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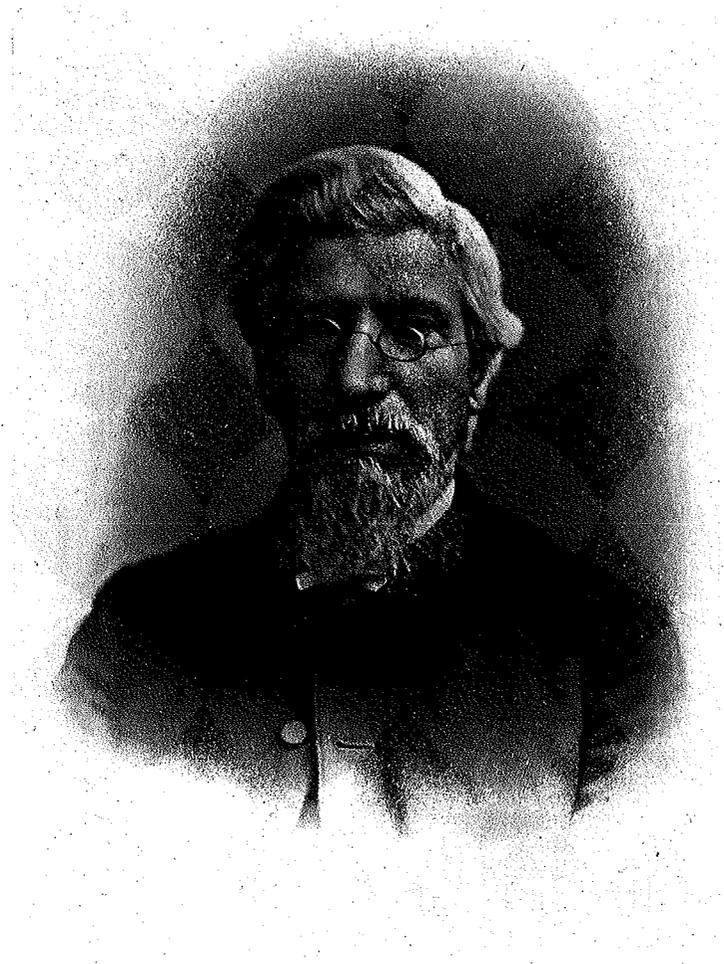


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THE REV. GEORGE PIERCY.

From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

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 SHAFESBURY," ETC. ETC.

VOL. VI.



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BURMA, SIAM, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, AND BRITISH BORNEO.

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

<p>S. P. G. ... Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.</p> <p>* Soc. Fem. Ed. ... Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.</p> <p>Eng. Presb. ... Presbyterian Church of England Foreign Mission.</p> <p>C. I. M. ... The China Inland Mission.</p>	<p>Leipzig ... Leipzig Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society.</p> <p>Dan. Luth. ... Danish Lutheran Missions.</p> <p>Am. Bapt. ... American Baptist Missionary Union.</p> <p>Am. Presb. ... Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.</p>
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* With this exception Stations worked by Women's and Auxiliary Societies are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

<p>BANGKOK . Siam . . . Am. Bapt., Am. Presb.</p> <p>BANTING . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>BASSEIN . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>BATANG . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>BHAMO . . . Upper Burma . C. I. M., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>HENZADA . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>KHIENG-MAI . Siam . . . Am. Presb. (<i>Chieng-mai</i>)</p> <p>KUCHING. <i>See</i> Sarawak.</p> <p>KUDAT . . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>LAKON . . . Siam . . . Am. Presb. (<i>Lakawn</i>)</p> <p>LUNDU . . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>MANDELAY . Upper Burma . S. P. G., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MAUBIN . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MAULMEIN . . . " " . S. P. G., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>MERDANG . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>MYINGYAN . Upper Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>OENDOP. <i>See</i> Undup.</p> <p>PEGU . . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>PHAYCHABURI Siam . . . Am. Presb. (<i>Petchaburi</i>)</p> <p>PROME . . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>PULO-PENANG, Straits Settle- S. P. G. ISLAND OF, ments.</p>	<p>QUOP . . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>RANGOON . . Lower Burma . S. P. G., Leipzig, Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SAGAIN . . . Upper Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SANDAKAN . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>SANDOWAY . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SARAWAK . . British Borneo . S. P. G. (<i>Kuching</i>)</p> <p>SAREBAS . . . " " " "</p> <p>SEDAMAH . . . " " " "</p> <p>SELANGOR . . Straits Settle- " ments.</p> <p>SHWEBO . . . Upper Burma . " "</p> <p>SHWEG-YEN . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>SIBU . . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>SINGAPORE . Straits Settle- S. P. G., Soc. Fem. Ed., Eng. Presb. ments.</p> <p>SKARANG . . British Borneo . S. P. G.</p> <p>TAVOY . . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>THATONE . . . " " " "</p> <p>THAYETMYO . . . " " " "</p> <p>THONZE . . . " " " "</p> <p>TOUNGGOO . . " " . S. P. G., Dan. Luth., Am. Bapt.</p> <p>UNDUP . . . Borneo . . . S. P. G. (<i>Oendop</i>)</p> <p>YAMITHEIN . . Upper Burma . Am. Bapt.</p> <p>ZIGON . . . Lower Burma . Am. Bapt.</p>
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XL.—INDIA.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY.

Christmas Day, 1718—The Rev. Richard Cobbe—Governor Duncan—Samuel and Harriet Newell—The Revs. Donald Mitchell and Robert Nesbit—Dr. John Wilson—Early Life of Wilson—The Scottish Missionary Society—Arrival in Bombay—Oriental Studies—Journeyings—The Temple Caves of Elora—A Monkey-God—In Goa—Fire-worshippers—The Jains—Separation and Death—Parsees—Mrs. Wilson—Attacked by Wild Bees—The Caves of Elephanta—Death of Dr. Wilson.

IT was a goodly company of "fair women and brave men" that dined with the Governor of Bombay on Christmas Day, 1718. The toast of "Church and King" was drunk with enthusiasm, and all the ships in the harbour fired their guns in response to the twenty-one great cannon that thundered from the fort. Bombay was proud that day, for, after fifty years of perfunctory religious services in an upper room of the fort, it had actually built itself a church.

Amongst the guests sat the Rev. Richard Cobbe, the chaplain, who had come out four years before, and had been grieved at having to perform Divine Service locked up in a fort. "He ventured," he says, "to propose the building of a church for God's honour and service according to the use of the Church of England, that all the island might see we had some religion amongst us, and that the Heathens, Mohammedans, and Papists round about us might in time be brought over as converts to our profession." As the result of Mr. Cobbe's persistent earnestness, a handsome church was built, and on that Christmas morning it had been consecrated.

Mr. Cobbe was a man of a missionary spirit; but he found himself able to do little enough either for the natives or their European masters. He did, however, establish a Charity School, which was of considerable benefit to the poor of both races, and taught many native pupils privately. Bombay had the good fortune to be ruled by several wise and enlightened Governors, under whom public instruction to a certain extent was encouraged. For sixteen years at the beginning of the century, Jonathan Duncan was Governor: the man who put down infanticide in Kutch and Guzerat, where, prior to 1807, three thousand little children were annually killed. But though just and humane, even Duncan rarely attended public worship. Henry Martyn was in Bombay in 1811 on his way to Shiraz. He describes Bombay society in the main as "aliens to the Commonwealth of Israel, and without God in the world." He was horrified to find that a large number met near the church door about the time service should commence on Sunday, and then, instead of coming in, rode straight off to the "Bobbery Hunt." One Sunday during Martyn's five weeks' stay a great race was advertised; but Martyn earnestly remonstrated, and his courteous host, Governor Duncan, forbade the race. Martyn had a large audience that Sunday, who came in a very ill humour, expecting to hear him preach against hunting and racing. But he discoursed on "the one thing needful," and made no allusion to the

interrupted sports. "Finding nothing to lay hold of," writes Martyn, "they had the race on Monday, and ran *Hypocrite* against *Martha* and *Mary*," in allusion, of course, to the preacher and his sermon.

In Bombay Presidency, as in other parts of India, the Church of England chaplains had in these early days more than they could manage to do, to keep up some regard for religion amongst their own countrymen. The Dissenting churches had to set the example of resolute work on behalf of the teeming millions of India, and the London Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Methodists have both carried on work in this Presidency from early in the century to the present time. The language is chiefly Marathi, and a New Testament in this tongue came from the Serampore Press in 1811.

We have told in another chapter how Adoniram Judson and his wife, in company with some other devoted young men and women, sailed to Calcutta in the year 1812 under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. In consequence of the high-handed action of the Calcutta authorities the little company were separated. Samuel Newell and his wife Harriet were amongst the number. The latter was not yet nineteen years of age, and eighteen years had been spent in calm tranquillity in her Massachusetts home. But in the soul of this slender, delicate girl there had arisen a fervent interest in the state of the heathen world, and when the young missionary Newell, already consecrated to the Indian Mission field, asked her to be his bride, she consented, after deep searchings of heart, to share his life and service. As our readers are aware, the voyage out was safely accomplished, and Harriet Newell saw with joy the work that Dr. Carey and his colleagues were carrying on at Serampore, and gazed with horror at the hideous eyes of Juggernaut. Deep pity and compassion thrilled her heart as she looked upon countless thousands of men and women shouting joy and praise to a repulsive idol, and she was longing to throw all her energies into the service of her Redeemer, when to the newly arrived missionaries there came the peremptory order to depart.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell set sail for the Isle of France, and experienced a long and perilous voyage. In the course of it Mrs. Newell was delivered of a daughter, who died within five days of its birth. The mother, in much weakness and suffering, reached the Isle of France, and there, a few weeks after her nineteenth birthday, the sorrowing husband laid the mortal remains of his beloved young wife to rest in the Port Louis burial-ground. The early death of this amiable and accomplished girl aroused much interest in the religious world. Her letters and journal and her reported utterances (especially on her death-bed) reveal a remarkable intensity of spiritual life.

Mr. Newell proceeded to Ceylon, and subsequently to Bombay, where however two other of the Andover students, Messrs. Gordon Hall and Nott, had arrived before him. The authorities were at first determined to ship them back to England, and their luggage was ready to go on board, when, in response to their urgent entreaties, Sir Evan Nepean and the Council suffered them to remain, pending further orders from Calcutta. There Charles Grant, the resolute and untiring friend of missions, exerted himself so energetically on their behalf that they received permission to settle

at Bombay and establish their mission, which was speedily joined by Mr. Newell, and also by other missionaries from America.

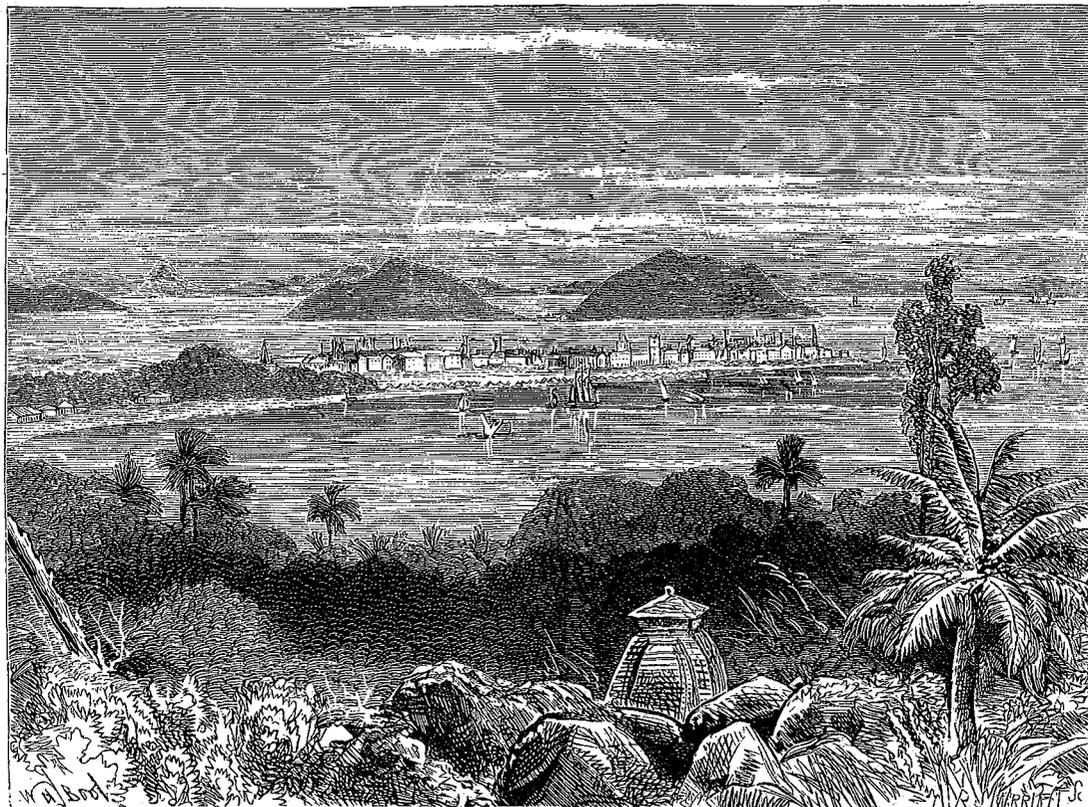
Thus the first missionary enterprise of the American Churches, broken up and scattered by the authorities in Bengal, had become providentially established in each of the great Indian Presidencies. It is difficult to calculate the disheartening and discouraging results that might have followed, had the enemies of missions succeeded in their attempts to send back that group of young American students and their noble-hearted wives to their native land. The American missionaries have held their position at Bombay to the present time, and have continued to do much good work in teaching, translating, printing, and in all the usual departments of service.

When, in 1822, the final subjugation of the Maratha power vastly extended the bounds of the Bombay Presidency, the Scottish missionaries began their work there. The Rev. Donald Mitchell was the first to arrive. The son of a Scotch minister, he had himself intended to embrace the sacred calling, but whilst a student he had imbibed Socinian views, and abandoning his former aspirations, had obtained a commission in the East India Company's service. But whilst his regiment was cantoned at Surat he had been led back to evangelical truth by a missionary of the London Society. He resigned his commission, and returned to Edinburgh to complete his studies, and his knowledge of India led him to press the claims of that country on the Scottish Society. He was sent to Bombay, but although he died eight months after his arrival, he was the pioneer founder of that wide sphere in which for forty-seven years the Rev. Dr. John Wilson laboured, and made his name one of the foremost in India.

After Mitchell's death, a band of Scottish missionaries came out, and deeming Bombay City provided for by the agencies at work, wished to settle at Poona, the Maratha capital. But the Government would not hear of their going to Poona to excite the proud Maratha Brahmans, and perhaps get martyred themselves; so for a time they worked at Bankole and Hurnee, on the coast. They got a large number of schools into their hands, for many a heathen teacher found it more profitable to hand his school over to the missionaries and accept a salary as teacher of arithmetic, than to carry it on himself. It soon became evident that there was room in Bombay for their labours, and also that Poona was not so inaccessible as had been supposed. In September, 1827, the Rev. Robert Nesbit came to the work, and in about fifteen weeks was talking Marathi so as to be pretty well understood. The pronunciation of this language presents an almost insurmountable difficulty to most Europeans, but Mr. Nesbit came to speak it so well that if he was behind a screen Brahmans could not detect that it was a foreigner who was speaking. For twenty-eight years he gave his wonderful intellect, sanctified by Divine grace, to the service of the Gospel. The text, "Declare Jehovah's glory among the heathen," is engraved upon his tomb; it is one which he had made the watchword of his life. For more than a quarter of a century he was the able coadjutor of the remarkable man whose career we are about to sketch. And here we would express our high sense of the great value of the comprehensive biographies of Dr. Wilson and

Dr. Duff, written by Dr. George Smith, for many years the able editor of the *Friend of India*. From both these works we have culled many interesting facts.

From the summit of Lauder Hill, at the junction of three Scottish counties, the eye surveys a vast extent of beautiful country, rich in historic and legendary associations. Sites made memorable by stirring scenes and romantic episodes of border warfare, or linked with holy memories of the heroic struggle for faith and freedom, and the birthplaces of men of whom, in the council-chambers or on the



BOMBAY.

battlefields of India, Scotland has had reason to be proud, cluster thickly about the fertile dales of Tweedside. At Lauder town itself Archibald Douglas “belled the cat,” and here long afterwards the Covenanter Guthrie was martyred by Lauderdale. In 1804 the little town gained another title to be kept in perpetual remembrance, when to the stalwart farmer, Councillor Andrew Wilson, and his wife Janet, there was born a son, who was hereafter, as scholar, missionary, and philanthropist, to stand as an equal amongst the foremost men of our Indian Empire.

Before the child John Wilson could walk, he was talking in such a way as to astonish, and indeed frighten his simple-minded mother. As he grew up he became known at school as a boy who never told a lie. He was diligent and amiable, and

chivalrous on behalf of the timid and feeble. His religious impressions were received at a very early date, and were mainly due in the first place to listening to the fervent private devotions of his pious father, in whose room he slept. One Sunday evening it came into his head to preach from a hollow tree to the people passing by. For this, however, as an irreverent meddling with holy things, his father duly chastised him!

From his fourteenth year, Wilson studied for eight years at Edinburgh University, occupying himself as a teacher between the sessions. As tutor to the family of an Indian officer who had sent his children to the minister of Stow to be educated, Wilson became interested in Indian affairs. He heard his pupils talking Hindustani to each other, and every mail brought to the family exciting stories of Indian warfare and adventure. Here, also, he met a friend of the family, General Walker, who had formerly been in charge of Baroda, Kathiawar, and Kutch, and who had zealously carried out the plans of Governor Duncan for the suppression of infanticide. It was one of the treasured memories of this retired veteran, that on his farewell visit to his district, children were brought to him who, but for him, would have died; and one little maid lisped in Gujerati, "Walker Sahib saved me." In the perpetuation and extension of this work, the young tutor who listened with so keen an interest was to do good service in after-years.

Wilson had gone to college with a view to the ministry. During his student days not only did the religious convictions of his childhood become deepened and confirmed, but there also came upon him the persuasion that for him the right field of service was the foreign mission field. He read the Lives of David Brainerd and Henry Martyn, and his soul was fired with earnest longing to go forth as a soldier of the Cross. There is still in existence a time-stained paper, on which, in his twenty-first year, he formally signed a "solemn profession, dedication, and engagement" of himself to God.

It soon became needful to pass through the scathing trial which so many young missionaries have had to undergo—the communication of an unsuspected design to the loved ones at home. Let Wilson tell the story himself. He wrote in his journal:—"Saturday, 6th.—This day visited my dear parents and friends at Lauder. Mentioned to them my intention of soon offering myself as a missionary candidate to the Scottish Missionary Society; and, oh! what a burst of affection did I witness from my dear mother! Never will I forget what occurred this evening. She told me that at present she thought the trial of parting with me, if I should leave her, would be more hard to bear than my death. When I saw her in her tears, I cried unto God that He would send comfort to her mind, and that He would make this affair issue in His glory and our good. I entreated my mother to leave the matter to the Lord's disposal; and I told her that I would not think of leaving her if the Lord should not make my way plain to me, but that at present I thought it my duty to offer my services to the Society. She then embraced me and seemed more calm. My father said little to us on the subject, but seemed to be in deep thought. In the course of the evening, the words, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it,' and 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me,' came home to my mind, and

kept me from making any promise of drawing back in my resolution to preach the Gospel, by the grace of God, to the heathen world."

John Wilson's offer was gladly accepted by the directors of the Scottish Missionary Society, and for three years he studied hard to be thoroughly equipped as a missionary. He became proficient not only in Biblical and theological knowledge, but also in physical science, anatomy, surgery, and physic. To the simple peasants of many a mountain ravine these medical studies were in after-years a vast benefit, as well as being a help to the cause of the Gospel. Wilson was terribly in earnest: he induced sixty of his fellow-students to join him in an Association to Aid the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, and of that association he was the life and soul. In 1828 he published a *Life of John Eliot, the Apostle of the Red Indians*; and he kept up an extensive correspondence, to enable him to lay before his fellow-students the latest news of missionary enterprise.

Wilson was duly ordained to preach by the Presbytery of Lauder, his parents became reconciled to the separation, and the Society assigned him a field of service in India. In August, 1828, he married Margaret Bayne, the gifted and accomplished daughter of a clergyman. She had studied at Aberdeen, and during the six years of her Indian life showed remarkable talents for the acquirement of Oriental languages and for evangelistic work amongst the women of India, and at the same time proved her excellence in all wifely and motherly duty. There was a touching parting service in the old kirk at Lauder, and farewells that might be for life, and early in September Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were sailing from Portsmouth in the *Sesostriis* towards their far-off haven.

It was on a Sunday morning—the 1st of February, 1829—that the vessel sighted Cape Comorin, and husband and wife united in prayer for success in the work in which they were about to engage. For thirteen days they were in sight of the western shore of India, passing many wretched-looking, populous towns; the country very mountainous, "but," says Wilson, "very unlike my native Scotland." They reached Bombay on the 14th, and next morning Mr. Laurie, one of the Scotch missionaries, came out with a boat to take them on shore.

Of his earliest impressions of Bombay, Wilson thus wrote:—"Everything in the appearance of Bombay and the character of the people differs from what is seen at home. Figure to yourselves a clear sky, a burning sun, a parched soil, gigantic shrubs, numerous palm-trees, a populous city with inhabitants belonging to every country under heaven, crowded and dirty streets, thousands of Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Buddhists, Jews, and Portuguese, perpetual marriage processions, and barbarous music, and you will have some idea of what I observe at present."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson soon left Bombay for a time, and at Bankole and Hurnee studied the native language. By giving nine hours a day to Marathi, Wilson was able in six months to preach in that tongue. November saw them settling down to work at Bombay, and their hearts were cheered by the promulgation of the Government order abolishing Suttee—that order which, as we have told in another chapter, Carey, on the other side of India, stayed away from his Sunday duties to translate.

Their time was fully occupied. In the morning there was Divine Service in Marathi at their own house, open to all comers, and variably attended. At four in the afternoon Mr. Wilson preached in the streets to large crowds, and on two evenings in the week he preached in native houses, and visited the people as the way opened. Besides all this he had two boys' schools, and his wife three girls' schools under care. In February, 1831, he formed his eight converts into a little church on the Presbyterian model. But the Scottish Missionary Society thought this was going on too fast, and the result of the friction was that Wilson, Nesbit, and Mitchell became, in 1835, missionaries of the Church of Scotland itself, and no more home interference was experienced.

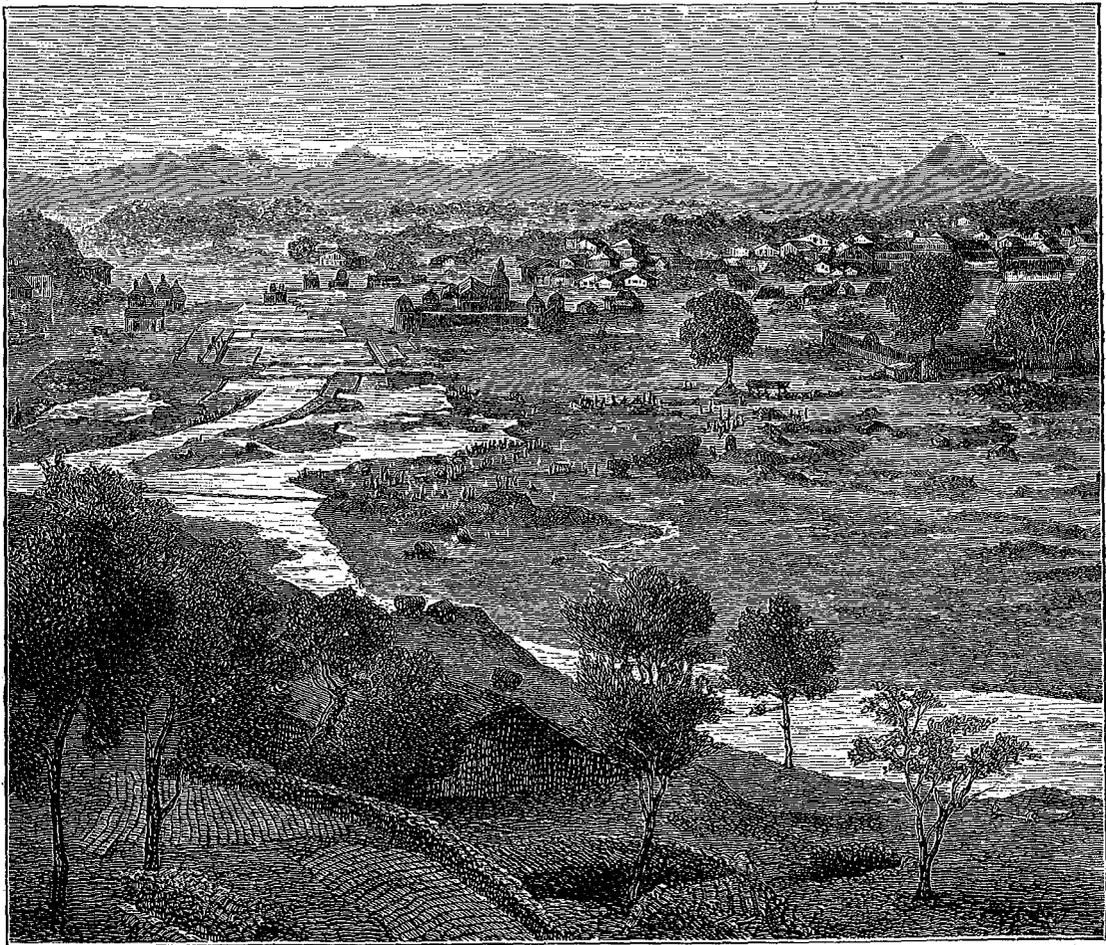
Wilson continued his Oriental studies, and soon became fluent in Gujarathi, Hindustani, and Persian. His profound Oriental scholarship and research, and the various works he produced on these topics, would alone have rendered him famous, independently of his missionary career; but he kept all such matters in their right place, and made them subservient to his main design of educating and converting the people. He felt himself sufficiently equipped to go out of the ordinary grooves of missionary work. He tells us how he thought of Paul on Mars' Hill, and of Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and "resolved by Divine grace to imitate them." In public discussions, in pamphlets, and in the newspapers he challenged Hindoos, Parsees, and Mohammedans to come forward and bring their religions to the test of argument. The controversies that ensued roused general attention; hundreds examined the subject who had been indifferent before; as a result, numbers flocked to the services to hear more of these things, and in the course of time the seed thus sown brought forth fruit.

Mr. Wilson found it desirable to know more of Western India than could be learned by dwelling in Bombay, and was also anxious to proclaim the Gospel message to wider circles. Almost annually he made extensive tours, and became acquainted with many varieties of Indian life. There was in Bombay an agent of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. C. R. Farrar, whose infant son (best known to fame as Canon Farrar of Westminster) was often dandled on Mr. Wilson's knee. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Farrar were intimate friends, and took their first extended tour together. They penetrated to Nasik, on the upper Godavery, a town of which Mr. Wilson used afterwards to say that it first stoned him, and forty years afterwards would not let him leave Western India for a time without presenting him with a eulogistic address on parchment.

On the top of a majestic mountain, near Nasik, they saw the couch of the god Rama, and twelve pools near by, each with its guardian idol. Nasik was soon afterwards taken in charge by the Church Missionary Society, and a school established there for liberated Africans. From this school Dr. Livingstone selected the boys who were his faithful companions in his Nile explorations.

Next year, in company with Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Wilson journeyed westward into the native State of Hyderabad. At Alandi they found the festival of the god Inánoba in progress. "Inánoba," writes Mr. Wilson, "is unlike most of the other gods of the

Dekkan. He is a literary character, while his fellows, with the exception of Tukobá, are warriors and robbers. While he sojourned in the world he had really a considerable taste for Prákrita poetry, and he translated the Gítá and several other works into a peculiar kind of verse. He was treated with respect during life, and after death he was made a god. I do not think he desired this honour, for in some of his verses in my possession he appears to condemn idolatry and polytheism. His



NASIK.

favourite shrine is in Alandi, and his votaries, during the Jattrá, which was almost concluded when we arrived, were estimated at a lách (100,000). His divine presence, however, does not appear to diffuse an overplus of religious veneration. It appears to be most propitious to mercantile speculation and absurd diversion and amusement. A peep at the god—a short prayer for money, rain, and children, and a humble prostration, were all the services rendered. The feet of his highness, which have walked from his body about a kos on the road to Puná, seem to be peculiarly lovely in the eyes of his friends. The osculations were all bestowed upon them.

Hundreds were flocking around them, and forming small piles of stones in their neighbourhood."

They journeyed on through numerous romantic villages, preaching the Gospel as opportunity offered. In most villages they saw the shrine of Hanuman, the monkey-god, his image daubed with red lead, outside the principal gate. Its votaries were kneeling before it, or walking many times round it, and sometimes decking it with garlands. The shrine is a favourite one with wives anxious to become mothers, and Mr. Wilson says, "The exercise which they take in connection with their worship may not be without effect."

In a ridge of hills, overlooking the Dekkan plains, they came upon the famous temple-caves of Elora. There are three sets of excavations—Jain, Buddhist, and Brahmanical—all very extensive and wonderful structures. In Kailas, the Brahmanical temple, the two missionaries preached the Gospel. "Little," writes Wilson, "did the formers of this wonderful structure anticipate an event of this kind. We are, in all probability, the first messengers of peace who have declared within it the claims of Jehovah, announced His solemn decree to abolish the idols, and entreated His rebellious children to accept of the mercy proposed through His Son. Some of our auditors pointed to the magnificent arches and stupendous figures around us as the very works of God's own hand; but we pointed them to the marks of the instrument of the mason, to the innumerable proofs of decay everywhere exhibited, and to the unsuitableness, absurdity, and impiety of the representations."



HANUMAN, THE MONKEY-GOD.

At Nandoor Nimbha there was a curious scene. Messrs. Wilson and Mitchell offered the little community eight rupees for the whole collection of their village gods. They said they were afraid to part with them, but consented that Mr. Mitchell should be allowed to test the power of their idols. A large club was given him, and he bestowed three sounding blows on the monkey-god Hanuman. "His lordship," says Wilson, "received them with great meekness, and without showing the least symptom of displeasure. The villagers stood aghast; but they immediately destroyed their convictions by alleging that our *virtue* gave us a great power over the gods, which *they* could never exercise. Death, they said, would be the consequence of *their* inflicting a blow."

In the cold season of 1833-4 Messrs. Wilson and Mitchell journeyed through the southern Maratha country to Goa. As they went from town to town, they were disgusted at the frequent evidences of English complicity with idol-worship. Temples everywhere were receiving allowances from the public revenue. They entered Goa by an ancient gate bearing a statue of Vasco de Gama, visited the stately cathedral, saw with reverence the tomb of Francis Xavier, and had some pleasant intercourse "with the most respectable monks in the Roman Catholic Church" at the Augustinian Convent.

Partly by the jungle of the coast, and partly by the forest defiles of the Ghâts, the missionaries returned towards Bombay. At one place Mr. Wilson was riding through the jungle a little in advance of Mr. Mitchell, when a large tiger sprang up about six yards from the horse. "I then cried out as loud as I could, with the view of frightening him. I had the happiness of seeing him retreat for a little, and I galloped from him as fast as my horse would carry me to Mr. Mitchell, whom I found walking with four or five natives." On passing the scene of the encounter the animal was not seen, though he was heard among the trees by the horse-keepers. The men said he was often seen at that place at sunset, and that they presented offerings to an image on Wardhan Hill for protection from tigers.

Mr. Wilson's next journey was northward, into the Gujarathi country, with its great native States of Baroda, Kathiawar, and Kutch. It was in these regions that the Parsees found an asylum before they were attracted by the English to Bombay. In Persia, the land of their origin, the Parsees are a despised and poverty-stricken people; but in India they have flourished, and are now distinguished by their superior intelligence, their great wealth, and their generous support of public charities. They regard earth, air, fire, and water as sacred symbols of the Deity, but indignantly repudiate the charge that they worship either of these elements. But the especial reverence they pay to fire has led to their being universally regarded as fire-worshippers. Fire is ever burning in their temples, and a Parsee at prayer either faces the sun, or, in its absence, the fire which represents it. The great law-giver and founder of their faith, Zoroaster, is said to have flourished in the reign of Darius Hystaspes. He wrote in the Zend language certain books called Avestas, of which some still exist. The Zend Avestas teach the adoration of Ormuzd, the principle of all righteousness, co-equally with whom has reigned from the beginning Ahriman, the author of all evil. In the end Ahriman will be vanquished, and evil will be annihilated. The Parsees believe in the resurrection of the dead, and in future retribution, and are taught a simple, practical morality. They object to either bury or burn their dead, and near Bombay they expose them on the far-famed "Towers of Silence," to be devoured by vultures and other birds of prey.

In these regions the missionaries also found many of the half-Hindu, half-Buddhist communities of Jains. Their principal belief and worship seem to centre in certain holy mortals who become divine by self-denial and mortification. Of these "Tirthankaras" twenty-four belong to a long-past age, twenty-four to the present, and twenty-four to the future. Of those appertaining to the present era, the first, Rishaba, is declared to have been five hundred poles in height, and to have lived more than eight million years. Seeing that the Jains can only carry back their own history for about a thousand years, it is difficult to appreciate these big figures. The twenty-third Tirthankara of this series, Parinath, and the twenty-fourth, Mahiviva, are acknowledged to have been but ordinary men, and to have lived comparatively a short time on earth. But these two are held in highest esteem and veneration, and many are the temples built in their honour.

The Jains believe that all matter is eternal; they deny any active providence in the Deity. Their tenderness for every form of animal life is excessive and ludicrous. They never eat or drink in the dark, for fear of inadvertently swallowing some insect, and they strain, three times over, the water they are about to drink. Their priests and devotees go about with a cloth over their mouths for fear of destroying some minute organism in the act of breathing, and they carry a small broom with which to sweep the path before them, and especially any place on which they purpose to sit down. Their kindness to fleas and other vermin almost surpasses belief.

At Bhooj, Mr. Wilson and his companion, Dr. Smyttan, saw the monument erected by the Rajah Rao Daisul in memory of the Rev. James Gray. Gray had begun life as a shoemaker in the township of Dunse, not far from Mr. Wilson's own birthplace, but had educated himself until, as senior master of the High School at Edinburgh, he was acknowledged to be the second best teacher of Greek in Scotland. He was the friend of Burns, whose sons he taught, corresponded with Wordsworth, and contributed poetry and classical criticisms to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Subsequently his aspirations took another direction, and, relinquishing his scholastic and literary prospects, he entered the Church, and accepted a chaplaincy under the East India Company. He was placed at Bhooj, his official duty being to minister to about 140 Europeans. But he gave all his spare time to the service of the natives, reduced their Kutchi dialect to writing, and flung himself into the task of educating their young Rajah. "I shall be able to make him one of the most learned kings that ever were in India, as he promises to be one of the most humane. Oh, that I may be able to impart to his mind a portion of that wisdom that cometh down from above." The good missionary died in 1830, and in 1833 Rao Daisul succeeded to the tributary throne for which Mr. Gray had so well prepared him, and, till 1860, ruled over his little State of half a million people in a way that showed his high appreciation of the teachings of his Christian tutor. He abolished slavery, and zealously suppressed infanticide, and his son and successor co-operated with Sir Bartle Frere in putting down the slave trade between Zanzibar and Muscat.

From Bhooj, Mr. Wilson proceeded to the south of the Gulf of Kutch, where Dwarka, with its shrine of Krishna, is to Western India what Puri, with its shrine of Jagannātha, is to the East. Here had long dwelt a mixed race, who lived chiefly by piracy, filling up their time by plundering; but vigorous administration had procured tranquillity for the devotees, who might now throng hither in peace and safety to seek absorption into Krishna, "the prince, the intoxicator." The tour of Mr. Wilson and Dr. Smyttan attracted great attention, crowds flocked together in the bazaars of Porebunder to hear their public preaching, and at Joonagurh they had discussions with native scholars lasting far into the night. Near the latter town they visited the noted rocks of Girvar, upon which the Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, had engraved his famous fourteen edicts two thousand years before. Little attention had hitherto been given to "the most interesting historical rock-book in all Southern Asia;" but ultimately the inscriptions were read by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Prinsep, and found to be most important links between the histories of India and Greece. Upon a mountain close by, at an

altitude of nearly 3,000 feet, were numerous Jain temples, with images of all the twenty-four Tirthankaras. From an adjacent peak Hindus weary of life have been



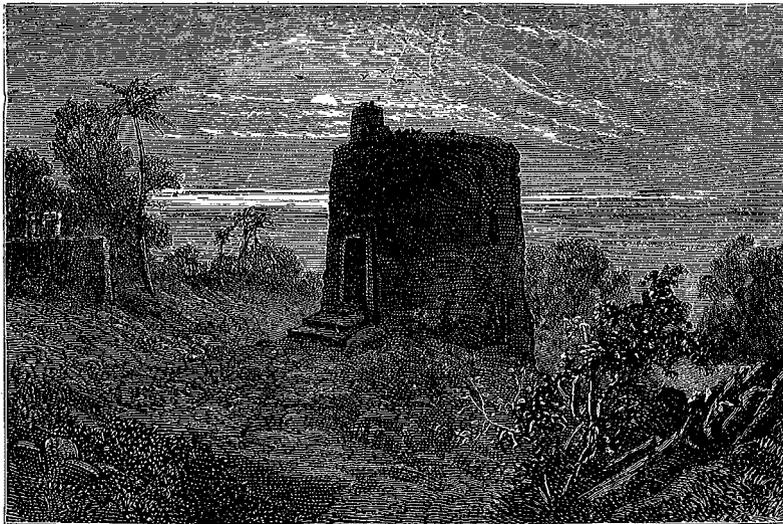
BRAHMAN GIRL OF BOMBAY.

accustomed to throw themselves, in the belief that they would thereby secure immediate entrance into heaven. After visiting *en route* the famous Temple of Somnath,

pillaged and disfigured by Mohammad of Ghuznee eight hundred years before, Mr. Wilson returned to Bombay.

Separation and death, the two dark shadows that seem ever hanging over the family life of Europeans in India, had already visited the Wilsons. Of their four children two had died young, and the eldest, Andrew (since known to fame as traveller and author), had been sent to England. Deeply had the devoted parents felt these rifts in the family circle, but to John Wilson the severest stroke was yet to come.

In March, 1835, Mrs. Wilson wrote to a friend, "Dr. Smyttan has just been here, and says that I cannot live much longer in this country. He urges my going home; I know not what to do. It seems worse than death to part from my husband; but if I must indeed go, the Lord will give me strength in the hour of trial. Dr. S. has not



TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

yet mentioned it to Mr. W. He is afraid of distressing him; and he wished me *first* to give my consent to it. This I can never do."

Within three weeks of writing the above letter, Margaret Wilson was no more. A Sabbath morning saw her gently pass away—to the great grief of all classes of the community. Her name, side by side with that of her great contemporary, Anne Judson, heads the long list of noble-hearted women who in modern days have lived and died for the peoples of Southern Asia.

Mr. Wilson did not let his own personal sorrows interfere with his work for the Master. The English school at Bombay was now a missionary college, which became a very flourishing institution. Dr. Wilson (the diploma came unexpectedly from Edinburgh in 1836) rejoiced also to see his wife's work among the females making progress under the care of her sisters. He ardently pursued his Gospel labours, and great interest was excited by his vigorous controversies with Parsees, Jews, Jains, and Brahmans, both by means of the Press, and also in prolonged discussions. But,

though he could defeat his adversaries in argument, to convert them was quite another matter. "With regard to the conversion of a Parsee," one excited Zoroastrian declared, "you cannot ever dream of the event, because even a Parsee baby crying in the cradle is firmly confident in the venerable Zarthosht." "The conversion of a Parsee, I allow," answered Wilson, "is a work too difficult for me to accomplish. It is not too difficult, however, for the Spirit of God. It is my part to state the truth of God, and it is God's part to give it His blessing."

In 1842, Dr. Wilson published his greatest work, "The Parsi Religion;" but in the meantime three young Parsees at the college had been admitted into the Christian Church. The Parsee community were roused to indignation at the news. Crowds came to the mission house, and tried to decoy away two of the youths who had taken refuge there, and even made a forcible attempt to seize the lads in Dr. Wilson's presence. The baptism had to be carried out under police protection. Thousands of pounds were subscribed by the Parsees to bring the matter into the law courts, and writs were duly served; but it was proved that the youths were over sixteen, and therefore had the right to choose for themselves. But there was great excitement as Dr. Wilson drove away from the court with two of the lads in his carriage. A turbulent crowd of low-class Parsees surrounded the vehicle. Some of them clung to the wheels, and there would have been mischief done but for the interference of European bystanders. Even then the crowd pursued the carriage through the streets, shouting, "Seize! Kill!"

One of the converts, Franji Bahmanji, had been taken possession of by his friends, who carried him before the Parsee Punchayat (or Sanhedrim). Here he was threatened with severe treatment if he renounced the Parsee religion, and riches and pleasures were promised him if he would live in the faith of his fathers. When they found nothing would move him, he was taken home, whilst his female relations beat their bosoms, and mourned as if for the dead. He was afterwards removed to a distance, tied to a tree, and cruelly beaten. For some weeks he was kept in confinement; but at last his friends wearied of their fruitless opposition, and let him return to Bombay. For a time the schools suffered much by the withdrawal of scholars in consequence of Parsee opposition; but they came back again, and in 1842 there were 1,446 young people, of whom 568 were girls, in the Bombay schools.

Dr. Wilson took great interest in the African youths captured from slave-ships, and placed them in the schools at Bombay and Poona. Dr. Livingstone visited Bombay, and, after a period of pleasant intercourse with Dr. Wilson, selected some of these lads as his attendants in his last journey of exploration. The civilisation and evangelisation of Africa was always a subject very dear to Dr. Wilson's heart, and he proved himself a true friend to its people.

Dr. Wilson visited his native land just as the Free Church started into life, and at once heartily co-operated with Chalmers and Duff, and the other "Great-Hearts" of the movement. During this visit he married Miss Isabella Dennistoun, who entered energetically into all his plans, and for twenty years by his side showed the true spirit of the self-sacrificing missionary. Of the sisters Bayne, who had so well carried forward

the work of Margaret Wilson amongst the Indian women, one had married, and one was at rest in the Scottish burial-ground, so that for Isabella Wilson there was an ample field of service, which she well and worthily cultivated. Her "unobtrusive piety and unselfish simplicity" were striking features of her character. Thus was Dr. Wilson twice over especially blessed as regards his experience of married life; and when, in 1867, it was again his lot to suffer the pangs of bereavement, he wrote, "I always felt that one quiet glance of her loving and approving eye was better to me than the applause of the multitude."

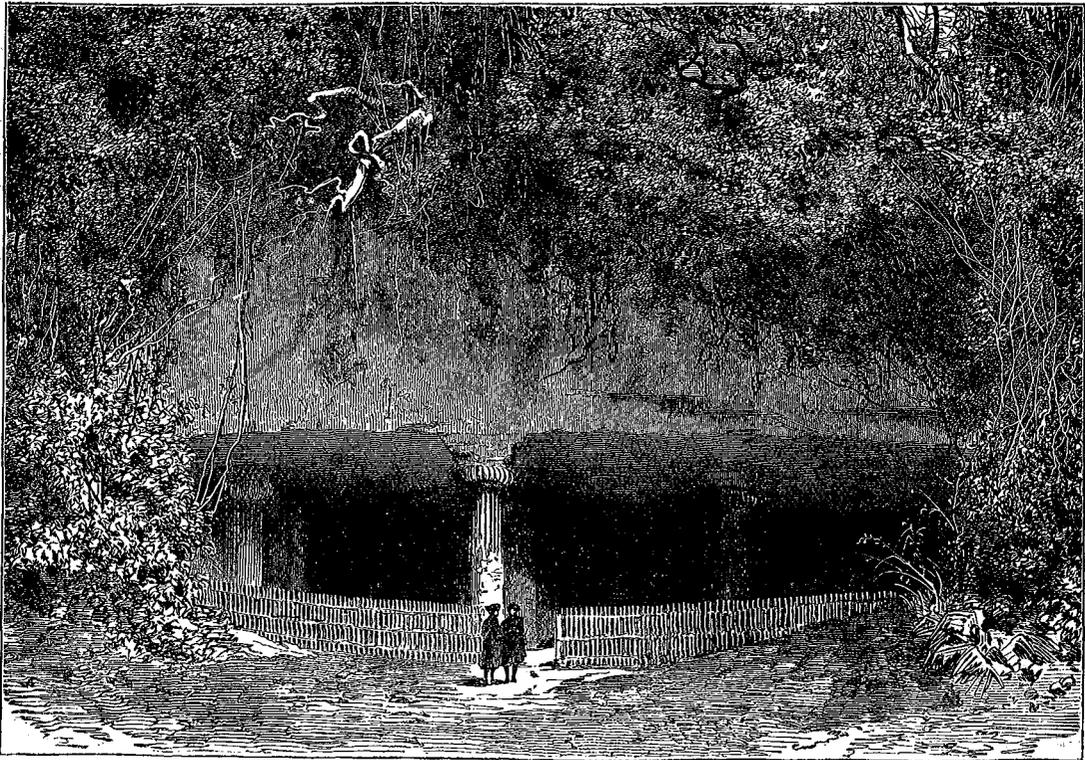
A few months after his return to Bombay with his bride, in 1847, Dr. Wilson was out with his colleague, Mr. Henderson, and a few friends and pupils, making some researches in Salsette Island, when a remarkable incident occurred. "We were attacked," writes Dr. Wilson, "by an immense cloud of wild bees, which had received no sensible provocation from any of our party, and nearly stung to death. Mr. Henderson was the first who was attacked. He soon sank on one of the jungle roads, in the hopeless attempt to guard himself from injury; and he had lain for about fifty minutes in a state of almost total insensibility before he was found by our friends, and any relief could be extended to him. It was on my joining him from behind, when he first gave the alarm, that I came in contact with the thousands of infuriated insects. I sprang into a bush for shelter; but there I got no adequate covering from their onset. In my attempt to free myself from agony and entanglement, I immediately slid over a precipice, tearing both my clothes and body among the thorns in the rapid descent of about forty feet. From the number of bees which still encompassed me and multiplied upon me, and my inability to move from them, I had a pretty strong impression upon my mind that unless God himself specially interfered on my behalf, all my wanderings and journeyings must then have been terminated, though by the humblest agency—the insects of the air. That interposition I experienced! I had kept hold of a pillow with which I had gone to Mr. Henderson; and tearing it open on the bushes when I was unable to rise, I found within it, most unexpectedly, about a couple of square yards of blanket. It was to me in the circumstances like a sheet let down from heaven to cover my head; and partially protected by it, I lay till the bees left me. When from the poison of the numerous stings which I had received, violent vomiting and other agitation came on, and my pulse failed and my heart fainted, a native, a Phakoor, one of the aboriginal sons of the forest, who had come up, pulled me into the shade."

Mr. Henderson and Dr. Wilson were removed in native carts to their tents, and subsequently brought to Bombay, where, under the skilful care of Dr. Burn and other friends, they gradually recovered. The wild bee of India is of a dark chocolate colour, and about an inch and an eighth in length. Instances have been known of natives losing their lives through an attack of the kind described.

Whilst Wilson had been away in Scotland, Scinde had been added to the British dominions. Wilson took the earliest opportunity of visiting the province, and was the first to preach the Gospel to the natives. One day he was sitting beside the river Indus translating, and now and again pausing to survey the scene through his

telescope. Presently he saw a boat dropping down the river; it came nearer, and as it touched an adjacent landing-place, who should step out from it but Dr. Duff. The two friends were overjoyed at this remarkable meeting, and travelled in company through Kutch to Bombay.

We cannot, of course, profess to follow Dr. Wilson through the details of his energetic and laborious career during all the long years that followed—preachings, lectures, discussions, literary labours, deciphering inscriptions, and so forth. For information on the wonderful rock-hewn caves of Elephanta—where, carved in stone,



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, the great Triad of Hindu divinity, have gazed in calm silence for eight hundred years—Wilson was the recognised authority, and no distinguished traveller was allowed to visit these remarkable monuments of antiquity without him.

“In velvet skull-cap and with long wand,” says his biographer, Dr. Smith, “the enthusiastic scholar, with the air of an old knight, would lead his friends through the caves, pouring forth his stores of knowledge with unflagging courtesy, and charming all by the rare combination of goodness and grace, historical and Oriental lore, poetic quotation and scientific reference, genial remark and childlike humour, till visitors like the accomplished Lady Canning declared they had never met such a man.”

With all his scholastic acquirements, Wilson never forgot to put his sacred calling in the foremost place. The Governor of Bombay offered him the post of Oriental

translator to the Government, but Wilson would not risk the chance of being hindered in his duties. He declared he would remain only a missionary, and respectfully declined the honour.

The Indian Mutiny came in 1857, but in Bombay its terrors and anxieties were only felt at a distance. Of its actual horrors nothing was seen, and at a meeting called to consider the need for taking precautions, Wilson offered to walk unarmed at night through any lane in the city. When the Mutiny was over, all throughout India, our wisest and best men, seeing that the great need of the people was "more light," made various efforts in the great cities in the direction of higher education. Amongst other institutions dating from this period is the University of Bombay, of which Wilson became Vice-Chancellor, and it is owing to the exertion of his beneficent influence that a due recognition of the claims of Christian philosophy and literature was obtained.

The year 1870 saw Wilson again in Scotland, presiding as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church. In addresses to the brethren at this great gathering, and in sermons and lectures as the way opened for them, Dr. Wilson fervently pleaded the cause of Indian missions, and roused the Christian Churches of Great Britain to fresh enthusiasm. In the following year he went back to Bombay for a few more years of active service. But the end was now approaching. At intervals he suffered severely from attacks of acute pain; and when, in 1871, the Prince of Wales was anxious to have the pleasure and advantage of Dr. Wilson's company in exploring the caves of Elephanta, the weary veteran was too ill to leave his bed. The Prince sent his portrait by Sir Bartle Frere to the aged missionary, as a token of his regard. There was a grand banquet in the wondrous rock-hewn halls of Elephanta; but the Prince and his hosts could not but regret the absence of one whose painstaking assiduity and erudition had forced the sculptured chambers to reveal their mysterious stories of gods and heroes of a bygone age.

There were at first grounds for hoping that Dr. Wilson might recover from this attack, as he had done from many others. But the improvement was only temporary, and on the 1st of December, 1875, the soul of this great champion of the Cross, who for forty-six years had waged incessant war against the false gods of India, passed away into the eternal rest. It was an imposing funeral that swept through the streets of Bombay to the Scottish burial-grounds, where already lay his two wives, Margaret and Isabella, and his bosom friend, Robert Nesbit.

Dr. Wilson's influence was far vaster than the mere record of known conversions would indicate. An immense number of young people received, through his instruction, Christian ideas and a Christian tone of thought, which could not but influence their lives and the circles in which they mingled. A Parsee gentleman expressed the sentiment of many minds, when he said, "Dr. Wilson did not make me a Christian, but I hope I am a better man for having known him."

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.

Early Labours in Madras—Work of Various Missionary Societies—The Rev. Elijah Hoole—A Ship on Fire—At Negapatam and Tanjore—The Study of Hinduism—Holy Beggars—Some Strange Experiences—Opposition—John Anderson—His School in Madras—Caste—Robert Johnstone—The Rev. J. Braidwood—Trying Ordeals for Young Converts—Leaving all for Christ's Sake—Converts in the Court-Houses—Mooniatta—Samuel Hebich—Early Yearnings for Mission Work at the Basle Mission Institute—Bazaar Preaching—Among Court and Military Officials—Eccentricities—Out Stations and Fishing Villages—Persecutions—A "Devils' Nest"—Sowing Beside all Waters—Hebich's Old Age—and Death.

SHELTERED by the frowning ramparts of the fortress of St. George, the city of Madras had for a hundred years been growing in size and importance before the first mission was established here by Schultze and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The work in this city received valuable aid from Schwartz, and here, too, at times, Sartorius and Geister laboured. In 1742, Fabricius was spared from Tranquebar to come to the help of the Madras Mission in a time of emergency, and remained working there till his resignation in 1788, having "lost his faculties by age, labour, and trouble." Then the faithful Gerické, known to his fellow-workers as "The Primitive Christian," and emphatically styled by Schwartz, "a Nathanael in whom there is no guile," tore himself from his beloved flock at Negapatam, and superintended affairs at Madras till his death in 1803.

The ceaseless labours of these honoured men, aided by many faithful coadjutors, had brought, in all, some five thousand souls into the Christian Church, besides exerting an influence of which mere numbers give no adequate idea. But of late there had been serious troubles; war and political tumult had unsettled men's minds, and the people of Madras had seen the columns of black smoke that tracked the destroying march of Hyder Ali's terrible army. His horsemen ravaged the outlying suburbs, where the mission-work had been mostly carried on; the flocks were dispersed, and the pastors for a time had to take refuge in the fort of St. George, for their mission church and premises in the suburbs of Vepery were made the headquarters of the troops brought from Bengal by the Government to meet the formidable hosts of Ali. These trials were, however, surmounted, and converts were added even in the midst of calamities, until difficulties arose of a more desolating character.

In 1793, a young missionary named Pœzold came out from Halle, and after studying for some time under Schwartz at Tanjore, came to the help of Gerické at Madras. After Gerické's death, in 1803, Pœzold displayed a grasping and litigious spirit which brought dissension into the mission, and the natives saw for the first time a Christian missionary summoning members of his flock in the civil courts.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the Madras Mission was in a declining state, and at the same time Christianity itself seemed to be little regarded by its nominal professors.

The young Irish chaplain, Dr. Kerr, and the Rev. Marmaduke Thompson, successively strove to effect a reformation amongst Europeans. About the same time

David Brown at Calcutta, and his friend Henry Martyn, and a few other chaplains here and there, were endeavouring to raise the Christian tone of European society in India, and were thus preparing the way for the missionary efforts about to be put forth. In 1807 Thompson wanted some Bibles, but all the shops in Madras were searched in vain, and it was two years longer before any arrived for sale. When Henry Martyn preached here on his way to Bengal, his text was: "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God?" His audience seemed scarcely aware that he was quoting Scripture. Quite a storm arose, and he was accused of having "used language in the pulpit so gross as was not fit to be used in any decent place in the presence of decent company."

Through the persistent exertions of Messrs. Kerr and Thompson, an improvement in religious life, and a demand for Bibles and other religious literature, set in. Mr. Thompson tried to establish a Bible Society, but this was forbidden; supplies of Tamil and other Bibles were, however, procured by private subscription.

The London Missionary Society sent to Madras, in 1805, the Rev. W. C. Loveless, an earnest labourer, who fraternally co-operated in some of Mr. Thompson's efforts. The same Society has continued to send a succession of devoted men, who have established schools, preached in streets, bazaars, and villages, and ministered to congregations up to the present time.

In 1814, in response to appeals from the Madras chaplains, the Church Missionary Society sent two missionaries, Messrs. Schnarre and Rhenius, to establish a mission in the part of the city called Blacktown. This work has also been kept up to the present time, and has been fully developed in the various departments of native pastorate, schools, Mohammedan Mission, and Zenana work.

The Wesleyan Mission was begun in 1817 by the Rev. J. Lynch, sent hither from Ceylon. An English society was formed, and a native congregation gathered, and other Wesleyan ministers soon came out to help in the work, and its extension to Negapatam and Bangalore. Amongst these was the Rev. Elijah Hoole, who, with the Rev. James Mowatt and his wife, was passing Ceylon in the ship *Tanjore*, when a fearful storm came on. The rain fell in torrents, the lightning was incessant, and soon after eight p.m. "a flash which illuminated the whole hemisphere, and was accompanied by loud cracking and a tremendous noise, struck the ship, prostrating one of the passengers who was reading by the glare, and killed upon the spot two of the seamen in the fore-castle." The cargo in the hold caught fire, and, in spite of every exertion to quench the flames, the vessel was soon in a blaze. With great difficulty the passengers and crew, forty-eight in number, were crowded into the two boats, and with only three oars and a number of spars, paddled away from the ship, on which the fire was raging fiercely. "It was now about nine o'clock," says Mr. Hoole, "the rain poured in torrents; the lightning continued to stream from one side of the heavens to the other, one moment dazzling us by its glare, and the next leaving us in darkness, relieved only by the red flame of the conflagration from which we were trying to escape."

All through the night the *Tanjore* was burning, the flames from the spirits and

other inflammable goods rising to an enormous height. (Some months afterwards, Mr. Hoole picked up one of the burnt spars three hundred miles off, at Negapatam.) When the sun rose, the occupants of the boat saw land in front; all day they made towards it, and discovered it to be a wild jungle fronted by rocks, upon which the waves dashed furiously. Towards evening they providentially came upon a small native vessel at anchor. The owners ministered to the wants of the famished company, and



MADRAS.

arranged to take them to Trincomalee, which was safely reached next day. A tiny vessel, the *Cochin*, now took the mission party on their way, and they soon saw the British flag waving above the fortress of St. George, and Madras outspread before them like a panorama—"a line of coast several miles in extent, varied by gardens, houses, churches, minarets, waste lands, esplanades, and public buildings."

Mr. Hoole helped the missionaries at Madras for a short time, and was then sent to Negapatam. He travelled in a palanquin with ten bearers, who relieved each other at short intervals, and had also six porters for his luggage. At first his mind was much disturbed at being supported by men, but he soon found that palanquin-bearers were amongst the most satisfied and cheerful of the Hindu people. Sometimes at the end of a stage they had fierce quarrels among themselves, all about nothing, and

leading to no particular result. Hoole tells how one of his missionary friends once imagined a disturbance of this kind to be the prelude to his own murder, and astonished the bearers by offering them his watch and money to propitiate them.

By way of Pondicherry and Tranquebar, Hoole reached Negapatam in eight days. Here he found Mr. Squance, who was delighted to receive a helper, and the two were soon going about to the choultries (or travellers' resting-places) preaching and singing, and distributing portions of Scripture. Hindu temples abounded at Negapatam, but the thriving town of Nagore, four miles off, was picturesque with mosques and lofty minarets. In one mosque was a sacred cassowary, which was alleged to eat fire.



ZION CHURCH, MADRAS. (*Church Missionary Society.*)

Hoole and Squance visited Nagore freely, but their poor Cingalese assistant, going there alone to address the people, was set upon by the fierce Mohammedans, and narrowly escaped being stoned.

Mr. Hoole, after some months' service at Negapatam, and a diligent study of the Tamil language, went by palanquin a long journey into the interior of the country. At Neddiamungulum he was almost stunned by the uproar of the people, who were firing crackers, beating tom-toms, and shouting in honour of Rama. In the midst of the crowd was the heavy black-wood car, fifty feet in height, "exquisitely carved with very disgusting figures," illustrating the god's adventures. High up in the car, beneath a canopy of coloured cloth, sat the idol, surrounded by shouting Brahmans. Hundreds of men tugged at the cables, or worked at the wheels with levers—it was a nine days' task to get the huge affair once round the temple. It was motionless for six hours whilst Mr. Hoole was in the town, one wheel having sunk in a soft place, and

he was glad to resume his journey when evening came, for he saw a tendency to regard him suspiciously as the probable cause of the obstruction.

At Tanjore, he was entertained by Kolhof, a pupil of Schwartz. The Rajah Serfojee was absent, having gone on pilgrimage to Benares, much to the disappointment of his missionary friends, to wash away his sins in Gunga's waters. Hoole rejoiced at seeing the prosperous state of the mission here, and went on his way. Next evening he saw the famous rock of Trichinopoly, lit up by the setting sun. Under the care of the missionary Rosen, Hoole duly inspected the oft-described temple and fortress, and on Good Friday attended service in the church where Schwartz had often ministered, and in which Bishop Heber was soon afterwards to preach his last sermon.

By successive stages Mr. Hoole journeyed on to Bangalore, where he was joined by his fellow-voyagers, Mr. and Mrs. Mowatt, and the little band went zealously to work to establish a permanent mission. The study of the language, of course, still took up a good deal of time, but within a few weeks of his arrival Hoole was preaching in the open air to mixed crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans in their own Tamil tongue. Then a house was obtained, and the nucleus of a settled congregation was formed. But Hoole did not confine himself to Bangalore; as the pioneer Methodist missionary of Southern India, he took many a long weary journey to Mysore, to Seringapatam, to Madras, and other places, seeking everywhere for opportunities to plant the standard of the Cross.

At the mission station at Bangalore, Hoole studied Hinduism both in its literature and in its practical exemplification. His teacher was Govinda Moodely, a learned man with the triple mark of Vishnu on his forehead, who, as they read together "an extraordinary medley of mythological fables, morals and metaphysics, rapturously pointed out the beauties of the composition, and triumphantly bade the missionary admire the excellent morals inculcated." But when Hoole pointed to the crimes and insane follies which were recorded as deeds of the gods, poor Govinda was ashamed. Long and frequent were the arguments, but though this learned Hindu saw the superior purity and truthfulness of the Bible, he refused to accept its teachings. Like all Tamil scholars, he was a poet, and after asking a few questions wrote a poetical account of Hoole's life, rhyming at the beginning of the lines, as is the Tamil custom, instead of at the end.

Govinda introduced Hoole into some of the temples, but repented of having done so when the missionary plainly gave his opinion of the "abominable figures displayed." Hoole gives an interesting account of the origin and progress of a small temple under his own observation. "I had observed a mound," he says, "on a small piece of waste ground by the roadside, sometimes decorated with flowers, and which I was told was the burial-place of a heathen man or woman. Within a short time a sort of heading to the grave was built, with a hole for a small lamp, which was sometimes lighted, and flowering shrubs were planted about it. I saw women and carmen, passing with firewood, throwing each a small stick, or faggot, as an offering, and was told that loads of bricks and tiles passing that way generally left a tribute of one brick or tile, the carman not fearing to rob his master for so pious a

purpose. Within a few months, by these contributions, a small temple rose, having its idol, its servant, and its worshippers, whose festivals were generally more noisy than any others in the vicinity."

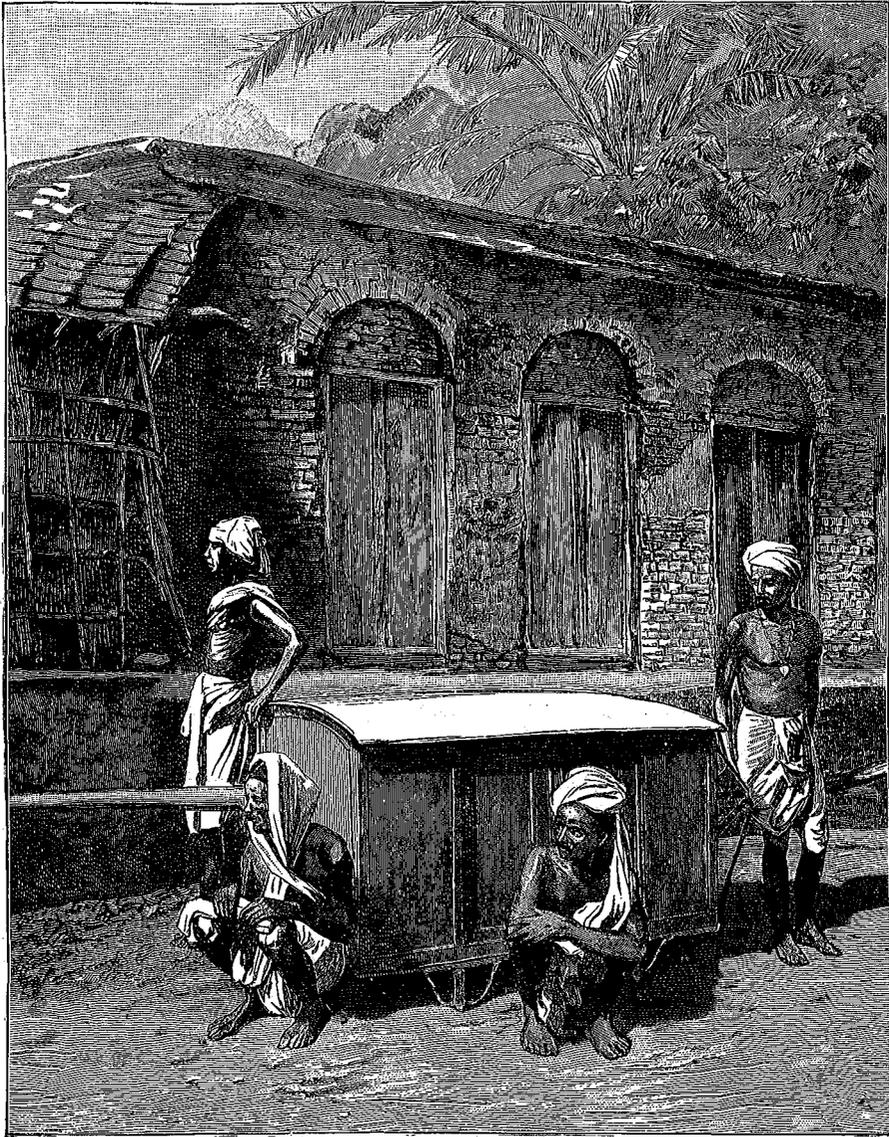
Govinda, when expatiating on the excellences of Hinduism, declared that there were in the mountains *yogis* (or hermits) who had lived in caves without food, and in entire abstraction from the world, for several hundred years. Hoole offered to go any distance with him to see these men, and pay all expenses—an offer never accepted. The missionary saw, however, plenty of pilgrims performing *shāntāngasu* before the temples by repeatedly lying flat, face downwards, till now and again they writhed in real or pretended convulsions of religious ecstasy. Then, too, there were the holy beggars, as dirty as they were holy, with spikes through their tongues and cheeks. Some lit fires on their head as proof of their sanctity, others journeyed along with many spikes pointing upwards from the soles of their sandals.

Instant in season and out of season, Mr. Hoole faithfully delivered his message to the Brahmans who guarded these heathen shrines, to his fellow-passengers on the river boats, to the bustling crowds in noisy bazaars. To many a devotee or pilgrim who rested with him in the shade at noonday he spoke words that they were not likely to forget. The most difficult to make any satisfactory impression on were those who affected the broadest toleration. "It is true," said one influential person, "that there is only one God, and He is Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, Christ, or whatever you please to call Him."

In one village Hoole had a curious experience. He says—"A woman brought a quantity of milk for me in a measure formed by part of a joint of the bamboo; not wishing to defile the vessel in her estimation by drinking from it, I put my hands together to form a channel to my mouth, in the manner customary with the natives, whilst one of the men poured out for me to drink. I had soon drunk enough; but both hands and mouth being occupied, I had no means of expressing myself, and was obliged to continue drinking until I had finished the whole."

In the course of his journeying, Mr. Hoole often met the running postmen, who were at that time the regular means of communication between the different European stations in India. The mail-bags were carried by men, who simply ran from stage to stage, about ten or fourteen miles each, having no other weapon than a staff with a few links of chain at the upper end. The jingling noise was considered to frighten serpents out of their path, and at night a long lighted torch was also borne. In this way the mails were carried at the rate of a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The year 1824 was a time of prolonged drought, and of consequent famine and pestilence in the vicinity of Madras. Few families, Hindu or European, entirely escaped its influence. The effects in the surrounding country were terrible; "men and cattle were to be seen lying dead, and the latter being frequently allowed to remain unburied, tainted the air with noxious effluvia;" the fish at the bottom of tanks and rivers became a prey for kites and crows, whilst even the birds were frequently dropping dead in their flight. Many Hindus ignored their caste prejudices, and crowded to receive the food charitably bestowed on them. Others sternly adhered

to their customs. "One day," says Mr. Hoole, "whilst we were at dinner in the mission house in Madras, a woman, much worn by hunger and fatigue, came into the garden, and, standing opposite our door, gently lowered from her back a tall lad

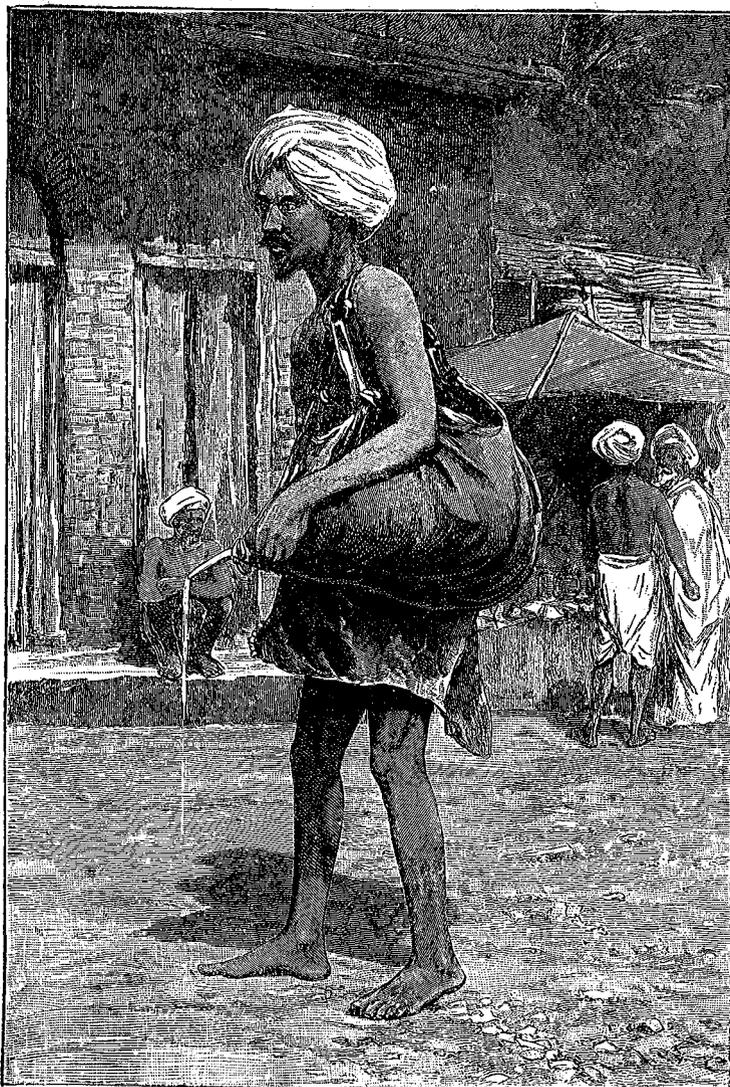


PALANQUIN AND BEARERS.

reduced to a mere skeleton, unable to stand or move without help, imploring pity and assistance. I immediately directed the rice and curry on the table to be taken to them, but the woman both rejected it herself and refused it to her famishing child, because it was against the rules of the caste to eat any food cooked or touched by Europeans."

Mr. Hoole saw several years successively, at Royapettah, the notorious hook-

swinging performed by devotees. A horizontal bar forty feet long turned on a point at the top of a tall perpendicular pole. One end of the cross-pole had attached to it a rope, which men held as they ran round in a circle; the other end of the cross-pole was furnished with bright iron hooks, on which the devotees



HINDU WATER-CARRIER.

swung in turns, the hooks being passed through the muscles and flesh of the middle of the back. Some whilst swinging scattered flowers among the crowd. The Brahmans disavowed this hook-swinging, which was, however, a favourite devotional exercise amongst lower-class Hindus, generally in consequence of vows made in time of sickness or danger, and also very frequently, it was understood, out of gratitude for having escaped punishment after committing a crime.

A curious custom which Hoole mentions is the weekly feeding by the Hindus of the Brahmany kite, the representation of Garuda, who is to Vishnu very much what the eagle is to Jupiter in classic mythology. Garuda was held to combine the wings and powers of a bird with somewhat of a man's form and intelligence. Images of Vishnu and one or two of his wives, borne through space by Garuda, are not uncommon. On Sunday morning Hoole saw the religious bird-feeding in progress. Respectable natives were seen on all the public roads with small baskets containing bits of flesh. They called out "Hari! Hari!" (one of the titles of Vishnu) till the kites, which had learned the meaning of the sound, hovered within a few yards of the ground, and stooped on the way to catch the bits of flesh thrown up to them by their worshippers.

After nearly ten years of missionary service in India, it became apparent that Mr. Hoole's almost continuous labours over a large extent of country had overtaxed his strength, and, to the great sorrow of his brother missionaries and their congregations, he returned in broken health to England. He recovered his strength, and for forty years, as one of the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, rendered invaluable services to the cause. As an Oriental scholar he acquired a high reputation, and his own personal experience as a pioneer missionary rendered him specially fitted to watch over the subsequent large developments of the Wesleyan missionary work in India. Very numerous are the Wesleyan mission stations and schools in Southern India at the present time. To the Wesleyan work in Ceylon we shall refer in another chapter.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has accomplished much in the Madras Presidency. In 1826 it took over the work of the S.P.C.K. Reorganised and endued with fresh vitality, these missions entered on a long and prosperous career of continued progress. In 1835 Bishop Corrie became the first Bishop of Madras, and has been since succeeded by Bishops Spencer, Dealtry, and Gell. Nearly fifty-five thousand persons attend the Society's mission services in this diocese; and of the eighty-five clergy, seventy are natives.

The American Board of Foreign Missions planted numerous stations in Southern India in 1834, and in 1836 sent Messrs. Winslow and Scudder to Madras. Soon afterwards they purchased the extensive printing establishments of the Church Missionary Society, and did a large amount of printing for their own stations, and also for other mission societies. Many village congregations were gathered and schools set up. At Madras their educational efforts were warmly appreciated, but conversions aroused great opposition. One young convert was carried off by force to a distant temple, and there shut up and drugged till he became imbecile. At Royapuram suburb the missionaries used to preach in the house of a native merchant, but the services were interrupted by loud shouting and the beating of drums by a crowd outside. Dried chillis were burnt on an adjoining verandah, till the congregation were almost stifled with the suffocating smoke. Stone-throwing was a matter of constant occurrence, and at length the people burnt down the house. It was rebuilt, and in the meantime Scudder and Winslow preached in a tent. Sometimes at a given signal the pegs were all pulled up,

and the whole concern came down on the heads of the assembly. Police protection had to be obtained to enable the work to be carried on. Except as a printing establishment, the American Board Mission in Madras does not appear to have been at any time a distinguished success.

We have told in a previous chapter how the missionary labours of Dr. Duff at Calcutta were in the year 1834 interrupted by severe illness. It almost seemed as if his career of usefulness was to be cut short. But a visit to his own country gave fresh energy to his shattered frame, and at the next General Assembly he uttered the memorable oration on the subject of missions, which so effectually roused in the Church of Scotland a fresh enthusiasm for the cause. The institutions established at Calcutta by Dr. Duff, and at Bombay by Dr. Wilson, were attracting great interest, and the desire arose that mission work on similar lines should be set on foot in the Madras Presidency. The man who was to do this work was ready for the call. He wrote in after-years:—"We well remember the time when, on his return from India, the Rev. Dr. Duff, emaciated by disease, and worn with the strenuous exertions of the first five years of his missionary life, delivered his first speech on Indian Missions before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Though not privileged to hear him deliver it, we know that its statements flew like lightning through the length and breadth of Scotland, vibrated through and warmed many hearts hitherto cold to missions, and tended to produce unity among brethren standing aloof from each other. Never will we forget the day, when a few of its living fragments caught our eye in a newspaper in our quiet retreat on the banks of the Nith, near Dumfries, when suffering from great bodily weakness. It kindled a spirit within us that raised us up from our bed, and pointed, as if with the finger, to India as the field of our future labours, should it please God to spare our life and to open up the way."

The writer of those words was John Anderson, who was born in 1805 at the farm of Craig in Galloway. His blind father was a skilful practical farmer, and seemed to have the greater part of the Bible in his memory. To this pious Scotchman and his loving wife were born nine sons and daughters, of whom John was eldest. "He was nursed" (his biographer, Mr. Braidwood, tells us) "amid hills and streams, amid the memories and gravestones of martyrs, and the straits and joys of humble Scottish life." At the parish school he gained the elements of learning, and at the Sabbath-school came under deep religious impressions, which ultimately led him to consecrate his life to the service of his Maker. But as a boy he was "remarkably bold and adventurous" in boyish pursuits, and books of history and travel were his favourite reading. He was passionately fond of fishing, and once after a heavy fall of rain, astonished the household by bringing home a fine haul of trout in one of the family blankets. This article, with the aid of a companion, he had dexterously used as a net.

Anderson's youth was one of frequent hardship and of trying experiences, to which, however, he makes but brief reference. In spite of difficulties, Anderson studied Latin diligently, and learned by heart fine passages in the classics that pleased him. In his twenty-second year he entered Edinburgh University and gained prizes for Latin

verses, and in other ways distinguished himself—gaining high commendation from Dr. Chalmers and other professors.

At Edinburgh Anderson studied for eight years, supporting himself by one teaching engagement after another. During one winter his daily toil was as follows:—His morning was spent in the classes, and then in the afternoon he had to walk two miles to Leith, where he was teaching in the Mariners' School. About nine o'clock he got back to Edinburgh, and then set to work by his solitary rushlight preparing the tasks which it was necessary to have ready next morning. His friend Professor McCosh describes him at this time as "tall, thin, and angular; his countenance was sharp and strongly marked with small-pox; it looked weather-beaten, and altogether gave unmistakable indications that he who bore it had come through trials and temptations. His picturesqueness was increased by reason of his wearing a long, flowing, blue camlet cloak." The professor goes on to describe Anderson's high intellectual powers, his flowing conversation and healthy piety.

Anderson was thirty years of age when he broke down with overstudy and overwork, and for nearly two years he was feared to be dying of consumption. But health and strength returned sufficiently to permit of his undertaking the service to which during his time of weakness he consecrated himself. In August, 1836, a duly appointed missionary of the Church of Scotland, he set sail on his five thousand miles' journey to his field of labour.

He reached Madras, where an elementary school established by the Scotch chaplains was removed by Mr. Anderson to a central position in Black Town, and transformed into an institution for supplying the native population with a liberal English education. But he made no secret of his ultimate objects, which he plainly declared in his prospectus printed in the local papers. After alluding to the schools established by Duff and Wilson, he explained his own intentions, and added:—"The ultimate object is that each of these institutions shall be a Normal Seminary in which native teachers and preachers may be trained up, to convey to their benighted countrymen the benefit of a sound education, and the blessings of the Gospel of Christ." With one English assistant and some moonshees, Mr. Anderson opened school with fifty-nine pupils; but in less than two years he had two hundred and seventy-seven under his care. Then came a time of trouble. Two boys of the Pariah class with Brahman marks on their foreheads came to the school. After a time the deception was discovered, and some of the high-caste youths and their friends vehemently demanded the expulsion of the Pariahs. Anderson stoutly refused to recognise caste in the institution—all who came voluntarily might remain. The result was that a hundred pupils left, and there was great excitement in the whole community. But the storm passed over, and the work again flourished, and it was seen to be needful to extend it. But the strain was too much for Anderson alone, and he was soon afterwards joined by his gifted associate, Robert Johnstone. "True Yoke-fellows in the Mission Field" is the appropriate title of Mr. Braidwood's interesting volume narrating their joint labours, and Mr. Hunter styles Anderson "the Luther," and Johnstone "the Melancthon" of the Madras Mission.

At Craigie Burn farm, near Moffatt, Robert Johnstone first saw the light, on December 16, 1807. The parish school and the Sabbath-school supplied his early education, and it was his mother's dying wish that he should be a minister. He was the devoted friend of Anderson at Edinburgh, and a sharer with him in Christian work. When the Foreign Missions Committee saw Anderson likely to break down through overwork at Madras, they asked Johnstone to go out to his friend's assistance, and after much prayerful deliberation he accepted the appointment. January, 1839, saw Anderson clasping his friend's hands in the cabin of the *Lady Flora* in the Madras Roads, and presently they were being rowed by madly yelling boatmen through the surf to the shore. "It being the vacation," writes Johnstone, "the school was shut; many of the pupils came to see me; two converted natives, one the son of the late Rajah of Cochin, and the other a very high-class Brahman who attends him, came the first night; they have given up all for Christ; their effigies were burnt after their baptism; their relatives have renounced them for ever. One of them wished me to pray on account of my safe arrival; this was interesting. I could not help asking what I had given compared with these youths!"

Forty miles from Benares stands the ancient Dravidian city of Conjeveram, with its grand Sivavite and Vishnuvite temples and its crowds of attendant Brahmans and dancing girls. Here in May, 1839, when the great annual festival, which attracts a hundred thousand worshippers, was in full swing, Mr. Anderson opened a Christian school in a portion of a stable. This branch establishment began with eight pupils, but soon rose to forty. But twice it seemed as if the devoted missionary was to lose his life over this effort, as first fever and then cholera prostrated him. But his health returned, and soon more help was obtained, and fresh branches were opened at Chingleput, Nellore, and Triplicane. In January, 1841, the Rev. J. Braidwood and his wife came out eager to educate the girls and young women of India. The youths were induced to compete for a prize for the best essay on native female education, and in studying the subject they became so enthusiastic that they set to work trying to teach their female relations. But an unforeseen difficulty arose, through the ladies refusing to enter into the spirit of the thing. The Braidwoods, too, failed for a time in their efforts to set up a girls' school in Black Town.



THE LATE REV. P. RAJAHGOPAUL.

The year 1841 gave the missionaries some of the first fruits they had been longing for. One Sunday in June, after the truth had been working in each of their minds for about a year, P. Rajahgopaul and A. Venkataramiah were baptised. "They were by far the two best, most interesting and intelligent lads of the first class, both in their general bearing and in every department of study, especially in mathematics, where they stand acknowledged the best." As a matter of necessity, the two youths remained that Sunday night at the mission-house; they partook of the evening meal with the missionaries, and thereby broke the chain of caste. Next morning for two hours "these two devoted youths," says Anderson, "were called upon to endure a sharp, fiery trial before their uncles and two or three of their near relatives. No art was left untried to induce them to swerve from their faith, and to go back to Hinduism. Their appeals to the youths and to myself were a trial to flesh and blood, such as in all my life I never had witnessed and felt; and their looks of despair and of silence when they saw the youths so firm, might have moved a heart of stone to pity them. "What! what!" they often cried out, "does Christianity teach you to hate us, your fathers and mothers and friends! What a religion is this!"—"No, no," both lads replied, their eyes streaming with tears; 'Christianity tells us to love you; you know we love you, and our mothers our fathers, and our brothers; we love you better than ever; we pray for you day and night, that the Lord may have mercy on your souls.'

Rajahgopaul, writing in after-years of this trying interview, says: "I came through overwhelming struggles of mind in leaving behind me one of the noblest of mothers, whose sole earthly prop and support I was Venka had a most affectionate mother lingering on a bed of sickness. . . . The only point upon which we were weak was our fond attachment to our mothers. Now that we were to bid them, as we imagined, an eternal farewell, they seemed to be more lovely than ever, more tender, more entwined with the best and deepest of our affections. We were told of our mothers, that one was at her last gasp, and the other waiting to receive the news of our declining to return home, to sacrifice her life. We were reminded of their ten thousand acts of tender affection; what bright prospects and joys they associated with our progress in education; and now what a wrench it will be to their nature to bury us alive in the vilest of graves—Christianity. These were enforced by tears, sobs and cries, and by one of our uncles threatening to stab himself with a knife that lay on the table. I remember yet vividly their retiring from the scene, tottering along, looking now and then as one who had newly interred in the grave his only first-born, with a look of inexpressible tenderness and despair. The two families began to curse each other. My people spoke of Venka as the cause of my degradation; his in return held me up as the sole cause of their poor, bewildered, apostate son's ruin."

That same day the youths and their teachers were summoned to the police station. The magistrates (one of whom was a Brahman) heard the case patiently, and then told the youths they were of age to judge and think for themselves. As they left the court, there was a rush by the people, and an unsuccessful attempt at

rescue, and for two or three days the mission house was surrounded by threatening crowds; for six weeks the missionaries felt it best not to leave the house.

A month or two afterwards, another youth, Ettirajooloo, who had been for some time attached to Christianity, was baptised in the mission house. After the previous baptism, he had been for a time kept at home, but he wrote asking to be prayed for, and stating that his Bible had been taken away and burnt. Once or twice he managed to visit Anderson, bringing the horoscope which is made out at every Brahman's birth, and which proved his age, and begging to be baptised. On his face were marks of the cruel scourge with which he had been flogged. Mr. Anderson still advised him to wait for a time and fully consider the results of taking the final step. "At last, one Monday night, about nine o'clock, being a notable new moon, when his stepfather had gone out to collect money among his friends for the idol, his friend Venkataramiah, who had observed his entrance in the middle of our evening prayer, suddenly exclaimed, 'Lord, we praise Thee that Thou hast heard our prayers; Thou hast given us an immediate answer; Thou hast brought Thy servant!' A few minutes before, we had prayed for him by name. We determined now to baptise him. I could not again send him back. Accordingly, I baptised him next morning."

The immediate result of these baptisms was the scattering of four hundred scholars, —only thirty or forty remained. Of the scattered ones at least a hundred could read the English Bible. Mr. Anderson now started the *Madras Native Herald*, which for many years did good service as an assailant of idolatry and a defender of Christianity. It formed an important link with the inquiring young Hindus no longer under his personal care. In a few months the schools had fairly recovered from the effects of the storm, and two hundred and seventy-eight pupils were present at the examination in January, 1842. During that year, in spite of more baptisms, the number rose yet higher. Meanwhile, the Hindu party were doing all they could to oppose missionary progress. They started a high-class heathen school, and stirred up the people to renewed enthusiasm in the performance of all their heathen rites and ceremonies.

One of Siva's festivals (Kutchel Easwaren) came round as usual in April. "Morning and evening for many days," says Mr. Braidwood, "sometimes at midnight and sometimes long before the dawn, crowds of idolaters pass our windows carrying their gods. Lesser idols are brought from their temples, to give importance to the principal one seated on a platform, which is supported by poles and carried along the streets by forty or fifty sweating coolies. In front of it walks a band of temple women, without fear or shame, parading their ornaments. After it come Brahmans, chanting a hymn, their foreheads and naked arms rubbed with ashes, their heads, as usual, bare; hand in hand they walk amidst the vast crowd, Satan's chief and willing servants. Cymbals, tom-toms, and pipes accompany; rockets ascend at intervals; flaming torches and blue lights in base effrontery contend with the moon's pure brightness. A maddening joy shoots through the immense multitude as they drag the idol on its car past our door. There is no lack of willing arms; mothers make their tender daughters lay their hands on the huge ropes. The idol is decked with jewels and

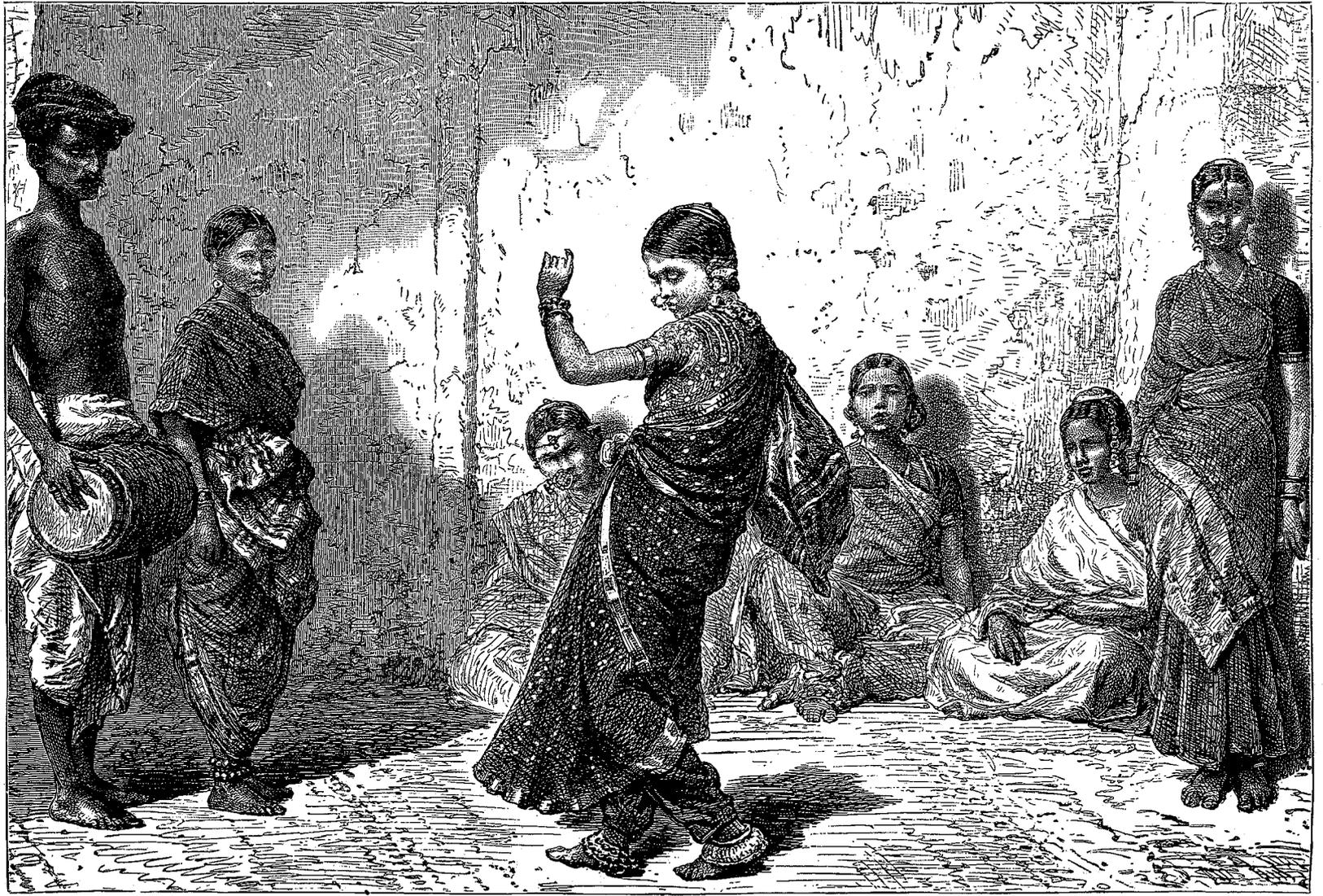
flowers; agile Brahmans at its feet receive cloth and money from the worshippers, and give in return a hallowed piece of a cocoa-nut. Idolatry is a living power; rich and poor mingle in the concourse, and many respectable women are seldom seen except on such occasions."

