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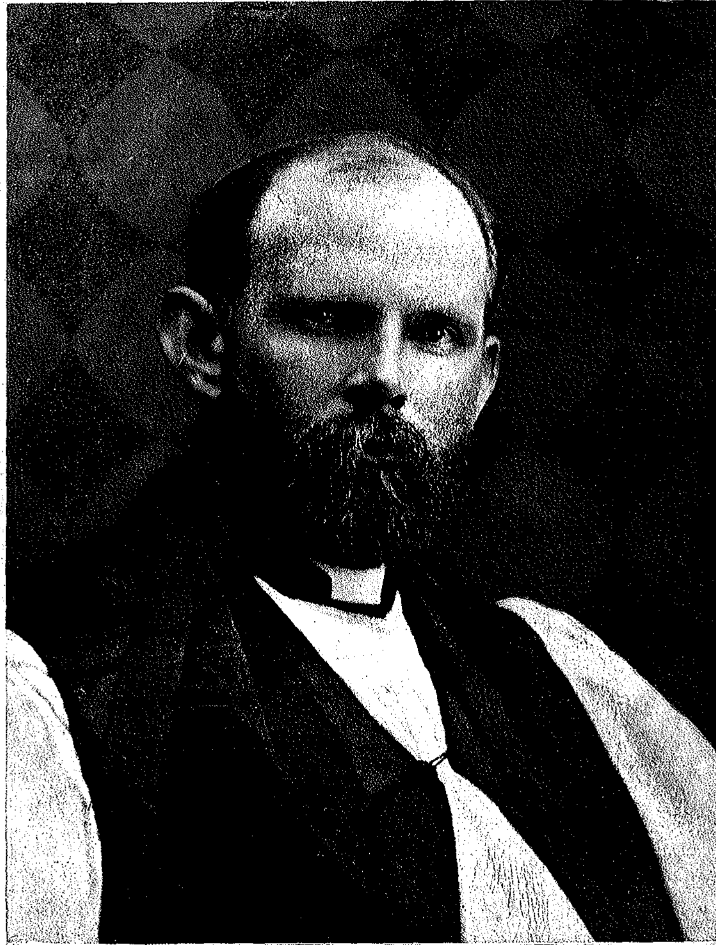

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young.

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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XXVI.—AUSTRALIA.

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AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

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THAT extensive area of the earth's surface denominated by the general name of Australasia, and broken up into islands, large and small, was once peopled throughout by savage blacks; but, like America, it has become a new Anglo-Saxon home, and converted by the British into a great Christian dominion, whose seven colonies are partially federated in government. Over this area of nearly three Europes the English have spread; until, in little more than half a century, they exceeded three millions, a population which, ever receiving increment from within and from without, promises to rival the fifty millions of the United States. As yet only one-twentieth part of the available land of this vastly greater Britain is in occupancy by man.

The discovery of the largest island in the world was made by the Dutch in the fifteenth century; it was named by them New Holland, now familiarly known as Australia. Its length from east to west is about three thousand miles, and its breadth from north to south about two thousand: its magnitude is thus about three-quarters that of Europe. A massive chain of steep mountain ridges for the most part forms its coast line, and encloses its magnificent interior as by a natural girdle; and behind this barrier range, the country, except that formed into basins by the few rivers which it boasts, partakes mostly of the character of a *terra incognita*. Vast table-lands stretch their level plateaus in the south-east, while the region northwards exhibits extensive steppes like those of Southern Africa. The whole of the eastern shore was first discovered by our own distinguished countryman, Captain Cook, in 1770, and, reminding him of the Welsh coast, with whose bold scenery he was familiar in his native land, he named it New South Wales.

Upon the report made to Parliament by that great navigator, it was resolved to form a penal settlement at a convenient point in the coast called, from the vegetable fertility which it displayed, Botany Bay, with the object of "ridding the mother country from time to time of the yearly increasing number of prisoners who were accumulating in the gaols, of affording a proper place for the punishment of criminals, and of forming a free colony out of the materials which the reformed prisoners would supply, in addition to the families of free emigrants who might be induced to settle in that country." In 1788 a fleet sailed with this extraordinary purpose in view, having an assemblage of upwards of a thousand persons on board, seven hundred and fifty of whom were convicts. Captain Phillip, who had been appointed commander of the expedition, discovered rather to the north of Botany Bay the extensive haven of Port Jackson, whose narrow entrance among the rocks had been passed unobserved by his illustrious predecessor; and there the long silent solitudes of the thinly-wooded coves in

the many beautiful ramifications of that Port were suddenly broken, a hundred years ago, by the landing of the infant colony, which, as an empire in embryo, was destined to grow in a century into a city and its suburbs, having a population of about two hundred thousand souls. Where these emigrants first pitched their tents, and then, bond and free together, cleared the ground and built their timber huts on the margin of the sea-lake, the splendid city of Sydney now stands, with its palatial buildings, the oldest English home in the southern world; and from that moment of their landing, the history of these men and their descendants has been, as regards temporal welfare, one of progressive prosperity.

In 1829 a new settlement was begun at the head of King George's Sound, on the Swan River, designated the colony of Western Australia, with Perth as its capital three hundred miles from the mouth of the great stream. There the first landing was effected perforce in a storm in mid-winter: the ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks, a crowd of people gathered together in confusion and starvation; families, officers, soldiers and sailors, with their horses, cows, sheep, and other live stock; ploughs, pianofortes, casks, furniture, bedding, and tools heaped together in the soaking rain. Several abandoned the enterprise upon the first opportunity of a ship visiting them; others pushed on, and, being gifted with a larger share of the true Briton's indomitable energy, succeeded fairly well.

Victoria, situate at the southern point of the great continent, and formerly called "Australia Felix," was disjoined from New South Wales, and made into a separate colony in 1838, those who first arrived at the site of the now robust capital having found there but a cluster of rude huts. Soon wooden houses were run up, a small square one being built for a church, to which an old ship's bell was for long used to call them, as to a place "by the river's side where prayer was wont to be made," a veritable home of catholic Christianity, inasmuch as all denominations of Christian worshippers were gathered within its primitive walls. In thirty years the city of Melbourne had sprung into existence, with hundreds of vessels at anchor in the splendid harbour of Port Philip, representing its world-wide commerce, and with its churches and public buildings bidding fair to rival the most magnificent capitals of the old world. In the centennial celebrations of 1888 this colony, into which every year pours its fresh additions, was able to boast a population of four millions of souls. But, in spite of railway facilities and river steamers, the recesses of this, the best known of the colonies, are not nearly opened up.

South Australia, another colonial block of territory of more than double the size of the British Isles, fertile and free from forest, is speedily being brought under cultivation, although parts of its vast area are as unexplored as the hidden depths of Central Africa. Its copper has proved a source of great wealth; farms are on the increase; townships are rising everywhere; and Adelaide, its capital, is a city ornate with excellent architecture.

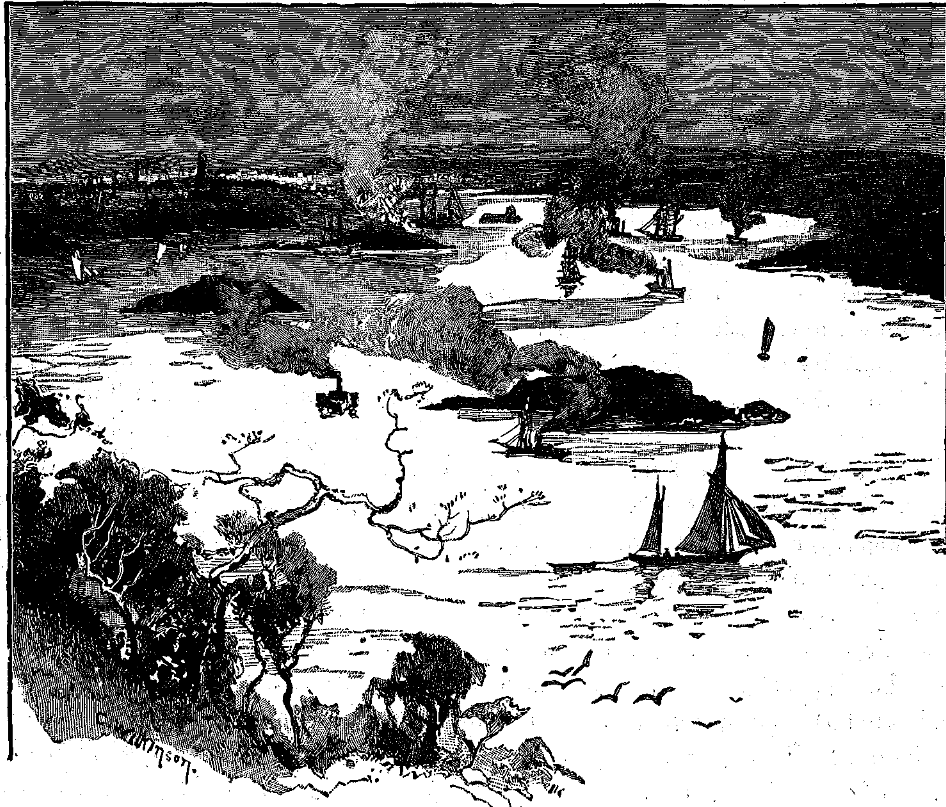
Queensland and North Australia, the extensive colonies of the north, possess a climate too exhaustive to the physical system of inhabitants of a temperate zone to promise such great things as their sisters of the south have exhibited under the skilful treatment of the British emigrant.

The Austral-negroes, the original possessors of this immense island, were of the Papuan stock, and, forming a branch of the coloured descendants of Ham, almost merged its physical and spiritual characteristics in the instincts of the lower creation. In some exceptional specimens the physique was singularly fine, the muscles of arm and limb a perfect study, the head, uncovered and unkempt, carried loftily, the dignity of its well-shaped brows being increased by a fillet bound round the roots of the hair; the brilliant eyes mingling curiosity and pleasure in their keen vision; the skin black, but not sooty like the negro's. But in general, the people represented the lowest members of the great human family, and stood low down as one of its shabbiest and least creditable relations; and miserable mementoes were the most of them of a glory that had gone. Inured to hardship of every kind, their appearance in the eyes of their fellow-men was not enhanced by a fitful kind of natural merriment, which served to render them only the more disgusting as fallen members of the *genus homo.* Sense, acuteness, and keenness of sight reached a perfection which, in itself, we are accustomed to consider the birthright of the brute. With a vision, hawk-like in its keenness, and with hearing acute enough to enable him to track like a blood-hound, so that he could steer as by the unerring instinct of the home-going bee a direct course through the dense, pathless forest, with its impenetrable walls of living green on either side, the Australian has been held in infinite contempt by his learned and cultured and well-to-do fellow-man, and it is true that in all things he was a child of nature and ignorant of grace. Practically coverless, he was altogether homeless. If anything was ever worn, it was a kangaroo's skin thrown over the left shoulder, brought under the right arm, where it was securely skewered with a wooden peg; or, as was more usual, some matted grass round his loins contented him; a twist of opossum hair on one arm held a tobacco pipe; a bundle of spears—primitive reminiscence of the sharp-stone age, and sufficiently murderous—was carried in one hand, and completed the accoutrements. The women were porters to the tribe when on the tramp, which was always, and the poor creatures wandered after their lords, bowed down beneath the loads of flour and blankets constituting their whole supplies and stores.

Until quite recently, the land swarmed with hundreds of such degraded human items, roaming their forest home with no sign of clothing; with no prospect of bettering their condition; with no idea of anything more elevated in life; and in their miserable death worse than the beasts of the field. A tribe consisted of from one to two hundred persons, comprising both sexes and all ages, interconnected by blood relationships, their only government being the despotic control of the weak by the strong, and tribal intercourse frequently rendered hostile by the alliance of individuals, wherein one set became party to the quarrels of another; but conflicts appear seldom to have reached the point of taking each others' lives. Much clamour, and a wordy war with some wounding, generally ended their feuds, the chief causes of which were the usual heroic *casus belli,* the invasion of territory or the abduction of women. Sometimes injury would be atoned for by the sacrifice of a woman or a child, but for the most part the art of warfare was beyond them, although in some of the more savage tribes the spear never quitted the

male hand from boyhood onwards, and they were inured to the practice of the grossest outrages.

The aboriginal habits and customs were similar in all parts of Australia. They rarely slept two nights in the same place for fear of some treacherous deed; their bed-chamber was soon run up, being but a lean-to shelter, like a rude fence of boughs

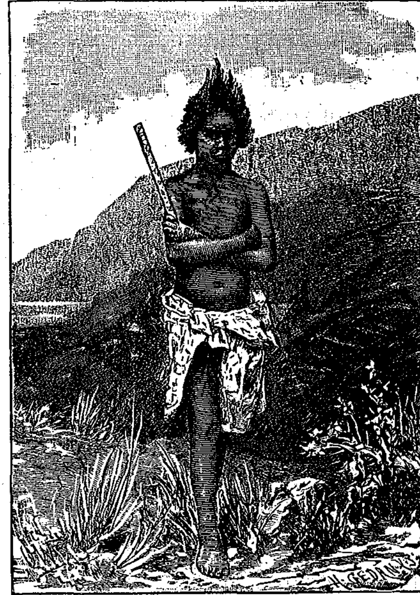


SYDNEY.

and bark, with a fire kindled at its open side, to which they put their feet when they "turned in." Warmth to the last was the one luxury of life; in case of death the deceased was left alone with a solitary fire at which he might warm himself unmolested in his unspeakable chilliness, and even the grave was warmed before receiving its inmate, as part of the ceremonial of his sepulture. At night their fires, twinkling on some hill-side, would denote their presence and determine their number; but in the north this adjunct of their rendezvous is necessarily dispensed with. The northern savage, who as yet has not died out like his southern cousin, knows neither clothing nor shelter of any kind, the large fan-like leaves of the friendly palm being his natural sunshade by day, and the roots and fruits, abundantly supplied by the tropical scrub, furnishing him with food in plenty without the expenditure of the sweat of his brow in procuring it. Food everywhere consisted in whatsoever of flesh,

fish, reptile, or vegetable the people could devour with impunity; moreover they were anthropophagous, being given to eating one another; troublesome children, if not abandoned in the woods to take care of themselves, were killed and eaten. The "noble savage" lived for his body, and, in fulfilment of its worst passions, was an incarnation of sensuality and cruelty; wanton outrage was the order of his existence, and when the whites settled in his land he added to his natural corruption the deeper miseries of drunkenness, and the other vices which they of the pale face introduced

NATIVE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.



BOY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

to his notice, so that he soon turned out a filthy, idle, roving beggar, hanging about tap-rooms as containing his most exalted notion of "the blessings of civilisation." Where the fire-water beverage is still unknown in the land, every right-minded man will agree that the continuance of such blissful ignorance is to be devoutly wished. The already rapid strides of the Australian towards self-destruction were greatly accelerated by his contact with criminal England, until the complete obliteration of the bestial man was more than probable.

A revolting picture might be drawn in detail of the imbruted cannibalism of the people, and of their altogether treacherous and cruel morals. After living sometimes for months in a settler's house, some cunning plot on his property or his life has been discovered as the motive of their residence. They were arrant thieves, and dishonesty was detected among all their tribes. "A sour-looking old man," says a missionary, "to whom a ribbon had been given, made many signs to get another, but knowing that he had already received one, we wished to discover where he had secreted it. Now the gentleman had neither coat nor trousers pockets to put it in, and the mouth was also free; it turned out that he had placed it carefully under his left arm, whence

it escaped when we lifted up that limb. This exposure of his deception created great merriment amongst all the spectators, although the man himself looked as if he could have speared us all in his great disappointment." This trait, characteristic more or less of all savage tribes, chiefly discovered itself in the most treacherous cruelty. Gliding serpent-wise among the long grass, they waylaid their foes, speared them unawares, and then ate their flesh and drank their blood. They have been caught in the very act of cannibalism, and the information that the human flesh they were devouring was a most pleasant delicacy was accompanied by a pointed reference to the various parts of the body which were preferred. In reply to a missionary's protest against the horrible practice, a chief gave the pretext usual to cannibals:—"We like *boomar* (human flesh) and you like pork or something else." The feasting on *boomar* was spoken of quite gleefully till the blood curdled in the veins of the listener, and he shivered at the low inhumanity to which human hearts had fallen in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. Civilised ears were greeted from time to time with reports of their atrocities, of which the following is a sample:—

"30th October, 1856.—Some of the aborigines of this country are gathered in this spot (about 250 miles south of Sydney), induced to come by the excitement of the whale-fishing season. Their time is spent in drinking, dancing, and fighting. A poor young man belonging to a different tribe was yesterday found murdered, and his body concealed under boughs of trees. Full of cruelty are the habitations of these poor heathen, for whom, as yet, no messenger is found to tell them of Heaven and a Saviour's love; and yet they are as intelligent, and as capable of receiving instruction, as any other race of human beings."

As to the mental capabilities of the black races, Government examinations removed all doubt; the highest number of marks ever obtained by an elementary school in Victoria, being scored by Kramer at Ramahyuk, testified not only to the able management of the master, but also to the educational aptitude of the swarthy young humanity under his tutorship. A public examination was held, with the results of which his Excellency the Governor, who was present, was so well pleased that he gave presents to six youths who had answered and sung remarkably well. In rare instances the native intellect has attained a high degree of acuteness.

Religious ideas, if any such the aborigines possessed, were confined to faith in an Evil Spirit, who pursued and harassed them, and who, if he met them in the dark, would cast them down. Death, according to the universal creed, was the result of sorcery; the Evil One had charmed away the departed spirit from its tenement, but it would reappear at the mention of its name; and hence they fled in terror from the spot where one had recently died, and strove to banish his name from their recollection and their heart. In Queensland, the dwelling-place of Evil is marked to this day by a huge stone that obtrudes its dark mass at a gloomy spot in an overhung river. The natives will never approach the dreaded place, and when compelled to pass it in a plantation boat, they couch behind the gunwale lest the Evil One should see and catch them away; they always caution their friends against the locality; and when "Binny," a chief's son, heard of missionaries who had touched the fearsome stone, he

received the news with every gesture of dismayed astonishment. Thus lived these hordes of men and women, a life of benighted terrorism from one another, and from the dead, and as if under the foul spell of the very presence of the Evil One; and thus, spiritually capable of supernatural dread, they forcibly embodied the miserable plight of such as are described in the New Testament as having been "through fear of death all their life-time subject to bondage."

Only nowadays to be met occasionally in the luxurious vales and deep mountain gorges which fill the impenetrable recesses of their country, the black people seem to shun, like wild beasts, the centres of civilised life; in greatly decreasing numbers they are being driven into these retirements before the advance of squatters on the table-lands, of sugar planters on the fertile plains, or of other settlers on the rich coasts or river-banks.

"Very rarely do any considerable number of them meet in one place; they generally wander in parties of from two or three to twenty, sometimes camping for a few days near a township, and then scattering among the hills, or by the rivers, and disappearing for months. In a long ride a few may be overtaken, with their hatchet, boomerang, and waddy stuck in their girdle, with a lump or two of fat twisted among the curls of their hair, and perhaps their *gins*, or wives, following, carrying by the tail the newly killed opossums. The clothing of the men is sometimes a striped shirt, sometimes a blanket given by Government, sometimes nothing but their girdle; and the women usually wear a blanket or opossum rug, unless some white woman has given them a gown."

When nearing the wooden homestead of some of his white-skinned acquaintances, the Christian minister is reminded that there are "other sheep which are not of this fold," by the appearance of perhaps some dozen of the homeless children of the bush encamped close to the "town," lying or squatting on the ground, each of the seniors having a blanket, skewered by a stick, round his neck, or a girdle round his loins, the youngsters playing around in Nature's full dress, their own black skins, which even in adults are almost equal to clothing, and deprive one of the sense of nudity. If they have passed the night in the place, their sojourn will be notified by the sheets of bark left slanting against the trees, and which are all the shelter they seek from wind and rain, and there will be the smouldering ashes of their camp-fire; while under one of the strips of bark may still be seen asleep some curly-headed or grey-haired aboriginal coiled up in his blanket.

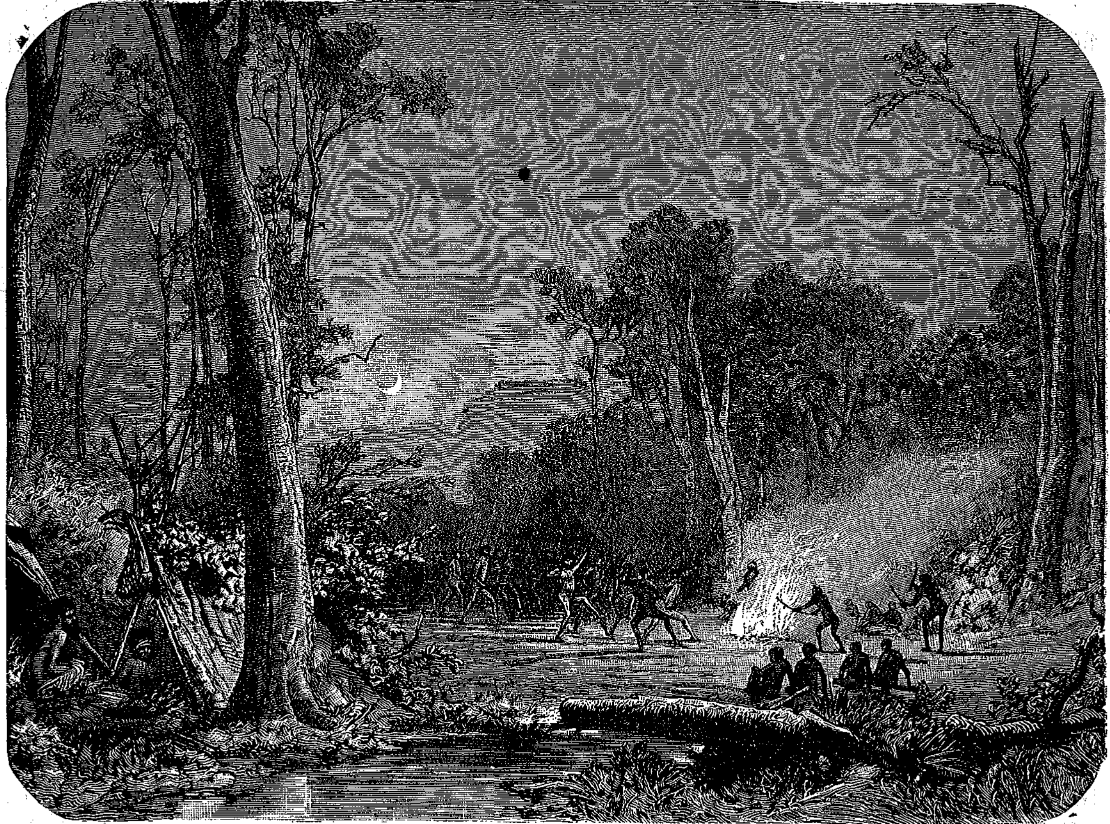
These wild people have certain customs by which, among themselves, they regulate their wandering, their fighting, their marriages, and the ceremonies of life from the day that one is born till he is buried and his bones carried about. Their communism indeed presents a field of study for the political economist, and for the student of the laws of property, not to be met with among his own white civilisations. The German missionary Hagenauer came to the conclusion that it would be a capital thing for some of the French preachers of that system to spend a time, as he himself did, in observing how it operates if honestly carried out, as has been the case in North Queensland; for, if spared to return to his native land, any communistic gentleman

who made that experiment would go back a sadder but possibly a wiser man. In regard to property, the law of the black comes into grievous collision with that of the white: the black holds that he has as good a right to property as any other man, and the white being the richer of the two, the black asserts his communistic ideas by appropriating the cattle, horse, sheep, or other goods of the settler; according to the white man's laws he must be punished as a thief, and awful consequences have ensued from the misunderstandings which have thus arisen; the black is stirred by another of his laws to murderous revenge; this leads to retaliation on a wider scale, and is indeed said to be one of the causes tending to the speedy extermination of the northern aborigines. The inborn law by which they hold all things common property produces, even among the "civilised blacks," notorious results. One of these is their manifest lack of gratitude; the feeling of thankfulness is totally absent from their nature, for why should they be grateful for a present when the thing is their own as much as the donor's property? They hand it on to some other black fellow, feeling, according to their law, that they have a perfect right to it; the gift is lightly esteemed because one has as good a claim to it as another. And yet in regard to favours shown to the sick and dying and distressed they prove themselves to be not wholly devoid of a grateful spirit; for they will keep in long remembrance any good offices performed at such times, and will return them with interest.

On all the northern shores there were wont to be practised several savage customs more or less disgusting to European taste, and revolting to Christian eyes. The introduction of boys to manhood, for example, was accomplished by cruel ceremonies which were only effectually stopped when the manliness of the Christ was set before the people as the great and true ideal. The rite was much more mildly performed in the south, but in the north it was marked by three degrees of extreme savagery. The first, called the Wombal, was undergone by boys between eleven and fourteen years of age, and if they came out of the trial courageously, they had accorded them certain privileges; for more than fourteen days they sat together in a long, deep trench dug in the sand, their heads bent as low as possible, the men dancing round them several hours every morning, followed by a game of imaginary fish-spearing and grubbing for turkeys' eggs, played after the fashion of children "pretending" scenic things in real life, and which was wound up by a "beehive ceremony," consisting in the throwing of innumerable spears over the boys' affrighted heads to represent the stings of the bees. The Wombal step towards manhood was concluded by the "Tombee," which was a ritual of gross immorality. After the lapse of a year or two, the second degree was taken by candidates for manhood passing the "Tarbuljee," a much more trying ordeal, wherein a small hole was punched through the nose for the insertion of an ornament later on in life, the mode of operation being one of the profoundest secrets among the rude barbarians. The third degree, called "Nooman Terrie," or "Bora," consisted in knocking in, or out, or off, the front teeth by a kind of wooden mallet; a sacred rite, and a most terribly cruel one, for by it many a poor lad has lost his life as he stood at the portals of his opening manhood: carried out from the circle of the males by whom he had been surrounded, his corpse, stiffening in the last

convulsion of its agony, would be taken to the women, whose yelling testified their woe. An English officer who witnessed the whole series of these ceremonies pronounced them, from first to last, horrible beyond description.

All the disgusting scenes connected with the nocturnal "corrobborees" of the Australians cannot with propriety be described. The vile performances carried on beneath the graceful palm, or the umbrageous fig-tree, contained the most shocking outrage on



CORROBBOREE.

every decent feeling—nude savages, trembling with excitement in every limb and muscle, were beheld jumping, crawling, hopping, swinging, stretching, drawing themselves together, beating time on their own bodies, the women seated in front of them in abject fear; their howling filled the night with terrible cries heard afar; a state of extreme exhaustion was induced, which completely prostrated the wretched creatures in the end. These were orgies which amazed the unaccustomed spectator with an insight into the depth of degradation to which the human heart of the untutored savage can reduce itself.

Yet, degraded and lost as is this prodigal son, he has proved his divine original, and also his capacity for becoming a son restored. In regard to the capabilities of the aborigines for receiving Christianity, no one is more entitled, from close personal

knowledge of the native character, to express an opinion on the subject than the Rev. F. A. Hagenauer, who has had about thirty years' experience of the Australian blacks, and who gained a plentiful insight, prior to his successfully evangelising them, into the cruel and superstitious nature which made them slaves to their passions, and their feet swift to shed blood; and he has recorded an awakening among these poor creatures of a desire for those better things which he was privileged to preach to them. "In the beginning of 1860 a remarkable awakening amongst the blacks began, with earnest cries to God for mercy, and sincere tears of repentance, which was followed by a striking change in their lives, manners, and habits. The wonderful regenerating power of the Gospel among the lowest of mankind worked like leaven in their hearts, and, through patient labour and the constraining love of Jesus, we were soon privileged to see a small Christian Church arise, and a civilised community settled around us. To the glory of God it can be said, that a comparatively large number of the remnant of this rapidly-decreasing race has been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and a good many honoured the Lord by their humble Christian life for many years, and a still greater number died in full assurance of eternal happiness through faith in Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IMMIGRANTS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

Early Settlers in Australia—Rev. Robert Johnson—Rev. Samuel Marsden—The Convict System—Christian Work among the Convicts—Prodigal Sons—Life in the Bush—Rev. Samuel Leigh, the Pioneer of Australian Methodism—Light in Dark Places—Drawbacks—Episcopalianism—Book Mission—A Peep into a Township—Floating Populations—Sheep-runs—Death in the Bush—The Gold Fields—How a Preacher got to Adelaide—Bible Christians.

BEFORE passing to the story of the various attempts to evangelise the natives of Australia, we must glance at some of those influences which have been imported into their country in connection with the early settlement of convict colonies, the life in the bush, on the sheep-runs, and among the gold diggers; with a cursory review of religious activity, and of the notorious fact that Christianity in the wilds of Australia is at a discount.

New Holland had become, in the early days of this century, a pandemonium of vice and wretchedness after the Government had laid the foundation of the colonial structure deep in crime. It was a simple process, but a discreditable policy, which thus disposed of the mother country's social refuse by casting it out on the far-distant shore; but rulers seemed imbued with the unchristian spirit of the times, for it was the age in which Voltaire's "perfumed blasphemies" filled the air with atheism as regards God and anarchy as regards man; and religious love in both spheres of its operation waxed cold, so that when the gaols overflowed with moral and physical pollution, contagion was thought to be best avoided by emptying it out in one seething mass of fermenting wickedness into the great bush at the Antipodes. In the mind of the Government there was evidently no other cure for the convict malady, and hence neither clergyman,

nor schoolmaster, nor kindly Christian official of any kind found a place in its ideal programme. Just before the first batch of evil-doers sailed with their two hundred military warders, a pious parson, the Rev. Robert Johnson, offered himself to the Bishop of London, in unparalleled devotion, for self-exile, and for the disagreeable work of ministering to the souls of these banished ones. During the voyage of eight months, of course only the ship in which this good man had secured a berth could be benefited by his presence, except when the vessels put into Rio Janeiro, and he held services on them all in turn. In the new colony, the absence of religious restraint was soon apparent, for when the severe discipline of shipboard was relaxed, the depraved activities of the people burst forth in awful excesses after the long confinement and its enforced idleness; thefts and murders were frequent, and their punishment was after a most barbarous sort. Without hope of earthly reward, and in the midst of a famine which was aggravated by ever-increasing numbers of convicts arriving from Great Britain, the worthy chaplain laboured on in solitary zeal, often in the teeth of official opposition. The convicts, it is true, were ordered "church attendance," which meant that they were drawn up in the open, surrounded by a military guard armed with loaded muskets, the Governor and his officers never thinking of attending themselves, their ordinary boast being that they had left off the profession of religion as they rounded the Cape of Good Hope. For six years there was no church, or prospect of one, until Mr. Johnson erected a wooden structure at his own cost, and then it was burned down by wicked hands. The Governor thereupon ordered stone churches to be built by way of "hard-labour" punishment, and not the more likely were the recusants to enjoy worshipping within their walls on that account. After twelve years of noble and most unselfish service, Mr. Johnson returned to England in 1800.

A better known name, and one which indeed glitters as a star of the first magnitude in connection with this convict chaplaincy, is that of a man who turned many to righteousness, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, senior chaplain at Paramatta, near Sydney, where he was appointed in 1795. By the unwearied exertions of this warm friend of lost men, whether civilised outlaws steeped in crime, or uncivilised barbarians stained with cannibalism, much good was done, and his name holds a foremost place in the Christianisation of Australia, as indeed it does on the roll of apostolic labourers among the savage tribes of the earth. Of humble origin, he had been reared in the grammar school at Hull, of which Dr. Milner, the Church historian, was headmaster; and exhibiting no ordinary literary aptitude, he had been sent by the "Eland Society" to finish at Cambridge, where, while still a student, he was offered, through Charles Simeon's influence with Wilberforce, the vacant chaplaincy among the convicts at the Antipodes. Having accepted the unlooked-for call as one from God, he was waiting with his newly-wedded bride at Hull for the sailing of the ship which was to carry them into exile, when, just as he entered the pulpit of that seaport's parish church one Sunday morning, the gun fired as a signal to sail, and the congregation lost their sermon, and parted with the preacher on the beach amid mutual prayers and benedictions. The ship put into Portsmouth for her

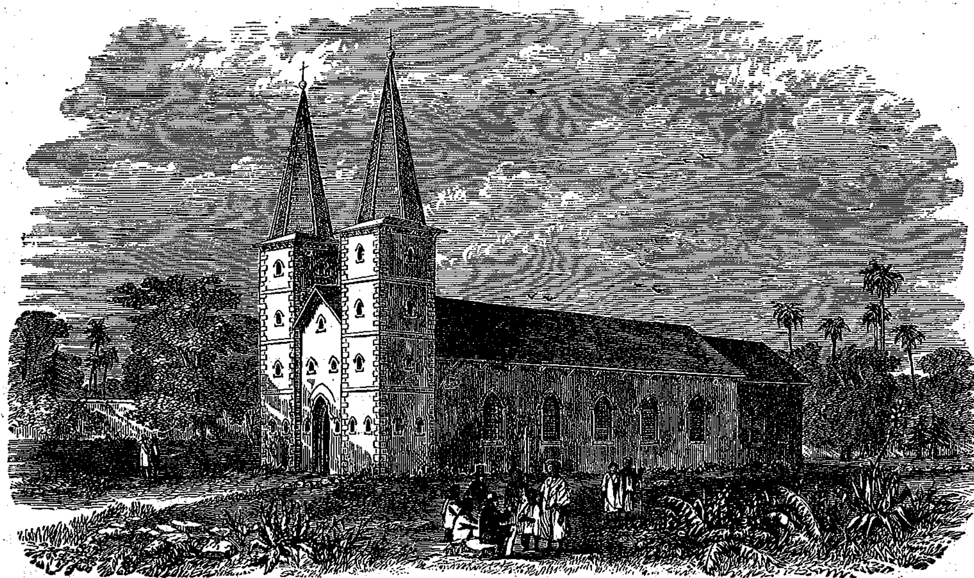
contingent of convicts, and visiting the Isle of Wight, Marsden preached a sermon in Brading church, which led to the conversion of "The Dairyman's Daughter," whose story Legh Richmond afterwards told for the benefit of countless readers. Arrived at Paramatta, his destination near Sydney, the chaplain here laboured heroically for the rest of his life amid the worst offscum of society. Few men have ever been more vehemently opposed by their friends, or have met greater hindrances in their work than did this sturdy Yorkshireman nearly a century ago; at every step in his reforms he was thwarted, opposed, and misrepresented by those in authority; for no clergyman had been found as yet so courageous as to attempt the reformation of that abandoned population which had been outlawed by England from her civilisation and her Christianity alike, for every conceivable crime, and which surrounded the good man with the reckless, brutish, and abominable habits of its class. Personal abuse, official misrepresentation, and newspaper libels were the only reward which his godliness met in the first instance, and he had at last to appeal to the Home Government for its interference. In the Irish rebellion of 1804, in New South Wales Marsden's life was marked as "the first to be taken," and, indeed, he had carried it in his hand for years, such was the abandoned viciousness of those amongst whom he laboured.

On the appointment of Sir Thomas Darling as Governor in 1825, Marsden reported to him that only five or six persons habitually attended church, whereupon His Excellency announced his intention of attending himself, and his example carried weight. But crimes of horrible atrocity were even then of daily occurrence; no punishment checked them: men on the scaffold thanked God for the termination of their living misery. Sir W. Burton, a truly Christian judge, uttered a manly protest against the whole system; the absence of religion in it had produced its own inevitable consequences: and the Archdeacon of Australia, W. G. Broughton, came to England and brought the awful condition of her convict colony before the notice of the authorities, so that an attempt was made to mitigate some of the crying evils forthwith. The vast island continent had been hitherto considered as part of the diocese of Calcutta: the Archdeacon returned in 1836 the first Bishop of Australia, and the establishment of the episcopate, with the introduction thereby of a new Christian element, effected changes for the better in the religious atmosphere of the community, and began the new page of its proper ecclesiastical history and Christianisation.

Not the most encouraging sphere of labour for a Christian minister, however ardent, could have been presented by that early colony, where "the establishment," a euphemism for the prison, formed the life-staple of the people's thought, as it was the *raison d'être* of the community, consisting of convicts, officers, and those who catered for them; and the chaplain's work was not hopeful. No personal interviews with the convicts were to be had but in presence of officials, and therefore the inner life of the individual sinner could scarcely be disclosed. Periodical visits had to be paid to the gangs at work on the roads, probably from twenty to thirty miles in extent; when the chaplain rode up the warder summoned the men, perhaps ten

out of sixteen of whom were Protestants, and a short service was held; after requests for slight favours had been preferred, the warder dismissed them, and the worshippers turned listlessly back to their "hard labour," the whole thing looking too much like a device to cheat them into being good. There was rather more attention when the chaplain could give them a service on a Sunday: that seemed at least a more fit and proper performance, and if there was singing of hymns they entered into it with gusto.

Under certain restrictions convicts were permitted to enter the employ of private gentlemen, under whose control, which was generally considerate, these so-called "assigned servants," working out their various terms of sentence, would be greatly



REV. S. MARSDEN'S CHURCH AT PARAMATTA.

humanised by a treatment at any rate more benignant than that of the gaol and its iron-glove machinery. Encouragement in well-doing had its own reward in signs of improvement, and the man who could act the Christian friend-in-need to his degraded brother when there was none other at hand, could always count on winning his way into his heart. In those days Christian laymen were unhappily rare; but just because of the rarity, the man found sitting at the bedside of sick or dying convicts, administering comfort to body and mind, performed a service which told immensely, even as he shone the more conspicuously as the good Samaritan neighbour to a humanity that had fallen among thieves. For the most part the brutal discipline only demoralised the outcasts, if that were possible, and they in turn reacted on the social and religious atmosphere. Hence, missionaries to the blacks always desired to be removed as far as practicable from a settlement, on that account, and a chief cause of the failure of their labours among the benighted heathen was attributed by one of the colonial governors "to the deadly influence of ungodly Europeans"—men who were

either convicts or the offspring of convicts, and whose evil influence could scarcely be exaggerated. The disheartening attempts to elevate the aborigines failed for one great reason, because of the baneful propinquity of the missionary's fellow pale-face, whose life was actively antagonistic to his own Christian teaching: the white community needed itself to be raised from its own gross sinfulness before it could appreciate the labours of a missionary, far less set a true pattern to the poor heathen: and not more sunken were the hearts of the blacks than were the consciences of the whites, debased and hardened by sin, to whom repentance was being preached, not in the winsome love of the Gospel, but in the iron grasp of law.

Nor was this state of the case greatly altered when, in addition to sowing the ground with the seed of evil-doers, England poured forth a tide of voluntary emigration upon Australia, the one anxiety of the volunteers being to make money out of the penal labour of their enslaved brethren, the convicts. So that if in a succeeding generation deeply ingrained habits of evil moulded the progeny of the one ancestry, no high Christian standard could be expected from the other. Alongside of transported criminals sailed out wild sons, spoiled at home, prodigals, likewise banished for reclamation, in the far country—thus reversing the order of the father's love in the pearl of parables. The unthrifty and useless, to be got rid of as a public nuisance by the employers and ratepayers of England, were shipped out also to people the new earth, where already dwelt unrighteousness: so that the wonder is that purity, piety, or even temporal prosperity could be secured at all "on the other side." Even those who had been accustomed from youth to regular outward observance of religion, found the absence of churches, as well as of home influence, too great a trial of their faith. Habits of Scripture-reading and of prayer once broken in upon, are at all times difficult to re-establish, and in the case of any who might be thus piously inclined, the excitement of the voyage and of the new life amid novel surroundings, made too often a sad havoc of a good beginning of Christian life. For the most part the colonists required to possess Christianity ere they could practise it; and even in later days, when less antagonistic to its tenets than formerly, they might frequently wield a greater influence for good than they do; the Australian employé, whether black or white, can at least understand the simple message of divine love, equally with the baptised heathen in London slums or rural cottages, and consecrated self-denial might reap harvests for its Lord.

Two main influences have let and hindered Australian Christianity hitherto—the love of money together with the divisions of Christendom. In many thriving settlements the positive irreligion is a disgrace; churches and schools are regarded as bad investments by the worldly-wise squatters, whose whole soul is given up to amassing stupendous fortunes and returning "home" to spend their days in showy opulence; and this fortune-hunting having been the ground of their emigrating at all, they grudge every penny which makes not towards that aim of their being. A settler rolling in his acquired wealth of £5,000 or £6,000 a year has been known to promise one pound only towards settling a parson in his township. Where thirty, twenty, or even ten years before, there was not a sign of the white hand, where no

spade had ever turned the virgin soil beneath the rank verdure of the forest fernery, there are now numerous communities, each composed of hundreds of persons, their neat wooden houses surrounded by peach and nectarine trees, adorned with blossom, or bending with the weight of fruity plenty. As surely as there are five hundred souls thus congregated there will be two, three, or more separate houses for them to pray in; and the English, Scotch, and Irish being pretty determined to display their nationality on the forefront of their respective creeds, religious differences do not suffer under the new conditions, but in the smallest township prevent its inhabitants, otherwise brothers born, from combining in one solid flock, so that the vigorous flow of warm Christian life-blood, which might have been hoped for, is found to be sluggish in the ecclesiastical veins, and settlers, however they may desire improvement, drop into the old routines with greater conservatism than ever.

The first to attempt evangelising the bush appears to have been the Rev. Samuel Leigh, the pioneer of Australian Methodism. The Methodists, deeming that there was room for all earnest-minded workers in the wicked colony, no matter what section of the Church they represented, began one of their Societies in 1812. A minister had previously broken up the fallow ground, but had been compelled to relinquish his effort from the stupendous difficulty which beset it; and now the humble beginning was confined at first to two schoolmasters and their wives, two school-girls, two soldiers, and four other persons, who prayed together that a minister might be sent them from England. There were twenty thousand in the New South Wales colony living without God, they said, the higher ranks of whom had been convicts, and were either engaged in amassing wealth or squandering it in riotous living; the lower orders revelled in sin with unblushing indecency, while moral order and propriety were not only relaxed but were almost extinct, the differences in rank simply meaning that the wealthier had the greater possibilities of indulgence in vice. Nineteen met in class and called at length for help for themselves and their children, as well as for the social outcasts daily landed on their shores; and to their prayers and appeals was given Leigh, a pioneer wonderfully suited to his work.

Providence prepares its instruments when it has special work to do, and here was a godly ambassador of Christ singularly robust, cheerful, and energetic. Taking leave of his aged mother and dying sister in his Staffordshire home, he sailed in 1815, and arrived at Sydney in the August of that year after a stormy passage of five months. The reception he met with was not of the warm Methodist type; for the appeal for a minister having been written by a poor scribe, the singular mistake had been made by the Committee of reading "furniture for a *house*" into "furniture for a *horse*;" so that instead of household utensils being shipped, the mission equipment, when it arrived, consisted of a second-hand military saddle and bridle! Fears were also expressed as to the legal difficulties which might arise in regard to his exercising his ministry in the colony. The day after his arrival, therefore, Leigh waited on the Governor, and meeting a rebuff in these high official quarters, he set forth his aims and methods in such cogent and large-hearted terms that the objections of his Excellency were overcome. He was wished God-speed, and directed to call at the Surveyor-General's office, where every

facility would be offered him for travelling in the unknown country, the Governor closing the interview by advancing and affectionately shaking hands with the missionary, thus establishing a life friendship between them; after which the solitary labourer in the untried field had to betake himself to prayer for his Master's guidance.

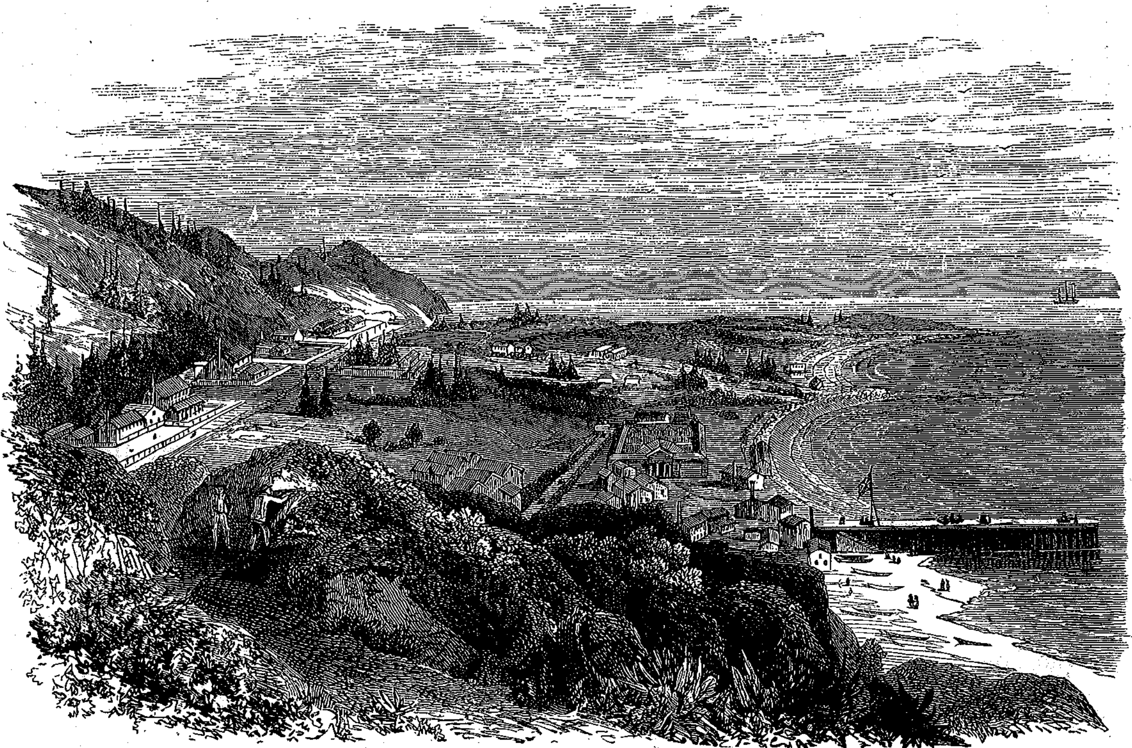
Nor were the openings of his work encouraging; a vast convict community was on every side, and upon its outskirts were the wandering denizens of the forest, with free squatters scattered up and down the country, by all of whom "the one thing needful" seemed to be the one thing forgotten. The building of gaols instead of churches appeared the major desideratum towards the "improvement" of the people in the eyes of the Government, whose mode of "reforming" their immoralities was, to his Christ-like spirit, heartless and repulsive in the extreme, with its "discipline" darkening the atmosphere, and degrading the society of already degraded men, and deadening every higher impulse within them. But Leigh, transported though he felt himself to be in that strangely godless place, was not the man to be daunted. Skilful in his systematic Methodism, he soon had an elaborate itinerating "plan," in which alone he could breathe freely as a true son and heir of the Wesleys; posing himself on his map as though already "on circuit," he vigorously commenced his attack on the stronghold of evil; and numberless as were his difficulties at first, his success soon exceeded his most sanguine expectation. "Men who had despised parental authority, who had disregarded truth and honesty, who had passed through the discipline of the prison and the treadmill, and finished their convict life in the chain-gang, trembled like Felix under the faithful preaching of the Gospel, gave their hearts to God, became consistent members of the Church of Christ, and exemplified the beauty of religion by a holy walk and conversation."

A beginning was made at Sydney, where, in a room in one of the lowest parts of the town, Leigh preached on Sundays to a motley congregation of emigrants, soldiers, and convicts, and a Sunday-school was organised for the rising generation, which was in much danger of following the vices of its seniors as it grew up. In these departments several of the missionary's first converts turned out valuable fellow-labourers in the Gospel. One of these, Sergeant Scott, a zealous Wesleyan formerly converted in India, became a local preacher, held forth first in his own dwelling, then purchased a property, part of which was fitted for the missionary's abode, and the rest apportioned as a site for a chapel, and, lastly, when the time had come for its erection, he finished his munificence by erecting it at his own sole expense.

Leigh soon became acquainted with Marsden at the Paramatta convict establishment; and the Episcopalian chaplain—reared himself in Yorkshire Methodism, to which he was ever ready to acknowledge his indebtedness for much of his own well-known sterling piety—heartily welcomed the Methodist missionary as a co-labourer in the common cause. The first convict-convert Leigh made at his station at Paramatta had been a notoriously bad man, and the change produced by the grace of God was so extraordinary that it attracted much attention; the man, on obtaining his freedom, rose steadily until he set up the first Australian stage-coach, which he drove for many years afterwards, strictly forbidding all profanity and excesses among his passengers. He acquired an honourable competence, and was further privileged to see in his old

age one of his sons enter that ministry which had been the means of so much blessing to himself.

Leigh had not been long in the colony before he mounted his horse, and, with the spirit of the Wesleys strong upon him, began a tour of exploration. At the end of the first long day's ride he came to the door of a settler's cabin with a letter of introduction, but was refused admission, and told to move on. After adding two more miles to his journey, he came to a second door, which opened to his call—



OLD CONVICT STATION, SYDNEY BAY.

"Will you receive a Wesleyan missionary?" A sturdy lad appeared, and, laying hold of bridle and stirrup, responded heartily, "Get off, sir, my father will be glad to see you." Within the hut, the wearied missionary found the family about to join in their evening prayer; opening the Bible, the words he read through blinding tears were, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," and his emotion so overcame him that he had to stop for some moments before he could command the power of utterance. There in the dark and lonely bush the homeless had found a home, which was a Bethel, and, better still, a divine voice within it preaching the regeneration of the world. After he had offered a fervent, though broken, prayer, the settler, who had once been a drunken soldier, and was now a thriving farmer on his own land, seized his hand, exclaiming, "We have been praying for three years that God would send us a missionary!"

This man, from the terrible moment when God had spoken to him by a dream in the awful solitude of his bush clearing, had renounced his evil ways, had become a new creature in Christ; he afterwards built a chapel of his own and presented it debt-free to Mr. Leigh's Society—the first Wesleyan chapel erected in New South Wales. The day following this adventure, the missionary continued his difficult journey through forty miles more of tangled bush, often being obliged to dismount and cut with his axe a passage for himself and his horse through the compact scrub. At one point, a large snake, hissing its pathway through the dense foliage, startled his horse, but it did no other harm than produce a fit of vomiting from the offensive effluvium thrown off its trail. All along the line of his passage the good man marked the trees in case of his being lost, and at a late hour found himself at the long-sought settlement, fatigued, but thankful; and there planting a second Methodist banner (for the people were Wesleyans who had lapsed from "Society"), the missionary returned in safety from the new outpost in the heart of the forest.

Soon a well-organised circuit, occupying ten days to travel, was in full operation, the missionary spending one fortnight in the city, and the next in the country, chiefly in the saddle. So great were his successes, that his labours becoming over-pressing, other ministerial appointments were made to assist him during the next few years; and on a subsequent visit to England he was able to say, "When I commenced my missionary work in Australia there were only fourteen clergymen of the Church of England, and very few communicants; now there are ninety-three thousand one hundred and thirty-seven persons in connection with that Church! Then there was no Presbyterian minister in the colony; now the members of the Church of Scotland number eighteen thousand one hundred and fifty-six! Then there were only fourteen accredited Wesleyans, now there are about ten thousand, and nearly as many children receiving instruction in the day and Sunday-schools! May we not say, in the language of admiration and gratitude, 'What hath God wrought?'"

The attempt to arouse Christian life among such people, scattered as they were, and hidden in far-away corners of the bush, was no easy task; and from the vastness of the area, regular ministrations were excessively laborious. Even in the case of hard-working men and women who had sought a home in the distant land, and who might wish churches or chapels to be planted in their midst, the means of their erection and sustentation were not always forthcoming, and home Christianity, while it listened to appeals on behalf of heathen nations, did not keep itself abreast of the spiritual needs of its own emigrant sons and daughters, whose public standard of morals was in danger of being lowered through an utter absence of religious culture. Serious droughts have more or less always affected the well-being of Australian settlers, checking their efforts towards church extension, among other branches of their industry, and calling loudly for external help. It is not wonderful, when the grass is withered, and the cattle are, in consequence, dying in thousands, that the people, however highly they may value religious privileges, are unable themselves to support them. As a sphere of active missionary enterprise, the spiritual needs of the bush have thus been again and again terribly accentuated, the drought of the earth caused

by rainless summers being, as a natural visitation, symbolical of the deeper spiritual dearth caused by the universal famine of the Word of Life. Such seasons, frequently overlapping one another for a succession of years, are beyond the imagination of the English agriculturist to conceive. With all his grievances, he cannot experience the wholesale destruction of his flocks, and failure of his crops, on the broad scale which visits the Australian periodically with its dire severity, so that from a condition of affluent prosperity, he tumbles into a hand-to-hand struggle for bare subsistence; and however loyally he may have devoted a sacred tithe of his gains to the service of religion and philanthropy in the years of plenty, these sieges upon his purse make continued subscriptions burdensome, and even reduced giving sometimes becomes impossible. In a few signal instances, when pioneer missionaries have called the inhabitants of certain populous districts together, and propounded the plan of providing church accommodation for them and theirs, they have, rich and poor alike, from their bounty or their hard-earned savings, responded with prompt and marked liberality; but it is well for old England to remember that in the tide of immigration, which never slackens, new Englands are being built up in the wild solitudes of her Australian Colonies which require the faithful abetting of the stronger religion of the mother country to promote in them the faith of Christ, as well as the intelligent vigour of the Anglo-Saxon race to which they still belong.

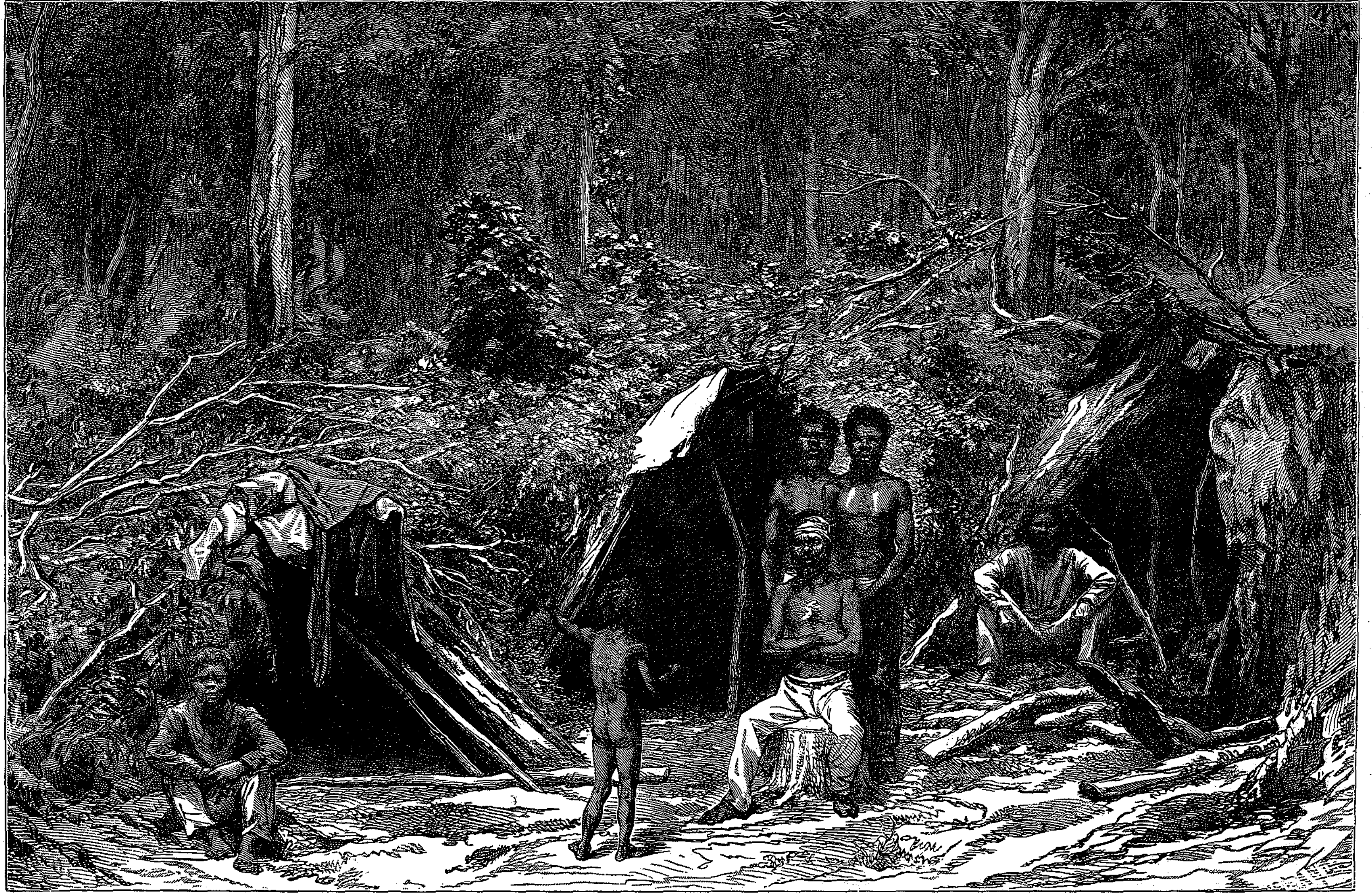
It might be well to disabuse the mind of the familiar meaning given at home to some ecclesiastical terms which have somewhat changed their dress as they crossed the seas. The Episcopalian, for example, wherever he goes, must carry his diocese and his bishop along with him, together with his parish and his parish-priest, or he endangers his character as a good Churchman. Now, an Australian diocese is practically but a church division of the great missionary world as such, and in its initiation is thoroughly missionary in its character. To this day it is so in North Queensland, teeming in tropical scenery, but where many of the settlers have not attended public worship for twenty years, and where a diocesan visitation means for its present witty but earnest bishop a tour of thirteen thousand miles. The ordinary notions of a bishop in his lawn sleeves also succumb before the actual picture of a Cambridge man, everywhere spending the major portion of his weary and solitary days in the saddle, very usually with coat and vest stripped off, his white flannel trousers and shirt-sleeves rolled up, a huge cabbage-leaf hat to protect him from the sun, and the perspiration or the rain streaming off his right reverend person, as he enters among the congregation for a confirmation or a dedication.

The parish, like the diocese, begins on an extended scale, until, with the increasing population overtaxing his single-handed efforts, the clergyman is glad to have a slice cut off and given to another labourer. One parish, six hundred miles long by two hundred broad, is said to be worked vigorously and systematically by its single incumbent and his single curate; while in the North Queensland diocese is a parish as large as England, having been likened to the unifying of our English parishes in one vast parochial area, with London for its parsonage, and Berwick, Plymouth, and Norwich as outposts on its circumference; a ride round the giant

enclosure carries its incumbent thirteen hundred miles, and to his credit it is reported, that he traverses it twice or thrice a year. In the Sydney diocese, another clergyman has nine places of worship to serve with his ministrations, eked out as best he may with the assistance of invaluable lay agency. In a land where no old village churches dot the unfenced forests with their heaven-pointing spires and their earth-hallowing associations, it may be imagined that, strange though the work of the pastorate may be among a people so scattered, and demands so rapidly increasing, many in outlying districts would lapse into practical heathenism but for the visits of missionary clergymen. From many such places comes still the Macedonian's cry, sometimes wringing the pastor's heart in vain, "Come over and help us; we never see a minister. No man cares for our souls!" "But the labourers are few," and bush parishes lack not only clerical, but lay-agents, such as Sunday-school teachers, and other efficient helpers of the ministry usually found at home.

In face of all difficulty and discouragement, however, with many to hinder and few to help, the mission-work of preaching Christ has prospered, the preachers being instant in season and out of season, doing the work of evangelists, and making full proof of their ministry. The Book Mission has also done silent but noble work, travelling thousands of miles with waggon-loads of wholesome and holy literature, the bush families being read and prayed with by its itinerating agents. At all points where the adversary, embodied in freethought and impure sensational literature, has been found most actively at work, the Book Mission has been established to prevent the unwary from being led astray; and the pernicious tendencies of the secularist and sceptical press have been counteracted by its circulation of the Word of God, eagerly purchased in numberless cases; while the agents, usually happy in their knack of giving a reason for the hope that is in them, have spoken winsome words for the Master. In some instances the bread cast thus on the waters of human life has been found after many days. Among the labouring immigrants of the present day are such as are engaged in the construction of railways on a large scale across the interior, which implies an immense accession of navvies to the colony. This, together with the fact that one line they are engaged in building—the Great Northern or Trans-Continental Railway—already extends a hundred miles beyond any churches, shows at once the increasing need of immediate provision in the way of religious instruction, and also that the path is opening up to the Christian missionary to penetrate into "the regions beyond."

A peep into one of the townships which now thickly stud the Australian wilds, will afford a typical illustration of the religious atmosphere of the bush. Its site is chosen at a junction of roads leading from coast or river to the great squatting districts among the upland plains; and its population of five or six hundred includes a doctor, a clerk of petty sessions, four or five storekeepers, an equal number of publicans, and a minister of religion. Here and there in the middle of the wide street may be seen sticking up as a danger-signal to drivers the stump of the forest-tree, with the marks upon it of the cross-cut saw which originally effected the clearing. A Presbyterian kirk on a hill at one end confronts, in rather a perky



A NATIVE ENCAMPMENT.

way, a Roman Catholic chapel on another at the other end; while the mediæval Church of England, with its brick school-house, parsonage, and master's dwelling, maintains the post of honour and of dignity *in medio;* and these sacred buildings are perhaps the most westerly churches for several degrees of longitude, not another being found for any kind of worship, even if required, between them and Western Australia, a distance of some two thousand miles. Other townships within riding distance are ministered to on alternate Sundays by the clergy of the various religious schools, who form in reality an order of primitive bishops, assisted in their immensely extended parishes by laymen, those of the Episcopacy being licensed by the bishop to read prayers and printed sermons. Church music is not a great success in the bush: loving zeal supplies a piano, which in due course makes way for a stately organ; a busy mother comes a distance of two or three miles as the only available organist, and here, as elsewhere, reaps the commendatory award as the only repayment for her toils—"She hath done what she could." When at home, the parson announces the fact by a daily tolling of the bell; and when it does not ring it is understood throughout the quiet country side that he is absent on some distant round of visitation. The religious condition of so vast a district, without reckoning other circumstances that have been mentioned, may indeed be considered to be as a rule at a very low ebb, but in a thinly peopled tract like this there must be also some pleasing exceptions.

The fluctuating nature of the population in many a "town" is not conducive to the permanence of religion. For instance, Grenfell, formerly the haunt of outlawed bushrangers, and so-called from the fact of a miner of that name having there been shot by this seed of evil-doers, formed, in the second period of its history, part of a large sheep-run; but a shepherd finding a nugget of gold twenty years ago, an influx of all nationalities from every part of the colony speedily rushed in to populate it until the lonely spot in the bush was suddenly filled with at least ten thousand people, and an irregularly built town sprang into being in the form of a boomerang, and quite oriental in the narrowness of its streets, with three churches representing the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Romanist communions, occupying prominent positions. Yet the township dwindled down to five hundred persons, almost as speedily as it had arisen, in consequence of the failure of the promise of a golden harvest; and the Government, having in the meantime severed state aid from denominational teaching in the schools, the churches received a succession of reverses, from which, in such circumstances, they can scarcely be expected to recover. Thus the people move hither and thither, and the attempts to follow them on the part of the Christian Church have been arduous in the extreme. We, in our settled home-habits, can form but a faint conception of the mobilisation which goes on among the bush populations at the Antipodes: news of "a find" is sufficient to shift a whole town in a week, and to us it would be rather more than a nine days' wonder if one of our midland boroughs were to become suddenly disintegrated, and dissevered from its site were to be found in a few days springing up in the New Forest or among the Welsh hills. Amid the excitement of such a life, and with the novelty of every fresh

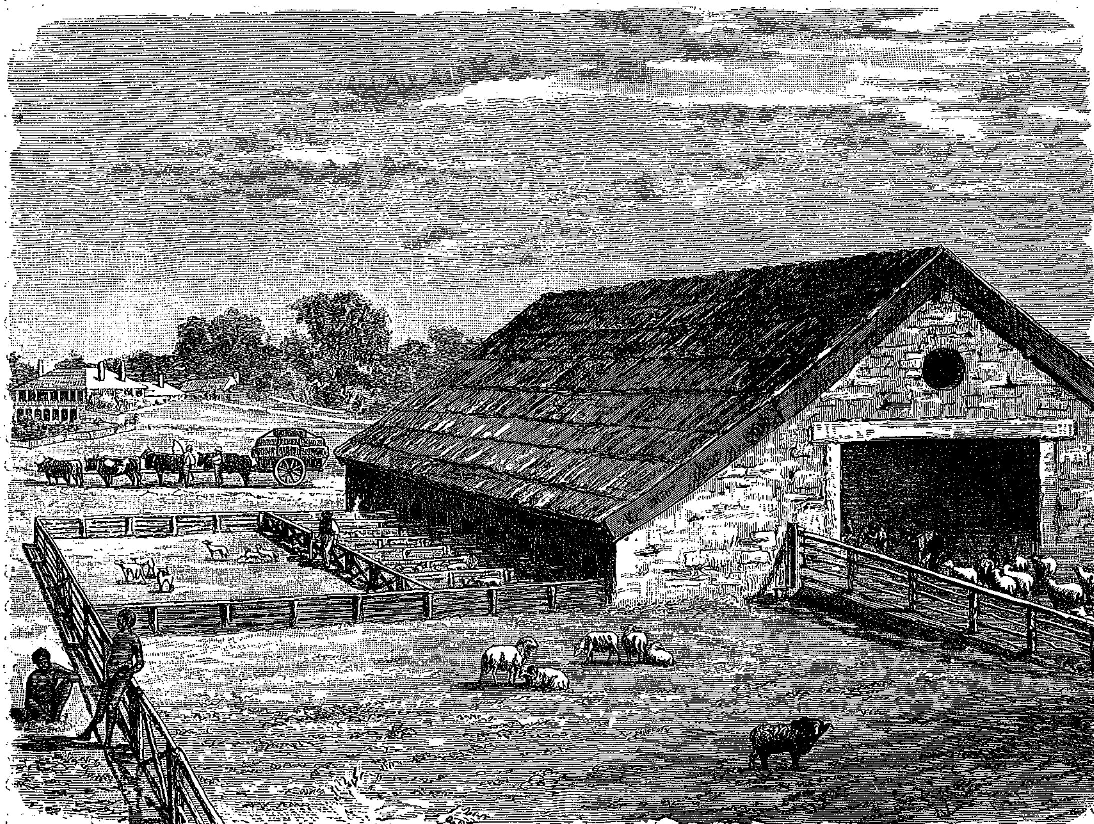
migration, the task of ministering to the souls of the people is in toil and patience second only to that of catching them "at home."

Another element in the uncongregated assemblage to whom the faithful pastor, whose parish is the wide bush, must address himself, is that of the draymen, who form by profession the most migratory class of the ever-shifting population. On all the long bush routes, many companies of these ever-wanderers are met driving down wool, tallow, or hides to the coast, or carrying up-country loads of stores for the supply of the cattle-masters, inland towns, or publicans: two-wheeled drays are the only vehicles possible to the unmade roads, and they are drawn by either horses or bullock-teams. At night a halt is called, near water where it can be had; the animals are tethered and turned out to graze; a fire is kindled; quart pots of tea are put on; "damper" is made of flour, water, and salt kneaded on a piece of flat bark and baked in the hot ashes: this, with salt beef, constitutes the evening meal; the draymen chat over their pipes in the firelight, and "turn in" beneath the dray on sacks stuffed with dry grass, and beneath coverlets of blankets or opossum rugs. Too often one of the well-known tap-rooms abounding on the chief lines of route is made for as the resting-place: rum is then substituted for tea, and does its own mischief on the fellows, who are very apt to drink. To seek these errant ones is the duty of the parish priest, whose ever-roaming parishioners they are, spending their whole lives in the bush, without the possibility of attending a church, so that to be faithful he must avail himself of every chance occasion of walking by their side, and of so conversing with them as to lift their thoughts heavenwards. When he camps with them for the night, the ecclesiastical holster must be unclasped and the Bible drawn forth; and indeed the offer to read and pray is seldom rejected by these complete wanderers on the face of the earth. The transient opportunity of "speaking a word to him that is weary" being embraced by the servant of Christ, the two or three thus gathered in the Master's name never meet again after the morning dawn has parted them on their several devious paths; and only God can estimate the effects of such gleams of heavenly sunshine on those dark tracks pursued by many a human heart in the bush.

A drawback said to be felt in bush religion is the absence of any external hallowing associations. In the thick forest glades no church spire points visibly upwards above the trees, and nothing on all the undulating plains serves as a reminder to man of the claims of his God upon him as the sovereign source of all good. One favourite device has been the connecting of the diurnal hours with sacred themes; for the bushman tells the time of day by the sun's position in the sky with great accuracy, and the practical religion of these isolated men has been advantaged by nothing more material than the linking each passing hour with some particular act of God's mercy to man. Thus the sun has become a witness of divine light in the spirits of those who have breathed their prayers and praises under the influential sacred theme to which the hour was thus consecrated; and out of that spiritual rock which has thus followed them the wearied wanderers in the great wilderness have learned to drink of the water of life.

On the sheep-runs, there are usually two or three flocks of a thousand sheep each at a station, with a shepherd to each flock and a hut-keeper: but sometimes the life

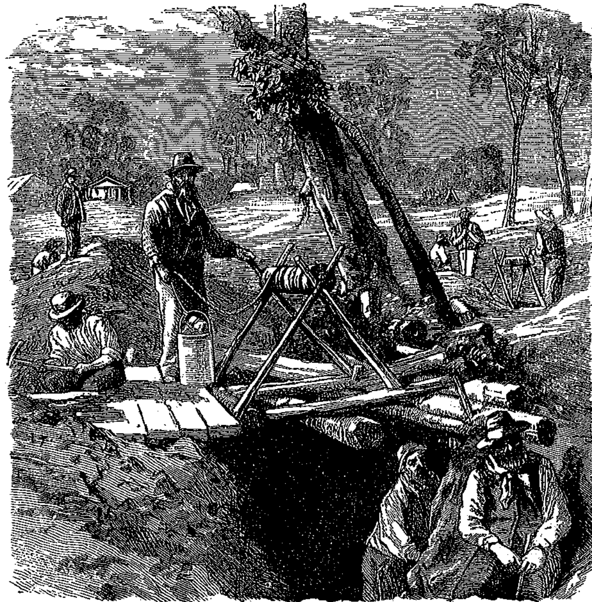
of a shepherd is absolutely solitary, and in other cases, the hut, which is tenanted by him only at night, is the abode of his family also. The sheep-runs represent a wide area, and the problem of "seeking for Christ's flock that are dispersed abroad" upon them, according to the ordination service, is a very difficult one, while the work of the parish priest in a parish, as practically limitless as the bush is, has features widely different from the well-defined and well-organised labours of the same official at home. For one thing, the clerical conscience knows no compunctions arising from



AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP-STATION.

a sense of his officiating beyond his own parochial limits, such as prevent clergymen from trenching on each others' patent rights in the crowded parishes of merry England. Long, weary rides in a blazing sun over routes rather than roads, leading from hut to hut in the vast pasturage, constitute the pastor's daily toil, at the beginning, middle, or end of which he holds services, classes, communions or baptisms: speaking as he goes "words in season, out of season," by the wayside. Along the banks of "creeks"—the Australian rivers—he must go for three or four miles from the deserted huts; up hollows where wells have been sunk he must climb: one here and another there, the flock of God must be sought out by the faithful

under-shepherd, who must remember their several haunts, and the conversation on each last visitation, following them to the spot in their runs where they are most likely to be found. When he greets them like wandering sheep on the mountains "he rejoiceth": the reins are thrown over his horse's neck: a little talk about the old country and the "old folks at home" engages their attention, and then beneath some all too scanty shade the Bible is read and prayer offered. Often, in out-of-the-way corners where only two may be gathered together, has the graciousness of the promise been intensified by a sense of the blessed presence of the Lord, in that His own loving foresight has provided equally for two as for three, in such cases as these where



AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD-MINE.

three would be impossible. "Thank you, sir!" is generally the attentive listener's response at the close of such a meeting, and sometimes he may add, with the tears glistening on his weather-beaten cheeks, "you are the first clergyman I have seen for sixteen years": the event of meeting a parson, or any rough and ready attempt at a service, recalls the events of life in the distant past: the old-fashioned teaching of the old, old story of Jesus and His love is well received by men and women of all denominations; and especially are parents anxious that their children should know something of the simple religious impressions which they received themselves in early life. Their shy bush children listen to the Gospel stories with glowing interest: for old and young alike, having none of those passing events, which, in town life, so rapidly efface impressions, have plenty of time for ruminating on the Christian visitor's words, so that these are often found after many days to have been deeply embedded by being long pondered in the mind. Inmates of a hut are seldom without an Achan in the

camp, one whose impurity or blasphemy goes far to lead the minds of his fellows astray on a downward and ruinous path by polluting the moral atmosphere which they breathe; and it is no slight conquest if the missionary can divert the mental faculties to some fresh theme of light and love during the solitary hours of the weary days to come. When all gather in the hut at eventide, and tongues sealed during the day are loosened, it is a blessed counteractive of evil if, amid ribald conversation, the thoughts suggested by the visit of a man of God have any place or potency: and that such a visit is an event long looked back upon with emotions of gratitude may be surmised by the sad but expressive saying too truly realised at every sheep-run: "There's no Sunday in the bush!"

The destitution of the bush also in regard to medical aid compels the parson to become a doctor, whether it suits his humour or no. The nearest practitioner to a man with his shoulder put out has been known to be upwards of seventy miles, necessitating a ride of a hundred and forty miles before the case could be attended to, with the chance that the doctor when sent for might happen to be twenty or thirty miles from his residence in another direction. Sometimes the people manage to bandage or physic themselves, without a licence from a college of surgery or of medicine. In addition to the simple remedies which good sense packs into the clerical holsters—and every bush parish priest would do well to be a trained medical missionary—the presence and sympathy carried along with them possess a magical charm of their own; and a patient has been healed, according to her own account, from the moment that a minister's kindly hand touched the region of her pain, so that on his next visit superabounding blessings have been invoked on his head, which have lost none of their fervour or their honesty by reason of the person susceptible of such manifest priestly cleansing having hailed from the Green Island.

Death in the bush is often a terrible scene. In a miserable hut lies a once fine-looking man disfigured by disease: the minister admits the air, but is well-nigh sickened by the smell; the buzz of hundreds of blow-flies, settling now on the patient's face, and now darting about in all directions as if to warn the intruder from their prey, fills the interior with their restless annoyance; the temperature is 100°; and the first words of the sufferer are: "O, sir, for the love of God, give me a drink of tea." Alone for hours, he has had no strength to move in any self-help, and there has stood the pot of cold tea, almost within arm's length, to mock his dying agony: the life is ebbing in unrelieved suffering: the words of spiritual sympathy and comfort are brought to his ear by the "chance" clerical visit: he passes away with his eternal interests sadly neglected in the day of life; and as the minister leaves him with no man to care for his soul besides himself, he can but commit him in his awful need to the all-pitying care of the Father above. Such is the last hour of many a bushman, wherein the ghastly king has been shorn of none of his terrors. On the other hand there are here and there the graves of those who have "departed to be with Christ, which is far better," dotting the vast bush as the first-fruits of them that sleep in Jesus, and consecrating its distant plains with their sacred dust: revealing the truth that missionary labour in Australia has not been in vain in the Lord, whom to faithfully preach

is to have sooner or later to acknowledge, "Thy paths drop fatness: they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness."

The gold-diggers form another separate community, with a special interest for the Christian philanthropist. It was in 1852 that the first discovery of gold carried the colony "off its head," when an immense influx of maddened fortune-hunters streamed in upon it from every quarter of the globe, so that it has been questioned whether the world has ever presented a spectacle of greater wickedness, more intense suffering, or unbridled lust, combined with such positive want, as the gold fever entailed in Victoria in 1852-5. "All evil, and only evil continually," was represented in the great excitement and infatuation, as though it were a repetition of the Noachian era of abandoned ungodliness: "the diggings" became the scene of appalling vice: the love of money poured a torrent of iniquity upon the colony, which not the most urgent effort of every Christian minister could stem. The utmost exertion was made to provide religious services for the thronging multitudes of heterogeneous people suddenly congregated: but those held regularly in houses of prayer were largely deserted by their respectable communities, who had to be followed to the mines. Denominational "homes" were erected at great cost, Government voting grants in aid; and these proved both a temporal blessing and a spiritual comfort to many a homeless one. Tent chapels were pitched in the extensive mining camps, and much good, at least in the way of checking wholesale corruption, resulted from the services held in them: rough slab churches were erected also, in which the gold-seekers might hear the Gospel of a better treasure in the skies. Thus have the mining classes, ever prone to the dust, and spending their substance, when they have procured it, in riotous living, found that in all their migratory unsettledness, and dwelling as they do only on the fringe of civilised life, the Christian Church has not left them utterly to perish, although the minister who will be faithful to them finds his attempts replete with hardships, and his dangers quite of the primitive type. As fresh centres of mining wealth are opened, ever and anon whole unheard-of populations are unearthed in new regions by "those who watch for souls as they who must give account." "Five hundred miners and no religious service" is one of the latest reports of such a case to the Christianity of Adelaide. In another place is met a population of seven thousand, with forty-seven public-houses, and sitting accommodation for eight hundred worshippers in small sanctuaries.

Not only has the Gospel to be preached to the greedy lovers of gold in some of the gold-fields, especially in those of North Australia, to which are also attracted a mixed heathen population of Malays and Chinese, but members of various denominations are being constantly drawn away to the lucrative fields, who, unless watched and warned are too apt to bid farewell to every semblance of religion, and to slip back into semi-heathenism. Perhaps the choicest example of what Christianity has effected is to be witnessed in Townsville, the key to the rich gold-fields of the north-east, a young and rising centre of ideal attractiveness, with a wholesome supply of public institutions, excellent schools, and several fine churches, all of which, with shipping and railways, contribute to make it the mining capital of the north, while the religious activity of the prosperous place appears as flourishing as its commercial, the zealous and

self-denying Bishop Stanton having selected it as the centre of his great diocese of North Queensland. At Charters Towers, also in the north, and "the capital of squatterdom," where miners met on the main street leading to the Day Dawn mine are recognised as having come from Victoria for the sake of enhanced profits, there are four handsome church edifices representing Episcopalian, Wesleyan, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic sections of Christianity.

GOLD-WASHING.

In some respects the survey of the Christianisation of white Australia is as cheering, as the retrospect of the attempts to evangelise black Australia will be found to be depressing, and a pleasing picture is presented by the growth of a living Church side by side with the march of civilisation. Distinctive sectarian features are among the things transported to the colonies, it is true, by members of various denominations who emigrate; and being part of the home-land life which they may carry with them, things that are distinctive, rather than things that are common in their creed, are cherished as reminiscent of the old country, distance from which lends its own enchantment, so that none of their hold upon the heart is lost. Thus the seeds of all the British denominations have struck deep and vigorous roots in the new soil. On the other hand, catholicity, both in spirit and in practice, has more free scope; there is no State Church; those who prefer the Episcopal are, as a rule, liberal-minded towards those who do not, while all comers have fair play; and as it is generally the young

blood that emigrates, representing the advanced thought and bolder temper of the nation, it may be presumed that mid-walls of religious partition are not so strong at the outposts as in the overcrowded sectarianism of the mother country.

The Church of England does not neglect her sons in the land of their adoption. The first Bishop of Australia, Dr. W. A. Broughton, consecrated in 1836, soon found the inrolling tide of immigrants too onerous for a single-handed episcopate, and the "Province of Sydney" was in due course broken up into several sees; after Tasmania, in 1842, followed Adelaide, Melbourne, and Newcastle in 1847; and thereafter, in successive years, Perth, Brisbane, Goulburn, Grafton and Armidale, Bathurst, Ballarat, North Queensland, and Riverina. At first, churches were aided from the colonial purse, but Bourke's Act of 1836, whereby this State aid was afforded to religion, died a natural death; and Australia was never a land flowing with the milk and honey of pious bygone generations and their wealthy benefices, so that Episcopalians had some hard pecuniary lessons to learn. For some years home societies, like that for the Propagation of the Gospel, came handsomely to their rescue; and in 1850 a conference of bishops held at Sydney, "where, within the memory of man, the word of God and the name of Jesus were unknown," founded a "Church Society," which, by creating a deepened interest among the widely-scattered members of the Church in their own common brotherhood, and by rendering the young dioceses self-reliant in regard to raising funds for church building, clerical support, and other such purposes, marked the actual struggle into existence of the colonial Episcopacy.

It is difficult in England to form any correct estimate of the discouragement which these bishops had to face when State aid was removed: to them and to their people it appeared an act of spoliation; missions and schools were broken up for lack of means; and what could they do towards building up the religion of their fathers among people, many of whom were as far from the religion of Christ, and as undesirous of it, as the heathen around them? The English Churchman, beyond most people, is at a loss to know how to manage his affairs under conditions so trying. Accustomed to see his clergyman and his church maintained without his aid as almost a part of his churchmanship, he begins with the idea that voluntarily to support a pastorate is degrading alike to pastor and people; and when the Government proposed no longer to provide his church and school revenues, the colonial Churchman found himself at sea as to ways and means of promoting religious ordinances for himself, his family, and neighbours. His education had been neglected in matters financial, compared with the Nonconformist, who felt it no hardship to do what he had been accustomed to do all his life. He was in tutelage, always asking what the State—"the Government"—was going to do to discharge that part of its function, the maintenance of religion? Yet, labouring under this enormous disability, the Episcopalians have grown in numbers, and multiplied in finance to an extent which speaks its own testimony to their earnestness and determination. In twenty-five years the Victorian clergy alone increased from three to a hundred and twenty, and their churches numbered more than two hundred; in one year of great commercial depression an increase of £705 was announced in the Newcastle Diocesan Church Society, many of the bush shepherds

having willingly contributed in sums varying from five shillings upwards. And everywhere the Church has led the van in mission-work among degraded whites, as well as aborigines.

Presbyterianism has also been carried to "the other side" with the thistle and the shamrock; and at the Pan-Presbyterian Council held in London in 1888, it reported upwards of three hundred congregations federally united, and occupied in combined missionary operations among the native heathen and the Queensland Kanakas.

Wesleyan Methodism has been from the first an immense evangelical power in every part of the Australian continent. Jubilee services commemorative of the arrival of Samuel Leigh were held at Sydney in 1864. The president at a breakfast party of five hundred persons, happened to be descended from one of the original Methodists, and charmed his guests by tales of the missionary and his horse, "Old Traveller"; an offertory of £4,000 was the result of the meeting, which sum was further increased by £12,000 for the foundation of a Wesleyan College, as a thank-offering for what God had done by Australian Methodism, the progress of which has been as rapid as its success has been marvellous, until to-day it is in its various sections and agencies one of the chief factors in the religion of the Greater Britain of the Southern hemisphere. In Victoria, the sphere of a single minister settled in 1841, which year added a hundred and fifty persons to the Church, has multiplied into many circuits, having beautiful chapels in each, with a "Wesley College" and numerous schools; although here it will be remembered it has suffered some severe afflictive losses. In 1866, in the ill-fated steamer *London* which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, the Rev. and Mrs. D. J. Draper found a watery grave, when nearing their home; in 1868 the Rev. J. Caldwell was drowned; in 1869 the Rev. W. Hill was murdered by a convict whom he was visiting in his cell in Melbourne Prison; in the same year another highly successful labourer, the Rev. B. Field, suddenly died.

At Adelaide a most remarkable Providence realised the prayers of a small but earnest society in 1837, when a shipwrecked missionary was sent, as one of those "men who have hazarded their lives for our Lord Jesus Christ," and turned a seeming calamity into great good. The Rev. W. Longbottom, sailing for Western Australia from Hobart Town, with wife and child, fell in with a gale which increased in fury, until one midnight the vessel struck on an unknown coast, and they were landed through the surf by means of a rope. They suffered for want of a fire, till on the second day of their escape some friendly natives ventured near them; and after a fortnight passed in a forlorn condition and not knowing whither to turn, a crew of shipwrecked mariners joined them who, by their chart which they had saved, had come a hundred miles and were going fifty more in search of a whaling station. For forty-five days they wandered through the bush, and reaching the station, they were taken by sea to Adelaide, where the pastorless society of sixty members welcomed the missionary and would not let him go. The chapel was speedily crowded out under his faithful preaching; and the Home Committee continued the services of the man thus ordered of Him whom winds and waves obey, until a commodious sanctuary was built by the earnest crowd who flocked to hear the Gospel. As the work expanded other districts were opened, chapels were built

in the villages, and stations planted in "the regions beyond." In the first circuit, which was a hundred miles long, hundreds of sinners were gathered into the Redeemer's fold under the preaching of the missionary and his staff of zealous lay-helpers, and the good work, notwithstanding occasional trade-depressions and other hindrances, has continued to spread from that day to this.

The Bible Christians have contributed a large quota to the advance of morals and the promotion of spiritual interests in various parts for a third of the century. The first meeting of their Colonial Conference being held in 1888, the year celebrated throughout Australia as the centennial of its occupation by Great Britain, became a source of double gratitude to Almighty God on the part of these faithful servants of His who have preached the Word of Life not only in their sanctuaries—numbering over a hundred, besides preaching rooms—but also from door to door, and have taught the young, and promoted the cause of temperance. One of their earnest agents held quite recently upwards of four hundred services of various kinds in one year, and penetrated sixty miles farther into the country than any similar labourer had gone before; and another, standing in the door opened in Queensland by the influx of a thousand immigrants per month into its fertile country, writes, under the burden of his over-abundant toils—"Do send some help at once." Many of this denomination's ministers are happy in the manifest blessing of God on their work, and, having carried the Gospel far into the bush, they have seen many of the most reckless and godless of its settlers turned to repentance by their means, and leading peaceable lives to the glory of God.

An interesting feature of colonial Church-life was the recent union of the Methodist Church of the New Connexion and its minister in Adelaide, with the Bible Christian denomination, an augury of still greater and brighter conquests to be yet accomplished by these brethren, who thus at the Antipodes assert that unity to which is attached the guarantee of farther achievements—"For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

XXVII.—MADAGASCAR.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

Description of Madagascar—The Malagasy People—Language—Early Notions of God—Radama I.—David Jones and Samuel Bevan—Desolate Families—Character of the King—Boys sent to England for Tuition—David Griffiths—Spread of Education—Religious Progress—The Printing Press—Death of Radama I.—Queen Ranavalona—Appeal to the Idols—Beginning of the Persecutions—A Reign of Terror—Rasatama the Proto-Martyr—Rafaralahy falls a Victim—The Flight of Rafaravavy—Perilous Hospitality—Hunted Down—Escape in Disguise—Trial by Ordeal—Burning Alive—Hurling from the Rocks—Christian Heroism—Lessons for To-day—Stories of Persecution.

MADAGASCAR is one of the largest islands in the world, being about 960 miles long by 300 wide, with a superficial area somewhat larger than France. It consists physically of three zones—first, a low-lying flat tract of coast-land, where the tidal-mud and river-swamps breed fever and other deadly ailments; next a region of forest-land, of grassy plains and of mountain slopes, rich in food-producing trees, and trees valuable as timber; and last, a mountainous plateau from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above the sea-level, upon which rise mountains to a height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet higher. The principal seaport on the east coast is Tamatave, about 250 miles from Antananarivo, or "The City of a Thousand Towns," the capital, which is situate on a hill rising nearly 1,000 feet above the great central plateau.

Little is known of the early history of Madagascar, but it would appear that Fernando Suarez landed there in 1506, and founded some trading stations for Portuguese enterprise; France attempted to take possession of the island in 1643, and on many other subsequent occasions; and the English and Dutch sought to found colonies there, but most of these attempts ended in failure.

The Malagasy were not an utterly barbarous people. Those inhabiting the central and some of the coast provinces had a civilisation of their own, differing widely from ours, ages before they came in contact with Europeans. They had, for example, established forms of government, gradations of rank, and laws affording considerable protection to life and property.

The people differ considerably in colour, the tribes inhabiting the sea-coast being much darker than those occupying the high lands. They may all, however, be classed amongst the yellow-skinned races. They are a well-built people, of middle height, with features regular and fairly good, the nose aquiline and prominent, forehead broad, mouth large, and lips thick. In the central provinces there are, irrespective of slaves, two classes, the Hovas, or governing class, and the Andrians, or members of the royal family. The latter are numerous, and are divided into seven classes, according to the nearness of their connection with the reigning sovereign. They are not permitted to intermarry with the Hovas.

Throughout the whole island only one language is spoken. There are, of course, many dialects, but not so many as might have been supposed considering how large

the island is, and how difficult intercommunication has always been. Any one knowing the Hova dialect would have no great trouble in making himself understood among every other tribe in the island. The language is closely allied to the Malay or Malayo-Polynesian, many words in the Malagasy being identical with those in the Malay.

The Malagasy were not without a knowledge of the true God—faint though that knowledge may have been. It was probably brought with them when they came to the island, and became more and more shadowy, and with less and less power

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to stir the life of the people. In some of their proverbs and traditional sayings it would almost appear that they had a conception of God's power, omniscience, and justice; of His sovereignty, and of His dispensing final rewards and punishments. This is a matter open to question, however, while as a matter of fact, when the first missionaries went among them they found the place "a habitation of cruelty," and the people given up to every form of licentiousness; the whole land was full of idols, and their religion appeared to chiefly consist in a slavish belief in witchcraft, luck, and divination. Their superstitions were at once dark, degrading, and cruel. Thousands of children born during an "unlucky" period were exposed and perished; while it was calculated that every year thousands of persons died by the tangena, a trial by ordeal, poison being given to ascertain whether or not a suspected person had been guilty of witchcraft.

They had no written language, which fact in itself is a good criterion as to the

state of their civilisation, and although they were not entirely ignorant of the arts and sciences, such as working in iron, weaving, carpentry, and so forth, they had not made much progress in these things.

Such were the people sixty years ago, and now we have to tell one of the strangest stories ever told in the history of the progress of Christianity, and to see how the gross darkness which overhung the people vanished before the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

Towards the close of the last century the newly founded London Missionary Society turned its attention towards Madagascar, and Dr. Vanderkemp, whose labours in South Africa we have described elsewhere, was invited to undertake the proposed mission. After some years delay, arrangements were fully made, and he was about to start from the Cape in 1811, when his sudden death put an end for a time to the enterprise.

Meanwhile there had come into power as ruler of the Hovas a young prince, Radama I., the most enlightened ruler ever known in Madagascar. He was shrewd, clever, and far-seeing, a man in advance of his time, and withal fired with an intense ambition to encourage civilisation and to extend the political power of the Hovas over the whole island, and himself to be King of Madagascar. To this young prince there came in 1816 an embassy from England bearing proffers of friendship. The envoy was joyfully welcomed, and Radama ratified his treaty of amnesty and good-will with the English by the solemn and binding oath of blood. "England was the first to hold out the hand of friendship to Madagascar," is a saying of the natives; and the fruit of that friendship was soon seen, as in the following year a treaty was signed for the abolition of the slave trade.

A year later, and there arrived at the port of Tamatave two Welshmen appointed by the Directors of the London Missionary Society to establish a mission in Madagascar. These were David Jones and Samuel Bevan, with their wives and children. They met with a very favourable reception, but unhappily they arrived at the most unhealthy season of the year, and hardly had they settled down than the infant daughter of Mr. Jones died, and within a fortnight his wife followed her. A little later the child of Mr. Bevan died; then he sickened under the terrible malaria that spread over the shore, and eleven days later was carried to the grave, where, in four days after, his wife was laid by his side. Thus, in seven weeks, out of six persons who had landed in health and vigour, only one—Mr. Jones—was left. With wonderful heroism he determined to stand by his post, but the state of his health made it necessary that he should for a short time retire to the Mauritius for recovery.

In the following year he returned, and proceeded at once to Antananarivo, the capital, where he was kindly received by Radama, who was by this time virtually, if not actually, King of Madagascar.

Radama was a remarkable man. Tenacious of the manners and customs of his people, he was yet so keenly alive to the advantages of civilisation, that in order to secure these he was willing to countenance the introduction of Christianity. He believed

in himself, more than he believed in the faith of his fathers, or in the new faith as he had learned it from the Europeans. Mr. Ellis* narrates several instances which illustrate this characteristic. On one occasion the king visited a cavern to salute a renowned idol, who was believed to have the power of imparting the knowledge of divination. In the part where the altar was fixed there was a curious reverberatory echo, in which probably originated the belief of audible answers being given to those who visited the cavern and saluted the idol. Radama entered, saluted the idol, and was answered in a low solemn voice. He then offered his present of money, and a mystic hand moved slowly forward to seize it. Radama had too much good common sense to believe in spiritualism, and seizing the hand he cried out, "This is no god. This is a man!" and gave instant orders for the impostor to be dragged out.

