hewn pine or cedar, standing some miles remote from any dwellings of the Indian, with his door closely fastened to keep out the wolf or bear, and seated near his lighted torch, after a day of consuming toil, breaking far in upon the hours of midnight, in reading some book of

deep thought or writing in his journal. At times the storm rages,—thunder peals through the echoing forest, and trees torn from their roots, or broken through their stems, fall to the earth with the noise of artillery and frighten even the wild beasts to their lair. On some such lonely night, we may conceive ourselves watching the earnest missionary's pen as he traces in his journal, in passages like the following, the record of recent experience, or the reflection of present feelings and anticipations:—

“About six at night I lost my way in the wilderness, and wandered over rocks and mountains, down hideous steeps, through swamps, and most dreadful and dangerous places. The night being dark, and few stars to be seen, I was greatly exposed, much pinched with cold, and distressed with an extreme pain in my head, and attended with sickness at my stomach. I have frequently been thus exposed, and sometimes lain out the whole night, but God has hitherto preserved me, and blessed be his name! Such fatigues and hardships as these serve to wean me from the earth, and I trust will make heaven the sweeter.”

The next extract is in a more mournful strain, and brings Brainerd, we suspect, more vividly before us. We quote it not only because of its self-portraiture, but because of its suggestiveness:—

“I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, and

have but one person to converse with that can speak English, an Indian. . . . I have no fellow-Christian to whom I can unbosom myself. . . . I live poorly with regard to the comforts of this life ; most of my diet consists of boiled corn. . . . I lodge on a bundle of straw ; my labour is hard and extremely difficult ; and I have little appearance of success to comfort me . . . . The Indians have no land to live in but what the Dutch people lay claim to, and threaten to drive them off from ; they have no regard for the souls of the poor savages ; and from what I learn, they hate me because I come to preach to them. *But that which makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is, that God hides his face from me.*"

( It is impossible to read this second extract without feeling that there were elements in the experience of this great missionary not to be imitated, and from which later missionaries may derive a useful warning. It was not good for Brainerd to be thus alone. The strain is too great almost for any mind, to live thus for months, and even years, isolated from all but savages ; it is especially unsuitable for a sensitive nature, which seeks for sympathy ; and the divinely dictated arrangement of the primitive Church, which sent forth the apostles two by two, was not arbitrary, but founded on the unchanging necessities of our mental constitution. The smile of another missionary like-minded in devotedness as Brainerd himself, or the conjugal companionship of one like her who came to

be his ministering angel in his dying hour, would have dispelled those clouds which settled over his spirit at times like a shadow of death, and would have saved him from those morbid self-accusing thoughts which seemed reflected from the throne of an incensed Father, but were often in truth the effects of an overtaxed nervous temperament and of the workings of an introverted mind, which—

—“Sees  
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs  
To realize the vision with intense  
And ever-constant yearning.”

The observation of Mr. Hall, when comparing the experience of Brainerd with that of Fletcher of Madeley, is no doubt both acute and just,—that the different feelings of the two devout men are in a great measure to be accounted for by the different aspects under which they contemplated the character of God, —Fletcher absorbed in meditation on his infinite benignity and love; Brainerd shrinking into nothing at the thought of immaculate purity and holiness; but how desirable to have had one like Fletcher near him, who should draw his spirit out from itself, and make it sun itself in the contemplation of those truths which gave such radiance and joy to Fletcher's religion.

There cannot be a doubt, moreover, that Brainerd in attempting, as he did, to love God for his own excellencies alone, and abstractedly from all considerations of benefits received from him, went beyond the

requirements of the Bible, and was in some danger of sympathizing too much with the religion of Madame Guyon and the mystics, instead of stopping short in the healthy and common sense piety of the apostle Paul. Yet, in these times of a less elevated practical Christianity, we may well forgive this excess because of its rarity, and because it leans to Heaven's side; more especially as these thoughts, while they interfered with his happiness, did not paralyze his efforts, or keep back the harvest of converted souls.

That harvest at length came with something of primeval promise and fruit. (Among Brainerd's earliest converts was an ancient Indian, whose head was white with the snows of a hundred years; and on evenings after the chase was ended, little companies began to gather towards the missionary's hut, to listen to the strange story of the gospel. Brainerd was never able to speak with fluency in the tongues of the Indian tribes; and it is remarkable that he had little influence among the Indians until the heart of his interpreter was renewed. There have been writers on missions who, overlooking this essential feature in the case, have argued from the eventual triumphs of Brainerd in proof of the efficacy of preaching by interpreters. The reverse conclusion would be more correct. Interpreters are not generally converts; and it was not until this young Indian became "one soul" with his master, by his common faith, that much good was done. And there is a reason behind these facts

which explains them : To teach Christianity to others, we must not only convey ideas but sympathies ; but how unfit to be the medium of the latter, is the man to whom the gospel has never “come with power !” He is like a broken electric cord, through which the life current will not pass.

Going forth now with a companion who shared no little of his own fervour, and whom faith had suddenly made eloquent, his mission entered on a new life. He was now among the Indians of Cross-weeksung, in Jersey, near to the sea. The chiefs in general regarded him with little favour, for he wanted the noble and athletic form which in Eliot at once commanded the respect of savage hearts. But his deep emotion won the interest of the women ; and after his first public address in this new region, he was accompanied by many of them for fifteen miles, who, walking near to his horse’s head, received new instruction, and helped to circulate on every side intelligence of the wonderful teacher. The interest spread, in some districts, with the speed of a prairie fire ; and now the glad missionary often found himself towards evening, after the chase, surrounded by three or four thousand huntsmen and warriors, eager to listen to the message from the Great Spirit. The web of Brainerd’s journal, which had so often been woven with gloom, at this period breaks out in brightest colours.

“I discoursed to the multitude,” says he, “on that

sacred passage, 'Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.' The word was attended with a resistless power; many hundreds in that great assembly, consisting of three or four thousand, were much affected, so that there was a very great mourning, like to the mourning of Hadadrimmon . . . . It was late at night. All day I had laboured with this people; my soul—my soul that had longed for this hour—was transported with joy. How I grieved to leave the place! Earth, cover not thou my head yet awhile, though the thoughts of death are sweet! I would fain stay while this great work advances."

On a later occasion, the happy evangelist, tasting in these spectacles "of angels' food," after representing multitudes of young and old assembling from distances of thirty and even forty miles, and streaming from every quarter of the dark encircling forest, thus describes the effect of his ministry:—

"After discoursing publicly, I stood amazed at the influence that seemed to descend on the assembly, and, with an astonishing energy bore down all before it; and could compare it to nothing more aptly than a mighty torrent. Almost all persons, of all ages, were bowed down together. The most fierce and stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. Their concern was so great, each for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them; but each prayed for themselves, and were, to their

own apprehensions, as much retired as if every one had been by himself in a desert. Each seemed to mourn apart."

These effects were not evanescent. Hundreds of those "blessed" mourners now brought forth through life "fruits meet for repentance." Brainerd saw himself surrounded with once ferocious and sensual savages, delivered from the dominion of the twin-demons of revenge and lust, and who had cast away for ever the scalping-knife and the tomahawk for the implements of peace. His spirit walked in the valley of dark shadows no longer; he was on the bright mountains of the delectable land.

Unquestionably one of the most valuable passages in his journal is that in which, after reviewing the experience of one of his most successful years, he describes the kind of preaching by which these savage tribes were raised from earthly to divine; for the testimony of such a man is the record of a moral experiment on a grand scale. "There was indeed little room," says he, "for any discourses but those that respected the essentials of religion, while there were so many inquiring daily how they should escape the wrath to come, and arrive at the enjoyment of eternal blessedness. And after I had led them into a view of their total depravity, and opened to them the glorious remedy provided in Christ for perishing sinners, there was then no vice unreformed, no external duty neglected. The reformation was general,



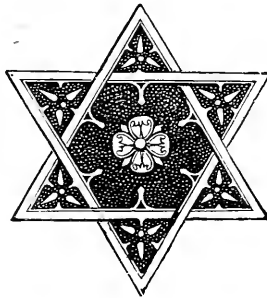
and all springing from the eternal influence of divine truths upon their hearts ; not because they had heard these vices particularly exposed and repeatedly spoken against. I do not mean to deny the admirableness of moral duties, which were strictly enforced and obeyed ; but only that their eager obedience was not from any rational view of the beauty of morality, but from the internal influence of mercy on the soul." David Brainerd did not belong to that class of men who hope to make the fruit good without making the tree good ; and to dispel the noxious exhalations of the poison swamp by local fumigations instead of drainage. In harmony with apostolic example, with sound philosophy, and with all true missionary experience, he acted on the principle that man is only to be restored to right feelings towards his fellow-man, by being restored to right relations and affections towards God. Had he acted on any other principle, he would never have had a convert.

But another fire than that of Christian zeal, was by this time burning in the young missionary. The intolerable fatigues, the night damps, and excessive vigils had done their work on his tender frame ; and the hollow cheek, "the eye too bright to look upon," and the faltering step, with which he was scarcely able to drag himself up to the threshold of some Indians whom he loved, told that consumption had marked him for its own. He would often faint

when on horseback, and his affectionate Indians would bend over him in anxious doubt whether the vital spark had fled. Once again he visited his various stations; looked in on his deserted huts, which the natives held sacred; and addressed little weeping companies of his converts. Then, when the weak flesh could hold out no longer, he came forth from his forests, and laid himself down to die in the congenial house of Jonathan Edwards, at Northampton. He was tended by a young relative of Edwards, who was nobly fitted to minister to his spirit as well as to his weakening frame. Melancholy, which for so many years had tracked his step like a murderer, was not permitted to scare him with its ghastly visage, or touch him with its cold hand when he was dying. The silver bells, no more out of tune, rang him in to the blessed world. "The watcher is with me; why is the chariot so long in coming? Look forth: why tarry the wheels of his chariot?" He died when he had scarcely numbered more than twenty-nine years; but ere he ascended, he knew that there were six missionaries ready to stand up in the room of the dead.

It is not only as a great missionary that the Church of Christ must ever cherish the name of Brainerd. His journal, preserved in his "Memoir" by Edwards, is a most extraordinary instance of a spirit panting earnestly after angelic perfection, and reaching at times much of what it sought; and,

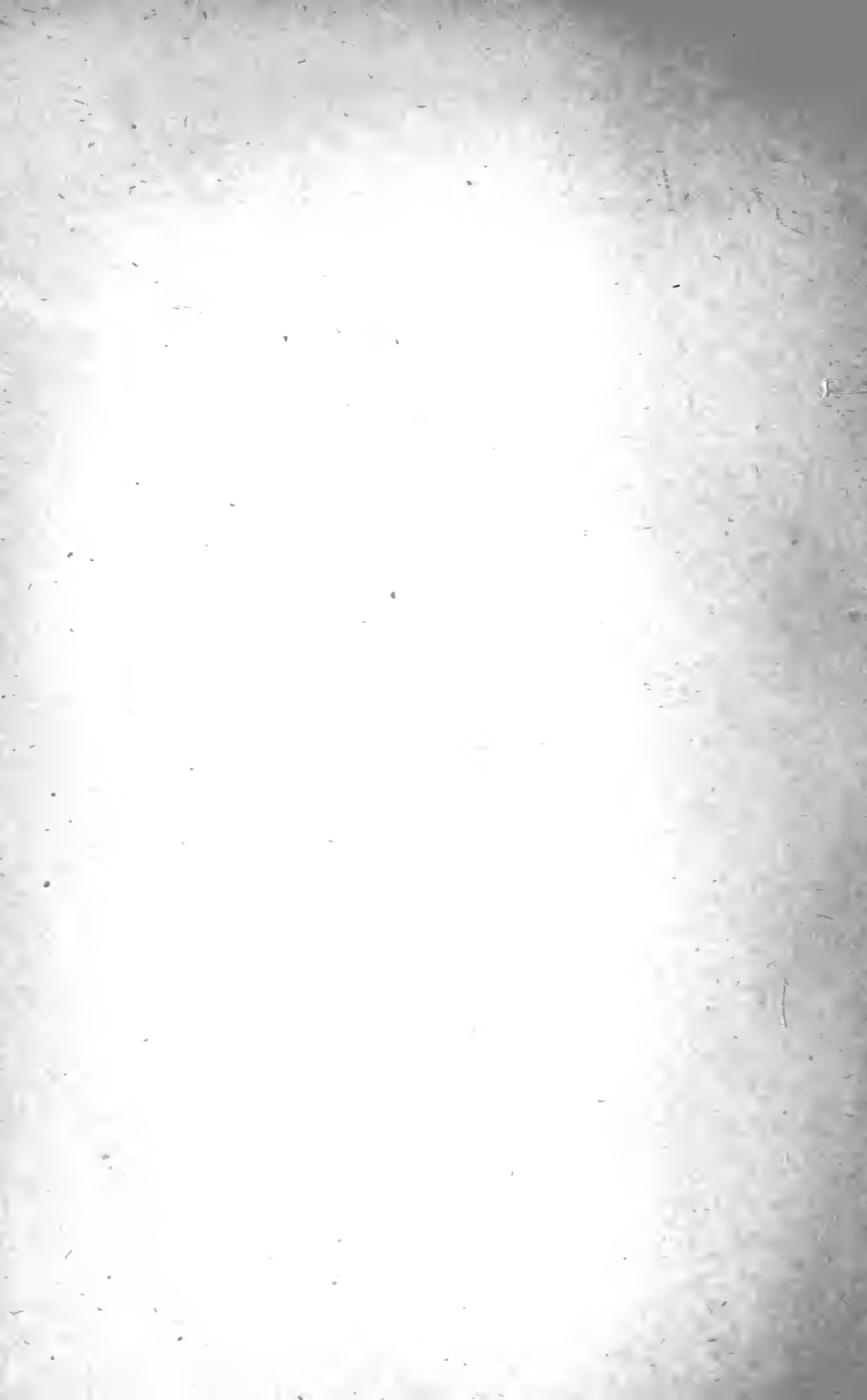
notwithstanding its deep intermingling shades of gloom, is one of the most precious fragments in all Christian biography. There is a monotony in his feelings, as they reflect themselves on those sombre pages; but, as Robert Hall has said, "it is the monotony of sublimity."







**CHRISTIAN DAVID.**





## CHRISTIAN DAVID.

1690-1751.

**W**E now pass in imagination from the banks of the Susquehannah to the estates of the pious and munificent, but eccentric Count Zinzen-dorf, in Germany. There, far amid Lusatian woods, some few years before Brainerd had entered on his labours, a little town was rising, whose name was Hernhutt. It was the new home of the Moravian refugees, who were gradually gathering to it from their own country, that they might escape persecution and extirpation, and enjoy the liberty of Christian communion and pure worship. Thither they have been secretly guided in little bands, and amid incredible hazards, by CHRISTIAN DAVID, who has gone and returned nine times on this pilgrimage of mercy, until six hundred persons, including children, turn the wilderness into a fruitful field. He is a man of apostolic zeal, and of heroism that shines alike in action and endurance; and the whole of those six hundred emigrants, who own him as their leader, seem to have caught, as with one heart and one soul, his missionary fire. One would have ex-

pected that men who had just escaped from persecution would have quietly settled down in this land of promise, only too glad to escape from the notice of the world. But the same divine flame was burning here as had burned in primitive times in the upper room in Jerusalem, and had sent forth blessed influences which our race yet feels. Within little more than two years after their settlement, missionaries went forth from Hernhutt to the Island of St. Thomas, who, on learning that they could only find access to its enslaved population by themselves becoming slaves, nobly avowed their willingness to surrender their liberty for the spiritual advantage of their sable brethren. Scarcely had these evangelists left, when a second mission was determined on; and that land which, of all others, perhaps, had the fewest external attractions, was selected as the scene of their new enterprise. Greenland was the country named; and two youths, Frederick and David Stach, headed by the venerable Christian David, enrolled their willing names, eager

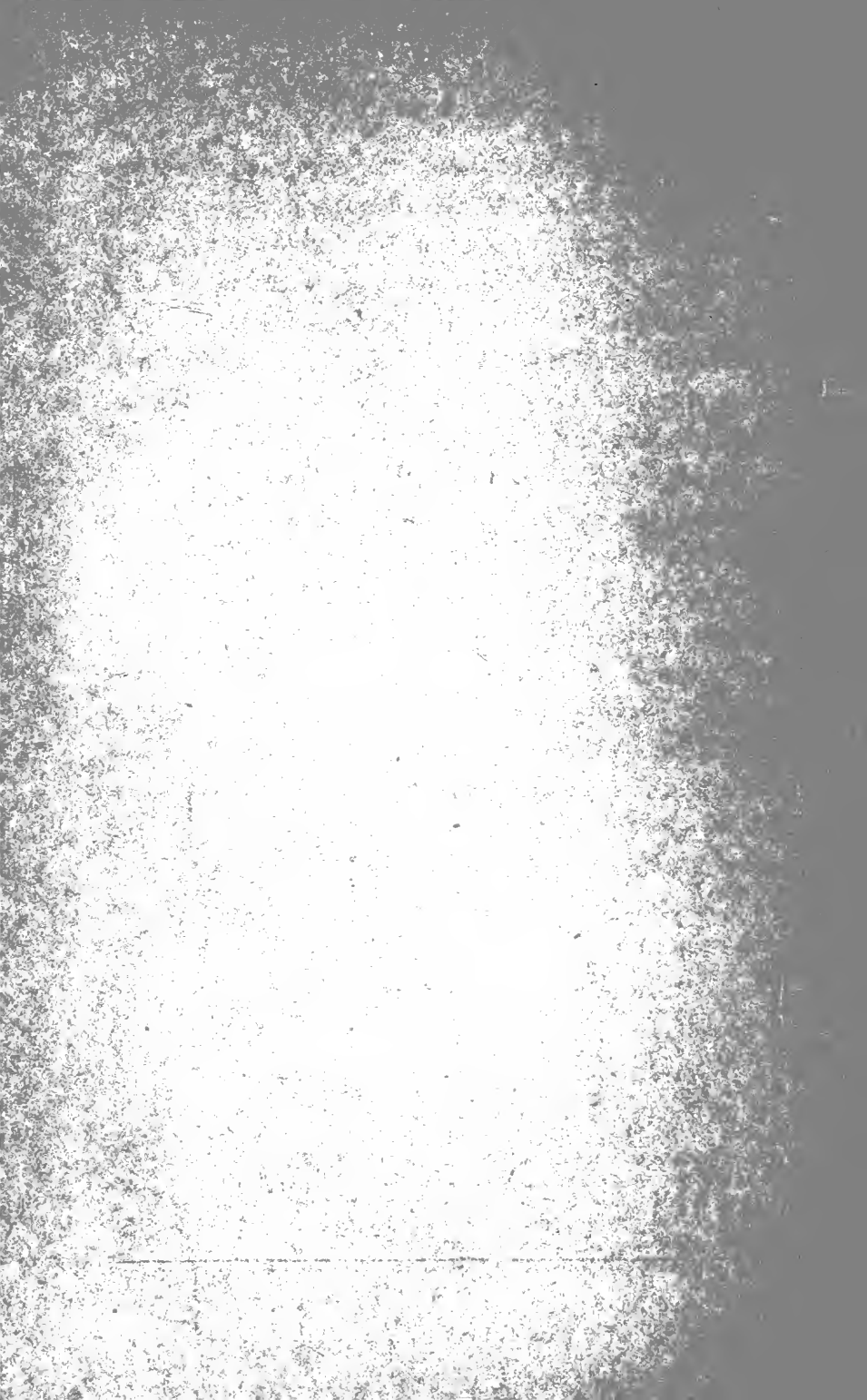
“To break through barriers of eternal ice  
A vista to the gates of Paradise;  
And light, beneath the shadow of the pole,  
The tenfold darkness of the human soul.”

An incident which took place at Copenhagen, sufficiently reveals the resolute spirit which carried these Moravian missionaries to Greenland. On being asked by Von Pless, the chamberlain of the court, how they proposed to provide for themselves after





MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES ON THEIR WAY TO GREENLAND.



they had reached Greenland, they replied, "By the labour of our hands, and the blessing of God, we will cultivate the ground and live upon the produce; and for this purpose, we will take seed with us, plant a garden, build a house, and be burdensome to no one." He observed that there was no timber in the country, and how could they build without it? "Then," answered Christian David, nothing daunted, "*we will dig a hole in the ground, and live there!*"

The voyage of the missionaries to these ice-bound shores has been picturesquely traced by Crantz in his "Greenland," and by James Montgomery in his beautiful poem dedicated to this theme. The new phenomena in the arctic sky, the thunder of the shivering icebergs, the three holy men standing at nightfall on the stern of the vessel, and singing those hymns which once had echoed on Moravian hills, are some of the features of a picture which it did not require genius to make interesting. We must introduce the description of the Moravian vespers at sea, by the amiable Moravian minstrel:—

"Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,  
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,  
Celestial music swells along the air!

No! 'tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer  
From yonder deck; where on the stern retired  
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,  
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame,  
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,  
Devotly stand:—their choral accents rise  
On wings of harmony beyond the skies:  
And 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,  
Day without night, to their immortal King,  
These simple strains—which erst Bohemian hills  
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills—

Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known  
 In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne  
 In human form, with mediatorial power,  
 Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour,  
 When by the Almighty Father's high decree,  
 The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,  
 And, won by love, an untamed rebel race  
 Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.  
 Then to *His* eye, whose instant glance pervades  
 Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,  
 Is there a group more lovely than those three  
 Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?  
 Or to *His* ear, that gathers in one sound  
 The voices of adoring worlds around,  
 Comes there a breath of more delightful praise  
 Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,  
 Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,  
 Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?"

The description by Crantz of the sudden bursting of large fields of ice many leagues in extent, from which the good ship *Caritas* has scarcely emerged, is in no degree less picturesque—"the sight being tremendous and awfully grand; the large fields of ice raising themselves out of the water, striking against each other, and plunging into the deep with a violence not to be described, and a noise like the discharge of innumerable batteries of heavy guns—the darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and sea, and the dashing of the waves and ice against the rocks, filling the travellers with sensations of awe and terror, and almost depriving them of the power of utterance."

Every one is aware that severe and protracted trials awaited the missionaries on shore. They were obliged to master the Danish language, as the only way, in the circumstances, to an acquaintance with that of Greenland. Disappointed of expected stores

from Europe, they were reduced to want, sometimes living upon shell-fish and sea-weed, and at other times upon the oil of seals. Distressing and enfeebling diseases followed in the footsteps of famine; yet still they pledged themselves to Heaven, and to each other, that they would abandon the mission only with life. At length hope long deferred was richly rewarded; and, as the fruit of those missions, large portions of Greenland are at this day as thoroughly Christianized and universally educated as any part of America or England.

The pictures that often meet us, on turning over the "Periodical Accounts" of the United Brethren, are at once fascinating to the imagination and refreshing to the heart. It is a night of rigorous arctic winter; and a company of Christian Esquimaux, reclaimed from vicious and degrading habits, and raised by industry and religious hope above misery, have assembled in the spacious snow hut of the Moravian pastor, which is well lighted by the oil of seals; and seated on snow benches that are lined with furs, are singing joyfully the beautiful Christian hymns that have been brought from Germany, or listening to new lessons from the "Great Book." Without, they hear at times the barking of their dogs, which is strangely audible in that atmosphere, or the crashing of the ice in the neighbouring sea.

And what a soothing spectacle must that have

been to the adventurous Kohlmeister, when, in Labrador, he encountered a company of believing Esquimaux on their summer excursion! "The number of the congregation, including our boat's company, amounted to about fifty. Brother Kohlmeister first addressed them by greeting them from their brethren at Okkak, and expressing our joy at finding them well in health, and our hopes that they were all walking worthy of their Christian profession, as a good example to their heathen neighbours. Then the litany was read, and a spirit of true devotion pervaded the whole assembly.

"Our very hearts rejoiced in this place, which had but lately been a den of murderers, dedicated, as it were, by the *angedoko*, or sorcerers, to the service of the devil, to hear the cheerful voices of converted heathens most melodiously sounding forth the praises of God, and giving glory to the name of Jesus their Redeemer. Peace and cheerful countenances dwelt in the tents of the believing Esquimaux."

It seems to have been the intention of Providence, that each of the earlier missions should work out by its experience some lesson of permanent value to the Churches; and the Moravian Mission to Greenland supplied, in the case of the first convert, one of the most important. The method hitherto pursued by the missionaries had been to begin by speaking to the heathen of the existence and attributes of God, and of obedience to the divine law, in the hope that,

by this means, they would gradually prepare their minds for the reception of the more central and characteristic truths of the gospel. They had laboured on in this manner for five years, and had scarcely obtained a patient hearing from the savages, when one day a brother happening to read aloud a few sentences from the Gospel of Luke, that contained an account of our Saviour's agony in the garden, followed it up with some conversation on the vast expense at which Jesus had ransomed the souls of his people. Upon this, one of the company, whose name was Kayarnak, stepping up to the table, in an earnest manner exclaimed, "How was that? Tell me that once more; for I, too, desire to be saved!" The truth had penetrated to the man's soul, and before the end of the month, his household was brought under conviction, and three other large families had come with their property, and pitched their tents around the dwellings of the Brethren, "in order," as they said, "to hear the joyful news of man's redemption." And the mission, pursued according to a Divine model, advanced with the rapidity, though not with the transience, of a Greenland spring.

It is the more necessary to advert to this in the case of the Moravian Missions, because, for a considerable period, a strong disposition was shown by a certain school of writers to represent the Brethren as systematically beginning their enterprise by teaching

the heathen the elements of a secular education, and training them in certain of the useful, industrial arts, and then engrafting the lessons of Christianity upon this incipient civilization. The process was in every instance exactly the reverse, and formed no exception to the usual method and order of evangelistic effort. The missionaries began with Christianity; and when they found their disciples emancipated from their vices and their indolence, and rendered docile by conversion, they then introduced them to those habits of forethought and happy self-rewarding toil, which won the admiration even of the world's philanthropists. The trim gardens kept with such scrupulous care; the honeysuckle shedding its mild fragrance above the thresholds of some Moravian village; or the weaving and sewing in the cottages within; the improved methods both of catching and of preserving fish, taught to such people as the Greenlanders, were the results of those very processes from which this class of admirers would have turned away. The missionaries knew that civilization among such a people, without Christianity as its basis, would not only have been spurious and transient, but impossible. But when once they had succeeded in bringing their people under a Christian influence, it is remarkable how soon religion became the root of steady industry, of cleanliness, health, domestic comfort, and worldly competence, and the outward aspect of a whole region became changed for the better. We



quote the following testimony from so old a narrative as that of Spangenberg:—

“It is likewise a concern of the Brethren that have the care of the heathen, to bring those that are converted to our Saviour into good order outwardly. We have found in most places where Brethren dwell among the heathen, that the latter go on without much care or thinking. . . . They are idle when they should labour; and when they have anything to eat, they will squander it in an extravagant manner, and afterward they are miserably distressed for want of food, and tormented by the cares of this life.

“But when they are baptized, the Brethren advise them to a regular labour—*e. g.*, to plant in due season, to hunt, to fish, and do everything needful; they also learn of the Brethren how to keep and preserve what they may get for the winter. And, being incapable of making a proper calculation (for they have no almanacs) and to regulate themselves according to the seasons, the Brethren also assist them in this respect. I will illustrate this by an instance or two. Dried herrings are of great use to the Greenlanders in winter for their subsistence; but when they grow wet they are spoiled. To obviate this, the Brethren not only encourage the Greenlanders to be diligent in catching herrings at the proper season, but also to dry them well, and assist them in preserving them dry.

“ If a provider dies in Greenland (thus they call the head of the family), the widow and her orphans are worse off than one can imagine ; or if a husband loses his wife, and she has left a small child that still wants the mother’s breast, he is as badly off, for it is very difficult to get a Greenland woman to suckle any child but her own. Hence it is that those Greenlanders that are yet heathen, and live among heathen, find themselves obliged at times to bury such a motherless infant alive. Now, if the case occurs that the wife of an husband dies, leaving a sucking child behind, the Brethren do not rest till they find a person that will take care of the little orphan, and give it suck with her own child. If the husband dies, they divide the orphans, and take care to have them properly educated, and likewise that the widow may be supplied with the necessaries of life. In sicknesses, likewise, which happen among the heathen, the Brethren are obliged frequently to take care of their people.”

We trace Christian David, in subsequent years, in many a land and on many a shore ; now raising some new mission in America, or in one of the West Indian Isles ; now rearing new Moravian settlements in Europe ; twice returning on subsequent visits to the dreary coasts of Greenland ; but everywhere pursuing his work with an energy that, while it provoked, usually conquered opposition, and imparting a strange impulse to every society in which he mingled. He

slept at last in the beautiful and solemn place of sepulture at Hatberg; and on the small stone which marks the grave of this Moravian apostle, there may yet be read the simple but appropriate inscription—  
*“Christian David, the servant of God.”*

It may be fairly questioned whether there has existed, since the days when inspired men walked the earth, a community so universally impregnated with the missionary sentiment as the little Church of the Moravians, which has given a fiftieth part of its entire members to the work of winning souls. In no Church have parents in so many instances left their children behind them for “Christ’s sake and the gospel’s,” and departing for life to some remote settlement, committed their family in charge to the Church. James Montgomery the poet, became in this way the adopted child of the Moravians, his parents having gone to occupy, amid many troubles and some triumphs, “the high places of the field” in Tobago; and the circumstance drew from him, after their death, some of his most touching lines, in which beauty of imagination finely blends with beauty of feeling:—

“My father, mother,—parents now no more!  
 Beneath the Lion Star they sleep,  
 Beyond the western deep.  
 And when the sun’s noon-glory crests the waves,  
 He shines without a shadow on their graves.”

Forty years since, there were 27,400 human beings converts to the Christian faith and under Moravian

discipline, who, but for them, would have been living in all the darkness of paganism. It has been computed that, had the other Churches done their duty to the heathen as the Moravians have done, then, instead of having on an average one missionary to every 400,000 heathen, we should have one missionary to every 1800; in other words, the great commission would have been accomplished, and the "gospel have been preached to every creature."

Has the missionary fire of the Moravians in that interval of forty years undergone no diminution? Is there not, in these days, less among them of hope and of young joy? We may be mistaken in this impression, but, happening a few years since to be present in one of their great assemblies at Zeist, in Holland, it seemed to us, in the unemotional calmness, the almost sadness, that marked the meeting, as if they were in the afternoon of their missionary history, the period of lessening heat and of lengthening shadows. Perhaps we do them wrong in this; but even a flourishing Church needed the admonition—"Hold fast that which thou hast received; let no man take thy crown."





JOHN WILLIAMS.





## JOHN WILLIAMS.

1796-1839.

**W**E seek for the subject of our next portrait in far different scenes, amid groups of islands where the banana and the palm, the Brazilian plum and the tufted cocoa-nut, glass themselves in the mirror of the Pacific, and which are overshadowed by mountains which carry their summits far above the clouds, and clothed with a profusion and magnificence of verdure that lead your thoughts back to paradise. On the shore of one of those South Sea Islands, there landed in the year 1817 one who was destined to do for religion and humanity in that part of the world very much of what Captain Cook had accomplished for science in the same regions;—we refer of course to JOHN WILLIAMS. Missionaries had preceded him; the long night of sixteen years in which the faithful men had toiled and caught nothing was past; islands before his arrival had been Christianized, and more than one loaded gospel net had with difficulty been dragged to land; fainting despondency had given place to a grateful wonder, in which the missionaries

were as men that dreamed ; but his arrival was the signal, and to a great extent the occasion, of a succession of evangelic triumphs, which in rapidity and extent were quite Pentecostal, and which entitle him above all other missionaries to the designation with which common consent has crowned him, of "the apostle of the South Seas." Before the imagination of scientific men, the favourite picture has often presented itself of Captain Cook, towards the close of the last century, in the midst of wondering savages, erecting his astronomical instruments on a little promontory in one of those Pacific isles, in order to observe a transit of Venus ; and that would be a narrow mind which should detract from the honour of that prince of voyagers and discoverers ; but how barren of results are the visits of Wallis, and Byron, and Cook, when compared with that of our missionary ; and it is no extravagance to imagine some of those spiritual creatures who

" walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep,"

looking on with interest and joy when young Williams planted his foot on the coral shores of the beautiful Eimeo. Let us trace the steps of his unconscious education for his great work.

He had been apprenticed while yet a lad to a furnishing ironmonger in the City Road, London, with the intention of training him in the mercantile rather than the mechanical part of the business.



While not negligent of his proper department of work as a salesman, he had shown, from the first, a strong and irrepressible predilection for the employments of the workshop, keenly watching the processes by which the goods were prepared for the sale-room, and gathering daily hints; and in the hours when the workmen were absent, stealing into their workshops, and imitating their work; so that, long before the term of his apprenticeship had ran its course, he was an adept in many departments of handicraft, and understood the method by which many other things were made that were unattempted. In his master's house in which he resided, he was spoken of as "a handy lad." No one guessed as yet where all this mechanical genius was one day to bear fruit.

Meanwhile, as he rose to manhood, his religious character did not keep pace with his attainments in handicraft; on the other hand, there was a perceptible and even rapid decay of those good impressions which had been made on his mind by the efforts of a pious mother. Not vicious indeed, he was yet indifferent and ungodly; he knew religion only as a system of restraint from which he secretly wished to be set free; his seat in his master's pew was often empty, and while not positively immoral as yet, he had become the associate of certain dissolute youths, who would be likely soon to assimilate him to themselves. On a particular Sabbath evening, he might have been seen loitering at the corner of a street in

London, and waiting for some of those companions who had agreed to go with him and spend the evening in a neighbouring tea-garden, which afforded a transition and temptation to the haunts of intemperance and licentiousness. His friends had not been punctual, and he had become irritated and impatient; all the more that the delay gave time for unwelcome self-reflection. Who that looked on that loiterer at the corner of a London street on a Sabbath evening waiting for bad companions, could have imagined that this was the man with whom the eternal destinies of thousands on the other side of the globe were mysteriously linked! Yet that very evening was to be the great crisis of his history. His master's wife going to worship in the "Tabernacle" noticed the loiterer, with difficulty induced him to accompany her, and there he heard words by which he was saved. Twenty years afterwards, when narrating to entranced multitudes in that same house of God, his evangelistic triumphs in the South Seas, he pointed with deep emotion to the door by which he had entered, and to the pew in which he had sat on that memorable night, when the word of God had been fastened in his heart as "in a sure place by the Master of assemblies."

In a few months after this second birth, Williams became a member of the Church assembling in the Tabernacle; which then enjoyed the ministry of the eccentric but singularly shrewd and eloquent Matthew

Wilks. That church then stood foremost in missionary zeal among all the churches in London, and we cannot doubt that the future of Williams derived much of its character from the fact that the Tabernacle was the place in which his young Christian life was nurtured. Many a young convert glowing with first love, has suffered from the wintry chill of the society in which he has spent the first susceptible years after his conversion. But Williams, happy in his Christian circle, rose to the level of his fellow-members, and when he heard, in the well-frequented prayer-meetings of the Tabernacle, the earnest cry for missionaries, he was among the first to say, "Here am I, send me." Mr. Wilks, who had singular power of detecting character, was convinced that he discovered in him gifts that might be turned to good account in the mission-field; the ready choice of the London Missionary Society confirmed his shrewd discrimination; how soon did it appear that he was one whom God had chosen. In Surrey Chapel, on September 30, 1816, nine young men were solemnly set apart as missionaries, and John Williams and Robert Moffat stood in that interesting band, the two youngest of the nine. "Go, my dear young brother," said the venerable Dr. Waugh to Williams, with looks that were benedictions, "and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from your shoulders, let it be with knocking at

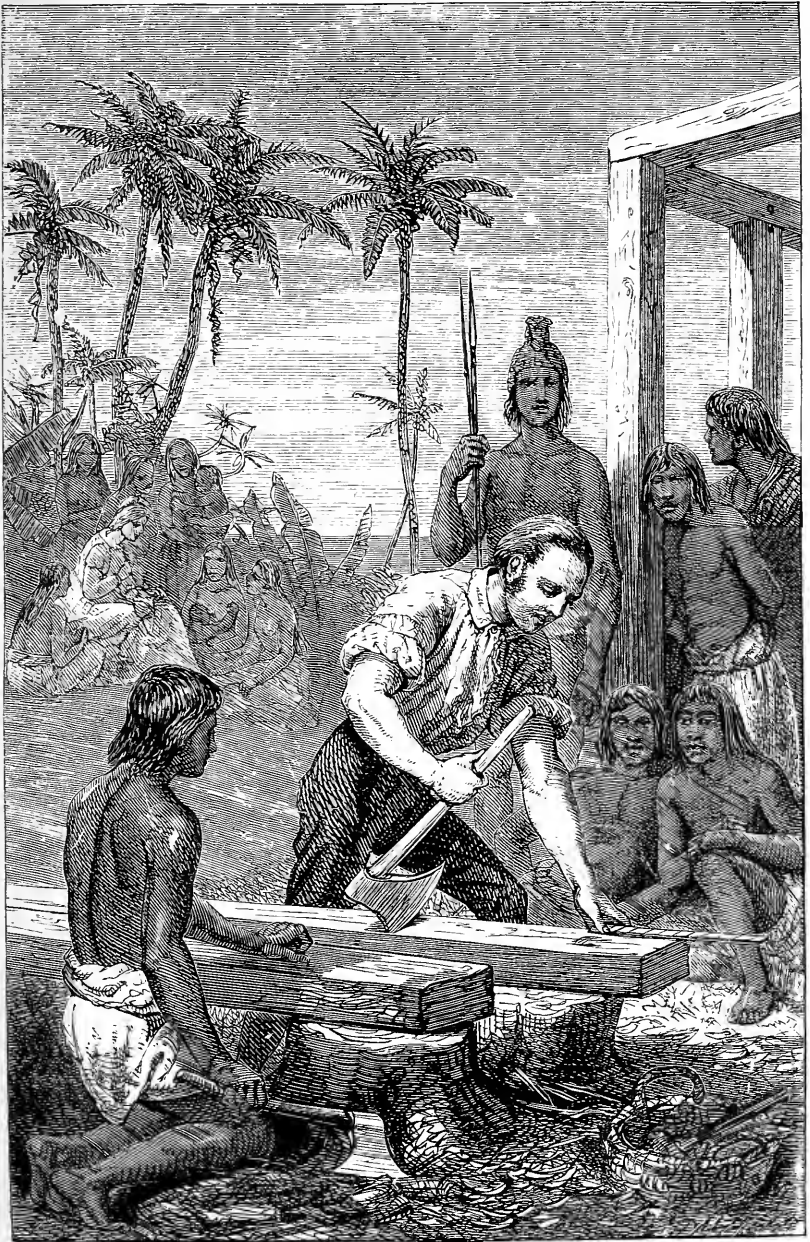
men's hearts to gain admittance for him there." On November 17, he sailed for the South Seas with his young wife, Mary Chauner, and some other missionary families, and on the same day in the following year, he cast anchor in the tranquil lagoon of Eimeo.

