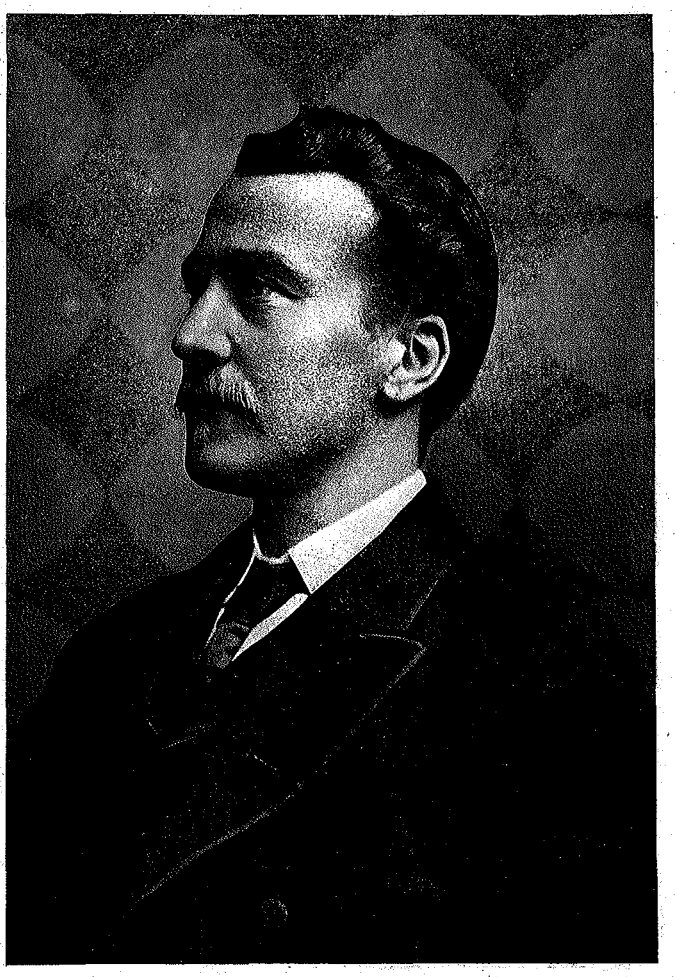

THOMAS JAMES COMBER,
Pioneer Missionary to the Congo.

From a photograph by Debenham & Gould, Bournemouth.

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World.

EDITED BY

EDWIN HODDER,

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

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IN THREE MAPS, SHOWING NORTHERN, SOUTHERN AND EASTERN, AND WESTERN PORTIONS.

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

C. M. S. ... ... Church Missionary Society.
S. P. G. ... ... Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
L. M. S. ... ... London Missionary Society.
Bapt. ... ... Baptist " "
Wes. ... ... Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society
*C. E. Z. S. ... ... Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.
*Z. B. & M. ... ... Indian Female Normal School Society or Zenana Bible and Medical Mission.
*Soc. Fem. Ed. ... Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.
Ch. Scot. ... ... Church of Scotland Foreign Mission.
Free Ch. Scot. ... Free " " " "
Scot. Epis. ... ... Scottish Episcopal Church Foreign Mission Board.
Un. Presb. ... ... United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).
Eng. " ... ... Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission.
Irish " ... ... Irish Presbyterian Church Foreign Mission.
Gen. Bapt. ... ... General Baptist Missionary Society.
Welsh Cal. ... ... Welsh Calvinistic Methodists' Foreign Missionary Society.
Strict Bapt. ... ... Strict Baptist Mission.
Friends' ... ... Friends' Foreign Mission Association.
Camb. ... ... Cambridge Mission to Delhi.
Ed. Med. Miss. ... Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.
Chris. Vernac. ... Christian Vernacular Education Society for India.

Morav. ... ... Missions of the United Brethren, or Moravians.
Basel ... ... Basel Evangelical Missionary Society.
Gossner ... ... Gossner's Missionary Society.
Leipzig ... ... Leipzig Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.
Herm. ... ... Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.
Dan. Luth ... ... Danish Lutheran Missions.
Swed. Evang. ... Swedish Evangelical National Society Missions.
Am. B. F. M. ... American Board of Foreign Missions.
Am. Bapt. ... ... " Baptist Missionary Union.
Am. F. B. ... ... " Free-Will Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.
Am. Meth. Epis. ... American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Presb. ... ... Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
Am. Ref. Dutch ... American Reformed (Dutch) Church Missionary Society.
Am. Evang. Luth. Missions of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States.
Am. For. Chris. ... American Foreign Christian Missionary Society.
*Am. Wom. Un. ... American Woman's Union Missionary Society.
Meth. Ch. N. Amer. General Missionary Board of the Methodist Church of North America.
Can. Bapt. ... ... Missions of Canadian Baptist Churches.
Can. Presb. ... ... " " " Presbyterian "

* In all other cases, stations worked by Women's Societies are included under the heading of the associations to which they are auxiliary. Societies such as "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge," "The Mission to Lepers in India," &c., have also been classed with the associations with whom they either act in concert or assist by grants.

Station.	*Society.*
ADONI	L. M. S.
AGRA	C. M. S., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed., Ed. Med. Mis., Am. Meth. Epis.
AHMADABAD.	Irish Presb.
AHMADNAGAR	S. P. G., Z. B. & M., Chris. Vernac, Am. B. F. M.
AJMIR	Un. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis.
ALIBAG	Free Ch. Scot.
ALIGARH	C. M. S.
ALLAHABAD	C. M. S., Bapt., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Wom. Un.
ALLAPALLI (*Aleppy*)	C. M. S.
ALMORA	L. M. S., Z. B. & M.
ALWAR (*Ulwar*)	Un. Presb.
AMALLAPURAM	C. E. Z. S.
AMBLANGODDE	Wes.
AMRAWATI	Free Ch. Scot.
AMRITSAR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
ANAND	Irish Presb.
ANANDAPUR	Basel.
ANEIKADU	Leipzig.
AOUNLU.	Am. Meth. Epis.
ARCONUM (*Arkonam*)	Ch. Scot.
ARKAT (*Arcot*)	Am. Ref. (Dutch).
ARNI	" "
ASHAPOORA	Un. Presb.
AURANGABAD	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
AZIMGARH	"

Station.	*Society.*
BACKERGUNG (*District of*)	Bapt.
BADDEGAMA	C. M. S.
BADOOLLA	S. P. G.
BAINPUR (*Bheempoor*)	Am. F. B.
BAIZWADA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BALASUR	Z. B. & M., Am. F. B.
BALLARI (*Bellary*)	S. P. G., L. M. S., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.
BALUNDSHAHUR	C. M. S.
BANGURAH	C. M. S., Wes.
BANDAH	S. P. G.
BANGALORE (*Bengalur*)	C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., L. M. S., Wes., Leipzig, Am. Meth. Epis.
BARA BANKI	Am. Meth. Epis.
BARASUT	Bapt.
BARDHWAN (*Burdwan*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BAREILLY	Am. Meth. Epis.
BARISAL	Bapt.
BARUCH (*Broach*)	Irish Presb.
BARODA	Am. Meth. Epis.
BARRACKPUR	C. E. Z. S., Wes.
BASTI	C. M. S.
BATTALA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BATTICOLOA	S. P. G., Wes.
BAULEA (*Rampore Bauleh*)	Eng. Presb.
BEAWAR	Un. Presb.
BELASPUR	Am. For. Chris.
BELGANW (*Belgaum*)	L. M. S.

Station.	Society.
BELLARY. *See* Ballari.	
BENARES	C.M.S., Bapt., L.M.S., Wes., Z. B. & M., Am. Presb.
BENGALUR. *See* Bangalore.	
BETTIGERI	Basel.
BHAGALPUR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
BHANDARA	Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M.
BHARECH	Am. Meth. Epis.
BHAWULPUR	C. M. S.
BHEEMPORE. *See* Bainpur.	
BHIMANIPATANAM (*Bimlipatam*)	Can. Bapt.
BHUSAWAL	Free Ch. Scot.
BHURTPORE	Am. Meth. Epis.
BIJAPUR	Basel.
BIJNOUR	Am. Meth. Epis.
BILSI	„ „
BOMBAY	C. M. S., S. P. G., Bapt., Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. M., Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
BORSAD	Irish Presb.
BROACH. *See* Baruch.	
BUDAUN	Am. Meth. Epis.
BUNNU (*Banu*)	C. M. S.
BURDWAN. *See* Bardhwan.	
BURHANPUR (BENGAL)	L. M. S.
„ (MADRAS)	Gen. Bapt.
„ (SINDHIA)	Am. Meth. Epis.
BURJU	Gossner
BUXAR	„
CACHAR (*District of*)	Bapt.
CALCUTTA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., Bapt., L. M. S., Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Wom. Un.
CALICUT. *See* Kolikod.	
CALTURA. *See* Kaltura.	
CANANORE. *See* Kananur.	
CASHMERE. *See* Kashmir.	
CAWNPORE	S. P. G., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Wom. Un.
CHAIBASSA	S. P. G., Gossner.
CHAMBA	C. E. Z. S., Ch. Scot.
CHANDA	Scot. Epis.
CHELAMBRAM	Leipzig
CHENGLEPATT (*Chingleput*)	Free Ch. Scot.
CHICACOLE	Can. Bapt.
CHICKMUGLAR	Wes.
CHINDWARA	Swed. Evang.
CHINSURAH	Free Ch. Scot.
CHIRRA PUNJI (*Chera Poonjee*)	Welsh Cal.
CHITAPUR (*Sitapur*)	Am. Meth. Epis.
CHITRADURG	Wes.
CHITTAGONG	Bapt.
CHITTOR	Am. Ref. Dutch
CHOMBALA	Basel
CHOTA NAGPUR (*Mission to Kohls*)	S. P. G., Gossner.
CHUNAR	C. M. S.
CHUNDOWSI	Am. Meth. Epis.
CHUPRA	Gossner
CLARKABAD	C. E. Z. S.
COCONADA. *See* Kakinada.	
CODACAL	Basel
CODOOR	Herm.
COIMBATOOR. *See* Koimbatur.	
COLOMBO	C. M. S., S. P. G., Bapt., Wes., Strict Bapt.
COMILLA	Bapt.
COMBACONUM. *See* Kumbakonam.	
CONJEVERAM	Free Ch. Scot.
COONDAPOOR. *See* Khundapur.	
COONOOR	Am. Ref. (Dutch)
COTTA	C. M. S.
COTTAYAM. *See* Kotium.	

Station.	Society.
CUDDALORE (*Gudalur*)	S. P. G., Leipzig
CUDDAPAH. *See* Kadapa.	
CULNA	Free Ch. Scot.
CUTTACK (*Katak*)	Gen. Bapt., Soc. Fem Ed.
DACCA	Bapt.
DARAPURAM	Wes.
DARJILING	Bapt., Ch. Scot.
DEHRA (*Dera*)	C. M. S., Am. Presb.
DELHI	S. P. G., Camb., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed.
DEOLEE	Un. Presb.
DERA GHAZEE KHAN	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
DERA ISMAIL KHAN	„ „
DHARWAD (*Dharwar*)	Basel
DHULEN	C. M. S.
DINAGEPUR	Bapt.
DINAPUR	Bapt., S. P. G.
DINDIGAL	Chris. Vernac., Am. B F. M.
DUMDUM	Wes.
DUMMAGUDEM	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
DURBUNGA	Gossner
ELLICHPUR	Meth. Ch. N. Am.
ELUR (*Ellore*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
ETAWAH	Am. Presb.
FAIZABAD (*Fezabad*)	C. M. S., Wes., Z. B & M.
FARROKABAD	Am. Presb.
FIROZPUR	„ „
FURIDPUR (*Furweedpore*)	Bapt.
FUTTIGARH	Am. Presb.
GALLAPULLI	Wes.
GALLE, POINT DE	S. P. G., Wes.
GAUHATI	Am. Bapt.
GAYA (*Gya*)	Bapt.
GHAZIPUR	Gossner
GOGHA (*Gogo*)	Irish Presb.
GONDA. *See* Gunra.	
GONDS (*Mission to*)	C. M. S.
GOOTY. *See* Gutti.	
GORAKHPUR	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
GOVINDPOOR	Gossner
GUDALUR. *See* Cuddalore.	
GUDUR	Herm.
GUJARAT	Ch. Scot.
GUJRANWALA	Am. Presb.
GULBURGA. *See* Kulburga.	
GULEDGUD	Basel
GUNRA (*Gonda*)	Am. Meth. Epis.
GUNTER	Am. Evan. Luth.
GURDASPUR	Am. Presb.
GURGAON	S. P. G., Camb.
GURHWAL (*District of*)	Am. Meth. Epis.
GUTTI (*Gooty*)	L. M. S.
HAIDARABAD (*Hydrabad*) (BOMBAY)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
HAIDERABAD (*Hyderabad*) (NIZAM'S DOMINIONS)	Wes., Am. Meth. Epis.
HAMBANTOTA (*Hambangtotto*)	Wes.
HARIDWAR	Am. Presb.
HASSAN	Wes.
HATRAS	C. M. S.
HONAWAR	Basel
HOSHIARPUR	Am. Presb.
HOSPETT	L. M. S.
HUBLI	Basel
HURDA	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. For. Chris.
HURDUI	Am. Meth. Epis.
HUSHANGABAD	Friends'
IDAIYANGUDY	S. P. G.
INDAPUR	Free Ch. Scot.
INDUR	Can. Presb.
ISAKHAIL (*Isa Khel*)	C. M. S.

Station.	Society.
JABALPUR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Wes., Am. Meth. Epis.
JAFNA	C. M. S., Wes., Strict Bapt., Am. B. F.M., Am.Presb.
JALALABAD	Am. Meth. Epis.
JALANDAR	C. E. Z. S., Am. Presb.
JALNA	Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M.
JAUNPUR	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
JELHASUR	Am. F. B.
JESSUR	Bapt.
JEYPUR (*Jaypur*)	Un. Presb.
JHANSI	Am. Presb.
JHELAM	,, ,,
JODHPUR	Un. Presb.
JOWYE (*Jowai*)	Welsh Cal.
JUGGERNAUT. *See* Pooree.	
JUNNAR (*Junir*)	C. M. S.
KACHHI (*Kochin*)	C. M. S.
KADAPA (*Cuddapah*)	L. M. S.
KADSAWPRAH	Welsh Cal.
KAKINADA (*Coconada*)	Can. Bapt.
KALIMPONG	Ch. Scot.
KALSAPAD	S. P. G.
KALTURA (*Kalutara, Caltura*)	S. P. G., Wes.
KAMBAMPET (*Kummamet*)	C. M. S.
KAMPTI	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis.
KANANUR (*Cananore*)	Basel
KANDY	C. M. S., Wes., Bapt.
KANGRA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
KARACHI	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
KARKAL	Basel
KARNUL (*Kurnool*)	S. P. G., Am. Bapt.
KARUR	Wes.
KARWAR	Basel
KASERGOD	,,
KASHMIR (*Srinagar, Cashmere*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
KATAK. *See* Cuttack.	
KEILUNG	Morav.
KHAIRWARRA (*Kherwara*)	C. M. S.
KHOOLNA. *See* Kulna.	
KHOORDAH. *See* Kurdah.	
KHUNDAPUR (*Coondapoor*)	Basel
KHUNDITTUR	Gen. Bapt.
KHUNDWA	Am. Meth. Epis.
KISHNUGAR (*Krishnagur*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
KOCHIN. *See* Kachhi.	
KOHEIMA	Am. Bapt.
KOHLS (*Mission to*). *See* Chota Nagpur.	
KOIMBATUR (*Coimbatoor*)	L. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed., Leipzig
KOLHAPUR	S. P. G., Am. Presb.
KOLIKOD (*Calicut*)	Basel
KOTAGIRI	,,
KOTGARH	C. M. S
KOTHAPULLI	Wes.
KOTIUM (*Cottayam*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
KRISHNAGUR. *See* Kishnugar.	
KULBURGA (*Gulburga*)	Am. Meth. Epis.
KULNA (*Khoolna*)	Bapt.
KUMBAKONAM (*Combaconum*)	S. P. G., Leipzig
KUMMAMET. *See* Kambampet.	
KURDAH (*Khoordah*)	Gen. Bapt.
KURNAL	S. P. G., Camb.
KURNOOL. *See* Karnul.	
KURUNEGALA	C. M. S., Wes.
LAHORE	C. M. S., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
LAKHIMPUR	Am. Meth. Epis.
LEH	Morav.
LOHADUGGA	Gossner
LOODHIANA	Soc. Fem. Ed., Am. Presb.
LUCKNOW	C. M. S., Wes., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.
MADRAS	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., S. P. G., L. M. S., Wes., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Am. Ref. Dutch, Strict Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed., Z. B. & M., Leipzig, Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
MADURA	Leipzig, Am. B. F. M.
MADURANTAKAM	Wes.
MAHU (*Mhow*), SINDHIA	Am. Meth. Epis., Can. Presb.
MAISUR. *See* Mysore.	
MALEGANW (*Malagâm*)	C. M. S.
MALUR	Am. B. F. M.
MANDLA. *See* Mundlah.	
MANGALORE	Basel
MASULIPATAM	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
MATRA (*Mutra*)	C. M. S., Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis.
MATURA	S. P. G., Wes.
MAWPHLANG. *See* Moftung.	
MEDDUCK (*Medak*)	Wes.
MEERUT (*Mirut*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Am. Meth. Epis.
MEGNANAPURAM	C. M. S.
MERKARA	Basel
MGAVARAM	Leipzig
MHOW (N.W. PROVINCES)	Z. B. & M.
MHOW (SINDHIA). *See* Mahu.	
MIDNAPUR	Am. F. B.
MIRZAPUR	L. M. S.
MOFTUNG (*Mawphlang*)	Welsh Cal.
MOLUNG	Am. Bapt.
MONGHYR (*Mongarh*)	C. M. S., Bapt., Soc. Fem. Ed.
MONNARGUDI	Wes.
MOOLTAN. *See* Multan.	
MORADABAD	Am. Meth. Epis.
MOZUFFERNUGGUR	Am. Presb.
MOZUFFERPUR	Gossner, Am. Meth. Epis.
MUDDUMPULLY	Am. Ref. Dutch
MULKI	Basel
MULTAN (*Mooltan*)	C. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed., Am. Meth. Epis.
MUNDLAH (*Mandla*)	C. M. S.
MUTIALAPAD	S. P. G.
MUTLAH. *See* Port Canning.	
MUTRA. *See* Matra.	
MUZAFFURGARH	C. M. S.
MYMENSING	Bapt.
MYNPURI	Am. Presb.
MYSORE (*Maisur*)	Wes.
NAGAPATNAM (*Negapatam*)	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
NAGERCOIL	L. M. S.
NAGPUR	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Meth. Epis.
NAGUR	Wes.
NAINI-TAL	Am. Meth. Epis.
NAJIBABAD	,, ,, ,,
NAROWAL	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
NARSINHPUR	Swed. Evang.
NASIK	C. M. S., Z. B. & M.
NASIRABAD (*Nusserabad*)	Un. Presb.
NEGAPATAM. *See* Nagapatnam.	
NEGOMBO	S. P. G., Wes.
NELLORE	Free Ch. Scot., Am. Bapt.
NEYOOR	L. M. S.
NONGRYMAI	Welsh Cal.
NOWGONG	Am. Bapt.
NUNDIALL	S. P. G.
ONGOLE	Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.
OODEYPORE. *See* Udaipur.	
OOTACAMUND. *See* Utakamand.	
PADRIPOLLI	Gen. Bapt.
PALIAMKOTTA	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.

Station.	Society.
PALIKAT	C. M. S., L. M. S.
PALMANER	Am. Ref. Dutch
PALNAI (*Palani*)	Am. B. F. M.
PAMBAN	S. P. G.
PANDURA	Wes.
PAREYCHALEY	L. M. S.
PATNA	Bapt., Z. B. & M.
PATTAMBAUKAM	Dan. Luth.
PATHANKOT	Am. Presb.
PEDRO, PT.	Wes.
PESHAWAR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
PETHORA-GARH	Am. Meth. Epis.
PILLIBBIT	,, ,,
PIND DADUN KHAN	C. M. S.
PIPLEE	Gen. Bapt
PONANI	Basel
POO	Morav.
POONA. *See* PUNA.	
POOREE (*Puri, Juggernaut*)	Gen. Bapt.
PORT CANNING (*Mutlah*)	Bapt.
PUBNA	,,
PUDUKOTA	S. P. G., Leipzig
PUNA (*Poona*)	C. M. S., S. P. G., Bapt., Ch. Scot., Free Ch. Scot., Z. B. & M., Am. Meth. Epis.
PUNDMALLI	C. E. Z. S., Strict Bapt.
PURI. *See* POOREE.	
PUTUR	Herm.
QUETTA	C. M. S.
QUILON	L. M. S.
RAECHUR	Am. Meth. Epis.
RAGAVAPURAM	C. M. S.
RAJKOT	Irish Presb.
RAHURI	Am. B. F. M.
RAJAHMAHENDRI	Am. Evang. Luth.
RAJAMPETT	L. M. S.
RAMNAD	S. P. G.
RAMPORE BAULEH. *See* Baulea.	
RAMYAPATANAM (*Ramapatam*)	Am. Bapt.
RANCHI	S. P. G., Gossner
RANIGANJ	Wes.
RANIKHET	L. M. S.
RAPUR	Herm.
RATNAGIRI	Am. Presb.
RATNAPURA	Bapt.
RAWUL PINDI	Wes., Am. Presb.
REWADANDA	Free Ch. Scot.
ROHTAK (*Rhotuk*)	S. P. G., Camb.
ROY BAREILLY	Am. Meth. Epis.
RUNGPUR	Wes.
RURKI (*Roorkee*)	S. P. G., Am. Presb.
RUSSEL KONDA	Gen. Bapt.
SABHATHU	Am. Presb.
SAGAR (*Saugor*)	Swed. Evang.
SAHARANPUR	Am. Presb.
SAKAR (*Sukur*)	C. E. Z. S.
SALEM	S. P. G., L. M. S., Leipzig
SAMBALPUR. *See* Sumbulpur.	
SAMULCOTTAH	Am. Evang. Luth., Can. Bapt.
SANTALS (*Missions to*)	C. M. S., Wes., Free Ch. Scot., Dan. Luth.
SANTIPUR	Am. F. B.
SASWAD	Free Ch. Scot.
SATARA	Am. B. F. M.
SEALKOTE (*Sialkot*)	Ch. Scot., Un. Presb.
SECUNDERABAD. *See* Sikandarabad.	
SERAMPUR	Bapt.
SERUR	Am. B. F. M.
SETABALDEE	Free Ch. Scot.
SHAHJAHANPUR	Am. Meth. Epis.
SHEALLI	Leipzig.
SHEEMOGGA	Wes.
SHELLA	Welsh Cal.
SHIKARPUR	C. M. S.
SHILLONG	Welsh Cal.
SHIVARAI HILLS	Dan. Luth.
SHIVLLPUTUR (*Strivalliputur*)	C. M. S.
SHOLAPUR	Am. B. F. M.
SIALKOT. *See* Sealkote.	
SIBSAGOR	Am. Bapt.
SIKANDARABAD (*Secunderabad*)	S. P. G., Wes. Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis.
SILHET	Welsh Cal.
SIMLA	C. M. S., Bapt.
SINGROWLEE	L. M. S.
SIRINUGGUR	Am. Meth. Epis.
SITAPUR. *See* Chitapur.	
SOHAGPUR	Friends'
SOORY. *See* Suri.	
SORAN	C. M. S.
SOWNI (*Seonee*)	Friends'
SRINAGAR. *See* Kashmir.	
STRIVALLIPUTUR. *See* Shivllputur.	
SUKUR. *See* Sakar.	
SUMBULPUR (*Sambalpur*)	Gen. Bapt.
SURAT	Irish Presb.
SURI (*Soory*)	Bapt.
TADPATRI	L. M. S.
TAKARMA	Gossner
TALIHARI	C. M. S.
TAMBLEGAM	Wes.
TANJUR (*Tanjore*)	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
TANK	C. M. S.
TELLICHERI	Basel
TEZPUR	S. P. G.
THANAH	Free Ch. of Scot.
TINDIVANAM	Am. Ref. Dutch
TINNEVELLI	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Strict Bapt.
,, (*District of*)	C. M. S., S. P. G.
TIRUMANGALAM	Am. B. F. M.
TIRUPUNDI	Wes.
TODGURH	Un. Presb.
TRANQUEBAR	S. P. G., Leipzig
TRAVANCORE (*District of*)	C. M. S.
TRICHINAPALLI (*Trichinopoly*)	S. P. G., Wes., Leipzig
TRICHUR	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S.
TRINCOMALI	Wes.
TRIPATUR	L. M. S.
TRIPETTI	Herm.
TRIVANDERAM	C. E. Z. S., L. M. S.
TRIVELLUR	Wes., Free Ch. Scot.
TUMKUR	Wes.
TUNI	Can. Bapt.
TURA	Am. Bapt.
TUTICORIN (*Tuttukudi*)	S. P. G.
UDAIPUR (*Oodeypore*)	Un. Presb.
UDAPI	Basel
UDAYAGIRI	Am. Bapt.
UJJAIN	Can. Presb.
ULWAR. *See* Alwar.	
UMBALLAH	Wes., Am. Presb.
UNAO	Am. Meth. Epis.
UTAKAMAND (*Ootacamund*)	C. M. S., C. E. Z. S., Bapt., Wes., Leipzig.
VAKADU	Herm.
VELLORE (*Velur*)	S. P. G., Ch. Scot., Dan. Luth., Am. Ref. Dutch.
VENUKONDA	Am. Bapt.
VIZAGAPATAM	L. M. S.
VIZAYANAGARAM (*Vizianagram*)	L. M. S.
WADALI	Am. B. F. M.
WALLAJABAD	Free Ch. Scot.
WARDHA	,, ,,
WAZIRABAD	Ch. Scot.

For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.

IX.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XVI.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Description of the West Indies—Sargasso or Gulf-weed—The Ladies' Sea—The Caribs—A Carib Story—Culture of the Sugar-cane—The Labour Market—Horrors of the Slave Trade—Facts concerning Slavery—Character of the Slaves—The Jumby Dance.

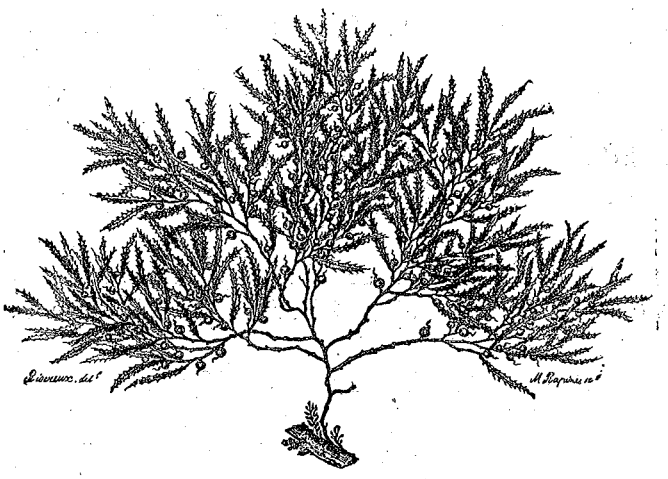
BEFORE proceeding to tell the stirring story of the first mission to the West Indies, we must try to present to our readers some pictures of the scene and setting of the chief incidents we have to relate, and of that horrible slave trade, with which even Britons had at one time so much to do. Strange and terrible indeed was the method by which the ebon children of Ham became transported from their homes in Central Africa to the luxuriant isles of the blue Caribbean, for good or ill. There, however, they were, and thither the Christian Church had to go to help them in their bondage.

Mr. Froude has said: "If ever the naval exploits of this country are done into an epic poem—and, since the 'Iliad,' there has been no subject better fitted for such treatment, or better deserving it—the West Indies will be the scene of the most brilliant cantos." The name of the Caribbean Sea thrills the hearts of Englishmen—even of many who have vague ideas of its geographical position.

When Columbus set out to seek by a westward route the golden rivers and coral strands of India, he thought that Asia extended much farther east than it really does. But for this blunder the great man who "made geography" was not to be blamed, for the "degree" was then reckoned at much below its real value by those supposed to be specially versed in such matters. This error necessarily involved an utterly false conception of the size of our globe; for the number of degrees which encircle it being absolutely fixed (a degree being simply the 360th part of the circumference of the circle, whatever be the size of it), the girth of the globe itself was very naturally concluded to be much less than it is in reality. Thus it came to pass that the lovely tropical islands in the Caribbean Sea, towards which we are now to turn our gaze, were named by the great explorer, and will always continue to be called, "the West Indies," Columbus thinking that this was simply the place where extremes met; that those isles of the *west* to us were really the *eastern* limits of that India which had been reached by Marco Polo and others from the opposite direction. The size of India was known; and if the measured miles stretched round the globe at the rate of so many degrees per hundred miles, the Eastern Indies really would have been somewhere about where Columbus did find the Western.

As the storm-tossed mariner draws in from the "roaring forties" towards the great bight of the Atlantic, in which the West Indies are grouped like two crescentic strings of pearls, he finds himself in a calmer and warmer sea, thickly covered, as with a carpet, by one of the strangest productions that ever Nature turned out of her wondrous

workshop—the Sargasso, or Gulf-weed. Though quite rootless and self-propagating, it is not an ordinary seaweed in appearance, even to an eye untrained to observe Nature closely. To Columbus and his companions it appeared "like small pine-branches, laden with a fruit similar to pistachio-nuts." It has been surmised that it may be a changed production of the vanished continent, Atalanta, of which the Romans had old traditions, a surmise which may possibly have no more root than has this strange weed itself. This great yellowish-green expanse, so like a vast prairie, contains within itself a strange little world of parasitic life peculiar to the Gulf-weed. We are told that it deceived, by its solid look, the sailors of Columbus' expedition, who did not understand it, and feared that they were in danger of being driven on to sunken reefs. It drifts into the angle of almost motionless water between the great north-eastward current of the Gulf Stream, to which England owes so much, and the equatorial current constantly streaming westward.



SARGASSO, OR GULF-WEED.

Just opposite this sea-prairie, the map of the western hemisphere looks, to a dull and unpoetic mind, as if two great bites had been made into the eastern side of America, so separating north and south, and leaving that narrow—and, to Europe, very costly—strip of land, the Isthmus of Panama (for another year or two, at least) to connect the two great continents. And, just as if to mark out the boundary which existed before our imaginary bites had been so greedily taken, there is a crescent-like outline, made up of large and small islands and many mere islets—the West Indian islands, the fascinating story of whose conquest by the warriors of the Cross we must, in its leading features, relate.

The white, sandy bottom, strewn with strange shells and fretted with beautiful submarine forests of white coral and ruddy gorgonia, shines through the calm, limpid water from depths really amazing. Its freedom from storms has gained for the Caribbean, from the gallant seamen of Spain, the flattering title of the "Ladies' Sea." It often glows with a deep hue of sapphire rarely seen elsewhere. The slow, stately roll of great, blue, glossy waves from afar, breaking in snow on its island shores, which are fringed, perhaps, with a belt of stately cocoa-palms, is a sight to move the most unimpressionable mind.

Before entering on details as to the migrations of the missionaries, a few points of interest may help to make the general history clearer. There are five great islands, all of them somewhat mountainous, well watered, and richly wooded—Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," Hayti, Jamaica, Porto Rico, and Trinidad, together with some

forty minor ones, and an almost countless host of islets or mere reefs of no great importance. The total present population may roughly be estimated at about four and a half millions, the British possessions containing a little more than one million souls.

When the early explorers from Europe first became acquainted with those outwardly attractive islands, they were tenanted, in the southern portions at least, by a dark, tall, and rather strongly built race, described collectively as Caribs, or Indians. After the fierce Spanish conquerors took possession of the northernmost islets, the aboriginal Arrawaaks, who were probably of the same stock as the Caribs, were soon cruelly swept away from their island homes, leaving hardly any vestiges behind, though of the once warlike Caribs there are still small but interesting remnants who cling to the coast of Trinidad, and to the tangled forests on the damp, hot delta of the great Orinoco on the mainland, and neighbouring regions. They live chiefly on fish of their own catching. It is said that many of them retain a strange primitive habit of building their houses, nest-like, on the branches of tall trees in dense parts of the forest, where they feel themselves to be safe from the periodical floods to which the Orinoco is exposed from sudden rainfall.

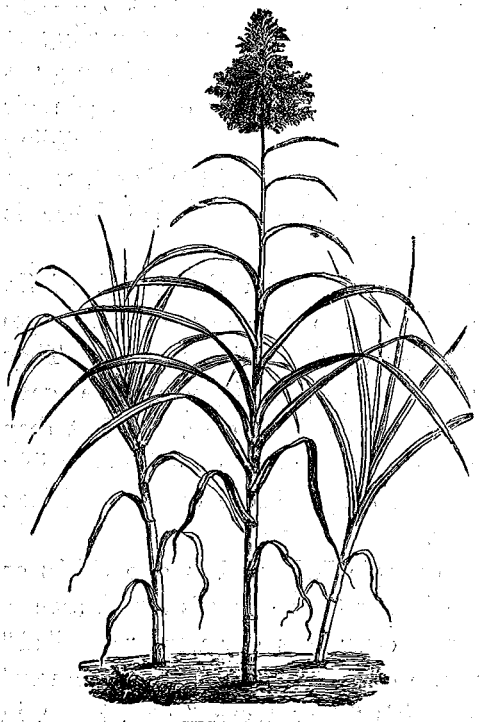
A remnant of the Caribs remained in savage independence on the island of St. Vincent (which was almost the last to be colonised by the invaders from Europe) after their brethren had elsewhere succumbed to Spanish cruelty and oppression. They probably found congenial residences amidst its leafy trees, while fish were good and plentiful enough to furnish them with a living not difficult to earn. At last they began to blend with a shipwrecked crew of sable voyagers from Africa—possibly escaped slaves—and so there came to be on that island a mixed race called the Black Caribs, as distinct from the aboriginal, or Red Caribs.

Columbus and the men of his time called these people Indians, but also Calibs or Caribs, and we, strangely enough, find this word also in our Shakespeare's island savage, Caliban, in the play of *The Tempest*. It is also quite clear that our word "cannibal" came from the same original. For example, one of the earliest occasions when the word came into use was in the English translation of Decade's "New World" (A.D. 1555), in which the sentence occurs:—"The wylde and myscheuous people called Canibales or Caribes, which were accustomed to eat mannes flesshe." It need not surprise us to be told that the native word *Caribe*, by which those now almost forgotten savages described themselves, meant "brave, daring." The Spaniards found in the native name a convenient resemblance to their own word for a dog, and so these poor savages got a very ill name indeed, which still clings to them firmly.

There are two sides to most questions, and fairness requires that we should quote "an o'er-true tale," told on the authority of a missionary, of a comely and kind-hearted Carib girl, Yarico, who, a long time ago, sold her heart to an Englishman named Inkle. It was that critical time for the dark races when planters were finding that great fortunes could easily be made out of human sweat and toil. The negroes were not yet being brought in sufficient numbers from Africa to meet the growing demand, and sudden raids were made by those who feared neither God nor man, in order

to capture and enslave the free men of the woods. One day, however, a band of European man-hunters was surprised to meet a stout resistance, for their cruel object was now known. At a sudden signal, the woods became alive with the dark, menacing visages of the Carib warriors they had expected to make into easy merchandise. A warlike race by nature and breeding, they had now, if they never had before, a righteous cause. They fought fiercely in their own primitive way, and the white men at last turned and fled—those of them, at least, that were left alive—to the tangled, fever-breeding recesses of those tropical woods.

There Inkle, utterly exhausted, and fearing a violent death at any moment, was found by Yarico, who, pitying the now hotly driven and famishing slave-hunter, gently ministered to him, supplying, at the greatest risk to her own life, the food he needed. But one day a far-off sail shone out on the sapphire plain of the Caribbean. It drew nearer, and the Englishman could at last, if he would, escape from his foes. With unselfish joy beaming in her jet eyes, dimpling her swarthy cheeks, and curving with winning smiles her ruddy lips, she rushed to tell the wasted white man the good news of his safety. She walked to the shore supporting him, but as the poor girl saw him step from the crisp beach to the boat that was to sever them, her breaking heart beat with wild yearning after the life she had saved. She pleaded in her Carib native tongue, and more eloquently with sobs and tears, to be allowed to go with him wherever he went. The Englishman at last haughtily yielded assent to her prayer. After a short and pleasant voyage they landed safely at Barbadoes, and—this is not a mere fairy tale—he nobly rewarded his poor pagan deliverer by selling her as a slave to one of the sugar-planters!



SUGAR-CANE.

Space will not permit us to glance at the physical features of these islands, or at their wonderful vegetable and animal life; but there is one vegetable production of which we must say a few words in this chapter. It is a very handsome kind of grass, growing to the height of ten or twelve feet, and yielding a juice from which a white crystalline substance is obtained, dear to all British youth of a certain age. This is the *sugar-cane*. Who could have predicted that this lordly looking grass would one day lead to African slavery, with all its yet untold horrors? Every one who has been stifled in a hot, breezeless cane-brake may have some conception of the demands made by hard labour there on the poor human frame. The aboriginal Caribs could

not endure it long, and Europeans succumb to the heat very readily indeed. Yet in itself the sugar-cane is strikingly beautiful in form and colour, and gently swaying motion. Well might Kingsley go into raptures over it:—"A noble grass it is, with its stems as thick as one's wrist, tillering out below in bold curves over the well-hoed dark soil, and its broad bright leaves falling and folding above in curves as bold as those of the stems: handsome enough thus, but handsomer still, I am told,

A SUGAR PLANTATION.

when the 'arrow,' as the flower is called, spreads over the cane-piece a purple haze, which flickers in long shining waves before the breeze."

It is sad that we must now for ever associate this lovely masterpiece of Nature's kindly chemistry with the most brutal and demoralising phases of civilised man's history; for out of the conditions of cane-culture grew the slave trade of the West Indies and the Southern States of America.

It has been noted that, although the islands of the Caribbean are so near to each other, the conditions of life and labour vary greatly, and the labour-wants of one island or colony are not so readily met by migration from those near them as might have been expected. Labour must be imported from a distance. Hence, early in the

nineteenth century, throughout all the British possessions, slavery was a recognised institution. When slavery on British territory was abolished, sugar continued to be produced by forced labour on the other islands, and for a time there was a competition which meant mere loss to the British planter. With the abolition of the Corn Laws, the "protection" of the British sugar industry seemed to many statesmen an anomaly, and when it ceased, disaster came upon the free sugar-growing industry, and enslaved about 1,000,000 additional negroes. It was clear that more work could be got out of slaves than free negroes were willing to yield, and so the foreign slaveholders, with fresh supplies from Africa, were able to sell their sugar more cheaply than the British planter could do. It is hoped that now, with free labour, machinery, and education, a new life is rising up in the West Indies; but the scar of slavery is deeply marked in the history of our colonies. As Montgomery Martin has eloquently said:—"Slavery, both Indian and negro, that blighting upas, has been the curse of the West Indies; it has accompanied the white colonist, whether Spanish, French, or British, in his progress, tainting like a plague every incipient association, and blasting the efforts of man, however originally well disposed, by its demon-like influence over the natural virtues with which his Creator has endowed him, leaving all cold and dark and desolate within."

It is impossible, by the clumsy apparatus of art or literature, to picture vividly enough the agony of those poor Africans, rudely snatched from their native homes. The atrocious trade in "black ivory" is probably, thank God, now drawing near its end, though still some 30,000 or more human beings are yearly exported as saleable goods from the east coast of Africa alone. But it is far from easy for us nowadays to realise the agony of feeling, the strenuous eloquence, the practical zeal in agitation required by the Clarksons and the Wilberforces in the early part of our century, in order to arouse languid interest into a genuine Christian sympathy for the wretched Ethiopian victims of British and American lust for gold.

Dr. Livingstone used to say that about one only out of every five souls in a slave gang leaving the interior, reached the coast alive! Try to conceive what such a statement means. Think of the inconceivably bitter sufferings, the nameless horrors of that toilsome, hopeless journey through tangled, thorny forest, steamy swamp, and scorching desert; day after day tortured with the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and galled with undressed sores from the friction of the heavy wooden "gorees," or slave collars, to which two slaves were attached by means of riveted bolts. Try to imagine the final settled looks of dull despair, unlit by a gleam of humour or a ray of hope; or the callous, brute-like subjection from which the nobleness of manhood has fled, roused only into agony or anger by the fiery, sudden sting of the slaver's lash.

"Let me assure you," said Sir Bartle Frere—and no one could speak with better authority—"let me assure you that what you have heard of the horrors of the slave trade is in no way exaggerated. We have seen so much of the horrors which were going on, that we can have no doubt that what you read in books, which are so often spoken of as containing exaggerations, is exaggerated in no respect. The evil is

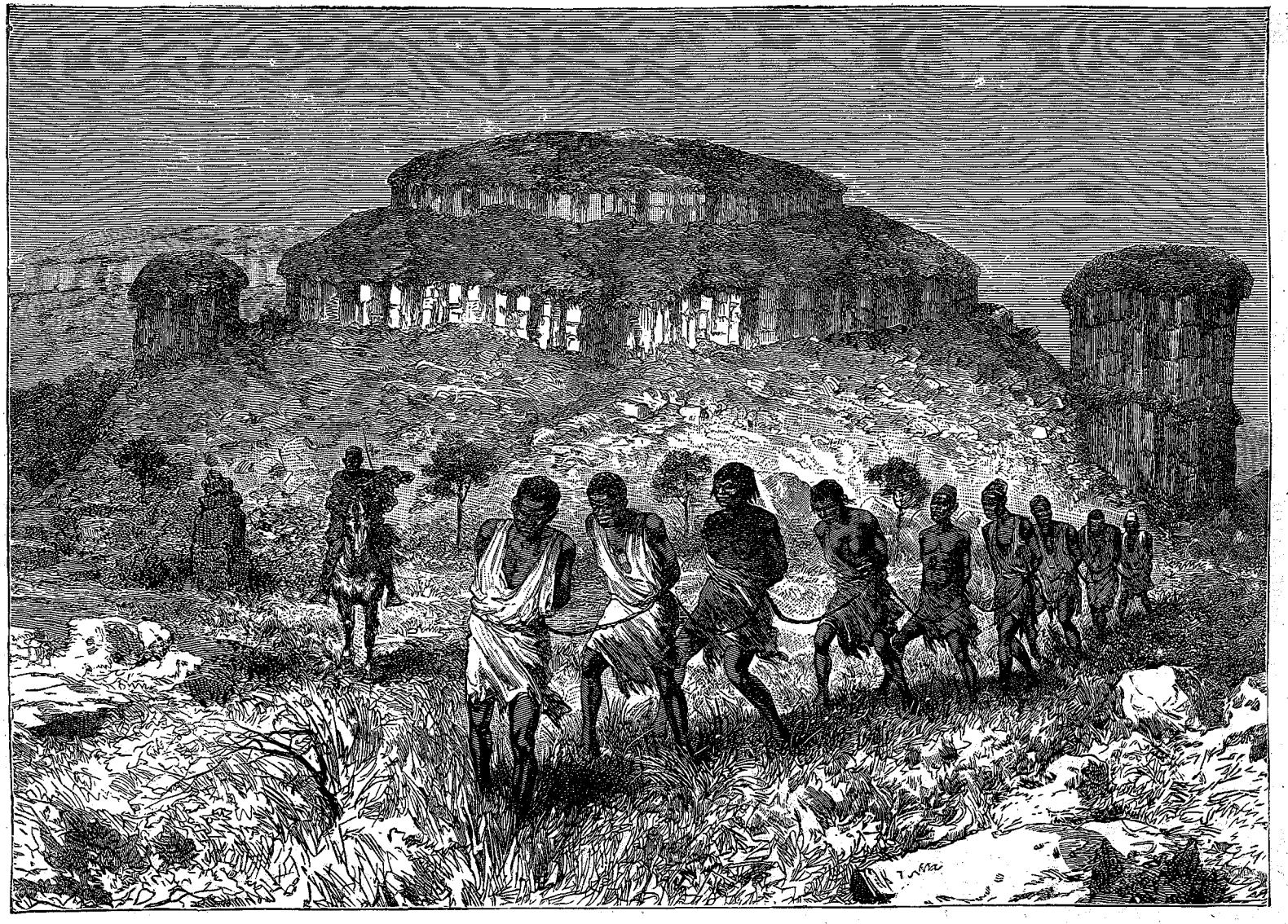
much greater than anything you can conceive. Among the poor class of Africans there is nothing like security from fathers and mothers being put to death in order that their children may be captured."

When the wretched slave arrived at the coast, his troubles were only beginning. It is almost a comfort to think that human nature is so constituted, that it has the capacity to endure consciously only a certain degree of misery, and thus, as we have seen, only one in five might be expected to survive the first stage of the terrible journey. What, then, became of the survivors? We are told how each woebegone ebon image of its Maker was placed on deck of the crazy craft which was to convey him to the plantations, set on his haunches, thighs to breast, chin to knees, and placed row against row, shoulder to shoulder, with no possibility of change of position, "a solid phalanx of human flesh," with no awning to protect them from the tropical sun. At night, they were cooped below in a foul and fetid black hole. The pitiable wretches could not straighten themselves for weeks after release from the voyage, and myriads of them died on the way, and were cast to the sharks.

Perhaps the most impressive statements on the subject are to be found in the unromantic pages of a Blue Book. In February, 1878, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the present condition and prospects of the sugar and coffee planting interest in the East and West Indies, and Mauritius." Amongst the subjects carefully inquired into and reported on was that of the slave trade across the Atlantic. One of the witnesses who was examined was stated by Sir J. Pakington to have seen more naval service upon the coast of Africa, and to have captured more slave ships, than any other officer in the service. The examination of this gallant gentleman, Captain Marston, was likely to afford some solid facts, worth more than volumes of sermons, about the horrors of slavery. Let us give this most reliable and cool-headed witness our attention for a sentence or two.

When asked to give the Committee any information he might possess as to the mode in which the slaves are usually packed in the "slavers"—as the vessels used in this traffic were called—he answered:—"They are packed as closely as salt fish; they are doubled up and stowed as closely as they can be in the night, when they are obliged to go below." He stated that the men were generally put in irons, but that this depended on the part of the coast they were taken from.

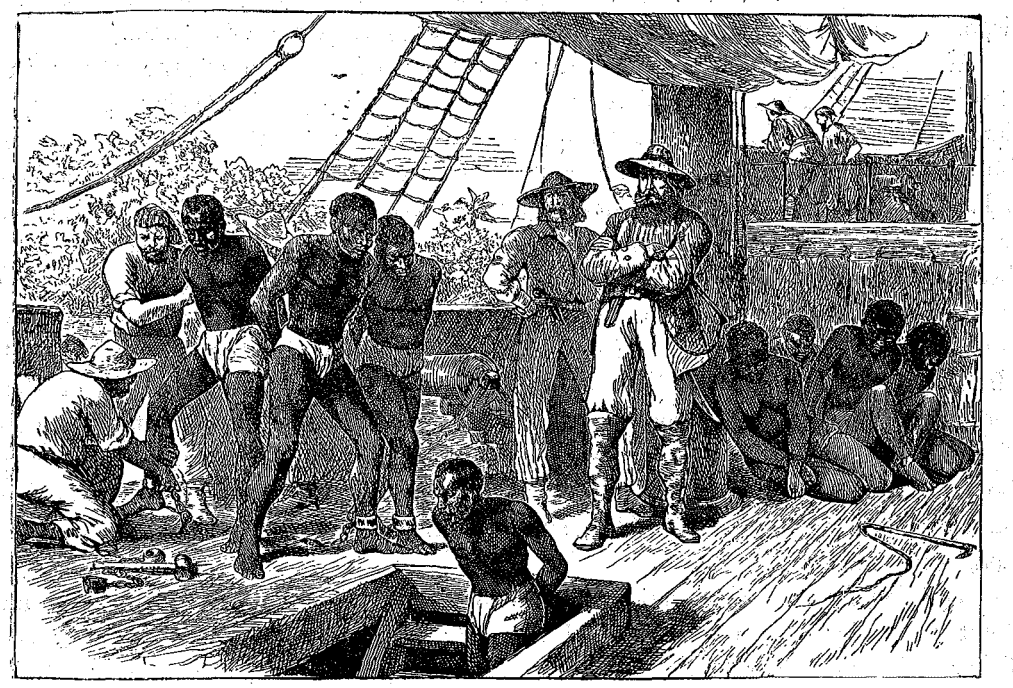
Great difficulty is often felt in understanding how such tremendous overcrowding could be held compatible with even the self-interest of the traders. That point was solved by Captain Marston, and his answer shows that they had some kind of Darwinian method of serving their ends. The witness was asked:—"The ordinary practice is, is it not, that where a slave-trader calculates upon carrying 300 slaves to the other shore, he embarks 500? Answer—"Yes; that is for the purpose of putting them to the test. It is impossible for the most practised eye to tell a healthy from an unhealthy slave; but the trader reckons that, during the first forty-eight hours, they will be sufficiently weeded to leave a prime cargo. As the slave sickens during the first forty-eight hours, they leave him on deck, and give him nothing to eat, but let him die, and then throw him overboard."



A SLAVE MARCH IN AFRICA.

Captain Marston being again asked as to the tonnage of the vessels used to embark a cargo of, say, 500 slaves, replied that from his experience he could mention one case in which 427 negro slaves were packed on board a vessel of only forty-nine tons.

It was among the negroes under the actual conditions of slavery in the West Indies, that the work of the early missionaries began. It does not appear that the planters were usually guilty of cruelty out of mere wantonness. The negro, if not much worse than the average unit of humanity, is certainly not any better; and the barest justice demands that we should admit that, only premising slavery as a permis-



ON BOARD A SLAVE SHIP.

sible institution, severity might probably sometimes be judicious and necessary. On the other hand, the supposed duties of such a despotic position have naturally a brutalising effect, and there can be no possible doubt that the cruelties inflicted were sometimes most savage and uncalled-for. In the lowest aspect of it, kindness and mercy must have been economical, but many of the overseers were unable to feel and see the truth of even this selfish reason for gentleness, in cases where personal offence had been given.

It is too often forgotten, on the other hand, that the slaves as a class were not able—how, indeed, could they be?—to rise to the sublime patience inculcated by the apostle. We may quote with advantage the testimony of Mr. Rowe, a Baptist missionary who arrived in Jamaica in 1814. Writing of the negroes, he says:—"Their passions and affections not being under the control of reason or religion, sometimes

break out with frightful violence; rage, revenge, grief, and jealousy have often been productive of horrible catastrophes."

As it is our object to give a perfectly fair and impartial view of a subject which has led to much violent and bitter controversy, let a planter from Cornwall, Jamaica, as quoted by the *Quarterly Review*, say a word on the other side of the question. This gentleman, speaking from a daily experience of the negro character, says:—"To do the negroes mere justice, I must say that I could not have wished to find a more tractable set of people on almost every occasion. Some lazy and obstinate persons, of course, there must inevitably be in so great a number, but in general I found them excellently disposed. . . . I am certain there cannot be more tractable or better disposed persons, take them for all in all, than my negroes of Cornwall."

We shall have directly to tell more fully of the life of the slaves in their "tracks," and of the battle which was so bravely fought to win their freedom from the chains of spiritual darkness long imposed upon them; for the planters feared to give the negroes that Gospel which seeks to bring all men into one great brotherhood. It is hardly now to be credited, but it is the truth nevertheless, that British planters, professedly Christian men, would not allow the teaching of Jesus to be brought before their slaves, lest it should make them rebellious and impatient. But even under Christian teaching, race-qualities are not easily effaced. Hence the semi-civilised and Christian free man of our day in the West Indies reveals strange streaks of the old African life his ancestors led, with its grim superstitions, in the recesses of the Dark Continent. A professedly competent Review writer says:—"We reject, as undeserving of serious remark, the vague gossip of some writers about the prevalence of Obeah, the revival of heathen practices, and the like." Let a Creole's strange story of the Jumby Dance, as told to Kingsley, and related at greater length in his charming "At Last," give the reply.

The Creole, who was anxious to see for once this most mysterious and uncanny secret solemnity of the negroes, told Kingsley how he and his companion had to tear their way through the tangled brushwood to a miserable building on the river's bank, where some thirty African men and women were gathered, squatting on their haunches in the usual orthodox way. "They were very scantily dressed, and with necklaces of beads, sharks' teeth, or dried frogs, hung round their necks." After some preliminaries, an almost naked negro, tall and of muscular development, with his body painted as a skeleton, suddenly dashed open a door and strode forth into the centre of the dusky gathering.

"As long as I live," continues the narrator, "I shall never forget that scene. The hut was lighted by some eight or ten candles or lamps, and in the centre, dimly visible, was a Fêtish, somewhat of the appearance of a man, but with the head of a cock. Everything that the coarsest fancy could invent had been done to make this image horrible; and yet it appeared to be the object of special adoration to the devotees assembled."

The "skeleton" now began to chant, to the melodious accompaniment of the tom-tom, a monotonous African song, quickening the measure and the words while the

drums beat ever faster and faster. Suddenly a woman sprang into the arena and spun round and round the repulsive image in a rhythmic whirl. "Quicker still went the drum. And now the whole of the woman's body seemed electrified by it, and, as if catching the infection, a man now joined her in the mad dance. Couple after couple entered the arena, and a true sorcerer's sabbath began; while light after light was extinguished, till at last but one remained, by whose dim ray I could just perceive the faint outlines of the remaining persons." At this crisis, one of the visitors thoughtlessly gave some trivial offence, when the music suddenly ceased. The "skeleton" seized the offender's naked foot between his finger and thumb, and, as was supposed, inserted a poisoned finger-nail into the skin. At all events, the victim at once fell writhing to the ground, and died in agony some two hours afterwards.

Depend upon it, the Christian Church undertook as real a work when she sought first to deliver the African mind in the West Indies from the thraldom of Satan, as when she afterwards sought to free their bodies from the fetters with which man had cruelly tortured them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLOUGH BREAKS GROUND.

Columbus, First Missionary to the West Indies—Colonisation and Christianity—John Leonhard Dober and David Nitschmann—A Scene at the Coronation of Christian VI.—Adventures of First Missionaries—Frederick Martin—Religious Movement among the Negroes—Persecution of the Moravians—A Dutch Ecclesiastic—Troubles of Frederick Martin—Arrival of Count Zinzendorf in St. Thomas.

THE first Christian missionary to the West Indies was no other than Christopher Columbus. It is quite true that when he sought to reach, by sailing westward, the golden realms of Kublai Khan, he hoped to profit in a worldly way by reaching them. He missed his mark; but it seems to be pretty certain that his grand object in getting gold was perhaps the holiest one by which a mediæval mind could be swayed. He sought, almost in the spirit of the purest and best of the old Crusaders, to rebuild the tomb where it was thought the lacerated body of the Christ had for a little while been laid; and the truth—as Roman Catholics then devoutly held it—was to be taught to the dusky barbarians scattered amidst the fair far-off lands that lay hid in a golden haze beyond the seas—lands where there were "rivers rolling down golden sand, mountains shining with priceless gems, forests fragrant with rich spices."

"I do not," says a very candid historian of those times, Faria y Sousa, "imagine that I shall persuade the world that our intent was only to be preachers; but, on the other hand, the world must not fancy that our intent was merely to be traders."

Columbus sent to Spain a few Cannibal Islanders to learn Spanish. They were to become interpreters on returning to their own people, and were to be the means of propagating the Catholic faith among them, so that their souls might be saved by

baptism; for the great explorer, in the simplicity of his soul, seeing the poor people had no creed, thought they might very easily be made Christians. The necessary articles which had to be supplied to the colonists from Spain, were to be paid for by the sale of the islanders who might be captured, and who were, of course, to be sold into slavery for their souls' good.

This pretty little scheme, however, did not meet with the most cordial approval, even from such good Catholics as were Ferdinand and Isabella; and the royal pair gave Columbus a gentle but significant snubbing on this particular point in his programme.

There was evidently no thought of harshness or cruelty in the mind of Columbus while making such a proposal. Indeed, he had received no little kindness personally from the poor Caribs, who helped him once when shipwrecked. He had told his royal patrons of this, and his little picture of a race that seems doomed soon to vanish from the scene is most interesting. "They are," he says, "a loving, uncovetous people, so docile in all things that I assure your highnesses I believe in all the world there is not a better people, or a better country; they love their neighbours as themselves, and they have the sweetest and gentlest way of talking in the world, and always with a smile." The nine "Indian" natives he brought with him to Spain were duly baptised, and one of them dying soon afterwards, was piously said to have therefore been the first of his race to gain admission into Paradise.

COLUMBUS.

In connection with this strange mingling of colonising with Christianising, it is worthy of note that our own James I. declares in a proclamation which was made in the year 1662, that what specially led him to seek the development of the plantations in the New World, was a strong desire to spread the blessings of the Gospel. The unfortunate Charles I. also, in a charter bestowed upon the new colony of Massachusetts, lays down directions in order that the English colonists there "may be so religiously, peaceably, and civilly governed as their good life and orderly conversation may win and incite the Natives of the country to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, which, in our Royal intention and the Adventurers' free profession, is the principal end of the Plantation."

When we come to listen to the debates which rung around slavery in our colonies for years before it fell, we shall feel familiar with this old thread of pietism, which ran through the web of commercial speculation in those days, and which formed a too ready justification for every wrong done to races too weak to help themselves. But we must

now pass on to the main object of this chapter, which is to bring before our readers the struggles and trials of the pioneers of genuine mission work in the West Indies.

Ten years had elapsed since the early followers of Count Zinzendorf had gathered together in the little hamlet called Herrnhut, to form a community of brethren. Then two humble workmen—John Leonhard Dober, a potter, and David Nitschmann, a carpenter, and, like Zinzendorf, an Elder amongst the United Brethren or Moravians at Herrnhut—had their hearts touched by the tidings of Hans Egede, and what he had done for the poor Greenlanders, and awoke to the fact that there were other realms for brave Christian men to enter and conquer for the Lord.

THE DISCOVERY OF ST. DOMINGO BY COLUMBUS.
(Fac-simile of an Engraving made in 1493, in the Bibliothèque de Milan.)

The way in which they came to know and think about the need of the West Indian slaves for Christian faith and hope was this:—At Copenhagen, in the year 1731, there were great doings. It was the time of the coronation of Christian the Sixth, and everybody was in the city to see the stir, and to be seen. Our Saxon Count, too, was there, for he had an old friendship for the Danish royal family, and was esteemed at court. With him was the humble and earnest Elder from Herrnhut, feeling, we may be sure, very little at home in the gay throng of courtiers and sightseers.

Amid the crowd of gaping retainers and onlookers was at least one black face, full of interest at the unwonted spectacle; and this led the good Count and the country Elder to make inquiries about the strange-looking visitor. Soon they found that this man Anthony, who was in attendance on a Danish nobleman, had been a slave on a West Indian plantation, and had a dark sister still in bondage in the isle of St. Thomas. Anthony had much to tell that was quite new to them—both of the sufferings and of the sins that hung like a dark cloud, without any silver lining, over the lovely palm-fringed islands in the Caribbean Sea. He told them how he had sat alone on the sea-shore at St. Thomas, praying that Heaven would condescend to give him a message. He promised great and immediate success to any mission that might be sent to the poor slaves. Indeed, all through, he prophesied smooth things, which were never quite fulfilled.

Now it had come by this time to be a serious question (as we have seen in a

previous chapter) whether the mission of the Danes to the people of Greenland might not have to be abandoned. How, then, would it be for them to fill the gap by taking up the cause of the dark, down-trodden slaves in the West Indies, which till now no Church had cared for?

Full of this great project, the Count opened his heart to the little congregation at Herrnhut on his return thither, the negro Anthony following with many useful facts, and a good deal which was not useful and not actual. It was thus that Leonhard Dober came to pass a restless night, with the heavy burden of the long-forgotten negroes on his soul. At last, on opening the Book, he happened on the strange parting words of Moses to the chosen people, recorded in Deuteronomy xxxii. 47:—"For it is no vain thing for you; because it is your life." And so he deemed that the Lord had spoken His will to him in these words.

Anthony did warn those who thought of going out, that the way would be found hard and full of thorns. He told them, however, and probably he quite meant what he said, that the slaves would welcome the message of the Gospel in great numbers; but that the messenger himself, to be effective as a missionary, must needs become a slave. This arose, he explained, from the fact that the poor toilers in those tropical plantations were always kept hard at work, and could only be instructed by one working at their side in the fields.

Surely a great height of Christian heroism was reached when free-born Europeans were prompt to express their willingness to make this great sacrifice of liberty! Dober, soberly and sensibly viewing the whole facts of the case, so far as he could get at them in his rural home, wrote that he had determined — if only one Brother would go with him — that he would give himself up to be a slave, and would tell to the slaves as much of the Saviour as he himself knew. "I leave it," he adds, "in the hands of the congregation, and have no other reason for going than that there are souls in the islands that cannot believe because they have not heard."

Lots had in the end to be cast, in order to know clearly from the Lord, as the Moravian Brethren believe, whether Dober was to go or to stay. A number of written slips of paper were thrown into a receptacle, and the candidate drew for himself the sentence which was to seal his destiny. The words were drawn, "Let the lad go, for the Lord is with him." So Nitschmann, who, it was intended, was soon to return to his wife and children—as he safely did—and Dober, who was to remain in the field, were sent out by this little Moravian congregation at Herrnhut on the 18th of August, 1732, as the first missionaries to the West Indies.

When we read such a decision, reached in such a manner, we feel how just was the remark of Cecil: "The Moravians have very nearly hit on Christianity. They appear to have found out what sort of a thing it is; its quietness, meekness, patience, spirituality, heavenliness, and order."

Count Zinzendorf went along with the two Brethren a part of the way. He gave each of them a ducat, worth about half a sovereign; the Church gave each of them three dollars; the Countess of Stolberg, who sympathised more deeply with their

purpose than any one else, gave them some cheering counsel; and one of the royal family—the Princess Charlotte—gave them a Dutch Bible.

The voyage across the Atlantic took nine weeks, and as they travelled as poor working men, their comforts were few and grudgingly bestowed, and the sailors were not at all friendly. Nitschmann earned the captain's good graces, however, by his skill as a cabinet-maker. On arriving, they found, by means of a letter of introduction from Copenhagen, a friendly planter with whom they stayed for a brief time, beginning work amongst the negroes on the plantations the very day after their arrival, which happened to be Sunday.

To carry the Gospel to the slaves may have seemed an easy task to accomplish, when once they should have gained a footing on the plantations, but they found the negroes did not welcome them at all warmly, and doubted even the sincerity of their motives. Sundays and Saturdays were the only days of the week in which they could carry on conversation with the slaves on the plantations to any purpose, and *spiritual* rest and blessedness were not the things most of them desired during their few hours of leisure.

Nitschmann found his skilled labour as a carpenter in good demand among his new neighbours, and he got on very well; but, according to the original plan, he had soon to return to Europe. Poor Dober, naturally perhaps, did not find his making of pottery so popular, and there were difficulties in regard to the material he had to use; so he took for a time to fishing, but with no better success. Depressed and discouraged beyond measure, he sank at last into a low fever, and was faithfully nursed through it by his companion till his time came to return to Herrnhut. Dober was then advised, all round, to give up his wild mission to the slaves in the West Indies as a bad business, and to get back to Europe as well and as quickly as he could. These sneers and doubts his faith was able to answer, and he still clung with hopeful devotion to his forlorn post, writing to his far-off friends at Herrnhut that he was free from suffering, though not from anxiety, and imploring their prayers that the good Lord might comfort, guide and sustain him in the great work he hoped yet to do for the poor bondsmen of the West Indian plantations. With aching heart he listened to the creaking of the cordage and the heaving of the anchor as the ship, which carried Nitschmann back to his dear old home, slowly cleft its way through the sapphire bay.

Faith and hope do not always in these days bring plentiful manna direct from the skies, and so poor Dober, with heavy heart and chilling fears, returned to his fishing-tackle, but with no better luck than before. It was clear that this would never do, so he took a situation of a humble kind in the mansion of the Governor. He was, in fact, made steward of the household, and just because His Excellency deemed him to be a truly pious man. Dober agreed to take the post on condition that, after the day's business was over, he should be allowed to give religious teaching to the negroes on the estate. With beautiful candour he tells us that: "The sailors, who till now had ridiculed me, were perfectly astonished, and counted me very fortunate; but I found myself far from comfortable, though I had improved my outward condition. For some

time I sat at the Governor's table, and had everything, as the world says, which heart could desire; but I was ashamed to see myself so raised above my former ideas of slavery, and this new manner of living was so oppressive to me that I was often quite wretched. I could only comfort myself with the assurance that the Lord had placed me in this situation; for I had solemnly promised Him not to seek employment from any one, but to give myself up implicitly to the direction of His providence."

Finding, therefore, his position out of harmony with his original intention in coming to the land, he resigned. Then we find him for a little while trying to gain even scanty bread and water as a watchman. Finally, guided by the Hand that had always led him, he became an overseer on a cotton plantation. He had from this time regular opportunities, and full liberty to preach to and to teach the slaves, which he did with all tenderness and sympathy, born of such bitter experiences. He carried on this work faithfully for two years. A brother of the negro Anthony, whom he had met at the coronation, Anthony's sister, her negro husband, and another negro, regularly came to learn more of Christ. That was all the visible result of so much labour and sorrow, when Dober, who had been appointed to the office of presiding Elder at Herrnhut, was recalled to his old home and its new duties there.

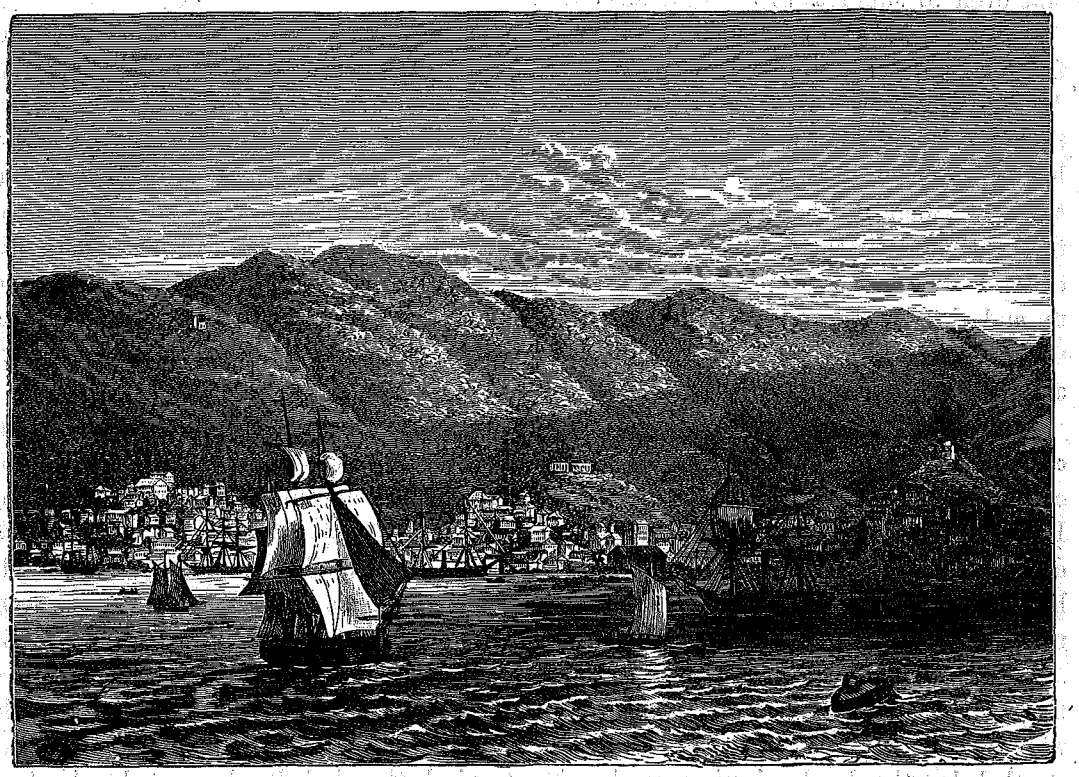
Dober did not, however, leave the country till those who were to take up the broken threads of his unfinished web had arrived in the field. A new and broader spirit had now breathed upon the growing band at Herrnhut, and the Moravians were henceforth to be known to the Church and to the world for their great missionary work in many lands.

In 1734, a rather sickly lad, whose heart burned with a great enthusiasm—Frederick Martin—offered to go out to St. Thomas, the island on whose white shore negro Anthony had been wont to kneel and pray for some heavenly radiance to light up his gloom. Very soon Martin, along with T. W. Grothaus, and an apparently rather vain tailor, named John A. Bonike, came to work at St. Thomas, and came also, as the Americans say, to stay.

The little band of four believers that Dober had gathered round him was still unbroken, and each had remained loyal to the faith. Martin, who was a man of remarkable vigour and energy, infused some of his own vitality into every agency of the mission. He visited plantation after plantation, and island after island, telling the poor slaves the story of the Saviour of men, to whom every soul was precious, and kindling a new hope and dignity within the dusky bosoms of those crushed toilers, whom no one had seemed to think of as anything but machines. He held meetings in his own narrow dwelling and elsewhere, while the number of hearers went on increasing till "there came a veritable hunger for the Word of God." There was, indeed, a genuine and large religious movement among the negroes, who might be heard praying aloud by the waysides during the night. But just at this crisis, so full of hope for the mission, Bonike and Martin somehow fell out, and very bitter was the dispute; while Martin was also stricken with a sore fever, due, no doubt, to climatic influences acting on an overstrained and naturally fragile frame.

One of the results of such a fever, when long-continued in a tropical climate, is great lack of blood-supply to the brain, which betrays itself strikingly just when general recovery is setting in. Martin's memory accordingly came to fail him, and he would forget the doings even of the day before. When some of the little Christian company he had brought together were dismayed at finding this, he would say, "Children, do not be alarmed: I am stronger; the Lord has given me strength for His work."

As he began to get his powers back, the people came in crowds too great for his narrow dwelling to contain, and then they taught the truth to others, and so the work spread through the plantations like leaven. A negro church of St. Thomas was



CHARLOTTE AMALIE, ST. THOMAS.

founded, and a plantation was bought, in which to form a little Christian colony or settlement.

We are told that in his intercourse with the negroes, Martin by his simplicity and graciousness of manner won their affections in a wonderful way. "He used to shake hands with them, sit down beside them, and converse with them as if they had been his friends and his equals. . . . He divided his own scanty supplies with such of them as were poor and needy. The cripple, the lame, and other miserable creatures who crawled to his door, found in him a friend and benefactor." All this had a profound and lasting effect upon the susceptible hearts of the negroes, who are of a strongly emotional nature, as their later history in the West Indies has strikingly shown.

All this had been very encouraging to the hearts of the workers; but now there began to be heard ominous mutterings among the planters and other slave-holders, which were soon to burst forth into a violent storm of animosity and persecution. Many of them forbade their slaves to go to the meetings, and if they disobeyed, as some had dared to do, they were savagely beaten or flogged till the blood streamed down their quivering backs. Many Christian negresses who were slaves, were subjected to special persecutions from their brutal owners, the recital of which makes one blush to think of our human nature, no means being left untried to entice or compel them into sin. Attempts were made also to crush the work of the Moravians by Government influence, and even to suppress it by legal authority.

Bonike and the others could no longer work in harmony, and one now wonders how far this zealous tailor, who had from the first been expected to provide by his handicraft for the wants of his delicate brother, was altogether wisely or kindly used. However that may be, Bonike went his own way henceforth as a missionary, and gathered around himself a little body of believers, who acknowledged him as their earthly guide and teacher. Such schismatic operations as his were deemed, however, gave much offence to the United Brethren, and poor Bonike was denounced on all hands, without any stint of terms of reprobation. Possibly he may have been wrong; but a tragic event was soon to end the sad quarrel, in a way which seems to have left no manner of doubt in the minds of the good men who opposed him, that Heaven had taken up their quarrel and had solemnly settled it in favour of their own view.

One day Bonike had called on his missionary brethren at Tappus, where their chief station was. They had talked long and warmly over the affairs of the mission, but could not see eye to eye, and Bonike evidently formed an unyielding minority of one. Possibly his conscience would not allow him simply to bow, for peace' sake, to the dictation of those he considered as his equals. They finally pressed him to humble himself before the Almighty, and to confess the error of his ways. The poor man seems to have felt that this was begging the questions at issue between them, and stress was afterwards laid on the fact that he solemnly appealed to God to be the Judge between them. He then mounted his horse and rode off rapidly, in company with a negro lad who had come with him. He had not gone far, however, when the Brethren were startled by the loud, piercing crash of a tropical thunderbolt close at hand. In a minute or two the black boy came running in to say that his master was dead. Alas! it was indeed true. He had been struck by the lightning, staggered for a second or two, and then fell lifeless to the ground. His pale corpse was soon brought in, and we may try to picture the awed hush which stole over that still flushed group, as they gazed on the marble lineaments of the man they had argued with so warmly a few minutes before. They sorrowfully laid him in the quiet grave, there to rest till the great, and only just Judge shall try those on whom the tower of Siloam fell, with countless others whom the world has unjustly condemned.

A most extraordinary series of persecutions soon afterwards arose against Martin personally, and against the whole of the Moravians as a class. Their position in Europe, as an object of popular prejudice, was then not unlike that of the early Wesleyans in

England, or the Salvation Army in our own day, and this strong feeling of antipathy had now travelled westward to the Caribbean Sea. It sometimes took strange forms of expressing itself. Martin had in some Hernnhutian or ecclesiastical sense been ordained by a writing from Nitschmann. No official would nowadays care to meddle with a question so clearly internal as this one was. However, a Dutch reformed minister, Borm Znume by name, felt moved to raise this delicate question, but not necessarily, as one writer assumes, for the purpose of bringing Martin's work to an abrupt end. The objection was raised in the name of the Consistory, and there was no question at all as to the religious liberty of the United Brethren in the islands. That was clear and quite undisputed. In consequence of this move the Governor was led to prohibit Martin from acting as a minister, and to this decision Martin, protesting indignantly, declined to yield. He and another, Freundlich, further refusing, on religious principle, to take oath while offering evidence in a criminal court, were fined far beyond their present or probable means, and were forthwith haled to prison, singing hymns on the way, which negroes, working in the fields, joined in from afar.

The criminal case arose thus:—Timothy Fredler, one of the missionaries, left his station at St. Croix, and began quietly to make a little money for himself at St. Thomas. This was felt to be a great scandal, and it led Martin and the negro converts to withdraw their fellowship from him. Just after this, a plantation inspector, on the estate of the Lord Chamberlain, found, or alleged that he had found, in Fredler's trunk, certain valuable articles that had been the property of his lordship. Fredler was therefore charged with the theft, and was detained in prison for trial. It had thus come to pass that three of the early missionaries were at one time in prison, one of them, it would seem, *falsely* charged with theft (for he was ultimately acquitted), and the two others for religiously declining to take oath, and not finding the means to pay the outrageous fines imposed on them for their offence. For although they expressed their perfect readiness to give their testimony on affirmation, they were fined and fined again, the penalty being increased each time.

While the sickly Martin was thus pining away in prison, the old vexed question of the validity of his ordination was revived by his Dutch reverence Borm, in a most bitter and revengeful spirit, and probably few things more extraordinary ever happened in a Christian country, than what now took place at the instigation of this valiant minister of the Gospel.

Martin, in virtue of his ordination, had married a missionary, named Freundlich, to one Rebecca, a good Christian woman, just a little too dark in her complexion to make everything quite comfortable in such a state of society as the West Indies then presented. Borm, good man, insisted that they should be re-married, or rather *properly* married, by himself, but this coarse demand was not acceded to. Then followed a trial and decision the most revolting conceivable to enlightened Christian feeling. According to Danish law—based on Jewish legislative principles—a man and woman living together without marriage were subject to severe and deterrent penalties. Here, then, was a case, all ready to hand, which might yield this narrow-souled Dutch ecclesiastic a diabolical revenge on his Moravian rivals. Thus, without waiting for the legal opinion of

the Home authorities, which had been duly invoked, poor friendless Freundlich was sentenced to pay an impossible fine of one hundred rix-dollars, and to be imprisoned during the whole term of his natural life. That might perhaps have seemed to be enough even to satiate a thirst for vengeance on an unoffending rival, but worse was to follow. It was further judicially determined that poor olive-skinned Rebecca, from whose bosom her husband had been so foully torn away, was now to be sold into slavery, and the price of her Christian flesh and blood was to be given—O Charity, what deeds are done in thy name!—*to aid the funds of the hospital!*

ATTACK BY WHITES ON THE MISSION STATION OF POSAUNENBERG.

So anxious was this worthy pastor, Borm, to advance the kingdom of righteousness, that he next insisted on the Moravian negro converts coming before himself for examination, as their instruction in Christian doctrine by the Moravians had, he thought, been so defective as to be really worse than none at all, which was what he had afforded them.

Just at this terrible crisis in the history of the Moravian missions to the slaves in the West Indies, good Count Zinzendorf, all unwitting of the state of affairs, arrived on the island of St. Thomas, a veritable *deus ex machinâ*. Martin, who, as we have seen, was from the first a delicate man, had got out of prison on bail, seriously injured in health. Zinzendorf, making vigorous efforts on their behalf, got Freundlich and his

beloved Rebecca out of gaol for a few days, and finally succeeded in obtaining full freedom for them both. Fredler, too, who had been accused of theft, was not only freed from imprisonment, but from even the suspicion of the crime with which he had been charged. He remained a true and loyal friend to the Brethren till the day of his death, and left a legacy to their missions.

On the day before the Count was to return to Europe, a great gathering of the negro converts took place at Tappus, to wish him farewell and a good voyage. Some of the white people, armed with swords and staves, who had been petitioning the Governor to put a complete stop to all this teaching and preaching, attacked this peaceful assembly with great violence. They afterwards rushed to the missionary plantation at Posaunenberg, which the Brethren had purchased, and where they had a dwelling-place. Arriving there, they at once proceeded to smash the dishes and furniture, making an utter wreck of the property, beating such negroes as they found remaining on the estate, wounding some of them severely, and putting the rest to flight. This kind of outrage was repeated on several occasions, the "whites" breaking up the meetings with drawn swords. "One of the Brethren received a wound in the shoulder, and some cuts through his coat. His wife was stabbed in the breast through her handkerchief. The wife of another of the missionaries was wounded in the shoulder, and a woman, who had a child in her arms, was cut in the head." One of the planters rode his horse through the rooms with brutal threats.

But, after all, the tide was now turning, and the authorities began to give their countenance and support against these ruffians. Martin's eager, busy life, whose activities had no pause, was, however, to end. In 1750 the fever again broke him down, and he died full of peace and hope. They laid him to rest by the little negro church at St. Thomas, as he had requested. A cairn of stones was reared over the lowly grave by the loving hands of the converts, "and still, as they visit the place, they reverently uncover their heads." Just before his death the Governor pointed out the plantation, used by the Moravians as a nursery for their "Mustard Seed," which had now come to yield a great spiritual harvest, and he said, "That is our security now in this island. By that influence we are enabled to sleep soundly." Was there ever a clearer testimony to the value of missions?

It had been slow and uphill work, but "In fifty years after the mission was founded," says Fleming Stevenson, "nearly twelve thousand had been baptised; fifty years later the number had risen to over thirty-one thousand; and during these one hundred years death had been so busy, that it took more than three hundred missionaries to sow the seed."

X.—SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

In Westminster Abbey—Early Life—Spiritual History—Offers Services to London Missionary Society—Mary Smith—Sails for Cape Town—A Practical Sermon—Africaner, The Bonaparte of South Africa—Marriage—The Sechuana Language—Life at Lattakoo—Perils from the Heathen and from Wild Beasts—The Mantatees—A Tribal War—Translation of Scriptures—Visits to England—Adventure of Miss Moffat—Founding New Missions—Sechéle, Chief of the Bakwains—Closing Years.

ON the evening of St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1873, a remarkable service was held in the nave of Westminster Abbey, one of a series established in connection with the Day of Intercession for Missions by the then Dean, Dr. Stanley. On two previous occasions the address had been given by an eminent layman, and a well-known minister of the Church of Scotland, but in 1873 the speaker was a Nonconformist who had spent fifty years as a missionary in South Africa. As he took his place at the reading-desk, every face was turned to the tall upright form, keen countenance, and bright eye, apparently undimmed by the weight of nearly eighty years, of the venerable man, who spoke so simply and yet so eloquently of his wonderful experience in heathen lands. The dimly lighted nave was filled with men and women differing widely in theological opinions, but all moved by the desire of hearing Robert Moffat plead the cause he loved so well, in the noblest of English churches. The occasion was unique. Never before, and never since, has the voice of an English Nonconformist minister been heard in Westminster Abbey.

Robert Moffat was the son of humble but God-fearing parents, and was born on the shortest day of the year 1795, at Ormiston, in East Lothian, where a tall granite column has been erected to his memory. He received a very modest education, and his first school-book was the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, to which the alphabet was prefixed, so that as soon as he had learnt his letters he at once plunged into the first question, "What is the chief end of man?" His passion for travelling was developed at a very early age, for when he was only eleven he ran away to sea and made several coasting voyages; but, to the great joy of his parents, he soon got disgusted with a seafaring life, and returned to school for two years. On leaving school he was apprenticed to a nursery gardener at Polmont, where he had to put up with many hardships, often rising as early as four o'clock in the bitter cold of a winter's morning, and never having more food than was absolutely necessary; yet, in spite of these disadvantages, finding time to attend an evening class, and to learn mensuration and a little Latin, diversifying his meagre leisure by working at a blacksmith's anvil and playing the violin. When his apprenticeship was ended, he obtained a situation for a twelvemonth in the gardens of the Earl of Moray, at Donibristle, near Aberdour, and at the conclusion of his engagement he became under-gardener to Mr. Leigh, of High Leigh, in the county of Chester, and at no great distance from Manchester.

At High Leigh he was more comfortably circumstanced. The head-gardener, finding him well up to the work, left much of it to him, and Mrs. Leigh took an interest in the young man, and encouraged him to study in his spare time, lending him books and advising him as to his reading. Here, too, he became acquainted with a pious Methodist family, who took him with them to some of their meetings, where he was much impressed by the earnest appeals of those who spoke. He had always been a diligent reader of the New Testament, and on leaving home his poor mother had entreated him never to forget God's Word; but it was not until he heard the Methodist preachers that the Bible became to him anything more than an ordinary book, and even then he confesses that he tried for a long time to stifle his convictions. Nor was his own unwillingness the sole obstacle. His mistress disliked the Methodists, and as soon as she knew of his attendance at their meetings ceased to befriend him; and his father, who, as a Calvinist, distrusted the theology of his new friends, urged him by letter to be cautious how he followed their teachings. Thus for a long time a severe struggle continued; but in the end the great change came, and Moffat, influenced by the Spirit of God, became a sincere and an avowed Christian.

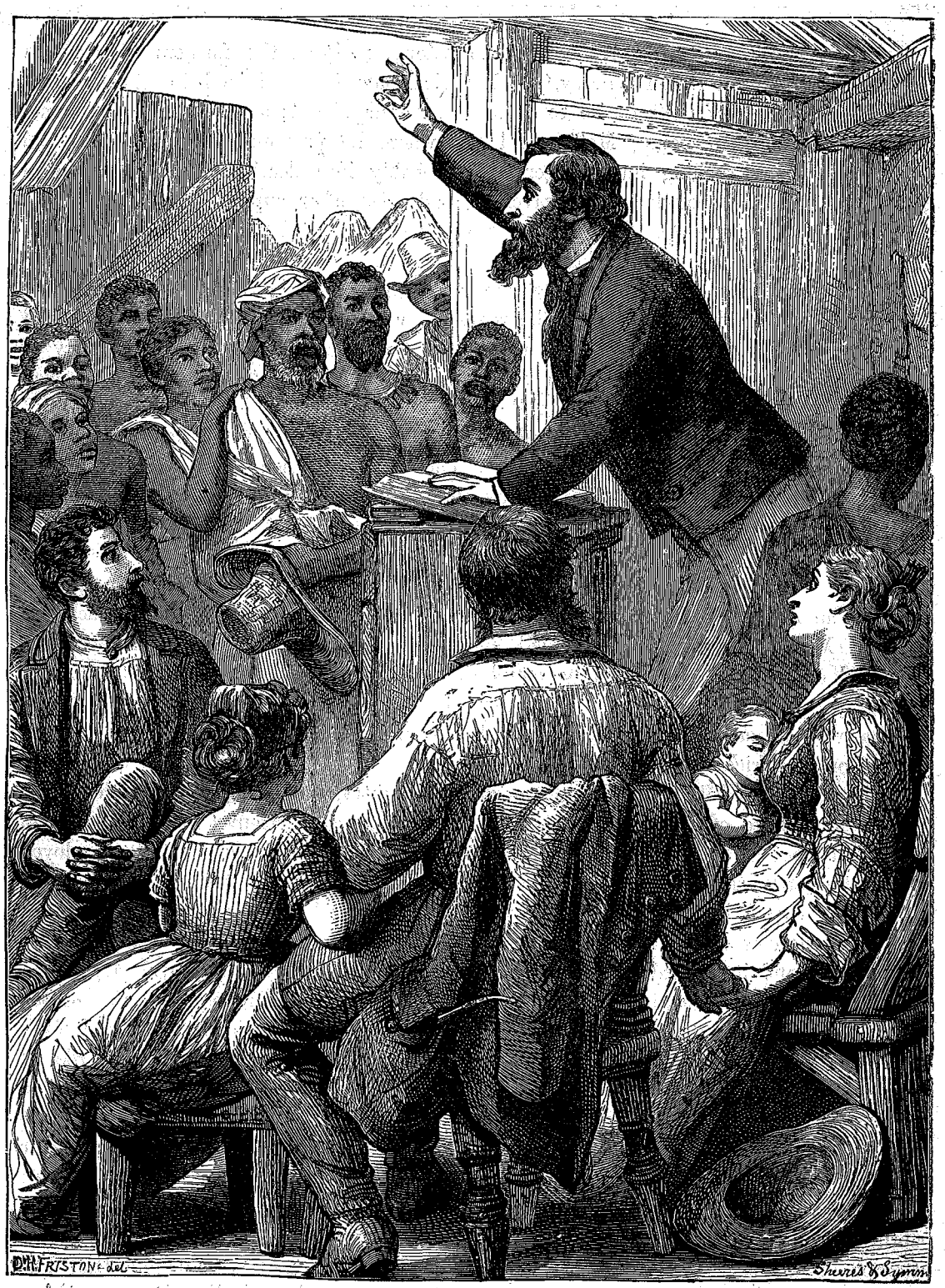
At this crisis in his life, a mere accident, as men would say, attracted him to Mr. Roby, an Independent minister of some repute in Manchester, who took a great interest in the training of young men for the Christian ministry, and who subsequently founded the Lancashire Independent College. As Moffat was walking one fine summer evening into Warrington to do some shopping, he noticed a placard announcing a missionary meeting to be held in Manchester under the chairmanship of the Rev. William Roby. The date was already passed, but Moffat had never seen a missionary placard before, and it so fascinated him that when he had done his errand he returned to it and read it over and over again, recalling as he did so the stories of the Moravians in Greenland and Labrador, which his mother had told him when he sat as a boy at her side. The seed then sown had not died, but now sprang up to bear much fruit in the years to come. He could not, and would not if he could, get the thought of missions out of his head, and with the thought he always associated the name of Roby. He resolved at least to hear him, and when he found an opportunity he was much impressed by the looks and manner of the preacher, but had no idea of making his acquaintance or of seeking his assistance and advice. Another accidental circumstance, however, induced Moffat to take this step. The conversation at the house where he was staying turning upon the preacher, a lady observed that Mr. Roby took much interest in young men, and sometimes sent them out as missionaries, a remark that fell upon the attentive ears of Moffat, who pondered over it in prayer during the night, and when morning came was firmly resolved to call upon the preacher and ask to be sent out to the heathen. Doubts indeed suggested themselves; he had, he knew, few qualifications for the work; his educational advantages were small; he was bashful and timid, and, he feared, presumptuous; and these doubts and fears accompanied him to Mr. Roby's door, where for a time he feared to knock, and once turned back in diffidence and despair. But courage returned to him; he knocked and was admitted. Mr. Roby soon appeared, and listened patiently and kindly to all his visitor had to tell of his

desire to go to the heathen and labour for Christ; and, after putting many questions, agreed to write to the directors of the London Missionary Society asking whether they could accept Moffat's offer. Weeks passed slowly enough, and the young gardener began to think he was quite forgotten, until his suspense was ended by the receipt of a letter from Mr. Roby asking him to come to Manchester, so that he might be placed in a situation there, and have the opportunity of further intercourse, and of an examination into his fitness for the work he desired to undertake.

Moffat had no hesitation about leaving Leigh and accepting the proposal, but he had some difficulty in obtaining a situation. Mr. Roby, however, exerted himself, and found a place for him with Mr. Smith, a nurseryman at Dukinfield, where he remained a year, diligently working at the business and devoting all his spare time to study and preparation for his future career.

At last, in the summer of 1816, the long-expected and welcome news arrived that his offer was accepted. He gave up his situation, and for a few weeks applied himself closely to his studies, and then paid a hurried visit to Scotland to say good-bye to his father and mother, whom he never thought to meet again. He returned once more to Manchester to take farewell of Mr. Roby and of Mary Smith, his master's daughter, whose heart he had won, though her parents objected to her accompanying him to the mission-field. But the young lovers did not give up the hope of overcoming their objections in time, and Moffat went to London full of zeal and eager to begin his work. His interview with the directors of the Missionary Society, a much dreaded ordeal, was in every respect satisfactory, and on the 30th of September he was ordained at Surrey Chapel, with John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, and seven other young men who were going out as missionaries, four to the South Seas, and four to Africa.

Moffat sailed for the Cape on the 18th of the following month, and reached Cape Town, where he received a hearty welcome from Mr. Thorn, the minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, on the 13th of January, 1817. His intended destination was Namaqualand, but the colonial authorities refused to allow him to proceed thither, alleging that, as many servants and slaves had run away from their masters and taken refuge at the mission stations in Griqualand, it was altogether undesirable to found other stations, which might be used for a similar purpose. No argument or entreaty could turn the Governor, and it became necessary to send home for further directions. But Moffat was not idle during the tedious interval, and he utilised the time in learning Dutch, going to Stellenbosch for the purpose of isolating himself from his English friends, and lodging with a Dutch farmer, who, unlike most of his fellows, was a man of deep piety and an ardent supporter of missions. He soon acquired the language, and was able to use it in conducting religious services at Stellenbosch and in the surrounding district. Meantime, Mr. Thorn continued to apply to the Governor to withdraw his opposition to the intended mission to Namaqualand, and though for a considerable time without result, at length his persevering efforts were successful. Moffat was then recalled to Cape Town, and, accompanied by another missionary for part of the way, set off on his long journey.



MOFFAT PREACHING TO A BOER'S FAMILY AND SERVANTS.

As the two men travelled through the colony, most of the farmers with whom they rested at night, or on Sunday, shook their heads, and indulged in gloomy forebodings on hearing of their desire to evangelise Namaqualand; and one motherly dame even shed tears when young Moffat told her where he proposed to go, because she felt sure he was rushing into danger, and probably into death. The farmers were generally hospitable enough to the travellers, and once, after supper, Moffat was asked to conduct family worship. The big Bible was produced, and the family seated themselves round the room. "But where are the servants?" asked Moffat. "Do you mean the Hottentots?" was the reply. "Let me go to the mountains and call the baboons; or, stop, boys! call in the dogs!" The request for the servants was not repeated, and a psalm having been sung, the missionary read from St. Luke's Gospel the story of the Syrophœnician woman, laying an emphasis on the words, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from the children's table." The words went home, and the farmer stopped the reading and called in the servants, many of whom had never before been inside the house. The worship ended, and the Hottentots having withdrawn, he turned to Moffat, and said, "My friend, you took a hard hammer, and you have broken a hard head."

Moffat's destination was Africaner's kraal, where he relieved another missionary, Mr. Ebner, who had unfortunately quarrelled with a brother of the chief, and had accepted an invitation from another chief named Bondelzwarts to go and teach his people. Moffat was thus single-handed, and found himself in a lonely position, with no friend or brother with whom he could consult, in a barren and miserable country, without corn or bread, and without means of communicating with the colony. The outlook was dismal enough; but he found a friend, where he had least expected, in the person of Africaner himself.

This man had long been the terror of the country, and had obtained the name of the "Bonaparte of South Africa." He was originally a Hottentot in the service of a Dutch farmer at Tulbach, not very far from Cape Town, and was generally employed in tending cattle, though sometimes he and his sons were sent on commandoes, or plundering expeditions, which were frequently organised by the Boers against the defenceless natives of the interior. In this way Africaner and his sons learnt to rob and murder, and it is hardly a matter for surprise that, having been provoked by their employer, they shot him and his wife to revenge their real or supposed injuries. They then fled across the Orange River, and settled in Great Namaqualand, far enough from the boundaries of the colony to ensure their own safety, but near enough to strike at many of the unprotected farms belonging to the Boers. Nor was their hostility directed only against the whites. For many years, like Ishmael of old, the hand of Africaner was against every man. In all directions, he and his followers plundered the country, carried off the cattle, and mercilessly destroyed the Boers, Hottentots, or Namaquas who opposed them. The colonial authorities offered a large reward for the capture of this wild and fierce chief, but nobody was bold enough to make the attempt. Missionaries had visited him, and he suffered them to remain; but they had been obliged to withdraw in despair of effecting any good, and Mr. Ebner was but

following the example of his predecessors in leaving Africaner and betaking himself to another part of the country.

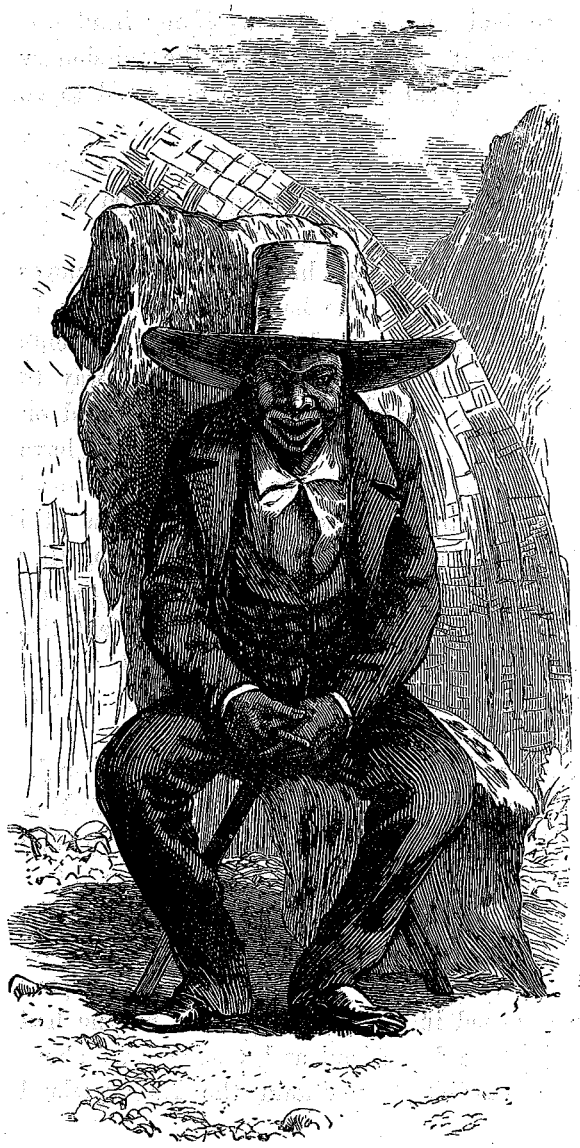
Wonderful to relate, Africaner was soon attracted to Moffat, and became an altered character. He listened eagerly to his teaching, and one day, after hearing him for a time, broke off with the exclamation, "I have had enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would burst with these great subjects." When the missionary fell sick, he attended him with great care, and supplied him with the best food to be obtained, and with cows to give him milk, and during the whole of their intercourse there was never the slightest difficulty or misunderstanding between them. So great, indeed, was Moffat's influence, that when he found it necessary to go to Cape Town, he succeeded in persuading Africaner to go with him.