In like manner he refused to be brought under the influence of the diviners—that is, if they opposed his will. Once, when returning with his army from a campaign, he learned, on approaching the capital, that the diviners had declared he must halt outside for a number of days. Radama had no intention of submitting to their will and pleasure, and despite their covert threatenings, marched straight to the palace. "This public act," says Mr. Ellis, "on a great occasion, was but one of many in which Radama had shown, that however frequently he might, for state purposes, follow the pretended directions of the idols, he was at least sceptical as to their existence or power; and his conduct could not fail to affect very powerfully the minds of his more intimate companions, as well as many others."

There was an opposite side to the character of Radama. He was dangerous when his will was thwarted, or when his temper was provoked, and at such times—happily they were rare—he felt no obligation to respect human life. One day, for example, a slave attending at table had the misfortune to break a dish. The king ordered an officer near him to take the man away and see that he never committed the offence again. The officer called the man out, returned soon afterwards, and, in answer to the king's inquiry, reported that the man was dead.

The friendly reception of Mr. Jones by the king was partly owing to the recommendation of Sir Robert Farquhar, Governor of the Mauritius, and also to the fact that he was personally introduced by the British agent, Mr. James Hastie, who had been sent to renew the negotiations, which had been temporarily broken off, for the abolition of the slave trade in Madagascar. To this important measure the king acceded, making as one of the conditions that ten Malagasy boys should be sent to the Mauritius, and ten to England, to be educated and instructed in the useful arts—a distinction which the people were extremely anxious to obtain for their sons.

The two sides of Radama's character came into prominence in the selection of candidates. One chief was so eager for his son to go, that he offered to give three hundred dollars for the privilege. On the king hearing of this offer, he sent for the

* To the works of Mr. Ellis—"The Martyr Church," "Three Visits to Madagascar," "Madagascar Revisited," &c.—we are largely indebted for the information contained in these chapters.

chief, and finding that he was in earnest, said: "Your son shall go free. I will pay his expenses."

One of the youths selected, afraid of the sea or fond of his home, declared that he was sick and unable to go, notwithstanding the fact that he was perfectly well the day before. On hearing of this, Radama ordered the youth to receive fifty lashes, and to be hung by the thumbs on a high pole in sight of all the people. Both these instances reveal, in part, the secret of the great influence of the king over the people.

Radama not only gave Mr. Jones every encouragement to settle in the country, but having made himself acquainted with the work of the London Missionary Society in the South Seas, he arranged that the ten youths sent to England should be placed under the care of that Society—the English Government defraying the cost of their education—and caused a letter to be sent to the Society requesting them to send out more missionaries, provided there was among them a proportion of artisans to instruct the people in the arts of civilisation.

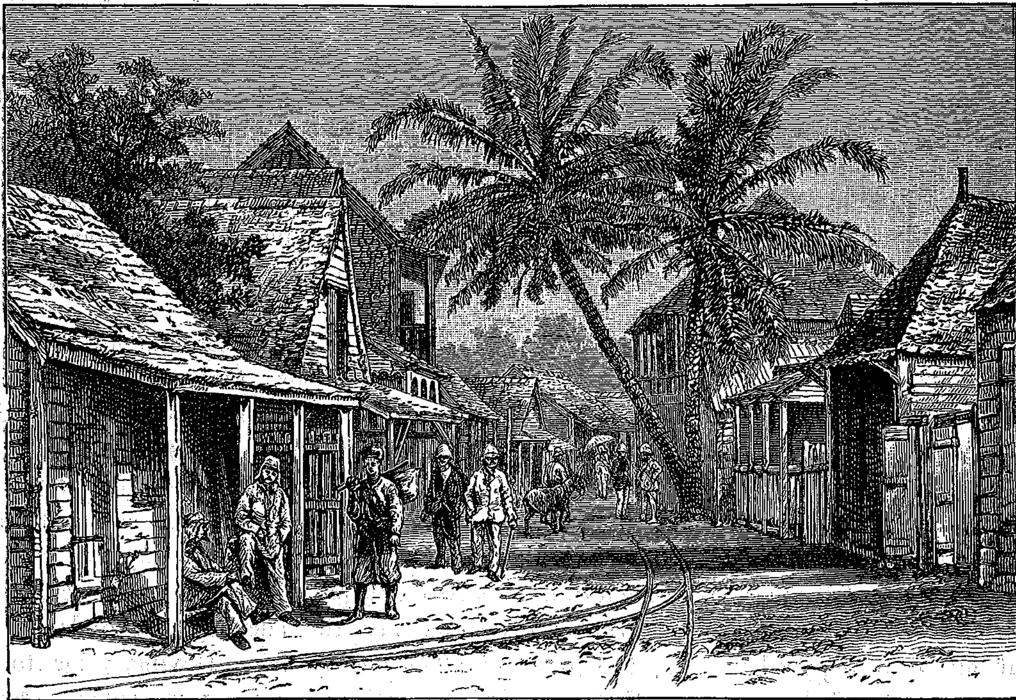
Meanwhile Mr. Jones was comfortably settled in one of the royal houses in the capital, with servants to attend upon him, and here he commenced his labours as a public teacher in a school with three scholars, one of whom was heir-apparent to the throne, the other two being children of distinguished chiefs. In a very short time the numbers increased so much that a new school-house was necessary, and the king testified to the good services of the missionary by laying the foundation-stone, and sprinkling it with sacred water.

After he had been nearly a year at the capital, Mr. Jones was greatly delighted to welcome his fellow-countryman, David Griffiths, and those two devoted men were the pioneers of Christian missions in Central Madagascar. They were afterwards joined by others, among them David Johns, who rendered conspicuous service, and the Rev. John Jeffreys, who, with four skilled artisans, had been sent out in compliance with the king's request. Radama gave them a hearty reception, and directed that a piece of land should be set apart for the artisans, on which they might erect houses and workshops, and that each of them should have two apprentices, and a boy as a servant.

Never was a mission commenced under more auspicious circumstances. Everything gave promise of success. School after school was opened, "technical" schools for learning trades, schools for ordinary education, schools conducted by the missionaries' wives for teaching women needlework, and the making of articles for their own clothing. Education became a passion. After two years' tuition some of the children could read the New Testament in English; the king studied English under Mr. Hastie, and French under M. Robin, the king's secretary, who also opened a school for officers of the army and their wives, who attended to the number of about three hundred. Meanwhile Messrs. Jones and Griffiths were hard at work in reducing the Malagasy language, which hitherto had no written alphabet, grammar, or vocabulary, to writing; their efforts being principally directed to a translation of the Bible into the Malagasy tongue, a stupendous work which they lived to successfully accomplish.

The eager desire for education was not confined to the capital. It spread to the villages for many miles round, where schools were established, and placed under the charge of teachers selected from among the more intelligent youths who had distinguished themselves in the schools of the capital.

Although attention to education and the arts of civilisation demanded an amazing amount of time and labour from the devoted band of missionaries, they never for a moment lost sight of the higher aims of their mission. Public worship



STREET IN TAMATAVE.

in the native language was held in the large school building in the capital every Sunday, where, from the first, the attendance was over a thousand persons. Messrs. Jones and Griffiths also visited the villages, where schools were established, for the purpose of preaching to and catechising the people. Moreover, the school routine was the great vehicle of religious instruction. At least two thousand quick, intelligent children were under tuition, and the wonderful revelations of the Bible, more especially the teaching of the New Testament respecting the only Saviour of men, laid hold upon their imaginations.

In 1827 the printing press was introduced into Madagascar, greatly to the satisfaction of the king, and in the course of a few years there issued from it school-books, catechisms, and tracts; the Old and New Testament translated into the Malagasy language by Messrs. Jones and Griffiths, a dictionary and grammar of the Malagasy language, and other works

Without pausing to trace the progress of civilisation step by step, it may be stated here that at the end of the first ten years of the Christian mission in Madagascar the results were in every respect satisfactory. It is true that there had been no avowal of Christianity—not a soul had come forward to express a desire to be baptised in confession of Christ; even the king, who had done so much to foster Christianity, had not himself become a Christian. But the seed had been sown broadcast among the young; the simple truths of the Gospel had been set before them in great faithfulness; everywhere there was a turning away from idolatry and the monstrous superstitions in which they had hitherto believed, and, as we shall see by-and-by, when the testing time came it was found that the missionaries had not laboured in vain. In 1828 the public examination of the schools was most gratifying. "The one small school in the missionary's room, commenced in the end of 1820 with three scholars, had, in less than eight years, increased to thirty-two, in which four thousand youths and children were receiving Christian instruction."

In that same year an event happened of enormous importance to the mission. Radama, whose constitution had been injured by over-fatigue, exposure, and repeated attacks of fever, fell seriously ill, and died on the 27th of June, at the early age of thirty-six years.

Radama, not having a son living, nominated his nephew, Prince Rakotobe (the first scholar sent to the first school in 1820) to be his successor. One of Radama's wives named Ranavalona, had, however, determined to secure the throne for herself, and at her instigation the young Prince Rakotobe was seized at night, hurried away to a distance, where, "by the side of a newly-made grave, after granting his request for a few minutes to commend his spirit to God in prayer, they thrust their spears through his body, covered up his corpse in the grave, and returned to the capital." On the 3rd of August following, an immense concourse of people assembled in the capital to hear the official announcement that Ranavalona was the successor to Radama, and that all were required to take the oath of allegiance to her. Having, prior to her accession, cut off the members of the royal family whose claims were superior to her own, almost her first act as queen was to make away with those who had been her agents in that murderous business, lest they should claim more substantial proofs of gratitude than she was disposed to confer upon them, for having been the means of elevating her to the throne. Nor could she feel secure while a single member of the family of the late king remained alive. Radama's eldest sister and her husband were barbarously murdered; his mother was banished and died of starvation in prison; his brothers and uncle were also starved to death, suffering such agonies that they implored their guards to put them speedily out of their misery; his early companions, trusted generals, and faithful governors of provinces were shot.

No wonder that the minds of the people were filled with dismay when this bloody woman, in whom every evil seemed to concentrate, came into power, or that the hearts of the missionaries sank within them as they foresaw the probable cessation of the work that had been carried on so successfully under Radama. It does not, however, appear that the queen had any special hatred of Christianity or of

Christians; on the contrary, almost immediately after her accession she assured the missionaries that they need be under no apprehension, that she would countenance them not less than the late king, and would rather augment than diminish the encouragement given to the schools. For some time she was as good as her word. She repeatedly gave directions for the maintenance of the schools and for promoting their efficiency; she gave permission for the opening of new places of worship, and she also granted liberty to such of the natives as wished to receive baptism, and twenty-eight of the first converts to Christ thus publicly renounced paganism. At one time it seemed that, after all, the reign of the queen, although it had begun in blood, might continue and end in peace, and the revival of interest in the Sunday services at the large chapel in Antananarivo, where the attendance was larger than at any former period, appeared to warrant the conclusion. One of the missionaries wrote at this time:—"It is truly delightful to see the present attendance at the chapel. The hour of the solemn assembly never arrives without exhibiting the pleasing spectacle of many already met together, awaiting with apparent desire the commencement of the service. The number of adults is so considerable as to render the children almost invisible; and these adults consist principally, not of occasional hearers who step in when passing by, but of regular attendants, who manifest a desire to become acquainted with the Gospel, and to become the followers of Christ. The chapel is not only crowded within, but numbers usually stand around several of the windows to some distance outside. The attention of the people is equally pleasing; all are silent and reverent, apparently intent upon listening to what is said, and sometimes a degree of emotion is manifested under the preaching of the Word quite unparalleled here in former times."

But notwithstanding the apparent friendliness of the queen to the work of the missionaries, they "rejoiced with trembling." And they had cause. It soon became clear that she was greatly under the influence of the priesthood, who were persuading her that the followers of Jesus were politically dangerous; that the object of the missionaries was to alienate her people's affections from her and her rule, and to transfer their allegiance to the English. It was said that she sent spies into a meeting of Christians, who reported that they invoked one Jehovah and one Jesus to confer favours upon them; and that this Jehovah was the King of England, and Jesus was his son, or the general of his armies; and that an insurrection was meditated in which those potentates were to come to the aid of her discontented subjects, and assist them in dethroning her.

Be this as it may, it is certain that on her coronation day, in the presence of thousands of people, she stood upon a sacred stone, and taking two idols in her hand, exclaimed, "I have received you from my ancestors, I put my trust in you; therefore support me." The season of calm was but a prelude to the storm. It was not long before the policy of the queen became unmistakable. Little by little, attempts were made to destroy or nullify all the efforts of the missionaries; the schools were encouraged only because they served to supply better qualified officers for the army; masters were forbidden to allow their slaves to read; permission to baptise natives, and to observe the

Lord's Supper, was withdrawn; under the public and express sanction of the Government many of the idolatrous practices and superstitions of the country revived.

At last, in March, 1835, an edict was issued requiring the people from the surrounding country, even to a child of a cubit high, to assemble at the capital on a certain Sunday. Early in the morning of that day the booming of cannon and the tramp of 15,000 troops, announced that the time had come when the will and power of the sovereign of Madagascar to punish the followers of Christ, and to stop the spread of the new religion, had to be announced.

The following was a portion of the message of the queen delivered to the anxious multitude by the chief judge:—

"As to baptism, societies, places of worship distinct from the schools, and the observances of the Sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanyaka; for they are not the customs of our ancestors, and I do not change their customs, excepting as to those things alone which improve my country.

"Now then, those of you who have observed baptism, entered into society, and formed separate houses for prayer, I grant you one month to confess having done these things, and if you come not within that period, but wait to be first found out and accused by others, I denounce death against you, for I am not a sovereign that deceives."

Eventually the period for confession, which would remit half the punishment that would otherwise be imposed, was limited to one week—a week of intense anxiety, for in every family in and around the capital some of its members were involved in the accusations. It was a searching and a sifting time in the experience of thousands. Some who had once consorted with the Christians now withdrew, and joined the heathen party, plunging headlong into their old heathenism. But the great body of the disciples held together with wonderful tenacity, and despite the fact that prayer to any other than the gods of the country was prohibited, they gave themselves to prayer and supplication to the God of gods and the King of kings as they had never done before.

At last the fatal day arrived, but the sword which had been so cruelly brandished was again sheathed. The people of the provinces had been so moved by the sternness and injustice of the queen's decree that they had interceded in a body for the Christians, with the result that a message was sent from the queen duly setting forth the offences of the Christians and the punishment due to them, but concluding, "Now for all this evil which you have done in my country I would so have dealt with you that you should never again have had power to do good or evil, had not the cries and entreaties of Imerina (*i.e.*, the people of the provinces) prevented me." The message, however, closed with these words: "If any change the national worship I will punish him with death, saith Ranavalona." No one was put to death or sold into slavery, but 400 officers were reduced in rank and 2,000 others were fined.

Then a series of persecutions set in almost unparalleled in history. Every

person who had received books was ordered to deliver them up; prayer or Christian instruction was prohibited on pain of death; no missionary dared preach in his own house, still less in a chapel; no inquirers could visit him, nor could he visit any of his flock; Sunday was desecrated by compulsory work and public amusements. In this state of things the missionaries had no alternative but to obey the order of the queen, and retire for a time, in the hope that God would some

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day open for them a door large and effectual. Accordingly four of them left the capital in June, 1835, and the other two, Messrs. Johns and Baker, in July, 1836.

In the interval between these two dates there happened one of the most remarkable occurrences in the history of missions. Persecution, instead of damping the ardour of the native Christians, kindled it into a burning enthusiasm. The number of converts increased daily; they hungered and thirsted for the Word of God and for prayer; some of them walked sixty or a hundred miles to procure a copy of even some portion of the Scriptures. Some resorted to strategy, by passing a scripture watchword to find out those who were like-minded, with whom they might converse on holy things. No one was in ignorance of the risk involved in these proceedings—the penalty of death hung over every one of them; but they had counted the cost, and were prepared to dare all and bear all that the profession of the faith

could bring upon them. They were at first accustomed to meet secretly in their own houses, but, as the Government spies were abroad, they found it safer to meet on the tops of hills, where they could sing the praises of God without being overheard by their enemies, and whence their sentinels could descry the approach of their persecutors and give the alarm, so that the meetings might be broken up and the worshippers dispersed before the arrival of their enemies; a state of things in some respects not unlike the doings of the Scottish Covenanters, who, in the like manner, sought security from their persecutors in the remote glens and by the dashing waterfalls, and worshipped the God of their fathers in defiance of "a bigot's and a tyrant's bloody laws."

But it was impossible that the Christians could long escape the fury of the cruel queen, who, with all the force of her strong will, had set herself to destroy the new religion. "It was cloth," she said, "of a pattern she disliked, and she was determined that none of her people should use it." Many were the victims of her fury.

The first to suffer was Rasatama, a young woman who was persuaded by the Government officials that the names of the whole body of Christians were known, and thus she unwittingly revealed those of seven who were her friends and companions. This preyed upon her mind, and, feeling that she herself was doomed, made her the more bold in exhorting others. For herself she had no fear, and when the officer representing the power of the queen arrested her, she said, "I am not afraid, rather I rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer affliction for believing in Jesus. I have hope of the life in heaven." She was put in heavy irons and severely beaten, but in her prison cell she sang praises to God. Before the last trial came, all excitement had passed away, and she calmly and resolutely faced death without either courting, or seeking by retractation to avert her fate. From the afternoon of one day till the morning of the next she was kept in irons of a peculiar construction, consisting of rings fastened round the wrists, ankles, knees, and neck, and so connected with chains as to force the body into a position excruciatingly painful. "Being led to the place of execution next morning, she expressed her joy that she had received the knowledge of the truth, and continued singing hymns on the way. Passing by Mr. Griffith's chapel, where she had been baptised, she exclaimed, 'There I heard the words of the Saviour!' On reaching the fatal spot she requested permission to kneel down and pray. Her request was granted. She calmly knelt down, committed her spirit into the hands of the Redeemer, and in that attitude was speared to death; the executioners, three in number, standing behind and by the side of her, and striking her through the ribs and heart. Her body was left to be devoured by the wild dogs that frequent all places in Madagascar where criminals suffer."*

Thus died at Ambohipòtsy, on the 14th of August, 1837, the proto-martyr of Madagascar—the first of a long and honoured line of Christian confessors.

So far as is known, only one of the Christian community was present when Rasatama sealed her testimony with her blood—a young man of about two-and-twenty,

* "A Narrative of the Persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar," &c. By J. J. Freeman and D. Johns, formerly missionaries in the Island. London, 1840.

named Rafaralahy. He had been under the influence of the Gospel for some years, but had only made profession of Christianity since the publication of the royal edict. He was of high family, and was noted for the abundance of his good works, especially his liberality. He was wont to gather a band of Christians in his house for worship; and the knowledge of this chanced to come to a man who had once professed Christianity, but, when the persecutions began, had apostatised, and thenceforth had become one of the most virulent of the enemies of the Gospel.

When Rafaralahy was seized he was immediately put into irons, and every cruelty was exercised in order to extort from him the names of his companions. But he remained inflexible, saying: "Here am I, let the queen do what she pleases with me; I have done it, but I will never accuse my friends." After three days of torture, during which time all attempts to cause him to recant or to betray his companions were utterly fruitless, he was led to the place of execution, where, after offering a prayer for his persecuted brethren, he commended his soul to the Saviour and was speared to death.

The story of the persecution of a Christian woman named Rafaravavy, which occurred about this time, is one which has been told many times as a typical instance of Malagasy heroism, but will bear repetition here.

Rafaravavy was once as conspicuous for her support of idolatry, as she had since become in the service of Christ. Contrary to the law of the land, she was accused by her own slaves of reading the Bible, and of assembling some of her companions for private prayer. In answer to the judge, she acknowledged herself to be a Christian, but refused to divulge the names of her companions. This was reported to the queen, who in great wrath exclaimed: "Is it possible that anyone is so daring as to defy me? And that one a woman too! Go and put her to death at once." But Rafaravavy was a member of a family of rank and position, and her father had rendered such important services to the State, that the advisers of the Crown urged the queen to inflict a lighter penalty. This was accordingly done; she was fined to the half of her property, and then to avoid interruption and danger she removed to a distance from the town. There her house again became a Christian sanctuary, little companies of believers from outlying parts, many of them coming a distance of twenty miles for the purpose, forming the assembly.

But no long time elapsed before information was again laid against her, and an order was given to the people in the market to seize her property. The rush of the rabble into her dwelling, seizing everything it contained and destroying the very fabric of the building, was the first intimation she received of danger. Presently she was arrested and led away by four of the royal guards towards Ambohipòtsy, where criminals were usually put to death, and concluding that orders had been given for her execution, she breathed the prayer of the first martyr, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." But the end was not yet; she was led to a house by the way, was bound hand and foot by chains, and informed that before the day dawn she was by the queen's command to be executed. During the night a fearful fire raged in the capital and wrought tremendous havoc. The superstitious fears of the queen were aroused; she did not like the tones of those about her who whispered of the calamity as a Divine judgment.

An order was therefore issued to "discontinue Government service," and in the universal confusion the sentence on Rafaravavy was forgotten or neglected.

After five months of imprisonment in irons, which she passed amid great spiritual joy, the queen ordered her to be sold in the public market place. A distant relative became her proprietor, and treated her with the greatest liberality, allowing her the exercise of her liberty as much as possible consistent with certain prescribed work. During this period she had the happiness of spending much time with her husband,

DEATH OF RASATAMA.

a colonel in the army, who having heard of her enslavement, obtained leave for a few months to come to the capital.

Rafaravavy was not content to enjoy immunity from the sufferings of her fellow-Christians, and once more she ventured to attend with them a place where prayer was wont to be made. This meeting was discovered, and its little band perfidiously betrayed by one who had professed Christianity and had established himself in their confidence. Death seemed inevitable to all who had formerly been convicted, and of these there were several. Flight was now their only hope of safety, but whither could they go? Some found a temporary refuge in the forest, and food was brought to them secretly by Christians from the city. Others secreted themselves in pits and caves to evade the vigilance of the soldiers who explored the entire country in search of them.

Rafaravavy and a friend, under cover of the darkness, left the city at midnight, and travelled towards the west, until on the evening of the following day they reached Itanimanina, forty miles distant. A warrant was issued for the execution of Rafaravavy, who for several weeks found shelter in the house of a Christian friend by night, and by day concealed herself in the hollow of an adjacent mountain.

"Venturing to return one evening before dusk she was discovered, and her hiding-place reported to the chief Minister at the capital, who sent eight soldiers to apprehend her. So unconscious was their victim, that two of the soldiers were within a minute or two of entering the house before its inmates had the slightest intimation of their approach, and Rafaravavy had only time to conceal herself behind a mat before they entered, stated their business, and inquired where she was. Every syllable they uttered she heard, and trembled lest her loud breathing should betray her. After a lengthened conversation the owner of the house went out, and the men, supposing he had gone to inform Rafaravavy, followed him, and thus allowed time for their victim to escape by another way."

It was a perilous thing to offer hospitality to a Christian fugitive in those days, as the protectors of Rafaravavy soon found, for not long after the soldiers arrived in the district their house became unsafe, and they, with her, were homeless wanderers. The perils through which they passed during the weary and anxious weeks they were hiding for their lives were constant and severe, while their privations and sufferings were quite as greatly distressing. Sometimes they found that the soldiers had gone before them, leaving orders with the head men of the village to apprehend any woman not belonging to that part of the country who might come amongst them. At other times the soldiers would be following along the same road, or a number would come upon them suddenly, causing some to run into the bush, and those unable to fly to seek concealment by plunging into some bog which might be near, in which they sometimes sunk so deep as to be unable to extricate themselves without help. Sometimes the soldiers would halt for the night in a village beyond which, in order to avoid suspicion, the Christians did not proceed until the early morning, or, as they expressed it, before the light enabled them to "see the colour of the cattle." At one time Rafaravavy was concealed in an empty room with an unfastened door, before which, while the soldiers who searched the house were standing, the master of the house, a friend of the Christians, succeeded in diverting their attention for a few moments in another direction, while she made her escape.

At times they were drenched by the falling sheets of tropical rain on the barren mountains over which they travelled; sometimes they slept among the large stones and boulders by the sides of the rivers, or lay concealed among the tall grass on the flat top of some ancient sepulchre. As they frequently travelled by night they met with brigands and robbers, and, on one occasion, discovered that they had taken shelter in one of their caverns. Their preservation amidst dangers so imminent during the three months in which they were wanderers in the country west of Antananarivo, impressed them deeply with a sense of the ceaseless protection of their Heavenly Father, and inspired them with hope of ultimate deliverance.

Nor were they less impressed with the reality of Christian sympathy and fellowship

Many a time whole households hazarded their lives to give them shelter and protection. On one occasion, arriving in a village where the soldiers on their track had already taken up their quarters, they were concealed by a faithful woman in a pit beside her house, the mouth of which was covered by thorn bushes, and here they remained a night and a day.

At last there came a gleam of hope. One day, while they were sharing the hospitality and protection of a Christian family, they heard that Mr. Johns, the missionary, was at Tamatave, and, finding means to communicate with him, they acted upon his advice, and made their way towards the port. It was in some respects the most dangerous journey in all their wanderings. For four days they did not venture to enter into any house, and for three days they were entirely without food of any kind, but at last they approached the port, and while hiding in the jungle managed to send a note to a friend, who replied that he would come for them in a canoe after dusk.

The sun had not set when they proceeded to the appointed rendezvous. Shortly afterwards their friend came and conveyed them in his canoe safely to their dwelling. They breathed more freely when they found themselves within protecting walls and beneath a sheltering roof, but felt scarcely assured of the reality of their position and treatment, so different from that which had marked every waking hour of the time since they had parted from their friends at the capital. The friend whom God had raised up for their protection was a military officer as well as a local judge, secretly also a believer in Christ, and he incurred equal risk with the fugitives in rendering to them help and shelter. He received them with sincere kindness, set food before them, and they united together in reading God's Word, and in rendering praise to their Divine Protector. A ship was soon expected, and although he could not be much with them himself, he promised that his nephew, who in the meantime would attend to their wants, should see them safe on board.

At last the ship arrived, and the fugitives received a confidential message from their friend bidding them to cut their hair short and follow the guide he had sent.

"The darkness of night was descending when they left the house and proceeded to the jungle near the sea, where their guide left them with anxiously palpitating hearts, while he informed those who were to take them to the ship. Friends soon came with a suit of sailor's clothes for each, which they put on in the bush, while another friend went to the landing-place to divert the attention of the guards.

"The moment had now arrived when life or death seemed to depend upon the slightest movement. Noiselessly, and with almost suppressed breath, they proceeded to the water's edge, entered the boat, pushed off from the shore, passed over the rippling waters of the bay and reached the ship! As soon as the last of the Christians was safely on the deck, the captain, rubbing his hands, addressed to them the welcome and assuring words of their own language: 'Efa Kabary' (finished is the business, or accomplished is the object). The Christians, as soon as they could realise their actual safety, and could command their feelings, asked permission to offer a song of praise to God for their deliverance, which, being granted, the sailors and the captain listened with evident pleasure, while standing together on the deck, as the Christians thus gave

expression to their devout and grateful feelings. The cool, fresh breeze from the land in the early morning wafted the ship out of harbour, and they reached Mauritius in safety on the 14th October, 1838."

For several years the persecution continued, rendering it unsafe for the fugitives to return to Madagascar. Great was their sorrow when in 1842 their faithful friend, and the friend of every native Christian in Madagascar, the indefatigable missionary, Mr. Johns, died from fatigue and anxiety.

And truly those were years of anxiety for everyone deeply interested in the progress of the Gospel in Madagascar. There were times when the rigour of the persecution appeared to relax, but this would be followed by a period of relentless fury. One of the most terrible of the punishments inflicted upon the Christians was the tangena, or trial by ordeal, and this not so much on its own account, as on account of the treachery exercised in its administration. The ordeal consisted in swallowing poison, and subsequently drinking plentifully of hot water. This acted as an emetic, and if it was effectual in nullifying the effect of the poison the person was declared innocent; if he died, he was considered to have been guilty. Generally the one or other of these results would occur, according as the emetic was given, that is to say, whether immediately after the administration of the poison, or whether it was delayed; and as it was supplied by the judges, who were leaders of the heathen party, it was virtually at their option, by giving it at once or withholding it for a time, to find the suspected person innocent or guilty. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that five out of every six Christians who submitted to the ordeal should have perished under it.

There was revolting barbarity in many of the punishments inflicted on the Christians. One woman having been discovered with a Bible in her possession, was beaten by six men to force her to reveal the names of her companions. Failing in their object, she was condemned to public flogging, and bore the painful laceration till, from loss of blood, she swooned at the feet of her torturers.

For those who managed to make their escape, the queen issued orders that soldiers should search for them, bind hand and foot any whom they might find, dig a pit on the spot, hurl them into it head foremost, and pour boiling water on them till they ceased to live!

When the trials of the Christians were multiplying on every hand, a source of consolation arose in an extraordinary manner, and from an extraordinary quarter. The Queen Ranavalona had a son, an only son, and heir to her throne. When he was sixteen years of age he came in contact with a youth, the nephew of an officer who often had business in the palace. This youth told the young prince about the faith of the Christians, and of their meetings, and invited him to attend one of them. This he did, and was so much impressed, that, having a palace of his own, he arranged for Christian teachers to meet him every evening for prayer and study of the Scriptures. New hope was now inspired in the breasts of the persecuted Christians, and not without good reason, for their sufferings had deeply touched him. Not only was he moved to compassion, but he was roused to action, and when the names of one

hundred persons who had disobeyed the laws were handed in by the officers, he pleaded with his mother so effectually that, although some were punished, none were put to death.

Two years passed away—years of comparative rest and calm, greatly owing to the influence of the young prince. But, in 1849, there burst forth the greatest storm of persecution hitherto known. The queen had, in her own mind, finally determined that no religion other than that of her ancestors should exist in Madagascar. Again the Christians were ordered to accuse themselves within a certain date at appointed places in each district, and to take the oath which recognised the idols, and implored the prescribed curses on themselves.

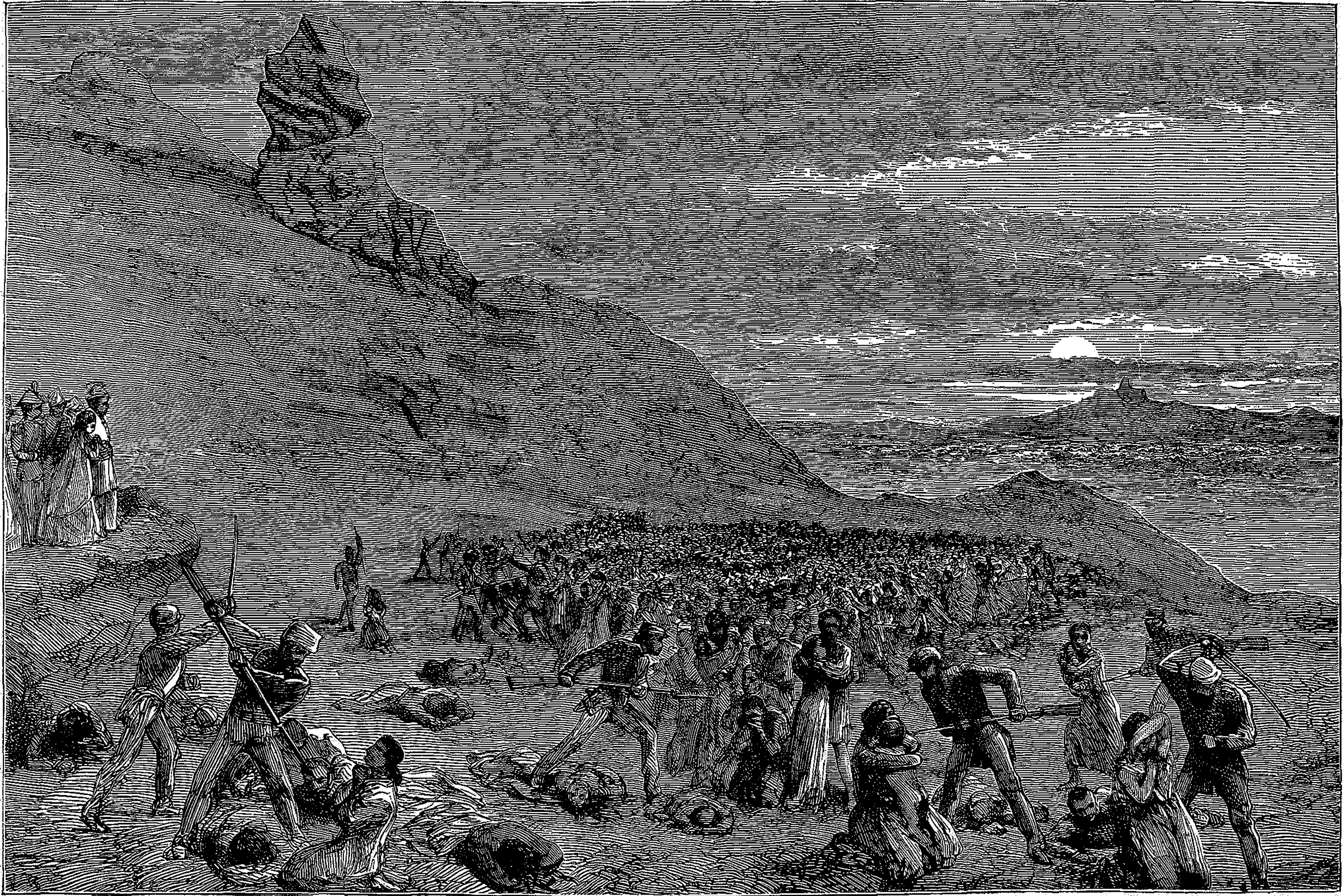
Multitudes were haled before the judges, and what followed must be told in the words of Mr. Ellis:—

"The trials were now ended, and the multitude separated until the morrow, when sentence was to be pronounced. The captives in chains spent this, their last night on earth, in their respective prisons, guarded by the soldiers, their keepers. . . . . Their brethren in Christ, whose limbs were still unbound, met together an hour after midnight to pray. The firing of cannon at break of day agitated the hearts of thousands, and while the firing of guns continued at intervals through the morning, the multitudes gathered at Analakely. The preachers, teachers, readers of the Scriptures, and worshippers of God were conducted to the plain, and each class of offenders was placed by themselves.

"But the sight which most deeply penetrated many hearts, and stirred their inmost feelings, was that of the true, steadfast confessors who had refused to bow down and worship the idols of Ranavalomanyaka. . . . Each Christian man and woman was fastened with cords to two poles, their bodies wrapped in torn and soiled pieces of matting, in token of their degradation, their mouths filled with rag to prevent them speaking of the Saviour; yet these eighteen, the noble, the civilian, the slave—all equal now, children of God, going to glory, formed, as they were borne along, . . . the grandest procession which the sun of Madagascar had ever shone upon.

"On reaching the appointed spot these Christians were placed on the ground, the soldiers encircling them with their spears fixed in the earth. And then, accompanied by their escort, and marching to the sound of military music, with all the solemn pomp belonging to their rank and duties, the officers and judges, with their attendants, arrived, and delivered the message of the queen."

The sentences were then officially announced. "The four nobles, two of whom were husband and wife, were sentenced to be burnt alive at Faravohitra, the last village on the northern end of the mountain on which the city is built. The fourteen others of inferior rank were sentenced to be hurled from the edge of Ampamarinana, a rock to the west of the palace, and their wives and children to be sold into irredeemable slavery. The remaining sentences included labour in chains for life, inflicted on one hundred and seventeen persons, with public flogging on one hundred and five of their number. Fines, equivalent to one-half of their value if sold into slavery, were imposed on sixty-four. A fine of three oxen and three



THE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.

dollars was inflicted on 1,643 persons for attending Christian worship. Prince Ramonja, holding high rank in the army, was, for the same offence, fined one hundred dollars and reduced to the rank of a common soldier. One of the officers of the palace was deprived of his rank and fined fifty dollars (as were also all other officers in the army, or in the civil service of Government) and reduced to the lowest grade. The total number of those on whom one or other of the sentences was pronounced on this occasion amounted, at the least computation, to 1,903, but by some accounts it is nearer 3,000."

All the sentences were carried out to the letter. The four who were burnt were of noble blood, which, according to the law of the country, it was unlawful to shed. One of the ladies gave birth to a child after she had been actually fastened upon the pile. Yet, while the flames were rising they sang praises to the Lord, and as they sang a deluge of rain fell and extinguished the fire, which had to be re-kindled. Then, "a large and superb rainbow, the sign of God's promise and faithfulness, was stretched across the heavens," and many of the superstitious spectators fled in terror, while the martyrs uttered the words of the Man of Sorrows, "Lay not this sin to their charge."

Perhaps a digression may be pardoned in this place. It is unhappily the fashion nowadays for professedly Christian men to speak in a loose and flippant way of the decadence of vital Christianity. Even ministers of the Gospel are apt to point to the Acts of the Apostles, as if it closed the history of God's heroes. But the Christianity of to-day has a greater vitality than it ever had, and the noble confession of St. Stephen, the martyr, was not one whit more heroic than the confession of these yellow-skinned martyrs of Madagascar, who not only "hazarded their lives for the Lord Jesus," but endured unspeakable torture, imprisonment, starvation, and the cruelest forms of death for the sake of Him who was made perfect through sufferings. If anyone doubts whether the Gospel has still its old power, let him read with an impartial mind any of the many volumes giving a faithful history of these times, and we think he cannot fail to alter his views.

And, in passing, a hint may be given here to home ministers of the Gospel. What is wanted in the pulpits of our day is not so much the enforcement of what God did in the past, as what He is doing in the present. For one sermon preached on the heroism, the self-denial, the confession of God's heroes of to-day, there are ten thousand preached on the heroes of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews; and yet the faith that inspired those of old times to "quench the mouths of lions, and to stop the violence of the sword," is the same faith that has achieved the modern Conquests of the Cross of which we write. If ministers of religion would aid the cause of missions as they should, they would not ignore the devoted lives of the missionaries, or content themselves by dragging in some set phrase at the end of a prayer for "light to shine on the dark places of the earth," or relegate to an annual "missionary sermon," followed by a collection, all that they have to say on God's great message to the nations of heathendom. There was a time—and it was the time when the great evangelical

revival was stirring the cold heart of the Church at home—when from almost every pulpit in the land there came a trumpet-call to Christians as to their duty in regard to this matter, and in proportion as it met with response there was spiritual prosperity in the churches at home. Then the great missionary societies were formed, then men went forth eagerly to the vast fields of labour, then a deep and thrilling interest was taken in the simple unaffected reports of the missionaries, the voyages of missionary ships, the stories of discovery and adventure, the record of God's dealings with individuals to whom the Gospel message came as good news from a far country. If, as alleged, there is now a decline in missionary zeal, to what is it to be attributed? May it not arise from the failure to recognise the present personal inspiration of God in the actions of man; the failure to honour the present-day martyrs and confessors; the transfer of interest in individuals to that of societies; the zeal to keep a mass of machinery in working order, rather than to follow with prayer and sympathy the labours of the missionaries? We venture to commend the study of the Malagasy persecution as one of the most marvellous and instructive chapters in the history of missions. Certainly there is nothing in the whole range of Christian martyrology more touching and affecting.

After the great storm of persecution in 1849, although the Gospel was still proscribed at the capital, the fury of the queen seemed to have spent itself, and in the provinces many of the disciples enjoyed comparative freedom, although all were still obliged to meet in secret, and some were hiding in places of concealment. Many of these had been sentenced to chains for life, and it was an affecting thing to see them coming from their hiding places to take part in the meetings of the brethren. Although the edicts against Christianity were unrepealed, and from time to time indeed were reiterated with even greater severity of language, they were only occasionally enforced. This was in part due to the fact of the profession of Christianity by the queen's son, and the zealous Christian conduct of the Prince Ramonja, a man of great influence in the capital, who, notwithstanding the fact that he had suffered severely, spoke without fear to the queen of the Gospel of Christ.

Towards the end of 1852, it was reported that the Malagasy Government was anxious to resume the friendly relations with England which had for many years been interrupted, and the London Missionary Society, deeming that this would be an excellent opportunity to send some trustworthy person to Mauritius to watch the progress of events, and to negotiate for the re-introduction of Christian missionaries into the country, selected for that purpose the Rev. William Ellis, who for many years had been engaged in important missionary labour, and had shared in the exile of those faithful men who introduced the Gospel into the South Sea Islands. His important mission to Madagascar and the fruits it bore, will be the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER L.

WILLIAM ELLIS AND HIS MISSION.

Death of Rainiharo, the Prime Minister—First Visit of Mr. Ellis—Hopes Revive—Second Visit—Smuggling in the Scriptures—Third Visit—Reaches the Capital—Spread of Christianity—Conspiracy against the Queen—Madame Ida Pfeiffer—Horrible Deaths—Terrible Outbreak of Persecution—Instruments of Torture—Death by Stoning—An Interesting Letter—Death of the Cruel Queen—Radama II.—Return of the Banished—An Open Door and who Entered It—Arrival of Mr. Ellis—Conferences with the King—Not a Christian—The Coronation—A Reign of Progress—Mr. Ellis made Foreign Secretary—The Dancing Sickness—The King Relapses to Idolatry—Murder of the King—Labours of Mr. Ellis—A Tribute of Praise.

IT was said of the Hebrews, when they dwelt in Egypt, "The more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." This was equally true of the native Church in Madagascar. That little Church which, in 1834, consisted only of "several" believers, was estimated, after years of terrible persecution, at five thousand souls. Even the horrors of the year 1849 had not only failed to quench the ardour of their zeal, but had been the means of adding to their numbers.

In 1851 important news arrived in this country from Madagascar after a long silence. A letter was received from some of the Christians, intimating that their persecutors, as if weary of their work of blood, had for some time remained passive, and had ceased to molest the Christians. Other letters followed at intervals, but as each was tinged with the complexion of the mind of the individual writer, it was extremely difficult for the Committee of the London Missionary Society to know what was the actual state of affairs. One of these letters ran thus:—

"*May,* 1852.

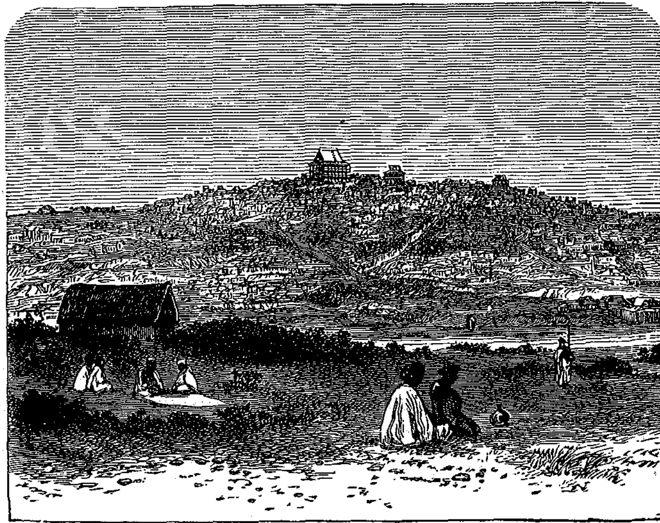
"My heart and soul are full of sorrow and grief when I take up my pen to write to you. . . . The wrath of the sovereign continues to rage against us. There is a law that no one shall pray or worship according to the religion of the white people; and he that does shall be put to death. This law is read once a fortnight to the soldiers in their military exercises. . . . Yet the people here are advancing. They meet to receive the Lord's Supper once a month. They worship in seven different houses, for the law of the sovereign is very strict. It says, 'Spy into the houses, make a diligent search, and if you find any practising this new religion, bring them to me, saith Ranavalomanyaka.' Yet Prince Ramonja, the queen's nephew, officer of the palace, is one of our company. He is a wise man, and he truly loves Christ. He continually preaches to the queen, though her heart kindles in rage against him when he speaks to her about the Christian faith. . . . He does not fear the queen's anger. . . . He is deemed stubborn and obstinate; but the queen does not punish him, because he is her sister's beloved son.

"As to those that have been imprisoned, they are still in chains. Some remain in various prisons, others are at home, but still in chains. Those that took refuge in the wilderness are still wandering from place to place. The officers whose honours had been taken away were ordered to carry muskets as common soldiers. And having thus been punished and tormented we remained nine months in town, and then we were

sent to Mantasoa, near the forest, to build a stone house. When this was done, we were sent to drag timber out of the forest."

There was no mistaking the tenour of the queen's order, referred to in the foregoing letter. It ran thus:—

"If any administer or receive baptism, I will put them to death, saith Ranavalo-manyaka: for they change the prayers of the twelve kings. Therefore, search and look, and if ye find any doing that, whether man or woman, take them that we may kill them; for I and you will kill them that do that, though they be half the people.



ANTANANARIVO.

For to change what the ancestors have ordered and done, and to pray to the ancestors of the foreigners, and not to Andrianampoinimerina and Lehidama, and the idols that sanctified the twelve kings and the twelve mountains that are worshipped; whoever changes these observances, I make known to all people, I will kill, saith Ranavalo-manyaka."

Notwithstanding the fact that this order was still outstanding, there were many who, reading the signs of the times, entertained hope of better things in the near future. One of the chief grounds for this anticipation was that Rainiharo, the Prime Minister, and sworn foe of the Christians, was dead, and his son, in full sympathy with the Christian friends, and bosom-friend of the Crown Prince, had succeeded to his office. There were tokens given in various ways that the queen was growing tired of her reign, and was relinquishing her power to her son, whose name was now inscribed upon the flags that were hoisted along the coast. Moreover, it had become known that at Tamatave, the great port, there was a strong desire on the part of the Commander and those in authority that trade should be re-opened with the English, under a treaty of commerce similar to that in force in the days of Radama I.

When these matters were represented to the London Committee, endorsed by an

earnest letter from Mr. Le Brun of Mauritius, in which he yearned for "one of the old missionaries to watch the moment when his feet could again tread the land so dear to his heart," the committee determined to take action, and in 1853 they issued an appeal to the friends of the mission, in which it was stated: "At length God has heard the blood of His martyrs from beneath His altar, and to His suffering Church there has arisen light in the darkness. The only child of the persecuting queen has learnt the faith in which the martyrs died, and the only son of the late Prime Minister, Rainiharo (the bitterest foe of the Christians) has avowed himself the Christian's friend. To the young prince has been committed the government of the country, while the son of Rainiharo has succeeded to his father's office; and as the first fruits of this most blessed change, the ports of Madagascar are about to be opened to foreigners, and English missionaries, it is confidently expected, will be freely admissible to the country."

Most of this, as we shall see, was sanguine anticipation; but so intense was the interest taken by the English people in the Church of Madagascar, that within three months of the issue of the appeal special contributions poured in to the treasury of the committee exceeding the sum of eight thousand five hundred pounds!

Before making any direct attempt to resume missionary labour in Madagascar, the committee determined to request the Rev. William Ellis, for many years a successful missionary in Polynesia, to visit the island, accompanied by Mr. Cameron, at that time stationed at the Cape, who had formerly been a missionary in Madagascar, and was therefore well acquainted with the people and the language. They landed at Tamatave in July, 1853, and were favourably received by the authorities when it was known that they were the bearers of a memorial to the queen expressing the friendly feelings of the English towards Madagascar, and praying for the re-opening of trade with that country. They requested that they might be allowed to proceed to the capital, but were informed that this could only be done with the queen's permission, and that a fortnight at least must elapse before it could be received.

During the time they were thus waiting they had many opportunities of obtaining information respecting the state of the people, and especially of the Christian converts. It was found that though the prohibitions against the Christian faith stood unrepealed, active persecution had virtually ceased. "Nothing struck me so much," says Mr. Ellis, "as the earnest, importunate, and reiterated applications for the Holy Scriptures and other Christian books, which reached us through all available mediums. One fine-looking young officer, who had come from a distance, on hearing that we were at Tamatave, almost wept when in reply to his solicitation for a book, Mr. Cameron told him that we had not a single copy left. In answer to an inquiry as to the number of Christians in his neighbourhood, he replied, 'We are few in number, because we have so few books. If we had books, many would read them and would unite themselves with us.'" *

When fifteen days had expired the answer of the queen arrived. It was couched in courteous words, inquiring after some of the former missionaries, but

* "Three Visits to Madagascar." By the Rev. W. Ellis.

concluded with the recommendation that the visitors should not prolong their stay lest they should fall victims to the prevailing fever! A few days after the receipt of this letter, Mr. Ellis left Tamatave for the Mauritius, where he decided to remain until the following year, and when an opportunity arrived, to attempt once more to reach the capital. Meanwhile Mr. Cameron, acting with the merchants of Port Louis, was instrumental in concluding important trade negotiations which resulted in the opening of the ports of Madagascar to foreign trade.

When Prince Ramonja heard of Mr. Cameron's arrival at Tamatave, he at once recognised his name as that of one of the former missionaries, and wrote to him the following encouraging letter:—

Antananarivo, 28 *Alahamady*, 1854.

To MR. CAMERON,—Hearing of your arrival at Tamatave, through the blessing of God, I now write to you to ask after your welfare, for I am alive in this dark generation; and I also praise God for His goodness manifested towards me. And I send my salutations to all the brethren in Jesus. And, sir, wishing you the blessing of God, when you send Bibles and Testaments and Catechisms, give them to Mr. —— that I may receive them, and that we may examine them in this dark place. May God's blessing rest on you.

Farewell, says

DAVIDRA RAMONJA, PRINCE,

Your relation in Jesus.

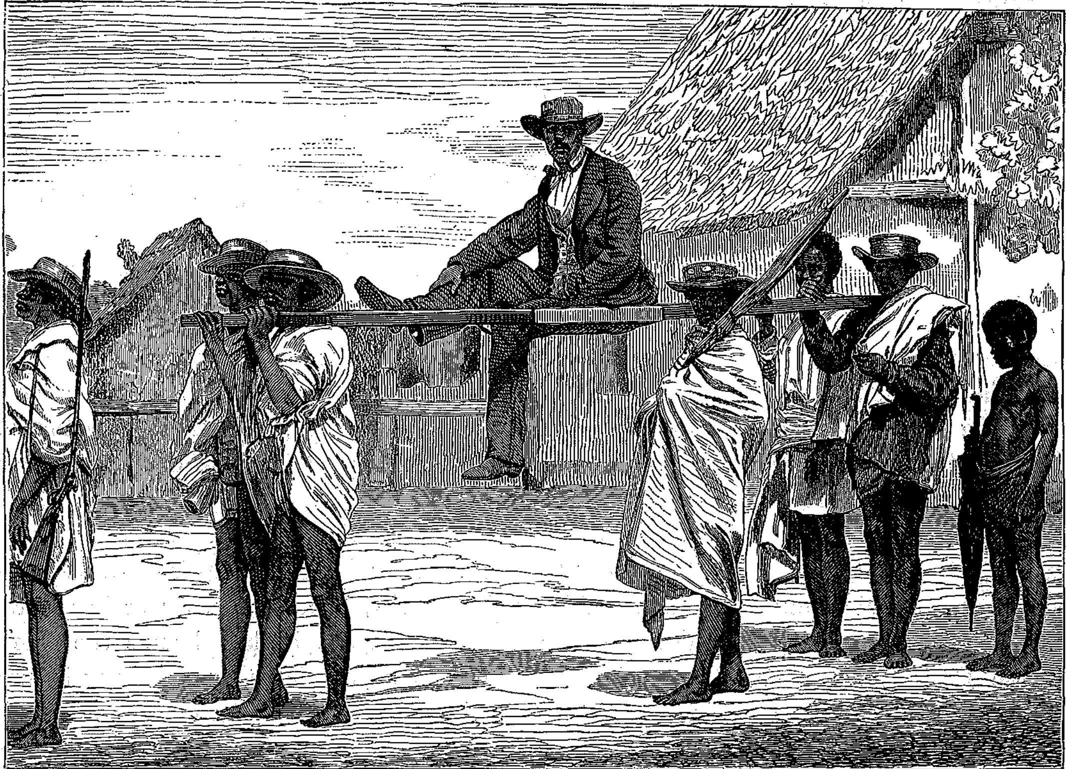
In June, 1854, Mr. Ellis paid his second visit to Tamatave, and while waiting for permission to proceed to the capital, was able to enjoy much intercourse with the Christians, although under the strictest caution and secrecy. While harmless as a dove, he had a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent, and there is something amusing in his description of the manner in which he conveyed copies of the Scriptures to the Malagasy. He says:—

"I found that amongst those at Tamatave, and at Foule Point, as well as at the capital, the great want was the Word of God. I had sent from Mauritius a few copies, and I had brought a number of New Testaments, bound together or in separate portions, as well as copies of the Psalms and other religious books; but as the officers of the Custom-house had strict orders to seize all books which there was any attempt to introduce into the country, my great difficulty was to get them on shore from the ship, as the captain was unfriendly. I could only conceal them tied under my dress, and in this way, and in my pockets, I managed to take eighteen Testaments and other books at a time. But my heart sometimes beat a little quicker when the bow of the boat touched the shore, and I had to jump down on the beach amidst three or four Custom-house officers, lest a copy should get loose and fall on the ground before them. I generally spoke to them and passed on, breathing a little more freely when I had entered my house, locked my door, and deposited my treasures in the innermost room. By this means I was able, during my successive visits to Tamatave, to introduce about 1,500 copies of portions of the Scriptures and other books among the famishing Christians, some of whom had only a few chapters in manuscript, or three or four leaves of a printed book, soiled and torn and mended, until the original was the smallest part left."

When the answer came from the capital, it once more brought disappointment: permission to visit the capital was refused on the ground that cholera was raging in

the Mauritius, and its introduction into Madagascar was greatly dreaded. Mr. Ellis therefore returned to England to wait for a more favourable opportunity. It came in the following year, when he received a letter from one who held office in the Government, and had been one of the youths sent to England for education by Radama, conveying the permission of the Government for the missionary to visit the capital.

In March, 1856, the dauntless ambassador of the Gospel, authorised by the



TRAVELLING IN MADAGASCAR.

British Government to convey to the queen the assurances of the friendly disposition of England towards her Government, and bearing presents for her and other members of the royal family, again set forth, this time alone, and landed at Tamatave in July. Here he was received in a very different fashion than heretofore; a newly-built house was assigned to him; servants were placed at his disposal; and the most respectful and marked attention was shown by the authorities.

When he began his progress to the capital, his party of bearers and attendants amounted to considerably more than a hundred men; he was borne along in a palanquin, and for twenty days passed through strange and stirring scenes. The people, the novel scenes, the strange and lovely forms of vegetation, in all the luxuriance of tropical profusion and marvellous in their beauty—a very paradise

of orchids and Eden of ferns—seemed to invest every step of the way with enchantment. "Their course," says his son,* "lay sometimes along rivers, but to a

BY THE ROADSIDE.

greater extent by a more toilsome march over land, occasionally through swamps and muddy flats, though more frequently on firm ground, passing on their way

* "Life of William Ellis." By his son, John Eimeo Ellis.

through vast, dense, and intricate forests, crowded with gigantic trees, ferns, and creeping plants, and intersected by hollows, water-courses, and steep ravines, so as to render the road almost impassable—a natural barrier to an approach towards the interior, in which the first Radama placed much reliance, boasting that he had two generals—General Hazo, *forest*, and General Tazo, *fever*—in whose hands he could leave any invading army."

The reception of Mr. Ellis in the capital was in every respect satisfactory. Three houses were set apart for his accommodation; the Prince Ramonja and other devoted Christian men, as well as representatives of the Government, came to welcome him; the Crown Prince paid him a preliminary visit of ceremony, and afterwards became a frequent visitor, and was always most cordial in his demeanour. Mr. Ellis was a keen observer and a subtle student of character. Of his first interview with Prince Ramonja, he says, "The meeting affected me much. After we had exchanged greetings on his entrance, he knelt down by his chair, and in simple terms, but with much earnestness and feeling, thanked God for His goodness in bringing us together. He then prayed for the Christians who had sent me, and implored blessings on the believers in Madagascar. He afterwards conversed with earnestness, but with gentleness of manner, about the friends of whom he had heard in England, of the afflictions and sufferings of the Christians in his own country, of God's great goodness throughout their long season of trial, and of their continued increase, both in the city and in the country."

Of the Prince Royal he formed an estimate which subsequent events fully confirmed. Although he had been a sturdy friend of the Christians, and although his language abounded in devout expressions, Mr. Ellis had no difficulty in discovering that he was wanting in strength and stability of character; singularly humane in disposition, but pliant and fond of pleasure.

In his interview with the queen, which was held in the presence of a large assembly and with much ceremony, Mr. Ellis had opportunity for uttering only a short speech or two of compliment and friendship, to which, however, he received a courteous reply.

The visit to the capital, which was limited to one month, the time originally prescribed, was a very fruitful one. In his free intercourse with the Prince Royal, Mr. Ellis had frequent opportunities of advising him as to the future when the reins of government should be in his hands; to the members of the Government he gave ample proofs of the friendly feelings of England towards their country; to the Christians he brought hope and comfort in telling them of the intense interest taken in their welfare by the whole Church, and of the prayers and labours of Protestant Christians on their behalf.

On the 26th of September he took leave of the capital. In recording his impressions of the state of religion among the native Christians, he says:—

"The religion of the present is the same as that of the past, and appears to be a religion derived simply and solely from the teaching of God's Holy Word, unfolded, applied, and sustained by the operations of the Holy Spirit. Under this Divine influence it appears to have attained a measure of development which is truly marvellous. That it is to be ascribed to this source alone, would appear from the fact that

a large number of those who have suffered became Christians after the last missionaries had left the country. I repeatedly passed the places where the martyrs suffered—spots which will be consecrated by the most hallowed associations in the minds of the Malagasy throughout all future ages. I met and conversed repeatedly with their widowed survivors and their orphan children, and with those who had witnessed the steadfastness of their faith, and the triumphant character of their deaths. Deeply affecting were the details I received of the sorrows and consolations of the sufferers; of their conduct in the hour of peril; and of the noble testimony which they bore when 'brought before kings and rulers for His Name's sake.' From these testimonies I derived more than confirmation of all that I had previously heard."

The persecutions of the Christians in Madagascar, unhappily, had not come to an end. In 1857, only two months after the arrival of Mr. Ellis in England, there was a conspiracy in Madagascar for the dethronement of the queen. Only the vaguest and most contradictory accounts of it were received in England, nor were the facts of the case fully recorded until Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveller, published her last "Journals." On her way to Mauritius she fell in with M. Lambert, a French merchant, who proved to be the very centre and mainspring of the conspiracy. A few extracts from the diary of Madame Pfeiffer will explain the position of the Christians in Madagascar at this time. Of the plot originated by M. Lambert, it will be enough to say that it failed "owing to the cowardice or treachery of the Commander of the Forces," and that knowledge of the conspiracy having reached the ears of the queen, she at once associated it with the work of the native Christians. Her old animosity was aroused, and she at once ordered the people to attend a great kabar.

"Such an announcement," writes Madame Pfeiffer, "always spreads terror and apprehension among the people. The purport of it was as follows:—The queen had long suspected that there were many Christians among her people. Within the last few days she had learnt that several thousands of this sect dwelt in and around Antananarivo. She gave the people fifteen days to accuse themselves.

"July 11th.—Yesterday an old woman was denounced to the authorities as a Christian. She was immediately seized, and this morning they dragged her to the market-place and her backbone was sawn asunder.

"July 12th.—This morning, I am sorry to say, six Christians were seized in a hut at a village not far from the city. I fear there will be horrible scenes of blood. The queen is said to have been in continued ill-humour, or fits of rage, for the last eight or ten days.

"July 17th.—This very morning, a few hours before our departure, ten Christians were put to death with the most frightful tortures. I am told that the poor creatures behaved with great fortitude and continued to sing hymns till they died. On our way through the city we had to pass the market-place, and encountered this horrible spectacle as a parting scene."

As the queen had "never put a white person to death," she limited the punishment of the conspirators—M. Lambert and his party, among whom was Madame Pfeiffer—

to perpetual banishment from her dominions. Although they had to leave the capital within an hour, and the usual time for making the journey to Tamatave would occupy about eight or ten days, the military escort, doubtless under instructions,

A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

protracted the journey to fifty-three days, during which the prisoners, already suffering from fever, were kept in the jungles and marshes, which were at all times very unhealthy. When at last Madame Pfeiffer reached Mauritius she was, as she says, "almost in a dying state." Although she partially recovered, a disease resulting from the

Malagasy fever could not be eradicated, and it terminated her life in the following year.

Of the cruel and violent outbreak of persecution which followed the discovery of the plot, Mr. Ellis says:—

"More than two hundred of the Christians suffered different kinds of punishment, most of them severe. The greater number of those who suffered death were men of mark, distinguished among the Christians for their position, piety, devotedness, ability, and usefulness. Fourteen were stoned to death at Fiadama, as were also others afterwards. Fifty-seven, if not a larger number, were chained together by the neck with heavy iron fetters, and banished to distant parts, where more than half of them died a lingering, agonising death in their chains. Fifty took the poison, of which eight died. Sixteen, amongst a large number reduced to slavery, were redeemed at heavy cost to their friends; and six devoted leading men among the Christians who had been condemned to death, escaped, and remained for four years and six months in concealment, often suffering from want of food."

A MALAGASY CRIMINAL IN CHAINS.

The horrible barbarity of these punishments is almost inconceivable. Of those who were chained, it is not surprising to find that a large majority died. The instrument of torture consisted of an iron ring passed through an aperture at one end of a heavy iron bar, nearly three feet long. The ring was riveted on the neck of the Christian, and a heavy iron ring was also riveted on each ankle. A second ring was passed through an aperture at the other end of the bar, and riveted on the neck of another Christian, and in this manner seven or more were chained together. Mr. Ellis brought to England the fetters, weighing fifty-six pounds, worn for four and a half years by one Christian.

Death by stoning was a diabolical device designed to meet cases in which other means had proved unsuccessful. "The heads of those stoned at Fiadama were severed from their bodies, in some instances shortening the sufferings by terminating life; the heads were then fixed on poles. Those whose friendly eyes had watched, as near as safety would allow, the last moments of the departed, guided afterwards the footsteps of friends who repaired to the spot during the hours of the night, to drive off the hungry dogs, and to bear away the bruised and mangled remains of the martyrs who had that day sealed their faith with their blood. These remains, regarded with hallowed

affection, were received by loving hands, and finally consigned in secret to the resting-places of their ancestors."

This persecution—the most severe that the Christians had experienced—was happily the last. This, however, was not known until some time afterwards, and meanwhile the greatest anxiety prevailed in England amongst those interested in the welfare of Madagascar. Access to the island on the part of any Christian missionary, or, indeed, of any foreigners, was strictly prohibited, and only occasional letters were received.

Some of the letters written by the native Christians about this time are very beautiful, and, when it is remembered how scanty their education had been and how limited their opportunities for acquiring Christian knowledge, are quite extraordinary. The following, as an example, was written to Mr. Ellis:—

Antananarivo, June 27, 1861.

TO MR. ELLIS AND ALL OUR FRIENDS,—Blessed be Jehovah, God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has preserved us unto this day; for from God does all mercy come, which we obtain through His love towards us.

Although the distance by sea is great between us, it is as though it was even near for us to look upon each other. Therefore we can talk with one another, and this increases our gratitude.

Pray to the Lord for us, His simple children, that He would give us power and strength to endure this affliction, and that He would pardon our transgressions which we commit in His presence, and that we may be remembered among His chosen people (John xv. 16), and that the darkness of the land may close (1 Tim. ii. 1—6).

Pray, dear sir, that the blessing of Jesus Christ may be with us, and with you, and that we may be helped to receive the exhortation given by you to us, and to endure the affliction that is so severe. May we have love and courage during our lifetime upon earth (Rom. v. 8—11), and may the God of peace quickly subdue the work of Satan, and advance the knowledge of the people respecting Jesus Christ (2 Cor. ix. 10; x. 15).

The distress of the people here is increasing daily; for they are in darkness and have no knowledge. The country is not tranquil. There is much war with the enemy, so that they are hated and hating one another. Therefore we say pray to God that light may spread among us, the people of Madagascar. Let us ask the God of mercy that darkness may be scattered from the land of Madagascar; and, perhaps, while we both are alive we shall see your face and shake hands with you, dear sir; and even though we be not permitted to see one another in this life, may God help us to meet in the great salvation that was accomplished by our Lord Jesus Christ, to increase our gratitude and praises.

With respect to the royal prince, indeed, dear sir, it causes us to rejoice and bless God that he supports and makes the people of God strong to bear the affliction and trouble in Madagascar. Yes, what he has done, he has done by the help of God, and we therefore bless the Most High on that account (Matt. xvi. 17); and not towards the Christians alone does he show kindness, but to the people in general, when he can. And when any evil thing or calamity overtakes a man, he protects him from being reported if he can do it. And also when anyone wishes to talk with him, and shake hands with him, he does it in a friendly manner with all. This comes from the mercy of God.

The blind woman, whose name was Rabodamana, spoke, saying, "May God be blessed, who made my ear to hear the words—'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.' May God be blessed for sending the white man to tell these words to the people of Madagascar, that their ears might hear, though my eyes have not seen the messengers."

She had been blind for a long time, and in the year 1831 the people spoke of the nature of God, and the nature of man, and of God's mercy in giving His Son. This was the conversation of the people that knew her before the forbidding of Christianity and the Word of God in Madagascar; and when the prohibition came she was blessed of God, for she would not let that word depart out of her mouth, saying also—"He is at the right hand of the Father, asking God to bless us, for He always maketh intercession for us." She continued during her life, though both in trouble and blind, according to what I have said to you since you were at Antananarivo.

And may you all, dear friends, live and be happy in love and holy salvation. And I send this letter to shake hands with you, dear sir, saith

NOAH RAINIBEKOTO AND HIS COMPANIONS.

For three years after the departure of Mr. Ellis, dark clouds continued to hang over Madagascar; then came the dawn of better things. On the 16th of August, 1861, the cruel, tyrannical Queen Ranavalona died, and her son, Radama II., ascended the throne. There was a conspiracy among the heathen party to set up a rival claimant to the throne; but Radama having been forewarned was forearmed, and his rival, Rambosalama, the officers, judges, and leaders of the people concerned in the conspiracy, were banished.

The first act of the new king was a free invitation for the return of all foreigners, the proclamation of perfect religious liberty, without distinction or favour, throughout the land, and the liberation of all exiles, prisoners, and captives. Never were stranger scenes witnessed than those which followed the issue of this proclamation. Suddenly there came forth from concealment men and women who were thought to have long since been dead and buried, or eaten by the dogs; many dragged themselves to the capital in their chains, but hardly able to stagger owing to the weight of their fetters, and the weakness and feebleness of their bodies; others were brought in by the king's messengers, poor, bruised, maimed, emaciated, and sometimes dying creatures—sad witnesses to the barbarity of the dead queen.

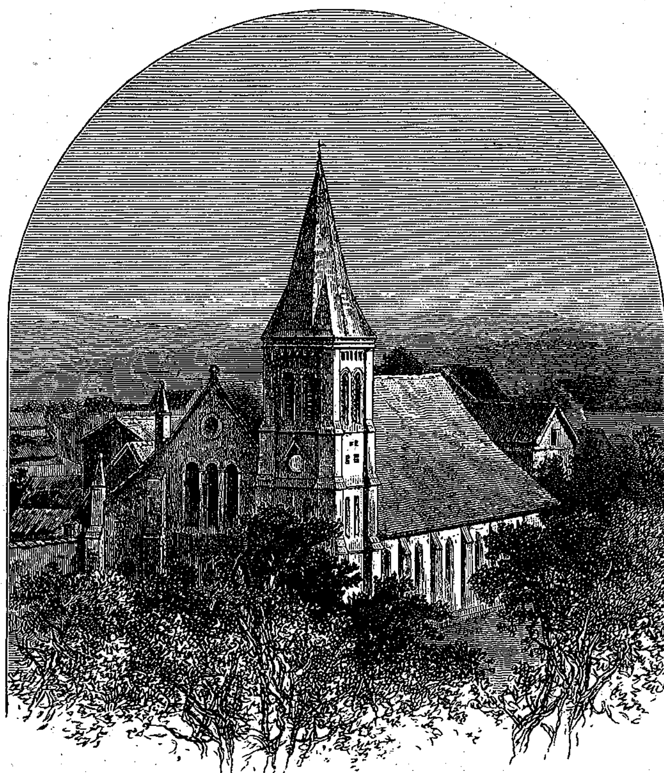
Radama not only recalled the banished ones, but as far as possible restored to them the property of which they had been dispossessed; others he caused to be loaded with gifts; those who had been sold into slavery he redeemed; even the disaffected tribes, who were prisoners of war, he set at liberty, and secured thereby their lasting friendship.

When the tidings of all these stirring events went forth, and it was known that there was no obstacle to religious teaching, Romish priests and agents of France rushed in from Mauritius the moment the door was opened. In England Mr. Ellis was among the first to receive intelligence of the things that had come to pass, and on the very day of its receipt he concluded arrangements with the London Missionary Society to once more visit Madagascar. As fever was raging at Tamatave, he remained for some time in the Mauritius, from whence he wrote to the king setting forth a plan that had occupied much of his thought. He had conceived the happy idea that the localities in and about Antananarivo where the Christian martyrs had suffered, would form most appropriate sites for places of worship, and, as long as they stood, would be striking memorials of the trials of the early Church of Madagascar, and the sublime constancy of its heroic members who had sealed their fidelity with their blood. The idea not only commended itself to the king, but to English Christians generally, who forthwith subscribed the necessary funds for its accomplishment.

When Mr. Ellis arrived in the country, officers from the king were staying at Tamatave to conduct him to the capital, where his coming was awaited with great expectancy. Thirty miles from the capital a large number of Christians from Antananarivo met him, and as he drew near commenced singing a hymn of praise, in which the Christians of his party joined. For ten miles they all travelled together, and then halted for the Sabbath, large congregations assembling for morning and evening service. Shortly before the evening service seven officers, one of high rank,

arrived from the palace, bearing messages of welcome from the king. All these officers remained to the service, in which they joined heartily. Six years before, Mr. Ellis had rested in that same village. Then, a few Christians came by stealth and late at night to meet for secret prayer; now, the chief room in the largest house in the place was opened in broad daylight, and was thronged with simple and devout worshippers, while numbers crowded round on the outside.

The procession into the capital was an imposing one; the cavalcade comprised some



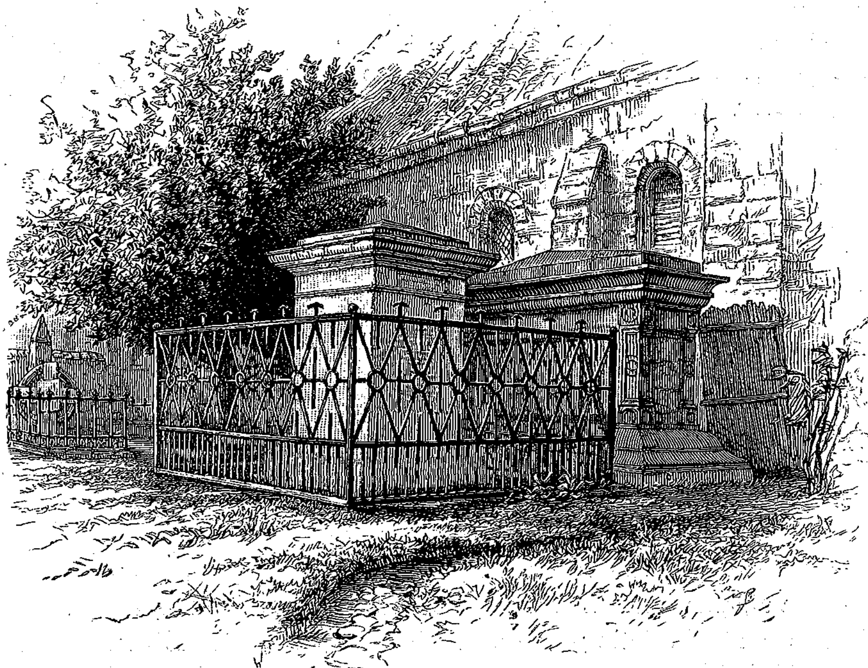
AMBATONAKANGA CHURCH, IN MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS.

two hundred persons, who were joined by delegates from the Christians, additional officers from the king, and a number of refugees who had been slaves or outlaws during the reign of persecution, and were now returning to their homes.

No sooner was Mr. Ellis settled in the capital than he commenced the most strenuous labours. His house was continually thronged with Christians from different parts of the capital, or by Christian families from the numerous villages in the suburbs, all craving for teaching and assistance, and especially for copies of the Word of God. He was surprised to find that among entire congregations there was not a single copy —that the people only heard the Scriptures read when a friend or minister from the capital chanced to visit them, "and yet," he says, "their faith is simple, *scriptural,* and firm; no deviation in their teaching or belief from the great essential truths of the

Gospel; no visionary or erratic opinions on the subject of religion, which seems to be with them a simple, sincere, earnest, personal concern."

Mr. Ellis was very frequently sent for by the king or some of the high officers, and in addition he spent some hours daily with the king teaching him to read English; he also had a class for the instruction of nobles and officers, and another for the sons of these men of rank—the future rulers of the country—who came to him for an hour and a half each day. Besides these labours in tuition, Mr. Ellis was constantly



TOMBS OF THE EARLY MISSIONARIES.

engaged in preaching in the large chapels of the capital; in conference with the pastors and officers of the various churches, and in tending the sick, of whom, among those especially who had returned to the capital from long exile and captivity, there were many.

Greatly as Mr. Ellis rejoiced in the changed aspect of affairs in Madagascar, he rejoiced with trembling. Although Radama II. was a prince of amiable disposition, quick sensibilities, and considerable intelligence, and had his father's desire to raise Madagascar in the scale of nations, he had not his father's political wisdom to sustain him. Moreover, although he was in every way favourable to Christianity, he was not, as had been so long supposed, a Christian indeed. Mr. Ellis describes his personal attitude with regard to Christianity in these words:—

"On one occasion, when the members of the British Embassy, including the Bishop of Mauritius, referred, in the presence of the king and queen, to his abolishing

so many evil usages, and having proved such a friend to the Christians, the king looked at me as if he wished me to speak. I said before the king, and all his own officers, as well as the foreign visitors, that he had undoubtedly done much to promote the welfare of his people, for which they were grateful, but, I added, 'there is one thing yet wanting—the one thing needful. He has not yet become a Christian himself.' The king looked gravely towards me, and said with some emphasis, 'Mr. Ellis knows what is in my heart. He knows that I desire to understand and serve God. I desire—I pray to God to enlighten my mind—to teach me what I ought to know.'"

Nor were the changes he introduced always those which were best for the people. He removed all customs duties on the sale of spirits, and in consequence drunkenness, rioting, and licentiousness prevailed in some quarters as they had never done before. He was too mild and lenient in disposition, and relaxed many laws which had hitherto been in force, and a disastrous increase of crime followed. The very reforms he promoted, excellent as they were in themselves, were introduced with far too great rapidity; and he attempted in the course of one year what should have been the work of a generation. It was not, therefore, to be supposed that all his subjects would look upon the new order of things with favour; and very soon there were signs of disaffection apparent.

The coronation of the king, however, attended as it was by French and English Embassies, the latter having presents from the Queen, kept matters in check for a while, but scarcely had they withdrawn than the ministers and officers of Ranavalona, who still held office, were in league with the keepers of the idols, plotting, scheming, and inflaming the rising discontent.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ellis, who had been joined by a strong reinforcement of missionaries from England, was hard at work as before, and in addition was actively advancing his cherished scheme of erecting memorial churches on the sites of the martyrdom of the Malagasy Christians—a scheme in which he was warmly supported by English Christians. His great work at this time was, however, in making preparation for the future by planting the various native churches on a satisfactory basis. When the Bishop of Mauritius was in Antananarivo at the coronation—charged with the duty of presenting the sovereign with a handsomely bound copy of the Bible in the name of Queen Victoria—Mr. Ellis held many earnest conferences with him on the position and prospects of the mission, "and it was mutually admitted that the interests of the people and the progress of the Christian religion among them, would best be served by the missionaries of the Church of England occupying other stations than those already filled by the London Missionary Society, and where their labourers had in former years so long and patiently toiled and suffered." "Surely the principle is a sound one," adds Mr. Ellis's biographer, "and the Gospel will better be commended to heathen tribes by co-operation, than by the display of antagonism among rival sections of the Church."

Among the matters that Mr. Ellis sought to settle were the following:—That no pecuniary help should be given by the English Society for carrying on divine worship,

as the churches would be stronger and more robust by depending upon themselves rather than on foreign aid; that Bibles, Testaments, and other books should not be given away indiscriminately, but should be paid for; that each church should be established on a thoroughly independent basis—every church member being qualified to vote for office-bearers; that for the present the labours of the missionaries should be confined to the capital and neighbourhood, rather than spreading their strength over the provinces, thus making Antananarivo the centre of all operations, and concentrating there all the power of the mission for the first few years after its re-establishment.

All these points were carried, and the wisdom of Mr. Ellis in projecting them has been more than amply justified in the subsequent prosperity of the churches.

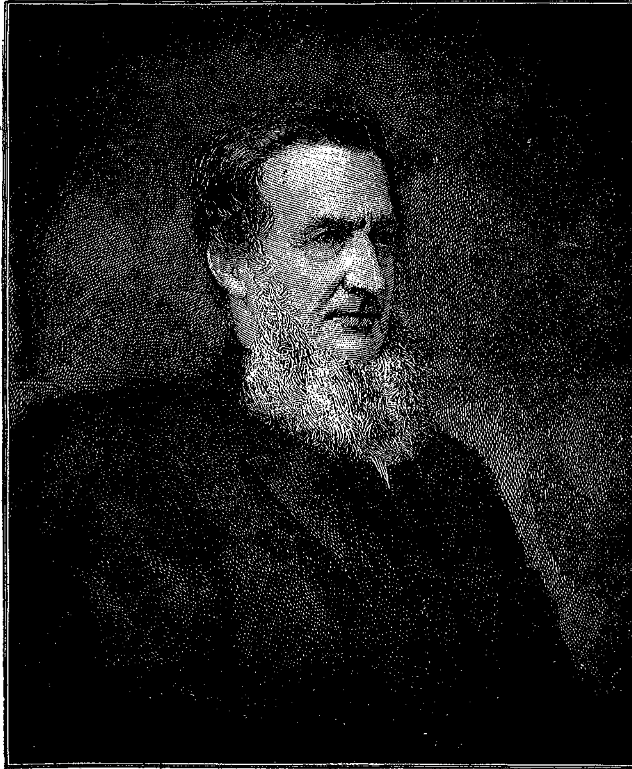
Early in 1863 Rahaniraka, the king's foreign secretary, died, and Mr. Ellis was urgently entreated to undertake, at least temporarily, the duties of the office, and as he could not refuse the request, there was now added to his almost overwhelming labours the task of translating and drafting answers to the English correspondence of the Government. This happened, too, at a time when he was in deep personal trouble, mourning the loss of his only surviving daughter, intelligence of whose death had only recently reached him from England. Clouds of another kind were rising which were soon to break in storm. The king, instead of gathering men of age, experience, and rank as his friends and counsellors, placed himself in the hands of the Menamaso, the royal body-guard, chiefly young men, the companions of his youth, without influence or position, who pandered to his vanity and his pleasures, and drew him away from better influences. The consequence was that the character of the king sadly deteriorated; he was guilty of foolish acts which exasperated many of his most powerful subjects, and destroyed the confidence of his government.

The heathen party were not slow to take advantage of the reaction in popular feeling. The keepers of the idols excited the fears and fanaticism of the heathen population by threats of coming woe, and directed all their denunciations against the missionaries generally, and Mr. Ellis in particular. About this time there broke out an extraordinary epidemic—a species of hysteria, called the dancing sickness, which, it was said, rendered the subjects of it at certain times unconscious of what was passing around them, but opened up to them visions, in which they heard voices of invisible beings, supposed to be the ancestors of the king, deploring his apostacy, and foretelling fearful calamities. Young people, principally females, were seized with this dancing madness, and exhibited themselves daily in the places of public resort, the tombs of the kings, and the buildings for Christian worship.

Had not the manhood of the king degenerated, he would have done what one of his nobles did, who, when the disorder appeared among his dependents, threatened to flog the next person who manifested the least symptom of the disease, with the result that no other case occurred in his establishment. But the superstitious fears of the king had been excited; and acting upon a mind naturally weak and now degraded by dissolute habits, he dreaded the vengeance of the offended gods of his country, ordered all his subjects to uncover their heads whenever any of the persons

affected with the malady approached them, and withdrew his favour from the Christians.

Throughout this period Mr. Ellis was exposed to great and constant danger from the fury and malevolence of the heathen party. For many nights in succession, says his son, warning emblems of death, believed to be endowed with a malign influence of fatal omen, were laid at his door. On one occasion, while reading with the king, a number of the mad dancers, armed with stones and other weapons, forced their



REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

way into the room, and, with savage countenances and menacing gestures, seemed bent on taking the missionary's life; but the king remained close to his side, leaning heavily on his shoulder, and taking his hand in his own, which trembled violently; and though so much agitated that he could scarcely articulate, he ordered the intruders to be forced back, and the door barred against them. It afterwards appeared that they had bound themselves by oath to take Mr. Ellis's life on that occasion.

A crisis was near at hand. The mind of the king evidently became unhinged. He continued to support the Menamaso, notwithstanding the fact that it increased his unpopularity; he made territorial concessions to a French Mining Company, to the great exasperation of his people; and he resolved upon the issue of an insane injunction, that after a certain day all suits of law, instead of being argued before the magistrates,

should be decided by a resort to arms, and in the event of the death of either party the other should go free and unpunished!

The Prime Minister, accompanied by a number of the chief men in the land, went to the king and expostulated with him, but without effect. Startling events followed. The city was filled with troops; the Menamaso were seized and put to death, and then the conspirators, who were all men of high standing, effected an entrance into the palace, and broke into the king's apartment. The queen interfered with cries, and promised that all their demands should be acceded to, but without avail; she was forced from the apartment, the king was seized, and a mantle being thrown over his head, the sash was tightened round his throat until he sank dead upon the floor, only three days after the last ineffectual appeal of the nobles, and only little more than a year since he ascended the throne.

The last visit of Mr. Ellis to the king was on the day preceding that monarch's tragic end, and it was a visit fraught with great danger to the missionary, whose escape was almost miraculous. It was perilous to approach the house of the king, for the whole city was in commotion, each one dreading some undefined but dire calamity. Nevertheless he made his visit, but much earlier than usual, and found seated in the room two Roman Catholic priests, as well as the leader of the party who had sworn to kill him. Adroitly apologising for the interruption, he shook hands with the king and hastily withdrew. On his return home he found two messengers from the Prime Minister, with a warning from their master that he should at once change his residence into safer quarters. It afterwards transpired that the man he had seen in the king's presence with the priests was under oath to put him to death that very day, the time selected for the murder being the hour at which he uniformly left his own house to visit the king. The fact of his having gone earlier than usual and coming immediately away was, in God's providence, the means of his escape.

Within a few hours of the death of the king the crown was offered to his widow Rasaherina, and was accepted. The conspirators in the revolution became the real governors of the land, but they acted with much wisdom and forbearance. The concessions made to the French Mining Company were revoked, the old fiscal regulations were re-established, capital punishment for certain crimes was again enforced, trial by jury was established, religious toleration was continued, and foreign commerce encouraged.

Throughout this time Mr. Ellis was working indefatigably, nor did he relax his labours until confidence was restored to the Christians in Madagascar, 7,000 of whom were present at a public reception accorded by the queen, nor until he had secured a treaty that the memorial churches in course of erection should be "put aside by the sovereign of Madagascar for the teaching and worship of the missionaries of the London Missionary Society, and for the Malagasy who unite in the same worship with them, and for their successors for ever."

The signing of this treaty was the last public act of Mr. Ellis in connection with the mission, and on the 15th of July, 1865, he took his leave of the queen, and received, in presence of the Court, the expressions of Her Majesty's regret at his

departure, and her good wishes for himself and his family. Three days afterwards, on the slope of the hill on which Antananarivo stands, his missionary brethren and large numbers of the native Christians, among whom were many of the widows and orphans of the martyrs, bade him an affecting farewell, "sorrowing most of all that they would see his face no more."

Few men ever more completely won the respect and admiration of friends and foes than did Mr. Ellis. A writer in *The Overland Commercial Gazette*, a paper published at Port Louis, and by no means favourable to the missionary's enterprise, or apprehending the motives by which he was actuated, paid this high tribute to his energy and wisdom:—

"It cannot fail to strike even his enemies with admiration, this picture of a stern self-denying veteran 'Soldier of the Cross'—a relic of an age gone by; a very Palmerston in religion; leaving wife, home, beloved Albion, that garden of the world, all that makes life pleasant, all the luxuries of civilisation, and, at the age of seventy years, burying himself in the capital of Madagascar, almost ruling the country, puzzling the Jesuits, guiding his fellow-missionaries, opposing the policy of the British Consul, advancing the interests of the London Missionary Society in a masterly manner, rendering his name a very bugbear to the French party, accused of attempted assassination, revolution, and regicide, holding his position in spite of attacks and misrepresentations, from without and within, and finally obtaining a signal triumph in the successful manner in which the ambassadors have made their *début* in England; and if all this is the result of religious conviction, it is only another instance of the extraordinary force and energy derived from a belief in a future state of reward after death for acceptable and meritorious actions performed here, and we can no longer wonder that the enthusiastic and puritanical 'hordes of Oliver Cromwell finally triumphed over the chivalrous courtiers of Charles II.'"

CHAPTER LI.

MADAGASCAR AS IT IS.

Queen Rasaherina—Her Death—Ranavalona II.—Declines to Recognise Priests, Astrologers, and Diviners—Her Coronation—The Queen and her Prime Minister Publicly Renounce Idolatry—Burning of the National Idols—A Harvest, and Those who Availed Themselves of It—The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—A Bishop Refused—The Church Missionary Society Retires from the Field—Report of Dr. Mullens—State of Civilisation—Religion and Education—Malagasy Literature—Music and the Arts—"Friends of the Villages"—Madagascar and the French—What has Christianity Done?

THE reign of Queen Rasaherina, widow of Radama II., was short and uneventful. She retained her heathenism to the last—although her faith in the gods of her ancestors was rudely shaken towards the end, and at the same time she adhered faithfully to the promises made on her accession, not to allow the Christians to be molested, and not to exclude foreigners from full access to her country. Early in 1868 her health began to fail, and rumours were soon afloat that the throne was vacant;

whereupon a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of changing the dynasty. The attempt was unsuccessful, the aspirant to the throne was executed, and the principal conspirators were cast into prison. The queen was staying at that time at Ambohimanga, the sanatorium of the royal family, and was urged by her nobles to return to the capital. But her idol had promised her recovery if she remained where she was, and she refused to leave.

"The Prime Minister then requested the chief of the priests to induce the idol to recommend Her Majesty to return. The veteran hierarch is reported to have replied that he could not force the god. The minister replied that was true, but, perhaps, he might influence his keepers! The priests afterwards brought the idol Kelimalaza to the queen, and said the oracle declared that Her Majesty must go to Antananarivo; but the queen doubted their word, asking if they had really received such inspiration, and although they answered that they really had, she still refused to return." The outbreak of the conspiracy rendered her return compulsory; she was conveyed to the capital, where she died on the 1st of April, 1868, her confidence in the idols greatly shaken, but without hope in Christ.

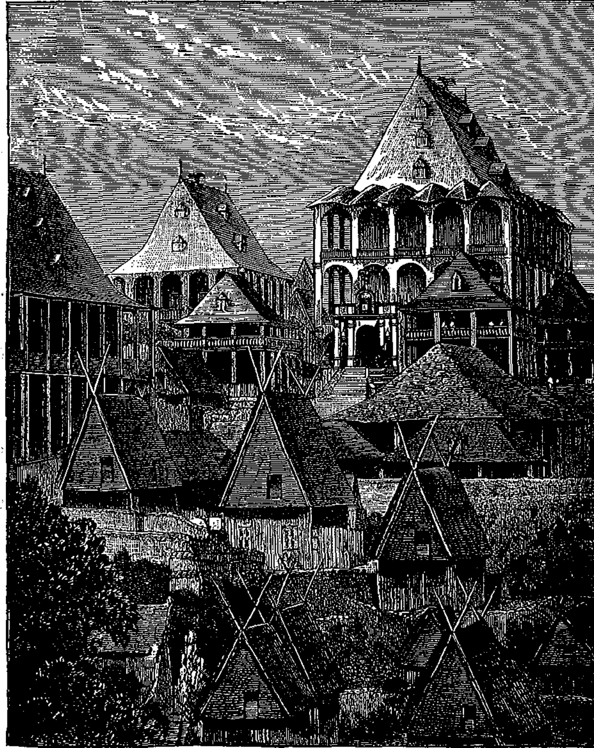
On the following day Ramona, the sister of Prince Ramonja, was proclaimed queen under the name of Ranavalona II.; her first act on the morning of that day being to send to the missionaries and inform them that all their privileges would be preserved.

The new sovereign was not long before she gave decisive evidence of her principles and purposes. Scarcely had Rasaherina been laid to rest in the palace yard beside the tomb of Radama II., than the priests of the idols came, in their capacity as priests or keepers, to offer to the new queen their acknowledgment of her sovereignty. She declined, however, to receive it, and informed them that she could not recognise them as priests, but merely as subjects. In like manner the astrologers and diviners were informed that she could only regard them as subjects, as she did not recognise their pursuits. More distinct indications of the queen's religious feeling were soon forthcoming; she issued an order that all Government work should cease on the Lord's day, and that all Sunday markets should be closed; native preachers were sent for, and daily the Scriptures were read, and prayer offered within the court of the palace.

On the day of her coronation, not only were all idolatrous ceremonies banished from the arrangements, but there was a distinct public recognition of Christianity, although up to this time the queen had not declared herself to be a Christian. Inscribed in glittering characters upon the front of the canopy above the throne were the words, "Glory be to God," and on the back and sides, "Good-will among men," "On earth peace," and "God shall be with us." On either side of the throne stood two tables; on one lay the crown, on the other the handsome Malagasy Bible sent to her predecessor by the British and Foreign Bible Society. In her speech the queen assured the people in unmistakable terms of liberty of conscience, and concluded in these words: "This is my word to you in regard to the praying (Christianity); it is not enforced, it is not hindered, for God made you."

Greater surprises of joy were in store for the Malagasy Christians and the English missionaries. On the 21st of February, 1869, at the invitation of the queen, the judges, nobles, and head men of the people, together with the preachers from each of the city churches, assembled in the large court of the palace, where, after singing, prayer, and preaching, the queen and the Prime Minister publicly renounced idolatry, and were baptised by Andriambelo, a Malagasy minister!

The impetus given to all Christian labours by the example thus set by the queen



ROYAL PALACES AND HOUSES OF NOBLES, ANTANANARIVO.

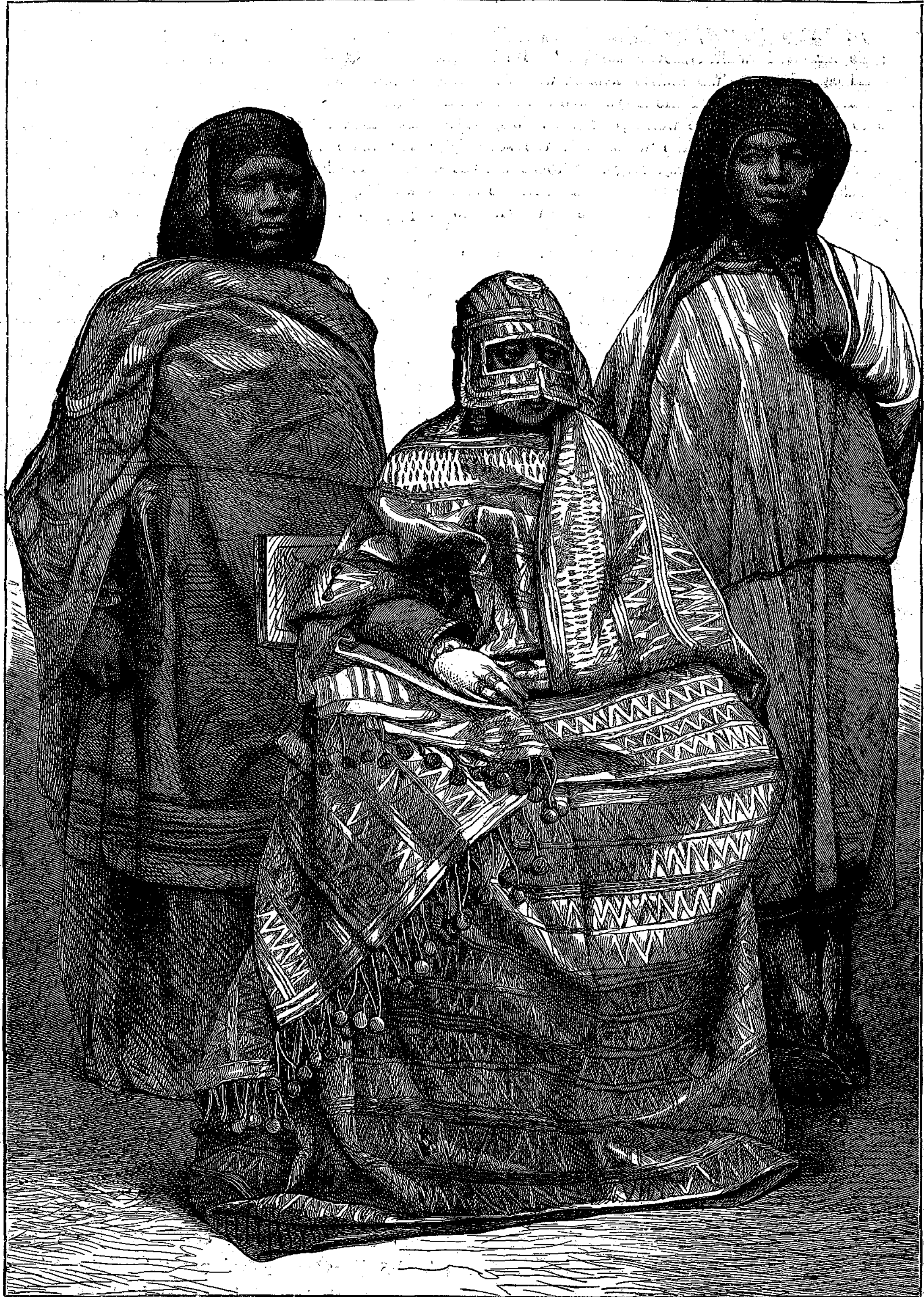
it is impossible to fully describe here. Everywhere there was great searching of heart and an earnest spirit of inquiry, and when, later in the same year, the most remarkable circumstance in the history of Madagascar occurred, the people were for the most part ready to receive it. This was nothing less than the public burning of the national idols, followed by the wholesale destruction of the household gods or fetishes in the possession of the people in the capital and around it.