Ten months after his arrival, our missionary was able to preach to the people in their native tongue, and to excel in this power many who had sojourned in those islands for years. Obeying his constitutional preferences, instead of endeavouring to master the language by poring over grammars and vocabularies, he mingled, from the first, with the people in their daily intercourse, and thus became acquainted with the pronunciation and the idiom, as well as with the mere vocables of the Polynesian speech. But where was this precious gift, now that it had been acquired, to be exercised? Tamatoa, a chief, pointed him with earnest entreaty to his own island of Raiatea, and as that was the largest and most central of the Society group, was politically supreme, and, moreover, was the seat and stronghold of idolatry,—the very Ephesus of that portion of Polynesia, he entered there on his great missionary career. But it would require a volume, rather than the few pages of a narrative like ours, to describe the toils and the triumphs of the next eighteen years. We may state in general, that with Raiatea as his first centre, Rarotonga as his second, and Upolu as his third, he carried the gospel, in succession, to the principal islands of the Society,

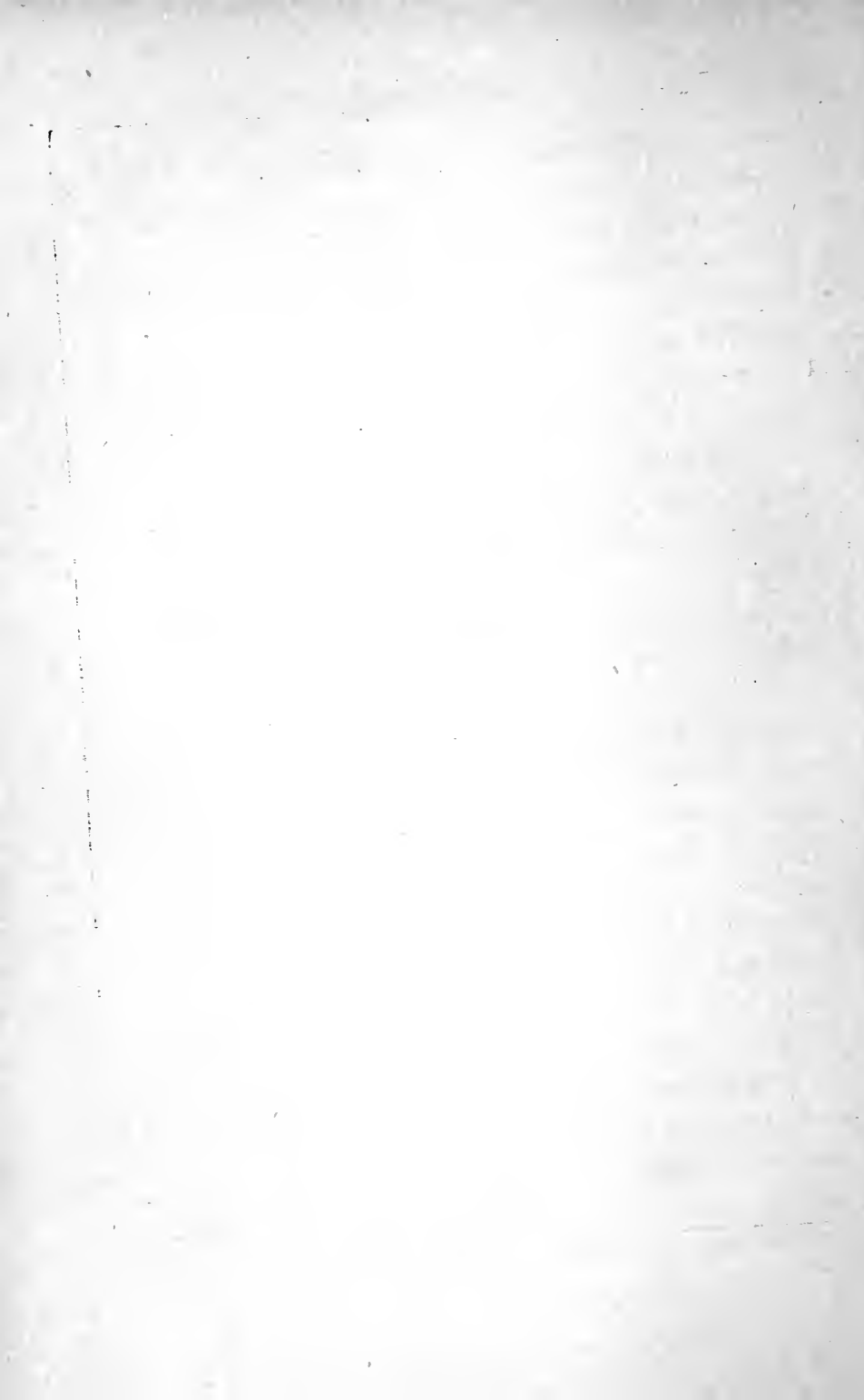
the Hervey, and the Samoan clusters, so that at the time when he wrote his "Missionary Enterprises," the gospel had been given, through his instrumentality or direction, to a population little short of 300,000!

It may best serve, however, to convey a vivid conception of his labours and successes, if we take Raiatea the chosen scene of his earliest toils, as an example, and observe in it the various measures by which it was turned from darkness to light. Wedded to idolatry and superstition, sunk in nameless pollutions the mere imagination of which is corrupting, expert in theft, practising polygamy and infanticide, living in almost constant war, sluggish in intellect, sweltering in indolence, except when the sound of the conch summoned to the battle or the chase, degraded in every habit of life,—it would be difficult to find a people over whom a feeble faith or a mere human philanthropy would have been more ready to bend with mingled pity, disgust, and despair. There were teachers in the island when Williams came to it, whose labours had not been unfruitful ; but it was reserved for him to set in operation those agencies which in no long time converted Raiatea into one of the great lamps of the Pacific. Believing, from the first, what all future experience taught him, that true civilization must have its root and spring in evangelization, and that Christianity which emancipates men from their vices, is also the most efficient means of arousing the torpid intellect and producing self-

respect, he trusted in "the ministry of the word" as the primary instrument by which this island was to be raised "from the fearful pit and the miry clay." But simultaneously with this, and in most harmonious co-operation with it, he had recourse to every prudent secular measure that was fitted to help on the great work of social regeneration. One of the most effective of these means was the early erection of a house for himself after the European model, "for," as he wisely said, "the missionary does not go to barbarize himself, but to elevate the heathen; not to sink himself to their standard, but to raise them to his." Then it was that the mechanical tact which had shown itself in the ironmonger's shop in London, wrought in such fashion as to give healthy excitement and impulse to the whole island. When the people saw the separate apartments into which the missionary's dwelling was divided; the arrangements for ventilation, sleeping, and cookery; the French sashes and green verandahs with their genial shade; the neat and trim garden in front of the house sloping downward to the sea, and the poultry yard and park behind it,—they were stirred to imitation, and houses began to be reared by them, on all sides, after the same model; and as they remarked how the house had been planned and all its most difficult parts wrought by his own hands, Christianity became associated in their minds from that hour with intellectual superiority. It was even no insignificant



WILLIAMS ENGAGED IN HOUSE-BUILDING.





point gained for morals, when families were induced by this means to dwell and sleep in separate apartments. Men became willing, and even desirous, to have themselves and their children trained in the knowledge of a religion which brought with it such manifest advantages ; and in the Christian schools which were soon instituted, it must often have been matter of intense delight to Williams to see the lisping child and the hoary-headed father, the former warrior who in other days had been expert in the war-dance and with the spear, and the priest whose hands had often been stained with the blood of human sacrifices, sitting on the same bench, and spelling patiently for hours at the same lesson-book.

The rearing of private dwellings after the English fashion and with English conveniences, was not long in being followed by the erection of a temple for Christian worship of great dimensions and with an elegance that had not hitherto been approached ; which, continuing to give healthy direction to the energies of the people, and rooting the Christian cause more deeply in the minds of the community, made new demands upon the mechanical skill of Williams. Of proportions which made it capable of containing nearly 3000 worshippers, it formed a sort of Polynesian cathedral ; and as the people on the opening day gazed on its ornamented pulpit and reading-desk, and especially on the beautifully-turned and carved chandeliers fitting it for evening worship, all

“the cunning work” of their missionary, there “remained no spirit in them,” and they could only exclaim, “*Au Brittanue e!*” “O England! O England!” “*a fenua marau ore;*” “the land whose customs have no end.”

Gradually as the influence of Christianity and the missionary extended, the face of society was changed. Maraes or idol-houses were given to the flames, and their idols with them, and while the renunciation of idols was far from indicating, in every instance, the willing subjection of the heart and life to the authority of Christ, it certainly brought even those who fell short of this nearer to the kingdom of God. And social advancement kept pace with Christianity. Through the persuasion and by the help of Williams, a code of written laws, based upon humane Christian principles, was framed and promulgated, and even trial by jury, subsequently extended with beneficent effects to other islands, became one of the settled institutions of Raiatea. How many steps upward did all this measure, when the penalties of crimes were fixed proportioned to the aggravation of the offences, and sanctioned even by the deliberate judgment of the people in their public assemblies; when the chiefs, in pronouncing sentence on offenders, were restrained from acting under the influence of momentary passion or secret revenge, and when a new moral power was given to the laws from the knowledge that, equitable in themselves, they were likely

to be administered with even-handed impartiality, and their penalty to be inflicted with unerring certainty. It may have appeared to many, at the moment, a premature experiment on the Christian progress of this island-community, when Williams proposed to them the formation of a missionary society, auxiliary to the parent institution in London; and even the missionary himself may at times have been half in doubt about the issue; but his confidence was reassured, when he heard one chief after another expressing in that fine poetic language which reminds us of Ossian's heroes, their desire to pay back some portion of their debt to their benefactors, and when, on the first anniversary of the society, 15,000 bamboos of cocoa-nut oil, equal to £500, were reported as the Raiatean contribution for the first year. No doubt, in estimating such results, allowance must be made for the influence of novelty, the power of imitation, and a desire to share in the temporal advantages which Christianity and the missionary so evidently brought with them; but still, when all these deductions have been admitted, the change was marvellous in its beneficent extent and depth, as well as in the short period in which it had been accomplished, rendering the work of sowing and reaping all but simultaneous. "With respect to civilization," said Mr. Williams, writing about this period, "we have a pleasure in saying that the natives are doing all we can reasonably

expect, and every person is now daily and busily employed from morning till night. At present, there is a range of three miles along the sea-beach studded with little plastered and white-washed cottages, with their own schooner lying at anchor near them. All this forms such a contrast to the view we had here but three years ago, when, excepting three hovels, all was wilderness, that we cannot but be thankful; and, when we consider all things, exceedingly thankful for what God has wrought." And Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, the deputation from the London Missionary Society to visit the scenes and stations of the South Sea Mission, do not colour the picture less vividly. "To conclude," say they, "the condition of the whole settlement is such as to afford the most convincing proof that the exertions of the missionaries have been remarkably owned of God, and that the preaching of the gospel is the most direct, certain, and efficient means of promoting both religion and civilization. Had nothing more been done by your exertions than what our eyes have beheld in this island only, they would have been abundantly compensated."

This rapid picture of the change produced, mainly by the labours of Williams in Raiatea, the earliest scene of his missionary enterprise, may be held as representing what was accomplished by him in other islands, or by native teachers left by him in those islands, and acting under his constant impulse and

superintendence. God "always caused him to triumph in every place." And though there must have been much of routine even in his most eventful life, there must evidently have been singularly great and memorable days in his history, when fruits rewarded the toils and answered the prayers of years ; —as when whole communities, led by their chiefs, brought their idols even from afar, and laid them down at their missionary's feet ; or, when blood-stained warriors renounced war for ever, and sitting down at the table of love with the remnant of a people to whom their very name had formerly been a terror, declared eternal fealty to Christ, the Prince of Peace ; or, when he saw the harbour of some recently Christianized island crowded with canoes from different isles that had borne multitudes to be present at the opening of a new temple for the worship of God ; or, when scores of converts would stand up and offer themselves as native teachers, to be left by him to initiate the Christian movement on some still barbarous and perilous shore ; or, when approaching some hitherto unvisited island, and doubtful of its character, he was suddenly welcomed, as he crossed the reef, by the cry from a hundred lips, "We are sons of the Word!" "We are sons of the Word!"

Williams, indeed, combined in himself in a singular manner, those qualities which fitted him to be the great missionary of the South Seas. We cannot

speak of him as we shall afterwards have occasion to speak of Judson, as possessed of a high order of intellect furnished and disciplined by a long and systematic course of academic training. But we would describe him as one whose peculiar constitution and gifts pre-eminently suited him for the post to which Providence had called him, and whose simplicity and concentration of aim in the use of those gifts, commanded higher success than the greatest intellectual powers could have done, had they been unsuitable. We are even inclined to think that there were spheres of missionary enterprise in which he would never have blazed out of obscurity, or would have died with moderate success. He would have made poor work of it with Carey among his manuscripts and dictionaries, or with Judson unravelling the metaphysical subtleties, or seeking to give body to the abstractions of the Pantheists of Buddhism. But in those islands, among a comparatively simple people, and with no ponderous national systems or massive structures to assail and upset; idolatrous and vicious, indeed, but not so intellectually perverted and proudly wedded to their systems as the Burmese or the Hindoos, he was on the very spot in the mission-field which suited his peculiar powers.

With a natural spirit of adventure and love for the sea, it required no sacrifice for him to launch out into the ocean and to search for new groups of islands. "His home was on the mountain-wave."

He was in his very element when out on the deep and gliding with his little bark into some quiet lagoon, landing teachers and evangelists on some coral strand. And then his great natural mechanical powers enabling him to meet the constant difficulties that were arising in his voyages, and which nothing but mechanical powers and much ingenuity and fertility of resource could have met, made him a missionary "one among a thousand;" while, in the application of these gifts in the presence of the untutored islanders, he commanded their wondering respect, and drew out their imitation. How could the people but love the man who so evidently identified himself with their interests, and who aided and advised them in a thousand efforts at self-elevation? We cannot doubt that even his joyful, hoping spirit contributed mightily to the success of Williams. He had none of Brainerd's occasionally enervating pensiveness and gloom; but, like the sunny islands among which he sojourned, his soul lived in a perpetual summer. He was accustomed to say, "There are two little words in our language which I always admired—TRY and TRUST. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will arise which you never anticipated." This was the golden motto of his whole missionary life.

In the course of years, however, Raiatea and the

neighbouring islands of the Society group were insufficient to satiate the holy ambition of our missionary. Natives from other clusters, cast by storms upon the shores of his own island, told him of whole circles of islands larger than Raiatea that had never yet been trodden by "a white man with the lamp in his hand." Especially in listening to the traditional stories of the people and to the songs with which, after sunset, they were accustomed to salute the rising constellations, he heard the name of Rarotonga mentioned in such a manner as led him to conclude that it was the largest and most densely populated of the Hervey group; and some Rarotongan natives opportunely brought to Raiatea confirmed his impressions, and fired him with an irrepressible wish to discover and evangelize it. From the hour that this thought was kindled in him, we find him expressing his impatience at the limits in which he was circumscribed. "For my own part," he writes to the directors of the London Missionary Society, "I cannot content myself with the narrow limits of a single reef; and, if means are not afforded, a continent would be to me infinitely preferable, for there, if you cannot ride, you can walk; but to these isolated islands a ship must carry you." "It appears to me," he said to a brother missionary afterwards, "to dwell among this handful of people, and to confine one's time, talents, and energies to this contracted spot, is to be throwing one's life away. I cannot



endure the thought. Tens of thousands perishing in islands not very remote, and to be confined to a solitary island with a few hundred inhabitants! It grieves me to my very soul. Something must be done; and if the London Missionary Society cannot do it, it must be sought elsewhere. Had I a ship at my command, not an island in the Pacific but should (God permitting) be visited, and teachers sent to direct the wandering feet of the heathen to happiness—to heaven.” How many times did he stand looking across the blue waves that hemmed him in, not like the exile on St. Helena on the rocky cliffs of his island-prison, fretting that he could no longer wade through carnage to thrones; but longing to place his own life in jeopardy that he might save others. Years passed away in vain attempts to obtain from his constituents in London a vessel in which to make his discoveries; and perhaps it was well for the Christian cause in Raiatea and the neighbouring islets, that the help, which would have interrupted his fostering care over them, did not come too soon. At length, however, the means were procured. Having trained his islanders in the manufacture of sugar, cotton, and other commodities, it became necessary that a schooner should be purchased for conveying the produce to the markets of Sydney. This was obtained by the chiefs, all the little patrimony which had fallen to Williams being willingly embarked in the experiment; and the vessel was lent for

a little to the eager missionary, in order that he might realize the nightly dreams and the fond visions of years in which "hope had been deferred." Taking with him some teachers and the Rarotongans who might negotiate for them a safe entrance on their native shores, he speedily sailed for the hitherto undiscovered metropolitan island of the Hervey group. Columbus himself did not look out with more yearning desire for the new world, "his glorious bride," than did Williams, with straining eye, search the horizon for this island which was meant as the centre of a second mission, and in which he hoped to deposit the immortal destinies of myriads. He seemed likely, at first, to be baffled in the search, and the fifth day had even come, in which, if the island continued to elude their discovery, he promised to cede the honour to more favoured explorers. But, after five days' unavailing search, and when within half an hour of the time at which, by the captain's earnest entreaty, he had consented to abandon his object, the clouds which had veiled the island dispersed, and the majestic mountains of Rarotonga stood revealed before him. Never did weather-beaten sailor hear the inspiring cry, "Land a-head" with a thrill of deeper delight, than did Mr. Williams at this interesting moment; and never was the joy of discovery more rational or pure than his. "The transition of feeling," he observed, "was so instantaneous and so great, that, although a number of

years have intervened, I have not forgotten the sensations which that announcement occasioned."

It was now seen with what prudent foresight Mr. Williams had brought with him the friendly Rarotongans; for without their favourable remonstrances and earnest appeals, the first night of the teachers and their wives on shore, would probably have been fatal to themselves and the mission. But the trembling balance at length turned in favour of the strangers; and Papeiha, the most devoted and gifted of the native teachers, was meanwhile left with his wife to introduce the silent leaven of the kingdom of God. The scenes at Raiatea soon began to be repeated in this island on a larger scale, and the interval was not long ere the glad missionary received, by a passing ship, the invitation to come, for the whole island, with its seven thousand people, had renounced its idols, and was impatiently waiting to lay them at his feet. But to recount the various measures by which Rarotonga was added to the rapidly increasing circle of Christian islands, and civilization made to shed its fruits on the ruins of darkest superstitions, would be to repeat much of what has been said of Raiatea. We should have to tell of the introduction of a written code of laws similar to those which had already stopped the reign of injustice and cruelty in other islands. We should have to describe the erection of a permanent and spacious temple for Christian worship, in room of those rude temporary

structures which had served the purposes of the infant mission ; Williams again proving himself the Polynesian Bezaleel, whose cunning workmanship, both in the architectural and in the industrial parts of the undertaking, was itself no insignificant education to the wondering islanders. But two facts connected with this enterprise exhibit the character of the people and the progress of the mission in a light so novel and interesting, that they may not be omitted.

He informs us that his hearers, anxious to carry away and to retain as much of his sermon as possible, agreed that each should be charged with the special recollection of some part of it. One was to charge himself with the remembrance of the text; the burden of others consisted in bearing away the "heads" of the sermon; and others still were bound to reproduce some of the illustrative remarks under each head, and then little bands meeting together, soon afterwards repeated and knit together the various parts, and presented a sort of Rarotongan edition of their missionary's discourse. These "new-born babes desired the sincere milk of the word."

The other story illustrates in a striking manner the advantage of those elementary parts of education which we are most apt to undervalue, while it exhibits the almost incredulous wonder with which an untaught people look upon the simplest triumphs of civilization. It reads, in the narrative of Williams, like a page from the inimitable Defoe, and we cannot

doubt has already called up in the minds of thousands, the man "Friday" of Defoe's most truth-like fiction,—

"As I had come to the work one morning without my square, I took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send me the article. I called a chief, who was superintending his portion of the work, and said to him, 'Friend, take this; go to our house and give it to Mrs. Williams.' He was a singular looking man, remarkably quick in his movements, and had been a great warrior; but, in one of the numerous battles he had fought, had lost an eye, and giving me an inexpressible look with the other, he said, 'Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her.' 'No,' I replied, 'she will not; take it, and go immediately; I am in haste.' Perceiving me to be in earnest he took it and asked, 'What must I say?' I replied, 'You have nothing to say, the chip will say all I wish.' With a look of astonishment and contempt he held up the piece of wood, and said, 'How can this speak? has this a mouth?' I desired him to take it immediately and not spend so much time in talking about it. On arriving at the house he gave it to Mrs. Williams, who read it, threw it away, and went to the tool-chest; whither the chief, resolving to see the result of this mysterious proceeding, followed her closely. On receiving the square from her, he said, 'Stay,

daughter, how do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?' 'Why,' she replied, 'did you not bring me a chip just now?' 'Yes,' said the astonished warrior, 'but I did not hear it say anything.' 'If you did not, I did,' was the reply, 'for it made known to me what he wanted, and all you have to do is to return with it as quickly as possible.' With this the chief leaped out of the house, and catching up the mysterious piece of wood, he ran through the settlement with the chip in one hand and the square in the other, holding them as high as his arms would reach, and shouting as he went, 'See the wisdom of these English people; they can make chips talk, they can make chips talk.' On giving me the square, he wished to know how it was possible thus to converse with persons at a distance. I gave him all the explanation in my power; but it was a circumstance involved in so much mystery that he actually tied a string to the chip, hung it round his neck, and wore it for some time. During several following days, we frequently saw him surrounded by a crowd, who were listening with intense interest while he narrated the wonders which this chip had performed."

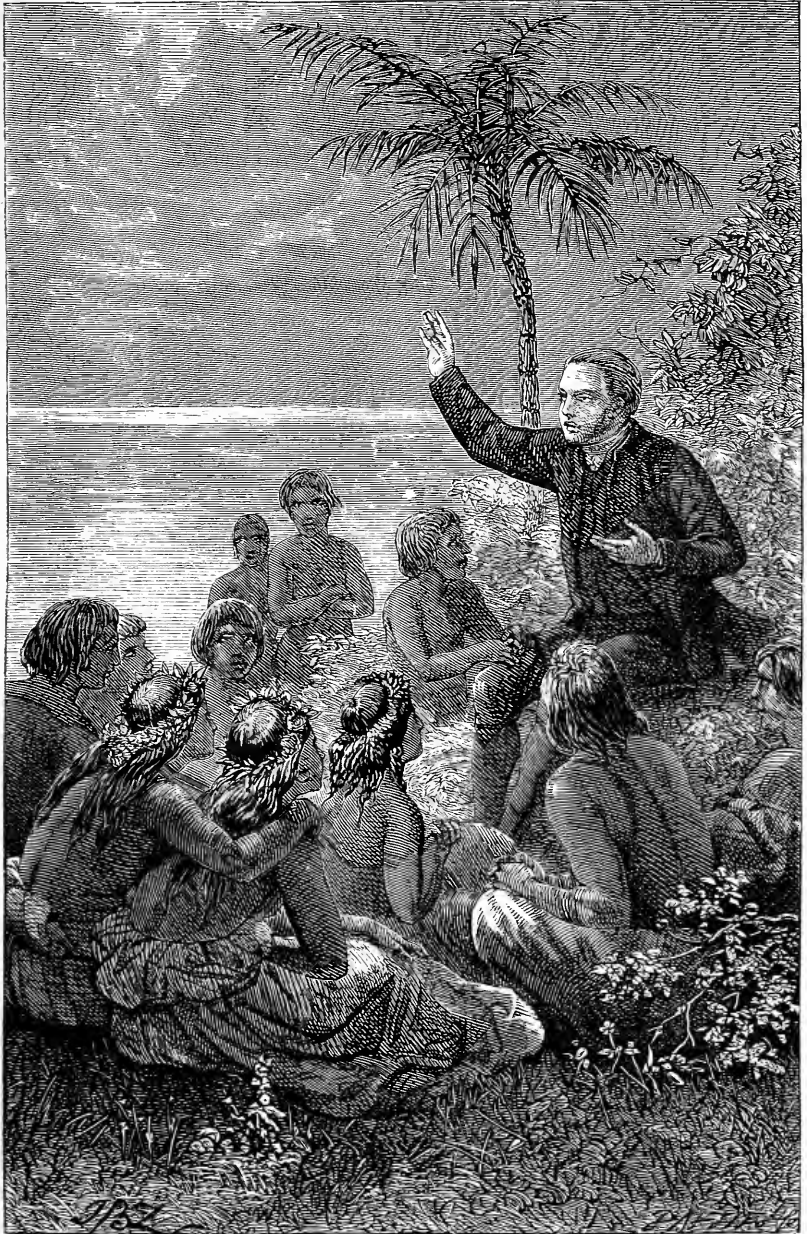
After spending six months in Rarotonga, Mr. Williams became anxious to return to Raiatea, the state of Mrs. Williams' health calling loudly for a removal. But this remote island did not stand in the usual track of vessels, and weeks passed in which he stood on an eminence near the shore

watching the horizon for some friendly sail, in vain. This circumstance, as well as the increasing conviction which forced itself upon his mind that the missionary work in Polynesia could never be carried on to an extent adequate to its claims, without a vessel that should be at the entire service of the mission, determined him to venture on an undertaking which, for the versatility and ingenuity of mechanical genius, fertility of resource, indomitable energy and power of conquering difficulties which it revealed, was probably unsurpassed even in the history of this great missionary,—we refer, of course, to his building for himself of his famous mission-ship, the *Messenger of Peace*. When we think of the seemingly invincible difficulties which this undertaking involved, we cease to wonder at the unwilling incredulity with which the account of it was first received in this country. For he had not only to plan the vessel, but to procure the material out of which it was to be constructed, to fashion the implements and tools by which the various rough substances were to be shaped and moulded for their place in the ship, and even to teach the untutored natives the use of their hands. Where was the anvil on which the iron was to be shaped and welded? Where were the bellows to blow the furnace by which the iron was to be heated for the anvil? How were the planks to be shaped, the blocks turned, the sails woven, and the cordage twisted? Yet all these difficulties were met in

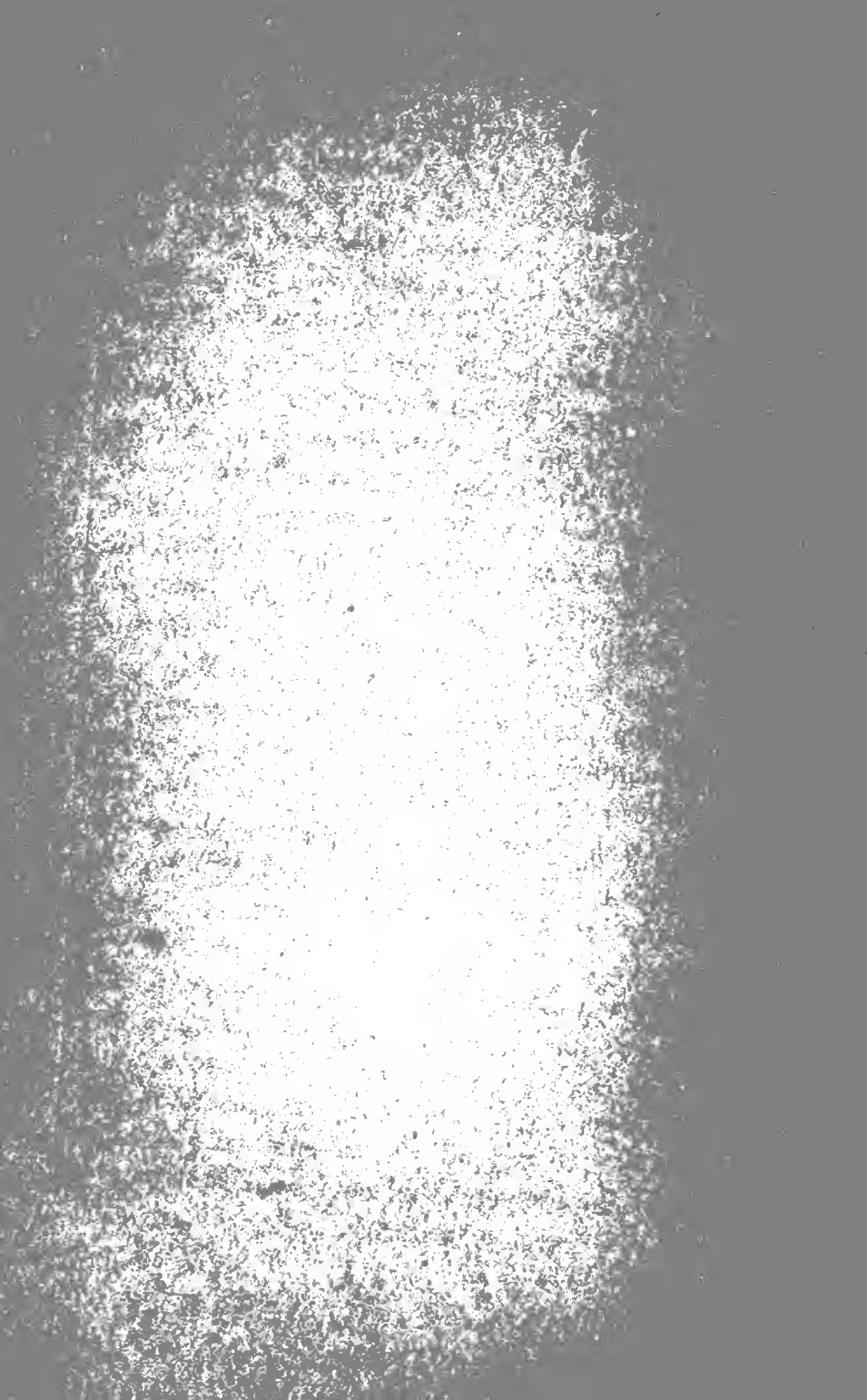
succession as they arose; the anchors and the pintles of the rudder being made to emerge from the ruins of a pick-axe, an adze, and a hoe. His greatest difficulty, as is well known, was found in the construction of bellows, which, formed at first of the skins of two domestic goats, were consumed in a night by a single colony of rats; but afterwards formed from wood by a hint drawn from the principle on which the common water-pump is made, were discovered by him on his return to England to coincide with a plan in operation in one of its largest public works. "I have built a little vessel," says he, when modestly writing to one of his friends, "of between sixty and seventy tons, for missionary purposes. She was not four months in hand from the time we cut the keel until she was in the water. I had everything to make, my bellows, forge, lathe, and the iron work, out of old axes, iron hoops, &c.; but I cannot enlarge on my numerous manœuvres to overcome difficulties, though they would be interesting to you, no doubt; suffice it to say, she is finished."

The industry of Williams, while engaged in this favourite enterprise, was great. He was "straitened until it was accomplished." Often at midday, when the natives employed by him had retired to their welcome siesta, he would pluck a little fruit from some neighbouring tree, and eating it under the shadow of the tree, joyfully resume his toil. And even now, the missionary was never allowed to be absorbed in the





WILLIAMS PREACHING AT MIDNIGHT.



workman. To the crowds who surrounded him all the day while he laboured, he discoursed of heavenly things, often awakening their wonder yet more by what they heard than by what they saw; while, in the evenings, sitting in his house, or in his garden, or by the sea-shore, he would continue his lessons sometimes far into the midnight hours. A short experimental voyage having assured him of the seaworthiness of his ship, he soon afterwards set sail to revisit the scene of his earliest love and labours at Raiatea. His twelve months in Rarotonga had won the hearts of the simple islanders, who regarded him as their benefactor and father, and the scene at parting was full of poetry and tenderness. Accompanying him in great multitudes to the ship, the Christian people sang appropriate songs attuned to a sort of monotonous yet pleasing sadness; and long after the *Messenger of Peace* had glided far from the shore, their melancholy music, rising above the sound of the ripple of the wave and the midnight breeze, moved every inmate of the ship to tears.

Possessed now of the long-desired means of prosecuting and extending his sublime enterprise, Mr. Williams proceeded to visit the various stations in the Society and Hervey groups, everywhere encouraging the missionaries and confirming the disciples, and then hastened to extend the mission to the more remote but densely populated Samoan cluster. Many rich argosies, freighted with the spices of the east,

were threading their way amid those island-gardens, but theirs was but a vulgar wealth compared with that which burdened this strange visitant which bore within it life to unnumbered dead. In more than one island our missionary was overjoyed to find his visit and labours anticipated by converts from Christian islands, who, drifted on the Samoan shores, had already induced the people to renounce their gods; on others he landed native teachers, with the pledge that he would soon return and "see how they did;" and on others still, where circumstances appeared to require his presence, he became himself for a time the missionary. The fame of "the great chief Viriamu" seemed at length to go before him, and his reception, in more than one station and island, was like that of a conqueror and deliverer. Songs were improvised and sung by the Samoan maidens in honour of the servant of God, welcoming his arrival or mourning his departure, and chanted by them, like the maidens of Miriam, to the measured dance. One specimen has been preserved:—

"Let us talk of Viriamu.

Let cocoa-nuts grow for him in peace for months.  
 When strong the east wind blows, our thoughts forget him not.  
 Let us greatly love the Christian land of the great white chief.  
 All *malo* are we now, for we have all one God.  
 No food is sacred now. All kinds of fish we catch and eat:  
 Even the sting-ray.

"The birds are crying for Viriamu.

His ship has sailed another way.  
 The birds are crying for Viriamu.  
 Long time is he in coming.  
 Will he ever come again?  
 Will he ever come again?

Tired are we of the taunts of the insolent Samoans.

“Who knows, say they, that white chief's land?  
 Now our land is sacred made, and evil practices have ceased.  
 How we feel for the lotu! Come! let us sleep and dream of Viriamu.  
*Fistaulau*\* has risen. *Taulua*\* has also risen.  
 But the war-star has ceased to rise.  
 For *Sulueleele†* and the king have embraced the sacred word  
 And war has become an evil thing.”

Still, while he was pursuing these Samoan triumphs, and gathering in these rich Samoan first-fruits, there were whole island-clusters unvisited. Thick darkness brooded unbroken over the groups of New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and New Guinea; and beneath that thick darkness, pollution and cruelty revelled and raged unchecked. But where were the missionaries to leave on these islands, even when they had been explored? The Churches in England alone could answer this question. Thoughts like these, as well as the alarming state of Mrs. Williams' health, confirmed his long hesitating purpose to sail for England, which he reached June 12, 1834, after an absence of eighteen most eventful years.

The visit of Williams to his native land did much to deepen and extend the public interest in missions, and the general respect for missionaries. We believe it may be affirmed that the missionary sentiment in England has ever since stood at a higher mark. The vivid pictures drawn by him of the South Sea Islands; the narratives of his romantic adventures; the actual fruits of the mission, proving to the practical mind of England that this was no enthusiast's

\* Names of stars.

† The king's daughter.

dream ; the transformation of so many thousands of Polynesian savages "from base to pure, from earthly to divine ;" the honest simplicity and benignant earnestness of the speaker, produced effects beyond those of mere eloquence, and in a little time won for him all ears and all hearts. For many months there was not a day in which he did not appear on some platform or pulpit, addressing crowded audiences, and bringing forth new pictures and incidents from his exhaustless store ; and on one occasion, when preaching at Bristol, the excitement was so great that, as in the days of Chrysostom, the people were unable to restrain the expression of their emotions, but gave utterance to their sympathies in a loud and simultaneous burst of applause. The publication of his "Missionary Enterprises," written in the brief intervals of time which visitors, with an errand and without one, allowed the good-natured missionary for privacy, widened yet further the circle of interest, and drew the attention of many who had hitherto stood without the missionary pale. It now became evident that commerce had a deep interest in the missionary cause, when Mr. Williams announced the fact that a hundred ships on an average sought shelter in the harbour of Tahiti in a year, and adduced the testimony of many masters of merchant vessels, that wherever an island was Christianized, their crews and their merchandise were safe. It took many in the upper sections of society by sur-

prise, when he spoke of the conversion and subsequent civilization of three hundred thousand pagan savages, as the already gathered fruits of evangelic labour in the isles of the Pacific. Men of science began to look kindly on the man who had added islands to the map, and who could describe, with scientific exactitude, the characteristic types of different races and tribes. The castle of the noble was opened to him, and the library of the statesman; one good bishop wrote to him in a moment of genial enthusiasm, that no book of equal interest to his "Missionary Enterprises" had appeared since the "Acts of the Apostles." Still, the heart of Williams was turning to the islands beyond. In a letter to Lord Brougham, he spoke of islands in the Polynesian circle inhabited by several millions of the family of man, that remained a blank and a blot in the world of commerce, of science, and of humanity; at the same time avowing his conviction that, were a ship of proper size and strength placed at his disposal, there was not a cluster of islands in all the South Pacific that might not be evangelized, and his ambition to engage every Christian denomination in Britain in the holy enterprise. The Churches caught the flame of his divine enthusiasm; in addition to the many thousands that replenished the general treasury of his Society as the result of his appeals, special funds were supplied for the purchase and equipment of a ship of sufficient size, bulk, and strength for the

most distant exploratory voyages, that should be entirely devoted to the uses of the Polynesian mission; and on April 11, 1838, amid the prayers and benedictions of myriads, Williams sailed down the Thames in the *Camden*, missionary ship, followed by an interest not surpassed by that with which we may suppose the first Christians to have followed the *Castor and Pollux* which bore Paul from Cæsarea to Rome.

Before the close of the year, Mr. Williams was again moving amid the sunny islets of the Pacific, leaving stores at one island, landing teachers at another, and missionaries at a third. His beloved Rarotongans received from him the New Testament in their native tongue, the printing of which had been one of his most pleasant cares when in England. But the Samoan islands, the latest and least matured of his mission-fields, now drew his chief attention. How had it fared with them during his four years of absence? Even his sanguine heart found the reality exceeding expectation, as, sailing along the shores of some of the islands, he saw the white houses of Christian families peeping through the dark green foliage of the trees, and learned that out of a population of sixty or seventy thousand, nearly fifty thousand were already under some form of Christian instruction. Upolu, the capital island of this group, seemed to commend itself as the new home of his family, and the next centre of his evangelistic toils. The



announcement that he was about to settle in one part of the island at once set all hands in nimble and joyous motion, to build a house for the great chief. Some were preparing the foundations, and digging large holes for the pillars on which the building was to rest; others were felling trees in the mountains, while bands of hundreds bore on their shoulders the large trees from the mountain-sides, preceded by a singer, who sought to stimulate their movements by such words as the following, the last line of which was repeated in chorus by the whole band at the highest pitch of their voices:—

“ This log is for the house of our teacher—Williamu.  
He, the good word has brought to our land.  
He is coming to live at Fasetootai.”

