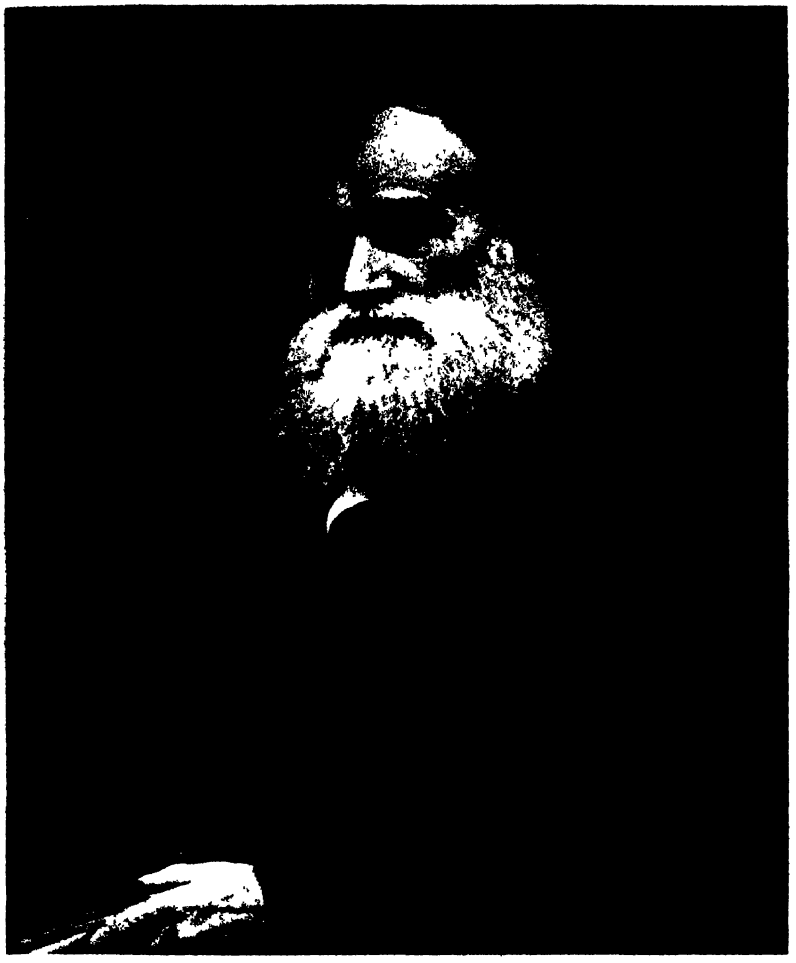


DR MOFFAT

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS

A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World.

EDITED BY

EDWIN HODDER,

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



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PREFACE.

As the design and scope of the present work are fully set forth in the Introductory Chapter, it is only necessary in this place to gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Secretaries and Managers of various Missionary and other Societies, who have rendered the most willing and efficient service by placing at my disposal the reports and publications of their respective Societies, and other valuable material.

I have also largely availed myself of whatever information I could collect from writers of all times and countries on the subjects under review, and especially from the Biographies of men who have lived, laboured, and died on this great Harvest Field.

In the preparation of these pages I have been assisted by gentlemen having special knowledge of certain countries, and of the missionary work carried on in them. My hearty acknowledgments are due to Dr. Faulds, author of "Nine Years in Nipon," for some chapters on "China;" to the Rev. R. Ethol Welsh, for "Japan;" and to the Rev. James Stuart, Mr. T. F. Ball, Mr. J. A. J. Housden, Mr. E. A. Martin, and others, for assistance in various departments of the Work.

In order to make CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS valuable as a work of reference for ministers, teachers, and students, a copious index and classification of the subjects dealt with will be found at the end of the work.

EDWIN HODDER

St. Aubyns, Shortlands, Kent.

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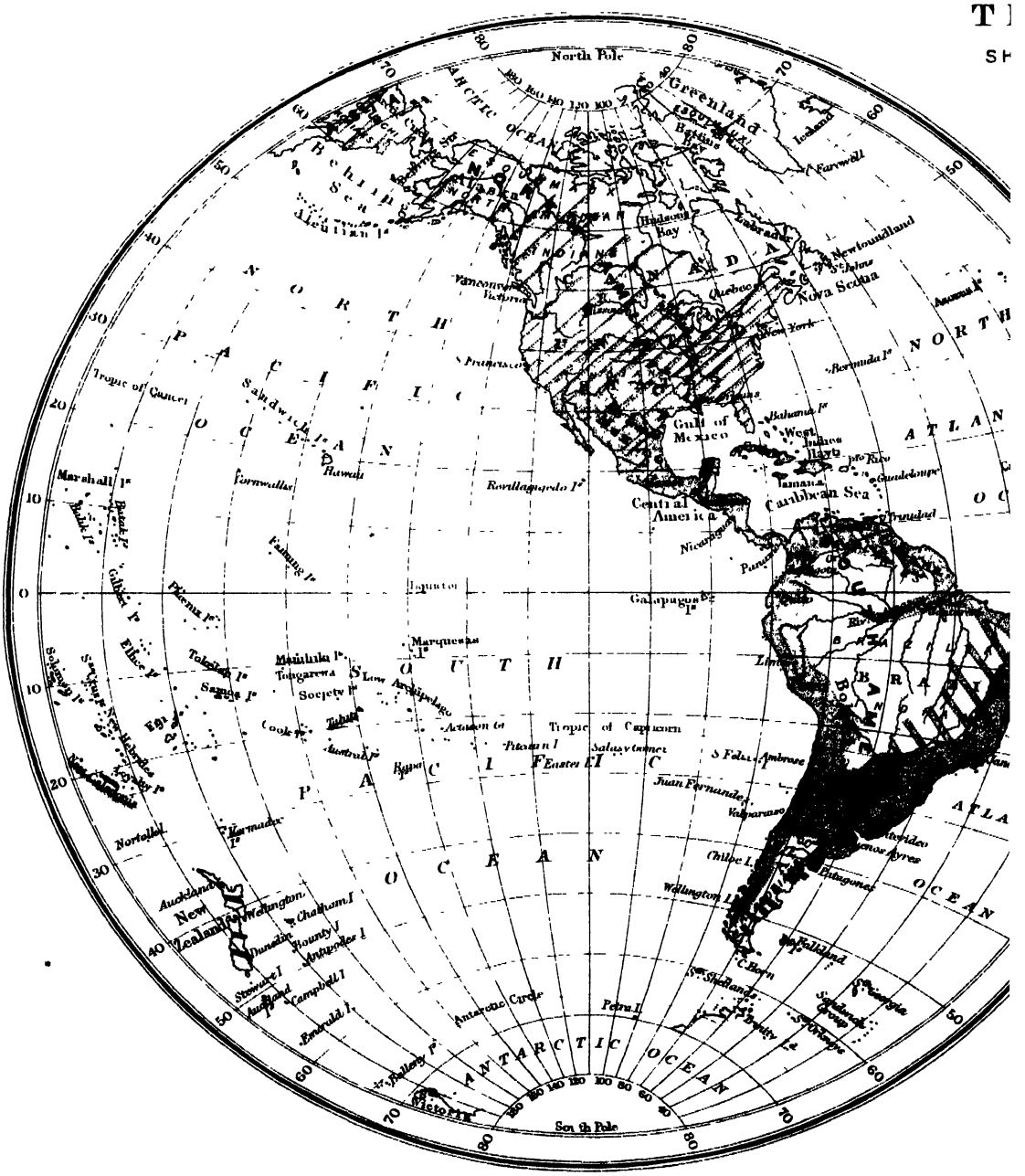
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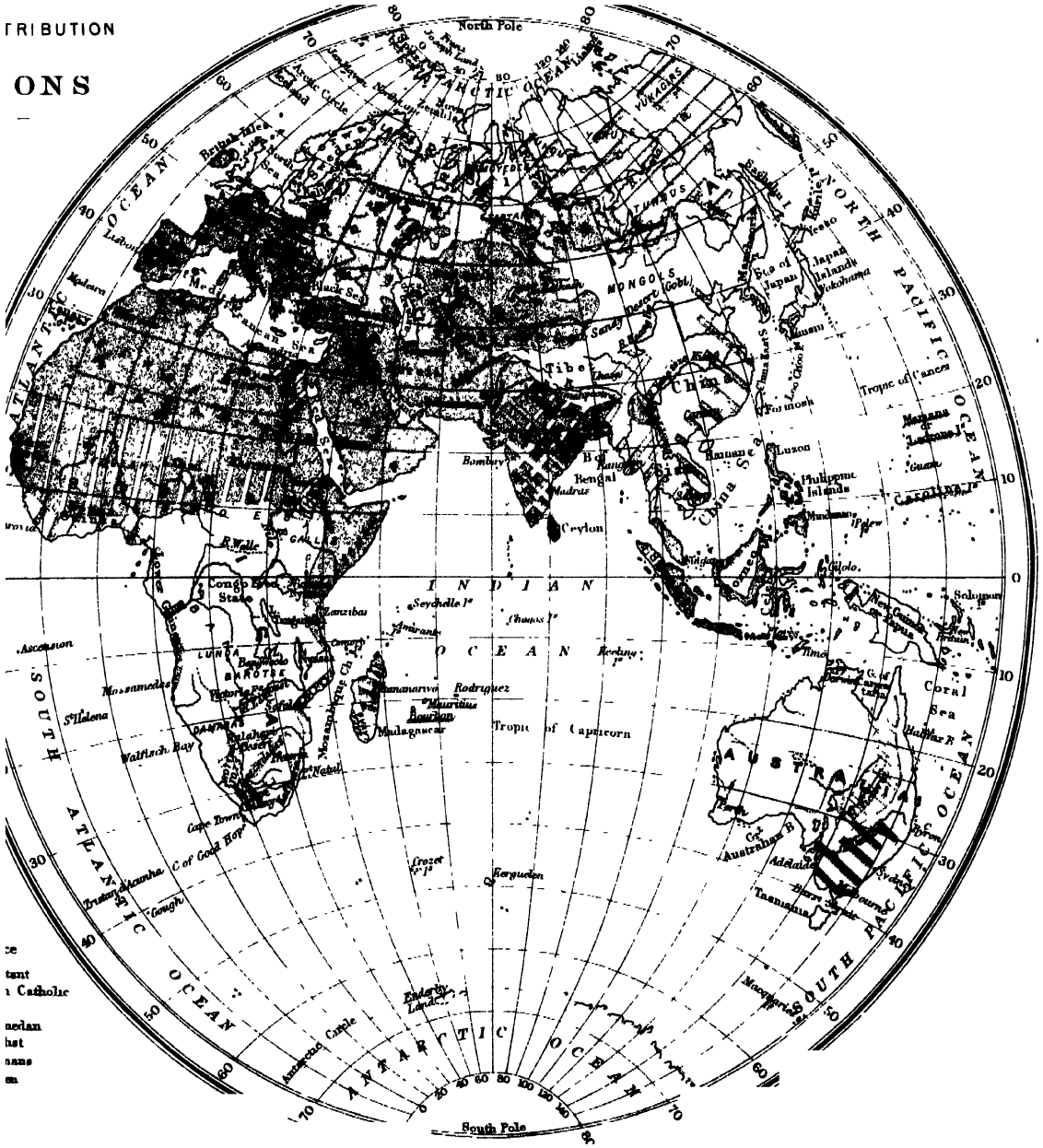
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Sandwich Land
ARCTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
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F S Weller, F R G S