At the time of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, the missionaries in Madras, like their brethren at Bombay and Calcutta, cast in their lot with the Free Church. During succeeding years, fresh converts were from time to time gathered in. The case of the young Brahman Rajahvooloo was a very interesting one. His relations attacked the mission house with stones and hatchets to carry him off by force, and being foiled in the attempt obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*. It came before Sir William Burton, and the father swore that the lad was only twelve years of age. He was proved, however, to be seventeen, and by his replies to questions satisfied the judge as regards both his discretion and his voluntary determination to go with Mr. Anderson. The judge decided that the youth was perfectly free to choose for himself, and directed the sheriff to see him safely taken to the mission house.

It was more easy to give this direction than to carry it out. "It is impossible," says Mr. Braidwood, "to give an idea of the tumultuous scene that followed. Within the court-house were crowds of Brahmans and other natives of all castes, who began to move and swell like a troubled sea: outside was a large mass unable to get in, whose feelings had been roused by the cries of the youth's mother. The mob swayed to and fro like the deafening surge. Mr. Anderson was advised to retire out of view, while the other missionary remained with the youth. The congregated masses in front did not disperse; and the Brahmans resolved to rescue the boy at all risks. The day was declining. A conveyance was stationed at the sheriff's office as a decoy, whilst Mr. Anderson's was brought to the back part of the buildings. Scarcely had the youth and his protectors got into it when hands were thrust out to stop the wheels. The coachman's whip made the old fiery war-horse bound through their midst. A shower of missiles rattled on the carriage; through the smashed shutters behind, a body of Brahmans were seen in full cry, pelting as they pursued. In a few seconds the gate of the mission house was reached. The police were there to prevent further molestation. "The native community," said the *Atlas*, "appear panic-stricken by this occurrence: the moral benefits of it to them can hardly be estimated, whilst the present position of the missionaries cannot fail to command the increased sympathies of all true Christians."

As the immediate result of these conversions, three hundred pupils were withdrawn from the schools, and a memorial went up from heathen natives to the Court of Directors praying to be saved from "the fangs of the missionaries." But this storm, like preceding ones, was successfully weathered, and larger premises in a more prominent position were secured as headquarters.

Early in 1847 there were conversions amongst the girls and young women, with whom Mrs. Braidwood had been so zealously and lovingly labouring. Unnum and Mooniatta, two Tamil maidens from the first class of the girls' school, confessed their conviction of the truth of Christianity. About a month afterwards both these girls



HINDU DANCING GIRLS.

found that they were about to be married without having been consulted in the matter. As the last chance of escape from a heathen life, they fled to the mission house. Unnum's case was soon arranged; her grandmother and guardian was Ummariee Ummah, already herself inclined to be a Christian, and subsequently baptised under the name of Sarah. But Mooniatta's case was to be a far more difficult one. On the morning after she had taken refuge with the missionaries, her mother Jyalanda and a number of relatives came to the mission house, and strove with threats to induce Mooniatta to return with them. But the girl was firm in her refusal to go back to idolatry, and the next step taken by the relatives was to take out a writ of *habeas corpus* against Mr. Anderson. Whilst the heathen crowd, armed with iron bars and stones, were still raging in front of the house, and were only kept from open violence by the presence of the chief magistrate and the police, two other girls, Venkatlutchmoo and Yaygah, arrived, and on the following day, another, named Mungah. The three last named were Teloogoos, and experienced little opposition from their relatives. But at the girls' school the attendance sank from 170 on the Wednesday to only three on the Thursday, and these disappeared before the end of the week. The branch schools also suffered.

When the day came for Mooniatta's case to be heard in court, Mr. Anderson came up with the girl in obedience to the writ. The mother Jyalanda brought a horoscope to prove that her daughter was only seven years, eight months, and twenty-seven days old. But the girl was some five years or more older than that, and the horoscope was undoubtedly a forgery. The judge decided that if the girl possessed sufficient discretion to act for herself, she could not be prevented from going where she pleased.

"Whither do you wish to go—Mr. Anderson's, or your mother's?" asked the judge, Sir William Burton, who had previously decided the Ragavooloo case.

"I like to go to Mr. Anderson's," replied the girl.

"Now, consider," said Sir William; "you were born to your mother, your mother suckled you at her breast, she carried you about when you were a little child, she gave you food and clothes, she put you to a good school; now, what is the reason that you wish to leave her and go to another place?"

"If I go home," firmly replied Mooniatta, "they will force me to worship idols made by men; they have eyes but they see not; ears have they but they hear not; a mouth have they, but they speak not. I wish to go to a place where I can be saved."

Some further questions were then asked as to her religious belief, to all of which she gave clear and satisfactory replies. She had just answered a searching question as to her convictions with reference to Christian worship, when, "at this moment," says Mr. Braidwood, "her eldest brother, a man of twenty-four, who had watched her from the beginning, and, after moving close to her, had been whispering, 'Come away, come away, do not say that,' suddenly seized her arm with one hand, and took hold of her upper cloth with the other, and almost strangled her as he attempted to drag her away. It was the work of a moment. Mooniatta gave a loud scream. The baton of a European constable was heard on the knuckles of her

brother, making him relax his death-like grasp. The judge rose from his seat; the whole court was in confusion; they lifted the trembling girl and placed her on a chair; the brother was seized and carried off; Mooniatta had much pain in her arm and neck, and was not in a state to be examined further. Her companion Unnum kept fast hold of one hand. They were removed to a side room. The Court ordered the girl to be taken back to Mr. Anderson's and produced when required. Thus passed four agitating, exhausting hours."

The case was resumed on May 3rd, when the judges decided that in all these cases "age, discretion, and special circumstances," had to be taken into account. A very material "special circumstance" was the sending of the children by the parents to Mr. Anderson's school. Mooniatta was declared free to choose for herself. Her name became permanently enshrined in the records of Indian law cases, and it seems a great pity that it was changed to Ruth at baptism.

No doubt to some readers it may appear strange that a girl of thirteen should be deemed old enough to leave her relatives for the purpose of baptism; but the physical and mental precocity of Oriental women must be borne in mind, and also the fact that as soon as she is twelve, a girl is liable to be married, and may very probably have no other opportunity of uniting herself with the Christian Church. Young mothers of only thirteen years of age are pitiably common in India, and it cannot be maintained that a female deemed old enough for maternity is too young to decide for herself as to religious profession.

Amongst the valued helpers of the Madras Mission was Miss Locher, a Swiss lady. A little before the events last narrated, she had become Mrs. Anderson, and it was soon her lot to stay and watch over the female converts while her husband was absent nearly two years to regain health and strength in Europe. Soon after his return it was evident that Mr. Johnstone's constitution was breaking up. Consumption had taken a firm hold upon him, before he was carried on board the steamer in a palanquin in February, 1851. He rallied for a short time after the homeward voyage, and then peacefully died in the house of Lady Foulis at Edinburgh, in March, 1853.

Three or four of the converts were now native preachers, doing good service to the cause, and more helpers from Scotland also came to the work. One of these, Mr. Blyth, tells us how astonished he was to find the threat of half an hour's extra tuition (for not giving satisfaction) was hailed with delight by the scholar. "Being kept" was of no account here as a means of discipline!

During succeeding years there were many baptisms of converts, and several more natives from time to time entered the ministry. One curious case was that of Nagalingum. He was educated in a heathen school, where English books were used, because, although felt to be dangerous, they were vastly superior in all other respects to anything of Hindu manufacture. One day the 115th Psalm, with its graphic description of heathen idols, was read in class, and Nagalingum was so excited by it that he cried out aloud, "I will be a Christian." The teacher was at first astounded, and then, rising to the level of the occasion, flogged the class all round to prevent this horrible notion from spreading further! But Nagalingum's convictions could not

be beaten out of him, and soon afterwards he fled to the mission, and was baptised with ten others.

Early in 1855 the veteran founder of the mission, Mr. Anderson, gave signs of speedy departure from the field of service. Remittent fever set in, and the symptoms became so grave that it had to be intimated to him that his end was near. "I thank you, beloved friend," he replied to Dr. Lorimer, "for making so simple and direct a statement. It makes me lean on the Lord entirely, and love my heavenly Father more, Jesus my Saviour, the mission and all in it, and my loving and faithful wife. I feel that the mission will never want men to labour, or means, or converts, or institutions. People of all denominations will support it, for the Lord has His hand here." There were a few more expressions of his steadfast faith, and two or three days of lingering weakness, and then, upon a Sabbath morning in March, 1855, his spirit gently passed away. He was deeply and sincerely mourned, and that not only by the English residents and the Christian converts. The bereaved widow heard with tearful joy how that even the heathen mothers were telling their children that the benefactor of the Hindus had died. They all understood that he loved them, for his heart was open to every one.

Under a succession of able and devoted men and women, the Madras schools and missions of the Free Church of Scotland have maintained and increased their efficiency and success. Native preachers and teachers have been sent out to various large Tamil- and Telegu-speaking towns in the interior. The institute has, under the Rev. Dr. Miller, developed into the United Christian College for all South India.

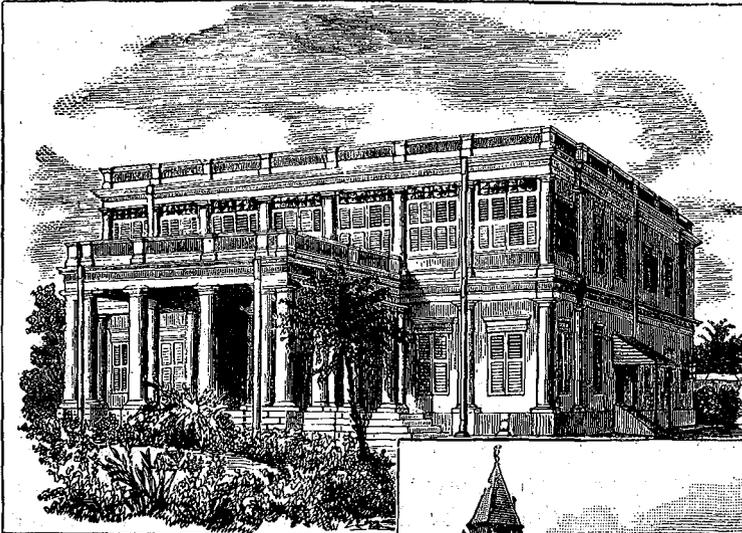
We have now to speak of the important work carried on for a quarter of a century in the Madras Presidency (though for the most part on its western shore) by Hebich and his associates.

When on Christmas Day, 1827, the sturdy little pastor of Nellingen, so renowned for his skill as a swordsman, died with the "Odes of Horace" on the bed beside him, he left behind him seven sons, each a head taller than himself. Of these the fourth in age was Samuel Hebich, born in 1803. His brothers went into commercial pursuits, but Samuel showed a quiet, contemplative disposition, and his father resolved to make a preacher of him. He could not afford to send the lad to a public school, and therefore, in a more or less desultory fashion, he taught him the elements of theology, Latin, and French. Samuel noticed that in their studies his father always kept to the Psalms and the Prophets, and seemed to shrink from the New Testament; and yet, whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, the old man raised his cap reverently—a habit that made a deep impression on his son's mind.

At Lübeck, where, for a few years, he lived with his brother Max, Hebich devoted his days to business and his evenings to study; and here, too, he passed through deep spiritual experiences which were to mould his life to those high purposes to which he ultimately consecrated himself. His search after peace of mind so affected him, that his brother thought him ill, and took him out shooting, and Hebich never forgot his bitter sorrow after bringing down his first bird. Neither business, study, nor diversion, could meet the case. He

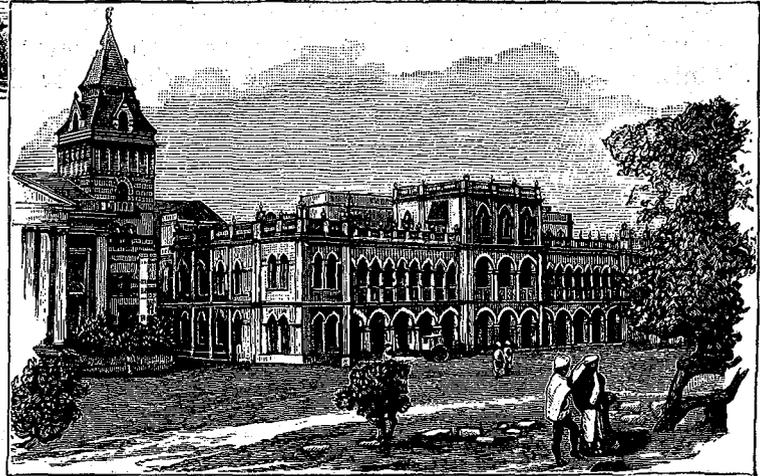
seemed to feel himself getting farther and farther from God, until there came "a time of utter destruction and darkness," which lasted for about eight days, during which Satanic suggestions that he should kill himself and make an end of it all were incessant. He was in this condition when a popular festival took place, on June 13th, 1821. In the evening young Hebich strolled away from the houses and the giddy crowds, and "hardly noticing whither I went," he says, "I came to a

quiet open cabbage-field. There I once more ventured to lift my sinful glance to the Holy One and Pure; then falling on my knees, literally in the very dust, I prayed to Him whose Holy Spirit was even then overshadowing me." He goes on to tell how his burden of sin fell away, and he beheld his Saviour.



FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MEDICAL MISSION HOUSE, MADRAS.

There were many doubts and difficulties, as for several months he read the Bible diligently, and ceaselessly strove to shape his life by the Divine commands. But in February, 1822, he came under the preaching of Pastor Geibel of the Reformed Church, and his eyes were opened to see that the Saviour from whom he had found forgiveness could alone sanctify his life.



FREE CHURCH INSTITUTION AND CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS.

But his constant poring over the Bible and his new religious associates were not to the liking of his brother Max, who denounced the whole thing as hypocrisy. The old father (freethinker as he was) was indignant that his son should waver from established orthodoxy. He wrote a terrible letter, beginning, "Son, thou hast chosen the downward path," and ending, "faithfully, your father, a respected Lutheran clergyman; neither a tailor nor a cobbler." Samuel's faith was almost shaken by this

letter from the father he so dearly loved. The language of his heart was, "Barely twenty years old, while your father is over seventy, a learned and experienced clergyman, your brother held in universal esteem; can it be that both these are mistaken and you only right? Surely not!" He adds, "Sorely I grieved; the day was wild and stormy; I could yet show the place where, on my way home through the market-place, I seemed to hear a voice, 'If thou lovest father or mother more than Me, thou art not worthy of Me.' At once I knew what I had to do; all my father's and brother's reproaches fell off from me like the rain which was then falling."

There was a full reconciliation with his father when Samuel visited the old home in 1823. The old man saw that his son's religious experience was not a matter to be tampered with, and Hebich went back to Lübeck with his mind at rest. He was now twenty, wrote a great deal of devotional poetry, and studied English diligently.

To his early yearnings for mission work, his communings with Pastor Geibel on the subject, and his experiences as a commercial traveller in Russia, Finland, and Sweden, we must only allude in passing. The details will be found in the excellent *Life of Samuel Hebich* written by two of his fellow-labourers, and translated into English by Colonel J. G. Halliday. In August, 1828, Hebich was prevented, by a vexatious police detention at St. Petersburg, from returning by the vessel he purposed sailing in. He saw it sail out of sight, and came on by another ship to Lübeck, where he received the startling intelligence that the first vessel had gone down at sea with all on board. For a year he was superintending a large estate and paper factory in Finland, quietly watching and disciplining himself for the missionary career which he felt assured was in store for him.

At length, through the liberality of a Christian lady, Mrs. Lefren, a way opened for Hebich to study for four years at the Basle Mission Institute. His biographers tell us how "assembled in the dining-hall the students were singing, when an important-looking traveller in cloak and fur cap walked straight in, inquiring for the inspector, who at first greeted him in a courteous but somewhat ceremonious manner, then heartily kissed him on both cheeks, and introduced him as our new brother Hebich." It was Christmas Eve, and after hymns had been sung each student had a plate of apples and walnuts in honour of the occasion. Very simple was the life at the institute, and Hebich had to take his part in menial offices. He plodded diligently at languages and theology, but was not a brilliant student. For active service his soul yearned, and in his holiday trips he earnestly preached the Gospel at Königsfeld, in Alsace, at Neufchâtel and elsewhere. To householders with whom he lodged, to the passengers on the steamer deck, to the monks of the Simplon over the supper-table, to wayfarers by the roadside—to all, the young evangelist faithfully declared the Truth, and narrated his own experience of conversion. On the top of the Wengern Alps, he records, "I was able to acknowledge my Lord and Master." This long stay at Basle, and its attendant experiences, was to Hebich a time of great spiritual growth. There was an atmosphere of fervent devotedness in the institute itself, and again and again was the zeal of the students quickened by the visits of veterans from the fields of active service. Amongst others who came with

soul-stirring messages were Dr. Steinkopf, Dr. Gobat, from Abyssinia, and the saintly Quaker preacher Stephen Grellett.

Prince Victor of Schomberg, in February, 1834, by a generous gift of ten thousand thalers, enabled the Basle Committee to send out three missionaries to India. Hebich, Lehner, and Greiner were chosen for the work. Hebich went to Ulm on a farewell visit to his aged mother, whose last words to him were, "You have ever been a dutiful son to your father and mother." Then with his companions he proceeded to London, which they reached in time to attend the "May Meetings" of that year; and July found them on board the *Malabar* bound for Southern India. Hebich strove to influence the sailors for good. At first they would not listen, but when he went away discouraged they sent a man after him to fetch him back, and good results followed.

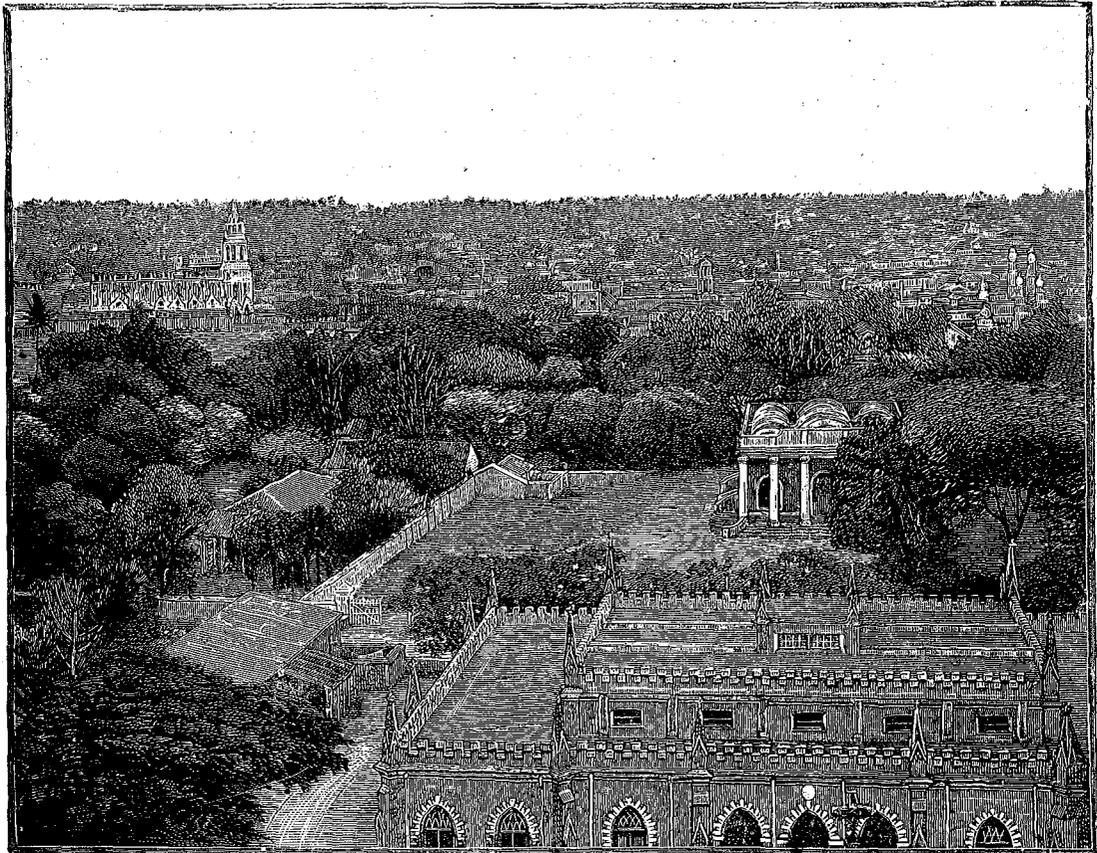
The missionaries first settled at Mangalore, and for a year did little more than study the Canarese and Konkani languages. At length they were able to converse with Brahmans who called on them, and Hebich resolved to make a tour of observation. He journeyed first to Cannanore, and then to Mysore and Bangalore. Here he found the Wesleyans and the London Missionary Society working, and Mr. Campbell transferred a catechist, the Brahman "Malachi," to Mr. Hebich. At Bellary he met the venerable Mr. Hands just about to set out for Europe after twenty-five years of patient labour. On his return journey Hebich preached every day. In company with Malachi he traversed on foot the whole coast region of the Canara district; often he had to let himself be carried across pieces of water on Malachi's back. Reaching Mangalore, Hebich was laid up for a while with inflamed feet, but, recovering, set vigorously to work at bazaar preaching. He declined all further study of the language when he found himself able to declare the truths of salvation. For Oriental scholarship he cared nothing; his only aim was to be a preacher of the Gospel. Soon the missionaries began a little school, and also a regular service in the mission-house; their first congregation consisted mainly of Malachi and his family.

The bazaar-preaching was very arduous; the Brahmans contradicted and derided them, the populace threw stones and filth. "A God who was nailed to the Cross with nails like this!" cried one Brahman, holding up four nails before the crowd. Hebich stayed not for any of these things. Sometimes with Malachi and sometimes alone, he went forth into the thick of the market-place, covered his face with his straw hat for a few moments of silent prayer, then laying down his long bamboo stick read a text and preached upon it. He used bold imagery to arrest attention; once when fervently preaching about hell being *open*, a shrewd urchin politely asked, "Then, will you not be kind enough to put the lid on, sir?"

Other helpers came out to the mission in 1836, but Hebich was undoubtedly impetuous and peculiar; and the missionaries found it best to let him work out his own plans, aiding him as opportunity offered, and leaving him to himself when that seemed best. He had a good deal of mercantile sharp-sightedness, and was very economical. In one year he saved £141 out of the allowance for the maintenance of himself and the other missionaries, and credited the Home Committee with the sum.

An orphanage or seminary was started, and in December, 1837, we find Hebich

rejoicing that it had now twenty-four inmates. Hebich was hard at work over new buildings to accommodate both seminary and chapel, whilst his brethren were away on preaching tours. Unfortunately the boys were, most of them, Tamulians, so they had to begin by learning Canarese. "They are still wild beings," says Hebich, "some almost like animals, and cost a deal of trouble, though they still fill the heart with joyful hope." It was found needful to cut off their hair as the only way of keeping their heads clean, whereupon several were at once withdrawn by their relatives.



GENERAL VIEW OF BANGALORE.

Great was the joy of Hebich when, in July, 1838, his three Canarese teachers and three palm cultivators broke caste and asked to be baptised. Their relatives bemoaned them as dead, and the townspeople would not sell them anything. Hebich had to procure protection for them, and for a time to supply their wants.

Mögling and Gundert came to Mangalore, and Hebich assisted the new missions established by the Basle Committee at Darwhar, Hubli, and elsewhere. But it became increasingly evident that his peculiar gifts and powers did not so much fit him for co-operative work and conference, and he was set at liberty for free itinerant work amongst Europeans and Canarese, without being confined to a particular station.

He first journeyed eastward to Mysore, preaching earnestly to the civil and military officials who entertained him, and often making them tremble. "You do preach such terrible things!" exclaimed a lady. Her husband replied, "Well, I am able to laugh at all Mr. Hebich tells us." "Yes," answered Hebich, "you laugh now. Wait till you come to your death-bed, and then tell me where the laugh is." He says he had many "lively encounters" with Europeans, and some found peace through his ministry. After leaving Mysore his work lay more amongst the natives. He jogged along in a bullock-cart, stopping to preach in the villages. Sometimes he was listened to only with stupid amazement, sometimes with evident delight, but on one or two occasions he was pelted with stones. At Mindridroog he visited a Mohammedan State prisoner at the hill-fort. As they conversed, Hebich spoke of the Koran as false, whereupon the prisoner threw his slippers at the missionary and then rushed upon him with a drawn dagger. Only by rapidly retreating down the slippery granite rocks did Hebich save his life.

After a brief stay at Mangalore, he proceeded to Cannanore, the town of Kannan or Kana, the one-eyed one, *i.e.* Krishna. This place has a Portuguese and Dutch history, and is the great export town for ginger and cardamoms. The English had made it an important military station, and the chaplains had carried on some religious work here amongst natives as well as amongst the British soldiers. But all was in confusion, and Hebich was appealed to to come and put matters in order. He succeeded so well in his efforts, that he was directed from Basle to remain there and establish a branch mission.

He accordingly settled down at Cannanore, labouring amongst the natives, the Portuguese, the Indo-Britons, and some English. But he and his assistants still made street and bazaar preaching a very prominent feature of their work. During one of these bazaar services a man from one of the neighbouring villages was so affected that he came for more instruction to the mission house, and stayed there a day or two. Soon his wife came to look him up. She spurned with contempt the invitation that was extended to her to become a Christian, but came repeatedly to try and get her husband away. Presently came a message that two of the man's children were dangerously ill, and the anxious father went to see after them. For a time nothing more was heard from the man, and a catechist was sent to visit him, who reported that the man wanted to come away, but his fellow-caste-people of the community declared that he was their barber, and they had a right to the continuance of his services. Accordingly one Sunday Hebich himself went to see into the matter. He found the man anxious to come to the mission house, but his wife clasped him tight in her arms, and other relatives also used force to keep him in his house, and so, amidst the jeers of the people, Hebich had to go back alone. But the barber was determined to become a disciple, and ultimately got over to the mission house, where, with fourteen other adults, he was baptised, and took the name of Jude. He led a quiet, consistent life, but never could induce either his wife or his children to follow his example.

As time went on, Hebich extended his work by establishing out-stations, and,

amongst others, one at the fishing village of Tai. He placed there one of his own trained assistants, Timothy, whom he calls his "first-born from among the boys." He himself went and preached there on Saturdays. The youths flocked to his school, but the adults, though friendly, were impervious to his arguments or entreaties. They were stupefied by continuous drinking of toddy (palm-wine) and smoking hemp, and were confirmed devil-worshippers. Still they affected to be philosophers, and prated of a First Cause which they called Parabrahm, and declared that no sin committed in the flesh could defile the spirit. But when ever and anon the cholera came, smiting down its victims in their reeking filthy huts, they were all trembling in their terror. The devil-priest of Tai prophesied during the monsoon of 1843 that cholera would not visit the village that year. But an opposition devil-priest came forward and declared that he himself was the veritable cholera spirit, and that the immunity of the village would depend upon the way in which he was propitiated. The people, sadly frightened, brought gifts in abundance to this impostor, who in return promised them that for eight months they should be free from the plague. But almost immediately the disease broke out, and two of the prophet's relatives were among the first to die, whereupon this priest declared that it was not *his* cholera, but a plague sent upon them by some one else. Sacrifices in abundance were offered, but numbers of the people died. Hebich went about everywhere distributing medicine and talking to the sufferers. The results, both physically and spiritually, were satisfactory.

Hebich exerted a mighty influence over both Europeans and natives in Cannanore, and as the British garrison was changed annually, the effects of his rough, rousing ministry were subsequently seen in many other places. He visited all the accessible places in the country round, especially at the time of heathen festivals. In December, 1844, he went to Taliparamba, "a chief devils'-nest," as he says, in north Malabar, and preached among the crowds of heathen. Soon afterwards we see him with a chosen band of helpers at the forest shrine of Payavoor. This shrine is a lonely spot during most of the year, but in February a town with long streets of booths springs up, and crowds of pilgrims and merchants take up their residence there. It is a religious festival, but the hill folk and coast folk take the opportunity of exchanging their products and wares. Hebich pitched his tent among the rest, and he and his assistants preached by relays for the four days of the festival, and distributed tracts and portions of Scripture. Sand was freely flung at them, and ultimately stones. "That was meant for me," said Hebich sympathisingly, when he saw a Brahman listener rubbing his head. "Oh, never mind," said the man. A policeman was, however, told off to follow the missionary about, thus preventing open breaches of the peace.

In 1849 an attempt was made to drive him away from Payavoor by means of elephants. Hebich says of this occasion:—"First, while we were standing to preach on a low mud wall, the chief man came right down upon us mounted on a small elephant. The animal hesitated, the rider trying to force it nearer to us. I raised my voice and rebuked him loudly; the elephant took fright, ran up against the wall, and then moved slowly past me. The next day four very large elephants appeared

on the scene of action; one of them was without a rider, and appeared so violent that every one ran away. The animals moved in our direction; two of them were easily driven off, but the other two still came on and pressed us hard. We trembled, but the Lord gave us grace to stand our ground, and our firmness favourably impressed the people. The proprietor of the temple and of the elephants then asked me if I had been sent by Government, as in that case he would not oppose me. 'But,' he said, 'Government respects me, and my God which you call a stone!' My coming regularly for these five years past had, he said, caused him a yearly loss of two hundred rupees; he would lay a complaint before Government praying that I might be forced to reimburse him this thousand rupees." Hebich, of course, pleaded the authority of the King of Kings as being paramount to that of the Government.

In the hot season of 1846, Hebich and his company went to Cherukunu, where, from the midst of an extensive plain, rises a steep hill crowned by a temple of Kali. They pitched their tent during the night, but their morning devotions were disturbed by the shouts of the excited people. When Hebich began to preach in the afternoon, a yelling crowd of young men tried to drown his voice. Sand was thrown over him, and presently a rush was made at the tent, and the ropes were cut and a deliberate attempt was made to trample down the Christians in the dust. For two hours there was a raging combat about the tent, and the tent-pole was with difficulty kept upright by the servants. At six o'clock there was a great firing of guns and beating of tom-toms in connection with the grand sacrificial procession. An elephant took fright at the swaying tent, and rushed away with the crowd following it. Thus left to themselves, the mission party thought it prudent to pack up their belongings and get away. Hebich was at home at Cannanore before midnight, and never again visited this "devil's place."

There was much evidence of good resulting from his terribly earnest preaching at the idol festivals. He began to be expected as one of the attractions of the spectacles, and many came for the express purpose of seeing and hearing the "man with the beard."

At Cannanore the work as a whole prospered, though there were occasional trials and difficulties. Sometimes his converts and even his catechists grieved him with their backslidings; the home committee, straitened in its resources, pressed him to reduce expenditure at all the stations. Then his own proceedings and style of preaching often provoked criticism. He encouraged full confession of sins, which laid him open to a charge of Romanising tendencies. As regards his religious teaching Mögling, his coadjutor at Mangalore, wrote to him, "I cannot help thinking that you preach much more about the devil and unclean spirits than is at all necessary; especially as, whether from Scripture or our own experience, we know so very little of these mysteries." Once Hebich, whilst preaching, declared that noxious insects and the disgusting carrion crows of the burning Ghâts were the creation of the devil—an avowal which brought upon him the serious expostulations of his brethren.

Anjerakandi was an out-station under the care of a catechist named Timotheus. Hebich visited it at intervals, and was much concerned for the poor Pulaiars, the

down-trodden slave caste. About fifty were church members, and Hebich induced the planters to allow them a little cessation from labour. A great work was done in reclaiming many of these people from habitual drunkenness, and from "stealing, witchcraft, and incontinence." At the New Year (1850) almost the whole body of labourers at Anjerakandi got two days' leave to visit Cannanore, and twenty-five more of them were baptised. Unfortunately, the people took back the small-pox with them; their leader Timotheus and several of the people died, and many others were laid by for a considerable time. The pepper crop was just ripe for picking, and Hebich had to bear the reproaches of the planters—"All this comes of your Cannanore New Year's Feast."

But the pestilence passed away, and seemed overruled for good. The young men were seriously impressed; they broke up their secret drinking-places, and Hebich received an extensive assortment of bamboo and cocoa-nut drinking vessels, which he treasured as trophies of victory. The planters aided and encouraged the work. The gangs on the plantations were no longer seen toiling almost naked, but were in decent clothes, and sang Christian songs over their work. But the higher-caste Hindus still looked on these poor creatures as scarcely human. Only certain of the public paths were free to them, and they dared not enter a Tier village. One Christian was nearly beaten to death for approaching the shop of a Mapila tradesman. The Mapilas are the descendants of the Arab settlers in Malabar, and conversion to Mohammedanism would have procured Mapila rights and privileges for these poor people; but Christian baptism, though in the dominions of a Christian Empire, was of no such social efficacy, and the Mapila shopkeepers declared that by admitting these native Christians to their shops, all high-caste Hindu custom would be driven away. But Hebich was delighted to see the cause flourishing both at Cannanore and Anjerakandi. Forty-three women from the latter place joined the Church in one day, and soon afterwards over fifty men and women at the same place. Among these new converts was a man of the dominant caste—a Tier—and his daughter. The heathen were stirred up, and there was some rioting, which the authorities soon suppressed, and at the New Year's Festival, 1851, Hebich was delighted to see the Anjerakandi Christians, 180 strong, walking over to the joint services at Cannanore.

In the autumn of 1851, the Basle Committee sent out Mr. Jasenham, the Inspector of the mission house, to visit the missions, and report on their actual condition. He took with him Ernest Diez, who was to be Hebich's assistant in account-keeping and secular matters. The visitors were sitting down to tea at Balnatha, when they became aware of "a strange figure with a long stick, a broad-brimmed white hat, and a prodigious shirt-collar falling over his shoulders, approaching at a rapid pace." Mr. Jasenham writes: "In a moment he stood before me, truly a noble figure, great and strong, his head almost bald, but a long grey beard down to his chest. He greeted me earnestly, modestly, yet with a certain childlike simplicity, with a few Scripture words. But no sooner did he turn towards the brethren than the fire kindled within him, and all was life and animation throughout the mission house. 'Mr. Hebich has come,' passed from mouth to mouth, and all hastened up to welcome him. Soon, however,

with the air of a commander, he formed the young catechist class into a semicircle, and gave out a hymn to be sung. He then sat down with us to tea, and entered into lively conversation."

Hebich was confirmed in his position as head of the Basle Missions in India, and went back with the new-comer, Diez, to his own station at Cannanore. After visiting the other stations, the Inspector, Jansenham, got there also, and was much interested in studying Hebich's methods. He describes the assembling of the congregation—women and girls from Cheripal, officers and ladies in carriages, a squad of soldiers in red



IN BANGALORE (CANARESE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT).

jackets and white trousers marching in to the higher benches at the back. The natives on benches in front—children squatting on mats down in front of them. Then comes the service, singing, a prayer of nearly an hour's length, with at least fifty names of persons and places mentioned in it, and a sermon. Sentence by sentence the English prayer and preaching are interpreted into Malayalim by Jacob kneeling or standing at his side. And if Jacob doesn't keep well up to the mark, a smart reproof is there and then administered.

"This church," writes Jansenham, "is certainly one of the phenomena of our mission. There is much spiritual life manifested; but the form is just Hebich's own—much, indeed, to admire, but also much that rather startles. What mean

that small rod and longer cane on the table by the side of the English, the Tamil, and the Malayalim Bibles? Well, it is soon made evident. If during the prayer the little children, who kneel just in front of Hebich, forget themselves, and begin to play or fidget, he is up in a moment, and having restored order by the administration of a smart cut, kneels down again as though nothing had happened. I remonstrated with him on this as being quite contrary to all ecclesiastical propriety. Afterwards these peculiar church ornaments disappeared." A Sunday-school for the children took the place of the enforced church attendance.



SAMUEL HEBICH.

Hebich and one of his catechists, O'Brien, whom he had placed over a new station at Palghat, often went on preaching tours together. One day, whilst travelling in the jungle, Hebich suddenly found himself in close proximity to a wild elephant, and had to run as he had never run in his life before. In the Anamalle Hills they found themselves among the wild race called Kaders, renowned for their skill in climbing the tallest forest trees. They listened attentively to Gospel preaching, and told the missionaries, "We never tell lies, and we put all adulterers to death. We do not pray to idols, but we worship certain birds and goats. We live on what our forests produce, feeding mainly on bamboo rice. To be sure, we do not know how to read, but we are quite willing to hear your message, and to learn whatever you will teach us." Unfortunately, the unhealthy character of the region, and its distance from the stations,

prevented anything permanent being done for these people.

It must be remembered that whilst Hebich was incessantly labouring to extend the mission work amongst the heathen, he never ceased also to work diligently amongst the Europeans, both civil and military. He completely altered the tone of society at some of the missionary stations, and many of all ranks realised true conversion. The 39th Sepoy Regiment acquired the nickname of "Hebich's Own;" and several English regiments, after staying awhile in the district, left for other quarters with many of Hebich's converts, both officers and privates, in their ranks.

Long toil in the climate of India was beginning to tell upon the health and strength of Hebich, but he laboured on unceasingly. His itinerant journeys he looked upon to be far more blessed than any settled work at a station. In May, 1857,

the terrible Mutiny broke out, but the Madras native army remained loyal. However, many of Hebich's friends went away to Europe, and the regiments of soldiers familiar with his teaching were at the scenes of conflict in Northern India. He found himself amongst new surroundings—his work less appreciated by the new men who were coming into power. For awhile longer he went about amongst the stations, and preached as usual at the Hindu festivals. Then he spent the summer of 1859 in quiet evangelistic work on the hills of Southern India. Enfeebled in body, but with spirit as youthful as ever, he preached every evening, till his physician urged the necessity of his going home before the next winter. To the Europeans, and to the native Christians of Southern India, the news of his approaching departure came as a thunderclap. "I do believe," said an aged chaplain, "that this German has done more for the eternal good of the English in India than any dozen of the best of us chaplains." A Hindu journal declared, "We doubt whether modern times have produced his equal in apostolic characteristics."

September, 1859, saw Hebich leave the Nilgherries, the scene of his latest Indian work, and pass down to Madras, whence, after an affectionate leave-taking with his friends, he embarked in the steamer for Suez.

For eight years longer—at Basle, at Ulm, at Stuttgart, Hebich spent the evening of his days in continued work for his Lord. At first German conventionalism rose in arms at his strange style and demeanour. His bold figures of speech became the talk of the town. At length, in St. Leonard's Church, he was interrupted by the lovers of dry and dull decorum with cries of "Pull him down," "Kick him out." There was a discussion on the matter in the Town Council, but the proposition to prevent his use of the pulpit was defeated by forty-four votes to forty-two, the burgomaster sagely suggesting that perhaps many who remained unmoved under the old preaching might be reached by the new. At many places Hebich experienced opposition; he was in actual danger from a mob at Schaffhausen, where the tumult reminded him of an idol festival in India. After this last demonstration he settled down, in 1864, at Stuttgart, declaring that for the future he would be "quite tame." He still preached incessantly, visiting as late as 1866 fifty-one churches in Baden, and rousing their zeal for mission work. In May, 1868, just when he was projecting a fresh round of services at Carlsruhe and Basle, he peacefully fell asleep. A vast multitude followed the funeral to Kornthal, where, in accordance with his own request, only a short prayer was offered at his graveside.

The Basle Evangelical Missionary Society has continued to follow up the work of its pioneers in Southern India. Besides numerous preaching stations, it has a mission press and bookshop in Mangalore, and several industrial establishments in South Canara and Malabar.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

SCATTERED MISSIONS.

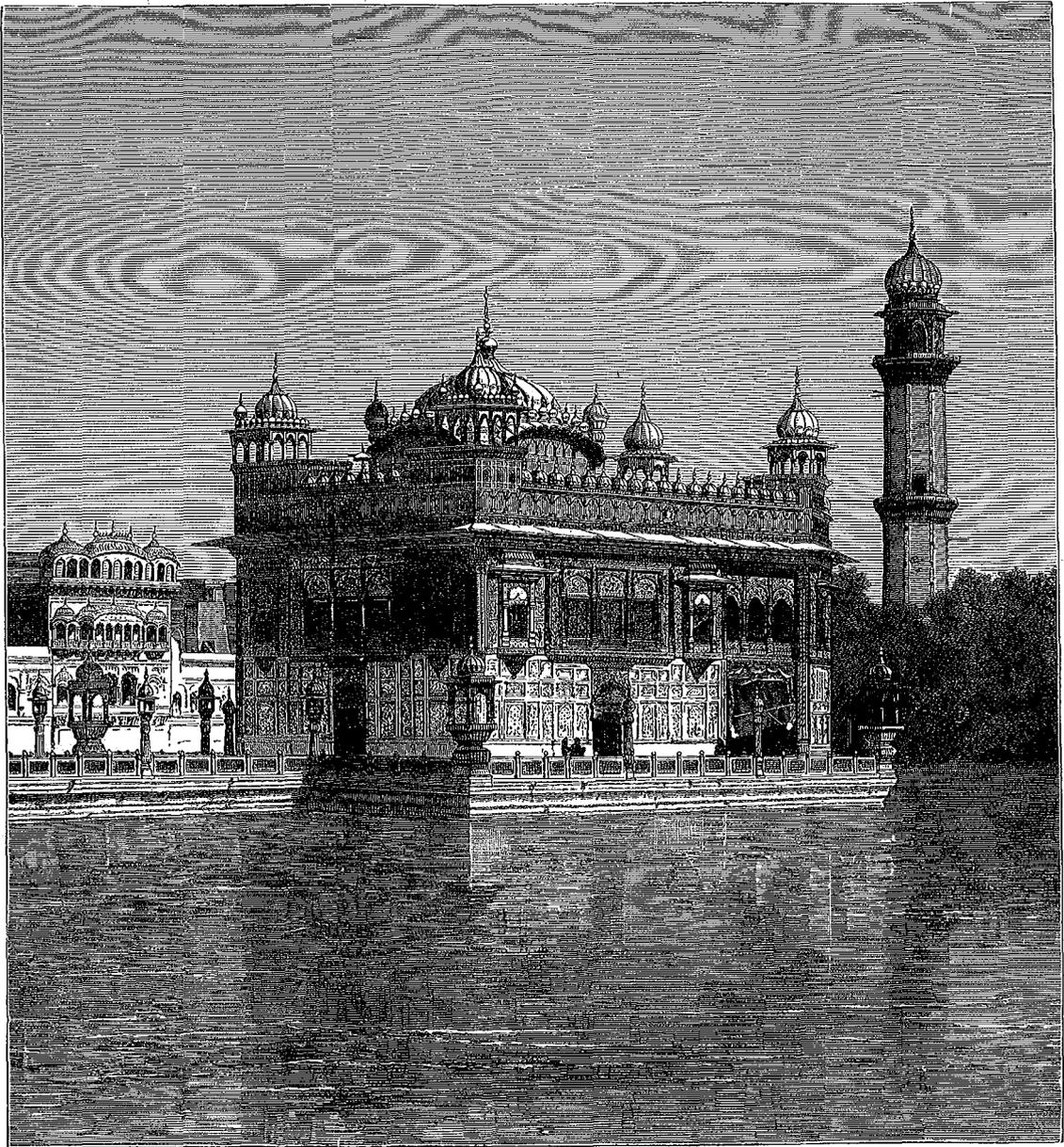
The Punjab—Lahore and Amritsar—The Sikhs—The Story of a Scrap of Paper—Mr. and Mrs. Janvier—Imperial Delhi—Rám Chunder—Opposition—Difficulties of Converts—Benares, the Sacred City—Mr. Leupoldt—Boat Services—Chôta Nagpore—The Kôls—Pastor Gossner—Mr. Batsch—A Confirmation Scene—Mission at Chanda—Demon-worship—Tinnevelly—Travancore—Medical Missions—Ceylon—Position of Women—Zenana Work.

FROM Kashmir's lovely valley and the rocky ramparts of the Thibetan frontier, to where "the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle," are scattered numerous missions planted here and there by the Churches of Christendom. Although so much remains yet to be done, the story of that which has been accomplished is too vast and varied for a complete narrative of the work to be attempted here. Of Schwartz, Carey, Heber, Wilson, Duff, and other Great-Hearts of the long struggle, we have given fuller details, inasmuch as the importance of their life-work seemed to demand it. We must now briefly glance here and there throughout the land at some of the more prominent features of Indian mission work not yet described.

The Punjab, two thousand years ago, saw the legions of Alexander the Great crossing its broad rivers. A thousand years afterwards it took three centuries of fire and sword to bring its heroic Hindu inhabitants under the Moslem yoke. Five hundred years passed away, and then the Sikh power, at first a religious and afterwards a military commonwealth, rose into being. The Sikhs (disciples) or Singhs (lions) were fanatical warriors, whose teaching combined some of the leading principles of Hindu philosophy and Mohammedanism, who sought merit by good deeds and by reading their shallow, incoherent *Grunth* or sacred book. The events which brought the Punjab under British rule lie outside our province; but under the Lawrences and other able Governors it has been ruled so wisely and so well, that in the terrible year of the Mutiny the tranquillity of the Punjab saved Northern India. By the Lawrences and their coadjutors and successors, missionary effort has been actively and liberally supported. The spirit that has animated the rulers of this province has been that of Sir John Lawrence, who wrote, "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. It is when unchristian things are done in the name of Christianity, or when Christian things are done in an unchristian way, that mischief and danger are occasioned."

As far back as 1836, Bishop Daniel Wilson, sailing down the Sutlej, had stretched forth his hands towards the right bank exclaiming, "I take possession of this land in the name of my Master, Jesus Christ." When the British troops, fourteen years afterwards, had occupied the country, the Church Missionary Society, the American Presbyterians, and others, began "the new subjugation of the land by the sword of the Spirit." Amritsar—of which Mr. Clark says, "If Lahore is the head, then Amritsar is the heart of the Punjab"—is the chief centre of mission effort. It is also the chief stronghold of Sikhism. Here, surrounded by a large tank (the *amritsasaris*, or fountain of immortality), rises the magnificent marble temple, with its gilded cupolas, enshrining a specially revered copy of the *Grunth*. Close at hand are the

mission church, schools, orphanages, and other Christian institutions. Among the first-fruits of the work at Amritsar was Shaman, a Sikh priest, who at his death left all



TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.

his property to establish "a flag for Christ" (alluding to the little flag over the houses of Hindu religious teachers). Miam Paulus, the *lumbarदार* or headman of Narowal, suffered much for the faith, and many notable converts, young Brahmans and others, came from that out-station. Maulavi Imad-ud-din, once a famous Mohammedan fakir,

became an able preacher and writer, and was the first native of India to receive the degree of D.D.

Amritsar has become very noteworthy in connection with that important work amongst Indian females, of which we shall have more to say presently. At Lahore (the capital), at Multán, and at several smaller places, a considerable number of missionaries have persistently laboured, and have been particularly successful in the training of youths to fit them for work as native pastors and catechists. The Revs. R. Bateman and G. M. Gordon conducted a very interesting itinerant mission, and were known far and wide as the "fakir missionaries."

When Delhi was besieged in 1857, the hard rough work of digging trenches, running-up breastworks, and so forth, was mainly performed by the Muzbee Sikhs. These were a corps that had been rapidly formed from the lower class of the Sikh population—hard workers, very fearless, and very faithful to their employers. When Delhi was at length taken by assault, these Muzbee Sikhs joined in the general looting. One of them found in a goldsmith's shop a valuable diamond wrapped in a piece of printed paper. He hid it in his waistband, and in his quarters at night he feasted his eyes on his prize, and then glanced at the paper in which it was wrapped. He read it, and showed it to his comrades, and all were interested, and very curious to know of what book it was a part. An officer to whom it was shown told the finder it was a leaf out of a Punjabi New Testament, and lent him a copy. During the subsequent marches to Agra and through Oude, that book created such an impression amongst the men, that on their return to the Punjab a missionary was allowed to visit their lines. The result was that several were baptised at Amritsar, and thus began that Christian work for which the 24th Punjab Light Infantry became so remarkable.

At Sabathu, a retired and elevated station amongst the Punjab hills, Mr. Janvier and his wife conducted a mission and schools for the American Presbyterian Society. Mr. Janvier (in accordance with his custom) was away on a preaching tour, and had encamped one night near a large fair. He left his tent in the darkness to give some orders to his servants about marching next morning, when a native came behind him and struck him to the ground. Mr. Janvier was taken up insensible; he lingered till the next morning, and then died. It turned out that the Sikh murderer had been insulted by a European in another part of India, and had sworn to kill a European out of revenge. The bereaved widow, who had long laboured so ably by his side, and who had been accustomed to superintend matters during her husband's absence on his preaching tours, continued the schools, aided by native teachers.

We turn next to Imperial Delhi, with its palaces and mosques and frowning battlements, and its memories of Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe and Nadir Shah. Above all else towers the Jumma Musjid, with its lofty marble domes and minarets. Hither came Bishop Heber, and interviewed the Great Mogul, who, under British supremacy, had become "a fine and interesting ruin." When Bishop Wilson came here, in 1836, he was impressed with the wide streets, the ample bazaars, the shops

with every kind of elegant wares, the prodigious elephants, the numerous native carriages drawn by noble oxen, the children bedizened with finery, the vast elevation of the mosques, fountains, and caravansaries for travellers, the canals full of running water raised in the midst of the streets—all giving an impression of the magnificence of a city which was once twenty miles round and counted two millions of inhabitants." And he adds, "May God bless the 130 Christians out of the 130,000 Hindus and Mohammedans of the population." During this visit the bishop consecrated the beautiful church of St. James, built at a cost of £10,000 by Colonel Skinner, in fulfilment of a vow made twenty years before. This church, in the year of the Mutiny, was "riddled with balls, filled with dying men, and made a magazine for shot and shell."

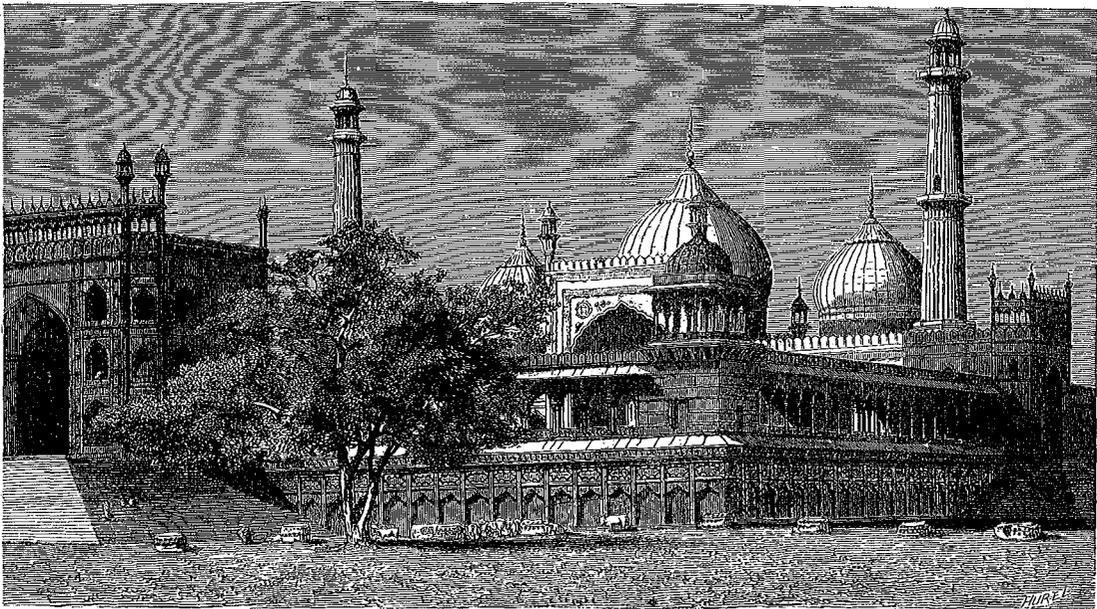
The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel planted a mission at Delhi in 1851. The Rev. J. Stuart Jackson and the Rev. A. R. Hubbard were at the head of the mission, in warm co-operation with the Government Chaplain, the Rev. M. J. Jennings, who was practically its founder. Public discussions, preaching, schools, and the circulation of religious literature, were carried on vigorously and with good results. Then came the horrors of the Mutiny. All the mission staff, except one who was absent from ill-health, were murdered in May, 1857. Among those who thus perished were the Chaplain, Mr. Jennings, and his daughter; the Rev. Mr. Hubbard; Mr. Sandys; a catechist; and Chimmun Lall, a distinguished convert. Thus was stamped out for a time a mission of which the Bishop of Madras had just before testified: "The one at Delhi is among the most hopeful and promising of our Indian mission fields. The intelligent and well-informed converts, holding as they do high and important positions independent of the mission; the superior nature of the school, with its 120 boys—among the best I have visited in India—and the first-rate character for attainment and devotedness of the missionaries and school-masters, are making an impression which is moving the whole of that City of the Kings."

The Rev. T. Skelton, M.A., from Cambridge, and Mr. R. R. Winter, B.A., from Oxford, came in 1859 to help forward a work "just recovering from total extinction." At the time of the massacre, Rám Chunder, professor of mathematics in the Delhi Government College, was concealed for some days by his heathen relations, and then with great peril escaped to the English camp, which was being formed on the heights outside the city. He had been converted by the zealous chaplain Jennings, and now threw his zeal and influence into the revival of the mission. By the educated youth of Delhi he was held in high esteem, and his conversion had led to much private inquiry. The scattered remnants of the former mission were got together in a church named St. Stephen, "In memory of our fallen brethren."

Of the rapid and varied development of Christian work that has since taken place in Delhi, we need say but little. The educated inquirers and the low-caste Hindus have been alike ministered to, and the women and girls have been cared for by Mrs. Winter and other Christian ladies. Many earnest and accomplished English men and women have gone out to carry forward the work, and

their efforts have been ably supported by the native catechists. To give surrounding heathenism a practical proof of the Christian bond uniting every class and caste, Rám Chunder, on St. Stephen's Day, 1869, invited all the resident Christians to a breakfast together. "The roofs of neighbouring houses which overlook our compound were lined with spectators, and doubtless they wondered what strange bond it could be that thus could lead Brahmans, Shatryas, Bunyas, Mehtars, Chamars, and Mlechas to sit down together to a common meal. But most truly did we feel ourselves to be one body when on Christmas Day our little church was to all appearance filled, and fifty-five of the worshippers received together the Holy Communion of our Lord."

All this zealous activity of course stirred up opposition. Two bands of men

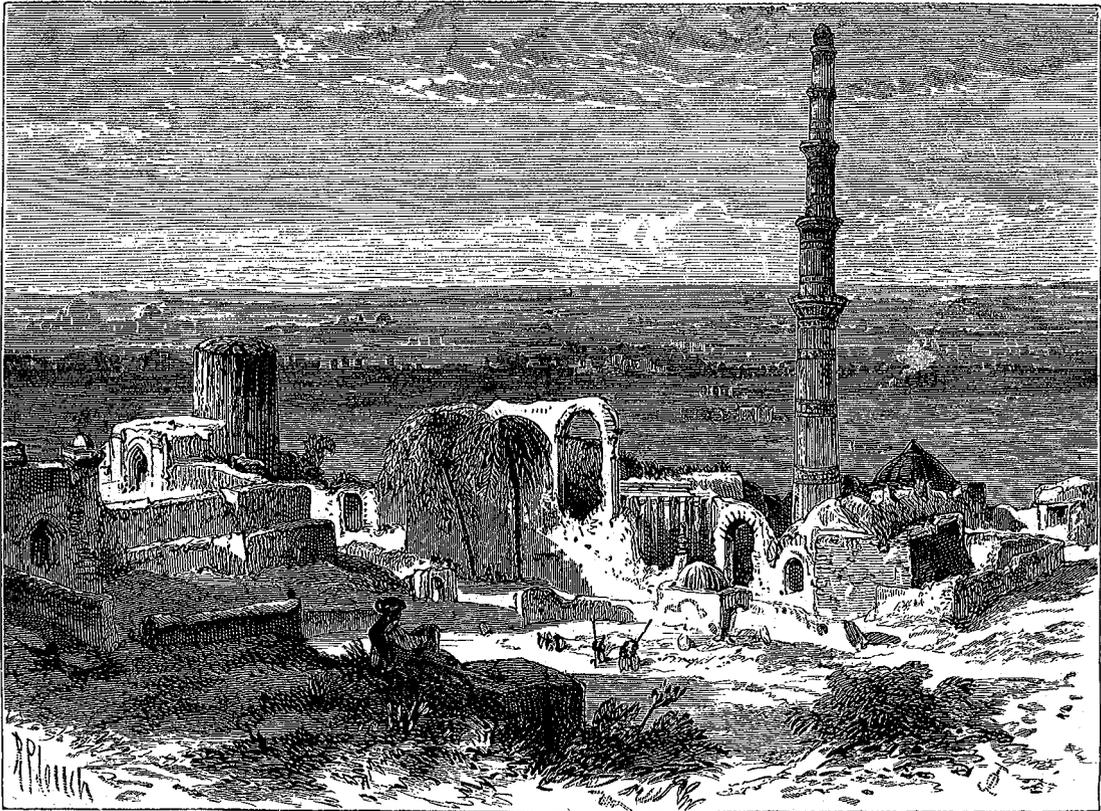


THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

were now preaching daily in the suburbs and neighbouring villages—a strange contrast to former apathy and indifference. As soon as a preacher took his stand in a bazaar, a Mohammedan would spring up a few paces from him and warn the people not to listen to such "preachers of heresy." But all this opposition was really helpful to the cause, and for a hundred miles to the north, west, and south-west of Delhi did the mission staff push their itinerant work.

Opposition of another kind was experienced from the families of the young educated men from whom converts were from time to time gathered in. Of one sample case the Rev. C. J. Crowfoot gives some interesting details. He writes:—"Last Sunday week, J., about whom I once sent you a letter from Tara Chand, was baptised. Tara Chand performed the ceremony; Chandu Lall and his wife, and myself, were witnesses. He had kept his intention secret from his relatives, so that there was not a larger number of heathen present than there usually is at our

evening service. Afterwards, in the evening, he dined with Chandu Lál, thus hopelessly breaking his caste. He was a Brahman of very high caste. That evening he sent word down to his brother to tell him of the step which he had taken; and his brother persuaded him to return home, promising that he should be at liberty to come and see us, and that we might see him. However, he did not come to us for the first three days, and a rumour was getting abroad that he had renounced Christianity; so Tara Chand and myself went down to his house to try and see him.



ENVIRONS OF DELHI.

His brother came to the door, and at first told us that J. was not at home. However, in the course of a conversation, in which he said that the only remedy now for his brother was for a doctor to be called in, who would pronounce him mad, and so his caste would not be lost, it oozed out that J. was in the house. This was lie No. 1. We then sent his brother to him to ask him to see us. In a little while he came back to say that J. could not see us that day. This we felt sure was lie No. 2. So I wrote to J. in English (he can read and write English—his brother cannot) asking him to come and see us. After a long while he came back with the paper, on which J. had written, 'I am quite well,' to say that his brother was too unwell (!) to write any more. Lie No. 3. We then said that we would go to see him; but his

brother said that he was in the zenana apartments, and that, therefore, we could not go. However, the house had been gradually filling, and we noticed several men going up-stairs, so we followed them. There, in a room close by, lying on a bed and muffled up, we found J. He looked sleepy and stupid, and had, I believe, been drugged. However, we managed to rouse him, and he said that he would come away with us. He had just put on his dress, and was coming down-stairs, when they sent for his wife. She so clung to him that we could not get him away; and, indeed, he himself then wished not to come away with us. We thus failed in our attempt; but for the next three or four days we made a point of calling upon him, to encourage him to stand firm: what we most feared was that they might drug him and send him away out of Delhi. However, in a day or two, his brothers for fear of being themselves made out-caste, cast him out; and he now lives quite by himself in a separate part of the house, and none of them eat with him. There is now, I think, no longer any fear of violence from them. His wife and mother and her relatives are doing their utmost to make him renounce his faith; but I do not fear the result. Indeed, I hope that after a little while his wife will join him. At present she refuses to do so, and says that she must wait until she has married off their little girl—a poor little dot, a few months old. In the case of our other Christians, the wives joined their husbands after a little while. There is, however, still much cause for anxiety, as J. has not yet liberty of action. He is still very closely watched. These are some of the difficulties which attend conversion to Christianity. There are many signs that Christianity here is working underground; but several, who believe it to be true, dare not confess their faith, with this frightful system of caste standing over and threatening them.”

J.'s wife continued obstinate, and after trying in vain to counteract the magic spells of the missionaries by casting dust over her husband's head when he was eating, and by sundry other devices, she at length separated from him.

The Delhi Mission, in 1877 and since, has been largely reinforced by the Rev. E. Bickersteth and others from Cambridge, who have co-operated in an organised effort for evangelistic and educational work among “the more thoughtful heathen.” The advantages of this concentration of effort are reported to have been very clearly manifested. It has been said that Delhi itself is but “grandeur in decay. And yet amid the ruins of its bygone dynasties there has arisen a fabric, which it may be is destined to endure and to outlive all its ancient palaces and temples. Christianity has there attacked heathenism in one of its strongest fortresses, and has even already carried the outworks of the citadel. The Delhi Mission, baptised in the blood of its earliest founders, has gone on steadily from strength to strength.”

Of Benares, the Sacred City, known also to the Hindus as Kashi, “the Splendid,” some description has already been given. Street and bazaar preaching has been the most prominent feature of Christian work at this place, and for a very good reason. Besides the regular inhabitants, there are thousands of people who come here to the great Hindu feasts to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. These pilgrims stay in Benares about a fortnight, and the effort is made to impress as many of them as

possible during that time. The pilgrims must go to the bazaars to get the necessaries of life, so the missionaries go there too, and earnestly preach the Gospel to the crowd amongst the stalls of jewellery, and muslin, and grain, and fruit, and everything else. And often have missionaries travelling in remote districts come across anxious inquirers who had never forgotten words that fell upon their ears in the bazaars of Benares.

Mr. Leupoldt, who laboured in and near this city for forty years, met one day in a village a carpenter who had been at Benares, and who, simply from a workman's interest in a new building, had gone into the church. He was astonished at seeing nothing there to worship, and was told by the caretaker that Christians worshipped the true God, who had forbidden the worship of idols. He had been thinking a great deal about this in his country home, and was ready for the truths which Mr. Leupoldt now gladly imparted to him.

Once this missionary and some companions went to a great festival at Patna, lower down the Ganges. They went about preaching and tract-distributing till night, and resumed their itinerating at six next morning. About seven they had exhausted their stock of tracts, and were returning for more when the idea of speaking from the boat occurred to them. So till mid-day Mr. Leupoldt and two others read and preached by turns to a crowd of about three thousand people on the shore. Then the weary missionaries declared that they could not speak to them any more at present. "If you are tired, go lie down and rest," was the reply; "we will sit down on the shore and rest also." The missionaries had been sleeping about half an hour when a deputation came and roused them, and said, "The people think you have now slept long enough, and that you might now come out again and tell them something more of what God has done for them." It was impossible to refuse the invitation, so the missionaries got up and went on preaching and reading till four o'clock. Next day this curious boat service was resumed from half-past six till four—the eager congregation pressing forward till many of them were up to their waists in the water. As one result of the work of these two days, Mr. Leupoldt could not speak, so as to be heard, for a fortnight.

At Benares itself Mr. Leupoldt's services were often interrupted by fanatical disputants or frivolous jesters. Once a monkey dressed up as a soldier was sent across the chapel. It took off its cap and bowed to Mr. Leupoldt. The congregation roared with laughter, and the service for that evening was necessarily closed at once. Some opponents were won over by Mr. Leupoldt's tact to friendly tolerance, if to nothing more. One evening the missionary was trying in vain to collect a congregation in the street, when a man whom he had had to rebuke publicly, with good effect, passed by. "You cannot collect a congregation," said the man; "I shall have to collect one for you." He seized the Testament, read a few verses, and began commenting on them at the top of his voice. The people ran together at the unwonted spectacle, whereupon the man handed the book to the missionary, saying, "I have fulfilled my promise: now your part is to keep them together and preach to them."

Mr. Leupoldt had much success with private inquirers, but his schools for boys

and girls, and his orphanages, formed an especially prominent feature of his work. So well known was his Christian care of the orphans, that after a dreadful famine, in which the English had done all they could to relieve the distress, an English gentleman collected five hundred half-starved little ones and sent them at one time to Mr. Leupoldt's orphanage. Kind friends came forward at once to share in the expense, but a great many of the little waifs and strays arrived too late to save their lives.

Over the important work of the Church Missionary Society at Benares, Lucknow, Allahabad, and various other towns, we cannot linger, but it will be desirable to give some details of the truly marvellous circumstances that have given Chôta Nagpore an undying fame in the records of Christian missions. The venerable Gossner, of Berlin, sent to Calcutta in 1844 four Lutheran missionaries—E. Shatz, F. Batsch, A. Brandt, and H. Snake. Pastor Gossner was now in that latter period of his long life when all his soul was given to evangelistic effort. It was said of him, "Every year has its own story to chronicle of missionaries equipped and stations opened. Wherever a people were living without God, there Gossner was waiting to step in." The four men now sent to Calcutta were by no means to remain there, but were to choose their field of service as way should open. They had some idea of pushing forward into the wilds of Thibet, of which Abbé Huc had lately been telling such strange stories.

They had not been long in Calcutta before they noticed that the men at work mending the public roads, digging canals, cleaning drains, and so forth, were a distinct race from the Hindus and Mohammedans, who spoke of them contemptuously as Shanyars (hillmen), and not unfrequently termed them "savages." They were small in stature, well shaped, and muscular, "active as monkeys," yet with earnest, simple faces, that attracted the interest of the missionaries. They found that these people were Kôls from Chôta Nagpore, a hilly country about three hundred miles to the west of Calcutta, a district in which as yet no effort had been made to dispel the darkness of heathenism. The four evangelists saw that Chôta Nagpore must be the scene of their labours.

The Kôls are one of the hunted remnants of Dravidian tribes, who struggled so long against the successive waves of Hindu invaders that in ages past swept over the land. Upon the table-land of Chôta Nagpore, a beautiful region where purple gneiss rocks, and green jungle, and the carefully cultivated crops, afford a striking variety of colour, the Kôls still kept up the customs and superstitions of their pre-Aryan forefathers. At Ranchi, in the midst of these people, the missionaries settled down in March, 1845. They found the Kôls terribly ignorant and depraved, and with no word in their language for God. They believed in Bhôts, or ghosts, who haunted the thickets and had to be propitiated by offerings of kids or lambs. The Kôls lived in mortal terror of witchcraft, and considered that to kill a witch was a very praiseworthy action. Drunkenness, vice, and immorality were constant features of ordinary life, and the orgies of the village akra or dancing-place were scenes of shameless licentiousness.

The missionaries had no settled means of subsistence. Pastor Gossner would

send what he could, when he could. But the four evangelists were full of faith and hope, and never despaired. "At first a few orphans," says the Rev. J. Cave-Brown, "rescued from starvation by the magistrate of the district, were entrusted to them. These furnished some occupation; the mere teaching them seemed to bring a faint ray of light into the mission house. These orphans became the nucleus of a school, in which some of them would be seen teaching, while others would be traversing the country-side on foot, seeking to find an entrance in village after village, from which they were sometimes driven out with stones. And at the close of a day



A KÔL VILLAGE.

of weary and seemingly fruitless toil, they might be seen again digging in their own little garden plots, to raise up a few vegetables for the supply of their common table; or working with hatchet and plane, squaring timbers for their dwelling-house or school; or with their own hands raising the walls or laying on the roof of their goodly church. Such was their life: truly one of self-sacrifice, and devotion to their Divine Master."

Five years passed away, and not a single convert had been won. But the Kôls were all more or less acquainted with the Hindu language, and portions of the Scriptures in that language had been freely distributed. One day, early in 1850, four men came to the mission house at Ranchi, and desired to see the missionary. They said that they had been reading in a book about some one who was called Jesus. They liked

the name, and what they had read of Him, and now they were very anxious to see Jesus. The missionaries invited them to attend the evening prayer-meeting, which at that time consisted only of themselves and the two or three orphans under their care. When the service was over, they said, "The word pleases us, but we desire to see Jesus Himself." The missionaries very patiently tried to explain, but the four Kôls would not be satisfied. They reiterated their demand to be shown Jesus Himself, and at last went away in great anger, passionately abusing the missionaries.

A week passed by, and the four inquirers again came to the mission service, with the same demand as before, and declaring that they would not rest till they were allowed to see Jesus. Then Mr. Batsch took them apart into another room, and prayed fervently that grace might be given them to see Christ spiritually. The result was that they went away more satisfied, and apparently under real conviction. They soon returned for more instruction, and in a short time they were baptised. These were the first-fruits of the Chôta Nagpore Mission, and during the next seven years seven hundred converts were gathered into the fold.

Then came the terrible year 1857; and out of those seven hundred Christian Kôls not one faltered in his faith or loyalty, although the mission was broken up and the people were scattered far and wide. They carried the Gospel to remote villages hitherto unvisited by Christians, and when the Mutiny was suppressed reassembled at Ranchi. Large numbers of converts were gathered in during the next few years. Out-stations were formed, churches and schools built, and several fresh missionaries came out to work under Mr. Batsch's direction. In 1868 there were ten thousand baptised converts, besides a large number of catechumens.

The painful circumstances that ensued need not be detailed here. Enough to say that the treatment of Mr. Batsch and his colleagues by the Berlin Curatorium, after the death of Pastor Gossner, was such, that the great bulk of the missionaries and their converts were received into the Church of England, under the care of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The good work has continued to grow and prosper. "Christianity," wrote the Rev. J. C. Whitley, who went out to this mission in June, 1869, "now spreads spontaneously among the Kôls. Within the last ten months there have been six hundred baptisms, including the children of Christian parents, and there is every reason to hope that the whole people will become Christian." Education, and the training of natives for Holy Orders, have been diligently carried forward. But whilst genuine piety has increased, converts have not become saints all at once, and the national vices have been very hard to eradicate. The prevalent drunkenness and impurity, the superstitious dread of ghosts and witches, and the tyranny of the village headmen, have been great obstacles. And then a Kôl has no caste to lose by becoming a Christian, and can at once regain his former status by treating his heathen friends to a feast with plenty to drink.

In spite of all this, the mission has prospered marvellously. A band of native pastors, who retain their original simple mode of living, have been raised up, so that there are priests living comfortably on £18, and deacons on £14 a year. But the religious instruction is very sound and thorough. "A stranger, witnessing for the

first time," says the *Indian Church Gazette*, "a confirmation in a crowded village church, amid the twittering of birds, the crows or cries of scores of naked, black-eyed, dusky babies, and the consequent restlessness of the simple mothers, might be excused for doubting whether there was a due sense of the solemnity and reality of the rite: but inquiry and observation showed the care with which instruction had been given, and the attention with which it was received, and a casual opportunity proved that a herd-boy might have more knowledge of Christian doctrine, and a more intelligent appreciation of its bearing on his own life, and a more intimate acquaintance with his New Testament, than would be found in the majority, it is to be feared, of English public-school candidates for confirmation."

On the 23rd of March, in the year 1890, the Bishops of Calcutta, Bombay, and Lahore assembled in the beautiful Gothic Church at Ranchi, and consecrated the Rev. J. C. Whitley, who has so long faithfully laboured amongst the people, to be the first Bishop of Chôta Nagpore.

A small and modest mission was established a few years ago at Chandah, and bids fair to expand into a very comprehensive work for the evangelisation of the Central Provinces. Native priests and catechists have been the agents employed here, and it is intended to extend this system to numerous other stations. The cost of bringing trained missionaries from England and suitably maintaining them, and sending them back when ill, is very great. Increased efforts have therefore been made to train native evangelists, acting with the advice and help of the Bishop of Calcutta and his chaplains. The Rev. Nehemiah Goreh and the Rev. Nathaniel Yanapragasum have been working at Chandah. The jungle races in this district appear to believe in one God or Bhagwan, and every one chooses some visible object called *Deo* as the outward medium of communication between himself and Deity.

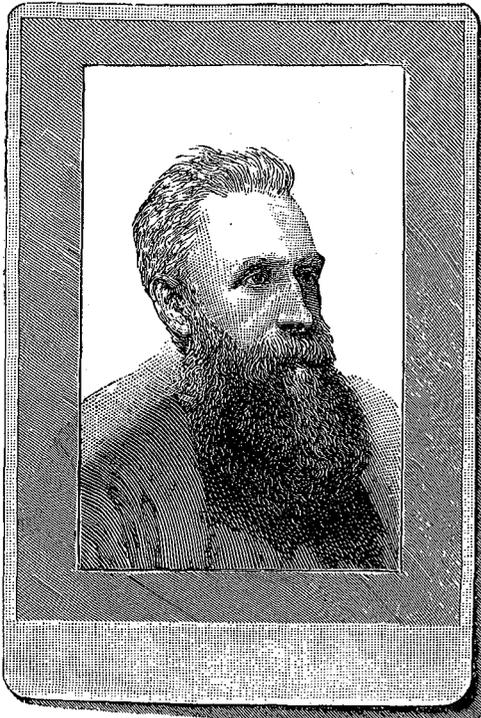
"I asked a man why he was painting a stone red," wrote a Civil Servant in this district. "He told me he intended to put some flowers on it for the Bhagwan, and make a '*Deo*' of it. 'But why *that* stone? does it matter which stone you colour?'—'No, Marahaj, it might be this tree, or this rock, or this earth; the Bhagwan made everything, and can come anywhere: wherever I make a *Deo* the Bhagwan will come and be pleased.'—'Have you ever seen the Bhagwan come to your "*Deo*"?'—'No; no one can see the Bhagwan.' On another occasion I asked a man whether he would eat alligator's flesh; his answer was, 'No, sahib; *ham Deo rakhte* (I have made it my *Deo*); but there are many people in my village who eat it.'—'But do you not get angry when they kill and eat your *Deo*?'—'No, sahib; I make another.'"

Mr. Goreh and his associates have had considerable success in and around Chandah.

The interesting Church Missionary Society missions to the demon-worshipping Santhals and Gônds, to the Bheels of the Hill Country, and to the Telugus of the Eastern Ghâts, must not detain us. We must hasten to speak of one of the most striking successes ever achieved in connection with modern Protestant missions. Did the Army of the Cross (like the armies of earthly kingdoms) inscribe upon its banners

the names of its victories, the word Tinnevelly would indeed claim a prominent position.

The district of Tinnevelly, which is about the size of Yorkshire, lies between the sea-shore and the Western Ghâts, in the extreme south of India. It contains some rich fertile land, but for the most part is a vast sandy plain, covered in every direction with groves of palmyra trees, which, striking their roots forty feet below the surface, manage to obtain moisture and nourishment. The palmyra yields a sap which is made into sugar, and forms the chief subsistence of the rural population;



THE REV. J. C. WHITLEY, FIRST BISHOP OF
CHOTA NAGPORE.

its leaves roof the houses, or are made into paper; its fibres provide string, and its trunk timber. The Shanars, a caste numbering 300,000 (one-fourth of the entire population of Tinnevelly), cultivate these trees and collect the sap. A Shanar labourer will climb thirty or forty trees, each to a height of sixty or eighty feet, twice or thrice in the day. The great majority of the Tinnevelly native Christians belong to this caste.

The ancient devil-worship of the Shanars has been tolerated by the Hindu conquerors; and even in the great temple of Siva, with its thousand Brahmans and one hundred and fifty dancing girls, there are numerous shrines of devil-spirits to suit the popular taste. In every heathen village of the province is seen the *pei kovil*, or devil's house, around which the wild devil-dances which form the chief rite in this strange religion take place.

A hundred years ago, chiefly through the Bible-readings of Savari Muttu, a congregation of about a hundred and sixty were assembling

at Palamcottah in a church built by the Brahmans, under Clorinda, whom Schwartz had baptised. Schwartz sent here the native catechist Sattianadan, afterwards ordained a Lutheran clergyman, who laboured diligently, with abundant success. To his help came Jaenieké and Gerické, under the auspices of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and at the beginning of the present century there were about four thousand native Christians in the province. Then came a time of trial; the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge became unable to continue the work; the East India Company was doing its utmost to discourage missions, and forbade missionaries to land. When Mr. Hough went as chaplain to Palamcottah, in 1816, the Christians were only three thousand in number, scattered over thirty-three villages. He appealed to the Church Missionary Society, who sent Rhenius and Schmid; and the number had risen to six thousand when, in 1829, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel also came

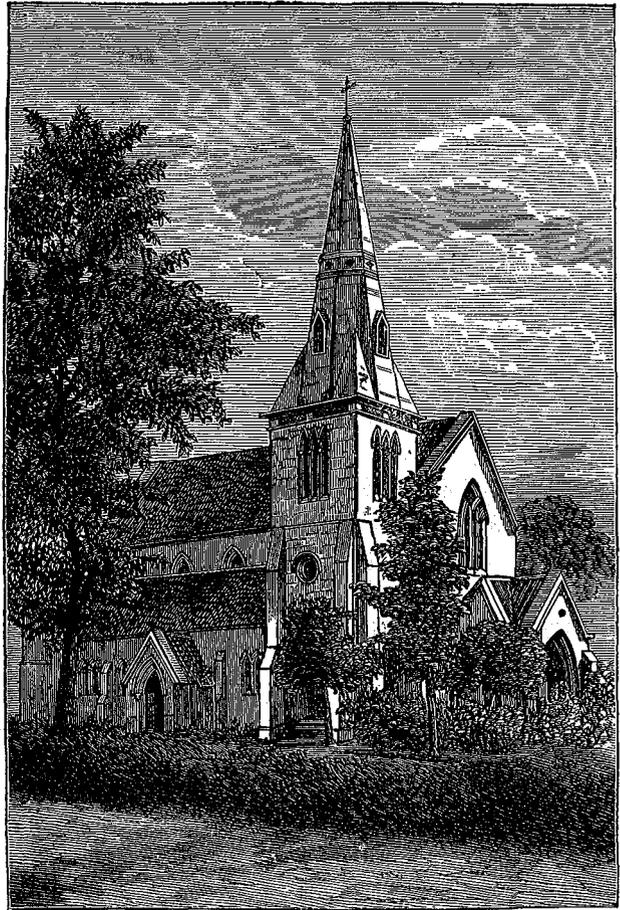
into the work. At the present time the native Christians of Tinnevely number about eighty-five thousand, with chiefly native pastors and catechists, under two associate bishops, one from each of the two societies mentioned, and have also supplied numerous evangelists to the Tamil Missions in Ceylon and the Mauritius.

A large population of the Shanar villages are now Christian communities, where, at the beginning of the climbing season, there are special services, including prayers that the trees may yield abundantly, and that the feet of the climbers may not slip. "Frequently, when riding in the palmyra forest, the traveller is greeted by a voice from the top of a neighbouring tree offering him the usual Christian salutation of 'Praise be to God!' and inviting him to take a draught of palmyra-juice. To refuse would, or course, be uncourteous. The Shanar, cutting off a piece of palmyra leaf, hastily descends, manufactures a very neat drinking-cup from the leaf, places it in his hands, and fills it from the vessel of juice. The oftener you require it to be filled, the greater is his delight."

The formation of distinctively Christian villages has been a prominent feature of the Tinnevely Missions. Muthaloor, or First Town, was founded by David, who had been converted by Schwartz at Tanjore. Twenty persons who had become Christians through David's influence were baptised by Sattianaden, but were so persecuted by the

heathen that they built this refuge village, now the centre of a district of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with fifteen congregations. Its three wide streets of clean houses contrast very favourably with the heathen villages, where the houses cluster promiscuously in the midst of dirt and refuse. The huge whitewashed church, with its red-tiled roof, is a conspicuous object; its steps are formed of idols once worshipped in the locality.

It must not be supposed that heathenism has altogether disappeared even in these favoured districts. The Rev. J. Selles, long resident at Muthaloor, tells us how he visited unexpectedly a village that was in a transition state, and found a grand



RANCHI CHURCH.

festival in progress, the mud hut serving for a temple adorned with jessamine flowers and strewn with plantains, and curry and rice as offerings to the demon. There were the minstrels making a noise, well smeared with holy ashes, and in their best robes, but the professional devil-dancer had taken flight. On one side was a heap of goats and sheep killed in honour of the devil. The women were all in holiday attire, and both males and females exhibited on their foreheads the mark of the beast. Mr. Selles spoke to them earnestly of the folly of their proceedings, and of the only true sacrifice for sin. They seemed ashamed, timidly taking away their slaughtered beasts, and bringing their singing and dancing to an end. "I have often been struck," says Mr. Selles, "in returning from some distant village on a Tuesday or Friday night (these being their nights of sacrifice), to see in the distance a fire, the flames of which send a flickering glare over the dark night, surrounded by some five or six black and unearthly figures, some of them in frantic motion, beating time to a jingling tambour. It is a strange scene, and would terrify one who saw it in any other country than India. It reminds one of some dance of Shakespearian witches round the cauldron of Hecate. It is ludicrous and horrible when seen in the daytime. The wild apoplectic snort, the distorted countenance looking eagerly into the distance as if expecting the coming god, the tokens of pain and distress, would make one believe that over those who have given themselves utterly to the work of Satan's will he has some special power."

Menguânapuram (Village of True Wisdom) is the centre of one of the ten Church Missionary Society districts. As soon as the village was founded, in 1837, the Rev. John Thomas settled there. It stood in the midst of a sandy desert, swept by dry parching winds from the mountains; the village was generally half hidden by clouds of dust. Mr. Thomas sank wells, and soon created a perfect oasis, in the midst of which there stood the finest church in South India, in which Bishop Cotton saw with such delight the fourteen hundred dark-skinned worshippers—sitting on the floor or reverently kneeling for the prayers—joining heartily in the responses, singing soft and melodious Tamil lyrics, eagerly listening to the sermon, and the more intelligent diligently taking notes with their iron styles on strips of palmyra leaf. Mr. Thomas laboured here for three-and-thirty years, and had the satisfaction of seeing twelve boys from his own schools ordained clergymen, before he died in the midst of the people who loved him so well.

There are hundreds of these Christian villages in Tinnevely, but we must only glance at one or two more. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's village of Edeyengoody (Shepherd's Dwelling) was the scene of Jaenieké's successful ministrations at the end of last century. It is a neat village, cut off by a belt of vegetation from the sandy plain around, and approached by a long street, thickly planted with tulip trees. The houses have verandahs facing the street, and above all towers the noble church, near which is the mission bungalow with its garden. Here, too, is the lace room, where girls from the boarding-school are taught lace-making. The Rev. R. Caldwell (afterwards bishop) was long the resident pastor at Edeyengoody district. He had some trouble with a new sect that arose, "a kind of distorted heathenish imitation of Christianity;" but the leader of this sect could not get his miracles to

work properly, and his prophecies never came right. The result was that Mr. Caldwell could report, "Many of his followers have joined our congregations, and this new temptation has had on the whole a beneficial result."

All through the province are seen these clean and well-cared-for villages, and an oasis of palmyra trees on the sandy plain indicates the presence of Christianity almost as surely as a church steeple. But every Christian village has its church, sometimes built of sunburnt bricks, often of stone. "In church the men sit on the south side of the church, and the women on the north side, the children in the middle. All, except the families of the clergymen, European or native, sit cross-legged on the floor. The women while at prayer bow their foreheads to the ground. The cloth is drawn over the head, which then looks like a mantilla. Some of the men also assume this attitude in prayer, others fold their hands before them like figures on old monuments, in a supplicating attitude. All sermons are catechetical; no other plan will avail to keep the people awake during the very warm weather, and after the hard labour of the week." Questions are asked and answered at each division of the discourse, and texts quoted are verified at once and read aloud by the first person who finds them. In this and other ways continuous Scriptural instruction is carried forward.

In many places devil-temples have been converted into Christian prayer-houses. An ingrained fear of devils always wandering about to do mischief has been a great hindrance to Gospel progress. At all times and seasons the impending anger of devils shadows the life of the heathen Shanar. "Every bodily ailment which does not immediately yield to medicine is supposed to be a possession of the devil. The fever produced by the bite of a rat is found difficult to cure, and the native doctor tells the names of the five devils that resist the force of his art. An infant cries all night, and the devil is said to be in it. An ill-built house falls down, and a devil receives the blame. Bullocks take fright at night, and a devil is said to have scared them." Bishop Caldwell, from whom we have just quoted, tells of one hamlet containing only nine houses, but its inhabitants were habitually worshipping thirteen devils. Great has been the joy of Christian Shanars on finding the way of escape from this frightful bondage.

Besides the village and district schools, the missionaries have established a training institution for the native clergy, a high-school which educates pupils up to the matriculation standard of Madras University, and a native college with a still more advanced curriculum. And specially must be mentioned the Sarah Tucker Institution in the town of Tinnevely, with its forty affiliated district schools. Here, where the wisest natives declared that "since the beginning of the world it had never been known that a woman could read," stands the institution from which in nineteen years have been sent out over a hundred well-trained female teachers holding Government certificates. Mr. Harcourt, the principal, thus pictures the scene during school hours:—"We have no less than twelve classes. As each girl receives her printed paper of examination questions (when trying for Government certificates as schoolmistress), you may see her, as she sits down, offer up a silent prayer for

help, with head inclined. I think many of the little ones would take your heart by storm—they are so pretty and graceful, and their dress also is so very graceful. What would you say to their nose-jewels? Some are simple little buttons of gold, but some are sprays of pearls (mock), and it is always a wonder that the concussion of a sneeze does not scatter them in every direction. The girls are very simple and prayerful, and, though we have so many young ones, we have not had since we have been here a single case of misconduct to sadden us. God be praised for this, for surely He has kept us from harm."

The Shanars, as we have said, form one-fourth of the population of Tinnevely districts. Hindus of various caste, from Brahmans to Pariahs, make up the rest. Perhaps the most important sections are the Vellalars, 400,000 in number, chiefly the yeomanry class, farmers and land proprietors, though including many tradesmen and artificers. They are often well educated, and take a high social position. Even the proud Brahmans meet them socially and eat with them, though the two castes may not intermarry. It has been felt from the first that the almost exclusively Shanar character of the Church has been a defect, and special efforts have been made in one or two directions to reach the upper classes. The Rev. A. Margoschis brought twenty-three young Brahmans and Vellalars at Alva Tirunogari to a knowledge of the truth, so that they read Christian books and offered Christian prayers in their own houses, though they were afraid to come regularly to the church. But in the evening they went in parties of three or four, and prayed together at some sequestered spot on the river-bank.

The Rev. S. G. Yesadian struck out a new plan in the Nagalapuram district. He went to villages inhabited by the higher sections of the agricultural classes, accompanied by a well-trained choir of boys. In the evening, when people had dined, he set up a table with lights, and sang a series of Tamil and Sanskrit verses, accompanying himself with a violin, and ever and anon explaining the meaning of what he sang. There were plenty of choruses, sung by the boys, and now and then the people joined in.

Some good results followed from this novel procedure. At Velidupatti, where the people had come to enjoy Mr. Yesadian's visits, he was surrounded one evening by men and women of all ages and ranks, when Kondu Reddi, one of the chief men of the village, stood up and said, "Sir, this is enough: please baptise me." Then Narayana Reddi and Sanga Reddi, and also two younger men, immediately followed his example. Mr. Yesadian was too astonished and delighted to reply, but Mr. Swamiadian asked them to think the matter over with prayer, and on the next day—Sunday—if they still desired it and were found to have sufficient knowledge, they might be publicly baptised.

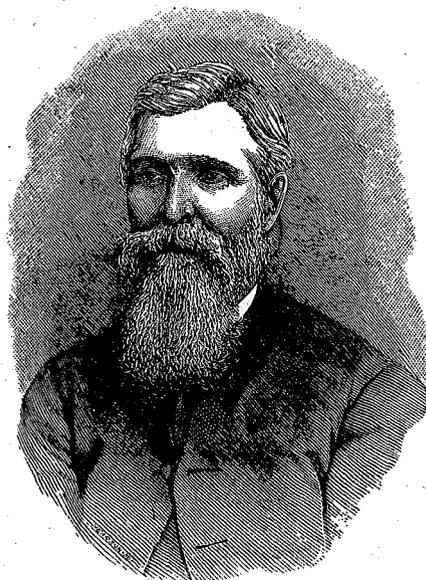
Great was the excitement in the village all that night. One of the young men was seized by his father, but escaped from being carried away, and took refuge in the house of a Christian till the morning. All night long the widowed mother of another of the young men was screaming like a mad woman. Another young man had to stay all night in the little Christian chapel. But three of the five

were baptised next day, and the other two a week afterwards. Kondu Reddi had been a very devout Hindu; the reading of the Hindu Puranas and the visiting of sacred places had been his chief delight, but he had never known rest or peace till he became a Christian. He soon enlisted himself as a voluntary worker for Christianity, and accompanied Mr. Swamiadian in his evangelising tours. A few other cases like those recorded, lead to the hope that the Tinnevelly church may yet draw within its fold the social classes that have hitherto held aloof.

