# Modern Apostles

OF

# Missionary Byways



BY

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# PREFACE

In the text-books published during the past five years for the use of the Volunteer Movement's study classes, there has been little place for the consideration of fields territorially small, or of those larger ones occupied by a very few missionary societies, as Persia for example. To give classes an opportunity to become acquainted with some of these lands, and also to come in contact with those strong lives that have impressed themselves upon their chosen peoples, the present book has been prepared.

From the polar ice of Greenland and South America's farthest limit, from the earlier history of our new Hawaiian possessions, as well as from the nomads roaming the Mongolian plateau, stories of heroism and Christian zeal are brought, that should inspire the young men and women of our day, no less than the record of the "Mother of a Thousand Daughters" in Ceylon, or that of Scotland's athlete and scholar who early laid down his life for Ishmael's descendants.

Aside from the attractiveness of these fields and distinguished workers, the little volume comes from the hands of writers who excel in clear and forceful statement, and it is hoped that their words may greatly quicken interest in these apostles of modern times, and in the lands to which they gave their lives.

# Contents

# Hans Egede

## Greenland's Viking Pioneer

### 1686–1758

BY REV. AUGUSTUS C. THOMPSON, D. D.*

I. **Egede and His Enterprise.**—1. *Inception of the Idea.*—Early in the last century the germ of a new settlement and of a new Christian movement came into being. That germ was a thought in the mind of Hans Egede. The persistence of benevolent purpose displayed by him in finding his way to Greenland and remaining there in the face of appalling discouragements entitles his history to some measure of detail. He was a Norwegian, born 1686, and having studied for the sacred office at Copenhagen was ordained pastor of a church in Vaagen, on the western coast of Norway, 1707, the year after Ziegenbalg and Plütschau reached Tranquebar. He had read old chronicles relating to his countrymen in Greenland, and after a twelvemonth of pastoral labor the thought occurred to him that something should be done to ascertain their condition and to reclaim them if, as he feared, they might have relapsed into heathenism.

2. *Norway's Favoring Position.*—Before the close of the seventeenth century three kings had successively entertained the purpose of sending out ships to reopen communication with the lost colony; success was reserved for this lonely Protestant pastor. The geographical position of Norway favored the turn which his thoughts were taking. Its northern extremity reaches within the polar circle, and its lofty moun-

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tain peaks confront the Arctic Sea. You have only to strip that rugged country of its tall pines and push it up farther toward the pole to obtain a repetition of Greenland. Indeed, Egede's parish lay in a latitude somewhat higher than Cape Farewell. Mere curiosity, as he imagines, leads him to make inquiries of Bergen shipmasters who are engaged in the whale fishery. Musing on the condition of supposed forlorn Northmen, descendants of his own Norwegian forefathers, from whom nothing has been heard for a long while, he begins to entertain the idea of doing something for them.

3. At first such an *endeavor seems impracticable.* A home field of labor has been given him; he has a wife and children. Vividly do the sufferings and perils of an undertaking like the one which occurs to him stand out to view, and he endeavors to banish the subject. Egede has not yet come distinctly to the consciousness that God is calling him. The Danish mission to Tranquebar had its origin in a crowned head; the Danish mission to Greenland springs from the Christian heart of an obscure pastor.

4. Brooding over the matter he at length *draws up a memorial,* setting forth Scripture promises concerning the conversion of the heathen, the command of Christ, the example of many pious and learned men, and forwards it to Bishop Krog, of Drontheim, and Bishop Randulf, of Bergen, with a petition asking them to use influence at court in favor of a project for Christianizing the Greenlanders. That was (1710) just one hundred years before Judson and the three Samuels—Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, and Samuel Mills—memorialized the General Association of Massachusetts regarding a mission among the heathen. The next year a favorable answer comes from Bishop Krog, commending Egede's pious intention and giving encouragement of assistance. The bishop's geography is, to be sure, somewhat at fault, for he remarks that Greenland is in the neighborhood of Cuba, where Spanish and other colonists found gold, of which a supply might be obtained.

5. Hitherto Egede has kept the matter chiefly in his own breast, but through this correspondence the project becomes known to his *friends,* who *raise vehement opposition.* His wife, *née* Gertrude Rask, mother, and mother-in-law do their utmost to divert his mind from what appears to them a preposterous enterprise. Yielding for a time to their tears and remonstrances Egede tries to persuade himself that he has labored under a delusion, but the words of our Saviour, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of

me," stir up a new conflict of feeling. He has no rest in spirit day nor night. Local vexations arise at Vaagen which at length reconcile his wife to leaving the place, and this he regards as providentially opening the way. It is suggested that these embarrassments may have been sent on account of their reluctance to give up all for Christ. The wife carries this subject to God in prayer, and becomes convinced that she is called to embark with her husband in the good work.

6 *Second Memorial; Defamation.*—Egede addresses a memorial to the College or Board of Missions, which Frederick IV. had established (1714) at Copenhagen, who urged the Bishops of Bergen and Drontheim to second Egede's request. They, however, counselled delay till more favorable times. Postponements continued, and hence in 1715 he drew up a vindication. It was entitled, "A Scriptural and Rational Solution and Explanation, with regard to the objections and impediments raised against the design of converting the heathenish Greenlanders." An unappreciative world still urged the dangers of the voyage, the severity of the climate, the madness of exchanging a certain for an uncertain livelihood, and of exposing wife and children to such perils, and finally they resorted to *defamation*, charging him with selfish motives. Egede was a popular preacher, and members of other congregations flocked to hear him. A neighboring pastor imputed to him the fault of empty seats, and hence became a detractor.

7. Restive under prolonged delays he resolves to visit headquarters that he may the better prosecute his undertaking. He proposes to resign his office on condition that his successor shall pay an annual pension till he himself is provided for in Greenland or elsewhere, but no one will accept the benefice thus hampered. At length (1718) *he resigns* unconditionally. Hans Egede is the only pastor known to history who spent ten years in unavailing endeavors to gain access to a mission field and at length surrendered his charge, still uncertain whether he would be able to secure coöperation or reach the desired place. Just then comes a rumor that a vessel from Bergen has been wrecked on the coast of Greenland, and that the crew were devoured by cannibals. But this frightful tale does not deter the good man and his wife. She was already being disciplined into a Christian heroine, and with their four children they move to Bergen, still determined to find a way to disparaged Greenland.

8. *Driven to Secular Schemes.*—At Bergen Egede meets with the usual experience of pioneers in Christian benevolence;

he is looked upon as a fanatic for abandoning a comfortable home and starting out upon such knight-errantry of benevolence. It becomes necessary to give up the expectation of awakening sufficient interest to effect his object independently of secular inducements. The Greenland trade from Bergen had been ruined by the competition of other nations, and those to whom he looks for coöperation are not prepared for any venture in that line, especially so long as the war then existing with Sweden lasts. Was it outside the designs of Providence that precisely at that juncture (1718) the erratic career of Charles XII. of Sweden, who had been at war with Denmark, should suddenly come to an end and peace ensue? Egede hastens to Copenhagen. He presents to the College of Missions his memorial, with proposals in which the fact of an existing mission to Tranquebar is pleaded in behalf of one to Greenland. He obtains a favorable answer and also an interview with His Majesty Frederick IV., who listens to his proposal. "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings."

9. Success, however, is not yet assured. A *royal order* (November 17, 1719) transmitted to Bergen requires a magistrate to collect the opinions of commercial men who have been in Davis' Strait regarding traffic with Greenland and the feasibility of planting a colony there. But no one seems favorably disposed, and Egede's scheme again becomes a mockery. He endeavors to make interest privately with individuals, and meets with some success; but the tide turning once more fresh derision is his lot. Under obloquy and disappointment another year wears away. His heart, however, does not fail. The Macedonian cry has been wafted to his ear by polar winds. It is somebody's business—it is Hans Egede's business—to become the apostle of Greenland; otherwise would "all the ends of the earth see the salvation of God?"

10. *Successful Finally.*—At last a few are touched by his zeal, so indefatigable despite repulses and mockeries. A capital of two thousand pounds sterling is subscribed; the king sends a present of forty pounds for the equipment, appoints him pastor of the new colony and missionary to the heathen, with a salary of sixty pounds per annum. A ship called Haabet ("The Hope")—the Mayflower of that enterprise—is purchased, Egede himself subscribing three hundred dollars. Another is fitted out for the whale fishery, and a third to bring back word from the colony. May 12, 1721, one hundred years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Egede, with his

wife and four children, embarks. He leads an expedition numbering about forty souls.

II. **Voyage and Arrival.**—Details of the perilous voyage to Greenland need not be given. One of the three vessels, the whaler, parted company from the others, came near foundering in a squall, and was driven back to the coast of Norway. July 3, 1721, the remainder of the party landed on the western coast, in latitude sixty-four, at Ball's River, the largest stream of Greenland. In the estuary of that river are numerous small islands, and on one of them, named for their ship, Hope Island—called by the natives Kangek—they built a house of stone and earth, which they entered after a sermon on Psalm cxvii.: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord."

III. **The Greenlanders.**—1. Egede's expectations regarding the people of the country, called Skroellings ("chips" or "parings"), were *disappointed*—a mistake no greater than that of Columbus, who sailed, as he supposed, for Cepango (Japan), and who died in the belief that he had discovered the East Indies. Ruins of ancient Norwegian villages and even churches were found by Egede. But the Greenlanders then on the ground were neither Northmen nor descendants of Northmen; they were Eskimos. Finding their social and moral condition extremely low, and their language wholly different from any other with which he had acquaintance, our missionary was met, but not daunted, by obstacles the most disheartening. A man of genuine faith and Christian heroism, his spirit rose to the occasion. He had come to Greenland as a missionary, and here was a people evidently heathen.

2. *The vernacular* must be mastered. Learning at length the significance of one word, *Kina*, "What is this?" he used it with all diligence and so obtained a vocabulary. A member of his party was detailed to live for a time amongst the natives in order to catch their speech. Paul, the eldest son of Egede, made good progress, and rendered service by his pencil in rudely sketching Bible scenes which his father endeavored by words to set before the mind of natives.

3. Acquisition, however, was necessarily slow, and slower yet all *instruction of the Eskimos*. Youths who for a little while were willing to learn at the rate of a fishhook for a letter soon grew weary, saying they could see no use in looking all day at a piece of paper and crying, A, B, C; that the missionary and the factor were worthless people, doing nothing but

scrawl in a book with a feather; that the Greenlanders were brave; they could hunt and kill birds. Indeed, their own name for themselves is *Innuit*, "the men." As with all rude people their conceit was unbounded. Highest commendation of a European they would express by saying, "He is almost as well behaved as we are; he is beginning to be a man."

IV. **Trials as Head of Colony.**—1. Egede, being secular head of the colony as well as its minister and a missionary to the heathen, felt obliged to make explorations in order to find some source of remunerative pecuniary returns. He had to combat *depression among the colonists*, whose privations were great and whose profits next to nothing. For provisions they were compelled to depend upon the mother country. These being inconstant and insufficient they were sometimes on the verge of starvation. True the king granted a lottery for their benefit, but it proved a failure. He levied a tax on the kingdom of Denmark and Norway, called the "Greenland Assessment," yet remittances were irregular and insufficient.

2. *Mrs. Egede's Fortitude.*—Was it strange that under the influence of such a climate and under discouragements such as perhaps no other missionary ever encountered Egede should begin to waver in his purpose of remaining, especially as others had resolved to quit the intolerable region? But Gertrude, his wife—noble woman!—would not listen to the thought. She would render no assistance in packing up, and his courage rallied. During their multiplied perplexities she maintained cheerfulness, under all burdens keeping up her fortitude and faith. "Our Lord called us away," she said, "from our country and our father's house to come hither, and He will never fail us." She was indefatigable in her kindness to the natives, especially in times of sickness. She belongs to a group of early missionaries' companions—Harriet Newell, Ann Haseltine Judson, and others—who have reflected so much honor upon their sex and upon the cause of Christian philanthropy. With a true womanly fortitude she endures the repulsiveness of her surroundings, the intensity of northern frosts, and the intrusion of wild beasts. Once a huge and hungry polar bear breaks into the house, but into his eyes and open mouth she dashes a kettle of boiling gruel, and bruin retreats.

3. *Failure and Withdrawals.*—The merchants of Bergen who had taken stock in this colonizing enterprise became disheartened and the company disbanded (1727). Three years later King Frederick died, and his successor, seeing no likeli-

hood of reimbursement from the Greenland trade for sums already expended, issued an order (1731) that all the colonists should return home. It was made optional with Egede to leave with the rest or to stay with such, if any, who of their own accord would remain. Provisions were allowed for one year, but it was announced expressly that he could expect no further assistance. Now after ten years of such hardship, vexations, and want of success, religious as well as temporal, could any man be expected to tarry, especially in view of such a royal mandate? There was good reason to believe that he would be abandoned by the government and little reason to suppose that private funds would afford relief. Our missionary and his wife resolved to stay. A handful of other colonists stayed with them. His two colleagues went back to Denmark.

4. *Loyalty Triumphs.*—The next year King Christian VI. sent necessary supplies, and the few colonists that remained met with more secular success than in any previous year. Later came word that the Greenland trade was to be opened anew and the mission to be sustained, for which purpose His Majesty had ordered a gift of four hundred pounds sterling. Persistent loyalty to the King of kings triumphed. One party of northern explorers in the preceding century named a high promontory which they discovered "Cape Hold-with-Hope." Egede, whose very name suggests firmness—from *Eeg*, the Danish for "oak"—would seem to have kept that bold headland always in his eye, "Hold-with-Hope."

5. *Health* meanwhile was *much impaired.* Such incessant labor, solicitude, privation, and severity of climate would tell upon any foreign constitution, however robust. For a time even his mind appears to have sympathized in a measure with its racked tenement, and the only wonder is that there was not an entire collapse of both body and mind.

6. With the exception of chest difficulties Greenland is subject to few diseases. No epidemic or contagious malady had been known among the natives until one of six youths who were sent to Copenhagen on returning brought *the small pox*, which was communicated to his countrymen. It raged for a twelvemonth, making fearful havoc. Certain places were depopulated, some of the people in their panic committing suicide. When trading agents afterward went over the country they found every house empty for leagues along the coast, and it was computed that from two to three thousand died of the distemper. Egede at that time, as always, showed himself a true friend to the Eskimos. He shrank from no offensive and

wearisome offices of kindness in their behalf. This epidemic occurred about the time that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was endeavoring to introduce vaccination into London.

7. Egede's magnanimous *wife at length succumbs*, the victim of overwork and philanthropic exposures during the epidemic. She died at the close of 1735. Like the eider fowl of Greenland, which plucks the finest down from her own breast to furnish a warm bed for her young, so was Gertrude Egede a self-sacrificing mother to the natives.

V. **Egede as a Missionary.**—1. The dauntless devotion of Egede to the work he had undertaken did not fail to win a degree of favor to the cause in Norway and Denmark. But what were *the spiritual results* of the mission in those days of incipiency? Alas! that an answer no more cheering can be given. A large harvest from such soil could not be expected. Egede's motives were undoubtedly pure and his aim most praiseworthy, but by necessity his position was embarrassing. As we have seen, apparently the only way for him to reach Greenland and have the prospect of subsistence there was to organize a colony, and the basis of that undertaking on the part of stockholders and colonists was a commercial venture. Its originator had to be its leader. Under the contract, formal or implied, he was morally bound to look after the secular interests of those who had assumed pecuniary responsibilities. It was, then, a formidable embarrassment that Egede should from the first feel obliged to be all the while looking out for places and sources of more profitable trade and should experience constant chagrin at the inadequate financial returns. What in the way of religious achievements can be expected of a missionary whose thoughts are occupied largely with sealskins, whalebone, and blubber?

2. *Wrong Theory of Missions.*—Without adverting again to the almost insurmountable impediments of climate, to impediments in the language and habits of the people, which are likely to be met with in any barbarous region, we must notice that Egede was not fully possessed with the true idea of evangelization. He entertained the mistaken theory that civilization must precede Christianity. With such a theory no one will have large success in "turning men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God." Nor with such a theory should any large success be looked for even in the line of mere civilization.

3. The quickest, *surest method for starting a savage* on the high road of mental improvement and improvement in social

relations is to secure the lodgment in his soul of some worthy energizing thought. And what impulse can be so mighty as the sense of personal responsibility to the holy God, the sense of sin with its penal consequences, and acquaintance with the good news of free grace through the atoning Lamb? There is no need of preparing a way for the gospel; it makes a way for itself and for everything else that is good. Preliminaries not having immediate and direct reference to the salvation of the soul are no more required than are introductory arrangements before repentance and faith can become obligatory and can be suitably pressed upon the conscience. Breaking down superstition does not necessarily introduce vital religion. Of all healthful forces for moving man in the career of ennobling civilization, what can compare with saving faith? The truest philanthropist is the one who determines first of all not to know anything among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and who accounts himself "debtor both to the Greeks and to the barbarians." The very alpha of the missionary's office, in the tropics or at the poles, is to deliver the message of Him who has sent him, "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."

VI. **Return and Later History.**—Egede had only slight success, if any, in saving souls. His heart was right, but his theory defective. The natives mimicked and derided—than which is there anything harder to bear? In his wearisome and unfruitful toil it would have been very singular if he did not sometimes adopt the psalmist's ejaculation, "O Lord, how long?" Would it have been anything strange if, like John Baptist in the castle of Machærus on the dreary eastern shore of the Dead Sea, Egede in his icy prison during the long night of winter should sometimes grow moody? Fifteen years of unremitting and unrequited labor were now passed. He preaches his farewell sermon. His text is (Isaiah xlix. 4), "Then I said, I have labored in vain, I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God."

In shattered health, taking the cherished remains of his wife, he returns to Copenhagen. The King gives him an audience, makes him superintendent (1740) of a training seminary for the mission, and confers on him the title of Bishop of Greenland, as upon his son after him. He wrote a narrative of his enterprise, and died (1758) at the age of seventy-two. His name is perpetuated on the Greenland coast in the name of a settlement, *Egedeminde*, "Egede's Memorial."

VII. **Egede's Life not a Failure.**—"A failure!" ejaculate the unsympathizing. "What good came of it?" they ask superciliously.

1. That all expectations, Christian and secular, were not realized has been fully admitted; but in point of fact this noble Norwegian headed and planted what has proved to be *a permanent colony*, and that too under circumstances more disheartening than have been met by any similar enterprise in the whole range of colonial history. Greed was never his motive, nor did he incur any reasonable censure for mismanagement. With respect even to commercial interests it did not become worldly Danes to speak disparagingly of this private enterprise, conducted as it was with prudence, energy, and more of success than we should expect considering the obstacles encountered.

2. How was it with *a similar government undertaking* of that period? One Danish commander lighting upon a bank of Greenland sand that resembled gold fancied that his fortune was made. Filling his ship with the supposed treasure he sailed for Denmark, revelling on his voyage in dreams of opulence. In 1728 four or five Danish ships were sent out—one a man-of-war—with masons, carpenters, and other handicraftsmen, taking artillery and materials for a fort and a new colony. The officers took horses with them to ride across the country and over the mountains with a view to discovering the supposed lost colony of the eastern coast. Those useless animals soon died. The soldiers mutinied. Neither the governor nor the missionary was safe, for houses of correction had been emptied to furnish the colonists. Egede, who before could sleep in the hovels of savage Greenlanders, now needs a guard to defend his bed against the attacks of Christian fellow countrymen.

3. How much of *disaster has attended nearly all secular enterprises at the north!* Time was when the Arctic archipelago might be seen studded with abandoned ships, six of them left in the ice—the Investigator at Mercy Bay, the Resolute and Intrepid at Melville Island, the Assistance and Pioneer in Wellington Channel, and the Advance in Smith's Sound, besides the Erebus and Terror, which were believed to have been left before in the Strait of James Ross. In Melville Bay more than two hundred ships have already perished. Superior character and superior skill have not sufficed. Sir John Franklin was a man of piety, so were Parry and Scoresby, and though more than one ship's company have perished of cold and

starvation we do not pronounce all those expeditions unauthorized. While one chief object in view has been but partially accomplished there are few problems relating to the physics of our globe—atmospheric pressure, electricity, currents, the aurora, the figure of the earth—which can be understood otherwise than by an observation of polar phenomena. Important benefits have accrued to science and indirectly to commerce.

4. *Met the Test of Fidelity.*—Hans Egede's mission was not a failure. Weight and worth of character are measured by something else than success. The awards of heaven are not graduated by results, but according to fidelity. "Except," says Dr. Geikie, "except that the ancestors of Egede perished on the east coast of that most dismal country, and that its unsurveyed leagues of ice and snow were figuratively under the Danish flag, we know of no claim which Greenland ever had upon Danish Christians." Not so had this pious man learned Christ, nor did he thus interpret Providence. He had been called of God to that undertaking. By heeding the divine summons he accomplished more for Scandinavia, more for mankind, by far than he could have done among the rocks of Vaagen. He was a debtor to those northern barbarians, and obeying the divine impulse he became a historical character. His noble example is felt in the world to-day and will be felt to the end of time. We marvel at the obtuseness that fails to see in the career of this humble missionary an example of moral sublimity. When King Frederick had just been searching for Danish subjects qualified to enter upon mission work in India with its attractions, and had to solicit recruits from a foreign nationality, a young pastor on the rock-bound coast of Norway and almost within hearing of the Maelstrom was meditating on the forlorn condition of men in a region yet more rugged. The King of kings was giving him a call. He could not clearly interpret the summons at first. Circumstances seemed to chain him to the rocks of Vaagen.

