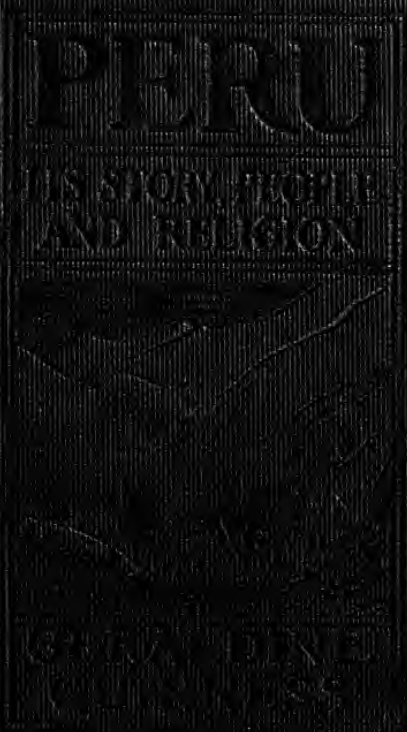


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PERU

ITS STORY, PEOPLE, AND RELIGION





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PERU

ITS STORY
PEOPLE, AND
RELIGION . .

BY
GERALDINE GUINNESS

ILLUSTRATED BY
DR. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS



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New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 80 Wabash Avenue
Toronto: 25 Richmond St., W.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 100 Princes Street

This, my first book,
I dedicate
To all who have no interest
in Peru.

P R E F A C E

BY

PROFESSOR ALEX. MACALISTER

LL.D., M.D., D.Sc., M.A., F.R.S., F.S.A.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY



THE spiritual needs of Latin America, that continent of paganized Christianity and of ecclesiastical tyranny, have been strangely overlooked by the various missionary societies of Protestant Europe and Anglo-Teutonic America. That our British organizations have done comparatively little work in this field is perhaps not surprising when we remember the share of the White Man's burden which they have to bear in the non-Christian sections of the many British dependencies in other continents, and in those countries with which we are so closely connected by ties of commerce. But considering the peculiar relationship which the United States claim to bear to the South American republics, as set forth in the Monroe doctrine, it is remarkable that the American missionary societies, elsewhere so much in the van of evangelistic work, have not done more for the

spiritual welfare of the less favoured sister nation, Peru, in which republican institutions of a sort are associated with a religious intolerance nearly as great as that of Spain in the days of the Inquisition.

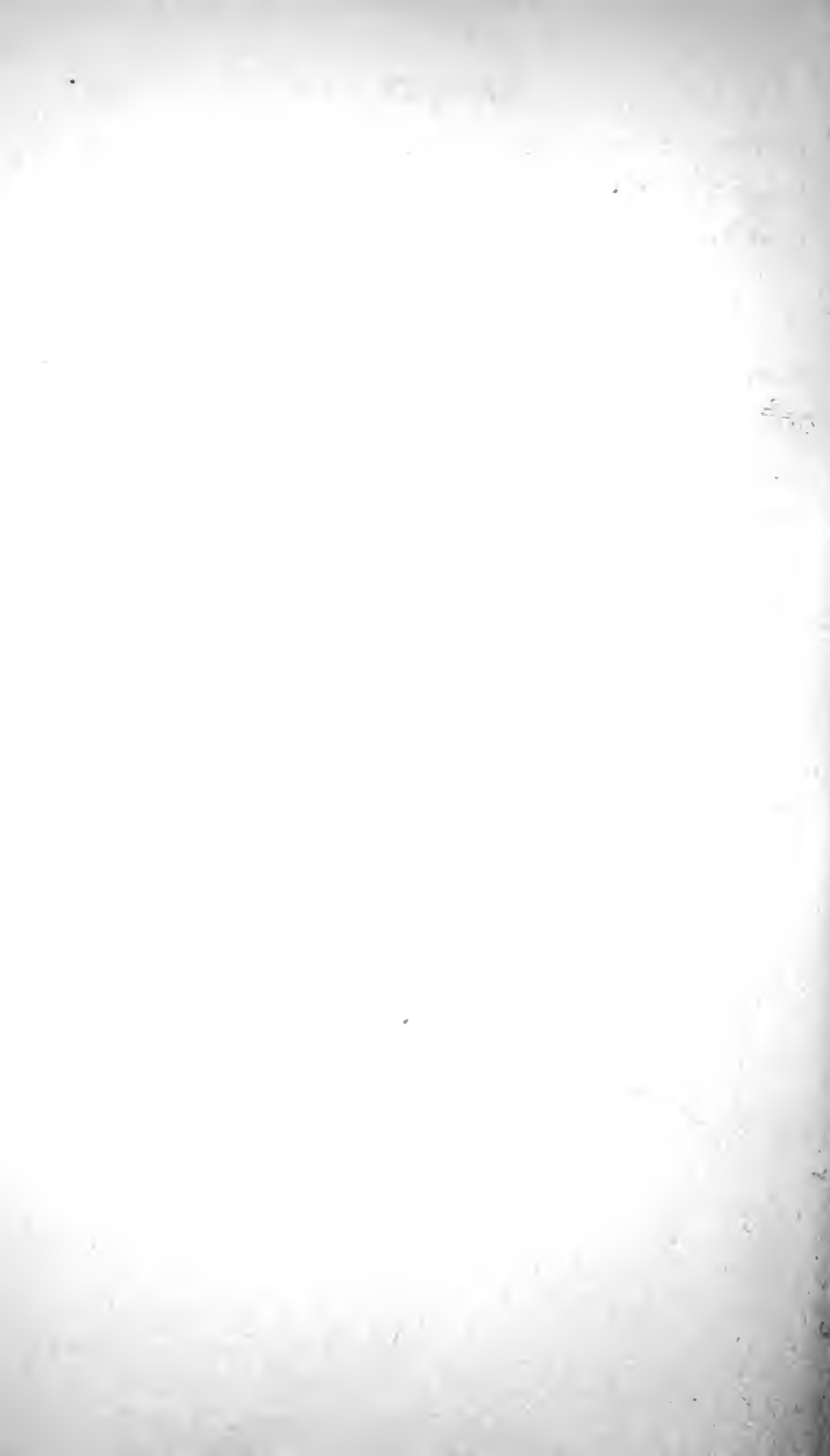
A record like this, which will arouse the attention of evangelical Christendom to the religious conditions which exist in Peru and in other parts of South America, and which thereby may serve to further the progress of a pure Christianity there, is on this account of peculiar value.

The author of this book, Miss Guinness, a student of philosophy at University College, is a young lady of a family many of whose members have done noble service in the missionary cause. She has had unusual opportunities, during her sojourn in Peru, of observing the conditions of spiritual destitution and the obstacles which hinder the spread of evangelical truth there. She has here collected and set forth her notes of travel in many parts of that singularly diversified and interesting country, and they make a most striking and suggestive work. She shows herself to be a keen and sympathetic observer of people and places, and to possess the faculty of vivid description. The accounts she gives are written in an agreeable literary style, and the facts are accurately recorded. These elements give to her story a

charm and attractiveness that can hardly fail to lead many to take a deeper interest in the needs of these great dark lands.

It is with peculiar pleasure that I commend her narrative to the earnest consideration of all those who are interested in the cause of Christian missions, and who desire that the Gospel of the Grace of God may have free course throughout the whole world.

ALEX. MACALISTER.



INTRODUCTION

AS I write, the sounds of London begin to grow dim, and I live again in the sunny Southern continent. One of the scenes most vivid to my memory is a storm on Titicaca—that unique lake held two and a half miles high in the air by Andean peaks.

A starlit sky, a crescent moon, a glassy lake—not a breath rippled the water, and the balmy night air played with our sail in a taunting way. Little did we guess this evening was to prove one of the most eventful in our lives!

It was a weird scene—the night blackness deepening as stars and moon were lost to sight, summer lightning playing round the horizon, a dark sail flapping above us, and the bronze faces of our Indian boatmen lit by their glowing pipes. The wind at last! It was filling the sail in a restless way, and rustling the waves around us. The cold increased every minute, and the lightning was now so brilliant that we could see each other clearly. Ah, how we flew along, scudding before the gale! The waves slapped the little open boat as she sped past, and cold spray cut our faces. Was ever such a wild run as we made that night, with the storm which we had not recognized following close on our trail? We did not realize that we had to speak louder to make ourselves heard above the noise of the water; we were not conscious that the low groaning which seemed to come over the lake was thunder. We only knew that our little boat lay over on her side, the sail dangerously full, and that we fled before the wind, racing madly through the night.

Danger! The word was in our hearts, but in the lightning flash every face was reassuring, though the Indians' looked desperate as they hauled at the ropes and shouted to each other above the storm voices.

Danger! Every minute made it more apparent. The storm was on us. The furious lake disowned us; her waves buffeted us without pity; the angry winds disdainfully swept us on one side; the thunder roared fearfully, shaking the very atmosphere about us; whilst the livid lightning flashes revealed a very chaos of blackness—a combat of night passions—a storm on Titicaca. One minute our sail was to windward, and we were in danger of capsizing; then it had jibbed and was flapping wildly in the whirling wind, which seemed to have no direction, no aim but to daunt us. In puffs it came, and nearly accomplished this cruel end; but the voices of the deep and of the thunder-clouds were in such passionate confusion that it sped away again to join the quarrel, and our poor little boat still held her own. Any moment might have been our last, and as the slow seconds dragged along, thoughts of the end whirled through my mind: drowned at midnight on Titicaca—to sleep in the heart of the Andes, and no one ever know! Then our voices sounded out the prayer of our hearts, and ever and again above the mad ravings of the elements the words might have been heard—

“Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on,
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.”

Never before had I so realized the meaning of the words—

“So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night be gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.”

The storm seemed very far away; the deafening thunder and complaining wave-voices were distant sounds; the angel faces were smiling—oh, so near! Was the night to end thus?

We were nearing the narrow passage which led through a rocky reef in a direct line for our destination. Every nerve was strained, and the crucial minutes seemed hours.

“To the oars! To the oars! Quick—or we are on the rocks!”

The great waves were playing with us, and the reef was within a few yards. At last the tension was over; the sail was lowered; we had turned and were rowing hard against the wind, trying only to keep off the rocks. The Indians said it was impossible to reach their home that night; the reef was impassable. So we made for a narrow bay, and when we had escaped from the storm, ran in shore to the reeds, and dropped our anchor. I felt the rain fall softly; I saw the Indians pull the sail over them in the bow; but was too tired to think. We were safe now. The cold numbed all feeling, and movement was impossible on the narrow seat where I lay.

Ah, but it is cold!—raw, biting cold! Listen to the waves lapping softly round the boat. Feel the wet reeds in your face as we swing with the breeze. It is raining more heavily now—rain, and snow, and sleet. Pull the rug further over your face. Ah, but it is cold!

The prayer which our hymn wafted heavenwards that furious night was answered, and through that, and many another peril, we were led safely home. Was it all worth while? I ask myself, and in the same breath answer, Yes—a thousand times—to have come to know and love the wonderful land of the Incas!

In turning over some old papers a short time ago, I came across *my first book*. It was compiled of waste scraps of paper from my Aunt's study (Lucy Guinness Kumm); on the cover she had written my name in large bold capitals, fantastically intertwined; and on the first page I had drawn a map of South America. That was twelve years ago, before I had entered upon my teens. But perhaps the prayers offered up in that room have more than a little to do with *this other book*, which tells of the story, people, and religion of Peru.

A bibliography shows the authors whose experience has confirmed and amplified mine. Father's pictures—and only those who have travelled in the Andes will fully appreciate the untiring patience and energy to which they witness—these make a stronger appeal for Peru than can any words.

I should like to take this opportunity of tendering very earnest thanks to the many friends who have so generously helped me in my work. Amongst those who have revised parts of the manuscript I gratefully remember Principal Jackson and Professor Schofield of Harley College; Mr. Schuman of the Y.M.C.A., Buenos Aires; Mrs. Strachan of the Argentine; the Rev. John Bain of Ireland; Mr. J. S. Watson of Lima; and Dr. and Mrs. Guinness. Of the many who have given me valuable information I am especially indebted to Mr. Ritson, who made it possible for me to consult the library of the British and Foreign Bible Society; to Dr. T. Wood of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission; to Mr. and Mrs. Stark of Lima; and to the missionaries of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union with whom I stayed in Peru: Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart M^cNairn, Miss E. Pinn, Messrs. J. Ritchie and H. A. Job.

For several illustrations I am indebted to those who worked in the Missionary Studio at Cuzco. "Scenes on the Sierra,"

and "A Cuzqueño Goddess," were taken by Mr. Charles Derry, a former missionary of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union in Peru. "The Sweating Image" is by Mr. James Watson; "Llamas," by Mr. T. E. Payne; and "A Monolith at Tiahuanuco," "The City of the Volcano's Shadow," and "The Cathedral of Copacabana," belong to Señor Vargas, a Bolivian photographer.

Facts, not mere sentiment, will move hearts. If the facts are here sometimes told with lightness of style, it is not because they were learned with any lightness of heart. Smiles may come when tears are very near; and laughter cover a sob. Thus far inconsistency is sincerity, for pleasure and heartache alternate in the fascinating land of the Incas.

GERALDINE GUINNESS.



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PART I
PERU: ITS STORY

CHAPTER I.—A LAND OF CONTRASTS—

A representative land—The youngest of continents—The three parts of Peru which are as different as the Congo, Tibet, and Arabia—In the shadow-haunted depths of the Montaña—On the roof of Peru—A land where it only rains once in nine years—A problem concerning the effect of physical environment.

ERRATUM.

On illustration facing p. 264, *for* CUZCO *read* AREQUIPA.

CHAPTER I

A LAND OF CONTRASTS

“There’s no sense in going further—it’s
The edge of cultivation.”—RUDYARD KIPLING.

SOUTH AMERICA is a triangle of land set in the midst of the world’s two greatest oceans. The Equator forms its base, and the icebergs of the Antarctic Ocean crowd about its vertex.

Time has not yet levelled the crumpled surface of this part of the earth; for South America is the youngest of the continents, and consequently has more very low land and more very high land than any other. The mighty Andes, which form an unbroken barrier for its west coast from Panama to the Horn, exceed all other mountain chains as far as length and average height are concerned. Their position is also of phenomenal importance, for, since they lie directly athwart the Trade Winds coming both from the north-east and south-east, on their eastern or windward side, where the moisture-laden Trades meet, there is a heavier rainfall than on any similar highland in the world; while on the west there is a desert where one may live for years without any need of an umbrella.

Peru, perhaps better than any other republic, represents the contrasts of the Continent. It is as large as Germany, Austria, and Hungary combined. One of its departments (Loreto) alone comprises a greater territory than does Italy; and two others (Cuzco and Puno) have an area larger than Spain. The republic lies entirely within the torrid zone; but

the two parallel chains of mountains which are commonly designated the Coast Range and the Andes proper, divide it longitudinally into three distinct zones differing as widely in natural characteristics as do the Congo, Tibet, and Arabia.

The humid winds which sweep westwards from the Atlantic, convert the eastern lowland or *Montaña* of Peru into a steaming jungle, which constant heavy rain and equatorial heat make the world's greatest rubber forest.

“Rolling like a mighty ocean of vegetation across the thousands of miles that separate the Atlantic from the Andes, the *Montaña* washes the base of that mighty range, and flings its waves high up the mountain sides, submerging the outlying hills and filling the lower valleys to the brim with its swelling tide of green. Here and there a craggy headland lifts its rocky summit above the forest waste, grim and defiant, but with clumps of vegetation in its ravines and hollows, like green pools left by the wind-blown spray from the waves that surge around its base.

“Weird, mystic, fascinating is this strange unknown forest-land. What secrets lie hidden beneath its leafy sea? What wonders lie unrevealed in its remote recesses? What strange peoples wander through its glades, and what revelations of plant and animal life await the explorer in its shadow-haunted depths? Here the great Amazonian tributaries, born in the distant Andean snows, reach maturity, and by unknown paths, through tropic gloom, hasten to swell the retinue of the king of rivers in his majestic progress to the sea.”¹

The Trades trace the Amazon to its mountain sources on the lofty plateau between the two parallel Andean ranges. This is the *Sierra*, the wonderful roof of Peru, where mountains and hills of inexhaustible mineral wealth, and sheltered valleys of tropical and subtropical agriculture, constitute a microcosm of the earth itself.

¹ A. Stuart McNairn, missionary of the Regions beyond Missionary Union in Peru.

From this fair garden roof the Trades climb to barren plains, frigid and desolate—the *punas* of Peru, which vary from 14,000 to 17,000 feet in altitude. These form the summit of the Coast Range; and the winds, after leaving their last drops of moisture as snow on their bleak plains or lonely peaks, rush down the western slope, cool and dry.

Sometimes the mountains seem to descend to the very Pacific shore; but at other times they overlook a narrow strip, averaging perhaps thirty miles in width, and known as the *Coast*. This is the desert of Peru: “a waste of sand and rock—the domain of death and silence—a silence only broken by the screams of water-birds and the roar of the sea-lions which throng its frayed and forbidding shore.”

As seen from the ocean, this desert is like the most barren-shored parts of Suez, where the sand climbs up by steps, gullies, and fissures, and the yellow is unrelieved by any speck of green. Mile after mile it stretches, sometimes running eastwards for some distance at sea-level, when it is dotted with the iron frames of artesian wells; at other times ascending in steep cliffs, above which the Andes appear, like the long backs and fins of whales, rising from out a sea of white and grey clouds.

The soil of this desert is as fertile as any in the world. Whenever rain falls, which it usually does every nine years, seeds which have long lain dormant spring into life, and the barren coast becomes carpeted with beautiful flowers. Wherever a river rising in Andean snows finds a way across the desert, its track is a charming valley, the colours of which rival those of Egypt, Southern California, or the Mediterranean.

No land in the world combines such diverse beauties and interests as does Peru. In the *Montaña* we may follow the trail of the tiger to the ford where deer come to drink; or run hairbreadth escapes from the boa-constrictor and deadly water-snake. On the *Sierra* we may ride for days over plains more

elevated than the summit of Mt. Blanc; visit sugar-cane valleys on a level with the crater of Fujiyama; or steam through the clouds on a lake more than forty times as high in the air as the pinnacle of St. Paul's. On the Coast we may travel over a desert as lone and impressive as the Sahara; or pick cotton, coffee, and pineapples on plantations of tropical beauty.

We have studied the effect of physical environment elsewhere, perhaps; but what shall we expect to find as the result of nature's contrasts in Peru? The interest of the republic's topography merges into that of the character and consequent history of its peoples—past and present. The veil of the unknown lifts before us as we enter its virgin forests; the fascination of resuscitating a forgotten past comes upon us as we stand amidst the ruins which strew its snow-walled plateau; and the thrill of youth and the inspiration of conscious powers and possibilities are ours as we mingle with the new race which is growing up in the beautiful towns of its coast.

CHAPTER II.—PERUVIAN LEGENDS—

A fascinating land which awakes remembrances of Chaldee, Egypt, and India—Men who came on rafts from the land of the sunrising—What the pottery buried in Peru tells us—The deserted idols of the lake-country—A people who had no houses, but lived in boats—The greatest aboriginal race of the American continent



A MONOLITH AT TIAHUÁNUCO.

This is one of the dumb gods which I saw through the mist. At its side is one of the much-wronged Indians of the Titicaca basin—a suspicious, reserved type.

CHAPTER II

PERUVIAN LEGENDS

“A change
Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up
Through broader culture, finer manners, love,
And reverence, to the level of the hills.”—WHITTIER.

THE traveller, be he missionary or merchant, cannot refrain from theorizing as to the past of so fascinating a land as Peru.

Its ruined temples with their successive terraces remind him of Chaldee; its ancient cyclopean walls with their carved serpents, of Egypt; its secluded convents, of Chinese or Indian Buddhism; and its signs of sacrifice and popular sun-worship, of a Semitic civilization. He finds words and myths which awake remembrances of ancient Greece, and tales of a sacerdotal order and sacrificial rites which carry him in mind to the Druid circles of England.¹

In Northern Peru I myself visited the irrigated Coast valleys, famous as the site of the civilization of the Chimus, probably the most ancient inhabitants of the country. The legend is still told there that men first came to this coast by sea, on a large fleet of rafts commanded by a hero named Naymlap.

Looking away over the dancing Pacific wavelets to the golden haze of the West, I thought of those sturdy voyagers navigating its treacherous waters in dim, distant, legendary

¹ See Albert Réville, *Lectures on the Religion of Peru and Mexico*.

ages. Far beyond the reach of my eyesight Tahiti lay in the blue, and the myriad islands of the Indian Archipelago stretched out to the mainland of the Old World. Did Naymlap come from Asia? The journey would not be impossible, for still the prevailing winds of the Pacific occasionally carry the junks of China and Japan to the Sandwich Islands, and even to the coast of California.

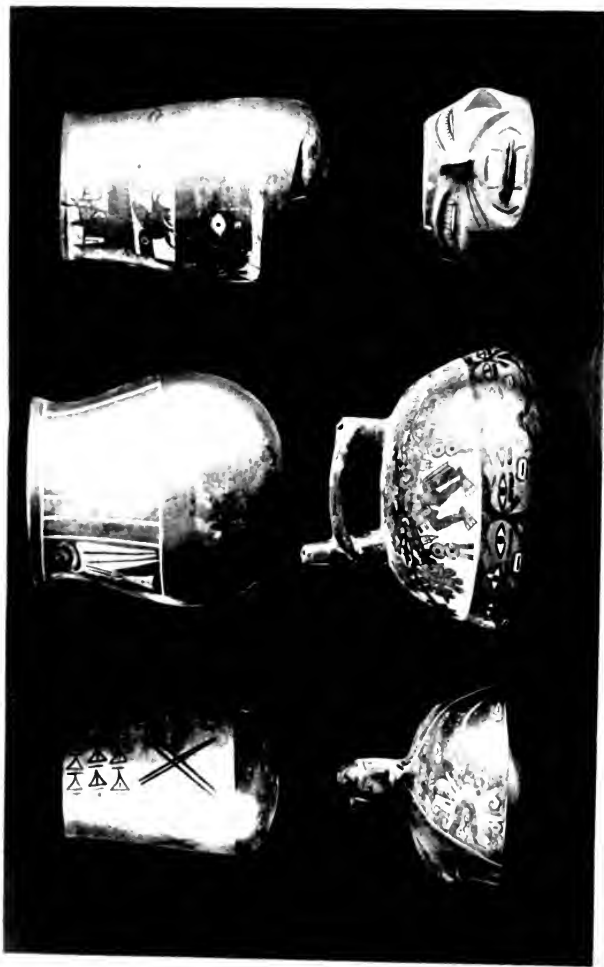
Professor Daniel Wilson, and many another distinguished scientist, believes that in prehistoric ages, before the northern steppes of Asia were peopled, a wave of Asiatic immigration crossed by the islands of the Pacific to the west coast of South America.

Before me lie relics of this ancient Chimu civilization. On the pottery, animals and birds are usually depicted: fish, eels, donkeys, dogs, leopards, parrots, owls, and, above all, dragons and flying creatures. From this it is surmised that the Chimus, like nearly all primitive people, adored the powers of nature, and that they drew a crab, fish, or turtle, to represent the power of the sea; a serpent or lizard, the power of the earth; and a flying man, the power of the air.

In the Andes of Southern Peru, near the shores of Lake Titicaca, are relics of a second ancient civilization about which we know absolutely nothing. There we see an immense temple on an almost deserted plain, but can find no trace of the people who once worshipped within its megalithic walls.

I have seen these ruins, which Mr. Squier says are amongst the oldest known to mankind. Passing through a grey world of mountain plains and cloud peaks, I noticed strange figures looming through the mist. What are they? No one knows—for these colossal stone idols stand silent amidst the ruins of their deserted sanctuaries; and few are the scientists who have ever visited distant Tiahuanuco, or endeavoured to decipher the forgotten religious symbolism of its monolithic gateway, which, as Mr. Squier points out, is as unique in Peru as it would be in Kensington Gardens or New York Central Park.





Museum of the American Indian

Peruvian Pottery.

Peruvian Pottery

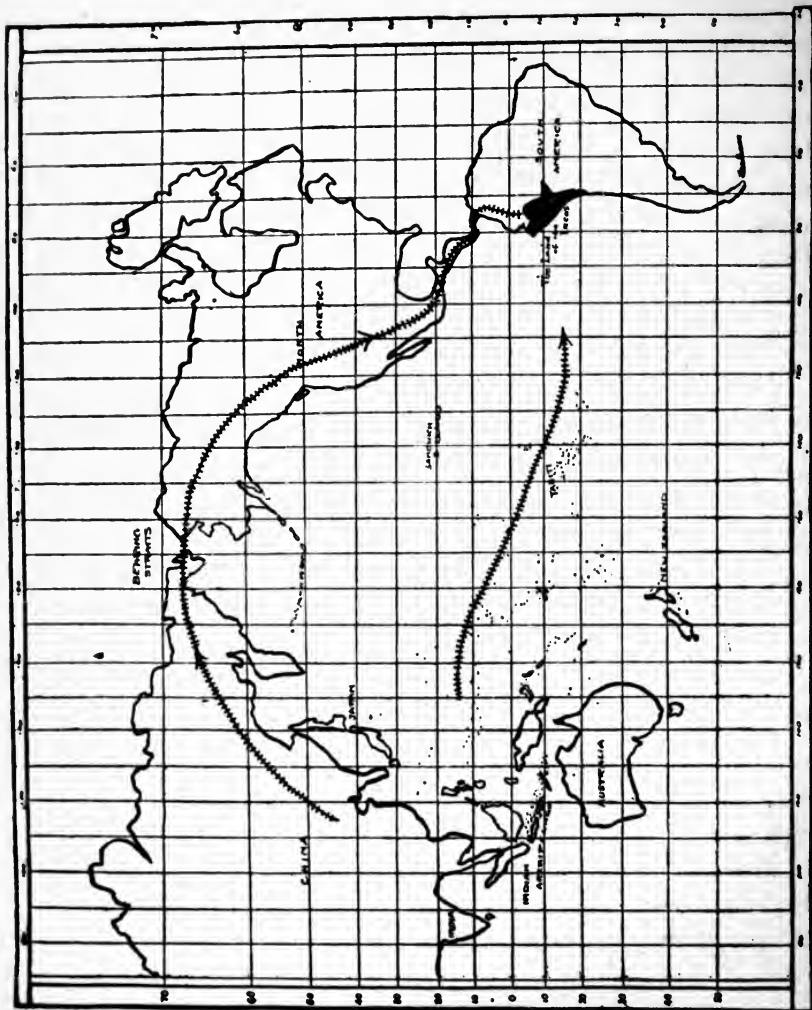
These pieces of pottery were lately unearthed from the desert of Peru. Surely the lower vases are suggestive of China, while the three upper remind us of Egyptian art.

Do these relics throw light upon the origin of the Chimus?

As one wanders about the reedy shores of Titicaca, and gazes at her monuments, the fascination of this long-forgotten civilization becomes enthralling. Did these people who left no buildings to mark their existence, with the exception of one vast open temple, live on the lake, which in past times evidently covered a large part of the Sierra? Is the Indian tribe which still makes its home in *balsas* or reed canoes, and occupies an arm of Titicaca, the remnant of a nation which long ago peopled the lake-country? Was this race related to that which the Aztecs found when they set up their empire on islands in the Mexican mountain lakes? Be this as it may, many scientists affirm that a race from the north, which had come by Behring Straits, swept down to South America, leaving traces in Mexico, Central America, and Peru.

But if these distant eras are of interest, far more so is that into which they merge—the age of the Incas. A race arose in Peru which, by means of its superior powers, welded together all former peoples, and so absorbed their civilization that it is almost impossible to discover the condition of Peru before its advent. The origin of the royal family which boasted the title “Inca” is lost in legendary obscurity. Until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries there is no record of their doings. Then, as we shall see in the next chapter, they commenced to form an empire called Tahuantin Suyu, which eventually comprised the territory now belonging to Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and even parts of Brazil and the Argentine.

This was the nation which the Spanish conquerors met when they discovered Peru. This was the race whose descendants still people the mountain plains of the republic.



SKETCH MAP OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

CHAPTER III.—CHILDREN OF THE SUN—

Sunset on Titicaca, the birthplace of Peru's legends—A sun-myth which veils the origin of the children of Inti—Our scepticism concerning the Incas and what came of it—How six hundred years ago an experiment was made in socialism—An empire which would have stretched from Iceland to the Sahara—All that remains of the Children of the Sun.

CHAPTER III

CHILDREN OF THE SUN

Casting white lights on her water from his snowy beard and hair,
Gazing down into her depths at reflected cloudlets fair—

Sorata still worships the grey lake,

With her fair, fading, violet sheen—

Weeping for bygone ages—whispering of years that have been ;
Fascinating and fading !

Lake of the days that are gone !

WE are gliding over a motionless lake—beneath a sapphire sky—past hoary mountains, whose mirrored snows like long white beards float upon the water.

From the shore of Titicaca sun-kissed cornfields are nodding to their golden reflections in the lake ; only a line of green reeds divides real from unreal. And while the last long-slanting sun-rays illumine the eastern islands and touch with gold the swinging gulls which hover by their shores, a pale half-sleeping moon has risen, and is looking down with dreamy eyes at her likeness in the water.

Lake Titicaca is the birthplace of myth and legend, and of the mighty dynasty of Incas. Strange are the stories told about this historic spot: it is said that when men were cave-dwellers, living on fruit, wild roots, and human flesh, and clothing themselves with leaves, bark, or skins,—*Inti* the Sun-god, that celestial father of all living creatures, sent two of his own children to educate mankind. These divine teachers, known as Manco Capac and Mama Ocllo, rose from the waters of Titicaca, and brought to the uncultured hordes living on the

shores, law and government, marriage and moral order, tillage and art and science.¹ Their descendants called themselves *Incas*, or Children of the Sun; and were supposed to represent to the last of the dynasty, not only their first royal ancestors, but the sun and moon, that celestial father and mother, of whom these were evidently personifications.

Thus we find that the chief legend of the origin of the Incas does not differ widely from the sun-myths of Greek or Aryan sources. But what of the historical fact which it veils? Did the Incas originally form a tribe which gradually gained ascendancy over neighbouring peoples until it reached the dimensions of an empire? Or does the traditionary Manco, who set up his throne in Cuzco after journeying from distant Titicaca, represent an infusion of foreign civilization into Peru? Such problems thronged through my mind as I approached the *Isla del Sol*, a mountain-top which forms an island in the historic lake. Passing its bleak shores in the steamer, one of our number had expressed doubt as to the veracity of historians who speak of the gardens of the Incas. "Why, nothing but barley could grow on these windswept shores! Not even maize, and far less flowers!" But below a spot called "The Garden of Manco Capac," our scepticism vanished. Clear green water ran into a cove of white stones where some young eucalyptus trees were growing, their leaves still red and brown. Above the beach was built a large platform, 30×90 yards in extent, surrounded by an old Inca wall, ornamented with elaborate blank windows. Above this rose terraces, each about two yards in width, encircling the hillside to its very summit. We made our way up a flight of rough stone steps by a little stream which gurgled and splashed in its precipitous descent. Brilliant sunshine flooded the scene, and crept through the masses of verdure overhanging our path, to fall caressingly on the worn stones which formed the stair-way. Greens of every shade mingled in the natural arches above us; vines hung their cables

¹ Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i.



AN INCA MUMMY.

Many historians recount stories of slaves buried alive in the land of the Incas, as an offering to the sun. The point has been warmly disputed. This photo of a mummy, preserved in the Lima Museum, has an interest in this connection.

from tree to tree, and brilliant vegetation trailed from each terrace wall. The air was soft and mild, and scented by roses and geraniums, which intertwined in fragrant clusters. The picturesque steps led to three springs, gushing through holes cut in a solid stone slab, which formed one side of a bath, or stone tank. Around it ran walls of perfectly cut stones, and below it the beautiful garden stretched. Through vine cables and shivering eucalyptus trees we could see the deep blue of the lake, the grey of distant hills, and, beyond, snow peaks piled high upon the clouds, their bases wreathed in white and their summits lost to sight. These untrod fields of snow were so brilliant in the sunshine that they made the purest clouds appear dark and soiled. Only while gazing upon them could we realize that this tropical garden was situated more than three times as high as any mountain in the British Isles.

After four centuries of neglect, this little paradise still remains to stimulate our belief in the Incas' great works, so many of which have completely passed away.

A legend says that Manco Capac was commanded to make his way north from Titicaca, and to establish an empire wherever the golden wedge which he carried should, of its own accord, sink into the ground and disappear.

I too have followed his route to the sheltered valley where the miracle is said to have occurred, and have stood in the palaces which the Children of the Sun built for themselves about the spot. Many historical memories come back to one who visits Cuzco, the old-time capital—thoughts of Inca Roca, who was famous as the founder of schools, the buildings of which stand to-day; of Viracocha, the military hero of the dynasty, and builder of Sachsahuamán, the gigantic fortress which still guards the city; of Pachacutec, the Solomon of Peru; or of Tupac Yupanqui, the general, who, in his conquest of the South, led a march across the Chilian Andes—a feat which Markham says “throws the achievements of Hannibal

and Napoleon into the shade." One walk in Cuzco leads past the palace of Huayna Capac, the sovereign who subdued the kingdom of Quito, and marrying one of its princesses, left a son named Atahualpa who could not legitimately succeed to the throne, but was destined nevertheless to divide the mighty empire of the Incas with Huascar, the rightful heir, and thus to facilitate "a conquest that not even the apparition of horses (previous to the Spanish Conquest unknown in Peru), or the apparent control of thunder and lightning, could have effected otherwise."

Cuzco, which means in the Indian language "the navel," was the natural centre of the empire which was known as Tahuantin Suyu. *Tahua* is still the Indian word for four; *ntin* is a plural termination; and *suyu* means province. "The Empire of the Four Provinces" comprehended an eastern section, which stretched down towards the haunts of savages in the Amazon plain; a western, which consisted of the many fertile valleys running down from the Andes to the Pacific shore; a northern, which included Quito; and a southern, which stretched nearly to the present boundaries of Bolivia and Chili.

Had Tahuantin Suyu been in Europe, it would have included Spain and Portugal, Austria-Hungary, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and France. It would have stretched from Iceland's snows to the Sahara Desert, or, to use an American comparison, from Alaska's frozen coast to the shore of Lake Superior. It was "an empire equal in size to that of Hadrian, exceeding that of Charlemagne."

Each province was placed under a viceroy who ruled it with the help of various councils, and who was himself a member of the Inca's council of state in Cuzco, where he was obliged to reside during part of his tenure of office.

Every Inca subject was called upon by law to marry at a certain age, and was then provided with a simple home by the community in which he lived. For each child he was

apportioned an additional lot of land, so that the needs of a numerous family might always be supplied.

A large portion of the country was too elevated to permit of agriculture; but every available space was utilized, barren hill-sides being elaborately terraced, that where nothing could grow on the natural incline, maize might be coaxed to yield crops on narrow artificial ledges. By every stream, in every valley, these *andenes* may to-day be seen, confirming the estimate of the Spanish chroniclers that the ancient population was very large. Some of the land thus cultivated with unique economic industry was set apart as the property of the Sun, and its produce went towards the maintenance of an elaborate religious system, including a priestly tribe and numerous monasteries. Every citizen of the empire was obliged to give set periodical attention to the lands of the Sun, and also to work for the old, sick, widows and orphans, and soldiers in actual service. Only then was he permitted to work for himself, after which he joined in cultivating the lands of the ruling Inca.

The divine head of the nation was looked upon as both god and king. His power was absolute; and only the benign character of the royal family prevented this despotism from degenerating into tyranny. The people who lived under those Incas, of whom we have historic information, were apparently happy and contented. Undoubtedly many modern social evils were avoided by the régime of that day, but at what awful cost! Under the Incas the people were good and happy children—but always children. They were never allowed to be idle, covetous, or selfish; but they were also prevented from striving in any way to better their position or to exercise personal initiative. The civilization of Tahuantin Suyu was only “a highly organised form of serfdom; it prevented progress, both social and religious—and developed not patriotism, but servile adoration of the Incas.”

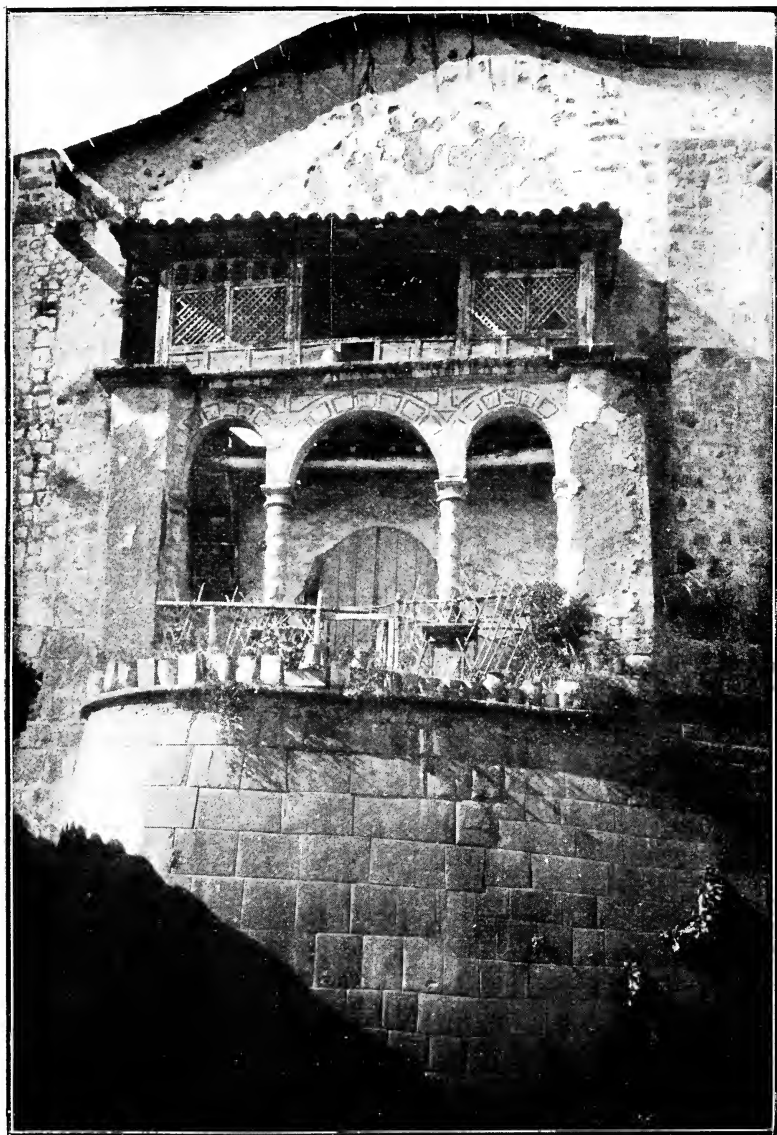
This fatal principle, often lost sight of in the prosperity of the nation, accounts for the success of the Spanish Conquest.

When the Inca leaders were gone, the indigenes were unable to make any adequate stand against the prowess of Spain. Apart from the treacherous means which the conquerors used, however, to secure the sacred person of the Inca, they would have found it a difficult and perhaps impossible matter to enter the mountain strongholds commanded by the Children of the Sun.

To-day, the only remains of this mighty empire are two million ignorant Indians, and the silent crumbling ruins which strew their mountain plains—streets, palaces, fortresses, temples, roads, inns, aqueducts, and baths. Only close study can produce any idea of the masterly plan of these ancient fortifications, of the colossal size of the cyclopean works, of the complicated plans of the religious buildings.

History, romance, and—alas!—tragedy, strangely mingle in our records of the Incas. To-day, the words of Whittier are true of many a monument in Peru—

“It stands before a nation’s sight
A gravestone over buried right.”



PAST AND PRESENT.

This is the outer aspect of the concave wall which was once lined with the golden image of the sun. How poor and trashy is the mud, cane, and whitewash of the modern balcony, beside the enduring monument of Inca labour !

CHAPTER IV.—AT INTI'S SHRINE—

My adventures on the island of the Moon—A wonderful ruin which no Englishwoman had ever visited—"The Place of Gold"—A curious religious practice and the proverb which it recalls—A sad contrast of past and present.



CHAPTER IV

AT INTI'S SHRINE

“Quand le soleil, le père de Manco, l'envoya fonder cet empire, il lui dit : Prends-moi pour exemple : je me lève, et ce n'est pas pour moi ; je répands ma lumière, et ce n'est pas pour moi ; je remplis ma vaste carrière ; je la marque par mes bienfaits ; l'univers en jouit, et je ne me réserve que la douceur de l'en voir jouir. Va, sois heureux si tu peux l'être ; mais songe à faire des heureux.”—MARMONTEL.

THE blue-gums of “Coati,” an island on Titicaca sacred to the moon, stood up blackly in a grey world. Lake and sky seemed to be worn out by the storm which had been raving all night. The wavelets were icy cold when I went down to the white pebble strand, and the wind swept chilly round the terraced island of the moon.

“*Antiguedades?*” interrogated a voice which was evidently unaccustomed to the soft Castilian tongue. At the sound of that magic word I betokened my enthusiasm as best I might with gestures, having an Indian vocabulary of only four words, none of which were appropriate.

“Bring them!” I urged, and the old Indian turned and hobbled slowly away in search of the promised curiosities. He was a strange figure to English eyes: weather-beaten and wrinkled, brown and sinewy. He wore a curious knitted cap, a long red muffler, a *poncho*, or coloured blanket used as an overcoat, and very short homespun knickers, not supplemented by anything in the way of shoes or stockings. He was an Indian of some position, however. Was he not in charge of the bag of maize, and responsible to supply meals from it to his four

seamen? Was he not entrusted with the little sailing-boat, and known amongst his friends as "The Commander"? Above all, did he not wear beneath his poncho a wonderful red waist-coat? I was unable to discover anything about the origin of that prized garment, owing to the limitations of my vocabulary, but it was certainly one of the *antiguedades* of the island!

"*Viracocha!*" The well-known address announced the approach of our old friend and several women, who, with a kind of superstitious awe, produced their treasures: fragments of Inca pottery, an old metal hairpin, a dainty little silver spoon, and—after much persuasion—a tiny gold image. The little figure, only an inch high, lies before me as I write. It is a prized relic, for antiquarians to whom I have shown it believe it to represent one of the Inca maidens whose lives were dedicated to the service of the moon; and as the *Isla del Sol* is far from the track of the few tourists who visit Peru, and its simple inhabitants are still ignorant of the art of manufacturing antiquities, I can vouch that the image was dug up by an old woman on the very island where centuries ago the virgins of the sun and moon were immured.

I have been in every continent, but nowhere have I seen so beautiful a site as that of the convent where these maidens lived. The ruin is in better preservation than any other which I visited in Peru: its large open court, 60 × 26 feet, is still surrounded on three sides by chapels and cells; the bath, once used by the princesses, is in good preservation; and the high walled yard, where their llamas were kept, is to-day used for much the same purpose as it was four hundred years ago.

Had nature built the island about the palace-convent it could not have more highly favoured it; and indeed one could not say whether the dell in the island hillside was natural or not. So daring were the Incas that they would not have shrunk from the task of hollowing out the cliff to make a suitable

resort for the sacred virgins. Be that as it may, the building nestles beneath the brow of the cliff with a rolling hill sheltering it on each side. Symmetrical terraces cover the whole island, curving in broad stretches round the concave coast, so that from every aspect the central point of the design is the convent. Its eastern side overlooks the lake, to which one descends by three terraces, each about thirty yards in width, and supported by walls of perfectly cut stones. Although in some cases a five-cornered stone was fitted into the structure, I found it impossible to insert a penknife into the joints.

The view from these terraces was indescribably beautiful; the pale blue glassy surface of the lake stretched out to the east, where snowfields and glaciers, piled in magnificent confusion, appeared to rise out of its motionless waters; the cloud-masses about the peaks of Mt. Sorata were roseate in the light of the setting sun, which tinted the still water with ever-varying shades.

This was one of the centres of a worship once almost general in Peru. True, Inti himself and his queen, the Moon, were usurpers; for it appears that the most spiritually minded Peruvians from farthest antiquity worshipped the Supreme Spirit "Pachacamac,"¹ or "Creator of the World." But the Incas made sun-worship the State religion, and their conquering armies enforced it on peoples living far and wide. One of the Children of the Sun, an advanced reformer, attempted to revive the older and purer worship. "Is not the sun himself," he is reported to have said, "a beast who makes a daily round under the eye of a master—an arrow which must go whither it is sent, not whither it wishes?" But year after year the worship of the visible god extended its sway, and thousands of pilgrims trod the road leading over the rough hills of the *Isla del Sol*, and, by a longer but easier route than the one we took, reached the Shrine of Inti.

¹ In modern Kechua *pacha* signifies "world," and *camani* "I create."

AT INTI'S SHRINE

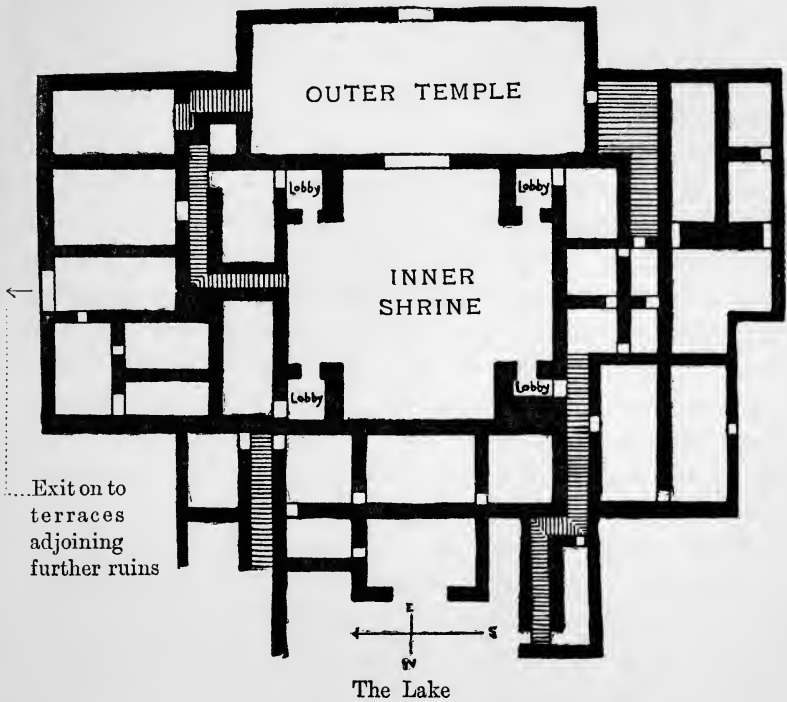
Ours was a hard two hours' walk in the burning heat of a tropical sun: over rocks, along Inca terraces, round precipitous hillsides, through tangled aloe-plantations, over hill-summits, along the arms of bays which ran far into the island, past sleepy little villages and farms nestling among the terrace-walls built many hundreds of years ago. Never did a walk of twenty miles in Switzerland seem half so long as those two leagues! Our feet had no level or firm hold all the way; the sun was pitiless and there was no shade. We were climbing along a ridge of mountains which divides the island from end to end, and were often three times as high as Ben Nevis, or the highest passes by which trans-continental railways cross the Rockies. Miles of irregular coast-line were visible, and many a cove of sapphire water. At first the steep climbs in rarefied air took away our breath; and later, when we became somewhat accustomed to exertion at this great altitude, terrible thirst and weariness seized us. These were, for the time being, overcome by our joy at sighting the far shore of the island, its strand lapped by glittering wavelets and basking in the sunshine. Below us, dark against the azure, stood a mass of ruined walls. We had reached the shrine of Inti at last!

The chief entrance to the sanctuary was a wide gateway surmounted by an immense stone lintel. It faced directly east, and formed the goal of the ancient road from the far end of the island. Immediately outside this entrance was a large square of desert which the Indians said had once been used for a bull-fight. But we there saw relics of days which antedated the popularity of Spanish sports. Many broken pieces of pottery, which might have been Egyptian, lay about, and in the centre was a great flat stone, presumably once used for sacrifice. On a rock-mound eight supports had been placed, and upon them a giant slab of rock measuring $10 \times 10 \times 2$ feet. I thought of the altar of another sacrificial system, where offerings were made in the outer court of the sanctuary, while priests performed their rites in the holy place within, and wondering, passed into the

TEMPLE OF THE SUN

(ISLAND OF TITICACA)

↗ Road to Village of Chchalla
Principal Entrance



Study the plan until you begin to imagine something of the religious worship for which this temple was designed, and to wonder if the powers of the ancient architects of sun-worship are still latent in the Indians of Peru.

1890 - 1891

Temple of the Sun. Oh, that strange building! That mass of walls and doorways! That mysterious remnant of the worship of the past! Formerly I had only been inclined to credit the Incas with very simple ideas of religion; but that sanctuary was built by a people who had a highly developed religious system. Even the plan of the ruins astonishes one: such a large conception! such an involved design!—a building suited to complicated religious ceremonialism!

The walls were of sandstone and porphyry, cut in irregular blocks, and varying from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 feet in width. Some were completely ruined, but the chief parts of the building were well preserved: the entrance hall, 26 feet long, leading by a second wide doorway into the great central hall, 30×33 feet; the four strange little corner lobbies connecting this open court with the numerous surrounding cells and passages; and on the west a third gateway leading down to the lake, whose murmurs filled the evening air. I could have slept and seen visions; could have wandered through the old temple and dreamed dreams; but already darkness was closing down and the Indians were anxious to be gone. Never shall I forget my last look from the mountain-side, down over the rocks and sand to Inti's shrine. The mass of ruins lay still and dark; but beyond, the god of the forsaken sanctuary was turning the lake waters to gold. Distant islands flung black shadows towards us, and to the south-west Mt. Sorata's snows glowed beneath their cloudy wreaths. Then we turned away from the sinking Sun-god, and walked quickly and silently into the twilight. Our thoughts were rebuilding the ruins and decking their walls and niches with gold, peopling the almost deserted island, and recalling the days when thousands of pilgrims worshipped at Inti's shrine.

Probably the richest temple of Sun-worship in the realm of the Incas was *Coricancha*, the "Place of Gold," which once stood in the square now occupied by the church and convent

of Santo Domingo at Cuzco. None of the subjects of Tahuantin Suyu were permitted to retain any gold; and indeed they had no use for it save as an ornament, for they were provided with all the necessaries of life by the State. The precious metal was therefore reserved for the beautifying of royal palaces, and the worship of Inti. Since the gold mines of the country were rich, and the maximum amount of labour was obtained for them by a general distribution of work, *cori*, as the Indians still call gold, must have been very plentiful. It was lavished upon the temple in Cuzco, which, according to the accounts of the conquerors, full well merited its name. There the most magnificent of all Inca festivals, the feast of *Raymi*, was celebrated at the period of the summer solstice; for when the sun reached the southern extremity of his course, and commenced to retrace his steps, a joyful people gathered in the squares of Cuzco to welcome their lord.

The ancient capital is full of memories of bygone days. One may stand where the gaily appavelled throng awaited the appearance of the sun-god, and listen to weird strains of Indian music not unlike those which greeted his rising hundreds of years ago. The sand of the square, which, it is said, an Inca ordered to be brought from the distant Pacific coast by certain unruly Indians, recently made tributaries; the ancient blue walls lining narrow straight streets; much of Cuzco is as it was then. We may make our way to Coricancha along the road followed by the great procession of *Raymi*, and stand where it waited while the Inca, shoeless and bareheaded, entered the temple. The western side of Coricancha is said to have been concave—indeed part of the curved wall still remains—and was lined within by a golden image of the sun. Before this were placed the mummies of the Inca's ancestors, each on a golden throne. There also was the *Mosocnina*, the sacred flame which ever burnt in its golden casket, tended by the virgins of the sun; and there was the *Villac Umu*, or high priest, who was next in rank to the Inca himself.



A WALL OF "CORICANCHA."

This young Dominican monk is a member of the convent which now occupies the site of "Coricancha," the famous temple of the sun in Cuzco. Dr. Guinness photographed him standing by part of the original wall, pointing out the almost invisible junction of its stones. Many travellers have lauded the wonderful stone-cutting of the Incas, but no photo has until now been published illustrative of their *finest* masonry.

Another famous festival of the ancient régime was known as *Sitna*, and was celebrated at the end of the wet season, when, as all dwellers in Cuzco know only too well, sickness is very prevalent. For six months not a drop of rain falls; and the streets, which are used as depositories for all the refuse of the city, become almost impassable. In the days of the Incas it was customary for four hundred warriors to assemble in the great square of Cuzco, a hundred facing each cardinal point of the compass. The Inca and *Villac Umu* then came forth from the temple and shouted, "Go forth, all evils!" Whereupon the warriors ran towards the river, and, as they passed, people came to their doors, and, shaking their clothes, cried: "Let the evils go forth!" The warriors, and later that evening all the people, bathed in the river, and supposed that the sicknesses of which they had reminded Inti would be carried down to the sea and never seen again. A practical English lady, whom I was telling about the antipathy of Peruvians to water, remarked that it was a pity that the superstition of *Sitna* was not still popular, since it undoubtedly encouraged the virtue which is next to godliness!

With a last wondering look at the monuments of this forgotten religion, we say with Squier: "Under the Incas there was a better government, better protection for life, and better facilities for the pursuit of happiness, than have existed since the Spanish Conquest, or do exist to-day. The material prosperity of the country was far in advance of what it now is. There were greater facilities in intercourse, a wider agriculture, less pauperism and vice, and—shall I say it?—a purer and more useful religion."

Shrine of great Inti!
 Shrine of the sun-god!
 Thee, Coricancha, each Inca praises.
 Incense supporting
 The sacred flame ever—
 Red glows the fire; the gold casket blazes!

AT INTI'S SHRINE

Shrine of great Inti!
Hope of the Incas!
Help from these white men, cruel and lying!
Thy virgins are gone;
Thy temple is plundered;
Red glow the coals, but smokeless and dying!

Look! Greatest Inti!
See! Light Eternal!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness! Pity! Behold!
A race is fallen;
A shrine forsaken;
Black are the embers—still, lifeless, and cold!

CHAPTER V.—THE CONQUEST OF PERU—

How I followed the route of those who discovered Peru, and like them found mist and mosquitos instead of marvels and mysteries—The crisis of Pizarro's fate—The perfidy of a fanatical monk—A ransom of £3,000,000—How the Inca escaped burning at the stake by kissing a crucifix—Why Cuzco was laid waste at the hands of its own people—A hero's death.



CHAPTER V

THE CONQUEST OF PERU

“The supreme hours unnoted come ;
Unfelt, the turning tides of doom.”—WHITTIER.

BRAVE men were the Spanish adventurers who risked their all in the search for *El Dorado*, the land of gold, which they sometimes feared existed only in their dreams.

As we lie this morning in the Guayaquil River, I am thinking of Pizarro—the hero and villain of the Conquest of Peru. We are following the route of his first voyage of discovery. The low-lying jungle which we passed in leaving Panama Bay is where he first camped, near the *Puento de Pinas* (Pine Headland). It was the wet season, and the adventurers’ eyes—greedy for gold—were greeted by sights on the Biru River, such as surround me. The clouds have dropped till they nearly join the humid mists rising from the jungle; the hills beyond are not visible; even the palms, the native huts, and high grass look misty through the rain. We lie between a grey sky and grey sea—and the only movements about us are falling rain, steadily dripping, dripping; débris drifting down to the ocean; and now and then the low black form of a native dug-out skimming the colourless river.

It was far out at sea that we passed the *Puento de Hambre* (Port Hunger) of memories terrible. There Pizarro and his followers waited while Montenegro returned for provisions to Panama. I know now the malaria-breathing swamps, the tangle of tropical growth, the swarming-insect world, the

dismal poisonous atmosphere, in which the treasure-seekers found themselves. Little wonder that after a contest with the natives a little farther south, they saw the impossibility of conquering the land before them with their small force, and so sadly turned again towards Panama, thus ending the first voyage of discovery!

We sighted the coast of Columbia not far from the Isle of Gallo where on their second expedition Pizarro and his men suffered so terribly. Their enterprise was threatened with absolute failure. The army being inadequate both in numbers and equipment to attack the natives of the coast, Almagro had returned to Panama for reinforcements, while Pizarro remained with his desperate and starving followers on the Isle of Gallo. Nearly all spirit of adventure had been quenched in them by the almost superhuman difficulties of the way; and when two vessels arrived, well stored with provisions, the starving Spaniards' only thought was to satisfy their craving for food and then leave the detested isle for ever. But Pizarro, the greatest of the crusaders, drawing his sword, traced a line with it on the sand from east to west; and turning towards the unexplored *El Dorado*: "Friends and comrades," he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desertion, and death; on this side ease and pleasure. There is Peru with its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose each man what best becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go to the south!" And thirteen faithful comrades stepped with him over the line.

So inspiring is the incident that the historian of the conquest exclaims: "A handful of men, without food, without clothing, almost without arms, without knowledge of the land to which they were bound, were here left on a lonely rock in the ocean, with the avowed purpose of carrying on a crusade against a powerful empire—staking their lives on its success. What is there in the legends of chivalry that surpasses it? That was the crisis of Pizarro's fate. *There are moments in the lives*

of men which, as they are seized or neglected, decide their future destiny.”

Eight years had passed since Pizarro first set out from Panama to seek the fabulous empire of the south. The Spaniards were marching from their camp on the coast across well-irrigated and luxurious fruit-bearing country, towards the foot of the Andean battlements of Cajamarca, a town where the Inca was said to be stationed. Embassies from the Indian sovereign had visited the white men, who received of the monarch’s bounty, sent him professions of friendship, and advanced to meet him with thoughts of perfidy.

On the night of 15th November 1532, Pizarro and a hundred of his followers were entertained in the stronghold of the apparently friendly Inca. Surrounded by Indian troops, hemmed in by mighty mountains, faced by the unknown power of this recently discovered empire, their position was indeed desperate; and the Spanish leader did not shrink from a desperate enterprise, the success or ruin of which would be the crisis of his fate.

The sun rose brightly on the morning of 16th November —“the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru.” The great square of Cajamarca was thronged with Indians who were escorting their Inca on an amicable visit to the strangers he had so generously received on the preceding evening. “Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch’s attire was very rich. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial diadem encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he

looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command."

Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, then approached the Inca Atahualpa, saying that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. Whether or not Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, there is no doubt that the Inca perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied: "I will be no man's tributary. I am greater than any prince upon earth. For my faith, I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom He created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity—then, alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains—"my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children!"¹

Hurriedly the cruel friar retraced his steps and exclaimed to Pizarro: "Do you not see that while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once; I absolve you!" Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air—an appointed signal—and the fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of, "St. Jago, and at them!"

Trampled under the fierce charge of cavalry, panic-stricken, unarmed, surrounded, blinded by the smoke of artillery and muskets, the hapless Indians fell by thousands, and at last even the furious and heroic defence of the royal litter ended, and the unhappy monarch was taken.

¹ Prescott, *Conquest of Peru*.

“Night, more pitiful than man, at length threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Cajamarca.”

The historical pages which follow are darkened by the record of fanatic Christendom's greatest perfidies.

“For my freedom I will fill this room with gold as high as I can reach,” said Atahualpa. The empire of gold was spoiled, Coricancha stripped of its wealth, and the astounding promise fulfilled. Then Friar Valverde, that evil spirit of the Conquest, realized that while a monarch thus idolized by his people lived, the Spaniards could never rule in safety. It was the hour of Pizarro's greatest temptation, and from it dates his fall. Not the Crusader, however, but the Holy Father signed the Inca's death-warrant. Not a Spanish adventurer, but a Roman Catholic monk rendered to the innocent victim that for ever despicable mercy whereby he was allowed to meet his death by strangling instead of burning, because he agreed to kiss the crucifix.

Atahualpa is slain! Panic spread at the news. The Inca is slain! Strength failed at the word. And so the conquerors swept southwards, sacking palaces, destroying temples, and scattering havoc and desolation as they went.

As I stood amongst the ruins on the hill overlooking Cuzco, my thoughts were of the days when the ruthless foreigners reached that ancient capital—when they succeeded in wresting it from its Indian inhabitants, and survived the awful siege which was the last resistance offered to them by the natives.

The moon was full, and in its white light the snowy peak of Auzangati appeared like a spectre haunting the valley. Viewed from the Inca's throne, Sachahuamán, the grey fortress, stood out weirdly against the star-strewn blue; and I knew that at the foot of the precipitous cliff beyond it, Cuzco's walls were

glistening white in the moonlight, and her gum-trees swaying, gaunt and dark.

Wonderful tiers of battlements are these! Giant rocks, of weight so immense that men say they were hewn where they stand, are built upon with rocks as huge, their many strange-angled corners accurately fitted by adjoining stones of enormous size from the quarry on yonder hill.

Within the fortress is an extensive mound where formerly the three towers of Sachahuamán stood. Time has seen these thrown down and their builders forgotten; yet as he looks over the grey fortress the scene has not much changed in the last six centuries. For a moment he permits us to gaze through the veil of years and see the city as it was in 1533.

Cuzco lies below us; but not the Cuzco we have known! Its long straight streets are dark and silent—their stone work and smooth cobbles grey in the moonlight; an amphitheatre rises in the centre of the great *plaza* (square) and all around are large stone palaces, their thatched roofs bright in this strange light. Only one rises above the other low buildings of the city: it is the Inca's palace. Far from the foot of the hill Cuzco stretches, and amongst all its buildings the most noticeable is the magnificent Temple of the Sun, and the neighbouring Convent of the Virgins. The moonlight casts black shadows from their walls on to the surrounding plazas; nothing moves in the night's stillness, save the trees.

Peaceful is the sleeping city! Too peaceful, when over it hangs so cruel a fate! Yonder, encamped on either side of the great northern road, are Spanish troops; their trumpets and the neighing of their terrible steeds are stilled; their brilliant banners are black by night. And Cuzco sleeps—little dreaming that on the morrow there shall enter the capital of Tahuantín Suyu, conquerors bearing the bloody standard of the Cross.

Gone are the days of peace and plenty for the Indian of



From a photograph by

A CYCLOPEAN WONDER.

[the Missionary Studio, Cuzco.

Oh, the fascination of these mammoth stones! How was the stupendous work accomplished? Did the Inca achieve this monumental triumph merely by just distribution of labour, or was the warlike Viracocha something of a tyrant? Silence upon the lichen-covered fortress—silence and desolation upon the distant quarry. This is the only answer to our eager questions.



Peru! His Inca has been murdered—his Coricancha has been plundered—and not for long shall Cuzco remain his pride!

Three years have passed; according to Spanish reckoning the date is 1536 A.D. It is spring, and a night wind passes over the young barley, rippling it into waves. Auzangati still hovers spectral in the clouds at the farther end of the valley, but strange is the scene upon which she looks! Cuzco is half spoiled; the glittering gold band has been torn from Coricancha; many of the temples are ruined; the city is barricaded. From the hillsides all around, watch-fires flare through the night; and the barley-fields are dark with a great sleeping host, which surrounds the sacred city now occupied by the conquerors. The lights of the besiegers' camps are in number as the stars of heaven, but the stillness of this night is the deep-threatening stillness which precedes the storm.

Alas for Peru! Her spirit is not yet broken. Alas for the loyal followers of the Inca who are about to make a last desperate attempt to regain possession of their ancient capital! Is the process which has carried far and wide the conquering standard of the Children of the Sun now to fail? What shall the coming half-year of terrible siege mean to Cuzco?

The year is older by several months; harvests are over, and the dry season has sunburnt the hillsides. Surely the old grey fortress must weep to look on such a scene as this; the moon is pale and ghostly in the lurid light of the burning town below us; Cuzco is a ruined city! Only stones and ashes remain of her former glory. See the red glare which lights the midnight landscape! See the dark moving hosts on the surrounding hillsides! See the deserted streets, strewn with stakes, fallen barricades, and dead bodies! See the burning palaces of the Incas! See the Spanish awnings erected in the plaza, and the gaunt famine-stricken faces of the besieged—half hopeless, full of consternation in the lurid light! Is this thy fate, O Cuzco?

Pride of the Incas, Sanctuary of Inti, laid waste at the hands of thine own children. City of towers and temples, of palaces and kings, is this thine end—to burn over the heads of the conquerors—their trophy and their tomb?

“Days and nights are passing before you quickly; the desolating siege has lasted six months.” Time speaks—and our eyes follow the direction of his hand. The flames have done their work in Cuzco, and subsided; half the city is in ruins—half-stricken down by famine. The Indians have recaptured Sachahuamán, but their dark hosts are thinner on the hillsides—famine will overcome them unless the maize fields are planted.

All is silence and sleep in Sachahuamán, until—hark! A band of cavaliers is silently making its way up the ravine which leads from Cuzco along the west of the fortress. Indians fight not by night; so the Spaniards approach unnoticed, and the daring enterprise is favoured by fortune. Silently they have worked, removing the great stones which block the entrance gateway, and now there is a sound of clanging metal in the night's stillness; swords ring; stones fall; cavalry footsteps clatter as a rush is made for the second battlement.

Ah, the Indians are aroused at last! Yes, let the horsemen halt! Hear the shouts of the Peruvian warriors as they swarm on the upper battlement! See the cloud of missiles—arrow stones, and javelins—which overwhelm the besiegers! The leader is wounded; he has fallen; nevertheless, from the ground he urges on the Spaniards;—and now a breach is made, and the Indians fall back in disorder to the terrace around the towers.

Hear their shouts as with ladders they scale the walls! Surely the Spaniards will never carry the day while that Inca chieftain lives! See how his copper-headed mace hurls to the ground the invaders ere they can reach the parapet! His daring athletic form stands out on the battlements.

Were successful resistance possible, thou wouldst have hel

the tower, brave Inca—but numerous ladders have been planted against it; the parapet is scaled; the defendants are outnumbered; and for thee—there remains only a hero's end, a Roman's death.

Is the final succumbing of Tahuantin Suyo signalised in the Inca's last act? Does the nation's last hope perish with the death of this brave leader? One further victory only are the Indians to gain; then the besieging hosts are destined to melt away, the last representative of the Incas to die, the last Indian stronghold to fall, and the country to become the spoil of rapacious conquerors—her people slaves to the gold-dazzled adventurers of Spain.

See the end! The Inca springs to the edge of the battlements, casts his war-club from him, wraps about him his mantle—and throws himself headlong from the summit. “He has struck his last blow for the freedom of his country, and he scorns to outlive her honour.”



CHAPTER VI.—WESTWARD HO!—

Iberian and Inca—How one man ruled over a realm more extensive than Europe—Relics of the days when English pirates stole the gold of Peru for good Queen Bess—A trim little square of memories horrible.





Argenson & Co. London.

The Death of Atahualpa.

CHAPTER VI

WESTWARD HO!

"It looks gold! it smells of gold, as I may say, by a poetical licence. Yea, the very waves, as they ripple past us, sing of gold, gold, gold!"

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IN the picture gallery of Lima hangs a remarkable picture by the Peruvian artist Monteros.

Atahualpa lies dead in the church of San Francisco, Cajamarca. With great solemnity, his funeral obsequies are being performed by those who caused his murder. The principal cavaliers and the troops listen with devout attention to the service of the dead from the lips of Father Valverde.

A sudden disturbance, the sound of many footsteps, bitter wailing, and cries—and the beautiful women of the late Inca's harem fill the aisles. They crowd around the corpse, crying shame on those who celebrate the obsequies of an Inca thus. They, his faithful wives, must be sacrificed on his funeral pyre, that he may have company in the land of spirits!

In measured words the scandalized fathers reprove the lovely women, carelessly baptize the infidels with holy water, push them ruthlessly from the body of him whom they revere, and watch with cold hard faces the clamour of the cavaliers and base-born Spaniards who struggle to gain possession of the fairest of the Inca's wives. Pizarro, the grey-bearded adventurer, stands alone by the bier. He, too, is watching the disgraceful scene; but surely his eyes are looking farther—on, through coming ages, to the lives of those who shall descend from the unholy unions of to-day.

All the elements which have combined to form Peruvian character are represented in the picture: the heartless fanatic, who sprinkles the holy water of baptism on one who has never heard of Christ; the young priest who does not attempt to conceal his interest in the worldly proceedings in spite of the neglect of the religious service; the base soldiers; the haughty cavaliers; the lovely heathen women.

What does Pizarro see, if he dreams of the race which shall be?

Side by side they developed—Iberian and Inca; and in the antithesis of their characteristics lies a key to the history of Peru. The Spaniard was a knight-errant—brave, gallant, bigoted, and cruel. A few years earlier his native land had been a very chaos of anarchy, a nest of banditti and lawless nobles under the rule of Henry “the Impotent.” Now suddenly, inspired by the large designs of wonderful Queen Isabella, Spain had waked to new possibilities; and, leaving behind the sloth and licence of a barbarous age, had taken the first place amongst the nations of Europe. The activity formerly spent in anarchy was now devoted to discovery and commerce. On sea the Spanish frigates and galleons led the world; and we stand in amazement and admiration at the heroism of those who dared the unknown for adventure’s reward and the glory of their native land. During the opening era of Spanish rule in South America, Castilia’s empire extended over three-quarters of the globe; and no wonder if the Spaniard, dazzled by the fortune of the moment, lived in an atmosphere of romance. “The brilliant destinies to which the meanest adventurer was often called, now carving out with his good sword some *El Dorado* more splendid than fancy had dreamed of, and now overturning some old barbaric dynasty—were full as extraordinary as the wildest chimeras which Ariosto ever sang or Cervantes satirized.”

Thus the conquerors of Peru appear often to have been

governed by the idea rather than by the fact. They imagined themselves Crusaders battling for the Cross when they made havoc amongst an industrious and innocent people; they posed as patrons of the Church when they built monastic piles with the wealth amassed by means of slavery.

The Indians, on the other hand, were the obedient and docile children of the Inca—peaceable, devout, and without ambition or initiative. Remembering their former rulers with passionate love and reverence, they yet submitted to the foreign yoke with surprising grace; and would have served the Spaniard faithfully and well, had not cruelty made their lot unbearable and aroused national indignation and, finally, national resistance.

Such were the two classes in the commonwealth over which the Viceroy ruled. He was supreme monarch in a realm more extensive than Europe. Without any of the facilities of modern means of communication, he must control a kingdom, of which Buenos Aires, the eastern limit, was 3,000 miles from his capital, and the southernmost town 3,500 miles from Panama, the northern limit of the viceroyalty.

In that long-ago mediæval age no nation had commenced to colonize; yet in the New World Spanish was spoken through a territory equal in length to the continent of Africa. In India we have learned something of the difficulty of dealing with stubborn mountain tribes, who hold their isolated strongholds against all comers. This problem the Viceroy of Peru faced nearly four hundred years ago. On the Congo we have seen the results which naturally follow the entrance of avaricious white men into virgin forests where heretofore the savage has wandered at his will. This also was a condition faced by the ruler of Peru when England had not as yet claimed a place of any importance amongst the Powers of Europe. In the far north-west of Canada, in the diamond district of South Africa, and the gold-fields of Victoria, we have proved the immense difficulty of retaining any order

when the craze for wealth comes upon men. But it is seldom realized that a mediæval power attempted to rule a continent where all these conditions combined to make the task of stupendous difficulty. The measure of the success which Spain achieved—in view of the age, sufficient to surprise us—was due not so much to laws and government as to “the genius of the Spanish nation, a genius which has been best interpreted by the author of *Don Quixote*.”

In Peru there were thousands of *mestizos* (half-breeds) who belonged to the stock of the Pizarros, Sotos, or other Spanish families, yet retained the title “Inca,” which they had inherited from the noble Indian wives of their predecessors. The education of this young nation became a matter of first importance, and the Church gave it willing attention. When I visited the famous librarian and author of Lima, Dr. Ricardo Palma, I stood in a large courtyard surrounded by a gallery borne up on ancient pillars, where nearly four hundred years ago the young nobles of Peru were trained. The University of St. Mark, where to-day hundreds of republicans are educated, was founded long before the first cottage was built on the site of New York. In Cuzco I have seen the school where the famous Inca historian, Garcilasso de la Vega, learnt Latin and Arithmetic, while Ascombe was still teaching Greek to the future Queen Elizabeth.

Lima, the city founded by the greatest of the *conquistadores* (conquerors), still retains relics of the early days when it was queen of the Spanish Main. We may stand in the House of the Viceroys and dream of that golden age. Above us is an overhanging balcony of magnificently carved wood; the arches leading into the inner courtyard are of carved stone; the iron work about us is of ancient design; and the cool of this quiet courtyard, with its fountain and ancient palms, reminds us of scenes from Moorish tales. From one wall protrudes a lion's head of stone, and from his mouth hangs an iron ring on which silver ore, brought in tons from the

mountains, used to be weighed. Those were days of fabulous riches, when merchant-adventurers from all the lands of Europe were to be met in the new-found *El Dorado*, spending their lives in the amassment and display of wealth, and showing but little consideration for the moral laws of God or man.