This was a great triumph. The offer of a reward for the chief's capture had never been withdrawn, yet he ventured to go to the authorities who had made the offer, in implicit reliance on the protection of a young missionary. Many strange incidents occurred during the journey. At one place, where Moffat had stayed on his way to Namaqualand, the farmer came to meet, but did not recognise, his former guest, and on being reminded who he was, exclaimed "Moffat! No, it must be his ghost, for I have heard of his murder by Africaner, and I know a man who was shown his bones." Convinced at length of the fact that he was talking to the living Moffat, a still greater surprise awaited him when he was told that Africaner himself was an altogether changed character, and was actually close at hand. "If what you say is true," the farmer replied, "I should like to see him, though he killed my uncle." This statement was somewhat disconcerting, but trusting his host's sincerity, Moffat introduced his companion; and the farmer, after asking him some questions, could not but exclaim: "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! what cannot Thy grace do?"

The arrival of Africaner at Cape Town created no little astonishment, and brought home to the authorities in a very practical and striking way, the civilising effect of Christian missions. Here was a man formerly guilty of great crimes, whom they had vainly tried to capture, trusting himself amongst them as the companion of a missionary, whose teaching and influence had wrought so wonderful a change. The Governor sent for the chief, and, as a result of the interview between the representative of the King of England and the outlaw, the amount of the reward was actually spent in presents for himself and his people. He returned in safety to his kraal, but he had decided to move into the Bechuana country, where his friend and teacher was about to take up his abode, it having been found impossible to maintain the Namaqualand mission.

Moffat had, it will be remembered, been engaged whilst at Dukinfield to Mary Smith, his employer's daughter, but as her parents objected to her marriage he had been obliged to come out alone, and to trust that in time she would be able to join him. Three years elapsed, and then Mr. and Mrs. Smith, feeling it would be wrong to withhold their consent any longer, parted with their beloved child, who was married to Robert Moffat in St. George's Church, Cape Town, at Christmas, 1819, and was for fifty years his devoted wife and helper

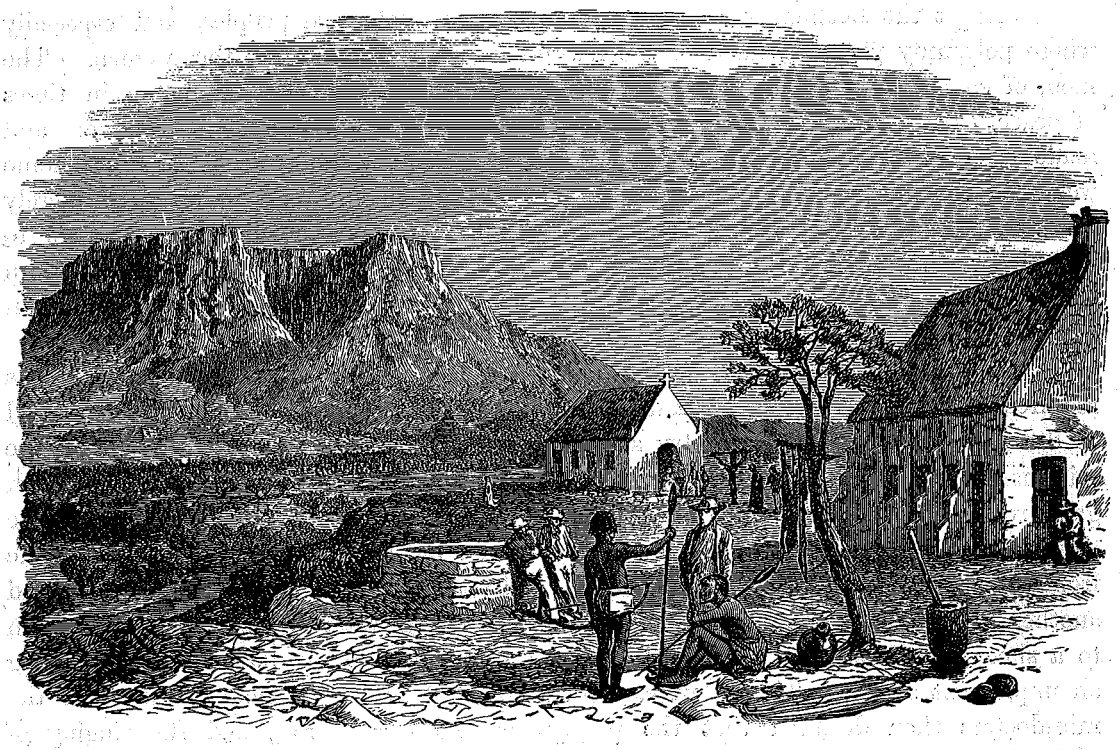
Early in the following year they started for Bechuanaland, accompanied by John Campbell, of Kingsland, who was paying his second missionary visit to South Africa. The travellers, in their slow and lumbering ox-waggons, were seven weeks in getting to the Orange River, a journey which can now be accomplished by railway in two days, and, having crossed the river without difficulty, soon arrived at Lattakoo. Mary Moffat was delighted with the first view of her new home, the landscape reminded her of the scenery of England, and the trees were finer than any she had seen elsewhere in Africa, but with a thought of her old home, she confessed that no African forest was in her eyes so beautiful as the little wood above the nursery at Dukinfield. Mateebe, the king, welcomed the new-comers, and they were introduced to the chiefs and other principal people, but they could not at once settle down to their work, as the necessary permission had not been received from the Colonial Governor. They therefore returned for a time to Griqua Town, where they met Africaner, who had conveyed Moffat's property, consisting of cattle, sheep, a little furniture, and a few books, in safety from Namaqualand. The old chief having thus faithfully fulfilled his promise, started to fetch his own property, in order to carry out his intention of settling near his beloved teacher; but he never came back, and died at his old kraal a few months afterwards.



AFRICANER.

The Moffats were detained at Griqua Town much longer than they liked, and during their stay their eldest child, Mary, afterwards the wife of David Livingstone, was born. Their patience was in time rewarded by the receipt of the Governor's permission to proceed to Lattakoo, where Mr. Hamilton had been living for some years without making much headway, as he had not been able to acquire the Bechuana or Sechuana language, and could not therefore communicate directly with the people. Many of the Hottentots who had been brought from Bethelsdorf as servants and

interpreters, turned out very badly, and brought disgrace upon the Christian profession, and this also was a serious hindrance to the success of the mission. Unqualified interpreters had always proved a difficulty in missionary work, and though some of their blunders were amusing—as, for instance, when a traveller asked the name of the place through which he was passing, and was told "Ua reay," which really means "What do you say?"—other errors were more serious, as when a preacher told his congregation that "The salvation of the soul is a great and important subject," the interpreter translated it, "The salvation of the soul is a great and important sack."



MOFFAT'S MISSION STATION IN NAMAQUALAND (BEERSHEBA).

Moffat quickly perceived that to make progress he must acquire the Sechuana language, and as soon as he had settled his family at Lattakoo, he went away by himself to a village where no Dutch or English was spoken, and thus obtained his object quickly and effectually. He was now able to address the people in their own tongue, and he made use of every practicable opportunity of explaining why he had come to them; but it took a long, long time to make any impression. If, in return for some service, a native received a present, he would perhaps attend worship once or twice by way of showing his gratitude, and if Moffat had been able and willing to bribe the people, no doubt he would soon have got a congregation. Nothing, however, was farther from his thoughts, and he could only wait patiently for better days.

The Bechuanas, indeed, did not want the Gospel, and were unwilling to abandon

the customs and superstitions which they had inherited from their ancestors. They were without any notion of a Supreme Being, and had no idols, temples, altars, or other signs of worship, so that no appeal could be made to them respecting God or immortality, or to any other religious ideas which most men possess in some rudimentary form or other. They had little or no sense of honour, and were crafty and cunning, though not ill-natured. In their wars, which were generally undertaken for the purpose of carrying off cattle, they were often guilty of cruel and ferocious practices, especially towards the Bushmen, who were in most respects their inferiors, but it is said that they were more humane than the kindred tribes of the Zulus and Kaffirs.

Amongst the Bechuanas, as so often happens in uncivilised peoples, and especially where polygamy prevails, much of the hardest work was done by the women. The men, of course, went to the wars and on hunting expeditions; but at home, in times of peace, they watched the cattle, milked the cows, dressed the skins of animals and made them into mantles; whilst the women worked in the fields, brought home wood for the fires, built the houses, and did all the heavy work. They were merely drudges, and as an indolent husband took additional wives, he had more toilers to labour for him, and was the less likely to sympathise with teachers who told him that it was contrary to the spirit of true religion that a man should have more than one wife.

In Moffat's early struggles at Lattakoo, patience was not the only virtue he was required to exercise. When he had been living there little more than a year, a period of drought set in, and the country suffered terribly for want of water. As usual, the rain-makers, or rain-doctors, were sent for. The rain-doctors were looked up to with great respect, and their strange and sometimes disgusting practices were believed to be efficacious in bringing down the rain. One of their devices was to burn charcoal made from the bodies of bats, the livers of jackals, and parts of lions, baboons, and snakes; and another to pound a poisonous bulb, boiling part of it in water and giving the decoction to a sheep, who soon died in convulsions, the other part being burnt, and producing an unpleasant smoke. These devices were tried at Lattakoo without result, and the rain-doctors then declared that the prayers of the missionaries, and the ringing of their chapel bell, kept away the clouds; therefore it was decided that the missionaries must quit the place, and one of the chiefs, accompanied by twelve armed warriors, came to them with peremptory orders to leave. Moffat was unmoved by their threatening behaviour, and firmly refused to go. "We are not willing to leave you," he said. "You may shed my blood, and burn the houses, but I know you will not touch my wife and children, and you will surely spare my venerable friend," pointing, as he spoke, to Mr. Hamilton. "As for myself," he continued, "I have decided not to leave the country; but, if you will, put me to death, and when you have killed me my companions will know they must depart." This bold language had its natural effect; the chief retired in awe, and the missionaries were allowed to remain in peace.

Having escaped this peril from the heathen, Moffat was soon afterwards exposed to perils from wild beasts. On one of his journeys to a neighbouring village, as he

was wandering in search of food, he shot at an antelope, and on going to secure it came upon a panther crouched in a tree, and preparing to spring upon him. His double-barrelled gun had been loaded with ball and small shot, but the ball had been fired at the antelope, and as the small shot would only have infuriated the panther, he slowly retired backwards, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the beast. Suddenly he trod on a cobra lying in the grass, and felt it twisting itself round his legs, which were only protected by thin trousers. A moment's delay would have been fatal, for the venomous serpent was preparing to strike, when a well-directed charge of small shot killed it, and Moffat dragged it after him to his companion, who said that had it bitten him death must have been instantaneous.

On another journey he came upon a party of Bushmen whose movements excited his curiosity. He found that one of the women had died, and they were digging a grave. When this was done he discovered, to his horror, that they intended not only to bury the dead woman, but her two living children, and no persuasion on his part would induce them to desist from this dreadful purpose, unless he would take charge of the orphans. Concluding that only in this way would they be spared, he agreed to become their guardian, and brought them to Lattakoo, where for many years they formed part of his household, one of them afterwards becoming a nurse-girl to his elder children.

The first years of Moffat's labours in Bechuanaland were full of discouragement, and the prospects of the mission appeared to become worse and worse. The people robbed the houses and gardens of the missionaries with impunity, for the chief was too weak or too timid to interfere. Sheep were stolen from the fold at night, and cattle were driven off, sometimes only for mischief, and left to become the prey of wild beasts. By an expenditure of great labour the missionaries had dug a small canal some miles in length to supply their garden with water, but the work was hardly completed before the people diverted the whole of the stream into their own gardens, and deprived the missionaries of the fruit of their toil. For some months Hamilton and Moffat were obliged to watch in turn all night to save the vegetables in their gardens, and when they were absent from their houses at worship, the people would carry off their saws, knives, and other tools. Almost every day something was lost, and Moffat has left it upon record that the only gains were "those of resignation and peace, the results of prayer, patience, and faith in the unchangeable purposes of God."

Another and a heavier trial was the conduct of the Hottentots, who had come from the institutions at Bethelsdorp and other places in the colony to help the missionaries in building, gardening, and similar work. These men were nominally Christians, but they were too weak to resist the temptations to which they were exposed amongst a heathen and corrupt people; and their behaviour was a source of shame to the missionaries, and a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel, of which they showed themselves such unworthy representatives.

The dirty habits of the Bechuanas were a minor annoyance. Their custom of smearing their bodies with grease and red ochre made intercourse with them very unpleasant, and their slight clothing was often exceedingly filthy. Cleanliness was

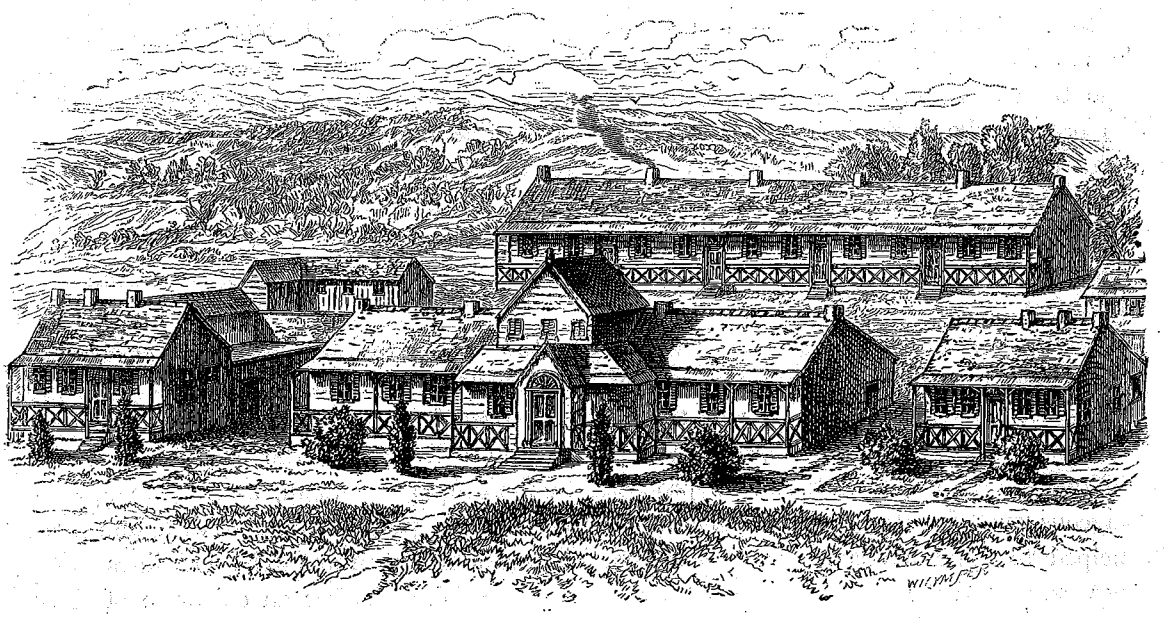
unknown, and they were only amused at the missionaries putting their arms, legs, and feet into bags, and fastening their clothes with buttons, instead of suspending ornaments from the neck or hair of the head.

These troubles continued for six years, but at the expiration of that long and trying time, Moffat was able to render a signal service to the people amongst whom his lot was cast. In the year 1828 he undertook a long journey, with the two-fold

BECHUANA RAIN-DOCTORS.

object of visiting another Bechuana tribe, living two hundred miles from Lattakoo, and of ascertaining the truth of a rumoured invasion of the Mantatees, who had been expelled from their own country in the district now known as the Transvaal by the Matabele, a warlike and powerful Kaffir tribe, with whom Moffat was in future years to have much intercourse. It was feared that the Mantatees would attack Lattakoo, and drive the inhabitants westward to the foodless and waterless wastes of the Kalahari desert; and if the design were successful, it seemed probable the missionaries would be destroyed, and that Griqualand and even Cape Colony would not be safe. Moffat soon

learnt that the rumours were only too true, and he hastened back to Lattakoo in terrible uncertainty whether the enemy might not be there before him. Happily he was in time to give warning of their coming; but, from all he had heard, he judged that the Bechuanas unaided would be no match for the invaders, and he proposed to go himself to Griqua Town, in order to consult Mr. Melville, the English Resident, and to obtain, if possible, the help of Waterboer, the Griqua chief. His proposals were gladly accepted, and in a few days he returned, accompanied by the Resident, with a force of a hundred men under the command of the chief. They did not arrive a moment too soon, for the invaders were within forty miles of the place, and it was decided to go out immediately and meet them.



MOFFAT INSTITUTION, KURUMAN.

Moffat accompanied the little army, not to fight, but, if possible, to negotiate with the invaders, and to restrain the ferocity of the Griquas and the Bechuanas. On the second day after leaving Lattakoo, they came in sight of the Mantatees, who were not a little alarmed at the mounted Griquas, and captured a woman, who was kindly treated and sent back to her own people with an offer of peace. No notice was taken of this offer, and a second attempt at negotiation on the following morning was also unsuccessful. The Mantatees soon began to advance, and at Moffat's request the Griquas and Bechuanas retired slowly and deliberately, to give, if it were possible, an opportunity of coming to terms. So much Fabian strategy did not please the less patient Waterboer, who shot one of the foe, and commanded his men to keep up a steady fire, which wrought deadly havoc, yet did not stop the attack. For three hours the battle continued, in the course of which the Bechuanas made an unsuccessful charge, and at last the Mantatees, no longer able to withstand the fire of the

Griquas, took to flight, burning their camp as they passed through it. The Bechuanas then began to fall upon and kill the women and children, in spite of the endeavours of Moffat and the Commissioner to stop the murderous work. Both the Englishmen rode over the field of battle, exposing themselves to the danger of being speared by the wounded Mantatees, and the missionary narrowly escaped death. He was galloping as fast as his horse could go along a narrow way between some rocks and a body of the wounded enemy, when suddenly one of them jumped up, spear in hand, and would no doubt have killed him, had not one of the Griquas seen the danger, and, by a well-aimed shot, brought down the Mantatee. The bullet whizzed close to Moffat's ear, but it saved him from a terrible death.

We may think it not a little strange that a messenger of the Gospel of peace should have been thus occupied in actual warfare, but we must remember that he was not a combatant, and that the Mantatees were the invaders, threatening to destroy the Bechuanas, who had done them no wrong. Though Moffat was unable entirely to prevent the killing of women and children, he did succeed in saving many of them, who were thrown upon his hands to be provided for and taken care of. His energy had saved the Bechuanas from almost certain destruction; and although it was feared the Mantatees might renew hostilities, they never again attacked the country, but made their way to Basutoland and the Transvaal, where their descendants are to be found to this day.

This crisis had a remarkable effect upon the fortunes of the mission. So long as there was any reason to fear a return of the invaders, Mrs. Moffat and the children were sent to Griqua Town, out of the way of danger, but Moffat remained at his post, and was gratefully recognised as the friend and deliverer of the Bechuanas. His influence increased, and when he proposed to remove to Kuruman, as a more advantageous spot for the work of the mission, many of the people migrated with him, and helped to build a chapel, and houses for himself and Hamilton. The buildings were not completed for some time, but they were substantial, and after an existence of sixty years, are still in good condition, serving the purposes for which they were originally erected.

When the chapel was finished, the hearts of the missionaries were greatly encouraged by the interest the people took in the services, and by other signs of a spiritual awakening. The seed so patiently sown, and so long apparently unfruitful, now began to spring up and bear fruit; old heathen practices were being abandoned, and many wished to be baptised. Of those who presented themselves for baptism, six only were accepted, after a careful examination, as Church members, and were admitted to the ordinances of the Christian Church. Three years before, Mary Moffat had written to some of her friends in England asking them to send out a set of vessels for the celebration of the Lord's Supper; and, by a singular coincidence, the box containing them arrived just in time for the first native communion. It was a joyful and happy service, the first of a long series at which Moffat presided and welcomed to the Church a succession of converts from heathen darkness and degradation.

For some years Moffat had been working at a translation of parts of the New

Testament into the Sechuana language, beginning with the Gospel of St. Luke. The task was not an easy one, and could only be carried on at such times as could be spared from his other multifarious duties. Having little or no knowledge of the original Greek, he made use of the English and Dutch versions to ascertain the precise form of the text, and when this had been satisfactorily established, he turned it into Sechuana. But it was an exceedingly difficult matter to find satisfactory equivalents in that language for many words and phrases. He was thoroughly conversant with what was almost his adopted tongue, but the people had no ideas beyond the requirements of their ordinary uncivilised life, and it was only by hard labour, supported by his indomitable Scotch energy, that the many obstacles were overcome.

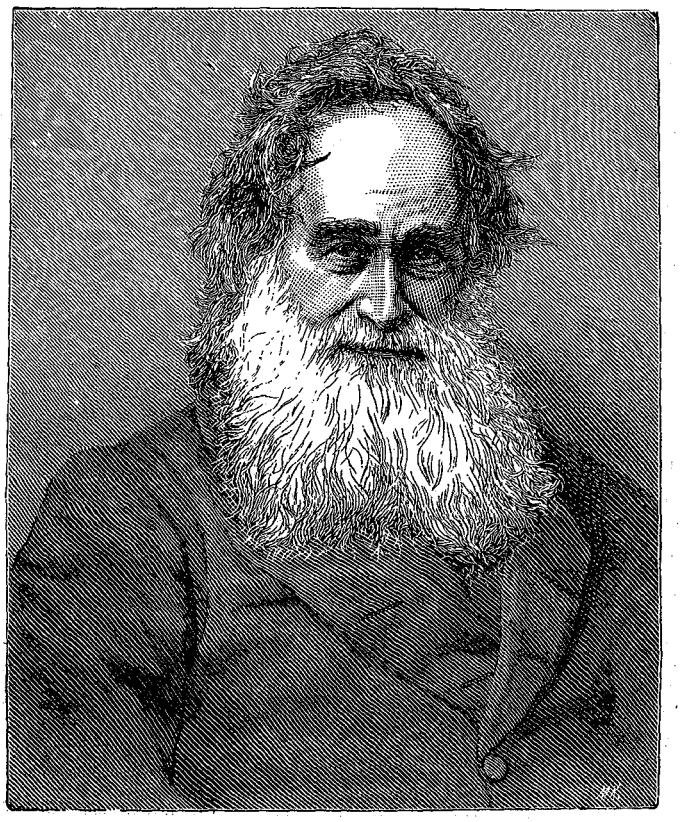
As soon as the Gospel of St. Luke and some other parts of the New Testament were finished, he took his precious manuscript to Cape Town to get it printed, but he could find no printer to undertake the work. In this emergency he applied to the Colonial Secretary for leave to have the printing done at the Government press, and though the authorities were willing to help as far as they could, they were not able to do all that was wanted. They told Moffat he was welcome to use the type and the press, but they could not lend him printers, and he therefore determined to try to set up the type and print the sheets with the assistance of a colleague. They induced one of the printers to give them some instruction, and, applying themselves diligently to their new occupation, succeeded in printing off the sheets, and then learnt to bind them into little books, which Moffat took back with him to Kuruman. A year or two later a printing-press was sent out from England, and when it had been set up, the natives were greatly astonished to see how their teacher picked up and arranged the type, and produced sheets covered with print.

After returning from the Cape, Moffat continued his translation, and in time completed the New Testament, but as he did not possess sufficient material to print it at Kuruman, he started with Mrs. Moffat for Cape Town, in the hope this time of finding a printer. Once more, however, he was disappointed, and after much consultation with friends, he determined to take his manuscript to England, and endeavour to obtain the help of the Bible Society in the publication of the New Testament in the Sechuana language.

There are many persons now living who can recall the extraordinary impression created by Moffat's visit to England in 1840, an impression increased by the arrival of the news of the martyrdom of John Williams, who had been ordained with him twenty-four years before. When he attended the annual meeting of the London Missionary Society, the crowd was so great that it overflowed Exeter Hall; and after he had spoken there, he was obliged to repeat his address in a smaller room, where an audience had been patiently waiting for some hours. People in London, in the provinces, and in his native Scotland, were most anxious to hear him, and though meetings were a sad hindrance to the supervision of the printing of the New Testament, he attended as many as he could. The Bible Society agreed to help, but wished him to add the Psalms to the New Testament, and he readily acquiesced in the proposal, though he

would not consent to suspend the printing of the New Testament until the Psalms were ready; and was able to send out five hundred complete Testaments by David Livingstone, who went out as a missionary at the end of the year 1840.

When the Psalms were finished, a further demand was made for translations of parts of the Old Testament, to enable some members of the Society of Friends to send out an edition of six thousand copies of selected portions of the Bible to the Bechuanas. Again he cheerfully complied with this further demand upon his time; and while in



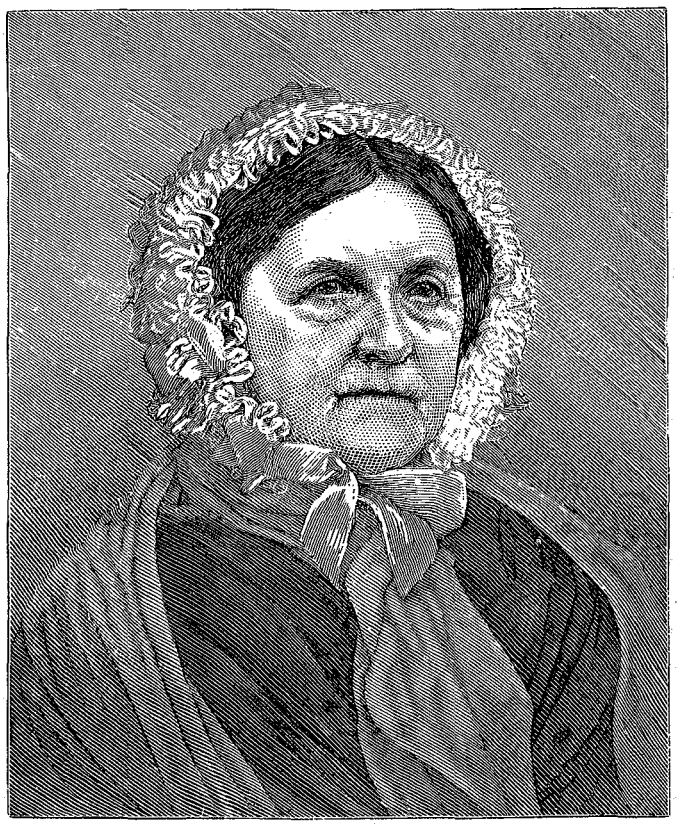
ROBERT MOFFAT.

England he also wrote his well-known "Labours and Scenes in South Africa," which quickly became popular, and still holds its place in our voluminous missionary literature.

His aged father and mother lived to welcome their now famous and honoured son, and Mrs. Moffat's father was also spared to receive her at her old home. But these near and dear relatives had once more to give them up, for the missionary and his wife were both anxious to return to their self-denying labours; and in January, 1843, they left England to resume and continue their work for the long period of twenty-seven years. Owing to a variety of causes, they did not reach Kuruman until the following December, when they were received with many manifestations of joy at their return. Livingstone rode out a hundred and fifty miles to meet them, and to tell of

the preparations for their welcome. Many came shorter distances, and when they all entered Kuruman, such a procession had never been seen there before.

During Moffat's prolonged absence, reinforcements had arrived at Kuruman, and he was now enabled to arrange for an extension of missionary work to tribes hitherto unvisited. From the time of his return, down to the day of his quitting the station for ever, he was, in fact, the Bishop of the South African missionaries. In matters of Church government, he was as sturdy an Independent as ever drew breath, and in his



MRS. MOFFAT.

earlier days he had somewhat chafed at the nominal superintendence of Dr. Philip of Cape Town. His great experience, his natural abilities, his energy, and his willingness to help his brethren, naturally placed him in a position where all were anxious to avail themselves of his suggestions and advice.

His family were now growing up, and his daughter Mary, who at one time had taken charge of the infant school at Kuruman, had married David Livingstone, and was living with him at Chowane, among the Bakwains. The Livingstones were chiefly dependent upon Kuruman for their supplies, and Mary often travelled the two hundred miles between the two places without the escort of her husband and father, relying solely upon the protection of the native drivers. Her sister was equally courageous,

and once, as she was returning from a visit to Chowane, met with an adventure which, but for her coolness, might have had serious results.

The party, consisting of Miss Moffat, a native maid-servant, and three boys as drivers, on coming to a halt one night, discovered that some of their property had been dropped by the way, and two of the boys were sent back to recover it. The oxen had been unyoked, and Miss Moffat was sitting by the camp fire, when she saw the oxen galloping past her, pursued by a lion, which soon brought one of them to the ground, and began to devour it. She at once got into the waggon, and was followed by the girl and boy, and there they had to stay all night without means of defence, —for the only gun had been taken by the two boys—listening to the lion crunching the bones of the ox. As morning dawned, the beast gave a contented roar, as if he had enjoyed his large meal, and made off; but as soon as it was light, and Miss Moffat ventured to peep out, she saw that another lion had come, and she was compelled to remain in the waggon until he too had departed. At last she was able to get out of her prison, but the oxen were nowhere to be seen, and the two boys had not returned. The only thing to be done was to go back to their last halting-place for help; as they went they met the two boys, who had spent the night in a tree for fear of the wild beasts. After walking many miles they obtained assistance, recovered the oxen, and were able to resume their interrupted journey.

Moffat still devoted all his spare time to the translation of the Bible, but this work so seriously affected his health, that many of his friends urged him to pay another visit to England in order to recruit his strength. But though he did not wish to take so long a holiday, he felt that change of occupation and of scene would be the most effectual remedy; he therefore decided upon visiting Sechéle, the chief of the Bakwains, and Mosilikatse, the chief of the Matabele, whose territories lay between Kuruman and the Zambesi. Sechéle had embraced Christianity during Livingstone's residence amongst his people, many of whom had followed their chief's example, and Moffat was very anxious to ascertain whether they were still faithful to the truth, for their teacher had now left them, and was pursuing his journey across Africa. Sechéle was glad to receive his visitor, but matters were not altogether satisfactory, for though the chief still clung to Christianity, and was in the habit of conducting religious worship for his people, there was so much temporising with old and heathen customs that Moffat felt constrained to forbid him from preaching, promising, however, to send a native teacher as soon as he returned to Kuruman. He then proceeded across a hundred and twenty miles of desert to Shoshong, the residence of Sekhowmi, chief of the Bamangwato tribe, hoping to find guides to conduct him to Matabeleland, but Sekhowmi refused to render any help, and forbade his people to accompany Moffat. Nothing daunted, he determined to go on with his own men, and with much difficulty reached Mosilikatse's country, where he remained three months. The old chief was suffering from dropsy, and Moffat prescribed for him with considerable success; he was also able to arrange for sending on supplies to Livingstone, who was known to be in the valley of the Zambesi, and some months later, when returning from St. Paul de Loando, on the west coast, the traveller found them awaiting him. To send this relief had been one of the objects of

Moffat's long journey, and now that he had accomplished it, as far as it lay in his power, he once more set his face homewards. But he did not leave the Matabele without again earnestly speaking to them as to their eternal welfare; and supposing it to be improbable that he would ever see Mosilikatse again, it was with great sadness of heart that he took his farewell.

He reached Kuruman in safety, but his wife was away at the Cape, and without her the place was desolate; and news of the death of his mother, at the ripe age of eighty-four, which came to him in his solitude, did not tend to raise his spirits. The long journey had, however, restored him to health, in spite of its dangers and privations, and he was able to resume and finish the translation of the Old Testament, which had been seventeen years in hand. The entire Bible was now published in the Sechuana tongue, and Moffat's identical text is still the means of conveying to the tribes of South Africa the living Word of God.

In the course of a year or two the arrival of further missionaries from England enabled him to make an attempt to establish a missionary station amongst the Matabele, and once more to visit Mosilikatse. In his journey he found that Sechéle had already obtained the services of Mr. Schroeder, who had come out to Africa under the auspices of Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg, and generously offered to withdraw if Moffat would supply his place. The case presented some difficulties, and many men would have resented what looked like an intrusion, especially as the German, strangely enough, had been sent to Sechéle through the intervention of the Dutch Boers of the Transvaal, usually so hostile to missions. Moffat, however, quickly saw that it would be unwise to interfere, and as Schroeder was a man after his own heart, persuaded him to remain, and the mission was transferred to the Germans.

Mosilikatse was glad enough to receive his old friend, whom he had never expected to see again, but he was not very willing to allow the missionaries who accompanied him to settle amongst the people. Former attempts to found a mission had failed, and the chief did not like the idea of white men taking up their abode in his country, unless Moffat would stay himself. This was out of the question, and much patience and persuasion had to be used before the chief would give way, but in the end his objections were overcome, and the new field was occupied by the missionaries. Mosilikatse proved a steady friend, and his son followed in his steps, yet the mission has never been a great success. It is still maintained, and has doubtless borne some fruit, though the harvest has not been very apparent.

The closing years of Moffat's labours in South Africa were marked by much family trouble. Mary Livingstone died at Shupanga on the Zambesi in 1862, and her brother Robert died at Natal in the same year. Four years later a son-in-law, Jean Fredoux, of the Paris Evangelical Society, was killed at Morokweng, on the borders of Kalahari desert, and his widow and children were a material addition to the many anxieties of the now aged missionary and his wife, upon whom the labour of more than fifty years in South Africa was beginning to tell. The directors of the London Missionary Society urged him to give up, but he did not like the thought of deserting his beloved Kuruman. In 1871, however, the decisive step was taken; the last

sermon was preached in the chapel his own hands had helped to build, and on Friday, the 25th of March, Robert and Mary Moffat quitted Kuruman for ever.

Two of their children were left in South Africa to carry on the work. Bessie Moffat, who had married, in 1861, Roger Price, for a short time missionary at Shoshong, afterwards amongst the Bakwena of Sechéle, and now in charge of the Theological Institution at Kuruman; and John Moffat, who was settled by his father at Myate, where he was sustained as a missionary out of Livingstone's private resources, and continued to enjoy the hereditary friendship of Mosilikatse. It is to Mr. John Moffat's

MISSION STATION, KURUMAN.

pen that we owe the "Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat," the story of the abundant labours of his honoured parents.

Mrs. Moffat did not long survive her return to England, but her husband was spared for nearly thirteen years to advocate on the platform and in the pulpit the claims of South Africa. Many honours were conferred upon him. The University of Edinburgh made him a Doctor of Divinity; the Lord Mayor of London gave him a banquet at the Mansion House, which was attended by men eminent in Church and State. Money was raised to found at Kuruman a missionary institution which bears his name, and on two occasions he had an interview with the Queen. The end of his long and useful life came in August, 1883, and when devout men had carried him to his burial, the leading English newspaper declared that "His name will be remembered while the South African Church endures, and his example will remain with us as a stimulus to others, and as an abiding proof of what a Christian missionary can be and can do."

CHAPTER XIX.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE AND THE BECHUANAS.

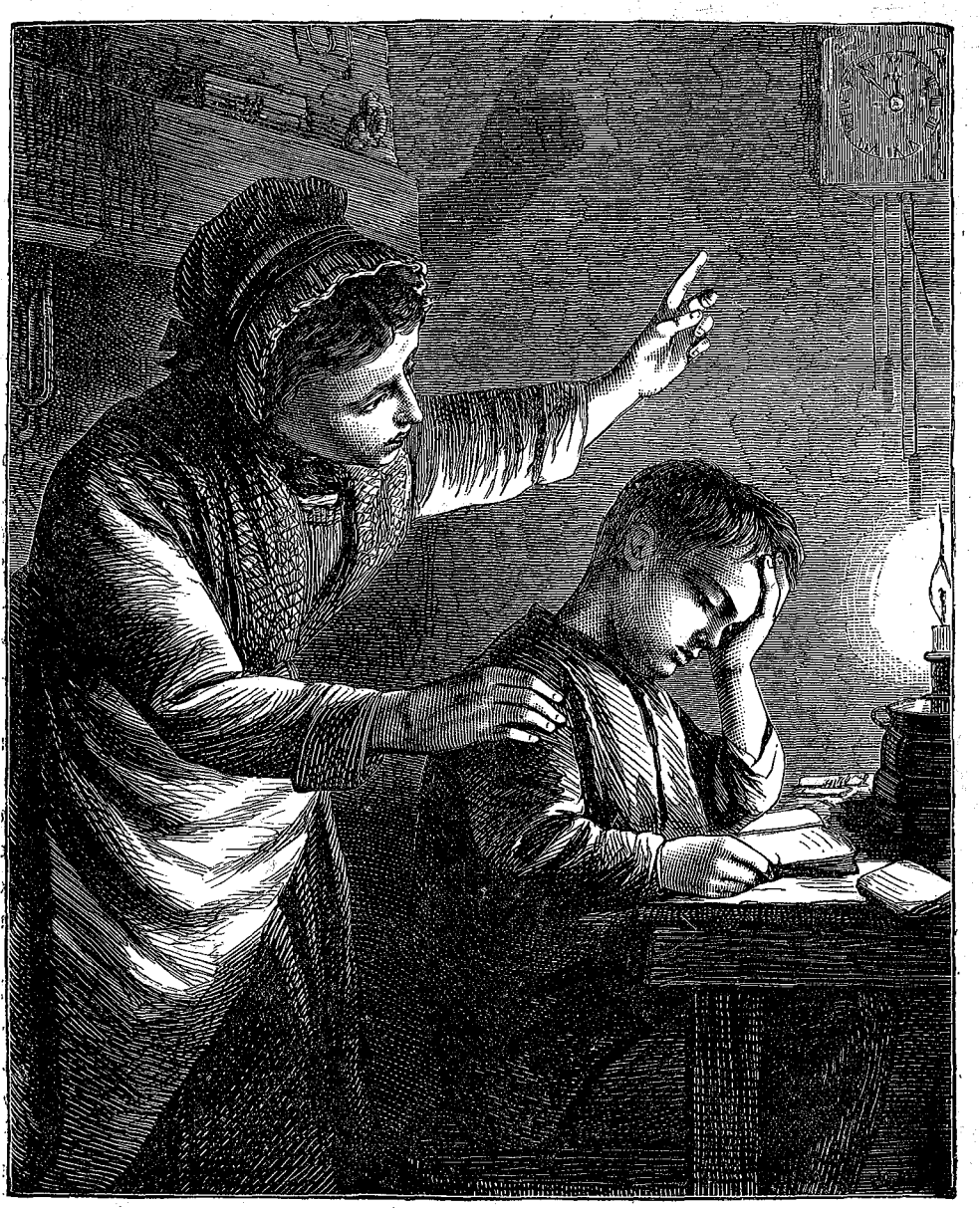
A Death-bed Precept—The Blantyre Cotton Works—Frugality and Study—Sails for South Africa—Among the Bakwains—Methods with the Natives—At Lepelole and Mabotsa—Adventure with a Lion—Married to Mary Moffat—At Chonuane—Sechéle, Chief of the Bakwains—Rain-doctors and Drought—Settles at Kolobeng—Conflicts with the Boers—The Bushmen—Discovers Lake N'gami—Sebituane, Chief of the Makololo—Bent on Discovery.

IN Ulva, an island on the west coast of Mull, in Argyleshire, an old farmer lay on his death-bed with his children gathered around him. "I have searched carefully through all the traditions of our family," said the dying man, "and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it was in our blood. I leave this precept with you—Be honest."

Honesty does not consist in keeping one's hand out of another man's pocket. It is *honour*. It involves faithfulness to all just claims as between man and man; it implies faithfulness to convictions of right, and duty towards God. It was in this sense that David Livingstone, the grandson of the Ulva farmer, came to regard that death-bed utterance.

When he was a boy of ten, he wended his way from his humble cottage home to the Blantyre Cotton Works on the Clyde, a little above Glasgow, to be entered as a "piecer." It was a humble occupation, with hard work and poor pay; his hours of labour being from six in the morning until eight at night. But Davie, as he was called, plodded on, and at the end of his first week's work, had saved enough to enable him to purchase Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin." Every night, as the clock struck eight, he scampered off to a night-school, where he studied till ten, and then after supper, in his cottage home, he would amuse himself by reading scientific works, or books of travel, often until long after midnight. In the factory it was his habit to place a book on a part of the spinning-jenny while he worked, and, as he passed to and fro, he would catch sentence after sentence, and carrying them in his memory, was thus enabled to continue the studies he loved so ardently. When, at the age of nineteen, he attained to the dignity of a cotton-spinner, his wages were sufficiently high to enable him, by careful living, to take steps towards carrying out a wish that had been in his mind from an early age, which was that he might prepare himself for some day going as a medical missionary to China. He had no one in the world to aid him in his determination to attend medical, divinity, and other classes in the Glasgow University, but, strong in his own resolution, he saved enough, by working hard in the summer, to support himself in Glasgow, and attend the classes during the winter months.

The outbreak of the Opium War compelled him to abandon his cherished scheme of proceeding to China, but about that time the religious world was deeply interested in Dr. Moffat's work in South Africa, and Livingstone offered his services for that



DAVID LIVINGSTONE STUDYING AFTER HIS RETURN FROM THE MILL.

country. In course of time he presented himself to the London Missionary Society, "which sends neither episcopacy, nor presbyterianism, nor independency, but simply the Gospel of Christ to the heathen;" his services were accepted, and he was sent on probation to the Society's training college at Chipping Ongar, in Essex, where he worked with a hearty goodwill, and distinguished himself not only in the acquisition of languages, but in the hard manual labour which formed part of a missionary's education in that college.

In 1840 he sailed for South Africa, and, after a short stay at Capetown, proceeded, in accordance with his instructions, to Kuruman, a mission station in the country of the Bechuanas, about seven hundred miles distant, under the care of Dr. Moffat, with whom he had been brought into contact in England.

Here he found that the good work which had been done, greatly exceeded his expectation. "Everything I witnessed," he wrote to his parents, "surpassed my hopes, and if this one station is a fair sample of the whole, the statements of the missionaries with regard to their work are far within the mark."

He only stayed at Kuruman for a few months, to familiarise himself with the language, manners, and customs of the Bechuana people, and then proceeded, in company with another missionary, on a journey about seven hundred miles to the North, with a view to the establishment of a station among the Bakwains, a tribe, or section, of the great Bechuana nation. They are a harmless, inoffensive people, differing essentially from the Zulu Kaffirs and some other of the South Africans. At one time they may have been animal-worshippers, like the ancient Egyptians, for they are divided into tribes such as the Bakatla, which means "they of the monkey;" the Bakuena, "they of the alligator;" the Battapi, "they of the fish." Each tribe has a special dread of the animal after which it is named, and they abstain from eating it.

Livingstone apparently accomplished very little by this journey. He selected a spot for a mission, and promised the natives that he would return. That was all. But that journey of 700 miles, when he looked at it upon the map, was, he saw, but a speck on the vast heathen continent, and it caused him to ponder the overwhelming question how the whole continent was to be evangelised. There seemed to him to be only one way, and that was to follow the precedent given in the South Sea Island Missions, and organise a native agency. But, before that could be done effectually, much more must be known of the country, and this idea of opening up the hitherto unknown regions dawned upon him at this early stage of his career. In a letter to a friend he said, "Whatever way my life may be spent so as best to promote the glory of our gracious God, I feel anxious to do it. . . . *My life may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way.*"

For some time he laboured on at Kuruman, and then, in fulfilment of his promise, made a second journey to the natives in the interior. Many strange experiences marked this journey. Livingstone found that he possessed the power of exercising a remarkable influence over both chiefs and people with whom he came in contact. He disabused the mind of one chief of a faith in the rain-maker, by proving that he too "could make rain;" not, however, by enchantment, as they did, but by leading out their river for irrigation; and forthwith he set to work to construct a canal, assisted by the natives, "the first instance in which Bechuanas have been got to work without wages." Conciliatory but firm, he determined to deal with the natives on a plan not hitherto adopted by the majority of missionaries. "I make my presence with any of them a favour," he wrote; "and when they show any impudence, I threaten to leave them, and if they don't amend, I put my threat into execution. By a bold free course among them, I have had not the least difficulty in managing the most fierce."

It grieved him to find how horrible was the ignorance of even the most civilised tribes. The Bagmanwantos, for instance, had not the vaguest idea of a God, often applying the name to their chief or to any one possessing superiority. Livingstone was shocked when he was addressed as the Deity, although it furnished him with a text from which to tell them of "the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent." One of the friendly chiefs of this tribe asked Livingstone to give him some medicine to change his heart. Among the Bakaas he preached for the first time in the Bechuana tongue without notes, and referring to this he wrote, "I had more than ordinary pleasure in telling these murderers of the precious blood which cleanseth from all sins. I bless God that He has conferred on one so worthless, the distinguished privilege and honour of being the first messenger of mercy that ever trod these regions."

During his second journey into the Bechuana country, he settled six months at a place called Lepelole, after a cavern of that name, and with his characteristic pluck and determination, isolated himself from every European, so that he might obtain an accurate and independent knowledge of the language and people. Before he returned he made a long journey, principally on foot, to the north, and penetrated within ten days' march of Lake N'gami—the lake which he discovered in 1849.

In 1843 Livingstone received a letter from the directors of the London Missionary Society, authorising him to form a settlement in the regions beyond. In reply to the Secretary, he wrote of the inexpressible delight with which he "hailed the decision of the directors, that we *go forward to the dark interior.* May the Lord enable me to consecrate my whole being to the glorious work!"

We have said that Livingstone put out at interest the legacy of his dying grandfather—"Be honest." He would not trifle with his convictions of duty, and he did what none but an honest and fearless man could do; he wrote firmly but frankly to the directors, and told them his views. It was, as Dr. Blaikie says, "like impugning their whole policy, and arraigning their wisdom."* He pointed out the need of native agency as the *only* means of effectually carrying the Gospel throughout Africa, and he exposed the folly of huddling a number of missionaries together in the immediate vicinity of Cape Colony, instead of distributing them throughout the land.

The site of the new missionary station that Livingstone had selected was at Mabotsa (or a "marriage feast"), among the Bakhatla tribe, a people of whom he wrote: "Nothing can exceed the grovelling earthliness of their minds; they seem to have fallen as low in the scale of existence as human nature can." It was a lovely spot, however, in a valley surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and eligible as a centre for operations into the interior. But there was a great drawback to the place—it was infested with lions, and it was here, in the early part of his career that Livingstone met with one of the most extraordinary adventures ever recorded.

* "Personal Life of Livingstone," by W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D.

LIVINGSTONE AND THE LION.

The Bakhatlas, in their superstitious ignorance, attributed the arrival of lions among them to the spell of witchcraft exercised by another tribe; and therefore, when they made an attack upon the animals, they did it in a fearful and half-hearted way, with the result that the fierce brutes increased in boldness, leaping into the cattle-pens at night, and sometimes venturing to attack the herds by day. Had the people succeeded in killing one of the lions, the others would, in accordance with their well-known habit, have quitted the neighbourhood; and it was to inspire them with courage to accomplish this, that Livingstone went out with the people on one of their hunting expeditions.

It was not long before they traced the lions to a small wooded hill, which the hunters proceeded to encircle, at first loosely, but gradually closing in, thus becoming a more compact body as they advanced, and beating the underwood, with the object of driving the prey to a position where the shooters could see and fire at them. Livingstone was accompanied by Mebalwe, a native schoolmaster, who, seeing one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring, fired and missed! The lion, infuriated, bounded away, and broke the circle before the timid natives had made an attempt to spear him. There were, however, still two other lions within the circle, which was speedily re-formed, but in such a clumsy fashion, that no one could fire without hitting some of the men on the opposite side. They were not left long in doubt what to do next, for the lions settled the question by dashing through the circle with a bound and a roar, scattering the natives in all directions.

Whither the angry brutes had gone, no one knew, but as the hunters were returning towards the village they saw one of them standing in a savage attitude on a piece of rock at the foot of a hill they were about to pass. The lion was not more than thirty yards from Livingstone, who, raising his gun, fired both barrels into a little bush, behind which the animal had crept.

There was a joyful cry from the natives, "He is shot! He is shot!" But the cry was premature. Just as the people were about to rush in, Livingstone perceived that the tail of the lion was raised in anger, and warned them to desist. He was in the act of reloading his gun, when a shout of terror was raised. "Starting, and looking half round," says Livingstone, "I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height. He caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came down to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of a cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of chloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision made by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of

my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose hip I had cured before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe; he left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received began to take effect, and he fell down dead. . . . Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds in my arm."

Livingstone had on a tartan jacket, which wiped, as he believed, the virus from the lion's teeth, and so preserved him from much after-suffering, which others, who had not this protection, experienced. But his broken and splintered bones were very imperfectly attended to, as he had to act as his own surgeon, and it was a long time before his wounds healed. "For thirty years afterwards," remarked Sir Bartle Frere in his obituary notice of Livingstone, read to the Royal Geographical Society, "all his labours and adventures, entailing such exertion and fatigue, were undertaken with a limb so maimed that it was painful for him to raise a fowling-piece, or, in fact, to place the left arm in any position above the level of the shoulder."

Livingstone always had a singularly modest way of recounting his adventures, and shrank from telling any sensational stories. But for the importunity of his friends, he tells us that he meant to keep this lion story in store "to tell to his children in his dotage." When on a visit to England, he was constantly pressed for details of his narrow escape, but he had nothing more to relate, except on one occasion, when a group of sympathetic friends questioned him as to what he was thinking of when in the lion's grasp, and he answered quietly, "I was thinking, with a feeling of disinterested curiosity, which part of me the lion would eat first"!

In 1844 Livingstone was married at Kuruman to Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter of Robert Moffat, the eminent and honoured missionary. She had been born in the country, was thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit, and gifted with those peculiar talents which could win the sympathy and affection of heathen people. From the day that Livingstone took her to his home in Mabotsa, to the day when he buried her beneath the baobab-tree on the banks of the Zambesi, she was in every respect a loving wife, and a faithful helpmeet in the difficult and extraordinary work that fell to his lot.

There was now before him the happy prospect of real missionary work; his wife was busy with her infant-school, while he was engaged in visiting the sick, preaching and teaching, varying this with encounters with the rain-makers, and in elaborating the details of a scheme on which his heart was set—the establishment of a training seminary for native agents. His scheme did not meet with favour, and for the present he determined to abandon it, but, meanwhile, to seek every opportunity of settling native teachers in eligible places. It is surely not presumption to trace in this the hand of Providence. "Had his wishes been gratified," says his biographer, "he might have spent his life training native agents, and doing undoubtedly a noble work, but he would not

have traversed Africa; he would not have given its death-blow to African slavery; he would not have closed the open sore of the world, nor rolled away the great obstacle to the evangelisation of the continent."

Circumstances, not of his own seeking, arose, which made it desirable for Livingstone to leave Mabotsa, and in 1846 he removed to Chonuane, about forty miles to the north-east, where dwelt Sechéle, the chief of a numerous tribe of the Bakwains. He was a man of great intelligence for his class, and could boast that his grandfather was the first to tell his people of the existence of a race of white men. He was an attentive hearer when Livingstone preached his first sermon in Chonuane. At its close he asked if he might be permitted to put a few questions to the speaker, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, inquired if Livingstone's ancestors knew of God and of a future judgment. On being told that they did, and on some of the main points of the sermon being reiterated, especially the prediction of a final judgment, Sechéle exclaimed, "You startle me; these words make all my bones to shake; I have no more strength in me. But my forefathers were living at the same time that yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whither they were going!"

Sechéle applied himself diligently to learning; acquired a knowledge of the alphabet on the first day of the missionary's residence at Chonuane, and in course of time was able to read the Bible. Isaiah was his favourite book, and he would astonish Livingstone with his quaint remarks, such as, "He was a fine man, Isaiah; he knew how to speak!" He was extremely anxious that his subjects should become converts, and offered to assist the missionary by calling his head men together, and making them help him, by means of whips made of rhinoceros hide, to beat them into a state of belief!

Poor Sechéle had much to unlearn; he had been the chief rain-doctor of the tribe; he had been addicted to witchcraft, and had been fearfully reckless of human life; but, little by little, Christian influence told upon him; he put away his superfluous wives, set an excellent example to his people, was zealous in instituting family prayer, and in process of time was baptised on a confession of his faith, together with his children. A great multitude came to the ceremony, and were much surprised to find that only water was used in the holy rite—they had thought the converts would have been made to drink dead men's brains! The example of Sechéle was not followed by his people. Old men wept to see their father, as they called him, bewitched by the white man, who had made a slave of him; his divorced wives became enemies to the new religion, and very few beyond the family of Sechéle continued to attend the church and school.

It was soon found that Chonuane was not a good place for a mission station; the want of rain was fatal to it. It gave a handle to the rain-doctors, who said, "What is the good of your preaching and praying if it brings no rain? Other tribes, who do not pray, get rain in abundance, and it is plain that our charms have as much power as your prayers!" Moreover, Sechéle had been a rain-doctor, and at that

time water was abundant; now there was a drought, and the natives attributed it to the influence of Livingstone.

For months the people were starving for want of food and water, and Livingstone pointed out to Sechéle that the only way to alleviate the suffering, was to remove the people to some place where water was plentiful. An exodus was decided upon, and a locality was chosen on the banks of the Kolobeng, whither the whole tribe repaired.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The labour involved in all this moving about from place to place is almost incredible, and nearly the whole of it fell to the share of Livingstone. He had already built a house, church, and school at Mabotsa, and the same at Chonuane; now he had to repeat these operations at Kolobeng, and in addition, to organise important irrigation works, to prevent the recurrence of the mischief which had rendered their former station uninhabitable. Sechéle undertook to erect the school—a work in which he was assisted by two hundred of his people, who also helped in the construction of dams and other "public works." By-and-bye everything was in working order, and in his "Travels and Researches in South Africa" Livingstone has given a very graphic picture of an ordinary day's work:—

"After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we kept school—men, women, and children being all invited. This lasted till eleven o'clock. The missionary's wife then betook herself to her domestic affairs, and the missionary engaged in some manual labour, as that of a smith, carpenter, or gardener. If he did jobs for the people, they worked for him in turn, and exchanged their unskilled labour for his skilled. Dinner and an hour's rest succeeded, when the wife attended her infant-school, which the young liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied it with sewing-classes for the girls, which were equally well relished. After sunset, the husband went into the town to converse, either on general subjects or on religion. We had a public service on three nights in the week, and on another, instruction in secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. In addition to these duties, we prescribed for the sick, and furnished food for the poor. The smallest acts of friendship, even an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be neglected, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation which procures favour for the Gospel. Show kindness to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love."

Although the passage we have quoted gives a graphic account of a day's work, it does not by any means give an exhaustive one. Almost everything they required for themselves, or for their work, had to be manufactured, and Livingstone was the Jack-of-all-trades to do it. He made the bricks to build the house, in moulds formed of planks sawn from trees which fell to his own axe. All the material for roofing, doors, windows and lintels, he had to select and adapt for use; he had to design and lay out the gardens and to superintend every fresh stage in the irrigation works; while by turns he was blacksmith, carpenter, and mason. Even such matters as what to eat and to drink came under his care, for the corn received from Kuruman had to be ground at home, and baked in an extempore oven, constructed in an ant-hill, or in a covered frying-pan; the butter was made in a jar which did duty for a churn; candles were made in moulds from the fat of animals he had killed in the chase; soap was made from the ashes of a native plant, or ordinary wood ashes—in short, almost all that made the house home-like was literally the "labour of his hands." But, with all this detail work, he did not neglect the higher aims of life; he put to use his scientific tastes by taking observations, collecting and classifying specimens; he corresponded voluminously with friends in England, principally on questions affecting the welfare of Africa; he studied and prepared a grammar of the Sechuana language; above all, he spared neither time nor labour to advance the spiritual well-being of the tribe amongst whom his lot was cast. He yearned over those poor ignorant souls, and never wearied in preaching and talking to them, his favourite themes being the love of Christ and the Fatherhood of God—the simple, glad tidings of salvation. Nor was he neglectful of their bodies; on the contrary, he was willing to lay down his life, if need be, as the following incident, quoted by Dr. Blaikie on the authority of Dr. Moffat, will show:—

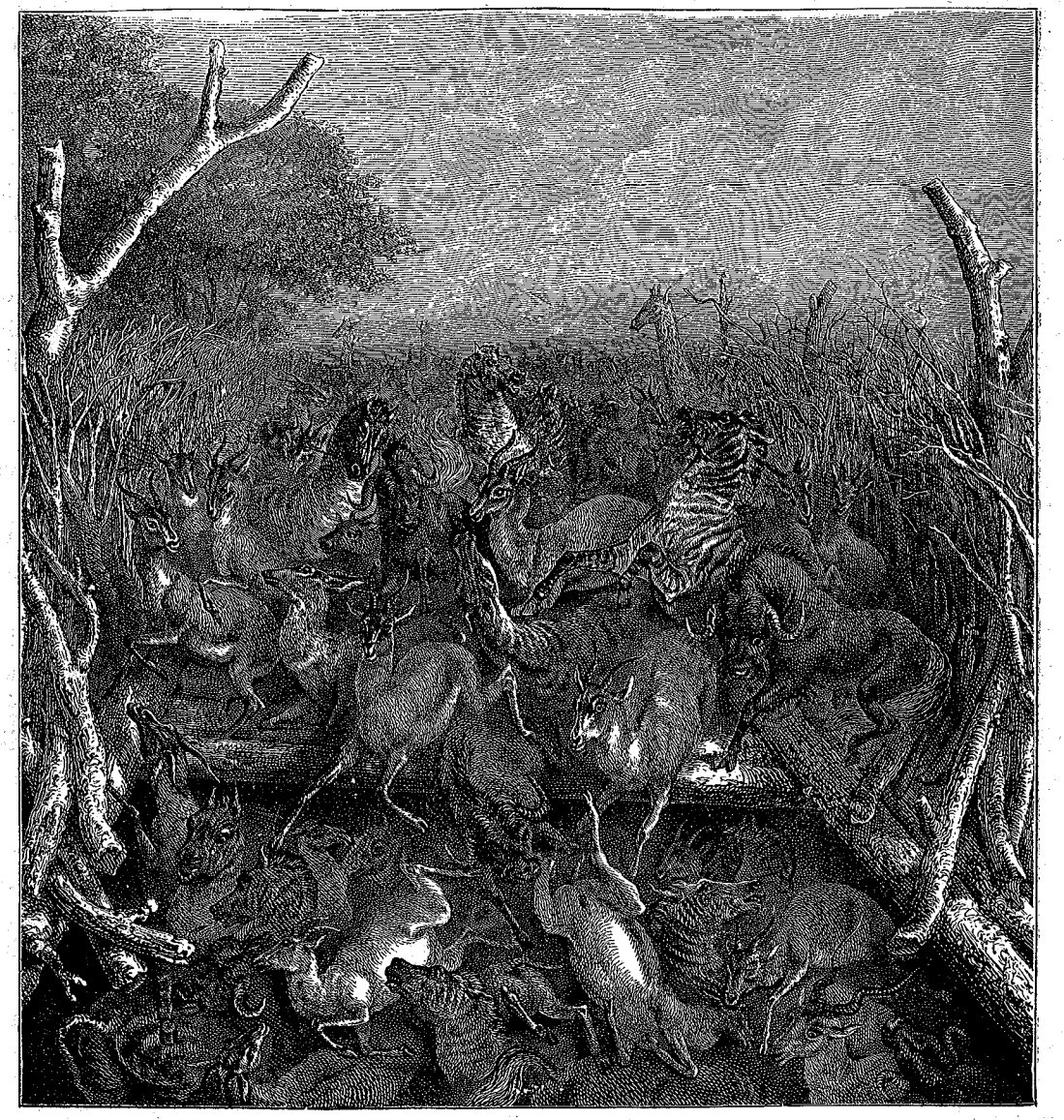
"In going through a wood, a party of hunters were startled by the appearance of

a black rhinoceros"—one of the most dangerous of the wild beasts of South Africa. "The furious beast dashed at the waggon, and drove his horn into the bowels of the driver, inflicting a frightful wound. A messenger was despatched in the greatest haste for Dr. Livingstone, whose house was eight or ten miles distant. The messenger in his eagerness ran the whole way. Livingstone's friends were horror-struck at the idea of his riding through that wood at night, exposed to the rhinoceros and other deadly beasts. 'No, no! you must not think of it, Livingstone,' said they; 'it is certain death.' Livingstone believed it was a Christian duty to try to save the poor fellow's life, and he resolved to go, happen what might. Mounting his horse, he rode to the scene of the accident. The man had died, and the waggon had left, so that there was nothing for Livingstone but to return, and run the risk of the forest anew, without even the hope that he might be useful in saving life."

Kolobeng was not to be the permanent scene of Livingstone's labours. Already influences were at work to make him cast his eyes towards another and a wider sphere. In the first place, there was a continuance of drought, which caused a great deal of suffering among the Bakwains, in which Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone shared; the domestic animals died of hunger and thirst, for the pastures were burnt up; the country had to be scoured for miles around by the women and children to find bulbous plants to sustain life, while the men employed themselves in hunting wild animals which came in search of water. Sometimes a herd of antelopes, zebras, and quaggas would come into the neighbourhood, when they were surrounded and driven into a V-shaped enclosure, with a deep pit dug at the end, into which they would fall, and then be despatched with spears. But, in addition to the drought, there was ever-increasing trouble with the neighbouring Boers. At first these were welcomed by the Bechuanas, because they had conquered and driven away a Kaffir chief who had cruelly oppressed them; but they soon found that the Boers compelled them to perform the hardest labour without any reward, and were keeping from them a knowledge of the real mercantile value of the products of the country, which they obtained in exchange for articles of trifling cost.

These Boers looked with no favourable eye on Livingstone, whom they were powerless to frighten or coerce; they were enraged at his efforts to enlighten and civilise the Bechuanas, as, with the increase of knowledge, the hope of their gains would go; and the teaching that all men were equal in the sight of God, and that the dark races had equal rights with the white men, was hateful to those whose success depended upon keeping the Africans as their slaves.

When they heard a rumour that Livingstone was contemplating a journey across the Kalahari desert, into regions they were specially anxious to keep closed, their malice was stirred; but finding that threats could not intimidate him, they spread reports that he had with him large supplies of firearms, and that he was assisting the Bakwains to make war against their neighbours! The five muskets in his possession, they magnified into five hundred, a cooking-pan became a cannon, and the possession of a sextant proved his immediate connection with the British Government, from whom, it was said, the five hundred muskets had come!



ANIMAL TRAP. (*See p.* 339).
(*After Livingstone.*)

After several vain attempts to frighten Livingstone, they sent a threatening letter to Sechéle, commanding him to surrender to the Dutch, acknowledge himself their vassal, and stop English traders from proceeding into the interior. To this Sechéle, notwithstanding the risk he ran in quarrelling with them, sent this noble reply:—"I am an independent chief, placed here by God, not you. Other tribes you have conquered, but not me. The English are my friends; I get everything I wish from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like." The threatened attack did not take place then; it could not while Livingstone was upon the scene; but later

on, when he was away across the desert, the storm burst disastrously. Meanwhile Livingstone had determined to attempt a journey to the north, into a region where no white man had ever yet gone, to ascertain whether Lake N'gami, of which he had heard when he was at the Cape, was really in existence. On the 1st of June, 1849, he set out, accompanied by Colonel Steele and Mr. Oswell, the latter an old and valued friend, with a train consisting of eighty oxen, twenty horses, and as many men. Sechéle could not go with them, but he gave up two of his best men to Livingstone, to be, as he said, "his arms to serve him." A long and wearisome journey lay before them, at first through a flat sandy country, with here and there open forest, bush and grass; then through a trackless waste of desert bounded only by the horizon. Day after day, as they toiled along, Livingstone and his friends headed the procession, eager to trace any sign of water to slake their burning thirst, from which both man and beast were constantly suffering; keen to bring down with their guns the startled animals upon whose desolate domain they had intruded; curious to note all the strange and wonderful things that met their gaze, as they wandered where hitherto no white man's foot had ever trodden.

DUTCH BOERS.

The beasts and the birds were not the only inhabitants of the desert; they came upon tribes of Bushmen who live in holes in the rock, or in rude structures formed of such grass and vegetable fibres as come to hand, and subsist upon the carcasses, often putrid, of the animals which die or are slain in the chase, or on roots, insects, or anything that can be found. They are the most degraded of all the African tribes, uttering uncouth sounds which can scarcely be called a language, and living lives that are little better than bestial. Yet even amongst these strange wild people Livingstone was at home, and knew how to manage them. It was their custom to hide any water they possessed, or which they knew existed in any hidden quarter, to preserve it from any wandering band who might take it by force. Livingstone's method of conciliating them and gaining their good opinion, was by sitting down quietly, and talking to them in a friendly way, until the precious fluid, which no amount of threatening or domineering could have brought forth, was produced. Livingstone was not a man to take without giving, and we cannot doubt that to those poor children of the desert he told, in language which the Spirit of God might interpret to their hearts, of that Water of Life of which if a man drink he shall not thirst again.

Slowly and painfully the journey was pursued. At times the courage of the party almost died within them as they staggered on wearily, dreamily, almost mechanically,

under a scorching sun, in a glaring light, without a blade of green to relieve the aching eyes, or a drop of water to cool the burning tongue. At length they passed the north-eastern border of the desert, and the face of the country assumed a different appearance; patches of verdure became frequent and extensive; old river-courses exhibited signs of moisture, and at last they stood under the shade of a group of graceful palmyra trees. Then Mr. Oswell threw his hat up into the air "and shouted a huzza which made the Bakwains think him mad." He saw a broad sheet of water, only a short distance off, glistening and flashing in the beams of the setting sun! Soon, alas! the vision faded! It was but a mirage caused by a large salt-pan tract gleaming in the sunlight. Lake N'gami, the long-looked-for goal, was more than three hundred miles away.

Not long after this, they came upon a large and beautiful river, and the people of a village on its banks told them that it was the Zouga, and that it came from the great lake! These people, who called themselves Bayeiye, that is, "men," are a race totally distinct from the Bechuanas, by some of whom they are looked upon with scorn, and called Bakoba, or slaves, because they will not fight.

One of the principal objects of Livingstone's journey was to visit Sebituane, the famous chief of the Makololo, who was known to Sechéle, and was extremely anxious to be visited by the white man. He had given orders to the tribes on the banks of the river to assist the travellers in every way, and this the Bayeiye were perfectly willing to do. On inquiring of them whence came a large river which flows into the Zouga from the north, they replied that "it came from a country full of rivers, so many that no one can tell their number!"

From that moment Livingstone's lot in life may be said to have been fixed. This was a confirmation of reports he had heard from travelled Bakwains; it convinced him that Central Africa was not "a vast howling wilderness," and he concluded that the unknown continent was a land well watered and wooded, teeming with life, and traversed by watery highways along which, eventually, Christianity and commerce, and the arts of peace, might be conveyed to regions never yet visited by civilised man.

On the 1st of August, 1849, two months after leaving Kolobeng, Livingstone and his companions stood on the shore of Lake N'gami—a sheet of water so vast that the further shore could not be seen, and which, according to the report of the natives, was a three-days' journey (about a hundred miles) to go round. In order to accomplish the remaining part of his object in the journey, and pay his visit to Sebituane, it was necessary that Livingstone should cross the Zouga, but the local chief, Lechulatebe, refused to allow him to do so, fearing that his object might be to carry muskets to Sebituane, and thus make him a dangerous neighbour; and reluctantly therefore the party retraced their steps to Kolobeng.

It had been a fruitful journey; the Royal Geographical Society recognised it by awarding Livingstone a royal premium of twenty-five guineas for the discovery of Lake N'gami; but the real reward lay in the hopes it had inspired in the heart of the brave traveller. In a letter to the secretary of the London Missionary

Society, after telling him that the fact of the Zouga being connected with large rivers coming from the north awakened emotions in his mind which made the discovery of the lake dwindle out of sight, and inspired for the benighted inhabitants the enthusiasm of hope, he added, "I do not wish to convey hopes of speedily effecting any great work through my own instrumentality, but I hope to be permitted to work, so long as I live, beyond other men's line of things, and plant the seed of the Gospel where others have not planted; though every excursion for that purpose will involve separation from my family for periods of four or five months. Kolobeng will then be supplied by native teachers during these times of absence; and when we have given the Bakwains a fair trial it will probably be advisable for all to move forward."

Little did he think, when he wrote those words, how long and painful were to be the separations from family and friends, or how the whole of his life was to be spent in "moving forward!"

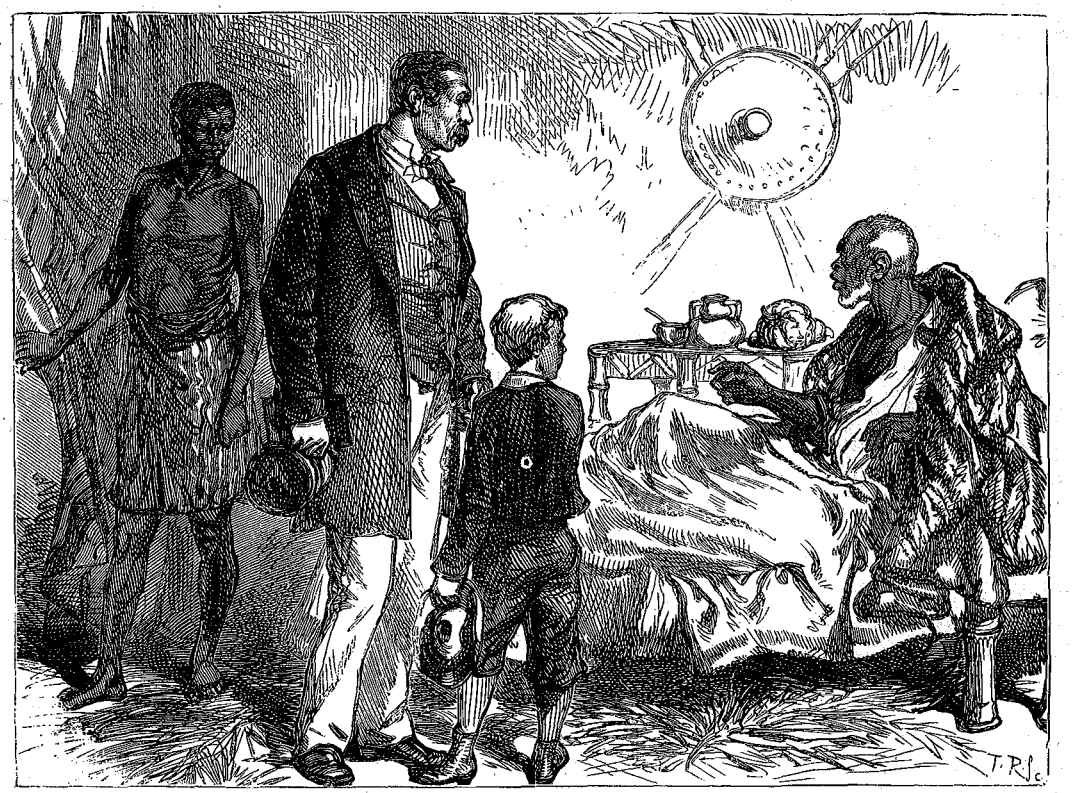
In the following year (1850) Livingstone made his second journey to Lake N'gami, this time accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and her three children, the chief Sechéle, and Mebalwe the native teacher. But again the missionary was unsuccessful in his attempt to reach Sebituane; for, although he had succeeded in overcoming the scruples of the obnoxious local chief, Lechulatebe, Mrs. Livingstone and the children, as well as several of the attendants, were smitten down by fever, and as soon as arrangements could be made, they turned their faces homeward, convinced that the neighbourhood of the lake was uninhabitable by Europeans.

Nothing daunted, Livingstone set forth again the next year, accompanied, as before, by his wife and family. It was a journey beset by terrible difficulties; their guide lost his way, and finally forsook them; they suffered fearfully from thirst, and expected to see their children die before their eyes; the tsetse fly, whose bite is fatal to cattle and horses, attacked them, and forty of their oxen died. Nevertheless, the party arrived safely in the Makololo country, and at last Livingstone stood before the great chief he had so long desired to see.

Sebituane was a tall, wiry man, about forty-five years of age, with a frank and open manner, unlike other African chiefs. A mighty man of valour was Sebituane; he was a warrior, and always led his men into battle; he was so fleet of foot that no enemy who fled from him could escape; he held his possessions, not by right of birth, but by the strength of his arm. He had been an adventurer from his youth, and though Bakwains and other of the Bechuanas had threatened to "eat him up," he still held his own. There was, however, another side to his character. In peace, he was benevolent and kind, hospitable to strangers, and so affable in his manners that he secured, not only the attachment of his own people, but that of the tribes he had conquered. His great ambition was to be brought in contact with white men, and long before he saw Livingstone he had determined on opening up a highway for trade with the west coast. He seemed to be the one man of all men in Africa who could assist in the projects which were dimly shaping themselves in the brain of the missionary pioneer. But it was not to be. The two men met only to see each other, and to part for ever.

Right loyally Sebituane greeted the traveller, and was greatly touched by the confidence Livingstone reposed in him by bringing his wife and children, and even offering to leave them as hostages for his good faith while he went back to Kolobeng to bring his household effects, with a view to settlement in Makololo. Sebituane, in his turn, offered to take them to see his country, and help them to select a suitable site, promising also to replace the cattle that had perished in the journeys hitherto from the bite of the tsetse fly.

A feeling of brotherhood sprang up at once between these two men, and great



LIVINGSTONE AT THE DEATH-BED OF SEBITUANE.

possibilities were opening up before the mind's eye of Livingstone, when Sebituane was seized with an alarming attack of inflammation of the lungs—the second serious attack within two years. On a Sunday afternoon the missionary took his little boy Robert with him to see the dying chief. "Come near," he said, "and see if I am any longer a man. I am done!" Seeing the rapid progress the disease had made, Livingstone assented to what he had said, but spoke to him of a hope after death. "Death!" said the doctors, who pretended to be confident in the power of their enchantments, "why do you speak of death?—Sebituane cannot die! Speak not of death to him." Livingstone felt that it was of no use to persist; if he continued to speak about death, the impression would go forth that he wished him to die; if he attempted to temporarily arrest the malady,

he would probably be accused of causing his death if he did not effect a cure, and this was beyond hope. After sitting with him for some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, Livingstone rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, who had been greatly pleased with little Robert Livingstone, called a servant, and said faintly, even while the film of death was overspreading his eyes, "Take Robert to Manuku (one of his wives) and tell her to give him some milk." These simple words of kindness to the missionary's child were the last the great chief ever spoke.

"I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man," wrote Livingstone, "and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep, dark question of what is to become of such as he must, however, be left where we find it, believing that assuredly the Judge of all the world will do right."

Soon after his return to Kolobeng, Livingstone had to face the future of his life. Before him was the call of the Master, "If any man love father or mother or wife or children more than Me, he is not worthy of Me!" In the Makololo country, the iniquitous slave traffic, to check which was one of the master ideas of his life, was just commencing. But he dared not take his family to settle in that unhealthy country, and in the midst of the uncertain conditions consequent upon the death of Sebituane. Nor could he leave them at Kolobeng. The Boers were still in deadly opposition to the Bakwains, and the storm which had been so long threatening broke a little later on, while Livingstone was on one of his journeys. Four hundred armed Boers attacked Sechéle's town, slaughtered a considerable number of adults, and carried away captive over two hundred children. The Bakwains defended themselves bravely till midnight, when they fled, under cover of the darkness, to the mountains. In the struggle, they had slain eight of the Boers—the first occasion on which the Bechuanas had ever killed any of the settlers. This these maliciously attributed to the teaching of Livingstone, and proceeded to make a raid upon his house, which they plundered, destroying his stock of medicine (often used by him for their healing), and carrying off his furniture and clothing, together with large quantities of stores. Worst of all, they tore and scattered to the winds his books and diaries, leaving nothing but a wreckage of worthless paper.

Therefore, as he could not find a safe or a healthy district for a station as a centre of civilisation, and a home for his family, and as he felt that the time had come when he must "go forward" and penetrate further into the country, he placed those nearest and dearest to him in life in a homeward-bound ship at Cape Town, and then plunged into the wilderness, and was lost to the world as completely, for a long time, "as if he had been swallowed up by the waves, or had gone down quick into the grave."

XI.—NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSIONARY LIFE AND ADVENTURE IN LABRADOR.

John Christian Erhardt—Nisbet Bay—Murdered by the Savages—Jens Haven, Carpenter—Set Apart for Work—Arrival of the Missionary Ship—Perils in the Sea—Okak—Last Days of Jens Haven—Liebisch and Turner—The Eskimo Dog—A Terrible Adventure on the Ice—Saved from the Flood—Hopedale Mission—The Labrador of To-day.

WE have told the story of missionary life and adventure in the neighbourhood of "Greenland's icy mountains;" let us now turn to a land if possible still more severely cold, inhospitable, and sterile—Labrador, or "the land which cannot be built upon," whose inhabitants were notorious for treachery, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness—a land with a temperature in winter of fifty degrees below freezing, and with a savage coast fringed with islands of bare rock.

In the year 1741, John Christian Erhardt, a sailor on board a Dutch vessel, landed at the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, where he was brought under the influence of Frederick Martin, who was labouring with much success among the negroes. From listening to the words of Martin when addressing the slaves on a plantation, Erhardt became a Christian man. Eight years later he went on a voyage to Greenland, and while there, he heard of the heathen people who lived in a wild and barbarous state on the opposite side of Davis Strait. Filled with compassion for them, he pleaded, on his return to Europe, with the authorities of the Moravian Church, that they would organise a mission to Labrador. There were many difficulties in the way, and even Count Zinzendorf, generally the first to encourage any fresh missionary effort, looked coldly on the scheme. But Erhardt was not to be daunted, and, as the result of his perseverance, Matthew Stach* was sent for, to give his advice, which was in favour of the expedition. Some London merchants volunteered to fit out a vessel, and on the 17th of May, 1752, Erhardt, and four others of the Brethren, set sail in the good ship *Hope*, bound for Labrador!

Soon after anchoring, some Eskimos came towards them in their kayaks, and uttered fierce cries at the sight of the strangers, but Erhardt, who on his visit to Greenland had picked up some knowledge of the language, answered them in Greenlandic, which so far appeased them thatthey accepted an invitation to come on board the *Hope*. In a sheltered bay, which they named Nisbet Harbour in honour of one of the merchants who had come to their aid in equipping the vessel, the missionaries landed, and erected the wooden hut they had brought with them, calling the spot, in which they trusted a settlement would be formed, Hopedale. Here four of the missionaries remained, while Erhardt went forward up the coast with the captain and crew, hoping to meet with more of the Eskimos, and, by trading with them, to secure a home cargo for the ship.

* See page 81.

One day they saw a considerable number of natives, and Erhardt, with the captain and five of the crew, went ashore in a boat full of articles for barter. The natives seemed friendly, and appeared, to the anxious eyes of those who watched them from the ship, to be begging the travellers to accompany them into the interior. Night came, and the travellers did not return to the ship; days of painful watching and waiting passed, and still there was no sign. Then the *Hope* weighed anchor, and sailed back to Nisbet Harbour, bearing the distressing news that Erhardt and the brave men who went with him had been treacherously dealt with and murdered by the savages. From that day to this no word was ever heard of them again.

"Cast down, but not in despair," the four Hopedale missionaries had to take the place of the sailors who had been put to death, to work the ship home, but they left their house standing, in case the missing ones should return—a faint hope, which was never realised.

The truth of the old saying that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," has been verified over and over again in the history of the Moravian missions. A carpenter, Jens Haven, a member of the Moravian Church, when he heard the tidings of the death of the brave sailor Erhardt, resolved to take up his work. It was no resolve made in a moment of mere enthusiasm, but a deep-rooted conviction that he was called of God to that special work. Forthwith he collected every book he could find relating directly or indirectly to Labrador, and made himself acquainted with the difficult language. It was a disappointment to him, however, when in 1764 he received a call to Greenland; nevertheless, he went cheerfully and readily, but not until he had told Count Zinzendorf that the thought was borne into his mind that Labrador was to be the scene of his future labours. Two years were spent by him in Greenland, where he assisted in establishing the station of Lichtenfels,* the second mission station of the Brethren in that country.

On his return to Europe he proposed to engage himself as a ship's carpenter or sailor on board one of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessels, in order to reach Labrador; and to Labrador he went. From an interesting memoir, chiefly written by himself, we can look into the heart of this noble and simple-minded man: "The 4th of September, 1764," he writes, "was the day for which I had so long waited." For on that day a party of Eskimos was seen by him upon the rocky shore. Haven, to their astonishment, hailed them in Greenlandic, and with loud shouts they bade him welcome and invited him to come ashore. The sailors, remembering the fate of Erhardt and his party, determined not to risk their lives; Haven, however, was only too eager to go among them, but before doing so he knelt upon the deck and prayed: "I will go to them in Thy name, O Lord; if they kill me, my work on earth is done; if they spare me, I will believe firmly it is Thy will they should hear and receive the Gospel." The natives were friendly, listened with interest to what the missionary said to them, and sang in his honour a song, the refrain of which was "Our friend is come." Then, in true heathen fashion, they began a dance, accompanying it with horrible noises,

* See p. 92.

which, however, were instantly stopped when Haven began to sing to them a Moravian hymn in the Greenlandic tongue.

His stay in Labrador was short, as the ship's crew were anxious to return to Europe; but in the following year a second voyage was made, when Jens was accompanied by three other Brethren, John Hill, Andrew Schloetzer, and Christian Lawrence Drachart; the latter of whom had been for many years in Greenland. On landing at Château Bay, some three hundred natives came to greet the new-comers, and several of the Eskimos recognised and warmly welcomed Jens Haven. The Brethren mixed freely with the natives, who listened with apparent interest to a discourse from Drachart,

NATIVES OF LABRADOR.

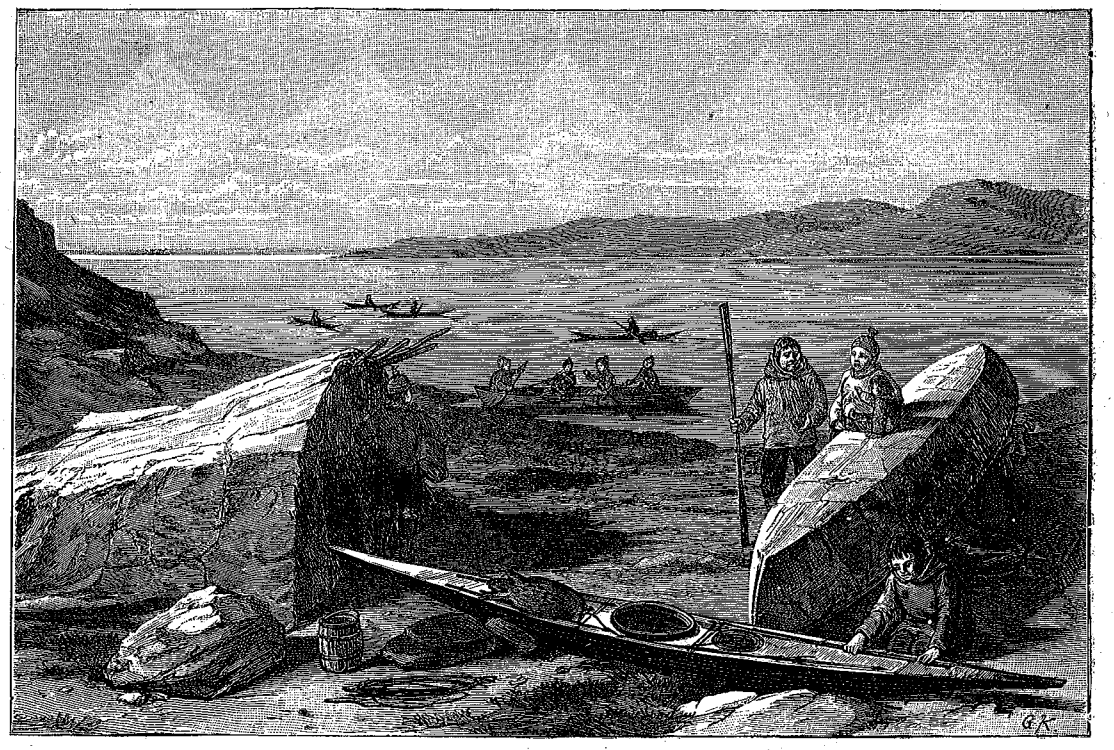
in which he told them what the Gospel was doing in Greenland. They replied, "Then we will do as the Greenlanders have done; we believe all you say." On one occasion, a violent storm prevented the missionaries from returning to their ship, and they accepted the hospitality of one of the leading Angekoks: the first Europeans who had slept in the tents of the heathen of Labrador.

Again the missionaries were obliged to return after a short visit, and it was not until 1769 that the Moravian Church was able to obtain from the English Government a grant of land for missionary purposes on a part of the Labrador coast not owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. In that year George III. made a grant of 100,000 square acres in Eskimo Bay.

In May, 1771, at the little Moravian Chapel in Fetter Lane, Haven, Drachart, and seven others were set apart for permanent work in Labrador; and after a tedious voyage, in which they encountered many perils, they arrived in Château Bay, where the natives received them with great joy. Soon a site was fixed upon, to which they gave the name of Nain, and during the building of their station they received the cordial

co-operation of the Eskimos, whose confidence in them increased daily. There was plenty of work to do, and in building their houses and collecting stores for the winter, there was much to interest the people, who were also taught to assist in boat-building, the manufacture of household utensils, and other useful work. One or two families soon pitched their tents near the station, and every day the natives assembled to hear from the lips of the missionaries the Word of God.

When the winter came on, the Eskimos took down their tents, and dispersed much in the same way as the Greenlanders had done in the days of Hans Egede; but Haven



ESKIMOS ON THE SHORE OF LABRADOR.

and Drachart followed them up through deep snow and intense cold to their winter huts, accepting such hospitality as they could get. It was not long before they found that their labour was not in vain. Referring to the adroitness with which they, like the Greenlanders, could turn serious things into ridicule, Drachart wrote:—"I pray to my Lord—'Bless my feeble words; Thou hast in Greenland made dark minds understand, and cold hearts warm; do so here also, that I be not put to shame, for the work is Thine.'" Not long after, one of the Eskimos, speaking for over a hundred who were settled in one place, said, "We thank our brothers that they have come to us. We love the Brethren, we wish to go on hearing about Jesus, we wish to renounce our heathen customs. We, and our wives and children, talk in our tents about the Lord Jesus; we know that we are sinners, but we believe in His mercy."

To the missionaries, every year brought its own trials. In consequence of the difficulties and inconvenience inseparable from any effort to communicate with Labrador by way of Newfoundland, the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel" had procured a vessel which was to maintain direct and regular intercourse with that coast. There was much anxiety with regard to the arrival of the vessel, and during the first year the missionaries were reduced to great extremities, the ship not arriving until the beginning of winter. Only two small pieces of meat were left, and until fresh supplies arrived there was nothing but suffering and privation for them. "Had you seen the joy which reigned among us," wrote one of the missionaries, "when we heard that the ship had arrived, you certainly would never forget it. We had given up all hope of her this season, and had devoted ourselves to extreme poverty; but yet we cannot say that a dejected spirit prevailed among us. We had resolved to surrender ourselves up to all circumstances, trusting that He who had sent us hither, who has counted the hairs of our head, and without whose permission none of them can fall to the ground, would preserve us." When the captain of the ship saw the improved condition of the people, he exclaimed, "They do not look like the same old robbers and murderers—they have become good sheep already!"

Jens Haven made several important explorations along the coast, and everywhere the Eskimos, including the Angekoks, seemed to fall under the power of his influence. Far and wide along the coast his name and fame had spread, and it was not long before it was thought desirable to form a second station. In August, 1774, Haven, with three other of the Brethren—Brasen, Lister, and Lehman—set out in a small sloop to select a suitable spot. Perhaps there were few men in the world less superstitious than the practical Jens Haven, but he had a fear or presentiment of evil in the journey; at the same time he could not doubt that it was the will of God he should go forward. His fears were justified by the event; a terrible disaster befell the party, which may best be told in his own words:—

"It had snowed the whole night, and was very cold. A brisk gale sprang up from the north-east, which inspired us with the hope that we should soon reach Nain. September 14th, towards four p.m., we all at once found ourselves in shoal-water, which surprised us exceedingly, as we were in the usual channel between Nain and Navon, and more than a league from the nearest island. We tacked about immediately. Scarcely had we done this, when the vessel struck on a rocky bottom, which, as we afterwards learned, is dry at springtide. The boat was lowered immediately in order to take the soundings round the ship, and as we found deep water at the prow, we proposed casting an anchor forwards. There was too much sea, however, to allow us to row out with it; we therefore let down a small anchor to steady the boat during this operation. But no sooner was the large anchor on board the boat, than the sails got loose, and drove it before the wind; so that it took the men half an hour's hard rowing to get back to the sloop, and reach the rope which we threw out to them. After the anchor was cast, we endeavoured to wear the ship off, but finding that the anchor drove, and that we had now only four feet of water, we were obliged to desist till the tide should turn, and commended ourselves meanwhile to the mercy of

God. We had, however, but slender hope that the ship would hold out so long, as the waves broke over us incessantly, and we expected every moment to see it go to pieces.

"We secured the boat, as well as we could, by means of three strong ropes two inches thick, and, in full resignation to the Lord's will, determined to stay in the sloop till morning, if possible. The wind roared furiously; every wave washed over us, and the foaming of the deep was rendered yet more terrible by the thick darkness of the night. Towards ten o'clock the ship began to roll most violently, and to drive upon the cliffs in such a manner that everything on board was turned upside down, and we could not but fear that the timbers would soon part. Shortly after ten o'clock the rudder was carried away by a huge wave, which broke over the whole vessel and covered us as with a winding-sheet. Our two sailors entreated us to take to the boat if we wished to save our lives. We represented to them the danger of braving so rough a sea in so small a boat, and that, supposing it could outlive that, it must inevitably perish in the breakers on the coast, which we could not avoid in the darkness. We begged them to stay by the ship as long as possible; perhaps we might maintain the post till daybreak, and, at all events, should it come to the worst, we had the boat to fly to. They appeared to give in to our arguments, but we were obliged to watch their motions lest they should slip off with the boat. We waited in stillness to see what our dear Lord should appoint for us.

"By two o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the sloop had shipped so much water that the chests on which we sat began to float, and we were obliged to leave the cabin and go on to the upper deck, where a fearful scene presented itself. The middle deck was entirely under water, and the waves were rolling mountains high. All were now convinced that it was time to leave the vessel. But here we were met by a new difficulty. The sea was so rough that, had we brought the boat alongside, it would inevitably have been stove in. We therefore drew it astern, and, climbing one by one down the anchor shaft, jumped into it, and through the mercy of God we all, nine in number, succeeded in reaching it.

"We now found that we had taken this step only just in time, for two of the three ropes by which the boat was moored had already given way, and the third held only by one strand, the others having parted, so that we should very soon have lost the boat. Our first business was to bale out the water, which the boat had shipped in no small quantity. Oars being useless in such a sea, we let the boat run before the wind, which it did with incredible celerity. We attempted in vain to get under the lee of different islands, as the breakers drove us off from the coast whenever we approached it. At length we thought we saw a prospect of finding harbourage between two islands, but we were again interrupted by rocks and breakers. The boat filled with water, which kept us constantly at work, and as there appeared to be no other resource left, we resolved in God's name to run the boat on shore, which was about twenty yards distant, but begirt with cliffs, on which the waves were dashing furiously.

"We darted rapidly through them, when the boat struck on a sunken rock with

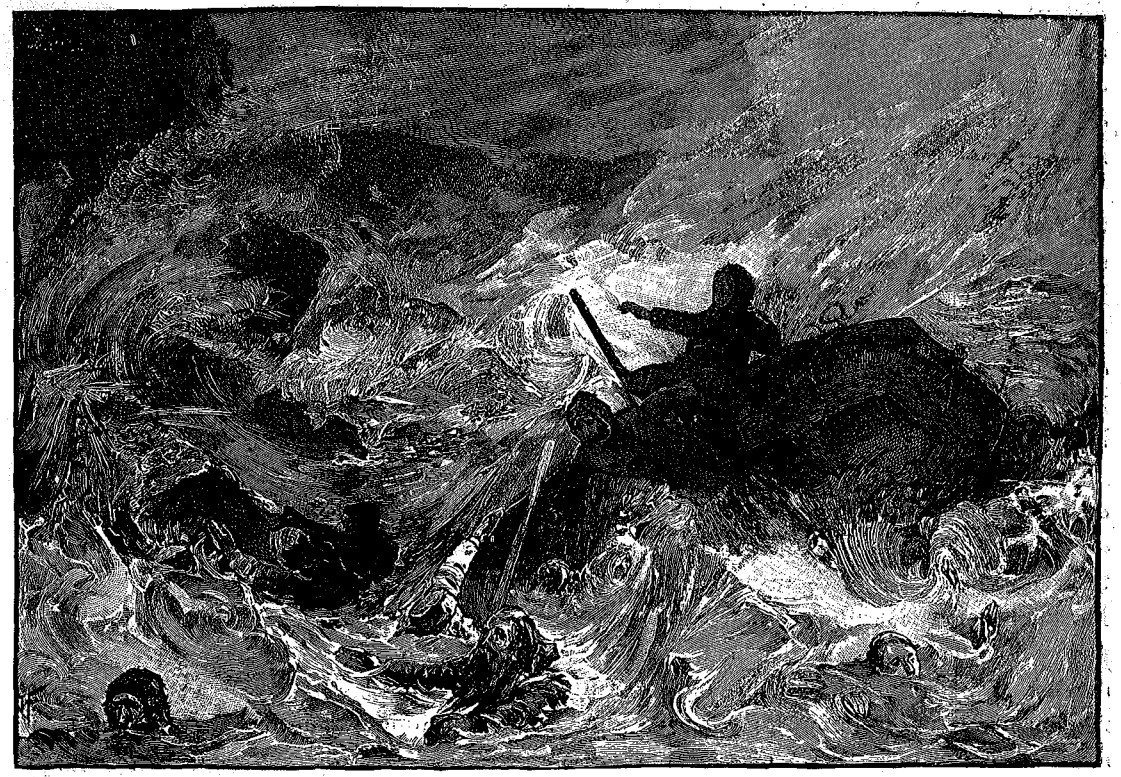
such violence that we were all thrown from our seats, and the boat instantly filled with water. The captain, John Hill, and the two sailors, threw themselves into the sea and swam to land, which they gained in safety, and from whence they reached out an oar to assist the rest in landing. Brother Lister was the first who neared the shore, but he was driven back into the sea by the violence of the waves. On approaching the rocks a second time, he found a small ledge, by which he held on till the oar was extended to him by his companions on the strand. I had been thrown out of the boat by the first shock, and resigned myself to the Lord's gracious hands to do with me what He pleased. After swallowing a large quantity of water, I was hurled back into the boat, and as it drifted to the shore I succeeded in grasping the friendly oar. At the same time, the Eskimo pilot clung to my legs, and thus we were both drawn up the rocks together. Brother Brasen thrice gained the rocks, and twice caught hold of the oar, but he was so exhausted, and encumbered besides by his heavy garments, that he could make no effort to save himself, and finally sank. Brother Lehman was heard exclaiming, as the boat struck, 'Dear Saviour, I commend my spirit into Thy hands!' We all thought that he had got on shore, but it pleased the Lord thus to take him to Himself.

"The rest of us who had reached dry land were rescued for the present from a watery grave, but we found ourselves upon a bare rock, half dead with cold, in so dark a night that we could not see a hand before us, without shelter, without food, without boat; in short, without the smallest gleam of hope that we should ever leave this fearful spot alive. We knew that no Eskimos were likely to come this way, as they had all resolved to winter to the south of Nain. The cold was intense, so that we were obliged to keep ourselves warm by constant motion. When morning came, we sought for our boat, but in vain; a few fragments of it, which had been washed on shore, was all that we could find, and we concluded that it had gone to pieces. We also met with a few blankets, some broken biscuits, and other articles, which we collected very carefully.