At the little station of Maniachi, on the railway that crosses the district, from eight to ten thousand Christians assembled one morning in December, 1875, to meet the Prince of Wales. In bright white dresses, set off with red and other gay colours, they formed a picturesque crowd. There was an address, a presentation of the Tamil Bible and Prayer Book, and of course a gracious speech from the Prince. Then the girls from the boarding schools came forward with their presents of lace and other work for the Princess of Wales; and after listening to the singing of anthems and the enthusiastic cheering of the vast concourse of people, the Prince went on his way, leaving amongst the Tinnevelly Christians a very pleasing remembrance of the day when they met to greet the son of the Kaisr-i-Hind.

Crossing the mountains westward from Tinnevelly, we descend into Travancore—the "Land of Charity," as the Brahmans have named it, for it has always liberally supported its priests, who have long been accustomed to receive one-fifth of the public revenue. The Maharajah rules a million and a half of inhabitants, of whom some twenty thousand have been gathered into the Christian fold in connection with the missions of the Church Missionary Society; and the London Missionary Society has over thirty thousand in its congregations.

Hinduism is the established religion, and nowhere in India do the Brahmans rule more absolutely. The man of low caste dare not so much as touch the walls of a Brahman temple. In Travancore caste is omnipotent; the proud Numburi Brahmans head the list. They dwell in opulent seclusion, inaccessible to mission effort; and in order to keep the caste select, only one son in each family marries. Next come the foreign Brahmans, who have found their way here from neighbouring States, and who are the chief merchants of Travancore. To them this land is a paradise. "The Brahman's word is law, his power with Heaven unlimited, his smile confers happiness, the very dust of his feet is blessed. He thanks God that he is not as other men, and is as infallible as a Pope." There are fixed distances—so many paces for a Nair, so many for a Shanar, so many more for a slave, within



THE RIGHT REV. R. CALDWELL, D.D., LL.D.,
MISSIONARY BISHOP, TINNEVELLY.

which a Brahman must not be approached. In early days Europeans were not allowed to use the main road by which Brahmans travel, and there are still occasional contentions about the right of way.

From the Brahmans down to the lowest class of slaves, there are no less than eighty-two grades of social life. The Sudras are more respectable than in Northern India, forming the middle class, with numerous sub-divisions. The slaves of the lowest degree (the aboriginal inhabitants of the land), though now emancipated, remain in the slave caste, and are very ignorant and degraded. They may not wear clothing above the waist, or use umbrellas or shoes. Their very speech is abject. The slave does not presume to say "I," but "your slave;" he does not call his food (which is often his only wages) *choru* (rice), but *karikadi* (dirty gruel). He speaks of his children as his "monkeys," or calves, and covers his mouth with his hand when he speaks to you, lest his breath should pollute you. If he builds anything better than a miserable shed, it is pulled down. He can only toil in the fields; for as he pollutes all he touches, domestic service is closed against him.

In this land of mingled wealth and misery, the heathen temples, to the number of 3,817, are conspicuous. The Government pays the expenses of some of the annual festivals. To the great stone idol at Suchindram, near Cape Comorin, vast crowds of excited worshippers flock in December for a ten days' festival. On the last day, a procession, headed by Government officials, accompanies the enormous cars which are drawn by men and elephants round the temple, and the Rajah in his capital fasts on that day until the news reaches him by electric wire (formerly by relays of mounted troopers) that the ceremony is duly finished. Besides temples, there are seen, all over Travancore, free inns for Brahmans, where any Brahman can stay so many nights with free board and lodging.

In this priest-ridden kingdom the two societies previously named have been labouring since the beginning of the present century, each assisted by a large staff of native clergy and teachers.

It is amongst the Shanar tree-climbers (as in Tinnevely) and the slaves that the greatest success has been realised. To the poor slave who had never known a friend, and whose only religion was fear of the devil, the Gospel was glad news indeed. With a little food as his only wages, he had been accustomed to steal, as a matter of course, whenever he got the chance. But Christianity produced a marked change. "Sir," said the headman of a village one day to a missionary, "these people of yours are wonderfully altered. Six years ago I had to employ club-men to guard my paddy" (unhusked rice) "while it was being reaped. Now for two or three years I have left it entirely to your Christians, and they reap it and bring it to my house. I get more grain, and I know they are the very men who robbed me formerly." Another day, as a native catechist was discussing with a heathen Nair the nature of human responsibility, he illustrated his remarks by referring to the habits of the slaves, who were accustomed to lie, or steal, etc. The heathen at once interrupted him, saying, "No, the slaves do not lie, or steal, or get drunk, or quarrel now; they have left off all these since they learned your religion."

Medical missions have been found very useful in Travancore. The Mission Hospital is liberally subscribed to by the Rajah and the Hindu nobles and gentlemen. "When they are sick in body," says a writer in *Mission Life*, "people forget their caste, and for the time being, at least, broken bones will level all distinctions. At one time a young Brahman with two broken legs, a Sudra with a fractured skull, and a Shanar with a fractured thigh and two broken arms, the result of a fall from a palmyra tree, all lived together for two months in the same room quite happily. The Brahman and the Shanar had their mothers, the Sudra his wife, with them, and there were besides patients of other castes who stayed a shorter time; they all made good recoveries, and left the hospital very thankful for the attention they had received."

The European missionary has to give a good deal of time to the instruction of native teachers. Many of these can recount remarkable experiences. One native pastor, who was long supported by a boys' school in Surrey, but of late by his own congregation, started on a pilgrimage to Benares at the age of seventeen, and stole four cloths from a friend to get money for carrying out his holy enterprise. But the journey was too much for him, and he soon turned back. One day he strayed into the mission school, and was so fascinated by the maps and books that he resolved to become a teacher. He was received into the mission school, and after four years' training was employed in a village school, though still a heathen. Whilst here he got fifty days' imprisonment, for harsh conduct towards a Government messenger of low caste who dared to step into his house while he, a Brahman, was eating. After he came out of prison he was led to study the Bible, became disgusted with his idols, and resolved to be a Christian. In presence of his friends, he broke his sacred string, and broke his caste by eating with the missionary. His Brahman wife, whom he had married when she was five years old, was not allowed to come to him. He waited long for her, and then married a Christian Pariah, with whom he lived happily ten years. Then the first wife sent word that she wanted to be a Christian. She was married in Christian form to the pastor, and has been a great help to him in his work.

Some of the native preachers were once renowned as devotees or as devil-dancers. One Meshack had been a priest of a temple; such was his piety that he fasted twice in the week, and picked up his food off the temple floor with his mouth. When leprosy appeared on his person, he found his goddess, in spite of prayers and sacrifices, powerless to help. This led him to inquire about Christianity, and the result was his conversion. He became a catechist and schoolmaster, but his disease crept on and disabled him for regular work. Still, to the very last, after his fingers and toes were gone, he would drag himself to the roadside, accompanied by a blind man whom he had brought to Christ, and there preach the Gospel to the passers-by.

In Travancore are found ancient congregations of Syrian Christians in very fraternal relationship with the missionaries, and of late earnestly engaged in reforming abuses and in reviving amongst themselves a Scriptural faith and a purer worship. Some years ago it was far otherwise, and many of these people came to the missionaries for

the pure Christian instruction which they could not get in their own church. Several of the mission teachers and pastors originally belonged to this church.

For more than two thousand years the beautiful Island of Ceylon has been one of the strongholds of Buddhism. Hither came Gautama Buddha himself, and here his mysterious creed was able to hold its own against the great Brahmanistic revival which almost drove it out of continental India about ten centuries ago. Buddhism in Ceylon is atheistic nihilism—no personal god, and yet a system of sacrifices and fasts and festivals—a life (professedly) of self-denial and the purest morality, and a looking forward to the dreamless sleep of Nirvana. But Ceylon also contains in the northern and eastern parts a large population of Hindus, and in every town are found Mohammedan traders. The Moslems keep their mosques select, but the Brahmans and Buddhists are very tolerant; their temples are often side by side, and not unfrequently the images of one creed are found in the sacred place of the other. In the Eastern jungles the outcast Veddahs still dance and howl in their devil-worshipping orgies as their aboriginal forefathers did before Gautama came upon his mission. Demon-worship, indeed, is prevalent amongst all the Cingalese population, and the only medical man known in many parts is the devil-priest with his sorceries.

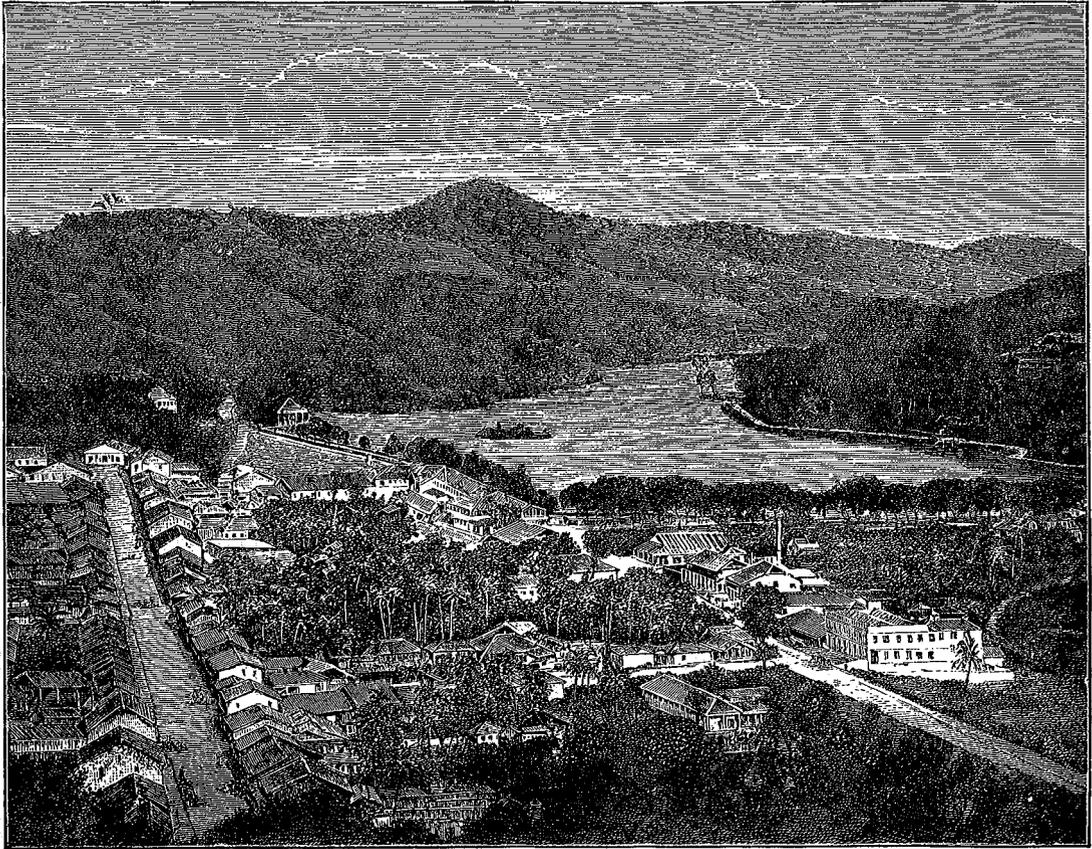
Francis Xavier uplifted his cross upon the shores of Ceylon in 1541, and for over three centuries a large number of the fishermen and their families have remained Roman Catholics. When the Portuguese were driven out, the Dutch became masters of the island, and strove hard to stamp out heathenism and bring the people over bodily into the Lutheran fold. They built churches and schools, and appointed ministers to the different districts, and ordained that only baptised persons could hold a title to land or receive Government employment. The idea seems to have been to have a Reformation straight off, without the usual period of missionary preparation. But thousands relapsed into heathenism when the coercive measures were withdrawn, though Dutch (as well as Portuguese) churches still remain as witnesses of the early attempts to Christianise the island.

The Treaty of Amiens gave Ceylon to England in 1796. It was a time of indifference and discouragement, and for twenty years no missionary effort was made in the island. The Church Missionary Society began to talk about the matter in 1803, but did not send men till 1818. In the meantime the Baptists, the American missionaries, and the Wesleyans, had got to work. The last-mentioned have attained to a development so important that some further details must be given.

Dr. Coke was one of the pioneer preachers of Methodism, and, like his friend John Wesley, regarded "the world" as his parish." He has been appropriately called "The Father of Methodist Missions." Eighteen times had he crossed the Atlantic to plant missions in America and the West Indies, and in the intervals had laboured ceaselessly in the British Isles, when at the age of sixty-six he believed it his duty to establish a Methodist mission in India. "Go to Ceylon," seemed ever sounding in his ears. The Conference of 1813 was at first doubtful and hesitating, but

Dr. Coke's ardent appeals, concluding with the offer of himself and a gift of £6,000 from his own property towards the expenses of the mission, compelled it to assent. In December, Dr. Coke, with six young missionaries, and the wives of two of them, were on the way to Ceylon.

But in February, 1814, the enterprise was shadowed by a sad event. One of the ladies of the party, Mrs. Ault, who had been ill throughout the voyage, died.



KANDY.

A few weeks afterwards, on May 3rd, Dr. Coke himself passed to the eternal rest. The stricken party reached Ceylon in June, and established Cingalese stations at Colombo, Galle, and Matura in the south, and Tamil stations at Jaffna and Batticaloa in the north. Since that time many other missionaries have gone out to this field of service, some never to return. Numerous other important stations have been established, and it is now universally acknowledged that the Wesleyan Mission to Ceylon has been a grand success.

The Church of England mission work in Ceylon has been carried forward by the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The former has now over ten thousand native Christians under its care, the latter

about three thousand. For seventy years the Church missionaries have been unwearied in their efforts to educate the people, and a goodly band of native catechists and schoolmasters have been raised up, and several have been ordained. In 1818 the first four Church ministers arrived, and began missions at Kandy in the central province, Jaffna in the northern, and Baddegama in the south. Afterwards stations were planted at Cotta, Colombo, and elsewhere. Jaffna is chiefly peopled by Tamil emigrants from the mainland—bigoted Hindus. But the Dutch, American, Wesleyan, and Church schools and missions have been carried on here in prosperous harmony, and the Christian homes are abundant. "The Christian religion will prevail!" said a Brahman priest, as he contemplated the course of events.

"The legends concerning Jaffna," says Mr. Rigg, the Wesleyan missionary, "are very curious. It is built near a hill called Nakula-malai, or Kiri-malai. A holy sage, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of a mongoose, or Nakula, is said to have lived at the foot of the hill. Near the temple a spring still rises, the waters of which flow some distance into the sea without losing any of their freshness. In this streamlet Nakula-mini, the mongoose-faced sage, was accustomed to bathe, until one day his deformity miraculously passed away.

"Some time after this, a princess with the face of a horse came to this spot, and hearing from the wise man of the holiness of the place, and the cure that the waters had already effected, bathed in the stream until she too was transformed into a marvel of beauty. As a proof of her gratitude, she built this temple near the scene of her recovery. Her father supplied her with men and materials, and a Brahman was induced to come over from India to perform the sacred rites necessary for its consecration. To this day the story is believed by the Jaffnese peasantry, and taught to them by their priests. Nakula-malai is looked upon as a most sacred spot, and the virtues of the streamlet are as powerful in the eyes of the Jaffnese as the Ganges itself."

One of the most interesting of the Church missions at Ceylon was that at Kandy, the ancient capital of the native kings. The debased Christianity of the coast had obtained no foothold here, so that the missionaries found unbroken soil to work upon; and nowhere have converts proved more staunch and consistent. Lakes, richly wooded hills, and lofty mountain peaks, picturesquely surround the ancient capital, which, moreover, abounds with interesting memorials of bygone times. The graceful palms and other tropical trees are grouped about its royal palaces and its numerous temples, and amidst them all stands the famous shrine of the "Sacred Tooth," venerated by faithful Buddhists in every land. For two thousand years it had been adored in this place, when a Portuguese Archbishop got hold of it in 1560, and burnt it with great ceremony at Goa. We cannot exactly say "how it's done," but the tooth of Buddha is there still, encased in shrines of wrought gold, gleaming with precious stones. At stated intervals the precious relic is brought forth and displayed with great pomp to the thousands of assembled worshippers. Close by the temple stands the spacious audience-hall of the kings, with its richly carved columns

of teak. Not long before the missionaries Lambrick and Browning came here, this hall had been the scene of the horrible cruelties which led the British authorities to dethrone the tyrant and annex his capital, at the request of the great majority of his subjects. One of his last deeds was to compel the wife of one of his Ministers, who had offended him, to pound her own children in a mortar. In the very room where these revolting horrors took place, Bishop Heber, six years after the mission had been established, confirmed 300 converts.

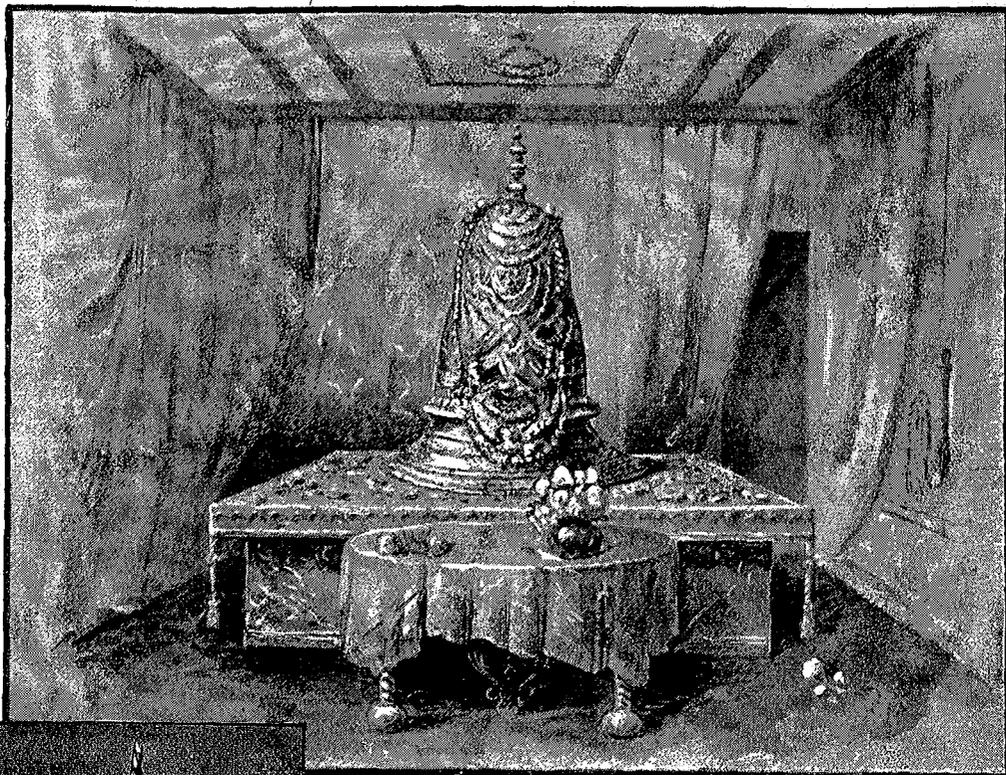
Since 1845 Ceylon has had a bishop of its own, and, aided liberally by the aforementioned great societies, the work has gone on apace. At Colombo a granite cathedral has been built, and also St. Thomas's College, at the end of a busy street two miles long, crowded with types of Oriental humanity. Of the scene presented in this street Bishop Claughton has given a graphic narrative, which we somewhat condense:—"Here are effeminate-looking Cingalese, with long hair, tortoiseshell combs, and tight petticoats; Arabs, with flowing garments and venerable beards, bringing horses for sale from the Persian Gulf; defiant-looking Bengalese, or an unmistakable Chinaman, selling shoes or sweetmeats; Moorish women, closely veiled; Malays, with dangerous countenances and scarcely concealed 'krisses'; Parsees, in curious head-dresses; Malabar 'coolies,' with here and there a Portuguese or Dutch 'burgher' in European dress, all shouting, gesticulating, and chattering in a perfect Babel of tongues. In the busiest part of the street is a large Hindu temple, and its hideous music is no grateful sound as one threads one's way amidst the surging crowds. But here, too, stands the mission catechist, preaching in some open space, surrounded by a small cluster of curious Tamils. The next sight is perhaps a distorted Fakir, or the Mohammedan procession of Hassan and Hussein, throwing the whole place into excitement."

Such is the scene that conducts to the peaceful-looking College buildings, nestling among palmyra and cocanut palms, with green sloping lawns shaded by magnificent banyan trees. Close by rises the grey cathedral, with its simple Early English windows and massive tower. Groups of native boys are scattered about the College grounds, some playing at cricket with their English masters, others preparing their work for the next day, all unconsciously imbibing the high tone of moral discipline and manly exertion which it was the aim and effort of the founders to produce.

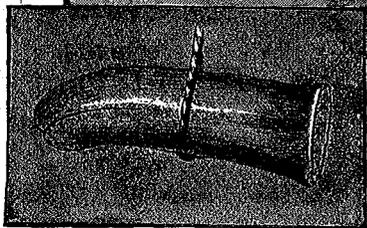
We must take a rapid glance at the beautiful and (to a Buddhist) sacred province of Suffragam. Here for miles you may ride over temple lands, and the yellow robe of the priest is met at every turn. Here stands Adam's Peak, with its mysterious footsteps annually visited by thousands of pilgrims, and with Ratnapoora (City of Rubies) at its foot, with wondrous mountain and forest scenery—the rich lowlands of this province. Here a solitary catechist long ministered to a little flock, till a mission of a more aggressive character was planted by Bishop Claughton.

The position of woman in Buddhistic Ceylon is one of absorbing interest. The enfranchisement of woman, as well as the abolition of caste, gives Gautama a true claim to the admiration of mankind. There were no distinctions of class or rank or sex in Buddha's temple, and all might equally share in the propagation of the faith. Sanghamitta, princess and priestess, came to Ceylon with her brother, the

royal priest Mahindo, three centuries before Christ, to preach devotion to Buddha. "The feminine followers of the Princess Sanghamitta," says the Wesleyan missionary, Mr. J. Nicholson, "have never lost their freedom. Woman is not imprisoned in the zenana, or denied the right of free worship in the Buddhist temples. Unchecked, she can climb that peak where the footprint of Buddha is made out of holes in the rock; and fear-



THE KARUNDA, OR SHRINE OF BUDDHA'S TOOTH.



BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

lessly she can go on pilgrimages to the ancient temples of her faith. You see her in 'upasaka,' or devotee robes, on the 'poya,' or holy days of Buddhism, leading the trains of mothers and daughters to the dumb idols. In the home, she guards that altar where the image of the dead teacher stands behind the veil. Woman there can take, herself, and give the family, 'maha sil,' the three chief precepts; or 'pan sil,' the five binding vows; or 'dasa sil,' the ten embracing laws of Buddhism.

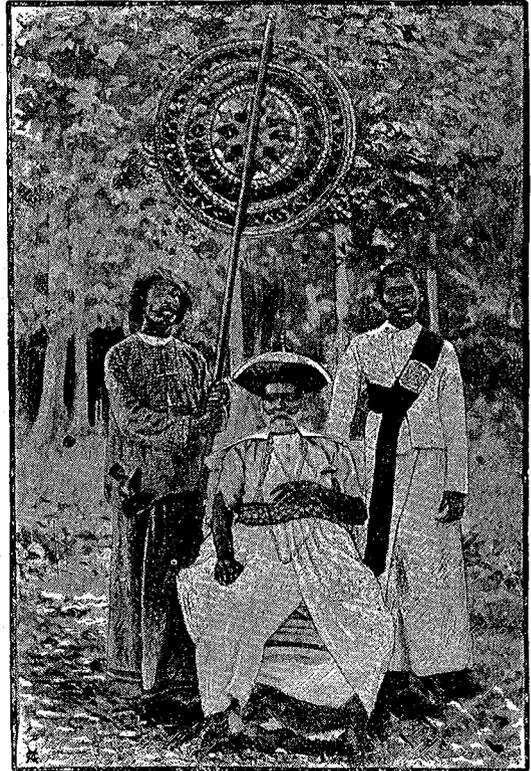
"The mothers have done for Buddha what no one else either could or would have accomplished, and to-day the mothers are the central power of Buddhism in this land. Ask the children who took them in their infant years to the gaudy painted figures of the temple, and held their tiny hands while they lisped the words of the Great Refuge, in the Buddha, the Book, and the Brotherhood. Find out who filled their young minds with the legends of the Bodisat, the Prince, and the Teacher of

gods and men. See what hold Buddhism has upon the men and women of Ceylon, in spite of the priesthood, and then you will realise it in the *mother* who has lifted her children to the *ideal Buddha*, above the soiled robes and the false coiners of the temples."

So, likewise, it is woman that has often intervened with effect to win back converts from the influence of the missionaries. She has been willing for her sons to qualify in the mission schools for Government employment, but has sought with jealous bigotry to counteract any religious impressions. She has allowed her children to be taught, trusting in her own authority to preserve their orthodoxy. The school-girl Loku Hamie was taken to the temple by force. "The aunt and the mother determined that she should go to the *wihara* and lay an offering before the image of Buddha. The girl dared not scream in the road, and was silently sad as they compelled her to accompany them. Bruised and trembling, she was pushed into the temple; her hands were held, a flower placed on them, and with a jerk thrown on to the table before the image. Baffled, enraged, yet unconquered, the girl spat in Buddha's face, saying, with a sneer, 'It is only clay.' The aunt and the mother did not repeat their cruelty; they let Loku Hamie alone."

In this instance, as in many others, the young convert has faithfully withstood and conquered; but a growing conviction has arisen of the absolute need for winning the women of Ceylon. The special efforts that are being made to educate girls are most encouraging, and present a very hopeful augury for the future of Ceylon. But it is now time for us to leave this beautiful island, "where," as Heber writes, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile," although the Itinerant Mission, the Coolie Mission, the Orphanages, and some other phases of mission effort, might well claim detailed notice did space permit.

Our rapid survey of the mission fields of India must not be closed, without a more special notice of the great and good work that has been carried on by certain societies, and also by independent workers, in connection with the Hindu women. Of the 125,000,000 of women and girls in India, only one in eight hundred knows how to read. Their lives are spent in jealously guarded seclusion, and though the



THE DEWA MİLLEME, OR PRINCIPAL KANDIAN CHIEF.

prevalent slaying of female children has been stopped, they have grown up in great darkness and ignorance. Educated Hindus have been positively astonished at finding that girls were capable of receiving instruction. Infant marriage is one of the serious evils against which the missionaries have had to contend; it was pitiful to see mothers of thirteen nursing feeble infants. The better class of Hindus have in many places aided the missionaries in discouraging marriages before the age of sixteen. But to retain girls in the training institutions till eighteen or twenty, to complete their education, has often been a difficult task. The treatment of widows is another crying evil in the experience of Indian women. Suttee has been abolished, but the widow must remain one for life; and many of this class never saw their deceased boy-husbands! The general belief is that the bereavement is a punishment for sin in a previous life, and the poor girl is held accursed, and lives on, "a sad being in coarse white clothing, to whom the simplest braiding of the hair is counted vanity; who may not eat enough to appease her hunger; who may sleep on no bed, but only on the bare ground for a mat; for whom even the approach of death may not relax any of the severities of life." Twenty millions of widows are said to be enduring this terrible doom in India, and it is cause for rejoicing that the Zenana societies have been raised up to take steps to ameliorate their condition, and carry to them the consolations of the Gospel.

The absence of proper medical knowledge and treatment has been, and in most places still is, also a cause of great suffering to the women of India, but has, under Providence, given Christian women the desired opportunity to penetrate the darkness of the Zenana. The ordinary medical missionary has been baffled here; the women might die, rather than men should attend to their ailments. But Christian ladies have been enabled to qualify for medical practice, and, in face of many difficulties, have ministered to the needs of suffering bodies and perishing souls.

The spiritual darkness and ignorance of these poor secluded ones has been beyond description. Debasing superstitions—a mixture of the aboriginal demon-worship and Hindu idolatry—make up their religion. In the midst of wealth and outward comfort, the Zenana is often the scene of despair and madness, and horrible crimes have not been unfrequent behind those carefully guarded lattices. But through the patient, devoted labours of the Zenana missionaries, the light is finding its way into many a Hindu home; and when the importance of the movement is fully recognised, so as to be more adequately supported by Christian Churches, a work will go triumphantly forward worthy to rank among the grandest conquests of the Cross.

The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East has sent many workers to the field of service under notice. For over fifty years it has been at work, as its first female teacher was admitted to a Zenana in 1835; and it has trained in its institution many girls and native ladies, who have become efficient helpers in the cause. A native gentleman, witnessing the labours of this society, exclaimed, "The light has begun to shine in our Zenanas, and everything is changed. Only get the hearts of our women, and you will get the heads of our men."

The Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, or Zenana Bible

and Medical Mission, is another agency that has done much good work. The way in which "Lady Dufferin's Fund" originated in the operations of the society is thus described:—

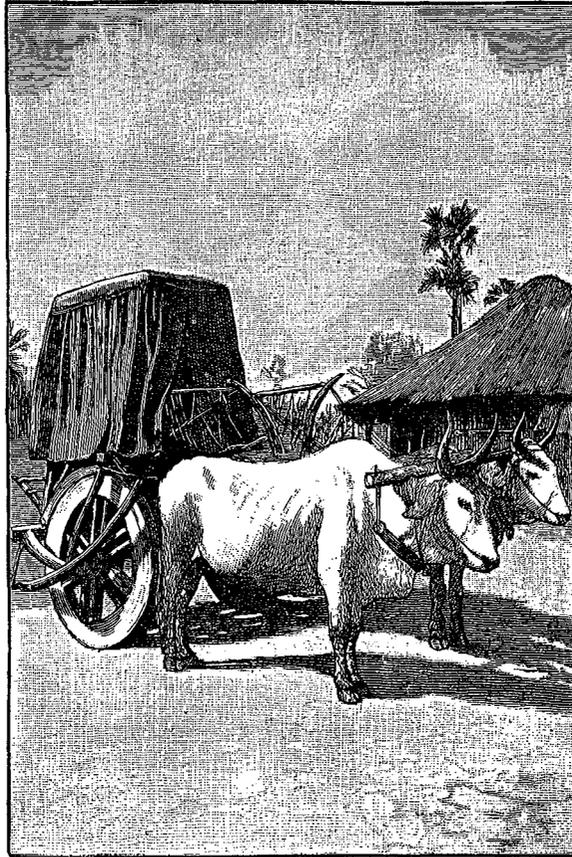
"In the beginning of the year 1881 Miss Beilby, of Lucknow, was summoned by the Maharajah of Punna to attend his wife, long suffering from painful internal disease, and who could receive no aid from native physicians, because the customs of the country positively forbade a Zenana lady from being seen by any man except her husband, father, or brother. The lady physician, prompt to see the significance of such a call, made the journey of one hundred miles, stayed for weeks in this city, in which was no other European, and devoted herself with so much skill and fidelity to the care of the lady that a complete recovery was the result. When the time came for her return, the Maharanee entreated her to tell the Queen what the Zenana ladies of India had to suffer in time of sickness, and to give the account in person, that it might have more weight. Miss Beilby tried to make her understand that it might not be easy to obtain an audience of the Queen; and that if she could, the Queen would not be able to make lady doctors, or order them to go out; not even the great Queen of England could do that. But the persistent lady brought pen, ink, and paper, and said she *must* write a message, and 'Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba, for I want you to put it in a locket, and you are to wear the locket round your neck till you see our great Queen and give it to her yourself.'

"On reaching England Miss Beilby secured the interview with the Queen, who listened with deepest sympathy to the story the physician had to tell. A kind message was sent to the Maharanee, and another given to Miss Beilby for everyone with whom she spoke upon the subject: 'We wish it generally known, that we sympathise with every effort to relieve the suffering state of the women of India.'

"From this time the sufferings of the women of India in sickness attracted much attention in England, which culminated in the National Association for their relief, of which Lady Dufferin was the efficient president."

The "Church of England Zenana Missionary Society" is another organisation that has taken a very prominent position in this movement. It has a staff of a hundred and forty missionaries and assistant missionaries, with Indian Bible Women and teachers under their superintendence, labouring devotedly in India, China and Japan. Amongst its missionaries may be mentioned Miss Tucker, so well known in England as a graphic and touching writer, under her *nom de plume* of "A.L.O.E." She has never returned to England since in 1875 she went to Batala, resolved to die in the service of the women of the Punjab. Miss Clay (mentioned in the Life of Frances Ridley Havergal as her chief friend) is another zealous labourer, who has been often spoken of as the "Mother of the Punjab Village Missions." Miss Blandford has worked for over twenty years in Trevandrum. The Rani of a native State became one of her pupils, and subsequently the husband of this lady was banished by the Maharajah for some actual or supposed plot, and his wife was

commanded to marry some one else. But the Rani was a heroine. She confided to her Zenana teacher her determination to be faithful to her husband, and received her encouragement and advice. Though repeatedly urged to yield, she was firm in her resolution. At length the Maharajah died, and at the accession of his successor



BULLOCK CART FOR HIGH-CASTE BRAHMAN WOMAN.

the banished Rajah was restored to favour. Queen Victoria, on learning the story, bestowed the Star of India on the faithful Rani.

But here we must pause. The records of Zenana work, not only in connection with the three societies named, but as carried on by independent workers at various places, teem with scenes and incidents that only want of space prevents us from detailing. If our readers are thirsting for more, we must refer them to the interesting periodicals published by the societies, and to such works as Miss Lowe's "Punrooty," which alone might well furnish material for a chapter of this volume.

XLI.—IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

MELANESIA.

Polynesia and Melanesia—Atmospheric Conditions—Pen-and-Ink Portraits of Chiefs—Dwellings of the People—Arts and Sciences of the South Seas—Social Economy—A Curious System of Taxation—Diviners—Beliefs—Ancestor-Worship—Commodore Goodenough—Death of the Commodore—Three Martyr-Missionaries—Bishop Selwyn—John Coleridge Patteson—Early Life of Patteson—Consecrated Bishop of Melanesia—Plan of Operations—Thrilling Adventures—The *Southern Cross*—St. Barnabas College, Norfolk Island—Dysentery and Fever—Santa Cruz—A Melancholy Disaster—Illness of Patteson—An Iniquitous Traffic—Labour Ships—Mota—George Sarawia's School—Nukapu—An Impending Fate—Martyr-Death of Bishop Patteson—Effect on the Mission—The Rev. Joseph Atkin—A Hero of the Cross—Taro—Norfolk Island—Present State of the Mission—Letters to the Missionaries—John, Son of Bishop Selwyn.

THE innumerable islands which stud the waters of the Southern Pacific divide themselves naturally, if we consider race distinctions, into two main groups; the countless array of little worlds east of the New Hebrides coming under the generic title of Polynesia, while to define the western archipelagoes, including Northern Australia, the term Melanesia has been more properly used, as denoting the black rather than copper-coloured skin of tribes whose woolly hair and negrine features, as well as their language and mental aptitude, mark them off from their eastern conquerors. The vulgarly-called "niggers" whom we shall meet in the following pages as peopling these "green islands in glittering seas," are, as we shall see, being brought hopefully under the influence of the Sun of Righteousness, who has arisen upon their swarthy humanity with healing in His wings; so that their insular homes and haunts may be said to be "black but comely," in the language of the Shulamite who prayed, "Look not upon me because I am black, because the Sun hath looked upon me;" and we shall be reminded that "One fairer than the sons of men" has left an impress of His own renovating glory upon them in these latter days.

The appearance of these distant isles of the sea is variously reported, due, no doubt, to the atmospheric conditions, or the temperament and humour of the reporter, all of which are variable circumstances; scarcely, at least, should we expect to hear a missionary in that glowing region speak thus: "From our rainy decks the following islands are to be clearly seen; the pastille-like Star Island, forty miles astern, and ruined battlemented Ureparapara, thirty miles ahead; sulphurous, steamy, rain-sodden Vanua Lava, or Great Banks' Island, with its four great cones piercing the lowering clouds in search of light and life beyond; Mota, squat and like a dozing cat; and Saddle Island, fringed with the flying foam of the thundering surf." The hot, aqueous climate is an uncertain commodity, for when rain or wind visits the earth after a drought, it frequently comes with tropical severity.

The fury of the tornado at sea is one of the risks to which the sailor-missionaries of Melanesia have at all times been exposed; and intense alarm has sometimes been caused their friends in Auckland, when the mission vessel has been belated long beyond the hour of her expected arrival. A first succession of light winds, delaying her for many days within sight of her destination, has been followed

OCEANIA.

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:—

<p>C. M. S. . . . Church Missionary Society. S. P. G. . . . Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Mel. . . . Melanesian Mission. L. M. S. . . . London Missionary Society. Free Ch. Scot. . . Free Church of Scotland Foreign Mission. Morav. . . . Missions of the United Brethren, or Moravians. Herm. . . . Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Missionary Society. Paris Evang. . . . Paris Society for Evangelical Missions. Rhenish Rhenish Missionary Society. Utrecht Utrecht Mission Union. Neth. Miss. Soc. . Netherlands Missionary Society.</p>	<p>Neth. Miss. Un. . Netherlands Missionary Union. Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch. . Netherlands Christian Reformed Church Mission. Mennonite Un. . Mennonite Union for the Propagation of the Gospel. Ermeloo Ch. Miss. . Ermeloo Church Missions. Java Comité . . . Java Comité, Home and Foreign Missions. Aust. Presb. . . . Missions of Australasian Presbyterian Churches. Aust. Wes. . . . Missions of Australasian Wesleyan Churches. Can. Presb. . . . Canadian Presbyterian Church Foreign Missions. Am. B. F. M. . . . American Board of Foreign Missions.* Hawaiian Hawaiian Evangelical Association.*</p>
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* These two Societies work in concert in Micronesia.

N.B.—In Sumatra, Java, Borneo, &c., it has been found impossible, owing to the scale of the Map, to indicate more than a few of the Mission Stations. In such instances, however, the number of Stations occupied by the various Missionary Societies is given in the following list instead. Separate Maps of British Borneo and New Zealand (North Island) will be found elsewhere.

<p>AITUTAKI . . . Cook Islands . L. M. S. ALMAHERA. <i>See</i> Gilolo. ANDAI New Guinea . Utrecht. ANNATOM . . . New Hebrides . Free Ch. Scot. (<i>Ancityum</i>) API " " . Aust. Presb. APIA Gilbert Islands . Am. B. F. M. ARHNO Marshall Islands . " ARROWSMITH . . " " . " (<i>Majuro</i>) AUR " " . " AURORA . . . New Hebrides . Mel. AUSTRALIA . . . — . Herm., Morav. AUSTRAL IS. . . — . L. M. S. BANJARMASIN . Borneo . Rhenish. BANKS IS. . . . New Hebrides . Mel. BATAVIA Java Neth. Miss. Soc., Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch., Java Comité. BATU IS. . . . Sumatra . . Dutch Luth. BOEROE, <i>Island of</i>. — . Utrecht. BOGADJIM . . . New Guinea . Rhenish. BONHAM IS. . . Marshall Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Jaluit</i>) BORNEO, BRITISH . — . S. P. G. (<i>see separate Map</i>). " DUTCH . . . — . Rhenish (5 stations). BOSTON Marshall Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Ebon</i>) CAROLINE IS. . . — . " CELEBES — . Neth. Miss. Un. (2 stations).</p>	<p>COLONIA Australia . Herm. COOK IS. . . . — . L. M. S. DOREI New Guinea . Utrecht. DRUMMOND . . Gilbert Islands . Am. B. F. M. (<i>Taputeouca</i>) EBENEZER . . . Australia . Morav. EBON. <i>See</i> Boston. EFATÉ. <i>See</i> Vati. ELLICE IS. . . . — . L. M. S. ERROMANGO . . New Hebrides . Can. Presb., Aust. Presb. ERRONAM . . . " " . Free Ch. Scot. (<i>Futuna</i>) FIJI ISLANDS . . — . S. P. G., Aust. Wes. (10 stations). FLORIDA IS. . . Salomon Is. . Mel. FRIENDLY IS., — . Aust. Wes. or TONGA. FUTUNA. <i>See</i> Erronam. GILBERT IS. . . — . L. M. S., Am. B. F. M. GILOLO, <i>Island of</i>. — . Utrecht (2 stations). (<i>Almahera</i>) HAPAI IS. . . . Friendly Is. . Aust. Wes. HERMANSBURG . Australia . Herm. (<i>Kilapaninna</i>) HERVEY IS. . . . Cook Is. . L. M. S. HILO Sandwich Is. . Am. B. F. M. HOGOLU Caroline Is. . " (<i>Ruk</i>) HONOLULU . . . Sandwich Is. . Am. B. F. M., S. P. G. HUAHINE Society Is. . L. M. S.</p>
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by a terrific blast that has blown her a hundred and thirty miles to leeward; and it is known on shore that the danger outwardly is seriously augmented by the crew and passengers on board running short of supplies.

The Melaneseans have borne the general bad reputation of all the South Sea Islanders, as savages with whom it was dangerous, or even impossible, to hold intercourse. Some are tall and muscular, such as those inhabiting that fine and populous but ill-famed Santa Cruz, where they are terribly wild, "a fine and warlike race, armed with bows and clubs, and wearing the usual armlets and necklaces and strips of a kind of cloth, made of reeds closely woven, and having their hair plastered white with coral dust." The first landing on an island infested with such glittering desperadoes was, it may be readily conceived, one of immense risk; and a missionary's nerves must have been cast-iron when he could brace himself to advance alone into the midst of a bloodthirsty group, chattering and yelling around him, as he proceeded to shake hands with the chief, who, stark naked like the rest, was perhaps a short and fat and funny-looking man, with a tame bat hanging from his hand, his lips disgustingly reddened by betel-chewing, and his teeth ebonised from the pipe stuck in his armlet. The chiefs are all possessed of that quality designated "human nature;" and capital pen-and-ink portraits of three of these potentates, drawn by a missionary, may give the reader an insight into the strange diversity of character which they presented.

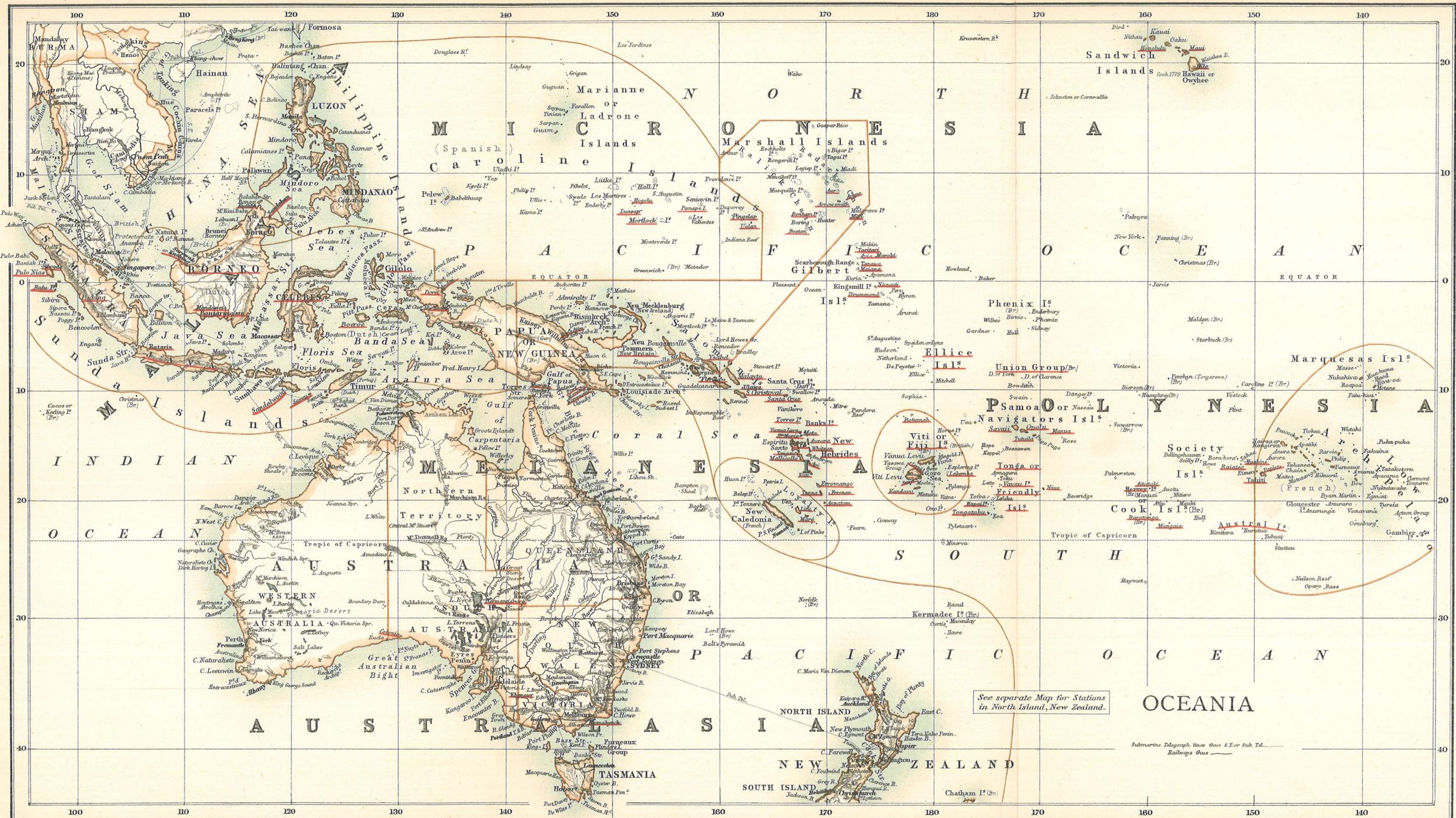
"Takua is of middle height, stout, and heavily built; his eyes are very close together, his cheek-bones high, brows prominent, and forehead receding. With the exception of a little imperial and a tuft on the top of his head, he is clean-shaven. His temper is sullen and morose, but as far as I can judge, not treacherous. Like all his people, he is rapacious. He behaved towards me as a gentleman from first to last of my visit, gave me much sensible advice, and was exceedingly anxious that I should look fat and well when the vessel came back. Never awkward, ever at his ease, polite, and singularly apt in entering into one's thoughts and objects of interest, and turning the conversation in that direction, he is (in common with many other heathen chiefs), a noble by nature as well as by position.

"Sauvui, the second brother, is quick and impulsive, insolent, rough, and noisy; as rapacious as a shark, as hysterical as a woman, as merciless as Shylock, and, at times, as polite as a dancing-master.

"Notikea, in the first vigour of manhood, is as straight as an arrow, agile, with a fine open countenance, but with a frequent frown upon his brow. His powdered hair is long, and is worn like that of a German professor, combed back off his forehead and falling behind. His eye, quite unlike the dull smear which usually represents that feature in these people, is clear hazel, with *depth* in it. It is large, full, and bright. His face is clean-shaven, save two little tufts of hair, one at each corner of his mouth, which are called 'crumbs.' He is a great warrior, and, when he pleases, a perfect gentleman."

Among the *malaqai*, or "great unwashed," is found the same variety of feature and admixture of blood as among that order nearer home. The difference in colour

JALUIT. <i>See</i> Bonham Is.		
JAVA	—	Neth. Miss. Soc. (10 stations), Neth. Miss. Un. (4 stations), Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch. (2 stations), Ermeloo Ch. Miss. (5 stations), Mennonite Un. (1 station), Java Comité (2 stations).
KANDAVU	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.
KEREPUNU	New Guinea	L. M. S.
KILALPANINNA. <i>See</i> Hermannsburg.		
KUCHING	Borneo	S. P. G.
(<i>Sarawak</i>)		
KUDAT.	"	"
KUSAIE. <i>See</i> Ualan.		
LAKEMBA	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.
LEPERS IS.	New Hebrides	Mel.
LEVUKA	Fiji Is.	S. P. G.
LIFU	Loyalty Is.	L. M. S.
LOYALTY IS.	—	"
LUASAP	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.
MAIANA	Gilbert Is.	"
MAJURO. <i>See</i> Arrowsmith.		
MALAYTA	Salomon Is.	Mel.
(<i>Malanta</i>)		
MALLICOLLO.	New Hebrides	Aust. Presb.
MANGAIA	Cook Is.	L. M. S.
MANUA	Samoa	L. M. S.
MARAKI	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.
MARÉ	Loyalty Is.	L. M. S.
MARSHALL IS.	—	Am. B. F. M.
MAUI	Sandwich Is.	S. P. G.
MENDAWBI	Borneo	Rhenish.
MILLI	Marshall Is.	Am. B. F. M.
MORTLOCK IS.	Caroline Is.	"
MÓTA	Banks Is.	Mel.
MURRAY IS.	New Guinea	L. M. S.
NEW BRITAIN	—	Aust. Wes. (3 stations).
NEW GUINEA.	—	Rhenish, L. M. S., Utrecht, S. P. G.
NEW HEBRIDES	—	Free Ch. Scot., Can. Presb., Aust. Presb. (<i>united mission, 18 stations</i>), Mel.
NEW ZEALAND	—	C. M. S., Herm., Aust. Wes. (<i>See separate Map</i>).
(<i>Missions to Maoris</i>)		
NIAS. <i>See</i> Pulo Nias.		
NIUE	Friendly Is.	L. M. S.
(<i>Savage Is.</i>)		
NONOUTI	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.
NORFOLK IS.	—	S. P. G., Mel.
OPOLU	Samoa	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.
(<i>Upolu</i>)		
OTAHETE. <i>See</i> Tahiti.		
PADANG	Sumatra	Rhenish.
PAPIETE	Tahiti	Paris Evang.
PENTECOST. <i>See</i> Whitsun Is.		
PINGELAP	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.
PONAPE	"	"
PORT MORESBY	New Guinea	L. M. S.
PULO NIAS (<i>Nias</i>).	Sumatra	Rhenish (3 stations).
RAIATBA	Society Is.	Paris Evang.
RAMAHYUCK	Australia	Morav.
RAROTONGA	Cook Is.	L. M. S.
RHOON	New Guinea	Utrecht.
ROTUMAH	Fiji Is.	Aust. Wes.
RUK. <i>See</i> Hogolu.		
SALOMON IS.	—	Mel.
SAMOA	—	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.
SAN CHRISTOVAL	Salomon Is.	Mel.
SANDAKAN	Borneo	S. P. G.
SANDALWOOD IS.	—	Neth. Chris. Ref. Ch.
SANDWICH IS.	—	S. P. G., Am. B. F. M., Hawaiian.
SANTA CRUZ.	Santa Cruz Is.	Mel.
SANTA MARIA	Banks Is.	"
SARAWAK. <i>See</i> Kuching.		
SAVAGE IS. <i>See</i> Niue.		
SAVAII	Samoa	L. M. S., Aust. Wes.
SAVOU, <i>Island of</i>	—	Neth. Miss. Un.
SIBOGA	Sumatra	Rhenish.
SOCIETY IS.	—	L. M. S., Paris Evang.
SUMATRA.	—	Rhenish (14 stations), Java Comité (1 station), Mennonite Miss. (1 station).
SUVA	Fiji Is.	S. P. G.
TAHITI (<i>Otaheite</i>).	Society Is.	Paris Evang.
TANNA	New Hebrides	Free Ch. Scot., Aust. Presb.
TAPUTEOUBA. <i>See</i> Drummond.		
TARAWA	Gilbert Is.	Am. B. F. M.
TARITARI	"	"
TOKELAU. <i>See</i> Union Group.		
TONGA. <i>See</i> Friendly Is.		
TONGATABU	Friendly Is.	Aust. Wes.
TONGOA	New Hebrides	Can. Presb., Aust. Presb.
TORRES IS.	Banks Is.	Mel.
TUTUILA	Samoa	L. M. S.
UALAN (<i>Kusaie</i>)	Caroline Is.	Am. B. F. M.
UPOLU. <i>See</i> Opolu.		
ULAWA	Salomon Is.	Mel.
UNION GROUP,	—	L. M. S.
OR TOKELAU.		
VANUA LAVA	Banks Is.	Mel.
VATI (<i>Efaté</i>)	New Hebrides	Can. Presb.
VAVAU IS.	Friendly Is.	Aust. Wes.
WHITSUN IS.	New Hebrides	Mel.
(<i>Pentecost</i>)		
YSABEL	Salomon Is.	"



is often surprising, some being light yellow and others jet-black; some are coarse "niggers" with protruding jaws, thickened lips, and retreating forehead; others are equally refined; there are grave and gay, silent and talkative; the good-tempered stay-at-home, and the avowed libertine with his professional Rembi.

The Melanesians lived in villages which they placed as near the sky as possible, perching their houses on rocky pinnacles or razor-back terraces with the airiness of birds' nests, their gardens covering the precipitous slopes: for the double reason of breathing a cooler atmosphere, and because a stockaded eminence possessed the advantage of becoming a natural fortalice in war. Within the village enclosure each residence was fenced to keep out the pigs; the house-door, too, was made with a waist-high threshold and a low lintel, so that to leap clear through the aperture was a gymnastic feat, only to be acquired by long practice: while the reed dwellings, being built on piles, were in some instances so elevated, in order to avoid the rats, that it was next to impossible to enter them at all. Although for the most part a phlegmatic people, the Melanesians show considerable taste and skill in decorative work; their shell ornamentations express both pains and patience; and a ludicrous aspect is frequently given to the rooms of their "upper ten thousand," who, as if to mock the civilisation which has intruded itself among them, paper their bamboo walls with newspapers, such artistic periodicals as the *Illustrated London News* being conspicuously turned upside down! The coolness of the night is the detestation of the sun-baked islanders, so that a fire is kept burning in their houses while they sleep, the door is shut, and there being no chimney, it is rather more than difficult for European lungs to breathe; but as this does not hurt the natives, and it is said that they cannot sleep except under these conditions, they, no doubt, have here a source of wonderment in regard to the choking, suffocating missionary—who at odd times, by the way, finds his devoted head pillowed on "the cleanest and tamest of pigs in the dirtiest of houses," or discovers that a fire has been lighted "almost under his couch, and every exit for the smoke from the hut carefully closed;" while he has noted the most loathsome forms of sickness and disease afflicting the slumberers around him in the filth of the *kiala*, where he has lain half-stifled with the smoke of damp firewood.

The culinary art was much what it is among all unsophisticated palates: for a big feast, the noise of the pestles mashing the yams was incessant; the "spread" was laid in a clearing made for the purpose in front of a house; heaps upon heaps of food were brought in; the yams were turned out of their bamboo mortars of four feet in depth, while an army of butchers delighted to tear to pieces the fatted pigs; and the whole populace was in a ferment of excitement, streaming with sweat and shouting in ecstasy; heathen grace was said by the assembled multitude giving a sudden staccato yell, accompanied by a simultaneous clap of the hands, after which they fell to, the polygamists being wisely careful to distribute equal portions to each of their wives.

The arts and sciences of the South Seas comprise excellent canoe-building, of exquisite workmanship throughout, from the accurate adzing of the timbers with sharp stones, to the inlaying of the gigantic and symmetrical water-fowl with mother-

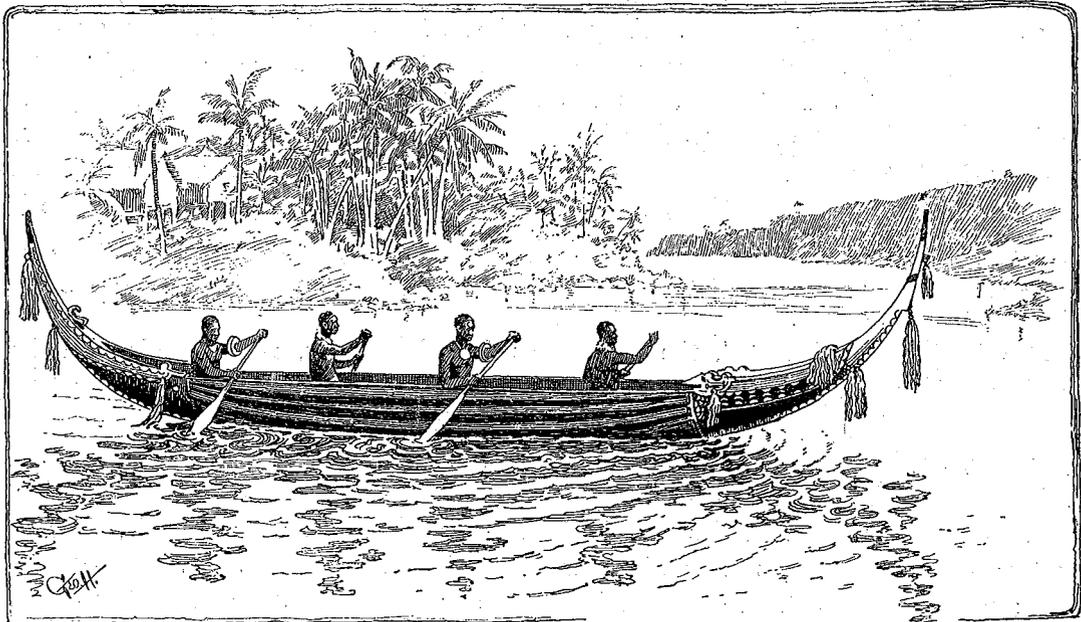
of-pearl and other glistening decorations. All honour to the self-taught artists who thus combine convenience with strength, and, with an innate ignorance of bad taste or vulgar show, produce vessels which skim the water as lightly as the sea-foam, fifty feet long, with stem and stern rising twelve feet, after the curve of a bird's neck and tail, and with all the symmetry of the "horned moon." Indeed, so nicely is the balancing of the keel-less boats adjusted, that when loaded, or rather overloaded, the poise between life and death is so even, that a catastrophe has been known to be brought about by the movement of an old man on board reaching behind him for a bunch of cocoa-nuts, when the sudden and awful capsize has plunged the whole party, together with their cargo of pigs or cocoa-nuts, into the sea. Drumming, it would seem, is one of the fine arts also, one insular village appearing famous as the residence of the drum-makers, whose drum-shed is a large house open at either end, the drums being sections of the trunk of some hard-wood tree from four to nine feet in length, with a slit down one side, by means of which the wood is hollowed out, the shell being left of varying thickness so as to produce shades of sound when struck. The shed contains many drums of various sizes ranged along its sides. Three men squat, each opposite a separate drum, and the music begins, a mellow jarring on the ear, the drumstick management being a very complicated performance, so that when an English amateur tries his hand, the amusement of the swarthy drum-majors is great.

As regards social economy, the women, as in other lands, are their lords' chattels, being chiefly engaged as light porters. At dusk long files of them may be met, each with a big, heavy basket of yams, and above that a large bundle of firewood nicely balanced on her head, while over the shoulders hang bamboo water-pots filled with water, and some other burden carried in either hand. A chief with a multiplicity of wives has a domestic village of his own; each wife has her own house, which is *tapu* from all the rest, although the several doors open into the same courtyard, which is planted with trees; and the whole seraglio is surrounded by a coral wall, on the broad top of which the dusky husband will sit and discuss his connubial bliss with any interested listener. Intermarriage in the same tribe is in some islands forbidden, the death penalty being attached to a transgression of the rule.

Among the commercial transactions of benighted Melanesia was a practice which might commend itself to the study of more enlightened warriors; for in going to war the curious custom was observed of paying for all whom they killed in battle. Thus when a peace was proclaimed, the relatives of the deceased came down upon their slaughterers, who had no alternative but to pay for their doughty deed-doing in hard cash, such as it was. The folly of war was matched by its doubled costliness; there was no premium on braggadocio, except the loss of wealth, and the victorious side was shorn of half its glory by having to settle the longer bill of the two. Nor can we compute the ignominy to the savage heart of being thus mulcted in this species of fine; a brave possessor of "a few knives and tomahawks, with two or three guns, a couple of sailors' chests, and some odd saucepans," was considered a merchant prince for the exceeding greatness of his wealth; and when a

conquering hero was compelled to empty his private purse, which inventoried such precious items as "one piece of iron, two pipes, one plug of tobacco, one long piece of iron hoop, two fathoms of bead-money," we cannot imagine that he would "take joyfully the spoiling of his goods." And thus it is not wonderful that poor creatures with possessions so few and so choice were found to be innate beggars, giving their missionary friends no peace, but worrying them to give them things with a covetousness quite sickening, making them cry, "Would to God they had an equal desire for the true riches."

In some places dancing parties were organised by the chiefs, who carefully trained and severely criticised their men, with a *naïveté* equal to that of any Monsieur Michaud,



MELANESIAN CANOE.

and the ballet would proceed in calm weather on a circular tour among neighbouring isles, payment for the performances being demanded in backsheesh or food. The system of direct taxation carried on by the *dae*, a term meaning "watch," was found to be fully as arbitrary and burdensome as that of any other inquisitorial and extortionate income tax. Injured persons would *dae* their injurer if they could; *i.e.*, they would go in force and sit on his doorstep night after night until he paid sufficient to atone for his offence. The *daed's* refusal to pay, entitled the *daers* to snatch his pigs, destroy his gardens, and, if necessary, knock him on the head. Every chief is thus more or less of a landshark, condemning his people to "throw," which is the technical name in Melanesia for "paying the piper." When regal rapacity has seized on everything available for "throwing," it proceeds to "crown the edifice," which is a practical although more euphonious synonym for that other vulgar but expressive English phrase, "putting the screw on," and which consists in first forcing on the

acceptance of the taxed some royal favour, *e.g.*, a trussed pig, and subsequently *daeing* everyone who has accepted or partaken of the uninvited mark of sovereign condescension, and who may have aught to "throw." Thus go hand in hand *daeing*, "throwing," and "crowning the edifice," to keep up the dignity of the State.

Above the ridge-poles of their council halls, large and airy, human skulls were made to dangle, some of them blackened with the smoke, and some fresh with dripping gore, all giving the idea of hideous and summary judgment, meted out as though by the sword of a heathen goddess of justice.

The prophets of these heathen were great diviners, who took even the weather under their charge, always crediting themselves with making its calms and fine days; and when ordered to supply it fair and it turned out perversely foul, they had easy explanations ready at hand. They were full of charms and evil spirits, especially instant in warning their disciples to give certain spots—such as some bold forbidding headland at sea—a wide berth, lest the misanthropical old fiend, whom they dogmatically asserted to be resident therein, should turn grimly upon them. They believed strongly in ghosts and their midnight *séances*; nocturnal noises were thought to proceed from supernatural beings, who roamed about Melanesia as elsewhere, the invisible unemployed; and the enclosed hut, *distingué* as the residence of a ghost, was found by the missionaries to be none other than a probable tumulus, or a log-built mausoleum of the dead.

To lament the departed, the women, as in other lands, rent the air with their piercing shrieks and discordant wails; the regular *tangi* of the Melanesian "mother" being an exceeding loud and bitter cry, invoking the lost husband, brother, or nephew by name, as if to summon him back to her from a far-distant sphere, thus: "Mbu—la—a! Mbu—mbu—mbu—la—a!"

The accounts given of the belief of these heathen are very meagre. For the most part their ancestors were alone worshipped, as heroes, but not among all of them; they did not "serve graven images," and, although they carved figures of men and animals, which they called *Atua*, they held them in no respect; sacrifice was performed by throwing meat or money into the sea or upon the fire. The water kelpies apparently caused them most anxiety: a fleet of canoes would suddenly draw up in line, and its occupants maintain a dead silence for a long period. On the vessels beginning to rock, the wave-spirit would be conjured to tell whether they should proceed or return, the old diviner rising up and crying in long dying cadences, "We— inquire— of— thee! Inquire—of—thee! 'Quire—of—thee! Of—thee! Of—thee—of—thee—of—thee!" the suspense reaching a climax when, after no response for a long time, the wave-spirit would relent and give his assent by bowing the tall prow and poop of the canoe, at which the shout would be instantly raised, "Let us go up, let us dance, and eat, and pipe, and betel!"

Worship appears to have been ancestral. The following description, from the diary of Commodore Goodenough, of a visit which he paid to one of these South Sea Islands, in which he was afterwards to meet his death, will be read with double interest, affording as it does an insight into that keen observer's appreciation

of the worship in its character and merits, and testifying also of the Christian goodwill towards those remote heathen, that breathed in the breast of that gallant and good commander:—

“I took Perry in the galley, and went round Direction Island (Santa Cruz group), finding a landing as I expected. The people all escaped to the main across the joining reef, poor creatures, laden with household goods apparently. I landed, after calling *Omai* repeatedly, and looking into six or eight of the houses. One, which was oblong, and had side walls four feet high, was evidently a public-house. The others were perhaps not quite so high, and had a semicircular end, indifferently pointed, but generally inshore, the door being beachwards. This end was generally cut off by a wooden sill, four or six inches high. In the centre of the apse were eight to twelve black stones, some little columns of basalt, some flat pieces, and some round pebbles. On the left, as one faced this little assemblage, was always a little cane bench. I could not think what this meant, till in one hut I found a child's skull upon the stool, well smeared with yellow earth. Besides a few old bags and mats, a bow, and the hafts of adzes, there was absolutely nothing in the village. Everything had been removed. At quite one end, and at the last of all the houses, was a roof without walls, but with side-posts, and under it a quantity of skulls around some upright stones, but no bones of any sort, and no lower jaws. I conclude from all this that this is, again, a worship of ancestors, household and tribal, and that each has its own *penates*. There were no marks of any sort upon the stones.”

He who wrote the above description was a man inured to hardship, and to facing danger, by a process of self-discipline from boyhood. After living a brave yet unassuming life as a gallant Christian officer, he died beloved by all who knew him, and mourned by all his fellow-countrymen, a victim of poisoned arrows hurled upon him at Santa Cruz. The scene of that violence, with his own self-command and his concern for the safety of his men, is worth recording here also in his own words:—

“Harrison was bargaining for some arrows with a tall man, who held his bow in a rather hectoring way, as I thought. Casting my eye to the left, I saw a man with a gleaming pair of black eyes, fitting an arrow to a string, and in an instant, just as I was thinking it must be a sham menace, and stared him in the face, thud came the arrow into my left side. I felt astounded. I shouted ‘To the boats!’ pulled the arrow out and threw it away, and leapt down the beach, hearing a flight of arrows pass. At my first sight of them, all were getting in and shoving off, and I leapt into the whaler; then feeling she was not clear of the ground, jumped out and helped to push her out into deep water, and while doing so another arrow hit my head a good sharp rap, leaving an inch and a half of its bone head sticking in my hat. I ordered the armed men to fire; the instant they fired the arrow-flights ceased. I looked round, and the boats were clear of the beach. Perry immediately cleaned and sucked my wound, and on my coxswain and cook saying they were hit, sucked their wounds

too, which were quite slight. I asked, 'Are all in the boats?' and was answered by Jones, the coxswain of the first cutter, 'All in, sir, and I'm wounded.' For a moment there was a doubt about Harrison, and I was just turning back when I saw his white coat myself in the other cutter, and ordered the boats to pull up to the ship. . . My only object in firing was to stop their arrows and drive them off."

The narrative of the gallant commodore's Christian death is as follows:—



COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

"When he felt all hope was over, he was carried to the quarter-deck, and the ship's company called round him, when he told them that he was dying, and wished to say good-bye to them. He begged the men to smile to him, and not look sad. He had lived a very happy life, and now God was taking him away before he had any sorrow. He told them how happy he was in the sense of God's love, and in the conviction that all was according to God's will. He exhorted them earnestly to the love of God, and begged the older men, who had influence with the younger ones, to use it for good, adding, 'Will you do this for my sake?' 'As for the poor natives,' he added, 'don't think about them—they could not know right from wrong.

Perhaps some twenty or thirty

years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among and taught them, something may be learnt about it. Before I go back to die,' he went on, 'I should like you all to say, "God bless you,"' which they did; and he then said, 'May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me.' In this spirit he died, as in this spirit he had lived—an illustration of the "Happy Warrior" in life and in death, as beautiful and perfect, surely, as the Christian poet himself imagined when he penned his poem. No word of reproach escaped him, though doubtless his death was due, like that of Bishop Patteson, to the foul misdeeds of others, breeding distrust and hatred in the minds of these poor heathen people."

It is noteworthy that three leading mission in the South Seas were each

called upon to sacrifice a martyr as the seed of the Polynesian and Melanesian churches. The vigorous operations of the London Missionary Society, which had begun to Christianise the islands south of the equator, include the thrilling tale of John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga in the New Hebrides. Second on the field was the Church of Rome, whose opening enterprise was consecrated by the blood of its first Bishop, Jean Baptiste Epalle, who, in 1845, being then in the prime of his days, was slain by the savages at Ysabel, in the Solomon Group, and who was laid to rest in a deserted spot, with scarce any ceremony, by his weeping priests. The third enterprise which yielded up its devoted leader on the same sacrificial altar, was that of the Church of England in Melanesia, and its story now opens before us.

The Melanesian Mission was inaugurated by the indefatigable zeal and courage of Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, whose heart had been directed to those scattered islands lying under the equator and uninhabited by Europeans. In 1849 he ventured on a first cruise among them in his tiny schooner the *Undine*, twenty-two tons; when he sailed to the Loyalty and other groups, a distance of over a thousand miles from home, and returned with a first batch of five scholars, whom he installed at his St. John's College, Auckland. In 1851 he went for a four months' cruise in the *Border Maid*, and repeated his visits during the next two years, each time bringing back a larger number of pupils; but this immense extension of his already huge diocese soon became too much for even



BISHOP PATESON.

Selwyn's energies. In paying a visit to England, he happened to sojourn with his old friend Judge Patteson, whose boy of fourteen gave such promise that, on bidding Lady Patteson good-bye, he asked, "Will you give me Coley?" and from that moment the thoughts of the youth were turned to the vast mission-field opened before him by the enthusiasm of the Bishop of the Antipodes. Twelve years thereafter the Bishop paid the Judge a second visit, and found the boy grown into an ordained clergyman, earnestly working among his own people, when Selwyn invited him to share his work. The young man sailed with him on his return to the other side of the globe, and Selwyn never made a more happy choice than when he was directed by God to take "Coley" out as his successor in the work of evangelising Melanesia. As the individual biography of this great and good man is intimately connected with the history of this mission, the story would be incomplete without a reference to the character and early career of its apostle.

John Coleridge Patteson, son of one Judge and nephew of another, was born on April 1st, 1827, his mother, Frances Coleridge, being one of those bright, sunny

Christian women who fill the earthly home with the goodness as of some heavenly visitant. Her son grew up one of those even-minded, reliable boys, beloved and trusted by all, not so much for any extraordinary abilities, as for thoroughness of character and genuineness of heart. One of the chief longings in which his child-spirit grew was to be able to say the Absolution, because it would make people so happy; and the benignant influence of his cheerful, early home was afterwards a living power in his solitary heart as he roamed an exile among distant islands, full of the staying comfort of "home, sweet home!" He was educated at Eton, where, on a great State occasion, he got entangled in the throng of rolling carriages, and his life was imperilled by the royal wheels, beneath which he would have been crushed had not the young Queen herself held out her hand and rescued him, her gracious Majesty little knowing that the valuable life she had thus saved was that of one who was afterwards to be enrolled among the martyr-bishops of England.

Courage, moral and physical, was a feature most discernible in Patten's character; and among the recollections of his school-days is an episode in which he took a determined stand for the right and the good. At one of those great dinners which were the wonted thing in the old times among the senior boys at the close of the summer half, but are now "more honoured in the breach than the observance," the president gave Coley to understand that he was going to sing some objectionable song. The future bishop remonstrated with the elder scholar for the sake of others, and promised that if he did carry out that item of the programme he should protest by leaving the room, which he accordingly did; and although most of those assembled agreed that he was right, only one other lad had the pluck to approve his conduct by following his example in the face of a storm of that ridicule which is awful in the eyes of schoolboys, little and big. From Eton he passed to Oxford, where the same self-discipline and courage were displayed; as, for instance, when, instead of indulging in the habitual expensive after-dinner "wines" and dessert which, in rotation, the undergraduates were expected to provide for the sake of social intercourse, he advocated the pleasant interchange of thought *minus* the unnecessary luxuries, the cost of which, being calculated, was, in most cases, sent to enhance the fund for the relief of those who were perishing by thousands in the terrible famine then raging in Ireland.

As a young clergyman, his parish surrounded him with near relatives, being contiguous to his father's estate; and when the higher call came, and Selwyn gained his consent to accompany him to the Antipodes, his one anxious and affectionate thought was for the sorrow that his departure would cause to his widowed father. To father and son the trial was a severe test of faith. The learned Judge, then advanced to a green old age, knew well that the chances were against his ever meeting him in this world again, and yet would not allow any thought of himself to stand in the way of his going, but freely and tenderly said, "I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again;" and to the young clergyman's ears that episcopal invitation sounded like Jehovah's voice, saying, as it had done to Abram, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." To a cousin, a little girl of eight, he wrote

words which might now be construed into a prophecy: "After Christmas you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world," and thus parted the brave spirit from its happy English surroundings, from a home which was endeared to it by more than ordinary tender affection, and from all it held sacred and loved most dearly, never to see them more.

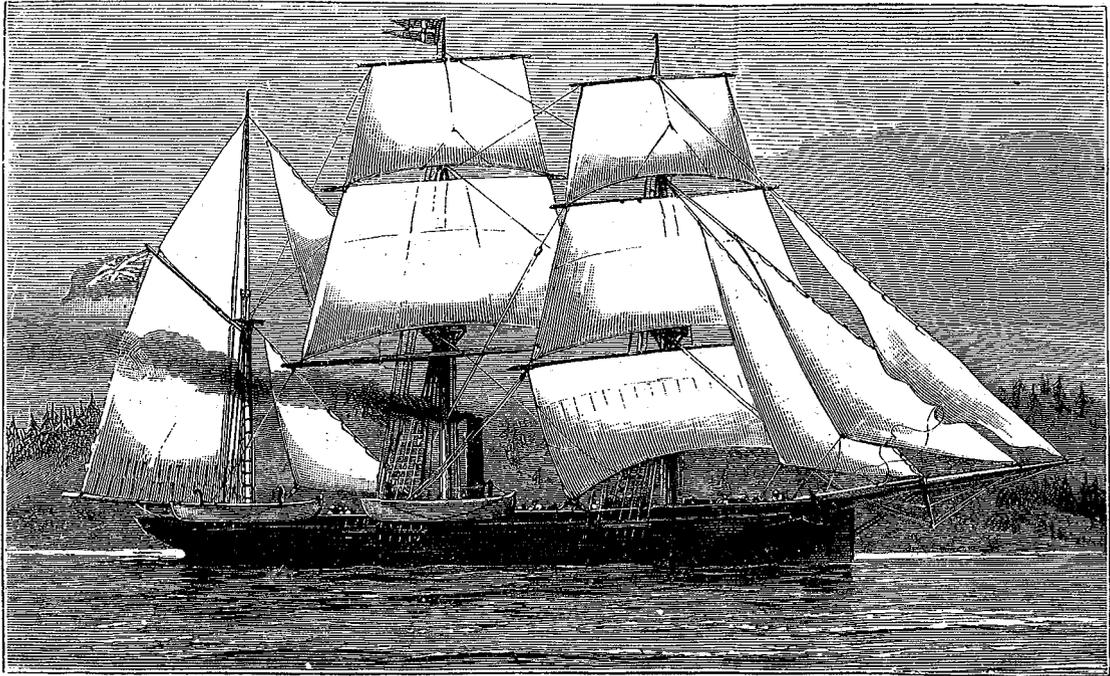
On the outward voyage, Patteson soon discovered to the shrewd eye of Selwyn that he was possessed of a rare combination of gifts fitting him peculiarly for the work among the islands, his very constitution finding congeniality in the excessive heat of the tropics, and himself turning out as great a linguist as his superior, for on arriving at Auckland he had mastered Maori to such an extent that a not very complimentary native asked a senior missionary "why he did not speak like Te Patehana?" His unusual aptitude for language proved one of his chief fitnesses for his work, which in the student's aspect of it might be termed polyglot, from the variety of dialects in which it was necessarily carried on; and to his remarkable "gift of tongues" he added a genius for seamanship, so that from the first the episcopal eye was upon him as the chosen instrument in the evangelisation of that maritime tract of the vast diocese beyond the seas, abounding in islands which were lying literally "under the sun." The two made frequent voyages together, until, after seven years of apprenticeship, Selwyn handed over the entire spiritual control of those distant islands to his friend, of whom he wrote that the "cool calculation to plan the operations of a voyage, the experience of sea-life which would enable him to take the helm in a gale of wind, to detect a coral patch from his perch on the foreyard, or to handle a boat in a heavy sea-way or rolling surf; the quick eye to detect the natives lurking in the bush, or secretly snatching up bow and spear; the strong arm to wrench their hands off the boat," were the qualifications which this ex-captain of his Eton eleven had displayed, and which had frequently stood the prelate in good stead. After labouring thus for six years, Patteson was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, the service being held at St. Paul's, Auckland, in 1861, the Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington, and Nelson officiating, and Bishop Selwyn preaching the sermon. The impressive scene was rendered very striking when one of the Melanesian lads came forward at the moment of consecration to hold the Prayer-book, like a living lectern, as though, by the voluntary act and deed of Melanesia, the Holy Spirit was implored to set apart its spiritual overseer to his mighty work.

The plan of operation was different from that hitherto adopted among the Pacific Islands, for mission work in the South Seas had been started by sending trained native teachers into the midst of the savages for a number of years, and then returning, to find them either surrounded by a Christian colony of their own, or to receive the tidings of their having been cooked and eaten long ago. In places where success had gained for them a listening ear, Europeans would go and settle at a risk second only to that of the pioneer, and often to fall victims in turn. Instead of this, Patteson used to visit islands with the express purpose of taking scholars off with him; and we can but imagine how constantly he was running every kind of risk in this most venturesome employment, wherein the chances were that, however *suaviter in modo*,

fortiter in re, which he always was in his dealing with the natives, his aims would be identified in their untutored minds with those unscrupulous piratical slave-dealers known throughout the South Seas as "Labourers." Canoes "paddling" the mission ship (as the expression went) on its approach to an island, indicated that the natives were friendly disposed, and while they exposed their yams for sale with a timidity which was natural to them, on the deck of the bigger vessel, the missionary would beg the loan of boys to teach during the few moons of a visit to New Zealand; but where there was no such indication, the plan of operation centred all its hazard on the chivalrous leader, and Patteson's invariable rule was to be rowed to within a safe distance from the shore and then himself to land alone, thus exposing no life but his own.

In visiting places where he was not known, he waded or swam ashore, carrying nothing with him but a manuscript book in his waterproof hat for the sake of entering names or words of the language. The risk was, of course, greatest in islands from which no scholars had been obtained, because the object of his visit was so likely to be misunderstood; and when difficulties were occasioned with the natives, Patteson had nothing for it but to retreat as best he could, amid perhaps a shower of arrows, or warding off some uplifted tomahawk that threatened to cleave his skull, or forcibly wrenching off from the gunwale the hands of black swimmers who had plunged into the sea after him when he had only just made good his leap for life into the boat. In at least two of these perilous escapades he was shot at, and he lived constantly in the midst of dangers that would have unnerved any other man; but his pluck, as a special gift, was ever ready, as when in a conference with savages seated in a circle, of which the solitary white was the centre, one of them rushed upon him brandishing his club, and he exhibited a coolness which disarmed the murderous black by its very appearance of amused unconcern. On many such occasions his life, humanly speaking, hung on the single thread of some successful diversion, such as that of dangling a few fish-hooks in the face of the hectoring darkie, so as, in a figurative sense, to take the savage's breath away, instead of suffering himself to be actually deprived of his own. Re-visiting islands previously touched at, he would probably be well received by an interested gathering of people. The boys who had sailed with him, and who had earned among their friends the title of "Stay-boys," had grown so fond of their new friend that they would beg to be allowed, after a few weeks' holiday, to re-embark when the mission vessel sailed; fresh lads would make up their minds to apply for entry as recruits; the beach would be lined with crowds standing to see them off, their arms akimbo in meditative attitude; the chiefs would walk waist-deep in water to say a last good-bye; a boy has been known to dash into the sea at such a moment and swim off to the ship in his anxiety to be one of the honoured "Stay-boys." In course of time the wildest savages became the missionary's gentle friends, so that when the white sails of a schooner hove in sight on the horizon, there would be no small stir among the isolated inhabitants of the shore, excited to the utmost pitch to determine whether they belonged to the *Southern Cross*; which being ascertained, the glad cry of "Bisopé!" would ring from every mouth, descending from those who had climbed

the rugged cliffs for a coign of vantage to the people on the shore, and being carried inland to the villagers, until a dense multitude of blacks was congregated, and the vessel as she neared the anchorage would be surrounded by a flotilla of canoes that had "paddled her" to bid her welcome. On Patteson landing, the mutual joy frequently exceeded all bounds, the chief first seizing "Bisopé" in his embrace and lifting him bodily off his feet in the ecstasy of his heart, and the right reverend missionary, with the same warm absence of dignified composure, returning the salute on the naked person of the slippery chief. Parents would ask with affectionate interest and no little



THE "SOUTHERN CROSS."

clamour for their educated offspring, and the missionary, with benedictory hands patting the curly wool of the swarthy children, whose native shyness was lost in the eagerness of the greeting, would return the paternal zeal with interest.

Twice Patteson remained for months to keep winter school (*i.e.*, during the cooler months from about May to August) in solitary confinement on a second Patmos; and to be able to make any stay on an island where no European was able hitherto to spend an hour, marked in itself an important advance. At Mota, one of the Banks Islands, where school was opened in the heart of Melanesia, a great change had been indeed effected since Bishop Selwyn's first visit to it in 1856, and, after Patteson's consecration, over a hundred scholars could be here obtained. Thus the young Bishop's time was divided between schooling the young blacks on shore, either at Auckland or Mota, and visiting their far-distant homes.

"I wish you could see him," wrote Selwyn, "in the midst of his thirty-eight

scholars at Kohimarama (Mota Island), with thirteen dialects buzzing round him; with a cheerful look and cheerful word for every one, teaching A B C with as much gusto as if they were the X Y Z of some deep problem, and marshalling a field of black cricketers as if he were still the captain of the eleven in the upper fields at Eton; and, when school and play are over, conducting the polyglot service in the mission chapel."

The little mission ship, the *Southern Cross*, became his home: not without its discomforts and its dangers; for sometimes it would be crowded with as many as fifty blacks, and the sea was never peculiarly kind to the Bishop. He had the schooner's hold fitted as a floating school-room, where, during her long voyages, instruction was as systematically given as on *terra firma*; and thus the boys, being trained at regular hours on land and sea during the whole six or eight moons that they were absent with him, had gained much knowledge before they returned home to their eager friends. New Zealand being found too cold a climate for the delicate dwellers under the sun, the youths in St. John's College at Auckland were transferred to Norfolk Island, an isolated sanctuary in mid-ocean, far away north, and much nearer the mission sphere, so that voyages were shortened and time was saved: and here lay the Bishop's earthly home for the remainder of his life.

We must not fail to remember that he who thus occupied himself day and night in his Master's service was naturally indolent, by no means an enthusiast in literary studies, brought up to enjoy a high degree of the luxury and refinement of the modern world, and that while he laboured on in self-forgetfulness in the seclusion of his distant See, he had his heart filled with longing for his loving father, and his whole life consciously enriched by the treasured memories of the happiest of homes which he had left on the other side of the globe: none of which singular circumstances is to be omitted from our estimate of the power of the all-constraining love of Christ which was the mainspring in the heart of this devoted man, underlying all his work in Melanesia. Here is a replica of his incidental labours at Norfolk Island: "The Bishop, with pen in hand and ear intent, begins his questions to a group seated on the floor. First may come a set of Sesake lads, who will divulge very little of and about their mother tongue, making it a matter of hard pumping to get at anything. To this party a printer will enter with a proof-sheet of some other dialect, and the Sesake men go to sleep and rest their brains. By-and-bye a Mota set appear, and these, too, are quiet and silent, not to say dull. Now and then a meaning is given, or a word used which seems to let in a ray of philological light upon researches into other tongues, to have affinities and open out vistas which it is quite cheering to follow. The unlearned companion listens with admiring but ignorant attention to the hunting down of a word—a prefix or an affix, it may be—up Polynesia, down Melanesia, till it comes to earth in Malay, and there it is left, *en pays de connaissance*, for future consideration."

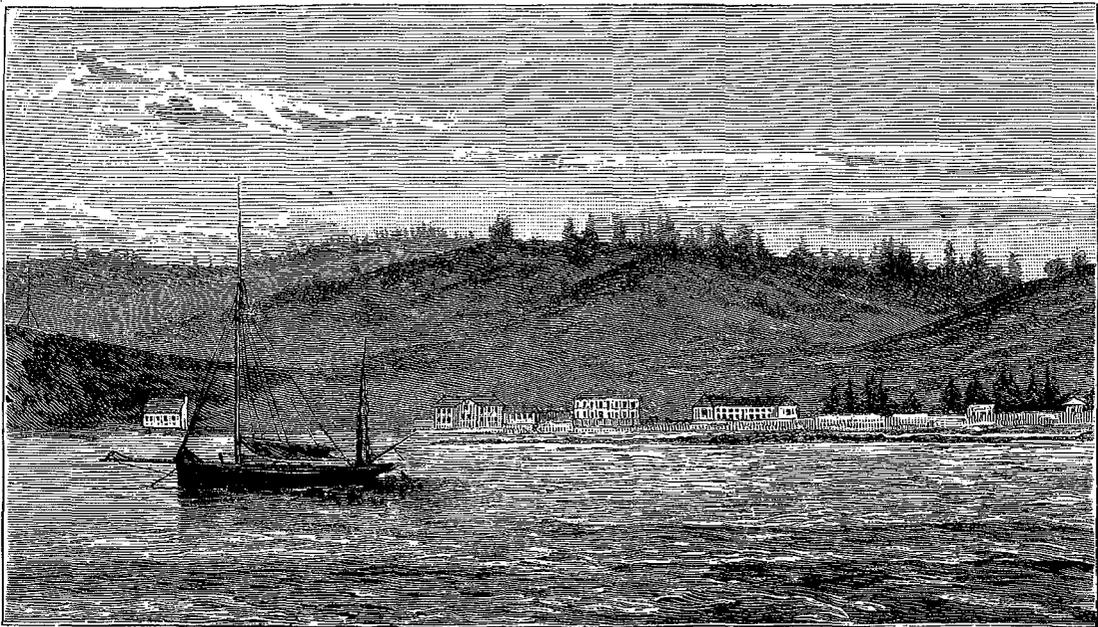
Here, again, is a sketch from the Bishop's own pen: "Come into the hall," he says; "they are all at school there now. What do you expect to find? Wild-looking fellows, noisy and unruly? Well, it is true they come of a wild race, that they are familiar with scenes you would shudder to hear of. But what do you see? Thirty

young persons seated at four tables, from nine or ten to twenty-four years old. Some are writing, others summing: 'Four cocoa-nuts for three fish-hooks, how many for fifteen fish-hooks?' etc. etc.; others are spelling away, somewhat laboriously, at the first sheet ever written in their language. Well, seven months ago no one on their island had ever worn a stitch of clothing; and that patient, rather rough-looking fellow, can show many scars received in warfare. . . . Who is that older-looking man, sitting with two lads and a young girl at that table? He is Wadrokal, our eldest scholar; this is the tenth year since Bishop Selwyn first brought him from his island, and he is teaching his little wife and two of his countrymen. . . . If you come in the evening, you will be most of all pleased to see these young people teaching their own friends, the less advanced scholars. We are all astonished to find them so apt to teach; this is the most hopeful sign of all—no mere loose talk, but catechising, explaining, and then questioning out of the boys what has been explained."

At first the whole of the work of St. Barnabas' College, Norfolk Island, fell on Bishop Patteson, and he was by turns ship-master, missionary, schoolmaster and cook, now teaching a class of advanced scholars who gave promise of a future native ministry, and now giving a reading lesson to some small boy from an island whose dialect he alone could speak: merrily telling in his letters home how "housekeeping affairs take up a good deal of time," what with weighing, and cutting out, and "all the work of housemaid and scullery-maid" baking bread or a turn-over cake for the delectation of his youngsters, besides supervising all the building, farming, and printing, so that he had to think of everything, even to chapel decorations, and, when a marriage diffused its happiness through the station, to providing a suitable trousseau for the bride, and manufacturing her a wedding-ring out of a threepenny-piece; and himself amenable throughout to the same discipline as the smallest Melanesian under his care, as regards the habitude of punctuality and order. His palace consisted in a little wooden sitting-room which he called his "box," with bed-chamber attached, whose walls were tastily adorned with choice etchings and photographs of familiar scenes. Even when the toils of the day were over, and he betook himself to this *sanctum*, it was understood that his privacy might be invaded by any boy who wished to talk quietly with him in private. Here many of these lads, under the emotion of joy or sorrow, found, as they unbosomed their strange dark thoughts to their friend, what a true spiritual comforter he was: and the lovely image of the Bishop's Christianity, gentle and holy, impressed itself indelibly on many a most unlovely nature.