Gold, dazzling gold,—gold which would buy an *Alhambra* in the homeland; gold which would equip a fleet of merchant vessels; gold which would secure influence at the Spanish Court; gold was the god of Peru! And alas,—though the country did not realize it—gold was its evil genius! On the bleak, lonely *pampas* (elevated, uncultivated plains), where I have often stood, may be seen the mines which made the land of the Incas famous all over the world. Frozen moorland stretches around; the altitude is so great that travellers suffer severely from *sorroche*, or mountain-sickness; no living creature but the condor visits the height; yet here men flocked by the thousand in search for gold. Here—where everything but silver and human life was dear—while helpless Indians were driven down into the mines, were enslaved and too often worked to death, fortunes were amassed which made Spain the richest country in the world, and the merchants of Peru the millionaires of the Middle Ages. While vice and slavery were uncontrollable in the mountains, corruption spread in Lima. Even during the first century of Spanish rule, sin was so gross that the missionary monk, Francisco de Solario, rushed into the streets of the capital and tragically proclaimed its destruction, winning, like Jonah, a sudden but transitory repentance.¹

Struggle as she might, Spain failed to reduce this colony to order; but evil was restrained, civil wars gradually stamped out, and the natives protected from complete annihilation. The viceroyalty was divided into about fifty departments, each of which was put under a governor. Towns were controlled by a

¹ Hubert W. Brown, *Latin America*.

municipality consisting of a judge and several magistrates, and such laws were drawn up as would have ensured peace and prosperity, could they have been enforced. But too often on land and sea men found themselves beyond the reach of authority.

Spain claimed the monopoly of trade with Peru, and consequently the Pacific was the scene of many a lawless fight. The famous Buccaneers had cleared the West Indies of spoil, and were now harrying the ports of the land of the Incas, carrying off cargoes of gold and silver, and stealing the precious freights intended for the monarch of Seville. The ocean was ruled by these sea-dogs: English and French and Dutch. The Viceroy found himself isolated from the mother-country, his supplies cut off, and his monopolies rendered valueless. As we steam over the bluest of oceans in a modern floating palace, the days of Sir Walter Raleigh seem strangely distant. Many a sail white against the blue, strange figureheads on the prow, and tiers of oars where desperate men sit chained, perchance English or Spanish gentlemen doomed to life on a galleon by the pitiless Inquisition of Spain—the phantom crosses our vision, and is lost again in the intense blue of ocean and sky.

The immense difficulties of exercising any control in this rich and lawless land were in part overcome by religious restraint. The Church in South America was an auxiliary branch of the Government; and when in 1569 the Inquisition was established in Lima, it was utilized “to supervise conduct, and also to exclude strangers.”

All Indians, as catechumens, were exempted from its jurisdiction; but any foreigner or native of European extraction was liable to be punished by confiscation, the galleys, flogging, hanging, or burning.

The number of victims could not well be so great as in the Old World, because South America was a fresh convert. In Peru there were no heretics, but there were those who had

received the ransom paid for Atahualpa, and thrown dice for the immense golden sun of Coricancha.

I stood in the plaza where were burned at one famous *auto-de-fé* twelve Portuguese merchants, who by a curious coincidence were the richest men in Lima. But they had threatened to monopolize the retail trade of the city, and in those terrible days any excuse was sufficient to deliver a man to the Holy Inquisition. Later on, two of the Inquisitors were removed from their posts as being thieves, and their property confiscated to compensate the Holy Office for their robberies.

I have visited the trim little square, which, despite its flowers and orange-trees, is full of horrible memories; for although many an effort has been made to destroy relics of the past, the old name still clings to it, and even the public-house at the corner is called *Chicharia de la Inquisicion*. Beneath the marble block whereon I was seated were the horrible cells where the victims of Rome were incarcerated "in dark vaults, without light, without air, damp, and swarming with vermin."

Before me was the Inquisition building, from which they were led down a winding staircase to the subterranean hall of torments, where formerly, in the pale and tremulous light of two candles, loomed the frightful apparatus of the Holy Inquisition—the rack, the scourge, the wheel, the lighted braziers for the feet, the screws for the hand, and many other diabolical inventions.

In the chamber of the Inquisitors I gazed about me with awe. The magnificent mahogany table which I had seen in the Museum of Lima once stood below the carved beams of this dark ceiling. The crucifix still preserved in the same collection once condemned criminals by a movement on its hinges in this very room. Surely the spirits of the ecclesiastics, whose gorgeous portraits line the walls, haunt the chamber! Once again I see the Inquisitors seated beneath a canopy of silk and velvet—great green tapers set up on the ancient table where lies the charge against Francisco Moya, and many another

innocent victim. There are the head gaoler in his gold-embroidered uniform, the many officers of the Secret Court, the familiars, the notaries, the acolytes, and the ghastly black-robed executioners of the torture.

The greater proportion of those who perished in the historic plaza were not condemned for any serious charge whatsoever. They were women, and even little girls, accused of witchcraft, and for such an offence were burnt at the stake. Thus during two hundred and fifty years suspicion and intrigue were multiplied, freedom of thought ceased to exist, and greatness of character was largely destroyed.

CHAPTER VII.—PAPIST AND PAGAN—

*What the Emperor of Spain sent to the Inca Indians—
How a pagan nation was converted en masse—A holy bishop
who laid down his life for the good of Peru—The last of the
glorious Inca dynasty—A noble rebel and his barbarous murder.*



CHAPTER VII

PAPIST AND PAGAN

“A voice oppression cannot kill
Speaks from the crumbling arches still.”—WHITTIER.

HAVE you ever come to a moment when you have been constrained to say: “It was for this I waited”? Have you ever looked upon a sight and said: “It was of this I dreamed, but ever as the vision of a dream it faded”?

So it is sometimes—is with me now!

Sunshine, the whispering of wind in the barley, the mingling yellows of calceolaria and mustard, the young red-brown spikes of cactus, the rich-coloured ploughed fields, the cloud-cast shadows on smooth green hills—all these you too have elsewhere seen and heard. But I am now standing in the heart of the mighty Andes, on the rocky heights of Sta. Ana, overlooking the City of the Sun. Before me stretches an old-world valley which centuries ago was the cradle of one of the most marvellous races that has ever risen and fallen; where, in long past ages, a civilization, only paralleled in wonder-breeding Egypt, developed and decayed.

Like a beautiful sea-anemone clinging to the rocky edge of some ocean-green pool, Cuzco, with pink roof and sun-washed wall, lies beneath Sta. Ana, lapped by the green of the wind-swept grain that fills the valley beyond.

This view of the City of Gold is historic; every Indian who passes the spot stops to raise his hat and look down into the valley, as his ancestors have done for ages—for here the traveller

obtains his first glimpse of Cuzco. In the time of the Incas, those journeying to the southern capital of Tahuantin Suyu stood at this bend of the road to gaze for the first time on the wonderful Temple of the Sun—Coricancha, Mecca of the Indians. Later, when the golden sun had been torn from its place, when the sacred fire tended by the Virgins of the Sun was extinguished and the priests had fled, the subjects of the fallen empire gazed down at the Spanish cathedral, and with broken-hearted thoughts of the days that were gone, rendered forced homage to their new god.

The Incas and Sun-worship fell together; for to the mind of the Indian, the conqueror and his gods were inseparable. So it came to pass that they regarded "conversion" as an inevitable sequel to conquest.

But bitter, bitter was it to bow to the god of the Spaniards while Inti cast his last sunset rays over the land of his former glory.

Emperor Charles V. was jealous for the Church, conscious that its far-reaching arms would strengthen his own extensive kingdom. Accordingly, he set his stamp upon the land of gold which Pizarro had lately added to the Spanish Crown, by welcoming the Indians of Peru into the true faith, and sending them from Spain a magnificent image of the crucifixion. Perhaps this act more than any other made the conquered nation resigned to its fate. From the first this image was the especial god of the Indians; and, deprived of their former deities, they received it with peculiar reverence and adoration.

The miraculous powers of "Our Lord of the Earthquakes," as the image came to be called, were comprehensible to the mind of the poor Indian; but he understood practically nothing of Christianity. With all his townfolk, he had been driven into a church; one of the much-feared priests of the white man's religion had sprinkled water on them, and demanded in payment for this rite their money and even their clothes; they had re-

ceived a new name, which was now common to nearly every one in the village. "Conversion" was thus complete. But for those who attempted to secrete symbols of their former deities, or who clung to sun-worship, the Dominicans had no mercy. I myself have seen Roman Catholic churches whose foundations are of idols; and cathedrals, the stones of which were once part of Inca palaces. Coricancha is to-day transformed into a monastery of Santo Domingo, and the neighbouring Palace of the Virgins into a convent of Santa Catalina. The Indians were obliged to give gratuitous service in the construction of these magnificent buildings, and were driven to the work in relays of 5,000 men.

In spite of their ruthless extermination of idolatry, their neglect of missionary methods of instruction, and their oppression of the Indians for the outward glorification of the Church, we gladly grant that the priests, by reducing Kechua to writing, and printing catechisms, lexicons, and grammars, rendered a lasting service to Peru.

Badly indeed would the Indians have fared had there not been nobler spirits among these ecclesiastics. When the unfortunate descendants of the Children of the Sun were being bought and sold with the land, and were suffering all the outrages of slavery, Las Casas raised his voice on their behalf, and Charles V. endeavoured to do away with the abuses. But many of the monks appear to have possessed the fiery zeal of the crusader rather than the patient love of a missionary; they even justified the cruel oppression of the Indian by maintaining that the natives did not possess souls, and might be treated as beasts of burden.

A Bull of Paul III., however, declared that "the said Indians and all other peoples who hereafter shall be brought to the notice of the Catholics, although they may be without the faith of Jesus Christ, in nowise are they to be deprived of their liberty and of the control of their goods, in nowise are they to be made slaves. . . . We also determine and declare that the said Indians and other similar peoples are to be called to the

faith of Jesus Christ by preaching and by the example of a good and holy life.”¹

A few pious men like the good Bishop San Toribio carried out these instructions. Toiling on foot over burning desert sands and snowy mountain plains, he spent his time visiting the monasteries and churches of the towns, and instructing, catechising, and administering the sacraments at wayside huts. Finally, he laid down his life in the service of the Indians, and was buried on the desert coast of the land of the Incas.

Corruption and cruelty, however, characterized the priesthood in general. Of their disgraceful régime a well-known historian says: “The rule of celibacy was generally avoided; religious duties were hurried through, and the instruction of the Indians reduced to an absurdity. Amidst general immorality in the towns, the regulars set the worst example, making their monasteries places of licence and pleasure. The clergy were recruited from two sources: some were the outcasts of Spanish parishes and monasteries; others were Mestizos, either idle or dissolute men, driven by disgrace and want to take orders; or else men put into religion by their parents with a view to getting an Indian parish and making a fortune out of these helpless people.”

An avaricious priest planned the expedition which led to the discovery of Peru; a priest urged the murder of Atahualpa; and, with very few exceptions, the priesthood has throughout the ages been a curse instead of a blessing to the land.

As the last of the conquerors lay dying, his evil deeds rose up before him as a barrier into heaven; and thinking to make atonement for the past, he confessed with his last breath some of the wrongs to which the Indians had been subjected. “The Incas instilled into the minds of their people the following precepts,” he said: “*Ama quilla* (be not indolent); *Ama sua* (be not a thief); *Ama llulla* (be not a liar); and as a people

¹ Hubert W. Brown, *Latin America*.



THE PLACE OF GOLD TRANSFORMED.

The Abbot of Santo Domingo stands looking down into the quiet patio of his monastery. A yard behind him is the Inca wall which appeared in a former illustration.

they were neither indolent nor dishonest until the conquistadores corrupted them."

Thus we see that during the lifetime of the first generation of Iberians in Peru, the degeneration of the Incas had begun.

It was in the year 1571, and Cuzco was thronged on the occasion of the christening of an Indian noble. Often, standing on the terrace of the Colcampata, an Inca palace overlooking the historic town, I have pictured the gaily clothed throng of happy Children of the Sun who gathered there, and amongst them the tall black figure and sinister mien of the Viceroy, which might well have been regarded as an ill omen for the future of the people. Even the nephews of Atahualpa, whom the Indians still worshipped secretly as the true lords of the land, were at the feast; and when they returned to their old father in his last retreat, spies from the cunning Viceroy followed them. At the isolated fortress this priestly embassy was graciously received, but during their visit the elder of the two Inca princes fell ill and died. Overcome with sorrow at the loss of their loved master, and indignant at the priests who had been his guests because, while they boasted their god to be the greatest in the world, they had failed to secure his help for the dying youth, an insurrection arose, and one of the priests was killed. This was the Viceroy's opportunity, and he was pitiless in embracing it. War was organized against the Indians; and Inca Tupac Amaru, the younger brother of the dead prince, in spite of his ignorance of the murder of the Spanish priest, was captured and condemned to be beheaded. The cruel sentence was about to be carried out in the great square of Cuzco, when a mighty wail arose from the gathered multitudes; and the despair of the fallen Indians and the innocence of their young leader so moved the hearts of the conquerors, that the executioner was bidden to wait while an embassy of priests went to the Viceroy to beg him to reconsider his sentence. In silence the great throng waited, until clattering

hoofs announced the approach of a messenger from the Deputy of the Spanish Crown. "The rebel is to die immediately. Do your work!" In the anguished cry which rose from Indians and Spaniards alike the Inca raised his hand. Instinctively his people obeyed this last command, and silence reigned while the brave boy met his death. Then the pent-up feelings of the crowd found expression. "The sands of the glorious dynasty of Manco Capac had run out; there was no more an Inca."

That night a Spaniard looked from his window over the square, and in the still moonlight beheld a great crowd, motionless, kneeling, every face upturned with hopeless sorrow and adoration to the stake where the heartless Viceroy had placed the head of Tupac Amaru.

Year by year oppression increased; the greater number of the people were condemned to slavery in the mines and manufactories; and so terribly was the population reduced, that whole districts were left to women and children, and even little boys were dragged away to distant parts of the country to gather wealth for the Spaniards, and die unmourned. All humane laws were evaded, and the tribute which had been imposed upon prosperous towns was still demanded from the scattered families by which, in a few years, they were represented. "In a century," says Markham, "nine-tenths of the people had been destroyed by overwork and cruelty."

These wrongs, which at length became unbearable, excited the indignation of a royal Indian, who took the name of the last murdered Inca, Tupac Amaru. In 1781, after exhausting every other means for obtaining redress, he was driven to take up arms in their defence. He announced the object of his rebellion to be the abolition of cruel exactions and the establishment of an Indian judge in each province, and of a Court of Appeal at Cuzco within reach of the people.

I have seen the ancient sanctuary where, surrounded by black and rugged lava walls, he gathered his followers and

committed their cause to the deity of his fathers. "For a time he was successful; the dead gods seemed to live once more, and the banner of the Incas, glowing anew with its iris blazon, appeared destined to float again above the massive walls of the fortress of Cuzco."¹ But treachery ruined the cause of the Indian leader; he was taken prisoner, and on 21st May 1781, in the great square of Cuzco, his wife and son were murdered with dastardly insults and cruelty, and the limbs of the brave young Inca were fastened to the girths of four horses, and his body rent in pieces.

It was then decreed that all pictures of the Incas should be seized and burned, and all native musical instruments destroyed. The wearing of the national dress was prohibited, and the use of Kechua forbidden.

This was the culmination of Spain's wrongs to an innocent people. The shriek of Tupac Amaru's little boy, who was forced to witness the murder of his parents, was the herald of a struggle which brought death to Spanish power in Peru. In 1821, only forty years later, this colony, with its apparently unlimited wealth and magnificent possibilities, was wrested from Spain; the last representative of the mother-country was driven from office; and Peru was declared a republic. Tupac Amaru had not died in vain.

¹ Squier, *Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas.*

CHAPTER VIII.—LIBERTAD ! IGUALDAD ! FRATERNIDAD !—

*Echoes of footsteps and voices on the old Bridge of Lima—
The French peril of 1808—How ladies fermented a revolution
—The effect of the Battle of Trafalgar on South America—How
in three years an English admiral swept the Spanish flag from
the Pacific—The consumptive genius who emancipated half a
continent—How it is that there are still marks of cannon balls
in the buildings of Lima—Peru's present crisis.*

CHAPTER VIII

LIBERTAD! IGUALDAD! FRATERNIDAD!

“—old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago.”—WORDSWORTH.

WE stood one summer evening on the old Bridge of Lima and looked up and down the valley. Up, where the Rimac issues from its mountain home; where it winds and widens in its rush for the City of the Kings; where the overhanging houses peer into the troubled river as it dashes, full and foaming, to the bridge. Down, where its waters swirl and clamour round a wooded island, and the silver river of the mountains becomes an angry, foaming torrent. Down, past tall trees that nod in sleepy silence, oblivious to its clamorous speed; past alleys whence rise children's cries to mingle with its many voices. Down, to the sunset, where blazing Inti drops behind the towers of Lima, and where, when his golden circle has disappeared, two solitary crosses stand black against a blood-red sky. Down, till the river narrows in perspective, and its silver coils are hidden in a gauzy veil of grey.

What could you not tell us, O Bridge of the Rimac? Must history lie buried in your stones, and mankind never hear? Speak of the footsteps you have echoed! Speak of the passers-by whom you have known!

In the days when the overthrow of Spanish rule was being planned in Lima, the footsteps which passed over the bridge

were alert and wary. The café at its corner was crowded with the élite of the city, and witnessed many an earnest and eloquent debate. Great changes had heralded the approach of the nineteenth century. Spain had at last given free trade to the Indies, and in the exercise of its new privilege the viceroyalty came to realize that heretofore it had not enjoyed liberty. The colonies of England had broken free from the mother-country, and the first American States had already been formed. The French Revolution was an expression of the mental conflict of the age. Freedom was the idol of the hour. Change was in the air. Discontent and daring ideas of reform were abroad. Most startling of all—the very power of Spain was tottering. Napoleon was threatening to rule the world; Charles IV. had abdicated; the Bonaparte family had seized the Spanish throne from the rightful heir, and the Spanish colonies felt themselves left for the moment standing alone. Formerly they had lived in a mediæval atmosphere, and now they were suddenly brought under the influence of the revolutionary ideas which swayed the leaders of political events in Europe.

The one absorbing topic of conversation in the café of the Rimac was the French peril. Would England break the power of France on the sea, and thus prevent her working effectively beyond the Atlantic? Or would Napoleon's dreams be fulfilled, and a French monarch be installed in South America? The Colonies were desirous of supporting the Spanish heir, but they would not recognize the Bonaparte usurpation. National Governments had been formed in the homeland, but when they proposed to follow this course, Seville viewed their patriotic enthusiasm as insurrection; and so crucial was the time, that a few unwise messages were sufficient to turn the sympathetic movement of 1808-1810 into an anti-Spanish revolt. Monks and priests were the first champions of the revolutionary cause in Peru, and young men left their colleges with the problem of the country's future on their hearts. Dissatisfaction and unrest

increased rapidly, and were not lessened by the Viceroy's pitiless severity in punishing all advocates of progress. The ladies of Lima were touched by the spirit of liberty; rich *doñas* (ladies) carried secret messages from house to house, and held rebel parties at which gathered the élite of the capital. Through their influence the officers in the Spanish army were imbued with the liberal spirit, and ere long the country was in a ferment. Students, lawyers, and citizens of every rank were ready at the first opportunity to rise against Spain. In the medical college, at evening parties, in the fashionable cafés, patriots were scheming for the future; and when their leaders one by one disappeared—suddenly arrested, sent to the Sierra, exiled, imprisoned in Chili, immured in the fortress of Callao or the Inquisition cells of Lima, and even executed in the public squares—others stepped forward to take their places, and so the revolution grew.

When in 1813 news of the abolition of the Spanish Inquisition reached Peru, public opinion could no longer be restrained. There was a raid on the prisons of the Holy Office; their documents were scattered, their furniture wrecked or stolen, and the fiendish instruments of torture destroyed. To-day the Senators and Deputies of the republic sit in the one-time room of the Inquisition.

In spite of many grievances existing in Peru, the actual impetus to the revolution came from without. The gospel of emancipation was preached in Europe before it was whispered in Lima, and when Trafalgar had been won, the European revolutionists felt the time had come to rouse South America to carry out their plans. In England loans were raised, ships chartered for the Spanish Main, and whole regiments formed. The movement was strongly carried out, and although the Viceroy met it with systematic and pitiless resistance, the year 1820 found him controlling only Peru. The south and the north of the continent had broken free.

Thousands of Indians had joined the revolutionary troops,

and led by an old general of their own race, met the Government forces again and again. But they were opposing a tyrant; when the battle turned against them they were mutilated, murdered, and their bodies disgraced. Hundreds of prisoners were shot in cold blood; village plazas were decorated with heads stuck on poles; and so great was the power of the Viceroy that the revolution would surely have failed had it not been for the co-operation of neighbouring countries.

San Martin, the first great leader of the revolution, was a native of the Argentine who had been educated in Spain. While in the north, brave Bolivar was waging the war of freedom, San Martin secured the independence of the Argentine and Chili, and with his army of the Andes advanced towards Peru, his battle-flag embroidered with a glowing sun—the ancient symbol of the Incas. Chili was charged to help in the liberation of Peru, and nobly rose to the occasion. Ships were bought and a brave English admiral put in charge of the republic's first naval squadron. Lord Cochrane was a man of violent temper and personal ambition, but in skill, insight, and dash he has been said to equal Lord Nelson. After offering his services to Chili, in three years he swept the Spanish flag from the Pacific.

In 1820 San Martin joined the patriot armies of Peru, and the English admiral anchored in Callao Bay. Those were days of daring deeds—when a Spanish frigate, guarded by twenty-two gun-boats and the powerful guns of the fortress, was boarded at night by an Englishman and his handful of Chilian followers, was captured, and towed into safety before the garrison on shore awoke; when the last treasure-laden galleons which set sail for Spain from the land of the Incas were seized by the patriots; when Lord Cochrane challenged the Viceroy to fight him ship to ship.

One evening in 1821 a fishing-boat put out of Callao Bay, carrying a handsome, harassed Spaniard. The Viceroy had decamped, the royalists had evacuated the coast, and it only

remained for Independence to be declared, and the liberator of the country constituted Protector. His entry into Lima was the culmination of San Martin's triumph. Two armies of liberation had now met: that of San Martin from the south, and that of Bolivar from the north. But the struggle could only be successfully concluded under the leadership of one man, and therefore Martin with noble magnanimity withdrew.

In the proclamation which he issued on leaving Peru in 1822, the general made this proud boast: "I have proclaimed the independence of Chili and Peru; I have taken the standard with which Pizarro came to enslave the empire of the Incas; and I have ceased to be a public man. I have fulfilled my promise to the countries for which I have fought; I have given them independence." "It was an act of splendid abnegation," says Mr. Hubert Brown,¹ "worthy of the true-hearted patriot whom his country has at last learned to honour."

Bolivar was eminently suited to his task, and in 1824 he led his followers against the last Spanish army which was destined to gather in South America. After an hour of desperate struggle, the revolutionists triumphed, and liberty was achieved.

England had already so far recognized the independence of Peru as to send out her consul; and the United States, unhampered by European relations, did all it could to help the young power. By its acceptance of President Munroe's doctrine, it bound itself to prevent any European aggression in South America, and constituted itself guardian to the new republics, which were founded on principles identical with its own.

Bolivar lived for the ideal of combining several republics in one vast federation; but was struck down with consumption and died at the age of forty-seven, ere half the difficulties were overcome. "His career almost baffles judg-

¹ Hubert W. Brown, *Latin America*.

ment; it is the story of the emancipation of half a continent through efforts chiefly guided by one suffering soldier." As a man he was ignoble; as an idealist, inspiring; and whatever our opinion of his character and genius, we cannot but agree that he gave his life for South America.

On the death of Bolivar, Peru and sister-republics which had called him Liberator found no other great leader to stem the dangerous current of those days, and they drifted back into confusion and revolution. Until the opening of the twentieth century this state continued. For many years the government was in the hands of reckless speculators, whose operations burdened the country with debt and destroyed its credit. During the years 1880-83 that "unprovoked and undeserved calamity—the disastrous Chilian invasion," came upon Peru, and only lately has the republic begun to recover in commerce, arts, and constitutional stability from that unprincipled attack. In throwing off the effects of invasion, Peru has shown great powers of recuperation, and is more prosperous to-day than when the nitrate fields of Arica were hers.

Ten years ago fighting was common in Lima. The story of missionary work in the capital records revolutionary times, when for days famine rations prevailed, and rival party leaders mounted Gatling guns in the streets and trained them upon each other's adherents; when the dead were carried out by cartloads, or burned in the streets where they fell. One may still see the holes where cannon-balls went through the churches and houses; but, after eight years of peace, we rejoice in the reasonable hope that such days are for ever past.

The school geography of Peru says that the government is republican, democratic, representative, and centralized. The President is a very important factor in the prosperity of the republic. "He has more power in many ways than the President of the United States. He practically decides upon everything, controlling Congress, and having much to say as to



BENEATH THE REPUBLIC.

This is a photo taken by the missionaries, in Cuzco,
of a municipal authority.



concessions for public and private works. Congress is constituted in the same way as in the United States. It consists of a Senate and a House of Representatives, the Senators being elected for four years, and the Deputies for two.”¹

The laws appointed by Congress are enforced in the country by Government officials. The eighteen Departments are governed by Prefects; the ninety-eight Provinces by Sub-Prefects; and the seven hundred and ninety-eight Districts by Governors; while the *Parcialidades* or Indian Hamlets have their own Indian *Alcaldes* (judges).

The population of Peru is approximately four millions. It is estimated that Indians form fifty-seven per cent. of the whole populace; *Mestizos* or *Cholos* (half-breeds), twenty-three per cent.; and *Blancos* (white people of Spanish descent), twenty per cent. In the Coast Region this mixture is complicated by the introduction of Negro and Chinese labour.

All these nationalities are bound together with the chains of a tyranny which has outlived the fall of Spanish power in Peru. Religious intolerance is still a part of the republic's Constitution. Article IV. says: “The Nation professes the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion; the State protects it, and does not permit the public worship of any other.”

True republican liberty cannot live where this intolerance is carried into effect; and Peruvians have at last realized that unless they break free from the yoke of Rome, the fate of Spain will be theirs. They have studied history, and know that “in the contest which followed the Reformation, Castilia was the great champion of Rome. Spain and England stand out before us during the last half of the sixteenth century, representatives of the principles that were contending for the world's future; and sometimes the conflict was almost narrowed to a duel between them. Victory for Spain meant victory for Rome; meant kingly and priestly tyranny; the Inquisition, the rack, and the stake. Victory for England meant an open

¹ F. G. Carpenter, *South America*.

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Bible, freedom of thought, equal rights, liberty of conscience." ¹

The conflict of these same principles still divides the powers of the world, and Peru has yet to choose with which side she will ally herself.

¹ *Under the Southern Cross.*

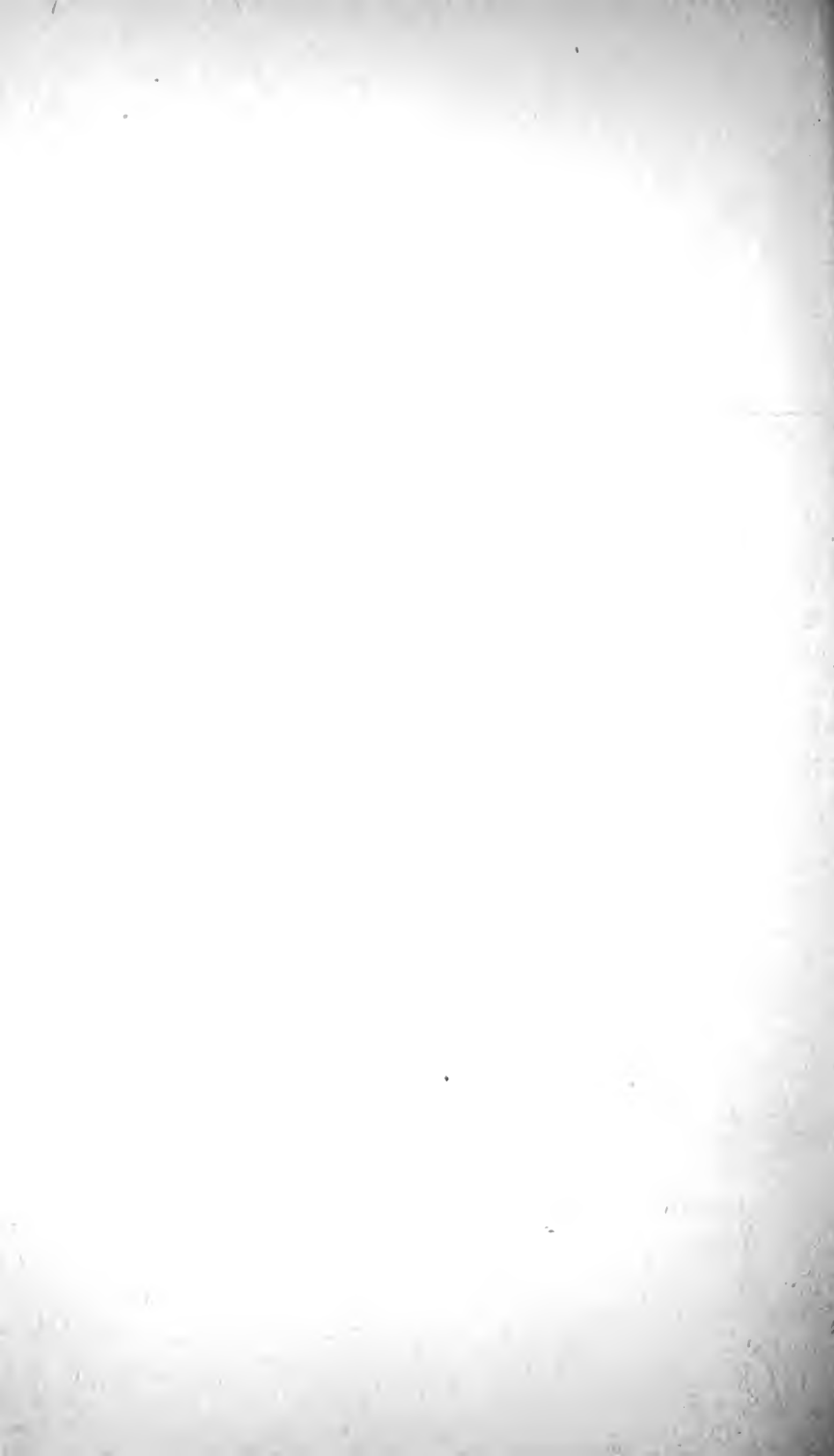
PART II

PERU: ITS PEOPLE



CHAPTER IX.—THE COAST VALLEYS—

A desert which would stretch half across the Atlantic—A ghoulish burying-place—A university town with a population more than three times as large as that of Cambridge—The Chinaman in Peru—A land where wine costs only 2½d a bottle.



CHAPTER IX

THE COAST VALLEYS

*“οὔτε βοῶν οὔτ' ἄνδρῶν φαίνεται ἔργα,
καπνὸν δ' οἶον ἄπο χθονὸς αἴσسونτα.”—HOMER.¹*

THE Land of the Incas is unique; and be you a tourist from the fascinating East, the wilds of the Western World, or the Sunny South, the Coast of Peru will surprise you. Imagine steaming half as far as from Liverpool to New York through an ocean skirting the sandy fringe of a colossal mountain range. Now and then snow peaks glitter in the blue distance, but for the rest nothing is to be seen but sand.

This barren coast is striped with narrow green valleys which follow the course of small rivers, taking their rise in Andean snow, and flowing into the Pacific at the various ports of call. Oh, the variety of nationalities! Oh, the contrasts of scenery presented here!

Beneath cloudless tropical blue by day, and a star-spangled dome by night, our steamer ploughs her way south; and to-day we are anchored off the long pier of Pacasmayo, where barges are busy unloading their cargoes of sacks. These have been brought from the rich farms of the valley, and contain coffee, sugar, cotton, rice, and tobacco. There is no more fertile region on earth than this desert; irrigation transforms it into a tropical Eden. It was to prevent Indian slavery in these great farms of the Coast district, that Negro and Chinese labour was

¹ “There was no sign of the labour of men or oxen, only we saw the smoke curling upward from the land.”

first brought to Peru. The mixture of blood which has since resulted is very curious. European, Indian, Chinese, and Jamaican characteristics mingle; and the stranger finds himself unable to identify the nationality of many inhabitants of the Coast towns.

In a curve of brown sand, besieged and beset by the thundering waves, lies the town of Salaverry, which is named after Felipe Santiago Salaverry, a famous Peruvian general of the time of the first Chilian invasion—a remarkable poet, and one of the most picturesque figures in the stormy history of Peru. The double line of peaks which encloses the fruitful valley of Chimu, may be seen diverging from Trujillo, nine miles inland, and a few straggling hills continue down to the sandy seaward termination of the fertile valley, where they are crested by the rolling surf of Salaverry.

This is a neat sandy town of one and two-storeyed houses, but we do not envy the isolated foreigners—Englishmen at times perchance—whose lot it is to sit on office stools all day in the blazing sunlight; to receive ships' captains, and make inventories of their cargoes, while the monotonous waves roar on the cliff, and the dusky fishermen lazily draw their canoes to shore, and the sleepy crabs bask in the sun on the sand.

Salaverry exports sugar, rice, alcohol, and metals, and is the terminus of one of the most northerly of Peru's railways. We watch a stream of cargo-carriers bearing bags of sugar, each 225 lbs. in weight, from the train to the barges. They are mighty fellows, these Peruvians of Negro extraction, wet from foot to waist with brine, their bare legs glistening like bronze. Those about us are humble contented people—workmen, fishermen, porters, carpenters, muleteers, and those engaged on the barges. They are remarkably neighbourly, too, and enter one another's homes with as much liberty as their own. Several families will eat together their meals of rice, beans, and *chicha*, or beer made from Indian corn, and look at

us through the spaces in their slight bamboo huts with undisguised curiosity and interest.

Above the town, set like an eagle's eyrie on the lofty shoulder of a bare sandy mount, is a black-mouthed copper mine. An ancient Chimu road crosses the long flank of the hill, and at the foot of the mule-track, leading inland, is a huge cross draped with fluttering rags, which marks the resting-place of two races of different epochs; for in its shadow are Chimu graves, and also rough stones which cover the bones of those who fell here at the Battle of Salaverry, fought during the Chilian invasion.

We are passing the ruined church, which is evidently used as a stable. "Weekly mass is performed in a room of the Custom-House, now," says a friend; "a Franciscan friar and his Indian servant come down every Sunday from Trujillo; that is all the religion with which the six thousand inhabitants of the port are troubled." Past the poisonous zone of Salaverry—the town's rubbish heap, where even the most inured must hold his breath for a time, where the scorpions lurk in scores and birds of prey gather—we tramp over the saltpetre-encrusted sand until we reach the cemetery, a dreary and desolate spot, gaunt and ghoulish.

Near the abandoned copper-mine above us are rocks and tropical cacti, amongst which are sometimes to be seen signs of rock-deer, foxes, bats, lizards, condors, and strange Peruvian birds. Miles of Pacific surf are in view, and below us the celebrated guano islands lie white in the sapphire sea.

By train we cross the desert separating Salaverry from Trujillo. A vast yellow expanse is around us, only made the more impressive by the dark shadows of telegraph poles, and clear Indian footprints. Suddenly we enter irrigated country; and, as by magic, the desert is transformed into a verdant tropical vale. Sugar-cane, bamboo, banana, and acacia trees are growing around as we steam into Moche. This one-time centre of Chimu civilization is to-day an important little Indian

town of some 5,000 inhabitants. From the train we look into mud- and stick-houses, where pigs, donkeys, horses, starved cats, dogs, and children, are lying together in the dust and burning sun, taking an afternoon siesta.

Another short run brings us to Trujillo, the capital of the Department of Libertad, and an important centre of Peruvian coast-life. On two sides of the city mountains rise into the clouds—and make the site very beautiful. Trujillo is a fine city, smart, clean, busy, and progressive. It has good streets, superior shops, a handsome plaza, and with all its modern appearance, some very interesting and beautiful remnants of Spanish architecture. The town is well lit from the hydro-electric station on the river, 370 feet above sea-level.

This home of the Chimus is a place of strange contrasts. Not far away is a ruined Temple of the Sun; the building in which we now stand is a Roman Catholic convent; and the room which we have just left was utilized ten years ago for the printing of anathemas against English Evangelical missionaries. This whitewashed monastic building is impressively quiet. A beam of light penetrating its winding passages falls upon the stagnant water of a well far below us. Two disreputable and repulsive priests conduct us to the church where magnificent old Spanish carving stands out in contrast to the tarnished tin ornaments, red glass candlesticks, common lace, and bright blue ribbon, which mark the devotion of later worshippers.

More than 15,000 people live in Trujillo, and the town plays no mean part in Peruvian politics. It is one of the four University centres of the country, and abounds in free-thinkers, although it has nine Roman Catholic churches, seven monasteries, and two nunneries.

On through the Pacific rollers our steamer bears us, past the famous Bay of Callao, which we are to visit later. "You have been interested to observe the Chinese in your journey along the Peruvian coast," says a friend; "yonder they live in

thousands. Originally their slavery was unmasked; to-day it is called contract labour. They are each given £50 in advance, and wages from the time they leave China; these terms of employment are signed in the Japanese Legation of Peru, and since they involve heavy outlay for the contractors, it follows that large gains must be in view. But you need not pity the Chinaman much, Señorita. He never submits to cruelty if there is any possibility of wriggling out of it, and is often a wealthy man though he lives like a pauper. As you pass through the streets of Lima you will see the better-class Chinese merchants in full dress standing in curious Eastern shops where exquisite embroideries, pottery, and Chinese scrolls are displayed. A large part of the retail business of Lima is in the hands of these sons of the East. They have temples here as well as in Trujillo, where you may catch sight of red boards with gold lettering, Chinese lanterns, and bead curtains. The poor Chinamen perform the most menial tasks in Peru. The old men, though they have cut off their pigtails, still trot about in Chinese slippers and faded blue jackets, working as street scavengers. They are poor anyhow, and prefer poverty to a decent life; but when they take opium and gamble, they live like dogs! Their business is generally to breed pigs, tan skins, and sell lard; in a room where twelve men work all day, they will sleep on a shelf built just below the ceiling at night. They live mainly on rice, and spend all they earn on opium. Thousands of them may be found in the joss-houses and opium-dens of Lima alone."

We are now on our way to fruit-growing Southern Peru, to the valleys of Tambo de Mora, Pisco, Chala, and Ilo. From the steamer Pisco looks like a city of dolls' houses, so stiff and yet so fragile are its square coloured boxes of homes with their white window frames. But beneath this bright exterior lurks the deadly bubonic plague, and within a few years the town has been several times burnt to the ground, in the attempt to get rid of the fatal germs. Still its natives live in appalling

dirt, and drink is found everywhere. The use of alcohol from babyhood upward leaves its mark in the dwarfed growth and wasted appearance of many of the poorer classes. Even ladies drink, and are surprised when we decline their pressing offers of wine and spirits.

At Tambo de Mora we make our way through the noisy crowds on the shore. The place is alert with business, but indescribable degradation exists. When the bargemen are not working they are drinking, gambling, or quarrelling, and there seems to be no thought of God or of eternity among them.

A train takes us inland from the port to Chincha, where the wild grandeur of distant snow-peaks, and a foreground of vineyards, the fresh green branches of which will soon be laden with rich clusters of grapes, repay us for our journey. Fruits of all kinds abound here:—pineapples, oranges, lemons, peaches, chirimoyas, paltas, grenadillas, bananas, grapes, and a dozen other tropical fruits. Chincha is an important wine centre, and here also drunkenness is very prevalent. A bottle of wine may be had for 2½d. The callous indifference to spiritual things amongst the large Italian element is very marked. They have no faith whatever in the Pope, and the degenerate and decrepit state of Romanism has opened a door for spiritualism, in spite of the fact that madness, so the natives tell us, has caused the death of several mediums.

We have now concluded our journey along the 1,400 miles of Peruvian desert—the narrow strip of country which has made Peru famous for nitrate, guano, and cotton; but in order that we may see the main centre of Coast life, let us visit the capital of the republic, the City of the Kings!

CHAPTER X.—LIMA—THE PHOENIX CITY—

*Why no one may shoot the repulsive vultures of Callao—
Lovely Lima—A city of 6,000 priests—Where Paris fashions
are on view every afternoon, 10,000 miles from France.*



CHAPTER X

LIMA—THE PHŒNIX CITY

“The South Wind sighed:—‘From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta’en

Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon

Their endless ocean legends to the lazy locked lagoon.

‘Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,

I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in the breeze—
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,

But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was blown.’”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

OUR steamer had ploughed her way through the phosphorescent Pacific waves, and her Union Jack now fluttered on the Bay of Callao. Smooth-faced rocks and islands rose from the water, and in the distance were the Andes—not snow-capped peaks, but rounded hills, peering one over the shoulder of another.

In the afternoon the water of the bay was a deep, deep blue, and sunshine from a cloudless southern sky left dazzling sparkles on its ripples. The green hulls of schooners and brigs reflected in the glassy water, and the blues and reds of many rowing boats made the scene brilliant.

At evening the bay was lovelier still. From the shore we watched the sun’s golden disc slipping adown the grey sky behind the hueless deep. Blinding sunset glory flared around the dark trees on the shore and made the harbour islands look like floating leviathans. It dazzled, awed, and fascinated us.

By night the grey island-rocks were only just visible against the black sky. The harbour clock light threw long reflections on the dark, smooth water, and over all fell the wondrous beauty of restraint. Stars glittered above; lights wavered in the bay; good-night greetings mingled with gentle "lap of water and creak of oar." It was the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata illustrated by Nature; it was that aspect of evening of which a friend of mine wrote—

"I love thee most when calm thy mien,
 And peaceful on thy bosom shine
 The stars, like priceless gems;
 And the whole world seems stretching out
 Its arms to thy embrace.
 Then all the frets and toils with which
 My daylight way is strewn—
 Like thistles crowding o'er the path—
 Cease to torment, and from my soul
 Their fevers die away.
 So gaze I up to thee, and gazing
 Feel thy power, for in thy depths
 I see a great Beyond."

In Callao, old and new mingle in a strange way. It is one of the last resorts of the sailing ship, and, at the same time, the principal port of call for steamers between San Francisco and Valparaiso. Memories of the days of bold Cochrane still cling to the ancient fortress which surveys the whole of the harbour; but the naval school of Callao is modern in every respect. Close by the fortress is the old gaol, with its degraded criminals, amongst whom a missionary was once imprisoned for eight months for the crime of preaching the Gospel even in a private room; and in striking contrast to the dying régime which its memories of mingled fanaticism and lack of hygiene represent, is the age of commerce and immigration which to-day brings magnificent ocean liners to anchor in the harbour of Callao.

The town is in parts smart and modern, with buildings of

considerable architectural pretensions. Its wide streets, paved with cement, are unusual in the tropics. They are lined with trim orange-trees and gaily painted one-storeyed houses. But in its shabbier quarters Callao presents a more unprepossessing appearance than any other town I have ever visited. Its mud tracks of streets are lined with tawdry, flimsy houses—cages of cane, plastered over with mud and refuse, and painted a dirty yellow. Callao has no sanitary arrangements yet; scavenger carts make a daily round, and refuse is placed on the flat roofs, from which it is cleared during the night by the *gallinazas*, or vultures. These carrion-birds are protected by law, a heavy fine being the penalty for shooting one of the loathsome-looking black creatures.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Callao is its market. In the centre is a little *plaza*, where a fountain is surrounded by a pavement and marble seats too sun-baked to be bearable. All around is an extensive covered space, where Indians, Chinamen, Negroes, Peruvians, and children of every type are to be seen. Here are native wares: ribbons, meats, bread, tropical fruits, rows of gigantic jars filled with native spirit, chinchona bark from the Montaña, wheat from Chili, piles of salt from the quarries near Huacho, and "loaves" of coarse, unrefined sugar, roughly wrapped in dry plantain leaves.

A foreigner is surprised to notice how numerous are the monks and nuns he meets in the streets. Black, brown, and white robes, sandalled feet, rosaries, and large hanging crucifixes attract his attention. But Catholicism, with its superstitions, is only one influence amongst many. Indifference, Liberalism, Confucianism, Paganism, vice, and crime, all are strangely mingled in the atmosphere of this Peruvian port.

In twenty-five minutes fine modern electric-cars carry us over the six miles which stretch between Callao and Lima. Then beneath the two strange sentinel hills between which the Rimac flows to the ocean, we find ourselves in the City of the Kings. The capital was founded by Pizarro on Epiphany Day,

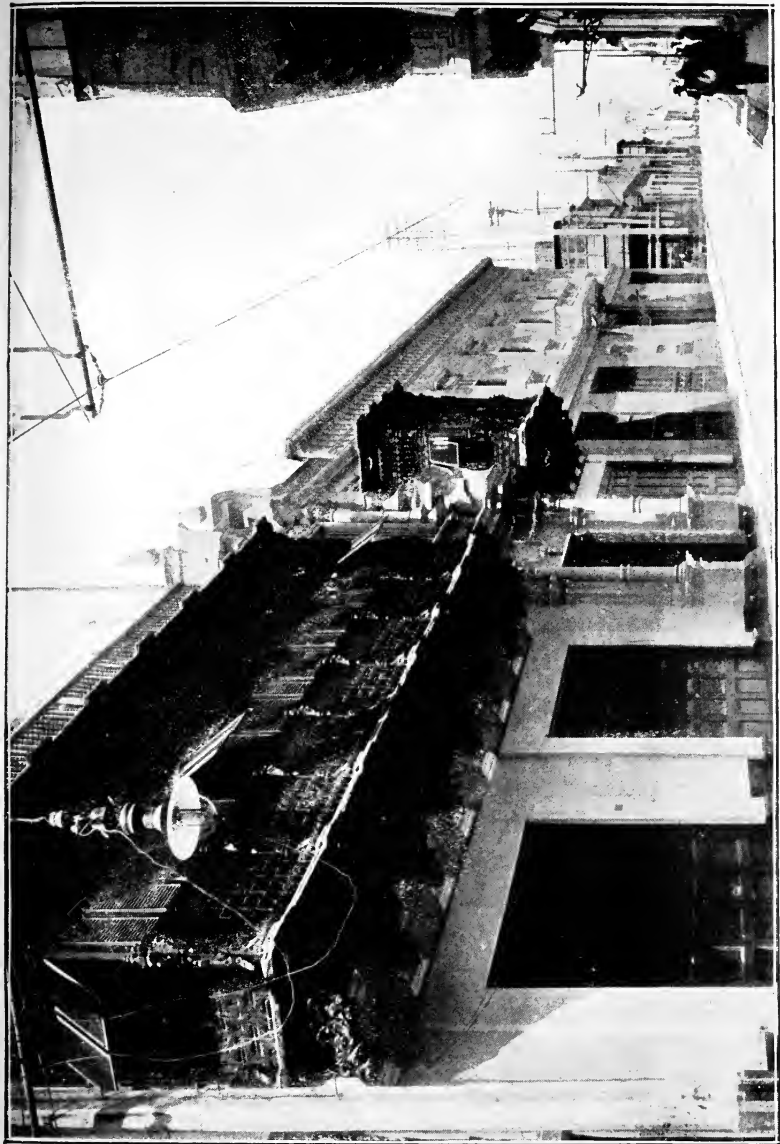
and named in memory of the Magi who visited Bethlehem. Although the days are past when the wealth and importance of Lima were unrivalled in South America, the tone of the capital is still noticeably aristocratic. Here is no mad rush for wealth—no sacrifice of beauty and joy for commerce—no restless, over-energetic, manufacturing city. Philadelphia and Chicago are of later growth, but Lima watches their turmoil with royal assumption. Her combination of the graces of the past with the attainments of the present is unique.

The City of the Kings has fallen; only such relics as the bones of Pizarro, the house of the Viceroy, and the Inquisition building, remain to witness to its former greatness. But Lima is a phoenix city. It is rising from the ashes of the past—young, yet refined by the experience of age; brilliant, yet beautiful because touched by the spirit of the days that are no more.

The capital is now a typical South American city—flat, low, extensive, bright, and pretty. It is seen at its best when the summer sunshine floods the great plaza and the long streets which intersect at right angles. The city is clean and elegant; flowers and tropical trees abound; and its squares and *paseos*—parks or avenues where it is fashionable to promenade—look very attractive. A brilliant population, foreign stores, imposing churches, perfect streets, and an up-to-date electric-car system, make it most pleasing, indeed a Limeña saying runs: "It were possible to die of hunger in Lima, but not to leave it."

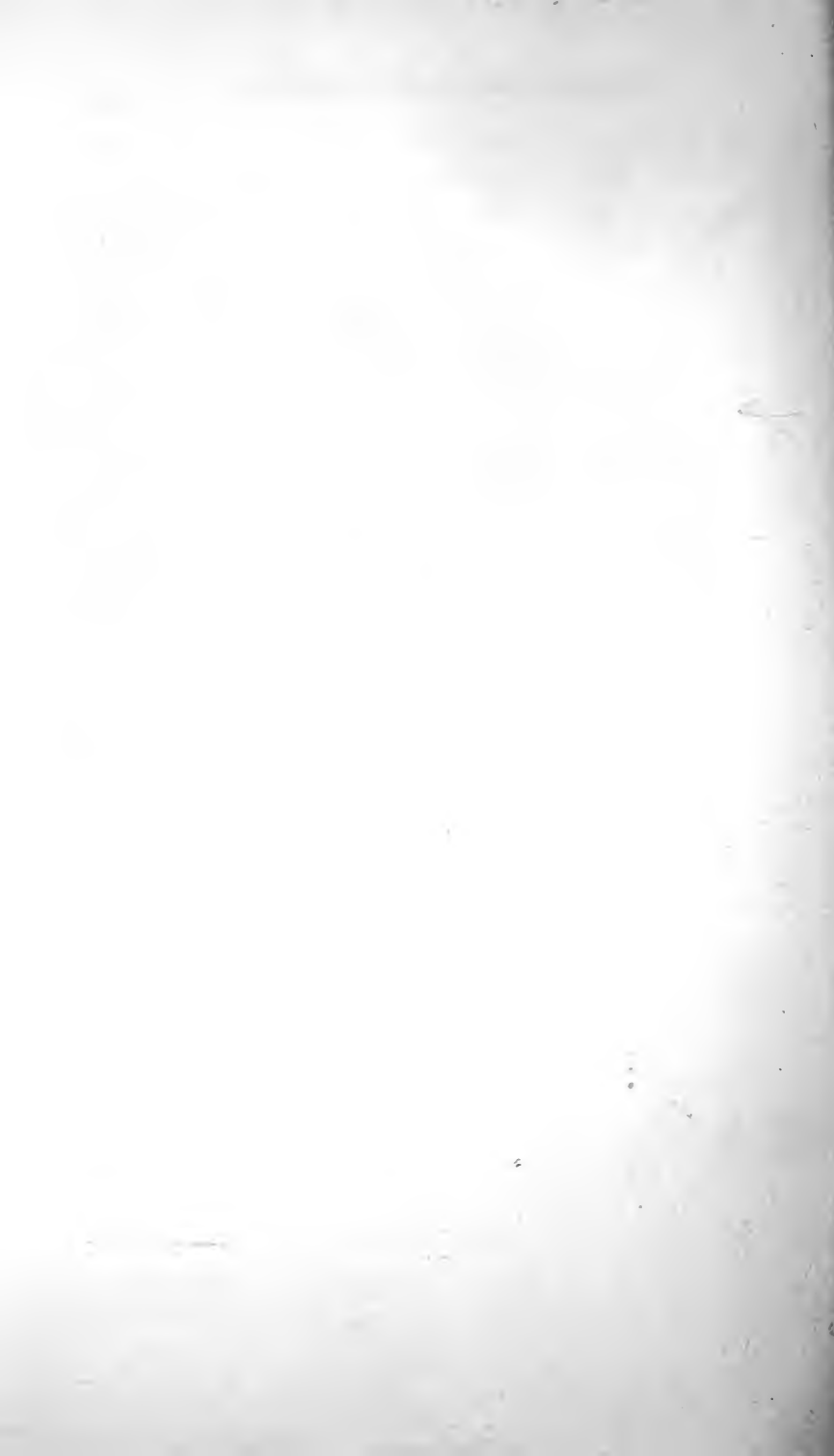
The capital is said to cover 14,000,000 square yards. Half of this area is occupied by private houses, and half by public buildings, churches, public squares, botanical and zoological gardens, that would do credit to any country.

The ecclesiastical buildings especially are entitled to notice; they present some magnificent specimens of Renaissance architecture, and savour of the days of Rome's political greatness. Report says that at the present time there are at least 6,000 priests in Lima.



LIMA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

The house on the left is where the Viceroy lived. The carved door between its two ancient balconies leads into the beautiful *patio*.



Of all the cities I was ever in, Peru's capital is the most cosmopolitan. This suburb is a China town; this corner of the market is entirely Negro; this store is managed and manned by Turks. Here are poncho-wearing Indians, Peruvian priests, French sisters, American engineers, English, German, and Italian merchants, Belgian school teachers, and representatives of almost every country on earth. But the greater number of the people who pass us on these sunlit Lima streets are women and girls with demure and pretty faces, draped in black *mantas*, or black lace veils. In the afternoon the wealthy Spanish ladies will drive through the streets, and then the latest fashions in silks and feathers will be on show.

Of the 160,000 inhabitants of Lima, thirty-three per cent. are of Spanish descent; twenty-seven per cent. half-breeds; seventeen per cent. Indians; twelve per cent. foreigners; six per cent. Negro; and five per cent. Chinese.

Cosmopolitan! That word may be applied to Panama. Another is needed, far more expressive, to describe Lima. This shop belongs to a merchant named Oechsle; the next store bears on its signboard the name "José Ferrari"; another step, and we are before the window of a "sweet-shop" belonging to Gutierrez; while his next-door neighbour glories in an English name, and his signboard refreshes our eyes with the simple, straightforward, old-country word, "Tailoring."

Many of the houses are newly plastered and painted pale blue or yellow, while overhanging balconies complete their Spanish style. Close by them are English and American shop-windows, and the poorer native stores, whose only opening is by a door on to the street.

In Lima, rich and poor mingle in a strange way. The President's rooms look down on a slum, and the best bank faces tiny, dark, native stores. The better houses cover a good deal of space. Their large, airy rooms open on to galleries running round interior courts, bright with flowers and sunshine.

A Limeña house has no chimneys, and on the ground-floor, overlooking the street, only a few windows, all of which are barred. The poorer parts of Lima consist largely of *callejones*, or alleys similar to the *conventillos* of the Argentine. They are often large, sunny, open courtyards, and sometimes narrow alleys, always entered by doors in the walls of the main streets, and surrounded by cell-like rooms. Every aspect of life may be seen in the central yard. There the dinner is cooked, the baby bathed, the clothes washed, and the Virgin worshipped. At every step one comes upon a child, and all appear equally contented and uncared-for.

In architecture, as well as in history, modern Lima is a phoenix city. The old style of house had only one storey, or at most two; the lower was usually of *adobe*, or sun-baked brick, and the upper of cane and plaster. But the buildings erected lately in the capital have three or four storeys, and are built of brick or compressed cement blocks; some of the most modern are even constructed on the "sky-scraper" style, with a steel frame. So cleverly are the mud houses plastered and frescoed, that they form no ungainly part of the city. The beauty of many an important building, which appears to have a marble front, is due to plaster and paint. This style of architecture is especially suited to Lima, since, owing to her peculiar situation with regard to the Andes, she has no rain for twenty or thirty years at a time. Other coast towns which are subject to rare but heavy tropical rains, present a sorry spectacle at the time of their periodical deluge. Mud dissolves and soaks through the bamboo frames, the furniture within is spoiled, and the effect of the rainfall is so disastrous that Mr. Squier's exaggeration may be forgiven, when he says that what remains of the city looks much like "a withered cane brake in a gigantic mud-puddle."

Lima is in the centre of a region not only free from rain, but subject to frequent earthquakes. This is why mud, cane, and plaster have often been used in preference to stone; for a

minimum of damage is supposed to be sustained from earthquakes in such houses.

Although it never rains in Lima, yet during the dry season of the Sierra, Peru's winter (June to November), the capital is enveloped in mist. Squier says of this disagreeable phenomenon: "For days and even weeks the sun is invisible, and a drizzle not unlike a Scotch mist makes the side-walks slippery and pasty, and so permeates the air that the sheets of one's bed are chill and sticky. . . . Bone-aches and neuralgias walk the streets; the permeating mist not unfrequently forming itself into minute drops, when it is called *garua*." For the rest of the year Lima is bathed in brilliant tropical sunshine, yet saved from excessive heat by the icy waters of the Rimac on the east, and the close proximity of the Pacific on the west.

The people of Lima cannot fail to attract the traveller. They form by far the most cultivated and tolerant community in Peru. Indeed, Lima is the Mecca of the republic, and even a stay in its favoured homes imparts a certain social standing. Talent, beauty, and generosity mingle in the homes where a foreigner is entertained. Handsome gentlemen of *distingué* appearance can converse with equal freedom in English, French, or Spanish. The belles of the city wear the latest Paris fashions with as much grace and elegance as any of Europe's fairest. Indeed the attractions of the Limeña are unique. She has not the natural ruddy grace of the country girl, but the fascination of a pale olive face, luxuriant black hair, and large luminous eyes. She is witty, vivacious, and graceful; can converse with comparative ease in several languages; is essentially womanly, and devoted at the same time to religion and to worldly amusements—like Pope's inimitable heroine, bestowing equal care upon "puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux."

One is glad to turn from the glaring sunshine of Lima's streets to the quiet sanctuaries where kneel in sombre black

the beauties whose Parisian robes will be the envy of all on the *Pasco Colon* a few hours later in the day.

We are in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, conscious only of beauty and rest. Crimson velvet hangings ornament the whole building, and before the red curtain veiling the chancel a Virgin stands above an improvised altar. The purity of her lovely figure, the spotless altar, and white priestly robes, form a colourless candle-lit scene, which is unearthly as it appears through ascending clouds of incense; while above it all a shining cross stands out against the crimson curtains.

Suddenly a bell rings, and all in the congregation drop upon their knees, while incense rises afresh, and through its misty white wreaths we see the Host elevated. Music commences from the organ loft, and the choir chants its oft-repeated appeal: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and in the hour of death!"

In Lima, a new political world has lately sprung up: noble patriots are here who wish to see every social advantage given to Peru; men who, in eloquence, ability, and appearance, give an impression of power.

Then there is Lima's commercial world daily increasing in importance: its successful merchants come from many lands; the wealth so lavishly displayed in the City of the Kings they amassed in this business realm. Again, the brilliant world of fashion has its place in this centre; here are the choice homes of aristocratic Peruvian families; the country houses of English residents; the magnificent palaces of Continental foreigners. Below their roofs society is as in the gayest capitals of the Old World. Lima has risen into the life of the age—she is the phœnix city.

CHAPTER XI.—UNIVERSITY LIFE—

A disciple of France and the United States—A Bill which was first proposed ninety years ago, and is still under discussion—How Socialism has been upheld in “The Rome of Peru”—A materialist’s view of death—The maelstrom of unsanctified reason—Towns where cricket and football are ousting the bull-fight—A city where gambling is considered charitable.



CHAPTER XI

UNIVERSITY LIFE

“What care I for caste or creed ?
It is the deed, it is the deed ;
What for class, or what for clan ?
It is the man, it is the man ;
Heirs of love, and joy, and woe,
Who is high, and who is low ?
Mountain, valley, sky, and sea,
Are for all humanity.
What care I for robe or stole ?
It is the soul, it is the soul ;
What for crown, or what for crest ?
It is the heart within the breast ;
It is the faith, it is the hope ;
It is the struggle up the slope,
It is the brain and eye to see
One God, and one humanity.”—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

MORE than four hundred years ago, Pope Alexander VI. presented South America to two Roman Catholic powers ; that the great system which dominated Europe might, through their zeal, work its will upon the docile millions of the New World, and with fire and sword enforce obedience to Rome.

By that act South American freedom was throttled, and it will only be revived by assimilation of emancipated European life. The heroic age of Napoleon did not fail to stir South America ; the great world-movement which produced the French Revolution made Peru a republic. “The life current of South European vitality never ceased to circulate, and it still

throbs in the pulse of national life.”¹ France has ever been Peru’s model; and while there conflicting influences have led towards a sudden religious eruption, severing all connection between the State and Church, similar forces have been at work in Peru, and the young republic will probably not be long in taking the final step.

Moreover, the influence of the United States of America is becoming more and more powerful in Peru. While one man acts as ambassador at both London and Paris, the legation at Washington has a special envoy; and this capital is looked upon as Peru’s most important diplomatic post.

One hundred and fifty young Peruvians are at present studying in the United States, and in their own country the Minister of Instruction has recently issued an order that the study of English be made compulsory in all governmental schools.

This noteworthy movement of progress, seen in every branch of life, in every city of importance, and in every Peruvian paper, has its natural centre in Lima. While, therefore, we still linger in the City of the Kings, let us notice this growth of Liberalism, which deserves to take a place beside the great anti-Romanist movements of Europe, so well described in *The New Reformation*.²

The modern development of politics and religion in Peru may be studied in its relation to France, to Rome, and to the immigrants, missionaries, travellers, and merchants who have influenced the republic.

1. PERUVIAN LIBERALISM IN ITS RELATION TO FRANCE.

As the history of Religious Liberty shows, the course of public feeling in Peru has been singularly parallel to

¹ I quote the enthusiastic and eloquent words uttered by Dr. Thomas Wood, of Lima, in a conversation which will ever be memorable to me.

² Rev. John Bain, *The New Reformation*.

that of France, and its culmination should not be far off. A Bill for *la libertad religiosa* has already been discussed by a Parliamentary Committee, and will be put before Congress as soon as other pressing matters shall have been dealt with. It is true that over and over again Catholicism has outweighed Liberalism in the House; but so strong has Radical feeling grown, that no one anticipates a repetition of former debates.

"The so-called Liberal Party of Peru," writes Mr. Ritchie,¹ "is gathered round personalities rather than principles. It would be possible for a fanatical devotee of Romanism to be an ardent Liberal. The more elect body, holding true political convictions, is known as the Radical Party."

Many of the young men of Peru are in the sway of socialistic ideas. On May 1st, 1907, Arequipa witnessed an unparalleled Labour Day demonstration. The streets were packed with men carrying red banners, and the evening meeting in the theatre, controlled by Señor Mostajo, was thronged. Young Señor Francisco Mostajo, with Señor Ayulo, the leader of Arequipa's Radical students, and others of their university friends, had persuaded the well-known Radical leader, Dr. Francisco Gomez de la Torre, to address the men. And so it came about that in Arequipa, the Rome of Peru—in the very room where a few weeks previously an Irish gentleman had hinted that the relation between the Church and working-classes was something akin to that of a driver and his mule—Dr. La Torre moved his audience to cheers and hisses, and to wildest enthusiasm, by a magnificent piece of oratory, the subject of which was a plea for Socialism.

2. PERUVIAN LIBERALISM IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH OF ROME.

The attitude of this growing Liberal Party to the Church of Rome has been perfectly frank. Romanism is antiquated and

¹ Missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Lima.

intolerant, and therefore in bitter hatred all sincere Liberalism has swung away from it.

Satan prepares new traps for the absorption of religious thought in every age. When the men of Peru would no longer passively submit to the yoke of Rome, he allured them into the slavery of freethought; and those who were unsatisfied with materialism he tempted into spiritualism's fatal maze.

As these young Liberals look upon the scenes of drunken fanaticism which characterize the festivals of the Church, is it any wonder that they turn in scorn from such a mockery, and seek satisfaction in Agnosticism or Materialism? The following words fell from the lips of the Mayor of Cuzco, at the funeral of one who for forty years had been a teacher of infidelity at the High School:—"Chance brought his atoms together, and now chance will separate them." Again: "There are but two things in life—a hard struggle to live, and a brutal death."

Materialism exists of necessity in Peru. The young men have rationalistic literature, atheistical professors, a national religious system rotten to the core, but no books and no friends to answer and explain their difficulties and show them Christ.

Mr. Newell,¹ during his short but wonderful missionary life in Cuzco, wrote of them—

"Once out of the Romish Church, they abandon themselves to that subtly attractive god, 'Reason,' and are soon in awful darkness. By the time twenty-two is reached, they are deep in sophistries and drifting towards the awful maelstrom of unsanctified reason. The School of Science, really a High School, is a hot-bed of atheism; the University the same, and its library has vile literature."

For the coming statesmen, professional men, and leaders of Peru, the Church of Rome is doing nothing. She does not seem to fear any unpleasantness from the study of agnosticism and deism which is becoming so common in the universities; she appears perfectly satisfied with the hypocrisy which will stand

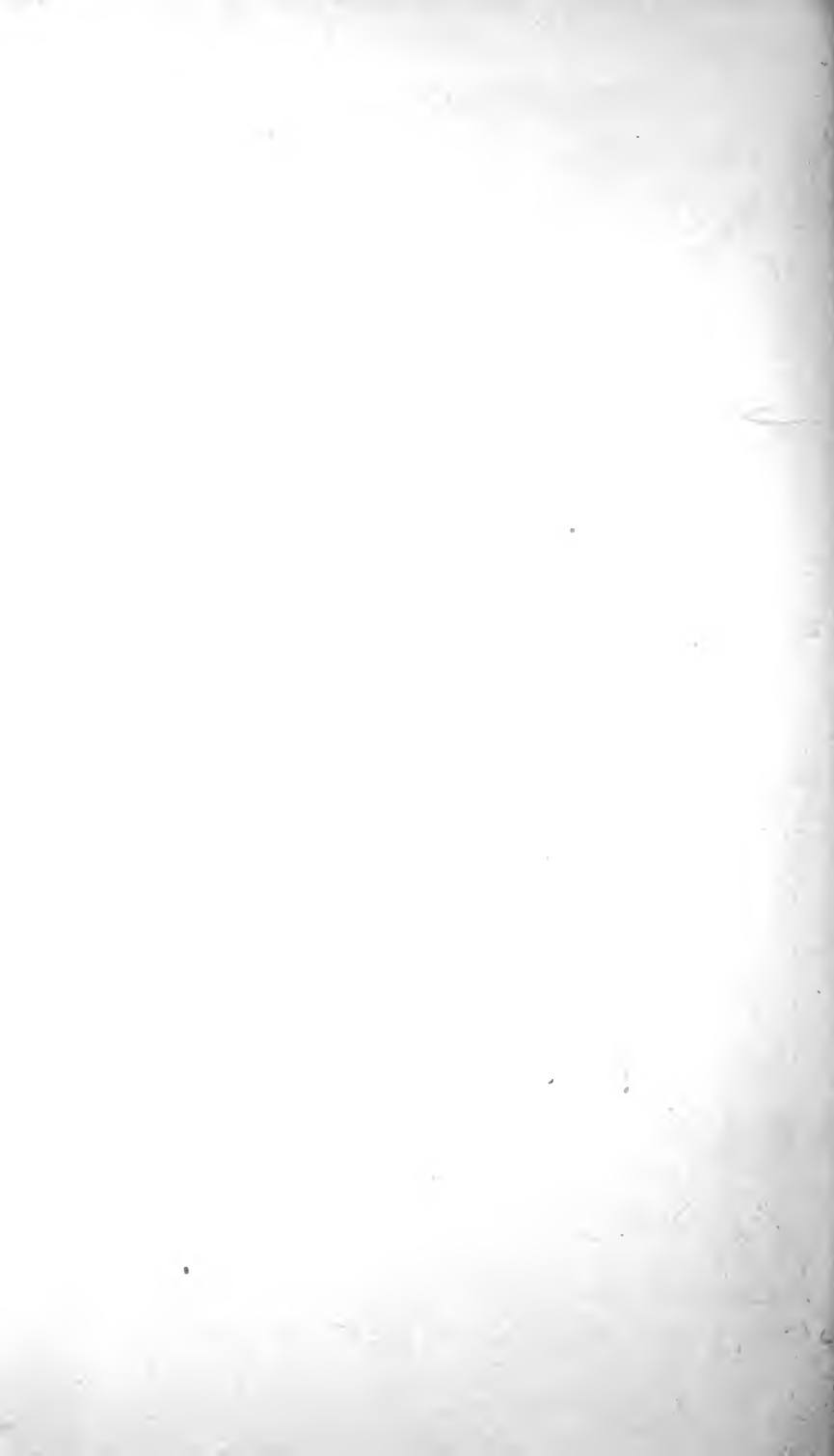
¹ Missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Cuzco.



From photographs by

PERUVIAN BELLES.

[a Lima photographer.]



at the street corner and jeer at religion, uttering fearful oaths and blasphemies, yet the next moment kneel before a procession, bare the head with the most devout, and hurriedly mutter the appropriate prayer.

Two mighty assets are hers, and who shall say that the stress she lays upon them is not wise? Firstly, the womanhood of Peru is ruled by priests; and while this is so, progress is impossible, for each generation of lads enters the fight as poorly equipped as was its predecessor. The recoil from superstition, ecclesiastical tyranny, and inconsistency of life; the vain search for truth and satisfaction in materialism;—these are repeated year after year; and Rome watches the process without apprehension.

Secondly, in spite of all modern movements, Rome still retains influence enough to promote or prevent commercial success; hence the religious problems of the republic are complicated by money interest. There are those who fear God and work righteousness, defending the rights of freedom of conscience and of speech; but also many whose only ambition is self-advancement, who will join hands with the fanatics of the Church and gravely ask concerning the intrusion of Protestants—

“Why do missionaries not stay at home? What business have they to come here and create trouble?” This opposition is identical with that organized against the great missionary Paul by the unscrupulous fortune-tellers of Philippi, or the influential silversmiths of Ephesus.

“Experience, extending over a period of more than thirty years in South America,” wrote the late Mr. Milne of the Bible Society, “enables me to testify that, in each of its ten republics, the masses, instead of opposing the circulation of the Scriptures, or the preaching of the Gospel, are ready to welcome both, until their minds are poisoned by those who have a financial interest in keeping them in ignorance. It ought also to be said that there are many noble-minded men in Peru who would gladly

welcome better days, but they lack the faith in God which alone can deliver them, and their country from the heel of the oppressor who sits on the seven hills."

3. PERUVIAN LIBERALISM IN RELATION TO FOREIGNERS.

Many Peruvian youths in their relation to foreigners dare to break through this system of corruption, and champion right at all cost. They invariably recognize the superiority of the principles which guide the lives of Protestants; and many have voluntarily suffered persecution and loss through associating with the missionaries, although no consideration of personal salvation strengthened them in this attitude. There is no natural lack of grit and courage about the Peruvian, but he must have strength of conviction before he will choose any but the easiest way. The following incident from a missionary's¹ diary shows the true comradeship which is received by Protestant workers from many of these young Liberals:—"At Calca I attended a political banquet which was held on the eve of the nomination of the deputy for the province. A good supply of wines and liquors decorated the table, and everyone seemed thirsty. At the commencement of the feast I announced that I was a total abstainer, and begged to be excused from drinking anything but pure water. All were greatly surprised and some appeared quite vexed. But fortunately for me a young lawyer sat by my side who, during his student days, had attended Mr. M°Nairn's Bible Classes in Cuzco. He immediately took my part and also refused every drink but water. Many of the most fanatical and conservative men of Cuzco were present, and they gave us a lively time of it; but my friend stood firm to the end, and used all the arguments that he knew in support of our position. This young fellow is not an abstainer, but took this stand simply to oblige one whom he and others knew to be a Protestant."

¹ Allan Job, missionary of the R.B.M.U. on the farm of Urco, near Cuzco.

The Radicals of Arequipa are friends with the Protestants, and are often to be found in the little office of the R.B.M.U. discussing such questions as religious freedom. So tender-hearted, generous, and kind is the Peruvian by nature, that only such a power as that of Rome could have made him intolerant and revengeful. By playing upon his pride, and his heroic if mistaken ideas of religious duty, she has distorted an otherwise noble character, and the Peruvian has only lately commenced to reassert his moral personality.

Besides coming in contact with Protestantism, the Peruvians have now entered the modern commercial world. Numbers of them are educated in England, America, or Germany, and return to Peru with enlarged conceptions and broader toleration.

Thus we see that young Peru, with the example of France before her, has deliberately left Rome, and is at present specially susceptible to the influence of foreigners.

MORALS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE PERUVIAN MANHOOD.—The Peruvian is usually natural, and characterized by a lack of restraint which makes him very attractive. To it may be attributed his love of ceremony, his pleasure in simple childish things, and also, perhaps, his moral looseness. He grows up, generally speaking, in an immoral atmosphere. At an early age he adopts not only a sinful life, but utter shamelessness in speaking and thinking of immorality. Only in recent years have athletic clubs been introduced, and helpful influences thus brought to bear upon the University students. Before the advent of Englishmen to Peru, the national sports were bull-fighting, cock-fighting, and gambling. A passion for these low amusements still exists, but is naturally passing away before the healthy régime of cricket and football. Yet let it be said that the Peruvians' delight in bull-fighting—to take that as an example of their previous amusements—was not in its cruelty

but in its skill. By heredity and habit they had become accustomed to the former, even as the English sportsman to the tragic end of the fox; but, knowing no finer sport, they rejoiced in the skill and daring with which the toreador baffled his mighty foe. Upon the introduction of more humane and manly sports, however, the national good sense at once asserted itself, and to-day bull-fighting has largely lost its popularity.