"At low water, we discovered the bodies of our two brethren lying close together on the strand, but they were quite dead. They were safe from all trouble, and had brethren surviving to bury their remains, while we had no other prospect than to pine away with hunger, and then leave our bodies to be entombed by birds and beasts of prey. About seven o'clock in the morning we had the joy to see, first the prow and then the stern of our boat emerging from the water. But our joy was damped on dragging it to land, for the planks were torn off from both sides of the keel, and the few ribs left were in splinters. Happily, however, the prow, stern, and keel were yet entire.

"We now set ourselves to repair the boat, impracticable as it seemed with such a lack of materials for the purpose. Yet we contrived to lash the blankets over the open spaces, sewing to them, in addition, all the seal-skins we could muster from our upper and nether garments, including even our boots. We spent three days in these miserable repairs, and on the 18th launched our boat for Nain, which, by the help of an Eskimo party that we met not far from the settlement, we succeeded in reaching the same evening."

At Okak, about 150 miles to the north of Nain, Jens Haven at length succeeded in founding the second Moravian station, and, six years afterwards, a third station was established on a spot about 150 miles to the south of Nain, which they named Hopedale. When this latter station was established, Jens Haven, who was now an old man, felt that his strength for further enterprise had gone. In 1784 he returned to Europe, and for six years laboured amongst his own people. "His conversation," says his biographer, "was profitable even to persons of rank, who never failed to call upon him



WRECK OF THE MISSION PARTY.

when they visited Herrnhut; and none who came hither with a view to profit for their souls neglected to converse with him, for what he said proceeded from the experience of a heart living in constant communion with God, and rejoicing in His salvation." For the last six years of his life he was totally blind, but he bore the affliction with cheerfulness and resignation. At length, in 1796, he died, in the seventy-second year of his age. After his decease, a slip of paper was found, bearing in his handwriting these words: "I wish the following to be added to the narrative of my life:—On such a day, Jens Haven, a poor sinner who, in his own judgment, deserved eternal condemnation, fell happily asleep, relying upon the death and merits of Jesus." Drachart, his faithful friend and zealous fellow-labourer, died at Nain six years after Jens Haven left that place for Europe.

Meanwhile, the success of the mission to Labrador had been demonstrated, but we need not here pause to trace, step by step, its progress; let us rather turn to some of the perilous incidents in the lives of some of the missionaries in their journeyings upon that dangerous coast.

In 1782 a very remarkable deliverance was experienced by two of the Brethren, Samuel Liebisch, the first general superintendent of the Moravian Missions in Labrador, and William Turner.

Liebisch was required by the duties of his office to leave Nain on a visit to Okak, distant, as we have said, about a hundred and fifty English miles, and Turner was appointed to accompany him. Early in the morning of the 11th of March, in remarkably clear weather, the stars shining with uncommon brilliancy, the two set off from Nain, driven in their sledge by a Christian Eskimo baptised in the name of Mark, and accompanied by another sledge containing two men, one woman, and a child.

These sledges are drawn by dogs, and the services of these animals are indispensable to the Eskimos. The Eskimo dog is not unlike our shepherd's dog in its general aspect, but is more muscular and has a broader chest, owing, in a great measure, to the hard work to which it is trained. The ears are pointed, the muzzle is long, and the animals are not unlike wolves: like them, they never bark, but howl disagreeably. An ordinary well-grown dog will be somewhat smaller than a Newfoundland dog, and broad like a mastiff. The coat consists of long hair, and in the winter it is further protected by a soft downy under-covering, which does not appear during the warm weather.

A traveller has described their education thus: "When about two months old, eight or ten puppies are harnessed to a sledge with two experienced runners, and by means of frequent and cruel beatings, and angry repetitions of their names, they are taught their duty, but not without much hard labour on the driver's part, and great patience. Personal experience has taught me some of the peculiar difficulties of managing a puppy-dog team. Each dog is harnessed to a separate line; and these, being eight abreast, fully endowed with all, and more than all, the playfulness of young animals in this country, the effect may be pictured when, all jumping on each other in most admired confusion, the lines become entangled, and are only set right after many efforts. This process has to be repeated again and again, as the gambols or quarrels of the young dogs render it necessary. The whip, too, would puzzle a London cabby, and is not easy for a novice to use—with a lash from twenty to twenty-four feet long, attached to a handle *one* foot long, it requires no small amount of dexterity to avoid wounding your own person in an attempt to make an example of one of your pupils. When trained, however, they are guided only by a touch of the whip to the near or off leader, and over smooth ice, with a light load, can be made to go seven or eight miles per hour."

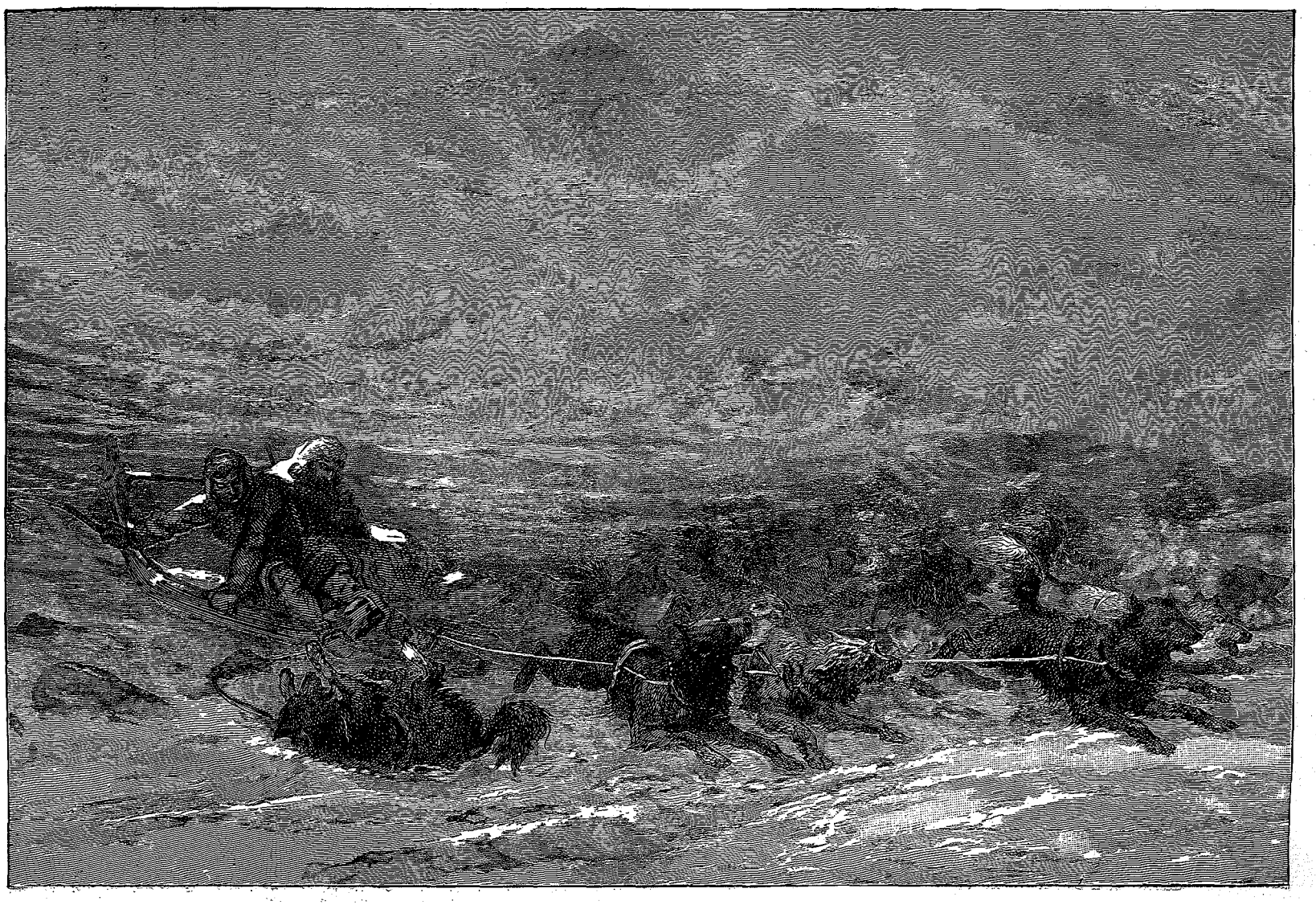
Dogs are kept by the Eskimos in smaller or larger packs or teams, in proportion to the affluence of the master. They quietly submit to be harnessed for their work, and are treated with but little mercy by their owners, who make them do hard duty for the small quantity of food they allow them. This consists chiefly of offal, old skins, entrails, such parts of whale-flesh as are unfit for other use, and rotten

whale-fins. If they are not provided with this kind of dog's meat, they are left to go and seek dead fish or mussels upon the beach. When pinched with hunger, they will swallow almost anything, and on a journey it is necessary to secure the harness within the snow-house overnight, lest, by devouring it, they should render it impossible to proceed in the morning. When the travellers arrive at their night quarters, and the dogs are unharnessed, they are left to burrow in the snow where they please, and in the morning are sure to come at their driver's call, when they receive some food. Their strength and speed, even with a hungry stomach, are astonishing. In fastening them to the sledge, care is taken not to let them go abreast. They are tied by separate thongs of unequal lengths, to a horizontal bar in the front part of the sledge; an old knowing one leads the way, running ten or twenty paces ahead, directed by the driver's whip—the other dogs follow like a flock of sheep. If one of them receives a lash, he generally bites his neighbour, and the bite goes round.

When Liebisch and Turner got into their sledge on that bright March morning, they hoped to reach Okak in the course of two or three days. The track over the frozen sea was in splendid condition, and they spun along easily at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. When they had passed the islands in the Bay of Nain, they kept at a considerable distance from the coast, both to gain the smoothest part of the ice, and to weather the high rocky promontory of Kiglapeit. At about eight o'clock, they met a sledge with Eskimos turning in from the sea. After the customary salutations, the strangers alighted, and in the course of conversation threw out some hints that it might be well for them to return. As, however, the missionaries saw no cause of alarm, and suspected that the Eskimos merely wished to enjoy the company of the travellers a little longer, they proceeded on their journey. After some time, their own Eskimo hinted that there was a ground-swell under the ice. It was then scarcely perceptible except on lying down and applying the ear close to the ice, when a hollow, disagreeable, grating and roaring noise was heard, as if ascending from the abyss. The weather remained clear except towards the east, where a bank of light clouds appeared, interspersed with some dark streaks. But the wind being strong from the north-west, nothing was less expected than a sudden change of weather.

The sun had now reached its height, and there was as yet little or no alteration in the appearance of the sky. But the motion of the sea under the ice had grown more perceptible, so as rather to alarm the travellers, who began to think it prudent to keep closer to the shore. The ice also had cracks and large fissures in many places, some of which were one or two feet wide; but as these are not uncommon even in its best state, and the dogs easily leap over them, the sledge following without danger, they are only terrible to those who are unaccustomed to them.

As soon as the sun declined towards the west, the wind increased and rose to a storm, the bank of clouds from the east began to ascend, and the dark streaks put themselves in motion against the wind. The snow was violently driven about by partial whirlwinds, both on the ice and from off the peaks of the high mountains,



AN ESKIMO DOG SLEDGE.

and filled the air. At the same time, the ground-swell had increased so much that its effect upon the ice became very extraordinary and alarming. The sledges, instead of gliding along smoothly upon an even surface, sometimes ran with violence after the dogs, and shortly after seemed with difficulty to ascend the rising hill; for the elasticity of so vast a body of ice, of many leagues square, supported by a troubled sea, though in some places three or four yards in thickness, would in some degree occasion an undulatory motion not unlike that of a sheet of paper accommodating itself to the surface of a rippling stream. Noises were now distinctly heard in many directions, like the report of cannon, owing to the bursting of the ice at a distance.

In alarm the Eskimos drove with all haste towards the shore, intending to take up their night quarters on the south side of the Nivak. But, as it plainly appeared that the ice would break and disperse in the open sea, Mark, the driver, advised to push forward to the north of the Nivak, from whence he hoped the track to Okak might still remain entire. To this proposal the company agreed; but when the sledges approached the coast, the prospect before them was truly terrific. The ice, having broken loose from the rocks, was forced up and down, grinding and breaking into a thousand pieces against the precipices with a tremendous noise, which, added to the raging of the wind, and the snow driving about in the air, deprived the travellers almost of the power of hearing or seeing anything distinctly.

To make for land was now the only hope left, but it was with the utmost difficulty the frightened dogs could be urged forward, as the whole body of ice sank frequently below the surface of the rocks and then rose above it. The only moment when it would be possible to land would be when the ice gained the level of the coast, and to seize upon that exact moment was an extremely nice and hazardous undertaking. Nevertheless it succeeded—both sledges gained the shore in safety and were drawn up the beach, although not without great difficulty.

No sooner had the travellers reached the land—and before there had been time for them to reflect on their providential deliverance—than that part of the ice from which they had just made good their escape burst asunder, and the water, forcing itself from below, covered and precipitated it into the sea. In a moment, as if by a given signal, the whole mass of ice, extending for several miles along the coast and as far as the eye could reach, began to break and to be overwhelmed by the waves.

The sight was one of awful grandeur. Immense fields of ice, rising suddenly out of the water, struck against each other and then plunged into the deep with indescribable violence, while the noise was like the discharge of numberless batteries of heavy guns. The darkness of the night, the roaring of the wind and the waves, the dashing of the great masses of ice against the rocks, made up a scene which filled the travellers with sensations of awe and terror, so as almost to deprive them of the power of utterance. They stood overwhelmed with astonishment at their almost miraculous escape, and when at length their tongues found words of thanksgiving, even the pagan Eskimos joined them in expressions of gratitude to God for deliverance.

Night was coming on, and the Eskimos set to work to build a snow-house at a short distance from the beach, into which the whole party crept, thankful for any

shelter. They ate their supper, sang a hymn, and then lay down to rest. In an incredibly short time the Eskimos were all sound asleep, but not so Liebisch and Turner. The excitement of the past few hours, the noise of the sea dashing against the rocks, and the roar of the wind, kept them awake, and their sleeplessness was the means of saving the whole party from destruction.

It was nine o'clock at night when they entered the snow house. At two in the morning, Liebisch felt some drops of water falling from the roof, and one drop having touched his lips he discovered that it was salt water. Anxious not to disturb his companions unnecessarily, he lay still for a little while, when, just as he was about to give the alarm, a tremendous wave broke close to the house, discharging a quantity of water into it, and shortly afterwards a second wave followed, which carried away the slab of snow placed as a door before the entrance.

All were now effectually aroused, and in a moment were struggling to make their escape. With a huge knife one of the Eskimos cut a passage through the side of the house, and each person taking some of the baggage, a hasty retreat was beaten to an eminence hard by. Scarcely had they reached it, when an enormous wave broke upon the beach and carried away every vestige of the house which had so recently sheltered them.

Although hardly able to stand against the wind and sleet, the Eskimos succeeded before morning in cutting a hole in the snow for a temporary shelter, and when daylight came they built another snow house. But it would be impossible to remain there long, as their stock of provisions was nearly exhausted. Only two courses lay open to them: either to attempt to cross the wild unfrequented mountain Kiglapeit, or to wait until a new ice track on the sea should be found.

They determined to abide by the latter course, and anxiously they scanned the sky and sea. The weather cleared, the temperature grew milder, not a vestige of ice was to be seen upon the sea. Their provisions were exhausted, and they were reduced to the extremity of eating an old sack made of fish-skin, and a worn-out skin that had been used as a kind of cushion in the sledges.

At last the sea began to freeze, and, happily for them, it froze rapidly. On the sixth day since they had landed on that inhospitable shore, the sledges were brought out, and the party of Eskimos determined to pursue their journey to Okak; but Liebisch and Turner, who were worn out with hunger and exposure, resolved to return with their driver, Mark, to Nain.

There was great grief in that settlement, for the Eskimos who had met the missionaries on their outward journey, had found out the families of Liebisch and Turner, and had told them that they had perished in the breaking-up of the ice—so certain did they feel that it was impossible they could escape.

When, therefore, at midnight, there was heard the howling of dogs, the crack of the whip, and the cry of familiar voices, great was the joy of the whole settlement to welcome back the missionaries who had been mourned as dead.

At the close of the year 1800, there were at the three stations a hundred and ten

baptised converts, and two hundred and twenty-two persons in the care of the missionaries. One of the latter, Brother Reimann, started off one day from Nain to shoot ptarmigans. It was a bitterly cold day, which ended in a severe snow-storm. As night came on, the Brethren became anxious about his safety, and a search party, consisting of the whole of the Brethren and many Eskimos, was organised, carrying with them their muskets in order to attract the attention of the wanderer. But that night they were unsuccessful; next day they tracked his footsteps in the snow, and then lost them on the ice. For nine days they continued their search, but Reimann never was found, and it was supposed that, blinded by the beating snow, he had lost his way, and getting on thin ice, had broken through and been drowned.

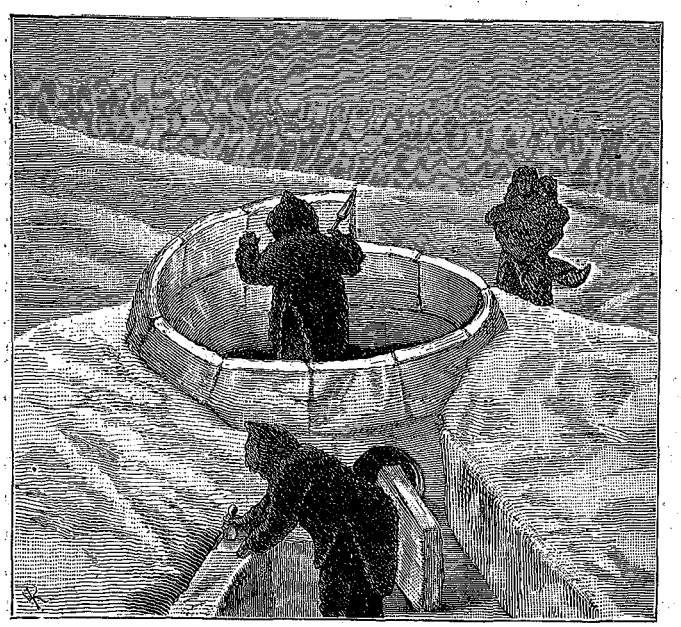
At one time in the history of the Labrador mission, much evil was wrought by a man named Tuglavina, who, having professed Christianity, turned back to his old ways, and unhappily succeeded in introducing a spirit of discontent and defiance among his countrymen. For a time, levity and indifference took the place of the earnest desire for instruction. This was a sorrow which the brave-hearted missionaries, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, and whom no personal sufferings could discourage, found it almost impossible to bear. But by faith and patience they continued their work, and in the early years of the new century, there came a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Converts were added to them almost daily. The unfaithfulness of those who for a time had departed from the faith, was repented of with tears, and even Tuglavina, the instrument of all the mischief, turned from his evil ways, and died, as far as they could judge, in the Christian faith.

Prosperity continued, and in April, 1830, a fourth station was established about sixty miles to the north of Okak, which they called Hebron. Both here and at the other stations, great attention was given to the education of the young, and although it was only for about six months of each year that children could attend the schools, many, of even four or five years of age, were able to read fluently and write well. In course of time, a harmony of the four Gospels, the history of our Lord's Passion, a hymn-book, and other smaller works, were printed. Steadily the progress continued, notwithstanding the fact that here, as in Greenland, the people became attacked by European diseases, especially measles, whilst severe winters often brought them to the borders of starvation.

One incident, illustrating the change that Christianity has produced on the savage nature of the Eskimos, may be given here. In the year 1849, the crew of a ship belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company which had been lost on the ice, came to Okak. "Taking refuge in two boats, they rounded Cape Chudleigh, and made their way southwards along the coast of Labrador. One of the two was lost, with all on board. The other, containing the nine survivors, in a most deplorable condition from the effects of cold and hunger, was driven by the wind among the islands near Okak. Here they were soon seen by Eskimos in their kayaks, and they prepared for the cruel death which, from heathen natives, they had every reason to expect. To their great astonishment, they were welcomed with kindly warmth, and the offer of aid to bring them ashore, where they were again surprised to find the women singing

hymns at their work, and readily offering them whatever food was at their disposal. Unable to walk, they were carried to the mission-house, where they received every attention, the missionaries performing several surgical operations on severely frost-bitten limbs. The men, who were worn away to skeletons on their long journey of 800 miles by boat, wept tears of joy at their unexpected deliverance, and thankfully availed themselves of the opportunity to return to England with the *Harmony*." *

Two new stations, Zoar and Ramah, were formed in 1865 and 1871 respectively, and during the past few years a new and important sphere of labour has been opened up, the centre of which is Hopedale. In the latter place an English-speaking missionary is located, whose special duty it is to care for the spiritual needs of the once-dreaded "Southlanders."



BUILDING SNOW HUTS.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of the Moravian missionary work in Labrador than by quoting a few extracts from a letter written by Sister Asboe, who took up her residence at Hopedale in the summer of 1887:—

"My first sight of Labrador was not reassuring; it looked so lonely. But as soon as we landed at Hopedale I changed my mind. Indeed, I was quite pleased with the place. There is a long wooden pier, the shore end of which is quite close to the mission-house; only a few rocks and grass intervene. The premises are surrounded by wooden palisades to keep the dogs out. From the large green gate, a path leads straight up to the front door. This is approached by steps, and has a pretty porch. The flower-beds contain beautiful and fragrant stocks, geraniums, pansies, and roses.

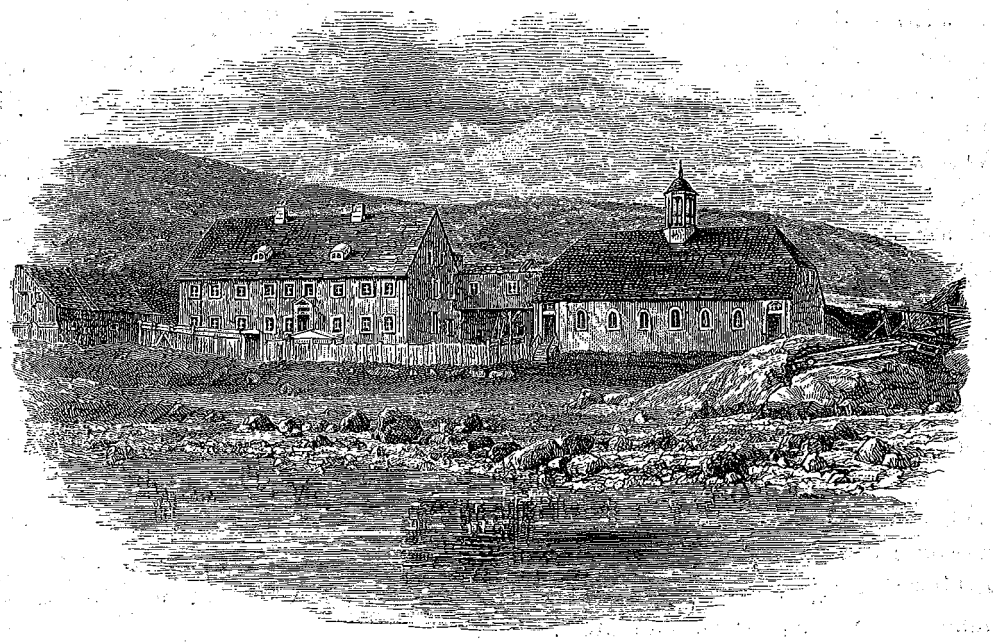
"Behind the dwelling-house, and not far off, is the store. A covered passage affords access to the church, which is very nice and clean. Of course there is no pulpit, only, in German Moravian fashion, a table covered with a green cloth. On either side of this is a raised platform, where the missionaries and their wives sit.

"*August 8th.*—Yesterday was my first Sunday in Labrador. At nine o'clock the church bell rang for the first service, and then, as they invariably do, all the dogs began yelling and howling as fast and as loud as they could. They sometimes keep

* "History of the Mission of the Church of the United Brethren in Labrador."

up this dismal noise in the night, too. The nine o'clock service consists of the reading of the Litany, of course in Eskimo. The sermon follows at ten. It was curious to sit there and not understand a word of what was said. At three o'clock there was an English service for the settlers and the fishermen, when the church was crowded. I went to that, but not to the succeeding meeting, which was again in the Eskimo language.

"The other day we visited some of the Eskimos in their houses. I was surprised to find their rooms so nice and clean, and so fairly furnished, too, with chairs, tables, cupboards, and even pictures on the walls. Nor are the people themselves half so



HOPEDALE MISSION HOUSE, LABRADOR.

bad-looking as I had imagined. They have jet-black hair. They are simple, if not rather childish. They laugh whenever we meet them, not that they are making fun of us, but to show their friendliness.

"*August 9th.*—I am really pleased with Hopedale; I never expected it to be so nice. True, I do not yet know what the winter is like; but all in our missionary household seem to be very happy, and they say they do not find the winter months long or wearisome. On the contrary, I am told it is rather a busy time.

"*Sunday, 14th.*—To-day we are celebrating the memorial-day of the 13th of August. This morning I was awakened by the brass band playing chorales outside our house, and well they played too. Another surprise in the line of Eskimo musical ability awaited me in the morning service. Six natives were seated by the organ accompanying the singing on their violins. There was a choir, too, and they rendered a difficult anthem splendidly.

"This morning the mail steamer arrived, bringing me dear letters from home. Now I must close this, and post it, that the steamer may take it to Newfoundland."

When we think of Labrador as it was when Erhardt was cruelly murdered by the savage heathen, and Labrador as it is to-day, we may say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." In 1849, the labours of the Moravians who initiated Christian work in that country, were supplemented by other workers, and at the present day the western portion of the coast, on the northern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is included in the diocese of Quebec; while, from Blanc Savlon and onwards, the Bishop of Newfoundland is supposed to be responsible. Many estimable men under the auspices of the Church of England have done excellent work in these regions, among them the Rev. A. Gifford, who shared his room and his table with a fisherman at Fortvan; the Rev. G. Hutchinson, who left a pleasant parish on the slopes of the Malvern Hills to take up a twelve years' residence in this cold, dreary, and inhospitable clime; the Rev. R. Wainwright, who, with his wife and family, were content to take up their abode in a half-finished barn, with the seams so open "that as the inmates lay in bed they could see the people outside through the chinks in the timbers," until, when the winter came, beds, chairs, and tables were covered with ice, and the dexterous clergyman had to turn his hand to carpentering to keep out the weather. These, and others, worked with right good will in preaching the Gospel, setting bones, teaching children, "in journeyings oft" through snow and ice and fog, travelling long and dangerous journeys in sledges, feeding on the meanest fare, cut off from all the elegancies and refinements of life, yet content, and rejoicing that Christ was preached to those who "sat in darkness and in the shadow of death."

At the present day, Labrador, "the land which cannot be built upon," and upon whose coast the mariner once dreaded to land for fear of the treacherous and bloodthirsty savages, is, to all intents and purposes, a Christian country—a signal example of the Conquests of the Cross.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LABRADOR MISSIONARY SHIPS.

Wonderful Preservation of the Missionary Ships—The *Jersey Packet*—The *Amity*—The *Good Intent*—Protected by British Proclamation—Receive Safe-Conduct from France—Letter from Benjamin Franklin—Strange Deliverance from Capture of the *Resolution*—Perils of the *Jemima* as Related by a Missionary—The *Harmony*.

IN 1840 the celebrated Cunard Company was founded, and, from that year to the present, their splendid ships have traversed the stormy Atlantic with unfailing regularity and at high speed, and yet it is the proud boast of the Company that during the whole of that long period they have never lost a life or a letter. That is in itself a truly wonderful record, but that of the Labrador missionary ships is even more marvellous. A few brief particulars of the more remarkable deliverances from imminent peril which they have experienced from the year 1770 to the present time will form a fitting supplement to the account which we have given of the mission itself.

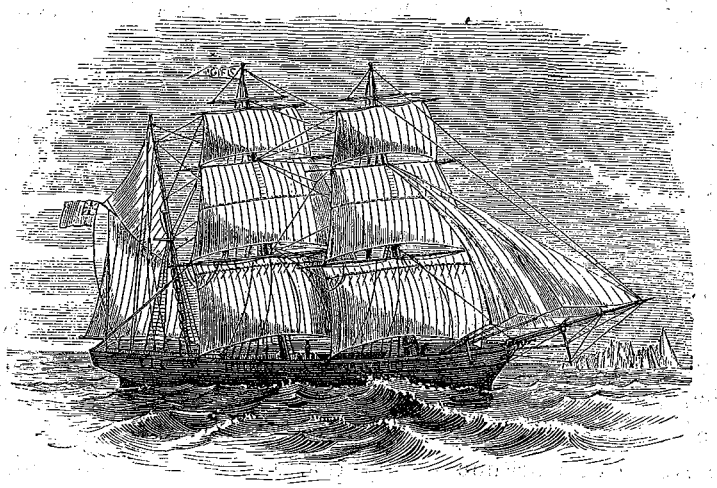
The immunity from loss during a hundred and twenty years, while annually encountering peculiar perils incident to the navigation of the North Atlantic, and traversing the dangerous ice-bound coast of Labrador, has been a source of wonder to many, and of adoring gratitude to the Moravians, who have traced in the fact the Divine protection and the special providence of God. Long ago, Lord Admiral Gambier stated that he considered the preservation of the Labrador ships as the most remarkable occurrence in maritime history that had come to his knowledge; and it is a most significant fact that underwriters at Lloyd's insure the Labrador ships at a premium considerably less than that which is charged for vessels bound to other portions of British North America, including the Territories of the Hudson's Bay Company.*

When it was decided that direct and regular intercourse with Labrador should supersede the method hitherto employed of reaching that coast by way of Newfoundland, the "Brethren's Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel" procured a vessel—a small sloop of eighty tons burden, called the *Jersey Packet*. Her fitting out was entrusted to "The Ship's Company"—Brethren who undertook the management of the ship and of the barter traffic with the Eskimos, it being a principle with the Moravians that the talents of their members, whether they consisted in handling ropes, building houses, trading, or preaching the Gospel, should all be pressed into the service of their common Lord.

A proclamation in favour of the undertaking was issued by Commodore Byron, (grandfather of Lord Byron the poet), in which evidence is given of the desire of the British Government to promote the establishment of the mission in Labrador, and

* "Brief Account of the Missionary Ships employed in the Service of the Mission on the Coast of Labrador." (Moravian publication.)

one clause of it ran as follows:—"And whereas His Majesty did at the same time order that the Governor or Commander-in-Chief of Newfoundland for the time being, do give them all reasonable assistance and support in forming the said settlement, and in His Majesty's name to warn all persons from molesting or disturbing the said settlers; and whereas certain persons who are members of the said Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel have purchased the *Jersey Packet* (Francis Mugford, Commander), burthen 80 tons, square sterned, plantation built, in order to go this year to the coast of Labrador to converse with the Eskimos, and try to bring them to a peaceable temper, and to look out for such parts, on or near Eskimo Bay, as may best suit for the purpose of establishing a mission of the Unitas Fratrum, and, to that end, have



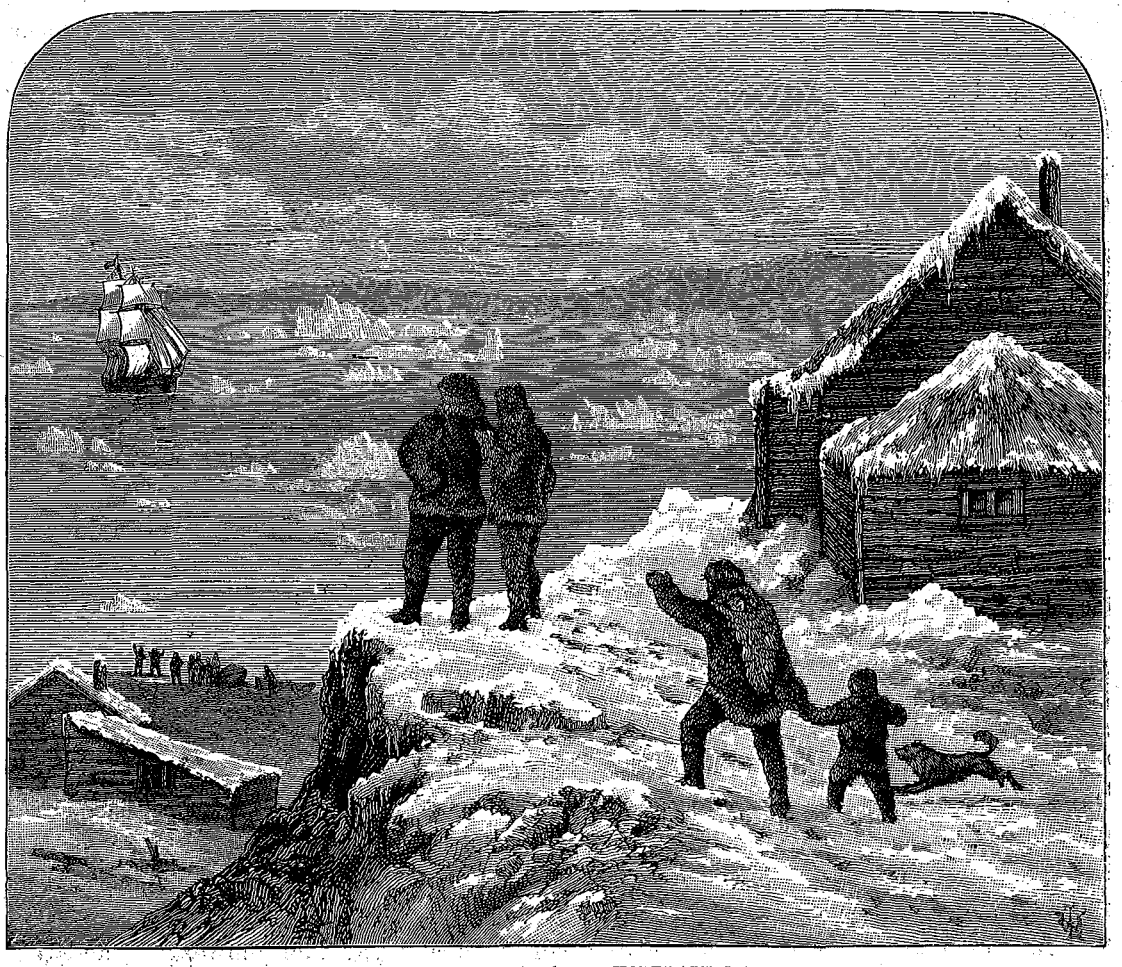
THE *HARMONY*.

engaged some missionaries to go on board the said *Jersey Packet*, for the laudable purposes aforesaid." Then followed the certificate calling upon all officers, civil and military, "to afford the said Brethren all friendly assistance for the success of their pious undertaking, calculated for the benefit of mankind in general, and for the kingdom of Great Britain in particular."

After the *Jersey Packet* came the *Amity*, which sailed regularly from 1773 to 1776, when her place was taken by the *Good Intent*. This vessel, on her second return voyage, was captured by a French privateer, but was happily re-captured by a British cruiser before she could reach a French port, and, although the captain and crew were carried into Dunkirk, together with the letters and journals of the missionaries, all got safely back to London. Good sprang out of this apparent evil, as a safe-conduct was granted to the ship of the Society by the King of France, and by the American Minister at the court of Versailles—the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin—empowering her to pass unmolested by the cruisers of both nations on her voyage to and from the coast of Labrador. The letter of Benjamin Franklin "to all captains and commanders of vessels of war, Privateers, Letters of Marque, belonging to the United States of America," is so

interesting a document, and bears such testimony to the good work of the Moravians, that we insert it here:—

"Gentlemen,—The religious Society commonly called the Moravian Brethren, having established a Mission on the coast of Labrador, for the conversion of the savages there to the Christian religion, which has already had good effects in turning them from their ancient practices of surprising, plundering, and murdering such white people, Americans and Europeans, for the purposes of trade or fishery happening to come on that



WATCHING FOR THE *HARMONY*, HOPEDALE HARBOUR.

coast, and persuading them to lead a new life of honest industry, and to treat strangers with humanity and kindness:

"And it being necessary for the support of this useful Mission, that a small vessel should go there every year, to furnish supplies and necessaries for the Missionaries and their converts, which vessel, for the present year, is a sloop of about 70 tons, called '*The Good Intent*,' whereof is master, Captain Francis Mugford:

"This is to request you, that, if the said vessel should happen to fall into your hands, you would not suffer her to be plundered, or hindered in her voyage, but on the contrary, would afford her any assistance she may stand in need of: wherein I am confident your conduct will be approved of by the Congress and your owners.

"Given at Passy, this 11th day of April, 1779. "Benj. Franklin,

"Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States at the Court of France."

In 1777, the first of the ships, bearing the name of *The Harmony*, was brought into the service, and her first six voyages were singularly prosperous; the seventh, however, was the longest recorded in the annals of the Society. On her return journey the weather was remarkably boisterous, and the ship was on several occasions in great danger; but was preserved throughout the severe storms without harm to either ship or company.

One of the most remarkable deliverances of the missionary ships from hostile attacks occurred to the *Resolution* in 1803. She left London on the 7th of June, and, as was usual in times of war, proceeded with the Hudson's Bay convoy to the Orkneys, from whence she made the best of her way to Labrador; but was three weeks detained by the ice on the coast before she could reach Okak. After visiting the three settlements and transacting the usual business, Captain Fraser hastened back to the Orkneys, to meet the convoy taking home the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, which during the whole of the previous year he had not failed to effect. But this time the convoy sailed without him, and there was, in consequence, great fear among the Brethren for the safety of the ship, more especially as a succession of violent storms in the northern seas had proved the destruction of many vessels. In course of time, however, the fears of the Brethren were turned into praise by the receipt of a letter from Captain Fraser, the commander of the missing vessel, in which he told them as strange a story of peril and deliverance as had ever been heard. Briefly, it was as follows:—

On the 10th of October he left Hopedale, and in sixteen days was within about three days' sail of the Orkneys, when strong easterly gales drove him back, and kept him three weeks. But those storms proved the means of his deliverance from the enemy. He was chased by a French frigate, brought-to, and forced to keep her company. Then a storm arose, and the sea ran so high that it was impossible for the frigate to get out a boat to board the *Resolution*. This continued, and the second night being extremely dark and boisterous, Captain Fraser clapped on all sail and escaped. Next morning the frigate was not to be seen, and the peril seemed over-past; but two days later, Captain Fraser had the mortification to meet her again, and to be chased and brought-to a second time. Singularly enough, the exact details of the previous capture were repeated, with the exception, that when the brave captain escaped the second time, he saw no more of the enemy.

As much interest centres in the *Jemima* as in any vessel of the Society, and the story of her escapes and deliverances is as thrilling as any ever told in maritime annals. On one occasion (1811), when sailing from Nain to Okak, the cold was so intense, although it was only September, that the running rigging could not work through the blocks, and the sails, once set, could not be furled—in fact, were so stiff from the frost as to be quite unmanageable. The wind, however, was so favourable, that nothing more was required than to steer the vessel.

In 1816, the vessel was for six days in hourly danger of being crushed to pieces by the ice-drift, and it was not until after a conflict with the frozen element lasting for forty-nine days, that she reached Okak in safety. On the return journey, being unable to see a ship's length ahead, and being within half a mile of a dangerous reef,

the captain was obliged to press on sail to clear it, which he did but just accomplish. Later on in the same voyage, she was struck by a sea "that twisted her in such a manner, that the very seams on her larboard side opened, and the water gushed into the cabin and the mate's berth, as from a pump."

In the following year the voyage was also memorable, and the graphic description of it given in the journal of Brother Kmock, from which we make the following extracts, furnishes a lively and correct account of the dangers which are more or less attendant on arctic navigation:—

"Between the 4th and 5th of July (1817) we heard and saw many ice-birds. This bird is about the size of a starling, black, with white and yellow spots, and is met with about 200 English miles from the Labrador coast. When the sailors hear it, they know that they are not far from the ice. It flies about a ship chiefly in the night, and is known by its singular voice, which resembles a loud laugh.

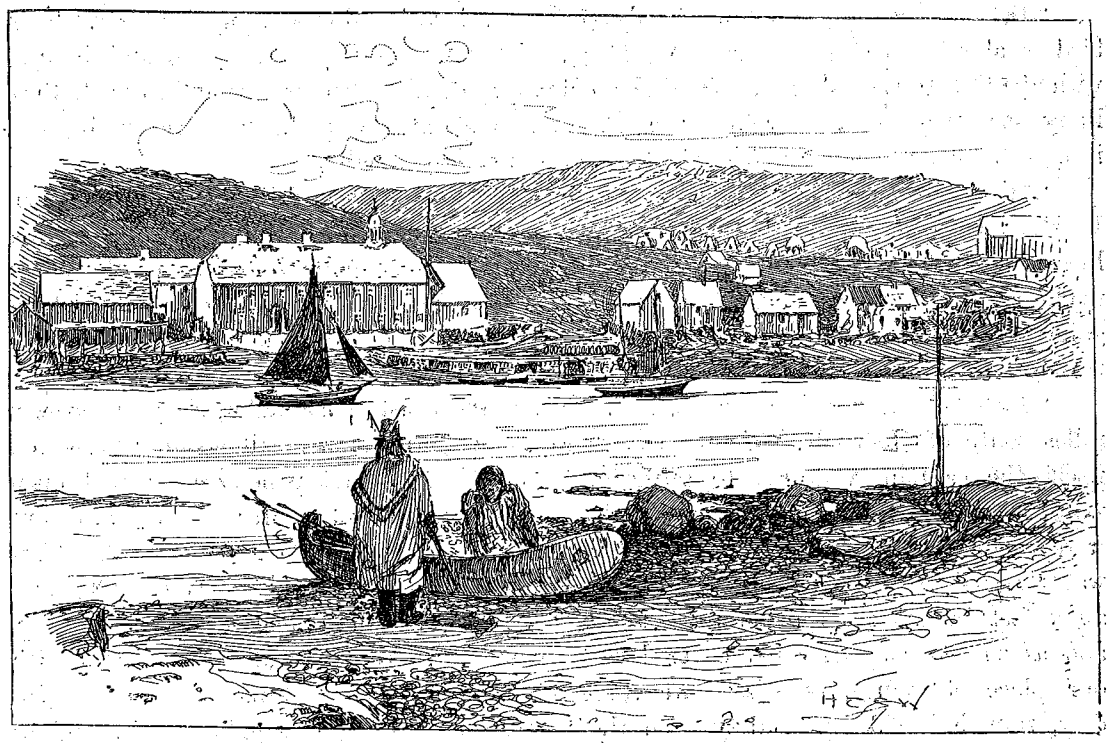
"7th.—The morning was cold and rainy. In all directions, drift-ice was to be seen. In the afternoon it cleared up a little, and we entered an opening in the ice looking like a bay. The continual rustling and roaring of the ice reminded us of the noise made by the carriages in the streets of London when one is standing in the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral. . . Having in vain exerted ourselves to penetrate through the ice, we returned at night into the open sea.

"14th.—Land was discovered ahead. It was the coast of Labrador, sixty or seventy miles south of Hopedale. We were close to the ice, and as a small opening presented itself, the captain ventured to push in, hoping, if he could penetrate, to find open water between the ice and the coast. For some time we got nearer to the land, but were obliged at night to fasten the ship with two grapnels to a large field. This was elevated between five and six feet above the water's edge, and between fifty and sixty feet in thickness below it. It might be 300 feet in diameter, flat at the top, and as smooth as a meadow covered with snow. . . We were all well pleased with our place of refuge, and lay here three whole days; but I cannot say that I felt easy, though I hid my anxiety from the party. I feared that a gale of wind might overtake us in this situation, and carry fields longer than that in which we lay, when the most dreadful consequences might ensue. And the sequel proved that I was not much mistaken.

"18th.—The weather was clear, and the wind in our favour; we therefore took up our grapnel, got clear of our floating haven, and again endeavoured to penetrate through some small openings. . . In the afternoon we had penetrated to the open water between the ice and the land, but we durst not venture nearer, as the sea is here full of sunken rocks, and the captain knew of no harbour on this part of the coast. Having found another large piece of ice convenient for the purpose, we fastened the ship to it.

"In the night between the 19th and 20th we were driven back by a strong current to nearly the same situation we had left on the 17th, only somewhat nearer the coast. On the 20th, towards evening, the sky lowered, and it grew very dark. The air also felt so oppressive that we all went to bed, and every one of us was troubled

with uneasy dreams. At midnight we heard a great noise on deck. We hastened thither to know the cause, and found the ship driving fast towards a huge ice-mountain, on which we expected every moment to suffer shipwreck. The sailors exerted themselves to the utmost, but it was by God's merciful providence alone that we were saved. The night was exceedingly cold, with rain, and the poor people suffered much. We were now driven to and fro at the mercy of the ice till one in the morning, when we succeeded in fastening the ship again to a large field. But all this was only the



OKAK.

prelude to greater terrors. . . The wind changed to north-east and north, increasing gradually till it turned into a furious storm. Top-masts were lowered, and everything was done to ease the ship. We now saw an immense ice-mountain at a distance, towards which we were driving without the power of turning aside. Between six and seven we were again roused by a great outcry on deck. We ran up, and saw our ship, with the field to which we were fast, with great swiftness approaching towards the mountain; nor did there appear the smallest hope of escaping being crushed to atoms between it and the field. However, by veering out as much cable as we could, the ship got to such a distance that the mountain passed through between us and the field. We all cried fervently to the Lord for speedy help in this most perilous situation, for if we had but touched the mountain we must have been instantly destroyed. One of our cables was broken, and we lost a grapnel; the ship also sustained some damage. But

we were now left to the mercy of the storm and current, both of which were violent; and exposed likewise to the large fields of ice which floated all around us, being from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The following night was dreadfully dark, the heavens covered with the blackest clouds driven by a furious wind; the ice roared and howled as it moved along, and the fields driving and dashing against each other were truly terrible. A fender was made of a large beam, suspended by ropes to the ship's sides, to secure her in some measure from the ice; but the ropes were soon cut by its sharp edges, and we lost the fender. Repeated attempts were now made to make the ship fast to some large field, and the second mate, a clever young man full of spirit and willingness, swung himself several times off, and upon such fields as approached us, endeavouring to fix a grapnel to them, but in vain, and we even lost another grapnel on this occasion. The storm, indeed, dispersed the ice, and made openings in several places, but our situation was thereby rendered only still more alarming, for when the ship got into open water her motion became more rapid by the power of the wind, and, consequently, the blows she received from the ice more violent. Whenever, therefore, we perceived a field of ice through the gloom, towards which we were hurried, nothing appeared more probable than that the violence of the shock would determine our fate, and be attended with immediate destruction to the vessel. Such shocks were repeated every four or five minutes, and sometimes oftener, and the longer she remained exposed to the wind the more violently she ran against the sharp edges and spits of the ice, not having any power to avoid them. After every shock, we tried the pumps to find whether we had sprung a leak, but the Lord kept His hand on us, and preserved us in a manner almost miraculous. In this awful situation we offered up fervent prayers to Him who alone is able to save, and besought Him that, if it were His divine will that we should end our lives among the ice, He would soon take us home to Himself, not let us die a miserable death from cold and hunger, floating about in this boisterous ocean.

"It is impossible to describe all the horrors of this eventful night, in which we expected every ice-field to be fraught with death. We were full ten hours in this dreadful situation, till about six in the morning, when we were driven into open water, not far from the coast. We could hardly believe that we had got clear of the ice; all seemed as a dream. We now ventured to carry some sail with a view to bear up against the wind. The ship had become leaky, and we were obliged to keep the pumps agoing, with only about ten minutes' rest at a time. Both the sailors and we were thereby so much exhausted, that whenever any one sat down he immediately fell asleep. . . .

"Next day the wind turned in our favour, and carried us swiftly forward towards the Hopedale shore. Every one on board was again in full expectation of soon reaching the end of our voyage, and ready to forget all former troubles. But, alas! arriving at the same spot from which we had been driven yesterday, we found our way anew blocked up with a vast quantity of ice. The wind also drove us irresistibly towards it. We were now in a great dilemma. If we went between the islands, where the sea is full of sunken rocks, we were in danger of striking upon one of them and being instantly

lost; again, if we ventured into the ice, it was doubtful whether the ship would bear any more such shocks as she had received. . . . . ."

The former course was adopted, as, in the event of shipwreck, there might be some possibility of escaping to shore. But it did not bring them to their desired haven; for *three weeks* longer they were driven about, encountering almost every day perils, surprises, and disappointments, which we have not space to describe, until at last, on the 9th of August, the ship was brought in safety into the Hopedale harbour.

Time would fail to tell of the peculiar hazards to which the vessels of the Society were, on innumerable occasions, exposed. Perils from fog, from sunken reefs, from violent tempests, from hostile cruisers, and from intense cold, were common; sometimes snow lay on the decks to a depth of 18 inches, sometimes they would be entrenched in the ice for weeks at a time, not a drop of water being visible on any side as far as the eye could reach; sometimes they would strike upon ice of great thickness concealed beneath a covering of water too shallow to allow a vessel to pass over—almost every form of peril was encountered; but ship after ship met with the same immunity from loss, and this has continued to the present day.

At this date the *Harmony*, the fourth vessel bearing that name, is a fine ship specially constructed to bear the shock of the waves and the crash of the ice. Still, as she goes forth, her figure-head representing an angel with a trumpet, and the words inscribed in a scroll—"Glory to God, peace on earth," she carries on board men just as brave as those of whose labours we have written—men who care no more for perils in waters than they care for perils among the heathen; and still the prayers of the Brethren accompany the *Harmony* as she goes forth on her perilous voyages, and they sing, perchance, the sacred song of Brother James Montgomery:—

"To-day one world-neglected race
We fervently commend
To Thee, and to Thy word of grace;
Lord, visit and befriend
A people scattered, peeled, and rude,
By land and ocean-solitude,
Cut off from every kinder shore,
In *dreary* Labrador.

'Thither, while to and fro she steers,
Still guide our annual bark,
By night and day, through hopes and fears,
While, lonely as the Ark,
Along her single track, she braves
Gulfs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,
To waft glad tidings to the shore
Of *longing* Labrador."

XII.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER XXII.

MEDICAL MISSIONS.

Chinese Gratitude—Dr. Hobson and his Works—Chinese Ideas of Anatomy—Dr. Peter Parker—Hospitals in China—Work in Amoy—Ningpo—Surgical Operations—Self-mutilation—Leprosy—Mesmerism—Faith-healing—Opium and Tobacco—The Opium Trade.

FROM far-back times the Chinese have greatly honoured the office and person of the physician. Nothing wins its way so readily to the human heart that beats warmly beneath "John's" Oriental garb, as medical services rendered successfully in time of need.

We have already told how that great and many-sided pioneer of Christian work in China, Robert Morrison, in the true spirit of his Divine Master, made kindly, unpretentious efforts to help the sick and suffering as soon as he arrived in China. With the co-operation of Dr. Livingstone, surgeon to the East India Company, he had, in 1820, dispensed medicine to sick Chinamen at Macao. Seven years later, Dr. Colledge, who succeeded Dr. Livingstone, opened and sustained a dispensary there at his own charges. Patients were at first timid, and even superstitiously afraid of sorcery being practised upon them; but soon they so thronged his little consulting-room that he had to hire two houses of moderate size to accommodate the work. In spite of all prejudices and opposition, four thousand patients came to him for advice in the first four years. "It is difficult at this date," says Dr. Wells Williams, "to fully appreciate the extraordinary ignorance and prejudice respecting foreigners which the Chinese then entertained, and which could be best removed by some such form of benevolence."

Gratitude was often expressed in the national form of flattering literary effusions. One man wrote to him in Chinese: "You gave me medicine, you applied the knife; and as when the clouds are swept away, now again I behold the azure heavens," and so on. Another writes a long and florid epistle thus, but we must curtail it as far as possible: "To knock head" (*i.e.*, on the ground) "and thank the great English doctor. Venerable gentleman:—May your groves of almond trees be abundant, and the orange trees make the water of your well fragrant. As heretofore, may you be made known to the world as illustrious and brilliant, being a most profound and skilful doctor. I last year arrived in Macao blind in both eyes; I have to thank you, venerable sir, for having by your excellent methods cured me perfectly. Your goodness is as lofty as a hill, your virtue deep as the sea; therefore all my family will express their gratitude for your new-creating goodness. Now I am desirous of returning home. Your profound kindness it is impossible for me to requite; I feel extremely ashamed of myself for it. I am grateful for your favours, and shall think of them without ceasing. . . . I go back to my mean province. Your illustrious name, venerable sir, will extend to all time; during a thousand ages it will not decay. I return thanks for your great

kindness. Impotent are my words to sound your fame and to express my thanks. I wish you everlasting tranquillity.

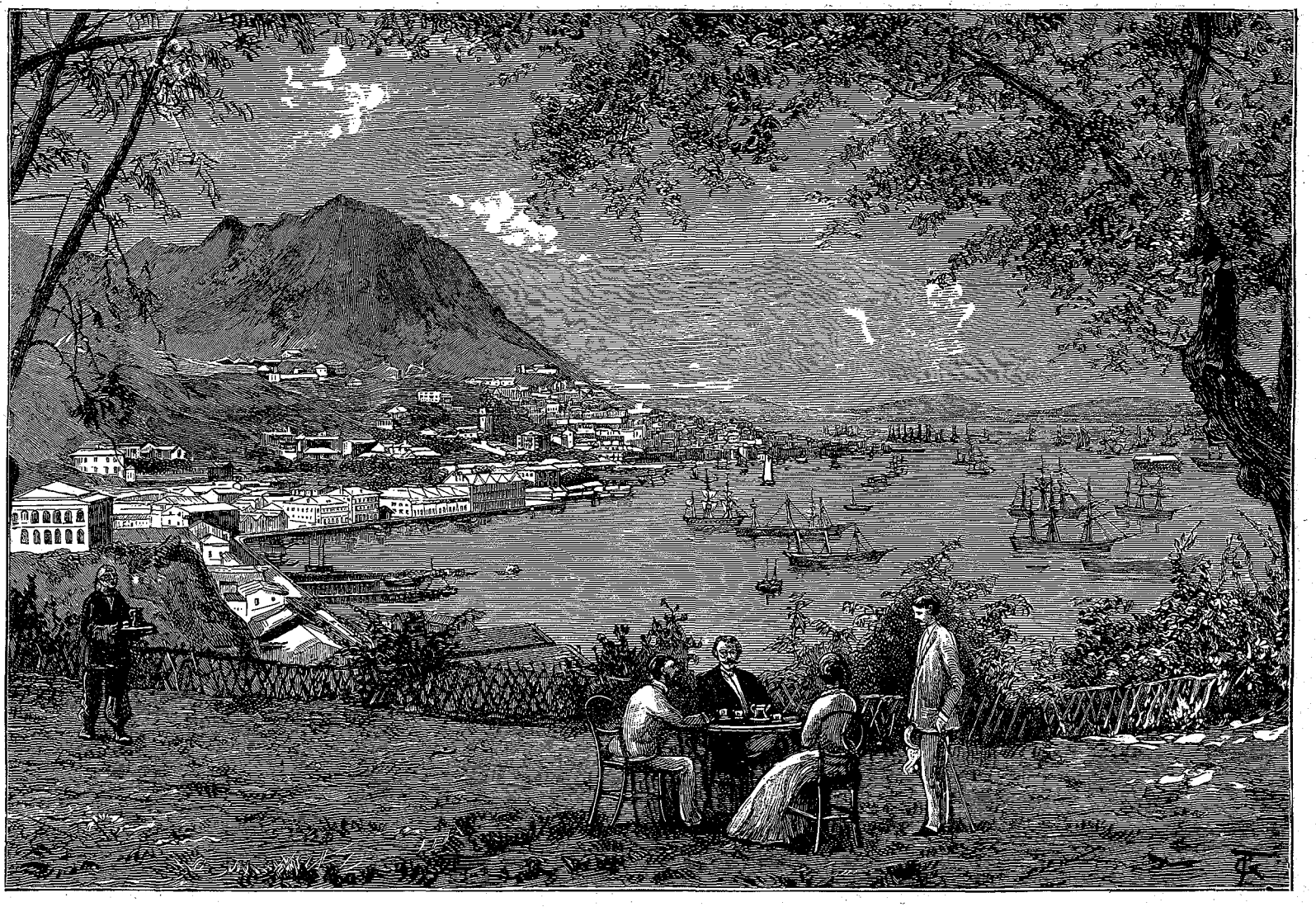
"Presented to the great English doctor and noble gentleman, in the 11th of Taukwang, by Ho Shuh, of the district of Chau-ngan, in the department of Chang-chau, in Fuhkien, who knocks head and presents thanks."

Chinese medical science is greatly indebted to the services of Dr. Hobson, who conducted, in Hongkong chiefly, a large hospital practice, where Chinese students were trained to examine, prescribe for, and, when necessary, to operate upon patients, the instructions being afterwards published in an attractive form. Before Dr. Hobson's efforts to make the results of anatomical and physiological discoveries known to the Chinese, medical attainments had not reached a high level amongst them. Indeed, the Romans and the Greeks possessed much more knowledge as to the inner structure of the human frame than was current in China at the time when Western civilisation began to clamour so loudly for entrance. Hobson's writings became exceedingly popular, and gradually led to a better knowledge of natural law and order, while their influence was also extended to Japan by means of a pirated edition in Chinese, a language read by the learned classes in that country. Some few liberties were taken with the original text by the Japanese editors in order to adapt the works for their own countrymen, and they obtained in this way a wide circulation. Those writings had a profound influence on Japanese science, the Dutch having partly paved the way for the reception of fresh facts about the human body, which it was, till recently, penal to dissect.

Long before Dr. Hobson published his books, the Jesuits had issued in China a short sketch of human anatomy (accompanied by a few not very exact plates), which was almost devoid of real information—a production, indeed, quite weak and ineffective. The coherent and stable truths of modern anatomy and physiology are at once felt and appreciated by those who are brought into sharp daily contact with the phenomena of sickness and suffering, more especially when wounds or "surgical diseases" have to be dealt with on principles involving knowledge of local anatomy. While Hobson's works excited the wonder and admiration of the learned amongst the laity, and were even popularly attractive, they were at once found to be of the utmost practical value to the native doctors and students, who began to study them with eagerness and enthusiasm, and to feel that new worlds were dawning upon their profession.

Dr. Hobson, in addition to his medical works, published elementary treatises on Natural Philosophy, Natural History, and other subjects of a similar kind, in a readable and semi-popular style, all being well and copiously illustrated. They are still in good demand throughout the Empire, though they are likely to be superseded by more modern hand-books, now being published in a superior style by several of the missionaries and other friends of educational progress in Eastern Asia.

Dr. Hobson, in his writings, was full of a reverent appreciation of the supreme goodness and wisdom displayed in the marvellous works of Nature, and his work on Anatomy closes, says Dr. Lockhart, "with the devout recognition of the Creator of this wondrous frame, which demonstrates in so clear a manner the being, the



VICTORIA, HONG-KONG.

wisdom, and benevolence of its mighty Maker." The Japanese at first did not appreciate these points, however, and in their pirated edition, which we have already mentioned, such passages have usually been expunged. Many a Christian preacher in the far East still draws his illustrations of design in Creation from the copiously furnished armoury of Dr. Hobson.

It is difficult for Western people to estimate the changes correct notions of anatomy and physiology must necessarily effect in Chinese ways of looking at things. Miss Fielde, in "Pagoda Shadows," tells of an acquaintance of hers who caught a bad cold, followed by headaches. She went to a Chinese doctor of the old school, who said her ailment was due to a small kernel in her head, which could only be cured by making a hole either in her eye or ear. Of the two evils she thought the loss of half her hearing would be the least, and so she consented to have her ear-drum perforated. Miss Fielde tersely sums up the situation thus: "She has been deaf ever since, but the headaches were not cured." This is adduced as a fair specimen of Chinese medical diagnosis and practice. Much of the special knowledge in China, derived from large practice, is locked up in particular families, the precious secrets being heirlooms.

The beginning of distinctive Medical Missions in China was really when Dr. Peter Parker, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (usually, for shortness, called the A.B.C. Mission), opened a dispensary for the treatment of eye diseases at Canton, in the year 1835. Efforts, as we have seen, had been made prior to that date to render friendly medical aid to poor Chinamen, but they were more the expression of a mere general philanthropy than of the sustained and systematic religious activity, inspired by a direct purpose to evangelise, which marked the new departure.

Medically, Dr. Parker's work was in part a direct continuation of the enterprise carried on by the philanthropic Dr. Colledge, of the East India Company, and for a considerable period it seems to have been the only direct mission agency of any kind at work for the spread of the Gospel throughout the whole vast Empire of China. Very soon after Dr. Parker came, the institution acquired popularity, and his Society was induced to purchase a house at Macao, which was prepared to receive patients requiring to be treated indoors by operation or otherwise.

In one of his earlier reports the doctor writes:—"It was after long effort that a place was found for a hospital, and when at length a suitable building was rented, and previous notice had been given, on the first day no patients ventured to come; on the second day a solitary female afflicted with glaucoma came; the third day half a dozen, and soon they came in crowds. It is difficult to convey to a person who has not visited the scenes of the hospital, a just idea of them. He needs to be present on a day for receiving new patients, and behold respectable women and children assembling on the previous evening, and sitting all night in the street, that they might be in time to obtain an early ticket for admission. He need behold in the morning the long line of sedans, extending far in every direction; see the officers with their attendants; observe the dense mass in the room below; stand by during the examination and giving out tickets of admission to the hall above, where they are prescribed for, urgent cases being admitted at

once, while others are directed to come again at a specified time. . . . Great numbers of patients are thus relieved every day, exhibiting more and more the confidence placed in the physician. . . There have been applicants from other parts of the country as well as from the vicinity. Numbers from other provinces, from Nankin and Pekin, who were resident at Canton, have called; several tea-merchants from the north and their friends have been healed." The reports of this period contain many letters full of gratitude from all classes of Chinamen, and sometimes substantial aid was given to the institution by well-to-do native merchants. Strangers from Europe and America, passing through the city, used to visit Parker's crowded rooms, and often left tokens of their appreciation.

By-and-bye intelligent young men came to study medicine with the popular foreign doctor, who ultimately achieved some success in training Chinese pupils to be wise physicians and expert surgeons.

A visit which the doctor paid to Edinburgh in the year 1841 led to the establishment of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and his efforts on its behalf were greatly aided and encouraged by Dr. John Abercrombie, a noted physician of the Scottish Metropolis. Through the agency of that institution many medical men, after having received some practical training as evangelists, have gone to foreign mission fields in various parts of the globe. It is, however, still a debated question amongst the intelligent friends and supporters of missions, whether such an organisation serves any specially useful end. An earnest Christian man, say some, equipped as he ought to be, with a sound medical education, along with a modicum, at least, of practical experience, and entering upon his duties as a medical missionary with some sympathy for the people to whom he goes, ought quickly to learn on the spot far more than he could acquire under a home superintendent during years of directed labour. The marked success of Dr. Parker's work led various missionary societies to seek for labourers of the same stamp.

Dr. Lockhart, of the London Missionary Society, took charge of the hospital at Macao in 1839, by mutual arrangement with Parker; but official hostility soon arose, and he had to leave Macao for a while, the institution being reopened after a year or two. The doctor had sometimes almost to coax sick people on the streets to accept his aid, so great was the prejudice for a time; but soon, as his kindness and skill became known, the sufferers crowded to him even from remote parts and from the islands around Macao. He then superintended the building of a large and well-planned hospital at the rising port of Hong-Kong, of which Dr. Hobson, who came from the same Society, afterwards took charge.

Some foreign merchants at Hong-Kong liberally sent a promising young Chinese pupil of the mission schools, who had studied medicine, to complete his education at Edinburgh, and the results were not disappointing. He took his degree in due time, winning several good prizes, gaining the esteem of his fellow-students and warm commendations from his professors. Dr. Wang-fun afterwards became medical missionary of the London Missionary Society, in charge of a well-appointed hospital at Canton, which was opened after hostilities ceased. His services were

highly appreciated by all classes of his countrymen, and by many foreigners living in China.

Here is a description of a Sunday's doings at the Canton hospital, which was published in a London journal of 1854, in which our old friend Liang A-fah reappears:—

"At eight o'clock A.M. we joined a company assembled in an upper room.

STREET SCENE IN CANTON.

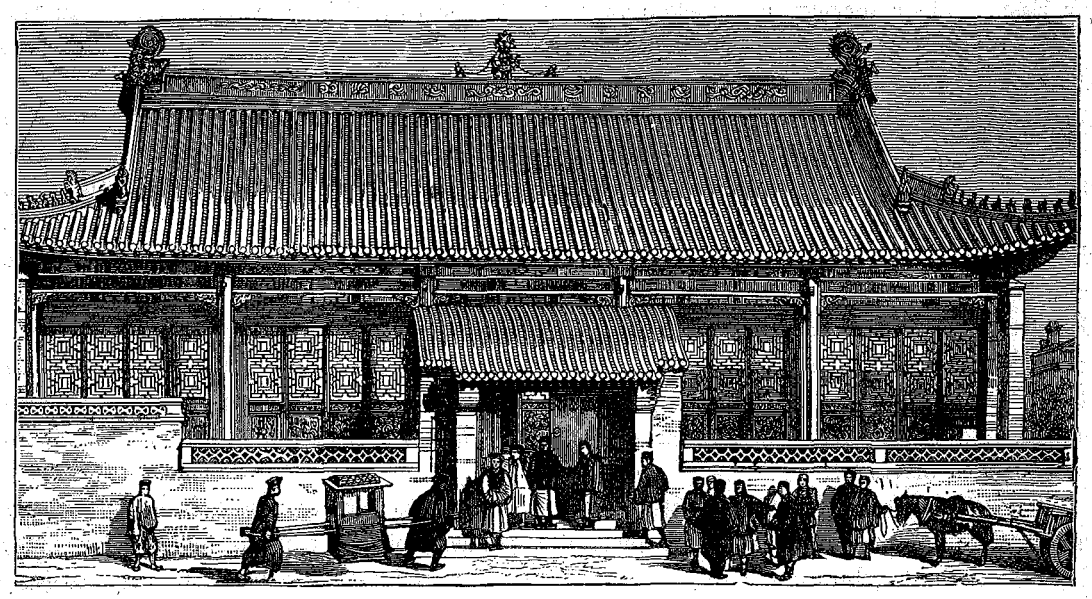
Three native members of the Christian church were there, and seated round were upwards of a score of Chinese, most of whom were patients, or their attendants from the wards. A copy of the Testament was handed to each man, and for many of them the place was found, for some of them had not seen the Book of Life before. A young Christian Chinese gave a simple, clear, and earnest exposition of the appointed verses, which was followed by a further statement, or more fervent application, from Dr. Hobson. Then came a final prayer, and this morning service terminated.

"The patients were mustering early in the chapel seats, which, by the hour of eleven, were well-nigh filled, and the places appropriated to those connected with the hospital were occupied. At that hour the aged evangelist, Liang A-fah, walked to the

preacher's seat. . . . He follows the custom of his country's sages, and sits to teach."

The writer then entered the consulting-room, and now and again peeped at the crowd waiting their turn to see the doctor. "Like a market was the place outside, for the patients were numerous. . . . Seated at a table was Liang A-fah, explaining, to a goodly circle of those waiting to be healed, the Book of God, or answering their objections to his preaching. Surely it was a goodly sight!"

In 1855, less than a year afterwards, this venerable disciple, full of years and faith, and loyal to the Christian cause to the end, died suddenly. He was ordained by Dr. Morrison in 1823, and had no other result been attained than his conversion, Morrison's life would have been well spent.



HOSPITAL AT TIEN-TSIN ERECTED BY DR. MACKENZIE.

The American Baptist Missionary Union established a dispensary in Hong-Kong in 1844, but Dr. Devan, who was sent out for this work, had to return in bad health some three years afterwards, so that little was accomplished.

In 1843 the Presbyterian Church of America sent a young medical missionary to Amoy. He was Dr. Hepburn, who is now in Japan—a silvery-haired, gentle, scholarly man—where he has rendered services to literature and Christianity that are not likely soon to be forgotten. He is the author of *the* dictionary of the Japanese language, and has been the chief translator of the Scriptures into Japanese. In co-operation with a medical gentleman, Dr. Cumming, who, unconnected with any missionary society, freely rendered his services, Dr. Hepburn carried on very successfully a hospital in the large town of Amoy.

Dr. James Young, of the English Presbyterian Mission, began work in Amoy in 1850, and in the year 1859 he was followed by Dr. Carnegie, of the same Society.

Amoy has ever since been one of the strongholds of Presbyterian Christianity in China, but the Chinese Christians are joined in a common Church organisation with Americans and Englishmen, the missionaries also retaining their relation to their own mission societies. Of Formosa and other fields we shall have something to say in another chapter.

It would be quite impossible for us to tell how much was done by the noble army of medical men who have carried kind words and healing to the homes of the poorer Chinese in the Treaty Ports. The names of Drs. Kerr, of Canton; MacKenzie, of Tien-Tsin; Henderson, of Shanghai; Hunter, of Newchang; and many others, as eminent in science as they were enthusiastic in the propagation of the truths of Christianity, are familiar to every visitor to China, and student of the literature of the far East. Their services are spoken of with the deepest gratitude by the poor in the lanes of every great Chinese city, and with profound respect by the scholarly and powerful officials of the Empire.

In 1845 a hospital was opened by Dr. MacGowan in the little maritime province of Chekiang. Its capital is the refined and luxurious city of Hang-chow, which is placed just where the Grand Canal opens out into the sea. It was not in this fine old city, but at one of the new "open ports," lying to the south of Shanghai, that the hospital was erected. This was the fortified town of Ningpo, which lies near the middle of a broad plain, where two rivers blend their waters. It was the only port in the province open to foreign trade, and Mr. Thom, the British consul there, proved a warm friend of medical missions. Ningpo rests on the bank of one branch of the River Yung. Opposite to it there were built some neat bungalows and *hongs*, or warehouses, and these form the foreign settlement, which was expected to be very suitable for purposes of trade.

The province itself is populous and, on the whole, healthy; and it is nearly one great plain, enclosed by a grand picturesque background of mountains. The land, sloping gently to the sea-board, is intersected with many canals, and is very fertile—the green and leafy mulberry bush, the hoary-headed cotton plant of fairish quality, rice and every other grain, growing in rich profusion.

The year after Dr. MacGowan began work there, a revolt took place in a neighbouring town in connection with the land-tax. The Imperialists were defeated, losing 18 killed and 150 wounded—chiefly by spears, arrows, and clubs. A brave magistrate of the town, who was in the thick of the fight, got six wounds, while his secretary fell fighting by his side. Dr. MacGowan successfully treated the injuries which this stout-hearted mandarin received, and he was pleased to get many warm thanks, and much commendation for the result.

In aiding those who need surgical help, the medical missionary is often brought into close relations with the criminal class. The prisons of China thus came sometimes to be visited, and were found to be even worse than those of Europe about half a century ago, before reformers let the light in upon them. Dr. Lockhart, who took much genuine interest in the sufferings of the poor prisoners, has recorded some facts from his own experience that leave a sad impression of the effects

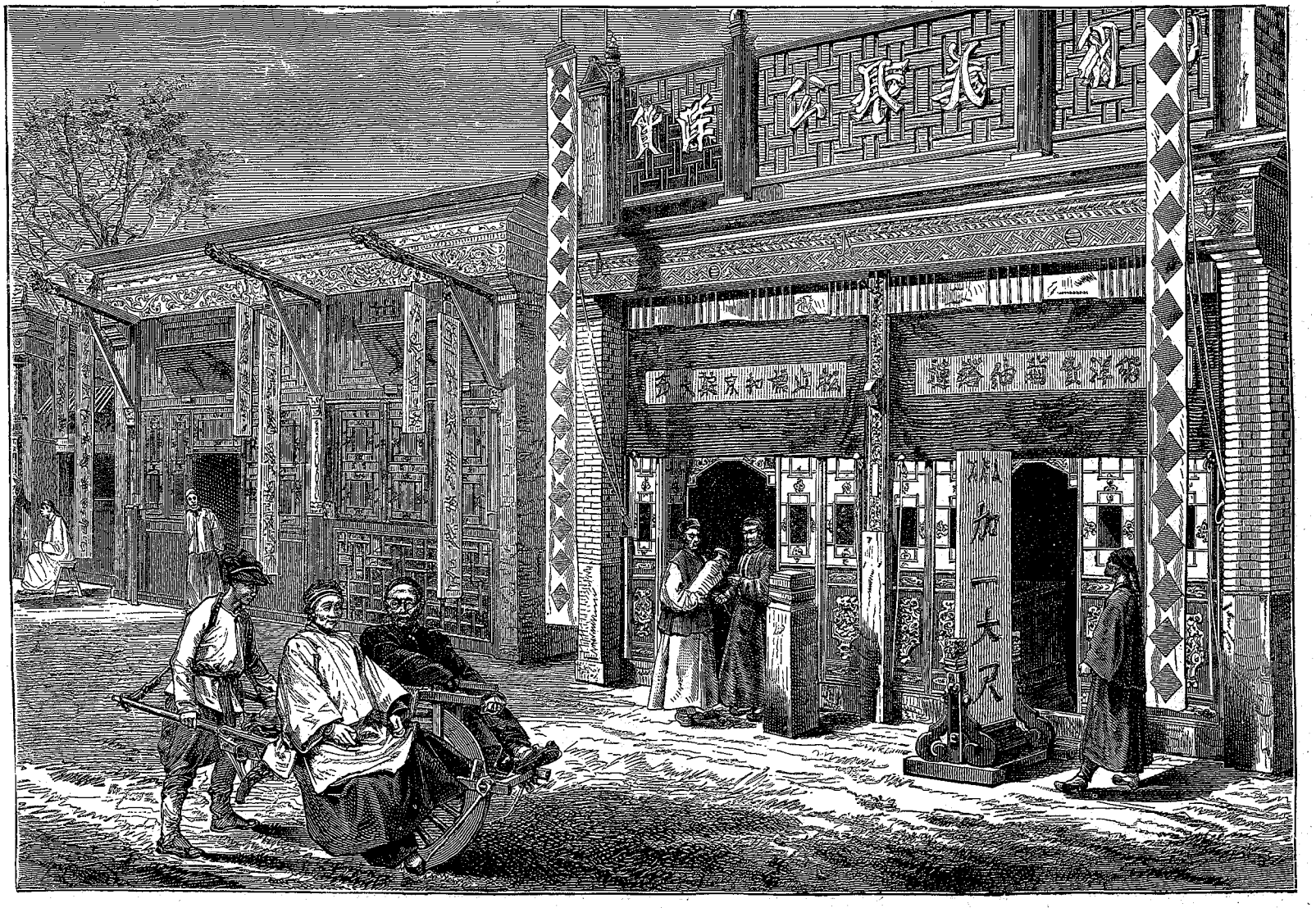
produced on a great community by mere education and refinement, untempered by moral enthusiasm—for it must be remembered that government in China is theoretically always, even in details, the reflex of the most highly educated minds of the day.

On one occasion, in 1853, some fifty pirates or so from Canton had been captured at their work, and were thrust into the inner yard of the magistrate's jail in Shanghai. The lot of an ordinary Chinese prisoner is not, at the best, a very pleasant or enviable one; but pirates are at a discount with the mandarins, and the officers had threatened greater severity upon them than usual, and even to put each of them into solitary confinement. This led the unhappy wretches to make a violent attempt to break out of prison. The military were called upon, and they indiscriminately poured as many rounds as they had to use into the courtyard and cells, disabling many of the disorderly convicts, and killing four of them. The soldiers then rushed upon their victims and heartily belaboured them with heavy poles, although before this they had become perfectly subdued. They were then loaded with additional chains, those who were fortunate enough to escape gun-shot wounds having the bastinado so severely administered to them that they could hardly limp back to their foul dens. Dr. Lockhart was allowed to attend them, cut out bullets, dress wounds, and set broken limbs; for all which help, lovingly and tenderly rendered without fee or reward, those abandoned men, in their sad plight, were reverently grateful.

Here is the good doctor's account of what he found on his arrival at the jail, after the outbreak had been so promptly but savagely quelled:—

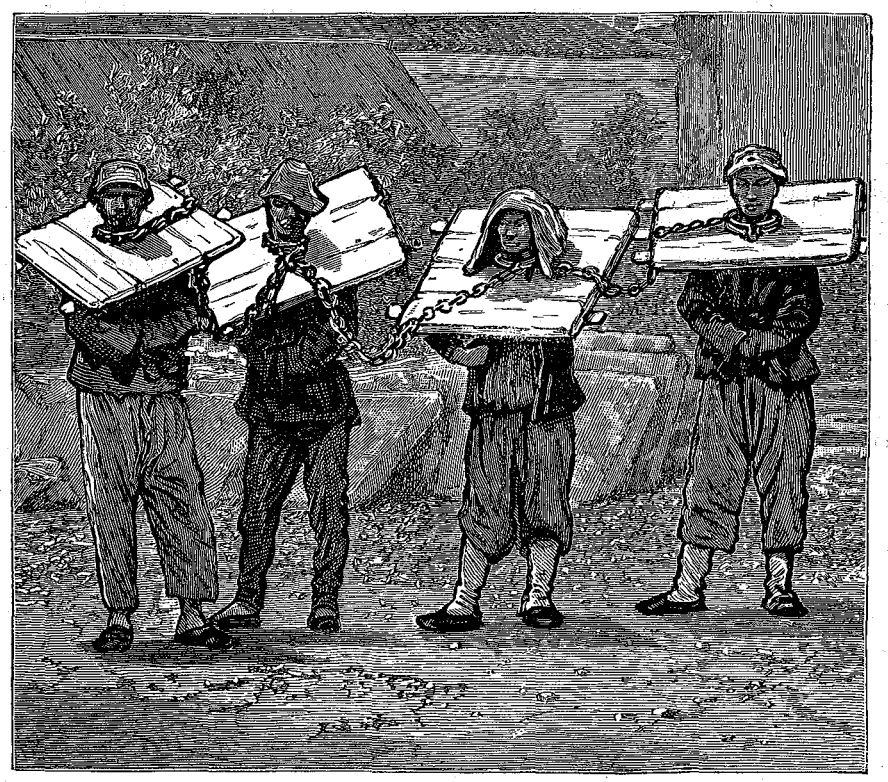
"Four men had been killed, and lay at the door in a heap, just as they had been thrown down. . . . The remainder had the skin beaten off their backs, thighs, and legs, by the bastinado, and the moans from all parts of the yard were heart-rending. The men with the compound fractures had chains on their hands, and bars of wood chained to their feet. . . . One man, whose leg had been fractured, had a pair of manacles that were too small for him placed on his wrists. Great swelling of the hands and fore-arm followed, till at last the handcuffs were buried in the flesh, and the bones exposed. The handcuffs were then filed through and removed, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the jail-keeper," who probably knew what Chinese pirates were, and how difficult it has always been to keep such convicts in order.

Much reluctance was shown by Chinese patients to be operated upon, and especially so as to have any portion of their bodies, even should it be a tumour, removed. Dr. Hobson explains that this may be the true reason why tumours arrest more attention in the East than with us; they are allowed to keep on, growing larger, while in Europe they would be removed early. Commenting on a blunder by which a man who was to have been strangled, was really beheaded, a recent number of the *North China Herald* quotes an Imperial rescript severely condemning the officials concerned. It goes on to explain that the Emperor spoke the genuine sentiment of his people, who attach much importance to the distinction. They object to having their bodies mutilated, not on account of the pain or fear of death, but because of the sentiment that it is a man's duty to keep intact, as far as he can, the body which his parents have bequeathed to



A CHINESE HAND-CARRIAGE.

him. It forms part of that system of filial piety which is so large an element in their religion. If they yield consent to amputation, they always ask for the severed limb, and this they either keep in a coffin to be buried with them at death, or—*they eat it.* The latter custom is in harmony with the traditions of the past; what is severed from the body, by accident or necessity, is returned to it. The *North China Herald* goes on to relate that a work which has been called the Chinese prose "Iliad" records that a certain hero, when pulling out a stray arrow, which entered his eye in battle, drew the eye away with the weapon; whereupon he coolly swallowed the eye, saying that



CHINESE CRIMINALS.

father's flesh and mother's blood should not be thrown away. Teeth are treated in much the same way.

Another phase of this subject is the practice, so frequently commended by the Emperor, of making broth for a sick parent *out of flesh cut from the body of his child.* The efficacy of the practice is supposed to be, that it restores to the parent a portion of his own essence. Viceroys are constantly being petitioned that special rewards may be bestowed on children who have mutilated themselves for this purpose. Not long ago the mother of a late Governor in China was thus commended:—"She obtained a reputation for the filial piety she displayed towards her husband's parents, mutilating herself to mix her flesh with his medicine when her father-in-law was ill." A year

or two ago a case was reported in which a dutiful son, in order to meet a sudden craving on the part of his sick mother for meat, and being too poor to supply it otherwise, cut a piece of flesh from his arm, which he made into soup for her. The report adds that this truly filial son felt no pain from the cutting away of his flesh, and the wound healed at once. Such was the favour of Heaven.

Dr. Parker mentions the case of a man who had hurt his iris by a fall. His Chinese doctor ordered him to cut a chicken in two. He was then to eat the one half for its internal effects, and to lay the other portion on the injured eye as a poultice.

The Chinese doctors were, however, before ours in discovering that it is not well to let blood in fevers. "A fever," say they, "is like a pot boiling; if you wish to cure the patient, you must reduce the heat of the fire, rather than lessen the liquid in the pot."

Cases of leprosy are very common in the experience of medical missions, especially in the southern parts of China. Dr. Hobson furnished to the *Medical Times and Gazette* for June 2nd, 1860, some useful observations on this terrible malady, which is still spreading in many parts of the world. He got some chaulmoogra seeds from Calcutta, and thought his patients derived much benefit from them. The seeds of this plant (*Gynocardia odorata*) were given by him to the leper in the form of pills, and the oil expressed from them was also applied to the sores. This treatment seems to have been also known to some of the Chinese doctors, who probably got the drug by way of the Straits Settlements; but, of course, those who knew its value kept it pretty much as a family secret in the good old way. The active principle of the oil—a remedy pleasanter, more active, and less bulky to administer than the oil itself—is Gynocardic acid.

The lepers in China have never had better or more serviceable friends than the medical missionaries, whose labours, however, have not been of the romantic kind. They have at least shown their desire to render help by carefully studying the details of this awful malady, by intelligent sympathy with its victims, and by constant vigilance in seeking out and trying such means of cure as the rapid progress of Western science seemed to indicate as hopeful. But, after all, lepers remain lepers, and their condition in China is sad in the extreme—outcast, hated, and miserable, as they were in our own lands not many centuries ago. The wretched sufferers from this still mysterious disease (said now to be due to the spread and propagation of a special *bacillus*) have a few privileges, of which they claim the full advantage. For example, they are allowed to make pretty heavy extortions at funerals, and so they lurk about the cemeteries, as they used to do in Scotland in the Middle Ages. The sorrowing relatives, fearing lest the departed spirit of the one who is dear to them may be haunted in the shadowy realms with leprous ghosts, are then disposed to be liberal. Miss Gordon Cumming gives a shocking impression of the conduct of the lepers on such occasions:—

"These luckless Ishmaelites, knowing that every man's hand is against them, combine against the rest of the world. . . . So they calculate from the general pomp of a

funeral how large a sum they may venture to demand. Should their claim be deemed over-much, they sometimes leap into the grave, and refuse to allow the coffin to be lowered till at least a promise of payment has been made. . . . Should any hitch occur, the lepers unscrupulously dig up the coffin and hold it as a hostage till payment is received. . . . In the allowance for funeral expenses here, a certain sum is always included as the lepers' fee; but occasionally, in order to avoid unseemly disputes at the grave, the funeral party agree to denude their procession of all its magnificence as they leave the city, so that the lepers may be deceived into supposing that the deceased was a poor man."

There are said to be many entire village communities of lepers in China. Cut off from all intercourse with their fellow-men, their lot is a hard one. Surely for such victims of the blind work of natural law, religion, with its revelation of a new life of hope and joy, in which spirit rises above and conquers the grossness of matter, is a sweet boon.

We hear a great deal in our day about faith-healing. The Chinese, too, have ideas on this subject. Mesmerism is used, as Mr. Giles relates:—"A Taoist priest, known for his skill in the art, is requested to attend at the house of a sick person for the purpose of administering *kang-fu;* and accordingly, after arranging what is to be paid for his services, and securing part of the sum in advance, he proceeds to fit up within the patient's room an altar for burning incense and joss-paper, and for worship generally. Muttered incantations follow, as the priest walks slowly and with prescribed steps round and round the room. By-and-bye he approaches the sick man and partly raises him, or turns him on his back or side, or lifts up a leg or an arm, or gently shampoos him, the object being all the time to bring the sick man's mind into *rapport* with his own. When the priest thinks he has accomplished this, he commands the patient to perspire or to become cool, or gives instructions for the regulation of pulse and heart, in each case according to what he conceives to be the exigencies of the disease. The whole scene is rendered as impressive as possible by silence, and by darkening the room, with the exception of one oil-lamp, by the light of which is dimly visible the silhouette of the robed priest waving his large sleeves in the air. The imaginative faculty of the sick man is thus excited; and hence, perhaps, the reason why, even in these days of prohibition, Chinamen may still be found ready to declare that they "have derived benefit from *kang-fu*."

The Chinese mind is full of superstitious notions, which have an important bearing on medical treatment. The people constantly have in their mental vision certain disturbing wind and weather influences, the result simply of profound ignorance. Thus they speak of "the coming dragon," "the departing pulse," "the breath of the earth," and so on. There is an expression of constant occurrence, whenever change of any kind has to be made, a railway to be laid, or a house to be altered; it is *feng-shui*. What, then, is *feng-shui*? A great deal has been written on the subject, but it is not difficult to see that the term is one of those, not quite unknown in more advanced countries, which help to veil much ignorance. It belongs to a gigantic system of geomancy, but behind it there has sometimes been shrewd observation of

Nature's laws. For example, a few years ago cuttings were about to be made in Hong Kong, so there was an outcry raised about the danger of *feng-shui* being outraged. The objection was disregarded, and the results were serious. It is now known that soil of a malarious kind, when freshly upturned, may infect a community with the germs of disease; but this fact was new to scientific students of medicine, although in a sense quite familiar and intelligible to the believers in *feng-shui*.

In building a house, regard is paid to points determined by the geomancers. It is perhaps a little uncharitable to suppose that these worthy people have not always a single eye to the good of their clients, but whispers do get abroad about the curious way in which *feng-shui* serves sordid ends. Its laws determine the position of graves, and these again, as is well known, have till now been a great obstacle to the development of telegraphs, railways, and other improvements. It also fixes the architectural details of one's house in a wonderful way. The main building must be lofty, the others low; the chief house faces southward, the others, forming two sides of a square, face east and west; there must be no temple in front, or at either side, and the order of doorways is fixed, so that they follow one another out of line, and so as to form a zig-zag path. Thus the evil influences of spirits is checked somewhat as rays of light would be. If a foreigner erects a new chimney, he may at once upset his Chinese neighbour's fine geomantic calculations, and then—where is he?

An old villager, native of a little place famed for its graduates, once said to an itinerant missionary: "What you say about God is very true, but you must not say that *feng-shui* is false. How could our village produce so many literary men, if our ancestral temple were not in a lucky situation?"

The path of the Great Dragon is straight, and when he rushes to bestow his blessing, woe betide you if your neighbour's house is higher than yours, for it is clear that then he will be reflected away from you, leaving you in spiritual gloom. It is from this curious superstition that so much active hostility has often sprung up against some quiet and inoffensive foreigner, and it is of service to know how the strange fancy may work in native minds.

Tobacco is greatly smoked by people of both sexes. It is said that the Japanese used it first, the Chinese having acquired its use from the Manchus in Northern China, while *they* in turn got it through Corea—coming to that country, it is supposed, ultimately from Japan.

The use of tobacco, however, is not the darling vice of China, and this leads us here to mention the Opium Question. Here is a native picture of the victims to this vice, and it is not too highly coloured:—"Smokers when asleep are like corpses, lean and haggard as demons. Opium-smoking throws whole families into ruin, dissipates every kind of property, and ruins man himself. The youth who smoke shorten their days; those in middle life hasten the termination of their years. It wastes the flesh and blood until the skin hangs down in bags, and their bones are as naked as billets of wood. When the smoker has pawned everything in his possession, he will pawn his wife and sell his daughters."

Whatever may have been the case a few years ago, there is now very little secrecy

about the practice. You may see an opium den at work any day in such slums as the "Chinese town" in Shanghai, and, alas! in many of our Western cities. Passing through a noisome alley, you plunge into a dark little dimly lit room. In it there are wooden benches covered with matting, on which half-naked Chinamen may be seen lying in various attitudes; but out of half a dozen faces there, probably not more than one would arrest attention by its colour or expression. That one is notable from its pallor, and "the glazed eye, with its cold stony expression."

OPIUM SMOKERS.

That the habit in excess is most deleterious cannot be doubted, but exaggerated views have been allowed to prevail as to its visible effects. It is perhaps a little like overshooting the mark simply to argue, as many good Christians do, that it is immoral to derive revenue from a drug that is ruinous to many Chinamen; and that the latter is a fact must be admitted. It may be even admitted that, as in the case of alcoholic stimulants, the craving grows upon its victims, and may be partly transmitted to another generation. The *Chinese Times* narrates a case in illustration of this awful law, which is probably not uncommon in its action. A man and his wife had taken

opium for years. One day the woman gave birth to a boy, a feeble infant, but the doctors who saw it did not seem to know why it was so. It grew weaker and weaker, until one day it chanced to inhale a few whiffs from its father's opium pipe. After that time the child was quite well, so long as it inhaled the smoke regularly once or twice a day. At last, for some reason, the parents grew inattentive, and before they perceived that it was suffering from its old complaint, the poor little thing died.

All this is deplorable, and it is impossible to brush away the responsibility we and our fathers incurred in thrusting opium, however indirectly it was done, upon the Chinese. Yet it is notorious that vast areas are yearly being put under opium cultivation by Chinamen in their own country, with the knowledge and approval of their officials. It may be true, as that accomplished writer, William Fleming Stevenson, in recounting his observations in China, says:—"We have not only wrung the consent of the country to admit what they believe destructive to their people and their interest—we have provided that stimulus to the consumption which is threatening to cover some of the fairest provinces of China with the red stain of the poppy."

It is clear, however, that opium is needed in China, and it is needed in larger quantities for *legitimate* purposes than is supposed. Even in Japan, where the opium habit does not exist, and opium smoking is effectually prohibited under the severest penalties, opium has now not only to be imported, but to be cultivated for medical purposes. In all Eastern countries, where malaria, diarrhœa, dysentery and cholera prevail, much opium is required for purely medical uses, and must somehow be obtained. It is probable enough that this was how the national habit of indulgence arose, as it was in Coleridge's and other individual cases in Europe. Herein lies a real difficulty, and medical missionaries have themselves to import opium into China or purchase it there. Hence it is not easy so to legislate as to exclude opium for one purpose, and to admit it for another. The immoral element does not, therefore, seem to lie so much in our obtaining a revenue from its sale, as in our originally having used the bayonet to open a market for it, when honest resistance was offered to us by the Government of China, in however unjustifiable a manner, on patriotic and philanthropic grounds. If opium is too easily obtained for an immoral use, the heavier it is taxed the better it must be for the Chinese grower. Indeed, *there*—in the imposition of heavy duty—would be the true stimulus to its growth in China itself, where it is even now displacing wheat and other food-plants. It is difficult to see how fresh laws can much assist in undoing or arresting an evil for which a moral crusade would be more effective. Raise the moral and spiritual tone of the Chinese, and the horrible vice, fatal alike to body and soul, will be conquered and disappear.

It was the "Opium War" that, under God's Providence, determined Livingstone's career in Africa. He tells how, in the glow of love which Christianity inspired, after his "soul's colour-blindness" had been cured, he resolved to give himself up to the alleviation of human suffering, and so set himself to obtain a medical education, that he might become a pioneer of Christ's cause in China, which was then exciting much interest in the religious world. He goes on to tell how, after having obtained his

medical degree, "the Opium War was raging, and it was deemed inexpedient for me to proceed to China. I had hoped to gain access to that then closed Empire by means of the healing art; but there being no prospect of an early peace, I was induced to turn my thoughts to Africa." This was in the year 1840.

In our next chapter we shall see how that bloody struggle led to a great change in China, fraught with profound consequences to the work of the teachers of Christianity, and leading to the opening up of many fresh fields of missionary labour amongst the Chinese.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OPENING OF THE COUNTRY.

Adventures in China—Charles Gutzlaff—Travels in the Interior—Description of China—The Yellow River—Dr. Medhurst—Origin of the Opium War—Incidents in the Opium War—Present Position of Opium Question—The Treaty Ports—Manchuria—Formosa.

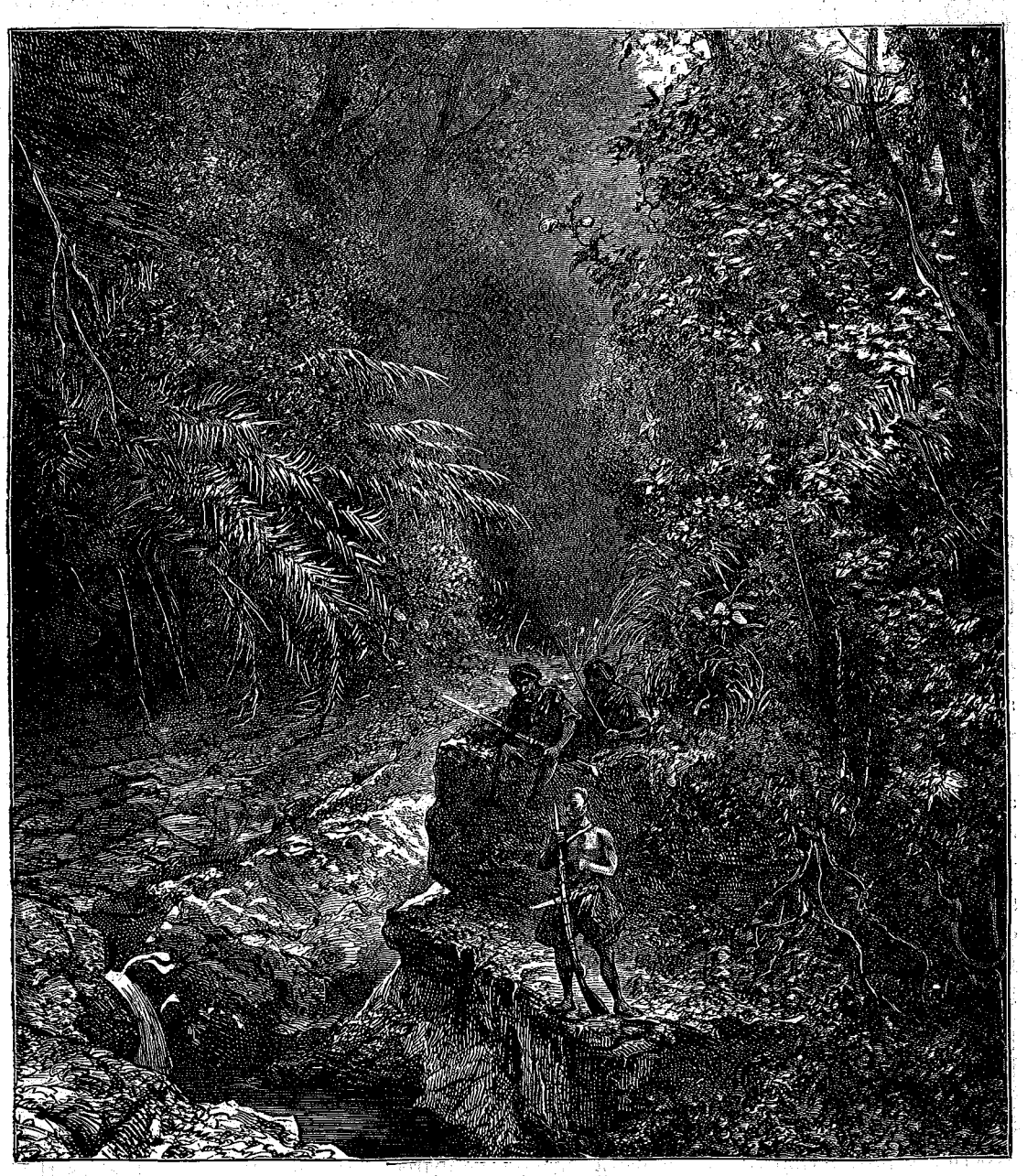
TO many readers, the most fascinating aspect of the pioneer missionary's career will probably be the free roving commission he is supposed to possess, which sends him to wander through far-off lands, full of mystery and romance, running into danger from wild beasts or savage men, and living amongst people whose ways are, in all things, quaint, and different from those he has been used to all his lifetime.