Some events which affected the mission during Patteson's ten years' episcopate demand a cursory notice. In 1863 dysentery broke out in the Auckland College, attacking fifty out of fifty-two scholars, who bore their terrible sufferings with exemplary patience. The Bishop added to his other duties those of head-nurse as well as doctor, and turned the dining-hall into a hospital: night and day he nursed them, no task too mean for him, and all but six recovered from the attack; but the same epidemic re-appearing, carried off other six a few months later. In 1868 typhoid fever broke out in the Pitcairn Islanders' Village on Norfolk Island, and although every precaution was used to prevent it reaching the mission school, it spread there, and

four died, the Bishop once again taking the chief care of nursing and watching upon himself and two of his English *aides*. These outbreaks not only put a stop to the yearly voyages, from fear of carrying the fever-seeds to those hot islands, where the absence of doctors, nurses, and nourishment would make them very deadly, but they also occasioned much anxiety to the missionaries, whose return to the distant homes of the deceased, breaking the tidings of their death as best they might to their bereaved kindred, would be no pleasant task: although in one instance amusement as well as relief was afforded them when the property of a boy who had died was handed back to his guardian, comprising a knife, a bottle, a jew's-harp, and a

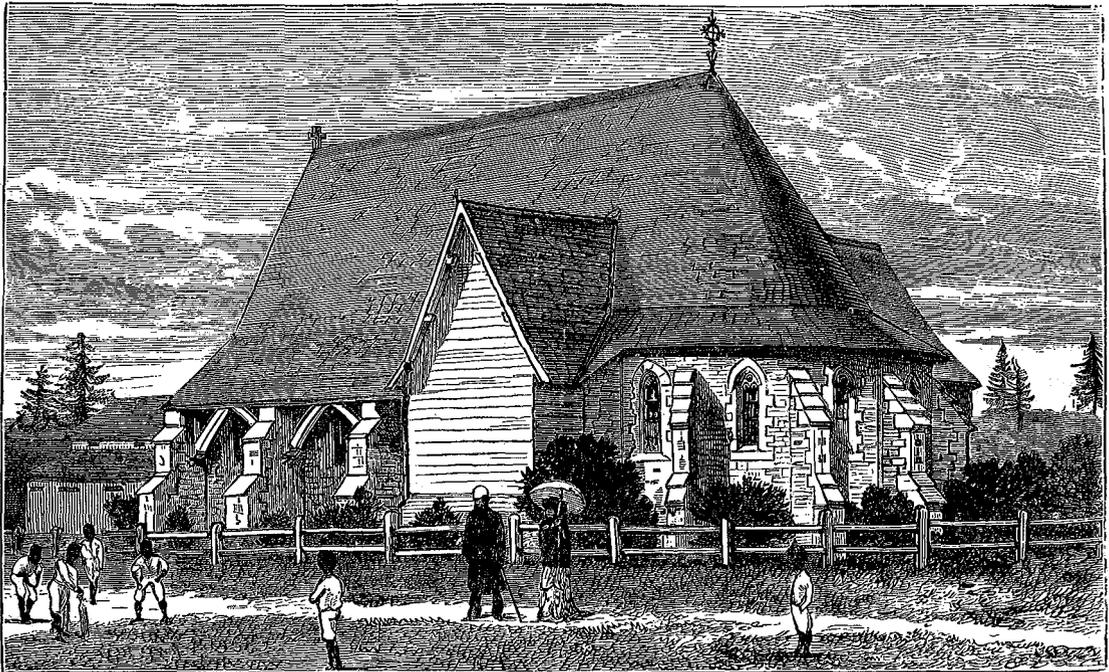


NORFOLK ISLAND.

few beads, and called forth no lamentation other than the philosophic remark, "They die all the world over."

In 1864 a melancholy disaster occurred at Santa Cruz, a group of the wildest of the Pacific Islands. The Bishop, two years before, had landed at seven different villages on the north coast, swimming and wading ashore in his usual manner among great crowds of naked armed savages: now once again he had already been on shore at two villages, and about noon had waded across the reef to a third, while the boat with five helpers pulled off to a distance. From the boat there were counted upwards of four hundred wild cannibal fellows, all armed, crowding about him, though to him use had made such a circumstance quite natural. He went into a house and sat down, though he knew only a few words of the speech: then he waded back to the edge of the reef, still thronged by the fierce people. The boat was backed in, and he made a stroke or two and got into it, when he became aware of it being held fast by those

who had swum out with him. Their hands were detached ; but three canoes gave chase, from which men stood up and shot long deadly arrows. Three of the boat's crew were wounded ; one, an Englishman, Edmund Pearce (23), was knocked over, and when the vessel was regained, an arrow was extracted from his chest by the Bishop's hands which had pierced the flesh to a depth of five inches and three-eighths, and from which wound he afterwards happily recovered. Fisher Young (18) was shot right through the left wrist, and died in seven days of lock-jaw : Edwin Nobbs (21), with the fragment of an arrow sticking in his cheek, and the blood streaming down, once called out, thinking of the Bishop rather than of himself, "Look out, sir, close to you ;"



ST. BARNABAS' (PATTESON MEMORIAL) CHURCH, NORFOLK ISLAND.

but apart from that the silence was unbroken except for the Bishop's orders, "Pull port oars! pull on steadily!" and the two Norfolk Islanders, severely wounded though they were, never dropped an oar. Edwin's was not a deep wound, but the thermometer was ranging up to 91°, and the Pitcairners are terribly subject to tetanus, so that in three weeks it proved fatal. To the Bishop the loss of these two was a severe blow, and in his grief he wrote: "The very truthfulness and purity and gentleness, the self-denial and real simple devotion that they ever manifested, and that made them so very dear to me, are now my best and truest comforts. Their patient endurance of great sufferings—for it is an agonising death to die—their simple trust in God through Christ, their thankful, happy, holy disposition, shone out brightly through all. Nothing had power to disquiet them: nothing could cast a cloud upon that bright, sunny Christian spirit. One allusion to our Lord's sufferings, when they were

agonised by thirst and fearful convulsions, one prayer or verse of Scripture, always calmed them, always brought that soft, beautiful smile on their dear faces. There was not one word of complaint—it was all perfect peace. And this was the closing scene of such lives, which made us often say, ‘Would that we all could render such an account of each day’s work as Edwin and Fisher could honestly do!’”

After this sad affair it is said that Bishop Patteson never regained his usual buoyancy. In 1870 he fell sick, and his sickness appeared for a time to be unto death, so violent was the internal inflammation which had seized him, and which kept his life hanging in the balance. When the crisis had been passed, he was for weeks prostrated in body and mind. He lay in his room adjoining the chapel, his delight being to hear the voices of the worshippers. After seven weeks he sailed for medical advice to Auckland, where he slowly recovered, until he was able to resume his duties after an absence of about six months; but he aged rapidly, and appeared to be raised up from dying ignominiously with faculties shattered and scattered, for the purpose of meeting, with all his characteristic intrepidity, a martyr’s death. In his religious life he became quite John-like, and was often found absorbed in prayer for “these poor people,” the murderers of his friends.

Meantime European influence was exerting its own baneful effect on the mission, and rendering the visits of its agents to the islands less welcome. The approach of the vessel seemed to alarm the natives, and though the mission party was safe—even at places where outrage had been committed, and where the fierce people still continued their deadly deeds—so long as scholars had been brought to and from the central school, yet the islanders on the whole were found to be growing suspiciously timid of all white men, and manifested none of the trustfulness, even towards their friends, which formerly they had done. In some cases they came on board without fear, as at some spots even in Santa Cruz, where the Bishop landed once again, and met nothing but friendliness and kindness; but in other cases the missionaries were entreated by lapsed converts or former scholars not to enter within range of some particular shore, since the hatred of the islanders towards Europeans would lead them to shoot at any pale-face who approached.

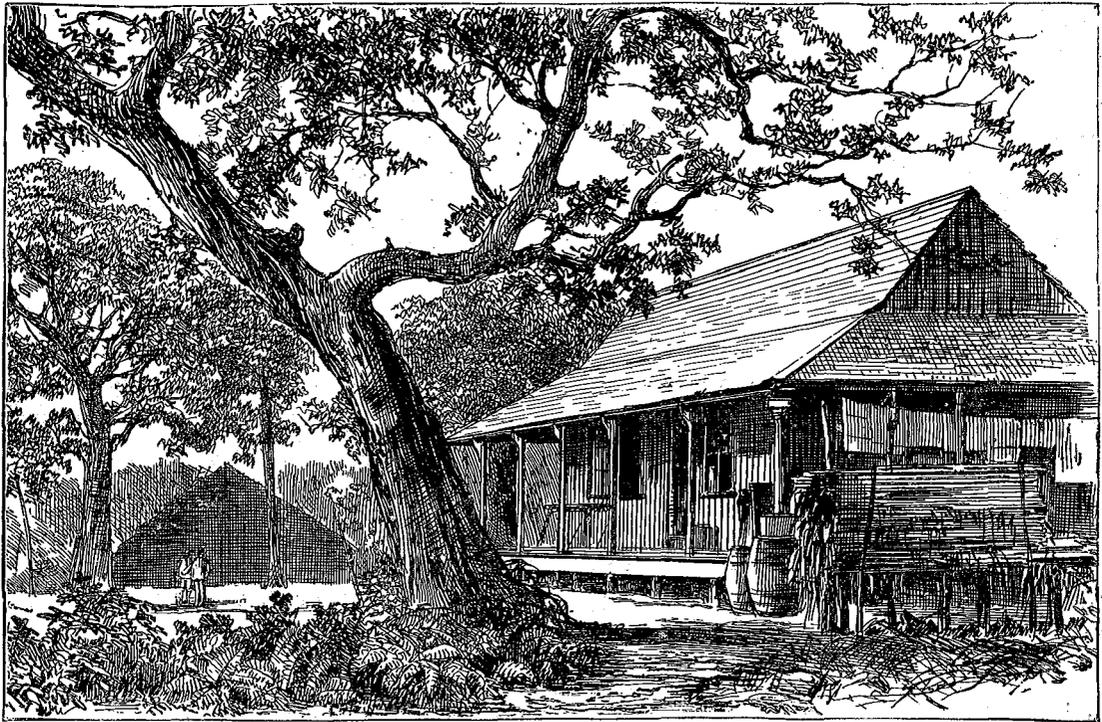
The reason of this deplorable change, which perceptibly depressed the spirits of the Bishop in the last year of his life, was the traffic in “free labourers,” which expression euphoniously denoted a gigantic slave-trade, and covered pharisaically a multitude of sins: for the traffic was one full of diabolical atrocities in the garb of religion, defended by interested parties, but repudiated as a scandal to humanity by every unbiassed man acquainted with the scoundrelism which characterised the trade in able-bodied blacks. Captain Jacobs, the gallant skipper of the *Southern Cross*, practically cognisant of its character from intimate and daily contact with the rascality, decried the Government red-tape preventive measures as “all such bosh;” and he would probably have agreed with the *New Zealand Herald* in demanding that the cure of the wickedness should “be a short shrift and a single whip at the yard-arm of one of Her Majesty’s cruisers.” It was no “system of emigration liable to abuse,” as its upholders apologetically stated in its defence, but an inhuman crime which

required abolishing; and which no restrictions could make endurable any more than they could burglary or child-murder. The evidence of the Presbyterian missionaries in the Southern New Hebrides was identical with that of the Episcopalian Melanesian missionaries, that these South Sea Islands were being fast depopulated by a traffic in the natives in which, as a rule, they themselves had no voluntary say whatever. One-half the population of Banks Islands had thus been carried off: in a New Hebrides village forty-eight persons were counted where formerly three hundred had resided. Fiji and Brisbane were in every mouth, these being the pirates' markets, and muskets were in every hand: retaliatory fighting was everywhere rife, and cannibalism had returned unchecked. "It is enough to break one's heart," wrote the Bishop; and his *aide-de-camp*, Mr. Atkin, wrote, "The deportation *cannot* go on for two years longer as it has during the past twelve months." So far from the islanders benefiting, as was alleged, by their sojourn under Christian and civil influence, the black-fellows who were returned from the Queensland or Fijian plantations in batches came home much the worse for their visits, and took the lead in the worst of heathen vices; which was not wonderful, seeing that their contact with men of a higher level was frequently denoted by deep cuts and flesh sores caused by the irons in which they had been bound in their captivity.

The labour-ship became the hated scourge of these island homes. When the *Southern Cross* was surrounded by canoes, none would be seen venturing near those other vessels of the white man, three or four of which might be in the same place along with her at the same time. The native mind readily comprehended the difference between body-snatchers and soul-seekers, the rude speech of the barbarians nicknaming the "Labourer" a "*snatch-snatch* ship," which, when murder was rife on either side, was eventually corrupted into "kill-kill vessel," the sighting of the ugly thing being the signal to slay or to be slain. "What a *galère!*" says a missionary describing one of them; "guiltless of paint or tar, without a single taut rope or well-set sail, a broomstick for a top-mast, the compass-card copied by hand in bad ink which had run, the rudder-head bandaged as if it had got the toothache; filthy, foul, a makeshift from stem to stern, her crew and captain all sick; perils from the sea, perils from the heathen, perils from sickness, staring them in the face; such are the ventures men will make rather than follow some honest calling. . . . The shallowness of the craft was wonderful, it being impossible to sit upright in the hold as fitted for the labourers." Vessels of this class were known to have been altered at great expense to resemble the mission ship, and every deception was practised to get the natives on board. In some cases they came willingly enough to look round the vessel, to trade, or even to accept an invitation for a three or four days' trip, and then before they were aware, the hatches would be fastened down on them, and from some internal loop-hole the muzzle of a gun would threaten to stop their unmelodious din if they did not silence it themselves.

The knowledge of the Bishop's immense influence made the traffickers actually use his name to promote their sinister designs, while their worthless lives were all the time preserved, in some instances, by virtue of its talismanic power. Once the swarthy

braves, pointed out a spot where they had attacked a boat's crew and driven it from their coast, and it leaked out that they would have killed every white man there in retaliation for the slaughter of some of their own number, but that "they had let them go for fear Bisopé would be angry." One of these vessels carried a letter of recommendation to the Bishop in favour of the captain, actually asking him to aid in getting a living freight. The extreme Christianity of the crew and of the planters was set forth, and a lady was carried into the bargain, who was reported to evangelise the human property by reading the Scriptures to the black cargo in her English tongue! The snatchers had turned missionaries with a vengeance, and went



THE REV. G. SARAWIA'S PARSONAGE, KOHIMARANA, ISLAND OF MOTA.

so far as to mock their Maker by performing religious services, of the success of which artifice they made public boast; one of their number stalking the deck robed in a white surplice to represent that this was none other than Bisopé, until the paying impiety—for each human item ensnared commanded a market price of from £12 to £15—gained such proportions that the heathen grew confused in their ideas, and asked, "Why does Bisopé come to-day and the 'kill-kill' to-morrow?"

These things seemed to prey upon the mind of Patteson, after his long illness, with depressing effect, although he had many considerable encouragements to revive his drooping spirits on the other side. Among the last recorded of his words, was a summing-up of the general character of the results of his work in these terms: "Such advance as has been made is rather in the direction of gaining the

confidence and goodwill of the people all about, and in becoming very popular among all the young folks. Nearly all the young people would come away with me if the elders would allow them to do so." He could also write, a month before his death: "The time has arrived, by God's great goodness, for Mota to receive the Gospel. Much has, no doubt, been done by George Sarawia's steady, consistent behaviour; by the regular school that for two years he has kept up, and by the example of our scholars, as they returned to take up their quarters for good on their native island. But so it is, that God's Spirit is now working in the minds and hearts of the people there, so as to be to themselves and to us a cause of thankfulness and astonishment. We have sought to be very cautious, and have not baptised even the children, except where they were evidently sickly, or even dying. But now the parents all promise that their children shall go to school, and be brought up as Christians, and many of the people are seeking to be baptised, saying that 'they do see and feel the truth and blessing of this new teaching, and have really abandoned their old habits, and feel new thoughts, and hopes, and desires, etc.' Our catechism classes have been large, and I think I may safely say that they have learned the great truths of Christianity, and have an intelligent apprehension of a Christian's faith and duty. In



THE REV. G. SARAWIA.

every case I need not say we sought to ascertain fully that there was real conviction, earnestness, faith in the truths and promises of the Gospel, and full purpose of amendment of life. There has been no excitement and no outpouring of strong feelings; but a quiet, gradual movement, extending itself from one party to another. Men went away from evening school to sit all night in their houses talking, thinking, etc. Their own accounts of their timid attempts to begin to pray, of what they said and did, are striking for their simplicity and sincerity. So, from one to the other, the desire communicated itself, as God's Spirit wrought in the heart of each, to make a full profession of their faith."

On his last voyage he was able to record also: "We have baptised two hundred and ninety-three persons; seventeen lads of George Sarawia's school, forty-one grown-

up, and mostly married, men and women, the rest children and infants." George Sarawia was one of the first-fruits of his labours, whom, after ten years' probation, he had had the happiness to ordain to the holy ministry of the native Church, praying with fervent thanksgiving "that he might be the first of a goodly band of Melanesian clergymen to carry the Gospel to their people," and he ably prepared the way for a general movement towards Christianity. On the occasion of the baptism referred to by the Bishop at his station at Mota, the whole Christian population were present as sponsors. The anxiety to know how George succeeded as a responsible head of a Christian community amid heathen surroundings, was soon allayed by the first visit paid him by the *Southern Cross*: "George was quite well. Everything was in order. The house beautifully clean, and unmistakable evidence everywhere of a systematic, orderly life. His assistants were also well, and looked clean and tidy." These things encouraged the heart of the Bishop, who for sixteen years had now laboured with unflagging zeal and unfaltering devotion, never seeking relief, though worn by suffering from a complication of deep-seated maladies; so much so, that his brother bishops, gathering at Whitsuntide in Dunedin, with one consent wrote him a request that he should visit England for a period of rest and change, making the ground of their doing so the furthering of the interests of his work by his personal pleading it at home; but before the letter reached him he had started on his last voyage, and, without a rose plucked from his chaplet, had entered the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

He had visited George Sarawia, and had been cheered by the very abundant success of the first native minister's work; but the darling wish of his heart was to re-visit the "poor people" of Santa Cruz, so as to bring to bear that same Gospel of love to enemies, and of overcoming evil with good, on the ruthless murderers of Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs. He acknowledged the considerable risk which would be incurred, and in a letter bemoaning the cruel wrongs done by English traders, he earnestly begged, as if by intuitive precognition, that any harm done himself might never be avenged. A four days' sail, rendered tedious by an unusual shift of wind, and impressive by a detention under the grand spectacle of a burning mountain, brought the voyagers within sight of the notorious group, until, on the 20th of September, 1871, a day hot and brilliant, with a motionless sea, the *Southern Cross* neared the island of Nukapu, one of a cluster of small islets, twenty miles north of Santa Cruz.

During those four days, while every other on board was bewailing the loss of time, the Bishop, as if premonished by some inward inspiration of his own impending fate, had been reading, morning and evening, the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles with his Melanesian scholars, and they afterwards remembered with what passionate fervour he had spoken of Stephen's death, just before leaving them to go ashore at Nukapu. He had himself described this islet as a "small, flat island, situated in a large lagoon, enclosed with a coral reef." Its people, being Polynesian, spoke a dialect of the Maori tongue, and he had been struck on previous visits with their very gentle and orderly manners, as well as by the hearty desire they evinced to entertain strangers, as compared with their neighbours of the Santa Cruz group, and had thought that

“this island might by God’s blessing afford us an introduction to that large and populous country.” A “Labourer” preceding the *Southern Cross*, en route to Santa Cruz, had caused additional uneasiness, for the people’s fierce, impulsive temper there had been too well shown; and as regards even milder people, like the Nukapuans, any change in their behaviour towards the missionaries could be accounted for by the nefarious traffic. That such a change had taken place on the lovely island, was suggested by no canoes “paddling” the mission ship as she stood in for the land, while four hovered ominously about the reef, joined afterwards by two others. But the Bishop’s charity attributed this to the unusual wind, and he had a boat lowered, and presents prepared for going ashore.

As the canoes were approached, the men in them appeared friendly, and as the tide was not high enough for the boat to cross the reef, the Bishop was taken by two men into their canoe, who paddled him ashore in company with two chiefs, one of whom he knew, the rest of the canoes being left drifting about with the boat. The Bishop was seen to land, and after half an hour the fluttered handkerchief was being eagerly looked for, when, without warning, a man rose in one of the canoes, and, fixing an arrow to his bow, cried, “Do you want this?” and shot it into the boat. This was the signal for a simultaneous shower of arrows from the canoes, which were about ten yards off, so that the javelin-like, “long, heavy arrows, headed with human bone, acutely sharp, so as to break in the wound,” did terrific havoc, one of the boatmen being trussed with six of them. An escape was made good, however, and on reaching the vessel the boat was manned by an armed reinforcement, and returned to ascertain the fate of the Bishop, the Rev. J. Atkin still taking the pilotage, wounded though he was. Entering the lagoon, they descried a canoe drifting towards them, apparently tenantless, but with a bundle heaped up in it, and, pulling towards it, their worst fears were confirmed. On the floor of the canoe, wrapped decently in a native mat, tied at the ankles and neck, and with a palm-frond, emblem of victory, unwittingly laid over the breast by the hands of his heathen murderers, lay the body of Bishop Patteson. A yell of fiendish triumph rose from the beach when the corpse was lifted into the boat. With it was placed part of a cocoa-nut leaf, with five knots tied to signify that the life had been taken as *utu* (revenge) for five others. From the awful nature of the wounds, death must have been instantaneous. There was no mutilation, though all the clothes had been removed except socks and boots. As the boat pulled alongside, its occupants broke their solemn silence by the murmured intimation, “The body!” On closer examination, the right side of the skull was seen to be completely shattered, the top of the head had been cloven by some sharp weapon, and there were numerous arrow-wounds about the body; but the sweet face smiled from amidst the ruin and the havoc, and the closed eyes seemed to indicate that the patient martyr had died breathing the prayer for his murderers, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” And the supreme peace reigning over the features, which gave no sign either of terror or of agony, came like a last silent benediction upon the stricken band of his mournful fellow-workers, who buried him next day at sea.

It was a terrible blow, under which the mission reeled for many a day; for although it was felt that God had called and had fully prepared His servant to

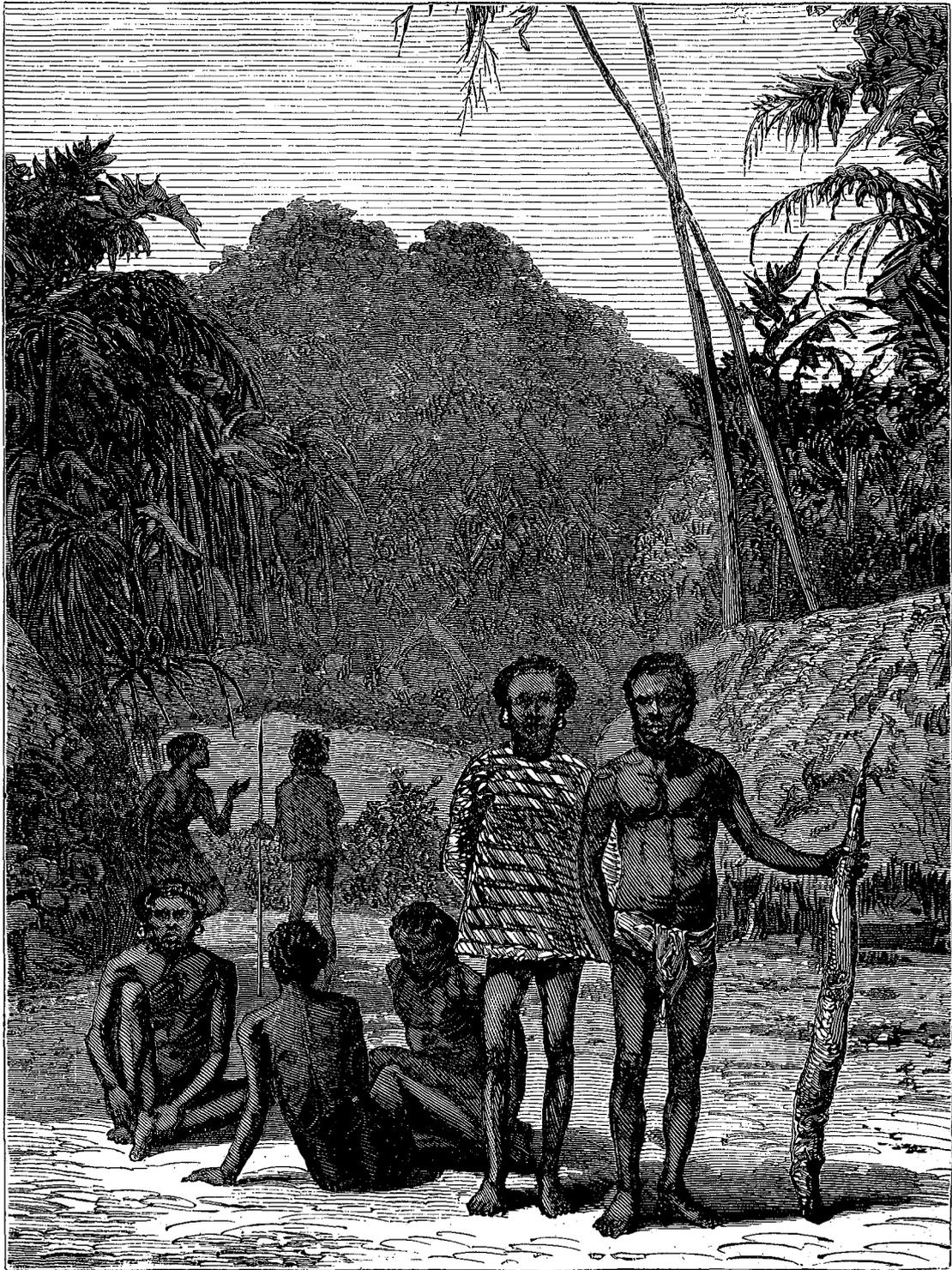


NATIVE OF SOLOMON ISLANDS.

water his work with his blood, and while the lamentable event was recognised as a Christlike end to a Christlike life, in both of which was exemplified "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep" the bitterness was none the less that he had borne the sin of many, and was numbered, in the eyes of his people whom he went to seek and to save, with those transgressors of law whose lives his holy influence had again and again been the means of sparing. Thus, in a far lower sphere, it sufficed that the servant should be not greater than his Lord; and the faithful under-shepherd's honour was great, inasmuch as he was called to be *as* his Lord. In his well-worn Bible was a passage scored, and underscored, and blotted with his tears—it was Mark x. 28, 30—always associated with the thought of his father: "Then Peter began to say unto Him, Lo, we have left all and have followed Thee. And Jesus answered and said, Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life."

Never had that promise a truer fulfilment than in the Apostle of Melanesia. The Pacific, when it heard of his murder, was stirred to grief in its length and breadth: its insular inhabitants, stunned by the shocking news, clamoured, in their

heathen rage, to be taken to Nukapu in shiploads to avenge the death of their beloved Bisopé, who had laid down his life to win their hearts. He had often prayed



SCENE OF BISHOP PATTESON'S MURDER IN NUKAPU.

for his murderers by anticipation, and had expressed the hope that all allowance might be made for them by his fellow-men, and cheerfully pursued his work, conscious that his chief safeguard lay in his manifesting sincere friendliness with the natives, but that his dangers were doubled by his following in the wake of his own countrymen. While there was little excuse made for the chiefs, who knew the Bishop well and yet entrapped him as their prey, still the terrible law of their mysterious *utu*, by which the wild people demanded his death to satisfy five deaths of their own people, was not regarded by the world as so heinous a crime, as that inhuman kidnapping which had caused and cherished so retaliatory a spirit among the blacks.

The *Southern Cross* reached Auckland on the 31st of October, and the tale of her half-masted flag quickly spread through the city. The Diocesan Synod was assembling, but her melancholy intelligence struck such a blow that the members greeted one another in significant silence; for the stroke was felt to have fallen, not on the South Sea Mission alone, but on the cause of religion in the Southern Hemisphere. The Cathedral bell tolled throughout the day, and after the Bishop had taken his seat at the Synod the meeting was at once adjourned for a week, the President leaving the chair, and the members separating as they had assembled, in solemn silence. The deep and universal grief of the first shock became gradually swallowed up in admiration for the character of the man. He had fallen in action while bravely storming the battery of heathendom and endeavouring to make one further breach in its stronghold, so that Englishmen were everywhere proud to call him countryman.

Two of the brave helpers of Bishop Patteson perished with him, the only difference being that whereas his death was speedy—and none knew what happened during the terrible moments he was on shore at Nukapu—the martyrdom of these was a long suspense and a lingering agony. They also deserve commemoration.

The Rev. Joseph Atkin, familiarly known in native speech as "Joe," was the son of a New Zealand settler, educated at St. John's College, Auckland, and ordained in 1869 to the mission work after labouring in the Pitcairn settlement. He was a noble young missionary, taking his share, and more than his share, of the work in all kinds of ways, and evincing the same innate gallantry as his chief. When wounded by the fatal arrow, he had no thought of any one else but himself going in search of the Bishop, and after depositing his wounded companions on the deck, he insisted on piloting the boat back to the shore, though he knew that every motion diffused the poison of the arrows more completely through his system. "The wounds," he wrote to his mother, "are not worth noticing," but in five days he became suddenly very ill, and spent a night in acute pain: at last, leaping from his berth in intolerable agony and crying "Good-bye," he lay convulsed on the floor. Asked in the morning "did he want anything?" his last words were, "To die," and after another hour of anguish he passed away. Truly the days of the martyrs are not done. "Joe" had been the Bishop's right hand in life, and "in their death they were not divided." A year or so before, they had together visited Fisher Young's grave, canopied as it then was in its desert loneliness by a lovely tropical creeper with bright blue flowers. As they stood there

together, there had probably been inborne upon both their hearts the sense of how they too might soon be called to suffer for Christ's sake: and the hallowed endearment in which they held the young Melanesian, sanctified the work still entrusted to them. When "Joe" was no more, all who knew him mourned with a grievous lamentation second only to that which wrung their hearts at the murder of their Bisopé.

The damage which the poisoned arrows of the vindictive Nukapuans inflicted on the mission was not complete until another life was yielded up. Stephen Taroniaro, known familiarly as Taro, had five arrow-heads extracted from his body, a sixth being left in the chest as being beyond reach. Taro was a Solomon Islander from San Christoval, a young and promising native, in whom, next after George Sarawia, the Bishop's hopes had fondly centred. At the age of eighteen, and already married, he had come away with Patteson in 1864. The typhoid fever had produced serious thinking in him, and to his episcopal friend he had confided that "everything seems new. . . . I don't think I could even wish to think the old thoughts and lead the old life," and his Christian life was unusually steadfast and earnest. His wife's father, supposing him to be dead, had given her to another, and there being no hope of his recovering her, although his little daughter was living with his friends, he found another *fiancée*, whom, after instruction at Norfolk Island, he married in 1871 with the Bishop's approval. He had been helping Mr. Atkin keep school at Ysabel, and was one of the three natives who manned the boat under "Joe" when it was attacked: the Bishop had fixed his ordination to take place at Christmas, but God willed otherwise. Long was the name of Taro an honoured one in Norfolk Island, where his life had exerted a wholesome influence, and where in death he still proclaimed to his fellow-islanders his Master's word, "If any man come to Me and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple; and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

The station at Norfolk Island was begun in 1867, when a thousand acres were granted on the side opposite to that occupied by the Pitcairners, and a group of mission buildings quickly sprang up, including a chapel, a dining-hall where a hundred and sixty Melanesians dine together daily, and rooms for the missionaries, with cottages for the married and a "house" (after the idiom of English public-school life) for the lodgment of boys from each particular island. Here the work goes on in a way so quiet and methodical, that the first impression a visitor receives is that nothing is being done. The whole is more like a village than a college, although since Bishop Patteson's death the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has voted £7,000 for its endowment, building a memorial church in his honour at a cost of £2,000, and contributing £1,500 towards the maintenance of the *Southern Cross*. The school numbers Melanesians from all islands between Three Hills in the New Hebrides and Ysabel in the Solomons, an area stretching over nine degrees of latitude, and affording such tribal variety that a connoisseur might tell which islands the boys are natives of by the fashion of their hair. In regard to the whole institution, it is difficult to realise that such quiet and well-behaved young people are the offspring of

men many of whom are as wild as Patteson's murderers; but some of the wildest boys from the wildest islands have been trained into perfect gentlemen.

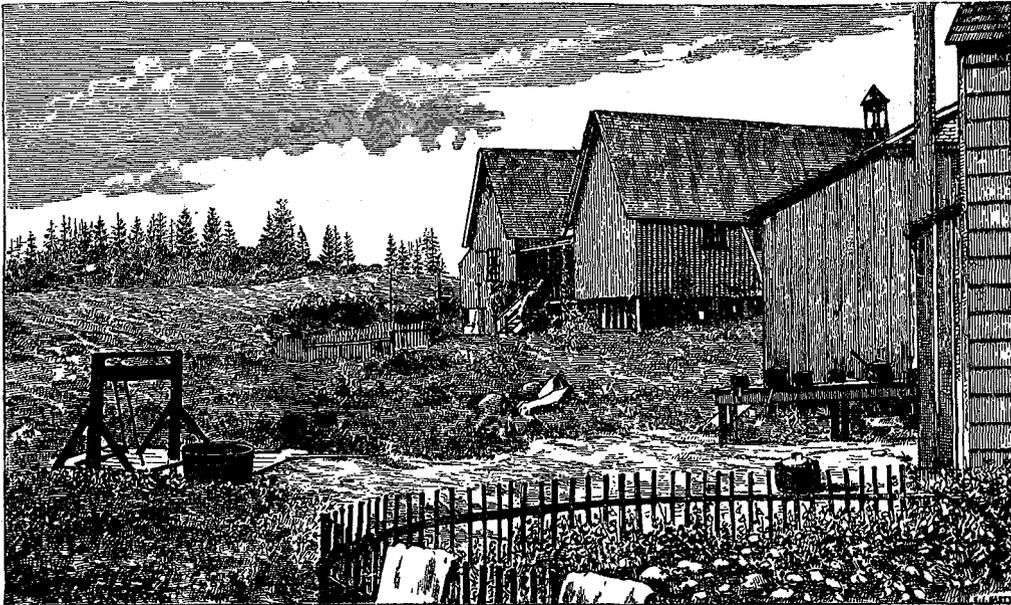
The day begins at 6 a.m., and ends at 9 p.m., when curfew rings, a chapel service being held for a quarter of an hour at 7 a.m. and 7 p.m., when an abbreviated form of prayer is read in Mota, and there is capital chanting and singing, "Abide with me" being an especial favourite from its associations with Patteson's last illness; the lessons are fairly read by natives, and the reverence of all is remarkable. In secular things, co-operation has been studied, so that the thought of there being nothing really menial is inculcated. The unwearied missionaries labour on from dawn to dusk among the boys, as belonging to them rather as equals than superiors, one superintending the farm, another doing the cooking; plain living and high thinking being an appreciable quality of the Melanesian Mission. The native mind exhibits a capacity for thought not always reached by educated persons; the girls sew well, and sing accurately and sweetly, and their writing-books are models of neatness, and as clean as when new, while some attain a lady's running hand. Ten pounds per annum suffices to keep a youngster at the school, and some English churches, such as St. George's, Bloomsbury, have their own Melanesian *protégés*; the Pitcairn Islanders, whose settlement is three miles from the station, express their sympathy with the work by supporting three boys; and the Sunday-schools in Auckland contribute in pence and halfpence nearly enough for the maintenance of three others.

Of course, the place is full of mementoes of Bishop Patteson, especially his sitting-room opening into the chapel, through which the bare-footed lads pass stealthily to say their prayers in the sanctuary before going to bed. In one corner of this apartment a sick lad may be lying, whose heart is being thus prepared for baptism or confirmation: at one of the writing-tables may be seated some dusky candidate for the holy ministry, earnestly absorbed in his studies: across its floor all walk noiselessly, as though revering the plain palace of their martyred Bishop: and the whole suggests how little of privacy belongs to the missionary's lot, and how much, from the Bishop downwards, every agent must be bound up in the work of heart and hand.

Smoking, we are told, invaded the college at one time—as what college has it not invaded? The use of tobacco, unknown in many Pacific islands until Western civilisation swept down upon them, proved a difficulty. Bishop Patteson smoked not; but as in some parts, such as the Solomons, it appeared as natural to man to smoke as to sin, and the babe turned from its mother's breast to its post-prandial mother's pipe; and as, moreover, the Bishop had observed that "so many excellent Christians smoke," he did not prohibit it, although he ruled that every freshman to the art should first obtain licence from himself, and dissuaded the boys from forming the habit. An insurrection would have been caused by any measures of severity, but an anti-smoke promise, when it was kept, was a manifest inclination on the part of the boy who made it to swim against the stream, and the missionary hailed it with gladness as an indication of a sterling character.

From the number of native lads brought away to Norfolk Island, the more promising are selected, from some of whom it is hoped teachers may be raised up for

their fellow-islanders; and therefore correct living, together with habits of regularity and punctuality, are especially necessary. In the bereavement of the mission of its head, Bishop Cowrie of Auckland held an ordination service, when three Melanesians were admitted to deacon's orders in the presence of the whole population of the island, white and black, one hundred and forty Melanesians being seated in front, and about four hundred and fifty people filling the rest of the church; and touching allusion was made in the senior missionary's sermon to him "to think of whom, without mentioning his name, is enough to bring tears into our eyes."



BISHOP'S HOUSE, SCHOOL, AND KITCHEN, NORFOLK ISLAND.

The work in the islands was much crippled after Bishop Patteson's death, not only by that lamentable loss, but by the visits of the kidnappers who infested them, the safety of the missionaries being endangered by astonishing outrages committed almost under their eyes upon the people; so that when the *Southern Cross* set her agents on shore in safety at places where there were no suspicious signs observed, and in ignorance of massacres of which they only heard on landing direct testimony was given to the thorough respect in which the mission people were held. Even so, the risks they ran were enormous, for the black sheep of the Melanesian fold could not be expected always to differentiate between the good shepherd who was laying down his life for their sake, and the robber who came not "but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy."

Among the discouragements in the work might be mentioned the grievous fall of some of the converts, when they were left, away from Christian influence, in their island homes of heathen surroundings; but in other ways the encouragements more

than counterbalanced those temporary falls of human nature, which exist wheresoever Christianity has planted her renovating foot. In Saddle Islands, the whole population of five hundred turned out to attend divine service—an astonishing sight in a haunt of cannibal heathen. One Advent Sunday, thirteen of “Patteson’s dear children” were received into the bosom of the Church in the College Chapel, which was crowded; the Psalms were chanted in the language of the Sugar Loaf Island, the font being beautifully decorated with sweet-pea, large white lilies, and other lovely specimens of tropical *flora*. At Mota all continued to flourish, the school and the services overtaxing the energies of the coloured incumbent, whose devotion was assisted by a good staff of zealous teachers; for here a third of the population was Christianised, and every village had its school, one day-school numbering a hundred and thirty, and a Sunday-school three hundred scholars. The same happy state of things was found existing in adjoining islands when the missionaries visited them, so that he had blinded eyes and heart who did not perceive that the once immoral and God-ignoring wilderness was blossoming as the Garden of the Lord.

In many of the individuals emerging thus from the gross darkness of heathen irreligion, a peculiarly decided conscientiousness was evinced in minor matters, which augured well for their steadfastness in the Christian faith. In some hearts the power of the new religion was most potently manifested, as when a lad assisting in unloading a timber ship at Norfolk Island, had his foot amputated by the sudden tightening of a rope, yet by the cheerfulness with which he bore his affliction preached, more forcibly than by any words, the power of Christianity to give peace in trouble and soothing under pain. Startling conversions were never a characteristic of Melanesian Christianisation; but that the religion of Jesus had taken a deep and powerful hold of heart and life, might be judged both from the earnest external behaviour, as well as by the habit of unceasing prayer it engendered. The simple Christians of the South Seas are everywhere a praying people, and in Melanesia their chapels are made the resort for private as well as for common prayer, so that both in the early morning and at curfew, congregations of silent worshippers may be seen bowing before the Father of their spirits. During the last days of Bishop Patteson, as we have seen, he was privileged to see a decided quickening of the Holy Spirit in the native ministrations at Mota, where he tells us that during his visit men went away to sit and talk over the matter of their souls all night. He had planted, others were watering, and, by the signs given him before his departure to be with Christ, it was an assured certainty to him that God would give the increase, for there he was permitted to see men, whom he knew to be ex-cannibals, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right mind as a well-ordered and promising Christian community.

Thus speeds missionary labour in Melanesia as elsewhere. Every year the teaching in Norfolk Island is exchanged for the wonted berths in the *Southern Cross*. Boys are going and coming constantly, some being perhaps dismissed for a holiday, or perchance a cargo of such as have been voted a nuisance is being taken home for good; here a dear son is landed who has been called in his baptismal prenomens “Joe,” after the martyr dear to his heart, and because of the promise of good there

is in his determination to become the living memento of his namesake, and to be, in that heathen place which is his home, an affectionate and strong disciple of Christ. And there is put on shore some little Christian Rota (Lot), with many prayers that his fragile faith may not be vexed with the filthy communication of the wicked, but that his soul may be kept unspotted from evil. Besides the human cargo thus shipped on the *Southern Cross*, with all its spiritual and living interests, she usually conveys on her long circular voyages of some thousands of miles a heterogeneous assortment of other requirements—calves, cats, she-goats, an occasional harmonium, school utensils such as desks, forms, and blackboards, and domestic apparatus such as pots and pans, together with a wardrobe of suitable apparel in which to clothe the limbs of the naked blacks.

It was well when, by the adoption of some common language understood of the people, the enthusiastic missionary to Melanesia was saved the curse of a second Babel; and not the least of the many marvels connected with this mission was the ready way in which teacher and taught seemed to read and sympathise with one another's thoughts and feelings, to which one would have supposed the infinitude of dialects would have presented a complete bar. In the scholars' letters from Norfolk Island, which are full of expressions of affection for the absent missionary to whom they may happen to be addressed, they remind their friend very quaintly of all things great and small in their little world; his parrot talks well, the flowers of the door-step are grown good, his bananas are ripe, and are they to be eaten by the black boys alone, or should some be given to the whites? "Sad was my heart when you went away from me, yea, desolate was my heart;" "Other boys chaffed me so that I could not write;" "You buy for me one *towsisi* [*anglicé* trousers] to cook in on shore;" "the almond and the *kosa*, I have not seen the growing of them—only of the creeper have I seen the growth;" "Lest you should forget the 'Fortokillthérat;'" "Let it be quickly night, and let it be quickly day, that you may come back, and that we two may gaze-gaze eyes;" "Beautiful exceedingly are the children of the duck, which were born behind you, ten are they." Such are among the naïvely primitive expressions to which the missionary's ear and tongue get accustomed in the many tongues of Melanesia; and the theological ideas involved in his disciplining all these nations in the name of Christ, have frequently to be supplied by his own philological inventiveness. Sometimes, however, the genius of the language comes to his aid, as in the double meaning of their word *fault*, which, existing in their mind in both good and evil spheres, was found to be very happy in helping the explanation of justification, or death through the *fault* of the first Adam, and salvation through the *fault* of the second Adam: the *fault* of the former being washed away, the *fault* of the second becomes ours.

So work on hopefully and well these isolated labourers in the great vineyard of human souls, rejoicing in their work, and, by the amusing style of their letters, leaving with the reader the conviction that they are fitted with a special gift of vital cheerfulness for the loneliness, and of bright, brave spirituality for the difficulties and hazards, of their enterprise. In addition to the clerical reinforcements which the staff has

received from time to time from England, several scholars of Patteson's tuition have become clergymen, doing good work in various insular parishes since his death, so that his blood became the seed of the Church which he fostered. In 1877, John, son of the late Bishop Selwyn, the first Bishop of New Zealand, who afterwards removed to the diocese of Lichfield, and by whom the work was begun, was consecrated to the vacant Melanesian See. The "poor Santa Cruz people," among others of whom Bishop



A NATIVE OF THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Patteson spoke so tenderly, became from the first the especial object of interest to the new Bishop. After watching for a long time his opportunity for reaching them, he somewhat strangely met a Santa Cruzian chief in a distant island, whither he had been carried prisoner, very anxious to return to his home. The Bishop forthwith purchased his release, and conveyed him back whither he would, and the friendship thus struck opened the island to Patteson's successor without danger. On his leaving the well-known group, a young teacher from Norfolk Island came with his wife, and begged for Bishop Patteson's sake to be left behind. The next year the Bishop was able to gratify the wish, and encouraging accounts have been received of the good these two have done in that home of heathen terrors.

Thus is being heard, after long waiting, that ancient prayer of Israel's sweet singer: "Let them give glory unto Jehovah, and declare His praise in the islands," or, in the spirited language of a sweet Christian singer recently among ourselves, we can say, as we survey the wondrous Cross and its wondrous conquests—

"Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea."



CHAPTER LXXXIII.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN MISSION LIFE.

Gradual Evangelisation of the Islands—Tahiti—Queen Pomare and the French—Alleged Intrigues of France—M. Moerenhout, the American Consul—Tahiti becomes French—Wesleyan Mission to Tonga—The Rev. W. Lawrey—Trying Experiences—King George of all the Friendly Islands—Chief Josiah Tubou—Mr. and Mrs. Cross—A Tragical Death—Great Religious Revival—A King in the Pulpit—War on New Principles—The Harvey Islands—Raratonga—A Fearful Hurricane—Mangaia—Aitutaki—Samoa—Niné—The Apostle of Savage Island—Rapa—A Striking Change—Kidnapping—Lifu—The Young Evangelist Pao—The Rev. J. McFarlane—Old King Bula—Civil War in Lifu—A Curious Congregation—French Interference—The Commander of the Loyalty Islands—A State of Siege—English Expostulation—Results.

AMONGST the beautiful islands that stud the surface of the South Pacific Ocean, sometimes towering aloft in evidence of the fierce volcanic action that in undated centuries upheaved them from the depths of ocean, sometimes just rising above the water's edge upon reefs raised in the course of ages by the ceaseless labour of some of the lowest forms of animal life, the Conquests of the Cross have been numerous and important. Of the Christian work accomplished in this delightful clime—where, however, till the advent of the missionaries, vileness and cruelty were rampant—some account has been given in previous chapters. It would be impossible, within the compass of the present work, to give a consecutive and detailed account of all that has been done by various Christian societies in the far-scattered islands of Polynesia. We can therefore only notice a few of the scenes and incidents that have marked the gradual evangelisation of these islands, which has now been going on for nearly a century, since (as already recorded) the world-famous "Night of Toil" began in Tahiti, in 1797.

The Society Islands were rejoicing in the daylight of the Gospel before John Williams won the martyr's crown at Erromanga; but, nevertheless, dark clouds were gathering in the sky. The public sale of ardent spirits, long restrained, had (chiefly through the persistent efforts of the French and American Consuls) again become general. Drunkenness, licentiousness, and other evils, became prevalent amongst the many who had conformed to the great religious movement of their time without becoming themselves changed. In various islands party spirit broke out into open warfare, and many church-members fell away. Here and there heretical preachers arose, some proclaiming perfect liberty to indulge every desire without sinning, some claiming direct inspiration and miraculous powers. Queen Pomare and her councillors had tried in 1834 to mend matters, by a law compelling universal attendance at public worship. In the following year the Quaker preacher, Daniel Wheeler, found the people in a state of great irritation at this enactment.

Louis Philippe of France and the Roman Catholic priests, anxious to obtain a footing in the South Sea Islands, were now bringing into operation that policy of aggression, intrigue, and duplicity, which ultimately resulted in Tahiti becoming a French dependency. First came the Irish monk, Murphy, disguised as a carpenter, a rough, unshaven fellow, with a short pipe in his mouth. He worked secretly for two months, and prepared the way for two priests, Laval and Caret, who, in 1836, landed

clandestinely on an unfrequented part of the coast. They surveyed the island carefully, and were entertained by M. Moerenhout, the American Consul and a Roman Catholic. He procured them an interview with the Queen, to whom they gave a silk shawl, and offered gold for permission to stay and teach. Pomare ordered them to leave the island, but they locked themselves up in a house supplied by Moerenhout. With just as much force as was needful, they were gently ejected, and placed with their property on a schooner, which took them back to the Gambier Islands. Caret, with another priest, Maigral, came back a few weeks afterwards in an American schooner. But by the Queen's orders natives waded out into the water, and prevented the schooner's boat from coming to the shore. The baffled priests had again to abandon their attempt.

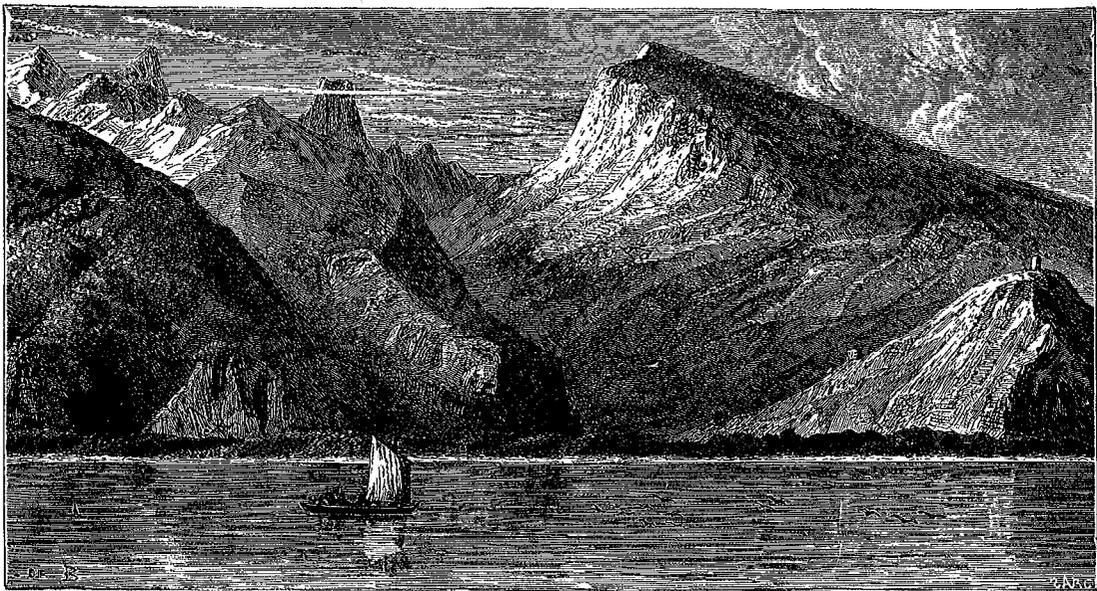
The priests were Frenchmen, and the wily monarch of France, seeing that there was only a weak woman to contend with, thought it a good opportunity for carrying out a resolute policy. He sent Captain Du Petit Thuars to demand reparation for an insult to France in the person of the Roman Catholic missionaries. The poor Queen was forced to write an apology to the French King. Dreading an attack from French war-ships, she wrote, "I am only the Sovereign of a little insignificant island. May knowledge, glory, and power be with your majesty. Let your anger cease, and pardon me the mistake that I have made." Englishmen on the island found for her the 2,000 dollars which she was compelled to pay to the priests, and Captain Du Petit Thuars had to give her the powder for a compulsory salute of twenty-one guns to the French flag. Moerenhout was for his conduct dismissed from the American service by President Van Buren, but he was soon appointed French Consul, and thenceforth all French subjects were to be free to settle and trade in the Society Islands.

We must not describe in detail the successive stages of the policy of the French Government. More war-ships visited the island, and Queen and people were kept in a state of terror and alarm. By threats and intimidation, grossly unfair treaties were forced upon the Tahitians. Disturbances were excited, and then by bribery or coercion chiefs were induced to invite French aid for the preservation of order. At length, in 1842, a farrago of false charges against Queen Pomare and her Government was concocted, and 10,000 dollars demanded in forty-eight hours. As was intended, in default of payment, the island was placed under French protection, and next year Du Petit Thuars got up a paltry quarrel about the Queen's personal flag, and Tahiti was proclaimed a French colony.

Through this course of events, most of the mission stations were broken up, and several missionaries found it best to return to England. The patriotic islanders in Tahiti, and also in the neighbouring islands, kept up for a few years a desperate resistance. Several of the missionaries still tried to meet the people, visiting them in their camps and mountain fastnesses, often at the peril of their own lives. The French "destroyed the dwellings and chapels of the missionaries, the houses and villages of the natives, their fields of potatoes and bananas, their bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, orange, and other trees, thus depriving them at once of shelter and the means of subsistence." But still the people held out against the invaders. At length their chief stronghold at Hautana was won by treachery. One day a large body of French troops

marched up the valley as if about to storm the fortified camp, and the Tahitians gathered to defend the passage. But a traitor in their camp had discovered a cliff-path in their rear. He had sold the secret to the French for 200 dollars, and was now engaged in leading a French force a thousand feet up the precipitous rocks to a position which commanded the entrenchment. The Tahitians saw themselves conquered, and surrendered; and as this camp was the key to those beyond it, the war was now at an end.

An amnesty was proclaimed. The Queen had a large income guaranteed to her, but all power passed into the hands of the French. Still there was peace and order, and the missionaries tried to collect their scattered flocks and rebuild their desolated



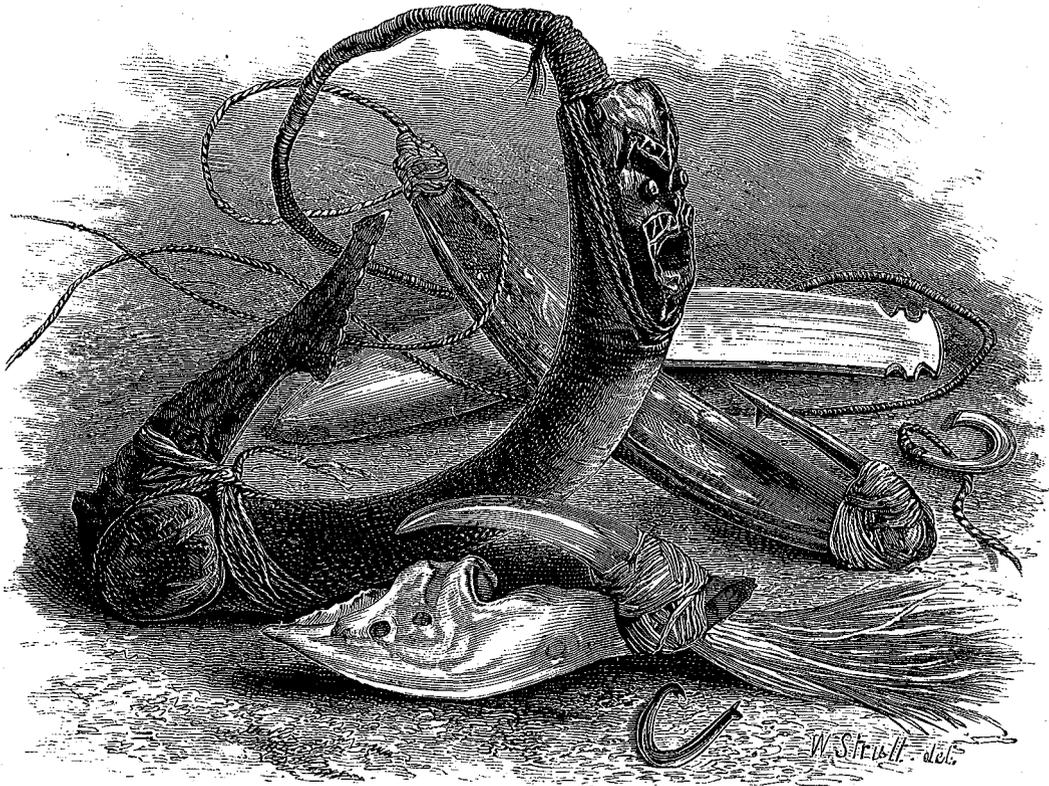
ON THE COAST OF TAHITI.

sanctuaries. But it was a difficult task, rendered still more so by the missionaries being made tenants of the Government, and their lands and premises national property.

Tahiti has since become more and more French; English missionaries have had to retire, leaving the churches under the care of native pastors. The other Society Islands have, through English intervention, maintained their independence, and are governed by petty kings or queens, keeping up a ludicrous affectation of state and ceremony, with fierce struggle of factions, and occasional revolutions on a proportionate scale to their microscopic kingdoms. The Society Islands, as a whole, may be said to have been for many years Christian, and display many of the inconsistencies and anomalies so apparent amongst Christian States in the old world. In all the islands there are bands of faithful church-members, large congregations, well-filled schools, zealous preachers and teachers. The old horrors of heathen life are matters of history. In civilisation and progress the people have made rapid strides, and, as a rule, enjoy

sufficient means to provide for their simple wants. The native churches pay all their local expenses, build their own chapels and schools, pay the salaries of their ministers and teachers, and contribute a large sum annually to the London Missionary Society—the honoured Association which in 1796 sent forth its twenty-nine pioneers in the good ship *Duff*, to spread the light of the Gospel in the islands of the great South Sea.

The Wesleyan Mission to Tonga, or the Friendly Islands, ranks amongst the foremost



POLYNESIAN FISH-HOOKS.

successes of missionary enterprise in the South Pacific. In spite of the name assigned to them in consequence of the hasty conclusions and erroneous reports of the early visitors to these sunny isles, the people lived in perpetual strife, and were, moreover, cannibals, polygamists, and idolaters. After sixty years of patient labour, the Wesleyan missionaries were able to report, "There is not one heathen remaining in any of the Friendly Islands." The entire Tonga Mission is now indeed self-supporting, and subscribes large amounts for the spread of the Gospel elsewhere.

The first white men who settled upon these shores, soon after their discovery, were escaped convicts and runaway sailors, who in most cases became more savage than the savages themselves, and taught the poor Friendly Islanders more wickedness than even they already knew. But when the good ship *Duff* landed the missionaries

at Tahiti, in August, 1797, ten pious artisans were sent to Tonga to form a missionary settlement. Chiefs and people at first welcomed them, and gladly supplied them with provisions in exchange for tools, fish-hooks, and other desirable commodities. A piece of land was assigned to them, and here the missionaries sowed and planted, and engaged in other industrial pursuits, watched by crowds of curious natives, who in their turn had to be carefully watched—for, with all their reported friendliness, they soon proved themselves arrant thieves. For a time, however, the prospect was a hopeful one; religious services were kept up, and the natives impressed by example and precept as opportunity offered. But the missionaries soon found that their efforts were being counteracted by two runaway Europeans living on the island, and subsequently they had to deplore the sad fall of one of their number who married a native woman, and adopted the dress and heathen practices of the islanders. For three years the little band persevered, till three of them were murdered when a fierce war was raging between the tribes, and the rest only escaped with their lives by means of a ship which called at Tonga just at the critical moment of greatest danger. The mission premises were destroyed, and so ended the first attempt to civilise and Christianise the Friendly Islands.

Nearly a quarter of a century passed away before any further effort was made. In 1722 the Rev. W. Lawrey came from Australia with his wife and children, accompanied also by a carpenter and a blacksmith, both pious men. In a large native house, of which the lofty roof was supported by pillars and the floor covered with mats, Lawrey met seven of the chiefs, whilst a vast multitude of people surrounded the building. The missionary proclaimed his object to be not merely trading with them and teaching them useful arts, but instructing them in the knowledge of the true God. The chiefs expressed approval, promised to send "thousands" of children to the school, and loaded the missionary with presents. For three months all went on satisfactorily. An Englishman named Singleton was interpreter; he had been wrecked on the island sixteen years before, had become Tongan, but was a well-disposed man, and did good service for the mission cause.

A rumour somehow became current that Lawrey and his helpers had come to spy out the land preparatory to its conquest. One old warrior told the chiefs and people in their assembly that in a dream of the night he had seen the spirit of an old chief come back to earth and look with anger at the fence of the mission premises, crying, "The white people will pray you all dead!" A spirit of insolence spread among the people, and barefaced robberies of mission property became frequent. Still Palu, the head chief, supported the mission, and was much impressed by the truths that Mr. Lawrey told him. But the missionary now saw his beloved wife drooping at his side, and for her sake was obliged to return to Australia. Palu wept bitterly at Lawrey's departure, but we regret to say that he behaved very badly to the two pious artisans who were left at the mission premises to carry on the work.

In June, 1826, the Revs. J. Thomas and J. Hutchinson and their wives were sent from London by the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. A fearful storm kept them from landing for a few anxious days. Then, hearing of Palu's treachery, they went to the

great chief Ata, who was profuse in promises, and gave them a beautiful piece of land to settle on. But Ata soon proved more fickle even than Palu; within a month of attending the missionary services he withdrew his protection; suffered his people to rob and insult the teachers with impunity, and threatened to burn down their houses. He told his people that any of them who went to worship the God of the Christians should be put to death. Yet the people came, even though Ata's watchmen, and sometimes the chief himself, lurked near the gate of the mission house to prevent them from going in, and to chase away poor little children coming to the school. The chief's wife also stood forth as a defender of heathenism, and broke up Mrs. Hutchinson's little sewing and reading class for young women. Even the modern Irish process of boycotting was forestalled, by an attempt to hinder the wants of the missionaries from being supplied.

Through all these trying experiences the missionaries were upheld, and in less than a year more hopeful signs were manifest. Sunday after Sunday, people were coming from Nukualofa to the services. The missionaries followed up this opening, and Tubou, the great chief of Nukualofa, was convinced of the folly of idolatry. Giving up his false gods, he built a chapel for Christian worship. At first the other chiefs threatened him, but without effect. When, however, they promised to elect him King of all the Tonga Islands, he promised, at any rate for the present, to give up the worship of Jehovah, but at the same time gave leave for all other persons to do as they pleased.

In response to an earnest appeal from the missionaries, the Revs. N. Turner and W. Cross, with their wives, came out to Nukualofa. Hundreds of children now came under regular instruction at both stations, and Sunday congregations increased. Other islands began to cry out for help. "I am tired of my spirit-gods," wrote Finau, chief of Vavau; "they tell me so many lies, I am sick of them. I have had no sleep, being so uneasy for fear the missionaries will be so long in getting here."

The King of Habai, afterwards famous in missionary annals as King George of All the Friendly Islands, kept the Christian Sabbath, and paid an English sailor to read prayers in an extemporised chapel. He came to Tonga earnestly begging for a missionary to come and teach his people. The chief and people of Mua also adopted Christianity as far as they could, and built a neat chapel before any teacher could be spared to go there. The London Committee were very anxious to send out reinforcements, but before their arrival the acceptance of a nominal Christianity had spread largely through the islands, and there were not a few instances of real spiritual change. The voice of King Tubou was heard in the prayer-meetings at Nukualofa, and on January 18th, 1830, he was baptised.

Leaving Mr. Turner at Nukualofa, Mr. Thomas and his excellent wife established a mission in the Habai group. They were longing to take this step, and were anxiously waiting for the desired permission from London, when a small packet was washed on shore, which, on being opened, was found to contain a letter from the Committee fully authorising them to go forward. Of the schooner from Sydney by which that letter had been forwarded, nothing more was ever heard. Apparently ship, and crew, and

cargo had all disappeared, and yet the winds and waves bore safely to the right spot the longed-for missive that gave permission to the missionaries to proceed in their holy enterprise.

A humble native convert had already been sent to the inquiring Habai king and people, and his work had been eminently successful. Out of eighteen islands in the group, fifteen had accepted Christianity. The idol-temples had been turned into dwelling-houses, or set aside as Christian chapels. The king himself publicly hung up five of his chief gods by the neck, to show the people that they were "all dead." The people were thirsting for instruction, and poor Peter was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of his position, when, in January, 1830, the Thomases came to him at Lifuka, the principal island of the group.

An era of hard work and abundant success now set in. Preaching, teaching, translating went on ceaselessly. As yet, every book used had to be written out by Mr. Thomas' own pen. But the children were taught, the people rescued from idolatry, and in many cases changed into earnest Christians. The king and a hundred and fifty of his subjects were church-members before the end of the year, and the people flocked in thousands to attend the opening of a large new chapel that was erected. More help arrived from Europe, and before long a fine band of native teachers were raised up, who spread the good work through the adjacent islands.

Meanwhile, King Finau of Vavau, who had so touchingly appealed for missionaries, had gone back to his idols, and persecuted such of his subjects as were Christians. In April, 1831, King George of Habai, with a number of his people, went with twenty-four sail of canoes to Vavau, for purposes of trade, but also intending to bring the island to Christianity, if possible. The two kings conferred repeatedly on the subject, and at length Finau declared, "Well, I will; and I will spend the Sabbath with you in worshipping God." A Sunday was so spent, and next morning King Finau had seven of the chief gods brought out. These were told that if they were gods they might run, and if they did not they should be burned. The ugly effigies were soon reduced to ashes, and presently eighteen of the idol-houses, with their contents, were in flames. Some of the people shrank with horror from these proceedings, but the greater number rejoiced at the change. The Habai people remained some weeks, and all their time was taken up with instructing successive groups of inquirers. "I was four nights," says one, "and did not sleep. I was talking with the people, reading, praying, and singing, all the time."

Early in 1832, Mr. and Mrs. Cross went from Nukualofa to reside at Vavau. Chief Josiah Tubou lent them a canoe, and the natives crowded to the shore early one morning to bid them farewell. The missionary and his wife were accompanied by about seventy natives, and they had on board a large supply of goods. They purposed breaking the long voyage at Nomuka, but storm and darkness came on, their mast and sails were injured, and all night long they floated helplessly on the waters. Next day not a soul on board knew where they were, till about noon they reached the small uninhabited island of Hunga Tonga.

But the swell of the sea made it hopeless for them to attempt to land on this

rocky island, and they determined to try and get back to Tonga. After lightening the canoe by throwing over the mast and all that they could spare, they partook of refreshment, for Mr. Cross had taken nothing, and Mrs. Cross only a little cocoa-nut



NATIVES OF TONGA.

milk for thirty hours. The day was drawing to a close when they sighted the little isle of Atatu, near Tonga. But before they reached it, a fierce gale was blowing, and presently the canoe struck on a reef and began to break up. The moon went down

and darkness encompassed them, and whilst the little band were committing themselves into the hands of the All-merciful Father, the fierce billows rushed over their frail bark, dashing it in pieces and sweeping them all into the raging waters.

“Mr. Cross,” says the historian of Wesleyan Missions, “held his wife with his right arm, and they rose and sank repeatedly. With his left hand he caught a broken piece of the canoe that floated past, and resting on this they took breath occasionally. Mrs. Cross uttered no word of complaint or fear; but from time to time she called on the Lord for help. A few more seconds, and the buffeting of the waves conquered her feeble frame, and her spirit escaped to that place where all is joy, and calm, and peace. Mr. Cross’s faithful arm still clasped the lifeless body of his beloved wife, till, with the help of a native, he got himself and his precious burden lifted on to some boards that were floating about. The shipwrecked missionary, with a number of the natives, ultimately drifted on a small raft, which they managed to form, to an uninhabited island called Tekeloke; but on landing they found that the body of Mrs. Cross had been washed away. It was recovered, however, a few days afterwards, and received Christian burial. Besides the missionary’s wife, fourteen men, one woman, and five children, were lost on this melancholy occasion, and no portion of goods was saved from the wreck. The survivors were rescued from the lonely island on which they had been driven, by the arrival of a canoe from Tonga; and when the sad disaster became generally known, many hearts were filled with sorrow.”

Mr. Cross laid his dear one in her grave, and was soon hard at work in Vavau. Here also came other faithful labourers, and a printing press, which soon flooded the islands with books. With joyful admiration the people watched the machine at work, and eagerly received the sheets as they were distributed.

King Finau of Vavau died in 1833, and King George of Habai was chosen to succeed him. Tonga was afterwards added, and this enlightened chieftain, “a man of superior judgment and ability, and of unwavering religious principle,” became king of the whole of the Friendly Islands. Under his protecting care the native churches were firmly established.

A religious revival of a very remarkable character took place in the Friendly Islands in 1834. It began suddenly, as a native preacher was preaching in a village in Vavau, when a congregation were so powerfully affected that they remained crying for mercy most of that night. The movement spread, and the services elsewhere were followed by similar results. “Those who had been praying for the outpouring of the Spirit and the conversion of souls were amazed.” Throughout the islands the people were in a state of religious fervour. “In a single day,” says Moister, “during this remarkable movement, there is reason to believe that more than one thousand persons were truly converted to God. The change was not now from dumb idols merely, but from sin to holiness, and from the power of Satan unto God!” King George and his Queen knelt in penitent confession with their people, and after a time of deep religious experience, found complete rest and peace in their Saviour. The king, indeed, became a local preacher, and on Sunday mornings the missionaries were gladdened by seeing their royal convert sailing off in his canoe to his allotted station on a distant island, with a

band of pious sailors, whose hymns of praise floated back from the water. His wife, Queen Charlotte, became a devoted class-leader.

At Lifuku, King George built a beautiful new chapel. The chiefs and people of all the Habai group strove to help in this work, preparing timber and plaiting cords for binding them together. A vast camp meeting was held at the site, and after only two months of hard work by day, and religious services in the evening, the building was complete. Within, it was beautifully adorned, the carved shafts of spears forming the communion rails, and the two huge war-clubs at the foot of the pulpit stairs were reminders of the victory of the Gospel of peace over the powers of darkness. Not half the thousands who came could get within the precincts of the chapel on that memorable day, when it was opened by a sermon from the king in the morning, and one from Mr. Tucker in the evening. Twenty adults were baptised after the services, and there was now only one unbaptised person in the Habai group, and he was kept at home by sickness.

King George showed great wisdom in dealing with his people. In 1839 he gave them a written code of laws in forty-eight sections, which was readily accepted by both chiefs and people, except in a part of Tonga where a heathen party were still vigorous and hostile. The people of Hihifo and Bea made war on the Christians in 1837, and were defeated. In 1840 the heathen again rose in rebellion. King George and Chief Josiah Tubou tried every possible means of conciliation, but in vain; then, at the head of a select band of his subjects the king took the field, to uphold the laws of his State, but with no longing for mere conquest. When about to attack the heathen fortress of Hihifo, he thus harangued his soldiers: "Our late war with the heathen three years ago was, by the mercy of God, a victorious one. But though we got the victory, in some things we went astray. We fought not as Christians should fight. Our object was not to save, but to destroy. But you all now present hear me, that we do not so fight again. If, as may be expected, the enemy should come out of their fortress tomorrow morning, let every man endeavour to seize and save his man, but not one to shoot or strike, but in case of life or death."

At dawn of day the fortress was taken, and five hundred rebels were prisoners. One by one they were brought before King George, who was seated under the shade of a tree. Each captive rebel as he came was expecting instant death, in accordance with the usages of Tongan warfare, but to each as he appeared the king said, "Live!" Only the ringleaders were banished to other islands, to prevent them from making mischief in Tonga again. Such a way of treating conquered enemies had never before been heard of in the Friendly Islands, and the incident was of great service as regards the impression it made on the minds of the heathen.

The Friendly Islands Mission had been dependent for their supplies on the uncertain visits of Australian trading vessels, but it was found desirable to have a special vessel exclusively for the service of the South Sea Mission. The *Triton* for over four years did good service in this capacity, and was succeeded by the more commodious *John Wesley*, which for several years carried letters and stores to the various missions, and which was afterwards fitted up with tanks to receive the

cocoa-nut oil which the natives gave as their subscriptions to the mission cause. In November, 1851, in consequence of a remarkable agitation of the sea caused by a violent earthquake, this serviceable vessel was wrecked on the Tau Reef, Habai. Six missionaries were on board proceeding to their annual district meeting at Nukualofa, but providentially no lives were lost, as the ship was carried on a tremendous wave inside the reef, and then left in three feet of water as the sea retired.

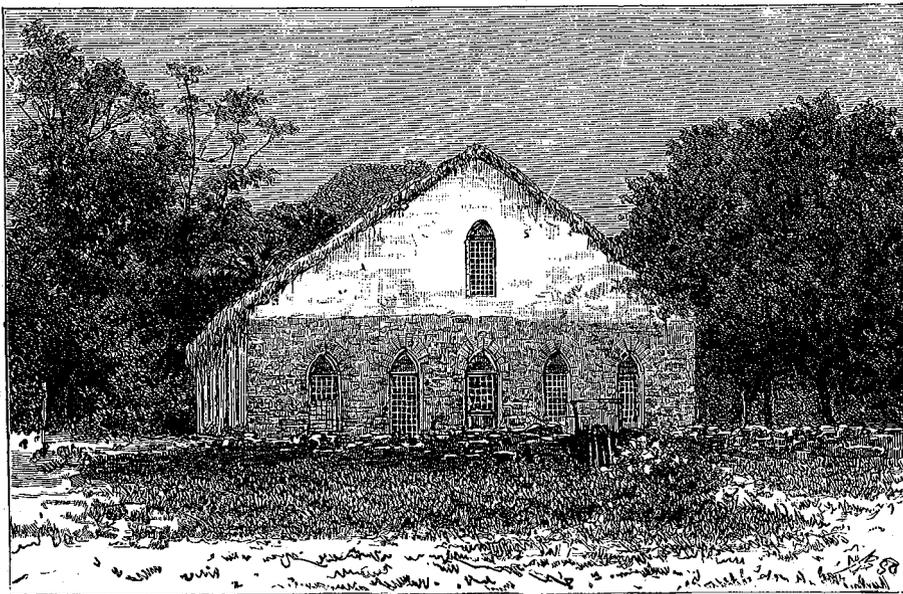


NUKUALOFA.

A second *John Wesley* was subsequently fitted out, and has done good service. But we must not longer linger over the flourishing churches of the Friendly Isles. It should be mentioned, however, that at Nukualofa is a high-class school known as Tubou College, where young natives study science and mathematics and other advanced subjects. The Friendly Islanders are now a Christian people, amongst whom Christian life not unfrequently reaches a high degree of development, and shows itself in Christian benevolence and other practical virtues. The entire expenses of the mission are more than covered by the contributions of the islanders, and there is a surplus left for the good of the cause in other lands.

The Hervey Islands, during the era of the Rev. John Williams and his colleagues, had made good progress in civilisation and Christianity. To these islands in 1838 came the Rev. W. Gill, who was located at Raratonga, where the people, though still needing oversight and instruction, formed a Christian community, and subscribed liberally to the mission cause.

At one of the Raratonga school treats an old man, who had once been a warrior, priest, and cannibal, told the children how once, in war-time, "a father and mother left their house on yonder mountain to fish in the sea towards Avarua. They had a little child whom they took with them, and being weary they sat under a tree to rest. While here they were surprised by the sudden approach of two men from the enemy's



PROTESTANT CHURCH AT ARORANGI, RARATONGA.

station. What to do they did not know. In a moment, however, they put the child up in the tree and hid themselves in the bush. Alas! the child was seen by the two men. Was it compassionated? No, they took it and with wild shouting they dashed it to death on a heap of stones. But this did not satisfy them: they took up stones and crushed its body to atoms. My heart wept for that child. Had the Word of God come in his time he would have lived, and perhaps now would have been in our midst."

The oldest deacon of Mr. Gill's church was a man who was formerly known as "always having human flesh on his meat-hook" (*i.e.*, in his own larder).

A very successful Training Institution was established by Mr. Gill and his colleagues in Raratonga, and many native teachers were through that agency sent out to other islands. In 1846 the island was visited by a dreadful calamity in the shape of a terrible hurricane, which in the course of a few hours spread ruin through all the settlements. On the night of March 15th, although the time of full moon, dense

blackness enveloped the island, only broken by the vivid lightning that flashed incessantly, but "so terrific was the roar of wind that the loudest thunder was not heard." Plantations, houses, chapels, school-buildings, were swept away, and the next morning revealed a frightful scene of desolation.

Mr. Gill and his wife were residing at the settlement of Arorangi. "About nine o'clock in the evening," he says, "while removing books, medicines, and papers into boxes for safety, our house gave indications that it would not long survive the fury of the storm. We sought shelter in a store-house that stood near, but had scarcely entered it before it was in ruins. During this consternation a native ventured to carry Mrs. Gill to a small detached schoolhouse on our premises. I lingered awhile, hoping to arrange a box or two so as to preserve a few stores. Before, however, this could be done, a native who had been watching our dwelling-house came crying in most piteous strains, "Oh, where is the missionary? Listen to my voice! (Nothing could be *seen*.) The house is down. We shall all die! We cannot live out this night." Hastening in a crawling position to Mrs. Gill, we endeavoured to encourage each other in God, and then removed, unsheltered, accompanied only by a single native, to an open field. We dared not go towards the mountains, for trees torn up by the roots were being carried through the air in every direction; and we could not go towards the settlement, for the floods had covered all the lowlands. Thus exposed, we well-nigh despaired of life; but receiving strength from on high, we watched for the morning."

Next morning showed the village a mass of ruins, the books and furniture of the mission house a heap of rubbish, the store barrels broken up or swimming on the flood. The beautiful new chapel, so recently finished, was utterly destroyed. The natives came in long procession weeping and wailing, more on account of the missionaries than themselves. "We are at home," they said; "we can eat roots of trees. We have known these trials, but what will you do?" Then remembering their chapel, the cry was, "O Ziona, Ziona, our holy and beautiful house! When shall we be able to rebuild thee?"

From the other settlements soon came sorrowful tidings. At Ngatangia the mission family were almost lost. Mr. Pitman lay for some time senseless. Mrs. Pitman sat for hours on a stone wall amidst a sea of water. Miss Cowie was only saved by being dragged through deep waters by a native female. At this place a trading schooner was carried by the raging billows over trees eighteen feet high, and deposited in a spot from which it took three months' work to get her back to the sea. At Avarua the Institution House trembled to its foundations, but yet stood amidst universal wreck, and was crowded to overflowing with refugees. At Titikaveka the stone chapel remained standing surrounded by destroyed houses.

The missionaries were cheered by the unexpected arrival of the mission ship, providentially driven from her course and laden with supplies. Soon, from the churches of England, came liberal means for relieving the distress on the island and rebuilding the chapels, schools, and mission houses. The people worked industriously, plentiful crops were realised, and the villages arose in a superior style to what had ever been seen before—hundreds of houses being now built of stone.

In October, 1854, died Tinomana, the chief of Arorangi, the first chief who destroyed his idols and abandoned polygamy when Mr. Williams came to Raratonga in 1823. He had long been a consistent Christian, the burden of whose testimony was, "See the rock whence I have been hewn! the hole of the pit whence I have been digged."

The Rev. A. Buzacott, who often visited Tinomana in his last illness, says, "On one occasion I found him alone, reclining on his couch, on the verandah of his house, leaning on his elbow intently looking into his Bible. 'What! all alone!' I exclaimed. —'No, I am not alone,' he replied; 'God is here with me!'—'What have you been reading?' Adjusting his spectacles, he read, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' and looking up, he added, 'That is what I am expecting.'" Soon afterwards he peacefully expired, and was buried (by his own desire), not in the ancient tomb of the chiefs at Avarua, but amongst his own Christian people.

Another island of the Hervey group is Mangaia, 120 miles from Raratonga. The attempts of Mr. Williams to establish a mission here had been frustrated by the savagery of the natives. Subsequently, however, Davida, a native teacher, lived here fifteen years, occasionally visited by a missionary from Tahiti. When Davida landed, he took to the island a pig, and as the natives had never seen an animal larger than a rat, they looked upon it with awe and reverence — as the representative of some superior spirit. In spite of the teacher's remonstrances, they clothed the animal in sacred cloth, and took it to the principal temple in the island, where it was fastened to the pedestal of one of their gods. The poor animal in vain resisted all this pomp and ceremony, but was kept securely fastened, although fed with abundant offerings, whilst the people bowed low before her in adoration. In a few weeks there was a litter of young pigs. These for awhile lingered about the precincts of the temple, but ultimately became scattered over the country. Davida got the parent sow returned to him, and then killed and cooked and ate it. Thus the spell was broken, and the progeny of that deified pig became of great value at the native feasts, and also as a means of barter with ships calling at the island.

In 1841 Mangaia came under the care of the Raratonga missionaries. It was by that time mostly Christianised, but still contained a compact and resolute "heathen party." In a very few years, however, these had become absorbed into the Christian community. Davida, who came in 1824, when heathenism was rampant, saw the island completely Christian before his death in 1849.

Aitutaki, another island of this group, was visited by Williams in 1821. The work then begun was well followed up by a succession of faithful missionaries, both native and European. This island has long been regarded as a model mission. One-third of the whole population have, as a rule, for some years past been consistent church members—a high average.

Samoa, or the Navigators' Islands, is another group once given up to all the horrors of paganism, but whose inhabitants (as the Rev. G. Turner remarks) now walk

in Manchester prints and Bradford cloth. The people are all adherents of the London Missionary Society, the Wesleyan Mission, or the Roman Catholics.

The planting of Christianity in Samoa by Mr. Williams and his teachers, helped and encouraged by the wise chief Fanea, soon bore good fruits. Six English missionaries went to Samoa in 1836 to carry forward the work, and four years later they were joined by Messrs. Nesbit and Turner.

It took, of course, years of anxious labour here, as elsewhere, to lead the natives into Christian life as well as Christian profession. When the disastrous civil war broke out in 1848, some tendency to relapse into ancient barbarism became apparent during the nine years' struggle. Still, as a rule, the humanising influences of even an imperfect knowledge of Christianity were evident; the missionaries were never injured, and they moved freely about in both armies. "We gave," says Mr. Turner, "medicine to their sick, dressed their wounds, and were admitted to any part of their forts every Sabbath Day to conduct religious services. Throughout all the nine years they never fought on a Sabbath. Even when the war was at its height, and one of the principal forts closely hemmed in, I have passed with perfect freedom on the Sabbath from the trenches of the besiegers to the fort of the besieged, and was received and listened to at both places with the greatest respect."

Through the exertions of the missionaries, peace was at length arranged between the contending parties. The power of the ambitious chiefs was broken; the people settled down under free institutions, and the churches had rest, and were edified and multiplied. The native ministers have so increased in numbers and in efficiency that the London Missionary Society has been able to reduce its staff to six, of whom two have charge of the college. The complete Bible in the Samoan language, and a considerable amount of religious and general literature, are amongst the permanent work of the devoted labourers who have successively given themselves to the evangelisation of Samoa.

To the island of Niūē, with its coral cliffs towering 300 feet above the sea, came, in 1774, Captain Cook, and was so impressed by the wildness of the natives, who ran at him with the "ferocity of wild boars," that he called it Savage Island. But amongst its Christian inhabitants of the present day foreigners may walk in perfect peace. The attempt of Mr. Williams to place here two native teachers from Aitutaki was a failure. They had to return, appalled by the barbarism they encountered. Mr. Williams then took two native youths from Savage Island to Tahiti. They seem to have accomplished nothing on their return except that one of them was incidentally the means of bringing about the conversion of Peniamina, the real Apostle of Savage Island.

This youth was educated at Samoa, and in 1845 offered to return to Savage Island as a missionary. For sixteen years or more, repeated visits had been made by missionaries from neighbouring islands, and they had been thankful to get safely away with their lives. With a good supply of books, clothes, and tools, he was landed on the shore; but the natives at first wished to send his property back to the ship, for fear it should bring some new disease. He reasoned with them, and showed them that his box was of wood such as they used themselves. The crowd surged round

him, and several cried out that he should be killed. He told the people why he had come, and spoke of their immortal souls, and of God their Creator, and Christ their Saviour. Expecting every moment to be struck down, he knelt amongst them, and



YOUNG GIRL OF RIMATURA.

prayed for himself and them. A few hearts were now touched, and were inclined to spare him; but some still cried, "Let us do it *now*, while he is alone; by-and-bye others will join him, and it will be more difficult."

Night came on, but no one would shelter him, and the young evangelist on his native island had nowhere to lay his head. He tried an old ruin, but the rain fell

heavily, and he had to walk about to keep warm. Towards morning some one in pity gave him food, and a place where he could get a little sleep.

But the natives were soon about him, inspecting the contents of his chest. Very little of his property did he ever see again. As opportunity offered, he talked to the islanders, who became interested. Soon many began by degrees to accept his teaching. It should be noted that the people had already lost faith in their gods, and though they still adored the spirits of their ancestors, the great national idol had been broken in pieces, and cast into the sea, on suspicion of having caused an epidemic. The priests now became alarmed at the spread of the new ideas, and set to work with incantations and sorceries, but it was too late. The Rev. A. W. Murray, visiting the island in 1852, found a Christian community who had wrought with their axes a teacher's house and chapel. Family worship was general in the houses of those under instruction, and many converts were frequent in retiring to the bush for private prayer. A few years later another visitor (in 1859) found only ten non-Christians on the island. The old superstitions and heathen practices had disappeared, and war and theft, once of constant occurrence, were memories of the past. A good road had been made round the island, and a village of improved houses had risen round each of the five school-houses. Woman had become the companion and equal of man, and the children, properly cared for and instructed, showed a great increase in numbers. The change in Savage Island had been so remarkable that the Rev. W. Gill might well apply to it the language of the prophet, "Henceforth thou shalt be called by a new name."

In the southernmost group of the South Sea Islands good work has been done. Rurutu, converted under Mr. Williams, has gone on and prospered, and after packing off its gods to Raiatea, retained no trace of idolatry. Rimatura, and Tubuai, and Rapa have been equally steadfast in their Christian faith.

Vancouver was the first European to set eyes upon the wild mountain scenery of Rapa, and he was surprised at finding no houses by the shore as in other islands—all the inhabitants were dwelling in palisade fortresses, on the highest hills. Several canoes came out to him full of dirty-looking savages, whose sole attire was a few green leaves tied round the waist. The Rev. W. Ellis called here in 1817, and received on board his ship a number of natives, who stole all they could carry away. They stole the cat, and tried to steal the dog and its kennel, but were prevented. They failed also in their attempts to carry off one or two of the ship's boys, but did manage to take away the shirt off the back of one of them. Seeing that their *modus operandi* was to jump overboard and swim to shore with anything portable they could lay hold of, it was difficult to save anything which they got well into their hands. The little cabin boy was only just rescued by the sailors as he was about to disappear over the ship's side.

Not till 1825 did the Gospel day begin to dawn in Rapa. A few of the natives had been to Tahiti, and becoming converted had returned, like the woman of Samaria, to tell their own people of the Saviour they had found. Two Tahitian teachers also came, and the benighted islanders were gathered into the fold. The idols were destroyed; it is said that the only trace of them in Rapa at the present time is a

roughly carved door-step which was once a portion of a god. With the Gospel came also a measure of civilisation, habits of busy and intelligent industry, and cordial friendliness towards strangers. Visitors must be prepared to shake hands with everybody. They are still, of course, a primitive people in this lone little island of the South Pacific; they dwell in bamboo houses sheltered by stout trees; the earthen floor is mostly strewn with grass, and there are mats and the usual wooden pillows cut to fit the nape of the neck. The Rev. A. T. Saville found the house of King Paruna distinguished by the possession of a four-post bedstead of native manufacture. It was constructed of straight boughs tied together with stringy bark. The blankets swarmed with fleas, which was the price His Majesty had to pay for deserting the simple mat and wooden pillow of his forefathers.

The people no longer patronise green leaves as raiment; they manufacture cloth, and import print and muslin, and even some silk. From many of the houses comes continuously through the day the sound of the wooden mallets used by the women in making cloth. Other women plait beautiful mats in the intervals of their domestic work. The men cultivate taro for food, fish, make boats, or herd goats on the mountains. Everybody works and seems to enjoy it. The conditions of life have become vastly changed for the better in Rapa, since the old days when they waited behind their palisades for a chance of killing each other.

But the change which Christianity has effected in these far-off islanders is strikingly illustrated by a circumstance which occurred some years ago. Ships from Peru were then haunting the islands, procuring cheap labour for the gold-mines by kidnapping natives. The captains would tempt the poor people on to their vessels, and when the decks were sufficiently full, set sail. Needless to say, the wretched captives never again saw their native isles. It happened that small-pox broke out on one of these vessels and spread rapidly amongst the captured people who had been crowded into the hold. Daily the dead, and even the dying, were cast overboard, till the captain in terror resolved to clear out his whole cargo on the nearest island, and so, if possible, rid his vessel of the plague. Upon the beach of Rapa, without food or shelter, the crowd of captives, nearly all suffering with the disease, were left by the inhuman slaver. The islanders came down and compassionated the unfortunate lot of these miserable creatures. Helpless and loathsome with their neglected disease, they were carried into the house and tenderly nursed. But of the hundreds thus cared for, only nine survived; the rest were buried in large graves.

Very Christ-like was the spirit in which the Christian islanders performed this service for their stricken fellow-creatures so ruthlessly cast upon their shores. But the labour of love was to have a sad sequel. The islanders themselves took the contagion, and in a few weeks, in every house there was mourning for the dead. Hundreds perished, and long afterwards many a face was seen that by its disfigurement recalled the memory of that time of sore calamity. But in speaking of the occurrence, they never regretted their deeds of kindness, but spoke with joy of the nine that had been saved.

Far to the westward of any of the islands hitherto treated of in this chapter, the

London Missionary Society has been carrying on a very interesting mission, in Lifu, the largest and most populous of the Loyalty group. It is an island similar to Savage Island in conformation—a mass of coral rock fifty miles long and twenty-five broad, upheaved by some convulsion of nature. Its scanty soil is not deep enough to plough, but supplies the natives with abundant food. Its fifty-five villages now contain about seven thousand inhabitants, all professing Christianity; about a thousand of them are Roman Catholics. Half a century ago the island was a perfect hell of cruel tyranny, idolatry, and cannibalism. The chiefs had their subjects clubbed and



LONDON MISSIONARY INSTITUTION, LIFU, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

cooked whenever they pleased. In times of famine, men with plenty of wives and children were considered very fortunate in having a good supply of food ready to hand. It was the correct thing in Lifu to dig up buried corpses and cook and eat them; and when a man with plenty of flesh on his bones was dying, the bystanders would be arranging for stealing the body and enjoying a good feast. The positive craving for human flesh, and utter disregard of human life, were the chief characteristics of the natives of this benighted isle.