At length, as to the strong man at Lehi, "the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him;" without wavering he toils on year after year amidst suspicion and obloquy for the privilege of expatriating himself and of reaching an icy home that he may benefit a wretched population. Once there he endures a *fifteen years' martyrdom* of privation, perils, reproaches, and disappointments. He has the genius of Christian patience. Irresolution never masters him. The sternest realities man can ever meet he looks in the face unterrified. To faith in Christ there are no obstacles that cannot be overcome; to the man

who takes counsel of duty rather than of difficulty there are no impossibilities.

5. Hans *Egede pioneered the way for other missionaries*, Danish and Moravian. By his endurance and perseverance he showed the capabilities of Christian fortitude. His life at the north changed the temperature of that continent of frost for all time to come. His example is no coruscation of the *borealis*, but a steady beacon light to guide and animate every wavering Christian laborer in lands less inhospitable.

6. *Estimated on the scale of motives and qualities* this apostle was a hero and his mission a triumph. You are familiar with the incident of two northern travellers lighting upon a man at the point of freezing. One of them sprang to his relief, raised him, half buried in the snow, chafed him, restored warmth, and by the rescue of a benumbed wanderer brought himself into a thorough glow. His inactive companion, wrapped in furs, came near perishing from cold. So is it with communities, and Norway has to-day a life she would not possess but for that philanthropic service in Greenland. Did she ever produce a man more useful to herself than Hans Egede?

VIII. **Present State of Greenland.**—1. *The Two Aspects.*—The mission as well as the colony established by him became permanent. After a century and a half it exists to-day. It is to be acknowledged that the power of evangelical Christianity is not strikingly marked in the character and habits of the native people, yet decided improvement has taken place; the community has become nominally Christian. In Danish Greenland proper the last acknowledged pagan Eskimo died some years since. Most of the people are able to read and write, and here is one of the instances of a rude people increasing instead of diminishing by contact with civilization and superior foreigners.[1] The Danish Government—to its special honor be it said—has pursued a paternal policy, for one thing wisely excluding ardent spirits, that destructive bane among so many rude races.

2. *Two Similitudes.*—There is in Greenland singularly one warm spring, with a uniform temperature of a hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit; and while most of the birds are birds of prey there is one bird of song, the linnet. Such are the fountain and melody of our holy religion in that land of appalling dreariness.

[1] In 1789 the population was only 5,122; in 1872 it had become 9,441.

# Captain Allen Gardiner, R. N.

## "Pioneer to the Most Abandoned Heathen"

### 1794–1851

BY BISHOP W. PAKENHAM WALSH, D.D.*

I. **Introductory.**—1. The tragical fate which befell this heroic man, in his noble endeavor to introduce Christianity into Terra del Fuego, has made his name to be a household word, and has won for him a distinguished place in the history of missionary adventure. But it is not generally known that Allen Gardiner had been a missionary *pioneer during sixteen years of his previous life*, and had already endured hardships and privations of no ordinary kind in his efforts to prepare the way for the Gospel, both in South Africa and in South America.

2. He was *a layman*, and, though urged to enter into holy orders, preferred to continue one to the end, because he believed that in that capacity he could best promote God's glory, and clear the track for the ordained messengers of peace. His plans were not always the wisest or the best constructed, but his spirit and resolution were of the loftiest type, and in all our missionary annals there is no one who can more justly claim as his own the apostolic motto, "In journeyings often."

II. **Boyhood.**—Born in 1794, the son of a Berkshire squire, he showed an early predilection for a sailor's life. While he was still a child he exercised his ingenuity in sketching a plan for cutting the French fleet out of Rochelle harbor. A love of adventure was early manifested by his writing out a vocabulary of African words from "Mungo Park's Travels," and by his sleeping all night upon the floor, in the hope, as he said, that he would thereby inure himself to hardship, as he "intended to travel all over the world."

* From "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field"; reprinted by permission of the publisher, Thomas Whittaker, New York.

III. **The Naval Officer.**—1. At sixteen he *entered the navy*, and having distinguished himself as a midshipman in an engagement between the *Phœbe* and the *Essex*, he was sent home as lieutenant in charge of the prize.

2. *His Conversion.*—Four years after this (1820) we find him at Penang, in the *Dauntless*, and it was here that the early but neglected instructions of a pious and departed mother began to tell. His father had drawn up a touching record of her last days, but had not shown it to his son. It happened, however, that a Christian lady, who was present at her death, lent the narrative to the young sailor before he sailed from Portsmouth, and allowed him to copy it. Gardiner had wandered far from her early teaching; but this memoir recalled him. He bought a Bible, but was so much ashamed to be seen doing so, that he watched the bookseller's shop until he saw there were no customers inside, and then he ventured in and made the purchase. That Bible and that narrative accompanied him to Penang. While there a wise and kindly letter received from his mother's friend set him upon examining the one and reflecting upon the other, and the result was that the dashing young naval officer gave his heart to God.

3. *Consecration to Missions.*—His duties led him at this time to the coasts of South America, and he began to take that deep interest in the aborigines which never afterward forsook him, and in the exercise of which he laid down his life. He had witnessed the blessed results of missionary effort in Tahiti, and when he came back to England on sick leave, he pleaded the cause of the poor Indians with the London Missionary Society, and placed his services at their disposal. The Society did not see its way to undertake the mission, and Allen Gardiner resumed his naval duties, and became a married man. His wife was delicate, and her increasing illness led them eventually to reside in the Isle of Wight. At length she was taken from him, and beside her bier he made a solemn vow to dedicate himself more especially to the service of God. His tastes and training pointed out to him the path of a missionary explorer, and he determined to become a pioneer in some of those dark regions of the earth which had not yet been visited by the light of the Gospel.

IV. **The South African Missionary.**—1. *Pioneer Experiences.*—His steps were directed in the first instance to Southern Africa. Our colonists had been pushing their way amongst the warlike Kaffirs, and frequent conflicts had taken place between them, but no one as yet had dreamed of subduing them to

Christ. The honor of starting the first missionary settlement in Zululand belongs to Captain Gardiner. This is an interesting fact, when taken in connection with all that has since rendered that country so familiar to Englishmen, both in a political and a religious point of view. He induced a Pole named Berken to accompany him, and the history of their perils and adventures reads like a strange romance. Now with their own hands they are digging their horses out of the morasses into which they have sunk; now they are swimming the swollen rivers, at the peril of their lives, and lying down upon the banks, wet and hungry, to be awakened from their uncomfortable repose by the snorting of hippopotami, as the huge animals come trampling through the crushed and quivering reeds. At length Gardiner reached the rude capital of Dingairn, an able but ferocious chief, who was the terror of all white settlers, and the tyrant of his own people. Over this man he contrived to gain a marvellous influence, even inducing him, though, he steadily refused to become a Christian, to grant ground for a missionary settlement.

2. Gardiner now took up *his residence at Port Natal*, his only possessions being "his clothes, his saddle, a spoon, and a New Testament." The colony, if such it could be called, consisted of a few miserable hovels, in which some thirty rough Englishmen resided, surrounded by a multitude of fugitive Zulus, who acted as their servants. Our pioneer made himself at home amongst this motley company, and did what he could to instruct them. It was no new thing to him, as a naval officer, to read the Church of England service on Sunday mornings; so he gathered the white men under the shadow of a stately tree, and read to them words which they had almost forgotten, but which came back to them like the tones of their mother's voice. In the afternoon he collected the Kaffirs, and, with the help of an interpreter, explained to them the simplest facts of Bible history. Nor were his week-days unemployed. He opened a school for the wretched native children, dressed them in the first clothing they had ever known, and became himself their patient schoolmaster. Nor was this all. He aided the colonists with his advice and succor in founding their first regular town, and on the 25th June, 1835, it sprang into existence as "*Durban*."

3. *The Missionary Plenipotentiary.*—Troubles arose between the colonists and Dingairn. The Zulus who worked for the English had fled from his tyranny, and he threatened to come down upon the settlement with fire and foray. Gardiner

appeared in the new character of an ambassador, and presented himself at the kraal of the royal savage in his full uniform. This made a deep impression; but the known and approved character of the ambassador made a deeper one; and the result of this strange interview was that Dingairn constituted our hero his plenipotentiary, and made him governor of "all the country of the white people's fold," that is, in other words, of the territory which we now call Natal.

4. This induced Gardiner to *revisit England* in order to consult the Government on the political situation, and the Church Missionary Society concerning the religious one. He soon returned with a missionary staff, and was warmly received by Dingairn, who however was apprised that the missionaries could not hold secular appointments, and that these should be given to officers of the British Crown.

5. For a time all went on prosperously; but complications, for which the missionaries were in no way responsible, soon arose between the whites and the Zulus. Covetousness and greed on the one side induced revenge and treachery on the other. War and rapine followed; the *missionary settlement* had to be *abandoned;* and Gardiner, after more than three years of earnest labor in Natal, left Africa with a heavy heart, and sought a new field for his exertions.

V. **Prospecting.**—1. *In South America.*—His thoughts naturally reverted to the Indians of South America, and more especially to those of the Pampas and of Chili, who in past years had not only stirred his compassion by their spiritual destitution, but had also excited his admiration by the heroic stand which they had made for their independence. He reached Rio Janeiro in July, 1838, and immediately began a series of indefatigable journeyings and investigations. We can give but a passing glance at them. He travelled to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, and thence to Mendoza. In fourteen days he crossed nine hundred miles of the Pampas, then scaled the heights of the Cordilleras, and after eleven days of incessant toil reached Santiago, on the Chilian side of the Andes. From Santiago he travelled to Concepcion, thence to New Guinea, and from that he made his way to Valparaiso. During these journeys he had frequent interviews with native chiefs, but the results were not satisfactory; "They did not want a missionary." Many of them had suffered so fearfully at the hands of white men, and especially of Spaniards, that they looked upon all strangers with suspicion. Some of them were even then undergoing the miseries of an exterminating

warfare from the races which called themselves civilized, and there was no opening for the introduction of the gospel of peace. In other districts, where these difficulties did not exist, the jealousy of the authorities and the opposition of the Romish priesthood precluded all hope of doing good.

2. *In New Guinea.*—After two years of fruitless effort, he quitted South America, and directed his steps to New Guinea, where he was met by the sullen suspicions of the Dutch, who could not bring themselves to believe that an English officer was free from political designs, and who only looked upon his missionary pronouncements as a cloak for these.

VI. **South America Chosen.**—1. Baffled successively upon two continents, and now once again in the Malay Archipelago, he conceived *the plan* with which his last and best known enterprise was to be associated. In a letter written at this time to a friend he says: "Having at last abandoned all hope of reaching the Indian inhabitants where they are most civilized and least migratory, my thoughts are necessarily turned toward the South. Happily for us, and I trust eventually for the poor Indians, the Falkland Islands are now under the British flag; and although the settlement is poor, still it is the resort of numbers of whalers, and of the small sealing vessels which frequent the Straits of Magellan. The Patagonians about Gregory Bay, in the northeastern part of the strait, have always evinced a friendly disposition to foreigners, and it is to that spot I am now particularly turning my attention. We purpose to proceed to Berkeley Sound in the Falkland Islands. Making this our place of residence, I intend to cross over in a sealer, and to spend the summer among the Patagonians. Who can tell but the Falkland Islands, so admirably suited for the purpose, may become the key to the aborigines, both of Patagonia and Terra del Fuego?"

2. He went to the Cape of Good Hope, and fetched his family with him from thence to the Falklands. Leaving them there in a lonely wooden hut, on that treeless, shrubless shore, he set off with his servant in a crazy schooner for the stormy Straits of Magellan. Here he came into contact *with the Fuegian dwellers* on the islands, and found them to be barbarians of the lowest type, whom neither gifts nor kindliness could conciliate, and who were evidently determined to give no countenance to their white visitors.

3. *In Patagonia.*—He therefore resolved on making his way to a tribe of Patagonians on the mainland, concerning whom he had received some information, and with whom a Spanish

Creole had been living for some twelve years. This wild adventurer had gained considerable influence amongst them, and proved most useful to Gardiner as an interpreter. A chieftain named Wissale was particularly friendly, and promised a welcome to the captain, if he would come back and set up a mission amongst his people; so Gardiner returned full of hope and thankfulness to his sorry home upon the Falklands, determined to bring back his family with him, and to settle amongst the Patagonians.

4. But he was fated to be *disappointed.* The whalers would not undertake the perilous voyage for £300, which was all that he had to offer them. His applications to the Church Missionary Society were not successful, for at that time they had not the means to undertake a new mission. So he resolved on returning to England, and pleading in person the cause of Patagonia amongst British Christians. Even in this his hopes were frustrated. His appeal was met with apathy and coldness; but nothing could chill the warmth of his burning missionary zeal.

5. *Bible Distribution.*—Failing in his main object, he endeavored to further it indirectly by obtaining a grant of Bibles and Testaments, and set sail for Rio Janeiro in order to distribute them. This was in 1843; and his perils and experiences, as he travelled from port to port, and from place to place, would supply a chapter of strange adventure. One thing resulted from it, for which he was thankful, and that was a promise of £100 a year from English congregations in South America toward the establishment of a Patagonian mission.

6. Strengthened by this encouragement, he returned again to his native land, where his eloquent and earnest appeals were more successful than those of his previous visit. The *foundations of a missionary society* for Patagonia and Terra del Fuego were laid in 1844, and before the year expired he was again upon his old ground, along with a Mr. Hunt, who resigned an endowed school in Kendal in order to accompany him, and to prepare the way for an ordained clergyman.

7. *Reverses.*—Once more the story of fatigue and danger was enacted in reaching the natives; but somehow things were changed since Gardiner had left. Wissale proved hostile, and attempted Gardiner's life; a Spanish padre had arrived, and had preoccupied the ground; and the brave pioneer, disappointed but not dismayed, took advantage of the arrival of a British ship to return home and wait a more auspicious opportunity.

8. *Charge of Fickleness.*—Some will say that he exhibited less patience than courage, and that as he was prone to be rapid and resolute in making his beginnings, so was he also prone to relinquish his projects without sufficient cause. But the whole life of the man contradicts this theory. His own view of the case is the true explanation of his conduct, and it is summed up in the following passage of his journal: "We can never do wrong in casting the Gospel net on any side or in any place. During many a dark and wearisome night we may appear to have toiled in vain, but it will not be always so." "If they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another."

9. *Further Efforts to Locate.*—It was no marvel if, after such failures, his supporters in England began to hesitate about further attempts; but *his own resolution* remained unshaken. "Whatever course you may determine upon," said our hero, "I have made up my mind to go back again to South America, and leave no stone unturned, no effort untried, to establish a mission amongst the aboriginal tribes. They have a right to be instructed in the Gospel of Christ. While God gives me strength, failure shall not daunt me. This, then, is my firm resolve—to go back and make further researches among the natives of the interior, whether any possible opening may be found which has hitherto escaped me through the Spanish Americans, or whether Terra del Fuego is the only ground left us for our last attempt. This I intend to do at my own risk, whether the Society is broken up or not. Fund the money which belongs to the Society, and wait to see the result of the researches now to be made. Our Saviour has given a commandment to preach the Gospel even to the ends of the earth. He will provide for the fulfilment of His own purpose. Let us only obey!"

*The deeds of the man* were as heroic as his words. In 1846, we find him in company with a Spanish Protestant, making his way through Bolivia, despite of fever and opposition, to reach the Indians who lay beyond; and presently we discover him once again travelling up and down through England, reporting the openings he had discovered, and endeavoring to fire his auditors with something of his own burning enthusiasm. If he had found it difficult to urge his committee on, they now found that it was impossible to hold him back. Their means were not sufficient to fit out such an expedition as he wished for, but he induced them to consent to an experimental one on a smaller scale. With four sailors and one ship-carpenter, a dingey, a whaleboat, and two wigwams, he started in 1848 in the barque

*Clymene*, bound for Payta. He landed at Picton Island, where the thievish propensities of the Fuegians soon made it manifest that a mission amongst them could only be safely conducted afloat, that for this purpose a ship would be required, and that the boats which he had brought from England were unsuited for his hazardous enterprise in such stormy latitudes. And so the dauntless sailor returned to England to urge the need of larger means and a more thorough equipment.

10. *His Modified Plans.*—He found it impossible to stir up the generosity of British Christians to the liberality that was required. No one knew better than he did what was absolutely needed for such a project, and again and again he pressed his convictions concerning it upon the Society at home. But their funds were small, and it may be mentioned that of the £1000 collected he gave £300 himself. So, sooner than abandon his enterprise, he reluctantly resolved to modify his plans, and reduce them to the lowest estimate, in the self-denying but delusive hope that some additional danger and hardship, endured by himself and his companions, would compensate for the absence of those better equipments which his nautical experience had so wisely suggested at the first.

VII. **Deeds of the Deathless Seven.**—1. *Personnel and Character.*—On the 7th September, 1850, the expedition sailed. The names of the deathless seven deserve to be recorded. Allen Gardiner was the chief, and was accompanied by two catechists—Surgeon Williams and John Maidment; three Cornish fishermen—Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant, well accustomed to stormy seas in the Irish Channel; and a ship-carpenter named Joseph Erwin, who had been with Gardiner on his previous voyage, and now volunteered for this fresh service, declaring that to be with such a captain "was like a heaven upon earth, he was such a man of prayer." They were all men of simple piety, and went to the work with holy resolution. From first to last not a jarring word was heard in that devoted company, and their one object was "to serve the good Master in whose name they had gone forth." The *Ocean Queen*, bound for San Francisco, gave them a passage, and undertook to land them at Terra del Fuego, with their two launches—the *Pioneer* and the *Speedwell*, and provisions for six months.

2. And now we come to the *story of the saddest disaster* in the records *of missionary enterprise.* It had been arranged that provisions for another six months should follow the party, but the committee could not find any ship that would consent to go out of its course to Picton Island, and they had therefore

to forward the supplies to the Falklands. The governor there arranged to send them on, but by a sad fatality the vessel was wrecked, and the master of a second disobeyed orders, and so the missionary party were left unprovided. Meantime they had landed, but were compelled by the plundering habits and hostile attitude of the natives to reëmbark, and seek shelter in a distant and retired bay, where they settled down in two companies, and waited in longing expectation for the promised relief. The storms crippled their boats, and destroyed one of them. Their nets were torn to pieces by the action of the ice, and as by an unfortunate oversight their powder had been forgotten on board the *Ocean Queen*, they could obtain no fresh supplies of food. At length their stores were becoming exhausted, and they had to subsist mainly on limpets, mussels, and wild celery. Scurvy broke out amongst them, and added its horrors to those of hunger. One by one they died upon that desert shore, and Gardiner was the last survivor of the gallant band!

VIII. **Reports of Searching Parties.**—Twenty days after his death, the *John Davison*, under Captain Smyly, sailed from Montevideo to enquire after them, and soon anchored in Banner Cove. He found a direction painted on the rocks—"Gone to Spaniard Harbor." Let us tell the sequel in Captain Smyly's words:

1. *Captain Smyly's Narrative.*—"Oct. 22, 1851. Ran to Spaniard Harbor. Blowing a severe gale. Went on shore, and found a boat with one person dead inside; another body we found on the beach, another buried. These, we have every reason to believe, are Pearce, Williams, and Badcock. The sight was awful in the extreme. The two captains who were with me in the boat cried like children. Books, papers, medicine were strewn along the beach, and on the boats, deck, and cuddy. . . . But we had no time to make further search, as the gale came on so hard. It gave us barely time to bury the corpses on the beach and get on board. The gale continued to increase, so that it drove us from our anchorage and out to sea. . . . I have never found in my life such Christian fortitude, such patience and bearing, as in the records of these unfortunate men; they have never murmured, and Mr. Williams writes in one of his papers, and in the time of greatest distress, 'I am happy beyond all expression.'"

2. *Captain Morshead's Report.*—Meantime, H.M.S. *Dido* had been ordered by the Admiralty to search for the missionary party. She arrived in January, 1852; and Captain Morshead,

guided by the sentence on the rocks, made for Spaniard Harbor. The following is his melancholy record:

"Our notice was first attracted by a boat lying upon the beach. It was blowing very fresh from the south, and the ship rode uneasily at her anchor. I instantly sent Lieut. Pigott and Mr. Roberts to reconnoitre and return immediately, as I was anxious to get the ship to sea again in safety for the night; they returned shortly, bringing some books and papers, and having discovered the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment unburied. . . . On one of the papers was written legibly, 'If you will walk along the beach for a mile and a-half, you will find us in the other boat, hauled up in the mouth of a river at the head of the harbor, on the south side. Delay not—we are starving.' At this sad intelligence it was impossible to leave that night, though the weather looked very threatening. . . . We landed early next morning, January 22d, and visited the spot where Captain Gardiner and his comrade were lying, and then went to the head of the harbor. We found there the wreck of a boat, with part of her gear and stores, and a quantity of clothing, with the remains of two bodies, which I conclude to be Mr. Williams (surgeon), and John Pearce (Cornish fisherman), as the papers clearly show the death and burial of all the rest of the mission party. The two boats were thus about a mile and a-half apart. Near the one where Captain Gardiner was lying was a large cavern, called by him *Pioneer Cavern*, where they kept their stores and occasionally slept, and in that cavern Mr. Maidment's body was found. . . . Captain Gardiner's body was lying beside the boat, which apparently he had left, and being too weak to climb into it again, had died by the side of it. We were directed to the cavern by a hand painted on the rocks, with Psalm lxii. 5–8 under it."