The story of this extraordinary event cannot be better told than in the simple language of the Prime Minister, in a letter he addressed to Mr. Ellis:—

Antananarivo, Sept. 8, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have received the letter which you wrote on the 14th of April last, telling me of your joy and praise to God when you heard how the queen loved the Word of God and proposed to walk in His ways; also to trust in the great Saviour our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yes, there was true reason for your rejoicing, for things greatly to gladden the heart indeed are these.



TRIBUTARY QUEEN OF THE ISLE OF MOHELI.

We may indeed praise God, for it is as His Word, which says, "The sovereign's heart is in the hand of the Lord; He turneth it whithersoever He will." God has guided the heart of the queen to that which pleaseth Him, and caused her to understand that in which He delights; and now the queen has been baptised and has partaken of the feast of the Lord. We are also building a beautiful stone house within the court of the palace to be a house for the worship of God. Joyous are the men in this good work, energetic are the Christians, because they see the worship of the sovereign; for those who believe in Jesus Christ have no anxiety and no fear. Truly rejoicing is it to behold the deportment of the people at Antananarivo on the Sabbath day. Scarcely is any one to be seen in the streets until the close of the public worship, because the great majority of the people assemble in the houses of prayer. No public work is done on that joyful day.

Another fresh cause of rejoicing is here. On the same day that I write this letter to you, the queen sent for the officers and the heads of the people to come within the courts of the palace, and when they were assembled the queen said, "I shall not lean upon nor trust again in the idols, for they are blocks of wood; but upon God and Jesus Christ do I now lean and trust. And as for the national idols I shall burn them or cause them to be burned, for they do no good whatever; they are all deceit and falsehood."

And when the people heard this they expressed their pleasure, and asked the queen if she would summon a Kabary (or general assembly) to cause all the idols of the people to be burned.

The queen answered and said, "That would please me; I have no desire that there should be idols any more in the kingdom. Nevertheless, I do not force or compel you, my people."

Then agreed or consented the people, there before the queen, to the burning of all the national idols in Madagascar; and the queen, consenting, rejoiced. And on the same day the queen sent officers to burn all the idols of the queen . . . and they were all burned, and some of the people also burned theirs.

And astonished to the utmost were the keepers of the idols when they saw the idols in the flames; for they had said that the idols were too sacred and powerful to be affected by the burning.

That was a new thing here, therefore we sincerely thank God, for He has manifested His power here in Madagascar. . . .

Saith your true friend

RAINILAIARIVONY

To the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. Prime Minister.

That memorable day was the beginning of a moral revolution throughout the whole country. Voluntarily released from all connection with the old idolatry, an immediate reaction set in, and thousands flocked in to the churches craving for instruction and the privileges of the "new religion." Except perhaps in the Sandwich Islands, where, in the metaphorical language of Scripture, "a nation was born in a day," there has hardly ever been a parallel to the task that lay before the missionaries in Madagascar. Day by day, and sometimes day and night by day and night, they were teaching, preaching, reading, praying, and conversing with the people, and had it not been that there was a wise and settled purpose among the missionaries not to allow themselves to be overcome by the clamour for admission to Church fellowship, the consequences would have been most disastrous to the future of Madagascar. The every-day concerns of the people were for a time almost neglected; the whole business of life seemed to be the acquisition of knowledge relating to Christianity.

Of course other societies besides the London Missionary Society entered into this harvest-field. It was an irresistible temptation, when intelligence arrived in England that new churches were being built both in the city and in every considerable village, to send forth agents from many denominations. Probably the most effectual aid was rendered by the Friends' Foreign Missionary Association. Their agents, strong on the education question, threw themselves heartily into the work, and co-operated on the best possible terms with the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. The Norwegian Missionary Society in like manner lent their services; and both these

societies, and especially the former, "came into the field with the avowed intention of doing nothing to unsettle the minds of the native Christians on any of the minor points of Christian doctrine on which their own views might differ from those of the missionaries already at work in the island; while they felt such full unity of sentiment with them in all that was fundamental, that a clear field of labour appeared before them, in which, while being on an independent footing, they could work by the side of and with those already in the field, for the one great end of bringing the knowledge of salvation to this dark land. And so, in regard to Church government and organisation, they had no difficulty in accepting what they found already in vogue."*

It would have been well, perhaps, had the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel been in a position to have adopted a similar course. The Queen, Prime Minister, and chief nobles, had all declared themselves adherents of the London Missionary Society, and were then, and are now, members of churches founded under its auspices and according to its teaching. Yet in 1869 the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel took active steps for sending forth a "Bishop of Madagascar" forsooth, and for the reinforcement and further development of the Church of England Missions.

The present writer was resident for some years in a heathen country, where at first the sole occupants of the mission field were missionaries of the Church of England. The people listened and were interested, believed, and were baptised, and casting away their idols they worshipped the One God. By-and-by sect after sect sent forth its emissaries, and the effect was most disastrous; how disastrous those of us may understand, who know the difficulties of mastering even an approximate idea of what are the claims of the rival sects in a Christian country. But in a heathen land, among a nation of people only emerging from savagery, the fine distinctions of creed were wholly inexplicable; and while the sects were striving for mastery, the people relapsed into heathenism, and were baptised back again, out of Christianity into their old idolatry!

When the application of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for licence to consecrate a Bishop of Madagascar was made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace refused to grant it, wisely remarking that "the advent of a bishop in Madagascar would be calculated to produce schism in the Anglican community, and therefore have an injurious effect on the conversion of the heathen of that country." Nevertheless the plan was persevered in, and the Rev. R. Kestell-Cornish was consecrated to the office by the bishops of the Scottish Episcopalian Church. It need not be said that this was a source of considerable pain to those who had so long laboured in Madagascar, and whose work was practically ignored. It was as though the bishop had said: "I alone teach and hold Christianity in the true way; your missionaries are not authorised teachers; I cannot worship with them or attend their prayer meetings, and so long as you do not acknowledge me as your bishop, I cannot worship in your churches or pray with you."

For some years missionaries of the Church Missionary Society had been working in Madagascar, confining themselves by agreement to the coast, in order that their

* "Report of Friends' Committee. Madagascar: Ten Years' Review"—p. 265.

labours might not clash with those of the London Missionary Society, and that the minds of the people might not be disturbed by the appearance of two different sets of Protestant teachers, each with their own peculiar doctrines and forms of Church government. When, however, the bishopric, in the face of remonstrance, was planted in the midst of the oldest churches, "the Church Missionary Society, feeling that they could not countenance such, to say the least, ungenerous conduct, withdrew from the country rather than remain and appear to be indifferent to the breaking of an agreement under which they had been successfully labouring for years." *

A few years after the destruction of the idols and the religious revolution in Madagascar, the directors of the London Missionary Society sent a deputation of their members to that country to meet the native pastors and native churches; to assure them of the warm regard in which they were held by English Christians; to inquire into their welfare generally, and to collect information as to details of the work going forward which it was desirable that the Society should know. The result, in epitome, is given by the Rev. Dr. Mullens in these words:—

"My visit to Madagascar not only afforded me intense pleasure, it gave me a very high idea of the spiritual work going on amongst its people. From reading and correspondence that work had for years appeared to me, as to others, truly marvellous. I found it all that I had hoped, and even more. In certain respects its form differed from what I looked for; the outward civilisation of the Malagasy was less advanced. But the tide of Christian life through all the central provinces and its offshoots was flowing wider, deeper, stronger, than I had imagined. The Christian renovation of the Malagasy people is truly the work of God, and by the direct use of His own instruments, the teaching of the Word, the bestowment of gracious gifts, and the discipline of sorrow, the Holy Ghost has long been leading, not individuals only, but multitudes of the nation towards Himself. It was a source of the greatest satisfaction to my colleague" (the Rev. J. Pillans, of Camberwell) "and myself that in the spirit and the aims of the four evangelical missions working side by side in Imerina, we found nothing to mar that Divine work, but everything to carry it forward, in dependence upon the Saviour's blessing, and to His praise. And what we desire and hope for these Malagasy converts is that they may grow up into the full stature of men in Christ Jesus, not as a branch of any English Church or denomination, but as a veritable Malagasy Church organised in a way natural to itself, worshipping God in its own fashion, and offering its own contributions of national life and faith and love at the feet of the Saviour." †

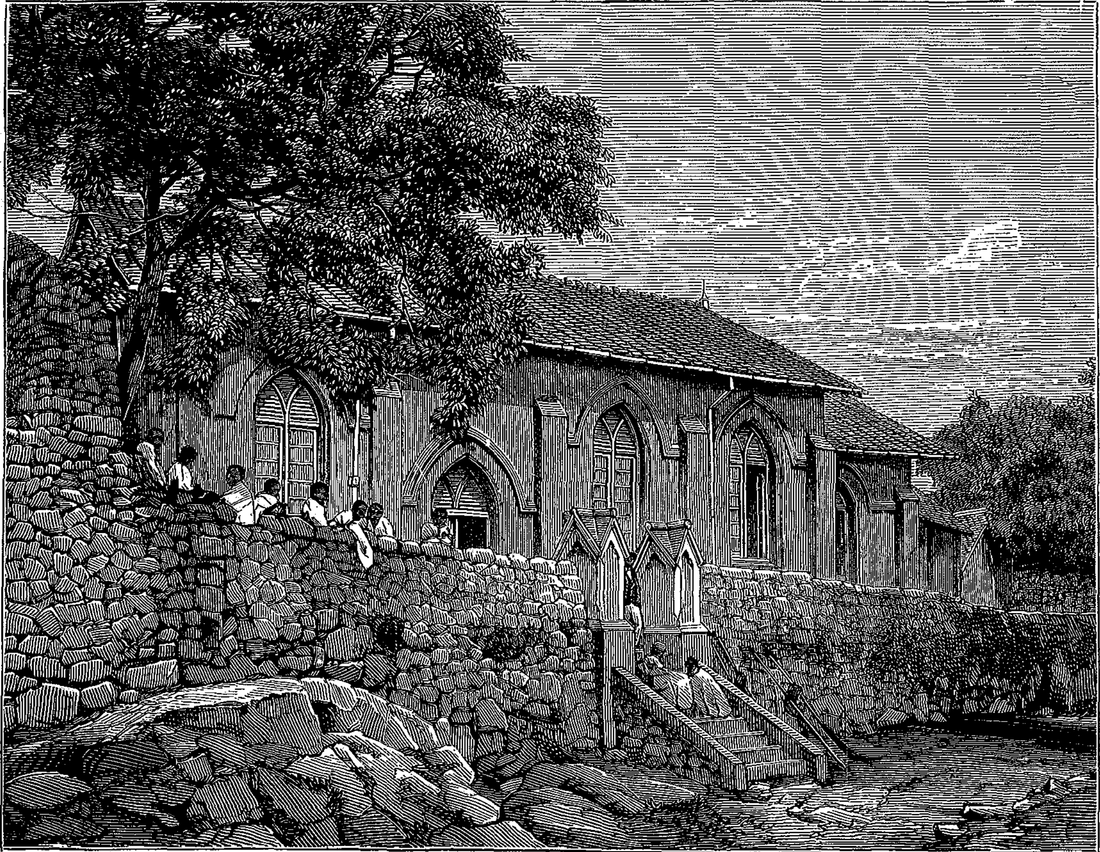
The civilisation of the people kept pace with their religious progress. Here is a picture drawn, many years ago, by a native teacher named Rábé, showing what the Gospel had done for the habits of the people in the Sihanaka province. in the days soon after the great change had come over the nation:—

"Only a person here and there could be found who washed his clothes, for everyone's dress was smeared with castor oil, and they thought it would spoil their

* "Madagascar of To-day," by George F. Shaw, F.Z.S.

† "Twelve Months in Madagascar." By Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D.

clothing to wash them, as they would be soon worn out, so that the clothing of the people was offensive to the last degree. For that reason the dark blue cotton was generally worn, as it was nearly black to begin with. But now there is hardly anyone who does not wash his clothes and has not white dress. Not long ago, when it



GIRLS' CENTRAL SCHOOL, ANTANANARIVO.

was evening, the young men in the villages used to form into two parties and had violent boxing matches all through the village, the women also often joining in the fray. But now no one practises this rough sport. Not long ago rum was what the people chiefly delighted in, and if any strangers who visited them were not made thoroughly drunk, the owner of the house was looked upon as inhospitable, although he gave them the best of everything to eat. One day, I, with five others, happened to be staying at a certain village, and the people of the house in which we stayed brought thirty bottles of rum and a small water-pot half full for us to drink together with the family. And although we reproved them, it was with difficulty we prevented them from drinking, until they saw we were really in earnest. So that at night there was great disturbance everywhere from drunken people. But now there is nothing of that kind, for if anyone is seen drunk by his companions he is exceedingly

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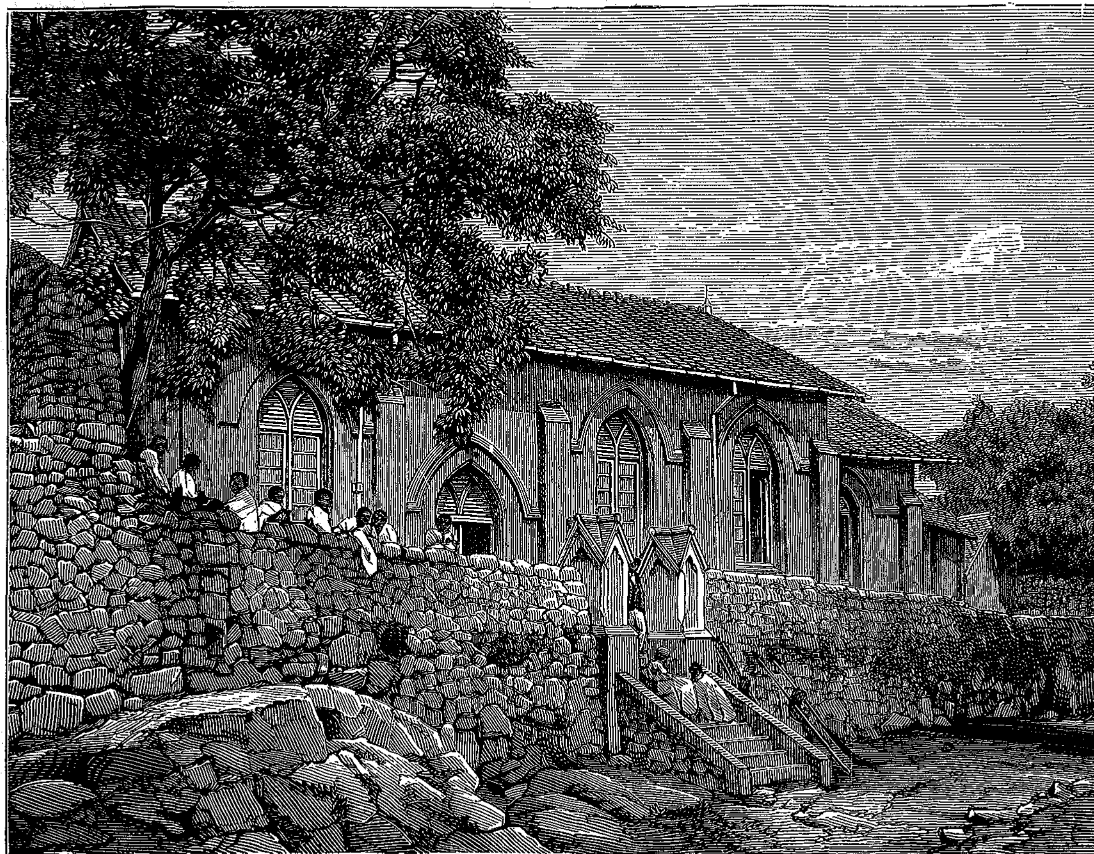

GIRLS' CENTRAL SCHOOL, ANTANANARIVO.

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ashamed, and those who still like excess, drink in secret, for everyone now knows the folly of it. And what has brought about such a change but the spreading of the Word of God?"

It does not fall within the scope of our present purpose to give, even in the briefest outline, an account of the political history of Madagascar, of the claims, or supposed claims, of France upon that island, or of the disastrous events that followed. But our sketch would be very incomplete unless we glanced rapidly at the present state of affairs in Madagascar.

"No nation, with perhaps the exception of the Japanese," says Mr. Shaw, "has made so much progress and has shown so much vigour for development in civilisation and Christianity as the Malagasy, especially the Hovas, during the past twenty years. . . Since the late Queen Ranavalona ascended the throne, giant strides have been made in social, political, and religious progress. The arts of civilisation have been encouraged by those in authority. The people are well housed, well clothed, and well fed. The houses are better built, of better material, better arranged, and well furnished, with well made native furniture. Ornamentation of a civilised type has taken the place of the crude and often gaudy attempts of twenty years ago; and the silversmith and goldsmith find plenty of employment. Carpenters, stonemasons, blacksmiths, bootmakers, and tailors have also learned to turn out articles which would be no discredit to workmen in this country, while the best buildings in the capital would be no disgrace to the finest city in the world. The queen's palace, with its four massive towers, the palatial residence of the Prime Minister, and the graceful spires of the stone memorial churches, attract the attention of the most indifferent traveller, and call forth the admiration of all interested in the social advance of the world." *

In two points, however, the Malagasy are behind the times—they have no roads, and the system of slavery is still in vogue. Usually road-making is one of the first signs of advancement among a hitherto barbarous people, but in Madagascar they remain as they were, little better than sheep tracks. The reason for this is not far to seek. They do not court the advent of foreigners among them, and therefore do not care to throw open highways for them. Meanwhile, for their own needs, they have ready means for the conveyance of news and despatches by their native runners, who can carry a message from the port to the capital, a distance of two hundred and twenty miles, in two days and a half, while burdens of from fifty to eighty pounds can be conveyed on men's shoulders by the same route in six or eight days.

Slavery in the Madagascar of to-day bears no resemblance to that which was in existence when early travellers visited the capital, and recorded the fearful scenes they witnessed there. In 1877, by an edict of the queen, all the imported slaves and descendants of those brought from Mozambique and elsewhere were liberated. "Option was given them," says Mr. Shaw, "of either remaining in the country as subjects of the queen, or of leaving the island for their homes. As a matter of fact, I believe, all remained, and have never been treated but as the faithful people of the sovereign. Their liberation was real, and not, as was stated at the time, merely

* "Madagascar of To-day," by George F. Shaw, F.Z.S.

a *ruse* to obtain the good opinion of England. Although the time has not yet come when the Government feel that all slavery may be safely abolished, yet the new code of laws greatly restricts the powers of the masters; and there is evidence that the system will of itself crumble away under the levelling influence of Christianity, and as the universal brotherhood in Christ becomes more clearly understood by the people."

Among the many advances in social progress that have been made during the past twenty years is a new code of laws, containing over nine hundred statutes, to each of which is attached the punishment to be inflicted in case of disobedience—the death penalty only applying to murder and treason. Laws have also been made regulating conscription, and limiting the period of service to five years; and for prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the interior of the country.

But more important than any other, perhaps, have been the laws relating to education, making attendance at school compulsory, and giving to teachers a political standing. From time to time efforts had been made by the Government to improve the elementary school system, but it was not until the year 1881 that it was put upon its present firm basis. Now all children over seven and under fourteen years of age are obliged to attend school regularly. A register is kept in which the names of all children between these ages are recorded; agents are appointed to see that they actually attend, unless prevented by illness or other sufficient cause, every day the schools are open; and fines are inflicted upon any teachers who knowingly permit the infringement of the school laws by the scholars.

Although these are Government arrangements, and the scholars are regarded as Government pupils, yet as a matter of fact, it is the missionary in whose schools the children are taught and who has the fullest control over all arrangements, examinations, holidays, and the like.

When the registration was made, the Government schedule stood as follows:—

	SCHOOLS.		SCHOLARS.
London Missionary Society and Friends' Foreign Missionary Association	818	...	105,516
Norwegian Missionary Association	117	...	27,909
French Jesuit Mission	191	...	14,960
Society for the Propagation of the Gospel	41	...	2,521

It is interesting to learn that one result of increased education has been a desire for literature, and that five mission printing establishments are constantly employed in producing school books of all kinds, as well as magazines such as "Good Words," the "Children's Friend," and "The British Workman," the two latter being illustrated from electrotypes of the original engravings in those journals.

Although there has been a marked want of public spirit in the Malagasy Government, exhibiting itself in the fact that there are no public works in the country, no roads, no bridges, no drainage or system of irrigation, no railways or tramways, but only the cumbrous native palanquin, still there has been considerable progress in the arts and sciences, many sources of productive labour have been developed, and much to contribute to the enjoyment of social life has been introduced.

Spinning and weaving are universal throughout the country, and it is thought that the Malagasy are indebted to the Arabs for their knowledge of the art; the iron manufacture was introduced by the artisans sent out by the London Missionary Society in the days of Radama I.; straw-plaiting and the manufacture of mats and baskets from reeds and rushes is universal. In the manufacture of jewellery, especially among the Hovas, they are extremely dexterous and ingenious. "They will make most excellent copies of flowers, birds, or European jewellery, and even execute a design from an illustrated price list in such a way as to defy any but an expert to tell that

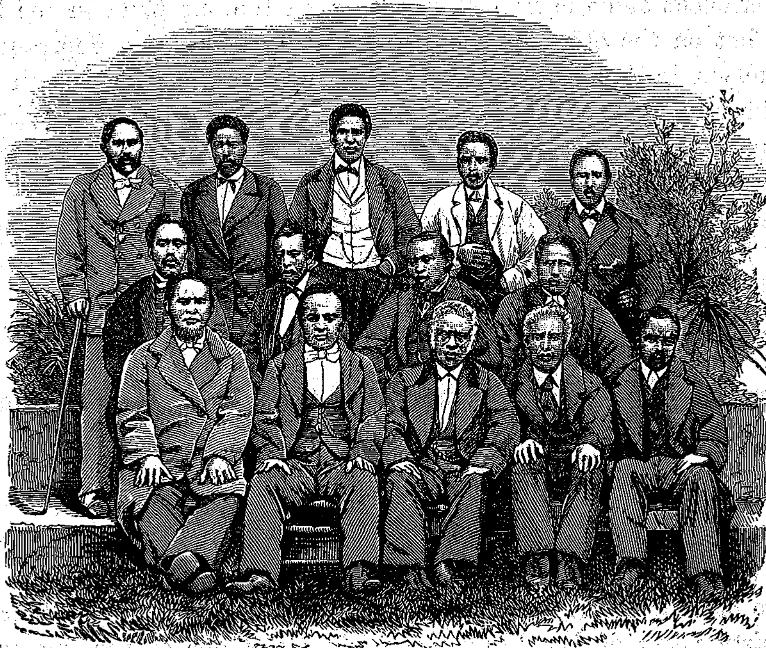
ENGLISH CHILDREN WITH MALAGASY NURSES.

it is not of English manufacture, and made with all the advantages of modern machinery and not with the few rough tools in the possession of the Hova silversmith. Some of the silver chains and filagree work are marvels of fineness and exactness, while the delicate and precise repairs successfully done to valuable watches would drive an English watch-maker to despair when he saw the tools with which it was to be performed." In like manner carving and artistic designs—altogether unknown before the introduction of Western civilisation—are executed with consummate skill, and the elegance of the designs in wood and stone, in the adornment of their houses or on tombs and monuments, have surprised most travellers in the island.

As regards music, sixty years ago it was of the most primitive sort, consisting of a monotonous kind of chant accompanied by bamboo instruments, which were capable of producing only two or three notes. Now, good bands are to be met with in most of

the Government towns, composed either of stringed or wind instruments, with cymbals, triangles, and side drums. The service of praise in the churches has greatly increased the Malagasy love of music. Harmoniums are not at all uncommon; part singing, acquired by means of the Tonic Sol-fa system, is quite general; very many of our best hymns are translated into the native language, and the "Sacred Songs" of Mr. Sankey are sung to the same tunes, with a ring and enthusiasm not excelled by congregations at home.

Within quite recent years the Executive Government has been re-modelled, and to a large extent upon the English system. The supreme power is vested in the Queen,



NATIVE PASTORS OF ANTANANARIVO.

and is wielded by her Prime Minister. There are eight departments of the Administration, each with a Secretary of State at its head, who is responsible to the Prime Minister for carrying out the laws relating to that department.

"Registration of births, deaths, and marriages, sales of property and slaves, have been established, and carried out by a number of men in each large village, called 'Friends of the Village.' These are not only the registrars, but the men responsible for the peace and order of the village, and in most cases the only representatives of the central Government. They are the guardians of the civil rights of the people, and the only easy means of communication between the common people and the Government.

"The book of regulations with which they are supplied, and which has been circulated far and wide in the country, contains instructions with regard to divorce, polygamy, registration of births, deaths, and marriages; the annual returns of the residents in each

village; all acts of oppression and causes of social disturbance; the sale or renting of land or houses; the registration of property; stealing, loans, false weights and measures, the cleaning of the roads and public thoroughfares of the villages; the non-separation of young slave children from their parents; and also general instructions with respect to the observance of the Lord's day, the attendance of children at school, and the proper regard to be paid to places of worship. For the work involved in the discharge of many of these duties the *Sakaizambohitra* receive small fees, varying from twopence to two shillings."

In 1883—the year in which many disastrous complications arose between the Malagasy Government and the French, resulting on the one hand in the bombardment of Tamatave, but on the other in the permanent presence of a representative of the British Government in Antananarivo—an event occurred which had been contemplated throughout the country not only with sorrow but with a foreboding fear. For two months the queen lay at the point of death. She was suffering from a painful illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude amounting to heroism, and on the 13th of July, 1883, she passed away to her reward. Nobly had she done the great work committed to her by the "God of all the peoples of the earth"; in a thousand-fold more than in a mere political sense had she earned for herself the honourable title of "Friend of the People," and when she died there was mourning such as had never been known in Madagascar.

Great fears were entertained by many as to the future. The times were troublous; hostilities with the French were just commencing; clouds seemed to fill the horizon; but, contrary to expectation, the new queen was proclaimed in peace. She was a niece of the late Queen Ranavalona II., a young woman who, as a girl, had been trained in the admirable schools of the Society of Friends and of the London Missionary Society, and who had already given evidence of being a true-hearted Christian.

The future of Madagascar is full of hope. If the next thirty years bear any relation to the last thirty years of her history, she will stand one of the queens among the nations conquered by the Cross. In the meantime should anyone ask—"After all, what have your Christian missions in foreign lands done?" let the one to whom the question is put, answer—"Study the history of Madagascar, and see."

XXVIII.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER LII.

SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Modes of Teaching—Professor Legge—Confucius—The Four Wishes—Chinese Boys—Giving a Name—School Routine—Chinese Primers—The Books of the Four Philosophers—The Analects, or Digested Conversations—The Book of Wisdom—The Doctrine of the Golden Mean—The Teachings of Mencius—Dr. Martin—Cemetery at Pekin—Mr. Alexander Wylie—Dawn of a New Civilisation—English Thought and Chinese Tea—Old and New Literature—Introduction of Roman Characters.

IT follows from the high place that books have ever held in Chinese estimation, that schools must also have an honourable position, and education is indeed the one great lever by which promotion is to be hoped for throughout every department of the State.

Soon after Morrison and Milne founded the mission college at Malacca it was perceived that, while all education was prized by the Chinese, the mode of teaching adopted in mission schools must be framed to some extent after Chinese models, while these, in turn, were seen to be determined by the peculiar qualities of the written language as a system of complicated symbols. The Chinese scholar from the first is compelled to be something of an artist, and the mere formation of the letters in such an extensive alphabet occupies a major portion of the school life. Again, the Chinese scholarly class are so imbued with respect for the classic works of the sages, that their whole system of education is actually hung around these writings as pivots. The memory of the student, too, is loaded with quotations, as it used to be in our own "classical education," while literary style is entirely dominated by the fossil precedents of a most venerable antiquity.

Mr. Thomson, whom we have already quoted, assures us, however, that the Chinese are, in a sense, great prose writers, expressing with considerable accuracy such crude science as they have attained to, and giving prosaic and patient utterance to the story of their national life.

"They possess," he says, "a power of observation the most minute, supplemented by a patient and preserving spirit, which, even in the absence of higher qualities, will serve them in good stead when they take to the serious studies of Western art and science."

It is impossible not to feel indebtedness, in writing on such a theme, to a great scholar, who, still with us, carries our minds back to the times when missionary effort was impossible in China itself; to the time (within a year or two) when Morrison was still busy at work. Professor Legge, of Oxford University, who has done so much to make the loftiest products of the Chinese mind accessible to Western students, was born at Huntly in Aberdeenshire in 1815. Like Morrison, he too went to study at Highbury Theological Seminary, before departing for China as a missionary, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. Mr. Legge enjoyed a course of study before this at King's College, Aberdeen, and in after years his country, through its two Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, each bestowed

on him as a well-merited honour their degree of LL.D. On his arrival in the East he took charge of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, founded by Milne and Morrison, and he filled the important office of president during the period 1839-43. In Hong-Kong and the region around Canton, as a practical missionary, he had many opportunities of studying the working out in real life of those ethical and religious ideas which are embodied in the ancient classical writings of China, to the interpretation of which he has brought so much of the patience and fine tact of the scholar. We shall throughout this and the following chapter be glad to borrow from the treasures disclosed by the genial Oxford professor of Chinese language and literature.

The undoubted master of Chinese thought is Confucius, and as a religious instructor we shall return to him in our next chapter. But Dr. Legge has given us many interesting glimpses of the great teacher and of his disciples, by means of the records that come down to us from those dim times, and these help us to understand the school life of the present day, with the curious and almost tender relationship that still subsists between the preceptor and his pupil, and survives in the most modern and Christianised school in China.

One of the disciples of Confucius was Ch'ae, an unprepossessing but very honest and sincere little man, whose stern sense of justice was felt by the common people to be so essential a part of his character, that on one occasion a man whose feet he had caused to be cut off in punishment for some gross offence was afterwards led to save the life of his righteous judge. In what kind of school was this man taught? we may be disposed to ask.

The master moved about the country with his disciples, and his one end was apparently to create a class of learned and thoughtful men, who might look at plain facts in order to learn to *govern rightly*. One day, we are told, as Confucius was riding in his carriage along the skirts of a famous mountain, his attention was arrested by the lamentations of a woman who was weeping over a grave. The sage, bending down, listened with sympathetic interest to her cries. At last he sent one of his young disciples to inquire kindly as to the cause of such very unusual sorrow. "You weep and wail," said the messenger, "as if you had endured quite a succession of afflictions." "Yes," she replied, "it is as you have supposed. My father-in-law was killed at this spot by a tiger;"—an animal still to be found, strangely enough, even beyond the northern limits of China—"my husband, too, has been slain here in the same way, and now my own son has met the fate of the others." The master very naturally asking her why she had not at once moved away from so very fatal a spot as this, the poor mourner answered:—"Well, Sir, *we have not an oppressive government in this place.*" Confucius hearing this answer, turned to his young politicians and made the significant comment, "My sons, remember this! An oppressive government is even more to be dreaded than a devouring tiger."

Such was the teaching that has helped to build up perhaps the most stable government the world has ever seen; and it is on the basis laid down by Confucius that the education of the young Chinaman is still conducted.

In one part of the work, which contains a digest of his conversations with his lads, there is a pleasant little sketch of the every-day work of the school, which, paraphrased just enough to make obscure allusions intelligible, is as under. It might be called:—

THE FOUR WISHES.

On one occasion the master was in a playful mood; so he said to the four students who were sitting by his side:—"Though I may be a day or two older than some of

PROFESSOR LEGGE.
(From a photograph by W. Blackall, Oxford.)

you, forgetting all about that, I wish you to speak out your minds quite freely to me. Now, day after day I overhear you each deploring that you remain quite unknown and unnoted by the world. Suppose now that some great potentate were to favour you all with frank recognition of your talents, what, now, would each of you do with them?" One of the students, Tszeloo by name, lightly replied thus:—"Suppose the case to be that of a State owning ten thousand war chariots. Suppose, too, that it were to be straitened between other large rival States; to be also suffering from an invasion of hostile armies, and to all this add, that its people were suffering from a great famine. Well, if I were but entrusted with the government of it, in three years' time I could assuredly impart to the people courage and rectitude." At this the master quietly smiling, turned to another, and said, "K'ew, what are *your* wishes?" K'ew expressed

a similar ambition to that which his fellow had uttered, but with more moderation, and somewhat less self-confidence. In three years he felt sure that he could make plenty to exist in the land, but was candid enough to confess that he would have to await the rise of some heaven-born sage to instruct the people in the high themes of morals and music, which in Confucian teaching are strangely interwoven. Ch'ih, when it came to his turn, with some trace of the spirit and character of his master, wished to take part in the services of the ancestral temple, and at the audiences given to princes by the Emperor, to act as a merely minor assistant, dressed in dark square-cut robe, with the proper black linen cap of ceremony on his head. Last of all, the master, turning to Teen, asked him to declare his desires. Teen, who seems to have been a gay young fellow, pausing as he twanged his harpsichord, and while it still continued to resound, laying the instrument aside, arose and said:—"My own wishes differ a little from the desires of these three brethren." "There is no harm in that," says the teacher, "just speak out as they did, the wish within."

Then up spake the gay, genial, and honest Teen:—"In this, the last month of spring, rigged out in the proper costume of the season, I would fain go bathe in the river E, along with five or six young fellows like myself and a few younger boys, enjoy the soft breezes that blow among the rain-altars, and return home singing."

The master heaved a sigh and softly said, "Well, after all, I give my approval to Teen."

In one place there is a statement as to his method of imparting instruction. He says: "I do not open the truth to one who is not eager after knowledge, nor do I help anyone who is not anxious to explain himself. When I have presented one corner of a subject, and the listener cannot from it learn the other three, I do not repeat my lesson.

We have already alluded to the strongly democratic feeling which exists and has always been potent in China. Through the writings of Confucius every schoolboy is led to know that government exists solely for the good of the people, who have the moral right to rebel whenever the sovereign proves faithless to the trust he has received from Heaven. On the other hand, as the sovereign, *de facto*, is Heaven's vicegerent according to the teaching of Confucius, so long as his conduct is reasonable and serviceable to the commonwealth in an ordinary degree, his position is simply impregnable, for Confucius in his writings is the very soul of loyalty, and loyalty in China is religion. His writings almost take the place that the Coronation Oath and Magna Charta occupy in this country, and hence their importance in education. Professor R. K. Douglas says on this point that "the possession of so highly-prized a literature at so early a date having suggested its adoption as the curriculum in schools and the test of scholarship at all examinations, the people, ignorant of all else, have learned to look upon it as containing the quintessence of wisdom, and its author as the wisest of mankind. It might be considered impossible to calculate the effects of the concentration of a nation's mind century after century on the study of any given text-book; but in China we have the result worked out before us, and we find that it

has amounted to the absolute subjection of upwards of forty generations of Chinamen to the dicta of one man." This last statement is probably too sweeping in character, and we shall see, when we come to consider the systems of religious thought that have arisen in or spread to the empire, that there has never been absolute subjection "to the dicta of one man."

A Chinese boy's education very properly does not begin till he enters upon his seventh year, and this system agrees very closely with the opinions held by the best European authorities of recent date, who base their conviction on the data furnished by a careful study of the physiological development of the human brain, which, as Professor Calderwood in his "Mind and Brain" shows, does not reach maturity till about that time.

The advent of a son in a Chinese household is a very different affair from that of a *mere* girl, for the infant son of the poorest parents has the possibility of a grand career before him, of service to the State and the loftiest rewards. Not only may he win spurs for himself by dint of industry and learning, but should he rise high enough in the ranks of his countrymen, the humble parents, and even their parents, who have perchance sorely pinched themselves to make a path for his progress, may be rewarded, long after they are dead and gone, with titles of high nobility. That such a reward is desired, esteemed, and diligently laboured for by the people, is surely one amongst the many evidences, direct and indirect, which are to be found in China of a general belief in the doctrine of an existence continued and enjoyed far beyond the boundaries of the grave.

At the birth of a boy the happy father at once proceeds to get one element in the fate of his offspring read and determined. Now, in a Chinese day there are only twelve hours, and each period of two hours has a sign, like those of the zodiac, by which it is symbolised, and those twelve signs consist of the Rat, Ox, Tiger, Rabbit, Dragon, Serpent, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Cock, Dog, and Boar. Some wise people may suppose that each animal in this lively zoological collection represents the sacred protector or guardian of some ancient and primitive clan, that, in short, there is a manifest survival of the *totem* in this conception of the Chinese of to-day. It is very lamentable, however, that at present there is no clear and reliable evidence for the truth of such a view as regards China, and we can only give the facts as they seem actually to be. When papa finds the sign under which his boy has been born, it requires some care to know how to act. Suppose the youth has fallen under the geomantic sway of the Rabbit, it must appear quite clear to the most unsophisticated mind that it would never do to place him under the tuition of a master whose natal sign happened to be the Tiger, and so on till a comfortable result is reached.

These preliminary cares over, the boy gets a family or pet name—which is often contemptuous and unappreciative, lest the fairies should learn too soon his value and make away with him—but there has been no such solemn naming hitherto as British Christians associate with baptism or christening. This serious naming of the boy belongs to the teacher, and takes place at that great event, the entrance on school life.

Arriving, say at the village school (the usual hours of which are from nine o'clock

in the morning to six o'clock in the evening), young hopeful is respectfully introduced to his master, who is perhaps a "stickit" graduate; presents suitable to the rank of the parents are presented, the boy receives his public name, duly prostrates himself before the image of the great master, Confucius, from whom all wisdom and learning flow, and forthwith sits down on his own special hard angular bench to rub down Chinese ink, and learn how to grasp his hair pencil properly, to hold it perpendicularly, and to make the strokes into which all Chinese characters can be analysed.

These have to be written in a certain elegant style, and at first they are traced on square sheets of transparent tissue paper of a red colour from a copy placed underneath. This is done till the pupil's wrist and fingers fall into the muscular habits

CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

required, and then the copying has to be done from sight alone, the relative position of the strokes being equivalent to the spelling of a word. Mr. Giles, in his "Historic China," gives an interesting account of the succeeding stages, from which we gather much that is valuable and interesting.

For the past six centuries the next task has always been the same, and it is the committal to memory of a tiny primer called the *Three Character* (or *Word*) *Classic*. The sounds and tones are gone over very assiduously, the pupil repeating line upon line and page after page, again and again, till he retains the sounds in their order. A few explanations are usually given, but in Japan, where the same code, so to speak, was in use till very recently, those explanations did not come till farther on, as if an English boy were to commit to memory the Beatitudes in Latin before he could translate them into his mother tongue; and, as we have seen, ordinary *local* Chinese diverges quite as far from the literary language of the classics. The Three-Word

Classic is a mere concatenation of loosely-connected words, sometimes with a little meaning, arranged mnemonically and in a very compressed form. As Mr. Giles shows, each character is linked by means of sound rather than sense to its neighbours. The opening sentence, quite a hard nut to crack for a boy entering his seventh year, is:—

> "Man at birth,
> By nature good,
> In instinct similar,
> In practice diverging."

There may be some difference of opinion as to the theology of such a comprehensive statement. Further on the pupil is brought back to more mundane interests, and is taught that "the three great lights" are "sun, moon, stars," and that "the six domestic animals" are "horse, ox, sheep; pig, dog, fowl." Still following Mr. Giles in the main, we are told that a little history, biography, and so forth, make up the sum and substance of this work. While learning their lessons the pupils all chant aloud their monotonous task at the same time, which results in a discordant din quite unbearable. In the midst of all this hubbub the master calmly hears each of his scholars at a time repeat his task in a still louder and falsetto note to the same sing-song melody, the pupil *turning his back* to guard against any chance of stealing a glance at the text-book. The youth thus gets to be familiar with the sound and shape of each character which the primer contains, in all about four hundred, arranged in triplets. He thereafter steps on to a higher rung of the educational ladder, and proceeds to the next great task, which is to memorise a unique piece of composition called the *Essay of the Thousand Characters.*

Mr. Thomson, who has formed a poor opinion of the results achieved by the literary school which grew out of the Chinese sage's teaching and influence, says:—"The cold Confucian philosophy may be likened to a broad stream, and the literature to pebbles thrown up upon its banks, all of them uniformly rounded and polished, and none of great intrinsic value to the world." The *Essay of the Thousand Characters* is almost typical of the style of poetry into which Chinese thought tends to crystallise.

Mr. Giles gives some account of the work:—

The obvious object of the poem as a school exercise is to collect, in such a method as to be easily remembered, one thousand word-pictures or characters, which are in every-day use. Those characters are arranged in lines containing four each, and these again in two hundred and fifty columns.

Of course this forced collocation of ideas is too arbitrary to have very much sense, and a strange story is told as to how it first came into existence. It is related that an unfortunate prisoner had the one thousand word-symbols in question supplied to him in prison. They were simply jumbled together, and out of this hopeless looking chaos of characters he was commanded to build up a poem. He did so in a single night, but, as usual in such legends, his hair turned white with the agony of mental effort. That the mere subsequent reading of this tragic effort of Chinese

imagination might have some such effect, a brief specimen may suffice to illustrate. It is Mr. Giles' translation, and improves upon the original:—

> "Like arrows, years fly swiftly by;
> The sun shines brightly in the sky;
> The starry firmament goes round;
> The changing moon is constant found;
> The heat remains, the fuel spent;—
> Be then on time to come intent.
> A dignity of mien maintain,
> As if within some sacred fane.
> Adjust your dress with equal care
> For private as for public wear;
> For all men love to crack a joke
> At ignorant or vulgar folk.
> Four words which give a sentence force
> Are *really, so, indeed, of course.*"

The Four Books (or The Books of the Four Philosophers) are then most carefully committed to memory, hardly any explanation being afforded till the pupil has got a parrot-like grasp of the mere sounds, which, to him, as yet, are little more than so much gibberish. A great difference of opinion seems to exist amongst the missionaries, not only as to the value of the material thus so painfully acquired, but also as to the method of acquiring it. It is alleged with some justice that the memory is cultivated to the neglect and even starvation of the higher faculties; and to remedy this, mission schools have done very much by introducing new ideals of education, apart altogether from their great direct effectiveness as a means of presenting Christian truth to the minds of the young and impressionable.

The Rev. J. MacGowan of Amoy found that, although darkness and superstition prevailed amongst the masses, no missionary could fail to find, amongst the crowd which surrounded him to hear the Word proclaimed, men of good understanding and intelligence, and that in addressing such people a knowledge of the Chinese classics, which form the basis of a celestial education, is sure to be of great service to the missionary. He tells us that many of the pithy phrases which these classics contain are almost household words, so that the vulgar herd catch them up and understand them as readily as the *literati* themselves. They often embody great truths, and an appeal to them will gain the assent of the people more quickly than any more direct argument, a method which certainly seems to have the authority of Saint Paul's example in dealing with heathen writings.

Let us glance very cursorily at the four books. First comes a short work (none of them are long) reminding us in literary form of one of our Gospels, say that of St. Matthew. It contains pithy discourses or conversations of Confucius and his disciples, which were probably compiled within two generations of the death of the sage.

Professor Legge mentions, what is for the most part clearly enough seen in reading the work, "that many chapters, however, and one whole book, are the sayings, not of the sage himself, but of some of his disciples." This first book is called the "Analects," or "Digested Conversations." The ideal man, or as we should say,

true gentleman, is held up for admiration and imitation in China, Corea, and Japan, and Western writers usually give "the superior man" as the translation of the term used. In this and other books of the same system of morals he is thus described as the type of scholarly ambition and good citizenship, for the system of Confucius, it must be remembered, is essentially a religion for gentlemen.

The scholar and gentleman of the Chinese ideal is reverent, grave, earnest in deeds, careful in speech, loyal, sincere, economical in habits, and temperate in food; loving the common people for whose good he exists, and employing them properly; bending his own mind to what is radical in conduct, so securing purity at the primal source that all practical courses come right of themselves; having no friends who are not of equal rank with himself, and frequenting the company of men of moral principle in order to get his own standards rectified; though poor, yet cheerful, though rich, yet loving the rules of propriety; feeling no slight, and not afflicted that men do not know him, but afflicted that he does not know men; catholic, and no mere partisan; not a *utensil* simply; combining learning with productive thought, and guarding against the perils of mere thought by accurate learning. On one occasion, as we are told in the Analects, a disciple asked the master to tell him what constituted this superior or ideal man. The answer was:—"He acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions." In another place, we are told that in times of haste and danger alike, he cleaves to virtue. Again, "The superior man thinks of virtue; the small man thinks of comfort. The superior man thinks of the sanctions of law; the small man thinks of favours to be received." As to himself he is humble; as to his superiors, respectful; to the people kind in his treatment, and just in his commands.

Some of the sayings of Confucius are very suggestive from an educational point of view. Of one disciple he said, "Rotten wood cannot be carved; a wall of foul earth will not receive the plasterer's trowel." When about sixty years of age, he cried, "Let me return! Let me return! The *little children* of my school are too ambitious and too hasty."

Much that this volume contains seems obscure and inconsequent, and, even allowing for darkness that better study of these old writings may yet help to remove, there is much that is supremely Chinese and commonplace; and yet, such seeds of moral truth as some we have indicated, cannot fail to germinate and prove fruitful on good soil, with the vivifying influence of the Holy Spirit. Many missionaries are strongly of opinion that there need be no conflict between the moral teaching (as a whole) of Confucius, and the religious faith which centres in the Christ. Confucius was wrong, however, and taught wrong doctrine as to the duty of revenge; nor in this respect does his system advance much beyond the barbarous instincts of primitive humanity, while it is fraught with grave danger to the fabric of society. From this work we learn most that we know authoritatively as to the life, doctrines, and doings of the great sage. It contains several interesting paragraphs as to his personal bearing in society, and even as to little petty details of his life, and has been irreverently compared to Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson.

The next book is *The Book of Wisdom,* or *The Great Learning.* It also occurs in a subsequent classic (The Book of Rites), much as the song of Moses reappears in the Book of Psalms. This second classical work is supposed to be the compilation of a disciple of the very earliest Confucian school.

Next follows *The Doctrine of the Golden Mean,* as it might be called. It seems to teach the doctrine of Patience or Quiescence. "While there are no stirrings of pleasure, anger, sorrow, or joy, the mind may be said to be in the state of EQUILIBRIUM. When those feelings have been stirred, and they act in their due degree, there ensues what may be called the state of HARMONY. This EQUILIBRIUM is the great root *from which grow all the human actings* in the world, and this HARMONY is the universal path *which they all should pursue.*" [Legge's translation.] We are reminded of Hegel in one of the opening sentences, which professes to describe the book itself: "The book first speaks of one principle; it next spreads this out, and embraces all things; finally, it returns and gathers them all up under the one principle." Such is one of the books that Chinese small boys for 600 years have had to commit to memory without any explanation! The thoughts of this book seem to have more affinity to India than to China, and belong to a period subsequent to Confucius. Many scholars, however, suppose it to have been written by a favourite grandson of Confucius.

The fourth book is like the first in character, but contains the teaching of another eminent sage, Mencius, whose doctrine is that the nature of man, coming to him as it does from Heaven, is originally good and pure. The heresy which this book opposes is that of Kao, who taught that man's nature runs like water hither and thither, without any bias or tendency either to good or bad, that, indeed, it is morally indifferent. Mencius' reply is that water will, no doubt, indifferently run eastward or westward but will *not* flow indifferently up-hill or down-hill. As water naturally tends to run down-hill, so man by birth has a bias to good. "There are none but have this tendency to good, just as *all* water flows downwards."

The classics contain, in addition, the Five Chronicles (or properly, "orderly warps"), which are—

1. The Book of Changes, probably supplemented by Confucius.
2. The Book of Chronicles, proper.
3. The Book of Ballads, the sum of which, Confucius said, is, "Have no depraved thoughts."
4. The Record of Rites.
5. Spring and Autumn, a kind of provincial chronicle made by Confucius, supposed by some to have been begun in spring and ended in autumn.

For the higher education of Chinese young men on modern lines, which is now required by their changed relationship to the wider world their fathers knew not of, no one has done so much as Dr. Martin, President of the Tong Weng College at Pekin. Our narrowing limits will only permit a very brief outline of his distinguished and most useful career.

William Alexander Parsons Martin was born at Livonia, Indiana, in the year

THE SUMMER PALACE AT PEKIN.

1827. In 1850, then being twenty-three years of age, he went to Ningpo, and laboured there faithfully as a missionary for about ten years. On one occasion he was captured by a gang of those dreadful pirates, who, in unsettled times, were a perfect terror to seamen in the southern seas of China. During the important and critical negotiations in 1858, Martin was associated with Drs. Bridgman and Wells Williams as interpreter to the Minister of the United States, the Hon. Wm. B. Reed. When the Hon. E. Ward was appointed to become Mr. Reed's successor, Martin accompanied the new minister to Pekin during the presence of the allies there, and afterwards went with him on a diplomatic visit to Yedo, the seat of the then potent Shogûn of Japan, a mission which, however, was doomed to become a conspicuous failure.

After the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1860, which the allies left a smoking ruin—its white marble bridges battered and broken, its beautiful Lotus Lake foul with rubbish—the country began to settle down to the practical carrying out of the new treaties. It was then that Martin found a favourable opportunity of entering upon a new sphere of mission activity in the great city of Pekin, and till the year 1868 he continued to reside there as a missionary, giving much attention and study meanwhile to the nature and new wants of Chinese education.

Pekin, which the Mongol dynasty fixed as their capital, although ten degrees south of the latitude of London, is very cold in winter, a cruel dry wind coming from the frost-bound steppes of Mongolia, and often laden with dust, making it a trying residence in that season. The country around the metropolis is subject to floods, but the city itself is on a higher level than the surrounding plains. It can be reached by the Grand Canal, and from the sea near Tientsin by the Peiho river, but large vessels do not go beyond Tientsin at present. A day or two's boat journey up the river and you reach Tungchow, where an old stone road to Mongolia begins, but it is now in a fearful state of disrepair, and almost impassable in moist weather.

Dr. Fleming Stevenson went to visit the famous Portuguese cemetery at Pekin, and he gives an interesting account of the tombs of those who were in a sense the predecessors of Dr. Martin in his educational influence on China. "Behind a mission chapel we entered a garden, and walked under trellises of famous vines supported by stone pillars, and then through a narrow door in among coarse, withered grass and between rows of tombs—tall, upright stones, with inscriptions in Latin and Chinese, that contain the brief record of the Jesuit fathers whose dust they cover. But near the platform at the further end there are three names, and the traveller treads softly as he approaches the monuments of those mighty men. Ricci and Schaal and Verbiest lie almost side by side underneath the tortoises and the incense burners and the other Buddhist emblems carved over their graves; while on the bare platform a grey, weather-beaten cross of stone, with nothing but the letters I N R I, rises up against the cold, grey sky. Those missionaries are held in wonderful honour; they guided famous schools, were consulted by the emperors, built their palaces, and introduced the science and learning of the West."

Dr. Martin had not been very long in Pekin when the Chinese Government called

him to be their adviser in diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, and up till now he has been constantly at their elbow, having proved specially serviceable during the recent war with France—in 1884-5, receiving for his valued counsel the highest decoration it is usual to bestow, that of mandarin of the third class. The colleges of his own country had not been slow to recognise the merits of the great educationalist and diplomat; Lafayette College bestowed upon him, in 1860, the degree of D.D.; and in 1870, the University of New York City granted him that of LL.D.

Dr. Martin conducted for some years a very useful scientific magazine which tended to open Chinese eyes a little; he translated many works of a legal or political character which have been of service to officials, such as Martin's "Guide Diplomatique," Woolsey's "Introduction to International Law," etc. He also published in Chinese, works on "Natural Philosophy" and "Mathematical Physics," and a treatise which has made his learned name familiar to every reading man in China and Japan, Martin's "Evidences of Christianity," which reached a tenth edition in 1885, and is now selling more largely than ever.

There can be little doubt that a great change is now creeping over intellectual China. New standards of education and culture are being appealed to, and the higher minds in the land feel that the old bottles will hardly suffice to hold the new wine of Western thought and activity. It is not likely that the higher education will pass into the hands of the missionaries as such, and perhaps the lofty educational schemes of a Morrison or a Duff would not be practicable in modern China; but in a few years more the current will probably be better marked and its future course more easily determined.

Mr. Alexander Wylie, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, before his return to this country, where he died a short time ago, translated a "Treatise on Steam-Power," Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy," and completed a work on Geometry which Ricci left unfinished. It is to be hoped materials have been left for the biography, not, we believe, without incident, of one of the greatest Chinese scholars our country has produced, one of the sweetest and most modest of Christian gentlemen, and a veritable martyr to over-study in the cause of science and literature as a means to advance Christian missions in China. His services have been acknowledged in other fields, such as Chinese bibliography, by scholars like Max Müller, who always mentions Wylie's name with profound respect.

The Chinese mind is now becoming awake, for the dawn of a grander civilisation than that of the vanished golden age she mourns is softly breaking over the land, and suffusing it with a strange new glow. Her students are travelling with keen practical outlook in all our Western countries, her merchants are organising fleets of steamships, are familiar with the advantages of telegraphic communication, and as a keen observer has said, "her statesmen are rising from the study of the past to view with alarm the progress of nations that a few centuries ago had hardly found a place in the history of the world." It has been a bitter cup to drink; but China has at last placed it to her lips, and perhaps the flavour of the bracing tonic she so much needs, may not prove any more distasteful after all than her tea proved to

Western palates when the first strangeness had been overcome. As the gift of China has become almost a prime necessary of life even to our poorest inhabitants, we may hope that cosmopolitan truth will yet reach the myriads of China, raising the level of their hard lives, and setting before them noble ideals of conduct and lofty hopes of a higher life than this we now enjoy or suffer.

We have seen how the peculiarities of the language of books dominate even elementary education in China. Although, in a sense, it is the most ancient of

CHINESE YOUTH.

CHINESE MAIDEN.

languages, it is still alive so far as educated Chinamen are concerned, and it has shown an unexpected and German or Greek-like capacity for carrying the heavy burden of modern technical lore. The Chinese book market is rapidly being flooded with popular manuals, competently written, bearing on every possible subject of interest to the modern practical mind of this century. Its old literature is almost rich in terms pregnant with moral and spiritual significance, and many pithy expressions which have come down through the ages weighted with thought are evidently capable of having infused into them cognate ideas of sharper and clearer import as the expanding intelligence of the people gives scope for new developments of thought in the good old national grooves. What the adoption of Roman characters may do for education in China is at present a subject exciting much interest and discussion. The new method of spelling has fairly been set afloat in Japan, where, however, the conditions are somewhat different, but the results achieved there are giving fresh hope to a small but ardent band of "Romanists" in China.

CHAPTER LIII.

GIANTS IN THE LAND.

Early Religion of China—Misapprehensions Concerning It—Heaven and God—Earth and Man—Pre-Confucian Ideas—A Spotless Official—Early Years of Confucius—His Life and Teaching—The Chows—Tomb of Confucius—Mencius—The Sovereign People—The Law of Life—Taoism—Lao-tze, the Old Philosopher—"The Path"—Distorted Traditions and Absurd Beliefs—Writers of the School of Lao-tze—Teaching in Dreams—Mystery of Life—The Name of God—The Vendetta—Laws of Love.

It was a serious error to suppose, as many Christians at first did, that the missionaries would find the minds of the three hundred millions or so who inhabit the flowery land to be mere "clean slates" upon which to write the new message of the Gospel of Jesus. Thanks to the labours of eminent scholars amongst the missionaries, who have been brought into daily contact with the great religious and ethical systems of China, we are now able to take a comprehensive survey of the ideas which, on the arrival of Christian teaching, were found to preoccupy the heart and intellect of the Chinaman.

So persistent, however, has been the wrong impression that the Chinese people had never enjoyed any form of religious belief, that a returned missionary of intelligence vouches that within the last two years he heard a distinguished contributor to the leading reviews state to a London audience as an undoubted fact, that the millions of China had got on very well, for a longer period than any other nation had existed, without any notion whatever of a God! How very far from the truth such a view is, we hope to make plain in this chapter; but it must not be forgotten that several of the earlier missionaries, of authority in other matters, were led to form a somewhat similar misconception, and even diligently to propagate their blunder far and wide amongst Christian communities.

In the Chinese people we have a strong indirect testimony to the Biblical doctrine of the unity of the human race. And so, in some respects, we can study in the religions, social customs, and even industrial appliances of that isolated race as they exist to-day, the infancy or childhood of our own advanced civilisation. But we shall find that there has never been absolute stagnation amongst the "black-haired," while there has at times been considerable intellectual activity, especially after fresh contact with foreign races, while some useful lessons for humanity at large have been grandly enforced, as we have seen, by the teaching and practice of the sages of China. As an observant missionary, Mr. MacGowan, has truly remarked:—"The more we become acquainted with her philosophy and her systems of morals, the more shall we be convinced that, isolated as she has been, and apparently shut out from the world, she has been acting as high a part in the history of the world as any other heathen nation."

Long before the names of Buddha, or Jesus, or Mahomet had been even uttered on the banks of the Yellow River, where we first find the Chinese as a settled and civilised people, there had been firmly rooted amongst the natives of the land a

system of religious thought linking this world to that above, and giving sanctions to the growing society on the banks of the Hoang-Ho. With all its sectarian diversities this system, upheld by the early sages as already a venerable thing, long maintained a unity which has to some extent outlived the strife of schools, a fact best explained by the supposition that, underlying it from the first, there was an indestructible foundation of genuine religious truth.

It has sometimes been supposed that the primitive religious faith of the Chinese was a crude form of nature-worship; but on the contrary, its very kernel was the recognition of a kindly parental Something, above what we are accustomed to call nature, determining its phenomena for the welfare of men, which Chinese writers, fully conscious of the difficulty of the attempt, tried to name by the conjoined title (implying, as many believe, no real duality) of Heaven and Earth.

Not only is there a constant reference of human affairs to this over-ruling Providence, but under the personal title, Shang-ti, do the Chinese seem to recognise, and through their Pontiff or Sovereign, annually offer very solemn worship to, one Supreme God, ruler of heaven and earth, and so superior, in an immeasurable degree, to all genii, ghosts, and spirits. These latter are believed to fill earth and air and sky. Miss Fielde speaks of the tortuousness of the country roads, which makes it necessary always to employ a guide. "In visiting," she says, "among our church members, and in teaching in the hamlets, I at first pondered much upon the fact that the Chinese did not appear to have discovered that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. I would start for a village that looked as if it were but a short distance away on the plain, but the road to it was always many times further to my feet than to my eye. After a while I learned that all roads and canals are made labyrinthian, so that wandering evil spirits may not easily find their way to the abodes of the inhabitants of the lands."

A third element is constantly introduced along with that of Heaven and Earth, and that is Man. He is called the Microcosm, or world in little, and in him is found the type of all things, the symbol, the very flower of all existing and created beings. We have already referred to the Confucian conception of an ideal or superior man, the moral knight, the true gentleman, which now pervades all schools of Chinese thought. He is the one who fulfils rightly all the relationships of life according to his station, acting towards others as he would have them act to him in return, and showing generally that he is swayed by a moral sense. In life and conduct the middle course is where safety and peace are surely to be found; all extremes lead to ruin and disaster. Filiality is the type of all virtues, perhaps the one source whence all have really sprung. Hence ancestor-worship is yet almost universal, and is one of the very last weeds to yield to the good seed of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who claims the undivided allegiance of His followers.

Such, in brief, are the main lines of an ancient creed that cannot strictly be called Confucianism, however closely the name of the sage may be now identified with it. No Chinaman would readily so speak of the early faith of his forefathers, which Confucius only claims to have transmitted, which existed long before his day, and is

loyally held by many of his hottest opponents. Just as we speak of Judaism or Hinduism, it has been proposed that a new term, "Sinism" (from Sinim), be used to denote the national faith of the Chinese race. The system has had some qualities within it of a useful kind, if the continuity of the national life is any evidence.

Here is an example, with which every native is familiar, of a "spotless official." This man, Yang Chên, was of such scholarly reputation that he used to be called the Confucius of the West, living a century or two after the great sage. He attained a high official position, with great influence and many opportunities of quietly adding to his rightful emoluments, yet nevertheless he died a poor man, and attained only the one object of his ambition, which was to be known as a spotless official. To-day the family or clan of Yangs worship with pride in the temple of their ancestors, which derives its title of "The Hall of the Four Knows" from an incident marking his incorruptibleness in an age when such virtue was rare. The story goes that some importunate suitor had urged the righteous-minded officer to accept a bribe, saying that the matter would never come to be known by anyone. Yang Chên with quiet firmness declined the temptation, saying, "How so? Heaven would know; earth would know; you would know; and I should know."

There is an appearance of duality in this phraseology, but elsewhere the terms Heaven and Earth each appear as the necessary complement of the other. To the ancient dwellers in the wide, garden-like plains of China, the vast over-arching dome of azure was always figured as a circle, while the flat expanse of earth was less fitly represented as a square, and those two geometric forms are produced respectively by masonic square and compass. The outcome of a good man's life, therefore, was to combine harmoniously the significance of those two forms, the all-round man and the square hole—a moral lesson constantly brought close to men's business and bosoms, even in far back times, by means of the brass or copper coinage of the empire, the "cash" being round in outline but perforated, so as to be strung on straw cords for convenience, with a square opening. To this very day the grand national worship of Shang-ti is twice annually offered by the Emperor amid much pomp, at two altars, one square, the other round, each having the same significance as in the instances already mentioned. Very striking is the fact that this worship is felt to be too solemn to be directly engaged in by anyone but the Pope-Emperor, or spiritual father of the people, and by him only after solitary prayer and fasting. Yet so great an authority as Professor Legge gives it as his opinion, after a life-long study of the early classics, that were a Chinese child, familiar with the old pagan prayers used long before Christ's time, to be asked in the familiar words of Dr. Watts's "First Catechism"—"Can you tell me, child, who made you?" he would probably enough answer in the very words of Dr. Watts, "The great God who made heaven and earth."

The greatest name in China is Confucius, or rather is that of the sage, K'ung, which the Jesuit missionaries long ago latinised into the form which has now become far too familiar in Western countries to be readily superseded.

In the northern part of China, where the province of Shan-tung now is, and nearly

north-west from the modern treaty-port of Shanghai, six centuries before our present era began, existed the kingdom of Lu, one of an adjoining series of petty states, at constant feud with each other, but which had always one common centre, round which at last crystallised into final solidity the present empire of China. In the middle of the sixth century before Christ there lived in Lu a very tall and brave old officer with a grand pedigree, named Liang-ho, noted not only for his stature, but also for his strength, courage, and sagacity, who had attained his seventieth year when at last a son—the future sage—was born to him.

The birth of Confucius is believed to have taken place in the year 551 B.C. Not long before this, Cyrus had founded the great Persian empire, and Shakhya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, was probably still alive and teaching his sublime lessons of patience and mercy to the people of India.

Only three years afterwards, the young mother of this notable boy was left a widow and had to bear the hard lot which, in China not less than in other lands, so often falls to her class. The poor child took his amusements in a rather serious form, and was passionately fond of going through dignified ceremonies with sacrificial vessels for playthings, and elaborately posturing according to the rigid etiquette so dear to the obsequious courtiers of that age and kingdom. This prim little posturer grew up amid the narrow and ungenial atmosphere of the poor widow's home, to be very early recognised as the greatest teacher of his countrymen. Long afterwards, when surprise was once expressed at the extent of his accomplishments, he replied—"When I was young my condition was humble, and I acquired some ability in numerous things, but they were mean matters."

The youthful sage was greatly attached to his widowed mother, and at her death, which took place when he was in the prime of youthful manhood, he mourned for her long and bitterly. We are told that a sudden heavy fall of rain had destroyed the memorial mound which, following the fashion of the time, he had caused to be raised over the grave, to which he had also removed the bones of his father. At this he wept greatly, characteristically chiding himself for having departed from the venerated customs of ancient times in raising such a mound. He ate nothing for three days after this.

Confucius was married at the age of nineteen, and he adopted the profession of teacher, or rather tutor, in his twenty-second year. His disciples were young men, anxious probably to qualify for the duties of official life. Their studies seem to have consisted largely of a kind of Socratic puzzling over the problems of life and government, illustrated chiefly by an ideal golden past, very dimly pourtrayed to be sure in authentic history. This group of disciples finally grew to be not only large but also somewhat select. Like modern Scottish students, many of those young men seem to have busied themselves in ordinary employments in order to gain a living, but the Chinese seemingly resorted only to their instructor when embarrassed about particular problems. On such points of detail, however, our knowledge is very meagre.

Confucius lived within the period when the dynasty of the Chows (B.C. 1122—250)

dominated the growing empire. The country was still in a kind of feudal condition of development, and had not yet been welded into anything like the substantial

CONFUCIUS.

unity which it now presents. While there were even then distinct traces of imperial influence and control, the land was really split up into many minor principalities governed by scheming and ambitious "dukes" and other rulers. We are reminded by many incidents recorded in those times of the conditions which existed in our own

young island empire before the Duke of Normandy and other leaders hammered our heterogeneous mobs into an imperial race. It is difficult to project ourselves away back into an age and amongst a people like that in which Confucius lived, where so many fruitful "first things" were just budding into being. But unless we can in some degree approach to the almost infantile stand-point of those who formed the auditory of those early sages, we cannot hope properly to appreciate the originality and true greatness of their teaching relatively to their special sphere and time.

In politics, where Confucius sought to find his true life, his aim was on the whole to support, with an evidently sincere loyalty, the ruling dynasty, and of course to weaken all the rival ministers about him. It was the opposition and partial coalition of these rivals that every now and then drove him from office in disgust, and made him frequently become an unwilling pilgrim to other states, where his private counsel was generally in greater request than his official control. "Heaven," said an older sage, "gives birth to the man of intelligence to regulate the people." It was a disappointment to Confucius to the end of his life to find so little recognition of his celestially-inspired mission to men.

The age of the Chows was that in which ceremonial dignity and courtly primness had risen to its highest development. Its traces survive to our day in the lordly pomp and stiff etiquette with which the modern mandarin loves to fence himself, just as not a little of our judicial picturesqueness and dignity come down to us from the courtly days of the Stuarts. We need to have some understanding of this, to perceive the point of much that Confucius and his followers laid stress upon, which now seems altogether trivial to ourselves. In this field some Western critics have looked upon him as a kind of more earnest Lord Chesterfield, and he has streaks, too, of his lordship's quiet courtly humour. One of his sayings, however—"Fine words and an insinuating appearance are seldom associated with true virtue"—does not seem a Chesterfieldian sentiment. In another passage he says: "He who aims to be a man of complete virtue, in his food does not seek to gratify his appetite, nor in his dwelling-place does he seek the appliances of ease; he is earnest in what he is doing and careful in his speech; he frequents the company of men of principle that he may be rectified—such a person may be said to love to learn."

While his teaching has some bearing on all the duties and relationships of life, it turns more frequently on the duties and burdens of official life. In those days, before morning newspapers and political platforms existed, such sayings as many of those that come down to us had a direct bearing on the problems of the times, which can hardly now be appreciated.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson paid a visit to the tomb of Confucius (the "Throneless King," as he has been popularly called), and from his graphic account, contained in "Journeys in North China," we glean a few sentences. Beside the tomb there is a temple of peculiar sacredness, very richly adorned. The chief building is of two stories, surrounded by a verandah resting "on gorgeous marble pillars, twenty-two feet high, and about two feet in diameter, which at a distance appear as if huge dragons were

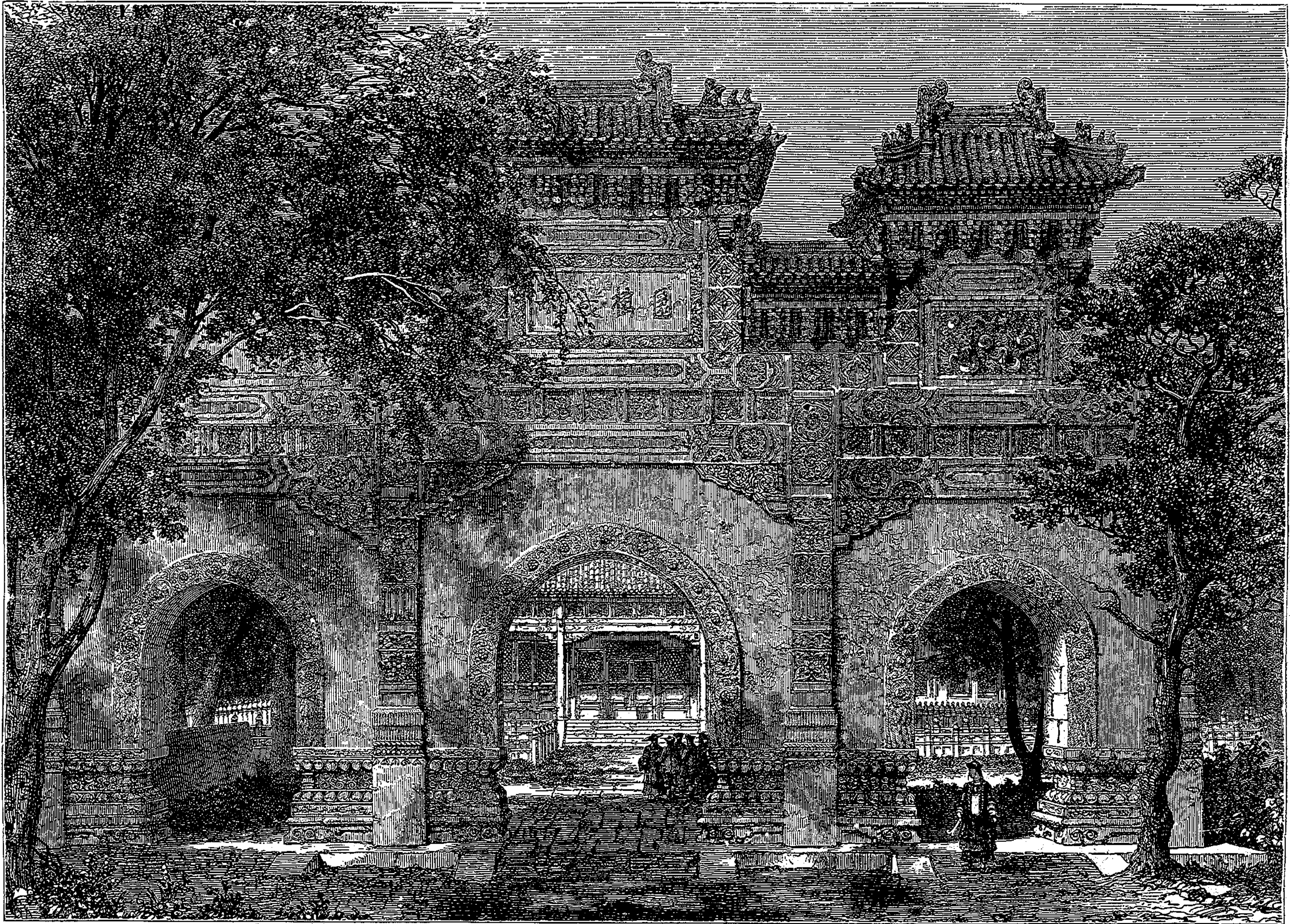
coiled around them, and hanging from the top. . . . The tiles of the roof are of yellow porcelain, as in Pekin, and the ornamentation of the eaves is covered with wire-work to keep it from the birds. Inside the building is the image or statue of Confucius, in a gorgeously-curtained shrine, holding in his hand a slip of bamboo, such as was used for writing upon in his days. The statue is about eighteen feet by six feet, and is life-like. Confucius was tall, strong, and well-built, with a full red face and large and heavy head. . . . On the tablet is the simple inscription, 'The most holy prescient Sage, Confucius—his spirit's resting-place.' On the east side are images of his favourite disciples, arranged according to the estimation in which he is said to have held them. . . . Before him, and also before his disciples, were the usual frames for sacrifices, and, in front of these, beautiful incense-pots; beside them were several most interesting relics, such as vases, said to be of the Shang dynasty, B.C. 1610, the work of which was superb. There were also two bronze elephants, reported to be of the Chow dynasty, and a table of that same era of dark red wood."

In another temple, behind this one, Dr. Williamson saw "three pictures of the sage on marble, one an old man, full length, rather dim, having no date; the second smaller, with seal characters on the side; the third and best, giving only his head and shoulders. These varied somewhat, but were substantially alike. All of them have the mouth or lips open and front teeth exposed, and full, contemplative eyes. Immediately behind these are gravings on marble, illustrating all the chief incidents of his life, with appropriate explanations at the side."

The old writings inform us that Confucius was very careful to have his clothes well cut and of the proper colours—red being excluded. All his home affairs were required to be arranged "squarely." He liked to stand still by a river's brink and watch, with a sense of lofty exultation of spirit, the flowing of the water past him, and the Chinese have still a saying: "The wise ones love the water." To the calm judgment of our day, he may seem to have been too much a mere doctor in decorum, and to have laid undue stress on details of ceremony or costume. His views in theology seem to have lain somewhat close to what we call agnosticism, for while he recognises in forms of reverence the current belief in a personal sovereign of the heavens and earth, his teaching does not seem to lead up to Him, and to sacrifice to spirits not related to the worshipper he denounced as mere flattery.

Confucianism, as Mr. Duffield Jones remarks, "has no priests, but in every public office . . . there is found a person who directs the ceremonial observances which the Emperor requires to be performed in particular temples at certain seasons of the year. . . . They wear the dress peculiar to the lowest literary rank, and are allowed to have a brass button or ball on their hats." These directors of ceremonial worship, he adds, "are necessarily men of respectability and some literary attainments, who can put on a grave and dignified air when occasion demands, and speak with authority."

A collection of high-toned thoughts uttered by a later disciple have been accorded a secondary place in the Chinese classics along with those of Confucius, and so enter



TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS AT PEKIN.

universally into the academic and official culture of the empire. Not a plausible courtier or glib flatterer of princes, Mencius (B.C. 371) met with the same kind of discouragement from statesmen that embittered the life of his greater prototype. Besides, he was a stronger claimant of the rights of the people than Confucius, and in his well-known saying, "The people are the most important element in the country . . . and the ruler is the lightest," there may be found ere long a taking catch-cry for a great and intelligent political party. There was need in his day, at least, for the emphasis of so pregnant a sentence. China was not only then in a most deplorable state, but seemed to contain no remedy within herself. Mencius used to teach that the people can be guided by their great men in any given direction, but they cannot be made to understand the reason why. He asserts that there is no such thing as a "righteous war." We are only, in his opinion, justified in saying that some wars have been comparatively better than others. With him the law of life is this, there should be between father and son, affection; between sovereign and ministers, righteousness; between husband and wife, attention to their separate functions; between old and young, a proper order; and between friends, fidelity.

The great leading doctrine or principle, which has had much influence on Japanese ideas, is that the nature of man is essentially good, though subsequently to birth it may be warped by selfishness and passion, and by the evil communications received in one's pilgrimage through the rough highways of life. When a man ceases to do evil, he literally, like the prodigal son, comes back to himself, or, as the Japanese express it, "his original heart returns."

We come now to sum up the main facts we have elicited as to the pre-existing elements of a moral and spiritual kind, which modern missions inherit as the legacy which the classical teaching of China has left.

Has it all to be considered a combustible heap of used-up and offensive wood, hay, stubble? We have seen, first, that there has been recognised from the most ancient times the existence in man of a guiding moral sense; that a view has also been held not far removed from Bishop Butler's conception of a human constitution which, in its balanced adjustments, on the whole makes for good; that there is a seemly awe of those in lawful authority as having *parental* authority as well as wielding power; a national love of courtesy, propriety, and order which preceded even the early teaching of Confucius; and, lastly, a deeply rooted filial reverence which has decayed into an abject superstition, spite of the wise warning of Mencius, who wished *affection* to make the mutual bond between parent and child.

Confucius, it is said, having on one occasion paid a visit of inquiry to a contemporary philosopher, who was probably his senior by a good many years, afterwards said to his followers: "I know how birds can fly, how fishes can swim, and how animals can run. But the runner may be snared, the swimmer hooked, and the flyer shot with an arrow. But as for the dragon!" (a mythical rain and storm power which assumes that shape, derived, perhaps, from the appearance of a waterspout), "I cannot tell how *he* mounts on wings of wind through the clouds and rises up to heaven.

To-day I have seen Lao-tze, and can only liken him to the dragon." If one of Lao-tze's admirers may be relied on in such a matter, Confucius, ever looking about diligently for official patronage and employment, was rather roughly lectured by that Carlyle of those days, somewhat in this fashion: "I have heard that a good merchant, though he be rich in treasures deeply stored, appears as if he were really poor, and that the knightly man of culture, whose virtue is complete, appears outwardly to be stupid. Put away your proud air and many desires, your insinuating habit and wild will. These are of no good to you. That is all I have to say to you."

This great and genuine leader of thought in China, Lao-tze, held by tradition to have been born with hoary hair, is hence called the Old Infant, or more commonly, the Old Philosopher. He is next in importance to Confucius himself, if, in some respects, he is not to be ranked before him.

The system of which he was the founder is not very easy to define, but is known to Western scholars as Taoism. The word *Tao*, from which the term is derived, in its ordinary usage, simply denotes a way or path. And just as Jesus speaks of being the Way, and Shakhya Muni points to the Path, this term has a special meaning to the disciples of that system to which it is made in Europe to give a name. Some of the early Jesuit missionaries thought it to be close in meaning to the λόγος, or Word, of the Apostle John. Others, on better grounds, perhaps, translate it Reason; while, again, it often resembles the Divine Wisdom spoken of by the wise man.

As to the system itself, which is more important than its name:—"Three precious things I prize and hold fast," said the sage, Lao-tze: "humility, compassion, and economy." Sir John Davis says, "He seems to have inculcated a contempt of riches and honours, and all wordly distinctions, and to have aimed, like Epicurus, at subduing every passion that could interfere with personal tranquillity and self-enjoyment."

One brief scripture, "The Path," is all that he left beyond his own direct oral teaching and example, but his religious following is still very large. His comparatively pure and morally helpful lessons have become encrusted with such a deposit of superstitious nonsense and idle alchemy, that it is now one of the chief obstacles to mental and moral progress in China. How such a wonderful transformation, or more strictly degeneration, could take place, has always been somewhat of a puzzle. There is, however, a certain naturalness in the process of decay here as elsewhere. Human passions might be subdued or even crushed, and a philosopher, at least, might reconcile himself comfortably to a life of pinching poverty and obscurity, but what of the great stern fact of death, which each must face? There was the question! It must come and be met somehow, and without a life beyond, the outlook must have been meagre and disappointing. Hence, perhaps, arose, as there did arise, in China, an intense thirst for some kind of mechanically acting "elixir of life," which led not only to the secret study of magic and alchemy, but also caused an expedition to be sent to search for it over the seas.

The mystic work, "History of Great Light," written about two centuries before Christ, serves to mark this striking transition from comparative moral light to intense

darkness. Whether in any indirect way much service was rendered to Chinese progress by those futile efforts of a purblind humanity, we know too little at present to be able to judge.

In an old Chinese work containing legends of three brothers who belonged to the fraternity of Tao in this degenerated condition, there is a story illustrating the absurd beliefs which grew out of the distorted traditions of Lao-tze's teaching. Chang-paou, leader of a band of Taoist rebels, called "Yellow Caps," was surprised by the Imperialist general in force. So Chang, mounting his horse, with dishevelled hair, and waving his sword blade, made magic cuts like invisible symbols written in air. The wind arose, loud peals of thunder burst from the sky, and from on high there came down a sable cloud filled with warring men and horses. The imperial troops were drawn off in confusion, and the general consulted a soothsayer, who supplied him with—not ammunition, but a collection of the blood of sheep, swine, and dogs, and other impurities to be hurled at the rebels when the proper crisis in the battle should arrive. The rebels in due course advanced plying their magic arts; again wind and thunder arose, followed by a storm of sand and stones. The imperialists feigned retreat and led their foes into an ambush where their foul resources of a very crude civilisation were hid. Launching their treasures on their enemies, lo! the air became thick with horses and men of paper and straw, which fell confusedly to the earth like snow-flakes. The wind and the thunder were hushed, and the sand and stones were still and ceased to whirl about. The rebels, of course, were in this case defeated; but in history we find that similar troubles soon ended the great dynasty of the Huns.

The same Emperor who built the by no means mythical great wall of China, who burned the Confucian books, and who sent some 300,000 men to fight the Huns, also despatched an Imperial roving commission of some kind to hunt for herbs wherewith to brew this most desirable beverage, the elixir of life. There were supposed to be some far off islands of the Sun in which the materials were likely to be found. And so the commissioners set sail for the golden shores of Fâng-laî, but, alas! they never returned. Did they simply find and colonise Japan? is a question which, for many years, Orientalists have been more ready to ask than to answer.

By-and-by this strange Taoist system began more and more to assimilate itself outwardly to the Buddhism which it resembles in several respects internally, and great is the likeness now borne by the priests and temples and services of the two systems. Like its great rivals, Buddhism and Confucianism, it is legally recognised, and to some extent officially endowed. Its Pope or "Heavenly Master," having the family name Chang, comes down through an uninterrupted descent (so it is believed) from almost the beginning of the Christian era. Of its theological tendency Professor Legge writes, "The name Tî, or God, which Confucianism never abused at all without calling forth some protest and, in the end, correction of the error, is given to scores of the Taoist deities. No polytheism could be more pronounced, or more grotesque, with hardly a single feature of poetic fancy or æsthetical beauty."

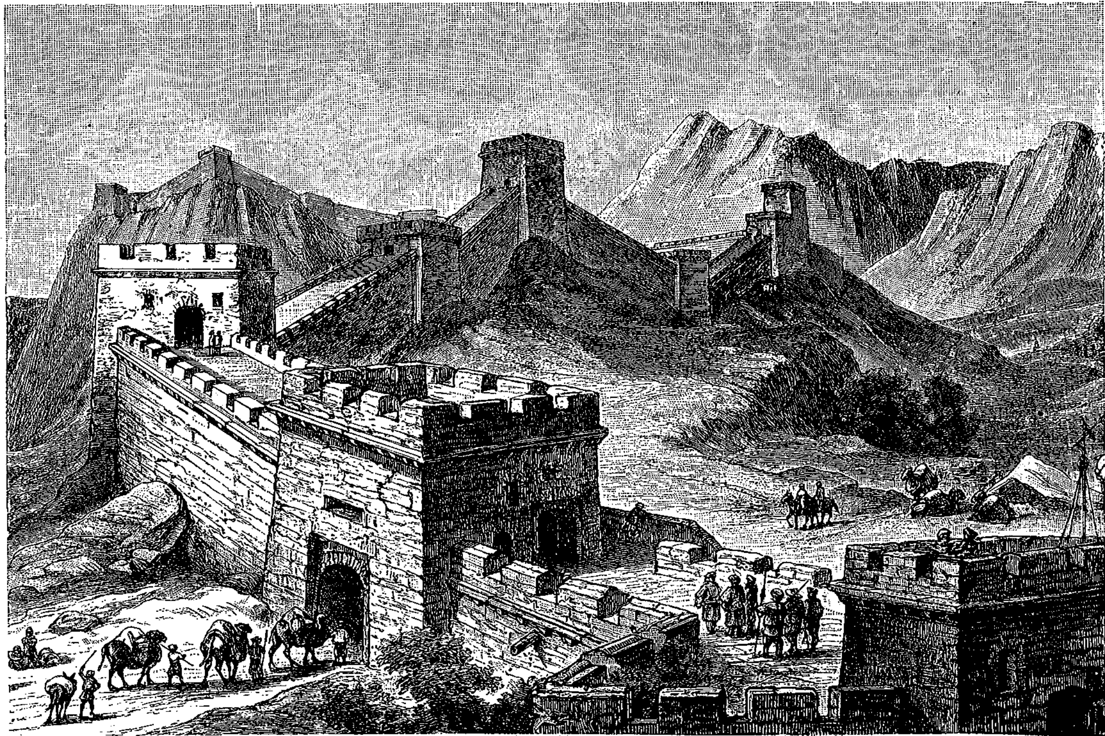
There were two writers of the school of Lao-tze, the father of Taoism, who stand out prominently, Licius and Chwang-tze. They are not considered orthodox by respectable Confucianists, and while they show very clearly the impotence of the mere human understanding to reach and rest in divine truth, their very human-like struggles are significant and interesting. The tendency of Licius—or rather Lieh-tsze—is thought to be pantheistic. Speaking of death, he says:—"The ancients call the dead returned (or *gone home*). If the dead are gone home, the living, then, are pilgrims." Possibly he means little more than some Buddhists mean by Nirvana, for again, "Why trouble oneself about anything in life? Is not death, which is but return from existence to non-existence, ever close at hand? My body is not my own; I am merely an inhabitant of it for the time being, and shall resign it when I return to the 'Abyss Mother.'" Once he exclaims:—"O, how great is death! the knightly men it leads to rest, the rough ones it reduces to submission."

Like John Bunyan, Licius loved to teach in dreams, a precedent followed by Chwang-tze and others of the same school. There is a touch of modern rationalising treatment of the Biblical account of Creation in this ancient Chinaman's theory (possibly following hints from now forgotten traditions) of the origin of things. At first there was unconscious, unintelligent change. Then came spirit, after which followed form, then matter; but spirit, form, and matter were not yet separate. As yet they existed only as chaos, invisible, inaudible, impalpable. Then at last came the one (or unity) which sundered into seven.

There was one tolerably faithful follower of Lao-tze who was by no means an admirer of Confucius. Chwang-tze is most caustic in his sarcastic condemnation of the *fussiness* which he fearlessly attributes to the great sage and his whole school. But for the bitter, clever, bantering scorn which belongs to him, he would seem to have been under some influence from that Indian quietism, which was about that time making itself felt in the far east. His works have recently appeared in English translations, and although hard to read, they show great originality in the "art of putting things." Like Licius, he now and again indulges in didactic dreams. Is this troubled sea of life a reality or a nightmare? One day the philosopher dreamed a dream, finding himself fluttering gaily on the wings of a butterfly, all oblivious of the human cares and joys of poor Chwang-tze. Suddenly he awakes, and coming slowly to himself, again he wanders away into a still more dreamy speculation as to which was the mere dream, and which the reality. "Am I, after all, the man who dreamed he was a butterfly, or am I not, mayhap, a butterfly which idly dreams he is a man?" And so life, it seems, is an unreal thing in itself, although it has aspects and issues real enough for us.

Chwang-tze seems ever to be sighing for that undisturbed guileless infancy of humanity of which authentic history is so grimly silent, and his crude system of reform has elements in common with the pretty dreams of fairyland, with which Mr. Henry George is wont to entertain his hearers. Says this old-world philosopher of China: "If the world (society) were but left to itself, people would wear that which they spun, and eat that which they grew. . . . All created things would

rejoice in life. Wild animals would wander in troops, and trees and shrubs would flourish, among which birds and beasts might roam, and then would man enjoy a golden age." The obstacle in the way of all this happiness is government; and, of course, the reforms were to have been brought about on the familiar old plan of putting down the other party first of all, and that having been accomplished, a clean sweep was to be made of laws, judges, and policemen. Many passages, far too long to quote, read almost like a clever modern parody of some of the extreme forms of Socialism that now assert themselves so noisily. The high-toned Confucian books were



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

duly burned to make way for the new era, which, however, has been somewhat slow in coming. Nothing can evidence the fruitfulness of Confucius's advocacy of catholicity better than the tolerance extended by the orthodox and governing classes to views apparently so subversive of the established order as some of those taught by this school, of which there used to be an active and vigorous offshoot in Japan also.

The Christian missionary of intelligence (and none but intelligent men and women can hope to succeed in China) has no idle task before him in supplanting those old and giant forms of belief by "the truth as it is in Jesus." He does not find mere empty rooms, swept and garnished, to be fitted and furnished, and oft-times perchance he sighs that it is not so. On the contrary, he has to do with a people who cannot be called Atheists, who even recognise the tenderness of a Divine Providence, and the

awful sanctions of the life to come, a life closely in touch with the life that now is; and in all this there is a ray of hope for the religious future of China. To build on this is not to take a foundation of wood, hay, stubble, for there is deep in human nature, and very deep in Chinese nature, a belief in the immateriality and so, perhaps, in the immortality of the soul.

Shakespeare makes Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night*, define the opinion of Pythagoras, "That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird;" and such a view is common enough in China; but in China the soul asleep would seem to be no soul. The *nirvana*, or swoon, which the higher Buddhism promises, is to the common-sense of the Chinaman no explanation of the mystery of that life which a disembodied spirit lives. Dr. Lockhart relates an incident, which shows how such ideas sometimes work in common minds. "At about eleven o'clock one night a man was noticed standing at a door in one of the public streets. He held a lantern in his hand, which he occasionally waved above his head, calling in a most plaintive voice upon some absent person. He was answered from within in the same tones. It was found upon inquiry that a child in the family was suffering from fever, with delirium, or, in the native phrase, 'his soul had gone away—was rambling abroad.' In such a case the father hangs up on the side of the house a paper figure of Buddha which he burns. Then lighting a candle in a lantern he holds it at the door, and calls in a mournful and beseeching tone for his child's soul, '*A-sze, hwui lae!*' (A-sze, come home); to which the person who is watching the child replies, *A-sze lae tsae* (A-sze has come back). This continues till the delirium subsides, or till some change has taken place. The wandering spirit is supposed to see the light, and hearing the call, returns to its usual abode."

Among the great problems pressing for solution which the missionary has to encounter daily and hourly, and which arise from previous religious thought and culture, are, as we have seen, such questions as how to name God in common speech or writing; and the choice from existing and ancient terms is much more difficult than the creation of new ones. We are inclined to agree with Professor Legge, that the Chinese Emperor in worshipping Shang-ti is worshipping the Almighty Ruler of Heaven and Earth whom we call Father.

Dr. Wells Williams, on the other hand, describes Shang-ti as a heathen "vanity." Now it is quite possible for impartial people to agree so far with Professor Legge, and yet to discard the proper name Shang-ti for a generic word meaning god (or spirit). Williams relates that he himself used Shang-ti, as he found others, such as Morrison, doing on his arrival in China, till he began to observe that in loyal and reverent Chinese minds there was a horror of trespassing on the ground which from antiquity had been claimed as too sacred for anyone but the Emperor to tread. "It is highly probable," he says, "that the worship of God by the Taiping rebels under the name Shang-ti, which they adopted from Christian books, caused them to be suspected from the first, as aiming at the throne."

Although Shang-ti proper may have no birthday, as Professor Legge points out, Dr. Williams has shown that there are inferior beings to whom the same name is

popularly but improperly applied—an argument, however, that is fatal to Dr. Williams' own most powerful *objection* to Shang-ti. He tells us that he was impressed by the fact that annual placards were to be seen in the villages through which he travelled, on which were the words "The precious birthday of Shang-ti." So much for Professor Legge's challenge to show that Shang-ti had a birthday. The converse, indeed, holds good of the Shang-ti whom the Emperor alone is privileged to worship, but Dr. Williams has in this shown the absurdity of his own argument, that the worship of a Being called Shang-ti implies, in Chinese minds, disloyalty to the Dragon Throne. Suppose the early Christians in Europe had chosen the word Jupiter for God, and the Latin language furnished precedents for the use of adjectives, such as tonans, pluvius, etc., would our theology or religion have suffered? They found other words ready to use, such as Theos, Deus, God, and they used them. It may be fortunate for the future of theology in China that Christians have been driven to form clear conceptions of God Himself rather than to deaden thought by the easy choice of words that, after all, are only signs.