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS.

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD."

INTRODUCTION.

A GREAT battle is being fought between light and darkness, truth and error, civilisation and barbarism, Christianity and Paganism. Some watch it eagerly, but not the multitude. There are innumerable homes in this land where comparatively little, and many where nothing is known of the great struggle that has been going on these hundred years in almost every habitable part of the globe; of the heroic lives, the thrilling adventures, the noble deeds, the martyr-deaths of some of the bravest and most devoted men and women the world has ever known.

To tell the story of this mighty contest in plain and unconventional language; to view it in all its relations from an independent standpoint, without regard to any sect or party; to trace the progress of this great and ever greater wave upon wave of influence, from pole to pole, and from the rising to the setting sun; to see the workers at their work, and examine their methods; to witness their heroism in the midst of countless perils; to record their triumphs and defeats; to see cruelty, superstition, and bloodthirsty strife giving place to gentleness, goodness, and peace under their ministrations; to behold Dagon after Dagon falling down before the Ark of the Lord; to see plague and disease cast out by sanitation and medical science, and the darkness of ignorance die away under the light of education—this, among many other things, is the task we have set ourselves.

It need not be a dull one. If we have but the skill to tell the story well, it is one of the most intensely interesting that can be told. We shall pass through every land under heaven, and track the missionary, the explorer, the health officer, the Christian merchant, in African jungles, and beside Indian rivers, among the eternal snows of ice-bound Greenland, and in the coral islands of the Pacific. As we journey in imagination, we shall come in contact with every nation, kindred, people, and tongue, and shall pause to inquire into their manners and customs, their habits of thought and action, their religious rites and superstitious fears. We shall gather up,

as we go, information of all kinds relating to men and things, to trade and commerce, to nature and art, and to religions which were hoary centuries before the Christian religion was founded. We shall meet with men whose names can never be mentioned without reverent admiration—men such as Vanderkemp, Barnabas Shaw, Moffat, Livingstone, and Hannington in Africa; Ziegenbalg, Schwartz, Martyn, Carey, Wilson, and Duff in India; Morrison, Burns, and Piercy in China; Ellis in Madagascar; Marsden, Williams, Cargill, and Calvert in the Isles of the Seas—troops upon troops of brave and noble men, who "hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Apart from the personal history and vicissitudes of the men we shall meet, the story of the progress of missions is in itself full of interest.

The missionary work of the Protestant Church began, in one form or another, with the beginning of Protestantism. Individual enthusiasm first asserted itself, and then organised efforts followed in natural course. When the English colonised North America, the early settlers felt it incumbent upon them to set to work at once, as they had opportunity, to spread the Gospel among the Indian tribes around them. In the year of the Spanish Armada a "Company" was formed for the diffusion of Christianity among the Red men. To this undertaking Sir Walter Raleigh contributed the sum of £100, "the first missionary donation," we read, "recorded in English Protestant annals." Later on, the work of the Company having been steadily continued, the subject engaged the attention of the Long Parliament, and on the 27th of July, 1649, an Act was passed and a regular Corporation was formed for promoting and propagating the Gospel in New England—a much vaster region than the New England of more recent times. To assist this mission Oliver Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England, issued an order for a collection to be made in all the parishes of England and Wales, the effect of which was not only to raise a large sum of money, but to direct attention to the excellent cause.

In 1698 "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge" was founded, and spread its work widely over India. In 1701 "The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" was incorporated by Royal Charter, and undertook to deal with "the plantations and colonies beyond the seas." It sent forth its hero-band to Newfoundland, Canada, the West Coast of Africa, the East Indies, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Borneo, Burmah, Madagascar, Japan, China, and to the uttermost parts of the earth

But during the eighteenth century, the Protestant Church sank to its lowest level and most utterly dead state; all interest in missionary work languished; infidelity slew its thousands, and indifferentism its tens of thousands. Hume and Gibbon, Voltaire and Paine, held the multitude; the clergy did not. In the Continental churches Rationalism prevailed, while in England Puritanism had become tainted with every form of unbelief. Nevertheless, here and there the seeds were being sown which were to bring forth the rich harvest of the Evangelical revival. The period of transition between the deadness of the old time and the life of the new, lay somewhere between the ninetieth and the last year of the century. At the beginning of that decade, the night was at its very depth of chilliness and utter gloom; before it closed, the morning breath had swept over the world

The dawn of better things broke when the churches learnt the lesson, written in letters of blood, taught by the French Revolution. It startled the most indifferent out of their indifferentism, and even infidels trembled as they saw the practical outcome of their theories. The history of Europe during the first part of the present century is one of war in all its desolating horrors, and also in all its glorious achievements and victories in the cause of European liberty and national independence.