IX. **Last Days and Burial.**—1. *Psalm lxii. 5–8.*—The words referred to are the following, and the choice of them under such circumstances proves how strong and unshaken was the faith of Gardiner and his companions: "*My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence; I shall not be moved. In God is my salvation and my glory; the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.*"

2. *The diaries*, which fortunately have been preserved, give a thrilling account of those terrible months of patient endurance and heroic resolution. They tell moreover of the love and consideration manifested by the noble leader for his devoted band.

There is something unspeakably touching in the account of his getting Maidment to construct crutches out of two forked sticks, so that he might try to reach the other section of his little company, and be a comfort to them. But his strength was not equal to the effort, and he had to return to his boat. There Maidment ministered to him, until he too sank from exhaustion. He had left a little peppermint-water beside the bed of his chief, and retired for rest to the cave, but from it he never returned.

3. When we get *our last glimpse of Gardiner*, he is weakly endeavoring, with his India-rubber shoe, to scoop some water from a little pool which had trickled down at the stern of his boat. The *last words* he wrote were these: "Our dear brother left the boat on Tuesday at noon, and has not since returned; doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served so faithfully. Yet a little while, and through grace we may join that blessed throng, to sing the praises of Christ through eternity. I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous lovingkindness to me a sinner!"

4. *The Burial.*—It was with sorrowing hearts the sailors of the *Dido* gathered together all that remained of this heroic band, and gave them Christian sepulture. The funeral service was appropriately read by a naval officer at the grave of Captain Gardiner and his comrades. The colors of the boats and ship were struck half-mast, and three volleys of musketry re-echoed on that lonely shore, as the last tribute of respect to a gallant and noble-minded Englishman.

5. *His Legacy.*—No, we will not call it the last tribute of respect. In the letters and journals which he wrote in his "boat dormitory," he committed his mission to the care of the Christian Church, and sketched out *the methods* by which he thought it would be best advanced. That legacy of faith and love was administered to in the court of Christian charity by devoted men, who became his followers in the work on which he had set his heart. His own son was one of that heroic band.

A mission ship called the *Allen Gardiner*, was built as the memorial of his name. The Falklands have been since erected into an English bishopric, and the first occupant of the see is a man who had already devoted his life to God in the same missionary field where Captain Gardiner fell. Perhaps nothing short of the sad catastrophe which we have described would have awakened English Christians out of the apathy from

which Gardiner had found it so impossible to arouse them, or kindled that zeal on behalf of South America which we are thankful to say has been evoked by his sad but glorious fate.

"The white foam crests the wave,
The wind sweeps weirdly by;
And whirling round with plaintive sound
The stormy petrels cry.

"Amid the beetling rocks,
In a chill cavern's shade,
Within the gloom of that strange dark tomb
A dying bed is made!

"A gallant seaman there
Casts round his sunken eyes:
Unblanched by fear, tho' grim Death is near,
A noble Christian dies.

"No greed for yellow gold;
To head no conquering band;
Not fame had led the sleeping dead
To seek that savage land.

"I see a morning dawn,
A King upon His throne,
And thousands stand at His right hand,
Who well their work have done.

"With wreaths of victory crowned,
Among that conquering band,
On the crystal sea his rest shall be,
Who died for the Southern land!"

# Titus Coan

## The St. Peter of Hawaii

### 1801–1882

BY REV. S. J. HUMPHREY, D.D.*

I. **Early Years.**—1. *Birth and Education.*—Titus Coan was born February 1, 1801, in the town of Killingworth, Conn., the descendant of old New England stock. He studied at Auburn Seminary in 1831–33; and much success attended his evangelistic labors in connection with the revivals that followed the preaching of his cousin, Rev. Asahel Nettleton, and of Rev. Charles G. Finney. He was licensed to preach April 17, 1833; a few months afterward he was ordained to the ministry.

2. *Patagonian Apprenticeship.*—On August 16, 1833, under the direction of the American Board, he sailed on a mission of exploration to Patagonia, leaving behind him his affianced bride, Fidelia Church, who mourned for him as for one never to return. "I think I am willing," she wrote to him a few days before he sailed, "I think I am willing to give you up to the Lord's disposal; . . . but oh, the life, the soul, of my earthly joys has departed!"

With one companion, the Rev. Mr. Arms, he was set ashore among the savages of Gregory Bay. Their little vessel had sighted the "Beagle" in the straits, the vessel on which *Charles Darwin* was making his famous voyage of exploration. It is a suggestive thought that the missionaries of science and of religion should thus have crossed each other's tracks at the outset.

Mr. Coan and Mr. Arms lived and *roamed with the ferocious*

* From "American Heroes on Mission Fields," a series of sketches of like character, published by the American Tract Society, New York. Reprinted by permission.

*nomads* of the eastern coast of Patagonia, striving in vain to communicate to them something of their message. The savages grew suspicious of their motives, and at last it became evident that there was nothing to do but to escape with their lives, if possible. A chance vessel gave them the opportunity; they evaded their captors by stratagem, and were returned to New London in May, 1834, after an absence of four months. It was like a reappearance from the dead. Not a word from Mr. Coan had reached family or friends during all this time; and to the heart of one whom he had left behind the separation was perhaps as bitter as death, because of its uncertain duration and fate.

3. *Marriage and Embarkation.*—After this trial came the joy of reunion and the serious resolve of a common consecration to the missionary's life-work. On the 3d of November, 1834, Titus Coan and Fidelia Church were married at her father's house in Churchville, N. Y., and on the 5th of December embarked at Boston on the ship *Hellespont* to spend the remainder of their lives on alien ground. Six other missionaries sailed with them: the Messrs. Edwin O. Hall and Henry Dimond, with their wives, and the Misses Lydia Brown and E. W. Hitchcock.

4. *Voyage and Arrival.*—For all of them it was a very real consecration. The Hawaiian Islands were then the very ends of the earth. Neither Mr. Coan nor his bride had any idea of ever retracing their six months' voyage around Cape Horn. It was a different affair from that of a missionary post on a railway and in a European town. They arrived at Honolulu June 6, 1835, and were welcomed by the missionaries then assembled at their annual meeting. On the 21st of July they reached the serenely-beautiful village of Hilo, now a thriving town, then the almost absolute retirement in which they were to spend their lives, and here, devoting themselves to self-denying labors, they achieved, through the divine blessing, a success hardly paralleled elsewhere in the history of missions.

II. **Coan's Parish.**—A strip of island seacoast from one to three miles wide and a hundred long, dotted with groves and seamed across by the deep chasms of mountain torrents; behind this, for twenty-five miles, a belt of dense forest and jungle, fencing in, since the days of Vancouver, numberless herds of wild cattle; beyond, in the interior, a rough, volcanic wilderness, culminating in two summits 14,000 feet in height—a chaos of craters, some on the peaks of mountains, and some yawning suddenly before you in the forest; some long idle,

some ceaselessly active, making the night lurid with their flames, and still building at the unfinished island; one, a vast black hollow, three miles across, the grandest active crater on the globe; 15,000 natives scattered up and down the sea-belt, grouped in villages of from 100 to 300 persons, a vicious, sensual, shameless, and yet tractable people, slaves to the chiefs, and herding together almost like animals—to this parish, occupying the eastern third of the island of Hawaii, a strange mingling of crags and valleys, of torrents and volcanoes, of beauty and barrenness, and to this interesting people, was called the young missionary Titus Coan.

III. **At Work in Hilo.**—1. *Preview.*—We can perhaps see more clearly the character of Mr. Coan and best learn the secret of his career by looking in upon him in the midst of his work. Especially will those memorable years of the Great Revival, in which he was one of the chief factors—years which saw nearly two-thirds of these savage islanders transformed into Christians—give an insight into the life and qualities of this eminent servant of God. If we supply the record largely from his own pen, the result will be all the more satisfactory.

2. *Earlier Work and Workers.*—Upon reaching the island he found that some leaven of the gospel had already been cast into the lump of heathenism. Different missionaries had resided here for brief periods. Several schools had been established, and about one-fourth of the natives could read. A marked change had come over the mental and social condition of the people. Most of them had a little knowledge of divine truth. There were a few hopeful converts and a little church of thirty-six members.

3. *Record of His First Year.*—The Rev. Mr. Lyman and his wife, most devoted and efficient colaborers, were already on the ground; after an unbroken residence of fifty-two years in Hilo, Mr. Lyman died in September, 1884. To them came the charge of a boarding-school and much labor at the home station; while to Mr. Coan, robust in health and a fervid speaker, the preaching and the touring were naturally assigned. His mental force and abounding physical life revealed themselves at the outset. In three months' time he began to speak in the native tongue, and before the year closed he had made the circuit of the island by canoe and on foot, a trip of three hundred miles. On this first tour, occupying thirty days, he nearly suffered wreck of his frail craft, as also twice afterward. He preached forty-three times in eight days, ten of them in two days, examined twenty schools and more than

1,200 scholars, conversed personally with multitudes, and ministered to many sick persons, for he was a not wholly unqualified physician withal. He had at that time also a daily school of ninety teachers and Mrs. Coan one of 140 children, besides a large class of more advanced pupils. This vigorous beginning, however, was but the prelude to the more incessant labor and to the marvellous scenes of the years following.

4. *Preludes to Pentecost.*—On a tour made in the *latter part of 1835* Mr. Coan saw signs of unusual attention to the truth. "Multitudes," he says, "flocked to hear; many seemed pricked in their hearts. I had literally no leisure, so much as to eat. One morning I found myself constrained to preach three times before breakfast, which I took at ten o'clock." He could not move out of doors without being thronged by people from all quarters. They lingered by the wayside, and some followed him for days from village to village. Much of this may have been mere curiosity of an idle people; but some of it, as the event proved, was the working of a divine leaven.

The *tours of 1836*—he sometimes made four or five in a year—revealed that the work was deepening. "I began to see tokens of interest that I scarcely understood myself. I would say to my wife, 'The people turn out wonderfully.' The attendance increased, and many crowded around me afterward to inquire the way. I preached just as hard as I could. There was a fire in my bones. I felt that I must preach to this people."

IV. **Revival Scenes, 1837–38.**—1. *The Hungry Multitude.*—In 1837 the great interest broke out openly. It was the time of a wonderful stir through all the islands. Nearly the whole population of Hilo and Puna turned out to hear the Word. The sick and lame were brought on litters and on the backs of men, and the infirm often crawled to the trail where the missionary was to pass, that they might catch from his lips some word of life. And now began a movement to which the history of the Church furnishes scarcely any parallel. Fifteen thousand people, scattered up and down the coast for a hundred miles, hungry for the divine bread, cannot be reached by one man, and so whole villages gather from miles away and make their homes near the mission-house. Two-thirds of the entire population come in. Within the radius of a mile the little cabins were clustered as thick as they could stand. Hilo, the village of ten hundred, saw its population suddenly swelled to ten thousand, and here was held literally a "camp-meeting" of two years. At any hour of the day or night a tap of the

bell would gather from three thousand to six thousand. Meetings for prayer and preaching were held daily. The people wrought with new industry at their little taro patches. The sea also gave them food. Schools for old and young went on. "Our wives held meetings for the children, to teach them to attend to their persons, to braid mats, to make their tapas, hats, and bonnets." Special meetings were held for all classes of the people, for the church, for parents, mothers, the inquiring, and for church candidates. There was no disorder. A Sabbath quiet reigned through the crowded hamlet, and from every booth at dawn and at nightfall was heard the voice of prayer and praise.

2. *A Typical Assembly.*—Let us look in upon one of the assemblies. The old church, eighty-five feet wide by 165 long, is packed with a sweltering and restless mass of 6,000 souls. A new church near by takes the overflow of 2,000, while hundreds press about the doors, crowding every opening with their eager faces. The people sit upon the ground so close that no one, once fixed, can leave his place. It is a sea of heads with eyes like stars. There is a strange mingling of the new interest and the old wildness, and the heated mass seethes like a cauldron. An effort to sing a hymn is made. The rude, inharmonious song would shock our ears, but the attempt is honest, and God accepts it as praise. Prayer is offered, and the sermon follows. The scene is most affecting; it calls for all the power of the reaper to thrust in the sickle. The theme is the great salvation, and this the accepted time. The whole audience trembles and weeps, and many cry aloud for mercy.

3. It required rare *gifts to control such meetings* and secure good results; and Mr. Coan was equal to the task. "I would rise before the restless, noisy crowd and begin. I soon felt that I had hold of them and they would not go away. The Spirit hushed them by the truth till they sobbed and cried, 'What shall we do?' and the noise of the weeping silenced the preacher. It was God's truth preached simply, and sent home by the Spirit, that did the work."

4. *Effects of Sermons.*—There were not wanting those physical manifestations which have often attended the work of grace, especially among ruder peoples. There was weeping, sighing, and outcrying. "When we rose for prayer some fell down in a swoon. There were hundreds of such cases. I did not think much of it. On one occasion I preached from the text, 'Madness is in their hearts.' The truth seemed to have an intense power. A woman of great beauty rose and cried,

'Oh, I'm the one; madness is in my heart!' She became a true Christian. A man cried out, 'There's a two-edged sword cutting me in pieces!' A backwoods native, wicked, stout, who had come in to make fun, fell suddenly. When he had come to, he said, 'God has struck me!' He was subdued, and gave evidence of being a true Christian. Once, on a tour, while I was preaching in the fields to about two thousand persons, a man cried out, 'Alas! what shall I do to be saved?' and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' The whole congregation joined in with the ejaculations. It was a thrilling scene. I could get no chance to speak for half an hour, but stood still to see the salvation of God.

"There were many such scenes; and men would come and say, 'Why don't you put this down?' My answer was, 'I didn't get it up. I didn't believe the devil would set men to praying, confessing, and breaking off their sins by righteousness. These were the times when thieves brought back what they had stolen, quarrels were reconciled, the lazy became industrious, thousands broke their pipes and gave up tobacco, drunkards stopped drinking, adulteries ceased, and murderers confessed their crimes. Neither the devil nor all the men in the world could have gotten this up. Why should I put it down? I always told the natives that such demonstrations were no evidence of conversion, and advised them to quietness. And I especially tried to keep them from hypocrisy."

5. Into the midst of these thrilling revival scenes there came suddenly *a divine visitation*, which, under less skillful guidance, might have proved a serious hindrance to the work. But it became a sermon more pungent than any that human lips could utter, and reached many who had hitherto withstood the Word. It was November 7, 1837. The revival was at its height. The crescent beach, dotted with native booths, reaching up into the charming groves behind, smiled in security. A British whaler swung idly at its moorings, and the ocean slept in peace. From daybreak onward the usual succession of meetings was held. One of the texts was, "Be ye also ready." At the time of evening prayer a heavy sound was heard upon the beach as of a falling mountain. Instantly a great cry and wail arose, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed. The sea had suddenly risen in gigantic waves and fallen upon the shore. Men, women, children, houses, canoes, food, clothing, everything, floated wild upon the flood. So sudden was the catastrophe that the people were literally "eating and drinking," and "knew not till the flood came and swept them

all away. The volcanic wave fell like a bolt of heaven, and no man had time to flee or to save his garment. In a moment hundreds of people were struggling with the raging billows. Some were dashed upon the shore; some were drawn out by friends who came to their relief; some were carried out to sea by the retiring current; and some sank to rise no more till the call to judgment wakes them." There was no sleep that night. "To the people it seemed to be as the voice of Almighty God when He speaketh." The next day the meetings went on with renewed power; and through all the week, as the sea gave up, one after another, its dead, and the people bore them with funeral rites to their resting-places, the Spirit sent home this new sermon with divine effect.

6. *Secrets of Blessing.*—In the year 1838 the waves of salvation rolled deep and broad over the whole field, and the converts were numbered by thousands. We may well ask, in view of so slender a missionary force, By what aids and means were such results wrought and secured in permanency? There was a marvellous outpouring of the Spirit. The battle-cry was, "The sword of the Lord." But it was also the "sword of Gideon." The human means were adapted to produce the results. Mr. Lyman was a true yoke-fellow, preaching in addition to teaching. The missionaries' wives, besides caring for their own little children, held daily meetings with the women, the audiences sometimes numbering thousands. The method of Mr. Coan was wise; his energy and zeal were indefatigable.

7. As we turn over *his letters, written at that time*, the wisdom to plan and the strength to execute which were given him of the Lord seem marvellous. "On these tours," he says, "I usually spend from two to five weeks, visiting all the church members in their respective villages, calling all their names, holding personal interviews with them, inquiring into their states, their hearts, prayers, and manner of living; counselling, reproving and encouraging, as the case may require, and often 'breaking bread' from place to place, besides preaching twenty or thirty times a week." The physical labor of these tours was great. The northern part of his parish was crossed by sixty-three ravines from twenty to a thousand feet in depth, difficult of passage, and, in times of rain, perilous. And then the rivers, leaping and foaming along the old fire-channels, must be crossed. "Some of them I succeeded in fording; some I swam, by the help of a rope to prevent me from being swept away; and over some I was carried passively on the broad shoulders of a native, while a company of strong men locked

hands and stretched themselves across the stream just below me and just above a near cataract, to save me from going over it if my bearer should fall." This experience was often repeated three or four times a day.

V. **Parish Work.**—1. *Overtaking His Parish.*—It was only by an exact system that Mr. Coan was able to "overtake" his parish of 15,000 souls. Neither St. Francis nor Dr. Chalmers knew his people better than he. When his church numbered more than 5,000 he could say, "My knowledge of the religious experiences and daily habits of the individuals of my flock at the present time is more minute and thorough than it was when the church numbered only fifty or a hundred members. By drawing lines in my parish, by dividing the people into sections and classes, by attending to each class separately, systematically, and at a given time, and by a careful examination and a frequent review of every individual in each respective class, by keeping a notebook always in my pocket to refresh my memory, by the help of many faithful church members, and by various collateral helps I am enabled, through the grace of God, to gain tenfold more knowledge of the individuals of my flock, and of the candidates for church-membership, than I once thought it possible to obtain in such circumstances."

2. The *children did not escape his care.* From his earliest ministry he had believed in childhood conversions. Besides Sabbath-school instruction, a regular weekly lecture was maintained for them throughout the year. There were also numerous occasional meetings for different classes of children—for those in church-fellowship, for the children of church members, and for the anxious. During the protracted meetings there was usually a sermon each day for them at eight o'clock in the morning. As the result of this faithfulness there were, in 1838, about 400 children, between the ages of five and fifteen years, connected with his church.

3. *Systematic, Universal Evangelization.*—It was Mr. Coan's purpose that there should be no one in all Puna or Hilo upon whom the claims of the gospel had not been pressed. No village was so remote or insignificant that it did not receive frequent visits. Families were tracked into mountain fastnesses and plied with the invitations of mercy. In order to do this "many of the more discreet, prayerful, and intelligent of the members were stationed at important posts, with instructions to hold conference and prayer-meetings, conduct Sabbath-schools, and watch over the people. Some of these native helpers were men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and succeeded admirably.

Other active members were selected and sent forth, two and two, into every village and place of the people. They went everywhere preaching the Word. They visited the villages, climbed the mountains, traversed the forests, and explored the glens in search of the wandering and the dying sons of Hawaii."

On *one occasion* Mr. Coan sent out about forty church members to visit from house to house and in all the "highways and hedges" within five miles of the station. They were instructed to pray in every house, to look after all the sick, the wretched, and the friendless, to stir up the minds of the converts, and to gather the children. Two days were spent in this way. Every cottage was entered, every fastness of Satan scoured. "The immediate result was that several back-loads of tobacco, *awa*, and pipes were brought in and burned, and about 500 hitherto careless and hardened ones were gathered into the house of God to hear the words of life. The Spirit of the Lord fell upon them, and it is believed that many of them were born again."

To *the heart of our missionary* the ingatherings of the souls over whom he had brooded with such intense solicitude were occasions of rare delight. They were also times of great solicitude.

4. *Preparing and Sifting Candidates.*—The great harvest years were 1838 and 1839. Seven or eight thousand natives had professed conversion, but very few had thus far been received to the church. The utmost care was taken in selecting, examining, watching, and teaching the candidates. The ever-faithful notebook was constantly in hand. People from the distant villages came in and spent several months at the station previous to their union with the church. Day by day they were watched over and instructed with unceasing labor. Together with those on the ground, they were examined personally many times, sifted and resifted with scrutiny, and every effort was made to discriminate the precious from the vile. Many of them were converts of two years' standing. A still larger class had been on the list for more than one year, and a smaller number for a less period. The accepted ones stood propounded for several weeks, and the church and the world, friends and enemies, were called upon and solemnly charged to testify if they knew aught against any of them.

5. *The communion season* was held quarterly, and at these times the converts, thus accepted, were added to the church. The first Sunday of January, 1838, 104 were received. After-

ward, at different times, 502, 450, 786, 357, and on one occasion a much larger number. The station report for the mission year ending June, 1839, gives the number of accessions for that twelve months at 5,244. A large number of these never came to the central station. The sick, the aged, and the infirm were baptized and received into fellowship at their own villages. Some believers were thus accepted who could neither walk nor be carried, and who lived far up in the mountains.

VI. **A Memorable Day.**—1. *The first Sunday of July, 1838*, was a memorable one in the history of missions. It was the day of the greatest accession. On that afternoon 1,705 men, women and children, who aforetime had been heathen, were baptized and took upon them the vows of God, and about 2,400 communicants sat down together at the table of the Lord.