Samoa, however, was not the goal, but rather the starting-point of this period of his mission life. He hastened to redeem the pledge which he had given to the British Churches, of surveying the hitherto unvisited clusters which were still under the three-fold curse of heathenism; and in the “ship of God” which British liberality had committed to him, prepared to set sail for those thick-lying isles of the New Hebrides, over which his heart for so many years had sorrowed and yearned. But, for the first time in his missionary life, there was a dark presentiment of danger. His mind, like some of the finer instruments of science, which foretell the approach of storms of which there is no visible sign as

yet in air, or earth, or sky, for once foreboded calamity. His last Sabbath at Samoa was one of such solemnity and universal weeping, that, had the approaching tragedy of Erromanga been traced before them on the sky, the sorrow could scarcely have seemed more profound. That there should have been an unwonted seriousness over his spirit at such a time was not unnatural, when we consider the magnitude of the enterprise on which he was now setting out, the consequences that were dependent on a first successful movement, and the strained expectation with which he knew his course would be followed by the Churches in England. And, in addition to this, he was aware that the races among which he was now to pass, were different in many respects from those among whom he had hitherto laboured,—were reputed as fierce, suspicious, and vindictive,—and that some of the islands, at least, had been exasperated by the cruelties and exactions of merchant ships, and might, perhaps, be indiscriminately cherishing against white men the purposes of a dark and sullen revenge. Thoughts like these, and perhaps a higher influence, irresistibly led him to choose for his text those suggestive words, which fell upon all like the shadow of a coming providence: “And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul’s neck, and kissed him; sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.”

Still his reception by the first two islands of the New Hebrides, though somewhat shy, was favourable, and made them skirt with greater hope the fatal shores of Erromanga. As they sailed onward in their boat, into which some of them passed, many of the people kept pace with them on shore, and, latterly, appeared to encourage their landing. Fish-hooks, looking-glasses, and other things were cast on shore, to bespeak their friendship; and, as their jealousy seemed to be rapidly melting away, it was at length agreed that some of the boat's company should land. Mr. Harris, a gentleman who had come to the South Seas in search of health, and was about to return to England to offer himself as a missionary to the Marquesas Islands, was the first to wade on shore. He was received with apparent kindness. A cocoa-nut was brought to him, and opened by one of the savages. Water was brought to Mr. Williams on his landing; and, encouraged by this sign of hospitality, he sat down near the beach, and distributed portions of cloth among the people. One thing awakened some uneasy apprehensions,—that no women were seen; for they are generally removed out of sight beforehand, when there is premeditated mischief. It was noticed, however, that children were playing near at hand, which was hailed again as a favourable omen. They proceeded inward from the shore—Mr. Harris being foremost, Mr. Williams next, and Mr. Cunningham and Captain

Morgan following. Turning aside into the bush, Mr. Williams began to repeat with one of the boys the Samoan numerals. Suddenly there was an alarm of danger from the boat, which Mr. Cunningham and Captain Morgan had just time to reach. Mr. Harris, closely pursued by savages, was seen to perish as he was fleeing to the boat. And now every eye was turned to Mr. Williams. He was running directly through the bush to the shore, apparently intending to swim until the boat should take him up, and pursued by an Erromangan, who was armed with a heavy club, and by many others at no great distance. Still he was untouched when he reached the beach, and a few other steps would probably have saved him; but, stumbling into the surf, he was stricken on the head by his pursuer. As often as he rose above the water, he was stunned by new blows. In a few moments, other savages came up to complete the work of death; and his whole body was soon not only mangled with clubs, but transfixed with arrows. The savages glutted themselves with vengeance, and did not cease to strike until the blood of the missionary could be seen, even from a distance, reddening the foam of the waves that were dashing on the shore. With what helpless agony was all this witnessed from the boat! With what despairing anguish were the tidings received in the ship! Moving near to the shore, they endeavoured to scare the murderers away, that they

might at least recover the inanimate bodies, which lay stripped and white upon the beach; but even in this attempt they were unsuccessful. The bodies were carried into the interior, into which an attempt at pursuit would only have been an addition of victims; and it was not until a ship of war had been brought from Sydney to enforce the demand, that they could have the melancholy satisfaction of bearing the bones of the murdered missionaries to Samoa for sepulture.

What sorrow the intelligence of this tragedy carried through the Christian islands of the Pacific, it would be difficult to describe. The Society, Hervey, and Samoan groups became a Bochim, and each man mourned as if he had lost a father. The very heathen, in many instances, shed unfeigned tears. The pathos of some of the scenes, as narrated by Mr. Prout exceeds all the arts of fiction. "Alas! Williamu, Williamu," exclaimed one of the most venerable of the Samoan chiefs, weeping and beating his breast, "our father, our father! He has turned his face from us! We shall never see him more! He that brought us the good word of salvation is gone!" And when the tidings reached Britain, they were scarcely at first believed. The death of Williams at the early age of forty-three, and at the very moment when he was opening the gates to another densely populated portion of the Pacific, seemed like a glorious drama not acted out;

or, rather, like Providence stopping its own greatest work, and commanding the chariot-wheels of a world's redemption to move backwards. The summons to such a workman, with his unfulfilled destiny before him, seemed mysteriously premature; and even the men of strongest and most unquestioning faith wondered and held their peace. Was the work which had already been accomplished enough for one life? Would more success have produced undue elation in the missionary, and a sinful dependence upon instruments in the Church? But let us cease from questioning God. John Williams himself, the next moment after death, as he received from the hand of his Lord the double crown of the missionary and the martyr, owned that all was for the best. Like one who, amid those coral islands, has passed from the angry billows of the outer sea across the perilous surf into the calm lagoon, and looks down into its tranquil and sunlit depths, where the coral and the ocean flowers abound, he was now in the haven of the heavenly land, and his clear eye could penetrate the deep things of God, discovering the greater wisdom and beauty the further it searched and the longer it meditated.

And now, were we endeavouring to express a general estimate of the good which has been accomplished by Christian missions in the Polynesian isles, what an array of evidence should we present of the

power of Christianity to benefit the human race ! We would not for a moment cast into the shade our conviction that the most precious fruits of those Christian missions remain to be reaped in the immortal world, and that it is only when this fact is made prominent that we duly measure the magnitude and the grandeur of the missionary enterprise. But suppose that, for the moment, we take much lower ground, and look merely at the present material and social advantages which the gospel has already conferred upon those members of the human family who inhabit the isles of the South Sea ; and suppose we even tone down this part of the picture so far as to make allowance for the first sanguine impressions of the missionary ;—and how do the contemporary and tangible results unspeakably more than compensate for all the long night of waiting, and for all the subsequent expenditure of toil and treasure, and life, and bring out the missionary enterprise as the most sober-minded and rational, as well as dignified, that can engross and consume the energies of man. If we include in our survey the Friendly and the Feejee Islands, where the Wesleyan labourers have already reaped such ample harvests, along with the Society, the Hervey, the Samoan, the Marquesan, and certain islands of some other groups in which Christian institutions are now established, we have a population including many hundred thousands ; and if we pass north of the equator, and

comprehend in our survey the Sandwich Islands, where American missionaries have won so rich a crown, and New Zealand, where the Church Missionary Society has been the chief labourer; we include several hundred thousands more. But let us circumscribe our notice to the islands south of the equator, and to the fields which were explored by Williams, and let us calmly bring before our minds the evils in those regions which Christianity has swept away before her in her majestic march of mercy, and the benefits which she has scattered around her from her bounteous hand. Has not the degrading worship of idols, and of animals and reptiles in which a superior spirit was believed to reside, been utterly abolished, with all those dark superstitions which never fail to follow in the wake of the worship of false gods? Have not polygamy and infanticide, cannibalism and war, with polluting vices which were rapidly depopulating many of the islands, and inhuman cruelties inflicted on the infirm and the aged, fled like malignant spectres before the "rising of this better sun?" Is it nothing to have introduced the reign of just laws, to have established schools, and even to have reared colleges in one island at least of each of the principal clusters, for the instruction of the sons of the chiefs and others in some of the higher branches of education, as well as for the training of an accomplished native ministry? Is it nothing to have aroused a naturally self-indulgent



and luxurious race to steady industry,—to have introduced among them many of the most useful arts, such as wood-turning, ship-building, sugar-making, rope-spinning, and the growth of cotton; to have made common to many islands some of the most nutritious plants and esculents, and to have naturalized some of the best animals both for food and work? Is it nothing to have implanted in the people so sacred a regard for property, that ships can now anchor in the harbour of every Christian island with the assurance of safety alike from plunder and assault? And all these temporal advantages modern missions have conferred upon entire clusters of the Polynesian isles, adding new tribes to the growing circle of civilized communities, and new purchasers in the great marts of the world. No doubt, there are dark features and exceptional elements even in some of those Christian isles. The French occupation of Tahiti has been a blight upon its religious advancement, and the curse has spread from it to other islands. Merchant vessels have at times let loose upon the inoffensive people ruffian sailors, who have proved how much worse is the barbarism that comes from civilized countries, even than that which had been native to the soil; and convicts who have fled from some of our penal settlements, have delighted to undo the work of the missionary and to spread around them a moral pestilence. But when all this is admitted and lamented, we have but

to place one of the Christian islands, in imagination, side by side with such as are still in a state of unreclaimed heathenism, and, looking at the contrast, confess in Christ the Good Samaritan of the human race, and in the Christianity which Williams preached and lived, the great hope of the world.





JOHN THEODORE VANDERKEMP.  
JOHN CAMPBELL.





## JOHN THEODORE VANDERKEMP.

1747-1811.



FRICA is the laggard in the onward march of the human race. We see her coming up far behind, sable and wounded, in the great procession of tribes and peoples, to civilization, power and happiness. Geographers have sought to account for this by the very shape of the African continent, which, in the comparative want of peaceful bays and navigable rivers which carry the adventurer with ease and speed far into the interior, presents few of those inlets for commerce and facilities for intercourse, which form the grand features of Europe in the map of the world. She is doomed by this fact, they tell us, if not to isolation and exclusion, at least to a hireling's place in the family of the world.

Physiologists again, of a certain school, have asserted the essential and invincible mental inferiority of some of those races which cover the larger portions of Central and Southern Africa, and have pronounced all experiments at elevation, by whatever means, as next to hopeless; some interpreters of inspired pro-

phesy have spoken and written as if the divine curse on Canaan kept Africa spell-bound in long cycles of ignorance and sorrow; and the more philosophical class of historians and ethnographers have remarked, that while vast tracts of Asia retain the fragments and traditions of an earlier civilization, and have never intellectually approached the lowest scale of degradation, many of the African tribes have so sunk through countless ages of depression, and have so lost the very rudiments even of natural religion, as not to retain any notion, however dim and perverted, of a supreme and invisible intelligence. While some of these explanations are based on assumptions that are not only unproved but false, there is force in others sufficient to account for the fact that Africa has hitherto lingered in the rear of human progress. But they ought not to discourage effort, for even she is moving with quickening step; and perhaps the time is not very distant when the anticipation of a living author will be realized, that Christianity, in its influence on the peculiar susceptibilities of the negro, will present human nature in new and beautiful developments.

It has been calculated, that more has been done by travellers during the last sixty years, to make us acquainted with the state of Africa, than had been accomplished during the previous 1700 years since the days of Ptolemy. While it is impossible to speak without wondering gratitude of the contributions of

earlier discoverers, such as Vaillant, Lichtenstein, Bruce, Park, and a multitude of others, who have either perished at the hand of inhospitable tribes, or from the poison malaria of the Delta of the Niger, how invaluable have been the discoveries of missionary-travellers in our own times. Drs. Krapf and Rebmann have done more than all that had preceded them to raise the thick veil from the interior of Africa; Moffat and John Campbell, ascending from the south, have enlarged our acquaintance with tribes and climates; while Dr. Livingstone,—entering from the east on his repeated journeys,—has revealed navigable rivers, and vast lakes with thickly peopled banks, where ignorance had pictured regions abandoned to beasts of prey, or boundless deserts on which the curse of Gilboa was to rest for ever, and has made the whole circle of the sciences and of the useful arts his debtor. At the same time, he has disclosed fertile regions, rich also in mineral wealth, and has opened up new fields for commerce, into which the overflowing populations of our Anglo-Saxon cities may pour themselves, and where the colonist, carrying the gospel in his hand, may help to conquer Africa for Christ. Meanwhile, the missions of the United Presbyterian Church on the coast of Old Calabar; those of the Church of England at Sierra Leone, and at Abbeokuta and other places in the Gulf of Guinea, have kindled a few points of light along the west of Africa, that are rapidly multiplying and spreading;

while numerous groups of missionary churches and stations representing nearly every one of the great societies of Britain, cluster in those territories which border on the Cape Colony, or that may be reached from it, and gradually extend their line of conquest nearer to the Equator. No doubt it is still the "day of small things;" for, deducting the female and native teachers, it is understood that there are no more than four hundred European and American missionaries on the whole African continent. But these labourers have found no cause to shake off the dust of their feet against those children of Ham, or to cause their blessing to return to them, for already there are eighty converts to each missionary.

The Moravian brethren were the honoured pioneers of missions to South Africa. So early as 1737, George Schmidt went out from their society as a missionary to the Hottentots, and founded the first mission at Bavian's Kloof, which he afterwards designated "Gnadensthal," or house of grace; for as converted Jews commonly assume at their baptism a Christian name, so it has been one of the innocent fancies of the descendants of Zinzendorf to baptize their stations by some new name linked with religious associations. The Cape Colony was still in the hands of the Dutch; and as the labours of Schmidt began to influence the degraded natives, they became impeded by the jealous interference of the colonial government; until, at length, he thought



it advisable to return to Europe in order to obtain the redress of his grievances, and to shield his mission by a formal grant of privileges. But how greatly was the simple missionary disappointed to find that the colonial authorities had all the while been acting under the bad inspiration of the home government; for, instead of having his grievances redressed and his position improved, he was absolutely refused permission to return; and the Christian Gnadensthal, like some deserted home, was left to be overgrown again by the foul weeds of heathenism. Still there were many hearts in the Moravian Society that cherished the recollection of Gnadensthal, and that never ceased to pray for the rekindling of the fires upon that forsaken altar; and at length, in 1792, a better spirit having meanwhile been breathed into the authorities of Holland, three missionaries of the United Brethren, Marveld, Schwinn, and Kühnel, were permitted to go forth, and search for the few scattered sheep who had so long been without a shepherd. They found part of the wall of the old mission-house yet standing; and in the garden attached to it, fruit-trees which Schmidt had planted; while some of the older Hottentots retained fragrant memories of their old pastor. After the lapse of not many years, the station recovered all the prosperity which it had possessed in the days of its patriarchal founder, and even broke forth on the right hand and the left; and when visited by the adventurous

Barrow, presented one of those pictures of cheerful industry, order, comfort, religion, and happiness, which charm the eye even of intelligent men of the world. "Early on Sunday morning," he writes, "I was awakened by some of the finest voices I had ever heard; and looking out, saw a group of Hottentot women, neatly dressed in calico, sitting on the ground, and chanting their morning hymn. The missionaries were middle-aged men; plain in their dress, meek and humble in deportment, but intelligent and lively in conversation; zealous in their cause, but free from bigotry. Everything partook of their characteristic neatness and simplicity. Their church was a neat, plain building; and their mill the best in the colony. Their garden produced abundance of vegetables. Almost everything had been done by the work of their own hands; their society requiring every one to understand some trade. They have upwards of six hundred Hottentots, and their numbers are daily increasing. These live in huts dispersed over the valley, to each of which is attached a piece of land; and their houses and gardens are very neat and comfortable; and all are engaged in useful trades or occupations. On Sunday they all regularly attended public worship; and it is astonishing how neat and clean they appear at church. Their deportment was truly devout. The discourse of the missionary was short, pathetic, and full of good sense. The women sung in a plaintive and

affecting style, and their voices were sweet and harmonious.”

This records but a sample of the unfailing fruits of Christian missions in every clime of heathendom ; and the true explanation was never more happily given than by a heathen Fingo, when, passing at a later period through another station in South Africa, he beheld a former desert blossoming as the rose. “A Fingo travelling through Hankey, where the London Missionary Society have a station, sat down to rest at the door of the place of worship ; and looking round on the houses, behind which the gardens were concealed, asked one of the deacons how the people got food in such a place. The deacon told him to look at him, and see if he was not in health and well clothed. He then called a fine child, and told the man to look at it, and see if it was not well fed. The deacon then told him if he would attend service the next day, he would see that it was so with them all. The Fingo rose to depart, and lifting up his eyes and right hand to heaven, exclaimed, ‘*It is always so where that God is worshipped.*’ ”

But these simple-minded Moravian labourers were not always to toil on unsupported in Southern Africa. In 1795 the London Missionary Society was formed. At once, the interest of its founders gathered around the Cape and the regions beyond ; and three years afterwards, four labourers were

commissioned by them to these regions, at the head of whom was JOHN THEODORE VANDERKEMP. His name shines as the "bright particular star" among the earlier messengers of the cross to South Africa; and though the memorials of his life that have been preserved are comparatively scanty, yet his original rank, the thrilling incidents which led to his devotion to this great work, his high accomplishments and singular self-denial, and especially the actual success which is known to have crowned his brief, but intense missionary life, justify the unanimous verdict of his own age, and retain him in the first rank of Christian missionaries.

Vanderkemp was the son of a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Rotterdam, where he was born in 1747. At the usual age, he entered a student at the University of Leyden, where he became a proficient in his knowledge of the learned languages, as well as of philosophy, divinity, medicine, and the military art. On completing his university curriculum, he joined the Dutch army, in which he rose at length to the rank of a captain of horse. But meanwhile the restraints of his early religious education were losing their power over him and infidel principles became the false refuge of his accusing conscience—a state of things which, when it became known under the paternal roof, is said to have hastened the death of the good pastor of Rotterdam.

After fifteen years spent in military service, he

resolved to devote himself to the practice of medicine; and in order the more completely to accomplish himself for this profession, became a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he obtained the degree of Doctor of Medicine. Returning to Holland, he commenced as a medical practitioner at Middleburg, where he soon acquired distinguished reputation among the physicians of his native country, and in due time accumulated so much of worldly competence as enabled him to retire from medical practice to Dort; to which he came, now a married man and a father, with the intention of devoting himself, during the remainder of his days, to literary pursuits. His mind still dwelt in the gloom of his early unbelief; but reflection made him miserable in his darkness, and there now began strange and apparently sincere "feelings after truth, if haply he might find it," and even earnest contentions, though unavailing, against moral evil in his heart and life, for he sought to make the fruit good without first making the tree good,—when that incident occurred which changed the current and aim of his spiritual nature, and literally conducted him through the very gates of death into marvellous light and life. Probably no two men have ever been brought by exactly the same providential steps into the kingdom of God. The steps by which Vanderkemp was led were certainly very strange; the "blind was guided by a way that he knew not;" but to appreciate them aright

we must see them linked to previous and protracted mental struggles, as we find these narrated by himself in one of the most valuable pages of autobiography:—

“Christianity to me once appeared inconsistent with the dictates of reason—the Bible, a collection of incoherent opinions, tales, and prejudices. As to the person of Christ, I looked at first upon him as a man of sense and learning, but who, by his opposition to the established ecclesiastical and political maxims of the Jews, became the object of their hate, and the victim of his own system. I often celebrated the memory of his death by partaking of the Lord’s Supper; but some time after, reflecting that he termed himself the Son of God, and pretended to do miracles, he lost all my former veneration.

“I then prayed that God would prepare me, by punishing my sins, for virtue and happiness, and I thanked him for every misfortune; but the first observation I made was, that though I was oftentimes severely chastised, it did not make me wiser or better. I therefore again prayed to God that he would show me, in every instance, the crime for which I was punished, that I might know and avoid it; but finding this vain, I feared that I should never, perhaps, be corrected in this life by punishment. Still I hoped I might be delivered from moral evil after death in some kind of purgatory, by a severer punishment; yet reflecting that punish-

ment had proved itself ineffectual to produce even the lowest degree of virtue in my soul, I was constrained to acknowledge that my theory, though it seemed by *a priori* reasoning well grounded, was totally refuted by experience; and I concluded it was entirely out of the reach of my reason to discover the true road to virtue and happiness. I confessed this my impotence and blindness to God, and owned myself as a blind man who had lost his way, and waited in hope that some benevolent man would pass by and lead me into the right way. Thus I waited upon God that he would take me by the hand, and lead me in the way everlasting. I could not, however, get rid of the idea of being corrected by means of punishment, and I still looked on the doctrines of Christ's deity and atonement as useless and blasphemous, though I carefully kept this my opinion secret."

Such was his state of mind when, one day in the month of June 1791, sailing with his wife and daughter on the Meuse in the neighbourhood of Dort, for amusement, they were suddenly overtaken by a water-spout, which upset their boat almost ere they had time to realize their danger. He saw the two beings who were dearest to him on earth sink beneath the flood; while he himself, clinging desperately to the boat, was soon borne by the power of the angry current a mile below Dort,—the bravest sailor who witnessed the incident not daring to loose

from the shore in such a storm for his rescue. But the God who had thus smitten him by the storm was now to make it the instrument of his deliverance, and to cause "its wrath to praise him." For a vessel lying in the port, torn from its moorings by its violence, was carried just in the direction in which he was still holding faintly by the tossed wreck; and the sailors at length catching a glimpse of him through the tempest, got hold of him and raised him on board.

He had wished, in his proud efforts at self-recovery, for some punishment that should cure him of moral evil, and now there had fallen upon him the most terrible punishment which it was possible to inflict, for he had become like a tree stripped of root and branch in one day; and yet he declares, in the recollection of his feelings, that it had no power to make him better. And, alone, it was indeed utterly powerless for this end. But awed by the terrible calamity, with his heart in some degree humbled, and his infidel principles exposed in their mocking impotence to comfort when the soul is sad, he was by this means silently prepared for the divine teaching which he was now about to receive, and, like the stricken and blinded Saul of Tarsus, to have his vision unsealed by a hand which never fails to make whole where once it begins to work. Turning again to the Scriptures, he proceeded to examine them with more of child-like docility; and the result, as he discerned in the



Christian redemption a scheme of holy benignity and the grand revelation of the loving heart of God, was like an entrance into another world in which all things were new.

“By free grace,” he continues, “I learned how the justice of God is not only uninjured, but exalted, and placed in the strongest lustre through justification by faith. I rose before I had seen the end of the chain, and wrote down the most striking articles of what I had learned, assured that I had never before received any true notion of the doctrine of Jesus. The next morning, casting my eyes on the Bible, I concluded that if this book was written by divine authority, perfect harmony ought to be found between its contents and the doctrine of whose truth and divinity I was now convinced. I was at first reluctant to put it to the trial; but considering that it must be done, I resolved to read the apostolic epistles attentively, and was astonished to find the striking harmony of the three first chapters of the Epistle to the Romans with my own notes. I soon observed, however, that the riches of the divine treasure far exceeded the partial knowledge of Christ which was communicated to me. I was, for instance, surprised that the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, of which Paul so explicitly treats, was wholly wanting in my elements. I revered now the Scriptures of the everlasting God, and valued as a gift of the highest importance this source of all saving knowledge.

“After this, I made another trial, by comparing my gospel with the doctrine of those who had been taught in the school of Christ, and I was not a little comforted by our mutual faith. They all bare witness to the same truth, though often they mixed it with prejudices.”

While he was thus silently being taught of God in his retirement, an address by the recently-formed London Missionary Society, printed in German, attracted his notice, and produced in him the purpose to offer himself as one of its missionaries. His high literary and professional attainments, and extensive knowledge of Oriental languages, appeared to the Directors to point to India as his appropriate sphere. But from the first, his sympathies were attracted to Southern Africa, and he declared his strong desire to be sent to the untutored tribes of that dark land. His wish prevailed; and in December 1798, with three missionary associates, he left the shores of England, willingly renouncing the scientific and literary circles of his native land, in which for many a year he had held an honoured place, that he might bear the message of Heaven to the Caffre's tent and the Hottentot's kraal, and even “teach the alphabet to the Bushman's child.”

Vanderkemp preferred to take his passage to the Cape in a ship that was sailing with convicts to Australia, for his devoted spirit sought to ante-date the hour of his consecrated toil. The convicts, with

the reckless and vindictive ferocity of men who knew themselves to be outcasts from society, and to be doomed to severe punishments, almost appeared to wish for an opportunity of perpetrating new crimes. The consequence was, that not one of the officers durst venture into the hold, where these savages of civilization were confined. But the good missionary did venture down into this worse than lion's den, and his commanding appearance, as well as looks and words of kindness, gradually subdued their rage and conciliated their regard. Long before the vessel anchored in the roads near the Cape, many of the convicts had learned to read under his tuition; others had received good impressions, and some of the worst inmates of that floating prison displayed sincere sorrow when their benefactor left them.

The Moravian Brethren, hearing in their retreat at Bavian's Kloof of the arrival of Vanderkemp, generously sent Bruntjie, the famous elephant-hunter, to be his interpreter and guide, on his journey northwards to the land of the Caffre. Waggon's were purchased, letters were procured from the governor to the subordinate magistrates on the line of their progress, and the little band set forward on a journey, every day of which brought with it new dangers. Winter had come, and not many days after they had begun their ascent from the Cape, they were obliged to pitch their tent in the midst of snow. Wolves, tigers, lions, and other beasts of prey, tracked their

path and disturbed their nightly rest by continual alarms—sometimes robbing them, in considerable numbers, of the sheep which they had taken with them for their support. Worse enemies than the wild beasts of the desert sought their destruction. The spirit of the ancient Gadarenes haunted those deserts. Some of the boors resident in that part of the colony which approached to the territories of the Caffres, on learning that these strangers were likely to settle in the dominions of Gaika, the Caffre chief, with the jealousy natural to very selfish or very guilty minds, feared that their influence with Gaika might prove unfavourable to their interests, and hired three deserters to murder Vanderkemp, in whom they recognised the leader of this enterprise of mercy. The manner in which these men were thwarted in their diabolical errand, presents us with a beautiful instance of the way in which divine Providence can make every element in nature become the minister of his people—“fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling his word.” The assassins were already on the track of the waggons, when a heavy rain falling in the night, obliterated its marks in the long grass, and the baffled pursuers became themselves “wanderers in the wilderness where there was no way.” One of these very men, at a later period, hearing Vanderkemp preach, had the murderer’s heart taken out of him, and becoming from the first moment of his Christian discipleship his attached friend, was the

only Christian with whom for twelve months he had opportunity of intercourse.

It must have been a sight peculiarly gratifying to the eye and the heart of Vanderkemp, after travelling for weeks through dreary deserts and in the midst of hourly dangers, to reach the house of the Christian colonist, De Beer, which had so charmed the French traveller, Vaillant, as he appeared to see in it the furthest outpost of civilization. On the confines of the colony, where territories subject to some beneficent influence of law passed into those where roamed the wild and warlike tribes, this patriarchal man cultivated extensive farms and spread around him peace, order, cleanliness, and abundance; and surrounded by numerous and attached domestics and dependents, caused to flow through his whole patriarchal rule the pure and genial spirit of Christianity. Every morning and evening, the whole household assembled for domestic worship, which was conducted by the master. Encircled on every side by heathenism or worldliness, his Christian dwelling shone before the eye of the missionary with an aspect more attractive than the fountain in the desert with its overhanging palms; and one might have measured, in the contrast, the moral distance between a people possessed of Christian intelligence and a people without it.

On the day when Vanderkemp and his company sought the shelter of this good man's roof, he had

buried a beloved daughter. But when he saw the stranger and learned his errand, his spirit was revived; for there seemed to him, in that one sight, an "overpayment of delight," and a literal answer to many prayers. On the evening of that day of clouds, which had broken ere it ended into such unexpected sunshine, De Beer uttered these words in his family prayer, "O Lord, thou hast afflicted me with inexpressible grief, in taking away my child from me, whom I buried to-day; but now thou rejoicest my soul with joy greater than all my grief, in showing me that thou hast heard my prayers for the conversion of the Caffres, and giving me to see the fulfilment of thy promises."

De Beer accompanied Vanderkemp and his fellow-missionary on their journey, both for the sake of a Christian intercourse which he rarely enjoyed, and of increasing their safety by a larger escort. Their way now lay through the midst of a kloof, on either side of which rose rugged cliffs and spiral-topped mountains; and, as they were approaching the region where it was designed to plant their mission, it was deemed prudent to send forward Bruntjie, their interpreter, to obtain the permission of the chief to enter his territories. He returned to them a few days afterwards, bearing the chief's consent. Having, with little difficulty, obtained from him a grant of land on the other side of the Keiskamma river, Vanderkemp set himself without delay to the stern

realities of his work. Along with his associate, Mr. Edmonds, having selected a spot for a house, the two good men proceeded to fell trees, and to cut down the long grass for thatching, and then kneeling down together, they thanked the Lord Jesus that he had provided them a resting-place, and prayed that from under that rude and humble roof, the seed of the gospel might spread northwards through all Africa.

Vanderkemp was the first missionary to the Caffres, and he found himself cast among a race that possessed a very marked individuality of character among heathen tribes. In respect of physical development they are, unlike their neighbours the Hottentots and the Bushmen, a noble-looking race of men, and are represented by the later missionaries that have dwelt among them, as second in native energy of character only to the Saxon race. It was common, at an earlier period, and when they were therefore less known, to describe them as a nomadic people, but this opinion has been disproved; for though at certain seasons of the year they wander about a good deal with their flocks, they are not without any certain dwelling-place. Less success has been shown in some recent attempts that have been made to controvert the assertion of the early missionaries that the Caffres have lost even the rudimentary ideas of a supreme being and of a future life, and are in reality a nation of infidels. Fuller inquiry seems rather to warrant our extending the statement to the whole of

the Bechuana family, of which the Caffres form one tribe. It is true that they appear to cherish some dim fancies of a spirit of the river, and that they are most abject believers in witchcraft; but when it is considered that their language is barren of any vocabulary that reflects even the most perverse notion of a divinity, and that they are altogether without any forms of worship, we think the assertion of Mr. Moffat and others, however earnestly challenged, must be held to be substantially true. There is a stage, it would seem, in the descent of heathenism, in which even all conceptions of a supreme intelligence are found to have vanished away. For there is surely a wide difference, in this respect, between the condition of the untaught mind of the Caffre, and that of the Red Indian of the American forest with his almost sublime belief in the Great Spirit, or even that of the poor Esquimaux, in whose rude imaginings of the immortal world he expects that,—

“Transported to yon azure sky  
His faithful dog will bear him company:”

a difference which must at least have made the work of the pioneer-labourers among the Caffres greatly more difficult. They needed not only to plant the seed of divine truth in the Caffre mind, but just as we have seen the poor Vaudois toilsomely bearing up soil to spread on some bare rock on which to plant their vines, so these missionaries had first to replace in the Caffre those rudimentary truths which form



the basis of all religious instruction and belief. The stream in this case did not simply require to be guided back to its ancient channel, it might almost be said that there was no stream to guide: like one of the African rivers it had disappeared mysteriously in the sand.

We are not without an impression that this condition of the Caffre mind must have injuriously delayed the success of the earlier missionaries; while causes have been in frequent operation since, though not entirely to neutralize, yet to disturb and discourage the efforts of the Christian labourer. The proximity of the Caffre territory to the lands of the colonists has presented, in their numerous cattle and their richly cultivated fields, a strong temptation to the cupidity of a savage race; while irritation has been kept alive by the sense of injuries, however much they may have been retaliated, and by the dread of an encroaching power. The vacillation and change of policy towards the Caffres, on the part of successive governors, has not served to increase the respect of the Caffres for the rule of the white man, with whom they are always too ready to confound the missionary; while in more than one war between the Caffre and the colonist, he has retired with rankling recollections, indeed, but with the consciousness that he was only half conquered, and nursing the hope of a future day of vengeance. The consequence of all this has been, that, after more than sixty years

since Vanderkemp's waggon was first seen descending the heights towards the Keiskamma river, the Caffre territories cannot be said to have yet been Christianized, in the same manner as the Sandwich or many of the groups of the South Sea islands. There are only little native churches gathered here and there from the midst of what is still surrounding heathenism, though the light which radiates from these Christian centres is always growing and enlarging its sphere. And perhaps the existing state of things was never more vividly expressed than by one of the chiefs themselves, when conversing one day with a living missionary, "You must," said he, "begin at once; time is passing—people are perishing. Some will receive the word—some will refuse it: we are not all alike. You must have patience. You must not expect to do the work all in one day. The rock is hard. You may not be able to break it all in pieces, but you must hammer away and you will get bits of it." This correctly describes the present stage of progress: divine promise assures us of the future, when the entire rock of Caffre heathenism shall be shivered into a thousand fragments, for, "Is not my word like as a fire, saith the Lord, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Let us hope that the latest experiment, in the scattering of 40,000 friendly Caffres among the colonists, may be equalled in its boldness by its success, not only politically but religiously.

But we return to the story of the patriarchal pioneer of the Caffre mission. As conspiracy had tracked his steps on his way to the settlement, his humble hut was scarcely reared, until men were again plotting for his life. There appears to be an instinctive apprehension among white men who have been accustomed to trade on the fears or the weaknesses of savage tribes, that the presence of the Christian missionary is likely to operate as a check on their oppression or fraud; and it was in some such feeling that the attempt which we are about to narrate originated.

A white farmer belonging to the colony, whose fields lay contiguous to the territory where Vanderkemp was located, fearing that the missionary's influence with the chief might prove injurious to his interests, endeavoured to sow the suspicion in Gaika's mind that he had designs upon his life; and, moreover, that he would endeavour to accomplish his murderous purpose by means of a subtle poison mingled in a glass of brandy, which he would treacherously offer him under the guise of hospitality. He succeeded by this means in awakening the suspicions of the chief; for nothing is more difficult than to produce in a heathen's mind a belief in the disinterested kindness of Christian missionaries that come among them. Having lost all correct notions of the benignity of God, they seem at first almost incapable of believing in any godlike qualities of benignity

which Christianity may have planted in the breast of man. Filled, therefore, with the worst suspicions, and armed with deadly assigais, Gaika hastened with a number of his attendants into the presence of the unsuspecting missionary, determined that if the expected glass was offered to him, he would hold it as a proof of guilt, and would instantly stab him to the heart. Sitting down near his waggon he conversed with him long, at every new movement looking for the drugged cup which was to seal the evidence of the missionary's treachery ; but in vain. He retired confounded and with his suspicions diminished, but as his gloomy spirit brooded over the matter in secret, his countenance again fell ; for he now saw that if he had not been conspired against by Vanderkemp, he had been duped by the colonist for his own base ends. He resolved to try the experiment again, asking this time, however, for the brandy if it was not speedily offered, and prepared to regard the simple production of it as evidence of guilt. After a little parley, the request was made ; on which the innocent missionary, unaware that life or death was suspended on his answer, replied, "I have no brandy, and never carry any." Instantly the chief started to his feet, exclaiming, "I have been deceived ; this is a good man ; trust the English."

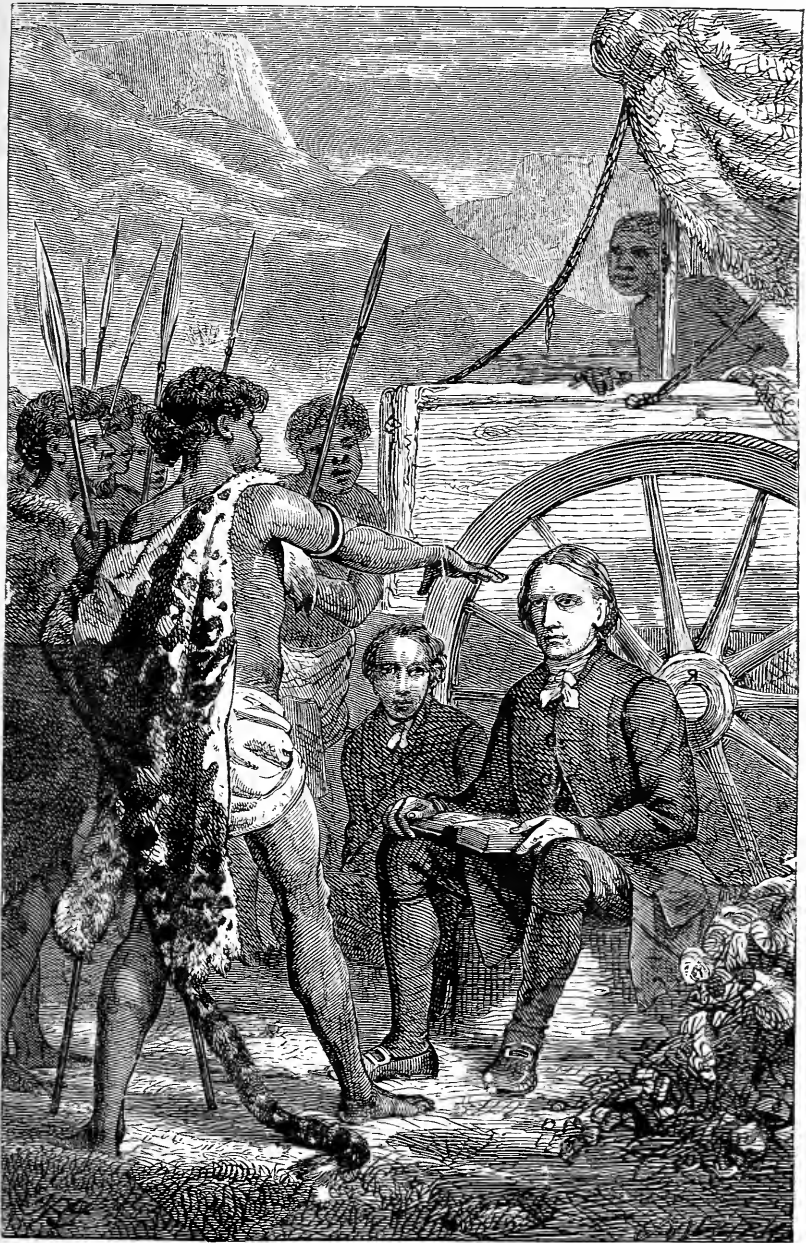
After a few months of labour in this hitherto uncultured region, the spirit of Vanderkemp was considerably damped by the departure for Bengal of

Mr. Edmonds, his associate in the mission, which left him alone in the Caffre wilderness. No misunderstanding or disagreement between the two missionaries appears to have occasioned the ill-timed separation, but an inextinguishable preference on the part of Mr. Edmonds for India, which it seemed impossible, either by persuasion or experience, to turn into an African channel. But fifteen months after his location, the scene was abandoned by Vanderkemp himself, not, however, without leaving good fruits behind him; for thirty years afterwards a woman was admitted to the fellowship of a native Caffre Church, upon whose mind, during that long interval, the great missionary's lessons had never lost their influence. There are no means of ascertaining the occasion of this removal; and in the absence of tangible information, it would be unjust to speak of it, with some, as capricious or unwarranted. We may certainly conclude, from the whole character of his missionary life, that regard to mere external comfort had no influence whatever in leading to the change. But an order of the chief requiring his departure, or a discovery that his position did not present the proper centre for an extensive mission, or a sense of the desirableness, and even the necessity, of an associate in his labours, may be supposed to have prompted as well as justified the step; and this last conjecture derives some countenance from the fact that he passed from the solitary banks of the

Keiskamma to Graaf Reinet, where Mr. Read, one of the band who had sailed with him from England, had meanwhile succeeded in establishing a thriving mission-station.