But while the storm-clouds were thick upon the Continent, there was in Britain the early glow of that bright light which was soon to shine forth in its strength. The churches were awakening from the deep sleep that had fallen upon them. A desire for co-operation was beginning to be felt by those who had hitherto stood asunder; the bitter hostility which had existed between certain sections of the Church was in some quarters giving place to a desire to unite for great and good ends; the cold and cheerless services of the Church were beginning to yield to better influences; Nonconformists were being treated in a more tolerant spirit; and among clergymen and ministers of all denominations, as well as among the laity throughout the land, there was a reaction from the indolence, worldliness, and indifference of the former days. The generation of brave men who had maintained the standard of truth in the latter half of the eighteenth century were passing away—John Wesley died in 1791; Bishop Horne and William Romaine in 1792; John Berridge and Henry Venn in 1793—but another band of brave spirits was coming forward to take their places, and to fight the same battle amid more stirring scenes and in a wider and more conspicuous sphere.

For the first time since the Reformation, the churches awakened to a sense of their responsibility to "go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and how deeply the responsibility was felt, and how warm was the enthusiasm with which they set to work to repair the evil of former negligence, is shown in their "works following." A glance at a few of the great organisations which were instituted at this period shows how keen was the activity, and more particularly among the Evangelical churches.

In 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was originated. Three years later the London Missionary Society took its rise. In 1799, the Church Missionary Society was instituted; in the same year the Religious Tract Society came into existence, and during the first year of its operations issued 200,000 tracts. The British and Foreign Bible Society was founded in 1804;—prior to that date there was not in this country a single society in existence having as its sole object the dissemination of the Bible in all lands. In quick succession other missionary societies and beneficent institutions for the spread of Christianity followed; the tone of religious and moral feeling rose with regard to them; and a day of spiritual life and activity was at hand such as had not been seen for two hundred years.

When the nineteenth century opened, however, there were still only ten missionary societies in existence throughout Christendom, and of these only two had entered the mission-field with any degree of vigour—the United Brethren, or Moravians, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. In the

year 1800, the only missions of the Protestant Church east of the Cape were in India—namely, the Baptist Mission, protected in the Danish settlement of Serampore, and the mission in Tanjore, in Southern India. Dr. Claudius Buchanan was the only chaplain of the East India Company who had dared to advocate missionary enterprise in India. Hindostan was closed by the East India Company against the missionaries of the Christian Church. China was sealed against the Gospel. Africa had a few missionaries at the Cape, but the whole land was groaning under horrible slavery. Not a single missionary had uttered the words of life in New Zealand, Australia, or the islands of the Southern Seas. Except in India, the only occupants of the mission-field in that year were the self-denying Moravians, and the Danish missionaries who, amid the snow and ice of Greenland, at Godthaab and elsewhere, were gathering around them little groups of Eskimo to hear the "sweet story of old."

Let us now take a cursory survey of some of the lands we shall pass through, the men we shall meet, the scenes we shall witness, and the lessons we may learn.

In India—vast in area, fertile in natural resources, rich in all the elements of material grandeur—there will open up to us a wide and fruitful field of study, and we shall trace, in order, the efforts which men of all lands and creeds have made for the conversion of the people to the faith of Christ.

Ziegenbalg, the pious Dutch Evangelist, and Plütschau, his friend and companion, were the first Protestant missionaries to India. They started on their adventurous enterprise on the 29th of November, 1705, and arrived at Tranquebar on the 9th of July, 1706, the voyage taking over seven months: not longer, however, than an average passage at that time. Those who bade them adieu in their own country, and those who came in contact with them on their arrival, regarded them as visionary enthusiasts, with a strong dash of madness in their zeal. They set themselves to learn the native language; and taking their places in a village school, and sitting on the ground with the native children, they traced the characters of the Tamil with their fingers in the sand. With marvellous rapidity they acquired the language, and then, in the midst of many adversaries, they engaged in discussions with Pundits, or learned natives, established schools, and set up the first machinery of Christianity in the land. Then Ziegenbalg entered upon a grand work, and set an example which many afterwards followed: he translated the Scriptures into the Tamil language, composed a Tamil dictionary of ordinary words, and another of poetical words and phrases. For years he laboured on, working almost night and day, until at last the indomitable will could dictate no more, and the restless energy could carry him no further. One day, tired and ill, he asked to be placed in an arm-chair. The end had come; he had worked on earth without cessation; and that day he entered upon his eternal rest.

Not less remarkable was the career of Christian Friedrich Schwartz, one of the most devoted men that ever lived. He was a German by birth, and when at the University of Halle, was advised to learn the Tamil with a view to superintending the printing of a Bible in that language, which, however, was not carried into effect. Then Hermann Francke, a warm supporter of foreign missions, proposed to him that,

having the knowledge of Tamil, he should go out to India as a missionary. He set sail forthwith (January 21st, 1750), gave himself up to the work entirely, resolved on a life of celibacy in order that he might not be encumbered with domestic cares, and from the day of his landing to the day of his death, never ceased to labour in the good cause he had espoused.

At first Schwartz gave his services to the Danish Mission at Tranquebar, on the



GODTHAAB, THE FIRST DANISH MISSION STATION IN GREENLAND.

Coromandel Coast, and afterwards to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, taking up his abode at Trichinopoly. He passed through varied experiences there and at Tanjore; was sent with success as an ambassador to treat with Hyder Ali for the continuance of peace, and afterwards, when three years of terrible war had desolated the Carnatic, was made the mediator between the contending parties, and saved the town of Tanjore. In the midst of singularly trying circumstances, friends and foes looked to him, as the man who could by his Christian integrity command the respect and confidence of his fellows. "Let the venerable Father Schwartz pass unmolested," was the order of the cruel and vindictive Hyder Ali,

"and show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my Government."