2. *Baptism of Candidates.*—We look in upon that scene with wonder and awe. The great crush of people at the morning sermon has been dismissed, and the house is cleared. Down through the middle are seated first the original members of the church, perhaps fifty in number. Mr. Coan then calls upon the head man of each village to bring forward his people. With notebook in hand, he carefully selects the converts who have been previously accepted. They have been for many weeks at the station. No pains have been spared, no test left unused, with each individual to ascertain if he be truly a child of God. The multitude of candidates is then seated upon the earth floor, in close rows, with space enough between for one to walk. There is prayer and singing, and an explanation—already made many times, that none may trust in the external rite—is given of the baptism they are now to receive; the sealing ordinance is reverently administered. "I never witnessed such a scene before," said Mr. Coan, looking back through the lapse of thirty years. "There was a hush upon the vast crowd without, who pressed about the doors and windows. The candidates and the church were all in tears, and the overshadowing presence of God was felt in every heart."

3. Then followed *the Lord's Supper*. And who are these that take into their hands the emblems of the Lord's death? Let Him tell who broke the bread and gave the cup. "Not only the young and strong were there; but also the old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed with the fire of their own or their parents' lusts, with features distorted and

figures the most deformed and loathsome; these came hobbling upon their staves, and led or borne by their friends, they sat down at the table of the Lord. Among this throng you could see the hoary priest of idolatry with hands but recently, as it were, washed from the blood of human victims, together with the thief, the adulterer, the unclean, the sorcerer, the highway robber, the blood-stained murderer, and the mother—no, the monster—whose hands have reeked in the blood of her own children. All these met together before the cross of Christ, with their enmity slain and themselves washed, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God." Has Jesus come again? Is this one of the crowds which He has gathered, upon whom He has pronounced the words of healing? Surely it is. In very deed He is there. These are the lost whom the Son of man came to seek and to save. And the rejoicing angels are there; they leave behind the pomp of cathedrals, and fly with eager wing to this lowly island tabernacle. With holy wonder they hover over the bowed heads of these weeping redeemed sinners. "The bright seraphim in burning row" ring out anew the praises of the Highest as they hear recounted these triumphs of almighty grace.

VII. **Abiding Results.**—It sometimes happens that men who have had remarkable success in winning souls to Christ fail in the after-training of their converts. And the question will naturally arise, Do these results abide? Tried by any fitting standard, we can safely say, They do abide.

1. The care and painstaking of the pastor were not less remarkable than the success of the preacher. *There were reactions.* But what revival in America—where the people have garnered into themselves the growth and moral stamina of a thousand Christian years—is not followed by reaction? There were apostasies; but we are constrained to say, after careful examination, that the permanence of the results seems to us almost as marvellous as the revival itself. During the five years ending June, 1841, 7,557 persons were received into the church at Hilo. They were about three-fourths of the adult population of the parish. About one in sixty came under discipline—a discipline stricter than ours at home, and that among babes in Christ. The greater part of these were restored, and few were finally cut off. "I never administered the quarterly sacrament without receiving from ten to twenty persons. No year has the number gone below fifty. It did not prove a great excitement, to die out. When I left for a brief visit to

the United States, in April, 1870, I had received into the church, and myself baptized, 11,960 persons."

2. Under this training the people became more and more *settled in faith and morals*. An irruption of Catholic priests drew away but few of them. There never was a grog-shop in the entire parish. Probably to-day the ratio of people in New England who cannot read and write is greater than among the Hawaiians in Hilo and Puna. Not in New England is the Sabbath better observed; and the industries of civilization have now largely taken the place of the old savage indolence.

3. In 1867 the grand *old church was divided into seven* local churches, six of them with native pastors. Three of these are on the lava-fields of the south, and three among the ravines of the north. The remaining one is at Hilo, where also is an American church for the foreign population. To accommodate the widely-scattered people, these churches have built fifteen places of worship, seating from 500 to 3,000 people each. Five of them have bells, and the church building at Hilo cost about $14,000. This has been done with the Hawaiians' own money and by their own labor.

4. Another fruit of the faithful training of Mr. Coan is the *growth of beneficence in the churches*. The Monthly Concert was held from the beginning, and a contribution was always taken. They "first gave their own selves to the Lord," and then it was "according to that a man hath"—a fish, a fowl, a cocoanut, and later, money, but in all sacrifice and worship. Each month, on the first Sunday morning, a sermon was preached on some department or interest of Christ's kingdom in the broad world. They never even heard that miserable sentence of a narrow faith, "There is so much to do at home!" Their lips never uttered the miserly falsehood, "It takes a dollar to send a dollar to the heathen." They were instructed in all causes, and gave to all. More than $10,000 have come to the United States from the Hilo church; $200 went to a Chinese mission, and $100 to Syria at the time of the massacre and famine. The appeal of Father Chiniquy, in Kankakee, Illinois, reached them; and when the letter which brought him $200 from these poor islanders was read his whole congregation bowed down weeping! Their monthly collections have averaged from the beginning about $100, the highest reaching $265, and the grand aggregate for all religious purposes amounts to above $100,000.

5. *Missionary Enterprises*.—One of the legitimate fruits of a true Christian training is a desire to carry the gospel to "the

regions beyond." The faithful pastor was not slow to perceive this, and he was among the first to advocate a *native mission to Micronesia.*

The idea of a *missionary packet,* and an appeal to the children of the United States to build it, seems to have sprung from his fertile brain.

As a delegate of the Hawaiian Missionary Society he made *two voyages in the "Morning Star"* to the Marquesas Islands. After the wreck of the second ship he became an earnest advocate of steam as an auxiliary motor to help the little vessel in its errands of mercy. He had the satisfaction of seeing nearly a score of persons, wholly sustained by his church, go out on the "Morning Star" as foreign missionaries to the dark islands of Micronesia.

VIII. **Mrs. Coan.**—1. *Mrs. Coan's work* was not less constant and tireless. For several years she taught a school for young girls. This she was finally forced to relinquish by the growing cares of her family, cares that were doubly exhausting in that land of untrained servants and wholly unorganized social life. A great labor of entertaining also fell unavoidably upon her. The traveller may now find excellent boarding-houses in the beautiful and flourishing town of Hilo; but during all of Mrs. Coan's life both friends and strangers came to the missionaries for unrequited entertainment. The most serious trial of the early days has not been mentioned. One by one her children left her to continue their education and to seek their home in the United States. It was the most cruel trial of the parent's heart, for these partings were often final.

2. *Her Death and Character.*—On the occasion of their visit to the United States in 1870, Mr. and Mrs. Coan renewed many old ties and formed many new ones. But Mrs. Coan's strength was already spent in the service. She died at Hilo on the 29th of September, 1872. A woman of tender frame and of high social and intellectual cultivation, this missionary work was for her a sacrificial consecration. Through her whole island life she was an invalid. But she was her husband's faithful helpmeet during thirty-eight years of married life; she was the patient, intelligent, unselfish, and loving spirit to whom a great part of Mr. Coan's large success was due—a greater part indeed than the world will ever know. Mrs. Coan was his guide, counsellor, friend, and fellow-worker. Accepting a task which her deep and sure intelligence told her from the first was too severe for her, she never flagged until her strength and life were spent, until she fell, a Christian martyr.

IX. **Characteristics and Final Years.**—1. While Mr. Coan was intent upon his great work as a missionary, he was *not insensible to the scenes of natural beauty and grandeur* around him. His two volumes, "Adventures in Patagonia," and "Life in Hawaii," are written with a graphic pen, and reveal not only keen observation, but a fine poetic sense. The greatest volcano on the globe was in his parish. He was the ardent and frequent observer of grand phenomena—the shudder of earthquakes, the inflowing of great volcanic waves, the red glow of lava streams marching seaward, the leaping of fire cataracts into deep-lying pools, sending off the water in steam and burning them dry in a night. There were few days when the smoke of subterranean furnaces was out of his sight.

Once a river of lava, burrowing its way toward the sea 1,500 feet below the surface, broke over the shore cliff and leaped into the hissing waves, waking a tumultuous fury among the contending elements that was perfectly indescribable. At another time, from Mauna Loa, one of the loftiest mountains of the island, a pillar of fire, 200 feet in diameter, lifted itself for three weeks 1,000 feet in the air, making darkness day for a hundred miles around, and leaving as its monument a vast lava cone a mile in circumference.

2. *Contributions to Science.*—The scientific world is fortunate in having had upon the ground for nearly fifty years, where such titanic forces were at play, one whose courage and love of adventure were equalled only by his faithfulness and graphic skill in portraying the most imposing of phenomena.

3. The evening of Mr. Coan's days was spent as pastor of the large church at Hilo, and in apostolic supervision of the diocese which had sprung up under his care. A happy *second marriage* cheered his later years, and the loving wife that ministered tenderly at his dying bed survives to mourn his loss.

4. *Last Days.*—In the latter part of 1882, during a revival into which he threw himself with unceasing ardor as of old, he was suddenly smitten down with a paralytic shock. For several weeks he lay "helpless, with only love, joy, peace in his soul, his beautiful patience and submission completing the lesson that his life had given of obedience to his Lord." He recovered in part, so that the day before his death he was carried through the streets looking natural and well. Almost the entire village flocked out to greet him, and all were glad to have had that last look. The next day at noon he was standing among the redeemed throng on high. And thus passed out of toil into rest, Dec. 1, 1882, at the ripe age of eighty-two

years, the Rev. Titus Coan, missionary to the Hawaiian Island.

5. We can think of no more *beautifully-ordered departure* than his. It was meet that a life which had witnessed such scenes of revival should have given its last labors in ardent efforts for lost souls, and that in the midst of the toils of a season of refreshing from the Most High the tense bow should have broken. There was a divine and delightful fitness that the spirit of the aged warrior should ascend to its reward from the battlefield where the gracious conflict was still raging, and where such amazing triumphs of infinite love had been achieved.

# James Gilmour

## "Brave" Missionary to the Mongols

## 1843–1891

BY REV. HARLAN P. BEACH

ALTHOUGH it was the writer's privilege to know the subject of this sketch, James Gilmour had unusual powers of description —a De Foe, the *Spectator* called him—and hence he has been allowed, so far as was possible, to speak for himself in these pages. A great life, however, cannot be compressed into small compass, and the reader will need to look elsewhere for details of Gilmour's remarkable career.

I. **His Forebears and Parents.**—Those who knew Gilmour on the field see in his ancestry and parentage the root from which many of his most striking characteristics may have sprung.

1. Thus *his paternal grandparents*, Matthew Gilmour, mason and wright, and his practical wife, whose love for the Lord's House led them to walk regularly five miles to church, returning by lantern-light, may have had much to do with his strict observance of the Sabbath. So, too, the later successes of the Mongol lay physician remind us of *his father's mother*, who was an amateur doctor and nurse of great local reputation, and who, "in order to obtain the lymph pure for the vaccination of children, would take it herself direct from the cow."

The story told of John Pettigrew, his *maternal grandfather*, narrating how this scrupulously honest farmer-miller compelled the minister to retract his charge of scant measure, besides bearing back in triumph the surplus oatmeal, is only another form of anecdotes that might be told of his equally blunt and honest grandson.

2. Naturally our hero owed most to *the home* of the village wright of Cathkin, distant five miles from Glasgow, where

James was born on June 12, 1843, being the third in a family consisting of six sons, all but one of whom reached maturity. The father, James Gilmour, Sr., and his wife, Elizabeth Pettigrew, were parents of the best Scottish type, whose chief concern was to live godly lives themselves and to rear their children for usefulness through instilling the life and precepts found in the Scriptures.

"*Family worship*, morning and evening," his brother John writes, "was a most regular and sacred observance in our house, and consisted of first, asking a blessing; second, singing twelve lines of a psalm or paraphrase, or a hymn from Wardlaw's Hymn-book; third, reading a chapter from the Old Testament in the mornings, and from the New in the evenings; and fourth, prayer. The chapters read were taken day by day in succession, and at the evening worship we read two verses each all round. This proved rather a trying ordeal for some of the apprentices, one or more of whom we usually had boarding with us, or to a new servant girl, as their education in many cases had not been of too liberal a description. But they soon got more proficient, and if it led them to nothing higher, it was a good educational help. These devotional exercises were not common in the district in the mornings and were apt to be broken in upon by callers at the wright's shop; but that was never entertained as an excuse for curtailing them. I suppose people in the district got to know of the custom, and avoided making their calls at a time when they would have to wait some little while for attention. Our parents, however, never allowed this practice or their religious inclinations to obtrude on their neighbors; all was done most unassumingly and humbly, as a matter of everyday course."

*Sundays* were red-letter occasions, as the mother read to the boys, gathered about her knee, the most impressive children's stories of the day, accompanying the reading with serious comments and frequently with the words, "Wouldn't it be fine, if some of you, when you grow up, should be able to write such nice little stories as these for children, and do some good in the world in that way!" His Robinson Crusoe of missionary literature, "Among the Mongols," and the scarcely less delightful "James Gilmour and His Boys" were the realization of her prophecy in the optative mode. Fitly closing the well-spent Sabbath, came the second group, this time gathered about the father, who read aloud from the "big" Bible—Scott and Henry's—comments upon a selected portion of Scripture.

II. **Preparation for His Life-work.**—Aside from the

helpful influences of a godly Scotch home, so fruitful in molding some of the world's greatest missionaries—men like Alexander Duff, David Livingstone, and John G. Paton—Gilmour's boyhood was spent under very favorable intellectual conditions, as his father's comfortable circumstances permitted the boy to enjoy good educational advantages.

1. Attending from his eighth year until he was about twelve the Subscription School at Bushyhill, Cambuslang, James was then sent to Gorbals Youths' School in Glasgow. His diligence and ambition kept him at the head of his classes and made his father willing to enter him at the Glasgow High School, where his many prizes showed that he would make good use of collegiate privileges; hence we find him matriculating at Glasgow University in his twentieth year—November, 1862.

Describing *these earlier days*, he afterward wrote: "I was very nervous and much afraid, and wrought so hard and was so ably superintended by my mother, that I made rapid progress, and was put from one class to another with delightful rapidity. I was dreadfully jealous of any one who was a good scholar like myself, and to have any one above me in class annoyed me to such a degree that I could not play cheerfully with him."

*Outside of school* he was anything but a plodding student. Poking and joking those in the workshop and mill; devising plans for mechanically increasing his power of stroke in swimming; tramping alone among mountains and glens to secure geological specimens; rowing and pluckily dragging over the shallows a skiff as far up the Clyde as Hamilton, where his father then resided—a feat accomplished rarely before; awed by the grüesome stories and pictures of Bunyan's Giant Despair and Doubting Castle; held by the fascination and indignation awakened by "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—these are other lineaments of Gilmour the boy.

2. *University life.*—This picture, as it has been depicted by his own pen and by that of his closest university friend, reveals these features: An ambition that sought and gained proficiency and prizes in Greek, Latin, and English literature; a studiousness which knew no summer relaxation, but sent him back and forth between his home and the college library laden with books; a sense of injustice which made him participate in the rebellion against his moral philosophy professor, Dr. Fleming; and, above all, his conversion, concerning which he writes, "After I became satisfied that I had found the way of life, I

decided to tell others of that way, and felt that I lay under responsibility to do what I could to extend Christ's Kingdom."

Rev. John Paterson, *his friend, thus testifies:* "Throughout his college career Gilmour was a very hard-working student; his patience, perseverance, and powers of application were marvellous; and yet as a rule, he was bright and cheerful, able in a twinkling to throw off the cares of work, and enter with zest into the topics of the day. He had a keen appreciation of the humorous side of things, and his merry laugh did one good. Altogether he was a delightful companion, and was held in universal esteem. One of Gilmour's leading thoughts was unquestionably the unspeakable value of time, and this intensified with years. There was not a shred of indolence in his nature; it may be truthfully said that he never willfully lost an hour. Even when college work was uncongenial, he never scamped it, but mastered the subject. He could not brook the idea of skimming a subject merely to pass an examination, and there were few men of his time with such wide and accurate knowledge."

This same friend also bears witness to the *effect of his religious life upon others:* "He always shrank from speaking about himself, and in these days was not in the habit of obtruding sacred things on his fellow-students. His views on personal dealing then were changing, and became very decided in after years. Earnest, honest, faithful to his convictions, as a student he endeavored to influence others for good more by the silent eloquence of a holy life than by definite exhortations, and I feel sure his power over some of us was all the greater on that account."

3. *The Life Decision.*—During the last session of his college course, and the summer session, spent immediately thereafter in the Congregational Theological Hall at Edinburgh, Gilmour made his choice of a life-work. Let him tell the story.

"After prayerful consideration and mature deliberation, I thought it my duty to offer myself as a candidate for the ministry. Having decided as to the capacity in which I should labor in Christ's Kingdom, the next thing which occupied my serious attention was the locality where I should labor. Occasionally before I had thought of the relative claims of the home and foreign fields, but during the summer session in Edinburgh I thought the matter out, and decided for the mission field; even on the low *ground of common sense*, I seemed to be called to be a missionary. Is the Kingdom a harvest field? Then I

thought it reasonable that I should seek to work where the work was most abundant and the workers fewest. Laborers say they are overtaxed at home; what then must be the case abroad, where there are wide-stretching plains already white to harvest with scarcely here and there a solitary reaper? To me the soul of an Indian seemed as precious as the soul of an Englishman, and the Gospel as much for the Chinese as for the European; and as the band of missionaries was few compared with the company of home ministers, it seemed to me clearly to be my duty to go abroad.

"But I go out as a missionary, not that I may follow the dictates of common sense, but *that I may obey that command of Christ,* 'Go into all the world and preach.' He who said 'preach,' said also, 'Go ye into and preach,' and 'what Christ hath joined together let not man put asunder.' This command seems to me to be strictly a missionary injunction, and, as far as I can see, those to whom it was first delivered regarded it in that light; so that, apart altogether from choice and other lower reasons, my going forth is a matter of obedience to a plain command; and in place of seeking to assign a reason for going abroad, I would prefer to say that I have failed to find any reason why I should stay at home."

Mr. Paterson states that "when it became known that Gilmour intended to be a foreign missionary, there was not a little surprise expressed, especially among rival fellow-students—men who had competed with him to their cost. *The moral effect* of such a distinguished scholar giving his life for Christ among the heathen was very great indeed."

4. *Gilmour's Theological Preparation, 1867–69.*—With his Master's degree won at Glasgow, he next entered for his theological course Cheshunt College, fourteen miles north of London, where he remained two years. This was in consequence of negotiations, previously entered into, with the London Missionary Society. Resident college life, so different from that of the Glasgow non-dormitory system, was a new experience, the value of which he doubted.

Some of *his strongest impulses date from this time,* as he came under the spell of those old but powerful works, James' "Earnest Ministry," Baxter's "Reformed Pastor," and some of Bunyan's writings. Even more helpful was the victory which he gained over his lust for primacy, after he had won the Soper prize. "In my first session I had got the second only, and now I had an opportunity of trying for the first. It was a temptation indeed, but God triumphed. I looked back

on my life and saw how often I had been tempted on from one thing to another, after I had resolved that I would leave my time more free and at my disposal for God, but always was I tempted on. So now I made a stand, threw ambition to the winds, and set to reading my Bible in good earnest. I made it my chief study during the last three months of my residence at Cheshunt, and I look back upon that period of my stay there as the most profitable I had."

Fellow-students at the college recall his practical jokes, his racy, pointed speeches and his powers as an elocutionist and debater. One senior who came to welcome the newcomer was met by the brusque questions, "Who are you? What do you want?" and when a hand was offered, Gilmour said, "Time eno' to shake hands when we have quarrelled. But where do you live?" "Immediately over your head." "Then look here, don't make a row." Going out in the evening, mostly alone, he would conduct open air services near the railway station. When special meetings were being held, Gilmour might be seen approaching "bare-headed every passer by with some piquant, vigorous inquiry, or message or warning. . . . The entire population in the thoroughfare was stirred, and uncomplimentary jeers mingled with some awe-struck impressions that were there produced."

Nor were Gilmour's activities confined to Cheshunt. His heart was in bonny Scotland, and he would impress others into the fellowship of *prayer for unconverted friends* at home with whom he was in correspondence. *And further afield* than this he went. "When he knew what was to be his field of labor after his college course was over, how solicitous he was to go out fully prepared and fitted in spiritual equipment! The needs of the perishing heathen were very real and weighed heavily upon his heart, and he was very anxious to win volunteers among his college friends for this all-important work. How he longed and prayed for China's perishing millions, only his most intimate friends know."

5. *Final Training at Highgate, 1869–70.*—In this northern suburb of London he entered in September, 1869, a practical finishing institution, whither he was sent by the London Missionary Society's directors. Admirable in theory, but sadly wanting in fact, Gilmour thought it a waste of time, and, owing to the agitation in which he had a prominent share, it soon ceased to exist. Though the required work of this institution and his study of Chinese under Professor Summers of London seemed of little worth, these months were momentous ones in

Gilmour's soul history. As he stood upon the verge, dreading the imminent plunge into the chilling waters of heathenism, he writes, full of the blessedness of those months of communion with God: "Companions I can scarcely hope to meet, and the feeling of being alone comes over me till I think of Christ and His blessed promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' No one who does not go away, leaving all and going alone, can feel the force of this promise; and when I begin to feel my heart threatening to go down, I betake myself to this companionship, and, thank God, I have felt the blessedness of this promise rushing over me repeatedly when I knelt down and spoke to Jesus as a present companion, from whom I am sure to find sympathy. . . . I have once or twice lately felt a melting sweetness in the name of Jesus, as I spoke to Him and told Him my trouble. Yes, and the trouble went away, and I arose all right." Having learned the secret of the abiding life, the young apostle to the Mongols had finished his preparation and was ready to exchange the blessings and beauties of Britain for the dust and stenches of Peking and the treeless and comparatively barren Mongolian plateau.