As we are now to learn, there was one period in the history of missions to China full of stir, and containing elements of danger enough to satisfy the Anglo-Saxon appetite for adventure; for this great Empire was not to open its long-closed gates without a struggle to repel "the barbarians."

It would, no doubt, add very greatly to the interest of this necessary chapter about the "black-haired" race and the wonderful land they live in, were we able to carry our readers with us, under the genial guidance of some of the great travellers who have, in order to carry the Word of Life, wandered over its great green plains, or crossed its grim rocky ridges, or dashed down foaming rapids, through narrow, unsunned gorges, on the creamy waters of some great river linking province to province, whose fretted banks are strewn with the wrecks of frail junks, and crowded with distressed sailors trying to construct temporary rafts out of the fragments.

How charming it is, in imagination, to transform our easy-chair into one of those primitive carts, described as the missionary's carriage by the lamented William Fleming Stevenson:—"Old travellers prefer to sit on the shaft. It is not the place of honour, but it has its advantages. A bag of provender, filled with beans, lies across the shafts, and experience proves that this is almost a cushion compared with the hard wood; that as the beans sink down at successive inns, so does the heart of the traveller as he approaches the timber of the shaft." How delicious it is, with all the jolting and other tortures that add zest to the narrative, to creak along the narrow footpath that divides the sodden rice-fields in the famous wheelbarrow, set, like an Irish jaunting-car! How interesting to

plod along on foot by towering pagoda or shadowy temple, through crowds of staring and jeering villagers, say with the enthusiastic and ever-ready Burns, dressed in Chinese

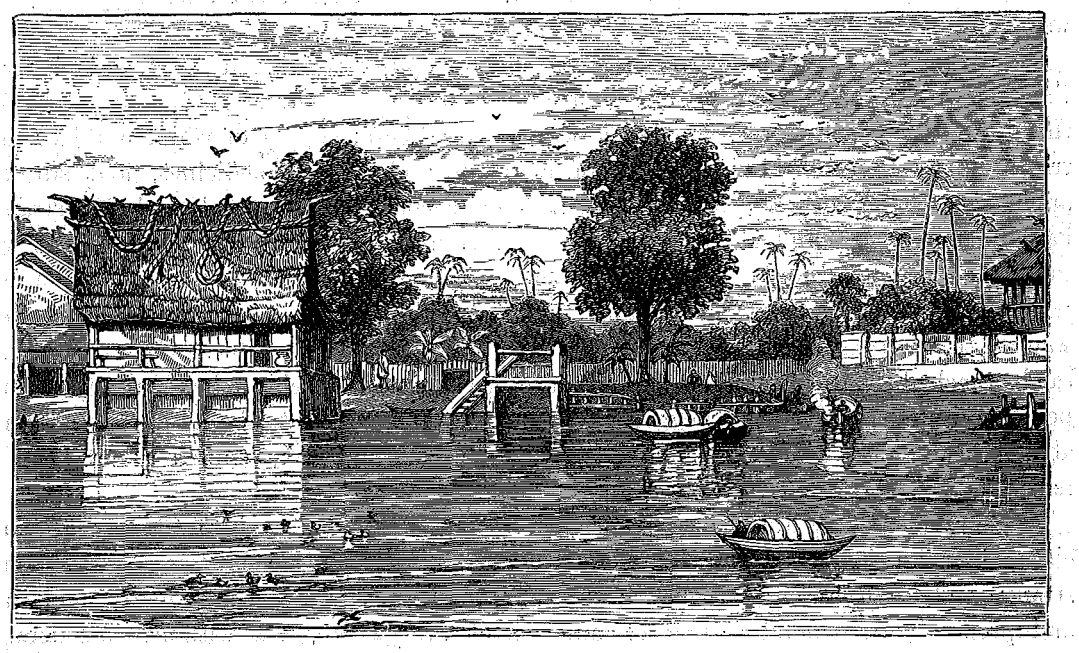


IN A FORMOSAN FOREST.

garb, and with even a Chinese *look* in his face, to point out to us, with his long, claw-like finger-nails, the objects worthy of note by the way; or with the learned and observant Archdeacon Grey, who can discourse minutely on every theme that can interest

us about the Flowery Land and its inhabitants; or with the far-seeing Dr. Williamson, peering into the intellectual and commercial and political future of China as keenly as others do into its past, and with the one great thought of its *religious* future supreme in all; or, with Thomas Barclay, to tear through the tangled mazes of a Formosan forest, from amid whose leafy exotics gleam and flash many a snowy waterfall. But brevity imposes stern restrictions, and we must be content with a mere bird's-eye view in this place.

The Western world was astonished, and rather sceptical, when Charles Gutzlaff, a German missionary who had been sent out to China by the Netherlands Missionary



GUTZLAFF'S HOUSE AT BANGKOK.

Society, published an account of "Three Voyages" made along the coast; in which he described visits made to many Chinese towns, where the people received him pleasantly, and a final bold series of trips into the interior, where he lived for a month or so among the natives, eating Chinese food, clad in Chinese garments, and being made welcome by almost everybody he encountered.

This was news indeed, and although the story was at first received with ridicule by many, it was perfectly truthful and genuine. Dr. Wells Williams says:—"The interest aroused in England and America among political, commercial, and religious people, fifty years ago" (1831-33), "by the reports of these three voyages, can now hardly be appreciated. They opened the prospect of new relations with one half of mankind; and the other half, who had long felt debarred from entering upon their rightful fields in all these diversified interests, prepared for great efforts."

The Chinese villagers seem to have been flattered by the conception that this

barbarian, born "a son of the Western Ocean," had become in some slight degree civilised by free contact with their superior race; and many of them supposed that, in a spirit of religious gratitude, Gutzlaff had resolved on devoting himself to render medical benefits to a nation that had done so much for himself. So for a little time the path of the missionary seemed to be all strewn with roses.

Mr. Gutzlaff lived and laboured for two years in Siam before beginning his China experiences, and in that country he doubtless met many varieties of the Chinese race. He probably also acquired in this way some of that knowledge and fine tact required for dealing successfully with "natives," but which are not popularly attributed to his countrymen. He also knew the various dialects of the coast amazingly well, and was a man of extensive general acquirements.

Gutzlaff's first venture was made in a trading junk which, in 1831, sailed from Bangkok to Tien-Tsin, a place well remembered for the massacre of Roman Catholics thirty-nine years afterwards. He took with him a liberal supply of Chinese Bibles and tracts, many useful scientific works of a popular character, medicines, and surgical appliances. One of his books gave a brief account of England and its strange barbarous people, who had been making such trouble in the seaboard towns. It was most eagerly sought for, and must have circulated much information over a large and populous area. Our German Chinaman was soon cleaving his way through the yellow waters that characterise the northern reaches of the China Sea. By-and-bye he safely reached Tien-Tsin, which is near the great city of Pekin, then in proud and peaceful isolation, not very long to be continued. He spent about a month thereabouts, dealing out his books and boluses, and hearing and seeing much that foreigners had not been privileged to hear or see before.

After a short stay in that neighbourhood, he pushed boldly on into Chinese Tartary, clad, of course, in Chinese garb, putting up at humble village hostelries, with many strange and evil-smelling bedfellows; worrying, and being worried by small mandarins, and producing a general feeling of amazement everywhere, not without considerable risk to a sound skin, and even to life itself.

In 1835, while he was travelling with the Rev. Edwin Stevens, a missionary of the American Board, they thought they would attempt to reach the Bohea hills (famous for the tea to which they give a name) by sailing up the Min river—the great artery of the Fukien province, at the mouth of which is the important city of Foochow. Dr. Wells Williams compares this fine river (now well known to travellers) in sublimity and beauty to the Hudson, the hills around it being higher, however, and the country less fruitful. It is fully three hundred miles long, and, being of almost regular depth, is always busy with vessels carrying tea and other commodities to and from the coast. The heights on both sides rise to fifteen hundred or two thousand feet in some places, and there are twenty-seven fortified towns on its banks. A French traveller, Borget, thus relates the impressions subsequently made on his own mind by this stately river:—"The view embraces a beautiful scene; nothing can be more picturesque than the little plats of wheat and barley intermixing their yellow crops on the acclivities, with bristling pines and arid rocks, and crowned with garden spots, or surrounded with rice

fields and orchards of oranges. The valley of the Min, viewed from the summit of the fortress, is truly a beautiful sight."

But our travellers were not, on this occasion, afforded a very favourable opportunity for meditating on the picturesque elements in this sweet valley. After a smooth and pleasant journey of about seventy miles up the stream, our explorers were startled by the sharp clatter of primitive musketry, and by the apparition of crowds of armed men lining both sides of the river. This unexpected reception brought the exploration to a sudden and ignominious termination, for, as prosaic history records, "In the circumstances it was judged wiser not to prosecute the journey further inland, and they accordingly returned," not to venture on any similar experiment for a time. Clearly China was not yet opened.

Before this time the missionaries had been officially reminded that "the ground on which they trod was the Celestial Empire, and that the Emperor, who commanded all under heaven, had given strict orders that no foreigners should be allowed to go a single step into the interior." Edicts of a severer tone followed these gentle hints, but somehow nobody seemed to heed them very much, and after a short pause Gutzlaff was almost as busy as before, popping in here and there, and leaving many indelible traces of his beneficent presence amongst the inland villagers.

And here, as a necessary help to our main purpose, let us break off our narrative of events, to take a glance at the leading physical features of the land. We may thus be enabled better to understand how Nature herself helped the Chinese to secure, as they had done for so long, the isolation and independence which they wished still to retain, though their dreams of this kind were now to be dispelled by a rude shock.

China is enclosed by vast chains of rugged mountains. On the west, one great mass—of which the Himalayas are the chief component—lifts a barrier which, as of old, is very effective against Western influence; while on the north and north-west, again, lofty ranges, often towering above the snow-line, stretch along its borders, with many ramifying spurs, through Manchuria and the rocky wilds of Mangolia. In that direction, too, its comparative isolation is completed by the intervening, vast, wind-swept desert of Gobi or Shamo.

China, unlike India, Africa, and the United States, has but one great seaboard, of which advantage its industrious inhabitants have, however, learned to make ample use—its tawny seas swarming with excellent fish.

Piracy is a terror never quite unknown where numerous islets and creeks fret the southern coast. The largest and most populous portion of the country may be pictured, in a general way, as one vast alluvial plain sloping very gently seawards; indeed, it is not only, by geological formation, one of the very youngest countries in the world, but it is also growing out into the sea, inch by inch, at the present time. From these few points it may be understood why fishing and farming have always been so honoured in China.

It is often said, that what canals are to Holland, its many and great rivers are to China. In such a country, where roads are so very inferior—being mere footpaths in

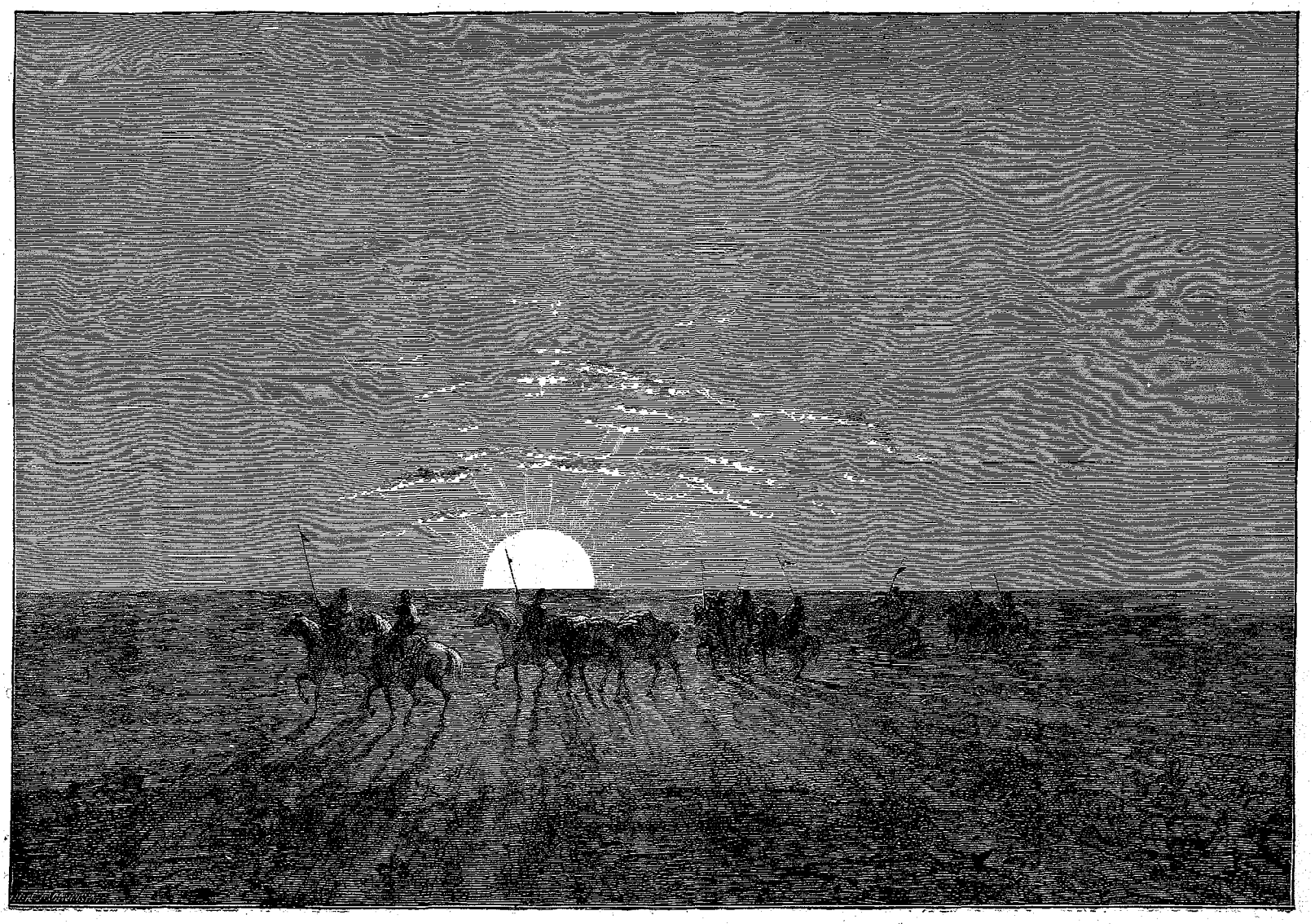
many places—and where railways practically do not exist, the river and inter-connecting lake and canal systems of China have been always of the utmost importance for transport. The three largest rivers in China are the Hoang-ho or Yellow River in the north, the Yang-tsze in the middle (*kiang*, which is often added, simply means "river"), and the Pearl River in the south. The Yellow River still continues to justify the evil reputation it had two thousand years before Christ. Sometimes this useful, but often rather lively stream—like the Mississippi, as described by "Mark Twain"—makes, without much warning, a sudden *détour*, and at once the whole country is thrown into geographical confusion. In 1851 and 1853 it so changed its course, pouring its treasures where they were not wanted, and leaving a once prosperous district to wither into a barren and unwatered waste. While we write, disastrous floods, rivalling those of antiquity, have brought desolation to thousands of Chinese homes.

When the Yellow River was the living centre of Chinese life, the banks of the Yang-tsze were the abode of almost nameless tribes in a rude state of civilisation. It, too, like the Yellow River, rises in Tibet, and is truly one of the great rivers of the world, running through wild gorges of immense height, and carrying on its bosom the commerce of a busy people.

The most striking physical features of China are its great, fertile, well-watered plains (often too well watered, alas!), and its vast, rolling rivers, ever yellow with fertilising mud, better for the land than gold. In the centre of the great continent there rises a wide and lofty table-land, which stretches its arid wastes from the Himalayas to the Nanling mountains in China. Herein is the dreary desert of Gobi or Shamo. Chill "Siberian" winds sweep ruthlessly over the great plateau, and beyond calculation is the amount of fine dust which is thus transported, and allowed to settle at last in undisturbed repose over the parched ground. Age after age it has been whirled thither in torrents, and deposited softly, as snow falls, till now great unstratified formations, fully 1,500 feet deep, most effectively conceal all structures that may have been beneath. This strange deposit is called by Richthofen, the Loess—or, more specifically, the Land Loess—to distinguish it from a similar formation laid down under water and called the Lake Loess. It is described as a yellow calcareous clay, which splits across so as to form vertical clefts, and it is from this character that there result, in some regions, great precipitous cliffs, some of which are even five hundred feet in height. Its firm consistence allows it to be neatly hollowed into chambered caverns, tier above tier, which have served for human habitations.

Gutzlaff was most cordially supported by grants from good liberal-minded Christians in both America and England. He went on printing and distributing tracts and Bibles, although many were disposed to question the advantage of so indiscriminate a circulation as his methods seemed to promote.

In 1835, when the opium question was coming to the front as one of imperial magnitude, he felt that his business relations implicated him in that trade, and so he resigned, receiving immediately afterwards an important and lucrative appointment from the English authorities in China as their interpreter, his salary being eight hundred



THE DESERT OF GOBI.

pounds yearly. He retained the post during the remainder of his brief lifetime, dying in 1851, after having published eighty-five works in various languages.

Dr. Medhurst made similar voyages in 1835 and afterwards, supporting most of Gutzlaff's much controverted conclusions as to the possibility of doing mission-work in the interior. We are told that he and his companions "went through various parts of four provinces and many villages, giving away about eighteen thousand volumes, of which six thousand were portions of the Scriptures, among a cheerful and willing people, without meeting with the least aggression or injury; having been always received by the people with a cheerful smile," and generally by the Mandarins with a certain degree of politeness and respect. Many felt, however, that this kind of propagandism was not only illegal, but "persistent violation of the Emperor's laws."

Great events were now about to take place, and the long lane of Chinese isolation and exclusiveness was at last to have a turning.

To go back a little. An American ship lying at anchor off Macao in 1816 was suddenly boarded by a gang of Chinese desperadoes, who, pretending to offer their aid as pilots, slew some of the crew, threw others overboard, and confining the remainder in one part of the ship, carried off all the opium they could lay hands on. The authorities lost little time in hunting up the offenders, and their grinning heads were at once exposed in cages on the rocks around the mouth of the harbour. Soon after this, many stirring events occurred in connection with the trade, but we must pass on to tell the story of the "Opium War," and of how British Christians indirectly added to their gift of the Bible that of the drug that is working so much evil in China.

The importation of opium into China had always been more or less opposed by the official Chinese, there being an increasing popular demand for it; vessels were even built for the purpose of smuggling it in, a traffic which the character of the coast near Macao favoured very greatly. These smuggling ships were supplied with arms and ammunition, and they became so numerous and formidable that it is correct to say they "threatened to convert the whole coast into one ruthless piracy." Then, as there was so much money to be gained by the traffic, the very officers appointed by the Chinese Government to inspect incoming vessels were easily bribed, and they often brought the opium up in their own boats secretly for sale in Canton. Everything, however, seems to have been done by the *central* Government to avert the growing evil, which they foresaw would become a very serious matter for the country; proclamations were issued; foreigners were warned; and the police were instructed to be vigilant. Captain Elliott, then Superintendent for the East Indian Company, co-operated frankly with the Imperial and provincial authorities in trying to keep the trade within legitimate bounds, and his conduct was bitterly criticised by his own countrymen interested in opium. Americans, Parsees, and British were equally engaged in the traffic.

Commissioner Lin, who had great powers given him by the Emperor, ordered all opium to be given up, and threatened serious proceedings against the lives and property of the foreign merchants who were supposed to be importing such a poison

into the country. Captain Elliott compelled all British subjects to yield their stock of opium to the Chinese Government for destruction, and thus about a million pounds' worth was actually destroyed, one Chinaman, who tried to save a little, being promptly executed on the spot where he was captured. There can be no doubt whatever of the serious desire of the Emperor and his advisers, at that time, to prevent the importation and vicious use of the drug. High Mandarins found guilty of using it were degraded, and it was rumoured that not a few people of some rank had their upper lips taken away for indulging in so dangerous a vice.

The great question, however, finally came to be, not opium at all, by itself, but the most improper and violent restriction of British commerce. It was for this that the sword was appealed to—it is to be feared, far too hastily and harshly, but not altogether in vain. There was, of course, and as usual in such cases, no formal declaration of war; but the British, nevertheless, defeated the Chinese admiral, and with a good deal of bloodshed; battle after battle was fought, with little loss on our side, but with great slaughter of the "heathen Chinee," who often showed the greatest personal bravery, but were utterly lacking in organisation and generalship. It was clear to the British authorities that the proper course now, if striking was to be done at all, was to strike hard and swiftly, and at the very centre. This was done, the common people generally feeling that they had little to do with the affair, and even, to some extent, sympathising with the foreign soldiers, who paid liberally for the food or fuel they levied. Before this war began, the Chinese had known what it was to be beaten by the outer barbarians at sea, but it was a new experience for them to be thoroughly defeated on their own soil. It is an undoubted fact that this experience at once wrought a change in the people, which was in many respects for their good. During much of the hard fighting in village streets, many of the peasants would, good-humouredly, stand at their doors looking at the combatants, while calmly drinking tea, or eating porridge of coarse millet.

It was not always thus with the people of the towns, however, and the accomplished Captain Loch, in his vivid "Narrative of Events in China," gives a pitiful and heartrending account of a great panic which seized the Tartar inhabitants of the town of Chinkiang, on the approach of the terrible red-coated barbarians from across the seas. About 800 or 1,000 of the Tartars bravely withstood our troops in an open space, firing with precision; but the British charge, which closely followed a death-dealing volley, sent them scattering, firing as they fled. Meanwhile, the wealthy people, having little idea of receiving mercy where they would have given none, were engaged in throwing their children into wells, or cutting the throats of those they loved, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. In one house the children had all been thrown into a well, and, when our troops entered, the head of the house was holding his wife over it while he sawed at her throat. The door was burst open by an officer; a surgeon being near, her wound was sewed up and she was saved, while not a moment was lost in snatching the children from a watery grave. One appalling scene is thus described by Captain Loch:—

"After we had forced our way over piles of furniture placed to barricade the door, we entered an open court strewed with rich stuffs, and covered with clotted blood; and

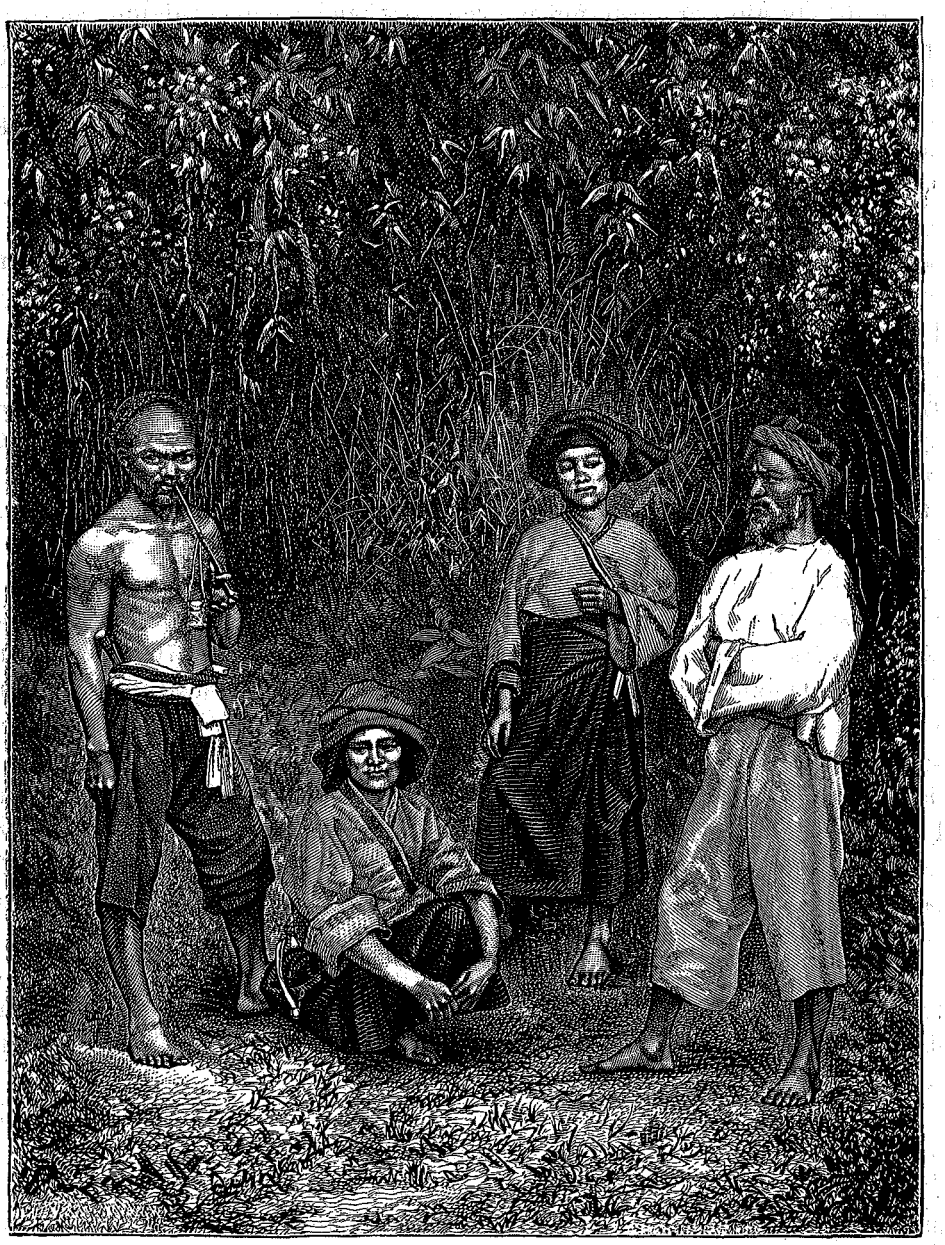
upon the steps leading to the hall of ancestors there were two bodies of youthful Tartars, cold and stiff, who seemed to be brothers. Having gained the threshold of their abode, they had died where they had fallen from loss of blood. Stepping over these bodies, we entered the hall, and met face to face three women seated, a mother and two daughters, and at their feet lay two bodies of elderly men, with their throats cut from ear to ear, their senseless heads resting upon the feet of their relations. To the right were two young girls, beautiful and delicate, crouching over and endeavouring to conceal a living soldier. . . . I stopped, horror-stricken at what I saw. The cold, unutterable despair depicted on the mother's face, changed to the violent workings of scorn and hate, which at last burst forth in a paroxysm of invective, afterwards in floods of tears. . . . She came close to me and seized me by the arm, and, with clenched teeth and deadly frown, pointed to the bodies, to her daughters, to her yet splendid house, and to herself; then stepped back a pace, and with firmly closed hands, and in a husky voice, I could see by her gestures, spoke of her misery, her hate, and, I doubt not, her revenge. I attempted by signs to explain, offered her my services, but was spurned. I endeavoured to make her comprehend that, however great her present misery, it might be, in her unprotected state, a hundredfold increased; that, if she would place herself under my guidance, I would pass her through the city gates in safety into the open country; but the poor woman would not listen to me, and the whole family was by this time in loud lamentation. All that remained for me to do was to prevent the soldiers bayoneting the man, who, since our entrance, had attempted to escape."

THE OPIUM POPPY.

Out of a population of four thousand Tartars, some five hundred only were left alive, but the deaths were chiefly suicidal, or had been received at the hands of loyal friends and kindred.

The famous Opium Treaty, as it has been called, was negotiated by Sir Henry Pottinger and Mr. Morrison, a son of the Dr. Morrison whose career we have followed. Sir J. F. Davis, however, makes the important statement that "So small a share had opium, except as the spark which exploded the mine, in what some have been

pleased to call the 'Opium War,' that opium was never once mentioned in the treaty which concluded it, save as claiming a fraction of the indemnity." On the other hand,



NATIVES OF FORMOSA.

the trade in opium was then virtually legalised. But this was only the treaty's incidental effect, for *all* commerce was made free by its influence, and foreigners were henceforth to be frankly recognised as on an equality with the Celestials, in place of being treated as outer barbarians. It was a great turning-point in Chinese history, and

time only shows more and more the greatness of the crisis, and the germinal value of this notable treaty. It was framed at Nankin in the year 1842, and led to five ports being immediately thrown open for mission-work and commercial intercourse. These five "treaty ports," as they were called, were Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai, while Great Britain obtained the bare treeless island of Hong-Kong—to-day, richly wooded, adorned with beautiful and stately buildings, and having a grandly picturesque harbour crowded with the ships of every flag.

The result of this great war upon China has been immense, and it cannot yet be accurately gauged. The moral and religious problems involved have been keenly discussed, and every intelligent Chinaman will be found to have read and thought on them. Bishop Butler, in his sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (A.D. 1738-39), says very thoughtfully:—

"All our affairs should be carried on in the fear of God, in subserviency to His honour, and the good of mankind. And thus navigation and commerce should be consecrated to the service of religion, by being made the means of propagating it in every country with which we have any intercourse." This may have an old-world sound to some, but a little of the spirit it inculcates might perhaps have saved Britain from her "Opium War."

What is to be done now is not so clear. There never was a man with a kinder heart or less sympathy for the opium trade than Dr. Carstairs Douglas, but here is what he writes to a friend in a letter, dated from Amoy, 29th June, 1870:—". . I am glad to see that the Opium Question has been again ventilated in Parliament; in due time good men will see their duty, and be enabled to do it. It is a pity that some *too extreme* men hurt the cause, just as in the temperance cause. It is hard to say what is best to be done, but it seems clear that the Government should have no official connection with the trade, except perhaps by levying a very heavy duty, which would tend to *limit* the amount produced." But it has already been found that heavy duties chiefly promote smuggling, for which the Chinese coast is most favourable, and such imposts cannot affect the growth of opium in the interior of China, except, indeed, so as to foster it very greatly. The Chinese will only be too glad to impose fresh duties on all kinds of imports. Altogether, the question is at present encompassed by many difficulties, which are little considered by some of those who talk most positively about it.

In 1858 another treaty was obtained at Tien-Tsin from the Chinese, by which some few additional ports were opened to Western nations; and in 1860 the rights of residence and of travelling in the interior were expanded and confirmed, to be followed by liberty to evangelise there. Those treaties had the immediate effect of breaking up the old mission establishments at Malacca and the Straits, for it was hoped that now immediate and direct access to the interior would be obtained. This did not come all at once, however; for while the authorities, perhaps loyally enough, carried out the spirit of their contracts, the people were not always in a mood to tolerate the widespread propagation of the faith held by the "foreign devils."

A memorial, which received the approval of the Emperor, expresses the opinion

that the missionaries "must not presume to enter into the inner land to disseminate their religion. Should they act in opposition to, or turn their backs upon, the treaties, overstep the boundaries, and act irregularly, the local officers will, as soon as they seize them, forthwith send them to the consuls of the several nations to restrain and punish them; but death must not be inflicted upon the spot, *in order to evince a cherishing and kind disposition.*" Undoubtedly the Opium War, as it was called, had its moral aspects, and was not an unmingled disaster.

Formosa and Manchuria come within the purview of this section. Let us take a bird's-eye peep at them.

Manchuria, the home of the Manchus, which gave the present dynasty to the throne of China, is the Canada of the great continent. It has a fertile soil and a rigorous but bracing climate, under which hardy men have been reared to fill the fighting ranks of one of the largest armies in the world. This great region, holding a sparse population, stretches beyond the Great Wall to the Amoor on the one hand, and to Corea on the other. In many parts it is very mountainous, with ranges which rise to a height of 1,000 to 12,000 feet, and with a varied vegetation resembling pretty closely that of our own land. The Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson, who visited Manchuria just before his death, writes in glowing terms of "the fields of cowslip and buttercups, primroses and violets, that nestle by the roots of oaks and elms and hazel, wild roses and hawthorn that fling their perfume across the path, bluebells and foxglove and the fern and the daisy, hips and haws and hazel-nuts, and even the thistle, the dandelion, and the dockweed, while the meadows are sometimes ablaze with the wild tulip, the lily, and the blue and yellow iris. The Cuckoo ushers in the spring; the thrush and the bullfinch contend in song; there is the flight of the swallow and the caw of the rook; and the plover and the curlew cry on lonely moors."

Formosa is a large island lying between 21° and 25° N., about one hundred miles from the mainland, opposite Amoy. The ports and western coast, which is fairly fertile, are occupied chiefly by recent Chinese settlers, while the rugged heights of the interior, which are frequently of volcanic origin, though now thickly wooded, are inhabited by dark-skinned savages, speaking various dialects, some of the tribes being partly civilised. The scenery of this important island is of almost unparalleled beauty, and very appropriately was it named by the early Spanish navigators, *Formosa*, "the beautiful." Of other parts of China, and of the peoples who dwell there, we shall have to write more fully when our narrative draws us more closely to them.

XIII.—THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

Then and Now—The Hawaiian Gods—Volcanoes and Earthquakes—The Goddess Pele—"House of the Everlasting Burnings"—A High-priest of Pele—System of *Tabu*—Sorcerers—Cities of Refuge—Captain Cook—United Hawaii—Kamehameha I. and his Son—Destruction of the Idols—Advent of American Missionaries—A New Order of Things—British Consuls—Early Converts—A Heroic Deed—The Day-dawn.

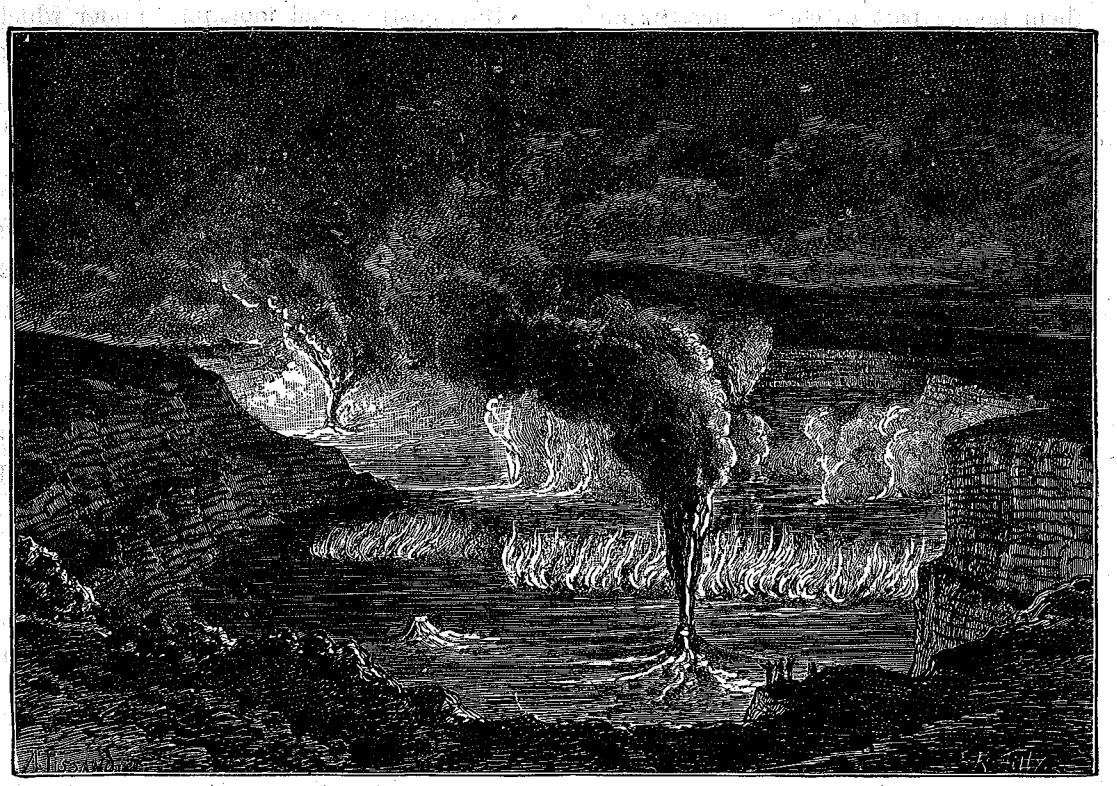
AMONGST the many noble monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral which have been reared to commemorate the brilliant deeds of those who have passed away, a somewhat plain and unimposing slab is to be seen in the crypt, bearing upon it the name of Sir Christopher Wren, and the following inscription:—"SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS, CIRCUMSPICE."

Do we seek from our missionaries a proof of the benefits which Christianity has brought to the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands? Their reply is, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" If you seek that which shall bear witness to the mighty deeds done in the name of the Gospel, look around you. Go to the Hawaiian Islands; take with you a free, unbiassed mind; learn of the condition of the native people, even so recently as three-quarters of a century ago; learn of the polluted depths of foul barbarism into which they had sunk; learn how La Pérouse was compelled to abandon his opinions as to the "innocence of savage life," one of the teachings of the Rousseau school, before the fact of the shameless degradation into which the natives had fallen; consider the frightful waste of human blood poured upon the altars in the *heiaus* or temples built to the thousand and one gods worshipped by the islanders; learn of the degrading fear prevailing amongst a people whose very lives and means of sustenance were in the hands of a tyrannical band of chiefs and priests; and then contemplate the civilisation of the islands of to-day; see in the people a nation of great promise, who, under the watchful care of some of the most zealous of missionaries, have been enabled, by secular and religious teaching, to establish a permanent Government and Executive, with a native king, elected by the common consent of the people from among the descendants of the savage chiefs of but a century ago.

Remembering the fate which has overtaken the native Governments of the Society Islands, Fiji, New Zealand, and others, we cannot but be struck by the unique position which that of the Hawaiians holds, and are led to ask why it exists in these islands, contrary to the law of absorption into larger empires, which has so often held good in cases where white and coloured men have come into contact? By even asking the question we do honour to the wisdom and farsightedness, as well as to the unselfishness, of the early missionaries who Christianised the group. They were sturdy men of the Puritan type, sent from New England by the American Board for Foreign

Missions. Republican by birth and education, patriotic when the honour and well-being of their native land was brought into question, we find them becoming willing subjects of an elected monarch, living amongst an ancient aristocracy, and casting aside all ideas of democratic propagandism and of annexationist tendencies, in their steady and determined march towards the bringing of the Hawaiian multitudes to Him who is "the Creator of all the nations of the earth, the King of kings and the Lord of lords."

What, then, do we find in Hawaii-nei to-day? We see an orderly community, with



THE CRATER OF KILAUEA DURING AN ERUPTION.

a liberal Constitution; a just code of laws, founded mainly on the teachings of the Decalogue; a ruler elected by the people, and assisted by a House of Nobles of twenty members, and a House of Representatives of from twenty-four to forty members, a Cabinet of three Ministers of State and an Attorney-General; and law administered by judges in whose impartiality as much confidence is placed as we are accustomed to repose in those at home.

"It is no small thing," says Mr. R. H. Dana,* "to say of the missionaries of the American Board, that in less than forty years they have taught this whole people to read and to write, to cipher and to sew. They have given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature, and

* Quoted in Miss Bird's "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands."

translated into it the Bible, and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, &c. They have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that now the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. And whereas they found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannised over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognising the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship more regularly than the people do at home, and the more elevated of them taking part in conducting the affairs of the constitutional monarchy under which they live, holding seats on the judicial bench and in the legislative chambers, and filling posts in the local magistracies."

In the following pages we shall seek to trace the events which have brought about this state of affairs in the Hawaiian Archipelago, which have modernised her relations with foreign Powers, and have led her from the degradation of idolatry into the pure light of the Gospel, until she has become a nation acknowledged by the Powers of the earth, a nation where, in the words of King Kamehameha IV., "The life of the land is established in righteousness."

The gods of the Hawaiians were innumerable. Anything animate or inanimate which inspired them with fear they deified. The great volcano of Kilauea, the sharks abounding on the sea-coast, the gods of the winds and waves, as well as the gods of the harvest and seasons, and the divinities belonging to each particular island, were amongst the many objects of worship. There were gods who presided over deep precipices, and of other places where danger awaited the traveller, and these were all in turn capable of the worst and most barbarous vices known to humanity. They were only to be propitiated by the offering of sacrifices of dogs, hogs, and fowls, and even of human beings, who were left to rot and putrefy on the rude altars.

The islands are noteworthy from the fact that they possess the largest extinct crater, and the largest active volcano in the world.

The extinct volcano of Haleakala, on the island of Maui, is no less than nineteen miles in circumference, the crater being situated at a height of 10,000 feet, whilst the last great volcanic explosion would appear to have disembowelled the summit to a depth of 2,000 feet. From it can clearly be traced the lava-streams of successive eruptions. The legend runs that one of the gods of Maui laid his snares and captured the sun, and refused to set him free until he promised to shine for ever on the islands. Hence the name Haleakala—the House of the Sun.

The principal island of the group, Hawaii, possesses the largest active volcano in the world, called by the natives Kilauea—the Strong Shaking Fire. It is situated on the flank of the mountain Mauna Loa, at a height of 4,000 feet. Part of the crater is occupied by a lake or sea of fire, called by the natives Halemaumau, or the House of Everlasting Burnings. This lake of molten fire is constantly changing its level, and is apt to overflow the precipitous walls which surround the pit. Sometimes the fiery

flow would take a subterranean course, and spouting out, perhaps in the midst of a village, carry death and destruction with it on its fatal course.

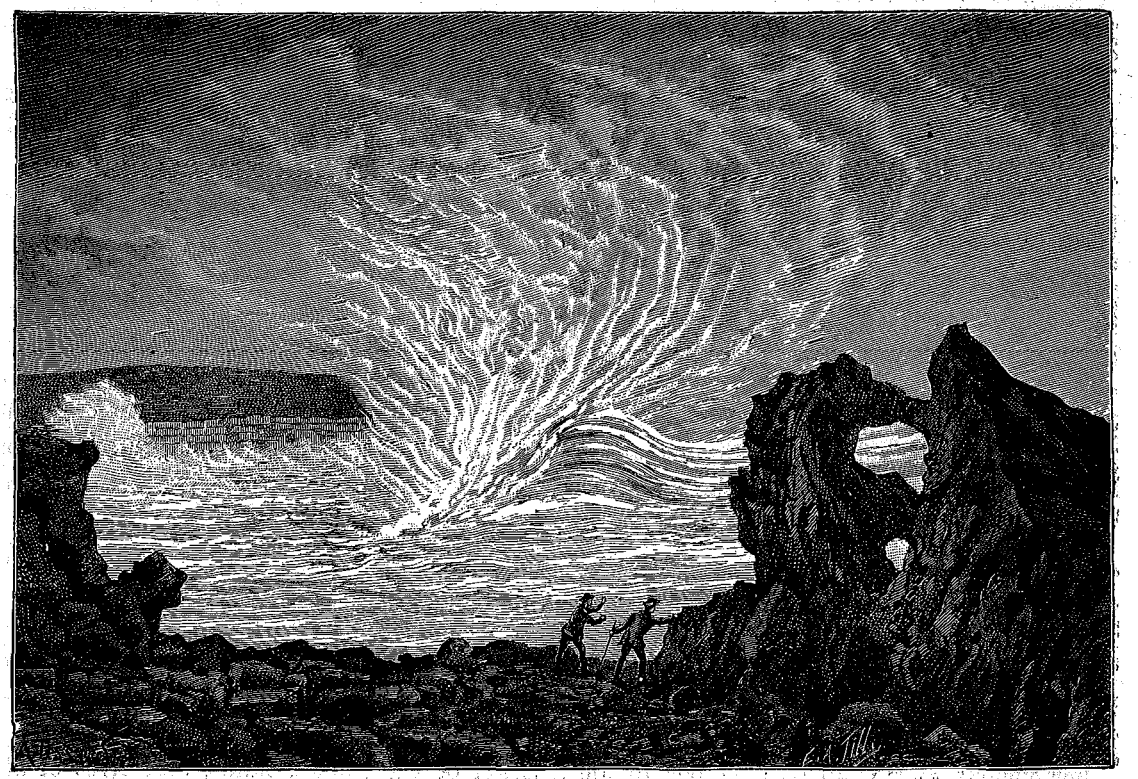
The whole archipelago is of volcanic origin. Besides the active volcano of Kilauea, three others of great importance are to be found on the island. Of these, Hualalai gave her last evidence of activity in the year 1800. Of the other two, Mauna Loa, which was in eruption in 1873, is near the centre of the island; whilst the craggy peaks of Mauna Kea form the northern end of this important volcanic range.

The natives, not understanding the phenomena of volcanoes and earthquakes, came to worship that of which they could offer no explanation, and which was a cause of fear. They had seen their fair lands laid waste and buried beneath the lava-streams of ages, long before the white man had set foot in the islands. Each succeeding generation had been the witness of many an eruption from some one or more of the volcanoes; there was not a soul on the islands who had not at one time or another experienced the shock of the earthquake scattering destruction far and wide; and the terror of the natives was only increased by their ignorance as to its cause. What wonder, then, that the savages saw in the volcano something capable of working the utmost mischief to themselves and their belongings, or that they should come to look upon the great volcano of Kilauea, enclosing in its crater the fiery lake of Halemaumau, as the abode of an avenging goddess, whose power lay in dealing out earthquakes and lava-flows whenever her anger was raised? And when the eruption of an adjacent volcano broke out after a period of repose, it was no far stretch of imagination to regard it as the sign of a journey undertaken by the deity to avenge herself.

In this way we may imagine how the worship of the fiery goddess Pele originated. Wherever the power of the mighty volcano was known, there Pele was, above all the principal deities, worshipped. Although lesser gods might more immediately influence the every-day life of the natives, and receive sacrifice when their assistance was to be invoked, or their wrath appeased, yet pervading the whole religion of the islands was the all-absorbing dread of the fearful goddess Pele, in whose power it was to gratify her vicious and vindictive temper by destruction of the homes, lands, and lives of all under her sway. Her priests and priestesses were as rapacious as their mistress was vicious, and had little difficulty in working upon the ignorance of the natives. It was no shadowy or unseen power for whom they ministered. There, on the flank of their highest mountain, was the visible and fiery home of the one who terrorised over them; there was the seething cauldron of red-hot lava, ready to open its mouth and pour destruction on fields and villages, at the caprice of a whimsical and uncontrolled temper. In her fiery home, Pele was surrounded by attendant divinities, male and female, and of all shapes, wallowing in the flames, and dancing to the detonations and explosions in the crater. It was to keep her appeased that nothing which the priests demanded was refused, and they, as capricious as Pele herself, wielded practically the power theoretically possessed by the goddess.

The sole object for which Pele ever left her home was destruction. On one occasion, the legend runs, it was in order to punish a wealthy native for inhospitality

to an old crone who sought food and shelter. This man was noted for his churlishness. One day the goddess came to him in the disguise of a poor old woman seeking rest and shelter. On his refusing to entertain her, she said, "I will return to-morrow." On the next day she appeared in all her might and grandeur, and towering above the mountain in a pillar of flame, sent forth her lightnings and rivers of lava, and rent the land by her earthquakes, blotting out the man and his prosperous dwelling in a flood of fiery lava. A naked promontory on the coast of the



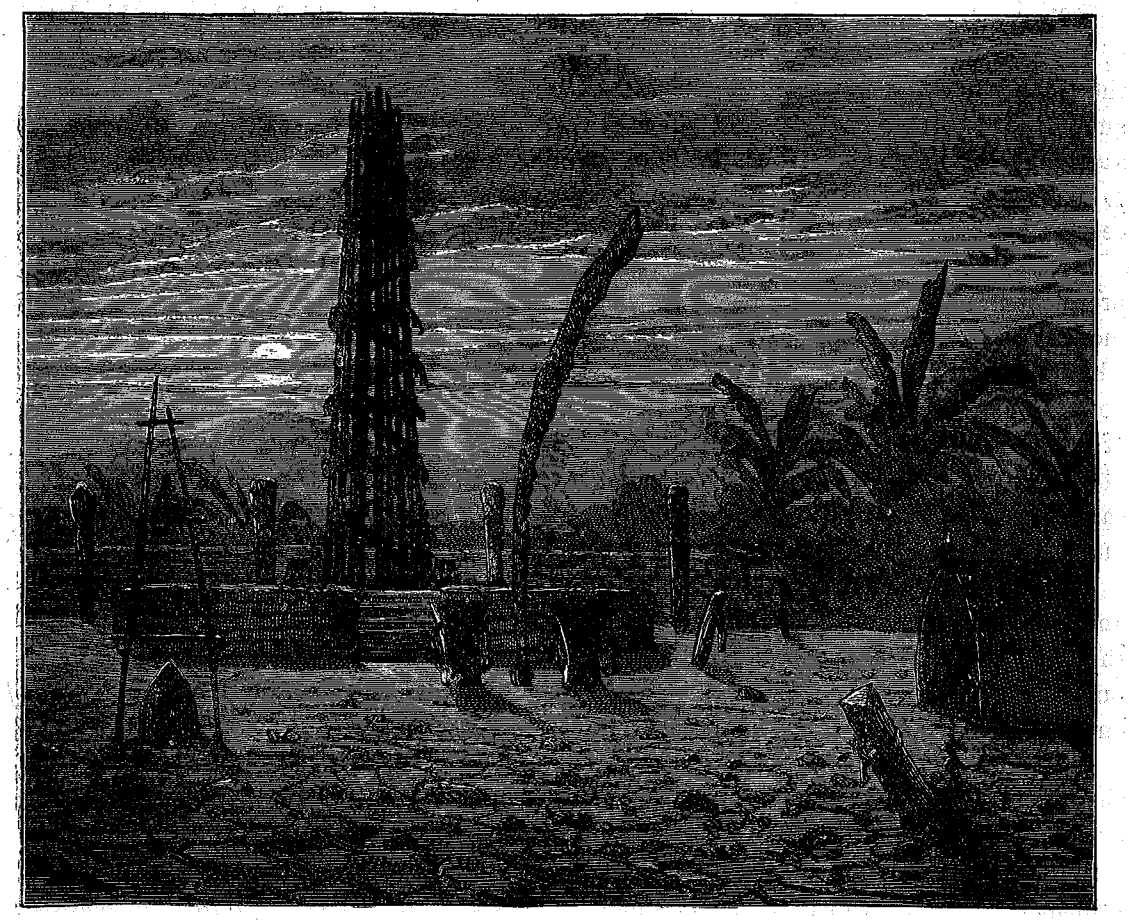
THE "HOUSE OF THE EVERLASTING BURNINGS."

island of Maui, formed of black lava, now marks the site of the dwelling of that wealthy but inhospitable native.

This legend is interesting, as showing the opinion of the natives on the subject of inhospitality. Had it not been held in such general detestation, there is little probability that any record or tradition would have remained of this particular earthquake and lava-flow.

The temples erected to the fire-goddess were supported by a tribute levied on all natives. This was exacted by the priests, in the dread of whose temper the people dragged their weary lives along. Mr. Coan, one of the early missionaries, has described one of Pele's high-priests. He was six feet five inches in height, and his sister, a priestess, was scarcely inferior in stature. The high-priest lived on the shore,

where he obtained the victims to be offered as sacrifices to Pele. His sole business was to see that Pele was kept appeased. When he wanted a victim, the native selected was immediately strangled and dragged to the altar, there to be left to putrefy. The man's temper was said to be terrible. So monstrous were his claims, that if a native even trod upon his shadow, the offender was condemned to die. His piety for Pele was on an equality with the impunity of his crime. With enormous powers, in his hands



RUINS OF A TEMPLE FORMERLY DEVOTED TO HUMAN SACRIFICES.

lay the execution of any private schemes of vengeance which he may have harboured; and it is related that he once killed a man simply for the value, small as it was, of his food and clothing.

To this priest, however, when about seventy years old, the light of true religion came. Curiosity had caused him to enter where converts to the new religion were assembled at Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii, in the year 1837. There the tyrannical giant-priest of Pele fell under the influence of the Gospel, and the whole current of his life was changed.

In the last eruption of the now extinct volcano of Hualalai, the lava-flows, travelling

seaward, filled a bay twenty miles in extent, forming an entirely new coast-line of hard black lava. Several villages and plantations were destroyed by the eruption. Pele, though her chief abode was the crater of Kilauea, yet had control over the various volcanoes scattered throughout the group, and in this way owned the allegiance of the whole of the islands. When the enormous amount of damage wrought by the eruption of Hualalai was seen, and the incantations of the priests and costly offerings had not proved sufficient to appease the anger of Pele, resort was made to the last and most sacred expedient. Kamehameha the Great, the conqueror who had welded the petty kinglets of the islands into one compact kingdom united in his own imperious person, visited the sacred river of lava running in a tumultuous torrent towards the sea, and there, amidst his retinue of priests and chiefs, cut off a portion of his own hair, considered sacred by his people, and cast it into the lava stream. In two days the fire ceased to flow, and considerable influence accrued to the king who had offered so unprecedented a sacrifice to the goddess.

Among the institutions on the Hawaiian Islands was that semi-religious system prevalent in nearly all the Polynesian and Melanesian Islands, known as the "*tabu*." The modern use of the word dwindles into the utmost insignificance when we consider of what terrible importance it was to the poor heathen. When a certain thing, place, or person was tabooed, it was understood as having been set aside for the exclusive use of some particular personage, real or imaginary, and the slightest breach of any such *tabu* was punished by the extreme penalty of death. These oppressive restrictions came to be almost intolerable. When a strict *tabu* had been proclaimed, the whole busy life of the island was suspended. No one might be seen out of doors, silence was imperative, hogs and dogs were muzzled to prevent any noise being made, lights and fires were forbidden, and heralds passed round each district in order to see that the prohibitions enjoined were carried out. All those who failed to do so were put to death, some by strangling, some by burning, while others were allowed to linger on through day after day of torture, their limbs being broken, or their eyes scooped out.

Next to Pele, who was said to have migrated to Hawaii from Tahiti "soon after the Deluge," the war-gods were of greatest importance. These were hideously carved wooden images, which were carried into battle in the place of standards.

Among the many superstitions in heathen Hawaii was the belief in sorcerers, whose principal god was called Uri, the different tribes having their own inferior deities. The sorcerer-priests were supposed to possess the power of afflicting any person they chose with disease, or even death. They derived large fortunes from those who could afford to hire them, and thus enormous power accrued to the higher and wealthier classes over their poorer brethren. So strong a hold had this belief taken upon the people, that even at the present day there are men known as *kahunas*, who are thought to be familiar with the art of "praying people to death." They are bribed to exercise it over any one to whom the hirer owes a grudge, and cases are related where death has resulted from the terror caused by the knowledge that this method was being adopted.

One institution stands out prominently from among the many superstitions which

go to make up the dark page of Hawaiian heathenism; it is the existence of the "Cities of Refuge." On the island of Hawaii two such cities were to be found—one near Waipio, on the north side of the island, and the other at Honaunau, on the opposite side. Their gates were perpetually open, and the priests of Keawe were always ready to welcome the fugitive, no matter of what crime he may have been guilty. Here even the *tabu*-breaker found a haven; and his pursuers, though chasing him to the very gates, had absolutely no power over him when once he had passed the portals. The cities of refuge were absolutely inviolable, even though the fugitive had been a rebel in arms.

As in the cases of the Red Indians, the Maoris, and other native races, there were many striking points of resemblance between Jewish traditions and institutions and those of the Hawaiians. The most important of these were: the creation of man from the dust of the earth; the feasts of the new moon, and other feasts; the dark, chaotic state before the creation; a great deluge; washing of hands before and after meals; pollution by touching a corpse.

The Hawaiians had little hope of a future state, and to most of them death was regarded as final extinction. Questioned as to a life hereafter, they said that no one had ever returned to tell them about it, and that their dreams and visions were all they had to guide them. Any hope in the future which they might at one time have possessed, had become obscured in the indulgence of their passions, which had sunk them lower and lower in the sloughs of sensuality and vice. Murder, infanticide, drunkenness, cruelty, and nameless vices, have permanently left their stamp on the nation.* The bloody and meaningless ceremonies which took place on the death of a high-priest, and on other occasions, gave the people an unenviable position in the catalogue of heathen nations with whom civilisation had come into contact. It has been said that no savage nation has ever revelled in scenes so hellish as were witnessed on the recurrence of the public ceremonies of the Hawaiians.

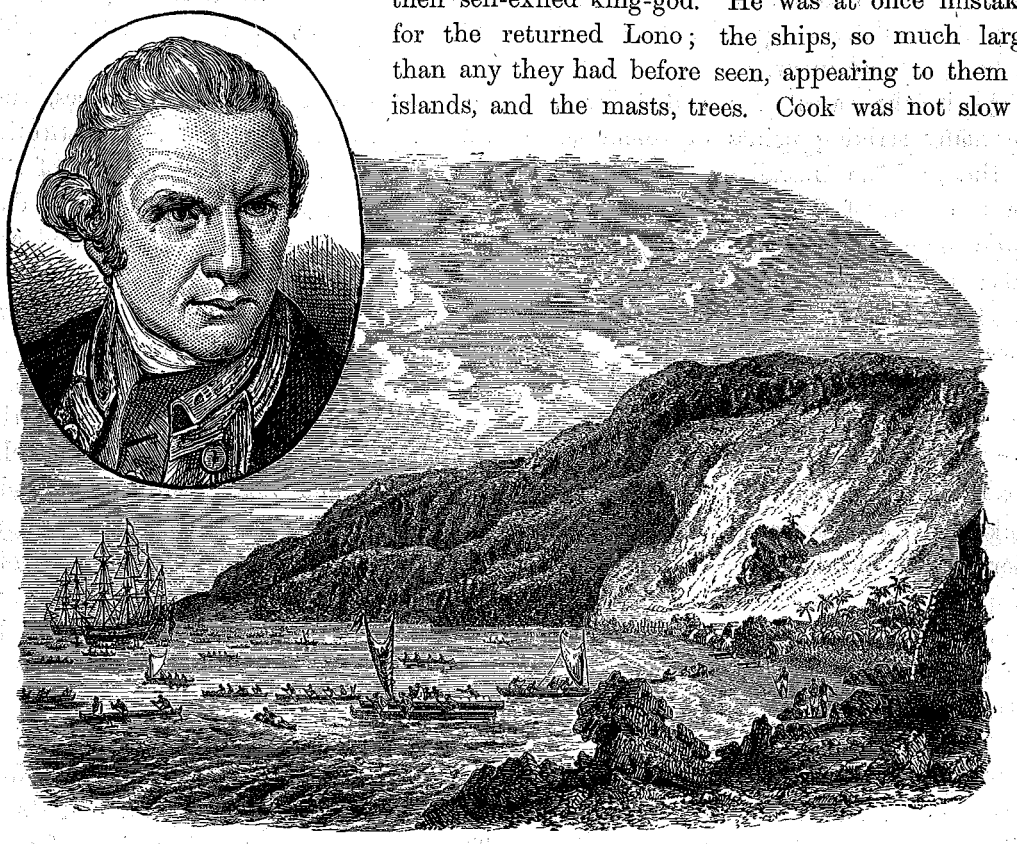
The Hawaiian kingdom consists of a group of islands situate in the North Pacific Ocean, about midway between Mexico and California, and China and Japan, and extends from 18° to 22° north latitude. They are twelve in number, eight of which are inhabited. The largest is Hawaii, whose area covers 4,000 square miles. The whole of the islands comprise about 6,100 square miles.

It was on the island of Hawaii, in the Bay of Kealakakua, that our great explorer Captain Cook met his death in 1779. In the previous year his discovery of the islands had been announced, but it was not until his death in the following year that the islands at all came into prominence. The account of the causes which led to that event is very striking. One of the native gods, Lono, a deified king of the Hawaiians, had in a fit of jealousy killed his much-loved wife, so the legend runs.

* It has often been stated that their foul depravity and unnatural crimes were introduced among the natives by British and American sailors. There is ample evidence that this was not the case, but the reverse. These crimes still exist even in Christianised Hawaii, as the captains of our British and American merchant fleets can testify; but they were indigenous to the soil.

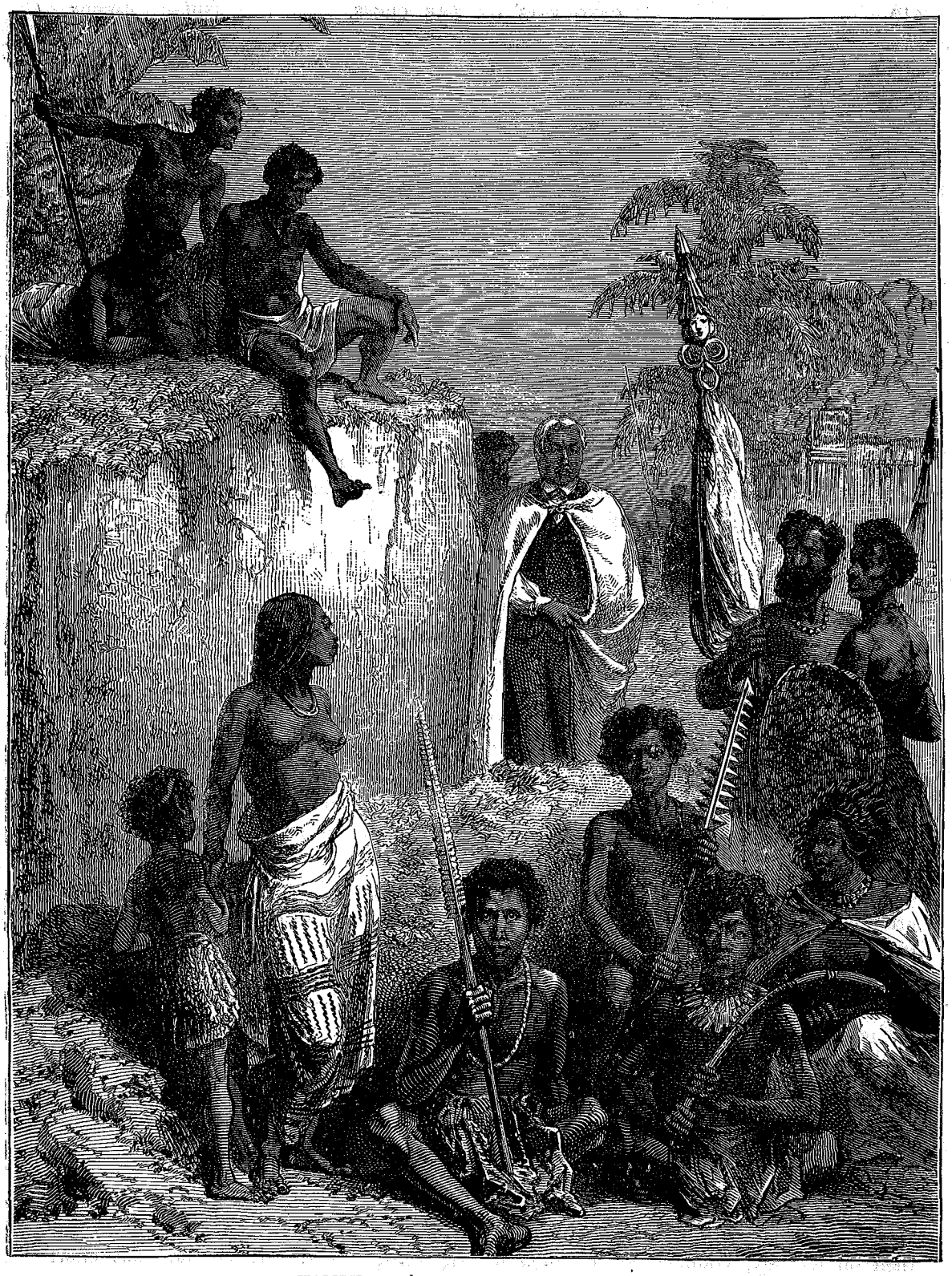
Stricken with remorse for the dreadful deed, he wandered from island to island, wrestling with everybody he met, and to all he gave the same mysterious reply, "I am frantic with my great love." He then sailed for a foreign land, but uttered before starting the prophecy: "I will return in after-times on an island bearing cocoa-nut trees, swine and dogs."

When Captain Cook appeared, the people were anxiously awaiting the return of their self-exiled king-god. He was at once mistaken for the returned Lono; the ships, so much larger than any they had before seen, appearing to them as islands, and the masts, trees. Cook was not slow to



CAPTAIN COOK.—THE *DISCOVERY* AND *RESOLUTE* IN KEALAKAKUA BAY.

take advantage of the adoration rendered him. Wherever he went, a large crowd of natives followed, drawn from every part of the island, bowing themselves to the ground before him in the greatest humility. Offerings of small pigs were brought, and officials went before him, heralding the approach of Lono. The great discoverer was led to the sacred *heian*, and the remains of a putrid hog deposited on the altar were offered to him for food. The faith of many of the savages, however, received a rude shock on hearing of the death of one of the sailors who was carried ashore for burial. For more than a fortnight the natives supported the crews of Cook's two large vessels, the *Discovery* and the *Resolute*, and were greatly impoverished by this drain on their resources. They were not sorry, therefore, when the vessels at last weighed anchor. When shortly afterwards they returned, the *Resolute* having sprung her mast, troubles



KAMEHAMEHA I. AND HIS WARRIORS.

arose between the sailors and the people, who showed considerable unwillingness to further support the crews. One of the ship's boats having been stolen, Cook waited on the king to induce him to come on board and grant satisfaction, intending to retain him as a hostage.

The attempt cost the great navigator his life. The groan which escaped him when stabbed in the back, convinced the natives of his earthly origin, and he was then despatched outright. Great respect was paid to his remains, and, barbarous as it may appear to us, the bones were separated from the flesh, and distributed among the temples of Lono. Many still believed that he would reappear alive amongst them, and the treatment to which his remains were exposed was only in accordance with the customary honours done to the bodies of those of high rank. The greater part of the remains were afterwards restored to Captain King, Cook's fellow-traveller.

After Cook's death little was heard of the islands for many years. Kamehameha the Great, the Napoleon of Hawaii, a man of energy and enterprise, united, as we have said, the whole of the islands under his sway, carrying relentless war and its accompanying miseries into the heart of those islands whose kings refused to acknowledge his power. Each island had for centuries previously its own king, chiefs, and priests. The common people were kept in a state of serfdom under a rigorous feudal system, and the oppressive *tabu*. Kamehameha's overmastering ambition, and the undoubted talent he possessed for governing a savage people, made him successful in his attempts to unite the islanders, a disorganised crowd of savages, into one compact nationality. Many were the songs or *mêlés* which were sung in honour of the conqueror's victories, and he is remembered as the founder of the dynasty which owned five successive Kamehamehas, the death of the last occurring in 1873.

Having made stable the foundations of his empire—Hawaii-nei, or United Hawaii, as the natives call it—he set about consolidating his kingdom, by placing rulers on each island, with other officials necessary for its government. He appointed a council of chiefs, and also a council of *wise men*, who were to confer with him on the making of laws and other matters. The statutes enacted by him, and the comparative ease which the people enjoyed under his sway, together with the swiftness characterising the redress of grievances, gave to the people a golden age as compared with the age of oppression to which they had been accustomed in times past.

The king had long been impatient of the power exercised by the priests, and their application of the *tabu* system, and in 1793, assisted by some of the chiefs, he made some effort towards casting it off. In that year the king had learnt from Vancouver of the great power which Christian nations wielded, and, anxious to place Hawaii-nei on the roll of enlightened nations, and to add somewhat to his own greatness, he asked that Christian teachers might be sent from England. This request was conveyed by Vancouver to Mr. Pitt, although it appears to have been disregarded. A further application made by Captain Turnbull in 1803, with the same object in view, met with no better success, and the great Polynesian king, Kamehameha I., died the very year before the Light of the Gospel, which was even then on its way, commenced to shine on Hawaiian shores. It is said that efforts

were made to convert him, but by whom is not known.* The reply which he gave to his would-be converters was a very practical one. "By faith in your God," he said, "you say anything can be accomplished, and the Christian will be preserved from all harm; if so, cast yourself down from yonder precipice, and, if you are preserved, I will believe." Here was a test by which they might earn his adherence, and doubtless dismay filled their hearts at having their words turned against them thus. One cannot, however, but be struck with the similarity of substance in the language above quoted, and in the language used by the devil in our Saviour's temptation in the wilderness.

Many temples were built by Kamehameha to Hawaiian gods, notably one at Kawaihae, at the dedication of which to his favourite war-god, eleven human beings were offered in sacrifice. Until the time of his death he upheld rigorously the *tabu* system, one of the last acts of his reign being the putting to death of three men for violations of it—one for putting on a chief's girdle, another for eating a prohibited dish, and a third for leaving a house under *tabu*, and entering another which was not so.

His death was, however, the signal for great changes. By his will he had declared that "the kingdom is Liholiho's, and Kaahumanu is his Minister." It is to be feared that scanty respect was paid to his dying words, "Move on in my good way." No sooner was he dead than the feeling against the worship of the old heathen gods, under whose oppressive yoke the people groaned, came to a head, and found a leader in her whom the late king had appointed to be Minister. Many causes, too, had contributed to lessen the dread with which the breaking of *tabu* was regarded. The visits of foreigners, whom the natives regarded as a superior people, and their influence, thrown into the scale against the superstition, had damaged greatly the power of those who had been benefited by it. The introduction of spirituous liquors into the islands had likewise effected considerable scepticism in the ability of the gods to punish for breaches of their *tabus*. A man under the influence of drink would oftentimes break through the restrictions and prohibitions unconsciously, and yet it was seen that no vengeance would overtake him, nor was he killed by the gods. In this way the dread of disobeying the behests of the priests was materially lessened. The state of mind which had begun to prevail was shown in the fact that a suggestion was made at the king's death to dispense with the ceremonies customary on such occasions. On the very day of his death, men and women began to sit down to meals together, others ate cocoa-nuts and bananas—things hitherto tabooed to them.

The young king Liholiho did not appear to be anxious to take the lead in these doings. Although he did not possess the strong leaning towards the old religion which animated his father, on the other hand he had not that strength of character and firmness of purpose which were necessary in one of his position who wished to see the *tabu* abolished. The Dowager Queen Kaahumanu had, however, firmly decided on its overthrow, and the king, only too glad of an opportunity to indulge himself whilst under the responsibility of another, engaged in a two days' drunken revel, during which he smoked and drank with some of the female chiefs.

* Cleveland's Voyages.

A feast was then prepared, with two separate tables for the division of the sexes. When all were seated, to the horror of the more superstitious, he deliberately left his place, went and sat down amongst the women, and partook of the food prepared for them. Doubtless he was all the more prepared to do this, owing to the exemption from punishment which he had experienced after previously breaking *tabu*. The example was sufficient for thousands to follow. Had not the highest in the land sanctioned the act of sacrilege? The cry, "The *tabu* is broken," flew from island to island. Orders were issued for the destruction of the temples and idols. Hewahewa, the high-priest, was amongst the first to sanction the general destruction, and as many as 40,000 idols met a fitting fate. In a very short space of time the superstition of ages was broken through, and the islands were devoid of any form of religion whatsoever.

It was not, however, to be expected that a change of such magnitude could take place without exciting opposition on the part of the priests, who had so much to lose by the sweeping away of the old superstitions. One of their number, named Kekuokalani, second only in rank to Hewahewa, the leader of the iconoclasts, was selected as the head of those who still clung to the old faith. The priests' party assured him that in the event of success the sovereignty of the island should devolve upon him. Civil war at once broke out, and the rebels in the first engagement achieved a slight success over the king's party. Marching immediately to encounter the main army of the enemy, they came up with it on the sea-shore. Liholiho on his part ordered an attack, and the army of the religionists was driven backward. Their chief made ineffectual attempts to rally his men, and fighting courageously at their head he at last fell, killed by a ball which struck him in the breast. His wife, who had fought by his side with courage only second to his, fell almost immediately afterwards, as she was calling for quarter. The battle ended in the total discomfiture of the priests' party, and the release of the people from the thraldom of idolatry. Those who had supported the rebel army proceeded to join those whom they previously opposed. "Our gods," they said, "are unable to prevent our defeat when we uphold their religion against the image-breakers, therefore our worship of them is vain." The idols which had previously escaped destruction were therefore burned or thrown into the sea, their hideous faces still grinning with the same insane grin as when they previously received such fulsome homage.

God had indeed shown the Hawaiians how little was to be expected from these inanimate idols, and was even then moving the hearts of men to send those who should instruct this nation without a shepherd in the paths of light and righteousness. The change from being a nation of idolaters, to the state of a nation almost devoid of any religion whatever, was very extraordinary, and, taking into consideration the opportune time at which it happened, we have no hesitation in describing it as Providential. For some few months no ray of religious light shone upon Hawaiian shores. The old religion thrown down, the new one not yet having taken its place, no hope of a future to lighten the last days of many a dying soul, nothing to cause any restriction to be placed upon licentiousness and sensuality, the nation presented the spectacle of a people without a religion, hurrying down the path of extinction, physical and moral.

There is, so far as we are aware, no other instance of a similar state of affairs. The action of the Hawaiians was in no way a consequence of the introduction of Christianity, but simply and solely owing to the intolerable burden with which the old religion weighed upon their shoulders.

The destruction of the idols took place in the year 1819. In 1820 the first Christian missionaries to the Hawaiians landed in the islands. The party consisted of the Revs. H. Bingham and A. Thurston, Dr. Thomas Holman, physician, Messrs. D. Chamberlain, agriculturist, S. Whitney, mechanic, catechist, and schoolmaster, S. Ruggles, catechist and schoolmaster, E. Loomis, printer, and three educated natives of the Sandwich Islands. They were considerably astonished on reaching Owhyhee, or Hawaii,

NATIVES OF HAWAII.

to find that since the death of King Kamehameha the Great, the idols had been overthrown, the *tabu* system broken down, and the priesthood abolished. Their surprise must have expressed itself in gratitude at what appeared to be the preparation of the country for receiving the seeds of the religion they were bringing.

These early missionaries were Congregationalists, sent from Boston by the American Board for Foreign Missions, and their hearts beat with exultation at the prospect of labouring in those fields which the hand of God had so manifestly prepared for them.

The missionaries did not receive a very promising welcome. The king, Liholiho, regarded them with a good deal of jealousy. He seems to have been influenced by a number of whites who had already settled on the island, and who had no desire for the conversion of the Hawaiian savages, but rather saw that it would be to their own advantage to keep them in their then existing state of ignorance and fear. It was rumoured that the missionaries in Tahiti had usurped the government of the Society

Islands, and fears were expressed that the Americans would follow and take possession of the Sandwich Islands. After a good deal of perseverance, however, permission was granted to some of them to settle at Honolulu in Oahu, whilst others passed on to the islands of Hawaii and Kauai, and founded mission stations there.

The Hawaiian language had not, up to that time, appeared in written form, and it was therefore necessary to reduce it to writing. In the intervals between the times when the missionaries were engaged in preaching in the places of worship which were erected at the different stations, their efforts were directed towards the formation of schools. Instruction was given in the English language, but as this was necessarily of less importance to the Hawaiians than their own, the missionaries proceeded, after acquiring some knowledge of it themselves, to teach it from a small spelling-book which, after great labour, had been printed at their mission press.

Considerable success attended the labours of the Christian teachers during the first few years after their landing. The first pupils collected in the schools included the king, and many of the chiefs and their relations. The king appears to have been naturally of an indolent and intemperate disposition, but he soon learned to read intelligibly from the New Testament, and also to write fairly well. Side by side with the work of education carried on in the schools, religious instruction and the conversion of the people to the Christian religion met with a success, which the tardiness of the king to allow the missionaries to settle in the island scarcely warranted them to expect. The king and queen when at Honolulu, the seat of government, generally attended Christian worship, and their example was followed by many others in high position.

There seemed to be a hard-and-fast line of distinction between the chiefs and the people, and apparently, contrary to expectation, this line was seldom crossed; no transfer taking place from the one class to the other. The former were an hereditary race, and were of a higher order than the common people, both in physical structure and in the character of their minds, and their wives were often distinguished by great energy of character. It is to be regretted that, even as the race of the Hawaiians appears to be dying out, so that of the chiefs is rapidly declining in numbers. They are nearly an extinct order; and, with a few exceptions, those who remain are childless. "In riding through Hawaii," says Miss Bird, "I came everywhere upon traces of a once numerous population, where the hill-slopes are now only a wilderness of guava scrub, and upon churches and school-houses all too large, while in some hamlets the voices of young children were altogether wanting. This nation, with its elaborate governmental machinery, its churches and institutions, has to me the mournful aspect of a shrivelled and wizened old man dressed in clothing much too big—the garments of his once athletic and vigorous youth."

On the adoption of Christianity by the king and chiefs, orders were issued for the strict observance of the Sabbath. Every Saturday evening a crier was sent round Honolulu to remind the people that the morrow was the Sabbath Day, and to enjoin them not to do any kind of work, or to follow any of their games and amusements, but to go to the places of worship and hear the Word of God. Criticism

has not been wanting to the effect that such a strict religious system as that of these early missionaries, New England Congregationalists as they were, was not suited to the native character of the Hawaiians. It is said that the natives were treated too much as children, and that the rules laid down for the guidance of their daily lives savoured too much of the old severity of Puritanism, and "must have been repugnant to all the natural dispositions of this remarkable race."

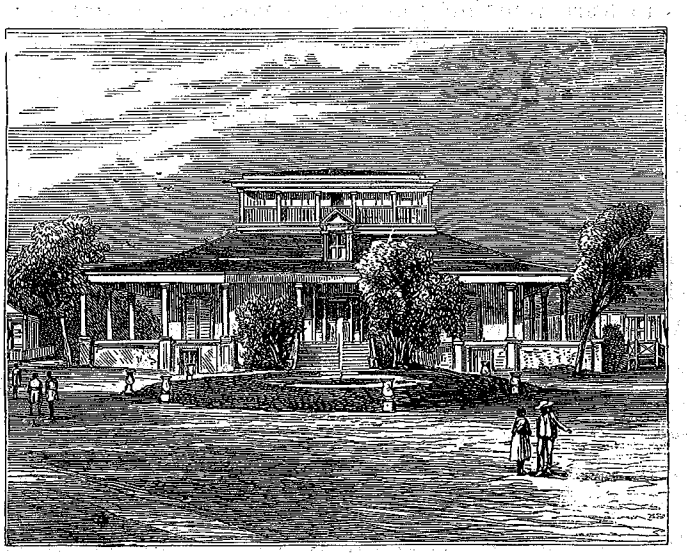
In November, 1823, King Liholiho, or Kamehameha II., sailed for London on board an English whaler, accompanied by his favourite queen and two or three chiefs. The commerce of the Hawaiian Islands was increasing considerably, and he wished to see and hear more of the manner in which civilised nations carried on commercial intercourse, and to learn something of foreign modes of government. They were well received in this country, and were introduced to many of the nobility and other persons of distinction. Three weeks after their arrival, however, the king was taken ill with the measles, and after a few days the whole of his suite caught the disease. Medical advice was obtained, and all recovered with the exception of the king and queen, who died within six days of each other. By the order of the Government their bodies were conveyed to the Sandwich Islands in the frigate *Blonde*, under the command of Lord Byron. Here they were interred in an orderly Christian manner, the old heathen rites being dispensed with; this taking place only four years after the introduction of Christianity. A brother of the late king was unanimously acknowledged as his successor, but, as he was only a child nine years of age, a regency was appointed during his minority.

At the council of chiefs held to consider the succession to the throne, those who after Liholiho's death had had the honour of an interview with King George IV. reported the counsel which His Majesty had given them with reference to the American missionaries. Being asked whether it was wise to encourage teachers of religion, he had replied, "Yes, they are a people to make others good. I always have some of them by me." He also showed them what Christianity had done for Britain, in bringing the people from barbarism to civilisation. The chiefs having already recognised the sacredness of the Sabbath, and having adopted the Ten Commandments as the basis of their laws, proceeded to enact others, endeavouring to suppress such vices as murder, theft, and immorality. Consanguinous marriages were forbidden, and infanticide declared to be murder. They received help and advice from Lord Byron while his vessel remained, but it was only to be expected that after his departure the "mean whites" should strain every nerve to counteract all measures taken by the chiefs and the missionaries to bring about an orderly state of affairs. The Ten Commandments were then about to be issued in print, but so threatening did the foreigners become, that the king was compelled to abandon the intention.

With some few exceptions the whites, in their opposition to the new civilisation of the missionaries, received great assistance from foreign vessels which touched at the islands. The mission houses at Lahaina and Honolulu were constantly in danger through the violence of these temporary visitors. At Lahaina Mr. Richards, the missionary, and his family, were the avowed objects of murder on the part of the crew of the British

whale-ship *Daniel*. A party of forty men armed with knives and pistols were only forced to retire, when a large body of natives had assembled to protect the missionary and his family from danger. Some months later another attempt was made by the crews of several vessels then lying off the town. They repaired to the house of Mr. Richards, but, finding him absent, took vengeance by attempting to wreck his house and pillage the town.

A similar scene was enacted in October, 1827, at Lahaina. The *John Palmer*, another English whaler, had received on board some women who had secretly gone off for immoral purposes. On the arrival of Captain Clark on shore, he was requested by Hoapiri, the governor of the island, to send the women back. This he refused to



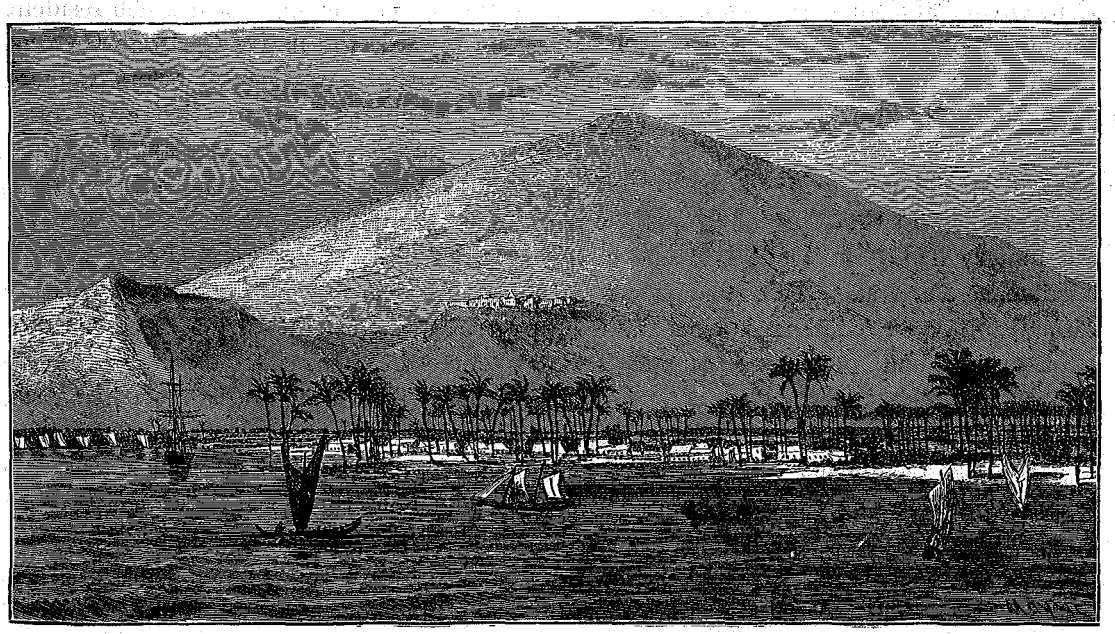
ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

comply with, and was consequently detained until he would give a guarantee to do so. On the suggestion, however, of Mr. Richards, it was decided as more in accordance with the principles of religion to allow the captain to depart, having promised to settle the matter in the morning. Before the captain could arrive on board, the vessel commenced to fire on the mission house, Mr. Richards and his family taking refuge in the cellar. The ship sailed the same day, the captain having wholly disregarded his engagement.

During this time the British consul, Mr. Charlton, did not hesitate to side with the crews of the vessels who attempted to overthrow the influence of the missionaries and chiefs. He affirmed that the Government had no right to make laws without the consent of Great Britain, and threatened vengeance for any attempt to enforce them. He wholly ignored Lord Byron's words, to the effect that England recognised the people as a free and independent nation, and stated that he himself was exempted from the operation of the laws of the country.* Fervently may we hope that our Queen is represented by few such consuls at the present time.

* Brown's "History of Foreign Missions."

One of the cruellest outrages on the missionaries occurred in 1826. Lieutenant Percival, of the United States schooner *Dolphin*, which was present at Honolulu for about four months, to the great injury of good morals among the natives, demanded a repeal of the obnoxious law which prohibited females from visiting his ship, openly threatening to shoot Mr. Bingham should he interfere as interpreter to the chiefs. One Sunday afternoon Mr. Bingham was engaged in conducting a service in the house of the Regent Karaimoku, who was seriously ill, when a party of sailors from the *Dolphin* appeared, and with violence demanded the repeal of the law. After doing a good deal of damage they were finally ejected, when they started off for the house of Mr. Bingham,



LAHAINA.

who, on his way home, was seized and roughly handled by the sailors. The natives had, however, time to collect; and, releasing Mr. Bingham, contrived to secure the rioters. Lieutenant Percival, in the evening, waited on the chiefs, and informed them that he was determined not to quit the island until the law was repealed, and that he would not return home until he had accomplished his purpose.

Next day a rumour went round that the law had been relaxed, and that disgrace alone, with no accompanying punishment, would await those who went to the ship. A large number accordingly repaired to the *Dolphin*. Some of the chiefs, terrified by the threats of their visitors, and tiring of the harassed life they had led, had given a half consent, and had practically yielded what had been demanded of them so persistently. Victory was claimed by the party of misrule, and the example set by Lieutenant Percival was not lost on the two thousand seamen who visited Honolulu during the next few months.

These instances will be sufficient to show the treatment which the Christian

missionaries received, at the hands of those from whom they might at least have expected a passive support. The influence of *white* sailors on the naturally immoral natives was bad enough, but when commanded by a resolute captain who was thoroughly at one with them in their opposition to all restrictions placed upon immorality, the position of the missionaries became somewhat desperate. There were, of course, honourable exceptions both amongst residents and amongst visitors, who gave assistance to the missionaries, and did what was in their power to second their efforts.

Eight months after the visit of the *Dolphin*, another American ship, the *Peacock*, visited the island. The commander, Captain Jones, found the most scandalous accusations circulated against the missionaries, and saw the systematic opposition which resident foreigners, headed by the British consul, carried on towards the native Christian Government. The missionaries therefore demanded an impartial investigation before Captain Jones and his officers. The result was the most triumphant victory that could have been asked by the most devoted friends of the mission. In 1830 Captain Finch arrived in the war-sloop *Vincennes*, having been sent out on a special mission from the President to the King of Hawaii, to counteract the mischief done by the *Dolphin*. An inquiry had been made into the charges brought by the American Board against Lieutenant Percival. The President's letter stated "that any American citizen violating Hawaiian law, or interfering with Hawaiian regulations, was offending against his own Government, and worthy of censure and punishment." In this way it was made known that the high-handed actions of Lieutenant Percival and his crew had been disowned by the Government of the United States.

In 1840 Lieutenant Wilkes touched at the islands, and reported strongly against the baneful influence of the "designing individuals who hold the situation of consuls" of England and France. In the report to the American Board for Foreign Missions in 1828, the English consul, Mr. Charlton, is mentioned as throwing "all his influence into the scale of vice and disorder, and against efforts of every kind for the benefit of the natives."

Meantime success was attending the efforts of the missionaries. Great caution was exhibited on their part, lest any should be baptised who were not in a fit state to receive the holy rite. The Board, by whom they had been sent, had insisted that converts should be on probation for a certain period, in order that there should be as few cases of backsliding as possible. The extreme caution of the missionaries caused them in some instances to insist on as much as from four to five years' probation. In others, six months to a year was deemed sufficient.

During the first two years of the mission, the king was considerably influenced by the fear, carefully fostered by the whites, that the English would take offence at the reception which had been given to the American missionaries. All doubt on this head was happily set at rest in 1822, when Mr. Ellis, who had been working in Tahiti, arrived at Oahu with two missionaries deputed by the London Missionary Society to visit all stations in the Pacific. The cordial greeting between the two bodies of fellow-workers showed to the natives how false were the representations of the inimical whites; and, in proof that no kind of ill-feeling existed between them, Mr. Ellis agreed to stay with his family on the island of Hawaii for a year. A second party of three ministers arrived

from Boston in 1823, and the king welcomed them by remitting the exorbitant harbour dues which would otherwise have been levied.

Mr. Ellis has placed on record the joy with which many received the Gospel. He says that "the new revelations were received with much attention, with wonder, and often with delight. The greater part of the people seemed to regard the tidings of 'endless life by Jesus' as the most joyful news they had ever heard." Some said, "Our forefathers from time immemorial, and we, ever since we can remember anything, have been seeking enduring life, or a state in which we should not die, but we have never found it yet; perhaps this is it of which you are telling us."

Amongst the earliest converts were some of the highest in the land. In 1825 ten natives were received into the Church, of whom no less than seven were chiefs, and among them were the Queen Regent Kaahumanu, a woman of great energy, who (as we have seen) had been foremost in the overthrow of idolatry, and Karaimoku, her Prime Minister, who had stood by her throughout. Kaahumanu seemed to have imbibed a good deal of the talent and energy of her late husband, Kamehameha the Great. Strong-handed as she was in carrying out the laws, she showed herself equally determined when she set out on her tour for the purpose of destroying such idols as had escaped previous destruction. When Christianity had laid its softening hand upon her, her character was marked by much tenderness, and she was so enthusiastic in exhorting the people to mend their evil ways, that she became known as "the new Kaahumanu."

As the people were to a very large extent influenced by the example set them by the chiefs, the missionaries exercised additional caution in receiving members into the Church, so that the actual number of baptised natives was, in 1828, only fifty, whereas they counted 12,000 attendants at the Sunday services, and 26,000 pupils in their schools At the same time it was well known that family prayer was a settled institution in a large number of households; some fifty homes in Lahaina, where Mr. Richards resided, engaging in it morning and evening, whilst in Kailua, Mr. Thurston said "there is scarcely a family where morning and evening prayers are not regularly offered up." Notwithstanding this, Mr. Thurston goes on to say, "yet we have no hope that the majority of families live under any fear of God, or have any regard for their souls." Mr. Tinker, another missionary, observes, "The rites of heathenism are severe, and require a rigid observance, the form being the only thing of importance. This trait may readily transfer itself to the ceremonies of the Christian religion, without implying a due consideration of its spirituality. Family and secret prayer may be the general practice of a recently idolatrous nation, while as yet there is little progress in the devotement of the heart to the true God."

But the missionaries saw in this practice the symptoms of what they thought might be the opening up of a new national life. One of the great evils which they had to contend against was the lack of family government, resulting in vagrant habits in the children and total disregard of the authority and wishes of their parents. Their efforts were, therefore, turned towards the setting up of a higher standard of living in the home, hoping thereby in a future generation to raise up desirable examples of Christian character.

In 1827 Karaimoku, "the Iron Cable of Hawaii," died, and in 1832 the Queen Regent Kaahumanu, whom he had served so faithfully, followed him to the grave. Her last words were, "I will go to Him and be comforted," a truly eloquent phrase from the lips of a dying Polynesian chieftess.

The anxiety which the people exhibited to learn to read, showed itself in the fact that, in 1828, no less than from fifteen to twenty thousand copies of the four Gospels were in circulation. In many places visited by the missionaries they found schools already established, where one who had already learned the elements of education was attempting to impart his information to others. Within ten years from their first landing, there were no less than nine hundred schools in existence in the group. The necessity of providing teachers to replace those who had imparted all the information they possessed to their pupils, showed itself more plainly as education progressed. This resulted, in 1830, in the opening of a training school at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, for schoolmasters and native preachers, when twenty-five young men were enrolled as students, their numbers increasing rapidly as time went on.

Among the many notable converts to Christianity was a Princess Kapiolani, who on being thoroughly convinced of the truth of the new religion, strove hard to awaken in the people an interest in the faith she professed. Having given up somewhat intemperate habits, and chosen one from among her husbands to be her lawful consort, she announced her determination to pay a visit to the volcano of Kilauea, and defy the goddess Pele in her own domain. The district in which she lived in southern Hawaii was one seldom visited by foreigners, and the people still retained a strong liking for the religion of their fathers, and here the priests and priestesses of Pele still wielded great power. The brave Kapiolani, therefore, determined to show them how powerless the supposed goddess was, and once and for all to uproot their belief in Pele.

Finding that all attempts to dissuade her from the undertaking were in vain, eighty persons determined to bear her company. As she approached the crater, a priestess of the insulted goddess met her, and threatened the most awful vengeance of the goddess if she persisted in her intention. Full of courage, however, the chieftess went on, until, reaching the edge of the crater, she led the way down the path leading to the boiling cauldron. She then plucked some *ohelo* berries, sacred to Pele from time immemorial, and ate them without previously offering some to the goddess, as worshippers of Pele were in duty bound to do. After having thus defied the goddess, she walked calmly across the bed of cooled lava, until she arrived at "the House of Everlasting Burnings," the fiery lake of Halemaumau. Here she tossed blocks of lava in the molten waves, and defiantly desecrated the very home of the goddess. All this time the party who had accompanied her were gazing in speechless wonder, expecting every minute to be overtaken by the vengeance of the goddess, to be swallowed up quickly by an earthquake, or to be suffocated by the fiery vapours.

Here, turning on her companions, she said in calm clear tones, "My God is Jehovah. He it was who kindled these fires. I do not fear Pele. Should I perish by her anger, then you may fear her power. But if Jehovah save me while breaking her *tabus*, then you must fear and love Him. The gods of Hawaii are vain." Then

after singing a hymn in this very home of the gods, she returned with her followers in safety to the edge of the crater.

Of all the many heroic deeds which have been done in the name of Christ, there are few which approach this act of confidence in Jehovah, for its simplicity and its far-reaching results. It can fitly be compared with that great gathering on Mount Carmel, when Elijah gathered the prophets of Baal together, and demonstrated to them his

NATIVES OF HONOLULU.

faith in the Omnipotent God. Under the old dispensation, Elijah put to death the prophets of Baal who opposed him. Under the new and more merciful dispensation of our blessed Saviour, the priests and priestesses of Pele were dismissed with solemn warning to abandon their worship of the goddess, and to "go and sin no more."

In spite of this brave deed and the good fruit it bore, it was many years before Pele entirely lost her power over the minds of the natives, and even now traces of her worship occasionally show themselves.

Among the many habits of the natives which assisted in depopulating the islands, one great evil was intemperance. The ease with which ardent spirits were distilled from the various saccharine vegetables growing on the islands, particularly the beverage

known as *awa*, manufactured by a process of chewing from the *ti*-root, lent itself to the production of frightfully intemperate habits among the people. Although the chiefs who had emerged from heathenism attempted to grapple with the evil to the best of their ability, certain representatives of France, Great Britain, and America, distinguished themselves by their strong and unceasing opposition to all measures used by the chiefs to restrain the sale and use of spirituous liquors. In 1831 a temperance society was started at Honolulu, when a thousand persons bound themselves neither to prepare spirits themselves, to sell them, to drink them, nor to give them to the natives. Nor was it any too soon. The young king had at last given way to the subtle influences with which the foreigners plied him, and finally issued a decree centring all authority in himself, and taking away practically all punishments inflicted on the indulgence in those vices which the missionaries were doing their best to reduce to a minimum. The result was soon seen in the thinning of the schools and congregations, and in the burning of churches; and although in 1834 he re-sanctioned the laws, it was some time before the former state of affairs could be re-established.