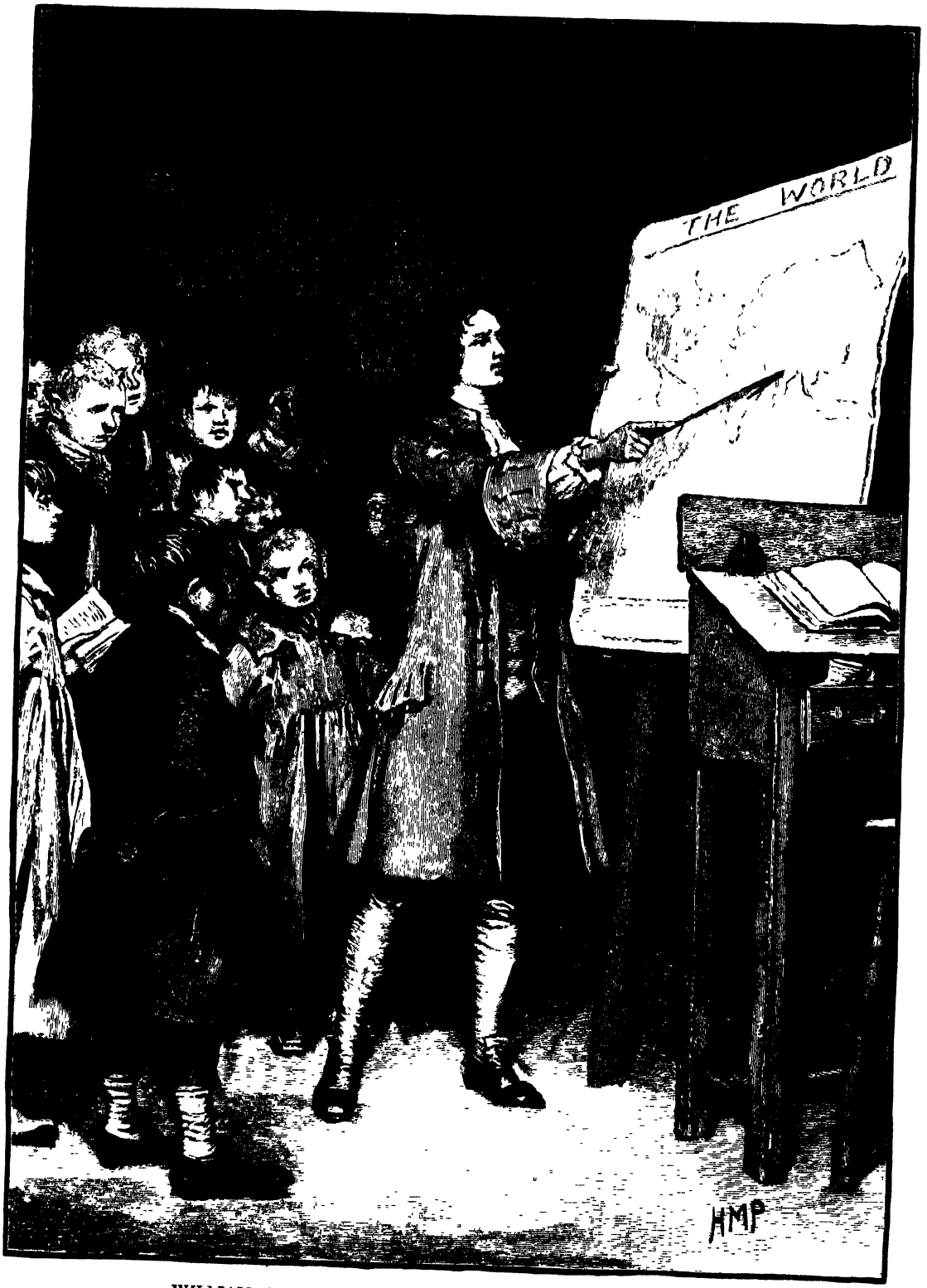
At his death, old and well stricken in years, after forty-eight years of labour in India as a missionary, the Prince of Tanjore wept over his coffin, and multitudes followed him to his last resting-place, on which the East India Company and the Rajah reared exquisite monuments.

When the saintly Schwartz — who was described by Bishop Heber as "one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles" — passed away from Southern India in 1798, the English Carey had already begun his work for all Northern India in Serampore. Was there ever a more improbable story than that of William Carey, the father of missionary enterprise in India? Look at him, a poor puny child, tainted with scrofula, unable to go into the corn-fields as a "scarecrow," because the affection of the skin is so painful that he cannot walk in the sunlight without suffering excruciating and sleepless agony through the night.

See him, a little later on, apprentice to a shoemaker at Hackleton, in Northamptonshire. He shows no aptitude for his work; and years afterwards he could never make two shoes that were a pair, so that when a gentleman, who kindly wanted to encourage him in his business, gave him an order, it was for four pairs of shoes at a time, in the hope that out of the eight shoes he might be able to find two that would fit! See him again as the teacher of a village school: a group of rustics is around him, and he is giving them a lesson in geography. He is pointing to a map of the world, and, as his wand passes from one country to another, the tears gather in his eyes as he says, "These are Pagans, and these are Pagans, and these are Pagans," until, overwhelmed with the thought, he weeps aloud.

Long afterwards he walks along the quiet lanes, with eyes bent on the ground, deep in thought. He has preached his great sermon at Nottingham, dividing it under two heads—(1) Expect great things from God, (2) Attempt great things for God—and he is revolving in his mind a scheme which in those days seemed almost ludicrous because of its gigantic audacity—it was no less than that of going to India—that vast land of unequalled and inexhaustible resources, of countless population, of unparalleled superstition, learning, and idolatry—and of overturning one of the oldest religions of the world, and winning the people to Christianity! Eventually, he is in the land over which he has yearned, toiling and suffering to carry out his scheme, beset with domestic troubles, friendless and penniless in a foreign land, but pressing on, until he takes a rank in Christian enterprise which entitles him to the name of "the Great Apostle of India."

Prior to the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company in 1813, no missionaries were allowed to reside within the British Dominions, and Carey and his companions had to take refuge in the Danish Settlements. While they were working there, other Christian men, in another sphere, were working hard at home. In 1812, William Wilberforce was "busily engaged in reading, thinking, consulting, and persuading" on the renewal of the Charter of the East India Company. He



WILLIAM CAREY AND THE MAP OF THE WORLD. (p 6.)

recognised the enormous importance to the Church of this opportunity to amend the existing discreditable state of affairs. "I have long been looking forward to the period of the renewal of the East India Company's Charter," he wrote to his friend Mr. Butterworth, "as to a great era, when I hoped that it would please God to enable the friends of Christianity to be the instruments of wiping away what I have long thought, next to the slave trade, the foulest blot on the moral character of our countrymen, the suffering of our fellow-subjects—nay, they even stand towards us in the closer relation of our tenants—in the East Indies to remain, without any effort on our part to enlighten and reform them, under the grossest, the darkest, and most depraving system of idolatrous superstition that almost ever existed on earth."

Throughout the churches the result of the final division in the House of Commons on this great question was awaited with the greatest anxiety. Referring to this, he wrote, "I heard afterwards that many good men were praying for us all night." Those prayers, and the efforts of Christian politicians, were not in vain. In announcing the result to his wife, Wilberforce wrote, "Blessed be God! we carried our question triumphantly about three or later this morning." From that time forth India has been accessible to the missionaries of every Christian church.

In 1812, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions—the first Society in America to send missionaries to any foreign land—bade farewell to a little band of men and women as they set sail for India. Among them were the noble Adoniram Judson and his equally noble wife, who struggled for years to learn the language of the people, and were stricken down meanwhile time after time with fever. A marvellous career was theirs, demanding our reverent admiration. On one occasion when Dr. Judson and his friend Dr. Price were victims of Burman cruelty, chained together in a loathsome cell, and incapable of moving, with a death-sentence hanging over them, Mrs. Judson at great peril forced her way into the presence of the Governor, and obtained permission to visit the prisoners and minister to their wants. Eventually the English stormed the place where they were detained; they were sent away privately in a boat down the Irrawaddy, and at length reached the British camp in safety. This was but a passing incident prior to Judson's entering upon his career of daring adventure among the Karens, a wandering tribe who occupied the jungles, and lived by hunting and fishing, devoid alike of religion and civilisation.

Little had been done for Western India till 1829, when John Wilson went to it straight from Edinburgh University, and took up his abode in Bombay. He first mastered the vernacular tongues; then held meetings with soldiers, and conferences with the natives, and proceeded to preach the Gospel in the public streets. His methods were different from any that had hitherto been adopted; he sought to communicate Western truth in Oriental dress, and in such form that learned and ignorant might alike be benefited. He was the harbinger of a new era in missionary life and work, and succeeded in thoroughly arousing an intelligent interest in Christianity. Of the magazine he published—the oldest Christian periodical in India—of the great scholastic organisations he founded, and of the mighty influence he wielded, we cannot speak now. In this place we can but conjure up a vision of him as he stands in the

crowded bazaar in Bombay, "surrounded by turbaned Mahommedans; Hindoos, with prominent caste-marked brows, now drawn together in anxiety to catch his every word; Parsees, with proud bearing; and Jews, sleek and compliant-looking; while low-castes and outcasts stand huddled on the verge of the crowd."

A more remarkable career than that of Dr. John Wilson—although in some respects identical—was that of the Highland lad of Balnakilty, Alexander Duff. Early in life he made a vow that he would devote his life, as his friend John Urquhart had done, to missionary work; and when the set time had come, he offered his services to the Church of Scotland. But he would not bind himself to any conditions as to the method in which he should meet the natives, or what form his instruction to them should take; still less would he bind himself to be the slave of chaplains or kirk sessions. He was no cut-and-dried missionary, but a man with a burning enthusiasm, who could not be shackled with hard-and-fast rules; so, after his ordination by Dr. Chalmers, the only injunction laid upon him was, not to commence his ministrations in Calcutta—an injunction he violated immediately he saw the country and the people.