Another serious question arises in connection with the supposed duty of revenge, or the Vendetta, as sanctioned in the most solemn manner by Confucius—perhaps the chief flaw in his moral system.

The missionaries, however, from the first have found that the great practical objection urged against Christianity is its cruel interference with the popularly accepted duty of worshipping the spirits of one's ancestors. Said an intelligent Chinaman to one who was urging him to become a follower of Jesus—"If you take away the worship of ancestors, you take away filial piety; and where there is no filial piety all the relations of life are thrown into confusion." On the other side it is contended that filial piety has been steadily degenerating from the times of Confucius, till the talk about it has become mere empty cant. Frequently it is not shown by the typically filial son till after the death of the neglected parent, and there can be no doubt whatever that it is constantly the occasion of acts of the most terrible domestic tyranny the world has ever seen. What Christianity has to do and will do—for it alone has the power—is to re-create that old tender tie of *mutual* affection, which even Mencius, two thousand years ago, perceived to be lacking in the doctrine of filiality as taught by Confucius.

IN A JAMAICA FOREST.

XXIX.—IN THE WEST INDIES.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE SCOTTISH MISSION.

Origin of the Scottish Mission to Jamaica—Devoted Labourers—A Christmas Sabbath—Education—Drunkenness—A Series of Misfortunes—Cholera—A Tragic Event—The Rev. H. M. Waddell—Negro Holidays—Slavery—Some Terrible Statistics—The Sugar Trade—Plantation Life—Negro Worship—Sugar-Cane Harvest—The Caribbean Sea—Capture of a Spanish Slaver—Involuntary Colonists—Native Churches.

THE Edinburgh Mission Society, which came to be the Scottish Missionary Society, was at first of an undenominational character, and became established at Edinburgh in February of the year 1796; but its mission to the West Indies was not inaugurated for a good many years afterwards—in 1824.

Some wealthy Scottish proprietors of estates in the Caribbean seem to have initiated the enterprise with the hope of conferring benefit chiefly upon the slaves at work in their own plantations. One of those liberal landlords was Archibald Stirling, of Keir, who was the chief proprietor of a Jamaica plantation called Hampden. Another was William Stothert, of Cargen, who owned a similar estate called Dundee, and these two gentlemen agreed to share between them one half of the expense of the new mission. Other planters readily came forward at a later period and gave liberal help to the new project, some of them frankly expressing their hope and conviction

WEST INDIA ISLANDS AND CENTRAL AMERICA.

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

Abbreviation	Society
*S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
*Col. & Cont.	Colonial and Continental Church Society.
Wes.	Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.
W. I. Wes.	Wesleyan Methodist West Indian Conference.
†Bapt.	Baptist and Jamaica Baptist Missionary Societies.
Un. Presb.	United Presbyterian (Scotland) Church Mission.
Morav.	Moravian Missionary Society.
Un. Meth.	United Methodist Free Churches Missionary Society.
Can. Presb.	Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.
Am. Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Am. Bible	American Bible Society.
Am. Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
AfricanMeth. Epis.	African Methodist Episcopal Church (America) Missionary Society.

* The Stations occupied by these two Societies, though included in, form only a small part of, the work of the Church of England in the West Indies, which is divided into six dioceses, viz.:—GUIANA (*see* South America). ANTIGUA (including Nevis, St. Christopher, Barbuda, Montserrat, Anguilla, Virgin Islands, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, Tortola, &c.), with forty-two churches and other places of worship. BARBADOES AND WINDWARD ISLANDS (including Barbadoes, St. Vincent, Grenada, Tobago, and St. Lucia), with ninety churches. JAMAICA, with ninety-seven churches and forty-four chapels in Jamaica, four clergy in British Honduras, and one missionary in Colon and Panama. NASSAU (including the Bahamas, Turk and Caicos Islands), with eighty-seven mission stations and churches. TRINIDAD, with seventeen clergy and four catechists.

† The Baptist Missions in the West Indies will probably shortly be handed over to the Jamaica Baptist Missionary Society.

Station	Location	Societies
ABACO, GREAT	Bahamas	Wes., Bapt.
„ LITTLE	„	„ „
ACKLIN ISLAND	„	Bapt.
ALLIGATOR POND	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
ANDROS ISLAND	Bahamas	Bapt.
ANGUILLA	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
ANTIGUA	„ „	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
BAHAMAS	—	Wes., S. P. G., Bapt., Col. & Cont.
BAHAMA, GREAT	Bahamas	Bapt.
BARBADOES	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes., Morav.
BARBUDA	„ „	S. P. G.
BELIZE	Brit. Honduras.	Wes., Bapt.
BEMINI ISLES	Bahamas	Wes., S. P. G.
BETHANY	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
BLEWFIELDS	„ „	„
CAICOS, GRAND	Bahamas	Bapt.
„ EAST	„	„
CAP HAITIEN	Haiti	W. I. Wes., Bapt.
CARACAS	Venezuela	Am. Bible.
CARATA	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
CAT ISLAND	Bahamas	Bapt.
CAYES	Haiti	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
CAYMAN, GRAND	Greater Antilles	Bapt.
„ LITTLE	„ „	„
„ BRAC	„ „	„
CIENFUEGO	Cuba	„
COLON	Panama	S. P. G.
COROSAL	Brit. Honduras.	Wes.
COSTA RICA	—	Bapt.
CROOKED ISLE	Bahamas	„
CUBA	—	Bapt., Am. Bible.
DOMINICA	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes.
ELEUTHERA	Bahamas	Wes., S. P. G., Bapt., Col. & Cont.
EPHRATA	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
EXUMA, GREAT	Bahamas	S. P. G., Bapt.
FALMOUTH	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
FORTUNE ISLAND	Bahamas	Bapt.
GONAIVES	Haiti	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
GRAND TURK	Turk Island	Bapt., W. I. Wes.
GREEN ISLAND	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
GRENADA	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
GREYTOWN. *See* San Juan de Norte.		
GUATEMALA	Guatemala	Am. Presb., Wes.
HAITI	—	Am. Prot. Epis., W. I. Wes., African Meth. Epis., Bapt.
HARBOUR ISLAND.	Bahamas	Wes.
HONDURAS	—	Wes., Bapt.
„ „ BRIT.	—	„ „
INAGUA	Bahamas	S. P. G., Bapt.
JACMEL	Haiti	Bapt.

Station	Country	Missions
JAMAICA. (*See also* foot-note *).		Col. & Cont., Un. Presb., Bapt., Un. Meth., Morav., Wes.
JEREMIE	Haiti	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis.
KINGSTON	Jamaica	Un. Presb., Col. & Cont.
KUKALAYA	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
LEOGANE	Haiti	Am. Prot. Epis.
LIVINGSTON	Guatemala	Wes.
LONG ISLAND	Bahamas	S. P. G., Bapt.
LUCEA	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
MAGDALA	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
MARIGUANA	Bahamas	Bapt.
MIREBALAIS	Haiti	Am. Prot. Epis.
MONTE CRISTI	San Domingo	W. I. Wes., Bapt.
MONTEGO BAY	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
MONTSERRAT	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
MOSQUITO COAST.	—	Morav.
MULLIN'S RIVER	Brit. Honduras.	Wes.
NASSAU	Bahamas	Bapt., Col. & Cont.
NEVIS	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
NEW PROVIDENCE.	Bahamas	Wes., Bapt., Col. & Cont.
NICARAGUA	—	Morav., Bapt.
ORANGE WALK	Brit. Honduras.	Wes.
PANAMA	—	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
PANAMA, *Town of*	—	W. I. Wes.
PONCE	Puerto Rico	Col. & Cont.
PORT AU PRINCE	Haiti	W. I. Wes., Am. Prot. Epis., Bapt.
PORT DE PAIX	„	Bapt.
PORTO CORTES (*Porto Caballos*)	Honduras	Wes.
PORT OF SPAIN	Trinidad	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb.
PORT MARIA	Jamaica	Un. Presb.
PUERTO LIMON	Costa Rica	Bapt.
„ PLATA	San Domingo	Bapt., W. I. Wes.
„ RICO, *Island of*	—	Col. & Cont.
RAGGED ISLAND	Bahamas	Bapt.
RAMA	Mosquito Coast.	Morav.
RUATAN, *Island of*	Honduras	Wes., Bapt.
RUM CAY	Bahamas	Bapt.
ST. ANNE'S BAY	Jamaica	Un. Meth.
ST. BARTHOLOMEW.	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
ST. CHRISTOPHER'S (*St. Kitts*).	„ „	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
ST. EUSTATIUS	„ „	W. I. Wes.
ST. JOHN	Virgin Isles	Morav.
ST. KITTS. *See* St. Christopher's.		
ST. LUCIA	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes., Can. Presb.
ST. MARC	Haiti	Bapt.
ST. MARTIN'S	Windward Isles	W. I. Wes.
ST. THOMAS	Virgin Isles	S. P. G., Morav.
ST. VINCENT	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
SAMANA	San Domingo	W. I. Wes.
SAN DOMINGO	—	W. I. Wes., Bapt., African Meth. Epis.
SAN FERNANDO	Trinidad	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
SAN JUAN DE NORTE (*Greytown*).	Nicaragua	Bapt.
SAN PEDRO SULA	Honduras	Wes.
SAN SALVADOR (*Watling's Island*).	Bahamas	S. P. G., Bapt.
SANTA CRUX	Virgin Isles	Morav.
SEAL CAYES	Bahamas	Bapt.
TOBAGO	Windward Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes., Morav.
TORTOLA	Virgin Isles	S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
TRINIDAD	—	Bapt., W. I. Wes., Un. Presb., Can. Presb.
TURK ISLAND	Bahamas	S. P. G., Bapt., W. I. Wes.
UTILA, *Island of*	Honduras	Wes.
VIRGIN ISLANDS.	—	Morav., S. P. G., W. I. Wes.
WATLING'S ISLAND. *See* San Salvador.		

* Owing to the scale of the map it has not been possible to mark more than a few of the stations in JAMAICA; but the following statement will give some idea of the religious work being carried on in the island:—The Colonial and Continental Church Society have seven missionaries; the United Presbyterian Church have thirty-one missionaries; the United Methodist Free Churches have nine missionaries; and the Moravian Missionary Society have fourteen stations. In addition to these outside agencies there is a Jamaica Baptist Union, with its own Missionary Society, and the island comprises four out of the eleven districts of the West Indian Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. It is also a Diocese of the Anglican Church in the West Indies (*see* note on previous page).

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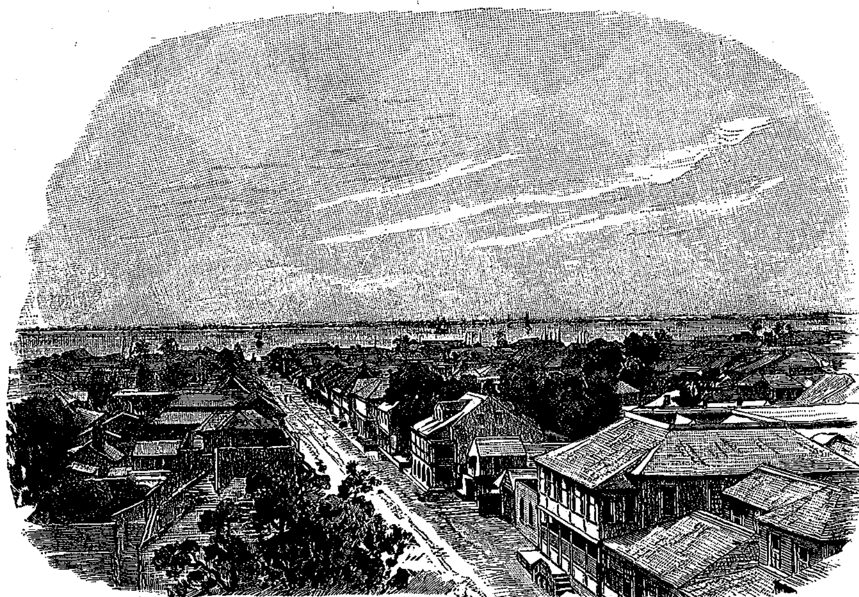
that Gospel teaching would improve the value of their human property, by tending to preserve order among the slaves and to promote fidelity to their owners.

The Rev. George Blyth, who had just returned from the borders of the Caspian where the Scottish Society had a mission to the Tartar followers of Mahomet (ultimately suppressed by the Russian Government), sailed for Jamaica in 1824 with the object of seeking to promote the spiritual elevation of the slaves, especially those who lived and toiled on the estates of Hampden and Dundee, which lay towards the northern limits of the fertile, and at that time exceedingly prosperous, island of Jamaica. Mr. Blyth, whose name became prominent in an unfortunate controversy with Mr. Knibb, was soon followed by a succession of devoted labourers, among whom we may mention the



KING STREET, KINGSTON.

Revs. John Chamberlain, James Watson, Hope Masterton Waddell, John Cowan, and Warrand Carlile—who established little centres of Christian activity in various parts of the island, and much sooner than the most sanguine hopes could have anticipated, had quiet, orderly congregations of slaves around them. Much futile criticism has been expended on the work which was done at that time, amidst great hostility from those whose lives were rebuked by the very existence near them of a few old-fashioned believers in a life to come. Probably greater stress was laid on the sanctity of the Sabbath by the Scotchmen than other Christians might have deemed to be either expedient or necessary. We are told that "the Sunday markets were abolished; men and women were no longer to be seen working their fields; it was even very seldom that any one was seen carrying a burden," on the sacred day of rest. Even the ordinary holidays, which had once been scenes of wild revelry, drunkenness, and unbridled licentiousness, with noise and excitement, became times of quiet rest and peaceful enjoyment.

Mr. Watson thus describes the scenes that had once prevailed:—"I have seen the streets of Lucea on a Christmas Sabbath crowded with hundreds of the country negroes, wearing masks, grotesquely dressed, having caps with feathers, red coats, and swords, marching in procession preceded by about thirty men and women dancing and cutting all sorts of capers to the sound of the rude noisy kind of music of a drum and fife, with the harsh and grating accompaniment of a stick rapidly drawn up and down the teeth of an old jawbone of a horse, or some other animal. These scenes were disgusting in the extreme, and painful to witness as a proof of the almost hopeless degradation into which the people were sunk, and of the vast amount of ignorance and darkness which everywhere prevailed."

Marriage now began gradually to take the place of concubinage, and the efforts of the Scotch missionaries to promote elementary education among the slaves and the "brown" population were received with some degree of favour. The planters were not always hostile to such means of improving the negro mind, and many of them were quite favourable to any means which might tend to keep them from plotting insurrections, a pastime in which servile races have always been wont to indulge. Mr. Blyth, who took much interest in the matter, wrote that "it has been remarked by all my acquaintances who have paid attention to the subject, that comparatively few of the negroes are able to read with ease and fluency. This does not arise, in my opinion, from want of capacity, but from their not being accustomed in early life to fix their attention on minute objects. On this account, numbers of them, who are otherwise acute and intelligent, have been unable to learn the alphabet, or to distinguish the form of one letter from another." This opinion refers chiefly to adult negroes, but as the rising generation inherited some capacity, better results were gradually attained, till a very good standard was reached at last.

The British Government gave the Scottish Society £6,630 in various grants for education, and the desire to use their opportunities for improvement seemed to gain upon the negro population. The one great difficulty was to secure regular attendance on the part of the little woolly-headed pupils, each of whom had to make out monthly, at least one week's work, and so their periodical recurrence on the benches was compared to that of planets in the heavens, while some of them were almost comet-like in the shortness, infrequency, and general eccentricity of their appearance on the scene. As a rule they were taught English grammar, geography, writing, and arithmetic, with the very sensible addition of a little natural science. Uncivilised races do not seem to have the capacity even for simple enumeration, and it is not surprising to be told that an absence of faculty for arithmetic was very conspicuous, while, strange to say, the girls excelled the boys in almost every department of study.

This was a golden age in the education of the Jamaica negroes, which, however, soon passed away. The poor people had hoped to find great material benefits from conning their primers, painting bill-hooks, and multiplying fabulous sums of money, but the material benefits were not yet plainly visible on the narrow horizon of their sordid lives, and so, even the best Christians among them thought the Bible was

the best and therefore the only food for the mind, while village politics were able to thrive without the aid of newspapers, which were very rarely to be seen.

Chastity and general propriety of demeanour were certainly highly developed under the influence of Christian church life, but temperance was not so favoured. In former days the slaves rarely got drunk, for they had no money to spend on liquor, and they had no friends on whom to levy hospitality; but when they became *men* with money in their pockets, they had abundant opportunities of making *beasts* of themselves, to which many of them were not slow to respond. This dreadful scandal led to a vigorous temperance agitation, and Mr. Blyth had the happiness of recording that in one year no case of drunkenness occurred in his church of seven hundred members. The poor people began to make efforts to help the good cause, and within about three years they collected the sum of £3,891, exclusive of charges for buildings, etc.

Mr. Anderson states that 310 people gave a week's labour each in order to make a lime-kiln, required for the building of a new church. It was an interesting sight to see these black Christians labouring so earnestly in such a cause, without the old stimulus of the lash. Mr. Cowan gives some interesting and vivid touches to the fascinating picture. He writes:—"The people have come to-day to carry materials for the church. I have been remarking the difference between the manner in which they perform their work now and in the days of slavery. In those days they were often employed in the same kind of work. The manner in which they walked was indescribable—*not faster than half a mile an hour.* I remember also that those who were thus employed were young people, who otherwise would have been sprightly and active. It was sickening to see them. Now the people are as active and as agile as if they had never tasted the cup of slavery. Just now, old and young are passing and repassing with a step so smart and sprightly, that it does one's heart good to see them. Their movements are as fast as those of willing workmen in Scotland. Such a change even in this respect has the removal of the load of slavery effected."

At this period of the mission's history, while the church-going people had a most respectable and orthodox appearance, there was often felt to be much real indifference to the spirit of the religion of Jesus, and the missionaries perceived the revival of old African forms of thought. With freedom there came not only a good deal of luxury, comparatively speaking, but even licentiousness, while the young negroes, who were no longer to be considered as valuable property, merely threw off the paternal reins, bolted from the home, and were often not to be seen again by any one who cared for them.

In 1835, the Rev. James Paterson and the Rev. William Niven sailed for Jamaica to join the Scottish mission; the latter, however, some few months after his arrival, perished during a storm, his young wife following him very soon afterwards, in child-bed. A series of sad misfortunes overtook the mission from that time, and the deaths were numerous. Among those who speedily succumbed to the climate chiefly may be mentioned the Rev. W. P. Young; the Rev. J. Scott, and his

young wife; Rev. J. Caldwell; Mrs. Winton; Rev. W. Turnbull, and Mr. J. Drummond, teacher.

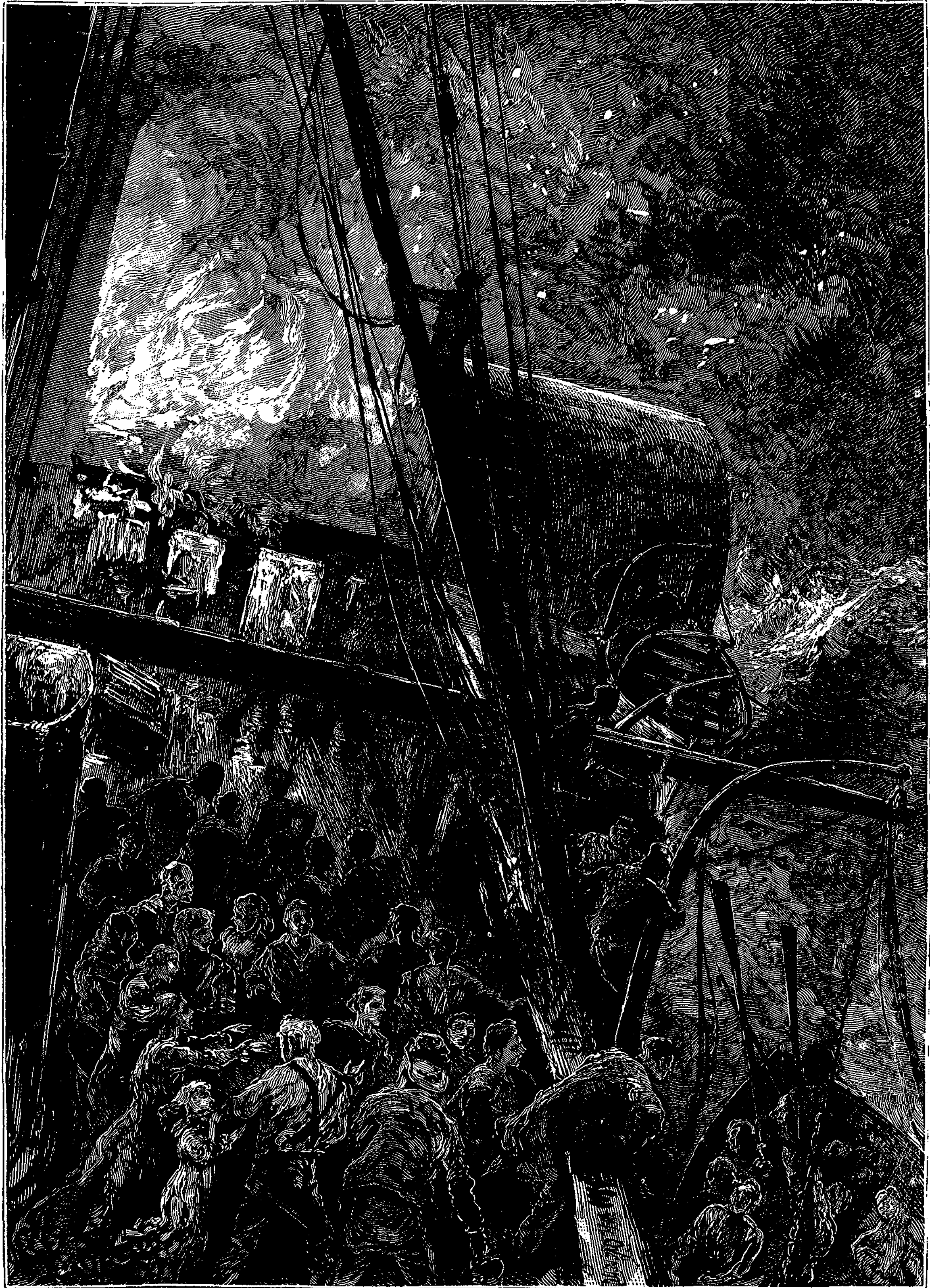
In 1847, after the union of two of the numerous "splits" from the old National Scottish Presbyterian Church, which agreed to form the body now called the United Presbyterian Church, the missions in the West Indies were transferred to the care of the Board of the United Presbyterians. At the time when this peaceful transfer was effected there were on the mission roll of communicants about 2,700 members; the average Sunday attendance at the services was 4,500; and there were some 1,100 children attending the mission schools.

In 1850 the cholera made dreadful havoc among the people under the care of the United Presbyterian missionaries. Mr. Anderson (now in Calabar) wrote thus, during the height of this awful visitation:—"I state a simple fact, and within the truth, when I say the half of the congregation are dead, smitten down by cholera. This is the twelfth day, and oh! what twelve days! From morning to night I have been among the sick, the dying, and the dead. Eight, and sometimes eleven, persons have been employed in digging graves. I cannot write; my whole frame is quivering."

Mr. Aird, writing of a visit which he made to the station at Lucea, says:—"I went to preach and dispense the sacrament there last Sabbath, but have never seen a town in such a melancholy state—nobody from the country, and the townspeople either sick or attending the sick. The streets had all the appearance of midnight. No one was to be seen but the doctors and their visitors moving in haste from place to place, and the dead-carts conveying bodies to their resting-place. Except the administration of medicine, the making of coffins, and the digging of graves, business of every kind was suspended."

The beginning of 1852 was marked by a tragic event in the history of the mission which cannot yet be quite forgotten in this country. Mr. and Mrs. Winton, just after their marriage, took passage for Jamaica in the ill-fated *Amazon*. She was a fine new steamer of 2,250 tons, 310 feet in length, and of 800 horse-power. Under the command of the experienced Captain Symons she left Southampton on the 2nd of January, on her first voyage, with fifty passengers and a rich cargo. There was a crew of 110, including engineers and officers. The weather was a little rough as the Bay of Biscay was entered, and the engines being quite new, a good deal of friction took place, and the bearings got so heated as to necessitate slowing and sometimes stoppage. A sudden alarm of fire was then raised; the passengers made attempts to get into the boats, one of which capsized, but the fresh wood-work was of so resinous a nature that the whole ship was soon in flames, with her funnel red-hot. An explosion as of gunpowder was heard, and soon a few shivering survivors were all that could be seen. One hundred and forty people perished, and among them Mr. and Mrs. Winton.

We are indebted to the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell for a vivid and interesting narrative of many of the doings of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission in the West Indies. That gentleman, now residing in Dublin, after a life of arduous mission service



THE BURNING OF THE *AMAZON.*

in the tropics, has published a valuable record of his experiences as a missionary to the African negro, under the title of "Twenty-nine years in the West Indies and Central Africa." When Mr. Waddell was eighteen years of age he was serving an apprenticeship to Messrs. Andrew Pollock and Co., druggists, etc., in Dublin, when there came to him what he felt to be a Divine call—"It pleased God, who called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen." After giving himself to study he was ordained to the ministry in the year 1829 by the Edinburgh Presbytery of the United Secession (now United Presbyterian) Church, and duly arrived at Jamaica in December of the same year. Like other travellers before and since, he was charmed with the picturesque aspect of the islands of the West Indies, the steep ascents of their lofty mountains, their deep and leafy ravines, the waving cane-fields, and snow-white beach of coral sand, which give so much grace and beauty to each vision of the shore. A lifetime in the tropics, he assures us, "has not effaced the first vivid impressions of the splendid scenery that burst on our view as our ship passed close along the coast." The night was more strikingly tropical in its impressions on the new arrival than the day. The bay was lit up by fire-flies, and other strange luminous insects "with globes of dazzling light, sailing like steamships in straight lines hither and thither," made a grand insect illumination. Even more striking than this novel appeal to the eye "there was an insect serenade, too, which gradually but unceasingly swelled till it filled the air—a chorus of countless multitudes of tiny voices—a universal song from all little creeping and flying things that love the night—in shrill notes of endless number and variety."

Just before Mr. Waddell's arrival in the field a new white church had been built for the negro congregation of his predecessor, Mr. Blyth. It stood charmingly framed in the deep shadowy green of a cocoa-nut grove, and near it towered some lofty cotton trees. The black people who formed the congregation were slaves for the most part, but the young missionary was quite surprised to observe how decently they were clothed, how attentive to the service, how intelligent in appearance, how decorous in their general conduct—in short, this congregation of negro slaves was greatly superior to anything he had expected. They were generally dressed in Osnaburg and Penistons—the former a coarse linen, and the latter a woollen material of a blue colour, which seems to have been the usual clothing for slaves on the plantations. There is one pleasing feature throughout Mr. Waddell's narrative, and that is, he seems to wish to make the lot of the slave appear to be no worse than it really was, and his intense sympathy for the servile race of negroes never tempts him to do injustice to the planters, who had their own troubles, and sometimes very great ones too.

When Mr. Waddell began his labours in the West Indies, negro congregations were still rare, except in the larger towns, and the dominant race was not in the least degree favourable to measures intended to develop intelligence or self-respect among the slaves, and so "the religious instruction of the slaves and their admission to church privileges were fiercely resisted." Even Christian men of the ruling community doubted whether religious ideas—tending to equality—could be communicated to the slaves with safety. Everywhere Mr. Waddell found the same questions being keenly debated,

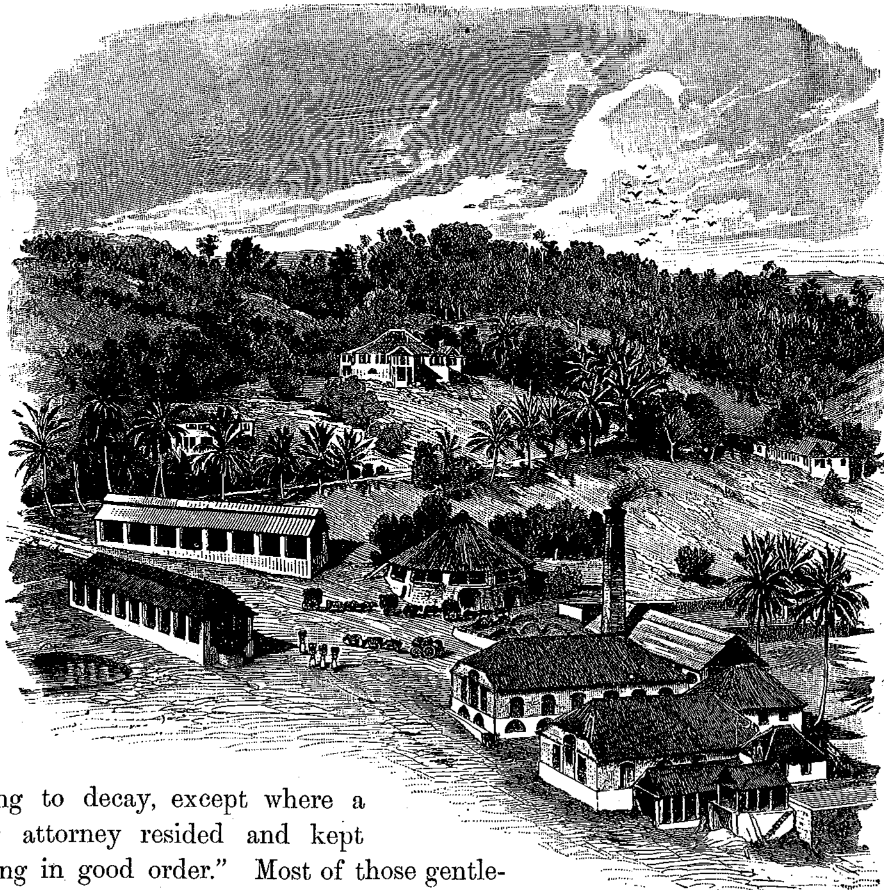
and the doubt being freely expressed whether the slaves would continue to be docile and obedient if education was to be given them along with the religion of Jesus, which is the highest source of education and social improvement.

At Christmas time, the slaves had at least one brief period of relaxation and even licence, reverting in some degree to the barbaric superstitions of their African ancestors. "The slaves had three holidays," Mr. Waddell relates, "and made the most of their annual festival by unbounded revelry. Then they got their annual clothing, and a good allowance of salt-fish, sugar, and rum, which enabled them to feast and be merry. The estate overseers usually gave a dance to the people, where the most dissolute of both sexes were sure to be present, and to indulge too freely in the shrub made for the occasion. Companies of young men paraded the estates, carrying a fanciful and gaily-painted structure called a Johnny Canoe, and followed by a crowd singing and beating the gomby. In the towns two parties or sets of girls, called from their dresses 'reds and blues,' paraded the streets in rivalry, followed by crowds of both sexes and all ages. The young men who led, gaily dressed, sang sweet airs to improvised words, their followers swelling the chorus. They received contributions from the householders, and spent their evenings in feasting and merriment. The three days became a week among the town slaves, who made a saturnalia of a Christian festival, spending the time in the grossest rioting. The result of so much licence or licentiousness, it was hoped, would be great good humour, to prepare the slaves for another year of ill-requited toil." When the revelry was over, things settled down into the old dull routine for another year.

The growth of public opinion led to the abandonment of the cruelty that had at one time marked the treatment of the slaves; but even from the lowest point of view, unkindness was discovered to be an expensive luxury. With the best of masters and with the most thoughtful management, the mortality amongst the slave population was very extraordinary; and when the trade of slave importation was stopped it became clear that, even by natural laws, slavery would come to an end in the West Indies, and by the mere dying out of the existing slave community. Some of the facts are simply appalling in their suggestion of untold misery.

About 18,000 negroes were being annually introduced as slaves up to the year 1776, and there had been in all up to that period some 600,000 bondsmen landed to work on the plantations. Now what became of them? Let us quote Mr. Waddell's quietly eloquent figures:—"130,000 had been sold away again, and 270,000 had perished, leaving about 200,000 in the island. In 1817, when the slave trade had been suppressed, their numbers were 346,000. It is certain that a much greater number, probably twice as many, had perished. Even after the importation had ceased, and when the planters had the greatest interest in taking care of their slaves and promoting their natural increase, they decreased at the rate of several thousands annually. In 1829 their numbers were 322,000; five years later they were only 302,000."

Amidst such surroundings as slavery tends to environ itself with, a high tone of moral sentiment was not likely to prevail, and Mr. Waddell's narrative gives a painful impression of the degradation into which an English community may sink when the standards of our high moral development are abandoned under the pressure of such conditions as the system imposed on the planters. "Cheerful willing labour was not to be found, it was not looked for; nor peace and purity. The proprietors or island nobility were for the most part absent, and their 'great houses' unoccupied



A SUGAR PLANTATION.

and going to decay, except where a planting attorney resided and kept everything in good order." Most of those gentlemen, who formed the "squirearchy" of the island, had families, but they were rarely married men, and some planters had never seen a married lady since leaving England, nor would they know how to address one. "Housekeepers" were supposed to be more economical. Mr. Waddell describes how young men coming to the country would at first be shocked, then amused, and finally would adopt the customs of this strange community.

Mr. Waddell was somewhat fortunate at the outset of his career, for it was arranged, after some travelling about to study the conditions of the field, that he was to settle at a place called Cinnamon Hill, where he found a pious lady, the

proprietor's wife, who, on hearing his decision, said with emotion, "I thank God, for I have earnestly desired and prayed for you to come here."

Those were the palmy days of the West Indian sugar trade, and whatever scenes of darkness, cruelty, and lust might lurk beneath the shadow of the profitable plant, a sugar estate at that time was a pleasing sight to the outward eye. Our missionary thus describes such a scene as then greeted him:—

"The canes presented an appearance of the utmost luxuriance, and especially

NEGRO SQUATTERS, JAMAICA.

when crowned with the lilac arrowy blossoms. The pastures, shaded by the most valuable or beautiful trees, were often like English parks. The works, usually white and clean, comprised an extensive range of buildings. There were the overseer's house and stores, with the barrack for book-keepers, carpenter and mason; the mill-house, boiling-house, cooling-house, and still-house; the carpenter's, cooper's, and blacksmith's shops, and extensive trash-houses. A little way off stood the hospital or 'hot-house.'" Overlooking the estate from a rising ground generally, stood the mansion of the proprietor, or "great house," as it was called by the negroes of the estate, and alongside, at some distance off, were the villages in which resided the slaves—who were very numerous, of course, in some of the larger estates. These

last buildings were often buried in a very picturesque manner under groves of the kingly cocoa palm, or were kept cool and shady by the graceful leafage of the orange and mango, or the avocado pear-tree. All this was very pleasing and attractive from a merely pictorial point of view—an idyl of prosperity and happiness! But the young missionary was soon to see the other side of the shield. Meanwhile he began with his wife's assistance to attend to the various wants of the poor and sick. The worthy couple had brought with them from Scotia a bag of the national oatmeal, which seems to be indissolubly bound up with Presbyterianism, but unfortunately it became too popular as a remedy to last long, and daily the cry would be:—"Missis, me beg you a lilly (little) o' meal to make pap for my pickaninny, him bery sick. Do my good missis."

A good attendance was promised at the first service, and Sunday morning found a room swept and garnished, with a goodly array of benches—all empty. The minister rang the house-bell vigorously, and even went to the slaves' quarters and rang it there as it never had been rung before, but dead silence was the only response. At last, some poor crippled and worn-out old slaves were discovered, who seemed quite surprised to find the buckra troubling themselves about *them.* They were induced to lend their presence, became attached worshippers, and old Daddy Brown, Grandy Fanny, Grandy Juliet, Grandy Phœbe, and some others were placed in due order on the roll of the church. The *crop* had begun—the great plantation event of the year—and there was rest for no worker, those who could get away having gone to market for their week's needs. At night, however, there was really a good turn-out of people to the service of this first Sunday, and never again were empty seats to be found. The congregation, indeed, soon grew all too large for the accommodation, and the little group of cripples had expanded to a regular gathering of about one thousand souls.

The routine of work was to visit the negroes at "shell-blow," or dinner-time, when they had a few minutes to spare for instruction and inquiry. Mrs. Waddell assisted her husband in the formation and carrying on of a school for the negro children, and the sadly neglected class of whity-brown "free" children. The house was soon made to resound with the cheerful notes of A B C in every key and pitch, and the demand for education became quite embarrassing. There were, of course, many grumblers as to this fresh move on behalf of a parcel of "niggers." "What! teach the *slaves* to read!—to read the Bible, and then newspapers and so forth, till they become discontented, rebel against their masters and proprietors, and burn up the country!" was the tone of those hostile criticisms, which came from all quarters.

On the other hand there was no lack of evidence for the sobering and staying effect even of such elementary education as had alone been proposed and attempted. "Minister," said a young man attending the Bible class, "you do very good teach we read book. Before time them leader hold book and talk, and we believe their word come from book. Now it no so; we find them out; they hold book upside down, and no saby (know) read one word. Ah! minister, plenty false prophets live for neger-house."

When the season came to harvest the sugar-cane—called "crop-time" on the plantations—the lads who had been toiling all day in the heat were often willing enough to attend evening lessons, but many of them were so overcome with fatigue that they could hardly keep their eyes open, reading when the turn of each came, and dropping off to sleep again with the mechanical alacrity of the fat boy in "Pickwick." Mr. Waddell gives us a peep into his evening school at crop-time. "One class with books sat round the table, another faced a lesson-board on the wall. The rest were sound asleep on the floor. Whoever moved out of his place had to pick his steps among the prostrate scholars. When their turn came, however, the sleepers jumped up, rubbing their eyes, while the others took their places, and were fast asleep in a moment. Out of crop-time their craving for lessons was insatiable. They would not be done. 'One word more, minister; only one. Missis, whara (what) dis be? Massa, whara you call dat?' Ten o'clock sometimes came before we could get them out of the house." Sometimes the individual results were very encouraging, and then the promising pupil would be transferred to some other plantation, and would be entirely lost to view thenceforth; but even now there are, or at least very lately there were, surviving evidences of the valuable influence of those evening schools.

A chief magistrate, who was also a planter, and was generally supposed to be a free-thinker, invited Mr. Waddell to give similar instruction to the people on his own estate, making a charmingly frank avowal of his motives for doing so. "I have," he said, "a bad set of people; they steal enormously, run away, get drunk, fight, and neglect their duty in every way; while the women take no care of their children, and there is no increase on the property. Now, if you can bring them under fear of a God, or a judgment to come, or something of that sort, you may be doing both them and me a service."

The usual dwelling-house became too small for the growing congregation, but Mr. Waddell was fortunate in obtaining permission to meet in a great empty house formerly the residence of a planter. Rats, bats, and owls were ejected, licence was obtained from Government to use this fine old colonial mansion, bedecked with family portraits, as a church. "Its floors and stairs, wainscoting and ceiling, doors and windows, were of mahogany, cedar, rosewood, ebony, orange, and other native hard woods of various colours, fit for cabinet work, highly polished and well arranged. Spacious piazzas and corridors ran round the house above and below, and the front door was reached by a very elegant flight of stone steps." It is not often that missionary congregations are so comfortably provided for, and in this case the grand house often contained a great congregation of negroes, many of whom were not insensible to the æsthetic charms of their house of prayer.

With all the grandeur of tropical scenery and the luxuriousness of colonial residence in the old style, life in Jamaica was often tainted with an unaccountable home-sickness, which received emphasis when a mail packet arrived. One is struck with the beautiful all-pervading presence of the sea in those records of missionary labours in the West Indies. Mr. Waddell thus writes:—"In the morning, smooth as glass, it mirrors the fleecy clouds floating aloft, and as the

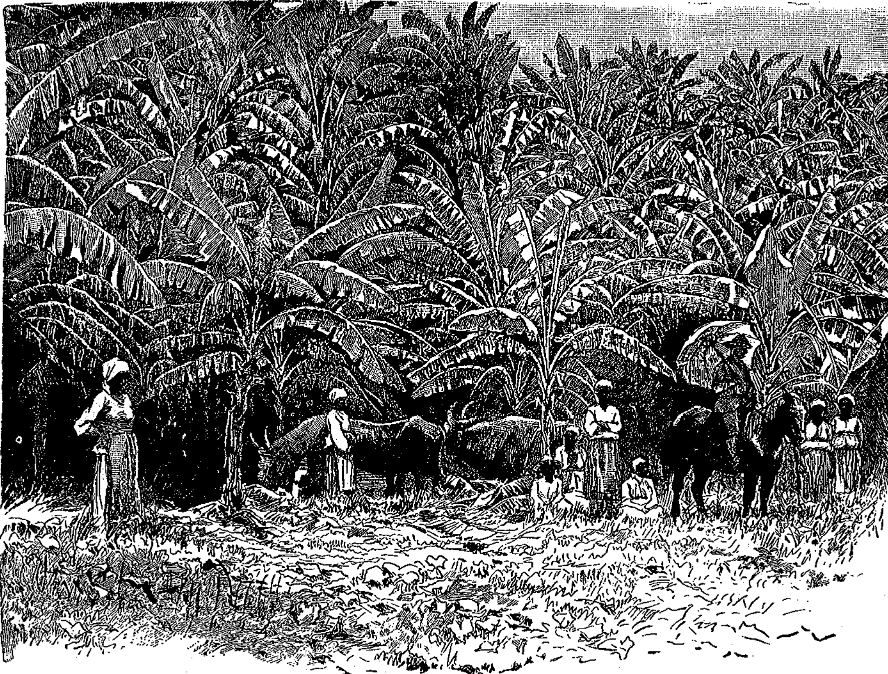
sun emerges from its placid depths seems converted eastward into molten gold. During the day the trade-winds ruffle its surface, and dot the blue expanse with wreaths of foam. Defended by encircling reefs, only a few hundred yards distant, the verdant shores never hear the surging and breaking of a heavy swell; nor are they

NEGROES GOING TO MARKET.

ever deformed by long loose tracts of slimy sand, forsaken by the ebbing waters; for the great equatorial current fills the Caribbean Sea and keeps it always at high tide. In the gentle, limpid wavelets that murmur and sparkle along the pure white sands, children might delight to bathe." The arrival of a ship from afar with news of the wide world and its men and movements sent a thrill through the quiet communities, or sometimes a shipwrecked crew would engage the sympathy and employ the faculty of every missionary on the spot. The slave-ship, however, was no longer to

be seen discharging its dusky cargo on those shores over which waved the British flag. But slavery continued till long afterwards to be a legal institution in other isles of the Caribbean. In 1839 an incident occurred within Mr. Waddell's experience which brought to his mind the horrors of that slavery that had once been supported and approved of by Britons.

In that year, as Mr. Waddell records, "a Spanish slaver was captured off the coast of Cuba, and brought into Montego Bay, where about 400 emaciated and miserable objects, male and female, were landed. A special magistrate allotted them, on proper terms, to responsible parties, for a service of two years, till they could learn



A PLANTATION OF BANANAS.

the language and ways of the country, and take care of themselves. A large number of them were brought to Cinnamon Hill, and thereby under our care for their Christian instruction, and happily we were able to afford it to them, by the aid of Guinea people on the same estate, who spoke their different languages. Among them were parents and children, brothers and sisters, taken at the sacking of their native towns, and in other ways customary in the trade. A good-humoured little fellow, who ultimately came to my service, was sold by his grandfather, with whom he had been living, in payment of debt. On board the slaver he found his sister and a little brother. The former had been sold for rum by the man she trusted, the latter kidnapped. The one who came to me had the name George Buchanan given him by the estate, but subsequently took my name. He soon learned to speak English, and gave a lively account of the capture of the slaver. While waiting

at Popo, on the Guinea coast, he heard, that if an English man-of-war should meet them at sea it would take them to a good country, and set them free; and every day after they sailed, he and other boys looked out secretly for that English ship. 'But,' said he, 'we neber tell Panish capin,' for the captain had taken four of the boys into the cabin to wait on him. After a long time, one morning, the man on the look-out at the mast-head called to the captain, who took his glass, and went aloft to spy. Soon he called to the seamen on deck, who began to run about, and do many things to the ropes and sails. George peeped and saw a little ship, very far away, which came on, and on, after them, and grew bigger and bigger. When it began to come near, he saw fire and smoke, and heard 'boom-m-m-m.'

"This frightened the Spaniards, who ran about, as George said, doing everything up and down the ship. But he and the other boys began to be glad. Then Englishman fired another big gun very loud, 'boom-m-m-m-m,' and he heard something go over their heads, whiz, and through the sails, tearing and breaking everything. Then the Spaniards made haste and got into boats, the captain calling his cabin-boys to follow; but George and another hid themselves, and stayed in the ship till he saw the English sailors come on board; then he leaped, and shouted, and clapped his hands, and all the slaves on deck leaped, and shouted, and clapped their hands, and then the others below shouted too."

The involuntary colonists soon settled down in a manner to their new life; all of them improved in health, and were soon able to dress well and look like respectable British citizens; some of them became Christians; others also got married, but as usual nearly all of them wandered away from the estate and were lost sight of by their white friends. George, however, returned to his native Africa with Mr. Waddell, who went to labour in Calabar, where the United Presbyterians hoped to reach the negro ere he had been crushed by slavery. That mission is still carried on with much vigour, but its history does not belong to this chapter.

It is questioned by many influential members of the United Presbyterian Church whether the work now carried on under their auspices in Jamaica can any longer be regarded as mission work amongst heathen people. Three generations at least of Christians have grown up amongst the sable children of Africa who were long ago so cruelly deported to the West Indies to satisfy British lust for gold, and many hope soon to see those native churches stand alone, or leaning only on the Divine Master who has purchased their freedom from a slavery worse than that of the old British cane plantations.

CHAPTER LV.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MISSIONS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Oglethorpe and Codrington—Bishop Coleridge—An Adventurer—Dr. Porteus—State of the Clergy—Wholesale Baptisms—Mr. Brett—Among the Caribs—In Swamps and Brakes—Story of African Jeannette—The Forests of Guiana—Cornelius, the First Indian Convert of the Pomeroon District—The Arawâks—Curious Customs—A Pisgah Vision and Farewell—Present State of West Indies—Great Bahama—New Trades and Industries.

THE story of missions to the West Indies in connection with the Established Church almost seems to involve the whole history of the British colonies in that region. We shall perhaps best succeed therefore, within our present limits, in producing a clear impression, by narrating vivid incidents which serve to illustrate characteristic phases of the Church's operations in those lands, of the work achieved and the difficulties encountered by the servants of the Church of England in carrying the banner of the Cross to all the various tribes who lived there under the Union Jack.

Those who now read of men who

> "—— driven by strong benevolence of soul
> Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole,"

have probably a very indistinct impression as to the person named in those lines Early in last century General Oglethorpe made strenuous, though but moderately successful, efforts for the reform of debtors' prisons, then in a most shocking condition. He afterwards sought to establish in America a British refuge for Protestants, whom Europe at that period was too illiberal to harbour. It was by this good man that the earliest efforts to establish missions from the Church of England in the West Indies were made, and since that time the Church has not been without witnesses in the Caribbean.

Codrington College, in Barbadoes, derives its name from another eminent layman and religious benefactor, Christopher Codrington, who lived to be Governor of the Leeward Islands. Christopher was born in Barbadoes, but came to England when very young, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a Gentleman Commoner. He became a Fellow of All Souls' in due time, joined the First Foot Guards of King William III., of which regiment he became colonel, and saw some fighting. He spent the latter part of his short life in retirement and study, and died at the age of forty-two in the mansion-house of one of his Barbadoes estates, which house is now the "Lodge" of the College Principal. His body was carried to England and buried at All Souls' College in 1716, when Young, the author of "Night Thoughts," pronounced a Latin oration in his honour, the foundation-stone of the Codrington Library being laid at nearly the same time and place.

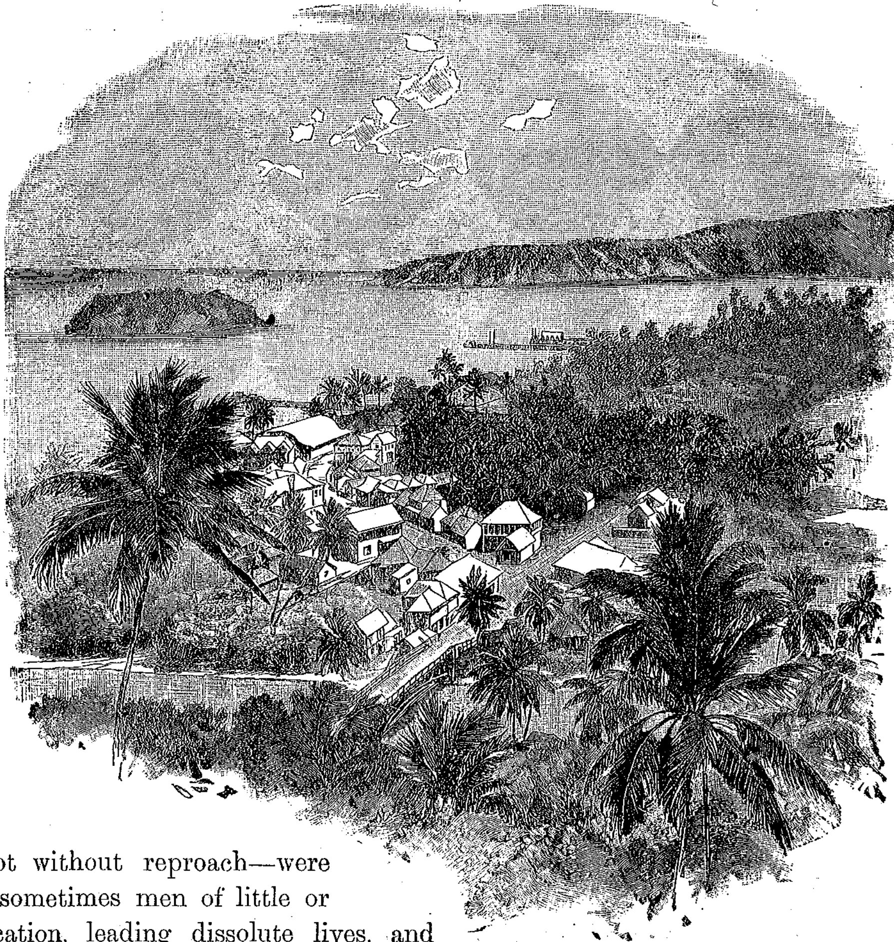
A bequest of this good man and gentle scholar to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was intended to found a college, in which were to be "maintained a convenient number of professors and scholars, who should be under the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and be obliged to study and practise physic and chirurgery as well as divinity, that by the apparent usefulness of the

former to all men they might both endear themselves to the people and have the better opportunities of doing good to men's souls whilst taking care of their bodies." It was not till 1829 that this bequest was utilised in the way intended by the testator. Prior to that year scholarships to England were granted, but says Principal Webb, from whom we have taken some particulars:—"This system gave only one parochial clergyman to the West Indies, though these 'scholars' could have been ordained by the Bishop of London, in whose diocese the West Indies were supposed to be." When slavery became clearly doomed as a colonial institution, Bishop Coleridge, the first Bishop of Barbadoes, in 1829, connected the school with the residence of the chaplain provided by the will of the founder, and soon the college became a living and somewhat powerful institution.

The Rev. J. Pinder was the first principal, and when he resigned from illness in 1835, he was succeeded by the Rev. H. Jones, M.A., of Oxford, who resigned in 1846. Next came the Rev. R. Rawle, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was afterwards Bishop of Trinidad. Mr. Webb succeeded the bishop, to whom the college owed much of its influence. "The course of instruction," says Principal Webb, "comprises divinity, mental and moral science, classics, history, mathematics, and medical science, in any of which honours can be obtained. The mathematical lectures for the greater part of the last twenty-five years have been given by Cambridge wranglers. The founder's will is not exactly carried out as regards 'physic and chirurgery,' the practice of which is neglected, though those students at least who are intended for foreign missions ought certainly to be able to commend their care for men's souls by ability to do good to their bodies."

A son of Christopher Codrington was Governor after him, but the Church and the colony were not always favoured with governors of this high Christian type. An adventurer of evil reputation, named Daniel Parke, succeeded the younger Codrington as Governor in 1706. Born in Virginia, his own early conduct there had compelled him to fly to England for refuge, finding here a social position in the county of his adoption and a seat in Parliament. Driven from that most tolerant of all clubs for bribery, he rashly committed further offences and fled to Holland, where his valuable services were frankly accepted by the Duke of Marlborough, to whom he became *aide-de-camp*. When the great English general, at the head of his extraordinary medley of Teuton troops, with calculating fury drove the French from their "impregnable" little village of Blindheim, or Blenheim, Parke did the terrible "Malbrook" a great service by carrying the first tidings of his glorious victory to the Duchess, and was soon rewarded by his grateful sovereign, Queen Anne, with the Governorship of Antigua. His darkly spotted public career, his tyrannical and senseless administration of local affairs, and the open and unblushing profligacy of his own personal behaviour—not too fastidiously criticised in such a community, we may be sure—roused general opposition, which resulted in the recall of the new Governor. He curtly refused to obey the summons, but one December day, in 1710, the local magnates felt obliged to give orders to a loyal body of men—some five hundred in number—to use force if necessary to cause the degraded official to vacate the Government House.

Parke ordered them to disperse, but the sense of lawful authority was gone, and although his opponents strove to mediate on his behalf, he fell before the muskets of the semi-legal mob, for whom a general pardon was readily enough secured. Such were some of the men in whom at that time was vested the power of appointing the clergy to colonial livings. Indeed, it is not to be wondered at that the clergy themselves were



PORT MORANT.

often not without reproach—were indeed, sometimes men of little or no education, leading dissolute lives, and causing much scandal.

Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London from 1723 to 1748, to whose care colonial charges were committed, was diligent and even zealous in assisting the Church's work. A Commissary, James Field, laboured for thirty years in the West Indies to secure reforms, and was succeeded by James Knox, a pious man, and also an earnest labourer for Christ.

The Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction of the Negroes in the British West India Islands was originally promoted by Dr. Porteus, Lord Bishop of London, and was formally incorporated by Royal Charter in the year 1794. An estate was left for the support of the Society by the Hon. Mr. Boyle, the resources provided

from which enabled them to send several clergymen of the Church of England to different parts of the West Indies. The planters, however, who had generally shown severe disfavour to the representatives of the dissenting bodies, and had even secured the passing of laws imposing heavy penalties on unauthorised preachers of the Gospel to the negroes in their possession, do not seem to have shown much greater sympathy for the efforts of Churchmen, and, indeed, often were very marked in their manifestations of hostility.

In 1824 the Bishoprics of Jamaica and Barbadoes were established, but the supply of suitable clergymen for colonial and mission work was very limited. Mr. Waddell, with whom we have travelled in the preceding chapter, thus, we believe impartially, describes the state of things then prevalent in Jamaica.

"Previous to the arrival of the bishop the parish clergy were in a state of shocking disorder; nor did his presence immediately correct the evils which prevailed. Things not to be spoken of were too well known in nearly all the parishes along the north side. The Rev. Mr. Trew had distinguished himself for zeal and fidelity, and was perhaps the first parish minister who attempted the instruction of the slaves. Four or five zealous evangelical curates succeeded him, and were already eminent when I went to the country. Of them nothing but good could be spoken by any who loved good. In time they got parishes, and their number happily increased. Except by them the Gospel was not preached in the parish churches, and few attended them.

"The clergy, indeed, were bound to christen the slaves at the requisition of the masters, but that was done without instruction. The negroes got a half-holiday for the occasion, came in clean frocks to the overseer's or master's house-steps, and drew up in a row. One by one they advanced and received a new name and a few drops of water on the head, by the high authority of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. 'It was like driving cattle to a pond,' said one of them afterwards to me. 'I heard something about God,' said another, 'but thought the parson in the long gown was he.' If it did nothing else, it made many of them think they were now proof against Obeah." This last statement contains the undoubted reason for much of the zeal shown by planters, unnoted for any special piety, to have their slaves christened. They were perfectly aware of the menace to themselves and property of the power which this secret bond of heathenism had over the servile race.

A Churchman writing apologetically on the other side, thus puts the case from the standpoint of the Established Church. "In theory such system is excellent; it is a public recognition on the part of the civil authorities of the duties of caring for the spiritual well-being of the people. In practice it is not provocative of zeal, either among the clergy or their flocks. There was not in the West Indies, as in the East, the same open field for missionary work; for, until 1834, the state of the slave population depended on the will of their owners, without whose permission the clergy did not venture to approach them. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if, in a society so constituted, there were frequent outbreaks on the part of the

slaves, which were repressed at the cost of much bloodshed and cruelty; or that the clergy, who were regarded by the slaves as in league with their masters, were not acceptable to them."

The most interesting field of the Church's labours was on the adjoining continent, and amongst the aboriginal tribes who live in the forests of British Guiana. Of these most primitive savages, who represent the races found by Columbus in the West Indies, there are four so-called "distinct races," namely, the Arawâks, or Arawa-aks; the Acawoios, the Waraus, and the Caribs.

In 1824 the see of Barbadoes (Bishop W. H. Coleridge) was divided into those of Guiana (Bishop Austin), Barbadoes (Bishop Parry), and Antigua (Bishop Davis). In 1875 Bishop Parry wrote (in *Mission Life*), that the two hundred "black Caribs" in St. Vincent's, and the five hundred "yellow" or pure Caribs, had been converted to Christianity, and are now, without exception, members of the Anglican Church. Such a result was not accomplished without tears, and prayer and earnest labour.

In 1840 Mr. Brett was sent out as a catechist, when a very young man, by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and his efforts were addressed to the Arawâks, on the banks of a minor river, the Pomeroon, which empties itself into the Atlantic about one hundred miles south of the great Orinoco. Good Bishop Austin showed every kindness and consideration to the young catechist, and, as every wise ecclesiastic does in relation to a unique man like Brett, very sensibly left him nearly free to carry out his own plans. The result was most satisfactory in every way, for the mission certainly became one of the most successful that the history of modern Christianity can point to, while the story of the life of this noble and cultivated man, immured in the deep jungles of Guiana, reads like the pages of a romance. It belongs naturally and properly to the West Indies, and we can only regret that our limits prevent so full a treatment of the subject as its interest and importance warrant.

The account of Mr. Brett's first visit to the country of the Caribs, a remnant of that once formidable race having remained or settled on the upper banks of the Pomeroon river, is very interesting. Attended by four lads to paddle his large canoe, he went up the river for several miles with the flowing tide, and turned off by a tributary stream, arriving before mid-day at the settlement of the Caribs, or Caribi, called *Kamwatta* or the Bamboo. Here resided the chief's brother, a gentleman who possessed two wives and rejoiced in the European name of "France." In the absence of Mr. France, his two wives, along with some other women, received our missionary, who goes on to describe the scene in his lively and pleasing style:—

"The appearance of these women was very barbarous, as is, indeed, the case with most of the Caribi females. Their dress was merely a narrow strip of blue cloth, and their naked bodies were smeared with the red arnotto, which gave them the appearance of bleeding from every pore. As if this were not sufficiently ornamental, some of them had endeavoured to improve its appearance by blue spots upon their bodies and limbs.

They wore round each leg, just below the knee, a tight strap of cotton, painted red, and another above each ankle. These are fastened on while the girl is young, and hinder the growth of the parts by their compression, while the calf, which is unconfined, appears in consequence unnaturally large. All the Caribi women wear these, which they call *sapuru*, and consider as a great addition to their beauty. But the most singular part of their appearance is presented by the lower lip, which they perforate, and wear one, two, or three pins sticking through the hole, with the points outward.

CARIB INDIAN.

Before they procured pins, thorns or other similar substances were thus worn. . . . The cloth which is worn by the Caribi men, secured by a cord round the loins, is often of sufficient length to form a kind of scarf. As it would otherwise trail on the ground, they dispose of it in a graceful manner over the shoulders, so that part of it falls on the bosom, while the end hangs down the back. It is often adorned with large cotton tassels, and is the most decent and serviceable as well as the most picturesque covering worn by any of the native tribes. The coronal of feathers for the head is sometimes worn, but not generally. The head is usually adorned by a large daub of arnotto on the hair above the brow, and the forehead and cheeks are painted in various patterns with the same vermilion colour."

Another village was soon reached, very tidy—cleaner, indeed, than any Indian village Mr. Brett had yet seen. Most of the men were off on some expedition with the chief, but a few were got to sit down and listen to an exposition of the truth,

as revealed in Holy Scripture, of their Tamosi Kabo-tano, or Ancient One of Heaven, which is the native title of the One Supreme Being. The Caribs were interested in what was said to them, and gave their guest at parting a large pine-apple and a cluster of ripe bananas as a token of a welcome visit.

On a hill where the ancient Carib chiefs had been buried they found a roof under which to sleep, and early next morning they started to go up stream. "The weather was delightful," Mr. Brett goes on to relate, "and though our prospect was very limited, yet each object was beautiful and striking; the venerable forests, with the manicole palms growing out of the river and reaching a great height; the mirror-like stream, reflecting every leaf on its unruffled surface; the fish springing from the waters, and the splendid azure butterflies fluttering among the leaves—all rendered the scene interesting to a stranger. Over our heads the king of the vultures hovered motionless on his strong pinions, while many of the common species were at a respectful distance flying in circles through the sultry air. To complete a picture so purely South American, a party of Caribs with their bright copper skins, black hair, and brows variously adorned, now passed us. They were seated apparently on the surface of the water, their frail canoes, or wood-skins, made of the bark of the purple-heart tree, being at a little distance scarcely visible beneath them."

The next settlement proved to be very difficult of access, and Mr. Brett had to wade through swamps, and to tear through thorny brakes under a burning sun. When, with sun-scorched face and muddy garments stuck over with grass-seeds, he burst through the bush into the right track, a party of little Carib girls ran screaming to the village and brought their mother, who received the missionary visitor civilly. A very tall man just coming from the chase heard what Mr. Brett had to say with respect, and the pair gave him fruit and other presents on parting. When the expedition returned, in three days from their starting out, the Arawâk Christians—for some had been baptised—showed their anxiety to hear of others accepting the Gospel, by their eager inquiries as to how the Caribs received the news of salvation.

For ten years Mr. Brett lived and toiled alone among his people. Once he was laid aside by the deadly fever of the swampy forests, and the story of how an old pious negress attended him in his sickness is very touching. African Jeannette was not one of the "bush" negroes, or descendants of those who last century revolted against their white masters and established their independence. These people grow up in the bush with a curious mingling of the obeah superstitions which had birth in the Dark Continent from which their fathers came, and with them are blended many of the wild conceptions of the red men whom they have helped to drive away. Jeannette's origin and training, however, were different from theirs. Mr. Brett records that "Jeannette might herself have seen Park" (Mungo, the traveller), "for she had been born on the banks of the Gambia, and was kidnapped there (as I found by questioning her) soon after his first expedition. Another young girl, who was probably a decoy, had said to her, 'Let us go down to the shore where I have seen beautiful shells.' So she went, and was seized by two black men who

were there lying in wait, and sold to a slaver captain, who brought her to Demerara." She there became a domestic slave, and when the slaves were freed she came to the "Wild Coast," as the Dutch called the scene of Mr. Brett's first labours, and settled there.

When the young catechist arrived in 1840, Jeannette, who was then a Christian and devoted Churchwoman, supplied him out of her own slender stores with a table, minus one leg, a form and chair, and a Caribbean jar, or rather portion of one. She could hardly be prevailed on to accept payment for the "black broth" and other delicate luxuries with which she furnished the table of the young bachelor, and when the schoolroom showed an entire lack of pupils, she went paddling about in her canoe to coax children to come. The poor things had not even "moral pocket-handkerchiefs," but Jeannette was equal to the emergency, and "the old woman dressed them, scantily indeed, but somehow. Boy No. 2 was rigged out in a blue striped coatee, which, as he was very rotund (from the depraved habit, engendered by disease, of eating clay or earth), could not be made to button by some inches. He would have looked, in my eyes, better with nothing on, and been much more comfortable. But tastes differ. Garments which would not cover were still garments, and as such considered respectable by the river people. It would not do to be too fastidious; to raise people we must first take them as they are." This curious little colony of semi-civilised savages were set to work in the garden, Mr. Brett evidently doing a fair share of the hard manual labour. Sometimes a scorpion, a centipede, or better still an opossum, would cross the horizon of the youthful scholars, and then there would be a hue-and-cry.

At last, after much fatiguing duty, Mr. Brett began to feel a pleasing drowsy feeling come over him sometimes, and a growing lassitude. One night, soon after this, violent thirst, with racking pains, especially in the back, came on; and ideas began whirling in the poor agonised head with frightful rapidity. When the morning came the little darkies had found their teacher lying on the floor, for he had, in his delirium, tumbled out of bed, and Jeannette solemnly pronounced the diagnosis to be yellow fever. The good woman administered a "puke" of tartar emetic, and nearly finished both the yellow fever and Mr. Brett, to the admiration of the collected scholars. This sort of experience lasted, with variations, for some eleven months of "seasoning," as the process is called. "No mother could nurse her child more tenderly than old Jeannette nursed me," says our missionary. "One instance of her care struck me more than all. I had only a few books, and she knew that I had read them over many times. So, without telling me, she went in her canoe ten miles to a settler's house to see if she could borrow a book to amuse me, and succeeded." This was in 1840 or '41, the book she secured being Mungo Park's recent account of his first expedition, and Mr. Brett recalls the story of the negro woman who befriended the great traveller, as illustrative of his own tender treatment during a time of trouble, by a negress from the same region!

Poor Jeannette's own sorrows soon came. She had, like all well-conducted slaves, saved a little money, and a worthless old negro, called "Uncle Body," a

contraction for nobody, cast sinister eyes on Jeannette's little savings, and made love to the good old soul, who was finally enticed into the noose of matrimony. Married life, even in the forests of Guiana, is not all that young poets deem it to be, and this sad truth good old Jeannette soon found. Little domestic unpleasantnesses sprung up, sounds of blows and feminine cries of help were sometimes heard, and one morning Jeannette was found to have been severely injured by her brutal husband, who had used a "squared stick" for the purpose. Mr. Brett visited her in her affliction. "She was quiet and resigned, making no complaint, but she had received severe bodily injury, and her heart was broken. She was evidently thinking of the mission, to which she had been, in her degree, a nursing mother, and where she might have lived yet many years as a sort of queen among the Indians, who loved her, and were grateful for her care of their children." She died shortly after this, deeply mourned by the young catechist whom she had nursed.

Mr. Brett's knowledge of the Indian tribes on the shores of British Guiana and the vicinity is both most extensive and accurate. His recently published "Mission Work among the Indian Tribes in the Forests of Guiana" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a most fascinating book, and contains the substance of earlier and more elaborate works from his pen, which are not accessible to every one. The Arawâks and Caribs had constant feuds long after Columbus visited them, and when the Caribs of St. Vincent's came to pay a hostile visit to the coast they used Tobago as a resting-place. "There is little doubt," says Mr. Brett, "that the cannibal scenes which Defoe, in his charming fiction, describes as enacted on 'Robinson Crusoe's Island,' really took place there."

A great conference was once arranged by the Governor, which led to some increased smoothness of working between the natives, and Mr. Brett mentions an incident which came to be for the Arawâks a connecting link to his mission in a striking manner. The chief speaker and representative of the Arawâks had with him a fair little boy, with unusually fine and wavy hair for an Indian, a fact which got him the native name of *Saci-barra*, or Good Hair. "That boy gazed with some degree of awe upon Mahanarva, a robust and stately personage, whom he heard the whites style the 'Carib King.' He observed all that passed at the meeting, and listened also with attention to the tales which his people at that time recited—traditions of the wars of ancient days, and incidents of individual prowess—treasuring them up in a retentive memory, of which I," says Mr. Brett, "had the benefit in after years." This man was the first convert, and was christened Cornelius.

Saci-barra had married and settled down by the Pomeroon river, and was about forty years of age, when he came to Mr. Brett, resolved to give up his sorceries and incantations, for he himself had practised the black art among the Indians. How he came to thirst for the Word was not exactly known. He knew little English, and Brett as yet knew little of Saci-barra's tongue, but the new inquirer was a determined man, and set about to learn what he could with great diligence

and perseverance. He left his little son and also his daughter, Ko-i-ahle—or the *red and blue macaw*—to be taught at school. Henceforth the name of Cornelius is very prominent in Mr. Brett's narrative. The first impression made by the heathen inquirer was not deceptive. "He seemed," says his instructor, "the most simple-minded and straightforward Indian I had yet seen, and the opinion then formed I never had occasion to change."

Poor Cornelius invested in a pair of store spectacles with only one glass, and

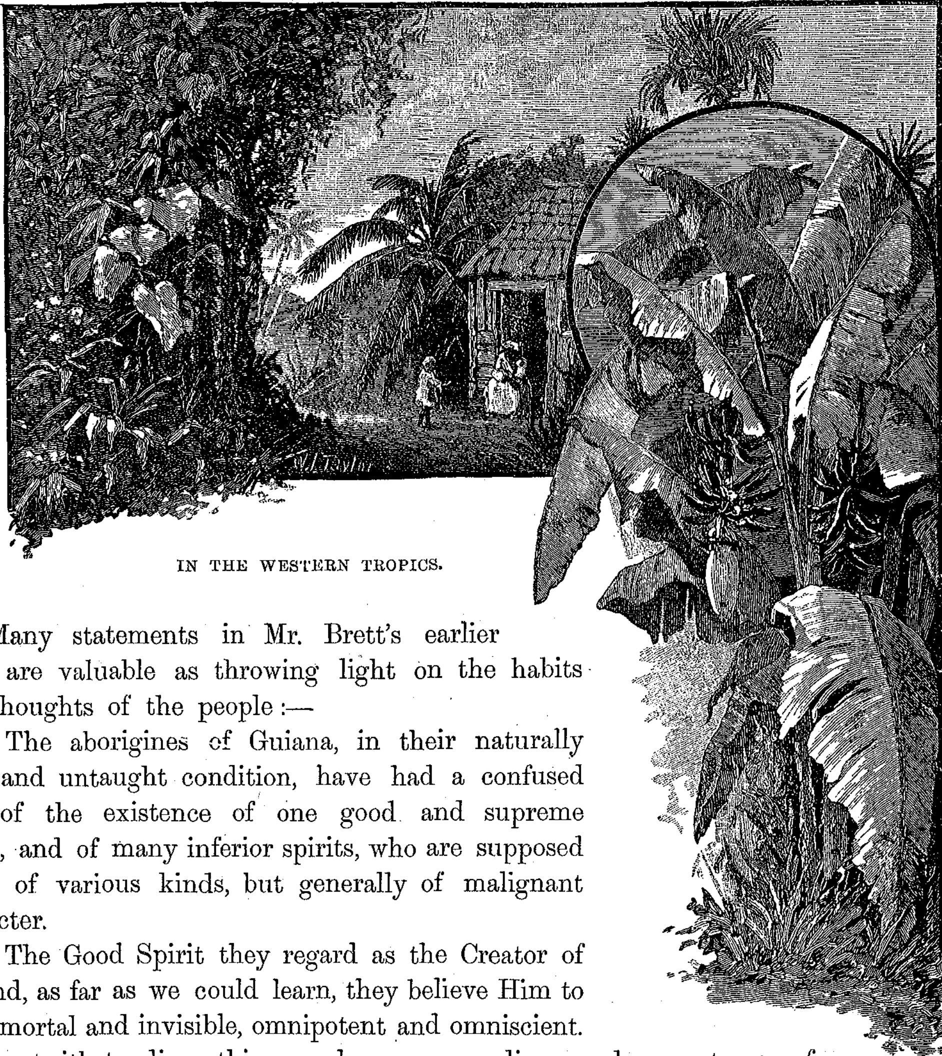
NEGRESSES IN GUIANA.

set himself to study the Ten Commandments, stumbling at the words "third and fourth generation."

This led to Mr. Brett's resolution, which he began forthwith to carry into effect, to have the Lord's Prayer, the creed, and other articles of the Christian faith translated into the Arawâk language. In a short time, natives thirty miles away were found who had learned to repeat them without direct missionary instruction.

Cornelius became captain, or head man of his tribe in that district, and also churchwarden. He was a great enthusiast in all matters pertaining to the Church and Mission, a man of simple but pure and noble mind, and loyal to the Christian faith

till his death. The church bell is always rung by one of his family, and it bears the inscription :—"In memory of Cornelius, the first Indian convert to Christ in the Pomeroon district. Died February, 1868."



IN THE WESTERN TROPICS.

Many statements in Mr. Brett's earlier work are valuable as throwing light on the habits and thoughts of the people :—

"The aborigines of Guiana, in their naturally wild and untaught condition, have had a confused idea of the existence of one good and supreme Being, and of many inferior spirits, who are supposed to be of various kinds, but generally of malignant character.

"The Good Spirit they regard as the Creator of all, and, as far as we could learn, they believe Him to be immortal and invisible, omnipotent and omniscient. But, notwithstanding this, we have never discovered any trace of religious worship or adoration paid to Him by any tribe while in its natural condition. They consider Him as a Being too high to notice them; and, not knowing Him as a God that heareth prayer, they concern themselves but little about Him.

"It is not, therefore, surprising that they should pass their lives in abject dread of evil spirits, and, not regarding God as their protector, seek blindly to propitiate devils. Their belief in the power of demons is craftily fostered by a class of men who are their sorcerers or priests, who pretend to hold intercourse with the evil spirits, and to cure diseases by their means." Those sorcerers offered fierce resistance to the

encroachments of the religion of Jesus, and they threatened to work fatal injury on any who listened to the poisonous words of the white man.

The Arawâks do not call themselves by that name, but *Loko,* or in plural form, *Lokono,* which means "the people," reminding one of the word used by Hindus in India, *lōg,* with the very same meaning. The tribe is divided into clans or families with distinctive names, and descent goes by the female line, as has been observed in many primitive races. "Thus," says Mr. Brett, "a woman of the *Siwidi* family bears the same name as her mother, but neither her father nor her husband can be of that family. Her children and the children of her daughters will also be called *Siwidi,* but both her sons and daughters are prohibited from an alliance with any individual bearing the same name; though they may marry into the family of their father, if they choose. These customs are strictly observed, and any breach of them would be considered as wicked."

Filial affection does not, in British Guiana, readily respond to the parental love shown, as a rule, by the Arawâks, but chastisement is not very often inflicted upon the erring child. The young grow up without much reverence or regard for their parents, till middle life is reached, when, as in China, great respect and filial regard are shown towards the old people. In a primitive state, as in advanced and Christian civilisation, experience is one of the best teachers; and paterfamilias, even in the forests of South America, begins to know what the tenderness of paternal love has been to him, when his own little brown bairnies begin to show symptoms of revolt. Mr. Brett tells us how the Indian mother may be seen calling after her little naked Arawâk, "who is, perhaps, pursuing some unfortunate lizard with his tiny arrow, but not the slightest notice will 'Satchi' take of her, until it suits his pleasure to do so."

Sometimes the women followed their husbands on the war-path. The great naturalist, Waterton, describes the conduct of one whose husband was slain in 1801:—"She was a fine young woman, who had her long black hair fancifully braided in a knot on the top of her head, and fastened with a silver ornament. She unloosed it, and falling on her husband's body, covered it with her hair, bewailing his untimely end with the most heartrending cries."

When any of "the people" get angry with each other—and even savages sometimes do—the parties to the quarrel do not speak to each other for some time. If an angry man ventures to tell another he is *bad,* that is looked upon as decidedly strong language, not at all parliamentary. Sometimes, however, in contact with the facts and needs of civilisation, a crisis occurs, when swearing is felt to be almost necessary for the prevention of serious internal complications. In such a case the copious vocabulary of Christian England has to be resorted to, for the poor heathen of the Guiana forests have no such resources in their own language.

A curious superstitious custom is mentioned by Mr. Brett, which has also been observed in the Pacific Islands and elsewhere, among primitive races. When a baby is born, the poor mother has to get about her domestic duties as quickly as possible, while the happy *father* is obliged to take at once to his hammock, and lies there

strictly confined for a long time, being carefully dieted and nursed by the sympathising female relatives!

Mr. Brett describes the manner in which a Carib family travels through the woods. The woman carries the loads and leads or drags the children. Describing one group he says:—"If any one had compelled that man to carry his wife's load, she would herself have objected to it as a degradation to his manhood. Independently of which, in a country infested with wild beasts and dangerous reptiles, it is necessary for the man, who goes armed in front, to have little to impede the use of his weapons. On his courage and activity the safety of all frequently depends."

It is impossible here to give even such an outline of this missionary's labours as would do anything like justice to his remarkable career, and we may now glance but at a few illustrative incidents. A considerable group of the Acawoios lived above the Falls on the Demerara river, and thither Mr. Brett went in 1867 to seek them out, and begin their instruction. On his return he left the infant mission under the fostering care of a pious Englishman settled near the spot, who was interested in the welfare of the people. When the bishop came next year to visit this new station, in the depths of the primeval forest, he found that the Indians had formed a big encampment and, with their canoes drawn together at the foot of the cataract, were respectfully awaiting his arrival. After an examination extending over some days, 241 dusky Indians with their children, numbering 145, were added to the church by baptism. The chief himself built a school-chapel, and ten months afterwards seventy-nine Acawoios were added to the number of converts.

In an interesting little work (published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) containing papers on Modern Missionary Work, by the Rev. H. W. Tucker, Secretary of the Society, an account is contained of the Guiana mission, from which we take the following passage:—"Mr. Brett's labours have been so abundant, that there is now no Indian people within the limits of Guiana who cannot learn the rudiments of the faith in their own tongue from the translations which Mr. Brett has made, and which the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has printed. . . . The thirty years of work performed by Mr. Brett represent more of 'peril, toil, and pain,' than are to be found in many of the semi-mythical labours which have conferred on the doers of them the honours of canonisation."

Before returning to spend the evening of his toil-worn life in England, Mr. Brett took a parting glimpse of the scenes where his struggles had taken place. Standing on the site of a village of cannibals, where a Christian mission now has its centre, he looked around him, and thus describes his feelings:—"It was a lovely and peaceful Sunday evening. The Moruca before us was shining in the rays of the setting sun and gliding calmly through a wide extent of forest, in which two lines of taller trees marked the course of tributary streams. My first visits to those rivers had taken place nearly forty years before. Each had its peculiar association. At Washiba Hill, near the head of one, the Caribs had, soon after that visit, made their first attempt at 'church'-building; on the other I had met with a most

unfriendly reception from the uncouth Waraus; and there also their first favourable movement towards the Gospel had afterwards begun. A great change had taken place since those days. The people of those races, and of two others, had joined our congregation on that hill, no longer hostile to us, or to each other, but all worshipping together in peace. . . . They were just then departing after evensong, and their clean white garments formed an agreeable spectacle as they streamed across the plain, or entered the paths which led to their forest homes. . . . The time had come. Increasing bodily infirmities had warned me that my forest journeys were all ended, and that I must now, with deep thankfulness to Him whose undeserved mercy had protected me so long, leave canoe and wood-skin voyages to younger and stronger men."

QUADROON.

We cannot leave the West Indies without a peep at the present condition of the population there, in so far as it relates to the mission field.

The Rev. Henry Philpot, who left this country for the West Indies in 1867, thus describes the state of things amongst the negroes in the island of Grand Bahama, in the diocese of Nassau:—"The island of Grand Bahama has a savage, rock-bound coast, excessively dangerous of approach; indeed, when southerly winds prevail, it is impossible to land on the south side of the island, the angry roar of the waves, as they dash upon the rocks, being quite deafening. The island is large, but only very partially cultivated; a low bush covers the face of the country, diversified with pine forests, palmetto, and bog-rush, with an undergrowth of wild creeping plants.

MULATTO.

"The natives being entirely black or coloured, are poor, ignorant, and superstitious to a degree almost incredible. The African Obeah is freely practised, and witch-doctors abound. Any one in pain or sickness is pronounced by the blacks to be 'put so,' *i.e.*, some one has *obeahed* him, and an Obeah-man must be sent for, who for a consideration, either in money or kind, will take the spell off him. These Obeah-men are great rascals, and by sleight-of-hand appear to extract centipedes, scorpions, worms, and other noxious insects from the patient. All the time they have, of course, these insects concealed in their sleeves, or sometimes even in their mouths; and when the

incantations are over, they triumphantly produce these reptiles, pretending that they were the actual cause of the malady. I have often seen an old bottle, filled with insects or trash of some kind, hung up in a field, or suspended to the branches of a fruit-tree, to scare away thieves; and the device is not without its effect, so great is the superstition of these wretched Africans." The testimony of the missionaries is quite strong and uniform as to the existence among the African population of those superstitions, which Charles Kingsley was derided by old West Indians for assuming as still in existence. We have only to glance at the people of Hayti, to understand how persistent are such national or race prepossessions and prejudices, for the independent negroes of that island republic are found even to revert to cannibalism, if official testimony is to be relied on.

CREOLE.

The conditions of the mission-field in any region must vary with the industrial conditions of its population. What are these, speaking generally, in the West Indies? Eastern labour has been imported largely, and now considerable "floating" colonies of Hindus and Chinamen exist, which are based on the temporary contract system. Workmen from England cannot endure the conditions of life in the tropics for any length of time, and the free negro, with his light heart and head, has been somewhat disappointing to many of his best friends as a worker. His heritage as a labourer is the cane-field, the plantation, and the pasture-land, for which there may be a future. The creole, mixed, and "coloured" population, would seem to be that section of the community on which hope must be placed. The creole has a neat hand as a worker. With better technical training than he has hitherto enjoyed, he will make an excellent smith or painter, carpenter or engineer; and many there are of this once despised race who now fill those spheres, with great credit to themselves and comfort to their employers. To them do we now look with growing expectation, and probably Nature is busily engaged in fitting them, by development and adaptation, to people and master a region on which our own stock seems to be in every way unsuited to settle permanently. Already great numbers of them attend religious services, and it is to be hoped that greater success will follow efforts now made on their behalf by the various Christian organisations in the West Indies.

The Rev. Dr. James Brown, of Paisley, as one of a deputation to the missions of the United Presbyterian Church, wrote a series of most instructive and attractive papers describing his impressions, which appeared in the *Missionary Record* of that body during the year 1883. On one occasion the doctor visited the estate of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, where capital and enterprise were reaping their reward even in Jamaica. "We found ourselves," says the writer, "driving between well built

fences, which enclose rich pastures, and the approach to the house was along a trim avenue and through park-like fields studded with comfortable looking oxen. . . . We were interested in obtaining some insight into the industry of cattle-rearing, which has taken the place of sugar-growing in so many districts of the island, and which, through the opening up of a trade with such islands as Barbadoes, where the old industry still maintains an exclusive place, promises to become a source of wealth. Young Mr. Edwards (the manager) gave us amusing accounts of his efforts to introduce home methods of working. Believing the wheel-barrow to be an important civiliser, he procured one, but it was long before he could get his labourers to understand its use. They filled it carefully, but when it was full they persisted in lifting it on to the head of a man or a woman, who contentedly walked away with the load."

Dr. Brown mentions Mr. John E. Kerr, son of an Episcopalian missionary, as doing a great service for Jamaica, by shipping fruit for the small growers to America. "The people are thus able to dispose of their oranges and bananas, which before often went to waste, or had to be carried to distant villages and sold for a trifle. The prosperity of this firm is one of the evidences that Jamaica has a future, and that the late governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, was right when he tried to convince the people that that future is not bound up exclusively with the growth of sugar."

An excellent quality of paper—a commodity for which the demand is yearly increasing—can now be made from the "trash," or cane refuse, of the sugar-crushing industry. To utilise this valuable discovery the planters would require to introduce appropriate machinery; but it does not seem improbable that those in the West Indies who are now almost giving way to despair may yet retrieve their fortunes and restore some measure of prosperity to those islands, upon which Nature has lavished her productions without stint. A great, but not growing, population of loyal subjects of all shades of colour, black, brown, red, yellow, and white, is still there, and it is to be hoped that, while these races are being built up into steady church-going communities, they may find enough of this world's comforts to make life endurable, where the necessaries of life are so accessible, and easily secured.

The lesson of the West Indies may be well summed up in a passage from the Report of Special Commissioners in 1850, who, in urging immigration from India and education of the Creoles, say:—"It is obvious that with the advancement of moral and religious instruction among the labouring classes, the better citizens will they become, and the more useful and industrious members of society."

XXX.—JAPAN.

CHAPTER LVI.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

Opening the Treaty Ports to Foreigners—Earliest Protestant Missionaries—Their Difficulties—Dr. Hepburn Prepares a Dictionary—Mission Schools—Uphill Work—A Ten Years' Record—In Search of God—Rev. G. Ensor—The Story of Futugawa—The Two Brothers—1872—Woman's Work in Japan—Increase of Labourers —Removal of Edicts against Christians—Progress—Effects of the Jesus-doctrine—The "Communion"— Attack on Christianity Defeated—An Anti-Christian Society—Influence of the Press—Dr. Griffis.

WHEN in July, 1859, certain ports were thrown open to foreigners, with liberty of residence within certain limits, two missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States were already on the soil. The honour of being the first Protestant missionary to Japan belongs to the Rev. John Liggins. Forced to escape from the rigours of the climate of China, he was in Nagasaki in search of health when the door for mission work in Japan was thrown open. The Rev. C. M. (afterwards Bishop) Williams, followed by a medical agent named Schmid, was sent to join Mr. Liggins in the pioneer enterprise. In October of the same year Dr. Hepburn, who had done yeoman service for over twenty years at Amoy, and, driven home by ill health, had spent thirteen years in medical practice in America, landed at the port for Yedo. A month later two ordained and one medical missionary arrived as agents of the Dutch Reformed Church in America. Four months from the opening of the treaty ports to foreigners had not passed, when seven missionaries, acting for three Societies, were on the field preparing for service.

These pioneers found themselves surrounded by restrictions, suspicions, and discouragements. The Shogûn, under the proud and fraudulent title of Tycoon, had made terms with the foreigners; but the Mikado and the people were bent on expelling them. The situation had many disadvantages. The story of the Jesuit Mission of Xavier had been told in whispers to each new generation, and the name *Kiristan* (Christian) had become the traditional symbol of treachery, intrigue, crime, and torture. The dread of being suspected of Christian leanings made the people shrink from intercourse with the missionaries. "Whenever the subject was mentioned to a Japanese," says that valuable authority, Mr. Warren, "he would involuntarily put his hand to his throat as a token of the danger to which the introduction of such a subject exposed him. Some young men, who in these early days came to a missionary to learn a little English, purchased copies of a book called 'The Christian Reader,' and at once erased the word *Christian* from the title page and cover for fear it should be noticed by others and bring them into trouble." A native now tells how, when passing along the street where Dr. Hepburn lived, he took to his heels, looking anywhere but at the *Kiristan's* house, and did not halt till he was safely past the evil magic of the foreigner.

Tablets hung on the *Nihon Bashi*, the "London Bridge" of Japan, from which all distances are measured, inscribed with the following ominous enactment:—"The evil sect, called Christian, is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported

to the proper officers, and rewards will be given. Human beings must carefully practise the principles of the five social relations. Charity must be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless, and sick. There must be no such crimes as murder, arson, or robbery."

Many of those who visited the missionaries as inquirers proved to be Government spies, who had been sent to discover their objects and to watch their movements. Informers reported their daily acts and conversation. Anyone addressed by a foreigner on religious topics was bound to report the conversation. One who is now a physician at Kioto, became a servant in the house of Dr. Hepburn for the express purpose of assassinating him, but, overcome by the doctor's kindness, he abandoned his plot.

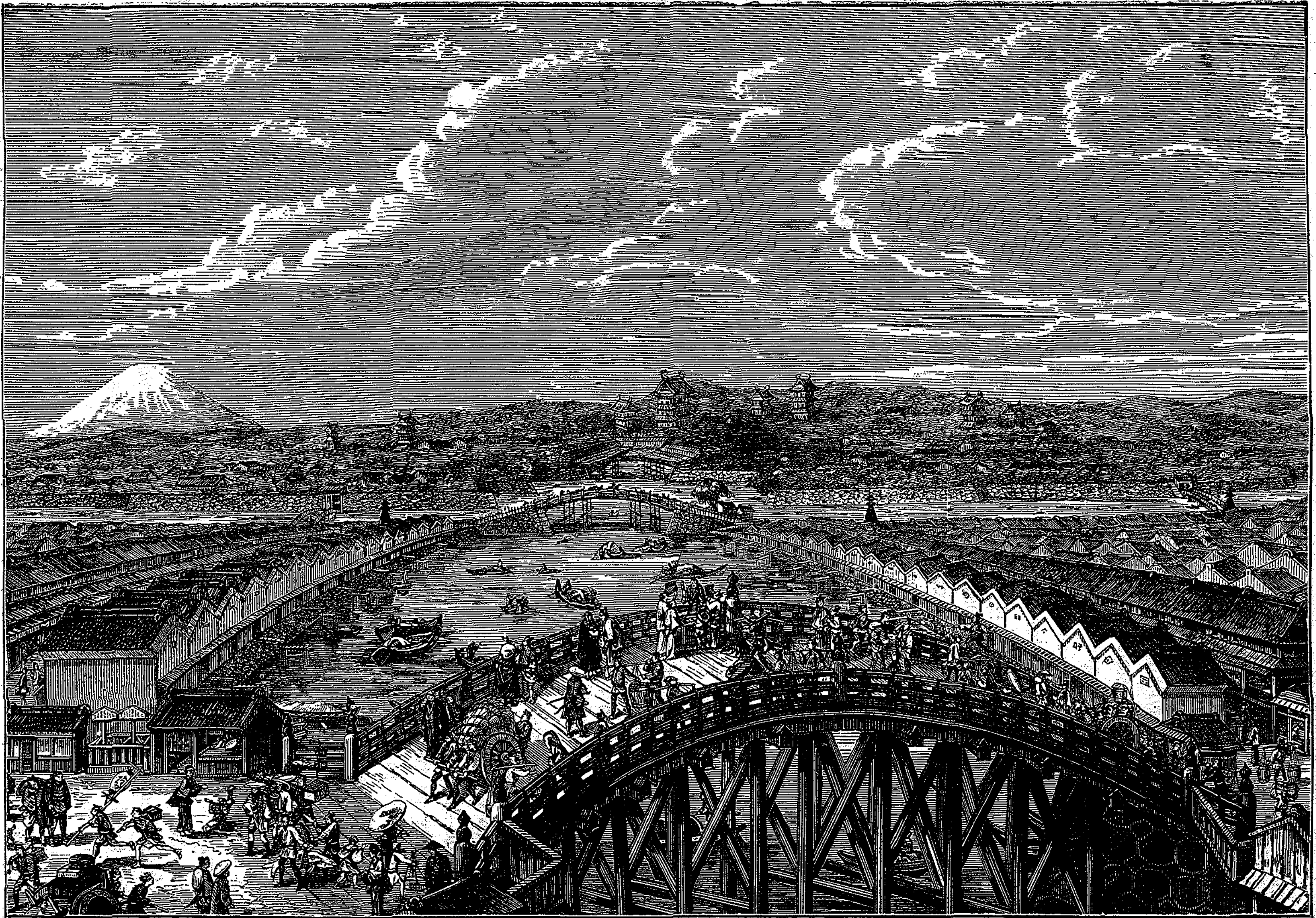
It was possible to do little more, during the decade from their first arrival till the completion of the revolution, than to live within sight of the people, exert a personal influence over them, and acquire their language.

It was no easy task to learn a language second only to Chinese in complexity, especially when there was neither grammar nor dictionary to assist. To compose the latter was the next duty—one congenial to Dr. Hepburn, who had, when in Amoy, produced the standard dictionary of Chinese. Dr. Hepburn's Dictionary of Japanese, finally perfected after twenty-seven years' labour, is now a monument of scholarship and patience. Portions of Scripture were being translated, but meanwhile Chinese versions, to Japanese what Latin is to Englishmen, were circulated among the educated. True, the sale of books was protected by a clause in the treaty to the effect that: "The Japanese shall be permitted to buy whatever the Americans have to sell." Apparently this sanctioned the sale of Bibles. But another clause ran: "Americans shall not do anything to excite religious animosity;" and under shelter of this latter clause the officials strove to hamper the distribution of the Scriptures.

Missionaries, however, first reached the people by means of education. They opened schools in their own houses, and won their way to the people's confidence. They gave instruction in English to the more ambitious and progressive Japanese who came to them. Their religion was considered pestilential, but their language was the key to knowledge; and education became in Japan, what medical science has been in Africa and India—the best instrument of the missionary. By means of it homes and hearts were opened, and a safe standing ground obtained.