In 1837 reinforcements sent out from Boston had brought up the total of Christians teachers to twenty-seven ordained missionaries, and upwards of thirty assistants, and these were established at seventeen mission stations. Schools were in the meantime making great progress. A boarding-school had been opened by Mr. Lyman at Hilo, preparatory to the theological training college at Lahaina. The Rev. Titus Coan had arrived in the islands with his wife in 1835. Mrs. Coan opened a boarding-school for native girls at Hilo, in order to give such as were admitted a good education, and at the same time to keep them away, by personal supervision, from contamination by the low standard of morality which seemed to be rooted in the nature of the people. The school was opened with twenty girls. The story of how the native converts worked right gallantly in helping to place the institution on a thoroughly satisfactory basis, is touching when we consider the poverty of most of those who gave of their little. Some cut down timber, and others collected the grass to build the house, some collected food, one bringing *a yam*, another a fish, and others various kinds of provisions, until sufficient food was collected to satisfy the simple wants of the girls.

Another school was opened at Wailuku, on the island of Maui, where fifty girls and women received instruction from the hands of American ladies in the various domestic arts; such as knitting, weaving, and sewing. A manual labour school was also opened, where natives could qualify themselves as carpenters or blacksmiths; also a school for the children of the missionaries, and one for the children of the chiefs. This last was entirely supported by the Government, and the Royal School, as it is called, now admits children of foreign residents, as well as of the chiefs.

In 1832, the year when the energetic Queen Kaahumanu died, there issued from the mission press the New Testament printed in Hawaiian. Mr. Armstrong, one of the missionaries on the island of Maui, said in 1836, "When the late edition of the New Testament came out, the people about us crowded our houses all day long, and even in the night, trying to obtain a copy." The Rev. Mr. Andrews, however, writing

in 1834, from the Lahainalula seminary, said, "A great circulation of books here does not prove that they are much understood. It is fully believed that were the mission to print off an edition of logarithmic tables, there would be just as great a call for it as for any book that has been printed. It is all new to them. They have been told that the perusal of these and similar books constitutes the difference between them and ourselves: that they make the people wise."

But a day was coming, and was not far distant, when the people who so long had sat in darkness were to see the great light, and when all these auxiliaries to new life were to be quickened by a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Of that Pentecostal time—one of the most striking instances of the power of the Gospel in heathen lands—we must write in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT.

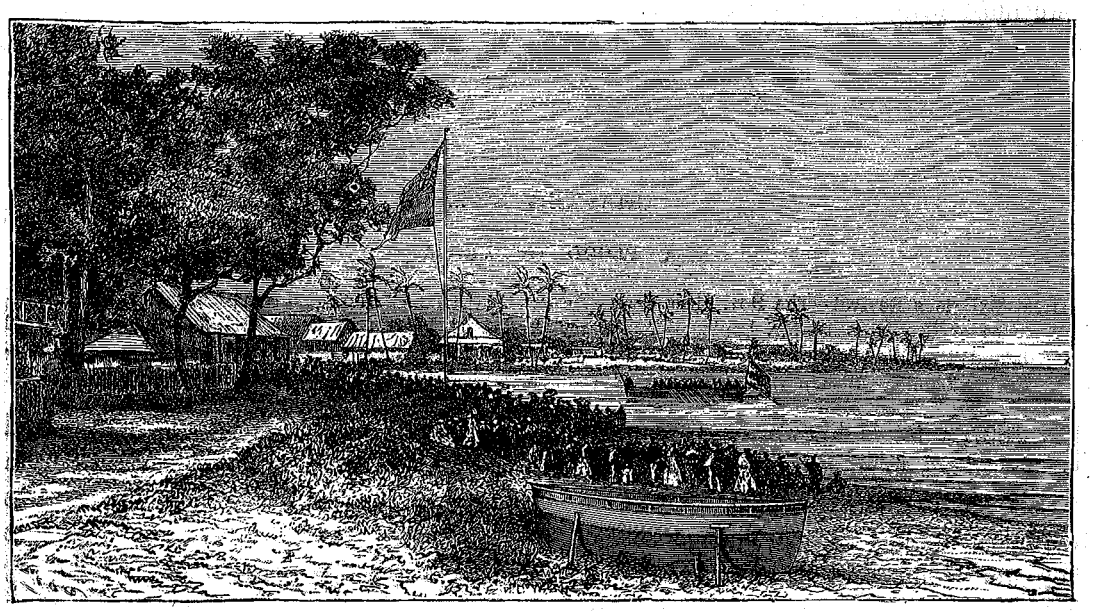
A Great Religious Revival—The Rev. Titus Coan—Impressive Scenes—French and British Interference—Prevalence of Drunkenness—Mr. Laplace—Temporary Cession of Islands to Great Britain—Independence of Islands Proclaimed—Decrease of Population—Bishopric of Honolulu—Schools and Education—Leprosy—Father Damien—Bishop Willis—Hawaii of To-day—Doomed to Decay.

IN 1837, what is known as "the great religious awakening" commenced, and lasted for about four years. On the island of Hawaii, as the missionaries returned from a visit to a distant school, they were met by messengers from their quarters at Kaawaloa, stating that a change seemed to have come over the natives, and that they were coming in large companies for religious instruction. For months following the missionaries scarcely had time to seek bodily rest for themselves, so greatly were they thronged night and day by crowds eager to learn the way of salvation. Soon it was ascertained that similar things were happening on the other islands; that men on whom the missionaries had failed to make any impression were seeking light on their darkened paths; that self-examination and self-denial were being exercised by those whose only bent until now had been the pursuit of the lowest and vilest pleasures, and that a Pentecostal blessing was crowning the work of the missionaries with unexpected success.

After long periods of probation, about 27,000 persons were admitted to baptism during the six years ending 1843, and were constantly under the supervision of the pastors. A few, of course, wandered back to their old ways, and called down the reproof of their teachers; but, considering the strict principles which were taught them, it is somewhat astonishing that so large a number should have stood firm.

The centre of the awakening was at Hilo, where the Rev. Titus Coan and Mrs. Coan, together with Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, had settled. Mr. Coan arrived in the

islands in 1835, and immediately took upon himself a considerable amount of the work which had previously fallen to Mr. Lyman's lot. Being of a hardy and robust constitution, and also an eloquent speaker, he undertook much of the preaching in the district around. The coast of Hawaii at many places is indented by arms of the sea, fed by torrents from the higher lands. In the course of ages they have carved their way through the hard lavas, and formed valleys of considerable dimensions. Many of these, left dry by the partial closing up of the streams which fed them, had become the sites of busy villages, which, enclosed between high *palis* or precipices on each side, were only open to the ocean. Here many passed their days, scarcely ever communicating with the outside world. It was at such places



VISIT OF THE KING TO HILO.

as these that Mr. Coan met with tasks which only his powers of endurance could overcome. Down the sides of the gulches he had to climb, or was often let down by ropes from crag to crag, in order to reach the people below, and preach the message he had brought to them. Sometimes he swam across the rivers, or was carried on the shoulders of a native, while men locked their hands together across the torrent to prevent him being carried away, should the current prove too strong for his bearers. Before the end of the year in which he landed, Mr. Coan had made a circuit of Hawaii, on foot and canoe.

The following is a description of one great baptism in which he took part, and which the writer heard from his own lips. The greatest care was previously taken in selecting, teaching, watching, and examining the candidates. Those from the distant villages came and spent several months here for preliminary instruction. Many of these were converts of two years' standing, a larger class had been on the list for more than a year, and a smaller one for a lesser period. The accepted candidates were announced

by name several weeks previously, and friends and enemies everywhere were called upon to testify all that they knew about them. On the first Sunday in July, 1838, 1,705 persons, formerly heathens, were baptised. They were seated close together on the earth-floor in rows, with just space between for one to walk, and Mr. Lyman and Mr. Coan, passing through them, sprinkled every bowed head, after which Mr. Coan admitted the weeping hundreds into the fellowship of the Universal Church by pronouncing the words—'I baptise you all in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' After this, 2,400 converts received the Holy Communion. We give Mr. Coan's words concerning those who partook of it, 'who truly and earnestly repented of their sins, and steadfastly purposed to lead new lives.' The old and decrepit, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the withered, the paralytic, and those afflicted with divers diseases and torments; those with eyes, noses, lips, and limbs consumed; with features distorted, and figures depraved and loathsome: these came hobbling upon their staves, or were led and borne by others to the table of the Lord. Among the throng you would have seen the hoary priest of idolatry, with hands but recently washed from the blood of human victims, together with thieves, adulterers, highway robbers, murderers, and mothers whose hands reeked with the blood of their own children. It seemed like one of the crowds the Saviour gathered, and over which He pronounced the words of healing." * Mr. Ellis, another missionary pioneer, who arrived at Hawaii in 1822, says that it was joyful news indeed to the people to hear of *ora loa ia Jesu*, or endless life by Jesus, "breaking upon them like light in the morning." The delighted surprise of one old chieftess gave vent to itself in exclaiming, "Will my spirit never die, and can this poor weak body live again?" People crowded into the towns to hear the good news, whilst poor invalids, and old men tottering through age, were either brought, or dragged their weary bodies to where the missionary might pass, in order to hear but a few words of blessing.

Mr. Coan and Mr. Lyman had to provide all the preaching for 15,000 people scattered over a district 100 miles long. "If we die," said the people, "let us die in the light." They therefore swarmed to where the missionaries were, and the little town of Hilo soon increased its population from one thousand to ten thousand. Mrs. Coan and Mrs. Lyman nobly supplemented the preaching of their husbands, by instructing assemblies of women and children in the habits of civilisation, such as the making and wearing of clothes. They were taught to make themselves neat little hats, and loose flowing robes, the general costume among the native women of the present day.

Those who realised the numbers of converts to Christianity during these exciting years, and heard how the awakening was often accompanied by a great deal of outward expression, such as crying, swooning, and groaning, were not backward in attributing it to an unhealthy excitement, which it was not well to encourage, and insisted that Mr. Coan was wrong in admitting large numbers into the Church with so little preparation. Be this as it may, seven local independent churches were the result of the awakening in the Hilo district, possessing fifteen places of worship scattered throughout the villages.

* Miss Bird's "Six Months in the Hawaiian Islands."

In 1839 the whole of the Bible, translated into the Hawaiian language, was circulated. The first edition of 10,000 copies was followed by a second edition of the same number in the following year. Various other publications issued from the press, such as an almanack, a newspaper, and two or three periodicals, and these, with some few exceptions, were paid for by the natives, either in produce, work, or money.

The laws which had been passed against murder, theft, and drunkenness, were but a crude though creditable attempt, in the infancy of Hawaiian society, to lessen the continuance of those habits which had been practised under the old heathen *régime*, but which were incompatible with the Christian religion. The chiefs now saw the necessity of extending and acknowledging the rights of the commonalty, and also of obtaining external assistance in the art of government from those who could advise them in their intercourse with foreigners. Accordingly, in 1836 they invited Mr. Richards, one of the pastors, to become their teacher, chaplain, and interpreter. Mr. Richards complied with this request, having obtained consent from the Board he represented. It was, however, thought necessary that he should sever his connection with the Board, in order that he should have a perfectly free hand, and that the Board should give no cause of offence to those who desired occasion for it. Mr. Richards afterwards became Minister of Public Instruction, and upon his death, Mr. Armstrong, another missionary, succeeded him.

From this time until 1850 the nation was sorely troubled by the interference of England and France in her affairs. In 1827, two Roman Catholic priests, one an Irishman, had landed at Honolulu, without permission of the Government. A high chief named Boki, who had travelled with Liholiho to England, surmising that considerable trouble would be caused by having preachers of two different sects on the islands, prevailed on Kaahumanu to give them orders to quit. Finding that her orders were set at nought, the chiefs equipped a brig and landed the priests in California at considerable expense to the nation. The priests returned in 1837, and were, after much trouble, once more provided with their passage away from the islands. The king then published "An Ordinance rejecting the Catholic Religion," forbidding its propagation, or even the landing of its teachers, unless they came only for a "season on shore."

This was the beginning of a series of troubles with France. In July, 1839, the French frigate *L'Artémise*, commanded by M. La Place, arrived off Honolulu, bent on bringing to a termination the treatment which the French, specially their Catholic priests, were alleged to have received in their attempts to settle on the islands. M. La Place demanded that free Catholic worship should be allowed, that a site should be given for a Catholic church in Honolulu, and that 20,000 dollars should be deposited in his hands as a guarantee for future good conduct towards France. Hostilities were threatened immediately if these conditions were not at once complied with. In the absence of the king, the governor of the island signed the conditions, and on the king's return, a new treaty was presented to him for signature. This he was compelled to sign, occupation of the island being threatened in case of refusal.

The principal Article of the treaty was as follows :—"French merchandises, or those known to be French produce, and particularly wines and brandies, cannot be prohibited, and shall not pay an import duty higher than five per cent. *ad valorem*."

The imposition upon the Hawaiians of a treaty containing such a provision as this was a cruel blow to the nation. The king and those who sympathised with him had been already actively engaged in preventing the excessive consumption of alcoholic liquors by the natives, and with this end in view a temperance society had been formed, and heavy custom duties had been imposed. Overcome by the threats of the French admiral, the king was compelled to content himself by making a dignified protest against the wrong done to his country. The result was seen in a large importation of wines and brandies by the French consul and others. The quiet town of Honolulu, the seat of the Government, became the resort of the lawless of every nation, and the revelry at night was such as had never been before surpassed. The example was contagious. The trampling under foot of the authority of those who were responsible for law and order, served to bring the rulers into ridicule, and the paralysis of the Government was the opportunity of the vicious. The result was seen, too, in the dwindled congregations in the churches, and many chiefs of the highest rank were, for days together, utterly unfit for business.

In the next year, 1840, the king determined to make an effort to lessen the pernicious influences of the drink traffic. In October of that year he published a law prohibiting his subjects from making and using intoxicating drinks. In this he had the support of Commodore Wilkes and the American consul. The king himself took the temperance pledge, together with many of the chiefs, and with the example thus set, public opinion veered round, and a limit was set to the importation of French wines. Great good was also done to the temperance cause by the imposition of a system of licences to restrain the internal traffic. We can well understand that its adoption was resented by the French consul, and that he construed the king's action as a violation of the "La Place Treaty."

When, in 1842, a French sloop of war, the *Embuscade*, arrived at Honolulu, Captain Mallet, her commander, instigated by the French consul, lodged complaints with the king as to the alleged infringements of the treaties made with M. La Place, stating that Roman Catholics had been insulted, their churches had been thrown down, and their priests threatened. He then made a variety of demands, which the king on his part refused to grant. Although the missionaries had consistently advised the king to grant full toleration to Roman Catholics, the priests seem to have acted throughout in a hostile manner to all. Natives who were disaffected with the Government always met with a welcome from them, and their party thus became a constant cause of embarrassment to those who had control over the various Government departments.

The king in the meantime had despatched Ministers to France in order to negotiate a new treaty with Louis Philippe himself. Commissioners were also sent to England, in order to obtain from the British Government a distinct acknowledgment of the independence of the islands. It appears that when Vancouver was in the isles

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in 1791, he so gained the confidence of the people in his attempts to promote peace and comfort, that it was determined by a council of the chiefs to place themselves under the protection of Great Britain. This was interpreted by Vancouver as an act of cession to His Britannic Majesty, although the chiefs had distinctly reserved to themselves the right of sovereignty and the entire regulation of their own domestic concerns. This misrepresentation was, however, the cause of the belief to which Mr. Charlton adhered, that the islands were still held by the native rulers only in subjection to Great Britain; and in order to support his view of the matter, he embarked for London soon after the commissioners, but before starting wrote a most insulting letter to the king. This was duly brought to the notice of the Home Government, and was mainly instrumental in bringing about his dismissal from office.

Whilst negotiations were going on, Her Majesty's ship *Carysfort* arrived at Honolulu, in February, 1843, commanded by Lord George Paulet. He at once complained of the treatment which British subjects had received, and made various demands on the king with reference to their future treatment. He threatened bombardment of the town of Honolulu, unless his demands were complied with, forced the king to agree under protest, but stated his intention to represent the whole case to the British Government. A further meeting took place between the king and Lord George Paulet, with the result that the king and chiefs, being unable to comply with further demands made upon them, issued a declaration announcing their intention to cede the Hawaiian Islands to Great Britain.

The impressive ceremony at which the cession took place, is described as almost heart-rending. The king, the descendant of a proud and aristocratic house, compelled to abandon his rights and the rights of his people, overcome only by the might which his opponent possessed in the British man-of-war, his patriotic soul humbled to the dust by an unscrupulous though powerful enemy, approached to sign the document so fatal to the hopes and aspirations of the people to whom he himself belonged. The chiefs sat silent, endeavouring to suppress the emotions which filled their hearts. Prayer was proposed. They knelt down and prayed, after which Kamehameha III. and his Premier stepped forward and signed the declaration. Paulet then took over the government, retaining, however, the officers who had been employed previously under the king and chiefs, whilst awaiting communications from the British Government.

For five months affairs were in a deplorable state. Drunkenness and immorality again showed themselves in the light of day, the laws were not enforced, and the disaffected and vicious had only to say—"We are Lord George's men" to ensure protection. Taxes were unpaid, and strenuous efforts were made to revive the idolatrous worship of olden times. While all government had thus become paralysed by Paulet's action, the king had retired to Maui. Here he remained until July, when the United States frigate *Constellation*, Commodore Kearney, arrived at Honolulu. Communications were made by him to the king, and a protest was issued by the Commodore against the whole proceedings. Trouble appeared imminent between the English and Americans, when, on July 26th, Rear-Admiral Thomas arrived unexpectedly from Valparaiso, where he had received Lord George Paulet's despatches.

Admiral Thomas immediately resolved to atone for the indignity which had been done to the king and people. He gave orders for the British Protectorate to cease; the English flag was taken down, the laws and institutions of the country were re-established, a thanksgiving of ten days was ordered to be celebrated throughout the islands, and the king was reinstated in the most honourable and dignified manner. Admiral Thomas deserves the thanks of every right-minded countryman of his for the prompt manner in which he restored to the Hawaiians the independence of their country, and his name is to the present day held in grateful veneration throughout the isles.

On the return of the commissioners, it was found that they had obtained an acknowledgment of the independence of the Hawaiian Islands from the United States, England, France, and Belgium. By an engagement made and ratified in November, 1843, with England and France, the two nations agreed to recognise the islands as an independent State, and never to take possession of the territory, either as a colony or under any form of a Protectorate. In 1846, France sent a special commissioner, the bearer of a treaty with the Hawaiians, and returned the 20,000 dollars which M. La Place had exacted from them in 1839.

With the cessation of the interference which had thus characterised the presence of French and British war-vessels, education in the country was rapidly pushed forward. Every encouragement was given to the teachers by the Government, and in 1849 the training-school at Lahainahula, with all the apparatus and other property pertaining to it, was taken over by the Hawaiian Government. The results brought about by this important seminary have justified the great hopes placed in it, more especially as a college for the preparation of native teachers. Of the three hundred natives who had then been educated in it, only forty or more turned out decidedly bad or worthless.

The report of the Minister of Public Instruction in 1851, stated that there existed 535 schools in the islands, containing 15,482 scholars, or more than one-sixth of the population. The number of members admitted into the Church up to this date was stated to be 39,201, and the number of children baptised, 14,173. The congregations of the different churches were now, however, much smaller than in the early days of the mission. This was not owing so much to apathy in religion, as to the fact that the diminution of the population which had been going on for many years, was beginning appreciably to show itself.

With the object of bringing to an end this continual decrease, a law had been passed freeing from all labour for the chiefs those who had four children living with them, whilst those who had five were exempted from taxation. Although the numbers were afterwards reduced, this provision was a well-meant effort towards bringing about an increase. Slowly but surely, however, foreigners and half-castes are stepping into the breach which is being opened by this dwindling process. The people have shown themselves singularly intelligent and receptive to Western civilisation and forms of government, and it would have been exceedingly interesting to have watched the development of a purely native Christian monarchy. But the aboriginal population seems doomed.

At the time of Captain Cook's visit the population was estimated at 400,000. In the forty years following, the missionaries who landed in 1820 were assured that three-fourths of the people had disappeared owing to the wars of the Great Kamehameha, the increase of infanticide, and the ravages of disease, and they then estimated the population at 140,000.

In 1832	the population was	130,313	(missionaries' estimate).
„ 1836	„	108,579	„ „
„ 1850	„	84,539	(official census).
„ 1866	„	58,765	„ „
„ 1872	„	49,044	„ „
„ 1878	„	44,088	„ „

The excess of males over females in 1872 was 6,403, and in 1850 it was shown that there were 2,900 more deaths than births. The restrictions which were placed upon the frightfully intemperate habits of the natives by Kamehameha III., although since removed, were acknowledged by many thinking persons to be an important step towards arresting the decrease.

In contrast to this, however, was the increased energy which the Hawaiians were showing in their attempts to send the news of the Gospel to other islands scattered throughout the Pacific Ocean. In 1850 a Hawaiian Foreign Missionary Society was instituted, and considerable sums were raised for various Christian and benevolent objects. The Society soon gave proof of its vitality by despatching, in 1852, two Hawaiian teachers, with three missionaries who had come from Boston, to Stroup Island, in the Caroline group, distant about 2,000 miles from Hawaii. This mission was supported in great part by the contributions of the Hawaiians, upwards of 24,000 dollars being contributed by them for foreign missions in this year alone. This aggressive work was followed in the next year by the despatch of a mission, consisting entirely of natives, to one of the Marquesas Islands. Its whole support was borne by the Hawaiians, and they are to be congratulated on their success, when the ill-success which greeted the endeavours of both the London Mission in 1797, and that of the Americans in 1833, is considered.

It is to be regretted that in recent years the supply of native missionaries has somewhat fallen off, and that the mission in the Marquesas has been the first to suffer. We trust, however, that amongst the Marquesan converts will be found many who will have taken the matter in hand, and proceeded to carry on the work so nobly begun by the Hawaiians.

In 1863 the American Board ruled that the legitimate object of their mission to the Hawaiians had been accomplished, and that consequently it would be necessary that the future conduct of Christianity in the islands should solely fall on the shoulders of a native pastorate. The Board had, till this year, sent to the Hawaiian Islands fifty-two ordained missionaries, twenty-one lay helpers, and eighty-three female missionaries, married and single. Church business was to be carried on by a "Hawaiian Evangelical Association," a Hawaiian being elected some few years after as Moderator for the first time.

A further extension of democratic principles was carried out in 1852, of which

universal suffrage, vote by ballot, paid members, and the absence of property qualification were the leading items. In 1854, King Kamehameha III. died, and the crown passed to his nephew, who ascended the throne as Kamehameha IV. Soon after his accession he married Queen Emma, the grand-daughter of John Young, an American sailor who had been detained in Hawaii in 1789, and who had, by his intelligence, rapidly risen to the position of Governor of the island under Kamehameha the Great.

The king, when a youth, had been foremost in his endeavours to ameliorate the condition of poor Hawaiians who had been stricken down by disease; and when in 1853 small-pox raged on the island, he had himself ministered to the necessities of the sick. When he became king he directed his energies to the raising of a fund whereby a native hospital might be built. The result was soon seen in the rearing of "The Queen's Hospital" at Honolulu, a standing witness for all time to the feelings for his fellow-creatures which the Christian religion had begotten in the breast of a native Hawaiian king.

QUEEN EMMA.

In 1860 an awakening, similar to that of 1837, took place, although on a much smaller scale, which resulted in the addition of upwards of 2,000 communicants to the Church of Christ.

During this time the Roman Catholic priests had not been idle. Well supplied with money from France, they had been enabled to build a cathedral at Honolulu, and stone churches at many other places throughout the islands. The battle of sectarianism waged strongly, as a matter of course, and much ill-feeling existed between the Congregationalists and the Roman Catholics.

A movement was promoted about this time by Mr. Wyllie, a Scotchman, who had held the office of Foreign Minister for a quarter of a century, having, as its object, the establishment of an Episcopal clergyman at Honolulu. The impressions which the young king received when in London in 1847, caused him to look with favour on the proposal, and accordingly he applied to England for a chaplain. It was then decided that a joint mission should be undertaken by the Church of England and the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and also that a bishop should accompany the mission. To support this, the king offered a site for a church and a parsonage, and guaranteed an income of £200 a year. With the object of raising further funds, a circular was issued in England, the condition of the mission-field being stated thus: "The French Roman Catholics possess a cathedral, with a bishop, clergy, &c. The American Congregationalists also have places of worship." In these few words were summed up the labours of the American missionaries during the previous forty years, resulting in such fruits as we have seen,

and in the building of no less than 120 churches. To say the least of it, the description given was somewhat ungenerous and misleading.

The new mission having been organised, the first Bishop of Honolulu was consecrated on December 15th, 1861. Honolulu was reached in October, and the mission was fairly started, its first result being the stirring up of most painful religious dissensions and party spirit.

A considerable amount of friction also took place between the Congregationalists and the Roman Catholic missionaries. Romanism had become the object of wide-spread hatred in the islands. Its missionaries had attempted, most dangerously, to transfer to its own worship of images and crucifixes that leaning towards the idols of old which the people had not quite forgotten. Their form of religion was associated in the native mind with French arms and French designs, and consequently it was viewed with considerable suspicion. The object in establishing a branch of the Church of England was confessedly to release the native Christians somewhat from the puritanical restraints under which the Congregationalists had placed them, whilst withdrawing all temptation from them to join the Roman Catholics. The king died in 1863, and his successor, King Kamehameha V., did all of which he was capable to prevail upon his people to join the Reformed Catholic Church. It does not appear, however, that the new body met with very great success at first. The natives were naturally very much attached to the old Church, from whose missionaries they had first received instruction; and even in Honolulu, where the king and queen gave the new Church the influence of their presence, but a small fraction of the community joined it.

KING KAMEHAMEHA V.

The Bishop was made a member of the Privy Council and of the Board of Education, and one of the principal changes brought about was that by which the State took into its own hands the management of all the schools throughout the islands, the Congregational ministers who had created the schools being quietly set aside. School attendance was now made compulsory. There were schools which were purely secular, Bible reading being allowed, but without comment or explanation, and the Government day schools, which were in close connection with the Episcopal Church, and where the children were encouraged to attend daily service.

Great good was, however, done by this mission, in the greater development of schools for the separate education of girls. "After about three years," said Miss Gordon-Cumming, "twenty-four schools had been established for girls only, and 256 girls were housed in family boarding-schools."

In 1865, two English ladies from Miss Sellon's sisterhood, the Sisters Mary Clara and Phœbe, settled at Lahaina, on the island of Maui, and for years taught and superintended the industrial, training, and boarding school for girls at that place. Their object was to remove the girls under their charge from the evil and impure surroundings of their Hawaiian homes, and to train them under happy and pure influences in the paths of chastity and goodness, to foster industrious habits in these offspring of a race unused to industry, and to raise the tone of their living above that of the morals which prevail still among Hawaiian women. It is indeed a noble work, and if the race succeeds in averting the threatened extermination which seems to await it, it will be in great measure owing to such institutions as these, where true womanly duty is taught, and where both recreation and labour work together to produce strong healthy girls, destined to become the mothers of future Hawaii.

The advent of these Sisters was naturally looked upon with a good deal of mistrust by those already settled there, and especially by the descendants and pupils of those New England fathers who were the early pioneers of Christianity in this district. We, the descendants of centuries of Christianity, can thoroughly appreciate the wide difference which exists between the tenets of the early Congregational missionaries sent to Hawaii by the American Board for Foreign Missions, and those of such a body as Miss Sellon's sisterhood. Teaching one and the same religion, yet to the native population it was not difficult to see that their advent was looked upon with considerable anxiety by those who formerly had the entire care over the religious welfare of the people, and who differed from the newcomers on many important points of Church ritual, and in other matters, such as dress and recreation.

The severe religion of the early Christian missionaries, perhaps, has had its effects in the hypocrisy which has had to be dealt with on the part of those who externally practised Christianity, but whose religion so often proved unstable when the hour of trial came. Too strict an interpretation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, which, for instance, complained of a mirthful face or a joyous laugh after having passed a morning in the worship of God, was indeed ill-suited for a light-hearted race like the Hawaiians.

The bishopric of Honolulu is at present (1889) held by the Rev. A. Willis, D.D., who was appointed in 1874. Under the fostering care of Bishop Willis, the Hawaiian branch of the Church of England has lived to outgrow the animosities which its advent aroused. This has been in great part owing to the zeal and earnestness of the Bishop himself. Time has mellowed the sectarian strife which existed twenty years ago, and the efforts of all are now unremittingly directed towards the reclaiming of the nation from the evil paths into which it had fallen. The native congregations are meanwhile prospering under good, native Congregational ministers, and the three bands of Christian missionaries who have so changed the face of the islands have been taught feelings of regard and esteem for one another, in seeing the benefits which have resulted from their teachings and example on the native race.

Of all the many heroic self-sacrificing deeds which have been done in the name of Jesus Christ, perhaps there is none so touching as that of Father Damien, the

Roman Catholic priest who, regardless of his worldly welfare, chose to settle down and reside amongst the lepers on the island of Molokai. The Hawaiian Legislature in 1865 determined to do something towards the eradication of leprosy from the islands. The gregarious habits of the natives had been a fruitful source of the spread of the disease, and an Act was passed in that year to prevent its spread. The Board of Health afterwards established a leper settlement on the island of Molokai. The lepers were weeded out with great care, and with a considerable amount of sympathy, and were banished to their living grave at the settlement. The apparently rapid spread of the disease in the reign of Lunalilo, who ascended the throne in 1873, and died the next year, brought home both to the foreigners and to the more intelligent of the natives, the necessity for a more vigorous onslaught in combating the disease. It was estimated that in 1873 there were nearly 400 lepers at large on the island, and steps were taken to collect these and remove them to their new home. Very little is known concerning the disease, nor is it known by what means it is communicated; and as a man could be suffering from it for some time without showing any symptoms of it, there was good reason for taking stringent measures.

Between 1866 and 1874, 1,145 lepers arrived at Molokai, of which, in the latter year, 703 were living. The principal settlement is on a plain of about 20,000 acres, hemmed in between the sea and a precipice 2,000 feet high, and very difficult of approach both by sea and land, the settlement depending for its supplies of fresh meat upon coasting vessels. Farther inland is the leper village of Kalawao, where exists a community of beings cut off from the outside world, "whose only business is to perish." Most of the offices and hospital buildings are in this village.

Father Damien, with youth and strength in his favour, and possessing every prospect for advancement in his Church, came to exile himself among the poor lepers, and to lighten the days of their affliction with the Light of Truth. The admiration which his act called forth was unbounded, and it was almost forgotten that he was a Romish priest, in the chorus of approbation which followed his noble deed. Father Damien commenced life on Molokai in 1873. In course of time he caught the disease, as it was fully expected he would. In a letter to a friend he said, "The disease is pretty well all over my body, but so far only exteriorly, and my interior pains are greatly relieved. I continue to be strong and robust, though somewhat disfigured." He died in May, 1889—one of the noblest of "the noble army of martyrs."

It is stated that steps will be taken to stimulate a congress of experts on the subject of leprosy, in compliance with an application made by the Hawaiian Government.

Great efforts are being made among the many Chinese and Japanese who have settled in Hawaii within recent years. In Bishop Willis' annual letter to the Church Missionary Society, dated January, 1888, we are told that the Japanese, who in 1884 numbered only about 100, now number over 4,000. Such a rapid increase in their number, and also in that of the Chinese, entails a heavy responsibility upon those engaged in mission-work in the islands. The Chinese and Japanese are spreading in every direction over the globe. Would that the cradle of the race from whence they swarm were the home of Christianity, then a powerful method for the propagation of the Gospel would

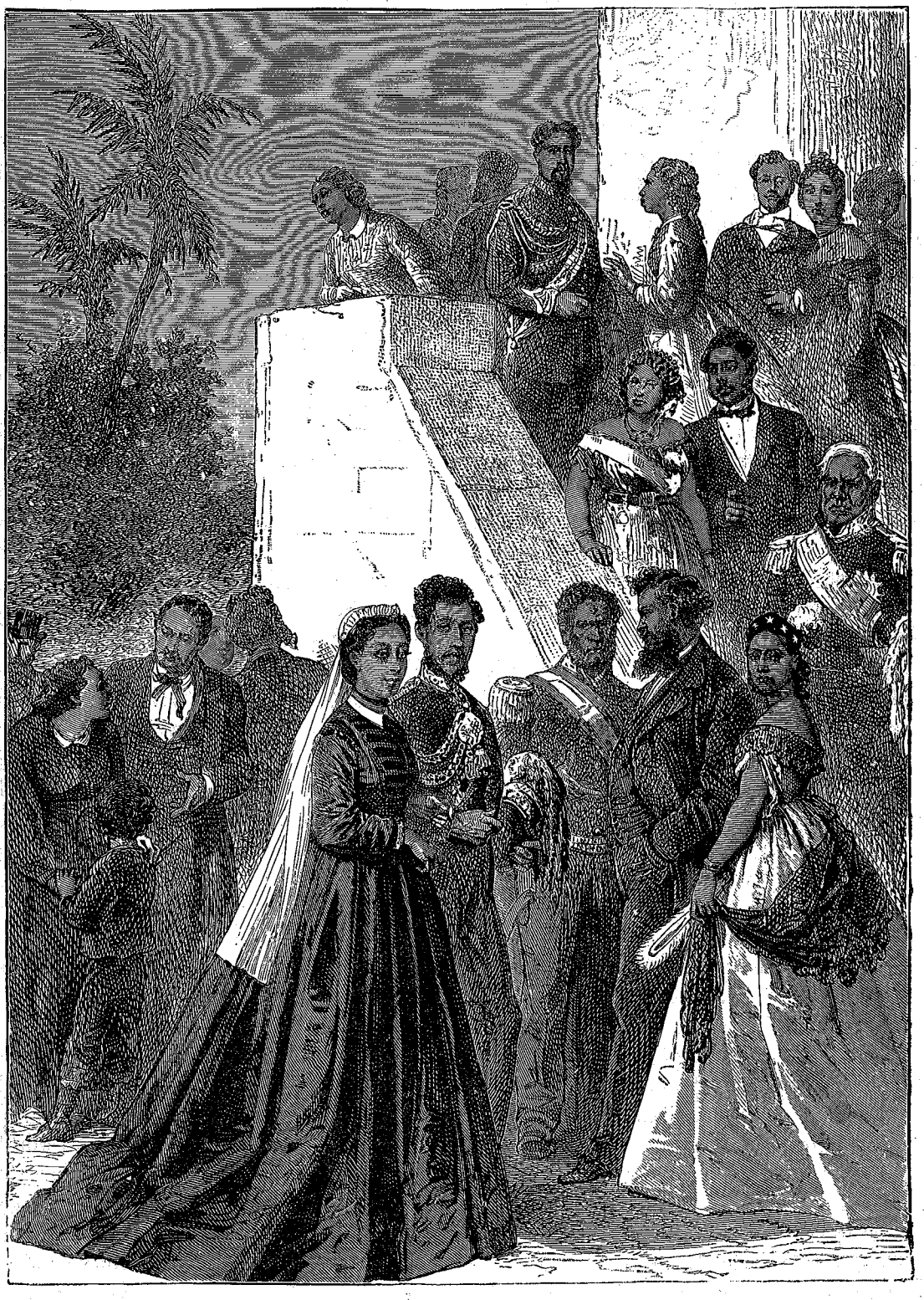
be established ready to hand; but to this end it is necessary that the vast field of China should be thoroughly honeycombed with the works of Christian men, so that every fresh emigrant may carry away with him the truths of Christianity.

A cathedral at Honolulu is being built. Its foundations were laid by King Kamehameha V., who, however, died in 1873. The choir has now been finished, and services are held in this part of the cathedral, it being a great improvement on the smaller grass-covered church which had previously existed. A Chinese congregation has been organised at Honolulu, whilst at Lahaina a small body of Japanese have been prepared for baptism; a service is held every Sunday morning and evening in Chinese, and the Rev. W. H. Barnes, who has charge of this congregation, records the arrival of a "good supply of Prayer Books, New Testaments, and Japanese tracts." In a letter from the Bishop he says, "Our little body of Chinese at Kohala continue very faithful. In their maintenance of discipline they certainly put us to shame."

As much has been said in disparagement of the efforts of Christian men in the islands, owing to the fact that great immorality still prevails, we cannot close the chapter without a few remarks on the subject.

The early Christian missionaries were sorely handicapped before their arrival, by the irruption into the Hawaiian Islands, already distinguished by the grossest sensuality and shameless vice above all other islands of the South Seas, of the very scum and dregs of the Pacific. Lawless characters of every nation, freed convicts, and, to our shame be it said, men of our own nation, had visited the islands and assisted to propagate the seeds of that extermination which is now being carried on with such relentless force. The missionaries had the task before them, not only of propagating the Gospel among the natives and of withdrawing them from the pernicious practices of heathenism, but of overcoming the obstacles placed in their way by those vile men who resorted to the islands on the understanding that they might exercise their lawless desires upon a helpless and ignorant native population. The crews of the various vessels which had touched at the islands previous to the arrival of Messrs. Bingham and Thurston in 1820, had, by their example as white men, taught the natives to disbelieve in any necessity for the moderation of their lustful desires; and the native population, themselves sunk in a sensual and degraded barbarism, and among whom infanticide was a recognised custom, were only too willing to fall into the manners of the degraded whites which the whaling vessels and others brought there.

The missionaries had thus not only a new religion to propagate, but a new standard of morality to inculcate; morality, indeed, as we know it, did not exist. Plentiful in every word which conveyed a vicious meaning, or gave an expression to an unhallowed thought, the language *did not even possess a word* to express chastity and the other virtues, and here the social outcasts of the whole world found a population suited to their vile tastes. Ever since the landing of the Christian pioneers, they have always had to contend with the fierce opposition of the "mean whites," as they have been called; and even now the moral atmosphere of some districts is by no means as it should be. Waimea and Hawaii had the misfortune to become the settling-place of



HAWAIIANS OF TO-DAY.

many of this class of men, and the infamous lives which they led tell still on the morality of the neighbourhood. Since the arrival of the missionaries, however, immorality has not been so openly countenanced, and at least an outward cloak of well-doing prevails in the district, more especially now that moral and orderly whites have settled there. But although we must be thankful that a public opinion has grown up averse to flagrant immorality, it is to be regretted that in some districts the standard of morality is not yet up to the mark, and that it is necessary to meet the outrageous licence of former years with legal penalties. The various schools for girls, established throughout the islands, are doing great good in the way of bettering this state of affairs.

Perhaps, however, there is many a dark spot on the chart of our own cities beside which the darkest spot of Hawaii would even shine, and we must be careful to measure the religion of the Hawaiians by a somewhat different standard from that applicable to us at home. These "children of the sun," we must be careful to remember, are but a single generation removed from the vices and outrageous immorality of a bloody and sensual heathenism. Not until 1820 did the light of Christianity begin to shine in the dark places of the islands, and yet, after the lapse of only seventy years, we find in them a recognised civilised native monarchy, with laws established in the righteousness of the Gospel. How do we indeed compare with them? We are the inheritors of centuries of Bible-teaching. Persecution for righteousness' sake is a thing unknown among us. To what measure of Christianity ought we to have attained after these many years of Christian civilisation, as compared with that measure to which the Hawaiians have attained after not so much as a single century of it? And we must bear in mind, too, that the conversion of a tropical savage, revelling in a volatile sensuality, would be a far greater revolution, a matter of far more self-denial to him, than to a man of our unimpulsive, cool, northern natures. Just as we can now point to many a dark place in our cities where great efforts of evangelisation are urgently needed, so it would seem that Christian efforts in the Hawaiian Islands should be directed now, not so much to the native element, as to the reclamation of those whites who, attracted by the climate or by industry to the islands, have fallen into apathy and neglect of religion altogether.

We may look on the condition of the Hawaiian Islands, from a religious point of view, as one of great similarity to that obtaining at home, perhaps no better and no worse. It may, indeed, seem sad to think that after the efforts of the missionaries to reclaim the people to Christ, no higher result has been achieved; but we must bear in mind that the great success which the missionaries met with during the first thirty years was phenomenal, and, as far as the natives themselves were concerned, they had as a people accepted the religion of Christ, and presented a most wonderful spectacle to the Christian world. As early as 1841 it was reported to the American Board of Foreign Missions that the Hawaiian group was Christianised, but the Board continued its grants of men and money until 1853, when, a native pastorate having been established, they discontinued those grants. The necessity which has since arisen for increased and unceasing energy in the islands is owing to causes which could scarcely then have been foreseen, viz., the great influx of

foreigners, prominent among whom are large numbers of Chinese and Japanese; and it is in consequence of these that the benefits previously bestowed upon the islands by the early Congregational missionaries threaten to be destroyed, or at least placed in the background, before the modern tide of missionaries which has again passed towards this little kingdom.

In forming a true estimate of the progress which the people has made, one may be guided by the following words of Dr. Gulick, in reply to comments as to the prevalence of immorality among them. He says: "The number of virtuous men and women has been steadily increasing from the beginning of the mission-work. The break-water against the terrible ocean of licence has been laid deep and permanent. It has, in many places, so nearly reached the surface that female virtue is now a known fact on these sunny isles, where, a few years ago, the name was unknown, and the fact unheard of. A public sentiment on this subject is gradually being created, in spite of terrible counter-influences. But for the preserving control of the Gospel during the last half-century, there would have been now scarcely a Hawaiian left to tell the story of the extinction of the race through foreign vices, grafted upon natural depravity. That the race still continues to decrease is no wonder. That there is still so much vice and immorality should astonish no one. But that the people still exists, and that there is any virtue, any piety, any civilisation, is a matter of the deepest thankfulness."

Although the native race is probably doomed to extinction, there is great reason to thank God that so many of those who have passed away have passed to a higher and happier state, that the last days of the people have been illumined in a way never before known, and that the light of the Gospel has burst through with its wonderful brilliancy to light up the path of this apparently decaying nation.

XIV.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DAVID ZEISBERGER.

Oglethorpe's American Colony—Wesley's Visit to it—Moravian Colonists—Their Objection to Warfare and Retirement from the Colony—David Zeisberger—First Indian Church at Shekomeko—Persecution from the White Settlers—Indians Expelled from Shekomeko, and Settle at Gnadenhütten, in Pennsylvania—Mission to the Iroquois—Increased Jealousy of the Whites—Aggravated by Rivalry between French and English—Gnadenhütten Destroyed by Heathen Indians—Subsequent Settlements of Christian Indians Destroyed by the Whites—Indians Protected by the Quakers—New Settlement at Friedenshütten, on the Susquehannah—Mission to the Ohio District—The Converts Migrate to Friedenstadt—A New Gnadenhütten near Lake Erie—Further Moravian Indian Settlements, and Success of the Brethren—Settlements Broken Up by the War of 1775, and Brutality of the Whites—Brutal Murder of the Christians at Sandusky by American Whites—Zeisberger's Last Years and Death.

ON the 13th of January, 1733, a little schooner, the *Annie*, arrived in the harbour of Charlestown, in Carolina. She was one of those pioneer vessels which followed in the wake of the famous *Mayflower*, having on board a body of British emigrants about to seek new homes in the far West. On this voyage she was engaged on a special mission to convey the founders of the State—to be known to future generations as Georgia—led in person by the humane and energetic James Oglethorpe.

The foundation of this important colony, and the tact and prudence which Oglethorpe displayed in his subsequent government of it, stand out prominently from among the many other distinguished services he rendered to his country. His previous history was one long preparation for the arduous task he had imposed upon himself. He was born at Westminster in 1689, and spent his early life in the quiet country town of Godalming, in Surrey. In due course he matriculated at Corpus Christi, Oxford, but soon relinquished his studies for the activity of military life. In 1710 he entered the army as ensign, and at the end of four years became Captain Lieutenant in the Queen's Life Guards.

He took a prominent part in active warfare, and served on the Continent under Prince Eugène in his campaign against the Turks. At the close of the war, after the siege and capitulation of Belgrade, at both of which Oglethorpe was present, he returned to England, and entered the House of Commons as member for Hazlemere. In Parliament he made a deep impression by the persistency with which he laboured to forward the moral and physical welfare of the people, espousing the cause of the down-trodden on all occasions, and showing no mercy to the official corruption of the age.

The bent of his mind was clearly shown in the energy with which he championed the Moravian Brethren in Parliament, laying great stress upon their missionary enterprise, and the value of their co-operation in the newly colonised territories, where, with society only half evolved, there lurked the danger of the colonists falling into a state of semi-barbarism.

Oglethorpe had long been stirred by the record of misery endured by those who had the misfortune to become acquainted with the debtor's prison in the Fleet. He was at length thoroughly aroused on hearing that a gentleman named Castell, to

whom he was known, had, after many severe strokes of ill-fortune, been cast into prison for debt.

He brought the subject before the House of Commons, supporting his cause by so terrible an array of facts, that a Prison Visiting Committee was appointed, with Oglethorpe for Chairman, to inquire into the matter. The miserable, half-starved, and filthy condition in which he found the prisoners, many of whom had previously been in good positions in life, moved him to espouse the cause of prison reform.

GENERAL JAMES OGLETHORPE.

It was found that the Wardenship of the Fleet had been regularly put up for sale, having last realised £5,000, the amount being recouped by fees exacted from the prisoners. It was calculated that about 25,000 debtors were in prison at this time, the large majority of them in a hopeless plight, half-starved, penniless, and ill. What was to be done with them? Was the labour of their hands to be lost to the country, and were the prisons to remain as the hot-beds of fever and vice, a constant danger to the health and welfare of the population wherever they existed?

Oglethorpe had a solution for the problem. He had long looked to America as the probable destination of multitudes of Englishmen, and he saw amongst these thousands of prison debtors many who would eagerly seize an opportunity to start afresh in a new world, where they might turn their hands to profitable employment.

He therefore matured a scheme for forming a settlement in America, whither debtors, who were willing to work, should be conveyed, and also where Protestants, driven from their homes on the Continent, should find a refuge. At the same time Oglethorpe gave a prominent place in his scheme to the civilisation and Christianisation of the aboriginal Indians.

After many months of continual effort to arouse public interest, he succeeded in obtaining a charter, dated June 9, 1732, for "settling and establishing the Colony of Georgia in America," the colony being so named in honour of George II., by whom the charter was granted. The House of Commons voted £10,000, and £26,000 more in the course of the next two years, and a large sum of money to assist in the carrying out of the project was furnished by public companies and private benefactors. Suitable men were selected as emigrants, and a motley crowd of debtors, German Protestants, Jews, and others, set out in the good ship *Annie* for their future home.

Oglethorpe accompanied them as Colonial Governor, having resolved to cast in his lot with the settlers and give them the benefit of his experience, administrative and military, his only stipulation being that he was "to receive no salary or other recompense" for his services.

The emigrants, on their arrival, decided to build their new town on the Savannah, the principal river of the district, adopting its name as that of the settlement.

One of the first duties of Oglethorpe was to try to obtain the goodwill of the Creeks, the Red Indians who inhabited the district. He had determined to dispense with slave labour, and to discourage its employment, being anxious to deal with the Indians only in a friendly way. By his unremitting energy and the attention which he paid to the chiefs of the tribes, he at length succeeded in obtaining permission to settle in the neighbourhood with his bands of colonists.

Having entered into treaties with the various tribes of the Creek nation, and settled terms for a cession of territory, it being, as he said, his hope "that the settlement of Georgia may prove a blessing and not a curse to the native inhabitants," he sailed for England in 1734, taking with him some Indian chiefs, his purpose being to obtain additional emigrants of a better class, and to interest the home authorities in the welfare of the Indians. From the first he had been impressed with the solemn duty of providing for the moral and religious instruction of the Indians, and one of his first efforts on arriving in England was to urge the trustees of the colony to send out fit persons to undertake this important work.

One of those chosen was a young man who was then giving much promise as a preacher, and was destined to create the great awakening which should alter the whole current of religious life in England—John Wesley! He accepted the call, and, accompanied by his friend Benjamin Ingham, set sail with Oglethorpe in October, 1735.

There was also on board another party of high-souled men, who, fleeing from religious persecution on the Continent, had decided to make America their home. These were a pioneer band of Moravian Brethren, whose exemplary conduct and patient trust in God when the vessel was overtaken by a storm, deeply affected Wesley,

and opened his eyes to a more thorough appreciation of the vital force of Christianity. Among this band of pious folk were David Nitschmann, the Moravian Bishop, and David and Rosina Zeisberger. The latter had several young children with them, but one, their son David, was still in the land of his birth.

David had shown a taste for study, and had been left behind to complete his education. When fifteen years of age, a situation as errand-boy was procured for him at Herrndyk, a Moravian settlement in Holland; but he was very unhappy there, the rigid rules of the community pressed heavily upon him, and he often fell into trouble, sometimes being punished for offences of which he was innocent. On one occasion he was branded as a thief for having accepted a large reward from a gentleman to whom he had acted as guide to a neighbouring town. He had often accepted chastisement meekly, both deserved and undeserved, but his proud young spirit rebelled against such an unfounded accusation as this.

By-and-bye an opportunity of escape from his trying position presented itself. He heard that General Oglethorpe had again returned from Georgia, and contemplated leading a fresh body of colonists to America, whereupon the little errand-lad contrived to make his way to England, and appealed to Oglethorpe, who became interested in him and procured him a passage to Georgia.

Thus it was that David Zeisberger was at last able to follow in his parents' footsteps, and join them in the country of their adoption.

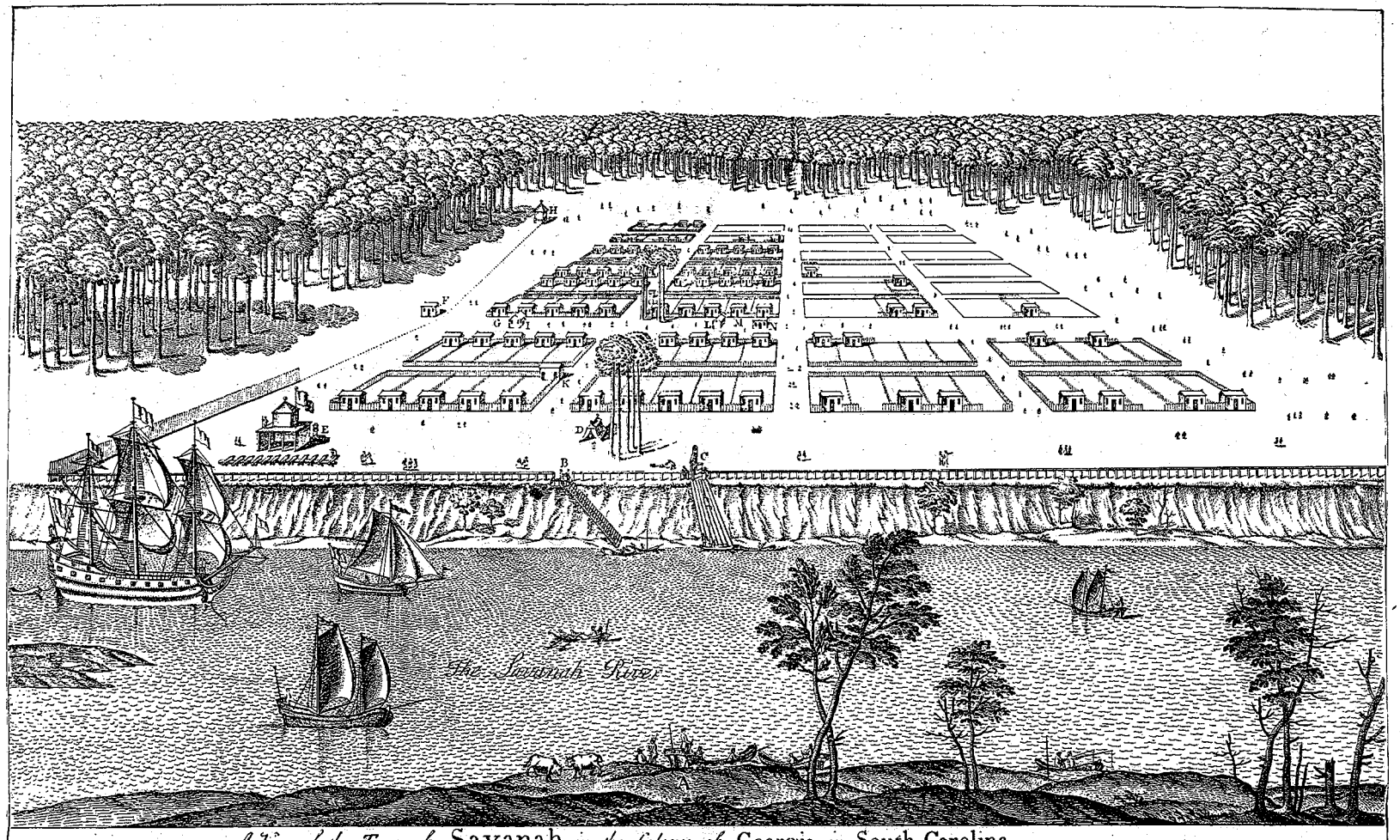
But the Zeisbergers were not able to remain for any great length of time in the Colony of Georgia. The Spaniards, who had possession of the neighbouring country of Florida, had viewed with considerable distrust and suspicion the success of Oglethorpe's followers. The discontent thus engendered smouldered on until 1739, when both parties prepared for the war which they saw must inevitably decide for ever between them. The Spaniards made a raid into Georgian territory, killing and wounding some Highlanders settled near the borders. The Georgians retaliated, and, after meeting with varying success and defeat, they at length compelled the Spaniards to withdraw from the borders of Georgia.

When the war commenced, the colony witnessed the defection of a considerable proportion of the Moravians who had settled there. They had been allowed exemption from military service as long as open war had not broken out, but considerable bitterness was felt against them when everybody was arming to repel the Spanish invasion, and they remained inactive. In 1738, therefore, they left their flourishing plantations, having repaid all the money which had been advanced towards their passage and settlement, and went to Pennsylvania.*

Amongst these was the family of Zeisberger. David Nitschmann obtained from the Brethren in Europe a commission to purchase land for a settlement in Pennsylvania; a new town was built and named Bethlehem, and here young David Zeisberger took up his abode, and declared his determination to become a missionary to the Indians.

Up to this time the only systematic attempt to improve the native Indians had been made by John Eliot, who, as we have seen, died in 1690. Brainerd was now engaged

* Cranz's "History of the United Brethren."



A View of the Town of Savanah, *in the Colony of* Georgia, *in* South-Carolina.

Humbly Inscribed to his Excellency Gen^{l} Oglethorpe.

References A. *Part of an Island called* Hutchinson's *Island.* B. *The Stairs & Landing Place from the River to the Town.* C. *A Crane & Bell to draw up any Goods from Boats & to land them.* D. *A Tent pitched near the Landing for* Gen^{l} *Oglethorpe.* E. *A Guard House with a Battery of Cannon lying before it.* F. *The Parsonage House* G. *A Plott of Ground to build a Church on.* H. *A Fort, or Look out to the Woodside.* I. *The House for all Stores.* K. *The Court House & Chappel.* L. *The Mill House for the Publick* M. *A House for all Strangers to reside in.* N. *The Common Bake-House.* O. *A Draw-Well for Water* P. *The Wood covering the Back & Sides of the Town with Several Vistas cut into it.*

in his labours on the Forks of the Delaware in Pennsylvania, efforts which were, however, only too soon to be brought to an end. Count Zinzendorf himself had recently paid a visit to America, and had journeyed amongst the Indians, lodging in a rude hut at an Indian town called Shekomeko. Here the first native Moravian church was formed

A SWAMP IN GEORGIA.

around a nucleus of ten persons whom he baptised. His labours were continued by Christian Ranch, and considerable success was met with both there and in the surrounding country.

One of Zeisberger's first journeys as a missionary was to Shekomeko, when he was on his way to the country of the Mohicans, in order to learn the native language on the spot. He found the church increased sevenfold, and exhibiting many encouraging

signs. Opposition was threatened, but it was not from the Indians that it came. Some white people who looked with little favour upon the missionaries, had long attempted to poison the minds of the natives against them. On some occasions the remarks of the converts to their would-be seducers were remarkable, and well calculated to expose the selfish tricks of the whites. A trader once endeavoured to persuade a man named Shabash that the Brethren were not *privileged teachers;* he replied, "It may be so, but I know what they have told me, and what God has wrought within me. Look at my poor countrymen there, lying drunk before your door. Why do you not send *privileged teachers* to convert them? Four years ago I also lived like a beast, and not one of you troubled himself about me; but, when the Brethren came, they preached the cross of Christ, and I have experienced the power of His blood, so that sin has no longer dominion over me. Such are the teachers we want." *

The whites, having failed to turn the Indians against the Moravian missionaries, adopted another plan of action, by means of which they hoped to rouse the fears of their own countrymen. They carefully propagated the story that the Moravians were in league with the French in Canada, and that any influence which they possessed over the Indians would be used in antagonism to British interests. The tale was eagerly taken up, and people seized their arms; the Moravians were called upon to serve in the militia and prove in this way the falsity of the reports. Being ministers of religion, they again claimed exemption from military duty, the result being that the people became the more incensed against them.

After being dragged from court to court by their enemies, the call to arms was at length relinquished, but the disabilities under which they suffered in the State of New York soon compelled them to leave, and they returned to Bethlehem in Pennsylvania. They still paid periodical visits to the congregation at Shekomeko, often being subject to much inconvenience and persecution by so doing. On one occasion David Zeisberger and another missionary, when on a mission to the Iroquois Indians (part of the famous Six Nations), were seized under a warrant from the Mayor of Albany; they were brought before the magistrates in due course, and confined for seven weeks in prison.

The time was not wasted, for Zeisberger seized the opportunity thus afforded him to devote himself to the study of the Mohican language. "We count it," said he, "a great honour to suffer for our Saviour's sake, though to the world it is incomprehensible."

It was evident that the continual interruption of the regular services, brought about by the persecution of the Brethren, could not but prove injurious to the spiritual interests of the Christian Indians. Zeisberger therefore tried to induce them to remove from the province of New York to another part of the country, and went so far as to complete arrangements with the Iroquois at Onandago to receive them into their territory. The Christians, however, astonished the missionaries by refusing to remove. They said that they had received a promise of protection from the governor, and their removal would be a highly suspicious act; besides, they did not wish to leave their relations, who, though perhaps somewhat reformed, had not yet become Christians, and

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

might fall back into their sinful ways when left to themselves. This was sound argument on their part, but their action was, nevertheless, a check to the plans of the missionaries, although it proved only a temporary one.

The animosity and jealousy of the whites increased, and at last they decided to expel the inhabitants of Shekomeko from the town. A rumour was set afloat that the Indians would soon rise and join a body of Frenchmen who were advancing on the province, and would then ravage the country with fire and sword. The behaviour of the whites towards them became so tyrannical as to be quite intolerable; many families therefore left the place, doing singly what the missionaries had advised them to do before in a body. A stream of emigrants set in from Shekomeko to Bethlehem, where, although having to lodge in rude temporary huts, they had at least the protection, such as it was, which proximity to the missionaries afforded. A piece of land was bought some thirty miles distant on the river Mahony, where a new town was planned and marked out, and the Indians removed thither.

Thus arose the historical *Gnadenhütten*, the town of the "Tents of Grace."

The number of Christian Indians rapidly increased when the fame of their town was spread abroad. Many who had previously refused to leave Shekomeko now hastened to join their brethren, and the rising town rapidly grew under the busy hands of the Christians, and the energetic superintendence, as well as manual assistance, of Zeisberger and his friends.

The civilising effects of Christianity upon a savage race were never more visibly shown than in the case of the early inhabitants of this town. Unused to labour of any kind, and regarding it as degrading, they were brought by the influence of their religion to see nothing dishonourable in earning their daily bread by the works of their hands. A field was allotted to each family, and was cultivated diligently, not only to provide for their own support, but also that they might have something to give to the stranger who sojourned amongst them.

Parties of roaming Indians who visited the town were much impressed by the peace and harmony there, and by the patience and resignation of the people in the midst of troubles which sometimes threatened their very existence. To meet the wants of these visitors it was often necessary to obtain a supply of provisions from Bethlehem, and it was hoped that the treatment they received at the hands of the Christians was not lost on their untutored minds.

Zeisberger's mastery of the language of the Six Nations gave him a pre-eminent position among the Brethren. Consequently, when it was decided to start a mission at the Indian town of Shomokin, he was at once appointed to it. Accounts of drunken revels and of superstitious rites among the people had already reached him, and on his arrival he found that the descriptions given him were only too true. During the few months of his stay there, he strove with untiring energy to make an impression upon the people, but apparently with little success.

Zeisberger then persuaded the Brethren to make an effort to establish the Christian religion amongst the Iroquois, and a deputation waited on the Great Council at Onandago to obtain permission for missionaries to reside there. Zeisberger

was chosen as one of the deputies, and so great was his influence with this proud Indian nation, that he had little difficulty in obtaining their consent to receive two teachers.

The good results of the efforts then put forth were quite remarkable: a large log-house for purposes of religious worship soon rose under the diligent hands of the enthusiastic converts, while the Sachems showed the esteem in which they held Zeisberger by adopting him into their nation, and giving him an Indian name.

"Considering," says his biographer, "the inordinate pride of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and the suspicion with which the aborigines regarded every attempt of the white men to gain a foothold in their country, the results of the Council's deliberations were remarkable, and proved the high esteem in which the Church of the Brethren was held at Onandago, and the personal influence which Zeisberger had acquired among the same tribes, whose favour the Colonial Government purchased with much difficulty and by constant presents of great value."

Zeisberger returned to his congregation at Gnadenhütten, and for some years following little happened to disturb the progress of the Indians towards Christian civilisation. In spite of the hard life to which both missionaries and converts were subjected, the town grew under their hands, and the numbers of their friends and adherents increased.

Early in 1753 suspicious movements on the part of the Indians in the neighbourhood roused the fears of the Brethren as to the safety of the town. A good deal of friction was being felt on the borderland, and the French, alarmed at the continual advance of the English outposts, were rapidly preparing for a decisive war. Many of the tribes had determined to take up arms on behalf of the French, and exhibited some little anxiety for their fellows who were resident in Gnadenhütten. They suggested that these should remove to an Indian settlement called Wajomick, and proceeded to menace those who refused to do so. Although the missionaries carefully abstained from persuading them to stay, most of them declined to remove at the bidding of their countrymen, and on this account they came to be regarded as the friends of the British Government, and as such were threatened with destruction by the hostile French Indians. The congregation was not only exposed to danger from this source, but had also to contend with the unceasing opposition of the English settlers, who were little inclined to show mercy to any of the Indians; thus they were looked upon with suspicion on both sides.

A letter was circulated purporting to have been written by a French officer at Quebec, in which he expressed his confidence in the final success of his countrymen, "as the Indians had not only taken their part, but the Moravians also were their good friends, and would render them every assistance in their power." The result was that the people became more and more exasperated against the Brethren, until an event happened which, though mournful in itself, at least served to show how groundless were the fears expressed, and how shamefully the actions of the Moravians had been misrepresented.

One evening in November, 1755, when the missionaries were sitting at supper in

their house on the banks of the Mahoney, they were suddenly alarmed by an unusual barking of the dogs chained in the garden at the back of the house. As this continued for some minutes without cessation, Senseman, one of the missionaries, ran to the back door to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and found the place surrounded by a band of Indians, who fired at him. Fortunately, he was not hurt, but, guessing the fate that was likely to overtake those who remained in the house, he made good his escape, and took refuge in the wood. The others, on hearing the

ATTACK ON THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES BY THE INDIANS.

report of a gun, ran to the front door to escape the danger threatening them in the rear; but no sooner had they opened it than they were confronted by another band of Indians, who stood ready with their arms pointed at the house. The missionaries were instantly fired upon, and Martin Nitschmann fell dead on the spot. As no means of escape appeared open to them, the rest fled in haste to the garret, and piled up the furniture against the door as a defence. The savages entered the house, and, pursuing them, attacked the door behind which they had taken refuge. This resisted their efforts, and the Brethren were congratulating themselves on what appeared to be a most wonderful escape, when the Indians, never at a loss to devise

some cruel method of attaining their end, proceeded to set the building on fire. In a few minutes the dry wooden shanty was in a blaze, and the poor souls who fled to the garret were literally roasted to death. Senseman, who had escaped by the back door, had the inexpressible anguish of seeing his beloved wife perish in this awful manner. He had, however, the joy of hearing that with her last breath, when surrounded by the flames, she exclaimed—"'Tis all well, dear Saviour."

Some of the inhabitants of the house, who had not taken refuge in the garret, narrowly escaped with their lives. One managed to lower himself from a back window. A boy, having got on to the roof, leaped down and finally escaped, although his cheek was grazed and his head burnt by a ball fired by an Indian. Another, the wife of one of the missionaries, also escaped by the roof and fled to the woods, hiding behind a tree until the danger was past. Christian Fabricius, one of the Brethren, who attempted to fly, was wounded and fell into the hands of the Indians alive. After being hacked by their hatchets, his scalp was taken, and he was left dead on the ground. Altogether, no less than eleven men, women, and children perished in this dreadful massacre, five only escaping. The whole of the personal property of the missionaries was destroyed, after which the Indians marched to the town, distant about half-a-mile.

The Christian Indians, on hearing of the attack on the house of the missionaries, offered to go and defend them and their belongings, but being advised by one of the Brethren not to resist, they retired to the woods, leaving their town to the mercy of the savages. The place was set on fire, houses and plantations were destroyed, and the native congregation was reduced to abject poverty.

This terrible disaster proved the means of turning the tide of opinion temporarily in favour of the missionaries. They had been unjustly accused of secretly assisting the French in their designs, and had been looked upon as enemies of the English, for not allowing the settlers to exterminate the Indians under their care. Now it was seen that the Moravian settlement was among the very first to suffer at the hands of the hostile Indians, and many of the whites, who had previously accused them, at once proceeded to make amends. The town of Bethlehem, and their other settlements, became cities of refuge for hundreds of men, women, and children who were threatened by the murderous ravages of the Indians.

At the same time the Moravians still continued to give great offence to the military party in consequence of their refusal to take up arms in defence of the colonists, who regarded the Indians as a race ordained to extermination, and prophesied that the vengeance of God would fall on themselves if they did not carry out His mandate, even as it fell on the Israelites of old who failed to destroy the dwellers in Canaan, whom they were sent to dispossess. All were glad, however, to avail themselves of the protection the Moravian towns afforded, and, in spite of the complaints of some, the greater part of the settlers in their respective neighbourhoods remained with or near them until the cessation of hostilities. The rapid increase of the population of Bethlehem, brought about by this inrush of refugees, caused the Brethren to look around for suitable sites in close proximity where the Indians might settle.

The war between the English and the French, of which the American struggle

was but a small part, had been brought to an end by the Treaty of Paris, and in America had developed into a mere guerilla warfare between the various Indian tribes fighting on behalf of each party. The great continent, from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, had fallen under the sway of our ancestors, and the French were soon to withdraw from the struggle for colonial empire. Hence an era of rest and prosperity was setting in for the settlements of the Christians, and at last warranted the departure of the refugee Indians from Bethlehem. A site was selected about a mile distant, on which a settlement called Nain was erected, but the remarkable growth of this place soon made it necessary to build another town, to which the name of Wechquetank was given.

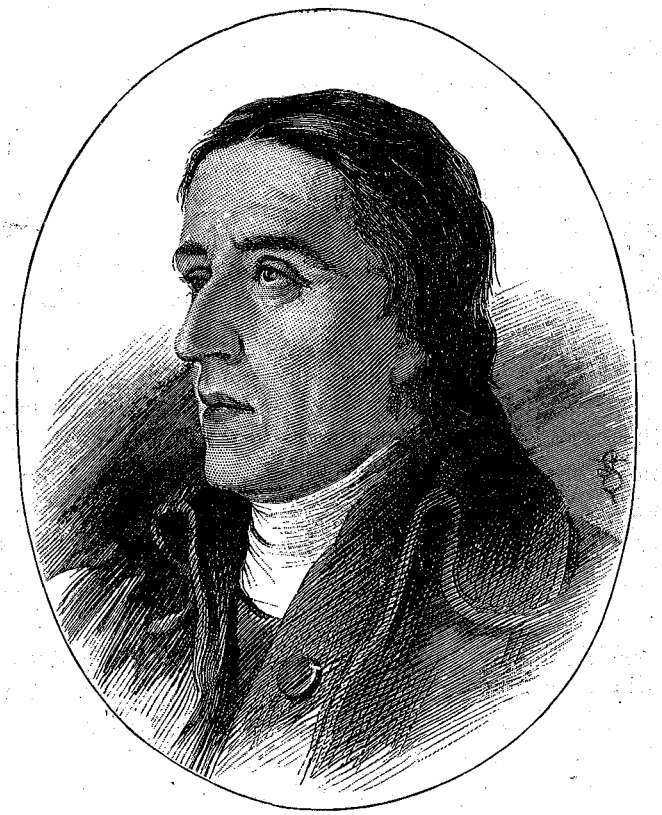
It was too much to expect that the warlike passions of the Indians, roused by the late war, would subside because a treaty of peace had been signed. It was rumoured in Pennsylvania that the Indians around the great lakes of Canada were preparing to make incursions into the province, and had already massacred large numbers of whites. The terror of the colonists was so great that they determined to kill all the inhabitants of the new settlements, and destroy their dwellings. The Indians of Wechquetank fled to the Brethren's town of Nazareth, and thus escaped the fate awaiting them, for shortly afterwards the settlement was burned by the white people. Those at Nain received an order from the magistrates at Philadelphia to abandon their town at once, lay down their arms, and accept the protection which would be afforded them by the Government on their arrival in that city.

There was no alternative but to obey, and they started on a long wearisome journey, not knowing what their future fate was to be, but resigning themselves entirely to the will of God. The manner in which they humbly bore the mockings and sneers of the tribes through whose territory they travelled, and from the people of Philadelphia, was a sure proof of the change of heart and of character they had experienced, and many of their enemies were compelled to acknowledge the influence for good which the teaching of the Gospel had upon them. On arriving at Philadelphia they were ordered to take up their quarters in the barracks, but as the soldiers absolutely refused to admit them, they were led to Province Island, about six miles distant, in the River Delaware. Here they lived for some few months, but afterwards returned and occupied the quarters originally intended for them.

So great was the hatred which they inspired amongst the citizens, that it was found necessary to plant eight pieces of cannon in front of the buildings, and a body of young Quakers, led by the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, resolved to assist in the defence of the barracks. These vigorous efforts made to protect the Christian Indians, prevented any attack being made upon them, and, after being confined for about sixteen months, they were at last set at liberty. It was decided that they should proceed some distance from the homes of the whites, and build themselves a town in Indian territory. After travelling for five weeks, and suffering much privation, they at length pitched on a suitable spot on the banks of the Susquehannah. A town was planned, consisting of nearly sixty houses, with a chapel in the centre of the street. They called it Friedenshütten, or "Tents of Peace." The name was peculiarly

appropriate, as many Indians visited it from every quarter, and testified to the peace and happiness which pervaded the town and its inhabitants. Trade soon sprang up, and a large amount of barter took place between the inhabitants and their heathen brethren.

A new sphere of labour now opened to Zeisberger. A report reached him in 1767 that some Indians, living near the River Ohio, had expressed a wish for religious instruction. He set out forthwith for that part of the country, taking with him two

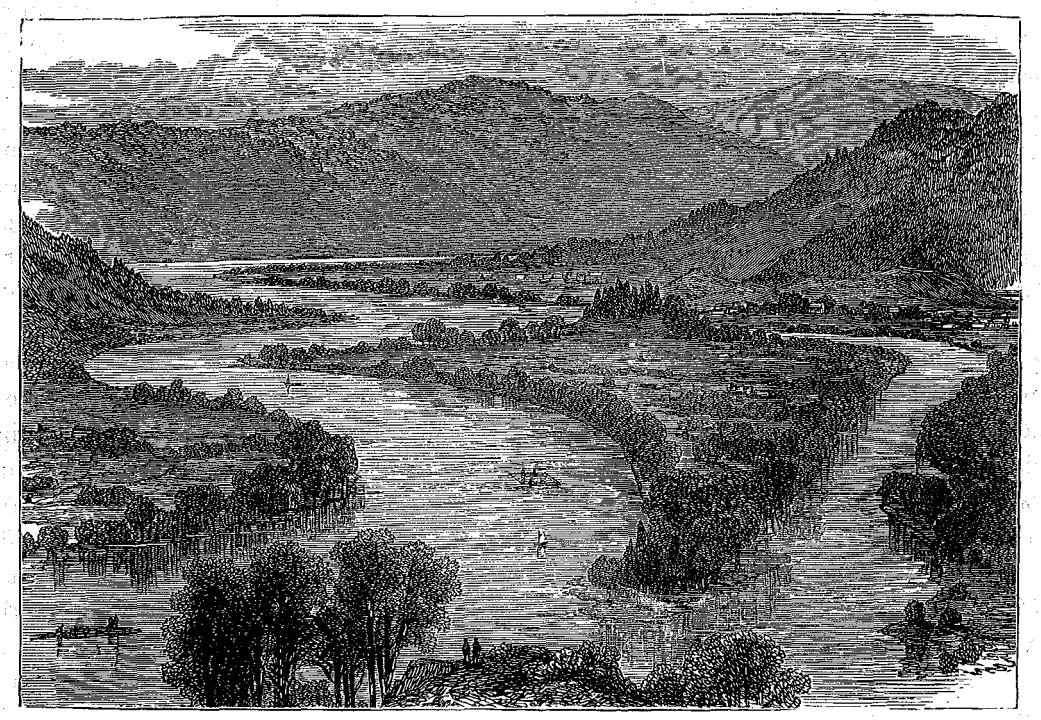


PORTRAIT OF ZEISBERGER.

Indian assistants. He had become so well known by report to the most remote and as yet unvisited tribes, that on his way he was cordially greeted by them as the "Friend of the Indians"—as one who laboured to promote their well-being in every way; and, an admitted Delaware, he obtained a greeting and a hearing wherever he went. This good influence he used to the full in the service of his Master, and soon made known his intention to visit Goschgoschunk, reported to be one of the most foul and wicked towns.

The bad accounts he had received of the inhabitants proved to be well founded, and immediately on his arrival he began to instruct the people in the Christian faith. Large crowds of Indians collected to hear him, their curiosity prompting them to

learn the object of his visit. This first meeting was a great success, and his hearers stood spell-bound at the words which fell from his lips. "Never yet," he wrote, "did I see so clearly depicted on the faces of Indians both the darkness of hell and the world-subduing power of the Gospel." The growing influence of Zeisberger was not, however, liked by the chiefs, many of whom saw their authority gradually slipping away. Complaints were made that since Zeisberger had come, the corn had been blasted, deer and game had become scarce in the woods—in short, the experiences which David Livingstone encountered in the early years of his missionary life, when



BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNAH.

the South Africans attributed their scarcity of crops and lack of provisions to his evil influence, were met with by Zeisberger and his companions among the people of Goschgoschunk. But they laboured on, with the result that numbers professed openly their adherence to the Christian religion.

At the same time an opposing party was formed, actively hostile to the missionaries, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter to all who joined them. Amongst the converts were some who had long previously practised sorcery, and who had, up to the time of their conversion, violently opposed all attempts to instruct the people. They told Zeisberger of the power they had possessed, and he remarks upon the depth of the degradation and superstition of the Indians at this place, though he seems to have believed, as did the majority in his day, that there was some truth

in the supernatural claims of these men. "Some existed," he said, "by whom Satan himself worked, with all powers and signs and lying wonders." *

The opposition to the devoted band increased. Plots were laid to murder them; and, therefore, acting on the principle laid down in Scripture—"If they persecute you in one city, flee unto another," they thought it best to withdraw from the town, and retire to a place about fifteen miles distant, where they built a new settlement.

For some time they continued their work without molestation, and, the disinterestedness of the missionaries having been made apparent, the Council of Goschgoschunk at last sent a friendly mission, begging them to forget the past, and to return and live amongst them. This, however, was destined not to be. War threatened to break out between two neighbouring tribes, and Zeisberger deemed it advisable, at the invitation of several of the native chiefs, to remove to some distant land which had been offered him.

The congregation, therefore, in April, 1770, embarked on the River Ohio, and sailed by Pittsburg to the Beaver Creek, after which they travelled by land for about a fortnight, and at length arrived at their future home. There they settled amongst a people who watched with astonishment the new-comers, possessing not only such different customs and manners to themselves, but propagating a wholly new religion, violently opposed to everything they had previously believed.

The Brethren called their new settlement *Friedenstadt*, or "The Town of Peace." Here Zeisberger laboured diligently to add to the number of converts, seizing every opportunity to extend the influence of the Christian religion amongst the neighbouring Indians. The novelty of the new teaching at first attracted the attention of the Indians in the vicinity; but it was not long before a party arose which seriously harassed the Brethren. Plots were continually being concocted, not only against Zeisberger's life, but the whole congregation were threatened. Still, their numbers continued to increase, and a large measure of success rested on the work of the missionaries. Among the converts was one who, with tears in his eyes, admitted his participation in the guilt of those who had attacked the missionaries and burned the town at Gnadenhütten some years before.

In 1772 the new settlement received a temporary addition to its population, of nearly two hundred persons who had migrated from Friedenshütten. The land on which this place had been reared was secretly sold by the Iroquois Indians to the English, without taking into consideration the fact that they had previously granted it to the Christian Indians. It was thought that the proximity of the whites would be detrimental to the best interests of the converts, and it was decided that they should journey as far as the new settlement of Friedenstadt, and thence set forth to discover a dwelling-place for themselves.

Eight weeks were occupied on the journey, during which the travellers waded through the windings of the river Munsy no less than thirty-six times, and often had to pick their way through close thickets and extensive woods, sometimes for a distance of as much as sixty miles.

* Japp's "Master Missionaries."

A hearty welcome was given them at Friedenstadt, but they soon passed on to the spot which had been marked out for them on the river Muskingum, about seventy miles to the south of Lake Erie. Here they built a new town and called it Schönbrunn, or the "Beautiful Spring." Shortly after, a large body of the native population of Friedenstadt removed thence, and settled ten miles distant on the same river, and gave the name of ill-fated Gnadenhütten to their settlement.

The congregation which remained at Friedenstadt often found itself in a very threatening situation. The opposition experienced by the converts compelled them to exercise the greatest circumspection in order to prevent the settlement from being surprised, and perhaps set on fire. Large quantities of rum had been introduced into the neighbourhood by traders, and the pernicious influences of this traffic were such, that at times bands of drunken Indians broke into the town, and were with difficulty restrained in their lawless courses. Sometimes a party would come intent on the slaughter of the converts; but quarrels would break out amongst themselves, and, under the influence of drink, they would cut and mangle each other with their knives in the most brutal manner.

One day a savage came running into the settlement exclaiming he would kill the white man. Having proceeded at full speed to the house of the missionary, he burst open the door and entered the room with all the fury of a wild beast. Terrified at his appearance, the missionary's wife snatched up her child and instantly fled; but the missionary himself, who was confined by sickness, sat up in bed and looked at him with the utmost composure. Disconcerted by this, the man suddenly stopped short, and the Indian Brethren, hastening to the assistance of their teacher, seized and bound him with ease.*

The situation, however, was so extremely troublesome that the remainder of the congregation at length removed from this disagreeable neighbourhood, and proceeded to join their friends at Gnadenhütten, on the banks of the Muskingum. The behaviour of the Christian Indians during a war, which shortly after broke out between the Virginians and the aborigines, and the favourable manner with which they impressed all in contrast to their unawakened countrymen, was shown by the words of a chief who passed through Gnadenhütten at the head of a band of warriors: "I have found your people," said he, "to be very different from what I have heard of them in our towns. In the neighbouring town the inhabitants made wry faces at us; but here, all the men, women, and even the children made us welcome."

A deputation from the Indians who had originally invited Zeisberger to this part of the country, now waited on him, and announced that the time had come for the building of another settlement, and requested him to undertake the task. Much impressed and encouraged by this proof of the good effect of the labour of the Brethren, he proceeded to form a third station on the river Muskingum, which was called Lichtenau.

Thus the work prospered in the hands of the Brethren, so that wherever they and

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

their converts settled, the whole district for many miles was agitated in a favourable way by their presence, and by the doctrines of brotherly love and goodwill which they both preached and practised. But a great cloud was rising, which was soon to overshadow them, and finally overwhelm in torrents of blood the great efforts that had been put forth on behalf of the Indians. Zeisberger, like his noble predecessor John Eliot, when in the decline of life, was to see the settlements he had founded with indomitable energy and fervent prayers, swept away before the unrestrained passions of godless whites. The great American War of Independence had commenced. The Moravians had firmly resolved to take no part in it, with the result that they were, as before, viewed with suspicion by all parties—by the Indians fighting in the interests of either side, by the Americans themselves, and by the English—each being dissatisfied by their professions of neutrality.

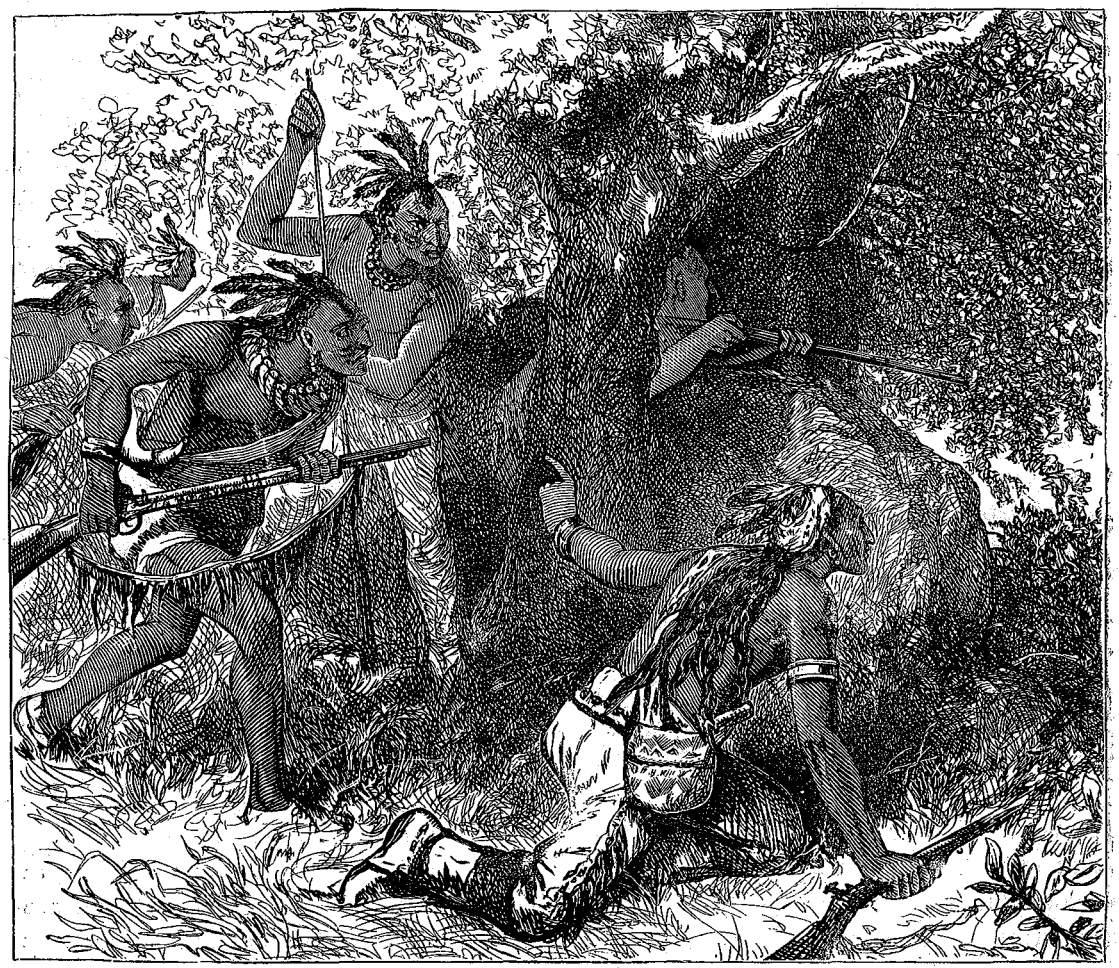
On the war breaking out in 1775, the missionaries had been advised to abandon their stations and retire to Bethlehem. Two only refused to desert their congregations, Zeisberger at Lichtenau, and Edwards at Gnadenhütten, about twenty miles distant from each other. In a letter to the congregation at Herrnhut, written at this time, Zeisberger said: "My heart does not allow me even so much as to think of leaving. Where the Christian Indians stay, I will stay. It is impossible for me to forsake them. If Edwards and I were to go, they would be without a guide, and would disperse. Our presence gives authority to the national assistants, and the Lord gives authority to us. He will not look upon our remaining here as foolhardiness. I make no pretensions to heroism, but am by nature as timid as a dove. My trust is altogether in God. Never has He put me to shame, but always granted me the courage and the comfort I needed. I am about my duty, and even if I should be murdered, it will not be my loss but my gain."

The settlement of Schönbrunn had been broken up by internal dissension, caused by a party of apostates who had resolved to return to their heathenism. These made it their avowed object to murder the missionaries, and the Brethren, unable to maintain their ground before their enemies, decided to withdraw from a position which had become so dangerous. Schönbrunn was therefore abandoned, and the Christians retired to the two other settlements, where arrangements were made for instant flight in the event of any trustworthy rumour of the march on either of the settlements by their enemies, being received. On one occasion a party of freebooters set out from Pittsburg to destroy the Delaware towns, these having declared in favour of the English. The towns of the Christian Indians, among the rest, were threatened with destruction; and the inhabitants, on hearing of their march, fled with precipitation to the river and embarked, expecting every minute to see their towns enveloped in flames. This evil was, however, happily averted. A Huron chief named Half-king and his warriors met the Americans, and entirely defeated them, leaving many of them dead on the field, and the Christians were this time able to return to their homes.

The confusion and misery into which the country was brought by the vengeance which the Indians of both sides wreaked on their enemies, and by the general feeling of insecurity which prevailed, entailed great responsibility on the missionaries who remained

at the two settlements. Lichtenau was afterwards abandoned, and a new settlement reared, five miles below Gnadenhütten, and called Salem.

The Hurons had for some time appeared friendly towards the Brethren; but seeing the dangerous position in which they were situated at Gnadenhütten, Half-king proposed that they should remove to another place which he would choose for them. This pro-



INDIAN WARFARE.

posal the two Brethren refused to accept, resolving to remain at any risk with their congregations, in their own beloved settlements. Urged by an Englishman, who was present with the Hurons, to adopt coercive measures, Half-king declined to receive the refusal, and gave his warriors the utmost licence to pollute and corrupt if possible both the town and its inhabitants. Suddenly, one day, Zeisberger and two other of the Brethren were seized by a party of Hurons whilst walking in their garden, and carried off by them to the Indian camp. Here they were stripped of their clothes and other articles found upon them, and placed as prisoners in a couple of huts. A party of

Hurons then departed for Salem, and on their return the three scalp-yells which they gave announced that three more prisoners had fallen into their hands, one of whom was the wife of a missionary. In the same night Schönbrunn was visited, and the number of the prisoners was increased by three more, amongst them being the sister of Zeisberger. The plan which the Hurons had in view was to keep the missionaries in confinement, in order that the Christian Indians might the more easily be tempted to disperse and break up their settlements. They would not, however, be prevailed upon to desert their teachers, and after some days' detention the missionaries were set at liberty, on the understanding that they would lead the Christian congregation to Sandusky. The converts saw that in this lay their only hope of safety, and with great regret they parted from their beautiful settlements, leaving behind them large quantities of corn and cattle, and the crops then ripening in the fields. All the missionaries' manuscript books, compiled with so much labour, had been destroyed, and with heavy hearts they started on their journey by water and by land, reaching Sandusky about four weeks after their exodus from the settlements. Here they made a halt, and proceeded to build themselves bark huts.

They had hardly begun to settle in this place, before Zeisberger and three others were ordered to appear before the governor of Fort Detroit, to answer a charge of being in league with the Americans. Their accuser was, however, unable to prove anything against them, and confessed that the charge had been concocted by himself and others in order to injure them. The governor then publicly recognised the benefits resulting from the disinterested work of the Brethren, ordered clothes and provisions to be provided for them, showed them many acts of kindness, and afterwards provided them with the means of returning to Sandusky. Here they found the congregation in extreme want, the people being reduced to feed on the horses and cattle which had died of starvation. Rather than succumb to famine, many of them visited at different times the old settlements on the Muskingum, bringing away provisions, and loading themselves with the corn they gathered from the fields.

These visits to the old settlements proved a source of great danger, and were the means of bringing about a terrible calamity. Some parties of Christians were on the point of returning to their friends at Sandusky, and had collected their provisions at Gnadenhütten, ready for removal, when a body of a hundred and sixty Americans arrived at the place, professing the greatest friendship for the Indians, and stating that they had come to protect them from their enemies. They appeared to take an interest in the doings of the Brethren at Sandusky, and even assisted in packing their provisions.

The Indians felt extreme gratification at the consideration for their safety shown by the Americans, and opened their hearts to them, unfolding their future plans, and even agreeing to conduct them to the neighbouring settlement at Salem. The Americans informed them that they were to return not to Sandusky, but to Pittsburg, where care would be taken that no danger would befall them. The Indians agreed to follow them, and consented to deliver up their arms, thus giving themselves entirely into the hands of their enemies.

The visit to Salem was carried out, and the Christian Indians there were easily persuaded to join their fellows at Gnadenhütten. Having now obtained complete mastery over the poor converts, and collected them into one place, the Americans at last showed themselves in their true colours, and proved themselves to be the most inhuman wretches that ever disgraced the American name.

The wretched inhabitants of both towns were suddenly seized and bound by those in whom they had placed their confidence, and who, by successful deceit, had deprived them of every means to defend themselves. Two houses were set apart for the prisoners, and here they were lodged while their treacherous captors discussed what was to be done with them. As an attack on Schönbrunn was contemplated, it was necessary that the decision arrived at should be carried out quickly.

Some advised setting fire to the houses, and burning the prisoners alive. Others proposed scalping them, and carrying away the gory trophies as signals of the triumph. There were a few, on the other hand, who refused to take part in any conspiracy to deprive the Indians of their lives; but these were far outnumbered, and the majority decided that the prisoners should be murdered on the morrow. A messenger was sent to inform them of the decision, and the night was spent in prayer and preparation for the terrible martyrdom awaiting them.

The morning came, and these defenceless Christian prisoners, bound two and two together, were led like lambs to the slaughter, *scalped, and murdered in cold blood*—men, women, and little children were all thus mercilessly slain. No fewer than ninety-six Christians thus suffered martyrdom for their Saviour, and the wonderful resignation they exhibited throughout was afterwards testified to by the murderers themselves. Of the whole company, only two youths escaped.

The inhabitants of Schönbrunn providentially heard that a band of white people had been seen in the neighbourhood, whereupon they took flight and hid in the woods before the attack on the town was made; and when the whites arrived, they were forced to content themselves with the booty which remained, and, after setting fire to the town, left it.

Those Indians who remained at Sandusky were in great straits, caused by the scarcity of provisions. Everything was done by the missionaries that could alleviate their sufferings, and cause them to cling together and refuse to disperse as a congregation at the bidding of their enemies. It would seem, however, that they were never to have a settled home. Constant removals took place, and new settlements were built. Long journeys were frequently undertaken, and the congregation suffered much through its steadfast adherence to the Christian religion. Pilgerrugh, or Pilgrim's Rest, New Salem, Fairfield, and Goshen in Ohio, marked the halting-places of this brave congregation at different times. The last of these stations was founded in 1798 by Zeisberger, who, although nearly eighty years of age, was still in the forefront, ready with his sagacious diplomacy to smooth the way for, and mitigate the sufferings of, his devoted converts.

The petty wars which were constantly being carried on by the Americans against the Indians had brought about an appreciable decrease in their numbers in the

neighbourhood of the Brethren's settlements; and the gradual advance of the whites, and their occupation of Indian territory, caused large bands to proceed farther west. The congregation thus came to lose many of its adherents; and Zeisberger, at the close of

AN INDIAN SETTLEMENT.

a long and laborious life, saw with grief but little permanent reformation amongst the Indian tribes. He died in 1808, in the ninetieth year of his age, having devoted his whole life to his Saviour's cause—a life considerably lengthened beyond the usual span. From first to last, his talents, energy, and influence were ever ready to respond to the call of those who needed them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CIVILISATION OF THE CHEROKEES.

The Town of Brainerd—Mission of the American Board—Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury—Action of the United States Government—George Guess—The language of the Cherokees—Title to their Land Denied—Broken Pledges—Persecution and Arrest of Missionaries—Appeal to the Supreme Court—The Exodus of 1838—Present State of the Cherokees.

A TRAVELLER journeying across the wilds of western Georgia during the early part of the present century would, in all probability, have lighted upon the little town of Brainerd, occupied almost entirely by Red Men of the Cherokee nation, although, with the exception of the colour of their skin, there would have been little to inform him that he was in the midst of aboriginal Indians. As he approached the town, he would have seen the inhabitants busily engaged in cultivating their fields and plantations, and actively earning their sustenance by the labour of their hands. If he entered one of the neat huts of which the greater part of the town consisted, he would have seen the women, with their spinning-wheels and looms, employed in manufacturing cloth from the cotton which grew plentifully in the fields, and in making it into garments for their own and their husbands' clothing. On the hill he would have seen the mill which was grinding the corn, and in the centre of the town a school-house, with a commodious dwelling attached, standing out conspicuously. In the school the children of the Indians were taught the rudiments of the English language, and educated in the arts of civilised life; and the rapidity of their learning and the gentleness of their tempers would have reflected credit on any equal number of English children of the same age. Here, on the land which had been immemorially handed down from generation to generation of Cherokees, their descendants had been brought under the influence of Christianity, and, by the material aid afforded by the United States Government, to a state of civilisation very little, if at all, inferior to that of the white settlers whose fathers James Oglethorpe had led into the country in the previous century.

The mission, of which this settlement was one of the most visible results, was started by the American Board in the year 1803, and it received important assurances of support from the Government; the agent for Indian affairs being instructed to provide the necessary means for the erection of school-houses and workshops in the settlement, as well as for the acquisition of looms and spinning-wheels for the employment of the women.

In a few years the whole aspect of the Cherokee nation was altered, and where previously had existed only scanty communities of aboriginal hunters, now were to be seen civilised Indians settled down into numerous village communities, and exercising the arts of peace and civilisation under the protection of the United States Government. Under the assiduous care of the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, the settlement increased in size and importance, and the Board enlarged its grants, and provided not only religious instruction, but sent farmers, mechanics, and blacksmiths

in order to introduce their respective trades among the Cherokees. The success which greeted the Board's efforts at Brainerd induced them to extend their sphere of influence, so that, during the ten years ending 1827, no less than eight stations had been founded.

The United States Government had for a long time appeared anxious to do all in its power to promote the advancement of the Indians towards civilisation, and to this end had given its support to the efforts of the missionaries. At the same time its traditional policy towards the aborigines had ever been to bring about—as the whites more and more encroached upon territory occupied by them—their removal from the lands on the east of the continent to the vast stretches of land on the western side of the Mississippi. The continual exodus thus going on was always a great hindrance to attempts made to plant the Christian religion amongst them, as also to any effort, religious or otherwise, to civilise them. The sudden departure of a body of Indians, who had become reconciled to the pursuits of a settled life, to a new country where there was nothing to remind them of their civilisation, and everything to bring back fresh to their memories recollections of their former state of living, was a sore temptation to them to throw off their new-born civilisation and once more recur to their roving, hunting mode of life.

Shortly after the arrival of the missionaries among the Cherokees, it became known that the Government was working to bring about an exchange of the lands on which they were settled for wide tracts of unoccupied territory west of the great river, in Arkansas and Missouri. The Cherokees were a highly patriotic people, and possessed great affection for the land of their birth, so that when proposals were made to them by the United States Government which, though perhaps advantageous in themselves, were highly repugnant to the people at large, the idea of abandoning their country was at once scouted, and, in order to bring to bear on the Government what little influence they possessed, a deputation of twelve men was appointed to confer with the authorities at Washington. The arguments used by the Cherokees during the progress of the negotiations which took place, proved of sufficient weight with the Government to cause them to grant more favourable terms to the people than had been expected. A treaty was drawn up and signed, by which a portion of the nation agreed to emigrate to Arkansas, where lands were assigned to them, and, in consideration of the cession of the part of the country they had occupied, the remainder was secured to those who stayed behind, and solemnly guaranteed to them *for ever*. Not long after, Congress agreed to the appropriation of 10,000 dollars annually to be applied to the education and instruction of the nation.