Never did a man enter upon a career under more adverse circumstances than Alexander Duff. He sailed on the 19th of September, 1829, and, after a series of storms and the threatened onslaught of a pirate ship, his vessel was wrecked off the coast of South Africa, and the passengers and crew were landed on a barren island tenanted only by penguins. Of the eight hundred volumes he had taken with him, representing every department of knowledge, only forty were saved, and of these the only books not reduced to pulp were editions of the Bible—a singular circumstance, which caused him to determine that "henceforth human learning must be to him a means only, not in itself an end." Rescued by a brig-of-war, the travellers pursued their journey, but only to fall in with a cyclone in the Hooghly; their vessel was dragged, drifted, and finally tossed by the storm-wave on to the muddy shore of the Saugar; where, amid lightning and tempest, they waded waist-deep to a village, and took refuge in a heathen temple.

In the hottest and wettest months of the Bengal year, Duff visited the mission stations in and around Calcutta. Day and night he studied the vernacular; and, amid expostulations from his fellow-missionaries, and opposition from the leaders of the people, who raised the cry, "Hinduism in danger," he laid the foundation of a system of education which should ultimately embrace "all the branches ordinarily taught in the higher schools and colleges of Christian Europe, but in inseparable combination with the Christian faith and its doctrines, precepts, and evidences, with a view to the practical regulation of life and conduct."

Parallel with Carey's work in Bengal, and the early part of Judson's in Burmah, was that of the Scottish Congregationalist, Morrison, in China, under the protection of the East India Company. We mention Morrison in this place, because he was one of six whose names stand out in bold relief as pioneers and founders of a broader and grander system of imparting a knowledge of Christian truth. There is a curious similarity in certain details of the lives of these six missionaries, Schwartz, Carey,



MRS. JUDSON APPEALING TO THE GOVERNOR. (*See p. 7*)

Judson, Morrison, Wilson, and Duff. They all rose from humble life. They were "of varied nationalities, though five were English-speaking; of different sections of the Church of Christ—Lutheran and Baptist, Independent and Presbyterian; of scholarly training and tastes, alike as philologists and theologians; with a consuming zeal that Christ should be revealed to, and in, the six hundred millions of Asiatics to whom they gave the Bible in the learned and vernacular tongues, and all Western truth in the language of the conqueror. These six men spent each some forty years among the natives, passed the old man's limit of seventy years, and died rejoicing in their labours, regretful only that they could not go on working for such a Master."*

It will not be alone to missions and missionaries, however, that we shall look for the introduction of Christianity into India. The influence of such men as John Lawrence, for example, to whom was due the appointment of the first Sanitary Commission to initiate the work advised by the Royal Commission of 1859, before which he gave evidence on the importance of Indian sanitary reform, is of the highest importance. Christianity and civilisation owe much to him, whom Florence Nightingale describes as "the man of truth and of all the manly virtues, the resolute Indian statesman, the saviour of the Indian Empire, the defender of India's poor, highest of our day as a leader of men, the righter of wrongs—great John Lawrence, who died in harness, working for India till three days before his death."

A very important work has also been done in India by Health Missionaries—men who have gone among the people to raise their self-respect, to educate them to know and practise the first elements of living a sound and healthy life; to indoctrinate them, in fact, with something like a new moral sense. In their sphere, the labours of health officers in India have been no whit less heroic than those of the preachers of the Gospel. They have in times of great famine, for example, gone into plague-stricken districts to administer the famine relief, and have worked on bravely, sometimes through illness ending in death, or in infirmity worse than death. These are the men who have swum the rivers on elephants, and on elephants have journeyed through swampy marshes, where no carts were possible, and where bridges did not exist; these are the men who have opened up springs in the desert, and prevented famine by irrigation, and who have sacrificed ease and life itself, to work hard in jungles and fever-haunted places, that they might save human lives.

Nor shall we confine our inquiries to the direct efforts of any class of men. In order to see what progress Christianity has made in any country, it is necessary to examine every channel through which its blessings have been flowing.

Parliamentary blue-books are, as a rule, dull and commonplace things, but there was a Report presented to Parliament by the Duke of Argyll, when Secretary of State for India, which contains some extremely interesting information about mission work in India. It states: "The missionaries in India hold the opinion that the winning of converts is but a small portion of the beneficial results which have sprung from their labours. No statistics can give a fair view of all that they have done. They

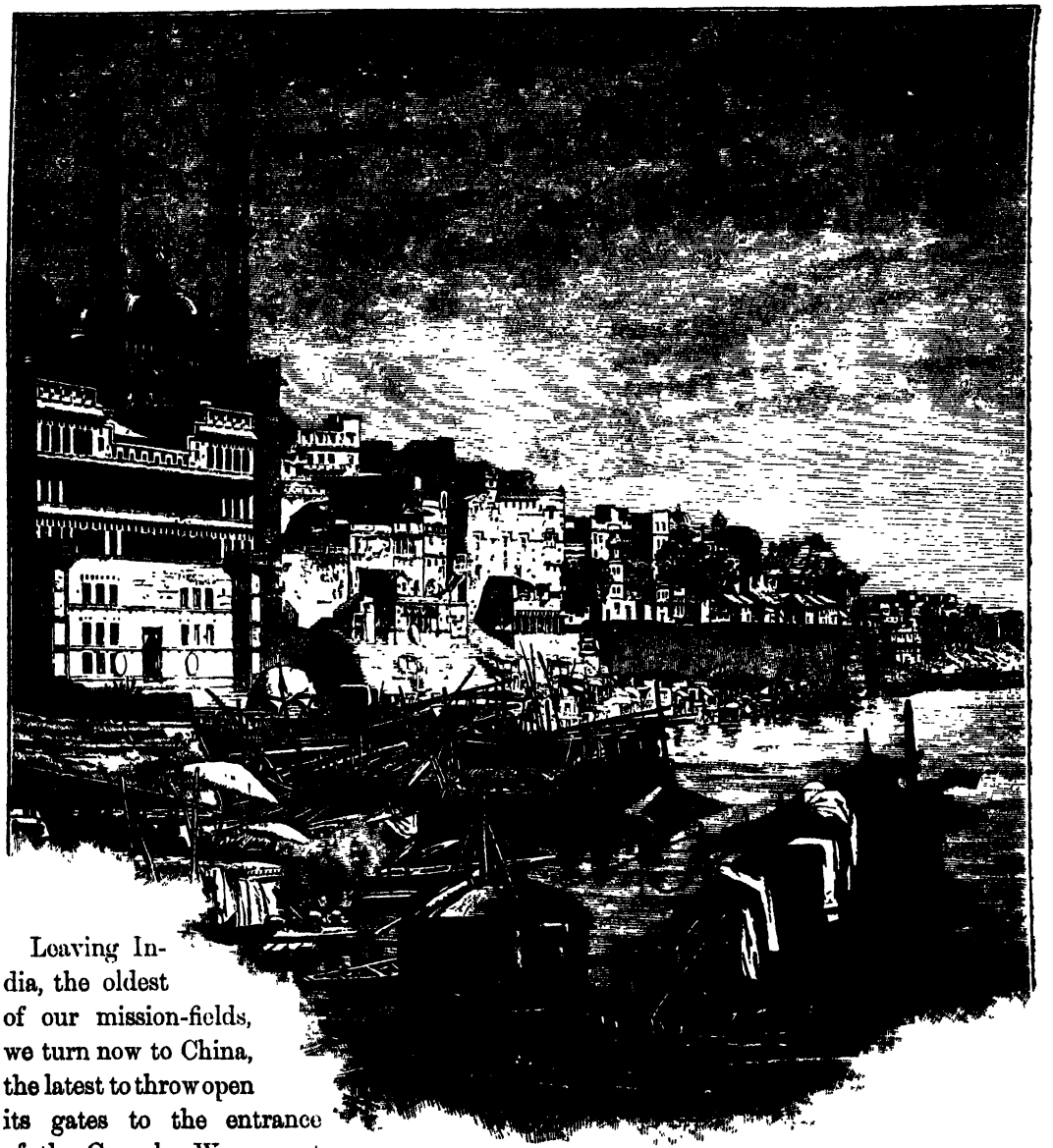
* Dr. George Smith.

consider that their distinctive teaching, now applied to the country for many years, has powerfully affected the entire population. The moral tone of their teaching has affected multitudes who do not follow them as converts. It has given to the people at large new ideas, not only on purely religious questions, but on the nature of evil, the obligations of law, the motives by which human conduct should be regulated. Insensibly, a higher standard of moral conduct is becoming familiar to the people, especially to the young, which has been set before them not merely by public teaching, but by millions of printed books and tracts scattered widely throughout the country.