Gradually the animosity relaxed, the suspicion was allayed. It was found that not all Christians were Jesuits; that Protestants as little as the Japanese themselves approved of the methods of Xavier's disciples. A slowly growing confidence in Protestantism was perceptible. Schools for teaching English were started in Yokohama and Nagasaki, and were manned with missionaries as instructors. The story of Nicodemus had now more frequently its Japanese parallel. From curiosity or from a sincere longing for light, groups of young men visited the missionaries, under cover of learning English, and read the Bible with them.

The first ten years of mission work was a period of preparation, and, indeed, up till 1872, there were not ten converts to Christianity in all Japan. The time was unfavourable; the revolution was in active progress during that same decade, and the



THE NIHON BASHI THE "LONDON BRIDGE" OF TOKIO.

fortunes of Mikado on one side, and Shogûn on the other, absorbed and excited the people, to the exclusion of religious interests. Social unrest and political change distracted the public mind. When the revolution, with the first decade of missions, closed, the work achieved was easily summed up; the language was learnt, grammars were constructed, Hepburn's noble dictionary was prepared, portions of the Bible had been translated, the instruction of a few schools was in the hands of missionaries, private pupils had been influenced, the system of espionage had been relaxed, the difference between Protestant and Jesuit had been discovered. But the revolution did not at once alter the criminal character of Christianity. Indeed, no sooner had the new Imperial Government seized the reins than they re-enacted the anti-Christian edicts, posting them afresh on the notice boards. Not only at the central Nihon Bridge, but in every town and hamlet the people read the warning:—

"With respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strictly observed. Evil sects are strictly forbidden."

For four years, from 1860 to 1864, the work had been heavily handicapped by the American Civil War. So serious was the strain upon the finances of missionary societies, that several of the Episcopal missionaries were forced to return to the United States for a time. At the close of the Civil War, however, great enthusiasm was kindled, and the missionary imagination of Christian society in America was fired by the story of a young Japanese. The Rev. J. H. Ballagh, one of the most vigorous workers in Japan, tells how this youth of good family had been reading a book on geography written by a missionary in Chinese, and was startled by one sentence: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." God! Who was that God? Where was he to be found? Certainly not in Japan; perhaps in America, the home of the writer of the book. He would go and see. To find this God he secretly escaped from the country at the peril of his life (for the law still existed that forbade a native to leave Japan), made the voyage to China in a trading vessel, and there embarked for Boston. But on arrival he found himself in still greater perplexity: "I came all the way to Boston," he said in dismay to the captain of his steamer, "to find God, and there is no one to tell me." The captain took him to the owner of the steamer, Mr. A. Hardy, a gentleman bearing a Christian reputation, who took him to his residence, installed him in his home as a son, and sent him to college. He soon knew and learnt to love the God in search of whom he had crossed the ocean, and became a devout disciple of Christ. In 1875 he returned to Japan as a missionary, to tell his countrymen of the true God. He went out in connection with the American Board of Commissioners (Congregationalist), but at the sole charge of the ship-owner who had received him. What work he accomplished, and is still conducting; how he founded a noble Christian college, where he presides over hundreds of students; how he is leading many to the God he sought and found, must be told later.

This incident woke the American churches to a new spirit of missionary enterprise, and had large results in a few years, while another event occurred which brought help from England. In 1866 a band of Christian people belonging to various nationalities at Yokohama, on the occasion of the world-wide Week of Prayer, had drawn up and

published an address to Christian churches throughout the world, describing the growing tolerance, the open schools, the widening doorways of Japan, and calling upon Christians to pray and make ready for the occupation of the country. This appeal, through the columns of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, reached and touched the heart of one generous English Churchman, who sent an anonymous donation of £4,000 for a mission to Japan. The Americans had thus far been alone in the field, but now British churches were to join in the Christian campaign.

The Rev. G. Ensor has the honour of being the first English missionary to Japan. He landed at Nagasaki immediately after the restoration of the Mikado, the removal of the Government to Tokio, and the first State reception of foreign representatives. He soon saw the situation when he was confronted with the Government notice confirming the historic prohibition of the "evil sect." "I read those words," he says, "in Japanese, and I realised at once that the missionary work in Japan was thenceforward to be one of excessive difficulty. What were we to do? I couldn't gather the little ones into the Sunday-school, or stand and preach in the streets. The only opportunity I had was simply to receive the visits of any inquirers who chose to come to me to my own house; and would a Japanese venture thus? They did venture.

"Ere a month had passed, day by day, hour after hour, my house would be thronged with Japanese visitors, all curious to know something about England and her science and art and progress, but, most of all, about her religion. They knew that she was a power among the nations, and believed that religion and power in a State are inseparable. More serious inquirers would wait till the darkness of night, and then steal into my house; and we used to have the doors closed and the windows barred; and as I bade them farewell when they left I scarce ever expected to see them again—for I was informed that an officer had been specially appointed to keep watch at my gate."

It seemed as if the Rock of Martyrs, which they had passed on entering the Bay of Nagasaki, might still be used for its former purpose, when he saw hundreds of Romanist Christians march past his house on their way to banishment. They belonged to the remnant, three thousand strong in number, of the Jesuit Mission of two and a half centuries ago, who had inherited the Romanist faith. One town near Naga was almost emptied. Reports ran through the country of terrible cruelties which were perpetrated on the exiles. Sir Harry Parkes interposed on their behalf, but was assured by the Government that the reported cruelties were fabulous, and that their banishment was the consequence of their disloyalty. How far this charge was justified we cannot now discover, but probably these poor peasants, ignorant and "mixed in their faith," were the victims of the traditional animosity of the Japanese to Jesuit Christianity. In 1873 they were brought back from their exile.

A man of the worst character, who had committed murder and had been outlawed from his home and district as irretrievably degraded, paid a visit to Mr. Ensor with sinister designs. They were alone together. The missionary aroused the curiosity and arrested the interest of the criminal by telling him the story of the Cross. Gradually the fierce heart was captivated, and ere long the man who had come to entrap the Christian became the devotee of Christ. Futugawa, the quondam murderer, devoted

himself to the assistance of Mr. Ensor with his printing-press. But that was not the end of his notable history. One evening he was missing, and after three days' search it was found that he had been put into prison, nominally for some small breach of the law, but really because he had turned Christian. His friends strove to get his release. But Mr. Ensor had to return to England invalided, and he never saw Futugawa again.

Three years after, however, a Japanese letter reached Mr. Ensor. "I knew the writing: it came from the Christian." It brought the news that he had been set at liberty; and along with the letter came the journal which he had kept while in prison, telling how he had been seized and thrust into a filthy den, with the roof studded with iron spikes, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright. Here he remained for some months, almost starved—for the little food which was given him was hardly fit to eat. Sometimes he was led out from his own cell, with heavy chains upon his hands and feet, to be examined by the magistrates, and sometimes he was put for a while into the common prison with all the worst criminals, who mocked and sneered at him.

"His friends could not get at him to help him, for he was twice removed from prison to prison; but he might, if he had chosen, have helped himself, for he was offered his liberty and all that he wanted if only he would give up his religion; yet he would not. At last a change came. Like Joseph, he found favour in the sight of the keeper of the gaol, and by-and-by, though still a prisoner himself, he was set over the other prisoners, and made the keeper of the dungeon. He began to speak to those around him of the Saviour for whose sake he was bound and incarcerated. The magistrates as well as the prisoners listened to him, and treated him with great kindness; so, like St. Paul at Rome, he preached Christ from his prison, and Mr. Ensor tells us that, during the three years of his imprisonment, 'there were between seven and eight hundred men who heard from him the Gospel, and out of these not fewer than seventy or eighty began themselves to study the Word of God.'

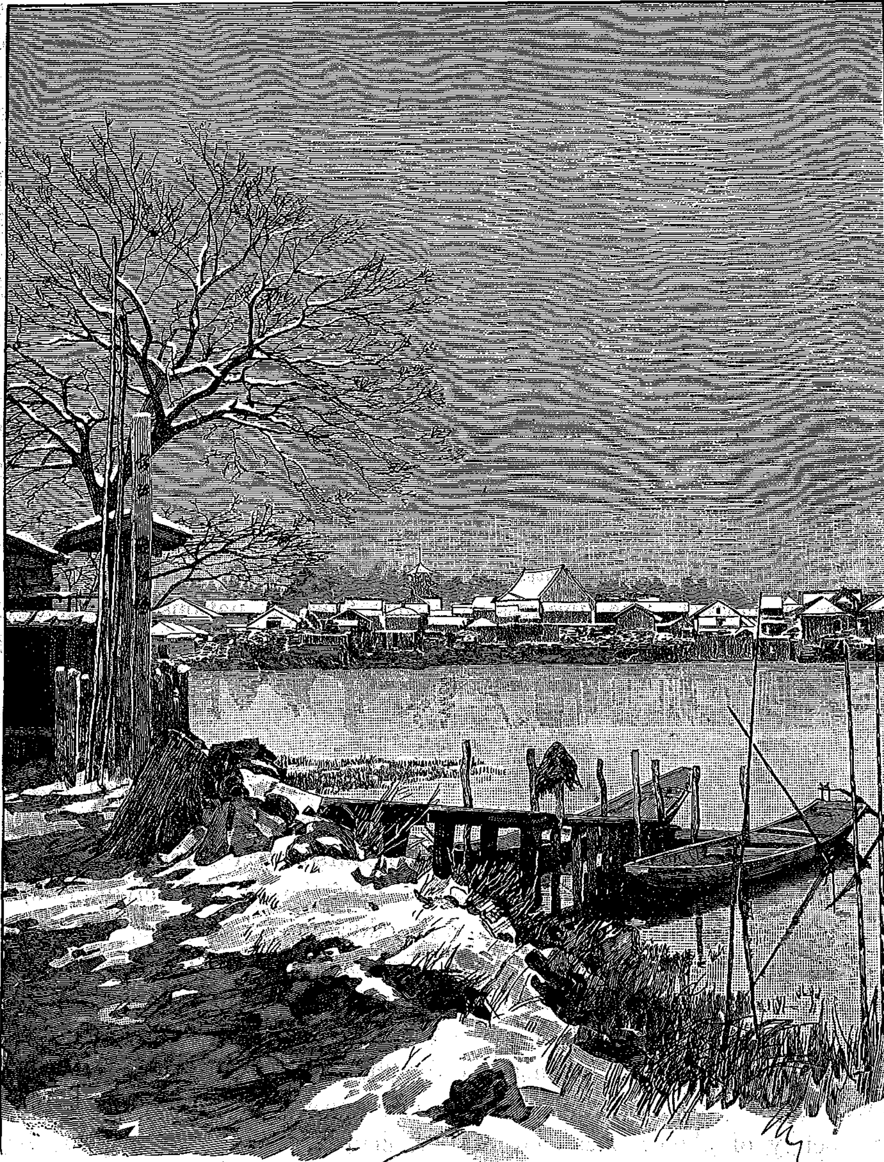
"At last he was set free. He went back first of all to Nagasaki, and has now gone to live at Tokio, the capital. There he may often be seen, preaching openly in the streets of the city, as before he used to preach in the prison: no less earnest a worker for Christ now, in the days of his freedom, than when he was 'an ambassador in bonds' for the sake of the Gospel."*

The perils of inquirers as well as the perils of the missionary are reflected in another story of Mr. Ensor's pioneer work—

"I was sitting by myself in my study, and heard in the darkness a knock at the door. I went myself to answer it, and, standing between the palm-trees of my gate, I saw the dark figure of an armed Japanese. He paused a moment, and I beckoned to him to enter; he came in and sat down, and I asked him what his business was. He replied, 'A few days ago I had a copy of the Bible in my hands, and I wish to be a Christian.' I said, 'Are you a stranger in these parts? Don't you know that thousands of your people are being detained as prisoners for this?' 'Yes,' he said, 'I

* "Heralds of the Cross."

know. Last night I came to your gate, and as I stood there, thinking of the terrible step I was about to take, fear overpowered me, and I returned. But there stood by me



TOKIO IN WINTER.

in the night one who came to me in my dreams, and said I was to go to the house of the missionary and nothing would happen to me, and I have come.' And, drawing his long sword, he held it up to me in a form signifying the Japanese oath, and promised that he would ever keep true to me, and I received him."

The first Protestant Christian convert was Yano Riu, who had been engaged as

teacher to one of the missionaries. The next were two brothers, officials under a Japanese Prince. The story of their conversion is worth recording. It tells how "an English pocket Testament which had been dropped overboard from one of the ships of the English fleet which visited Japan in 1854, came into the hands of the elder brother, Wakasa by name, and on learning that there was a Chinese translation of it, he procured a copy and began to study it." The younger brother and three friends read it and became interested, and sought instruction from Dr. Verbeck. Their official duties prevented them from personally visiting the missionary, but books were supplied, and "two messengers were employed in going regularly to and fro between teacher and pupils—a two days' journey each way," with questions from the brothers and explanations from the missionary. In May, 1866, they were baptised.

A generous action on the part of American Christians created a favourable impression in Japan. During the revolution, Japanese students in America were unable to get remittances from home, and a few kindly Christians belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church generously supplied them with funds. This conduct was highly appreciated by the Japanese authorities. On returning home in 1872, Iwakura and Okubo, members of the first great embassy, wrote a letter to Dr. Ferris, containing the following passage:—

"The generous conduct exhibited by yourself and other gentlemen in this instance, as well as in all matters of educational interest pertaining to the Japanese youth, will do more to correct this impression (that 'foreign nations did not entertain kindly feelings toward our people'), and will do more to cement the friendly relations of the two countries, than all other influences combined."

The year 1872, the date of the abolition of feudalism, marks the opening of a new epoch in the career of Japan. The nation woke up from a trance, and began to welcome with avidity all the products of Western civilisation. Thirteen years' contact with missionaries, diplomatists, and merchants, had broken down many a wall of prejudice, had taught them the advantage of intercourse with foreign nations, had demonstrated the intimate connection between Christianity and civilisation, between Christian missions and the enlightenment and education of the people.

Large reinforcements were made to the missionary staff. The first representative of the American Board, a society whose agents were yet to take a large and honourable share in evangelising Japan, had arrived in 1869. He and Mr. Ensor were the only additions which had been made since the first band of workers had entered ten years before. Two years later, three ladies connected with the Women's Union Missionary Society of America landed at Yokohama, and, within a year, had established the "Mission Home," which was destined to do much for the cause of female education and the elevation of woman. In 1873, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel sent out the Rev. W. B. Wright and the Rev. A. C. Shaw. The American Methodist Episcopal, and the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and a year later the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, entered the field. The Church Missionary Society strengthened its mission by sending the Rev. C. F. Warren to Osaka, the Rev. J. Piper to Tokio, the Rev. W. Dening to Hakodate, Rev. H.

Evington and Rev. H. (now Archdeacon) Maundrell to Nagasaki. It was not till 1883 that an English Bishop (Bishop Poole) was appointed; meanwhile Bishop Burdon of China and Bishop Williams supervised the Episcopal missions. Within four years of this new awakening of 1872, there were fourteen missionary societies represented by about one hundred missionaries in the field. Of these the largest number were American. Japan had been opened by the United States' ironclads, and the place of honour and prominence in missionary work has been held from the beginning by American Societies.

The first Christian (Protestant) congregation was gathered under Mr. Ballagh in Yokohama in March, 1872, the membership consisting of ten people, eight of them young men recently baptised. It took the name "The Church of Christ in Japan," adopted a simple evangelical creed, and organised a system of government by pastor and elders, representing and chosen by the people. From this small beginning grew one of the strongest Christian communities in the country, the "Union Church of Christ in Japan."

Ere long a church was erected on the little historic islet, Deshima, Nagasaki, on which, two centuries before, those accused of being Christians had been compelled to trample on the Cross, and where also the few privileged Hollanders lived their hermit life.

A significant step was taken in 1873 by the Government. The edicts against Christianity were removed from the notice boards. The prohibition of the "evil sect" was not repealed, any more than the laws against murder, arson, or robbery, which also were taken down, were withdrawn. Officers were appointed to warn the people against supposing that the law was changed because the notices were no longer exhibited as formerly. "But in spite of these explanations, the people soon began to regard what had been done as equivalent to a repeal of the obnoxious edicts; and the Government, who were undoubtedly anxious to avoid offending the Christian sentiment of Western nations, were not averse to such a construction being put upon their action, and were better able to ignore breaches of the law when its existence was less conspicuous."

Preaching was now openly conducted in and around the Treaty ports. Churches were built at first only within the foreign concessions, but ere long in the main streets also, although in the latter case the building was required by Japanese law to be held in the name of a Japanese subject. Only those foreigners who held Government appointments could live outside the concession, and this restriction prevented the missionaries from living among the people and getting into close contact with them, although some overcame this difficulty by teaching in public or private schools under Government sanction, and thus gained the rights of residence which were enjoyed by Government employés. Others took engagements under commercial companies: their extra-mural time they devoted to direct missionary work, and in many cases their best converts came from these schools.

Each year as it came, between 1872 and 1877, witnessed more and still more intense missionary activity. The Christians' opportunity had come, and they used it. The general ability to read and write—over 70 per cent. of the population had received

an elementary education—gave the missionary to Japan a great advantage over those in many other fields. Evangelistic work was extensively carried on. Under the protection of a passport for travel, tours were made into the interior, groups of casual listeners were addressed at the tea-houses by the way, and little congregations were collected in the inns at night; stations were formed in the neighbourhood of the Treaty ports; the "Jesus-doctrine" was carried by the converts to their own villages and homes, and the rising Christian churches became Andrew-and-Philip Societies—each brought brother or friend to hear the story of the Crucified.

It would form a romantic and heroic history could we construct the "book of golden deeds" in the spread of the glad tidings. One devoted Christian, a widow of Osaka, became a shampooer, not in order to earn a living for herself and her daughters so much as to get large opportunities of telling the story of divine love. In the inns and homes where she found employment, she stirred up an interest in the Christian's Gospel, and at least one instance of her success became public when a young medical man and his wife were led to become first inquirers, and soon communicants, through her work as a missionary shampooer.

Nakamura, the first of Archdeacon Maundrell's converts at Nagasaki, brought from Kumamoto three of his Samurai friends, who entered the Nagasaki police for the sole purpose of learning the Christian faith, and within a year all sought and received baptism.

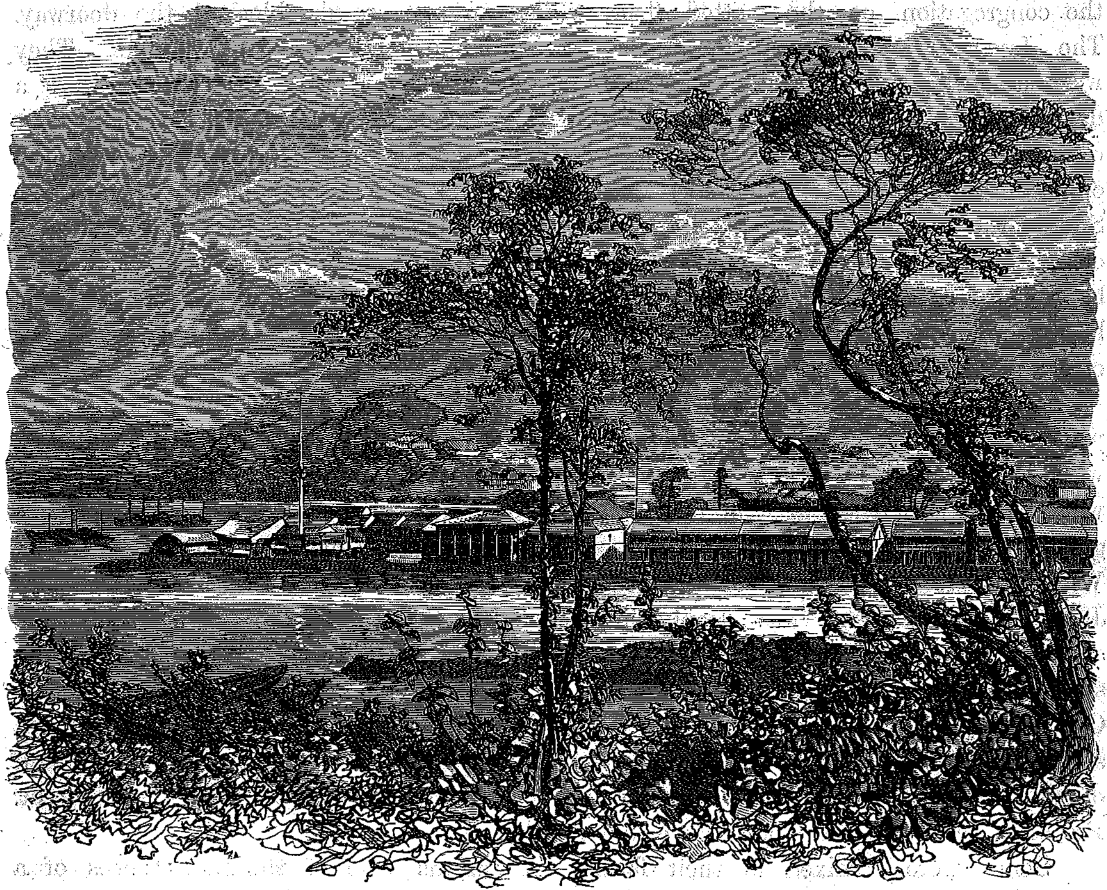
The Careys, American missionaries at Okayama, tell of a father who, in his determination that his son should not carry out his intention of becoming a *Kiristan*, had compelled him to become a monk. But a Christian colporteur met him in the course of his tour, and learnt from this young monk's lips that he was not so unfortunate after all, as in the monastery there was a well-filled library, which contained a Bible and other Christian books such as his father had put out of his way.

It is told that the governor of a certain prison had a portion of a New Testament given to him, but not caring to examine its contents, he passed it on to one of the prisoners. Some time afterwards a fire broke out in the cells. But none of the hundred prisoners took the opportunity to escape from custody, and, instead, rendered what help they could in putting out the fire. Their conduct puzzled the governor. He made inquiries, and found that the man to whom he had handed the Scripture had become an earnest Christian. What he had found for himself he strove to share with his fellow prisoners. Such was the effect of his story that, following the example of Paul and Silas in their dungeon at Philippi, they did not take their liberty. Thus Scripture is fulfilling itself in every generation and in every land. Paul in his shipwreck at Malta has his Japanese parallel.

Christians began to draw together into social circles. Domestic life became sweeter and purer; many a wife was won to belief, through the change which the "Jesus-doctrine" had wrought in her husband's treatment of her. The hearts of men were turned to each other with new feelings. The Peacemaker stilled revenge, and taught men how to forgive.

About twenty-five years ago, according to a recent issue of an American *Missionary*

Review, a native of Japan, not known by name to modern history, conceived the idea that for his country to open her gates to Occidental civilisation would be a benefit and blessing, and, with the prophetic foresight of a practical patriot and statesman, he dared publicly to advocate the abandonment of the exclusive policy hitherto pursued by his nation. For such advocacy he became so obnoxious to his



DESHIMA.

countrymen that it was resolved to put an end to his influence by putting an end to his life. On a great festival day, when Japanese came from all quarters to do honour to the gods of the kingdom, three bands prepared to waylay him: he escaped the first, but fell into the hands of the second and perished. Very recently, a native pastor was celebrating the Lord's Supper in one of the Christian churches of the island empire. He was a relative of that murdered man, who was the first modern martyr to his country's advancement. In the congregation an old man arose and begged to be heard. He said, "I am one of those who murdered that man, twenty-five years ago, and I want to confess my part in that crime." The young pastor said, "By all the ancient customs of Japan, I am

bound to avenge that blood-feud by plunging my dagger into the throat of the man who was the murderer of my relative. But Christ's blood reconciles all blood-feuds, and in Christ's name I wish to extend to this brother the right hand of fellowship." What a scene was that to betoken the change which twenty-five years had brought!

At intervals in the streets, lamps hung above little Christian churches bearing on opposite sides the invitation to enter and hear the *Yesu-no-michi*. Within squatted the congregation on the matted floor, while curious crowds blocked the doorway. The Japanese are, to use Dr. Maclay's crisp language, "champion listeners. They wear an ordinary man out. They are insatiate. They come three or four times a day, urging a continuance of the speech. I knew one missionary who began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and when he was exhausted his native helpers carried on the exhortation until nine o'clock at night. Of course sermonising is not resorted to. Simply the barest recital of the life, the work, the agony of our Redeemer seems to chain their attention. The people then disperse. Very few of them, perhaps, will be baptised. But curiosity has been awakened to know about this extraordinary religion; books are bought; and when the missionary makes his next visit he will find a number of earnest inquirers after the truth."

Liberal Buddhists were on rare occasions found, who permitted the missionary to preach in their temples, where the new sensation drew large audiences, among whom were leading native officials. Students wrote home from Europe or America reporting what they saw of the Christian religion in its own home. One wrote from the States giving it as his impression that sooner or later it must become the religion of Japan. What was the later history of this student is not recorded, but his correspondent in Japan, Mr. Nakanishi, was deeply impressed by the contents of the letter, and, although a Buddhist of the straitest sect, ere long saw one duty clear, that he should rid his house of idols. He did so, leaving only the ancestral tablets. A Christian print came into his hands which helped him to determine that he would seek out the missionary, who found that not only had he renounced the worst half of his Buddhism, but was already worshipping the true God according to his light. His soon became a Christian home and family.

Some were "mixed in their faith." A curious case of the excrescences of a purely home-grown faith is given in a recent Church Missionary Society Report:—

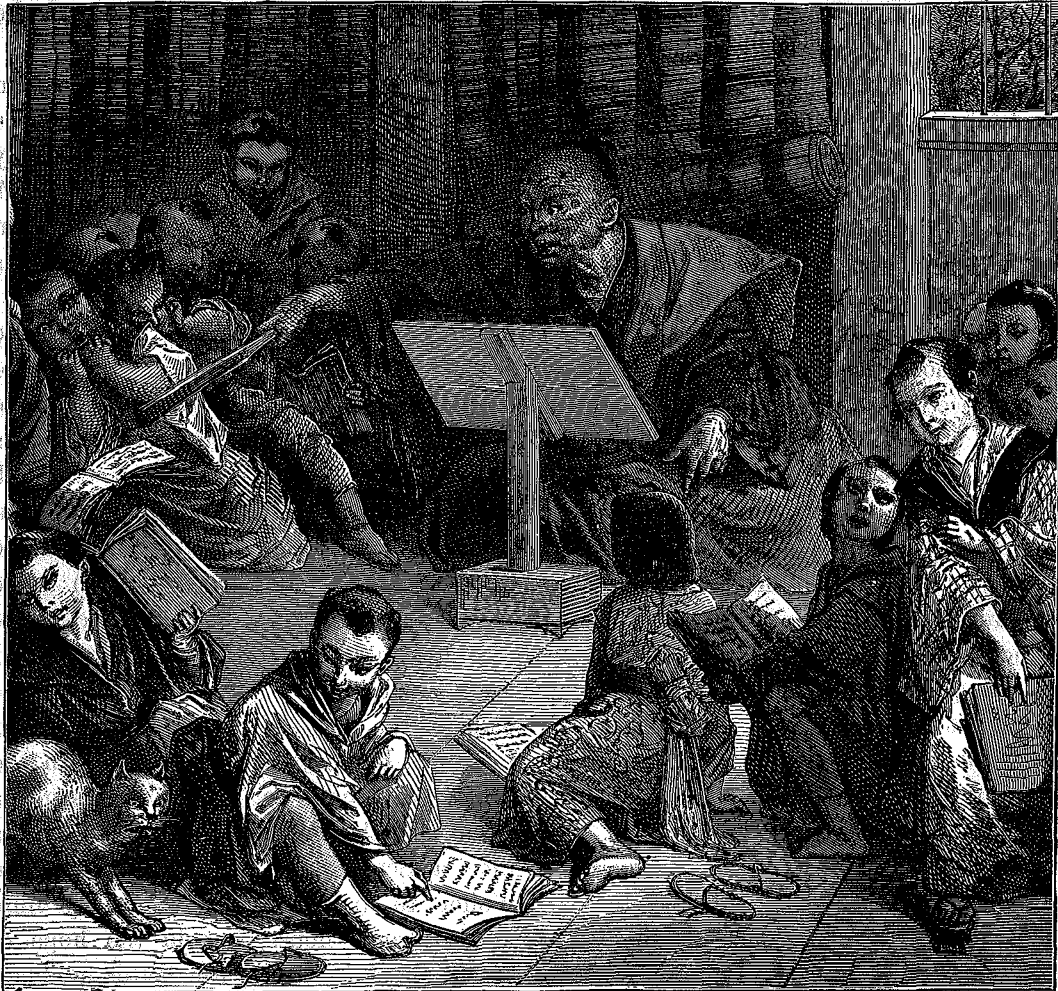
"This man is forty-nine years of age, and very peculiar. Seven or eight years ago he was a policeman, and afterwards became 'kocho' (head of the village). Whilst kocho he bought a copy of the New Testament in Chinese, with diacritical marks to assist in the reading, and by degrees perceived that he ought to worship Christ. From this time he gave up his whole time to the study of the Scriptures, and, finally (dreadful to relate), placing bread and spirit upon a shelf after assembling his family, brake the bread and said, 'This is Christ's flesh,' then, taking the wine, he said, 'This is Christ's blood.' He then caused his family to eat and drink. He punished his wife because she did not believe in the true God, and told her that such as she were unfit to live; she ought rather to have a mill-stone tied to her neck and be drowned. For five years he gave up his work and made the reading of

Scripture and prayer his duty; latterly, however, he has perceived his mistakes and grieved over them, and has received baptism."

Scarcely less curious is the way in which Father Nicholas, the head of the Russian mission in Tokio, celebrates the communion. A large bowl of rice with a broad cross traced out on it in Japanese tea is brought in. After a short special liturgy, communicants receive the rice and tea—the two staple products of the country—which they take and mix together with their fingers into a ball.

There were open minds among the priests and people, and stories are told of men who, beginning the study of Christianity with the view of assailing it as a pernicious falsehood, became devout believers in it. A Buddhist priest in the north of Japan, by name Yohoi, was called to some ecclesiastical assembly at his headquarters, Niigata. A discussion sprang up among the priests as to the best methods of attacking the Christian religion. Mr. Yohoi contended that to attack it successfully, they must first study its doctrines. To practise his own advice, he bought a New Testament in Chinese immediately upon leaving the conference. He even went to see a missionary, and became convinced, not that Christianity was true, but that it was not an "evil sect." At a subsequent meeting of the same assembly the same question was again discussed. Mr. Yokoi urged them to zealous effort on behalf of their own religion. That was the sure means of defeating the invading rival. He declared that many of the priests were immoral, and that they did not know their own religion. He would advise that a clean sweep be made of all the priests in the country; that then a fresh start should be made; that the people should make choice of those pure and learned enough to be their religious guides: otherwise Buddhism would inevitably proceed on its course of decline. The other priests taunted him with being himself a Christian in secret and the enemy of Buddhism. A few days later he handed in a written statement to the chief priest informing him that, as his advice had been despised, he would no longer serve under him. Returning to his northern temple, he resigned his charge, with the intention of going to Tokio. Some of his people laid hands on almost all his goods in the hope of forcibly detaining him. He set out for the capital, travelling 180 miles on foot. In Tokio he became acquainted with a Scotch missionary, Mr. Davidson, through an aged doctor, who directed Mr. Yohoi to him as likely to satisfy him. He lived, with some other Japanese, in Mr. Davidson's house, not in the hope of becoming a Christian, but secretly with the intention of becoming the better qualified to attack Christianity. It was when he read the Ten Commandments and saw how pure the lives of Christian people were, that he was filled with a dread of the Supreme Being. His vision of his sins was so startling that he despaired of himself, and proposed to cease the study of religion. But one day when reading the Bible he came upon the passage—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He read those words ten times the same evening, and when he retired he had them off by heart. That night the priest could not sleep; he could see nothing but the words of Christ; and that night he ever after looked back upon as his birth hour as a Christian.

There were, of course, numerous drawbacks. While Christianity was tacitly tolerated by the Government, local officials intimidated and browbeat converts. Two Christians were spirited away and never heard of more. At Nagasaki an anti-Christian Society was organised from truly heterogeneous elements—Buddhists, Confucianists, Shintoists,



NATIVE JAPANESE SCHOOL.

Materialists, and Freethinkers, who combined to defeat the missionary. Some of the converts fell back; a few defamed their profession by immorality; in two congregations divisions arose, but, happily, were afterwards healed. But the chaff was trifling when compared with the wheat.

The Press was openly discussing the merits of Christianity, and familiarising the people with its claims. Some papers assailed it; many recommended indifferent toleration of it and of all religions. A few, while personally neutral, could not conceal from themselves that "the entrance of Christianity is the natural outcome of time." One

wrote: "There is nothing better than Christianity to aid in the advancement of the world, but there are sects which are injurious as well as sects that are beneficial. The best mode, therefore, of advancing our country is to introduce the most free and enlightened form of Christianity, and have it diffused among the people."

Splendid service to the Christian cause was done by several Englishmen and Americans who held Government appointments in Japan. In 1871, Mr., now Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis, who afterwards wrote the best book on "The Mikado's Empire," was called to fill the post of lecturer on science in a college containing 800 students at Fukui, an inland town, where he was in frequent contact with a leading Daimio. Mr. Griffis was succeeded by Mr. E. Warren Clark, who, in his "Life and Adventures in Japan," tells us he was asked to sign an agreement, by which he would be prohibited from teaching the Christian religion throughout the three years of his appointment. Friends pressed him to submit; his Japanese interpreter advised him to accept and afterwards ignore the clause. He had spent all his means in travelling to Japan. Should he sign, or sacrifice the post? He refused to comply with the condition, and wrote to the Government: "It is impossible for a Christian to dwell for three years among a Pagan people, and yet keep entire silence on the subject nearest his heart." The Government surrendered, and Mr. Clark opened a Bible class for students the very first Sunday after his engagement commenced. Upon his transfer to the Imperial College at Tokio some years later, he followed the same policy, conducting three Bible classes every Sunday. Professor W. G. Dixon, of the Imperial College, and afterwards author of the "Land of the Morning," rendered service a few years later in the same way. Captain James, a teacher at a college at Kumamoto, in Kiushiu, was the means of leading a fine body of young men to Christ, of whom more than thirty joined the Christian College at Kioto at once, in 1876, and were subsequently received into the Christian Church in that city. About a dozen of this number completed their theological course in 1879—extending over three years—and are now engaged in educational, pastoral, evangelistic, and literary work.

CHAPTER LVII.

PHASES OF CHRISTIAN WORK AND PROGRESS.

Medical Missions—Sanitation—Red Cross Society—Health Society—Education—Collegiate and Theological School—Union College—Model Farms and Agricultural College—Mr. Warren Clark—Dr. Verbeck—"The Text-book of English"—Female Education—A Japanese Girton and Newnham—Home Relations—Social Progress—Vice—Young Men's Christian Associations—Liberty of Conscience—Amalgamation of Churches—Bible Translation—Revival without Extravagance—The Evangelical Alliance—Dr. Hepburn—Christian Literature—Sunday—A National Church Wanted—Change in Native Religions—Buddhists on the Defence—Japanese Students in England—A Testimony to Christianity—Agnosticism—A New Religion—A Strange Benediction—The Russo-Greek and Roman Catholic Churches.

THE Gospel of Medicine entered Japan in company with the Gospel of Grace. Dr. Hepburn was the first medical missionary to that country. He opened a dispensary forthwith, where for many years he prescribed for thousands of applicants from

all parts of the country. He gave clinical instruction to numerous pupils, some of whom have since reached distinction in their profession. Dr. Simmons arrived a fortnight later, and helped to establish the State Hospital. Other medical men followed, and dispensaries and hospitals were opened at the leading ports.

Dr. Berry, of the American Board, soon after his arrival in 1872, was appointed to the Medical Directorship of the Government Hospital at Kobe, and had also a large share in establishing a hospital and a number of dispensaries within a radius of twenty miles of that treaty port. He was successful in enlisting the interest and co-operation of native medical men. Visiting country towns, he met the doctors, gave advice on their difficult cases, and instructed them on medical matters, until he had a hundred and twenty physicians under his medical instruction and missionary influence. He has since then started a hospital for the training of Christian Japanese nurses. Dr. Lanning began dispensary work in Osaka, and has recently erected excellent buildings called St. Barnabas Hospital.

In 1870 a petition was presented to the Government urging the advantages that would accrue from the employment of foreign physicians as professors, and recommending that German doctors should be invited to teach in their medical colleges and schools. The petition had its effect; twelve students were sent to Germany to study medicine; next year two Prussian doctors arrived, and other eminent Germans joined the faculty, and by 1875, twenty-five foreign surgeons were engaged in Government hospitals and schools. Years before that date, an Institution for Vaccination had been formed, which passed through various stages of growth, and finally became part of the Imperial University of Tokio.

All medical and sanitary matters were in 1873 placed under the control of a sanitary bureau under the Home Department. Local sanitary officers were appointed throughout the country, whose duty it was to inspect water supplies, the sanitary condition of houses and drainage, to inspect the manufacture of drugs, and prevent the adulteration of food. Every medical man must now undergo a regular course of training in the usual subjects, and must hold a licence from the Government before practising. Should any grave misdemeanour be proved against him, his licence may be revoked. Women may now practise medicine, and two are reported to have recently qualified with excellent diplomas. Every year the number who practise the old—the Chinese—system of medicine is diminishing, and it will soon disappear. In the 31 medical schools and 644 hospitals, Western science and Western methods are firmly established.

The humane and philanthropic sides of the medical profession have been cultivated, quite in the spirit of Christian nations. The "Society of Universal Love" was organised during the Satsuma rebellion, with the object, in common with the Red Cross Society in England, of caring for the wounded in times of war. Indeed, the Japanese Red Cross Society has become a widely beneficent medical and charitable institution. The "Ladies' Benevolent Society," with Countess Oyama as president, has rendered valuable assistance in charity hospitals, and it numbers among its members many ladies of the highest rank. There is even a Japanese Society of Health.

According to its printed report, it owes its origin to a few gentlemen, mostly medical men, who felt the pressing necessity for the general diffusion of sanitary knowledge in Japan. Within the first year of its existence, its membership reached nearly five thousand. These societies and institutions are all conceived in the spirit of the Great Physician, and, although not directly the fruit of allegiance to Him, are borrowed from nations whose life has been shaped by Him.

Japan has from the first travelled forward along the line of education. The prominence given to that subject by the earliest missionaries has been accorded to it throughout. They manned its first schools; they taught its ambitious sons; they became the synonym for enlightenment and knowledge. It was not long till almost every mission had its educational institutions, and found them repeatedly requiring enlargement. These beginnings have been crowned with great results and notable expansion during the last decade.

The indefatigable Fukuzawa, the early advocate of Western civilisation, the Japanese "of light and leading," had founded a school in Tokio. He was willing to gather for his fellow countrymen the rich fruits of Christianity from the West, although he had then no mind for that religion itself. He will figure later as a leading lecturer against Christianity. Yet, strange to say, his great school was entrusted to the educational charge of a missionary. The Rev. A. Lloyd, a Cambridge Fellow, and distinguished classic, who went out first to join the staff of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was soon recognised by the Government as an educational expert, and was entrusted with the entire charge of Fukuzawa's school, with its 600 or 700 pupils. He has raised it to a position of eminence, and manned it with Christian teachers, some of them missionaries like himself. Following the same policy, he has succeeded in getting not a few Christian masters into Government and municipal schools. More recently still, an application has come from the Naval College at Yokosŭka for a missionary to teach English and Christianity, accompanied by the offer of a salary almost equal to that of a missionary!

The Christian Collegiate and Theological School at Kioto has been a signal success. Begun in 1875 by the Japanese who had gone to America in search of the God named in a book of geography, it has advanced by strides, until now it has, in all its departments, about 400 students. Of these, the majority above a certain age are Christians, most of whom have adopted that faith since they entered the school. Each term, long lists may be seen of boys who are applying for baptism. During the school year ending March, 1888, eighty-two had thus publicly professed their acceptance of Christian truth. One of the young men was a son of one of the most famous men in Japan. A visitor may attend service in the College Chapel, and join with between three and four hundred scholars in their Christian worship; and he may make the round of eight detached buildings for boarders, of lecture-rooms, library, and gymnasium.

This institution appears all the more remarkable, when, from its grounds, you look over on the adjoining palace of the august Mikado—a powerful Christian College bordering on the sacred precincts of the ancient Imperial court and temples!

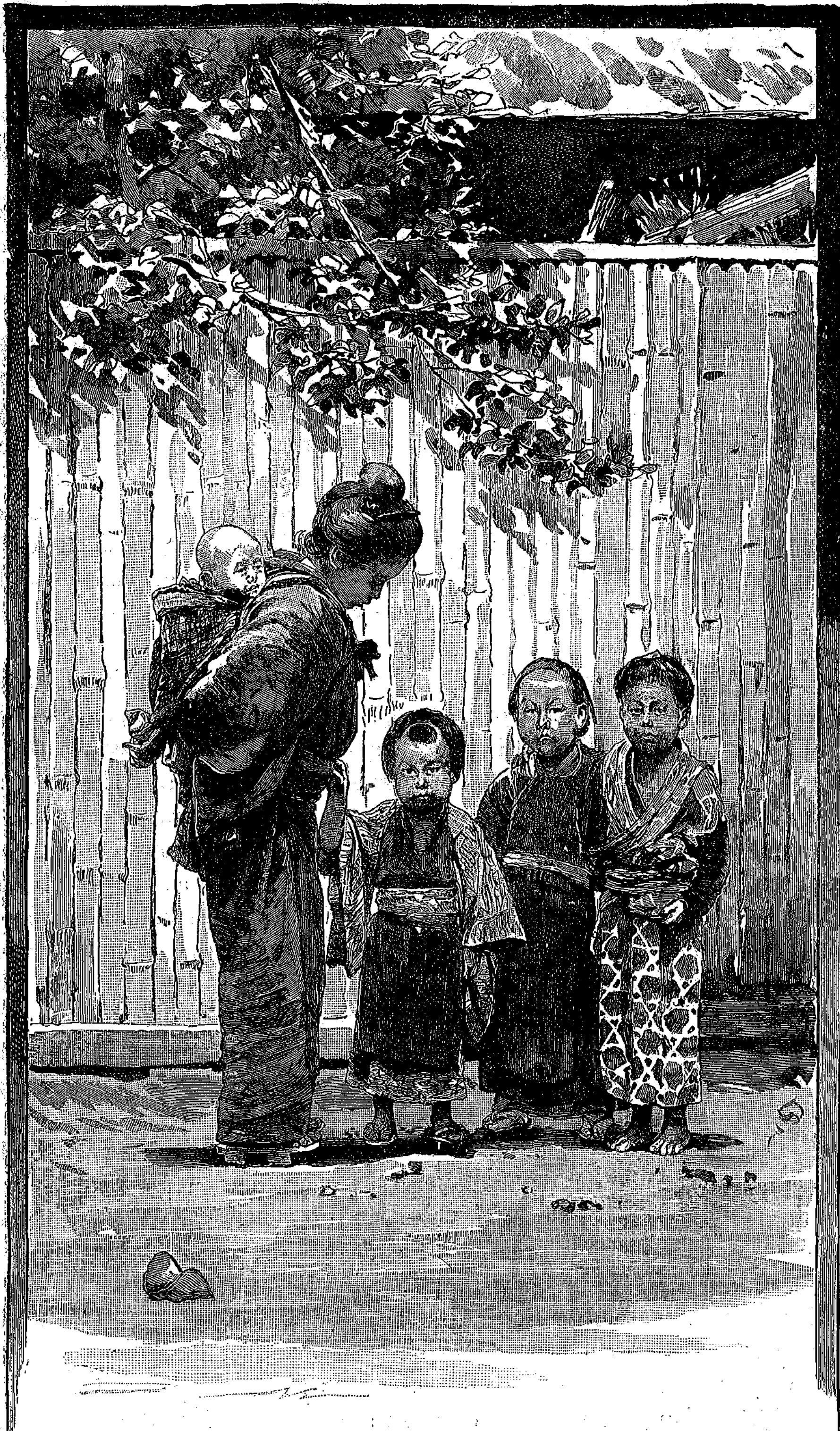
Mr. Niishima, referred to above, who possesses great influence with his students as a man of culture and scholarship, of Christian character and gentle manner, is President of the College. It is in the hands of a Japanese Company, called "Doshisha," "The One Endeavour Society," but is practically under the supervision of the American (Congregational) Board. Here young lads may receive a scientific, literary, or theological education, and may be prepared for any civil or sacred calling. From its curriculum many native Christians have gone out into all parts of the country to become pastors, evangelists, and teachers.

Years ago a school for boys and girls was opened in Yokohama; now the boys' department has been removed to Tokio, and has become the Union College with 300 students, under the care of Dr. Hepburn—the missionary, be it remembered, who landed, past mid-life, in Japan, ready to be tortured to death or driven out.

The Colonisation Department of the Government had planted a model farm and centre of operations at Sapporo, in Yezo, the northern island, and had instituted an Agricultural College for the education of students in English, agriculture, and engineering. The Government placed the College under the superintendence of Mr. Warren Clark already mentioned. He enlisted the interest and won the confidence of the students in a wonderful degree by his devotion to their advancement, by his skill in developing the College, and by entering into their student life with enthusiasm. He conducted them on exploring expeditions, gave them an example of courage and coolness, braved dangers and discomforts, and evoked the manliness and contempt for difficulties which good colonists require. He held the principalship for only a year: yet so potent was his influence as a man, so strongly did his work as a president commend his teaching as a Christian, that the most intelligent portion of the College became followers of his Master. He opened his classes with Scripture and prayer, and preached every Sunday, besides importing Christian conceptions into much of his instruction. The Japanese authorities remonstrated with him, and told him to teach morality. In reply, he held up the Bible, saying, "If I teach morality, here is my text-book." Many young men owe their Christian faith to his instrumentality.

A similar, although not Government, agricultural college was established near Tokio by a Christian Japanese of excellent social position and influence, Mr. Tsuda. A Professor in the Imperial College of Engineering, Mr. Dixon, tells how he was invited to give Sunday lectures to the students, all of whom were of good social standing, one a son of a Minister of State. A large number had their prejudices removed, and a tenth part of those who attended contemplated asking for baptism when Mr. Dixon left. Upon the occasion of his leave-taking, one of the ablest students—who had been among the most virulent assailants of Christianity—arose and, amid not a little emotion, read an address of enthusiastic gratitude.

One of the greatest statesmen of New Japan, Iwakura, sent his sons to study under Dr. Verbeck, an eminent missionary who afterwards was decorated by the Mikado with the Order of the Rising Sun. This high honour was conferred on him for the services he had rendered to the cause of education, and as Principal of the Imperial



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

University. Even the ex-Shogûn became partial patron of a high school, at which the principal read and explained the Bible to the pupils.

Still more remarkable: in the great Buddhist school and college at Kioto, organised on Western lines, with fine foreign buildings, with two hundred students enjoying a liberal education, the New Testament is studied as the text-book of English. Let one control the education of a people, and he may make either its songs or its laws who will. The education of Young Japan has been given to Christian representatives, and already this fact has told.

Female education, as a new movement, is perhaps the most remarkable example of this fact. The earliest missionaries were loyal statesmen as well as preachers. They saw that Western civilisation would never take firm root in Japan unless it were planted and fostered in the homes of the people, and as female education was the sure way to that result, Christian schools for girls were accordingly planted by every mission. The Ferris Seminary, an example at Yokohama, has outgrown its limits. Several similar institutions at Osaka, the Venice of Japan, draw numerous pupils and boarders, one of these having altogether two hundred and sixty scholars. Others—American Reformed and Episcopal—at Nagasaki, Kobe, and Hakodate, touch large circles of female society. The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East has established one of its institutions at Osaka with success.

Japan has now its Girton and Newnham—for the higher education of woman has become the foremost social question of the day. Its Girton was organised by several University professors, who enlisted the sympathy of the chief Ministers of the Government and of wealthy merchants in their scheme for a large and high-class ladies' college. The Government placed a commodious house at the disposal of the college until the permanent buildings should be erected. A hundred thousand dollars were ere long subscribed. The Prime Minister, Count Ito, drew up a minute outlining the basis on which it was to be constituted. The college is nominally a secular institution—educational, not missionary—yet its promoters desired that the entire direction of its teaching and boarding arrangements should be put into the hands of Christian ladies. Within the official school hours, Christian teaching is disallowed; but the staff of teachers are understood to teach from the Christian standpoint. After the official hours of study, Christian work may be done. Thus Christian ladies come into intimate relations with the Japanese women of the upper classes.

A similar institution, the Newnham of Japan, has been planted at Osaka, with the Governor of the city as its president, and over a hundred lady students of good social standing. They are taught not only English, etc., but all practical domestic accomplishments, not excluding needlework and cooking. The latter has become a highly necessary accomplishment, now that so many husbands have at least one English meal per day, and have to resort to a public restaurant to get it. The ladies who attend such an institution no longer blacken their teeth or shave off their eye-brows. A committee composed of Japanese and foreigners manage the affairs of the institution; but its instruction and methods of work are committed to the hands of English and American ladies. The movement has become a contagious epidemic. Native

female schools and female normal training colleges have arisen, begun under the especial patronage of the Empress. Her Majesty intimated her desire "to contribute the sum of five thousand *yen* from her private purse for the purpose of promoting the education of her sex in the empire."

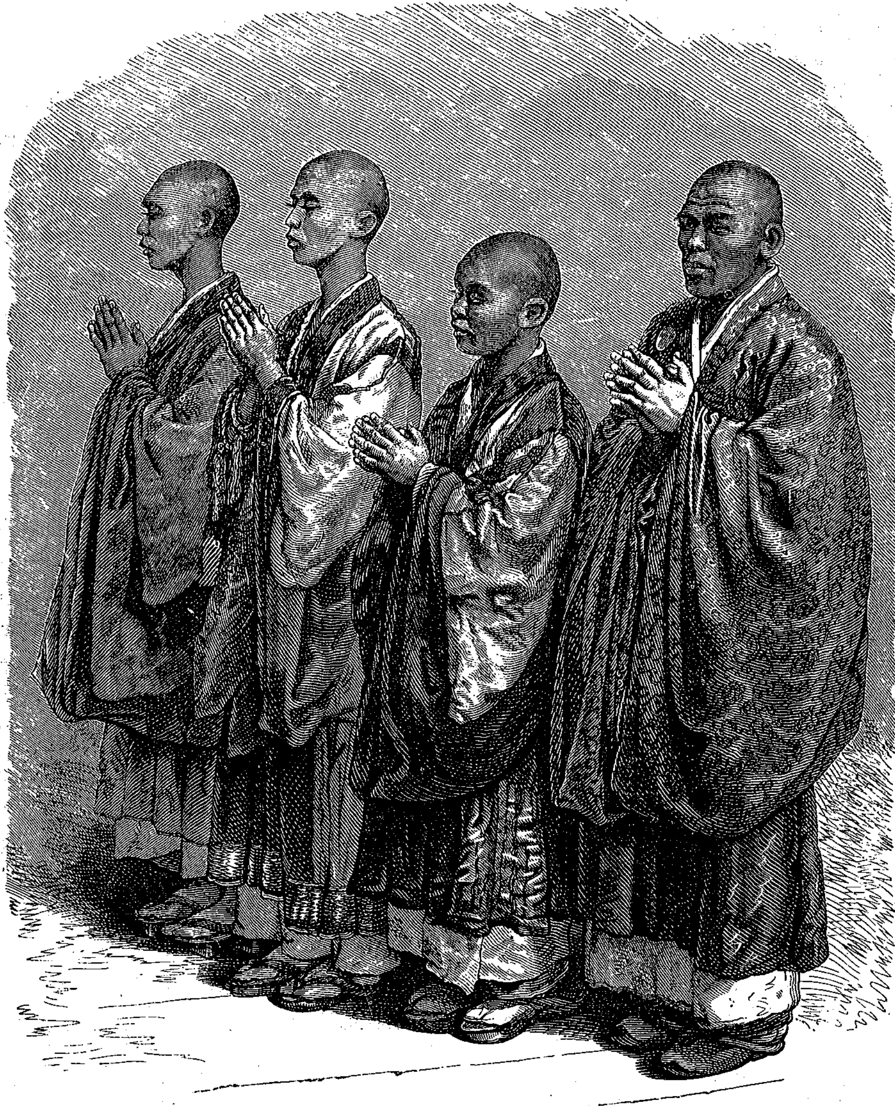
One such school is described by Dr. Fleming Stevenson—"attended by about three hundred girls of noble family. The education was excellent. The pupils would certainly be the better daughters and wives by the various plain work and embroidery that they were taught; and the conductors, with an eye to profit, had taken a small contract for army clothing. It was curious to watch the importance attached to the lessons in etiquette, for a young lady is thoroughly trained here in the elaborate ceremonies of good society; and the entrance of a visitor, the mysteries of afternoon tea, the respect to superiors, and the conduct of meals, were being taught to a class in one room with as much gravity as history and classical literature in another. It was also curious to find in the English section 'The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,' and some of our hymns, written out by these girls as English compositions, and in a fair, even hand."

By such means Japanese ladies are acquiring practical skill in conducting domestic affairs, and, still more, a purer moral tone and loftier ideals of home life. "The religion of the home-maker, and the children-lover, and the woman-exalter, is mighty to save the Japanese mother, and must be potent to purify and exalt the Japanese home. Of all the branches of missionary labour in Japan, none is of greater importance, or more hopeful of sure results, permanent and far-reaching in its influence, than the work of Christian women for women in Japan."

The elevation of women is being accelerated by other causes as well. Fifty lady missionaries are engaged among the women of Japan, either in schools, hospitals, or in domestic visitation. Christian natives are now bringing their brides to Christian churches, where they are married with Christian rites, and on Christian terms of mutual affection. Japanese families sit together in Christian churches, the mother and her children ranged beside the father. When we recall that a husband owned his wife as property, could divorce her for disobedience to her mother-in-law, for jealousy of other women's clothes, for barrenness, or for talking too much, and could have concubines at will, we see that Christian civilisation has already done much for woman.

Social progress has been rapid in other directions. In a land where saké is freely imbibed, temperance work is needed, and is being prosecuted as part of Christian enterprise. A worse evil meets the Christian philanthropist, in the vice that has long eaten away the vigour of the race. The veteran Dr. Hepburn declares that the Japanese are lower in point of virtue than the Chinese, among whom he lived and worked for over twenty years, and immeasurably lower than the lowest masses in New York. One half of the people are sufferers from their own or their fathers' sins. Emissaries from Japan unhappily found, in Christian countries, not only models of education, but, as they believed, models of hygiene, and these observations induced and enabled them to systematise their own Contagious Diseases' Acts. The tide of feeling is

already beginning to turn. The Japanese Evangelical Alliance in 1887 sent to the Government a petition for the removal of the blot; and, within a few weeks, at



BUDDHIST PRIEST AND HIS PUPILS.

an important meeting of Japanese physicians held at the Grand Hotel at Yokohama, this resolution was heartily adopted. The same medical meeting, in view of existing social perils, recommended that the daughters of Japan should be placed in Christian schools. It is a sign and a prophecy, when educated native physicians publicly connect disease with sin, and the cure of sin with Christianity.

Strict discipline has been exercised in the Christian churches, wisely, in view of

the moral condition of the people. In a case of a penitent pastor under discussion in a Presbyterian Church court, the native members were the foremost in the refusal to restore any such offender to office.

Already Young Men's Christian Associations are springing into existence and influence, and are being adapted to Japanese needs. A magnificent hall has been erected in Osaka, the necessary cost being defrayed by Japanese Christians and by Young Men's Christian Associations in England and America. It seats about 1,500 people, and the first week of 1887 saw it fully occupied during the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance.

GIRL SCHOLARS.

Liberty of conscience has been recognised by the Government as a necessary factor of progress. Prior to 1884 every citizen required to register himself as either Buddhist or Shintoist, and every burial must be conducted according to the rites of the one or the other sect. In 1875 an American missionary at Tokio had buried a convert with Christian rites. Two native Christians, who had taken part in the ceremony, were brought before the courts, reprimanded, and threatened with fine. In many cases the cemeteries were in Buddhist grounds, and the priests refused burial. In the case of some who were more liberal-minded, permission was granted, the fee was exacted, and the priests absented themselves. In 1884 a notification was issued by the Government abolishing all religious distinction with reference to burial and registration, and announcing that public cemeteries should be provided available for people of all creeds. Religious liberty had been won, the rights of conscience vindicated.

This act did more: it completed religious equality among the sects. For this had been the only remaining distinction. The State Church had already been disestablished. At the revolution the Shinto faith—which amounted to reverence for the Mikado, the Son of Heaven, and for all parentage and authority—had risen into power along with the Imperial cause. A department of religion had been organised; but the influx of Western ideas in a few years changed the views of the Government. The department of religion was abolished; the Shinto priests were disendowed, receiving pensions in lieu of their former revenues. These pensions were to cease after twenty years; and some commuted and adopted a secular business. In 1884 the last strand that connected the State was cut, and Church and Shintoists, Buddhists and Christians, were alike self-governing and self-supporting.

Seldom have these ends been reached without protracted warfare and plentiful

bloodshed. Japan would have carried the conflict through long generations, had it not been that Western nations handed them a national polity, in which the question was already settled, liberty of conscience already granted. The highest credit, however, belongs to a nation accepting so wisely the experience of other nations.

The churches had been taking forward movements of great importance during all these years, and in no mission field has there been such extensive amalgamation of churches. Alliances, conferences, and unions stand forth prominently in the history of the last decade. As early as 1866 we hear of an Evangelical Alliance having been gathered, which in 1887 held its sixteenth meeting. Composed of delegates from all Christian churches in Japan, on this occasion nearly 1,200 celebrated the Lord's Supper together. A native Evangelical Alliance—the Friendly or Harmony Association —was formed for the purpose of promoting brotherly feeling, discussing questions of common interest, securing uniformity of action in common work, and taking common action in public movements.

A great conference of missionaries took place in 1878, at which united action was taken in the matter of Bible translation. A second, and still greater, conference assembled in 1883, representing fifteen missionary and two Bible Societies, and composed of 110 delegates. The Bible Societies were the British and Foreign, and the Bible Society of Scotland, who were scattering Scripture portions and tracts by colporteurs in tens of thousands each year. Much work was being done also in connection with the Religious Tract Society.

That year saw the churches take a fresh start in their advancing campaign. A time of refreshing, a revival, had, earlier in the year, visited the entire mission field. Free from excitement and extravagance, it had deepened the faith of the congregations, and intensified their spiritual ardour. The missionary conference that followed in the same year bore the marks of this blessing, displayed a new enthusiasm, a closer brotherhood, and a surer confidence in Christ's coming victory. It marked another epoch.

The Buddhists were constantly striving to throw discredit on Christians because of their sectarian divisions. Many of the people were led to believe that the various missions were at "daggers drawn." Had that been true, it would have been no worse than the sectarianism of the Buddhists; for they are divided and sub-divided and cross-divided, and each division is the enemy of the rest. But to correct the false impression, Dr. Hada, a physician in the Church Missionary Society's Mission, organised a series of great lecture meetings, the various Christian missions taking part. The largest theatre in Tokio was rented, and 4,000 persons gathered, many being unable to gain admission. The Evangelical Alliance Lecture Meetings, with audiences of 2,500 people, attracting leading physicians and Government employés, had served the same purpose, proved Protestant unity, and awakened a wide-spread interest. These occasional conferences did not end in Japan where so often they end at home—in smoke. They speedily led to organic union. The tendency of the Christian churches thus far has been to gather into two clusters, Episcopal and Presbyterian.

The Episcopal missionaries of England and America held a united conference by

which a Prayer Book Translation Committee was appointed. The morning and evening prayer, litany, and communion offices were issued within a year; the remainder were added three years later, and in 1885 the thirty-nine articles were published in Japanese. This movement towards union was consummated in 1887, when the native churches, organised by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Church Missionary Society, and the American Episcopal Missions, met in Synod and formed themselves into one—the "Japan Church." A constitution of canons was agreed upon. The Prayer Book and articles of the Church of England are for the present to define the worship and belief of the United Church; and Bishop Williams and Bishop Bickersteth share between them the superintendence of the congregations.

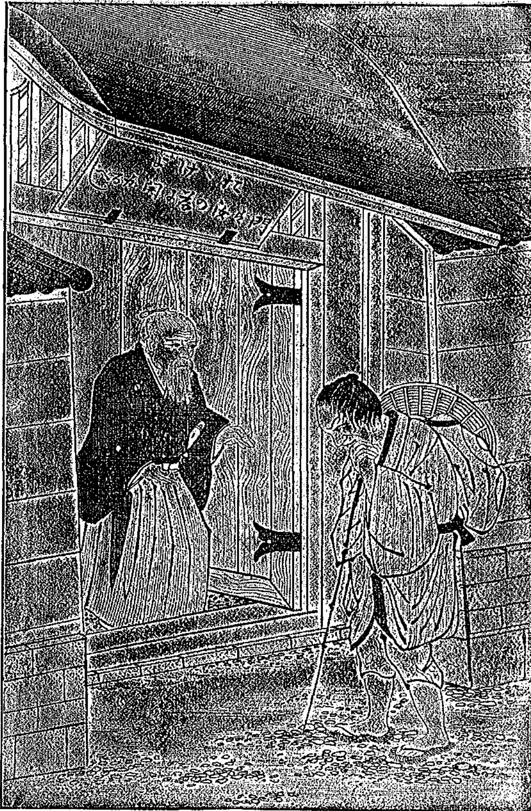
Another and larger union had been happily completed some years earlier. The various Presbyterian and Reformed Missions from America and Scotland held a Synod in 1876, and agreed to unite and form "The United Church of Christ in Japan." When the union was consummated it had eight congregations and 623 members. At the Assembly of 1886, ten years later, 101 delegates represented 58 congregations and 5,152 members, which was a gain of 1,193 upon the previous year. In 1887, the membership rose further to 6,859; and thus the United (Presbyterian or Reformed) Church is the largest Church in the country. Negotiations have been proceeding with the Congregationalists, the next in size, with a view to union between them and the United Church. A committee of missionaries and native representatives have drawn up a basis of union, and these approaches are being happily crowned with success.

In the case of the theological colleges the same process of amalgamation has been in operation. The churches wisely demand a high standard of education from their native pastors; for the Christian converts have been taken largely from the middle and upper middle classes, especially from the Samurai, who in their heyday conjoined literature and warfare. Union among divinity schools will help to secure the ablest professors.

In the translation of the Scriptures, in Bible and Tract Society work, the same spirit of co-operation has manifested itself alike among natives and missionaries. The translation of the Old and New Testaments has been accomplished by committees representing the various churches. Portions of the New Testament have been published year by year as they were translated. It was in 1880 that the entire New Testament was completed, when a united public meeting was held in Tokio to celebrate the event.

The translation of the Old Testament was carried on through the next seven years, and in February, 1888, the entire Bible was issued, dedicated to God's honour and service "in the name of the whole body of Protestant missionaries in Japan." The Japanese Churches had expressed a desire to have a share in this work, and in 1884 three Christian native scholars were added to the committee of translation.

Dr. Hepburn is on all hands recognised as holding the place of honour in this work, having originated the scheme and drafted most of the translation. Nor is this the only service he has rendered to Japanese literature. The standard dictionary



CHRISTIAN AT THE WICKET.

is his, the product of thirteen years severe labour. The name of the Rev. P. K. Fyson deserves to be mentioned along with his as a translator. Another of his coadjutors in that work has laid Japanese Bible students under a deep debt by his Reference New Testament.

The Press has been employed, not only in Bible work, but also in the publication of good Christian literature. Not only have millions of Scriptures been scattered by colporteurs over the land, but the Japanese have been supplied with *Lives of Christ, Commentaries on the Parables and the Gospels,* and books apologetic and devotional. Mr. White, an English Baptist missionary, has had the honour of translating the "Pilgrim's Progress," with illustrations adapting the captivating dream to Japanese life and customs. A few of these we reproduce as interesting to the English reader. The fact that the first edition of 2,000 copies was almost exhausted within a year, shows the popularity of the Bedford prisoner in Japan.

Other forward movements were made; other signs of Christian progress were visible. The Sunday of Christian nations was officially adopted as the Day of Rest. The weekly holiday had come every sixth day, and an attempt had been made to induce the foreign teachers and professors to conduct their classes on the Sunday. The Government shrewdly tried the plan "Divide and Conquer," and gave the order

IN THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND.

first to the Frenchmen, who yielded to the demand. They next tried Germans, English, and American employés; but all, some on religious, others on purely mundane grounds, stood firm against the demand. It was soon found inconvenient to have two sets of holidays in Government departments; and, in consequence, ere long the weekly holiday was changed from each sixth to each seventh day in all Government offices! No one supposes that the change implied any Christian motives in the Government. Economy in diminishing the national holidays, the action of foreign teachers, and the custom of Western nations, had more to do with it. But it was done all the same.

In the native churches, self-reliance

PREPARING TO CROSS THE RIVER.

CHRISTIAN AND THE THREE SHINING ONES.

and the desire for organised Church life have been among the many fore-gleams of permanent stability. Everywhere, in Episcopal as well as in Presbyterian, Congregationalist, and Methodist congregations, members have claimed a responsible share in the government of the congregation's affairs. Accordingly, church committees have sprung up in almost every mission. While temporarily accepting the authority of Bishop Williams and Bishop Bickersteth, the congregations under their supervision "avow their desire for an independent national Episcopal Church, separated for a time from the other churches, but looking forward to union hereafter." This desire for organic amalgamation characterises all the mission

churches. They have also a singular pride in being self-supporting, and many have already reached a position of independence. They, who have received so much from missionary enterprise, display already great missionary and evangelistic zeal. A mission to Corea has long been contemplated; but, for years to come, home mission work is likely to give sufficient scope for Christian enthusiasm.

Radical and prophetic changes are passing over native religions; temples are being used by the Government as schools and hospitals, and the sanctity of the great shrines and images is passing away. Mr. Clark, already named in connection with educational and Christian work, writes:—"After studying the Dai Buts [or Great Buddha] at Nara, as a work of art, I climbed up into his capacious lap, and sat upon one of his thumbs, which are placed together in a devout attitude. Here I began to sing the Doxology, to the astonishment of the priest standing below." There are thinner streams of pilgrims to the shrines of Nikko and Isé, and the legends of the gods are greeted with derisive laughter in the streets. Some priests foresee with loud lamentations the coming triumph of Christianity; while others are spurred by these imminent dangers to larger efforts. The Japanese *Gazette* regrets to say "that Buddhism cannot long hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and Western sciences cannot stand together."

In the heart of the country, Mr. Fyson once found the Scriptures and other Christian publications being sold openly at a little bookstall in the grounds of a Buddhist temple. When asked, "Do the priests allow you to sell these books?" the stall-keeper's reply was, "They buy them themselves. They are some of my best customers."

A vigorous defence of their faith has been begun by the Buddhists. Years ago they subsidised newspapers and lecturers to demolish the new religion, and it is reported that they raised a large fund to bribe converts to return to the bosom of mother-church. They have begun to emulate Christian churches in their philanthropic work, in order to maintain their hold on the respect of the people. Several institutions have been started for rescuing and educating neglected children and orphans. One of these, called the "Blessed-field-assembly-rearing-children-institution," has a box for donations suspended on the pillars of city temples, with an inscription inviting support.

One sect of Buddhists has been intensely active in adapting itself to the new phases of Japanese civilisation. The Shin-Shiu, or Protestant Buddhists, described in an earlier chapter, founded at Kioto a school and college on the Western model, for the purpose of educating a priesthood who shall use the enemy's weapons in the coming Armageddon of religions in Japan. It has splendid buildings, capable of accommodating two hundred students, library, large chapel, and long blocks of students' quarters with studies below and dormitories above. The full course covers seven years, three preliminary and four collegiate. Western languages, science, and religions are studied, the text-book of English being the New Testament. This college is being rebuilt on a larger scale; and other similar seminaries are springing up in various parts of the country.

Students have been sent by the same sect to Europe, some to Oxford, to learn the secrets of Western thought in philosophy and religion, and return armed with

powerful weapons of defence and attack. One case is worth quoting, of a young priest who came to England to find the vulnerable points of Christianity, and who became oblivious of its weaknesses in the discovery of its sublimities. He appears to have been a man of intense application, independent mind, and pure heart. Excessive study destroyed his health, and he died shortly after leaving England to visit India on the way home to Japan. Professor Max Müller wrote to the *Times* a letter descriptive of his character and lamenting his loss. His English tutor gave some reminiscences of him, and of his impressions on confronting Christian teaching. It was proposed that they should read the Gospels together; and Kasawara, finding they were written in Greek, proceeded to acquire the Greek tongue in order to study them in the original. "In reading them he often made his comments as though thinking aloud." His tutor's notes contain such passages as the following:—

"'The Christ of your Scriptures,' he said, 'is a truly sublime personality. In all the four biographies or Gospels He stands out a distinctive and unique figure, always conscious of His own superior moral grandeur and of His intimate relations with the invisible essence. His personal presence must have been a profound awe, and at the same time an irresistible magnetism. His tone of authority is very majestic, and quite becoming His consciousness of pre-eminent moral superiority. His ethics are unimpeachable, and His own example of them grandly consistent and complete. I can conceive of nothing more morally beautiful in spirit and life than this figure of the Jesus of the Four Gospels. He could not have been a literary imagination, but must have been a fact in history. I am struck with the consistency of this portraiture of the Christ in His biographies, and the affirmation that He was the Word or manifestation of God. The image of God must needs be the Ideal Man. . . . He has spoken the first and last word of true religion, and is the first and last example of it in the purity and perfection of His own personal life. Religion can speak no higher word than life, and can be neither more nor less than life. Your Christianity has the whole of all actual and possible religion in its grand rudimental doctrine of life in Christ.

"So pure a nature as that of the Christ must have been a great sufferer from the misunderstandings, reproaches, and active hostilities of the powerful classes among his contemporaries. It seems as if He were always bearing the sins of wicked people, and bleeding at His very heart for the unhappy state of all who opposed themselves to Him. And yet He avows of Himself the consciousness of such a perfect peace within His own soul that, though a Son of Man in the midst of the suffering conditions of the world, He was yet while on earth a Son of Man who is in Heaven."

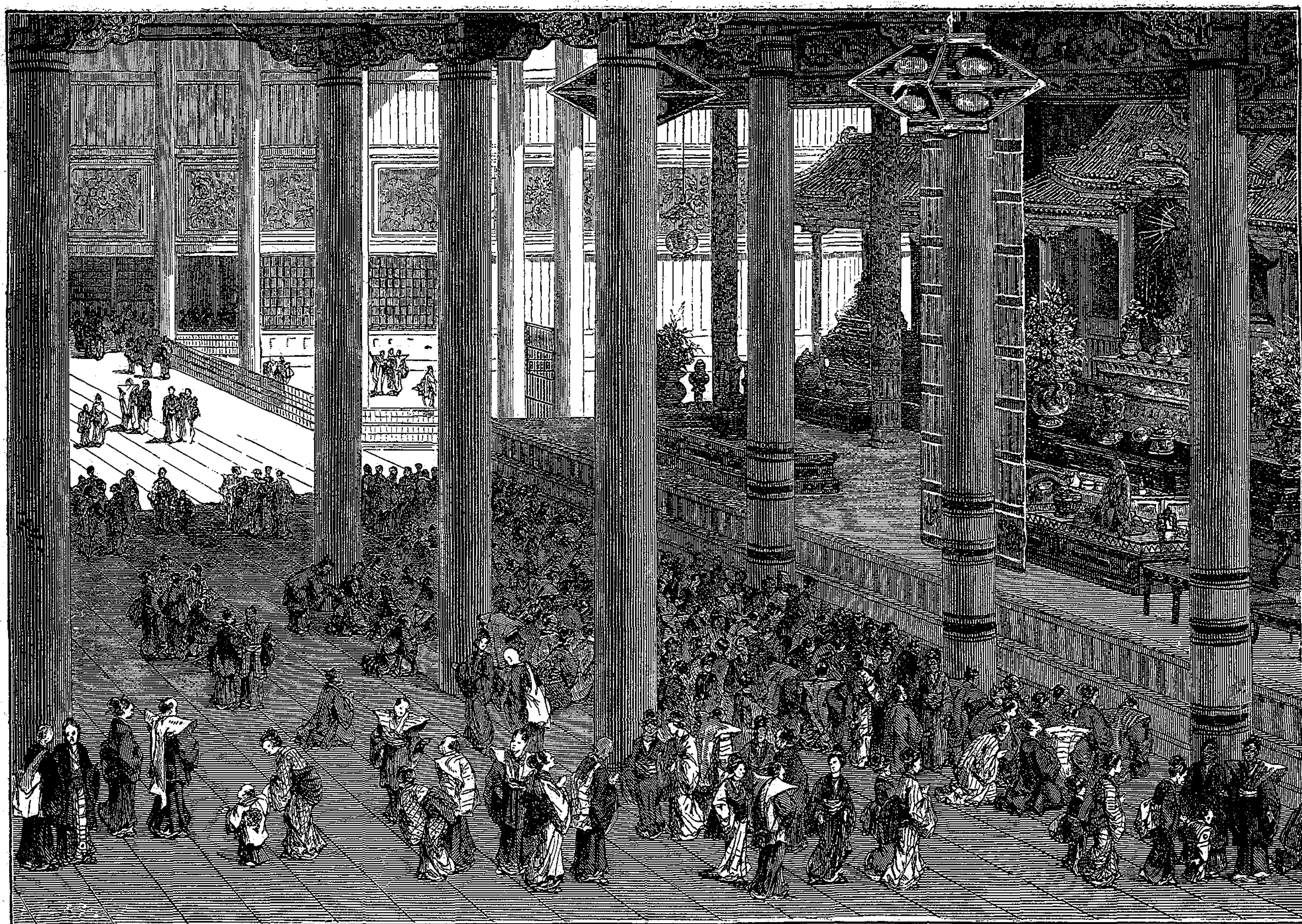
The battle to-day, however, lies between scientific Agnosticism and Christianity. The Reformed Buddhists, now so busy, may keep out the tide for a brief interval; yet already it is seen to be irresistible so far as they are concerned. But students sent to America or Europe by Government, return to talk Spencer and Darwin and look with philosophic indifference on all religions. Mill and Buckle, Huxley and Tyndall, "The Origin of Species" and "Sociology," are openly for sale on native book-stalls. A Professor of Natural History in Tokio University, an American biologist, used his

position in the class-room to preach Atheistic Evolution. He engaged a hall near the great Buddhist temple of Tokio—the Temple of Asakŭsa—which answers to the St. Paul's Cathedral of Japan, and lectured to immense audiences, including many leading thinkers of the capital. His teaching became the talk of the college students, and many were captivated by his materialistic evolution. As in India, amongst the keen intellects of the Japanese the first-fruits of the decay of the older faiths is often the loss of any faith at all, and the greedy welcome of a materialism which professes to account for everything in purely material terms. Two hundred thousand English volumes were imported in 1887, a large fraction being Agnostic writings and anti-religious publications. The educated classes recoil from their own religions, so full of idolatrous superstitions, but in many cases it has become a recoil from all religions. A Christian Japanese declares:—"The aged, time-worn religions of Japan are tottering to their fall. The people are unsettled. They are ready to reject every belief, however reasonable, if it be only old, and to embrace every doctrine, however absurd, if it be only new. The scepticism of Japan, though now confined to the educated few, is yet an undeveloped giant, and must either be crushed while young, or else it will crush us."

The consequence is that large numbers are indifferentists, preferring philosophic neutrality to a defined faith. Eclecticism is the order of the day. The proposal to found a new religion has been seriously made and canvassed! Why should not Japan cull the best from the creeds of different countries, and adapt the new system to the customs and feelings of the people? But no one has come to the front to gather the cream of every religion. To compete with one already marching to success, the founder of the new, the Eclectic religion (as a great monarch said long ago), would need to give himself to crucifixion for the sake of truth and man, and then rise from the grave.

But even here there are signs that the current of Agnosticism is slackening. One significant fact may be given. Mr. Fukuzawa, the leading Progressionist of New Japan, who declined every offer of a place in the Government Ministry, and instead founded a famous school in Tokio, organised lectures against the Christian and all religions. His eminence as a writer and an educationist won a hearing for his free-thought lectures; and Fukuzawa became a large factor in the questions discussed by missionaries. But recently a remarkable change has appeared in his attitude to Christianity. Eminent publicists have been discussing the question whether Japan should adopt the Christian religion. Mr. Fukuzawa, who frankly acknowledges that personally he has no interest in religion, advocates its adoption for the sake of its secondary benefits, its social and national fruits. He recognises that it is the creed of the most civilised races, and that it is a security for social stability, and the best instrument of enlightenment and progress. In this he is supported by a large and influential section of educated Japanese opinion.

Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, has issued a work to promote this movement. He claims that Chinese ethics must now be replaced by Christian ethics, that the introduction of Christianity will secure such benefits as (1) the improvement of music; (2) the union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation; (3) the supply of a medium of intercourse between men and women.



THE GREAT BUDDHIST TEMPLE OF TOKIO.

This is a case of protective mimicry. It has not yet been shown, however, how a nation can, by the adoption of a religion, secure its secondary benefits without personal and honest belief of its substance by the people. The results that followed Constantine's official acceptance of Christianity do not supply an encouraging precedent. But such discussions in high quarters contribute to the spread of a spirit of inquiry and respect. It is a significant fact that Fukuzawa's son has become a Unitarian, and under his auspices a Unitarian "embassy" has been sent to Japan. In his farewell address, at Boston, in November, 1887, Mr. Knapp, the missionary, said—"My errand is not a mission to heathen. It is conference, not conversion, at which I aim." Thereafter young Fukuzawa read an address which closed with the extraordinary benediction—"May God, Buddha, and the eight million deities of Japan bless him."

Thus, as has been well said, "a new sun is rising upon Japan." Gently but resistlessly Christianity is leavening the nation. "In the next century the native word *inaka* (rustic, boor) will mean heathen." Strong native churches have been organised, and have given promise of one united Christian Church of Japan. The Bible has been given to them in their own language, and orders for copies have poured in by post and telegraph from all parts of the country. The members are drawn mainly from the best grades of society, the upper middle class, including the ex-Samurai, from whom the Ministers of State have also been taken. Mr. Katsŭ, a nobleman who had been Prime Minister of the Shogûn, and afterwards a Minister of State, who was also linked with Okubo as a hero of the Restoration, permitted a Christian professor to hold a service in his grounds, allowed his three daughters and two sons to attend, and by-and-by his eldest daughter avowed her acceptance of Christianity in baptism, and one son expressed his wish to enter the Christian ministry.

The education of Young Japan continues to be largely in Christian hands. Female education in its higher branches flourishes under Christian control. Domestic life, the marriage relation, social morality, are feeling the virtue that flows from the touch of Christ.

The Russo-Greek Church and the Roman Catholic have large numbers of converts; but they increase at a much smaller rate of progress than do the Protestant Churches. During the four years preceding 1888 the Protestant Church increased threefold. In 1872, there were only ten converts in all Japan after fourteen years' labour. The returns issued in 1888, sixteen years later, show that twenty thousand have been gathered into Church membership, representing a gain of five thousand upon the previous year's return. There are two hundred and twenty-one organised congregations and over a hundred ordained native pastors. In addition to these, twenty-four missionary societies in Europe and America have two hundred and fifty-three missionaries on the ground. Of these, five-sixths represent American societies. American Christianity has thus maintained the place it took when Perry broke through the seclusion of two centuries.

Latest reports tell of new movements and fresh progress, of a Scripture Union with five thousand members, of a religious awakening at Tokio in which five hundred Japanese within one month professed allegiance to the Son of God. The present is truly the spring-time, but it is the spring-time only: what shall the harvest be amongst a people such as this?

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE NEW ORDER.

Social and Political Changes—Lighthouses—Ships and Navy—Cabs and Bath-chairs—Boulevards and Bankers—Telegraphs—Railways—Post-offices—Omnibuses—Book-stalls—Fire-engines—Pullman Cars—Factories—Exhibitions—Chambers of Commerce—Newspapers—Roman Letter Association—The Court Language—Constitutional Government—A Second Chamber—Then and Now.

THE Christian transformation of Japan has been accompanied by social changes and political developments equally great. The old order has changed, giving place to new. We pictured the scenes and life of the people as seen by the earliest diplomatists and missionaries. A second visit to-day will supply a sufficiently startling contrast.

Thirty years ago we found a country without lighthouses, without sea-going ships, and without a navy. Now the Mitsu Bishi, or Japan Mail Steam-ship Company, have a large fleet of ocean steamers that make swift passages between Shanghai and Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, and that sail, under native commanders and engineers, past frequent lighthouses and light-ships. We steam into the Bay of Yedo, past Japanese war-ships of the most modern type, thread our way through a fleet of foreign merchantmen and native junks, and gaze upon a large and flourishing sea-port, Yokohama, which in Perry's day was only a swamp. Pretty bungalows dot the green slopes of the Bluff, and foreign hotels and clubs front the bay. The sampans are the same, but they carry us to a well-constructed harbour, where we have to run the gauntlet of the custom-house, whose officers are dressed in English uniform, and speak to us in the English language.

Men who met the earliest visitors in a coat of mail, now beset us with perambulator-cabs. From the bath-chair or the perambulator has been evolved the *jinricksha,* the "man-power-carriage." Resembling a dwarf hansom, only with a man between the shafts, well lacquered and supplied with an available hood, this "Pullman car" will carry us sixty miles per day at the rate of six miles per hour. These "bipeds in harness" must now exceed seventy thousand in number in the cities of Japan.

We are driven along broad European boulevards to banker or money-changer, where we find John Chinaman entrusted with responsible duties. We post on past foreign warehouses and the Union Church (English) to the telegraph office, where we hand in a cablegram that reaches England seven hours earlier than it left Japan! On to the railway station, where we take tickets for Tokio printed in English and Japanese, have our luggage checked, and find in the waiting-room a daily paper on the table, and a bookstall in the corner covered with daily and weekly journals. The guards in the orthodox English dress wait to signal "all right" to the driver; so we take our seats in the long American car, and find ourselves beside picturesque women, who squat upon the seat and smoke tobacco. If we traverse the length of the train we shall find some among the third-class passengers who have hired tiny cushions for a cent before starting, to be handed to the porter on arrival.

During our journey of twenty miles to Tokio, we remember that this, the first railway, was opened in 1872, and now at least five hundred miles are opened to traffic, while eleven railway companies were started in 1887. Till 1869 there was no telegraph; now its network of fifteen thousand miles of wire covers the country, and four cables connect Japan with the rest of the world. Telephone and electric light have been added. The post-office was established in 1871, and in 1885 nearly one hundred million letters, post-cards, and packages passed through its hands. In Tokio there are letter-boxes in almost every street, red mail-gigs hurrying to the stations, and smart postmen in uniform delivering letters six or seven times per day. The words "post-office" in English may be seen in many a village, and money orders and savings banks have been added.

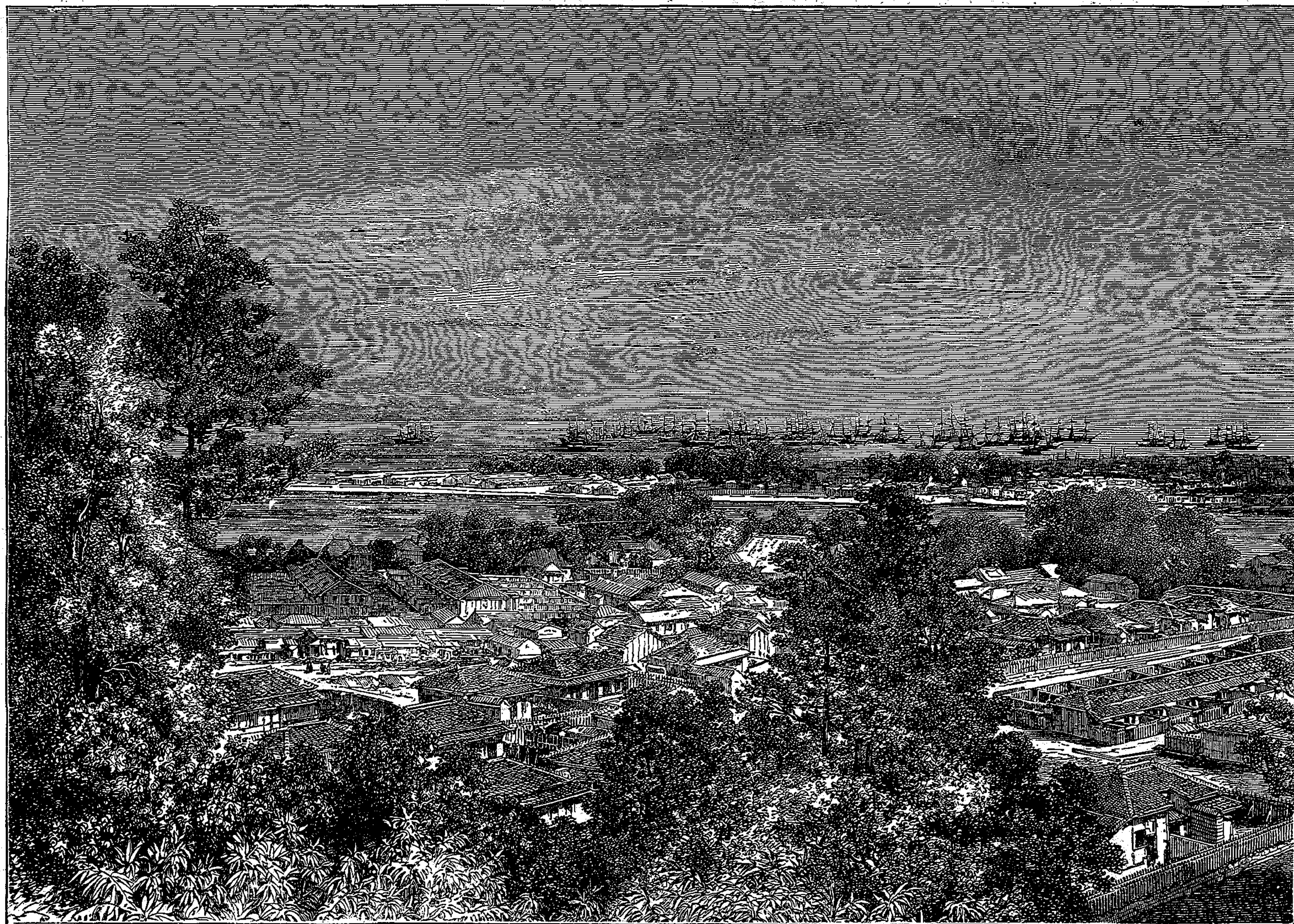
Our train passes stations with names in Roman letters, and is signalled on the block system. To our right, ironclads, with the flags of all nations, and coasting vessels and junks, cover the bay anchorage, while to the left Fuji, now as of yore, "gleams in its snowy surplice like a solemn priest before the altar of God."

At Tokio we emerge into a broad and busy thoroughfare, with a lining of trees on each side. Omnibuses run frequently, but the initiated beware of them. The ancient and the modern, side by side, make a strange patchwork. Young swells with Paisley shawls on their shoulders, shops littered with Manchester and Bradford goods, book-stalls with native and English books intermingled, fire-engines and gas-lamps, riders on horseback, carriages driven by grooms in livery, and passengers with clattering pattens, make up a strange and hybrid scene. The following, given by Dr. Faulds in *Nine Years in Nipon,* is typical:—"Notice. Shoe Manufacturer. Design at any choice. The undersigned being engaged long and succeeded with their capacity at shoe factory at Isekats, in Tokio; it is now established in my liability at undermentioned lot all furnishment will be attended in moderate term with good quality," etc.

Our Pullman car hurries through the streets and past the lotus-covered moat of the ancient palace of the Shogûns, to the British Legation. Or we are trundled along to the Concession, covered with the homes of missionaries, or to one of the colleges on the wooded eminences.

The two-sworded men have disappeared since our last visit. The abolition of feudalism left the Samurai without aim or calling. They crowded the Civil Service and the professions, taught in schools, edited newspapers. The foremost became the real governors of Japan, the Ministers or officials of State: many of them—strange social upheaval—engaged in trade, once so despised. Many of these knights of the feudal times have been glad to become grooms or policemen, and were we to inquire we might find that our *jinricksha* men once wore the two swords.

They still wore the knightly weapons; but as they adopted European dress they found the swords inconvenient encumbrances. Ere long a royal decree was issued permitting all and sundry to wear two swords, and thereupon they lost their charm. When the Government took the next step and forbade the Samurai to wear them, the order had been anticipated in large measure by common custom. "The pawnbroker



HARBOUR AND ROADSTEAD OF YOKOHAMA.

shipped them as curiosities to Europe, and the country became so bare of them, that during an insurrection they rose to a premium."

The social upheaval has placed the first last and the last first. It was a mark of radical revolution when, at the opening of the first railway, a group of merchants formerly the lowest social grade, presented an address of congratulation to the Mikado. Factories, exhibitions, and Chambers of Commerce have become the stock-in-trade of new Japan. The year 1887 gave birth to 111 Industrial Companies in three cities alone.

Twenty-five years ago Japan had no newspaper, now it has over two thousand—more than we should find in Spain or in Russia, or in all the rest of Asia. These represent all varieties of interest—industrial, mechanical, medical, legal, educational, political, and Christian. You may address any of the leading dailies in Tokio in French, German, or English, and a translation of your letter will appear in the next issue.

The Roman Letter Association was formed in 1884, for the purpose of substituting the Roman alphabet for the Japanese and Chinese syllabary. An ordinary pupil loads his memory with at least 4,000 Japanese characters, while to graduate in a higher college, a student must know double that number. To learn to write the language in Roman letters would require hardly as many weeks as the present system takes years. For the Press the gain would be as valuable as for education, seeing that at present a compositor's case of type contains thousands of compartments, and fills a room. This society of Romanisation has now over a thousand members, many of them princes and Government officials, the Government warmly supporting this reform. A Romanised New Testament is now in its second edition.

It is even proposed to substitute English for Japanese as the language of the country. It is not likely, however, that a people with such a history will break with its past thus. But English has been made obligatory in the common schools of the country. Blackboard, slates, and Arabic numerals are extensively in vogue.

Of the 53,000 primary schools contemplated by the Government, 30,000 have already been erected. The entire increase of pupils in one year was two hundred thousand at least. The best scholars are prepared by the teachers to be sent to Europe or America, and there Japanese students have frequently taken foremost places in University Prize Lists. In twenty years 600 have been sent for foreign education at Government expense, and it is believed that another 600 have gone at their own cost.

The evolution of constitutional government has a remarkable record. After the Restoration the Privy Council, headed by the Mikado, was supreme. In 1877, according to promise, Provincial Representative Assemblies were instituted, empowered to control local taxation and local interests. This small experience of Local Government whetted the people's appetite for more power. The Press led public opinion in the same direction, and in 1881 the Mikado proclaimed that in 1890 he would "establish a constitutional form of government." A special commission was appointed, with Count Ito at its head, to prepare a constitution for the promised Representative Parliament.

Another wise step in advance was taken when the foundations for a Second Chamber were laid in the formation of a new nobility. The old nobles had been mere puppets of clever retainers. In 1884, hundreds who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country were admitted to the new peerage, under the titles of Marquis, Count, Baron, etc. Wise statesmen foresaw that the Parliament to be elected by citizens capable of writing and reading would need a regulator in the shape of a partially hereditary Upper Chamber.

Thirty years ago the Government was a tyranny; now it is a Constitutional Monarchy. Then Japan lived a hermit life, unknowing and unknown; now it has an emissary at every court in Europe. Then the feudalism of the Middle Ages combined with the dual system to make a consolidated empire impossible; now there is one sovereign ruling constitutionally his entire territory. Then "the sea was a bulwark; now it is a pathway." Then science, higher education, and medicine were a thousand years behind; now they are abreast of this century. Then woman was property, had no marital rights; now her elevation and higher education are among the watchwords of Japan. Then to leave the shores was to incur the penalty of death; now hundreds visit foreign countries annually, to bring back the civilisation of Christendom. Then a Christian was forced to trample on the Cross or perish; now Christians are counted by tens of thousands, and publicists are calling for the official adoption of Christianity.

The direct contribution of Christians through its missions to the civilisation of Japan has been incalculable; equalled only by its indirect contribution through the institutions and social character which it had already shaped in the West.

XXXI.—THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHAPTER LIX.

CHOCTAWS, DACOTAS, AND WYANDOTTS.

Moving towards the Setting Sun—The Good God and the Bad God—"Medicine" and "Medicine Chiefs"—The Great "Medicine" Dance—The Ordeal of Self-torture—Mourning for the Dead—The Happy Hunting Grounds—Life-processes—Early Missionary Labours—A Revival—Broken Treaties—The Indians of Oregon—A Horrible Massacre—The Dacotas—"Eagle-help"—The Gospel of Soap—Wandering Sioux—The Dacota Language—Hazelwood—Bloodshed—Danger and Deliverance—The Sioux War—The "Mystery-life"—Peter Cartwright—Rogues' Harbour—In Illinois—A Tragic Accident—Backwoods Preaching—Success of Cartwright's Ministry—Slavery—John Stewart, a Singing Pilgrim—The Wyandotts—Rev. J. B. Finley—Robert Armstrong—"Fire-water"—The Scalp Yell—Savage Whites.