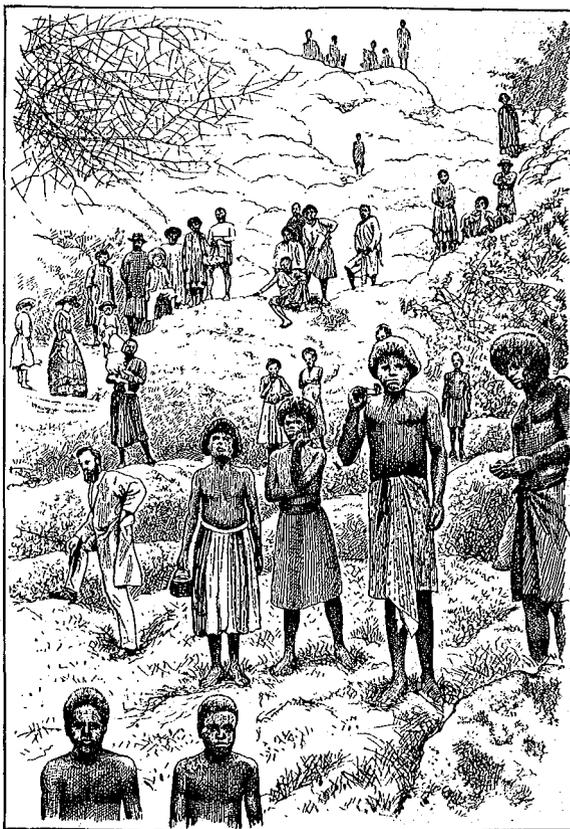
Sorcery was another of their strong points; they were always trying to practise it; always suspecting it in each other, and always making war on account of their suspicions. Their religion consisted in the worship of the departed spirits of their fathers, symbolised by stones, finger- or toe-nails, hair or teeth given to them by their

fathers before death. They had some remarkable traditions of a first man, Walelimemē, who (with his sons) brought death into Lifu through stealing yams from the chief of the lower world; of an old man, Nol, who was laughed at for making a canoe far inland, but who was saved by it when Lifu was flooded by torrents of rain; also of their forefathers trying to raise a structure of sticks tied with vines to reach the clouds, but before the summit was finished it had given way at the base and came down with a crash. Another story tells of a man who had many sons, but loved the youngest best. The others were jealous, and tried to kill their brother, but could not, although they buried him in a pit and afterwards tried to drown him. When the Christian teachers told them the Bible history, the people saw at once the resemblance to their old traditions, and were thereby very favourably disposed to the new religion.

The year 1842 saw Lifu still as it had been for ages—"Its rugged surface," says Mr. McFarlane, "raised about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea; the long breakers leaping up its steep craggy sides; its forests of stately pines, and groves of feathery cocoa-nut trees gently swayed by the steady trade wind; its inhabitants shrouded in heathen darkness, revelling in all the horrors of cannibalism, wallowing in the moral filth of a debasing idolatry, and groaning beneath the atrocities of a cruel despotism; the hour of her deliverance was at hand."

A young native of Raratonga named Pao, who had come under serious impressions, had offered himself for pioneer missionary work. After twelve months in the Raratonga Institution, he was appointed to Lifu. Pao was first sent to the teachers at Maré, another island of the Loyalty group, where a mission was in progress. But, full of enthusiasm, he soon pushed forward to Lifu. With his Bible and bundle of clothes, he went in a small native canoe, guiding its course with his long paddle as the mat sail, swaying in the breeze, bore him forward. As he neared the island, he saw the armed natives on the shore; but, fearing nothing, he dashed over the reef upon the crested waves, and soon stood amongst the people whom he meant to convert to Christ.

Fortunately the old King Bula took a fancy to Pao, and made him his "enemu,"



MISSIONARIES AND NATIVES OF LIFU.

or favourite stranger—an institution in many of the islands. But Bula had another enemy, an Englishman, who, under the name of "Cannibal Charlie," attained to much notoriety in the Pacific. The Rev. A. W. Murray says of this man: "A more appalling and humiliating instance of reckless depravity is hardly on record." He had received a Christian education, and was the son of highly respectable parents. When Lifu became Christian he left for Fiji, where he died.

King Bula listened to Pao, and thought it would be a good thing to have "Jehovah's" help in his wars, and so had no objection to include the Christian's God amongst the many he already served. Pao was obliged to live with the king, and go with him to the wars and everywhere else. This, of course, gave him frequent opportunities to speak the "word in season." Bula's party were victorious in war, and thinking Pao's God must be helping them, resolved to accept the new religion. But they did not want to alter their lives, and would go from evening prayer with Pao, to a feast of human flesh in another house. Old Bula became blind, and the natives thought that the new God was punishing them for their deceit, and resolved to kill Pao. Five men were chosen to do the deed. One of them afterwards told Mr. McFarlane how they surrounded Pao on the beach and talked to him, how the appointed signal was given, and yet not one of them felt able to raise his arm and deal the fatal blow.

Other teachers arrived to help Pao, and some satisfactory progress had been made when King Bula—a heathen and cannibal to the last, yet anxious that his friend Pao should be taken care of—died. But war broke out, and then an epidemic swept over the island, and for all these evils the teachers were blamed. It was resolved to kill them, but a chief, Ngazohni, took their part, and they were suffered to flee to Maré.

A fierce civil war raged for a time in Lifu, but it became evident that Pao had not laboured in vain. The confidence of the heathen in their gods was broken, and the little faithful band of Pao's followers continued to spread as much of the truth as they knew, and in a few months messengers came to Maré begging Pao and his companions to return. They went back, and found the way marvellously prepared for them. Schools were opened, a coral church was built, and both districts of the island, which had always been at war with each other, were visited. Pao made tours of the island, but sometimes met with rough treatment from the heathen who opposed the Gospel. Now and then he was cuffed and kicked and had his clothes torn off his back. More teachers came from Samoa and Raratonga, and fresh stations were formed. Pao settled at We, a spot which had been a battle-field from time immemorial between the two contending districts. To the astonishment of the whole island, a pretty village was built up here by people from both districts, with beautiful gardens and a lath-and-plaster church. So the ancient battle-field became the place of reconciliation and peace.

Bishops Selwyn and Patteson used to make annual visits to the western shore of Lifu, and the latter took some natives to New Zealand for instruction. Twice he spent a winter in the island, and he translated the Gospel of Mark into the Lifu language.

The London Missionary Society saw that their work in the island needed the continuous presence of a missionary to establish churches, and present the people with the whole Bible in their own tongue. Two Roman Catholic priests had already established themselves there, and had won over a portion of the people before the arrival of the Rev. S. McFarlane and his wife, who were brought out by the *John Williams*, and made their home at Chepenehe, where a cottage was assigned to them. The church at this place had been blown down, and the congregation was meeting *pro tem.* in a dark, dirty hovel. "It was a most amusing congregation," says McFarlane. "Some of them had procured European garments from traders; it looked as if a few suits had been divided amongst them; a native just opposite to where we sat had on a pair of spectacles; he was looking intently, with the most hypocritical face, upon a small hymn-book which was turned upside down. The natives sang with all their might, but I don't think that the 'melody was well fitted to make angels weep for joy.' For their singing at this time was evidently an attempt to make the most discordant sounds—the more discordant, the better the music, in their estimation. Most of them opened their mouths and shouted as loud as they could, keeping their tongues wagging to give variety, and stopping suddenly to draw breath. They listened as attentively to the sermon as could be expected, considering the intense heat; we all came out as from a vapour bath, and it was laughable to see the variety of dress, native and European, the most ludicrous of which was a fellow strutting along with an old hat and dress-coat without any trousers. All had, of course, their girdle of calico or leaves, which is amongst them the badge of Christianity. The word in the Lifu language for embracing the Gospel is that used for tying on this girdle; to return to heathenism is to untie it."

A new church was soon raised, and thousands came to the feast of the opening. The missionary made a tour of the island, and saw how great was the work that had been done. Cannibalism, idolatry, polygamy, had almost disappeared. The people went regularly to the chapels and schools, but they were very ignorant, and their Christianity was mostly of a very low type. McFarlane received from Samoa a horse, which the people considered to be a large dog. One old man fed up his dog to try and make it as big as the missionary's.

We need not follow Mr. McFarlane in his successive labours to organise churches and arrange for all things being done decently and in order. He was very successful in his work, and opened a seminary for the training of native teachers. Twice he nearly lost his life in stormy weather when visiting other islands of the group.

The king and chiefs took the advice of the missionary in forming an administration and a code of laws. These were useful in restraining the evil habits of merely nominal Christians. Officers were appointed in the different villages; and curious mistakes were sometimes made by these officials in carrying out what they considered to be their duties. One native who had been to Sydney in a vessel, had seen that at that port harbour dues were always paid. This native was appointed policeman at a bay to which there came a small schooner from New Caledonia, and the zealous officer insisted on the captain paying harbour dues. The astounded captain pleaded that

nothing had been done to form a harbour, but was informed, "You see, Lifu man got a law now; Lifu all same Sydney; all ship go Sydney give money for chief, suppose he no pay him, policeman take him quick; very good, you make all same here; suppose you no give one piece of calico, me take your boat." He delayed the captain two days, till the king (young Bula) being informed of it, sent word that ships were not to be interfered with, as there was no law on that subject. The indignant captain lodged a complaint with the French Governor at New Caledonia.

The Roman Catholic priests, anxious to suppress the heretical churches; and the French authorities in the Pacific, jealous of the extension of English influence, combined as in Tahiti to overthrow the new order of things in Lifu. Ukenizo, King of the Wet District, had favoured the priests, and ordered his subjects to become Roman Catholics, as Bula's subjects had accepted their king's religion. The under-chiefs did not obey this mandate, and the priests reported them to the Governor of New Caledonia as insubordinate to their chief, and strongly advised the stationing of soldiers at Lifu to preserve order. One Sunday morning in May, 1864, a man-of-war landed a number of officers and men near Chepenehe. Wainya, the chief of the district, and his people, went in their best attire with presents of yams to conciliate the new-comers. They were ordered to take off their Sunday clothes and begin building houses for the soldiers. When asked, "What will our wages be?" the captain in a rage told them they would be put in irons if they did not do what they were told. A day or two afterwards, Mr. McFarlane and his colleague, Mr. Sleigh, visited the camp, and were astonished at being introduced to a young officer of five-and-twenty, as *the Commander of the Loyalty Islands!* This stripling declared that he had a good mind to burn down Chepenehe because the people had not returned to build his houses as he told them, and said they must be taught obedience, as the natives of New Caledonia had been taught. It was explained that the people were procuring grass at a distance to make the thatch.

The houses for the soldiers were built. The people had peacefully submitted to the new authority, and given their labour for nothing. But the French were evidently seeking occasions to show the strong hand. They fired upon an English trading vessel that, unaware of the French occupancy, came into the bay without showing its flag. The ship brought two cases of books printed at Maré, but the new "Commander" officially forbade the distribution of all books in the native language, and ordered that all public instruction should cease. It was not to be resumed without direct permission from the Governor of New Caledonia, who would require the French language to be exclusively used in all schools. The schools and institution were accordingly closed.

There was great excitement amongst the natives at these high-handed proceedings, and a dangerous conspiracy to massacre all the soldiers at the camp one night was frustrated by the exertions of the missionary, who, whilst they were assembling for the massacre, and had received word from their spies that the moment was favourable, persuaded them of the folly and madness of the scheme, and of the terrible

retribution which they would bring down upon themselves, even if they were for the moment successful. The leaders consulted, and went quietly home.

The excitement, however, continued, and the Governor, who had come to inspect the state of affairs, determined to make an impression. One Friday morning when the week-day service was in progress, the soldiers, now three hundred in number, attacked Chepenehe. The church doors were forced open, and service was concluded amidst the glitter of bayonets. The congregation were then made prisoners whilst



THE MISSION HOUSE, UVEA, LOYALTY ISLANDS.

the work of devastation went on in the village. Several were shot on both sides during the fierce conflict that ensued, and ultimately the village was burned down. Many natives were cruelly beaten and bayoneted; teachers were put in irons, and Mr. McFarlane was forbidden to go beyond his fence or the sentinel would shoot him. Sorrowfully the missionaries watched the burning of their model village. "We had been used to look along that cocoa-nut grove," says Mr. McFarlane, "and see the houses of four hundred peaceful and happy natives, the smoke from which curled up amidst the beautiful green feathery tops of the trees; imagine our feelings as we now beheld nothing but the black trunks of the trees, with their drooping brown leaves, and saw the church turned into a barracks, and thought of the natives pursued

inland by the soldiers. In the evening, instead of the usual gong beaten for family worship and the evening song of praise, we heard the soldiers' bugle and the songs of revelry in the camp. *Ichabod* was written over both church and village. The pulpit was transformed into a bedroom for the commander. One of the large pews was used as a kitchen. The seats were taken out and used as firewood. A large table was placed in the centre, around which the officers met to eat, drink, and smoke. One end of the building was devoted to their baggage, and the other was used as a sleeping apartment."

All Lifu was in a state of siege. The soldiers burnt the villages, and the Roman Catholic natives, who thought the French had come to help them subdue the Protestants, enriched themselves by robbery, and clubbed to death solitary persons and forsaken invalids. All the machinery which had been got into working order for the social and spiritual good of the people was suddenly stopped, and hundreds of church members and thousands of young people in the schools were sent adrift. The terrified people hid in the bush, and held services there among themselves. But McFarlane was informed by the commander, now an agreeable elderly gentleman, that the people might return without fear to their homes. The natives were informed by messengers, and came back to their plantations and rebuilt their houses.

But there were still many acts of tyranny, and many petty annoyances, before the proceedings of M. Guillain, the Governor, were reported in England and in the Australian colonies, and raised such a storm of indignation that the Emperor Napoleon, memorialised by Lord Shaftesbury, Dean Stanley, and other distinguished philanthropists, felt compelled to take measures to pacify the public mind. Guillain was in some measure restrained, and had to eat humble pie by writing to McFarlane, "You will not in any way be hindered at Lifu in the exercise of your religious ministry, so long as it does not result in anything contrary to our authority." When this letter reached McFarlane and Sleigh at the station of the latter, the bells were rung, and the people collected to hear the joyful news. But the missionaries were still seriously hindered in their work by restrictions, and there was further correspondence and argument, until at length permission was granted to reopen the native seminary, and to circulate freely the portions of the Scripture as translated. The missionaries rejoiced to find that the churches were really in a healthier and more prosperous condition, as a result of the fiery trials through which they had passed.

The grievances from which the Loyalty Islands Mission still suffered, and the harsh treatment of the natives, were ultimately examined into by a special Commission of Inquiry, by order of the Imperial Government. The persecution of the Protestants at Uvea was one of the chief reasons for the institution of this inquiry, which resulted in the recall of the Governor and also of the priests, and a better state of things has since been experienced in the Loyalty Islands.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

NEW GUINEA AND THEREABOUTS.

The Three Great Melanesian Missions—The Rev. S. McFarlane—Landing in Treachery Bay—Cannibalism—Native Teachers—Skull-hunting—The Rev. H. Penny—Norfolk Island—The Tindalos—Work in the Floridas—New Hebrides—The Revs. John Geddie and J. Inglis—Aneityum—The Rock of Fortuna—Amiva—Tanna—Tragic Deaths—Erromanga and its Martyrs—Fate—The Rev. Donald Morrison—Espirito Santa—A Curious Religious Festival—The Kanaka Labour Traffic—An Iniquitous System: will Christian England stop it?

THE chain of islands and clusters of islets from New Guinea to New Caledonia are, as we have shown in a previous chapter, collectively known as Melanesia. All true Polynesians can fairly understand each other's dialect, but the Melanesians speak no less than 200 distinct languages.

Among these ferocious savages numerous efforts have been made to establish Christian Missions, the three most prominent being the work of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea, the "Melanesian Mission," so mournfully associated with the name of Bishop Patteson, and the work harmoniously carried on by nine distinct Presbyterian Churches of Great Britain and America in the New Hebrides. It is to the first and third of these that we wish now to call attention.

The historian of the New Guinea Mission is the Rev. S. McFarlane, whose interesting work, "Among the Cannibals," is no doubt familiar to many of our readers. He was working at the Lifu Mission, when he received directions to commence operations in New Guinea, and with Mr. Murray and eight native teachers from Lifu landed at Darnley Island, in Treachery Bay, in July, 1870. The bay was so named on the chart because a boat's crew of white men had been murdered there. Darnley Island is often without rain for eight months, and then the only fresh-water supply is a pool near this bay. The boat's crew had been allowed to fill their casks, but when they subsequently returned with a quantity of dirty clothes and a bar of soap, and, in spite of remonstrance, persisted in polluting the only supply of fresh water by washing clothes and bathing in it, the natives felt that this was going too far, and murdered the whole lot. As may be supposed, a cruel vengeance followed, and the bay received its ill-fated name. Such incidents have too often marked the earliest intercourse between the whites and the natives of these regions.

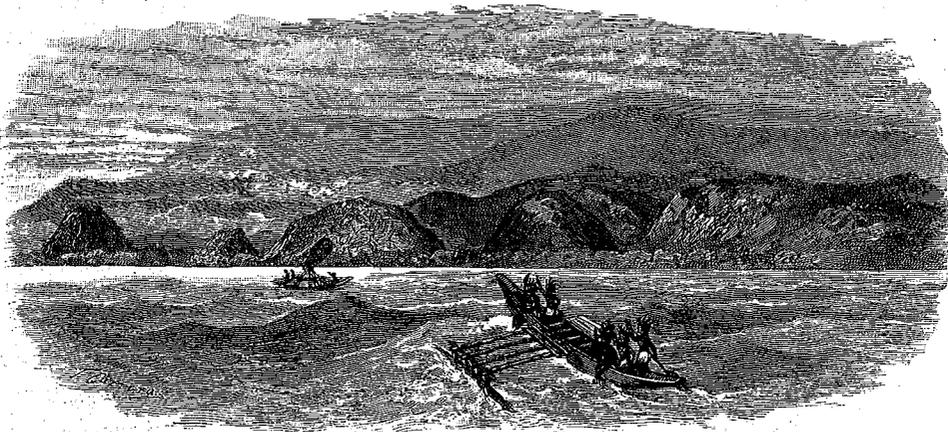
But McFarlane and his friends had come in quite another spirit. He tells us that their landing was not exactly as often pictured in missionary illustrations of the old-fashioned type. "Instead of standing on the beach in a suit of broadcloth with Bible in hand, the pioneer-missionary in New Guinea might be seen on the beach, in very little and very light clothing, with an umbrella in one hand and a small bag in the other containing, not Bibles and tracts, but beads, jews-harps, small looking-glasses, and matches; not pointing to heaven, giving the impression that he is a rainmaker, but sitting on a stone with his shoe and stocking off, surrounded by an admiring crowd who are examining his white foot."

By kindly intercourse and an abundance of trifling presents, the goodwill of the natives was secured. A grass hut was obtained by barter, and two of the Lifu teachers

were left in it. The rest of the party proceeded to the main island, where other stations were established. We need not detail step by step the growth of the mission, the opening of an industrial school, teachers' seminary, missionary training institution, and so forth, but shall content ourselves with noting one or two illustrative incidents.

In the early days of the mission a few teachers lost their lives through the hostility of the natives, but many more from fever. Six European missionaries now direct the three branches of the mission, in which altogether about eighty native teachers are likewise engaged. There are also three small Gospel vessels engaged in the itinerant mission work up the rivers and about the coast.

Why the missionaries had come was long a puzzle to the native mind in these



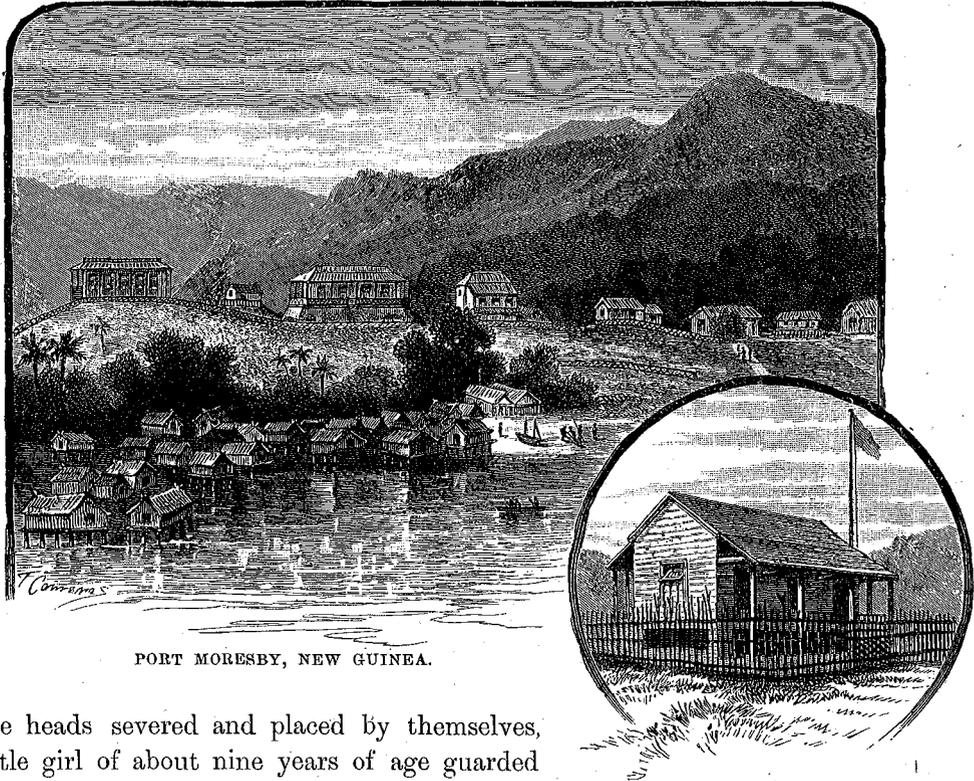
ON THE COAST OF NEW GUINEA.

regions. "We can understand you captains," said an inquiring native; "you come and trade with us, and then return to your own country to sell what you get. But who are these men? Have they done something in their own country, that they dare not return?" On another occasion the missionaries were visiting a tribe who were not cannibals, but who lived in constant fear of the cannibals of the interior. Some of them were, as usual, crowding the mission vessel and peering into everything, when they came upon the salt-beef cask with only a few pieces in it. A dense throng surrounded it, when suddenly an idea flashed into their minds, and in a moment natives were flying over the sides of the vessel and pulling off in all directions. They felt that they must have been decoyed on board in order to replenish the missionary's stock of provisions!

For the cannibals of New Guinea, in spite of their horrid custom, Mr. McFarlane has a good word. He declares that "the cannibal tribes make better houses, better canoes, better weapons, and better drums—and keep a better table, they would say, than their neighbours. Indeed, they exhibit great taste and skill in carving; and any one who has visited both tribes will at once notice the good-humoured hospitality

of the cannibals, compared with the selfishness and greed of their neighbours, who are incorrigible beggars."

It is satisfactory to hear that, under the influence of the missionary teachers, cannibalism is disappearing in many localities where it was once prevalent. One of the teachers, hearing of preparations for a cannibal feast in a village where he was well known and respected, although the inhabitants were not Christians, went at once to the spot. He saw two bodies lying beside a large fire that was prepared to cook



PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.

THE FIRST MISSION HOUSE, NEW GUINEA.

them, the heads severed and placed by themselves, and a little girl of about nine years of age guarded by natives close by. The missionary earnestly addressed the crowd, and persuaded them to give up the two bodies to be buried, and let the little girl come and live with his wife. This was the last attempt at cannibalism in that place.

The work of these native teachers is not perhaps sufficiently recognised in our estimate of the foreign mission field. In New Guinea, as in other parts of Oceania, they are a superior class of people, physically and mentally, who have proved their devotedness and self-sacrifice in a vast variety of ways. Many have resigned property and influence in their own islands to live (with their wives) on £20 a year as missionaries. Many have been faithful unto death, but the world hears nothing of their martyrdom. The story of a John Williams or a Bishop Patteson is rightly proclaimed in every Christian land; but no such distinction awaits the teacher-martyrs. "If New Guinea is ever evangelised," writes a colonial official, "it will in great

measure be due to the devoted efforts of the humble native teachers. All honour to them! And in saying this let me not be supposed to depreciate the patience, the courage, the energy and perseverance, shown by the European missionaries. Their efforts are beyond all praise; but while fully and gratefully recognising their zeal and devotion, let us not fail to do justice to the virtues of their humble coadjutors."

Of the three branches of the New Guinea Mission, the Eastern is in the most hopeful condition. In many places the people are crying out for more teachers. Many towns and villages where no teacher resides have given up war and cannibalism, refrain from work on Sundays, and even conduct public worship amongst themselves as best they can. Where teachers are located the people are learning to read and write, and hundreds have been baptised as a renunciation of heathenism, after which they are on probation months, or perhaps years, before coming into full church membership. Of course young Christians marry only one wife, but the missionaries have not found it best to make old converts put away any of the wives they already had. The Lord's Supper is partaken of with yams and cocoanut milk, for to procure bread and wine would of course be almost impossible.

At the mouth of the Katou River, where the first mainland station in New Guinea was planted, dwelt an old chief, Maino, who was always friendly, but who had a weakness for cutting off the heads of his enemies, and declined to embrace Christianity because he saw that a Christian could not consistently indulge in this pleasure. When last Mr. McFarlane saw him, a little before his death, he was sitting, as usual, "cross-legged on a mat, in front of his house, waiting to receive us, and looking as dirty and as ugly and as great a savage as when I saw him thirteen years before." He was now too old to pursue his favourite sport of skull-hunting. His son and successor, a fine, tall, powerful man, was educated by the teachers, and has been for many years an earnest Christian and an indefatigable local preacher. He is one among many of the trophies of the New Guinea Mission—an earnest of the time when the Gospel standard shall float over all this magnificent land of promise, capable of sustaining millions of people in civilised comfort, but which has so long been given over to heathen darkness, cruelty, cannibalism, and death.

Three years after Bishop Patteson's death, the Rev. H. Penny went out to Norfolk Island, and has published, in "Ten Years in Melanesia," much interesting information with reference to this mission. He was more especially connected with the work in the Floridas, a small group to the south of the Solomon Islands. The inhabitants were not cannibals, but their superstitions were very curious. They people the spirit-world with Tindalos (ghosts of their ancestors), whose spiritual power is called Mana. The Tindalos are classified in groups, specially superintending love, war, health, sickness, and so forth. Also great chiefs, orators, warriors, etc., have their private Tindalos, from whose Mana physical or mental power is received. When a chief dies he is canonised, and his Tindalo is invoked and sacrificed to and sworn by. If good results follow, the name becomes a household word; if his name is linked with

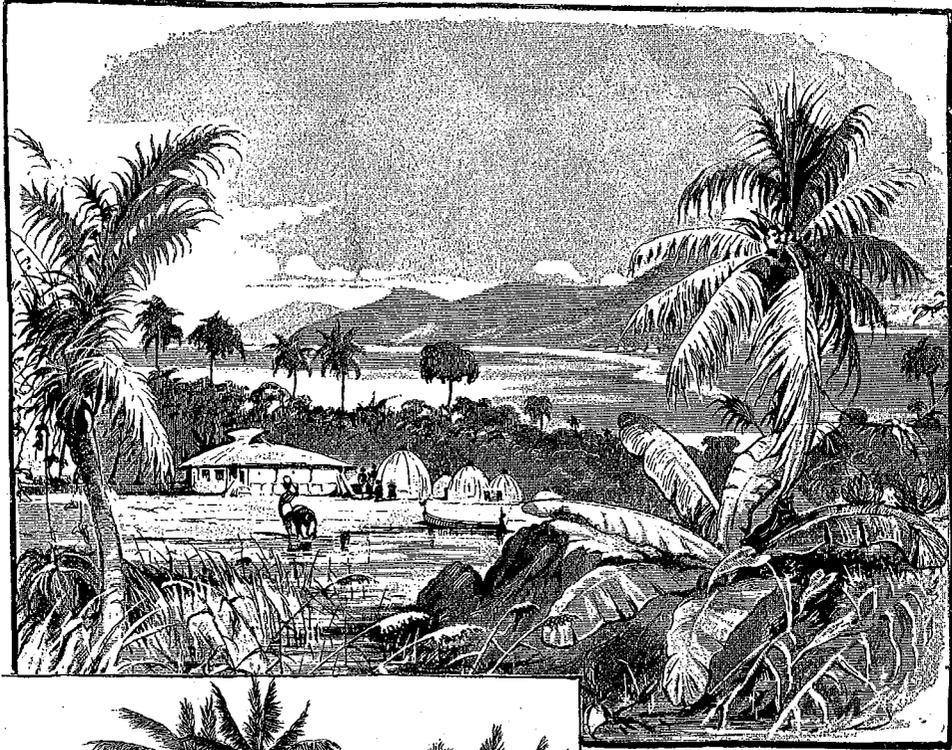
failure, his memory soon fades. There is no such thing as chance in this system; everything, good or evil, is caused by a Tindalo. Sometimes a mission school in a village was interdicted because a chief was ill, and it was explained that the chief's Tindalo was angry because a school had been set up. As in connection with all other superstitions, a cunning class of men arose to make profit out of Tindaloism. The hereditary sorcerers of the Floridas could alone sacrifice efficiently; they could manufacture charms which bewitched people, or they could counteract the effect if the bewitched party liked to square the matter by a handsome consideration. Besides the sorcerers, there were secret societies of initiated persons who shared in the profits of the system.

When the Tindalos fell before the advance of Christianity, some of the young converts showed an inclination to retaliate on the initiated elders. Mr. Penny rescued two old men from some young fellows who were mobbing them, and this was the story they told him in defence of their proceedings: "You blame us," they said, "for tormenting these men, but you don't know how they have punished us while they were able to do so. This was one of their dodges to get a feast. They and their friends would come to us who were not initiated, and say, 'You must prepare a feast for the Tindalos: to-night they will come.' Then they would stop up the windows and fasten the door of the house from the outside, leaving only a small space open above, large enough for their purpose. 'If you look out or stop cooking till all is ready, you will die,' they would say; and then they would go away till night, and we—pity us—would break nuts, scrape cocoanuts, and pound yams till the heat of the cooking fires and the dust inside the house and our perspiration would torture us. At nightfall the Tindalos would come, screaming, whistling, hissing, their bodies covered with leaves, so that even if we had dared to look out we should not have recognised them; and we, trembling and weary, would hand out the bowls of food we had cooked, through the hole above the door, which pairs of hands would take and carry off into the darkness."

It was in 1883 that a popular movement against the Tindalos was witnessed in the Floridas, and many natives burnt their charms and relics. At this time there were seven schools in the islands, about two hundred and fifty baptised adults, and about half as many catechumens. But the whole population was feeling the leavening influence of Christianity, and heathen sorcerers visiting the island declared that the power of the new teaching was too strong for them. Various events proved to the native mind that the "Mana" of the "Tindalos" was gone for ever. They walked fearlessly on sacred ground, omitted the customary sacrifices, and sold their heathen relics and symbols for what they would fetch as curios. Mr. Penny bought for a trifle some ebony and ironwood clubs inscribed with names of Tindalos, and which were of unknown antiquity.

The work in the Floridas went on successfully till 1885 under Mr. Penny, and since then under Mr. Holford Plant, his successor. The other branches of the Melanesian Mission have likewise continued to show results calculated to gladden the hearts of all who rejoice over the conquests of the Cross.

We turn now to the group of the New Hebrides, where thirty inhabited islands lie scattered over four hundred miles of ocean. One of these is Erromanga, upon whose shore John Williams received the crown of martyrdom in 1839. During the



UMAINI, THE MOST REMOTE MISSION STATION IN NEW GUINEA.

DISCOVERY BAY, NEW GUINEA.

next few years several ineffectual efforts were made to plant the Gospel standard in these islands, but it seemed as if this field of service was reserved for the Presbyterian churches, who have laboured here with such signal success. In 1837 the Rev. Dr. Duff was preaching his first mission crusade in Scotland, and one

of the results was the founding of the mission now under notice. The Rev. John Geddie was sent here by the Free Church of Scotland in 1848, and the Rev. J. Inglis by the Reformed Presbyterian Church in 1852. The faithful martyrs, the Rev. G. N. Gordon and his wife, and many others, came out subsequently. The whole history of this mission has been so replete with interest, and associated with so many lives, that it

might well occupy a great deal more of our space than we can possibly devote to it. But we must content ourselves with rapidly glancing over the principal islands of the group, and noting the most striking features of the work that has been carried on in them. For minuter details we must refer our readers to the works of the Rev. Dr. Steel, the Rev. Dr. Inglis, and others.

It was to Aneityum, whose mountains tower nearly 3,000 feet from the wooded ravines below, that Mr. and Mrs. Geddie came in 1848. The people were savage cannibals, who strangled widows that they might accompany their husbands to the spirit-world, and made offerings of pigs, and sometimes human beings, to their dreadful *natmases*. Samoan teachers had laboured here at intervals, and to some extent had paved the way for the missionaries. Nevertheless it is true, that when Geddie came there were no Christians on the island, but when he left in 1872 there were no heathens. He and his helpful wife had many trials; at first all hurricanes, diseases and deaths were laid to their charge. They carried their lives in their hands, but one after another listened to their teaching. A chief, Waihit, once a fierce opponent, was converted, and became himself a preacher of the Gospel. The old chief Nohoat cut off his long hair and came to school like a child. When an attempt was made to fire the mission premises, he gave efficient aid, and for two months slept in the house to be ready in case of need.

In 1854 the Rev. J. Inglis and his wife settled on the opposite side of the island. It was in this year that the last heathen district yielded, and its chief, Yakaiuna—a noted “disease-maker” and a horrid cannibal—became a Christian. He used to waylay children to kill and eat them; but now he was a Christian, people said they could rest in peace. The reign of the *natmases* was now over, and all the sacred men, the “disease-makers,” and “rain-makers,” gradually lost their influence. But years of patient labour had to be given before heathen ideas could be eradicated from the minds of the people. The last widow-strangling occurred in 1857, and was promptly punished by the chiefs. Women were no longer compelled to wear the strangling cord about their necks, in readiness for their doom if their husbands should die before them!

Messrs. Geddie and Inglis worked hard at translation, and the people had the New Testament in a language that had never been written down till fourteen years before. The cost of printing (£400) was entirely raised by the native contributions of arrowroot. Mr. Geddie was at Geelong, Victoria, arranging for the printing of the Old Testament, when he died. Mr. Inglis and other missionaries have zealously continued the work so well begun, and Aneityum is now a tranquil, industrious, God-fearing island.

The most easterly of the New Hebrides is the huge rock of Fortuna, inhabited by a mixed race of savages, partly Malayan, partly Melanesian. Here in 1843 two Samoan teachers were living as agents of the London Missionary Society. One day the two teachers, Apolo and Samuela, with the little daughter of the latter, were waylaid in their plantation and murdered. One of the murderers, Nasana, went to the mission house and asked the newly made widow—all unconscious of her husband

Samuela's fate—to be his wife. She refused with horror, and gave him a present to be gone. He shouted, his followers rushed in, and the faithful wife was killed. Her body and one of the others furnished material for a cannibal feast; the other two were thrown into the sea.

Nothing more was done in Fortuna till 1853, when the chief Waihit, and some other converted natives from Aneityum, gained a footing in the island. The Rev. J. Copeland and his wife laboured here many years (1866 to 1879), and a long and arduous struggle with heathenism has been kept up.

Aniwa is a coral island in the south of the group. Here, in the early days, a teacher from Christian Aneityum was cruelly murdered, but the scene of Nemeian's martyrdom is now pointed out with reverence. But other Aneityumese took up the work, and in 1866 the Rev. J. G. Paton came to reside here. It is now a Christian island.

Fifty miles north of Aneityum lies Tanna, most fertile of the New Hebrides, where Captain Cook got a single yam weighing fifty-five pounds. Here is a wonderful volcano, which from its pool of molten lava is for ever sending into the air vast red-hot stones that fall back into the broad crater. From Tanna Messrs. Nisbet and Turner had to escape for their lives in 1843. From time to time native teachers came here, but their followers were mostly murdered by the heathen. In 1854 a party of Tannese visiting Aneityum were astonished at what they saw Christianity doing for that island, and especially that there was no fighting. They could not think it possible "that people could live together on an island without fighting!" They asked for teachers, who were readily supplied, and a movement against heathenism set in in Tanna, and prepared the way for Messrs. Paton, Copeland, Matheson, and Johnston, who went out in 1858 and 1859 to the island. Death played havoc with this little band. In three years Messrs. Johnston and Matheson, Mrs. Paton and child, and Mrs. Matheson and child, were dead. Mr. Paton, after fourteen attacks of fever and ague, had to flee for his life. His young wife, the sainted Mary Ann Paton, had impressed the savages themselves with her dauntless courage when a hostile group surrounded her, and a young chief had sprung to her side vowing to kill the first who dared to harm her. Through many trials and perils she had helped her worn and weary husband to sustain his faith and courage, and now he had to leave her in her lonely grave in savage Tanna. The bereaved husband was alone in his last ministrations.

". . . . His trembling hand
Brought forth the linen sheet,
Bound on the gently folding band,
And veiled that face so sweet:
The coffin made, and dug the grave,
And ere that evening fell,
Had laid therein the young, the brave,
And weeping sighed, Farewell!"

Messrs. Neilson, Watt, and others afterwards resumed the work in Tanna, and

good results have followed; but adverse influences and unfortunate complications with hostile tribes have hindered the realisation of the longed-for harvest.

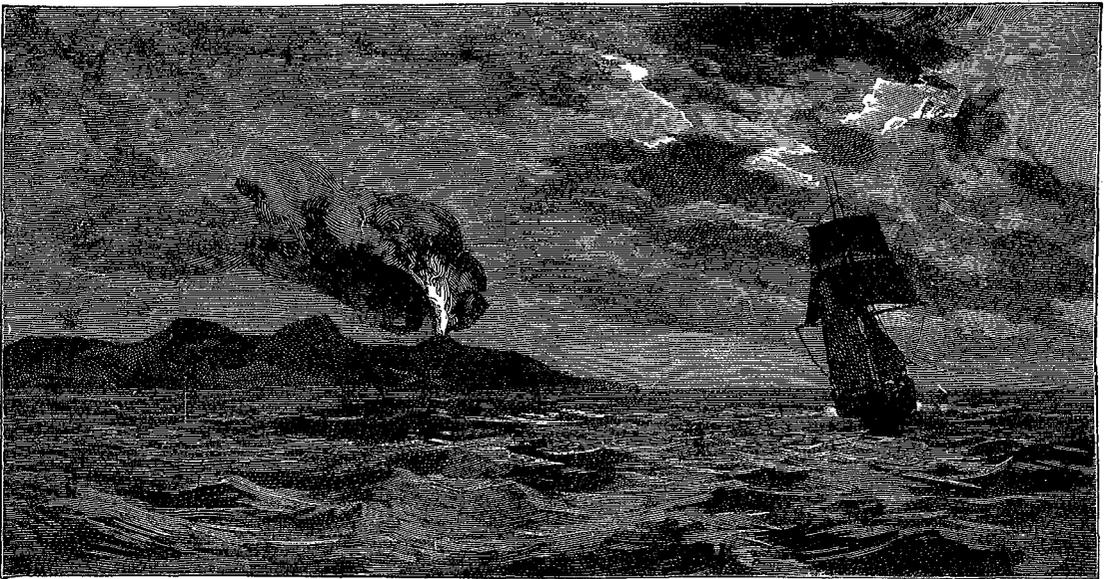
“Erromanga’s blood-stained isle” is about eighteen miles from Tanna. Its natives are the lowest of all the inhabitants of the New Hebrides, and their natural cruelty and treachery has been increased by the conduct of white traders and labour agents. Captain Cook, in 1774, only got away safely by shooting two or three of them. For over half a century a constant slaughter of whites and natives went on here in connection with the sandal-wood trade. How John Williams, coming for a holier purpose, died upon this shore, has been already narrated.

Some Christian work was done in Erromanga by Samoan teachers who worked here in great peril, and the struggling cause was helped from Aneityum, as well as by visits from the London Missionary Society ships. In 1857 the Rev. G. N. Gordon, from Nova Scotia, came out, a man who, in addition to his college studies, had been a farmer and a city missionary, and now came full of fervent enthusiasm to grapple with heathenism. “He could hew timber, frame a house, tan and dress leather, drive the shoemaker’s awl, wield the blacksmith’s hammer, and thread the tailor’s needle.” He also had considerable medical skill, and was accompanied by a wife as earnest in the cause as himself. Four years of diligent and successful work followed—teaching, preaching, translating, were persevered with in spite of fever and ague and other trials. Then, in 1861, a fearful hurricane swept over the island, and the sacred men pointed at the missionaries as the cause. On the 20th of May, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were brutally murdered, and once more the soil of Erromanga was stained with the blood of martyrs.

Mr. Macpherson, who visited the island and collected the details of the incident, says: “Far up on the heights the missionary was engaged in building arrangements. Some eight or ten assassins came to him, and one of them aimed a blow at Mr. Gordon with his tomahawk. The attempt was observed soon enough to enable the missionary to raise his hand and break the blow by catching the blade of the weapon. Immediately a second assassin aimed his blow, but the doomed man intercepted this by firmly catching the handle in his other hand. Here for a moment was a terrible picture. Mr. Gordon was a very tall man, his height being much beyond six feet. Here he was with both hands occupied in averting his death stroke. The scene lasted only for a moment. The first assassin tore his weapon out of the hands of the missionary, inflicting a terrible gash across the hand as he did so. Soon the good man was laid low in blood.” Mrs. Gordon, who was in a temporary residence close at hand, heard the natives yell, and rushed immediately to the door. “What is the matter?” she asked of a man named Ouben, who was coming towards the house. —“Nothing,” he said. “It is only the boys playing.”—“Where are the boys?” she asked, turning round to look. As she turned, Ouben’s tomahawk descended upon her shoulder, and she fell on a heap of grass. One more blow nearly severed her head from her body. So perished these two faithful martyrs—lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided.

A faithful band buried the remains of their beloved teachers, and Bishop

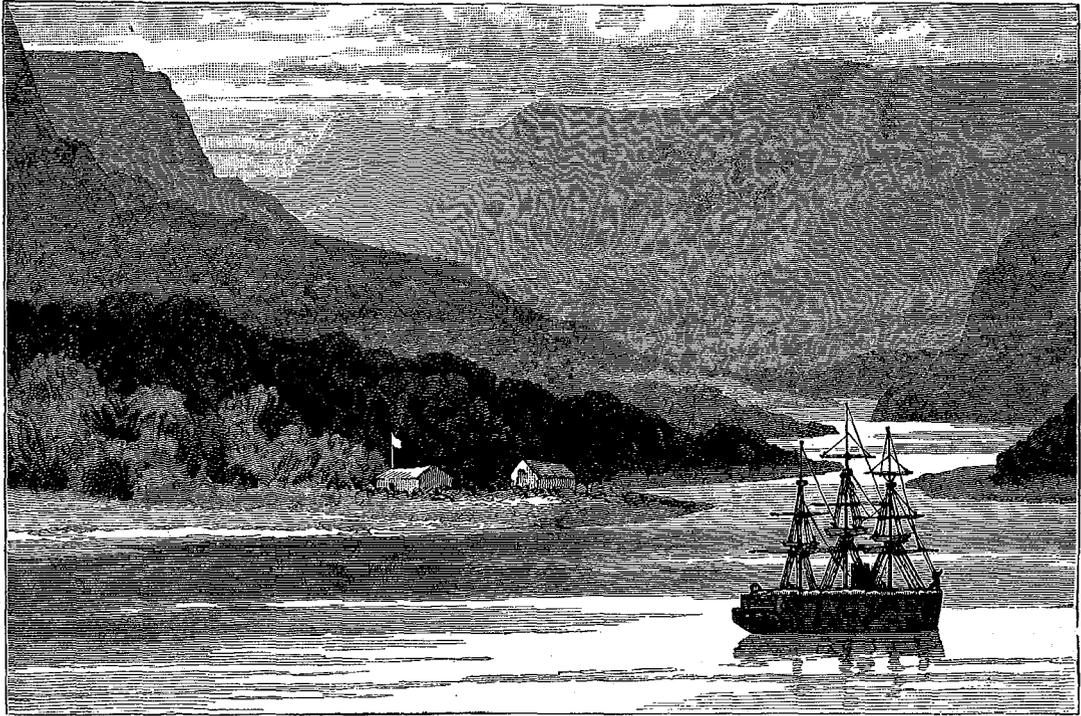
Patteson, who visited the island soon afterwards, read the burial service over their graves. In 1864 the Rev. J. D. Gordon came and took up the work of his murdered brother. His coadjutor for a short time, the Rev. J. McNair, was soon laid to rest beside the grave of the Gordons. In 1872 the Rev. J. D. Gordon experienced the same fate as his brother. He was murdered because, in a time of grievous sickness, people had died after taking his medicine, and therefore (the natives argued) in consequence of it. The Rev. Hugh A. Robertson and his brave young wife came at once from Nova Scotia to this fatal island, and a time of growth and blessing has been experienced by the little Christian community. A considerable band of native teachers have had much success at the various stations.



THE VOLCANO, TANNA.

Vaté, or Sandwich, is a charming island inhabited by a race of people superior to many of the other islands. Yet polygamy, infanticide, cannibalism, and revolting cruelty, abounded here, and for many years every white man caught upon its shores was killed and eaten. As makers of huts, canoes, sails, etc., the Vatese are cleverer than their neighbours. Their superstitions form an elaborate system; they believe in future rewards and punishments, and worship two supreme beings, as well as the spirits of the dead. The coast is full of bays and harbours, and most of these have witnessed deeds of blood on the part both of whites and natives. The *John Williams*, in 1845, left four teachers, and for the next twenty years a constant succession of Samoans and others were engaged in Gospel work here. Many of them speedily died; some were murdered. Still, in spite of danger and open hostility, the cause grew, and in 1853, when the mission ship called, it was found that two hundred and fifty converts were attending church. Erakor became a Christian settlement, through native agency, before the Rev. Donald Morrison and his young wife settled here in 1864.

Marik Tikaikow, a brave and cruel chief in the interior of the island, was afraid to come himself, for fear the new religion should hurt him, but sent one of his chief men to confer with Morrison. Tikaikow was the greatest cannibal known in those parts; it was recorded of him that he had once had thirteen bodies served up at a great feast. He had had altogether about a hundred and twenty wives, but many of these he had killed and eaten, as well as some of his children who had offended him. He was very jealous, and any man who dared to look at his wives was at once



DILLON BAY, ERROMANCA.

killed. Mr. Morrison visited this man, and was well received, and hoped to gain some opening for the Gospel in the interior of the island through his influence. But in 1867 the missionary had to retire through illness to the colonies, and died at Auckland. Messrs. Cosh, Mackenzie, Macdonald, and Annand have since kept up the crusade against heathenism in Faté, and though the trials of faith and hope have been many, the work progresses.

Ten miles from Faté rises the steep hill of Nguna, with some small islets clustered near it. Amongst the ferocious cannibals of this island the Rev. Peter Milne and his young wife came to dwell in 1870, and, aided by native teachers, have gathered a little church. Much trouble has been caused here by the labour traffic, and Mr. Milne was persecuted by being falsely accused of ordering the natives to fire on a boat's crew of men-stealers. He and his wife visited Mau and Metaso and Makuru, and other of the adjacent islands, and put native teachers in charge of

stations. Christian influence grows in power, but ever and anon old propensities break out. Thus, in 1878, the Makuru people murdered and devoured some Faté men who had been driven near their shore. Accordingly, the Faté people caught some Makuru men and disposed of them in the same manner. This and similar occurrences have naturally given Mr. Milne much trouble. His young wife has sometimes had to be left alone a week at a time, whilst her husband has been to neighbouring islets.

The islands of the New Hebrides are far too numerous for us to mention more than a few. Many of the northern islands have had no resident missionaries; but the London Mission ship *John Williams*, the Melanesian Mission ship *Southern Cross*, and the New Hebrides Mission ship *Dayspring*, have cruised about them, and pioneer mission work has been done at various points wherever practicable.

The largest island of the New Hebrides is Espirito Santo, seventy miles long by forty broad, and with magnificent mountains rising to the height of five thousand feet. The natives have always been fighting with each other; they are of various tribes and speak different dialects, and have no general name for the whole island. The men wear very little clothing and the women still less; the men, however, go in for extensive decoration with shells, bones, and feathers, the women are bountifully tattooed, and both sexes use a great deal of red ochre for outward adornment. In the arts of life the natives of Espirito Santo are superior to most New Hebrideans. They build better huts, lay down pavement, make aqueducts of bamboo, and are more advanced than their neighbours as regards the cooking and serving of food. They actually use a sort of pin to put food to their mouths, instead of using their fingers. Messrs. Paton and Gordon saw men here walking hand in hand with their wives, and talking gently to them—a sight which they had never seen in any other island. Equally strange was it to see men nursing little children in the kindest way possible.

But with all their cleverness and their domestic virtue, these people are cannibals, and they have some strange customs. They tip their spears and arrows with human bone, and when any one dies the body lies in the hut one hundred days, and any bones that will be useful are taken from it before it is buried. Mr. J. D. Gordon, who spent four months on the island in 1869, was allowed to witness one of their religious festivals. At least a thousand natives were present, and proceedings began with dancing and drum-beating, after which the officiating priest brought his bag of mysteries to a stone altar. These altars abound on the island, usually a block of stone on four stone pillars about a foot high. Then followed some mysterious running to and fro by chiefs fantastically painted. Then a number of sucking-pigs were collected for a purpose to be explained presently. "Soon," says Gordon, "I heard something like rockets being let off in rapid succession, or rather like the cracking of whips, which in reality it was. This part of the proceedings was called *apromos*, and was performed by young men. A number of these were stationed on the feasting ground, about two or three yards apart, in two lines. Between these, two men ran, one from each end, halting an instant before the stationed men to receive a lash from a long stout tapering fibre, resembling the midrib of a small cocoa-nut leaf.

These switches were about two yards long, and it was the lash given to the two men around their bare chests, their arms being held above their heads, which produced the cracking sounds."

The sucking-pigs were now thrown one by one up into the air and caught by the dancing men with some difficulty. Each pig as caught was carried to the priest, now dancing on the altar, who despatched the animal by a blow on the forehead, and it was laid on the fast accumulating heap for the evening feast. The final performance was a grand procession of dancing women, with faces hideously painted, and stamping to the music of bamboo drums.

During his four months on the island, Mr. Gordon had about a hundred irregular scholars who learned a little reading and singing. He travelled about freely, and was well received, and the women wept as if for the dead when he was compelled to leave at the approach of the hot season. Two years afterwards the Rev. J. Goodwill came to a more elevated and healthy position in the south-west of the island. But he and his wife suffered much from fever and ague, and the island was very unsettled. Hundreds of natives had been decoyed away by labour agents; there had been serious disturbances, and more than one boat's crew had been killed and eaten.

Mr. Milne had to send his wife and one child to Sydney to save their lives, and during their absence he passed through many trials. He had no help, and had to look after a cow to provide milk for the little girl left with him. He and the child were both ill, then he broke some of his ribs in his exertions. "It was the rainy season," narrates Dr. Steel, "and particularly unhealthy. Meantime, a party of natives from the interior came down with the intention of robbing him, and actually broke some of his windows, furniture, crockery, etc. He had a very narrow escape from their arrows, which they showered upon the house, along with stones. Mr. Goodwill was obliged to get his revolver and open fire. There were thirty-two of them, led by a wretch known as one of the most active in stealing men for labour vessels. When the revolver was fired they fled. The friendly natives then rose for the missionary's defence and also for their own, as these wild men from the bush massacred all the people in two villages two days after the attack upon Mr. Goodwill. The chief and his people killed five of them, and divided the bodies among their own villages to grace their feasts. When Mr. Goodwill heard of this, he remonstrated, but they said, "They were your enemies and tried to kill you and plunder your stores; they stole your turkeys, broke your windows, furniture, crockery, etc.; and this is cause enough for killing them and eating them up."

Twice the missionary's house was unroofed by a hurricane, but in spite of these trials and continued ill-health he toiled on, till in 1874 he was compelled to give up the effort. The *Dayspring* has since occasionally visited this large and interesting island, but the missionaries have not again been able to locate one of their number there permanently.

It would scarcely be fitting to leave the subject of the New Hebrides without making more pointed reference to the infamous Kanaka labour traffic, by which virtual slave-trade and slavery are permitted in British dominions. To spread information

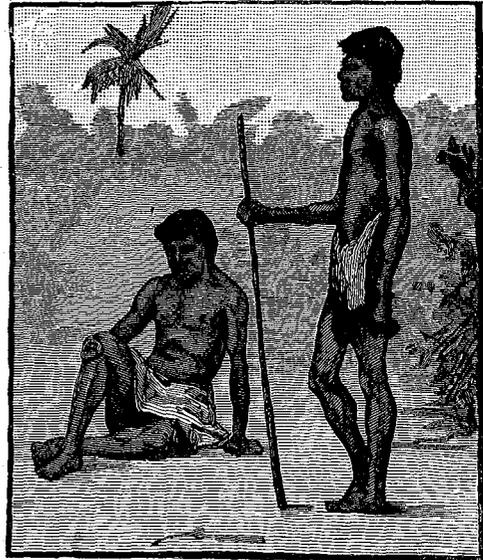
on this subject, and make efforts for the suppression of the system, has become one of the foremost objects of the missionaries. The Rev. J. G. Paton has recently distinguished himself by his exertions to procure the abolition of a traffic "steeped in



NATIVE OF FATÉ (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

human blood and suffering, by its murders and crimes on the islands, in procuring the labour, and on the sea to our colonies, and even on the plantations in them." Abundant evidence has been collected by Mr. Paton to justify these statements. The Report of the Queensland Royal Commission, 1884, "bristling with attested cruelty, proves that most of the Kanakas obtained are either deceived or kidnapped on board," and that the crews of some vessels "systematically committed the most atrocious murders."

The system still flourishes. The Rev. J. D. Landells tells of a woman taken from Malo, leaving an infant, in August, 1890. The Rev. J. G. Paton tells of wives and children left unprovided for in his island, Aniwa. "The chief and his leading men," he says, "wrote to me to try and get the captives sent back, and to plead with the good Queen Victoria to prevent her ships stealing their sons and daughters; for though they are Christians, it is very difficult to keep those so cruelly treated from taking revenge on the white men." The Rev. P. Milne, of Nguna, in September, had ten natives, including three of his hired servants, taken away. A very revengeful spirit was roused in the island, and as the missionary was responsible for the three lads he had hired, he went in considerable danger. It has been proved that new recruits are often kept handcuffed together, to prevent them running away after they have been induced to put their mark to the contract.



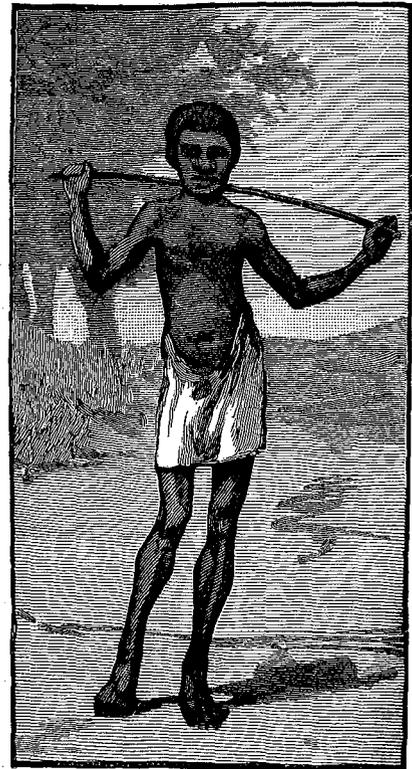
NATIVES OF FATÉ (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

The New Hebrides were visited in 1890 by a deputation from the Australian Presbyterian churches. In their report they rejoiced at the success of the mission, with its 11,000 converts, and urged fresh efforts to get at the 50,000 savages still unreached. They found in twenty islands life and property comparatively safe, and large commercial enterprises being undertaken in them by English and French companies, traders, and planters. But they had a sad story to tell of the desolating effects of the labour traffic. It is true, as the Rev. J. Lyall, head of the deputation;

acknowledges, "that the regulations for the traffic which have been made in Queensland are as nearly perfect as may be, and the French system is also reported to be well regulated. . . . But it is the interest of those who carry on the traffic to disregard the law and risk penalties for the sake of the £27 bounty on each 'recruit.'" Little can be done even by so able and just an officer as Captain Davis, of H.M.S. *Royalist*, who has been prompt to guard native rights when the missionaries, whose work he appreciates, have called his attention to breaches of the law. "The missionaries," says Mr. Lyall, "regard the labour traffic as a curse to the islanders, as interfering with their work, as taking away the most promising of the young men and women, as breaking up all family ties, and as generally tending to depopulate the islands



OLD MAN OF ERROMANGA.



BOY OF ERROMANGA.

and demoralise the inhabitants—and those who return have picked up

some of the airs and vices of the white man, and garnish their conversation with oaths never learned on their own islands. They return to find their homes desolate, their wives given to other men; their friends gather round them to share in what they have brought back, and they soon find themselves in a worse condition than when they left." The Rev. Mr. Gray, of Tanna, declares that he does not know of a single returned labourer having benefited by his Queensland experience.

But hundreds never return; they die and are buried like dogs in Queensland, Fiji, New Caledonia, and elsewhere. The "inter-island traffic" is worse than the colonial, for the planters are still less under supervision. Seventeen of Mr. Paton's young men were taken from Aniwa to Erromanga by two planters, who solemnly swore

to bring them back in three days. They were kept five years, working like slaves under the lash. "In the hope of being able to escape by a passing vessel they several times ran away and hid in the bush. The planters got armed savages under white leaders to hunt them down like beasts, and bound and carried them back to their work." Mr. Paton went and tried to get them away, but was resisted by armed force. A British man-of-war subsequently got the captives back to Aniwa, but without having received a penny for five years' toil!

It is no wonder that the iniquities of this system often lead to violence on the part of the natives, bringing in its train cruel retaliation. One of the islands in the New Hebrides was lately shelled by a French war-vessel as a sequel to one of these outbreaks. Disturbances are likely to occur, when incidents take place like that narrated by Mr. Landells, who tells how the *Marie*, a French vessel, "got a large number of married women on board without their husbands, with whom I went to get them back, but all appeals were unavailing, and I was only insulted. One of the women left a sucking infant."

One missionary told the deputation that four hundred of his young men had been taken away, but not one had returned. Another had had his school three times broken up by the labour traffic. All unite in the testimony that the majority of those who return are infinitely worse for having been away. "But the vast majority," writes Mr. Hardie, "never return, and misery is caused in many ways to the women and children and old men by such deportation. The traffic should absolutely cease. It is stained in blood, and steeped in fraud and wickedness of the worst forms." The poor islanders have reaped evil, and only evil, from the labour traffic, and it is difficult to believe that Christian England can much longer refrain from acceding to the unanimous prayer of the missionaries, and taking measures for its entire suppression.

XLII.—WEST CENTRAL AFRICA.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE CONGO MISSIONS.

Mr. Stanley's Discoveries and their Importance—The Congo Free State—The Portuguese in Africa—The Livingstone Mission—Mr. Henry Craven—A terrible Death-roll—A Harvest at Last—The Baptist Society's Mission—Mr. Thomas J. Comber—Another Army of African Martyrs—Trials and Difficulties—Cost in Lives of Mission Work—Present Situation on the Congo.

MISSIONS to the Congo owe their practical development in large measure to the publication of Mr. Stanley's book, "Through the Dark Continent." Central Africa, once thought to be desolate, possesses, as we have shown elsewhere, a more magnificent system of inland lakes and rivers than any other region in the world. It has no less than 80,000 square miles of lake water, and in the Congo system the second largest river and river-basin in the world. The Congo and its tributaries form a longer line of navigable water than the whole coast-line of Europe. They have already been explored to a length of 11,000 miles, giving 22,000 miles of river-bank peopled with native villages, all of which can be easily reached by the noble waterway which traverses in every direction the Congo Free State. This State, "though not coterminous with the immense geographical basin of the Congo river, comprises the greater part of it. It has 1,508,000 square miles of territory, while England has only 48,000 miles, so that it would take more than thirty Englands to make up the territory of this great Central African Government, which is considerably larger than all India, including the native States." Its population has been roughly estimated at about forty to fifty millions. The people belong to the great Bantu family, and are not to be confounded with "negroes."

Of Stanley's extraordinary march "through the Dark Continent" we cannot give particulars here. He proved that "the long familiar mouth of the Congo, within three weeks' sail from London, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, was the real western entrance into Africa, an entrance which, by means of a short railroad, would afford ready access to a vast navigable waterway piercing the Dark Continent north, south, and east for thousands of miles." But during his long and hazardous journey of 7,000 miles, among countless people, kindreds, and tongues, he "did not meet one single Christian, nor any one who had ever heard the Gospel." He gazed on the representatives of tribes numbering at least 50,000,000, but to none of them had the message of Divine mercy ever been proclaimed.

In 1879 an influential association bearing the title of the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," was formed in Belgium, with King Leopold II. at its head, and Mr. Stanley was commissioned to go again to the Congo and endeavour to open up the vast region he had made known for the first time, with a view to the introduction of civilisation and commerce into the great basin of the mighty river. "I begin another mission," wrote Mr. Stanley, "seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open if possible—all such districts and countries as I

may explore, for the benefit of the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and wherever rejected, the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and therefore we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands are made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made and tolerance be granted under this new system. In some regions experience tells me the plan may work wonders. God grant it success everywhere. I have fifteen Europeans and a couple of hundred natives with me."

The Congo Free State was founded—a group of countries in the heart of Africa, almost as extensive and populous as the United States of America; the possibility of profitable intercourse between Europe and Central Africa was demonstrated, and at the famous Berlin Conference all the great Powers agreed, as the United States had already done, to recognise the Congo Free State. France and Portugal also, unfortunately, derived from this Conference enormously increased possessions in Africa. Of the influence of Portugal in Africa we cannot write in detail. It is only necessary to say that up to the year 1868 the slave trade was maintained by Portugal on the Congo, and only ceased through the interference of English cruisers (in 1878 it was nominally abolished by the Portuguese Government in all their possessions, although means were at once found to carry it on under another name); and that the testimony of all the best informed and most experienced African travellers—Cameron, Krapf, Livingstone, Drummond, and others—was unanimous that the influence of Portugal had been a curse to the country from the time they first set foot in it; that they had not in one solitary place or instance done one single thing to elevate the people, but, on the contrary, had been at perpetual feud with them, had fostered the slave trade, and had encouraged the introduction of ardent spirits.

When, therefore, Portugal put forth enormous claims for territory in Africa, extending not only from the Zambesi to the Mozambique in the Indian Ocean, but right across the African continent to Angola on the Atlantic, it was time for interference. One step in the right direction was taken in January, 1890, when an ultimatum was sent by the British Government to Lisbon, requiring the immediate abandonment on the part of Portugal of all pretension to rights in the Shiré Highlands and in Nyassaland, as well as in Mashonaland and Matabeleland, which were declared to be British protectorates. Portugal had no alternative but to yield the point; and she did so, as will be remembered, under protest and with much resentment.

After the Conference, the work of exploration on the Congo proceeded steadily and satisfactorily. Its entire basin proved far larger than was at first supposed, and apparently there was not a point in the whole basin which was a hundred miles from a navigable river. The great need, and in fact the only thing that could make the whole interior of Central Africa accessible to commerce, was a railway to bridge over the 200 miles of the Livingstone cataracts. Until that is done "a ton of luggage, which can be conveyed from England to the Lower River for £2, costs about £70 for

carriage to Stanley Pool, and twice as much to the far interior." In January, 1890, a Belgian company, liberally subscribed to by the Belgian Government, commenced building the requisite line of railway.

Mr. Stanley, in graceful recognition of Livingstone's share in their joint discovery of the Congo, named the river after him, the "Livingstone," but the new designation



HENRY CRAVEN.

never took root, and probably it never will. It will, however, be remembered in connection with the first missionary effort to evangelise the newly discovered territory, by the "Livingstone" Inland Mission, originated by the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions. One of the principles of its constitution was: "That as it is the aim of this mission to introduce into the vast Congo valley as many Christian evangelists as possible, and as it is believed that land and native labour can be secured at small cost, the agents of the mission shall be men willing to avail themselves of these advantages, and resolved to be as little burdensome as possible to the funds

of the mission. No salaries are guaranteed, but the committee, as far as the means of doing so are placed in their hands, will supply the missionaries with such needful things as cannot be produced in the country.*

A noble band of heroic and devoted men from the East London Institute responded to the appeal, and volunteered for this dangerous pioneer service. The first to leave was Mr. Henry Craven, of Liverpool, accompanied by a Danish sailor, and they reached Banana in February, 1878. Beyond that, save for Mr. Stanley's letters, every step was in an absolute *terra incognita*, every few miles in Congoland bringing the travellers into the territory of some fresh "king" whose favour had to be propitiated by gifts.

Before the first permanent settlement was formed at Palabala, Mr. Craven had some terrible experiences, as all African travellers have. From the Lower River, he wrote:—"Musaka is a deadly place; this time of change very sickly—heat and cold both bring on sickness. The scorpion and serpent bring danger on land, the alligators swarm in the water, and there are other dangers too numerous to mention. This very week, within 300 yards from me, a boy standing in the water helping a carpenter to make a stage, was taken away by an alligator, to be seen no more. Four days ago a small canoe crossing the river was attacked by alligators, the side of the canoe smashed in, and one man of three lifted right out by one of these brutes to be food for the rest. Yesterday a native lay down to sleep, and rose no more—sunstroke! Buried to-day!"

Mr. Craven soon acquired a knowledge of the language sufficient to enable him to preach a little; two other missionaries, Messrs. Telford and Johnson, joined him in the summer of 1878, and good success attended their labours. Meanwhile there was enthusiasm at home on the subject of the Congo, and, as we shall presently see, the Baptist Missionary Society had sent out in that same year Messrs. Grenfell and Comber, who had founded a station at San Salvador.

The story of both those pioneer missions is among the most painful in the whole history of evangelical work. Splendid courage, glorious purpose, noble devotion, by as brave a band of consecrated men as ever put hand to plough—ending in fever, suffering, and early death.

Among the staff of the Livingstone Inland Mission, young James Telford, a vigorous, healthy north-countryman, who had only been in Africa a few months, was alone at Palabala, assisting to erect the station there, when he was stricken down with fever. Craven and Johnson were sent for, and arrived to find him in a dying condition.

* The East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions was founded in 1872 by the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, as a Training Home and College for young men who, being earnestly desirous of missionary work, gifted for it, and suited to it, were prevented from making preparation for such work by the duty of labouring for their daily bread. In an old-fashioned house on Stepney Green the Institute commenced its work, and thirty-two students were received during the first year. House was added to house, and eventually the present College was built in the East End of London, and another in North Derbyshire, besides several mission halls, and extensive Home Mission work was originated, in which the students receive practical training. At the present time there are about 120 students, of various nationalities and denominations, in training; over 500 missionaries, formerly students, have been sent out into all parts of the world, and it is estimated that on an average, since 1875, one student every week leaves the Institute to enter upon active missionary life.

Next day his body was committed to the dust, and a cross was erected on the spot to mark the first Christian grave on the Congo! Very remarkable were the words spoken by this young man at a farewell meeting before he left for the scene of his brief labour. Thought to be extravagant at the time, they proved but words of truth and soberness. "I go gladly on this mission," he said, "and shall rejoice if only I may give my body as one of the stones to pave the road into interior Africa, and my blood to cement the stones together, so that others may pass on into Congo-land."

In December, 1879, Mrs. Johnson sailed for the Congo, escorted by an energetic young Scotchman named Hugh McKergow, a student at the College and a carpenter by trade. It was his aim to go out as an evangelist, but his training was still incomplete, when he found that the services of a carpenter were urgently needed for erecting stations. "I have only one object in view," he said, "and that is to help this mission on the Congo; if I can *best* do so by going out and building houses for the missionaries, well and good! I am heartily willing to use my trade for God and the mission. It is only attaining my object in another way."

Another dauntless-spirited man was Mr. Adam McCall, of Leicester, an architect and surveyor by profession, who had, during the seven years ending 1878, travelled over between 15,000 and 20,000 miles in Africa. On his return to England he became a devoted servant of Christ, and henceforth his travels were to be not for amusement, or as a mere explorer and traveller, but as a missionary of the Gospel. He diligently and eagerly studied the Scriptures, increased his knowledge of medicine at the London Hospital, and otherwise qualified himself for his work as leader of another Congo expedition. He left with Messrs. Harvey, Lanceley, and Clarke, and it was hoped that they would go right on to Stanley Pool, on the Upper Congo, in one dry season.

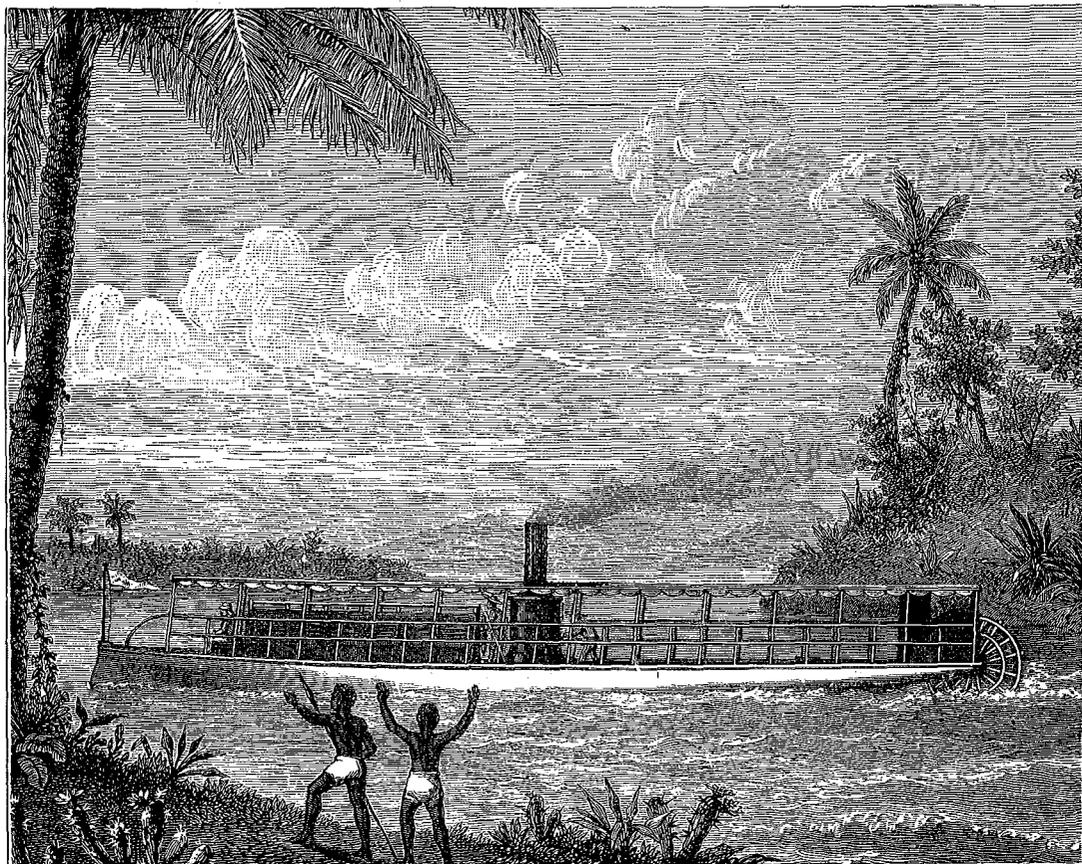
McCall, after many trying experiences, got his party up as far as Boma, and there he was met by the sad tidings of the death of Mr. Charles Petersen, a young Dane, the second member of the mission to lay down his life for the cause, dying alone among the heathen, all his colleagues being prostrate at the time from sickness. Pushing on with a sorrowful heart, McCall was in hopes of being able to march right through to Stanley Pool, but his plans failed, unexpected difficulties and detentions arose, and he was forced to tarry at Bemba. This was in 1880.

Meanwhile important events were happening to the mission at home. Fifteen missionaries had already been sent out (of whom two had died and two had been recalled as unsuitable for the work), and in 1881, nine fresh missionaries followed, as well as a beautiful little steam launch, the *Livingstone*, to ply principally between Banana and Matadi; while, for the Upper Congo, a much larger one was obtained through the munificence of a Tasmanian gentleman, after whom it was named, the *Henry Reed*.

But the year of prosperity at home was one of terrible disaster in Africa. On the 11th of January the brave young Scotch carpenter, Hugh McKergow, was stricken down with fever, and passed away, his last words being, "Thy will be done!" About the same time the Matadi station, erected with so much toil, was destroyed by a tornado. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Craven were sent home on sick leave, soon after the arrival of the new missionaries. And in September, the health of Adam McCall, the leader, having

completely broken down, he was taken, a dying man, on board a vessel homeward bound. When the vessel reached Madeira he landed, but was too ill to go on board again, and in Reed's Hotel, on the 25th of November, in the midst of strangers, while his mother and brother were on their way to meet him, he passed away.

While the vessel that bore McCall to Banana was on its way to Madeira, death had also invaded the station at Banza Manteka, and Mary Richards, a devoted woman, who had gone out with Mr. McCall's party, died from fever brought on by overwork, and



THE "HENRY REED" MISSION STEAMER.

which was obliged to be left to take its course, the stock of quinine and other useful remedies being exhausted. Five deaths in four years among the missionaries of one society only! But as they fell in the battle, other recruits came forward. In 1882 Dr. Sims, medical missionary; William Appel, a surveyor, linguist, and man of science; Miss Spearing, and others, set forth on their dangerous enterprise, to cheer the hearts of those who yet remained, and to take up the work their martyr-friends had laid down. They needed cheering on the Congo, for the beautiful station at Bemba was destroyed by fire; and later on the station at Palabala—the oldest in the mission—also fell a prey to the flames, the loss to the mission being about £800.

But 1882 was to be another year of disaster. George Lanceley, of Malpas, in Cheshire, caught in a squall while crossing the Congo, felt weak and feverish, and in two days died. He had loved mission work from boyhood, and when only fourteen years old had walked eighteen miles on one occasion to hear Dr. Moffat deliver an address. Six weeks later, at Palabala station, Jesse Blunt, a carpenter missionary, who, like McKergow, had placed his manual skill at the service of the mission "for Christ's



THOMAS J. COMBER.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Debenham and Gould.)

sake," was suddenly cut off. Nor was the death-roll complete even then. William Appel, a young man full of burning zeal, with a passion for missionary work, sailed for Africa in May, arrived there in June, and died in July!

And what, it may be asked, was the effect of these continued trials, calamities, and discouragements? The workers at home, with bowed heads but resolute hearts, said, "Life comes out of death; travail is the law of fruitfulness; every great advance issues from catastrophe and trouble; 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit!'" What message also did the brave workers on the Congo send back? These were their cheering words:

“We are not in the least daunted by these deaths! Forward is the order, and, by God’s help, forward we will go!”

We cannot give many further details of this Livingstone Inland Mission. When it had carried out its original programme, and had planted stations at intervals through seven hundred miles of country right into the interior, and had its steamer, the *Henry Reed*, floating on the Upper Congo, and four-and-twenty devoted men and women acclimatised, acquainted with the language, and settled down to work, the management of the mission was transferred to the care of the American Baptist Missionary Union, as it was never the intention of the East London Institute to be a missionary society. The American Baptist Missionary Union was organised in 1814, when Judson and Rice of Burmah changed their views on the question of baptism; and Burmah has ever since been the peculiar care of this society, although it has important missions in Assam, among the Telegus, in China, Japan, Siam, and elsewhere, while from it have sprung other large missionary societies.

Many new workers now joined the mission to the Congo, and it was not long before the hearts of all were rejoicing over the beginning of spiritual blessings. In August, 1886, a remarkable movement took place at San Salvador and several other mission stations on the Congo, the people throwing away their idols and professing the religion of Christ. At Banza Manteka, over a thousand professed their conversion. Here the first Christian Church in the Congo Free State was constituted, in November, 1886; and although the greatest possible caution was observed in the administering of baptism, ninety were admitted into membership after the performance of this rite.

We do not propose to give details of the labours of the various missions on the Congo, as there is of necessity a great similarity in all; but our chapter would be very incomplete if we did not make some special reference to the splendid work that has been done, and is doing there, by the London Baptist Missionary Society. Its action was stimulated, or rather inspired, by that of Mr. Robert Arthington, of Leeds, who in the spring of 1877 wrote to the Committee of the Society thus:—

“There is a part of Africa, not too far, I think, from places where you have stations, on which I have long had my eye with very strong desire that the blessing of the Gospel might be given to it. It is the Congo country, an old kingdom once possessed—indeed, it is now—of a measure of civilisation, and to a certain extent instructed in the externals of the Christian religion.” After glancing at the history of the country and its readiness to receive “white men” if they would go there, Mr. Arthington continued:—“It is, therefore, a great satisfaction and a high and sacred pleasure to me to offer one thousand pounds if the Baptist Missionary Society will undertake at once to visit these benighted, interesting people with the blessed light of the Gospel, teach them to read and write, and give them, in imperishable letters, the Word of Eternal Truth. By-and-by possibly we may be able to extend the mission eastwards, on the Congo, at a point above the rapids.” Further contributions and wise suggestions followed, and the Committee decided to undertake the mission.

The vicissitudes of the Baptist Missionary Society on the Congo were not less remarkable than those of the Livingstone Inland Mission. It has its record of deeds

of marvellous courage, of labours prosecuted in the face of overwhelming difficulties, of faith tried as by fire, of hopes deferred, of martyr deaths; and its brave roll of heroes who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but gladly laid them down for the sake of Christ and His Gospel, is a long and glorious one.

It will not be thought invidious if we select one from among this noble army of martyrs, to weave around his life a brief outline of the operations of the society—Thomas Comber, their pioneer missionary.

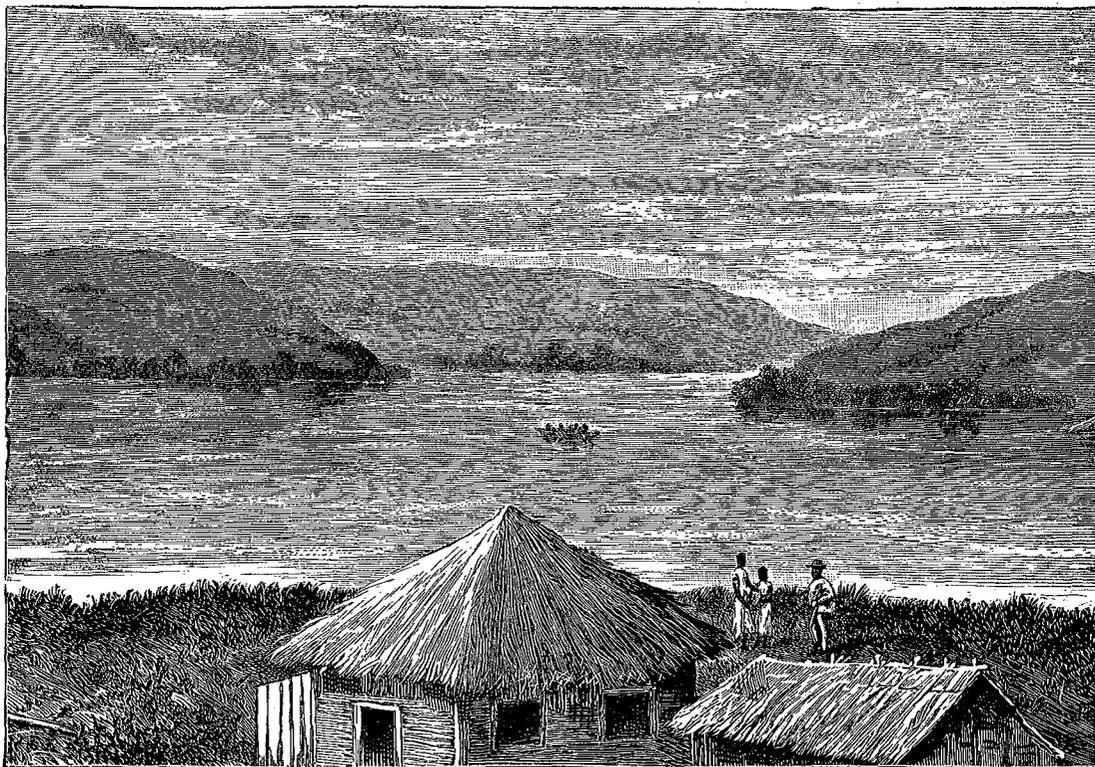
Thomas James Comber, the worthy son of a worthy manufacturing jeweller of Camberwell, while yet a youth in the Crawford Street Sunday-school, gave himself to the Lord, and longed to give himself as a missionary to the heathen. Events shaped themselves to that end; he received his theological training at the Baptist College, Regent's Park, devoted himself enthusiastically not only to study but to practical Christian work, acquired a good knowledge of medicine and surgery, was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society as a missionary, and in 1876 sailed for Africa and began work among the Cameroons—a work that was in every way successful and satisfactory. While thus engaged, and at intervals making important journeys into the interior, the offer of Mr. Arthington was made to the Baptist Missionary Society, and "Tom" Comber and Mr. Grenfell were selected as pioneer missionaries to the Congo.

To this end they were instructed to proceed to San Salvador; not to settle there, but to find a base of operations for work on the Upper Congo river; and, having attained the objects of their preliminary expedition, Mr. Comber returned to England to lay the results of his researches before the Home Committee, and to confer with them as to the future work of the mission. It was resolved that on his return he should be accompanied by two or more colleagues, and Mr. W. Holman Bentley, Mr. H. Crudgington, and Comber's old friend and fellow-teacher, Mr. John Hartland, volunteered their services. While in England Mr. Comber read a paper on his explorations inland from Mount Cameroon, and his journey through Congo to Makuta, before the Royal Geographical Society, and in many places did good service to the cause of missions in Central Africa. On the 4th of April, 1879, he was married to Miss Minnie Rickards, the daughter of his old Sunday-school teacher, and a few weeks later set sail with his young bride for Africa. At a large valedictory meeting in the hall of the Cannon Street Hotel, Mr. Tritton, in the course of his farewell address, said:—"Disappointments may await our brethren and ourselves, and trials neither few nor small. Africa has had her martyrs. She may have them again. There are graves of the saints in Africa. More such may be opened yet."

Little did speaker or hearers think how many and how soon! Not many days after their settlement at San Salvador, the young wife of Mr. Comber died of meningitis, brought on by bad news from home when just recovering from a severe attack of fever.

A little time elapsed, and then an adventurous journey was undertaken with the great object in view of effecting a passage to the Pool. At Banza Makuta the people raised the cry, "Fetch the guns; kill the white men!" and the missionaries, being attacked and deserted by their Koo boys, had to seek refuge in flight. Suddenly Mr.

Comber fell—he had been shot in the middle of the back—but happily the ball had not entered the lungs, nor did the wound bleed much, and he was able to continue his flight with the others, pursued by a howling mob, until they found temporary refuge at Tungwa. Then on again to Kola and Sanda, where carriers and a crowd of men were obtained to assist them to Congo, where they arrived after travelling about eighty miles in three days. Here Mr. Crudgington extracted the bullet—a square piece of ironstone which was embedded more than an inch in the muscles of the back. Fever followed, but with skilful treatment the patient recovered.



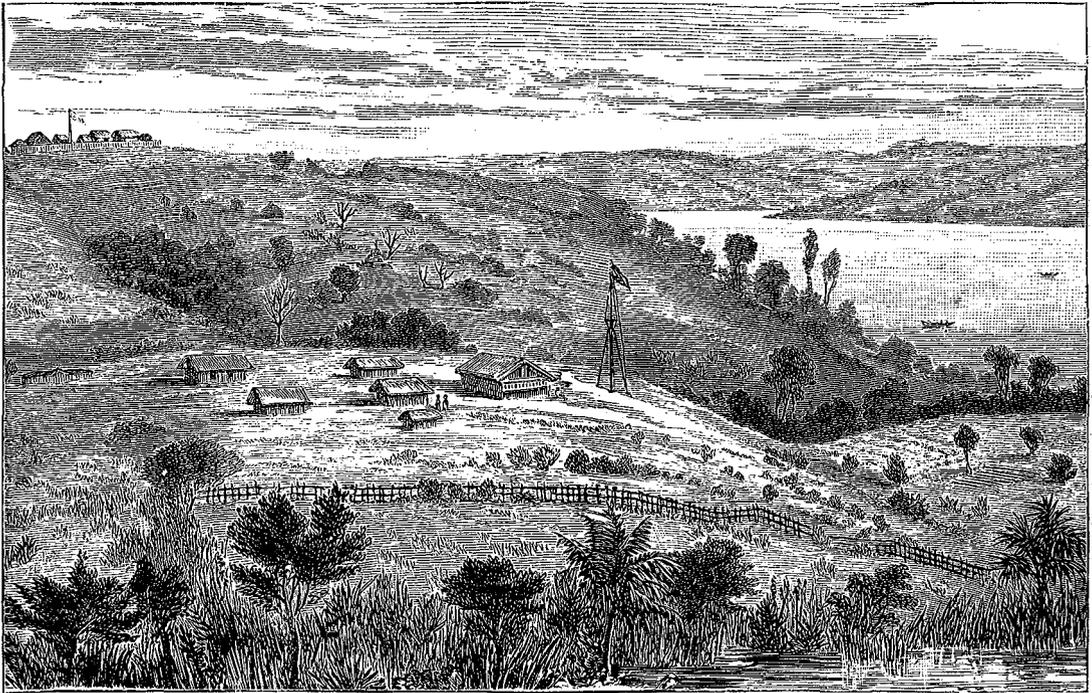
THE CONGO FROM MUSAKA.

Then began the weary work of planting stations between Musaka and the Pool, in the midst of which Mr. Comber was again stricken down with a serious attack of fever. "I cannot tell you how disappointing this is to me," he wrote, "but I am becoming a sort of Christian fatalist; and about all such things I say, 'It is all ordered, all inevitable, all God's will, and therefore all for the best.'" At length five stations were established, and missionary work was commenced in earnest; reinforcements arrived from England; the steam launch was carried up in sections to the Pool and reconstructed there (this gigantic task being accomplished by Mr. Grenfell), and everything promised well.

But within three weeks of the arrival of the reinforcements, Mr. Doke was smitten down with fever and died, and in three months after, Comber's old friend, Mr. Hartland,

succumbed from the same cause. Before there had been time to recover from this shock, death laid its hand upon Mr. Hartley and two engineers, and Mr. Comber, as head of the mission, felt these fatalities as terrible blows threatening its fate.

Meanwhile, his brother Sidney had arrived in Africa intending to settle as a missionary at Ngombe; his sister Carrie being already in the field at Victoria. Then came a brighter time, when, in company with Mr. Grenfell, he realised his ardently cherished desire, and sailed a long journey on the Upper Congo into the far interior of the Dark Continent; Sir Francis de Winton, "a Christian man, who knelt and sang with us every evening," being their *compagnon de voyage*. But almost immediately



SETTLEMENT OF MANYANGA.

after his return it was his sad lot to witness the death at Manyanga of Mr. Minns, an engineer who had been sent out to assist Mr. Grenfell, as well as to receive information of the decease of Mr. Craven, of the Livingstone Mission.

In January, 1885, "Tom" Comber, as his old friends loved to call him, arrived in London for a little well-earned rest (if the visit of a popular missionary to London deserves that name). He had scarcely, however, been in the home-country more than a month, before the gladness of the reunion was marred by the distressing tidings from Africa of his brother Sidney's death! With a heavy heart he went through the duties he was expected to perform of reading a second paper before the Royal Geographical Society, addressing crowded meetings at Exeter Hall and other places, publicly meeting Mr. Stanley, preparing a manual for the use of missionaries to the Congo, and other "driving work and anxiety"—and then his furlough expired.

Among the band of fresh missionaries who returned with him to Africa was his brother Percy, and on arrival at Victoria they had the pleasure of seeing their brave missionary sister Carrie, who had recently been married to Mr. Hay. It was the last time they saw her; a very short time afterwards they received the distressing intelligence of her death. Three months later, Mr. Comber was attending his friend Mr. John Maynard, suffering from his first attack of fever. It ended fatally, and on Tom Comber fell the trying duty of breaking the sad news to Maynard's friends and to Miss Pitt, who was on her way to Banana to become his wife!

The great and only real consolation in the midst of those trials, was the fact that steady progress was being made in the work of the mission; twenty-five boys had been induced to come and live with him; his medical work was telling, and the people were willing and wanting to hear the Gospel. For eight long months he was able to rejoice that his fellow-missionaries, eighteen in number, had been preserved. The only disaster, and that was remediable, was a calamitous fire at the Pool station. As in the case of the fire at Serampore in 1812, when Carey and his companions suffered so much, it called forth the sympathy and generosity of the Christian Churches at home to an extraordinary degree, the whole amount of the loss, some £4,000, being raised in fifty days, and almost without a special appeal.

Then came the joyful news of the marvellous religious awakening at San Salvador and Banza Manteka, to which reference has already been made, and he at once repaired thither to share in the joy of seeing the natives crowding to hear the preaching, and in many instances giving unmistakable proofs that the Word of God was touching their hearts and changing their lives. "The work is clearly that of our God," wrote Mr. Comber, "and He Himself is touching the hearts of the people. The Congo was never so full of promise as to-day. No one can study its long history without seeing most clearly the overruling hand of God."