"They consider that the influence of their religious teaching is assisted and increased by the example of the better portions of the English community, by the spread of English literature and education, by the high standard, tone, and purpose of Indian legislation, and by the spirit of freedom, benevolence, and justice which pervades the English rule. And they augur well of the future moral progress of the native population of India from these signs of solid advance already exhibited on every hand, and gained within the brief period of two generations."

It will be impossible for us to trace the history of Christian progress in India without coming in contact with a thousand collateral subjects of interest. We shall have to examine that ancient religion, Hinduism, and its great offshoot Buddhism, founded by Guadama, who was born in Oude in the seventh century before Christ. Throughout the land we shall find temples and "holy places"; in one of them sacred apes creep and leap and jabber; in another Vishnu, black and oily, is sitting in semi-darkness on his throne, while white-robed throngs pass before him, and tom-toms resound, and torches gleam, and priests chant. Swarms of devotees press into Benares, the holy city of Buddha, to worship in its temples, and pass from the sacred city into the sacred river, in the belief that to die there will ensure a happy fate hereafter. Tribes —as in the Kohl country—count rats and mice and the larvæ of red ants as delicacies; their religion consists, to a large extent, in propitiating evil and vindictive spirits; they believe in witchcraft, and attribute most of their calamities to the prevalence of the black art.

One of the most curious things to be told will be of times, not later than the beginning of the present century, when, in the British portion of the Indian Empire, missionary enterprise met with the violent opposition of the Government of the country, and missionary after missionary had to abandon his efforts, and seek protection in the territory of other Powers. In contrast to those times, there is now perfect liberty for every kind of religious and philanthropic labour to be carried on, and free access to all parts for missionaries of every denomination; Christian schools, churches, and chapels have been multiplied, colleges have been instituted, thousands have been converted to Christ, and tens of thousands instructed in Christianity. The cruelties of heathenism have been immensely lessened, infanticide prohibited, Sutteeism abolished, all Government support withdrawn from idolatry, the Hindu law of inheritance has been altered to protect the native convert, and innumerable beneficent institutions established, in the name of Him whose religion relates as well to "the life that now is as to that which is to come."



BENARES.

Leaving India, the oldest of our mission-fields, we turn now to China, the latest to throw open its gates to the entrance of the Gospel. We cannot pause here to sketch, even in broadest outline, the history of three of the most remarkable men the East ever produced. But in its proper place we must tell the story of Guadama, a native of Oude, and Confucius and Lao-tze, natives of China, men who founded systems which have exercised, and still are exercising, a marvellous influence over the majority of the human race.

Nor can we tarry here to describe the creeds or customs, the traditions or the history of this strange country—the Celestial Empire; although, to whet our appetites for further inquiry, we may, in passing, take a peep into the Temple of Heaven at Pekin,

which shelters the most sacred form of worship in the land. The services are only held twice a year, when the Emperor officially takes part. There are the iron cauldrons with open bars, in which he annually burns the sentences of prisoners condemned to capital punishment, thus rendering to Heaven an account of his stewardship. There stands the huge furnace, faced with brilliant green tiles, and approached by a green porcelain staircase, where, shortly before sunrise on the 22nd of December, a bullock of two years old, and without blemish, is sacrificed as a whole burnt-offering upon the altar. As the fire ascends, the Emperor, alone, kneels upon a tablet bearing the name of Heaven. There "he seems to himself, and to his Court, to be in the centre of the universe, and turning to the north, and assuming the attitude of a subject, he acknowledges in prayer and by his position that he is inferior to Heaven and to Heaven alone."

A special sacredness and privacy are supposed to attach to this Temple of Heaven; and so also, until quite recent years, did sacredness and privacy attach to the whole Celestial Empire. The Chinese would, if they could, have carried their Great Wall round the whole Empire, and thus have shut out for ever the hated foreigner. They were exceedingly jealous of strangers, and it is less than half a century ago that foreigners were forbidden to enter China at all; if they did, it was at the risk of losing their lives. Yet in 1807 there went out, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. Robert Morrison, who had determined, if it were possible, to take up his abode there, and secure a good translation of the Scriptures into the difficult Chinese language.

On his arrival in the country he adopted the dress and manners of the natives with a view to escape their jealousy; he wore his pigtail, allowed his nails to grow, and ate with chopsticks. It was an offence against the laws for any native to teach the Chinese language to a European, and the difficulties Morrison had to encounter were sometimes overwhelming. In one place he was in such fear of attracting the notice of the inhabitants, that he never walked out, until the confinement told materially upon his health. Then, under the escort of a couple of Chinese, he would steal into the fields at midnight, but always with the painful conviction that if he were detected it would be fatal to the object he had in view. For years he toiled on, sometimes in circumstances of extreme difficulty and danger, until his labours were crowned with success beyond the most sanguine anticipations of his friends. In 1818 his great work, the translation of the Bible, was completed.

It is almost impossible to realise the gigantic labour involved in this task, but it may help us to do so when we remember that the Chinese have no alphabet; that every written character is a word; that thousands of different characters are in common use, and that in a dictionary which Dr. Morrison compiled, there are upwards of forty thousand characters. The value of his labour in mastering the most difficult language in the world was incalculable, for when the conquests of Britain had obtained admission for, and secured protection to missionaries, as well as to the merchants of all nations, the previous indefatigable labours of Morrison had provided for their immediate use a dictionary of the language and a translation of the Bible.

One of the most successful missionaries to China was William Burns. He was a man of singular ability, great earnestness, and remarkable presence of mind; prompt in thought, speech, and action, in difficult or trying circumstances. This quality he acquired in missionary work in Scotland and in Ireland, and it was invaluable to him in Canada and China.

In Ireland he once attempted to preach in the street, when he was knocked off his rostrum and sorely hustled by the mob, who tore his clothes from his back. But he continued to speak until the police, fearing serious consequences might ensue, insisted that he should be silent and cross the river in the ferry-boat. "If you attempt to go along the quay," they said, "we will not be answerable for your life." "But I cannot pay for the ferry-boat." "It will cost you only a halfpenny." "I have not a halfpenny," he replied. Hereupon a good-natured policeman gave him one, and Burns, stepping into the boat, held up the halfpenny, and cried to the people on shore: "See, my friends, I have got a free passage. In like manner you may have a free Gospel, a free forgiveness of all your sins, a free passage to the Kingdom of Heaven, without money and without price." This was prompt. One day, in Canada, while he was preaching he was pelted with stones by the Romanists, when an Irish voice from the outside shouted clear over all the din, "The devil's dead!" A great laugh followed. When it hushed, William Burns struck in plaintively, "Ah! then you are a poor fatherless child." This raised a laugh in his favour, and under cover of it he was enabled to proceed for a while.

This promptness of speech was only equalled by his promptness of action. In 1846, when it was proposed to him by the Presbyterian Church of England that he should go to China as their missionary, he was asked when he would be ready to start. "To-morrow," he replied, with his characteristic decision. When he arrived in China, in order that he might be able to penetrate into the interior, he adopted the Chinese dress as well as the Chinese mode of life, and it is said that his face "wonderfully caught the Chinese expression."