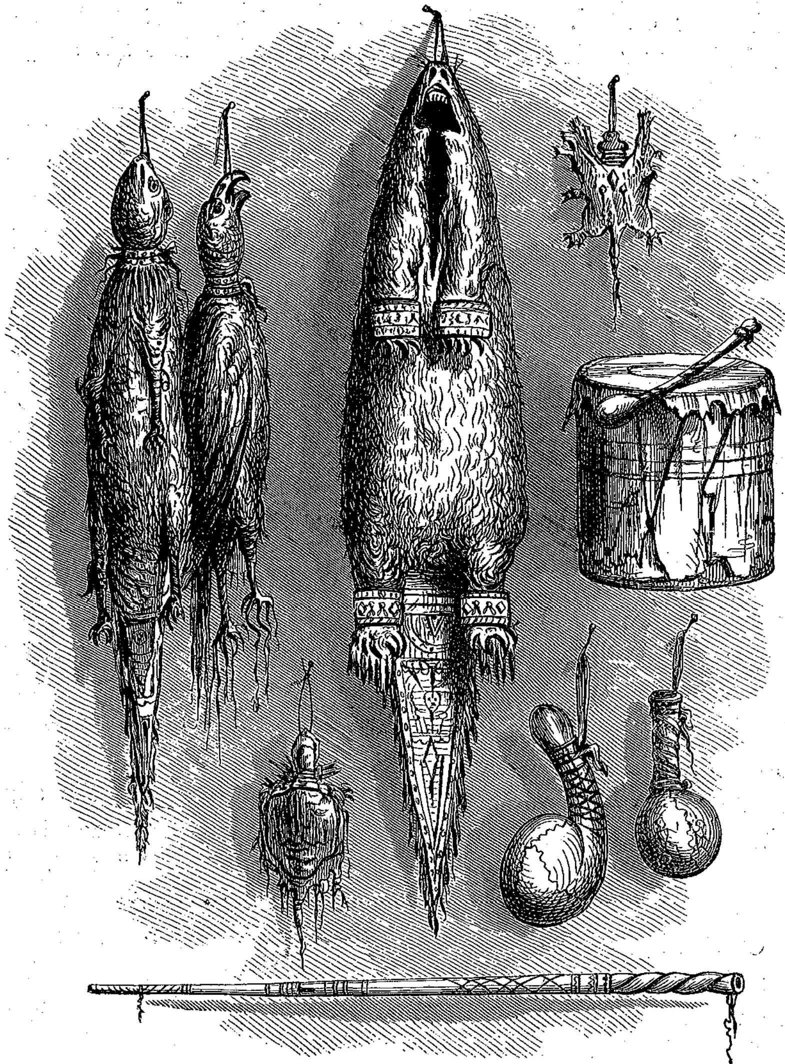
WILLIAM PENN made a treaty with the Indians and kept it. So far as the making of treaties goes, the United States Government has followed Penn's example; but unlike him, it has violated its solemn engagements whenever convenience or inclination made fresh arrangements desirable. Before the onward march of civilisation the poor Indian has had to keep moving on towards the setting sun. A score of times during the present century, the red men have been driven, by heartless tyranny, into savage outbreaks of spoliation and massacre, which have been repressed with merciless ferocity. To evangelise the Indian was one of the ostensible aims of the pioneer colonists; and yet, in 1876, Sitting Bull declares, "There is not one white man who loves an Indian, and not a true Indian but hates a white man."

Nevertheless much has been done. The Government has aided the work of civilisation amongst the settled Indians, and the various Missionary Societies have co-operated in the work. Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Friends—in short, all the evangelical churches of America have, either separately or in combination, taken part in the work of Christianising the Indians. Missions have been carried on in a vast number of places, sometimes temporarily sometimes permanently, by a succession of faithful labourers. We shall not attempt anything like an historical summary of the widespread and constantly varying labours of the churches amongst the red men, but shall content ourselves with a few sample narratives that may serve to show the nature of the work accomplished, and the more striking characteristics of the remarkable people whom it was sought to bring into the Christian fold.

But it will be well in the first place to say a little about the Indians of the present day before we refer to the work of the missionaries. The various tribes under the rule of the United States make up a total of about two hundred and fifty thousand red men, exhibiting a great many degrees of civilisation, from the cultivated Cherokee or Choctaw of the Indian territory, down to the savage Apache of Arizona, the "wildest, fiercest, most cruel and barbarous in all their habits and instincts, of the American Indians." But even amongst the Apaches, a large majority have found that it pays them better to cultivate land and deal in corn and bullocks than to follow the customs of their forefathers.

More than half the Indian population of the United States is comprised in the sixty tribes cut up into innumerable bands and inhabiting the country between the

Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains. These are the Wild Indians of the Plains, who still to a large extent preserve their ancient customs. Amongst them Colonel Dodge spent over thirty years, and has given his experiences in a book



INDIAN MEDICINE BAG, WHISTLE, DRUM, &c.

which is acknowledged to be one of the most graphic and accurate presentments of Indian life ever published.

The Colonel found that (subject to many shades and gradations) the religious belief of the Indian centres in two Gods, a good one and a bad one. The Good God is his friend and helper in business, in war, even in crime. The Bad God is always thwarting him, and is the cause of every disaster, misfortune, or disappointment. There is no question of right or wrong mixed up with this system—the Good God or "Great

Spirit" is always doing the best he can for the Indian, and wants no prayers, thanks, or service of any kind. But the Bad God is unceasingly struggling against him, and can be bribed or propitiated by offerings. Only in this life these gods have power, and the Indian looks forward to immortality in a Happy Hunting Ground where he shall be beyond their control. But into that Happy Hunting Ground, according to the orthodox belief (now much modified), no man who has lost his scalp or who has been strangled can enter.

Under such a system, the only religious anxiety which the Indian feels is as to which of his two gods has got the upper hand in regulating his affairs. The relation of the gods to each other as regards himself is expressed by a term which has been universally translated "medicine." When all is going well with a man, his "medicine" is good; when he misses a shot or fails in an enterprise, his "medicine" is bad. Hence, every new theory is cautiously and doubtfully received. It may be "good medicine," and therefore helpful to the Good God in his unceasing struggle, or it may be "bad medicine," and so aid the Bad God to perpetrate mischief. By watching the flight of birds, the crawling of snakes, or the movements of horses, the poor Indian tries to discover which of his gods is in the ascendant, and arrange his proceedings accordingly. He also depends on his "medicine" bag, containing various ingredients, such as earth and bones, and likewise one special ingredient known only to himself. The making of medicine, generally performed about once a week, is one of the highest religious exercises known to the orthodox Indian. If, by certain signs which become apparent during the mixing, he finds that the medicine is not good, he carefully buries it, and mixes again. If he has reason to believe that his own special ingredient which he adds to the tribal ingredient is proving a failure, he goes out into the wilderness and starves himself into a trance, in hope of a new secret being revealed to him in place of that which he obtained by similar means at his initiation.

Each tribe has its "medicine chief," who lives in luxury at the expense of the community. When the women cook anything particularly nice for their husbands, they always run with a portion of it to the "medicine chief's" tent. This worthy has to be reckless in battle, for he claims to have "medicine" that makes him invulnerable. One of his chief duties is to heal the sick, for can he not cast out the Bad God who makes men ill? Old women howl in chorus, the medicine chief beats his tom-tom above the sufferer's head and chants his incantations, and the affair soon ends either by the patient's death or recovery. There are numerous grades of medicine men amongst the Indian tribes; some of them are addicted to all sorts of strange conjuring and horrible practices.

Now and again the Indians and their medicine chief meet in solemn conclave, not exactly to worship the Good God, but rather for the purpose of getting information from him as regards coming events. With burnt-offerings, with signs of divination, and with abundant smoking of the medicine pipe, conclusions are arrived at with respect to the number of ponies that may be expected during the coming season, and similar matters of interest to the tribe.

No doubt, many of our readers have heard of the great medicine dance. It has

become greatly modified in most tribes, and is now only carried out in its completeness by a few wild tribes not yet brought under the rule of the established authorities. We shall, however, describe it as it was practised by all the tribes of the plains until within the last few years. The reader must imagine a great central lodge with open sides, but with a rough roof of boughs and skins supported by poles. From the roof hangs a small image, painted white one side, and black the other, so as to symbolise both the gods. The middle part of the lodge is roped off for the dancers, who are selected by the medicine chief from the warriors of the tribe. At the appointed hour these appear in the circle almost naked; in each dancer's mouth there is a bone whistle, ornamented with a single tail-feather of the chapparal cock. All the Plains Indians esteem this bird so highly as "good medicine," that it is becoming exceedingly scarce.

Ranged in a circle, the dancers begin a slow monotonous round, each eye fixed on the small image hanging from the roof, and each dancer accompanying himself with continued shrill whistling. It is a dance of endurance, and although some young beginners soon begin to bound with enthusiasm, the more practised take care to husband their strength.

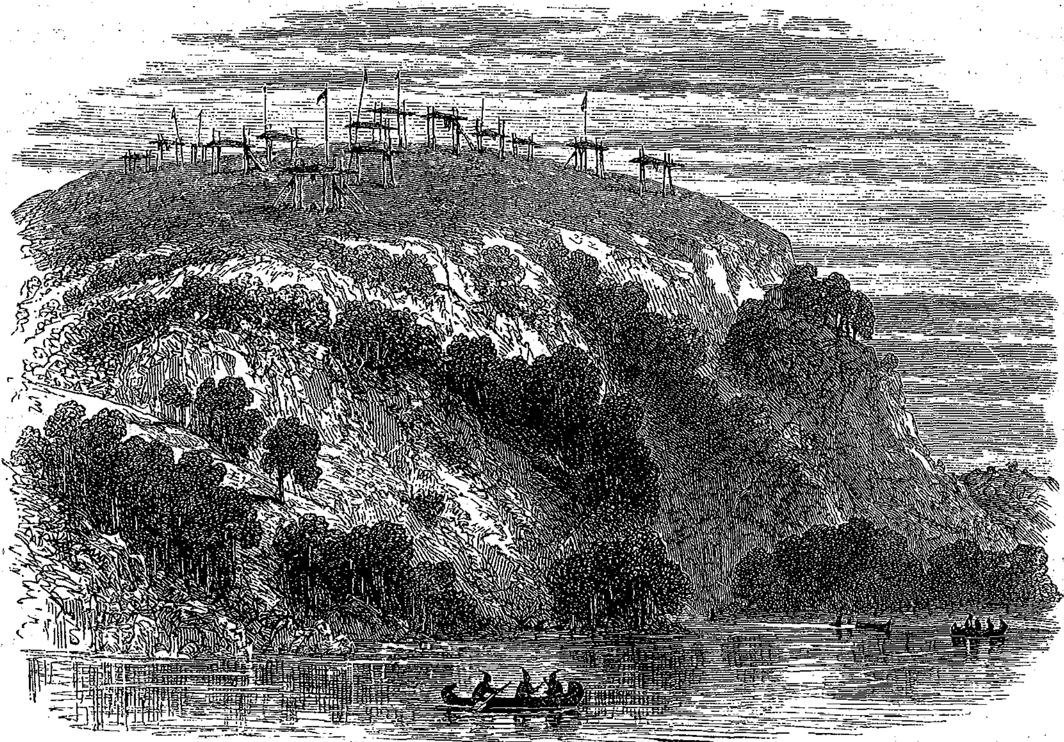
Without a pause for rest, food, or drink, the dance goes on, and is very monotonous and uninteresting, until in the course of eight or ten hours signs of weariness are apparent. Outside the ring of appointed guards there is now a dense ring of relatives and friends, who, with yells of frenzied excitement, stir up the dancers to renewed effort, or cheer up a favourite with words of loving encouragement. Presently the lodge rings with the wild shrieks of the women, as one of the dancers staggers and falls. The guards drag out the body and lay it on its back. The medicine chief comes with his medicine, paints and draws signs on the body, which is then taken out in the open air and revived with buckets of water. The women hail the restoration with cries of joy, and earnestly beg the officiating personage to spare this dancer from further effort. The medicine chief's word is law, and he may, if he pleases, order the warrior back into the circle. But the prayers of the women, backed up by the promise of one, two, or half a dozen ponies (according to the wealth of the dancer) generally result in the man's being led back to his tent to recover from his fatigue.

Meanwhile the dance goes on, and if at the appointed time no death has resulted, "good medicine" is declared, and with light hearts the council meet and decide on their programme for the season. But if, on the other hand, death has resulted, the camp resounds with howls and shrieks, the women gash their arms and bosoms with knives, and after burying the dead the bands separate, anxious to flee from the wrath of the Bad God, who has proved himself the strongest on this occasion.

But the glory of the medicine chief has now considerably departed. Any warrior may hold a medicine lodge if he can afford the expense. The dancers enlist voluntarily from motives of personal vanity, or to perform a vow, or because it is considered amongst the young warriors as the right thing to do. There is now no

obligation to die over the business, and of the hundred or so who begin the dance, many fall out at intervals, till on the fourth day some ten or twelve remain, who have actually danced and whistled for seventy-five hours without a moment's pause. Great fame is won by this trial of endurance; and if all has gone on harmoniously, and the weather has been fine, these are taken as sufficient signs of "good medicine," and the lodge is declared a success.

In days gone by, no young Indian could become a warrior without passing through an ordeal of brutal torture. This is no longer required, but the practice is by no

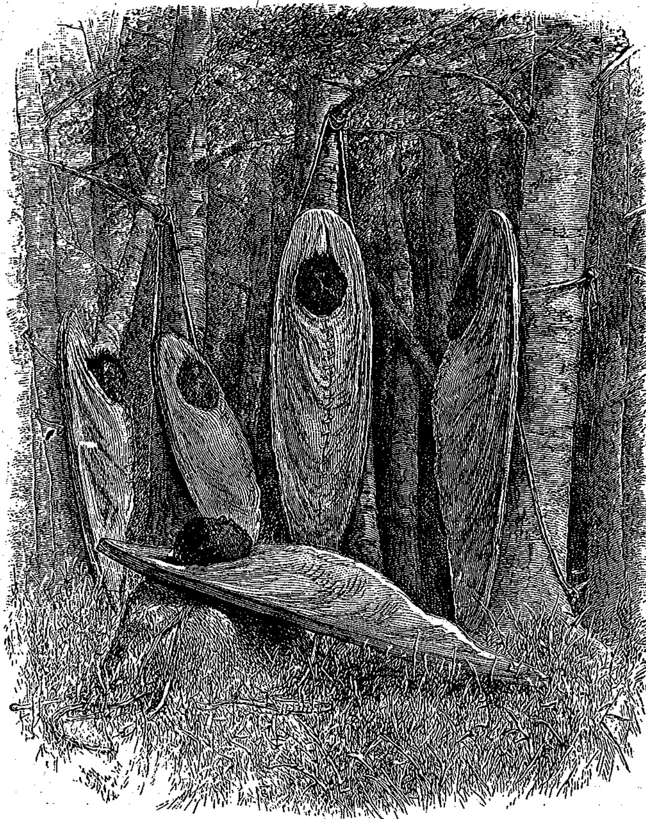


INDIAN BURIAL PLACE.

means discontinued. There are still many who submit to self-torture—some from religious motives, others from an ambitious pride in their own fortitude, and a desire to stand high in the estimation of their people. When the medicine dance is over, the aspirants for torture come forward. Some religious rites are performed, and then the medicine chief makes two vertical cuts in the breast of each of the volunteers, about two inches apart, and three or four inches long. He makes the incisions by passing his broad-bladed knife through the pectoral muscles, and then lifts the intervening flesh from the bone, and passes through the opening the end of a horse-hair rope, three-quarters of an inch thick. The rope is secured with a piece of wood, and the long end is fastened to the top of one of the lodge poles. Here the

sufferer must remain without food or water till he can tear himself free. Sometimes the ropes are passed through the muscles of the shoulder-blades, and weighted with buffalo skulls, which the devotee drags about till his flesh gives way and liberates the ropes. It is understood that it is "good medicine" to get loose speedily, and "bad medicine" to be several days over it.

The man who flinches from the knife, or who cries out at any stage of the process, is set free at once amidst general contempt. Formerly he was condemned henceforth to do women's work, and might not marry or hold property. As a rule



SIOUX PAPOOSES.

no lasting injury results from the torture to those who go through the ordeal; the skilful Indian treatment cures the wounds in a few weeks.

The Indian sometimes buries his dead in the earth or deposits them in caves, but the favourite resting-place, especially for a man of rank and importance, is a tree. The body is dressed in the most gorgeous raiment procurable, for it is believed that the spirit will appear robed in the same way in the Happy Hunting Grounds, and it is desirable to make a good first impression on arriving there. The face of the corpse is elaborately painted; at his girdle are all the scalps he has taken in life, and round about him are various articles supposed likely to minister to his

comfort in the future life, or during the long journey thither. The body lies upon a platform of poles covered with grass and leaves, and firmly secured with thongs of raw hide to the boughs of the tree. Above it is a roof of bent branches covered with buffalo hides, the whole forming a rough but secure burial-case from six to ten feet long, and from three to five wide. Upon the neighbouring boughs, pots and kettles and similar articles which will be wanted by the deceased, but which could not be conveniently packed in the burial-case, are suspended, and streamers of coloured cloth wave above the dead to frighten away animals and birds.

Stoical as the Indian is in many of the vicissitudes of life, his mourning for the dead is the very abandonment of woe. A chief bereaved of a beloved son feels that his "medicine" is wrong, and that the Bad God has struck a severe blow at him. He hacks off his long hair, and, almost devoid of clothing, lies in tearless agony on the earth floor of his lodge. Three or four weeks pass by before he can be persuaded to wash, dress, and resume his ordinary avocations.

But it is the Indian women who are pre-eminent in the extravagance of grief. When a chief lies dead, his women-folk surround the body, and keep up an incessant chorus of howls. They cut away their hair, tear their clothes, and inflict horrible wounds on their arms and legs and breasts. Covered with blood and dirt, they continue to howl and wail like maniacs till the body is taken to its last resting-place. But long afterwards, whenever one of the bereaved widows feels low-spirited she will go forth wailing to the grave. The other widows quickly join in, and plenty more women come out of sympathy, and presently the whole forest echoes with the unearthly din. The Indian woman is very great in lamentation; she seldom can see a grave without giving the mournful howl which is her version of a sigh.

The Indian's creed as to that hereafter which he calls the Happy Hunting Grounds, is exceedingly vague. The medicine men have always set themselves against any discussion on this subject. A future state in which death will be unknown, and where all persons of every age, sex, or colour will meet (if they die unstrangled and unscalped), and where the phantoms of animals and of portable property will have their place—where, in fact, there will be larger capacity and wider opportunity for the enjoyment of all earthly appetites—such is the Indian's heaven. He does not attempt to explain the contradictions in his scheme, or trouble himself as to how there can be the pursuit of game for food, and the killing and scalping of enemies, in a state where all death is abolished. His faith is too deep for argument, and he gladly practises self-sacrifice for the sake of giving the dead a good outfit when they start on their journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds. An Indian will go hungry when game is swarming round him, although he knows that the guns and powder and lead which he needs are packed away in the burial-cases within easy reach.

Turning now to the beginning of an Indian's life, we find him spending his first year as a papoose, tied to a board, as in the illustration, which hangs from his mother's neck, or is placed against the wall, or swung from the bough of a tree, according to circumstances. The child's first lesson is to be taught never to cry. When it sets up an infantile yell the mother covers its mouth with the palm

NORTH AMERICA.*

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

Abbreviation	Society
C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.
S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.
New. Eng.	New England Company.
Col. and Cont.	Colonial and Continental Church Society.
Morav.	Missions of the United Brethren or Moravians.
Danish	Danish Government Missions.
Can. Meth.	Canadian Methodist Church Missions.
„ Presb.	Canadian Presbyterian Church Missions.
Am. B. F. M.	American Board of Foreign Missions.
Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missions.
„ Meth. Epis. S.	American Methodist Episcopal Church (South) Missions.
„ Miss. Assoc.	American Missionary Association.
„ Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church Missions.
„ Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
„ S. Bapt.	Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.).
„ Friends'	Missions of American Friends.
„ Bible	American Bible Society.

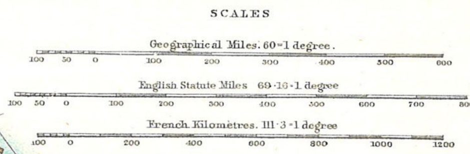
In addition to other American Societies given there is the important Women's National Indian Association, which has for its objects —(1) To aid by every means the securing of all laws necessary for the welfare of the Indians of the United States, and (2) the planting of missions in destitute Indian tribes. It has been impossible to distinguish the stations of these missions, as after the first year they are usually transferred to one of the permanent denominational societies.

* Throughout N. America the stations marked are chiefly missions to heathen; but in Mexico they are to Roman Catholics as well.

Station	Locality	Societies
Abittibe L.	Ontario	C. M. S.
Aguas Calientes	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
Albany, Fort	James Bay	C. M. S.
Albuquerque	New Mexico	Am. Presb.
Alert B.	Vancouver I.	C. M. S.
Alexander Fort	Manitoba	„
Ardmore	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Ardpatrick (*Crow Stand*)	Manitoba	Can. Presb.
Asisippi	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
Atoka	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Balgonie (*Muscowpetung's Agency.*)	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
Barcas. *See* La Barcas.		
Battleford	Saskatchewan	C. M. S., S. P. G.
Berens, Fort	Manitoba.	Can. Meth.
Berthold, Fort	Dakota	Am. Miss. Assoc.
Bethel	Alaska	Morav.
Big Rapids	Michigan.	Am. Meth. Epis.
Birtle (*Okanase*)	Manitoba	Can. Presb.
Blackfoot Crossing	Alberta	C. M. S.
Boggy Depôt	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Brantford	Ontario	New Eng.
Broadview	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
Brownsville	Mexico	Am. Presb.
Brulé Reserve	Dakota	Am. Prot. Epis.
Caddo	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Cape Prince of Wales	Alaska	Am. Presb.
Carmel	Alaska	Morav.
Cattaraugus	New York	Am. Presb.
Cayuga	Ontario	New Eng.
Chemong. *See* Mud Lake.		
Chihuahua	Mexico	Am. B. F. M., Am. Presb.
Chilcat	Alaska	Am. Presb.
Chipewyan, Fort	N.W. Canada.	C. M. S.
Churchill, Fort	Hudson's Bay.	„
Christian I.	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Croker C.	„	„
Cumberland Ho.	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
Devon (*Pas Mission*)	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
Dunvegan	Athabasca	„
Durango	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
East Main Fort	James Bay	C. M. S.
Edmonton Fort	Alberta	Can. Presb., S. P. G.
El Paso del Norte	Mexico	Am. Presb.
Egedsminde	Greenland	Danish.
Essington. *See* Port Essington.		
Eufaula	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Fairford Ho.	Manitoba	C. M. S., Can. Meth.
File Hills	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
Fisher R. *See* Fairford Ho.		
Fort Albany, &c. *See* Albany, Fort.		
Frederiksdal	Greenland	Morav.
George, Fort	James Bay	C. M. S.
Georgina	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Gibson, Fort	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Godthaab	Greenland	Danish.
Grand River	Ontario	Can. Meth., New Eng.
Green Bay (*Oneida Indians*)	Wisconsin	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
Guadalajara	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. B. F. M., Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
Guanajuato	„	„ „
Hazelton	B. Columbia	C. M. S.
Hebron	Labrador.	Morav.
Henley Ho.	Ontario	C. M. S.
Hermosillo	Mexico	Am. B. F. M.
Hidalgo. *See* Parral.		
Holsteinborg	Greenland	Danish.
Hooniah	Alaska	Am. Presb.
Hopedale	Labrador.	Morav.
Hope Pt.	Alaska	Am. Prot. Epis.
Igdlorpait	Greenland	Morav.
Indian Head	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
Iroquois Pt.	Michigan.	Am. Meth. Epis.
Islington	Ontario	C. M. S.
Jacobshavn	Greenland	Danish.
Jimenez	Mexico	Am. Presb.
Julianshaab	Greenland	Danish.
Juneau	Alaska	Am. Presb.
Kalamazoo	Michigan.	Am. Meth. Epis.
Kanyeageh. *See* Grand River.		New Eng.
Kewawenon	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
Kiowa	Ind. Territory.	„ „ „ S.
Kuper Island	British Columbia.	New Eng.
La Barca	Mexico	Am. B. F. M.
Lac Seul	Ontario	C. M. S.
Lapierre Ho.	N.W. Canada.	„
Lapwai	Idaho	Am. Presb.
Lebanon	Ind. Territory.	„ Meth. Epis. S.
Liard, Fort	B. Columbia	C. M. S.
Lichtenau	Greenland	Morav.
Lichtenfels	„	„
Lytton	British Columbia.	S. P. G.
Macleod, Fort	Alberta	C. M. S.
Macpherson, Fort	N.W. Canada.	„

McAllister	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis S., Am. Presb.
Manti	Utah	Am. Presb.
Masset Inlet	Queen Charlotte's Is.	C. M. S.
Matamoros	Mexico	Am. Friends', Am. Presb.
Matawakumma	Ontario	C. M. S.
Matehuala	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt.
Medicine Hat	Assiniboia	S. P. G.
Metlakahtla	B. Columbia	C. M. S.
Mexico	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Friends', Am. Bible, Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Mier	"	" "
Misinabe L.	Ontario	C. M. S.
Mistassinnie	N.W. Territory	"
Monclova	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Montemorelos	"	Am. Presb.
Monterey	"	Am. Presb., Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Moose Fort	Ontario	C. M. S.
Moose Lake	Saskatchewan	"
Morelos	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Mount Elgin	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Mount Idaho	Idaho	Am. Presb.
Mud Lake (*Chemong*)	Ontario	New Eng., Can. Meth.
Munceytown. *See* Sarnia.		
Munising	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
Muskogee	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Nain	Labrador	Morav.
Nasse	B. Columbia	Can. Meth
Nelson Ho.	Keewatin	" "
Nepowewin Pt.	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
New Brunswick Ho.	Ontario	"
New Fairfield	"	Morav.
New Springplace	Ind. Territory.	"
New Westfield	Kansas	"
New Westminster	B. Columbia	Can. Meth.
Niobrara	Nebraska	Am. Prot. Epis.
Nipigon L.	Ontario	Col. and Cont.
Nogales	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Nocksack (*Whatcom*)	Washington	" " " "
Norman, Fort	N.W. Canada	C. M. S.
North Port	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
Norway Ho.	Keewatin	Can. Meth.
Nye Hernhut	Greenland	Morav.
Ookmulgee	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb.
Odana	Wisconsin	Am. Presb.
Okkak	Labrador	Morav.
Omaha	Nebraska	Am. Presb.
Omenak	Queensland	Danish.
Oneida (*Canada*). *See* Sarnia.		
" (*U.S.*)	New York.	Am. Meth. Epis.
Osnaburgh Ho.	Manitoba	C. M. S.
Oxford House	Keewatin	Can. Meth.
Pachuca	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
Parowan	Utah	" Presb.
Parral (*Hidalgo*)	Mexico	" B. F. M.
Parras	"	" S. Bapt.
Parry Sound	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Pas Mission. *See* Devon.		
Passo del Norte. *See* El Paso del Norte.		
Pitt, Fort	Saskatchewan	C. M. S.
Point Barrow	Alaska	Am. Presb.
Ponca	Nebraska	Am. Miss. Assoc.
Portage La Prairie	Manitoba	C. M. S., Can. Presb.
Portland	Oregon	Am. Presb.
Port Essington (*Skeena*)	B. Columbia	Can. Meth., S. P. G.
Port Simpson	"	Can. Meth., C. M. S.
Potaro	California	Morav.
Potosi, San Luis	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Prince Albert	Saskatchewan	Can. Presb., S. P. G.
Puebla	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
Purcell	Ind. Territory.	" " " S.
Qu'Appelle	Assiniboia	S. P. G.
Queretaro	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
Quinte, Bay of (*Mohawk Res.*)	Ontario	New Eng., Can. Meth.
Rae, Fort	N.W. Canada	C. M. S.
Rainy L.	Ontario	"
Rama	"	Can. Meth.

Ramah	Labrador	Morav.
Rampart Ho.	N.W. Canada	C. M. S.
Red Cloud	Dakota	Am. Prot. Epis.
Regina	Assiniboia	Can. Presb.
Reno, Fort	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Resolution, Fort	N.W. Canada	C. M. S.
Richmond	Utah	Am. Presb.
Rupert Ho.	James Bay	C. M. S.
Rush Creek	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Saddle L.	Saskatchewan	Can. Meth.
Saltillo	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
St. Clair	Ontario	Can. Meth.
St. Regis	New York	Am. Meth. Epis.
San Bois Mt.	Ind. Territory.	" " " S., Am. Presb.
San Luis Potosi. *See* Potosi.		
Santa Fé	New Mexico	Am. Miss. Assoc.
Santé	Nebraska	" "
Sarcee Res.	Alberta	S. P. G.
Sarnia *and neighbourhood*	Ontario	Col. & Cont., Can. Meth.
Saugeen (*Southampton*)	Alberta	Can. Meth.
Saut St. Marie	"	Col. & Cont., S. P. G.
Sougog	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Severn, Fort	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
Shequiandah	Ontario	S. P. G.
Simpson, Fort	N.W. Canada	C. M. S.
Sisseton Agency	Dakota	Am. Presb.
Sitka	Alaska	" "
Skeena R.	B. Columbia	Can. Meth., S.P.G.
Skidgate	Queen Charlotte's Is.	" "
S'Kokomish	Washington	Am. Miss. Assoc.
Skullyville	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Southampton. *See* Saugeen		
Stanley	N. W. Canada	C. M. S.
Stockbridge	Wisconsin	Am. Presb.
Stonewall	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Stringtown	" "	" " " "
Sully, Fort	Dakota	Am. Miss. Assoc., Am. Prot. Epis.
Supulpa	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S.
Tabasco	Mexico	Am. Presb.
Talequah	Ind. Territory.	Morav., Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Tama City	Iowa	Am. Presb.
Tetela	Mexico	Am. Meth. Epis.
Tishomingo	Ind. Territory.	" " " S.
Tonawanda	New York	" "
Touchwood Post	Assiniboia	C. M. S.
Traverse	Michigan	Am. Meth. Epis.
Trout L.	N.W. Territory	C. M. S.
Tucson	Arizona	Am. Presb.
Tulsa	Ind. Territory.	" "
Tuscarora	Ontario	New Eng.
Umanak	Greenland	Morav.
Upernavik	"	Danish.
Vancouver	B. Columbia	Can. Meth.
Vermilion Fort	Athabasca	C. M. S.
Victoria	Alberta	Can. Meth.
"	Mexico	Am. Friends', Am. Presb.
"	Vancouver I.	Can. Meth.
Vinita	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S., Am. Presb.
Walpole I.	Ontario	Can. Meth.
Washita	Ind. Territory.	Am. Meth. Epis. S
Westbourne	Manitoba	C. M. S.
Wewoka	Ind. Territory.	Am. Presb.
Whale R., Gr.	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
" " Little	"	"
Wheelock	Ind. Territory.	Am. Presb.
Whitefish L.	Saskatchewan	Can. Meth.
Winnipeg	Manitoba	C. M. S.
Wounded Knee	Dakota	Am. Presb.
Wrangel, Fort	Alaska	" "
Yakima	Washington	Am. Meth. Epis.
Yale	B. Columbia	S. P. G.
Yankton	Dakota	Am. Presb.
Yates, Fort	"	Am. Miss. Assoc.
York, Fort	Hudson Bay	C. M. S.
Zacatecas	Mexico	Am. S. Bapt., Am. Presb.
Zoar	Labrador	Morav.



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

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of her hand, and presses its nose with thumb and forefinger till the child is nearly stifled. At every attempt to begin a squall the process is repeated, till baby grasps the idea, and henceforth cultivates silence. Indian children are very precocious; the girls are at their best when ten or twelve years old, and at sixteen begin to age visibly, worn with incessant toil. The boys, who may not be struck by their mothers or any woman after they are weaned, imitate as soon as possible the warriors, whose highest exploits have been scalping and horse-stealing. Some of the most cold-blooded atrocities perpetrated on the plains have been the work of roving bands of young Indians in their teens, burning to achieve distinction. When a youngster can satisfy the council of his tribe as to his having done deeds that really prove his manhood, he is declared a warrior. The initiation by torture is no longer obligatory in any of the tribes, but the youth must go away to some lonely hill or forest and starve himself into a tranced condition, during which the idea comes into his head of the particular substance which is to be his special "medicine."

In the early part of the present century, many isolated attempts were made by numerous American societies to carry the Gospel to the Indians. Thus, in 1801 we find Mr. Holmes sent by the New York Missionary Society to settle among the Tuscaroras near the Falls of Niagara. After his preliminary visit to them in the previous year, some of their Sachems and warriors had written to the Society in a piteous strain. They begged that a good man might be sent to dwell among them and teach them. "We cry to you from the wilderness; our hearts ache while we speak to your ears. . . Think—poor Indians must die as well as white men. We pray you, therefore, never to give over and leave poor Indians, but follow them in dark times, and let our children always find you to be their friends when we are dead and no more."

Mr. Holmes and his successors had a good deal of uphill work, but the Tuscaroras ultimately became a Christian tribe. An effort, begun about the same time by the Connecticut Missionary Society, to evangelise the Chippewas near Lake Erie, was a failure. "The Gospel, though very good for white people, would never do for Indians," was the unanimous decision of the tribe, and the mission was abandoned.

The establishment of the American Board united a large number of scattered missions on a sound basis, and helped many of them to realise considerable success. Of the beneficent results that followed the labours of the Board's agents among the Cherokees, the details have already been given. Similar successes were realised among the Choctaws. It was a nation of pagans amongst whom, in 1818, Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Williams planted the mission station of Eliot. The Choctaws were ready to be educated and civilised, and the missionaries joined heartily with the enlightened chiefs in the work. The people in their councils voted money liberally for the schools; large sums were to be set aside from the United States subsidies due to them in payment for the lands of which they had been dispossessed. They soon excelled in agriculture and various industrial arts, and learned to dress well and furnish their houses comfortably They established a strong civil government, and enacted a code of

laws; abolished many ancient customs which they saw to be prejudicial, and, by the firmness of the leading men, intemperance was banished from a nation of hitherto notorious whiskey-drinkers.

For ten years the missionaries had to be content with helping forward these reforms, and then came the looked-for signs of a spiritual awakening. In the year 1828 there was a flocking to hear the Gospel message, and stern warriors wept and cried out for salvation. In the villages the people neglected their sports and dances, to meet for prayer and religious conference. The revival was still in progress, and between 300 and 400 Indians had become church members, when a sad reaction was brought about by the high-handed action of the United States Government, which compelled the Choctaws again to sell their lands (guaranteed to them by treaty), and migrate to fresh reservations beyond the Mississippi.

The enemies of religion now came forth as patriots. They declared that the introduction of Christianity and the abolition of their ancient customs was bringing about their national ruin. They were led by Mooshoolatubbe, a chief who had been ejected from the council for his dissolute life. Several chiefs who favoured religion were deposed from their official position, and the law against Sabbath-breaking was annulled. Intemperance again became rampant; large numbers of the people either gave themselves up to reckless vice or sank into sullen despair; even of the church members, many fell away at this disastrous crisis.

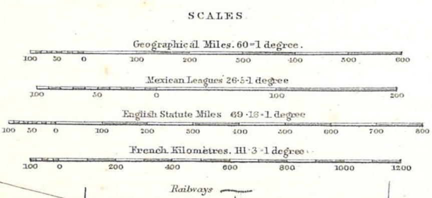
From 1831 to 1833 the transfer of 15,000 Choctaws to the wilds of Arkansas was being carried out. Young and old, sick and well, alike performed the long journey through the uninhabited wilderness, many of them in the depth of winter. Numbers perished of cold, hunger, fatigue, and sickness. The swamps of the Mississippi engulphed a considerable number. One steamboat captain rescued a company who had been six days surrounded by rising waters, and a hundred of their horses were standing frozen dead in the mud.

Mr. Williams came amongst them in their new country, and planted the station of Bethabara, and subsequently several other stations. For some years little progress was made with the Gospel, though the Choctaws were wise enough to again encourage education, to adopt civilised habits, and acquire proficiency in the industrial arts. After a time Christianity again made headway, and at the completion of forty years of patient labour (dating from the settlement of Eliot station) the missionaries saw around them a Christian nation, industrious, intelligent, and thriving.

Passing over some other missions carried on under the auspices of the American Board amongst various tribes, we note that in March, 1836, it sent its agents beyond the Rocky Mountains to the Indians of Oregon. Messrs. Spalding and Gray and Dr. Whitman were the three missionaries who journeyed 3,600 miles, for the most part through a desolate wilderness, to the shores of the Columbia River. Here they taught the Kayuses and the Nez Percés Indians, and were delighted with their reception. "We might as well hold back the sun in its course," writes Mr. Spalding, "as hold back the mind of this people from religious enquiry. When they return from their tents after the services of the Sabbath, they sometimes spend the whole night in

NORTH AMERICA

SOUTHERN PORTION



References.
I. Vermont
II. New Hampshire
III. Massachusetts
IV. Connecticut
V. Rhode I.
VI. New Jersey
VII. Delaware
VIII. Maryland

For Mission Stations in Central America and West Indies see separate Map.

Longitude West of Greenwich

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

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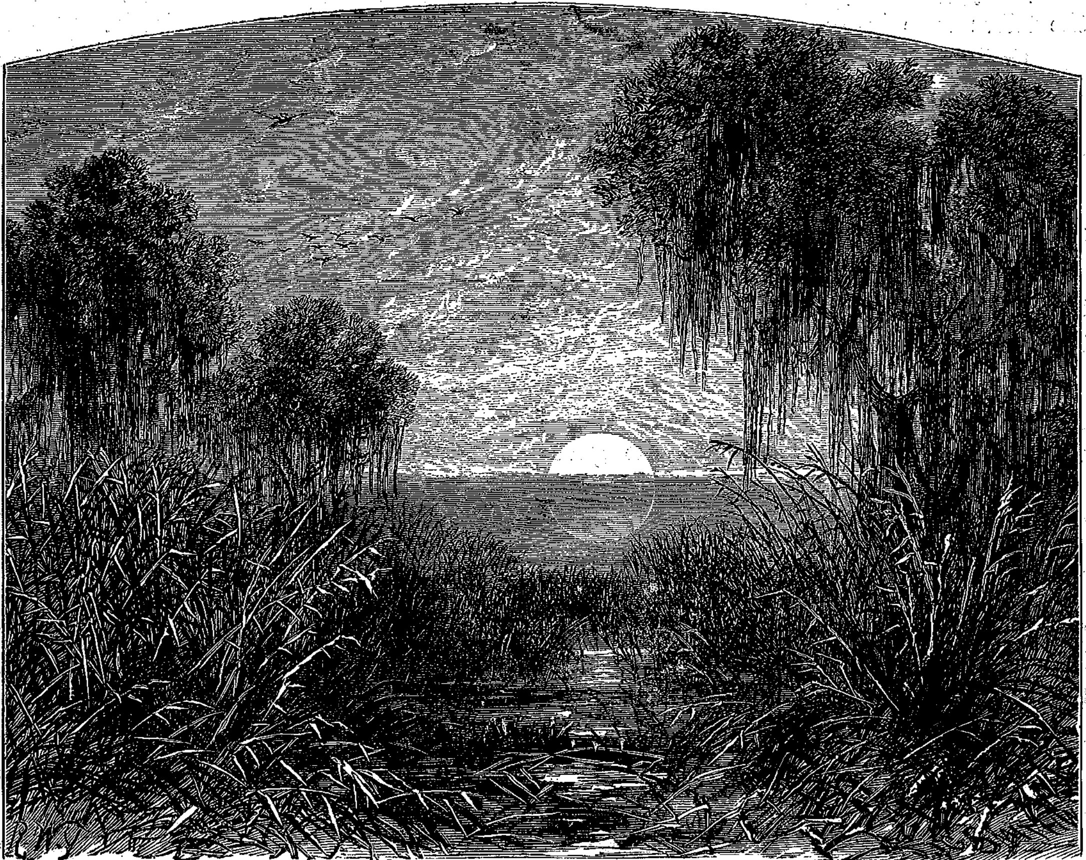
perfecting what they but partly understood. I am sometimes astounded at the correctness and rapidity with which several will go through many of the events recorded in the Scriptures; but no history is listened to with such profound attention as the story of the Cross of Christ. A paper with His Name upon it is clasped to the bosom with all the apparent affection of a mother embracing her darling child."

This description is a little high-flown, but that the Indians certainly did come to school, and learned a good deal, is certain. In 1839 the first printing-press beyond the



SWAMP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Rocky Mountains was set up at Clear Water station, and a school-book in the Nez Percés language was printed. That printing-press and all appurtenances, worth about £100, was the gift of a native church at Honolulu, where, only twenty years before, the darkness of heathenism had been unbroken.

But though these Indians were interested in school teaching, and improved in their agriculture and other paying pursuits, they did not realise Mr. Spalding's glowing anticipations, and in 1847 the mission came to a sad and terrible close. Dr. Whitman, after returning from the burial of an Indian child, was sitting reading, when an Indian came and asked for medicine. Whilst the doctor's attention was thus engaged, another

Indian crept up behind him, and killed him, with his tomahawk. As he lay dead on the floor, Tilaukait—a chief who had received many favours from the murdered doctor, and who was about to be received into the church—mutilated the dead body, and threw the heart on the road. The doctor's wife and Mr. Rogers were shot at the door of the house, and several other Americans in the neighbourhood were cruelly butchered. The cause of this outbreak was never clearly known. Mr. Spalding and his family were spared, and about sixty persons (mostly women and children) were ultimately given up by the savages, after suffering many wrongs and indignities. But the tribes were in an excited condition, and the mission had to be abandoned.

From amongst the many other Indian missions superintended by the American Board, we select one more example before passing on to speak of the labours of other societies. In June, 1837, the Board sent Stephen R. Riggs, of Steubenville, Ohio, to labour amongst the Dacotas or Sioux. He was the son of a blacksmith (who had managed to educate him for the ministry), and with his wife Mary, formerly a school teacher, and who proved herself an invaluable helper in the mission cause, Riggs spent many years amongst this warlike tribe. They settled at Lac-qui-parle, where there were seven native Christians in the employ of Mr. Renville, a half-breed fur-trader. For a language that had never yet been written, Mr. Riggs made a dictionary and began translating the Scriptures. He used English letters, and spelt the words phonetically, but had to arrange for representing four clicks, two gutturals, and a nasal unknown in English. Mr. Renville gave valuable aid to the missionaries, teaching them the language and helping them in their plans. But the Dacotas were very mercenary, and at first would only accept Gospel teaching when accompanied by boiled pumpkins, turnips, and potatoes.

The first Dacota who learned to read and write his own language was the war prophet "Eagle-help." He was of great service to the mission, though he expected to be well paid for all that he did, and clung for a long time to his Dacota customs. He professed to have communication with the spirit-world, and asserted that after fasting, praying, and dancing he saw in a vision Ojibways in a canoe on the river, or passing through a forest, and the spirit would say—"Up, Eagle-help, and kill." He declared that the whole scene just as he saw it had never failed to be realised.

Early in 1839 there was considerable irritation amongst the Sioux in consequence of the treachery of a band of Ojibways, who some months previously had feasted and smoked the pipe of peace in Dacota lodges, but had risen at midnight and murdered their hosts. Eagle-help determined to get up a war party. All the village took part in the circle dance, and then Eagle-help saw his vision and prophesied success. Twenty young braves decked themselves with war-paint; they fasted and feasted alternately; they danced the "No-flight Dance," and listened to the old warriors, who inflamed the passions of the young men by recounting their own deeds of vengeful prowess.

Mr. Riggs and his gentle wife were very grieved that their good friend Eagle-help should lead out a party to murder Ojibways. Their exhortations and entreaties were unheeded, and when they declared that they should pray that the expedition

might be unsuccessful, the Dacotas were greatly enraged, and seized two of the mission cows, upon which they feasted just before starting. The Indians had a long, arduous tramp, and came back without having seen an Ojibway. They said it was all owing to the prayers of the missionaries, and for some months Eagle-help would have nothing to do with them.

Of course the school was the principal missionary work of these early days. It was well attended; the education given included spinning, knitting, and weaving. Washing was also taught, for it had been the custom in Dacota to wear garments till they rotted off. "The Gospel of Soap," as Mr. Riggs remarks, "was indeed a necessary adjunct and outgrowth of the Gospel of Salvation." Other helpers were sent to aid in the school work.

The Susetons of Lake Traverse, the Yanktonais who hunted buffaloes on the great prairies beside the Missouri River, and the Teetons who lived beyond the Big Muddy, were populous branches of the Sioux nation, with whom our missionaries wished to open friendly relations. Guided by Thunder-face and a party of wild Sioux, and then by Sacred Cow, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs reached the Missouri near Fort Pierre, and were kindly received and entertained at a dog-feast by the Teetons. The intentions of the missionaries were explained, and the Gospel was preached, and after a month of forest journeying the explorers got back to their comrades at the mission, convinced of their inability to attempt much on behalf of the wandering portions of the Sioux people.

At Lac-qui-parle they laboured on steadily, and had many encouraging experiences as well as many trials of their faith. Up till February, 1841, the only males received into the church were Mr. Renville and his sons, but there were several women. "Your church is made up of women," said the Dacota warriors; "if you had got us in first, it would have amounted to something, but now they are only women. Who would follow after women?"

The first full-blood Dacota man to become a Christian was Anawangmanȩ (Walks-galloping-on). By Dacota custom, no man can be punished for a misdemeanour except by a man whose brave deeds had exceeded his own. Anawangmane "had been a very dare-devil on the war-path;" his valiant deeds had exceeded those of all the other braves, so that amongst his own people he was above the law. Such was the man who was made willing to renounce all for Christ. For three years he had been wanting to be a Christian, but had acknowledged that the sixth and seventh commandments were too strict for him. But he was not quite thirty when he made the complete surrender and was baptised into the church by the name of Simon. He put on white men's clothes, and planted a field with corn and potatoes; and as they passed by, even boys and women pointed at the bravest of the Dacotas, saying—"There goes the man who has made himself a woman."

The schoolroom became too small for the Sunday services, and it was resolved to build a church. Catherine Totidutawin and the other women dug out the site and made mud bricks, which were dried in the sun and built up into walls. Not much money was spent on it, but much good work was done there.

About this time a native orator and two or three other young men joined the church.

A new station was formed in 1843 at Traverse des Sioux, and some more workers came to help in the Dacota mission. A good deal of opposition had to be encountered, but the great obstacle to success was the whiskey-drinking. Kegs of whiskey were brought up to Traverse from St. Paul in exchange for skins or horses, and then there would be general drunkenness, after which the whiskey in the keg

MEDICINE MEN DERIDING AN INDIAN CONVERT.

would be made up to the original quantity with water, and sold to other Indians further West. The drunken Indians with their guns and knives were often mischievous and threatening. Whiskey was the cause of some serious backsliding among the converts. Anawangmane was chaffed by old associates, and tempted to drink. He developed a passion for "fire-water," and spent eight years in alternate sin and reformation.

After four years of great discouragement and hardship at Traverse, Mr. and Mrs. Riggs were transferred back to Lac-qui-parle, where they found the church only half as large as when they left it. The Indians, as they more and more realised that Christianity required a great deal to be given up that they took delight in, became

stronger in their opposition. Sometimes they cut up the blankets of people who came to the meetings, and would kill the mission cattle, or steal the horses. They argued that the missionaries ought to pay for the fuel and grass and water that they used, or else go away. Mr. Riggs, however, conferred with the chief men of the district, when a more friendly understanding was arrived at, and teaching and preaching again went on hopefully. Young men who had learned to read and write wanted to know more, and asked for geography, arithmetic, and so on. "In the work of preaching," says Mr. Riggs, "I began to feel more freedom and joy. There had been times when the Dacota language seemed to be barren and meaningless. The words for salvation and life, and even death and sin, did not mean what they did in English. It was not to me a heart-language. But this passed away. A Dacota word began to *thrill* as an English word. Christ came into the language. The Holy Spirit began to pour sweetness and power into it. Then it was not exhausting as it sometimes had been—it became a joy to preach."

Mr. Riggs' Dacota Dictionary, with 16,000 words, was printed in 1852 by the Smithsonian Institute, and won high commendation. About this time the Dacota people were removed by "treaty" to a reserve on the Upper Minnesota. Whilst the question of removing the mission was under discussion, all the mission property at Lac-qui-parle, except the adobe church, was destroyed by fire.

This event accelerated the migration of the Christianised Sioux and their pastors. They settled near the Yellow Medicine, at a place that received the name of Hazelwood. Here an Indian boarding-school for twenty scholars was opened, and proved of great service. There was now a respectable community of young men who had been educated by the missionaries, all with their hair cut short, and wearing white men's clothes. Riggs got them recognised by the agent as a separate band, and they organised themselves into the "Hazelwood Republic," and appointed a president and other officers. They built themselves decent farmhouses, and subscribed liberally to the erection of the Hazelwood church.

The year 1857 brought serious trouble. A Dacota chief, named Inkpadoota, or Scarlet End, quarrelled with the white settlers of Spirit Lake, and destroyed the settlement. Forty whites were murdered, and four women taken captives. As they hurried westward one of the women was killed for not being able to cross a river by a fallen tree, and another was killed soon afterwards. The other two were ultimately rescued, by Indians who had learned humanity from the missionaries. White troops now appeared on the scene, and there was great excitement, but the Government forces were few in number in comparison with the five thousand Indians encamped near the Yellow Medicine, and a general rising was feared. Little Crow and a band of Dacotas were forced to go and punish the Spirit Lake murderers. They reported that they had fired upon Scarlet End's people, but their reports were never confirmed. The excitement, however, gradually died away, and there were a few years of apparent calm.

On Sunday, August 17th, 1862, the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the last time in Hazelwood church. Next day there came the fearful tidings of continuous

massacres of white people at the Lower Sioux Agency, only forty miles away. The few soldiers who put in an appearance had either been slaughtered or obliged to leave their arms and flee back to the fort. The Indians of Yellow Medicine met in council; some were for killing all the white people; some were for seizing the property and letting the whites escape. The Christian chief, John Otherday, spoke up nobly against bloodshed and violence, and the next morning at daybreak he started off with a party of over sixty whites, to guard them across the prairies to a place of safety.

Meanwhile the missionaries and teachers at Hazelwood, and the neighbouring station of Payzhe-hoo'-ta-ze, were in great trepidation. They retired to rest, but few of them slept, and about an hour after midnight friendly Indians roused them. "If you regard your own lives or ours, you must go." In less than a quarter of an hour the little band of twenty-one persons was on its way to seek a refuge. The children and most of the women were in two conveyances; the rest walked. Their Indian friends guided them through the tangled underwood and tall wet grass to the riverside, and then conveyed them to a wooded island and left them. All that night the party sat on the damp grass, cold and desolate, and anxious as to the fate awaiting them on the morrow. Next day Mr. Riggs and Mr. Cunningham paddled to the shore and reconnoitred, and some provisions were obtained, but the day passed wearily, and the fugitives were drenched with heavy rain. They heard that their houses had been rifled, and that they must all flee for safety. Before evening they were on the march, carrying their bundles, and soon fell in with the family of Mr. Riggs' valued coadjutor, Dr. Williamson, and a few other persons, with whom they struck out across the prairies in an almost forlorn hope to save their lives. They were joined on the way by a Mr. Orr, who had been shot and stabbed that morning; how he got to them was a marvel, and he had to be placed in one of the waggons. As they journeyed on, the party were soaked by a driving rain-storm, but they were thankful to see that it washed away their track. Tuesday night was spent upon the hard earth; then came another long day's march and another comfortless night. On Thursday at noon they reached a wood, and rested for the remainder of the day, venturing for the first time to light a fire and roast some meat over it on cross sticks. The next day they met Dr. Williamson and his wife and sister. He had remained at his post as long as he dared, when he sent the rest of his family forward. Anawangmane and another Christian Indian had said they could protect them no longer, and had helped them to get away.

The whole party pressed forward towards Fort Ridgley, and when within ten miles of it Mr. Hunter drove on to reconnoitre. "We felt ourselves in danger," says Miss Martha T. Riggs, "but thought if we were only inside the fort walls we would be safe. The men shouldered their arms, the daylight faded, and we marched on. In the mysteriously dim twilight every taller clump of grass, every blacker hillock, grew into a bloodthirsty Indian just ready to leap upon his foe. All at once upon the brow of the hill appeared two horsemen gazing down upon us. *Indians!* Every pulse stopped, and then throbbed on more fiercely. Were those men now galloping away sent by a band of warriors to spy out the land, or had they seen us by accident?

We could not tell. The twilight faded, and the stars shone out brightly and lovingly. As we passed along we came suddenly on a dead boy some days cold and stiff. Death grew nearer, and as we marched on we looked up to the pure heavens beyond which God dwells, and prayed Him to keep us." Mr. Hunter met the party about a mile from the fort, and told them that Lieutenant Sheehan, commander of the fort, informed him they had been fighting hard for five days. The Indians had only withdrawn at seven that evening, and unless reinforced the fort could not hold out much longer. Some of their buildings had been burnt; they had already 500 women and children to guard, and if the newcomers *could* go forward they must go. Hearing this, the fugitives from Hazelwood again struck out on to the prairie.

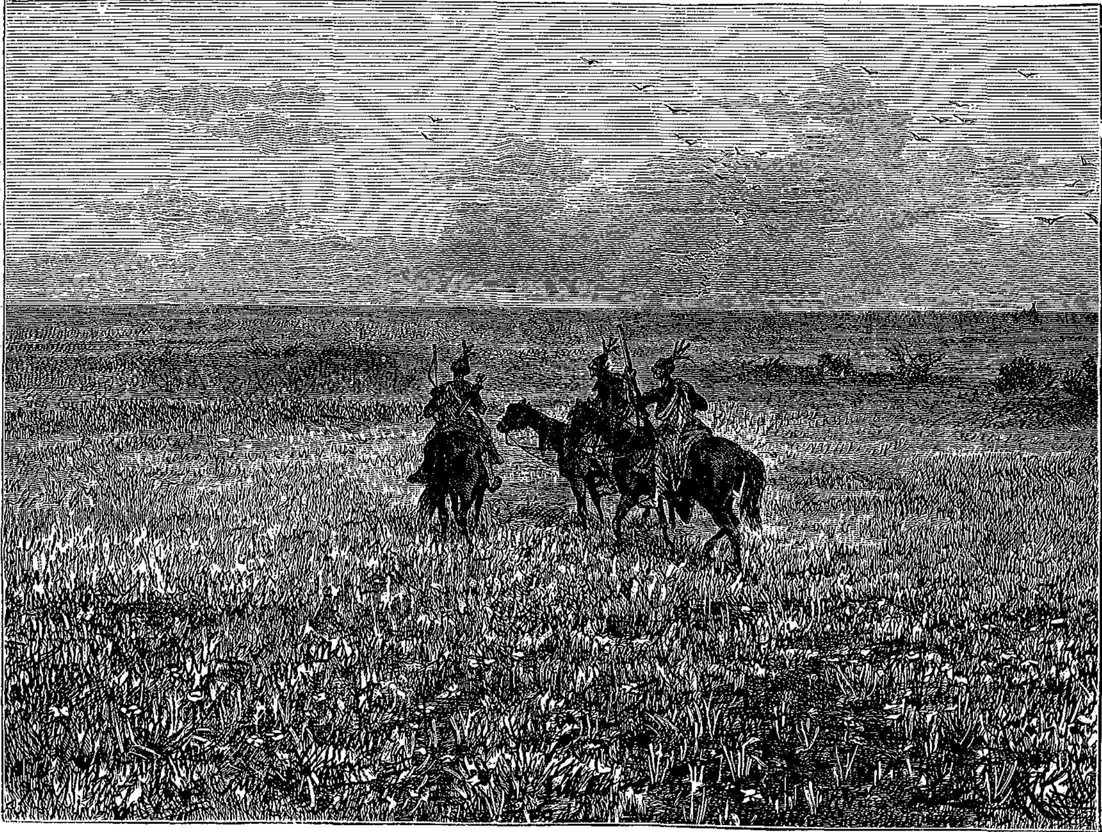
"Ah! if night of fear and dread was ever spent," says Miss Riggs, "that was one. Every voice was hushed except to give necessary orders; every eye swept the hills and valleys around; every ear was intensely strained for the faintest noise, expecting momentarily to hear the unearthly war-whoop, and see dusky forms with gleaming tomahawks uplifted. . . Life was so sweet, so dear, and though it be a glorious heaven, this was such a hard way to go to it—by the tomahawk and scalping-knife. Oh, God! *our* God! *must* it be? Then came something of resignation to death itself, but such a sore shrinking from the dishonour which is *worse* than death, and we could not but wonder whether it would be a greater sin to take one's life than thus to suffer. So the night wore on until two hours past midnight, when, compelled by exhaustion, we stopped. Some slept heavily, forgetful of the danger past and present, while others sat or stood, inwardly fiercely nervous and excited, but outwardly calm and still."

After two hours' rest the march was resumed till nine next day, when the party struck the road to Henderson. Then from the little band, who now saw deliverance in prospect, rose the joyful hymn, "Jehovah hath triumphed, His people are free!" But still columns of smoke rising from the distant river-banks showed where burning ricks and homesteads had been fired by the Indians, and they even heard the reports of the guns which killed four persons who left their company to go to Fort Ulm. They found abundant opportunity for rest and refreshment in deserted houses, where even the very dishes had been left on the table.

On Sunday morning they reached a spot on the road where a great number of settlers had collected. Mr. Riggs conducted divine service, and many hearts united in thanksgiving for having been brought safely through this "great and terrible wilderness." Ragged and dirty and footsore, the party reached Henderson, after their arduous journey of a hundred miles, on Monday afternoon. "Why, I thought you were all killed," was the greeting from every old acquaintance.

John Otherday, with his party of sixty-two, mostly Government employés, left the Yellow Medicine on Tuesday (the day after the massacres began), and he piloted them across the Minnesota River, and seven days afterwards brought them all safely into the city of St. Paul. Otherday was warmly congratulated, and at a meeting of citizens he stated that he was a Dacota Indian, born and reared in the midst of evil, without the knowledge of any good; but he had been instructed by the missionaries, had

become acquainted with the Sacred Book, and there learned his vileness. He was a member of Dr. Williamson's church, and his religion had taught him what to do. When he heard of the trouble of the Lower Sioux Agency, knowing that it was not in his power to prevent it, he thought the best thing he could do was to attempt to save the white people at the Yellow Medicine. "With sixty-two men and women," he said, "without mocassins, without food, and without a blanket, I have arrived in



ON THE PLAINS.

the midst of a great people, and now my heart is glad. This deliverance I attribute to the mercy of the Great Spirit."

For about three weeks the Indians had it very much their own way in Minnesota. Fifteen or twenty frontier counties were depopulated of whites; about 600 were slain, and the rest driven away. From many of the murdered families, fathers and brothers and sons had joined the army to help put down the Slaveholders' Rebellion in the Southern States. By September 23rd forces were got together, which routed Little Crow and the rebel Sioux at Wood Lake. Soon afterwards a hundred women and children were rescued from a shameful captivity of six weeks' duration.

The further history of the Sioux war, with its intermittent outbreaks and

subsequent hangings and imprisonments, would lead us too far from the main subject of these pages. One fact must be borne in mind—all through the war the church members had no hand in it, but in a great many conspicuous cases risked much to ensure the safety of the whites. The Rev. G. A. Pond, in reply to calumniators, says "Were not those Christian Indians, at least by profession, who rescued companies of our people from death, and conducted them through perils to a place of safety? Were not those Christian Indians, who sacrificed their all and risked their lives to protect individuals? Were not those Christian Indians, who effected the deliverance from bondage and death, or treatment worse than death, of hundreds of captives at Camp Release? Did not the leaders of that band bear Christian names given to them in the holy ordinance of baptism?"

The war itself had been largely brought about by the corrupt administration of the Indian Department, and by the lawless proceedings of many of the border settlers. And when war once broke out, mere sympathy with the fighting that was in progress drew many warriors into the rebellion. But beyond all this, there is no doubt, as the missionary, Mr. Pond, points out, that one great cause of the outbreak was the antagonism of heathenism to Christianity and civilisation. The war prophets and medicine-men wanted "an opportunity to rise and re-establish by violence the waning power of the Tákoo-wakán, and to return, wading through the blood of Christians if need be, to the homes of their pagan fathers."

The Tákoo-wakán of the Dacotas is the mystery-life, and includes all their ideas of the supernatural. This spiritual essence they found everywhere—in earth and sky, in forest and lake, in river and mountain. The Dacota lived under a sense of an awful secret power everywhere present. He could only explain the mystery of good and evil, joy and pain, life and death, by peopling creation with demons engaged in eternal strife. Many of these were sought to be propitiated by sacrifices and dances. But of all their divinities the least regarded was the Wakán-taka, or Great Spirit, who indeed is considered by many to be a comparatively modern creation of the Indian mind, designed to fill up a felt void in their religious system, just as an altar to the Unknown God was introduced amongst the shrines of Athens. But Wakán-taká came to be recognised as the white man's God, and to be worshipped by many a Dacota as the only true God. When the war broke out, the Sioux medicine-men and warriors regarded it as a conflict between the one Wakán-taká and the mysterious powers of the Tákoo-wakán. The events of 1862-3 proved to large numbers of them that the white man's God and his religion and civilisation were to be supreme. A widespread reaction set in in favour of education and civilised customs, and the missionaries were not slow to profit by the opportunity.

Some portions of the Sioux nation, on their new reservations, have even of late years been provoked into hostilities. But the good work accomplished has been very thorough. Before leaving the Dacotas in 1877 Mr. Riggs could write as follows:—"The forty years are completed. In the meantime many workers have fallen out of the ranks, but the work has gone on. It has been marvellous in our eyes. At the beginning we were surrounded by the whole Sioux nation in their ignorance and

barbarism; at the close we are surrounded by churches with native pastors. Quite a section of the Sioux nation has become in the main civilised and Christianised. The entire Bible has been translated into the language of the Dacotas; the work of education has been rapidly progressing." After alluding to the Episcopalian work amongst the Sioux, of which we shall have to speak presently, he concludes: "Thus God has been showing us by His providence and His grace that the Red Men too may come into the Kingdom."

We must here turn from the work of the American Board of Foreign Missions to that of other societies, or, if space permitted, we might tell of their labours amongst the Osagees, Creeks, Pawnees, Ottawas, and so forth. In many of the Indian languages, most of which had not been previously reduced to writing, the Board had various elementary works and portions of the Scriptures printed.

The Baptist community has done some good work amongst two or three of the tribes, and rendered valuable aid in the civilisation of the Cherokees already described, but the chief missionary efforts of this denomination have been in other parts of the world. The latter remark applies also to the Presbyterians, who, however, have kept up several stations amongst the Iowas, Choctaws, Seminoles, Chickasaws, and others, with similar results to those experienced by other societies.

The great Methodist community, who take so prominent a position in the religious world of America, have not been unmindful of their obligations to the ancient inhabitants of the land. Amongst the vast scattered population of settlers in the border States and territories, early Methodism found a congenial field for the development of its ready methods and the free exercise of its restless activity and its fervent enthusiasm.

Peter Cartwright stands out pre-eminently as one of the pioneer missionaries of the Mississippi valley, preaching righteousness and salvation to white men, black men, and red men wherever he found them. Born in Virginia in 1785, he was reared in Kentucky when the bear and the buffalo were freely roaming the wilderness, and wild Indians were trying to check the advance of the white men by frequent massacres. Logan County, where the family settled, was so notorious as a gathering place of outlaws of all kinds—robbers, murderers, forgers—from all parts of the Union, that it was commonly known as "Rogues' Harbour." Here they led a wild, rough life, and young Peter's amusements were racing, dancing, and gambling. But a pious mother ceased not to warn him and to pray for him, and a travelling preacher uttered in the rude log cabin words which sank deep into the youth's heart.

He was sitting by the fire one evening after returning from a dance, when there came upon him such a sense of his condition that he fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy. His mother heard him, and was soon by his side, but there was no comfort that night for his wounded spirit. There were three long months of agonising conflict to be passed through—nights of sleepless anxiety—days of solitary retirement and prayer. He gave back his race-horse to his father, and brought his pack of cards to

his mother, who gladly threw them on the fire. Watching, praying, reading the Bible, the young man still sought for peace. It came at last; kneeling among the penitents at a camp meeting, the sense of pardon filled his soul with joy.

This was in 1801. In the following year (his seventeenth) we find him addressing large congregations, and soon he went regularly on circuit. Under his preaching large numbers became "soundly converted unto God." The circuit work of those days was very arduous, and attended by many privations. Of one of his experiences, he says:—"I had been from my father's house about three years; was five hundred miles from home; my horse had gone blind; my saddle was worn out; my bridle reins had been eaten up and replaced about a dozen times; and my clothes had been patched till it was difficult to detect the original. I had concluded to try to make my way home and get another outfit. I was in Marietta, and had just seventy-five cents in my pocket. How I would get home, and pay my way, I could not tell."

He was, however, helped and entertained by one and another, and at length reached home with threepence farthing in his pocket, and a heart glowing with gratitude to the Almighty for His preserving goodness. He rested a few weeks, and received from his father "a fresh horse, a bridle and saddle, some new clothes, and forty dollars in cash. Thus equipped, I was ready for another three years' absence."

In 1810, Peter married a noble-hearted woman who shared his enthusiasm. The results of his preaching were often marvellous. A hundred and twenty-seven adults and forty-seven children were gathered in at one meeting. At another meeting, which lasted day and night from Sunday till Tuesday, three hundred persons lay upon the ground "struck down by the force of their convictions." In 1812 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Wabash district, which ranged over the three States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky. To fulfil his duties he had to cross the Ohio sixteen times a year.

To withdraw his young children from the evil influences of a slave State, Cartwright, in 1824, settled in Illinois. As the family were removing to their clearing, they met with a tragic accident. "Just before we struck the prairies the man that drove my team contrived to turn over the waggon, and was very near killing my eldest daughter. The sun was just going down, and by the time we righted the waggon and reloaded, it was getting dark, and we had a difficult hill to descend; so we concluded to camp there for the night, almost in sight of two cabins containing families. I was nearly exhausted with reloading my waggon. The evening was warm, and my wife persuaded me not to stretch our tent that night; so I struck a fire, and kindled it at the root of a small and, as I thought, sound tree. We lay down and slept soundly. Just as day was reappearing in the East, the tree fell on our third daughter—as direct on her from her head to her feet as it could fall—and I suppose she never breathed after. I heard the tree crack when it started to fall, and sprang up alarmed, and seized it before it struck the child, but it availed nothing. Although this was an awful calamity, yet God was kind to us; for if we had stretched our tent that night, we should have been obliged to lie down in another position, and we should probably all have been killed instead of one. The tree was sound outside, but within it had the dry rot, which

we did not suspect." They got their little one out from under the tree, and carried her twenty miles to the house of an acquaintance, where they buried her. Cartwright settled his family in the log hut on his little farm, and went forth again to his work as backwoods preacher. Subsequently he was made Presiding Elder of the Sagamon district. Continuous travelling in regions without roads, frequent crossing of dangerous rivers, and (in winter) journeying over snow-covered prairies, largely made up his experience.

"This was a tremendous field of travel and labour," he says. "Around this district, extending six hundred miles, I had to travel four times a year, and I had many rapid streams to cross, mostly without bridges or ferries. Many of these streams, when they were swollen, I had to cross to get to my quarterly meetings. I would strike for some point of timber, and traverse up and down the stream until I could find a drift or a tree fallen across. I would then dismount, strip myself and horse, carry my clothes and riding apparatus across on the fallen tree or drift, and then return and mount my horse, plunge, and swim over—dress, saddle my horse, and go on my way from point to point of timber without roads." He often spent the night alone in the woods with his horse tied up, and sometimes on the open plains, holding his horse's bridle all night long.

It would be beyond our province to describe in detail how thousands were led into the open profession of religion during the many revivals that took place in connection with Cartwright's ministry. But in addition to his other work he was for some time Superintendent of the mission to the Pottawattomies of Fox River. In his first journey to the station he and his companions had to cross a hundred miles of unbroken wilderness to reach the mission. There were no roads, so they had to hire a guide and camp out. Several volunteers for the mission settlement accompanied them. They had to shape their course from point to point of timber. Late in the first evening they struck the timber of the Illinois Vermilion, and finding plenty of water they made a fire and cooked their food. After refreshing themselves with a hearty meal, they had evening prayer in the wilderness, fixed their blankets and overcoats, and laid down to sleep soundly and sweetly till next morning. They rose early, breakfasted, fed the horses, and started on their way across the Illinois River, swimming their horses beside the canoe. At night they reached the settlements, and Cartwright at once called the mission family together and preached to them.

On the next day he met the Indian chiefs. "We smoked the pipe of peace together," says Cartwright, "and through an interpreter I made a speech to them, explaining our object in establishing a mission among them. All the chiefs now shook hands with us, as their custom is, and gave us a very sociable talk, and all bid us a cordial welcome save one, who was strongly opposed to our coming among them. He did not wish to change their religion and their customs, nor to educate their children. I replied to him, and met all his objections. I tried to show them the benefits of civilisation and the Christian religion. When our great talk was over I asked them the liberty to preach to them, which was granted." Cartwright at once used the permission, and preached to them an exhaustive discourse before they separated. This

mission was beginning to show hopeful signs, when the work amongst them was interrupted by the transfer of the Pottawattomies by the Government to a fresh location beyond the Mississippi.

Cartwright detested slavery. He was fervent in his desires that the ministers especially should not in any way be connected with the accursed system. Still he did not advocate that ministers should "meddle with slavery politically," but keep themselves clear, and spread the Gospel, of which the leaven would so work that slavery would perish. He knew the subject as well as any man; he had seen thousands of

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

poor slaves, and their masters too, converted to Christ. But at the Methodist Episcopal Conference, held at New York in 1844, he thundered against the party who wanted to permit ministers in the South to hold slaves. He was a man of mark at the Conference; everybody gazed with interest at the sturdy sunburnt backwoods preacher standing up in his drab coat, coloured vest, and narrow black necktie, over which his broad shirt-collar fell carelessly back. Thrilling in the extreme were his denunciations of the curse of his country. He lived to see American slavery swept away for ever during the suppression of the Great Rebellion in 1863.

Of Cartwright's latter years, though he was an earnest and indefatigable minister of the Gospel till compelled by increasing infirmities to consent to be superannuated, little more need be said here. Long after he had passed the limit of fourscore years

he was a useful and earnest man, still labouring in his Master's service as occasion offered and his strength permitted.

At a Methodist camp-meeting held near Marietta in Ohio in the year 1814, amongst those who came to the penitent bench was John Stewart, a mulatto. He had been a drunken reprobate in his time, and had once been on the point of drowning himself, but of late had been passing through some deep spiritual experiences. At the meeting referred to he passed the night in contrite prayer, but joy and peace came with the morning, and he was united to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon afterwards he had an illness, which was followed as he believed by a personal call to the ministry. He settled his outward affairs, and then shouldered his knapsack and pushed on through the woods to the North-West, till he reached the Moravian station at Goshen, among the Delawares. Thence he journeyed to Pipetown on the Sandusky River, where he charmed the Indians with his melodious singing. They wanted him to stay, but he went forward to the Upper Sandusky, where the United States Indian sub-Agent and his family welcomed him. Here dwelt a section of the Wyandott or Huron Indians, once the powerful owners of all the country adjacent to the great chain of lakes, and the vanquishers of the Six Nations and other warlike tribes. When Stewart came amongst them they had become demoralised by the vices of the border whites; drunkenness and gambling were fearfully prevalent. A large number of them were nominally Roman Catholics, and many of them bore names similar to those of white men.

Stewart was introduced to Jonathan Pointer, a coloured man who spoke the Wyandott language like a native, and who was prevailed on to be interpreter. Jonathan did not like the job, and very unwillingly took Stewart to a feast and dance, where the latter exhorted, and sang hymns, and shook hands with many chiefs, who agreed to come to Jonathan's house next day. At the appointed time only one old woman came, to whom Stewart duly preached, and next day she came again, bringing an old man named Big Tree with her. Stewart was undoubtedly an enthusiast, who, according to his own account, had sometimes been directed by audible voices. He always declared that he knew the old man and woman just referred to as soon as he saw them, for he had met them in his dreams before coming to the Sandusky. He had eight or ten to hear him on Sunday; and then his congregations increased, and kept up during the winter of 1816. His singing was a very great attraction, but Pointer, the interpreter, and some others, became really anxious for salvation. One evening Stewart preached against the feasts and dances, and invited discussion. Whereupon John Hicks, a chief, said they would take advice, but would not have their religion and customs assailed. Mononcue, another chief, said that the Bible would have been sent to them as well as the whites if intended for them. Stewart told them the book had come *now*, and it would so come to all nations and colours and languages, and none could stop it. He spoke so effectually that Mononcue said to Hicks: "I have some notion of giving up some of my Indian customs, but I cannot agree to quit painting my face; this would be wrong, as it would jeopardise my health."

In February, 1817, there were some unfortunate "manifestations." Many lookers-on at a prayer meeting were said to be struck down, some motionless, others crying for mercy. Some of them begged Stewart to stop singing his hymns or they should die. The heathen party got up a great feast and dance as a counter-demonstration, and Stewart was sorry to see some of his penitents dancing with the rest.

He was obliged to leave his congregation for a visit to his friends in Marietta, and was accidentally detained longer than he expected. On his return he found many had fallen away, and a powerful opposition, headed by Two Logs, or Bloody Eyes, and Mononcue, had sprung up. They amused the people with incessant feasts and dances and racing and gambling, and their medicine-men tried to frighten them with visions and prophecies. Stewart laboured on, and confirmed his followers in their faith and practice, and added to the number of his little flock. His credentials as a minister being questioned, he went in March, 1819, with several converted Wyandotts, to the Wesleyan Quarterly Meeting at Urbana, and this unlettered coloured man was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. Henceforward he was assisted by the Rev. J. B. Finley and other ministers. The work prospered, and Between-the-Logs and other opponents became earnest helpers; and an address signed by several chiefs was sent to the missionaries asking for a school at Camp Meigs, on the Upper Sandusky, and a preacher who could teach and preach and baptise and marry. The Rev. J. B. Finley was appointed to this post.

With his wife, a female school-teacher, a maid-servant, and two young men helpers, Mr. Finley went to his appointed place. Eight days they journeyed with the waggon and yoke of oxen that carried their household goods. Their piece of land had no shelter on it, but a blacksmith near at hand lent them temporarily a cabin without door, window, or chinking. One of Finley's young men soon had enough of it, and ran away before the first week was over. The other young man, George Riley, was laid up for a time by a bough falling on his head. He recovered, and toiled hard with Finley to make a log house, which was just finished sufficiently to take shelter in when the snow began to fall. But all that winter they were cutting and hauling timber, and hewing and sawing it to complete and improve their accommodation. The preaching and classes and prayer-meetings were all kept up at the same time. Stewart was suffering from pulmonary disease, and was set to teaching the children. When one of the flock, an aged woman, died, Finley and Riley rode fifteen miles through the night to her residence at Big Spring. Next day they made her a coffin, and the funeral had to wait till sundown while they finished it. Clouds hung heavily and snow was falling as they went to the grave. "We entered a deep and lonely wood," says Riley, "four men carrying the bier, and the rest following in Indian file. When they came to the spot, the Indians stood wrapped in their blankets, leaning against the forest trees in breathless silence. After the grave was filled up Mononcue (nephew of the deceased) spoke in eloquent testimony to her goodness."

There was a large promiscuous attendance at the meetings both at Big Spring and Upper Sandusky, but the introduction of church discipline and definite membership (including entire abstinence from ardent spirits) reduced the numbers to twenty at the

former place and ten at the latter. The white whiskey-sellers who haunted the vicinity of the reservation exerted their influence against the mission. The heathen party made fresh efforts to revive their customs, but in spite of obstacles the little church became more firmly established, and slowly increased in its number of members.

The Indian converts displayed a very shrewd insight into the practical working of real Christianity. At a meeting held on a new white settlement at Tyamochte Creek, Mononcue spoke of the peace that now prevailed in place of former bloodshed, and declared that to preserve the peace one thing must be done:—"You, my friends, must leave off bringing your water of death and selling to my people, or we can never live in peace, for wherever this comes it brings fire and death with it. Our poor people are but children, many of them, and you know that a child will just as soon take poison as food."

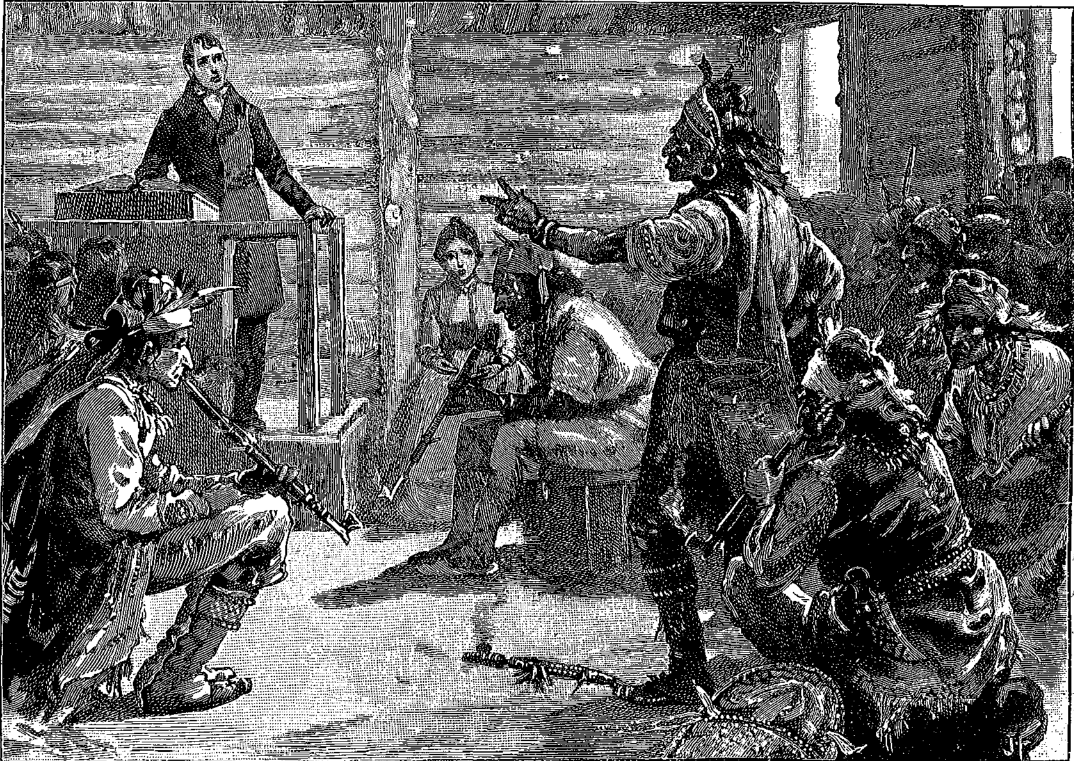
The people saw the need of consistency in their official members (class-leaders, etc.), and these were soon rebuked if they did not act up to their position. One leader was accused at a Quarterly Meeting of being too dirty in his person. "Look at his shirt," said the accuser, "it looks as if it had never been washed. Now, if I know anything about religion, it is a *clean thing.* It certainly has made our women more particular and nice in their persons. They now work and clean themselves and their houses, and all looks as if religion had been at that house. And if religion cleanses the inside, will it not the outside? That brother is too dirty to be a leader of a clean religion. Look at his head—it has not been combed, nor his face washed; I give it as my opinion, if that brother does not mend in this he must be no longer a leader. We must set some better example before our people."

The poor man thus vigorously criticised got up and said he had no wife, and he was a poor hand at washing. The reply came at once—"Your want of a wife is no excuse. We have women enough in our nation that have no husbands, and feel themselves lost for want of a head. They will marry if asked, and will make wives good enough for any of us; but some of our men are afraid to get wives now: they cannot throw them away when they please, but must now stick to them. Our women do not now cultivate our corn, cut our wood, and do all our work as they used to do. This falls on ourselves, and I am afraid there are some who are too lazy to provide for their wives, and would rather live dirty and lounge about other people's houses than to work a little." In less than a fortnight Mr. Finley had to marry that old brother who had been so earnestly exhorted, and henceforth he looked like a man who had a wife to look after him.

The pioneer Stewart, who had been suffering much in health, married a woman of his own colour, in 1820, and settled down on a piece of land which was assigned to him, and where he resided till his death. Of the mission work which he planted, and which for a few years was carried on by Mr. Finley, a few more illustrative incidents may be noted.

Several remarkable changes took place in men at one time notorious opponents. Bloody Eyes, the brother of Between-the-Logs, came one day to the house of the latter to kill his brother for deserting the religion of his forefathers. He seized him

by the hair, and stood tomahawk in hand, while Between-the-Logs quietly said—"Brother, have I done you any harm? Am I not as kind to you as ever I was? If you will kill me for loving you and my God, you may, but I will not hurt you; and I know if you do kill me I shall go straight to heaven, for I feel the love of God now in my soul." Bloody Eyes was abashed, and went off, saying, "I will give you one year to think and turn back." A few nights afterwards he returned, and smoked the pipe of peace with his brother. Finley was sent for, and there was a



THE OLD CHIEF AND THE MISSIONARY.

talk which lasted all night and till nine next morning. The heathen was conquered. Soon afterwards the ferocious Bloody Eyes joined the Church, and died in great peace.

One day a band of warriors, dressed up and painted and adorned with jewels and feathers, came into the congregation and began smoking in a defiant manner. Finley took no notice, but preached his sermon from St. John v. 16—"Wilt thou be made whole?" The head chief, De-un-quot, then rose with the old story that the white man's book was good for the white man, and so forth. He went on to say that "once in the years of our grandfathers, many years ago, this white man's God came himself to this country and claimed us. But our God met him somewhere near the great mountains, and disputed his right to the country. At last they agreed to settle this

matter by trying their power to remove a mountain. The white man's God got down on his knees, opened a big book, and began to pray and talk, but the mountain stood fast. Then the red man's God took his magic wand, and began to pow-wow, and beat the turtle-shell, and the mountain trembled, shook, and stood by him. The white man's God got frightened and ran off, and we have not heard of him since, unless he has sent these men to see what they can do."

All the while he spoke the heathen party kept ejaculating, "Tough gondee" (that is true), and they wore an air of confident victory. Mr. Finley smilingly commented on "the queer story they had heard," and forcibly pleaded for the One God and His holy book. Between-the-Logs also spoke earnestly as to what the religion of the true God had done for him. But De-un-quot went away angry, asserting that he was the head of the nation and ought to be believed. Not long after, as he saw the work prospering, he declared—"This religion may go into all the houses on this reservation, but into mine it shall not come." In less than a year he died, and his widow joined the Church and had prayer meetings held at her house.

One of Mr. Finley's most useful helpers (more especially as regards interpreting) was Robert Armstrong, who had had a strange history. When a little boy of four years old he was living with his parents at Pittsburgh, on the banks of the Alleghany River. One Sunday morning he was taken by a young man to visit a camp of Indian corn-planters. They crossed the river in a canoe and walked four miles along a forest path to the camp. After spending some time with their acquaintances, they returned towards home, and were passing through a dense part of the forest when they were startled by a sudden noise, and still more so when four Indians leaped out and ordered them to stop. The young man, in his terror, tried to run away, but had only taken a few steps when one of the Indians shot him dead. Robert also ran a few yards, but was quickly caught and picked up.

"I was so scared," he said in the narrative he gave long afterwards, "to see the young man tomahawked and scalped, that I could hardly stand when set on my feet, for I expected it would be my lot next. One of the men took me on his back, and carried me for several miles before he stopped. The company divided. Two men took the scalp, and the other two had charge of me. In the evening they met and travelled till it was late in the night, and then stopped to rest and sleep. The next morning I had to take it afoot as long as I could travel; and although they treated me kindly, yet I was afraid they would kill me. Thus they travelled on several days, crossing some large rivers, till they got to an Indian town. Here they rested awhile, and then went on till they came to Lower Sandusky."

Here the little captive was adopted into the Turtle tribe of the Wyandotts, and received the Indian name of O-no-ran-do-roh. He seems to have submitted cheerfully to circumstances, to have become an expert hunter, and in fact a perfect Indian in all his feelings and habits of life. He married an Indian woman, and almost forgot his mother tongue. But after Wayne's treaty, Armstrong came more into association with the whites, and when the missionaries came to the Wyandotts he soon learned to talk English well, and became a very able interpreter. Once, while interpreting for

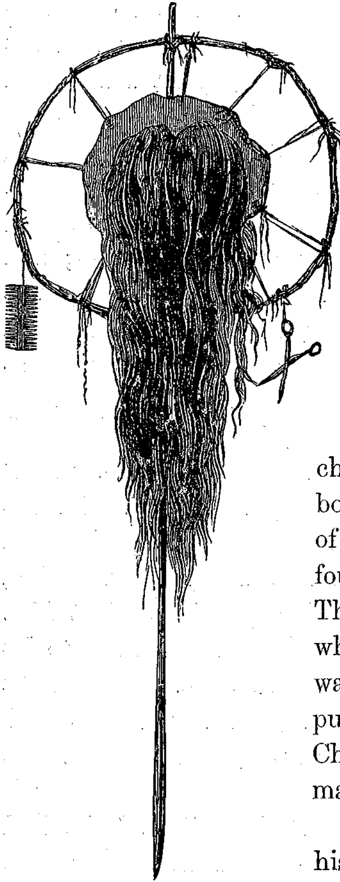
Stewart, the words which he had to speak to others brought deep conviction to his own heart. He joined the Church, and henceforth the fire of his own converted soul seemed communicated to the messages he interpreted for others. His services to the mission and the school it would be hard to over-estimate, and Finley and his associates felt it as a severe blow when Armstrong, in his forty-second year, was carried off by consumption.

One of the greatest difficulties with which Finley had to contend at the Wyandott Mission was the selling of intoxicating liquors to the Indians by unprincipled traders. For the sake of gain they would give the people drink to rouse their thirst for it, and cause them to buy more. There were many backsliders on this account; and indeed, indulgence in "fire-water" often led to serious crime. One night Finley was sleeping on the floor of a cabin in company with some Indians, when he was awakened about midnight by the piercing yells of an Indian riding along the adjacent road as fast as his horse could go. Ever and again as he galloped on he uttered a singular whoop or yell. Finley thought it was only a drunken Indian, but the Indians with him in the cabin were alarmed, and some of them got up, saying, "Somebody kill." They knew the meaning of that mysterious sound—it was the scalp yell. In the morning they found that one of their neighbours had been stabbed by that drunken Indian. Big George, the Indian who had been stabbed, and who was badly wounded, told Mr. Finley that he did not know that his assailant had any spite against him. "He came," said Big George, "last night, and talked very kind, and asked me to let him in. I did so. I then wanted him to lie down, but he said no. I then sat down on the bed by my wife, and he said, 'I must go.' As he was going out, I rose; and as he passed me he struck back with his butcher knife, and drove it into my side. Then he jumped out, got on his horse, and fled."

Mr. Finley examined the wound, which was large and deep, as if a knife had been driven in up to the handle. In three days' time the poor man died, and in his dying moments charged his friends not to kill the murderer. The man who did the deed was the head chief's nephew, and to prevent his destruction by the "avenger of blood," according to Wyandott custom, a string of wampum and some other gifts were presented to the murdered man's wife as an atonement. But some months afterwards the widow joined the Church, and then told Finley she "felt very bad to see those things which she had received in exchange for her husband's blood, and she could not rest while she had them in her possession." She accordingly gave them back to the donors, and told them that she left the whole matter with God.

Amongst those converted Indians whom Finley rejoiced to own as Christian brethren, was one who bore the name of Sum-mun-de-wat. He was a tall, handsome man, of great intelligence, and there was great rejoicing when he was converted at a camp-meeting. He was seen weeping, when a female friend of his who had already joined the Church led him by the hand to the mercy-seat, and as he knelt there drew from his head the mighty head-dress of bright feathers and threw it on the fire, exclaiming, "Go there, you feathered god of this man, and let him come to the true

God, that can burn up all his sins by love." Sum-mun-de-wat was converted, and henceforth was a devoted Christian, exhorting his heathen acquaintances with an eloquent fervour that astonished them. He became a useful church officer and local preacher, and was so highly esteemed by his tribe that they made him head chief.



A SCALP.

One evening he was camping in the forest with his nephew and his little niece, Nancy, having with them horses loaded with furs and other skins, which he had bought with money entrusted to him for that purpose by some of his white friends. Two young white men came up, and said they were lost in the forest, and asked permission to stay the night. They were fed, and a sleeping place was assigned them. But in the night they rose, and with the camp axes killed the chief and his nephew and the little niece, and hid their bodies in the brushwood. On the next day the remainder of Sum-mun-de-wat's people came up, saw the blood and found the bodies, and then followed the murderers' trail. They recovered the booty, and gave up the murderers to the whites, who kept them for a while in gaol. But secret influence was used, and the offenders were allowed to go away unpunished! "Thus fell," says Finley, "my beloved brother in Christ, by the murderous hand of the more than savage white man."

On Mr. Finley's removal other faithful labourers continued his work, despite the many difficulties and dangers with which such service was continually attended, not only from the Indians, but also from the wild beasts and the climate. The Methodists also carried on missions amongst the Senecas, Shawnees, Ottawas, Ojibways, and others. In 1845 the Wyandott nation was removed far west to the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers.

CHAPTER LX.

OJIBWAYS, THLINKETS, AND INDIANS OF BRITISH TERRITORY.

The Episcopal Church of America—James Lloyd Breck—A Busy Life—A Good Pedestrian—Unclean Indians—Kissed by Five Hundred Natives—Whiskey *v.* Gospel—The Massacre of 1862—Enmegahbowh—Bishop Whippa—The Chippewas of Minnesota—Mr. Hinman—The Society of Friends—In Alaska—Cremation—The Weeping Dance—Yehl—Devil-Worship—The Greek Church—Sheldon Jackson—Mrs. MacFarland—The Fort Wrangell Mission—Oneidas and Mohawks—Andrew Jamieson—E. F. Wilson—Little Pine—Wesleyan Methodist Missions—The Ojibways—The Red River.

THE Episcopal Church of America has of late years been very successful in its dealings with some of the Indian tribes, and in achieving these results is fulfilling the promise of its earlier days. The God-fearing men who founded the English colonies, felt the conversion of the Indians to be a sacred duty. A society, or as they then called it, a "company," was formed to propagate the Christian religion, and Sir Walter Raleigh subscribed £100—the first recorded donation to a Protestant Missionary Society. The planters in Virginia founded a college for the instruction of Indian youths, and made some other efforts at evangelisation. But as time went on the Church found itself barely able to hold its own against the multitude of antagonistic denominations who found a refuge on the American shore. During the whole colonial period it was shamefully neglected by its chief pastors in England, and its youthful development is indeed mainly owing to the fostering care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Then came the War of Independence, and after that a troublous time, during which all its energies were absorbed in perfecting its organisation for separate existence as the Episcopal Church of America, and in enlarging its borders to include the vast and increasing area occupied by the white population. Now and again we hear of some feeble and transient work amongst the Mohawks, or other tribes of New York State. Then, towards 1840, some devoted men went and laboured amongst the little remnant of the Oneida tribe, which had been removed from New York State to Green Bay, on the shores of Lake Michigan. But the first half of the present century had passed away before the Episcopal Church of America was roused to a proper sense of its duty to the heathen dwelling upon its own borders. The man who was raised up to initiate this onward movement was James Lloyd Breck, whose "pure heart," says J. A. Gilfillan, "was all aglow with holy fire; all the love, all the zeal, all the energy of the Church was incarnated in him."

Mr. Breck had been for several years working earnestly amongst the border settlers of Wisconsin and Minnesota, when it was made clear to him that he must go and work amongst the Indians. With the Ojibways or Chippewas of the northern forests of Minnesota there was dwelling a Canadian Chippewa, named Enmegahbowh, who, though born and bred a heathen, had received a fair education in Canada, and had for some time been a Methodist preacher. He had married and settled amongst the Minnesota Chippewas, and when he heard of the new teacher who had come to St. Paul, and was making the instruction of youth a prominent feature of his labour, Enmegahbowh sent his son to study under Breck's care. He next persuaded the

Chippewa chiefs to invite Breck to come and dwell as a teacher amongst them. Breck saw in this invitation a call from God. He walked 150 miles into the forest and back to survey the field of service, and then, after making arrangements for his flourishing work at St. Paul to be carried on by others, fixed his dwelling at Gull Lake, in the heart of the region inhabited by the Ojibways.