A very rapid improvement now took place in the condition of those who still remained in Georgia. The chase was almost abandoned, and husbandry and agriculture occupied the attention of the greater part of them. In 1824 no less than 2,923 ploughs were in use, although there was scarcely a plough to be seen among them towards the end of the last century. Cattle had increased in numbers, and sixty-two blacksmiths' shops gave evidence of the technical education which the people had acquired.

Between two and three thousand spinning-wheels, and seven hundred looms, gave extensive employment to the women; and, as a consequence, little fault was to be found in the sufficiency of the native clothing, many of the wealthier Indians being, indeed, dressed fully as well as the whites. The position the women took in their respective households, and the general respect paid them, compared favourably with the previous position of inferiority they had held. There are few visible signs which are to so great a degree a criterion of the forwardness of a nation's civilisation, as the position assigned to women. As a nation of savages, the Cherokees had practised polygamy to a very large extent, but this had now become forbidden by law. There was, however, no penalty attached to the breaking of it, and the fact that there were but few people living in a polygamous state, speaks exceedingly well for the healthiness of public opinion.

To these evidences of the advance made by the Cherokees towards civilisation must be added the interesting fact that a native alphabet had been invented, and the Cherokee language committed to writing. This achievement was the result of the labours of a native named George Guess. He had heard of the practice of making symbols represent certain sounds in the English language, and it occurred to him that it would be well if he could adopt the same principle with his own. Although he copied certain signs from an English spelling-book in his possession, he had no acquaintance whatever with the English language. The course he at first pursued was that of inventing a character for each word, but, finding his vocabulary becoming so large and cumbrous, he abandoned the plan, and hit upon the idea of dividing the Cherokee words into syllables, thus making the same signs do duty in many words: in fact, he adopted the phonetic principle now so much used in shorthand. The result was an unexpected success. He found that all the sounds which the language afforded could be represented by eighty-five symbols, some being purely English letters, whilst others were of his own invention.

Guess visited Washington in 1828, in company with a deputation from the Cherokees to the United States Government, and Mr. Evarts, the secretary to the American Board, obtained an introduction to him. Of this interview he gave the following account:—"In Guess I felt a particular interest. He is very modest in appearance, a man about fifty years old, dressed in the costume of the country—that is, a hunting frock, pantaloons, moccasins, and a handkerchief tied round the head. The others were dressed as well, and appeared in every respect as well, as members of Congress generally. I asked Guess, by David Brown as an interpreter, to tell me what induced him to form an alphabet, and how he proceeded in doing it. Guess replied that he had observed that many things were found out by men and known in the world, but that this knowledge escaped, and was lost for want of some one to preserve it; that he had observed white people write things on paper, and he had seen books, and he knew that what was written down remained and was not forgotten; that he attempted therefore to fix certain marks for sounds; that he thought that if he could make things fast on the paper, it would be like catching a wild animal and taming it; that he found great difficulty in proceeding with his alphabet, as he forgot the sounds which he had assigned to marks;

that he was much puzzled about a character for the hissing sound; that when this point was settled, he proceeded easily and rapidly; that his alphabet cost him a month's study; and that he afterwards made an alphabet for the pen—that is, for speedy writing, the characters of which he wrote under the corresponding characters of the other." *

Great interest was excited amongst the Cherokees by the appearance of this syllabic alphabet, and many individuals travelled long distances in order to learn it, and to convey the knowledge they had acquired to more distant villages. So simple of acquisition was the alphabet that many were able to read the written language in a few days, and in two or three years it was in general use throughout the country, there being scarcely a village where it was not understood, although it had not been taught in any school, nor were there any books yet printed in it.

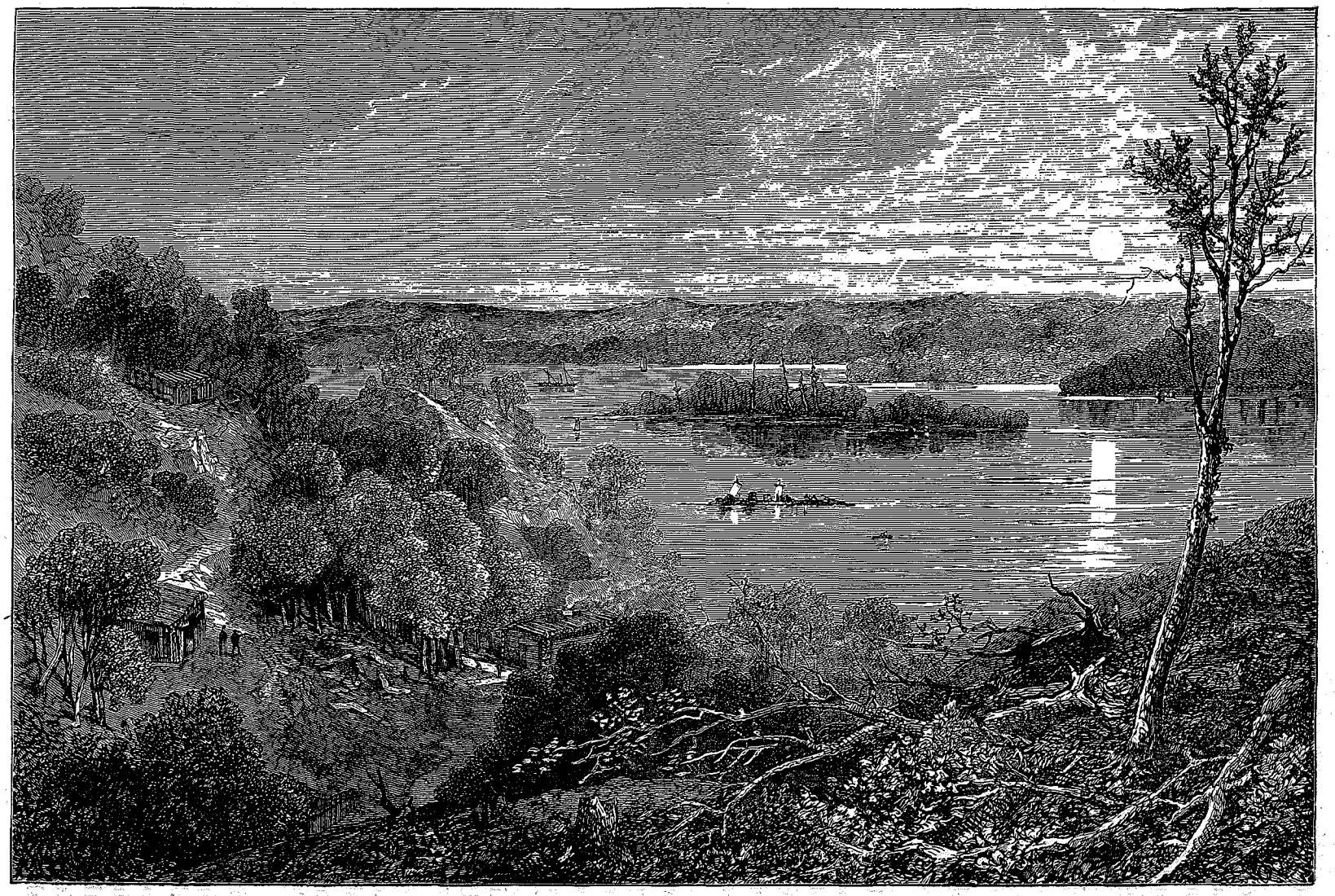
The National Council of the Cherokees eagerly recognised the importance of the new alphabet, and, after voting a medal of honour to its inventor, ordered a complete outfit of type and the furniture of a printing office, in order to disseminate as widely as possible the benefits likely to be derived from the committing of their language to writing. A prospectus was shortly after issued, stating the decision of the Council to publish a native newspaper, to be printed for the most part in Cherokee, and to be called the *Cherokee Phœnix*. This was immediately carried into effect, and the first newspaper ever produced by a tribe of North American Indians appeared, under the editorship of one of their own nation.

The Cherokees had now attained to a degree of civilisation never before reached by any of their countrymen, and what further advances might have been made had they been left unmolested in their own territory, we can only judge by these signal proofs of their intellectual capacities, and of their receptivity to ideas of Eastern cultivation. But in the midst of this prosperity, brought about largely by the religious influences which the missionaries exercised over them, rumour brought word that the United States Government was considering the advisability of removing that portion of the Cherokees from their territory who still remained east of the Mississippi. They were at this time scattered over the country in the west of Georgia, and in that part now known as the States of Alabama and Mississippi.

By treaty with the Georgians, the Government was bound, sooner or later, to obtain an exchange of lands with them, and to "acquire peaceably and on reasonable terms" the title to the lands then occupied by them. They were, however, now beginning to perceive the value of their territory, and, in order to stop the sale of their lands to the whites, their Government had passed a law punishing with death any one who should attempt to do so.

The Georgians became infuriated at what they deemed the want of energy displayed by the Government in not sooner removing the Indians, and in 1828, in opposition to all treaties which had been made with them, they issued a declaration denying the title of the Cherokees to their lands. A law was passed dividing up the country into

* Evarts' Memoirs.



THE MISSISSIPPI.

five portions, one of each of which was annexed to its neighbouring county, and the laws and regulations of the State were then extended over them. At the same time it declared that all laws and customs in vogue amongst the Indians were to become null and void, whilst no native was to be deemed a competent witness in a court of law in any case to which a white man might be a party.

Thus they were robbed of their laws, spoiled of their native government, and placed almost entirely beyond protection from the law, by those who had pledged themselves to respect their boundaries, and who had guaranteed the possession of the soil to them for ever! The same kind of treatment was meted out soon after to the Creeks, Choctaws, and other tribes occupying territory in the neighbouring States; the object in view being in each case the acquisition of the lands on which they were settled.

The missionaries of the American Board could not regard these events but with the deepest feelings of regret. The policy of the Government towards the Indians had till now been one of conciliation, and indeed the missionaries owed a great part of their funds to the support they received from Washington. It was, therefore, with great concern that they watched the development of the change which was inaugurated under the Presidency of General Jackson, who seemed only too willing to carry out the avaricious plans of the enemies of the Cherokees.

The fact was, however, that the Government was fearful lest, by going against the wishes of the whites, the Georgians might be induced to join hands with the three contiguous States in claiming the right of "nullifying," *i.e.*, of preventing the execution within the boundaries of the State of any law which might be deemed unconstitutional or injurious to its interests, although it had been passed by Congress and had been ratified by the President.

The compact of 1802, although arrived at with the object of extinguishing the Indian title to territory, and on which the Georgians insisted with much force, forbade the United States Government from removing the Cherokees unless as a result of negotiation. Treaty after treaty had acknowledged the right of the Cherokees to govern themselves, the right of possessing the free sale of their lands, and the control over all, whether white or coloured, living in their territory; and one had actually stipulated that whites should not hunt over their lands, nor even enter their country without a passport. But now all treaties were set aside. The existence of Indian tribes on the east of the Mississippi was to become a thing of the past.

Following in the footsteps of the Georgians themselves, Congress in 1830 passed an Act providing for the removal of all Indians living in the eastern States, and placed half a million of dollars in the hands of the Executive to carry out the provisions of the Act. The Georgians, finding themselves supported by Congress and the Government, proceeded to make full use of the powers given them. The law which they had passed in 1828 was strenuously acted on. The Cherokee Council was forbidden to assemble, their laws were declared repealed, and all restrictions were removed from the sale and use of intoxicating liquors; trade became paralysed, the fields were left unsown, and the uncertainty which prevailed exercised a most demoralising influence on the people.

Their lands had been pledged to them time after time by treaties and laws, and yet these were not sufficient to save them from molestation; and who could tell where they might find rest and quiet if only they were to again receive the treacherous pledges of the whites?

Many abandoned themselves to intemperance, and the Georgian Legislature, knowing that the missionaries were stationed amongst them in order to educate them, and that the more civilised they became, the more they would become attached to the soil on which they lived, passed a law requiring that all whites living in the limits of the Cherokee nation should obtain a licence from the Governor, and take an oath to uphold the laws and constitution of the State.

This the missionaries refused to do, and accordingly, in March, 1831, the Rev. Mr. Worcester, Dr. Butler, and others, were arrested by the military and conducted to Laurenceville, a hundred miles distant, where the court was sitting. They were brought before Judge Clayton, who however decided that, as the missionaries expended moneys appropriated by the United States Government for bettering the condition of the Indians, they were in a sense agents of the Government, and were therefore expressly exempted from the operation of the Act, and ordered that they should at once be discharged. This was but the commencement of the persecution to which they were to be subjected, for shortly after, on refusing to obey an order to leave the country, they were again arrested, and this time a verdict of "Guilty" was found against them. They were all sentenced to four years' imprisonment with hard labour, in the Milledgeville Penitentiary, although their only crime consisted in being found at the post to which they had been assigned by the United States Government, prosecuting their labours for the benefit of the Cherokees; and they had, indeed, till the last year, received its pecuniary aid, and had annually reported to it the progress which they had been making. Steps were now taken to bring the matter before the President, General Jackson, by means of a memorial, showing the origin of the mission and the support since received from the Government, and demonstrating the illegality of the action of the Georgian Government towards the Cherokees in going counter, not only to all treaties made with them, but also to the late Indian Bill itself, which expressly gave it to be understood that no part of it was to be held to warrant measures of violence towards the Indians.

Whatever hopes the Board may have rested upon this appeal to headquarters, were destined to be disappointed. The President refused to interfere, stating it as his opinion that when a State extended its laws over a people living within its boundaries, all treaties between the United States Government and the Indians became inoperative.

There was yet one tribunal to which appeal might be made, viz., the Supreme Court of Law. The case of the imprisonment of Messrs. Worcester and Butler was now, therefore, brought before it, and the result was an undoubted triumph for the missionaries. The Chief Justice issued a mandate declaring that the law of Georgia, under which they were imprisoned, was "contrary to the constitution, treaties, and laws of the United States," and ordered that the missionaries should be at once set at liberty. No time was lost in bringing this mandate before the judge who had sentenced

them, but neither the court, nor the Governor, to whom appeal was afterwards made, would entertain the thought of obeying the mandate of the Supreme Court. The two missionaries therefore remained in prison, but the consequent espousal of their cause by the Supreme Court, in whose hands it now remained to enforce its mandate on the Georgians, bade fair to bring about a crisis in the relations between the local Government

PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

and that of the United States. If the missionaries persisted in their suit, there was every probability that unless Congress was willing to enforce the will of the Supreme Court of Law upon the Georgians by force of arms, the authority of that Court would be crippled, and considerable loss of prestige would be the result. Both parties appeared now to realise the pass to which the persecution of the missionaries had brought their Governments, and whilst neither was inclined to give way, both saw the likelihood of a rupture which might end in the Georgians being provoked to withdraw from the Union.

Great efforts were therefore made by both sides to induce the missionaries not to press the matter further, in order that the Act of the Supreme Court should not be put to the test at a time when difficulties were being experienced with the neighbouring State of South Carolina, since this State had also rebelled against the action of the Federal Government in its attempt to enforce a new revenue law. A letter was written to the Prudential Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions offering, on "informal authority, in behalf of the Government of Georgia," that if the Committee "will station the missionaries anywhere beyond the limits of Georgia, they shall be immediately discharged, 'in a manner which shall not attach to them the reproach of pardoned criminals;' and in behalf of the Government of the United States, that the relief which the consent of the Prudential Committee to the foregoing proposition will give to the constituted authorities of Georgia, by enabling her, in the most efficient manner, to come to the support of the Government and laws of the United States, *will be gratefully acknowledged*, and that the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions *will possess the confidence, and will largely partake of the appropriations of the general government for the amelioration of the condition of the Indians.*"

Thus those who had persecuted became the suppliants, and those who had been so bitterly opposed to the Indians, were compelled in terms of gratitude to acknowledge their indebtedness to the friends of the Indians in withdrawing a suit, which, if persisted in, might have entailed such serious consequences. The obnoxious law was repealed by the Georgians, and on the Government receiving an intimation that the missionaries were willing to withdraw the suit, they were set at liberty, after having been confined for sixteen months. They immediately proceeded to their former stations, and resumed their labours among the Cherokees.

The people were still as much as ever resolved not to emigrate until forced to remove, and consequently steps were taken by the Government to provide means for a forcible mustering of the people into bands and starting them on their journey to the Arkansas. The Cherokee territory was surveyed, and divided into lots of 160 acres each, and then distributed by lottery amongst the citizens of Georgia, whilst at the same time provision was made for the payment of the value of any house or field upon it to the owner by the winner of the lot.

Memorials were presented to the President, and deputations continually passed between Washington and the Cherokees, but little impression was made on the Government by those employed to speak on their behalf. A party had arisen among them who saw the futility of further opposing the will of the United States, and who were inclined at once to make as good terms as possible with the Government. With these a treaty was agreed upon, by which the Cherokees, in exchange for the whole of their territory, were to receive 5,000,000 dollars and the expenses of their removal, together with sufficient to sustain them one year after their arrival west of the Mississippi.

This treaty was bitterly opposed by the majority of the nation. They said, "We feel it due to ourselves frankly to state that the Cherokee people do not and will not recognise the obligation of the instrument of December, 1835. We reject all its terms; we will receive none of its benefits. If it is to be enforced upon us, it will be by your

superior strength. We shall offer no resistance; but our *voluntary* assent never will be yielded. We are aware of the consequences; but while suffering them in all their bitterness, we shall submit our cause to an all-wise and just God, in whose providence it is to maintain the cause of suffering innocence and unprotected feebleness."

On the strength of the treaty, however, preparations were made for their removal, and forts were built to guard against any opposition that might arise. May 23rd, 1838, was fixed upon as the day when the troops were to commence operations. When the day arrived, few had made any preparation, and families were turned out wholesale from their houses and farms, and collected into bodies ready for their long march to the Arkansas country. For a period of ten months the work of emigration went on, and during this period 10,000 people, divided into fourteen companies, travelled a distance of six or seven hundred miles: old and young, male and female, sick and healthy—none were spared; all were compelled to seek a new home away in the west. Before starting, some of the companies were detained for a considerable time in their encampments, during which they remained idle and were exposed to every kind of evil and temptation which proximity to the whites afforded. Often without sufficient tent accommodation, they were greatly exposed to the inclemency of the severe winter of 1838–39, and many besides were very inadequately clothed. The result was a terrible mortality among them, not less than one-fourth of the whole dying on the journey, this being on an average twelve deaths a day.

The work of the mission was greatly deranged by the embarrassed state of the political affairs of the Indians; and when the missionaries were arrested and imprisoned, some of the stations became neglected and abandoned. Under the system of lottery by which the land was distributed, the premises at two of the mission stations were taken possession of by the men who had drawn the lots containing them, and the Board suffered considerable loss therefrom. The Cherokees, too, now imbibed a deep prejudice against the Christian religion. They found themselves robbed and despoiled of their most sacred and undisputed rights by a nation professing to be Christian! They saw that those who taught them were themselves American citizens, and as such, were partly responsible for the injuries done to them. The result was that a spirit of laxity grew up among the Church members, and caused many to fall back into heathenism and superstition. Their own political condition occupied attention to such an engrossing extent, that little heed was paid to religion, and the morals of the people suffered accordingly.

The Cherokees were not left entirely without Christian teachers on their arrival in the new country. Some of the missionaries followed them, and continued to labour in their midst as they had done before the migration. The Indians were beginning to appreciate more and more the power exercised by those who had received a good education, and who were thus able to meet the whites on something like equal grounds. The desire of the people to educate their children increased in an astonishing manner. The schools instituted by that part of the nation which had immigrated twenty years before, became filled to their utmost capacity. Many others were therefore established, and the written Cherokee language was largely disseminated by means of

them. A general Government was now organised by representatives from both the new and the old immigrants, and although considerable friction occurred at first between the two parties, matters were at length satisfactorily arranged, and the Government was placed upon a firm basis.

A Cherokee Temperance Society has since been started, and has met with a large amount of success. The chiefs have recognised that their only hope of perpetuating their race, is vigorously to forbid the importation of "fire-water," and the sale of intoxicating liquors is prohibited by law. Education has advanced with rapid strides. The schools are maintained at the expense of the nation, and grants are received occasionally from the United States Government. Some of the more wealthy Indians have, indeed, sent their children to schools of a higher order in the eastern cities. We now again see the Cherokees giving hopes of a promising future, full of energy, and most anxious to prove themselves worthy citizens of the United States. There is every possibility that, under just treatment, and respect for the engagements which have been made with them, they may prove of incalculable assistance in upholding the authority of the law in the West. Most of the trouble experienced with the Indians has been admittedly caused by the non-fulfilment on the part of the American Government of treaties which they have made with them. It remains, therefore, to be seen, whether now at last the Government is alive to the duty which it owes to them, or whether the old policy of persecution and extermination is still to remain in the ascendant.

XV.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PERSIA, KASHMIR, AND AFGHANISTAN.

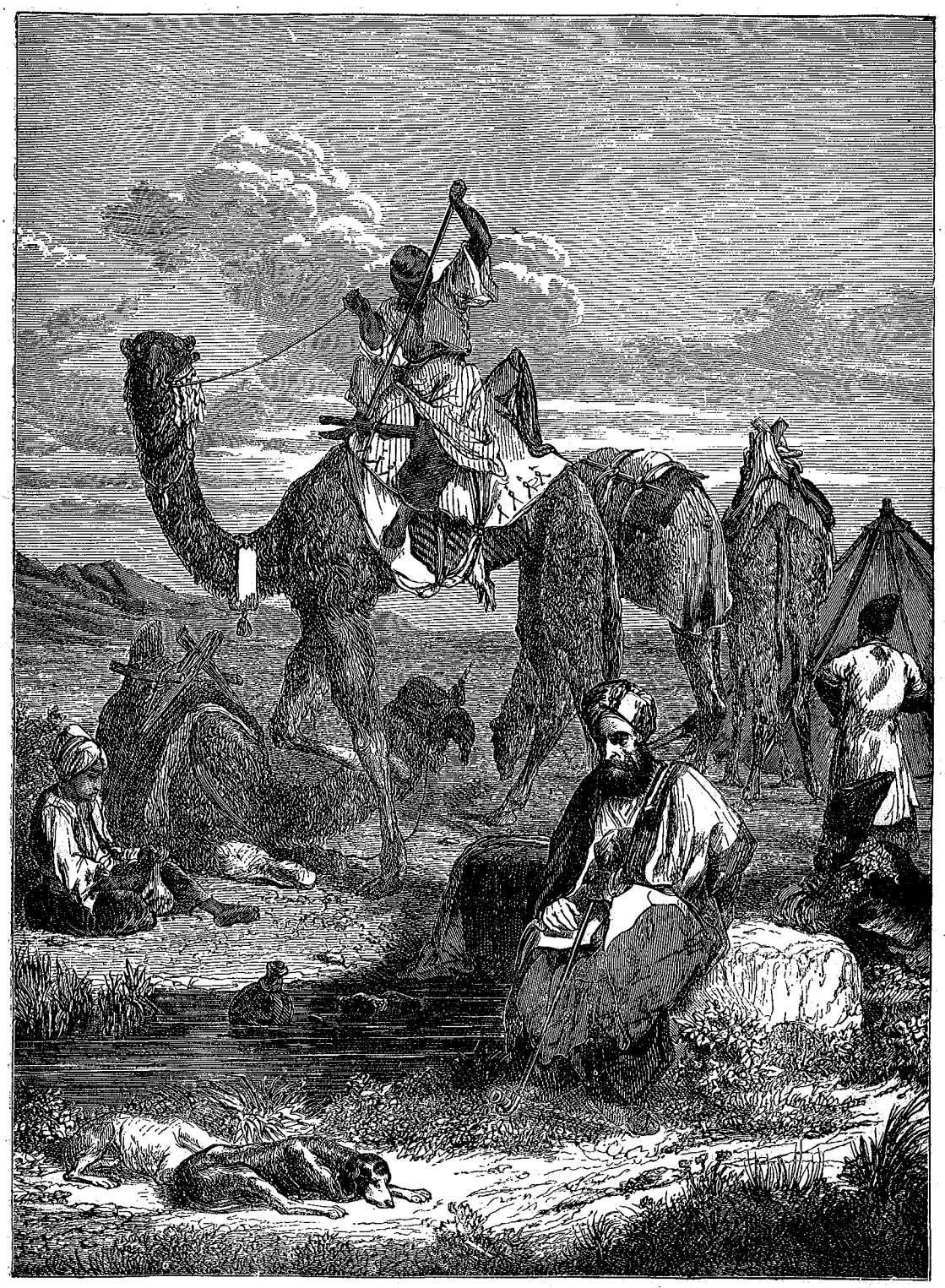
The Brethren Hocker and Rueffer—A Caravan Journey—Attacked by the Kurds—Hordes of Robbers—A Fruitless Expedition—Henry Martyn at Shiraz—Discussions with the Mollahs—The Shah of Persia—Death of Martyn—The Nestorians—Perkins and Grant—The Great Persian Famine—Kashmir—Srinagur—William Elmslie and the Medical Mission—A Melancholy Journey—Afghanistan—Peshawur and the Guest House.

COUNT ZINZENDORF, as we have said, saw in prophetic vision the Persian, as well as the Mongol, brought to the foot of the Cross; and it was not long before two of his followers essayed to realise the pious dream. In 1747 two of the Brethren—Christian F. W. Hocker, physician, and J. Rueffer, surgeon—set out with the intention of preaching the Gospel to the Gaures of Persia, commonly regarded in Christendom as the descendants of the Magi who brought "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh" to the cradle at Bethlehem. The Gaures, or Guebres, or Parsees, were the followers of Zoroaster, and worshipped fire as the symbol of the Supreme Being.

Eager to carry the message of salvation to these people, the two Brethren reached Aleppo, where they heard fearful tidings of the anarchy and misery then prevalent in Persia. They were strongly advised not to attempt to enter the country during the existing state of things. They heard how Nadir Shah had been extorting money from Jews and Armenians, and burning some of them by way of encouraging the others to give up their treasures. Then came the news that the tyrant had sacked Ispahan, and that at Kerman, the chief city of the Gaures, he had built up three great pyramids of men's heads. Hocker was at first inclined to retire to Bussorah and wait for better times, but Rueffer persuaded his companion to come with him at least to Bagdad, whence they might turn back to Bussorah if they found that, by the course of events, entrance into Persia was absolutely barred against them.

Accordingly, the two Brethren supplied themselves with a couple of camels and an assortment of such things as were needful for their expedition, and joined themselves to a caravan which, with 1,500 camels, was just starting from Aleppo for the East. For a fortnight they journeyed with this great company across the barren desert. Each day they toiled on from sunrise till noon, and then, after partaking of coffee, pushed forward again till sunset. At Cowis they left the caravan, and, in company with four Jews, reached Bagdad, where they met with another caravan just about to start for Persia.

Rejoicing at the opportunity for pressing forward towards the goal of their enterprise, Hocker and Rueffer joined this company, which was under the protection of some fifty or sixty armed men. The journey was long and toilsome, and the route lay through a region where all law and order had given place to violence and outrage. One day the caravan had to cross a large hill and wind along a valley on the



A HALT IN THE HAURAN DESERT.

other side. At the entrance to the valley the soldiers waited to see if the caravan got across the ridge safely, when suddenly, while the great company were still crossing, there was a hideous outcry, and two hundred Kurd warriors appeared upon the scene. Many of these were on horseback, fully armed with sabres and javelins; others were on foot, wielding clubs. The armed guards, who had been paid to protect the caravan, contented themselves with firing a few shots, and then retreated. The rearmost stragglers, amongst whom were our two missionaries, became an easy prey to the robbers. Hocker was pierced in the back by a javelin, and presently afterwards was stabbed in the right side; but from neither of these wounds did he receive any material injury. He fell down the side of the hill, and the robber rushed after him and struck at his face, wounding him on the chin. Many of the travellers had their chins and ears completely cut off. Hocker's assailant took all his money from him, and also most of his clothes. He was running away in his trousers and shirt, when he received on the back of the neck a blow which rendered him for a time insensible. When he came to himself he found that he had been again robbed; his boots and trousers were gone, and he had nothing left on him but his shirt and drawers in which to walk fifteen miles to the nearest habitation. Footsore, exhausted, and half roasted by the sun, he managed to drag his weary limbs to this resting-place, where he found a great many of his fellow-sufferers prostrate with fatigue, hunger, and thirst. Here, too, he found his companion Rueffer, who had been completely stripped, but was otherwise uninjured. Two kindly disposed Persians supplied the missionaries with a few garments, and took them to a house where they were regaled with a supper of bread and grapes. Rueffer, through his long exposure, was covered with blisters, and for several nights he could not close his eyes on account of the intense suffering.

When the caravan resumed its journey, Hocker and Rueffer walked on safely beside it, but in less than a week another robber horde came swooping down upon the caravan. Our poor missionaries had not much to lose, but when the merciless marauders had done their work, Hocker had a torn pair of drawers left, and Rueffer an old waistcoat. As destitute outcasts, they managed to get bread and water given them, but their sufferings were pitiful in the extreme. Hocker became ill, and was thankful to be allowed to rest for a few nights in a stable. They got some stuff to cover themselves —a mixture of horsehair and cotton, which sadly tormented their sore and emaciated bodies—and at length were enabled, in spite of their hardships, to reach Ispahan. The Roman Catholic fathers, who had long had a restricted mission here, were very friendly, and the English Resident, Mr. Pierson, took them to his house, provided them with clothing, and hospitably ministered to all their necessities.

But Mr. Pierson earnestly dissuaded them from going any further in search of the Gaures. All over the country there was anarchy and distress. Nadir Shah and the Afghans had plundered Kernan, and had laid waste the whole district inhabited by the Gaures. These had been a good, honest, industrious people, but they were now for the most part either massacred or expelled. All the roads were infested with gangs of robbers, such as those of whose unscrupulous brutality they had already had such

cruel experience; and there was not the slightest chance of their getting among the people they wanted to preach to, or of their doing any good if they even got to the locality where the Gaures had once flourished. On the other hand, they might settle at Ispahan as medical men, with a very good prospect of success in their profession. But the two Brethren declined the tempting offer; if they could not accomplish the work for which they had been set apart, they would return to Cairo and there wait for instructions from the Brethren at Herrnhut.

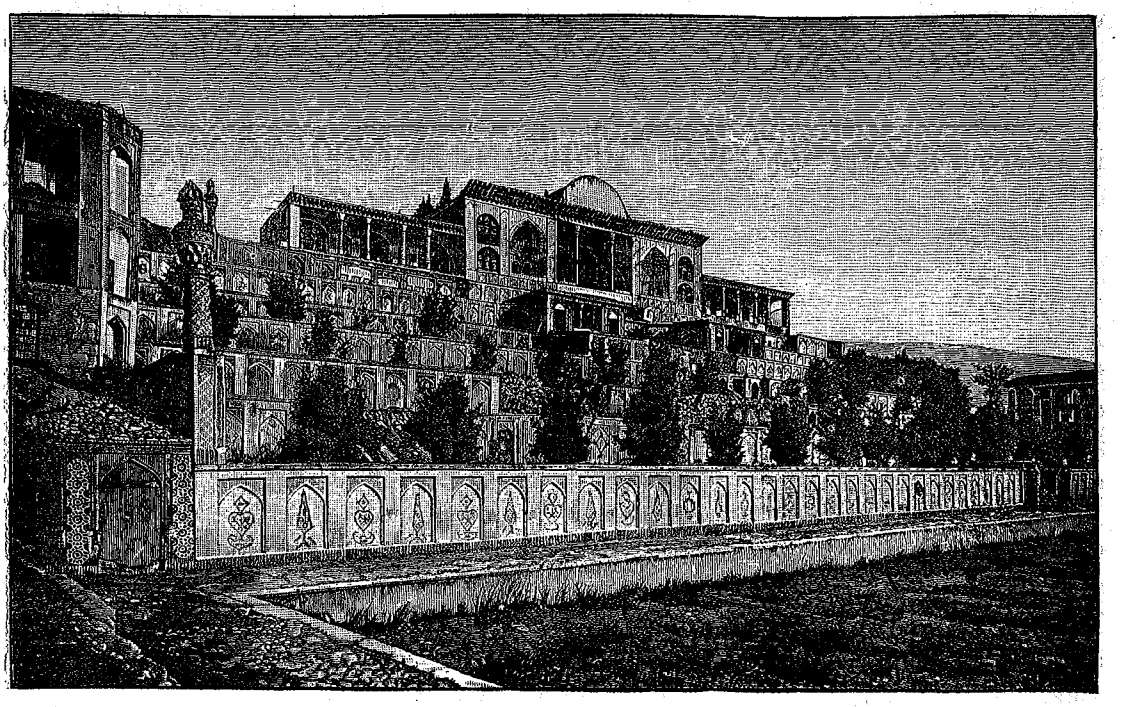
In June, 1748, they left Ispahan to begin their homeward journey, but robbers soon attacked their caravan, and for the third time Hocker and Rueffer were robbed of every farthing they possessed and most of their clothes. For the rest of the journey they had to depend for the means of living on what they could borrow from fellow-travellers who had been less unfortunate. When they arrived at Bender-Buscher, in rags and deeply in debt, they would probably have been sold into slavery to satisfy their creditors, had not the Dutch consul discharged all their obligations, and sent them forward to Bussorah. Thence they proceeded into Egypt, where Rueffer died at Damietta. Hocker returned, in 1750, to Europe, after three years' absence, to tell the story of disaster to the Brethren at Herrnhut.

More than sixty years passed by before a missionary was again seen in Persia. Persian was the court language of India, and, indeed, as a literary language, was so well known amongst the upper classes, that a Persian Bible was urgently needed for the effective carrying on of the Indian Mission. The saintly Henry Martyn, whose career is more fully detailed in another chapter, undertook the task, and saw that he could accomplish it more successfully at Shiraz—"the Athens of Persia"—than at Calcutta. In January, 1811, he went by sea to Bombay and thence to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf. His health was already shattered by illness and hard work when he thus went forth alone to his labour of love. In gratitude for the English intervention which had preserved his territory from Russian encroachments, Fath 'Ali was receiving envoys and travellers at his capital, when Martyn reached Bushire, and was hospitably entertained by an English merchant and his Armenian wife.

But, although the monarch was liberal in his views, the people of Persia, so long closely shut in from foreign influence, were not likely to let a traveller in European dress pass through the country unmolested; so Martyn had to be rigged out in baggy blue trousers, red boots, and a coat of chintz, the whole surmounted by a tall conical cap of black lambskin. He had also whilst at Bushire to cultivate his beard and moustaches, and learn how to make a meal by helping himself to handfuls of rice from the common dish. The Armenians of Bushire made much of him during his stay; the ladies came in a body to kiss his hand, and at divine service the priests placed him beside the altar and incensed him four times over, "for the honour of our order," as they explained—not, however, by any means to Martyn's gratification.

He met with an English officer who wanted to go to Shiraz, and a muleteer contracted to take them and their belongings to that city. Their route lay amongst the mountain paths which the hosts of Alexander found so frightful. Only by night was it possible to travel in that cloudless region, while by day they lay in their tents,

covered with heavy clothes to keep the moisture of their bodies from drying up too rapidly in the scorching air, and with wet cloths about their heads. Even then Martyn described his sensations as "a fire within my head, my skin like a cinder, the pulse violent." From 126° at noonday the temperature fell towards evening to 100°, and then it was needful to turn out and mount the ponies, which safely carried the travellers, half-asleep, up steep mountain paths and along the edges of awful ravines. Martyn often had a confused notion of passing grand scenery, but was totally unable to rouse himself to admire it. Even before he left India, symptoms of consumption—



TERRACED GARDENS OF SHIRAZ.

the hereditary disease of his family—had begun to manifest themselves. By degrees, the travellers emerged from the scorched-up region that belts the Persian Gulf, into a land of clear flowing waters and beautiful valleys, where they rested to recruit their strength before passing on to Shiraz, which they reached safely. They brought letters of introduction to Jaffier Ali Khan, a Persian gentleman, who received them with the utmost cordiality. Belonging to the philosophical sect of the Soofees, an intellectual offshoot of the Shirte Mohammedanism of Persia, he was very glad to welcome a European theologian, for the Soofee professes to be a ceaseless searcher after truth, and argument is the delight of his existence. Jaffier Ali Khan also introduced Martyn to Merza Seid Ali, a learned man, who agreed to help in the translation of the Bible, and proved of great use in helping to present the Scriptures in a clear and scholarly form to the refined intellect of Persia.

Sir Gore Ouseley, the English Ambassador at Shiraz, introduced Martyn to Prince Abbar Mirza, the heir to the crown. Our missionary had to put on red cloth stockings and high-heeled shoes, and march into the Palace with the rest of the Ambassador's suite. A hundred fountains started into life at the moment they entered the great court, and when they reached the audience-hall they had to sit in line on the ground with their hats on, facing the Prince, who conversed only with the Ambassador.

Martyn's time was mostly filled up with translating, but he had to spend long and weary hours in discussion with Soofees and with Mollahs from the Mosques, although it was evident that his antagonists only came for the intellectual exercise, and the long disputations were apparently of no real profit to any one. But the bread cast upon the waters was found after many days. Sir Robert Ker Porter, in his "Travels in Persia, Armenia," &c., mentions how earnestly he was asked on his journey, by some Persians, whether he was acquainted with "the man of God." "He came here," they said, "in the midst of us, sat down encircled by our wise men, and made such remarks upon our Koran as cannot be answered. We want to know more about his religion, and the book that he left among us."

HENRY MARTYN.

A further instance of Martyn's influence at this time may be given here:—"A writer in the *Asiatic Journal* has mentioned the case of an interesting and accomplished man, called Mahomed Rahem, whom he met at Shiraz, and who for years had been secretly a Christian. On inquiry, it turned out that he had been led to change his religious opinions in consequence, as he said, of the teaching of 'a beardless youth enfeebled by disease,' who had visited their city in the year 1223 of the Hegira, and encountered their Mollahs with great ability and forbearance. He then described a farewell visit which he had paid to the young missionary before his departure from Shiraz, and said: 'That visit sealed my conversion. He gave me a book; it has been my constant companion; the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation; its contents have consoled me.' He showed the book. It was the New Testament in Persian, and on one of the blank leaves was written, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—Henry Martyn.' There is no mention of Mahomed Rahem in Martyn's Memoir, but he was probably one of those young men who, as he says, came from the College 'full of zeal and logic' to try him with hard questions."*

During the hottest part of the summer of 1811, Henry Martyn was working with much enjoyment in a tent provided for him by Jaffier Ali amongst the orange-

* Walsh's "Modern Heroes of the Mission Field."

trees of a garden outside Shiraz. He was living, he says, "among clusters of grapes, by the side of a clear stream." By way of relaxation he paid a visit to the ruins of Persepolis. His escort was sorely puzzled by his wanting to go to an uninhabited spot, but accounted for it at last by supposing that he wanted to drink brandy free from observation!

On January 1st, 1812, Martyn made an entry in his journal as follows:—"The present year will probably be a perilous one, but my life is of little consequence, whether I live to finish the Persian New Testament, or do not. I look back with pity and shame on my former self, and on the importance I then attached to my life and labours. The more I see of my own works, the more I am ashamed of them. Coarseness and clumsiness mar all the works of men. I am sick when I look at man, and his wisdom, and his doings, and am relieved only by reflecting that we have a city whose builder and maker is God. The least of *His* works is refreshing to look at. A dried leaf or a straw makes me feel myself in good company. Complacency and admiration take the place of disgust."

The Persian New Testament and Psalms were completed by April. There had been no opportunity for real mission-work in Shiraz, but it is evident that his co-worker, Seid Ali, had learned something of the nature of true religion in Martyn's company. On the eve of the latter's departure, Seid Ali remarked to him, "Though a man had no other religious society, I suppose he might, with the aid of the Bible, live alone with God."

We certainly shall not debate the subject here; but it should be mentioned that some of Martyn's biographers, writing in calm safety, have blamed him because he permitted Seid Ali to rest in inward faith, instead of counselling him to make the open confession which would have meant certain death.

The Shah of Persia was in his camp at Tabriz, and thither Martyn went in May with his translation. He was not allowed to see the Shah, but the Vizier and two Mollahs, of the fiercest and most ignorant type, gave him audience. There was a long discussion between the English minister and the two Mohammedan zealots, and at length the Vizier intervened and counselled Martyn to give in.

"You had better say 'God is God, and Mahomet is His prophet.'"

"God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God," said Martyn.

"He is neither born nor begets," shrieked the Mollahs in a rage.

One of them added, "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for blasphemy?"

It was useless to wait longer at Tabriz, and, disappointed and weary, Henry Martyn returned to his kind friends, Sir Gore and Lady Ouseley, who nursed him through the ague and fever which resulted from his toilsome journey of a thousand miles.

Martyn rose from that severe illness with renewed hope and aspirations. He would go home to England for a season, and then return to his work in India, bringing with him, as his bride, Lydia Grenfell, who had been patiently waiting down in Cornwall for eight long years, and to whom he wrote on August 28th a letter full of hope. He

kept up his diary during his journey till he got to Tocat. There he made his last entry, which is as follows:—

"October 6th.—No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my company, my Friend and Comforter. Oh! when shall time give place to eternity? When shall appear that new heaven and earth wherein dwelleth righteousness? There, there shall in nowise enter in anything that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made men worse than wild beasts, none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more."

The plague was raging at Tocat, and Henry Martyn, with no European near him at the time, died there a few days after making the above entry—but whether of the prevalent disease or of some other complaint is not known. He was buried in the sand beside a mountain stream, and on the slab of stone that covered his grave was inscribed, by the ignorant men who knew so little of the greatness of the heroic man who had come amongst them, the name, "*William* Martyn." Later on his remains were removed to the mission cemetery, and a handsome monument bears this inscription:—

REV. HENRY MARTYN, M.A.,
CHAPLAIN OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY,
BORN AT TRURO, IN ENGLAND, ON THE 18TH FEBRUARY, 1781;
DIED AT TOCAT, ON THE 16TH OCTOBER, 1812.
HE LABOURED FOR MANY YEARS IN THE EAST, STRIVING TO BENEFIT MANKIND,
BOTH FOR THIS WORLD AND FOR THAT TO COME.
HE TRANSLATED THE HOLY SCRIPTURES INTO HINDUSTANI AND PERSIAN,
AND MADE IT HIS GREAT OBJECT
TO PROCLAIM TO ALL MEN THE GOD AND SAVIOUR
OF WHOM THEY TESTIFY.
HE WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED IN THE COUNTRIES WHERE HE WAS KNOWN
AS "A MAN OF GOD."
MAY TRAVELLERS OF ALL NATIONS, AS THEY STEP ASIDE
AND LOOK ON THIS MONUMENT,
BE LED TO HONOUR, LOVE, AND SERVE THE GOD AND SAVIOUR OF
THIS DEVOTED MISSIONARY!

Men and women of all ranks, creeds, and countries mourned the loss of this intrepid hero of the Cross, to whose memory Lord Macaulay wrote the following epitaph:—

"Here Martyn lies! In manhood's early bloom
The Christian hero found a pagan tomb;
Religion, sorrowing o'er her favourite son,
Points to the glorious trophies which he won—
Eternal trophies, not with slaughter red,
Not stained with tears by hopeless captives shed,
But trophies of the Cross; for that dear Name
Through every form of danger, death, and shame,
Onward he journeyed to a happier shore,
Where danger, death, and shame are known no more."

A score of years passed by, and again heralds of the Cross were seen entering Persia. Two travellers on horseback (the Rev. J. Perkins and his devoted wife) journeyed from

Trebizond to Erzeroum, and thence to Tabriz. They were sent out by the Presbyterian churches of distant New England, mainly for religious effort amongst the debased descendants of the once famous and flourishing Nestorian churches. After surmounting many hindrances and harassing obstacles, they were met by help from the English Embassy, and the courageous woman who had accomplished seven hundred miles on horseback was carried forward in a taktrawan, a sort of litter borne by mules. Three days after reaching Tabriz the lady was confined, and her life was despaired of; but the English residents (including three physicians) were unremitting in their kindness and attentions. Mr. Perkins, for the help rendered in various ways during a time of severe trial, ever after cherished a grateful affection for the English people. He

PERSIAN MOLLAH.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

remained nearly two years at Tabriz, till in 1835 Dr. Grant was sent out to his help, and the mission was established at Urumiah, beside the lake of the same name. It was a lovely, fertile region, ever smiling beneath skies of unclouded brightness, and with the air cooled by refreshing breezes. But the climate was treacherous and unhealthy, and fever and ophthalmia abounded in the homes of the country people. The lake was salt, and it was said that in its briny waters no fish could live, and that, like the Dead Sea, no man could sink beneath its surface.

In this district the venerable remnant of the ancient Nestorian Church was principally located. It was in the fifth century of our era that the Syrian Bishop Nestorius stood forth manfully to protest against the growing cult of the Virgin Mary, under the new title, "Mother of God." Through the influence of Cyril of Alexandria (the crafty and ambitious ecclesiastic who has been so well portrayed by Charles Kingsley), Nestorius was, at the Council of Ephesus, excommunicated as a heretic.

He died in exile, but the Syrian Christians remained loyal to their revered and persecuted bishop. The Nestorians became the dominant sect of Mesopotamia, and in their famous school at Edessa many Persian Christians were educated. From the seventh to the thirteenth centuries the Nestorian missions of Central and Eastern

FAMILY OF NESTORIANS.

Asia were active and flourishing. Gibbon states that under the rule of the Caliphs the Nestorian churches were found in all lands from Cyprus to China. The number of their adherents was vast, but there is reason to believe that the policy of grafting one religion on to another, instead of superseding it—a policy which has always found favour in Asia—was largely practised. Their churches are now mostly extinct, a mere remnant still residing in the Urumiah district and in the mountains of Kurdistan.

Perkins and Grant found the religion of these people to be of a more scriptural

and simple character than that of either the Roman, Greek, or Armenian Churches—image-worship, auricular confession, and the doctrine of purgatory being alike unknown amongst them. But their ignorance on many points was deplorable. Dr. Grant thought they must be a remnant of the Lost Ten Tribes, but further investigation did not support this theory; the good doctor was merely cherishing an illusion which seems to have a peculiar attractiveness for religious explorers. A formal worship was all that the Nestorians had retained of their ancient faith. They had about 170 fasts, upon which they pursued their callings, and as many festivals, when all work was abandoned for gross indulgence. They were excessive drinkers and inveterate liars, and profane swearing was universal. Oaths came as a matter of course, from the lips of the grey-haired sire or of the child just learning to talk. Apparently deriving no living power and no comfort from their religion, they yet upheld the name of Jesus in the midst of a people who reviled them as unclean dogs, and often despoiled them of their property.

Both by Mohammedans and Nestorians the missionaries seem to have been treated with great kindness and respect. The eyes of the people were so far opened as to see their own gross ignorance, and even bishops and priests came gladly to be taught in the school that was set up, while the missionaries were allowed to preach freely in the churches. In course of time numerous schools were opened in the villages, and many of the taught became teachers.

After six years of patient labour in the Urumiah district, Grant resolved to cross the frontier, and visit Julamertt, the metropolis of the independent Nestorians of Kurdistan, although he had been strongly advised not to attempt to penetrate this wild district, and had been warned that his life would be in danger. But the doctor was resolute and sanguine, and thus describes his sensations as he approached Lezan, the first of the independent Nestorian villages:—

"I set off at an early hour in the morning, and after a toilsome ascent of an hour and a half I found myself at the summit of the mountain, where a scene indescribably grand was spread out before me. The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild precipitous mountains broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the cheerful smiling villages, which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church, the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts, whose lofty snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. I retired to a sequestered pinnacle of a rock, where I could feast my eyes on the sublime spectacle, and pour out my heartfelt gratitude that I had been brought at length, through so many perils, to behold a country from which emanated the brightest beams of hope for the long benighted empire of Mohammedan delusion, by whose millions of votaries I was surrounded on every side."

Some time before, a blind youth dwelling among these mountains had heard of Dr. Grant's medical fame, and had managed to make his way from village to village

down into the Urumiah district. There Dr. Grant had cured him of cataract, and he was one of the first to meet the restorer of his sight and welcome him to the mountain fastnesses. The doctor found these independent Nestorians—many of whom had heard of him—very friendly, and he tarried amongst them for some time.

In 1843 war broke out between the Kurds and the Nestorians. Killing, burning, and destroying, the Kurd marauders went from village to village, leaving everywhere a scene of massacre and ruin. Dr. Grant, therefore, moved on to Mosul, where the missionaries, who had from time to time arrived to help in the work, were located. Here he was attacked by typhus fever and died.

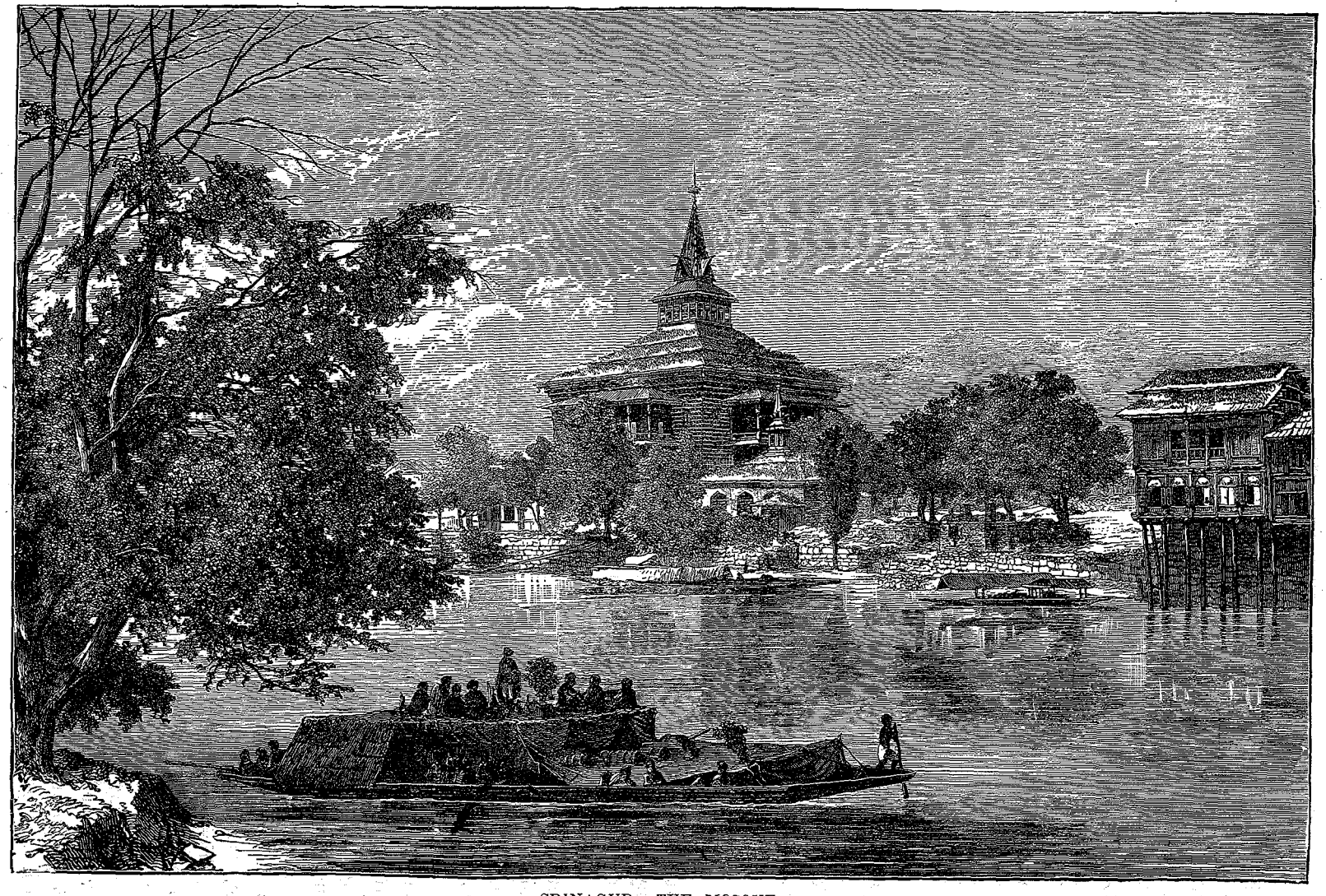
During the three weeks' struggle with the fever, all classes seemed anxiously watching. The French consul and the Turkish authorities were constant in their inquiries; and when all was over, the Nestorian Patriarch, Mar Shimon, who had fled from the mountains to Mosul, exclaimed—"My country and my people are gone; now Dr. Grant is also taken, and there remains nothing to me but God."

By various missionaries, acting under the American Board, the schools and other works in this district were maintained, and a printing press was kept in operation. We must not omit to mention that Dr. Grant translated the Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress" into the Syriac language.

When the Persian New Testament, which had been the crowning labour of Henry Martyn's life, came to be used by the missionaries in India, it was soon found that its many imperfections considerably detracted from its usefulness. It remained, however, the only available translation till 1868, when the Rev. R. Bruce set to work to make a new one. He was on his way home from India, when he halted in Persia to study the language more thoroughly. He settled at Julfa, near Ispahan, and from year to year obtained leave to stay; occupying his time mainly in translating, but occasionally in preaching and teaching, with the result that a few converts from Mohammedanism were baptised by him.

In 1871-72 came that terrible Persian famine, of which such appalling accounts were published. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce were enabled to feed 7,000 persons with the £16,000 placed in their hands by Christian sympathisers in England and Germany. There was a permanent outcome of this effort in the shape of an Orphanage, and the influence of Mr. Bruce and his wife was of course largely extended.

After a visit to England in 1875, Mr. Bruce returned as the recognised agent of the Church Missionary Society. He was met sixteen miles from Julfa by forty horsemen, Armenians, Jews, and Persians, who escorted him to his home. He had many difficulties to contend with; his schools were more than once closed by authority. On one occasion the Shah's son, the Prince-Governor, came to the institution in a very gracious mood, and professed himself well pleased with all that he saw going on. "From to-day this school is my school," he condescended to say; "you must call it after me, and if any one troubles you again, I will burn his father for him!" But the prince was very variable, and not long afterwards he stopped the building which was going forward, and connived at other annoyances. The Armenian and



SRINAGUR: THE MOSQUE.

Romish monks, who each had establishments here, put great difficulties in the way, even going so far as to assault and bastinado one or two of Mr. Bruce's adherents. Unfortunately the lives of some professed Christians residing in Persia were not such as to commend their religion to the favourable notice of the people; but, in spite of all these and other difficulties, Mr. Bruce's work gradually increased in extent and importance.

"We all know," said a Persian poet to him, "that before the end comes, Christianity will spread all over the world, and there are signs now that that time is near." Mr. Bruce asked, "What signs?" "Well, your being here is one of them." "Why, what am I doing?" said Mr. Bruce. "Ah! we all know what you are here for."

A near relative of the Shah on one occasion suddenly exclaimed, "Bruce, I have good news for you. Fifty years hence lots of the Persians will become Christians!" "How is that good news for me?" said Mr. Bruce; "I shall be dead long before that time." "Never mind," said the Persian, "the seed you are sowing will not be in vain."

A decided step in advance was taken when the Rev. Dr. E. F. Hoernole came out as a medical missionary, and a Dispensary was established. In 1883 Bishop French of Lahore, who wanted to see for himself what was being done by the Christian missionaries in this historic land, arrived at Bushire, and, following in the footsteps of Henry Martyn, passed through the rocky defiles to Shiraz. Thence he proceeded to Julfa, and was delighted at the cordial greeting he received from the numerous bands that came out to welcome him. During this visit sixty-seven converts received the rite of confirmation from the episcopal hands, and one Armenian was received into holy orders. As an agent for the Bible Society, Dr. Bruce has accomplished a great deal; his colporteurs have penetrated far and wide, and the people have been gradually leavened with a knowledge of the Scriptures.

There are said to be about a hundred thousand persons in Persia who consider themselves to belong to the new sect of the "Baabees." In their tenets Christianity, Islam, and Soofee are strangely mingled. They acknowledge that our Lord was divine, and that He is the Light—the Sun of Righteousness—but they declare that the founder of their sect, Beha, is also Christ. For holding these views many have been martyred. They show great friendliness towards Christians, and are willing to read any Christian literature that is placed before them.

But it is time for us to leave Persia; and, merely adding that the Christian flock at Julfa has increased to over two hundred, of whom half are communicants, we turn to another region of Central Asia.

Girt about by the mountain fastnesses which help to make up the frontier ramparts of India, lies the region so renowned in Eastern song and story as the "Vale of Cashmere." Kashmir (as it is more correctly designated) has been alternately a stronghold of Buddhism, of Brahmanism, and of Islam, and to the devout Hindoo every portion of the valley is holy ground. The so-called valley is really a diversified plateau, with hills that rise higher and higher till they mingle with the lowering heights that

surround the whole region. Across Kashmir flows the Jhelum River, and for two miles along its banks stands Srinagur, the City of the Sun, with its seven bridges spanning the broad river. For twelve hundred years Srinagur has seen its idol fanes reflected back from the clear waters of its lake and river; but only during the last quarter of a century has an effort been made to plant the standard of the Cross in this smiling land of poetry and romance.

In 1863 a visit was paid to Srinagur by two of the Lahore missionaries, with a view to future effort. In the following year the Rev. R. Clark and his wife rented a house in the city, and began to talk in a quiet way to any one who was disposed to listen to them. The result was a tumult. A mob of over a thousand persons came to the house, pelted it with stones, and threatened to set it on fire. The few inquirers who dared to come to see the missionaries were molested; one of them, Husn Shah, who persisted in coming, was beaten and imprisoned, with logs of wood fastened to his limbs. Mrs. Clark had considerable medical skill, and as many as eighty patients were in daily attendance on her when the month of October came, and, in accordance with the law as it then stood, all Europeans had to leave Kashmir for the six winter months.

As it had become evident that there was no opening in Kashmir for mission-work except in connection with the treatment of the sick, the Church Missionary Society resolved to establish a medical mission at Srinagur, and inquiries were made for a suitable person to send out for the work. They found him at the Cowgate Dispensary of the Edinburgh Medical Mission Society, panting for a wider field of service. William Jackson Elmslie was born in 1832 at Aberdeen, his mother being a spiritually minded woman of considerable intellectual power. With a view to bettering their circumstances, the family came up to London; but they did not prosper: the father became ill, and then the mother was prostrated with typhus fever of a malignant character. A day came when their only servant fled in dismay, and the child of eight was alone with the two helpless ones, his mother becoming alarmingly worse. He ran into the street with a vague idea of finding the doctor, but knew not which way to turn or where to go. "God help me!" he exclaimed; and his prayer was answered. A passer-by heard the words, made inquiries, and introduced the child to a doctor, who became a true friend to the family, and, after helping them to regain their health, aided them in getting back amongst their own people in the "Granite City."

At nine years of age, William was apprenticed to his father's trade—that of a shoemaker. Unlike William Carey, he learned so to excel in fine work as to materially aid the finances of the family, while his mother superintended his education in the evenings until he was able to attend the grammar school. At school, and afterwards at the University, he was still (either by his trade or by teaching pupils) the chief support of the home, his father, in consequence of failing health, being unable to earn a livelihood.

Young Elmslie, like David Livingstone, panted after knowledge, and spared no pains to obtain it. "He used to fix his book in the 'clambs' (an instrument

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employed for holding the leather), and placing these conveniently in front of him, he learned to pick up right quickly a sentence from Zumpt, or a line from Homer, or any other book; and thus he stitched and studied for many long weary years."

A fellow-student of Elmslie's gives a graphic picture of his indomitable energy:—"William's work," he says, "was harder than mine, for his father's failing health and eyesight made him more and more dependent on his son's exertions. On this account he undertook an engagement to teach in a school in Aberdeen, and he had also several private pupils. We were students of the same year, and I shared the room with him in his parents' house. We both worked hard. It was no unusual thing for us to restrict ourselves to five hours' sleep. We engaged a watchman to waken us at three o'clock every morning; and we took it in turns to rise first, kindle the fire and boil the coffee, which Mrs. Elmslie had made ready the night before."

After taking his degree, he spent a year as private tutor to a Scotch family in Italy. A friendship formed at Florence with the Rev. Mr. Hannah led him on his return to think first of the ministry, then of the foreign mission-field, and, as he pondered the subject, he saw the close natural alliance between healing and teaching. Accordingly he resumed his studies, took a medical degree, and was working, as we have said, at the Cowgate Dispensary, when, notwithstanding the fact that he was a Presbyterian, the Church Missionary Society laid hands upon him and sent him out to Kashmir.

The long voyage over, in due time Elmslie found himself, in company with a native catechist, journeying up from Lahore into the mountain-girt valley of the Jhelum. At every village he gathered together all the sick people he could find, and did the best he could for them. He found the men sturdy and handsome, the women with sprightly faces, in striking contrast to the expressionless countenances of Hindoo women; but the universal garment—apparently a loose woollen nightgown—was very disfiguring. Their houses were tumble-down wooden sheds, and when a fire was lit, the smoke could only curl away from the trellised windows. As a rule, however, the Kashmiris carry their own fires in cold weather—earthen pots of charcoal—between the woollen dress and the bare skin, often rendering the bearer a fit object for the exercise of medical skill.

Dr. Elmslie was delighted with the varied and romantic scenery; the rocky ravines and solitary tarns near the mountain passes, that formed the gateways into the valley; the plains, covered with wild flowers, amongst the lower hills; the wild mingling of lakes, rocks, and groves, of orchards, brooks, and fountains; the quaint scattered villages; the massive ruins, said to have been piled by giant builders of old time: all these combined to present a succession of delightful landscapes. But the ever-present thought was the misery of the inhabitants. In a State created and protected by England, the people are shamefully oppressed. The Maharajah robs them of half the results of their labour, and the officials who collect it take half the remainder: and therefore the lands are neglected, the towns are falling to ruin, and the one thing everywhere abundant in the country is dirt. It must be added that in Kashmir unbridled immorality is the ordinary rule of life, and many an Englishman

has gone to the valley in the full flush of perfect health, and after a six months' residence there has returned broken up and ruined for life.

Such was the field of labour to which our Scottish evangelist came, with intent to heal diseases, and preach the Gospel in the name of Jesus. He opened his dispensary at Srinagur, and soon had candidates for medical treatment about him. At intervals he and his catechist, Quadir, made visits to neighbouring villages to make the dispensary known, although the Mollahs (or priests) sometimes interfered. This was especially the case at Hazral Bal, a place held peculiarly sacred, inasmuch as its shrine is said to contain a genuine hair from Mahomet's beard. A little way from the river-bank stands the temple, with a broad track of greensward in front of it, upon which at the annual festival a vast congregation of worshippers assemble from all parts of the country. Behind the temple is a straggling village, and Elmslie and Quadir had collected a number of the inhabitants, and were reading to them, when the Mollahs rushed upon the company and sent the people to their homes, applying a rope's-end vigorously to those who did not move off fast enough.

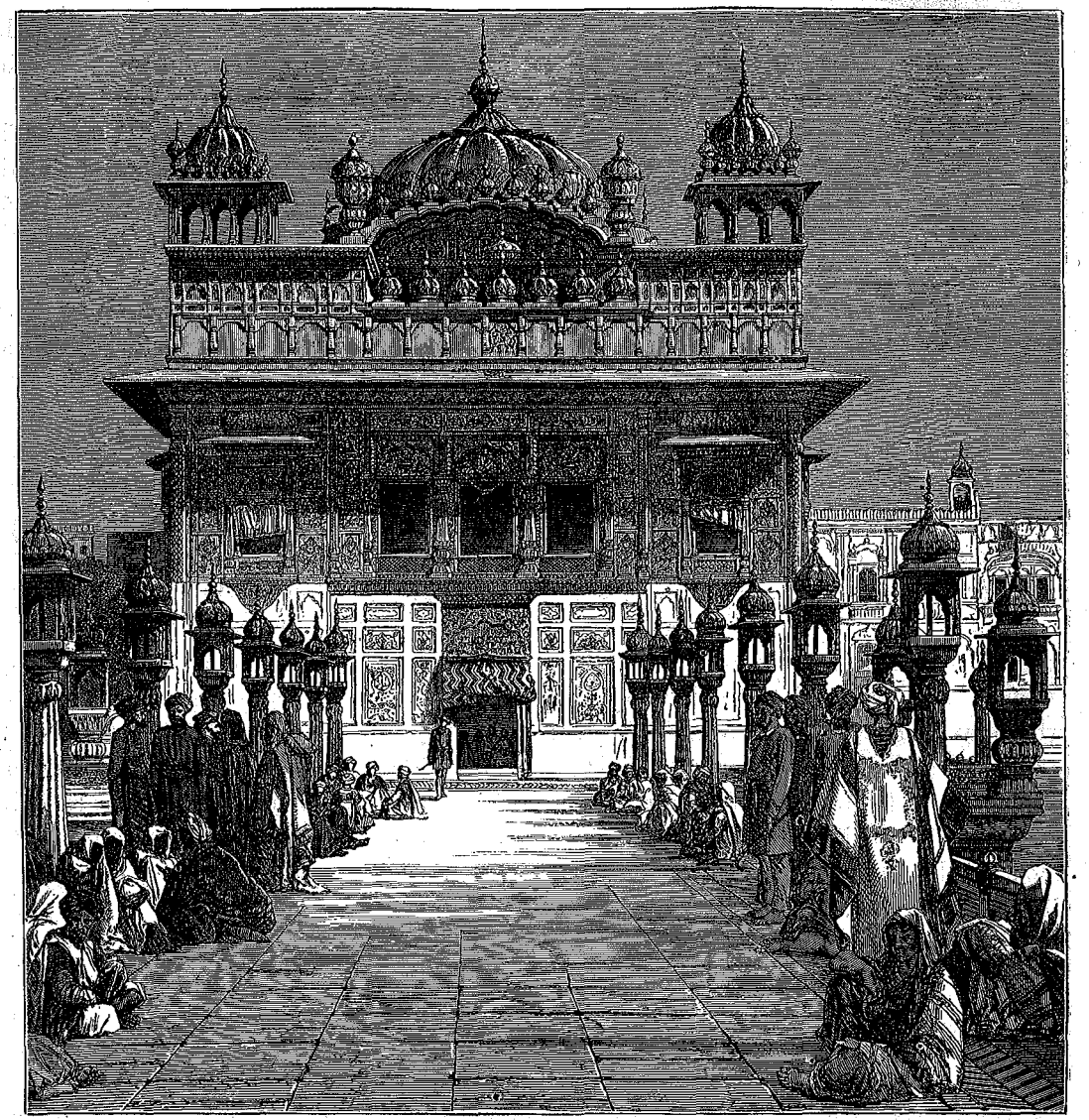
Elmslie retired to Amritsar in October, and helped the mission cause there till he could again resume work at Srinagur in the spring. The Maharajah offered him £1,200 a year to give up mission-work and enter his service as chief medical man, but Elmslie declined the tempting offer. During his third season, in 1866, he was still greatly hindered; the Government dispensary was notoriously inefficient, yet people were threatened with fine and imprisonment if they went to Elmslie's establishment. Some were waylaid and beaten. Nevertheless, the people came, and not only received treatment, but sat out the meetings, and two attenders were baptised. Even Dr. Elmslie's outside visits to scores of cholera patients were forbidden; but he felt it right to persevere and take no notice of the prohibition.

Bishop Cotton paid a visit to Kashmir, and thus wrote respecting the people and the prospects of Gospel work amongst them:—"The people nearly all seemed in a state of dirt and squalor, and certainly the work of Christianising such a population, under such a Sovereign, seems at present, humanly speaking, impossible; no European being allowed to stay in the valley during the winter, so that any little good which might be done is annually suspended for some months. The case seems one in which we can only say, 'O that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!' and leave in God's hands the means of rescuing these crowds from their miserable condition. Meanwhile, I believe that Elmslie is knocking at the only gate which has any chance of being opened, and that his labours deserve all help and encouragement."

Again, after witnessing Dr. Elmslie's reception of his patients in the mission house at Srinagur, and hearing the Gospel addresses, the same worthy bishop wrote:—"Altogether, considering the ignorance and wretchedness of the patients, and the entirely disinterested character of the mission, the scene appeared to me most interesting and edifying, and could not fail to remind me of Him who went about all Galilee preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of disease among the people."

The character of Elmslie's work at Srinagur is shown in the following extract from a letter to his mother, dated August 11th, 1866:—"You will be happy to hear

that in a medical point of view my work in Kashmir is prospering. In spite of opposition on the part of the local authorities, the work continues to progress. A few days ago I had as many as one hundred and eighty-three patients, and at this moment a fine-looking elderly Mussulman Frank, from the east end of the valley, has called to ask



TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR.

my advice. Many of my patients come from a great distance, and never a day passes without one or two surgical operations. The result is that I am becoming more and more expert in this department. At present, three men are living in my tent who were totally blind, but now they see. As to spiritual fruit, I wish I had something more definite to say."

Elmslie was always anxious to avoid giving cause of offence, even to the prejudices of those among whom he laboured. To this end he became a strict abstainer from wine or any intoxicating liquor, solely that he might not be a stumbling-block. And it was remarked that, in this respect, he was a better Mohammedan than the Mohammedans themselves.

In 1870 Elmslie visited Scotland, where he overworked himself in completing his Kashmiri dictionary, for which he had been for some time collecting and preparing materials in the intervals of other labours. (Here we may anticipate matters by stating that a complete copy of this important work only reached India the day after its compiler's lamented death.) Before leaving Scotland, in 1872, Mr. Elmslie married Miss Duncan, who proceeded with him to Kashmir, and proved herself a truly devoted wife in the last scenes of his career. The lady thus graphically describes their mode of life as they were journeying from Lahore towards Srinagur:—

"Marching orders were—up at half-past four, breakfast at a quarter-past five, off at twenty minutes from six; servants on before to have regular breakfast ready half-way. I reach first, being carried in a dandy, spread the carpet and table-cloth in a pleasant place, sometimes under pomegranate and rose trees, and sometimes by a waterfall. Then come the weary walkers, and don't we make a hearty breakfast! The rest of the way is the fatiguing part, as the sun is up, and the climbing and rough walking are trying. We reach the next stage about half-past eleven, have tea as soon as water can be got, then rest, write or read till dinner at five, after which the doctor gathers the servants together, and the sick who have come for advice. It makes a picturesque group—about forty natives all seated on the grass, the old catechist arranging things, the native medical assistant and his wife, with the large khitta full of medicines, and Mr. Wade in white costume, leaning forward in his arm-chair, reading and speaking with the people, who always answer him, sometimes with arguments, which he shows great tact in meeting, while the doctor prescribes. He has met with some interesting cases; one poor sufferer is to follow us to Srinagur, as he requires a serious operation. It was touching to see his old father weeping over him. One woman with fever was brought on the back of her husband. The twilight is short; and after the sick people leave, we have a little chat, then prayers, and off to bed."

Mrs. Elmslie goes on to tell how horrified she was at her first sight of a Kashmir bungalow—a large mud hut, unfurnished, insufficiently plastered, and with floors so dirty "that you felt ashamed of your boots after once crossing the floor." The fine-looking people pleased her, but she marvelled at their ragged garments, brown with age and dirt.

At Krishnagar they obtained a house, approached by a flight of steps from the river, and with a large garden full of delicious roses, among which the waiting patients could wander. A time of hard work set in—the attendance rose to 170 daily, many of the cases requiring serious operations. Dr. Elmslie was often quite exhausted. A native Christian and the Rev. T. R. Wade (who had joined him) spent their time in Gospel work among the patients. The authorities ceased now to hinder the work, though they would have liked the healing without the teaching.

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In August of that year there were disastrous floods in the valley, through the melting of snow on the mountains. The mission house was surrounded, and its occupants were permitted to live for a time in a royal pleasure-house on a mountain terrace, half-hidden in thick forest foliage. The pavilion, sixty feet by forty, had sixteen columns supporting its brilliant roof, and Mrs. Elmslie thought she and her husband looked so small sitting there in their crimson chairs! Across the middle of the hall ran a clear stream, which made it deliciously cool, and, through the thick foliage and the many sparkling fountains outside, they caught glimpses of the glittering lake and the distant snow-capped mountains.

It was a pleasant change, but they were glad to get back to their own house as soon as the water subsided, for with the return of October would come the necessity for the annual migration. A special application to remain and continue the medical treatment, upon which so many were now dependent, was refused. There had been three thousand patients during the summer, and over two hundred surgical operations.

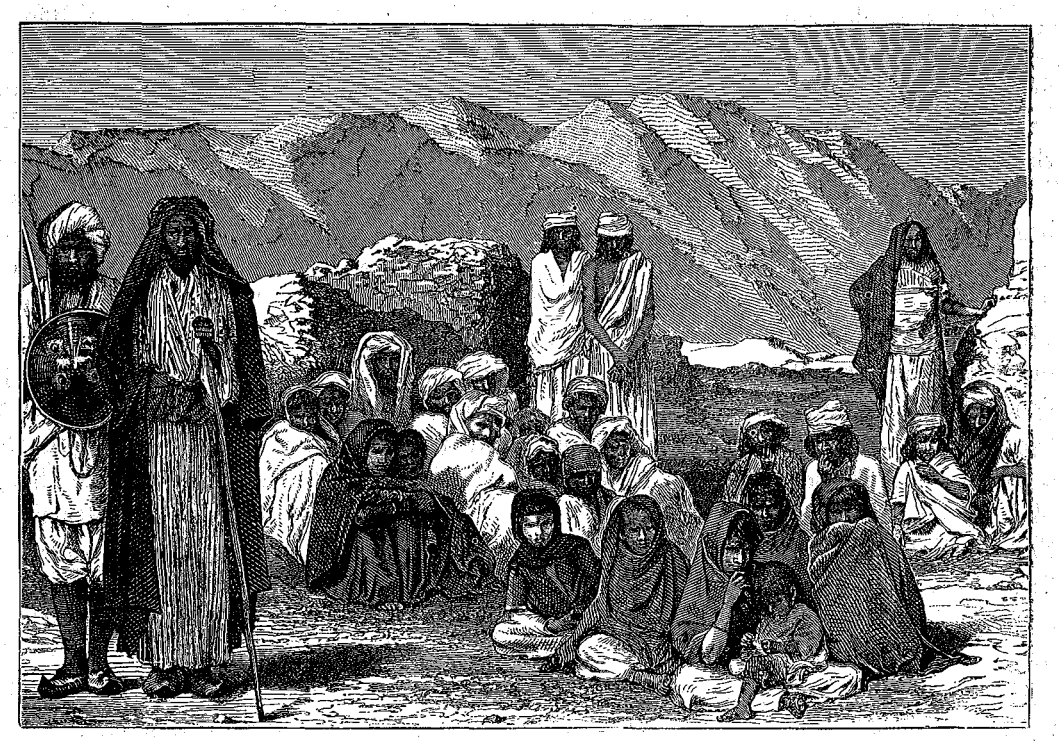
They had not got far upon their journey southward before Elmslie's strength began to flag. His wife insisted upon his using the dandy chair, and she followed on foot. Each stage of the journey was about sixteen miles, and difficulties and even dangers were abundant. Mrs. Elmslie declares, that no one who has not crossed the Pir Panjal can have any idea of the awful precipices passed, or of the roads, often mere cuttings, hardly broad enough to walk upon, along the sides of almost perpendicular mountain walls, towering to the height of 12,000 feet. Mr. Elmslie was very weary when they reached Hanpur, and the next day there was before them a twenty miles' ascent to the region of snow and ice. Too anxious to take thought of herself, the heroic woman walked the whole distance, and even felt strengthened by the bracing mountain air. That night they had a comfortable room and a good log fire. Elmslie was almost breathless, and racked with pain, and all night long in that solitary resting-place, at an altitude of 11,900 feet, the faithful wife replenished the log fire, and watched over her dying husband.

"We went on next day over the snows," writes Mrs. Elmslie. "He never walked now. Many, many a time, as I turned the corner and saw the bearers carrying him over the brink of such awful abysses, my heart stood still with horror, and I could only cry to God to strengthen them. Once a man slipped his foot, but mercifully the path was just at that place a little wider. However, it distressed us both very much, for my darling was in a terribly nervous state; and such a perilous mode of travelling, over places where the missing of a foot must have caused death, was a great, great trial. Sixteen miles brought us to Poohiana, and there William insisted on the bearers keeping a slow pace in case of losing sight of me, as there were many tracks of bears, and one large one was quite near us."

Thus carried forward by day, and poorly accommodated at night in wretched bungalows, or in the tent when weather permitted, the poor invalid was at last brought to Goojerat. His sufferings during the journey had been very severe, especially for the last few days, and his faithful and devoted wife was almost worn out with anxiety and unremitting attention. At Goojerat, the Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs.

Perkins, did everything which Christian sympathy could prompt; medical aid, suitable nourishment, and everything, were all now available, but it was too late. On November 18th the sainted spirit passed to its eternal home.

"I gazed once more," writes Mr. Clark, "on his well-known features as he lay peaceably in his coffin. There was an expression of repose on his face; there was even a smile—the smile of rest and victory. And we laid him there to rest on the battle-field, where the whole Punjaub had been won by English arms; and there he quietly sleeps, awaiting the resurrection of the dead."



Afghans.

When the sorrowing widow reached Lahore, she received a letter, dated the very day after her husband's death, giving permission for any European not in the service of Government to remain in Kashmir all the year round. For the repeal of this annual banishment her husband had prayed and striven: had it been repealed earlier, the last fatal journey need not have been undertaken.

Dr. Elmslie's work has been carried on and extended by Dr. Maxwell, the Rev. J. H. Knowles, and others. There is now a hospital, and various agencies have sprung up in connection with the work. The hospital has neither chairs for the doctor nor beds for the patients: each patient has a yard or two of matting, a stout rug, and a big blanket; the missionary sits down on the floor amongst them all, and teaches. The Medical Mission at Srinagur was of incalculable advantage to the people

during the famine of 1880, and also after the terrible earthquake of 1884, by which 3,000 lives were lost and 7,000 houses destroyed.

We must not turn away from these glimpses of mission-life "in the Far East" without glancing for a moment at Afghanistan, a country whose warlike and semi-barbarous rulers and people have for centuries jealously barred every avenue by which Western civilisation and religion might penetrate their territory; and, indeed, up to the present time, it is only by working at various points on the British frontier that means have been found for reaching a few of the inhabitants of this country. Two mission stations were kept up on the border by Mr. Gordon, who was killed at Candahar on August 16th, 1880. Some other frontier stations have also been established, of which the most important is that at Peshawur. As early as 1853, the work began here, and after thirty years of patient endeavour and steady prayerful labour, sufficient progress had been made to warrant the erection of a handsome church, which, in 1883, was opened and solemnly dedicated in the presence of a numerous gathering of British officers and Afghan chiefs. It is a beautiful cruciform church, adorned with painted windows. The handsome screen, pulpit, and communion-table are constructed of richly carved woodwork, executed by native artificers. The dome-covered cupola is a conspicuous object from far and near—a citadel of Christianity on the very frontier of an alien faith. The influence of this mission amongst the inhabitants of the Afghan villages across the border has been really remarkable. When the mission was founded, it was only at the peril of his life that any one could venture outside the encampment; but of late years it has been perfectly safe to go alone to the villages in the neighbourhood. At the time the church was opened, there were 400 scholars under missionary care, of whom many were receiving advanced education.

One very interesting feature in the missionary arrangements at Peshawur has been the "Guest House." It has been exceedingly popular: men from all parts of Central Asia have been received here, and copies of the Scriptures and other works in their own languages have been distributed amongst them. The chief, the farmer, the peasant—any one has been welcome to stay in the compound for two days free, and then as long as they like at a small charge.

There have been no stirring incidents to record in connection with this mission, but much steady progress. In 1886 the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visited Peshawur, and were very much gratified by their inspection of the schools. It was in the same year that Christian enterprise made another move forward in this region. The Rev. G. Shire, of the Scindh Mission, began work at Quetta, the British outpost beyond the Bolan Pass. He died suddenly soon after settling there, but his work has been taken up, and is being carried forward by a clergyman of experience and a medical missionary.

XVI.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANTIGUA AND ST. VINCENT.

Nathaniel Gilbert and John Wesley—Laymen as Preachers—John Baxter, Shipwright—Antigua—Pious Negroes—Christmas, 1786—Dr. Coke—Arrival at Antigua—The Slave Traffic—Exploration of the Islands—St. Vincent—The Caribs—Matthew Lumb—Cast into Prison—Polygamy—Wreck of the Mail Boat.

EARLY in the year 1758, a weary-looking invalid, with face browned by long exposure to a tropical sun, might have been seen walking about Wandsworth Common. He was a lawyer by profession, and the Speaker of the House of Assembly in the island of Antigua. Driven by ill-health to make a sojourn in England, he little expected that while its bracing winter air was to infuse fresh vitality into his languid frame, a spiritual breath was also to quicken his inner moral being and to make a true and living man of him. On the 17th of January in that year, John Wesley somehow came to preach in the house where this Honourable Nathaniel Gilbert was living. Strange preacher! and strange new school of religion, with its hot zeal for righteousness, and a new-born, fiery enthusiasm for the poor, the down-trodden, the forgotten of the earth, for the Indians of Georgia (whom Wesley went to help), and for the darker savages who lurked in the slums of London, or toiled in the mines of Cornwall. Quite unawares to Wesley, it was now to affect for good the poor negroes of the West Indies.

Two negro slaves in the Antigua Speaker's household sat there listening to Wesley with rapt attention, and they were so swayed by the great preacher's simple and touching message that both were baptised, Wesley saying of one of them, as the swarthy convert was received into the fold, that this was the first regenerated African he had ever seen. Mr. Gilbert also became a devoted follower of John Wesley, was frequently to be seen at the preacher's feet, and on returning to Antigua, a stronger man in body and soul, made open and joyful confession of the freedom he had obtained from spiritual slavery.

It was not an easy part the good man had now to perform. His official rank and social position rendered him a conspicuous target for the sneers and gibes of those on the island, to whom the calm joys and compelling enthusiasms of the religious life were unknown. It seemed to them bad enough and ridiculous enough for a gentleman to pose as a religious man in private life; but when Mr. Gilbert sought to gather the slaves of his own and surrounding estates to hear him publicly read one of the new sermons which were moving English society, and to join in singing those sweet and stirring hymns which were beginning to touch and quicken the hearts of the great Anglo-Saxon race, language was not rich enough in expletives to fully convey the detestation and contempt which "sober common sense" everywhere felt for such dangerous fanaticism!

Now and again a cheering letter would come across the seas from the great master

of the Wesleyan movement, for with John Wesley Mr. Gilbert kept up a constant correspondence. Sometimes Gilbert himself would preach, and one or two members of his own family afterwards joined him in the spiritual campaign, till a little band of negro converts was formed around him, which grew and kept growing till a goodly Christian society was built up in Antigua.

At last this good man was called to his rest, and who was to carry on this hotly opposed work? No recognised preacher or evangelist had yet come out to them from the Methodists at home. It will be remembered, as Mr. Green, in his "Short History of the English People," has said, that John Wesley "condemned and fought against the admission of laymen as preachers, till he found himself left with none but laymen to preach,"—though the same writer goes on to explain that when Wesley was driven to accept their help in the ministry, "he made their work a new and attractive feature in his system." But what would John Wesley, in the earlier stage of his career as an ecclesiastical organiser, have thought, if he had been told that this new Christian community, built up under the shelter of his own name and reputation, was to be kept in order and vitality by two elderly negresses who were still slaves?

It is not quite clear now whether these women—Mary Alley and Sophia Campbell—were the same two slaves who had been converted by Wesley's preaching in England; but it is very probable that they were. As one of the later Wesleyan missionaries has recorded, "It is evident that they were unwearied in their efforts to do good, by holding prayer meetings and other religious services, among their fellow-negroes almost every evening, till the Lord of the harvest provided more efficient help." This was soon to come, in good quantity, of excellent quality, and by a somewhat striking method.

Mr. Green, whom we have already quoted, has poked some gentle fun at Mr. Wesley's "childish fanaticism," his extravagance and superstition; how he filled the world he lived in with marvels of Divine interposition, so that the rain miraculously stopped when he wished to go on a journey, or Heaven fiercely poured hailstones on a village which declined to listen to his exhortations; and how his horse's lameness and his own headache vanished in a mood of faith. Well, good Methodists besides John Wesley, and others not Methodists, before and after him, have been fond enough to believe that the great world is not a mere grim, feelingless machine, but that it has a warm, loving Heart behind it, really full of compassionate interest in the doings and welfare of the meanest of earth's children. And the shepherdless negro flock at Antigua felt that Heaven had not quite forgotten them, when an incident occurred that we must now relate.

A young man named John Baxter had been labouring as a shipwright in the Government dockyards at Chatham for some twelve years, and then he had been led to join the great Wesleyan movement which was stirring the life of England to its centre. That awful time, too, had arrived, when it seemed that the whole civilised world was angrily banded against England, which was still to remain, however, practically the mistress of the seas.

John Baxter, who had been made a local preacher, like a true patriot offered to go on Government service where shipwrights might then be specially needed; and, with other workmates, he embarked on the *Active*, for Antigua, in February of the memorable year 1778.

They sailed under the protection of a convoy, for American privateers and other sea-foes were keeping keen watch upon the main ocean routes. It took the good ship seven weeks to cross the Atlantic, and Baxter had some bitter experiences on board, profanity and lawless brutality grating especially on his new-born love for holiness.

As fair clusters of pink and purple islets, basking in unshadowed sunlight, began to glimmer hazily on the horizon, the British war-ship *Yarmouth*, of sixty-four guns, came in sight to protect them, and not a moment too soon, for the Yankees came up swiftly, and a fearful combat ensued, of which Mr. Moister, a Wesleyan missionary, records some particulars. The American captain ordered the Britisher to lower three boats and come on board, under penalty of being sunk by a broadside. The *Yarmouth* replied with such vigour that in less than half an hour the American cruiser was blown into stars and stripes; "and out of the three hundred and five men, only four escaped, who floated on the sea for four days, clinging to portions of the wreck, before they were taken up by the *Yarmouth*. Five Englishmen were also killed in the action, and several wounded."

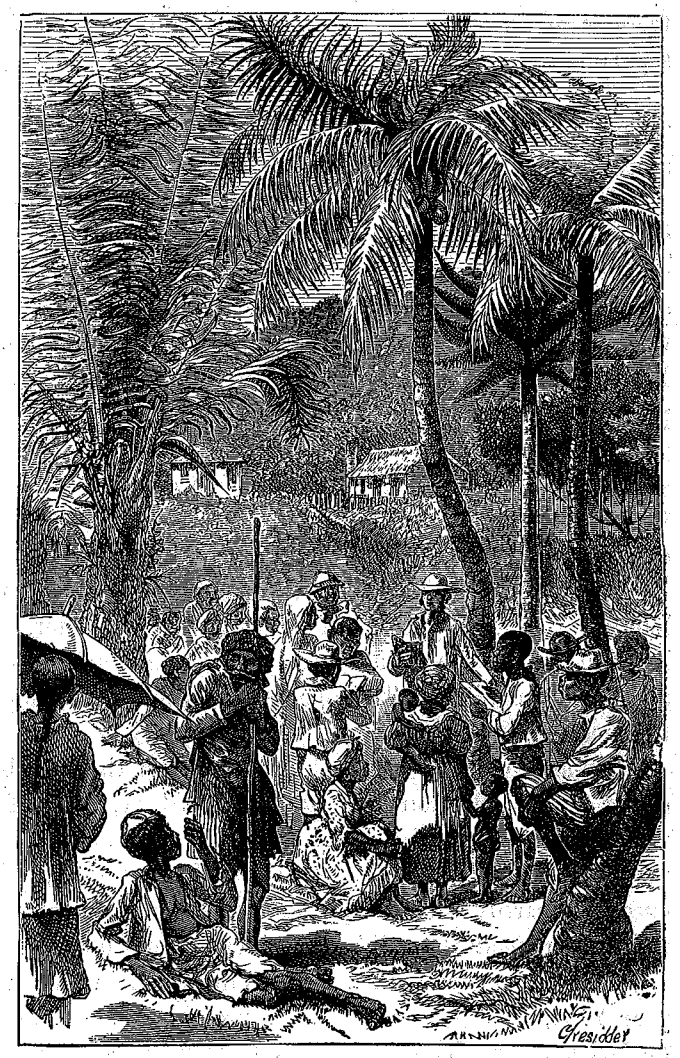
JOHN WESLEY.

Mr. Baxter, after a little delay, got at last safely into English harbour, Antigua, though by a rather roundabout way. This was on April the 2nd, and on the same day he made straight for the town of St. John's, the capital of the island.

Antigua is a low-lying, not very picturesque island, about fifty miles in circumference, and of the West Indian Islands it is next in size to Jamaica. It lies in latitude 17° 6′ north, and in longitude 61° 50′ west. This important British possession has always been noted for the striking deficiency of its water-courses and springs, the aboriginal Caribs even having deserted it on that account, so that when the French first visited it in 1629 they found no inhabitants there. Antigua had been discovered and taken possession of by Columbus, but the Spaniards found that they could not make much of it, so the island passed from their hands into that of the French, and finally came to be a British possession in 1668. Water is now artificially collected and stored in tanks with much care. Cotton used to be grown, but it was almost displaced

by the sugar-cane; many kinds of fruits are cultivated, and good vegetables are produced in abundance on the island.

Glad indeed were the pious negroes to have the aid of their clever white brother from Chatham, and Mr. Baxter had an audience of thirty at his first attempt to address the slaves, which was on the very day after his arrival in Antigua. On the following Sunday afternoon, he was greatly surprised and pleased to have a crowd of sable listeners numbering between four and five hundred. Very soon after his arrival we find him writing to John Wesley: "The old members desire me to let you know that you have many spiritual children in Antigua whom you never saw. I hope, sir, we shall have an interest in your prayers, and that all our Christian friends will pray for us. I think God has sent me here for good to the poor souls, who are glad to hear the Word, but who are unable to maintain a preacher."



A METHODIST MEETING.

The moral influence of this earnest Christian shipwright upon the negro population was immediate and most powerful, and the poor people were so eager to hear him preach, that they would sometimes walk a distance of seven or ten miles to the services. It has somehow come to pass, that our ebon brothers and sisters working in the plantations are considered to be of rather high morals. Perhaps this popular impression has arisen from the frequent association in literature of the negro with camp meetings, "jubilee" hymn-singing, and the like. But before Gilbert and Baxter lifted the standard of the Cross in Antigua, there was little to justify such an impression as to the slave population there. Every form of impurity—open, unabashed—was prevalent; and indeed, how could it be otherwise when men and women were reduced to the level of cattle to be bought and sold? Soon, however, light began

to dawn, and some degree of moral order took the place of a dismal chaos no colours could paint darkly enough. But the task of the torch-bearer was not an easy one. Baxter was an indefatigable pedestrian, and, after his own business was over for the day, he would trudge ten or twelve miles to some steamy plantation or obscure hamlet, to preach the Gospel to the negroes, returning amid heavy tropical dews—so often fatal—to snatch a few hours' sleep before resuming his secular work.

The effect of these unselfish labours on the minds of the poor blacks was marvellous; nor did this brave man shrink from flashing the light of God's holy law searchingly into the foul recesses of certain rich men's lives, to their dismay.

Not long after he came to Antigua a great drought arose there, and food became so scarce that the negroes had at last to live on a measured pint of horse-beans for each day. Baxter, in the religious spirit of his sect and times, wished the authorities to appoint a day of solemn fasting, humiliation, and prayer throughout the island, but this they would not do. However, he got the Christians to keep holy a certain Friday with this object, and he writes thus to Mr. Wesley about the result of their petitions:—"It is remarkable that even while we were assembled for prayer, the Lord granted our request, by sending the showers down in great abundance; and at the same time that He was pouring floods on the dry ground, the times of refreshing came from His presence in such a manner that many were constrained to cry, 'My cup runs over.'"

Baxter, assisted by a few friends of the cause, now laboured with his own hands at the erection of a little chapel; for, although the Methodist Society had in three years increased to a membership of six hundred, the people were absolutely penniless. The opening of their first chapel in Antigua was a great day for the negroes.

By-and-bye this good shipwright, like the sensible man he was, fell in love. The object of his affections was an Antigua lady, born of a good family there, and brought up, as one writes who knew her well, "in all that ease and luxury which is peculiar to affluence in the West Indies." Yet she proved to be a worthy helpmate, and entered heartily into every effort for the good of the people, going at last with him to live amongst the wild aborigines in another island.

The change of field was brought about in this way:—On a stormy morning in the year 1786, Baxter, adorned with preacher's band, in the stiff manner of his times, was on his way to chapel. It was Christmas, and he had many thoughts of the far-off land where old friends would be gathered at such a season. As he was thus meditating he was greeted by a small party of Englishmen, hoary with the salt spray of the Atlantic, and all bearing the unmistakable tokens of recent arrival from the sweet home-land. The spokesman of the party was a lively little ruddy-cheeked man, who, rather slyly and with much expression, asked for Mr. Baxter and his chapel. This was Dr. Coke, first "Bishop" of the Methodist Church, and who was accompanied by Messrs. Hammett, Clarke, and Warrener. They soon told how that, storm-stressed and nearly shipwrecked on their way to America, they had, perforce and quite unintentionally,

taken refuge in the island of Antigua, of which they knew something through Baxter's correspondence with Wesley.

Dr. Coke was a remarkable man, who did a great deal for the new movement initiated by Wesley, and spent a fortune in establishing the Wesleyan missions to the West Indies. The son of a Brecon apothecary, he became a learned Churchman, attaining the degree of D.D. of Oxford and then that of LL.D., after which he joined Wesley, and was made Superintendent or Bishop. He used to preach to great crowds in the green fields now occupied by Tavistock Square—a little man, just over five feet in height, with a high-pitched but melodious voice, rising when he became excited in feeling to a shrill and almost penetrating scream, not without effect upon the emotions of his hearers.

The salt-encrusted travellers told Baxter how they had contended with baffling winds for ten weeks, the ship being leaky, and ill supplied with drinking-water and fresh provisions, and how the sailors would come into the cabin, each with some new horror to tell of, worse than the last, like the messengers to Job.

Dr. Coke's notes made on this, and on some eighteen subsequent voyages—he came to be called "the flying angel"—are quite interesting to read at the present day. They show a mind of varied and high culture, and of a quick and clear perception, natural phenomena being described in language fairly accurate and lucid, yet free from any scientific preconception, thus manifesting a faculty rare in travellers of his period, or, indeed, of any other. His reading was varied and extensive, and his sympathies were of the most catholic kind. On his first voyage, while suffering from the effects of sea-sickness, he read the life of Francis Xavier, and we find him exclaiming, "O for a soul like his! But, glory be to God, there is nothing impossible to Him. I seem to want the wings of an eagle, and the voice of a trumpet, that I may proclaim the Gospel through the east and the west, and the north and the south." Then he turned for a change to Virgil, in whom the turmoil of the sea reveals new beauties; while the words of the pagan poet,

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus,

sound to the hearty little Christian "bishop" as, "God has provided for us these sweet hours of retirement, and He shall be my God for ever." Anon, he turned to the gentle pages of Spenser, and records his astonishment that they are so little read by the Englishmen of his day. "With such company as the above," he writes, meaning Virgil, Spenser, Xavier, and the Inspired Writers, "I could live contentedly in a tub."

In some respects a tub might have been more comfortable than the ship in which they sailed, for the captain was not always a model of courtesy. During the height of the final hurricane which drove them to take shelter in Antigua, he went about muttering in a most threatening manner, "We have got a Jonah on board! we have got a Jonah on board!" and, as if to indicate more precisely the object of this Scriptural allusion, he threw the doctor's precious books overboard in a fury, treated the gentle bishop with great roughness, and swore a round oath, with fiery face and menacing gestures, that if he uttered another prayer on board he should be thrown

into the sea. The man was angry; but besides this, or rather as the cause of it, there lay the strongly rooted superstition of seafaring men about parsons bringing disasters to the ships they sail in!