The change, however, did not bring rest to Vanderkemp. Insurgents drove him from this place, and on his attempting to form a station at Fort Fucherie, the assaults of bandits, the refuse and offscourings of the colony, made him for the third time an exile; until at length he found a safe and permanent home on the banks of the Zwarts river, at a place which he named Bethelsdorff, about eight miles from Port Elisabeth, on Algoa Bay—from that hour transferring his labours, for the remaining part of his life, from the Caffre to the Hottentot tribes.

We can well believe that there was a sort of pleasure of its own kind to this man of strong faith and intense devotedness, in thus consecrating his energies to the elevation of one of the most degraded sections of the human family. For the Hottentot and his brother Bushman lay far down in a much lower deep of heathenism even than the Caffre. Without the Caffre's stately form, but stunted even to dwarfishness in stature, he was quite as much his inferior in energy. Indolent, except when the pressure of immediate want drove him to exertion, and wanting in even the rudest elements of architectural skill, he was content to reside in holes dug a few feet under ground; and when the chase failed



VANDERKEMP AND THE CAFFRE CHIEF.





him, he sought a precarious meal in the snakes and mice which lurked around his kraal. Natural affection, the last amiable remnant of our humanity which dies out even among the heathen, was feeble in the Hottentot; for, in straits, their children were often cast away from them to perish, and their old people, carried forth into some desert place, were left alone with a piece of meat and an egg-shell of the ostrich filled with water, there to pine away in a slow but miserable death. To this people, down almost in the lowest stratum of our humanity, Vanderkemp descended, and applying to them the lever of the gospel, sought to raise them up to the level of civilized and regenerated men.

And though his work was carried on, in the earlier years of its history, like that of the ardent Nehemiah in building the walls of Jerusalem, in the midst of constant opposition and frequent assaults from the jealousy of the neighbouring boers, his labour was not in vain. A church and a school-house, whose walls and roof were composed of reeds, were immediately erected; and within eight years, Bethelsdorff, with its little brook flowing through its centre, began to present the look of a thriving village in a Christian land. It already consisted of seventy reed houses, each containing, on an average, ten inhabitants. In a few years more, the population had increased to a thousand. Education had become universal; many of the people had passed under the supreme

and beneficent influence of the Bible ; while in the details of daily life, fitful effort was supplanted by steady and cheerful industry. Numerous flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of cattle browsed on the surrounding pastures ; the land was tilled, and waved, at the appointed seasons, with abundant harvests. Mats and baskets were woven, and sold into the neighbouring colony. Eighteen different forms of handicraft were regularly plied in this extending Christian village. Salt was manufactured from a neighbouring salt lake ; soap also was made, the butter from the little dairies supplying an essential material ; a saw-mill was erected, which in one year sent boards to Graaf Reinet that yielded a return of £200. Farmers hastened with their produce, borne in ponderous waggons, to the weekly markets of Bethelsdorff. The desert rejoiced and blossomed like the rose.

Nor was this a mere transient flash of prosperity, evanishing with the singular man who had been the instrument in producing it. More than twenty years afterwards, travellers visiting Bethelsdorff found it still retaining the marks and obeying the impulse of its founder, or rather of that divine faith which he had given to it. Its reed houses had, in the interval, been exchanged for those of stone ; the number of inhabitants was more than doubled ; the schools were conducted according to the best British models ; and as the traveller sat in the spacious Hottentot

chapel on the Lord's day, and partook with the congregation of devout and intelligent Hottentots of the symbols of divine love, and thought how the fathers of these men, and even some of themselves, had wandered about in sheep-skin karosses and been huddled together in kraals under ground, he triumphed in the testimony which the picture presented of the divinity of his faith, and of its power to raise even the most sunken of our race, not only to the dignity of man, but to the likeness of God.

We can, therefore, understand how, with these pictures floating before his mind, Henry Martyn, as he approached the Cape on his way to India, looked in thought across the intervening blue mountains, and longed to mingle with those holy men, Vanderkemp and Read, in their blessed labours and calm retreat; and how, when meeting unexpectedly with Vanderkemp at Cape Town, the happy missionary, though spent with much toil and hardship, declared that he would not exchange his work for the wealth of a kingdom. Martyn was struck, during that brief but memorable interview, with the singular majesty of Vanderkemp's appearance; and though external circumstances did nothing certainly to favour the impression, it appears to have been equally strong upon the mind of the traveller Lichtenstein, who encountered Vanderkemp not far from the scene of his evangelistic toils and triumphs:—

“On our arrival at Algoa Bay,” says he, “we re-

ceived a visit from Dr. Vanderkemp. In the very hottest part of the morning, we saw a waggon such as is used in husbandry, drawn by four meagre oxen, coming slowly along the sandy downs. Vanderkemp sat upon a plank laid across it, without a hat, his venerable bald head exposed to the burning rays of the sun. He was dressed in a thread-bare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, without shirt, neckcloth, or stockings, and leathern sandals upon his feet, the same as are worn by the Hottentots. The commissary-general hastened to meet him, and received him with the greatest kindness. He descended from his car, and approached with slow and measured steps, presenting to our view a tall, meagre, yet venerable figure. In his serene countenance might be traced remains of former beauty, and in his eye, still full of fire, were plainly to be discovered the powers of mind which had distinguished his early years. Instead of the usual salutations, he uttered a short prayer, in which he begged a blessing on our chief and his company. He then accompanied me into the house, where he entered into conversation freely on many subjects, without superciliousness or affected solemnity."

This candid traveller, without designing it, incidentally brings out what we conceive to have been the most serious defect in the character of this truly great missionary; for there is surely revealed in some parts of this description a gratuitous self-

negligence—we might almost say a voluntary penance—which, while it unnecessarily diminished his comfort, took from him some of that elevating influence in little matters which is derived from the external habits and appearance of a missionary. John Williams was unquestionably sound in his principle that the missionary, in his dress, manners, and domestic habits, is not to come down to the level of the untutored people among whom he lives, but rather to seek to raise the people, by a slow and natural ascent, up to *his* standard; just as the public teacher will better succeed by adopting a style of thought somewhat above the majority of his audience, than by coming down to the intellectual and literary level of the lowest. But all the grander qualities of a missionary shone in Vanderkemp, and, as in the case of some patriarch at the beginning of a dispensation, all eyes look back to him as the most illustrious and honoured in a descending line of worthies.

In further evidence of his simple devotedness, it may be mentioned that he supported himself almost entirely from his private means, and even spent large sums in purchasing the freedom of poor slaves in the colony; in the course of three years, consecrating to this object alone £800.

At length, Bethelsdorff scarcely satisfied his holy ambition, and after he had passed his sixtieth year, he began to speak seriously of a mission to dark

Madagascar, whose relative importance, as standing in the great sea-track to India, and only eighty miles from the African continent in its Mozambique shores, his enlarged mind had long perceived. But another removal was imminent. Apoplexy had once already laid him prostrate, and one morning after engaging in the services of religion, he was stricken by it a second time ; a lethargic dulness, from that moment, slowly diffusing itself over his mental powers. Two days before his death, a friend inquired regarding the state of his mind. Rallying his mental energies, and with his countenance lit up by a smile, he uttered the short but sublime reply, "All is well." The thoughts of good men when dying often revert to scenes and habits of early life, just as the countenance often recovers its earlier expression ; and one almost feels as if the departing missionary had been thinking for a moment of the familiar sentinel-cry of his military life, when the safety of the garrison was proclaimed and echoed by the watchers at every tower and gate, "All is well." At least, we may compare it with Melancthon's reply to the attendants on his death-bed, when, affording him some assistance, they affectionately asked whether anything else was wanted—"Nihil aliud," said the gentlest of the Reformers ; "nisi cœlum,"—"Nothing else but heaven." Vanderkemp died in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and in the thirteenth of his labours as a missionary.



## JOHN CAMPBELL.

1766-1840.

**W**E remember to have read a clever review in which the writer expended much perverted ingenuity to prove that Pope was not a poet: it would be an equally unsuccessful exercise of the logical or critical gift for any one to attempt to show that we are not warranted to entwine around the memory of JOHN CAMPBELL, of Kingsland, the designation of a great missionary. For although his vocation, until he had passed into the middle stage of life, was that of a humble ironmonger in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and the latter portion of his days was spent by him as a pastor in one of the suburban districts of London, there were few men who, in the evening of the last century, did more of the work of a good evangelist for the neglected regions of his own country that had lapsed back into ignorance and formalism; and there is no name since that of Vanderkemp so deeply and indelibly written, during the first two decades of the present century, upon the missionary history of Southern Africa.

The fact that without any advantage of social

position, he originated by his inventive energy and genial Christian influence, some of the most useful benevolent institutions of his age, that he stood in the van of some of those great religious movements of which, after the lapse of more than one generation, our own age still feels the impulse; and that for many a year the postman bore to his humble shop in the Grassmarket, along with orders for nails and grid-irons, letters of friendship from such men as Andrew Fuller, John Newton, Charles of Bala, Scott the commentator, Zachary Macaulay, and Wilberforce, and from such "honourable women" as the benevolent Countess of Leven,—creates a presumption that, in some way or other, he must have united in himself no common qualities, and warrants the expectation that something useful both in the form of lesson and of impulse may be gathered from a brief glance at the leading incidents of his life.

The education of John Campbell when a lad, was much more the work of Providence than of the academy. One great defect, in some degree inseparable from the teaching of public schools, consists in trying to shape every mind according to a particular model, rather than in discovering the bent of each pupil, and cultivating the peculiar powers of the individual mind,—the consequence of which is, that latent gifts of much value to the world, sometimes remain unsuspected and undiscovered; and the boy is treated as stupid or indolent, when he is simply



misunderstood. There was some danger of little Campbell suffering from this kind of unfair estimate, as there was with another pupil who sat with him on the same bench at the Edinburgh High School, and over whom a great literary destiny was hanging — Walter Scott. He would not shape according to the common type. No driving or discipline would ever have turned him into a great classical scholar ; and he might have studied for a century at Cambridge without rising to the envied elevation of a Senior Wrangler. And yet withal, there was a faculty of keen and minute observation about him ; a spirit of enterprise ; a power of self-reliance and a fertility of resource in difficulties, which rendered a walk to the neighbouring Pennicuik rich in picture and adventure, and brought him back from a journey on horseback to the beautiful home of his forefathers at Killin, on the banks of Loch Tay, with a greater store of lively impressions and shrewd conclusions than some have gathered from a voyage round the world.

It has become common with a certain school of popular novelists to speak sneeringly of the manner in which the Sabbath evenings are spent in the religious households of Scotland, and after picturing the sour visage and arbitrary restraints of the imaginary tyrant of the family, to describe the natural recoil of the young mind into a state of confirmed aversion to everything that bears the name or semblance of religion. This has become part of the stock-in-trade of

some of our literary men. And it may be admitted that in cases in which the work has been over-done, and the children over-driven, and especially when the severity of the Sabbath evening has been made to compensate for the intense worldliness of the week, the web of fiction has had some few threads of truth in it, and bad consequences have followed from such abuses. But as regards the general fidelity of their representations, there are no parts of their fictions more fictitious than the pictures which these men have drawn of a Sabbath evening in a Scottish family. When the parent knows how to diversify his instructions ; to store the understanding of his children with thoughts and sacred pictures, rather than with words ; to enlist the imagination on the side of religion, and to cast an air of cheerfulness over a day which was intended to be suggestive of memories of sanctified joy, the youngest child does not feel it to be a weariness ; and in such scenes and seasons those characters of manly strength and God-fearing principle are mainly formed which are the pith and moral salt of a community. These were the kind of Sabbath evenings which John Campbell spent in the house of his uncle in Edinburgh ; and though the introduction of a few more lights into his own description of them would have rendered them yet more Sabbatic, it is evident that, when far advanced in life, he looked back on them with appreciating gratitude, and felt that the omission of such

evenings from his weekly calendar when young, might have given to his life another and fatal direction.

“Immediately after tea,” he writes in his old age, “the whole family were assembled in uncle’s room, —namely, we three brothers, the female servant, and an apprentice. Each was asked to tell the texts, and what they remembered of the sermons they had heard during the day; then a third part of the questions in the Shorter Catechism were asked, to which we repeated the answers in rotation. He then took one of the questions as it came in course, from which, off-hand, he asked us a number of questions, for the trial of our knowledge and informing our judgments. The service was concluded by singing two verses of a psalm, and uncle offering a most pious prayer for a blessing on the evening exercises. From the variety that we attended to, we did not weary in the service; indeed I do not recollect one of us ever yawning during it. This way of keeping the Sabbath deeply impressed us with its sanctity. Had I heard a boy whistle, or a man laugh loud, or overheard the sound of an instrument of music from a house, I was actually shocked. We were never permitted to cross the threshold of the door on the Lord’s day, except when going to worship. Some might conclude from all this that we must have been a gloomy, morose family; but the fact was the reverse. Uncle was a cheerful man, possessed peace of mind, and the prospect of a happy eternity.”

These good impressions clung to him through all the slippery paths of youth ; and though they did not always preserve him from worldly conformity, kept him far from vicious courses. But he had acquired the reputation of a useful Christian, had begun correspondence with several Christian men of eminence, and been selected, because of his shrewd discrimination, as the unpaid agent of the many secret charities of the Countess of Leven, for many years before he reached a state of settled religious peace. In fact, there was a long period of fitful experiences, unsuspected by those who only saw him at some distance, in which hope and fear strangely alternated within him, and he only saw the gospel itself "through a glass darkly." His advisers on the subject of religion, though good men, were not always the most judicious spiritual counsellors, and were apt to turn his mind inward upon his frames and feelings, rather than outward upon the cross of Christ ; some of the books which fell into his hands were better fitted for the direction of confirmed Christians, than of those who only saw men as yet "like trees walking ;" and all this leading to a self-righteous introversion upon his own heart, as if he was to find warrant there for believing the gospel, made his peace transient, and his Christian life unstable as the waves of the sea. He was too often engaged in curiously examining the telescope, when he should have been gazing through it at the sun.

But at length the mental clouds dispersed, and, looking with a spirit more simple and childlike at the gospel, he obtained such a view of the nature of the Christian salvation, that his experience resembled that of one passing out of a valley of dark shadows into a path on which the sun ever shone. This marked such a crisis in his higher life, as to be ever afterwards commemorated by him as an anniversary. For three months before it came, he had often experienced such "a horror and thick darkness" as brought him to the very borders of despair. Though the period of his distress was not so prolonged as that of Bunyan, he was certainly made to drink of the same cup as the great dreamer had drunk of. It seems, indeed, to be the frequent method of God to prepare those whom he designs for eminent usefulness by such dread experiences as shall fit them to speak a word in season to those who are sunk far down in "the fearful pit and the miry clay," and make it impossible for them to question as to who has been their Deliverer. There were hours, he tells us, in which, to escape his mental misery, he would have been willing to be turned, like Nebuchadnezzar, into a beast. He went down into depths which those can no more understand who have never experienced them, than a denizen of earth can comprehend the glories of the third heaven. "But," says he, "upon the evening of the twenty-sixth day of January, 1795, the Lord appeared as my deliverer. He commanded, and darkness was turned into light.

The cloud which covered the mercy-seat fled away ! Jesus appeared as he is ! My eyes were not turned inward, but outward ! The gospel was the glass in which I beheld him. When our Lord first visited Saul upon the highway, he knew in a moment that it was the Lord. So did I: such a change of views, feelings, and desires suddenly took place in my mind, as none but the hand of an infinite Operator could produce. Formerly I had a secret fear that it was presumption in me to receive the great truths of the gospel ; now there appeared no impediment. I beheld Jesus as the speaker in his word, and speaking to *me*. When he said ‘Come,’ I found no difficulty in replying, ‘Yes, Lord, thy pardoned rebel comes.’ If not the grace of God, what else could effect such a marvellous change ? I chiefly viewed the atonement of Jesus as of *infinite* value ; as a price paid for my redemption, and cheerfully accepted by the Father. I saw love in the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, all harmonizing in pardoning and justifying me. The sight humbled and melted my soul. Looking to what I felt was no help to my comfort ; it came directly from God through his word. . . . A light shone upon the Scriptures quite new to me. Passages which formerly appeared hard to be understood, seemed plain as the A B C. Earthly crowns, sceptres and thrones, appeared quite paltry in my eyes, and not worth desiring. I felt a complete contentment with my lot in life. I trembled to think of any

abatement of my faith, love, and sensibility ; it required resolution to be resigned to remain long in the world. Indeed I could scarce admit the idea of long life ; I feared the trials and vicissitudes connected with it, but was completely silenced with that noble saying of our reigning Redeemer, ' My grace is sufficient for thee.' I saw I was fully warranted to mind the things of to-day, leaving the concerns of to-morrow to his wise disposal. I felt it easy to introduce spiritual conversation wherever I was, and to recommend Christ wherever I went. When in search of comfort, I resort to the testimony of God ; this is that field which contains the pearl of great price. Frames and feelings are, like other created comforts, passing away ; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. What unutterable source of consolation is it that the foundation of our faith and hope is ever immutably the same, the sacrifice of Jesus as acceptable and pleasing to the Father as ever it was. To this sacrifice I desire ever to direct my eye, especially at the first approach of any gloom or mental change."

And other effects arose out of this passage from the flickering dawn into the marvellous light. His peace of mind was scarcely ever afterwards disturbed ; the narrative of this passage in his experience communicated to John Newton, secured him an intimate and enduring place in the confidence and friendship of that singularly wise and good man ; while disen-

tangled now from all perplexing doubts, and delivered from all paralyzing fears, he entered on that course of eminent practical usefulness for which his natural gifts so remarkably adapted him ; for he now served from love, and "the joy of the Lord," like a sparkling girdle around the loins of his mind, had "become his strength."

His little shop in the Grassmarket, with its unostentatious frontage and miscellaneous stores of hardware, now became the centre of a growing influence for good. His profits "went as fast as they came," for the relief of the poor and the perishing ; while the sums placed at his disposal by the Countess of Leven and others, multiplied manifold his beneficent resources. It was indeed a picture to see this man of little stature, but calm, sleepless energy, with his umbrella under his arm as his constant companion, threading his way, on some embassy of mercy, through dingy lanes and narrow closes, and up to the eighth storeys of those quaint old buildings, which still make old Edinburgh so picturesque. His very voice, so gently joyous, had medicine and cordial in it ; and the dying bed of many a poor mother has had sudden gleams of sunlight shed upon it, by his taking the entire care of her orphans upon himself.

The sphere of his Christian action steadily enlarged ; and yet it is remarkable how naturally some of his most useful schemes grew from the seed of little incidents, whose consequences he did not himself at the



first foresee. He was not like an ambitious man, saying to himself, "I shall become the founder of some new institution, with which my name shall be honourably associated;" but, as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton's falling apple, Providence gave him the first thought, which he had the sagacity and the energy to follow out. It was in this way that he became the means of originating the Edinburgh Religious Tract Society. One day, lifting up a little pamphlet from a book-stall; "The Life and Experience of Fanny Sydney," he was so attracted and pleased by its simple piety, that he purchased it and printed an edition at his own risk, part of which was sold, but the greater part distributed by him gratis. Not long after, on a visit to London, he met with a copy of the touching story of "Poor Joseph," in verse, and returning to Edinburgh, had it also reprinted at his own expense for free circulation. The same thing was done for a series of years with Mr. Newton's verses on the anniversary of his wife's death. And good was accomplished and interest awakened by these measures; but still they were very desultory, and their sphere limited. At length, it was suggested to him by some "men who were like-minded," that an association might be formed for the printing and circulating of religious tracts on a large scale; and seizing hold of the happy thought, about a dozen men, among whom he himself was the ruling spirit, constituted themselves, at his request, into the Edin-

burgh Religious Tract Society. "This," says he, "as far as I know, was the first society of the kind that ever existed in the world,"—a statement to which his biographer takes exception, referring to the immense collection of religious tracts in German by the Continental reformers, to be found in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and to the London Book Society, which originated in a sermon by Doddridge. But the institution to which the amiable nonconformist gave the first impulse scarcely corresponded to the definition of a Tract Society; while a mere collection of miscellaneous tracts, of whatever magnitude, does not prove that the Reformers were associated in writing them, or that out of a common fund they effected a vast gratuitous circulation. The honour of suggesting and organizing the earliest Religious Tract Society must come back to the plain Edinburgh iron-monger; while in presenting it before the world in successful experiment, he gave the first hint for the formation in other countries of other and larger institutions. In his own Scotland, the Society, after passing through various fortunes, and some seasons of deep depression, has in more recent years caught a new life, more than a hundred colporteurs now carrying her tracts and little books into the remotest nooks of the land, and even to many of her furthest and storm-girded isles. The little seed which his hand planted with so many prayers, has "taken deep root, and filled the land."

But his single-eyed zeal was quite as ready to carry out the schemes devised by other minds, as to set in operation his own; and his next effort, accordingly, was to engraft upon Scotland the Sabbath-school system, which had been successfully tried by Raikes in the suburbs and neighbourhood of Worcester. A hall was rented by him in one of the poorer districts of Edinburgh, a multitude of neglected children were gathered together, and out of "his own proper good," already largely drained by dependants, a teacher was paid to train them in the Christian elements. The many collier villages around his native city next attracted his sympathy, and were in succession supplied by him with Sabbath schools,—in the first instance, taught mainly by his own personal efforts. To reach these villages, which were usually four or five miles distant from Edinburgh, he made an arrangement with a neighbouring inn-keeper to supply him, every Sabbath afternoon at the close of public worship, with a horse that should carry him to his work. But his chief troubles were connected with this arrangement. For the honest burgess, unaccustomed to "deeds of noble horsemanship," and scarcely ever finding himself mounted twice on the same hack, was often sorely tried by the tricks and foul practices which his steed had been taught by more experimental riders; while returning on evenings sometimes so densely dark, that he needed "to feel for his horse's head," he was obliged to abandon

himself to the mere instincts of the animal in order to avoid danger. But no inconvenience would restrain him from his post; and many a time on winter afternoons, when sleet or snow had driven every other traveller from the road, the footfall of John Campbell's horse was sure to be heard at the wonted hour passing the way-side cottage. The experiment succeeded in many a village; while other men were found, when needed, to water the tree which he had planted.

It was quite after his manner, when a benevolent enterprise had thus been proved on a small scale, to endeavour to spread it over a wider field; and this was next attempted with the Sabbath school. Along with his friend, Mr. James A. Haldane, one week was consecrated to this special work. Setting off in a one-horse post-chaise, and carrying with them many thousand tracts to scatter by the way, they turned their faces towards the west. In Glasgow, Paisley, and other towns, they found multitudes ready to welcome their proposal, to derive benefit from their experience, and to apply their measures in their own neighbourhoods. How could they question the practicability of what had been already proved, or refuse men who had already done, twenty times over, what they only asked others to do once? Still scattering their exhaustless store of tracts, Mr. Campbell and his friend returned to Edinburgh late on Saturday evening, and soon afterwards learned

that their journey of one week had issued in the formation of sixty new Sabbath schools.

This active interest in the then comparatively untried work of Sabbath schools, led Mr. Campbell, by a most natural transition, into one of his greatest walks of usefulness. He had noticed with regret that, after the lessons of the village school were over, there were no books adapted to the juvenile capacity which he could put into the hands of his little scholars, in order to keep alive good impressions during the week. For with the exception of "Jane-way's Token for Children," already nearly a century old, the Church might be said to be still barren of a Christian literature for her young. The manner in which he set about supplying this deficiency was quite characteristic of the man. In the first instance, he would endeavour to test principles, and to gather practical hints by experiment. Putting into the hands of an intelligent little niece a pious address to children, extending over eighteen pages and without any break or pause in the form of chapter or section, he requested her to read it. But he observed that after she had perused a few pages, the little maiden anxiously turned over several others, in order to discover whether there were any resting-places in the address, and on finding that there were none, she ingenuously inquired of her uncle whether she must read the whole at once. The question confirmed him in two impressions, that books for the young should

be short, and should enlist the imagination on the side of instruction by being more narrative and descriptive than didactic. But to test the matter yet more effectively, he immediately sat down and wrote a story of a few pages, which he put into the hands of the same little favourite, and inviting her to read it, watched its effect. With delight he saw the child interested, the story was read through at once, and this was followed by the question whether her uncle had any more similar tales. A second story was forthwith composed by him, given her on the following day, and with precisely the same results; and in a little time the greater number of those tales were written which afterwards formed the bulk of Mr. Campbell's fascinating book for the young, "Worlds Displayed." For finding his series of stories so interesting to his kinswoman, he was induced to publish them under this title, in an edition of 4000, which was sold in four months; and thus revealing for the first time to Mr. Campbell his peculiar gift, he became from that hour one of the most prolific and useful writers for the young.

Those who are able to go back in thought to the period of which we are now writing, will not be likely to consider these facts as uninteresting. For not only were they the occasion of giving to the Church a writer of juvenile books who was able to shed an air of originality over the most common-place topics, and to extract profitable lessons from the most

unpromising themes, and by such true art to enchain the attention of his young readers, that his narratives have up to this day lost little of their fascination ; but it should be remembered besides, that he was the first to set the successful example of this kind of writing, and in this way to allure upon the field a host of authors for the rising race. The snow-drop has been styled by a departed poet "the morning-star of flowers," and the narratives for the young by John Campbell have stood in a similar relation to the countless flowers that now adorn the summer of our juvenile literature. And if it be true, according to the fine thought of Richter, that first things are never forgotten, whether the first mountain on which we have roamed, the first stream in which we have angled, or the first book that we have read, how shallow would be the philosophy which would make light of the gift and the position of John Campbell as the pioneer among successful writers for children. Speaking at a much later period regarding the spontaneously recorded effects of his "Worlds Displayed," he says, "About twenty-five years ago, I had eight gospel ministers, and more than that of ministers' wives upon my list, who told me that their first serious impressions about religion arose from reading that book, and many more have told me the same tale since that time. How many editions it has gone through in Britain and America, I cannot tell, but the number must be considerable."

As yet, his practical benevolence had been content to have its sphere in Scotland; but it had now become strong-winged, and yearned to bear some blessing to the African race. Seeing insuperable difficulties both of an economical and climatic nature, in the way of sending missionaries to the western coast of that dark continent, his proposal was to bring over a number of African boys to this country, to give them an excellent secular and religious training, and then to send them back to their native regions, bearing with them the benefits of civilization and of Christianity. It was hoped that by the influence of Governor Macaulay at Sierra Leone, and through the pecuniary liberality of philanthropists in this country, the requisite number of boys might be obtained and educated; and twenty-five were actually brought to England, and received by Mr. Campbell in London. The scheme, however, failed to realize the long-deferred hopes of its generous projector; he was not constantly on the spot to superintend and regulate the somewhat delicate experiment, and between the fastidious prudence of one party, and the improvident enthusiasm of another, it ended, after years of anxiety, in disappointment.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that all this self-denying philanthropy was lost, or that its indirect results did not greatly more than compensate for all the treasure and trouble that had been expended on his African "blackbirds;" though such was



the burden of correspondence entailed upon him at this period by this and kindred objects, that his letters usually bore to have been dated at one o'clock in the morning. Taking him frequently to London, it brought him into personal contact and friendly correspondence with the master spirits who moved the springs of its benevolent institutions and philanthropic movements, who delighted in the genial and unselfish little man, who, always so calm himself, had the art of setting every one around him in motion. And particularly, it perfected his intimacy with John Newton, whose saintly character and words of sanctified wisdom drew him almost every morning, while in London, to the feet of that Christian Nestor. And Newton's breakfasts had a mighty fascination for multitudes. It is probable that, since the days of Isaac Watts, he presented the most perfect example of the rare gift of "parlour-preaching." We have followed to the grave the dust of aged Christians who, when young men in London, were saved from infidelity by his paternal counsels and instructions. Cecil has supplied the literary artist with rich material for the picture of a morning at the house of the old rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, and new colours have been added by the more recent reminiscences of Mr. Jay. A Christian lady comes flurried and distressed into his presence, and announces to him that her pottery, which was all her worldly wealth, had during the last night been burnt to the ground.

He "knows her title sure" to another treasure, and helps not a little to calm her vexed spirit, by saying to her, "I congratulate you, madam, on possessing something that you cannot lose." Another visitor has come to receive his opinion on the question, "How far a Christian is warranted to hold intercourse, voluntarily, with persons of an avowedly worldly disposition?" and instead of giving his reply in the style of a ghostly casuistry, he clothes it in a homely illustration, which is sure to make it be remembered: "A Christian in the world is like a man transacting his affairs in the rain. He will not suddenly leave his client, because it rains, but the moment his business is done, he is off, as it is said in the Acts, 'Being let go, they went to their own company.'" Or, a young minister is present, who, aware of Mr. Newton's Calvinistic preferences, supposes, in his inexperience, that the good rector is accustomed to entertain his hearers with transcendental discussions on fate and foreknowledge. He corrects the mistake, and at the same time gives the inexperienced brother a seasonable hint, as dropping a lump of sugar into his tea at the moment, he says, "I do with my Calvinism as with this piece of sugar; I do not take it separately, but mix it with the whole of my teaching." Or perhaps Mr. Campbell himself has received by last night's post from Scotland, a letter from the Haldanes in Edinburgh, inviting him to become the head of a mission to Bengal. During an excited and

sleepless night, he has been owning the almost resistless force of their appeal; but he has come this morning to hear Mr. Newton's decision. "I have no doubt," says he, "that Satan would rejoice not only to get you out of Edinburgh, but out of the world. But your work is home-work." And this sincere, but not very heroic judgment, retains to Edinburgh her most active citizen. But meanwhile, his frequent visits to London were preparing the way for his final removal from the Scottish metropolis, and watering those seeds of affection for Africa which had been sown in his bosom when he was a child, and which was to identify his happiness in his later years with its progressive evangelization.

It was characteristic of the labours of this singularly devoted man, ever on the watch for open doors of opportunity, that one scheme of usefulness grew, as by a natural law, out of another. Thus his labours in the village Sabbath schools which he planted around Edinburgh, bringing him into friendly intercourse with the parents of the children, revealed to him an unsuspected amount of ignorance and spiritual destitution, arising in some cases from the distance of the village from any place of worship, and in more, from the error or the apathy of the minister. The Sabbath school was therefore followed in such places at no distant interval, by the institution of village-preaching on the Sabbath evenings,—the neighbouring pastors, whenever they were understood

to be men sound in the faith and earnest in spirit, being invited to conduct the worship; and when they could not be obtained, the lack being supplied by pious students, or by devout and intelligent laymen from Edinburgh, not unfrequently by one of the Haldanes, or by Mr. Campbell himself. More than one man who afterwards rose to high eminence in the Christian ministry, and gathered in rich evangelistic harvests, first spread his wings of oratory "in fear and much trembling," in these uncritical assemblies of Gilmerton and other villages.

Trained by these efforts in halls and school-rooms, Mr. Campbell acquired courage and readiness as a public speaker, while a systematic course of exegetical instruction in the Theological Institution supported by the munificence of the Messrs. Haldane at Glasgow, and under the accomplished tutorship of Mr. Greville Ewing, greatly increased his mental furniture, so that in a few years he was one of the most devoted and efficient associates of Mr. James Haldane in his great evangelistic itineracies through the North and West Highlands of Scotland, and among the Orkney and Shetland Isles. These itineracies were looked upon at the time by many indolent ministers,

"Whose drowsy tinklings lull'd their flocks to sleep,"

with an evil eye, and were even regarded by some sincerely good men with doubt and jealousy, as tending to remove the old landmarks of Presbyterian order, and to cast into the shade the regular

Christian ministry. Nor was even the insinuation wanting, by no means so harmless in those times, that these missionaries had secret revolutionary designs,—a charge from which the Haldanes and their associates, alike from temperament and from principle, were entirely free. But these mists have long since passed away, and the general judgment of good men in all sections of the Church, in reference to the earlier forms and fruits of these labours of evangelism, is one in which gratitude is the prevailing element.

For it is to be remembered that in their first and purest period, when Mr. Campbell was actively associated with them, narrow controversies had not yet been mooted; the simple aim was to bring a living evangelism drawn pure from the word of God, into contact with the icy moderatism under whose frigid and benumbing influence thousands were perishing, and even with stagnant orthodoxy, whose waters needed to be troubled again in order to be healing. The charge of lay-preaching with which he was frequently twitted, could therefore have been triumphantly met with the question, whether it was not better that men should be religiously instructed by extraordinary and even irregular measures, than left to the deluding lights of “another gospel which was not another?” And he might further have asked, whether, while willingly and gladly conceding the divine institution and the necessity of the Christian ministry, this was intended to seal up the lips of the

private members of the Church, so that, in no exigency, they were to be permitted to speak and teach ; or whether, under a proper organization of the Church, and when a strong life returned to it and circulated through its every part, the gifts of the most private members would not be sought out and used for the extension of the kingdom of God? Anxious, however, that his zeal should be tempered by the meekness of wisdom, and foreseeing the danger of raw novices who needed "themselves to be taught what were the first principles of the oracles of God," forcing themselves into an enterprise for which they were unfit, he anxiously sought the judgment of his venerable correspondent Mr. Newton, in so many hundred instances of practical difficulty the "*ductor dubitantium*." With a mind at once liberalized by the gospel, and made cautious by long and shrewd observation, Mr. Newton replied, —

"I know not how you draw the line in your country between preaching and exhorting. If I speak when the door is open to all comers, I call it preaching ; for to preach is to speak publicly. Speaking upon a text, or without one, makes no difference ; at least, I think not.

"I am no advocate for *self-sent* preachers at large ; but when men, whose character and abilities are approved by competent judges, whose motives are known to be pure, and whose labours are excited by the exigency of the occasion, lay themselves out to in-

struct the ignorant and rouse the careless, I think they deserve thanks and encouragement, instead of reprehension, if they step a little over the bounds of Church order."

Thus directed, and with his heart intensely interested in the work, he set forth with Mr. James Haldane on long and adventurous itineracies which occupied months, and bore him over large portions of Scotland. To preach twice on every common day, and four times on Sabbath, was the usual measure of his evangelistic toil, though frequently in the interval between two of his meetings, he was obliged to travel over some misty and precipitous Highland mountain, or to cross some dangerous and stormy "floe" with its meeting and angry tides, among the Orkney and Shetland Isles, which the boatmen required a bribe to hazard. Every kind of place was hailed by him as a pulpit, if he could only find men to hear him. Beneath the shadow of a great rock, or of an ancient birch-tree, on the corner of a heath-clad common, in a barn or mountain shieling, from a tombstone in a church-yard, or from the stairs of a jail, he delighted to discourse of the great salvation. Nor was he more fastidious about his accommodation, than about his pulpits. "His conveyances varied from a family chariot to a Shetland pony, and his residences from a laird's mansion to a hovel, in which there were, in the same apartment, three calves, one sow, some ducks, a hen and chickens, an old woman, and himself."

And thousands flocked to hear him. His exhaustless store of anecdote, his frequent strokes of Scottish shrewdness often verging upon humour, but, while kindling an occasional smile, never awakening irreverence or laughter; and more than all this, the impression which his whole preaching produced upon his hearers, that he was speaking out from the illuminated depths of his own experience, attracted eager listeners wherever he went; and, perhaps, even the opposition which he at times encountered from the powers both ecclesiastical and secular, may have helped to set the curiosity of some more on edge. There was, in truth, a revival of religion, which was almost national; and the tide, at whose progress many "prophesied evil things," while disturbing few of the old ecclesiastical landmarks, left a rich residuum of good behind it. And why did not the Church to which all the earlier preferences and partialities of Mr. Campbell strongly inclined him, instead of looking askance at his work, in which, with single hand, he was doing more good than whole presbyteries, endeavour to appropriate and direct his labours? Why was it necessary that he should pass reluctantly out of its pale, in order that he might have scope for his genial energies, and, in fact, be permitted to do good? It is more than time that the Churches knew how to make use of their hidden and wasted strength. A distinguished historian has pointed out as one of the characteristics of the papacy, that it has



known how to turn to account the gifts, and even the idiosyncrasies of individual minds, and as in the case of the Jesuit and the Jansenist, the Franciscan and the Dominican, to make even apparently opposing forces contribute to its aggrandizement and might. In the form in which this has often been done in the Papal Church, true Protestantism, which owns no weapons but those of truth, cannot imitate her. But it is the reproach and the weakness of our Protestant communions, that so much of the power for good within them is undeveloped, and that in looking at their condition, our feelings resemble those of a traveller in a country with immense natural advantages, but whose rich soil is only cultivated in a few isolated patches, while its rivers, which could move a thousand wheels of industry, are permitted to roll on useless to the ocean.

In 1804, there came a crisis in Mr. Campbell's life. During one of his visits to London he had consented to preach to the Independent Church at Kingsland, and "unwittingly," at least on his part, this incident issued in his becoming their pastor. The old shop in the Grassmarket, with its little desk of faded green, over which he had often leaned devising good, was now finally abandoned for work that had long since become more according to his heart. It has been said that the foresight of certain measures of the Haldanes, with which, from conviction of duty, he could not identify himself, and to which, at the

same time, from respect and affection for their projectors, he did not wish to be placed in personal opposition, made him less averse to the change. There was, probably, something in this; but he did not break up his intercourse with his old friends; for one condition on which he agreed to become the Kingsland pastor was, that he should still be allowed to itinerate in Scotland for some weeks in every year.

It is no part of our proper work, in a sketch like this, minutely to trace the history of his long pastorate of thirty-six years in this suburb of London; we deal mainly with the philanthropic and missionary facts in his singularly useful and happy life. Among the most important of these, not long after his entrance on the Christian ministry, was his projecting and publishing of "The Youth's Magazine;" which he continued to edit for the first ten years of its existence, and all whose profits, sometimes amounting to £200 a year, were generously devoted by him to purposes of charity. As it was the earliest, so it has also proved the best of all the serials especially dedicated to the advantage of the rising generation. It never fell into the common mistake of becoming childish in order to teach children. Natural history was laid under contribution; science was most ingeniously popularized, and turned to religious and moral uses; originality and fertility were shown alike in the choice and in the treatment of subjects, "sermons" were literally "found in stones, and books in the run-

ning brooks ;” while many authors, who have since risen to lasting fame, such as Jane Taylor and others, first saw their powers appreciated and their influence owned in its pages. “The Teacher’s Offering,” intended for the youngest class of readers, was also originated by Mr. Campbell, and rose, even in those days of small things, to a circulation of 50,000.