Here he set to work with the zeal and energy that characterised all his actions. With the aid of his Indian helpers, he built a church on Saturday, and had it ready for service next day. It was an arrangement of stakes and poles and pine-branches, with a nave twenty-four feet long by twelve broad, and a chancel measuring eight feet square. The roof, he said, was of the "Early Pointed" style. No nails were used in the building except to fasten a board on an upright stake to form an altar, and the white cloak which covered this simple contrivance was the only ornament. Here the sacrament was celebrated in English and in Chippewa, till a more substantial log church was erected. Schools were established, and a matron and a girls' teacher came out to assist in this department.

Breck had no narrow notions of the duties of a missionary priest, but did his best to teach the people everything they needed. Every morning he was up at four o'clock and about the cultivated plots, giving hints to one and another how to hoe and sow, and raise various kinds of plants and vegetables. At the appointed time every day he rang the bell for divine service, and his people came in from their fields to the church. Very carefully he instructed them for baptism, confirmation, and the Holy Communion. The latter he taught them to receive fasting, and when they were beginning the practice, used to reward their patience by taking them after it was over to the mission house and giving them a good dinner. This mission house, by the way, was a log construction reared with Indian help. On his first arrival he was hospitably entertained by the chief, Hole-in-the-Day, at his wigwam, charmingly situated between two pine-belted lakes.

The Indians were very grateful to Breck for his devoted labours, and for the tender care which he and his associates took of the little Indians who were brought up in the mission family and school. Very great was their reverence for his spiritual character. "They relate how once," says a writer in the *Church Review*, "when there had been a long-continued drought, and their gardens were just on the point of being ruined, and the sky was still brazen and cloudless as it had been for weeks, that he rang his little bell for prayers, and summoned them all to pray for rain; and though there was not a cloud in the sky when he began, the dropping rain began to fall as they came out of the church; 'the Heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain.' They tell again how children, whom they thought dying or dead, revived when he knelt and prayed for them and baptised them. They say he never lost an hour while he was in the Indian country. They tell also how in Lent he always fasted till evening, yet his smile was as pleasant, and he would walk all day as if he had had his regular food. His physical powers were very remarkable, as well as his spiritual. The Indians, as is well known, are great walkers, but he surpassed them. He used to think nothing of walking from St. Cloud up to the agency in a day, a distance of about sixty-eight miles, and they

say would get there when the sun was still high, and walking so fast that they had to run to keep up with him. He was always of a placid, unruffled temperament, upon which no worry ever seemed to light."

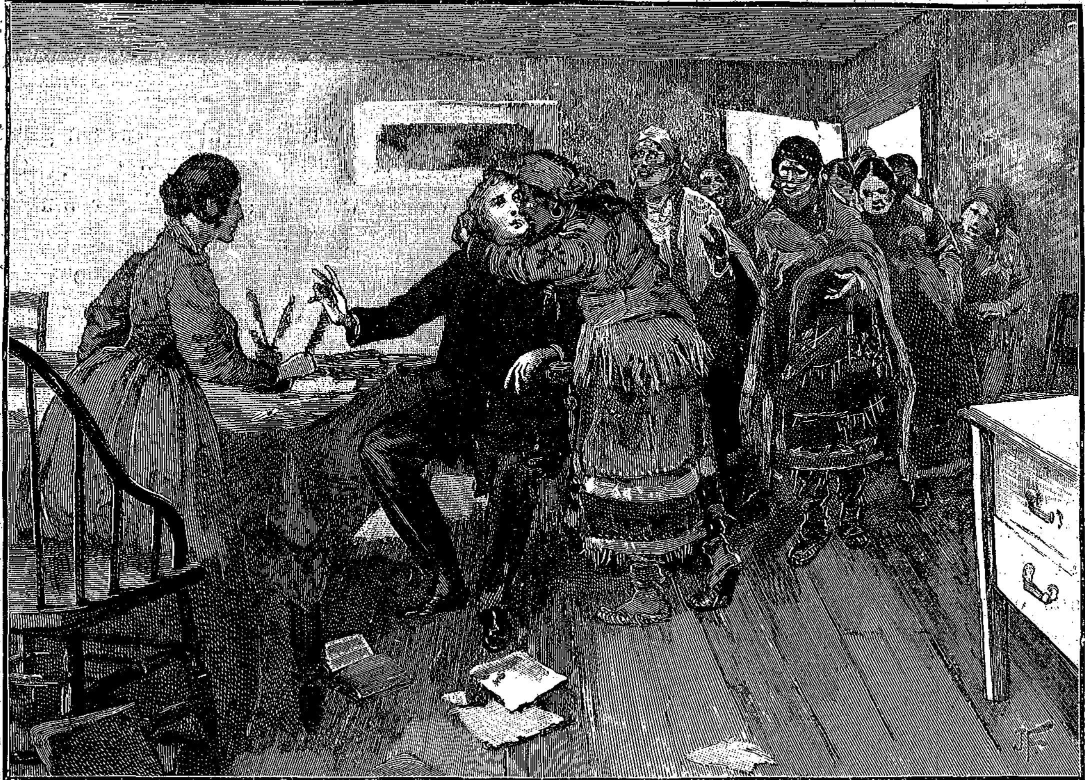
Some of his duties were far from agreeable. He pulled out teeth, and did anything he could to relieve pain and suffering. "You will judge that I am in high repute," he says in one of his letters, "when I am called upon to minister cures to *stone-blind* old men, and to long-standing and incurable diseases in others; I can only tell them I can do nothing, that they are in the hands of the Great Spirit. But in many cases I have been, thank God, highly successful. Were you to see me in their wretched wigwams, applying liniments and rubbing their filthy persons with my own hands, you would really think me an Indian enthusiast. But I trust I do thereby 'become all things to all men to gain some.'"

The uncleanliness of the Indians, till they were taught better things, was a great trial to Mr. Breck and his coadjutors, especially when brought into close contact. On New Year's Day Mr. Breck and the matron, Mrs. Welles, were at their Ojibway studies in the mission house, when the door suddenly opened, and a long train of Indian women entered one after another, and each gave the astonished priest "a huge kiss," and then gave the matron the same New Year's greeting. "She bore it nobly," wrote Mr. Breck to a lady friend of the mission, "or through the force of the noble or heroic example set her by me; which I know not, only such is the fact in the case, worthy of lasting record! But to narrate all the circumstances of the *kissing* of this first day of the year, would, I fear, try your nervous system a little beyond its capacity to bear. And you will not be surprised that as the onset thickened, even Mrs. Welles, who, as I have before told you, knew not what it was to be afraid of an Indian, began to draw back with a sort of righteous horror, on the approach not only of the *annual blanket* (*never washed, ever worn, bed by night and mantle every day, and every hour of every day*), but of faces as black as though just escaped from the mythic Erebus; faces not only black, but to make them appear handsome, or to hide the filth upon them, *blackened* by coals. When these poor creatures have been made Christians their faces will be made *clean*; . . . As for myself, on this memorable day I made up my mind to be kissed by *five hundred* of these natives, if it would add to their happiness; but I confess, a number far short of that fully satisfied my mind, and will satisfy it for the year to come."

Mr. Breck spent five years at Gull Lake—five years of ceaseless labour, which were rewarded by considerable success. At the time of his departure a hundred Indians had joined the Church—the boarding school was well filled, there was a large attendance at the daily and weekly services, and the whole community was improving as regards industry and regular life. Leaving this prosperous mission to the care of others, he pushed fifty-five miles further into the wilderness, and settled among the numerous and turbulent Pillager Band of Chippewas. Here, too, under his vigorous superintendence, schools and mission houses soon rose into being. But this effort was a failure. There was ceaseless trouble with drunken Indians. The windows were broken, the women of the mission threatened and molested, and divine service was

interrupted. They threatened to take his life if he did not go away, and at length the mission had to be abandoned.

To a large extent it was a triumph of whiskey over the Gospel. The mixed-blood traders also made a dead set against the mission, because Breck, seeing how unjustly the Indians were used, bought large quantities of goods and let the Indians have them at a very low rate in exchange for fish, maple-sugar, and other things. In all probability these traders were the instigators of the outrages which broke up the mission.



A KISSING ORDEAL.

Dr. Breck's direct work as an Indian missionary ceased, but his establishment at Faribault became a school of the prophets, and did good service for the cause in which he had so earnestly laboured. For twenty years longer he toiled on, chiefly among the white population of the western borders of the Mississippi, and in California, and died at Benicia in 1876.

The Rev. Mr. Peake, who had been associated in the work at Gull Lake, kept on the schools and mission at that place for some years. But a period of disaster was setting in. The frontier of civilisation was infested by the very scum of the white population, of whom many depended for their means of subsistence on the sale of intoxicating liquors to the Indians. Drunkenness and wretchedness increased. At

length came the Sioux massacre of 1862, into which the Ojibways were nearly drawn to participate through the crafty scheming of their treacherous chief Hole-in-the-Day. But three years previous to the massacre, Dr. Breck and Bishop Whipple had taken a considerable number of Chippewa children into the schools at Faribault. From amongst those children three ministers of the Gospel were raised up. Several Sioux children were also brought to the school, and thus the two races, which for generations had sought to kill each other at sight, were seen for the first time worshipping side by side.

The massacre of 1862 led to the withdrawal of white missionaries from the troubled districts. The poor Chippewas sank lower and lower. The church and missionary buildings were burnt, and the flock scattered. Anything was parted with to get liquor, and even women and children seemed mostly drunk. The fighting was incessant, and numbers of them were killed. Enmegahbowh (who had been ordained a deacon of the Church by Bishop Whipple) was left as a solitary light in the darkness. From a record kept by this worthy Indian, it is shown that during one summer at the village of Crow Wing, with a population of only a few hundred, there were seventy-five murders. At the earnest entreaties of the bishop (who raised his salary) the Rev. J. J. Enmegahbowh stayed at his post as long as he dared; at length he too fled. "Can you blame me for doing this?" he writes. "I saw that those educated white men had all been compelled to run away, and here was a heathenism, and a grand one, too, standing before me, a poor and worthless man before the Philistine giant, with no sling in my hand." He set sail from the shores of Lake Superior with his wife to go to his friends in Canada, and as they watched the fast receding shores, they rejoiced at seeing the last of a land that seemed given over to drunkenness and murder. But a terrible wind arose, and sent them back to port next day. Again they set off when all seemed favourable, but a fearful hurricane arose, and the vessel seemed likely to perish. The captain declared there was something supernatural in the storm; he had never seen the like in twenty years' experience. To go back was their only chance, and that a slender one. Enmegahbowh and his wife were down on their knees on the cabin floor praying. They reached land safely, and leaving his wife and children in the town, Enmegahbowh paid a short visit to his friends in Canada, and then went back to his Indians to "preach the preaching that God gave him."

Enmegahbowh taught diligently, but amongst those poor besotted and miserable Chippewas could scarcely get any following. Every summer, Bishop Whipple came round the district, travelling hundreds of miles in waggons and in canoes, or on foot, visiting the wigwams and talking to the people with Enmegahbowh for interpreter. He did all he could for them, and at length induced the Government to grant them "White Earth reservation" as a permanent home, where they could begin a better life under more favourable auspices. The Chippewas knew not what to think of the proposal. Most of them dreaded to go to an unknown region, especially as they would again be near the locality occupied by their old enemies the Sioux. They debated the subject, and the majority passed a law that the first man to set out for White Earth should be killed. But a chief who afterwards became a brave soldier of Christ

declared, "I see light and salvation for my children there and there alone;" and clutching his knife, "the first man that steps across my path to prevent me from saving my children, I will kill." At his determined aspect all shrank back, and the first band, soon joined by others, started for their new home.

Hole-in-the-Day went, but declared that no Protestant missionary would be allowed on the reservation. He was, however, soon afterwards killed, and then Enmegahbowh felt that he too could go there. As he approached White Earth some friendly chiefs came galloping forth to meet him. A log church was soon reared, and services were held. Under changed circumstances the Gospel made rapid progress; great numbers became Christians, dressed like white men, cut their hair, and set to work industriously. For a time they suffered many privations, sometimes even living upon acorns; also they were in constant fear of the Sioux. Bishop Whipple helped them with a store of provisions, or the settlement would probably have broken up.

The White Earth settlement has gone on progressing, till the once degraded Chippewas have developed into a peaceful and well-behaved community of Christian men and women. As a rule they never touch strong drink, and it is difficult to think that these respectable farmers are the descendants of the drunkards and murderers of Crow Wing. They have a beautiful stone church that cost 10,000 dols., and family prayer is the rule in every household. Under the fostering care of Bishop Whipple, Dr. Breck's labours have at last borne abundant fruit.

In that church of St. Columba, at White Earth, eight young Indians have been ordained, and have gone forth as preachers to the other Chippewas of Minnesota. Two of these, the Rev. Samuel Madison (son of the Grand Medicine Man of the tribe, Shay-day-ence) and the Rev. Frederick Smith, were sent to Red Lake, where a band of twelve hundred Indians lived by fishing, fifty miles from any other Indians, and a hundred miles from the whites. Here, too, a good work was done, and there is a growing Christian community. At St. Antipas and Leech Lake, similar satisfactory results have followed the labours of these young Indian preachers. The Rev. Charles Wright, of Leech Lake, was formerly a reckless dare-devil amongst the wildest of the young Chippewas, but a picture was once shown him of our Saviour on the cross. He asked, "What was that done to Him for?" and received the answer, "For you!" The incident worked upon his mind; he became an anxious inquirer, and at last a humble Christian. He studied for a few years, and then the Leech Lake Chippewas were astonished to see the man who used to gamble and dance with them standing before them in his white robe as an ambassador for Christ.

The missions of the American Episcopal Church along the Upper Missouri to the Sioux and other Indians, are really offshoots of Dr. Breck's work. S. D. Hinman, a young man in a New England school, read about Indian missions, and was so interested in the work that he came to the Faribault Mission House, in Minnesota, and after studying there for some time went to teach the Indians of the Lower Sioux Agency. He had been there two years, when "maddened by the stupendous frauds that had been perpetrated upon them, and goaded on by intense hunger, they like

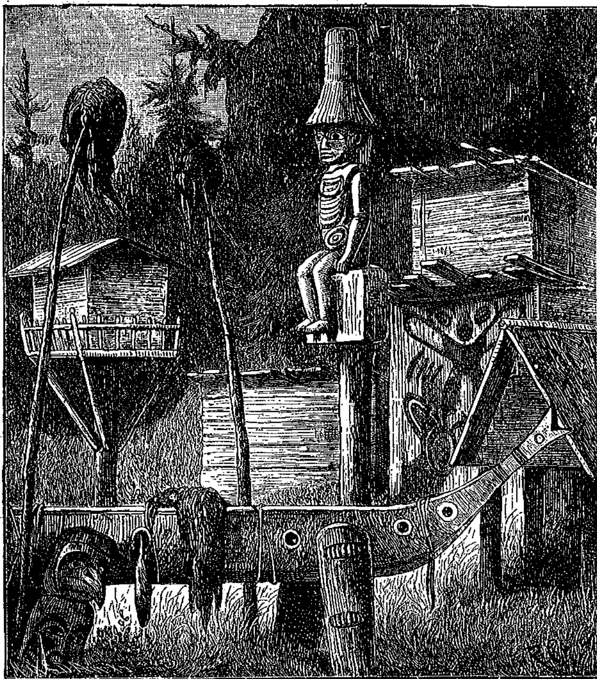
fiends perpetrated the fearful massacre which, in 1862, swept hundreds of the frontier settlers to an untimely grave."

After the massacre eighteen hundred of the Sioux were settled round Fort Snelling, and here at their invitation Hinman went and taught them. The chief, Taopi, and a few other Christian red men, went with Hinman to Philadelphia, and many "Friends" and others contributed largely to the support of the loyal Santee Sioux, They were afterwards moved to Crow Creek, in Dakota, where, on a barren soil and with game very scarce, over three hundred died of starvation in three months. After three years of suffering they were moved to their present location at the mouth of the Niobrara, in Nebraska. Here Mr. Hinman and his supporters have been privileged to see Christianity and civilisation progressing amongst their people. The Church has also been carrying on prosperous missions at Yankton, at Whetstone for the Brulé Sioux, at Swan Lake, at Sioux Falls, and elsewhere. Although one of the last to come into the Indian mission field, the Episcopal Church has already reaped an abundant harvest from the consecrated energy and self-sacrifice of the devoted men whom she has sent as her ambassadors to the Red Men of the West.

The Society of Friends in the United States—though numerically small in proportion to the other denominations that have been mentioned—has always exerted a considerable influence in favour of justice and kindness to the Indians. It has often intervened for their benefit in their misunderstandings with the white settlers, and has liberally aided the efforts of those who were civilising or educating the Indians or relieving their distress in times of scarcity. George Fox preached to the Indians on several occasions, and recommended them to the particular attention of his followers. William Penn put forward "the civilisation of the poor Indians, and the conversion of the Gentiles by just and lenient measures to Christ's Kingdom" as one of the ends in view in the founding of Pennsylvania. The Indians, who for a long period were allowed to dwell in the Eastern States, were frequently visited, and several Friends with their wives went to live amongst them, and taught them agriculture and various trades. Indeed, a large portion of the civilisation of the Senecas, the Shawnees, and several other of the more settled tribes, was due to the parental care of the Society of Friends. Endeavours were also made to communicate to the Indians "a knowledge of the principles and doctrines of the Christian religion, as plainly set forth in the Holy Scriptures." Of late years the Friends have made more direct efforts for the conversion of the Indians placed under their care in the Agencies, and with a considerable measure of success.

One of the latest developments of American missionary enterprise has taken place in Alaska, the vast territory which was bought in 1867 by the United States from the Russian Government for the sum of £1,500,000. For this trifling sum the American people added to their dominion a region far larger than the original thirteen States of the Union, abundantly rich in furs, fish, and minerals, and with thousands of square miles of good timber in readiness for the time when the fast disappearing forests of Maine and Michigan and Minnesota will supply no more. Of its high

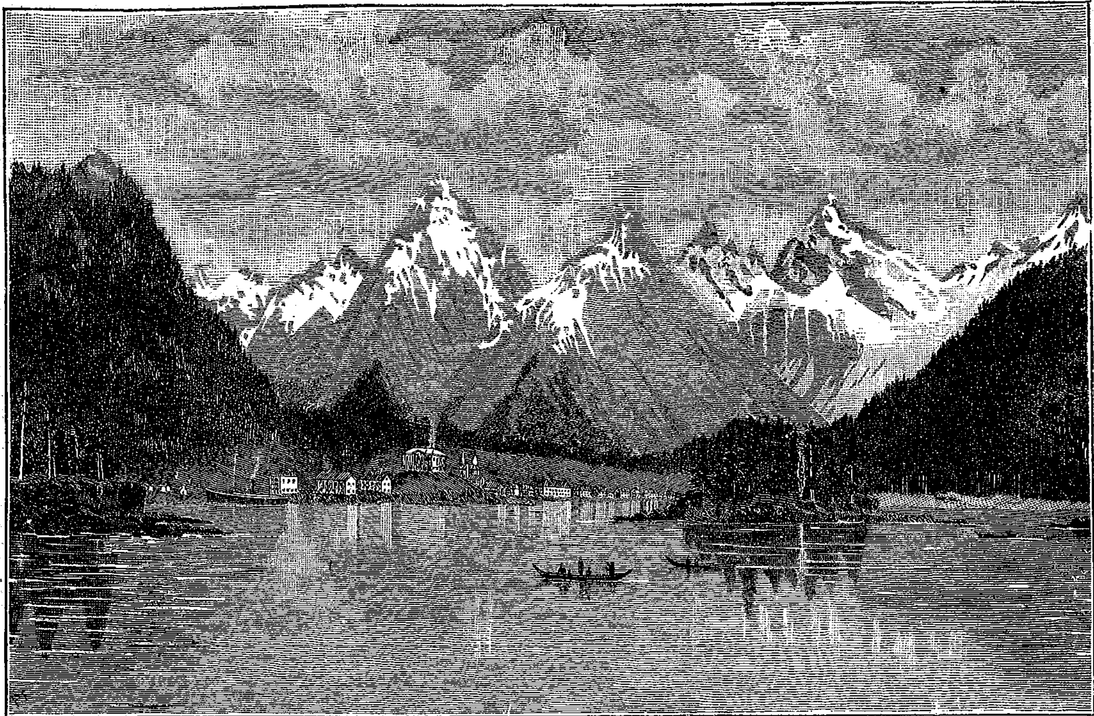
mountains, the loftiest in the United States, its broad rivers and innumerable bays, its glaciers and boiling springs, and its far-stretching archipelago of volcanic isles, it is not our province to say much. Upon one island rises the mysterious volcano, Mount Edgcumbe, a sacred mountain to the Indians. "They say that the first Indian pair lived peaceably for a long time, and were blessed with children. But one day a family jar occurred. The husband and wife grew very angry at each other. For this the man was changed into a wolf and the woman into a raven. The metamorphosed woman flew down into the open crater of Mount Edgcumbe, lit on a stump, and is now holding the earth on her wings. Whenever there is thunder and lightning around the summit, it is only the wolf giving vent to his rage while he is trying to pull her off the stump. It would be a great calamity if she should lose her grip, for then the earth would be upset, and all who live on it perish. So whenever it thunders, the Indians take stones and pound on the floor of their houses to encourage the raven to hold to the stump."



THLINKET HOUSES AND TOTEMS.

Eskimos are found upon the northern coasts of Alaska, and several tribes of Indians in other parts of the territory. Recent missionary efforts have been directed to those residing near Fort Wrangell and Sitka — an industrious people getting their living by fishing, and very clever at making all sorts of household implements for themselves. Seven or eight tribes dwelling along this coast and on the adjacent islands speak a common language called Thlinket. Each tribe has several chiefs, whose rank is distinguished by the height of the totem poles erected before their houses. The totem poles, from two to five feet in diameter, and from sixty to a hundred feet in height, bear aloft the badge or totem of the chief —bear, eagle, or what not—and are carved below with the "quarterings" of family totems with which he is connected by marriage.

For the general manners and customs of this people we must refer our readers to the numerous works that have appeared on the subject of Alaska, and confine ourselves to matters bearing on our special topic. The dead are generally disposed of by cremation attended with prolonged ceremonies and dismal cries. Some tribes cut themselves with knives and stones, and formerly, in the case of rich men, slaves were sacrificed.



SITKA.

"I witnessed a scene of cremation on Bear River," says a writer, "that was one of the most hideous and awful spectacles of which the human mind can conceive. The mourners leaped and howled around the funeral pyre like demons, holding long poles in their hands, which ever and anon they thrust into the seething, blistering corpse with dismal cries of *Wu-wu-wu.* On American River, after the body is reduced to a little smouldering lump, the women draw it out of the fire; then each one in succession takes it in her hands, holds it above her head, and walks round the pyre uttering doleful wails."

In the tsi'-pi-ka-mi'-ni, or weeping dance for the dead, held about the end of August, these Indians have a sort of All Souls' celebration. They collect piles of fresh fruit and new clothing, and other things deemed acceptable to the dead in the other world. A fire is lit, and the offerings are arranged on boughs of trees stuck in the ground, something after the manner of Christmas-trees. As twilight closes in, the men and women sit upon the graves and wail dismally. Then, with hoarse Indian chanting, the dance begins—the articles being taken from the boughs at intervals and thrown into the flames. "All through the night," says an American writer, "the funeral dance goes on without cessation; wilder and more frantic grows the chanting, swifter becomes the motion of the dancers, and faster and faster the offerings are hurled upon the blazing heap. The savage transports wax amain. With frenzied yells and whoops they leap in the fluttering firelight like demons—a terrible spectacle. Now some squaw, if not restrained, would fling herself headlong into the burning mass. Another will lie

down and calmly sleep amid the extraordinary commotion for two hours, then arise and join as wildly as before in the frightful orgies. But still the espaliers are not emptied, and as the morning stars grow dim, and daybreak is close at hand, with one frantic rush, yelling, they seize down the residue of the clothing (generally left till last) and whirl it into the flames, lest the first grey streak of dawn should appear before the year-long hunger of the ghosts is appeased."

The Thlinket Indians worship Yehl, maker of wood and water. Yehl was born through the miraculous conception of a Thlinket woman whose children had been slain. She was moaning on the sea-shore when a whale told her to swallow a small stone and drink some sea-water. She did so, and the result was the birth of Yehl, who, as he grew up, got the sun, moon, and stars out of the boxes in which a great chief had been keeping them. He also arranged many other things for the comfort and convenience of the Thlinkets, and then disappeared beyond the reach of either man or spirit.

Of the minor spirits called Yekh, their name is legion. Every shaman (or sorcerer) has some at his bidding. The Khi-Yekh (upper ones) who show themselves in the Northern Lights are the spirits of braves killed in battle; the Takhi-Yekh (land spirits) and Tekhi-Yekh (sea spirits) are ordinary ghosts. Everybody has a Yekh always with him, unless his conduct gets so bad that no respectable Yekh will stay with him. The spirits can be called together when required by the sound of a drum or rattle.

Good spirits do no harm to anyone, so there is no occasion to trouble about them; but bad spirits must be propitiated to keep them in good temper. The Thlinket religion is therefore practically devil-worship, and the system of propitiating these evil agencies has been called Shamanism, from the shaman or sorcerer who conducts the ceremonies. The shaman controls spirits, diseases, and the elements, and deals out success or misfortunes. His renown and consequent wealth depend upon the number of spirits, he can persuade people that he has at his bidding. For each spirit he has a name, and a special invocation, and a separate wooden mask.

The shaman never cuts his hair. To hold a grand invocation, he gets together a chorus of his relations, who must fast for a time, and also by using a feather for an emetic entirely free themselves from material substance, which would hinder spiritual manifestations. At sunset the people gather in the shaman's lodge, and join in the music and singing till sunrise, whilst the performer in his paraphernalia and with a mask on his face rushes round and round the fire in the centre, gazing towards an aperture in the roof. His eyeballs roll wildly and his limbs move convulsively; till suddenly he stops, and there is silence to catch his utterances as he speaks under spiritual influence. Again and again during the night the scene is repeated, the shaman simply changing his mask to be *en rapport* with the particular spirit speaking through him.

The Greek Church had formerly several missions and schools in Alaska, but these all ceased at the time of the American occupation. Then for ten years the Christian Churches of America made no effort to teach Christianity to its dwellers in their new territory, in spite of appeals from individuals and an educational grant

from Congress which was not used. But in the spring of 1876 a group of Christian Indians went from Fort Simpson on British territory to get work at Fort Wrangell. They kept up their Sunday worship, and sowed the seeds of the Alaska Mission.

One of these Indians, named Clah, was a preacher, and his Sunday audiences increased to three or four hundred three times in the day. Some well-disposed whites helped him, and a school was established. So the mission was really set on foot by the Indians themselves, before the arrival, in August, 1877, of the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. MacFarland, sent out by the United States Presbyterian Board of Home Missions. In Illinois, at Santa Fé, in Mexico, and amongst the Nez Percés—where her husband died—Mrs. MacFarland had for twenty years been an earnest worker in the mission field.

Dr. Jackson thus describes their first sight of what was going on at Fort Wrangell:—"Upon landing and passing down the street, I saw an Indian ringing a bell. It was the call for the afternoon school. About twenty pupils were in attendance, mostly young Indian women. Two or three boys were present, also a mother and her three little children. As the women took their seats on the rough plank benches, each one bowed her head in silent prayer, seeking Divine help on her studies. Soon a thoughtful Indian man of about thirty years of age came in and took his seat behind the rude desk. It was Clah, the teacher. The familiar hymn, 'What a Friend we have in Jesus!' was sung in English; a prayer followed in the Chinook jargon—the 'Pigeon English' of the North-West, compounded of French, Canadian, English, and Indian words. The pupils repeated the Lord's Prayer in English, then studied and recited their lessons, and school was closed with the doxology and benediction. 'Good afternoon, my pupils,' and 'Good afternoon, teacher,' brought the proceedings to an end."

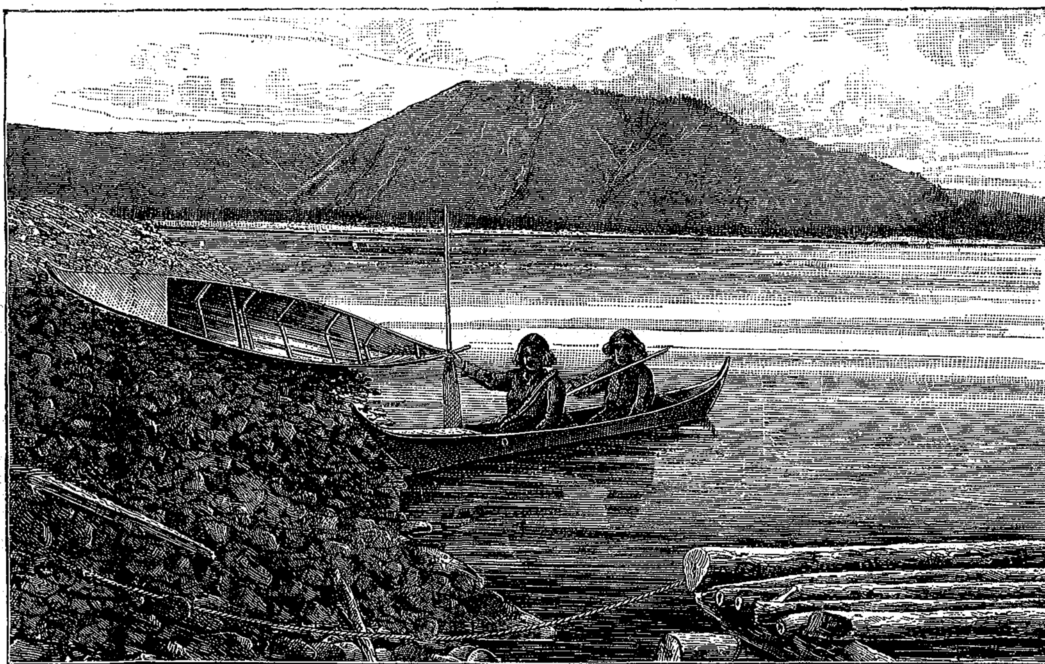
Dr. Jackson had to return East to raise means and procure further aid, and Mrs. MacFarland was left in charge. She became truly a "mother in Israel," a physician to the sick, a peacemaker in families, a counsellor and judge in social difficulties, an arbiter in tribal feuds. When the Christian Indians had to call a constitutional Convention, they put Mrs. MacFarland in the chair. Alleged cases of witchcraft were brought to her for decision; and when the Vigilance Committee were about to hang a white man for murder, they sent to her to act as his spiritual adviser. Noted chiefs came from far and near to be taught in the school of "the woman that loved the Indian people." Hydahs and Tongas and men from all the Thlinket tribes came, as well as the Stickeens of the immediate neighbourhood.

"Yesterday," writes Mrs. MacFarland, "a chief by the name of Hotchcox came to school. He said he was from Buffalo Island, and wanted to talk with me. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and I felt that if the Christians of the East, who have abundant means, could have seen him with the tears running down his face and heard what he said, there would be no lack of money to carry on the work in Alaska. Laying his hand upon his heart, he said—'Me much sick heart. You come teach all Stickeens, all Hydahs, all Tongas about God. My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus die. By-and-bye, all my people die (pointing down), go down, down, dark.' He was completely overcome. Oh, how my heart ached! I

tried to comfort him by telling him that we hoped to be able to send teachers and preachers to all these people soon."

In December, 1877, the native teacher, Clah, died of consumption, and was buried in the Christian Indian cemetery at Fort Simpson, British Columbia. The Indians subscribed for a fence round his grave, on a beautiful hill overlooking a bay of the Pacific.

The Rev. S. Hall Young was sent to help the Fort Wrangell mission in August, 1878, and pushed forward the work with great zeal and earnestness. The belief in witchcraft was one of the first great troubles he had to contend against. Shus-taks, a heathen chief, and his wife, were both sick, and came to the conclusion that some one



AYAN INDIANS, ALASKA.

had been working "bad medicine" against them. Their nephew, Shaaks, and his friends, went and caught an old man, an attendant at the mission church, and accused him of being "bad medicine." They dragged him to Shus-taks' house, stripped him naked, tied him most cruelly, hand, foot, and head, and put him in a dark hole under the floor. Mr. Young and the Clerk of the Custom House went and procured the old man's release. A five days' conference of the chiefs was held on the subject of witchcraft, and an effectual blow was dealt at the Indian superstitious notions concerning it.

Mr. Young set about building a school-house and church, and the Indians subscribed liberally according to their means. A Home for Girls, one of the most needed institutions along the North Pacific Coast, was also founded, and Mrs. MacFarland

became its efficient matron, through whom many girls, who had otherwise been lost, found shelter and salvation.

Sitka, a little farther north than Fort Wrangell, was once an important commercial city. It overlooks a beautiful island-studded bay, the entrance to which is guarded by Mount Edgcumbe. It has a Greek church with its dome of emerald green, a castle, and a custom-house. But besides these edifices the Americans in 1867 found only a few log huts. About a thousand Indians dwelt in or near the place, whose chiefs, Sitka Jack and Annahootz, gladly welcomed the Presbyterian missionaries, the Rev. J. G. Brady and Miss Fannie E. Kellogg, in 1878. School and mission work were at once organised, and the teachers were surprised to find the Alaska Indians so superior in all respects to the Indians of the plains. Other missionaries have gone out to help forward the work both at Sitka and Fort Wrangell; but the course of events, although of vast and increasing importance as regards the future of the mixed population of Alaska, have not been such as to call for further description here.

From the dominion of the United States we now pass to British North America. First, as regards Canada, we find that the idea has been not to make treaties with the Indians as separate nations, but gradually to absorb them into the body politic. The results of a wise and just policy have been eminently satisfactory, and instead of dwindling away, the Indians in some localities have considerably increased in numbers, and have settled down into respectable and useful members of society.

More than a century ago, Christian Oneidas and Mohawks were fighting side by side with British troops in the long struggle with the French; and during the War of Independence they remained loyal to the British Crown. At the close of the war, the Mohawk chief, John Brant, led his tribe away from their ancestral woods and streams, and settled on English territory. They brought with them the golden altar-vessels which Queen Anne had given to their church in the beautiful Mohawk valley, and in their new settlement they built a church to which George III. presented "an altar-piece with the Creed and Ten Commandments in the Mohawk language, and a loud-sounding bell." With the Mohawks, remnants of the Oneida, Seneca, and other tribes, also settled upon the Grand River. The name of Brant is commemorated by the flourishing town of Brantford, near which stands a monument to his memory. The old Mohawk church beside the Indian Burial Ground—the oldest church in Canada—is not now used, but has been superseded by a church at Kanyungeh, in the heart of the woods. Canon Bell, D.D., was delighted with a Sunday spent in this settlement a few years ago. He found Archdeacon Nelles, who for more than forty years had worked among the Indians, superintending the Boarding School, where sixty boys and girls are educated, and the Rev. Isaac Barr taking pastoral care of the six tribes in the woods.

Of the three thousand Indian farmers on this reserve, about eight hundred were still pagans, but not of the old type. They worshipped the Great Spirit, and met on stated occasions to sacrifice, with various strange rites, a white dog upon an altar. As the fire consumed the offering, aromatic herbs were scattered over it, and blessings

invoked upon themselves, upon the ground they cultivated, and upon the air they breathed. "Though un-Christianised," says Canon Bell, "they live peaceably with their Christian neighbours; and no doubt derive a reflex blessing from intercourse with those enlightened by the Gospel, for many of them are industrious farmers, and they are law-abiding and orderly."

The Canon found these Indians mostly attired in ordinary English dress—they reserve the plumes and crests and belts of wampum for State occasions, as, for instance, when they presented an address to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise. "Hiawatha now wears a prosaic coat and waistcoat and trousers, and Minnehaha has gathered up her long flowing tresses and formed them into a chignon. The women, however, are still fond of bright colours, and many a scarlet shawl and blue bonnet we saw in the beautiful little church at Kanyungeh." The service was partly in English, partly in Mohawk. A fearfully sesquipedalian tongue is the latter. For instance, "Teyerihwahkwalhavkouh" means simply "Hymns." The people seemed quite to enjoy hearing the Canon's sermon twice over, once in English and again in their own polysyllabic language. The settlement appeared to be in a very prosperous condition, and Dr. Bell felt that the church and schools were a centre of light and influence to all the country round.

Various other mission stations have been established amongst the Indians scattered about the shores of the great Canadian lakes. Walpole Island, in the middle of Lake St. Clair, is an Indian reserve, to which about forty years ago the Rev. Andrew Jamieson came to dwell among a thousand Ojibways, Pottowatomies, and Ottawas. They were a mixed assemblage of Indians of the lowest class, dirty, lazy, and ignorant. Mr. Jamieson opened a building as a church, but not a soul came to hear him. So he resolved to go to them, and visited the camps and wigwams, conversing and teaching as the way opened for him, and after a year of patient labour had two baptised converts as the result of his mission. He still worked on. It was his custom to send word to the chief when he was going to visit the tribe, and at the appointed time he would find the elders solemnly seated in the great wigwam, and would begin by making presents of tobacco all round. Under the influence of the fragrant weed they would listen patiently to what the missionary had to say.

On one of these occasions a chief laid his pipe slowly on the ground, and said, "Brother, what you have told us is good news; in truth, the very best news I ever heard." That man became a Christian, and was also very helpful in persuading others to accept the glad tidings of the Gospel.

For over thirty years Mr. Jamieson worked on at Walpole Island, till the collection of wild and ignorant pagans became a Christian colony, with a people living comfortably on the produce of their farms instead of hunting and fishing for subsistence. Many of the natives became catechists and teachers, and were very skilful in putting the truths of the Gospel before their people. Mr. Jamieson took down the following words from an address given by one of his Indian helpers:—

"What, my brethren, are the views you form of the character of Jesus? You will answer, perhaps, that He was a man of wonderful benevolence. You will tell me that

He showed Himself to be so by the kind of miracles which He wrought. All these, you say, were kind in the extreme. He created bread to feed thousands who were ready to perish; He raised to life the son of a poor woman who was a widow, and to whom his labours were necessary for her support in her old age. Are these, then, your only views of Jesus? I tell you they are lame. *When Jesus came into the world He threw His blanket around Him, but the God was within!*"

A little to the north of the Lake of St. Clair, on the river of the same name, is Sarnia, near which was a settlement of Chippewas, amongst whom in 1868 the Rev. E. F. Wilson came to labour. He was a son of the Rev. Daniel Wilson, Vicar of Islington, and a grandson of Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, whose services to the missionary cause have been narrated in a previous chapter. With Sarnia for his headquarters, Mr. Wilson visited at intervals the scattered Indian communities for a considerable distance round. Indefatigably prosecuting the usual routine of school and mission work, Mr. Wilson soon gained the cordial friendship of the Indians. It was shown in a characteristic manner at a New Year's Day Festival, and the scene was thus described by an eye-witness:—

"I shall now relate the red man's way of conferring names. When the Indians were all assembled, quite a large number of our white friends being also present, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, a missionary from across the big waters, with his excellent wife, were presented to Chief Shahwunoo as candidates for Chippewa names. The chief, a tall, fine-looking man, with an air of native dignity, then made a brief address to those present. It is the custom of our chiefs, when conferring names to children, to take them up in their arms; but the chief, finding it impossible to adopt that mode with the present candidates, took the missionary by the hand, and addressed him as follows:—'The name that I have selected for you is a name we greatly respect, and hold in fond remembrance; for it was the name of an old and respected chief of our tribe, who lived many years ago, and whose name we wish to have retained; and seeing you are a missionary to the Indians, it is the wish of my tribe, as well as myself, that you should be called after our late respected chief; so your name hereafter is *Puhguhkahbun* (Clear Light).' And then taking the lady by the hand, the chief addressed her thus:—'It is with great pleasure that I give you also a Chippewa name. The name I am to give you was the name of one of our sisters, who has long since passed away from our midst; and it is our wish that her name should be retained among us. And seeing you are the wife of our esteemed missionary, it is the wish of my people that you should be called after our late lamented sister; so your name hereafter is *Nahwegeeshgooqua* (A Lady of the Sky); and we shall always look upon you as a sister, for you bear a name very dear to us.' Then the whole assembly arose and congratulated their new brother and sister.

"After this interesting ceremony, we all sat down to partake of an excellent dinner, which consisted of the 'fat of the land,' and which was provided by the Indians themselves. We were very attentively waited on by the maidens of the tribe, who attracted great attention by the manner in which they performed their duty, and by their pretty faces and dress, for they were arrayed after the fashion of their sisters,

the pale-faced young ladies. After dinner, the chair was taken by Shahkeen (chief's brother), and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Chief Shahwunoo, John Jacobs, George Pwahnuhkee, Hiram Owens, Jeffry Pashekeshig, Andrew Jacobs, and John Shahwuhnahnuhquod. The speakers dwelt principally on religion, education, temperance, and agriculture. A very efficient Indian choir favoured the audience with several select pieces of sacred music in the interval between the addresses. After the speaking, the company sat down to tea; and the festival was concluded by shaking of hands and wishing each other 'A happy New Year.' Thus ended one of the happiest Indian festivals I have ever attended."

In one of his missionary tours Mr. Wilson came to Garden River mission, near Lake Superior, one of the establishments of the "New England Company," where Mr. Chance was working hard amongst a few hundred Chippewas. The white frame church, the neat school-house, and the pretty parsonage with its verandah and garden, gave a very pleasant aspect to the village. Amongst the residents here was an old chief named "Little Pine," who had become a Christian, and who was very anxious to "see the Christian religion go on and increase" till all his brethren on the shores of the Great Lake were brought into the fold. The constant burden of his soul was that there should be a Home built where Indian children could be fed and clothed, taught farming and carpentering, and also brought up in the Christian faith, so that eventually they might be sent out to spread Christianity in the Indian villages. Whilst Mr. Wilson was taking charge of the mission during Mr. Chance's absence, there was much conference with "Little Pine" about the scheme so dear to his heart; but although suitable sites were freely offered by the Indians, there were as yet no funds available for building purposes.

Little Pine was one day at work in the woods. He was very sad, for Mr. Wilson was leaving, and the New England Company were about to give up the Garden River mission altogether. Suddenly a thought came into his mind, and what next occurred he thus relates in his own simple language:—

"I will go with him, I will journey with this black-coat [missionary] whither he is going. I will see the great black-coat [the Bishop of Toronto] myself, and ask that Mr. Wilson may come and be our teacher, and I will ask him also to send more teachers to the shores of the Great Chippewa Lake; for why, indeed, are my poor brethren left so long in ignorance and darkness, with no one to instruct them? Is it that Christ loves us less than His white children? Or is it that the Church is sleeping? Perhaps I may arouse them, perhaps I may stir them up to send us more help, so that the Gospel may be preached to my poor pagan brethren. So I resolved to go. I only told just my wife and a few friends of my intention. I felt that the Great Spirit had called me to go, and even though I was poor and had but a few dollars in my pocket, still I knew that the Great God in heaven, to whom forty years ago I yielded myself up, would not let me want. I felt sure that He would provide for my necessities. So when the raspberry moon had already risen, and was now fifteen days old [July 15], and the black-coat and his wife stepped on board the great fire-ship, I stepped on also. I had not told him as yet what was my object in going,

and at first he left me to myself, thinking, I suppose, that I was going on my own business. I was a stranger on board; no one knew me, and no one seemed to care for me."

Mr. Wilson found out at length why Little Pine was journeying with him, and the result was that they travelled together to many of the large towns of Canada; and so well did the Indian plead the cause of his people, that a sum of money was collected, but not sufficient for the object in view. One thing, however, was gained, for arrangements were made for keeping up the Garden River mission under the care of Mr. Wilson, who was succeeded at Sarnia by Mr. Jacobs. The Indians were shouting on the bank, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, with Little Pine flourishing his

INDIAN WOMEN OF CANADA CARRYING BERRIES TO MARKET.

crooked stick in the midst of them, when the Wilsons got back to Garden River. Their first winter was fearfully cold; the thermometer was some time 36° below zero.

In the spring the question of getting more funds for the projected institution was again considered, and the Indians in council selected Buhkwujjenene ("Man of the Desert"), the brother of Little Pine, to go with Mr. Wilson and plead the cause in England. Buhkwujjenene spent six weeks in this country in 1872. "None who saw him," says the Rev. Daniel Wilson, "will forget his tall, fine figure, clad in a blanket and moccasins, with his scalping-knife hanging from his belt, and a skunk skin, the badge of his race, always worn round the left arm; the earnest expression of his face, and the graceful movements of his hands as he pleaded for his people. He often related the story of his own boyhood, his mother's death, his forlorn state, his father being

given over to the fire-water, no one to tend or care for him; no house, no bed, no place to sleep excepting by his drunken father's side. Then would follow the touching history of his own conversion. When he was rather more than twenty years of age, the Gospel was first preached in his neighbourhood. For many months he listened in vain to the message, the preacher's words, as he said, 'going in at one ear and out at the other.' One evening after hearing the missionary preach as he was returning to his home, he was greatly impressed by the beauty of the sunset. The crimson and golden clouds made the heavens seem to him as though on fire, and the words he had heard suddenly came to his mind about the Judgment-day and the Son of Man coming in His glory. Awestruck, he fell upon his knees in the lonely bush, and offered up his first real prayer. Then and there he gave his heart to God; and he has now for thirty-eight years lived an earnest and consistent Christian life. Very touching also was the account of his subsequent illness, his father's coming one evening to his bedside, and saying, 'My son, I see that you must die; I know that you cannot live. Now listen, my son, to my words, and know before you are parted from me that your poor father is a Christian. If you live to behold the morning light, you will see your father go to the missionary's house, and my other sons and daughters with me, and my grand-children also. We are determined all of us now to become Christians.'"

The appeal to English Christians was so successful, and the Indians worked so willingly in aid of the project, that on September 25, 1873, the Home was opened with a festal service. With eight boys and seven girls the work was begun; but five days afterwards a fire broke out in the middle of the night, and although all the sleepers were roused up and rescued, yet the whole of the building—including the missionary's house and furniture and all his personal property, the carpentering and bootmaking shops, the clothing and winter stores—perished in the flames.

Mrs. Wilson and the children were sheltered by the kind Jesuit priest who conducted a mission close by, and who had on a previous occasion generously helped them when they were short of provisions. He now worked manfully with the Indians to keep the fire from spreading to the church, which was saved, and procured clothing and medicines for the homeless family. The Indian children were sent to their friends. Unhappily the baby girl, carried by Mrs. Wilson through the rain, in fleeing from the fire had taken cold, and died three days afterwards. It was needful for the Wilsons to leave for a time, and as they went on to the steamer with the little coffin, Little Pine was sobbing bitterly, and Buhkwujjenene stood erect with head bent and eyes cast down.

Mr. Wilson spent the winter at Collingwood, chiefly engaged in preparing a Chippewa grammar and dictionary. Meanwhile, funds were raised in England and Canada to build the Home afresh in a more substantial manner. Beside the river that joins the two great Lakes Superior and Huron, the second Home was built. The corner-stone was laid by Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General of Canada, who took a warm interest in the work. There are now two Homes, the Shingwauk Home for Boys and the Waywanash Home for Girls. The former (named after the father of Little Pine) has a farm on which the boys work, and they are also taught trades. The girls

do the washing and mending for both Homes. It has been found desirable to give the children English names at baptism, for when a little boy of twelve bears the name of Ahzhahwushkokeyhik (Blue Sky) it is more convenient to call him James or George.

The Garden River mission was placed under the care of a catechist, and Mr. Wilson devoted his time to superintending the Homes, and to missionary journeys at intervals. *The Missionary* is the name of the boat, which was readily manned by some of the elder boys, and in which Mr. Wilson has visited many heathen tribes.

Very remarkable was their reception at Lake Neepigon, where a chief came up to Mr. Wilson as he landed, and told him that he was "the white teacher" for whom they had long been waiting. The chief declared that a good white man had met his father thirty-three years ago, and had advised him and his people to give up wandering lives and build houses. He had also promised to send a "black-coat" to them to teach them what was right. The old chief had persuaded his people to build log houses and clear the ground and plant potatoes, but they had waited in vain year after year for the promised teacher. At length he died, still counselling them to wait patiently and to get the white teacher to give them a school when he should arrive. "And now," said the chief, "we welcome you as the teacher my father told us to look for."

As soon as possible means were taken to satisfy the longings of these poor people. A considerable number have been taught and baptised. And now a plain wooden church stands upon a terrace overlooking the river at Neepigon, the centre of a flourishing mission.

The Homes, meanwhile, in spite of many difficulties and drawbacks, have prospered, and the good that has been effected by the change of wild, dirty-looking children into bright, intelligent youths and maidens, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Institutions of this character are full of promise for the future of the Indian people.

The Wesleyan Methodists have taken a full share in the work of Christianising and civilising the Canadian Indians. The schools and missions are numerous, and in many an Indian village the fruits of their labours are abundantly manifest. In 1808 the Rev. William Case had his attention forcibly arrested by the squalid misery of the poor Indians whom he met with in traversing the vast extent of country over which the remnants of the "Six Nations" were scattered. He became the promoter, and for many years the able superintendent, of the Wesleyan Mission to the North American Indians. The work began in a very humble way: a local preacher named Edmund Stoney held occasional prayer-meetings in the house of a chief near whom he dwelt, and sometimes added a word of exhortation. Then Seth Crawford, feeling called to the service, learned the Mohawk language and devoted himself to evangelising the Indians. Among those who heard him preach and were seriously impressed was Kahkewaquonaby (afterwards well known as the Rev. Peter Jones). Soon afterwards this young Indian was at a camp-meeting where Mr. Case and others preached. The young Indian chief's simple and artless account of the great change which he then experienced has moved many hearts. He was wont to tell how he first "felt sick in his heart," and how he

thought "the black-coats knew all that was passing within him;" and then how "the burden was removed while he was looking to Jesus, and he felt constrained to declare the power and goodness of the Great Spirit who had showed mercy to him a poor sinner." On seeing Peter stand up to praise the Lord for what He had done for his soul, Mr. Case exclaimed, with an overflowing heart, "Glory to God! there stands a son of Augustus Jones, of the Grand River, amongst the converts. Now is the door open for the work of conversion among his nation."

The prophecy was a true one. Peter Jones became a zealous and successful missionary to his own people, and, together with John Sunday, Peter Jacobs, and other converted Indians, did good service for the cause. For fifty years, with Peter Jones as a devoted colleague, Mr. Case dwelt among the Indians, and lived to see a rich harvest from the seed that they and their fellow-helpers had sown. Here and there all through the wilderness they saw the Christian villages they had formed, each around its modest chapel and school-house, with the habitations of the peaceful communities they had instructed in the arts of civilised life and to whom they had taught the way of salvation. Jones, Sunday, and Jacobs each visited England at different times, and very much impressed the religious public by their speeches on missionary platforms. They were living proofs of the reality of the work that was being carried on amongst the red men by the Wesleyans of Canada.

Another Indian who became eminent as a preacher of the Gospel was George Copway. As Kah-ge-gah-ga-bowh, he had been a veritable child of the forest, a keen hunter, and zealous in seeking the favour of the spirits who he was taught were everywhere about him. From a very early age he accompanied his father over the family hunting ground at the head of the Crow River, and he tells us how, when he shot his first bear, he felt as if his little leggings could hardly contain him. As a boy he had been very skilful in shooting birds with bow and arrows, but when he was allowed to use a gun he soon ranked high amongst the hunters.

The Ojibways, like other Indians, believed in a Good or Great Spirit, but the chief object of their religious exercises was the Bad Spirit, Mah-je-mah-ne-doo, who dwelt beneath the earth, and was the author of bad luck, sickness, and death. To him the Indians sacrificed, as choice offerings, dogs, whiskey, and tobacco. The dog had its paws painted red, and then, with a large stone and five plugs of tobacco about its neck, was flung into deep water, whilst drums were beaten and invocations chanted upon the shore. Whiskey was offered by pouring a little on the earth when a company of Indians were having a dram all round. It was also poured out near graves, so that their departed friends and the spirits might have a drink together. But ardent spirits were not always known to the Indians. It was the white man who brought the fire-water; and the Ojibways, against whom the brave Hurons and the terrible Iroquois had fought in vain, were conquered by whiskey. It turned them into demons, and Copway tells how when a whiskey "spree" was arranged for, the head chief would have knives and clubs and fire-arms collected and hidden away, lest the festivities should wind up with indiscriminate massacre.

But the time came when the pale-faces brought to the Indian something better

than fire-water. We must quote from Copway's narrative the quaint account of the way in which the Gospel message came to his family in 1827:—

"My father and I," he says, "went to Port Hope to see our principal trader, J. D. Smith, about twelve miles from our house by Rice Lake, to obtain goods and whiskey. After my father had obtained the goods, he asked for whiskey. Mr. Smith said, 'John, do you know that whiskey will yet kill you if you do not stop drinking? Why, all the Indians at Credit River and at Grape Island have abandoned drinking, and are now Methodists. I cannot give you any whiskey.'

"'Tah yah!' (an exclamation of surprise): 'it cannot be; I must have whiskey to carry home; my people expect it,' said my father. He wished to buy a barrel, but only obtained, after much pleading, about five gallons. My father promised to drink no

AGED CREE (OJIBWAY) CONVERTS.

more when the missionaries should come to Rice Lake. We reached home the same day about one o'clock, and the Indians were awaiting our arrival to have some fire-water. They assembled and began to drink and smoke. Many of them were sitting on the grass when the whiskey began to steal away their brains. One of our number suddenly ran into the road, and said, 'The black-coats are coming, and are on the other side of the point.' Each looked at the other with perfect astonishment. My father said, 'Invite them to come over to us;' and to the one who was dealing out whiskey, 'Cover the keg with your blankets, and don't let the black-coats see it.' The whiskey was concealed, and then came the messengers of glad tidings of great joy. They were converted Indians, saved by grace, and had been sent to preach to us, and to invite us to attend a camp-meeting near Cobourg. After shaking hands all round, one of them delivered a speech to the half-drunken Indians. He referred to the day when they were without the good news of salvation. He spoke with great earnestness, and the tears fell from his eyes. He said, 'Jesus Christ, Ke-sha-mon-e-doo O-gwe-son [*i.e.*, the Benevolent Spirit's Son], came down to the world, and died to save the

people; all the Indians at the Credit River and Grape Island are now on their road to the place where the Saviour has gone. Jesus has left a book containing His commands and sayings to all the world; you will see it and hear it read when you go to Cobourg, for the black-coats have it. They wish you to come and hear it. To-morrow is the Sabbath, and on that day we do not hunt or work, for it is the day which the Great Spirit made for Himself!' He described the way that the Son of God was crucified. I observed some of them crying; my mother heaved deep sighs; the half-drunken Indians were struck dumb, and hung their heads. Not a word was uttered. The missionaries said, 'We will sing, and then we will kneel down and pray to the Great Spirit.' He gave out the following hymn—

"'Jesus ish pe ming kah-e zhod.'

"'Jesus, my all, to Heaven is gone.'

"They stood up and sang. Oh, what sweet melody was in their voices! The echo was so great that there appeared to be a great many more singers than we could see. After the hymn they prayed with the same fervency as they had sung.

"Peter Wason prayed, and his prayer said, 'Oh, Great Spirit, here are some of my own relatives: open their eyes and save them!' After the prayer they said they were going to Cobourg that evening, and if any desired to go with them they would have them do so.

"My father arose and took the keg of whiskey, stepped into one of the small canoes, and paddled some thirty feet from the shore; here he poured out the whiskey into the lake, and threw the keg away. He then returned, and addressed us in the following manner:—'You have all heard what our brothers said to us. I am going with them this evening. If any of you will go, do so this evening; the children can attend the great meeting some other time.' Every one ran to the paddles and canoes, and in a few minutes we were on the waters. The missionaries had a skiff. They sang again, and their very oars seemed to keep time on the still water. Oh, how charming! The scenery of the water, the canoes moving in files, crossing the lake to visit their first camp-meeting."

The camp-meeting was a great success, and amongst the converted was Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh's father. The lad had been away in the adjacent woods with his bow and arrow, and returned to find his father lying partly on one of the seats. His first thought was that his father was ill, but the man exclaimed, "Come here, my son. I am not sick, but happy; kneel down and I will pray for you." Copway knelt, and heard his father offer up his first prayer. Many Indians were kneeling and praying, and the work began that night to spread to several of the Ojibway villages scattered about the Canadian lakes. Young Kah-ge-ga-gah-bowh, after renouncing heathenism, was impressed with a desire to teach his people, and became a missionary. He was sent to help the missionaries on the shores of Lake Superior, where a good work was going forward.

Curiously enough, some of the Indians, when brought under conviction, thought they were sick, and took their Indian medicines; but finding these gave them no peace, they

would come and talk to the missionaries. Many of the converts were very helpful, by going to the wigwams and persuading the unconverted to come and hear the missionaries. One old chief, Kah-be-wah-be-ko-kay (Spear Maker), was very vengeful, and threatened to tomahawk anybody that came to his wigwam with the white man's religion. "Already," said he, "some of my family are very sick and crazy." But the missionaries went to his wigwam armed only with Testament and hymn-book, and talked to his family, whilst the old chief would run growling into the woods. One day he was trapping martens in the woods, with his little daughter aged ten. The child seized an opportunity, whilst her father was busy with the trap, to kneel down on the snow behind a tree and pray for him. The old man was struck with remorse, and went home feeling "sick in his heart." A message came to the missionaries, "Your friend Spear Maker is very sick; he wishes you to call at his wigwam and pray for him." They went and prayed and talked with the old man, who was sobbing and sighing by the fire. Next morning he brought the teachers a large sack full of gods and "medicines," which he asked them to destroy. Henceforward he was a happy and consistent Christian, and remained steadfast when the heathen party appealed to him to join in the Grand Medicine Worship, which they kept up with drumming, singing, and dancing, for a whole week, near the mission, by way of a counter-attraction.

Copway travelled over the whole district, visiting Indians at their hunting grounds. He passed over the battle-grounds, where for generations the Ojibways and the Sioux had only met to murder each other. A chief who was with him pointed to a certain spot, saying—"There I killed two Sioux about thirteen winters ago; I cut open one of them, and when I reflected that the Sioux had cut up my own cousin but a year before, I took out his heart, cut a piece from it, and swallowed it whole." All about there were notches on the trees telling of warriors that had been slain.

We need not follow Copway through the details of his prolonged career of mission work among the Indians. He devoted his life to their service; translated for them a portion of the New Testament; pleaded for them before large meetings in the Eastern States, and left on record one or two interesting books on the history and customs of the Ojibway or Chippewa people.

But the missions to the Canadian Indians are only a portion of the great work that has been done in British America. In 1822 the Church Missionary Society established a mission to the Indians in the then young settlement of Red River, now known as Manitoba. The effort has been a successful one, and the descendants of the wild Indians, who then lived in brutality and degradation, now dwell in neat white houses, and cultivate their farms, and diligently attend the schools and churches.

Since the date mentioned, missions have been scattered over all parts of the vast territory belonging to Great Britain. "In every direction, along the banks of distant rivers which fall either into the Polar Sea in the north, the Pacific on the west, Hudson's Bay on the east, or Lake Winnipeg in the interior, the ministers of Christ have gone forth to spread the glad tidings of salvation."

The Moravians, the Wesleyans, and the Church Missionary Society, have all put

forth Christian efforts in these regions. To give an historical narrative of all these missions would be impossible in our limited space. We must therefore select two or three of the most important, and mention only such details concerning them as appear to be of striking interest.

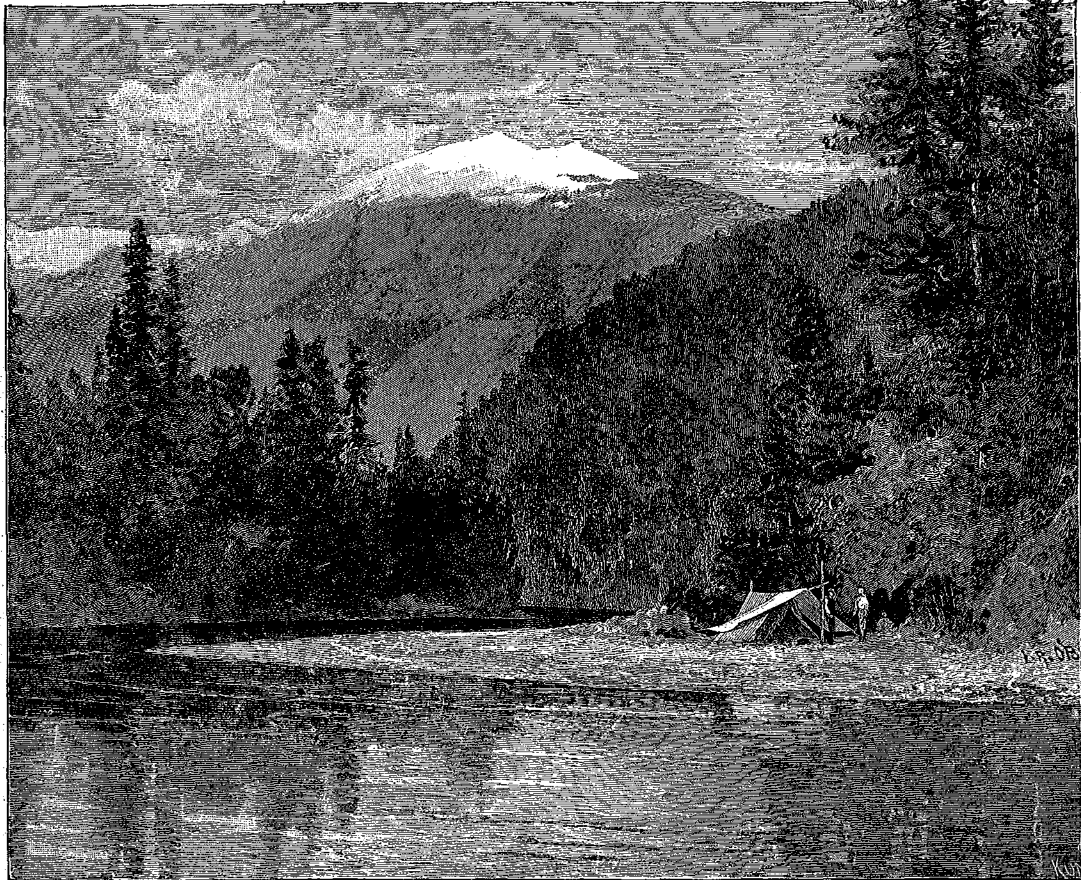
On the banks of the Red River, whose waters flow into the Arctic Ocean, a mission was established in 1858 by Archdeacon Andrews, who came 2,500 miles from his Red River charge to teach the Tiune Indians, amongst whom he laboured sixteen months. Partly by canoe down the river and partly by mountain-climbing, his successor, Mr. Kirkby, pushed on a thousand miles further, to Fort Youcon, then the furthest limit of the British possessions, but since ascertained to be within the territories ceded by Russia to the United States. He preached to the Indians, and after his return to Mackenzie River the Rev. Robert Macdonald settled here and laboured in the Youcon district with great success. Meanwhile, Mr. Kirkby journeyed amongst the scattered Indians between the two settlements, and built at Fort Simpson, not far from Great Slave Lake, a church, school, and dwelling-house. He had to work like a day-labourer himself, with the two or three men who were all he could hire to help him. In addition to his building and his travelling, Mr. Kirkby found time to translate hymn-books, tracts, Bible lessons, and an abridgment of Gospel history, and collected materials for the grammar and vocabulary, afterwards completed by others.

The Rev. W. C. Bompas came to Mr. Kirkby's assistance in 1865. After learning the language, he began itinerating amongst the tribes further north around Great Bear Lake, and subsequently in other directions, travelling many thousands of miles, for only in this way could the scattered tribes of this vast district be reached. In 1870 he went as far as the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and laboured amongst the Eskimos. These Eskimos are a tall race, the men averaging six feet in height, the women mostly smaller. The most prominent feature of the men's faces is an artificial one. A hole is bored through each cheek on approaching manhood, and a piece of walrus tusk inserted with a blue bead at the end. For one of these beads, worth a penny in England, they willingly give a couple of black fox-skins that will fetch £50 each. Mr. Bompas found them kind and hospitable, civil and skilful, but also passionate and lazy, and addicted to lying, stealing, and other vices. Their religion was made up of songs, dances, and conjuring; and like the Indians further south, each had his own bag of "medicines" and charms. They believe in a good spirit, whom they very naturally associate with warmth, and Atti, an evil spirit of cold and death. The latter they seek to propitiate with spells.

Numerous tribes of Indians, speaking different languages or dialects, inhabit the extensive region called British Columbia. Indeed, there are more Indians in this province than in the whole of America east of the Rocky Mountains. A great work has been done among the Tsimean Indians at Metlakahtla, and we have seen how Clah, one of the converts from the mission, planted a Christian church at Fort Wrangell, in the United States territory. The founder of the Metlakahtla mission was William Duncan, who went one evening in his youth to hear a missionary lecture. It was a wet evening, and scarcely any one came, so it was

proposed to put off the meeting. But the lecturer persisted in addressing the two or three who had come, and the result was that William Duncan devoted himself to the cause.

After training at a missionary college, Duncan was sent by the Church Missionary Society, in 1856, to Fort Simpson, where he found some twenty houses inhabited by English fur-traders, and nearly three hundred wood houses, in a long straight line beside the Pacific shore, inhabited by Indians. Soon after his arrival, he saw a crowd of these wild savages on the beach



ON THE NORTH THOMPSON RIVER.

ferociously tearing in pieces and devouring the dead body of a man. He soon met with an Indian, named Clah, who knew English, and with this man's aid he worked hard at the language of the Indians, and studied their manners and customs. He learned that they were not all cannibals, but that the "man-eaters" and the "dog-eaters" were two distinct parties amongst them.

The season of snow came, which kept the Indians indoors, and Mr. Duncan thought it a good time to do some visiting. Accompanied by Clah, he called at about

half of the long row of houses, and was well received by the groups of half-naked, painted savages sitting round the fires. "Good kind man" was the universal sentiment of the Indians, at which Mr. Duncan was considerably encouraged.

After toiling at the language for eight months, the missionary wrote out a plain sermon. Nine of the chiefs, when appealed to, agreed to assemble the people in their houses to hear what Mr. Duncan had to say to them. Nine times he read that sermon to audiences varying from fifty to two hundred. The people said but little, but their countenances showed that they understood and appreciated a good deal. At the close of the day Mr. Duncan thankfully wrote:—"About eight or nine hundred souls in all have heard me speak, and a great number of them, I feel certain, have understood the message. May the Lord make it the beginning of great good for this pitiable and long-lost people!"

The Indians saw that the superiority of the whites was largely due to education, and both children and adults came to the school, which was at first opened in the house of the chief Legaic. Then a school-house was built, the Indians providing material and doing the work, and fifty adults and a hundred and forty children were soon in attendance.

All was going on well, till in autumn Mr. Duncan refused to close his school for a month during the "medicine" season. To do so would have been to countenance all sorts of unholy rites and horrible festivals. Legaic and half a dozen medicine-men came in their feathers and paint, and strove to close the school, but Mr. Duncan held out, and though his life was threatened he was not molested.

Teaching, preaching, visiting the sick, Mr. Duncan laboured on, and in the course of a year or two there were about three hundred regular church-goers. The English settlers were astonished at the tidily dressed families going to and from the place of worship. A great many gave up painting their faces, and the ugly lip-rings and nose-rings went out of fashion. Legaic and other chiefs came to school, and in many ways the progress of Christianity and civilisation were manifested.

But the prevalent drunkenness, and the influence of surrounding heathenism, kept undoing much of Mr. Duncan's work. In 1863 he took a step he had for some time advocated, and went away with fifty of his Indian friends to found a new settlement on a retired bay twenty miles from Fort Simpson. All his associates promised to leave off all "medicine" (in the Indian sense), to give up drinking and gambling, to cease painting themselves, and be clean, honest, and industrious. Six weeks afterwards three hundred more followed on the same terms, and many others from time to time.

At Metlakahtla (as it was called) there were soon seen two streets of wooden houses and a church. This building developed into an edifice capable of holding seven hundred people, and the village grew and flourished, to the surprise of all visitors. The Bishop of Columbia came and baptised a number of the people, including Clah and Legaic. The latter gave up his chieftaincy and everything, and after battling with severe trials and temptations, the once fierce and passionate savage, whose hand was stained with many murders, became an industrious carpenter, and a right hand to Mr.

Duncan in his Gospel labours. Faithful to the end, he died six years afterwards rejoicing in his Saviour.

Metlakahtla, with its well-built frame houses and regular streets and roads, is a remarkable instance of "firm and Christian despotism." Mr. Duncan, says Mr. Tucker, "was made a justice of the peace by the Governor, and thus he had legal as well as moral force at his service. The latter was used almost exclusively for the Indians; by the former he kept at a distance the whiskey traders and other immoral folks, who would have negatived all his labours in a community whose Christianity was a plant of so modern and tender a growth. He found his Tsimean people had very artistic tastes, and could carve in ivory, wood, and stone, as well as produce good results as jewellers; he therefore set them up in these trades. To prevent dealings with objectionable people, he opened a store in the village, where all requisites could be bought; and in a little while he proposed to the Indians that they should buy a schooner, in shares, which should trade to and from Victoria, and be manned by themselves. This also was accomplished, and the vessel on some trips would return a profit of several hundred pounds.

"The internal government of the settlement was admirably managed by this same despotic authority. Mr. Duncan built a gaol and police-station, dressing his native officials in a proper uniform. Mindful of hospitality, and yet not wishing the clean houses of the settlement to be contaminated, or the morals of the people to be lowered, by intercourse with travelling Indians, a guest-house was provided by the settlement at the general expense. Having thus proved the capacity of the Indians for commerce and Christianity, this zealous missionary returned to England to acquire for himself a knowledge of certain crafts, and to obtain some machinery; and then, like another Peter the Great, he returned to instruct his people in the new arts which he had acquired."

A wonderful missionary work has been done amongst the Thompson River Indians. The Rev. J. B. Good was engaged at the Yale mission, on the Fraser River, when the chief, Sashiatan, so earnestly begged him to come sixty miles further up, to Lytton, that Mr. Good consented. Here, too, civilisation and Christianity have gone on hand in hand, and the catechumens and converts are numbered by thousands.

XXXII.—NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER LXI.

HEATHEN MAORIA.

Discovery and Description of Country—Captain Cook's Visit—Appearance of the Maori—Tattooing—Mental and Moral Qualities—Thievery—Passion and Revenge—Houses and Food—Baptism—Marriage Ceremonies—Polygamy—The System of Tapu—Legend of Maui—The Priesthood—Interpretation of Dreams—Honours to the Dead—Belief in a World of Spirits—Witchcraft—Dread of Night—Spiritualism—No Idols.

NEW ZEALAND was the name originally given, in 1642, by the Dutch discoverer Tasman to a couple of large islands encircled by numerous islets, more than a thousand miles south-east of Australia, and at the direct antipodes of England, the centre of the widest expanse of ocean on the surface of the globe, and containing "an epitome in miniature of all the great continents of the world." To the eye of the geologist, an eminent Austrian naturalist says, "it presents a scene of the grandest revolutions and convulsive struggles of the earth, which, continually changing the original form of the land, gave it by degrees its present shape." Carl Ritter, the great geographer, says, moreover, "it is destined before all other lands to become the mother of civilised nations." It is a colonial proverb that "in no other country does Nature know how to make a fine day as she does in New Zealand." Albion's enterprising sons have spread their tents there until they have come to regard it as "the Britain of the South;" although we are told that so fully alive are the natives to their own rightful landlordship and to the value of their land, that they prefer to lease it rather than sell out, so that it not unfrequently happens that "the native drives his buggy while the European goes on foot."

In New Zealand towns, the English visitor of to-day is chiefly struck by the non-foreign but quite familiar aspect of his surroundings; but in the country, nature still untouched by art possesses a sweet solemnity which leads his mind into the presence-chamber of its God; for in the forests all disturbing elements are missing, and the profound silence is often oppressive. As regards beasts of prey, it might be of New Zealand that the prophecy has been recorded: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:" there are absolutely none. There is on every hand a "boundless contiguity of shade," into the dense umbrageous recesses of which the eye can only pierce a few feet, and whose garb is the everlasting verdure of a most luxuriant fernery. Ferns are everywhere—on the ground, on the trees, on one another—from the monarch tree-fern, rising like some sculptured pillar until it bursts into a broad-spreading capital of fronds, to the tiny lustrous variety which adorns the shaft of this giant. One almost looks in vain for flowers. But the thistle, by repute imported by some Scotch adorer of the emblem of the curse, holds its own in spite of legislators and their "thistle ordinances." The whole atmosphere is impregnated with perfumes, and sweets are borne on the wings of every gale. On the bosom of the placid streams water-fowl sit in proud meditative state, so tame as to come within reach of the canoe paddles.

The proper name for this country, *Maoria*, should have been retained. But for long, the known custom of its cannibalism gave men a natural distrust of everything belonging to it. The famous Captain Cook first gained a footing on its shores. and

AN OLD TATTOOED CHIEF (*Photographed*).

established friendly relations with its brave, intelligent, but savage inhabitants; after which whaling vessels, putting in for water, kept open the only communication between it and the civilised world; even this being frequently interrupted by the cruel whites' rapacity, and the consequent wreaking of indiscriminate vengeance on the next whites the savages met. Thus, in 1772 twenty-eight Frenchmen were cut off; next year ten

Europeans were triumphantly eaten; and in 1809 the crew of the *Boyd* were massacred. To visit such a people was to court death.

The aboriginal Maori (name signifying anything native or indigenous) was a pronounced type of Polynesian humanity, composing one of the purest branches of the coloured Malay-Papuan stock. The Zealandic traditions of an ancestral migration are both strong and minute; the Tohungas, or learned priestly order, being great in "endless genealogies," recited the story of their forefathers with equal pride, but greater truthfulness than Anglo-Saxons have in tracing their "blue blood" to the Conquest; and their *memoria technica*, being nothing more than notched sticks, have proved trustworthy records in English law courts. Some *savants* have claimed for them a more remote origin than the people themselves; but it is not a little remarkable that notwithstanding tribal divisions and war, there is a consensus of traditional history throughout the country, the story everywhere told being that they sailed hither in several large canoes, whose names they religiously preserve, with those of their respective commanders, and the points of coast where each first landed. It is curious, too, that the story of an ancient exodus current in the Sandwich Islands agrees with this in detail, even down to the names of the canoes; and this tradition of their having come south from some sunny isle was singularly confirmed by the ease with which a Tahitian companion of Captain Cook could converse with the New Zealanders. It is interesting to notice how tribal divisions are still kept up in the prenominal "Ngati," which has descended as a relic of the occupancy corresponding to the Highland "Mac" or the "O'" of Irish descent. Alas! that in presence of white brethren the pathetic tale of decay must be told; the Maori race, as if conscious of some fateful doom, is slowly but surely declining, the very introduction of the white man's blanket being apparently deleterious to its physique.

Physically the Maori was well formed and muscular, his face quiet in a strength which was latent, except for the vivacity of the dark, expressive eyes. With tutored self-command, he had the art either of concealing thought and feeling, or of giving them uncontrollable vent, and while he was proud in his bearing and bloodthirsty in his heart, his visage was more than a match for any thought-reading expert. For the mechanical symmetry of the curving lines deeply imbedded in his flesh left no possibility of facial expression; and for that imaginary beauty he would willingly pay a handsome price in suffering. So intense was the agony of tattooing, that only small portions could be taken at a sitting; and of one who insisted that his whole visage should be thus marred at one time, it is recorded that he died under the shock. The person to become thus beautiful for ever laid his head between the operator's knees, and had a series of incisions made by mallet and chisel in circles charcoaled on his face, all which outlines were soon rendered invisible by the streaming blood. The chisel-point, dipped in some venomous drug, caused almost immediate inflammation, over which a thick paint of oil and ochre was eventually plastered, so as to give the face as disgusting a look as possible. In the further ornamenting of the body were worn trinkets dear to the savage heart. Squeezed through the lobe of the ear would dangle a dead bird, or a live one fluttering pendent by its neck, the blood of the wearer freely flowing from

the desperate wound. They mourned their dead by lacerating their own living bodies till the blood gushed out. Happily the long-lost Levitical prohibition:—"They shall not make any cuttings in their flesh," was enforced by mission influence, and this engraving and painting of the "human form divine" is now a matter of history.

In regard to the mental and moral qualities of this interesting people, there were veins of silver in the clay. With all their savagery, their affection and their honour were genuine traits. The return of the young to the parental bosom after temporary absences caused unbounded and even anguished transports of joy; in spite of all their chronic wars, they were kind to one another. Sometimes, when a besieging party learned their foes' need of stores or spears, they would send a supply, laying them down in heaps near their defences and then retiring. But the method of showing affection was a mad one. In bidding farewell there was an overwhelming display of feeling; commencing with an ogling glance and a whimper: then, breaking into an affectionate exclamation, with a tear glistening in the eye and a wry face drawn, they would shuffle near the departing one and cling to his neck; then they cried outright, and used the sharp flint to face and arms, at last roaring most outrageously, smothering him with kisses, tears, and blood until he was only too glad to escape. The howling scene was re-enacted on his return; and altogether the dismal exhibition suggested that such extremity of fond devotion was but so much cant—a suggestion not diminished by the well-known power of savages to force the flow of tears, or to restrain them, at will. In the midst of an outburst of woful grief, they would suddenly be reminded of something more important, and they would instantly postpone the affecting tearfulness by saying that they could easily finish that at a more convenient season.

Thievery has ever been a virtue of the savage heart. Thus, while the missionary, the acknowledged friend of the Maoris, has been talking to them, they have cut the bridle off his horse, and when accused have instantly and unblushingly restored it. The nails of a pair of camp-bellows were picked out, and when the only black-fellow by whom the theft could be committed was addressed, he could not speak, because he had concealed them in his mouth. Nor did their first acquaintance with civilised barter promote their honesty, for European roguery practised in vain upon their knavery. Counterfeit coin palmed on them, medals passed for dollars, and gilded farthings uttered for sovereigns, only served to create distrust of mercantile transactions altogether; and the native purchaser of a cask of gunpowder, finding on opening it in his distant home that it contained chiefly mould, was not to be wondered at if in his rage and disappointment he filled his basket of flax with stones to increase its weight, or his measure of potatoes with pieces of wood to enlarge the bulk.

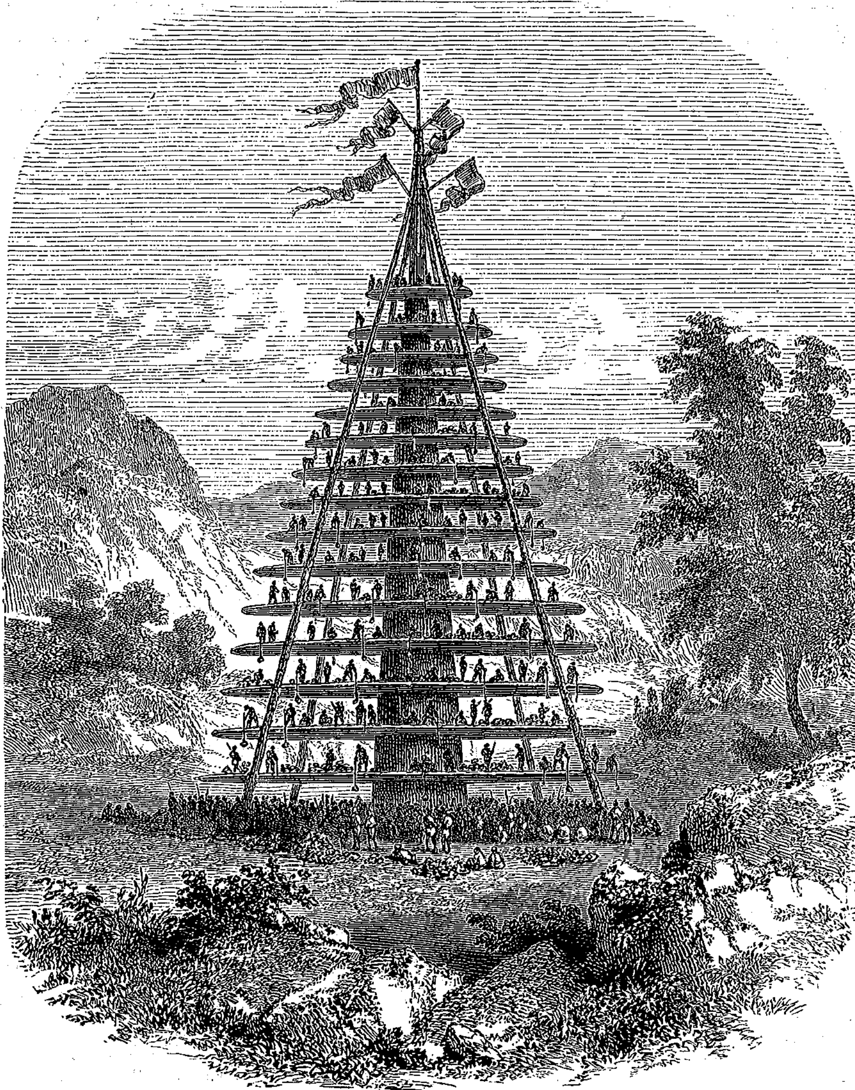
As regards passion, little was required to arouse the untamed demon in the New Zealander to a pitch of fury; and when the savage blood was up it was impossible to curb its ungovernable rage. Revenge was even sought by proxy. "The murderer's brother had killed the wife of Hopukia. When he escaped, an innocent

man, who was paddling a canoe with a European, was laid hold of, and but for the timely interference of the Christian natives, his life would have expiated another's crime. And then, according to their own law, his relatives would have avenged his death on the European that was with him." Thus were these dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty. War was waged for the express purpose of inflicting pain. From the most sensitive parts of the victim's body the blood was drained, that the conqueror might slake at once his thirst and his revenge by quaffing the ebbing life-stream. The diabolical spirit of revenge, and not the desire to satisfy hunger, made them anthropophagous, though they did not carry their cannibalism to the same extent as was witnessed in the vile orgies of some of their South Sea neighbours. From generation to generation an injury was had in remembrance; the heads of enemies being placed in rows on the house-tops, where biting taunts were hurled at them, as though the sightless orbs of the ghastly objects could see, or their deaf ears hear the bitter gibes.

Resentment was their strongest passion, and under its dark, malign influence they came to devour their foe as being the lowest degradation to which they could reduce him. "I have tasted human flesh," said a venerable Maori convert at a missionary meeting, "*and it was sweet.*" The last words, spoken with emphasis, caused a cold shiver to run through the audience. This "sweet" revenge was stimulated by mutual encouragement. The head of a slain one was preserved as a sacred thing, and when on the visit of some ally it was taken out for a sympathetic weeping, it became the central attraction of the occasion. The friend was led to the spot where the hideous reminder of his familiar acquaintance was conspicuously impaled for his behoof, and taking his stand before it in the attitude of broken-hearted grief, the big tears would course down his manly cheeks, until, giving vent to the overpowering melancholy of his soul, he forgot his grief in wrath, and worked himself up into a fit of rage bordering on madness; at which moment all slaves would keep well out of sight, or one or more would be slain as *pro tem.* substitutes for the foes who had beheaded his beloved. The ceremony over, the head was swathed once more in its grave-clothes, to await the advent of the next guest whose passion it was required to keep burning in like manner.

Before Christianity made life sacred and property secure, chronic wars compelled the people to huddle together in *pahs*, or fortified villages, usually built on commanding elevations, where they were governed by the arbitrary will of their chiefs. Houses were of timber and bulrushes, carved work being conspicuous, the walls of leaves interlaced rendering the dwelling warm and snug, but the head-room of only four or five feet making it equally inconvenient. Furniture they possessed not. A bulrush layer formed a bed, cooking utensils were red-hot stones, the water-jar was a calabash, a small carved box held their ornaments chiefly consisting of feathers; a stone axe was their one implement besides their spears. The village was thrown together with no regard to order; huts, sties or stores, in preservation or in ruins, were pitched at random among the superior dwellings of chiefs, or the stages raised on tree-stems for the security of produce from vermin or other thieves. In equal disorder plantations were scattered about, sometimes miles apart, as security against stripping parties.

The staple food after the potato appears to have been the *pipi*, or cockle, for in every old *pah* this creature's shell is strewn in myriads, attesting its enormous consumption. Periodically a feast was given, when the quantity of food attacked was amazing.



MAORI FESTAL PYRAMID.

A pyramid eighty or ninety feet in height and twenty or thirty feet in its base diameter was constructed in tiers, as shown in the illustration, upon which was piled a solid mass of food, and the whole stupendous arrangement was adorned with flags. The bill of fare comprised sharks, eels, albatrosses, and potatoes, the extraordinary banquet being washed down with innumerable calabashes of shark oil.

The Maoris had a rite supposed to be analogous to Christian baptism. A child

when born was wrapped up and laid in the sun. Its mother rubbed its nose to flatten it. A slit was made in the ear, and kept unhealed until it was sufficiently elongated for the insertion of a pendent ornament. At five or eight days of age was a ceremonious feasting, when the child was carried in a woman's arms to the side of some stream, and delivered to a priest who had been previously well fee'd. He recited a long list of ancestors' names. In the end he selected one, and as he pronounced it he sprinkled the child solemnly with a shrub or immersed it in the running water. The child was thereby consecrated to the god of war, was regarded as holy, to be handled only by the initiated, and with the greatest care nurtured by them in the superstitious and evil practices of its forefathers. Among the incantations mumbled by the priest, the bystanders could comprehend little but that the neophyte was desired to flame with anger and be strong to wield a weapon. The full prayer was never told, being of too sacred a nature. It addressed an unknown spirit supposed to hold the destiny of men and birds, and prayed that the child might be cruel, troublesome, adulterous, murderous, a liar, a thief—in short, guilty of every crime, emblematic of which very small pebbles were thrust down its throat to make its heart hard and callous and implacable. If a great man's name were presumptuously given to the child, it was presented to his friends to be eaten by them by way of compensation for an unpardonable offence. In this case a ransom might be made by a timely distribution of large presents of food, when the child was restored with singing to its parents, and old and young sat down to the feast in ancient style.

The marriage ceremony, if such it must be called, consisted in a tremendous scuffle between the bridegroom, who made a determined raid to carry off the idol of his heart, and her friends, who, at least in appearance, were equally resolved to hold her; while she, if never actually dragged in half, was thus considerably mauled. The success of the forcible suit ended in a feast, the happy pair being visited by a stripping party, whose time-honoured duty it was to seize as much of the bridegroom's property as could be carried off; another struggle was wound up by a dance, a talk over the marriage, and the distribution of presents among friends to sweeten their temper. Polygamy was common, and became the root of many social evils; jealousy inciting quarrels, murders, or bloodshed on an extensive scale. The fiend within the mother's breast, usurping the throne of maternal instinct, would throw the child but a few days old to the dogs or pigs, when, but for some rival, that mother would have died to save her offspring from harm.

"Land and women are the roots of war" became a Maori proverb, and war was the Maori passion. Even the women were martial, and the men were tutored to it from the breast. Arrears of reckonings for injuries, kept them alive with mutual distrust, and the avenger of blood was ever dogging his prey; but almost any pretext served as a *casus belli;* and while might overcame right, the weak went to the wall with loss of goods or of life. The braves under arms were almost undisciplined, but rushed to an attack under the furious influence of their passion, the party who made the first grand rush generally coming off winner of the field; for their war-shout struck terror in the breast of their adversary, who ran off in confused rout, well aware

that no attack would be made except by the party superior in numbers and ammunition. But they were intrepid as well as reckless, and in the ten years' war with the English, from being despised and feared they became respected by their civilised opponents; while military Europeans admired their skill and genius in the erection and defence of their *pahs.* Here they showed a chivalry worthy of all commendation, whereas formerly the conquered had no mercy shown them, and if not killed and eaten, were enslaved as subjects of the conqueror's caprice, to abuse or to slay upon the first retaliatory necessity.

The Maori superstitions resembled those prevalent throughout the South Seas. For instance, the system of *Tapu,* elsewhere described, especially entered into all plans and purposes, with all the force of its prohibitory consecration, and constituted a network of grave embarrassment, and a ready occasion of feud, eventually disentangled and overcome by the Christian missionary.

The Maori mind being tinged with poetry, and the vernacular being highly coloured as the speech of an oratorical nation, the sage saws of New Zealand are rich in allegory; its proverbs require an interpreter to expound them, and its legendary lore is dark with oracular significance. According to its own account, Maoria was fished up out of the ocean; the myth being that an old man of the sea, Maui by name, slew his two sons for the sake of making fish-hooks out of their jaw-bones, handing at the same time their right eyes over to the sky, the one as the morning, and the other as the evening star. Fishing with the filial jaw-bone of his eldest-born, he fastened on a haul too heavy for even his strength, and for three months he tugged at it in vain; until at length he caught a dove, and infusing his spirit into it, the sacred bird soared above the clouds with the line, and drew up New Zealand above the waves. Maui on going ashore found much to astonish him, especially men and fire, the latter of which he took up in his hand not knowing its torture. When the sun set, Maui plunged beneath the sea after him, caught him, brought him back in the morning, and, to prevent his running off for good, weighted him with the moon, so that when he sinks he drags up the lesser light to rule the night. Maui holds up his right hand at odd times, and prevents men from seeing the sun or the moon, and he captured every breeze but the west wind, which in spite of him bloweth where it listeth.

Dreams wielded their own potent influence, some old person seeing every enterprise in visions of the night and interpreting the issues most favourably, and, whether grave or gay, momentous or trivial, with an equal earnestness of tone and gesture. Their reverence for the flight of birds reminds us of the importance attached to the same thing in the history of other portions of the pagan world. Their *Tohunga* was a patriarchal seer, the nearest approach to a priest, who uttered ambiguous things. "A desolate country! A desolate country!" he would cry when consulted by some war party, and when the encouraged warriors were slain to a man, this would only turn out to the greater glory of "Sir Oracle;" for of course not their enemy's, but their own land had been the one chosen for desolation A favourite method of testing the issues of battle was for a youngster to select a spot sheltered from wind, on which, having cleared of ferns a space six feet square, he carefully planted a number of

sticks answering to the number of tribes at feud, placing them in two rows representing the battle array of the belligerents, naming each by the name of a tribe, and adjuring them in muttered sentences to declare the truth about the war. Then he retired to watch what the rising wind would do to his campaigning sticks; if the row representing the enemy fell backwards, it was a sign that the real foe would be discomfited; their falling obliquely promised only half a routing; should they fall so as to approach the others, then instead of their being demolished they would be the victors: a childish oracle indeed, and one easily stimulated by the cute youth's observation of the probable direction of the wind, and other private intercourse between himself and the spirit, which probably existed for the most part in the will of the chief who thus sought by jugglery to animate his warriors.

The dead were held in high honour, the biggest social pest in life being lamented with all the rites of *tapu* and festivity. When one day old, the corpse was severely beaten, in order to drive out of it any lingering traces of the old nature, while at the same time the spirit was sung away to the realms above or the regions beneath, according to the fancy of the singers; then it was trussed in a sitting posture, the chin resting on the knees; the head was dressed with feathers; the cheeks painted rouge and white, and for three days it was lamented with bitter wailings; dependents on the deceased cutting themselves with frightful curved gashes. Missionaries describe the night as made hideous in this valley of the shadow of death by the cries of the stricken heathen, and of its forcibly suggesting "that outer darkness where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." The defunct was suspended in a box to a tree, and no further notice was taken of him until the annual assembly, when he was taken down, the bones scraped, bound up, and laid respectfully in their last resting-place in the ancestral burial-ground amid many ceremonies. This synod of united tribes was anything but funereal in its general tone; and dancing, whistling, wrestling, quarrelling, buying, selling, and telling lies, were the order of the merry day.

The Maori belief was that the soul did not cease to exist when it left the body, but flew either to a distant scene of happiness or to a nearer region of woe. The departed was supposed to be allowed such luxuries in the other world as he had been accustomed to in this. Slaves were slaughtered to attend their master in Hades, and it was no uncommon thing for a widow to hang herself in her desire to comfort her lord in his Plutonian state, quite content to leave to the care, or rather to the neglect, of relatives, the children who were thus orphaned of both their parents. Besides this, occasional liberty was supposed to be allowed to the departed to revisit the earth, when he would converse with his friends in sibilant whistles, under the guidance of some notable necromancer.

One night a tribe met in a large building for the purpose of such spiritualistic communion, and were bewildered in the darkness by hearing a voice which seemed to speak in the air and underground. The deceased believed to be thus called up, happened to be the lover of a girl, who declared that she would flee to him: her brothers restrained her for the time, but at midnight the report of a gun, followed by women's wails, announced that she had carried out her resolve. Her father, a *Tohunga,* supported

with one hand her lifeless body, and with the other tore in agony his matted hair, howling in despair over the wreck of his child, while his fellow-priest, who had been the medium, said in low calm accents, "She has followed her departed one."

MAORI WOMAN AND CHILD.