With peaceful, grateful hearts these new friends wended their way to the chapel Baxter had built. To Dr. Coke's great surprise, there were seated, in or around it, an audience of about one thousand attentive negroes, whose dark faces stirred his heart, and in his shrill manner he gave utterance to an address which had a great effect upon the emotions of his audience. He felt that God's mysterious ways had led them thither, and that something was to grow out of the event. Writing home, he says, "At Baxter's I had one of the cleanest audiences I ever saw. All the negro women were dressed in white linen gowns, petticoats, handkerchiefs, and caps; and I did not see the least spot on any of them. The men were also dressed as neatly."

It is clear from this one little glimpse, that Christianity had already raised the slaves socially, and was preparing them for the freedom they were by-and-bye to obtain, but not without tears and blood.

It was this great secondary object, the liberation of the negro, that constantly inspired the movements of Dr. Coke. He wished to secure the immediate stoppage of the slave traffic, and not only to effect its entire abolition, but also to secure the speedy release of those who were already in bondage. He visited the great George Washington with this burning project in his bosom, and had the honour of dining with the truthful President—"a plain country gentleman"—who talked over the plan of setting the slaves free, and politely shelved it with all the cold skill of the conventional diplomatist. No progress could be made through *that* pathway.

This kind-hearted agitator was struck with the callous brutality of the traffic, as it dawned upon him in concrete form, both in the West Indies and in the United States, and many little incidents of the period are, indeed, full of pathos. Two young negro sisters were sold to different planters on their arrival from Africa, and were very widely separated. Some time afterwards, however, they were amazed on meeting each other in an auction room, where they were bought up by the same planter. This was at Antigua, at the time of which we are writing.

Incidentally it is mentioned that, when there had been in Antigua an unusually large crop of sugar, a correspondingly heavy mortality amongst the slave population occurred during the same season. The reason assigned for this coincidence was the prevalence of moisture, causing at once heavy growth of cane, and such diseases as diarrhœa, dysentery, and the like, which are favoured by heat and moisture.

Dr. Coke mentions that the converted negroes always spoke lovingly and reverently of God as their Father, and records a conversation with a negro by the wayside to illustrate his remark.

"If your driver," said the doctor, "should lay you down and flog you, what would you do?"

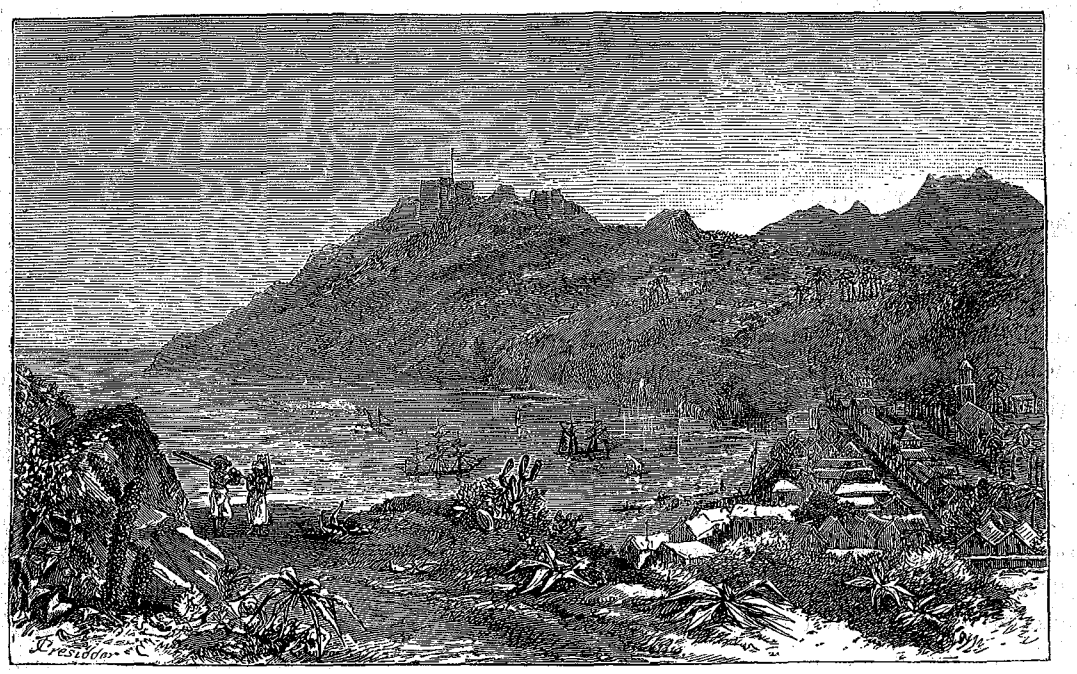
"Me should love him still," said the slave.

"But if you should get no meat?"

"Me eat, me tank me Fader; me no eat, me tank me Fader; me live, me tank me Fader; me die, me tank me Fader."

The little negro boys of the streets used to call after the Methodist slaves, as a nickname, "Hallelujah!" No name could have fitted some of them better.

Mr. Moister, from whom we have already quoted, says:—"Dr. Coke soon discovered the value of Mr. Baxter as a faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard, and requested him to relinquish his worldly calling, and give himself up entirely to mission-work. This he did with a promptitude and cheerfulness worthy of the cause in which he now more fully embarked, although it was at considerable pecuniary sacrifice, as he had



KINGSTON, ST. VINCENT.

recently been promoted to a higher situation under Government, with a salary of £400 currency per annum."

Dr. Coke and his companions, with Mr. Baxter, set off in a short time to make a complete exploration of the islands, with a view to missionary operations. Of those journeys, beginning in 1787, Dr. Coke's journals contain many bright and interesting details, and photographic descriptions of the peoples and the countries they visited. One result of this useful survey, which laid the foundation for a successful mission, was that Mr. Baxter was duly appointed to labour in the island of St. Vincent.

All travellers fall into raptures with the bold and romantic aspect of this beautiful island. Sheer precipices—rugged, lofty, and crested with the loveliest woodlands—face the stately rollers, which, coming from the blue depths of the Atlantic, charge, with manes erect, and dash themselves in angry spray upon the rocks below. The mountains,

clad to their cloudless peaks with leafy drapery of most varied form and colour, curve gently coastwards into smiling valleys, with well-cultivated slopes. The stately sugar-cane and the gently-waving palm-trees make up a picture of subdued tropical beauty that no spot on this fair earth can rival. Says Dr. Coke, recording his own first impressions, "The island of St. Vincent is romantic beyond anything I ever saw before. The hanging rocks, sugar-canes, cotton and coffee plantations, etc., make such a beautiful variegated scene, that I was delighted with it;" and at times he stops to describe such productions as the strange-looking *gru-gru* palm, of which "the trunk is smaller at the bottom than the top, and which is frequently quite covered (branches, leaves and all) by a plant like the ivy;" or the cocoa-nut trees, of which Charles Kingsley afterwards discoursed so charmingly; or the plantain (*banana*), brought to the West Indies in modern times; or the ghostly candle of the fire-fly. Of one charming and lonely spot he writes:—"If I were to turn hermit, I think I should fix on this place, where I would make circular walks, and fix an observatory on one of the peaks, and spend my time in communion with God, and in the study of astronomy and botany."

Great as was the fascination which Nature presented to such a mind as Dr. Coke's, the one supreme object of his Paul-like journeys was never lost sight of for a day.

He and the other missionaries met with much courtesy from many of the English people on the island, but as the doctor's ambition to set the negroes free came more and more to light, fierce opposition began to arise. Riots took place, and his life was even in some danger. At first the fast young men of the period contented themselves with a little ill-timed pleasantry, coming to chapel and calling out loud *encores* when the doctor's eloquence was of a notable character. At last they broke into a chapel, and, by a curious intuition, hanged the Bible on the gallows.

An English lady is said to have offered the mob, on one such occasion, fifty guineas if they would administer to the doctor a hundred lashes. But such hate only served to raise up friends, even out of the worldly and irreligious, and a sturdy colonel interfered, and offered to deal personally with any one who further insulted the good bishop. Some few slaves, too, were spontaneously emancipated at this time through Dr. Coke's teaching. In the midst of all this storm and fury we find the tender-souled little man deploring the loss of one of his six precious canary birds!

The Caribs, who had been forced to take refuge in St. Vincent, were not left unmolested even there, and from early times they had to sustain a succession of bloody and cruel wars, which drove them back as each wave of colonists—Spaniards, French, and British—broke upon the shores of the island. At last, fairly driven to bay, they made a stout resistance to the British, and in turn the white people were nearly annihilated.

After the British had been besieged for a time in Kingston, the almost victorious Caribs squatted in the most fertile and well-wooded portions of the island, finding splendid wood for their canoes and plenty of fish of good quality. The British Government finally settled them "in perpetuity" on a beautiful broad plain called Grand Sable, afterwards known as the Carib Country; but they were now but a feeble and

miserable remnant of the powerful, robust, and warlike race Columbus had found in possession of the West Indies.

In the month of December, in the year 1788, Dr. Coke and Mr. Baxter went to visit the Caribs in their own land; and it was the intention of the latter to remain amongst them as a missionary with his tenderly nurtured West Indian wife, who did not shrink from dwelling, as Dr. Coke reported, "beyond the boundary of civilisation." The travellers had for guides a medical gentleman who had lived on the frontier, and a lithe Carib lad, who ran by the side of their horses all the way from Kingston harbour, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The mountain paths were narrow, tortuous, and most precipitous—more dangerous than any they had ever ridden upon before, Baxter nearly losing his life by the slipping of his horse, which fell a distance of some thirty feet. The density of forest growth was even a greater obstacle to progress than the danger of mountain paths. Charles Kingsley tells us how "Nature in this land of perpetual summer heals with a kind of eagerness every scar which man in his clumsiness leaves on the earth's surface." One result of this is, that the rank growth quickly conceals such paths as may once have existed. Their Carib guide had often therefore to take his cutlass, and with it laboriously hew out a path for his party through the dense thorny undergrowth.

Dr. Coke, in his journal of the little expedition, tells us that, when at last they began to descend the romantic ridge of mountains that they had been crossing, they suddenly came into the land of the Caribs, the widest portion of good level land on the island. "One of the most beautiful plains I ever saw in my life: it is but seven miles long, and three broad, but I think it is as beautiful as uncultivated Nature can make it. It forms a bow, the string of which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and the bow itself surrounded by lofty mountains."

As they approached the native settlements some of the Caribs called out in broken English—"How dee? how dee?" and some, in order to show their confidence in the white strangers, handed over their weapons. A princely-looking young man came forward, and was announced as John Dummey, the son of the Carib chief.

"Teach me your language," said Baxter, eager for an opening, "and I will give you my watch."

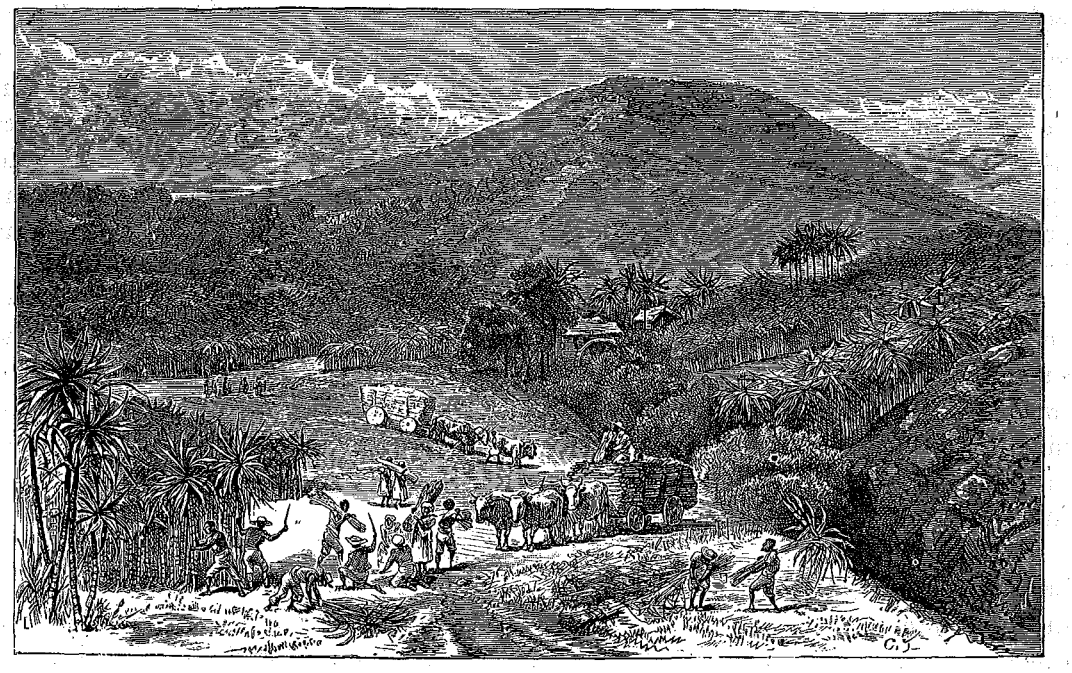
The gentlemanly reply was—"I will teach you my language, but I will not have your watch."

Dr. Coke was very favourably impressed with the manners of the people, and he writes:—"I feel myself much attached to these poor savages. The sweet simplicity and cheerfulness they manifested on every side, soon wore off every unfavourable impression my mind had imbibed from the accounts I had received of their cruelties. . . . They are a handsomer people than the negroes, but have undoubtedly a warlike appearance, as their very women frequently carry cutlasses in their hands, and always knives by their naked sides."

A passing traveller is not usually a very reliable informant as to the primitive religion of an uncivilised race, but Dr. Coke's information as to the notions of the Caribs about God is not without value. According to him, they had some ideas of a

"Supreme Cause" of all created things, while he believed that they conceived of God as delegating the government of the world to subordinate spirits, which is precisely the idea contained in primitive Chinese religions. Like the Chinese, too, he tells us that the Caribs "make use of several incantations against evil spirits to prevent their malignant influence."

The result of this visit of inquiry was, that a mission was established for the evangelisation of the Caribs; buildings were erected; a schoolmaster came out from England, with his wife to help him; and the Baxters settled amongst the people, "doing all that Christian zeal and kindness could do for the conversion of the natives."



SUGAR-CANE PLANTATION.

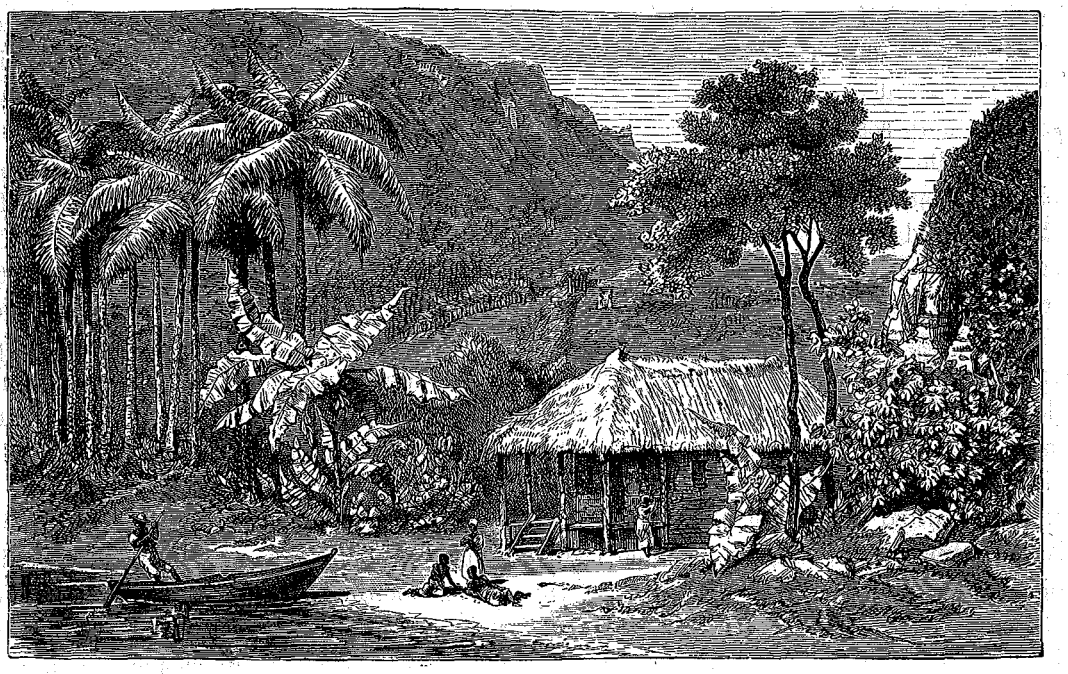
But Dr. Coke was doomed to meet with a grievous disappointment, for this mission was, so far as human vision could detect, entirely without results of a spiritual kind, and from various causes it had soon to be abandoned. In 1795 there was still a dwindling remnant of the great Carib race left in St. Vincent, but it came about in that year that, by British authority, the greater part of them were deported from the island and settled upon Ruatan, from whence they seem now to be gradually spreading along the Mosquito coast, on the American continent. The Carib country was planted with sugar, and the aborigines of St. Vincent faded away.

Henceforth the Wesleyans confined their efforts to the negro population, amongst which they have had wonderful success, and now they constitute nearly, if not quite, the largest body of Christian churches in the island of Jamaica, and are correspondingly prosperous in other West Indian possessions of the British crown. The Wesleyan

crusade throughout England in favour of the fettered negro in our West Indian colonies, had a reflex and most favourable influence on the Wesleyan Missions.

Baxter returned to his beloved Antigua, to labour amongst the negroes there, but he was frequently engaged in visiting and counselling his brethren in the other islands, to a great extent even filling the place of Dr. Coke, whom duty often called to other lands. Mr. Baxter died at Antigua in 1805—a victim of the country's fatal fever—after having faithfully laboured for twenty-eight years in laying the foundation of the Wesleyan Missions in the West Indies.

It is impossible in a sketch like this to even mention all the able and faithful



A NEGRO HUT IN THE WEST INDIES.

servants of Jesus, who continued to carry on with courage the battle so bravely begun in the Caribbean. An incident, however, occurred in the life of the Rev. Matthew Lumb, who arrived in St. Vincent in 1789, which demands a brief mention here. About the time when Mr. Lumb entered on his labours, the planters on the island had begun to dread the propagation of notions of liberty amongst the slaves, and through their malignant influence a law was passed, which rendered it necessary that every missionary should obtain a Government licence to preach before trying to do religious work amongst the negroes. With the apparent motive of specially precluding the Methodists from obtaining such a licence readily, it was further enacted that no one should obtain it till he had resided on the island for one complete year—thus excluding those who followed the system of itinerating favoured by Wesley. The penalties attached to disobedience cannot be said to have erred on the side of leniency, for they were these:—

For a first transgression, a fine of ten johannes (equal to about eighteen pounds

sterling), or imprisonment for a minimum period of thirty, and a maximum period of ninety days.

For a second transgression, such corporeal punishment as the court might deem proper to inflict, and perpetual banishment from the colony.

Lastly, should the offender venture to return from his banishment and preach on the island without permission of the authorities, *he was to be punished with death.*

Such were some of the privileges of British citizenship in one of our slave colonies during the "good old times"!

Mr. Lumb, having put to his conscience prayerfully the question, "Shall we obey God or man in this matter?" answered by preaching on the following Sunday in the Wesleyan chapel at Kingston, and was in a very summary fashion dragged to prison, the black people following him in hundreds and crying with loud lamentations. Fearing that the populace, in their excited state, might riotously attempt to rescue the prisoner, soldiers were set to guard him in jail.

"While the soldiers stood by the entrance of the prison, there came a poor old blind woman inquiring for 'dear Massa Minister.' The men said to each other, 'Let the poor old blind woman pass; what harm can she do?' Thus she was allowed to enter the gate. On reaching the prison she groped along the wall till she found the iron-grated window of the missionary's cell, and putting her face to it she exclaimed, 'Dear Massa Minister, God bless you! Keep heart, massa! So dem put good people in prison long time ago. Neber mind, massa; all we go to pray for you.' Mr. Lumb declared afterwards that these encouraging words of the poor old blind woman were as balm to his wounded soul. . . . When the tumult had somewhat subsided, and the soldiers had returned to the barracks, several of the people who lingered about were permitted to approach the prison window, where the persecuted missionary presented himself, and actually repeated the crime for which he was committed, by speaking of Christ and His salvation. Among the crowd there stood a woman named Mary Richardson, who thus heard the Gospel for the first time. . . . Many years afterwards, when the writer* laboured in St. Vincent, this good woman sickened and died, and in her last moments she thanked God that ever she heard the missionary preach through the iron grating of his prison window, 'For that,' said she, 'was the word which came to my heart.'"

Mr. Lumb had to drag out wearily his full term of imprisonment, but, as a matter of conscience, he declined to pay fine or jail fees, and was threatened with retention in prison "till he should rot;" however, as the prospects of extracting money from him did not look good, he was *expelled* from prison the day after his term expired, and had then to leave the island.

Dr. Coke meanwhile strenuously exerted himself to secure the attention of the authorities in England to this extraordinary case of persecution, and, although the change came too late to benefit Mr. Lumb personally, those atrocious enactments were annulled. Mr. Lumb laboured in Barbadoes till his health began to fail, and then returned to England, where he died, in the year 1847, at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

* The Rev. W. Moister.

One of the greatest difficulties the Methodist missionaries had to meet in dealing with converted negroes arose from their habit of polygamy. A story is told of one great stalwart son of Ham who was brought into the light of the Gospel under the ministry of a Mr. Owen. After receiving a course of religious instruction he applied for the usual form to enable him to meet in "class." His three wives, getting wind of his purpose, followed him to the chapel, and, standing in a passage where they themselves could not be seen, they could hear every word that passed, there being only a thin board partition between.

When Mr. Owen told the applicant clearly that if he joined the Methodists, he could only retain one of his wives, the poor women could no longer maintain silence, but, rushing all in at once, they poured out torrents of eloquence, each defending herself with vehement rhetoric, punctuated with sobs and tears.

"Me got five picaninnies—five picaninnies, massa," said the first spouse. "If Jim leave me, I cannot live."

The second retorted, "Me got three picaninnies, massa; me make Jim bery good wife; me ought not be forsaken."

The third earnestly chimed in, that although she had no picaninny, "Me nebber made Jim a fault; me make Jim bery good wife; me wash Jim's shirt; me do all Jim's work; me ought not be cast off."

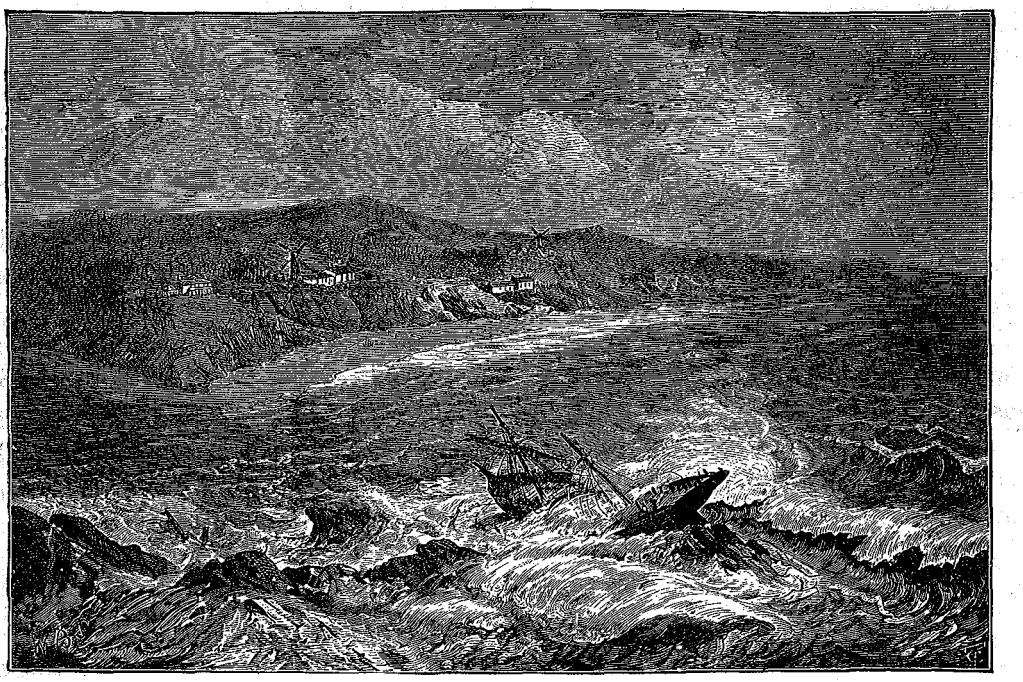
Here was a plight! The poor preacher sat silently weeping, feeling the hardness of what he thought his duty, and not being able to see his way to a just and wise decision.

Jim was at last pressed to reveal his own feelings in the matter, and he did so thus:—Turning to Mrs. Jim the second, he said, "You can do better with three picaninnies than she with five," while to No. 3 he said, "You have no picaninnies, and there is no fear but you will manage to live." He got his "probationary note," and led home the lady who was mother of five as his only wife.

The year 1826 was one of deepest gloom for the Methodist cause at Antigua. A district meeting was to be held at the island of St. Christopher, and five of the missionaries, with their families and two servants, set off from Antigua to be present at the gathering, calling on their return journey at Montserrat in order to leave Mr. Hyde, one of the brethren, to labour there. After they left Montserrat and had been about two days out, the wind became so furious that they were obliged to put back, and the storm continued so long that they finally took passage in the mail, which soon brought them, with thankfulness and joy, in sight of the low-lying island where their homes were. Almost enshrouded by an angry lurid sky, the sun was sinking amid heaving purple waves when the mail-boat drew into the harbour of St. John's; the captain looking out keenly for sunken rocks and shifting sand-beds—numerous in that locality.

Little dreaming of danger, with the voyage so nearly at an end, the passengers were in the cabin discussing with lively relish the prospects of a speedy landing, when—at seven o'clock—a sudden cry rang through the ship, "Breakers ahead!" Before they had more than time to rush on deck and get a startling glimpse of the

great indigo-coloured billows, with thunderous crash shivering themselves into blinding spray, the ship heeled over, and the water rushed in like a cataract, great seas also tearing over the decks with a frightful roar. Many passengers, including two missionaries, Messrs. White and Truscott, with their children and two servants, had been clinging to the rails of the quarter-deck for nearly an hour, when the vessel, lying on the rock amidships, at last "broke her back" and flung them all into the raging sea. They were never seen again. Mrs. Jones, the wife of a missionary, who had been in the same position when the ship gave way, was seized by her husband and enabled to cling to a part of the wreck.



WRECK OF THE *MARIA* MAIL-BOAT, ANTIGUA, 1826.

The captain did all he could to encourage the survivors who were holding on to the remains of the shattered vessel, and he tried, through the long dark night that followed, to buoy them with the hope that when daybreak came they might be seen from the battery at Goat Hill and rescued. The ruddy light of morning, for which they had yearned and prayed, gleamed upon pallid faces and seething waters, and far-off rocky shores, but no help came. They could see people walking about on the firm safe land, but nobody saw them, and their agonised shouts for succour were drowned amid the shriek of sea-birds and the clamour and wail of the storm. Vessels, entering or leaving port, even came very near them, but passed by without a sign and without even swerving from their course. Alas! to be within sight and reach of safety, and to perish thus without help! The dreary, grey, hopeless day darkened into night once more, but succour came not. They had now no food to

eat, and no water to drink, though standing up to their breasts in the sea, and they had to be constantly struggling, with all their remaining strength, to keep their footing on the wreck. Not even now did faith fail them, and we read that Mr. Jones and his wife calmly led the captain and his men to "behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Next morning the Rev. Mr. Hillier, though very weak, tried to swim ashore for help, a distance of about three miles; but after bidding those on the wreck farewell, and striking out boldly, he sank exhausted, and was lost.

Still another day passed, and at dusk the wreck began to show signs of breaking up completely; but morning dawned without that fear being realised. Some of the sailors were drowned in efforts to get ashore, and their bodies floated past. As the water was getting smoother, Mr. Oke, another missionary, struggled to make the shore, but sank immediately. Mr. Jones now lost all power in his legs, and the captain tried to lift him out of the water, but had not strength enough; drowsiness began to steal over his brain, and, calling out, "Come, Lord Jesus—come quickly!" he gently fell asleep. Mrs. Jones called to the captain for help, but saw that he too was in the throes of death, and the poor woman was now alone on the wreck, trying to keep the cold form of the one she loved from the hungry waves. At last she fell into a swoon, to awake, worn and exhausted, but safe on shore and among kind friends. An incoming American captain had reported a suspicion that there was some one on the wreck, and two gentlemen from the harbour had manned a boat and bravely pushed off as soon as they heard the news.

CHAPTER XXX.

JAMAICA AND THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

George Lisle and the First Baptist Mission in Jamaica—Succession of Negro Pastors—Persecution of the Preachers—Thomas and William Knibb—Knibb's Attitude towards Slavery—Opposition of the Planters—Agitation in England in 1831, and Consequently among the Negroes—Knibb's Indiscretions—Incendiarism—Terrible Retribution by the Planters—Knibb Arrested and Threatened with Death—Chapels Burnt Down by the Whites—Attempts to Lynch the Missionary—Charged with Rebellion—Knibb and Burchell Visit England—Knibb's Success—England Pays £20,000,000 for Emancipation—August 1, 1838—Emblems of Slavery Buried in a Grave—Knibb's Death—Dr. Underhill's Letter and the Agitation of 1865—Riot and Rebellion—Put Down with Reckless Barbarity—Judicial Murder of Gordon—Recent Progress of Jamaica under English Government.

BEFORE that energetic Wesleyan, Dr. Coke, had urged upon West Indian planters the duty of emancipating their negroes, there were scattered here and there amid the islands of the Caribbean, and in the colonies on the adjacent continent, excellent people who, of their own accord, had freed their slaves. One of these early liberationists was a British officer, who, soon after the fighting which secured to America her independence, had given liberty to a black man named George Lisle, and to other slaves in his possession. Lisle thereafter began to earn his living as a

carrier, and, being a preacher, was after a time appointed to the pastorate of a coloured congregation of Baptists in the United States. A year or two before Dr. Coke began his labours in the West Indies, this humble negro pastor joined one or two others, like himself in spirit and training, in order to begin mission-work. As Dr. Underhill writes, they "having felt the power of the Word of Life to soften the sorrows of their bondage, desired to convey to the Jamaica slave the consolations which had been their solace." Thus were begun, by this band of plain unlettered negroes, those efforts of the Baptists which were to be so closely interwoven with almost every aspect of the slave question in the West Indies.

Jamaica, the fairest gem in the Antilles, is a mountainous, but ever verdant and well-watered island, the aboriginal word from which its present name is derived meaning the "land of springs." It thus forms a great contrast to Antigua, and was destined by Nature to become a populous and influential centre in the Caribbean. Jamaica was taken from Spain by the English in 1655, after it had been freed from the inoffensive presence of the poor Caribs by the severity of the Spaniards.

The mountainous districts were then peopled by the descendants of fugitive slaves and vagabonds, who were called Maroons, and who in course of time furnished good soldiers for the British.

George Lisle, who seems to have been a man of energy with some rough gift of eloquence, had soon large audiences on Sundays, and a brick chapel was erected at a cost of £900; since his day represented by a larger and finer one, built on the same spot. The congregation worshipping there have enjoyed a negro pastorate from its foundation, without one break of continuity.

The religious labours of Lisle were not unnoticed by the authorities. Rightly or wrongly, or with mingled right and wrong, a great dread prevailed of negro risings, likely to be accompanied by much bloodshed and cruelty, and certain to work frightful and permanent injury to the prosperity of Jamaica and the other possessions of Great Britain in the West Indies. Of this general dread and the measures it suggested, we shall have much to say in the following pages. Mr. Lisle was not long in being charged with cherishing seditious objects, and after a hasty trial he was summarily set in the stocks, from thence to be taken and cast into prison, heavily chained. "His imperfect understanding of divine truth," says Dr. Underhill, "paved the way for the introduction among his followers of many superstitious practices, which for many years continued to characterise the communities that originated in his labours."

Lisle's work was taken up to some extent by a pious native barber named Moses Baker, who corresponded with Dr. Ryland of Bristol Academy, one of the band of reformers who were then carrying on the crusade in England against slavery.

The self-taught negro preachers from America, who broke ground for the Baptists, had a curious style of their own. A dark divine, taking for his text, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil," after telling his congregation that "time is a very useful ting," which might be compared to a bit of white paper that once written upon with ink cannot be made clean again, or to money that once spent cannot be got back, urged them to redeem the time, and closed his address as follows:—"And now,

my bredren, if you will do all dis dat I has told ye, you'll have de reward dat am promised to de faithful; for soon de angel Gabriel will come along in his everlastin' chariot, drivin' de immortal white horses, and he'll tell ye to get in and take a ride to de far-off country, and ye dat am good will step in, and Gabriel will crack his whip of tunder at dem immortal horses drawin' de everlastin' chariot, and away you'll go a skippen' and a buzzin' until you land at de curb-stone of heaven's gate."

Moses Baker wisely desired to have a preacher sent out from England, and through Dr. Rylands' influence his desire was gratified, but not before Baker himself had been silenced by an enactment rendering it illegal to preach to slaves. The affairs of the Church were soon in utter disorder; no communion was observed, and no discipline maintained.

The Baptist Missionary Society did not formally enter this unpromising field till 1813, when a highly esteemed student of the Bristol Academy, the Rev. John Rowe, set sail for Jamaica, arriving there in February of the following year. His career was very brief, and but little cheered with the sunshine of success. The dull story of duty manfully achieved may be set before our readers in a single sentence. The opposition of the magistrates made public preaching impossible for the time, and Mr. Rowe taught Christianity quietly and by means of a day-school. Dr. Underhill records that "death suddenly arrested his progress on the 7th of June, 1816, just as his consistent conduct and prudent action were about to be rewarded, by the legal permission which he required, openly to preach to the slaves."

The chief interest in the history of this mission clings around the life of William Knibb, whose impassioned oratory on behalf of the slaves is still remembered by the older members of this generation.*

The way in which William Knibb became a missionary was this:—His brother Thomas was, in the year 1814, on trial for apprenticeship to the printing business, and one day on getting an interesting letter from Mr. Robinson, a missionary in Java, to set up in type, he became inspired to teach the Gospel in foreign parts. So, early in 1822, he went out as a teacher to Kingston, in Jamaica, and, entering on his duties there, he used to correspond with his brother William, who was then in Bristol. In one of William's letters, in reply to this correspondence, he reveals a spark of that passion which was soon to give a glow to his whole life—"I do trust that the poor degraded negroes will, ere long, be set free from the chains of thraldom."

Thomas Knibb died after a brief sickness, mourned by the negro converts, who greatly loved him, and William very promptly responded to an invitation to take his brother's post at Kingston.

In 1824, just before leaving for his new sphere, William wrote a characteristic letter, in which he related that he had to act as guard at night over the house of an old lady who had been receiving frequent midnight visits from robbers. "I sleep in the kitchen, with a pistol under my pillow; and after perambulating a subterraneous passage capable of holding fifty men, and committing myself to the care of my heavenly

* We have used freely for this sketch the full and interesting memoir by John Howard Hinton, M.A., published by Houlston and Stoneman in 1849.

Father, I lie on my hammock, and sleep soundly. The doctor procured me this desirable affair, which, were there not a female ill in the house, I should not have accepted; but, as there is, it is one which I neither love nor fear."

On the passage out to Jamaica, he kept a diary of the conventional religious pattern, which is of very little interest, but under date of 28th of January his favourite theme is thus referred to—"Had a conversation with our fellow-passenger on slavery. His very attempts to justify it evince it to be replete with every enormity. He has slaves, but never punishes any but females, as they cannot be brought into subjection without it. He is an odious picture of the brutalising tendency of this execrable system, which calls loudly, I was going to say, for the curse of every friend of common decency." And in this he was perfectly right, as a mass of details, too revolting for publication in our day, would amply suffice to show.

REV. W. KNIBB.

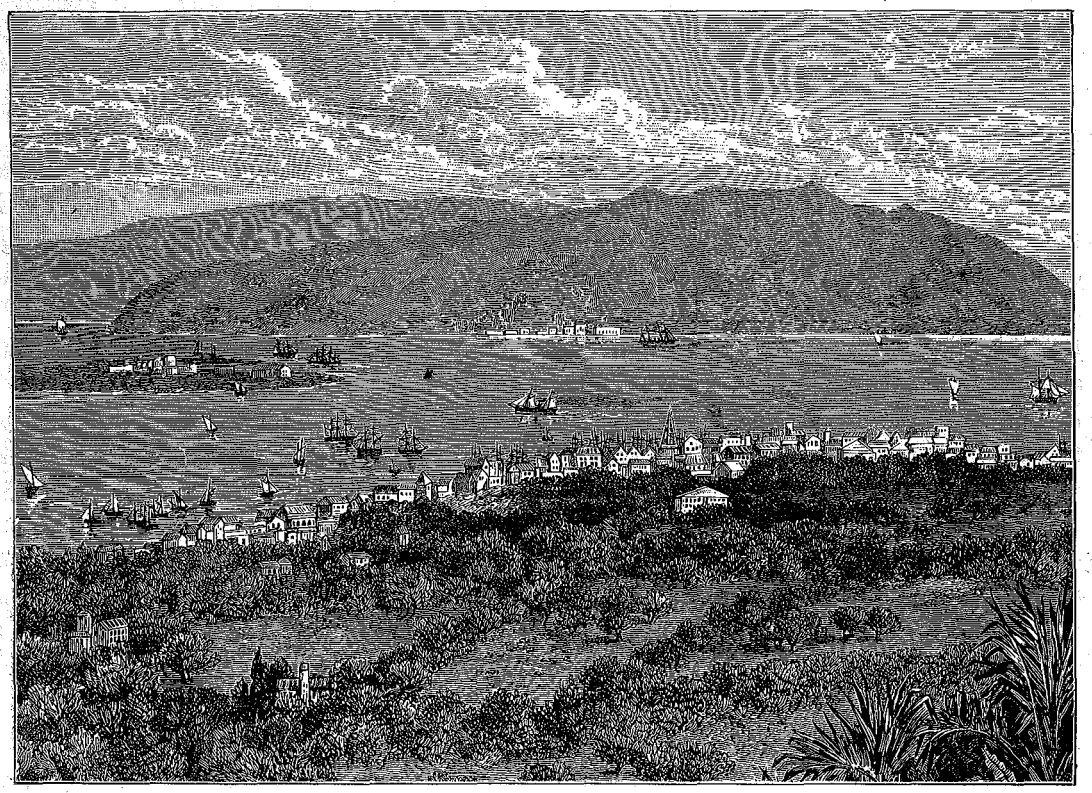
When William Knibb arrived at the scene of his future labours, he found the school-house in a deplorable state. The building was a mere shed, with no proper roof, but only thin boards or "shingles," placed so as to give some shade from a tropical sun; and thus every wet day had to be a holiday, for the water lay many feet deep around the rickety building. He was greatly surprised and pleased to find the negroes most eager to hear the Gospel, thus showing a great contrast, he observes, "to the debauched white population"—a style of phraseology which did not always tend to win favour amongst the English residents in Jamaica.

There were already several missionaries at work when Knibb got there. Coultart and Tinson were at Kingston; Phillippo was at Spanish Town; Burchill had but recently come to the island.

It is clear that, from the first, Knibb set himself to make the question of slavery a burning one, and he took care to raise no false issue on the matter. Very early he writes to his mother that "the slaves have temporal comforts in profusion," while he sadly deplores the pitiful state of morals to which their condition has reduced them.

Nearly a hundred years before this, that far-seeing thinker, Bishop Butler, had given public utterance to weighty words in a sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and had his counsel been followed, strife, which was not to end without much bloodshed, might have been averted. The words of the Bishop will bear reproduction in the light of history. He says:—"Of these our colonies, the slaves ought to be considered as inferior members, and therefore to be treated as members of

them, and not merely as cattle or goods, the property of their masters. Nor can the highest property possible to be acquired in these servants, cancel the obligation to take care of their religious instruction. Despicable as they may appear in our eyes, they are the creatures of God, and of the race of mankind, for whom Christ died; and it is inexcusable to keep them in ignorance of the end for which they were made, and the means whereby they may become partakers of the general redemption. On the contrary, if the necessity of the case requires that they may be treated with the very utmost rigour that humanity will at all permit, as they certainly are, and for our



KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

advantage, made as miserable as they well can be in the present world, this surely heightens our obligation to put them into as advantageous a situation as we are able with regard to another."

Many of the early owners of slaves in our colonies set this noble ideal clearly before them; but it seems to be in the very nature of slavery to brutalise, not merely the slaves themselves, but all those also who have to do with their control and management. This was, at all events, the general result of negro slavery in our West Indian colonies, and from the first the system thus contained the germ of its own final destruction.

Mr. Knibb, though not a minister—a distinctive title not always admitted by

Baptists—had often to preach at Kingston for his colleague, the Rev. Mr. Coultart, who was in poor health. Now there was in Jamaica at this time a regulation, in virtue of which no one could publicly teach religion without licence from a governing body, the Court of Common Council. Mr. Knibb had not obtained this form of licence, and it says something for the tolerance of that much-maligned body that the authorities tacitly allowed him to go on preaching, while his own denomination hesitated to grant him the necessary credentials on the ground of lack of academical training. Knibb wrote home, a little impatiently, that his continuance in the field as a missionary depended in a measure on his obtaining credentials to establish his status as a preacher, and he was soon provided with the documents he required to make him legally a minister in Jamaica. His training had, no doubt, been somewhat defective; but, on the other hand, he was possessed of rare natural gifts for preaching and public speaking, nor does he seem to have been negligent in their culture.

In the year 1828, some kind of opposition was manifested to the work of the Baptist missionaries, and we find him writing thus to his mother:—"It is rather a trying time with us here. The opposers of the Gospel are very mad against us. Most of us have been summoned before the House of Assembly." It is not clear what offence was charged against them, nor does any penalty appear to have been imposed; but this was only the preliminary blast to a genuine hurricane of opposition which was soon to burst upon Knibb and his colleagues.

In 1827, Mr. Knibb sent to a lady correspondent in England a graphic description of the baptism of some converts:—"Picture to yourself a spacious harbour, about four miles across; a small spot of this surrounded with ropes and stakes in a circle; this spot surrounded by canoes filled with spectators; the fortifications covered with people—all as *still* as possible. By-and-bye you hear distant sounds of voices, and a little band approaches you, two and two, clothed in white, singing as they walk over the sand—

'Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?'

They arrive; a hymn is sung, a prayer offered, and just as the sun first beams on the Sabbath, we descend into the water; and there, surrounded by multitudes, baptise them in the name of the adorable Trinity. . . . Tents are erected on the spot. It is rather amusing that, at the last baptising, a well of fresh water was discovered, which is called the *Baptists' Well.* But it is better to know that another Well has been opened, which contains the Water of Life. Lord, evermore grant that we may drink thereof!"

While Mr. Knibb, in accordance with the belief held by his denomination, baptised by immersion, and baptised adults only, it may surprise some to find him writing thus, as he does, a year after his arrival in Jamaica:—"It is customary here to name the children of the members, and I think that it is a practice likely to be productive of good effects. I have had one or two of these christenings, and enjoyed them, though I wished that I could enter more fully into the feelings of the parents. The parents bring the child into the chapel after the service, and the minister takes it in his arms and names it."

This piping time of peace was soon to pass away. In 1831, Mr. Fowell Buxton (Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton), who at Wilberforce's request had succeeded that great philanthropist as leader of the anti-slavery party, brought forward a motion in Parliament which led the Government to give promises of speedy action in regard to colonial slavery. The serious prospect of immediate legislation naturally led to noisy discussions amongst the planters in Jamaica, who must now be credited with some foresight, in the light of the disasters that befell them. Those discussions were often overheard. Whispers got amongst the negroes that their freedom had been already decided upon; and the conviction grew in their minds that the planters and local authorities were defrauding black men of the rights which the King had now actually bestowed upon them.

One slave was frankly told by his master, so it was said, that "freedom was come from England, but that he would shoot every black rascal before he should get it;" and another overheard a planter say something to the effect that "the King is going to give us *free*, but he hoped all his friends would be of his (the planter's) mind, and spill our blood first."

When this agitation was reaching its height, in the autumn of 1831, Mr. Knibb became a prominent figure in the island; and with his own letters before us, it is impossible to acquit him of some indiscretions of conduct at that time. His sayings and doings, having been publicly impugned, were hotly defended by himself, with a rough impetuous eloquence that frequently carried his audience with him. On behalf of Knibb, too, it might be alleged that there was much provocation to a Christian champion of the black man. He writes, for example, on July 6th of that year:—

"One of the inquirers here was this day threatened with flogging and imprisonment for not standing in the market all Lord's Day to sell her master's goods. I went to the Custos and prevented it, telling him plainly that I would send word to the Colonial Office if the woman was punished. I should like your advice how to act. Numbers of our members are debarred the means of grace by being obliged to buy and sell on the Lord's Day for their owners. I have told them not to obey their owners in this respect, as it is contrary to the laws of God and to those of the land."

A few weeks after this incident, there was an unfortunate quarrel about a slave belonging to a man named Vernon, in which Mr. Knibb became seriously involved. This slave, named George, was employed by Mr. Knibb as a general servant on regular wages. For some reason the slave-owner threatened to send up poor George to be punished at the workhouse, and this roused Mr. Knibb's ire, so that he wrote thus to Vernon:—

"SIR,—You need not have sent so impertinent a message that you would send George to the workhouse, as I have regularly paid the wages, and, on your sending in the bill, will do so for the past week. Hoping that the time will come when those who sprang from slaves will possess better feelings towards their fellows, I remain, yours obediently,

"W. KNIBB."

The *tu quoque* style of argument is always within easy range of the vulgar, and

Mr. Vernon responded by a letter in which Mr. Knibb was elegantly described as a "Gosport journeyman baker;" moreover, armed with a stout whip of cowhide, he laid in wait for Mr. Knibb. The latter gentleman postponed leaving his chapel till the coast was clear, and, with two clerical friends, went at once to swear the peace against the knight of the whip, but without success. Vernon was equal to the opportunity, and retorted by charging his reverence with perjury, which led Knibb to offer confirmation of his original statement from the lips of three friends, but the magistrate peremptorily refused to administer to them the oath. All this was very entertaining to a rather worldly community, although Knibb, on his part, rejoiced that his chapel was now better filled than ever.

But the planters and slaves, officials and private citizens, had soon much graver things wherewith to occupy their attention. When the year was drawing to a close, a little incident happened which led to much angry recrimination, even on far-away English platforms, and was supposed by some to have had great consequences. As Mr. Knibb's biographer records:—"Several negroes came to Knibb as their minister to ask him if what they heard was true—namely, 'that free paper was come.' When asked how they had heard such a thing, their answer was—'When *busha* and book-keeper flog us, they say we are going to be free, and before it comes they will get it out of us.' Knibb's reply was—'No, it is not true. Never let me hear anything of this again. When did *busha* tell you anything for your good? There is no free paper come. Go home, and mind your master's work.'" Now this speech was reported by the planters as an incitement offered to revolt, and the word *busha*, meaning overseer, was replaced by *buckra* in the rumour, which latter expression is a negro term for white man, and is supposed to be a word of African origin signifying some kind of demon.

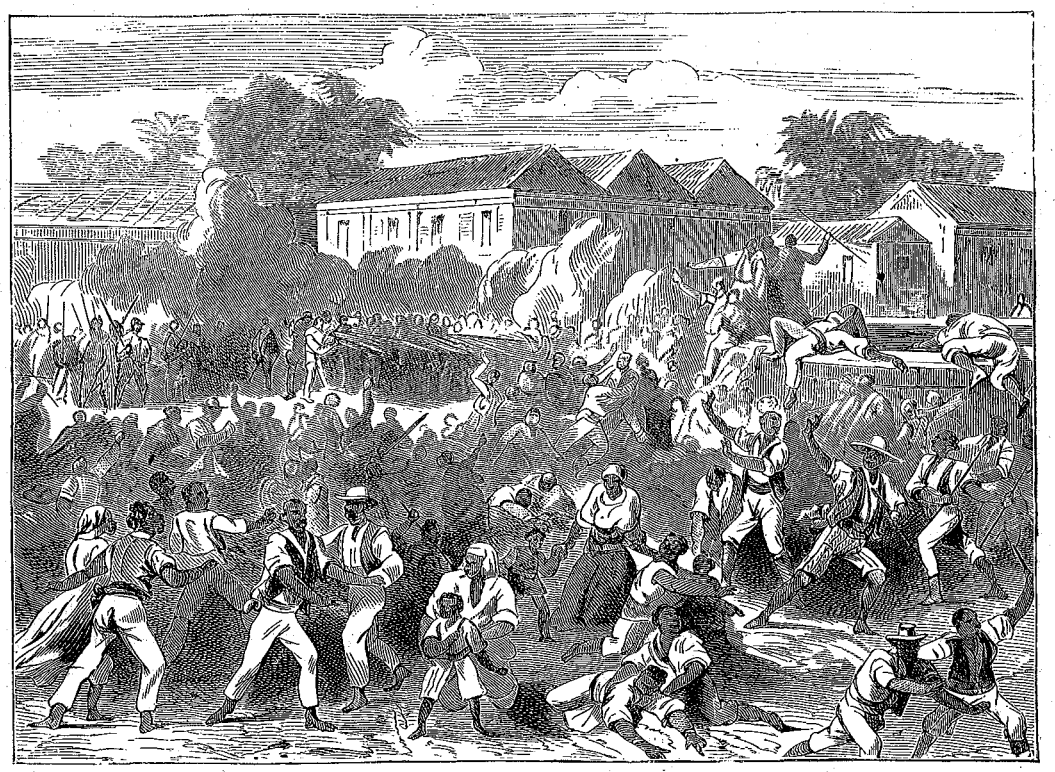
Knibb had certainly no intention of stirring up strife; but the strife came just after this, about Christmas-time, nearly costing him his life, plunging the people into the greatest misery, and ending in something very like a reign of terror.

A slave named Sam Sharp had got the negroes from several adjoining plantations to meet in the dead of night, and to resolve utterly to refuse work till wages were promised to them. Some few of them, indeed, even formed the bold project of setting fire to the houses and other buildings of the planters, and of making a stand for freedom by fighting the *buckra*. Everything, however, was done with the greatest secrecy; nor does it seem that even the missionaries suspected what was brewing, except one shrewd Scotch Presbyterian, Mr. Blyth, who, the night after Christmas, warned Mr. Knibb that genuine trouble was coming, for the negroes were in a state of great excitement. Knibb at once rode off and addressed his people in the outlying districts, assuring them solemnly that there was no "free paper" from the King yet, and urging them to remain peaceful. The result of these honest efforts to restrain the converts from violence was not, in all respects, satisfactory; for many of his hearers thought that the white people must needs have bribed their pastor to cheat them out of their liberty, saying, "Minister never said a word about freedom before: why does he come and talk to us about freedom now?" One of them, however, afterwards declared that "if minister had not been so urgent, he really should have

believed, from the conversation of the planters and the slaves, that freedom was come."

Next night the sky was red with the flames from many a burning sugar-work, and the soil was ruddy with the gore of slaves. "From that moment all was military massacre and lawless revenge."

The property lost by fire and wreckage during this lamentable insurrection was estimated at £1,154,583; chapels were burned or otherwise destroyed by planters,



THE REVOLT IN JAMAICA—FIRING ON THE NEGROES.

infuriated against the missionaries and their converts, to the estimated value of £12,390; while the lives of some seven hundred negro slaves were sacrificed.

How did William Knibb and his colleagues fare during this terrible period of tribulation to the mission?

Enrolled as a private soldier, Mr. Knibb went to perform his duty, aware of the risk to his life from the personal enmity of those in the ranks with him. He tells this part of the story in a very graphic way:—"While exhorting one of my deacons, Lewis Williams, to live near to God, I was arrested in the most brutal manner by a man named Paul Doeg. Commanding two black men to take me prisoner, he paraded before me in all the pomp of petty power, with a drawn sword, and had me conveyed to the guard-room. Soon afterwards I was removed to the barracks, where I found brethren Whitehorne and Abbott, who, like myself, were under arrest, none of us knowing why

or wherefore. In about half an hour Captain Christie came, and informed us that Colonel Cadien had sent him to tell us that we were to be taken to headquarters at Montego Bay, and that a conveyance would be ready in half an hour. I asked permission to see my wife and children, but was denied this pleasure. I then requested to write to them, but this small gratification was refused." It was reported by the planters that Knibb had been shot, and the cruel falsehood was sent round to the various plantations, causing great grief and consternation amongst the Christians, very few of whom had been mixed up in any way with the rebellion. Although the intention existed to secure the summary execution of the champion of anti-slavery on the island, that result was not actually accomplished. What really happened was this:—The missionaries, having been searched, were, under a guard of four soldiers, put on board an open and leaky canoe. They took seven hours to reach Montego Bay, where they were marched about in a most extraordinary manner, and were at last taken to the court-house, under a guard with fixed bayonets, and there they were to remain during the night. Knibb says that he stumbled on approaching the jury-box, which was to furnish them with sleeping accommodation, and that this aroused the anger of one of his guards, who threatened him with his bayonet. Worn out with a trying disorder, he then civilly requested permission to lie on the boards, but the answer, as Knibb afterwards gave it on oath before a Parliamentary Committee, was, "You —— villain, if you stir one inch, or speak one word, I will stab you to the heart. You are to be shot at ten o'clock in the morning, and I am very glad of it."

Two of the Scotch missionaries and Mr. Barrett, a landed proprietor, wrote a letter of sympathy to Mr. Knibb, believing that his life was in danger, in which they said:—"We use the utmost haste to assure you that we are convinced you have not been, either intentionally or directly, guilty of creating the present insurrection. We are prepared to return to Montego Bay and witness to this effect, and, as far as our knowledge goes, to your peaceable character as a Christian and a minister."

Through the kind offices of one or two friends who were prominent in the colony, Knibb was liberated on bail, but exposure to wet and anxiety brought on a sharp attack of fever. From that illness, however, he fortunately recovered without any serious deterioration of health. Strenuous efforts were then made on all hands to trump up a definite charge of favouring insurrection in some way, and Knibb's papers were first searched and then taken possession of by a magistrate named Dyer, who was also editor of the local newspaper. But after all this hostile vigilance, no evidence of an incriminating kind could be obtained against him. Great efforts were made, under official cognisance, and even by official inspiration, to induce Knibb to leave the colony, the reason assigned being that he had written to some one in England condemning slavery, which was an institution of the country. Terrorism was exercised over his wife to the same end, and it was hinted to her that her husband's life would be in danger were he to remain longer in Jamaica.

Mr. Knibb, in declining to leave, took the ground that he was innocent of any offence against the laws; that he was willing and anxious to submit to a full and impartial inquiry, trusting that he should be able completely to vindicate his character;

and, finally, that he was the agent of a religious society to which he was directly accountable, and could not abandon the post of duty assigned to him as a missionary, so long as it was possible for him to remain there.

Moral intimidation having thus proved a failure, a boldly organised attempt was made to accomplish the desired object by brutal violence. Chapels, valued at £12,390, were completely destroyed by the infuriated whites; the residences of the missionaries were gutted, while similar measures were threatened against the property of any one offering shelter to Knibb, who was still on bail. An influential friend tried to secure an asylum for him on board one of the ships then in harbour, against the maniacal fury of his countrymen, but none of the merchant captains would run the risk. At last protection was given to the hunted missionary by the captain of His Majesty's ship *North Star*, and under the British flag he was safe for a little while.

In due course, seven weeks after his apprehension, Knibb surrendered himself for trial at Montego Bay, but no evidence was forthcoming, and he was formally discharged. Next day he went to Falmouth, where he found that most of his own furniture had been saved from the planters by the promptitude of friends who saw the storm coming. It was impossible for him to conduct a service—his chapel, indeed, had been destroyed by the mob of white people, and he found it dangerous to appear in public. At night a party of about fifty men, disguised in the apparel of women, surrounded the house in which Knibb had secured shelter, yelling and hooting in a threatening manner. Knibb, calling out "Who is there?" was saluted with coarse language and a volley of stones, while the intention of decorating his person with a coating of tar and feathers was made only too intelligible. As Mr. Hinton, in his "Life of Knibb," records:—"His friends said, 'What are we to do if they come? If we cry *Murder*, we are afraid nobody will come.' He said, 'Cry, *Fire!*' They rejoined, 'Where are we to say it is?' He replied, 'Tell them it is in hell, for those who tar and feather parsons.' On the cry of '*Fire!*' this respectable and valorous company ran away. This process was repeated three successive nights, till at length the fears of his kind hostess were so highly excited that she begged him to quit the house, which he did, placing himself between two women, and making his escape under cover of the night as he best could."

Another futile attempt was made to identify the unflinching advocate of negro liberty with the slave rebellion that had just been quelled, and a fresh indictment was framed by the Attorney-General, charging him with inciting the slaves to insurrection. The grand jury, after hearing four witnesses (all of them being slaves, whose testimony was, on that ground, legally inadmissible as evidence in the colony), found a true bill against Knibb, who at once surrendered himself, but was permitted out on bail for £1,000.

Before the time of trial had arrived, and in consequence of a general expectation of his execution, the poor distracted man was hardly pressed by a few local creditors, while his own Society in England—which was then suffering from a severe pecuniary strain—not knowing the state of affairs in Jamaica, urged Mr. Knibb to get his scattered flock to sustain him as their pastor His reply contains the following pathetic passage:—

"I have sold what little things I could to support myself and family, but I assure you that I have not anything [wherewith] to buy the necessaries of life. £84 I had in Stewart Town, and the £100 I had in Rio Bueno, are gone in the destruction of the chapels, and my furniture is so injured in hiding it from the rabble that it will not fetch much. One of Mr. Cantlow's horses has been ruined, and I have given it away, as I had not money to support it. His other horse and mine are stolen. Every one thinks here that they may abuse missionaries and their property as much as they please. If I can sell my chaise, it will pay every debt I now owe; but I must

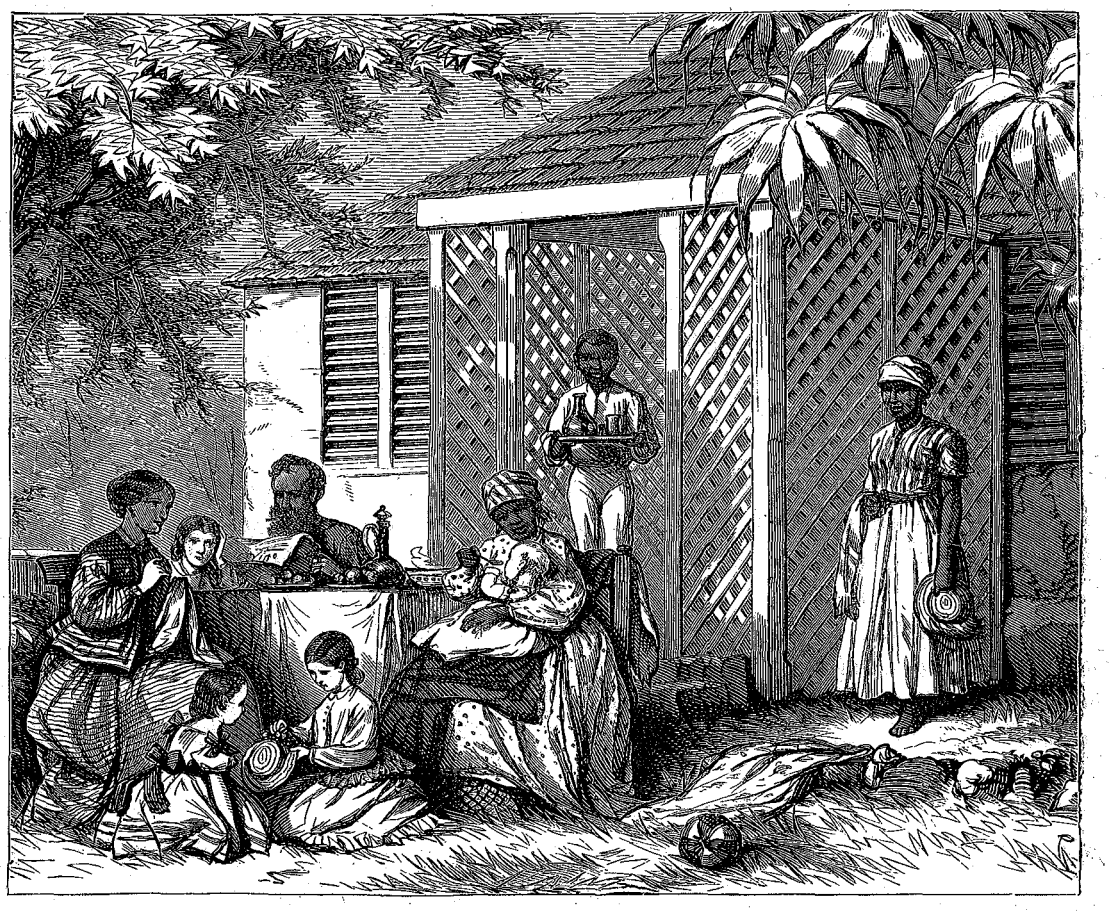
HOUSE IN FALMOUTH IN WHICH MR. KNIBB COMMENCED OPERATIONS FOR THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

look to you for bread to eat. I deeply feel for your difficulties; I mourn that I cannot relieve them. Had I any money, it should be devoted to the cause which is now suffering, but which will eventually triumph."

A few of the Baptist slaves had undoubtedly been guilty of rebellious acts, and so were also, it is believed, members of other religious denominations; but the whole number of professing Christians who acted disloyally was, after all, very small. Immediately before the day of trial, which was to collapse ignominiously by the Attorney-General entering a *nolle prosequi*, the Governor sent to induce Knibb, whose loyalty would seem to have never been really doubted, to assist them in unravelling the web of conspiracy.

With the approval of the Chief Justice (Hon. W. Tuckett), the accused missionary

had an interview in prison with two rebels, members of a Baptist congregation, but not personally known to him. Having been led to believe that their full confession would secure pardon for them, Knibb very honestly urged them, as Christians, to tell the truth about the matter, praying with them also for some time. They followed his counsel, telling their story with apparent frankness and sincerity, after which they were both executed!



A JAMAICA PLANTER AT HOME.

On the renewed, and now very urgent, pressure of friends, Knibb left that part of the island, where his life was manifestly unsafe. But it is only bare justice to record that after a brief and bloody period of anarchy, followed by much terrorism, tranquillity was at length restored, and the loyalty which had been shown throughout the crisis by many of the Baptist converts began to be more generally recognised, one of Knibb's church members receiving his freedom from the Government as a reward for his conduct.

Messrs. Knibb and Burchell were appointed soon after this to visit England in order to make an appeal on behalf of the negroes in Jamaica. They arrived in June, 1832, the pilot giving them the news that the Reform Bill had been passed. "Thank

God!" said Knibb. "Now I'll have slavery down. I will never rest, day or night, till I see it destroyed, root and branch."

There can be no doubt that Knibb's crusade made a great impression on the English public, for the yet recent tragedies in Jamaica had rendered all lovers of freedom in the Mother Island, tenderly sensitive to the horrors of slavery. Powerful as a platform orator, Knibb was not gifted with that pruned and classic kind of eloquence that bears transference to the printed sheet, and generally costs so much midnight oil; but one passage may here find space, more eloquent in its simplicity as a statement of facts than much of the burnished and nicely balanced periods in the conventional oratory of his times:—

"And now, my fellow-Christians, I appear as the feeble and unworthy advocate of twenty thousand Baptists in Jamaica, who have no places of worship, no Sabbath, no houses of prayer; and I firmly believe, and solemnly avow my belief, that by far the greater part of those twenty thousand will be flogged every time they are caught praying."

This, indeed, was the burden of his pathetic story, and it touched many hearts in England, drew many tears, and, what was more to his purpose, evoked substantial help for the noble cause he had so strenuously and fearlessly been fighting.

The English nation gave £20,000,000 to smooth the way for the great emancipation that was now inevitable, of which sum £13,000,000 fell to the share of Jamaica. The full freedom of the negro was not at once attained, but a system of bogus freedom, called "seven years' apprenticeship," was for a time carried into operation, which became the medium of gross wrongs being perpetrated on the poor blacks, whose sufferings were not greatly mitigated.

"Every vestige of their legal rights," says Dr. Cox, "was trampled under foot; the planters possessed the most absolute control. Every complaint against the greatest injustice and cruelty was silenced, since the poor negroes knew too well that the magistrates would protect not them but their oppressors."

At last came the glorious 1st of August, 1838, when slavery was finally abolished throughout every country over which floats the British flag. The night before the dawn of liberty, Knibb and his people met in chapel to sing a solemn dirge, Knibb pointing to the clock, and saying, "The hour is at hand, the monster is dying!" and then, when the last note struck the knell of negro slavery, he called out—his negro hearers being wrought up to an extraordinary pitch of excitement—"The monster is dead; the negro is free!" The breathless silence that had till now prevailed was broken by a loud shout of jubilant exultation. "Never," says Knibb, "did I hear such a sound. The winds of freedom appeared to have been let loose. The very building shook at the strange yet sacred joy."

Next morning a chain, whip, and collar, with other typical badges of servitude, were nailed in a coffin and solemnly deposited in a grave. The *Baptist Herald* contains an account of a memorial tablet erected over these remains of negro slavery in the British colonies:—

"It is surmounted with the figure of Justice, holding in her left hand the balances

of equity, whilst her right hand rests upon the sword which is placed at her side. Beneath this figure the likenesses of Granville Sharp, Sturge, and Wilberforce, are arranged in bas-relief, and that of the Rev. W. Knibb appears at the base. It bears the following inscription :—

Deo Gloria!
Erected
By Emancipated Sons of Africa,
To Commemorate the Birthday of their Freedom,
August the First, 1838.

HOPE
Hails the Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Colonies,
As the Day-Spring of Universal Liberty
To all Nations of Men, whom God 'hath Made of One Blood.'

'Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'—Psalm lxviii. 31.

Immediately under this inscription, two Africans are represented in the act of burying the broken chain and useless whip; another is rejoicing in the undisturbed possession of the Book of God; whilst, associated with these, a fond mother is joyously caressing the infant which, for the first time, she can dare to call her own."

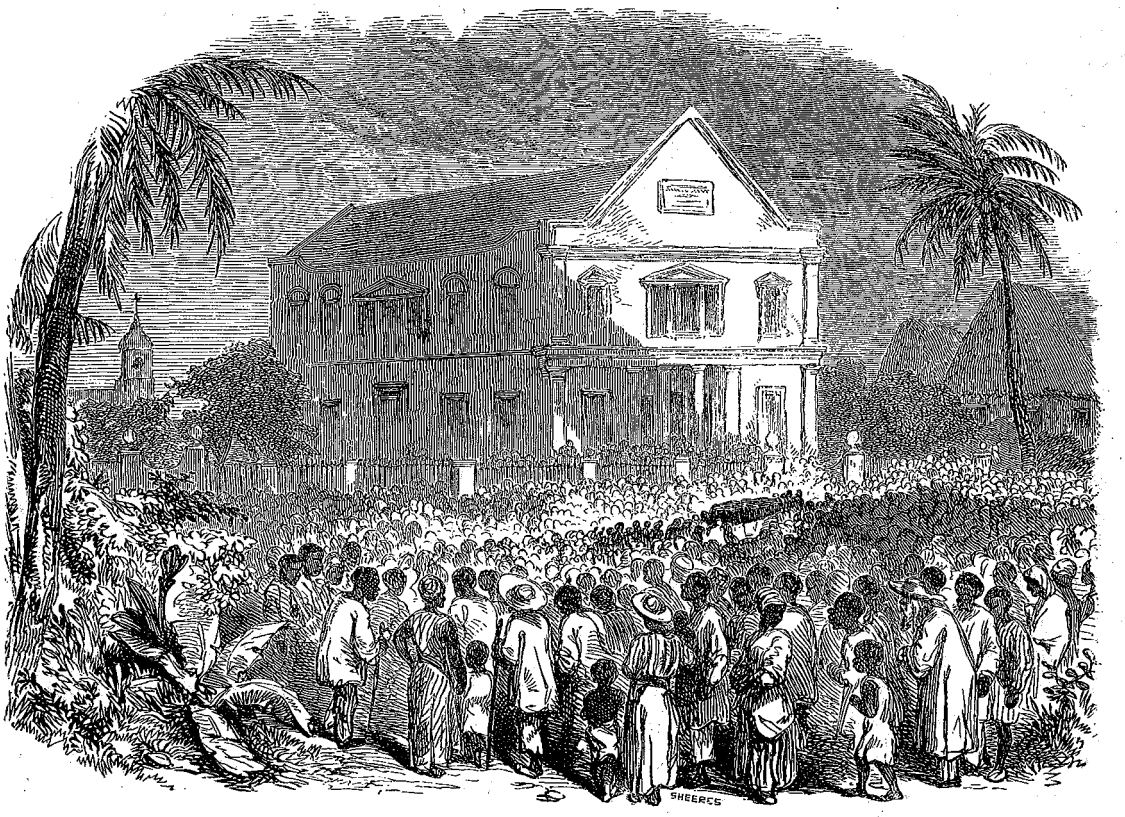
Knibb's troubles did not end with the emancipation of the slaves, and to the end of his earthly career, on the 15th of November, 1845, he was an active representative of the Church militant. He died of yellow fever, in the forty-second year of his age, at Kettering in Jamaica; and although his funeral took place on the following day, such was the respect entertained for his memory that not less than eight thousand persons assembled on that occasion.

Twenty years after Mr. Knibb died, Dr. Underhill, the eminent Baptist, in a letter to the Secretary of State (Mr. Cardwell), pointed out that an alarming degree of poverty and distress existed among the negroes in the island at the time. Such a condition might perhaps have been due in some measure to a long drought which had prevailed in the season before. The letter, dated January, 1865, was much discussed, and has been characterised by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (Vol. 120, p. 224) as a "foolish letter, inconsiderate and mischievous, calculated to foment discontent and disaffection amongst an unreflecting and untaught race; but it was not, technically speaking, a seditious letter." It was certainly not, in any just sense whatever, "a seditious letter;" and in the ordinary official course it was sent to Governor Eyre, and by him was transmitted for notice to the local "Custodes"—officials with functions somewhat like those of our county Lords-Lieutenant. Some other public personages likely to be interested were also officially permitted to read it, and the letter was published in full in the local papers.

The result was a growing ferment of negro feeling, and a petition to the Government, based on the allegations that the letter contained, was signed and duly transmitted. On the other hand, many of the most strongly stated facts were by official personages flatly denied to exist. Testimony is almost overwhelming to the fact of the general unwillingness

of free negroes to work *steadily* for any length of time for even pretty liberal wages. Governor Eyre, therefore, with perhaps more truth than tact, replied to the poor petitioners (who were of the labouring class) that the prosperity of the labouring class in Jamaica, as everywhere else, depended on their working for wages, "not uncertainly or capriciously, but steadily and continuously, at the times when their labour is wanted, and for so long as it is wanted."

The Baptist pastors, amongst other friends of the negroes, were greatly displeased,



FUNERAL OF KNIBB.

and expressed their sympathy with the petitioners, who had, they thought, been brusquely treated. There were many wild mutterings now amongst the negroes, which such support unhappily tended to fan into open revolt; and the word seems to have gone round amongst the coloured people that the 4th of August was to be a day of reckoning with the *buckra*.

The negroes, we must remember, were now growing in numbers, whilst the white people were steadily diminishing; so that colour, race, and tongue served to emphasise a difference which was no longer that of proprietor and chattel, and which mere community of civil rights had been impotent to obliterate. Leaders are not wanting in such a struggle whenever it becomes urgent and inevitable, and they have often been

found amongst the mixed or mulatto race, of which it has been justly said that "to the intelligence and often to the acquirements of the white race, it unites the impulsive waywardness of the negro, and adds a sensitiveness of its own."

After inflammatory addresses had been circulated, it required but a chance breeze of incident to kindle a fierce conflagration. Nothing serious, however, happened till Saturday, the 7th of October, 1865, when a petty incident brought matters to a crisis. On that day a busy market was being held at Morant Bay, and at the same time the Court of Petty Sessions was sitting. Amid the usual crush of trivial cases there was one of assault by a negro boy, who was fined four shillings; he was also charged twelve shillings and sixpence for costs. A noisy demagogue named Geoghegan, who was sitting in court, loudly urged the youthful offender not to pay costs, causing much excitement by his uproarious and disorderly conduct. The police, by the direction of the magistrates, laid hold of Geoghegan; but he was immediately rescued from their custody, and, the mob having greatly increased in numbers and violence, the police were beaten back with much roughness.

On the following Monday, as simple justice and order required, warrants were issued against those who were deemed to be the chief offenders. These were two men named Bogle, and some others, alleged on oath to have taken an active or prominent part in Saturday's riot in or around the court. These men lived near Morant Bay, and thither eight policemen went—a rather feeble force in the circumstances and in light of previous excitement—to make the apprehension. When an officer laid hold of Paul Bogle, who was a Baptist preacher, he shouted, "Help, here!" and suddenly some one addressed as "captain" called on the men to turn out. In a trice a gang of men, numbering from three to five hundred, armed—some with sticks, and others with pikes or such cutlasses as are used in the cutting of sugar-cane—rushed out from Bogle's little chapel and from a sugar-cane field hard by, and soon overpowered the small force of constables representing British authority. Some of the policemen were beaten back, but others were caught and kept in bonds till they consented to "join their colour," and to "cleave to the black;" for they, too, were coloured persons.

According to the official report:—"It was stated by Bogle, in the presence of the policemen, that they had expected to go to Morant Bay that day, but that it was then late; that on the morrow there was to be a Vestry held at the Bay, and that they expected to come down. It was said by others that they intended to come down to the Bay 'to kill all the white men and all the black men that would not join them.'" This statement naturally led to some kind of military precautions being taken, and certainly they were more than justified by the events that followed.

On Wednesday, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, while the Vestry was transacting its ordinary business, a menacing crowd of people came up to the building where that body was sitting. The volunteers were hastily summoned, and very soon afterwards a great mob, armed with sticks, cutlasses, muskets and bayonets —these latter partly obtained from the previous sacking of the police station—rushed into the open space facing the court house, in which the volunteers were now drawn up. Baron Ketelhodt, the Custos, who had been vilified in an exciting appeal which

had previously been circulated amongst the negroes, went out to the steps calling "Peace, peace!" and asking the foremost in the crowd what their demands were, but the loud answer was "War!"

At this crisis some women and others forming an outside fringe of the mob were seen to be carrying stones, and one of the bystanders noticed that blood was trickling down the face of Captain Hitchins, the officer in command. No one seems to have actually seen a stone thrown at this period, but it is quite clear that stones were collected for the purpose of being thrown, and that the captain was struck on the forehead and wounded by means of a stone, possibly thrown by some one not in the main body of organised rioters. While this was happening, the magistrate was reading the Riot Act—the volunteers retiring to the steps. Authority was immediately given to the captain, who ordered his men to fire, which they promptly did, some eighteen or twenty people in the crowd of rioters being seen to fall as if shot. The mob, now frantic for revenge, rushed upon the volunteers, disarming some of them, and compelling the remainder either to flee for their lives or to take such shelter as the court house seemed to afford.

Within this building those magistrates and other members of the Vestry who had failed to escape by the back windows, together with a few disorganised volunteers, were now closely penned. Without was a raging mob, determined to make short work of the imprisoned *buckra*, and, amid an intermittent fire from the few volunteers inside, who had saved their weapons, they pelted the scared defenders with stones, or took pot-shots at them with pebbles in place of bullets, by means of the muskets they had seized from the volunteers and police.

The official Blue Book thus relates what followed:—"A cry was then heard, 'Go and fetch fire;' 'Burn the brutes out.' Bogle, in particular, said, 'Let us put fire upon the court house. If we don't, we will not manage the volunteers and the *buckra*.' Very soon afterwards men were seen to set fire to the school house, which adjoined the court house. Then, after a time, the fire spread from the roof of the one building to that of the other.

"As the roof of the court house was beginning to fall in, the inmates were compelled to leave the building; and, it being now dark, they sought to conceal themselves in different places in the vicinity.

"Some remained undiscovered throughout the night, but others were dragged from their hiding-places, and one by one either beaten or left for dead on the ground.

"The number of persons killed by the rioters in or about the court house appears to have been eighteen, and the number of the wounded to have amounted to thirty-one.

"After this the town remained in possession of the rioters. The gaolers were compelled to throw open the prison doors, and fifty-one prisoners, who were there confined, were released."

It is now believed that the riot was the result of much previous excitement caused by an agrarian question greatly discussed amongst the freed negroes, the main point being as to the proprietorship of certain "back lands" on which claims were made, reminding one not a little of many knotty problems raised by Crofters in Scotland; and

that the crisis was reached in a riotous determination beforehand to release certain "agrarian" prisoners from lawful custody.

There must necessarily have been an excited and sensitive condition of mind amongst the English (white) population, and even the Governor's report gave vent to some hideous rumours of mutilation and torture for which there was afterwards found to be hardly a shred of evidence; such as, that "the Rev. V. Herschell is said to have had his tongue cut out whilst still alive, and an attempt is said to have been made to skin him;" that "Mr. Charles Price was ripped up and his entrails taken out;" that "Lieutenant Hall had been pushed into an outhouse and roasted alive;" and that "others had had their eyes scooped out." The medical evidence was strong enough to establish the absurdity of most of these rumours, due partly to the contagion of terror, and antipathy to the "blacks."

On the very day of the outbreak at Morant Bay, Governor Eyre had received a letter from the poor Custos, Baron Ketelhodt (who lost his life in the riot), expressing great apprehensions for the safety of the white people; and no time seems to have been lost in making preparations to maintain order. Two hundred soldiers in all were despatched to the disturbed region; a body of troops was sent along the beautiful Blue Mountain Valley to intercept the rebels should they attempt to cross the island by that way; and, when the full news came, one-third of the island was put under martial law for a period of one month. It has been generally conceded that this was too long a period, in all the circumstances of the case, for the ordinary legal machinery of the country to be superseded; but the term of one statutory month was supposed to be a necessary concomitant of any proclamation whatsoever of martial law in Jamaica.

The disturbed district had an extent of something over five hundred square miles, and contained about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly black people. There was, strange to say, but one gaol in the district—a fact which may be allowed to tell somewhat in favour of the religious and moral tone of the inhabitants; but when the outbreak took place, the lack of accommodation for prisoners was felt to impose a certain necessity for summary action on the part of the military authorities. The restoration of order had to be effected by only four hundred and fifty-eight regular soldiers and two hundred and eighty-seven maroons, or negro troops, who acted very loyally throughout. The primary object of the authorities was to strike immediate terror into the hearts of the whole negro population, then supposed to be but waiting for the least token of success to join in a general massacre of the *buckra*.

But there can be little doubt that the punishment of the rebels lost in effectiveness by the vindictive spirit in which details seemed to be administered; and excesses were committed which nothing could justify.

About four hundred and fifty rebels were put to death, and a Royal Commission of Inquiry reported:—

"(1) That the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent.
"(2) That the floggings were reckless, and at Bath positively barbarous.
"(3) That the burning of 1,000 houses was wanton and cruel."

It would be aside from our main purpose to enter fully into the details of the awful tragedies portrayed in cold official language throughout the pages of that report which Mr. Childers called a "ghastly volume." The number of persons whose lives were taken *after* the rebellion was quelled—if rebellion it really was—corresponded with those who perished under Judge Jeffreys during the Bloody Assize, being 350, as stated in Parliament with some rhetorical force.

One Kirkland, a man of genius in a way, by a happy inspiration found that piano wire, when twisted amongst the cords of the conventional cat-o'-nine-tails, improved the efficacy of the punishment inflicted on the unfortunate blacks. With these infernal instruments of torture—one of which was afterwards exhibited—some hundreds of persons were flogged, often with one hundred lashes each, "till the ground was soaked with gore." Women did not escape, and this terrible punishment of the lash was not restricted to rebels guilty of murder or violence. One man received one hundred and fifty lashes simply because a mustard pot belonging to a Mr. Jones was found in his possession! Mere boys were pitilessly flogged for hiding from the troops or police; and some, who seem to have been quite innocent of any misdeed whatever, were shot down for running when the soldiers came into view.

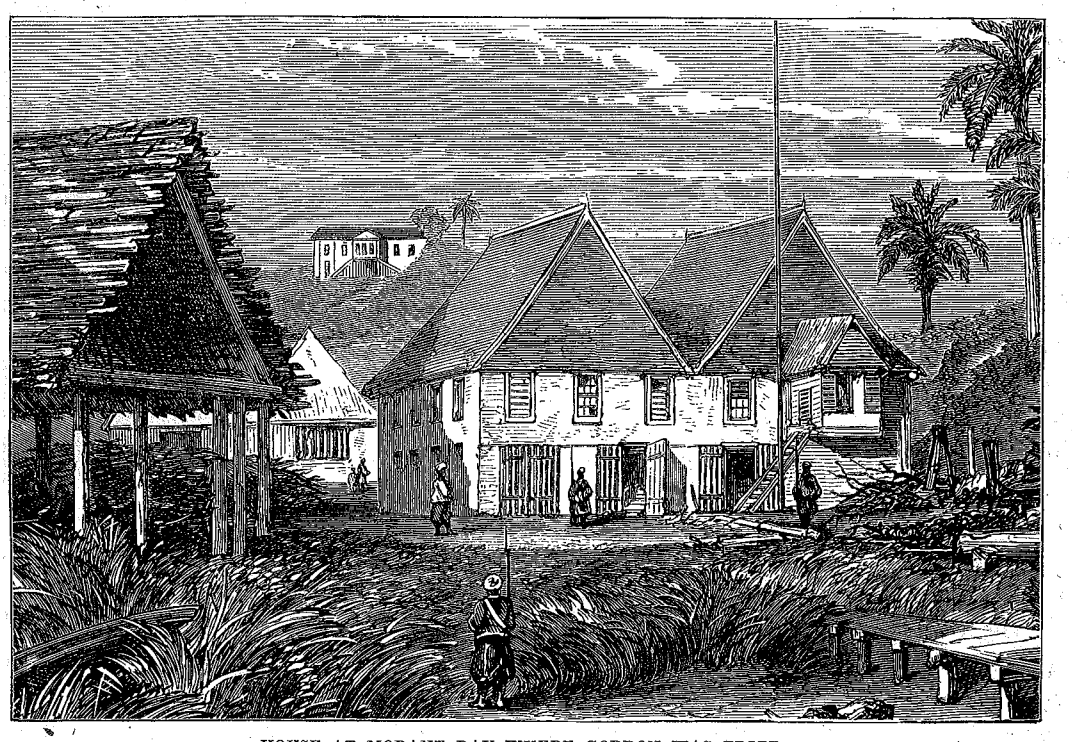
Few of those who knew Mr. Eyre ever doubted he was personally a humane man; but after a careful and most impartial investigation, he was compelled to give up the post which he had filled in a time of undoubted difficulty and perhaps extraordinary danger. For a long time England rang with a wordy warfare, in which such men as Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Dickens, and Tennyson were ranged with Disraeli on the side of the discarded Governor; while Goldwin Smith, Stuart Mill, Huxley, and Spencer, placed themselves alongside of John Bright as defenders of the "black man."

Popular interest was chiefly concentrated on the tragic story of the Baptist preacher, George William Gordon, the son of a rich planter and Custos, by one of his slave women. George, the oldest of seven children born in servitude, was a bright, clever boy, and though he inherited little but his mother's colour, he soon made his way in the world, gaining general respect and earning a good deal of money for himself. The poor mother died; the wealthy father in course of time freed his children, while George sent his sisters to Paris to complete their education, got them both well married, and gave to each of them a portion. By-and-bye the father lost all his fortune, and George (with the aid, for a little, of another son) bought back the paternal estate for the old gentleman, leaving him in occupancy, and providing him with about £500 a year, to comfort his old age.

One old Jamaica resident speaks of George as "a man of princely generosity and of unbounded benevolence," and he liberally aided the schools and chapels of different denominations. He was a gentleman of public spirit, wide information, and high general culture, while his conversational manner had much urbanity and sweetness. Gordon was for some time a magistrate, and even a legislator, in the colony, taking always the popular or negro side in politics; and he was one of the largest landed proprietors in Jamaica. Although he has been spoken of as a member of the Church of England, and deemed himself a Baptist, he was at one time connected with the

United Presbyterian Church at Kingston in Jamaica; and the eminent Rev. D. King, LL.D., who had been temporarily his pastor there, wrote and spoke very highly of his character, and of the esteem in which he was held by all classes. In a letter to a London newspaper the reverend doctor says:—

"He always spoke to me with deferential regard for his father, and never uttered a disrespectful word regarding Mrs. Gordon. He was tenderly sensitive. One day, as we were walking together, he became pensive, and requested me to step aside with him. He stopped before a slight elevation of the grass, and said to me, with much



HOUSE AT MORANT BAY WHERE GORDON WAS TRIED.

emotion, 'My mother is buried there; she was a negro and a slave, but she was a kind mother to me, and I loved her dearly!' As he uttered these words his tears trickled down upon her grave."

Some time before the outbreak, Gordon had been elected churchwarden, and went to claim his seat in the Vestry at Morant Bay. Rightly or wrongly, his presence was protested against, and on his formally refusing to retire at the touch of a policeman, he was lifted up bodily on his chair and carried out by the magistrates themselves. Then an outcry was raised by Gordon about the death of a man in prison from dysentery, on whose body no inquest had been held. Again, this warm-hearted and hot-headed man had been leading a vigorous agitation to secure the recall of Governor Eyre, who was not popular with the now very strong negro party, and all this had served to render their leader obnoxious to those in authority. Indeed, even in 1865

Gordon seems to have expressed fears that an official conspiracy was being formed against him, a dread which some of his relatives shared. In addition to official disfavour, he had further incurred the resentment of the large and influential planter class, by his vigilant criticism of abuses and general fidelity to the blacks.

On the fatal day when the attack was made on the Vestry Hall, Gordon's absence was thought by many to be of great significance, as he had become one of the most regular in attendance; but it is clear that he was then seriously ill, and desired to be at the meeting. Just before the riot he had been busy circulating an inflammatory address, probably written by himself, which was especially hostile to the Custos, Baron Ketelhodt, who was murdered and mutilated by the infuriated negroes; but it is impossible to believe that Gordon contemplated anything but constitutional action.

When the newspapers began to point out the Baptist "parson" as the chief instigator of a bloody riot falsely dignified with the name of rebellion, Gordon's friends tried to induce him to escape from the fowler's snares by flight; but he nobly answered them, "I have done nothing but striven to prevent oppression and to relieve the poor, and no inducement shall make me act as if I were guilty."

He had not long to wait before a warrant was issued against him, with the avowed aim "to deter other districts from rising," the original outbreak itself having been completely suppressed. Hearing of this process, Gordon, along with Dr. Fiddes, rode to the official residence, prepared to meet any accusation that might be preferred against him; but on arriving there he was arrested by the Governor himself, and hurried off to Morant Bay, guarded by soldiers. The poor man was at this time much emaciated, and had been suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis, which threatened to end in consumption. Dr. Fiddes says, "From what I saw of the manner of Mr. Gordon's seizure, and from his immediate transference from a place where no martial law existed, to a town where it was in full activity, I concluded that his fate was sealed."

The doomed but untried prisoner said to his wife, a tender-souled, nervous little woman, in giving up to her his watch and purse, "I am to be taken to Morant Bay at once, to die this evening," for, as he knew, the passage could be made in a few hours in favourable weather. As he went on board the *Wolverine*, the crew brutally wagged their heads at him, declaring that his life was not worth a pin now,—since Governor Eyre had become his keeper. He was then securely shackled and placed under a guard in the stern of the vessel, where his friends last saw him seated. Like a condemned malefactor of the vilest class, this untried Christian gentleman was, with apparent vindictiveness, fed on bread and water. During the passage, Gordon penned the following touching letter to his poor wife:—

"My Best Beloved Lucy,—This may be the last time I shall write to you. I have written very hurriedly and in a rolling sea. Remember me affectionately and forgivingly to all. I shall, if I must, die in peace, and with a clear conscience of being any party to the outbreak here. My heart throbs with love for you; but let your soul be stayed on God through Christ, and be not sorrowful as those without hope. My very, very dearest one, . . . I shall in death remember your words

[*warm*, in one copy], and kind, and devoted, and affectionate attachment. Hoping that we shall again meet in Christ to part no more,—Yours to the last moment,

"G. W. GORDON."

The vessel was unexpectedly delayed by rough weather, and did not reach Morant Bay till three days had elapsed. On arriving on shore, this ex-member of the legislature was mobbed by Her Majesty's soldiers and sailors—one soldier robbing him of his spectacles, another stealing his black coat and waistcoat, a third pulling his shirt out over his pantaloons, and leaving him to stand exposed in his weak state to a broiling sun. He had even to stand trial clad in an old blanket. One asked him how he should like a taste of the cat; another promised that they should soon string him up; whilst a third, in choice language, threatened "to set the dogs at you, you rascal!"

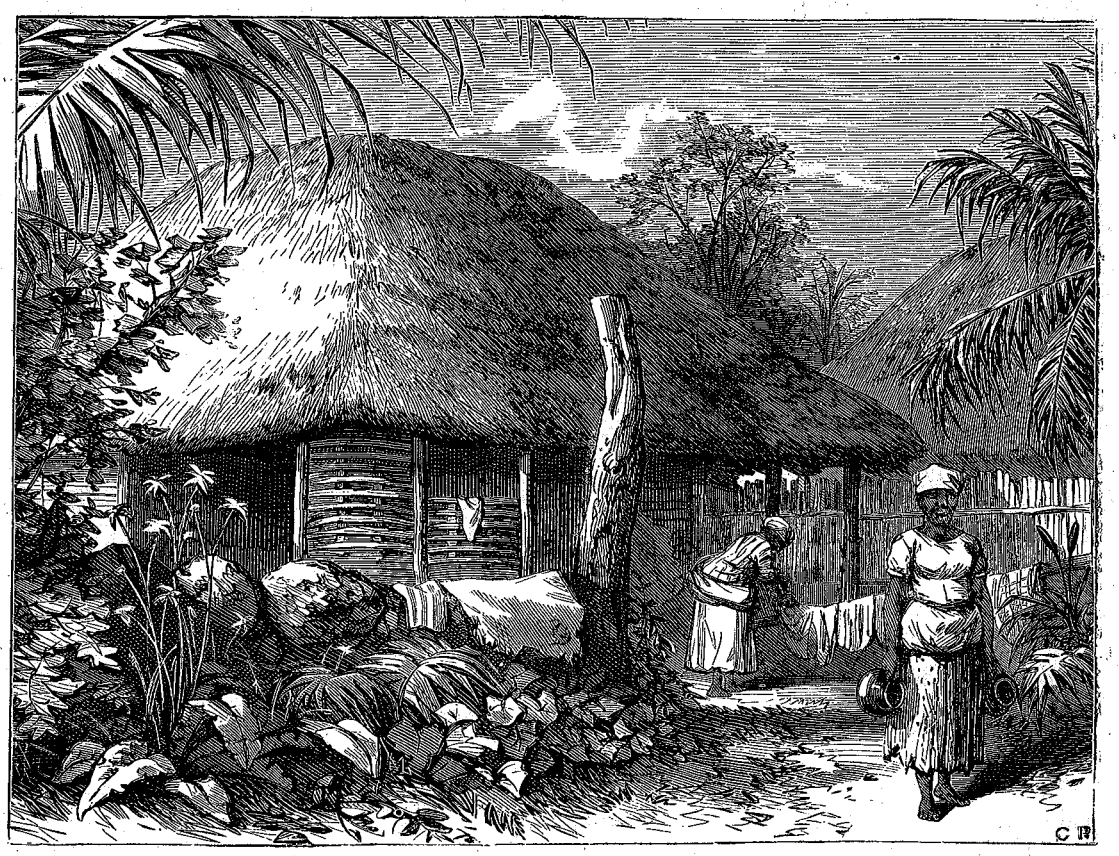
When at length the sick and manacled prisoner, worn out with anxiety and long shameful exposure to the sun, became faint, and sank helplessly to the ground, Provost-Marshal Ramsay, a prominent "instrument" during the Governor's astonishing vindication of law and order, reproached the prisoner loudly and roughly with his position. He, and other officers, taunted Gordon with his coming doom, and actually had so little manliness as to compel him to witness the convulsions and contortions of other wretches, from whom the sailors were finding some amusement by hanging them in the most clumsy and primitive fashion. Ramsay himself led Gordon forward to look closely at the bloated and spasm-contorted visage of one William Grant, saying, as he did so, "See what *he* has come to, and to that end you will certainly come;" in reply to which most un-English treatment Gordon could only meekly bow, and was led back to the filthy reeking den in which he was to await execution. There was little pretence of legal formality in the trial. Gordon was undefended, and the investigation was such as should never have been entrusted to a few inexperienced young officers, one of whom seems to have prejudged the case. No one has ever had anything to say in defence of this trial, which seems to have violated almost every known judicial form; and it did not afterwards meet with approval from the Home Government. Such as it was, it took place on Saturday, and on Monday Gordon was a corpse.

His defence is contained in this last letter to his wife, which is generally consistent with the facts recorded of him:—

"MY BELOVED LUCY,—General Nelson has just been kind enough to inform me that the court-martial on Saturday last has ordered me to be hung, and that the sentence is to be executed in an hour hence, so that I shall be gone for ever from this world of sin and sorrow.

"I regret that my worldly affairs are so deranged, but now it cannot be helped. I do not deserve the sentence, for I never advised or took part in any insurrection; all I ever did was to recommend the people who complained, to seek redress in a legitimate way; and if in this I erred, or have been misrepresented, I don't think I deserve this extreme sentence. It is, however, the will of my Heavenly Father that I

should thus suffer in obeying His command to relieve the poor and needy, and to protect, so far as I was able, the oppressed; and glory be to His name, and I thank Him that I suffer in such a cause. Glory be to the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I can say that it is a great honour thus to suffer, for the servant cannot be greater than his Lord. I can now say, with Paul the aged, 'The hour of my departure is come, and I am ready to be offered up. I have kept the faith, I have fought a good fight, and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of



NEGRO HUTS, JAMAICA.

righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me.' Please to say to all friends an affectionate farewell, and that they must not grieve for me, for I die innocently. Assure Mr. Airey of the truth of this, and all others. Comfort your heart. I certainly little expected this. You must do the best, and the Lord will help you; and do not be ashamed of the death which your poor husband will have suffered. The judges seemed against me, and, from the rigid manner of the court, I could not get in all the explanation I intended. . . . It seemed that I was to be *sacrificed*. I know nothing of Bogle, and never advised him to the act or acts which have brought upon me this end. . . . I did not expect that, not being a rebel, I should have been tried and disposed of this way. I thought His Excellency the Governor

would have allowed me a fair trial, if any charge or [of ?] sedition or inflammatory language were partly attributable to me; but I have no power of control; may the Lord be merciful to him! General Nelson, who has just come for me, has faithfully promised to let you have this; may the Lord bless him, and the soldiers and sailors, and all men!"

Then follow farewell words to many personal friends. The letter resumes:—

"As the General is come, I must close. Remember me to Aunt Eliza in England, and tell her not to be ashamed of my death. And now, my dearest one, the most beloved and faithful, the Lord bless, keep, preserve, and keep you. A kiss for dear mamma. . . . Say good-bye to Mr. Davidson and all others. I have only been allowed one hour. I wish more time had been allowed. Farewell also to Mr. E. C. Smith, who sent up my private letter to him; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us all.

"Your truly devoted (and now nearly dying) husband,

"GEO. W. GORDON."

This letter was published, making a profound impression on the British public, and tending to deepen the consciousness that a great wrong had been done under the guise of a military necessity that did not exist.