There are stories innumerable told of William Burns and his doings in the "Land of Flowers." When he was revising his translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress," he would slip into a quiet corner of a tea-house, sip the tea, and listen eagerly to the conversation. As soon as he had heard a new colloquial phrase he was content, and would withdraw rejoicing. The first greeting that his friends would hear would be, "I have got a new phrase," as he repeated it in high glee.

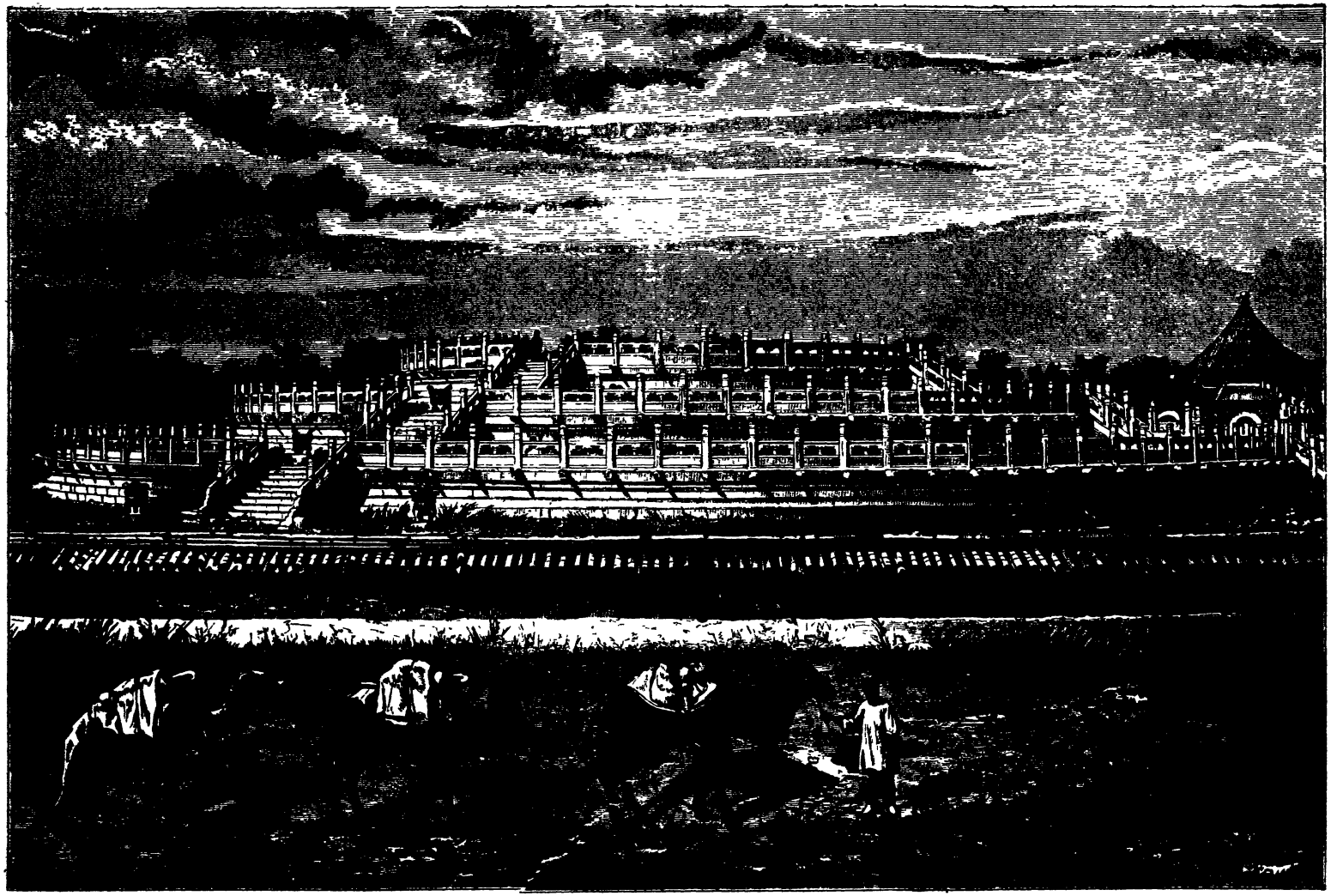
He sought no rest; in dry season or rainy season he was afoot "in journeyings oft" and amid risks many. He was robbed and left almost naked over and over again. When on the mainland, opposite Hong Kong, "the thieves broke into his quarters, and, while he was present, helped themselves to clothes, books, and money as they pleased, leaving him just enough garments for protection and money to get back to Hong Kong. One fellow took his hone, and being puzzled as to its use, brought it to Mr. Burns to learn what it was fit for, and was patiently taught the mode of sharpening a razor or knife on it!" The name of William Burns is still held in reverence by heathen and Christian; the stream of influence that he set flowing

still flows on in the practical work of the Presbyterian Church of England, of which there will be much to tell, especially in connection with the Coast Missions in China, where, in Formosa, Foo-Chow, Amoy, Swatow, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, a noble band of British and American workers are sowing beside all waters—stories of peril from dangerous winds and tides, peril from bigotry and fanaticism, encounters with tigers, and single-handed conflicts with men of fierce passions in towns and cities wholly given to idolatry.

When the barriers were removed, and access was given to Christian workers in China, the Church of England, various American societies, the Baptists, Wesleyan Methodists, and others, eagerly pressed in to carry the "Good News." The action of the Wesleyan Society in entering the field was brought about mainly by the zeal of one person, a young man named George Piercy, the son of a Yorkshire farmer. He was full of fresh religious fervour, and had become possessed with an irresistible desire to go as a missionary to the Chinese. To this end he presented himself at the Wesleyan Mission-House in Bishopsgate Street to urge his case. The managers were not at that time prepared to enter upon so large an undertaking as a mission to China, and informed Mr. Piercy accordingly. But he would not take "no" as an answer, and declared that if they would not send him, he would go at his own charges, and on his arrival work for his living and spend the remainder of his time in preaching the Gospel.

It was in vain that the secretaries endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, going so far as to say that even if the committee were prepared to entertain the idea of a mission in China, it was very doubtful whether their choice would fall upon the present applicant as their representative. But to all this Mr. Piercy turned a deaf ear; it was borne in upon his mind that he had received a "call" from on high, and that he would be failing in his duty if he allowed any obstacle to stand in his way. So he made his own arrangements, obtained some letters of introduction, and set sail for China. Arrived in Canton, he at once put himself into communication with Dr. Legge, of the London Missionary Society, who, seeing that he was a man of the stuff of which true missionaries are made, offered him every encouragement, and treated him with brotherly kindness.

George Piercy was not long before he commenced operations. He went straightway to the garrison, gathered together some soldiers, who gladly availed themselves of his instructions, and at once commenced, in his more leisure moments, the study of the language. Then he prepared himself as a candidate for the Wesleyan Ministry, and in due time formally offered himself to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference of 1851. Wisely, his candidature was accepted; two others were appointed to join him; the number of applicants rapidly increased; success attended their labours; and in a short time houses, chapels, and schools were built, and a vigorous organisation was at work in China. It was an instance, one among hundreds in the history of missions, of the quiet, dogged determination of one man who believed in himself, and in the exercise of his duty to others, under the guidance of the Divine will.