The church at Kingsland was soon unexpectedly asked to share the gift which she had received, not only with the Highlands of Scotland but with the deserts of Southern Africa. From various causes, the stations of the London Missionary Society in those regions had become depressed, and the little churches which had been gathered from the heathen corrupted and divided ; and the eye of its directors anxiously searching for one who should go out and set in order what was amiss, explore undiscovered territories, and bespeak the favour of chiefs and people inhabiting them, in behalf of future missionaries, turned instinctively to the pastor of Kingsland. His natural love of adventure, his remarkable power of minute observation, his sunny temper, energy, and tact, seemed to mark him out as the man of all others to be entrusted with this arduous and delicate commission. On two occasions, separated by not very long intervals, he undertook the task ; and the result has been recorded in his “Travels in Africa,” and in his “African Light ;” in the latter of which he turned his observations, both of natural scenery and of human

customs, to the illustration of many hundred texts in the word of God. By his fertility of resource in difficulty, by his judicious enforcement of discipline in the native churches, by the favourable impression which he left on many of the local chiefs, as well as by the large amount of valuable geographical knowledge which he accumulated, he did more than enough to accredit the repeated selection of the London Society, and even to reconcile his people to such unusually protracted seasons of absence from his pastorate. He was a remarkable instance of the power of religious principle in overcoming the naturally weak points in his character. Dr. Philip of Cape Town, who travelled with him during a considerable part of one of his journeys, describes him as constitutionally the most timid man whom he had ever known ; but the moment he looked up to God, all his timidity left him, and no one could have imagined from his appearance that he had ever known what fear was. And whether encountering lions in his path, nine of which sometimes stood in the line of his caravan in a single day, or crossing swollen rivers on crazy rafts, with some of his company holding fast by the tails of the oxen as their only means of transit to the other side, or negotiating with blood-stained chiefs and labouring to establish confidence in bosoms that had too much cause to distrust the white stranger, or panting over burning sands and almost consumed with thirst, he was ever the same hoping, happy

man. His constant joyousness, in fact, drove the shadows away from bosoms that were less habitually glad, and his very voice had music in it. "Had we been confined," says Dr. Philip, "for days and nights together by heavy rains, and had we spent the night without hearing any other sound except that of the heavy drops pattering upon the canvas tents of our waggons, we no sooner heard Mr. Campbell's voice in the morning, than all was cheerfulness."

At Bethelsdorff, he found the church which the hand of Vanderkemp had planted, satisfying itself with condemning the sin of an open offender, without excluding him from its fellowship; and assuming no authority, so pressed them with the rule of Paul as written to the Corinthians in similar circumstances, that they were at length induced to "put away the wicked person from among them." And his letter to Africaner, the scourge and terror of the Bechuana country, gave the first check to his career of cruelty and blood, which ended in his long interviews with Robert Moffat, at whose feet he at length came to sit clothed and in his right mind.

It was in the spring of 1814 that he sailed from Cape Town homeward, after his second visit, not having received intelligence from Europe for seven months. But after he had been two months at sea, an event occurred, the narrative of which carries us strangely back into the past. The man-of-war which was his convoy, hailed a passing English frigate, which

telegraphed the following astonishing tidings, "Peace with France! Bonaparte dethroned! Bourbons and Stadtholder restored! France conquered! The allies at Paris!"

He returned to Kingsland with African scenes indelibly painted on his imagination, and bleeding Africa itself more deeply seated in his heart than ever. Something from the dark land reflected its image in all his lessons. No sermon was ever preached by him, even to his old age, without some African allusion coming up uncalled, to give zest and freshness to his illustration. The burning desert was still his soul's second home, the inexhaustible storehouse of his graphic and sometimes homely pulpit pictures. And, yet, his little book, "Walks of Usefulness," composed of incidents and observations in his daily routine of toil, proves that he did not need to go to Africa for his pictures. By the waysides and in the streets he was a traveller still, with his keen observant eye for facts with lessons in them, or which helped to shed a new drapery around old truths. It has been said that "the Shakespeare of tract-writing has probably yet to be born;" but there have been few writers of tracts in our times that have exercised a more powerful fascination over a large class, both among the old and the young. And to the end, he had peculiar confidence in the tract as an instrument of good. Among the villagers of Kingsland, it was always forthcoming to second the spoken

lesson. And when "the keepers of the house began to tremble, and they that looked out at the windows were darkened," and accumulating infirmities constrained him to withdraw from the directorship of all other institutions, the old pastor true to his first love, continued to trudge inward for four miles in cold and dark winter mornings to the early breakfast of the London Tract Society, ready to say in his old age, as the venerable Townsend had said to him in similar circumstances, when young, "Oh, it is hard to give up working in the cause of such a Master!" The cross of Christ, which had been the mighty spring of his countless services during his long life, was the one joyous refuge of his spirit in the hour of death. His works of benevolence were now remembered by him, only to produce the self-abasing acknowledgment that he "had not done half enough." His faith was as simple in the hour of his release, as it had been in the hour of his conversion. "*All I want,*" said he, "*is to feel my arm round the cross,*" and clinging joyfully to it, he ascended to his reward.

It might be said of John Campbell what Fuller once remarked of John Newton, that his greatness consisted in the singular union and harmonious operation of many littles. He possessed no towering faculty to make him a sort of intellectual king among men, but his grand unity of aim and Christian simplicity of motive gave a double momentum to his gifts, while his genial and joyous temper afforded him

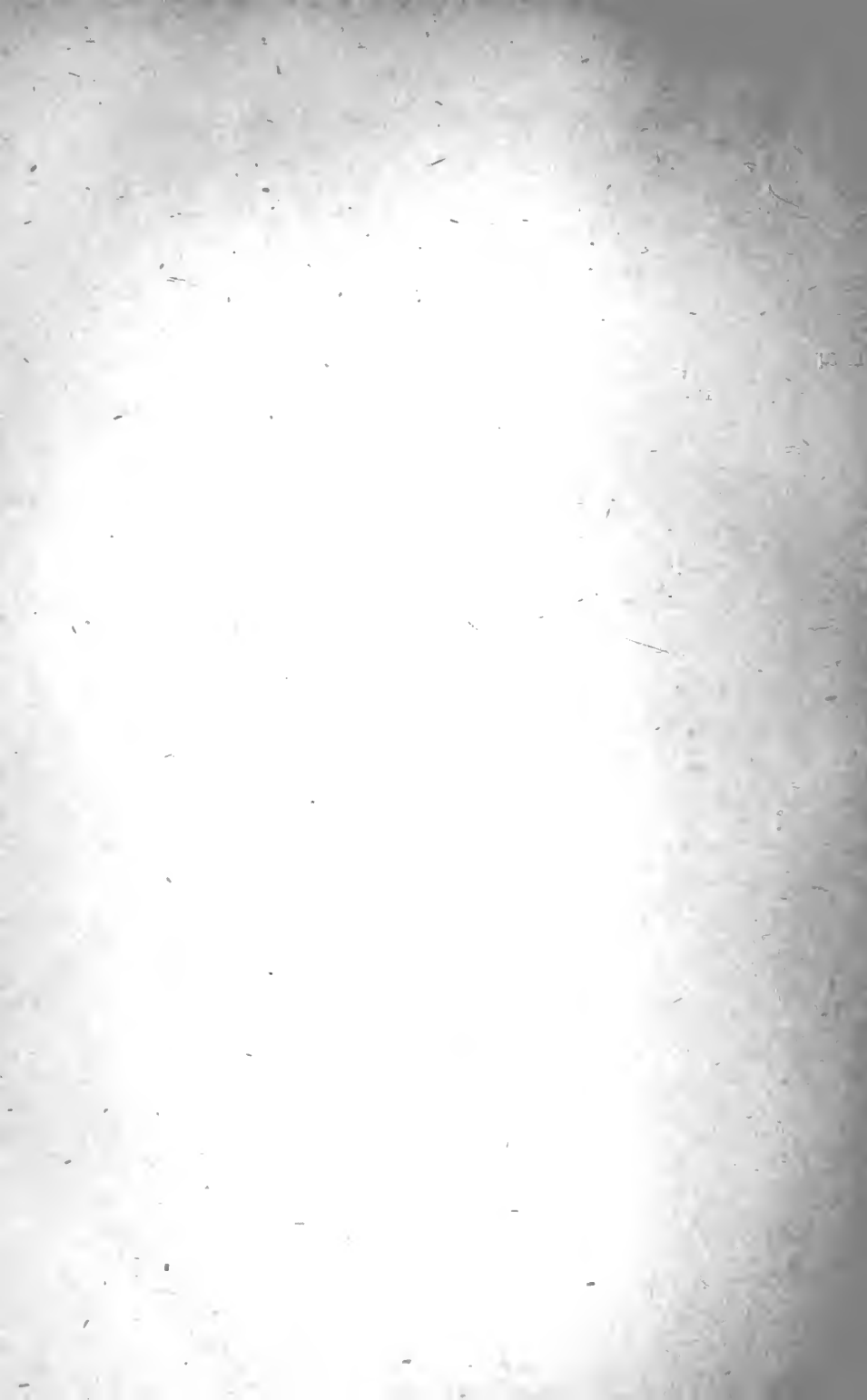
an influence over others, mightier and more benignant than mere genius could ever have wielded. Men left his presence happier, and more convinced of the blessedness which God has indestructibly associated with goodness. His hoping spirit had a fine contagion in it, and when men of less faith and self-denial were declaring the impossibility of certain schemes of beneficence, he answered them, not by other argument, but by proceeding to do what they affirmed could not be done. It is something fitted to kindle and foster Christian zeal in other breasts, to remember that this Christian tradesman, with no advantage of fortune or of high natural gifts, but with a goodness which made him great, was the founder of some of the greatest benevolent institutions of Scotland, and has left his impress upon the Church both in her home and in her missionary history.







- I. Kurdistan.....ASAHEL GRANT.
- II. India..... { BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG.  
CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.  
WILLIAM CAREY.  
HENRY MARTYN.
- III. Burmah.....ADONIRAM JUDSON.





## ASAHIEL GRANT.

1807-1844.

**I**N the many villages that stud the vast plain of Oroomiah in the west of Persia, and among the mountains of Kurdistan, which form the ill-defined boundary between Persia and Turkey, there were found by two intelligent missionary explorers, Messrs Smith and Dwight, in the spring of 1830, dwelling in the midst of the votaries of the false prophet, a people with a Christian name, and with Christian forms,—about forty thousand inhabiting the plain, and nearly an equal number occupying the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Kurdish mountains. Places of worship of rudest architecture were shown, which were affirmed to have withstood the storms of fourteen centuries; and the name of the people, in common with much well-authenticated tradition, led the inquirer back along an unbroken line of descent to Nestorius, of whom Neander speaks with discriminating favour,—who was originally a presbyter of the Church of Antioch, and who became patriarch of Constantinople in 428.

There had been centuries in the interval when the zeal of these Nestorian Christians had spread itself over large tracts of India and China—not to speak of Syria, Arabia, and Persia—gathering to itself innumerable disciples; but the sword of Islamism, especially as wielded by the fanatical ambition of the bloody Tamerlane, had thinned their ranks, and hemmed them in, in this last asylum; and, even when driven into this refuge, the wiles and threats of Popery had produced among them many defections and apostasies into the wolfish fold of Rome.

Still this remnant stood forth honourably distinct in many of its features from the Papal and the Greek communions, as well as from other corrupt branches of the Eastern Church. Auricular confession, purgatory, and the worship of images were rejected and condemned, and the supreme authority of the Scriptures was acknowledged. But, with all this, there was great ignorance of divine truth; while immorality, especially in the form of drunkenness, was fearfully prevalent. There was far more zeal about external fasts than about repentance; and the spark of vital religion, if it was not wholly extinct, slumbered only in a few embers.

Education was nearly at as low an ebb as piety. Only some of the clergy could read, and even their reading was confined to the chanting of their prayers, which were themselves written in the ancient Syriac, which for many ages had been a dead language.

And yet, in their reverence for the Scriptures, in the theoretical orthodoxy of many of their tenets, and in their hereditary opposition to surrounding superstition, they presented so many interesting points of contact and links of sympathy with the living Protestantism of Europe and America, as to induce the hope that, by an evangelical agency, they might be so revived as to exert a commanding influence in the spiritual regeneration of Asia, and to entitle them to be called, with some latitude of application, "The Waldenses of the East." Stripped of its once noble branches, and cut down almost to the earth, "there was hope concerning this tree that it should yet bud and flourish."

Messrs. Smith and Dwight, on returning from their missionary tour, strongly recommended the case of the Nestorians to the Churches of America; and in that country, one had long been unconsciously preparing to become the pioneer and chief of a mission to this interesting people. ASAHEL GRANT, the son of pious parents, of a fine old Puritan stock, was born at Marshall, in the State of New York, 17th August 1807. The earliest recollections of his childhood were associated with stories which his mother had told him of Eliot and Brainerd; and as, according to the beautiful sentiment of the German writer whom we have already named, the pictures which the mind receives first are commonly painted in undying colours, we are not surprised at his own testimony that these stories,

along with his mother's comments, lingered in his memory and around his heart with a blessing through life.

The strong predilection of the boy to the medical profession revealed itself so early as at the age of seven, when he had a drawer neatly fitted up as an apothecary's shop, and furnished by means of little sums which he had saved; while his fearlessness, tact, and self-reliance were shown and strengthened at an equally early age by his jumping upon an unbridled and unsaddled colt of his father's, and riding at full speed along the fields. His father who was a farmer, had destined him for the same profession; but a severe wound received by an axe in one of his feet, unfitting him for agricultural labour, induced the father to yield him up, though with some reluctance, to the study of medicine.

We must imagine his medical studies finished, and the youth, married at twenty, settling down, with his young bride, to the practice of the healing art in the village of Braintrim, on the borders of Pennsylvania, and on the beautiful banks of the Susquehannah. The hands of the ardent young physician were soon filled with practice extending over a wide field, and his life became one of daily adventure. To-day, he might have been seen crossing a river on horseback, the horse breasting a strong current which threatened every moment to carry horse and rider away; to-morrow, passing over broader streams in a canoe, and walking long distances over hills in which

the grass sometimes needed to be his bed. It was an unconscious education for his future labours among the rocky defiles of Kurdistan, just as life itself is to a Christian a long education for heaven.

And he was subjected to a providential education of another kind, in the early death of his young wife, after presenting him with two children. The stricken husband returned with his infants to the family-roof, which was now at Utica ; but not to spend his time there in the indulgence of unprofitable grief. His medical skill soon found a temporary and remunerating sphere in this new region ; and in the Presbyterian Church, in which he became an elder, he was "eyes and hands" to the pastor ; but his heart had by this time begun to point to missions, and to the far-off Old World. Many efforts were made to retain him in Utica, but they were met by the sturdy resistance of one who had "sat down and counted the cost." When assured that he would be missed, he replied that "the foreign field needed no man who would not be missed at home ;" and many years afterwards, in his hours of deepest depression, of enfeebled health, and parental yearnings after the motherless little ones whom he had left behind him, he never once regretted the sacrifice.

Gladly accepted as a medical missionary to the Nestorians, he set sail from Boston, 11th May 1835, for that unopened territory over which there hung the chequered history of thousands of years, and a

bright future of multitudes educated, elevated, regenerated, and saved. He had been preceded some little time before by the Rev. Justin Perkins, but their proper labours for the Nestorians began simultaneously; and after a long journey of adventure and peril, in which Smyrna, Constantinople, Trebizond, and Tabreez were his principal stations and resting-places, we must suppose him, along with a second wife, on 27th October, reaching Oroomiah, the birthplace of Zoroaster, and the capital of the Nestorians of the plains.

One of the loveliest scenes in all the East opened before the gaze of the delighted missionary. The vast plain of Oroomiah, bordered on the east by a beautiful lake of the same name, and dotted with not fewer than three hundred villages, with its irrigated fields, fruit-gardens and vineyards, seemed one rich continuous garden; while, on the north-west, the mountains of Kurdistan, with peaks of every form, rose to the height of twelve thousand feet, crowned even at midsummer with their cold diadem of snow, bringing to mind, in the bold contrasts, what Moore had sung of "Sainted Lebanon:"—

"Whose head in wintry grandeur towers  
And whitens with eternal sleet,  
While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

Dr. Grant had scarcely had time to familiarize himself with the sight of these objects, when his house was thronged with patients; and in a little



while, a regular dispensary needed to be opened. It was a spectacle almost worth travelling from America to witness, to behold Nestorian and Moslem trooping together to his door, to receive kindness from the stranger, in the name of Jesus. It might even have faintly reminded one of the scenes recorded in the evangelical history, to see aged and tottering men helped forward, and sometimes even carried by their friends; sick and dying infants borne in the arms of their mothers; those blind from ophthalmia, or cataract, led up by some one in whom they had awakened sympathy; and many a sufferer anxiously scanning the missionary's expressive countenance, in order to learn whether there was most cause to hope or to fear.

His own graphic words attest his benevolent joy:—"As I have witnessed the relief of hitherto hopeless suffering, and seen their grateful attempts to kiss my feet and my very shoes at the door, both of which they would literally bathe with tears—especially as the haughty Moollah has stooped to kiss the border of the garment of the despised Christian, some thanking God that I would not refuse medicine to a Moslem, and others saying that in every prayer they thank God for my coming,—I have hoped that, even before I could teach our religion, I was doing something to recommend it, and wished that more of my professional brethren might share this luxury of doing good."

In one year from the time of his arrival, he had prescribed for about ten thousand patients, and operated for cataract more than fifty times, in addition to the superintendence of various schools, the training of a native medical student, and performing all the other miscellaneous duties of a new mission. He was not content, however, to continue labouring in the plains ; he longed to penetrate into the recesses of those mysterious mountains, and his interest was kept alive by the occasional visit of some wild mountaineer, who came to receive the benefit of his healing art. He sympathized with Williams on the other side of the globe, who would not be confined within the limits of a single reef while the wide ocean lay before him. And at length, after three years of impatient waiting for an available point of access, he determined to make the attempt, even though it were very hazardous ; convinced that his medical skill would increase his facilities, and assured that the greatness of the prize would more than compensate for the greatness of the peril.

This peril was of no common kind. For the Nestorians of the mountains, though sprung from the same stock, were wild, impulsive, suspicious, and vindictive—the very antipodes of those of the plain. Then the possession of the mountains was divided by them with the fanatical Mohammedan Kurds, who regarded those Nestorians with a spite that had been inflamed by the feuds of centuries, and to whom

robbery was a profession or a pastime; while the defiles by which the Nestorians might be reached, touched in many places on the territories of the Kurds, and were often so precipitous and narrow that the stumbling of a mule, or a single false step, would have been destruction.

Many were the times when it became impossible for Dr. Grant even to walk, and when he was obliged to creep along the ledges of rocks, and when wearied, to make a bed of some rock on the margin of an angry river, and tie himself to it, lest by too great motion, he should be dashed over into dreadful depths beneath. At other points of his journey, he might have been found crossing violent torrents on bridges of snow, or broader streams on rude goat-skin rafts, or climbing on his knees to dizzy heights, the dwelling of the eagle and the birthplace of the avalanche, and looking down upon cataracts so far beneath, that their faintest sound was unheard. There is something that makes one's soul better in following the solitary footsteps of one who encountered all these dangers and difficulties, simply in order that he might do good to others.

We are able to give his own account of his feelings on obtaining his first glimpse of the mountain-home of the Nestorian tribes. He had been deserted at an earlier part of his journey by his guide—not from treachery, but from fear: and after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half alone up the crest of a

mountain, he reached a point from which the scene of many a month's wishes and prayers burst upon his view.

"From this point," says he, "the Nestorian country opened up before me like an amphitheatre of mountains broken with dark, deep defiles and narrow glens, in a few of which I got a glimpse of smiling villages, that for ages had been the secure abodes of this branch of the Church. Here was the home of thousands of Christians, around whom Omnipotence had reared ramparts whose summits blended with the sky. In this 'munition of rocks' has God preserved, for some great purpose, a remnant of his ancient Church safe from the beast and the false prophet,—from the flames of persecution and the clangour of war. As I gazed, I could not but exclaim,—

'On the mountain-top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands!  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands:  
Mourning captive,  
God himself shall loose thy bands! "

From this summit he sped down a steep descent towards Lezan, one of the largest Nestorian villages which stretched amid fertile gardens for more than a mile along the banks of the noisy Zab. As he drew near the village, he more than once asked himself, "What reception shall I meet with from these wild sons of the mountain who never saw a foreigner before? how will they treat the stranger thrown helpless

on their mercy?"—when one of those incidents occurred which may fitly be styled the romance of truth, and which seem intended to make visible to the very senses a particular Providence. The only man whom he had ever seen in the plains from this remote region, had visited him nearly a year before, in the faint hope that his sight might be restored. During six weeks he had groped his way from village to village, until at length, reaching Oroomiah, Dr. Grant removed a cataract from his eyes ; and now the first man whom he met on entering Lezan was this very youth, bringing with him a present of honey, whose praises of his benefactor were a ready passport to the confidence and affection of the people. He soon found himself surrounded by the sick and the blind, and made many a mountain village happy with his healing art, and with the richer ministry of the gospel of mercy for which this healing art opened the way.

We have not space to follow this great missionary in his repeated journeys among these Nestorian mountains, in which the Moslem Kurd was allowed to share alike in his benefactions with the people of a purer faith. Nothing daunted him when duty pointed out his way. In the castle of the Kurdish robber-chief, who spent his evenings in recording his deeds of death, and with barred gates closing him in, he dispelled suspicion and won affection even from the sons of blood. More than once, he made journeys to relieve from deadly distemper

the man whom he knew to have, within a month before, been conspiring for his life.

His labours among the mountains were diversified by occasional returns to the plain ; by one visit to America, to arrange for the education of his children ; by a lengthened and eventful journey in Mesopotamia, especially among the Yezidee tribes ; and, alas ! by the loss of his wife and two of their little children.

Nine years terminated his missionary course, for he died April 24, 1844 ; but in those nine years, he had accomplished a work for which it would not have been too much to have lived as many centuries. The handful of corn which he had sown on the tops of those mountains had already begun to shake with fruits like Lebanon ; and when fever and diarrhœa laid him in his grave at Mosul, on the banks of the Tigris, men of every faith hastened to weep over it ; and among the ruins of Nineveh, and the gardens of Persia, as well as among those deep gorges and snowy heights of Kurdistan, where his blessed feet had often wandered, his name is mentioned to this day with affectionate veneration, and sometimes even with a gush of unbidden tears !

The Nestorian Mission, from the first, commanded other labourers, and gradually drew to itself more who were most worthy to be associated with this single-hearted pioneer, and who will share with him in his rewards as they have already shared with him in his toils. Some of them remain to gather in the

immediate and tangible results of the mission—no insignificant reward upon earth. From the first they found certain of the native bishops, priests, and deacons favourable to their enterprise, and willing even to become pupils in their schools and Bible-classes; and in no very long time many of their ancient churches were made free at certain hours for the use of the missionaries, even on the Sabbath-days.

In 1852, they could report twenty-nine places where public worship was regularly observed, with thirteen other villages where there was preaching once within a month, or oftener. In 1854, there were more than seventy village schools in a region in which, twenty years before, there was only one, and this not worthy of the name, all operating as instruments of steady social elevation, and centres of evangelic light and influence. By the same period, the missionaries had given to the Nestorians the entire Bible in the ancient Syriac, and also in the modern Syriac, their vernacular tongue, which the members of the mission had been the first to reduce to writing, and in which, twenty-one years before, not a syllable of written or printed matter existed. Tracts containing some of the richest gems of Bunyan, Baxter, Legh Richmond, and others, were reproduced in a Syriac setting; while a monthly periodical, *The Rays of Light*, had, for five years, been circulating on the plains and among the mountain districts, in which religious instruction was

intermingled with the facts of science and the flowers of poetry. Many of the native Nestorians had become efficient evangelists, and had joined in a mission to Bootan, on the banks of the Tigris, about three hundred miles from Oroomiah. Mr. Perkins, the oldest of all the missionaries, could then declare that there were few Nestorians in all Persia who had not the gospel brought to their villages, if not to their doors, at frequent intervals,—a great many of them every Sabbath, and hundreds every day; while repeated seasons of revival owned and blessed the work from Heaven. And all this was accomplished in considerably less than a single age. The reapers, while standing with their precious seed in the deep furrow, were called to begin their harvest-song.

The Nestorian missionaries, while devoutly ascribing all their success in its highest form to that Divine hand which gives the increase, were always ready to acknowledge that they were indebted instrumentally, and in an almost incalculable degree, to the medical skill of Dr. Grant for removing the barriers of strong prejudice from the native mind, and creating from the first a prepossession in favour of their enterprise. And we do not turn the missionary life of this remarkable man to its proper account, until we find in it experimental evidence of the importance of connecting at least one skilled medical missionary with every Christian mission, especially to the East.



Even on grounds of economy this might be pleaded; for how many a valuable missionary has been cut down in the very meridian of his usefulness, and how many a missionary's wife has been torn from his side, in circumstances in which the presence of medical skill and the possession of medical stores might have averted the calamity.

And, with yet greater force, it might be pleaded on the grounds of benevolence and evangelization. It is a fact that those Oriental missions in which a medical missionary has been the pioneer, or at least the associate from the first, have uniformly been the most successful; and it is mentioned by one of Dr. Grant's biographers, that, in consequence of his medical skill, he had twenty times more intercourse with the native Mohammedans than the missionary who was sent out expressly to them. Indeed, there are whole countries in which the Moslem faith is dominant, where access to the female mind must either be found by the physician, or not found at all. Encircled by that sacredness which surrounds the person of the physician, he alone has power to trample on Mohammedan exclusiveness, and to enter circles which it would be death for others to invade. He is welcomed as if he were "carrying to the dying lip water from the fountain of life, or the elixir of immortality." While in the superior dexterity and skill which the Christian physician from Britain and America at once shows above the priests and fakirs,

who are the chief medical practitioners in Moham-  
medan and heathen countries, he breaks the charm  
of their ill-gotten influence ; and establishing in the  
sight of thousands the intellectual superiority and  
benevolence of that religion which he represents,  
turns the respect and the prepossessions of the mul-  
titude over to the side of Christianity.

This incorporation of medical with Christian  
missions is, in truth, no untried novelty, but a return  
to the primitive and divinely-arranged model. How  
often do we find the twin acts of benevolence  
associated in the record of Christ's own labours !  
“ He went about all Galilee, teaching in their syna-  
gogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and  
healing all manner of sickness and all manner of  
disease among the people.” “ He sent the twelve to  
preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.”  
And his commission to the seventy was, “ Into what-  
soever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such  
things as are set before you : and heal the sick that  
are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God  
is come nigh unto you.” That these divine direc-  
tions were scrupulously and reverently followed by  
the apostles after the ascension of the Saviour,  
appears both from individual examples and from the  
many groups of cases that are described with rapid  
and picturesque detail in the Book of Acts ; while  
the precedent for everything that is peculiar in our  
modern medical missions, is supplied by the remark-

able fact that Paul was accompanied and assisted, in a great part of his apostolic toils and travels, by "Luke, the beloved physician."

It is a most imperfect view of these acts of healing, to imagine that they were merely designed to accredit Christianity as a divine system; they were intended, in addition to this, to give blessed utterance to its compassionate spirit; and while, in their simply miraculous character, they were to carry home conviction to the understanding by their manifestation of power, they were to disarm prejudice and awaken gratitude and confidence by their expression of goodness. Christianity was thereby not only attested but expressed, and was beheld at once in the grandeur of its miracle and in the beauty of its moral power and benignity.

Dr. Grant has not been the only witness, in modern times, to the double vantage which this union brings with it. Dr. Scudder, at Ceylon, whose wonderful cures threatened to produce among the astonished heathen people a repetition of the scenes at Lystra; Dr. Thompson, at Damascus, who walked through the streets of that city amidst constant tokens of respect, when other Franks could scarcely appear in public without being pelted with stones, and otherwise insulted; not to speak of medical labourers in China, India, and the isles of the Pacific, arise to confirm his impressive testimony. And surely, if any arrangement can be pointed at which

will transform obdurate prejudice into friendly prepossession—which will secure a welcome for the missionary, where there would otherwise be exclusion and repulse—which would put it in our power to carry the outworks, where it could not of itself win the citadel,—then such an arrangement, placed by Providence within the reach of the Church, ought to be incorporated with its agencies, and hailed as a most precious boon, which it would be alike unfaithfulness and folly to overlook. Such an arrangement is to be found in the more extensive and general engrafting of medical upon Christian missions.





## BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG.

1682-1721.



THE names of the greater number of the missionaries of whom we have already written are as familiar to most of our readers as those of apostles and reformers. The missionary to whom we are now to turn our interest for a little, bears a name comparatively unknown in England or America, and yet, in our estimate, he is entitled to shine as a primary star in the rapidly enlarging constellation of those

“Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.”

We pass to the Danish court of Copenhagen, in the year 1705. Frederick IV. is then king of Denmark ; and one of his pious chaplains, Dr. Lutkins, suggests to him the duty of establishing a Protestant Mission in Tranquebar, and adjacent territories in the East Indies, then, and we believe for nearly a century afterwards, subject to the Danish crown. The proposal meets with the king's approval. Professor Franké of Halle is requested to select from the list of his numerous students two qualified and willing

youths, who shall initiate the evangelic enterprise, which it is determined, in the first instance, to support out of funds from the royal treasury, until it shall have sufficient root in the Christian sympathies of the people. The fact is worthy of notice, that the earliest Protestant Mission to the East Indies was from Denmark, which afterwards afforded friendly refuge, in its eastern dominions, to some of the earliest missionaries from England, and that a Danish monarch was its "nursing father." And that this was no fitful and transient ebullition of kingly zeal, owing its existence more to the influence of a favourite chaplain than to the operation of principle in the monarch's own breast, appears from the fact, that it continued to be so steadily sustained, and that, in 1715, we find Frederick instituting a missionary college at Copenhagen, consisting of leading ecclesiastics and counsellors of State, for the purpose of consolidating and extending the Tranquebar Mission, and of carrying the same benefits to other destitute parts of the Danish dependencies.

BARTHOLOMEW ZIEGENBALG, a young man of promising gifts and earnest piety, was chosen as the pioneer of this Danish Mission; and there was given him, as his congenial associate, also from the university at Halle, Henry Plutschö; and on the 29th November 1705, the two youths set sail from Copenhagen, in a Danish ship, for India. It was a long and tedious voyage, with its usual accompaniments of

broken masts and shattered sails, and with none of the mitigating comforts with which ingenuity and enterprise have, during a century and a half, diminished the troubles of doubling the Cape. And yet these two holy men, burdened with their great message, contrived to be strangely happy through it all. It is, indeed, an enjoyment of no common kind, to look into the fragments that have been preserved of their recorded experience ; to read their simple and naïve remarks, as every day, whether of calm or storm, spread its fresh picture before their minds ; and to note the contrast between their unbroken peace and the grumblings of more commonplace and luxurious voyagers.

When they enter the Spanish seas, they mention how the billows "received them very stoutly, the ship seeming as if it were carried through a deep vale, betwixt two lofty mountains." At other parts of their voyage, they describe, with all the enjoyment of novelty, "multitudes of fish gathering around or near their ship ; the large ones marching in great pomp and state, accompanied by a great train of lesser ones." In one place, when becalmed, they are visited with abundance of birds of so dull a nature, that of their own accord they fly into their hands, or light down near them and play with them. While in passing near Ceylon, they are greatly interested by seeing the wild elephants, with their ungainly motions, walking on the shore.

But there are other times in which the ship reels to and fro like a drunken man, while the narrow crib, the mouldy bread, and the unwholesome water, would have afforded to those who sought for it ample material for melancholy and misery ; but Ziegenbalg and his companion record this as the sum and general result of their experience. “ Our precious time we passed both with great advantage and a delicious entertainment of our minds ; so that the same seemed rather too short than too long under such useful exercises. Nay, we should count it a small matter if it was our lot to live a seafaring life for some years together, provided the Lord did grant us our health.”

Are we asked for the secret of all this strange happiness in the midst of circumstances which most men consider it as sufficient proof of philosophic equanimity simply to endure ? It is to be found in the devout affections of these men’s hearts which made them gaze on everything with a spiritual eye. They held fellowship with God in all these phenomena of the outer world, and by means of them. Morning, noon, and night, as often as the weather admitted it, they united in some corner of the deck in direct acts of worship ; their cheerful hymns, which their young voices sang in sweet concert, seeming for a time to soften the manners and subdue the hearts of the rough crew. When they looked up on a bright sky and into the blue firmament, they



were led to speak of the heavenly world. When rocked with storms, and brought, as they more than once were, to the brink of death, they committed their souls in peace to the keeping of God, and found how all-sufficient was their trust. All along, they knew themselves to be voyagers on another sea to another haven. In this happy state of mind, more instructed, more spiritual, with much that had been matter of faith turned to experience, did Ziegenbalg and his companion reach Tranquebar on July 9, 1706, and enter on the great labours of their untried mission.

When these early missionaries had landed at Tranquebar, they had lofty barriers still to overpass, ere they could hope effectively to bring themselves into contact with the native mind. The only language known by them was high Dutch, while the native population either spoke a corrupt form of the Portuguese, which had been inherited from earlier settlers and masters, or the aboriginal language of the region—the Tamul, or Malabarese. The first aim of these devoted men was to master one or other of these tongues; for they rightly judged, with no missionary experience to guide them, that much of the finer and more subtle element of conversation evaporates in the hands of an interpreter; and that, when he succeeds in conveying ideas, he fails in conveying, and therefore in inspiring, sympathies. The Portuguese patois was first industriously acquired,

which, in its Indian mould, bore a remote and scarcely discernible resemblance to the language of Camoens ; but on finding that it was mainly spoken by the more worthless part of the people only, it was resolved that one or other of them should aim at an equal proficiency in the Tamul tongue. Lots were cast to determine who should undertake this new labour, and the lot fell upon Plutscho ; but Ziegenbalg soon followed, and, sustained by an enthusiasm for the good of others, which nothing but Christianity has ever inspired, composed a grammar and a dictionary, the latter of which contained more than twenty thousand words, and, to this hour, is treated with respect and confidence by Oriental scholars.

These merely lingual difficulties were such as could be conquered in no long period by the simple industry of heroic men ; but there were others which they found, in common with missionaries of later times, to be far more formidable, and which it required other and rarer appliances and virtues than industry to meet. The European residents, by their grossly immoral lives, in which the vices of a false civilization were too often beheld in monstrous conjunction with those of heathenism, raised a mountain barrier between the lessons of the missionaries and the native mind, and often drove these noble men to tears when it could not tempt them to despair. It was, indeed, a bitter trial, when reasoning with the heathen on the superiority of the Christian religion,

to find their half-convinced hearers point to the lives of many who bore the Christian name, and to be asked if these were the fruits by which they hoped to commend their argument. Nearly a century before, Sir Thomas Roe, at the court of the Great Mogul, had mourned over these parricidal wounds. "It is a most sad and horrible thing," said he, "to consider what scandal there is brought upon the Christian religion by the looseness and remissness, by the exorbitances of many which come amongst them, who profess themselves Christians; of whom I have often heard the natives (who live near the port where our ships arrive) say thus in broken English which they have gotten:—'Christian religion, devil religion; Christian much drunk; Christian much do wrong, much beat, much abuse others.'" A century later, Carey had still to weep in secret over this most humbling of all obstructions. Alas! even then it was no new trial to the faithful heralds of the Cross. Seventeen centuries before, an apostle, from whom no bodily suffering or worldly loss could wring even a complaint, who interpreted suffering as only the higher and more honourable form of service, dropped many tears upon his parchment, as he told the Philippian Christians of "some whose god was their belly, whose glory was in their shame, and who minded earthly things."

And only second to this in mischievously obstructive operation, were the measures of Romanist mis-

sionaries who were first in the field, and who were not slow to claim right of occupancy from their connection with its earlier Portuguese possessors. These Protestant Danes, who recognised Christianity only where they beheld conversion, had to cope from the beginning with an unscrupulous proselytism, which was mainly ambitious of names. Men were claimed as trophies to Romanism who ignorantly submitted to be sprinkled with water under the name of baptism; and, worse than this, in times of famine, when many of the poorer natives sold themselves as slaves in order to procure food, the priests were the readiest purchasers; and these slaves were sometimes marched in bands of hundreds to receive the baptismal rite, and to be triumphantly enrolled as Christian converts! With the immoral lives and grinding oppression of Europeans, on the one hand, and with the false Christianity of Rome on the other, the Christian religion seemed to undergo the same treatment as its divine founder, and to be crucified between two thieves! It was an ordeal which made it difficult even for good men "in patience to possess their souls." But they persevered in the simple use of their spiritual weapons. They began to preach even to the "twice dead" and case-hardened European residents, not without impression; while they aimed by the sanctity, benevolence, and self-denial of their own lives, to show to even the most obtuse and stolid among the native heathen, that the

truth of Christ in the "transformation of apostate man from base to pure, from earthly to divine," which it effects in every heart into which it finds entrance, exhibits as its constantly-renewing credential the mightiest and best of all miracles.

One of the most remarkable features in this mission of Ziegenbalg and his associate is, that while they were thus prosecuting an untried experiment, and while the entire period of their labour only extended over sixteen years, their Christian sagacity and energy anticipated and realized, in successful action, nearly every movement and measure that has been set in operation by missionaries in India during the century and a quarter that have elapsed since. Most wisely, as we think, in the circumstances of a first mission like theirs, they had not been trammelled by cumbrous directions from home, and much more was left to practical wisdom than to theory, to heroism of purpose than to minute elaboration of plan.

Though preaching after the occidental type, was practised by them from the first, it was found in some instances to remove them too far from the native mind, and to give them too much of an air of authority before their Brahminical hearers; they, therefore, had recourse to friendly conferences and conversational teaching,—more after the model of our Lord in his intercourse with the Pharisees and Sadducees. In the case of the adult population, there was often found a singular stolidity of mind which

could not be aroused even by the most direct addresses ; and so the missionaries betook themselves to catechizing, in which advantage was taken of turns in the conversation and of individuality of character, attention kept on the alert, and truth questioned into the mind, when it failed to penetrate by a more rhetorical instrumentality.

Nor had they grappled long with the native religion, until they found in it something far more formidable than, in their simplicity and inexperience, they had at first dreamed of. It might have been said of it as Paul had said of the great antichristian apostasy, that it was "*a man* of sin," with form, articulation, life, will, and energy about it, and not to be extinguished by a breath. With incredible labour they set themselves to the study of the whole system of Hindoo superstition, as it was to be found in the writings of their poets and in their sacred books, that they might discover in it the material of its own confutation, and that their arguments might not be found to be an ignorant and mischievous beating of the air. The whole of the New Testament, and a large portion of the Old, were translated into the Tamul language, and innumerable leaves from this tree of life were scattered abroad in the form of tracts. In the first instance, these needed to be written by laborious and expensive manipulation on palm leaves. But, in the course of time, a printing-press was obtained from the Christians of

England, and even a paper manufactory was erected, half the expense of which was borne by the Danish governor of Malabar. Christian schools were formed, which, in addition to their immediate influence, often helped the missionaries to reach the parents through the medium of the children. Seminaries for higher education were instituted, in which hopeful youths should be trained as teachers and ministers, after the manner that has been attempted in our own times, with so much success, by Dr. Duff; and evangelistic itinerations into remote towns and villages were undertaken, as has since been done in other parts of India, by the veteran Lacroix and many others. Manufactories of cotton were also established for the employment of converts, who were cast out of bread on the first hour after they professed Christianity.