Witchcraft held its place in effecting divers dark ends, and, for the sake of gain, professional wizards peeped and muttered in the teeth of many a danger. "I have seldom known a man," is the testimony of a missionary, "who for any length of time has professed the sin of witchcraft, die a natural death." When an act of aggression was purposed without an adequate excuse, the accusation that the party attacked had caused sickness or death among the aggressors by the aid of evil powers was resorted

to, and the spells of the sorcerer were unavailing to ward off the sudden blow; his gains and his revenge equally perished, and he went down to his grave unpitied.

Frightful tales, exceeding in horror the most weird ghost-stories, were readily manufactured and accredited by this superstitious people. The night was a source of real dread. After dark every dimly outlined object was a monster about to devour them; the vast solitudes of nature were peopled with the indescribable "terror by night," which no effort to rid the mind of its foreboding was able to shake off. No proof had they ever of its dark designing existence; yet there it lay, as a secret influence by which their lives should be spirited away. They possessed a large measure of spiritualistic susceptibility; everything in nature being invested with supernatural power, every circumstance of life being under some unseen, ever-present spell, every tribe worshipping its departed ancestor and receiving from his consulted *Atua*, or spirit, mysterious replies, "half whisper, half whistle." It is said that when the first missionaries preached the Gospel, the Maoris consulted this *Atua* as to the truth of the new teaching. It is remarkable that the answers invariably declared Jesus Christ to be the true God, and to this circumstance the rapid growth of the Christian religion in New Zealand was in part attributed.

The superstitious New Zealander had, however, no idea of a personal Creator, and his very veneration of natural objects made it difficult for him to worship One only living and true God. Manufactured deities never rise above the passions of their votaries, and here "the gods many and lords many" were cannibal, and had to be appeased by the inhuman sacrifices of their inferiors. Malicious calamities of all sorts were brought to men's haunts by them; disease and death were explainable only by the fact of one of them, in the form of a lizard, entering the sick man's frame and preying on his vitals. One ludicrous tale was that of a missionary who resorted to a blister to cause the bilious reptile to bite on the outside, aperients having failed to exorcise the evil. This device, proving the lizard to be on the outside, completely succeeded; the patient grew instantly well, although the heated ovens were disappointed in not having him to roast.

Fear and dread were the only religious instincts of the Maories, and although they possessed a dim consciousness of a life to come, and knew good and evil, that future state inspired little either of hope or of terror, for it contained for them no place of reward and no idea of penalty. Idols they had none; neither public images nor domestic household gods—except their own repulsive countenances—were among the things which they required to abjure when they received the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

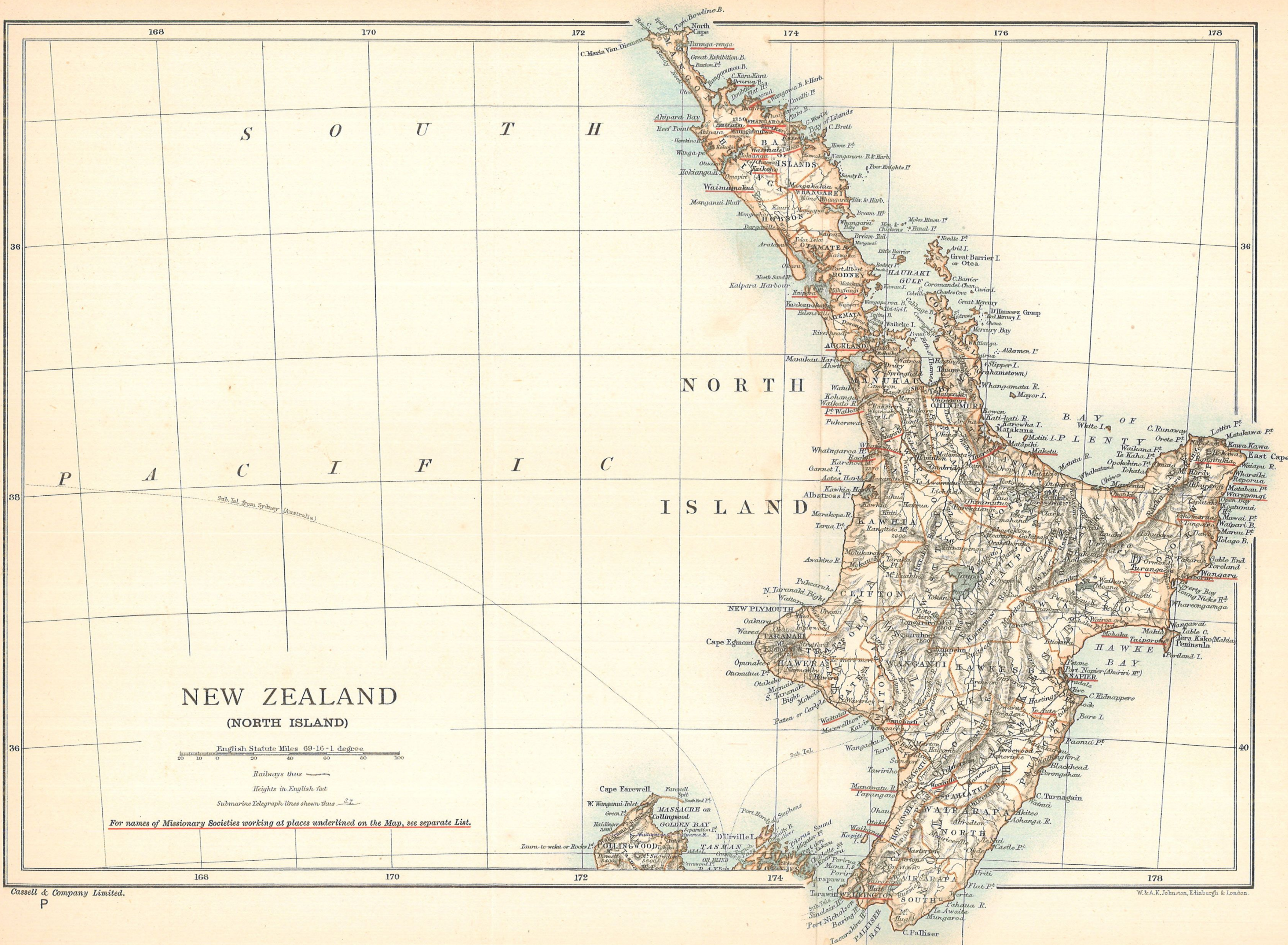
NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

(MISSIONS TO MAORIES.)

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

C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.
Herm.	Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Mission.
Aust. Wes.	New Zealand Branch of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Conference. (*Only imperfect returns available.*)

Station	Society
AHIPARA	C. M. S.
AOTEA	Aust. Wes.
AUCKLAND	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
GISBORNE	C. M. S.
HAURAKI	"
HOKIANGA	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
KAIKOHE	C. M. S.
KAIPARA	Aust. Wes.
KAITIA	C. M. S.
KAUKAPAKAPA	Aust. Wes.
KAWA KAWA	C. M. S.
KERIKERI	"
MAHURANGI	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
MAKETU	C. M. S.
MANAWATU	"
MANGAKAHIA	"
MOHAKA	"
MONGONUI	"
NAPIER	"
OHINEMUTU	"
OPOTIKI	"
ORURUA	"
OTAKI	"
PAIHIA	"
PARENGARENGA	C. M. S.
PORT WAIKATO	"
RAGLAN	Aust. Wes.
RANGITUKIA	C. M. S.
REPORUA	"
TAIPOROTU	"
TAPAROA. *See* Warepongi.	
TAUPIRI	"
TAURANGA	"
TE AUTE	"
TOKOMARU	"
TURANGA	"
WAIKATO	Aust. Wes.
WAIKANAE	C. M. S.
WAIMAMAKU	"
WAIMATE	"
WAIRARAPA	"
WAIROA	"
WAITOTARA	Herm.
WANGANUI	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
WANGARA	C. M. S.
WAREPONGI (*Taparoa*)	"
WELLINGTON	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
WHANGAREI	C. M. S.
WHANGROA	C. M. S., Aust. Wes.
WHATAWHATA	Aust. Wes.
WOODVILLE	C. M. S.



NEW ZEALAND
(NORTH ISLAND)
English Statute Miles 69·16 = 1 degree
Railways thus
Heights in English feet
Submarine Telegraph lines shown thus S.T.
For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.
S O U T H
P A C I F I C
NORTH ISLAND
Sub. Tel. from Sydney (Australia)
North Cape
C. Maria Van Diemen
Ahipara Bay
Bay of Islands
Hokianga R.
Great Barrier I. or Otea
Hauraki Gulf
Kaipara Harbour
AUCKLAND
Manukau Harb.
Little Barrier I.
Coromandel Chan.
Mercury Bay
D'Haussez Group
Whangamata R.
Mayor I.
BAY OF PLENTY
White I.
C. Runaway
East Cape
Matakawa Pt.
Kawhia
Albatross Pt.
Garnet I.
Awakino R.
N. Taranaki Bight
NEW PLYMOUTH
Cape Egmont
S. Taranaki Bight
HAWERA
WANGANUI
NAPIER
HAWKE BAY
Portland I.
C. Kidnappers
Bare I.
Paonui Pt.
C. Turnagain
Castle Pt.
WAIRARAPA
WELLINGTON
PALLISER BAY
C. Palliser
Cape Farewell
MASSACRE or GOLDEN BAY
TASMAN
D'Urville I.
Kapiti I.
Port Nicholson
Gable End Foreland
Turanga
Poverty Bay
168
170
172
174
176
178
36
38
40
Cassell & Company Limited.
P
W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh & London.

CHAPTER LXII.

MARSDEN AND THE MISSION.

Marsden's Civilising Theory—Tuatara—First Wheat in New Zealand—Landing of Marsden—Death of Tuatara—Scenes of Violence and Terror—Hongi and his Bloodthirstiness—Arrival of the Rev. Henry Williams and his Brother—Caution in Receiving Converts—Death of Hongi—Gradual extension of Missionary Influence—Heroes of Peace-making—The first New Zealand Martyr—Marsden's last Visit and Death.

IN days when the missionary triumphs of this century were but beginning, the task of converting cannibal savages appeared hopeless, and the current sentiment regarding them was that there was "nothing for it but to polish them off the face of the earth." Their energy and love of adventure having led individual Maoris to make voyages to the shores of Australia, from time to time they met the Rev. Samuel Marsden at Port Jackson, and soon attracted the earnest attention of that devoted convict-chaplain. New Zealand, it is true, was but a name hated and despised in New South Wales; yet beneath the murderous exterior of its tattooed travellers his humane eye, as though sensibly repeating Gregory's famous first view of Britons at Rome, and again uttering his dictum—*Non Angli, sed angeli*—read characteristics of a noble human type, and his heart was bent on preaching Christ to the distant barbarians, as well as to the bondmen under his immediate charge.

Thus Marsden may be justly regarded as the father of Maori civilisation, and the founder of the Zealandic Church. He began by inducing some chiefs to visit him, and so gained their confidence, while he was delighted by the ability and anxiety they displayed in discussing the elevation of their race. On one occasion he had as many as thirty of them at his parsonage at Paramatta, and the cannibal heart perceptibly softened in presence of genuine Christian love. In 1807 he visited London after an absence of fourteen years, and earnestly urged the claims of these warlike races on the Church Missionary Society, pleading that New Zealand opened "a great door and effectual" for missionary enterprise. The devoted man was listened to, for he appealed with all his might; and after mature deliberation, the Society resolved to proceed to the Antipodes as their second great field.

It was no uncommon thing in those days to suppose that a savage race must be civilised before it could be Christianised, and Marsden proposed to employ the arts of civil life as a step to the evangelisation of the ferocious people, who in his eyes were really common-sense folk, needing but a helping hand to elevate them. He therefore proposed to create a small settlement of emigrant artisans among the heathen Maoris; but no men could be found suitable or ready for such an undertaking. To go into exile in the uttermost parts of the earth among strange uncouth savages, whose language was unknown, and whose intelligence seemed limited to deeds of ferocity, was not inviting to ordinary flesh and blood. The inadequate sum of £500 per annum was voted by the Society, and two mechanics at length agreed to accompany the intrepid clergyman back to the new extension of his parish on the other side of the globe. One was versed in ship-building and navigation, the other in flax-dressing

and rope-making, and these were afterwards followed by a third. In order to the knowledge of Christ, they were instructed by the Society to introduce the arts of civilised life. Experience proved this a mistake, and Marsden, as if confessing the initial error, wrote, later on, these memorable words:—"Civilisation is not necessary before Christianity; do both together if you will, but you will find civilisation follow Christianity more easily than Christianity follow civilisation," an opinion verified in the history of this mission to a remarkable extent.

By a notable providence, the outward-bound vessel which conveyed the mission party across the seas carried in its forecastle a poor emaciated New Zealander, by name Tuatara, who, under cruel promises of employment held out by English sailors, and with the innocent ambition of seeing King George, had worked his passage to England. Instead of gaining either end, he had been ill-used, cheated of his wages, abandoned to starvation, and finally left to make his way back to his native land as best he could. Marsden's indignation and sympathy were aroused by the man's tale, and taking the poor fellow under his care, he became the means of his speedy recovery, and the source of a gratitude so deep that Tuatara thenceforth belonged to the mission scheme as its most promising agent. Remaining with Marsden six months in Australia, he was then sent home to New Zealand laden with a profound sense of the Christianity of his host—a forerunner to prepare the way of the Lord among the Maoris.

Marsden and his settlers were greeted with disastrous news on their arrival at Paramatta; New Zealand was in every mouth as the scene of a late massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Boyd*, a large English merchantman, whose captain had wantonly provoked a chief. The horrible retaliation had led to worse reprisals, and some whalers having determined to execute their own vengeance on the cannibals, innocent and guilty were alike perishing. Excitement ran high between the races, and Marsden was constrained to delay his humanising enterprise; the more so that the colonial governor, whose despotic power was not to be gainsaid, forbade the pious enthusiast from exposing his life for the purpose of carrying out his chimerical schemes; thus it was only after a considerable lapse of time that the chaplain obtained leave to send his three lay pioneers with a greeting to Tuatara.

Among the many grievances suffered at the hands of whites which this man would have to recount to his friends when he regained his home, the story of Marsden's kindness stood out no doubt in striking contrast, and from that moment the convict-chaplain's name was hailed in New Zealand as that of "the friend of the Maoris." The courageous clergyman would have gone himself, but for "the powers that be," and thus three artisans became the first heralds of better things to New Zealand heathendom. When they arrived in the Bay of Islands, armed with the talismanic influence of Marsden, Tuatara received them with the liveliest expressions of delight; for so had a wondrous Providence overruled that his misfortunes as a castaway voyager, should become the shield and welcome of these defenceless strangers, as believers in, and heralds of, the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

Another simple circumstance became the occasion of its further admittance. Among other things that Tuatara had received from his reverend friend, was some wheat-seed; from which he sowed the first crop of golden grain which that fertile land ever produced, and whose produce in forty years was to rival the best growth of English farms. Now, the Maoris could make nothing of their friend's green growing grass, for it had no potato-root when they tore up its stalks, and they could not

THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN.

imagine ship-biscuit being furnished by it. Tuatara waited, reaped his yellow field, and then borrowed from a trading ship a coffee-mill as the only means of converting the grain into flour; and great was the surprise of the still incredulous people when the mission pioneers, who had brought grindstones along with them, showed a white farinaceous stream flowing from beneath them. Hastily the first pancake was made, amid exultant shouts and dances; ridicule was turned into joy; and as Tuatara had proved true about the wheat, so he was believed about the good intention of these white strangers sent by Marsden to proclaim tidings of good-will.

On the occasion of two of the settlers visiting Paramatta shortly afterwards, in company of Tuatara and six other chiefs, Marsden's heart was filled with rejoicing at the sight of New Zealand stretching forth her hands unto God; and hope was strengthened, not more by the spared lives of his emissaries than by the earnestness of those who

had accompanied them. The scheme of evangelising the savage land was opening before him, and, obtaining leave, he decided to go back with the party on their return. But no captain could be found venturesome enough to take him to the cannibals' home. One asked six hundred pounds, so the chaplain forthwith purchased the brig *Active*—said to be the first mission vessel in the world—partly at his own expense, and partly hoping that her own trading would defray the rest of her cost, which in the meantime he had borrowed; a master-stroke of business which told well in many ways, the English settlers being able to barter stores for house-building timber, and fresh labourers being carried out to their work free of charge. With Marsden, embarked a motley crew to form the first settlement, Christian artisans who went as teachers of their crafts, accompanied by two sawyers, a blacksmith, an Australian settler, women and children, eight Maoris, five of whom were chiefs, together with horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry.

Dropping anchor in the Bay of Islands, Marsden found a kindlier welcome awaiting him, through the fame that had preceded him, than he could have hoped for under ordinary circumstances. The suspicious natives of the Bay were at the time in deadly feud with those of Wangaroa, so that to land in the territory of either might be misinterpreted as a slight towards the other; and how to show impartiality to all jealous eyes became a first problem. Unarmed, he landed with but one companion for the night, although Tuatara did all in his power to dissuade his friend from committing himself to what he knew of the fierce vindictiveness of his fellow-countrymen; and heroism perhaps never exceeded the bravery of that intrepid man of God, as at that moment he hazarded his life for his Master on that dreaded shore. A band of naked warriors armed with spears and clubs waited on a hill to bid him welcome, the eager warmth of which they indicated by brandishing their weapons, distorting their already hideous faces, throwing their limbs into the wildest gesticulations, and filling the air with screams and yells, until it appeared that the demons of another world were loose upon this. But the soldier of the Cross who faced them was safe, panoplied in unseen armour and in a good name of his own, which, once pronounced, acted like a spell upon the menacing crowd.

"Marsden, the friend of the Maoris!" was the cry; they all knew him well through Tuatara's report and their own intercourse with Paramatta, and he was kindly welcomed. With little sleep, but with indescribable feelings, he passed that night; the naked cannibal devourers of his countrymen slumbering in all directions about him on the ground, with neither huts nor tents to shelter them, and with their spear-heads buried in the earth in token of amity towards himself. There arose as a vision of the night upon his sleepless eyes the striking constellations of the southern sky, first an astral cross, and then a celestial diadem of brilliant stars; the "southern cross" and the "southern crown," set there in the beginning to "be for signs and for seasons;" and now, like a Scripture written by unseen fingers, and inspired with heavenly cheer for the lonely apostle to the Maoris, "No cross, no crown," was inscribed upon the canopy of the night; but as surely as the good and faithful servant was bearing the one, so certainly would he wear the other in the glorious issues which it announced to his work.

Thus, on December 23, 1814, he passed the night; and on Christmas Eve the olden anthem was never more forcibly repeated since the angels sang it, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." In the morning he had invited the chiefs to breakfast on board his brig, given them presents, explained the object of his mission, and begged them to be at peace; he even had the satisfaction of seeing the powerful rivals rub noses in token of reconciliation, and had entered with them into the sport occasioned by the landing of the live stock. Tuatara's tales of large animals, met on his travels, had only excited ridicule, and to all sensible Maoris the cows and horses, which, having no word for them, he could only describe as "big dogs," were creatures wholly fabulous, until they were actually landed from the *Active*. Then a cow, bellowing and frisking after her long confinement, sent the unbelievers scampering helter-skelter over the shore as became the mammoth "dog," and their amazement still further increased when Marsden mounted a steed, and pranced between their awe-struck lines. For the travelled Tuatara the triumph of the day was complete, and on Christmas morning, being a Sunday, Marsden saw from the deck of his brig the English flag hoisted on the highest hill behind the village.

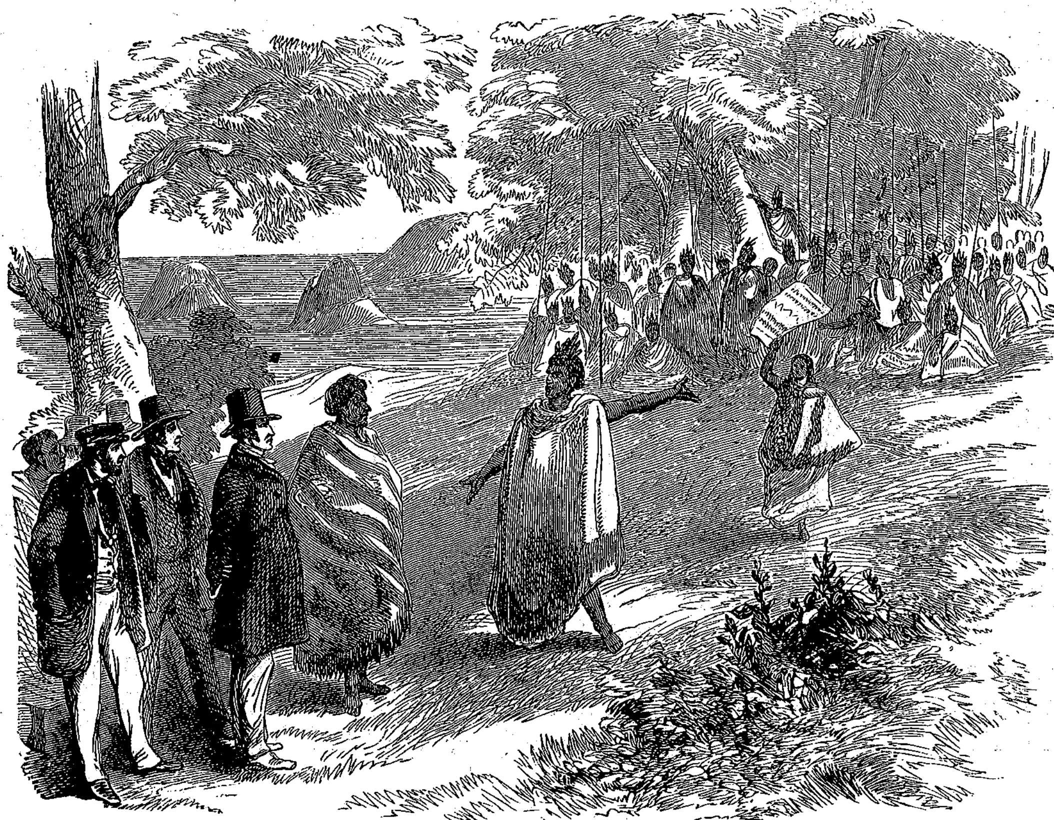
At ten the ship's bell rang for all to attend an improvised church, half an acre having been fenced in by Tuatara, who had also made a reading-desk of an old canoe, and provided seats for the Europeans out of planks, after the style of the big civilised world he had seen. "The whole population of the neighbourhood assembled on the occasion, the warriors being marched rank and file into the enclosure. . . . . The chiefs were dressed in regimentals which had been presented to them by the Governor of New South Wales, with their swords by their sides, while the savages stuck their spears in the turf as they squatted in a circle on the ground." The worship of the true God, which thus for the first time broke the stillness of that heathen land, was commenced by the Catholic-hearted episcopalian chaplain giving forth in stentorian tones "that grand old Puritan anthem," the Old Hundredth:—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell:
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

"Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take."

This in itself was a sermon; and then entering the pulpit, which had been rudely draped with mats, he told how "we are His flock," his text being the angel's Christmas greeting to the Bethlehem shepherds—"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." What must have been the emotions of the preacher, determined no less by kindness than by courage, to gain for his message, ably and impressively interpreted by Tuatara, an entrance into the hearts of some of the dusky

congregation to whom it was now for the first time addressed! At the close of the service they eagerly demanded of Tuatara to explain what it all meant, but he could only tell them that he did not fully understand himself, but that with patience they would soon learn all. Thereupon about three hundred natives surrounded the minister and commenced their war-dance, shouting and yelling in a most awful manner in testimony of their joy.

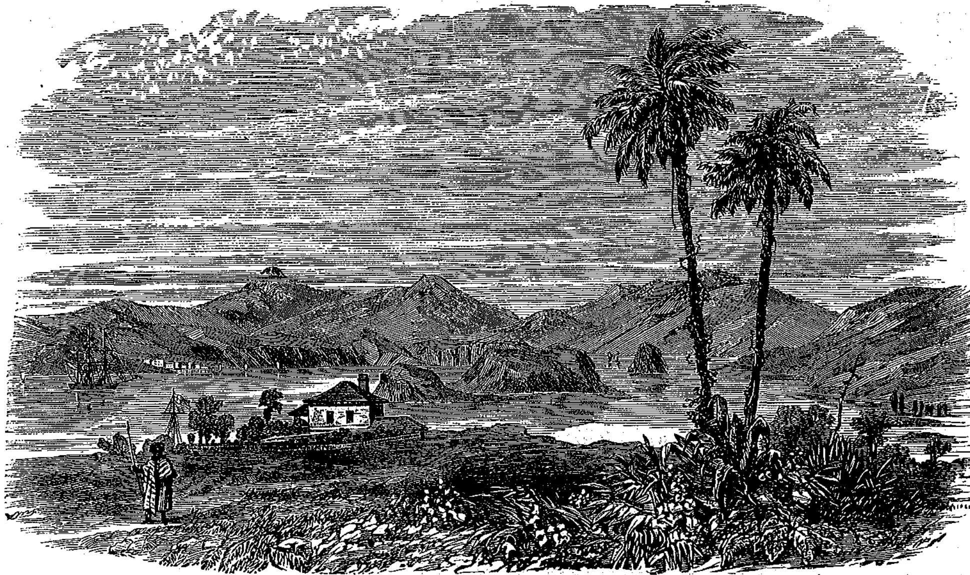


MARSDEN WELCOMED TO NEW ZEALAND.

Marsden's mission, thus begun, was the object of his fostering care for the next quarter of a century; and while he lived down obloquy and preached down vice in Australia, his heart was in New Zealand "with his beloved Maoris." A short coasting voyage was taken before he returned to Sydney, in which he was accompanied by twenty-eight fully armed chiefs, his desire being to secure a location for his work in their country. The lovely Rangihona was selected by them, the chief who vended it adding to the deed of conveyance a minute copy of the tattoo lines on his own face as his legal signature. Here extensive plans were projected for the cultivation of the soil, as well as for a town with regular European streets, and Marsden selected the site of the church before his departure.

But the ways of God are higher than the ways of His servants, and civilisation

was not to pave the way for Christianity. Tuatara, who had become much excited at the opening prospects of building and trading, and had exclaimed, "New Zealand will be a great country in two years!" after having spent years in Marsden's training with a view to this enterprise, fell sick before his friend's departure, and died four days after the *Active* had sailed. Thus the settlers were deprived of their most assiduous co-labourer in teaching the useful arts of life to the savages; and quick and active though these were, yet their native fondness for a rambling life stood as a great obstacle to their improvement. Like all savages, they could seek only immediate gratification—felling trees, making fences, or cultivating the



THE FIRST MISSION-HOUSE IN THE BAY OF ISLANDS.

ground—but other and more distant benefits they could not appreciate. The carpenter with his sharp-edged tools was popular, but the shoemaker's attempt to encase their feet in leather was utterly contemned; while learning to read was but a waste of time and temper. Thus the secular mode of elevating them to a condition wherein they might listen to the Gospel, although undertaken from high philanthropical motives, proved abortive, and the experiment served to enforce the doctrine that the faithful preaching of Jesus is before all things the Divine prime motor in the real recovery of any human tribes, however sunken or degraded. To every future mission scheme it proclaimed, that the Gospel is the pioneer of civil life.

These early employés not being licensed to preach, although Christian men and holding meetings for their own edification, made little impression on the character of their black neighbours, however earnestly they worked for their temporal benefit; and thus the conversion of the Maoris was not nearly so rapid at first as is generally supposed. Outbursts of passion occurred with such frequency that they could do no more than hold their own. Threats sufficient to drive away the most stout-hearted were unavailing;

probably because the threatened did not understand the language in which the native tongues abused them; but their lives were entirely in the power of these frequently infuriated men. Their privations, too, were great; shelter, food, raiment, companionship, were lacking to them; and some sent to reinforce them turned out so badly, that their names were ignominiously struck off the roll of mission agents. Struggling on in need of supplies, suffering through lowness of the Society's funds, incompetent to teach themselves the barbarian speech, breaking unwittingly the superstitious traditions of the people, hoping against hope for the darkness to pass and for the true light to shine, that noble band of Christian artisans, who were left alone in New Zealand to lift its abject sons to a better state, must have been men of no mean order, and they stand out on the page of missionary pioneering as heroes for Christ's sake—"workmen that needed not to be ashamed."

In 1819 the first clerical missionary, the Rev. J. Butler, sailed from England with a schoolmaster and a smith. The chiefs had now begun to perceive the temporal advantages of having whites settled with them, and they were displeased when they could not be thus favoured. One was extremely irate because no blacksmith had been given him. His wooden spades were broken; he had no axe; his canoes were dropping to pieces for want of nails; his potato crops languished for lack of a hoe; and although Marsden promised a smith as soon as he could get one, the man sat down and wept, surrounded by his wives.

We can scarce estimate the strain under which these first heralds of a brighter day toiled on; but it was sufficient to break down the strongest nervous system. Two or three hundred naked savages rushing at a man, with levelled spears, brandished clubs, or loaded muskets, assuming, as they ran, postures the most fiend-like, assisted by yells the most terrible, made him perpetually sensible how subject he was to their caprice at each moment; and in a life of such violent outward disturbance, and with his own heart sinking within him, he could but stay himself on God. Marsden was once reassured as he took farewell of his workers by the natives informing him that "Pakeha flesh was salt, not so sweet as that of the Maoris, and therefore his whites were in no danger."

When he went from Australia with the new reinforcement just mentioned, he found that the warrior Hongi had marshalled a force of some thousands, and his war fleet was ready to sail on some devastating expedition, when his own unexpected appearance stayed the hand of blood. This proud and ambitious chief turned out an element of both good and evil as regards the preservation and progress of the mission. The early missionaries owed much to a visit that he had paid with a fellow-chief to England, when he returned full of the praises of everything Pakeha. In London he had been so courted, that in the belief that only out of a desire for New Zealand's good had these missionaries come to it, he warded off death and prevented attacks on mission property more than once. From him Marsden purchased for forty-eight axes a parcel of land, thirteen thousand acres in extent, at Keri-Keri, where he ruled, about twelve miles from Rangihona. Substantial buildings were after a time erected to grace the place, which, naturally picturesque, and the converging point of inland routes,

could not fail to become a centre of growing importance. Here the first attempt at a school came to grief, owing to the scholars' disappointment at their not being rewarded for attending; nor was church attendance more popular among the adult community, for the bell seemed to be a signal to all within hearing to abscond simultaneously. When they saw fit to come, they would present themselves in "a state of nature," absolutely nude, or decked in various fantastic styles, and the pulpit's universally accorded prestige of being "coward's castle" was imperilled by their ignorance of grace; for at any telling word of the preacher they would start and cry unanimously, "That's a lie!" and when their sin was smitten by its reproving voice, they would flee out of doors like a scared warren of affrighted hares.

Gradually at Keri-Keri the scene was changed, until at last the severest penalty that could be inflicted on the young blacks was the forbidding them school privileges for wrong-doing, and the house of prayer became too strait for its eager throng of worshippers; the station arose, a bright ornament of Christian Sabbath-keeping, and the lives of not a few of the first seals to Mr. Butler's ministry were closed by triumphant entry into the joy of the Lord. The change became noted, for the contrast between the eastern and western shores of the Bay of Islands was very visible. There was the war-god with its wild worship of naked savagery yelling its defiances, or moaning its dirges of pain; and here the "church-going bell" summoning a dressed assembly to adore the God of decency and order.

Report of these early days does not allow itself to speak of *well-dressed* assemblages. "I have seen a person come into chapel," said one missionary, "at whose monstrous appearance I had the greatest difficulty to restrain a smile. The sleeves of an old gown had been drawn on as a pair of stockings, two small baskets fastened on the feet as shoes, and one gown over another, so placed that you could see the flounce of one, the body of a second, the sleeves of a third, and the collar of a fourth, with a piece of old striped shirt thrown carelessly over the shoulders as a shawl, a pair of trousers hung round the neck as a boa; but so arranged as not to conceal any other article of dress."

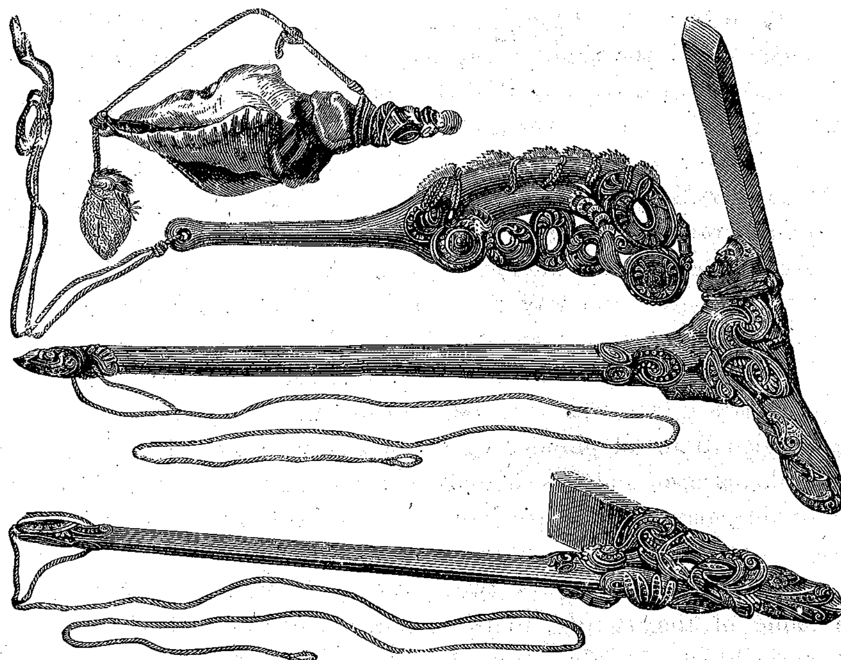
The prospects of the mission, thus gradually brightening, were soon overcast by Hongi's war-cloud. For if the truth must be told, his visit to England in 1821 had rather spoiled than improved this chief, so that while he had learned to believe in and defend the mission on the one hand, his haughty and bloodthirsty ambition menaced its very existence on the other. That "most religious and gracious King," George IV., with whom he had been indulged an interview, had given him an appropriate token of his royal love in a present of fire-arms; and the beauty of British monarchy had so impressed his Maori heart that he had resolved not only to bless New Zealand with that titular distinction, but with himself also as its sole ruler. His whole nature was set upon clambering into the Maori throne. In his insatiable rage, he would exclaim, "There is but one king in England, and there shall be only one king in New Zealand." From the moment of that royal favour he seems to have determined to wade to the supremacy of his native land through

a river of Maori blood—his one immediate object being the possession of arms and ammunition as the means to that end.

Reaching Sydney, Hongi straightway converted his many costly English presents into about three hundred stand of the coveted fire-arms. The Church Missionary Society, although they had treated him right regally as the friend of their work in this country, had exasperated him by denying him these dangerous playthings, and in New South Wales Marsden gave him great offence for the same reason; for, although the friend of the Maoris, there was one thing his civilisation would not do for them. The dragon's teeth of the civilised world were being sown in guns, powder and shot, throughout New Zealand, obtained from traders, and the deadly results were paralysing Christian effort; so that Marsden would supply no weapons whatsoever, and his smith was strictly ordered not to touch the implements of destruction. Hongi was highly incensed, and his people catching his spirit, refused to work for the mission agents except they were paid in muskets, or in money that would purchase them. The glittering array in London's Tower had fascinated the visitor to England, and King George, who he was surprised to find was a weak old man, kept his seat on the throne by means of arms and armour; and this man's determination to gain the supremacy was being baffled by the missionaries, so that he was highly incensed against them, and allowed, if he did not instigate, insolence and injury on the part of his people towards them. Marsden, finding that some of his staff pleaded hard to sell muskets to the natives, addressed the settlers, the missionaries, and the Maoris on the subject, and finally wrote home—"I think it more to the honour of religion and the good of New Zealand even to give up the mission for the present, than to trade with the natives on these terms."

But nothing appeased Hongi's appetite for power, or his rage for guns by which to obtain it. At Marsden's table he bespoke a war with Hinaki, whom he met there as an old enemy, at the very moment when the good host was discussing a mission project for Hinaki's tribe. With murderously distorted countenance, he bade the chief hasten home and build his *pah* for the attack. The two slept, ate, worshipped, and sailed together after that; but Hongi's threat slumbered not when they reached New Zealand. In successive attacks he slew thousands of his fellows, cooking on the field three hundred at one time, himself drinking the warm life-blood of his hated rival, and swallowing his eye. The poor victim had, with more Christian sense than his enemy, sought to dissuade that ambitious savage from purposes that were immovable, but Hongi had long yearned for that advantage which his deadly fire-arms quickly gave him. Fearful battles were fought; old and young in hundreds were carried off as slaves; many more were mown down, to become, after the carnage, the loathsome sport of cannibal revels. A complete dispersion of all the tribes, from the Thames to the Waiapa, took place; the land was given to slaughter. From Cook's Strait to the Waitemata there was wailing; the effort to redeem the Maoris appeared neutralised, and the ambassadors of God's peace on earth were in despair. Hongi, in unconcealed contempt for their pacific persuasions, stalked through the land raining his deadly fire upon its stricken inhabitants.

Marsden, proving himself as great a general in a good cause as Hongi in a bad one, returned in 1822 with the Rev. (afterwards Archdeacon) Henry Williams, formerly a gallant naval officer, and now an ardent soldier of Jesus Christ. Resolved to open the campaign of peace in the heathen land, whose rumours of wars were causing the Society's ears to tingle with horror, Williams strenuously urged the conversion to God of these Maoris as the prime object of the mission; and at the third station (begun in 1823 at Paihia, in the south of the Bay of Islands, sixteen miles from Keri-Keri) the success of his directly Christian effort on the native heart



MAORI WEAPONS.

and conscience was in due time very great. Instead of wheat-growing being "the one thing needful" to set before the savage, the end of his being was made to hinge on his devout reception of the Saviour; and instead of seeking to break up hereditary customs and debasing superstitions by instruction in "trades," the citadel of Maori wickedness was stormed by means of the olden proclamation, "Repent, believe, and live!" "First," said Williams, devoted admirer of Marsden as he was, "I shall seek the highest spiritual good of New Zealand, and then, as opportunity offers, embrace the wheat-sowing, shoemaking, blacksmithing, and carpentering."

With this determination of seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, in the belief that all civilised *desiderata* would be added thereto, he began preaching the Gospel of peace to tribes who on every side were in a state of uncontrollable wildness, Hongi never having professed Christianity, and throwing only the shield of his patronage over the Paihia mission. From dawn to dusk the rush habitation wherein Mr. Williams spent his first year there, was beset by natives who, attracted

by the novelties of a white family, deemed their curiosity had a right to satisfy itself on all points at all hours; doors, windows, and fences proved no protection against the most untimely intrusion; and instances occurred of domestics joining the household for the sole socialistic purpose of equalising property. For two years the mission was subject to such annoyances, and then the wilderness began to blossom, and the natives tamed down into orderly propriety.

Maori law ordained that a man injured or plundered should make reprisals against the injurers. Thus a rude chief hurting his foot in leaping the fence to take something from the mission-house, demanded redress with all the savageness of his race, and for three days threatened with frantic gestures to fire the house, only modulating his tones while the family were at prayer. Mrs. Williams sent him some tea, hoping "it might prove a quieting draught; but before long he was prancing about in the yard with other hideous figures armed with spears and hatchets, and some few with muskets." But after the change had come, it was soon recorded that "they were able to lie down in peace every night without fear of molestation, the windows not secured, and in a raupo (rush) hut which would burn to the ground in less than ten minutes." In connection with an intermarriage, a complete reconciliation between the two greatest tribes paved the way for the diversion of the people's mind from what had been their life-object, "to save their lives and to get guns."

As Marsden was sailing out of port, the vessel which he had bought at great personal outlay struck and was wrecked, and he was delayed two months at the Bay of Islands, shielded from all plunder by the chiefs, who held him in loving reverence. The brave Williams also, and his heroic wife, found themselves, with their three little ones, "comfortable, nay, never more happy" than in the work of winning the hearts of the savage people that crowded around them. The great project of building a schooner was undertaken, and after twenty months' toil a goodly craft was launched under the name of the *Herald*, to the astonishment of the natives and to the relief of the settlers, who during that time had been left without communication with the rest of the world, and were consequently suffering from lack of supplies. With the acquirement of the language the name of the Lord was more extensively proclaimed; but there appeared no effect until a few days previous to the battle of Kororareka, when a change was seen in the natives of the settlement, several expressing a desire to turn from their evil ways to the Redeemer. But Paihia suffered much from the conduct of masters and crews of vessels touching there, for it was a land without law, and civilised evil-doers found ample scope for giving rein to their iniquities.

In 1825 the Rev. William Williams, afterwards Bishop of Waiapu, joined the mission staff of which his brother was a chief ornament, and the first conversions to Christianity took place, several heathen being baptised. Among these came Whatu, a former guest of Marsden, who had heard but had not understood the Gospel at Parramatta. Now this chief, to his soul's comfort, and with willing mind, embraced the gift of eternal life in Jesus Christ, and became the first-fruits of New Zealand Christianity. Another chief during the previous year had gone to reside at Paihia for the sake of its mission, and had induced his people to observe Sunday, and he too became a humble

disciple of Christ, Mr. Williams baptising him after many months of steady consistency; his being the first Christian baptism in New Zealand. "Christian Rangi" was the new name given at this first open profession of Christ by a Maori. After their ten years of labour, Marsden and his devoted mission staff were greatly cheered by Rangi, who, before his death in 1825, "had this testimony that he pleased God," and departed saying, "My heart feels full of light." It is a significant fact, illustrative at least of the caution with which the early missionaries received candidates for Church fellowship, that no other baptism took place for five years.

But everywhere reflective minds were inquiring into the motives which prompted the Christian religion; and enfranchised victims of Hongi's wars, liberated in some cases at the instance of the missionaries, carried to their homes the knowledge of Gospel truth and reports of the wisdom and kindness received from its teachers. Thus multitudes of people whom ruthless masters would have formerly dragged to death or slavery, were released to become the best humanising agents to their far-off countrymen; and the atrocities of the battle-field pointed to a salutary future wrested from them, by the hand of Him who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him. Deputations applied for Christian teaching; at the Thames the natives cordially received the servants of God near an ill-fated *pah*, where still "human bones lay scattered about in all directions," the site and the remains of Hongi's repulsive feast.

That haughty warrior's brutal schemes at last recoiled on his own head, and he fell in a domestic strife. His nephew shot himself when an intrigue between himself and one of his uncle's wives was discovered, and to revenge himself, Hongi attacked his own friends, but only to find, to his cost, that fire-arms were as destructive in their hands as in his own; a bullet pierced his lungs, and after lingering for months, he died at Paihia in 1828. Although he had never professed Christianity, he forbade the usual incantations at his funeral, as well as the sacrifice of slaves to appease his *manes*. In a fashion he had been patron of the mission, ordering his own people to be kind to the "doers of good," and exclaiming before he died, "Let the missionaries sit in peace!" And from that moment their doors remained unbolted in times even of alarm, and they enjoyed a peaceful security to which they had hitherto been strangers. The natives put on a more orderly demeanour than they had shown before, attended Divine service regularly, were altered in conduct, and some even appeared to inquire the way of salvation. But the savage heart still lurked beneath the self-righteous formality thus engendered, and the main features of heathenism remained unmoved: polygamy, adultery, theft, lying, suicide, were still as confirmed habits as though no missionary had appeared; and the increased number of settlers from so-called Christian countries, with their introduction of intemperance and prostitution, made it a wonder that any gracious influence should be felt at all.

Up till 1830, entry into the heart of the land had been refused by the natives in their jealousy of the white man, but the advantage created by the establishment of each successive mission station made its own impression, until the missionaries, instead

of having to push themselves in, were inundated with invitations to possess themselves of the goodliest of the land. Maori eyes could attest the truth of that Scripture which saith, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." In that year a purchase of land was effected at Waimate, in the interior, the native assembly, met for the purpose, expressing itself satisfied with the payment received, and concluding the day's business with volleys of musketry and a speech from their chief, the peroration of which concluded —"Be gentle with the missionaries, for they are gentle with you; do not steal from them, for they do not steal from you; let them sit at peace on the ground that they have bought, and let us listen to their advice, and come to their prayers. Though there be many of us, missionaries and Maoris, let us be all one, all one, all one.— That is all I have got to say!"

In three months the enormous work of constructing a road, cutting through a wood, and building three large bridges across rivers, was accomplished, native labour being directed by the English mechanics. Thirty acres were fenced and laid under cultivation, the British plough being driven by youthful savages whose forefathers had never seen a horse; wells were sunk, mills set going, and numerous other works completed, the very implements being constructed by the wild people who till now had never known the yoke, but whose intelligence was equal to their willingness in the work set them by their Christian tutors. Sunday and week-day schools were held; the children being instructed, in addition to elementary book-learning, in such simple arts as would be beneficial to them in the way of turning the unknown resources of their country to account.

In four years the hopes of Marsden and his coadjutors were abundantly realised at this centre; the untutored sons of nature, who for ages had lived in habitations as rude as themselves, became strongly influenced by the higher attainments of Christianity; chapels sprang up in the villages around, some of matted raupo (rush), or of neatly sewn bark, others of substantial weather-board. The toils of six days caused the solemn stillness of the seventh to stand out in bold relief; the joyful rest was ushered in by a bell at half-past eight; worship began at nine; a Maori hymn was sung; the liturgy, printed in the "language understanded of the people," was read, followed by other hymn-singing and an address. The chapel used to be excessively crowded, sometimes hundreds being unable to gain entrance. After service all Christians had some special work for their Master to attend to in the way of visiting, teaching, or reading, and the day was brought to a close by another short service.

Peculiarly happy were these "days of the Son of Man" to the self-exiled children of far-distant English homes, who, in the wilds of New Zealand, were hasting to bring the deluded heathen to do homage to the Lord they loved. The deep stillness proclaiming the cessation of week-day work was broken by the mellow tones that called to prayer and praise, amid the familiar bleating of sheep and lowing of cattle; and the rustling morning wind, at whose rising the mountain mist that hung over one of nature's fairest scenes rolled from off its lovely features, became an emblem

MAORI WAR DANCE.

of the mighty breath of the Spirit, which should shortly scatter the clouds that for ages had hung upon the land.

In response to the repeated pleading of tribes resident at the North Cape, Kaitaia was next selected as a station, at a point where, half-way between the coasts of the long northern promontory, the land is so narrow that the roar of the surf on either beach is distinctly heard. Some delay was caused by the lowness of the Society's funds, but in 1834 Mr. Matthews made it his permanent home, constructing small rush houses for himself, his wife, and another couple, who together formed the little band which there began to teach the Word of God. There roads were cut through the entanglement of mighty ferns by the Maoris, who were most anxious to enjoy frequent intercourse with their new friends; and the works described in connection with Waimate, together with the observance of the Sunday, were soon repeated here. The following may serve to illustrate the intense eagerness with which they afterwards inquired the way of life at Kaitaia:—

"During our visits to the sick of Ahiparu, I visited the hut of a poor cripple, whom I found with a New Testament lying by his side. I asked him if he could read, as I saw he had a book. He replied in the affirmative. He was asked, 'How did you learn to read?' seeing he had never attended a school. He said, 'I used to creep about to pick up (after raking the rubbish thrown out of my neighbours' houses) all the bits of printed paper I could find. Sometimes I got a half-leaf of a New Testament, sometimes a bit of a leaf of the Prayer-book. These pieces, which I got from time to time, I used to sew together. Then came the task to learn to read. This I accomplished in the following manner:—I pointed to a word, and asked my brother to tell me its meaning. This I often did, till at last I could manage to read a whole verse, and from that to a chapter. I can now read any chapter!' I next inquired: 'Do you esteem the Word of God?' He replied, in his expressive language, 'It is my pillow!'"

"Give us missionaries to teach us, and we will cease to war," became now the general cry, like the voice of a second Macedonian saying, "Come over and help us!" On the site of his future bishopric at Waiapu, William Williams preached to an assembly of five hundred, and fixed upon it as a new station. On another mission tour, divine service was held at Turua, a village hitherto unvisited by mission agents, and to the astonishment of the preachers a congregation of more than one hundred and fifty Maoris correctly and musically sang the hymns and made the responses, having been taught by lads from the Paihia school. At another place, Mata-mata, they came upon a dreaded warrior, Waharoa, "sitting in the midst of his nobles," and even this wily savage graciously welcomed the travellers, and pleaded hard for a missionary. A sixth station was formed at Puriri. The missionaries could now pass freely everywhere, and when William Williams and the Rev. R. Maunsell, ascending the Waikato river, selected a further mission site at Mangapouri, they said that in five minutes forty men were clearing it for the erection of the house.

In connection with Puriri we cannot pass over an act of heroism performed in 1835 by two of its staff, only appreciable thoroughly by such as knew the vengeful

Maori nature, and illustrative of the kind of work these men had to do and dare. A war-party unreconciled to terms of peace accepted by their allies, had prepared to slay some unsuspecting flax-scrapers of the hostile Waikato tribe. "Wilson and Fairburn, taking a few Christian disciples as guides, started in a stormy night from Puriri, descended the Thames, crossed its Frith, ascended the Piako, walked through mire across the ranges, and before night succeeded in anticipating, by a few minutes, the arrival of the war-party. The flax-scrapers had barely time to glide away on the stream of the Mara-marua before Koinaki, the leader of the Ngati-maru, with characteristic gesture, dashed into the deserted *whare*. He did not enter in a straight manner, but, tomahawk in hand, leapt obliquely through the doorway, making a defensive ward as he sprang. Finding no prey, he emerged, and met Mr. Wilson, who confronted his passionate gaze with calmness. The disappointed warriors kept sullen silence for two hours. Sheltered from the rain under the same roof with the missionary party, they neither ate nor spoke. Silence was broken by prayers, commencing with a Maori hymn:—

> "E! Ihu homai e koe
> He ngakau houi ki au."
>
> "O Jesus! give to me
> A heart made new by Thee."

The stern features relented. When the service was ended, the thwarted war-party became courteous. All wended homewards on the morrow, Mr. Fairburn from exhaustion and excitement fainting repeatedly by the way. Koinaki, struck by the manner in which the Christians had risked their lives for peace' sake, said: "If Waharoa will cease fighting, so will I." He kept his word.

When Waharoa was upbraided for his vengeful cannibalism, and the missionary, reminding him that he might not return from war, pertinently asked, "How would he meet his offended God?" the heathen chief fiercely shouted: "Stop! say not that! If I am killed, what matter? If I return, will it not be well?" He vanished with his thousand men, not brooking reproof from those upon whom he would lay no hand; although, in consequence of his carnage, the missionaries were constrained to withdraw from Rotura and Mata-mata, two projected stations, as warriors were prowling everywhere. Despair for a time overwhelmed them; many were slaughtered before their eyes; and "when an old chief fell and a savage foe tore out his liver and ate it reeking hot in revenge for a grandfather," these promising extensions of their good work were left, as places which had become human shambles.

On their flight a raid was made on the mission party itself, and the young daughter of a chief, entrusted to the care of Mrs. Brown, a missionary's wife, was murdered. After the Christian burial of the body, the bereaved chief manifested quite a Christian spirit under his loss in a solemn address to his fellows, whom he entreated to take no murderous revenge for the deed, saying: "Let peace be now made. My heart is not sad for Tarore, but for you. You asked for teachers. They came, and now you are driving them away. You are weeping for my daughter;

but I weep for you, for myself, for all of us. Perhaps this murder is a sign of God's anger towards us for our sins. Turn to Him. Believe, or you will all perish."

Tarore herself shone in her young martyrdom as a light in a dark place, for she had carried the Maori Gospel of St. Luke along with her, and with its torn leaves her murderers made cartridge-paper. But some fragments were carried home, and being read by a slave-boy who had been at school at Paihia, became the means, in the unfolding of Providence, of that murderous tribe sending later on the son of their chief to implore that missionaries might be sent them. When in 1839 Henry Williams introduced the Rev. Mr. Hadfield to this new field, he described the systematic work of the slave-boy Matahau thus: "He has laboured with astonishing zeal and perseverance. He has taught many to read, and has instructed

MAORI WAR CANOE.

numbers, as far as he is able, in the truths of the Gospel, so that many tribes for some distance round call themselves believers, keep the Lord's Day, assemble for worship, and use the litany of the Church of England. The schools, also, are numerous. I felt that our boy Matahau had set an example which ought to rouse the missionaries to every exertion, and act as a powerful appeal to the friends of the Society at home."

Four months after his last war, Waharoa appeared before a great *pah* on Lake Rotorua, and the mission station was plundered; Mr. Chapman was absent, but Mr. Knight was carried into the victorious camp, where the booty had just been brought in, including sixty bodies for a war feast, and but for the intervention of Waharoa's son, it was believed that the missionary would have been added to the number. The mission building was fired, and the deserted camp, visited at the end of a month, was described as "a valley of bones, the bones of men still green with flesh, hideous to look upon." Fighting was afterwards carried on, but was somewhat retarded by the conversion of some to Christian peace. In a retaliatory war, which had agitated all the northern tribes, many chiefs refused to fight, as their own relatives were the aggressors; and the missionaries were very sanguine of establishing a peace. Two sailed to distant parts with a view to preventing threatened hostilities, and the

result was so far gratifying that when the expedition left the Bay they were desired to accompany it. A strange picture the white-winged mission-boat made, as she sailed out amid her convoy of dark, long, ugly-looking canoes with their hideous figure-heads, and manned by swarthy paddlers, who kept time to the wild shouts and gesticulations of a demon-like being who stood in each above the rowers' heads. After some weeks on the summer seas the flotilla entered Tauranga harbour, and a fight was imminent; the missionaries returned after vain remonstrance, and the Great Enemy appeared to triumph; but after a week's absence they revisited the warriors, now wearied by delay and disposed to give them better heed. Yet again the ambassadors of peace returned disappointed to the field of their ordinary labour, interrupted for months as that had been by the war-god; nevertheless, the opportunity of preaching Christ to distant tribes *en route* was not lost, so that the glad tidings of salvation spread in localities where otherwise it would not have been heard, and encouraging indications were everywhere given that God had great things in store for His labourers who were thus faithfully sowing beside all waters.

The natives of Waikato, a harbour on the western coast, applied next for Christian instructors, and a deputation sent to them returned after three months, with reports of the goodliness of that land of promise. The whole northern savage population of the land was appealing loudly and earnestly to the servants of God for help; the mission therefore reviewed its strength, so as to place to the best possible advantage the limited number of its agents available for the demand of the vast territory stretching out its hands to God like a second Ethiopia. But it was a hard battle that the soldiers of the Cross had to fight, against the combined evils of Maori passion and abandoned European lawlessness. A strange idea of peace had the inflammable spirits of those wild battling tribes. At Sunday services, the chiefs, with the Parramatta influence still strong upon them, would induce their followers to attend them; and the enforced restraint would end in war-dances accompanied by the dangerous tune of bullets whistling in the air, fired sometimes by mutual arrangement of those at feud, to the delight of their savage hearts.

A war broke out in consequence of a whaler having insulted a chief's daughter. Eight hundred opposed six hundred, and Henry Williams stood between the lines of contending warriors, but a few yards apart, and screened from each other's sight by leafy fences. He raised his voice in vain, for a stray shot rendered all conference null. A great chief, too, rushed between the combatants to stay them, but he fell, and then peace seemed impossible. A hundred lives were sacrificed; houses were fired; a vessel in port was covered with the wounded; two thousand armed men were ready to renew the fray, of which this first battle was but the opening, when Marsden opportunely arrived upon the scene. Fathers had been fighting sons; brothers were at war with brothers, when, during a truce in which they all mingled freely, a shout announced, "A ship! Mr. Marsden!" It was echoed tremendously, as the old man stepped on shore with his daughter, and was welcomed by each serried rank of vengeful savages in turn. A day was spent in parleying; but the war had been caused by an Englishman, and Marsden could give no satisfaction. It was finally decided

that Williams and he, with deputies from each camp, should arrange a peace. Marsden preached on the following day, being Sunday, possibly drawing a contrast in his sermon, as he did in his journal, between the two sides of the Bay, the one decently clad, reading prayers, the other abandoned to wrath and death. Thirty-six war-canoes came bristling up on the Tuesday, and Marsden was told that if peace should not be concluded he must die as the rest. That day was spent in anxious deliberation, and at night the leading chief made a grand oration, and cleaved a stick in two to signify that his anger was broken; peace was then concluded by the hideous war-dance, to its usual musketry accompaniment.

No sooner had the country apparently ratified this pacific termination of the good men's labours, than a general war threatened in the south! Thus lived the first Christian toilers among the Maoris, in one constant scene of indescribable savagery. Meanwhile the imported diseases of Europe, equally with its fire-arms, were decimating the people, and the pale-faced element threatened to make New Zealand the play-ground of deep-dyed scoundrels, who, indulging in their orgies with impunity out there beyond the pale of civilised laws, were a disgrace to humanity. Marsden wrote of them to the Church Missionary Society:—"These are generally men of the most infamous character, runaway convicts and sailors, and publicans who have opened grog-shops in the *pahs*, where riot, drunkenness, and prostitution are carried on daily."

Some few encouragements were not wanting, even in those early days. School examinations showed considerable progress, and church attendance, in some at least of the seven stations planted, was well maintained. In 1830, Taiwhanga, a great warrior in Hongi's wars, was publicly baptised, and other conversions were hopefully awaited. Mrs. Williams expressed the missionary rejoicing at that event, thus: "When I saw Taiwhanga advance from the other end of our crowded chapel with firm step and subdued countenance, an object of interest to every native as well as to every English eye, and meekly kneel where six months before we had, at his own request, stood sponsors for his four little children, I deeply felt that it was the Lord's own doing." At Rotorua, visited by the mission in response to earnest entreaty, the Maoris were most eager to be taught to read and write; and one man mastered the alphabet in half an hour so as to be able to teach his companions.

Seven times did Marsden visit New Zealand, each time with beneficial consequences, compiling a grammar, or installing fresh men, or founding a new station: now opening schools for the people, and again mediating to quell hostilities; always proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the Redeemer. His last visit was a memorable occasion. He was too old, he said, to preach to the grand colonists at Sydney, but he could still talk to his beloved Maoris. Bowed down beneath the weight of seventy-two years, with failing vision and racked by internal pain, he sailed to bid farewell to his mission, tended by his daughter. The captain of the ship that landed him at Hokianga, recorded in a letter the calm cheerfulness with which he bore his intense sufferings and displayed unabated zeal in his Master's cause; and the venerable patriarch of the Zealandic Church was greeted wherever he went with tokens of unutterable joy. Thousands poured in from every quarter to do him homage, and he

held one perpetual levée with them. They carried him in a hammock through the forest to the Waimate and back, a distance of six miles, on their shoulders. For hours one chief sat on the ground gazing at him in silence. The farewell was a solemn apostolic adieu, and they sorrowed knowing "that they should see his face no more."

Within the mission sphere "the dear old gentleman was delighted with what he saw." In five months the brave and vigorous spirit departed to be with Christ; his latest utterance was in response to some remark on the Saviour's preciousness—"Precious, precious, precious!" and the slandered and derided friend of the Maoris, the unflinching reformer of convicts, passed to his rest. The Church Missionary Society recorded its "deep respect for his personal character, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church, who raised and so long preserved this distinguished man for the good of his own and of future generations. . . . While he omitted no duty of his own proper ministerial calling, his comprehensive mind quickly embraced the vast spiritual interests, till then well-nigh entirely unheeded, of the innumerable islands of the Pacific Ocean. It is to his visits to New Zealand, begun twenty-five years ago, and often since repeated, and to his earnest appeals on behalf of that people, that the commencement and consolidation of the Society's missions in the Northern Island are to be attributed."

To "the Apostle of New Zealand" it is not too much to say that Great Britain owes, under God, both the colony and Church of her Antipodes. Bishop Selwyn, arriving three years after Marsden's death, and, himself prepared to tread in his apostolic footsteps, wrote thus of what he found:—"We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to the faith. God has given a new heart and a new spirit to thousands after thousands of our fellow-creatures in this distant quarter of the earth. Young men and maidens, old men and children, all with one heart and one voice praising God, all offering up daily their morning and evening prayers, all searching the Scriptures to find the way of eternal life, all valuing the Word of God above any other gift, all in greater or less degree bringing forth and visibly displaying in their outward lives some fruits of the influences of the Spirit. Where will you find, throughout the Christian world, more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the Kingdom of Christ?"

CHAPTER LXIII.

SELWYN AND THE SETTLERS.

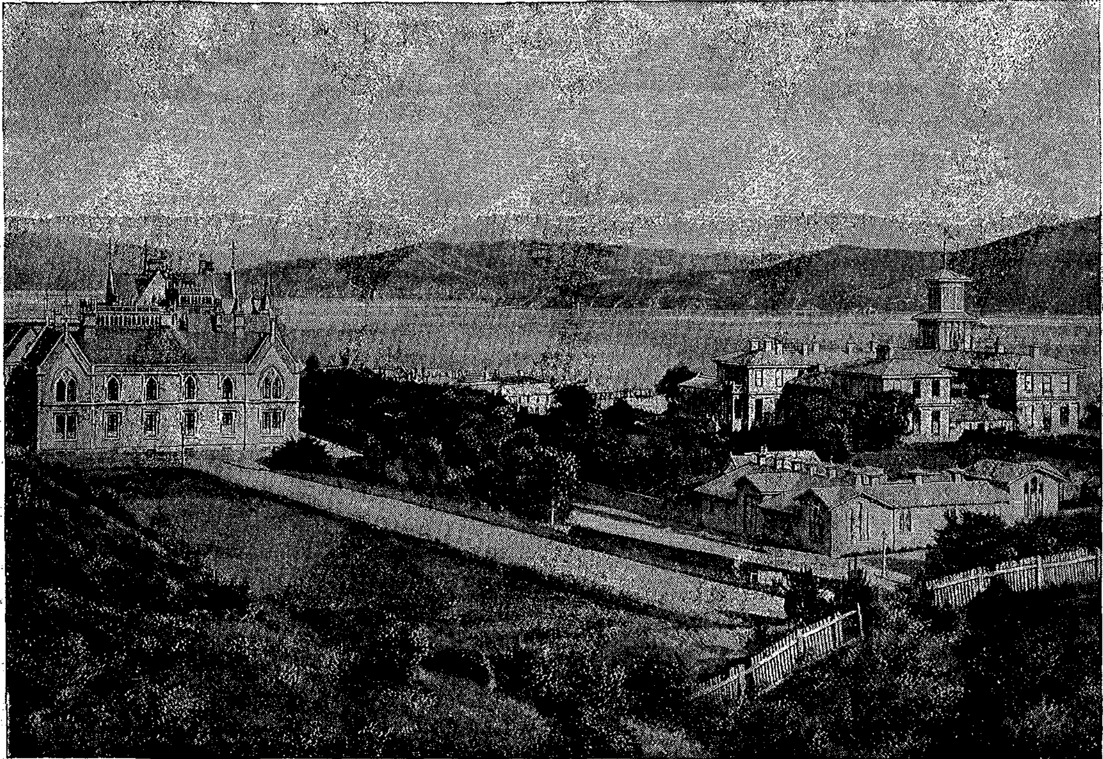
The British War-ship *Alligator*—The New Zealand Land Company—A million Acres sold for Guns and Gunpowder!—Captain Hobson, R.N.—The Treaty of Waitangi—Wellington—Trial by Jury—George Augustus Selwyn—The Waimate Mission—The Father of Maori Episcopacy—War—The Wairau Massacre—Governor Grey—Land-grabbing—The "King-Maker"—Beginning of the Ten Years' War.

MARSDEN, hastening to the rescue of his endangered friends, was constrained to admit, as early as 1827, the necessity of a British protectorate. Up to this point he had hoped that the country would unite under some one chief; but Hongi had failed in his ambitious scheme of subjugation; and though all chiefs would zealously tread in his footsteps in affecting the supremacy, none were willing to be ruled by anyone but themselves. Henry Williams endorsed the opinion that the British Crown must stay the atrocities fomented by Europeans. A sanguinary captain had allowed cannibal rites on board his English ship; Europeans and Maoris alike were being alarmed by the threatening attitude of the French; a British war-ship—the *Alligator* —sent out to reconnoitre, had left a frightful stain on the fair name of our Christian nation, and the narratives of atrocities committed by His Majesty's officers, and published by the surgeon, curdled the blood of every reader. The word of a gentleman had been broken—in itself an unpardonable sin in Maori etiquette; flags of truce were flying when a fearful fire had been poured into the native ranks; villages had been cannonaded when crowded with women and children; a chief advancing to a parley unarmed had received nine bullet-wounds; a game of football had been played with a Maori chief's head by English soldiery on the deck. And all this was witnessed in a land where the writer had beheld a spectacle of most affecting interest; "week after week whole multitudes met together to make known their wants to the God of the whole earth, laying aside all malice and all guile:" effects undeniably introduced by Christianity. England was roused to horror at the blood-stain on her escutcheon; much more was Maoridom likely to be excited.

To anticipate the Government in its colonisation schemes, a New Zealand Company was formed in London, the purchase of land by missionaries having become a source of discussion at an early date. Visiting the islands in 1838, the sagacious Bishop Broughton of Australia had foreseen the scandal to the mission cause which rumour might raise, about the preachers of righteousness abusing their position to become like other harpies, seeking their own selfish advantages. The Company's agent, Colonel Wakefield, who was instructed to observe the same terms of purchase as the missionaries, bought land by degrees of latitude; and at a time when the Company had no valid title to a single acre, he was ready to sell coasts, rivers, and vast tracts of inland country, until it became patent to any observer that his claims would be hotly disputed. A few chiefs had signed away their ground, but there were multitudes among their people who had ancestral and tribal rights to the property. "Upwards of a million acres purchased for less than fifty pounds in trade," was Wakefield's boast, the "trade" as set forth in a schedule consisting of "two hundred muskets, thirty-nine

guns, eight kegs of gunpowder, two casks of ball-cartridge;" and among other items of nefarious payment, "seventy-two hoes and a gross of jews'-harps." Thus it was that the mission was handicapped by the demon of war. In one instance a chief snapped his gun over a barrel of powder, and blew himself and his comrades into the air.

In 1839, Captain Hobson, R.N., was sent out with a view to the colonisation of New Zealand by the British Government, who were actuated by an honourable desire



PARLIAMENT AND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT WELLINGTON.

to have the fair or fraudulent claims set up by the Company and others properly tested. At a grand meeting at Waitangi, Hobson entered into a treaty with the chiefs, wherein they ceded to the Queen their sovereignty, and had guaranteed to them their inalienable right of disposing of their own land and other property; but designing men laboured only too successfully to impress the native mind with the idea that an English occupancy meant ill-treatment of the Maoris, as, alas! it had meant only too truly in the case of other subject races; and some six chiefs, whose minds were thus poisoned by the casuistry of French Romanists, opposed the scheme with great violence. "Send the men away!" they cried; but the eloquence of a leader of Maori thought came opportunely to the rescue, as he appealed to his countrymen to place confidence in the missionaries' Queen, and turning to Hobson, said, "You must be our father!"

A day was allowed to intervene for reflection, and Williams, the labourer of upwards of eighteen years, proved more than a match for the French Bishop, who was a

comparatively recent settler. The character of the missionaries vouched for the good faith of the English, and it was well that there were men who could show the Maoris that the word of an Englishman might be trusted. Forty-six leaders signed the treaty in presence of at least five hundred of inferior degree, and many hundreds of signatures were afterwards obtained and witnessed by officers, merchants, clerks, and missionaries. Hobson stated to the Legislative Council in 1841, that but for the aid of these last "a British colony would not at this moment be established in New Zealand." "Henry Williams had but to raise his finger and his *mana* (virtuous influence) would have weighed more with the Maoris than the devices of Colonel Wakefield or the office of Hobson." Already he had effectually checkmated the manœuvres of that adventurer in "trade," and, in retaliation, accounts were sent home of the mission land purchases, in which the Colonel denounced the archdeacon's "selfish views, his hypocrisy and unblushing rapacity," language which only recoiled on the reviler's head in the estimation of all who knew the two men. William Williams at the same time petitioning the Queen against the unauthorised "trade" system, the Company confounded the one brother with the other, and poured out its abuse on Henry.

The Duke of Wellington had favoured colonisation, and hence the Company called the first English possession in New Zealand by his name. In September, 1840, the British flag was hoisted at Auckland as the capital, but in 1864 this was removed to Wellington, which has been since and will be henceforth the capital city of the colony, where the Legislature meets and the administrative Government is carried on. A swarm of speculating harpies now seized upon the prey; land-jobbing absorbed all interest of every class: in some cases tracts of five hundred square miles were claimed by single individuals: until, a proclamation having stayed the traffic, the conflicting claims of natives and Europeans fermented through all society: "the teeth of the serpent were sown everywhere; the children of the soil were to wage fratricidal war, and, too late, to discover that their own disunion was to subject them to the yoke of the invader."

Trial by jury, which the Maoris now saw at Auckland for the first time, had a curious effect upon them. A young man had slain some persons in a savage passion, had confessed his crime, and was given up to justice by his father, the moving cause of which act was, perhaps, fear of the chief in whose tribe the outrage had been perpetrated, "aided by the earnest efforts of Henry Williams." The criminal had been associated with white desperadoes, and the Maoris held meetings to decide whether they should allow themselves to be dealt with by foreign law. Their chief, who was absent at the surrender of the murderer, was furious when he heard of it; but the principal chiefs prevailed, and signed a memorial expressing loyalty to the Queen, denouncing the offender, and leaving English law to demand its own penalty. The Maoris could not understand taking upon trial a man who had confessed, wondered at the grave process of proving the accusation, and declaimed against the cruelty of keeping the wretch alive after condemnation. The man, attended by a clergyman, admitted the justice of his sentence, and "died a perfect penitent." He was hanged and buried in the gaol. After many months, the father begged the body, bore the carefully scraped bones to the ancestral cemetery, and composed a

dirge over his lost child. The next cause that came up for trial at the Auckland assize was one that brought in a British subject guilty of a "common assault" against a Maori, and his sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labour was not only a preventive to the committing of such offences by lawless Europeans, but also a convincing proof to the natives that justice would be meted out equally to both races.

A personage second only to Marsden in the annals of New Zealand Christianity now stepped upon the scene. The Company had embodied in its charter the idea of a bishopric, for which it had promised an endowment from its lands. A "Church Society of New Zealand," with many influential men in its ranks, applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury for the appointment of a bishop as a necessity in the new colony, and George Augustus Selwyn, curate at Windsor, was chosen—a youthful prelate but a vigorous. Barely thirty-four, none doubted his fitness for the post, for he possessed just the gifts needed in a world so distant and so strange as was the Antipodes to a young Englishman fifty years ago. Physically, he was a great athlete, having rowed twice in "the 'Varsity;" his mind was highly cultured and deeply earnest; his spirit was indomitable, and his zeal apostolic; he was Christian to the core, and just the man to be received by the wild Maoris and almost wilder settlers as a true leader of men, and "to wield an influence over them for which the worldly minded could not render a reason." Before sailing in quest of his diocese, which in those days was no Hesperides with its Golden Fleece, he displayed business-like energy in gathering funds for it. His last Sunday in England was passed at Exeter, in whose cathedral he preached a farewell sermon which struck a chord in every hearer's heart, his text being the Jewish exiles' plaintive strain, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" His prospects at home were known to be bright; but he went "far hence," he said, "to seek for a place for the temple of the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob; in the hope, like David, of finding it 'in the wood.'"

The Antipodes was an altogether strange land in those days, and what was known of it was, for the most part, terrible. The labours of such men as Marsden and the brothers Williams and Hadfield were little recognised, and what was on every lip was the horrible tale of its cannibal outrageousness. Selwyn took with him several clergymen and students, and during the voyage he himself became so conversant with the Maori language that he preached in the strange tongue on the first Sunday after his arrival in Auckland, in 1842. The mission more than met his expectation. "As for the people," he wrote, "I love them from my heart, and my desire to serve them grows day by day." Soon all Maoris loved him, and he gained the admiration of his fellow-countrymen. His name became a proverb. A chief, informed that a zebra was untamable, said, "Ah! you never tried Bishop Selwyn with one!" During a tour with the Bishop of Newcastle, he walked on foot beside his episcopal brother, who was mounted. The horseman, gaining on the pedestrian, was brought up by a stream of water, but the knot was cut by Selwyn coming up, crying, "Follow me!" and plunging without more ado into the river, to the exceeding astonishment of his right reverend friend.

His first home was at the Waimate Station, which forthwith became the head-

quarters of the Church Missionary Society's operations. Here he founded a school, which was, during the troublous times, transferred to St. John's College, Auckland. His large and valuable library he stored in a spacious stone building at Keri-Keri, ten miles off; and a favourite "constitutional" before breakfast was to

BISHOP SELWYN.
(From a Photograph by Mr. John Collier, of Birmingham.)

clamber over the rough, hilly road to his books. His first visitation consisted of a five months' walking tour through the Northern and Middle Islands, his shelter being a tent, which did duty also as a church. His iron frame was made to "endure hardness," and his published journals read like a romance. He reached Auckland on his way back to the Waimate, his clothes in tatters, his last pair of shoes worn out, his feet blistered and tied up with native flax. "I reached the judge's house," he says, "by a path avoiding the town, and passed over land which I have bought for the site of the cathedral—a spot which I hope may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops, better shod and far less ragged than myself." His whole

career embodied the sentiments of his first charge to his clergy:—"The episcopate is a title not of honour but of work." "It is to be hoped that the title of 'a dignitary of the Church' will never be heard in New Zealand. No earthly dignity, either in Church or State, can equal the moral grandeur of the leathern girdle and the raiment of camel's hair, or the going forth without purse or scrip and yet lacking nothing."

The letters patent of his preferment extended his diocese to thirty-three degrees of latitude north instead of south, and so comprised Japan. He looked upon the mistake as providentially comprehending the South Sea Islands, and would not have it altered. In the *Undine*, a little vessel of twenty-two tons, which he navigated himself—having, with wise foresight, learned the art on the outward voyage—he began the Melanesian mission, cruising about among the sunny islands of the frequently tempestuous Pacific; and to this charge he afterwards consecrated that martyr-bishop, the singularly gifted and lamented Patteson, who, after his murder, was succeeded in the office by Selwyn's own son. If Marsden was the founder of New Zealand Christianity, Selwyn—the criticised High Churchman—was the father of Maori Episcopacy. In 1867, while attending the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth, he accepted from the Queen the bishopric of Lichfield, which he held for about ten years, until he was called to his rest.

Changes in colonial administration embarrassed the missionaries, and rendered their achievement of good extremely precarious. Thus, while Governor Fitzroy, a gallant naval officer, gave himself to the study of the genius of his subject race, his successor, the famous Governor Grey, committed some egregious blunders in headstrong ignorance of the Maori. One gracious Act of Fitzroy's passing was that for exempting natives from imprisonment in certain cases, out of deference to their aristocratic instincts. Kawau had upset a court of justice by brandishing his tomahawk and dragging out of the dock a culprit found guilty of theft, a *rangahira* (gentleman) not brooking the sentence that rendered him a gaol-bird. Kawau admitted that he had infringed the legal custom of England, but strongly urged that a monetary compensation satisfied both the law of the Maoris and that of Moses. And thus was passed, for the sake of a gentleman's feelings, the "Native Exemption Ordinance," a code based on the Scriptures, by which a thief, restoring fourfold the value of his theft, was not to be sent to prison.

In 1845, open hostility to the foreign aggressor broke out at Kororareka, a sink of the vilest rabble of settlers. John Heke, a Bay-of-Islands chief, being by them persuaded that New Zealanders were but the slaves of the English, cut down three times in succession the flagstaff on which was flying the symbol of their slavery, having himself been averse from the cession of the sovereignty from the first. Fitzroy offered £100 for his capture, and Heke promptly retorted by a similar offer for the capture of Fitzroy. The bishop and his missionaries had maintained that the treaty of Waitangi would be honourably respected by England; but to their grief, Parliament falsified these assertions by declaring that all lands not actually occupied should be regarded as Crown property, and the mission's influence was jeopardised by the falsehood of the position. Henry Williams in vain reassured Heke, around whom were gathering rioters from every tribe; and when he extolled the good faith of the Queen, the ringleader of the insurrection exclaimed, "All soap! Very smooth and oily!"

After a severe conflict, the British force withdrew, and a pathetic scene followed. English refugees were carried away unarmed in boats; the two parties buried their dead; natives even assisted Henry Williams to carry the dead to the shore. The warship *Hazard* engaged in the action, and her commander conveyed the thanks of all concerned "to the Bishop of New Zealand in the first instance for bringing off the women and wounded when exposed to a heavy fire, and also for attending, during the whole night, to their spiritual and bodily wants." The town was burned after the evacuation of its English residents; for only against the soldiers, as representing British power, was Heke's quarrel directed, and no missionary or mission property was intentionally injured—a remarkable contrast to the deeds of twenty years before. So great was the friendliness of Henry Williams and the natives that, on two occasions, an officer accused him of treachery; but the Governor replied that "the charge was unfounded, unjustifiable, and ungrateful, as it was indeed absurd."

In two subsequent attacks on Heke the British were repulsed; but in a third he was made to evacuate his *pah*, where at night his besieged forces had been heard singing their evening hymns. The graves of English who had fallen were deepened by Maori foes, who, re-laying the foreigner's dead to rest, read over them the Christian burial service. On the Lord's Day the English troops were engaged, as on other days, firing at the *pah*; and of course they had no service, whereas the natives held service in their *pah*, and did not return a shot during the whole day. Maori warriors, taught of the missionaries to observe the Day of Rest, to keep it holy, had in this way to learn that English warfare knew no Sabbath. Thus was British Christianity, not to say British honour and magnanimity, dragged in the mire in unholy strife with God and man, receiving, as it deserved, a most severe rebuke administered by religious savages. At length a decisive victory was gained over Heke, who sued for peace, and his submission was accepted, although the unrest remained among his scattered followers, and a deeper hostility took possession of the breast of New Zealand against the foreign power that had enchained her.

Years afterwards, Heke's son commemorated his chieftainship as a Christian by an act of public reconciliation. Four hundred men were chosen from the tribes who had warred against the Queen in 1845, and they dragged a huge spar from the forest to the hill above Kororareka, and in Maori named it "the-being-in-union." From that flagstaff has floated the banner significant of the new name thus given—the Union Jack—commanding many a lovely sea-inlet and many a pleasing landscape of the Bay of Islands—from the day of its re-erection by the son of that warrior who thrice cut down the hated emblem, down to the present day.

Governor Grey's first mistake was due to his determination to owe nothing to the mission, whereby he allowed Henry Williams to be maligned. In 1846, Williams wrote:—"My opinion was asked perpetually; now it is being rejected as that of a 'traitor,' 'unsafe,' 'false.' Our ears are saluted frequently with expressions truly savage as to how these people ought to be served—to be 'poisoned,' 'flayed alive,' 'shot like dogs!'" The bishop remarked that such language was manifesting itself in a general feeling of sympathy with the rebel Heke, which was overruling all intestine animosities of old times.

The Company scarcely attempted to conceal their grasping designs until the fatal encounter at Wairau came like the bursting of a bomb, and startled not only Maori-land but England and her colonies. In 1842, Taraia, a Thames chief, having treated with cannibal ferocity some natives of Tauranga, the Protector of Aborigines reasoned in vain with him, and finally urged a forcible coercion. The savage argued that the foreigner should not meddle with inter-tribal affairs, and other chiefs supported him in taking the usual *utu* (revenge) for friends slain and lands taken. The injured Taurangans were breathing fire and slaughter—a noble but a savage people, needing a wise, firm hand to civilise it; and "hasty military interference might draw down the resentment of a brave population." Swainson's humane and able arguing was thus asserting, from a Christian lawyer's point of view, the inalienable right of the people to their own land, when suddenly troops and a warship from Sydney were sought, to prove the right by might of the Crown of England to occupy New Zealand, and to extinguish, if it chose, all native possession.

The lamb was confronted by the wolf when the Maoris were challenged by the power of Britain, and to provoke them into such unequal contest with the Queen had been the darling object of the Company, Wakefield well knowing that the proud spirit of their chiefs would never submit to fetters and gaol. Among other lands claimed by him, he pretended to have added to his purchases the lovely valley of Wairau, and had sent his surveyors to mark it out. The chief Rauparaha denied the sale, and wished to refer the claims to the proper tribunal. This was a man who had hailed with especial gratitude the prospect of a missionary settling among his people, whose son afterwards was sent to Bishop Selwyn's College, and who had declared it to be his intention to "tread down anger," so that those feuds might cease which Wakefield's wicked "trade" had aided. And surely the Gospel had introduced a new feeling in the heart when, after a battle, the muskets and ammunition of the slain were buried with their bodies, and when twelve hundred Maoris, at the bidding of Henry Williams, assembled for worship.

The surveying of land that he had not sold went against Rauparaha's sense of fairness, and he resented it by burning the surveyors' huts; whereupon Wakefield had warrants issued for the arrest of the guilty chief on a charge of arson. Rauparaha said the huts were his property, and built on his ground; and the natives' attitude was expressed by their saying, "We will welcome you as visitors, but we will not part with the land sacred to the ashes of our fathers." A magistrate, eight gentlemen, and forty armed men, went in a brig to make the arrest, and on landing were implored by a Christian chief not to go armed; but they paid him no heed. Rauparaha was met encamped with a hundred men, and a war of words was waged, during which a native Christian read the New Testament and entreated both parties to be at peace; but an English musket was fired, and, being quickly answered by a Maori volley, several fell, and others made prisoners were tomahawked by Rangihaeata, whose wife, Rauparaha's daughter, had been shot. Twenty-two whites, including Wakefield's brother, were killed in the affair, while the native loss was five.

European excitement ran high. To extirpate the chiefs, a volunteer corps was drilled

at Wellington; but wise men knew that a national feud arising from so unjust a cause would sweep foreigners out of the land in a few days. A Wesleyan missionary decently buried the dead. Rauparaha would permit no cannibalism; but a piece of bread was found under young Wakefield's head, as the gravest insult that could be offered him. The rash

JOHN HEKE AND HIS WIFE.

step which had been taken for the apprehension of Rauparaha was as illegal as it was unjustifiable; and this catastrophe of Wairau, Cloudy Bay, formed one of the series of sad misunderstandings which eventuated in a throwing off of Christianity by one of the noblest races that had ever yielded it their credence. Mr. Hadfield was a witness to the

wonderful influence of Rauparaha's oratory on the occasion. Tribes of Maoris, apparently listless listeners at first, were enchained by the thrilling tale of his wrongs; and when he held up the obnoxious handcuffs, which he had secreted, and showed that by these not himself alone but the whole race would be ignobly enslaved, the thirst for war became tremendously manifest in their changed demeanour; and at one assembly, had not the missionary-assistant run off and rung the bell for evening prayer, there would have been no staying the wreaking of their vengeance. "The church-going bell silenced for that night the tocsin of war;" but next day Hadfield had the greatest difficulty in restraining a march upon Wellington. "Now is the time to strike!" cried the jubilant and imperious chief; and, humanly speaking, Hadfield prevented a wholesale massacre. For the preservation of their lives, the English in the colony had to thank God and His servant.

Later on, Grey again erred, in arresting Rauparaha, without accusation and in a treacherous manner, when, in the closing days of his life, his only thoughts seem to have been of heaven; but, on regaining his liberty, the chief exhibited a most Christlike spirit, and so great was the God-wrought change from the inborn vindictiveness of the savage, that he urged forthwith the building of a large church in Hadfield Town, his greatest desire being to worship God. His son tells how he was continually worshipping till he died, in 1849, and was followed to the grave by fifteen hundred mourning Maoris. Like Enoch, this once heathen chief walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Grey's conduct was also unwarrantable in doing to death, by martial law, Wareaitu, a young prisoner of war, who bore the name of Martin Luther. So unpopular was this sentence, that no executioner could be found to carry it out, till a purse of gold tempted a poor Maori to commit the revolting deed, while the victim was attended on the scaffold by a clergyman. The hangman was avoided by his fellows for ever after; his part in his comrade's doom clung to him like a curse, and, on his being drowned in shallow water, the people muttered that this was his righteous wages. By way of returning good for evil to that white race whose representative instigated this crime, the Christian Maoris gave the site of a college near the place of execution, declaring, in their deed of conveyance, their generous object to be an assertion of brotherhood, "that the Maori and the English might grow up as one people." Such was the charity which the Christian mission had evoked in these Maoris' hearts towards their oppressors.

Grey further sought to ensure the colonial possessions by demanding armed forces from England, alleging as his excuse, in what were called his "Blood and Treasure Despatches," the interest of members of the mission in their purchased lands. Henry Williams denied the allegation that the missionaries asked to be "put in possession," or that the Maoris disputed their claims, and protested that no missionary would make a claim rendering possible "such an awful circumstance as the shedding of blood," and that the Maoris had "remarkably strong feelings of attachment to the missionaries and their children." The bishop was not deceived by the Governor's pretences; and his words carried weight, backed by his well-known character. "Passing from camp to camp in time of war, visiting the wounded under fire, crossing swollen rivers, threading mountain tracts in company with those whom Earl Grey had scorned as treacherous savages, Selwyn had won a reputation for the courage of a warrior and

the devotion of a Christian apostle." He very deliberately protested against any breach of the treaty of Waitangi, and wrote to Grey that, with God's help, he would use his best efforts to assert it, as maintaining an honourable recognition of native rights in the land. He requested that his letter should be sent to the Secretary of State. The Maoris addressed a memorial to the Queen; the Wesleyan Missionary Society deprecated the policy of coercion; Chief Justice Martin stepped in also to save England's honour; and these combined forces were more than a match for Her Majesty's Government. The practical confiscation of the land of a people, chivalrous, friendly, and faithful, was abandoned; but the iron entered the soul of the great English statesman, and he vented his spleen on the bishop and his missionaries. In eloquent words Selwyn shielded his Maori flock as British subjects, and appealed to the Governor to say whether he had not found the missionaries of all denominations faithful to British interests; and Grey reported to his namesake the Prime Minister that such was undoubtedly the case.

In the Colonial Chief Justice's pamphlet there was struck a deeply prophetic note:—"Let confiscation be adopted, and the confidence of natives in Englishmen and in their religion would be shaken." "To them we shall appear but a nation of liars. All our means of exercising a moral influence will have ceased, together with all the hopes (which we have nationally professed to hold most dear) of success in the work of civilising and Christianising them. . . . *If our dishonesty shall be seen, the Christian religion will be abandoned by the mass of those who now receive it.*" Scorned at the time, the faithlessness of the succeeding policy verified this prediction, in the apostasy of large numbers of Maoris from the faith they had professed.

The vexed question of the land not only continued the friction between European buyers and native vendors, but occasioned also much contention amongst the Maoris themselves as to ancestral and tribal rights, and these vested interests were the cause of internecine feuds without end. From first to last it was the great stumbling-block in the way of peace and prosperity. We need not concern ourselves here with the fate of the New Zealand Land Company. Suffice it to say that within a few years of the establishment of British authority, the Company, being unable to give any valid title to their lands, suspended the sales; and as these constituted their sole source of income, they were obliged to discontinue their colonising operations altogether. But for many years afterwards the question of settling the claims of the Company was one of extreme difficulty, taxing the ingenuity of both the British and the Colonial Government.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, fresh complications connected with the purchase and sale of native lands had arisen, and these hastened the inevitable crisis that was pending. Maoris had sold thirty thousand acres at tenpence an acre, and the lust of land had become the root of all evil in the colony. The "king-maker," Waharoa, in 1857, sent a circular to all Waikato that Potatau should be king of New Zealand. Everywhere in the Northern Island the determination to shake off British dominion had been steadily gaining ground. A merciless war was the outlook, and, in 1860, Bishop Selwyn sent a deliberate protest, on behalf of his Maori flock, to the Govern-

ment, against the proclamation of martial law when not a single native had taken up arms, and claimed the Maoris' right of proper investigation into their titles before a regular tribunal, the colony having been avowedly formed for the protection of the aboriginal race.

In 1860, the fatal shot was fired at the Waitara which opened the unhappy and unwise "ten years' war." This "Maori War" is a subject sufficient to fill a volume. Far-seeing natives reckoned on it: short-sighted colonists did not count the cost, their general belief being that only a military demonstration was needed to give Maoridom a blow. "Ten years of warfare, an expenditure of millions of money, the devastation of happy homes, and the loss of hundreds of precious lives, resulted in the confiscation of some tracts of country, a legacy of bitter feeling, and the sullen alienation of powerful tribes—defeated, but not subdued." The war was neither unavoidable nor righteous, and after the weary years of bloody strife it died out, marked in its origin and in its continuance by woful blunders, as well as recording many an heroic exploit on either side. Religious exercises were gradually dropped as the men took up arms, and the natives themselves requested the missionaries to remove from scenes of danger, so that stations were broken up. One of the main evils arising out of it was the great apostasy of the natives called the "*Hau-hau*," which will be described in a future chapter.

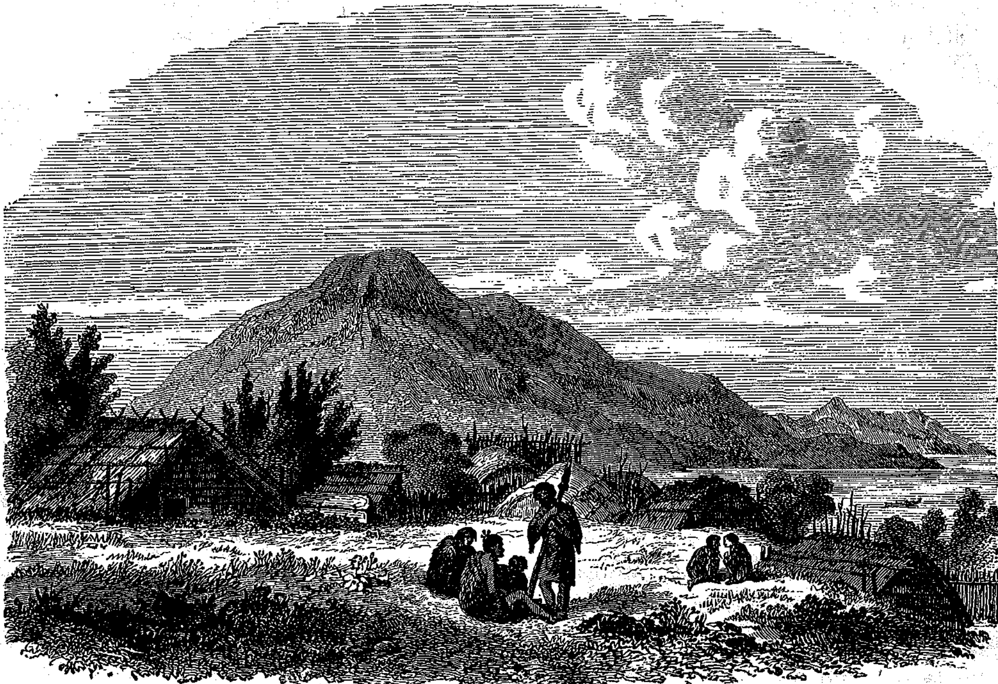
The origin of the war was the old story—colonists eager to grasp land, and natives equally jealous to guard the speedily vanishing possession—and being so, it had the normal wind-up: the stronger, although more than once repulsed by the weaker, sent him to the wall. In consideration of his honourable mode of conducting hostilities, the Maori was promised that not more than a quarter of his land should be confiscated, and that he should be supplied with seed for re-sowing his farms; but events finally led to grave discussion in Parliament; and after the precise and philosophical Mr. Roebuck had promulgated his rather offensive theory that when "the brown man" and the white meet, the brown is destined to disappear, the Legislature passed enactments confiscating some nine million acres of Maoria, and gave the Colonial Government absolute and arbitrary power of arrest and imprisonment, so that the original possessor of the soil has ever since resided on tracts which were made his own by allocation, and where he continues to be confined to this day, with his native customs duly and legally vouchsafed to him, but in all other respects a British subject, although in considerable fear and trembling at the insignia of his subjugation, the British flag.

But disastrous and demoralising as were the effects of the war on native character and on missionary work, there were some rays of light through the gloom, and in process of time there was a healthy reaction. Native Church Boards were again in active operation, and within two years of the conclusion of the war there were 13,000 regular hearers in connection with the Episcopalian and Wesleyan Missions.

In 1852 a representative Constitution had been granted, establishing a provincial council for each of the then existing six provinces; but in 1876, some years after the close of the war, and mainly through the instrumentality of Sir Julius Vogel, the Constitution was remodelled. Under the provisions of the new Act, an Upper House

or Legislative Council of fifty members was created, and a House of Representatives of seventy-six members elected for six years. Two Maori chiefs were in the former, and four in the latter, and they all acquitted themselves well.

Since that time there has been marked improvement and progress, as we shall show in a later chapter, and vigorous steps have been taken to set at rest for ever the vexed "Native Question."



MAORI HOUSES IN A PAH.

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