From this interesting work Mr. Comber was called away to attend Mr. Darling and Mr. Shindler, brother missionaries, both of whom fell victims to the fever, and soon after he was mourning the loss of Miss Spearing, a devoted woman, who had been successfully labouring at the Pool. The continuous strain, both mental and physical, the anxious responsibility with which he was weighted, was more than mortal man could bear. A trip to sea, as the only means of saving the intrepid missionary's life, was recommended; but the respite came too late, and on the 27th of June, 1887, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, the end came peacefully, whilst the vessel on board which he had been carried lay anchored off Loanga.

What great end was gained by all these sad and tragic deaths? What did these intrepid men and women accomplish? Some merely explored certain small parts of the vast country; some only built a mission station or two; some had but just begun the work of evangelising, and could not claim a convert. The large-hearted Mrs. Guinness supplies, by implication, a very good answer to all these questions.

"The most important part of missionary work," she says, "has not always the appearance of missionary work at all. . . . Many were found a few years back harshly criticising the course and career of David Livingstone, and rashly accusing him

of having abandoned the work of the missionary for that of the geographer and explorer, or at best of the philanthropist. No one would now venture to hazard such an opinion. It was the high and holy purpose of *opening up a new world to the Gospel* that impelled and sustained this prince of missionaries throughout his thirty years of weary pilgrimage and terrible sufferings. He was not less of a missionary than Moffat or others, but *more*, though he laid aside the ordinary routine work of a single station, and betook himself instead to the task of introducing to the knowledge and sympathies of the Christian Church *an entire continent*, cursed under the withering blight of heathenism and crushed under the cruel yoke of slavery."

Many of those good and earnest men of half a century and more past, whose lives and labours have been recorded in these pages, would not have understood this estimate of Livingstone's work, or the work of the dauntless pioneers of the Congo. A broader, robuster; manlier, and, in reality, a higher Christian idea runs through missionary work to-day, and Livingstone gave expression to it when he said, "My views of what is missionary duty are not so contracted as those of persons whose ideal of a missionary is a dumpy sort of man with a Bible under his arm. I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at a forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and in medical practice. I feel that I am not my own, and that I am equally serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation!" The Congo missionaries were, thank God, men of like spirit.

Nevertheless, one of the questions that occupied the serious attention of the Great Centenary Conference of 1888 was asked by the Rev. Professor Drummond: "Is it right to go on in missionary work, in regions where there is plainly a barrier of God against men living there at all?" It was a question that had haunted him every day since he came from tropical Africa; not on the mere score of saving a few lives, but on the ground of political economy—missionary economy; whether, until the safer portions of the globe were evangelised, it was right to send men to fight with that fever which no man has yet got to the bottom of, and which no man who has been in the country has ever escaped!

It was a question to be thought over, but hardly to be answered. As Mrs. Guinness very justly says, "The *death* of Livingstone, his tragic, touching, lonely *death*, did more to start the missions which are now planting Christian Churches all over Africa, than all his noble life-labours had done. The now prosperous and self-extending native church of Sierra Leone cost the lives of thirty labourers in fifteen years, ere it took root and grew. Each of the great Central African Missions of the last ten or twelve years has had a somewhat similar experience, and to the martyrs of the modern Church it may be said, as well as to those of apostolic days, "Unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake."

In one of the crises of the Livingstone Inland Mission, when missionary after missionary was stricken down by death, the question had to be seriously discussed by the home authorities, whether they had any right to go forward in the face of the deadly climate and the inevitable diseases it produces. But it was replied, and finally determined, that the command was not, "Go ye into all the *healthy climates* of the

world and preach the Gospel"; and that if a command of Christ involved danger and death, that in itself was no ground for disobedience. More lately, however, as in some other cases, experience has gradually been gained in regard to the choice of localities, the use of medical remedies, and the constitutions best adapted to this particular sphere of service and the best method of living in such climates; and with this advance in knowledge and experience the terrible mortality of the first years of these missions has very much abated.

Eleven different missionary agencies are at the present time at work in the Congo Free State, three Roman Catholic and eight Protestant. This is remarkable, when it is remembered that only a dozen years ago the country was unknown, and that the Congo Free State itself only dates from 1885. The Protestant Missions are:—1. The Livingstone Inland Mission of the Baptist American Union; 2. The English Baptist Missionary Society; 3. The Swedish Missionary Society; 4. Bishop Taylor's Mission (American); 5. The American Missionary Evangelical Alliance; 6. The Mission of Mr. F. S. Arnot in the Garengange country; 7. The London Missionary Society on Lake Tanganyika, also in the Congo Free State (this mission was, as we have told elsewhere, long under the care of Captain Hore); 8. The East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missionaries (the pioneer society to the Congo) at Congo-Balolo on the Upper Congo.*

Through all the pioneering work of the societies, spiritual results have been recorded, and the good work of civilising and evangelising is going on apace. The language of the people has been reduced by Mr. Holman Bentley to a written form; a grammar and dictionary have been published, and the "Peep of Day" has been translated and issued from the press, as well as the New Testament and other portions of the Scriptures. The Belgian Government continues to explore and settle as rapidly as possible its vast territory, and the Congo railway is making slow but satisfactory progress.

* For a graphic account of the Congo-Balolo Mission, see "The New World of Central Africa," by Mrs. H. Grattan-Guinness, to which, with the "Life of Thomas Comber" by J. B. Myers, we have been largely indebted for information in this chapter. For the story of Baptist Missionary work on the Congo, see Mr. Joseph Tritton's "Rise and Progress," and Mr. Grenfell's narrative. For the work of Mr. Arnot on the Garengange, see his excellent book under that title.

XLIII.—EASTERN AND NORTHERN AFRICA.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Early Exploration—A Bold Project—Krapf's Earlier Experiences—Is Imprisoned in Abyssinia—Attempts to Reach the Gallas—Arrives at Zanzibar—Settles at Mombasa—The Wanika—Rebmann Joins Krapf—House-building—Sunday Services—Journeys to the Interior—Snow under the Equator—Fresh Arrivals—Frere Town—James Hanington Volunteers to go to Africa—Is Received by the Sultan at Zanzibar—Crosses to the Mainland—A Pleasant Station—A Narrow Escape—Illness—Arrives at the Victoria Nyanza—At Death's Door—Returns to England—Restored to Health—Consecrated Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa—Diocesan Duties—Starts for Uganda through Masai-land—A Native Clergyman—Difficulties of the Caravan—Want of Water—Perils from Savages and Wild Beasts—The El Moran—The Caravan Divided—The Rubaga Mission—King Mtesa—His Death and Successor—Persecution of Native Christians—Their Steadfastness—Approach of the Bishop—Agitation of the Chiefs—Decision to Kill the Bishop—A Fearful Struggle—Hanington's Martyrdom—Conclusion.

ENGLISHMEN have good reason to be proud of the long list of famous travellers who have done so much during the last thirty years to make known the lands and lakes of Equatorial Africa. Nor is ours the only nation that has borne the burden of these adventurous efforts. France and Germany can justly claim a share in the honour of having disclosed the mysteries of the Dark Continent. But when we remember the names of Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Stanley, Thomson, Emin Pasha and Peters, we must not forget that two Germans, acting under the instructions of the Church Missionary Society in London, were the prime promoters of these discoveries. Living on the coast and doing their utmost to Christianise the people among whom their lot was cast, they heard from Arab traders and others of a great inland sea, regularly visited by caravans in search of ivory, horns, ostrich feathers, and other products of the interior. They saw, too, slaves brought down by the same Arabs from remote districts for sale at Mombasa and Zanzibar, or for shipment across to Arabia itself. The missionaries, not content with hearing the reports, travelled long distances up the country to verify them, and received from the natives full confirmation of the existence of a great lake hitherto unknown to, and unapproached by, Europeans. They never themselves succeeded in reaching the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, though in their travels they made many valuable additions to our geographical knowledge. But they looked forward to a day when a long line of stations would girdle the continent between Mombasa on the east, and the River Gaboon on the west coast, from each of which the glad tidings would be proclaimed to the peoples and tribes of Africa. These hopes have yet to be realised, and their fulfilment seems even now very distant; but the first links of the chain have been made, and mission stations have been established, though with long intervals, from Mombasa to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza itself.

The two men who projected this ambitious scheme, Johann Ludwig Krapf and Johann Rebmann, were both natives of the kingdom of Würtemberg.

In his boyhood Krapf read an odd volume of "Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia," and the great blanks on the map of Africa aroused his interest and made him

wonder whether they really represented deserts or lands full of hyænas. His father wished him to become a clergyman or a lawyer, but the boy's passion for travel was too strong, and he could not be diverted from his purpose of becoming an explorer, which was, however, turned into a more definite channel by a lecture on Missions to the Heathen read before the school he attended at Tübingen. Very soon after hearing the lecture, he obtained an introduction to the Inspector of the Missionary Institution at Basle, and in his holidays he walked the whole distance from Tübingen in order to deliver it in person. He was only in his sixteenth year, so the Inspector counselled him to go back to his studies for a time, and he had sufficient modesty and wisdom to act upon the advice. Two years later he was invited to enter the Institution, where he remained for another period of two years, and then, as his family opposed his idea of going to the heathen, he returned to college to qualify for a curacy. In due time he was ordained, but having given some offence by a sermon too full of "mysticism," he resigned his appointment and became a tutor in a private family. The old zeal for missionary work was for a while quenched, but not extinguished, and in 1836 he accepted an invitation from the Church Missionary Society to go out to the land of his boyhood's dreams, Abyssinia.

In Abyssinia he laboured for some years, until he was imprisoned and then expelled the country. He attributed these troubles to the intrigues of a Frenchman, with whom at one time he had been on friendly terms. At this crisis of his life he visited Zanzibar, and was well received by the Sultan, Saïd Saïd, who was most anxious to obtain the friendship and protection of England, and had already sent two Embassies to London to promote these objects. When in Abyssinia, Krapf had heard much of the Gallas, a fierce, bold tribe dwelling in the "Unknown Horn of Africa," and he had long entertained the idea of penetrating their country from the Abyssinian side. This hope was now entirely cut off, but from inquiries he made on his voyage to Zanzibar he thought it would be possible to reach the Gallas from Mombasa, a town and island belonging to the Sultan, and lying considerably to the north of Zanzibar at about five degrees south of the equator. The plan was no sooner conceived than he endeavoured to carry it out, and having obtained the necessary authority from the Sultan, who in a letter of commendation described him as a good man wishing to convert the world to God, he set out for Mombasa, where he arrived in the middle of March, 1844.

His reception was friendly, and the Governor, who had been in London as one of Saïd Saïd's ambassadors, did all he could to meet his visitor's wishes. Krapf was so well satisfied with the place and the people, that he decided to settle in Mombasa itself, and returned to Zanzibar for his wife, who had accompanied him thither.

In May, Krapf and his wife took up their residence at Mombasa, where he was soon immersed in the difficulties of Swahili, which he endeavoured to learn from a native without other help in the shape of a dictionary or grammar. His knowledge of Arabic was of much assistance, but his studies were soon interrupted by a violent attack of fever, during which his wife was confined and died in three days. The people showed great sympathy in this sudden trial, and the funeral, to which

the missionary could scarcely drag himself, so weak and prostrate was his condition, was attended by the Governor and the principal inhabitants. Krapf gradually recovered his strength, but ere it was re-established the little baby had followed her mother to the grave, and the childless widower was left utterly alone in a strange land.

Though cast down, he did not yield to despair; he was full of plans for the future, and plodding steadily at the language soon began to master it, though the varying dialects long continued to puzzle him. He paid many visits to the neighbouring Wanika villages, and, as opportunity offered, preached to the people, who generally listened attentively to his addresses. They troubled him a good deal at first by repeating his words, but he was soon able to take advantage of this habit to ascertain from their repetitions whether he was making himself intelligible.

For nearly two years he remained alone at Mombasa, not making much apparent progress, but labouring diligently to win the affection and awaken the interest of the Wanika people. They were generally civil and even kind, but their dances and other strange customs were a source of annoyance, though he strove hard to conceal his feelings of disgust. Sometimes on entering a village the men, women, and children ran away as soon as they saw the white man, until, curiosity getting the better of their fears, they ventured to approach him, and, finding themselves unharmed, proceeded to examine his features and to point out to one another his hair and clothes, and everything else in which his appearance differed from theirs. Then they would laugh and ask questions, which he readily answered, and, having thus enlisted their attention, would in his turn question them and read some portions of the New Testament, of which he had by this time made a translation, following up his reading by explanations and remarks. They would often listen attentively, and ask him to come again to talk further with them, and thus he gradually made himself known in the villages within a circuit of several miles from Mombasa.

In 1846 Rebmann came out, and a few days after his arrival was laid low by an attack of fever, from which he speedily recovered. The two missionaries now decided to remove to Rabbai Mpia, on the mainland, as Krapf thought it would be better to plant the station there than to remain at Mombasa, separated from the continent by an arm of the sea. It was, however, necessary to conciliate the chiefs, and on reaching Rabbai they were invited to a palaver. Krapf introduced his colleague, asked that the kindness shown to him might be extended to his friend, who had come to help him. He then explained that he wished to settle in Rabbai, and, without making any stipulation or raising any difficulty, the chiefs shouted their assent, and promised to build two houses. "The birds," they said, "have nests, and the Wasungu [Europeans] must have houses." Satisfied with this assurance, the missionaries returned to Mombasa; but, unfortunately, the chiefs were by no means prompt in carrying out their undertaking, and when Krapf and Rebmann came back to Rabbai, their houses had not been begun. The chiefs professed to be very sorry, and declared that the delay was caused by the people having been busy in the fields; but they now brought the materials for the building, and in the course of time a house, 25 ft. long

and 18 ft. in width and height, was put up. The site chosen was nearly 1,000 ft. above the sea, in the midst of a grove of cocoanut-trees, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding country, as well as of the town and harbour of Mombasa.

Having finished the house, the missionaries built a church, and invited the people to come to public worship. On the first Sunday about fifteen attended, and at the close of the service asked what they would get to eat if they came regularly every Sunday, as it was not their custom to go to a palaver without eating and drinking. This was not very encouraging, but the missionaries would not bribe the people, and steadily refused to give presents. A regular house-to-house visitation was, however, commenced, in the course of which Krapf tried to explain why the Christians kept Sunday, and by degrees he succeeded



DR. KRAPP.

in instilling into the native mind an idea of a holy day. Every Sunday morning a gun was fired to announce the beginning of public worship, and a few of the people responded to the summons. Yet for a long time no impression was made upon their hearts. However, after some months a cripple lad, named Mringe, became an inquirer, and finally a convert to Christianity, in spite of the opposition of his mother and friends. But so slowly did the influence of the missionaries make itself felt, that for some years the poor youth was the only visible result of the mission at Rabbai.

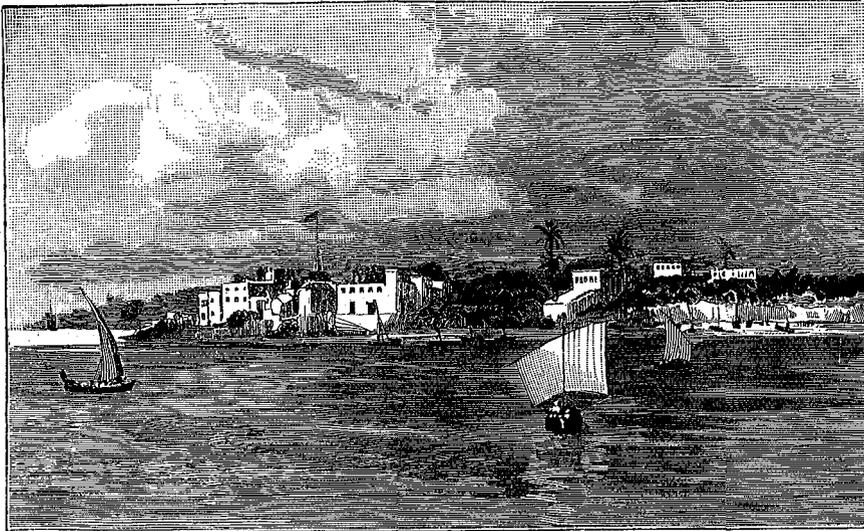


THE REV. J. REBMAN.

As soon as Rebmann was sufficiently acquainted with Swahili to understand others and make himself understood by them, it was arranged that he should undertake a journey into the interior, to find, if possible, convenient stations for the extension of missionary work. The Wanika chiefs raised many objections to this project as soon as they heard of it, fearing perhaps lest the

traveller, for whom they had a genuine respect, might be exposed to danger from the Gallas, Masai, and other formidable tribes of the country. These objections and

fears did not affect Rebmann, who one bright moonlight night in October, 1847, set out on his first journey, with an umbrella as his only weapon, and six Wanikas and two Mohammedans as his escort, and having advanced a few miles, bivouacked in the wilderness with his little party. Next day one of the men found by the wayside two magic staves, each about two feet long, burnt black, wreathed with bark, and used as a protection against robbers and wild beasts. Rebmann pulled off the bark and threw away the staves, much to the regret of his men, who pleaded to be allowed to carry them, telling him it was hardly fair in him to carry a magic book, while objecting to their using native charms against danger. He did not give way to their



MOMBASA, FROM THE ANCHORAGE.

superstitions, and explained to them that his book was intended to destroy their old heathen notions about magic, and as he was going to teach the Teita the good news, he could not allow his companions to practise what he believed to be sinful. With this explanation they had to be content for the time, but he took advantage of the next halt to set forth more fully what some of them had often heard before—the object of his coming into Africa, and the story of the Gospel. On this first journey he reached Kadiaro, and the people, who were of a different race from the Wanikas, were not a little astonished at his visit, though they received him with much kindness, and seemed interested in what he had to communicate.

Early in the following year he undertook a second and longer journey. Advancing further into the heart of Africa, his boldness astonished his guides, who remarked that formerly they had never come so far unless armed and in large numbers, while he came with only an umbrella and a mere handful of men.

No immediate extension of missionary enterprise followed upon these two journeys, but in the second journey Rebmann made an important discovery, which created considerable excitement among geographers. He got as far as the foot of Kilimanjaro,

a snow-clad mountain which rears its lofty summit to a height of 18,000 feet; and the announcement that perpetual snow existed within four degrees of the Equator gave rise to much controversy. Many arm-chair critics refused to believe the statement, and invented ingenious theories to account for the appearance of a white mass upon the mountain, some arguing in favour of chalk, and others inclining to the belief that the top consisted of white rocks, but both agreeing that the traveller was quite mistaken, and that snow could not exist in such a position. Subsequent visits confirmed Rebmann in his opinion, and other travellers have clearly established the accuracy of his observation. Indeed, it is an interesting and curious fact that the only real snow mountains of Africa are within a very few degrees of the Equator.

It is worthy of notice that though Krapf's original aim in settling at Mombasa was to convey the Gospel to the Gallas, neither he nor his colleague was able to carry out the idea, or even to reach Galla-land. We have already seen that the missionaries from Hermannsburg were some years later frustrated in an attempt to settle in that country, and had to return to South Africa. Access from the coast seems to be quite impracticable, at least for the present; and probably if this interesting people are to be brought under Christian influences, they must be approached from Abyssinia.

In 1850, Krapf, who returned to Europe for the first time after an absence of thirteen years, induced the Committee of the Church Missionary Society to extend their work from Rabbai to other places in the neighbourhood. In the previous year Messrs. Erhardt and Wagner had joined the mission, but within a few weeks of his arrival the latter had fallen a victim to fever, before he could even begin to learn Swahili. Two more missionaries and three artisans came out in 1851; one of the former died almost immediately, and two of the artisans were so weakened by the effects of disease and the climate, that their only chance of life was to go home. These deaths, incomprehensible as they seemed to the missionaries, were not, however, without their effect upon the Wanikas, who saw for the first time men dying in the hope of another and a better life, and could not but contrast their quiet and peaceful burial with the wailings and superstitious practices of heathendom on similar occasions.

In order to find suitable places for missionary settlements, Krapf had already undertaken a journey to Ukambani, which was attended by more perils than had befallen his colleague in his earlier explorations of the country, but which it would be foreign to our purpose to describe in detail here.

Nor can we follow minutely the labours of these pioneers of missionary enterprise in Eastern Equatorial Africa. In 1855 Krapf was compelled by failing health to return to Europe, and became secretary of the Christian Missionary Institute at Basle, while Rebmann remained at his post for twenty-four years, gradually extending his influence, and gathering about him a small but faithful band of Wanika converts. He lived long enough to witness the rise of Frere Town, a place of refuge for freed slaves on the mainland opposite Mombasa, and now the home of hundreds of Africans, who enjoy peace and liberty, and have learnt the truths of the Gospel from a devoted band of Christian teachers.

Frere Town bears the honoured name of Sir Bartle Frere, who in 1873 urged the Church Missionary Society to establish a settlement at Mombasa for liberated slaves. It stands at the head of an almost landlocked creek, the sides of which are clothed with magnificent mangroves and tall, graceful palms. Neat white houses, many with iron roofs, nestle in the grateful shade of the trees, and beautiful creepers trailing over the walls give the visitor, as he sails up the channel, an idea of cleanliness and comfort rarely found in Africa. Critics who inquire whether missions are ever successful, may see in Frere Town something of the good work which has been effected by the patient continuance in well-doing of a generation of Christian men and women from the days of Krapf and Rebmann to the present time. A recent traveller, well acquainted with Central Africa, and not at all inclined to rate missionaries too highly, has described in glowing terms the warm welcome he received on landing here in 1883. The swarthy sons and daughters of Africa, looking, he observed, somewhat comical in their European dresses, crowded the beach, saluted him with pleasant cries of "Good-morning," and shook him warmly by the hand. Two years later, when Bishop Hannington visited Frere Town, he was deeply gratified to find well-organised schools and a crowded church, in which, on one occasion, five hundred persons were present at a week-day service at six o'clock in the morning, before the ordinary work of the day began.

The name of Bishop Hannington brings us down to a later period in the story of Central African Missions; and though an early martyrdom terminated his career before he could make his influence widely felt, his noble self-denial and earnest zeal have obtained for him a high position among the heroes of missions. Nothing in his earlier career gave much promise of his future usefulness as a country curate in England, or a missionary bishop in Africa. At school he was generally known as "Mad Jim," while at Oxford his love of fun and his boisterous spirits often led him into serious scrapes.

On leaving Oxford he held for a while a curacy in Devonshire, and then became Incumbent of St. George's Church, Hurstpierpoint, where he won the hearts of his people by his energy, kindness, and anxiety for their welfare. He loved his work and his people, and though he seemed to have quietly accepted the lot of an English country clergyman, a feeling gradually took possession of him that he ought to do something for the heathen world. At first he thought he was not worthy of the honour, and that even if he offered himself as a missionary, his services would not be accepted: then he talked the matter over with his friends, and most of them urged upon him the claims of his parish and of his wife and family. But the impulse grew too strong for even the nearest and dearest of human ties. At last his mind was fully made up, and he volunteered to go out, partly at his own expense, to the Nyanza for five years. The Committee of the Church Missionary Society gladly availed themselves of his offer, and the country clergyman gave up his pleasant home and all that was dear to him, to preach to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ.

He was in many ways admirably qualified for the work. An experienced traveller, a good sailor, quite able and willing to endure hardship, and possessing a strong constitution, it seemed that, if any Englishman could withstand the climate of Central Africa,

Hannington was the man. His brave wife willingly consented to his going, and in May, 1882, he left England for Zanzibar, with several others bound like himself for Africa. His destination was Rubaga, in the Uganda country, on the northern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, where a mission had already been established, and some converts had been won. To reach Rubaga, a long march had to be undertaken by way of Mamboia, Uyui, and Msala, right through the heart of Africa; for though a shorter route was known to exist through Masai-land, it was not deemed practicable or safe.

Zanzibar was reached in safety, and a hearty welcome from the members of the

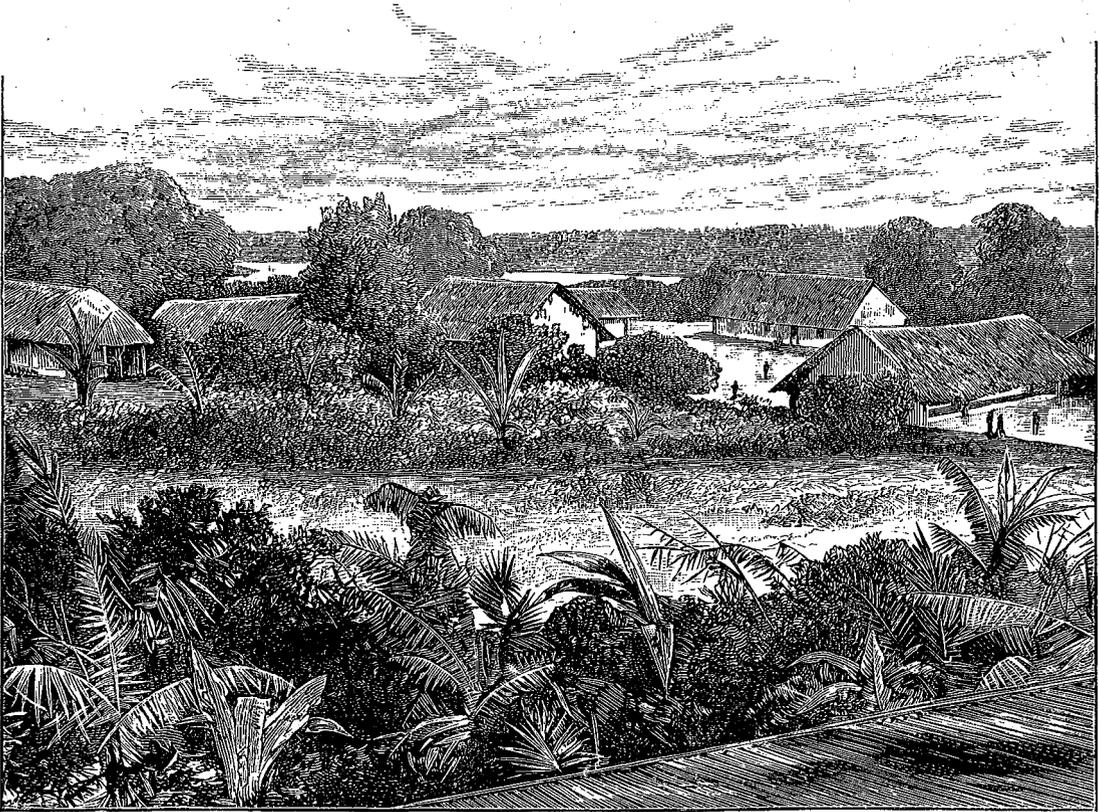


FRERE TOWN, FROM MOMBASA.

Universities Mission, and a state reception by the Sultan, came as a pleasant relief from the horrors of the voyage. Hannington was much tried by the dilatory proceedings of the men who were employed to pack the goods for transport across Africa, and sometimes his patience was nearly exhausted. The party was a large one, and had to convey their own luggage, as well as supplies for the missionaries already at Uganda, besides cloth and other articles as presents for the chiefs through whose territory they would pass. At last everything was packed in a dhow, and the caravan sailed for Sandani, on the mainland, where Hannington swam on shore, preferring to run the risk of being eaten by sharks to sitting in a canoe half full of water that had been sent out to fetch him. The other members of the party were not so venturesome, and the canoe went backwards and forwards from the dhow until they all got ashore.

The whole of the next day was occupied in organising the porters and getting

them into their places, and on the following morning a start was made. Travelling on for several days, and meeting with one exciting adventure—a terrific fire among the high grass—they reached Mamboia, a station of the Church Missionary Society, and halted to spend a few days with the missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last. This was Hannington's first introduction to his future work, and gave him an insight into some of the experiences to which he was looking forward. The station



CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S BUILDINGS AT FREERE TOWN.

at Mamboia is nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea; at that height many English vegetables and flowers were growing in perfection, and the travellers' eyes were gladdened at seeing a profusion of geraniums, petunias, and other plants which reminded them of home. And a deeper sense of satisfaction was afforded by the well-attended schools and the large congregation that on Sunday filled a circular church and joined heartily in the native service.

Pleasant as it was to refresh themselves in this delightful spot, the visitors could not prolong their stay, and the caravan moved forward to Mpwapwa, a missionary settlement further on towards the interior. On the way Hannington, carrying his gun at full cock, fell into one of the pits dug by the natives to catch the larger game, but his presence of mind did not desert him, and throwing away the gun, he lighted on his feet, and, as there were no spears at the bottom of the pit, escaped with a severe

shaking. Almost immediately after this accident there was an alarm of robbers, on hearing which Hannington rushed forward with such effect that the robbers took to their heels and fled headlong before the white man, whose prompt action raised him still higher in the estimation of his followers.

At Mpwapwa there was another short rest over Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cole, the missionary and his wife, and Hannington again records an orderly and attentive congregation of Africans, some in gaudy clothes, some in goatskins, and others in red war-paint, carrying their spears or bows and arrows into church.

So far, matters had gone smoothly, and, except for an occasional attack of fever, the journey had been prosperous and successful. The caravan had now to traverse a more difficult country, very bare of trees, and often involved in clouds of dust. The water, too, was very bad; in one spot the only well being full of dead toads and rats, and no amount of boiling removed the abominable smell which flavoured everything cooked in it. Another and more severe attack of fever was the result, which for some days confined Hannington to his tent, where he was pestered and at the same time amused by the irrepressible curiosity of the Wagogo people.

After toiling for some days through this trying country, the caravan arrived at Uyui, another station of the Church Missionary Society, close to the spot where Stanley and Livingstone had separated some years before. Hannington was here attacked by dysentery, for which the Jesuit priests at Unyanyembe prescribed injections of carbolic acid; and though this relieved the more aggravated symptoms, he was so ill that for several days his friends despaired of his life. It was only too evident that he would not be able to travel for some time, and in these circumstances his companions decided, much against his own inclinations, that the caravan should proceed without him, and that he must stay at Uyui to be nursed by the missionaries there. After his company had left, he became so much worse that he gave up all hope of recovery, and one day went out with Mr. Copplestone, the missionary, to select a spot for his grave. But his strong constitution, aided by careful nursing, pulled him through, and he gradually got better. The caravan in the meantime had been unable to reach the Nyanza by the usual route, and returned to Uyui, after an absence of six weeks, just as Hannington felt himself able once more to resume his journey.

The members of the mission were very doubtful whether he ought to go on, yet he was so determined that they gave way, on condition that he would allow himself to be carried in a hammock. To this he consented, but owing to the awkwardness of his bearers, he had several tumbles, and was often obliged to walk. Thus, sometimes on foot and sometimes in his hammock, he travelled through drenching rain and burning heat, gradually getting stronger in spite of these drawbacks, and finding occasional opportunities of collecting butterflies and plants, or of paying a visit to an African chief. To one of them he gave a pair of blue spectacles and a soft felt hat, in which the chief strutted about as proud as a peacock, now taking off the hat and flattening the crown, and then erecting it to a point, to display all its capabilities to his amused and astonished subjects.

At last, to the great relief of everybody, the caravan arrived within sight of the Victoria Nyanza, and the men fired their guns to give expression to their joy. The first view of the famous lake was disappointing; no water was visible, only a wide expanse of reeds and grass, which at a distance looked like a new-mown English meadow. Stranger still, there was no water for drinking, and for some hours the whole party was tormented by raging thirst. In these trying circumstances a neighbouring chief paid them a visit to inquire why they had come into the country, and after Hannington had answered his questions and told him they were about to pray to God, he replied, "Go on, let me hear you." Evening worship was offered, and when it was over, the chief expressed his pleasure, and said, "You must teach me," a wish that seemed to come as a comfort to the weary travellers, and, as they thought, a happy augury for the future of the mission.

They had struck the Nyanza near its southern extremity, though they were not at first able to determine their actual position, and they had now to arrange for crossing the lake in canoes. The caravan was partially broken up. Two of the English missionaries had already been left at Uyui to replace Mr. Copplesone, who was going home on furlough, and Mr. Stokes, the leader of the party, was to return to the coast with the native porters. Hannington, with one English companion, Mr. Gordon, was bound for Rubaga, the missionary station in Uganda on the north of the lake, and when they had said good-bye to Stokes and the porters, they felt themselves very much alone in the wilderness, for the two remaining Englishmen, Messrs. Ashe and Wise, were under instructions to form a new station on the southern shores of the Nyanza. This purpose they were able to carry into execution by establishing themselves at Msalala, but Hannington's intention of going on to Rubaga was frustrated by a return of fever and dysentery. His life, to use his own expression, had now become a burden to him, and his English friends plainly told him that to remain in Africa would be suicidal. He felt they were only speaking the truth, and, with a heart saddened at the thought of failure, decided that he must make the attempt to return to England, though he was very doubtful if he should ever get there and see again his dear wife and little children. He had traversed seven hundred weary miles in coming up to the lake, and the prospect of returning that long distance through the heart of tropical Africa did not afford much hope that, in his shattered bodily state, he would ever accomplish it. To remain, however, would be certain death, and he set off as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made for his transport. His spirits, which had been terribly depressed, began to revive when once a start had been made, and sometimes on foot, though more usually in a hammock, he made his way back to the coast.

It was by no means an easy journey. More than once he was at death's door, but when he got into the higher ground near Mpwapwa he began to mend, in spite of the shock occasioned by the death of his companion, Mr. Penry, who succumbed to an attack of dysentery, and was buried in a grave next to that of Dr. Joseph Mullens, the Foreign Secretary of the London Missionary Society, who had died at Mpwapwa while on a journey to the interior a few years before. At Mamboia he had another

trial; Mrs. Last, his kind hostess, had been called away since his visit, and he remained for some days to console her bereaved husband. Hannington had now so far recovered his own strength as to be able to collect some more botanical specimens, and, indeed, felt himself so much better, as to actually contemplate returning to the Victoria Nyanza, and probably would have done so, had not Dr. Baxter, who was now with him, absolutely forbidden the attempt. He therefore resumed the route



BISHOP HANNINGTON.
(From a Photograph by Mr. Fradelle.)

to Zanzibar, and from thence sailed home to England, which he reached in June, 1883.

He settled down once more to his work at Hurstpierpoint, and was soon himself again. But his heart yearned for Africa, and he was still longing to be a missionary. As he could not serve in person, he devoted a fifth of his not too large income to the Church Missionary Society, besides advocating its claims on the platform, in the pulpit, and everywhere, as he found opportunity. This, however, was not enough to satisfy his ardent desire, and when in 1884 it was proposed to him to go out as the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, he accepted the position, and was consecrated in the parish church of Lambeth on June 24th, with Mr. Anson, who had been appointed to the diocese of Assiniboia.

Circumstances delayed Hannington's departure until late in the autumn, when he

left England for the last time, having arranged that his wife should follow him to Frere Town as soon as possible. At the end of January, 1885, he once more set foot in Africa.

At Frere Town he was received with due honour. The firing of guns and the blowing of horns announced the arrival of the Bishop, and the whole population came down to meet the little boat in which he was rowed ashore. Like other travellers, he was delighted with the place which was, he hoped, to be his home and the head of his diocese, extending hundreds of miles across Equatorial Africa to the shores of the Victoria



STUDENTS' HOUSE AT RABBAL.



THE MISSION HOUSE AT RABBAL.

Nyanza. One thing at Frere Town struck him as incongruous: the missionaries lived in comfortable houses, but the church was mean and inadequate, so his first care was to arrange for a more suitable building—"Not a tin ark, or a cocoa-nut barn, but a proper stone church to the glory of God," as he describes it in a letter to the Society.

He found much to be thankful for in the progress already made not only in Frere Town and Rabbai, but at other stations which he visited in turn—earnest missionaries, zealous native teachers, and large congregations.

From Rabbai he proceeded to Duruma and Taita, and from Taita struck across the desert to Moski, the scenery of which reminded him of Devonshire. So pleased, indeed, was he with the result, that he contemplated reviving Krapf and Rebnann's

scheme of a chain of missionary stations across Africa, at least as far as the Victoria Nyanza, and began to plan an expedition for opening up a new route through Masailand to the lake, so as to avoid the pestilential malaria of the usual caravan journey by way of Mpwapwa, of which he had such a terrible experience in his first visit to Africa. The Masai were reported to be savages and difficult to deal with, but Mr. Thomson had already penetrated their country; and if Thomson had done so, why should not he? At all events, he thought the attempt was worth making, and presently we shall find him setting about it.

Meantime, other duties claimed his attention. Several of the native catechists who were doing excellent service at the different mission stations had never been ordained, and rather objected to the preliminary examination in Biblical knowledge the bishop considered necessary. He gently but firmly insisted, and they yielded, passing the ordeal without difficulty.

Hannington was not the man to allow the grass to grow under his feet; his activity astonished everybody, and he did his work with such marvellous rapidity, that he was able to set his diocese in order in less time than he had anticipated, and to devote himself to the great undertaking of the march through Masailand. We have already learnt some of the reasons which induced him to prefer this route, and a consultation with Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar confirmed the opinion he had previously formed as to its practicability. James Martin, the young English sailor who had accompanied Thomson, also advised the Bishop to make the attempt, and other experienced persons concurred. The more the question was examined, the greater appeared the inducements to make a new road to the Victoria Nyanza, and after a very careful consideration of the cost, Hannington concluded that the journey could be accomplished for £1,000, or about a third of the expenditure incurred by Thomson. And though even this reduced expenditure may seem a large sum, if a direct road could be opened the ultimate saving in time and money would be great. The caravans for the interior could start from Frere Town or Rabbai, and the working of the missions in Eastern Equatorial Africa would be facilitated and improved. Hannington finally decided to make the attempt, without waiting for the concurrence of the Committee of his Society in London. The most favourable season for the journey was at hand, and he was not willing to submit to any delay. He, however, wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, explaining his reasons for starting at once, and detailing the plans he expected to carry out.

He invited his old African friend Mr. Copplestone, who was then at Frere Town, to be his companion, but failing health prevented him from going, and the Bishop eventually determined to travel without any European friend. Mr. Jones, a newly ordained native clergyman, agreed to be one of the party, and proved a great help in dealing with the natives of the various districts on the route, as well as in keeping the porters in something like order, and his journal, supplemented by Hannington's own diary and correspondence, has furnished a description of the adventures of this momentous journey, which had such a tragic ending. Another Englishman would not, in the Bishop's judgment, have added to his safety, and in a letter to Mrs.

Hannington explaining his intention of going alone, he italicised the words, "*In Jesu's keeping I am safe.*" So the lion-hearted man, bidding a long farewell to his English friends at Frere Town, started on the road to his martyrdom.

On Thursday, July 23rd, 1885, the Bishop, at the head of his caravan, marched out of Rabbai, and his difficulties immediately began. The first trouble in such an undertaking is almost always with the porters, who, having received earnest-money before starting, will, if not closely watched, desert their duty and make off with their loads. For some days, therefore, Hannington and Jones looked very carefully after stragglers, and kept the caravan well up to the mark. Another early trial was the passage of the arid desert near Taro; the unthrifty porters were supplied with an allowance of water intended to last for two days, but, unpractised in self-restraint, many drank their share on the first day, and suffered the consequences of their improvidence. This was only a repetition of Thomson's experience over the same ground, though he was more fortunate than the Bishop's party in finding unexpectedly a small lake full of dirty water, which his men greedily consumed. No such luck befell Hannington's caravan; but patiently plodding on, they got out of the desert and reached Taita in safety—only, however, to find themselves in a day or two in another waterless region, again to endure the pangs of thirst. The Bishop had a copy of Thomson's book among his baggage, and determined to take that traveller's homeward route, which seemed to be more practicable than the road he had followed on his outward journey, but it was disappointing to find that in the two years that had elapsed since his predecessor's travels a famine had decimated the country, and that cultivated fields had returned into a wild jungle.

On August 8th they came to a Wakamba village, where food was scarce, though they got enough to enable them to rest over Sunday, and, thus refreshed, were able to proceed to Nosanga, a densely populated district, where provisions were plentiful. Thomson's experience here was very different, and he was compelled to make forced marches owing to the want of food. Nothing, indeed, shows more clearly the ever-varying condition of the tribes of Africa than the journeys of these two travellers over the same route and within two years of each other. Where Thomson found fertile fields and abundance of provisions, Hannington often met with barrenness and was nearly starved; while what had been a desert to the earlier traveller, was now cultivated and well supplied with corn and other cereals.

From Kikumbuliu, a day's march farther on, Hannington had an opportunity of sending down to the coast for transmission to England the last letter he ever penned. Cheerfulness is its characteristic, in spite of the trials which pressed upon him from all sides; of these he makes as little as possible, and he jokes about many of the minor accidents of the way. "My watch has gone wrong. The candles and lamp-oil were forgotten and left behind, so the camp fire has to serve instead. My donkey has died, so that I must walk every step of the way. Well! Having no watch I don't wake up in the night to see if it is time to get up, but wait till daylight dawns. Having no candles, I don't read at night, which never suits me. Having no donkey, I can judge better as to distances, and as to what the men can do; for many

marches depend upon my saying, 'We will stop here and rest or sleep.'" And he concludes with the watchword, "We will trust and not be afraid."

So far the caravan had met with no opposition from the inhabitants of the country through which they had journeyed, but they now experienced the hostility of armed men. One morning a large band of warriors suddenly appeared to block the way, demanding presents and threatening to fight. Jones, who was in front, halted and sent back word to the Bishop, who quickly came forward, and caused some astonishment by calmly walking on in spite of the living fence by which the way was barred. The warriors gave way before the white man, and the caravan proceeded on its journey.

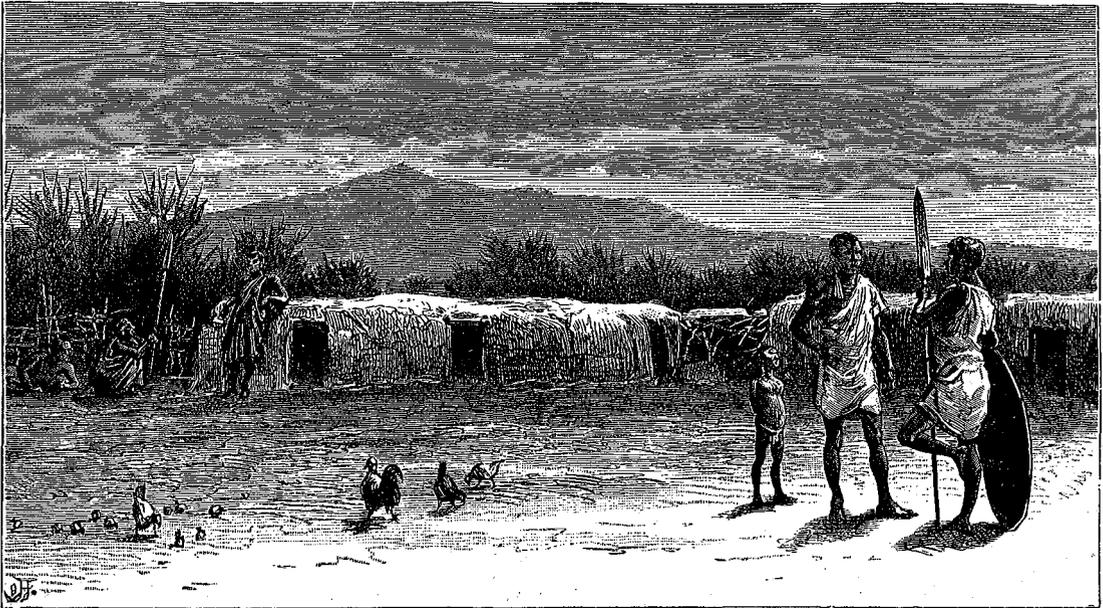
To perils from wild and savage men succeeded perils from wild beasts. A rhinoceros, infuriated by a bullet wound, rushed upon the Bishop, who happily had a second barrel in reserve, which he discharged at only four yards' distance, effectually putting an end to the creature, though had courage failed or his aim been untrue, the rhinoceros would speedily have put an end to the Bishop.

On September 10, the travellers encamped within sight of Lake Naivasha, a large sheet of fresh water, 6,000 ft. above the level of the sea, and in the midst of wild volcanic scenery, which bears traces of quite recent geological changes. In many places there are blow-holes emitting steam, and into these the natives drop offerings to propitiate the troubled spirits presumed to be working below. The caravan had now entered the land of the dreaded Masai, and Hannington knew he might at any moment be brought face to face with, and probably be attacked by, the El Moran, as the warriors of that people are called. All the younger men between the ages of seventeen and thirty constitute the army, and as the Masai are, as a rule, taller and stronger, and of a higher degree of intelligence, than the surrounding tribes, their soldiers are the terror of this part of Africa, and carry devastation and bloodshed far and wide. An El Moran smears his body with a mixture of oil and red earth, twists his hair into tails, surrounds his face with a kind of chevaux-de-frise, and covers his breast, shoulders, and lower limbs with portions of dressed skins. He protects his person with a large shield, on which devices have been painted, and carrying a long spear surmounted by a wide sharp-pointed blade, starts on the war-path reckless of his own life, and kills his enemies without mercy. At the age of thirty he ceases to be an El Moran, lays aside his arms and his fierceness, and settles down to a peaceable life. Thomson found the Masai much more tractable and friendly than he had anticipated, and learnt that they had considerable respect for white men. Hannington's experience confirms Thomson's, and he longed for the time when the knowledge of God's truth should be conveyed to this bold and haughty people, who are already worshippers of a Supreme Being, and in many other respects vastly superior to the other tribes of Equatorial Africa.

Soon after entering Masailand the caravan was surrounded by the El Moran, demanding a large hongo, or tribute, for permission to pass. Other bands appeared making similar demands, but Hannington and his fellow-travellers got clear of the Masai without much trouble, and following as closely as possible Thomson's route, reached the

Kavirondo country at the beginning of October, having been delayed twice through losing their way. The inhabitants, said to be the most naked and yet the most moral people of Africa, were at first rather afraid of the white man, though when they ascertained his peaceable errand they became very gracious, and gave him all the help they could. "Naturally," he recorded in his diary, "the natives seem good-natured and polite to strangers, and are by no means importunate. Oh, that we might possess fair Kavirondo for Christ!"

At Kwa Sundu, in this district, the Bishop decided to leave Jones in charge of



A MASAI KRAAL.

the caravan, and to press on himself with fifty men to Lussala, or Massala, on the Nyanza, where Thomson had turned back. From Lussala the Bishop proposed to cross the lake in canoes to Rubaga, and after he had visited that station, to go on to the other at the south of the lake, sending back from Rubaga any of the missionaries desirous of going down to the coast, in order that they might travel with the caravan. Hannington knew nothing of the risks he was incurring, and of the changes which had occurred in the Uganda country on the death of Mtesa, the former ruler, whose son and successor, a weak and vacillating young man, had become a mere puppet in the hands of the crafty and cruel chiefs. News travels slowly in Africa, or the Bishop would not have gone forward to certain death.

During Mtesa's reign the mission at Rubaga had prospered. The king himself was tolerant, and encouraged the missionaries to teach; they had set up a printing press, and found the natives eager not only to learn to read, but even to buy books and papers. One of Mtesa's daughters became a convert and was baptised, and, though the circumstance created some excitement at the court, the king accepted it

as a natural consequence of his tolerance. Not so his courtiers; and when he died shortly afterwards, the missionaries felt very anxious as to the course the new king, Mwanga, would adopt. He began well, and spared the lives of his brothers, who, in accordance with the horrible custom of the kingdom, expected to be killed to prevent any question being raised as to the succession. In a short time, however, the chiefs made their influence felt, and the young king's fears and suspicions were worked upon by these men, who held fast to the old tradition of their country, and were alarmed at the progress Christianity was making in their midst.

The storm-clouds of persecution soon broke upon the African church at Uganda. One of the Englishmen was arrested, though he was afterwards set at liberty, and the missionaries themselves, by a timely present to Mwanga, escaped further persecution. The native converts suffered more severely, and six boys connected with the mission were seized on the pretext that they were joining the white men against the king; the missionaries did their utmost to obtain the release of the prisoners, but only succeeded in rescuing three, and the others were condemned to suffer cruel torture, and finally were slowly roasted to death. They bore their sufferings patiently, and when the brutal executioners taunted them and told them to pray, they lifted up their voices, as did the three young Jews in the fiery furnace at Babylon, and until released by death, praised God by singing a native Christian hymn. One of the executioners was so moved by the spectacle that he came straight away to the missionaries asking to be taught to pray, and Uganda witnessed a confirmation of the old maxim, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

For a time the hand of the persecutor was stayed. The king, indeed, found so many of his people professing Christianity, that he was in doubt what to do, and when a man came to confess himself a Christian he was sent home in peace, and the accusers of the brethren were rebuffed. But this state of things was not of long continuance: the chiefs were more angry than before, and once more succeeded in exciting the worst fears of their young king. The fire of persecution was again lighted, and many native Christians suffered death; conversions followed the martyrdoms, and brave men and women sought baptism at the risk of their lives.

In the midst of this awful time the missionaries at Rubaga heard that the Bishop was at hand. They knew that the king strongly objected to any approach to his country from the direction Hannington was taking, and they repeatedly sought, though in vain, for permission to go out to meet him. The reports of his advance had also reached Mwanga, and more than one council was held to consider what should be done. At first the king was inclined to the more humane course of ordering the Bishop back, and it was not until after the chiefs had suggested a new motive for putting him to death, that Mwanga yielded to their evil advice. "Will you let the goods go back too?" they asked: and thus working upon his avarice, they furnished a politic argument for Hannington's destruction. Orders were at once despatched to kill the white man and take possession of his goods, a large body of armed men being entrusted with the fulfilment of this dreadful commission. At this juncture the missionaries again endeavoured to see the king; they were

refused admission to his presence, though he sent them word that their white friend would not be injured, but only ordered back. This message only deceived them a little while, for they soon learnt from one of the pages at Court, who was a Christian, the real and terrible truth.

And now the end was not far off. After leaving the caravan, Hannington and his fifty men advanced rapidly towards the lake, and covered a distance of a hundred and seventy miles in one week. On the 19th of October they fell in with a band of Uganda men, who surrounded the Bishop and seemed bent on stopping his advance. Many of them were drunk, and all were greatly excited, but he contrived to free himself, and pursued his journey for two days more, arriving on the 21st of October in the village of a chief named Lubwa, at the northernmost point of the Victoria Nyanza, and not far from the spot where the Nile flows out of the lake. Here Hannington was suddenly attacked by about twenty men, and after a terrible struggle with his adversaries, whom he at first supposed to be robbers, was separated from his followers and placed under strict guard in a dirty hut. The terrible mauling he had undergone, and the filthy state of the place in which he was confined, brought on an attack of fever, and his diary contains a record of much suffering, interspersed with comments upon his circumstances and with many expressions of patient endurance and of submission to God's will. For eight days his imprisonment was continued, his sufferings from weakness and fever being at times very severe. He was very low, but could still find comfort in reading his Bible, and in the last entry in his diary he stated how he had been held up by the thirtieth Psalm. Then he was brought out of the hut to an open space in the village, where his own men were already assembled, and perhaps in that moment he may have thought that the worst was over, and that he would now be allowed to resume his journey. Suddenly the flashing spears of the Uganda warriors revealed the terrible truth. The Bishop and his men had been thus brought together to be murdered. The bloody work soon began, and his helpless followers fell dead and dying before their cruel executioners. The Bishop was one of the last victims, for the men told off to kill him seemed to draw back from his commanding presence, and to hesitate before sacrificing that noble life. When they closed upon him, he drew himself up, and bade them tell their king that he was about to die for the Uganda, and had purchased the road thither with his life. Still they hesitated. He pointed to his own gun, and one of them taking it up set free his spirit from its earthly tabernacle.

Four men who escaped death carried back the news to Mr. Jones at Kwa Sundu. At first he refused to believe their story, but after waiting a month and getting no tidings from Rubaga, he was compelled to conclude that the Bishop had indeed perished in his attempt to create a new highway for the messengers of glad tidings to the peoples of Africa. Collecting the remaining members of the caravan, he sorrowfully led them back to Rabbai, which they entered at dawn on the 4th of February, 1886, to repeat their sad story to the widows of those who had been massacred, and to tell the English missionaries of the heroic death of their brother and leader.

Another victim had been sacrificed for Africa, and he whom Englishmen and natives had learnt to honour and revere had been struck down in the very beginning of his work. Yet we cannot believe that Hannington had laboured in vain. The native Christians in Uganda have not forgotten his dying declaration that he perished in the endeavour to open a new road to them. His memory is cherished at all the mission stations of his vast diocese; his example still animates the English missionary and the African convert; and the martyrdom of the first Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa has added another name to the long roll of Christian heroes of whom the world was not worthy.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

NORTHERN AFRICA.

The Kabyles—The North African Mission—Algerian Stations—In Morocco—Tunis—Tripoli—Howling Dervishes—The Soudan—Abyssinia—Legends of Hermits—Dr. Gobat—Ludwig Krapp—King Theodore II.—Death Threatened to the Missionaries—Cruel Captivity—Sir Robert Napier at Magdala.

ONE night in 1876, when a terrible epidemic had succeeded to a time of famine, two poor Kabyles lay down to die upon the pavement in front of an hotel in Algiers. An English lady looking from the window saw the ghastly face of one of them upturned in the moonlight. In the morning when the doors were opened, the Arabs to whom the lady spoke thought no more of the affair than of the death of a couple of dogs. But the pitiful sight stirred the heart of this Christian woman to deep sympathy with a down-trodden people. She and her husband (Mr. George Pearse) had come to Algiers to labour amongst the French soldiers, but they could not rest till an effort was made to carry the Gospel to the Kabyles. And from this movement sprung the North African Mission, which now employs fifty missionaries in Morocco, Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis.

But it was five years more before an actual beginning could be made. Mr. Pearse first wrote a little book to interest Christians in this ancient race—the tall, fair-skinned, blue-eyed people, who, as Professor Sayce says, “represent the descendants of the white-skinned Libyans of the Egyptian monuments.” They have been successively subject to Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Turks and French, but have never lost their love of freedom. After several journeys amongst the Kabyle villages by the Pearses, a settled mission was established in 1881 in a village at the foot of Jur-jura. Here under great difficulties (for the French local administrators thought there must be some political aim in this business) a succession of workers have laboured in the little whitewashed mission house, and have had much encouragement as regards the women and children. “The girls of the lower class,” writes Miss Cox, “are from their earliest years despised and outcast, with the hardest work and no instruction whatever. These poor children lead a loveless life indeed, until sometimes at the early age of ten (often younger) the father or brother of the poor little

one decides to sell her to a strange man, old enough often to be her father or grandfather. After this she is little better than a slave in the house of her husband. When he rides she walks, while he is resting she is doing the most menial work of all kinds. If she fails to please she can be sold again, and even separated from her children. Higher-class Kabyle women are gentle and sweet-looking; they are close prisoners, only appearing abroad enveloped in black veils.

Six stations are now occupied in Algeria, and the nineteen brethren and sisters



ALGIERS.

working there no longer confine their efforts to the Kabyles, but minister to any who are willing-hearted. Mr. Lilley at Mostoganew has a very interesting class of Arab shoeblacks. Mr. Cheesman works as a colporteur amongst the tents of wandering tribes.

In Morocco the work which began in 1884 has gone on very encouragingly. No remote region of the world can be more in need of missionary effort than these lands of intense faith, constant prayer, and rigid religious duties. "Side by side with it all," reports Mr. Thomson, "rapine and murder, rapacity of the most advanced type, and brutish and nameless vices exist. From the Sultan down to the loathsome half-starved beggar, . . . all are alike morally rotten. Everywhere Moorish misgovernment

is casting its blighting influence on the brave, industrious villagers of the Atlas Mountains." And this land is only three hours' sail from English Gibraltar, and about four days from London.

The work begun in a quiet way at Tangier in 1884 is now represented by substantial mission premises with a hospital and dispensary, stations at Fez and other places, and about twenty missionaries. Miss Tulloch's devoted services (of which the fruits remain) were cut short by typhoid fever in 1886. One of her converts endured several weeks of persecution from his friends, who enticed him home on false pretences, but he returned to the mission and was baptised after Miss Tulloch's death. A word of recognition is also due to the interesting work of Miss Herdman and Miss Caley at Arzila and Larache, and subsequently at Fez. But for more details we must refer our readers to Mr. F. T. Haig's graphic little volume, "Daybreak in North Africa."

Turning now to Tunis, we find that the work began here by the opening of a small book-shop, with a room for conversation with any willing to confer with the two missionaries and their wives who were in charge of the establishment. This was in Tunis city, the capital of the State. It was taken under the protection of the French a few years ago, when a French army marched to the sacred city of Kairwan, hitherto carefully guarded from profanation by a Christian foot for a thousand years. Here slumbered in death, with a piece of the prophet's beard upon his breast, Mohammed's intimate friend, known as "My Lord the Companion." The hated Nazarene may now gaze fearlessly through the gilded lattice, at the sacred spot where the revered corpse lies entombed in marble.

The workers in Tunis have since been reinforced, and are now nine in number. But they are very anxious for more help, in order to leave the capital and occupy some of the villages.

In February, 1889, two young missionaries were sent to begin the work in Tripoli—Mr. Michell, who had been learning Arabic in Tunis for a year, and Mr. Harding, a medical man from England. In Tripoli the Turk reigns supreme, and great fears were entertained as to Christian missionaries being permitted to reside in the State. The Moslems here are reported as being more intelligent and better educated than those farther west, and more bitterly opposed to the Gospel. But though encountering a good deal of bigotry, the two young missionaries have met with some encouraging results, and their pioneer efforts will probably be followed up. They reached Tripoli city through its belt of fields and wells, groves of palm and cactus hedges, and droves of camels and dirty Arabs. They began by visiting the cafés and conversing with people as they sipped their coffee. It got abroad that Harding was a "tabib" or doctor, and plenty of patients soon made their appearance.

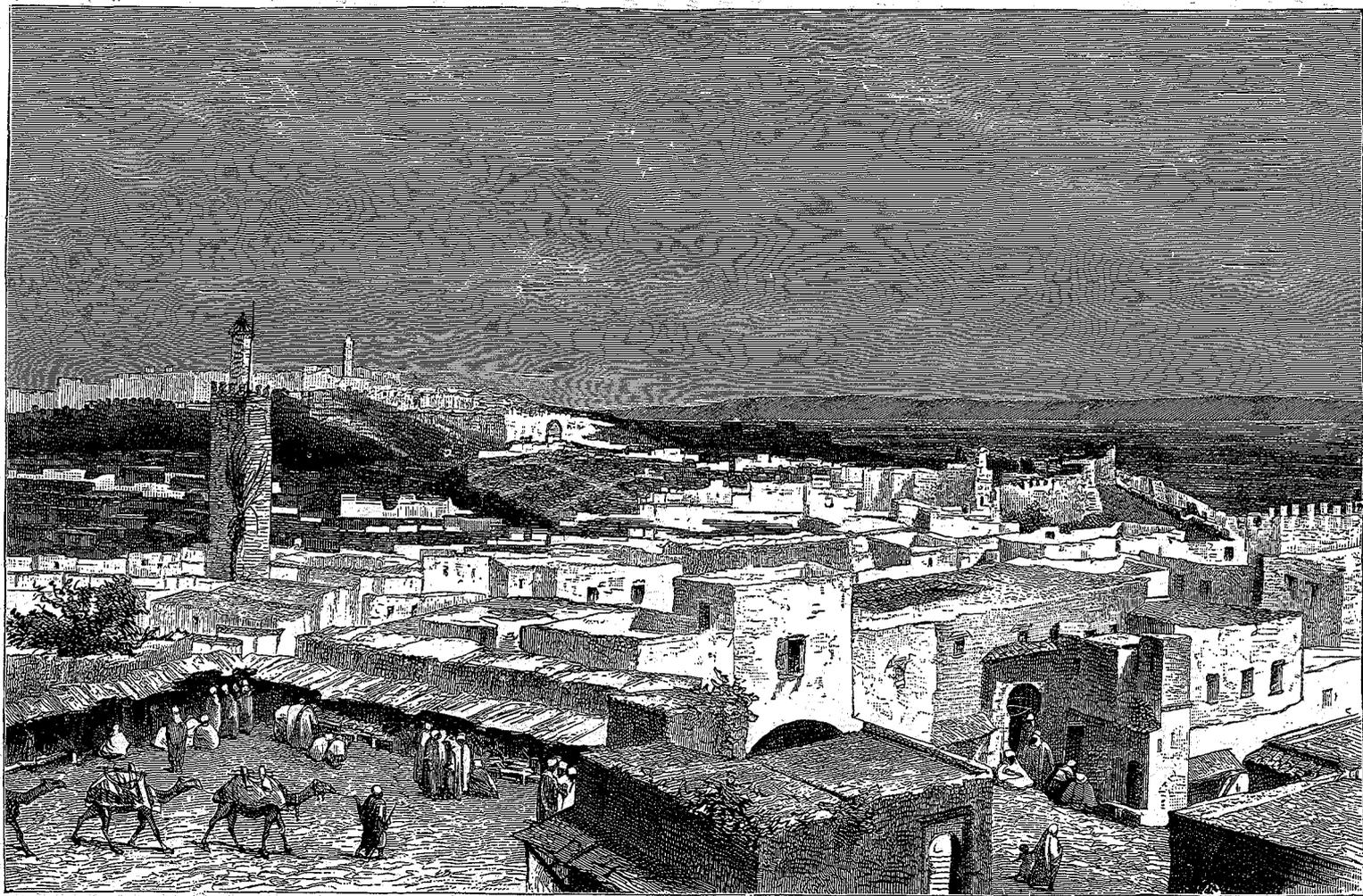
"We are looked upon as regular *habitués* of our café now," writes Mr. Harding in March, 1889, "and the Lord has evidently made good our footing there. One gentleman had a good long read out of the New Testament to-night. The proprietor is a very bigoted Mohammedan, but of course so long as our sous are forthcoming he is not the man to make a fuss."

Mr. Michell reports "a long talk with a very pleasant old gentleman, who came to ask for medicine for his wife. He told me the Mohammedan belief about the Lord Jesus, and their account of the substitution of another Jew for Him at the Crucifixion, and of their expectation of His return. 'But,' said he, 'when He does return He will declare Himself a true Moslem, and will expect His followers to repeat the formula, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!" and as for those that refuse——!' and he made a significant gesture with his stick."

On another occasion Mr. Michell tells how "till three o'clock in the morning we were preaching and discussing the Gospel with a whole society of 'Howling Dervishes.'" They had been introduced by a friendly Turk, and witnessed the usual performances, which went on till midnight. There were prayers and prostrations, followed by repetitions of "La Ilaha, illa Alla," at first slowly, "and then, beginning to sway their bodies from side to side, they spoke quicker and louder every minute, until it became a hoarse roar of inarticulate sounds, their bodies thrown frantically from side to side and backwards and forwards, till one would think their backs would be dislocated." After the chanting and jerking, began vigorous dancing to a roar of "Allahu, Allahu," and when all was over the Gospel was exhaustively discussed for two or three hours. These Turkish Dervishes were deeply interested, and most of them accompanied the missionaries to their home, and seemed anxious to meet them again. There is, however, reason to believe that a hope of converting the two young men to Islamism had something to do with this friendliness. "Oh! Michell," exclaimed one of their Turkish acquaintances, "what a fearful thing it will be for you when you will be in the fire, and you will remember your friend S., and wish you had remembered his words and believed in the Prophet." Both Harding and Michell felt the faithful earnestness of these men to be a lesson to themselves.

The North African Mission is attempting to push a branch into Central Soudan, under the care of Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke, but the unsettled state of the country has retarded this effort. The vast Sahara, with its few millions of scattered Berbers and Arabs, is still without a missionary, and Soudan, with its immense and varied population, has as yet seen little attempted in the way of direct religious teaching. In Eastern Soudan, it is true, influences of a more or less civilising character have been at work, in connection with the careers of Sir S. Baker, General Gordon, Emin Pasha, and others. Whether these influences, although unfortunately mixed up with many regrettable incidents, will eventually be overruled to make way for the triumphs of the Gospel, remains to be seen.

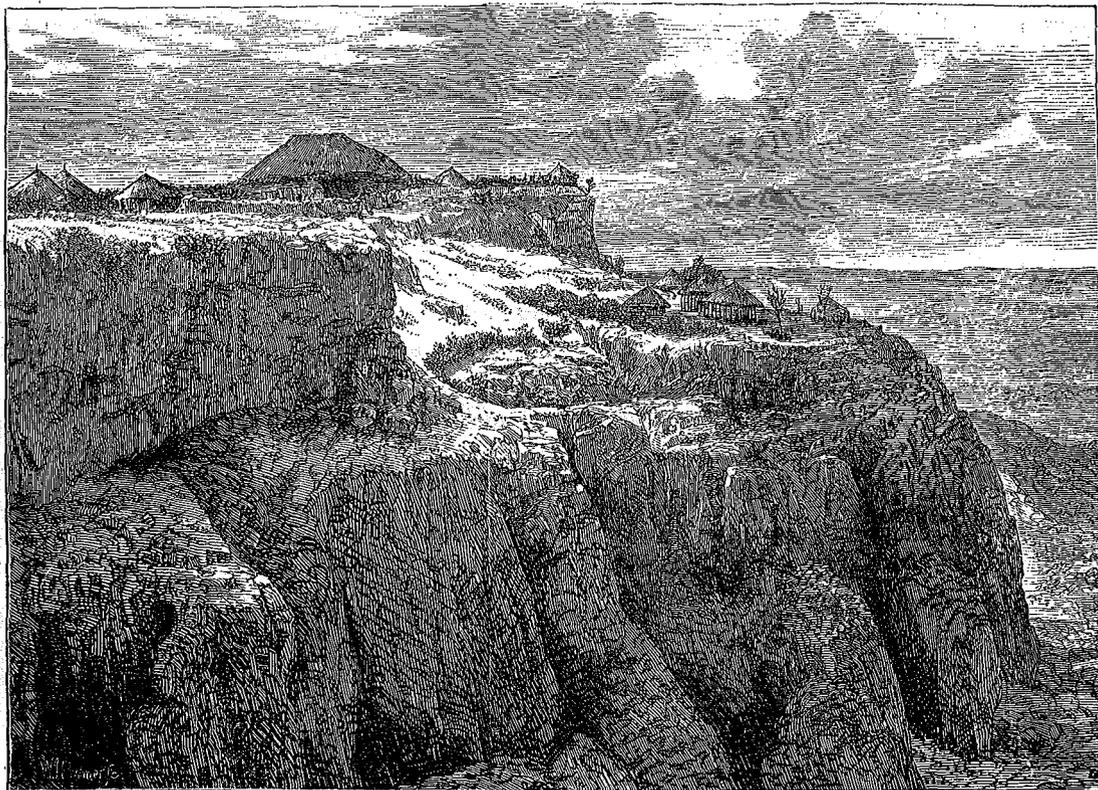
Abyssinia, as many of our readers know, is an isolated mountainous region, from whose lofty table-land and rugged defiles a thousand tributary streams bear down into the Blue Nile the fertilising silt that year by year makes Egypt. It is a wild land of volcanic rocks and towering basalt columns, and vast precipitous mountain walls that raise almost insuperable barriers against invasion from the outer world. In this elevated region the tropical heat is tempered to a genial warmth, and animal and vegetable life flourish luxuriantly in innumerable varied forms.



TANGIER.

In the fourth century of our era, Abyssinia became a Christian country, and behind its rugged ramparts, against which Moslem and heathen hordes had surged in vain, it was still guarding its religion when Vasco de Gama re-discovered the long-forgotten land.

But though on countless high places stand the innumerable churches with their conical roofs and wooden colonnades, and although the Abyssinian as a rule is very sound as regards the primary doctrines of the faith, yet for centuries the land has



MAGDALA.

known almost nothing of the true life of Christianity. Rites and ceremonies are duly kept up by the illiterate priests, fasts and festivals carefully observed, and saints and angels venerated. When Gobat came amongst them, his holy life led to a rumour that he was the Archangel Michael. Monks and nuns of an ascetic type dwell in clusters of huts or in caves all over the country. Some of these hermit colonies are on inaccessible rocks, to which the visitor is drawn up by rope and basket. Upon a plateau of this character at Debra Damot dwell 120 monks, who boast that no female, not even a hen, has ever invaded their sacred retreat. It was founded by a holy man, who only reached the summit by holding on to the tail of a monstrous serpent. This good man is known in legend as Aragawi, or the climber. Here in a cave was wont to dwell a recluse who could be conversed with, but never seen. He heard

the truth of the matter from Gobat's lips, who told him, "As long as you think so highly of yourself and so lightly esteem your brethren, all your works will be worthless and sinful in the sight of God." The old man was heard weeping, but he stayed in his cave.

Many are the strange legends told of venerated hermits. One fought with Satan for six miles, and threw him off a mountain; another actually converted the Devil, and made him do penance as a monk for forty years, and so forth. Their Christianity, such as it is, has kept the Abyssinians foremost amongst African races; yet gross superstition, ignorance, immorality, cruel ferocity when excited by passion—all these and other evils abound, though in combination with hospitality, benevolence, self-sacrifice, and many other admirable traits.

Nearly two hundred years ago Ludolf of Gotha tried to stir up Christendom to a sense of its duty towards the debased Church of Abyssinia. Except some unsuccessful efforts by Moravians, nothing was attempted until, in 1829, Gobat and Kugler took up their residence at Adowah. Gobat so charmed the people that they wanted to make him Abuna, or Patriarch of the Abyssinian Church. In October, 1830, the two missionaries were out hunting wild boars to procure fat for making ointment, when Kugler's left arm was wounded in several places by the bursting of his gun. Though temporarily staunch, the wounds burst out afresh, and in less than a week Kugler was dead. Gobat continued his labours in Abyssinia till 1836, and was joined by the Rev. C. W. Isenberg. But the people, though very respectful, took no real interest in religious truth, and after Gobat's departure became decidedly antagonistic.

All this time civil war was raging in the country, one result of which was that the mountainous province of Shoa, only approachable by desert roads infested by robber hordes, made itself independent. Here a cruel despotism and a degraded priesthood were flourishing in close alliance, when Dr. Krapf penetrated into this jealously guarded realm.

Ludwig Krapf, to childlike piety and fervent zeal in his Master's cause, joined scholarship of no common order, and also the enterprising boldness of the man of action. He and his colleague, Isenberg, driven out of Tigré by the savage tyrant Oubea, came to Shoa. Here he soon gained the confidence of the King Sahela Selassie; and a school was established and the Bible circulated in the dialect of the people. The king delighted to listen to him, presented him with a silver sword, and conferred upon him the rank of governor. The offered honour of a viceroyalty was respectfully declined. Krapf's efforts were ably seconded by Captain Harris, who came here as English envoy in 1842. Through their joint exertions the king was induced to sign a treaty to suppress the slave traffic in his territory, and he also set free 4,700 of his own slaves. Seven of the king's relations, who, in accordance with an ancient Abyssinian custom, were working in chains to keep them out of mischief, were set free after thirty years' captivity.

Krapf was hoping to see great things in Shoa, but unfortunately Harris was withdrawn by the English Government before the treaty was carried out. Krapf, by

the king's permission, undertook a journey to Egypt, but in passing through the Galla territory was robbed and imprisoned by the chief, Adara Bille. The missionary escaped by night, and had to beg his way through Abyssinia on foot. Sometimes over icy mountain passes and sometimes across burning plains, often in great danger from wild beasts or from savage natives, the indefatigable missionary pressed forward, and arrived safely at Massowah. He purposed resuming his work in Shoa, but the king refused him admittance. The priests, who tacitly sanctioned their Christian monarch's harem of three hundred women, induced him to banish the evangelical missionary. Thus Shoa lost its golden opportunity, and Krapf went away to work amongst the heathen Wanakas of the East Coast.

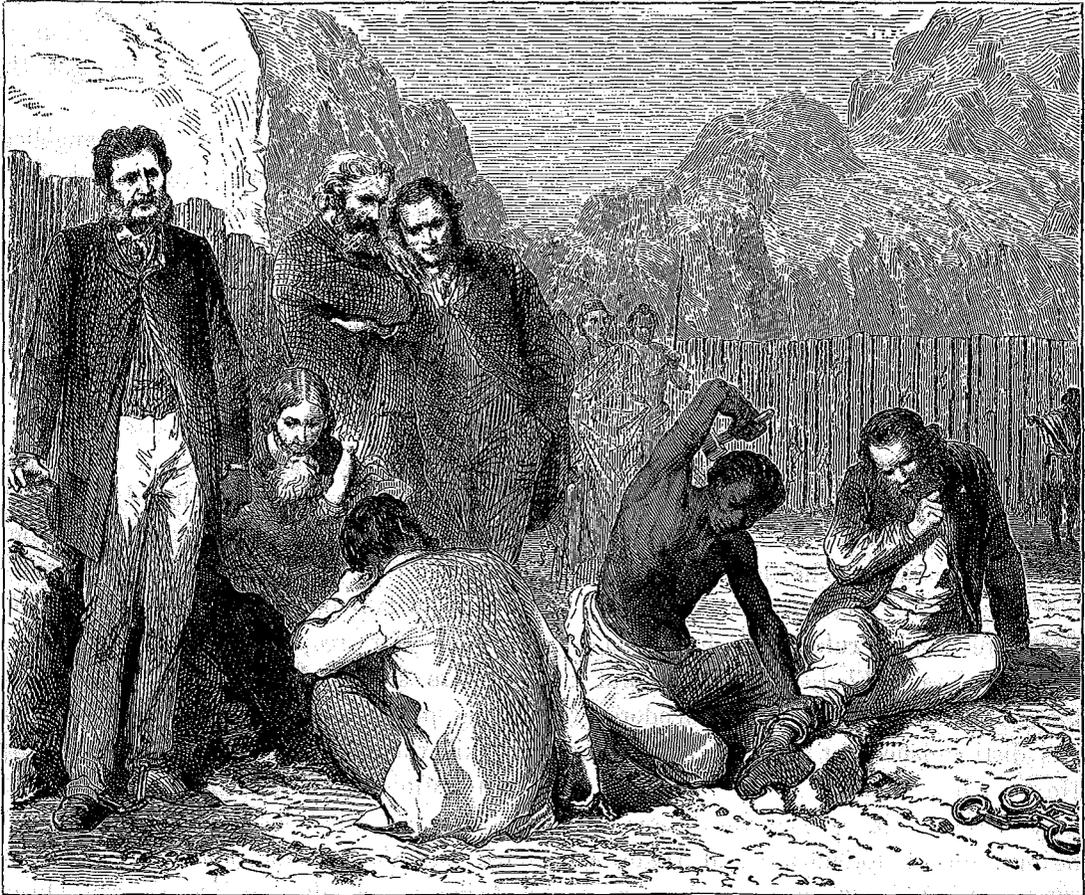
Great revolutionary changes had taken place in Abyssinia before the evangelical mission was resumed in 1856. The rival tyrants of Amhara and Tigré had both been overthrown by King Theodore. Gobat, in 1838, had by copious bleedings restored to sanity a savage maniac, the Viceroy Hailu, from whom the Abyssinian priests had in vain striven to drive the evil spirit. Hailu had a son named Kasai, a lad of twelve. He was a studious youth, and read with delight the New Testament given to him by Gobat. But next we hear of him in the wilderness shooting elephants, overcoming robber bands, and at length developing into a robber chief himself. He was noted, however, for his elemency, inasmuch as instead of killing his prisoners, he only cut off their ears. Through family influence he became governor of a province, married the daughter of Ras Ali, and then fought against and conquered both Ras Ali and Oubea, and in February, 1855, was crowned Negusa Negest, or king of kings, under the name of Theodore II.

Gobat (who had at this time been appointed Bishop of Jerusalem) believed that Theodore would rule well, and thought the time for reopening the mission had arrived. Krapf, Flad, Waldmaner, and others, were sent, and duly welcomed by the king. From 1855 to 1860 Theodore was giving promise of a beneficent reign. He was distinguished for personal bravery, and for skill with the rifle and in horsemanship. He was just though severe, and had even State Ministers whipped when he thought they deserved it. "Theodore," says Thiersch, "helped the poor and the oppressed; he encouraged agriculture and trade, prohibited the slave traffic, and abolished polygamy. He himself set a good example by living in lawful matrimony with Queen Towabetsh, and by receiving with her from time to time the sacrament of Holy Communion. This Queen possessed the power of influencing him by her gentleness of spirit, and of softening his anger. He was at this period in the habit of reading the Bible, and he also showed favour to the missionaries, protecting them against the attacks of the priests."

The missionaries were strictly forbidden to form congregations, but were to do all they could to help forward the spiritual life of the native clergy and laity. They mostly worked at trades, circulated the Bible, taught the young, and conversed with all who were willing, and for a time all went smoothly. Several hundred workmen were placed at their disposal, and the king was delighted with the results achieved. Unhappily, the missionaries consented to co-operate in the

manufacture of weapons of war—a concession which subsequently brought them much reproach.

Only in briefest words can we allude to Theodore's rapid declension. Absolute power ruined him. His good Queen died; his faithful friend and adviser, John Bell, who years before had left lion-hunting beside the Blue Nile to follow the fortunes



MANACLING THE MISSIONARIES AT MAGDALA.

of young Kasai, was killed in battle. The king took to hard drinking and other vices; polygamy and the slave trade were revived; oppressive taxation and merciless tyranny characterised his government. Theodore had himself usurped the throne, and as he grew unpopular, it was only natural that rebellions should be frequent. These were repressed with ferocious cruelty, and his victims, with hands and feet cut off, were left to die under the scorching rays of the sun. Offended at the European Powers, who slighted the offers of alliance which he now made to them, the king fell out with the missionaries. He confined them to their quarters, but continued to keep them well employed. His anger grew, and soon the missionaries and other Europeans

found themselves really prisoners. In November, 1863, they were all threatened with death, and for two years and a half their lot was a pitiable one. They were hurried from place to place, and several of them were tortured.

At length, in January, 1866, the British Government sent an embassy with rich presents, and an autograph letter from Queen Victoria asking for the liberation of the captives. Theodore was gratified, and liberated his prisoners, but as they were returning with the embassy, the king had the whole party arrested and brought in chains before



THE CHURCH AT MAGDALA, AFTER THE CAPTURE.

him. In April, 1866, he sent Martin Flad to Queen Victoria to negotiate for peace, and asking for engineers' tools and machines to be sent out to him. Whilst Flad was away on this mission, the prisoners were harshly treated, and kept in constant terror by the vindictive rage of the king. He burned alive or starved to death all who tried to desert from his army. When he doubted the loyalty of any particular district, he burned the inhabitants in their huts, without regard to age or sex. Cutting throats, hacking off hands and feet, pinioning down men to die of starvation, and other horrors, were of daily occurrence. Meanwhile the missionaries were working in chains, and two of them were compelled to make a journey on foot with their hands fastened to their knees.

Flad returned in May, 1867. The Queen's letter demanded the liberation of the

prisoners. Engineers and machines were sent to Massowah, but were to remain there until the captives were set free. Theodore refused, and laughed at the idea of any foreign Power getting at him in his mountain fortress of Magdala. The end, however, soon came. In October, 1867, Sir Robert Napier, with 12,000 fighting-men, scaled in six days the outer mountain barrier of Abyssinia. Just before Easter, 1868, King Theodore saw the English host on the table-land of Talanta, that faces the basaltic rocks of Magdala. We need not recount here the details of the siege and storming of the fortress city. The fifty-nine prisoners were delivered, and Theodore shot himself, with a revolver which he had received as a present from Queen Victoria. "I believe," he is reported to have said, "that God was with me; but Satan led me astray to deeds of cruelty."

King John of Abyssinia has tried to burn all Bibles left in the country by Gobat's missionaries, and will not tolerate any Europeans in his dominions. King Menelek of Shoa for a time encouraged Mr. Mayer (one of the rescued missionaries) to work in his territory amongst the heathen Gallas. But in 1886 he was compelled by King John, as his suzerain, to expel all Protestant missionaries and Europeans. Mr. Mayer and his fellow-missionaries had accordingly to leave their people, who were heart-broken at the parting. They had an arduous journey through the wilderness, where robbers abounded, and the bodies of murdered men half-eaten by hyenas met their gaze. They reached Tajarrab in safety, but their money was mostly stolen. A French war-ship conveyed them to Aden, and they were only just able to pay their passage to Jerusalem. So ends, for the present, Protestant mission work in Abyssinia.

XLIV.—CENTRAL AMERICA.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

MEXICO, MOSQUITIA, AND HONDURAS.

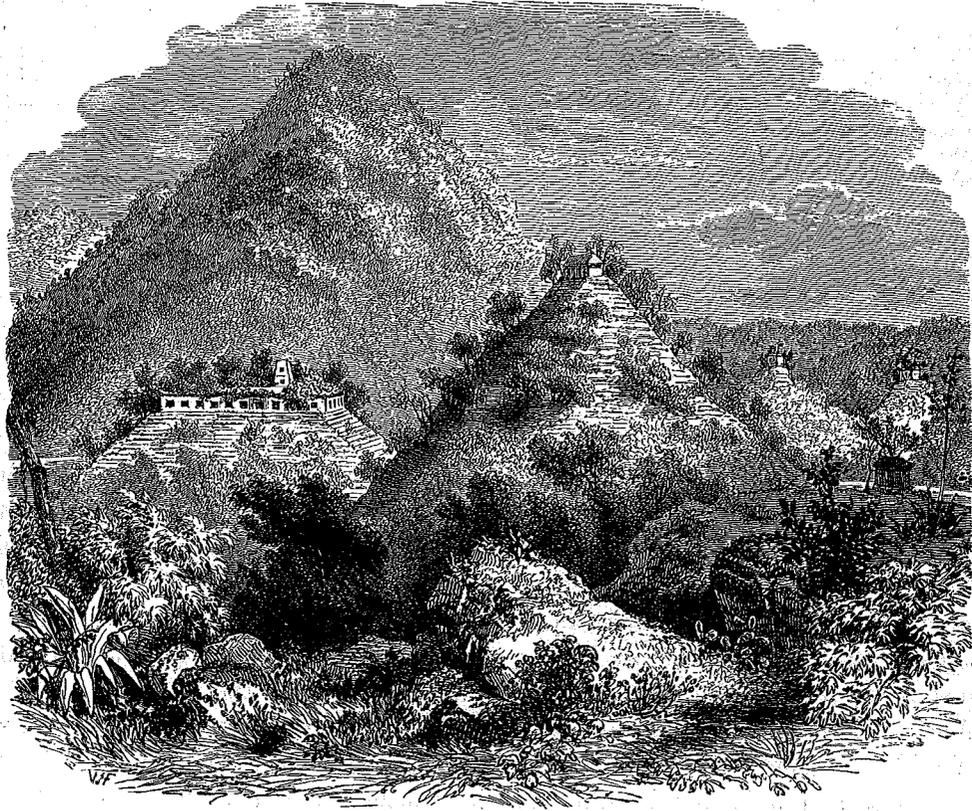
Nominal Christianity—Cortes and his Companions—Ancient Religion of the Mexicans—Gods and Temples—Human Sacrifices and other Cruel Rites—Skull-places—Enforced Religious Conformity—Las Casas—Mexican Catholicism—The Civic Hidalgo—Distribution of Bibles—Miss Melinda Rankin—The Rev. John Beveridge—Messrs. Stephens and Watkins—"Death to the Protestants!"—A Tragedy—The Rule of Juarez—The "Church of Jesus"—The Rev. Henry Riley—True Liberty—Manuel Agnas—A Challenge to Controversy—Death of Agnas—Puebla—Oaxaca—Murders and Riots—The Indians of Mexico—Roman Catholicism and the old Aztec Religion—The Mosquito Shore—Bluefields and Belize—No Grog!—The Moravian Mission—Sorcery and Witchcraft—British Honduras—Messrs. Angas and Co.—George Fife Angas and Native Slaves.

THE evangelisation of Mexico bids fair to be one of the great triumphs of modern missions. Only a quarter of a century ago, a noble-hearted woman, Miss Melinda Rankin, began upon the Mexican border that work which Episcopalians, Friends, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Methodists are now vigorously pushing forward. About a hundred and fifty foreigners and some three hundred native workers are engaged in the religious teaching of over thirty thousand church-members and attenders of the various Protestant missions. But the numbers are constantly increasing, and fresh churches, chapels, and schoolhouses are rising in various places—in many cases without any financial help from outside Mexico. The phenomenon is one of vast importance and of absorbing interest, and is, indeed, in a certain sense, a unique example of Christian effort. In no other case have Christian churches vied with each other in scattering their missionaries broadcast over a *nominally* Christian land. To understand the causes that have operated in leading up to the present hopeful state of affairs, we must briefly recount the religious experience of Mexico in the past.

When Cortes and his companions in the sixteenth century were conquering the New World for Spain and Rome, they found in Mexico a people enjoying a high state of civilisation, and animated by the "stirring memories of a thousand years." They had good houses, and fine clothing; they were manufacturers, merchants, farmers, miners; they had their schools and colleges, their palaces, temples, pyramids, and aqueducts; an elaborate legal system, which was at the same time cruelly severe, punished the drunkard or the swindler with death, and the slanderer with torture. The morality inculcated in private and civil life was very strict; the lips of a lying child were pricked with a thorn; and if the lying became habitual, one of the lips was permanently split.

The religion of the Mexicans seems to have had very little to do with their moral code, and was, for the most part, polytheism. It is true that there are some traces of a belief in a supreme invisible deity called Tloquenahuaque, "he who is all in himself," or Ipalnemoan, "he by whom we live," and who was propitiated by incense and flowers, instead of bloody sacrifices. A mysterious rival deity, who, under the name of Tlacatecoltl or "man-owl," embodied the principle of evil, is also heard of.

But these beings were only known to the esoteric few; the popular faith rested in a multitude of gods of the usual barbaric type. Of these the highest in rank was Tezcatlipoca, a deity of high antiquity, to whom many varied attributes were assigned. To him prayers were offered for health and fortune, for help in war, and for pardon to penitent transgressors. The huge pyramids of Teotihuacan show how important a feature of ancient Mexican religion was the worship of the sun and moon, personified



AZTEC PYRAMIDS AND TEMPLES AT PALENQUE.

as Tonatiuh and Metzli. But in many respects the real head of the Aztec Pantheon was the war-god Huitzilopochtli, according to some accounts a deified warrior-chief, and according to others the result of a miraculous conception. You may see his image in the courtyard of the National Museum at Mexico—the same idol that Montezuma showed to Cortes when they went up to the temple together.

Of Centeotl, goddess of corn; Mictlantotli, lord of the dead; Tlazolteotl, goddess of pleasure; Tezcatzoncatl, god of strong drink, and a whole crowd of minor gods and goddesses, we need not give further details. Numberless also were the deities of the hills and groves, whose shrines confronted the passer-by on every road, and at which he was expected to leave his offering. The more important gods had their temples in the great cities, each temple being designated a *teocalli*, or “god’s house.” The

teocallis of the greater deities were vast pyramids, rising in successive terraces from a square base to a small platform at the top.

The most famous temple in Mexico was the teocalli of Huitzilopochtli, in the capital. The wall that enclosed its square courtyard measured a quarter of a mile on each side, and from the outer square the four chief streets of the city radiated. In the centre rose the vast pyramid of rubble cased with hewn stone, upon whose five terraces and flights of steps the processions of priests and victims were visible to all the city. "On the paved platform," says Dr. Tyler, "were three-storey tower temples, in whose ground floor stood the stone images and altars, and before that of the war-god, the green stone of sacrifice, humped so as to bend upward the body of the victim, that the priest might more easily slash open the breast with his obsidian knife, tear out the heart and hold it up before the god, while the captor and his friends were waiting below for the carcase to be tumbled down the steps for them to carry home, to be cooked for the feast of victory. Before the shrines, reeking with the stench of slaughter, the eternal fires were kept burning, and on the platform stood the huge drum covered with snake's skin, whose fearful sound was heard for miles."

Looking down from the summit platform into the courtyard below, the spectator beheld seventy other temples within the enclosure, each with its image and its blazing fire. There, too, was the tzompantli, or "skull-place," where thousands of the skulls of victims were displayed, piled up into towers, or skewered on long sticks.

Religious festivals were the great feature of the Mexican calendar; one at least occurred in each of the eighteen twenty-day months that made up the year. One of the earliest festivals of the year was that of Tlaloc, the god of storms. A grand procession of priests, with triumphal music, carried through the streets on plumed litters a number of gaily attired children, who were then offered up as propitiatory sacrifices on the adjacent mountains. A notable festival was that of Xipe-totec, the god of the goldsmiths. It was known as "the flaying of men," because the human victims, after having their hearts torn out, were flayed, in order that the young men might dress in their skins and perform dances and sham fights. But perhaps the most solemn festival of the year was that of Tezcatlipoca, in the fifth month. From all the captives that had been taken in war during the previous twelve months, the handsomest and noblest had been selected to be the incarnate representative of the god. Dressed in embroidered robes, his head adorned with plumes and wreaths, and attended by a kingly retinue, he was carried through the streets to receive public adoration. They married him to four girls, representing four of the chief goddesses in the Mexican Pantheon, and then on the last day he was escorted by his wives and pages to the temple Tlacochealco. It was his last experience of earthly pageantry, for as he reached the summit of the stairs the priests seized him, and tore out his heart. His head was set to bleach on the tzompantli, and his body eaten as a sacred repast.