Mr. Cardwell pretty clearly reflected the calm judicial mind of England when he stated that—"Future good government is not the object of martial law. Example and punishment are not its objects; its severities can only be justified when, and so far as, they are absolutely necessary for the immediate re-establishment of the public safety."

After the Crown assumed the direct government of the colony, affairs soon settled down, and angry feelings began to subside. Success attended the missions of the Baptists; and there are no more loyal subjects of the Queen than the quiet, orderly, respectable-looking negroes who worship in Baptist chapels throughout the West Indies. Slavery has left its evil mark on the negroes; but, says Dr. Underhill, "The discipline of the churches, with the ministry of the Word, is having its effect in the raising of the moral tone of the community and in the increasing intelligence of the people."

XVII.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.

Buddhism—Felix Carey—Early Life of Adoniram Judson—"A Decided Infidel"—Ann Hasseltine—Captured by the French—A Little Band of Seven—The Phyoungees—The Judsons at Rangoon—Opposition of the Myowoon—First Converts—Imprisonment of Judson—Ministries of his Wife—Escape—The Burmese War—The Boardmans—Among the Karens—Mission of the S.P.G.—Bishop Cotton—Mr. Marks—A Liberal King—Beliefs of the Karens—Bishop Titcomb—Successful Work.

WE have told how the British authorities, in their eagerness to limit Gospel teaching in Bengal, drove Mr. Chater from their territory. The result was that, in 1808, he and Felix Carey (Dr. Carey's eldest son) settled at Rangoon as pioneer founders of the Burman Mission.

The Burman Empire of that day covered the greater portion of the vast peninsula to the east of the Bay of Bengal, and as yet owed no fealty to any European Power. Its provinces were ruled by viceroys representing the Sovereign, who reigned in barbaric splendour on the throne of Ava. Buddhism in its strongest and purest form is the national religion—less adulterated with demon-worship and witchcraft and other foreign elements than in neighbouring lands. Admirable are its precepts for human conduct; but its highest hope for the future is absorption into the Deity, or practical annihilation. Through all the ages God has manifested Himself from time to time in a Buddha, or "Enlightened One;" and of Buddhas—that is to say, of men who by self-mortification and holiness have developed into divine incarnations—according to some accounts, there have been "as many as there are grains upon the sea-shore." Of twenty-eight of these the lives are narrated, and upon the walls of the pagodas is pictured the sleeping form of the next that is to come, Aremideia. Nearly three thousand years have passed since the last Buddha appeared upon earth—the young prince Gautama, who spurned the luxury and splendour of a royal court for the sake of teaching men how to live holy lives. His doctrines spread till it seemed as if Hinduism would perish, and the Brahmans cunningly adopted Buddha as an incarnation of Vishnu. Gautama is now the god of the Burmans, who, if they only acted up to his teachings, would be patterns to mankind. But, unlike Christ, Gautama gives no divine power to his followers, and so the Burmese, in spite of their poetical religion and their admirable system of ethics, are addicted to all sorts of sensuality and mean vice, and as a rule are inveterate liars. They are, however, zealous observers of fast and festival, and lavish in their offerings of fruits and flowers at Gautama's shrines. These shrines or pagodas, towering everywhere above the landscapes of this beautiful country, and so renowned for their wealth and grandeur and antiquity, form, in connection with the adjacent monasteries, where most Burmans are educated, the real strength of Buddhism.

Of all these pagodas the most famous is the great Shway Dagon, which must have been the most prominent object in the scene that met the eyes of Felix Carey

and his companion, as they sailed up the delta of the Irrawaddy to Rangoon. From a vast elevated platform rises the elegant pile of buildings, cornice above cornice, and angle above angle, till, in the centre, towers up the mighty bell-shaped dome, surmounted by a resplendent gilded spire. At the very summit, at a height equalling that of the cross of St. Paul's, there is an arrangement of bells perpetually tinkling in invocation to Gautama. Upon a throne in the temple below, arrayed in royal robes, sat in majestic calm the image of the god whose dominion our two missionaries had come to overthrow.

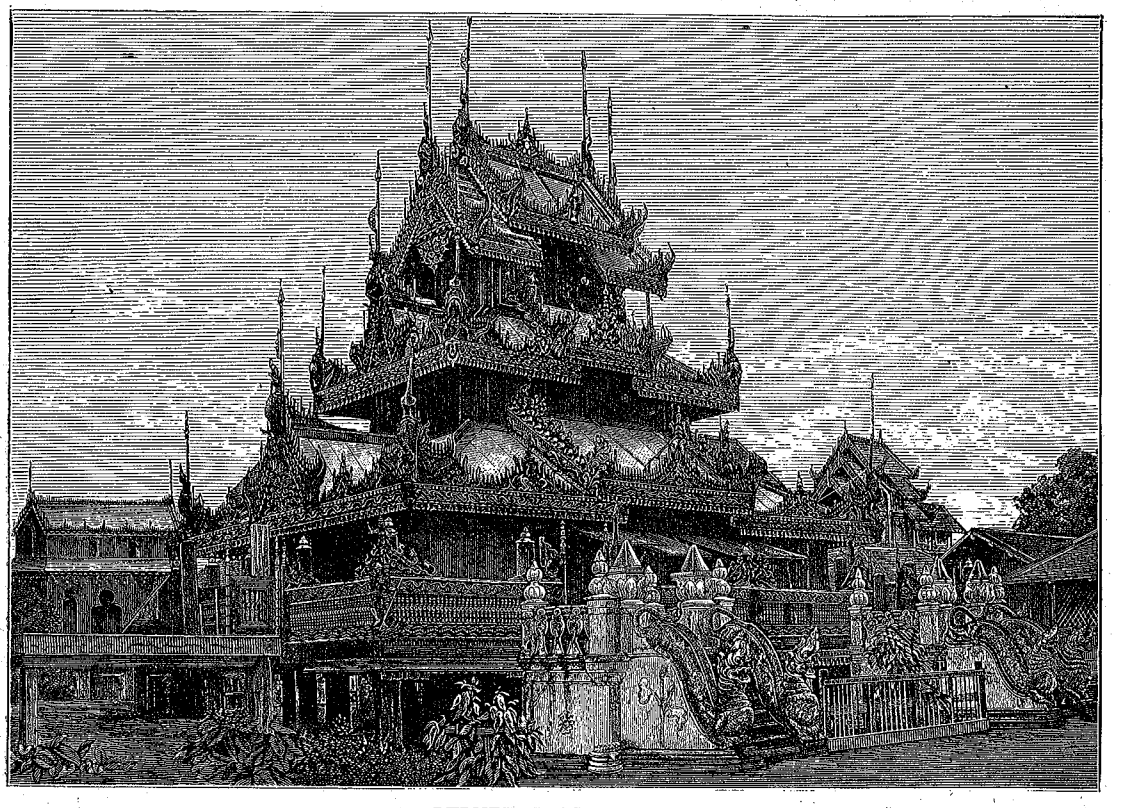
The first thing to be done was to build a house to live in. Then, in full accordance with Serampore practice, young Carey began to translate the Scriptures, although himself only learning the language. He got on well with the Burmese, for he had gone through a course of medical study at Calcutta, and his skill as a doctor brought him into great repute. He introduced vaccination, and its value was speedily recognised, so that Felix Carey's lancet opened the way for him into houses of every class. Poor Mr. Chater saw his wife made miserable by the rooted aversion of the Burmese to the presence of a foreign woman amongst them, and soon left for the more congenial Ceylon mission-field. Felix Carey married a native of the country, of European extraction. His medical practice extended, and he developed great proficiency as a linguist; but his missionary efforts were merely the carrying out of instructions received from Serampore, and not the outcome of any zeal on his own part. He printed the Burmese grammar and one of the Gospels at Serampore in 1812, and then brought to Rangoon the first printing-press that had been seen in the empire.

But meanwhile, far away in New England, God was preparing the true apostle of Burmah. Adoniram Judson was the talented and accomplished son of a Massachusetts minister. We hear that he could read a chapter from the Bible at three, and that at four it was his great delight to stand up on a chair and preach to his playmates. As he grew older, books became a passion with him. It was his habitual custom to neglect play for the sake of getting away to some quiet nook, and there, losing all consciousness of the world around him, pore over the pages of Fielding or Richardson, or some other favourite author. He nursed bright visions of his future career, but his day-dreams were all of intellectual greatness; to be a great orator, a great poet, or a famous divine—such were the goals of his young ambition. He went to college and carried all before him, coming back, at the age of seventeen, laden with honours and prizes, to that quiet New England home. The pious parents admired their brilliant son, but were thrilled with horror as he coolly declared himself a decided infidel. He was clever enough to silence his father's impetuous arguments, but his mother's tears and prayers were weapons less easily foiled. It was in vain that he strove to forget them during a prolonged tour; in the rural ride, or in the crowded theatre, that meek entreating face seemed ever before him.

He came one evening to a country inn, where with profuse apologies the landlord told him that the only vacant room was next to one occupied by a man who was not expected to live till morning. Adoniram vauntingly declared that he did not see why that need trouble him. But in the silence of the night, only broken at intervals by the footfall of the nurses or the groans of the dying man, he could not help feeling that

after all death was terribly real, and somehow or other infidelity did not seem to meet the needs of the case.

In the morning he heard from the landlord that all was over. "Who was he?" asked Judson. "Mr. E——, a young student from Providence College," was the reply. Judson was thunderstruck. It was, then, his own college companion—the brilliant scoffer from whom he had himself caught the contagion of scepticism—that had thus passed away! "Dead! lost! lost!" were the words that seemed perpetually to rise to his lips as he hurried away. He went to Plymouth and supported himself

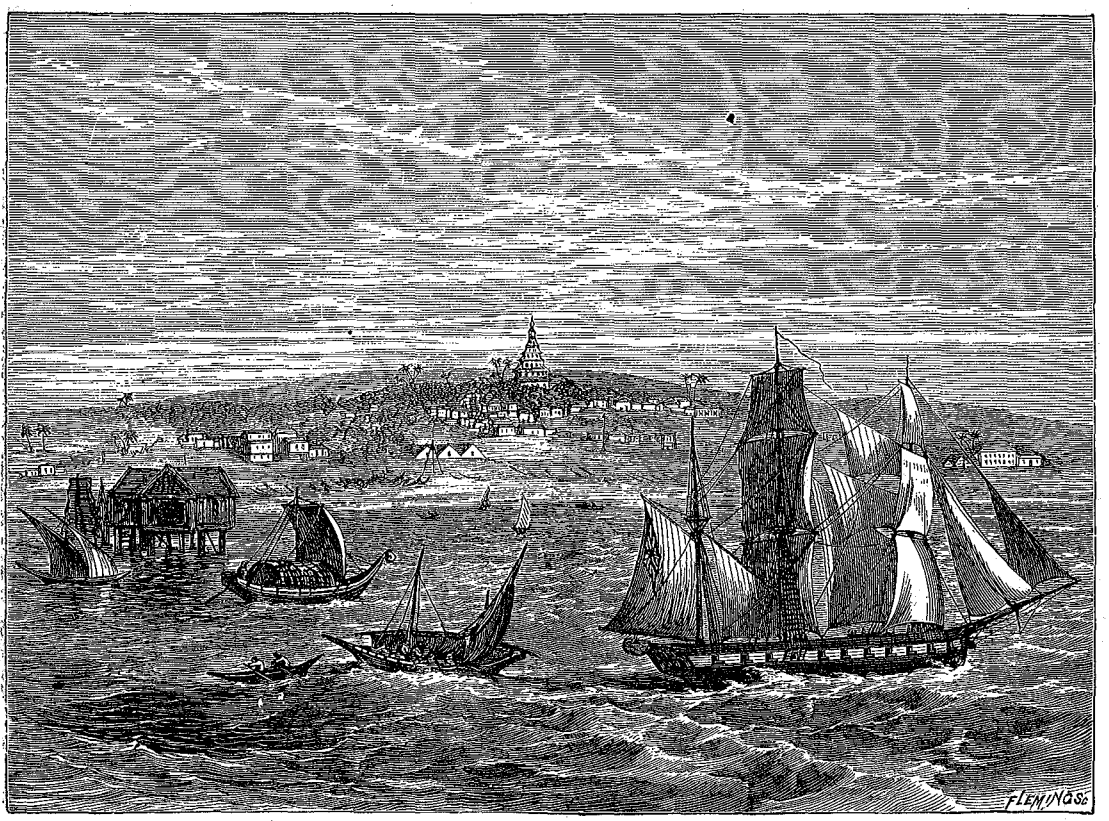


BURMESE IMAGE HOUSE.

by school-keeping and literature whilst diligently searching for the truth. All became clear, and in a very little while he was at Andover Theological College in training for the ministry, when Buchanan's "Star in the East" came into his hands, and stirred his soul with longings for service in those distant mission-fields. Then a work on the "Burmese Empire" interested him strongly. The two currents of thought harmonised, and to preach the Gospel in Burmah became the master-passion of his life, before he had spoken a word concerning it to any human being.

But the good minister and his wife, who had rejoiced so fervently over the return of their wanderer to the Christian fold, had never dreamed of having to send their gifted son away to the ends of the earth. At the Theological College he had shown

himself a man of mark, and the family circle nursed the hope of soon seeing him take a prominent place amongst the ministers of New England. One evening they welcomed him with mysterious smiles and hints, and then delightedly told him that the minister of the largest church in Boston had sent a request for Adoniram to come and act as his coadjutor. "A grand opportunity!" said his father. "And so near home!" exclaimed both mother and sister. Almost overcome with emotion, the young man could scarcely frame the words to tell them that it could not be. And



RANGOON.

then he told them how God had called him to a far-distant field of service. There was weeping in the little circle, but no opposition to the project. They saw that they must accept the decision, which contrasted so strangely with the bold avowal of infidelity in the same room only two years before.

Meanwhile, in another Massachusetts town, a beautiful dark-eyed girl was growing up towards womanhood, and passing through experiences that were fitting her to take her place by Judson's side as wife and co-worker in the land of his adoption. The gifted Ann Hasseltine had been devoted to gaiety and amusement, when a wave of religious revival swept over Bradford town, and gave her new perceptions of time and eternity. For a while her life was ascetic, and, it is to be feared, somewhat Pharisaical.

Then came doubts and anxious perplexities, followed by rebellious distrust, until at length her soul found perfect peace in the full assurance of the infinite love of God. She was seventeen when she first heard Adoniram Judson preach. They were introduced, and mutually attracted; but in wooing her for his bride, Judson clearly set before her and her parents the only prospects in life which he had to offer her. He plainly asked her to bid a final adieu to family and friends; to share a home with him in a heathen land; to lead a toilsome, self-denying life, with possibly a martyr's grave at the end of it. But none of these things moved Ann Hasseltine. She gave her heart to the young minister, and calmly waited for the hour when they should go forth together to the field of service.

But there were to be some delays and hindrances first. In 1811, when war was raging by sea and land, Judson ventured across the ocean for the purpose of inducing the recently formed London Missionary Society (Congregationalist) to send him and three like-minded fellow-students to the Eastern mission-field. But the vessel was captured by a French war-ship, and Judson, with a number of rough English sailors, was shut down in the hold. In the midst of the din and confusion he tried to read his Hebrew Bible in the uncertain light. But he was ill, and soon the ship's doctor had to be sent to him, who, taking up the volume, perceived that a man of culture had somehow got imprisoned in that crowded hold. They conversed in Latin, and the result was that young Judson had a berth assigned him, and a seat at the captain's table, for the remainder of the voyage. On landing, he was marched with the English crew through the streets of Bayonne to prison. In vain he protested loudly that he was an American citizen. No one understood him, till a fellow-countryman in the crowd promised to come to his help presently if he would go along quietly. Night closed in, and found Judson pacing up and down the straw-covered stones of an underground vault, around which his companions in misfortune, more inured to hardship than he, had composed themselves to rest. He was sick and faint with the foul atmosphere long ere the key grated in the lock and the gaoler and the American entered. The latter drew the slender youth under his capacious cloak, and for a ready bribe the gaoler and his assistant looked another way as the pair passed out together. Then separating, they ran swiftly to the wharf, and passed the night safely on board an American vessel.

Ultimately Judson's papers procured him permission to travel through France. He reached London, and the Committee of the Missionary Society were delighted with the new aspirant for foreign service. They saw before them a young man of slight physical build, with a round rosy face, expressive features, keen dark-brown eyes, and a mass of chestnut hair. His sonorous voice was deep with pathos as he told the story of himself and his comrades, and his delicate figure seemed in keeping with his refined and cultivated soul. The Committee gladly accepted as missionaries Judson and his three friends—Newell, Nott, and Hall. But on returning to America, Judson found that the American Congregationalist Mission Board, which was in embryo when he left, was now strong enough to undertake the whole matter. Another student, Luther Rice, also came forward, and Judson and Newell married, so that it was a little band of

seven persons who, in the early spring of 1812, sailed for the East as the vanguard of the missionary enterprise of Christian America.

After sixteen long weary weeks of ocean travel, the Judsons saw with delight the towering summits of the mountains of Golconda, and they were soon in the delta of the Ganges, where vast masses of foliage, clustered cottages, green fields of rice or grain, and graceful pagodas, make up an ever-varying landscape. They landed at Serampore, and, before they had been in the place two days, they saw the ugly painted lump of wood that stands for the world-famed "Juggernaut" carried forth to his bath with the usual excitement and clamour. Dr. Carey did not like the look of these Americans. They were not of the hardy, rugged type which he thought most suitable for the work. The authorities were filled with indignant alarm, and ordered the whole batch to re-embark forthwith. A separation of the party resulted; but we must follow the fortunes of the Judsons, who, with Mr. Rice, could not for some time procure a passage. Whilst at Serampore they were received into the Baptist Church by immersion, and Mr. Rice was sent to America to appeal to the Baptist churches for the future support of the mission. They responded nobly, and for years liberally upheld that great work amongst the Karens in Burmah, which Bishop Cotton declared to be one of the great missionary successes of the Indian world. Thus the work of the American Baptists in Burmah ranks side by side with the Church of England work at Tinnevelly, and the German Lutheran work at Chota Nagpore—grand Conquests of the Cross, to which in due course we shall have to refer.

There were tedious journeyings and hindrances before the Judsons took their passage at Madras in a vessel bound for Rangoon. The voyage was a chapter of disasters. Mrs. Judson's European nurse died, she herself was dangerously ill, and the worn-out tub which carried them was all but shipwrecked among the reputed cannibals of the Andaman Islands. The crew were Malays, and only the captain could speak a word of English.

At Rangoon Mrs. Judson was carried ashore to the mission-house. Felix Carey was away at Ava, and the Judsons were glad to rest awhile and recruit themselves with the fowls and rice and cucumbers of which Mrs. Carey's *cuisine* was mainly composed. Very beautiful and interesting was the surrounding scenery; thick forests clothed the banks of the broad river, and here and there the gilded lacquer-work of some towering pagoda gleamed in the sunlight. Unfortunately, near the mission-house was a piece of ground devoted to public executions and to the burning of the dead—quite sufficient to spoil the finest of landscapes. For various reasons the Judsons soon found a house for themselves inside the walls of Rangoon.

To learn the language was the next thing to be done; a task accomplished under great difficulty. Their pundit had no dictionary and no grammar, and at first pooh-poohed the idea of teaching a woman. But all these difficulties were overcome. They soon became able to converse in Burmese, and began visiting as ways opened for them. At the house of the Myowoon (Viceroy of Rangoon) they saw the wives of that functionary. The chief wife smoked her silver pipe, and chatted with Mrs. Judson, who sat on a mat beside her; the other wives crouched at a respectful distance. The

savage-looking Myowoon, who strode, spear in hand, into the apartment, was very polite, after his fashion, to the lady visitor.

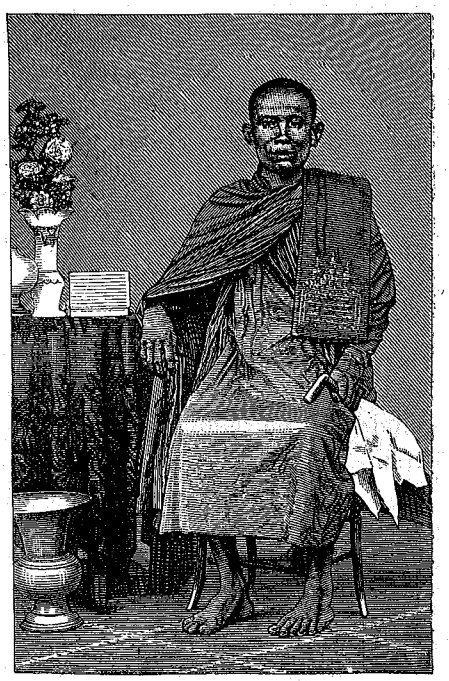
Often were the Judsons heart-sick at the cruelty and violence that were rampant in the land. Robberies and murders were of constant occurrence, and they were shocked to hear of the horrible tortures and executions that followed these crimes.

ADONIRAM JUDSON.

How they longed to see the Gospel enlightening, elevating, and purifying the people who streamed past them between the long ranges of houses so curiously constructed of bamboo and matting! It was, and is, a curious spectacle. The poorer men are dressed in long pieces of striped cotton or silk folded round the middle and flowing down to the feet. Over this is worn, by richer men, a jacket of white muslin or velvet. Every head is adorned with the muslin turban, and the feet are protected (out of doors only) with sandals of wood or cowhide. The women wear a cotton or silk petticoat, and when out of doors a jacket (like that of the men) with a mantle over it. Both men

and women wear in their ears cylinders of gold, silver, or wood, except that as the men grow older they discard youthful vanities and use the holes in their ears as cigar-racks.

Noticeable in any Burmese throng are certain men strangely arrayed in yellow cloth, and each carrying a palmyra leaf to shade his shaven head. These are the phyoungees (pronounced *poonghies*)—that is to say, the men of "great glory" or "great example." Properly speaking, only the superintendents of monasteries appointed by the Tha-thena-byng at Ava are phyoungees; but by courtesy all who wear the yellow cloth, whether as priests for life by vow and diploma, or simply as having retired (perhaps temporarily) from the world. They dwell in large convents, live on charity, and educate the youth of Burmah. For the most part they are a lazy and dissolute lot; their life is in theory rigidly pure, but in practice (like every Burman institution) it is foul and corrupt.



BUDDHIST PRIEST.

The phyoungees lead quiet and retired lives, but their funerals are public events of a very sensational character. When one of these holy men dies, especially if in the repute of special sanctity, his body is preserved for months in honey, in an elaborately carved coffin. Sometimes it is carefully embalmed, and then covered with some bituminous material and an outer layer of gold leaf. On an appointed day the coffin is placed upon a four-wheeled car, and a gaily dressed crowd assembles, amongst whom the ladies are especially conspicuous by the splendid orchids with which they have dressed their hair. A start is made for the scene of the final rites, but two or three days are taken up in getting there. One party of men push the car forward, whilst another party push it back, and the crowd laugh and shout as either are for a time victorious. At length (by mutual arrangement) the goal is reached, and the coffin is placed on a platform and filled with explosives. The crowd arrange themselves in a wide semicircle, with the car at a distance in front of them. Then other cars are placed in position bearing huge effigies of dragons and other "fearful wild fowl" whose tails are made to point towards the funeral car. Presently a light is applied to one of these tails, and a large bamboo rocket goes rushing through the air and away into the jungle beyond. After several trials a rocket hits the coffin, and the phyoungee disappears—literally blown to atoms.

But even ordinary funerals are striking features of Burmese social arrangements. They are expensive affairs, and so the Burial Club has long been an institution in the land. The priests and the poor have to be generously treated, and, as a rule, festivities are protracted for nine days. With a long procession of persons bearing the fruit,

cloth, and money for distribution, and a train of male and female priests, as well as the family and friends, all clothed in white, the body is borne to the place of burning. The officials receive the coffin and set fire to it, and after three days present the family with the ashes, which are buried in an urn. Burning is not universal; and at interments it is thought well to make the bearers drunk, so that all evil demons may get well jolted out of the body.

Before narrating the labours of the Judsons among this remarkable people, we must briefly state what became of Felix Carey. He found himself so highly esteemed as vaccinator to the royal children, that he determined to establish a new mission-station at Ava under royal protection, and he set out from Rangoon with his family and his printing-press and all his property. After sailing ten days up the river, the vessel was upset by a sudden squall. Mrs. Carey and the two children were drowned, and the printing-press and other property irrecoverably lost. Felix held up his little son, three years old, till both were sinking together. Then, relinquishing his hold of the child, he managed to swim to shore.

The King was very vexed at the loss of the printing-press, which he had been longing to see set up at his capital, but he compensated Carey for the loss of his property, and thought so much of him that he sent him as his Ambassador to the British Government. Much to the grief of the good men at Serampore, the son of Dr. Carey was seen parading the streets of Calcutta in the gorgeous attire of a Burmese nobleman, with fifty retainers in his train. His embassy was a failure; the Burmese would have no more to do with him; and for further missionary effort he felt no inclination. Three years of wild romantic life succeeded—at one time a wandering outcast in the jungle, at another Prime Minister and Generalissimo to a native Prince. In the latter capacity he suffered a galling defeat from his old friends the Burmese. His fortunes were at a very low ebb when he happened to meet Mr. Ward at Chittagong, and was persuaded to come back and help in the translating and printing at Serampore, where he died in 1822.

Very quiet and unassuming were the early labours of the Judsons in Rangoon. They argued with the phyoungees, who, when Mr. Judson, in accordance with his school of thought, threatened them with eternal misery, stolidly replied, "Our religion is good for us, yours for you." After a time the barbarous viceroy was replaced by a more desirable one, named Mya-day-men, who invited all the Europeans to a banquet, Mrs. Judson's winning graces having been very effective in overcoming the Burmese prejudice against the presence of foreign women in the country. The Myowoon's wife, though disappointed to find that Mrs. Judson could not dance, at once became strongly attached to her.

There were several hindering trials during this time of hard study and preparatory work. Mrs. Judson's health broke down, and she was away six months at Madras; their first-born child died, and the father was in a low state of health for more than a year, during which time they received much kindness from their friend, the Myowoon's wife, who on one occasion took them for a pleasant change to her country house. It was to them a remarkable journey. The elephants which carried the party had frequently

to break a path for themselves through the thick woods. In a gilded howdah on the foremost elephant, preceded by thirty red-capped guards with their guns and spears, sat the grand lady herself in robes of red and white silk. Next came the huge animal which carried the Judsons, followed by three or four more, bearing Burmese nobles. A crowd of about four hundred attendants brought up the rear. Very gracious was the hostess to her two European friends at the subsequent feast under a wide-spreading banyan-tree. She herself ministered to their wants, and pared the fruit which she gathered for them from the adjacent trees. Unfortunately this lady's husband was recalled to Ava, just when she was beginning to ask thoughtful questions about the God of the Christians.

The Judsons were cheered and encouraged in 1817 by the arrival of Mr. Hough and his family, bringing with them a printing-press. It was not long before two little tracts in the Burmese language, giving brief summaries of Christian truth, were being handed about in Rangoon. Country people, having business in the town, took home copies of the tracts to their homes in the surrounding district, and thus the new religion began to be talked about.

One morning Mr. Judson was sitting in the verandah with his teacher when a Burman, attended by native servants, came up the steps in a very pensive manner, and sat down beside Mr. Judson. With downcast eyes he remained silent for a few moments, and then asked—

"How long time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?"

This was the first cry for salvation from Burman lips, and it filled the heart of Judson with unspeakable joy.

"If God gives light and wisdom," he replied, "the religion of Jesus is soon learned; but without God a man may study all his life long, and make no advance. But how came you to know anything of Jesus?"

"I have seen two little books."

"Who is Jesus?" asked Mr. Judson.

"He is the Son of God," answered the Burman in broken accents.

"Who is God?"

"He is a Being without beginning or end, Who is not subject to old age or death, but always is."

This man—the first real inquirer—was anxious for more books, and went away, delighted, with the first sheet—all that was then ready—containing the first five chapters of the Gospel of Matthew.

Other timid inquirers began now to call occasionally, and on Sundays Mrs. Judson got together a class of women. They were interested in her teaching, but in one hopeful case it was found that a woman who prayed regularly to Christ also kept up her prayers to Gautama. The Gospel of Matthew was published, and Mr. Judson began to feel equal to preaching in Burmese. He went first, however, to Chittagong to try and find a Burmese-speaking Christian who could aid in the public services. Whilst he was away, there was a fearful visitation of cholera, and for three nights Rangoon echoed with the din of incessant cannon-firing, as it was believed that the evil spirits

could only work mischief when they were left in peace and quietness. It was a time of great trial in other respects; the Burmese and British Governments were said to be on the point of mutual hostilities, and for several months nothing was heard of Mr. Judson. The Houghs retreated to Bengal, but Mrs. Judson remained with her child and the native servants. After nine months' absence Mr. Judson, who had been tossed about by contrary winds, and had suffered from fever and severe privation, got back to Rangoon, and found his dauntless wife alone at the post of duty.

The Houghs came back, and with them two young men just arrived from America, and in 1819, with funds from the American Baptists, a *zayat*, or public room, was erected. A *zayat* is a usual adjunct to a pagoda, so that by erecting one for the new religion a decided step in advance was being taken. This building was of bamboo and thatch, and combined separate school-rooms for men and women. Reading and writing were taught here daily; the prayers and preaching were numerously attended; and private inquirers were conferred with at any time.

The first to be received into the Church was Moung Nau, a poor man, who became a useful helper. An image of Gautama looked down upon the public pool in which Judson baptised his first convert. Moung Shwaygnong was the first Burman Deist Judson had met with; he had come to the knowledge of "One Eternal God" eight years before. He was a schoolmaster, and in the pride of intellect he struggled long against the Gospel truths which impressed his mind in his arguments with Judson. Three others—Thaahlah, Byaay, and Ing—were converted, and remained steadfast in the faith during the coming trials.

One evening the Myowoon dismounted from his elephant as he was passing the zayat, and entered. He looked very carefully at everything, and made many inquiries. The news soon came, that after he had gone away he had complained that that zayat was a place where men were persuaded "to forsake the religion of their country." At this mere rumour of disapproval on the part of the authorities, the classes and services were deserted, and for days together Judson sat alone in the zayat, only visited by his two or three converts. The fact was, that a new Emperor had, in 1819, ascended the throne of Burmah, a young man of the strict Buddhist type. The viceroy sent by him to Rangoon was also a zealous enthusiast for the enforcement of all Buddhist observances. The great Shway Dagon, where the venerated hair of Gautama was shown to the faithful, gave to this fanatical official abundant opportunity for the exercise of his religious fervour. He set to work to re-gild at his own expense the vast dome of the edifice, and also strove in other ways to increase its grandeur and importance. The grounds of this immense building extended for half a mile from its walls, and were crossed by the principal roads. Yet the Myowoon issued an edict that no person should pass with hat, shoes, umbrella, or horse, across the sacred domain. Mr. Judson was riding along one of these roads, in ignorance of the edict, when he was encountered by the great man himself, and was very peremptorily ordered back.

Under the fostering care of this zealous Myowoon, it seemed as if Buddhism was putting forth the mightiest efforts in readiness for the coming struggle between Christ

and Gautama. The great festival was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp and splendour; the broad bosom of the Irrawaddy was thronged with the vessels that bore the countless thousands of priests and worshippers to the most famous temple of their faith; pilgrims from southern islands mingled with fellow-worshippers whose furs

MR. JUDSON AND MR. COLMAN BEFORE THE EMPEROR AT THE HALL OF AUDIENCE, RANGOON (*p.* 546).

proclaimed that they had come from the cold mountains and table-lands of the north; and natives of every province of India bent in adoration at Gautama's shrine with men who had journeyed hither from the farther shores of China and Japan. Up the broad flights of steps the crowds surged on, and passed through a grand portico that opened upon a strange and romantic scene. Scattered everywhere amongst the sacred groves were images of demons and angels, of lions and elephants, and other forms, real or imaginary. Gautama, in all sorts of attitudes, met the eye in every direction—

Gautama sleeping, Gautama standing, Gautama sitting down—and every shrine was rich with votive offerings. Then came the supreme moment of the festival—the arrival of the viceroy, surrounded by royal insignia, and accompanied by the highest personages of the province. The brilliant group moved forward to the principal shrine, and there all bowed in adoration, signifying the submission of earthly dignity and authority to the celestial sovereignty of Gautama.

Dr. Judson thought that the difficulties in the affairs of the mission could only be met by obtaining royal sanction for its work. He and Mr. Colman procured from the Viceroy a pass permitting them "to go up to the golden feet and lift up their eyes to the golden face." Accordingly they hired a boat, and, with fifteen oarsmen and servants, went up the river to Ava, where, after a toilsome journey, they saw rising before them the gilded roofs of the palaces and pagodas of the royal city. Their old Rangoon friend, Mya-day-men, soon introduced them to the Prime Minister, Moung Zah, who expressed incredulous astonishment at their expectations, but agreed to procure them an audience. They were talking to Moung Zah, when a message came that "the golden foot was about to advance," and the Minister hurried the two missionaries to the Hall of Audience, where, above long avenues of golden columns, rose a lofty dome of dazzling splendour. Bearing in his hand a sword sheathed in gold, the Emperor strode forward alone from one of the avenues, and (except the two Americans, who were simply kneeling with folded hands) all present bowed their foreheads to the very dust at his approach.

"Who are these?" he asked, pausing in front of the missionaries.

"The teachers, great King," said Mr. Judson.

"What! you speak Burmese—the priests I have been told of? When did you come? Are you like the Portuguese priests? Are you married?"

These and other questions the King rapidly asked, and then seated himself to hear the petition read.

Moung Zah read it, and then crawled forward and placed it in the Emperor's outstretched hand. He read it again, and also a sentence or two from a tract that was handed up to him, while in the interval of silence the missionaries were praying earnestly. Presently the monarch threw down the tract, and refused even to notice the Bible in six volumes, beautifully bound in gold leaf, which was placed before him.

"In regard to the objects of your petition, His Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, His Majesty has no use for them; take them away."

This was the answer delivered through Moung Zah; and then, weary of so much business, the Emperor reclined on his cushions to be entertained with music.

The missionaries were told a day or two afterwards that they might go back to Rangoon, and teach any of their own countrymen they could find there. They heard that there was no actual law against teaching Burmese subjects, but it seemed very probable that converts would be persecuted. Fifteen years before, a Burmese teacher, who had been converted by the Portuguese priests, actually visited Rome, but on his return he was denounced by his own nephew, and, refusing to renounce Christianity, he was hammered with the iron mall till his body, from his feet to his breast, was

one mass of bruises. At every blow he repeated the name of Christ, and he would have been hammered to death had not some of his friends pleaded that he was mad. On this ground the Emperor released him, and the Portuguese sent the man to Bengal, where he died. But the nephew, whose officiousness led to the cruel torture being inflicted, was in high favour at the palace at the time of Judson and Colman's visit.

By spending about thirty dollars in presents, a pass back to Rangoon was obtained. As they passed down the Irrawaddy, the undecided Shwaygnong came on board at Pycee. He heard with approval the story of how a Burman had resolutely confessed Christ under the cruel hammer; he earnestly declared his own belief in the Gospel, and that he no longer lifted folded hands before a pagoda, but yet on days of worship he made a formal round of the sacred building to avoid persecution.

On arriving at Rangoon the missionaries and their little flock considered the subject of removing the mission across the frontier to a district where the Burmese language was spoken, and where they would be under British protection. Another inducement to take this course, was the fact that there were converts at Chittagong at present without a pastor. But the members of the little church at Rangoon, and several others who were about to join it, were adverse to removal, and besought the missionaries to stay with them.

"Be it remembered," said Thaahlah, "that this work is not yours or ours, but the work of God. If He give light, this religion will spread."

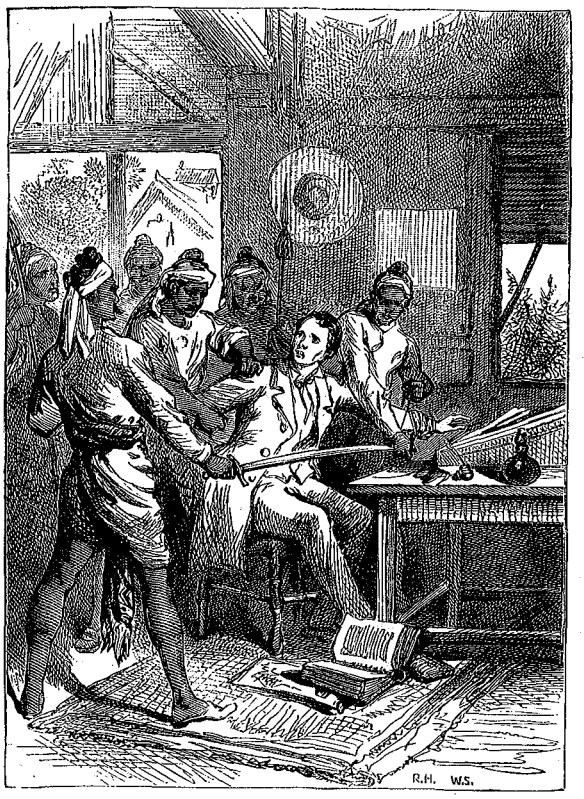
So Mr. Colman went to the flock at Chittagong, and did good work there until death ended his labours. The Judsons stayed at Rangoon. They held secret services with closed doors, but, strange to say, several fresh inquirers now came forward. Shwaygnong had at last found peace in complete dedication, and one night Judson took him to the forest pool and baptised him. Several others had been received into the Church in the same way, before the Judsons were compelled to retire to Serampore for six months to recruit their health and strength.

Shwaygnong, at the head of the disciples, now twenty-five in number, met Mr. and Mrs. Judson on the river-bank at their return, and gave them the pleasant news that Mya-day-men was now viceroy, and that when the lamas had dragged Shwaygnong before him, and accused their prisoner of trying "to turn the priests' rice-pot bottom upwards," he had only replied, "What matters? Let the priests turn it back again." Their good friend, the Myowoon's wife, had attained to the rank of a Woon-gyee-gaadaw, and was privileged to ride in a *wau*, carried by fifty men. But in spite of her new dignities she was still very affectionate to Mrs. Judson.

Some of the newest converts were intellectual people. One woman, Mah-menlay, began to teach the girls, and Shwaygnong revised Mr. Judson's translations. Moung Long was a remarkable inquirer, who wanted to argue everything out from first principles. He would not eat a plateful of rice at home without putting questions to his wife. "Is rice matter or spirit?" If she said, "Of course it is matter," he pressed her to tell him, "What is matter?" and "How are you sure that matter exists at all?" When Judson began to speak of the Creator of man, Moung Long politely asked, "What is a man?" and "Why is he called a man?" This philosopher and Shway-

gnong had often encountered each other in metaphysical debate, and the latter rejoiced to see his old antagonist vanquished by Judson, and with his wife, a very clever woman, brought to the foot of the Cross.

Just when the cause seemed in a more hopeful case, there came a season of fever and cholera. The Judsons were stricken down, both at the same time; and when they recovered, Mrs. Judson's health was so undermined that, to prolong her life, she was sent on a trip to England and America. During this visit she performed a service amongst the churches and missionary societies as important as her labours in the distant mission-field had been. Eloquent and beautiful, and full of religious fervour, she everywhere roused the enthusiasm of her hearers, and many young and ardent souls offered themselves for life-long service in heathen lands. One day, in the presence of a large circle of friends, a young woman was presented to Mrs. Judson as dedicated to mission-work in Burmah. Some one placed a piece of paper in the girl's hand. It was a copy of a simple poem she had written on the death of Colman. Her reluctance to read it was overcome by the importunity of those around her. At first with faltering timidity, but, as she went on, with kindling enthusiasm, she read the poem:—



APPREHENSION OF MR. JUDSON.

"The Spirit of Love from on high
The hearts of the righteous has fired;
Lo! they come, and with transport they cry,
'We will go where our brother expired,
And labour and die.'"

This was one stanza—displaying more zeal and deep feeling than power of poetic expression; but the young reader's fervent accents touched every heart, and she herself hurried away to conceal her own emotions. She long remembered the occasion as one of the most painful experiences of her life.

The young woman thus introduced to Mrs. Judson was Sarah Hall, the eldest of thirteen children in a homely but cultivated New England family. In spite of the extra work that came to her as the eldest daughter, she kept a journal from her infancy, made herself familiar with Paley and Butler, and many standard authors, and wrote a vast quantity of verse. At sixteen she was baptised, and at this time began to

feel a longing for Gospel work among the heathen. Meanwhile, she did what she could find to do near at hand, toiling for that troop of brothers and sisters, getting her young friends to come to prayer meetings in her own room, and giving away tracts in her walks through Salem. Her elegy on Colman got into print, and was read by a young Baptist student, George Dana Boardman. He sought a meeting with the authoress, and the result was their determination some day to go forth as man and wife to "labour and die" on the scene of Colman's brief career.

Mrs. Judson went back in 1823 with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, leaving Mr. Boardman and Sarah to follow when the young minister should have completed his studies. At Rangoon there had been trouble; a severe viceroy was now in power, and Shwaygnong had been obliged to flee for his life to a little town a long distance up the Irrawaddy. But the arrival at the mission of Jonathan Price, a skilled physician, had been reported to the Emperor, who at once wished to see him. Mr. Judson accompanied Dr. Price to Ava, where they were both received by the monarch in open court. The Emperor had evidently improved since Judson's former visit; he was anxious that his people should make progress, and that foreign merchants and artisans should settle in his capital; he was delighted to look at the doctor's instruments and medicines and galvanic battery, and did not seem displeased when, in reply to a question, Mr. Judson confessed that some Burmese had embraced Christianity.

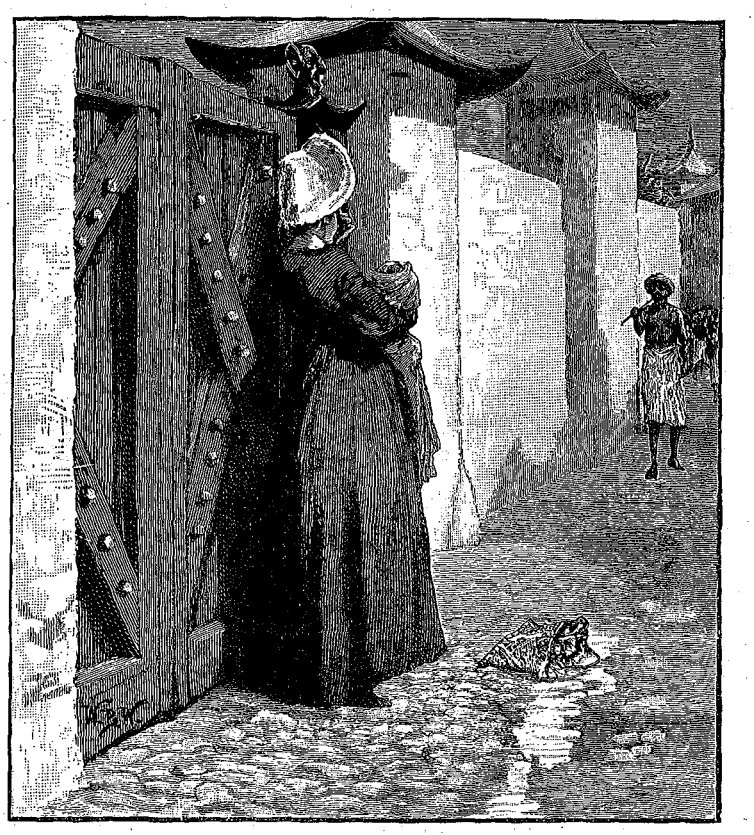
MR. JUDSON IN PRISON.

The missionaries were induced to settle at Ava, where Dr. Price had great success in his medical practice, and eventually married a native lady. The Wades on their arrival took charge of the little flock at Rangoon, and Mr. Judson took his wife up the Irrawaddy to the capital.

Soon after they were comfortably settled in the house that had been built for them, the news came that Sir Archibald Campbell (for reasons that do not concern us here) had seized Rangoon. The Court was amazed, but by no means terrified, and an exulting army was sent off in boats down the river to chastise the insolence of the British. A few days afterwards, about a dozen men, by order of the King, suddenly surrounded Mr. Judson in the mission-house, and one of them (whose spotted face revealed the public executioner) threw him on the floor and tied his arms behind his

back. He was then led away, and Mrs. Judson and the servants were guarded as prisoners in their own house. The reason of this outrage was that three English merchants had been arrested as spies, and amongst the papers of one of them, there had been found a receipt for money signed by Mr. Judson.

Next morning, after a night of fearful anxiety, Mrs. Judson heard (through the faithful Moung Ing, who had followed his master when arrested) that her husband and Dr. Price and the three merchants were all in the death prison, fastened to a long



MRS. JUDSON AT THE GATE OF HER HUSBAND'S PRISON.

pole, and each wearing three pairs of iron fetters. She obtained permission to see her husband, and, by bribing the officials, procured the removal of the two missionaries to a more comfortable prison, where she could furnish them with sleeping-mats and pillows and a daily supply of food. The mission-house property was inventoried for seizure, and the officials who transacted the business carried off anything to which they took a fancy. A petition sent to the Queen received for answer—"He is not to be executed; let him remain where he is."

In spite of Mrs. Judson's ceaseless efforts to procure their liberation, the captive teachers remained for several months with feet fastened by chains to the bamboo bar. She could only visit them at intervals, and had to walk alone two miles to the prison,

mostly after dark. But she managed to communicate with her husband when sending in his food; and the interior of a cake, or the spout of the coffee-pot, often concealed loving epistles. When she came to see her husband, she was only allowed to stand in the prison doorway; but the picture was a bright memory to Mr. Judson for the rest of his life. She had found it expedient to adopt the Burmese costume—a rich silk skirt, a crimson tunic showing in front from under the open saffron vest, and a cocoa blossom in her hair, which was gathered into a knot above her fair forehead. One day, after a three weeks' absence, she brought at her bosom a delicate little baby girl, and, with the cruel fetters on his limbs, the father had his first sight of the daughter of whom he wrote—

"And when, in future years,
Thou know'st thy father's tongue,
These lines will show thee how he felt,
How o'er his babe he sung."

As time passed on, some British officers and others were taken prisoners, and several died through the privations to which they were subjected. One day, with wrathful astonishment, the Court heard that their favourite general, Bundoolah, and his army, were in disastrous retreat, and that the British army was advancing. In revenge, the captives were heavily loaded with extra fetters, and thrown amongst the criminals in the common prison, and Mr. Judson for a whole month was one of a hundred prisoners in a windowless room, when the outside temperature was 106°. Here he contracted a fever, and was placed in a little bamboo room measuring six feet by four, where his faithful wife, who had removed to a bamboo house close by, was allowed to come to him with food and medicine. One day she found that the prisoners had been secretly removed, but, carrying her baby and accompanied by a servant, she tracked them to Umerapoora, and then to Oung-pen-lay. Poor Judson, in nothing but his shirt and trousers, and with a rope round his waist, had been driven ten miles in the heat of the day. For six weeks afterwards his bruised and bleeding feet would not support him, and the scars of that fearful tramp remained with him through life.

For some time Dr. Price and Mr. Judson were chained together in readiness to be offered as a propitiatory sacrifice for the success of the Burman arms; but happily a new Prime Minister vetoed this arrangement, and, less heavily fettered, they were permitted to crawl into the prison enclosure.

With a superstitious idea that the British Lion would be thereby magically affected, a poor lion was deliberately starved to death in sight of the prisoners. When it died, Judson became the tenant of its cage, and the faithful Moung Ing brought him his MS. of part of the Burmese Bible, left, with his pillow, at the time of the hurried removal from Ava.

For two months Mrs. Judson, after nursing her little baby through a severe attack of small-pox, was too ill with fever to visit her husband. Just as she was recovering, he was needed as an interpreter, and was suddenly carried off to Ava, whither she followed

him, but only to find that he was still in prison, and on the point of being sent in a little boat to the camp at Maloun. After three hot days and three damp nights in the crowded boat without an awning, and fed only upon refuse rice, Judson reached the camp helpless with fever. Nevertheless they worried and threatened him into translating papers till he became unconscious, and a pile of similar work beside his bed was forced upon him as soon as he showed signs of recovery. After six weeks of suffering at the camp, he was sent to Ava, and immediately he could gain permission he sought his own house. At the door a child was being nursed by a half-clad native woman—the child itself was so dirty and neglected that he never imagined for a moment that it was his own. On the bed within, lay his wife, so thin, so ghastly pale, that he thought her dead, and fell upon his knees in despairing agony. She woke at his cry, and he learned that a dreadful spotted fever had reduced her to this apparently hopeless condition. But the end was not yet, and brighter days were dawning.

It was not long before the Burmans had to accept Sir Archibald Campbell's terms, and let all foreigners go free, to save Ava from destruction. Nearly two years of danger and suffering had passed over them when Judson and his wife and baby descended the Irrawaddy to the English camp, where they met with an enthusiastic reception. Released captives had spread abroad the news how the heroic woman, whose gentle grace was captivating all hearts, had ministered to them in a hundred ways during their long imprisonment.

Before the Treaty was concluded that gave to Britain a large slice of Burmese territory, the Burmese Commissioners were entertained at a grand dinner with military pomp and display. When the guests saw Mrs. Judson sitting in the place of honour at Sir Archibald's side, some of them began to tremble. One, in particular, seemed almost inclined to faint with fright. It was an official who had once kept Mrs. Judson waiting till noonday, after walking several miles with a petition on behalf of her husband, then lying ill with a burning fever, and with five pairs of fetters on him. This official had not merely refused her request, but had actually snatched away her silk umbrella, and jeeringly told her that she was too thin to be in danger of sunstroke. In reply to inquiries, Mrs. Judson explained the cause of the uneasiness of the guests, and the English officers showed their indignation in their faces. The Burmese evidently thought that Sir Archibald and the lady were arranging for their immediate execution, or at least torture, until Mrs. Judson smilingly assured them that they had nothing to fear.

From the British camp the Judsons returned to their former home at Rangoon, but only for a time, as it was found advisable to transfer the mission to the ceded territory, and accordingly the Rangoon zayat and several of the converts were soon established at the new military settlement of Amherst. It was an unhealthy spot in the freshly cleared jungle on the banks of the Martaban River, and here, on October 24th, 1826, the heroic and devoted Ann Judson died of fever, during her husband's absence in Ava with the British Embassy. He came back to find the Wades taking care of his delicate little girl, who only survived her mother six months.

Meanwhile, the young couple we left in New England—George Boardman and Sarah Hall—had married and come out to the scene of their future labours. They settled at Moulmein, on the edge of a jungle, in a district infested by robbers. One night, Mrs. Boardman awoke to find every drawer and box in the place turned out and rifled, and there were large gashes in the mosquito curtains, where one of the robbers had watched for any sign of wakefulness. Moulmein became safer as it grew more populous, and ultimately superseded Amherst as a military and also as a mission station.

MRS. JUDSON'S GRAVE.

The Boardmans gave themselves up specially to work amongst the Karens, a very interesting race of hunters, fishers, and artisans, dwelling in the mountainous region in South Burmah—a people who were not idolaters, but were intensely ignorant, notwithstanding the fact that they had some remarkable and beautiful religious traditions. They had been much trampled upon by the Burmese, and were very susceptible to the kindness of the missionaries. Mr. Judson once spoke to a Karen chieftainess whom he met for a few minutes on the banks of the Saluen river, and his kindly words, and the benediction, "Go in peace!" never left her memory. She told her people how "a white man, with the face of an angel, had given her his hand and talked to her;" and when, years afterwards, the missionaries settled in her district, they found that she had ever since offered prayers to the white man's God. The Karens have no idols, but they believe that there are unseen spirits by every stream, and in every wood, who are to be propitiated with gifts. They have a tradition, however, of a time when they worshipped a great and good God, "Yuah," and when they had a book telling all about him. It will be readily seen that this tradition paved the way for the introduction of the Bible amongst them.

In order to be nearer the Karens, the Boardmans settled at Tavoy. The mission flourished, but Mrs. Boardman and her children suffered much from sickness. They were here when Tavoy revolted against the English, and were with the three hundred persons who for five days were crowded in a miserable shed on the wharf, till Colonel Burney came to the rescue. Mr. Boardman never recovered from

the sufferings of those five days, but he still taught and preached among the Karen villages, often walking twenty miles a day, feeding on rice, and sleeping on the floor of a zayat.

Meanwhile, Judson was trying to work again in the Burmese territory. He gave away tracts, argued with the lamas, and preached, till his proceedings attracted notice, and he had to retreat down the river to Rangoon. He was living at this time the life of a recluse, shunning all society in the intervals of active service. The burden of his bereavement was upon him, and he sought solace in retirement, in spiritual literature, and in various forms of self-sacrifice and self-mortification. On the edge of the jungle he built a hermitage of bamboo, seeing no one but those who came for religious instruction; and for forty days successively he retired into the depths of the wilderness, where he sat absorbed in meditation and prayer. The second time he came to this spot, he found a bamboo seat and a shelter of woven branches, constructed by some loving and anxious disciples. At length, rested and calmed by his long retirement, he came forth to fresh endeavours in his Master's cause.

The Boardmans were gathering in converts at Tavoy, Moung Ing performing the baptisms; a service for which Mr. Boardman was now far too weak, though he would be carried to the water-side. In 1831, Francis Mason and his wife came out to join the missionaries and to carry forward the Karen work, and they arrived just in time to witness the last scenes in the life of the saintly Boardman. He had been carried on his bed to a bamboo chapel erected by the Karens beside a mountain stream, where he witnessed the baptism of thirty-four new converts, and spoke a few words to each. On returning the next day, the sick man's mattress and pillows were drenched by a storm, and on the following morning his spirit passed away. The bereaved widow worked on with the Masons, keeping school, and at times making missionary tours among the Karens, fording the smaller streams, but being carried across the larger ones in a chair.

After four years of widowhood, Sarah Boardman became the second wife of Adoniram Judson. They took charge of the Moulmein station, where there was abundance of work of an intensely interesting and successful character. Hundreds of Burmese were now members of the Christian Churches; and, as regards the Karen country, a letter of this date states: "I no longer date from a heathen land. Heathenism has fled from these banks; I eat the rice and fruit cultivated by Christian hands, look on the fields of Christians, see no dwellings but those of Christian families; I am seated in the midst of a Christian village, surrounded by people that live as Christians, converse as Christians, act as Christians, and, to my eyes, look like Christians."

In all this success the Judsons and their colleagues had their trials and disappointments. The labour was very great—religious instruction, Church discipline, ceaseless translation;—these and other duties tasked all their energies, and, in 1845, Sarah Judson broke down, the doctors declaring that a voyage to America was her only chance for recovery. But she never reached home, and her sorrowing husband laid her in the grave at St. Helena. Broken-hearted, but still determined to obey her last injunction, "Gird thine armour on," he went forward to America, and was

surprised to find himself famous. From nine months of fervent welcome and notoriety that were to him simply distressing, he got back at length to his work at Moulmein.

While in America, Judson had become acquainted with Emily Chubbuck, better known under her literary pseudonym of Fanny Forester. He had been attracted by her writings, and had exclaimed—"I should be glad to know her. A lady who writes so well ought to write better." At their interview, he asked her to write the biography of his deceased wife Sarah. She agreed to do so, and in preparing the work they were necessarily thrown much together, with the result that the toil-worn missionary of fifty-seven wrote to the lady, nearly thirty years his junior, thus:—

"I hand you, dearest, a charmed watch. It always came back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her surely and safely to my arms. I gave it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime (not then aware of the secret), and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last."

Emily Chubbuck was married to Dr. Judson on June 2nd, 1846. She went out as wife to her revered husband, and as mother to her predecessor's infant children in Burmah, rather than as an actual missionary. But, nevertheless, she threw herself with ardour into all her husband's pursuits, and proved herself the true helpmeet of his declining years.

There was no lack of teachers now in the Burmese and Karen mission-fields. Dr. Judson had hoped to resume work at Ava, but he found that the King whom he had known was dead, and had been succeeded by his brother, a very strict Buddhist, who had vowed himself to a religious life before he succeeded to the throne. "Having been prevented from being a lama," says Judson, "the poor man does all that he can. He descends from his prince-regal seat, pounds and winnows the rice with his own hands, washes and boils it in his own cook-house, and then, on bended knees, presents it to the priests. This strong pulsation at the heart has thrown fresh blood through the once-shrivelled system of the national superstition, and now every one vies with his neighbour in building pagodas and making offerings to the priests. What can one poor missionary effect, accompanied by his yet speechless wife, and followed by three men and one woman from Moulmein, and summoning to his aid the aged pastor of Rangoon and eight or ten surviving members of the Church?"

At Rangoon little could be done, and that only by stealth. A savage vice-governor was keeping the people in terror. Subsequently the Judsons were transferred to Moulmein, where, a throat affection preventing Mr. Judson from public ministry, he worked hard at his dictionary. But in November, 1849, he took a severe cold, fever supervened, and he never rallied again. His tender and devoted wife nursed him affectionately, but in vain. As a last resource, a sea-voyage was recommended, and, although the state of health of his wife forbade her to accompany him, he consented to go. A fortnight after their parting he died, on April 12th, 1850. The young widow went to America with her little girl and the two children of Sarah Judson, and eventually took to her home the three who were being educated in America. She spent much of her time in assisting in the preparation of materials for her husband's

biography; but on June 1st, 1854, she, too, passed away—the last of the famous group of workers who have made the name of Judson for ever famous in the annals of Christian missions.

Upon the foundations first laid by the Judsons, much glorious work has since been done. The Masons, and a considerable staff of missionaries, carried forward their labours among the Karens until, as we shall presently have to narrate, this work was handed over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We need not enumerate the faithful labourers who toiled in this harvest-field; their lives, for the most part, were a record of quiet labour amongst a willing people. Yet of the mission as a whole, it may be truly said that it was "in deaths oft." Mrs. Macleod Wylie says: "Probably in no modern mission, save that of the Church Missionary Society in West Africa, has there been so large a number of deaths in proportion to the brethren employed." This lady gives a list of forty-one Americans, men and women, workers in the Burman mission-field, who died between 1819 and 1858. Under the care of these, and of others who survived, the Karen Christians increased until they could be reckoned by thousands.

The extensive use made of native teachers and pastors was a very marked characteristic of this mission. Baptised Christians living in the same village would select one of their own number to conduct public worship. It was found that they always chose well, and this band of Christians was then recognised as a church, and the chosen man as their pastor. The pastors were helped to pursue a course of studies by the missionaries, and after due probation were appointed assistant missionaries themselves.

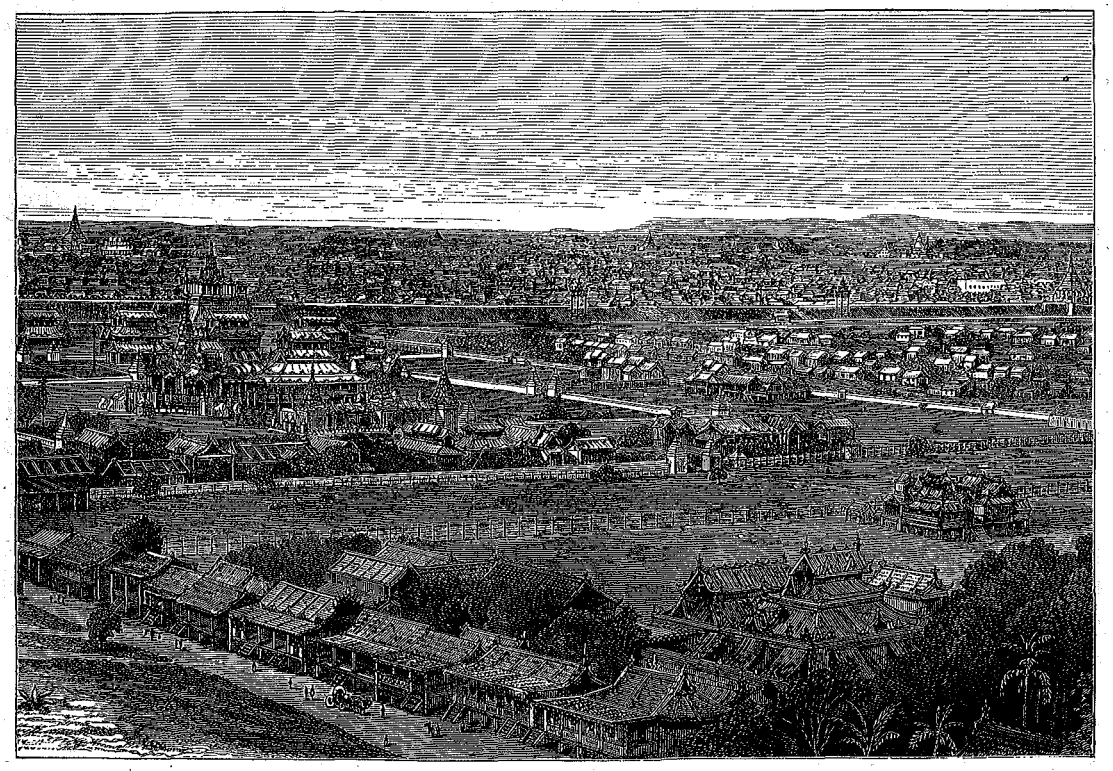
Of these native pastors and their services for Christ, much has been written by Mrs. Wylie and others. One Karen teacher, Thagua by name, won the crown of martyrdom. Thagua, a pastor near Bassein, was wrongfully accused, when the English were invading Pegu, of complicity with the enemy. He was cruelly beaten, and a considerable sum was extorted from his flock under pretence of releasing him, but when the money was paid he was still kept fettered. Two days he was brought up and cudgelled, and told to command his God, if He was Almighty, to save him. After a day or two's respite he was again cruelly scourged, and Thagua exclaimed, "If because I worship God you torture me, kill me at once, I entreat you." "They then took him," says the Burmese doctor who witnessed the event, "struck him sixty times, fastened him to a cross, shot him, embowelled him, and cut him in three pieces."

Mau-Ya was one who had endured suffering and reproach for the cause of Christ; he had been fined, whipped, imprisoned under sentence of death, and condemned to the worst description of slavery—life-long service in a pagoda, working for a god whom he knew to be no god. From this degrading labour he was rescued through the intervention of Colonel Burney. Mau-Ya became an ordained preacher, and scores, if not hundreds, were converted through his ministry.

Sau Quala, the first Karen missionary of Toungoo, had an interesting history. He was born where a cascade leaped from rock to rock beside his mother's cottage in the wildest of the Karen mountain glens. The name of Quala (Hope) was given him

because his parents, who were ardent patriots, had heard of the coming of the white men, and hoped they might prove to be deliverers from the tyranny of their Buddhist oppressors. As Quala grew up he thirsted for liberty, and as a lad of fifteen rejoiced with his fellow-countrymen when the British forces reached Tavoy and shielded them from those cruelties of which the Taubeah minstrel-chieftain simply sang—

"Oh! we Karens could tell a tale
Would make the pale man grow more pale,
How sisters' shriek and brothers' wail
Are mingled on the sighing gale
With the mother's piercing cry!"



VIEW OF MANDALAY.

But Sau Quala, with his beloved mother, soon realised the more perfect freedom that is in Christ. Fired with holy zeal, he now traversed the jungles, and mountain glens, preaching the Saviour, and many were the seals to his ministry. He was sent for a time to study at Moulmein; after which he collected, in several MS. volumes, all that was recoverable of Karen legend and song, gave some aid in the translation of the Bible, and kept up his preaching tours, sometimes with the missionaries, sometimes alone.

Amongst the Karen girls in Mrs. Mason's class was one named Muphau (Celestial Flower). She consented when Quala asked her to be his bride, and proved a model pastor's wife. "The Flower of the Jungle," Dr. Mason called her, and tells how he saw her first on a projecting cliff, her long tasselled shawl thrown round her tall

graceful figure, and the embroidered scarf wound round her head like a coronet, setting off her fine expressive features to perfection. After a time the young preacher was put in charge of the church at Pyeekhya, the most important in the mountain district. He was duly ordained and helped forward in his theological studies, and was then sent as missionary to Toungoo. His wife cheerfully gave him up for this work, and remained with their little family at Tavoy. From Toungoo, aided by native assistants upon whom he laid hands and (as it were) thrust into the work, Sau Quala did a glorious work amongst the adjacent tribes. There were soon scores of stations with their native pastors, and many hundreds of church members subscribing towards their teachers' salaries. The pant-wearing Bghais, who had never let a Burman return from their mountain-girt valleys, nor paid taxes to any Government, found their conqueror at last. Dr. and Mrs. Mason came and dwelt at Toungoo, which was henceforth the most important centre of the Karen mission-work. A Female Institute and a Young Men's Normal School and other institutions were established here, and for several years the Karen churches seem to have prospered exceedingly, and were spoken of throughout the world as a bright example of missionary enterprise and triumph. Then came a time of difficulty and dissension, and an important change in the superintendence of the mission-work in these regions, and to that change we must now refer.

In the year 1857, the Rev. C. Parish, chaplain at Moulmein, called the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to the spiritual needs of Burmah. His idea was to begin by educating the young, and let mission-work develop as opportunity offered. In response to the Society's appeal, the Rev. Augustus Shears, M.A., came out from Cambridge to Moulmein, and joined heartily in the plans of Mr. Parish. They soon had over a hundred pupils in their schools, and for the sake of a good education for their offspring, each parent signed a permission for the children to be instructed in Christianity. Mr. J. E. Marks, a trained schoolmaster, who had gained a large experience in his own scholastic establishment, and also in the night-schools of East London, came to their help in 1860. In the following year Bishop Cotton visited Rangoon, and examined 300 of Mr. Marks' scholars, afterwards declaring that he had "never seen in India a more promising school, or one containing better elements of success."

The Society soon afterwards turned its attention to Rangoon, the capital of Pegu, with its mixed population of 80,000 souls, half of whom were Buddhists. It has since increased to 130,000, and has fine public buildings, granite roads that are never muddy even after the heaviest monsoons, various institutions (social, literary, and scientific), two daily newspapers, and at least nine places of Christian worship, besides Mohammedan mosques, and Hindoo and Chinese temples. High above all still towers the great Shway Dagon, with its gilded dome, already described. Mr. Marks, now in holy orders, was replaced at Moulmein by the Rev. H. B. Nicholls, and sent to Rangoon. Miss Cooke and other helpers came out, and at Bishop Milman's visit in 1867 he was delighted to find both boys' and girls' schools well attended, and in thorough working order.

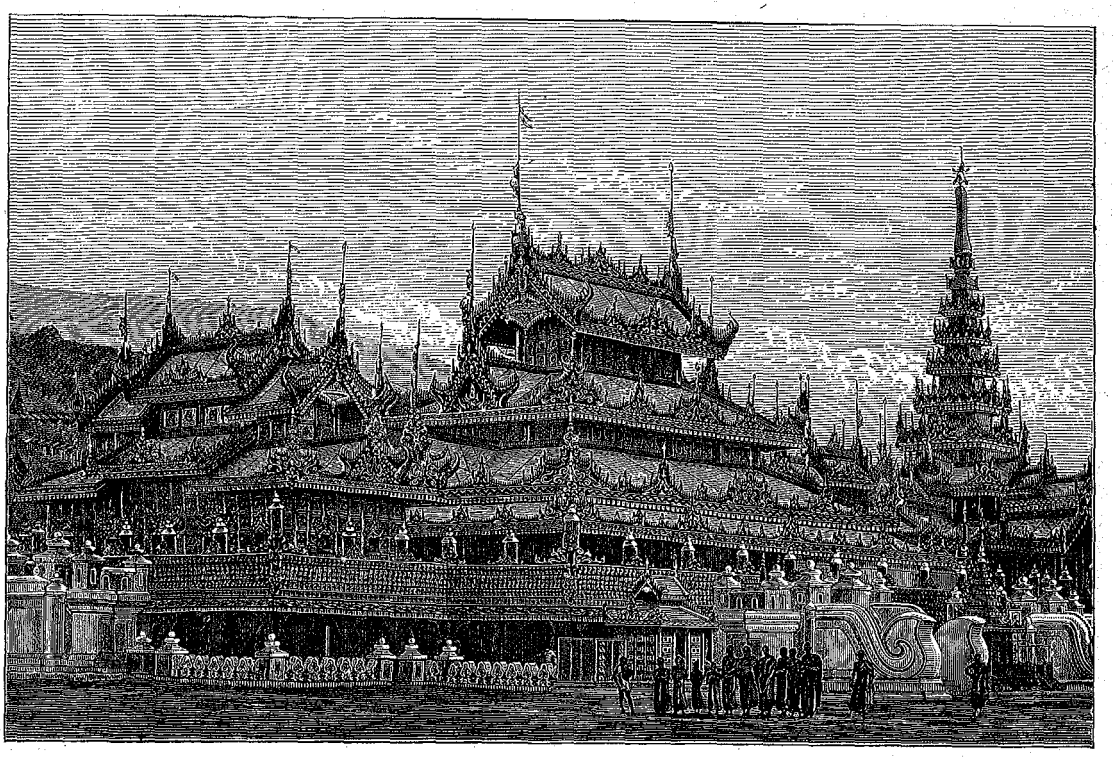
The Bishop and Mr. Marks went up the Irrawaddy, along which the people of several towns were crying out for schools. At Myanoung they visited a Burmese kyoung, and were well received by the yellow-robed hypoongyees or phyounghees—the word is pronounced *poonghies*, but the spelling seems very optional. At Prome they mounted the wearisome flights of steps that lead to the vast platform, upon which stands a gorgeously gilded pagoda, 250 feet in height, surrounded by smaller pagodas all splendidly gilt. Some candidates were confirmed at this town, and then the Episcopal party proceeded up the river, and were delighted with the charming scenery that met their view. Glittering pagodas crowned the highest points, and the rocky banks were in many places elaborately carved. It seemed as if from every point of 'vantage Gautama was looking calmly down upon these ambassadors of a new religion. In front were the blue hills of Aracan, and round about them on the waters were a number of Burman boats with their curious fan-like sails. The Bishop was delighted with his tour of inspection, and did all he could to aid the extension of Mr. Marks' school system.

In the autumn, Mr. Marks established a branch school at Henzada, on the Irrawaddy. The Woon Douk, a very liberal-minded Burman official, gave great assistance. He bought one of the best houses in the place and handed it over to Mr. Marks, rent-free for six months. A crowd of lads eager for instruction—some grandly dressed, and others stark naked—came to see the Sayah Gyee, or teacher. The people sent forms and other needful furniture, and school was begun with fourteen boys in presence of a large assemblage of parents.

Through the energy and zeal of Mr. Marks and his fellow-labourers, the Society were soon able to push forward their missions into Upper Burmah, then under an independent monarch who ruled at Mandalay, instead of at Ava the ancient capital. Mr. Marks had met at Rangoon in 1863 the Thōnzay Mintha (prince), a son of the king. This prince had quarrelled with his father and had taken refuge in the British Province. He had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Marks, and received several Christian books from him. On being reinstated he took his books home with him to the Court at Mandalay, and pressed Mr. Marks to come and see him there. Intelligence came to hand that the king had spoken favourably of the idea of a school and mission being established in his capital, and Mr. Marks lost no time, but with five of his best scholars presented himself in October at Mandalay, where an audience was soon granted him. Whilst waiting a day or two, he surveyed the city, and found it large and well laid out, the streets large and at right angles, but the houses mean and irregular. The palace, fortified by a stockade all round, seemed to occupy about one-eighth of the city.

In company with Captain Sladen, the British Political Agent at the Court and a tried friend of the mission cause, and the Kulla Woon, or Minister for foreigners, Mr. Marks was introduced to the King of Burmah. The interview was a striking contrast to that of Mr. Judson to the Court of Ava forty-five years previously. "On reaching the steps," says Mr. Marks, "we all had to take off our shoes, and then walk a considerable distance to the apartment in the garden where the king was receiving. We entered the room, in

which were very many of the Burmese high officials and Ministers seated on the floor. We too seated, or rather squatted, ourselves down. In a few minutes the king came in, attended by a little boy, one of his sons. The king is a tall, stout, thoroughly Burmese-looking man, about fifty-five years of age. He had on only one garment, the pulso, or beautiful silk cloth covering from his waist to his feet. He reclined on a velvet carpet, near which the little prince placed the golden betel-box and water-cup, and then reverentially retired. As the king entered, every Burman bowed his head to the ground and kept it there. His Majesty, according to his usual custom, took up



ROYAL PALACE, MANDALAY.

a pair of binocular glasses, and had a good stare at us. He then asked if I was the English hypoongyee, when did I arrive, how old was I, &c., &c. He then asked me what requests I had to make to him, assuring me that all were granted before I spoke. I said that I had four requests to make:—1. Permission to labour as a missionary in Mandalay. 2. To build a church for Christian worship according to the use of the Church of England. 3. To get a piece of land for a cemetery. 4. To build, with his Majesty's help, a Christian school for Burmese boys. With regard to the first, the king said very courteously that he welcomed me to the royal city: that he had impatiently awaited my arrival, &c., &c. I was to choose, with Captain Sladen's advice, a piece of land for a cemetery. That with regard to the church and schools, his Majesty would *build them entirely at his own cost.* I told him that the Bishop of Calcutta had most liberally offered £100 towards the church.

The king replied, 'It is unnecessary, I will do all myself.' He directed me to prepare the plans, adding that the school was to be built for 3,000 boys. The king said that it was his wish to place some of his own sons under our care, and he sent for nine of the young princes, fine intelligent-looking lads from about ten years of age, and formally handed them over to me. He handed me a hundred gold pieces (worth £50) to buy books, &c., for the schools. The king talked about his high regard for Captain Sladen, whose word he could so implicitly trust; of his desire to do all the good in his power, and especially to be friendly with the English. . . . . The interview lasted over two hours; his Majesty concluded by inviting my boys and self to breakfast in the palace on the following day. He kindly accepted the presents of beautifully bound books which the Calcutta Committee had been good enough to forward to me for him."

On the following day Mr. Marks was again at the palace with his five boys, whose names (omitting the universal Moung) were Gyee, Hpo Too, Bah Ohu, Tsan Hlah Oung, and Hpo Ming. A hypoongyee must not ride on horseback, so they went in covered bullock-carts. In the Huran Nan Dor (or glass palace) they were ushered into the presence of the king, and several of his wives and daughters. Like the other Burmans, the boys prostrated themselves before the king, who sat on the highest of six steps; the missionary squatted down in a cramped position, it being obligatory to keep the feet out of sight in the presence of Burmese royalty. The king made kind inquiries, and reiterated his promises, and then Mr. Marks had to tell him about the boys, to each of whom the monarch said a few kind words. A telescope was presented to the king by the missionary, and the boys gave a number of English toys to the young princes. In return, the king gave two pulsoes (silk cloths), valued at £3, to each boy. Mr. Marks also presented to the queen, through his Majesty, a box of beautiful needle and crochet work made and presented by the Burmese girls in Miss Cooke's school. The king pulled out two or three pieces of work, but did not seem to know much about them. He tossed them to the ladies behind him, who evidently valued them highly.

The king began to speak to the boys about religion, and told them that they should not lightly forsake their ancestors' creed. "I interposed," says Mr. Marks, "when he laughingly said, 'Oh, Pone-dor-gyee' (high hypoongyee)—the name he always gives me—'I and you will talk about these matters alone by ourselves.' I replied that I should be delighted to converse with his Majesty on those subjects, which were of the highest moment to all mankind. The king said that he only wanted to guard the boys against being rash and foolish, or changing their religion to please men; that he was perfectly tolerant; that he had never invited a Mussulman, Hindoo, or Christian to become a Buddhist; but that he wished all to worship according to their own way."

The party were then conducted to another apartment, where a sumptuous breakfast was served in English style. Mr. Marks and the boys sat down to table, the Burman attendants wondering to see the boys freely using knives and forks instead of the orthodox fingers in eating. Suddenly the boys all slipped off their chairs on to the

ground, and on looking up, Mr. Marks saw that one of the elder princes, a lad of seventeen, had come into the room to see that all was right.

Next day the plans were brought to the king, who said Mr. Marks' house might have a triple roof, but not the school, as that honour was only for princes and hypoongyees. He gave £100 towards the furniture, and ordered his Minister of Public Works to proceed with the building forthwith. He also talked again to the boys, especially to one Aracanese boy whom Mr. Marks had adopted five years before. To him the king repeated his caution about not forgetting the religion of his ancestors. Mr. Marks interposed with the remark that the boy's ancestors had not heard the good news which had been told to the lad.

"The king took no notice of what I said," says Mr. Marks, "but continued to the boy, 'Always remember the Yittănah thōn băh (the three objects of devotion), the Păyah' (deity), Tăyah' (law), and Thingah (clergy).' I said, 'Christianity teaches us to worship the everlasting God, to obey His law, and to receive instruction from the clergy.' The king seemed annoyed for a time, and then repeated, in his usual good-humoured manner, 'I cannot talk with you about religion in public; we will talk about it privately on your return.' He added, 'Do not think me an enemy to your religion. If I had been, I should not have called you to my royal city. If when you have taught people they enter into your belief, they have my full permission;' and then, speaking very earnestly, 'If my own sons, under your instruction, wish to become Christians, I will let them do so. I will not be angry with them.'"

Mr. Marks was very grateful for so much royal favour, but was obliged to decline acceding to the king's request that he would translate the "Encyclopædia Britannica" into Burmese! The school was opened in due course, and nine of the king's sons came daily in great state, with forty followers who carried the books, slippers, and so forth, and held two golden umbrellas over each young man's head. In spite of being crouched to by all the other pupils, they were obedient and diligent.

A church was also built entirely at the king's cost, and the Rev. John Trew was sent out to take charge of both school and mission. Mr. Marks was thus set free for his work at Rangoon and for visiting the outlying stations. Coming again to Mandalay on his round of inspection, he heard that some persons, charged with being concerned in a plot which had, however, been nipped in the bud, were that day to be executed. He determined to use his influence to save their lives. He was readily granted an interview with the king, and he says—

"I began by praising his Majesty's well-known clemency and humanity, and then prayed for the lives of the foolish men who were to be led out to execution that day. The king said that judgment had not been given, and that he knew of no execution. I assured his Majesty that my information was correct. The king asked if anyone else knew about it, and was told by an officer present, the Myin Soo Cyee Woon, that there was to be an execution that afternoon. The king at once sent him with his royal order to stop it. I thanked his Majesty very earnestly, and praised his merciful care for the lives of his subjects—even of those whose offences had rendered them obnoxious to his anger. The king replied very kindly, and, after a few

minutes, again sent out another officer, a Shandawzin, or herald, with the following order:—'Go, stop the men from being led out to execution; and if they have already left, my royal order to the Myo Woon (or magistrate) is, that they are to be brought back, and not to be killed.' On our return we found large numbers of people assembled on the road leading from the palace to the cemetery, waiting to see the procession. On the following morning I obtained a list of those who were pardoned on my intercession, and at the head of the list was the Kathah Prince himself. I was assured that everything, even to the scarlet velvet bag, was prepared ready for his execution."

The church at Mandalay was completed in October, 1872, and a font was presented to it by Queen Victoria. Some of the royal princes attended the consecration of the church by the Bishop of Calcutta, and when Mr. Marks asked one of them afterwards how he liked the service, he replied, "It was very good, and the singing very pleasant; but it was a long time to be without a cheroot."

It soon became apparent that the king had other designs in his head besides the encouragement of schools and missions, and when he found that Mr. Marks was too independent to become his tool for political purposes, he forbade him to reside at the capital.

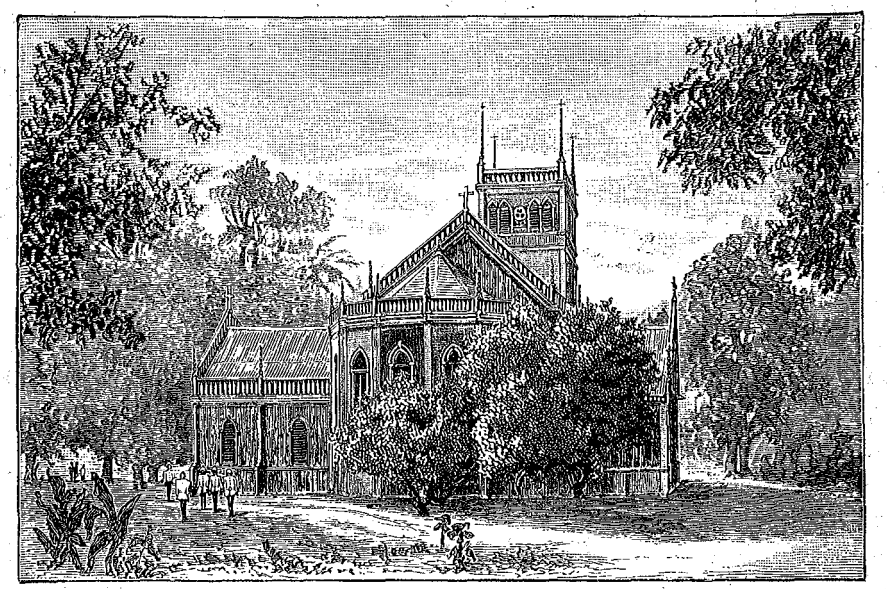
In consequence of dissensions between the founders of the original mission and their supporters at home, the marvellously successful Karen missions passed, in 1871, entirely into the hands of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and Anglican clergymen henceforth superintended and aided the labours of the native pastors, catechists, and teachers.

The Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb, first Bishop of Rangoon, was consecrated in 1877, and found the educational work flourishing at several places, and the missions in a hopeful condition. St. John's College at Rangoon, under the care of Mr. Marks, was prospering remarkably, and from all the river stations good reports were received. At Tounghoo, and in all the Karen country, the grand work begun by the Baptists was doing well under the new management. But at Mandalay the work had to be kept up very quietly.

In October, 1878, the King of Burmah died, and was succeeded by his son Prince Theebaw, one of the nine young lads who used to come to Mr. Marks' school under their golden umbrellas. The new king, as our readers know, developed into a blood-thirsty maniac, who had most of his relations assassinated, and who used to hurl his spear at anybody who offended him. The palace soon reeked with murder, and from terror-stricken Mandalay, numbers of refugees came down the river spreading tidings of dismay. The British Government expostulated, and the young king showed a sullen spirit of hostility, and drilled and armed his troops. Boasting rumours were circulated that the English would soon be driven out of all Burmah. In the streets of Mandalay, Englishmen were publicly insulted, and even in Rangoon seditious songs were sung by noisy emissaries from the independent provinces.

Meanwhile the British forces were strengthened; the king's career was marked by continued atrocities, and in 1879 the British Agent and all the European residents were called back to the Lower Province. The Rev. J. Colbeck, then in charge of the

mission, wished to remain alone, but was not permitted. Preparations for removal had to be so secret, that most of Mr. Colbeck's property was left behind. Had he stayed he would no doubt have been assassinated, for he was in great disfavour on account of his having assisted many intended political victims to escape. About seventy persons owed their lives in great measure to his courage and humanity. His last service in Mandalay was to help two ladies from the palace, whom he had hidden in his garden, to embark on board the steamer that bore them to a place of refuge in British territory. Not long after Mr. Colbeck's departure, the mission establishment was broken up, the clergy-house turned into an abode of Buddhist



THE CHURCH AT MANDALAY, BUILT BY KING MINDONE-MIN.

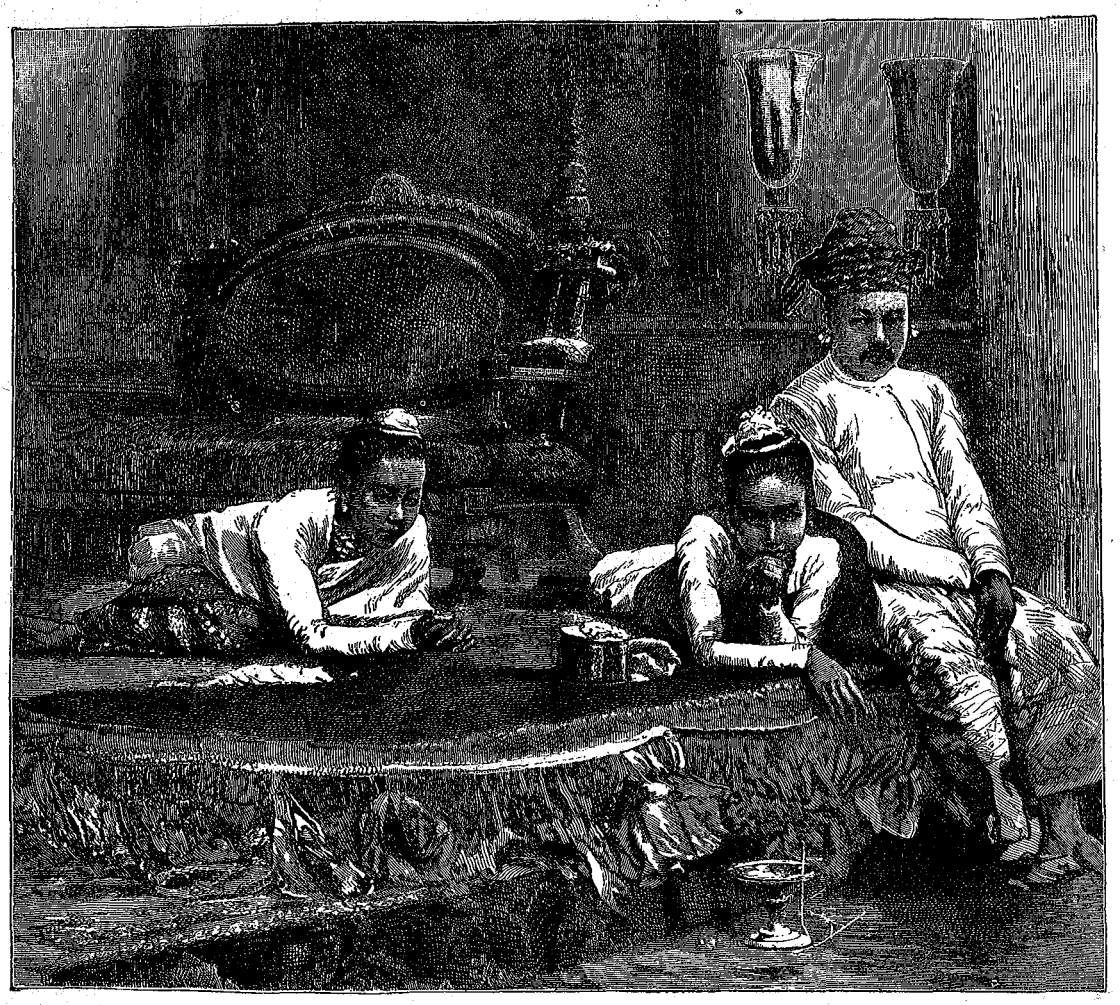
monks, and the church, containing the font presented by Queen Victoria, became a State lottery office.

But though the Mandalay mission was thus suppressed, the Burman schools, and missions generally, continued to prosper. Bishop Titcomb visited the different stations, consecrating churches, inspecting schools, ordaining deacons, and confirming candidates. The Karen work was also flourishing, under the care of the Rev. W. E. Jones. In 1880 this clergyman, by invitation from the resident Karens, made a tour through the wild district west of Tounghoo, with Shway Gno, a native deacon, a lad from the school, and three coolies; he visited the villages on the Kaboung river, and having no guide, had to follow all the windings of the stream, generally riding through the water, sometimes with dense jungle, and sometimes with wild romantic rocks on either side. The headmen were very polite, and called the people together; some showed a receptive disposition, others said they were too old to change their customs, but that Mr. Jones might do what he could with the children.

As opportunity offered, Mr. Jones followed up his work, always taking with him

a good supply of medicines. So great was the crowd wanting medicine, that at times the safety of the hut, lent him for a lodging-place, was seriously endangered.

It was subsequently found needful to divide the Toungoo mission into north and south districts, and to assign the latter to the Rev. A. Salmon. He met with



KING THEEBAW AND HIS WIVES.

several fresh tribes of Karens, and had to contend not only with the ancient Karen superstitions, but also with a new religion started by Koh Pai Sah, an influential timber merchant, who had combined the best of the Karen customs with the teachings of both Christ and Buddha, as far as he knew them. The new religion "took" well, and crowds of Karens flocked to his imitation phongyee-kyoung to enrol themselves as disciples. The initiation consisted of paying a considerable fee to Koh Pai Sah, and taking a morsel of rice from his hand. His followers were pledged to abstain from strong drink, and to keep the Christian Sabbath, on which day they

assembled to sing hymns of praise to Koh Pai Sah. The young people also performed what might be termed "mystery plays," as acts of worship, whilst the old folks looked on with intense interest and gratification. In 1888 the adherents of this new faith numbered some thousands; but Mr. Salmon does not think this curious "phase of religious life will last long, as it has not the elements of stability in it."

The Paku tribes in this district may now be considered as wholly Christianised. Their standard of Christianity is not so high as might be wished; "still," says Mr. Salmon, "they have no great vices, and as far as they know, they are, perhaps, as good Christians as the majority of those so called in England; their offerings in proportion to their substance are certainly as large."

Before taking leave of the missions having Toungoo as their centre, it may be mentioned as an interesting fact that during the last five years a thousand prayer-books in Karen have been sold to the people, of course at a low price. Education is spreading amongst the girls, so long neglected, as well as amongst the other sex, and the children eagerly buy English hymn-books. The mission press issues a vernacular newspaper, *The Pole Star*, and other publications.

Retracing our steps a little (as regards time), we find, in 1880, the Rev. Dr. Strachan passing through the Burman missions, and testifying to their efficiency and success. He visited St. John's College at Rangoon, with its five hundred pupils dwelling in a magnificent pile of buildings, "a grand Christian beacon in this heathen land," and also the pro-cathedral. He was rowed across the river to see two village schools of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, taught by Christian Burmese women, and each a centre of light to parents and villagers. In an adjacent monastery chapel he was amused at seeing many European commodities amongst the offerings piled up in front of the calm stolid image of Gautama. Curiously conspicuous was an unopened box of biscuits from the factory of the well-known firm of Huntley and Palmer.

On visiting Moulmein, Dr. Strachan was delighted with the beauty of the situation. Here he found Mr. Colbeck and several native Christians who fled with him from Mandalay. "I had a conversation with one," writes Dr. Strachan, "whose adventures were interesting. She had been brought up from her childhood in the palace, and in due course had been appointed one of the maids of honour to the present king's mother. The unbridled fury of the king fell at last upon the poor girl, and she was condemned to die. She, with another, however, contrived to escape to Mr. Colbeck's house, where they were for a time shielded. They left with the party who accompanied him; in due time they were both baptised, and now they have both been married to native Christians. I learned the mode of execution of royal personages in the palace. The victims are placed on their backs, and are killed by strokes from heavy clubs on their windpipes."

Bishop Titcomb's unceasing fatherly care of the infant Church of Burmah was brought to a close through the result of an accident. He was walking up a steep hill when his foot slipped, and he rolled back some twenty feet into the bed of a mountain torrent. Concussion of the spine ensued, and his resignation of the episcopate became inevitable. Dr. Strachan, who, as we have seen, was already so much interested in the work, became his successor. For the next two or three years, under this prelate's

unremitting care, the various branches continued to flourish, except at Mandalay, where, however, matters were fast hastening to a climax.

The ruthless king grew worse and worse, and the British Government determined to remove him. The expedition through Upper Burmah was generally welcomed by the people, who hailed their conquerors as deliverers. On reaching Mandalay, thousands of Burman and English soldiers stood within gunshot of each other when the time expired which had been granted to King Theebaw for consideration. The soldiers were ordered to load, but as they were waiting in awful suspense for the delayed command to fire, the flag of truce appeared, and the royal murderer surrendered. Next day, holding his two wives one by each hand, and accompanied by a crowd of his Ministers and officials, as well as by a group of his conquerors, with the British flag waving over all, the king passed from the palace through long lines of British soldiers with fixed bayonets, and was sent by the steamer *Thooreah* to Rangoon. On New Year's Day proclamation was made that Upper Burmah was now a part of the dominions of the Empress of India.

Meanwhile the steamer *Thooreah,* after landing King Theebaw at Rangoon, took back to Mandalay the Rev. James A. Colbeck, anxious to see what remains of the mission might be left after his long absence. A French official had told him, "There is no longer any English church—it is all ruined;" but as Mr. Colbeck and his companion, Mark Dooroozawmy, neared the town, there was "the tall square tower of the church, looking as sturdy and strong as ever."

For many a Sunday the parade service for the garrison was held in the grand throne-room, into which previously none but the king had ever come with his shoes on. Every Sunday after parade service, Holy Communion was celebrated in the Golden Pagoda Chapel, a miniature copy of the monastery in which Theebaw wore the yellow robes of the hypoongyee for a few years before he became king. Behind the communion-table was a white screen, and when Mr. Colbeck drew the curtains aside he beheld splendid images of Gautama, in brass and gold-washed marble, their garments fringed with imitations of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds; their placid features looking worthy of a holier faith. There were several splendid monasteries in and about Mandalay. One royal erection consisted of a magnificent gilded pagoda, surrounded by 444 smaller chapels, each containing a large slab of white marble or alabaster, upon which is written in Pali a part of the Buddhist Scriptures.

Church, clergy-house, and schools were after a time put to rights, and the work at Mandalay, though the mission sustained great loss through the death of the devoted Mr. Colbeck in 1888, has since gone on prosperously. Before his death he had the happiness of welcoming to Upper Mandalay the Rev. F. W. Sutton, who had given up a lucrative practice in England to devote himself to a combination of medical and missionary work in Burmah. Aided and advised by Bishop Titcomb and Mr. Colbeck, Mr. Sutton settled at Shwebo, a town fifty miles north of Mandalay, and hitherto unvisited by missionaries, and indeed, with the exception of the British garrison and a few civil officials, wholly given to idolatry.

At Shwebo, or Mont Shobo, 24,000 poor and ignorant people dwell in bamboo huts, within the walls that once encircled the ancient capital and palace of the

Alompaya dynasty. The three acres belonging to the mission also lie within the walls, and upon this ground stand a most remarkably interesting group of buildings. There is the mission-house, with accommodation for little girls, who are received as boarders under the care of two Burmese female teachers; a hospital; a day-school for seventy boys and girls; a catechist's house; a schoolmaster's house; and a rest-house. This latter is a very important adjunct to the mission, as inquirers from neighbouring villages, or new converts seeking instruction, remain here, instead of lodging in the town. Here the inquirers can watch the practical working out of Christian life, and at the same time, by a few days' stay, afford the missionaries a better opportunity of acquiring a real knowledge of their sincerity and faithfulness.

At the hospital, the opening of the indoor ward was long delayed by the difficulty of procuring a qualified Christian lady to superintend. We trust this difficulty has now been surmounted. The outdoor department has shown steady progress, although the superstitions of the people have been a great hindrance. One girl who had a diseased wrist was asked to remove her bangle, but she declared she could not do it on a Wednesday, it would be so unlucky—she would remove it on a lucky day. Many only came when they had made their case more difficult by wasting a deal of time over their native herb mixtures, and then presenting themselves to the English doctor with a cord charm tied round the arm to protect them from evil. One of the first converts was a young Mandalay princess, a cousin of King Theebaw. She proved very helpful to the mission, inasmuch as she was filled with a burning desire to lead others to a knowledge of the truth. She persuaded her father and mother to let her give up entirely her happy home with them at Mandalay and come and labour amongst the poor heathen of Shwebo. Her parents, who had also become Christians during her absence, and had been baptised into the Church by the late Rev. J. A. Colbeck, willingly consented, and "Rachel," as the princess was named at her baptism, gave up her life to visiting, reading, and teaching. With her intense earnestness and winning gentleness, she has influenced a large number of persons to come to the mission-house and seek to know more of Jesus.

It is the story of nearly fourscore years of ceaseless self-sacrificing labour that we have tried to condense into the foregoing chapter. Baptists and Churchmen, with their varying methods, have alike displayed undying zeal and steadfast faith. They have reaped a glorious harvest, and the work that is now going on under the local Episcopate, in conjunction with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is one that needs and merits the fullest aid and sympathy from Christian England, in order that the latest conquests of her victorious army may be supplemented by the immeasurably nobler and grander Conquests of the Cross.

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