It were unnatural if the more sensuous and highly strung Latin had purely Anglo-Saxon forms of amusement; we are not surprised, therefore, to observe dilettante tastes in Peru. A common Spanish saying may be taken as illustrative of a national tendency—

“Le gustan los ojos celestiales y la guitarra, pero no hace nada.” (He delights in celestial eyes and the guitar, but he does nothing.)

Gambling by means of lottery tickets is common to many South American cities, and attracts the attention of a foreigner as soon as he enters Lima. All those who have no better employment—men, women, and children—are selling lottery tickets on the streets.

“Ten thousand dollars!” they cry. “To be drawn to-day! Who will buy a ticket?”

It is impossible to descend from the street-car, to enter a house, to approach the cathedral, to visit the President, or to pass through the slums, without being pestered by sellers of lottery tickets. Half the profits made by this pernicious gambling system go to the Church; thus Peruvians are deceived into thinking that when they indulge the gambling instinct they are conferring benefits upon the poor, and laying up to themselves virtue in heaven against the day of death.

Limeños still retain much of the passion and ardour of their Spanish ancestors, and also their pride. Mr. Enoch, in speaking of their contempt of work and love of luxury, says:

“The high silk hat, the fashionable frock-coat, the patent leather shoes, and the gold-headed cane, are in sharper distinction to the labourer’s apparel and the beggar’s rags in the Latin-American republics than in the monarchies of the Old World. It always strikes the Englishman that a rigid course of rough tweed suits, thick-soled boots, and long tramps over mountain lands would be exceedingly beneficial to the polite youth of Spanish America!”¹

Yet probably the Latin would respond to this suggestion that, according to his way of thinking, the Anglo-Saxon brings too much of the football-field into the drawing-room; and with force he would remind the traveller that these beaux of Lima, when transformed in appearance by panama hats, ponchos, and llama scarves, will weather cold and privations in the Sierra of their own land as could few Englishmen.

The contrast between Anglo-Saxon and Latin races is more striking in the New World than the Old. We speak “after the use of the English, in straight-flung words, and few”; but the Peruvian, with his mellow musical tongue delights in exuberant eloquence. Mr. Enoch gives the following characteristic example of this trait, from *La Prensa*, a leading paper of Lima:—

“Nuptials. The virtuous and angelical Señorita Fulana has united herself for ever with the perfect gentleman Señor Sutano. In view of the characteristics of so sympathetic a couple there must ever shine upon their hearth the star of felicity, perfumed by the delicious ambient of the pure and virgin love which dwells in the innocent heart of the spiritual spouse. That the sun of happiness may radiate always in the blue heaven of this marriage is the vehement desire of those who, full of rejoicing with this felicity, sign themselves—their friends.”

A recent Peruvian author lamented the prevailing frivolity of the youths of his country; they thought more of dancing

¹ C. Reginald Enoch, F.R.G.S., *The Andes and the Amazon*.

academies than of academic literature, he said; and were chiefly engaged in dancing, gambling, and flirting—"no occupations for republicans!"

But clearly we must not expect to find Anglo-Saxon characteristics in Peru. The Limeño youth becomes a noble Latin when his ability is trained in true manliness, and his dilettante tastes prevented from usurping the place of serious purpose and action.

EDUCATION.—In all parts of the republic education is rapidly undermining the power of the priests, and spreading the Liberal movement among the better classes. During the year 1907, the students of fanatical Arequipa struck against their Catholic directors and professors, who had managed to hold their places in spite of the progress towards materialism in other less religious towns; and the University remained closed while a Governmental Commission inquired into the matter.

The philosophy which has been taught is almost wholly Jesuitical, the history, Catholic. This will not satisfy modern free-thinkers, and consequently there is a cry for up-to-date rationalistic education.

The Peruvian mind appears to be dilettante-philosophical. In travelling about the country a foreigner is surprised to find farmers and country gentlemen prepared to discuss abstruse religious and social problems. The reason is that in Peru the farmers have almost invariably had a University education. They spend a part of each year on their farms in the Sierra, and the remainder in the political or gayer circles of Limerian society.

The national system of education and of religion tends to produce superficial mental development, and it is common to find Peruvian students who have read widely, but not thought deeply. No generalization, however, is possible. The race which has produced such minds as Vigil, Paz Soldan, and Palma, has assuredly great mental powers.

In spite of their desire for modern teaching, the students

of the four universities of Peru live in the scientific world of years ago. Only a limited number of modern books have been translated into Spanish; these are published in cheap editions, and circulated widely in Peru. But so great have been the difficulties met by the comparatively small and recent Evangelical efforts in Spanish-speaking lands in general, that as yet they have been able to provide practically no Christian literature suitable for students. The young men of Peru are disciples of Spencer and Darwin, but have never heard of Oliver Lodge and Lord Kelvin. They have studied the German philosophers, but read the works of no modern Christian thinkers. The literature of free-thinkers and agnostics is circulated widely amongst them, but no Evangelical and scientific books have ever reached their land.

A Macedonian call comes from these young men themselves. Mr. Mott, of the Student Volunteer Movement and International Committee of the Y.M.C.A., has lately received a letter from the Consul-General of Peru in New York, asking the Y.M.C.A. to commence an effort for the young men of Lima, and promising moral and financial support from prominent Peruvian gentlemen.

This work amongst students calls for English and American graduates. Men who can make a foreign language their own; who can enter into sports and amusements; who can meet the scientific and religious problems of the student mind; who can live a consistent life through the power of the Holy Ghost in a city where everything shall conspire to undermine their Christianity—such are the missionaries, more of whom Peru is needing.



CHAPTER XII.—A DESERT AND ITS OASIS CITY—

Sunset over a limpet town—A unique harbour which consists of rocky headlands where it is sometimes impossible to land—How we climbed 1,000 feet in a few minutes—A town which, "though it has been battered to pieces by earthquakes, still looks brand new"—The pretty faces behind the window-bars of Arequipa—The lesson of a Chinese lantern and some dying rose-leaves.



CHAPTER XII

A DESERT AND ITS OASIS CITY

*ἔκβασις οὐ πη φαίνεθ' ἄλως πολιοῖο θύραζε·
ἔκτοσθεν μὲν γὰρ πάγοι ὀξέες, ἀμφὶ δὲ κύμα
βέβρυχεν ῥόθιον, λισσὴ δ' ἀνεδέδρομε πέτρῃ.*—HOMER.¹

I WILL picture the place to you, but leave the name to be guessed. A long, curved, sandy shore reaches up from the Pacific to sand-covered hills, and thence to the mountains. That is on my left as I sit on the hotel verandah; below is a rocky shore—more like Devon than Peru—and the Pacific, which all along the coast is wasting its strength in foam, breakers, and spoon-drift, on a desert which is placed as a boundary not to be passed. Here, it dashes against the rocks, sending up columns of spray, and whirls in the sheltered places, and carries all out to sea again in its back-wash. On my right, two steamers are smoking against the soft-tinted grey sky. But, that you may see the nameless town stretching up the hill behind me, let us go on board the outlying one.

Waves roar, and long-ridged Pacific rollers break with a dull-sounding thud! Sunset colours barely tint the clouds with rose; the sea is the green-grey of the German Ocean in March; the rocks are the bold broken headlands of Devon, with great weed-coated fragments out in the foam. For the rest, comparisons fail, and the nameless place is unlike all the

¹ "Here there is no place to land on from out of the grey water. For without are sharp crags, and round them the wave roars surging, and sheer the smooth rock rises."

world. It is perched on the edge of a rock-fringed desert; its balconies overhang the cliff; its sea-shore houses are propped up by iron bars or wooden pillars, which find support in some rocky ridge half-way down the precipitous cliff; houses that with three storeys face the sea, can show but one to the hills; the town looks as if it must subside one day into the foaming Pacific.

I remember when I was still so small that the table was above eye-level, how I used to watch the flies crawl along its edge, steadily, thoughtfully, with an air of surveying the table-cloth. In the same meditative spirit they would reach the corner, half turn, and then stop to take bearings. No fly ever fell over; and yet, on the edge there, each seemed to be meditating suicide. That is just like my nameless town. The walls, sticks, and props which climb up from the shore, keep the houses from descending into the sea, and once a little cluster is balanced on the edge, the rest of the town climbs up the sandy hillside above it. These shanties grow like the hyacinths which are just out of reach on the St. Andrews cliffs. They seem to sprout from each other. Foundations rise from gables; spires but reach the walls of the street beyond.

We return to the shore just before the sun dips below the horizon; the sky behind the mountains has flushed a wonderful, handsome, angry purple, and the long sand-stretches look blue in the gathering shadows. Then the distant western sky steals the colour, and the east fades to grey. Now the sun has gone, and only an oil lamp in a dim glass globe shines out on the headland, beyond which the steamers' lights are discernible. There is a grey sea and a grey sky, and even the white foam and spray are misty in the twilight. A flaring lamp has been lit on the verandah, where the air is getting quite cold. So good-night—and sunrise bring you greetings from—have you guessed the name already?—from *Mollendo*.

Lima the cosmopolitan is three days to the north of us now; we have landed in Southern Peru and shall soon be on our

way to Titicaca, the ancient lake from the shores of which came the Incas; and to Cuzco, the capital of their empire.

Of all journeys I have ever been this is the most wonderful!¹ It was wonderful skirting the Eiger Glacier; it was wonderful being lifted up on that cog-line from Lauterbrunnen to Mürren; it was wonderful climbing the winding track into Mexico City. But this! This journey from Mollendo to Arequipa is far more wonderful than travelling in Switzerland or Mexico!

At 11.30 a.m. we steamed out of the station on the sandy shore of Mollendo, and this afternoon, at five o'clock, we are due to arrive in Arequipa of the Volcano's Shadow. First, we ran along the shore, ever getting farther from the blue expanse of the Pacific and its long white shore-breakers. Now, we are over the first ridge; a range of hills divides us from the sea; and we steam on towards the towering Andes, over the intervening stretch of smooth red sand which never seems to lessen. At every mile, the mountains are opening up to our view—mysterious, cloud-garbed figures in grey; but now and then the sun catches some peak, and it stands out in fine relief against the misty mountains beyond. Before we have traversed another thirty kilometres, we shall be higher than any mountain of our native land.

At an altitude of 6,000 feet, strange rocks rise out of the red sand, their rugged sides mingling all the greens and reds and yellows of rusty copper. Below us a deep green stream is winding through a canyon of basalt pillars. Now the hills around show traces of the unprecedented rains of this year. Here is a suspicion of green; here is short grass; and now we have reached fields of emerald *alfalfa*, Peru's valuable pasturage.

Before us lie the snows of Charchani, El Misti, and Pichupichu, forming the first mountain barrier to the desert. The Chili River, flowing down from the Central Andes, winds

¹ Notes from my diary written *en route*.

between Charchani and El Misti, unites with a stream from Pichu-pichu, and so makes its way into the Vitor River and down to the Ocean. At the junction of the two former rivers, not far from the foot of El Misti, some fifty square miles of the desert are irrigated. This oasis refreshes the traveller's eye as he nears the Andes, and Arequipa, nestling white in its green valley, appears to him a perfect garden city.

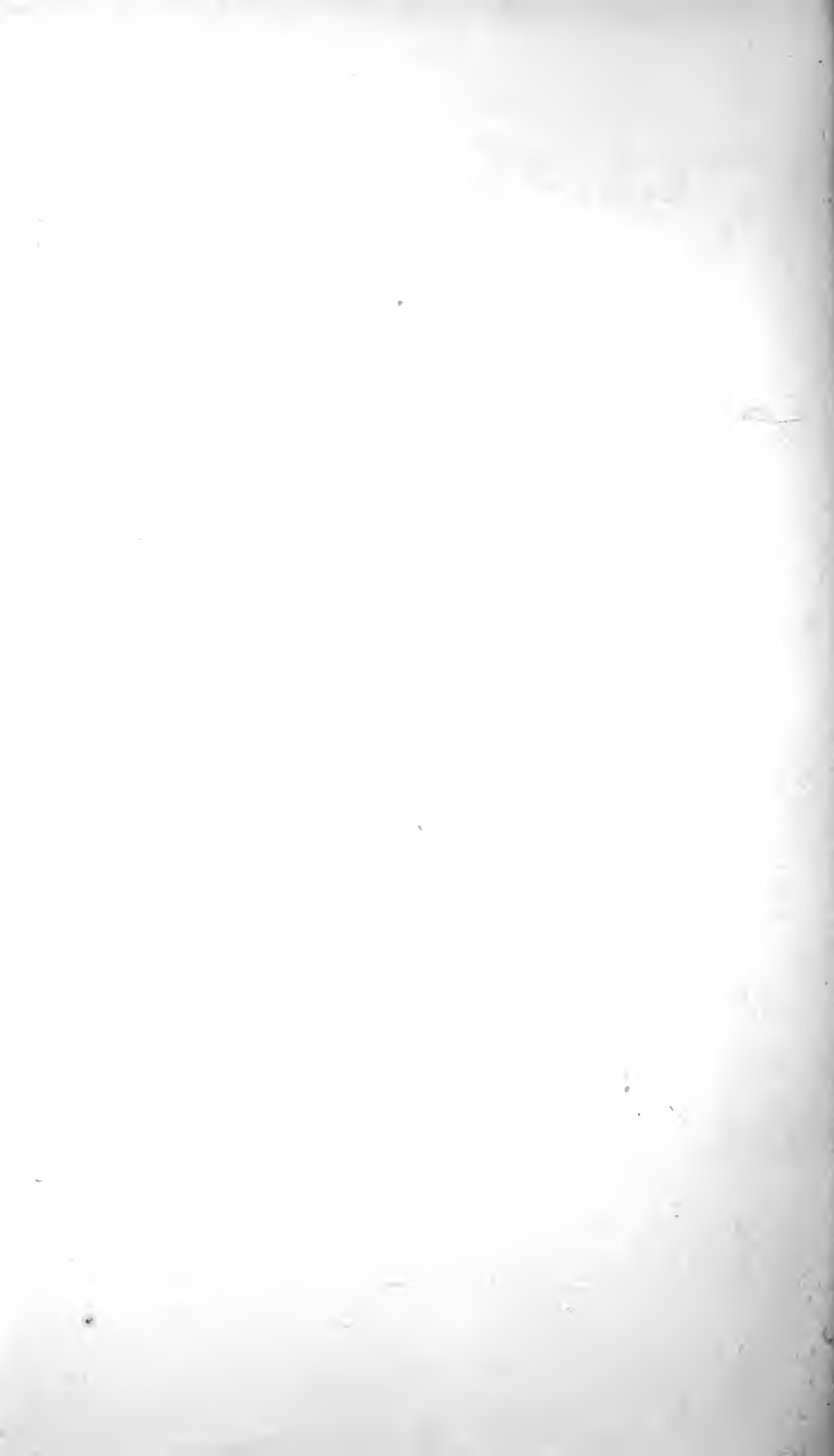
"Arequipa," it has been said, "is one of the neatest, prettiest, and brightest towns in South America." What wonder that this City of the Volcano's Shadow is beautiful? Light reflected from the snows falls upon her white stone houses. Stars which seem to hang low in the blue, like dewdrops on unseen harebells, gaze down into her quiet *patios* (inner courtyards), with their luxuriant flowers. Daily as the sun rises behind El Misti, or sets over the verdant plain, a sky of crimson, gold, and purple arches above her, and Arequipeños learn to love bright colours and all that is gay and beautiful.

The stone houses which line the streets of Arequipa are smoothly plastered, and painted in delicate tints of cream, rose, gold, or pale blue. The slow-moving passers-by are mostly smart young men and manta-clad women. The girls are very pretty—dark-eyed and vivacious—their olive faces swathed in black mantillas or set off by black lace artistically pinned over the head. From behind the window-bars which characterize Arequipeña houses, these beauties watch the passers-by. They are decked in bright silks and jewellery, and powdered for the occasion; they have cushions set in window-seats on which to lean, and their empty lives know few other occupations or pleasures. Often in the stillness of wonderful starry nights, music will sound beneath one of these windows, and as in ages long gone by in England and Spain, black eyes will peep cautiously from the upper rooms to view the serenaders. Here the spirit of the Middle Ages still survives in twentieth century surroundings, and the fashionable bright little city surprises visitors by its old-world customs.



THE CITY OF THE VOLCANO'S SHADOW.

On our left is the half-dry bed of the Chili River ; on our right the white walls, and flat or vaulted roofs of Arequipa ; in the distance El Misti, snow-bound to its crater's edge, 19,200 ft. above the Pacific.



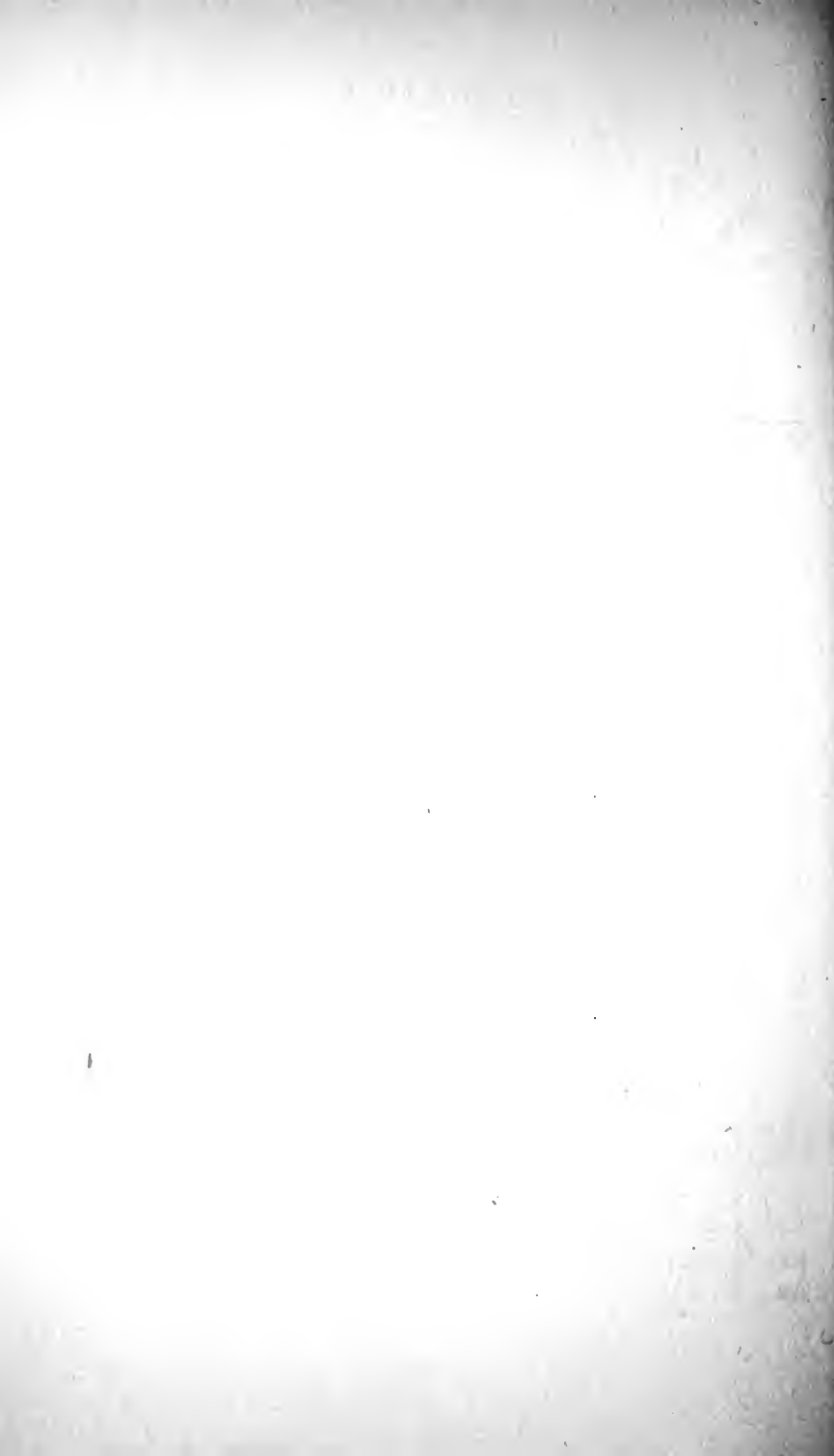
The three classes of people which we meet everywhere on the Sierra, are quite distinct in Arequipa. In her poorer suburbs and daily market there are a few *Indians*—reserved, brown-faced folk from surrounding villages. The larger number of the poor are known as *cholos*, or those of Indian extraction who speak Spanish. But Arequipa is essentially the city of the *gente decente*, or monied classes. She boasts many an aristocratic family of wealth and refinement. Indeed, the whole tone of her society is noticeably superior to that of most other Peruvian towns. Bull-fighting is tabooed even by the Church; gambling by means of lottery tickets has won but little popularity; and Arequipeña homes manifest more of the happy family life of an English household than is usually seen in Peru.

Arequipa is a fashionable devotee, and very agreeable to visitors will she make her religious practices.

It is Sunday. White spires glitter, flags wave, pretty eyes glance from beneath fine lace mantas, little children touch with pride their rich clothes; the city looks her best—vivacious, luxurious, religious!

A circus is in full swing, its band playing lustily; the Host is passing it with two other bands which do their best to drown the circus music. In various streets trails of gunpowder, with bombs marking every span, are exploding with tremendous reports; rockets are bursting over our heads; the sky is strewn with wind-blown smoke; but if the saints pay as little heed to the explosions as do Arequipeños, the sole merit of this religion consists in the employment of a number of poor people in making fireworks.

Night reigns—silent, starlit! and the pink light of a paper lantern falling across the road reveals what the procession has left—sadly symbolic of the Feast-Day's influence—some dying rose-leaves!



CHAPTER XIII.—LIFE ON THE ROOF OF PERU—

Over the second highest railway pass in the world—On the untrodden plains of the land of the Incas—Where the Amazon rises—“The Paradise of Peru”—A wild ride in an ancient stage-coach drawn by eight unmanageable mules—The contrasts of Cuzco.



CHAPTER XIII

LIFE ON THE ROOF OF PERU

ἦμος δ' ἠριγένεια φάνη ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως.—HOMER.¹

WE left Arequipa in the cold, damp, grey hours of early morning. Misti, Charchani, and the snow ranges which wall the oasis were lost in mists; only fields of *alfalfa*, and a lowering grey sky were visible. But we soon wound up the mountain sides, between Arequipa's two great peaks, and came out into the sunshine at Pampa de Arrieros ("The Field of Muleteers").

From there a winding mountain track led us higher and higher, until at 14,000 feet we had reached a great plain, covered with low stubbly pasture. Alpacas were feeding in herds—pretty, delicate creatures, which planted their small well-formed legs squarely, and held high their dignified little heads as we whistled by. Behind them blue hills stretched away to a glittering white ridge against the grey sky.

Within half an hour we were crossing a snow plain, marked only by *yaretas* (patches of moss used as firewood). This was Crucere Alto; we were 14,666 feet high—three miles above the Pacific—in the heart of the mists. Only rounded mountain heads, peering one over the other, broke the level of the plain. El Misti, half lost in clouds, was above us still, but we had climbed higher than all other surrounding peaks! Clouds and mountains were below us; pinnacles as high as Mt. Blanc seemed no more than hills. We were on one of the two highest

¹ "When, very early, rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth."

tablelands on earth—the almost untrodden plain of the land of the Incas. We had passed the highest point—with the one exception of the pass in Northern Peru—reached by any railway in the world.

Down, down—swiftly, steadily! Down, down, out of mists into sunshine, from snow to green fields! We were winding through a canyon, then crossing an iron bridge with a river far below. Pools reflected hills and sunshine, feeding llamas, alpacas, and vicunas.

Down still, until the hills were covered with pale green verdure. The sky was Italian blue, banked with great white clouds in the shadows of which the distant hills were purple. Rivers were rushing down with us from the mountains; pretty, rocky headlands rose from the green open country, and occasionally we passed a group of Indians with mules. Gradually the sunshine faded, and when we reached our destination on the shore of Lake Titicaca,

ἥλιος μετενίσσεται βουλευτόνδε.¹

From Titicaca along the great plateau, northwards, was the last stage of our journey. Cuzco, the City of the Sun and home of the Incas, was but two days' travel distant, and I felt like Hiawatha nearing the home of Minnehaha, when—

“The way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps.”

About ninety miles north of Titicaca our train stopped at La Raya, where in a dark tarn is one of the sources of the Amazon. Standing on the bleak hills of the Vilcanota Pass, we could see a tiny streamlet creeping slowly to the northeast. It was destined to swell the Amazon as it falls into the Atlantic, after a course of 3,000 miles. Only a few yards away the waters were slowly yet surely taking the opposite direction. They were destined to flow into the Pacific Ocean.

¹ “The sun was wending to the time of the loosing of cattle.”—HOMER.





Maryam & Co. Ltd. London

Lake Titicaca.

Lake Titicaca

The photo recalls memories of stern Aymará faces and graceful *balsas*, whispering lake-wavelets and sparkling sunshine, glassy reflections and swaying reeds.



The river which rises at La Raya is known as the Vilcamayu, or Urubamba. Some 400 miles north of its source it joins the Apurimac, and flows into the Marañón or Amazon, in Northern Peru. Its valley is called "The Paradise of Peru." The Incas chose it as the seat of their ancient civilization; they cultivated its rich soil, irrigated it from the snows which shut it in, terraced its hillsides, and built their palaces and fortresses on rocky crags which looked down on the silver coils of its beautiful river.

The aboriginal population is denser here than in any other part of Peru. Little Indian towns line the Vilcamayu all along its course, and large farmhouses, surrounded by clusters of green trees, nestle under its mountain walls.

Never was a valley more beautiful; at the end of the wet season the full river flows rapidly over its pebbly bed. A footpath follows its course, or winds on the dizzy edge of hillsides overhanging it. Even from the precipitous cliffs above, green barley is waving, and patches of bright maize or variegated *quinua*, the most hardy of grains, mingle their colours with that of the broom, the scent of which fills all the valley. Above tower walls of stratified rock, and on every commanding crag a dark Inca fortress stands out against the azure. Snow mountains guard the historic vale, and the musical murmur of the Vilcamayu blends all sounds into one harmonious whole.

The train takes us as far as Checacupe, and the remaining sixty miles to Cuzco are travelled in an ancient stage-coach drawn by eight obstreperous mules.

We are now approaching the capital of the Empire of the Incas, and these quiet brown-skinned folk, who brighten the dusty road with their brilliant clothes, are the descendants of those famous monarchs' subjects.

We have seen something of the gay cosmopolitan streets of Lima—the city of Peru's future; we have watched with wonder the religious holiday-makers, modern business men, and

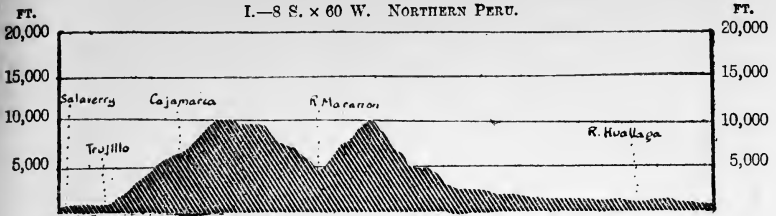
mediæval serenaders who meet in Arequipa—the city of Peru's present; and now we have climbed to the wonderful plateau between the Andean ranges, and in the heart of towering mountains have discovered a sheltered valley where nestles Cuzco—the city of Peru's past.

For eight hundred miles towards the north, and four hundred miles towards the south, stretches the Sierra. So elevated is this part of Peru that one would expect it to be uniformly bleak and cold, but physically it is a land of contrasts. Two mountain knots divide the plateau into four distinct parts: north of the Cerro de Pasco knot is the first section—the beautiful snow-walled valley of Huaylas; the second is the province of Cerro de Pasco itself—high, bleak, and cheerless; the Vilcamayu valley forms a third section, one flooded with sunshine, and wrapped in air soft with the scent of flowers; and south of the Vilcanota knot the bare plain of Titicaca stretches drear and almost uninhabited. Thus alternate sections of the Sierra are exposed and mountainous; while those intervening are composed of high pampas broken by sheltered valleys following the course of the Amazon's head-waters.

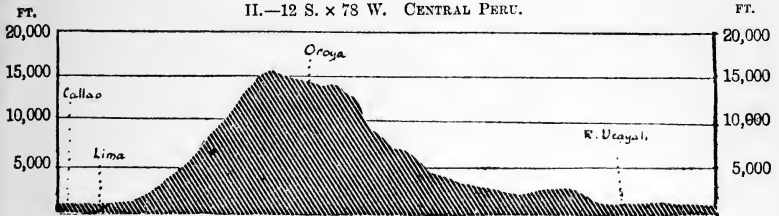
Sierra life is well illustrated in the province of Cuzco by remarkable contrasts of population, commerce, and religion.

Cuzco itself is a town of mixed races. Out of its 19,000 inhabitants, only 5,000 understand any Spanish; the rest are Kechua-speaking, brown-skinned people. Strong-limbed and brightly clothed are these Indians; their handsome silent faces look from under broad flat hats; their hardened shoeless feet move silently over the city's cobbles; their red, blue, and green hand-woven clothes give colour to the old city. Four thousand of the inhabitants of Cuzco call themselves *blancos* or *gente decente*. They are not white, but the strain of Indian blood which gives colour to their faces should be their pride rather than their shame. Yet they look down on the Indians as creatures little above the mongrel dogs which swarm in the streets.

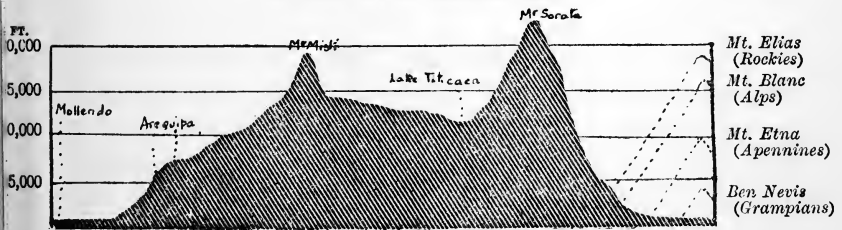
I.—8 S. x 80 W. NORTHERN PERU.



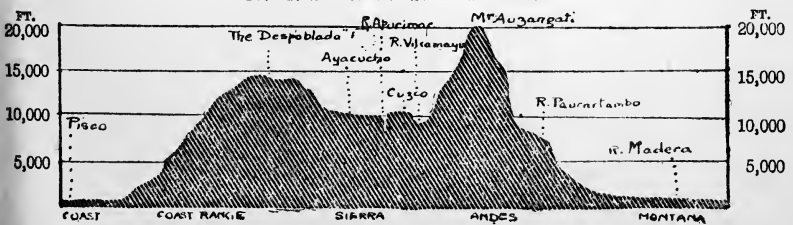
II.—12 S. x 78 W. CENTRAL PERU.



III.—13 S. x 74 W. SOUTHERN PERU.



IV.—17 S. x 74 W. SOUTHERN PERU.



TRANSVERSE SECTIONS OF THE ANDES.

(To illustrate travelling in Peru.)

Yes, this is a city of contrasts; old-time black satin skirts trail over the cobbles trod by Indians and their llamas; valuable Spanish mantas may be seen touching rough *rebosos*, or head cloths manufactured in Manchester, and well-made tweeds of Indian weaving. Young Peruvians, studying at the University of Cuzco and hoping to spend some years at one of the Continental Universities, mix in the streets with Indian youths, whose long black hair hangs around almost femininely beautiful faces.

In Cuzco foreigners cannot pass without notice: the few English missionaries are well-known, also the Turkish shopkeepers, a French Company, a German, and some Italian firms. But few others climb even for a visit to these remote Andean heights.

This proportion of classes is characteristic of the Sierra: the nucleus of *gente decente*, the few foreign merchants, and the dense Indian population.

Out on the road leading into Cuzco, a traction engine is clouding the brilliant Peruvian sky with its smoke, forcing the passing mule-train to stand aside, and the Indians to drive their llamas on to the pampa. The engine is carrying foreign imports into Cuzco; the mules are bearing the products of the eastern valleys down to Arequipa; and the llamas, with their cargo of sacks, represent the method of transport used in Peru for five hundred years or more.

Cuzco, like most Sierra towns, is still out of reach of the railway; yet two hundred thousand pounds' worth of tropical products passes through it every year. Prosperous foreign business houses are growing up in the city, and these make Cuzco's imports equal to her exports.

At the feast held in honour of the Virgin of Mercy, the patroness of the Peruvian army, I noticed another of Cuzco's contrasts: eight women were standing in the chancel of La

Merced, black-robed, with the red ribbons of some religious order round their necks, and tall candles in their hands. Through Mass, through a sermon, they stood there, silent and motionless, burning their candles before the high altar. Meanwhile, a young fellow sitting in front of me had taken a pencil from his pocket, and sketched a clever caricature of the Mercederian preacher.

Yes, Cuzco is a city of religious contrasts,—of Catholic fervour and materialistic indifference. To the masses, religion is a crude, pagan superstition; to the devotees among the better classes it is “life”; to the educated youth of Cuzco it is a farce! The gaudy images in the Jesuit Church stand in niches not many yards from the walls of the University Library, where the works of Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer are found upon the shelves. Cuzco is one of the most impregnable strongholds of Romanism—radical, unmodified, unvarnished—yet, on its intellectual side, it is as strong a centre of agnosticism as exists in the country.

But the picture, with all its strength of light and shade, is not yet complete. While some gaudy image staggers through the street, borne by thirty or forty drunken Indians; while the student stands bareheaded at the street corner with a cynical smile on his face; from the windows of the white-washed room above the *portales* (cloisters of the town square), the familiar hymn rings out in Spanish words—

“Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!”

Once again Cuzco's contrasts are characteristic of the Sierra. As yet only a few soldiers of Jesus Christ have advanced to its stern battlefield, and, like David, they have had to challenge a giant in the Name of the Living God. His armies face them, drawn up in three gigantic battalions: Catholicism, Materialism, and Paganism. In every Sierra home are the determined soldiers of the first division; in the larger towns are members of

the second; and in the Indian hamlets of her mountain plains is the third part of the army.

Day is at dawn on the Sierra of Peru. Ignorance as a dense mist hangs over the country; superstition, like a foul miasma, fills the valleys; Romish supremacy, a towering mountain-chain, looms black and mighty. But hilltops have caught the first beams of the Light of the East; over far-stretching mountain pampas the grey of liberty-love has begun to break. God grant that the contrasts of early dawn and lingering shadows may soon be lost in the full light of day!

CHAPTER XIV.—THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN—

*Where child-life has no blossom—Sights in a street of
stench and sin—Mothers of fifteen years old—Child-slaves—
The tragedy of respectable neglect.*



CHAPTER XIV

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

“Sweetest thing on earth,
Loveliest out of heaven—
Babbie, little angel, to my
Longing spirit given :

In thy tiny hand
Lies God's dearest gift. .
In thine eyes the fairest light
Heaven on earth can lift.”

LUCY GUINNESS KUMM.

CHILDREN! How they swarm in Cuzco! They sprawl in the roads, and squat on the door-stones; they stand in the dark corners of the Indian shops, and play by the open drains. They surround the booths in the plaza, and ride in the mules' paniers. Children are everywhere, unwashed, uncared for!

We are making our way down *Calle San Andrés* towards the old park.

Look at the children, friends!

My heart still aches whenever I see them, but it is harder now than it was six months ago; my senses shrink from the hideous results of sin and ignorance, but they are more inured to the sights and smells of Cuzco than they were.

Look at the children, friends!

Is this the childhood of a Christian land? Nay—the terrible words written of heathenism are true of Peru—

“Children are spawned and not born. Motherhood is a negligible quality. There is no blossom in its child-life; and

it has produced more craven-hearted men and women than are to be found anywhere outside pagan countries.”¹

In our Christian homeland it is hard to imagine the unseen; but for a moment close your eyes to the pretty room about you—forget the sounds of the street below—forget the human nature you have formerly known—and stand with me in *Calle San Andrés*.

This is a street of stench and sin. Disease has blighted almost every opening bud; the purifying rain seems to have forgotten this corner of the garden.

Disease and dirt are rampant, and—oh, the pity of it!—children are here—children, God’s gifts to our poor world, smiles from His face. Early indeed have “shades of the prison-house begun to close” about them! Children of sin, they have grown in an evil world where beauty and goodness are almost unknown.

They appear happy? Yes, for they are still very young, and the thoughts of infancy are “short, short thoughts.” But never will they know what life might have been, and soon its bitterness will begin to eat into their hearts.

That pathetic little face—pale, unwashed, large-eyed—tells of cruelty; that sturdy little figure, wriggling to keep two separate trouser legs about its brown skin, tells of neglect; that tiny Indian baby, eating maize refuse from the street drain, tells of poverty; that deformed, fair-haired child tells of sin.

And the pitying sun looks down on *Calle San Andrés*, and from the stenching street, life rises in a myriad degraded forms, for impartial Nature’s kiss. “And the children’s souls, which God is calling sunward, spin on blindly in the dark.”

It is strange how humanity thrives in these surroundings. Mothers of only fifteen and sixteen years of age frequently have sturdy babies. These little ones, many of whom never know their fathers, contrive somehow to be happy and healthy.

¹ Rev. William Remfry Hunt, *Heathenism under the Searchlight*.

Beneath the dirt are pleasant little faces; in spite of neglect, here are vivacious and intelligent expressions; in spite of callousness and often of cruelty, here are loving little hearts.

I should like you to realize the life of these little ones. Think of the sunbeams of your own home—think of the children in your Sunday-school class—think even of the bairns in our own city slums,—and then turn again to Peru.

Here are hundreds of children who have come into the world unwanted, lived for the first few years neglected, and then become independent, making their way through life alone. Mother is selling in the *chicharia* (public-house), or the plaza. Probably the baby is on her back, and the little ones of two and three are amusing themselves at home. Many families live with them, so it matters not if mother is away for several days. They will pick up maize enough to eat—perhaps a friend will give them the remains of a plate of soup or baked corn—perhaps they will be able to steal some frozen potatoes—life will be quite easy. They will sleep on the doorstep, or crawl into the corner where the others are huddled together on sheep-skins. They will race about barefoot on the cobbles, and splash the acequia water at each other; they will peep into the church perhaps, and make the sign which grown-up people always make; they will talk to the *gringa*, or foreign lady, who likes to look at Indian shops and learn Kechua words, and then they will scamper home to look at the pictures she has given them.

It is a free, happy life. Seldom do the policemen catch the street children and drive them to school. Seldom are they beaten or kicked at home.

But there are other children less fortunate—children of four years old who must shepherd the sheep all day; children of five who have the care of a fat heavy baby; children who must work as servants twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

I have seen little four-year-old boys with babies of eighteen months on their backs; I have heard the screams of

child-servants, not more than seven years old, who were daily beaten by a bad-tempered mistress. I have seen the unfortunate victims of the *compadrazco*¹ system, slaves to their godmothers; I have seen children, ill and dying, for whom no one cared. I know a little girl of seven, who a few months ago saw "mother's" body taken away to the cemetery. Since that day she has "minded the shop" all alone, and kept house for father, who only comes home at nights, and is often away for weeks at a time.

Some facts are very hard to write. All that I am going to tell, and much that is worse and cannot be written, has been going on for years, and we have never troubled to find it out. God all the time has seen, and not one of us His servants has understood the longing of His heart.

All over the Sierra there are little child-slaves. In Arequipa there are some three thousand of these *Indiacitos*, or little Indians, and four-fifths of their number are cruelly treated; while the good treatment of the remaining one-fifth, with rare exceptions, consists in the fact that they are not brutally beaten, and do not suffer much hunger. There have always been a few Indians who have brought their children to Arequipa to give them for a few years to those who promise to teach them to read. During the drought of 1904 the maize crops failed, and cruel-eyed starvation stared into the Indian homes. Then it was that the *Indiacitos* were taken by the thousand to towns, and given away or sold for a few shillings, to save the mothers and other little ones in the mountain huts from death and starvation.

A recent letter from Peru² brought the story of little Catalina. "Over a year ago, Mercedes, her Indian mother, gave her to an Arequipeña lady for a loan of sixteen shillings,

¹ System of sponsors. See Chapter XXII., page 247.

² From the Rev. D. F. Watkins, a missionary of long experience in Mexico, who visited Peru, and whose account of the *Indiacitos* is frequently quoted throughout this chapter.



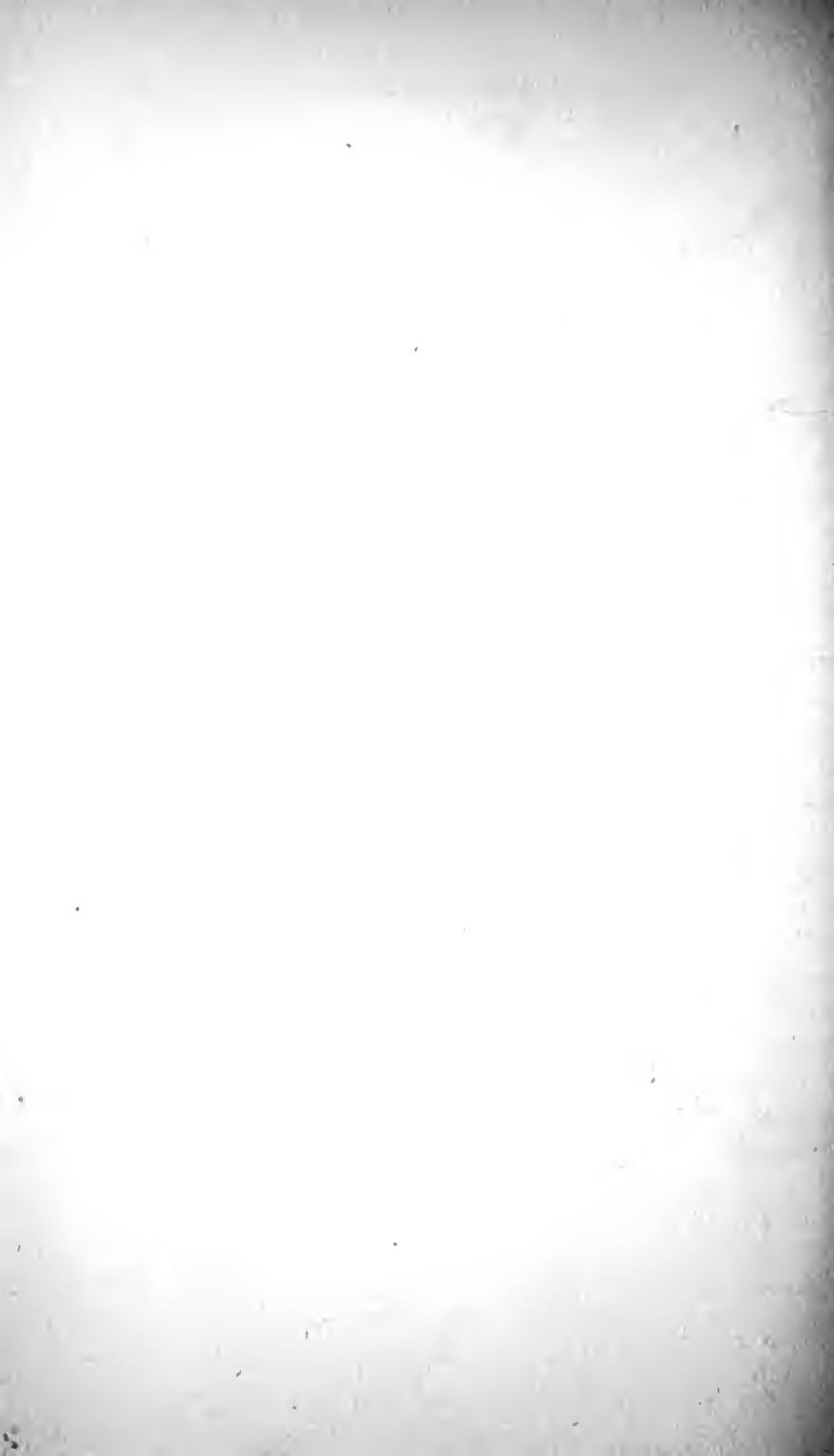


Morgan & Co. Ltd. London

An Indiacito.

An Indiacito

A little Indian boy and his baby mistress are looking at you. Do you notice unnatural gravity and hardness in the face of the boy? He is a slave!



until such time as Mercedes could redeem her child. Four months ago Mercedes, who earned eight shillings a month, heard of her little daughter's sufferings at her mistress's hands. The mother had by this time saved sixteen shillings, so she went in haste to redeem her child. But the woman who owned Catalina wanted a large interest on the sixteen shillings, which Mercedes was not able to pay. She was only an Indian woman, and so the mistress did not hesitate to take her into a room and beat her unmercifully. Then she went to the authorities to complain of Mercedes' disrespect, and of her unjust demand that the child should be freed when the interest on the sixteen shillings had not been paid. Yet for a whole year Catalina had served her faithfully without any remuneration."

One of the native believers in Arequipa tells the story of little Juan, another of these child-slaves. His head was covered with the scars of gashes his mistress Antonia had cut. His body was often marked with black and blue stripes. Antonia would hold the child's hand on the floor and pound it with the heel of her shoe, leaving it badly bruised. Like other Arequipeñas, this cruel mistress believed that kindness would spoil Indian children, and followed the custom of cutting little Juan's wrist with the jagged piece of every dish he broke, that the bleeding cuts might act as a charm to make the child more careful. Life was a burden to the Indiacito, but his piteous childhood provoked no compassion in Arequipa. One day he fell into a stream, and a short time after the accident the Father of Pity took little Juan to a Better Home.

The same Christian was out one evening in the streets of Arequipa, when she met an Indiacito belonging to a gentleman of wealth and education. The little boy had tried to run away from his cruel master, but was lost in the strange streets. "Bread! bread! bread!" he moaned, as he stumbled along, confused and nearly blind from hunger. Sofia spoke to him kindly, but the child cried again, "Bread! bread!" She took

him home, fed him, and put him to bed, but on the following day his master reclaimed him. He was not destined, however, to continue under this tyranny. Sickness laid hold upon his body, wasted to a skeleton by starvation, and death released him from his earthly sorrows.

“Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.”

What mockery the poet's words sound in face of the facts of Peru's childhood! I have seen the crushed blossoms, their fresh beauty gone, and when I try to voice their silent suffering in appeal to Christendom, hot tears come.

A letter from Mrs. McNairn,¹ of Cuzco, tells the sad tale of the suffering of Peru's little girls:—

“We often hear of the sorrows of the poor child-wives and widows of India,” she writes, “and the tale is heart-breaking indeed; but when have we heard of the poor children of Peru, who have never been wives, and never will be, though they are mothers at fourteen or fifteen years of age? Since I have been here we have been called to four such children under fifteen years of age. The last one I attended I do not believe was fourteen, though they said she was more. She lived with an elder woman in one room, and in all my nursing among the poor I have never seen anything equal to the dirt and vermin in that room. The first time I undressed the baby it was literally black with vermin. Each day when I returned home I had to change all my clothes.”

What has brought about this condition of society? Who is responsible for it? What are the needed remedies? The following principles and facts help to answer these questions, I think.

Firstly: immorality cannot but destroy home life. Parents and children do not regard each other in the normal light;

¹ Missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Cuzco.

the bond between them is not so close, and the children become grown-up and independent very early.

Secondly: in Peru (as in every other tropical country) the estimate of human life is very low. Bronchitis is considered fatal; illness is not understood; the sick are left to die; and while a great show of mourning is made for older friends, nothing is thought of a child's death.

In Arequipa a doctor found, in the corner of a *chicharia* filled with drinking cholos, a little girl very ill with smallpox. She was horribly dirty, and the flies were swarming over her face. On her chest was a spot, two inches square, raw, and swarming with flies and worms. Death only awaits such a one in Peru—and what matters the death of a child! In her maternity-nursing, Mrs. Jarrett¹ has continually found that girls are not wanted, and the sooner they die the better so far as the parents are concerned.

Thirdly: the cruelty of the Latin nature still survives in Peru. These people are in part descended from the brave and brilliant, cruel and callous conquerors. They disdain the poor and weak; they show no consideration for Indians or animals; they are not ashamed of cruelty.

Fourthly: the national ideal of childhood is degrading. In England childhood is regarded as something precious, to be treasured long. Here, as in other Latin countries, manhood and womanhood are reached after. Children are forced into adult life; girls have no girlhood.

Fifthly: the system of domestic service fosters cruelty. Children become servants at five or six years of age, when they are not fit to work twelve hours a day. They are possibly naughty, ignorant, or careless; their mistresses are uncontrolled, short-tempered, proud—and so the cruel treatment of these child-slaves is common. Here in Cuzco is a little boy, who has only three fingers on his right hand, as a result of the anger of his mistress because he broke two plates.

¹ Missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Arequipa.

The godmother often regards her god-child merely as a slave, and those who have adopted Indian servants do not consider these *muchachas* human beings, to be treated as such.

Lastly: the sad condition of childhood in Peru is partly brought about by the sale of Indian children. Only lately I was stopped by an Indian in *Calle Coca* and asked to buy a little girl of ten. Several times I have been offered babies "very cheaply" by the plaza women.

Child-life among the poor of Peru! Sin, ignorance, and want combine to make the picture almost lurid in its horror. But there is a still sadder picture of child-life which I want to show you,—not perhaps so striking, not so piteous at first sight,—the tragedy of respectable neglect.

Think of little ones whose lives are without colour, joyless and monotonous; children who sit all day in the house, each with his or her own servant; children who have no toys, no books, no amusements; children who do not know how to play, who seldom laugh, who never romp with mother or father, who never listen to stories. Theirs is not childhood, but a joyless existence. They are listless, careless, spiritless little creatures, content to sit idle all day long by a "muchacha" or maid. For them life has no zest, childhood will leave no sacred memories.

And the outcome? Is it less sad than the results of social conditions amongst the poor? The respectable children, unguarded by parental love, live with servants, and too early the companionship of sullied thoughts is theirs. Alone, unoccupied, ambitionless—the influence of these evil companions is all-powerful.

What wonder then that few Peruvian mothers think it possible that a boy should grow up moral? What wonder that Peru's black-eyed daughters so often ruin their lives, as their mothers did before them, in spite of the window-bars which should have caged them in?

“ PLEASE GO SHARES ! ”

INCA MELODY (kindly harmonized by MR. CHARLES GARDNER,
Guildhall School of Music).

The image shows a musical score for the song 'PLEASE GO SHARES!'. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system begins with a double bar line and ends with a double bar line. There is a 'tr' (trill) marking above the final note of the melody in the second system.

Song of the Brown Children.

WE have heard of Santa Claus,
We, the children of Peru ;
We should like a Christmas, too—
Please go shares with yours !

We have heard of pretty toys,
We, the children of Peru ;
We should like some playthings, too,
Though we're only Indian boys.

We have heard of dollies, too,
We, the brown-skinned Indian girls,
With our black and tangled curls—
We should like to play with you.

We have heard of play-books, too,
We, the boys who cannot spell :
Happy English children, tell—
Shall we ever be like you ?

Song of the White Children.

Listen, Indian girls and boys !
We will answer to your song :
We are happy all day long,
Not because of books and toys,

But because of Christ above,
He Who loves us one and all ;
He Who sees the sparrow fall,
He Who makes us love.

I forgot you did not know—
But He loves you same as me ;
Wants you good and glad to be ;
Wants you like Himself to grow.

You shall share our books and toys,
You shall love our Jesus too ;
We will all be friends with you,
'Cause we love you Indian boys !

Geraldine Guinness.

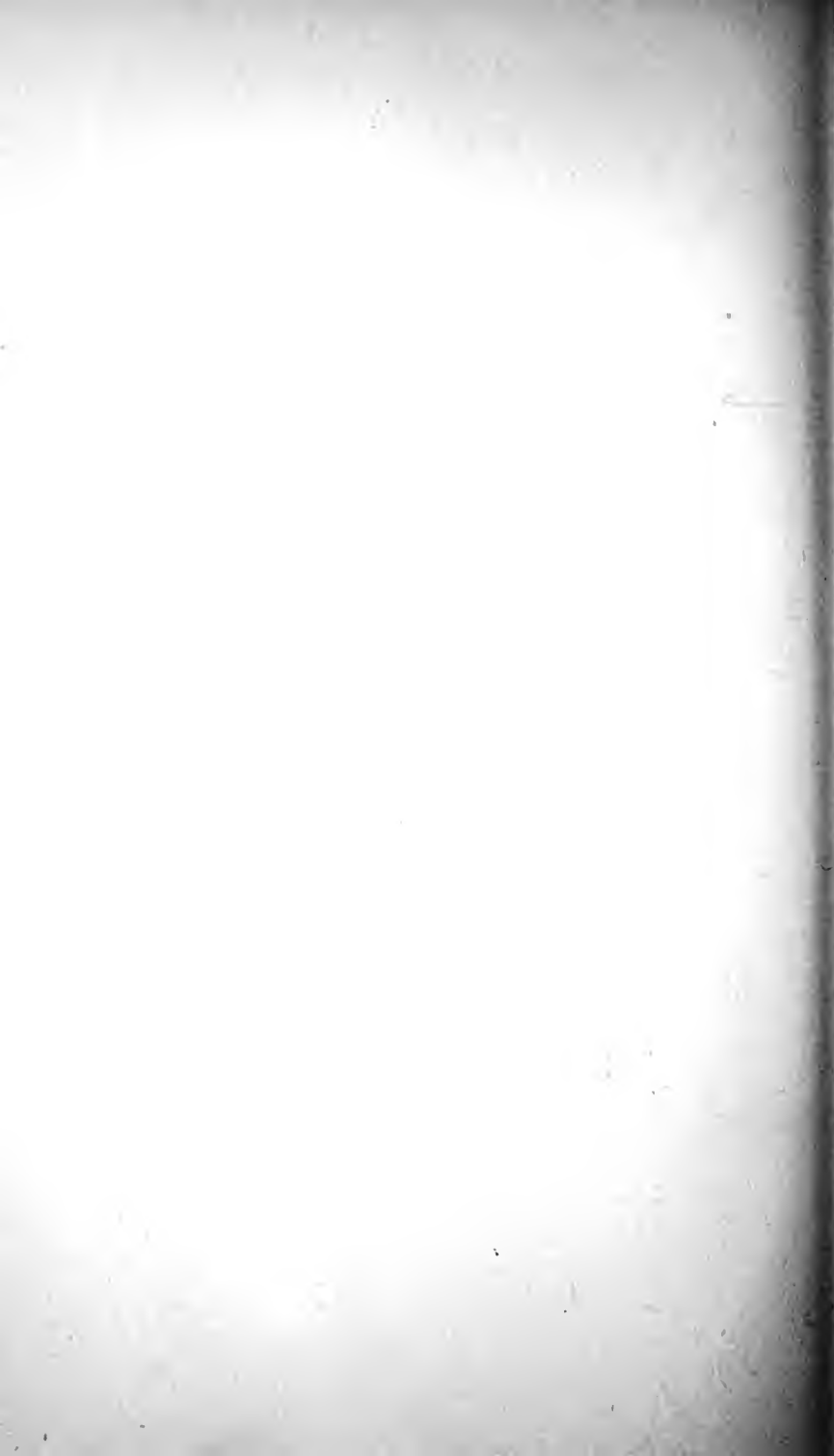
A few weeks ago a thronged procession passed our windows in Cuzco. The Host was on its way to visit a death-bed, followed by the band from the Theological Seminary and a number of young girls from the Nunnery School. To us it was one of the heart-rending sights of Peru, for we knew that one of their schoolmates, not daring to face the result of her sin, had taken strychnine and was dying.

As I think of Peru's children, Ruskin's words burn themselves into my heart—

“Far among the moorlands and the rocks—far in the darkness of the terrible streets—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken. Will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death?”

CHAPTER XV.—CHOLITAS—

Visiting the poor in Cuzco—Worldly wisdom and spiritual treasure—A pretty little mother of sixteen years old—A peep into a typical sitting-room—Preaching the Gospel under difficulties.







From a photograph by]

[the Missionary Studio, Cuzco.

"THE STREET THAT TIRES THE FOX."

A typical Cuzqueño street, with its corner of Inca masonry, its balcony of Spanish carving, and its street drain.

CHAPTER XV

“CHOLITAS,” AS SEEN BY A LADY MISSIONARY ¹

“They are little simple things to do—
To sweep a room, to bake a loaf of bread,
Kiss a hurt finger, tie a baby’s shoe,
To mend a crying schoolboy’s broken sled.

Such little simple things! But they above
Who on our little world attendant wait,
And joyful wait, note only if through love
The deed be done, to count the work as great.”—ANON.

PAST the great church piles of San Francisco and Santa Clara, to the little road which turns off from the Inca walls of Calle Hospital, climbing up through the stench of a dry acequia, along an opened-up underground drain—such is the route one must take when visiting in the poorer parts of Cuzco.

A very poor old woman lived in a room which received all the odours from the street outside. She had come to our house begging, and was now doing some needlework for me. When I reached the house the Señora was sitting on the doorstep sewing my Indian skirt. Poor body! She had looked fairly respectable in her dark skirt and manta, though they were green with age; but now her black plaits were hanging over an unwashed face, and she wore a skimpy cotton bodice and ragged skirt. Franciscita, her pretty little

¹ No tourist has ever troubled to study the Cholitas (poor lower-class girls of Peru); I have, therefore, pictured them as seen by their only foreign friend, the lady missionary.

grand-daughter, was there also, and very glad to see me. A mat was placed on the couch for me to sit on, and then we began to talk.

Visiting in Cuzco—can you imagine it? That room was cleaner than most, but had no window, of course. A bed was laid on the floor in one corner, and a chair, a couch, and a table constituted all the furniture.

We discussed the Indian clothes, even to the gathers and tucks, and then the conversation broadened.

For what purpose did I, an elegant young lady, wish Indian clothes?

Was that so, indeed, that to my friends in England such costumes would be curiosities?

Did the English ladies, then, wear mantas always, and never rebosos, or Indian headcloths?

How extraordinary! But if we did not use mantillas, how could we enter the churches? Surely not in hats or caps!

Did I attend Mass in Cuzco?

Indeed! I had felt such interest as to rise one morning at four o'clock in order to hear the Kechua sermon!

But did I not prefer to attend the Novena of La Merced?

Yes indeed, she could tell the hour of all the Misas and sermons; but if I came to the cathedral for morning Mass, I must wear a manta, for it would not be allowable to enter in a cap. Of what was my cap made? Beautiful, yet unknown in Cuzco; for this cause did the people stare at me as I passed through the streets with her on the previous day.

In the cathedral I should see Our Lord of the Earthquakes! Oh, wondrously beautiful, miraculous! What agony, what powers! Yes, she knew well the wonders of Nuestro Señor. Had she not been in Arequipa during the terrible shock which rocked the city and threw down houses? Had she not seen the wealthiest run, screaming, to fetch their treasures from the doomed houses? Had she not witnessed a similar shock in Cuzco, when the city swayed and its population slept

in the fields around? Did she not see the kneeling multitude in the cathedral? Did she not witness the processions of white-robed women bearing crosses on their shoulders, their hair hanging in disorder over their faces, as they marched wailing through the streets? Yes, and Our Lord of the Earthquakes took compassion, so that not one house in the whole city fell. Solely was this due to his mercy and might!

Had I visited the famous shrine of Our Lord of Huanca? No? I had not even heard of his fame? It was many years ago when an Indian, keeping his sheep on the mountain-side of a farm called Huanca, heard cries and shouts. Astonished at such sounds on the lonely hillside, he left his flocks to discover their origin, and beheld, with his own eyes, our blessed Lord being scourged by the Jews. Yet did he not recognize the bleeding Figure, but going to the authorities told them of the crime. They accompanied him to the spot and saw the suffering Christ, but the Jews were no longer visible. A church was then erected on the sacred ground; and still pilgrims come from Bolivia, Chili, and the Argentine, to visit the miraculous image of Our Lord of Huanca.

Such were the stories she told me, and between them I questioned her as to her own religious beliefs. She knew more of the truths of Christianity than any other of her class to whom I had spoken.

"You have told me of Jesus Christ, and of Our Lord of the Earthquakes, and of the *Tai-tai* (Lord) of Huanca; tell me now, are these all one and the same with the Son of God who is in heaven, or are they different?"

"The same—all are the same. There is but one Jesus; the *Tai-tai* and Our Señor, all are the same."¹

"Then is it the Son of God in heaven who works these miracles, or is it the images?"

¹ The answer given by the poor to such a question is more generally that each image is a different god. See Chapter XXVI., page 293.

"It is He, the Son of God; His power is in the blessed images; but it is He that works."

"Is it the same with the Virgins? Our Lady of Bellen (Our Lady of Bethlehem), Nuestra Señora de Merced (Our Lady of Mercy)—all these Virgins—are they different? Which is the Mother of Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, they too are all the same; they are the Mother of Jesus, and it matters not whether you speak of Our Blessed Lady of Bellen or of another; each is the Virgin, our Holiest Mother. For an angel—I know not his name or where it was—came to the purest Mary to say that she was the greatest of women."

"I too have heard the story; shall I read it to you as Saint Luke tells it?"

Then the old words are read, and the woman, with little Franciscita at her side, listens eagerly, and gladly accepts the booklet.

"What a beautiful conversation! How congenial to me! Never before have I rejoiced in the privilege of conversing with an elegant lady. My little grand-daughter also has lost her heart to you; she says to me: 'When will the Señorita return? Let us hasten and finish her sewing!'"

Franciscita is blushing, but promises to come home with me one day and have her photo taken. Then the old woman embraces me, and I leave her 20c. (5d.) to pay for the day's work, and go out again to the smelly street and on to the homes of my other friends.

Such visiting sounds delightfully easy, but humanly speaking it is impossible ever to get that old woman to think of her soul. To start with, she is proud of being spoken to by a *blanca*. Further, she has a practical mind, and intends to profit by this condescension. The *gringa* is young and ignorant, and so kind-hearted that a few tears may accomplish much. The Señorita's chief interest is evidently in religion. Good! Is she not willing and even pleased to speak with rapture on

the blessed subject? (Indeed, poor soul, though she does not realize it, this vapid "religion" is part of her very being; it is her only interest in life—her only pleasure!) Probably she had received a little religious instruction when her social condition was more favourable; but the truths she now repeated were the possession of a retentive Peruvian memory, not of a thinking mind.

When one faces these things, the thought arises: "What a foolish, hopeless task you are undertaking! Were these heathen Chinese to whom the story of Christ could come with fresh force, your work might succeed; as it is, the name of Christ is one of their commonest words. They know all about Him; He is the *Tai-tai* of Huanca! You can never make them understand that your Jesus is real, and quite different from the idol they have hitherto worshipped—never!"

But if the Devil seems more awfully real in Peru than at home, so is the Saviour more consciously near His children who labour in the midst of the Powers of Darkness.

"Your love will teach them of My love; according to the measure of the Christ-spirit in your words and works, shall they learn to know Me."

When the Master whispers such words, the privilege and responsibility of living for Him in earth's dark lands seem very great.

My next visit is to Luciana, a girl of sixteen who has a great big baby girl of four months old. Antonia, the baby, lies kicking on the bed. We are great friends, and the quaint little mite smiles and stretches out her arms to come to me. Picture to yourselves the home—a dark room with the dirt of years accumulated on its mud floor; several thick skirts hanging from pegs on the mud wall, and a crockery stove for cooking; some dirty plates, and brown Indian pots lying about! Luciana's mother sits on the doorstep spinning; and the girl has taken up her big baby from the rough wooden bedstead, and is nursing her.

"Look at the baby!" she says. "Has she not blue eyes like the English?"

"Yes indeed, she is my little sister. Where did she get the blue for those eyes? Yours are dark—and her father's?"

"They also are brown; I think Antonia has her English eyes from Miss Pinn."¹

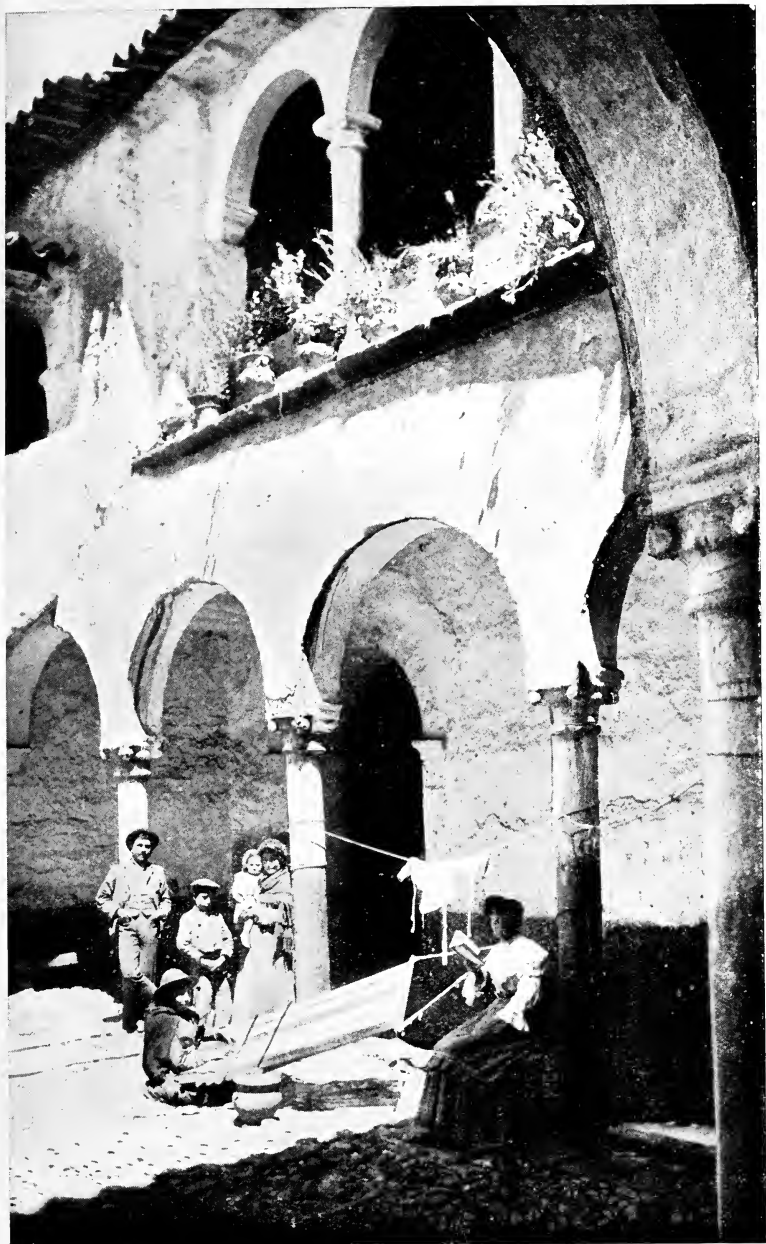
At this naive remark we all laughed heartily, and Luciana devoured the baby with kisses.

My next visit was to a slightly, superior family where I was hugged and patted by Maria and her mother, a nice little woman in black. Maria is a pretty girl with dark hair and large black eyes; she is slightly built, even for her sixteen years, so that one can scarcely believe she is the mother of Estaire, a great fat baby of six months old. When I arrived, Maria was in the patio having her hair done. This is a lengthy process in Peru: the hair is carefully combed through with water, and then fastened on the top of the head, smooth and black and shining. All the family were gathered round to help; a small boy holding Estaire, and elder brothers, nieces, and nephews watching. All were delighted to see me, and crowded upstairs to the room of entertainment.

I am so used to Peruvian homes that I have not even been struck by the sitting-room, but doubtless it would be very strange to your eyes. The floor is of bricks, the walls of mud, ornamented with paper figures cut out of fashion-books, advertisements, and visiting-cards. A dirty curtain partially veils the entrance into a bedroom where piles of clothes and odds and ends of all kinds lie about on the floor. The furniture consists of a rickety couch—very hard and formal—on which I sit, a chair, a trunk, and several fragments of packing-cases.

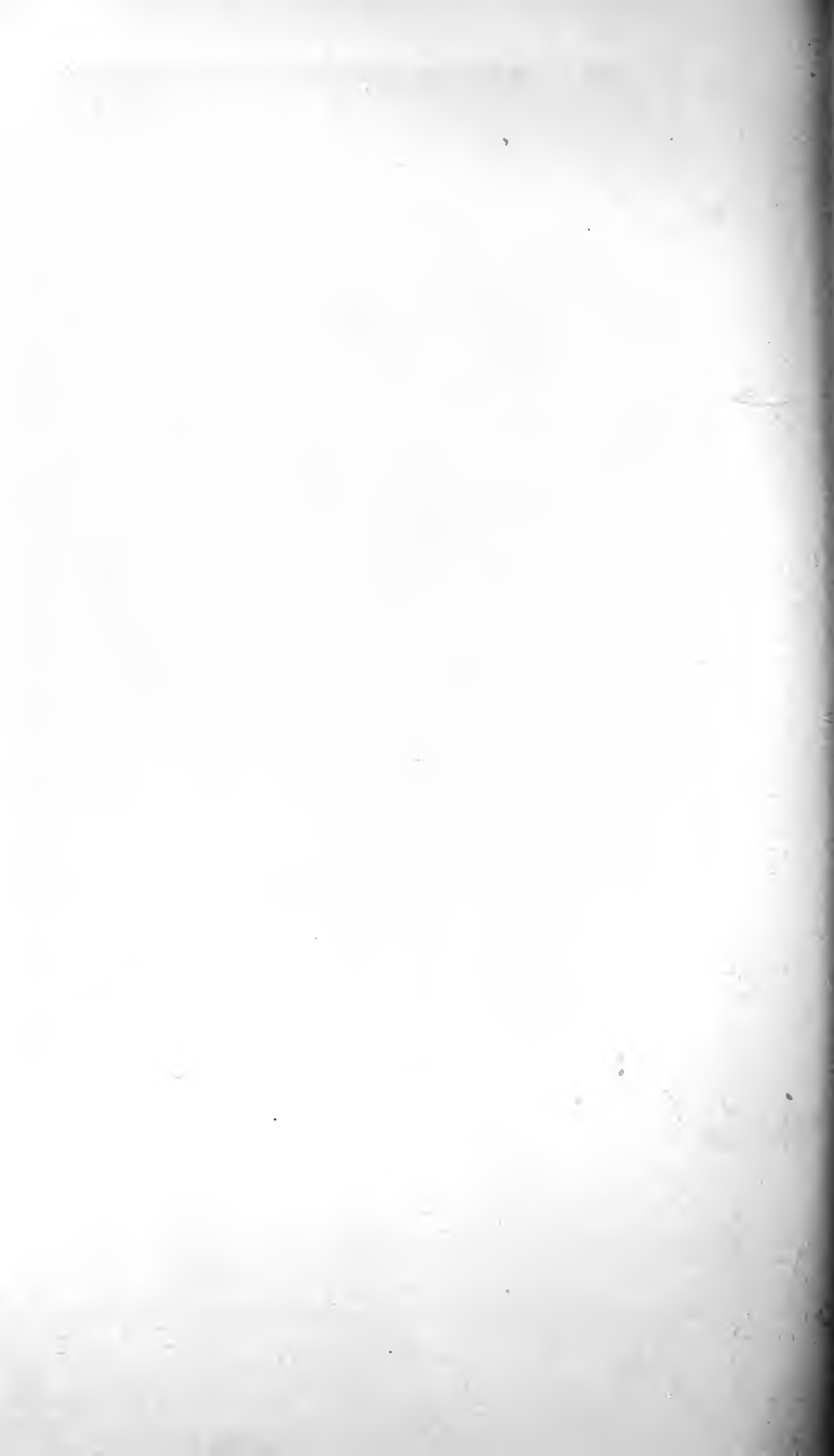
Meanwhile the family has gathered around me. Maria holds my right hand; Estaire is in my other arm; a fat little boy with a tiny shirt and tinier trousers—the two garments separ-

¹ Miss Pinn, a missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Cuzco, won the friendship of this family by her kindness and skill in nursing Luciana and her baby.



IN THE PATIO.

This is a corner of the open patio of a Cuzco house. Below are the portales (cloisters) which surround it; and above, the corridor from which open the rooms. The walls are all of mud whitewashed, and the patio of cobbles.



ated by a band of dirty brown skin—is holding on to my knees; and the next son, a bright lad of about thirteen, is spelling out some words in an English missionary magazine.

“When I come back to Cuzco I want to have an English class for boys; what would you say to that, Luis?”

“Indeed it would be a benefit to Cuzco,” puts in his mother; “to do well in Arequipa or Lima nowadays, one needs English, and it is Luis’ one ambition to learn. He notices every word and writes it down.”

“And why did he and his brother not come to the meeting? I was expecting them, but was disappointed.”

“Poor Luis! He has a boil on his leg and cannot sit down!” (And the cruel sister laughs!) “But it is too bad to laugh; he is better now, and wants to come next Thursday.”