Even estimated by its immediate and visible result, which, however, is a palpably unjust mode of estimating a pioneer-enterprise, this Danish Mission was singularly successful. We must not go out to the vintage in the early spring, or become impatient while the seed is silently germinating beneath the surface; and although these men had been unable to count one convert when they were able to count hundreds, we should not have described their mission as a failure. But in seven years after their arrival, the number of baptized persons in their Malabarese and Portuguese churches was reported to be two hundred and forty-six; and this was the

prelude to a general commotion in the whole Malabarian paganism. Among these converts they could count a native prince, who, in his renunciation of rank and wealth, showed that he "esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures" of India; and a native poet and a pundit, into whose hearts some seeds of God had fallen and rooted themselves, while assisting the missionaries in their translations.

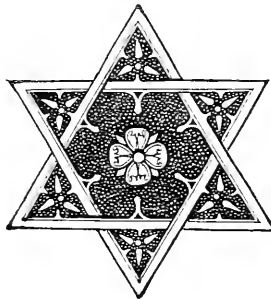
If we would know the spirit in which these two evangelists laboured, their own words will best express it. "If," said they in the earlier parts of their toils, "the Lord shall be pleased to grant us the conversion but of one soul among the heathens, we shall think our voyage sufficiently rewarded." And at a later period, when they had begun to bring back the precious sheaves, "We cannot express what a tender love we bear toward our new-planted congregations. Nay, our love is arrived to that degree, and our forwardness to serve this nation is come to that pitch that we are resolved to live and to die with them." And the measure of their labour is equally remarkable. "From six in the morning to ten at night," we are told, "every hour was statedly and fixedly appportioned to missionary operations of some kind, direct or indirect, with the exception of one interval, from noon to two o'clock, and another from eight to nine in the evening, which they devoted to refreshment and relaxation. But such was their



economy of time, that even during meals, one was appointed for the express purpose of reading to them all the while out of the Bible. And in this course they persevered to the end, though experience extorted from them the confession, that a country so hot as this, did not permit too fervent an application of the head."

Some may perhaps suggest, that this last fact is to be used more as a warning than as a stimulant, and that there was an overstraining of mental and physical strength which, in any country, but especially in a sultry climate like that of Malabar, must cut human life prematurely short. It was so in Ziegenbalg, the master-spirit of the mission, who died at the early age of thirty-six. Would it not have been better and wiser to labour less with the prospect of labouring longer? Perhaps this is one of the lessons that ought to be gathered at the early graves of these devoted Danes. At the same time, there is a possibility of our applying these prudential laws with too little discrimination. For there are cases in which the laws of health must be violated in deference to yet higher laws. The soldier who shivered a few winters ago in Crimean trenches did violence to those laws at the call of patriotism; the explorers in many an Arctic voyage have, with full knowledge, sacrificed some portion of health, and, if not shortened life, at least impaired its comforts at the call of science. And we must not

at the instance of some modern philosophers, who are small bigots in their own circle, allow men like Ziegenbalg to have their zeal praised at the expense of their prudence. Like the men who first mount the breach in storming a fortress, these pioneers of the world's illumination have needed to place their lives in jeopardy ; and, shaking hands with death, to be willing to make their dead bodies the stepping-stones on which others shall ascend to victory.





## CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.

1726-1798.

**S**WARTZ may almost be said to occupy among great missionaries, the same position as Milton does among great poets. He “dwells as a star apart.” After studying his life, we are disposed rather to associate his name with those of primitive apostles and evangelists on whom the inspiring influence had descended, who lived so heavenly a life, and made their ministry and their moral power felt over whole kingdoms and upon systems hoary with antiquity and deep-rooted in men’s habits and worldly interests, than with the names of later men. In our brief notices of him, however, we shall do little in the form of biographical narrative, but shall almost confine ourselves to the recording of results.

Sonnenburg, a little town in the electorate of Brandenburg but now a part of that Prussia which, according to Mr. Carlyle’s graphic picturing, has absorbed within itself so many little electorates and principalities, was the birth-place of Christian Frederick Swartz, in 1726. From his birth he was

dedicated by his mother to the life of a missionary, who, from her early death-bed, charged her husband and her minister to respect this act of consecration. His youth was at no period stained by vice, but it was marked by vacillation in regard to religion; at one time showing itself in an utter indifference about everything that connects man with God and eternity, at other times revealing itself in a transient earnestness by his retiring into a wood to meditate and pray.

But a religious book by Hermann Francke, put into his hands by a lady who affectionately watched these alternations of indifference and anxiety in the young student, became the means of confirming him in religious decision, while intercourse with Schiltze, a missionary who had returned from India, and the selection of Professor Francke of Halle, at which university he had now been a student for some years, led him to devote himself to the missionary life, realized his mother's dying prayers, and set the needed seal upon her act of solemn consecration.

He set forth for Southern India as the agent of the Danish Missionary Society at Copenhagen, at whose instance he received Lutheran ordination, thus following in the footsteps of the earlier Ziegenbalg; though, at a later period, he became connected with the venerable "Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge." The state of religion in Germany, at the period when it gave Swartz to India, was cold and depressed; as it also was at the same period in

England, between which two countries there have always been, since the Reformation, strong religious sympathies, whether of depression or of vitality. Bishop Butler wrote of that same gloomy period in England, that "it was come to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity was not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it was now at length discovered to be fictitious." But as a new life was awakening in England under the wondrous preaching of Whitfield, there was a kindred spiritual resurrection at work in Germany under the teaching of Francke; and Swartz received the key-note of his preaching and of his missionary life from this earnest school of revived evangelism, or rather from that heaven which is the common fountain-head from which all true revival comes.

His first sermon which he preached on the soil of India on one of the most precious sayings of Him "into whose lips grace was poured,"—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,"—was the unfurling of that broad evangelical ensign which he held aloft with steady hand in the sight of idolatrous Hindoo, bigoted Mohammedan, and infidel and hardened and demoralized Europeans, for eight and forty years. "Christ will give you rest from your burden of guilt by delivering you from it, and he will place upon you in its stead the yoke of his commandments, which the love of your pardoned heart will render light and easy, and will thus make

you the partakers of a true and undying rest;”—such was the doctrine of his first sermon in which he unfolded the very spirit of evangelical theology, and revealed it in its sanctifying might.

And now began a course of missionary action which, extending over a period that bordered upon half a century, was fruitful in extraordinary results at the period, and whose influence is, to this hour, still felt and owned in the singularly successful missions of the Mysore and of Tinnevely. First, he sowed the precious seed at Tranquebar, where he endured much hardness, but saw comparatively little fruit,—next, at Trichinopoly, where he did not long tread an empty furrow; and last, at Tanjore, where he laboured for the longest period, and gathered in a succession of spiritual harvests which would have satisfied the “travailing” desires and the holy ambition of a primitive evangelist. His custom, after he obtained a firm foothold in India and saw enlarging and inviting fields stretching before him which he was unable to reach by his own personal efforts, was to select some of the most promising native converts, and, training them as catechists and evangelists, to send them forth into all the neighbouring regions. In all cases, except those in which their sphere of evangelism was too distant, these labourers were accustomed to assemble with Swartz in the morning for the singing of hymns and prayer, as well as for further Christian instruction and direction in their work; while in the

evening returning to him with a report of their toils and triumphs, they closed the day with similar exercises.

Not from any superstitious feeling, but that he might keep himself the more disentangled for his great enterprise, he remained, of purpose, unmarried; while everything that he could spare from his income, beyond the supply of his own simple wants, was cheerfully devoted to deeds of charity, or to the cause of the mission. Orphans were thus supported, catechists multiplied; and even schools, and other buildings for missionary and benevolent objects, were reared at his expense alone. In the same spirit of concentrated and untiring energy, he spent a large portion of the first five years of his life in India in mastering the mythological books in the Tamul language, that he might be able to stand on a level in knowledge with his Brahmin antagonists, and the more effectively to expose the follies and falsehoods of their system.

And all this was not in vain. Bishop Heber estimates the number of his converts at between six and seven thousand; and the multitudes gathered into the Christian fold by agencies which he directed or influenced, were far greater. Before he died, he could travel through districts on whose mountain sides he saw little Christian churches rising on spots which, when he arrived in India, had been the den of the jackal, or the lair of the tiger; while he could look abroad from his garden at Tanjore and see whole villages which were entirely the dwelling of Christians.

When he became chaplain in the garrison at Trichinopoly, the officers found serious misdemeanours so diminished among the soldiers that they were able to dispense with corporal punishment; while outside the fortress, he reared little preaching houses, thatched with the leaves of the palmyra tree, where, as in the case of Dr. Judson's zayat, he could minister undisturbed to the passers by.

His character rose even among the myriads who refused to yield up their hearts to his divine lessons. The acute Brahmins could not help distinguishing between him and the immoral Europeans whom they had hitherto been only too willing to regard as the representatives of the Christian faith; and many were even candid enough to admit the superiority of his form of Christianity to that of the votaries of Romanism, who had been gathered by the earlier Portuguese missionaries. They appreciated the fearless candour which proclaimed its condemnation of all image-worship, and would make no compromise in order to render discipleship easier. "Tell the king," said he to the rajah's arikar, whose duty it was to report to his master every day whatever he saw that was extraordinary—"tell the king that you saw me, and that I testify to great and small, that they should turn from dumb idols to the living God, and that, from my heart, I wish that the king would in this respect set his subjects a good example." They looked with involuntary respect and veneration upon



the man who, living in the simplest manner, refused all presents and bribes, when a wish would have brought them to his feet, and who turned all the surplus of his scanty income to purposes of charity.

One of the grandest tributes ever paid to moral excellence, was that which was given to Swartz by Hyder Ali. The government at Madras, having heard of the intentions of this tyrant of the Mysore to declare war against British rule and to ravage whole regions with his well-known cruelty, proposed to send messengers to negotiate with him on the subject, to assure him of their own pacific intentions, and to offer him conditions of peace. But there was only one messenger with whom he would consent to treat. "Do not send to me any of your agents," said he, "for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary of whose character I hear so much from every one,—him will I receive and trust."

Swartz was accordingly entreated by the government to undertake a journey to the court of Hyder Ali at Seringapatam, and to endeavour to pacify the rage of one whose word had ere now made blood flow like water, and turned flourishing provinces into heaps of ruin. Had it been a mere common political mission that was proposed to him, he would not have hesitated at instant declination; but when the work of a peace-maker was pressed upon him in

circumstances in which the lives of thousands probably hung in the balance, he could not shrink from the long and perilous journey, and, perhaps, from the equally perilous interview.

It was a work of many weeks to reach the blood-stained capital of Mysore, where Hyder Ali held his reign of terror. Along passes where the jackal moaned and the tiger lurked in the dense jungles, by narrow pathways that bordered on frowning and giddy precipices, over the rocky heights of the Ghauts, the meek missionary pursued his embassy of peace, and at length found himself in the presence of the man whose very name spoken in whispers carried terror even to brave hearts. The scene has been graphically pictured,—the meek missionary, with his calm countenance, his intellectual forehead, his blue eyes beaming with all the kindly affections, and his flowing locks now becoming snow-white with advancing years, arguing and pleading with the man whose countenance reflected the mingled qualities of courage, resolution, cruelty, and duplicity. The words of Swartz had a ring of truth about them which conciliated and convinced him; the tyrant owned in heart, like Milton's Satan, "how awful goodness was." Meanwhile, the sword shall return to its scabbard.—Swartz found in his carriage, when he proceeded on his homeward journey, three thousand rupees, which he immediately consecrated to purposes of charity. And as a testimony of Hyder

Ali's respect and gratitude, this message was sent to all his officers between his capital and Tanjore:—  
“Permit the Father Swartz to pass unmolested, and show him respect and kindness, for he is good man and means no harm to my government.”

The time came, however, when the district of Tanjore itself was invaded by Hyder Ali and his ruthless bands. He was known to be approaching by rapid marches, but neither city nor fortress was supplied with provisions for a siege. Yet there was plenty of grain in the country; but the people having been cruelly deceived in former instances, remembered it now, and would neither bring their grain themselves, nor hire their oxen in order to bear it to the garrison. And yet the extremity was terrible. Multitudes of the soldiers and sepoy's looked like wandering skeletons, and every morning the streets were lined with heaps of the famished dead. There was only one man in all Tanjore whose word it was believed the people would trust, and this was the venerable Swartz; and an appeal was made to him alike by the native ruler and the British authorities, to mediate for them with the people, and to stand between the living and the dead. They had not miscalculated his influence. By the hand of his converts he sent out numerous letters to the country districts, requesting the people to send in their oxen with provisions, and promising to pay them with his own hand so soon as the siege was raised. This one word of the incor-

ruptible missionary at once turned the tide of popular feeling and established confidence. In one day, a thousand bullocks carried burdens of grain into the garrisons, and the ravages of gaunt hunger and of pale death were stayed.

His foresight and administrative power were extraordinary, and, had he been a ruler of men, would have made his name illustrious. Anticipating from various signs an early invasion, he purchased and laid up in store great quantities of rice when it was cheap. The foreseen troubles came, the country was devastated, and famine followed closely in the steps of war. Thousands were now saved from pining want and miserable deaths by help from his rice heaps. The road sides near Tanjore were crowded with his beneficiaries; sometimes eight hundred surrounding his dwelling in a single day, and receiving at once succour and benedictions from one who, like his great exemplar, "had compassion on the multitude."

Another testimony to the confidence which the character of Swartz had produced in all ranks, was given by Tuljujee, the rajah of Tanjore, when he was dying. The unswerving missionary had often reproved the rajah for his drunkenness and other vices, and had latterly kept much aloof from his presence; but now he was summoned to his death-bed to receive a strange request. The rajah had adopted a youthful nephew whom he named Serfojee as his successor to the throne;

and his wish was that Swartz should undertake the guardianship of the young prince, in such a manner as would have amounted to his administering the government of Tanjore during the period of his minority. The request was solemnly declined, for no one felt more deeply than Swartz the duty of the missionary not to entangle himself with the affairs of this life; at the same time, he promised to interest himself in Serfojee, and advised that Ameer Singh, the rajah's brother, should meanwhile be constituted regent, and the heir to the throne educated in such a manner as would be suitable to his dignity as a prince, and as would qualify him to be a ruler. The advice was adopted, and Tuljujee was soon after gathered to his fathers.

But now followed a series of events which tried to the utmost the firmness, fidelity, and prudence of Mr. Swartz. Ameer Singh, true to the instincts of men placed in his position in the east, began to treat the young prince as his rival. He was confined to an apartment from which light and fresh air were excluded, was left untaught even in the rudiments of education, and shut out from intercourse with all that loved him. Swartz, remembering his pledge to the deceased rajah, repeatedly remonstrated, but was put off with vague and insincere promises. At length, fearing even for the life of the prince, he represented the matter to the Madras government and obtained his removal from Tanjore, as well as secured for him an education suitable to his prospects.

But the conspiracy only changed its form. Ameer Singh proceeded to deny the right of his deceased brother to adopt a successor in prejudice of himself, and claimed the throne of Tanjore as his own. The Madras government being appealed to, appointed twelve Hindoo pundits to examine into the old laws and customs of Tanjore, and to report. Secretly bribed by the unscrupulous usurper, they gave the decision in his favour, which was confirmed by the authorities at Madras, and the claims of Serfojee were declared baseless.

The good missionary, it may well be believed, was no unconcerned witness of these transactions, and the longer he examined, he became the more convinced that the course pursued by the deceased king had the sanction of custom and law, and that the rights of Serfojee had been too lightly set aside. He communicated his impressions and his evidence to the government at Madras, and to the "honourable Company" in London, and the correspondence issued at length in the elevation of Serfojee to the throne of Tanjore.

But years were passing away while all these many-coloured pageants of life were moving, and the good missionary began to feel the unequivocal touch of age. He was unable now to travel into the surrounding country and to teach by the way-sides; but beneath the shadow of a tree in his garden, he could still meet daily with companies of his disciples. It has been beautifully said that the little church which he

gathered from the surrounding darkness and death, was "like the lamb of the poor man in the parable of the prophet, that lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter," so tenderly did he love and cherish it. Missionaries from Tranquebar and Trichinopoly, when they learned that the shadows of death were beginning to fall upon him, hastened to see his face once more, and to receive his fatherly benediction. And when his end came at the age of seventy-two, not churches only, but kingdoms mourned his death. All Tanjore wept for him; like Israel at the death of Samuel. Men of the most opposite creeds followed his body to its resting-place, and dropped honest and unbought tears into his grave. The moral grandeur and consistency of his character, looked upon in succession by two generations, had turned respect into veneration. And no one mourned more deeply or with better cause, than the young king whom he had saved by his vigilance from an early death, and raised, through his intercessions, to a throne. On the day of his funeral when the procession was about to move, the weeping monarch entreated that he might once more be permitted to look upon the venerated form, and, on the lid of the coffin being raised, he covered the body with a rich cloth of gold. Every day for years afterwards, he was accustomed to visit the grave alone, and to bow with reverence before it. The East India Company, grateful to the man who by the influence of his character had saved their dominions from invasion

and their soldiers from famine, mourned his death as a calamity to India, and at their instance a noble piece of allegorical sculpture, appropriately traced by the chisel of Bacon, was sent out from England and erected in the church at Fort George. Even the Hindoos, who had never become Christian disciples, persisted in burning a lamp near to his sepulchre. And to this hour, his name is mentioned in the Christian churches of Southern India with something of the reverence with which we may imagine that of "the beloved disciple" to have been uttered, in the second century, on the shores of Asia Minor.

The character of Swartz was formed by the gospel which he preached, and no other system of belief has ever formed such men. They are, in their grand distinguishing qualities, the peculiar growth of evangelical faith. How does the authority wielded by such a man contrast, in its moral sublimity and beneficent results, with every other form of human power! How vulgar and worthless the dominion to win which so much blood has been shed and the whole creation has groaned, compared with that which may be acquired by the exercise of simple goodness! Even the illustrious exile of St. Helena, fretting and pining in his island-prison, caught a glimpse of this truth, and owned the superiority of the empire of love to the empire of force. To us, notwithstanding the great interest which attaches to them on other accounts, there has been something depressing when



walking in the galleries of the British Museum among the Nineveh sculptures, to mark how, among the ancient rulers of the earth, of which these are the truthful memorials, the highest form of ambition was the obtaining of a mere external power, and the favourite instrument the spear or the sword. And what better was it in the times of Swartz, among the native rajahs and princes of India, or even its European conquerors? But Christianity has given to the world the highest form and conception of greatness. And when the spirit of Swartz, which is the spirit of Christianity, becomes diffused throughout communities, what far other monuments and memorials will it leave behind it, not in alabaster records of violence, oppression, and cruelty, but in regenerated, pure, and happy populations. Then the words of Christ will be read at once as a law and a prophecy, "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors. But ye shall not be so; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger; and he that is chief as he that doth serve."





## WILLIAM CAREY.

1761-1834.

**WE** must now transfer ourselves in imagination to a small meeting of ministers, somewhere in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1780. Mr. Ryland, senior, is present, and proposes that one of the young ministers should name a topic for consideration ; and one of the youngest of them, WILLIAM CAREY, suggests the duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations. The only encouragement he receives from the old minister, is to be called an enthusiast for entertaining such an idea ; but the thought has begun, before this time, silently to shape itself into purpose, and it is not of such a kind as to be extinguished by the rash speech even of so venerable a man.

William Carey was the son of a humble schoolmaster, and, even when a boy, had given signs of remarkable decision and perseverance. If there was an inaccessible tree which shook the courage of all his schoolmates, he would never rest until he climbed it ; and flowers, which he loved almost to passion,

were gathered by him from precipitous heights or forbidden swamps, towards which others had only looked with despair. At the age of fourteen, he had been apprenticed to a shoemaker, at which humble profession he laboured for a series of years, and in which, amid the checks of a conscience that would never sleep, he displayed much depravity; but a sermon by Mr. Scott, the commentator, on the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish," was blessed, along with other influences, in giving a new and divine current to his life. The "Help to Zion's Travellers," by the venerable Robert Hall, of Arnsby, did much to advance him as a theological thinker, and in his conceptions of evangelical truth, to disentangle his mind from many difficulties.

In the interval he had become a minister over a Baptist church, though his maintenance for a time was so inadequate, that he still needed to draw his support, in part, from manual toil. The thought which he had ventured to throw out in that meeting of ministers, fell into other hearts that received it with more sympathy than the venerable Mr. Ryland, and silently wrought in them like the leaven of the kingdom of heaven. Four years afterwards, a prayer-meeting of ministers was begun at Nottingham, for the revival of religion, and for the extending of the Redeemer's kingdom, at which were present, along with Carey, three men, who were great even among the good—Robert Hall of Arnsby,

Samuel Pearce of Birmingham, and Andrew Fuller of Kettering. It was one of those quiet movements, which, bringing down the omnipotence of God to help the weakness of man, ultimately shape the destinies of nations. The growing missionary sentiment, which that prayer-meeting fostered and strengthened, took practical form at an ordination which occurred at Nottingham in June 1792. On that occasion Carey preached his memorable sermon on Isa. liv. 2, 3, "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes: for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited." After observing that the Church was in these words compared to some poor desolate widow, who lived alone in a small tent; that she who thus lived in a manner forlorn and childless, was told to expect such an increase in her family as would require a much larger dwelling; and this, because her Maker was her husband, whose name was not only the Lord of Hosts, the Holy One of Israel, but the God of the whole earth, he proceeded to bring out the spirit of the passage in the two memorable exhortations:—  
"1. Expect great things from God. 2. Attempt great things for God." In private conference with his brethren, Carey formally laid himself on the missionary altar, saying to Pearce and Fuller, in

those immortal words, "I will go down into the pit, if you will hold the ropes;" and so was formed the Baptist Missionary Society.

Two great and kindred thoughts had, in truth, got hold of two minds in that little company of ministers, by which the one was to revive the decaying piety of the churches of his own denomination at home, and under the impulse of which, the other was to carry the fire of divine life to heathen lands. The prominent thought in Fuller's mind was "the duty of all men to believe the gospel, to whom it was made known;" and by proclaiming this, in season and out of season, and laying the guilt of unbelief at the unconvinced gospel hearer's own door, he helped at once to make ministers preach with a new point and earnestness, and to make people listen with that salutary self-accusing uneasiness which arises from the feeling that unbelief is not their misfortune but their crime. The ruling thought in Carey's mind was "the duty of the Christian Church, which has believed the gospel, to publish it throughout the world." Under the influence of this thought, which burned within him and would not let him rest, Carey became a missionary, and gave out an influence which awakened kindred sympathies in other hearts, and disposed his flourishing church at Leicester, with noble disinterestedness, to yield him up, though with many tears. They were rewarded for the sacrifice by receiving from Providence in his stead, as their

minister, the greatest master of sacred eloquence in modern times—Robert Hall.

It is well known with what hostility and jealousy the British government of those days regarded the departure of Mr. Carey, and his colleague, Mr. Thomas, for India, and how, after many harassing disappointments and perplexities, they were obliged to sail in a vessel under a Danish flag; it is not so well known, that he received little encouragement from his brethren in London, and that John Newton was the only one who advised him with the fidelity and the tenderness of a father; but, in spite of all these discouragements, Carey landed in India in the following year.

Thus did he “go down into the pit,” and Fuller, Pearce, Ryland, junior, of Bristol, and others “hold the ropes.” It is both curious and instructive to look back through the more than half century that has intervened, and to remark how the efforts of these men to sustain the new enterprise, were met by the insincere and the half-sincere with the identical objections and gibes which are still to be heard from those parts of our churches that are peculiarly dark and cold. “Attend to the wants of home, before you send missionaries abroad,—have pity on the heathen at your own door,” was the apology with which they were often chilled away by formalists and worldlings, who wished to retain their money without losing their good name. The answer was

ready then, as it is still, that the Christian salvation is not the monopoly of one country, but the patrimony of the world; that men who continue heathens in England, are such against light, not because of its absence; that if the divinely-guided apostles and first teachers of Christianity had acted on this principle, Britain might, to this hour, have continued a land of painted savages and idolaters; that even the inspired teachers seemed ready to yield too much to home attractions, and needed persecutions to scatter them abroad, that they might "sow beside all waters;" and that that is a suspicious kind of benevolence which only looks with pity upon home, when its sympathies are sought for "the uttermost parts of the earth." The stale objection which has often been answered, has of late been taken up and tricked out anew by some of our modern novelists; and the cast away rag, dyed afresh in glaring colours, is worn at this hour for its stage-effect.

There are few facts more interesting in the biographies of Fuller and Pearce, than the reflected benefit of the new missionary sentiment on their own churches. Fuller bears repeated testimony, that from the time when his people became interested in Carey, he ceased to have complaints from his members about spiritual desertion and disturbed peace. There was a constant sunshine upon the societies at Kettering and Birmingham, and the life which they sought

to impart to India came back in a double life from Heaven to themselves.

Few men have ever accomplished so much in the course of a single life as William Carey. Even in the earlier years of his mission, when, with his dwelling near the haunts of the tiger, he was beset with daily perils, his labours were not unfruitful in gathering converts and founding native churches. But it was only after such men as Ward and Marshman had been added to the mission-staff, that he may be said to have betaken himself to the great work of his life—the translation of the Scriptures into all the principal languages of the East, and the printing of those translations at the mission press of Serampore. His natural aptitude for philological pursuits disposed him for this work, while his spirit of indomitable perseverance bore him through difficulties that would have withered the united energies of a hundred common men. His singular control over his mental faculties, and power of concentrating them on some one object or end, so that nothing could divert him from his course, wrought like the faith which could remove mountains. Acting, not from impulse, but from principle, he could return from day to day to the same work at the same hour, without tedium or desire of change. It is no extravagant fancy, that one who had been absent from India for thirty years, might have returned and found him sitting cheerfully at the same labours, with the same dozing pundit before



him. Foster might have found in him an illustrious example of that power of decision and concentrated energy which accomplishes everything but miracles. "Eustace," said he to his son, with much self-depreciating modesty, but yet with some truth too, "if, after my removal, any one should think it worth his while to write my life, I will give you a criterion by which you may judge of its correctness. If he give me credit for being a plodder, he will describe me justly. Anything beyond this will be too much. I can plod ; I can persevere in any definite pursuit. To this I owe everything." But "how few," as his biographer, Mr. Eustace Carey, remarked, "how few can plod ! Many can devise a magnificent enterprise ; but the plodder is the man who will rise to eminence, and should he live sufficiently long to effect his designs, will make the world his insolvent debtor."

As his learning became known, and he began to attract towards himself the respect and deference of Oriental scholars, the government bestowed upon him the professorship of the Bengalee tongue in the college at Fort William, and other offices, which, as they introduced him to new and rare facilities for accomplishing his great work, were willingly accepted by him ; all his income from this source, sometimes amounting to £1200, and even £1500 per annum, being nobly dedicated to the general purposes of the mission.

It is a beautiful fact in his life, that he retained

all his youthful passion for flowers to the last ; and this taste, if not in itself a virtue, stands in peculiarly close affinity to purity and elevation of mind. The same person who, when a poor lad at Hackleton, would search among hedgerows, or wade into swamps to obtain some rare plant, was still seeking to increase his floral wealth when he had become the venerable Oriental scholar and missionary of more than seventy years. It was no uncommon thing for him to send Hindoo idols to friends in England in exchange for some lovely specimen of the British flora, such as the tulip, the daffodil, or the lily ; and his collection of plants, both tropical and European, became, towards the end of his days, the richest and rarest in the East. A letter to a scientific botanist near Sheffield, who had sent him a package of sundry kinds of British seeds, gives characteristic expression to this feeling. "That I might be sure not to lose any part of your valuable present, I shook the bag over a patch of earth in a shady place ; on visiting which a few days afterwards, I found springing up, to my inexpressible delight, a *bellis perennis* of our English pastures. I know not that I ever enjoyed, since leaving Europe, a simple pleasure so exquisite as the sight of this English daisy afforded me ; not having seen one for thirty years, and never expecting to see one again." It was this incident which gave occasion to one of the finest of James Montgomery's smaller pieces, in which

he imagined the good doctor to be addressing the modest stranger on its sudden appearance—

Thrice welcome, little English flower!  
 My mother country's white and red,  
 In rose or lily, till this hour,  
 Never to me such beauty spread  
 Transplanted from thine island bed,  
 A treasure in a grain of earth,  
 Strange as a spirit from the dead,  
 Thine embryo sprang to birth."

His garden was his oratory, in which he spent an hour every morning in devotion and meditation before entering on the biblical studies of the day; and, even in his last illness, when he had no longer strength enough for being borne into it, some favourite plant would be brought into his apartment, on which he would look for a time with rapture.

But before that hand began to tremble, and the manuscripts were rolled away, Carey saw his work accomplished. Even so early as 1814 he could write to his sisters and say, "I look round on the nations on all sides; see translations of the Bible either begun or finished in twenty-five languages at our house, and hope to be able to secure the other languages spoken around us, when, I hope, all will hear in their own tongues the wonderful works of God." But ere he died, two hundred and thirteen thousand volumes of the divine word, in whole or in part, in forty different languages, had issued from the press at Serampore. This interprets his saying in his last moments, "I have not a single wish ungratified!" It was a work, the grandeur of

which will grow with time. The men in parliament who had scoffed at the thought of a mechanic going to convert India, and whom Wilberforce had rebuked by remarking, that to his mind that very thought was more sublime than blind Milton sitting in his study, and planning his "Paradise Lost," had had their laugh and were forgotten. The mists continue but for a night, God's stars shine on for ever !





## HENRY MARTYN.

1781-1812.

**W**E select as the subject of our next sketch, HENRY MARTYN, who will vividly remind us at times of the elegant and sensitive Cowper, and more frequently still of the severely self-searching, short-lived, saintly, almost seraphic Brainerd, in whose "spirit and power" he may, without any violent accommodation of inspired language, be said "to have come." He was born at Truro, in the county of Cornwall, February 18, 1781. His father had originally been a labourer in the mines of Gwenap, but through quiet energy and noiseless self-education in arithmetic and mathematics, combined with a character for high moral worth, he had risen above these humble circumstances before Henry's birth, to the position of chief clerk to a merchant in Truro. When between seven and eight years of age, Henry was sent to the grammar-school of his native town, where he remained, with but little interruption, until he had entered on his sixteenth year. Like Beattie's Edwin, he was "a gentle boy," and found the element of a public school

too rough for him. Shy and meditative, he did not often join with the other boys in their boisterous sports, which drew upon him the common penalty of boy tyranny. But some good came out of this seeming evil. The same great laws of human nature are at work in the little world of a public school, as in the larger world to which it leads; and perhaps this rude ordeal gradually developing independence and self-reliance, may have helped to cure constitutional defects, which the exotic treatment of a home-education would have aggravated.

No "prophecies went before" of Martyn, at the grammar-school, so as to forecast his actual future; but such indications of talent and literary taste were discovered in him as to point to a university career as one in which he should win some honour and solid reward; and accordingly, having gained a scholarship in St. John's College, Cambridge, he commenced residence there in October 1797. Habits of application steadily grew upon him, until he came to be spoken of in his college as "the student who never lost an hour." But for a considerable time, the intellectual part of his nature alone flourished. The most that could be said of him in his higher relations was that he never caught the taint of debasing vices, and that he paid respect to the outward forms of religion. Pride, impatience of contradiction, exquisite irritability of temper, helped to make him miserable, and to render some of his vacation-visits to Cornwall

very qualified sources of enjoyment to his friends ; and there was even one act of attempted violence to a fellow-student, in a paroxysm of rage, which, but for the unsteady hand that aimed the stroke, must have ended in results that would have cast a shadow of sorrow over all his future life. We mention these facts, because biography is to supply the material of useful lessons, and not of vague eulogies ; and especially because the beneficent influence of that religion of which Martyn ere long became the happy subject, is made the more manifest when, in contrast with this natural temper of his early manhood, we behold him standing without a human friend, amid the cutting taunts, the browbeatings and malignant blasphemies of Persian moollahs, like another Stephen, supernaturally meek and calm, " his face shining like the face of an angel."

It has become common to account for such quickness to anger by a morbid nervous temperament, and in this to imply a mitigation or apology ; and doubtless there are instances in which He who knows our mysteriously constructed frame will not overlook this weakness of the flesh. But the excuse is most frequently urged where it is groundless ; and at a future period, our student would, with more justice, have ascribed his impatience and readiness to take offence to that opposition between conviction of truth and unsubdued dispositions which turns the mind into a troubled sea. But he would also have owned

that, during all this rebellious and wayward period, he had never been left without salutary restraints. One who had often been his preceptor and champion at the grammar-school, became his monitor at the university; a gentle sister also, who was "in Christ before him," by her passive endurance and loving remonstrances, often won his secret approval when he seemed most to resist her words, and even angrily to fling himself out of her presence; and at length the unexpected tidings of his father's death drove him to his Bible for consolations which he could find nowhere else, and in the midst of his deep filial sorrows, he exchanged the dead religion of form and task-work for the living, imperishable religion of love and joyous obedience. It was well for Henry Martyn that when he thus emerged from the cloud of sorrow into new life, there was one minister at Cambridge who was eminently fitted to be his guide, and to meet, by his private intercourse and his pulpit teachings, his new-born desires. The Rev. Charles Simeon was now rising to the height of his usefulness, and attracting around him many of the most hopeful youths in the university. Combining unaffected seriousness with cheerfulness, and even playful humour; immovable fidelity to evangelical doctrine with the widest and most loving sympathies; a true love of nature and of manly sports, with an instinctive readiness to enter into the feelings of educated young men, and hopefully to bear with



their imperfections ; seeming to carry his very heart in his hand, as he warmly grasped that of the ingenuous youth which was held out to him, he had become a moral power in Cambridge ; and from the time of Martyn's conversion he was drawn by strong affinities to his ministrations, and was soon admitted into the innermost circle of Simeon's friends. With the exception of the privileged mornings at John Newton's breakfasts in London, when the old minister gave utterance to those golden sayings of sanctified sagacity and witty shrewdness of which Mr. Jay has left behind him such graphic reminiscences, we know of no picture more interesting than that of Simeon sitting in his arbour, or walking in his garden with such men as Martyn, Thomason, and Kirke White, and giving shape and impulse to minds that were one day to bless the world.

The workings of the new life in Martyn began to reveal themselves in more than one unmistakable form ; and not the least, in the comparative indifference with which he saw the rewards of the university laid at his feet, and brilliant worldly prospects stretching not far off behind. Before he had reached the age of twenty, he obtained the highest academical honours, when he had men against him of no common ability as his competitors ; and he records it as his feeling when he had reached the summit of the steep ascent up which he had long toiled, and had the academic crown placed on his

youthful brow,—“I obtained my highest wishes, but was surprised to find I had grasped a shadow.” There was no mystery in this disappointment. The explanation had been given eighteen centuries before to a poor Samaritan woman at the well of Jacob, in those words of Jesus which declare that man needs something more than earthly honours, and that religious affections and hopes reduce the value of such things, and render them insipid. “Whosoever drinketh of *this* water shall thirst again.”

From this time, we can trace in his letters and journals a sacred thirst after holiness which swallows up every lower ambition. The absorbing nature of his mathematical studies grieved him, because for several hours in each day they shut him out from God and heavenly work. He was even jealous over other religious books, if they seemed to withdraw his interest from the Bible; and where this effect was experienced, he confined his reading to it alone, until the proper balance of his affections was restored. His self-examination was rigidly severe, and the bitter things which he often writes against himself would lead a superficial man of the world utterly to misjudge his character, as men of the highest Christian excellence have often indeed been so misjudged. It is forgotten that as Christians increase in holiness, their conscience becomes more tender,—the mirror into which they look more true and bright, just as the lake of purest water gives back the most

perfect reflection to the objects around it. It was a Church that was lukewarm and condemned of Christ which had no condemnation to write against itself; but, when the frown of Heaven had fallen on it, kept dreaming still that it was "rich, and increased with goods, and stood in need of nothing." There is indeed a diseased and perverted self-scrutiny, in which men seek for the main sources of their happiness and peace in themselves, which has its cause in a latent and subtle self-righteousness; but the self-scrutiny which watches the risings of corrupt propensities, in order to crucify them and pray against them, cannot long be neglected by a Christian without serious loss and damage; and this was the healthy form of Martyn's judgments on his own heart. "No one will lament on the judgment-day," says Foster, "that he has been a most rigorous judge of self." Indeed, the chief value, both of his letters and journals, consists in the frequent glimpses which they give us of his inner life, in his daily efforts to disentangle himself from remaining depravity, and his earnest and sustained aspirations after the sanctities of heaven. "Certainly," he writes, "every grace must be in exercise, if we would enjoy the communion of the perfect God. 'I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect.' Every wheel of the chariot must be in motion to gain the race."

It will not surprise any one, that with these

religious affections assimilating to themselves every inferior desire, Martyn turned away his thoughts from the profession of the law, to which he had been originally devoted, to that of the Christian ministry, and that soon after he offered his services to the Church Missionary Society as a missionary to the East. The proximate causes of this second and nobler purpose, were to be found in the frequent information received from Mr. Simeon of the labours and successes of the venerable Dr. Carey, and quite as much in the incidental gift to him by his pastor of the "Life of David Brainerd." The reading of this book marked an era in Henry Martyn's life. It not only left an influence upon his mind, but it set his soul on fire, and moulded him after Brainerd's own image. The influence of living minds, such as that of Vinet upon the Protestant pastors of France and Switzerland, or of Chalmers upon so many of the ministers of Scotland, is not so remarkable or rare; but Brainerd's Life appears to have acted on Martyn with more than the power of a living presence. The solitary missionary to the American Indians, writing his journal in his log-hut ages before, far down in those dense forests, found a heart with marvellous affinities here, and seemed to infuse his very self into this ardent Cambridge student. Years afterwards we find him writing thus in his journal:—"Read Brainerd. I feel my heart knit to this dear man, and really rejoice to think of

meeting him in heaven." And how like do Martyn's words, even at this period, become to those of his master and model, — "Had some disheartening thoughts at night at the prospect of being stripped of every earthly comfort; but who is it that maketh my comforts to be a source of enjoyment? Cannot the same make cold and hunger, and nakedness and peril, to be a train of ministering angels conducting me to glory?" In this true martyr spirit he went forward to the solemn rite of ordination at Ely, October 22, 1803.

One occurrence was associated with the event of his ordination, which we shall relate, as bringing into view one of his characteristic moral features, and helping to fill up the portrait which we are endeavouring gradually to trace. Observing one of his fellow-candidates for ordination displaying a carelessness and irreverence most unsuitable to his position, he expostulated with him in terms of most solemn fidelity, resolved that at all hazards he should "not suffer sin upon a brother." The naturally retiring diffidence of Martyn needs to be kept in view, in order to our appreciating the conscientiousness and the courage of the act. Even at an earlier period he had discharged a similar duty of rare difficulty to a gownsman, whom he found reading aloud a play, with the professed design of comforting two daughters who were waiting on the death-agonies of a father; and in that instance he "saved a soul from death,"

—the deeply-impressed subject of his reproof following him to India, and becoming his fellow-labourer there. To act thus when circumstances called for it, was one of the stern laws by which he bound himself; but he united with this the other rule of never reproving except when consciously under the constraint of love. He knew that the mixture of human passion in this work would mar even the effect of truth. This excellent oil only retains its healing power when it is kept pure.