All the festivals were attended by similar horrors, and every temple was a

shambles. The victims were sometimes burnt, sometimes crushed, and the horrid round of butchery was varied by wild revelry and sham fights. But agony and death marked out the calendar, until at the close of the year every fire in the city was extinguished, to be rekindled from the altar of the God of Fire. There, upon the bosom of a living victim, new fire was kindled by a priest, and presently flaming brands in the hands of swift runners were carrying far and near the flame that was to spread from house to house, and light up once more the fires of the land.

In a very rough and wholesale fashion Cortes and his troops set to work to transform the Mexicans into Christians. They enforced religious conformity by the exercise of their power as conquerors, and baptised the people by thousands at a time. It was the soldiers, rather than the monks, that flocked after them, who really effected the nominal conversion of Mexico. Cortes insisted that the gods revered for ages should be at once overthrown, and the Virgin Mary substituted in their place. It was in vain that some cities offered "to give her a fair show with the rest;" the conquerors would accept no compromise, and all through the land "we, the conquerors," says Bernal Diaz, "taught them to keep wax candles before the holy altars and crosses." He goes on to say, "It is true that after the lapse of two years, when the country was subjugated and civilised, certain worthy Fathers, Franciscans of good example and doctrine, came here, and were followed in three or four years by Fathers of St. Dominic, who completed what others had begun."

Thus was a foreign religion forced upon Mexico by the sword, and established by dungeon, fire, and rack. For three centuries and a half the Roman priests had everything their own way in the land, and the history of that long reign of priestcraft is a story of greed, oppression, and crime. The Church joined with the State in a career of violence and plunder, and the heartless brutalities that marked the path of Spanish conquest, were endorsed as being for the glory of God and the true Church. One man stands out in that dark age of cruelty as an apostle of mercy. The good Las Casas never ceased to plead for mercy to the native races. "With mine own eyes," he says, "I saw kingdoms as full of people as hives are of bees, and now where are they? . . . Almost all have perished. The innocent blood which they had shed cried out for vengeance; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up to God."

The nineteenth century came, and Mexico was still a nominally Roman Catholic country. The Inquisition had suppressed every suspicion of heresy, and the Church had possessed itself of a large proportion of the wealth of the nation. The people everywhere were sunk in ignorance and degradation, the pastors were corrupt, the Indians to a large extent still pagan, even in their very use of the forms of the Church, whilst amongst the Creoles (of Spanish descent) and the Mestizzas (or mixed race) religion was very much a matter of externals, exerting little authority over life and conduct. But the present century has also witnessed in Mexico a native and spontaneous revolt against the Church—a revolt which from year to year has increased in intensity and force. As in Germany and Italy in the Middle Ages, and as in England before the Reformation, the popular Mexican literature has manifested an intense hatred of the priests. Their greed and corruption have been the favourite theme of caricaturists and

popular writers. The corruption of the Church and the debasement of its votaries can be emphatically proved by the printed testimony of hundreds of such witnesses.

But the debasement of religion that prevailed in Mexico, and which compelled the Protestant Churches of a neighbouring realm to rush in and occupy the country as if it were a heathen land, is more forcibly portrayed by Emmanuel Domenech, a French priest, who was chaplain to the French *corps expeditionnaire* of 1862, and afterwards Director of the Press in the Cabinet of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian. He published several works on Mexico, but of these the most startling is "Le Mexique tel qu'il est." In treating of religion in Mexico, he writes unsparingly of the ignorance, greed, and immorality of the clergy, who trafficked in the Sacraments and made money out of every religious ceremony. It took a Mexican labourer five years to accumulate the sum demanded for marriage, so, as a rule, he found it expedient to do without the ceremony. Of the scandalous private life of the priests M. Domenech gives many details, and as a natural consequence he found the flocks in a very low state.

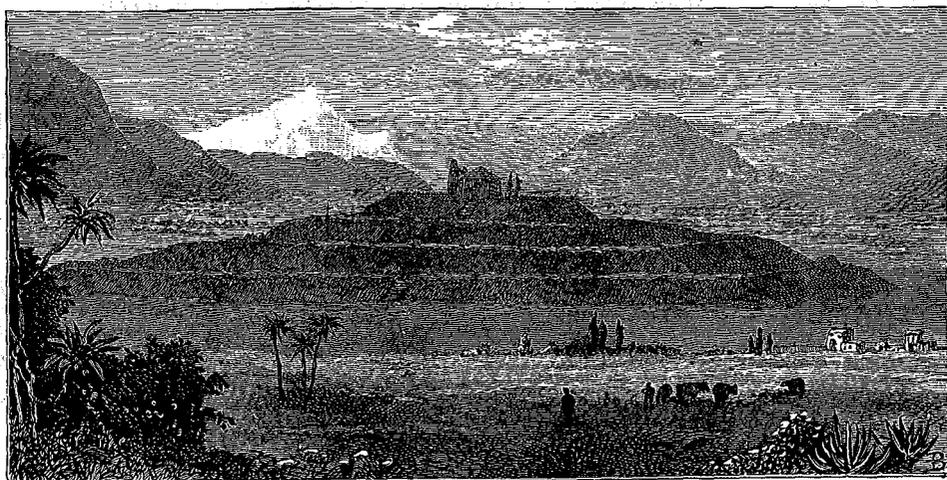
"The Mexican is not a Catholic," says M. Domenech; "he is a Christian simply because he is baptised. I speak here of the masses, and not of numerous exceptions which are to be found in all classes of society. I affirm that Mexico is not a Catholic country, because the majority of the Indian population are semi-idolaters—because the majority of the Mexicans carry ignorance of religion to the point of having no worship but that of form. This worship is materialistic beyond doubt; it does not know what it is to adore God in spirit. It is in vain to look for good fruits from this hybrid tree, which makes of the Mexican religion a singular collection of lifeless devotions, of haughty ignorance, of unhealthy superstition, and of horrible vices." "It would take volumes," our writer declares, "to recount the idolatrous superstitions of the Indians which are still in existence. . . . Sacrifices of turtles and other animals are still practised by thousands of Indians in many places. In the State of Puebla they used to sacrifice, not many years ago, on St. Michael's Day, a small orphan child, or else an old man who had nothing better to do than to go to the other world." We cannot follow the Abbé through his account of the absurd and disgusting performances classed as religious ceremonies among the Mexicans. "L'accouchement de la Vierge" is a horrible travesty almost passing belief.

Three hundred and fifty years of Romish culture having to so large an extent proved a failure, it was natural that Christian neighbours should step in. The Church had certainly done one thing for Mexico: it had (*almost* completely) abolished human sacrifices. From the great pyramid of Cholula the smoke of the burning victims no longer went up three times in every hour throughout the year. "The Virgin and her child," as Gilbert Haven writes, "were a tender grace compared with those awful demons." But, for all that, Mexico was practically a heathen nation, with thousands of her children hungering and thirsting for a purer and more elevating faith, when the missionaries from the North began to flock in and possess the land for Christ.

The movements of national life are so mixed up with the progress of religion in Mexico, that one or two prominent events must be referred to. The Curé Hidalgo, raised in 1811 the standard of revolt from Spain; but though he was a priest, the

Church would not countenance his enterprise. There was a terrible era of slaughter, and then his efforts were crushed. But to-day young Mexico remembers him with grateful appreciation, and he is commemorated by a superb statue of heroic size in the Protestant church of San Francisco at the capital. But it was impossible for Mexico, with new life stirring in its veins, and beginning to realise its vast capacities for development, to remain a mere appanage of a fossilised European Power. About a dozen years after the revolt of Hidalgo had been suppressed, Iturbide, the very General who had been most prominent in the suppression, saw that after all the separation from Spain must be effected. He headed the movement, and very speedily, and without bloodshed, the aim was realised.

Wise in his generation, he leagued himself with the Church, and the second

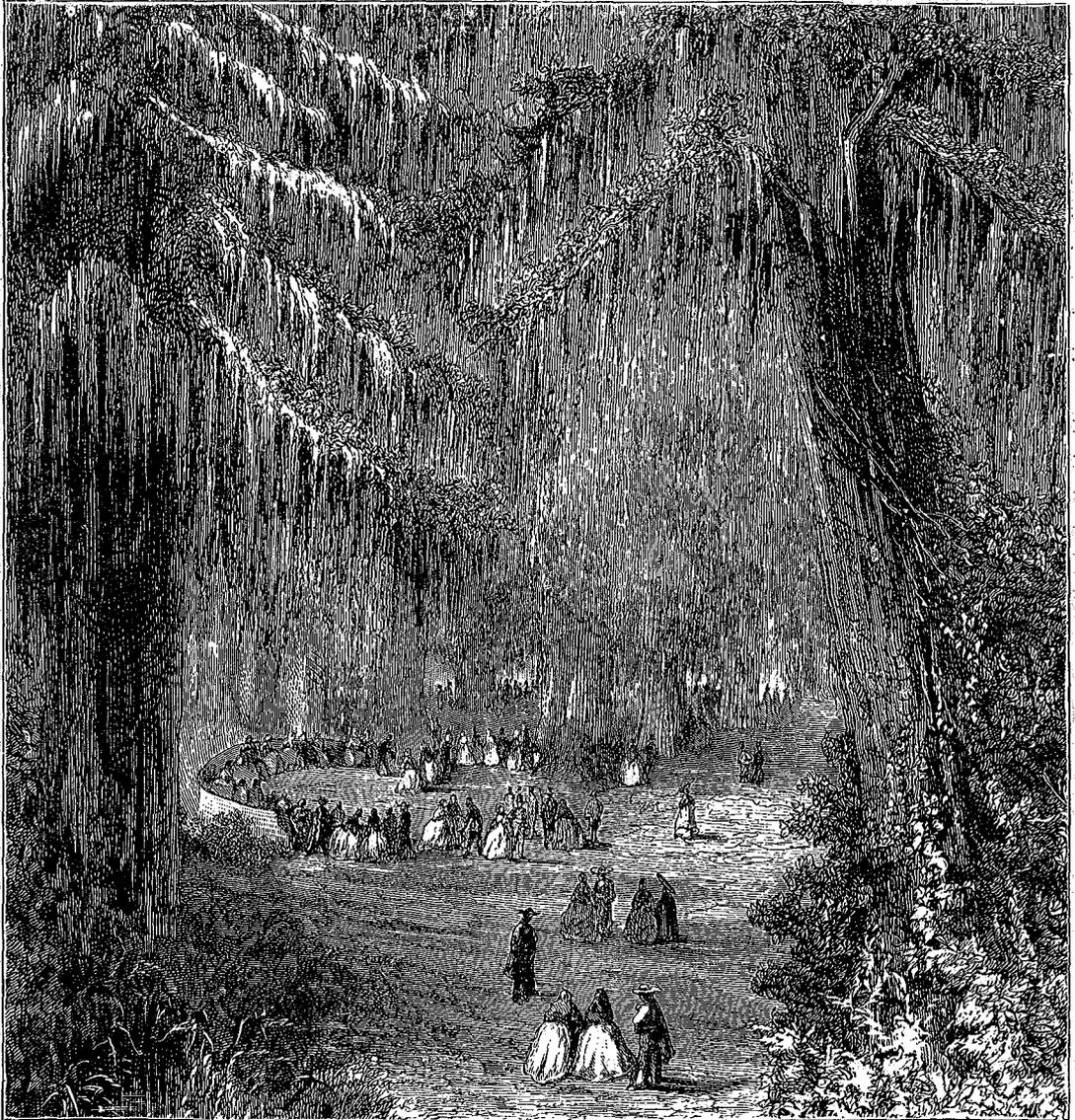


THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHOLULA.

clause of the Declaration of Independence asserts, "The Roman Catholic Church is the religion of the State, and no other shall be tolerated." In spite of the growing hatred of priestcraft, the most enlightened of Mexican citizens for a time thought that the safety of the State was bound up with a policy of religious intolerance. The first treaty with the United States only permitted citizens of the great Republic resident in Mexico to worship in their private residences, "provided that such worship was not injurious to interests of State."

An incident of the era of intolerance is recorded by Mr. Black, who was for some time consul at the city of Mexico. One day, in 1824 an American shoemaker was sitting in his shop door on the *plaza* before the Cathedral, when the procession of the Host passed by, carrying the altar, crucifix, and holy water to some dying person. In conformity with the customs of the country, the American rose and knelt. But he knelt on his chair, and a Mexican passer-by who had just knelt down in the doorway ordered the American to get down on the floor on his knees. This the American bluntly refused to do, whereupon he was immediately stabbed through the heart by the enraged

Romanist. The community were intensely excited by this event, and Mr. Black, who was then a young traveller visiting the country, determined that his fellow-countryman should have Christian burial. Having procured a Prayer Book, he went with the body to the grave, which had been dug (by permission) in the gardens of Chapultepec.



THE GARDENS OF CHAPULTEPEC.

The obsequies were interrupted by showers of stones, one of which struck Mr. Black as he was reading the service. Afterwards the body was dug up and rifled, and left stripped upon the ground, until a second time consigned to the grave by Mr. Black and his helpers. This was the first time that the Protestant service had ever been made

use of at a burial in the city of Mexico. Now, as a Protestant funeral passes to the grave, uplifted hats on every side testify to the change of feeling that has taken place.

It seems unquestioned, that the Bible came into Mexico with the United States army in 1846. Many copies were left in the land, and it is known that some did good service. One family, which has since produced three Protestant ministers, owes its conversion to one of these stray volumes, purchased out of curiosity at a second-hand book-shop. Bibles, however, were contraband articles in Mexico till President Juarez, in 1860, under the new Constitution, proclaimed religious liberty, and invited Protestant missionaries to settle in the country.

As soon as the doors were thrown open, volunteers came rapidly forward. In spite of the growing national aspiration for more light and life, the forces of bigotry and intolerance have in some places been roused against the missionaries and their converts, and the Christianity of modern Mexico has been consecrated by the blood of fifty-nine martyrs. We cannot, of course, attempt to describe in detail the mission work that has been going on all over the land, but will proceed to lay before our readers some of the most striking incidents connected with mission life in Mexico.

It was in the year 1846 that Miss Melinda Rankin, a young lady then resident in Mississippi, first became interested in Mexico, through conversation with military men returning from the war in which the Mexican endeavour to recover Texas had been suppressed. "It seemed to me that after conquering these miserable people, it was the duty of American Christians to attempt something for their spiritual elevation. Indeed, I felt that the honour of American Christianity most imperatively demanded it." She strove to rouse the Churches by writing articles on the subject, but in these early days her appeals met with no response. "And I resolved," she says, "to go myself to Mexico, and do what I could for the enlightenment of her long-neglected people."

For five years Miss Rankin had to content herself with establishing schools in various places in Texas, but in June, 1852, she settled at the border town of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande. On the opposite shore of the river, where she might not at present venture, stood Matamoras. This part of Texas was largely inhabited by Mexicans, amongst whom Miss Rankin laboured freely. She got the children to come to school, and through them gained access to their parents. The latter were soon reading with eagerness the Bibles supplied to them by Miss Rankin. It was not long before she found that the books were being sent quietly over the river into Mexico. The result was a growing demand, which this lady (by help of the American Bible Society) had to do her best to supply. Before Juarez threw open the barriers so long kept jealously closed, *fifteen hundred copies* of the Scriptures, and more than two hundred pages of tracts, had been put into the hands of the Mexican people from this single Christian outpost on the Rio Grande.

Miss Rankin's principal work at Brownsville was her Protestant Seminary for Mexican girls, for which funds were sent from Christian friends. When in 1860 religious freedom was proclaimed, this lady's energies were taxed to supply the immense demand for Bibles that set in. Through her instrumentality, Bible Society

agents were sent to Monterey, where several persons were baptised. Thirty miles beyond, at Cadareita, a company of believers were found who had Bibles, but had never seen a living teacher.

In 1865 Miss Rankin herself went to Monterey. Here, after a visit to the North for funds, she built a chapel and schoolhouse, and eventually established several schools and preaching-places. She pressed the converts into the service, and many of them went about as colporteurs and Bible-readers. The work grew and prospered, and again this indefatigable woman had to go to the Northern States and raise means for supporting her band of workers and teachers. When the Monterey Mission included six organised churches, and had established in Tacatecas a branch which was transferred to other workers, Miss Rankin's health began to fail. Her work subsequently came under the care of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The Rev. John Beveridge superintended the further progress of the work at Monterey. He began visiting the scattered churches, but was compelled to appeal for the help of a younger man in the itinerant work. "It requires," he says, "a man who can ride all day on horseback in the sun, sleep on the ground, and live on sour milk, cheese, and red pepper." Able helpers were sent, and the schools and churches increased in number and flourished. The mission was ultimately transferred to the Presbyterians.

Another interesting mission was established in 1872 by two young men, born in Wales but educated in California, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Watkins, who planted themselves in Guadalaxara, the second city in Mexico. Here they found many earnest inquirers, and received much encouragement from persons in authority, but had much to contend against. A letter was thrown in at the window warning them that they would be killed if they did not desist. One day the two missionaries and Mrs. Watkins were attacked by a crowd, who began throwing stones. Mr. Watkins was so badly struck as to be in bed three days. The missionaries were by no means frightened, and placarded all the city with the Ten Commandments and other portions of Scripture. The demand for Bibles kept growing, and many persons broke away from their superstitions and joined the missionaries, although situations and even homes were in many cases lost by doing so.

Mr. Stephens undertook a missionary journey to Ahualulco. Here the poor people were very kind, hiring a room for him and furnishing it; one man bringing a bedstead, another a blanket, another a jar of water, and so forth. Mr. Stephens would not go to the rich families who invited him, because their houses would not be open to the poor. So he dwelt with the latter, eating as they did, using a piece of tortilla (pancake) to convey food to the mouth, and eating the spoon each time. In the evenings he had well-attended meetings—door and window crowded as well as the room—and distributed hundreds of books. The priests grew alarmed at his success, and the authorities had to protect him against Roman Catholic Indians, who, excited by their spiritual guides, were plotting to kill him.

Mr. Stephens resolved to stay for a time in Ahualulco till some one could be

found to settle there permanently. We condense from the narrative of his coadjutor, Mr. Watkins, the sad story of the tragedy that ensued.

“For three months Mr. Stephens laboured with success far beyond the most sanguine expectations, until one Sunday the Cura preached a most exciting sermon to the numerous Indians who had gathered there from the various ranchas and pueblas near by, in which he said:—“*It is necessary to cut down even to the roots the tree that beareth bad fruit. You may interpret these words as you please.*” Next morning a mob of over two hundred men, armed with muskets, axes, clubs, and swords, approached the house where Mr. Stephens lived, crying, “Long live the religion! Long live the Señor Cura! Death to the Protestants!”

When Mr. Stephens and two brethren who were with him saw that the mob was fast breaking down the front door, they made their way into the back yard, seeking a place of shelter. Here they separated, Mr. Stephens taking a pair of stairs that led to a hay-loft, and Andres making his escape by climbing over the wall of the back yard, and letting himself down among the ruins of an old house, from which he made his way unseen by the mob to the mountains. Mr. Stephens had been in the hay-loft but a few moments when the furious throng of soldiers and others entered and discharged their muskets and firearms at the missionary, killing him instantly. One shot entered his eye, and several his breast, says Mr. Watkins, and “as soon as the villains reached him they used their swords, cutting his head literally to pieces, and taking the brains out, it is said, with sticks. Nor was it enough for these ferocious assassins to take



PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

away his life so inhumanly, and commit such barbarities on his dead body, but they afterwards robbed his body of every article he had on, and the house of everything he had in it. They took all his books and burned them in the public plaza. The small English Bible that was in the dear martyr's hand when he died shared the same fate. And lest the awful crime should fail to prove the utmost barbarity, they entered the church, and announced the deed well done by ringing twice a merry peal of bells.”

It was an absolute impossibility to bring the body to Guadalajara, on account of the great heat and the insecurity of the roads, so it was secretly buried that night, by five of the brethren, in a place only known to them. The Cura and several of his instruments were imprisoned for a time, and tried, but were ultimately set free, so that no one was really punished for the murder.

Since the events recorded, a succession of faithful labourers have kept up the mission

in Western Mexico, of which Guadalaxara is the centre. There have been many trials—harsh persecutions again and again, more than once accompanied by murder—but the cause has prospered.

Turning now to the city of Mexico, the capital of the Republic, we find that here, too, an important and flourishing work has been going on. When Mexico, about the year 1860, under the enlightened rule of Juarez, was freeing herself from the yoke,



PLAZA OF GUADALAXARA.

some of the clergy themselves saw the need of a religious reformation, and in two or three places congregations or societies were formed. Of these the most important was the Reformed Catholic Church, known as the "Church of Jesus," in the city of Mexico. President Juarez favoured this movement, and gave the Reformers two of the churches he had confiscated.

The invading French army, who came to establish the throne of the ill-fated Maximilian, lent their aid and influence to the Roman Catholic priests. During this period, one of the Reformed ministers was seized by the party in power. After

maltreating and degrading him, they led him out to execution. Before him stood the soldiers with rifles levelled at his bosom; and just as the fatal order was given to fire, he waved his arm, shouting, "Viva Jesus! Viva Mexico!" (May Jesus reign and Mexico prosper). This union of personal devotion to Christ, with love of country, characterised the whole movement.

The Bibles already scattered about the land were doing good work. One of these precious volumes led to the conversion of a famous Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, the Rev. Francis Aguilar. When the French retired, baffled, from the task which the Pope and the Empress Eugénie had set them to achieve, leaving their puppet Maximilian to his doom, the Reformed Church, that had kept itself alive in troublous times, took a more prominent position than ever. Aguilar opened a hall in the old convent of the Profesa, and for three years preached to the people, who attended in considerable numbers. He also wrote and translated and zealously circulated the Scriptures. But all too soon his physical strength was exhausted. As his last hour approached, he caressed his Bible with loving tenderness, exclaiming, "I find in this peace and happiness," and then he calmly fell asleep in Jesus.

Fresh efforts were now made to crush the little Church, but the National party saw that its influence was for the good of the country, and gave it shelter and protection. The United States Churches were stirred by sympathy with the movement, but were fearful of marring it by untimely interference. But the "Church of Jesus" was crying out for help and guidance—it wanted a leader to take the place of Aguilar. At this time there was in New York a Spanish Protestant Church, of which the minister was the Rev. Henry Riley. He had been born in Chili of English parents, and had lived at Santiago till his sixteenth year. He had then been educated in England and in the United States, and had entered the ministry. "Possessing the spirit of consecration to Christ," says Mr. Abbott, "and, in addition to his intellectual culture, many natural gifts of a high order, and retaining a special interest in those who spoke his native tongue, the Rev. Mr. Riley was peculiarly fitted for the position which he held, as well as for that to which he was now to be called." To him in New York came a messenger from the little struggling Church in Mexico, asking him to come and be their leader.

Startled at first, he sought time to consider the question, but soon saw that it was his duty to accept the call. Being, fortunately, a man of independent means, he was able to give up his congregation and proceed at his own cost to Mexico. But further aid from sympathising Christians was soon forthcoming. Mr. Riley was joyfully welcomed by the little band of sixty souls, the remnant of Aguilar's congregation, and efforts were at once made to gather again the worshippers who had become scattered since Aguilar's death. This central congregation was in fellowship with other groups of worshippers in various parts of the city, who all met with great difficulty, in the face of fierce opposition. Some of these meetings were held secretly in little upper rooms; others of the faithful gathered within the ruined walls of old buildings, with no roof above their heads but the vault of heaven. Ecclesiastical penalties were imposed on the attenders; their books were seized and

burnt, and every species of contempt and ignominy was piled upon the poor brethren. They were isolated and shunned, and so deprived of the means of livelihood, but they struggled bravely on, willing to suffer in the cause of the Truth that had made them free.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Riley arrived in the city of Mexico, as the champion of the Reformed faith. A folded piece of paper was pushed under the door of his room at the Hotel Iturbide, informing him that six men had joined in a conspiracy to murder him before he left that hotel. He actually saw the band engaged in concocting their scheme. He cautiously withdrew to a less conspicuous dwelling-place, and then, committing himself to God, went on with his work. He was soon busily circulating broadcast a Gospel-tract written by himself on "True Liberty," in which he took up the cry of the dying martyr, "May Jesus reign!" and applied it to the political aspirations and social and spiritual needs of Mexico. He also worked hard at putting the little church in order, wrote many hymns and tunes for use in the services, and prepared a book of worship, with Scripture readings and prayers.

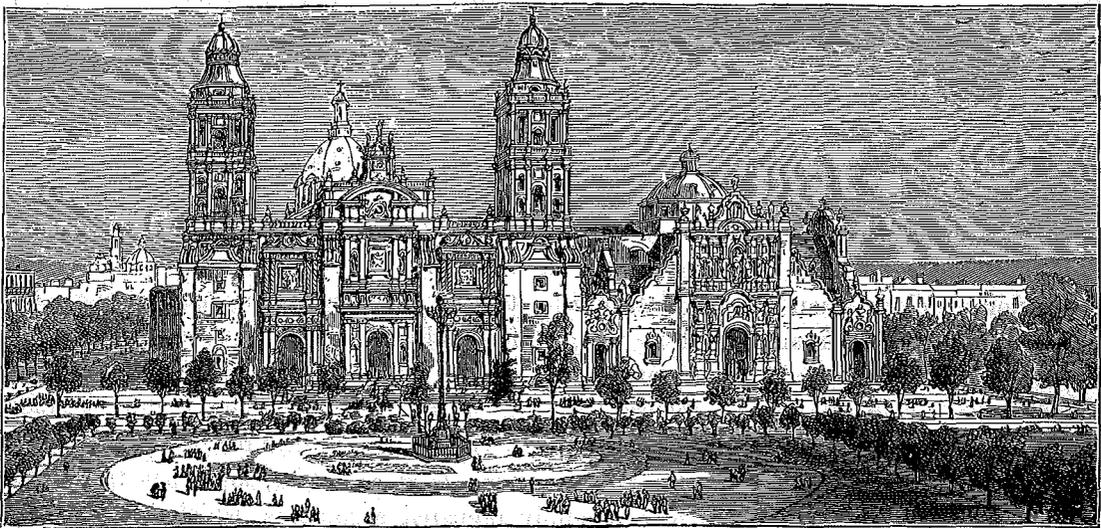
A war of pamphlet and pulpit was being fiercely carried on, when a notable event occurred. Conspicuous in the ranks of the Romish champions was the famous Dominican friar, Manuel Agnas, the ablest popular preacher in Mexico, whose eloquence had been the delight of thousands. He was universally respected and admired for his brilliant talents, and his true nobility of mind and soul; but none was more violent than he in antagonism to the new religious movement. He thundered against it from the pulpit, and put forth all his powers to crush out the life of the rising Church. He sat one night in his study surrounded by his books, carefully preparing a reply to Riley's tract on "True Liberty." The midnight hour had passed, and he was still pondering over its vigorous Scriptural reasoning, when the clear conviction came home to his soul that *the book was true*, and that there was no refuting it. Abandoning his own carefully prepared arguments, which he now saw to be mere fallacies, and abandoning also the Romish notes and commentaries which had too long been his spiritual leading-strings, he threw himself with ardour into the study of the Bible. The result was, that the simple truths of the Gospel were manifested with clearness to his soul.

Humbled and contrite, Manuel Agnas came and confessed to Mr. Riley his changed belief. With great joy this distinguished convert was cordially received into the "Church of Jesus," whose members looked upon the occurrence as the direct intervention of Heaven on their behalf; but terror and alarm spread through the Romish camp, when its noblest champion thus passed over to the ranks of the enemy. All was done that could be done to punish him for his heresy. They took away his emoluments, and so reduced him to poverty; and they thundered against him the Greater Excommunication, which made him an outcast from his friends, and one whom the very boys in the streets would have stoned if it had not been for the police.

Manuel Agnas published a powerful reply to the anathemas of the Archbishop. "Nowhere in modern history," says Gilbert Haven, "has there been a sharper, more sarcastic, and more effectual rebuke to the pretensions and career of the Papacy than

in this powerful pamphlet." He laboured incessantly at building up the new Church, in addition to fighting against its enemies. From the pulpit of the Church of San José de Gracia he preached the pure Gospel, in strains of fervid eloquence that roused the enthusiasm of his hearers. Mr. Riley put the new champion forward in the very forefront of the movement, and Agnas spared no effort to spread the truth, and expose the errors which had now become his abhorrence.

The great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Mexico, the largest church on the American Continent, stands upon an immense stone platform, surrounded by massive stone posts which are connected by heavy iron chains. Agnas prepared a placard comparing side by side the Ten Commandments as in the Bible, and as mutilated by the Church of Rome. One night, in a specially holy season, when crowds were daily



THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

celebrating superstitious rites, Agnas had copies of his placard posted on all the stone posts just alluded to, as well as at the street corners and in other public places. Next morning the people crowded to read these bold proclamations, and there was great excitement in the city in consequence. By way of reply, a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, named Bustamante, challenged the Reformer to a public discussion on the points in dispute between the two religions. Copies of this challenge appeared on the cathedral doors and at the corners of the streets. Manuel Agnas joyfully accepted the challenge, and placarded the streets with "Is the Church of Rome idolatrous?" in large letters, as the subject of the forthcoming discussion.

The appointed day came, and the street of San José de Garcia, where, above handsome residences and scenes of busy traffic, towers the lofty dome of the Protestant Church, was rendered almost impassable by the crowds waiting for the opening of the doors that would admit them to the scene of disputation. The building was soon densely packed. On each side of the large area there was a raised platform, and

on that placed for the Protestant champion an open Bible lay upon the table. Amongst the vast audience were a considerable number of the most fanatical Romanists, including "a band of assassins headed by a Roman Catholic Presbyter, who appeared with his face concealed to the eyes by his cloak; these had come prepared to do their worst." But a force of police were also present by previous arrangement, and also several officers from the adjoining barracks, formerly a convent attached to the church. These had come of their own accord to protect Agnas if needful.

At the hour fixed upon, Manuel Agnas pushed his way through the mingled crowd of followers and foes, and took his place on the platform. "He stood there," says the Rev. Abbott Brown, "in all the dignity of his noble bearing, with the open Bible before him. But all eyes turned in vain to look for his opponent, who, at the critical moment, failed to appear in advocacy of the Romish Church. The effect of this upon the expectant audience, who had so long been anticipating the discussion, may well be imagined. Manuel Agnas perceived his opportunity, and at once proceeded to address that eager throng, boldly unmasking the idolatries of Rome, and proclaiming the simple 'truth as it is in Jesus' with a power which held the riveted attention of his audience, and no doubt reached the consciences of many of those who hung upon his burning words."

The Roman Church in Mexico received that day a severe blow, from which it has never fully recovered. Unhappily Agnas was not to gather in the full harvest of the seed he had sown and watered. With conspicuous self-sacrifice, devotedness, and fearlessness, he preached and laboured till the year 1872. He was then only in the fiftieth year of his age, when sudden sickness came upon him, the result, according to some accounts, of poison secretly administered. His last sermon was on the text, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you," etc. He was so ill, that it was with difficulty he could get through his address. He was taken from the pulpit by anxious friends, to whom it was soon apparent that he was dying. His last expressions told of his love for his Saviour, and of his faith in "the most precious blood of Jesus." As he breathed his last his face became composed into a serene smile, which rested upon it during the time that his body lay in state in the Chapel of St. Francis. His funeral was attended by a great multitude, many of them Romanists, animated by reverence and respect for their great antagonist. Above the hearse that carried him to his burial was the symbol of the open Bible carved in wood. His simple grave is in the American Cemetery in the suburbs of Mexico.

At the death of Agnas, the Rev. Dr. Riley again took the superintendence of the Church of Jesus, which came into intimate alliance with the Episcopal Church in the United States, and has continued to flourish. In 1879 Dr. Riley was appointed its first bishop. Numerous outposts have been established in other parts of the country.

Puebla de los Angeles has, under the Roman Catholic *régime*, been the most sacred city of Mexico. It was built six miles from Cholula purposely to counteract the influence of that Aztec Mecca. It was said that the walls of Puebla rose to the singing of angels, hence its full name. For three hundred and fifty years Romanism

was the life and soul of the place. Grand cathedrals, in which gold and silver were almost too common to attract notice, and spacious convents with their dazzling chapels, were the chief features of Puebla. Its people got their living by the Church, and whilst the political capital, Mexico, comparatively soon ceased from opposing the new movement, Puebla felt its very existence at stake, and has ever been foremost amongst the defenders of priestly power.

Yet even here a little band of evangelical Christians was got together, in the early days of the movement. One evening, as they were gathered for worship, they heard the sound of an approaching mob, and some of the congregation, in their terror, at once escaped by the windows. Their leader came towards the door, which was speedily broken open, and he was seized and brutally dragged by the mob along the streets. A huge stone was thrown at him by some one in the crowd, but it missed him and wounded the ringleader of the rioters severely. In the confusion that ensued the persecuted evangelist was able to make his escape, but the mob burst into the little chapel and destroyed all the furniture and books. One of the most conspicuous actors in this deed of pillage took home some of the half-burned leaves of a Bible. He had the curiosity to read these fragments, and the truth flashed upon his soul. He became one of the most devoted advocates of pure Bible religion.

In Puebla stands the stately convent of San Domingo, in whose walls have been found many skulls and human bones—the remains of wretched victims buried alive in the days when the Holy Inquisition bore unquestioned sway. That portion of the convent in which these horrors were revealed, now belongs to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Two hundred miles to the south of Mexico city is Oaxaca, to which distant city one of the native missionaries of the Church of Jesus travelled, to help forward a movement which had arisen there. The Governor welcomed him, and put a fine church-building at his disposal. Services were arranged for, but the young missionary received a notice threatening him with death if he persisted. Nothing daunted, he gave public notice of the first service, and was duly at his post. An excited and dangerous crowd gathered round the building, and many of them went inside along with the congregation. As the minister began to read the opening sentences, stones were thrown at him. The excitement within and without the building increased in intensity, and bloodshed seemed imminent, whereupon the minister made his way to the church doors and locked them against the furious mob outside. He quieted those within by telling them that if the crowd who were storming the doors with stones managed to get in, they would suppose all to be Protestants, and massacre all alike. Whilst they were waiting in suspense, other sounds were heard; the Governor had sent a company of soldiers, who were beating off the fanatics with the butt-ends of their muskets. In a short time order was restored, and the soldiers remained on guard whilst the service was completed.

The Mexican Church has been abundantly watered with the blood of martyrs. In Coatinchan there dwelt a Protestant who was in the daily habit of reading his Bible

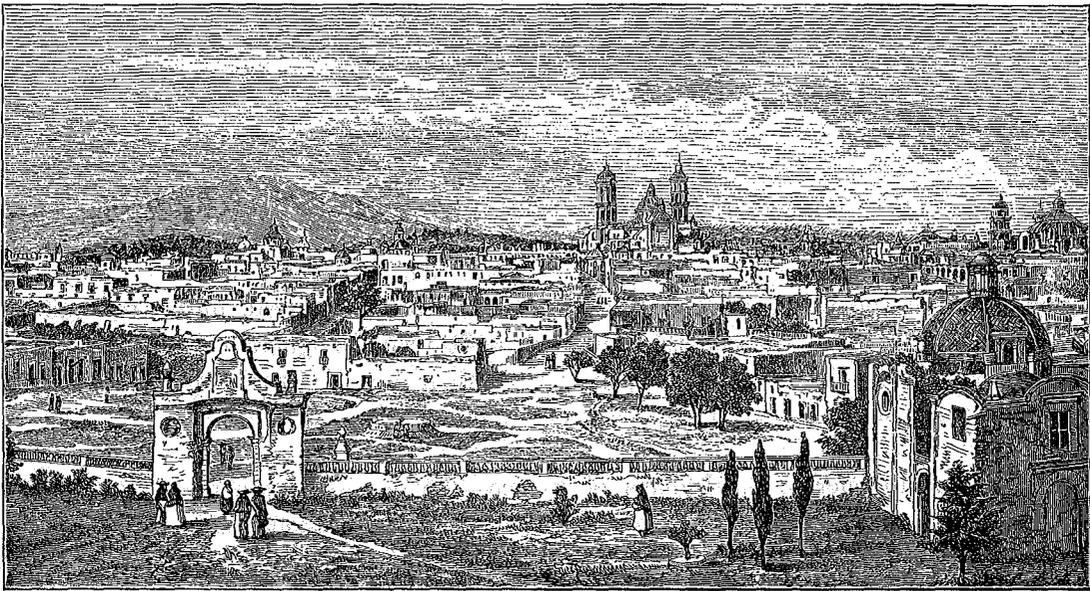
in his doorway. Opposite to him resided a Romanist judge, to whom this Bible-reading was an eyesore, and who had often declared it should be stopped, even if the man had to be killed. Not long afterwards, the Protestant was decoyed on a false pretence to the suburbs, where his dead body, pierced with wounds, was found on the banks of a stream. The murder was traced to the judge who had threatened him. The death of this martyr roused his fellow-believers in Coatincham to fresh exertions, and with their own hands they built a chapel for permanent services.

The foregoing is by no means the only instance of a Christian's body being found pierced with dagger wounds. A sad tragedy was enacted in September, 1878, at the town of Atzala, in the fanatical State of Puebla. One Sunday morning the Protestants were engaged in divine worship, when a large band of fanatics, incited by the priest of the village, rushed into the assembly armed with pistols, daggers, and hatchets, and very soon the mutilated corpses of twenty faithful martyrs were lying on the blood-stained floor. Their widows and orphans were fleeing from the town in terror, whilst the bells of the Roman Catholic Church were ringing out a triumphant peal in honour of the foul deed that had been enacted!

At Tirajaen a gang of fanatics set on fire the house of a Protestant family, when all were sleeping, and severely wounded the father with a sword. There were also murders at Toluca, Cuernavacy, Capelhuac, and elsewhere. At Acapulco the mob killed and wounded about a dozen Protestants. This riot was suppressed by the commandant of the place, who fired several volleys into the crowd, until "tranquillity was restored." It will be seen that everywhere it was the ignorant lower class who were used by the priests as the instruments of their hatred for the purer faith that was slowly and surely undermining their dominion.

It is time to refer to the Indians of Mexico—the despised remnant of the ancient Aztec, Texcucan, and other nations once so formidable. Missionaries to Mexico have found so much work to do amongst the nominal Christians, that efforts to reach the aboriginal natives of the land have been limited. Some good work, however, has been done amongst these poor creatures, and notably by the Rev. James Pascoe (amongst others) on behalf of the Presbyterian Church South. Mr. Pascoe found the Indians in a very low condition. He tells us that, degraded to the level of beasts of burden, almost devoid of any spark of liberty and virtue, and steeped in superstition, ignorance, and fanaticism of the grossest kind, they form three-fourths of the population of Mexico, and dwell in distinct towns interspersed amongst those inhabited by the Mexicans of European descent. Their homes are one-roomed huts of shingles or mud bricks, and their staple food is the maize cake or tortilla. They get their living chiefly by supplying the large towns with poultry, vegetables, eggs, pottery, mats, charcoal, and similar wares. "The Mexican," says Mr. Pascoe, "cannot do without the Indian. Farms would be deserted, land untilled, cattle unattended, and the markets entirely deserted, were it not for the poor, patient, despised Indian. Worse still, the poor Indian is the staple food of the cannon, and without him the Mexican would be unable to sustain his revolutions."

It is a marvel that the Indians, being in so vast a majority, remain quietly in their down-trodden condition. Their state of profound ignorance can alone account for it. Although nominally Christian, scarcely a soul amongst them has read a line of the Bible, except a few who have of late learned to read at the Protestant missions. A few of the men have been partially educated in some districts; the women know nothing. The Mexican-Indian, as a rule, presents an aspect of dogged submission, and is steeped in "fearful uncleanness of body and soul; stupid superstition, and bloody fanaticism." But his patient submission veils a deep and growing hatred of his white masters, whose very language he will not speak, even when acquainted with it, except when absolutely necessary. White Mexicans are expected to confess and take the sacrament frequently, but if the poor Indian confesses once a year and takes the sacrament at



PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELOS.

his marriage, and just when he is about to die, that is considered enough for him. At the same time, he is very religious, and devotes a large proportion of his earnings to the purchase of wax candles and rockets to honour the saints on their festival days, and processions and pilgrimages to distant shrines are amongst the most frequent incidents of his life. He worships on the same sacred spots, and with many of the ceremonies of his pagan forefathers, even though a San Antonio may be standing in the place of a Huitzilopochtli.

The Roman Catholic priests, when they were Christianising the natives after their fashion, often went by night and substituted a crucifix or a saint for the idol in some heathen temple. When the Indians came and saw the new deity, they bowed to the logic of accomplished facts, and continued their worship as before. "Cannibalism and human sacrifice," says the authority already quoted, "have died out; but if we view the Indian's present religion from his own standpoint, we shall see that really *he* finds not

one single point of difference. In his old Aztec religion he had a water baptism, confessions to priests, numerous gods to adore, whose aid he invoked under various circumstances. He worshipped images of wood or stone; employed flowers and fruits as offerings, and incense also, and offered fellow-beings in sacrifice, while he also worshipped a goddess whom he styled 'Our Mother'; and in his worship dances, and pantomimes took a prominent rank. In his new Roman Catholic religion he finds baptism and confession, a great host of saints to adore—saints for every circumstance or ill of life; he finds images better made and of richer material than the old ones;



MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS AT AZATLA.

he again employs fruits and flowers and incense; worships another goddess as 'Mother of God' and 'Queen of Heaven' and 'Our Lady.' He is also taught to believe that not a mere fellow-being is sacrificed, but his Creator himself, as the Romanists declare, in real and actual sacrifice thousands of times every day; and as of old, the Indian still dances and performs pantomimes in his religious festivals."

Our missionary visited on various occasions the great annual festival at Yinacatepec, near Toluca. For several days bull-fights and cock-fights and religious processions are continuous, and vast crowds of spectators assemble. With a grand display of banners and wax candles and images, the gorgeous procession issues from the church. The band plays, and rockets whiz through the air, but the most striking

feature of the whole display is supplied by the Indians, strangely attired in skins of animals with bulls' horns, cows' tails, and so forth. In a frenzy of excitement they leap and dance and shout round the long array of priests and saints, just as their fathers danced and shouted when human blood was flowing in the shrines of the ancient religion.

This process of adaptation applied to old beliefs and customs was universal in Mexico. La Villa de Guadalupe, near the capital, stands on the site of an Aztec temple, and, when required, an apparition was by some means forthcoming, which made our Lady of Guadalupe the patron saint of the nation. The renowned convent of El Señor de Chalma, near Toluca, is another case in point. No other shrine is held in such high repute as this amongst the Indians. Here an Aztec idol in a cave was worshipped, long after Roman Catholic churches had risen in the neighbouring towns. Mothers would come from far and near to bring their babes for a blessing from the Aztec god, and then take it to be baptised at a Romish church. At length the idol was secretly stolen, and the present "Lord of Chalma" (a copper-coloured effigy of the Saviour on the Cross) was substituted. The change was, as usual, acquiesced in, and a convent rose above the cave, and ever since from all parts of the land the Indians have constantly swarmed hither on pilgrimage. The convent does a large trade in candles and other requisites.

The long low coast stretching for two hundred miles beside the Caribbean Sea, and known as the Mosquito Shore, is a fertile land of lagoons and innumerable channels, bordered by rich tropical vegetation. Through its forests, where the mahogany tree abounds, and where the lordly cabbage-palm and the cedar grow nearly to the height of the Monument in London, jaguars roam in abundance, and venomous serpents are common, whilst all its streams are haunted by alligators. In this region dwell the remnant of the fierce Caribs or Cannibals (who have given their name to a practice at which humanity shudders), and of several other tribes. Of these the Mosquitos are the least barbarous, but all are savages of a very low type. Another element in its population are the Bush Negroes, perpetuating the abominations of African idolatry and witchcraft in the forests of the interior.

The shores of the Caribbean Sea saw some of the most fearful examples of diabolical cruelty, when Spain was turning the New World into one vast slaughter-house and slave mart. The Spaniards hunted the wretched Caribs with bloodhounds, reduced them to slavery, and sometimes in a fit of religious fervour forcibly baptised them. And the Church not only condoned this sacramental violence, but even the cutting of converts' throats to keep them from backsliding into idolatry. To this age of horrors succeeded the era of the Buccaneers, and every channel and lagoon along these shores was a lurking place of pirates. Two of these worthies have given their names to the towns of Bluefields and Belize. The vast importation of African slaves to prevent the extermination of the natives, supplied fresh elements of cruelty and wretchedness to the shores and islands of Central America.

Bluefields—the capital of the now independent State of Mosquitia—is a straggling

town of less than a thousand inhabitants, lying beside a lagoon. English (more or less broken) is the general language of the country. Fearful tornadoes are frequent; after one of them, a few years ago, all the houses in Bluefields, except twelve, were levelled to the earth. Formerly Great Britain kept the Mosquito shore under her protection. A Mosquito chief used to be taken to Belize or Kingston, and there crowned king. Sir Hans Sloane tells how they took one to Jamaica for this purpose in 1687. But the poor man failed to realise or appreciate his kingly dignity. He "pulled off the European clothes his friends had put on, and climbed to the top of a tree." Subsequently it used to be the practice to take the heir to the Mosquito throne, whilst still young, to Jamaica, and there educate him, and in some measure train him for royal functions. But at the best the whole affair was very much of a farce, and the inauguration was attended with a good deal of profane mockery, and mostly wound up with drunken orgies. The monarch was allowed a pension from the British Government, and was attended by a British official called a secretary, but who might more correctly have been termed a keeper.

The protectorate of Great Britain came to an end through the operation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in 1861, and King George, an Indian, became hereditary King of Mosquito. But there is no real security in the land, and in all probability it will become absorbed by Nicaragua.

The Mosquito Coast had long been notorious as the abode of the most degraded Indians of Central America, who to their own brutal savagery had added the worst vices of European civilisation, when the Rev. James Pilley, a Wesleyan, laboured amongst them, from 1830 to 1833. At Cape Gracias-a-Dios he got the natives to attend his preaching, which they did with great decorum on several occasions. But one day in the midst of his sermon he was interrupted by a leader, who on behalf of the rest declared that they had come repeatedly, and had listened patiently to Mr. Pilley, who had had all the talk to himself, and had yet never once offered them a glass of grog! Hereupon the whole congregation indignantly departed. Mr. Pilley tried again and again at two or three places, but with little or no result.

In 1849 the Moravians came upon the scene. Brother and Sister Pfeiffer, with Brother Lundberg and Brother Kandler, began the mission at Bluefields. They received a grant of land upon which to raise mission premises, and in the meantime were allowed to hold meetings in the Court House. The King attended the first meeting, and remained friendly to the mission. With the help of heathen Indians, the land was gradually cleared, though with considerable difficulty. Kandler was laid up for a time by a bite from an enormous scorpion ant, and occasionally work was interrupted by the discovery of poisonous snakes in hollow trees. Then we hear of Kandler being stunned by a heavy log, and of Pfeiffer's foot being nearly crushed by another. But they toiled on resolutely till they got their property in order, and, at the same time, kept up their meetings, the attendance at which gradually increased. But they were by no means unopposed in their work. They found numerous coloured Roman Catholic priests going about and baptising any one for six shillings, so giving their converts the *status* of Christians without requiring any reformation of

life. Polygamy was a great obstacle to true missionary effort; one chief at Bluefields had five wives. The Indians were displeased because there was no gratuitous distribution of rum and tobacco by the missionaries. The Soukiers or sorcerers, who went about and got their living out of the gross superstition of the people, were another hindrance. Still, year after year the work was persevered in, and other helpers came out, until a number of schools and mission stations were established at various places, and much good was accomplished.

As an instance of the prevalent superstition as to sorcery and witchcraft, Pfeiffer tells us how an Indian child was recovering from the measles under his care, when a Soukier arrived. He was at once applied to, and having procured some bark and herbs from the woods, began his enchantments. He prepared a liquor to wash the child in, and then laid the infant naked on its back on the floor. The sorcerer then took an iron pot, blew into it several times, and placed it over the child's body to receive the sickness. The whole scene (says Pfeiffer) became perfectly ludicrous by the sanctimonious airs which the fellow assumed. He then washed the child, especially the face, with the liquor which he had prepared. The next day the poor thing was swollen from head to foot, and died most miserably three days after. Of course the Soukier took no blame to himself, but maintained that the white man had killed the child. It was buried the next day by the sorcerer, and a hut built over its grave, covered with a piece of bark from the india-rubber tree.

On another occasion, when Lundberg went to bury one of the Sunday scholars who had died of nervous fever, an old woman declared that she had seen above the house a spirit which had bewitched the child. Before the funeral, in spite of Lundberg's protests, a little child was lifted several times to and fro across the coffin to propitiate the spirit.

The occurrence of death seemed always to have a tendency to lead the survivors to recur to old superstitions, even when a desire for better things had been manifested. A woman died near the Magdala station, and it was declared that her spirit would not leave the house where she had lived. At last a Soukier came and carried a large cloth to the grave. In this the spirit was supposed to be wrapped, and the sorcerer groaned and puffed as if the burden was very heavy. Most funerals were followed by a drinking bout and a death dance, often terminating in a fight. Now and again a man died of injuries received while attending a funeral.

In the quiet persevering work of the Moravians in Mosquitia, much has been done through the agency of the schools; but the missionaries here, as elsewhere, found the English language, although the commercial language of the country, was inadequate for the teaching of religion to the natives, and a Mosquito grammar and vocabulary had to be prepared. The conversions at some of the stations have been numerous. Thus we read in one report, "Last week a hundred persons joined the church, and at our evening meetings the crowd is such that we cannot kneel to pray." To overcome the drinking habits of the people has often been a hard task, and a good deal of work has had to be done over again, when hopeful converts from stations in the interior have gone to Bluefields, where they could easily procure rum, and have taken part

in some drunken revelry. But Bluefields has itself become largely changed for the better, as the following extract from Dr. A. C. Thompson's able work on Moravian Missions will show:—

"To catch the attention," he says, "to awaken an interest in things spiritual, has required great patience. Look in for a moment at a service conducted at an Indian dwelling. You shall see people lying listless in their hammocks or on the ground; some one at the door with a long stick is hardly able to keep off dogs and cattle, but does succeed by his noise in drowning the preacher's voice. Yet faith has triumphed.



INDIAN SORCERER AND CHILD.

At Bluefields polygamy, once universal, is now unknown. Instead of naked savages, men and women are seen suitably clothed; and a collection amounting to ninety five dollars was recently (1881) taken up among them in aid of South-African sufferers by the Basuto War."

Upon the eastern shore of the Peninsula of Yucatan, free companies of traders and adventurers, perpetually fighting with the Spaniards, founded in troublous times the settlements now known as British Honduras. These settlements formed a striking contrast to those formed by the Pilgrim Fathers further to the north, for robbery and violence, licentiousness and excess, were the prominent features of social life at

“the Bay.” The hard work of the colonies was performed by slaves—both red and black—who suffered wrongs and tortures innumerable. A considerable British garrison was permanently maintained here in idleness, and by its presence materially helped to keep the moral atmosphere corrupt.

For a century and a half there was no place of worship in British Honduras. If people knew when it was Sunday, they showed no signs of any regard for it as a day of rest. Marriage was a very exceptional thing in the colony. The merchants, the Government officials, even the military chaplains, indulged in temporary unions. Everywhere ardent spirits were perpetually flowing. There were no schools, and the people were sunk in the most degraded ignorance and superstition. The dark witchcraft of Africa spread its baleful influence, and even Europeans became mixed up with its frightful mysteries, and were credited with marvellous powers. Long did this state of things continue, and with such glaring evils the pioneers of Christian effort in British Honduras had to contend.

In 1802-3, we find Messrs. Angas & Co., pious merchants of Newcastle, trading with Honduras. They felt that a duty rested upon them as regards this locality, which their captains reported to be the wickedest place under heaven. At one visit Captain W. H. Angas had read the burial service over a seaman, because the chaplain was too drunk to perform his duty! Messrs. Angas & Co. made it a special point to send out good men as captains of their ships, and also placed men of the same stamp as clerks and agents in their stores. A nucleus was thus formed for gathering together what of good might be found in the colony. Supplies of books were also sent by the same firm, as well as the means of carrying forward the Christian and educational efforts that were soon afterwards begun.

The first church was built in 1812, to which came out the Rev. John Armstrong, the first evangelical chaplain the colony had known. Years passed on, and little was done besides enabling the few European Christians of the colony to maintain their position. But in 1820 Messrs. Angas stirred up the missionary societies to do something for this neglected corner of the British dominions. They also offered a free passage to any missionaries going out. At this time a small band of English residents were trying to aid the chaplain in some endeavours to reach the negro population and improve the tone of society. The Baptists were the first to send missionaries to labour amongst the negroes and natives. In 1824 Mr. George Fife Angas was instrumental in getting an Act passed by which natives of the country were set free from the unlawful slavery in which they had been kept. About three hundred Indians were emancipated at this time.

The religious work in the colony of Honduras since that time has not been so much of what is generally understood by mission work. It has rather been in the ordinary way of church extension by the various denominations who have opened churches and chapels in the colony.

XLV.—MISSIONS TO LEPERS.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

Moravians and Lepers—South Africa—The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Leitner—Their Successors—Robben Island—Mr. and Mrs. Lehman—Affecting Scenes—Mr. John Taylor—Outside the Jaffa Gate, Jerusalem—Mrs. Tappe—Mr. and Mrs. Müller—Terrible Sufferings—Leprosy in India—Norway—Honolulu—Father Damien—“Go to Molokai!”—Toil and Self-denial—The Last Christmas—Death of Father Damien.

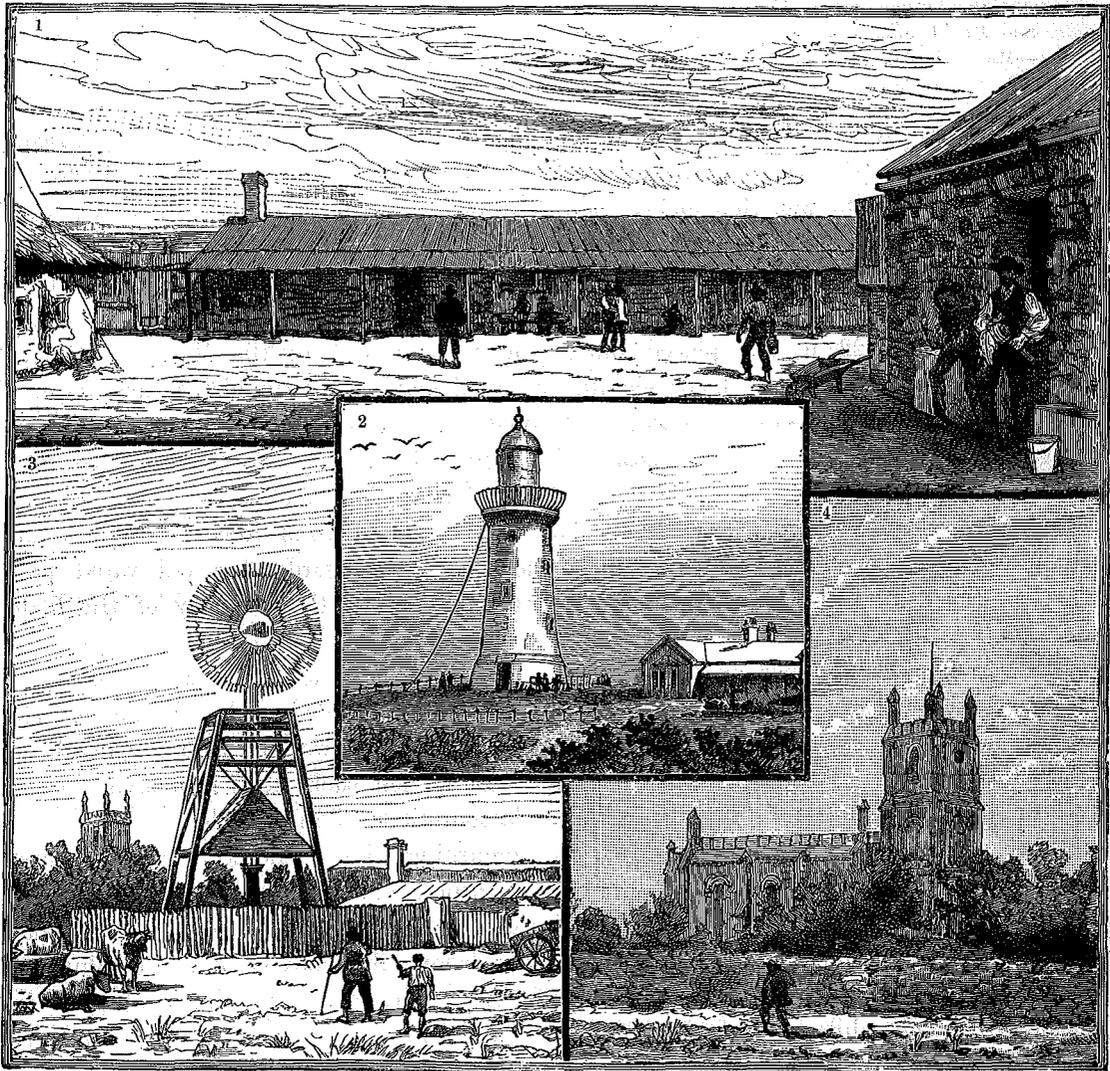
HEMEL EN AARDE—Heaven and Earth—was the name of a romantic South African valley, which in the year 1818 was remote from the habitations of men. So closely girt about with rocks was this lonely glen, that only a strip of sky was visible above. There were many lepers amongst the Hottentots, and to prevent the fearful disease from spreading in the colony, the Government isolated the afflicted ones in Hemel en Aarde. Moravian missionaries, from time to time, visited the asylum, and after its enlargement in 1822 it was placed under the management of the Rev. Dr. Leitner and his English wife. To a laborious life of self-denial amidst repulsive surroundings this exemplary couple were henceforth devoted. From their lips many a wretched being, whose body was literally wasting away with the deadly leprosy, received into his soul the sweet consolations of the Gospel. And a wonderful change also came over the material aspect of the institution. The lepers, roused from idle lethargy, found that diligent effort made their lot more bearable. Neat gardens, a cultivated plot for the common benefit, and an aqueduct, gave evidence of the industry of the little colony.

Reverenced as a father by his afflicted people, Leitner toiled and taught for seven years, until on Easter Day, 1829, he was suddenly called to his heavenly home. He was in the act of baptising a convert, and was uttering the words “Into the death of Jesus I baptise thee,” when his voice wavered and he fell back dead into loving arms, and was carried from the church amidst the lamentations of his people.

Leitner’s work is well summed-up by his mourning widow, who writes:—“The first sight of so many of our fellow-creatures, deformed and crippled by a loathsome disease, could not but make an appalling impression on us, but I can truly say that every feeling of aversion and disgust gave way before the conviction of our duty to labour, even in this place, to win souls for Christ. Never was my husband more in his element than while working here. By day and by night he was ready to minister both to the temporal and spiritual wants of his patients, and truly his work was accepted of his God. One after another of the poor lepers came to ask, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ Many a wild and depraved outcast from society has received power to become a son of God by faith in Christ, and has been brought to submit with patient resignation, and even inward joy, to the rod that chastened him for his profit. During the seven years of his service here he had the favour to baptise ninety-five adults, the greater number of whom preceded him into eternity in humble reliance on that Saviour whom he had preached and they had believed.”

From the exceedingly interesting narrative by Bishop la Trobe, we learn that the

successors of the Leitners manifested the same devoted spirit year after year, till in 1846 an important change took place. The Government, wishing to enlarge the hospital by the addition of a lunatic asylum and an infirmary for the poor, resolved to remove it from the sequestered valley of Hemel en Aarde, and place it on Robben



SCENES IN ROBBERN ISLAND.

1. Male Leper Wards.

2. The Lighthouse.

3. Windmill Pumping.

4. The Church. •

Island, a low sandy islet surrounded by dangerous rocks, situated about seven miles from Cape Town, near the entrance of Table Bay. Here commodious buildings were erected, and superior arrangements made for diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and sea-bathing.

But in spite of these advantages, the people went mournfully to their new home, for it seemed they were to part from the beloved missionaries. After repeated

applications, however, the long-delayed consent for the Moravians to go to Robben Island arrived, and the last company of forty patients, who were removed from the valley, bore to their comrades the joyful news: "Our teachers are coming!"

Songs of joyful praise rose from the assembled lepers at Robben Island, when Mr. Lehman and his wife came amongst them, and were received as parents restored to their children. Government officials now took charge of all temporal matters, so the teachers were able to give themselves up to spiritual and educational work. Of the three hundred lepers, lunatics, and others on the island, sixty placed themselves under the direct care of the missionary. A school was carried on regularly, of which Mr. Wedeman gives us a pitiful glimpse. He says, "It is most touching to see the scholars turn over the leaves of their Bibles with their mutilated hands, some not only without fingers, but with hands corrupted to the wrists."

Another affecting scene is thus described:—"On Sunday morning you would see the blind, and the lame, and lepers—just such miserable beings as pressed round Jesus to be healed of Him—exerting all their ingenuity to reach the little church. Here you see a young leper, sitting on the ground, and thrusting himself forward with difficulty; there another who has lost hands, and part of his feet, creeping on his knees and the stumps of his arms. Further on, a patient, wholly deprived of hands and feet, is seated in a wheelbarrow, and thus conveyed to the house of prayer by a stronger brother in affliction, whose head and face are swollen till they look like a lion's. Go into the wards of the hospital. On one couch lies a leper, whose hands are gone, and before him an open Bible. He has reached the bottom of the page, but cannot turn it over; he looks round, and one who can walk, but is also without hands, takes another, who has lost his feet, on his back, and carries him to the first to turn over the leaf."

In the year 1860 Mr. John Taylor, a well-qualified teacher, and the son of a highly valued missionary, bade farewell to a widowed mother to devote himself to service amongst the lepers and lunatics of this desolate island. He tells us, "Three days a week I kept school for about fifty lepers, chronic sick and blind patients, and we read the Dutch Bible and hymn-book. They are very attentive and eager to profit. Poor creatures, some of them are dreadfully disfigured by leprosy, and at times the effluvia is intolerable. Twice a week I take ten of the more quiet English-



REV. A. R. M. WILSHERE.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. W. J. Cormick, St. Matthew's Vicarage, Brighton.)

speaking lunatics for an hour's reading, a keeper always accompanying them." Only for five years was this earnest young teacher permitted to labour amongst his afflicted pupils, and then, in the shadow of the little church on Robben Island, his remains were laid to rest.

In the following year, 1861, after nearly half a century of faithful self-denying work amongst the lepers of Cape Colony on the part of the Moravian missionaries, the religious oversight of these poor creatures was transferred to a chaplain of the English Church. Bishop la Trobe declares that "in no field of labour was missionary labour accompanied by more signal spiritual blessing." It was with natural regret that the Moravian teachers relinquished their post to others, for whose success, nevertheless, they earnestly prayed. At the date these pages are written, the chaplain is the Rev. A. R. M. Wilshere, who in 1877 left a living near Cape Town to devote himself to these poor outcasts of South Africa.

But the Moravian Church was still to prove itself the friend of the leper in another land. Outside the gates of Jerusalem, miserable lepers have been for ages amongst the common objects of the wayside. Outcast and destitute, they dwelt in wretched huts, spinning out their lives by means of casual charity, until in solitary agony they died. In 1865 Baron and Baroness von Keffenbrinck-Ascheraden saw these poor creatures, and were so touched by their condition, that they could not rest until something was done to ameliorate their lot. The result was the erection of a Leper-Home outside the Jaffa Gate. Hither, in response to the appeal of the Baroness and Committee, came the Rev. T. Tappe and his wife, who had accomplished fourteen years' service in the Moravian Mission to Labrador, and who in 1867 became "house-father and mother" at the Leper Home. To the opening service no leper came, for the confidence of these poor creatures had to be won very gradually; but when a year had passed away, a dozen had placed themselves under the care of the missionaries.

The institution has had great trials. Financial difficulties were eventually got over, but the difficulty was to get sufficient help in the necessary work of the establishment. Mrs. Tappe's first servant soon left in disgust, and other German servants refused the situation with evident horror. As for Arab girls, to them any service is a disgrace, and in a leper home it was not to be thought of for a moment. In a few months after the opening of the Home, Mrs. Tappe, by no means a strong woman, found the entire domestic work of the establishment on her shoulders! She had herself lost the use of two fingers, and suffered much pain in that hand, probably the result of handling infected linen. To work far into the night became a frequent experience. "Entering the hospital late one evening," writes Pastor Weser, "I was touched and pained to find Mrs. Tappe all alone in the laundry, one little lamp beside her, and the atmosphere of the room almost unbearable from the disagreeable smell of the patients' clothing. Not a word of complaint escaped her lips, but though she said nothing, the situation spoke for itself."

It was in this extremity that a pupil from the Kaiserwerth institution "Talitha Cumi," a young Arab girl named Sultana, came voluntarily to Mrs. Tappe's help, in spite of the threats and entreaties of her relatives. Johanna Woost, a German Sister,

afterwards came out to work, and ever since then there has been a succession of able and willing-hearted nurses from the Moravian congregations in Germany. These devoted women have left home and friends, for a daily life of toil "in constantly tending patients afflicted with incurable leprosy, binding up their wounds and sores, and ministering divine comfort to their spirits." It should be remembered that these faithful ones could never have the nurse's usual consolation of seeing a healing result from their labours. They could only make life a little more endurable, and point the way to eternal life hereafter. "When new patients come in," says one of the nurses, "our work is very hard to flesh and blood—more so than I can describe—till we overcome their uncleanly condition and habits. At first they hardly know what to make of a bed, having never slept in one before. Their nights are often spent in holes in the rocks. A spoon is a puzzle to them. But by-and-bye they fall into our orderly arrangements, and then they would be sorry to return to the old life outside the Home."

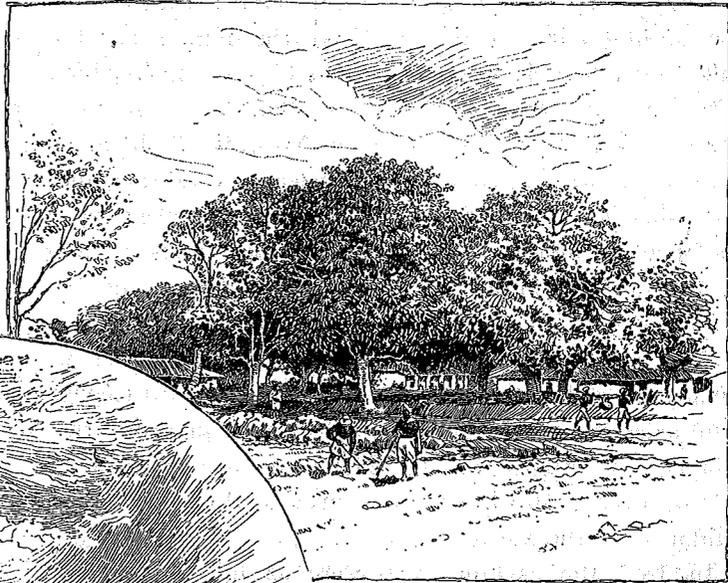
The work grew as years passed by; the staff was increased by sisters from Germany and England; twice the Leper Home was considerably enlarged; and yet the accommodation proved itself totally inadequate to the needs of the suffering class whom it was designed to aid. The poor lepers had now learned to know their friends, and whenever a death occurred in the Home, the doors were besieged by clamorous candidates for the vacant place.

In 1885 the asylum wards were as full as they could be, with patients in every stage of leprosy, and the Committee at Jerusalem and the Moravian elders felt their hearts burdened by the wretched condition of the numbers whom, as yet, they could do nothing to relieve. They resolved to build a larger hospital, with more suitable accommodation in every respect. A site was found at some distance from the city gates, upon an eminence beside the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The new building, with its separate wards for male and female patients, and with proper accommodation for the house-parents and the staff of nurses, was opened in April, 1887, in presence of the Pasha of Jerusalem and representatives of all the Protestant denominations in the city. In this roomy edifice a large number of patients are cared for, till death relieves them from their sufferings.

After seventeen years of ceaseless toil, Mr. Tappe had gone home in failing health in 1884. His young coadjutor Fritz Müller stepped into the veteran's place, and married Wilhelmina Bartels, one of the sister-nurses in the institution. Mr. and Mrs. Müller are still the house-father and mother of the Leper Hospital at Jerusalem, working as with one heart and soul for the good of the pitiable sufferers under their care. The Moravian Church has now the sole oversight and responsibility of the institution.

This Leper Hospital has afforded unexampled facilities for the study of the disease. Eminent medical men have visited the establishment, and have remained for a time to share the labours of the resident doctor. The horrors of this foul disease have been greatly modified, and some of its most hideous features, once very common, have almost disappeared. The spiritual work accomplished has been of the most

consolatory and encouraging character. Many a poor leper, who had scarcely known anything of the joy of life, came to know the joy of salvation, and faces ravaged by disease beamed with a happiness not of this world. Some of the female cases were exceedingly interesting. Hassné came in her tenth year from the Kaiserswerth Orphanage, "Talitha Cumi;" Fatmé, aged fourteen, from Müller's house at Bethlehem; Lativé, also fourteen, was a nominal Greek Christian, and was sent by the Russian authorities from Bathshalei. They were all



LEPER MISSION STATION AT CHOYA
NAGPORE, INDIA.



LEPER HOUSE AT JERUSALEM.

three in the early stage of leprosy, and their mental powers were as yet almost unimpaired. All three became willing helpers whilst their strength lasted, and learned to read the Bible and other books in Arabic. Mr. Tappe thus refers in touching words to their early days at the Home:—"As their fingers have not yet become stiff, they willingly help in housework, and as their

voices are not yet hoarse, they go about singing hymns which they have learnt in the before-mentioned excellent institutions, or from Sister Johanna, and Sultana our Arab maid. Really, it teaches one contentment to see them so cheerful, remembering that they must look forward to a life of suffering, in which every year must be worse than its predecessor. Poor girls! their sisters would think twice before they offered them a hand; nay, their own mothers could scarcely bring themselves to kiss them; and they are denied all those caresses which are amongst the blessed memories of our childhood's homes. We rejoice in the hope that our endeavours to bring these afflicted little ones to the Saviour have not been in vain."

The story of the intense physical sufferings of these girls, as the inevitable end approached, is harrowing in the extreme. But all three, like many others, died rejoicing in the Gospel. The whole history of the hospital is a story of self-sacrificing labour amidst appalling surroundings of torturing agony and of death-beds. But the sufferings have been relieved by all that loving care could accomplish, and the death-beds have in many cases been scenes of triumphant glory. Tender nursing, for the love of Christ, has opened the eyes of the poor sufferers to see Christ Himself. It



FATHER DAMIEN.

should be noted that of all the Moravians who have gone out to Hemel en Aarde, to Robben Island, or to Jerusalem, to work amongst the lepers, *not one has contracted the disease.*

Leprosy is still common all over the East from Syria to Japan, and there are numerous leper hospitals, more especially in British India. The inmates of these establishments in Calcutta, Madras, and other cities, have received much religious care from the agents of the Church Missionary Society and other missionaries.

Upon the west coast of Norway a few hundred lepers are found—a survival of the great mediæval outbreak which desolated Europe. The Bergen Hospital was founded in 1277, and is still kept up. It comprises two or three distinct buildings, surrounded by beautiful grounds. In this establishment all that medical skill can

accomplish is done for the suffering inmates, who, however, for the most part, are day by day drawing nearer to their inevitable doom.

Although the present work is mainly devoted to the history of Protestant missions, yet in connection with work amongst the lepers it seems needful to make an exception. The labours of Father Damien amongst the lepers of Honolulu have been so striking a feature of mission work in our own time, that our volumes would be very incomplete without some reference to that remarkable story.

In the year 1840 a little baby boy named Joseph was the pet of the De Neuster family at Tremeloo, in South Brabant. The good mother brought her children up to fear God, and at evening used to tell them stories of the holy saints and martyrs. Joseph and his brother Augustus (in after-years known as Father Damien and Father Pamphile) showed religious fervour in very early years. Once the two brothers were found by anxious searchers kneeling in a wood, heedless of the approach of nightfall. On another occasion Joseph, being lost at a fair, was found on his knees in one of the churches. As he grew up, he continued to manifest a deep spiritual life, as well as a practical readiness to benefit his fellow-creatures. He longed for self-sacrifice in any shape, and managed to snuggle a plank up to his room, on which for a time he passed his nights, until his mother found out the arrangement and forbade it.

Augustus de Neuster was destined for the priesthood, while to Joseph a commercial life had been allotted. But he believed himself called to missionary labour for the Church, and in a remarkable manner difficulties were overcome, and March, 1864, saw Joseph (now Brother Damien) gazing upon the peaks of the two snow-capped mountains of Hawaii, gleaming in sunlight above the clouds.

The Fathers of the Sacred Heart, at Honolulu, welcomed their young associate, with his fresh energy and fervour. He was ordained priest, and sent as Father Damien to Hawaii. A large district came into his charge, and here he showed untiring zeal, and won love and reverence from his people. Much might be said of his constant labours, but we must pass on to observe that he soon became plunged into deep sympathy with the poor lepers who were seen everywhere, with decaying limbs and shapeless features, spreading contagion on every side. In 1865 the Government, roused to action by the fact that the population of the islands was perceptibly diminishing through the ravages of leprosy, decreed that all lepers should be banished to Molokai. This was an island which, from its walls of rock rising perpendicularly from the sea, was known as the "land of precipices." From henceforth the Hawaiians gave it a new name, signifying "the living graveyard."

This stern decree, which separated the poor lepers for ever from all their dear ones, sent a thrill of horror through the Hawaiian group. It was carried into effect immediately; and hundreds of lepers were at once seized and shipped off. Year after year a fresh search was made, until, in the course of a few years, a large colony of these miserable creatures had been formed on an isolated peninsula under the frowning cliffs of Molokai.

Father Damien was touched at witnessing the heartbroken farewells of the banished

lepers, and before long "Go to Molokai!" seemed the clear command in his soul. He obtained leave from the Roman Catholic Bishop, and in May, 1873, he sailed out of the beautiful harbour of Honolulu in company with fifty banished lepers, to spend the rest of his days on the leper island.

"Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work," said Father Damien to himself, as he scrambled on shore and saw the sad spectacle around him. "Half clothed, ragged and dirty," says Miss Cooke, "many of them with faces stained and scarred, sometimes almost shapeless with the ravages of leprosy, with hands and feet maimed and bleeding, mortifying limbs and decaying flesh, there they were, gathered together in ghastly groups; and these were the most healthy inhabitants of the island: the more helpless and dying were lying in the settlement, two or three miles away."

There can be no question but that the leper island of Molokai presented to all the Christian denominations who were working in the Hawaiian group, a grand opportunity for the exercise of noble Christian heroism, and the Roman Catholic Church may well rejoice that the opportunity was seized by one of her devoted children. The prevailing sentiment was well echoed by a Honolulu newspaper, which declared, "We care not what this man's theology may be; he is surely a Christian hero."

Upon a grassy plain by the seaside, stood the two leper settlements of Kalaupapa, the landing-place, and Kalawao, three miles inland. Behind it were the precipitous cliffs, with one zig-zag path closely guarded from the lepers. The peninsula was at first a wilderness, with one rough hospital for dying cases. With each patient a coffin was sent; but there were no nurses, no doctors. Supplies of food and clothing were sent at intervals, but were often long delayed by stormy weather.

To this stricken, forsaken community came Father Damien, young and vigorous. At first he could do no more than attend to the physical wants of the sick and the dying, dressing their sores, and sheltering them from heat, and after whispering words of hope as they passed away, he would dig their graves and bury them with his own hands. In the midst of all these dying agonies, other poor creatures, not yet prostrated by their disease, passed the time in quarrelling and card-playing, in strange native dances and open wickedness. It was their constant assertion that "In this place there is *no* law." They maddened themselves with a liquor which they distilled from the Ki-root plant, till Father Damien got at the distilling apparatus and suppressed the practice. There was a dearth of water, of which Government had taken no notice. But Father Damien found a clear spring at the base of the cliffs, and got a schooner-load of water-pipes from Honolulu, so that the two settlements soon had an abundant supply.

Brighter days for Molokai now set in. The poor creatures who saw the good priest toiling for them day and night in their stifling huts, began to give ear to his spiritual ministrations. They came to his open-air services, and listened as he preached to them about their own peculiar temptations and trials. Identifying himself with his people, his customary address was not, "My brethren," but "We lepers."

A life of unceasing toil and self-denial was Father Damien's. Besides the constant

ministrations to the sick and dying, often carrying the dead in his own arms to their graves, he helped the community to replace their wretched huts with neat wooden houses, and induced those who were artisans to again occupy their time with labour. The ground was dug up, and potatoes were planted, or gardens laid out, and a changed aspect seemed to spread over the whole settlement.

The many friendless orphans of the leper colony were to Father Damien a special care. Under his cheerful oversight they began once more to laugh and play—strange sounds in Molokai, where, to all but drunken revellers, the atmosphere had so long been one of horror and gloom. An orphanage was soon reared for the girls, and another for the boys. He taught these children, and nursed them as the disease made progress; and as one by one they passed away, their last sight on earth was the kindly face of Father Damien as he bent over them with words of love.

It was soon seen that Father Damien could be trusted, and the Government entered into his plans for the amelioration of the condition of the lepers. Clothing and food were sent more plentifully, and also a small money allowance to each leper. Father Damien caused a small shop to be opened at Kalawao, and the poor creatures felt they were in the world once more, when they could do a little shopping on their own account. The Protestant residents of Honolulu sent the Father a purse of money with which to comfort his people, and far and wide the story of the brave priest of Molokai began to be told. In far-off England, and other Christian lands, kind hearts were stirred to aid in the work.

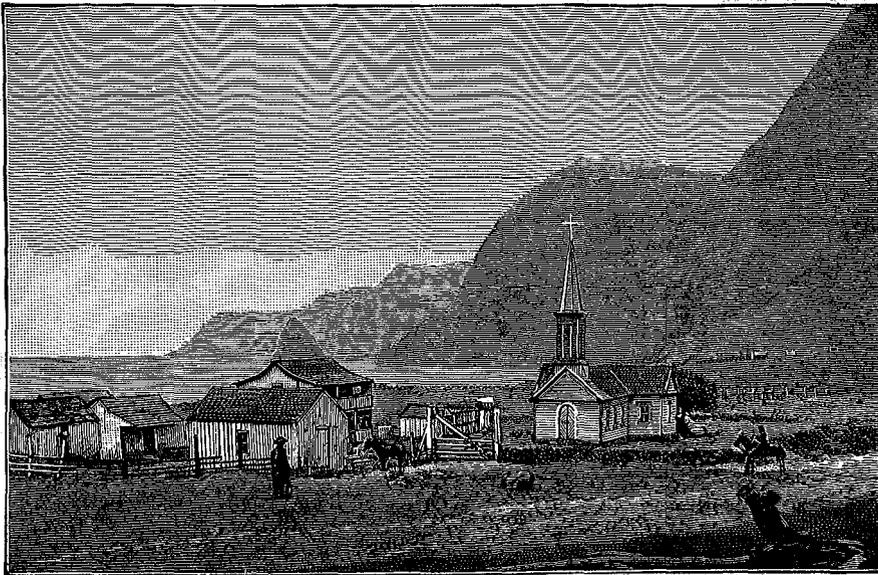
At Kalawao, and also at Kalaupapa, a church was built, each with its graveyard, that quickly began to fill with Protestants and Roman Catholics side by side. "There was great need for coffins in Molokai," says Miss Cooke; "they stood in piles within the sheds, where the busy workers made them, and the sound of nails driven in was constantly to be heard. But gloom and dreariness were no longer connected, as of old, with the thoughts of the leper's death. Father Damien had taught the hope of a heavenly life, and each newly made grave was only the answer to the call home."

Vessels of timber came to Molokai, sent by the Government, and Father Damien, at the head of the able-bodied lepers, worked away till the settlement wore a new aspect. Church, and orphanages, and rows of clean whitewashed buildings, seemed now to smile in the tropical sunshine. In the graveyard stood the palm-tree beneath which Damien passed the first nights after his arrival. He now occupied a small two-storied house, with a verandah and a garden. Here the children, and older visitors too, loved to come and watch him cultivating his garden, or feeding his poultry, which used to settle on his arms and head, as if they too shared the confidence which every one felt in the good Father. After a time, Damien was helped in his work by two priests, two lay brothers, and three nuns, who, incited by his example, gave up their lives to the service of the lepers. Yet he still led the same self-denying life.

Ten years had passed, when Father Damien saw in himself the symptoms of leprosy. He was still cheerful as of old, felt the lepers to be nearer and dearer than ever to him, and declared, "I would not be cured, if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work." Through the Rev. H. B. Chapman,

vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, a gladdening message came, with a present of £1,000, from Christians of various creeds. It was a timely offering, and was used for the benefit of the needy lepers without distinction of race or creed.

It was now manifest that the end was approaching. His people saw with sorrow that their good priest could no longer do as much as he had done. Christmas, 1888, saw the guest-house at Molokai occupied by an English visitor, Mr. Clifford, who tells us how he saw Father Damien in his broad straw hat coming slowly and painfully across the beach to greet him. It was to be Father Damien's last Christmas with his people. Presents had come from England—beautiful pictures, a magic lantern, an



FATHER DAMIEN'S HOUSE AND CHURCH AT KALAWAO, MOLOKAI.

“ariston” that played forty tunes, and some special curative agencies from which much was hoped. Damien much enjoyed sitting on the verandah steps and talking to his English visitor, whom he would not approach. His last letter to his brother was written on February 19th, 1889, in which he says he is grievously sick, but desires “nothing but the accomplishment of the will of God.” A month passed away, and he was in bed, suffering acute pain in the throat and mouth. But Brother James, who nursed him faithfully by day and night, declares that he never beheld a happier death. He died on April 15th, 1889.

In the little graveyard at Kalawao, beneath the tree that sheltered him when he first landed on the island, rests the mortal frame of the hero saint of Molokai.

The life and death of this extraordinary man have awakened keen interest in England, and under the auspices of the Prince of Wales a Father Damien Memorial Fund was set on foot. The objects are, first, a monument at Molokai; second, a leper ward in London, and the endowment of a travelling studentship of leprosy, third,

inquiry, and, if possible, prompt action with reference to the many thousands of lepers in India.

The Mission to Lepers in India, commenced in 1874 by Mr. W. C. Bailey, a missionary of the Church of Scotland, occupies entirely independent ground, by utilising as much as possible existing agencies, by assisting leper asylums already established, providing missionaries with the means for carrying on Christian work in connection therewith; making grants of money towards new asylums, prayer-rooms, and so forth. Its work is affiliated to that of the Church Missionary Society, the London Missionary Society, the American Presbyterian Mission, Gossner's Evangelical Mission, the Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee, the American Episcopal Methodist Mission, and the Wesleyan Mission.

It is a fact little generally known, that there is in India an estimated number of 135,000 lepers—men, women, and children, victims of the most terrible disease known to humanity. The Mission to Lepers in India undertakes to support a leper for one year for £6, to supply a Christian teacher to an asylum for the same period for £20, and to build an asylum for £150 to £200.

It is the testimony of all medical men that, up to the present time, leprosy *cannot be cured*.* But it can be relieved medically; the sufferers can be relieved physically, so as to make life tolerably bearable to them; and, above all, they can be consoled and cheered by the blessings of the Gospel. "As a class," says Mr. W. C. Bailey, who has had twelve years' experience of the work, "I do not know of any in India so accessible to the Gospel, and who receive it so willingly. We have had among them some of the brightest converts we have ever made amongst any class of the community. I have met with lepers as bright Christians as ever I have met with in this or in any other country."

* The disease has only recently been traced to a specific *bacillus*; and recent results of the new study of bacteriology do hold out some hopes that possibly the terrible scourge may be either wholly or partially mastered as knowledge of it advances.

XLVI.—GENERAL SURVEY OF THE MISSION FIELD.

CHAPTER XC.

The Great Battle-field—Statistics—The Spreading Leaven—Centenary Conference on Protestant Missions—What has been Wrought in One Hundred Years—Now and Then—Some Startling Contrasts—The Bible Society : a Fruit of the Missionary Idea—Ancient Christian Faiths—The Parsis—Roman Catholic Missions—Beacons and Patterns—Protestant Methods adopted by other Creeds—A New Spirit Abroad—Commercial Relations—Secular Enterprise—Some Crying Evils—The Liquor Traffic—Terrible Testimony—Sale of Guns and Gunpowder—Letters from Alexander Mackay—The Opium Trade—Two Views Thereon—Moral Wrong and Political Right—A Graphic Illustration—India—A Century of Progress—Changes—Tinnevely—Unoccupied Areas—The Salvation Army and its Missionary Methods—The Mission of the Traveller—Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke—Stanley's Visit to Alexander Mackay—Death of Mackay—South Africa—Isles of the Seas—French Influence—Chinese Influence—Methods—Civilisation and the Gospel—Obscure Heroes—Native Churches—Present Position of the Heathen World—Lack of Labourers—The Duty of Christendom—United Action Required—Recent Criticisms—Fruits of Revivals—The Man and the Hour—The Flowing Tide—A Prayer—Finis.

OUR task is well-nigh accomplished. We have essayed to show how in every land of heathen darkness the Holy War has been waged. We have stood with the pioneer soldiers of the Cross in teeming cities whose palaces and shrines are mirrored by the waters of India's sacred streams; in the foulest shambles of "Darkest Africa;" in the far-scattered homes of the wildest tribes of the prairie and the forest; in the sunny islands of Southern Seas; and in rude homes where human beings shiver through six months of darkness amidst "rocks of ice eternal piled." But the war is still going on, and we close our narrative with a general survey of the great battle-field. It is not proposed to inquire into the progress of particular missionary societies, or to take the countries of the world in systematic order; still less shall we attempt to tabulate the results of missionary labour, or to prove success by statistics. The work is far too extensive, varied, and far-reaching to be stated in figures.

A story is told by Bishop Edward Bickersteth of a man in a little village on the west coast of the central island of Japan, who was a notorious evil liver as a heathen. He was a byword and a reproach among his heathen countrymen. That man was taken captive of Christ, and he returned to his own people and presented to them, not religious teaching, to be taken and compared with other religious systems, but the marvellous miracle of a changed life. The people came to him to know *where the power was* that had wrought that change in him; and so by the manifestation of the power of the Holy Ghost that man was instrumental in gathering round him many seekers after "the truth as it is in Jesus." Multiply that case by thousands, and it gives an idea of the leaven spreading through the masses of heathendom; but it furnishes no material for a statistical statement or a table of results.

Those who wish for such information can find it in the annual reports of the various societies, dealing with every branch of the great work in every part of the world, and a marvellous mass of literature, consisting of pamphlets, magazines, journals,

and books, from the most recent of which we are to a large extent indebted for the information in this chapter; but it is far too extensive to particularise. The Report of the Church Missionary Society for its ninety-first year (1889—90) alone, consists of 324 closely printed pages.

Since the publication of this work was originated, the Centenary of Protestant Missions has been celebrated by a Great Conference held in London, and attended by delegates from every part of the world. In an able magazine article * Sir William Hunter thus described the main objects of the Conference:—

“During a century Protestant missionaries have been continuously at labour, and year by year they make an ever increasing demand upon the zeal and resources of Christendom. Thoughtful men in England and America ask, in all seriousness, What is the practical result of so vast an expenditure of effort? And, while the world thus seeks for a sign, the Churches also desire light. What lesson does the hard-won experience of the century teach—the experience bought by the lives and labour of thousands of devoted men and women in every quarter of the globe? What conquests has that great missionary army made from the dark continents of ignorance and cruel rites? What influence has it exerted on the higher Eastern races who have a religion, a literature, a civilisation older than our own? How far does the missionary method of the past accord with the actual needs of the present?”

These questions we have endeavoured to answer in our account of the Conquests of the Cross; but in bringing the work to a close, we desire to avail ourselves of the experience of the leaders of every department of missionary work, in our survey of the present state of the mission field. To this end we shall quote freely from the invaluable report of the Centenary Conference—a work which cannot be too carefully studied by all who are interested in Protestant missions, as it touches upon every detail of the vast subject, and helps to solve many of its baffling problems. †

In contrasting the present state of feeling with regard to missions and those in force a hundred years ago, Sir William Hunter, as chairman of the first open meeting of the Conference, said:—

“During the last hundred years the opinions of Christendom have undergone a momentous change. Many of you will remember how a century ago, when Carey, the founder of missionary work in Bengal, met the little assembly of Baptist ministers and propounded to them the question whether it was not the duty of Christians now, as in the days of the Apostles, to spread the faith of Christ, the president is said to have hastily arisen and to have shouted in displeasure, ‘Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen He will convert them without your aid or mine!’ To another pious Nonconformist divine present at that meeting, Carey’s words

* *Nineteenth Century*, July, 1888.

† “Report of the Centenary Conference on the Protestant Missions of the World. Held in Exeter Hall (June 9th—19th), London, 1888.” Edited by the Rev. James Johnston, F.S.S. (Secretary of the Conference). Two vols. Londoff: James Nesbit & Co.

suggested the thought, 'If the Lord were to make windows in heaven, might these things be!' At that time the Scottish Church (which has since done such noble work), through some of its ministers, pronounced this missionary idea to be 'highly preposterous'; and one of them praised 'the happy ignorance of the untutored savage!' A bishop of the Church of England—that Church whose labours now encompass the earth—publicly and powerfully argued against the idea of missionary enterprise. Parliament declared against it. The servants of England in the East treated our missionaries as breakers of the law. But for the charity of a Hindu usurer, the first missionary family in Bengal would at one time have had no roof to cover their heads. But for the courage of the governor of a little Danish settlement, the next missionary family who went to Bengal would have been seized by the English Council in Calcutta and shipped back to Europe. A hundred years ago the sense of the Churches, the policy of Parliament, the instinct of self-preservation among Englishmen who were working for England in distant lands, were all arrayed against the missionary idea.