“Very well, Luis, you shall have a special chair, and sit on the edge. I want you to see our new organ.”

“Oh, may I come too? Mama and I will come,” exclaims Maria. “Will you sing the beautiful hymn that we learned at your house the other day? What were the words? Dost remember, mama? ‘*Dolor y muerto sufriendo.*’¹ No?”

“Yes, we will sing that again. I shall expect you all to-morrow night.”

“What does it mean to belong to your society? What are your beliefs?” asks the mother.

“We believe in God and in His Son Jesus Christ, who came to our world to die that our sins might be forgiven; also that He was born of the Virgin Mary—so being both human and Divine. This you too believe, do you not?”

“Assuredly. But is it not true then that you deny the purity of the Blessed Virgin?”

¹ “Dolor y muerto sufriendo
Al hombre vida dió;
Y al cielo ascendiendo
Gloria le preparó.”

Suffering sorrow and death,
He gave life to man;
And ascending to heaven,
Prepared for him glory.

"Indeed and indeed we do not! Listen while I read you what the Bible tells of her. This we believe."

"Ah, those are beautiful words! But it is a shame that such reports should be believed of you. We have friends, educated ladies, who say that you would destroy our belief in the purity of the Virgin."

"Could we not meet together one evening and talk over these things?"

"Yes, mama—shall we invite some friends here? Señores M—— and L—— would like to come. They saw the Señorita Geraldina when the crowd tried to stone her in the plaza. That was at Corpus Christi, was it not?"

So the conversation continued, and we talked of Mass and Confession and our reasons against them; also of the high task given to the Virgin in the bringing up of the Christ Child; of the future of little Estaire; of what the mothers of Peru could do for their country in training good, moral, obedient, Christian children; and of many other things.

Then they pressed me to take some milk or fruit, and one of the boys went out and bought some oranges, which were set on a tray upon one of the wooden packing-cases.

"And do you give Estaire orange?" (Peel, skin, and all, was being stuffed down the baby's throat.)

"Yes, she eats anything, does she not, mama?"

It was a strange picture—the slovenly little mother, her dirty baby taken straight from bed where she had slept in yesterday's frock, unwashed, uncared for; the rough packing-case; the family gnawing oranges and spitting pips on to the floor; the dirty comfortless room—home-life!

Unless, however, you know Peru, you can scarcely realize how thankful one is merely to have got beyond the zone of conventionalities, into the home-life as it really is. What happy work, and for all the simple homely details, what serious work ours is! These people are careless children, playing on the shore of sin, and pouring out its evil waters as a

libation to their gods. For each of these Christ died, and not one of them realizes the fact.

One must not be too elated by such a visit; the promises, Peruvian words, as they are called, are valueless. Maria and her mother, in spite of their real affection, will never come to the meetings. Why? The answer is hidden in those depths of Peruvian character which are ruled by *costumbre*, or custom. Luis and his brother will come once, join enthusiastically in the singing, listen with profound attention, promise to attend regularly, gladden and encourage our hearts, and then—never return.

On the surface, work in Cuzco is wonderfully encouraging, and in some respects even easy. But below are the adamant rocks of Peruvian character and Roman Catholic training, which only God can strengthen us by patience and trust to wear away.

My next visit is to two sisters called Antonia and Rosa. I dread them—they are so terribly polite! As in so many Peruvian households, it is the younger of these sisters who has fallen first. The watch over the elder daughter was perhaps stricter; I know not. She is the mistress of the household now, and her pale little sister sits clasping her baby disconsolately.

They live in a pretty old house, hanging together in an uncertain way round a dirty patio. The girls are sitting on a doorstep close by the open drain—Antonia sewing, and the little mother—thin and haggard—dreaming idly. She is scarcely sixteen yet, and her four months' old baby is not healthy.

Poor Rosa! She attracts me, but it is impossible to get a word with her while Antonia is near. That young lady is cut out for society; she can talk polite nothings by the hour; she is strong, and probably considers herself good-looking; but her sister's meek patient face is far more attractive to me.

“Señorita, how do you do? How has it gone with you?”

Does your health preserve itself well? You are well! Even so. I have much pleasure to know it. But enter, Señorita. Allow me to show you to a seat. With your permission, I will lead the way."

So the voluble conversation continues while we find our way to the dimly-lighted parlour, where the chairs, which stand like ghosts along the wall, are carefully covered until the next dance which the stiff and chilly reception-room shall witness.

A very trying conversation, in which I seek in vain to get beyond mere conventionalities, continues until Antonia offers to go and pick me some flowers. I seize the opportunity to follow her into the patio, and sit down with Rosa and the baby by the drain. Alas, it is impossible to get any conversation with the girl; another friend, even more formal than the elder sister is there.

"Oh, what pretty stuff! Are you making a blouse?" I ask.

"Señorita, you speak exactly correctly. I am honoured that you should notice my blouse."

"Last week I too made a blouse, but I only know a very little of sewing."

"Impossible, Señorita! Yours would be so far superior in every way to mine."

I sigh with relief when Antonia returns and delivers me from this kind of thing. Together we go round to see the garden (an unusual possession in Cuzco), and from there Antonia takes me through the field where Indians are treading mud for bricks, to a hill from which we can see one of the mountains looking down on Cuzco. We arrange to go for a walk on the following Friday, and then I take my leave.

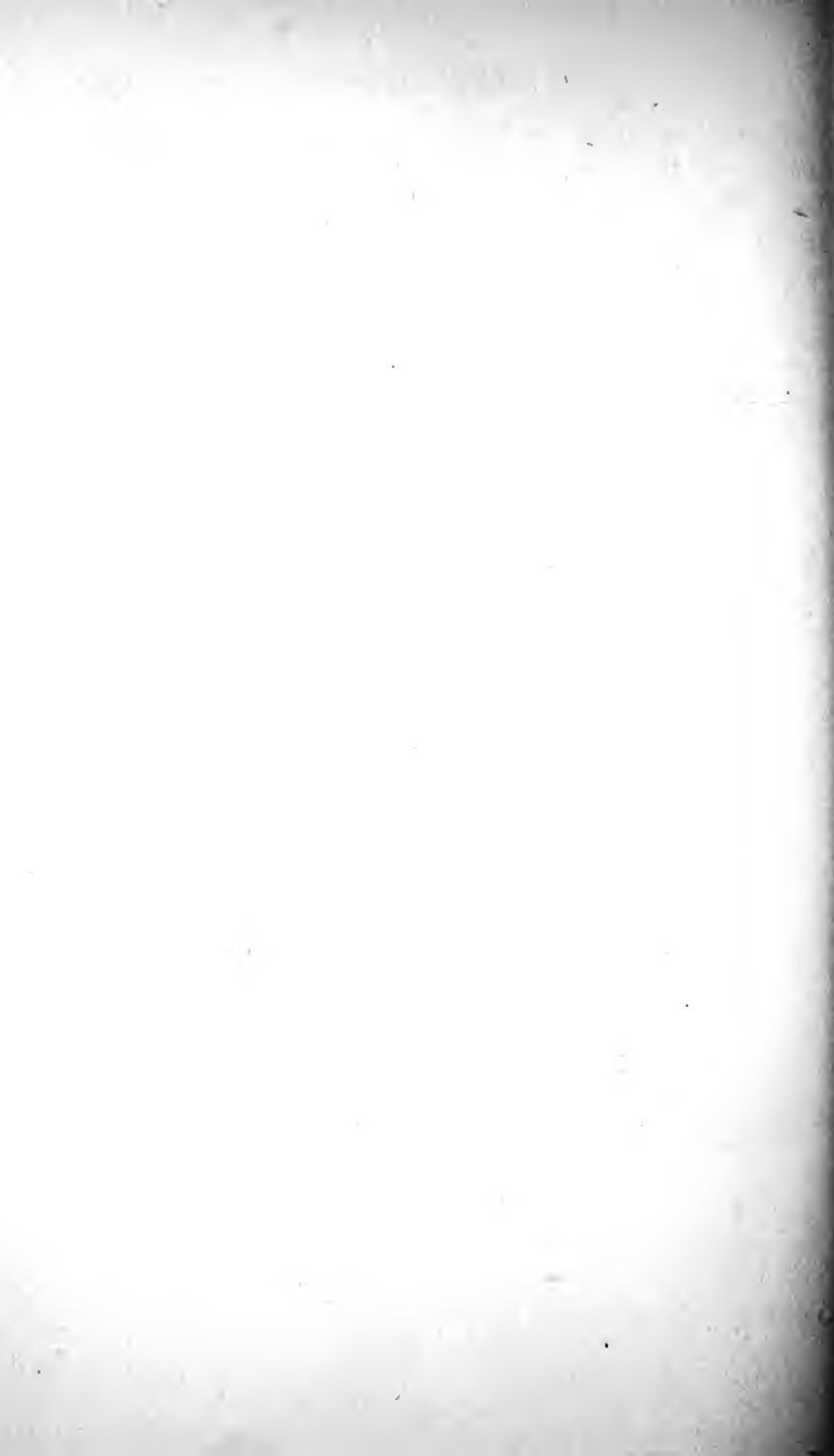
Such is daily missionary work in Cuzco! Not pleading in impassioned Spanish from a pulpit; not dealing with abstruse metaphysical difficulties; but sitting by a drain and talking conventionalities in the hope of winning a way for the Gospel into the hearts of these poor girls!

As I try to look into their lives, a great longing to help

them stirs my heart. So fallen, so sinful—not because their inmost soul does not condemn them, but because all whom they have known are the same! So ignorant and childish! So totally unfit to be mothers! So girlish and affectionate! So easy yet so difficult to win!

And to-day, amongst the millions of the Sierra, there are only two lady missionaries.¹

¹ Since this chapter was written, the band of R.B.M.U. missionaries in Peru has been reinforced, and Mrs. Seers and Mrs. Job have joined Miss Pinn and Mrs. Payne.



CHAPTER XVI.—THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN—

Indians who plough precipitous mountain-sides—Little shepherds and shepherdesses of three or four years old—The home of an old lame shepherd and his beautiful wife—How we consumed the dinner they gave us without knives or forks—A touching Indian benediction—Scenes from the maize harvest—How we were entertained at the Salt Village—2,000,000 people who have never had a missionary.



CHAPTER XVI

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

“Take up the White Man's burden—
Send forth the best ye breed,
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need :
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild,
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Half-devil, and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden,
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride :
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain,
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain !

Take up the White Man's burden,
Ye dare not stoop to less,
Nor call too loud on freedom
To cloak your weariness :
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.”—RUDYARD KIPLING.

IN the sunny valleys of the Andean plateau, and on its wind-swept lake-shores and high, bleak punas, live the Inca Indians. Here, as in other parts of the world, physical environment appears to have greatly influenced national character. The indigines of Peru have the contented, childlike, pleasure-

loving nature of other sons of the tropics; they have at the same time the industry and perseverance of peoples of the temperate zones; and, in common with all other mountaineers, seem to have gained gravity and grandeur of character from the rugged peaks and the cloud-crowned snows which guard their valleys.

On the bleak, snowbound punas where the wild vicuña and haunting condor are their only friends, the Indians have caught something of the spirit of the eyrie where is their home. "In the twilight they impressed me as the Sphinxes did, when looking up the lane of Luxor."¹ Although apparently unconscious of the strange fascination of their land—the fascination of buried history—the Indians' inscrutable expression agrees well with the mysteries of Peru.

A large number of Indians are cultivators; they own no land, but are allowed a portion of ground to till for themselves in return for labour given on the farms where they live. The Indian's field produces barley, maize, or potatoes, which are all he needs to live upon. A tiny thatched hut, smoke-blackened and windowless, is home to his quiet wife and little ones. If we travel with the manager of the farm, refreshment will be demanded for us in the dilapidated villages, and Indian women will come forward shyly and offer us bowls of home-brewed chicha. If we pass a family trudging along the dusty path which hangs on the mountain-side above the winding river, the woman will bow her head and turn the other way, and her husband, without moving his eyes from the ground, will greet us with—*Tai-tai, Viracocha!*"²

From their famous ancestors, the Indians of Peru have learned industry and economy in agriculture. *Andenes*, the

¹ Squier, *Incidents of Travel—Exploration in the Land of the Incas*.

² Viracocha, the name of an ancient Inca deity, is still used by the Indians in speaking to all of superior rank. The name was originally given to the relatively fair-skinned Spaniards, whom, for a time, the Indians thought to be gods.



AN INDIAN WATER-CARRIER.



terraces or hanging gardens of the Incas, are still cultivated high upon the mountain-sides; careful irrigation is necessary to produce crops in their dry land; and so daring are they in utilizing their mountainous country, that I was pointed out the hillside where an Indian, ploughing his field, had lately slipped and rolled fifty feet down into the valley.

“As shepherds they excel by reason of their patience and kindness to animals. It is probable that no other people could have successfully domesticated so stubborn an animal as the llama, so as to use it as a beast of burden; and constant watchfulness and attention alone enable the Indians to rear their flocks of alpacas, which need assistance in almost every function of nature, and to produce the large annual out-turn of wool.”

The tiny square hut of a shepherd is often miles from any other habitation. Bleak winds sweep around it, and its smoke-blackened mud walls are his only shelter from the furious mountain storms. He comes of a hardy and self-contained race: Indian babies of three and four go out with the sheep; girls and boys alike spin continuously while at their other work, or wander alone on the mighty snow-walled puna, barefooted, and but poorly clad against its bitter cold.

As we pass one of these homesteads our guide begs permission to stay a moment; we ride on and leave him. Instinctively we feel this is due to him; he too is a gentleman. But a backward glance imprints the scene for ever on our memories:—the excited little daughters bound over stones and rocks to meet their father, dancing around him and then darting off with wondrous speed to fetch their mother. Husband and wife—united by yet stronger ties than those of solely legal ceremonies—sit side by side on the frosty ground to share the coca which our guide has earned. Save on the part of the children, there is no demonstration of affection. These Indians are calm, silent people, trained by the cruel cold and cutting winds to stoicism.

On the mountain-side, 5,000 feet above the valley of

Calca, we were entertained by an old lame shepherd and his beautiful wife.¹ As on many other occasions, we were struck by a strange something—a refinement, a sensitiveness, an inborn politeness—which characterizes so many of the Indians. Only a tiny thatched hut by a grey lake from which precipitous snows rose sheer to a craggy crest—but in that isolated spot was a true home. The old shepherd leaned upon his stick while the Indian woman laid sheepskins and ponchos on the ground for us to sit on. Then she came quietly up beside him to ask a question, and her low Kechua tones floated over to us. Two little children followed her about, or stood and eyed us half in fear and half in wonder. They were dirty little mites, dressed in knitted caps and woollen cloths tied about their wee brown bodies. Soon the young mother returned with a dish of hot potatoes and another of grilled flesh. In a quiet, unassuming way she set the dishes down, and moved away some distance while we ate.

Imagine the passionate longing which possesses one at such a time to be able to tell the story of Jesus to these people! Away here, amongst the clouds and snow, surely there is liberty of worship! Who shall forbid us here to preach Christ? Alas that we know nothing of the Kechua tongue!

“Until we meet again may all fulness of blessing be yours!” they cry as we depart, and the mother takes my hand in hers and kisses it reverently, accepting my piece of silver with such grace that I cannot but feel it is a remembrance rather than compensation for her expenditure and trouble.

The happiness of such Indians depends almost entirely on the disposition of their owner, for they, like their fields, belong to the master of the farm. Some *haciendados* (owners of farms) bring sin and disgrace and bitterness into the lives of their Indians, while others rule the *hacienda* (farm) with gentle kindness.

¹ This family lives on “Urco,” the farm which the R.B.M.U. has lately bought.

Well I remember one beautiful summer morning when we rose with the sun to continue our journey from Marabamba. The mistress of the estate was the earliest riser, however, and we found her sitting on the rough bench of the verandah, watching the little servants prepare coffee for breakfast, and wash the plates and feed the pigeons. One by one the Indians passed the verandah on their way to work, and one old man who was setting out on a journey, approached her with his head bared, and they embraced each other after Peruvian fashion, with the customary greeting—

Imaina Cashanqui, Tai-tai?

Alliman cani, Mai-mai.

Very picturesque are these *fincas* and their copper-skinned farm-hands. Imagine a scene from the beautiful maize-harvest of Peru! A small circular valley shut in by mountain walls two to three thousand feet high—a river winding through it—and a cloud-wreathed snowy peak watching over it! Such is the situation of Aynan. Blue-gum trees, azure lucerne, high stalks of yellow maize, dry and crackling—all wrapped in the soft sunshine of Spring—such is the setting to a group of picturesque harvesters. Little children in bright rags of clothing sit about amongst the piles of maize-stalks. An old woman, dark-skinned and wrinkled, is collecting broken cobs for making chicha. Strong, lithe Indians are gathering up the maize in huge striped ponchos, and bearing it up to the farmhouse through orchard arbours, where vines form arches over the path, and peaches are mellowing in the sunshine.

Watch them there—men of physical perfection—balancing great loads without effort, and letting their golden contents pour slowly on to the ground. Colour the panorama for yourself! The piles of maize—red, brown, and yellow; the little Indians, sitting on it and around it, with their rags of green and red, their black heads and dark brown eyes; the distant

mountains, half shut out by mist; and, framed by the doorway in the maize field wall below, that blue lucerne.

A good many Indians live on small plots of ground of their own. They appear to be free. They grow their own food, weave their own garments, and go out at seasons to work, but in reality they have no liberty. They are hopeless slaves to alcohol and coca,¹ and have no one to give them a word of advice or help. The conqueror's hand has spoiled their country and embittered their lives. Their only heritage is resentment. And in a hard world their chief pleasure is the fiery water which the foreigners sell to them by force, until a craving for it is developed. "Excessive drinking is so common that it may be said to be the Indian's chief (or only) pastime. The liquor usually drunk is a form of crude spirit prepared from the sugar cane, and is particularly rich in toxic alcohols."

Coca, their ancient recourse, is the support of life to them. Cold will be numbed, weariness unfelt, hunger satisfied, by the customary quid of coca. They are unconscious that life itself is numbed, the power of active thought lost, and will-power destroyed, by the poisonous narcotic.

In the towns and villages are many Indian merchants who sell butter, cheese, grain, and potatoes. "It is from the Cholos, a semi-educated class of Indians, who have intermarried with Peruvians, that the wealthier merchants are recruited; these are the chief oppressors of the more ignorant Indian. Under the cloak of good fellowship they will stupefy him with vile liquor, so as to enable them to extract the maximum profit out of their dealings with him, and will not hesitate to cheat him in every way possible."²

"As miners the Indians are exceedingly apt at the work of extracting the metal from the ores; and no people in the world

¹ Coca is the leaf from which cocaine is obtained. The Indians continually chew it, so that it is in Peru what the *betel* leaf is in India.

² Walter Ball, M.D.Lond., of Caylloma, Peru.

can be compared with them in ability to endure the extremes of heat and cold.”¹ Like their flocks of llamas and alpacas, the Indians thrive in the heights, and live without any inconvenience in mines at fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and even seventeen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Such Indians seldom come in contact with strangers, and their fear of and dislike for them witness to the cruel treatment which white men have meted out to the original owners of the land of the Incas.

On a pampa a few leagues from Cuzco, we stopped one morning at Chaquerac, the Salt Village. Chaquerac is a collection of dilapidated mud walls on a bare dry plateau. Being both hungry and thirsty, we dismounted from our horses and approached an Indian hut. Black darkness was within, and blinding smoke issued through the low doorway.

Imaina Cashanqui, Mai-mai? Hay chicha? (How do you do, mother? Is there any chicha?)

Manancancho. (There is none.)

Hay chupi? (Is there any soup?)

Manancancho.

Hay moti? (Is there any corn?)

Manancancho.

No hay nada? (Isn't there anything?)

Still the same sullen reply from within; but sooner or later the women will probably relent; so we sit down in the dust and blazing sunshine outside. Presently a withered old woman, only half-clothed, comes out of the smoke and sits down by the mud wall to examine us. Then a younger woman with a genial face, full of character, brings us sheepskins to sit on. We are eating dry Indian bread. (It is very dry, and we are white with dust, and look thirsty!) That thaws her chill welcome, and soon we are dipping fresh milk out of a huge earthenware bowl with a broken gourd, and eating dry beans and maize with some of the salt found near the village. Before

¹ Markham, *History of Peru.*

we leave, the woman has become a real friend; she begs us to return soon, and assures us that she will always have fodder for our horses and food for us if we are passing through Chaquerac.

Generally speaking the Indians seem to be healthy and strong, though statistics show that the annual mortality amongst them is about seventy per thousand. Probably the high rate of the infant death-rate accounts for this. Only the pure air of their mountain homes prevents yet more sickness among those who sleep all huddled together in wretched, dark, dirty huts, and seldom undress, or even so much as wash their faces and hands.

Two million people are without elementary education, without knowledge of the hygiene of the home, often without the necessaries of life, without a friend, without the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

We must answer to their great need.

This is the White Man's burden.

This is the Christian's trust.

CHAPTER XVII.—PAGANIZED CHRISTIANITY—

“Without God in the world”—How I was invited to perform at a pagan dance beneath the snows of Illimani—Alcohol and the Virgin—Worshippers of the Earth Goddess—“The Patron of Butchers”—Waking the saints in heaven—How lambs are dressed and taken to church—Indian “beasts” and their only god.



CHAPTER XVII

PAGANIZED CHRISTIANITY

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not.
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened ;
Listen to this simple story.”—LONGFELLOW.

WHAT is the religion of the present-day Inca Indian? Alas, he has sunk very low! The days of the worship of the Inca, and of Inti, the Sun-god, are forgotten. Pachacamac, the Life of the Universe, is remembered no more. And what has the Indian been given in the place of these destroyed “deities”? A few remnants of ancient religious observances survive on the Sierra of Peru, but the heart is taken out of them; to-day they have no religious meaning. The Indians, humble and childlike, accept the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church; but the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent, is denied them. Two religious systems are mingled in a life of meaningless observances; the soul of the Inca Indian is still empty—he has no God. Cuzqueño Indians worship the wondrous brown image in the cathedral; the Indians of the Titicaca basin worship Our Lady of Copacabana; but the Kechua race as a whole is “without God in the world.”

The following extract from my diary at La Paz describes such a scene as is often witnessed in Peru at a festival of the Roman Catholic Church:—

To-day, ancient Indian customs are observed here. La Paz may be Catholic, but its Indians have paganized the Christianity of their conquerors. An hour ago, in the tiny mud church yonder, Mass was said; now a wild Indian dance is being performed beneath its walls. All day long the poor Indians have been entering the little sanctuary to leave gifts for the priest; all day long they have been drinking immoderately of pea-nut beer and alcohol.

The feast is in honour of an obscure saint of the Roman Catholic Church, but save that the priest is in the little chapel which stands quiet amidst the drunken revelry, the feast is kept in fashion as it was when human sacrifices were offered to heathen deities below the peaks of Illimani—when each movement of the religious dance was full of meaning; when the feasters pledged themselves in native *chicha*, but were not drunk with the “fire-water” of invaders.

Let us make our way through the throng towards the church, and see, if possible, the ceremonies encouraged by the Roman Catholicism of Bolivia. “The old customs,” one of its priests has said, “are respectable; it is well to preserve them, only taking care that they do not degenerate into orgies.”

The tiny, many-windowed spire is hung with dozens of Bolivian flags; the church has no visible door, and seems to consist merely of a room about ten feet square. Its farther wall is a mass of tinsel ornaments and artificial flowers; there is a crucifix in a niche on the right, and a cross stands in one corner; but the kneeling Indians who crowd the floor seem wholly occupied with the glittering finery of the altar.

There is no room for us to step inside, and the crowd pushing behind carries us with it into a little yard under the



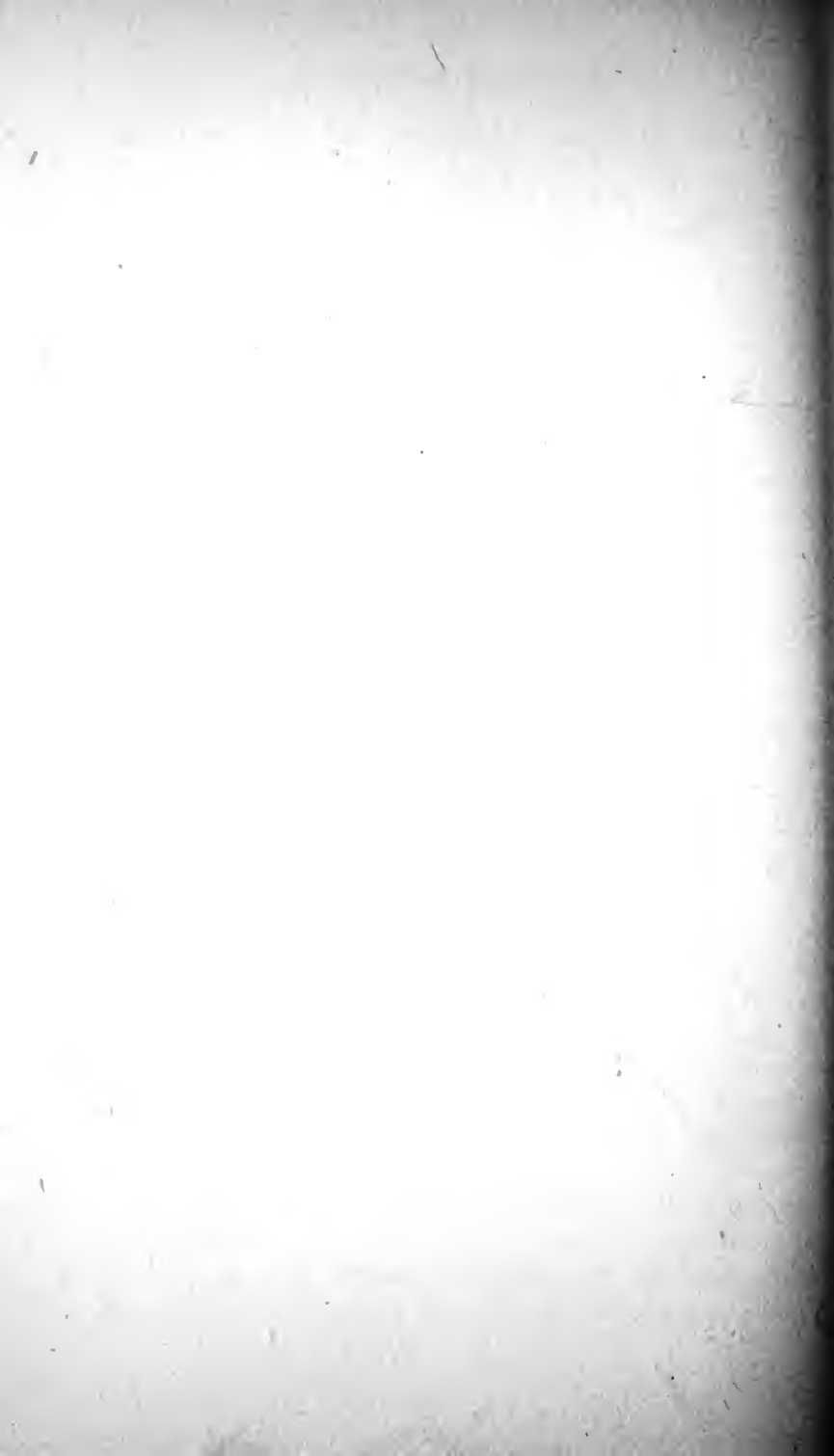


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"Come over and help us."

“Come over and help us!”

This Indian had been persuaded to enter our studio, and, taking a background for one of our “gods,” knelt before it in mute appeal. Dare we resist the plea of his piteous ignorance?



church walls. At first the strangeness of the sight which greets our eyes dazes and half-stupefies us. We are only conscious that hideous and grotesquely masked figures are performing in the centre of a drunken Indian crowd, and that the smell of pea-nuts is almost overpowering. A hundred or more people have crushed into the tiny yard, and there is no chance of retreat now; those crowding through the narrow entrance only push us farther into the ring where the extraordinary figures are dancing. It is all too strange to be real—the confused sounds of the crowd; the Indian music, and cries of the dancers; the stifling atmosphere; the ancient religious observance; the little mud church with its paper decorations!

Look at the dancer nearest to us! He wears a long, curly-haired wig over his ghastly mask, with its depiction of great wounds and drops of blood. On his beautiful knitted Indian cap is set a crown of purple velvet, ornamented with silver buttons, flowers, and feathers. He has a white shirt, a gorgeously embroidered waistcoat, full white knickers, pink-and-red striped stockings, and sandals. Round his waist and on his shoulders are strings of feathers, and his painted stick is ornamented with a bunch of brilliant plumes.

Another dancer has a penny handkerchief—probably manufactured in Manchester—over his long dark hair; and fitted above it, a crown of gold and silver cardboard, with three gigantic feathers in front and coloured ribbons hanging behind. One strange figure is dressed in tight-fitting woollen clothes of flesh colour, a short, many-coloured skirt, and a crown overburdened with masses of plumes.

Yonder is a black mask below a jewelled crown, and a rich and brilliantly embroidered cloak and feather girdle glance in the sunshine as its wearer dances. Now one of the most striking figures is whirling towards us; his wounded face, dark hair, yellow side-whiskers, and blue, pink, and yellow plumes combine to make his appearance horrible. But his outfit is certainly magnificent; over a scarlet velvet coat he wears a stiff

gold and silver garment resembling an ancient coat-of-mail, save that its scales are not of iron, but of gold embroidery, and its edges not well-turned metal, but trembling silver fringes. From his crown hang strings of beads and silver chains; a pink silk handkerchief is round his neck; he wears white gloves, and green bead bracelets below his stiff golden sleeves with their glass ornaments. His stockings are pink; his anklets silver; and his finely-made leather sandals have beaded purple straps, attached to his waist by silver chains.

Every dancer is dressed differently: some have ear-rings; some valuable old gold brooches; some magnificent plush clothes; some golden coats-of-mail so stiff that they can scarcely move; some very little clothing at all except many-coloured skirts and feathers.

The "dance of the sticks" and a "handkerchief dance" are over, and now each man is provided with a fish-shaped rattle. Alcohol is again passed round, and the drunken excitement of the crowd increases. One dancer comes forward and invites me into the ring with him; another holding up the yellow locks of his wig, exclaims that he has hair the same colour as mine; the audience cheers and exhorts me to join the dance, and the freest criticisms are passed on the *gringa*, both in Spanish and Aymará.¹

The scene is too extraordinary ever to be forgotten! In the corner is an old Indian with a seven-stop bamboo flute. The afternoon sunshine is fading, but his long black hair and strong aquiline nose, his shapeless black hat and red poncho, make a striking picture. Kneeling at his side is a younger Indian with a big drum; it is heard once or twice in the quiet of a pause, and then the rattles and flute and the sound of moving feet and cheering Indians join to drown it.

The sun has dropped low now, leaving the Chinese lanterns and paper festoons which ornament the little church, pale and

¹ Kechua is the chief Indian language of the Sierra; but Aymará is still spoken on the Titicaca basin, and in Bolivia.

faded. As we find our way out into the open air again, its light gilds the distant hill summits, and casts a soft radiance over the whole landscape. To westward, some willows and blue-gum trees are standing dark and clear against a pale blue sky flecked with pink clouds, and Illimani is glistening in the warm light. The deep blue shadowy depths around its base are half covered with rosy cloudlets, and every crevasse in its glacier seems marked on the pink with a hard blue-grey line. The distant hills and sky are purple; only a ridge of cloud-peaks stands tipped with pink above the grey.

Thus has the sun set over Inca and Spaniard, heathen and Christian. Thus has Inti looked down in the past on human sacrifice, as now on ascending incense and High Mass! Thus through the ages has the Eternal showed His faithfulness, for

“The heavens declare the glory of God
And the firmament showeth His handiwork;
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.”

His covenant in nature needs but interpreting; yet the half-drunken Indians who have watched these fantastic dances have no eyes for the sunset. The superstitious have repeated Ave Marias before the altar, and the beauty of the shrine has left a stupefied awe in their hearts; the irreligious have spent all their money in drink at the feast, and by giving the priest a *real* (2½d.) have earned an indulgence for the past month.

Inca traditions and customs these people have; Roman Catholic priests and masses they have; but the Christ who died to save, and lives to keep, they know not; the God of creation, whose wondrous works are ever about them, they heed not; the Inspired Word of God, and the plan of salvation it unfolds, they have never heard of.

Mr. McNairn writes from Peru: “Jesus Christ is to these people merely an image they are called upon to worship at

intervals;¹ they know nothing of a Saviour from sin. Such is the confusion of ideas among them that in many places their so-called worship is still carried on by means of the old heathen dances, where Christ is worshipped as the sun, and the Virgin Mary as the moon.

“Entering a village one day not far from Cuzco, we met a strange procession. A crowd of Indians were marching, or rather dancing, along, dressed in the most fantastic manner. All wore grotesque masks, and most of them carried some noise-producing instrument. In front were some young women who danced and whirled along, shouting and singing, and behind came this strange crowd of masqueraders dancing and chanting. It resembled nothing so much as some old heathen orgie. Yet in the midst of this crowd was carried aloft a crucifix with a figure of our Lord, and various other emblems of the saints. It was a feast day, and this was a procession of the Church.”

Here we see the combination of dances that are now purely social, and the crude worship of images. Such is possible in villages where there is a church and *cura* (parish priest), but what of the numberless villages that have closed churches where mass is said only once a year? What of the hamlets which have no church, no *cura*, no idol? What is the religion of such villages? Alas! Their neglected inhabitants are still pagans. On the farm of Urco they regard with awe the high stone said to be a petrified princess. The spirit of the Ñuesta, they say, inhabits the rock. In many places the first wineglass of alcohol is invariably poured out on the ground, and the customary saying is repeated, “To Mother Earth who gave it.” On the mountain of Pichupichu above Arequipa, there is one spot on the hillside where every Indian leaves his quid of coca for the Earth Goddess. And as in the days when piles of stones were set up to propitiate the evil spirits supposed to haunt mountain and lake, the Inca Indians of to-day who travel to Cuzco, rear piles of

¹ In the majority of cases they know the Virgin as an image or picture, but have never heard of Jesus Christ even as an idol.





From a photograph by

LLAMAS.

[T. E. Payne.]

stones in token of having passed the worst part of the road.

At the corner of Sta. Ana, where from the winding mountain-path Cuzco is first seen, the Indians salute the city as did their ancestors centuries ago, in honour of the Temple of Inti. The silent act—reverent, childlike, valueless now, is sadly typical of the Indians' religion.

We have seen something of the Christianized paganism of Peru; now let us look at its paganized Christianity.

The following extract from my diary describes a feast in honour of “The Patron of Butchers.” Why should John the Baptist be preferred before any other for this honour? you ask; and the Peruvian replies with another question: Do you not remember that it was he who said, “Behold the *Lamb of God*”? Yes! incredible though it may seem, for this reason St. John the Baptist is the patron saint of the butchers!

On the eve of the *fiesta*, or feast, held yesterday in his honour, *castillos* or wooden frames, ornamented with flags and loaded with fireworks, were erected in the plaza for the fireworks of the morrow; and the faces of the Indian crowd gathered in the darkness were lit up by several huge bonfires built on the platform just outside the cathedral.

From the green ridge of Sachahuamán, the Inca fortress overlooking Cuzco, flags waved, and all night long a trumpet kept sounding.

The *fiesta* of San Juan dawned with the clear light of one of Cuzco's loveliest days. The mountains seemed to cluster closer than usual around the old city, and the blue of the horizon to stretch away to a more wondrous depth than on other days. A spirit of excitement was abroad: the Indians with their lambs and llamas all seemed to be making for the large plaza whence came a strange confusion of sounds; the bleating of sheep, the hubbub of the gathered Indians, flutes, trumpets—all drowned by the constant explosion of fireworks!

A deafening roar—a sudden backward run of the crowd—a cloud of smoke trailing over the azure—and we realize that a *castillo* has been lit. One after another they explode and salute St. John the Baptist in the heaven above. The crowd, however, knows more of noise and smoke than of any saint in the heavens; it is the day of San Juan, without doubt, but is not the feast for the Indians?

In the cathedral a strange old custom is being observed: the Indians sit or kneel around an image of the Baptist with a silver lamb in his arms; and at the side of nearly every woman is a sheep. It is a curious sight—lambs in the cathedral, nibbling bread from their owners' hands, bleating softly, or being led forward for a blessing. They are all decorated with bright rags or paper, their wool being tied up with a hundred little coloured bows.

Yes, the touch of the hand of a priest, a man as ignorant and more evil than they, will console the hearts of these ignorant Indians. Their god is the Church. The building dedicated to its ceremonies, or the casket which contains its Holiest, or the priest who administers the wafer, or the ornaments of the gown he wears, or the scapularies which his hand has blessed, or the charms which he says have been made virtue-yielding by contact with an image of the Virgin, or the relic of one of the saints, which but to behold is to be blessed—yea, all these things are to the poor "Christianized" Indian, with his Cholo half-brothers, divine!

One of the Fathers of the Church has had the courage to admit the ignorance and superstition which he found amongst his parishioners. "There exists superstitious paganism in its most repugnant deformity," he says, "and absolute ignorance of the rudiments of the faith."¹

Never have I seen any more pitiful sight than that of the Indians at the great pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of

¹ Padre Umpire.

Copacabana. They knelt in groups below the dazzling image, families and villagers together; big, dirty, awkward men, with dusty sandals and tangled masses of black hair. In silent adoration they knelt there, and as the light of a thousand candles fell on their upturned faces, I saw that tears were coursing over the brown furrowed cheeks.

If these “Christianized” Indians worship the Church and its embellishments as a whole, its great prophet is the cura; more than one Peruvian has said to me, “The Indian’s god is the cura.” Their ancient worship of the Inca has been largely transferred to the priest, and, alas, he is more often a tyrant than a father!

The following is a story which the missionaries in Cuzco heard lately from the lips of a poor Indian:—

“On the fourth of the present month my brother died in the parish of Sumaro, in consequence of wounds received while working on the new railway to Cuzco.

“On the following morning when we were going to bury him, there presented themselves the abusive governor of Sumaro, accompanied by several of his followers, who, by order of the blood-sucking village priest, took us prisoners, along with the widow of my dead brother.

“We travelled thus, carrying the corpse, a distance of nine miles, to the house of the priest, who, on our arrival, notified us that he was going to perform the burial ceremony, and that the cost would be £5, to be paid at once, without any pretence whatever. He also gave us to understand that he was going to take possession of all the belongings of the deceased.

“We, as poor Indians, had not £5 to give him, and my sister-in-law was in danger of being left in the world without money or bread for herself and the children. Our situation was critical, and, above all, pitiful. Finding ourselves in such a position we had to plead with the inhuman priest not to ask us so much, as we were poor; but he refused. Three

days passed, the corpse was still unburied, and we had been able to collect only £1, which we gave to the priest. After much pleading he allowed the body to be buried. Not content with the money, he shut up the poor widow in his own house, as a security for the rest of the money. She was only liberated when someone else offered to stand security. The poor woman said she would have to sell all, even her children, in order to procure the money."

The missionary who passed on this pathetic story adds: "From this you will see that the priest of Peru, instead of being a burden-bearer, is a plague to his flock. Instead of preaching the Gospel of love, he takes from them what joy they possess, and gives bitterness and woe."¹

Dr. Walter Ball, who has come into contact with the Indians of the Caylloma district, writes: "The Indian finds his worship somewhat a luxury. Salvation is not free to him. The priests have instituted a system of excessive forced charges. For the blessing of the crops, for burial, baptism, marriage, feast days, and every occasion when their offices can possibly be required or forced on the Indian, a tariff of exorbitant fees has been arranged."

The moral influence of this tyrannical god of the Indians is evil in the extreme. The result of nearly four hundred years of Romanism is "filth, immorality, drunkenness, theft, or complete ignorance."

Markham says: "The moral condition of the Indians has sunk to its low level through the bad conduct of the parish priests, who not only set them an evil example, but give cause for drunkenness and immorality by their feasts and processions."

Yet, in spite of his recognized evils, the cura, as representative of the Church, is the Indian's god. Indeed, he is the only god which an Indian brute is allowed to have.

¹ Mr. T. E. Payne, missionary of the R.B.M.U. on the farm "Urco," near Cuzco.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE INDIAN: HIS CHARACTER AND MENTAL
POSSIBILITIES—

The expression of a wronged race—What schoolmasters think of the Indian—Arithmetic done by means of beans—The strange power of Indian music.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE INDIAN: HIS CHARACTER AND MENTAL POSSIBILITIES

“ Each of us inevitable,
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her right upon the earth,
Each of us allow’d the eternal purports of the earth,
Each of us here as divinely as any is here.”—WALT WHITMAN.

YOU have seen the painful expression of a child that is deeply sad—self-contained and fearful—repressed emotion fast becoming habitual gloom? Such is the expression of the Inca Indian. “His countenance is usually clouded with a look of profound melancholy, the indelible stamp of centuries of intolerable oppression. The worst forms of tyranny disappeared with the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1824, and the tribute was abolished thirty years later. But the crushing oppression of the Spanish conquerors made a deep impression on their victims, and produced a lasting effect. All that the down-trodden people could do was to oppose a passive resistance with a constancy peculiar to their temperament, and this attitude has become hereditary.”¹

Their gloom is general, though I do not believe it an essential part of their nature. The wee children are as glad-some as those of the homeland; the men often laugh heartily when the fear of cruelty is removed from them; but the Indian knows that to the Peruvian he is a brute—no more. He realizes that he is poorer, weaker, and more ignorant than others, and that for this very reason they will take advantage

¹ C. R. Markham, *History of Peru*.

of him. The little boys soon come to know it too, and a dignified, preoccupied bearing takes the place of their childishness. They assume the expression of their parents—that of a wronged race.

This is the first characteristic of the Indian which attracts a traveller's attention. As he comes to know the people better, he recognizes that they are essentially children—contented, simple, kind, humble, and industrious, yet fond of pleasure. If in many cases oppression has tended to spoil the Indian's sweet spirit and childlike nature, it has proved his nobler qualities—patience, gratitude, and faithfulness.

Señor Choquehuanca Ayulo, a lawyer and Bachelor of Arts, who is proud of the royal Inca blood in his veins, writes of his own people:—

“It is said that the Indians are abjectly servile. And what people would not be so after four hundred years of cruel slavery? It is said that they are indolent. But where are the human beings who would not be, if continually despoiled of their goods? It is said that the Indians are addicted to falsehood. But are not nearly all our cultured and public men liable to the same charge if self-interest is at stake? It is affirmed that the Indians are addicted to stealing, but this accusation is false. The number of thefts amongst them is relatively small.¹ The Peruvian Indians are accused of being opposed to civilization. This also is absolutely false. Many Indian fathers have given their children for good to men of means, on condition that they be taught to read and write. The children thus taught never retrogress. Within a year or so several schools have been established amongst the Indians by a few young men who are willing to sacrifice a great deal for the good of these people. One of these schools was closed lately on account of the threats of the priests against the fathers who sent their children to it.

“Notable Indians who have attained to high governmental

¹ This is only correct of certain parts of Peru. See p. 191.



A MOUNTAINEER.

This man could well compete in the Marathon race, I think. Long journeys accomplished at a steady run, over his own mountainous land, have developed his powers of endurance to an extraordinary extent.



positions have always been progressive men. The presidents Santa Cruz and Castillo, for instance, were head and shoulders above most of the presidents of Peru. One of them showed his foresight and wisdom by advocating the Bolivian and Peruvian Federation, an idea which, if it had been adopted, would have saved Peru from its present humiliation (in relation to Chili). The other Indian president has the honour to have given liberty to all the slaves of our republic. Dr. José Domingo Choquehuanca was a pure Indian, and his work in the province of Azangaro is quoted by a scientist like Raimondi, and also in standard works like the *Dictionary of Peruvian Legislation*."

Nor is history the only witness to the mental possibilities of the Indians. The schoolmaster of Paucartambo, whose pupils were almost entirely Indian boys, told me that he considered the Indian possessed very remarkable mental powers. He is not quick at learning Spanish, Señor Valdiviso said, and evidently dislikes the language, but when that is mastered he shows unusual proficiency in learning, and possesses a capital memory.

The progressive schoolmaster of Lampa, who is at present teaching fifty boys of purely Indian blood, says that they do excellent work, and, on the whole, compare very favourably with the children of *gente decente*.

Dr. Santiago Giraldo, a lawyer of Lima, who for years has worked in the interest of the Indians, makes an indignant protest against those who "judge incapable of evolution the race which has produced minds like those of Choquehuanca and Lunarejo, Sanchez and Bustinza—heroes like Cahuide and Olaya, Tupac Amaru and Pumacahua."

Markham says the Indians have "intellectual powers fitting them to rise to the highest positions in Church and State. Tupac Amaru as a statesman was one of the most remarkable men Peru ever produced. General Santa Cruz, whose soaring ambition so nearly succeeded in its object, had Inca blood

flowing in his veins. The Indians, as a race, were capable in the past of achieving a high civilization, and under intelligent direction they are equally capable of great things in the future. They only need officials and priests whom they can respect, and a settled Government."

To-day, hardly any of the Indians can read or write; their mental powers are totally undeveloped, and their children are fast leaving the age when the memory is pliable, and learning possible. When an Indian wishes to make out his accounts he collects 100 stones, which he lays out in piles of ten to represent the parts of a silver dollar. Sometimes he carries about 100 beans to count with; but the process is very laborious, and he invariably goes away with the conviction that he has been cheated.

Dr. Ball writes of the Indians of Caylloma: "Their general standard of intelligence is low; no trace of that intellectual pre-eminence which was said to have distinguished the old Incas is evident. They are quite incapable of acting on their own initiative, but properly supervised make excellent workers." This sentence I feel truly to sum up the mental condition of the Indians. Great leaders have arisen from amongst them; but, though it is difficult to estimate what education will accomplish, initiatory power seems lost to them as a race.

This characteristic is important and inevitable. The social system of the Incas was calculated to produce a good child; the oppression of later days only tended to develop silent resentment and sullen resistance. Lack of initiatory power in the Indian is therefore not surprising.

As a workman he retains much of his original value. The American gentlemen of the Inca Mining Company find the Indians steady and reliable labourers, who learn the work quickly, and accomplish more at an altitude of 13,000 feet, than would be possible for an Englishman. Señor Echinique, the owner of one of the largest farms in Southern Peru, has a high opinion of the ability of the Indians, but says they are great

thieves. The thefts are not large, but they are constantly taking small things, and secretly exchanging their animals for his. Some of them, he says, are almost as clever in this way as was Jacob.

Dr. Ball cites the following example of the curiously mingled order of cunning which is especially common in the mining districts:—"An Indian was entrusted with the carrying of a large bottle of potassium cyanide up to the mines. He was carefully instructed as to the very poisonous nature of the salt. This warning he looked upon as merely a pretext of the white man to prevent him stealing what he thought to be a valuable kind of sugar. On the way up he broke the bottle and secreted a piece. Fortunately the fear of detection prevented him from eating it at once, and on arrival at the mines, its loss being discovered, he asked permission to keep it."

Mr. Payne, who for six years employed men in the industrial mission at Cuzco, says that the Indian, if treated properly, is a civil, hard worker, and though not usually truthful, is not to be blamed for this, the fault of the so-called "civilized people," with whom he deals.

Though oppression has largely succeeded in making the Indian a dishonest workman, and the lack of any educational advantages has stunted his mental development, in many ways he shows marked natural gifts. I have watched little boys of four and five strutting round our patio unloading the llamas of their sacks of fuel, rolling up the hemp ropes, folding and packing the empty sacks—all with such speed and neatness as astonished me. It was a continual wonder also to watch the women and children spinning. So clever were they that the operation looked almost magical. On the left arm was a bunch of wool, and in the right hand the thread, being drawn out, and wound on to a reel which was spinning on the ground. With a movement of the hand they start the reel, with another stop its spinning, yet never allow it to unwind, or have they any need to check it with their hands. All this is done

while other matters are being attended to, and apparently becomes a mechanical process.

Moreover, the Indians are an imaginative people. At the little home on Urco, where we lunched, there was an elaborate construction, the use of which we could not at first discover. A long rope was suspended from poles stuck in the ground, and from it hung stones and tins. When we questioned the old lame shepherd, he hobbled up to the line and shook it. Immediately the stones hit the tins and set up quite a jangling and a tinkling. The contrivance was designed to scare away wild cats from the fold. When the wind blew at night, it set the strange bells ringing, and their weird sounds would certainly scare away most wild animals.

The native music of Peru is exceedingly interesting and strange. It seems fitting that the people of such an unusual country—the children of a unique social system—should have a characteristic style of national music. Certainly the *yaravis* of Peru are unlike any other music. When first I heard their plaintive notes come wailing through the night air, I listened spellbound to this new thing. As I came to know and love the ancient melodies they took hold of me in a strange way. An Indian song can unnerve me in a few minutes; it seems to pluck at one's heart-strings, making the world a place of spirits where the impossible is ever about to happen.

There is surely similarity in spirit and construction between these Indian *yaravis* and the sobbing lyrics sung by the exiles of Babylon. They are intensely patriotic but deeply mournful. "The memory of former wrongs has tinged their most popular songs with sadness. The young mother lulls her infant to sleep with verses, the burden of which is sorrow and despair; and the love-songs usually express the most hopeless grief."¹

Indians are always singing. Far out on the pampa, away from all human habitations, I have heard strange Kechua words crooned by little shepherd-boys; harvesters, as they toil up

¹ C. R. Markham, *History of Peru*.

hill with their immense loads of barley, invariably sing some plaintive old song; and families travelling along the dusty roads unite their voices in strange part-harmonies to wailing melodies in a minor key.

May not this national taste for singing be utilized to attract the Indians to our Lord? I have noticed how any hymn in a minor key at once touches them; those who have never before joined in our Gospel songs break out into a strange accompaniment to the tune, quite contrary to our English ideas of music, and yet, I believe, not unmusical. Below the windows of our little meeting room there is often a crowd of Indians; they are listening to the singing, but cannot be persuaded to enter.

God speed the day when in his own mountain hamlet the Indian shall hear the story of Jesu's love, perhaps set to the beautiful melodies of his own sad country!



CHAPTER XIX.—THE INDIAN'S WRONGS—

The trinity which has brutalized the Indian—An army of criminals—Men who can only live in the mountains—How alcohol is forced on the Indian and his goods stolen as payment—Pathetic appeals against injustice and cruelty—Who cares?



CHAPTER XIX

THE INDIAN'S WRONGS

“Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest hell?
Shall freeman lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honour bleed?—Shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?”

WHITTIER.

IN the preceding chapters I have tried to show how the Indian lives under republican rule, but I have not yet told all the truth. Theoretically, the Constitution allows the Indian equal rights with other Peruvians, but the moral force of the country is not strong enough to see that just laws are administered. Consequently, the Indian is at the mercy of every unscrupulous individual. The bad governor, the bad priest, the bad merchant “form a trinity which has brutalized the Indian”—so writes one of Peru's greatest thinkers.

Where individuals are humane, and the laws of the country are enforced, the Indian's lot is happy. When, as in many cases which might be mentioned, he falls into the power of a tyrant, his sufferings are almost inconceivable. Between these two extremes are varying degrees of injustice to which most of the Inca Indians are to-day subjected.

I do not wish to repeat exaggerated horrors, so shall confine myself to examples of injustice which are common, and must give way to simple reforms. Señor Ayulo writes: “As the foreigners who visit our country can testify, the Indians are at

the present time in cruel bondage. They are nothing less than slaves. Before all others the Indians should enjoy citizenship, but they are outcasts in their own country."

The wrongs which the Indians suffer are military, educational, governmental and judicial.

The army of Peru consists of three sections: the national standing force of 4,000 men, in which every citizen must serve; the national guard with its active and reserve members, who respectively serve continuously or hold themselves in readiness to serve in time of war; and the police force of the country. A third of the national force is renewed by conscription every three years. The conscripts are supposed to be chosen by lot, but the list for 1902 shows that three per cent. were voluntary, one per cent. were drawn by lot, and the rest were working off punishment for past infringement of the law.

The advantages of the system are threefold. Firstly, it has extirpated the pernicious custom of recruits which injured commerce because the municipalities drew arbitrarily from passers through their centres, thus ruining small trade. Secondly, it has increased civilization, and the spirit of discipline among the Indians. Thirdly, it has established on a solid basis defence for Peru's future. The chief disadvantage of the system is that as the spirit of the country is not martial, obligatory service is necessary to uphold military laws, and the national force is largely composed of criminals.

The Indian has a deeply rooted hatred for a military career, and for the following reasons:—Firstly, a father needs his sons to help him at shepherding or agriculture. If they are forced into the army, his ignorance leads him to believe that they go straight to war and to certain death. The family with sorrow gives them up as lost, and naturally defames the Government. Secondly, he believes that *gente decente* and Cholos are freed from this military obligation, and that the Indians suffer alone. Thirdly, the soldiers, after having completed their term of service, return without any pay, and

speaking against life in the barracks. The Indians know nothing of civil life, and therefore conclude that to lend their services to their Government and country is an evil and punishment. Fourthly, the time of service is too long, and formerly the discipline of a soldier was too rigorous; after three or more years the Indian frequently returned to find a deserted house and no traces of his family. Fifthly, patrons and priests find it to their advantage to speak against the profession.

Moreover, Indians suffer injustice under the military régime. A son of *gente decente* can free himself from his obligation by a bribe, and an Indian will be forced into the army to take his place. Every Indian is supposed to be enrolled in some municipal register; but in the villages and hamlets there are no offices, and the ignorant natives who come to Cuzco, never having heard of the need of a number, are seized by the police and forced into the army. Furthermore, the hardy Indian mountaineer is not fitted for life in barracks. The tropical climate of Lima kills him; he, like the llama, can only thrive on the mountain-side. It is estimated that seventy per cent. of the conscripts taken to Lima die of consumption, or return to their homes physical and moral wrecks.¹

The educational lack of Peru is very serious; in spite of various sincere but sporadic attempts at reform, the Inca Indian is still uneducated. "The great problem" writes a Peruvian, "is to extend and propagate primary instruction, to make the Indian a man and a citizen, to force him into civilization."

The governmental abuses are varied in their character and cause. Illegal taxation is levied on Indians who are ignorant of the laws; taxes are collected by other than the authorized functionaries, and without any receipt being given; labour is

¹ I have been informed that this high rate of mortality is due to the condition of the military hospital of Lima, which is reputed to be reeking with the bacilli of tubercle

forced under the name of taxation; the governmental officials are usually unscrupulous men, who convert the paid service which they may demand into slavery, demand honorary labour for governmental works, and continually raise forced taxes which are called voluntary subscriptions.

Judicial wrongs are also common; the judges are, in most instances, notoriously unjust, and the influence of the governor and cura is all-powerful. When a judge fails to persuade an Indian that injustice is justice, the poor native is forced into compliance by threats, imprisonment, and even by corporal punishment. The priests and local authorities employ an Indian to collect the debts of his fellow-Indians; and if the real debtor fails to pay, the collector himself must do so, which is, of course, quite contrary to the laws of Peru. Further, should he fail to pay unjust debts with cash, he has to do so with his flocks or his land.

Until the Central Government gains more power, and its members become less corrupt, it is impossible for these isolated officials to be controlled. No one cares to see that justice is observed amongst the Indians, and when inspectors are appointed they are bribed, and so the evil continues.

Abuses connected with industry and commerce fall into three divisions: the abuses suffered by Indians living on *haciendas* or in hamlets; abuses in the employment of labour; abuses in trade.

The Indian living on the *hacienda* is entirely at the mercy of his employer. Generally, the "Indian has no moral help, no protection, no doctor to visit him when he is sick; and when he dies he is usually the debtor of the *haciendado*, and his family has to take up the debt. Hence, the Indians in the *haciendas* are in reality slaves, though not legally so."

The Indians who live in *parcialidades* are rapidly diminishing in number. Formerly Indians owned lands which passed from father to son; but during the last thirty years the



SCENES ON THE SIERRA



authorities, priests, and *hacendados* have robbed them to a scandalous extent.

The methods of employment on the Sierra are such that the Indian is invariably wronged. If you wish to employ a workman you must go to the governor, who will force an Indian into your service, and levy half his rightful wages.

The Governor of P——, in whose house Mr. Payne was once staying, sent an expedition to discover a certain buried treasure. Women and babies went with the men, and through a miscalculation they were not allowed sufficient food. Some were starved to death, and the others on their return were flogged unmercifully because they had failed to find the treasure.

Indians are sometimes forced into expeditions going down to the Montaña. In their thick woollen clothes they descend to tropical heat, and throwing off their ponchos suffer intensely from the swarming mosquitoes. If fever does not then attack them, they will probably fall victims to it on ascending to the Sierra again, or will reach home mere wrecks of their former selves.

The abuses of trade are many. Indians are forced to sell cattle and wool by the method of *reparto forzoso*. Thus a merchant, against the will of the helpless native, pays in advance a certain sum of money, and returns in a few months' time to collect three or four times its value in wool or some other commodity. False scales are constantly used in trading with Indians, their cattle are stolen, the Government appropriates their lands of salt deposits, and they do not know how to cultivate those lands which are given them in exchange. Liquor vendors carry their poison to the most distant parts of the country, and to the door of the most humble Indian hut, where they sell by *reparto forzoso*.¹

Over and above all these abuses are those perpetrated by

¹ Thus alcohol is left with the Indian whether he wants it or not; and in a few months' time he will be at the mercy of the merchant, who will shamelessly rob him.

the Church. A curacy is the monopoly of the fees of the district for marriages, baptisms, and other ceremonies, and the priests extort from their poor flocks exorbitant sums. Heavy burdens are put upon the faithful in the form of tithes. Indians must provide for religious feasts. The men are ruined by their term of forced service to the priest, being often obliged to purchase themselves everything which he demands during that time,¹ so that the end of the month's service often finds them without a cent in the world. The forced service of the women to the priest is known as the *mitta*, and to-day, as in the times of Spanish rule, the old Indian word conveys unmentionable abuses in numerous instances.

In conclusion, the chief causes which seem to underlie these wrongs are three:—Firstly, his lack of education leaves the Indian an easy prey to every tyrant. Secondly, the Indian has been kept ignorant, made superstitious, and forced into vice, by the Roman Catholic system of Peru. Thirdly, although the laws with regard to the Indians are good on paper, they are seldom kept.

The facts have been written down somewhat in tabular form—no glamour, no exaggerated horror, no sentimental appeal, no touch of colour, to make them more striking. But they are facts.

The statements are unsupported, you say. Where are the witnesses to this state of things? How do I *know*? Some things I have seen, and of those I scarcely dare speak, for it is well-nigh impossible for one of English blood to remain self-controlled and moderate of speech in presence of cruelty to the weak, and injustice to the ignorant. My own slight knowledge more than confirms all that others tell; it could not be otherwise. But I have not made one statement based merely on

¹ Peruvian law decrees that some one in each village shall always be found to serve the cura; the Church interprets this to mean that a cura may demand an unlimited amount of forced unpaid labour.

hearsay. Let me quote a few of the official decrees on this subject issued in Peru during the last four years, and then testify if my account of the Indian's condition appears to you probable or not!

Sub. Pref. F. Octavio Negrete.

CAYLLOMA, August 26, 1904.

1. Absolutely prohibits gratuitous or obligatory service of *mittas*, fiscal services, etc.

2. Priests must themselves provide for their rights at the proper rates. They must not exact by force the first-fruits from the faithful, because these are only a voluntary obligation.

3. Neither governors nor judges, nor particular persons, must obtain wool by method of *reparto forzoso*, because it is an abuse against the liberty of the industry, and a proved deceit.

4. Cattle are not to be taken from the Indians on any pretext unless the sale is voluntary and the price fair.

5. There are “scales” which give 40 lbs. when they weigh 25 lbs. The governors must carefully examine all the scales, and send any untrue scale to the judge, together with such information as may lead to the punishment of the criminal.

6. Governors must denounce the extortion by the priests of exorbitant fees for baptism, and also the imposition of taxes on the faithful who will not or cannot exercise the tasks of devotees which the priest has forced upon them.

This is to be published by the organ of the political authorities in each district and village, and placed where all may see it.

(Signed) F. OCTAVIO NEGRETE.

DECREES IN APURIMAC.

January, 1907.

1. Prohibits *el reparto forzoso* for the acquisition of wool, flocks, or other species, whatever they may be.

2. Prohibits also the custom of appropriating the animals and goods of the Indians without a previous agreement and the payment of the just price.

3. Prohibits the imposition of “gratuitous service” in whatever form it exists.

Similar decrees, which are very numerous, give an appalling view of the condition of the Indians of the Sierra; and their constant repetitions show that the efforts of Senators and Prefects to put an end to the abuses have been unavailing.

Before me lie seven copies of *El Indio*, the magazine published in Lima by Dr. Santiago Giraldo, one of the few earnest friends of the Inca Indians. In the numbers issued during 1906 and 1907, he quotes various protests made before the Government in the capital. I glance through the pages, and see repetition of stories which I know too well are true:

"It was impossible to obtain justice from the *Junta Departamental*."

"My friends feared the long journey to Lima. They were told that we should not be allowed to embark at the coast."

"I came alone, with only the clothes which I now wear. I am here to plead for my fellow-Indians of the Sierra."

"I know not whether my wife and little ones still live."

Thus many of the pathetic appeals commence.

The following speech was made in 1905 by the representative of Indian messengers from Juli, Puno, and Chucuito:—

"Since 1901 the condition of the Indians has become daily worse. In September an extraordinary persecution broke out amongst them. Many were thrown into prison, their families dispersed, their homes abandoned.

"Twice, I, Mallea, went to the authorities to appeal.

"The little territory of Inchuamaya which belongs to me and my partners is in mortgage for a forced contribution of £4, and besides that, the industrial contribution of another £4 weighs heavily upon us. Seeing how the persecution increased, and fearing that the military commissioners would fall any minute upon our property, and, without any previous notice, levy the conscripts of the village, we resolved to undertake the journey to this capital to seek liberty and the guarantees which it was impossible to obtain in Juli or Puno. As all the roads

were guarded, we had to descend to the coast by the mountains.

“When we left we knew that many of our friends had been taken prisoners, chained and dragged to the prison of Juli; their houses were deserted, and their wives taken with them to the prisons. Their cattle, clothes, beds—everything they possessed,—were stolen when they were taken away, and the doors of their homes were broken. Twenty-five houses in our hamlet are deserted. One man barely escaped with his life.

“Formerly some of our friends went from Juli to the prison of Puno, where they drew up memorials addressed to you, denouncing horrible acts of wholesale murder, incest, robbery, destruction of cattle and houses, . . . violent acts to women, torments, tortures, in these same villages. Whenever Indians were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Commissioners they were sure to be tortured, and then made to promise that they would not go to Lima to complain. They were given to understand that the powers of the State had authorized the extermination of the Indian race, which was indeed absurd, but thus the authorities use the weapon of deceit to terrorize the ignorant Indian.

“As you see, your Excellency, our situation could not be more miserable and desperate.

“In such a conflict we find no other remedy for our unhappy situation than to come to your Excellency and beg guarantees and justice. We therefore supplicate from your Excellency that you will give us a safe passport, and a note to the Señor Prefect of the Department of Puno, that he may grant us personal rights, liberty, property, and safety for our families and houses.”

So the appeals continue—dozens of them! Yet very few of the Indians ever attempt the long perilous journey to the Coast on foot—across the fearful desert, along the seashore, and so to the distant capital, where, like the Indians we saw when we

were in Lima, they may wait for seven years without being heard.

“Shall tongues be mute, when deeds are wrought
Which well might shame extremest Hell?
Shall freemen lock the indignant thought?
Shall Pity's bosom cease to swell?
Shall Honour bleed? Shall Truth succumb?
Shall pen, and press, and soul be dumb?”

Nay! We must stoop to “the White Man's Burden”; it is our moral obligation as Christians. We have no political right to protest on the Indians' behalf, but we can take to Peru the Gospel which will give her true-hearted citizens, disinterested politicians, and just officials. We cannot interfere with the executive forces of the republic, but we can attack the evil at its very root, and a new social system will surely spring up in Peru, if the false religion of the country is replaced by the Faith of Jesus Christ.

Many of the wealthiest men in England have made their money in Peru. Is it not reasonable that they should feel an especial obligation to make some return to the land from which came their prosperity?

Let the free spirit of America also speak! Shall her Christendom learn the story of a nation's oppression, and remain silent? Does not geographical nearness involve moral responsibility? Does not a Munroe Doctrine involve a corresponding missionary duty?

O Church of Christ! in whatever part of the globe Thou art established, hear the cry of yet another needy people! In the past Thou hast responded nobly to the appeal of far-off lands—

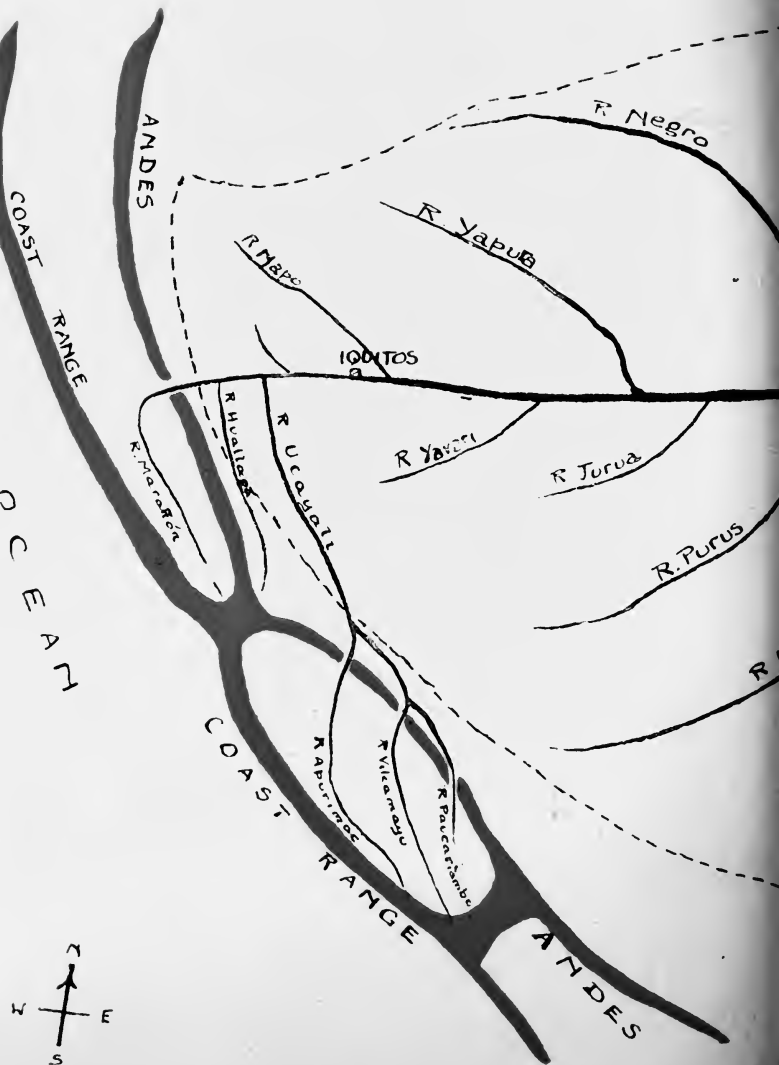
“Go on, for Thou hast chosen well;
On in the strength of God,
Long as one human heart shall swell
Beneath the tyrant's rod.”

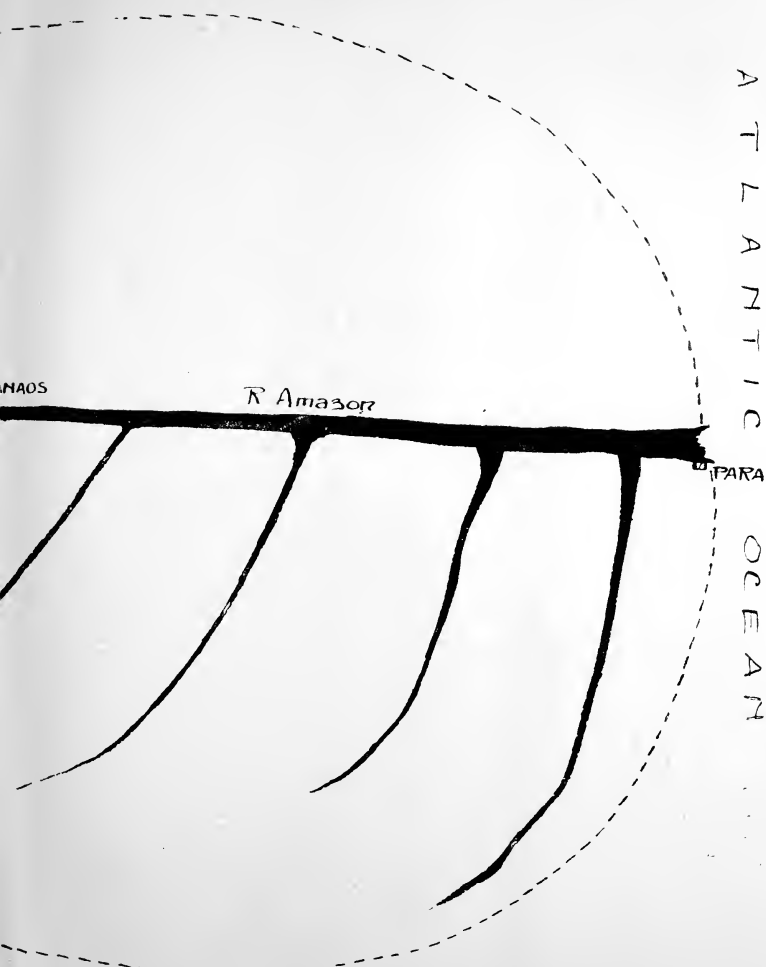
CHAPTER XX.—BEYOND THE MISTS—

How the Amazon gathers — A leaf which would nearly cover Europe—The perils of the Montaña—A port of 20,000 inhabitants without one active Christian worker — The only hospital in a territory as large as Italy—Tobacco and rubber au naturel—Where our medicines come from—A land of the future.



PACIFIC OCEAN





DIAGRAMMATIC MAP of the
ANDES and the AMAZON.



CHAPTER XX

BEYOND THE MISTS ¹

“ . . . Worlds of solitude—
Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoyed.”—THOMSON.

WATER! Its thousand voices mingle in the soft air about us—the low sweet tones of unseen rivers; the eager gushing of young streams; the musical murmur of cascades; the tinkle of tiny streamlets falling from a height.

Water seems to issue from those clouds which half-veil the jagged black peaks behind us. Now its streams are like silver threads hung from ridge to ridge of the mountain; now its sun-lit film makes the whole of the rock face to glisten; now its cascades are caught by the wind, and fall in white sheets for hundreds of feet, dissolving in rainbow colours which are lost in the blue of the atmosphere, or plunging into beds of ferns and flowers far below. A few hours ago we were crossing the snowy eastern barrier of the Sierra; yet now, in this land of enchantment, on the fringe of the Montaña, we can scarcely conjure up the remembrance of the vast solitudes of the pampa, of the cruel cold of the mountains, of the bleak snowy plains and perilous ice-covered peaks from which we have come.

We are still nearly as high above the sea as Cuzco—an

¹ I was unable myself to descend to the Montaña of Peru, but have compiled the two following chapters after very careful study of the diaries of travel published by the Lima Royal Geographical Society, as well as of the letters of missionaries. Every detail of description may be authenticated.

altitude which the three highest mountains in England, Scotland, and Ireland, piled on each other, would not attain; but in descending this eastern slope of the Andes we have come from Siberian winter into Italian spring. Hillsides green as those of England are about us; the flowering shrubs and vines remind us of Southern France; the masses of purple *Lassiantra* and orange *Cassia*, of the Southern States. But though these beauties are familiar, what of the sight which greets our eyes if we continue our journey?—the mist-land, where sunbeams play on the white robes of the mist-spirit, and rainbow colours sleep in their soft folds. When the white vapour breaks away below us, palms and tree-ferns appear, but for the rest the *Montaña* is veiled.

What lies beyond the mists? Only hearts that are brave and limbs that are strong does Nature permit to penetrate to the world-wonder hidden there. Eight thousand feet below us is gathering the greatest river on earth, which will carry the waters, now rippling and rushing past, out to the far Atlantic, 3,000 miles away.

The river basin hidden from our sight may be likened to a gigantic leaf, such as would almost cover Europe. Its chlorophyll cells are the trees of the Amazonian forest, and its silver veins the tributaries of the greatest of rivers. The mid-rib of the Amazonian leaf is more than 2,000 miles long. It has its base at Para on the Atlantic; its central point at Manaos; and its apex, only 300 miles from the Pacific, at Iquitos. This influential port belongs to the Peruvian republic, which also owns between 10,000 and 20,000 miles of water-way navigable for steamers of four to eight feet draught, and which rules on the Amazon from its farthest sources to within a few hundred miles of Manaos.