Soon after his ordination, he commenced the exercise of his pastoral functions in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, as curate to Mr. Simeon, undertaking, likewise, the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the university. There was wisdom in his thus trying his strength and gathering experience in the calm lagoon of a village pastorate, before he sailed forth into the more stormy and adventurous work of an Indian mission. Even Lolworth, however, with its many days of sunshine, was not unchequered by those shadows which the faithful pastor must expect to find everywhere on earth. Not unfrequently he seemed to himself "as a stone speaking to stones." And some who are occupying engrossing spheres will understand him when he laments that "want of private devotional reading and shortness of prayer, through incessant sermon-making, had produced much strangeness between God and his soul;" and

will almost be comforted by knowing that the same afflictions as their own were accomplished in one of the most devoted of men. These, however, were but his occasional experiences; and there were times when the "odorous lamp" of his soul was filled with devotion and joy, even to the brim. Mr. Sargent, referring to the profound remark of Adam that "we may judge by our regard for the Sabbath whether eternity will be forced upon us," notices, in the fine words of Gilpin, that "the Sabbath was to him a kind of transfiguration-day, in which his garments shone with peculiar lustre;" and even the young pastor himself, amid all his sincere self-depreciation, was able to record that the general bent of his soul was changed.

As, along with his friends at Cambridge, Martyn kept his eye fixed on the missionary goal in the east, it became evident to all, that the situation of chaplain to the East India Company would place him in the most eligible position for the prosecution of the work to which he had dedicated his life. Not all at once, however, was this door of entrance to India laid open to him, and the hours of depression became more frequent as hope was deferred. "But whenever I can say, Thy will be done, teach me to do thy will, O God, for thou art my God; it is like throwing ballast out of an air-balloon,—my soul ascends immediately, and light and happiness shine around me."

At length, when it became certain that this much-desired object would soon be placed within his reach, we find him paying a farewell visit to the cherished scenes of his youth, and to his friends in Cornwall. And there was one dearer to him even than his sisters, from whom he was now to sever himself for ever. The fact is only vaguely referred to in the memoirs by Mr. Sargent; but it has come out in a more distinct form in Mr. Simeon's life, and in Martyn's letters more recently published by the Bishop of Oxford, that there was one who for years had been the subject of his deep and pure affection, and from whom it would be the severest wrench of all to tear himself away. And could he not be useful in this same Cornwall? And would not the poorest curacy within its bounds be sufficient, if this loved one were there? Why not, even yet, pursue the course of an honourable ambition at home,—enjoy the sweets of literary and refined society, for which he seemed formed,—grasp those rewards which hung shining within his reach,—and retain the intercourse of his sisters, and of her who was dearer to him even than a sister. There are rough natures which can make light of more than one of these considerations, but to one formed with a temperament full of affection and sensibility like his, this was impossible; and, after all, as an old humourist has said, "It is better to be a sensitive plant than a sponge." In Martyn's mind, during his many pensive and solitary



walks by the shores of Lamorran, far out of the reach of every sound but the rippling of the water and the whistling of the curlew, they awakened a temporary soul-conflict; but the battle did not last long, and the victory was on the side of India and of Christ.

Returning to Cambridge with bleeding heart, but with confirmed and undying resolution, he had scarcely time to loose himself from his temporary pastorate, when one misty morning beheld him passing through the gates of the university on his way to London, and hid from him its venerated spires and towers for ever. In London, where his heart-wounds were repeatedly opened by unwise and ungenial friends, he was soothed by the benedictions of the patriarchal John Newton,—who still lingered on the earth,—and by the encouraging words and vigorous conversation of Richard Cecil, an interview with whom was often found by young ministers to leave lasting and healthful recollections in their minds. And when we remember that those wedges of pure gold, “Cecil’s Remains,” were gathered from his table-talk, we cannot wonder that Martyn, often afterwards in India, recalled to mind his hours with Cecil. July came, and found him on his way to Portsmouth, where many friends had already gathered “to accompany him to the ship,” among whom was his ardent friend and pastor, Mr. Simeon, who brought with him a silver compass, as a present from his

church in Cambridge, to be his guide hereafter in trackless Indian deserts. He was followed to the ship with the singing of hymns; and on July 17, 1805, he sailed from Portsmouth in the *Union*, East Indiaman, in company with a large fleet under the command of Captain Byng.

“It was a very painful moment to me,” he soon after wrote to Mr. Simeon, “when I awoke in the morning after you left us, and found the fleet actually sailing down the Channel. Though it was what I had been anxiously looking forward to so long, yet the consideration of being parted for ever from my friends almost overcame me. My feelings were those of a man who should suddenly be told that every friend he had in the world was dead. It was only by prayer for them that I could be comforted; and this was indeed a refreshment to my soul, because by meeting them at the throne of grace, I seemed again to be in their society.”

Adverse winds bore the fleet out of its intended course, and causing it to cast anchor in the port of Falmouth, unexpectedly carried him once more into the midst of his friends, when he supposed himself to have been finally separated from them. It was a strangely mixed satisfaction; and the enjoyment was equally qualified when, after leaving Falmouth, the ship for many days kept portions of the coast of Cornwall before him, every headland, wood, and village of which clustered with tender recollections of

the sportive scenes of boyhood, or the more devout contemplations of later years. The interest was too painful; and probably, if he had been left to his choice, he would have preferred had a cloud drawn its thick veil between him and those familiar objects, or a sudden storm carried him for ever out of their sight.

At length away from land, the ardent man of God hastened to do the work of an evangelist among the crew and passengers of the ship; and he was not long in finding that he did not need to be in India in order to meet with obstructions and discouragements in his work. The natural mind everywhere contains all the seeds from which the rankest growth of heathenism springs. We give his own description of what became his almost daily experience:—"Some attend fixedly, others are looking another way; some women are employed about their children, attending for a little while, and then heedless; some rising up and going away, others taking their place; and numbers, especially of those who have been upon watch, strewed all along upon the deck fast asleep; one or two from the upper decks looking down and listening. . . . The passengers are inattentive; the officers, many of them, sit drinking, so that I can overhear their voices,—and the captain is with them. . . . But this prepares me for preaching among the heedless Gentiles."

At one part of the voyage the resistance increased

to such a height as to leave him deserted, except by a faithful few; and we are not sure whether a measure of indiscretion in dwelling too exclusively upon the more terrible themes of revelation, may not have unnecessarily inflamed the opposition. At least it fairly admits of question whether, on being remonstrated with for this persistent course of instruction, it was the wisest thing for him to choose as his text on the very next occasion, the words, "The wicked shall go into hell, and all the nations that forget God." It seems to have been overlooked by him, that the gospel itself faithfully preached, carries in its own bosom material for producing conviction of sin. The experience of his favourite, Jonathan Edwards, who so often turned his pulpit into a Mount Sinai, and yet whose most successful sermon in awakening the careless, and "turning the disobedient to the wisdom of the just," was preached on justification by faith, might have suggested to him a more excellent way. But he was afraid of being betrayed into compromise, or ensnared by the fear of man; and under this fear, he allowed himself to be carried to an extreme.

We are endeavouring to trace an inward experience, quite as much as an outward history; and in doing this it is interesting to mark how his mind, after its recent anguish, gradually recovered its tone and elasticity. It fared with his soul as with the sky above him,—he was by degrees passing away

from the region of clouds and gloom into summer climes, though there were intervals of violent tropical storms to the last. His habit of gathering food for devotion from the outer world never left him. "Looking at the sea," he says in one place, "my soul was enabled to rejoice in the great maker of it as my God." And when he experienced moments of temporary depression at the thought of the happiness and ease which he had left behind him, and which his bodily languor and almost entire mental isolation helped to deepen, he looked away from the things which were seen to those which were not seen, and his spirit soon mounted on wings like the eagle. "I was helped to recollect several things in Scripture which encouraged me to hold on. Such as, 'If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him;' the examples, likewise, of Moses, Abraham, and St. Paul; of our blessed Lord himself, and of his saints at the present moment. I repeated the farewell discourse of St. Paul, and endeavoured to think how he would act in my situation. I thought of all God's people looking out after me with expectation, following me with their wishes and prayers. I thought of the holy angels, some of whom, perhaps, were guarding me on my way; and of God and of Christ approving my course and my mission. Who will go for me? Here am I, send me. I thought of the millions of precious souls that now and in future ages might be benefited."

It was not until they had left St. Salvador, and the ship was bending its course towards Africa, that Martyn received the startling intelligence which had hitherto been carefully concealed from every one, that the intention of the army sailing with them was the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. The unwelcome information prompted him to redoubled assiduity for the religious instruction of the soldiers; nor were his efforts during the brief interval wholly fruitless. The Cape was reached, and the army speedily landed; but with what feelings of horror did he listen to the long fires of musketry, which he knew were carrying multitudes into the immortal world! On the first moment of liberty, he was on shore, and moving on the battle-field with words of comfort to the dying; or in the improvised hospital, where he found two hundred faint and gory with wounds. From the midst of a clump of trees, whither, after his work was over, he had retired to pray, he looked to the Blue Mountains at a distance to the eastward, which formed the boundary of the prospect, and suggested thoughts which were a cheering counterpoise to what was immediately before him; "For there," says he, "I conceived my beloved and honoured fellow-servants, companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ (the missionaries at Gnadensthal and Bethelsdorf), to be passing their days of pilgrimage, far from the world, imparting the truths of the precious gospel to benighted souls."

Another record of his soul-history at the Cape, is too characteristically devout and beautiful to be omitted:—"Rose at five, and began to ascend Table Mountain at six. . . . I went on chiefly alone. I thought of the Christian life,—what uphill work it is; and yet there are streams flowing down from the top, just as there was water coming down by the Kloof by which we ascended. Towards the top it was very steep; but the hope of being soon at the summit encouraged me to ascend very lightly. As the kloof opened, a beautiful flame-coloured flower appeared in a little green hollow, waving in the breeze. It seemed to be an emblem of the beauty and peacefulness of heaven, as it shall open upon the weary soul when its journey is finished, and the struggles of the death-bed are over. We walked up and down the whole length, which might be between two and three miles; and one might be said to look round the world from this promontory. I felt a solemn awe at the grand prospect, from which there was neither noise nor small objects to draw off my attention. I reflected, especially when looking at the immense expanse of sea on the east which was to carry me to India, on the certainty that the name of Christ should at some period resound from shore to shore. I felt commanded to wait in silence, and see how God would bring his promises to pass."

But no event at the Cape so refreshed him at the

moment, or left a more lasting fragrance behind it in his memory, as his meeting with the venerable Vanderkemp, of whom he heard, to his no small delight, that he was then in Cape Town. "But it was long before I could find him. At length I did. He was standing outside the house, looking up silently at the stars. A great number of black people were sitting around. Mr. Read, the colleague of Vanderkemp, gave me a variety of curious information respecting the mission. He told me of his marvellous success amongst the heathen; how he heard them amongst the bushes pouring out their hearts to God. At all this my soul did magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiced in God my Saviour." . . . . Walking home, he asked of Vanderkemp the question which we have already recorded in our brief notices of that patriarchal labourer, whether he had ever repented of his undertaking. 'No,' said the old man, smiling; 'and I would not exchange my work for a kingdom.'" It was a seasonable and cheering interview between the veteran missionary and the evangelist of untried energy, but of zeal which many floods could not drown. It made Cape Town to Martyn, what Appii Forum had been to Paul; and as its Blue Mountains faded behind him, "he thanked God and took courage."

The remaining part of his voyage was comparatively uneventful. Now tossed by the stormy seas that roar around the Cape, and now becalmed in the



Indian Ocean, with alternations of languor and elasticity, and with no diminution of hindrances to his spiritual labours, he first caught sight of India on the 21st of April; and on the following day his ship anchored in the Madras roads. By the middle of the next month, not without intervening perils and deliverances, he was at Calcutta, and had already recorded his first impressions of India. "The veil of the covering cast over all nations seems thicker here; the fiends of darkness seem to sit in sullen repose in this land. . . . What surprises me is the change of views I have here from what I had in England. There, my heart expanded with hope and joy at the speedy conversion of the heathen; but here, the sight of the apparent impossibility requires a strong faith to support the spirits." Yes, these demons shall only be cast out before mighty prayer, and faith that can remove mountains. But cheer up, thou man of God. The beautiful feet of a St. Thomas, a St. Bartholomew, a Ziegenbalg, a Swartz, a Claudius Buchanan, have already trodden these coral sands not in vain; and, working in their spirit, there are bright crowns waiting for thee also!

The house of the Rev. David Brown, at Aldeen, near Calcutta, became his temporary home; but through the judicious arrangement of the same clergyman, a pagoda was prepared for him, where he might pursue in solitude his uninterrupted studies; the good missionary finding something prophetic in the circum-

stance that "the place where once devils were worshipped, was now become a Christian oratory."

Even from this residence he witnessed enough to add new fuel to the flame of his missionary zeal,—on one occasion beholding the fires of widow-burning, which he arrived on the spot too late to quench; and not unfrequently hearing the sound of drums and cymbals, by which abject multitudes were summoned to the foul rites of devil-worship. Neither the solicitations of those who, impressed with his high accomplishments, sought to secure his permanent ministry for Calcutta, nor the fascination of the Christian society in which he mingled there, could detain him from the darkly heathen scene of Dinapore, to which he obtained his appointment on September 13, and for which he set sail in a "budgerow," or travelling boat, soon afterwards. More than a month was consumed in the tedious and often stormy voyage, in which, however, the labours of translation and of lingual studies were industriously pursued; and on November 26, he looked out from his budgerow upon the sable multitudes that lined the water-side at Dinapore, and among whom he was to move, for years to come, as the almost solitary and unsupported representative of Christ.

His more immediate and strictly official work as one of the chaplains of the East India Company, consisted in discharging the duties of a Church of England clergyman to the European residents and

soldiers; and alike in the barracks, in the hospital, and at head-quarters, as well as in "his own private house," he was indefatigable in seeking their good. Though even this part of his ministry was not altogether unfruitful and unblessed, it appears on the whole to have been the occasion of bitterest disappointment; the opposition which met him in the proud ignorance and the flippant unbelief of the European, wounding him more than that which grew out of the more besotted but less guilty ignorance of the idolater. There were some, however, who at length reached the station, in whose congenial and refined society he found most welcome refreshment after toil; and to one of these, the accomplished Mrs. Sherwood, we are indebted for the most distinct and graphic picture that has ever been given of Henry Martyn. Having just come to anchor at Dinapore, her husband, Captain Sherwood, had immediately set out on foot, with a letter to the missionary.

"Mr. Martyn's quarters were in the smaller square, as far as could be distant from our old quarters; but precisely the same sort of church-like abode, with little furniture, the rooms wide and high, with many vast door-ways, having their green jalousied doors and long verandahs, encompassing two sides of the quarters. Mr. M. received Mr. S., not as a stranger, but as a brother—the child of the same father. As the sun was already low, he must needs walk back with him to see me. I perfectly remember the

figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man, when he entered our budgerow. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular; but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape or form,—the out-beaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness; and in these particulars this journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God. I was much pleased at the first sight of Mr. Martyn. I had heard much of him from Mr. Parson; but I had no anticipation of his hereafter becoming so distinguished as he certainly did. And if I anticipated it little, he, I am sure, anticipated it less; for he was one of the humblest of men.”

The portrait will be more completely filled up by a glimpse which Mrs. Sherwood gives us of Mr. Martyn's family-life, as seen by her on a subsequent visit to him:—

“After breakfast, Mr. Martyn had family-prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing, he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed extempore. The evening was finished with another hymn, Scripture-reading, and prayers. The conversion of the natives, and the building up of the kingdom of God, were the great objects for which that child of God seemed to exist then ; and, in fact, for which he died. . . . Mr. Martyn’s conversation was always upon subjects of general and never-ceasing interest. Neither the gossip, nor even the politics, much less the gains and losses of this present time, seemed to enter into his thoughts, in consequence of which his conversation had a perpetual influence in elevating the minds of his hearers, and filling them with ideas to dwell upon when alone.”

But while performing all the duties of a pastor to the European residents, from the first moment, he did not cease to regard himself as a missionary ; and there were three great objects on which he immediately concentrated his energies and his prayers,—the establishment of native schools, the attaining of such readiness in speaking Hindoostanee as should enable him to preach with fluency and ease in that language, and the preparing of translations of the Scriptures, and of religious books and tracts for circulation among the millions by whom he was surrounded. In

the first of these objects he succeeded almost up to his hopes, five schools, supported solely at his own expense, rising and flourishing in the midst of European jealousy and occasional Hindoo panic, so that, ere he was removed from Dinapore, he could hear the native children reading, in their own tongue, the words of Jesus in his divine "sermon on the mount."

But the last was the object to which he devoted the greatest amount of labour, and in which, in a few brief but happy years, he accomplished grand and undying results. To translate the "Book of Common Prayer" into the vernacular tongue of India, in such a manner as that it should lose none of its beautiful simplicity and devout solemnity in an oriental dress, was the work of a few weeks. A translation of our Lord's parables, with comments in the same language, soon followed; and then, with his well-practised gift, he devoted himself to his great work for which countless generations will yet call him blessed—the translation of the New Testament into Hindoostanee. This sublime enterprise became his meat and his drink. Feeling as if nations were waiting with a kind of sacred impatience until it was done, he wearied, amid the wakeful hours of midnight, for the return of the morning that he might resume his work. And, though vexed by the scoffing unbelief of the Mohammedan moonshee and the Hindoo pundit who assisted him in his

labours, he seems to have found in the many months spent in these sweetly absorbing duties, the happiest period of his life. "I am happier here in this remote land," he wrote in his journal, "where I hear so seldom of what happens in the world, than in England where there are so many calls to look at the things which are seen. How sweet the retirement in which I live here! The precious word now my only study by means of translations. Though in a manner buried from the world, neither seeing nor seen by Europeans, here the time flows on with great rapidity; it seems as if life would be gone before anything is done, or even before anything is begun." We may imagine the grateful and holy triumph with which the last sheet of his translation was finished after so many days and weeks of consuming toil, greater than that by which, at Cambridge, he had won the highest honours of the University; a triumph not unlike to that with which the venerable Bede, on his dying couch at Jarrow, received from his monkish amanuensis the announcement that the last sentence of his translation of John's evangel was written, and then, uttering an ascription of glory to the Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit, expired.

It would be too much to say that, amid these engrossing labours, the spirit of Henry Martyn never wandered still at times among the reeds of the Cam, or even on the secluded shores of those Cornish lakes where he had nursed his young love and indulged

his first dreams of married happiness. But his affection, which had grown during his years of absence, would have continued to withhold itself from utterance, had not the advice of friends, representing the dreariness of his position and the many evils of solitude, induced him to address a new overture of marriage to the lady of his choice. We are tempted to imagine how the current of his remaining life might have been altered and its troubles alleviated, had the overture been favourably received, but it was declined for reasons which he came at length entirely to approve. There was evidently a severe pang, however, produced at the moment by the disappointment, though it is interesting to notice how religion within him gained the victory over natural feelings, by means of that holy chemistry with which the Christian turns all the evils of life to good. "Since this last desire of my heart is also withheld, may I turn away for ever from the world, and henceforth live forgetful of all but God. With thee, O my God, is no disappointment. I shall never have to regret that I have loved thee too well. . . . At first I was more grieved at the loss of my gourd than of the perishing Ninevehs all around me ; but now my earthly woes and earthly attachments seem to be absorbing in the vast concern of communicating the gospel to these nations."

Other circumstances at this period exposed to a severe test Mr. Martyn's conscientiousness and self-



control. One of these was the application in considerable numbers for Christian baptism, of Hindoos who gave no decided evidence of Christian character. The temptation to a missionary when he is thus solicited, to be too easy and indiscriminating in his reception to Christian fellowship, is as great as are the hazards to his mission which he thereby incurs. The desire to satisfy the frequently unreasoning impatience of the Churches at home, and, running before Providence, to look upon the fruits of their own success, has sometimes strained beyond its strength the fidelity even of sincerely good men. While the inconsistent lives of nominal disciples presenting no marked contrast to the low morality of the surrounding heathenism, and still more the repeated outbreaks of flagrant apostasy, have damped the spirit and crippled the energies of the too facile evangelist, and strewed wrecks around spots where, with more patience, a solid and beautiful structure of "living stones" would eventually have been seen rising to the glory of God. Henry Martyn stated the true principle on this subject as gathered from primitive instruction and example, and, with stern principle, rejecting the hay and straw and stubble when offered as material for the spiritual building, carried it out in his own practice. He explained to those crowding applicants who came to him, pleased with the idea that they were to embrace the religion of their English masters, that "it was no object of his

to make them Feringees in the sense in which they understood it, and assured them that if all the Brahmins and Rajahs of the country would come to him for baptism, he would not baptize them, except he believed that they repented and would renounce the world." In the same spirit he writes to Mr. Corrie, a missionary of similar intelligence and elevated principle, "I seem almost resolved not to administer the ordinance, till convinced in my own mind of the true repentance of the person. The eventual benefit will be great, if we both steadily adhere to this purpose ; they will see that our Christians and those of the Papists are different, and will be led to investigate what it is, in our opinion, that is wanted."

Another fiery ordeal to which our missionary's Christian temper was subjected, was found in the kind of companionship which his labours as a translator occasionally forced upon him. Even before he had finished his great toils in the production of the Hindoostanee New Testament, he had been induced, by his missionary brethren in Calcutta, to superintend a similar translation into the Persic tongue, in which he should be assisted by the scholarship of Sabat the Arabian. This man, whose name afterwards only became too notorious in India, professed to be a convert from Mohammedanism to the Christian faith ; and it would perhaps be too much to affirm that, in the vulgar sense of the word, he was hypo-

critical in this profession. He appears rather to have been one of those who, yielding an intellectual assent to the evidences of Christianity, never receive the truths of that religion into their hearts, and retain all their old nature under Christian forms. He was the vulture with the feathers of the dove. With an avowed renunciation of his old Moslem beliefs, he brought with him into Mr. Martyn's house all the pride and fury of an untamed Arab, frequently interrupting his work by bursts of passion which desolated everything around it like a tempest, or by fits of sullen jealousy; and ending at last in shameless apostasy when the unclean spirit returned to the empty house 'swept and garnished, bringing with him seven other spirits worse than himself.' It must have been a keen trial, even for this meek missionary, to be bound to this fury during so many of his waking hours, and there are many indications in his correspondence how much it helped to embitter an otherwise delightful toil. But his testimony in the retrospect of this and kindred troubles, may perchance teach others in similar circumstances how to persevere and conquer. "The power of gentleness," says he, "is irresistible. I find that seriousness in the declaration of the truths of the gospel, is likely to have more power than the clearest arguments conveyed in a trifling spirit."

We are not sure whether a course of study into which Mr. Martyn was drawn at this period of his

life, and which may at first sight appear to some as having been a useless waste of energy, may not indirectly have contributed to qualify him as a translator, as well as proved the occasion of other solid benefits. We refer to his speculations on the Hebrew grammar, and especially on the mystical meanings supposed by him to be contained in the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Believing that language was originally the gift of Heaven, and having persuaded himself, moreover, that Hebrew was the primeval tongue, he concluded that there was strong presumption in favour of the opinion that this primeval tongue, the more immediate formation of God, would disclose, when examined, philological principles of great value, and that its very letters would be found not to be mere arbitrary sounds, but the vehicles of a hitherto undiscovered knowledge. He is not the first learned man who has expected to discover great truths in the bosom of a *Tau* or in the bend of a *Lamed*, and almost to detect a little revelation in an alphabet; nor will he probably be the last. The thought influenced him for years with the power of a fascination, it haunted him in his dreams, and again and again, as appears from his letters to his friends, he seemed to himself on the verge of some great discovery. It was like the old alchemist's search for the philosopher's stone, or the modern geographer's effort to find out the north-west passage, which, though fruitless in its direct aim, has thrown

up much useful knowledge by the way. And, moreover, as his mind was in constant danger of working at its common task with undue intensity, these deviations from the main work of his life into different yet allied studies, may have been intended to operate like the balances in the telescope of the astronomer, and to make his daily routine of labour less consuming.

While he was quietly prosecuting the toils of the translator and the missionary, a mandate reached him in April 1809, requiring his removal from Dinapore to the station at Cawnpore. Before it came, symptoms had begun to show themselves of the first fatal touch of that insidious consumption which, since the brief period of his arrival in India, had carried the two beloved sisters whom he had left behind him in England to their graves. His journey of many weeks, at an unfavourable season of the year, over apparently boundless and glowing sands in which the suffocating heat resembled "that at the mouth of an oven," did much to fan the fever which had already begun to burn in his veins. When at length the invalid missionary arrived at Cawnpore, he was welcomed to the house of Mrs. Sherwood whose husband had meanwhile been removed to this station; but as he entered he swooned away, and sank into a malady from which he only recovered after the tender and watchful care of many anxious weeks. Mrs. Sherwood's recollections of his season of slow recovery, when though there was not yet strength for labour

there was enough for social enjoyment and for that pensive play of the imagination which not unfrequently marks the season of convalescence, are too characteristic and interesting to be omitted. "When Mr. Martyn lost the worst symptoms of his illness, he used to sing a great deal. He had an uncommonly fine voice and fine ear; he could sing many fine chants and a vast variety of psalms and hymns. He would insist upon it that I should sing with him, and he taught me many tunes, all of which were afterwards brought into requisition; and when fatigued himself, he made me sit by his couch and practise these hymns. He would listen to my singing, which was altogether very unscientific, for hours together, and he was constantly requiring me to go on, even when I was tired. The tunes he taught me no doubt reminded him of England, and of scenes and friends no longer seen. The more simple the style of singing, the more probably it answered his purpose."

His labours here, though with diminishing physical resources and with fewer facilities, were very similar to those at Dinapore. Just on the Sabbath before his leaving that station, he had opened a beautiful temple there for English worship, which his own urgency had procured to be built; but Cawnpore was still without a shelter or a sanctuary. In a deep hollow square and from the drum-head, the English service was regularly read by him before the

soldiers, under an insupportable heat which on every occasion caused some of the regiment to sink exhausted and unconscious to the ground. But one element of novelty was soon introduced into his missionary work here, which greatly interested him ; and the whole series of facts connected with it shows that those who are sincerely seeking for opportunities of doing good, will not be long in finding "great doors and effectual" opening before them. Multitudes of mendicants had begun to crowd before his house clamouring for alms. Kindness only made their importunity the more exacting and bold; until at length he bethought himself of appointing stated times during each week in which they should visit him for alms, and of uniformly associating Christian instruction with the distribution of his charities. By this simple arrangement, the gratified man of God found himself, more than once in every week, addressing at least five, and sometimes even seven hundred of the very abjects and outcasts of our race. It was a service singularly congenial to his benignant and Christ-like spirit, thus to "go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." We shall first listen to a specimen of his admirably conceived discourses addressed to this motley congregation, as recorded by Mr. Martyn himself, and then look upon the scene as it has been vividly sketched by the pen of that accomplished lady, who "laboured much with him" at Cawnpore "in the gospel."

“ I told them (after requesting their attention) that I gave with pleasure the alms I could afford, but wished to give them something better, namely, eternal riches, or the knowledge of God, which was to be had from God’s word ; and then producing a Hindoostanee translation of Genesis, read the first verse and explained it word by word. In the beginning, when there was nothing, no heaven, no earth, but only God, he created without help for his own pleasure. But who is God ? One so great, so good, so wise, so mighty, that none can know him as he ought to know : but yet we must know that he knows us. When we rise up, or sit down, or go out, he is always with us. He created heaven and earth ; therefore everything in heaven, sun, moon, and stars. Therefore, how should the sun be God or moon be God ? Everything on earth, therefore Ganges also—therefore how should Ganges be God ? Neither are they like God. If a shoemaker make a pair of shoes, are the shoes like him ? If a man make an image, the image is not like man his maker. Infer, secondly, if God made the heaven and earth for you, will he not also feed you ? Know also, that he that made heaven and earth, can destroy them—and will do it ; therefore fear God who is so great, and love God who is so good.”

Such was the substance of his first discourse, and his biographer informs us that at the end of each clause, there were applause and explanatory remarks



from the wiser part of his strange audience. It is evident, however, from Mrs. Sherwood's graphic picture, that the reception was sometimes very different, when the fearless preacher drove home to their consciences the barbed arrow of conviction of sin. "We often went," she says, "on the Sunday evenings to hear the addresses of Mr. Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions, we had to make our way through a dense crowd with a temperature often rising above 92°, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this crowd; so many monstrous and diseased limbs and hideous faces were displayed before us and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, while Mr. Sherwood led me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavouring by showing the purity of the divine law to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and this was the case of every man the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was willing and able to redeem them. From time to time, low murmurs and hisses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hissings

and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again might he be heard going on where he had left off in the same calm steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption."

Gratifying intelligence had by this time reached him of the approval by competent judges at Calcutta of his Hindoostanee New Testament, and of the certainty of its becoming the current version among the millions who spoke that language. But the Persic version which was the combined fruit of Sabat's toils and his own superintendence, had not received the same unanimous and unqualified sanction of oriental scholars. It was pronounced to be a version deformed by many Arabic idioms, in which Sabat's literary ambition had sought to gratify itself at the expense of simplicity and plainness, so as to be more adapted for the learned than for the common people. Already Mr. Martyn had proceeded far in attempting to remodel and purify it according to his own better judgment, as well as in producing the first cast of an Arabic version; Mrs. Sherwood's house being the frequently chosen scene of these quiet studies, and her one little child his only companion. Often while surrounded by his lexicons and other books which might assist him in mastering the idioms of these two difficult tongues, would the little one steal into his retreat, and with innocent trust seating herself upon one of the folios which he was using, gaze silently with a kind of loving veneration into the pale countenance

of the scholar. The student owned the spell of such child-like trust, and rather than allow the feelings of the child to be wounded by displacing her from the needed volume, turned with a smile for the time to other labours.

He had advanced far in his revision of the Persic version, when the progress of his malady began to reveal itself in forms so alarming as to make it evident that his only chance of prolonged life depended on his leaving Cawnpore. What was he to do? Should the effect of a voyage to England be tried? But this would involve the suspension of his momentous labours, never perhaps to be resumed. Might not the same desired end be at least as probably gained by a visit to Persia and Arabia, where he could compare his versions with the spoken languages of the hour, and even submit them to the criticism of native scholars. This latter consideration determined his mind in favour of a journey to those lands of the east. "Where," wrote one of his missionary brethren from Calcutta, "where should the phoenix build her odoriferous nest, but in the land prophetically called "the blessed?" and where shall we ever expect but from that country, the true comforter to come to the nations of the East." He descended the Ganges in October to Calcutta, where his missionary brethren, startled by the change which a few years had made on his appearance, gave a reluctant consent to his leaving their shores, their fears sending sad

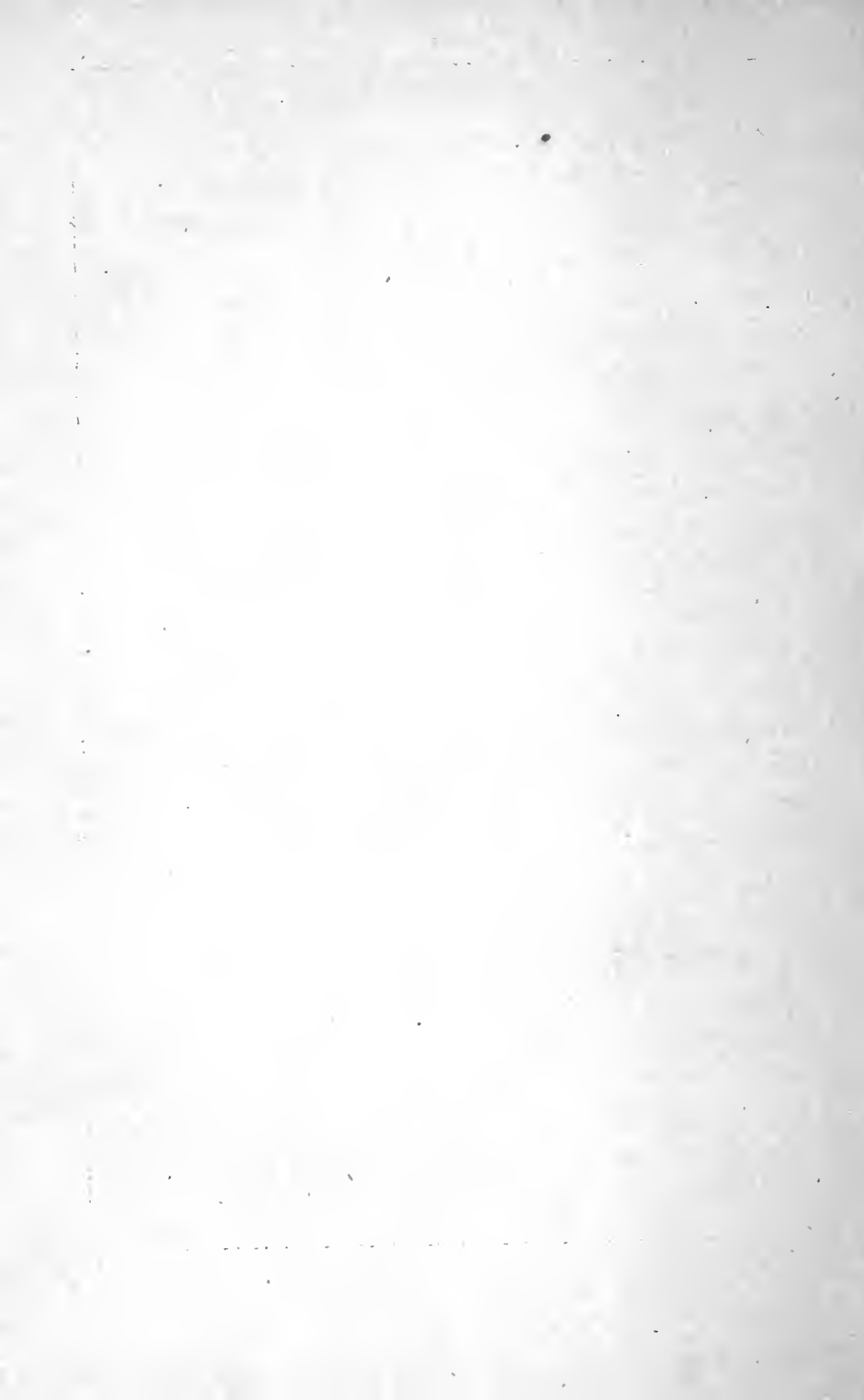
though unwilling prophecies before, regarding him ; and on the 7th of January 1811, he was on his way to the land where he was soon to find in early death an early immortality.

Five months were consumed in his passage and subsequent journey from the mouth of the Hoogley to Shiraz the celebrated seat of Persian literature which he had selected for his sacred toils. The part of his travels which was conducted on land exposed his already enfeebled frame to the most violent extremes of temperature, in which, by day he was consumed by a heat that sometimes reached 120° in the shade, and in a few hours afterwards frozen by a cold which made his limbs collapse and his teeth chatter as in an ague-fit. There were seasons of such insupportable heat, indeed, that he could only steal from the night a few hours of troubled rest, or pursue his journey by having a wet towel folded around his neck and head ; though at rare intervals, far up in the mountains or in sandy deserts, the suffering missionary found shelter in a caravansera, " which the king of the country had erected for the relief of pilgrims."

Arrived at length at Shiraz, he found the opinion which had been pronounced by the learned men of Calcutta upon the Persic translation of the New Testament confirmed by native scholars, and in a week after his arrival, he was already engaged on an entirely new version. He now appreciated more



HENRY MARTYN TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT INTO PERSIC.



justly than ever the importance and the difficulty of translating the word of God into a language, which, unlike many that have been made the vehicle of heaven's truth in our own days, was not in part to be shaped and moulded in the very process of translation, but which having for many ages been the language of literature and poetry, presented high standards by which his work would be tested, so that his version must at the same time avoid offending the severely critical taste and the delicate ear of the refined, and be conformed in its style to the requirements of the common people. Shiraz had therefore been wisely chosen as the scene of his labours, because giving him an opportunity at once of listening to the living language of colloquial and everyday life, and of coming into contact with the most select of Persia's learned men ; while his coadjutor, Mirza Said Ali Khan, though a latitudinarian and mystic in his religious sentiments, was scholarly in his attainments, and in natural temper and even in docility, the very contrast of the wild and untameable Sabat.

It is pleasant to picture him at this period, as he has described himself in his own journal, prosecuting his great work in the midst of outward circumstances very much like those in which affection would have sought to place him. Seated in a garden in the suburbs of the city, by the margin of a clear stream, under the shade of an orange tree, and with clusters of grapes hanging near him from the branches of

noble vines, the close of each day could tell of some fresh chapters of the inspired book clothed in their Persian dress; until at length, on February 24, 1812, the last sheet of the Persian New Testament was completed, and "the way to Mount Zion for the kings of the east" was prepared. The very difficulties of his task causing him to pause over verses, revealed to him, in countless instances, unexpected beauties and more profound meanings; like the bee he descended into the honied calyx of many a text, and came up laden with blessed wealth which would have remained ungathered by the superficial and cursory reader. By the middle of the month of March in the same year, a version of the Psalms in Persian was also finished by him, "a sweet employment which caused six weary moons that waxed and waned since its commencement, to pass unnoticed."

But all the time of Mr. Martyn's residence in Shiraz, was not occupied with the work of a biblical translator. Desirous not only of providing the means of future blessing for Persia, but of accomplishing present good, the door of his tent stood open for the entrance of all who might come to converse with him; and his learning and argumentative power were not long in awakening the involuntary respect of the numerous disciples of Soofeeism, in whom the pantheists of England and Germany might have found all their favourite dogmas anticipated and quite as plausibly defended as by themselves. While stirring



into temporary agitation the dead waters of hereditary delusion among the Mohammedans, it provoked the alarm and even the rage of its ecclesiastics who "could not tell whereunto all this would grow." All Shiraz was moved because of him. Once by the chief professor of Mohammedan law, and again by the preceptor of all the Moollahs, he was challenged to a public disputation; and surrounded by multitudes of Moollahs who made no effort to conceal their hostility, stood for hours, like another Stephen, the solitary and unsupported, but fearless and meek confessor of Christ. These discussions provoking inquiry and shaking yet more the hereditary faiths, drew out a defence of Mohammedanism from the president of the Moollahs; and this was answered by Mr. Martyn in a treatise, which at once sifting the claims of the Koran and vindicating those of the Bible, did good service at the time, as Mr. Morier has since testified in his travels, and made his opponents only too glad to proclaim a truce; while it is likely to prove an armoury of prepared and polished weapons, when Christianity throughout the east shall have come into more extensive collision with the Moslem errors and worship.

From the first, it had been Mr. Martyn's purpose, when his Persian translation of the New Testament was finished, to present it in person to the king, in the hope that his approval, if it should be obtained, would contribute much to its subsequent circulation in Persia. But being informed that access to the

royal presence, guarded as it was by all the precautions and elaborate ceremonies of the days of Mordecai and Esther, was only likely to be obtained through the medium of the English ambassador, Sir Gore Ouseley, he set off from Shiraz to seek this favour from the ambassador, who was then resident at Tebriz.