III. **Gilmour's Missionary Apprenticeship.**—1. *The Voyage.*—Bidding his father adieu, he sailed from Liverpool on February 22, 1870, being then in his twenty-seventh year. His time on board the steamship Diomed was largely spent in doing personal work among the men and in preparing for public services on Sunday. Seeking out the crew singly in the silent night watches, or listening in the prow to ghost stories by the hour that his testimony for Jesus might be accepted, he was practicing a lesson that he must often repeat among his chosen people.

2. *At Peking.*—On May 18th, 1870, Gilmour passed through the cavernous portals of the Chinese capital, which was to be the headquarters of his future work, so far away over the Great Wall on the Mongolian highlands. He had arrived at the critical time when an anti-foreign storm was on the eve of breaking in the sanguinary massacre of foreigners at Tientsin, eighty-three miles away. His diary naturally reveals to us a man who expects death. But his prayer was answered, "Keep me, O God, in perfect peace. O God, let me cast all my care upon Thee, and commit my soul to Thy safe keeping." Prayer, moreover, might avail for multitudes. "While others are writing to the papers and trying to stir up the feelings of the people, so that they may take action in the matter, perhaps I may do some good moving heaven. My creed leads me to think

that prayer is efficacious, and surely a day's asking God to overrule all these events for good is not lost." Verily a vigorous apprenticeship this to the king of Terrors, but Gilmour came off more than conqueror, even though some twenty foreigners yielded up their lives to mob violence, and eight Protestant chapels were destroyed.

3. *On to Mongolia.*—In the midst of the fears of that time and with but the most meagre start in Chinese, our young missionary, less than three months after his arrival, turns his back upon powerful legations and many disapproving missionaries, and speeds over the plain, up through the famous Nan K'ou or South Pass, toward the frontier city of Kalgan, where he arrived after a four days' journey. While he is spending eighteen days with the American missionaries there, making final preparations for his first Mongolian journey, and looking wistfully northward through the pass, made famous by traditions of the great Genghis Khan and his even more illustrious grandson, Kublai, we may turn aside to consider Gilmour's future field and the missionary work that had already been done for its inhabitants.

IV. **The Mongolian Field.**—Standing as a buffer state between Siberia and China proper, with an area more than one-third as large as the United States, are the highland pastures and deserts of Mongolia.

1. *Its Place in History.*—This plateau, girdled on every side with mountain chains, has been the cradle of chieftains and tribes that at one time threatened to occupy all Asia and engulf Europe with their bloodthirsty hordes. Indeed, under Kublai Khan and his predecessors, warriors had "sharpened their battle-axes, and, sparing neither man, woman, nor child, they exterminated the unhappy people," in accordance with their old proverb, "Stone-dead hath no fellow." Kublai's sway, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, actually extended "from the Arctic Ocean to the Strait of Malacca, and from Korea to Asia Minor and the confines of Hungary—an extent of territory, the like of which had never before, and has never since, been governed by any one monarch in Asia."

2. *Land of the Nomad Mongols.*—Of those people to whom Gilmour ministered, there are two somewhat differing types. His work at first was among the pastoral nomads roaming north of Kalgan, toward Lake Baikal. As one climbs the pass beyond that city amid caravans of tea-laden camels, or queer ox-drawn soda carts, and emerges upon the plateau, the difference between the scene and those characteristic of the vast and populous plain behind is most striking. One walks on real grass

and looks out upon rolling prairies blue with millions of forget-me-nots, while the air is vocal with countless skylarks that have leaped from their grassy coverts so far up toward heaven that they are lost to sight, though not to the ravished ear. Scattered here and there over the upland prairie, are clusters of circular felt tents surrounded with the inevitable stacks of argol—dried dung used as fuel—and swarms of children and fierce Mongol wolf-dogs. Prayer-flags fluttering over the encampment, horsemen watching the widely scattered flocks and herds, lazy lamas on pilgrimage, possibly a group of mounted soldiers of mediæval appearance pricking over the plain, and above all a sky of fleckless blue, are the common sights of an August day, like that which ushered Gilmour into his new field.

3. *The Agricultural Mongols.*—Much of his missionary life was spent among the agricultural tribes in southeastern Mongolia. The Chinese have so greatly encroached upon their territory here, that the Mongols have settled down in towns and villages, devoting themselves mainly to agriculture, and speak Chinese, as well as their own native tongue. His surroundings in these towns were so similar to those well known in China, that description is needless. His home in straggling inn quadrangles, a life spent mainly on the streets among the gaping crowds of Chinese fairs, and the sometimes vain attempts to be alone in the uninviting country outside, are the common lot of hundreds of other missionaries also, and our present aim is to enlarge only upon those elements which are peculiar to the life of our hero.

V. **Gilmour's Parishioners.**—One would hardly imagine that the apparently peaceable and unenterprising men, some 2,000,000 in all, who to-day inhabit Mongolia, were of the same stock as those hardy warriors who penetrated to the very heart of Europe a few centuries ago, and whose national name, Mongol, signifies Brave. The differences between the work and appearance of the two sexes are less than those between the lamas and blackmen, as the lay members of the community are called; hence these two divisions of Mongolian society alone need description.

1. *The lamas* are priests of Lamaism, the Mongolian form of Buddhism, so closely related to that of Tibet. They constitute more than half of the male population, and while they can read or rather pronounce the Tibetan words of their sacred books, less than five per cent. of them can read a word of their own language. Their red coats and shaven pates are omnipresent, and as they are prevented by their vows from formal mar-

riage, they everywhere find victims for their lust. Gilmour truly says that "the great sinners in Mongolia are the lamas; the great centres of wickedness are the temples." Their oppression of the laymen is well-nigh unbearable. Is a person sick? The lama is the physician and the sick man must endure heroic treatment, as well as pay for days of prayer, since "work without prayer is of no avail." Does the patient finally succumb under such conditions? "So much the worse for him and so much the better for the lamas. . . . Prayers must be said, and services held for the benefit of the departed soul. More gifts must be made, more money must be spent. When sickness and death enter a Mongol's tent, they come not alone; they often come with poverty and ruin in their train."

2. *The blackmen*, or laity, are naturally affected by such priestly corruption. Gilmour thus testifies: "The influence of the wickedness of the lamas is most hurtful. It is well known. The lamas sin, not only among themselves, but sow their evil among the people. The people look upon the lamas as sacred, and of course think they may do what the lamas do. Thus the corrupting influence spreads, and the state of Mongolia to-day, as regards uprightness and morality, is such as makes the heart more sick the more one knows of it."

Despite the dark picture thus drawn, Gilmour found among these people an apparent *religiousness* that is the antipodes of the religious apathy of their Chinese neighbors. He writes: "One of the first things the missionary notices in coming in contact with the Mongols, is the completeness of the sway exercised over them by their religion. Meet a Mongol on the road, and the probability is that he is saying his prayers and counting his beads as he rides along. Ask him where he is going and on what errand, as the custom is, and likely he will tell you he is going to some shrine to worship. Follow him to the temple, and there you will find him one of a company with dust-marked foreheads, moving lips and the never absent beads, going the rounds of the sacred place, prostrating himself at every shrine, bowing before every idol and striking pious attitudes at every new object of reverence that meets his eye. Go to the quarters where Mongols congregate in towns, and you will find that quite a number of the shops and a large part of the trade there are dependent upon images, pictures and other articles used in worship. . . .

"Approach tents, and the prominent object is a flag-staff with prayer-flags fluttering at the top. *Enter a tent*, and there right opposite you as you put your head in at the door, is the

family altar with its gods, its hangings, its offerings and its brass cups. Let them make tea for you, and before you are asked to drink it a portion is thrown out by a hole in the roof of the tent by way of offering. Have them make dinner for you, and you will see a portion of it offered to the god of the fire, and after that perhaps you may be asked to eat. Wait till evening, and then you will see the little butter lamp lighted and set upon the altar as a pure offering. When bedtime comes, you will notice as they disrobe that each and all wear at their breast charms sewn up in cloth, or pictures of gods in metal cases with glass fronts. In the act of disrobing, prayers are said most industriously, and not till all are stretched on their felts does the sound of devotion cease. Among the first things in the morning, you will hear them at their prayers again, and when your host comes out with you to set you on your way, he will most likely give you as your landmark some cairn, sacred for the threefold reason that its every stone was gathered and laid with prayer, that prayer-flags flutter over the sacred pile, and that it is the supposed residence of the deity that presides over the neighborhood."

Besides this supreme characteristic of religiosity, the laymen are less illiterate than the lamas, are hospitable, addicted to cattle-stealing and strong drink, good-hearted, lacking in foresight, and abounding in laziness and dirt. Their characteristics have been dwelt upon at length that the reader might realize the Herculean task to which James Gilmour single-handed addressed himself, and that the fact that he never baptized even one of the nomad Mongols might be better understood.

VI. **Other Men's Foundations.**—Protestantism had already made a beginning in Mongolia, though the work had been so long interrupted that few survivals of it remained.

1. *The Pioneers.*—Gilmour's first tour was in order to eventually visit in the remote north the stations of Selinginsk and Onagen Dome, where Messrs. Stallybrass and Swan, with two or three coadjutors and their wives, had wrought, until death or exile caused their labors to cease. This was between the years 1818 and 1841—at which latter date "the Emperor Nicholas broke up the mission, and the missionaries retired from the field." This is the brief record of the London Missionary Society; yet in this region, bleak and desolate, abounding in gloomy forests, they had left, besides the graves of some of their number, a Mongol translation of the Bible, twenty living epistles who proved worthy of their confession, though required to enter the Greek Church, and they had so stirred

that ancient organization that it began mission work among the Buriat Mongols.

2. Those laborious cultivators of barren fields, *the Moravians*, made repeated attempts between 1768 and 1823 to Christianize the Kalmuck Mongols, far to the westward of Gilmour's field; and again in 1855 they essayed to enter Chinese Mongolia, but were prevented by the extreme jealousy of the government. Apart from gaining a very few converts, who endured much for Christ's sake, nothing of permanent value marked their work.

3. Something had been done by missionaries of *the American Board*, stationed at Kalgan on the Great Wall. Rev. John T. Gulick, who welcomed Gilmour to his home, and whose mastery of the theory of evolution and strong Christian faith first captivated and later led to the conversion of the famous naturalist and Darwinian, G. J. Romanes, had done some touring among the nomads in that vicinity.

4. Save for a few carefully preserved copies of the Scriptures, found here and there by Gilmour, there was practically nothing for him to build upon beyond a few *helpful elements in Buddhism*, which were stepping-stones to higher things. These he states to be the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; Buddhism's list of ten black sins, punishable in a horrible purgatory, and five far worse sins to be followed by a hell of intense and unending suffering; its doctrine of rewards and of heaven that accounts so largely for its votaries' religiosity; its teachings as to humanity, so pronounced that "perhaps nowhere will you find less cruelty than in Mongolia;" belief in the all-prevailing power of prayer; doctrines and speculations whose depth and magnitude surpass the grasp of the greatest minds, and yet satisfy the most stupid woman with the six syllables, *Om mani padmé hūm*—Ah, the jewel is in the lotus, *i. e.*, self-creative force is in the Kosmos—the sum and substance of them all; and analogous Buddhist teachings that welcomed the account of the flood, the stories of Abraham, Joseph and David who are hailed "almost as heroes of their own religion," and the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan.

Over against such favoring features, he felt it necessary to place these *greater evils of Buddhism:* Its swarms of lazy, dependent lamas; its arrogant self-sufficiency; its discouragement of useful learning by the emphasis of the study of Tibetan, a dead tongue to Mongols; the oppression of the lamas, already mentioned; the absence of intelligent worship in Mon-

golian Buddhism, and the presence in it of debasing features; the tendency of its good works to produce harm rather than good; Lamaism's teachings that make men sin in actions which are really indifferent, thus tending to sear their consciences; its failure to produce holiness; and its usurping the place that belongs to God alone.

As a result of his *balancing its good and evil*, Gilmour writes: "Let us pray for the speedy destruction of this religion, which haughtily robs God, and remorselessly pollutes and crushes man."

VII. **First Lessons in Mongolia.**—1. *The Language.*—Armed with a road-map containing some supposedly useful traveller's phrases on the margin, but which from faulty pronunciation were not readily understood by the people, and also with a sentence given him by a Kalgan teacher, understood to mean, "I don't speak Mongolian; I am learning it," but which actually meant, "I know and speak Mongolian," Gilmour entered his chosen field. Going soon to the Siberian border, he lived in a Russian house and sought to gain the language by the aid of a teacher and by going about among the people, notebook in hand. This latter method created so much suspicion that it was a broken reed for public use. After wasting much time in this way and in reading the Mongol Bible, the taunt of a Scotch merchant as to his slowness drove him forth to live with a lama teacher in a Mongol tent. Of this experience, Gilmour wrote:

"He was only temporarily located there, and had no dog, so I could go out and in as I liked. He was rich, so could afford to keep a good fire burning, a luxury which could not have been enjoyed in the tent of a poor man. His business required him to keep two or three menservants about him; and as a man of his position could not but have good tea always on hand—a great attraction in the desert—the tent was seldom without conversation going on in it between two or three Mongols. This last—conversation carried on by Mongols, just as if no one had been listening—was exactly what I wanted, and I used to sit, pencil and notebook in hand, and take down such phrases as I could catch. Exclamations and salutations made by and to persons entering and leaving the tent; remarks made about and to neighbors and visitors; directions given to servants about herding, cooking and mending the fire, were caught in their native freshness and transferred to my notebook. In the quiet intervals of the day or evening, I would con over again and again what I had caught.

"Learning the language in this way, I soon could speak a good deal more than I could understand, or my teacher explain to me. Though I could not parse the phrases, nor even separate out the words of which they were composed, much less understand the meaning of what I said, I knew when and how to use them, and could hardly help having the accent correct, and could not avoid learning first those words and phrases which were in most common use. Thus, with only a fraction of the labor I had spent over books, I soon began to feel that I was making progress. . . .

"*A slight drawback* to learning a language by repeating everything that any one happens to say, is that some of the phrases so picked up are not very choice. As the language begins to be understood, any impropriety in a phrase soon becomes apparent and can be avoided."

2. *Learning the Ways of the People.*—One of Gilmour's early lessons was that of learning to ride, Mongol fashion, both horses and camels. This he became expert in during a journey of 600 miles across the desert of Gobi. He learned, too, how to endure the long-continued, fierce, burning thirst of the desert; how to make sufficiently definite bargains; the unwisdom of being too obliging to menials; the proper way in which to camp out on the wilds; the valuable accomplishment of securing and enduring Mongol hospitality; and a subterfuge that a missionary without a revolver may use when questioned on the subject by suspicious characters—"Supposing I have, what then? supposing I have not, what then?"

3. Until the missionary enters into the *habits of thought of his people*, he cannot be very useful. But during his first year Gilmour had made great strides in that direction, as witness this diary entry: "I gave the lama a book on Saturday, and when I came back on Tuesday, I found he had read it through twice. He set upon me with questions, getting me to admit premises and then reasoned from them. Christ being at the right hand of God was a great point with him. If God has no form, how can any one be at His right hand? Then, again, if God is everywhere, Christ is everywhere right and left of God, and how can that be? The omnipresence was a staggerer. Was God in that pot, in the tent, in his boot? Did he tread upon God? Then was God inside the kettle? Did the hot tea not scald Him? Again, if God was inside the kettle, the kettle was living! And so he held it up to the laughing circle as a new species of animal. I asked him if a fly were inside the kettle, would the kettle be alive? 'No,' he said; 'but a fly

does not fill the space as God must do.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'is my coat alive because I fill it?' This settled the question." Contrast this treatment of a difficulty with his probable way of meeting it while at Cheshunt College! He had learned to think as a Mongol that he might convince a Mongol.

4. Gilmour also learned personal lessons which were equally valuable, one of these being the *danger of living alone* during the first months. Early in this year, while at Kiachta and surrounded by almost overwhelming difficulties, he wrote: "To-day I felt a good deal like Elijah in the wilderness, when the reaction came on after his slaughter of the priests of Baal; he prayed that he might die. I wonder if I am telling the truth when I say that I felt drawn toward suicide. I take this opportunity of declaring strongly that on all occasions two missionaries should go together. I was not of this opinion a few weeks ago, but I had no idea how weak an individual I am. My eyes have filled with tears frequently these last few days in spite of myself, and I do not wonder in the least that Grant's [his Scotch trader host] brother shot himself. Oh! the intense loneliness of Christ's life; not a single one understood Him! He bore it. O Jesus, let me follow in Thy steps and have in me the same spirit that Thou hadst!" This conviction as to the desirability of sending missionaries out with at least one companion is often reiterated in later years.

A very precious lesson learned during this apprentice year was the practical value of *prayer as a method of work*. He recounts that, as the fruitage of prayer during that period, five most critical difficulties were overcome.

5. According to Gilmour's own testimony, of all the lessons to be learned, "*waiting* has been that which proved most difficult. When performing hard journeys, when baffled in attempts at mastering the language, when poorly lodged and badly fed on native fare, when treated with suspicion and even when openly opposed, there is comfort and stimulus in knowing that perseverance will end the journey and conquer the language, that endurance will make up for deficiencies in board and lodging, and that openness and effort will overcome unfriendliness and hostility. But to have to sit down and simply wait the coming of a day or a man whose advent no effort can hasten, this to me has always proved the hardest task that could be set, and it is one that has often fallen to my lot in Mongolia."

VIII. **The Itinerant Evangelist.**—While a greater part of Gilmour's winters were passed at his Peking headquarters,

where he spent a large part of the time in working among the 1,500 Mongols attracted to the capital by necessities of business and devotion, his main work, especially until he turned his attention to the agricultural Mongols, was that of itinerant.

1. *Getting about* was no small problem. At times he tries the slow, but comparatively luxurious, camel-cart or the more plebeian ox-cart; again we see him making his journeys astride horse or camel; and for a short time he itinerates on foot with all his belongings on his back. How serious this latter method of travel was may be judged from diary entries, "Terrible feet," and from the fact that coming to the writer, he said: "I wish you would take my large print Bible that I have used for years, and remove the text, leaving me the helps. My small print Revised Version is better, and when a man carries his possessions on his shoulders, every ounce counts."

Of all these methods he *most commends the horse.* "Horse-back travelling does away with the tedium as far as possible. . . . Night and day you hurry on; sunrise and sunset have their glories much like those seen at sea; the stars and moon have a charm on the lovely plain. Ever and anon you come upon tents, indicated at night by the barking of dogs,—in the daytime seen gleaming from afar, vague and indistinct through the glowing mirage. As you sweep round the base of a hill, you come upon a herd of startled deer and give chase, to show their powers of running; then a temple with its red walls and ornamented roof looms up and glides past. Hillsides here and there are patched with sheep; in the plains below mounted Mongols are dashing right and left through a large drove of horses, pursuing those they wish to catch, with a noosed pole that looks like a fishing-rod. On some lovely stretch of road you come upon an encampment of two or three hundred ox-carts, the oxen grazing and the drivers mending the wooden wheels, or meet a long train of tea-laden, silent camels. When the time for a meal approaches and a tent heaves in sight, you leave the road and make for it. However tired the horses may be, they will freshen up at this. They know what is coming and hurry on to rest."

2. *A Mongol Interior.*—Gilmour tried the experiment of carrying *his own tent*, and of improving on the native style. This he did by adding a fringe at the bottom and a cloth door, by using three tent-poles and by putting on a double roof to diminish the excessive heat of summer. This tent he soon gave up; as the people "seemed to think that any one who took trouble to make a travelling tent comfortable, must be

very careful of himself. . . . One would almost rather broil in the sun and shiver in the wind, than be considered effeminate by a Mongol."

Accordingly he lived usually with the people *in their tents*, since there are very few inns among the nomadic tribes. We see him approaching an encampment from the front, halting at a short distance and shouting *nohoi* (dog), thus bringing to his relief women and children, who hold back the fierce beasts or sit on the more refractory ones. Having left his dog sticks or whip outside the low door, he says *mendu* to the people within and takes a position on the left of the fireplace in the centre, half-way between the door and back of the tent. He sits cross-legged, interchanges snuff-bottles with the host, meanwhile making and answering inquiries about his host's and his own health. During these formalities, the women have been warming tea which he receives with both hands, as he does later the plate of white food, a mere crumb of which is to be eaten.

*Mongol fare* of the better sort consisted in the morning and at noonday of meal-tea made of meal fried in cracklings with tea poured over it, and at sunset of beef, mutton, or tripe boiled and then fished out with fire-tongs and put in a basin or on a board, to be eaten by taking it between the teeth, and cutting off each mouthful close to the lips. Millet boiled in soup was the second and very palatable course.