Besides contributing to this system immense rivers such as the Madera, which, in their north-easterly course from the Andes to the Amazon, represent the oblique veins of the great leaf, Peru's mountains are the birthplace of the three rivers

which form the chief and most distant source of the Amazon. North Peru is watered by two of these—the Marañón and Huallaga—and the southern provinces of the republic by the beautiful Ucayali. The latter is formed by three rivers with which we have already become familiar in the Cuzco district: the lovely Vilcamayu or Urubamba, which flows through the Vale of the Incas; its sister stream, the angry Apurimac, which rages in its narrow prison gorges; and the Paucartambo, which breaks through the Andean barrier into the forest-land farther south than any other tributary.

The Andean chain is the only key to the mysteries of the Amazon. Observe its two parallel ranges, the Western unbroken—the Eastern, cleft by narrow river gorges, where, in cataracts, whirlpools, and rapids, the Peruvian rivers make their way down to the forest. Notice its two remarkable mountain knots where the Eastern and Western *Cordillera* join, the Northern giving rise to the great Manañón and Huallaga, and the Southern to the tributaries of the Ucayali. If these distant confluents of the Amazon look small in comparison with the main stream itself, recollect that one may steam beyond Iquitos 1,000 miles—as far as from the mouth of the Congo to Stanley Falls, or from the coast of China to the navigation limit on the great Yang-tse-kiang; and 300 miles farther than along the St. Lawrence from Ontario to the ocean—before reaching that part of the Urubamba where steamers cannot float.

With the white mist and hot humid air which ascend from the land below us, mingles the fascination of the unknown. Others have felt it, and no one ever resisted the call of the mist-land. Klondyke allures her thousands, but the Montaña also has fabulous wealth in her gold streams; “the Magic North” draws some with the spell of its unreached wonders, but this forest land boasts itself the largest tract of unexplored country upon earth. Has the Congo rubber? Amazonia more. Have the West Indies gums and spices? The heart of South America is for tropical products the richest region known.

But that this wonderful wealth may be appropriated only by the worthy, Nature has made it almost inaccessible.

"We are going to make our fortune," the adventurers say as they turn from the Andes towards the Montaña; and though these pioneers return poorer than they went, in physical, moral, and financial strength, their children will find the tracks which they lost, and spend their lives—perhaps to the end—in the great jungle.

Imagine them warring against Nature in the dense undergrowth; machetes in hand they cut a track—clothes torn from their back, provisions failing, and always the fear of a lonely death added to their many hardships. Unknown, alone, without the world's applause, they explore rivers, open up territories, and add their contributions to their country's map.

We too will go—from this view-point on the eastern slope of the Andes of Southern Peru, will make our way to Iquitos, the home of earth's most daring adventurers. On the steep descent the atmosphere becomes warmer, the mists lie more heavily, and the silence is broken only by the patter of great water-drops falling from the boughs above. So dense is the undergrowth that we can see but a few yards into the jungle on either side, and a canopy of green shuts out the sky from sight. Stumbling and slipping on rotten twigs and roots of trees; sinking in mud to the knees, starting at the crackling in the bush which may denote the presence of a bear or puma; wading up to the waist in water through one river after another; plodding on slowly, painfully, where any moment we may find ourselves surrounded by savages—so we descend. The depths of the low-lying Amazonian forest are as a new world to our senses. We seem to stand in a silent nave, where knotted roots form fantastic stalls, and tall trunk pillars hide their heads in an ethereal dome of green, the fair home of monkeys, humming-birds, and trailing flowers. Immense snakes are intertwined in the creepers, and lie "like necklaces of coral" on the dead leaves; green parrots

are chattering, dazzling finches and butterflies flitting about, and the air is heavy with tropical scents. As day closes, the evening sky glows through windows of verdure, and later on moonlight floods the dense forest with a mystic splendour.

Our journey is continued by water, and the days are never-to-be-forgotten when Indians punt the dug-out, or row the pine-wood canoe, and we float down the murmuring river with its deep green lights and wonderful reflections, its forbidding banks of mangrove, and the mingling rose and grey and blue and crimson of its feathered population. In the swamps we perchance catch sight of the great tapir, while the cry of frogs and plovers fills the air. The sandbanks are alive with mosquitoes, and sometimes swarming with alligators and fresh-water tortoises.

So we pass down the river—now racing with the tide; now fighting for life with the débris of fallen trees whirling northwards; now shooting perilous rapids; now anchoring the canoe in the mud-bank, until an excursion into the forest for game shall have been made.

In certain rivers fish is abundant. Here may be found the crab which forms the delicious national fish of Peru; or a kind of cod weighing over 100 lbs.; or an immense fish, often 10 feet long, which, when harpooned and salted, forms the chief food of the district.

At a small Peruvian port we board a steam launch, which carries us down where the river broadens, until at Iquitos it is immensely wide. Now in this busy town of heat and hustle, of glittering calomina roofs, and hastily constructed wooden bungalows, we are in the heart of the Peruvian Montaña.

Iquitos is isolated from the Pacific Coast by an almost impassable mountain range. Its post may be conveyed to the capital more easily by steamer *via* New York and Panama, than sent by the difficult overland route. Only a hardy and experienced traveller would attempt that five weeks' journey to Lima, but anyone could reach Liverpool from Iquitos by a

pleasant sea-trip of four weeks' duration. This Peruvian port is much nearer to Manchester than to Mollendo, to Cardiff than to Callao. It has consequently drawn its sons from all parts of the earth: Americans, Germans, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards, and Peruvians meet in its streets. In 1888 their total number was only 2,000; yet so remarkable has been the development of this Montaña district that to-day the population is approximately ten times that number.

Iquitos stands on an elevated plain on the left bank of the Amazon, 2,250 miles from the Atlantic, yet only 350 feet above sea-level. It was formed as a colony, the Peruvian Government erecting buildings for officials, and also an important naval factory manned by English mechanics. The town has fine Government offices, a High Court of Justice, important business houses, a High School, a saw-mill, and an excellent wharf. Its streets are electric lit, and its balls and receptions, clubs and theatre, as fashionable as those of Arequipa.

Like Panama and other tropical towns, Iquitos has suffered from a high death-rate, due to lack of knowledge and care rather than to fatal climate. It is hot, humid, and, with proper precautions, should be healthy; yet malaria, dysentery, anæmia, and epidemics such as smallpox, measles, and convulsive cough have devastated the population. Throughout the whole Montaña region of Peru the only doctor and hospital to be found are in Iquitos; and even there the inhabitants are bound to confess that although hygiene is taught, it is not practised. Death is regarded with strange indifference, and the most common precautions against disease are neglected.

Iquitos has no convent, and only one church. "With a few honourable exceptions, the clergy exercise their ministry under the impulse of a desire to obtain riches rather than to fulfil their evangelical mission." So wrote an eminent Peruvian gentleman in the magazine of the Lima Royal Geographical Society, concerning the priests of the forest provinces. He also expressed his conviction that one of the chief needs of the

Montaña was that "civilization should be cemented by the worship of God," and that for this end the present clergy should be replaced by true missionaries who would "penetrate to the heart of the virgin forest with the Gospel of the Cross."

We should not expect to find the fanaticism of the Coast in this far-away Montaña port, for the ideal which inspired its foundation and blessed its growth was Progress. The leaders of life in Iquitos are the most progressive men in Peru, urged on by some of the most progressive foreigners in the world. If a man is not exiled from home through his own misdeeds, he must needs be one who has pluck, determination, and power, to have settled here. Enterprising Peruvians and Europeans unite in the development of this important centre. Their town is founded upon new principles: the rest of Peru was built upon Catholicism; but that system has never gained a hold in the Montaña. The race they are forming is new; it has large possibilities and corresponding temptations.

The finest of men and also the most degraded meet in Iquitos. Not only are Peruvian and Spanish gentlemen here, but also the desperadoes of the world—the scum of European society. The lowest and vilest learn stoical endurance and desperate daring in the wilds, it is true, but they care neither for God nor man. No town on earth is more "God-forsaken" than Iquitos: not one active Christian worker; not one mission hall; not one temperance club; not one Evangelical place of worship; but instead—hundreds of drink-shops and dens of unutterable depths of sin, to allure the young man who finds himself alone on its shore.

The inspiration and education of the immense difficulties of life in the Montaña will only make it truly great if Christ's followers will step in and help to remedy these evils.

Iquitos—what English schoolboy knows the name? What geography book shows the vital connection of the town with the opening up of a million square miles of the world's most

choice storage? If you have never realized its importance, come and stand on the wharf which runs out into the broad grey stretch of Amazonian waters, below the business houses of the port. Palm trees lift their heads into the mist from the lowland line of the distant bank; a few *balsas* and canoes lie about the muddy shore; but the rest of the scene is characterized by the stirring life of the business world beyond the Atlantic. There, great cotton bales are being shipped on to a German steamer; Peruvian cotton has no rival in the world! There, workmen are filling a ship's hold with sacks of sugar which are on their way to America and England; for nowhere does the sugar-cane grow so luxuriantly as in this land! There, specimens of wood are being shipped—rosewood, palm, cedar, mahogany, and satinwood; “nowhere in the world is there such a variety of useful and ornamental woods as at the forests of the Marañón!”¹ There, a merchant vessel is taking on board cocoa, coffee, cinnamon, vegetable ivory, indigo, tamarinds, almonds, gums, and other spices which flourish in this hothouse of the West.

What is the strange, dry, brown vegetable material which that woman carries? Ah! that is some of the renowned tobacco of the Montaña. And what are those balls and sheets of ugly black? Ah! that is the most valuable and plenteous of the exports of Iquitos. That is india-rubber!

Every product of the wonderful Montaña is represented in this busy scene: those packets contain dried coca-leaves, from which cocaine will be extracted; others, bitter cinchona bark containing the two priceless alkaloids, quinine and cinchona; in that scientist's case are packed samples of Peruvian ipecacuanha, and the bark and seeds of a strychnine genus by which the savages poison their arrows, and the narcotic stems of “Dead-man's tree,” which the witch-doctors suck, beneath the full moon, when they wish to fall into a trance and prophesy.

Surely, we think, Professor Orton's words are true: “If

¹ Professor Orton.

the valley of the Amazon is not the Ophir of Solomon, as some suppose, it is certainly worthy of the name. Its industrial and commercial plants already known and used are beyond enumeration, but when science and commerce shall have threaded every part of its forest, an immense harvest will be reaped."

A babel of many tongues floats over the water as two of the cargo steamers signal their departure. Down the far stretch of silver grey they steam until lost to sight in the glory of the sunrise. As we board the passenger steamer which is to carry us to the foothills of the Northern Andes, the prayer in our hearts is, that even as the great orb, which hours ago waked England from sleep, now penetrates the forests of Peru, so help may come from the homeland to this young and waking people, not only by way of commercial enterprise, but also charged with spiritual inspiration!

The ascent of the Andes from the Amazon is not so steep here as in Southern Peru. We skirt the Pampa of Sacramento, which covers the ground between the Ucayali and Huallaga with rolling grassy plains, and at the little port of Yurrimaguas on the Huallaga, commence our journey overland, leaving the inhabitants of that tiny cluster of mud-huts busy loading a merchant steamer with straw hats, salt, sarsaparilla, rum, cotton, and fish. It is the port of Moyobamba, the town for which we are bound. Wooded hillsides and verdant valleys delight us throughout a six days' journey, and at an altitude of 2,700 feet we reach Moyobamba, where, it is said, "Nature is so prodigal that everybody can get a living, except physicians!" Ten thousand people live in this beautiful and healthy spot, and their chief industry is the weaving of the fibres of pine leaves into Panama hats. In a mean temperature of 72° fruit attains unequalled perfection—orange-trees blossom all the year round; vines bear three crops of grapes annually; delicious pineapples weigh as much as 20 lbs.; and paltas (alligator pears), guavas

(small pomegranates), olives, figs, and many tropical fruits unknown in England, grow wild on the beautiful hillsides.

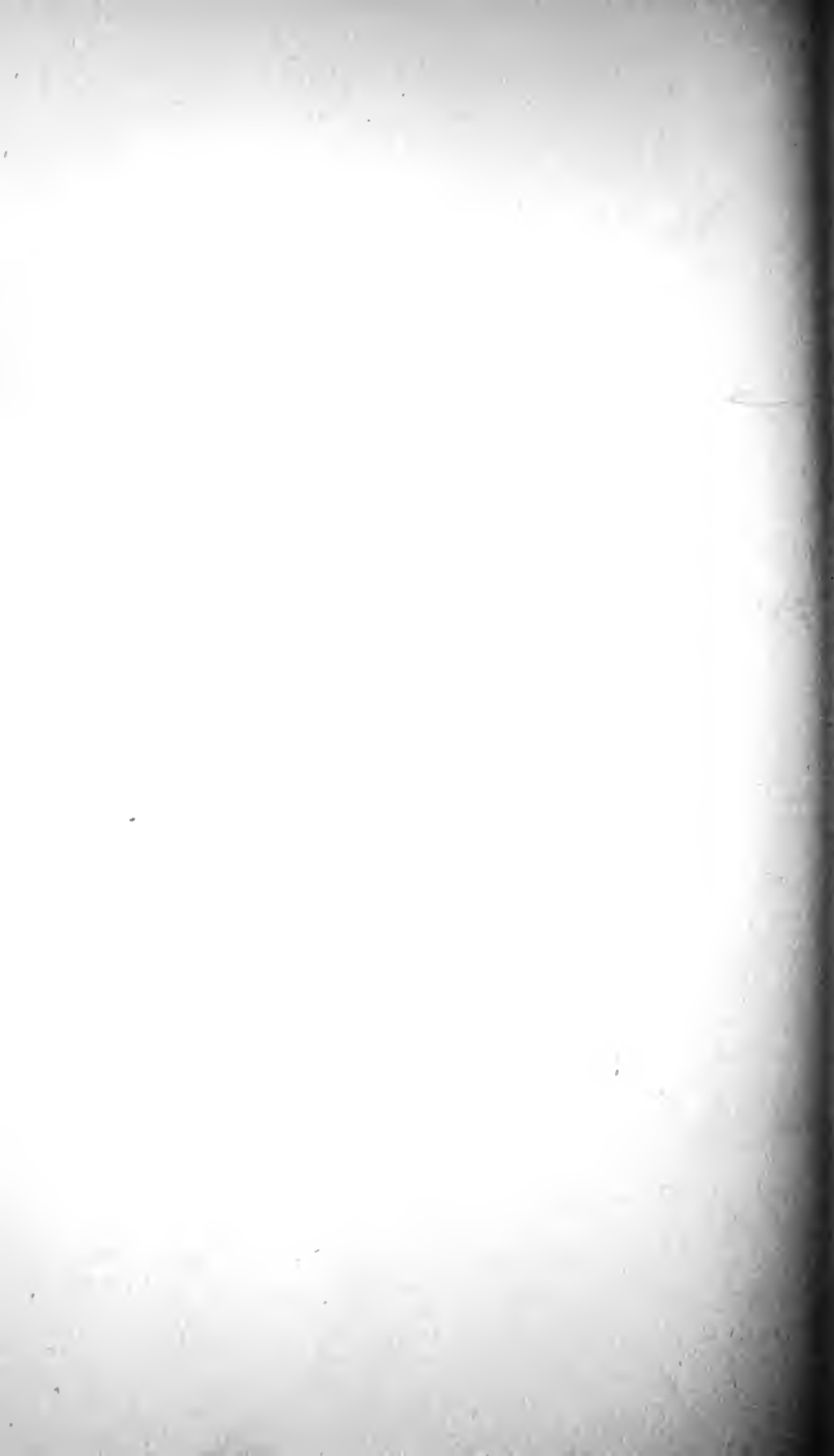
On our way to Chachapoyas we cross country of immense agricultural and mineral possibilities. The sweet flowers and crimson-veined leaf of the bush, which first gave to the world quinine, are about us; also the pale yellow blossoms of the coca, the red berries and dark green leaves of immense coffee-bushes, which bear two crops a year, and the tall trees from which Peru's excellent cocoa is made. Frost is unknown in this region, and rain falls every month in the year. Farms which could maintain thousands of head of cattle are here being sold for £50. Although colonists are offered free tracts of lands by the Peruvian Government, yet in the 120 miles from Moyobamba to Chachapoyas we pass scarcely a dozen houses.

Chachapoyas, with its monastery, cathedral, and barracks, is 7,600 feet up in the Andes, and has a delightful equable climate, with a mean temperature of 62°. The fertile soil around yields all that the 5,000 inhabitants need, and requires hardly any attention. Some day, Professor Orton believes, the world will be surprised at the mineral wealth of this region; magnetic iron in great deposits, copper pyrites, silver, gold, coal, salt, and other minerals are to be found in abundance.

Chachapoyas is considered the best laid out and cleanest city west of Manaos, and as we climb the Andean peaks which separate it from Cajamarca and the railway to the Pacific Coast, we realize at least something of the land which lies beyond the mists.

CHAPTER XXI.—BLACK GOLD—

The sine qua non for success in the Montaña—A peep into the too-often tragic life of a rubber-trader—Face to face with starvation—Savages who, when in full dress, wear a collar of monkey teeth—Where women are sold for knives—A strange legend of the Deluge—Traders in human heads.



CHAPTER XXI

BLACK GOLD

“Botofé bo le iwa!” (Rubber is death).—CONGO PROVERB.

OVER the usual dinner of a Sierra inn the Peruvian Colonel and his English friend had talked late into the night. The brilliant tropic moon was high in the heavens, and the candle in the mud wall of the verandah had guttered out.

“Black Gold, we call the rubber!” The Colonel’s mellow Castilian tones vibrated slowly in the still, rarefied air, before he added, “And the rubber trade is more remunerative than the gold mines themselves.” Then followed reminiscences of Montaña life—of crimes which cannot be written, but which were common in that sin-stricken, blood-stained region! Any humanitarian ideas which the Colonel had possessed during early years in Paris, had been dispelled by actual contact with wild tribes in Peru’s forest land. Now, with a graceful flourish of his cigar, he could tell the missionary that his deliberate opinion concerning the savages of the Montaña was that the only way to deal with “the beasts” was to kill them off as rapidly as possible. To a protestation based on the teaching and example of Jesus he could reply with a laugh: “Ah, sir, it is evident that Jesus never knew Peru. As a *sine qua non* for success in this section of the country, you must have capital to start with, and cruelty as your method.”

Save for the Englishman’s knowledge of similar conditions on the Congo, he would not have been able to credit this

account of the depths to which men sink, when in the struggle for gold they can commandeer native labour without the restraint of public opinion. He was face to face with the problem of the Montaña—the problem of a rubber trader, a savage, and sometimes a priest.

Sufficient rubber to tyre 300,000 motor-cars is exported yearly from Iquitos. *Caucho*, it is called, and the men who collect it, *caucheros*. But who among the thousands through whose hands the caucho must pass—the merchants who buy it, the manufacturers who refine it, the shopmen who sell it, the children who play with it—realize that nearly every band or ball or bicycle tyre represents a tragedy?

Adventure was never more thrilling than is the life-story of a cauchero. He may hail from palace or prison, from the Old World or the New, may have ruined his youth and broken his mother's heart, or thrown up a promising college course and left a Christian home merely for the sensation of life in the wilds. No one knows or cares. In the Montaña men meet on a level, and one cauchero is the equal of any other. In a week he squanders the hardly gained spoils of a year, and then he must turn from the excitements of Iquitos to the lonely camp. By steamer and launch he navigates to a distant Amazonian tributary; and then his canoe is punted up-river, a savage at the long pole, a woman guiding with a paddle in the stern, and a rifle, gun, and accordion, with some rice and salt fish, as baggage. The cauchero wears ancient corduroy trousers, a shirt, a slouch hat, and a belt carrying two revolvers and a machete. He is thin and sallow-skinned; for weeks at a time he has had to live in malarial swamps on jungle fare.

If he is seeking the common kind of rubber, for which, technically speaking, the word "caucho" is exclusively used, he will pitch his camp where game is plentiful, and then cut a way into the forest, marking his trail on the trees, and leaving

provisional camps as centres for rubber-gathering. Incisions in the form of a V are made in the trunks of the caucho trees which he selects, and when the sap has been drained from the upper part of their trunks into rubber bags, they are cut down, and the liquid which remains is collected in grooves in the ground. The juice of a plant called "camole-milk" is then mixed with the sap to accelerate coagulation, and when the caucho has solidified in long strips it is rolled into balls. It is impossible to obtain this kind of rubber without destroying the trees, and so devastating is the process that between ten and twenty years will probably suffice to exhaust such districts as the Madre de Dios.

The better kind of rubber is obtained from trees of from 50 to 70 feet in height. These grow in groups of from 100 to 150, covering a patch of ground known as a *seringal*. The *seringuero*, or trader in fine gum, makes paths between the trees, catches their sap in cups, and then smokes it in a fire of pine cones. During half the year his *seringal* is flooded and he must find work elsewhere; but each tree will yield about 11 lbs. of rubber in six months, and the group may be worked at this rate for twenty years.

To-day, where a *seringal* has 100 trees it might be supporting 300, and it is certain that the planting of rubber trees in the Montaña of Peru would ensure good profits in ten years' time. Four per cent. export duty is levied upon caucheros who have a ten years' lease; but *seringueros* who work rubber districts pay only 5d. a year for each *seringal*.

The life of a rubber-trader is like that of no other man. A missionary once entered into it for a few days, and the following is his account of an expedition to relieve some starving caucheros, who had been delayed by floods in their journey on a rubber-laden canoe, and had exhausted their provisions:—

"The canoe was loosed, and in a moment we had darted into the centre of the river, and were being swept down at a

startling pace. The water, which was as yellow as mud, and had almost the consistency of pea-soup, carried down piles of rubbish, huge logs, and whole trees. We were in the midst of it all, sailing on bravely. I had never been in such a canoe before, and often held my breath as we steered through the floating trees, dashed past projecting snags, touched the fringe of a foaming whirlpool, or literally flew over a roaring rapid. The cauchero was quite calm, only occasionally shouting, "*Fuerza! fuerza!*" (strength), as he urged the men in the bow to keep the canoe in position. He had taken several glasses of whisky before leaving and was quite talkative. Here, he said, the *Victoria* was lost while crossing a rapid; there, he was attacked by a herd of wild pigs; over on the other side he had shot a tiger and tapir; a little farther down some savages had dragged him out of the river in an unconscious state. Thus, with the changing scene and the captain's talk, I was too much occupied, when not busily engaged baling water out of the canoe, to think of the danger; and before I realized the fact, two hours and twenty minutes had passed. We had covered about forty-five miles, and already sighted the boat for which we were in search, tied up to a steep bank in a bend of the river.

"When we pulled in our canoe, 'Captain' Nelson and his fifteen men were overjoyed, especially when their eyes lighted upon the provisions. Their position was serious. Even if the river fell that night it would take them at least three or four days to reach camp. Their only supply consisted of a few pounds of rice, a pinch of salt, and some green bananas. They had a number of pet monkeys when they left the station on the Madre de Dios, but all had been devoured on the way, with the exception of a tiny black one. They looked almost like savages as they stood among the bamboos on the bank where they had just erected their crude habitations. Some had face, hands, and feet dyed black with berries obtained from the savages, in order to keep away flies and mosquitoes;

others were decorated with bright parrot plumes. The whole of the front quarter of beef which we brought was prepared for the pot, but some of it was eaten before it was warm, and none of it remained for the morrow. After a chat with the men, I went to bed under a sheet of canvas, and slept well, notwithstanding the cries of the monkeys in the forest close by.

“I laid myself out to know the inner life and thought of these caucheros. I mixed among them, and as far as possible was one of them. I succeeded to some extent, but it has left me sad at heart and almost ashamed to be called a man. To see a community of men—fine-looking, brave, strong—men whom a stranger would trust and honour, but——! After four years among missionary students, four days in such company seemed almost overwhelming!

“Again I am puzzled, as often before, to know why more strong Christian men, who long to be missionaries for Christ, do not push out to the borders of civilization and even into the midst of heathenism. How is it that the pioneers of commerce are generally men who look for every opportunity of degrading the natives? Why do not Christians take the lead?”

Wherever the white man goes in the Montaña there are those who can steer the rapids better than he, who know the track of the tiger and jaguar better than he can ever hope to, and who can live in the swamps and withstand the attacks of malaria in a fashion impossible to one of his race. What of the savages of the Amazon? What of their numbers, tribes, languages, life, and religion?

“The valley of the Amazon,” says Professor Orton, “is probably the most sparsely populated region on the globe. There are not 40,000 souls along the banks of the Amazon and Marañón. Many of the towns marked on the map do not exist, or are represented by a solitary palm hut. There are, it is true, numerous clans of savages, but their numbers are

insignificant, probably not amounting to 60,000 in all the Peruvian Montaña."

The following is a list of the largest tribes numbered by a cauchero, who for ten years has studied this region, and whose reliable information was published by the Royal Geographical Society of Lima:—

North. SAVAGES OF THE MARAÑÓN AND PERUVIAN AMAZON.

Huitotos	20,000-25,000
Orejones (Ears)	1,500-2,000
Andoas	2,000-3,000
Iquitos	1,000
Antipas	2,000
<i>Aguarunas</i>	2,000-2,500
Jeberos
Cocamas	2,500
Achiotes
Ticunas	15,000-20,000

Central. 5°-10° LATITUDE SOUTH.

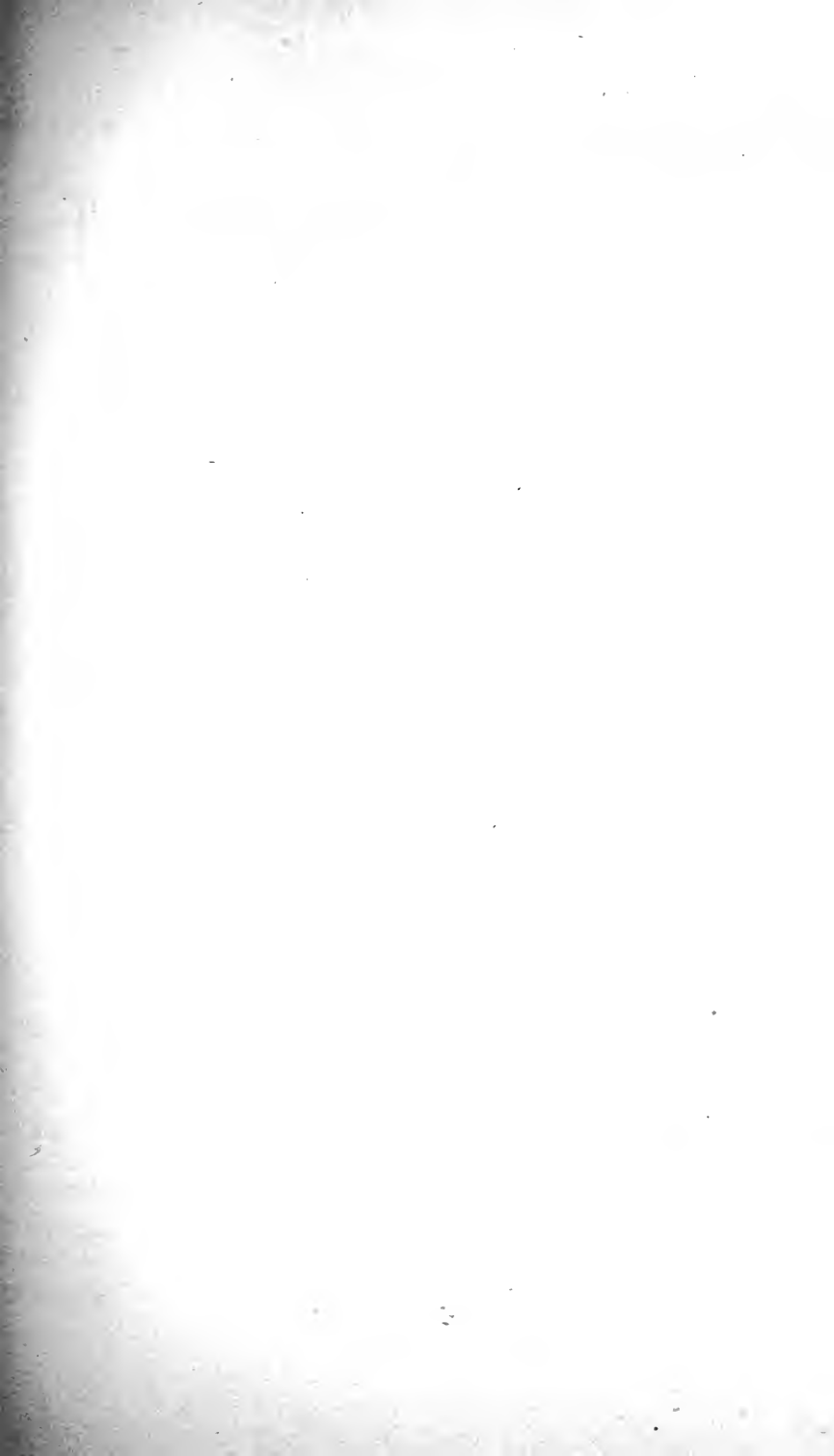
Omaguas	800-1,000
Mayorunas	1,500-2,000
Capanahuas	3,000-4,000
Nahuas	2,000-3,000
Cashibos	3,000-3,500
Shipibos	800-1,000
Shetibos	800-1,000
Campas	3,000-4,000 + 3,500
<i>Conibos</i>	1,000-1,500
Remos	800-1,000
Amahuacas	6,000-9,000
Piros	300-600
Mojos	6,000
Pamaris	3,000-4,000
Yamamadis	2,000-3,000

South. 11° LATITUDE SOUTH.

<i>Campas</i>	14,000-16,000
Machcos	6,000-7,000

Total, 122,000-152,000

The languages of these tribes differ widely—from the primitive Injeinje, which appears to have only one word, to the complete Campas, Aguarunas, Antipas, and Muratos, and the languages of the Piros, Orejones, and Conibos. The short





A Son of the Forest.

A Son of the Forest

This is a savage type from the Montaña of Peru. Surely he and his fellow-countrymen are worth saving!



vocabulary which follows is compiled from the tribe of Arzaire:—

father . . .	<i>ppappa</i>	night .	<i>yamwiki</i>
mother, brothers	<i>m:namma</i>	sun .	<i>fuarri</i>
man, male . . .	<i>huni</i>	moon .	<i>hushe</i>
woman, female .	<i>ayfahwi</i>	hot .	<i>ithsisihua</i>
son, child . . .	<i>pussi</i>	cold .	<i>mathsisihua</i>
day	<i>mackayanu</i>		

The Arazaires have only two numbers with which to count: 1 is nunchina; 2, butah; 3, butah-nunchina; 4, butah-butah; and any greater number, huacana, or "many."

Most of the savages are of a medium height; but they vary in colour, according to their tribes, from ebony to pale copper. All have long, straight, black hair, muscular limbs, and laughing black eyes. Some wear no clothes; others when in full dress display a collar of jaguar or monkey teeth; one tribe judges beauty by the size of the piece of wood inserted in the lobe of the ear; and another preserves as the prerogative of chieftainship the right to suspend a single bean from the nose. There are savages who weave square-looking sacks of shirts from the fibrous bark of a tree; others who dye their bodies orange, and stain the figures on their tattooed faces with black walnut juice; and others who wear cotton shirts and are known as "palm-teeth," because they use the dark juice of a palm-root to dye their front teeth. Some are cannibals; some more civilized; but few have any other occupation than fighting and hunting.

The residence of a savage family is a palm-thatched hut surrounded by a field of yucas and bananas, and sometimes potatoes and maize. The yuca root forms their chief food, and from it they make a drink which somewhat resembles chicha.

Women do all the work of gardening, cooking, carrying, and weaving; and although several belong to one man, they live happily together. The price of a woman varies from a hatchet to a knife.

Wars are common. Any pretext is sufficient: an axe; the eggs of a turtle; the right to fish or hunt; or the desire for more women. Chieftainship is obtained by valour, and only recognized in time of war, after which a general dispersion takes place, each head of a household becoming supreme in his own sphere.

The religions of the Montaña are a mixture of witchcraft and superstition. Two gods, one good and one evil, are supposed to exist, and to these all the events of life are attributed. One tribe represents the Supreme Being by a tiger's head, and its witch-doctors offer sacrifices; others try to propitiate the evil spirit by cruel heathen rites. The Muratos preserve some interesting traditions. A story of the deluge is still narrated in the Amazonian forest somewhat as follows: A Murato was fishing one day in a lake, and happened to kill a little lizard because it swallowed his bait. But the mother of the lizard was so angry that she lashed the lake with her tail until it was in a tumult. The water flooded the surrounding country, and all people living were drowned. Only one man escaped; he climbed a palm tree, and remained there for several days and nights, in the midst of black darkness. Every now and then he threw down a nut, and when he heard it splash in the water he knew that the earth was still covered. At last a palm nut fell with a dull thud, and he descended, knowing that the flood was over. He then built himself a house, and fenced a field, and when he had buried a piece of his own flesh in the ground, a woman grew, with whom he lived happily and had many children.

Another most interesting legend tells of the origin of the races. In the beginning of the world, all men, it says, lived in a great subterranean cave, the mouth of which was guarded by a tiger. One day a hero arose who fought with the tiger and killed him, so that mankind was free to go out. Being very dirty, the cave-dwellers heated water in a huge earthenware jar. The first ones to wash came out white; those who

followed them had to use dirty water, and so came out brown ; while the last to bathe in the great earthenware jar remained Negroes.

Only the most important savage tribes have been located on the map ; in the north of the Peruvian Montaña are the Aguarunas which include the Muratos, the Mayorunas, and Orejones ; in Central Peru the wild tribes of Conibos, Schipibas, Cashibos, and Amahuacas ; in Southern Peru, the Piros and Campas.

Travellers and historians agree that several of these tribes once formed part of the Inca Empire. The territory of the Piros and Campas would easily be entered from the capital of Tahuantin Suvo, and from legends, remnants of sun-worship, and ruins of ancient fortifications and towns which may be found in the Montaña to-day, it is supposed that these tribes were tributary to the Incas. At the time of the Conquest they persistently resisted the advance of Spanish soldiers and Roman Catholic missionaries. In order to obtain a footing there, the friars took one of the Campas savages to Spain, and after giving him a good education, brought him back to his own land, and introduced him to the Campas as a survivor of the Incas whom they so deeply revered. The missionaries hoped to gain influence through the popularity of Santo Atahualpa, as the pretender was christened ; but he, perfidious youth, raised an insurrection amongst his own people and expelled the missionaries from the Montaña.

Many of the Campas are still hostile, and if treated badly will retaliate with savage vengeance. Only a short time ago a convent was sacked, and on another occasion two English coffee-planters were killed.

Both the Campas and Piros are more intellectual, brave, and good-looking than most other tribes ; they make excellent traders, rowers, and hunters, and quickly assimilate civilization.

It is amongst these tribes that the priests have chiefly

worked, with, however, but poor success so far as Christianity is concerned. A Christian savage, it is said, can only be distinguished from his pagan fellows if perchance he wears more clothes. He has been baptized, but knows little, if any, more of Christianity than he did when worshipping the sun, or praying before fetishes after the manner of his tribe.

Amongst the Campas, marriage has been reduced to a very simple ceremony. Having decided upon the woman whom he wishes for a wife, the savage warrior sends a band of his friends to capture her; they make an assault upon the hut where she lives, and carry her off by force. Then when the marriage is an accomplished fact, the tribe gives itself to feasting and dancing.

Old age is looked upon with no reverence in the land of the Campas; old mothers and fathers become the carriers of wood and water for their households, and must feather arrows for their children. When they die their bodies are thrown into the river, their houses and implements destroyed, the trees which they planted cut down, and all that is possible done to obliterate their memory. Vague ideas are to be found amongst them in regard to the future life. It is supposed that the spirit of a good man returns to earth after death, and inhabits a jaguar or monkey; while that of a bad man is confined within a reptile or parakeet.

Amongst the savages of Central Peru are legends to the effect that at the time of the Spanish invasion, an Inca chieftain led an immigration of the people of Tahuantin Suyu down to the Montaña, where they settled. The Conibos and their neighbours are still sun-worshippers, and employ more skill in their agriculture than other tribes. They are a fine race of Indians, but very ferocious. They defend cannibalism by saying that by this practice they acquire the physical and intellectual force of the persons they eat. Old people amongst these savages are glad when it is their turn to provide a feast for the family, for they will then join their departed friends,

they say; and besides, is it not better to be eaten by one's relatives than by worms? A neighbouring tribe burns the bones of its dead and sprinkles the dust over their food.

Prisoners of war are invariably eaten. While being fatted for a feast they make no attempt to escape, but enjoy their meals until the last, awaiting the appointed day with quiet resignation. At the moment of sacrifice one of the captors stands over the victim with a stone hatchet, and makes a discourse more or less like the following:—

“Do you remember my brother who made no cry when he was sacrificed by your tribe last year? He was a valiant man! Let us see whether you know how to die!” And he strikes the mortal blow.

The tribes of Central Peru all seem to understand the Pana language, and are very much alike in their dress and customs. A celebrated traveller gives it as his opinion that, were the right methods employed, these ferocious savages might be civilized as well as any others. “There can be no doubt,” he says, “that the best method to reduce the wild man is to give him fish-hooks, whet-stones, needles, hatchets, and knives; when he has worn out any of these which he cannot himself replace, he will come and put himself in relation with the white man. Then if there be some good and patient missionary ready to receive them as friends, who will beg them to live in villages, and change their wild customs, the love of labour will be awakened in the brown man, his intelligence will be exercised, and his ideas elevated towards better things.

“It is not,” he concludes, “with the rifle that the savage will be civilized. I myself saw a fish-hook given to one who brought his child to be christened, and he wished to go through the ceremony every day.”

The Aguarunas of Northern Peru appear to have been only slightly affected by the Incas. To-day, while numbers of them are in contact with civilization around the town of Chachapoyas, there are still hundreds who roam the forests with elaborate

feather ornaments as their only clothing. The members of this tribe are well built, and the women are pretty. Civilization is more highly developed amongst them than in other parts of the Montaña. The tribe consists of an aggregation of families with a chief. Other families which live near constitute sub-tribes, of which there are three or four, each headed by a chief, but having no cohesion among themselves. One may go to war without any interference on the part of the others; seldom will a common cause lead them to unite. Had it not been for this fatal isolation the inroads of the caucheros would not have been possible.

The Aguarunas, like the savages of Ecuador, have a strange method of preparing the heads of their enemies. The head is left on a stick for three days, and then, when the brains have been removed, it is treated with hot stones, and a smoke which has the qualities of alum, until the head is contracted to half its original size. The Government of Ecuador has been obliged to forbid the sale of these relics; but in Peru no youth among the Aguarunas may be admitted to the caste of warriors, with the right to marry, until he has prepared the head of an enemy.

This is a musical tribe: not only do the women sing and play on flutes of reeds or bone, but they use a kind of violin with three strings.

The savages of Northern Peru send messages to distant parts of the Montaña by means of a wooden drum made from a tree trunk, and beaten with a wooden hammer, according to the code of the forest.

Such are the children of the Montaña—ignorant, simple, and brave. But they are steadily sinking lower, learning new vices, becoming still more degraded, and surely dying out. And the reason for this degeneration? Alas, it is not the baleful influence of paganism, but of so-called Christianity! The following words were written by a missionary who travelled

on the Amazon :—“ Rum, Romanism, rapacity, and moral rottenness are conditions which no Indian nation can long survive. Unfortunately, that is the only garb in which western civilization has ever been presented to these children of the forest.”

Unseen, unknown, another Congo tragedy has been enacted in the dark Montaña, and only a decimated savage population, and some degraded traders remain to tell the tale. “ Alcohol, the bullet, and imported smallpox have made such ravages that the complete disappearance of these indigines is a thing of a few years.”

But what of the influence of the scattered Roman Catholic Missions which still exist in their midst? Mr. Stark, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has culled the following report of their methods from the writings of travellers :—

“ ‘ Not unfrequently the curas are even more degraded than the caucheros. There may be honourable exceptions, but they are not numerous. In some cases a padre makes an occasional visit to a settlement, when religious ceremonies with drinking and dancing are kept up for several days. Mass is celebrated after a most barbarous fashion, and a disgraceful traffic is made of the Sacraments.’

“ A distinguished Peruvian writing on the character of the curates of these regions, says: ‘ The curas are not worthy of the high authority with which they are clothed. Many of them are unscrupulous speculators, no better than the most degraded traders, and live licentiously to an incredible extent. . . . In a word, the curas of the Amazon, instead of enlightening the people and elevating the Indians, and being examples of virtue and charity, . . . are the most active propagandists of vice and immorality. Twelve years of commerce (corrupt as it is) has done more to prosper this region than three long centuries of missions.’

“ What has been done for the Indians by the Christian Church? With one heroic exception, no Missionary Society has ever attempted to evangelize them. For ten years the

South American Missionary Society maintained a station on the Purus with encouragement. A house was built, a school opened, and evangelizing commenced. But through distance, difficulties, and expense, it was abandoned.

“From few lands come a more imperative call than from this Amazon region. Degraded by the heartless trader, down-trodden by the curas, neglected by the Christian Church, knowing nothing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which alone is able to elevate and regenerate them—such is the condition of the savages of Peru!”

PART III
PERU: ITS RELIGION



(A) ROMANISM, A POLITICAL POWER

CHAPTER XXII.—HOW ROME WORKS—

Roman Catholicism, a harmless wild flower or deadly weed?—The radical difference between Protestantism and Popery—The extraordinary law by which the Papacy rules Peru—A land where toleration is unlawful—"Spiritual kinship"—What Rome accomplishes in the nursery.



CHAPTER XXII

HOW ROME WORKS

“My kingdom is not of this world.”—JESUS CHRIST.

SUCH is the people which a unique course of history has produced! Different as her Desert, Sierra, and Montaña are the races of Peru! Widely separated in their ultimate issues as the mouths of rivers which rise together in the Andes, are their religious beliefs! In the physical world the eastern Andean range is the watershed of the continent; in the moral world the *Divortia Aquarum* is Roman Catholicism. Streams of belief flow from it, at first closely allied, but later diverging until they break from their rocky cradle and plunge downward—the one to dark superstition, and the other into far distant agnosticism. But the source of each is the *Divortia Aquarum*,—the phenomenon in which may be found a reason for all the strange contrasts of Peruvian life and thought—Roman Catholicism.

The Roman Catholicism of Peru, in many of its phases, is totally distinct from that of England or the United States of America. Therefore, as I speak of the Andes without the slightest fear that because they are mountains my readers will confuse them with the Grampians, I shall speak of the system which governs Peru, as something which will be new even to those who know something of Roman Catholicism at home.¹ But as, when our mountain path in the tropics was walled by giant plants, their stalks growing to a height of twelve feet and then trailing blossoms downwards over our heads, I recognized in the

strange beauty around me a mammoth species of some well-known English wild flower—so those who have come into close contact with Romanism in any part of the world, will recognize its growth in Peru, only wondering at the stupendous power and magnitude to which it has attained.

We have already caught sight of this phenomenon through the coloured glasses of different windows. History made it dark as the mines whither helpless Indians were driven to their death, or lurid as the Inquisition fires which flamed about the bodies of innocent men and women. Lima showed it brilliantly gilded as the vestments of her ecclesiastics or the altars of her cathedral. Cuzco showed it besmeared with filth, and repulsive as the decaying rubbish of her churches or the tattered rags worn by her little children. Through the windows of Indian and Montaña life, that which we had seen so often before was still visible, but this time hardly recognizable.

Yes, all the varied forms of life in the land of the Incas are the outcome of the working of this system. They stand before the world as a startling object-lesson. The seed which appears so harmless in *Protestant* countries—the wild flower whose propagation we scarcely trouble to restrict in our gardens—when planted in Peru and allowed to mature unchecked, has produced fruit which is fatally poisonous.

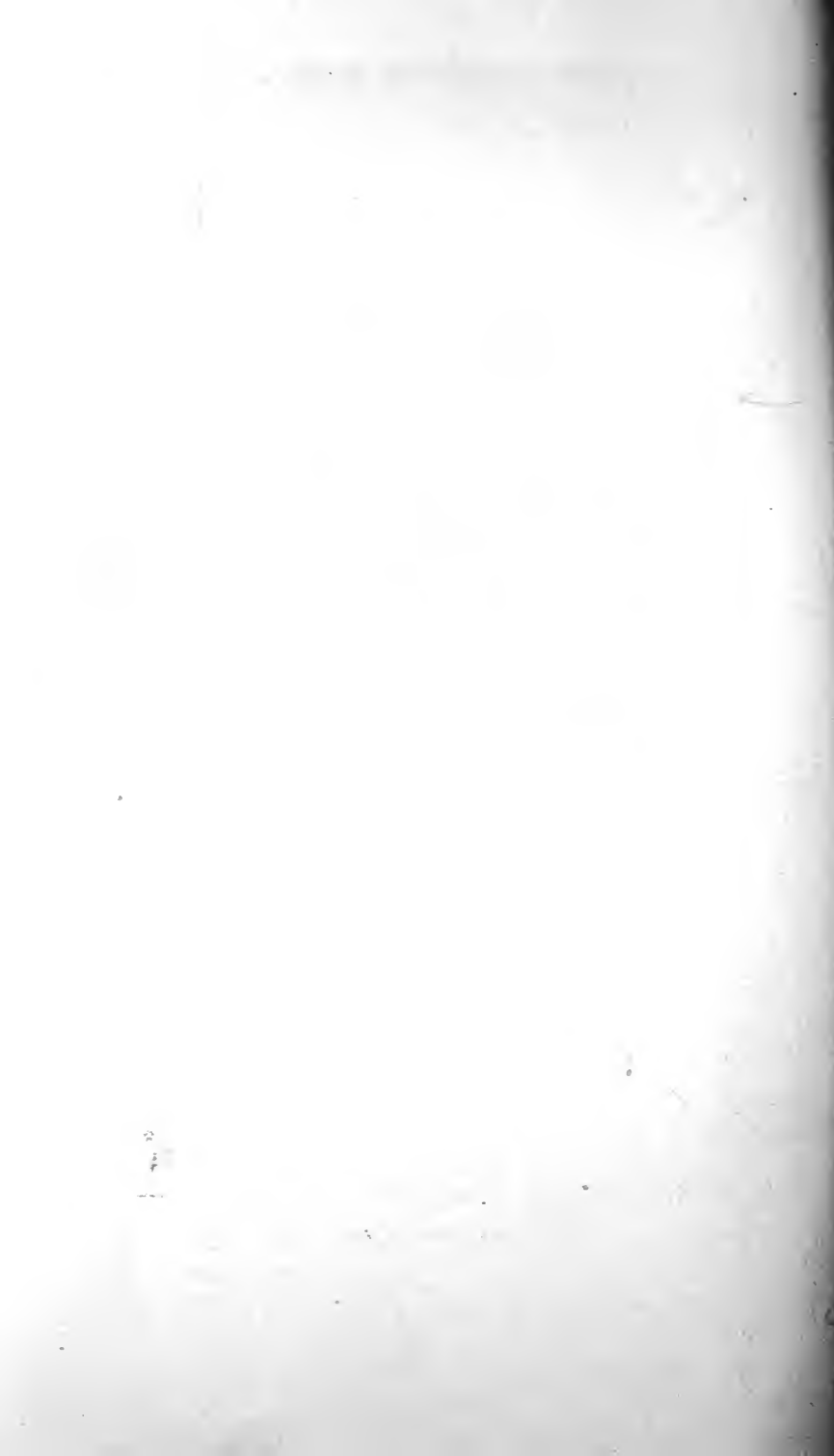
The difference between Protestantism and Popery is radical: one is a religious organization, and the other a political power.

Dr. Wylie, in his masterly thesis on this subject, writes: "As a moral and spiritual organization, the Church of Rome is a sham; as a political and earthly confederation, she is a compact, energetic, terrible reality. Her political aims are masked by spiritual pretences, and pushed forward by spiritual agencies."

Yet so astute is Rome in dazzling with her religious ceremonies and enthralling with her spiritual æstheticism, that



THE CATHEDRAL OF AREQUIPA.



often those who wonder at her power fail to recognize its nature. When Dr. Wylie saw the advance of Roman Catholicism in England, he warned his countrymen that to allow the establishment of Popery was to tolerate, not merely the religion of Rome, but the authority of its Head; to permit "not only the spread of another faith, but the erection of another government." "A Papal Bull is no matter of religious profession," he wrote; "it is a matter of civil obedience. The question it raises is not whether a church shall have the right of communicating with its members on matters of doctrine; but whether a foreign prince shall be at liberty to send his edicts into our country, enjoining upon the consciences of his adherents, under the highest penalties, matters both temporal and spiritual."

If this is the principle upon which the system is founded, what must be the land where its working is unhindered? The following quotations are from the Encyclical issued *in England* by the Pope's Nuncio, less than sixty years ago:—

"The State has not the right to deny the Church the use of force or the possession of either a direct or an indirect temporal power.

"The Church has the right to deprive the Civil Government of the sole control of public schools.

"She has the right to require that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all others.

"She has the power of requiring the State not to permit free expression of opinion."

If these are the political claims of Popery upon *a free country*—the land of Wycliffe, Ridley, and Latimer—what will be the power at its command in a land where for four hundred years it has ruled supreme?

We will notice the way Romanism works in Peru by describing: 1. Canon Law; 2. Papal Persecution; 3. The "Compadrazco" System; 4. Feast Days; 5. Motherhood.

CANON LAW

Like any other political power, Popery has a law by which it makes its commands known, and an organization by means of which it enforces obedience. Canon Law, or the Civil Code of the Papacy, deals first with doctrines. This section corresponds to the Articles of the Church of England, and appears most reasonable as a realm of Church governance. Secondly, Canon Law deals with morals, and the more we study this section, the more its audacity astounds us. For in "morals" the Pope includes all actions whatsoever. Do they not all affect the Church for bad or good? he asks; then they are all within the rightful realm of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Hence it comes about in Peru that a man's right to marry, to trade, to educate his children, to make friends, to read, to speak, and to be buried, must be regulated by this legal code. Thirdly—and here, remembering that we are studying the organization of a nominally *religious* system, we stand aghast—Canon Law deals with discipline. Nor does it exercise merely mild spiritual control, but effective temporal jurisdiction. Even in the thousand convents of liberty-loving England, it is still absolutely supreme; and in countries where confiscation and burning are no longer possible, intimidation continues by the refusal of absolution, which, in the imagination of the Church's victim, means eternal burning in the bottomless pit. Never did any other penal code fulminate such a punishment!

To what extent Canon Law is operative in Peru, the following facts will indicate: 1. *The sovereignty of the Pope is a reality.* Whatever the Constitution may profess or the Liberals boast, the fact yet remains that for the majority of Peruvians the Pope is the head of their Church and of their land. Dr. Wylie's words are absolutely true of Peru: "The relation of the Pope to the outer world is that of its absolute and supreme master; his relation to the inner or spiritual world that of its sole and infallible director. Thus he stands

with one foot on the bodies of men and the other on their souls."

The experience of Bishop Taylor, who visited Peru in 1878, illustrates an attitude to the Pope which is still general. The Pope's Nuncio arrived in Callao a few days after the Bishop had commenced work, and this ambassador of the distant potentate immediately promulgated an order, which was published in the Spanish papers, that the Callao Protestant Church be closed. So far had the Pope's political power waned, however, that feeling went against the Nuncio in the cosmopolitan capital. The diplomatic corps of other nations refused to recognize him; maintaining that since the Pope had lost his temporal power, he was not a sovereign, nor head of any nation, and therefore had no right of representation in their councils. *Yet the Nuncio was received by the Peruvian Government.*

It is true that many of the students of Peru have now become materialists or rationalists; but the majority of republicans are still loyal to the Church, and to its divine head. That his authority is more to them than that of civil rulers has often been proved to the missionaries. The Prefect may have forbidden a demonstration against the heretics, but, if the Bishop encourage it, only rifles and bayonets will be able to enforce the civil decree; and very few of the Liberals are strong-minded enough to oppose the Church! The supreme Government may have authorized a Protestant's residence in Cuzco; but if the Church so will it, by fraud or force the heretic will be expelled.

It is not the President or the ecclesiastics or people of Peru who appoint Bishops and Archbishops. From his palace at Rome the Pope exercises this right; and so disadvantageous to national life has his prerogative proved, that Ecuador, on declaring religious liberty in 1904, decreed that only natives of the republic should hold ecclesiastical posts.

2. Until the present time, *legislation in Peru has been subservient to the requirements of Canon Law.* In spite of

Congress and Senators, in spite of boasted democracy and constitutional development, the supreme code in Peru has ever been Canon Law. "There is not a law in the statute-book which has a particle of force with a Catholic conscience unless it is countersigned in the Vatican."

Although the constitution of Peru is modelled upon that of the United States of America, its spirit is violated and its theoretical freedom invalidated by Article 4: "The nation professes the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion; the State protects it, and does not permit the public worship of any other." Surely Liberty trembled at the blind fanaticism which thus made toleration unlawful! As the present Secretary of State lately acknowledged, other constitutional decrees have been set at naught by the interpretation put upon this Article. Theft and violence have been justified in prosecution of those who dared to worship outside the sanctuaries of Romanism, and to study the Book anathematized by representatives of the Pope. Injury and assault have been allowed, imprisonment inflicted, and murder committed.

Thus, although comparatively few politicians have been conscious of the bondage under which perforce they laboured, Canon Law has controlled the land.

3. *Those who do not die in communion with the Church of Rome are not allowed Christian burial.* Many times have Protestant missionaries come in contact with the force of this decree. One of them was obliged to make desperate legal resistance in order to secure a plot of ground wherein to bury his baby daughter. Quite lately the same point was tested in Cuzco, where, for a time, it seemed impossible to bury a native convert, because she was refused a place in the Catholic cemetery, and the cost of a grave in unconsecrated ground was prohibitory. Only through the remarkable liberalism of one of the authorities, who dared to defy the power of the Church, was the difficulty overcome.

Thus, through Canon Law, Popery effectively controls the

main channels of national life. In spite of the rapid advance made by infidelity, Roman Catholicism is still dominant in army, navy, law, politics, and education. It is still fashionable “for the noblest of the land to act as train-bearers of priests, and for their wives to do duty as carriers of lighted candles.”

PERSECUTION.

Not only by law, but also by persecution does this great political power sway Peru. The same perfidy and cruelty which accomplished the burning of Huss and the massacre of St. Bartholomew have been employed against the missionaries in the land of the Incas. This story of Protestant missions, which we hope will be written before long, records the means by which Christ’s witnesses have been opposed — slander, stoning, beating, shooting, imprisoning, exile, and murder!

THE “COMPADRAZCO” SYSTEM.

A third means which Rome uses to exert her power is this novel and extraordinary system. It is an ordinance of baptism whereby *parentela espiritual*, or “spiritual kinship,” is established between one godparent and another, also between the children and their godparents, and between the mother and father and their children’s godparents. A maze of relationships is thus established, different from that occasioned by marriage or blood, yet even more intimate and binding; so much so that a dispensation from the Prelate is necessary if any of these “spiritual relations” wish to marry. The extraordinary complications involved can hardly be understood by one who has not actually come in contact with the system.

The idea of *parentela espiritual* is exploited by the priesthood. In her school-work in Lima, Miss Elsie Wood, of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, finds it one of the most direct avenues by which children are dragged from her

influence. Imagine, for example, the typical case of Señora A., who entered into intimate relations with several *conmadres*, or those who, with her, had become godmothers to a certain child. So far into home life did the rights of the spiritual relationship thus established extend, that Señora A. was obliged to remove her daughter from Miss Wood's school because fanatical *conmadres* made her own life intolerable. After a year, however, the Liberal parents of the girl were so discontented with other schools, that the father contrived to quarrel with one of the *conmadres*, and put the child back under Miss Wood's teaching. The mother pretended she did not like it, and explained to officious spiritual relations that it was her husband's wish.

The wide scope of this system is astonishing. It works in Congress, and at the same time is a difficulty to every humble member of the Methodist Church in Lima. It controls initiatory ceremonies of all kinds; thus sponsors are necessary for a new altar, a new image, a bell, a corner-stone, a marriage, a church, a barn, or a factory.

Even Liberals bow to the ruling custom. Augusto Durand, when leading revolutionary troops, showed his utter disregard for ecclesiastical authority by pronouncing the Indians free from Church tributes, in revenge upon a certain Bishop for his refusal to pay a forced loan. The revolution succeeded. Durand became the Liberal hero, and was made President of the House of Congress. Yet when he was married he submitted to all the humiliating requirements of the priesthood, and subsequently became sponsor in a religious function at a convent.

This system connects higher with lower in the social scale. By means of influential godparents the priest controls many families. Sponsors must bring their godchildren to confirmation, and are always, to a certain extent, responsible for them. Orphaned godchildren are wholly theirs, according to rights not recognized by civil government, but established by social usage.

The Church has evolved this extraordinary system, and her ministers utilize it for their own ends. *Exercising control as if Peruvian society were a complicated game of chess, these priests have so played that every piece is in their power.*

FEAST DAYS.

By a system of feast days the Church controls the pleasures of her children in the Faith. In the time of the earliest Dominican Fathers, the accustomed holidays of the Indians were changed into Christian functions—pagan beliefs and customs being adapted to the religion of the conquerors. Thus the Church obtained possession of the Indian's love of diversion and display, and made that a part of his new religion. In Peru to-day, religious festivals correspond to English bank-holidays infinitely multiplied. The Liberals oppose these almost daily fiestas, which ruin trade and tend to dissipate all serious purpose; but the priests, who find them lucrative, persuade the people not to relinquish their "religion."

MOTHERHOOD.

The vital centre from which Rome regulates national life is motherhood. A Peruvian author has well said: "*The motive-power, the great propelling force of society, does not operate tumultuously in the plaza or in the revolutionary club; it works silently in the home. Beliefs founded in maternal love are lodged in a part of the heart which instruction to the contrary will never reach. If we bear the name of our father, we represent the moral workmanship of our mother.*"¹

This universal principle is systematically exploited by the Roman Church. "If some Peruaños breathe the healthy air of the twentieth century, almost all the women are asphyxiated in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages." The Church makes

¹ Gonzales Prada, *The Slaves of the Church*. (Translated.)

From the
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book

full use of her ascendancy over the womanhood of the land, for young men will relinquish agnosticism and heresy for the sake of love; husbands will prefer silent hypocrisy to continual domestic strife; and children will be educated in the faith held by their mother.

The power exerted by these various means is incalculable. It enthral's not only persons, but, as the following chapter will show, families and cities. It is "the most formidable combination ever brought against the authority and security of civil government, as well as against the liberty, reason, and happiness of mankind."¹

An Italian periodical lately contained this sentence: *I popoli di religione papale o sono già morti, o vanno morendi* (Peoples subjected to the Pope are either already dead or are dying). A well-known Peruvian writer quoted the saying, and added: "Until now the Pope has bound Peru; if the republic wishes to live, she must break free. O Latin nations, root out Catholicism from your soil, or it will devour you to your last fibre!"

¹ George Adam Smith.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE TOO-RELIGIOUS CITY—

A mother's ambition—A town where religion is woman's only interest—Where the Bible is classed with immoral literature, and ladies delight in persecuting heretics—"Mary the Sad"—Religious rockets.



CHAPTER XXIII

THE TOO-RELIGIOUS CITY

“Roman Catholicism is a veritable chameleon. To him who would scourge himself into godliness it offers a whip; for him who would starve himself into spirituality it provides the mendicant convents of St. Francis; for the anchorite it prepares the death-like silence of La Trappe; to the passionate young woman it presents the raptures of St. Teresa, and the marriage of St. Catherine with her Saviour; for the restless pilgrim whose piety needs greater variety than the cell of the monk, it offers shrines, tombs, relics, and other holy places.”—CHANNING.

WHAT is this strangely self-contradictory religion, which at first sight seems to be developing only the æsthetic tastes and pleasure-loving nature of Epicureans; which on further knowledge appears so penetrating that no point of domestic or political life is left untouched by it; which to those to whom it reveals its true nature, shows a fanaticism and lack of toleration, as blind, as cruel, as ignorant, and as unchristian, as were seen in the Romanism of the Middle Ages?

Here we find love of ceremony and display which results in feasts and processions, decorations and badges, images, altar-hangings, and flaring candles; obedience which causes the devout to shun Protestants in the streets, as if they were plague-stricken; superstition and ignorance which class the Bible with immoral literature, and Protestants with Freemasons, which exalts the Virgin Mary to divinity before the ignorant, and drives the educated to find their God in matter, which denies any but the most miserably inadequate education to its sons and daughters, and absurdly defames the well-equipped schools managed by Protestants.

As we study this strange system in "The City of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary," we become convinced that its spiritual nature is very shallow. Although it has gained the allegiance of the people by religious means, its aim is the acquisition of temporal power.

Arequipa is often called the Twentieth Century's Most Religious City; yet were you to seek devotion in its usual manifestations, you would surely deny the statement. Is it a city of philanthropic spirit and public charities, of model home life and family prayer?

Saturday is known as "Beggars' Day"; then the most miserable of the poor leave the haunts and dens where they have existed for a week on last Saturday's alms, and go round the city begging. The virtue of charity which costs little or nothing is not to be despised, and so no Arequipeña refuses the suppliants food. At eleven o'clock any morning beggars may be seen outside the Franciscan Convent receiving their doles; but apart from this institution, and one fanatical society for helping poor Catholics, nothing is done for them. The incapable and old are left to die; the poor and ignorant have no helper; there is no medical mission, no provision for the poor of the various congregations, not so much as a Christmas Fund! Apart from the few exceptions mentioned, charity does not exist.

What of the moral life of Arequipa? Alas, religion has not educated public opinion even to blush at immorality! The mother of a very superior family, who had enjoyed all the advantages of education and foreign influence, said to one of our lady missionaries: "I do not mind if my husband finds other women on the street whom he desires; all that I care about is that he should love me best." Such an attitude towards immorality is not merely common, but characteristic. Arequipeños speak without a blush of any contrast between children and illegitimate children; very little shame is attached to a custom which is questioned by so few.



A PERUVIAN HOSPITAL.

This is a corner of the only hospital among the 50,000 inhabitants of Arequipa. Notice that the sick man has been put into bed with all his dirty clothes on. On his right is a crucifix; above him, a medal; on the left, a shrine.



Yet the parents love their children, and bring them up in the fear of the Church. Family worship, as we understand it, is unknown; but a few examples of evening prayers in the home have come under our notice. Below the flat where Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett¹ lived are the rooms occupied by an Arequipeño clerk and his numerous children. As we passed downstairs in the evening we often caught sight of them, kneeling round the room, and heard the prayers which were being gabbled aloud. In a professor's household we came across the same practice, but do not find it to be general.

In some of the women loyalty to the outward forms of religion would seem to be the expression of true, though misguided, devotion. There are many in Arequipa like the lady in Marabamba whose pathetic words, as related by Miss Pinn, always linger in my mind. Her baby daughter was only three days old, and the sounds of religious crackers, of feasting and entertainment, all in honour of her christening, ascended to the room where in weakness and great suffering the mother lay. When at length pealing bells announced the ceremony to be concluded, with a sigh, half smiles, half tears, she whispered: “And now at last my little daughter is a Christian!”

In the empty lives of most of the women religion is the only outside interest. They have no sports, no clubs, no charitable work, and little occupation in the home; but instead of these things—religion. Early morning Mass, with the freshest scandal; afternoon meetings, with the day's gossip; Sunday's procession, with the display of new clothes; confession and intercourse with the family confessor;—such are the chief interests of their lives. *The most religious women are often known to be the worst; the beatas, or devotees, are generally scandal-mongers. They show hearty participation in religious ceremonies and great veneration for the Church, but few of the fruits of Christianity in their lives.*

¹ Missionaries of the R.B.M.U. in Peru.

Among the young men of Arequipa there is more religion than in the University circles of Lima or Cuzco. A casual acquaintance will feel bound, for politeness' sake, to agree with what he considers the missionary's views. He will, therefore, speak against Roman Catholicism. On closer acquaintance, however, he will show his deepest feelings in defending and excusing the Church. In almost every case this is "a form of godliness, denying the power thereof." *Religion is a creed, not a life ; it does not produce honour, self-denial, or morality.*

The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Peru to Evangelical Christianity is manifested in the fanaticism of Arequipa. Protestantism and the Protestant Bible are condemned by the Church ; therefore the faithful city will not tolerate them. Because the priest says the Bible is bad, Bible-selling on its streets is considered an insult against public opinion. When Mr. Wenberg, an agent of the American Bible Society, was selling in Arequipa, he was asked for a Gospel every morning by the same young woman. When he found that she only wished the pleasure of tearing up the books to throw in his face, he refused to sell to her. Then she sent a servant girl, who treated the Book in the same way. The blind and bitter fanaticism of this act typifies the city's spirit only too truly. Holguin, the Bishop of Arequipa, in his sermons of Easter week, 1907, mentioned the following works as amongst the literature which should be prohibited: Zola, Rousseau, Voltaire, and the Protestant Bible. His charges against the Gospels were: firstly, that they contained blasphemies against the Virgin; secondly, that their doctrines would overturn the foundations of the Church; thirdly, that they were adulterated. Although Mr. Jarrett advertised in the daily paper an offer of reward for any proof of either the first or third point, and promised the Bishop to stop the issue of the Gospels in question if he could substantiate his statements, he never received any reply.

Daily the workers in Arequipa meet the same intolerance. Newspapers dare not publish anything of which the Bishop would not approve. Such papers as the anti-Catholic *El Callao* of Callao, or *La Ley* of Chili, do not exist in Arequipa. Liberalism was unknown to her until a few years ago, and only lately *El Deber*, the Catholic organ of the city, maintained that “no Liberal party exists in Peru.” When Señor Eduardo Forga, the distinguished Peruvian Liberal, together with Mr. Watkins, his missionary friend from Mexico, helped in the circulation of anti-Romanist literature, in connection with Urquieta, the great Liberal of Arequipa, their newspaper-boys were attacked in the streets, bonfires were made of the hated works, and shots were fired into their house. Later, when it became known that Mr. Watkins was leaving Peru, and that two nurses would shortly be on their way to strengthen the work, *El Progreso* gave the public to understand that Mr. Watkins was intending to fetch out prostitutes from London for the Protestants.

Every grade of society, every sphere of life, seems to be touched by this fanaticism. The intelligent Arequipeña lady who lives, with her English husband, opposite our meeting-room, glories in throwing stones at the heretics; the street boys following some huge image through the streets, revel in raising a mob round the missionary who has not raised his hat. Mr. Ritchie rented a room for some time from a superior Peruvian family, the father of which was an English civil engineer. When the lady of the house discovered that Mr. Ritchie was a Protestant, she insisted that he should be turned out, and her husband reluctantly acquiesced. She acknowledged frankly her reason to be that “he was a Protestant, and working contrary to the ideas and religion of her country.” The rooms were long vacant, but the faithful Catholic had honoured the Church, and that was enough.

On the occasion of a procession of two images through the streets of Arequipa, one old woman was moved to the most

violent abuse because Mr. Ritchie watched the ceremony without removing his hat. He was "a Freemason, a Pagan, an Atheist"—and she, a devout Christian. Poor old soul! Doubtless she had never heard of the spirit of Jesus Christ, but from ensample and oratory had gathered that the measure of one's Christianity is one's fanaticism.

In Arequipa, as in other parts of the world, Romanism has adapted herself to her surroundings. Here she does not to-day ornament the Cross with the symbols of sun-worship, as she did in the Inca centres; she wreathes the Cross with roses. Christianity is a thing of beauty and pleasure; religious fervour is fashionable; orthodoxy is easy.

The religion of Peru has no vital force to affect and change people. It leaves cities as it found them three hundred years ago. They have indeed given colour to the religion. The Roman Catholicism of Cuzco is a reflection of the mind of the Indian—crude, heathen, wild; while in Arequipa it is well-dressed, pretty, socially respectable.

Imagine yourself standing on the balcony of our little flat in Arequipa, with Mr. and Mrs. Jarrett. It is the Monday of Holy Week, and a great procession in honour of "Maria Dolorosa" (Mary the Sad) has just left the cathedral. All the élite of Arequipa have joined the two lines of double file which stretch for four blocks along the road. Men are on one side of the street; women on the other; and in the centre are the images, their struggling bearers, and the priests. Here is a huge representation of Christ on the cross; here is St. Joseph; and here is the statue of "Maria Dolorosa" herself. She is clothed in black and crape; her face is full of unutterable suffering, and three silver arrows pierce her heart. The immense procession passes, to return in three and a half hours, after having visited all the chief churches of Arequipa.

It is 8.30 in the evening, and the trampling of the great, silent crowd sounds weirdly through the stillness. Far away

into the distance stretch the converging lines of twinkling candles, and as the procession passes, incense rises, white and misty, and the priests' chanting floats away into the silence of this wonderful star-lit night. From balconies and roofs, baskets and ladles full of flowers are overturned to fall upon the images below, and the scents of incense and autumn blossoms mingle as the silent followers of "Mary the Sad" pass on into the darkness.

Strange as it may seem to English readers, the most common manifestation of religious enthusiasm in Arequipa is the display of fireworks. Imagine yourself in this city of religious rockets, on the night of October 5th, when San Francisco escorts Santo Domingo to the plaza, and kisses him under a gaudy canopy, shining with blue and pink and gold. It is night, but the streets are thronged: young ladies in their best attire line the sidewalks; black-eyed señoritas peer through window-bars; cholas with tables of alcohol and sweet drinks crowd the street; men and boys and little children throng the doorways and crowd around the four wooden erections which block the street at different corners. There is all the excitement of anticipation which would be felt in the pit of a London east-end music-hall before the rising of the curtain, although every soul here must have stirred in his nurse's arms at the sound of identical fireworks. Suddenly the sky is streaked with bombs, and the usual religious cannonade of Arequipa commences. The air is rent with explosions, and only after this bombardment of the saints has continued for some minutes does the street suddenly glow with light and the display of fireworks commence.

A design in beautiful colours stands out against the velvet blackness; softly the colours are changing, fading from blue to green and from pink to yellow. Then the lights begin to fall, gradually destroying the design. Great rosy globes shoot out from among them; rockets dart off into the sky, showering brilliant globules over the street; electric fountains pour down

their gold; single explosions grow more and more frequent, until the noise is tremendous. Roar breaks upon roar—deafening and crashing; the *castillo* is in a blaze; bombs and rockets explode in all directions, until houses and streets are trembling beneath us with the force of the gunpowder. The holy war is at last over, and only the broken windows, the torn-up pavements, and the blackened fragments round the firework-stand remain of the religious ceremony. And what of the empty souls who have participated in this great *fiesta* (feast)? What of the multitudes who turn their faces homeward at the close of this carnival of fire and smoke? Have they found peace?

Could they but have raised their eyes and hearts above the smoke that they have kindled, to the infinite night beyond with its myriad stars pitying their feeble display—might it not have spoken to their hearts of that peace for which they sought, and of the Prince of Peace, who “delighteth not in burnt-offerings” but “is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart”?

They have offered their sacrifice of smoke and din to the honour of their “Saint,” and they go to their homes with hearts as empty as the burned-out fireworks and bombs that strew their way; with souls as sin-blackened as the charred fragments that litter the streets.

And quiet, like an undeserved kiss, falls upon the scene; and the violet velvet tropic night enwraps the foolish city, like the mother-wings of the yearning Saviour, who with tears of longing still cries—

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!”

(B) ROMANISM, A SPIRITUAL FAMINE

CHAPTER XXIV.—PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP—

The penalty for loving the Bible in Peru—What Peruvian sermons are about—How I knelt through a Sunday morning service during which religious street-boys sent off squibs in church—How babies are christened in Cuzco—Rum and religion—Costumbre.



CHAPTER XXIV

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP

“The propaganda of Rome is one vast appeal to the senses. Apart from our instrumentality, the only channel for God’s mercy in Peru is the Church of Rome ; and how can Divine love reach human hearts through a channel absolutely blocked with sacerdotalism, superstition, and ignorance ?”

W. NEWELL.

I HAVE tried to show that the Roman Catholicism of Peru is a political power, touching national and social life at every point. I now wish to prove how superficial are the spiritual pretensions with which she masks her political aims ; so much so, indeed, that in a land where she reigns supreme there is spiritual famine.

What then does Rome provide for her children through Bible-teaching, preaching, or worship ?

BIBLE-READING.

As is shown by the history of the Bible Societies,¹ Rome has denied the Bible to Peru. When others would have introduced it, she used all her forces to prevent them. At her instigation they were mobbed, stoned, shot at, libelled, imprisoned, and even murdered ; the Word of God was maligned, torn to pieces, and burned. Whatever defence Rome may make, whatever excuse concerning an “adulterated Protestant Bible,” the fact

¹ This deeply interesting history will form part of the missionary book which, as intimated in Chapter XXII., will, we hope, be published before long.

remains that she has given the land of the Incas no Bible, and no part of the Bible.