"But the missionaries had to encounter not only prejudice at home. They had to encounter a better founded hostility among the people to whom they went. For, until a century ago, the white man had brought no blessing to the dark nations of the globe. During three hundred years he had appeared as the despoiler, the enslaver, the exterminator of the weaker peoples of the earth. With one or two exceptions—bright episodes of which our American friends may well be proud—which stand out against that dark background, the missionaries came as representatives of a race who had been the great wrong-doers to the poorer and weaker peoples of the world. In South America, the ancient civilisation had been trodden out beneath the hoofs of the Spanish horse. In Africa, Christian men had organised an enormous traffic in human flesh. In Southern India, the Portuguese had sacked cities and devastated kingdoms. Throughout the whole tropical oceans of Asia, the best of our European nations appeared as unscrupulous traders; the worst of them were simply pirates and buccaneers. In India, which was destined to be the chief field of missionary labour, the power had passed to the English without the responsibility which would have led them to use that power aright. During a whole generation, the natives of India had been accustomed to regard us as a people whose arms it was impossible to resist, and to whose mercies it was vain to appeal. The retired slave-trader himself looked askance at the retired Indian Nabob."

Dr. George Smith, the historian of missions, divides the past hundred years into three periods. The half-century from 1788 to 1838, was the winter of soil-preparation; the twenty years, 1838 to 1858, the time of seed-sowing; the thirty years since the close of the Indian Mutiny, the period of first-fruits of a certain harvest.

At the beginning of the century, the Church was in a deep slumber. Now, it is full of intense, almost restless, activity. Then, zeal was the only qualification for a missionary; now, the flower of our universities go forth to the mission-field. Then, Christian Governments withstood missions, and were intolerant of their influence. Now, they are welcomed and applauded. Then, the Press hurled its shafts of ridicule at

them; now its tone is completely altered. Then, there was not one organised missionary society to the heathen; now, there are, inside and outside the Churches, 150 separate organisations, with a fund of two and a quarter millions per annum. Then, a few individuals, mostly of the peasant class, but men rich in faith and full of splendid energy and heroic courage, were the only missionaries; now, there is a noble army of missionary officers from Christendom, 7,000 strong (of whom nearly a third are women), and of native workers 35,000, of whom 3,000 are ordained ministers. Then, there was only one method of presenting the Gospel, leaving the great cults of the Heathen, Mohammedan, and Jewish world practically untouched. Now, the highest learning of the best schools in every department of knowledge is brought to bear.

“Within the century, missions have virtually solved the problem of the moral regeneration of India. Churches have been multiplied; hundreds of thousands converted; education extended; infanticide prohibited; sutteeism abolished; Government support withdrawn from idolatry; caste broken down, at least in part; and heathenism everywhere on the wane. In China similar results have been obtained, if not on so grand a scale. The sea-coast provinces are occupied, and scores of missionaries have penetrated the interior; and, but for the enmity excited by the infamous opium traffic, the end of this century might have seen China evangelised. Within the period already mentioned, Africa has been encircled with a halo of light, and throughout its gloomy interior, in the track of William Taylor, and of the missionaries on the Congo, points of brightness are visible amid the darkness, like the watch-fires of an invading host, telling that the advance guard of the Christian army is already in possession. And that which is true of the continents is true of the islands. Madagascar is largely evangelised, and the principal groups of the South Seas are won for Christ. Japan is open to Western thought and Western religion. Formosa has been pre-empted for truth and freedom. The continent-island of Australia is peopled by Anglo-Saxon Christians. New Zealand is following in its wake. The Sandwich group is completely Christianised. Ceylon and Java have received the light.” *

The British and Foreign Bible Society—a fruit of the missionary idea—has done excellent work in the century. When it was founded in 1804, there were in the world considerably under fifty versions of the Word of God—the work of eighteen centuries; now there are over 166 versions, fifty-six having been issued during the past ten years. At the beginning of the century it is estimated—but of course this is only an approximate estimate—that there were five or six millions of copies of the Scriptures in the whole world. The number put into circulation by the Bible Society during the past ten years was 34,512,517. Add to this that all the missionaries in the world are Bible distributors, and that, in addition, the Society has an army of five or six hundred colporteurs, besides about 200 Zenana women working through the various mission societies.

The British and Foreign Bible Society has given the Sacred Scriptures to “the inhabitants of the old lands of Egypt, Ethiopia, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, and

* Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., of Toronto, Canada.

Persia; to the indomitable Circassians; to the mountaineers of Afghanistan; to tribes of India speaking thirty-two different languages or dialects; to the inhabitants of Burmah, Assam, and Siam; to the islanders of Madagascar and Ceylon; to the Malays and Javanese of the Eastern Seas; to the millions of China, and the wandering Kalmuck beyond her Great Wall; to the brave New Zealander; to the teeming inhabitants of the island groups which are scattered in the Southern Pacific; to the African races from the Cape to Sierra Leone; to the Eskimo, and Greenlander, within the Arctic Circle; and to the Indian tribes of North America. All are now furnished with a translation of that wonderful volume, which, with the light of the Spirit of God, reveals 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

While rejoicing over the progress made in the extension of the Protestant religion throughout the world, it is melancholy to remember that many of the older forms of the Christian faith remain, so far as development is concerned, much in the same state as they were centuries ago. And yet, in some important respects they may be regarded as allies to the modern movements. For example, although Mohammedanism has swept over the East, devastating nation after nation, sweeping down hundreds of thousands before it established its position from Bagdad to Toledo, yet, in the providence of God, there has been preserved in every Mohammedan State a remnant of Christians. "Look upon your map," says the Rev. G. E. Post, M.D., of the Syrian Protestant College, Beyrout, "and you will find at the head of the eastern branches of the Nile, a Christian community, albeit depressed and degraded—albeit it has lost its first love—still a Christian community, and holding to the essentials of the Christian faith, right in the midst of these Mohammedan tribes. Go down to the head-waters of the Nile, and you will find the Abyssinians. You will find the Copts in Egypt. You will find the Greeks and Maronites in Syria. In Mesopotamia you will find the Jacobites. Go into Persia and you will find the Nestorians. Go into Asia Minor and you will find the Armenians. And in the Balkan Peninsula you will find the Bulgarians. I challenge those who proclaim that Islam is making progress in the world, to explain how these feeble remnants have been able to hold their own for all these centuries, in order, in these latter days, to become the standing point and the starting point of Christian missions, if this be not the religion which God founded in the world."

While thankful for the testimony borne by these ancient Christian Churches, it is to be regretted that they have not more actively co-operated with the great Protestant missions. So also is it, to find that some of those ancient faiths most closely allied to Christianity have lost, or appear to be losing, their opportunity of emerging from their semi-darkness into the true light. The case of the Zoroastrians or Parsis may be cited as a typical one. Their sacred book is called the "Avesta," and is about the same size as our Bible. Their religion has been described as the purest and the best of all Pagan creeds, and Geiger, a German scholar who has recently written on the subject, says, "With the single exception of the Israelites, no nation of antiquity in the East has been able to attain such purity and sublimity of religious thought as the followers of the Avesta." "The Parsi religion," says the Rev. J.

Murray Mitchell, LL.D., "stands honourably distinguished among heathen religions in the following particulars: 1. No immoral attributes are ascribed to the object of worship; 2. No immoral acts are sanctioned as part of worship; 3. No cruelty enters into the worship; 4. It sanctions no image-worship; 5. In the contest between good and evil, the Parsi must not remain passive—he must contend for the right and the true; 6. A place of comparative respect is assigned to women. Polygamy is forbidden. Thus God's great institution of the family is honoured."

The race is a compact mass, intelligent, active, influential—many of them merchant princes. In Persia their old religion has been trampled under the iron heel of Mohammedanism, and is slowly being crushed to death. But in India, under the beneficent sway of the Empress-Queen, the Parsis receive the fullest toleration. Not many of them have, however, been won to Christianity, either in Persia or in India. But of their future Dr. Mitchell, who speaks with authority, says:—

"I had often hoped that, as the wise men from the East, who were probably Zoroastrians, hastened to lay their gold, frankincense, and myrrh at the feet of the new-born Redeemer, so the Zoroastrians of our day might be the first of Oriental races to take upon themselves, as a race, the easy yoke of Christ. That high honour, however, seems likely to be claimed by others—by the Karens of Burmah it may be, or by the population of Japan; but I still cherish the hope that this active, influential people will speedily avow the convictions, which not a few among them already entertain, and will then prove a powerful auxiliary in the diffusion of Christian truth."

Little has been said in the present work of Roman Catholic missions, as our design throughout has been to follow the progress of Protestant missionary effort only. In pursuance of this plan, we have devoted one chapter to the great Protestant crusade against Roman Catholicism in South America. But, in making a general survey of the mission fields of to-day, it would be ungenerous, as well as unfair, not to acknowledge the labours of the devoted men who have gone forth to spread, according to their light, the Christian religion.

In the *Missiones Catholicae* issued by the Propaganda at Rome in 1886, the Romish Church claims to have in India, the Indo-China Peninsula, China, the regions adjacent to China, Oceania, America, Africa and its islands, 2,742,961 adherents, 7,561 churches and chapels, 2,822 European missionaries, 752 native missionaries, 4,504 elementary schools, and 110,742 elementary scholars.

"This," says the Rev. Principal D. H. MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., of Montreal, "is the entire fruit of her efforts among the heathen, as we understand the term. This success is comparatively small considering the magnitude of the Church, the vast resources of men and money at her command, and the means employed in propagating her creed. Taking her own figures, so far as India is concerned, during the five years from 1880 to 1885, the rate of increase was only three and a half per cent. per annum; while Protestant missions in the same country increased at the rate of nine per cent. per annum!" In this connection, too, it should be remembered that Pagan and Romish

rites and ceremonies strongly resemble each other, and, as we have shown in a chapter on Missions in Mexico, are in some instances identical; and hence it should be comparatively easy to persuade the heathen to adopt a religion apparently resembling in its outward forms their own.



PARSI MERCHANT OF BOMBAY.

But whatever view may be taken of the doctrines taught by the Church of Rome, and whether or not in her theology she holds the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, no one can fail to admire the persistent zeal of her various religious Orders, and especially of the Jesuits, who have shown the utmost determination in prosecuting their designs

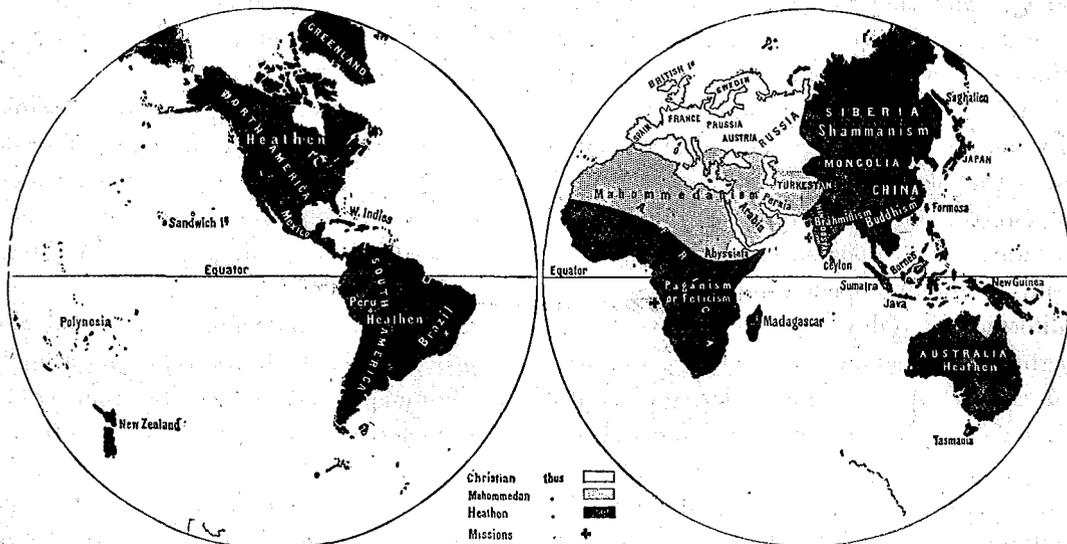
among civilised nations and savages. The tales of their daring and martyrdom in China and Japan have been told with thrilling effect, and will be told as long as the world stands. "When I look upon François Xavier," said Dean Vahl, of the Danish Evangelical Missionary Society, "and his burning zeal, and how he made himself poor to the poor, I admire his zeal, for I know that it surpasses my own. When I look upon the missionaries who went out to the Huron, to the Mohawks, where they were tortured with the most exquisite tortures, and where some who escaped went back to the place of their torture, to preach to their tormentors; when I am witness to the many thousand martyrs of Japan, and in our own days in Annam and Tonkin, I bow with deep veneration for these men and women, for I fear that if my faith should be put to such a test, it would decline."

The same speaker, at the Centennial Conference, after showing that Roman Catholic missions from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries had been a practical failure, and modern ones not much less so, considering that in most places the doors have been wider open to them than to Evangelical missions, inquires into the cause, and says—"The Roman Catholic missionaries have everywhere meddled with politics. Why was Roman Catholicism driven out of Japan? Because it tried to pave the way for the dominion of Spain. Why have the Roman Catholic missionaries been hated in China, in Annam, in Tonkin, in the eighteenth century, and in our days? Because of their connection with French politics. In the South Sea Islands, in West Central Africa, in Madagascar, we see the same thing. While Eliot tried to keep his converts peaceful and prevent them taking part in the wars, the Jesuit missionaries among the Abenakis and other tribes took part with France against England in the wars of the last century. And this meddling of politics with missions is suicidal"—a hint that our own missionaries would do well always to bear in mind.

The tactics of the Propaganda differ according to circumstances, and Rome is not ashamed to learn lessons from Protestant missions. (It would be well, as we shall presently show, if Protestant missions would take some lessons from Rome.) For example: When the American missions were established in Turkey and produced such marvellous effects among the Armenians and the Greeks, the Papal Greeks of Asia, and the Maronites, the Roman Catholics awakened to the sense of the necessity of adopting the evangelistic and educational methods, and, one by one, they imitated the institutions of the Protestants. The Roman Catholic missions all through the East are now educational missions, with primary schools for boys and girls, and schools of the highest character culminating in colleges and universities.

Let one other instance, given by Dr. Post of Beyrout, suffice:—"When I went to Syria four-and-twenty years ago," he said at the Centennial Conference, "there was no school in Syria beyond the grade of an academy for the education of the priesthood. The Protestant mission from an early period had established an academy, first under a Mr. Hebard, an American, and the Jesuits afterwards established a similar seminary in the northern part of Mount Lebanon. Growing out of the schools of the seminary, the Syrian Protestant College was organised in 1865. Three years after that the Jesuit Seminary in Ghazir was broken up, and the Jesuit University of St. Joseph was

established in Beyrout. We established a medical department. The Jesuits then did what, as far as I know, in all their history is without parallel: they established a medical college, recognising the wisdom and sagacity which had promoted our effort. Then we established large schools for girls. Immediately the Romanists began to establish female schools all over the country, although heretofore, following the Oriental bias in this respect, they had neglected female education. Furthermore, one of the prominent methods of our mission was the press, the translation of books, and the printing of the Holy Scriptures. Now marvel at what has occurred in the providence of God. The Jesuits, when they found we had translated the Scriptures, turned round and issued a translation of their own—a thing they had never done before. And,



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

furthermore, desiring to exclude our copies, they sold theirs at an extraordinarily low rate—at about one-third or one-fourth their value—so that there are many thousands of volumes of the Jesuit Bible in circulation in Syria.”

Protestantism would do well to learn some lessons from Rome in zeal, in patience, in fortitude, in self-denial, in staying-power, in being less fettered by family ties, in never taking a backward step or relinquishing a station they have once held; in never keeping in their employ unfit men who cannot serve them, but promptly replacing them by the flower of the Jesuit universities. Moreover, they have an absolute confidence that the whole world will be subjected to Rome. In Germany they have a missionary map, in which the whole world is mapped out and divided into Roman Catholic provinces. We must follow them in the conviction, that the whole world will be subjected, not to Rome, but to Christ.

But beyond all this, they teach us this most important lesson. “They are not divided as we are,” says the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. “They have no rival charities fighting against each other. If

they move at all, they move all together, and a victory in India is a victory at home."

During the past century a new spirit has, happily, been abroad in relation to commerce. The trades of the world owe a debt of gratitude to missionary enterprise, which has opened up and made possible vast regions to commercial undertakings. A hundred years ago the great Indian Company, the monopolists of that day, asked the question which no one asks now, "What has commerce to do with missions?" and "they determined that commerce had nothing to do with missions so far as they could see, and they refused to allow their ships to take out pioneer missionaries, so that those noble men had to seek a Danish ship in which to cross the seas to India. And they refused to allow the missionaries to live on their territory, so that those men had to seek the protection of the Danish flag under which to land at Serampore, which was then a Danish settlement."

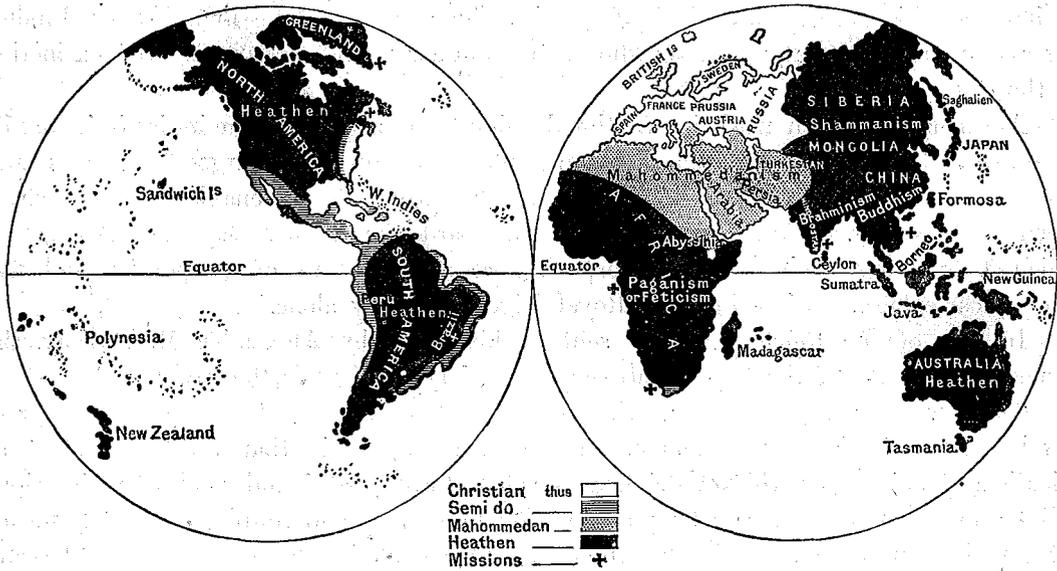
While missions have, on the one hand, aided commerce, commerce has greatly aided missions on the other. The growth of the Early Church followed the lines of trade across the Mediterranean, and on the continent of Europe Latin Christianity penetrated the forest homes of stalwart races where Roman arms and merchandise had opened the way. "Secular enterprise has built the great Christian cities of the Western Hemisphere, and opened mission-fields everywhere in the chief islands of the sea. The California of to-day could not have been created by missionary effort alone, and the magnificent spectacle of a British Empire in Southern Asia, with its Bible, its schools and colleges, its law and order, its manifold enlightenment and moral elevation, could not have existed but for the long and sometimes questionable career of the East India Company. But there is no universal law in the case. Civilisation, even in its ruder forms, has not always preceded the missionary movement. Often it has proved a hindrance. Throughout British America, mission stations have followed the factories of the fur traders; but in Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, and Madagascar, missionary labour has led the way."*

Unhappily, the first contact of commerce, especially during the period of rough adventure and lawlessness, has been evil, and has caused serious hindrances to the spread of the Gospel; and whether those adventurers have gone before or have followed the missionary, their influence has caused a blight, and has made us "debtors to the heathen," a debt which it is the duty of Christendom to repay, a thousandfold. Whale fishermen in Tahiti and Hawaii, convicts in Tasmania, kidnappers in Melanesia, slave-traders on the Congo, opium dealers in China, and whiskey vendors among the Indian tribes of North America and elsewhere, all have proved a curse; and in many instances the curse remains. At the same time there is a bright side to the dark picture. "The first rough adventurers are at length followed by a better class. Homes are established by Christian merchants; fathers who are solicitous for the moral atmosphere which must surround their children, exert a wholesome influence; the missionary is no longer sneered at, but is supported;

* Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, D.D., Secretary, Presbyterian Board of F. M. (U.S.A.).

vice that was open and shameless is frowned upon; the church and the school are set up. In all new mining fields, whether in America, or Australia, or South Africa, the first contact of white men has been demoralising; and yet in those same settlements, when order has been established, when the Christian family has arrived, when a church and a schoolroom, and a Christian press and Christian influence have obtained a footing, all is changed."

One crying evil remains, however, which threatens to imperil not only the whole cause of missions in Africa, but in other parts of the world—the pernicious liquor traffic carried on under the flags of Christian nations. It has been well described as having "all the enormity of systematic cruelty to children—a conspiracy by representatives of civilised nations against simple tribes of men who know not what they do."



THE STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD AT THE CLOSE OF 1750.

What is wanted to meet this evil is a united movement by the Christian Church throughout the whole world—a grand international movement, strong enough to make demands and insist upon their concession. Let one missionary, the Rev. W. Allen, M.A., of the Church Missionary Society, give some details of this criminal traffic, much of which is in the poisonous stuff called "trade" rum and gin:—

"The figures, as I ascertained them from the Custom House authorities at Sierra Leone, were sad enough, amounting to over 180,000 gallons in the year 1887, besides incalculable quantities entering the country to the north, duty free. But they are far worse in the Lagos colony, for the Hon. and Rev. James Johnson, who is a member of the Government and speaks with authority, has declared that the liquor imported into that colony amounts to 1,230,000 gallons annually. Frightful as that quantity is, it is far from surprising to one who has been in the interior, for during the eighteen days I spent in Lagos, on the river Ogun, and in Abbeokuta, gin and

rum, or the cases and bottles which contained them, were constantly before my eyes. Large liquor-laden steamers lying at anchor; warehouses filled to repletion with liquid fire; canoes heavily laden with demijohns of rum; the well-known green boxes used for packing gin, in endless profusion; the streets, the lanes, the highways and byways, the river-banks, and even the bush itself, littered and strewn with gin-bottles and the capacious wickerwork rum-jars usually known as demijohns. The very soil of Abbeokuta seemed to consist of liquor bottles. . . . I was told by one of the principal trading agents at Brass, that 60,000 cases of gin, and half that quantity of rum, pass through Brass annually into the Niger territory, and he thought a still larger quantity through Akassa. . . . An English trader on the Manah River, to the west of Liberia, told me that he himself sold 1,000 gallons of spirits to the natives every week." Evidence could be multiplied from all quarters with the same terrible testimony added to it—that this pernicious trade is destroying the progress of missionary work, hindering and oppressing the growth of wholesome commerce, and threatening the extinction of the African race.

Another evil which needs international union to suppress it, is the indiscriminate sale of guns and gunpowder to the Africans, the exportation of cargoes of arms and ammunition to be used for shooting down the natives, or to enable them to shoot down one another. "Amongst the cargo on board the *Congo*," says Mr. Allen, "on which I took my passage from Liverpool, were seventy tons of gunpowder and five tons of cartridges, consigned to the Royal Niger Company alone."

In one of the touching letters sent to his sister by Alexander M. Mackay, the pioneer missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda, he says:—

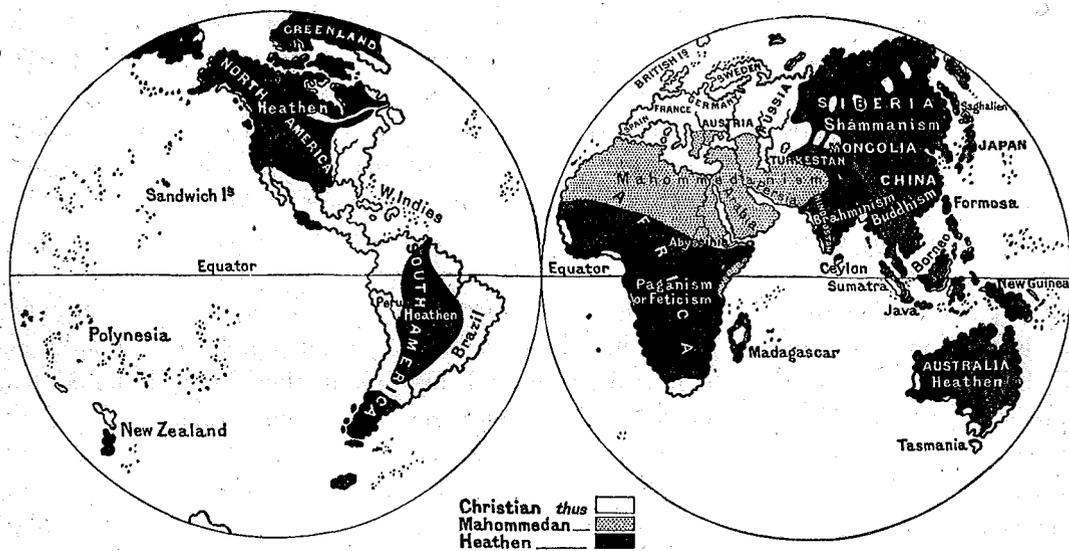
"Do try your utmost to press the firearms question. Interests of gunmakers and powder-makers and petty traders are all so bound up in it, that you will find it as 'tickle a p'int' as the whiskey-drinkers' traffic. 'Free-trade' and such-like objections will be raised; but there can be no free-trade in robbery and murder, or in the means for carrying on these unspeakable atrocities. Above all, in the present pocket-sparing epoch, when all the cry is 'expense,' as if all the end of existence were money-grubbing, you can well urge the argument of the *cheapness* with which a firm grip can be got of petty potentates, by allowing them only *so much* in the way of arms and ammunition annually, according to their *good behaviour!* 'Of course smuggling arms will be tried, but that is neither here nor there. Is no evil ever to be prevented because a few individuals ever will succeed in evading the law?"

"The profits to honest merchants on legitimate trade will be enormously enhanced when peace, and not war, is the order of the day among these millions of blacks. But they must be helped to peace, just as hitherto they have been helped to war. It is a dreadful and loud-crying iniquity that the British Agent in Zanzibar should be found backing Tipu Tip, the robber and murderer of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures in the heart of Africa. I hope you will be able to expose by tongue and pen this heinous patronage of bloodshed. . . . The voice of Moffat and Livingstone is not silenced, and will not be until the tribunal of Almighty Justice ceases to condemn the horrors of injustice in Central Africa."

Again, only a short time before his death, in one of the last letters he ever wrote—at a time, too, when on every hand he was being urged to leave his post and seek a little rest after his fourteen years of incessant toil—Mackay wrote:—

“How are the Arabs in the Soudan, on the Upper Congo, on Nyassa, and on the Zanzibar coast, or the Kings of Uganda and Bunyoro, able to carry on this organised system of slaughter and slave-catching? It is only because of the thrice-blind policy of allowing them to procure *ad libitum* supplies of gunpowder and guns. It is Europe, and I hesitate not to say especially England, that is yearly supplying these men-killers with the means whereby they carry on their deadly work.

“Here we have the astounding phenomenon of a continent bleeding at every pore,



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD IN 1850.

and of a feeble, ineffective effort made at the coast to check the export of slaves, while, at the same time, a few petty European merchants in Zanzibar are pouring into the interior, unchecked, arms and ammunition, without which not a single raid could be made by Arabs or Baganda. It is like one man plugging up the outlet of a deep-seated abscess, while others are saturating the blood of the patient with poisons. Tribe is stimulated to annihilate tribe, and Arabs encouraged to prey upon all, merely by their being allowed as much as they want of man-slaying material. If this is not a policy of *dementia*, I know not where madness is to be found. For years we have been sowing this bitter seed; and now we mourn, as we begin at length to reap the bitter fruit in assassination and defiance. The British vessels which bring out missionaries and Bibles to evangelise Africa, bring also, and in far greater number, Enfields and breechloaders, which convert the continent into a hell. The Church Missionary Society has already spent over £150,000 within the last dozen years in the endeavour to introduce Christianity into Eastern Equatorial Africa; but all their labour and expenditure is rendered well-nigh fruitless by the continual wars

and intrigues carried on upon the strength of the guns and gunpowder supplied by Christian traders, who are too cowardly to venture inland themselves, for their wares would probably cause their assassination.”

We have quoted this passage at length, but readers who are interested in this important question, which demands an international association of determined men to take it in hand, will find much more on the same subject in the recently published “Memoir of A. M. Mackay.”

Of the opium trade and its pernicious influence we have written fully in these volumes. But it will be well in this place, while looking at the causes which hinder the progress of Christian missions, and which need the strength of international union to uproot them, to give some of the views expressed at the Centennial Conference by men who have been in recent years brought face to face with the evil, which all the missionaries of China concur in describing as fatal to its slaves.

The Rev. Silvester Whitehead (Wesleyan) of Canton said:—“Hollow eyes, sunken cheeks, high shoulder-bones, emaciated frame, discoloured teeth, sallow complexion, are the signs which announce the opium smoker everywhere. And the evils thus set forth have their correspondence in the mental and moral degradation of the people. A smoker needs some three hours a day to consume the opium that is requisite for him. He is unable to do more than two hours’ consecutive work, because he must have his opium, and when he needs it, whatever he may be doing, he must and will have it. If he has not time to take his rice and his opium, then he will smoke his opium. If he has not money enough to buy both rice and opium, then he will buy opium. If he has no money left, he will pawn his garments. If he has already pawned his garments, then he will steal. By one means or another he must have it. If he is deprived of it too long, water flows from the eyes, he experiences a burning in the throat and a dizziness in the head, and coldness in the extremities. If he is altogether denied the use of opium he will die, and die in agony. It is obvious the wife and family of such a man must be reduced to destitution, and that lifelong misery must be the result. Worse still, daughters must be sold into slavery or into shame in order to procure the money to stave off hunger. It may be said, perhaps, that I am describing the *abuse* of opium; but the mischief is that the *use* always ends in the abuse. There is no relief for an opium smoker. The craving gradually and rapidly increases until it becomes masterful. In this respect it is ten times worse than intoxicating drink. Only a small proportion of those who use stimulants fall into drunkenness; but very few of those who begin to use opium can possibly escape from becoming its slaves.”

Another missionary, the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, of the China Inland Mission, gave this startling testimony:—“I have laboured in China for over thirty years. I am profoundly convinced that the opium traffic is doing more evil in China in a week than missions are doing good in a year.”

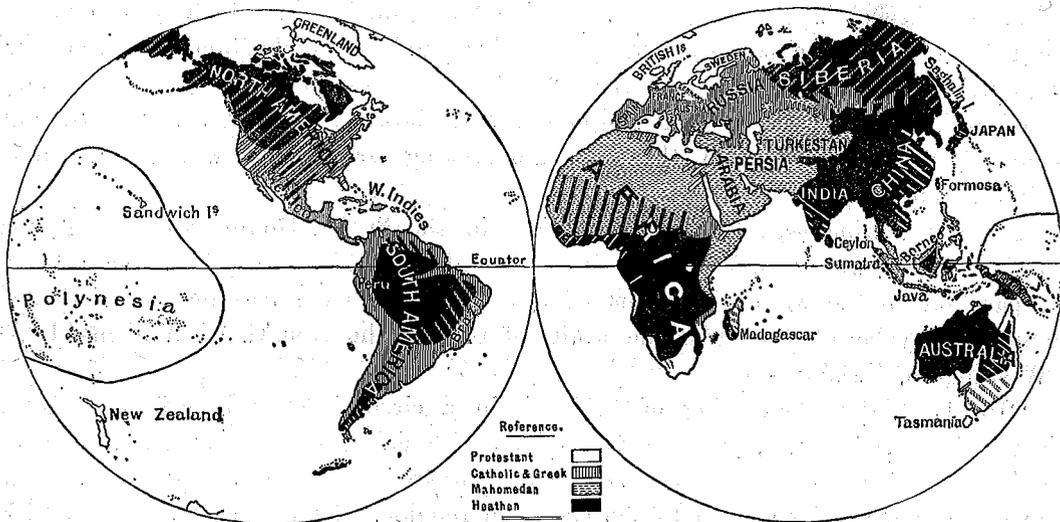
As we have shown elsewhere, however, the whole subject bristles with difficulties. That a great moral wrong has been done to China, there are few will deny; but how

to find a solution to the great problem of reparation has, up to the present time, baffled statesmen and missionaries alike.

One or two facts must be borne in mind—1. That the consequences of the trade in the past remain and multiply. 2. That the trade is still going on with scarcely any perceptible diminution. 3. That the Indian Government is still producing and manufacturing the opium which curses China.

Perhaps, as the subject is a highly controversial one, it will be best for our present purpose that we should place it before the reader in two different points of view.

This is the missionary standpoint:—"When we have forced a gigantic evil upon a nation, it is not sufficient to withdraw the aspect of force and leave the evil to work.



STATE OF RELIGION IN THE WORLD IN 1890.

It is our duty to attempt, as best we can, both to stamp out the cause and to undo the consequences of the evil. We have forced the opium into the country, thereby besotting and demoralising vast masses of the people. We have driven them in self-defence to cultivate the poppy for themselves, so that now whole provinces are well-nigh covered with it. And are we to be told that because the Chinese have consented to legalise the traffic, which they again and again fought and struggled to prohibit, that on this account the injury is wiped out, that we are now innocent, and that our responsibility is at an end, while the Indian Government is still producing and manufacturing the opium? Stop the production of Indian opium, and you will practically bring the hateful traffic to an end."

The standpoint of statesmanship is this:—"The Bengal monopoly is a hateful thing, and we would gladly do away with it. But we know that there is a syndicate of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Americans, and rich natives, who would at once buy the establishments, and the last days of the opium traffic would be worse than the first. Suppose the export duty—six millions—be done away with. What will be the result?

It will flood China with cheap opium. It is bought now, paying a duty of more than one hundred per cent. 'Remit that six millions. It is nothing. English people are rich: remit it.' What would China gain by it? The opium would only become cheaper in consequence.

"The next point is, 'stop the export from India.' Would any Government in the nineteenth century dare to prohibit any nation from exporting the produce of its soil? And, what is more, Nature has prevented it. There are two thousand miles of sea-coast, with rivers and creeks. The fleets of England, the fleets of the world, could not prevent the export from India. Lastly, 'forbid the cultivation.' But what civilised Government would do this? They cultivate every kind of product in that rich country; they pay their taxes, they submit to the Government; but there is a limit to the interference which is possible. It is the countries in which the opium is grown from which the Sepoys come, and they would not understand why the cultivation was stopped. And, more than that, half the opium is produced in independent countries—independent of us—in Rajputana and those great States which are only nominally subject to us. So that you are seeking to do that which you cannot possibly accomplish."*

There is a principle, sometimes recognised in the British House of Commons, that what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. In this light the whole question of reparation to the wronged nations of the earth who have become the victims of commerce, may be illustrated in the words of Colonel the Hon. G. W. Williams, LL.D., of Washington, U.S.A. :—

"In 1732 the then King of England, in a circular letter issued through the British Board of Trade, instructed all the Colonial Governments in the North American provinces to see that a marketable amount of negroes was kept on hand, and that good care should be given to the Christian religion. They introduced slavery into the colonies of North America, and when we had fought the war of the Revolution, when the colonies had broken away from the mother-country and established an independent Government of their own, they, instead of throwing off the yoke of slavery which they saw was upon the neck of the race, saw fit to continue it; and they said that they could not get rid of this question of slavery. Well, we built our constitution; we put slavery under that constitution, and we went on for nearly eighty years. Finally, God Almighty in His wisdom brought upon that country a war which deluged it in blood, until that curse was wiped out by making five hundred thousand graves, by maiming three hundred thousand men, by making two hundred and ninety thousand widows, and by piling up more than three billions of debt; and I do not think there is any man to-day in the United States but rejoices from the bottom of his heart of hearts that that curse has been wiped out from the United States. The question of putting down the liquor traffic on the Congo and of expelling opium from China is a question of legislation—is a question of statesmanship—and it rests with the Christians of this great British Empire to display the sentiments that will force your Parliament to legislate against it."

* Mr. R. N. Cust, LL.D.

In taking a survey of some of the vast fields of mission service, such as India, China, and Africa, it is only possible to glance here and there, and that with the special object of calling attention to well-defined successes, to new men and their methods, to the remarkable changes that have taken or are taking place, and to some of the more difficult problems which missionaries have to solve.

Let us turn our eyes eastward towards the wondrous land we glibly called "India," although it must always be remembered that India is the name given to a great region including a multitude of different countries, in which Great Britain is the paramount Power. One word may be said here as to the language. Many years ago there was a great controversy in India whether Sanskrit should not be the common language of the country. Dr. Duff in Calcutta practically settled the question by establishing the English language as the means of education in the native schools. It did not seem such a very important step at the time, but it turned out to be a masterly stroke of policy, for now throughout all India, except in the north-western provinces, the English language is looked upon as the language which all Hindus, whether they speak Hindi, or Tamil, or Guzeratti, or any other language, must learn.

In thinking of the work done in India, we must not forget men who were not missionaries in the ordinary sense of the word, but who rendered incalculable benefit to the great cause. Good old Charles Simeon's five chaplains—what a work they wrought! David Brown, Henry Martyn, Claudius Buchanan, Daniel Corrie, and Thomas Thompson, scattered the seed of the Kingdom broadcast, and it has sprung up in innumerable agencies, direct and indirect, to strengthen missionary work in general. Nor is it possible to overlook the active aid and assistance from such men as John Lawrence, Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Donald McLeod—men in whom the natives of India felt the profoundest confidence, and who on every suitable opportunity warmly supported missionary work. Time would fail to tell of Sir William Muir, Sir Charles Aitchison, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Richard Thompson, Sir Charles Bernard, Henry C. Tucker, Lord Lawrence, his brother Henry Lawrence, Herbert Edwardes, Reynell Taylor, Henry Havelock, and a host of others, not one of whom shrank from supporting the cause of missions in India.

It was recently stated by Sir Charles Aitchison, K.C.S.I., who has spent thirty years of active life in India, that since the middle of the present century Christianity is growing in India at a rate more than five times as fast as the population is growing, and this by direct conversions from the heathen. His figures are not taken from what some might call the "prejudiced source of missionary reports," but from the cold and colourless statistical tables of the official census made by the Government of India. Since the date of the census, all available information shows that the progress of Christianity in India is not in any degree abating.

The tables of education published annually also show that since 1881 the increase in the number of pupils in all the Government schools and colleges has been 51 per cent.; the increase in the Christian youths has been 58 per cent.—an increase greater than that of the rate of population.

On the same authority we are told that there is arising amongst the natives a feeling of great alarm with regard to the vigour, success, and progress of the Christian religion. As an example, it is stated that in Upper India the Mohammedans have put forward a manifesto, in which they warn the people against the admission of lady missionaries into their houses to teach the women and children, on the ground



THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA.

that (quoting the manifesto) "when from childhood these things are instilled into them, then when they grow older, nay, in two or three generations, all women, being drawn to the Christian faith and careless of their own, will go into the churches and become Christians. This has already begun." The Hindus are also alarmed, and there has recently been started a "Hindu Tract Society" (founded upon the model of the English Religious Tract Society,) the object of which is to circulate

Hindu tracts and leaflets, to counteract, as far as possible, the teaching of the missionaries in India.

Remarkable changes are also taking place with regard to the education of women. Only a few years ago Hindus could scarcely be persuaded to send their daughters to school, even when paid for attending. Now they are themselves opening girls' schools, and with the avowed object of counteracting the influence of mission schools upon their children.

Notwithstanding opposition, and, in some cases, because of opposition, from all parts of India encouraging facts are reported. That first convert, Krishna Chunder



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.



MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER.

(From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Co.)

Pal, in 1800, is now represented by 600,000 native Protestant Christians. Churches increase, colleges and schools flourish. At Calcutta a Hindu chairman presides, whilst 500 students listen to a Christian lecturer attacking his ancestral faith. Mohammedan functionaries politely receive renegades whom, once upon a time, they would have been ready to slay. Mussulman boys gladly receive as prizes, in the presence of their friends, Bibles, which but a year or two ago they could not be induced to read even as school lessons.

Too much importance is not to be attached to the tabulated number of converts, especially when given in connection with the reports of separate missionary societies. Such papers do not really represent the stupendous work which is spreading throughout the vast countries generalised under the name of India. Education is

everywhere weakening prejudice, pulling down the strongholds of superstition, revealing the hollowness of Hindu systems, and causing a craving for something permanent and satisfying. Nevertheless, there are some places in which the work of the missions has been concentrated, and the tabulated results may be seen in a very striking manner. Tinnevely is a case in point. It is not much larger than Yorkshire, but at one time over twenty missionaries were at work there. At the present time there are considerably over one hundred thousand Christians in Tinnevely; every European missionary has been withdrawn, and the whole work is carried on among the natives themselves, under sixty native pastors, whose salaries are paid by the native churches.

In like manner the Karens are divided into over 450 parishes, each supporting its own native pastor and village schools. There are about 30,000 baptised communicants, and fully 100,000 nominal Christians—about one-sixth of the entire tribe in Burmah. Moreover, they have their own Foreign Missionary Society, and send out their trained young men to the north and to the east, to distant countries and to men of other tongues.

But as in the East End of London there are ten thousand people who do not know the difference between an Agnostic and an Evangelical, so in India there are millions who know nothing whatever of the philosophical subtleties discussed by the educated and thoughtful Hindus. So much stress has been laid in recent years upon the attitude of the educated classes of India towards Christianity, that it is open to question whether the needs of the multitudes have not been somewhat overlooked. At a recent meeting held in connection with the Friends' Foreign Missionary Society, one of the speakers, lately returned from India, said:—"Another revelation to me was the awfulness of heathenism—the unspeakable licentiousness of it. We are told that there is as much darkness and heathenism at home, and I used to think there was something in that; but when I got amongst the heathen abroad, I found that in England, with all our drink and all the difficulties of our slums, the Christian atmosphere of England was holding back people largely from some of those things that were done 'religiously' in India. There is not a commandment in the Decalogue which the Hindus do not break in the name of their gods. To use Dr. Murdoch's expressive words, 'The Hindu sins religiously.' I do not say they have no light, but they sin most awfully against the light. I said to some friends, 'How shall I tell the people?' 'Shock them,' said one. Friends, I dare not use the language that would shock you in a mixed audience. It is simply unspeakable. I was going to use a slang term, and say it is unspeakably beastly. This is the popular Hinduism; but I know there is a philosophical Hinduism, which to a large extent is the indirect result of Christianity making them ashamed of their popular Hinduism, and they are obliged to find far-fetched notions to excuse it to themselves. Another revelation was, the open doors God is now setting before us. First and foremost, nineteen-twentieths of the Hindus live in the agricultural districts, although of course there are very large cities. The district we are now occupying is essentially agricultural. How are we going to reach all those villages,

with hundreds of thousands of people scattered in little groups? All the missionaries put together can never overtake it. We have in England a magnificent adult school work. In my judgment (speaking on my own responsibility, and not for the Committee) there is an open door for some of the most intelligent young men connected with our schools to go out in pairs. I hope this idea will be worked out by our Committee before long."

What appears to be an important step towards the solution of this difficulty—how to reach the ignorant masses and how to attack "popular Hinduism"—has been taken by the Salvation Army. Its missionaries are drawn from all classes. Natives and Europeans are placed upon an equal footing. Indian food, dress, and customs are adopted. Salaries are reduced to a minimum. Officers have to gain their support from the people among whom they labour. Foreign contributions are devoted to the travelling expenses of new parties, the erection of buildings, the care of sick and wounded, the training of native cadets, and objects of a similar nature.

Of course the scheme has been largely criticised, and is open perhaps to some objections; but the spirit in which those operations is conceived is not unlike that which impelled the Moravians to go forth without purse or scrip, almost begging their way, until they were able to cast in their lot with slaves in the West Indian plantations, the wild and degraded Greenlanders, or the savages of South Africa. "Commissioner" Booth-Tucker has answered some of the objections raised, and has shown some of the results of the enterprise. We quote his own words:—

"1. Is it true that the adoption of native habits has resulted in a heavy death-rate? We reply unhesitatingly that it has *not*. This we are able to say after *careful comparison* of our figures with those of nearly all the Indian missionary societies.

"2. But is not the sick-rate excessive? Here again we are able to answer in the negative, although we have been unable to obtain such exact figures for purposes of comparison. We have ascertained, however, that in several societies 25 per cent. of the missionaries are at the present moment absent from India, nearly all being on sick furlough. It is also the rule for, say, not less than 75 per cent. of those who remain in India, to spend from one to three months of the hot weather in the hills. These facts, we think, compare very unfavourably with our list of sick and wounded.

"3. What precautions, you may ask, are taken for the preservation and restoration of the health of officers? Every officer in the field has to send in a weekly report in which he has to mention his health and that of his lieutenant, while each divisional officer prepares a special weekly report of those who are sick, stating what is the matter with them, and whether they are being properly attended to, and in what way. Three Homes of Rest are established at convenient centres in healthy places, besides each corps being provided with a medicine chest and manual.

“Results of the war. After seven and a half years’ fighting we are able to point to results which amply justify the means adopted. The following figures speak for themselves.

“1. Our European missionaries number 131. This is the largest European staff employed by any Indian mission, although we are the last to enter the field. The General intends to keep up the number to about 150, special attention being devoted to the development of native officers.

“2. Our native missionaries number 217. Their quality is as satisfactory as their quantity. A large proportion of them have had very superior education, and for intelligence, and devotion to God, they would compare favourably with any other country.

“3. We have 81 corps and 36 outposts, at which open-air and indoor meetings are regularly held, more than three-fourths of the congregations consisting of heathen.

“4. During the last two months, 500 soldiers have been added to the rolls, about three-fourths of these having been raw heathen.

“5. Some 2,169 converts were recorded during a recent four months. Of these, 74 per cent. were heathen, 16 per cent. native Roman Catholic and Protestant Christians, 7 per cent. India-born Eurasians, and only 3 per cent. Europeans!

“6. We raised £4,000 in India during the year, and only received £2,500 from foreign countries, whereas another society, employing about the same number of mission agents, received £72,000!

“7. Our Prison Gate Homes in Colombo and Bombay have had more than 300 men pass through them during the year, of whom about 50 per cent. have given evidence of genuine reformation. In Ceylon we receive a monthly grant from Government, and in Bombay His Excellency the Governor, Lord Harris, has given us a donation.

“8. Thirty fallen women are in our Ceylon Rescue Home, and we are urged to commence similar work in other towns.

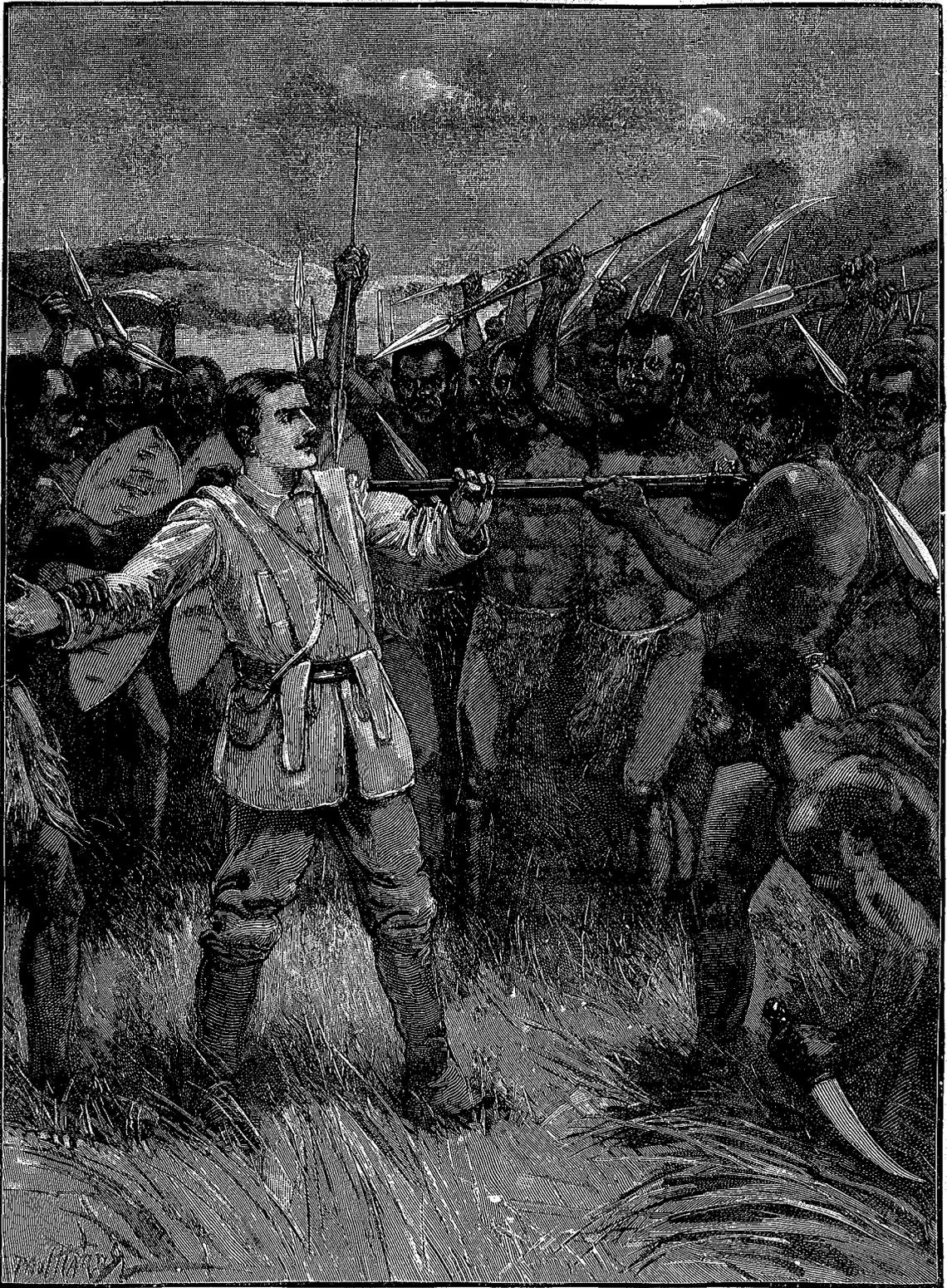
“£20 will pay for sending an officer to India (including outfit).

“£50 will build us a barracks.

“£400 will enable us to establish a colony of about two hundred persons.”

Whatever view may be taken of the work of the Salvation Army in the domain of matters spiritual—and it must be allowed that public opinion has recently undergone a considerable change on the subject—none can deny that the harvest field is enormous, and the labourers are all too few. If these men are but “voices crying in the wilderness,” they have in that capacity a great work to perform, and may become the forerunners of those who, educationally, have a higher mission.

If Indian missions have been pre-eminently indebted to great public men, representing British influence and authority, African missions owe as large a debt to great travellers. The mission of the traveller in the stupendous work of evangelising the world must in no case be overlooked. The instinct which inspires him, if he be a right-minded man, is, in its root idea, that which inspires the missionary. It is the



MR. BROOKE AND THE NEGROES.

feeling that mankind is one; it is the sense of kindred even with the most alien, the most perverse, the most degraded forms of humanity; it is the sense that in races most unlike to ourselves there are capacities of improvement, of superiority, of excellence, of which, till we had seen them, we were almost unconscious. And as the traveller, by the nature of the case, is almost always the representative of a more civilised nation, of a more refined religion than those into whose haunts he wanders, he becomes almost perforce a missionary—a missionary either for good or for evil.*

If for good, then through every pathway he opens, civilisation, commerce, and religion will follow, and, "if we may so far venture to invert the ancient proverb, 'God's extremity is man's opportunity.'"† This was pointed out with great force by Sir John Kennaway, M.P., at a recent Church Congress. After referring to the travellers of forty centuries ago, and of the long silent interval, broken only by the travels of Bruce and Mungo Park, he said that the beginning of modern exploration was attributable to the expedition of Krapf some forty years ago, who, convinced "that the Lord had opened Africa," and having sought from various points to penetrate the Dark Continent, leaped forward to the conception of a chain of stations across Africa, and of missionaries from east and west shaking hands in the centre. The expedition which he started to carry out this was, to human eyes, a complete failure; yet it was, in its indirect results, of enormous importance. Out of it came the impulse that led to the journeys of Burton and Speke. These journeys inspired the wider and later travels of Livingstone; Livingstone set on foot the Universities Mission, and his death was the starting point of the Scotch missions. To find him, Stanley went first to Africa. Stanley's second journey opened Uganda, thus originating the Nyanza Mission of the Church Missionary Society, and discovered the Congo, which river is now the highway to at least four missions. Then came the Congo Free State, which has led to the virtual partition of Central and Southern Africa amongst the nations of Europe. Certain it is that the African continent can no longer be called dark or unknown. Its main geographical features have been ascertained; we realise its enormous extent, equal in area to Europe and America combined. Foreign Ministers of Europe have been engaged in considering the partition of Africa, not altogether of their own free will, but urged on by popular sentiment and in the interests of the trader and the missionary. Only the plan of campaign is somewhat changed. In former years it was the universal aim to steal the Africans from Africa; now all are bent on taking Africa from the Africans. France has spent one hundred millions in colonisation; Germany, Italy, Turkey, Portugal, and the Dutch have all made good their footing; but England in West and South and East stands pre-eminent. But it is in the evangelisation of Africa that interest chiefly centres to-day. What might have been done, and was not, by the flourishing Churches of North Africa to bring the Gospel to their heathen neighbours is incalculable, and God's judgment upon those Churches for their neglect is a standing warning and stimulus to us.

One of the most recent, and probably one of the most unknown, of African

* Dean Stanley. † Ibid.

travellers is Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke, who in 1889 left Liverpool for the River Niger, accompanied by a young Cambridge friend named Ernest S. Shaw, with the intention to go as far as, if not beyond, the kingdom of Sockotoo, some hundreds of miles up the Niger River. This was the fourth visit Mr. Brooke had made to Africa, his previous visits having been to the Congo and the Senegambia regions. He went simply and solely to travel as an independent missionary, and did not concern himself with scientific explorations. This was the second attempt that he had made to reach Sockotoo, his previous one being unsuccessful through ill-health. His last experience in the Congo district was full of exciting incidents. He penetrated the country as far as Mobangi. His intention was to reach a place 1,350 miles distant, but when he got about 1,000 miles inland, and a little way up the Mobangi River, he was seized by the pirate tribe of Baloi. Mr. Brooke was then in the company of a French Government agent, named Gol, and had about thirty canoe paddlers. As soon as the voyagers were brought into the village of the Balois, the place became a perfect pandemonium, the yells, shrieks, and noise being terrible. The fate of the strangers was very soon settled, the natives drawing their knives across their own throats to indicate that all of the captives were to be beheaded. However, Mr. Brooke was able, by his knowledge of the language, to make the natives understand that if they killed the white men or the canoe men, the fellow-natives of the latter—a powerful tribe—would come up and kill all of the Balois. The mention of the tribe was sufficient, and the Balois allowed the strangers to pass. They, however, repented at night, and gave chase. But the fugitives managed to elude their pursuers, and by braving a very dangerous river at night-time succeeded in getting clear. These circumstances made the party abandon their first intention, and they had to return to the coast.

On another occasion, when alone, Mr. Brooke was captured by a ferocious tribe. His execution was soon fixed upon, and one man levelled his rifle at him whilst others stood around with uplifted knives and spears. So near was the end, that Mr. Brooke seized the muzzle of the rifle, and explained to the people that his death could do them no good, and if he lived he would do them no harm. His persuasion succeeded in bringing the chief and people to his side, and he was released.

Speaking generally, Mr. Brooke found the tribes on the main rivers much more civilised and humane than those dwelling alongside the tributaries, which latter were in most instances either complete or semi-savages. Since then he has made one or two daring explorations in Africa, never at any time carrying firearms with him, the Bible being, he said, his great protector. He has now joined the Church Missionary Society, and his future career will be looked to with interest. Quite recently, when writing about the Soudan, with its estimated population of sixty millions, Mr. Brooke said, and we quote it as a typical illustration of the style of man he is:—

“It is a distressing proof of the *vis inertia* of the Church, and of the shallowness of much of the so-called ‘missionary enthusiasm’ throughout the land, that after many missionary meetings in various parts of the country, at which the appalling fact was fully set forth, that in the Soudan there are as many people as in the whole continent of North America, and all dying without the Gospel, yet to such a field and to

such a battle all that can be mustered are four young men and two young ladies! In temporal things this would be called a miserable fiasco; but as it is a missionary movement, and as obedience to Christ is the only motive which is urged, we are told to regard this as a 'splendid party!'"

In an earlier chapter we have given some account of the labours of Alexander Mackay in Uganda. Since that chapter was written, Mr. H. M. Stanley has told the story of his visit to Mr. Mackay at Usambiro. He says:—"We entered the circle of tall poles within which the mission station was built. There were signs of labour and



MR. GRAHAM WILMOT BROOKE.
(By Permission of the Church Missionary Society.)

constant unwearying patience, sweating under a hot sun, a steadfast determination to do something to keep the mind employed, and never let idleness find them with folded hands brooding over the unloveliness, lest despair might seize them, and cause them to avail themselves of the speediest means of ending their misery. There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools; a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmiths; a big canoe was outside repairing; there were sawpits and large logs of hard timber; there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard were a cattle-fold and a great pen; fowls by the score pecked at microscopic grains, and out of the European quarter there trooped a number of little boys and big boys, looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to bid us, with hats off, good-morning."

After describing the interior of the mission-house and the large number of books to be found in every part of it, Stanley continues:—

"A clever writer lately wrote a book about a man, who lately spent much time in Africa, which from beginning to end is a long-drawn wail. It would have cured both writer and hero of all moping, to have seen the manner of Mackay's life. He has no time to fret and groan and weep; and God knows if ever man had reason to think of 'graves and worms and oblivion,' and to be doleful, and lonely, and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, M'wanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint or a moan, amid the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning and His faithfulness

every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."*

Alas! that in less than four months from the date of this visit, the brave, large-hearted missionary—"the best missionary since Livingstone," as Stanley said—was taken ill with fever, and in five days passed away. Here are the last words of his last message to the Christian Churches. M'wanga, the bloodthirsty persecutor "with the eye of death," had written to him, "I want a host of English teachers to come and preach the Gospel to my people," and Mackay wrote these words, dated "Usambiro, 2 January, 1890," which were received by the Church Missionary Society ten days after the receipt of the telegram from Zanzibar announcing his death:—

"Our Church members urge me to write imploring you to strengthen our mission, not by two or three, but by twenty. Is this golden opportunity to be neglected, or is it to be lost for ever?

"You sons of England, here is a field for your energies. Bring with you your highest education and your greatest talents—you will find scope for the exercise of them all. You men of God who have resolved to devote your lives to the cure of the souls of men, here is the proper sphere for you. It is not to win members to a Church, but

to win men to the Saviour, and who otherwise will be lost, that I entreat you to leave your work at home to the many who are ready to undertake it, and to come forth yourselves to reap this field now white to the harvest. . . .

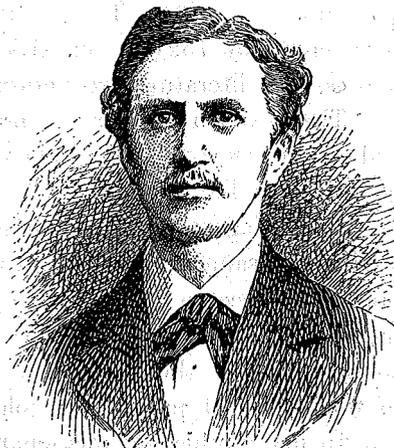
"Forget also thine own people and thy father's house :
So shall the King desire thy beauty,
Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,
Whom thou shalt make PRINCES in all the earth!"

"A. M. M."

Let us take just one glance more at South Africa. There, until within a very recent date, all was wild heathenism. Now, there are no fewer than four European colonies, two English and two Dutch, made possible by the pioneer work of missionaries. Think of the Wesleyan Methodist Society alone. It has, either as Church members or "on trial" for Church membership, 30,000 persons. It has 293 chapel buildings, and 1,000 other preaching places. There are 2,280 lay preachers, 14,000 children in the Sunday-schools, 15,000 in the day-schools, and nine native training institutions, all in vigorous work.

Rapid changes are taking place in the condition of the mass of the people in all parts of the world, affecting materially their relation to the Gospel, and imposing

* "In Darkest Africa," vol. ii., p. 386.



THE REV. A. M. MACKAY.

additional burdens and responsibilities on the missionaries. For example, the South African missionaries report that thousands of Bechuanas now go to the gold-fields for work. They return home with more money than they have ever had in their lives before, and "having partaken of the new fruits of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, they return home less amenable than ever to the restraining influences of the Gospel."

If we turn to the Isles of the Seas, we shall find that important changes in the condition of things are taking place with extraordinary rapidity, and in colossal proportions. One year marks changes that a century did not witness in the long past. The first convert in Tahiti, after fourteen years of apparently fruitless toil, is now represented by 752,000 converts in Western Polynesia. But in Tahiti French influence, morals, and literature are undermining much of the good that has been wrought.

The Samoan Islands are now visited monthly by three lines of passenger steamers, and are developing such trade relations with the Australian colonies, that the influences of European life are becoming very powerful among the people.

In Madagascar foreign influence has stimulated an unhealthy taste for amusements. Under the same influence, the native laws against the sale of intoxicating liquors have practically become a dead letter; the exigencies of the new times have led the Government to adopt the fatal policy of using the school registers as a means of enforcing conscription for the army, and of gathering together a large number of young people to work without pay in the gold-fields.

In many other old missionary fields new circumstances have arisen of great difficulty and danger. Here, for instance, is a problem affecting the future of Hawaii, as it affects the future of many other regions. China has opened her gates to receive the Gospel, and civilisation, and Western ideas, but she has opened them also "to let out upon the world a migration not inferior in extent to some of the hordes which changed the face of Europe." In a record lately prepared by the Hawaiian Government, it is shown, that whereas in 1866 the Chinese population there was 1,206—a percentage of 1.94 of the whole population—in the last year (1889) it was no less than 19,217—a percentage of 20.88. Thus in twenty-three years the Chinese have increased so as at the present time to number over one-fifth of the entire population of these islands. Besides this, it is worth noticing that while in 1882 the Chinese, out of a population of 14,545, contributed 5,037 to plantation labour; in 1889, with a population of 19,217, they had only 4,700 working on the plantations. This means that there has been a very large upward movement, and that plantation labour was only a stepping-stone to higher employment. On the other hand, the native Hawaiians have decreased to such an extent as to threaten extinction. Now, one of the great triumphs of Christianity in the present century has been, unquestionably, the conversion of the Hawaiian Islanders. There are few episodes in missionary history so romantic as that in which the Hawaiians cast away their idols, abolished their Tapu, and defied the fires of Pele. Few incidents, too, in the history of civilisation have been more remarkable than the assimilation of the Hawaiian to the customs of Western nations, and his adoption of the laws, government, and institutions of the civilised world.

With all this accomplished, what is the outlook? While we are quietly felicitating ourselves upon the past triumphs of Christianity and civilisation, almost unconsciously we are watching their threatened extinction on the scene of some of their most conspicuous victories, for twenty thousand heathen Chinese do not remain without diffusing their influence about them.*

If there have been changes in the aspect of the missionary fields, there have been changes also in the missionary societies. On the 2nd of October, 1792, William Carey, on his way to the memorable meeting which founded the Baptist Missionary Society, threw down on the table in Mrs. Beeby Wallis's back parlour at Kettering several numbers of the *Periodical Accounts* of the Moravian Church. "See what these Moravians have done!" he exclaimed. "Cannot we follow their example, and in obedience to our Divine Master go into the world and preach the Gospel to the heathen?" Every section of the Church of Christ has given its answer to that question. So diligently has the work been prosecuted for the past hundred years, that instead of the Moravian Church being about the only missionary agency, it is now comparatively a little one among the many. But it still retains the proud distinction, that it remains the only Church that has realised as yet, to the same extent, that the evangelisation of the heathen "is the duty of the whole body, and that every member of it ought to do his proportionate share at home or abroad."

There has been much discussion in recent years, as to the methods which missionaries should adopt in approaching new work amongst barbarous peoples. Some say, first civilise the heathen, then convert them: others would reverse the order; perhaps the natural course of allowing the two to go hand in hand is the safest and wisest plan. Civilisation is not Christianity, and wherever it has been tried as, in itself, an antidote to the world's heathenism, it has proved ineffectual. Nevertheless, its proper place must not be overlooked. Among many dark tribes and nations, both conscience and intelligence have had almost to be created, before there was capacity for either morality or religion. Physical habits had to be formed, and methods of life to be learned, industry to be cultivated, and observation, reason, comparison, and memory trained, before it was possible for the savage to become an intelligent hearer of the Word of Life. But all the labour, patience, and sympathy involved in these civilising processes were, with the end in view of implanting the Gospel in the heart and life of a tribe, clearly well-defined missionary labours, and the painful sowing time has resulted in the joy of the harvest. Apart from this higher aim, trade and commerce have done, in many instances, more harm than good; and civilisation, highly vaunted as it is by some, has only "enclosed the passions of the heart as in a net—it has not killed them; it has covered the savage, but it has not done away with him."

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the heroism and devotion of the noble army of men who have gone forth to teach these wild and savage races. It is impossible to exaggerate the self-sacrifice involved in it, and in these pages we have

* The Rev. H. H. Gowen, in the *Mission Field* of June, 1890.

endeavoured to bring to the light some of the more obscure heroes of this part of the great mission-field. Heroic labours and martyr-life sacrifices such as we find in the lives of Patteson, Hannington, Paton, Damien, or Mackay, must not blind us to the fact that "for these two or three who stand out with such marked individuality there are scores who, in obscurity, are each day showing as true devotion, and as Christ-like unselfishness, content to do their duty unobserved and unknown, laying it as a silent tribute at the feet of the Master."

Nor can we over-estimate the heroism of native converts, more especially in the regions of intellectual culture, who have, in the midst of old associations, old friendships, and old sacred places, boldly stood forth as preachers of Christ. Dr. Westcott says, truly: "There is no question of greater importance, of greater anxiety, and of greater hope, than that of the organisation of native Churches." From them must come the pastors and evangelists, both of the present and the future, and the Church at home should watch with intensest interest their development, and assist their advancement in liberty and independent action for the rapid spread of the Kingdom of God.

And now, in conclusion, we must address ourselves to two all-important topics. (1) What is the present position of the heathen world; and (2) what is the attitude of Christendom towards it? For the great mission cause stands to-day in a perilous position. It has everywhere "created appetites, awakened long slumbering instincts, touched the filial spirit in the heart of humanity from one pole to the other;" and now the nations are asking Christendom to advance through the opening doors, and to seize the increasing opportunities that are everywhere multiplying. To hold back is to lose all: to shut ourselves out is to shut out from the great masses of the people the light of the Gospel.

Some very remarkable and striking figures have recently been given by the Rev. A. T. Pierson, LL.D., of Philadelphia, as to the vast extent of the missionary field, and the poverty in the number of workers. He says:—"Let us at once be glad and be sorry to know the truth. Seven hundred missionaries in China among 350 millions of people—one missionary to 500,000 souls; about the same number in India, where are from 250 millions to 300 millions—one missionary to somewhere about 400,000 souls; in Siam, from eight to ten millions, the whole missionary band labouring among the Siamese and Laos people numbering only thirteen men and women, and that means more than one million of souls as the average parish of every male missionary.

"I read, a few weeks ago, in a missionary journal, that Africa might now be considered 'tolerably well supplied with missionaries,' because there were thirty-five missionary societies labouring in that Dark Continent. Now, there was never a more absolute falsehood than is contained in that statement about Africa. If you will go to Liberia, cross that narrow strip of country on the western coast, and descend the eastern slope of the Kong Mountains, go through the Soudan of the Niger, and of Lake Tchad, and of the Nile, and if you should be able from some lofty

point, as you went along, to survey the country 400 miles north and 400 miles south of that line of journey, 3,000 miles long, you would not be able to find a missionary or a mission-station among ninety millions of people. You might go south of that to the Congo Free State, and start at Equatorville on the west, and go directly east to the great Lake stations, where the beloved Mackay has recently fallen (and I think that no more serious blow has come to missions in half a century than in the death of that marvellous man), and you would have passed over 1,000 miles east and west; and 500 miles north, and 500 miles south of that line of travel, there was not, a few years ago, one missionary or mission station among forty millions of people. And here is Africa, with at least one hundred and eighty millions of people that probably never saw a missionary, never saw a copy of the Bible, and have never heard the first proclamation of redemption; and yet it is said that Africa is 'tolerably well supplied with missionaries.' Am I not justified in saying that we must get above all this deceptive glamour? We must get beyond the passing of resolutions, beyond the evanescent touches of mere sympathy. We must even get beyond mere praying; and something must be *done* for men that are dying without Christ."

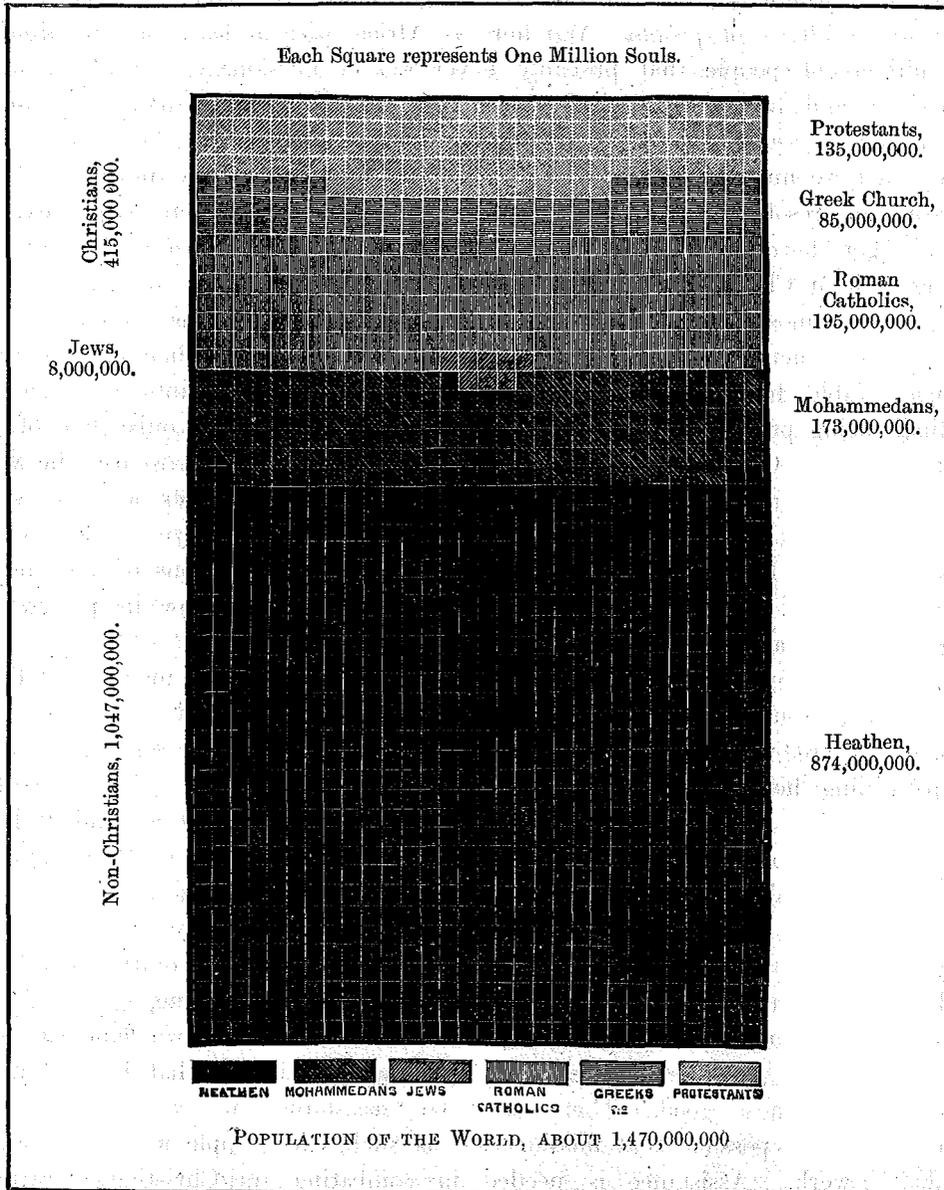
One of the most interesting incidents in the history of China missions occurred in May, 1890, when 430 missionaries met in conference at Shanghai to discuss every conceivable topic connected with their work; long accounts of each day's proceedings being printed in the daily papers, not of Shanghai only, but of other important centres. One result of the conference was the agreement to use one version of the Holy Scriptures instead of several as heretofore; and another was, to issue an appeal to the Churches of Christendom to send forth, within five years, one thousand men, ordained and lay, to work among the "three hundred millions of unevangelised heathen" in China. That appeal, passionate and pathetic, is now in possession of the Churches. What will be its result time must show.

That appeal, however, is from one part of China only, and for men only. But *all* China is crying aloud for help; so is India; so, too, is Africa; and tens of thousands of missionaries are wanted, if the whole world is to be won for Christ. Wherever there are willing hearts and ready hands, there, in every part of the world, is grand work waiting for all who will volunteer to take it up. China and India are begging for more women to be sent to them, that they may be saved body and soul by means of Female Medical Missionaries and Dispensary visitors. Zenana work presents one of the widest open doors for Christian women to enter; and a volume might be written of the good that has been done by giving a little ointment, or lotion, or a plaster, and with it a kind inspiring word of Christian teaching.

For be it remembered that in the mission-field, as in our own land, it is not always the ordained minister or the highly qualified practitioner that is most needed, or that does the most good. There must be "assistants" in every department of work, and it is not possible that missionaries, as such, can grapple with the details of all kinds of work. Assistance is needed in combating anti-Christian literature in India; in enlarging the Mission press generally; in Bible and tract distribution; in

telling stories and singing hymns as a medium for the Gospel; in the highly important work of organising Industrial Schools; in agitating against the curse of drunkenness; in establishing Sunday-schools and night-schools; and in all the adjuncts to direct Christian teaching, which have proved of value at home.

Christians are too apt to think that the work of Evangelisation is after all proceeding pretty well, and that there cannot be really such pressing need for help. Let them glance at the following graphic representation of the real state of the case:—



RELIGIOUS STATE OF THE WORLD IN 1890.

Referring to this diagram, which shows that out of the total population of the world little more than four hundred millions are Christians even in name, including Protestant, Greek, and Roman Catholic Churches, and that consequently over one thousand millions of our fellow-creatures are non-Christians, the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., says:—"Have you studied this diagram, which shows us in picturesque form the extension, numerically, of Christianity, and of other faiths? I have no head for statistics; and I get bewildered when people begin their calculations; but I can see a thing when it is put down in a picture before me, and I want you, my dear friends, to look at that ghastly parallelogram prayerfully and earnestly. It reminds me of the pathetic saying in one of the Old Testament books, where the camp of Israel is described as being like two little flocks of kids, whilst the Assyrians filled the country. There is that tiny piece of white up at the top, and to make that white all sorts of nominal Christians and real worldlings have had to be included; and then down below it darkens—darkens into the blackness of desolation and utter ignorance. Do you believe that that was what Jesus Christ meant should be the world's condition nineteen centuries after He died? Surely no! And if we could take one of those little black squares, each of which represents a million souls, and think away all the 999,999, and have one left, and could get inside of it and could see the dreariness that is there, the darkness, the terror, the torpor, the unrest, the black pall that wraps the future, shot only occasionally by lightnings that come from beyond, ah, we should not need much more to make us feel that heathenism is indeed the shadow, and to a large extent the substance, of death."

It is the concurrent testimony of missionaries in all parts of the world, but especially in India, China, and Africa, that there is critical and most urgent need of more labourers in every department of work, and that glorious success or signal failure seems, humanly speaking, to depend upon the promptitude or dilatoriness of the Churches in following up the successes at present gained. Already important and magnificent work is imperilled by the Churches' lack of resolution, or lack of means to send out reinforcements; and longer delay will probably end in the fruits of much toil and conquest being lost. In India, especially, there is upheaval everywhere, and even in the most unexpected quarters the ground is broken up ready to receive the seed. It has been well said that "the present is a time of transition; and new movements of various kinds are active everywhere. Destructive processes are at work; and there is a widespread social and religious disturbance and unrest. It is true that a spirit of inquiry and earnest thought has been awakened in many quarters, and that worthy and pathetic struggles after reform are going on; but atheism, theosophy, and agnosticism, are confusing a large number; and dangers arising from irreligion and worldliness, from ideas of life and duty destitute of any worthy sanction, call for renewed moral and spiritual forces, and for wise and varied effort for the regeneration of India."

This brings us to the consideration of a difficult and delicate, but all-important question. On occasions in this country when pestilence has been abroad, as for example in 1849, and again in 1866, when cholera was prevalent, thousands of

Christian men went forth to the homes and haunts of the poor, to minister to their necessities and to preach the gospel of Sanitation—Presbyterian and Episcopalian, Churchman and Dissenter, orthodox and heterodox, High Church, Low Church, and Broad Church. *Could not Christians combine to send out help to the nations of the world, perishing from ignorance and vice, in the same spirit?*

“The conversion of the heathen,” says the enthusiastic A. M. Mackay, of Uganda, who laid down his life for his black brethren in Africa, “must become *the* work of the Church, and not merely a small branch of its work. Only when one actually sees the total ignorance and darkness of millions of people, can one in proper measure realise the great need of thousands and tens of thousands of missionaries among the heathen. This strikes me more forcibly when I reflect upon the enormous *waste* of energy in Christian work at home, each petty sect struggling to uphold its own shibboleth with a handful of adherents in every parish and village, instead of agreeing to let their paltry differences drop, and sacrificing a trifle for the great work of the regeneration of lost races of men. Millions untold are surely more to be cared for than trifling peculiarities of creed. But these go down to the grave, age after age, without a hope, because Christian men love to squabble over infinitesimals on church government and the like! If this goes on much longer, surely there will come a day of reckoning.”

It would indeed be a glorious day in the religious history of the world, if Protestant Christians could unite, and, instead of each having its costly and ornate missionary building, its high-salaried staff, its separate reports and meetings, its own particular journal or magazine, there should be one vast missionary centre, sending forth into all the world men who should know nothing among the heathen “save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” and leave altogether behind the creeds and denominational differences which are hard to be understood among Christians at home, and are totally unintelligible to the heathen abroad.

No true Christian could have heard at the Centennial Conference the speeches on “Missionary Comity,” or can read a digest of them in the bulky “Report,” without a feeling of intense sadness:—First, that such a subject, defined as “mildness, suavity of manners, courtesy, civility, and good breeding,” should have to be discussed at all; and, next, that it should have been so painful a revelation of the struggle for sectarian pre-eminence, which is unhappily not restricted to any one place or denomination, but would appear to be more or less general in the whole mission-field, and among all the societies. Take a few extracts:—

Mr. John Archibald (National Bible Society of Scotland), from Hankow, stated that a clergyman in “his centre” had published a book in which the writer said, “Why do I desire that all the Christians in China should join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America? This is my reason:—The converts connected with the Gospel Halls (Nonconformist Churches) cannot join the Roman Catholic Hall without giving up essential doctrine, but they can join the Holy Catholic Churches of England and America without giving up any essential doctrine. The converts connected with the Roman Catholic Hall cannot join the Gospel Halls without giving

up essential doctrine, but they can join the Holy Catholic Church without giving up any essential doctrine. Thus the important thing for all believers in the Lord Jesus is to become united in the Holy Catholic Church." . . . "We have been denouncing," said Mr. Archibald, "the opium traffic and the traffic in rum and gin. I think we ought also to denounce this trade in babes in Christ."

The next speaker was the Rev. A. H. Arden (Church Missionary Society), from South India, who strongly condemned the practice of one Society making inroads into the territory of another. "I may give you one illustration," he said: "I had, in an interesting mission district, a cluster of four or five villages. One of them was particularly unsatisfactory. The people had asked for baptism, but they were utterly unfit for it. An agent of another Society passes through that village: he does not stay a week there, but he baptises a considerable number of the natives, just in the very middle of the circle of my villages, and he then leaves them, and, as far as I know, he has never, to this day, been near them again."

The Rev. H. Williams (Church Missionary Society), in deploring the want of unity among the missions in Bengal, put the matter as it must appear to an inquirer into Christianity on visiting Calcutta. "I am reminded of it as often as I go to Calcutta," he said, "for on leaving Sealdah station I go down an important street called Bow Bazaar. The first building I see is a large Roman Catholic Church; and if the inquirer goes there, what is he told? That he will find salvation there, but if he goes any further down the street he certainly will be damned, more certainly than if he remain in Hinduism or Mohammedanism. That will be the message given to him by the Roman Catholics. He goes a little further down, and comes to the Oxford Mission House (or might have come two years ago), and there he would have been told he might receive salvation in the Church he had just left, but he would be more secure with them, and be even less secure than with the Roman Catholics if he goes a little further down the street. He goes a little further, and then he will come to the Presbyterians. I am glad to say we do work well together there, but a stout Presbyterian would congratulate him upon having escaped Popery and Prelacy. He goes a little further down, and then comes to the Baptist Church, and is there congratulated on escaping Popery, and Prelacy, and Presbyterianism, and coming to be properly baptised. He goes a little further down, and then he comes to the Plymouth Brethren, who congratulate him upon escaping from them all, and arriving where he will find true unity. Now, I say, that is how it must strike a native inquirer in India; and can you wonder at the remark made by a man in a bazaar to one of our preachers, when he said, 'First of all settle your differences between Church and Chapel, and then come and try to convert us'?"

Utterances such as these might be multiplied to any extent, but surely these are sufficient to establish the point we have been discussing, namely, that the *real need* of non-Christian peoples is not Denominational Christianity, but the simple Gospel of Christ.

It is a proved mistake to suppose that large contributions to Foreign Missions diminish

in any perceptible degree the funds of Home Missionary work. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence that the reverse has almost invariably been the case; zeal for Home work has revived with zeal for Foreign Mission work. These points were emphasised at the Centennial Conference by the Rev. H. Percy Grubb, of the Church Missionary Society, who called special attention to facts occurring within the past fifty years. "If we go back fifty years," he said, "we find that in England there were not more than ten missionary societies. There are now more than one hundred. In the same way the missionary spirit has grown in America. If we look at the Church of England when the Queen came to the throne, we shall find that there were only seven Colonial Bishops—seven Bishops outside England. Now there are seventy-five. And this large number has resulted from the growth of the missionary enterprise of the Church, guided by the Church Missionary Society; and if we look at the American Episcopal Church, we find that it now numbers about seventy bishops. If, again, we look at the work done at home in connection with the Home and Foreign Missions during the last twenty-five years, there has been subscribed, in connection with various works in the Church, eighty-one millions of money. Of that, ten millions has been given to Foreign Missions." Never since their origin have missions and missionaries been more severely criticised than within the past few years, and the result has been not discouragement to them, but a deeper interest in their work, and, on the part of their friends, larger contributions and more personal solicitude for the progress of the cause. But criticism alone will not effect what is wanted. It must be a mighty revival such as shook the Churches at the dawn of the century. Those were right noble words spoken by the Rev. Professor Lindsay, D.D., of the Free Church College, Glasgow, at the Centennial Conference, and they exactly illustrate the idea we wish to enforce, namely, that a great revival of Foreign Missionary work would not militate against Home work, but, on the contrary, would foster and encourage it.

"Our Christian Church," he said, "was born in a revival; from revival to revival is the law of the Church's ongoing; and the modern history of the Church tells us that whenever God's Holy Spirit shakes His Church mightily, then Home Missionary work and Foreign Missionary work are at the same level, and are prosecuted with the same zeal. Let me call to mind that marvellous revival in Germany—the Pietist movement. Spener, a child of the imaginative Rhineland, laid hold of Francke, a son of the old trading Lübeck stock. The latter put into practical form the ideas of the former, and out of the whole came such Home Missionary work as the Halle Orphan House and the Cannstadt Bible Depot, from whence went the first German missionaries to the heathen. The great Moravian Church, which more than any other forgets that Foreign Missions are a secondary thing, came out of the Pietist revival. In the Wesleyan revival the same thing is seen. That revival produced not merely the Methodist Churches, that marvellous birth of modern times, and the great Evangelical movement in the Church of England; it also laid the broad foundations of the great Missionary Associations which now are the glory of the Church of England and of Nonconformist Churches in England. In Scotland, the revival of religion which had for its outcome the

separation of the Free Church from the State, had for its one aim the Home Mission work of Dr. Chalmers, and for its other the Foreign Mission work of Dr. Duff."

And it is surely a mistake for Christian people to think that attention to missionary work is *optional* with them. It is the positive and imperative command of the Lord, as much so as His commands with regard to baptism, the Lord's Supper, or any other institution of the Church. "The missionary enterprise is not a mere aspect or phase of Christianity: it is Christianity itself." It is not enough that once a year there should be a "missionary sermon with a collection;" or that once and away there should be a live missionary and a magic-lantern in lieu of the week-night service. It is surely mean and unworthy for opulent congregations to lavish their wealth on exorbitant salaries to men who can tickle the ear with fine phrases; on church decoration; on ornate worship; on local organisations for so patting working-men on the back as to unfit them for the practical duties of their station; on bazaars and fancy fairs, into which the quintessence of worldliness enters. If we wrote over our church doors "Christ for the world, and the world for Christ," these things would not be. The Church to-day needs a revival, almost as much as it did towards the close of the last century. There is plenty of missionary sentiment; but little of that practical self-denial and burning zeal which impelled the Moravians to go forth without scrip or purse, to carry the banner of the Cross to the dark places of the earth. We want a prophet to arise who shall do for foreign missions what "General" Booth is seeking to do for the heathen of our great cities at home.

Any really missionary church might produce such a man. But he must be born out of a great soul-struggle, of those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and who pant to see the Conquests of the Cross spreading until the whole world shall be won for Christ. Such a man will be a Martin Luther of his generation; for it is the universal testimony that interest in foreign missions helps to develop a comprehensive idea of Divine salvation; helps to express a sense of fellowship and unity at home; educates the Church in liberality; and holds her to the simple evangelical truths of the Gospel, from which there is a tendency to drift ever farther and farther away.

Never in the world's history was the time riper for the advent of such a man. A writer in the *Periodical Accounts* relating to the foreign missions of the Church of the United Brethren, has given this graphic illustration of the present aspect of the missionary question. At low tide the Solway Firth presents a wide waste of sand and mud. As the tide turns, its progress for a time is scarcely perceptible; gradually, however, the advance becomes quicker and quicker, until, especially if it be a spring tide accompanied by a strong west wind, the water rushes in, covering the whole expanse with such rapidity that a man on horseback may find it difficult to escape. So it is with the progress of the Gospel, and the fulfilment of the promise, that the "earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

It is true that within the past two years over 2,000 of the choice young men of American and Canadian colleges have offered themselves for the foreign mission field. It is true that the amount collected for missions is over two millions per annum; and,

in the light of such facts as we have furnished in these volumes, it is too late in the day to ask the question, "Are missions a failure?" or for any reply to the unworthy question to be necessary. When St. John the Baptist, in a lonely dungeon, removed from all the stirring activities of his eventful life, gave way to momentary doubt, and sent messengers to the Saviour, asking, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" the reply was, "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, the lame walk . . . and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." So we, instead of arguing, point to idols overthrown, to women elevated, to intestine wars ceasing, to marriage ties honoured, to infanticide stopped, to nations open to peaceful commerce, and to the increase of human happiness throughout the world.

But we repeat—and it cannot be repeated too often—the Christian world, while it rejoices in these victories, can only rejoice with humiliation and trembling. After all, the present supply is only as a handful among hundreds of millions. There was an undertone of deep sadness running through most of the speeches made at the Centennial Conference: "I have stood alone among one hundred thousand heathens year after year," said Pastor A. Haegart, of the Bethel Santhal Mission, "to preach our Saviour. . . . In India, if you sent there this year 4,000 missionaries, each missionary would have to instruct 50,000 of the heathen." Again: "Just think of me," said the Rev. G. W. Clarke, of the China Inland Mission, "a single missionary in a province of five million inhabitants, and my nearest Christian friend forty days' journey away. The nearest doctor was fifty days' journey away when my wife died."

In conclusion, we commend to all the Churches of Christendom this prayer from the Litany of the Moravian Church—of whom were the Fathers and Founders of Christian missions throughout the world—a prayer used in the morning service of that Church every Sunday:—

Thou Light and Desire of all nations,
 Watch over Thy messengers both by land and sea;
 Prosper the endeavours of all Thy servants to spread Thy Gospel among heathen nations;
 Accompany the word of their testimony concerning Thy atonement, with demonstration of the Spirit and
 of power;
 Bless our congregations gathered from among the heathen;
 Keep them as the apple of Thine eye;
 Have mercy on Thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews; deliver them from their blindness;
 And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of Thee;

Let the seed of Israel praise the Lord:

Yea, let all the nations praise Him;

Give to Thy people open doors to preach the Gospel, and set them to Thy praise on earth. Amen.

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