Ordinarily *Mongols retire* in winter immediately after this evening meal, the host, if wealthy, having his servant snugly tuck him in, "indicating in Mongol fashion, by the points of the compass, the places where the tucking in was deficient." Gilmour adds: "After the master had been properly tucked and I had drawn on sheepskin boots, buttoned up my great-coat to the chin, tied down the ear-flaps of my fur cap, and been covered up with a couple of Scotch plaids, the last act of the day was performed. The tent was closed above, the door was made fast and a large jar filled with charcoal was produced, and . . . the whole contents were piled in one heap on the fire. In a few minutes there was a splendid glow, and for the only time perhaps in the twenty-four hours, the atmosphere of the tent was really hot. Every one used to lie and look at it with a glow of satisfaction and gradually drop off to sleep."

3. But Gilmour was there for the purpose of *witnessing for Jesus*. Usually after halting and dissipating the native reserve by tea-drinking, he produced and exhibited a case of Scripture pictures, the main doctrines of Christianity being stated in connection with them; thus even stupid ones were enabled to

apprehend clearly the teaching, and to remember it as well. After the pictures, came the books—illustrated tracts, a catechism, and a Gospel of St. Matthew. The Gospel always proved the most difficult to understand. "The difficulty seems to arise from the want of acquaintance, on the part of the reader, with Gospel truths and doctrines, from a slight indefiniteness inherent in Mongol writing, and perhaps mainly from proper names, Old Testament references and Jewish customs occurring or referred to in this Gospel." Hence Gilmour writes: "One is forced, rather unwillingly it must be confessed, to the opinion, that in propagating Christianity among the heathen, tracts and other books of elementary Christian teaching are, in the initial stages at least, a necessary introduction to the Bible itself. Of course, after a man has been taught somewhat of the doctrines and facts of Christianity, the most useful book that can be put into his hands is the Bible."

When a Mongol understands that Christianity makes personal claims upon him and means the rejection of Buddhism, *he is staggered* at the smallness of our Bible, as compared with the enormous size of the Buddhist collection, which requires a string of camels to carry. His own Canon contains good doctrines also, and as for miracles, he can quote many from his own Scriptures. An inquirer, moreover, must face the bigoted enthusiasm of his countrymen and even Gilmour's "conviction that any one Mongol coming out of Buddhism and entering Christianity would lead a very precarious existence on the plain, if in fact he could exist there at all."

Here are *some questions asked Gilmour* by the Mongol, Toobshing, one Sunday afternoon: Is hell eternal? Are all the heathen who have not heard the Gospel damned? If a man lives without sin, is he damned? If a man disregards Christ, but worships a supreme God in an indefinite way, is he saved or not? How can Christ save a man? If a man prays to Christ to save him morn and even, but goes on sinning meantime, how about him? If a man prays for a thing, does he get it? Do your unbelieving countrymen in England all go to hell? Are there prophets now? Is a newborn child a sinner? Is one man, then, punished for another man's fault? Has anybody died, gone to heaven or hell, and come back to report? Did Buddha live? [Answer, He lived, but did not do what is now said of him.] If so, how do you know that the account of Christ is not made up in the same way? Could not the disciples conspire to make the Gospel? Chapter xvii. of

"Among the Mongols," gives a fine summary of the questions and difficulties met in this work.

4. *The perfected fruitage* of such evangelistic efforts, it was not permitted Gilmour to see, Rev. W. P. Sprague, of the American Board Mission at Kalgan, having baptized his only convert among the nomad Mongols, Boyinto Jauggé of Shabberti: The story of this man's brave confession in the midst of the dense smoke of a lama's tent, and Gilmour's twenty-three mile walk with Boyinto, when his feet caused him excruciating pain, that he might have the privilege, well-nigh unknown in Mongolia, of private conversation and prayer with the young confessor, is one of the most pathetic that Gilmour ever penned. (See Lovett's "James Gilmour of Mongolia," pp. 158–168.)

IX. **Gilmour as Lay Physician.**—"Doctoring the Mongols" is one of the best chapters in his most widely known book. In its most systematic form, this sort of work was done among the agricultural Mongols and others who came to him at his street-tent dispensary in the towns of Ch'ao Yang, Ta Ch'êng-tzŭ and T'a Ssŭ K'ou, 270 miles northeast by east of Peking, in which places he spent most of his time after 1885. Striking out his simple medical tent, the picture is the same of his medical work among the nomads during the preceding fifteen years of his missionary life.

1. Once known that a foreigner with a medicine chest is among them and the news spreads far and wide, the story of his renown and of the potency of his medicines growing as it passes from mouth to mouth. Persons apply for relief who are afflicted with *all sorts of diseases*, the most common of which are itch, rheumatism, eye difficulties, spring diseases due to the damp of the thaw, ague, *narry*—occasioned by whisky which burns the stomach so that numbers die from it—and the chronic maladies of women, affecting nearly every one of these beyond girlhood.

2. In *curing disease* Gilmour was far more than a match for the lamas, who depend largely on prayer, the crude quackery of China, and water-cures,—despite the ordinary fear of the Mongol, that if water is freely used on the body he will become a fish after death. Indeed, so great was his reputation that he was asked "to perform absurd, laughable or impossible cures. One man wants to be made clever, another to be made fat, another to be cured of insanity, another of tobacco, another of whisky, another of tea, another wants to be made strong so as to conquer in gymnastic exercises, most men want medicines to

make their beards grow, while almost every man, woman and child want to have his or her skin made as white as that of the foreigner."

3. In the chapter above referred to, Gilmour states *some of the limitations* imposed upon the missionary. "To have any prospect of success among the Mongols, the missionary must avoid raising suspicions; and, if he is to avoid raising suspicions, he must climb no hill, pick up no pebble, never go for a walk, and never manifest any pleasure in the scenery. If he does any of these things, stories and rumors are at once circulated which effectually close the minds of the inhabitants against his teaching." He must be even more careful about writing and should avoid shooting beast or birds.

4. *Gilmour's Views as to the Value of Medicine in Mongolia.*—While acknowledging that the sparsity of the population is an argument against sending physicians there, he adds that "it must not be forgotten that when at length you do meet an inhabitant, he or she is almost sure to be suffering from some disease or other." And again: "The seeming interest and apparent friendliness with which many of them have listened to the Gospel message, has, under God, been mainly owing to the fact that I tried to heal their diseases, while I said that the Kingdom of God had come nigh to them." Letters to his two sons repeatedly express the hope that they may become medical missionaries and come to Mongolia's relief.

As to "the dangerous knowledge" of *the lay physician*, Gilmour's testimony is also of value. "No one has more detestation than I have for the quack that patters in the presence of trained skill; but from what I have known and seen of mission life, both in myself and others, since coming to North China, I think it is little less than culpable homicide to deny a little hospital training to men who may have to pass weeks and months of their lives in places where they themselves, or those about them, may sicken and die from curable diseases before the doctor could be summoned, even supposing he could leave his part and come."

X. **Gilmour in Other Relations.**—Some details of his life outside its directly missionary phases, must be given, if the picture is to be symmetrical.

1. His *courtship and marriage* on December 8, 1874, to Emily Prankard, of London, who came out to him at Peking, was characteristic of him and supplied a greatly needed and appreciated factor in his lonely life. This is his account of the affair: "About my wife: as I want you to know her, I in-

troduce you to her. She is a jolly girl, as much, perhaps more, of a Christian and a Christian missionary than I am. I proposed first to a Scotch girl, but found I was too late. I then put myself in the direction of this affair—I mean the finding of a wife—into God's hands, asking Him to look me out one, a good one too, and very soon I found myself in a position to propose to Miss Prankard with all reasonable evidence that she was the right sort of a girl, and with some hope that she would not disdain the offer. We had never seen each other, and had never corresponded; but she had heard much about me from people in England who knew me, and I had heard a good deal of her and seen her letters, written to her sister and to her sister's husband [Gilmour's colleague, Rev. S. E. Meech]. The first letter I wrote to her was to propose, and the first letter she wrote to me was to accept—romantic enough!"

Mrs. Gilmour was a genuine *help-meet to her husband* and shared in his Mongolian experiences. She made rapid advance in the language, though she paid the price by having to live without privacy and by contracting, or at least aggravating, the disease which bereft him of her on September 19, 1885. "He himself bears testimony to the unerring skill which she possessed in gauging the moral qualities of the Chinese. She gave much time and labor to Christian work among the women and girls in Peking; and her husband was greatly helped in his work during the nearly eleven years of married life by her sound judgment, her strong affection, her loving Christian character, and her entire consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ."

2. His love for, and care of, *the three boys*, who survived the mother's death,—baby Alick, Willie, who was then six, and James, aged eight—were almost ideal. As one sees the father mending their garments and reads the equally charming and pathetic pages of "James Gilmour and His Boys," one comes to realize the depths of his father love and the intense reality of the better world, where his wife and little Alick—who died in December, 1887—awaited him. Separation from his two eldest bairns when they returned to Scotland, was almost like another death, but he met it like a Christian, in spite of an agonized "Oh! the parting."

3. *Relation to Fellow Missionaries.*—Besides making Peking his winter headquarters, he was obliged to spend much time there in Chinese work, owing to the absence on furlough of his colleagues. He likewise aided somewhat in the work at Tientsin and in Shan-tung. This brought him into contact with other missionaries, whose opinions did not always coincide

with his own. Owing to his strong views on matters mentioned in the following paragraph, there was some friction; yet the Christian always dominated the partisan, except as regarded his own unique work in Mongolia, concerning which he felt that he must have liberty. In his later years, his fellowship with those who, like Dr. Mackenzie, were spiritually-minded, was most tender and sweet. How he longed—though in vain save for the companionship for a brief time of Drs. Roberts and Smith and Mr. Parker—to have such communion and coöperation in lonely Mongolia!

4. *Divergence from Common Views and Practices.*—The differences above referred to had to do with what many called his ascetic and extreme views. Thus he strove to be to the Mongolian as a Mongol—donned their clothes and ate their food, even becoming a vegetarian for a time, for the sake of influence mainly. The advantages thereby gained and the great saving in expense made him feel that others should profit by his experience and imitate it.

Again, from college days he was *an ardent teetotaler*, and his intimate acquaintance with the evils of tobacco, whisky and opium in his field, together with the effect on the native church of admitting persons subject to these habits, made him urge that no one be received who had them. While he finally yielded to the will of the Mission in this matter, it was with the greatest reluctance.

For some years previous to his second furlough home in 1889, he gave up all reading except the Bible, and this position prevented close fellowship with some others. After this stay in the home-land, he passed beyond that view and greatly enjoyed books and periodicals, though he studied the Bible with all his old eagerness and gave the preference to writings bearing on the culture of the soul.

In *his prayer life* he also differed from many others, setting them a worthy example. In addition to entire days devoted to prayer and fasting, "morning, noon and night, at least, he talked with God. He took everything to God, and asked His advice about everything. His prayers were very simple, just like a child talking to mother or father, or friend talking familiarly with friend." Moments were likewise improved. When writing, he would stop at the bottom of the page, and instead of blotting it, he would engage in prayer while the ink was drying.

XI. **"Through the Gates Into the City."**—Leaving unsaid many things of great interest, particularly the thrilling

stories of adventure and peril, we cannot but pause to note the passing of the hero of Mongolia.

1. *The Last Annual Meeting.*—Mr. Gilmour had not been present for some years at the Annual Meeting of the London Mission at Tientsin. Deciding not to miss the gathering of 1891, *he prepared for it* by prolonged prayer and by writing many letters urging that everything be done to make the native workers, who came up that year for the first time to the conference, enjoy the occasion and profit from its exercises. He was anxious that as many of them as possible might sit at table with the missionaries.

Gilmour enjoyed the journey down, especially that part of it over the newly constructed railway. His unusual good health he attributed to more nourishing food, vegetarianism having been abandoned, to abstinence from fasting and to the fact that, instead of carrying burdens, he had at last learned to roll them off upon the Lord. *In the meetings*, over which he presided as chairman with great tact and humor, his friends noted his great deference to the views of others, and in the gatherings held every evening for the deepening of the spiritual life, which he also conducted, his spiritual growth and fervor were likewise marked. Swan songs that gave him deepest satisfaction and which were repeatedly sung during those days, were the hymns beginning with "O Christ, in Thee my soul hath found," "In the shadow of His wings there is rest, sweet rest," "God holds the key of all unknown," and "Some one at last will his cross lay down."

*His latest lines* were written to a Kalgan missionary less than a fortnight before the end, when he was just entering his fatal illness. The next to the last paragraph of the letter reads: "Lately I am being more and more impressed with the idea that what is wanted in China is not new 'lightning' methods, so much as good, honest, quiet, earnest, persistent work, in old lines and ways."

2. *The Golden Bowl Broken.*—The unusual burdens, added to by preaching and a daily Bible-class, with the native helpers, and made more serious because of heart weakness, finally terminated in an eleven days' siege of typhus fever. Its fierce fires and more or less delirium prevented a normal end. Part of the time he was once more on the Mongolian plateau, living out the old heroic rôle; once he was addressing an audience with energetic gesticulations: "We are not spending the time as we should; we ought to be waiting on God in prayer for blessing upon the work He has given us to do. I would like to make a

rattling speech—but I cannot—I am very ill—and can only say these few words," and he waved a farewell to his listeners. That same evening the struggle ceased, and in quietness his spirit passed away—on Thursday, May 21, 1891.

XII. **Funeral and Tribute.**—1. *The burial* occurred toward evening of the following Saturday. A lovely afternoon; a hymn-sheet with Bunyan's words printed upon it, "The pilgrim they laid in an upper chamber whose window opened toward the sunrising;" the coffin borne by relays of bearers, both foreigners and natives; the final resting-place adjoining that of his dear friend, Dr. Mackenzie; the appropriate funeral service, including the hymn, "Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;" singing by the Chinese of their version of "In the Christian's home in glory," while little Chinese boys who had loved Gilmour came forward and threw flowers into the grave—these were the last scenes in a life of heroic dimensions.

Less than *a year before, he had written:* "There remains a rest. Somewhere ahead. Not very far at the longest. Perfect, quiet, full, without solitude, isolation, or inability to accomplish; when the days of our youth will be more than restored to us; where, should mysteries remain, there will be no torment in them. And the reunions there!" He had reached this rest remaining.

2. The *strength of that life,* Gilmour's dear friend and biographer, Richard Lovett, thus points out: "Love, self-crucifixion, Jesus Christ followed in adversity, in loneliness, in manifold perils, under almost every form of trial and hindrance and resistance, both active and passive—these are the seeds James Gilmour has sown so richly on the hard Mongolian plain, and over its eastern mountains and valleys. 'In due time we shall reap, if we faint not.' His work goes on. He is now doing the Master's bidding in the higher service. There, we must fain believe, he is finding full scope for those altogether exceptional spiritual affinities and powers and capacities, which stand out so conspicuously all through the story of his inner life."

# Miss Eliza Agnew

## Ceylon's "Mother of a Thousand Daughters"

### 1807–1883

BY MISS ABBIE B. CHILD.

I. **Early Life.**—1. *The Decision.*—In the early days of this century, about the year 1815, a faithful teacher in a day-school in New York City was giving a lesson in Geography to his pupils. As he pointed out the Isle of France on the map, he spoke of it as a place to be remembered as containing the grave of Harriet Newell who, years before, had been one of his favorite pupils. He gave an account of her beautiful life and early death, and portrayed to the class the condition of heathen people and her object in going to them. Among his scholars was a little girl of eight years with a serious, earnest face, named Eliza Agnew. Her sensitive nature was so stirred by the story of a great need, that, with a maturity beyond her years, she decided, then and there, that if it were God's will when she should grow to be a woman, she "would be a missionary to tell the heathen about Jesus." So was added one more consecrated life to the many which sprang from the influence of Harriet Newell, and thus did the seed thought of the present Student Volunteer Declaration find an early lodgment in her young heart.

2. *Conversion and Service.*—As she grew to womanhood, duty to her parents and family friends kept her in New York City until her thirty-third year, but she never forgot the resolve of her childhood. At seventeen, in the midst of stirring revival scenes, she gave her heart to her Lord in whole-souled surrender, and a few weeks later united with the Presbyterian Church, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. McCartee. Year after year went by filled with quiet home duties, and the only outside religious work open to women at that time—in the Sabbath-school and in tract distribution.

II. **Entrance Into Missionary Life.**—In 1839 the death of her parents and the severance of other home ties had made it possible for her to fulfill her long-cherished purpose, and in April of that year, she made *application for appointment* as a missionary of the American Board.

1. *Reasons for Going.*—Her letter of application contains these words: "It was not till my seventeenth year that I was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and the desire that sympathy had enkindled in childhood was increased when I viewed them as immortal beings, possessed of spirits capable of enjoying God, ignorant of their true state and character, and the way of salvation through a crucified Saviour. These impressions, with a due sense of my obligations to Him who loved me and gave Himself for me, as well as the duties I owe to my dying fellow-creatures, and the blessing I have always enjoyed of uninterrupted health, constrain me to say, 'Here am I, Lord, send me.'"

2. *Testimonials from* her pastor and *intimate friends*, at that time, speak of her as possessed of "decision and firmness of character, of patience and perseverance;" as "modest, unassuming, obliging, kind, forbearing, cautious in speech, watchful to improve opportunities to speak for her Master;" of "an unwavering desire to spend and be spent in His service among the heathen."

3. *Voyage and Arrival.*—Rejoicing "that the Lord had condescended to prosper my way," she set sail on the thirtieth of July, 1839, with the Rev. Phineas Hunt and his wife, and two other "Female teachers," Miss Sarah F. Brown, and Miss Jane E. Lathrop. (Miss Brown was soon obliged to return because of failing health, and Miss Lathrop afterward married Rev. Henry Cherry of the Madura Mission.)

They sailed on the bark *Black Warrior*, a vessel with rather a redoubtable name for such quiet people, on so peaceful a mission. To go half-way around the world in 1899 in luxurious steamers is a pleasant holiday excursion, but this little company in their cramped, uncomfortable quarters were five months at sea, arriving in Jaffna, Ceylon, in January, 1840. They went expecting never to return. They left their native land to remain till they should go to that land from whence they would go no more out forever.

III. **"Ceylon's Isle."**—1. *The country* to which Miss Agnew went is one where every prospect pleases. It was a delight for sea-tired eyes to rest on the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics; the flambo just ready to burst into a glory of scar-

let blossoms; the cork tree with its white clusters of sweet-smelling flowers which cover the ground like snow; the tamarind with its acid fruit-pods. There are mahogany, olive, margosa, teak, iron-wood, ebony, mango, jack-wood, apple and many other kinds of trees. Shooting up were the cocoanut and Palmyra palms, with their magnificent, tall trunks and great tufted heads, and around them were the rice fields, like lakes of living green, and the broad patches of tea plants creeping up the hillsides.

2. The *women and girls* among whom our missionary was to work were many of them, especially among the higher classes, very attractive,—gentle, shy, affectionate, and very pretty, with their rich dark skins, and soft black eyes. These were enhanced by their dress, the brilliant, graceful engadi, and by the jewelry, with which the Tamil woman loves to deck herself, —head ornaments, earrings, nose-rings, necklaces, bangles, anklets and toe rings. Others, in the lower classes, were hard-featured, rough, unkempt, filthy, degraded;—yet nearly all had sad, dull faces, reflecting their vacant, miserable lives.

IV. **Uduville Seminary.**—Miss Agnew's life-work was to be in a boarding school for girls in Uduville, one of the principal cities in the Jaffna Province.

1. *Interest in Her Coming.*—No single lady had been sent before to Ceylon, and the people could not at first understand that a woman actually unmarried should come so far. Miss Agnew was fond of relating how on the day that she arrived, while busy in her room, two bright black eyes peered up at her through a convenient hole in the hedge, and a small voice anxiously asked, "Please, where is *Mr.* Agnew?" The curiosity, however, soon changed to love and admiration, as she threw herself into her work.

2. *Miss Agnew Its First Special Teacher.*—The school had been started thirteen years before, and cared for hitherto by the wives of missionaries, but now demanded the full time of a special teacher. It was surely no accident that the need had become imperative on one side of the world just as the teacher was made ready to meet the demand on the other. As the life of the school and the life of Miss Agnew were almost inseparable, we give space to a brief history of the school.

3. *Desirability and Difficulty of Establishing Boarding Schools.*—In the early history of the mission it was comparatively easy to persuade children, more especially boys, to attend day-schools taught by a native teacher; but it was soon decided that for an effective Christian education, it would be

necessary to take them away from their homes, and place them entirely under the care of the missionaries. This was a difficult thing to do, and it was some time before any could be induced to brave the ridicule sure to be brought upon them by living in a Christian family.

4. The *story of the first girls* who were induced to learn to read is as follows: Two little girls were in the habit of lingering around Mrs. Winslow's house, sometimes peeping in at a door or a window, but running away with fright if Mrs. Winslow attempted to speak to them. Gradually they ventured nearer, sitting on the doorstep for a few minutes at a time, receiving some fruit when offered, and at length they were induced to take a needle and learn to sew, by the promise of a jacket when they should learn to make one. After six months, a storm drove one of these girls into the house for shelter and as the rain continued, she stayed all night and ate her supper in the mission-house. When she went home to her father the next morning, he said: "You need not come here; you have eaten the missionaries' rice. Go back to them; be their child hereafter." She did go back, and was gladly received by the missionaries. She was named Betsey Pomeroy, was the first convert in the school, and became a Christian wife and mother.