Nor does this surprise us, for the same policy has been pursued in other Roman Catholic lands for many centuries. At a conference held lately in the Church of S. Maria in Rome, Padre Geneccchi of the Jerome Society made the following honest and powerful statement with regard to Rome's policy of discouraging Bible-reading:—

“The reading of the writings of the apostles had almost ceased in Italy; we were accused of defrauding the Catholic people of the vital food contained in the Word of God, and most particularly in the Gospels. Those who have travelled abroad know what a bad impression has been produced by the belief that our Church prohibits the reading of Holy Scriptures. We know well what answer we gave. We said that our Church does not prohibit absolutely the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, but only heretical translations without notes. This answer is false, and the Church does not need lies to defend itself. Here is the plain simple truth: for three centuries Catholics were denied the Bible. Pope Pius IV. prohibited every translation of the Scriptures in the mother-tongue, and his decree was confirmed by other popes, till Benedict XIV., in the year 1757, permitted all to read the Bible under two conditions: that it should be accompanied by notes and should have received ecclesiastical approbation. Since then, when accused by Protestants of negligence and even aversion towards the sacred Scriptures, we affirmed that Catholics did read the Bible. But even this answer was false, because as a general rule not one in a thousand, or even one in ten thousand, reads the Word of God in our Italy, and the Protestants were more than ever disgusted, and said that they wanted facts, not words.”

To-day, what do Peruvians know of the Bible? The well-educated have heard a number of isolated texts from the Psalms and the Prophets, twisted so as to apply to the Virgin Mary;



THE DOOR OF THE JESUIT CHURCH, CUZCO.



they know well the two sayings of our Lord upon which the dogma of infallibility is built; if they have been educated in a convent school they will doubtless remember, with a great deal else of absurd legendary character, a few Bible stories—two or three from the Old Testament—and a brief outline of the birth and death of Christ.

The priests do not possess and have never studied the Bible.

Members of their own communities have told me that theological students are required to know only a few isolated texts. Devotees of the Church possess many lives of saints, devotional poems to the Virgin, and prayers to be said before various images or relics; but I have never seen a verse of Scripture quoted in one of these books. Sermons are commenced by the recitation of a text with which they frequently do not deal at all; school catechisms teach nothing of the Bible; even the best book-shops in the capital do not stock The Book.

Is it strange, then, that the people of Peru are starved, and that they listen with wonder and new joy to the Word of God which they have been denied?

PREACHING.

In England, Romanism is morally compelled to give some kind of Christian preaching from her pulpits; in Peru, she is not. That when the Bible is shut preaching inevitably degenerates, history confirms. As early as the twelfth century, a learned English Churchman exclaimed: "The priests have altogether given up the preaching of God's Word, and have become dumb dogs." Of the state of Italy in 1681 it was said: "The Dominicans preach eternally on the Rosary; the Carmelites on the Scapulary; the Franciscans on the Rope of St. Francis; and the Saccolanti have for their subject St. Anthony of Padua."

The worst which can be said of Roman Catholic lands in their darkest hours is true of Peru. In the villages of the

Sierra, sermons are of very rare occurrence; but in Arequipa the two parts of the *Misa* (Mass) are divided by a sermon in one church at least every day, and on a feast-day in every church. The subjects usually chosen are the lives of the Saints, or the history of a feast, and the benefits which its celebration brings.

As most of the fiestas are dedicated to the Virgin, most of the sermons are about her. The last days of Holy Week are devoted entirely to remembering her sufferings, which the Church teaches were greater than those of Christ, inasmuch as her heart is always represented as pierced by several arrows, and His by only one.

A fundamental principle is involved in the fact that these sermons have no practical exhortation. *Rome has over-emphasized the outward: works not faith; what is seen rather than the heart; ceremonies in place of consecration.* The conception is general in Peru that virtue does not consist in being good or doing good, but in punctilious attendance to religious ceremonies.

In a speech delivered before the Peruvian National Assembly in 1867 by Dr. D. Fernando Casós, the following statement was made with regard to preaching in Peru:—

“Sunday preaching does not exist; which accounts for the fact that our masses are completely ignorant of the contents of the Holy Scriptures. Neither does ordinary preaching exist, which accounts for the fact that Evangelical truth is unknown. The only thing which exists, gentlemen, is the preaching of eulogies on the ‘Saints.’

“If anything then is known of Christianity in the interior of Peru, it is no more than that which relates to the Saints and to the celebration of the feasts of the parish. This, the sensuous part of Christianity, is known by the recurrence of feasts and public festivities. . . . Is it not true, gentlemen, that worship such as this is more pagan than Christian?”

The diary of a missionary in Cuzco records the impression

made upon a truly spiritually minded Christian by one of the special sermons of Easter week.

“To-night,” Mr. Newell wrote, “I attended one of the special mission services in the cathedral; Padre M—— was preaching; a popular, flowery orator. He was recently expelled from Ecuador, and has sought an asylum in less-enlightened Peru. The cathedral, a huge edifice built by the Incas under Spanish direction, was chilly and gloomy, the darkness only being relieved by a few lamps hung here and there. The preacher’s face was not discernible. The women sat on their prayer mats in the centre; the men-folk, mostly the poorer class, stood around. The high altar was in a blaze of light, above which towered the wonderful miracle-working image, *El Señor de los Temblores* (The Lord of the Earthquakes). The preacher’s subject was “Calumny”; he appeared to be well versed in the art of public speaking, and used his strong voice with considerable effect, evidently interesting his vast congregation. But there was nothing for hungry souls. Wit, anecdote, and sarcasm all served their turn; but there was no revelation of an infallible cure in the Person and Work of the Redeemer. It was a Gospel-less sermon, and what I heard could have been consistently preached by a most advanced materialist. It was hard, cold morality, dished up with frothy rhetoric. My soul longed to tell the people of Him in whom there is an infinite reservoir of grace, where calumny and every other sin may be cleansed away for ever.”

Is it a wonder that the works of Christianity are not seen in the lives of the professing Christians of Peru? They are starving! They have been denied both the Holy Scriptures and the preaching of the Gospel.

WORSHIP.

But surely the Church conducts prayer and worship! Is there not food for the hungry in her services? Alas, *the over-*

development of ceremonialism but marks the decay of the life it once expressed. The spiritual is almost completely materialized.

Even amongst the most devout and enlightened, intercourse of the soul with God does not appear to exist. Latin formulas of eulogy and supplication are totally incomprehensible to the worshippers, and Spanish prayers concerned with virgins, saints, images, or their miracles, and addressed more frequently to creatures than to the Creator, are obviously incapable of imparting spiritual comfort or inspiration. The mechanical worship of Peru tends to soothe the conscience, but not to satisfy the soul. Oh that I could adequately picture to you some of these pathetic and paltry ceremonies so far removed from the simple services of Protestant and even some Catholic churches we know in England!

It is Sunday morning in Cuzco. The church in which we stand is a high hall, long and narrow, with gaudily framed oil-paintings running the length of its walls. The whole of the farther end blazes with colour; the huge gilt altar is covered with artificial flowers of pink, red, and tinsel. From one high-up window a ray of sunlight falls aslant the altar, making its trimmings look as tawdry as Christmas-tree ornaments when the candles have guttered out over night, and the sun of Boxing Day has risen. Above the altar are saints in garments of yellow and heliotrope, and angels with gauze wings; before the Host are long-robed priests with magnificent crosses embroidered on their vestments; and below all the tinsel, paper, and finery, there is a kneeling crowd.

The music is very poor; a small weak harmonium is being played in valse time, and now and then some phrase is sung in a boy's rasping voice, strained two or three tones too high, and devoid of any music.

Now the seminary scholars are standing, hats in hand, ready to kneel when the Host is raised and the wafer becomes Christ. The bell sounds; a young priest waves the censor furiously;

every head in the building is bowed, when suddenly there is a tremendous explosion! Is the building on fire, or is the hall laid with gunpowder? Bang! bang! bang! Smoke and smell of powder fill the place, but the dark heads are bowed the lower, and the Indian women kneeling near me knock their foreheads on the ground and cross themselves afresh.

When this experience was first mine, I was too surprised to attend to the service, and kept my eyes on the ragged little boy at the door, who turned out to be the culprit. When I noticed him first he was standing on the old Inca lintel—a great blue stone which now lay prone on the threshold. In the corner close by him stood a small candle, and scattered around were the remains of what I took to be squibs.

In a few minutes the second Mass bell rang, and this time I was on the look out to see what my small friend would do. He stood on the old stone, both hands full of squibs, and at the sound of the bell thrust them into the flame. Immediately the explosions began, and the popping, jumping crackers were hurled everywhere. They blazed on the lintel by the hundred; they were thrown at street-boys, and set passing horses a-galloping; they strewed the floor of the church; one fell on my skirt and would have burnt a hole in it had not a lady got up from her knees and shaken it off. Meanwhile the harmonium continued playing, and the officiating priests walked and bowed and knelt before the altar.

Such is the Sunday morning service in Santa Teresa! If families are there, the father must sit with the men, and the girls must lay their shawls or mats on the mud floor and kneel beside their mothers. Worshippers enter and leave when they choose, and the mysterious rite of the Misa continues. There is no hymn, no prayer, no sermon, no reading which it is possible to distinguish. The devout kneel very reverently and mutter "Ave Marias," or read from devotional books; and others walk up and down the church to display their new canes and ties and mantas, cross themselves with holy water, and go out into the sunshine again.

An extract from my diary illustrates the emptiness of these ceremonies, so destitute of spiritual help.

I have just returned from the cathedral, where I attended two baptisms. As the building itself is being repaired, the ceremonies were performed in a side church, a very disreputable place, with large holes in its brick floor and decaying "saints" in its altar niches.

Over the stone front a magnificent erection had been made. There were railings surrounding it, arched by a silver rainbow. The ornamental doors were of imitation glass and coloured cardboard, and the drapery above was pink chiffon with a silver paper fringe. All around were masses of artificial flowers of every colour, and to complete the effect a streamer of red chiffon, gold-fringed, had been draped from the ceiling to the huge pots of artificial flowers which stood on either side of the bower's entrance.

The first baptism was quite a poor one. Half a dozen women came in and sat on the floor; the mother and her two friends wore black mantas, and the muchachas had rough red Indian cloths over their heads. One of them carried the baby—a wee, dark-skinned mite with big hands and a lot of black hair. The gentlemen of the party presently returned from the vestry with a priest. He appeared to be a very raw youth: the bald patch on his head was newly shaved; his face was weak and irresolute; his dark gown was too short for him, and his lace jacket and violet scarf were very dirty. When he emerged from the vestry, two little Indian boys scurried across the nave and soon returned, their rough shocks of hair wildly rumped with the hasty donning of filthy surplices. These functionaries took their stand behind the young priest, one holding a small dish of salt and the other a draped pole surmounted by a cross. The women were now standing; and the baby, in its long white frock and numerous pink bows, was handed over to the father, an oldish gentleman in rusty black clothes.

The priest fumbled with his Latin text-book and read snatches

in an inaudible voice. Three or four times he was interrupted by squibs which were exploded in hundreds by the muchachas, a few steps away. At one point in the service he held his hand in benediction over the child; at another he made the sign of the cross several times on its face; once the smaller Indian boy was beckoned, and salt was placed on the baby's lips; finally the priest shut his book, covered the child's face with his stole, and the whole group moved to the font. There the priest concluded further readings at an incredibly swift pace; the baby's head was rubbed with cotton-wool damped with holy water, and the priest bowed, intimating that the ceremony was concluded.

I watched the muchacha take the baby and replace its quaint little bonnet and pink net veil, and while I was smiling good-bye to the mother, another party entered the cathedral.

These appeared to be wealthy people. The father was a well-dressed little Peruvian, the mother a middle-aged lady robed in black satin. Several very elegant young damsels wearing pale green or heliotrope silks and lace mantas, were present, and the gentlemen and little boys all sported smart new suits. Some servants followed—one carrying a little girl very grandly dressed, and another the baby. Either its clothing was excessive or else that baby was extraordinarily large! Any description of the bundle carried by the muchacha is impossible. It appeared to me that the child had been laid on a board, packed in wadding and a long white cloak, and tied up with pink ribbons.

The same priest officiated, but this time he was arrayed in a purple robe embroidered with gold, and it was a more magnificent tassel which he placed on the child's face at the correct moment. Grander vestments seemed to have given him self-confidence, and this time he repeated the service in loud tones, but so fast that I caught only one recognizable word the whole time. There were no fireworks; but after a short prayer in Spanish, during which no eye was closed, the party adjourned to the font where the baby was duly baptized.

Everybody then looked pleased; a muchacha carried away the infant; one of the party tipped the little Indian boys, and the gentlemen retired with the priest to the vestry.

And this is all that the most devout in Peru can enjoy. Is it not painfully true that Rome is a spiritual famine?

When ceremonies lose their life they themselves are destined soon to pass away. The survival of Roman Catholic ceremonialism in Peru is due to an abnormal development of that worldwide tendency which Spaniards call *costumbre*. A form, bereft of life and power, as it were, is preserved; and Peruvians themselves confess this mockery of religion to be *costumbre, no mas* (custom, nothing more).

A missionary diary from Northern Peru runs:—

“It was touching to see the ignorant idolaters, busy with their shrine, stop me to obtain *Las Buenas Nuevas* (The Good News). As I passed they were just finishing the altar, and carefully arranging the rose-crowned virgin and her child. A note of satisfaction went round, the large image was fixed, and a row of greasy candles set alight in the glare of the sun. Behind the shrine was a repulsive picture of Christ on the cross, with other pictures painted on the canvas awning.

“A bottle of rum was now passed from one to another, and ourselves among the rest invited to take ‘just a little.’ We did not accept the proffered kindness, but, being asked to sit down, were glad of a refuge from the rays of the sun, now at its zenith. I opened my New Testament, and even there, before the idolatrous shrine, had a group of attentive listeners as I spoke of the true Cross and the Crucified One whom they so little understood. Some of them apologized for their ‘show’ by saying it was only a custom of the ‘Christians’ of Peru. Poor folk, the mockery of religion imposed on them by a false priesthood is their misfortune rather than their fault! Their whole religious life is only an idolatrous ‘custom,’ a lifeless ‘show.’”

May these words ring in our minds while we follow the

studies of the idols, processions, and pilgrimages of Peru as sketched in the following chapters.

Costumbre, no mas !

Costumbre !

Costumbre !

Spiritual starvation !

And may the voice of God, inspiring and irresistible, say to us each one—

“ Give ye them to eat.”



CHAPTER XXV.—IDOLATRY—

Saint-worship as distinct from image-worship—“Our Lord of the Sea”—The “Saint” who is a lieutenant-colonel in the Brazilian army—How two “Saints” sued each other in the law-courts—“The Sweating Image”—Relics which hide the Redeemer.





A PERUVIAN IDOL.

CHAPTER XXV

IDOLATRY

“My people have committed two evils ; they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.”—JEREMIAH ii. 13.

ANY system which puts another name near that of Jesus tends towards idolatry. By disregarding this principle, Romanism has allowed the commemoration of the deaths of martyrs to degenerate into prayer to Saints, and finally into worship of their images.

Amongst the educated classes in Peru, saint-worship is very common. Devotional books comprise stories of the lives of Santa Rosa, Santa Catalina, or Santa Teresa, and sermons are occupied with the intercessory powers of San Antonio, San Sebastian, or Santo Toribio. Numerous relics and images assist the imagination of devotees as they render prayers and adoration to glorified Saints.

But the poorer classes of Peruvians have no devotional books ; they live in villages where sermons are of exceptional occurrence ; and their curas do not teach them either evangelical truths or traditions concerning the saints. Yet the homes and churches of these people teem with images, the names of which are household words. “Our Lady of Bethlehem” is worshipped by those who have never heard about the young mother who laid her baby in a manger. “Our Lord of the Sea” is revered by many who do not know whom we mean by the Lord Jesus. One virgin is distinguished from another in Peru by her

features and her jewels; one Saint from another by the village to which he belongs. Thus images cover no historic reality. They themselves are real; they are idols. After residence in Peru one naturally uses the personal pronouns denoting either masculine or feminine gender when speaking of the images. This is the invariable custom of the people, and denotes how real to them are the personalities with which they invest their idols of wood and paint.

Each town has its popular "saint" or idol. Even Callao, which may almost be called a suburb of the capital, is given up to the worship of Our Lord of the Sea. The wooden image thus named was found, it is said, on the shore, where it had been washed up from the wreck of a village destroyed by the sea. It now stands in the Church of Santa Rosa, sumptuously arrayed and adorned with jewels. Hundreds of poor superstitious men and women daily pray to it as *Nuestro Señor* ("Our Lord"), for it is supposed that only by his miraculous power is Callao guarded from earthquakes and tidal waves. Every year a solemn procession is organized, in which the image, mounted upon a highly decorated stage, is carried down to the sea. Lighted candles borne by black-shrouded women; pungent incense ascending from the swinging censers of acolytes; a canopy held on high above a number of gorgeously robed priests; the town band, a company of soldiers, and crowds of dancing, drunken devotees, attend the procession of "Our Lord of the Sea" as he goes to be dipped in the waves, thus to pacify them for another year.

How suggestive this scenery might be! The rippling waters of the Bay speaking of a lake-side where Jesus Himself walked; the shore, with its nets and piles of silver fish, of the Sea of Galilee. Would that there were here some memory of Him whom even the winds and the waves obeyed! and that *Nuestro Señor del Mar* might speak to Peru of the Lord of earth and sky and sea! But, alas, this Peruvian procession is only a burlesque! These drunken enthusiasts have never

heard of Galilee; they have never had the opportunity of listening to the Gospel story; their prayers are addressed to a painted idol.

A religious chronicle of Lima lately recommended the worship of San Antonio de Lisboa, extolling him as the one who can recover lost possessions; who is the patron of missionaries, of sailors, and of the hopeless, and who can secure husbands for maidens. It then sketched the career of this saint as a member of the Brazilian army; enrolled in 1670, distinguished at the battle of Dos Palmeras, and in 1816 promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel—while all the time his image peacefully remained in its niche, his arms and uniform hung in the Franciscan convent at Olinda, and the Town Council paid his salary to the Church!

“With patience we wait,” adds this pious and enlightened Peruvian author, “in the expectancy of shortly seeing San Antonio a General, and within a few hundred years, Emperor or President of the Brazilian republic.”¹

Such an astonishing article, published as it was by the Church, raises in our minds the question: How then do these Roman Catholics regard the image? The better-class people evince their belief in the activity of this departed “saint” by giving liberal subscriptions to the Church, in the hope that some financial offer may enlist his services for their country. Young ladies of educational attainments pray with faith before pink and silver images of a pretty young man in the military dress of ancient Rome! And the President speaks of having subdued a rebellion with San Antonio’s help. In each case the Protestant mind is puzzled. Is this San Antonio an angel or an image? Probably the devout among the more educated classes think of him as a vague personality, belonging neither to an historic character nor yet to an idol, but rather to the spirit of the Saint in heaven. Those ecclesiastics who reflect *must* know better; but why should San Antonio’s salary be lost to the Church?

¹ This quotation, with many others employed in the following chapters, I translated directly from the Spanish original.

As for the common people, they have never transgressed the wishes of the priesthood by thinking, and to them the "saint's" effigy *represents* nothing. It has a personality of its own; San Antonio is one of a class of beings unknown in England. He is an *imágen*, or miraculous idol.

An incident which occurred lately in a small Chileno village illustrates the position of "saints" in Peru. The priest of Yumbel announced that he had found an image of San Sebastian which had fallen from heaven into a certain grove. On San Sebastian's Day he set up this image in a niche of his church, where it soon came to be famous for miracles. This was profitable to the holy man, since he received the donations of grateful devotees. Shortly afterwards he bethought himself that a pilgrimage would be acceptable to San Sebastian, and accordingly, at a suitable season, the pilgrimage was instituted. Finally the "saint" became an important source of revenue to the town.

So successful had the methods employed by the cura of Yumbel proved, that his companion in Los Angeles (Chili) adopted a similar plan, and the two San Sebastians competed for the gratuities of miracle-seeking pilgrims. The first priest, backed by those who had profited by the original saint, now went to the civil authorities to complain against the innovation made by his brother in the Faith. The lawyers, glad to share the spoils, carried on the suit for years. The documents were made out in the names of the two "saints" who were suing each other, and so notorious did the affair become, that finally a Prelate of Santiago sent for the priests, commanded them to stop the lawsuit, and to turn the revenues of both shrines over to him.

In November 1906 a most striking incident occurred in Lima. The late President of Congress had removed the crucifix from the table of the House, and in revenge the Archbishop refused him a public requiem at his death. A vote of censure was passed against the Archbishop for this act, to which the

Church of Rome answered by the organization of a monstrous but most profitable farce.

The old sacristan of the church of El Prado was one morning dusting the images stored in a back room of the building. A figure of Christ falling beneath the weight of His Cross he decided to renovate, and after painting it, set it up in the church.

The report was then circulated that an image of Christ in the church of El Prado was so affected at the Archbishop's treatment that it was sweating. A nun had first observed the wonder, and in a few days it was difficult to enter the building for the crowds which were worshipping the image.

One day, while the excitement was still high, a missionary visited the church, and he thus describes what he saw:¹ “At the foot of the altar steps was a wooden image supposed to represent Christ. It was the usual style of hideous, tawdry idol with which Rome captivates her dupes. The figure had long black hair reaching past the waist. On its shoulder was a large cross painted green and yellow, under the weight of which the Lord was supposed to be staggering. The image was dressed in a long crimson velvet robe, trimmed with deep gold braid; it had also a large collar and cuffs of lace. On the skirt were pinned about a dozen silver medals (given in gratitude by persons who had been miraculously healed by the image!). Crowded around were numbers of women on their knees, striking their breasts and crying: *Aye! Dios mio, Dios mio!* (‘Oh, my God, my God!’). The ignorance and superstition on their faces was painful to see. On the outer edge of the crowd were ladies of the better class who had visited the church out of curiosity, and now watched the scene with a sort of incredulous smile on their faces. Round about stood many men, laughing and sneering at the whole deception.

“I managed to get quite close to the image, but could see no

¹ This extract was kindly furnished from the diary of Mr. J. S. Watson, missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Lima.

sweat. The face was coloured with a shiny enamel paint. The reflection of hundreds of flickering candles and lights might easily make the credulous believe that this was sweat. The image could only be seen through the smoke and vapour of candles.

“Although there was no perspiration falling from the ‘saint,’ that did not prevent three miserable dirty Negro altar-attendants from doing a roaring trade in front of the image, selling small pieces of cotton wool ‘wet with the sweat of the “saint,”’ and all nicely wrapped up in coloured tissue paper. This cotton wool was said to be very efficacious in curing every imaginable disease.

“As I turned to leave the church I glanced through the open door of the vestry. There in full view of the Perspiring Saint and the sweltering crowd, the old parish priest was entertaining a young priest with wines, coffee, and cake—joking and laughing, wholly indifferent to the poor deluded people at the foot of the altar steps.”

By the most ludicrous and pitiful *relics*, the Evil One distracts the attention of Peruvians from the Cross. We learn, not from a musty document of the dark ages, but from a modern paper published in Trujillo, Northern Peru, that many “relics of the Passion” are still extant. In Rome, for instance, there are the Temple columns upon which the Child Jesus leaned when He discussed with the doctors; also the table at which the Last Supper was eaten; the towels used by Our Lord to wipe the disciples’ feet; the cords with which He was bound; a column from the house of Caiaphas; the holy staircase; the bandage used to cover the Lord’s eyes; pieces of the column to which He was bound while being flogged; the lashes; the nails; a piece of the sponge; some drops of blood and water. Many other precious relics are preserved in Venice, Turin, Anagni, Valencia, Barcelona, and other parts of Spain. Lima claims to have a piece of the Cross, but as the Trujillano paper confesses,



[from a photograph]

"THE SWEATING IMAGE."

[by James Watson.



there are fragments "all over the earth." It is stated to be indubitable, however, that Arequipa preserves one of the thorns of Christ's crown, and is therefore looked upon as highly favoured amongst cities.

The worship of such relics is a part of the same degradation as are the Peruvian images. In a professedly Christian land, the poor and ignorant have been allowed to fall into idolatry.

Romanism is a sliding scale: at one end is devout though distorted Christianity; at the other, paganism. It is always easier to worship the visible and tangible than to commune with the invisible God. For the better instructed Peruvian devotees, the supposed miracles of relics and images eclipse the works of their Creator and Redeemer; while the poor and ignorant, in a blind search for the Divine, have been allured by tangible evidences of the supernatural, and are now lost in idolatry as pitiful as that of any Burmese priest or Fiji Islander.



CHAPTER XXVI.—THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN—

The history of Mariolatry—A land where every girl is called after the Virgin Mary—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception—"Miraculous" Virgins who are annually visited by thousands of pilgrims—A Bible which "from Genesis to the Apocalypse" is concerned with Mary—What I saw in the vault below the Church of Our Lady of Solitude.





" LA VIRGEN."

This Guatemalan monument, erected to those who served in a Central American war, is typical of many a Peruvian statue. The relation of the gracious Virgin and wounded soldier is very striking!

CHAPTER XXVI

THE QUEEN OF HEAVEN

“We will certainly . . . burn incense unto the queen of heaven . . . as we have done, we and our fathers . . . for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and saw no evil.”—JEREMIAH xliv. 17.

MARIOLATRY is the most popular form of saint-worship, and the most liable to degenerate into idolatry. The ideal of Peru is *La Virgen* (The Virgin). To the educated she is the Mary of Roman Catholicism the world over; but to the ignorant masses she is merely a personification of ideal tenderness. It is interesting to notice, as Herr von Hase¹ points out, that “a little plant, used from ancient times as a love-potion, has borne in succession the names of *Capillus Veneris*, *Freya’s herb*,² and *Maria grass*.”

Thus we may trace the Peruvian worship of *La Virgen* from its present idolatry, back to the instincts of primitive races of mankind. Glancing through Church History, we realize how this evil has crept into Christianity. In the second and third centuries, women who manifested extravagant adoration of the Virgin, were looked upon as heretics. But so generally accepted did the belief in her divinity become, that in the year 431 the Council of Ephesus decided that the Virgin was truly the Mother of God, and therefore on an equality with God.

Opposition to the popular innovation gradually decreased;

¹ Karl von Hase, *Handbook to the Controversy with Rome*, vol. ii.

² Freya, in Norse mythology, was the goddess of fruitfulness, of faithfulness, and love.

in the sixth century the legend of the ascension of the Virgin was taught; five hundred years later, Peter Damian, Bishop of Ostia and Cardinal of Rome, declared that "all power was given to her in heaven and in earth, and that nothing was impossible to her." Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, tells us that one reason why our Lord left her behind when He ascended to heaven, was "lest perhaps the court of Heaven might have been doubtful which they should rather go out to meet—their Lord or their Lady."¹

St. Bernard, in the twelfth century, extols the Virgin as "the subject of all Scripture; the end for which it was given"; and even "the end for which the world was made."

In Peru, this mistaken worship has for nearly four hundred years enthralled the people. In every house are pictures of the Virgin; her amulets and charms are worn by rich and poor alike; almost every girl bears her name; *Jesus María!* is the commonest exclamation; "Hail, most holy Mary!" and the reply "Conceived without sin!" is the only Indian greeting; hospital wards are ornamented with images of the Virgin; figures of her and of the Child Jesus stand on the desks of normal schools; and every church has its miraculous Virgin.

The Goddess of Peru is honoured by various means, but perhaps the most important are *feasts, pilgrimages, and sisterhoods.*

The calendar is crowded with *holidays in her honour.* I was present at the Church of La Merced, Cuzco, on the day when Our Lady of Mercy was celebrated. The preacher extolled Mary as the Queen of Heaven, the beauty and glory of the earth, the centre of the Christian religion, and the hope of Peru.

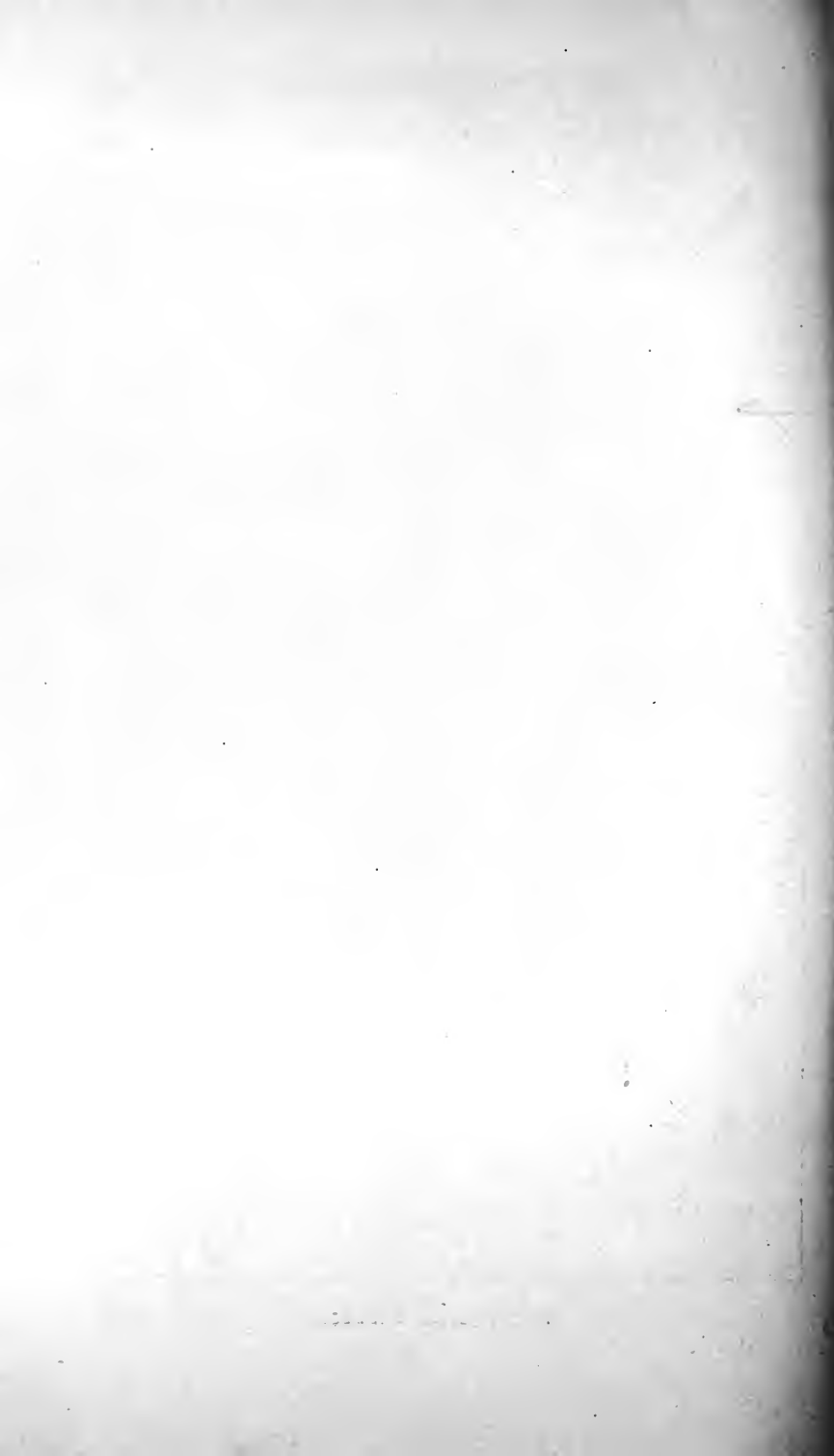
The following quotations are translated from the panegyric delivered in 1906 by the Canon of Cuzco, at the celebration of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception:—

"All generations shall call me blessed."

¹ Related by W. E. Tayler, *Popery: its Character and its Crimes.*



A CUZQUEÑO GODDESS.



“Mary is the divine bond between the ancient law and that of grace; the sacred arch which unites human nature with the Divine; the highest throne where dwells the Eternal, surrounded by the splendours of uncreated light, in whose presence virgins bear fair lilies in their white hands and the martyrs their palms, while the angelic hierarchy, beating their transparent wings, sing to celestial lyres an infinite hosanna, the echoes of which fill all glory with jubilee, and celebrate the victory over the serpent, and the eternal alliance of the creature with the Creator.

“This is the mysterious Virgin whose Immaculate Conception the Church celebrates to-day, presenting her before the eyes of our faith clothed in the sun, covered with the moon, crowned with twelve stars, and bathed in all mystic splendours, while issues from her mind in streams, even as in the Land of Paradise, the fountain of life.”

After speaking of the Middle Ages, “the Church’s age of gold,” the Canon continued: “In later centuries we hear in unison a chorus of holy eulogy, warm ardent vows and tender praise, which from all sanctuaries, great and small, is elevated to heaven, enwrapped in the cadences of the organ, and in the delicate perfume of roses and violets—in order that there may descend upon the parched earth the treasure of the celestial graces which have been placed in her.”

The devotion shown at feasts the orator referred to as “the flower of our worship which we render to Mary.” “The worship of Mary” he spoke of as enlarging its borders, and in concluding said: “There is no worship nor pious devotion in which the Ave Maria is not said. Mary is to Christianity as the sun in the firmament, bringing to maturity with her Divine heat, the faith, the devotion, and the virtues of Christians, and thus producing saints and virgins.”

On nearly every feast day, however unimportant, some gaudy image of the Virgin is carried through the streets, and

educated men stand bare-headed while the women kneel, or follow in her train.

At the opening of the twentieth century, Cuzco witnessed quite a novel procession in honour of Mary. The favourite image of Christ proceeded from the Cathedral, and was borne in state to the farther corner of the plaza, where it met those of His Mother and St. Joseph. The many Indians who bore the weighty image kneeled down in order to make Christ bow to the Virgin; and then, on rising, they moved on one side, to allow her to pass, and followed on behind her in stately procession to the Cathedral.

There are various Virgins in the West of South America to whose shrines pilgrimages are organized. The most famous of these is Our Lady of Copacabana, whose sanctuary is more particularly described in the following chapter. Twice a year it is visited by four thousand devotees. The Virgin's jewels are worth fabulous sums, and she has made the distant shore of Titicaca famous all over the world.

On August 6th, 1907, while I was myself a "pilgrim" at the shrine dedicated to this idolatry, the following devotion was composed by a certain Flora Martinez P——

TO THE VIRGIN OF COPACABANA.

"The fame of your miracles is proverbial in all the world;
Who does not weep copiously at the sight of thee?

What breast does not burn seeing thy glorious face,
And feeling something of the mystery which inflames all thy being?

How many blind sinners, how many hardened men
Have gone away converted solely through having seen thy image!

Thou who workest so many wonders, who alleviatest all bitterness,
Dost regard with the greatest tenderness all who visit thee.

For this cause I have longed to come near and speak to thee—
To recount all my sorrows—ah, to weep before thee!

Remember that thy Holy Son descended from the heights
To save His children, and to die on a cross.

Thee He chose for His Mother, who in infinite suffering
Didst give light to all sinners on Calvary."¹

The following are translations of extracts from the "Rules for the Sisterhood of our Most Holy Mother of the Good Success, established in the parish of San Blas, Cuzco."

On the second of July, 1670, the day on which the Church celebrates the visit of the Holiest Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, the faithful discovered on the side wall of the temple some lines representing the Virgin with the Child Jesus in her left hand and a rosary in her right. This intelligence was spread through the city, and immediately a crowd of people gathered about the building, crying aloud—"The Virgin of the Rosary has appeared." It was then proposed to transfer the miraculous picture to a more noted church; but the rosary mysteriously changed into the rose which may be seen to-day, and from this transformation they gathered that it was the Divine Mother's will to remain in the parish of San Blas.

In this sisterhood, inaugurated for the service and honour of the Queen of Heaven, the members promise: Firstly, to endeavour to imitate with fervour the virtues of the Most Holy Virgin, especially her profound humility, her immaculate purity, her ardent love to Jesus Christ, and her tender regard for her neighbours. Secondly, to draw near to Our Lady of the Good Success in all spiritual and temporal needs, awaiting with firm confidence all needed protection and help from her maternal heart. Thirdly, to take the glorious San Blas for their especial mediator with the Queen of Heaven and earth.

¹ Grammatically this phrase may refer either to Jesus or His Mother; but the sentence is so arranged that the reader naturally supposes it said of Mary.

The following prayer to the miraculous Virgin of the Good Success is recommended to her devotees:—

“O Queen of Heaven! O Holy Virgin! O august Mother of God! Behold, Lady of the Good Success, this group of thy devotees, how, humbly prostrated at thy feet, we lift to thee our moist eyes. Ah, Lady! We are poor creatures that come to implore thy protection and succour. We need a guide who shall lead us, a light that shall illumine us, a mother who shall instruct us, mercy which shall shelter us, a medicine which shall heal us, joy which shall tranquillize us, an experienced mariner who shall keep us from dangerous rocks—and who can accomplish this better than thou, Mother of the Good Success? Thou who art the mother of uncreated wisdom, the principal luminary of the Church, the great mistress of all thy sons—fruit of thy sorrow—the universal Mediator who refuses none, the panacea for all infirmities of soul and body, the sweet consoler of those in affliction, the star which saves the mariner from the destructive waves of the tempest!

“In thee, after Jesus, O Mother of the Good Success, I place my confidence. I know that thou wilt be my protection and the defence of the parish, powerful Virgin! and in the terrible trance of death, when the infernal dragon makes his last efforts to destroy my soul, come thou to my succour, O Mother most loving! Grant me final preservation!

“Do not leave me a single instant until, happy with thee, I sing thy glories and the compassion of thy Son in heaven, for ever and ever.”

Such literature gives insight into the religion of the women of Peru; *the priest, ever using the figure of ideal motherhood to enthral his ignorant flock, leads the women, and they lead the men.*

But Mary is not merely the *Goddess* of the common people, she is their favourite idol. The following questions which I put to the old sacristan of the church at Puno, and the answers

he gave, will serve to show how the country people regard Mary's images:—

“ What are all these images ? ”

“ Oh, they are virgins: that is the Virgin of Perpetual Succour; that is the Virgin of Sorrows; that is the Seated Virgin.”

“ Is the Mother of Jesus here ? ” (scratching his head dubiously and consulting another Indian).

“ No, no! there is no Mother of Jesus here. But perhaps—yes, she would be the Virgin of the Immaculate Conception, who is above the high altar.”

“ Who receives the chief worship in your church? Jesus or His Mother? Mary or our Saviour ? ”

“ Oh, the Virgin ! ”

“ And which of the Virgins is the greatest ? ”

“ It must be the Mother of Jesus, because she is placed above the high altar, over all.”

“ And the other Virgins, are they different or all the same ? ”

“ They are different, all of them; placed in the church for their miracles.”

The following is an extract from the Arequipeña press of 1904, on the celebration of the jubilee of the “ Dogmatic Declaration of Mary's Immaculate Conception.”

“ When the sacred image of Mary appeared in the door of the Cathedral, and the sun's rays made her divine face more resplendent than itself—the light continually changing on the silver border of her celestial gown, and on the precious stones which formed the stars of her crown—my heart was almost annihilated by her beauty, and by the piety of the 15,000 persons of all nationalities and conditions, who prostrated themselves before the image and rendered her religious worship.

“ How is one to explain the inexplicable emotion which the sight of this sacred image produces in the hearts of so many

millions of people, representing both our nation and foreign countries? It is certainly not simply the perfection of its sculpturing. No, thus say both heart and intelligence! It is the divine light itself, communicated to the sacred image from heaven, the light which irradiates the souls of all the truly faithful, and gives them to enjoy something of the delights of heaven. The immense crowd prays in silence because it cannot pronounce even one word before such beauty and majesty—truly divine! And what does all this signify? As I have already said, it is the light of heaven reflected on the sacred images which faithful Catholics venerate with religious worship.”

Each of these idols has its own name, its own miraculous attributes, and its own devotees, most of whom have probably never heard the Gospel story of Mary. I have read the second chapter of Luke to many girls and women, and watched them drink in with wonder the story that is old to the children of the homeland. This Mary, who had pains and joys and duties like their own, was a new person to them. They had only known an image—an idol.

The Church not only denies the Gospel stories to its children, but it perverts Scripture to impress upon them the greatness of the Virgin. Above the door of the Jesuit Church in Cuzco are these words:—

“Come to Mary, all who are burdened and weary with the weight of your sins, and she will rest you.”

A picture of Our Lady of Copacabana lies before me, and above it is written:—

“We have seen the star, and are come to adore *her* ;” and below:—

“Come to me all who suffer, and I will console you.”

In a devotional book for sale at Cuzco’s weekly fair, I found the following words:—

“Who is this that rises from the desert, overflowing with delights? It is Mary, they respond; it is the Mother of Jesus,



"COME TO MARY."

This photograph was taken with a telephoto lens, and represents a stone above the side-door of the Jesuit Church in Cuzco. The words below it are: "Come to Mary, all you who are laden with works, and weary beneath the weight of your sins, and she will alleviate you."



the Queen of all the Saints. Open then, Eternal Doors, and the Queen of Glory shall enter!”

The teaching of the Romish Church in Peru was well expressed by the Canon at the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, when he said: “Mary is the one who, through all eternity, has issued forth from the mind of God Himself—the object of the constant petitions and invocations of the ancient Patriarchs and of the prayers of the prophets. She shines with all the splendours of the most luminous hope in all the pages of the Sacred Bible from Genesis to the Apocalypse. David dedicates his harmonious songs to her; Jeremiah his profound lamentations, placing in her his hopes and those of all humanity; Solomon discovers her in the secrets of divine thought and celebrates the mutual love which exists between her and God; Isaiah reveals her as the symbol of a new life, of a grand era, like the early dawn of the day immortal to our religion.”

Oh, that the priests and people of Peru, like Father Chiniquy, would search and see whether or not these things are so! In his life-story the Father tells us that when he studied the Gospels he found nothing about Our Lady of Intercession; the Evangelists made it clear that Christ, not Mary, came to save the world; that in the days when Jesus and His mother lived on earth sinners went directly to Him without imploring her intercession. If, then, Mary had not in heaven assumed the power which Christ had lost, the Father reasoned, then Jesus was still the best friend, and Catholics were mistaken in going for salvation to one infinitely less powerful.

In the theology and sacred history of Peruvian Catholics Mary is made essential to Christianity, and instead of conducting her devotees to Christ, she is allowed to usurp His place in their hearts. This is illustrated by Friar Leon’s vision, in which he saw two ladders. All who tried to ascend the red one, at the head of which stood our Saviour, fell; but those

who accepted the help of Our Lady ascended into heaven with ease by her white ladder.

One of the most beautiful churches in Lima is called "Our Lady of Solitude." The building has inlaid floors and a dado of mosaic work; its doors are of old cedar, and its interior lit with electric light. On first entering the nave, however, one notices none of these beauties; all eyes are fascinated by the figure over the high altar. In the subdued light of the church a beautiful Virgin is visible; a halo of electric light surrounds her head; silver ornaments hang about her purple robe; and over all a gauze veil is spread, before it hanging two coloured lamps wreathed in flowers. The effect of the distant figure, ethereal light surrounding its lovely face and shining through the gauzy curtain, is mystical and exquisite. We are in the presence of Peru's goddess!

Images of Mary surround us. Joseph and Mary, each with large gold crowns on their heads, and between them the Child Jesus in a red silk frock with gold trimming and a lace collar; Mary in black, with the cuffs and collar of a deaconess; Mary dressed as a Limeña with a lace mantilla! Everywhere are images of the Virgin!

Below the church is a strangely impressive vault; as we stand on this historic spot, not far from the resting-place of old ecclesiastics, we are indeed in a place of death. In the opposite wall is a recess where lies a glass coffin, enclosing a wounded body. Above it are beautiful angels, and through a window appears a distant green hill surmounted by three lonely crosses. Daylight is faint on the scene, but in the vault itself pitiless electric lamps blaze down upon the corpse.

This is the Christ of Peru—of the land where Christ is dead! On the opposite wall is a cast of the Virgin's head in cold coloured plaster, and below it the striking words—

"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?

Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow!"

Thus we see that Mary is worshipped as the Mother of

God, and honoured with feasts, processions, and pilgrimages. The many figures made of her represent only ideal motherhood to the ignorant masses who have no knowledge of the historic personality of Mary of Nazareth, but believe the Bible, which they have never seen, to be almost exclusively about her.

This goddess usurps the place of our Lord. Mary, not Christ, is the Saviour of the world, for she "gave life to all sinners on Calvary." Mary, not Christ, is the overcomer of the devil, for the Church tells us that "*she* shall bruise the serpent's head." Mary, not Christ, is the object of our chief worship, and our intercessor before the throne of God.

No longer is there need for the Sun of Righteousness, for Mary is "as the sun in the firmament"; no more will men seek the balm of Gilead and the Great Physician, for Mary is "a medicine which shall heal us—a panacea for all infirmities of soul and body"; man is not now dependent on the Comforter, for he may find all the tender compassion of maternal love in Our Lady of Consolation.

Every prerogative of Christ is invaded, every power shared. His miracles become less wonderful in that Mary also was born without sin and ascended to heaven without seeing death. The very virtue of His Atonement is taken from Him and laid at Mary's feet, for the ignorant Peruvians are taught to pray not to Him who would give them "power to become the sons of God," but to Mary, "the great mistress of all her sons—fruit of her sorrows."

This is a further step in the materialization of Christianity: instead of Christ we are given a miraculous idol; in the richest fields of Gospel truth we find only spiritual starvation.



Motherhood.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE KESWICK OF PERU

“All that we saw at Copacabana, whether the image, the worship, the bull-fight, or the dances, brought us face to face with paganism.”

JOHN RITCHIE.

I AM playing the rôle of pilgrim ;¹ for the present I am a devotee of the most famous Virgin in Peru. I am bound for the home of great Manco, for the birthplace of the Inca's dynasty ; for the “Island of the Sun,” and “Coati,” sacred to the moon ; for Copacabana, the oldest shrine in Peru.

The S.S. *Coya* should have left Puno half an hour ago, but still the pilgrims crowd on board, and all is confusion. The gangway consists of a solitary plank, at one end of which stands our smart little Peruvian captain, shaking hands with the visitors who come on board. An Indian soldier, in his long monk-like robe, is handing women over the plank from the wharf. Kechua, Aymará, Spanish, and English, mingle in strange confusion, and lose themselves in the shrieks of a locomotive which has just come alongside.

“*Apura ! Usccayta !*” (Hurry up ! Hurry up !)

Some Bolivian Cholitas are being handed over the plank. They are poor, and must travel with the steerage passengers, but what of that ?

“With care, Celestine !” and the soldier at the farther end of the plank is wonderfully willing to take the pretty maiden's hand and lead her safely into the *Coya*. Then comes Celestine's

¹ This chapter is largely taken from my diary, written at Copacabana.

mother, with her faded shawl, and a skirt no longer than an English girl's gymnastic costume, her shabby little felt hat, and French boots with their worn heels. But she cares not about these things, for Celestine wears a full new magenta skirt of the fashionable knee-length, and a beautiful blue shawl. There are aunts and muchachas to follow, but at last they are all safely on board with their bundles of clothes, candles, breads, and domestic utensils.

"*Hamuy! Apura!*" (Come! Hurry up!)

A Peruvian lady is coming aboard—a girl with a huge hat, trailing a spotted veil to the wind, a showy jacket, and a common little red chatelaine bag. The señora is hardly landed on the deck when she flings herself into the arms of a gentleman in the crowd.

"*Como está?*" she murmurs rapturously, with the liquid modulation which only a Peruvian voice can adopt.

"How touching," you observe, "the meeting of a young husband and wife who have been separated some months!" But one who knows Peru will smile, for there is no relation between these two young people now clasped in each other's arms. They are probably only slight acquaintances, and their greeting means no more than an English handshake, accompanied by "How do you do?"

"*Apura! Hamuy!*"

Our friend the superintendent of the port is coming on board. He is tall for a Peruvian, though not so tall as I. His little French beard, and the great soiled collar which envelops him up to his ears, are typical of his class. He is well-informed, however, and after the customary greetings in Spanish he goes below to secure a cabin for me.

We are an hour behindhand. "*Apura! Usccayta!*"

The stern is completely full, but still pilgrims cross the gangway, and children, mothers, and animals are piled on the top of one another—all contented, all expectant, all wonderfully strange and interesting to European eyes! There is an old, old

man, who is lying full length upon the great poncho bundles which his daughter has dragged together as a bed for him. There is a family of Indians—the mother with plaits as black as her little felt hat, a green reboso, and bare feet beneath her short skirt. A fat little Indian baby sits by her, his small round head enclosed in the quaintest little white cap, with ear-flaps tied under his chin. The male passengers are dark-faced and unshaven, like most natives of the Sierra, and muffled in vicuña shawls. Some of the women wear cotton dresses; they are “*gente decente*,” and consider themselves far superior to the Cholitas in their full warm skirts and shawls. Look at that woman, seated on a pile of wraps and bundles, surrounded by several little ones all under five years of age. Her straw hat, with its pink ribbon and unmanageable ostrich feather, has taken up a rakish position on one side of her forehead; her hair, arrayed in Peruvian style, with a total lack of arrangement, is gradually losing the combs, which seem to have dropped into it by chance. She is untidy, and careless of the children, and she sits there unconscious of our criticism, as blissfully happy and lost in the bustle around as the black-eyed girlie at her side.

“Oh dear! Poor little one!”

A fat old lady in black, clasping an antique umbrella, has nearly crushed all breath from one small son, who is still in the position of a cushion beneath the solid anatomy of the stout dame. But the anxiety is passing; *Gorge* is rescued, and the mother resumes her smiling observation, at peace with all the world.

The officials at the gangway are eager to be gone. “*Apura! Usccayta!*” An Indian woman runs barefoot across the plank; little boys tumble over it for the last time; and then we cast off, and the colours on the wharf begin to mingle in the distance.

We are away at last! Puno lies in the shadow of the hills, as grey as the lake we are crossing. Only the *balsas*, floating idly

on the smooth water, catch the morning sun, and cast yellow reflections on the lake.

Out from the reedy shore into waters which sparkle in the sunshine; past the little homes of the lake-side, scarcely distinguishable from the rocks; past the headland where Chucuito stretches down to the lake; out of the Bay of Puno the Coya steamed towards distant hazy cloud-banks, and a line of blue-grey which marks the Bolivian shore.

The first-class passengers are taking coffee in the saloon; one old lady is anxiously seeking a cabin, for she *knows* she will be sea-sick; two gentlemen are leaning over the deck-rail trying, in spite of the glassy water, to imagine the same possibility. Cholita servants sit in all the corners of the steamer nursing fat Peruvian babies; rugs and shawls are produced, and Indians put on their knitted caps and ponchos, for a fresh breeze is blowing; and a wondering crowd gathers round the *gringa* to see that strange pen move with its marvellous ease and rapidity over the paper. But as we steam over the sunlit waters, and I look at the fascinating crowd around me, I see them not; and my pen gradually slackens, for I am dreaming of the days that are gone:—when these fields on the lake-side were sown by the Incas' subjects; when the spirit of the grey lake was worshipped as god of the Indians; when its waters had never been desecrated by machinery from Hull and Glasgow.

In those days pilgrims were purified and prepared at Copacabana for their visit to the Island of the Sun; they were devotees of Inti and his queen, the moon; they crossed the grey lake in *balsas*; they sang their strange Kechua songs to the music of the peaceful wavelets, and saw divinity in all that was strong or beautiful about them—in the sun, the moon, the thunder, the rainbow, the hills, the rivers, and in the mysterious cradle of their Empire's greatness—Lake Titicaca!

In the afternoon sunshine, Titicaca was like a deep-coloured sapphire, set in the pale enamel of surrounding hills. They

were drought-stricken and scorched with the dry season, but the clouds seemed to be gathering about them, as if to hide their bareness; and through the white masses, and towering above their billowy castles, the glittering peaks of Mt. Sorata rose.

The bleak grey shore of the Island of the Sun lay behind us, and the Coya was steaming towards a small bay in the peninsular which lies to the south-east of Titicaca. On the slope of the shore before us was Copacabana, with its four strange hills standing like sentinels, two on each side of the town. The snow mountains were lost to sight now, and only a rocky purple range towered over the smooth green hills. The Cathedral of Copacabana, with its many domes, was visible against the sky-line, and a narrow road ran down from the thatched houses clustered around it, to the lake-side.

The Coya was impatient; this being Bolivian territory, her passengers could not be landed before the port captain had come on board. But he was drunk, and so the Coya whistled and hooted in vain, and the hills around answered her with a mocking echo.

Meanwhile red figures were hurrying down the road, and the little landing-stage built out into the lake was soon crowded. But though brilliant poncho colours speckled the road and hillside, no captain appeared, and still we waited.

“Drunk, as usual!” said our captain angrily, and the Coya siren hooted so loudly and shrilly that we were all nearly deafened.

A *balsa* was floating lazily among the green reeds of the lake shore, and a rowing boat from the Coya lay at the foot of the steps awaiting the captain of the port. At last we saw him leave the landing-stage, and in a few minutes we had said good-bye to the steamer’s officers, and were climbing down the ladder with our numerous bundles.

Over the smooth blue water, past trembling reeds we floated, up to the stone steps and the pebble walls of the wharf, where crowds were gathered to see us land! There were

Cholitas from La Paz seated on the wall, all smart in new "Maria" shawls, gold ear-rings, and little white straw hats; there were young fellows hanging about the flagpost making remarks on the new arrivals; there were well-dressed girls from La Paz, with painted faces and huge picture hats, who leant over the wall to examine us; there were Bolivian Indians in orange or brown ponchos, with their Turkish hats and false hair fringes; there were Peruvian Indians in shapeless felts and rough red ponchos; there were dirty little children and well-dressed men, Franciscan monks, and Cholas from all parts of the Sierra.

We were amused to hear the criticisms passed as we climbed the stone steps, and made our way through the crowd: "A *gringa*! Look! What a height! Do you think she is French or English or German?"

Daylight was already fading, and most of the passengers went straight to the village; a few sat down in the dusty road to wait for friends; others piled their luggage on the seats of the mud shed near the lake; and some disappeared into the gathering darkness to seek lodgings. While one of our own number was house-hunting, we sat on a wall and watched the lessening crowd on the landing-stage, and the dying light over the grey lake. To our right a steep rocky headland called *Calvario* (Calvary) rose from the water's edge, leaving a dark jagged reflection on its smooth surface. The reeds showed green against the shadow, and the western sky beyond a faint rose. On the horizon the sun was a blazing circle, and the pale cloudlets above it golden-edged.

The few remaining pilgrims stood blackly now against the sky; the hill had darkened, and the stars were visible far above us, but the western sky was crimson still against the deep ultramarine of the lake.

Ah! We can recognize the *gringo* gait of our missionary friend even in the darkness, and are glad of his return, for we are getting both hungry and cold.

“What luck?”

“Not a room of any kind to be had! The town is in darkness, and nobody has leisure enough to answer our questions civilly. The only thing is for us to sleep here!”

“Well, things might be worse! Let us engage a corner of that hut before it is full.”

So we put our packages on a mud seat in the shed, which was open on the side overlooking the lake; and it was not long before bread had been purchased, tea made, potted meat and cheese produced, and various bundles converted into seats. We did justice to the dinner, and, when I had washed up, were ready for further adventures before bed. So while one stayed to guard the luggage, two of us started for the town.

Imagine us—stumbling up the roughest of roads, through smells only equalled in Cuzco, past other pilgrims hurrying through the darkness! We have reached the great cobbled plaza, having left the stillness of the murmuring lake-side for the hubbub of a crowd, and the light of the starlit hills for the hundred candles and lamps of the pilgrims' booths.

So this is the Keswick of Peru, Copacabana! A bull-fight is just over, and the barricades of the ring have been taken down; the reed huts around us, lit by flickering candles and flaring pots of oil, are crowded with excited pilgrims. Charcoal fires glow in mud ovens and earthenware dishes; Indian women stir black *chupi* pots with big wooden spoons; Indians gamble with twenty-cent pieces round the revolving toy of an enterprising native. All is movement!

Dark against the star-strewn sky stand the towers of the cathedral. We climb the steps and enter, by an archway, the great open space before the building. On our right a dome looms through the darkness, and beneath it stand three crosses. Indian women sit in a row near the cathedral steps, and by the dim light of a paper-covered lantern we see that they are selling candles for image worship.

“English strangers! Pilgrims to Copacabana! Devotees of the famous Virgin! Yet they buy not candles to place before her shrine, nor do they kneel at the sight of the great altar. Bare-headed and in silence they move over the matting; doubtless they are looking for the Blessed Virgin of Copacabana, not knowing that she is covered in her niche above the high altar. Strange pilgrims these! They have scarcely looked at the many magnificent and gracious virgins which surround them. At what is it they are gazing in that dark alcove at the back of the church? Jesus María!” (equivalent to our exclamation, “Good gracious!”) “It is a common crucifix, with neither beauty nor interest! What is it that makes them stand still so long yonder, looking sadly before them? Perhaps the Blessed Virgin has sent them contrition of heart, or a vision of the future, or a revelation of her sufferings. Ah, Maria Dolorosa! For of a surety there is naught to be seen yonder; there are tables of candles burning before the Blessed Virgins! Behold what devotion! The tables are covered, many candles have fallen, and their grease pours over and drops to the floor! There is a crowd of Indians, pilgrims from some mountain village, but let us move farther from them. *Bestias!* (beasts!) Nevertheless, they also are devotees of our Blessed Lady; see their rapturous smiles, their tears also! They are overcome by the Holiest Mary’s beauty!”

The great building is very dark; only the candles before the altar light the many gaudy virgins around, and the brilliant tinsel and gauze with which the building is draped. The Indians have picked up their hats, crossed themselves, and silently gone out; many of the devout are sitting about still; children are wrapped up for the night’s sleep; babies are having their evening meal; women are quietly chatting, and a few young men are standing about watching our movements with interest.

But come away! Out into the wonderful Temple of Nature, built by the Creator Himself—where night hangs the walls with her wondrous blue-black curtains; where “angels wait,

with stars for tapers tall”; where the music which echoes through the dome of space, audible only to ears tuned to the Divine, is the praise which has been offered in all ages, the praise which shall never cease.

“Bless the Lord, ye his angels that excel in strength, that do His commandment, hearkening unto the voice of His word.

“Bless ye the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye ministers of His that do His pleasure.

“Bless the Lord, all His works, in all places of His dominion. Bless the Lord, O my soul.”

Many of our fellow-passengers were more fortunate than we, having found accommodation in the guest-house of Copacabana. As we walked through its courtyard my thoughts turned to another night when for other pilgrims there was “no room in the inn,” and I wondered if this scene at all resembled that of the memorable night in Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago.

A dim oil-lamp hung from the entrance of the patio, casting an uncertain glamour over the surrounding verandah and the rooms above its arches. Reed mats had been hung between some of the pillars, converting the portales into a series of small rooms. Candles flickered through the yellow matting, sometimes revealing Indian families asleep on the straw. Poncho-clad figures were preparing for rest on the flag-stones beneath the colonnade; mules and horses were feeding in the yard; an Indian band was serenading the visitors in general; and over all the noisy bustle a calm starlit sky was watching.

When we returned to the shore, all colour had gone from the lake, and the jagged rocks of Calvario threw an inky black shadow on the dark water. Faint silver moonbeams, newly born, were playing with the black wavelets; and faint in the distance, like angels’ tears glistening in their fall through space, the stars were shining.

Our hotel was a tile-roofed shed, with three mud walls, and arches on the west, which looked out over the lake. The floor was very dusty and dirty, and already several men and half a dozen women had occupied beds on it. We spread a rug over the rough dried mud, crawled into our sleeping bags, and lay down, trying to guard our packages between us. It was almost impossible to avoid robbery at the feast, so a Chola told us. She was interested in the *gringos*, and her questions soon drew every one in the room into the conversation. Although we were very tired, their chatter was interesting; and when they found that our answers grew more and more sleepy, they gradually forgot us, and the conversation amongst themselves turned to many subjects, the most congenial of which seemed to be "alcohol."

A woman from La Paz had a long story to tell about her past experiences in judging spirits, and about the astuteness with which she had astonished the seller in Copacabana who traded in diluted alcohol. Her bottle still contained good drink, and the company were assured that if they would test its quality the owner would be gratified. So wine-glasses were passed round, and each person offered profuse thanks in a long and elaborate Peruvian speech. One woman expressed her gratitude in the name of the Blessed Virgin, saying that though she had come to the Feast solely to offer devotions at the shrine of the Holy Mary, yet she would thankfully accept a glass.

So the conversation drifted on, and I slept and sleepily listened by turns. Soon after midnight, when partial silence had fallen upon the company, and some of the pilgrims were snoring, heavy footsteps were heard approaching the shed, and two men entered, noisy and excited with drink.

The sleepers were soon awakened, alcohol passed round again and again, and the conversation sank to the level of the evil drunkards. Shameful subjects were discussed with all the elaborate conventionalities of Spanish conversation. But

at last men and women parted with an arrangement to meet on the morrow, and once more silence fell in the room.

By morning, the plaza, bright with Indian clothes, is characteristic of a Peruvian market—women with soft felt hats or with rebosos on their heads, short skirts, and bare feet—women with old withered features, or pleasant brown faces—all types of Indian womanhood are here. They sit in the dust with their wares laid out on cloths in front of them, and look with interest after us, or call us to buy their bread and pop-corn, their fingers meanwhile ceaselessly employed with knitting.

As we enter the town a virgin is being carried round the plaza, and men and women stand bare-headed until she passes from sight.

Morning sunshine is glancing on the green and yellow tiles of the cathedral domes, and lighting up the great block of ecclesiastical buildings which towers above us. We pass beneath a lofty arch, through a heavy iron gate wrought in Spain, into the walled square fronting the cathedral. At each corner of the court is a substantial brick structure closed by iron doors, wherein are kept the bones of pilgrims who have died at Copacabana. *Quinua* trees and bushes bearing the brilliant trumpet-shaped *flor-del-Inca* are around us. Watch the poor people crawl round the three immense alabaster crosses beneath this elaborate dome! That Indian is commencing his pilgrimage at the base; that woman has crawled on her bare knees to the fourth step; that little boy is kissing the cross before he puts on his ragged hat again and goes into the cathedral. We enter with him, and at the door meet some Indian dancers. They are dressed in white dancing-skirts and huge feather hats; but before they enter the building the latter are laid aside, and they stretch themselves in the dust, knocking their heads on the ground and kissing the cathedral steps.

The high building is so dark that we can scarcely distinguish

the elaborate ornaments of its altars, and the musty paintings of saints which line its ancient walls.

Listen to the continuous wailing! Before the virgins which stand under their gold canopies, surrounded by glittering stars and gaudy flowers, a poor woman is lying. She bows her head to the ground, and her wails echo round the cathedral walls.

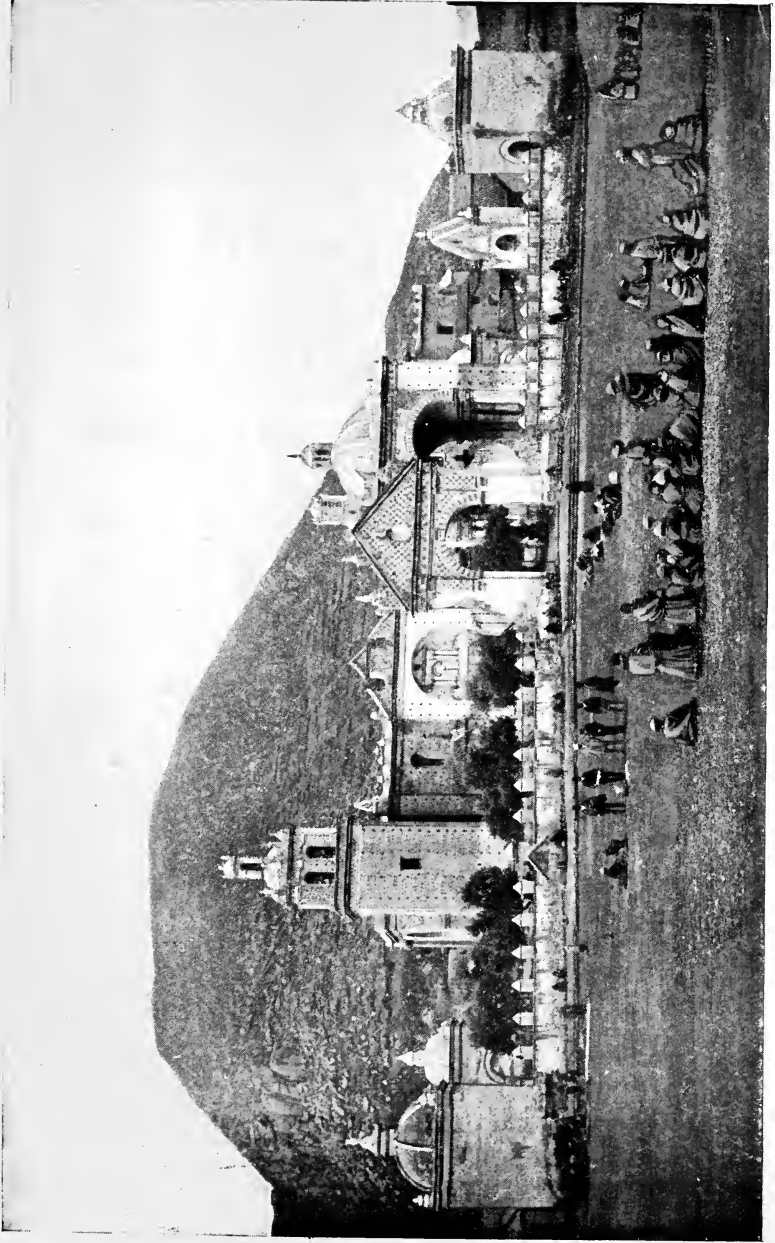
This morning the Virgin of Copacabana is uncovered, and we look with interest at the little image, scarcely more than three feet tall, which is indistinct in the light of the candles burning around it, and of its own glittering raiment and jewels. The features are not those of a Jewish madonna, nor of a Spanish beauty. They are Indian—the ideal conception of a poor descendant of the Incas, who gave to the world his life, his soul, his all, in this figure of the Virgin.

We pass on with a crowd towards the *Camarin* (little room) behind the altar, that there we may obtain a nearer view of the image. Notice the monks we are passing, their faces, alas, too typical of their profession! They are Franciscans. One is short and fat; doubtless at the best he has no neck, but in his monk's robe, neck, chin, and ears are lost in the stiff cowl of his brown dress. All else that is visible of him is a round, closely shaven head, with its bald circle at the back, a fat face, with cunning little eyes, unshaven cheeks, and a heavy, sensual mouth. His companion is a tall, lean man, with something of the air of an Italian brigand, conveyed partly by his dark, evil eyes, partly by his strong, crooked nose, and partly by the mysterious effect of the muffler which hides the rest of his face.

The door behind them leads into the patio of the monastery. How quiet it is! The movement of the trees, the echoes on the stone verandah, the light which enters the surrounding cells by barred windows—all seem strangely subdued.

A cura who travelled with us on the Coya is passing.

“Well, what do you think of the cathedral?” he asks.



THE CATHEDRAL OF COPACABANA.



“Pretty? Yes, perhaps *the first time!*” and his tall, black-robed figure passes into the quiet convent.

Mass is just over, and the officiating priests are divesting themselves of their robes in an anteroom. One old man, with a comic face which not even monastic life has subdued, is struggling out of a lace garment in the shape of a night-shirt, when several men and women enter with bundles of green stuff which they wish blessed before being made into crosses. The holy man shrugs his shoulders with the air of a conjurer who is amused at his own trick, wriggles into the priestly garment again, puts a stole round his neck, and is ready for the ceremony. The poor people stand silently and in awe before him, while he composes his face into a holy expression and begins to mutter some sentences from the book in his hand. That done, he seizes a large paint brush from a pot on the table, sprinkles some drops of holy water on the people and their green stuff, and returns to his disrobing. Once again, however, he is interrupted, and the scarf has to be re-donned, while a charm and a picture of the Virgin brought by a lady are blessed, and the rosary of a poor Indian woman touched by his holy hands. At last the comic little man succeeds in undressing, and has just left the room when another Indian enters to obtain ecclesiastical blessing. Only a high official is present, and he evidently considers the duty far below his dignity. With an expression savouring of disgust he seizes the paint brush, and dispensing with priestly trappings and books and blessings, he flings the water in the Indian's face, and without a word returns to his locker. Yet another interruption! A father and his little boy wish baptism; the two heads are bowed together for a minute, while the cura places his hands upon them; then the fee is handed over, and the pilgrims depart satisfied.

In the *Camarin* the spangled velvet curtain has been withdrawn, and wan-eyed invalids and curious travellers from all parts of the world are gazing on the miraculous image.

The sounds of sobbing and of murmured eulogies mingle; but the glittering doll gazes fixedly at her devotees, nor hears their cry:—

“Gloria sea dada á María, Hija del Padre.
Gloria á María, Madre del Hijo.
Gloria á María, Esposa del Espíritu Santo.
Por los siglos de los siglos. Amen.”

(Glory be given to Mary, Daughter of the Father.
Glory to Mary, Mother of the Son.
Glory to Mary, Wife of the Holy Ghost.
For ever and ever. Amen.)

The prayer-book on sale to the pilgrims of Copacabana bears the following inscription:—

“*Novena* of the Miraculous Image of Copacabana, composed by the Padre Fray Rafael Sanz, apostolic missionary and temporary cura of the sanctuary; printed by the parish priest of Blas Tejada, with the approbation and indulgences of the most worthy Bishop of La Paz, Dr. Don Mariano F. de Córdova.”

Devotions for a nine days' pilgrimage follow—pitiful prayers to the Virgin, and ludicrous traditions of her life for meditation. The order of ceremonies for each day is the sign of the cross, an act of contrition, a prayer, meditation on the Virgin's life, self-deprecation, prayers and praises to Mary. The following extracts from the devotions appointed for one day will illustrate the idolatrous nature of the manual:—

FIRST PRAYER.

“Yes, beloved Mother! of Thee I supplicate all that is necessary for the salvation of my soul. Of whom should I ask this grace but of Thee? To whom should a loving son go but to his beloved Mother? To whom the weak sheep cry but to its divine shepherdess? Whom seek the sick but the celestial doctor? Whom invoke those in affliction but the Mother of consolation? Hear me then, Holy Queen!”

Devotees are then to recite nine Ave Marias to the principal mysteries and graces of the Holiest Mary, such as:—

“To the holiest birth of Mary, that in death it may bring about our birth to eternal glory. Ave Maria!

“To the presentation of Mary, that she may present and defend us before the tribunal of God. Ave Maria!

“To the anguish of Mary, that we may be made predestined children of her sorrows. Ave Maria!”

The meditation that follows is upon the birth of Mary, which is described in detail. When “the divine beauty of the infant” was first revealed, “the saintly fathers of Limbo celebrated with jubilee the happy day; the angels descended to the cradle of their Queen, singing hymns of glory, and all the sons of God rejoiced.”

Pilgrims are next commanded to “behold this sainted Image of Mary, and imagine that the Divine Child in her arms—the same who was nailed to the Cross—says to them: ‘This Virgin who bore me, this Mother who brought me up, this loving Mother who assisted me until my last moments, this Divine Mother whose effigy draws you—this is She whom I gave thee for thy Mother. Dost thou wish to receive her?’”

“Ah, Copacabana!” cries the Señor Cura; “behold what thou wast, and what thou wouldst be, had not Mary come to seek thee—engulfer of souls, seat of impure idols, residence of demons, door of the infernal world! And Mary, pitying thy state, came to these fields and hills, seeking thee, like a shepherdess solicitous for a lost sheep. In the end she found thee, took thee in her arms, established her residence here, her throne of love and compassion; made thee her chief town, the court of her sanctuary, whither come all the unfortunate to seek remedy for their ills. Behold this august temple, the arches of the altars, and the frieze of the chancel, where her stupendous miracles are depicted; behold the incessant pilgrim-

ages of devotees who travel from remote countries! Yes, sweetest Mother! Copacabana, Bolivia, Peru,—all America honours thy holy image!”

Before the devotees leave this Keswick of Peru, they are recommended to say the following prayer:—

“Aye, Mother mine! We do not know if we shall return to see thee more. If not, we hope that we shall see thy compassion in the eternal sanctuary of Glory. This hope consoles us in the separation. And now, in our return journey, guide and keep us from all misfortune. Save and protect our families, our friends, and enemies. Grant tranquillity to the State, peace to the Church, conversion to sinners, perseverance to the just, glory to all. Farewell Holy One! Grant us thy benediction. Farewell, all powerful Mother! Farewell, until we meet in heaven! Amen.”

“To thee, celestial princess,
 Holy Virgin Mary,
 I offer from this day
 Soul, life, and heart.
 Do not forsake me, Mother mine,
 In my trance of agony.”

The manual ends with the words: “The most illustrious and holy Archbishop of the Plata, Dr. Don Pedro Puch; the Bishop of La Paz, Dr. Don Mariano Fernandez de Córdova; the Bishop of Cochabamba, Dr. Don Rafael Salinas, and his worthy helper Dr. Don Francisco María del Granado, have conceded a total of 2,520 days of indulgence to all persons who shall devoutly repeat these hymns to Mary, praying for the Holy Catholic Church, for her prelates, and for the peace of all her people.”