Not without a good hope that some whom he left behind him in Shiraz had come under predominant and permanent Christian influence, did he proceed on this lengthened journey of three wearisome weeks. Mirza Said Ali had been brought to speak with habitual reverence and affection of the divine Saviour. "There is something so awfully pure about him," he would often remark. And as Mr. Martyn heard Aga Baba during several days relate to a circle of educated Persians, with apparent interest and very circumstantially, the particulars of the death of Christ, he owned that "the bed of roses on which he sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around, were not so sweet to him as this discourse from the Persian."

At one part of his journey, understanding that the king was at no great distance, he turned aside to the royal camp, with the hope that some of the higher officials might be induced to adopt his suit and introduce him, with his precious gift, before the throne. But the issue of this experiment on the flexibility of Persian ceremony, was a day of distressing rebuke

and blasphemy. In the presence of the vizier, or prime minister, he disputed with a whole sanhedrim of Moollahs, in vindication of the divinity of Christ; the vizier himself at last joining with the Moollahs against him, and demanding that he should deny the Lord that bought him. "You had better say God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God," vehemently demanded the great man from the elevated dais on which he sat. "I said God is God," but added, instead of Mahomet is the prophet of God, "and Jesus is the Son of God." On which they all exclaimed with contempt and anger, "He is neither born nor begets," and rose up as if they would have torn him to pieces. One of their number, yielding to that unextinguished fanatical Moslem spirit which has since shaken English supremacy in India, called to him with menacing gestures, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?" The same evening he was informed by a cold message from the vizier, that the king could not see an Englishman unless he were either accompanied by an ambassador or accredited by a letter from him, and on the following morning at an early hour, he resumed his journey to Tebriz.

But when at length he reached the gates of that city, into which he could scarcely crawl with exhaustion, it was only to be stretched upon a bed of burning fever, from which he did not rise for many weeks. The incessant care of the English ambassador

and his lady contributed much to his recovery; but ere he had regained strength sufficient for his introduction into the royal presence, the king and his court were far distant in another part of his dominions. It was then that the resolution of visiting England, which had been abandoned at Cawnpore, was resumed; and with this view he set out for Constantinople, proposing to travel over a distance of 1300 miles. The record of the sufferings of that journey, undertaken without a due estimate of his strength and resources as compared with its extreme difficulties and perils, rouses in turn our sympathies with the meek sufferer himself, and our indignation at the inhuman wretches who formed his escort. Alternately shivering with ague and burning with fever, sometimes almost frantic with agony, he was forced to pursue his journey on horseback at a rate of progress which would have tried the strength even of a strong man; in some instances he was even raised from the pallet on which he was struggling with fever, to face the fury of a tempest; and it seems almost impossible to avoid the impression that there was a purpose on the part of some of his guides to hurry him on to delirium and death.

Even in this last journey of prolonged and accumulating endurance, there were days in which, relieved from sickness, he could move freely through the works of God, and at the same moment have his classical tastes and his religious susceptibilities gratified; as

on that day of high and hallowed emotion when he crossed the Araxes, and pitched his tent near one of its crumbling arches, and hoary Ararat, the second cradle of our race, clustering with its sublime memories of 4000 years, suddenly disclosed itself to his view. "On the peak of that hill," he wrote on the same day in his journal, "the whole Church was contained: it has now spread far and wide to the ends of the earth, but the ancient vicinity of it knows it no more. I fancied many a spot where Noah perhaps offered his sacrifices; and the promise of God that 'seed-time and harvest should not cease' appeared to me more anxiously fulfilled in the agreeable plain where it was spoken, than elsewhere, as I had not seen such fertility in any part of the Shah's dominions. Here the blessed saint landed in a new world: so may I, safe in Christ, outride the storms of life, and land at last on one of the everlasting hills!"

It was not many days ere this closing aspiration was to be accomplished. By the 16th of October 1812, he had advanced as far as the neighbourhood of the town of Tocat, which was at that period scourged by the plague; and it is understood that either this malady removed him by a sudden stroke, or that fever, under which the latest entry in his journal represents him as suffering, formed the fire-chariot by which this great missionary was carried to heaven. It was not thus that our short-sighted

human affection would have wished him to pass away, with no sister's gentle hand to minister to him in his agonies and to smooth his couch, and no tremulous voice of a brother-missionary or humble Christian disciple to breathe into his ear the words of comfort,—perhaps with the merciless Tartar who attended on him, gloating over his sufferings, and impatiently helping death to do his work. But there was One who knew how much the faith of his servant could bear, and we know that whatever may have been the gloom and the ghastliness of the portals, they conducted surely into everlasting life.

Sir Gore Ouseley did not forget his promise to Mr. Martyn to present his Persian translation of the New Testament to the king, who publicly expressed his approbation of the work. Nor did the generous services of our ambassador end here, for carrying the MS. with him to St. Petersburg, he superintended its printing, and put it into circulation. And it is in this quality as a Biblical translator that the Christian Church will especially look back upon Henry Martyn with grateful admiration, as one of the truest benefactors of his race. How far his labours as a chaplain and a missionary were successful in their highest ends, it is difficult even approximately to estimate; but what a work it was for a short life which never reached its thirty-second year, to open, by his translations of the New Testament into Hindoostanee and Persic, the fountain of life to so many

millions of the human race, perhaps for an endless succession of ages. We may imagine the travellers in Samaria, as they drank of Jacob's well, sending back thoughts of gratitude through thousands of years to that patriarch who had first opened it, and whose name it still continued to bear. But how many a dark-hued Indian and native of the land of Elam will yet bless the name of the meek and saintly scholar, who first gave them "to read in their own tongue the wonderful works of God." The gratitude of Christian England to Wycliffe and Tyndale has rather grown after the lapse of three centuries, and it is long since her many colonies have begun to echo back their benedictions on their honoured names.

It has been matter of not altogether unfounded complaint and regret that so few, comparatively, of the chaplains of the East India Company have taken advantage of their peculiar opportunities and facilities for translating the Scriptures into the languages and dialects of India and of the East generally. But it may be affirmed of Henry Martyn, in common with Dr. Claudius Buchanan, that he not only performed his own proportion of the work, but supplied the lack of others. And probably the Church of Christ did not at that period contain, in any of its numerous sections, one who was so amply and variously accomplished for the arduous and holy task of a Biblical translator. His ripe learning, his habits of lingual study borne with him from the university,

his love for the great Book which was the subject of his learned toil, his elevated estimate of the importance of his work, his high delight in the very service itself, like one who was permitted to eat of the choicest of the grapes while he was treading out the vintage, marked him as an instrument pre-eminently fitted for his Master's use. And with what sublime unity and concentration of aim did he discharge his daily round of toil ! His very leisure was in truth more active than most other men's activity. "There !" said Mr. Simeon, looking up with affectionate earnestness at Mr. Martyn's picture, as it hung over his fire-place—"there ! see that blessed man ! What an expression of countenance ! No one looks at me as he does ; he never takes his eyes off me ; and seems always to be saying, Be serious—Be in earnest—Don't trifle—don't trifle." Then smiling at the picture, and gently bowing, he added, "And I won't trifle—I won't trifle."

Perhaps in admiring the singular amiability of Mr. Martyn, and the rich exuberance of his graces, justice has not commonly been done, in our own times, to those rare intellectual gifts which he laid so willingly upon the altar of his Lord. It seems to be the usual fate of loving natures thus to suffer. The 'beloved disciple' himself has very commonly thus been under-estimated ; for his intellect, as reflected in his Gospel, the most spiritual of all the four, indicates a marvellous apprehension of the



divine thoughts of Jesus, and reminds us of some of our grandest lakes, calm indeed and transparent, yet deep, and broad, and star-reflecting.

The very life of Henry Martyn has been a rich legacy to the world. He realized in himself very much that he admired in that saintly Brainerd whom he has long since met in heaven, where we may imagine the two kindred spirits to shine together as twin-stars; while we can trace in his Diary a fertility of thought and a power and freshness of imagination, which form a contrast to the occasional monotony of Brainerd's recorded experience. In studying his life, his strange unselfishness, his constant self-sacrifice, his aspirations after untainted holiness, we are sometimes induced to question whether he does not belong to another race of Christians than those of our own times, or to ask whether, if his be a true example of the Christian life, ours can be anything more than a name? A multitude of Henry Martyns in the Church would be like another page added to the Christian evidences, and would soon bring the millennium near.

When the end of such a life is looked at even in the fruits which it sheds on this side of eternity, how immeasurably far does it exceed in its rewards those which win the preference of multitudes who are possessed by a mere common-place university ambition. What are the learned honours of the editor of some tragedy of Æschylus or comedy of

Aristophanes, when placed side by side with those of him who has left behind the legacy of an open Bible to the people of two nations. They have desired a corruptible crown, but he an incorruptible. Youth is often more correct in its instinctive moral decisions than when its best feelings have become deadened by intercourse with the world; but we do not think that Lord Macaulay, in his ripest years and highest renown, would have wished to retract the warm tribute which he penned to the memory of this great missionary, when the tidings of his early death, reaching Oxford and Cambridge where his scholarly fame was still fresh, threw many a young ingenuous student into tears :—

“ Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom,  
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb!  
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,  
Points to the glorious trophies which he won.  
Immortal trophies! Not with slaughter red,  
Nor stained with tears by helpless orphans shed;  
But trophies of the Cross! In that dear name,  
Through every scene of danger, toil, and shame,  
Onward he journeyed to that happy shore,  
Where danger, toil, and shame are known no more.”





## ADONIRAM JUDSON.

1788-1850.

**I**T needs no great effort now to pass in thought to Burmah, with its whitened and golden-peaked pagodas, its splendid ceremonial, its numerous priesthood, and its creed hoary with the rime of antiquity, and imposing as the faith of hundreds of millions of the race,—the semi-atheistic, semi-idolatrous Buddhism; and to imagine one entering on his missionary labours there, about the year 1813. He had received his youthful training in the manse of his father, a minister in Massachusetts, of the old Puritan stock, with something of its sternness and much of its high-toned principle; and his later education at the college of Andover, which had also been the scene of his conversion; and his name is ADONIRAM JUDSON. But the history of that series of incidents which terminated in his conversion, in which the hand of Providence may almost literally be said to have become visible, is altogether too remarkable and full of interest, to be omitted even in so brief a sketch as this. We shall follow very closely, in our narrative of these incidents, the reminis-

cences that have been supplied by his friends in the memoir by Dr. Wayland.

It was now 1804 ; and young Judson, advancing to early manhood, had not escaped the contagion of that infidelity which, receiving its form and impulse from France, was sweeping over America like a flood, and bearing away in its destructive current many of the youth at the universities, who imagined that doubting was an evidence of superior intellect, and of independence of spirit. In the class above him was a young man of the name of E——, amiable, talented, witty, with agreeable person, and fascinating manners ; but a confirmed deist. Admiration for his talents and accomplishments led, in due time, to sympathy with his scepticism, and the son of the stern old Puritan avowed himself as decided an unbeliever as his friend.

He was too manly not to reveal his infidel sentiments to his father, who treated the information with the severity of one who had never doubted ; his mother listened with tears, expostulations, and prayers, to whose influence the young unbeliever found it more difficult to be indifferent. He set off on a tour through the Northern States with vague purposes of literary ambition, unquiet in spirit, and miserable.

Late one evening he stopped at a country inn, and asked for accommodation. The landlord mentioned with regret, as he lighted him to his room, that he had been obliged to place him next door to a young

man who was exceedingly ill, and, to all appearance, dying. Judson replied by assuring him that, beyond pity for the sick man, he should have no feeling whatever; and that now, having heard of the circumstance, his uneasiness would not be increased by the nearness of the object. Nevertheless, there were sounds issuing from that neighbouring chamber which would not let him rest. It was not so much the movements of the watchers that disturbed him, as the groanings of the sufferer in the still and solemn midnight, joined with what the landlord had told him, that he was probably in a dying state. And now his home education and early impressions proved too strong for his scepticism. Was the dying man prepared? he asked of himself; and he felt a blush of shame steal over him at the question, for it proved the shallowness of his poor philosophy. What would his late companion say to his weakness? Especially the clear-minded, intellectual, witty E——, what would he say to such consummate boyishness? Still his thoughts would revert to the sick man who lay so near him in that dread ordeal. Was he a Christian, calm and strong in the hope of a glorious immortality? or was he shuddering upon the brink of a dark, unknown future? Perhaps he was a “freethinker,” educated by Christian parents, and prayed over by a Christian mother. The landlord, he remembered, had described him as a *young* man: and in imagination he was forced to place himself on the dying bed,

though he strove with all his might against it. At last, morning came, and the bright flood of light as it poured into his chamber, dispelled, as he tried to think at the moment, all his superstitious illusions. As soon as he had risen, he went in search of the landlord, and inquired about his fellow-lodger. "He is dead!" was the reply. "Dead!" "Yes; he is gone, poor fellow! The doctor said he would probably not survive the night." "Do you know who he was?" "Oh, yes; it was a young man from Providence College, a very fine fellow; his name was E——." Judson was completely stunned. It was his clever and admired infidel associate, who had first whispered infidel doubts into his ear. "Dead!" he thought with himself,—“lost! lost!” That day he discovered that he could not do without Christianity,—he felt its truth; and abandoning his scheme of travelling, turned his horse's head homeward. It was the turning-point also of his heart towards God.

Not long after, in the comparative quiet, and amid the favouring influences of the Theological Seminary at Andover, which he had entered not so much in the capacity of a student for the Christian ministry, as in the character of an inquirer after truth, he consecrated his heart and life to Christ, with a decision proportioned to the strength of conviction with which he had been brought, by a higher than human teaching, to discern the truth and the transcendent claims of the gospel. While he was still the rejoicing subject

of these new convictions and affections, the famous sermon of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, "The Star in the East," which had just been published in England, found its way to America; and falling upon the susceptible mind of Judson wrought with such a power at once upon his judgment and heart, and even upon his imagination, as to deprive him of sleep, and to unfit him for his regular routine of study for many days, and ultimately produced his determination to "take his life in his hand," and go forth to the distant East as a missionary. We must imagine arrangements and negotiations with the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" to have been at length completed, and Judson setting sail from New York for India about the middle of February 1812, accompanied by his young wife, Anne Haseltaine Judson; who, in her fine intellect, sustained energy, and moral heroism, was not to prove second even to himself.

It is generally known that, on his voyage, he underwent a change of opinion on the proper mode and subjects of Christian baptism—a change which, involving as it necessarily did a dissolution of his connection with the Society that had sent him forth, and shedding uncertainty over his future, nothing but a stern sense of duty could have induced him to avow. But the avowal was manfully made; and whatever unpleasant feelings may have been occasioned at the first when the intelligence reached America, it happily ended in the formation of the "American

Baptist Missionary Union" which undertook his support, and in thereby greatly increasing the agents and extending the sphere of the missionary enterprise.

The first intention of Judson and his associates was to find some sphere of labour in the possessions of the East India Company; but driven forth from their coasts by a jealousy not dissimilar to that which had driven Christ from the shores of the Gadarenes, they were, some time in April 1813, cast by a "stormy wind which fulfilled God's pleasure," upon the shores of Burmah, there to found a mission, and to perform a work which will bear great and blessed fruit for ever.

To this Burmah, which, for more than a thousand miles, forms the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, consisting mainly of rich alluvial plains, terminating in two lofty ranges of mountains, between which the Irrawaddy flows with its vast flood of waters to the Indian Ocean, a mission had been sent from that little Pharos of the east, the Baptist Station at Serampore, six years before Judson landed. But it had not succeeded. One missionary had died soon after their arrival; and Felix Carey commanded, in an evil hour, to the court of the Burmese king at Ava, had consented to receive a patent of nobility and to proceed on a mission of state to Bengal, which had drawn from his great-minded and disappointed father, the words, which were intended at the same moment to wound and to heal: "Oh, my son, have



they shrivelled thee from a missionary into an ambassador!" Dr. Judson might, therefore, be said, to have entered on untrodden ground, and to have been the apostle of Burmah.

In many respects, he was singularly qualified for his arduous enterprise. Intellectually, he rose far above the common stature, so that it is difficult to conceive a department in which he would not have become great; while he possessed a strength of will and an indomitable perseverance which kept him from wasting his gifts in dreamy speculations and magnificent plans, and which made him cope with any difficulties when once he had formed his purpose and clearly marked out for himself the line of duty; and, to make our portrait complete, we should add, that even from his boyhood he was marked by a love of superiority which made him seek for eminence in whatever he attempted. It is easy to see that some of these qualities might have been of doubtful tendency, had they not come under a religious control; but regulated as they were by a Divine influence, they contributed to render him one of the greatest of modern missionaries.

As in part a consequence of the power of his logical faculty, and of the firm hold which he took of any of his convictions, he seems never, from the first hour in which he became a sincere Christian disciple, to have had any doubts about his personal salvation. And when at Rangoon and other places, there were

no visible fruits from his labours, and the Board of Missions at home began to be doubting and disheartened, this man of strong-winged faith, in the very midst of all the discouraging scenes, was the only one whose courage and confidence never failed. He never doubted of the conversion of Burmah, whether or not he should be permitted to gather the first-fruits; and his answer to desponding letters from America, roused the home churches as with the voice of a trumpet. "Permit us to labour on in obscurity," he would say, "and at the end of twenty years you may hear from us again." It was in the spirit of his reply to the question of the venerable Mr. Loring: "Do you think the prospects bright for the speedy conversion of the heathen?" "As bright," was his prompt reply, full of deep meaning as well as of fine sentiment, "as bright as the promises of God!" "Too firmly founded art thou, old pile," he once said, addressing the idolatrous tower at Prome, "to be overthrown at present; but the children of those who now plaster thee with gold, will yet pull thee down, nor leave one stone upon another." The whole of Dr. Judson's missionary life, in fact, as narrated in the masterly biography of Dr. Wayland, is one of the most valuable studies in our modern literature, and acts alike on the intellectual and the moral parts of one's nature, with something of the influence of pure mountain air, or of refreshing sea-breezes upon the body.

First, there were many years of monotonous and wearisome labour, during which twelve hours of each day were spent in efforts to acquire a mastery of the Burmese tongue, one of the most difficult, surely, of those produced by the confusion of Babel. "We find the letters and words all totally destitute of the least resemblance to any language we have ever met with; and these words not fairly divided and distinguished, as in western writing, by breaks and points and capitals; but running together in one continuous line; a sentence or paragraph seeming to the eye but one long word; and instead of clear characters on paper, we find only obscure scratches on dried palm-leaves, strung together and called a book." During all these years of preliminary toil, there were no signs of conversion, few indications even of interest among the natives; rash and unbelieving impatience began to be expressed from home at the delay of fruits, and infused peculiar bitterness into the cup of the two ardent labourers; and in addition to their missionary anxieties, the one little child who had been given to them, and on whom their hearts had met and centred in the absence of all love and sympathy from without, was taken from them by death. Isolated, friendless, with no visible sign as yet of blessing from Heaven upon their labours, one cannot imagine them laying their little one in the midst of the little clump of mango-trees, and then returning to their desolate dwelling, without rejoicing in that faith in God which kept

them, in such circumstances, from sinking into inaction and despair.

At length, Dr. Judson succeeded in preparing and printing a Christian tract in Burmese, which he circulated extensively in Rangoon and its neighbourhood, and individuals began to present themselves at the mission-house for conversation and instruction. "There was first the blade." Dr. Judson now bethought himself of following the example of the native Buddhist teachers, and erecting a *zayat*, or wayside-house, formed of bamboo, thatched with straw, and open in front, in which he might sit and receive all who came to him. This was done in the line of a thoroughfare leading to one of the most frequented pagodas. Many a time he would sit for a whole day without a visitant, but at other times men would stealthily come to him; and at length he enjoyed the high delight of baptizing his first convert,—a Burman of superior intellect, and of great powers in casuistry. But inquirers, knowing that they came at the peril of their lives, entered the *zayat* with fear, and departed with trembling; and many of those who were impressed by the "pale teacher," continued "disciples, but secretly." His attempts to secure the forbearance of the jealous monarch by a visit to Ava, convinced him that he was only likely to be tolerated while he was unsuccessful, and made him think of leaving Rangoon for some place on the Burmese borders, where he might have reasonable hope of British

protection. But when he announced this to his little band of disciples, they expressed their readiness to brave death rather than be guilty of apostasy, and fixed his resolution in the meanwhile to remain ; more especially as, whatever obstacles might impede him in his active missionary labours, he was likely to be unmolested in his great work of translating the Scriptures, on which his energies had begun to be mainly concentrated.

In the course of time, a gleam of sunshine seemed to fall from the royal countenance upon the missionaries. A Christian physician having obtained favour at the court, had procured permission for Dr. Judson to take up his residence at Ava ; and new labourers having arrived from America, who could be left to continue the work at Rangoon, he ascended the Irrawaddy, full of hope, to the capital of Burmah. The sunshine was brief and deceptive. War broke out between the English government and Burmah ; disaster upon disaster followed the Burmese arms ; exasperation and jealousy turned to the foreign residents in Ava ; and Dr. Judson, suspected of being a spy, was arrested, bound with cruel thongs which cut through his flesh and caused the most poignant anguish, and carried off to prison.

There is no part of Dr. Judson's biography which reads with such thrilling interest as that which describes the incidents of his imprisonment in the horrid prison at Ava. It is, in truth, one of the

noblest chapters in the uninspired histories of "the faith and patience of the saints."

It is not so much the calm endurance of the great missionary manacled with three heavy chains, confined in a den into which it would have been cruel to thrust a wild beast, daily suffering from hunger, thirst, and the most loathsome filth, and with the sentence of death suspended for months over his head; but, still more, the heroic energy, the ingenuity whetted by strong love, the eloquence of Mrs. Judson, pleading with women when she could no longer prevail with men, and at length, after an imprisonment of eighteen months, receiving back her husband as a prize. Her self-command in her intercourse with the bloated executioner; her rearing of a little bamboo-house within the outer wall of the prison, and living with her husband in it for a few hours every day when he was recovering from fever; her reclining for hours upon a mat near the door of his cell, with the little infant, born during his imprisonment, resting on her bosom, and watching for some evidence that he still lived; her burying of his translation of the Scriptures deep in the earth under the floor of their house, as the treasure which least of all she would be willing to lose; the respect and interest which she inspired amid the savagism of Ava and Oung-pen-la, and the brutalities of their death-prisons; her womanly chastity "guarding her like a divinity," present her before the imagination, at length, as more a ministering angel than a woman.

We read much, in these times, of earnestness even in some who make small pretence to religion ; and there is no little of mere talk and vapour in many who write thus, as their own luxurious modes of living prove. Still we do not wonder at this fashion of our literature, when we think how much in our day “profession often mocks performance.” But here is earnestness inspired by the truth of Christ, and by the Spirit of God from heaven. A man who could have distinguished himself in the senate of his country, or won fame and ease in the chairs of its universities, braving outrage, shame, and cruelty, drinking a cup in which every bitter thing is mingled but a bad conscience, and all this from simple love to the souls, and imperishable desire for the immortal interests of men !

At length, terms were dictated by Sir Archibald Campbell to the Burmese, and the grateful captives were delivered into his hands. The marks of the prison and the manacles remained on Judson’s body to his death ; the recollection of his joy on finding himself free, and restored to her who had loved him with a love which many waters could not quench, often found utterance in future days. One evening, many years afterwards, when several persons at his house were half-playfully disputing what was the highest type of enjoyment from outward circumstances, Judson interposed by remarking, “I know of a much higher pleasure than that. What do you

think of floating down the Irrawaddy on a cool, moonlight evening, with your wife by your side, and your baby in your arms, free,—all free! But *you* cannot understand it either; it needs a twenty-one month's qualification; and I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery when I recall that one delicious thrill. *I think I have had a better appreciation of what heaven may be, ever since.*"

The frequent prayer of Dr. Judson was, that he might live to see a hundred converts in Burmah, and that he might give to that people the word of God in their own tongue. He lived to see much more than this; for in his own church at Rangoon alone, there were more than a hundred Burman converts; while in his Burman Bible and Dictionary, he laid the foundations of Christian civilization for a great empire. Indeed it is questionable whether the herculean toil of Dr. Judson in producing his Burmese Bible, or the greatness of the boon which he has thereby conferred upon no insignificant section of our race, is commonly appreciated. Unlike our own Tyndale in England, or Luther in Germany, he needed to master the complicated and surpassingly difficult language into which he translated the sacred text, as well as those from which he sought to convey the inspired thoughts. And it is affirmed by competent judges, that he has produced a Bible which will continue the standard in Burmah, even as Luther's has for three centuries been in Germany. So com-



pletely did he identify himself with the interests of the people to whom he had given himself, that he came at length to think in their language, and to express himself in it with an eloquence greater than he had been accustomed to exhibit in his own vigorous and muscular Anglo-Saxon, and which excelled and confounded their native orators.

But there were other triumphs reserved for him among a people of whom he had not even heard until he had resided for many years in Burmah, and whose history lays open to us one of the brightest chapters in the records of modern missions. Far up near to the sources of the streams, in inaccessible parts of the mountains, or away in dense forests, there were to be found in great multitudes a race of nomadic habits and with Caucasian countenances, distinct from the Burmese, and with some few just notions respecting the true God, and traditionary fragments of the Hebrew Scriptures. These were the Karens, little companies of whom, clad in strange, unshapely garments, occasionally wandered past Dr. Judson's house at Rangoon, and afterwards at Amherst, and attracted his interest and inquiries. One of these had been converted and baptized by Mr. Boardman, at Tavoy, and had become a most successful evangelist among the Karen tribes. In no part of his labours did Dr. Judson gather more abundant cause of joy, than in his visits to these children of the wilderness. Ascending almost impassable mountains, wading knee-

deep for miles up the beds of mountain streams, drawing little companies around him in some way-side zayat, or preaching to wondering multitudes from his boat on some river-side, he felt as if the time to favour this people were come.

He describes himself as, on one occasion, moving slowly up a river, when he was met by another boat full of men coming down the stream. On hailing to know whether they wished to hear the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, an elderly man, the chief of the party, replied that he had already heard much of the gospel, and that there was nothing he desired more than to have a meeting with the teacher. "Our boats were soon side by side, when, after a short engagement, the old man struck his colours and begged us to take him into port, where he could make a proper surrender of himself to Christ. We accordingly went to the shore, and spent several hours very delightfully under the shade of the overhanging trees and the banner of the love of Jesus. The old man's experience was so clear, and his desire for baptism so strong, that though circumstances prevented our gaining so much testimony of his good conduct since believing as we usually require, we felt that it would be wrong to refuse his request. The old man went on his way rejoicing aloud, and declaring his resolution to make known the eternal God and the dying love of Jesus all along the banks of the Yoonza-bu, his native stream." So deep was the interest

awakened among those simple people in the course of years, that persons have been known to travel for forty miles over rugged mountains and through deserts the haunt of the tiger, and even Karen women to wade through streams in whose mud the alligator lurked, in order to hear a sermon or obtain a Christian book. "Yes," he exclaims, writing on one occasion from the midst of the Karen jungles, "the great Invisible is in the midst of these Karen wilds. That mighty Being, who heaped up these craggy rocks, and reared these stupendous mountains, and poured out these streams in all directions, and scattered immortal beings throughout these deserts,—He is present by the influence of his Holy Spirit, and accompanies the sound of the gospel with converting, sanctifying power. The best of all is, God is with us!"

It would be wrong to speak of Dr. Judson as if he had been the only reaper in the great Karen harvest; Boardman, Wade, and others must share the honour, and especially the simple-hearted native teacher Ko-Thah-byoo; but ere he died, he was able to number the Karen converts by thousands. And since his death the tide has continued to flow with undiminished force. In 1855, there were five thousand Karen disciples in the one province of Bassien. And in the previous year, in the province of Pegu, twenty-five hundred Karens were added to the fellowship of its churches.

That death came at length in no unwelcome form ; for he had often wished to die at sea. In a voyage in which he sought recovery from fever, he drooped and died, and found an ocean grave. One of our living poets has, in two of his most remarkable lines, invested with a dismal sentiment a burial in the sea,—

“ His heavy-shotted hammock shroud,  
Drops in his *vast and wandering grave.*”

But the new-made widow sought to sympathize with her husband's wish, struggled to reconcile herself to the very form of her bereavement, and, in the strength of her Christian trust, even to find reasons for preferring his unquiet sepulchre to the sacred calm of the churchyard or the chancel. “ He could not,” she writes, “ have a more fitting monument than the blue waves which visit every coast ; for his warm sympathies went forth to the ends of the earth, and included the whole family of man.”—When the sea gives up its dead, no more faithful servant will arise from it than Adoniram Judson.\*

\* In the course of our short narrative, we have had occasion to speak of only one Mrs. Judson, the companion of her husband's early struggles, the heroic watcher at the death-prison of Ava, who did not long survive the excessive strain of that long agony. A second Mrs. Judson became, after an interval of several years, the companion of his more calm and prosperous period ; and after a not very long union, died on a voyage, and was buried at St. Helena. A third, the Fanny Forrester of American elegant literature, survived her husband, and has done much to prolong and extend his usefulness, by contributing some of the most vivid pictures and valuable materials in his memoir. Perhaps, in the whole compass of female biography, there is not to be found a group so remarkable, at once in their distinct individuality of character and in their common Christian excellence, as the three Mrs. Judsons.



## CONCLUSION.



WE have thus endeavoured to present, in a succession of rapid sketches, some of the most distinguished labourers in the mission-field of the last and the present century, and as many yet remain unnoticed, of whom it would have been equally just to speak as "great missionaries." But time would fail us to tell of Morrison, who mastered the most difficult and most widely-spoken language in the world, and gave to China, to read in her own tongue, the wonderful works of God, and of Milne, who trod beside him with not unequal steps; of the philosophic and large-souled Philip, the liberator of the Hottentot; of Coke, who did for Christian Methodism in heathen lands what Wesley did for it in England; of the gentle Heber, who preferred the sighs of Indian converts to the plaudits of a University, and who, by his missionary hymns, has made the universal Church his debtor; of the devoted Rhenius; of the genial, frank, and fearless Knill; of Johnstone, whose memory is fragrant in the Christian villages of Sierra Leone; of Hunt, the apostle of the Feejee Islands; of Dwight, among the Syrian hills, once more link-

ing Christian associations with Scripture names, and living long enough to fill up the circuit of Christian churches which he had planned thirty years before, and which has left no region in modern Armenia without its lamp of life ; and of that growing and brightening constellation of Indian missionaries, in which Marshman, Ward, and the veteran Lacroix make the early history of Indian missions so luminous.

These men realized in their labours and in their successes the highest conception, the divine idea of greatness. They were great on the principle on which it was declared of John the Baptist that he was "great,—*in the sight of the Lord.*" For whatever connects a man with the progress of the kingdom of God, and makes him instrumental in promoting it, sheds around him a glory which the highest genius could not have won for him : and whether or not that which he has done, like the penitent woman's anointing of her Saviour's feet with the precious spikenard, be "spoken of throughout the world," the fame of it shall circulate among holier beings, and its echoes shall be heard in the immortal land.

Important ends are served, however, by the reputation which such labourers sometimes acquire in this world, and by the good which they have done living after them in the records of earth and in the memories of men ; for other hearts catch a kindred flame from their torch, and, as in the case of

Martyn aroused by the example of Brainerd, ages after that sainted evangelist had been received up into heaven, they appear in their spirit and power. It has been finely said that "the trophied Pyrgos of Miltiades on the plain of Marathon would not suffer the young Themistocles to sleep," and surely if such lofty models were contemplated and copied as they ought, the Church would never want missionaries.

The thought of that heavenly honour and renown, of which we have spoken, is especially interesting when viewed in connection with those many missionaries who may have laboured with a faith, self-denial, and patience equal to those whose names are on the lips of the universal Church, but who, from various causes, have never attracted human notice beyond the little circlet of light which they created around themselves in some dark corner of heathendom. Other eyes have been resting on them all the while. There are untrodden paths of earth, uninhabited isles, where the birds sing as melodiously, and nature presents as exquisite forms of beauty, and sends up as fragrant incense to the skies as if man were near. Millions of spiritual creatures enjoy those beauties, and God himself beholds them and pronounces them to be good. And so it is in the moral world. Acts of self-sacrifice, years of hoping against hope, of loving in the face of hatred, and labouring in the face of scowling suspicion or obdurate

resistance, are noticed from heaven, written in the indelible records of Him who is at once the Unseen and the All-seeing; and those who so live in obscurity such lives of moral heroism, have an undying fame awaiting them beyond the stars, for they are "great in the sight of the Lord."

But why is it that the missionary zeal of the Church at home is so far beneath the standard of such labourers in heathen fields? If *they* have not been too zealous, then we are too cold.

The right condition of the Church, to which it must probably come ere it shall be rewarded in all regions with millennial triumphs, will be when its members generally have risen to the level of the earnestness which we have described in these modern evangelists. Were the spirit of these twelve missionaries only to be fitly reflected and responded to in our ministers and Churches, would there then be any difficulty in finding suitable men to go out, or ample funds to sustain the labourers who should be sent forth into the great world-harvest, even though their numbers should be multiplied a hundred fold? Nay, were the Church in all its sections to give the same absorbing and concentrated energy to the bringing back of the world to its rightful Lord, as the children of this world so often give to their commercial enterprises, would there still be such vast tracts of our earth inhabited by millions, in which "the beautiful feet of those who bear glad tidings" are



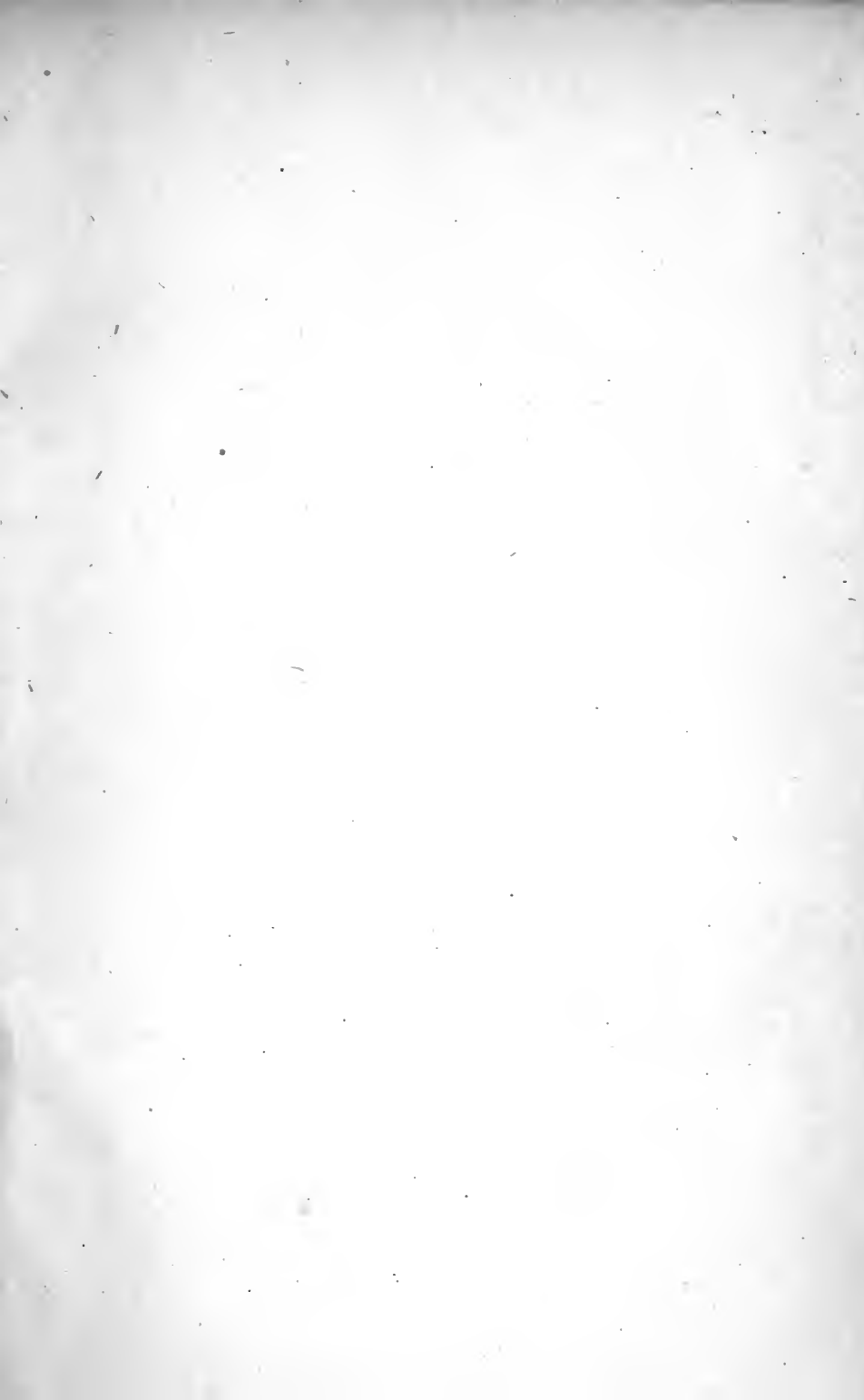
'never seen? and would it be possible, with any semblance of truth, to represent the present state of missionary progress as that of early spring, in which we have just seen the first violet and heard the first note of birds, so that, if it is no longer bleak and barren winter, beauteous summer and golden autumn seem yet afar off?

"In Christian hearts, O for a pagan zeal!  
A needful but opprobrious prayer. As much  
Our ardour less as greater is our light."

Even now there is needed a mighty change in the thoughts and feelings of the Church in reference to the great wants of man and the supreme remedy which God has provided for him. It must be seen that man's misery arises from no superficial causes, but from his ignorance of God and his alienation from him, and that in order to the recovery of his happiness, he must be restored to the true knowledge of God, to his friendship, and to his moral likeness. It must be seen that the gospel is God's own instrument for accomplishing this transformation in the hearts and the condition of men. It must be seen that while it is the only instrument that is competent for this work, it is able to do it for human nature in all its dark varieties of error and under all its varied systems of evil, whether polished Brahminism, or atheistic Buddhism, or besotted Fetishism, or intolerant Mohammedanism, or cold infidelity sitting with closed eyelids in her ice-house of doubts,

and doing violence to the noblest instincts which cling to the human heart even in its fall. It must be seen that the universal triumph of this divine agency is not only made probable by the adaptation of means or by a calculation of tendencies, but made certain by the promise of Him who sits the enthroned king of the universe. We must be brought to live in a spirit congenial with that sublime prophetic picture, which assures us that, when this day of universally diffused Christianity comes, and Christ reigns the accepted king of all human hearts, the effect upon man's condition and happiness will be such that universal nature will sympathize with the universal joy, there will be a grand chorus of all God's creatures, the mountains and the valleys will break forth into singing, the trees of the forest will clap their hands, and our redeemed and regenerated race will be looked upon by higher intelligences as a nobler memorial and monument of divinity, a grander manifestation of God than all the wonders of the earth and the stars, for "*it shall be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign which shall not be cut off.*" "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen!"





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