5. "*Central Boarding School*" *Established.*—Similar beginnings were made in other stations, and in 1824 it was thought best to collect all the girls who were under the care of the missionaries in different villages in one "Central Boarding School" at Uduville. This girl's school opened with twenty-nine pupils in a bungalow, a mere shelter, consisting of a thatched-roof, supported on six or eight posts, having a hard floor of earth, on which the children sat cross-legged, writing in the sand, or using palm-leaves for slates, and stiles for pencils. The number of pupils gradually increased to fifty and seventy-five, till in 1838 there were a hundred in the school. The bungalow was soon outgrown, and a brick schoolroom with a wide veranda was erected, with a separate building for dormitories. In the latter building there were little rooms for private devotion, called "prayer closets," which have always been sacred places in the school, and a source of great spiritual power. On account of the great increase in attendance, it was absolutely necessary that a single lady should be secured to give her whole time to it, and in 1839, as we have seen, Miss Agnew was sent out to take up the work which she never laid down, except for a brief visit to the "Hills," for more than forty years.

6. Through her influence the *religious history of the school* has been very remarkable. From the first, the very act of joining the school has seemed to be attended in many cases with the expectation of becoming a Christian, and they were constantly admitted to the church in companies of six, eight and ten.

There have been frequent and *powerful revivals* from its very commencement. An account of one follows as an illustration of all. At the missionary meeting in the autumn, it was a general remark, that there never had been known to exist a greater degree of coldness in the churches than at that time. A few days after this, the missionary living at Uduville was awakened from sleep about eleven o'clock in the evening by the voice of a person in distress and on going to the veranda, heard the voice of prayer and weeping. A few moments afterward one of the girls came to the house saying, "We want some one to come and talk to and pray with us." The voice of weeping, prayer and singing did not cease till one or two o'clock in the morning, and some had little or no sleep during the night. For several days meetings were held with them, when some of them led in prayer. At the close of one of these meetings, an assistant remarked that it seemed to him when the last girl prayed that it was not her prayer, but the prayer of the Holy Spirit, as if some other person were speaking. "More deep feeling and more fervent, wrestling prayer," says a missionary, "I never witnessed. The last thing I heard at night and the first thing in the morning was the voice of prayer and praise. At the end of one week after the commencement of this awakening, one of the older girls who is a church member, being asked how many of the girls in the school cared for their souls replied, 'There is not one girl who does not care for her soul.'"

The following *letter from the oldest girl* in the school will be read with interest, in connection with the account of this revival. "We agreed about one year ago to hold a meeting every Tuesday evening to pray for our parents, and accordingly last Tuesday we held a meeting; and after two or three had prayed we were about to close the meeting, when another girl prayed. And when we heard how she, as it were, wrestled with God in her prayer, we were unable to close the meeting, having a strong desire to continue all night, because her prayer was as when a miserable beggar pleads with a rich man, or as when a child entreats a favor of a parent, or as when a person agonizes for a friend who is about to be hung. When she had closed her prayer, some of us were exceedingly agitated, and

were unable to speak, for we saw all our sins and defects. Then some of us had a thought, viz., that we could not expect peace of mind till we had called some of the older girls who did not seriously seek Jesus Christ with all their hearts and talked with them. We, however, concluded that we must first acknowledge our own faults and ask forgiveness of God and then call the girls and speak with them. After we had done according to this, our determination, we called up those who were asleep and conversed with them. At that time they were aroused to anxiety about their souls. For this we praise the Lord. From that day to this they lift up their voices in prayer to God day and night. We do not believe there is one girl in the school who does not pray."

7. In June, 1874, the school celebrated *its semi-centennial* by a large jubilee meeting, which was an occasion of very great interest. Invitations had been sent to those pupils who were living, as far as known, to be present with their children, and a large number came, nearly filling the spacious church in which the exercises were held. Many of their husbands and fathers were present, sitting at the farther end of the church, while the women and children, closely seated on mats, filled the greater part of the space in front. Among them, creeping slowly and painfully in, leaning upon her granddaughter, was the first pupil, Betsey Pomeroy, who had been matron in the school for many years, and had always borne the character of an earnest, trustworthy Christian helper. Interesting addresses were made by former native teachers, Pastor Hunt, a native minister of the Church Mission, and a lawyer from Jaffna, whose wives were all educated in the school.

When the interest reached its height, it seemed very appropriate that there should be some practical expression of it. A teacher in the college rose, spoke earnestly for a few minutes, and in closing, referring to the fact that he had no rings in his ears or on his fingers, turned to his wife and sister who were present, and asked them to make an offering of some of their jewelry, to be kept as a memorial of the day. They cheerfully responded by sending up five gold finger rings and his little daughter added a silver *toe* ring. As he took his seat, a doctor, who was in charge of the "Friend in Need Society," came forward and made a brief, earnest speech, alluding to the college which had been established for the young men, and expressing a wish that the Uduville school should become an endowed college for the young women, where English as well as Tamil should be taught. He then laid upon the table a pair

of diamond earrings as a pledge of five pounds toward the endowment of the future college. He was followed by others till quite a sum was raised for an endowment fund.

Before closing, an address prepared in behalf of graduates and students to Miss Agnew, was read in both English and Tamil, and a check for $825, contributed as a memorial of the Jubilee, was presented to her in recognition of her own long services and those of Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding. This sum constitutes what is called the "*Spaulding and Agnew Fund*," the interest of which is to be applied for the education of girls in the school. This fund gradually increased till with its interest and the native fees, the school became self-supporting in 1883, the very year that Miss Agnew, after her long life of self-sacrifice, "fell on sleep."

8. *Her Long and Fruitful Service.*—Miss Agnew remained at the head of the school for forty years, without once returning to her native land. She was blessed with remarkable health, and although it was often suggested to her to take a vacation, she was always "too busy" to do so. Her long service gave her great influence. Age is honored in the Orient, and she was known and loved throughout all Jaffna. During the forty years, more than a thousand pupils came under her care, who loved her as a mother. She lived to teach the children and the grandchildren of her first pupils and the people called her "the mother of a thousand daughters." Most of the girls came from heathen homes, and more than six hundred of them went out from her care as earnest Christians. It is thought that no girl who remained through the whole of the school course graduated as a heathen.

V. **Last years.**—1. *Visiting Her Old Pupils.*—Most of Miss Agnew's school vacations were spent in visiting her old pupils in their homes. It is related that one vacation she reserved for rest at a little thatched bungalow on the northern coast of Ceylon,—an event in her life; the others she gave to her girls.

*An associate writes:* "She visited each station in the mission, and it was understood by all that she had come to see the former Uduville scholars. 'Chennamma (little lady) writes that she is coming this week,' a missionary lady would say to the Christian women at her station. Their bright, black eyes would light up, and then they would look at each other shyly and laugh, and one more bold than the others would say, 'We are glad. Now we must go home and see that the children's clothes are mended, and the yard swept and everything made neat.' During the week she would go to see some

woman, married and settled years before. She would praise the yard, the fruit trees, the neatness of the cooking utensils, and the clean faces of the children. But perhaps the cloth of one little one had an unsightly rent. 'Oh, my Anarche,' she would say, 'is this the way you learned to take care of clothes? You have not lost your needles and thread down the well, have you? Now, the next time I come, you must have the clothes all as nice and neat as are the pretty little ones that wear them.' So, with loving praise and kindly reproof, all the little matters of the household were noted. The women grew old and their grandchildren took the place of their children; but they were still her girls to Miss Agnew, and she still kept the same loving watch over them, as in the first years when they went from the school to their own homes. Is it surprising that her name is in the most literal sense still a household word in all that part of Ceylon?"

2. At the time she *resigned her position* in the school it was once more suggested that she should make a visit to America. She replied, "My work for the women of Jaffna is not yet finished. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, is my daily prayer. In that hope will I rest."

3. Soon afterward she *removed to Manepy*, wishing to spend her old age with the native Christians there. She gave her days to her old graduates, visiting them in their homes, and receiving them in her own room. She was especially anxious over those of her pupils who had gone astray, visiting them again and again, praying with them and exhorting them to return to the fold.

4. During the *last two years of her life*, she was in the home of the Misses Leitch who felt her presence to be a daily blessing. In June, 1883, Miss Agnew was attacked with paralysis and was more or less confined to her room till the end came. Miss Leitch writes in her "Seven years in Ceylon": "Near the close of her brief illness when we knew that she had not many hours to live, one of the missionaries present asked her if he should offer prayer. She eagerly assented. He asked 'Is there anything for which you would like me especially to pray?' She replied, 'Pray for the women of Jaffna that they may come to Christ.' She had no thought about herself; her thought was for the women of Jaffna that they might know Christ. . . . At the very time she was asking prayers for the women of Jaffna, every room in our house was filled with native Christian women, who, when girls, had been her pupils, and they were praying for her,—that if it were the Lord's will to take

her then to Himself, He would save her from suffering. God heard their prayer and she passed away like one going into a sweet sleep."

5. *The funeral service* was a wonderful gathering. Government officials, missionary families, wives of native pastors, teachers, catechists, a large concourse of people gathered around one worn old face, and wept as though they had lost a mother. "As we looked over that large audience and saw everywhere faces full of love and eyes full of tears, and knew that to hundreds of homes she had brought the light and hope and joy of the gospel, we could not help thinking how precious a life consecrated to Christ may be."

VI. **Her Character.**—1. Wherein lay *her power?* In the sterling integrity of character, her sense of justice, and her whole-souled, straightforward devotion to her work. Natives in non-Christian lands are quick to detect any little inconsistencies or lapses from the straight path of duty in those who are to them the epitome of Christianity; but they found few flaws here, and her daily walk and conversation accomplished almost as much as her direct teaching.

2. *Her Guiding Star.*—There was no doubt about the guiding power of her life,—it was Christ. In times of anxiety or exasperating perplexity, she would give a little sigh, and "I'll tell the Master" was all she said. Although engaged so long in one absorbing work, she did not "hold down the gospel" to her own ideas. Methods changed and new thoughts prevailed in America, and later missionaries brought "new-fangled notions," but she took an interest in them all. That the gentler, more sympathetic side of her nature was very strong is shown by the love she inspired in all about her, both missionaries and natives.

3. An evidence of this is *a letter of welcome* which she sent to the Misses Leitch on their arrival in Ceylon in 1880.

"My dear Missionary Sisters:

"With a warm heart and inexpressible delight do I give you Eliezer's welcome, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord.'

"For two years past have we sent the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' Though I was so anxious for two, yet my stinted faith would not allow me to revel in the anticipation that more than one would be added to our mission circle.

"I do rejoice that our heavenly Father has sent you to this Eden of the East, and that you are allied in the ties of nature, and that you have a brother to aid and counsel you. This

society may prevent loneliness from usurping even a small corner of your hearts. Every day prayer was offered for your safety while journeying on the sea and on the land.

"You are coming to a goodly country, 'where every prospect pleases,'—no Anakims to fear. Your necessary weapons will be the living coals from the altar of the Lord in your hearts and upon your lips, and the sword of the Spirit in your right hands. Fear not: let timidity have no place: press forward; and in the spirit and with the language of the chief apostle to the Gentiles, say, in strong faith, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Necessity is laid upon every missionary to inscribe upon his breastplate, 'Look unto Jesus,' and to follow the example of the disciples of John the Baptist, who, after the burial, 'went and told Jesus.' The blood-bought mercy-seat will appear to you a more precious place in a heathen than in a Christian land. Deprived of so many of your spiritual aids, you will be more inclined to enter the holy of holies, where Jesus answers prayer.

"I hope that you are as highly favored as Heman's three daughters, who could sing in the house of the Lord. And though you may not understand how to strike the cymbal, or make melody on the harp, I trust you can handle the organ, and thus enhance the sweetness of our music whenever we frequent the gates of Zion.

"I know of no other individual in any mission who has, like myself, remained at one station forty years. In relation to my work, in spirit I know no change, but physically I am weary, weary, weary, and need, as Jesus did, to 'turn aside and rest awhile.' Yours, affectionately,

ELIZA AGNEW."

VII. **Conclusion.**—Such is a meagre sketch of a pioneer in work by single women for women and girls. Eliza Agnew was a clever woman, and her strong personality would have made her a power in any community, but she was not a genius. She was neither beautiful nor brilliant, but she was a wise, noble, consecrated Christian woman. Every talent she possessed, every faculty was devoted to the service of her Lord in simple, ordinary duties day after day for forty-three years. She had His blessing and the results were such as angels might envy.

There are *many such workers* through the mission-fields. Their names are little known—as was Miss Agnew's—in America in the hurry and rush of this nineteenth century. At rare intervals a flash-light reveals them, standing calmly and

bravely at their posts amid the horrors of war, and massacre, of plague and famine, and behold, they are heroines, known and admired from one end of the world to the other. Yet, after all, is there less heroism in patient, plodding, brave and cheerful lives like Miss Agnew's, in the appalling darkness of heathenism, in the midst of surroundings and discouragements that must be seen to be appreciated? Results are sometimes few, and long in coming, but they have the Master's approval—the saving of immortal souls as their reward, and they are content.

# The Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer

## Pioneer in Arabia

## 1856–1887

BY REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D.*

I. **Introductory.**—History is "philosophy teaching by examples;" precept reduced to practice; the Book of Life presented in an illustrated, sometimes an illuminated, edition.

1. The heroic young man whose brief biography is now to be recorded represented the very flower of British civilization; and *the lesson of his short* but beautiful *career* may be comprehended in one sentence: The best is not too good for God's work, and the length of life is not the measure of its service.

2. It is now forty-three years since Ion Keith-Falconer was born in Edinburgh, Scotland; and just then began *an eventful era in missions*, when more new doors were suddenly thrown open for missionary labor than in any previous decade of years since Christ's last command was given to His Church. Born in 1856, he died in 1887—his brief life-story on earth covering only about thirty years. Yet, if "that life is long which answers life's great end," we must count these thirty years as spanning eternity, for they wrought out God's eternal purpose, and left a lasting legacy of blessing to the young men of all generations, the true wealth and worth of which only eternity can compute.

II. **Keith-Falconer's Ancestry.**—Oliver Wendell Holmes quaintly but profoundly said that the training of the child begins a hundred years before its birth. In other words, character has its law of heredity; it transmits, at least, its aptitudes. There is something in blood, in breeding, literally construed; and young Keith-Falconer might well be proud of his lineage, for in more senses than one it was noble. He could trace the

* From "The Picket Line of Missions," by permission of Eaton & Mains; copyrighted, 1897.

stream of his family life back through eight centuries. In the year 1010, when Malcolm II. was King of Scotland, Robert Keith, his remote ancestor, by his valor and prowess in the battle with the Danish invaders, won the title of Hereditary Great Mareschal of Scotland; and what Robert Keith did in battle for the Scottish crown his descendant, long after, did for the crown and covenant of the King of kings—he became a standard-bearer on the battlefield where the Moslem and the Christian powers meet, to contend for the victory of the ages; and he won a higher honor and title than can be conferred by human sovereigns as one of the Knights of the Cross.

III. **His Boyhood.**—This biography may perhaps best be studied from four points of view: his boyhood, his college life, his home work, and his pioneer enterprise on the shores of the Red Sea.

1. *The Athlete.*—The first period we may rapidly sketch, as the materials are not abundant. He was marked, as a boy, by four conspicuous qualities: a certain manliness, magnanimity, piety, and unselfishness—rare traits indeed in a lad. He loved outdoor sports and excelled in athletics. Six feet and three inches in height, and well formed, his physical presence, when he attained full stature, was like that of Saul, the first king of Israel, and made him conspicuous among his fellows. No wonder that he was a favorite with the modern advocates of muscular Christianity, since at twenty he was President of the London Bicycle Club and at twenty-two the champion racer of Britain, distancing in a five-mile race, in 1878, even John Keen himself. Four years later he was the first to go on his wheel from Land's End to John O'Groat's House—very nearly one thousand miles; and he triumphantly accomplished that feat in thirteen days—an average of nearly eighty miles a day.

2. If his stalwart manhood won applause, much more his sterling worth as a man of *inward strength and symmetry.* Let us not forget that this champion in the race for muscular superiority was too strong and brave in soul to be overcome of his own lusts, or enticed. He loved truth in the inward parts, and had no patience with shams or frauds; and he recalls to our thought the famous statue which represents Veracity, standing with open face, the mask of dissimulation lying at his feet, cleft with the sword of Sincerity. He was not ashamed to make the Bible the one book he loved and studied; and from the earliest dawn of his intelligence he was a faithful and loyal student of God's Holy Word, and sought by obedience to get ever-increasing knowledge of its true spirit and meaning.

3. Better than all, yet by no means independent of the rest, were *his unselfish piety and charity*. To impart is the highest blessedness, though most of us do not learn the bliss of giving, if at all, until late in life. A true benevolence is the ripest fruit, and grows on the topmost branch of holy living. Yet this lad early showed a deep sympathy with sorrow and suffering, and his boyhood's days are even yet remembered for his simple ministries to those who needed help. His old nurse has told how he went about, a boy of seven, reading and, in his way, explaining the Bible in the cottages of poor peasants; and how, having on one occasion spent his pocket money for some baker's choicest cakes, he bestowed them all, untasted, upon a hungry boy. What a prophecy all this of the man who was to give his short life to teaching the ignorant, and himself to become one of God's barley loaves to feed dying souls!

IV. **University Life.**—1. We come now to glance rapidly at his college life. Keith-Falconer was an example of *concentrated powers of mind* as well as of body, of a fine quality of brains as well as brawn. He mastered "shorthand," for instance, and rivalled Pitman himself. Those who want to see how a young man may distinguish himself in this difficult art would do well to read his article, "Shorthand," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which is a model of careful and comprehensive statement as to the science and art of phonography. Although he might not, perhaps, have been accounted a genius, he had the genius of industry, and, by "plodding," like William Carey, achieved distinction. He was conscientious in his curriculum, and applied himself to hard tasks, and patiently and persistently overcame obstacles, until he rose to an enviable rank and won honors and prizes which the indolent and indifferent never secure. We shall see, later on, how he was appointed to the professorship of Arabic at Cambridge University —a fitting crown to his academic career, in which he successfully mastered not only the regular and ordinary tasks, but theology, Hebrew, the Semitic languages, and kindred studies, and learned the Tonic Sol-fa system of music.

2. The *missionary spirit* burned in him, even in college days and within college walls, though the atmosphere of a university is not very stimulating to aggressive and evangelistic piety. The lad who, at Harrow School, not yet fourteen years old, was, by the testimony of the masters, "energetic, manly, and vigorous," although "neither a prig nor a Pharisee," was, during his brilliant career at Cambridge, which began in 1874, not only fearless in the avowal of his Christian faith, but was

moved by that passion for souls which compels unselfish utterance and effort in behalf of others.

3. *Varied Forms of Service.*—In temperance and mission work he both used and tested his powers and adaptations as to a wider field of service. He became the leader of a band of Christian students who, in the old theatre at Barnwell, near Cambridge, carried on ragged school work and similar Gospel evangelism. From among themselves and friends, he and his fellow-workers raised about eight thousand dollars to purchase the building, and there a wide-reaching service began, whose harvest is not yet wholly gathered and garnered. In this sphere Keith-Falconer earnestly and vigorously wrought, and when he spoke uttered the clear common sense which is better than ambitious oratory.

V. **Work Outside the University.**—A field in London next drew him. When yet but a lad of fifteen he had met F. N. Charrington, then a young man of twenty-one, who, while going afoot through Aberdeenshire, had paid a visit to the house of his father, the Earl of Kintore. Between Keith-Falconer and Charrington, notwithstanding six years' difference in their ages, a very intimate friendship at once sprang up, which bore that most blessed fruit, fellowship in holy work for God and man.

1. *Mr. Charrington's History.*—Mr. Charrington, now so conspicuously known as the founder and leader of the Tower Hamlets Mission in the East End of London, had, two years before meeting young Keith-Falconer, consecrated his life, at the cost of surrendering a princely fortune as a brewer, to uplifting and redeeming the East End drunkards and outcasts. When, late at night, he watched the wretched wives and mothers anxiously waiting for their husbands outside the vile drinkshops over which the name of "Charrington, Head & Co." shone in gold and azure, he felt a mighty impulse within him to break off the yoke of the drink traffic; and, resigning the eldest son's birthright share in the business, he accepted a smaller portion, and even that he laid on the altar of humanity, resolved that the money, largely coined out of human woe, should be dedicated to human weal, in raising out of drunkenness and vice the very classes that the beershop had dragged down. Charrington began his work in a hayloft; from there he was crowded into a larger hall; then a big tent, until, in 1877, a larger Assembly Hall was opened where two thousand people were gathered night after night for nine years.

2. *Keith-Falconer Joins Him.*—Keith-Falconer's name is inseparable from the grand work of Charrington, and therefore

it is no digression to give that noble enterprise ample mention. The two young men, moved by a similar impulse, were divinely knit together, as were David and Jonathan. During his Cambridge days Keith-Falconer often went to London to visit his friend, watch his work, and give it help. He also took his share of the opposition and persecution that made Charrington its target. He accepted, with him, the "mobbing" which rewarded unselfish service to the degraded slaves of drink, going with him to the police office, when his friend was arrested on false charges, as one that was turning the world upside down. Like Charrington, also, he had his reward. He saw drunkards reformed, gangs of thieves broken up, public houses deserted and for sale at half their cost, and homes redeemed from the curse of rum and crime.