One of the strangest customs observed during the Feast of Copacabana is a pilgrimage to the summit of Calvario. We commenced the climb one afternoon, and met a number of pilgrims returning from the cross. There were several young

fellows, and men carrying little children,—Cholitas climbing the hill in their high-heeled boots, and Indian women from all parts of the Sierra making the ascent barefooted.

On the summit we found a rude cross formed of several stones laid on each other. Round its base were hundreds of tiny pebbles, and as we stood there wondering what their meaning could be, an Indian woman climbed over the steep edge of the hill and emptied a skirtful of stones on to the heap. The cross itself was covered with the strangest of objects—little animals roughly modelled in mud, pieces of knitted material, balls of Indian wool, tiny crosses of wood, and withered flowers.

All over the summit of the hill people were busy building toy houses and gardens. We noticed model farms, with stick fences, mud animals, green trees, and little farmhouses built of stones and thatch. Pieces of paper, variously inscribed with names and wishes, were fastened to sticks and placed in the ground. One bore the inscription: “A deposit of silver”; another “A copper mine”; another had several children drawn upon it.

Ancient custom, dating from the time when the sun was worshipped on Calvario! Strange superstition, neither encouraged nor exposed by the Church which named the hill! Pity of pities, that where our Saviour’s death is symbolized, there ignorant people should still leave an embodiment of their wishes, in the hope that the Queen of Heaven will remember their petitions and send them their desires!

We had climbed to a crag of the hill from which we could look out over Titicaca, and were sitting lost in the beauty of the view. Far as the eye could reach, Titicaca stretched, her grey waves dancing to the silent sunset harmonies. In the north a storm was gathering and heaping purple clouds on the horizon, where silver light outlined the island coasts and mainland bays. There were fairy ladders crossing the lake to the storm-clouds—ladders of trembling lilac and silver and blue—but they faded into grey as the shadows lengthened over

Copacabana, and stars began to shine above us, appearing out of the blue like cathedral candles, one by one lit in the dusk.

Go back to Derwentwater. Can you feel the exaltation of the moment when three thousand of the worshippers gathered below Skiddaw, together repeat our Lord's words: "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever"? Can you see the group on Friar's Crag—motionless in silent prayer? One of their number will be on a far mission field ere the next Convention comes round. Can you hear the voices floating over the lake from a distant boat? Listen: "Stayed upon Jehovah . . . perfect peace and rest."

Meanwhile another convention by another lake-side draws to its close. Drunken Indian musicians pipe and drum wildly; the dancers in the plaza quicken their pace, and the movements of the high-heeled French boots upon the rough cobbles grow indistinguishable; the last request has been left on Calvario; the last magic amulet has been taken from the Virgin's neck; and pitying night draws its velvet curtains around the poor children of Copacabana, whose revelling and sin run rampant in the darkness.

Such is the Keswick of Peru.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CORPUS CHRISTI—

The wafer god—How Cuzco celebrates “The Body of Christ”—Religion in art—How rival Indian villages and their respective idols compete in a procession—Altars which are also public-houses.



CHAPTER XXVIII

“CORPUS CHRISTI”

“The Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Eucharist is one of the principal dogmas of the Catholic religion, and is therefore of fundamental importance, as the most precious treasure that Christ has left to His Church, as the centre of Catholic worship, and as the fount of Christian piety.”

CARDINAL VANNUTELLI.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM gives to its Peruvian devotees many idols, but the most pitiful, and most abhorrent, is this wafer god, this wheaten divinity—the Host.

Mr. Tayler has said truly: “What the Cross of Christ is to the Christian, that is the Mass to the Papist.”¹ It is the Peruvians’ propitiatory sacrifice, and the ground of their hopes for eternity. The lower classes know nothing of the meaning of the Missal; to them the daily ceremony is simply the worship of the “Most High God.”

It is instructive to trace the way in which the ordinances given by the Lord Jesus Christ have been built upon by the ecclesiastical dignitaries of every age. During the first, second, and third centuries the Communion service was considered memorial and figurative. From this date onwards a discussion on the Mass raged and many theories were formulated, until the Council of Trent declared that “The most holy sacrifice of the Mass is not a mere sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, nor a simple commemoration of the sacrifice offered upon the cross, but it is also a true propitiatory sacrifice, by which God is appeased, and rendered propitious to us.”

¹ W. E. Tayler, *Popery: Its Character and its Crimes.*

After asserting that at their consecration the wine and wafer are changed into our Lord Jesus Christ, "true God and man," the catechism continues: "There is therefore no room to doubt that all the faithful in Christ are bound to worship and venerate this most Holy Sacrament; and to render thereto the worship which is due to the true God, according to the constant usage in the Catholic Church. If any one say that this Holy Sacrament should not be adored, or solemnly carried about in procession, or held up publicly for the people to adore it, or that its worshippers are idolaters, let him be accursed."

In Peru I have seen abundant proof of the truth of the following statement: "These symbols, rather than the great principles they hold forth, are insisted upon as the vital energy. . . . Salvation and perdition turn not on the condition of the heart in God's sight, but upon having a share of the consecrated fluid, or solid matter, which the priest may bestow or refuse.

. . . Popery virtually rejects the sacrifice of Christ, and puts forth as the great propitiation for human guilt, the daily sacrifice of the Mass. It thus snatches the work of salvation out of the hands of Christ, and puts it into the hands of the priests."¹

Surely even pagans would smile to see the ladies of Peru kneel in the streets in adoration of the passing wafer; the gentlemen stand bareheaded in the presence of the god which they have grown and baked.

A huge and imposing procession is yearly organized in Cuzco, in which all the Church and State dignitaries take part, accompanied by the most celebrated "saints" of the city and neighbourhood. Indians come from miles round to witness the ceremonies.

"Body of Christ"—so the feast is named! Think of it well, dear homeland friends, who only know a Catholicism modified by Protestantism, and then let me tell you what the Roman Catholic Church of Peru teaches her children of the "Body of Christ." Think of it well, dear missionary-hearted Christians,

¹ W. E. Taylor, *Popery: Its Character and its Crimes*.

who have prayed for China and India, and worked for Africa and the Isles of the Sea, but neglected Roman Catholic South America. Hear now what the Christianized Indians in the ancient capital of Peru know of the "Body of Christ"!

The most important "saints" of the district had been borne to Cuzco with great festivities, and for a week had remained on show in the Cathedral, where I saw them on the afternoon of their departure. At the far end of the nave a gaudy altar reaching from floor to ceiling, loomed indistinct through clouds of incense; the floor was covered with kneeling Indians, whose eyes wandered from one to another of the magnificent images lining either side of the nave. There was St. James, represented as a Spanish cavalier on a white charger harnessed in blue and gold. The saint wore black hair down to his waist, a dark moustache, and a small pointed beard. Over his gorgeously embroidered waistcoat and red plush trousers hung a white silk cloak; and his sword was raised, as it is supposed to have been in defence of the Spaniards against the Moors, or more popularly, in extermination of heretics. There was a famous Virgin, probably originally intended for the woman, whom, with her manchild, Michael delivered from the dragon. She was magnificently dressed in blue and gold, and bore on her head a mitre of solid gold and red velvet. Behind her was an angel, presumably Michael, with silver wings, a feathered silver helmet, and a pink satin dress with blue ribbons. His spear was plunged in a horrible head, from the nostrils and mouth of which blood was pouring. This ghastly object at the back of the image seemed to attract more attention than the Virgin herself. Crowds of Indians were standing about it. Then there was San Cristobal, the Christ-carrier, represented by a gigantic figure in sage green plush knickers and a red velvet cloak, with a tiny doll in a blue velvet suit, seated at his elbow, and a tree of wired tinsel leaves in his other hand.

There were two long lines of "saints"—some standing over twenty feet from the ground; some under magnificent canopies;

some on valuable old silver pedestals; all mounted on wooden frames covered with thin plates of silver, and borne on large wooden poles. Most were guarded by Indians. I noticed one old man, a dwarf, whose head did not reach above my waist, striking a woman's hand because, in passing, she touched the "saint" of his village. The ugly little Indian was truly zealous in performing his duties, and there were more candles on the poles of his "saint's" carriage than burned in honour of any other image.

Were these the objects which the priests of the various districts had encouraged the Indians to prepare, in order to impress upon them religious truths in connection with the celebration of "Corpus Christi"?

On the day of the departure of the "saints," eight huge structures called *descansos* (resting-places), which tower from twenty to thirty feet in height, are placed at intervals round the square. Each structure is a dazzling mass of pictures, images, dolls, gaudy colours, tinsel, candles, mirrors, and artificial flowers. One class of artizans vies with others in the endeavour to rear the most showy *descanso*, and as they all are very ignorant, one can imagine the striking result of their efforts. At the foot of each is built an altar upon which the Host will be placed and worshipped. The Peruvian friend from whose house we are watching the procession, remarks upon the absence of better-class people from the square, and the small number of *descansos*.

"*Ahora no hay entusiasmo*" (to-day there is no enthusiasm), he continues; and in our hearts we rejoice, and pray for the day when the festival of Corpus Christi shall be obsolete! The rationalism of the Cuzco liberals, though a terrible foe to the Gospel, is yet producing amongst the thinking people a disgust for such superstition.

The *descanso* nearest to us is a mass of red and silver glass, with a fine old Spanish altarpiece in carved silver below, and above, numbers of Peruvian flags with their red and white

stripes, and banners displaying every possible crude combination of brilliant colours. Other *descansos* are covered with white altar cloths, and ornamented by screens of pictures, built as wings to the altars. These pictures are very crudely coloured prints, but give the only religious teaching that I can see anywhere. One is named "The Death of a Sinner," and represents a dying man as refusing to look at the crucifix held by a priest close to his bedside. A complacent angel with folded arms smiles at the scene; devils are spearing the sinner on all sides; a monstrous dragon, breathing fire, is devouring his bed-clothes; a snake licks his money-bag; and standing on the clouds Christ directs speared lightning at his heart. Below the picture are these words: "Contemplate your end, sinner, and tremble; and if you wish to escape eternal sufferings and the wrath of God for all time, sincerely repent, that ye may be pardoned." The companion picture representing "The Death of a Saint," shows less imagination; a dying man covered with creaseless sheets is looking up in rapture at surrounding angels, and a sentence beneath exhorts all to repent of their sins that such an end may be theirs.

A number of children are gaping around a picture of the devil, beneath which are the words: "You who look at me, value your mirror. Do not be deceived by me, but repent of your sins and suffer with patience and humility. Desire to endure the worst torments of body and soul in this life, in order to satisfy Divine justice (without which it is impossible to be pardoned), if you do not wish to be condemned with me to eternal pains. Sin without remedy! Think what it means!"

Another strange picture represents Christ surrounded by devils bearing on their shields the following mottoes:—

"The sins which I committed are with me always."

"The worm of my conscience never leaves me."

"Pains of death environ me and come each day nearer."

"Doing penance for my sins does not save my soul from death."

From Christ's mouth these words are supposed to proceed: "Woe is Me! That which affrights and horrifies Me most is that Divine justice calls Me."

Below these mottoes are printed:—

"Day and night, how quickly they pass!"

"Memoræ, novissima tua, et in eternum non peccabis exsacra excritura."

"Read with care these sentences, considering them in a spirit of truth with religious attention. Do not have the impudence to laugh; but take care, and think well, for this is important to you."

As these mottoes are printed in Old Spanish fancy characters, and as most of the Indians present cannot read, I am afraid the pictures create more superstitious wonder than inquiry or knowledge of God.

By four o'clock in the afternoon the plaza is thronged; chicha has already flowed freely amongst the crowd, and big brown jars may be seen beneath the altars, while in the chicharias alcohol is being drunk in quantities.

From Señor C——'s balcony we have a perfect view: such a crowd! such colours! such clothes! Large circular Indian hats, the gilded embroidery of which catches the sun; red coats and full rough skirts; bare legs and short knickers; rebosos of every colour; patches of brilliant brown and red and blue; all move below us with kaleidoscopic effects.

The sounds of the plaza ascend in strange confusion; Kechua gutturals and drunken cries half-drown the weird music of Indian flutes and drums, and the low hubbub of the waiting women's conversation never lessens.

Above all these noises, the boom of the big cathedral bell suddenly sounds. As the vibrations of its solemn, impressive notes die away, a strange stillness falls on the air; each man in the square or streets of Cuzco takes off his hat, and the majority kneel; again the big bell booms forth, and the band, on its knees, strikes up a plaintive air; after the bell has

rung for the third time the people rise, their muttered Ave Marias cease, the strains of the band die away, and mingling with the renewed hum of the crowd are heard the screeching tones of the old cathedral organ. And the reason of all this? The perpetration of the most awful blasphemy under heaven. The officiating canon has pronounced a few Latin words, and the wafer has become God. The big bell tolls out the news, and all within the cathedral (and most without) fall down and worship.

A few minutes later the united clanging of all the cathedral bells tells us that the procession is forming. The noise now reaches a climax; a band is heard in the distance; the crowd moves back from the cathedral door with shouts of, "They come! they come!" The Indian women fall on their knees, while the children drop treasured scraps of paper and peel in their eagerness to catch sight of "The Holiest" and the "saints."

Look! two by two Mercederian monks file slowly through the door, their white robes and tonsured heads glistening in the rays of the tropical sun. Immediately behind these come the Franciscans and Dominicans, the former in dark brown robes, and the latter in black and white. Students and professors of the Theological Seminary follow, in black gowns with red facings; then acolytes bearing lighted tapers and swinging censers, from which ascend clouds of pungent incense.

Several black-coated gentlemen scattering rose-leaves immediately precede a magnificent canopy, under which walk a group of church dignitaries clothed in handsomely embroidered cream robes. In the midst moves a canon with most impressive mien, carrying in the pyx *El Santisimo*. The Government representatives follow, the Prefect carrying an ecclesiastical banner; behind these walk the departmental and municipal officials, who, although rationalists, must take part in the procession under a penalty of a fine. Next in order come the State lawyers and judges, in full dress, carrying

swords, and wearing cocked hats with red plumes, and long braided coats. Now come crowds of women, members of the different religious societies, most of them carrying lighted candles. The town band, composed of Cholos, follows, assisted by a number of Indians, who make most distracting noises with large shells.

There is no hush of reverence, but rather a wilder clamour than before, as the bands break out irrespective of each other, and the Indians push forward and battle for a nearer sight of the splendour.

One *descanso* has been reached and a short service held. As the Host passes, all the other occupants of the room where we are kneel and recite prayers. Although not wishing to wound their feelings, we cannot in any way compromise with idolatry, and so remain standing.

The crowd surges on to the next altar where Mass is to be said, and men and women kneel around it with bared heads, while the shouts from the cathedral grow louder and louder. The "saints" are coming—giant figures, each borne by thirty or more Indians! See how the sun blazes on their velvet and gold! See how they sway above the heads of the mob! See how the drunken Indian carriers fight and swear; how the little Peruvian policemen try to restrain them; how the "saints" struggle for first places; how the crowd surges around; how the poor, ignorant bystanders gaze in wonder at the gaudy magnificence!

The Host has passed on, that Mass may be said at the next altar; the "saints" are following. Virgins, heroes, and angels sway and stagger along; the sun turns the coloured altar glasses to dazzling jewels; flags wave; bands play; Indians shout; while the wafer in the golden casket becomes Christ, and the people kneel in His presence.

Now the last altar has been visited; there is a movement amongst the priests; a bugle rings out in the clear mountain air, and the vast procession begins to disperse. The Host is



A PROCESSION OF SAINTS IN CUZCO.



conducted back to the cathedral, the regiment returns to the barracks, the Prefect accompanied by his staff turns towards the Prefectura, and the "saints" crowd and push each other in their exit from the plaza!

The object of each band of Indians is to reach home with its village "saint" before any other. So the giant figures plunge along—the Indians running, strong in the strength of alcohol and chicha.

Watch San Sebastian! He is that figure carrying a tree—his flesh pierced by several silver arrows, and only covered by a gorgeously embroidered magenta satin loin-cloth! He was, I believe, a converted savage, but at present is contending with San Jeronimo, a pope-like figure dressed in red.

The village of San Jeronimo lies beyond San Sebastian on the Checacupe Road, and its natives will try to pass the rival village before its "saint" has arrived. The natives of San Sebastian, however, have barricaded their street, leaving only a narrow path free; and San Jeronimo will have to fight with San Sebastian for first passage through this. All the villagers will assist, and while the "saints" stand propped against a wall, knives will be drawn, and blood ruthlessly shed.

"The altars are chicharias and kitchens too," the Peruvian gentleman next me remarks; and there below the altars we can see the brown pots in rows—the women busy selling, and the men slipping senseless on to the ground, or singing and dancing wildly.

It is dangerous to be out now; orange-peel and stones have hit us, and if we move from our gentlemen friends the drunken Indians insult us.

What shame it is that these ignorant people should drink and fight! What wonder that they should take the only pleasure available to them! Little or none! But that a Christian Church should call this holiday of licence by the name of her Saviour; that she should profess to remember

His sufferings in a drunken rout—this is a crying shame on all who allow it.

"*Corpus Christi!*" Who will go and teach Peru something of the meaning of these wondrous words? For to-day their ignorance is as great as that of any heathen nation. Once more we see Christianity materialized in their midst: instead of the Bread of Life, they have been given a wheaten idol; instead of soul-satisfaction, a spiritual famine!

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE LAND OF THE CHRISTLESS CROSS—

How even the Atonement has been touched by the materializing finger of Rome—A land where crosses are everywhere, but Christ is unknown—How the crucifix is to some Peruvians a pagan charm, and to others a symbol of sadness—The message of moonlight and shadow.



CHAPTER XXIX

THE LAND OF THE CHRISTLESS CROSS

“Crosses there are in abundance; but when shall the doctrines of the Cross be held up?”—HENRY MARTYN.

THE deadly finger which materializes all that it touches has not spared the heart of Christianity—the Atonement. Rome has over-emphasized the physical aspect of the death of Jesus to the neglect of the spiritual meaning of the Cross. In Peru the importance given to the mere human tragedy of Calvary is overwhelming, so much so indeed that the power of the crucifix would scarcely be lessened were the identities of the innocent Sufferer and His agonized mother to be wholly unknown. Whatever the doctrines of the Church may be, she presents Christ to Peru rather as a sufferer than a Saviour.

The central object of Peruvian worship is the crucifix; but from it nothing is learnt concerning the sacrificial nature of Christ's death; nothing of the resurrection power which came into the world as a sequel to that suffering. And Peru has only the crucifix. It is the land of a Christless cross.

For nearly four hundred years the Church of Rome has laboured in Peru that the shadow of the Cross might extend from her Pacific desert to her highest puna. We find the symbol everywhere: in the towns Indians dance and drink at the street corners beneath its shadow; in the houses its altars or niches are ornamented and revered; the churches are crowned with crosses of gold, and the Indian homes with rude

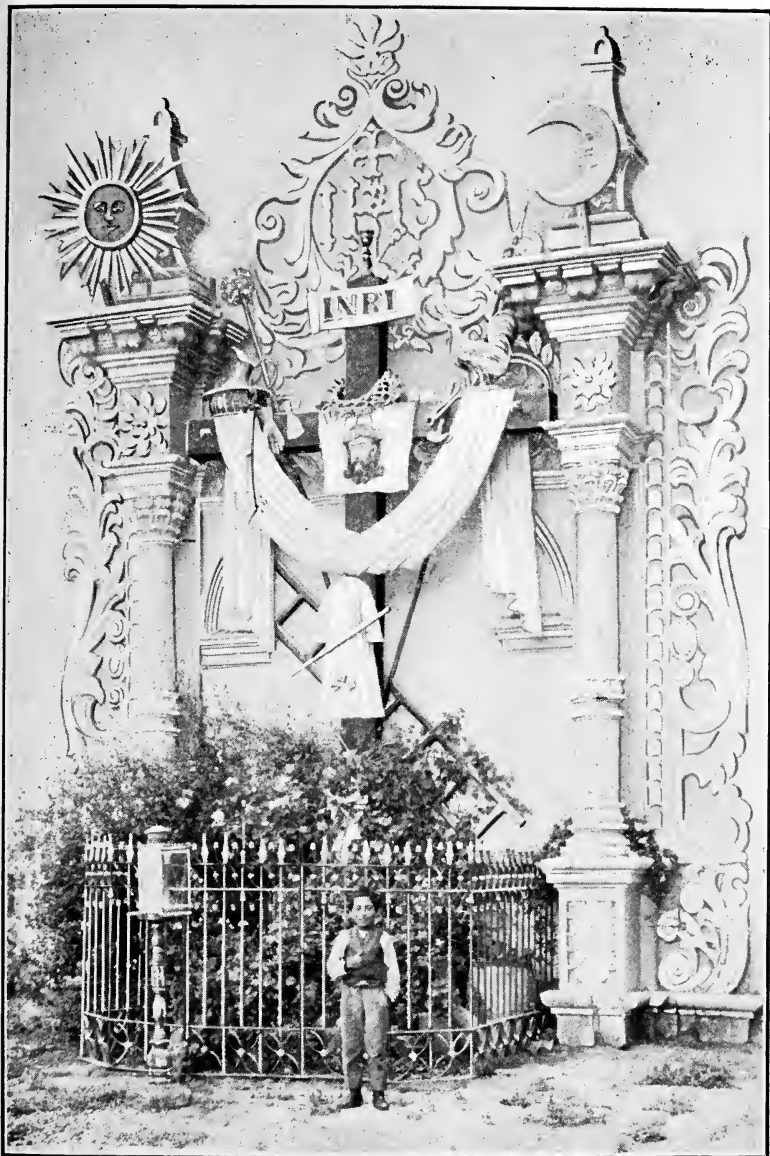
crosses of sticks or wood. Crosses mark the hilltops; crosses watch over lonely roads; crosses stand in the centre of tiny Indian hamlets, and mark the graves which have been made all along the railway track. Wherever men have passed in Peru—whether 'mid mountain snows or tropical forests—they have left a cross.

The crucifix hangs from priestly girdles and from ladies' necklaces; it is held by the bedside of the dying, and embroidered on priestly vestments and altar cloths; it is worn on scapularies and amulets and bracelets, and hangs on babies' teething necklaces; it is made in leather on swish-handles, and kissed by the school children before they are caned.

Every day in Peru we see people making the sign of the cross: Indians cross themselves as they pass churches, and when the Prayer Bell rings; the poor make the efficacious sign before they take medicine; worshippers make it as they enter and leave the cathedral; children run into the churches to dip their fingers in holy water and make the blessed sign upon their mouths and breasts.

To England, what is the Cross? It raised her from barbarism; it freed her from Popery and Spain; it brought to her an epoch-making Reformation, both religious and intellectual; it nurtured the heart of her present stability, Puritan England; it has established her amidst the Protestant powers of the world, above all other peoples, and made her respected as the protector of the persecuted, the friend of freedom, and the lover of international peace and righteousness.

To Peru what is the Cross? It ornamented the banners of the devastating armies of the Spanish conquerors; it was held before the last of the Incas while he was murdered; it witnessed the brutalities of the Crusader's greed for gold; it was set on high wherever the priest could persuade pagan Indians to submit to the rite of baptism; it has lowered in the eyes of the world the powers and possibilities of one of earth's richest lands, and of a people as generous as they are gifted.



A CHRISTLESS CROSS.

Crosses like this are to be found throughout Peru. They have the loin cloth, the seamless robe, the dice, the sword, the spear, the ladder, and the tools of Calvary. They have the money-bag of Judas; the basin in which Pilate washed; the cock whose crowing convicted Peter; and Mary's miraculous handkerchief, which is said to have borne away the impression of the Saviour's face. *But they have no Christ.*

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It is difficult for a foreigner to realize the true meaning of the Cross in Peru:—to many it is only a pagan charm. It is lucky; it has supernatural powers and virtues. To these wearers of crucifix charms, the Cross is a cheap and favourite panacea.

To others, the material cross is, in itself, an object of worship. Indians lift their hats to it; a relic of the historic cross is miraculous; crosses when blessed by a priest will hear and answer prayer; the pilgrims at Copacabana crawl on their knees round three immense alabaster *crucifixes* (crosses), and climb to the summit of Calvario to leave models of what they have petitioned near the cross which crowns that hill.

To others the cross is a symbol of sadness: they must turn from the beautiful Virgin to a blood-stained corpse; they must continually be reminded of suffering—not in its æsthetic form, as represented by Mary's silver heart pierced with silver arrows—but by the gruesome and realistic figure on the cross. Catholicism is not all fair; it does not only calm and awe with its beauty; across its most æsthetic loveliness there lies a shadow—the shadow of the cross.

As these ignorant Roman Catholics enter the shade, what do they realize of its meaning? Some, like a devotee well known to some of the missionaries in Peru—a young lady who daily spent hours in prayer—see in it only an extreme type of the suffering which inevitably comes to all human beings. Others have learned by rote certain doctrinal statements concerning it. On the eve of the Feast of the Holy Crosses celebrated in Cuzco, we stood in the fading light of the dim lanterns which were set before a street cross. Several women crouched about us in the darkness, and when they realized that we were heretics, broke out into wailing ecstasies: “Ah, the blessed cross! it saves! it saves! Christ died for our sins. The holy cross saves!” They had learned the phrases by heart, and repeated them without in the least

understanding their meaning, or realizing that evil lives were incompatible with saving faith in the Cross of Christ.

To such, the cross speaks of the astonishing miracles of cruciform wood and stone; of the empty rhetoric of priests; of dark decaying church walls, and gaudy images—hideous, unloved, neglected. In a fainter voice to some it speaks of a cruel death of God's Son at the hands of sinners—of dying love, impotent Divinity, and suffering righteousness. But to all it is a Christless cross. For this murdered One, this corpse, is not our Lord; yet, apart from the jewelled doll in the Virgin's arms, and the wafer god, this is the only Christ in Peru.

Alas! Jesus is either unknown or misrepresented in this land.

The story of His life is unknown. The majority of Peruvians have never seen a Bible; in the convent schools the children learn a few Bible stories or lives of the saints; but the nation as a whole is totally ignorant of the history of Christ's life.

His sacrificial death is unknown. Those who know anything of Christianity in Peru believe that the salvation of their souls depends upon the action of a priest in transforming and partaking of the wine and wafer. They spend their lives trying to earn a right to enter heaven, and die in fear of the unknown beyond the grave.

His forgiveness of sins is unknown. The ignorant people conceive Him as such a pitiless Lord that they must go to Mary that she may soften His hard heart. Even after lives of pious devotion they believe they must be chained for a season in purgatory, there to expiate the sins which He would not forgive.

His power over sin is unknown. When has a Peruvian cura taught of a power that can conquer sin? When has he pointed to a reformed life as an example of its efficacy? When have religion and morality been connected in the minds

of the people? Yet Christendom comforts herself with the soothing thought: Peru has Roman Catholicism; she has the Cross.

Has the Gospel ever been given to this people—that Gospel founded not in any dogmas, but in a Person? What did they learn of Jesus Christ from the Conquest? What do they learn of Him from the Church to-day? What from its doctrines? What from the lives of its priests?

The principal standard of Cortes, the most famous of the Invader-Crusaders, was of “black velvet, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a red cross amidst flames of blue and white, with this motto in Latin underneath: Friends, let us follow the cross, and under this sign, if we have faith, we shall conquer.”¹

Prescott writes of the Conquerors of Peru, when about to attempt the capture of the Inca, that first base act of the bloody tragedy of the Conquest:—

“The God of Battles was invoked to spread his shield over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the cross, and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, *Exsurge, Domine*—‘Rise, O Lord! and judge Thine own cause!’ One might have supposed them a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy in the record of history! Yet whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the cross, and under this conviction, at that moment exalted into a predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. . . . Too proud for hypocrisy, he committed more cruelties in the name of the Christian religion than were ever practised by the pagan idolater or fanatical Moslem. It is a melancholy and mortifying con-

¹ Quoted by H. W. Brown, *Latin America*.

sideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the Inquisition at home, and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached peace on earth and good will towards men!”

From the Church of their land to-day Peruvians learn little more of the true meaning of the cross than did the original Incas from the Conquerors. In the cathedrals the tragedy of the cross is centred in the agonized figure of “Mary the Sad”; it was she “who in infinite suffering gave light to all sinners on Calvary.”

In the doctrines taught by the Church the conquests of the cross are celebrated, but the Christ forgotten. In the lives of the priests there is the holding up of the symbol, the constant sign of the cross, but no observance of Christ’s moral laws, no participation in His Spirit.

A Christless cross! If Peru shall learn to know no other, “then is Christ dead in vain.”

Moonlight flooded the valley sleeping below Auzangati’s snows, and the road which we were following into Cuzco was strangely white. Suddenly a shadow fell upon us; and looking up, I saw a rude cross standing black against the star-strewn sky. There, in the silence of an Andean night, the significance of that symbol became overpowering. Would it have meant more to Peru, perchance, had it meant more to me? Had my religion ever lacked reality, and the Cross shadowed a life which was not softened and sanctified by its influence? Had I allowed the Saviour to go for me the way of Calvary, and yet expected for myself a bed of roses?

The message of that wayside symbol still rings in my ears—

“The way of the Cross means sacrifice,
As to God you yield your all,
To be laid on the altar, the place of death,
Where fire will surely fall.

’Tis the way of the Cross, are you willing for this?
What does bearing the Cross mean to you—
You who’ve given yourself, your all to God?—
To God are you wholly true?”

“Whosoever will come after Me, let him deny himself, and
take up his cross, and follow Me.”



CHAPTER XXX.—OUR LORD OF THE EARTHQUAKES—

In the kneeling crowd around the black god of the Indians—A thrilling scene in the Cuzco Cathedral—The jewels of Nuestro Señor—His “miraculous” powers—The wonderful feast in honour of the Indians’ idol—How unsatisfied souls are driven to the shrine of the fiery god, alcohol.



CHAPTER XXX

OUR LORD OF THE EARTHQUAKES

“Wells without water . . .”—PETER.

WOULD you know what the Cross of Christ means to the Inca Indians? Then come and kneel with them in the presence of their “god”—a miraculous image which bears the strange name, “Our Lord of the Earthquakes.”

We are in the nave of the cathedral. A crowd of Indians kneel around, and every form is turned towards *Nuestro Señor*. One adoring face is that of an old woman, ghastly with the greyness of surely approaching death. Her wasted features and the folds of the white cloth about her forehead might be carved in marble, save that her lips continuously move. A beautiful young woman kneels beside her, with the features and rapt expression of a Madonna. Great mournful black eyes and dark hair are visible beneath her rough reboso, from under the corners of which a wee girl peeps, nestling like a fledgling under its mother's wing. Men are there also, awkward dirty fellows, who have placed great coloured hats on the floor, thrown back their ponchos, and now kneel with their hands pathetically clasped in mute ignorant appeal to the gigantic silent image.

The figure on the cross is of mahogany, its colour rich with age; the beard and hair are long, soft, and black. The thorn-marked brow and bleeding wounds are not gruesome; the image is a powerful representation of perfect beauty in unutterable anguish. Beneath a purple canopy it hangs on a richly

ornamented cross mounted upon a magnificent carved silver pedestal, and gazes down at the upturned faces—thorn-crowned, blood-stained, mysterious, awful in the gloom.

“The black god of the Indians!” Oh, bitterness of tragedy that such a name should be applied to a figure of Christ! For this image has no more Christian significance than a Chinese idol. Paganism is pitiful and revolting—that man, made in the image of God, should kneel before wood and stone. But here is a greater pity, a more repulsive horror! Our Saviour is worshipped as an idol. A wooden image is called by His name. Miracles are attributed to this—a dead representation of the Living God.

Our Christ is “the black god of the Indians”!

On September 16th a feast was celebrated in the cathedral of Cuzco by Mass and a sermon. The nave was thronged with kneeling people; all the Municipality in cocked hats, braid, and gold, were present; and the soldiers were drawn up outside, the band playing stirring military marches.

The first part of “*Misa*” is over, and incense still clouds the altar, when a Franciscan friar ascends into the seldom-used pulpit and stands for some seconds gazing silently at the upturned faces. Then in a strong clear voice, Christ’s prophetic words resound:—

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.”

Once again there is a pause, while eyes instinctively wander from the burly figure of the brown-robed monk to the great image looming above the altar. The eyes of the preacher are on it also until he suddenly turns towards the congregation, and allows the fire of his eloquence to break forth. He is delivering a eulogy on the Cross—inspired with its power, and apparently forgetful of all but the triumph of its conquests. His oratory is masterly, his words thrilling, his spirit contagious. The climax is reached—and with a

dramatic gesture, the Franciscan turns in the pulpit, and stretching out his arms towards the image, addresses his last few words of impassioned eulogy to the cross itself. Then there is silence again. *He has celebrated the cross and forgotten the Christ!*¹

The preacher has seated himself, and many eyes are turned to the image. In honour of the feast all its riches are displayed. Above the crown of thorns is set a golden crown of immense weight. The diamonds which shine in the nails piercing the feet and hands of the figure on the cross are said to be worth hundreds of pounds. The purple satin skirt which hangs about it is resplendent with gold and precious stones. Thus has Peru honoured the "god" !

Nuestro Señor de los Temblores—of the origin of the name I know nothing certainly. Some say that the image entered Cuzco for the first time during a series of terrible earthquakes which ceased immediately *Nuestro Señor* was installed in the cathedral. Others say that on a certain occasion the saints had failed to put a stop to the seismic shocks which were threatening to destroy the city. When all other remedies had been exhausted, the god of the Indians was brought from the cathedral, and immediately the earthquakes ceased. The fame of this miracle naturally spread, and the image became known as Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

Arequipa may be shaken or destroyed, but the Cuzqueño firmly believes that his city is safe through the miraculous power of its god. In times when the capital of the Incas is very seriously shaken, the image is carried round the town, and wailing processions follow it, the women bearing crosses on their shoulders, and wearing their hair loose and in disorder. Invariably their prayers are answered, and the Lord of the

¹ In spite of the fact that its oratory covered no Gospel truth, this was a very remarkable sermon for Cuzco. The usual topics chosen by Cuzqueño preachers are the worship of Mary or the virtues of one of her images.

Earthquakes protects Cuzco from disaster. Many are the stories told to-day of his miracles, and pathetic is the faith and awe-stricken worship which the ignorant people render to him!

We arrived in Cuzco just too late to see the famous feast of *Nuestro Señor*, but I quote the account given by Mr. M^cNairn of the heart-rending scenes which he witnessed on that memorable March 26th:—

“Across the great plaza, where for centuries his devotees rendered him adoring worship, Inti, the sun-god, flings his last beams, ere passing to rest behind the mountain rampart that girds the time-worn city. In the east, the snows of Auzangati glow a crimson farewell, and over the great valley that lies between, falls the hush of coming night.

“In Cuzco itself the same spirit broods, but the hush is one of expectancy, of suppressed excitement, and awe-stricken restlessness. Something is about to happen. The city waits; the crowds that throng the great plaza wait; Nature itself seems to wait.

“Through the old Inca streets, between walls of massive masonry whose every stone speaks of bygone glory, under echoing portals where the conquering grandes of old Spain were wont to pass, pours an eager, expectant throng. Not the bustling, noisy, clamouring crowd one meets in other cities; for Cuzco is like no other city, and the spirit which haunts this grim old citadel of long ago ever casts its spell upon the people, and bids them go softly as they who tread where the great dead have passed. To-night the unusual hush is only accentuated by the quiet pattering of numberless bare feet on the worn stones.

“A strange crowd is this which flows past us, a crowd quaint and picturesque to a degree, a crowd that has nothing in common with the age—an Indian crowd. Indians of the Sierra, Indians of the Puno, Indians from the snows of the Cordilleras,

Indians from the tropical valleys of the Montaña; faces dark as polished mahogany, faces pale as the olive, pass in endless variety as they push their silent way towards the great plaza.

“And what an eye for colour have these quiet dark-skinned folk! Ponchos striped like the rainbow, fringed or plain, that tell from whence they come; hats of blue and silver; skirts and shawls cunningly woven from the wool of the llama, or the beautiful and rare vicuña, and tastefully dyed with rich and brilliant colours—all blend into one harmonious and ever-changing scheme in the mellow light of the setting sun.

“But a more sombre thread is not wanting in this many coloured fabric, for the crowd is not exclusively composed of Indians. Here in haughty aloofness stalks a black-coated *caballero* (gentleman). There a group of señoritas in black silk, and black lace mantillas, draw aside their skirts as some Indian brushes too close. At the corners stand groups of students, pitifully indifferent to the wealth of interest in this wonderful Indian crowd, and with eyes for nothing but the faces beneath the mantillas—all in sombre black, for this is the season of Lent, and all dutiful sons and daughters of the Church are in mourning for their unknown Lord.

“And still we wait. And still the crowd in the great plaza grows denser as the converging streams mingle and lose themselves in the many coloured sea. A strange silence reigns; the hush grows more intense. The shadows stretch far across the plaza. Inti is passing from the scene of his former glory, and it is well. It is not meet that he should look upon that which is about to happen—that his beams should lend light or colour to the god who has usurped his place. Quickly the shadows creep up the face of the cathedral, and this alien temple is wrapped in the gloom of the coming night. For a moment Inti's beams regretfully linger on the dome of the building which was once his shrine, and then he is gone.

“Far away in the east, Auzangati, the faithful, still gazes upon her lord, and long after he has passed from sight the

glow that lingers on her snowy face tells that her dreams are far away from the scene of alien worship in the unfaithful City of the Sun.

“The colour has now faded from Cuzco, and all is grey. But, as though this were the long-anticipated moment, the vast crowd presses nearer to the great cathedral; then its massive doors swing open, and there emerges that for which we have waited—the one before whose coming the worship of Inti has passed like a dimly remembered dream—the god of the Indians, Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

“Upborne on the shoulders of a hundred Indians, who stagger 'neath their mighty load, is a great pedestal of solid and cunningly wrought silver. From this there rises a towering cross, and, on the cross, with outstretched arms and drooping head, is the figure of the crucified Man of Calvary.

“Night comes on apace, but there is yet light to be gathered up and flashed back in a thousand broken colours from the wealth of gems that stud the cloth about the loins. But in the awesome figure the darkness seems to have embodied itself; for it is dark, yea, darker far than any of the thousand dusky faces upturned to it in adoration.

“Slowly the procession advances through the ranks of the kneeling Indians, many of whom are prostrate on their faces. The chanting of the richly robed priests who walk before mingles with the solemn music of the military band that follows. Clouds of incense rise from swinging censers; the murmur of the praying multitudes is as a sound of many waters—while slowly the conquering god passes through the darkening streets of the ancient City of the Sun.

“How strange and how powerful is *the spell which the dead image of a Living Reality exercises* over the crowds that throng its way! The group of sneering students grows strangely silent, and the cynical laugh dies on their lips, as with bared heads they watch the great figure approach. The richly dressed señoritas cease their empty chatter, and the lips

of some move as though in involuntary prayer. But it is among the vast concourse of Indians that its influence is most marked. Few remain standing except where their densely packed ranks prevent them from kneeling. Every head is bared, hands are clasped in the attitude of prayer, and the strained tense look on every face tells of the emotion roused in their poor hearts by the presence of this awe-inspiring image—The Lord of the Earthquakes.

“Oh, the pity of it all! Oh, the infinite possibilities in this worshipping multitude! Oh, the wealth of devotion lavished upon this meaningless image—for to them it has no meaning, there is nothing beyond!

“Look at the old withered face of this Indian near to us, whose worn sandals and dusty legs tell of many a weary league over mountain and plain. Look at the yearning, hungry gaze of his upturned eyes, longing for a something he does not understand. Year after year has he come thus to worship, and still he is hungry, still unsatisfied; and soon he will be passing out into the dark, without hope, without God.

“Look at this young mother kneeling on the rough stones on the outskirts of the crowd, her little bundle of food for the journey wrapped in a poncho by her side; look how she holds up her babe, folding the chubby hands in front, and wistfully hoping that a blessing may reach her little one. Look at the children kneeling with clasped hands, and gazing wonderingly at the great image as it slowly passes.

“And this is how Rome fulfils the charge of the Great Shepherd whose words to Peter she specially claims for herself—‘Feed my sheep.’

“Darkness is deepening; the light is fading from the western sky, and quiet stars are beginning to appear. The swaying black figure looms weird and gigantic in the gloom, and its staggering Indian bearers are groaning beneath their tremendous burden. But still through the incense-clouds the monotonous chant of the priests ascends, and the white-robed

monks glimmer ghostly in the gathering shadows of the streets.

“The circuit of the city has been completed, and the procession again enters the great plaza, where even a larger concourse is assembled to bid the god farewell than that which awaited its advent; for as the procession passes through each street, the crowds rise from their knees, and hurrying by byways, await its re-arrival in the plaza.

“Through this living sea of worshippers the procession passes to the cathedral doors. Here there is a pause. A death-like silence falls upon the multitudes. Then, through the darkness, the impressive figure is seen to slowly bow three times, and to disappear in the darkness of the unlit cathedral, whose great doors close behind it like the very gates of death. Then the pent-up feelings of the multitude break forth in such a wail as surely can only be equalled in the regions of the lost. Again and again it rises to heaven, that long-drawn wail of anguish from the hungry hearts of a down-trodden nation.¹ They have seen their god for a brief hour, and now he is taken from them for another year.

“The wailing dies away, and the multitude melts in the darkness. Will Cuzco to-night be filled with rejoicing souls who have been fed and refreshed in spirit? Will the quiet stars look down upon homes where the Star of Bethlehem has rested? Will Inti on the morrow rise upon a city which has been illuminated by the Greater Sun of Righteousness?

“Alas! These joyless souls, in their ignorance of any greater comfort, must seek it in forgetfulness. Men, women, and children will go from their worship of Our Lord of the Earthquakes to offer homage at another shrine, where, in a thousand chicharias, *the fiery god alcohol* is waiting to minister to them.”

¹ This pathetic cry is a prayer for blessing on the homes, the crops, and the llamas belonging to the worshippers of Our Lord of the Earthquakes.

(C) ROMANISM, A MORAL PESTILENCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE PERUVIAN PRIESTHOOD—

A town where there is one priest or friar to every thirty individuals—How professing ministers of the Gospel are leaders in immorality, avarice, and drunkenness—Blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel—A word-picture of the priests with whom perforce we must travel in Peru—The measure of their fathers.



CHAPTER XXXI

THE PERUVIAN PRIESTHOOD

“ . . . Such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !”—MILTON.

IN Peru, Protestantism must face not only a pretentious ceremonialism, but also the moral corruption which it fails to cover. Two mistaken principles form the foundation of this system of evil: firstly, sacerdotalism; and secondly, celibacy.

In early ages the power of the priesthood grew with the increasing importance given to the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Confessional, and later to the Pope. Roman Catholic countries are subjected to a great spiritual despotism, which so far invades the prerogative of Deity as to claim right to absolve from sin and from its punishment; to impart renewing and sanctifying grace; to control and judge conscience and thought; to make atonement for the sins of the living and dead; and to dispose of destinies in the invisible world.

This sin of assumption has in every age brought the most terrible results upon both priest and people. The former is almost invariably corrupted by his false position, so that in some centuries the sin of the priesthood has been unequalled in any other class.

Nevertheless, this priestly doctrine, as a well-known writer has said, “marvellously suits the weakness of human nature. To the clerical order it means the pride of caste; to the

devotees it means the handing over of the responsibility of their salvation to priests; and it inevitably leads to the Confessional, which enfeebles the conscience and promotes gross immorality, though adopted perhaps with sincere desire for holiness of life.”¹

Peru has one archbishop, seven bishops, and friars and priests of every description, apparently without number. In addition to the numerous convents and monasteries which these possess, they own a large number of the wealthiest haciendas, and, through their agents, control much of the business of the country. In Arequipa, there is one priest or friar to every thirty individuals, and the number is continually increased by those who have been expelled from France, and who are now having a pernicious influence on the Peruvian Catholics, by inciting their animosity against men of Liberal ideas.

With few exceptions, the priests of Peru are of a low class, uneducated, illiterate, and vulgar. In the villages of the desert and of the Sierra they are often so isolated as to be practically independent, and by the Indians are treated as kings and gods. They are held in reverence by ladies of the most influential Peruvian families, and in spite of growing spiritualism and agnosticism, still maintain their sway.

These priests are trained in monastic schools, where, alas! Satan is degrading the manhood of those who should be shepherds of souls. For these unfortunate novices our hearts ache, and we plead help and redemption from the favoured manhood of Christendom. But for those who uphold this system for the sake of the temporal power it gives, knowing well its true character and inevitable results—for these we have only righteous indignation. Jesus Christ was not always meek and mild. He could rise up with blazing eyes and a whip of small cords in His hand, so that the avaricious Jews of the Temple money-tables fled from Him in fear; He could send a message of such ringing scorn and sarcasm as even the

¹ Samuel Smith, M.P., *The Claims of Rome.*





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A Study.

A Study

Dare to look into the face. The photo tells more about the Peruvian priesthood than can any words.



godless Herod must have winced at; He could rise from the Pharisee's table in indignation at the unexpressed thoughts of that punctilious hypocrite, and utter a curse upon priestcraft which the most burning righteous anger has never equalled, in its eloquence and fearless justice. When Jesus Christ denounced the evils of the régime of the scribes and Pharisees, He exposed the principles which are working to this day in every such system.

Do the priests of Peru, then, merit Christ's denunciation? Has the result of their so-called spiritual sway been corruption? Have they resisted the truth? Has their judgment become distorted? Have they been guilty of avarice and hypocrisy? Do they belong to an evil succession?

Let us test these six woes, one by one, in their application to the Peruvian priesthood.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass the sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.”

Could words more justly describe the Roman Catholicism of Peru? Every ship which brought the Conquerors to the land of the Incas, carried Dominican friars. These rounded the tempestuous Horn, or crossed the fever zone of the Isthmus; they toiled over the Pacific desert; climbed the mighty Andes; penetrated the dense forests of the Amazon—and all for the conversion of the Children of the Sun. But the noble Indian race which they found in Peru has been debased by their contact; and to-day, instead of the healthy régime of the Incas, immorality, drunkenness, and crime abound.

But are the priests responsible for this state of things? Have they not done their best to restrain it? Hear the testimony of one who has seen.

The priests are the leaders in immorality, and their despotism makes anything else impossible. The curas with whom one

comes in contact in the villages of Peru are drunken, degraded illiterate, and notoriously wicked.

So great was the scandal in connection with the life of a priest in Urubamba, (where, be it remembered, public opinion is not easily shocked!) that shortly before I arrived in Peru, the townfolk rose against him. Three young men met him, held pistols to his head, and bade him leave the place within half an hour. Nor did they let him out of their sight until the command was obeyed.

It has been truly said that conventual establishments have proved a terrible scourge in all Papal countries, and certainly of the monasteries of Peru no truthful description fit for publication can be written. Lack of occupation drives the unfortunate novices to quarrelling and immorality; yet the priesthood of Peru is supplied by those who have lived from perhaps eleven years of age in these schools of vice.

Of the scandalous and heart-rending abuse made of the Confessional, something will be said in a later chapter; of the horrors of the *mitta*—that ancient institution whereby the young girls of the village take it in turns to serve in the priest's home for a month at a time—no more can be said; of the lives of those who cannot afford the extortionate fee put upon marriage by the curas,—of the arbitrary unions made by the village priest upon a certain day in the year amongst the young people—what can be expected? Alas! the adage is still true: Like priest, like people!

The intemperance of the Peruvian priesthood is proverbial; even a short stay in the country is sufficient to convince one of the fact that the priests are leaders in drunkenness. Religious festivals are the great occasions for drinking, and this practice is allowed and sometimes required by the ministers of the Church. The following quotation is a translation of an advertisement which appeared in a local paper of Guayaquil, Ecuador, a few years ago. The methods adopted by the priests of Naranjita (the town of the Little Orange) to inculcate piety

are characteristic of those of the *Curas Peruanos* (Peruvian priests).

“On 27th November will take place, in the town of Naranjita, the feast of the Virgin of Sorrows. There will be bull-fights on the 26th and 27th, and on Sunday *curiquingues* (a comic dance), horse-races, sack-races, cock-fights, greased pole, fireworks, gambling permitted by the law, and various other amusements. The faithful and devout are invited to assist at the said feast.”

The crimes of Peru are largely occasioned by the Jesuitical conception that the end justifies the means. In a town not far from Cuzco, the Indians, at the instigation of the priest, lately murdered a Liberal gentleman living in the district, staining the plaza and streets with his blood, as they dragged the body down to the river.

At the priest's instigation, and with his absolution, any crime is justifiable, and as the moral ideal of the country thus becomes degraded, sin increasingly abounds.

Surely Christ's denunciation is merited by the priesthood of Peru! They have proselytized only to corrupt.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.”

The story of missionary work in Peru will, when published, afford abundant proof to any unbiased mind, of the truth of this statement as applied to the priests and monks of Peru. They have urged the mob to stone or murder the missionaries, and have used against them guile and slander.

Again, in their treatment of the Bible they have fulfilled these words of Christ: in nearly every town and village of Peru, some zealous cura has collected the Bible Society's Gospels and Testaments and burned them in the public plaza. Beneath the walls of the Inquisition building in Lima it was so; in

Arequipa, Sicuani, Ayacucho, and numerous other centres of population. In Callao and Arequipa colporteurs were imprisoned; in Tiahuanuco another was stoned and left for dead at the road-side; in Bolivia a native worker was murdered; in all parts of the Sierra these brave Bible-sellers have been molested and often wounded.

In their denial of the fundamental truths of the Gospel the priests have merited this stern denunciation. They preach salvation by works, not by faith; succour and eternal safety through Mary, not through Jesus Christ; guidance for daily life through the priest, not through the Bible.

This is not Christianity! Even as the scribes and Pharisees of old, these will not enter into the truth nor suffer others to go in.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!”

So true is this principle in the lives of the Peruvian priests that it seems their own mental powers have become distorted. They have taught the letter instead of the spirit of the law so long that they cannot now see in proper moral perspective.

In their view of history they truly strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The horrors of the Inquisition, the immorality of the Popes of the eleventh and fifteenth centuries are lost sight of; but the depths of villainy in Luther, the sins and nemesis which overtook Zwingle, the evil renown of Wycliffe,—these allegations are their especial studies.

“According to the account of a learned priest, a prebendary and member of the council of the archdiocese of Santiago, the Inquisition was established for the purpose of protecting the lives of heretics, to rescue them from the punishment of death, and to afford them an asylum against the ill-treatment of

infuriated mobs, to give lessons of moderation and humanity to the people, and point out to kings the path of mercy! It was established by the Catholic Church as a most precious guarantee of human life; and no sooner did it begin to exercise its benevolent functions, than its great advantages were immediately perceived, for in those countries where it was admitted and acknowledged as a national institution, the sciences began to flourish, universities to be founded, and printing to be introduced; it encouraged the study of the classics, favoured poetry and fine arts, and produced an unusual activity for scientific investigations!”¹

Another priest living to-day in Peru writes:—

“The only thing which Zwingle and Luther did was to give greater range and development to the abominable errors invented by Wycliffe and Huss, and to corrupt the ignorant people with the attraction of most shameful licentiousness, impudently preaching that henceforth faith only was necessary for salvation, and that although one committed the most awful crimes, faith covered anything.”

In their view of sin, the priests show the same mental deformity: the reading of God’s Word, charity to needy Protestants—these are sins for which only many months of penance can atone; but crime at the instigation of the priest—the murder of heretics, for example—is acceptable to God.

Thus do the priests strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel!

Their view of spiritual things is equally distorted. The infallibility of the Church, and superstitions about the images of virgins and saints, have almost entirely usurped the place of Gospel truths. Practical Christianity, the ensample of the life of Jesus, faith, love, and temperance—these are forgotten. As we have already seen,² their sermons teach not the Gospel or

¹ James W. Duffy, D.D., Preface to Translation of *Francisco Moyon: or The Inquisition as it was in South America*, by B. Vicuna Mackenna.

² Chapter XXIV.

the contents of the Bible, but merely the virtues and histories of saints.

Alas, that the denunciation of Christ should be so fully merited by any religious teachers in this, the twentieth century!

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows’ houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.”

Of the avarice shown by the Peruvian priests in their dealings with the poor, examples too numerous to record come to mind. Suffice it to quote Don Fernando Casós,¹ who from experience knew that the curas “live for making money and trading on the people.”

“Do the priests, on the whole, fulfil their mission by succouring the disgraced and unfortunate? No; on the contrary, Gentlemen, the corruption is the result of their evil sacerdotal education. It is a common sign of these disgraceful times, that between the priests and parishioners there is no charity; that true bond of union that should unite them before God and man does not exist. On the part of one there is the insatiable desire to obtain more gain from his parish, while on the part of the other there is the constant resistance to the payment of the fixed prices for certain sacraments and ceremonies. There exists, then, a terrible antagonism between the priest who demands and the parishioner who resists. And the result is the separation of the shepherd and the sheep—a separation, Gentlemen, which gives rise to the great scandals that the village chronicles relate to us,—scandals, which occasionally echo across the summits of our *cordilleras*, and are heard with horror amidst the clamour of great capitals. When, Gentlemen, have the bishops, conforming to the laws, taken care that the priests did not oppress the Indians? You may

¹ *A Discourse on Liberty of Worship*, by Dr. D. Fernando Casós, delivered in the National Assembly, 1867.

read many *pastorales* (bishop's letters)—especially those of recent date—*pastorales* against religious indifference; *pastorales* asking for obedience to governors who have been criminals; *pastorales* against heretics and innovators; *pastorales* on all questions, Gentlemen, but not one recommending the clergy in the least to decrease the exactions to which they have subjected the people. Our legislation, our decrees, their own laws of the Council of Trent in respect to this, have never had the honour of being cited in the *pastorales* of the bishops. For them none of these exist. All this is heretical, and destroys the holy religion which they profess.”

“*Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.*”

“*Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also appear outwardly righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.*”

Alas! this also is true of Peru! Its priests cover their sin and disgrace with the vestments of man-made ceremonies. Gorgeous robes, velvet, lace, embroidery, gold, jewels: all this is outward. But within—moral death and corruption.

Look at some of the priests with whom perforce we must travel in Peru. They are not now robed in their rich vestments, beneath the thousand lighted candles of a glittering altar. They are sitting in our carriage smoking. One is tall and handsome; the hood of his Franciscan habit is thrown back in disorder; his bare legs and sandalled feet are stretched across the corridor; his fringe of thick curling hair is rumped about his face; an inane smile plays upon his wicked handsome face. A feeling of sickness, of horror comes over us, and we turn away. He is drunk! This priest is no common man. He is well born; well educated; well provided for—but evil

is indelibly stamped upon his strong attractive features, and his behaviour such as would not be tolerated in a more moral land.

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous. Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?”

I have stood in the Inquisition buildings of the New World; have seen the diabolical instruments of torture with which the limbs of heroic men, yea, of women, were racked; have walked the way those doomed “heretics” were led; and stood where the “faithful” stood to watch them burned. I have seen the table at which death-warrants were signed; the hole through which barbarous sentences were spoken. I have stood in cells where suffering Christians lay, and seen the flag-stones on which they breathed their last; I have stood askance before the shrivelled remains of some unknown woman, who very possibly was built alive into a convent wall! Horrible! Horrible! Horrible are these facts concerning the former workings of “Christianity” in the New World. But Rome never changes. The murderers of José Mongiardino, the missionary hero of Bolivia; the persecutors of those who have tried to tell the story of Jesus in Peru—these belong to a mighty host of popes, prelates, and priests. They are following their fathers to a terrible reward.

CHAPTER XXXII.—LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF PAPAL DESPOTISM—

*Afternoon shadows in a Peruvian church—The abyss—
How the students of Lima rescued a hapless victim—School-
children and the Confessional—The Peruvian's last hope—How
Indulgences are bought—A people who have no fear of hell, since
the bottomless pit is only for Protestants.*



CHAPTER XXXII

LINKS IN THE CHAIN OF PAPAL DESPOTISM¹

“All the graces of the Christian life assume a new complexion in Rome repentance becomes penance; faith becomes credulity; zeal becomes fanaticism; holiness becomes asceticism.”—DR. WYLLIE.

THE despotism exercised by the Peruvian priesthood is founded upon a cunningly devised system of such ingenuity as is calculated to disarm and enthral the human mind. The links in this terrible chain are constituted by the Confessional, Absolution, Extreme Unction, Indulgences, and Purgatory.

THE CONFESSORIAL, like other falsities, has been gradually built up upon a slight foundation of truth. Early in the history of the Church it was found to be helpful that younger brethren should speak about their sins to those older in the faith. Subsequently the hearing of confessions became a specific office, but as late as the twelfth century this custom was a means of amendment only, not an indispensable condition of forgiveness. Originally the form of absolution was *Absolutionem et remissionem tribuat tibi Deus* (God grant thee absolution and remission); but in the thirteenth century this became *Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis, in nomino Patris, etc.* (I absolve thee from thy sins in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost). “The Council of Trent confirmed these fearful blasphemies, and pronounced an anathema against those who

¹ Throughout this chapter Mr. W. E. Tayler's statements concerning Romanism have been frequently quoted. See *Popery: its Character and its Crimes*.

denied either the absolute necessity of confession for the forgiveness of sin, or the authority of the priest to deliver sentence as a judge."

The ordinance thus instituted has become the greatest evil of papal lands. A missionary in Peru writes: "Here every intelligent and unbiased man recognizes and acknowledges the confessional to be the root of infinite evil, and one of the chief causes of Peru's commercial, moral, and spiritual poverty." For a right understanding of the missionary problems of Peru, it is necessary to examine the workings of this terrible scourge, and its unspeakable results.

It is scarcely possible to enter any Peruvian church in the afternoon without seeing manta-clad women and girls waiting to be confessed. As they enter the building they sprinkle holy water on their faces, making the sign of the cross and saying: "By the sign of the cross deliver us, our God, from our enemies, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." They then kneel before the altar and say a prayer to the Holy Sacrament, and others to the Virgin or the titular saints of the church. Lastly, five altars must be visited, and five Ave Marias and five Paternosters said before each.

Preparatory ceremonies being concluded, they go to the confessional-box, in which the priest sits with his ear to the window at the side, and sometimes with the curtain drawn back from the entrance that he may better see the penitent.

Kneeling and bowing herself to the ground, with her fingers upon her rosary, the penitent repeats the general confession of sins, which is:—"I do confess to God Almighty, to the blessed Mary always a Virgin, to the blessed Archangel Michael, to the blessed John Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to Thee, O Father, that I have too much sinned by thought, word, and deed, by my fault, by my fault, by my greatest fault. Therefore I beseech blessed Mary, always a Virgin, the blessed Archangel Michael, the blessed John

Baptist, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, all the Saints, and Thee, O Father, to pray God our Lord for me. Amen."

She then raises herself to her knees, and begins to disclose her sins to the priest. "In granting absolution, the priest always enjoins some penance, upon the strict performance of which its efficacy is said to depend." Either prayer, fasting, or almsgiving will be imposed, according to the character of the penitent.

Such is the apparently simple ceremony. Remember, however, the immorality prevalent in Peru; the character of the priests; and the shamelessness which is so common. Remember that "the Church rigorously enjoins the faithful, as they would escape perdition, to make the most intimate and circumstantial disclosures of their guilt, without which, it says, the sacred physician cannot be qualified to apply the remedy." Thus you will have a vision of the horrible abyss, where the soul of both priest and penitent is so frequently lost in Peru.

It is pitiful and heart-breaking in the extreme that an ordinance of the Church should impart to the young and inexperienced the knowledge of sin; but thus it is. Mr. Gavin, in his *Master-Key to Popery*, says: "To the discovery of the mortal sins the Father Confessor doth very much help the penitent; for he sometimes, out of pure zeal, but most commonly out of curiosity, asks them many questions, to know whether they do remember all their sins or not." Not infrequently a pure young girl is entrusted to his spiritual care; surprised and shocked, she leaves him the first afternoon; but later—interest, curiosity, amusement, evil fascination are all aroused. "The reptile confessor, by a series of suggestive questions, and with all the art of a practised seducer, winds like an anaconda round his young victim, until she becomes, by dint of repeated licentious defilement poured into her ear in confession, day after day, week after week, and month after month, his hapless prey."¹

¹ Father Hogan, *Puseyite and Popish Confessions and Nunneries*.

A missionary writes from Peru :

“So much has been asserted and proved about the baneful influence of the confessional, that it is not necessary to add to that testimony, unless it be in order to evoke more prayer on behalf of the poor people paralyzed by its galling yoke. In Callao a young woman of respectable family, who went to confession, was lately inveigled away into the Convent of Santa Clara, Lima, by the notorious Vidal and his co-padre. Both priests were supported in their criminal act by ecclesiastical authorities. The poor mother made repeated attempts to secure the release of her daughter, but in vain. Meanwhile public opinion was aroused through the daily papers, and a group of Lima students besieged the convent, and would have thrown down the gates had they not received a definite promise of her liberation, which took place next day. Thanks to the students, who had the courage to face the emissaries of Rome, their sealed walls, and prison gates, the victim was saved from the life of bondage, misery, and abuse, which would otherwise have been her lot.”

The boys are not guarded as are their sisters, and lamentably early the foul suggestions of the priests take effect. Alas, that we should have to trace the appalling moral condition of the boyhood of Peru to the weekly confession which all school-children are obliged to make !

“The interrogations and answers which pass between the confessor and his penitent are obviously such as gradually tend to banish all shame, and familiarize the people with ideas of guilt.”

One of the greatest afflictions which a missionary in Peru must suffer is the knowledge of the low estimate put upon sin by those around. Daily this consciousness grows more oppressive. For these poor people—so attractive in many ways—sin has lost its horror, and the main source of this callous, ungodly attitude, is the confessional.

Those who confess are often wicked persons; indeed the

lowest men and women are often driven by superstition and fear to the confessionary. "Mere profession of sorrow and promise of amendment is all that is ever required from the sinner."¹ Thus ABSOLUTION "relieves from all apprehension of divine wrath, without imparting any change of heart."

It may be truly said of modern Peruvians, in the words of Sir Edward Sandys—"The common sort reckon thus—'Why need we refrain so fearfully from sin, God having provided so ready a means to be rid of it when we list again?' Yea, and the worse sort will say: 'When we have sinned we must confess, and when we have confessed we must sin again, that we may also confess again, and withal make work for new indulgences and jubilees.'²

"It is obvious then that the trifling penances usually imposed upon sinners by the Church of Rome increase the evil, instead of lessening it; whilst the efficacy which is always attached to penance—by teaching man that he himself possesses the power of atoning for his sins—destroys the very foundation doctrine of Christianity, and instils deadly poison into the soul."

Closely allied to this evil is another—the final absolution pronounced by one man upon the soul of his brother—**EXTREME UNCTION.**

Several times have I seen processions on their way to watch this blasphemy enacted. A tinkling of bells echoes through the streets of Cuzco, and the sound of rattling stones and tin; boys are thus announcing the approach of the Host, and as the whisper goes round—"The Holiest!"—the women drop on their knees. If the dying soul is poor, the Host will be carried by a priest in plain robes, and sheltered by a dowdy yellow

¹ In 1825 it was declared in the British House of Commons that "a sorrow for sin, arising merely out of a consideration of the punishment which may be annexed to it, is at present admitted by the highest authority in the Church of Rome as entitling to absolution."

² Said of Europe at the end of the sixteenth century.

umbrella; but if the home to which it is bound be rich, the priest's glittering finery and his gorgeous palanquin will witness to the exorbitant fee which the family is wealthy enough to pay for a free pass, via purgatory, to heaven. By the sick-bed is set an altar—candles, flowers, crucifixes, saints, virgins, all in close proximity to the dying person. Friends crowd around; the street without is blocked by women kneeling with lighted candles in their hands; sounds of wailing mingle with priestly chants; the foul air of the chamber is further obscured by incense from the acolytes' censers, and besprinkled with holy water. The priest then approaches the bed, the organs of the five senses are anointed, and God's forgiveness implored on the sins of each. For the last time the penitent sees the divine wafer partaken of, and then the priest turns to go, and all his paraphernalia return with him to the church. As he passes the Prefect's house, a salute is fired, the band plays, and the policemen kneel until the Highest has passed from sight.

“The effect of this sacrament is ‘to impart grace to the soul, and to wash out the remains of sin’ (Council of Trent). Thus are the dying deluded with the persuasion that all is right; and wicked men, whilst living a life of open impiety and vice, comfort themselves with the belief that when their end draws nigh, the priest, by means of this sacrament, will secure them from that punishment which conscience tells them is their due.”

A third link in the chain of despotism is formed by the supposed power of the Church to grant **INDULGENCES**.

“Hear ye not the voices of your late parents, brothers, sisters, children, as they cry? Ye are leaving them in the flames, and yet ye might buy indulgences!”

Such was the huckster cry of the famous Dominican Tetzel at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Such was the trade against which Luther wrote his ninety-five theses.

Theoretically, an indulgence frees one from a part of the

purgatorial punishment merited by sins already committed. So severe were penances formerly, that their accumulated duties of fasting, charity, and church-building, were impossible to perform. Indulgences were therefore introduced as simple relaxations of accumulated works of penance, and were found to profit both priest and people. Nôtre Dame and all the famous ecclesiastical buildings of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, owed their origin to pecuniary indulgences. The Crusades were stimulated by promises of “entire remission of sins, and other indulgences,” the journey being reckoned to the Crusader “*instead of all repentance.*” Through the offer of indulgences, Boniface VIII. instituted the great Romish jubilees, and age after age has testified its approval of this means of expiating sin.

Nor has human nature changed. It has the same tendency towards evil, and the same consciousness of future retribution. Thus we find indulgences still on sale in Peru. They are bought by works of merit—not indeed such merit as might be imagined, but the repeating of Ave Marias and Paternosters before this or that relic, altar, or image. There is no church and no religious confraternity that does not thus profess to sell forgiveness. You have but to climb the hill above Cuzco and kiss the cross standing near the old Inca fortress, and you will receive one hundred days’ indulgence. Other even less tedious pilgrimages will secure hundreds and thousands of years’ indulgence. In the words of Waddington, “These are nothing less, when fairly interpreted, than an unconditional permission to sin for the rest of life.”¹

The modern method of buying indulgences for the dead is paying to have masses said for their souls. In Arequipa, £12 is the least sum which will secure this privilege, and for a requiem Mass in one of the fashionable churches as much as £60 or £80 is constantly paid. Outside the church of El Prado,

¹ Said of Indulgences circulated by the papal emissaries a little before the Reformation.

in Lima, one may see the representation of a soul burning in purgatory, and beneath it a money-box. Can love resist such a plea? As long as peace in sinning and escape from purgatory can be secured by money, the Church of Rome will not lack.

Thus by these varied links we are brought to the consideration of the Church's last and most trusted fetter—her teaching concerning PURGATORY. Confession, Absolution, Extreme Unction, Indulgences—each put the priest upon God's throne, and set his unfortunate parishioners beneath his heel. But the acme of papal assumption is found in the doctrine of purgatory. Whatever may have been the spiritual perplexities with respect to the future state of the soul which gave rise to this doctrine, its development has been largely due to the avarice of the priesthood.

Purgatory has been defined to be "a certain place where, as in prison, those souls are purified after this life which were not purified here, in order that they may be able to enter heaven."¹

The belief in purgatory, with all the imaginative terrors which it brings, forms the base of a Peruvian's religion. This accounts for his reverence towards the priests; for his punctilious observance of religious ceremonies; for his implicit obedience to the Church, and for his hatred of heretics. So great a power over the imagination has this hypothetical place of torment, that it undermines what little of the Gospel remains in the Roman Catholicism of Peru, and leads to a system of salvation by works, and thus inevitably to the purchase of salvation.

The statements concerning the future state found in the Bible, invest the Deity with awe-inspiring power and majesty. But "the result of the dogma of purgatory is virtually to explode the doctrine of hell," and to transfer the apportionment of eternal destinies from God to the priest. The latter

¹ Cardinal Bellarmine.



A SOUL IN PURGATORY.

This is the object which hangs outside the Church of El Prado, in Lima. Notice the flames about the tormented soul, and the padlocked money-box!



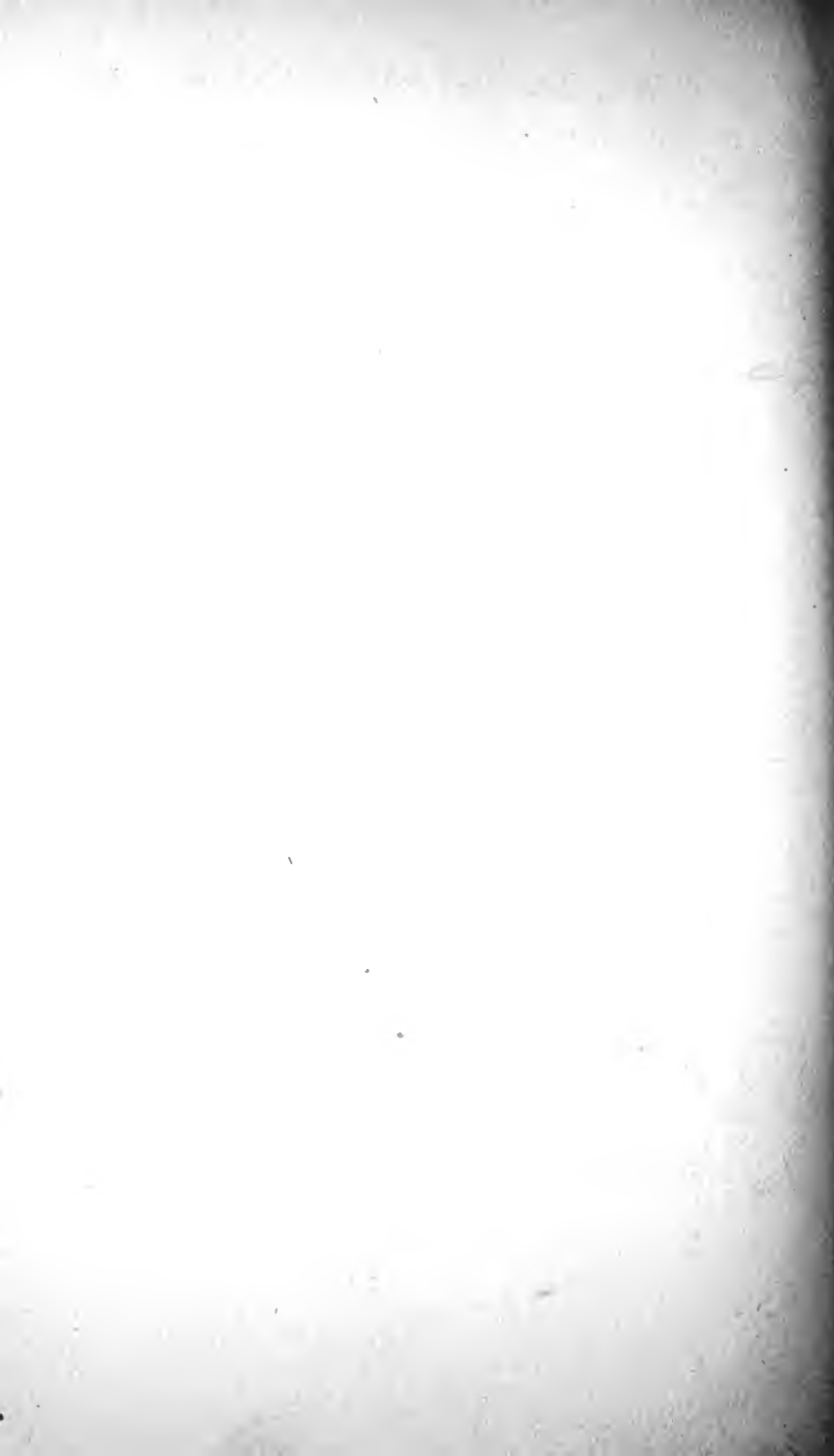
alone can utter those mystic words, which are supposed to release the agonized sufferers from purgatory; he alone can pronounce the absolution which will allow man to escape hell, by entering the refining purgatorial fires.

The Peruvian's conscience is hardened, and what wonder? He need have no fear of God, in that a priest can always absolve him; he may sin if he will, for extreme unction will at the last admit him to purgatory; he need fear no hell, for the bottomless pit is only for Protestants, and for those who are excommunicated from the Church.

Stand back and take a view of the despotism which we have surveyed: confession, absolution, extreme unction, indulgences, purgatory. In this cruel maze thousands of deluded souls are to-day imprisoned. Devout men and women are there, trusting their eternal salvation to the hands of those whom they believe to bear Divine authority; irapious men and women are there, independent of God and of His moral laws, bargaining with the Church for a scandalous life, a sanctimonious death, and a safe hereafter.

What is the end towards which this despotism works? What is the goal to which those completely in its power will be led?

The devout Peruvian has no higher aim in life than the monastery. The sublimest destiny held before a mother is to be separated from her husband, bereft of her children, and protected in a nunnery from all earthly joys and sorrows, that by prayer and fasting she may amass virtue for herself and others. As the next chapter will show, this, the highest form of Christian life held up for imitation in Peru, too often tends to moral death.



CHAPTER XXXIII.—MONASTIC EDUCATION—

“ The Amalekites ” to republican liberty—A Church which in self-defence must oppose education—The favourite “ sacred ” stories of a child educated by nuns—A word-cinematograph showing a Peruana taking the veil—“ The door which leads to Heaven.”



CHAPTER XXXIII

MONASTIC EDUCATION

“Facile belief is of but little value : it often only means that as certain words make no impression whatever upon the mind, so they excite no opposition in it. There are few things which Christ would have visited with sterner censure, than that short-cut to belief which consists of abandonment of mental effort.”—OLIVER LODGE.

PERU has been suddenly aroused by the realization that her republican liberty is in danger of becoming a farce. In 1821 the yoke of Spanish rule was broken for ever, and the former tyrants of Peru were driven from the country. But “the Amalekites” were allowed to remain; the Church was not disestablished, nor was toleration secured. The religious system, which was the very core of the Spanish Government—abolished in 1821—has ever since been a thorn in the flesh to all truly enlightened Peruvians.

The recent awakening is especially noticeable in the school system of the republic. Religion and education have ever gone together in Peru, and the faults of former systems may be summed up in the statement that it is not to the advantage of the Church to teach children to think. A young Catholic girl, with whom I once spoke, innocently enunciated to me this very principle. “I should like to read the Bible,” she said, “but am afraid that it would make me think, and of that the Holy Church would disapprove.” If until lately many Peruvians have been characterized by superficial mental power, and a lack of educational grounding; if the mass of republicans has not even been taught to read,

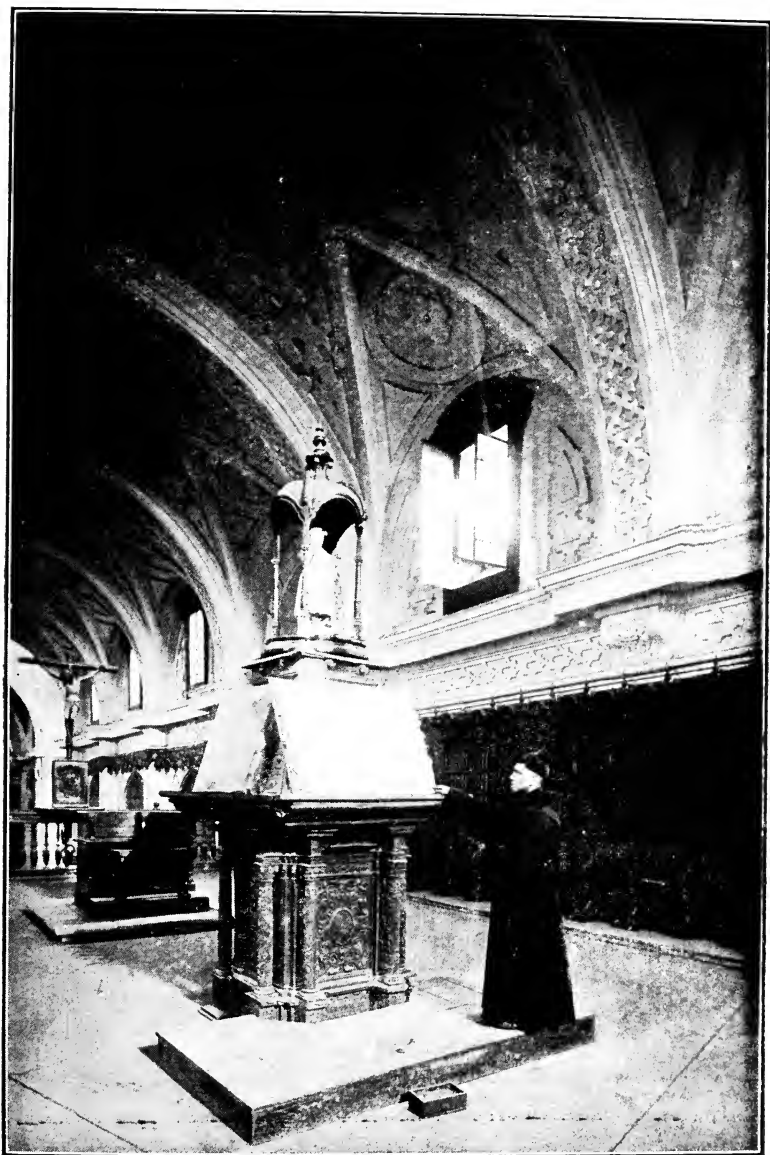
it is because the Church must oppose education in self-defence.

Monastic schools are the only educational establishments patronized by the wealthier Peruvians, except in Lima, where good foreign schools are usurping their place. But a very excellent system of State education is passing through its experimental stages, and no doubt will ultimately take the place of these religious schools.

Originally the city authorities had charge of all elementary instruction, the Minister of Education controlling the universities and higher schools. Subsequently all educational establishments were put under his direction, and commissioners appointed to manage the various centres. To-day each prefect is the sole authority over the schools of his department. By local taxes he must find all funds for their maintenance and inspection.

In 1907 Polar, a famous statesman from Arequipa, succeeded in winning support for a Bill which repealed the old law forbidding teaching in Kechua, and secured that all professors in Indian districts should be Kechua-speaking. Thus, although the Indians of the republic are still unable, as a race, to read or write, a reform has been commenced, which, in spite of great difficulties, will ultimately, we hope, secure adequate teaching for the Indians.

The first grade of State education, including only reading and writing, extends over three years, and is compulsory. The second grade includes the memorizing of very superficial text-books on a number of subjects, and extends over a period of five years. From these grades a pupil may pass either to the university or to a normal school, for the latter of which the prefects name two candidates from each province. The modern normal schools are excellently equipped with charts and kindergarten outfits, and are often managed by teachers from France or Belgium. The range of study at these schools, as well as at the universities, is very pretentious, but the examinations are entirely upon the letter of the text-books. In Lima



IN THE MONKS' GALLERY.



there are excellent modern technical schools: engineering agricultural, scientific, commercial, naval, and military colleges, supported by Government, which grants free training on condition that the student subsequently serves for two or three years in a salaried governmental post. In the "long vacation" the students travel with professors—those from the military school, for example, studying military life, tactics, fortifications, supplies, and transport.

In all these educational centres, religious instruction is given by the priests; in the elementary schools the catechism is taught, and the teacher is responsible for seeing that the children take their first communion, while one morning in the week is always set apart for attending Mass and the Confessional.

Except in the capital, the most influential men and women of the coming generation are being trained in convent schools. In the smaller towns, it is true, there are no monasteries; but from all parts of the republic, from distant valleys and isolated farms, the children are sent to the convents and monasteries of the large cities. In Arequipa there are important schools conducted by the Dominicans, Mercederians, Jesuits, Salicians, Augustinians, and Nuns of the Sacred Heart, in addition to the Theological Seminary. Four of these are boarding-schools, the Convent of the Sacred Heart being an immense establishment with a teaching staff of fifty nuns.

The various attempts made by missionaries to establish Protestant schools, and the reforms inaugurated by the Minister of Education, have caused these religious institutions to improve their equipment and régime, which, however, still remain very inadequate. A lady friend of the missionaries in Arequipa sent her sons to the best Catholic school in that city; but when she found that they were taught to pray and confess, were pinched and slapped by the priests, but learnt nothing, she refused to allow them to remain. In the girls' schools the scholars are taught to embroider beautifully (the proceeds of

their work enrich the Church), and allowed to become very vain, and to gossip shamelessly. The following words of a Peruvian author are generally acknowledged to be true of them:—

“A señorita with a diploma of the third grade knows enough of geography to be ignorant as to whether one goes to Calcutta by sea or land, and as much of languages as is indispensable in order to talk brokenly in the French of Gascoign, or to stammer Canadian English. So all the girls educated by nuns weave famous embroideries of fine glazed buckram, work slippers for papa who does not use them, and watch-cases for brothers who possess no watch.”

I was given a good deal of information about life in a nunnery by a little girl of twelve, who for years had been a boarder in the “School of the Sacred Hearts of Mary and Jesus.” She had several simple text-books on Grammar, History, and French, but her most prized possession was a religious book specially compiled for the School of the Sacred Hearts. The child marked for me several of her favourite passages, which ran somewhat as follows:—

TRUE STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FIRST COMMUNION.

“Imelda Lambertini of Bolivia was considered supernatural from her birth. To mention the names of Jesus or Mary was enough to draw tears from her eyes. Very early she entered the Convent of Santo Domingo. When the elder girls were taking First Communion, she was too young to be allowed that privilege, not yet being twelve. During the ceremony she knelt with her eyes raised to heaven, her little hands crossed on her breast, and clasped her crucifix from which she was never separated.

“‘Come, Beloved of my Soul,’ she cried. ‘Come and repose in the garden of my heart which belongs to Thee without reserve.’

“Suddenly a wafer came out of the pyx, crossed the church,

and stopped before Imelda. All wondered at the miracle and could scarcely believe their eyes. But it was no illusion, for a brilliance illuminated the temple, accompanied by a soft perfume noticed in all parts. The priest then took the sacred wafer in a paten, and administered it to the holy child. With her hands crossed on her breast and her eyes sweetly shut, Imelda remained kneeling. Even when the *madre* (Mother Superior) told her that it was time to go she did not move, for she had ceased to exist. Her grave worked multitudes of miracles, and the Church gave her the title of Blessed! Ah! who would not be Imelda!”

TRUE STORY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE BLESSED TRINITY AND
THE ORIGIN OF THE TRISAGION.

So terrible were the earthquakes which shook Constantinople in the year 447 A.D., that the Emperor Teodosio, Pulcheria his sister, San Proclo Patriarca, and all the clergy met in the country outside the city and lifted up their voices to heaven, imploring help. The earth, however, was shaken again so terribly that the effect of the earthquake was nearly the same as that of the deluge. Suddenly, in the presence of all, a young child was caught up into heaven, and after a long time he returned to earth, and said that he had been admitted to the angelic choir, and had heard the angels singing in chorus—“Holy God, strong saint, immortal saint, have mercy upon us.” This he had been told to tell them. The child then expired, “passing to enjoy eternally the glory which he had left.” San Proclo and the Emperor at once commanded that all the people should chant this sacred song, and immediately the earthquakes ceased.

“Thus was born the use of the Trisagion, prescribed by the Fourth Calcedonese Council as the formula of which all the faithful were to invoke the Holiest Trinity in times of calamity and sadness.”

On the first page of this school-book was a space where the scholar was to fill in her "most precious anniversaries."

"I was baptized.

"I was confirmed.

"I took my first communion.

"I was received a daughter of Mary.

"I was received a daughter of the Sacred Hearts."

Such were the most prized memories with which the child left school! Such was the book which had been everything to her—Bible, hymns, story-books, school-primers, and play!

The teaching and traditions of such school life all lead up to the supreme moment when a girl leaves the world and becomes irrevocably and for ever an inmate of the Convent of the Sacred Hearts.

"Thereafter neither law nor liberty nor love can touch her. For law stands paralyzed at the convent door. The domain within is under the exclusive jurisdiction of Canon Law; and let the oppression practised be what it may—let fetter be employed to coerce the will—fasts, penances, darkness, to tame the spirit—let deprivation or death itself crown the whole—that convent door cannot be opened, that wretchedness the law can neither reach nor remedy."¹

I stood one day at the entrance to the nunnery of El Prado, in Lima. A death-like stillness reigned, and the rudely painted saints on the walls stared down at me fixedly. Now a messenger entered and placed a package in a window in the wall. For a moment a pale stern face, tightly draped in black, appeared at the door; then it was withdrawn, the window revolved, and all was silence again. Decrepit pictures of saints and huge coloured candlesticks stood around, but no living thing was to be seen or heard. On the wall were painted gaudy scrolls bearing the following inscription in old-fashioned Spanish to Our Lady of Prado:—"For thy sake, Lady, and

¹ Dr. Wylie, *Rome and Civil Liberty*.

for that of thy well-beloved Son, pray for all the Church, and liberate us from sin."

Above the inner door leading into the convent were the striking words: "The door which leads to heaven whomsoever loves the Crucified One."

Let us accompany Madame C.¹ as she enters a South American convent to bid farewell to one who is to be immured for the rest of her life in this paradise with bolts and bars.

"I have now seen three nuns take the veil," this lady writes, "and, next to death, consider it the saddest event that can occur in the nether sphere.

"I had been but a little while in the convent church, when José Maria brought a message from the *madre* that the nun had arrived. I therefore followed my guide into the sacristy, where the future nun was seated beside her godmother, and in the midst of her friends and relatives.

"She was arrayed in pale blue satin, with diamonds, pearls, and a crown of flowers. Her face was flushed, as well it might be, for she had passed the day in taking leave of her friends at a fête they had given her, and had then, according to custom, been paraded through the town in all her finery; and now her last hour was at hand. When I came in, she rose and embraced me with as much cordiality as if we had known each other for years. Beside her sat her relations, all decked out in their finest array. The nun kept laughing now and then in the most unnatural and hysterical manner, as I thought, apparently to impress us with the conviction of her perfect happiness—for it is a great point of honour among girls similarly situated to look as cheerful and gay as possible."

The scene now changes to the church. "Suddenly the curtain was withdrawn, and the picturesque beauty of the scene within baffled all description. Beside the altar, which was in a blaze of light, was a perfect mass of crimson and gold drapery. The

¹ Quoted in a publication of the B. and F. B. S. about 1846.

bishop wore his superb mitre, and robes of crimson and gold, and the attendant priests glittered in like golden embroidery.

“In contrast to these, five-and-twenty figures, entirely robed in black from head to foot, were ranged on each side, prostrate their faces touching the ground, and in their hands immense lighted tapers. In the foreground was spread a purple carpet, bordered round with a garland of freshly gathered flowers—roses, carnations, and heliotrope—the only things that looked real and living in the whole scene; and in the middle of this knelt the novice, still arrayed in her blue satin, white lace veil, and jewels, and also with a great lighted taper in her hand.

“The black nuns rose and sang a hymn, every now and then falling on their faces and touching the floor with their foreheads. The novice was then raised from the ground and led to the feet of the bishop, who examined her as to her vocation, gave her his blessing, and once more the black curtain fell between us and them.

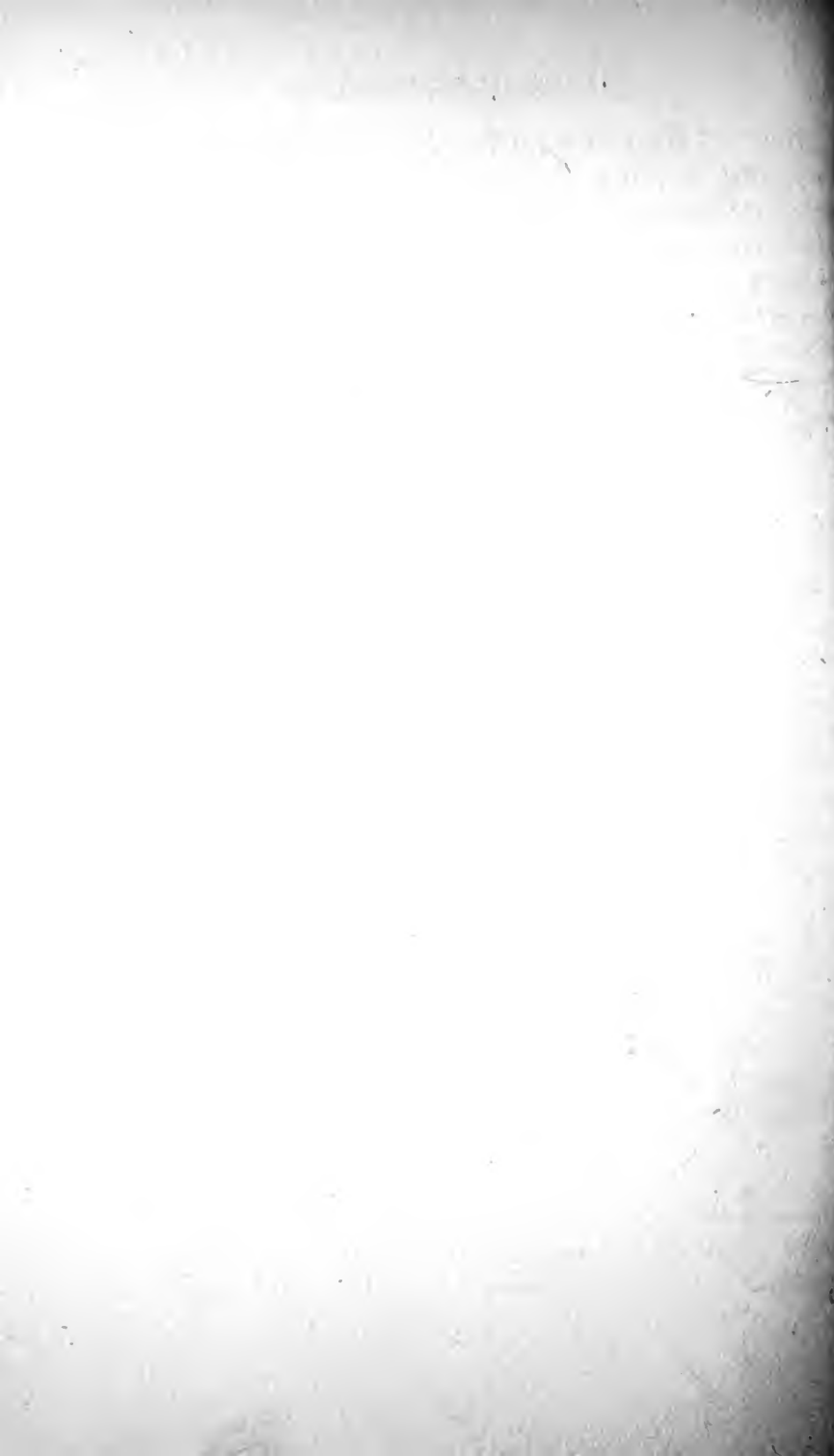
“In the next scene she was lying prostrate on the floor, disrobed of her profane dress, and covered with a black cloth, while the black figures kneeling round her chanted a hymn. She was now dead to the world. The sunbeams had faded away as if they would not look upon the scene, and all the light was concentrated upon the convent group.

“Again she was raised. All the blood had rushed into her face, and her attempt at a smile was truly painful. She knelt before the bishop, and received the benediction, with the sign of the cross, from the white hand with the pastoral ring. She then went round, alone, to embrace all the dark phantoms as they stood motionless, and as each shadow clasped her in its arms, it seemed like the dead welcoming a new arrival to the shades.”

As I write, the death-like stillness of El Prado seems to close about me again, and I once more see the words, “The door which leads to heaven whomsoever loves the Crucified One.”

Nay, it is false! A lowly life of faith in Christ, of love and duty as friend, wife, or mother, leads to heaven; this gate but leads to the grave where is “life-in-death”! Within that door, which gives no entrance to the poor and needy, the sad and suffering, dwells the Evil One. Bolts and bars cannot deny him entrance; he runs riot there, and body, soul, and spirit—immured, inactive—are defiled by secret sin.

Here the course of priestly despotism ends; the moral pestilence is wrought out—in moral death!



(D) ROMANISM CHALLENGED.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—“LOS PROPAGANDISTAS”—

*A missionary enterprise which may be epoch-making—
Sites historic in the memory of Peruvian missionaries—
Romance and tragedy—The life-story of Ramon—Rome's
struggle for the soul of a dying Protestant—The great need—
Shall we not go?*



CHAPTER XXXIV

“LOS PROPAGANDISTAS”

“We want the religion of Calvary. We hate the farce of the Vatican.”

MIGUEL LONGAS, *ex-Priest.*

ROME has failed to give Peru the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and now Protestantism has stepped in to minister to the country's need. The whole future of the republic hangs in the balance when these two systems meet. Missionary success at the present crisis will be epoch-making. Our Peruvian missionaries are in the very centre of a battle, the result of which will be the making or the marring of a republic.

Twenty years ago there was no foreign missionary in Peru. To-day, the contest has not been won—in some senses it has hardly commenced—but the ground from which to fight has been gained. In a short lifetime nothing less than a religious and social revolution has taken place.

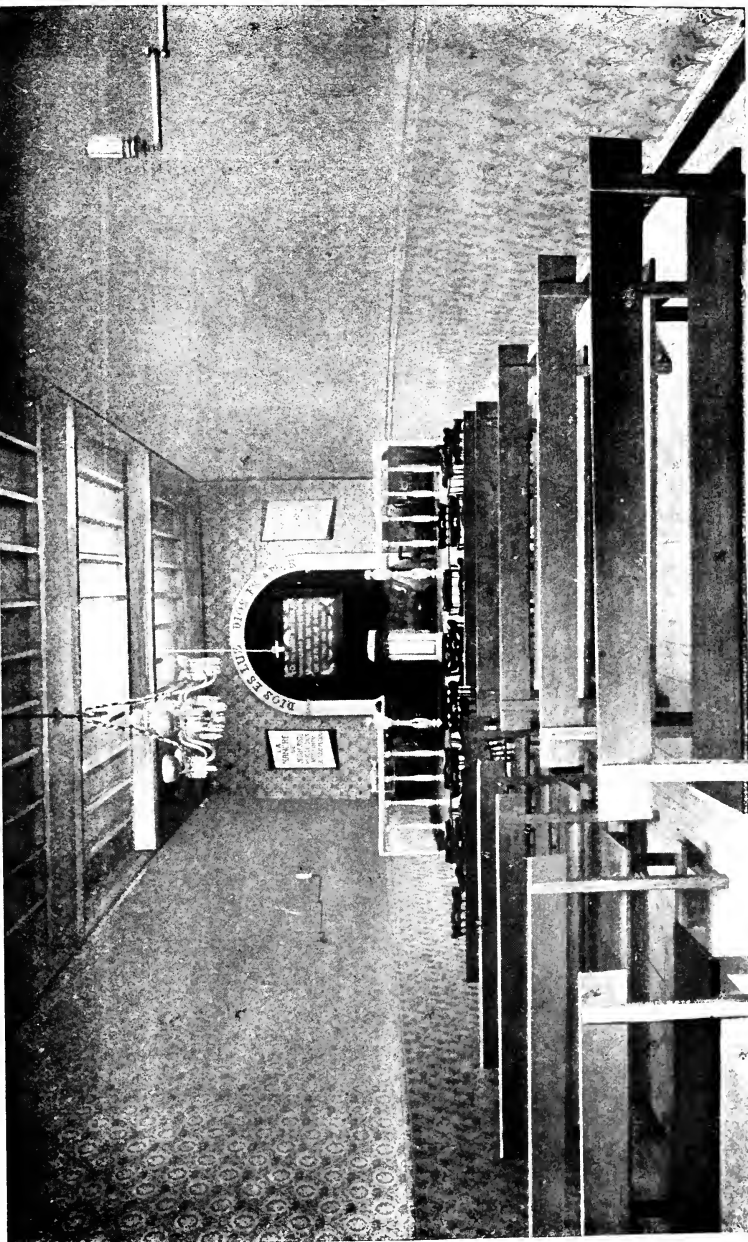
The three greatest difficulties confronting this missionary enterprise have been the religious intolerance of the republic, the insanitary condition of life in some of its towns, and Peruvian character in all its puzzling phases.

In connection with the first of these the missionary has ever been the fulcrum upon which the lever of religious liberty has worked. No places in Peru are of greater interest than those historic in the memory of missionaries. There is the foul prison where, in 1888, a colporteur was immured for eight months before the right of Protestants to hold Gospel meetings

in Peru was established; and the house from which in 1894 the first two Cuzco missionaries fled for their lives before the fanaticism of that city. One may still visit the rambling old governmental building in Lima where the documents were drawn out which assigned to them an indemnity of £200 for their illegal exile, and placed beyond question the right of Protestants to live in Peru. The little English church in Callao is still kept up, where was celebrated the marriage service of an American missionary's daughter, declared illegal by the Government of Peru, but destined to lead to the establishment of civil marriage throughout the republic. One may pass through the street in Trujillo, where in 1896 a native evangelist was arrested, and see the court where subsequently a judge attested the right of Protestants to advertise their private meetings for the convenience of those invited to attend. The custom-house is still busy where a freight of Bibles was held for one and a half years, but ultimately passed as legal merchandise, with a recommendation to all officials to place no obstacles in the way of the colporteurs. All these historic sites, and many more of thrilling interest, I have visited.

To-day the first difficulty of missionary work in the land of the Incas has been largely overcome, and complete religious liberty seems but a short way off. The second difficulty is still very great, however. The conditions in which the workers have been forced to live have been so fatal, that the course of missionary history in Peru is marked by more than one grave. Robert Lodge lies buried beneath the shadow of Illimani; the body of Harry Backhouse was laid to rest by the Pacific strand; and a simple stone in the unconsecrated ground of Cuzco's cemetery marks the place where loving hands laid the earthly remains of beloved Will Newell. No romance was ever more full of life and love and tears than is this missionary history.

The third difficulty is more permanent than either of the



OUR MISSION HALL, LIMA.

That simple room is full of sacred memories. Within its walls eight native evangelists, now distributing the Bible throughout Peru, accepted Jesus as their personal Saviour. The text over the arch is "God is Light, God is Love"; that on the left, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseeth us from all sin"; and the central one, John iii. 16.



foregoing. Peruvian character presents a complex problem to the Evangelical worker. One is charmed by the polite ease, the genuine hospitality, and unaffected interest and appreciation shown by the Peruvian; but when this very politeness becomes a barrier to the Gospel, one stands before it baffled. A tirade of abuse, an honest rejection—anything would be easier to meet than polite indifference.

The Peruvian's artistic taste and appreciation of beauty, which attract one to him, raises the problem: How far shall we cater to this love of ceremony and show? Every meeting would be full were it the inauguration of an Inca Evangelical Society or Indian night-school. Can we give these ignorant people no help in the way of ceremonies, pictures, or images?

For a short time we dared to put coloured scenes from the life of Christ upon the whitewashed walls of our little meeting-room, but their simple figures were mistaken for our "saints."

Even our hymns of praise are misunderstood. "Are they singing to scare away evil spirits?" a little girl asked one day.

Sunlight and shadows alternate in a strange way in the lives of native converts, and perhaps their stories will most clearly illustrate the greatest difficulties which Peruvian missionaries must face.¹ It was in the year 1899 that a slight boy of about sixteen years old applied to the missionaries in Cuzco for drawing lessons. They were attracted by the lad's bright, open face, and during the time which he spent with them had many a talk on spiritual matters. Before the lessons were given up Ramon made a definite decision to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, and rejoiced the missionaries' hearts by his clear conception of Gospel truth.

When an industrial mission was opened, Ramon was the first native to be employed, and since a trustworthy boy was needed in the shop, it seemed providential that he should be ready for the post. His frank manner and transparent sin-

¹ The following account is founded upon notes by the Rev. F. J. Peters, formerly missionary of the R.B.M.U. in Peru.

cerity were a cause of great joy, as also his diligence in work and intense earnestness about spiritual matters. He lost no chance of speaking of his new-found Friend, and of giving away a tract or gospel. Amongst the members of his own family he worked so fearlessly that they ostracised him; but he bore this cross manfully.

A happy year passed away, and then a shadow crept over the scene. By this time Ramon had an associate with him in the shop who was not a Christian, and this affected his own life. He did not seem so earnest as formerly; his look was not so straightforward; nor did the meetings now attract him. Soon it was clear that the young men had been dishonest in the book-keeping, and when they realized that they were discovered, they confessed all. The man who appeared to be the instigator was then sent away, and Ramon given yet another chance.

After this he seemed to pull himself together for awhile, but about the middle of 1901 a cloud fell on his life. The foul miasmas of Rome were poisoning his very soul. The gross immorality of the land was sweeping him off his feet. At first the missionaries could scarcely believe it; but when a long interview with Ramon himself had confirmed all their suspicions, and he refused to abandon the evil, they sadly discharged him from the shop.

For nearly a year he kept away, and then one day several strange events drove him back to his old friends. He had long been sick of his life of sin, and secretly wished to leave it all and begin anew. The eruption of Martinique made a deep impression on his soul, and he began to realize how awful was his position unless he repented. Thus it came to pass that one day there was a clatter of hoofs in the patio of the old house, and Ramon galloped in, threw himself off his horse, and said he must see the missionaries at once.

At first almost sceptical concerning his profession of repentance, they soon had reason to believe that it was very real. He brought back a number of objects which he had stolen from the

shop—pens, pencils, knives, rubber, and books. Some time after, he was present at a meeting when the 19th chapter of Acts was expounded. When verse nineteen, with its record of the burning of the vile books at Ephesus, was reached, Ramon seized his hat and rushed out of the house. In about half an hour he returned, accompanied by an Indian bearing a sackful of books. This was the secret of his fall, and as the band of Christians stood round a bonfire in the patio, while the immoral works were burned, they prayed that God would do great things with this young man in whom the Holy Spirit had worked so wonderful a repentance.

Ramon's marriage was the first example of a native of the republic who left the Romish Church to be married as a Protestant. His wife was not a Christian, but for years he lived with her patiently and consistently, until the Christ-power in his life broke down her indifference, and she also asked for baptism. To-day amongst the names of the most successful colporteurs and Bible-women employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, may be found those of Ramon and his wife.

Another interesting case is that of Julio and Flora Corbacho. They were very young when they were married, and shortly afterwards Julio gave his heart to the Lord. Señora Flora noticed the change in his life, and appreciated the benefit he derived from this new religion, but for herself she took no interest whatever in it. The kindness of a lady nurse was the means of her conversion. When she needed help, a missionary was there to give it to her. Then she was won. Señor Julio's usually smiling face was radiant when his wife was baptized, and when their little one was dedicated to God, no one could have wished to see a happier family group.

Señora Flora suffered much persecution from her friends and relatives. She was isolated from all companionship with other Christians, and when the development of an insidious disease

added physical weakness to other trials, her faith began to fail. She was only twenty-one when she was brought to the hospital at Cuzco, with the hope of but a few months longer on earth. There, fellow-members visited her daily, praying that she might enter into peace with God, and rejoice once more in Christ as her Saviour.

Physically, however, she grew rapidly worse, and on January 25th, 1908, one of the missionaries was summoned to her bedside. He thus describes the end:¹—

"I hurried up to the hospital with a heavy heart, fearing that in her weak state she might give way at last, and become the victim of the priests. On entering the hospital, I was met by the Mother Superior, who, in a fiery rage, wanted to know what my business was, although, of course, she knew well. At once I was surrounded by about twenty excited people, all of whom protested against my going up to the sick-room.

"'Señor,' said the Mother Superior, 'there is a Roman Catholic lady upstairs. She is dying, and half a dozen of your disciples are killing her with their heresies, disgracefully abusing the Roman Catholic Church, and insulting her most holy minister, the priest.' 'Pardon me, Señora,' I answered. 'In the first place, the ladies and gentlemen you refer to are not *my* disciples; they are disciples of Jesus Christ; and if they are abusing the Roman Catholic Church, and insulting her most holy minister, please allow me to go up and I will reprove them. Secondly, the señora whom I come to visit is not a Catholic, but a baptized member of the Church of Christ, and has been so for three years. Her husband, too, is a Christian, and has engaged in definite work for the cause of Christ for nearly two years.'

"Hearing this, the Mother Superior grew hotter and said: 'The mother of the sick woman is a most devout Catholic, and what the mother is the daughter must be. She took her religion from her mother even as she took her milk from her mother's

¹ T. E. Payne, *Regions Beyond*, April 1908.

breast. It is a disgrace for any child to depart from its mother's religion or beliefs.' 'Even if it be paganism?' I asked.

"The Mother Superior did not answer, but allowed me to pass up to the sick-room, which was full of people. Each one held an image of some kind, which in turn they placed before the face of the poor dying woman, but she took no notice. Instead of answering them she repeated a hymn she had learnt, and Señor Julio tried to prevent them from exciting her.

"A drunken priest was now conducted to the room, and when he failed to move the heretic the Mother Superior became enraged and held the crucifix close to the dying woman's face, calling upon her to recant. With this the señora gathered all her strength, and, half-sitting up in bed, pushed the crucifix away, saying: 'That is not my Christ; it is only the work of man, and can never save. Christ is at the right hand of God making intercession for us, and He is in my heart, too. He is my Saviour, Friend, and King. He will soon take me to be where He is.'

"Her own mother then exclaimed: 'Daughter, you are going to die like a dog if you do not recant. Pray forgiveness of the Blessed Virgin or your soul will be damned.'

"Then the dying daughter replied: 'Dear mother, do not worry about the welfare of my soul; that is in the safe keeping of Jesus Christ; but be careful for your own soul, and give your heart and life to Christ.'

"All in the room tried to compel the priest to sprinkle holy water over her, but he refused, seeing that the dying woman was firm in her beliefs. Then one in the room picked up a jug of water and threw some over her.

"As a last effort to get her to recant, the Mother Superior went to fetch a friar from the monastery. While she was away, the husband prayed earnestly that the friar might not be permitted to enter the sick-room. Prayer was answered, for when he arrived, on seeing us in the corridor, he did not even come upstairs, but walked several times round the lower

corridor and then went away, notwithstanding the pleadings of the mother and of several others.

"At last the poor dying woman was left at peace from all her enemies. The devices of the Mother Superior had been frustrated. The priest had left the place, helpless and beaten. The efforts of her own mother had proved useless, and the friar who had come by special call dared not enter.

"What a victory! What a glorious testimony to the power of the Gospel! I believe that the testimony of that dying disciple will work greater results than much preaching.

"Some of her last words to her enemies were: 'Do not tempt me to leave the right path.'

"We could see that the end was very near, and at 3.30 p.m. she clasped her hands together, and with her eyes lifted towards heaven, repeated the words, 'Lord Jesus.' Then her soul flew to the mansions of rest.

"Her fight was hard, but her stand firm, and great her victory. The death of the first Christian woman of the Church in Cuzco will never be forgotten.

"As I left the death chamber I met the Mother Superior and said: 'She has gone to join the ranks of the redeemed ones in glory, redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.' With a wicked look in her eyes she answered: 'God knows where she's gone to.'

"I comforted the poor husband as much as was in my power, and he was satisfied that his dear wife had gone to be with Christ, which is far better.

"The following Sunday was a day never to be forgotten, for when we walked up to the cemetery we found a hundred people, including the Mother Superior of the hospital, and all the nurses, at the graveside, to witness the burial of the 'heretic.'

"I conducted the ceremony, reading the ordinary service; and afterwards one of the church members gave a most fitting and stirring address which will ring in the ear of many

for a long time to come. He called to mind the life of the departed one, how she had left the Catholic Church and put on Christ, how she had suffered on her death-bed at the hands of her enemies (her own mother amongst them), who had tried to compel her to recant, and how she had testified to the end of the saving power of the Gospel of Christ. The service was closed by the prayer of our native helper.

“Thus we laid to rest the body of Flora Corbacho, the first Christian woman of the Cuzco Church to die. As I witnessed all these things, the words of Latimer rang in my ears: ‘We shall this day light such a candle by God’s grace [in Cuzco] as I trust shall never be put out.’”

In spite of all difficulties, a small band of missionaries and native converts is still labouring manfully against the stupendous organization of Rome. The work which has probably told more for the evangelization of Peru than any other is the colportage of agents of the Bible Societies; and the preparation for the coming of evangelists is most effectively wrought by the use of that unfailing key to the closed doors of fanatical or indifferent homes—medical knowledge. Throughout the 500,000 square miles of the republic there are only six humble little halls where the Gospel is preached; but where the voice of the preacher has never been heard, literature has found its way; and now, through the generosity of an English friend, a printing-press has been placed at the disposal of the missionaries in Arequipa. With the necessary capital they could send evangelical truth to numberless towns and villages, and prepare the way for many native churches, and the wider spiritual movement which is surely coming to the land of the Incas.

To-day the missionary forces in Peru are wholly inadequate to touch the republic. More has been done in the capital than in any other centre; yet there, in the colleges and modern technical schools which have two thousand students, in the

sin-stricken alleys and slums with their swarming population of Negroes, Chinese immigrants, and Cholos; in the wealthy suburbs with their unapproachable fanatical homes, and the saddest of moral tragedies, such as are left unalleviated in so many great cities—in all these various needy sections of Lima there are only five missionaries.

No district in the Sierra has been so widely visited by missionaries as the department of Cuzco and the surrounding districts. Yet there are towns like Ayacucho, with between ten and fifteen Roman Catholic churches and convents to their 20,000 inhabitants, which have never had a resident missionary, and are isolated from the only two stations to-day occupied in Southern Peru.

Northern Peru, a country larger than Italy, with a University and several large cities, besides important and populous Indian districts, has only one missionary.

If every soul were reached in each of the eight Peruvian towns already occupied, not one-tenth of the people would have had an opportunity of hearing the Gospel.

The problem of Peruvian Romanism becomes of increasing importance to us as we view its relation to the fate of the indigenous peoples of the republic. The immense difficulties of carrying the Gospel to the Montaña can only be met when native converts have been drawn from amongst those who have spent their lives in the forest land. The establishment of a mission station in Iquitos is an urgent need. Not only will it be a witness for Christ in one of America's darkest cities, but it will probably lead to the discovery of the wisest means of approaching the savage population.

Our success in meeting the Roman problem has another issue of still greater importance. Only with the help of bi-linguals, or natives of the Sierra who speak both Spanish and Kechua, can we ever hope effectively to reach the remnant of the noble Inca race. Two million Indians—a people worthy of our most strenuous effort—wait for the Truth. Plans for their help have

gradually matured, and when, in 1907, Dr. Guinness and I visited Peru, it was with the aim of purchasing a farm, where by employment of Indian shepherds and cultivators, the missionaries could endeavour to bridge over the gulf at present separating them from the Indians. In spite of difficulties, inconceivable to those who do not know Peru, the enterprise has been carried through. This could not be unless the scheme were of God, and we wait with prayerful expectation for news from the missionaries who during the summer of 1908 took up residence on the beautiful farm of "Urco."

"No mission field," wrote a veteran missionary in South America, "seems to me so full of unique interest as this old Inca Empire," and, we may add, none is more appealing in its need.

"Is there a Saviour? Which is the way?
 Where can our spirits find peace?
 Sorrow and suffering sadden our day—
 Would that existence might cease.
 Hark, they are calling! Jesus' lost sheep,
 Wandering in darkness and woe.
 Forth with the answer! Wake from your sleep!
 Haste, ye swift messengers! Go!

Unto the uttermost part of the earth
 Ye shall be witnesses Mine:
 Not in your own strength send I you forth,
 But in the Power Divine."
 Hark! He is calling. Jesus, our King,
 Sends us glad tidings to show.
 Unto the uttermost parts of the earth,
 Shall we not, shall we not go?"¹

¹ Lucy Guinness Kumm.



CHAPTER XXXV.—MISSIONARY REALITIES—

*What I learnt of missionary life in the land of the Incas,
and how I learnt it—A pioneering expedition—Across the
frozen pampa by night—Life and death in a missionary home.*



CHAPTER XXXV

MISSIONARY REALITIES

“In the several sallies about his parish, . . . you will easily comprehend that the parson would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting.”—LAWRENCE STERNE.

IT was in Peru that I had my first experience of realities of missionary life. Previously, missionaries had been personalities almost as vaguely conceived by me as were seraphim. I had read a good deal about mission fields and mission methods and mission needs, but never anything which impressed me with the reality of missionary life. At school I met numbers of well-educated girls who were as ignorant as I about the matter. Some imagined the missionary career romantic; others thought it remunerative; others considered it the slow torture of a martyr; and others had never heard of, or thought anything about the subject.

So please may I ask all well-informed friends to skip this chapter, while I tell the others what I learnt of missionary life in the land of the Incas, and how I learnt it.

The first lesson was a great surprise. MISSIONARIES ARE VERY ORDINARY PEOPLE. To my mind, the word “pioneer” used to conjure up a vision of Livingstone, dying alone, on his knees; but since I went on a small pioneering expedition myself, the word has got strangely associated with cold and hunger and disreputable clothes.

We were to descend from the Sierra to the Montaña, and, after seeing something of the savages, were to send home a full report of the possibility of missionary work in their midst. My diary was not written for publication, but perhaps it is all the more reliable for that!

We have started at last! Hurrah for this fine wide pampa, with its yellow grass and rough cart-road, its fresh rarefied air, its cloudless blue sky, and the distant rocks and mountain peaks which enclose it. I feel alive here! There is space—far-reaching, uninhabited, free. We are away from puny cities; we have left mankind behind; we are beyond the bounds of civilization. Hurrah for the open plain—the pampa!

Our party consists of six. On the front seat sits Dick (an Irish boy who is driving us), and the Captain—a brown-faced salt from Columbia. Behind, sit a missionary and Mrs. Gray—a Peruvian lady, who is taking a tiny stranger back to her husband at Aqualani. The pioneering party is completed by two of us on the back seat, with a pile of blankets, jackets, sleeping-bags, and sweaters.

I guess we are something of a disreputable lot! Here are leggings, none too new; here are sweaters of all colours; here are ancient felts and shapeless straws—an outfit warranted to last the journey, but not to charm the civilized!

They say our faces will suffer from this wind and sun, but at present I am enjoying both. It is glorious sunshine—blazing from the smooth azure above, sparkling on the deep blue of Lake Ocaliry, and shining on the still mountain reflections in the pampa swamps. And the wind! You must come to the pampa to know what the wind is like. It seems to blow from the four quarters of the earth,—a free, generous, rollicking wind, which ripples the streams, whispers in the porcupine grasses, lifts the baby-traveller's veil, worries the mules, reddens my cheeks,—in fact, treats us all to its rough good-tempered embrace

Now our road has left the pampa, and winds along the hillside above the Asillo River, with its crystal waters and blue pebble-bed. Here is the little town of Asillo,—a cluster of mud huts round a great mud church. The Indians are celebrating Corpus Christi, as the four *castillos* in the plaza show. Men and women come out from the chicharias as we pass, with their cornets, their combs, and their drums, and from the distance we can still hear sounds of dancing and drunken mirth.

At a small mud-house, which is always patronized by the American company whose road into the Montaña we are following, we dismount a little stiffly, and after a long wait proceed to the "dining-saloon." All troop through a bedroom (a mud-hole with a bedstead in it) into a small back apartment, containing a table and a form. But in spite of defective accommodation, here are fried eggs and toasted native bread, and we are real hungry. Dick, our driver, finds me a chair, the Captain obtains one for Mrs. Gray, and before long I have served the eggs all round, and we are busy appeasing our hunger.

Hardly are the eggs gone when an old Indian woman, bent, wrinkled, and dressed in dirty rags, enters with another dish. Our missionary farmer is wise concerning live stock, so we appeal to him:—

"What is it?"

"Oh, boiled sheeps' tongues—a great delicacy!"

"Well, I tell you I am hungry, and don't particularly mind what it is," says the Captain, as he helps himself; and on his recommendation we all try it.

Now Dick has his team in readiness, and we are off again. The seats are harder than ever, and my gallops of the last few days on uncomfortable saddles are strangely present in my thoughts. The view does not change; indeed it is getting too cold to think of views; and we have to sleep on this pampa to-night in a mud-house! Ugh!

We were very cold when we reached the solitary home of one of the company's agents, and so, after inspecting the one bedroom with its four mud-beds which were to accommodate six of us, we went for a short walk. But shouting from the house recalled us.

"*Una telégrama!*" we heard, and hurried back. The message was being written down word by word as it was forwarded. A few hours later we should have been beyond the reach of telegraphs!

Tick. Tick. "Temperature rising." Tick. "Must return by first train." Tick. Tick.

This was dated three days ago. It had taken all that time to travel sixty miles; and meanwhile the wife of one of the missionaries in our party had been sickening with fever, and wondering why her husband did not return. But another message was being recorded, and we waited, wondering if it was for us, but catching only an isolated Spanish word now and then.

"Very serious typhoid. Come without delay. Horses waiting at Checacupe."

It was all so sudden, so strange, so sad, yet there was no time to grieve. It meant a ride by night, if any beasts were procurable, that we might reach the railway in time for the next train to Checacupe. This was one of the terrible realities of missionary life!

So eight o'clock found us astride good horses, some biscuits and a little chocolate in our pockets, and all the coats and shawls and sweaters we possessed on our backs. There was no moon yet, but we did not wish to lose time, so started off with our Indian guide in the dark.

Mile after mile, mile after mile, until a great silver moon appeared above the black hills! League after league, until the hills were reflected in the quiet, silver river! Still on—while the pampa wind was growing restless, and rippling the bright mirrored stars in the marshes! Still on—while our

horses grew more tired, and their pace became more jolting, and our legs were rubbed sore by the saddles!

We tried to be bright and encourage one another, and never owned up to any defect in the saddles or horses. Sometimes we nibbled biscuits; sometimes remarked how much colder it might have been; but I could not have believed my sweater and fur jacket were on my back! My feet had lost all feeling, and my face was only saved by my sweater collar, which came up to my ears, and which, with the shawl, covered all but my eyes and some frosted strands of hair.

Asillo at last! And though morning had dawned, the dancing still continued, but the music was now tuneless, and the noises very drunken.

Yes, morning had dawned! June 1st, 1907—my nineteenth birthday—but little were we thinking of birthdays just then!

We were hunched-up muffled heaps holding on to the front of Mexican saddles in a despairing kind of way—always thinking about Cuzco, and praying the old prayer whose words rise to our lips when all is pain and inexplicable mystery—“Our Father, Thy will be done.”

“Do you think she can pull through? You know how very down she is. She has no strength to fall back upon—no constitution!”

And I could only stretch out my hands in the darkness and say: “It is going to be a hard fight, but He will bring her through, I believe. Keep praying.”

“I can’t pray.”

“Then let’s just trust.”

So we rode on, and our horses paced at an awful gait, so tired were they; and the Indian guide on his shaggy little pony dropped farther and farther behind.

Just one thought was in my mind—one verse, which repeated itself over and over again. The low murmur of the river said it; the silver moon overhead said it; the wind in the pampa grass said it;—all the dark, sleeping world about me

seemed to repeat the old, all-comforting, heart-stilling words—
“Let not your heart be troubled—believe in Me.”

We were too cold to ride any farther, so hobbled on foot over the pampa track for a league or so. Only twelve miles farther! I galloped in the strength of expectation. But oh, the cold!

At last the “kilometre” post was left behind, and we chased the glimmering moonlight on the corrugated iron roof of the Company’s Station on the railway, while it seemed to elude us, mocking us, shimmering always a league ahead.

Through the river, a gallop up the steep incline to the stable, and we had reached the station.

I dropped off my saddle, and held round the horse’s neck until my feet learned to stand again, and then limped to the great gates. Alas, it was 4.30 a.m. and every door was shut.

When we had managed to burgle through the outer gate, and had left our horses and the Indian in the yard, we were but little nearer shelter and bed; for though the llamas sleeping in the yard raised their heads to greet us, and the dogs barked wildly and leapt around us, no one in the inner patio of the house, or even in the stable, heard us or came to let us in.

As it seemed impossible to get into the house from the yard we tried the windows, but every one was barred. I could hardly stand for stiffness and cold, and we *had* to do something; so, “by the struggling moonbeam’s misty light,” we climbed over the roofs and dropped down by the help of a rafter and horse-box into the stable. Once there, and past the great watchdogs, which frightened me with their snappings and savage growls, we had only to get under one other gate, and then we were in the house patio.

Next morning, after a short sleep, we managed to hobble about, but gave up all hopes of ever being warm again. At last the train arrived from Arequipa, and I slept most of the way to Checacupe. There, a missionary was waiting with good horses, but as there was not one to spare for me, I had to watch the

party gallop away up the hill towards Cuzco, and then found myself alone in the hotel.

Seventeen men were in the dining-saloon—drinking, spitting, and throwing dice for wine; but I was too tired to think of eating, and just dropped asleep on my bed.

On the morrow a twelve hours' journey in a lumbering old coach brought me to Cuzco. What news would the friends waiting for me have to give? Had the riders been in time?

Up the long smelly streets, past the well-known Inca palaces, over the great plaza, and so homewards I passed with the missionary who had kindly met me—all the time repeating the words of the last bulletin: "Fever lower, but weakness critical."

That was the beginning of four months, the very memory of which is a nightmare. "Who nurses typhoid can nurse any sickness;" and who nurses successfully in Cuzco has love, skill, patience, invention, and endurance enough for any crisis. Fortunately, there was a trained missionary nurse in the house, and her untiring care was the means of saving that frail life. Fortunately also, the patient's husband had studied medicine, and could now prescribe. They were absolutely alone. No one in Cuzco could help. Without conveniences, without advice or relief from the strain of undivided responsibility, the brave watchers still prayed and believed.

Missionary life! The thought repeated itself in my brain as the hours of the night-watch slowly passed. Nothing stirred in the room; only a low groan from the sick-bed occasionally broke the silence; and though the frosty air was bitterly cold, the patient's brow was burning; and though the moonlight blazed on the white walls of Cuzco, no light lit her dull unseeing eyes.

Missionary life! My footsteps seemed to echo the thought as I paced the corridor encircling the patio, with baby in my arms. Poor little one! Well that she could not know that

to-night might be her mother's last; for her tiny weak body was already full of pain, and day by day her small store of strength was dwindling.

Meetings had to be closed because the people were afraid of sickness; nor was there time for anything but nursing and household duties. Yet this was missionary life!

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE MISSIONARY GENIUS—

Missionaries who are their own doctors, chemists, carpenters, plumbers, upholsterers, butchers, and bakers—“Only a missionary’s wife”—The conflict which rages about the mission-house—How a sceptic was won for the cause by what he saw in Cuzco—The triumph of prayer.



CHAPTER XXXVI

THE MISSIONARY GENIUS

“ . . . ic to soþe wat
þæt biþ in eorle indryhten þeaw
þæt he his ferþ-locan fæste binde,
healde his hord cofan hyege swa he wille.
No mæg werig-mod wyrde wiþ-standan
ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman.”

THE WANDERER.¹

MY second lesson took longer to learn, not because it was less striking, but less obvious. MISSIONARIES ARE VERY EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE.

A man once applied for training at Harley College who said that he had tried seven other careers and found himself unsuited to succeed in those lines, so felt that God was calling him to the mission-field! Such is the antithesis of what I found in Peru. It had not been my custom to observe household details, but dusting developed insight. Look round the comfortable little missionary home. If you know the allowance with which this has been kept up, you will confess yourself absolutely unable to reconcile the two. Well, this board floor was laid by a missionary; the mud walls were smoothed and painted by the present owners; the canvas ceiling was sewn by them; baby's high chair is home-made. Come into the bedroom which has been loaned to me. Our missionary nurse devised the plan of sticking newspapers over the mud floor to

¹ “I know in truth that it is a noble habit for man to bind fast his heart, to guard his treasure chamber, though he think what he will. The weary in mind cannot withstand fate, nor the sad benefit from help.”

keep the room cleaner; she laid the linoleum herself; converted a deck-chair into this pretty piece of furniture; improvised these book-shelves with several boards and a strap; transformed an old packing-case and a tin trunk into this washstand; and hid the crumbling walls with photos of well-known and much-loved faces.

This house is a continual wonder to me! Here are chests of drawers, wardrobes, arm-chairs, stoves—all the handiwork of the missionaries themselves. I have met those who implied by their conversation that “clergymen failures” were the right men for the mission field. The profession in Peru seemed to me to develop genius.

Perchance you too have heard the expression: “Only a missionary’s wife.” I stand amazed at the lady missionary! She goes out alone to dens of iniquity, perhaps at dead of night, in answer to the appeal of some poor sufferer. She plays the organ and leads the singing in the meetings. She makes her own and the children’s clothes, and educates the little ones herself. Moreover, she deals with Peruvian servants, which is, without exception, the most appalling problem which I have ever encountered. In the missionary home, while meals go on as usual, she may casually mention that the servants have gone off for the day without giving any notice whatever. Although kitchen life is enough to exasperate her, she cheers us at meals with the comic aspect of the muchachas. To-day it is: “This morning I told the kitchen-girl that in England we sometimes have oilcloth on the kitchen floor. ‘Then whatever do you do with the slops?’ she exclaimed.” Or, “I am so sorry there are no more potatoes. The boy, after pretending to search every corner of the kitchen for the dish, has confessed to having eaten them himself.”

It takes more than ordinary prayer, and pluck, and trouble, and determination to keep well in Peru. Yet over and over

again have we proved the close connection of physical and spiritual health. In the fever zone of the Coast, where malaria and agues are abroad; in the rarefied air of the Andes, where the heart is strained to its utmost; on long journeys where one is obliged to stop in insanitary hotels, and refrain from drinking for fear of typhoid—everywhere is the same element of difficulty.

Searching for lodgings in Lima, the inexperienced missionary bachelor enters an unused room, only to hear the landlady interject: “Beware of the fleas!” Alas! there is often need for her warning!

The preservation of spiritual health is a still more difficult matter. He soon finds that the baleful spell of Romanism is affecting him personally. “Surely,” he thinks, “paganism would but make me the more fearlessly loyal to God, and Mahommedanism the more earnest in the proclamation of my Prophet, Priest, and King; but this subtle system—so true and yet so false, so plausible and yet so unbiblical, so fair and yet so corrupt—pollutes the very atmosphere we breathe. It tolerates immorality; it kills spiritual life; it especially breeds little faults such as inconsistencies, uncharitable thoughts, secret sins and deceits.”

It is not possible to exaggerate the force of Satanic power which is brought to bear upon the missionaries in Roman Catholic lands. So little is Jesus Christ known there, that the devil seems fearless in his attacks. One is conscious that the powers of darkness are at work on all sides; the mission-house is the centre of the conflict; and before any soul is brought into the Kingdom, its redemption has been sealed by a victory in a missionary’s heart.

Strain—physical, mental, and spiritual—is upon the workers; isolation, uncongenial associations, and discouragement are often inevitable; and through all of these the Enemy tries to destroy the life of the soul. The prayer of many a missionary to-day is the longing which was so beautifully expressed by Mrs. Newell:

“We—practically the only witnesses in all the interior of Peru—must be living epistles. The people will not read their Bibles; they must read Christ in our deportment, words, and deeds. Pray that the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon us; then will men and women be attracted to our Master, and He will be glorified.”

Only the courage of conviction can face the mission-field. One who knows that God has called him, and who believes that God's kingdom is coming, though man see no sign, will conquer anywhere.

It was a Frenchman who said that if the English won at Waterloo it was because they were too dense to see when they were beaten. God has raised up missionaries in Peru like those brave English soldiers—missionaries who are willing to fight on through what oftentimes appears defeat, knowing that their Captain never was, nor ever will be, overcome. “Missionaries may *exist*,” wrote Mr. Newell, “but they certainly cannot *work*, unless they are possessed by the unfaltering conviction that God is either actively or passively engaged in every event of their lives, however minute such events may be. *All things work together for good.*”

Read between the lines of the following letter from Peru, and notice how the worker's conviction was being tested:—

“Plodding on—a little stained and dusty from the way—a little weary, a little disappointed, a little hopeless—already finding that romance peels off like paint from mud walls, revealing a good deal of commonplace kind underneath.

“I know you long to hear of a time of real soul-saving. That is still in the future! This is surely one of the hardest fields upon earth—so choked with weedy tangle, and so strewn with stones. May the plough of the Almighty go through it before we despair!”

Mr. Jowett tells the story of how he once asked a

young missionary on his first furlough why he was going back.

“Because I can’t sleep for thinking of them,” was the reply.

We have considered the trials and tests of the mission-field, but here is its triumph: he could not stay away! The fascination of the place and people and work was upon him; no greater sorrow could have come to him than to be unable to isolate himself in that asphyxiating atmosphere, and to work against tremendous odds, leaving his grave as a mark by which others should follow to reap where he had sown.

An Indian Colonel visited Cuzco during my stay; he was pleasant company, and interested, if slightly sceptical. “I think you missionaries must be *very* good people to live here!” he remarked; “I was never in a town in the East which could compare with Cuzco for dirt.”

One of the missionaries took the visitor up to the cemetery. Several funerals were going on, and the weird music of Indian flutes was echoed back by the mountain-walls of the valley. Suddenly a young man embraced Mr. Payne. “Don’t you remember me?” he asked. “I used to work for you, and I have never forgotten your kindness, nor the words which you spoke to me. Now I stand up for the *Evangelistas*, for I know what their lives are; but this often means persecution.” Tears were in the lad’s eyes, and Mr. Payne was much moved at this sign of God’s silent co-operation.

“Well, what is all this about?” jocularly inquired the Colonel; and when he had heard the story—“Phew!” he said to himself.

On the way down the steep cobbled road into Cuzco, a master-tailor came running out of his shop to stop Mr. Payne. “Sir, you remember the little book which you gave me yesterday. The first chapter is about John the Baptist, the second about a marriage feast, the next about the man who came to Jesus at night. I have read it well. These

are wonderful words. Can you give me anything else about Jesus?"

"Another!" remarked the Colonel; "what was it this time? Not the same kind of business, I'll be bound!" And when the story was told he turned to the young man with—"I begin to think that it must be nearly worth while to be a missionary in Cuzco!"

Answered prayer is the missionary's chief reward. Well I remember one night when we rose from our knees and went into the little meeting-room, convinced that God was about to answer us and give a blessing. No one was there. The sight of the empty hall sent one short chill through us, but faith could not be damped. We *knew* God was going to answer our prayers. But although we played and sang, no one came. It was five minutes to meeting-time—the hour—a quarter of an hour past,—and still the hall was empty. Two native Christians came up at last, and sat down sadly. "No bites to-night," they said. They had been toiling and had taken nothing. Still, against all probabilities, we believed that God was going to give us a good meeting. We could not bring ourselves to doubt it. Had we not prayed?

The first hymn was given out to the empty hall, and we sang cheerily—

*"La nave evangelista
Boga, boga;
La nave evangelista
Boga hasta Canaan."*¹

At the end of the second verse there was a sound of feet on the stairs; the music of the third went a little wrong because the organist was so excited at the newcomers; and before the hymn closed, the little white-washed hall was fuller than it had been for months.

The singing died away, and the speaker's heart was full as he said, "Oremos!" (Let us pray). He had learned more of prayer

¹ "The Gospel ship rows towards Canaan."

that night than in all his previous reading on the subject. He might forget theories and arguments, but never this experience.

At every step of my stay with the missionaries in Peru, the power of prayer was proved. If ever now I need my faith strengthened, I think of the still, death-like form by which I watched in the moonlit room far away; of the tiny baby, whom I hardly dared to hope I should see again when she was taken away from Cuzco; and I remember that the patient is to-day looking stronger than she has for years, and that Baby is as bonny a little girl as can be found in any English home.

“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!”

AFTERWORD

WHEN only the beginning of the missionary subject has been reached, the story of a schoolgirl's tour must end. Its fate is part of a far greater issue: the fate of Peru, and that which is so closely bound with it—the fate of our own souls. Neither reader nor writer is the same as when the first page was begun; nor can they ever be.

“Facts about a far-away land—how can they affect my spiritual life?” you ask. Friend, these facts have raised within us a moral struggle—a question which *must* be answered. To ignore it—to forget it—are as definite replies as to yield the whole life in response to its appeal.

No more grave responsibility has the Master ever given us, than the knowledge of this need. He has left us face to face with an almost wholly neglected land, and is now waiting to see what we will do. Will He measure our love to Himself by our attitude and acts towards Peru?

May not the response to our worship be the Master's words—

“Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?”

“Whosoever loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall keep it unto life eternal.”

“Lovest thou Me?”

“Feed My sheep.”

O Saviour and Master! We thought in the past that we were serving Thee; but in the light of Galilee our service was

too often mechanical or passionless. We thought that we loved Thee; but in the shadow of Gethsemane our love was selfish and unpractical. We thought that we were giving all that was possible to us for the evangelization of the world; but now, as we stand on Calvary, we are ashamed to look at what we gave, and at what we kept back. O Lord, we *do* care; but make us care more, we pray Thee. Give us Thy enthusiasm for missionary work, Thy passion for souls! And even to-day, as we rise from our knees, send us out to take some new and definite part in bringing the needy world to Thee.

APPENDIX

HUMAN hearts are naturally responsive to human need. Three months before I sailed for Peru I had no interest whatever in that country. I was ignorant, however, not callous. Similarly the Christians of England and America have neglected the land of the Incas; not because they cared not, but because they knew not. To-day, how little has been done for the evangelization of the republic except by the British and Foreign Bible Society: nothing whatever by the Church of England, the Baptists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, or by any other English denomination. In North America the only society which has made such an effort is the American Methodist Episcopalian Mission, and through them the American Bible Society.

If, through God's grace, knowledge about Peru shall arouse ambition in my readers to have some definite part in spreading the Good News throughout the republic, they will be glad to know of a medium through which help may be rendered.

THE REGIONS BEYOND MISSIONARY UNION, besides its inter-denominational missionary training college and home organization, and its missions in the Congo Free State, Behar, and the Argentine Republic, has a growing work in Peru. Four centres are at present occupied by its eighteen missionaries: Lima, Arequipa, Cuzco, and the farm "Urco." By means of Medical Mission work, a Gospel press, itinerating and private preaching, they are bringing blessing to this needy land, and hastening the day when Peru shall be granted complete religious liberty, and her people encouraged to study the Way of Salvation, which to most of them is still unknown.

Will friends wishing to help this work by their prayers, freewill offerings, or personal services, communicate with Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, and spread missionary interest among their friends by taking in *The Regions Beyond*, a beautifully illustrated monthly, which they may obtain from any one of the central offices of the Union:—

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GLOSSARY



ABBREVIATIONS USED.

- K. = Kechua.
 S. = Spanish.
 P. = Spanish as used in Peru.
 Lit. = literally.

<i>Acequia</i>	P.	Open street drain.
<i>Adobe</i>	S.	Sun-baked brick of mud and straw.
<i>Alfalfa</i>	S.	Lucerne.
<i>Alliman cani</i>	K.	I am quite well.
<i>Andenes</i>	P.	Terraces.
<i>Antiguedades</i>	S.	Curiosities.
<i>Apura</i>	S.	Hurry up!
<i>Balsa</i>	P.	Reed canoe.
<i>Beata</i>	S.	"Blessed woman," or one who, although not immured in a nunnery, devotes her life to religious ceremonies.
<i>Bestias</i>	S.	Beasts.
<i>Blancos</i>	S.	White people, upper classes.
<i>Caballero</i>	S.	Gentleman.
<i>Calle</i>	S.	Street.
<i>Callejon</i>	P.	Open yard or narrow passage, lined with small rooms inhabited by the poor.
<i>Camarin</i>	S.	Little room.
<i>Castillos</i>	P.	Wooden frames for fireworks.
<i>Cauchero</i>	P.	Rubber-trader.
<i>Caucho</i>	P.	Rubber.
<i>Chicha</i>	K.	Wine made from Indian corn.
<i>Chicharia</i>	P.	Public-house where <i>chicha</i> is sold.
<i>Chola or Cholita</i>	P.	Lower-class girl.
<i>Cholos</i>	P.	Half-breeds.
<i>Chupi</i>	K.	Soup.
<i>Como está?</i>	S.	How do you do?
<i>Compadrazco system</i>	S.	System of sponsors.

<i>Conmadre</i>	.	.	.	S.	Sister-godmother.
<i>Conquistadores</i>	.	.	.	S.	Conquerors.
<i>Coral</i>	.	.	.	S.	Stable.
<i>Cordillera</i>	.	.	.	S.	A mountain range.
<i>Cori</i>	.	.	.	K.	Gold.
<i>Costumbre</i>	.	.	.	S.	Custom, habit.
<i>Cruz</i>	.	.	.	S.	Cross.
<i>Cura</i>	.	.	.	S.	Parish priest.
<i>Cuzqueño</i>	.	.	.	P.	A native of Cuzco.
<i>Descansos</i>	.	.	.	S.	Resting-places.
<i>Doña</i>	.	.	.	S.	Lady.
<i>El Dorado</i>	.	.	.	S.	The land of gold. The legendary goal of the Spanish adventurers.
<i>Fiesta</i>	.	.	.	S.	Feast.
<i>Finca</i>	.	.	.	S.	Farm.
<i>Fuerza</i>	.	.	.	S.	Strength.
<i>Gallinaza</i>	.	.	.	S.	Vulture.
<i>Garua</i>	.	.	.	P.	Mist.
<i>Gente decente</i>	.	.	.	P.	Upper classes, as distinct from <i>Cholos</i> , lower classes, and Indians.
<i>Gringa</i>	.	.	.	P.	Foreign lady.
<i>Hacienda</i>	.	.	.	S.	Farm.
<i>Haciendado</i>	.	.	.	S.	Owner of farm.
<i>Hamuy!</i>	.	.	.	K.	Come along!
<i>Imágen</i>	.	.	.	S.	Image.
<i>Imaina cashanqui?</i>	.	.	.	K.	How do you do?
<i>Inca</i>	.	.	.	K.	Title of sovereign of Tahuantin Suyo.
<i>Indiacito</i>	.	.	.	P.	Little Indian (applied to a child).
<i>Inti</i>	.	.	.	K.	The Sun, Deity of the Incas.
<i>Jebe</i>	.	.	.	S.	Rubber.
<i>Limeño-a</i>	.	.	.	P.	Native of Lima.
<i>Madre</i>	.	.	.	S.	Mother.
<i>Mai-mai</i>	.	.	.	K.	Mother. Used as a greeting to women.
<i>Manancanchu</i>	.	.	.	K.	There is none.
<i>Manta, or mantilla</i>	.	.	.	S.	Black shawl draped over head and shoulders by Peruvian ladies.
<i>Mestizo</i>	.	.	.	P.	Lit. mixed; half-breed.

<i>Misa</i>	S.	Mass.
<i>Mitta</i>	K.	Turn. Obligatory service which Indians render to the Spaniards or priests.
<i>Montaña</i>	P.	The Amazonian region of Peru.
<i>Mosoc-nina</i>	K.	Sacred flame burnt before image of the Sun.
<i>Moti</i>	K.	Baked corn.
<i>Muchachas</i>	P.	Maids.
<i>Oremos!</i>	S.	Let us pray!
<i>Padre</i>	S.	Father. Name commonly given to a priest.
<i>Pampa</i>	P.	An elevated, uncultivated plain.
<i>Parcialidades</i>	P.	Indian hamlets.
<i>Parentela espiritual</i>	S.	Spiritual kinship.
<i>Paseos</i>	S.	Parks or avenues where it is fashionable to drive or promenade.
<i>Pastorales</i>	S.	Bishop's letters.
<i>Patio</i>	S.	Courtyard round which a Peruvian house is built.
<i>Peruano-a</i>	P.	Native of Peru.
<i>Picante</i>	P.	Curry.
<i>Picantería</i>	P.	House where <i>picante</i> is sold.
<i>Plaza</i>	S.	Square round which a Peruvian town is built.
<i>Poncho</i>	P.	Blanket with hole in middle to slip over head, used as an overcoat by <i>Cholos</i> and Indians.
<i>Portales</i>	S.	Cloisters.
<i>Punas</i>	P.	Cultivable plains at a great altitude.
<i>Quinua</i>	K.	The most hardy of grains.
<i>Real</i>	P.	2½d.
<i>Reboso</i>	P.	Indian head-cloth.
<i>Reparto forzoso</i>	P.	Distribution by force (trade term).
<i>Santos</i>	S.	Saints.
<i>Señor</i>	S.	Sir, lord.
<i>Señor cura</i>	S.	Parish priest.
<i>Señorita</i>	S.	Miss, young lady.
<i>Seringal</i>	P.	Land bearing a group of rubber trees.
<i>Seringuero</i>	P.	A rubber-trader.
<i>Sierra</i>	P.	The mountainous part of Peru.
<i>Sorroche</i>	P.	Mountain-sickness.

<i>Tai-tai</i>	K.	Man, sir, lord.
<i>Temblores</i>	S.	Earthquakes.
<i>Uscayta!</i>	K.	Hurry up!
<i>Yaravis</i>	K.	Sad Inca melodies.
<i>Yareta</i>	P.	Patch of moss, used as firewood.

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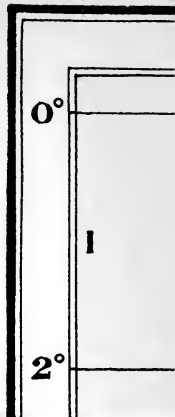
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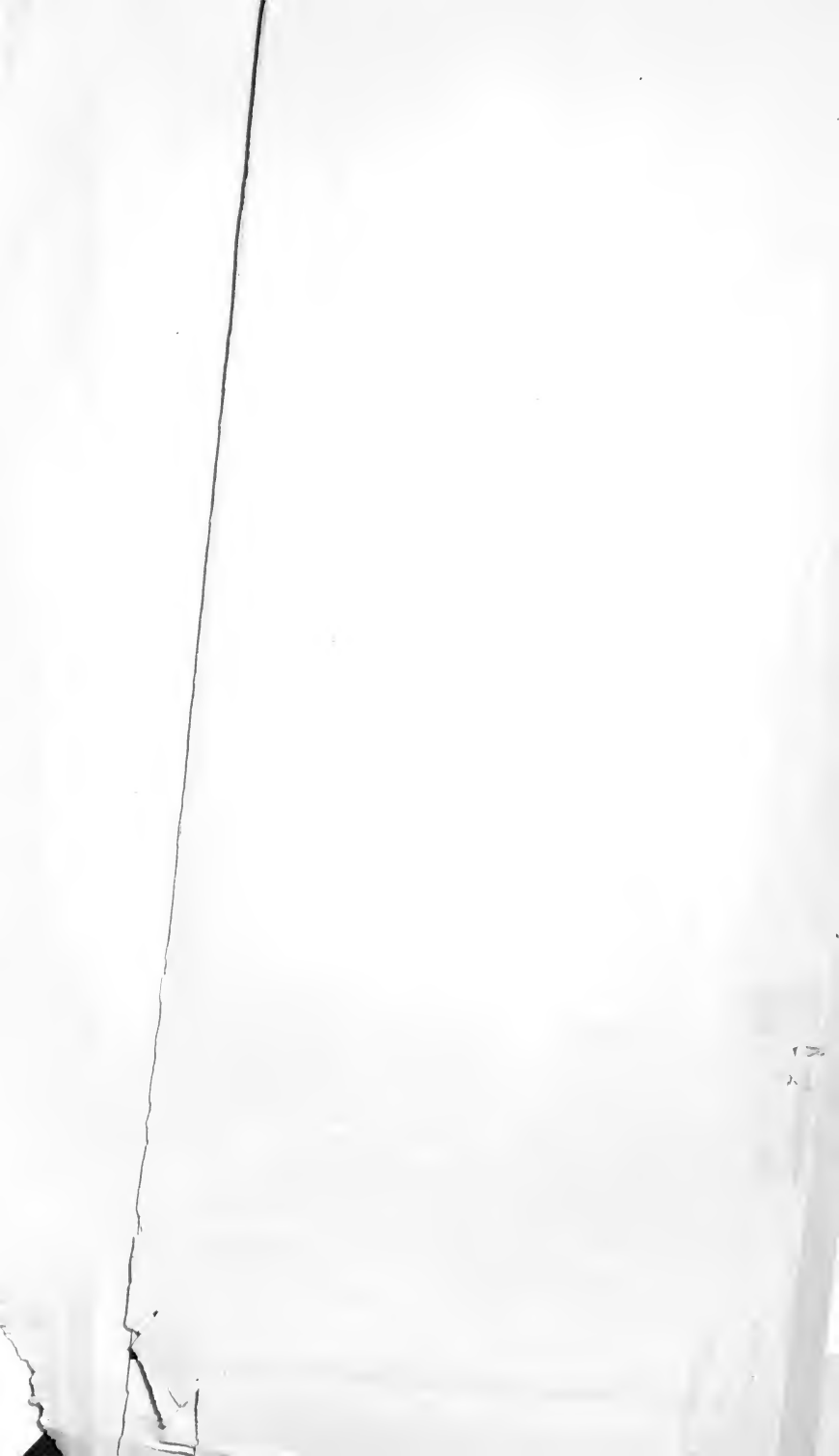


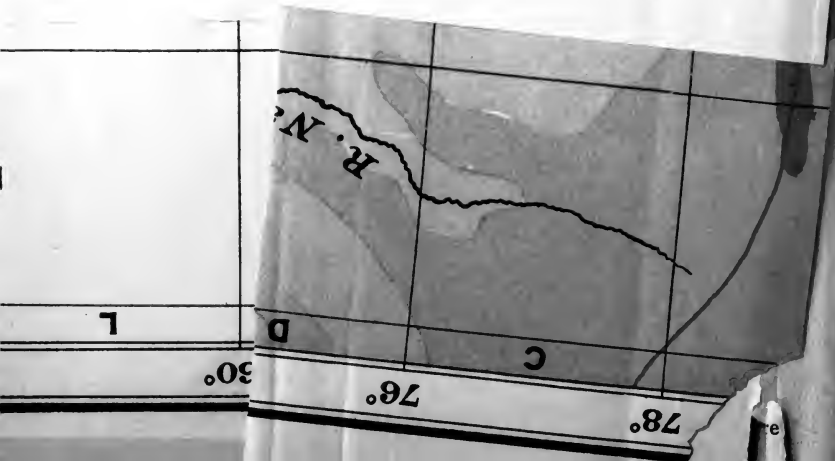




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