3. During the fearful winter of 1879 the feeding of hungry multitudes occupied the attention of Charrington and his helpers, and led ultimately to the *erection of the new hall* which, at a cost of $200,000, stands with its buildings as a perpetual benediction to the neighborhood, and in which for over ten years untold blessing has been imparted to thousands and even millions. In that larger Assembly Hall the writer has more than once spoken, and in the personal acquaintance of the founder and father of the enterprise he rejoices. From personal observation, therefore, he can testify that in that grand audience room on Mile End Road five thousand people gather under the sound of one voice; there, every night, a Gospel service is held; the days of mob violence are over, and Mr. Charrington finds stalwart defenders in the poor victims whose yoke he has been the means of breaking, and the whole East End is gradually being redeemed from its social anathema.

4. *His Share in the Work.*—In all this work Keith-Falconer has an eternal share, as in its reward. It was he who, as honorary secretary, issued the necessary appeals, himself becoming a beggar for funds and a donor to the extent of $10,000. As a college student he would hurry off to the metropolis for a week at a time, lend a hand and a voice as needed, visit the poor, teach the word, aid in administrative details, and then hurry back to Cambridge and its duties. In his *Memorials of Ion Keith-Falconer* Mr. Sinker says:

"In the summer of that year (1886) I accompanied Keith-Falconer to see the building, and we were taken by Mr. Charrington to the central point of the upper gallery of the great hall, to gain the best general view of the room. As we sat there I could not but be struck with the similar expression on

the faces of the two men. It was one in which joy and keen resolve and humble thankfulness were strangely blended. One great work for God which Keith-Falconer had striven hard to further he was allowed to see in its full completeness, carried on by men working there with heartiest and purest zeal. Not while any of the present generation of workers survive will the name of Keith-Falconer fade out of loving remembrance in the great building in Mile End Road."

5. All this work he did as a humble layman, who did not often speak in public, but who had learned the secret of "having a talk with a man," and one man at a time—as Jesus did with Nicodemus and the Samaritan woman. This was *his form of evangelistic and missionary work*, getting in touch with an individual soul, and finding the secret key that unlocked the heart—a personal, private conversation about the most important matters. Such a method of service courts no publicity and escapes observation, but does not fail of recognition in God's book of remembrance, where a special record is kept of those who think upon His name and speak often one to another. For example, while on a bicycle tour with a friend in Sutherlandshire, in 1884, he wrote to his wife: "We had a job to get across the Kyle. It was very low water, and we had to wade some distance before we got to the boat. We had a talk with the boatman, who said he had been praying and searching for years, but couldn't find Him." This modest, unpretending sentence, written to her he loved best, reveals the habit of the man.

VI. **The Arabian Mission.**—The fourth and last period of his life is forever linked with Arabia.

1. *Arabic Studies.*—After he passed his last examination at Cambridge, in 1880, Keith-Falconer gave himself, with all his concentration of mind, to the study of the Arabic, including the Koran. First he got from books what preparatory knowledge of that difficult tongue he could, and then went to the Nile, and at Assiout resided for some months with that well-known missionary, Dr. H. W. Hogg, to acquire the colloquial language, learn the temper of the Arabic mind, and study the Moslem faith. Then he again sought the university halls, and for three years longer carried on his research, translating the *Kalilah* and *Dimnah*,* and meanwhile filling the post of

* These were the so-called "Fables of Bidpai" or Pilpai, an Indian Brahman and gymnosophist, of great antiquity. Scarcely any book but the Bible has been translated into so many tongues, and its history is a part of the history of human development. Bidpai has been called chief of the philosophers of India.

Hebrew Lecturer at Clare College and of Theological Examiner.

2. Here then is a young man, not yet thirty, married to a charming woman, Miss Bevan, and in the midst of the finest classical surroundings. Everything was calculated to root him *at Cambridge*, where before him lay *a future of almost unlimited possibilities*. He might have grown in such a soil until, like the palm, he overtopped others and blossomed into a surpassing fruitfulness, as well as a scholarly symmetry. Fame had her goal and laurel wreath in sight. But a higher calling and a fadeless crown absorbed him. He left all behind him to carry the Gospel message to distant Aden.

3. The life of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, had opened his eyes to the *possibilities of a missionary career*, and about the same time General Haig had called attention to Arabia as a neglected field, and to the strategic importance of this particular station on the Red Sea as a point of approach and occupation. Aden as a military position controls the Red Sea, and in a mercantile and nautical point of view sustains a relation to Asia and Africa similar to that of Gibraltar to Europe and Africa. In the year of Victoria's coronation—1838—the Arab sultan was persuaded to cede the peninsula to England, and it was made a free port. It is but five hundred miles south from Mecca and six hundred and fifty from Medina. Thousands from all parts of Arabia enter the British territory every year and are compelled to see how the peace, order, freedom, and good government, there prevalent, contrast with the tyranny and anarchy elsewhere found.

4. Keith-Falconer had an interview with General Haig, and in 1885, in the autumn, went *to Aden to prospect*. On his way he began inducting his wife into the mysteries of Arabic, and quaintly wrote: "Gwendolin struggling with Arabic. Arabic grammars should be strongly bound, because learners are so often found to dash them frantically on the ground."

The *result of his prospecting tour* was that he determined to fix on Sheikh-Othman, near by, as his station, leaving Aden to the Church Missionary Society. He explored the neighborhood, and personally proved to the people that not all Europeans are "clever people who get drunk and have no religion to speak of." He found camel-riding not very pleasant, and saw one of those brutes seize and shake a man violently; and he adds, "a camel will sometimes bite off a man's head!"

5. In the spring of 1886 he and his wife were *again in England*, and on Easter Day, in the Assembly Hall at Mile

End, Keith-Falconer delivered, on "Temptation," the most striking address of his life. Was it a reflection of the inward struggle he was then experiencing, with the parting of the ways before him? with nobility, wealth, distinction, on the one hand, and seclusion, self-denial, and obscurity, on the other?

6. *In Scotland.*—In May he spoke before the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland on Mohammedan missions, an address equally impressive in its way, which reveals his purpose and clear conception of the possible service to which Arabia appealed. He said that he had been again and again urged to go to Arabia and set up a school, and that one day a Mohammedan, asking for a piece of paper, wrote in a mysterious fashion, "If you want the people to walk in your way, then *set up schools.*" The man was a Hadji, returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca, where he had been thoroughly stripped of all his money. Keith-Falconer offered him a copy of John's gospel, but he would not accept it; and, being further questioned, acknowledged that he liked the historical parts, but other parts made him fearful. He pointed to the talk between Christ and the woman at Jacob's well, "If thou knewest the gift of God," etc., "and," said the Hadji, "that verse makes my heart tremble, lest I be made to follow in the way of the Messiah."

7. *His Mission Plans.*—This young Semitic scholar, already the greatest [?] living orientalist, saw the way to a great work at this southern station in Arabia. He would have a school, a medical mission, and a depot for distributing the Holy Scriptures. He must study medicine himself and secure a Christian physician as his coworker. He would put himself under the Foreign Mission Board of the Scottish Church, but he would pay all costs of the mission himself.

8. Just at this point, and greatly to his surprise, he was *made Professor of Arabic at Cambridge.* The position was partly honorary, its active teaching depending mostly on an associate; and so it was accepted, undoubtedly not because of a divided purpose, but because his mind was set on Arabia, and his Cambridge work would augment his power to turn attention to its needs. He gave a course of three lectures on "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," and on the evening after his last lecture was again off for Aden with his wife and his accomplished colleague, Dr. Stewart Cowen.

9. *Work at Sheikh-Othman.*—This was November, 1886. He laid the foundation for his mission premises and work, and the force of his character was already making an impression on

the Moslem mind, so that, within a few months, there were but few who came in touch with this Christlike man who were willing to admit that they were followers of Mohammed; but they were wont to say, "There are no Moslems here!" The Gospel in Arabic found both purchasers and readers with those who had read in this grand man the living epistle of God.

10. *His Early Passing.*—But the Aden fever proved a fatal foe. Both Keith-Falconer and his wife were stricken in February, 1887, and fresh attacks rapidly weakened his stalwart constitution until, on May 11, he sank into quiet slumber and could no more be awaked for service in this lower sphere. His biographer, Mr. Sinker, beautifully writes: "It was indeed the end. Quietly he passed away. God's finger touched him and he slept. Slept? nay, rather awakened, not in the close, heated room where he had so long lain helpless—the weary nurse, overcome with heat and watching, slumbering near—the young wife, widowed ere she knew her loss, lying in an adjoining room, herself broken down with illness as well as anxiety—the loyal doctor, resting after his two nights' vigil—not on these do Ion Keith-Falconer's eyes open. He is in the presence of his Lord; the life which is the life indeed has begun."

11. After five months of labor in his chosen field the body of Keith-Falconer was lovingly laid to rest in the cemetery at Aden by British officers and soldiers of Her Majesty—*fitting burial* for one of the soldiers of a greater King, who, with his armor on and his courage undaunted, fell with his face to the foe. The martyr of Aden had entered God's Eden. And so Great Britain made her first offering—and it was a very costly one—to Arabia's evangelization.

VII. **The Speaking Dead.**—No doubt there be those who will exclaim, "To what purpose is this waste!" for this flask of costly ointment, broken and poured out amid Arabia's arid sands, might have been kept in the classic halls of Cambridge, and even yet be breathing its perfume where scholars tread and heroes are made. To this and all such cavils of unbelief there is but one answer, and it is all-sufficient, for it is God's answer: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

1. The Free Church, whose missionary he was, declares: "The falling asleep, in the first months of fervent service, of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, in the extreme Asian outpost in South Arabia, gives solemn urgency to *his last appeal* to the cultured, the wealthy, and the unselfish, whom that devoted vol-

unteer for Christ represented when he addressed them in these words: 'While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or Islam, the burden of proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field.'"

2. God makes no mistakes, and we are "immortal till our work is done," if we are fully in His plan. We may not penetrate the arcana of His secret purposes and read the final issue of our disappointments, but, as Dr. J. W. Dulles used to say, they are, rightly read, "His appointments." The short career of Keith-Falconer is a lesson such as never has been more impressively taught—that *nothing is too good* to be given to God *on the altar of missions*. Keith-Falconer's death sent an electric shock through the British kingdom and the wider Church of Christ. But it was his distinction and accomplishments that made it impossible for his life's lesson to remain unread. His fame gave a trumpet voice to his words and made his life vocal with witness. Admiration and love united to draw others to follow in the steps of a heroism so divinely self-oblivious. The Church asked for one volunteer to step into the breach, and thirteen of the graduating class of the New College at once responded; but the response did not end then or there.

The very year of Keith-Falconer's death *Robert P. Wilder and John N. Forman* were going about among the colleges and theological schools of the United States and Canada, appealing for volunteers, from the very best of the educated young men, for the foreign field. And now, during the years that have passed since this martyr spirit of Aden went up to God, several thousand lives of young men and women in Britain and America have been offered to God, quickened by this example of consecration.

The Henry Martyn Memorial Hall at Cambridge, the Hannington Memorial Hall at Oxford, and many *other monuments of the dead and living* who have given themselves to God's mission work are keeping alive the testimony of the Cambridge orientalist. He, being dead, yet speaketh, and no voice of the last half century is heard more widely by the young men of the Church of Christ.

3. *He sought to "call attention to Arabia;"* he has done it in a way and to an extent that he never imagined. The workman fell, but the work goes on. Under Rev. W. R. W. Gardner and Dr. Young new currents of influence are flowing

into and through Aden. In 1888 a large number of Abyssinian children, who had been carried into Arabia from ruined homes and massacred families, for enslavement, were rescued by a British man-of-war and put into school in this mission for Christian training, to be sent back to Abyssinia as missionaries. Christian teachers, evangelists, and physicians have since gone to this port on the Gulf of Aden to take up the work Keith-Falconer laid down. And on both sides of the Red Sea, in Africa and Asia, the mission which he began is likely to be the seed of other enterprises looking to the evangelization of both continents.

4. *Work of the Keith-Falconer Mission.*—The Keith-Falconer Mission to Arabia has not come to its grave because its founder sleeps in the dreary cemetery at Aden. On these southern shores of Arabia stand the "Scots Church" and the Church of England edifices, one of which latter is largely built from collections made in the mail steamers that ply across those waters. The Scots Church, which is now building, is partly the result of the money raised by the children of the Free Church of Scotland, and under the supervision of an Arab contractor and workmen, some of whom are Jews. And so, curiously enough, Christians, Arabs, and Jews unite to erect Christ's houses of prayer in the land of Ishmael! Dr. George Smith, who recently visited Aden, testifies to the prosperity and hopefulness of the congregation there worshipping in connection with the Scots Church, and says that in the pioneering stage of the Arab mission it supplies the spiritual life and enthusiasm of common worship and evangelical effort. Dr. Young acts as military chaplain for the British infantry and artillery located at Aden, and with his colleague undertakes not only to furnish two sermons a week, but to meet the demands made on two medical missionaries for Arab and Somali, Jew and Parsee; thus on one hand nourishing piety in the British residents, and reaching out on the other to the various foreign, Moslem, Parsee, and other populations that need Gospel effort.

5. *Aden's God's Acre.*—The British camp and the native town of Aden lie in the crater of an extinct volcano. What a typical place in which to plant the Bible, with the tree of knowledge and of life! And the Bible is planted there. On a busy corner of the main street the British and Foreign Bible Society's depot stands, and Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby are its devoted workers. Near by stands the square and well-fenced inclosure, with its somewhat rude entrance, which is the rest-

ing place of the body of Keith-Falconer. In the middle of a row of graves of British officers and men, each with a single cross above it, may be seen the tomb of the first missionary that Scotland gave to Arabia; who, as Dr. Smith says, "died at thirty, one year younger than Henry Martyn, and was followed by the aged bishop, Valpy French, on the eastern shore at Muscat. A massive block of white Egyptian marble covers the grave, while there rises at its head an exquisitely pure slab, with an inscription, under a coronet which might well represent the martyr's crown. There Dr. Cowen, who was then his medical colleague, and several officers and men of her British majesty's Ninety-eighth Regiment, as the sun set, laid all that was mortal of the young Scottish noble, scholar, and self-consecrated missionary of the Free Church of Scotland. The sacred spot is the first missionary milestone into Arabia."

6. Dr. Smith further says—and we quote the words of this distinguished correspondent as *the latest available information* from this field:

"As the Keith-Falconer Mission, bearing its founder's name and generously supported by his family, this first modern mission to the Arab may be said to have begun anew in the year 1889. First of all, Principal Mackichan, when on his return to Bombay, after furlough, carefully inspected the Sheikh-Othman headquarters, and, with the local medical authorities, reported in favor of continuing and extending the plans of its founder. The mission is now, as a result of past experience, conducted by two fully qualified men, one of whom is married, who are working in most brotherly harmony, preaching the Gospel in Arabic as well as healing the sick. Its Arabic and English school is taught by Alexander Aabud, a married member of the Syrian Evangelical Church, from the Lebanon, but trained in the American mission in Egypt.

"All over this neighborhood the medical mission founded by Keith-Falconer is making for itself a name, and its doctors are received, or visited at their dispensary, as the messengers of God. European and native alike, natives from India and Africa, as well as the Arab camel drivers and subjects of the Sultan of Lahej—himself and his family patients of the Mission—turn to the missionaries with gratitude and hope, and will do them any service. Nowhere has the influence of medical missions in this early stage, of course preparatory, been so remarkable as in this Yemen corner of Arabia during the past seven years."

VIII. **Traits of Character.**—It is, perhaps, proper, before

we add the last touches to this imperfect sketch of one of the finest, brightest, and noblest young men of the century, that we indicate some of those special traits which shone in him and provoke us to emulation. Among them we select the following as most pertinent to the particular purposes for which mainly this book is prepared, and with the prayer that many of those who read these pages may follow him as he followed the supreme Exemplar of us all.

1. First, his *simplicity*. The childlike character, refined of what is merely childish, is the divine ideal of human perfection. We must not outgrow the simple artlessness, humility, docility of childhood, but rather grow backward toward it perpetually. The ideal child is inseparable in our minds from faith, love, truth, and trust; and these are the cardinal virtues of Christian character. To learn to doubt, to hate, to lie, to suspect, is to learn the devil's lessons, and any approach to these is just so much progress in Satan's school. This pioneer to Arabia never lost his simple childlikeness. His manhood was not an outgrowing of his boyhood, in all that makes a child beautiful and attractive. He never put on airs of any sort, but hated all hollow pretense and empty professions. His was that highest art of concealing all art; in his most careful work he did not lose naturalness, and in his most studied performances there was no affectation. He acted out himself—a genuine, honest, sincere man, who concealed nothing and had nothing to conceal.

2. Second, his *eccentricity*. We use this word because it has forever had a new meaning by his interpretation of it. He was wont to say that a true disciple must not fear to be called "eccentric." "Eccentric," said he, "means '*out of centre*,' and you will be *out of* centre with the world if you are *in* centre with Christ." He dared to be one of God's "*peculiar* people, zealous of good works." While we are content to live on the low level of the average "professor of religion" we shall exhibit no peculiarity, for there is no peculiarity about a dead level. But if, like a mountain rising from a plain, we dare to aspire to higher and better things, to get nearer to God, to live in a loftier altitude and atmosphere, we shall, like the mountain, be singular and exceptional, we cannot escape observation, and may not escape hostile criticism. Blessed is the man who, like Caleb and Joshua, ventures to stand comparatively alone in testimony to God; for it is such as these who go over into the inheritance of peculiar privileges and rewards.

3. Third, his *unselfishness*. Few of us appreciate the de-

formity and enormity of the sin of simply being absorbed in our own things. One may be a monster of repulsiveness in God's eyes through qualities that exhibit little outward hatefulness and ugliness to the common eye. Greed, lust, ambition, pride, envy and jealousy, malice and uncharity, may not be forbidden in man's decalogue, but they eat away the core of character like the worm in the apple's heart. Balzac, in one of his stories, revives the old myth of the magic skin which enabled the wearer to get his wish, but with every new gratification of selfish desire shrank and held him in closer embrace, until it squeezed the breath of life out of him. And the myth is an open mystery, to be seen in daily life. Every time that we seek something for ourselves only, without regard to God's glory or man's good, our very success is defeat; we may get what we want, but we shrink, in capacity for the highest joy and the noblest life.

4. Fourth, his *concentration.* Paul writes to the Philippians, "This one thing I do." In the original it is far more terse and dense with meaning. He uses two little Greek words, the shortest in the language (ἓν δέ), "But one!" an exclamation that no words can interpret. All his energies were directed toward and converged in one. Our lives are a waste because they lack unity of aim and effort. We seek too many things to attain anything great or achieve anything grand. Our energies are divided, scattered, dissipated. Impulse is followed, and impulse is variable, unsteady, and inconstant, while principle is constant, like the pole star. We are too much controlled by opinions which change with the hour, instead of by convictions which, being intelligently formed, hold us, like the girdle of truth in the Christian armor, instead of our merely holding them. It is possible for a man or woman to gain almost any goal, desirable or not, if the whole energy be concentrated. How immense the importance, then, of getting a right purpose to command the soul, and then making everything else bend and bow before it!

IX. **Personal Lessons.**—1. God speaks to the young men and women of our day as in trumpet tones: "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!" An example like that set before us in this life-story is one of God's voices. In Keith-Falconer "the Holy Ghost saith," "*Stop and consider!*" What way is your life-stream running? Are you living for yourself or for God and for man? Every man is his brother's keeper, and it is fitting that the first man who questioned this should have been Cain, his brother's murderer! Did it ever occur to the

reader that every one of us is either his brother's keeper or slayer? Every life is saving or destroying other lives. We lift men up or we drag them down; there is no escape from responsibility.

2. Keith-Falconer saw that *no man liveth unto himself* and no man dieth unto himself. Life is bound up in a bundle with all other life. We are none of us independent of the others, and we cannot escape the necessity of influencing them for good or evil. Eternity alone can measure the capacity for such influence, for eternity alone can give the vision and the revelation of what life covers in the reach and range of its mighty forces. It is a solemn and august thought that, to-day, each one of us is projecting lines of influence in the unending hereafter. The life span is infinite.

3. *This Life but a Beginning.*—So looked upon, this short career of thirty years did not end at Aden ten years ago. That was the laying of a basis for a building that is going on unseen and silently, and whose spires will pierce the clouds. That was the planting of a seed for a tree whose branches shall shake like Lebanon, and wave in beauty and fertility when the mountains are no more. That was the starting of a career which is still going on, only that the cloud is between us and its hidden future, and we cannot trace its onward, upward path.

4. Let us turn once more to that grave at Aden and read *the simple inscription:*

TO
THE DEAR MEMORY OF
THE HON. ION KEITH-FALCONER,
THIRD SON OF
THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF KINTORE,
WHO ENTERED INTO REST
AT SHEIKH-OTHMAN, MAY 11, 1887,
AGED 30 YEARS.

"If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."

# Bibliography

THE readings, found in this list, are chosen from many that might have been suggested. It is exceedingly important that some readings at least be assigned in connection with the various studies, as the sketches in the book itself are too brief to permit of details. The superior numerals prefixed to their titles are explained at the foot of the pages.

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# ANALYTICAL INDEX

BESIDES indicating the location of important topics, this Index is also intended for use in preparing the various studies. Having read over its analytical outline before taking up each study, the student sees exactly what ground is covered by the section to be mastered. So, too, after having studied this section, its outline can again be used in lieu of questions put by a teacher, thus enabling the student to see what topics have been forgotten. The numerals following each topic and sub-topic refer to the pages where they may be found.

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TITUS COAN, 1801–1882

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