Aomori	Am. Meth. Epis.
Fugisawa	Am. Meth. Prot.
Fukukawa	Un. Church.
Hachinohli	Am. Bapt.
Hakodate	C. M. S., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis.
Hamada	C. M. S.
Hamanatsu	Can. Meth.
Hiroshima	Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis.
Hota	,, ,,
Ishinomaki	Un. Church, Am. Chris. Con.
Iwanuma	Un. Church.
Kagashima	C. M. S., Un. Church.
Kanazawa	Un. Church.
Kioto	Am. B. F. M.
Kiryu	Un. Church.
Kobe	S. P. G., Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis
Kochi	Un. Church.
Kofu	Can. Meth.
Kujukuri	Un. Church.
Kumamoto	C. M. S., Am. B. F. M.
Mishima	Un. Church.
Mizuno	,, ,,
Moriaka	,, ,, Am. Bapt.
Mororan	,, ,,
Murakami	,, ,,
Nagasaki	C. M. S., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
Nagoya	S. P. G., Un. Church, Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Meth. Prot.
Nakatsu	Un. Church.
Numadzu	Can. Meth.
Odzu	Un. Church.
Okayama	Am. B. F. M.
Omori	Un. Church.
Ozaka	C. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed., Un. Church, Am. B. F. M., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis., Cumb. Presb. Bd.
Saga	C. M. S., Un. Church.
Sakura	Un. Church.
Sendai	,, ,, Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt.
Shidzuoka	Can. Meth.
Shimonoseki	Un. Church, Am. Bapt.
Singu	Cumb. Presb. Bd.
Tokio	S. P. G., Bapt. Miss., Un. Church, Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt., Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis, Am. Chris. Con., Am. Friends', Can. Meth.
Tokusima	C. M. S.
Toyoura	Un. Church.
Ueda	Un. Church.
Uraga	,, ,,
Utsunomaya	,, ,,
Wado	,, ,,
Wakayama	Cumb. Presb. Bd., Am. Meth. Epis.
Watadzu	C. M. S.
Yamagata	Un. Church, Am. For Chris.
Yamaguchi	,, ,,
Yanagawa	,, ,,
Yedo	C. M. S.
Yokohama	Un. Church, Am. B. F. M., Am. Bapt. Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Meth. Prot. Am. Bible Soc., Am. Women's Ex.
Yokosuka	Un. Church.

COREA.

Seoul	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb. Church.
	S. P. G. (Station not settled).

While endeavouring to fix our eyes mainly on the progress that Christianity has made, we must not fail to point out the various obstacles which have retarded its progress. In China, one of the foulest blots on our intercourse with the people is our encouragement of the opium trade. One who has deeply studied the question observes, "It is we who bolstered up the trade for the sake of our Indian revenue. Every step of our connection with it is discreditable. Begun as a bribe, carried on by smugglers, protected by English navies, compelled by English statesmen, forced by the strong upon the weak at the point of the bayonet, irritating and demoralising—all the while it has been fouling the English name through all the East, and casting dishonour upon the higher name of Christian."

Before passing away from Asia to glance at certain parts of Africa, we must take a peep, and only a peep, at Japan. In 1549, Xavier took his passage in a trading ship, and landed in the territory of the Mikado. Sixty years after he had commenced his mission there, according to Japanese statements, two millions of converts were ministered to by more than two hundred missionaries, of whom three-fourths were Jesuits. The story of the horrible persecutions that followed, in which fifty-seven thousand persons were put to death rather than deny the Christian faith, is one of the most terrible chapters ever written in history.

After Xavier's time, some Dutch merchants were allowed to settle on a few square yards of islands formed for them near the shore of a southern port; but if they went on land, they were "hooded like falcons, and caged like wild beasts." Then the land became practically sealed to all the Western nations, and, until within a few years ago, there stood in all the public places of the "Land of the Rising Sun" this terrible notice:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head!"

But in 1868 the harbours and the gates of the cities were thrown wide open, and that strange land, which has a history stretching back for more than two thousand years, has become entirely transformed. English and American teachers and preachers, merchants and philanthropists, speculators and adventurers, rushed in through the open doors, to find the people panting for European teaching and European knowledge, but by no means anxious to hear anything about the Christian religion. How the Mikado, who was once a veiled mystery, now drives about Tokio, as the Prince of Wales does about London; how hospitals, railways, telegraphs, Post Office Savings Banks, and everything that is abreast of the most modern civilisation, now takes the place of the former state of stagnation, will be told in due course.

A century ago the interior of Africa was unknown; the maps then existing bore across the heart of the country the words, "Unexplored Regions," and it was imagined that the whole interior was one howling wilderness of burning sand, roamed over by brown tribes in the north and south, and by black tribes, if human beings

were there at all, on either side of the equator and along the west coast. The was not explored; the source of the Niger was a mystery. With the exception of Egypt, and such places as Tangiers, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, on the north, the Portuguese settlements of Loango, Angola, and Benguela, on the west, the Dutch Colony in the south, and the slave stations inside the large island of Madagascar and south of Zanzibar, little else was known of Africa generally.

But within the past hundred years that vast impenetrable continent has been the peculiar subject of the inquiry and the philanthropy of England, as in early years it was of the civilised world of Greece and Rome. The grand mystery of geography—"which Sesostris sought to unravel, which Alexander the Great was never weary of discussing, which tempted Julius Cæsar to spend nights and days with the Egyptian priests, striving to acquire from them information they did not possess, which Napoleon left unsolved, notwithstanding his passion for scientific as for military conquests, and which, in more modern days, baffled the enterprise of Mahomed Ali"—that mighty secret of the source and course of the Nile, has been disclosed, and the story of its discovery has laid a special hold on the imagination of England.

From the days of Mungo Park, who sailed for the Niger on the 22nd of May, 1795, to the days of Livingstone and Stanley, there has been a constant succession of explorers in Africa, each of whom has brought back glowing descriptions of wonderful regions, of mighty stretches of forest, a chain of magnificent lakes, falls more splendid than Niagara, where, "above the far-resounding thunder of the cataract and the flying comets of snow-white foam, and amidst the steaming columns of the ever-ascending spray, on the bright rainbows arching over the cloud, the simple natives had for ages seen the glorious emblem of the everlasting Deity—the Unchangeable seated enthroned above the changeable."

But, deep as the interest in the country has been, the forlorn condition of the African races has awakened a far deeper interest and sympathy, and every form of Christian effort has been put forward, and is still being put forward, for its amelioration. The slave trade is, by general testimony, the monster-evil, the one prevailing cause of African misery and degradation. No other organised evil has ever been so full of human suffering, or has drawn after it such a train of vice and corruption. At the close of the Middle Ages slavery, under the power of moral forces, had mainly disappeared from Europe; but two momentous events occurred which overbore the moral power working in European society, and let loose a swarm of curses upon the earth such as mankind had scarcely ever known.

One of these events was the first voyaging to a populated and barbarous coast where human beings were a familiar article of traffic; and the other the discovery of a new world, where mines of glittering wealth were open, provided labour could be imported to work them. For four hundred years, men and women and children were torn from all whom they knew and loved, and were sold on the coast of Africa to foreign traders; they were chained below decks—the dead often with the living—during the horrible "middle passage"; and, according to Bancroft, an impartial historian, two hundred and fifty thousand out of three and a quarter millions were thrown into the

sea on that fatal passage, while the remainder were consigned to nameless misery in the mines, or under the lash in the cane and rice-fields.

The guilt of this great crime rests on the Christian Church. "In the name of the most Holy Trinity," the Spanish Government (Roman Catholic) concluded more than ten treaties authorising the sale of five hundred thousand human beings; in 1562, Sir John Hawkins sailed on his diabolical errand of buying slaves in Africa and selling them in the West Indies, in a ship which bore the sacred name of *Jesus;* while Elizabeth, the Protestant Queen, rewarded him for his successes in this first adventure of Englishmen in that inhuman traffic, by allowing him to wear as his crest "a demy Moor in his proper colour, bound with a cord," or, in other words, a manacled negro slave!

While we must not fail to look at the slave question as one of the most formidable hindrances to the progress of Christianity, and to see our bishops and clergy favouring it, and our British Parliament supporting it by repeated resolutions and Acts; while we shall even hear so distinguished a man as Lord Eldon saying in Parliament, as recently as 1807, that "the slave trade has been sanctioned by Parliament, where sat jurisconsults the most wise, theologians the most enlightened, and statesmen the most eminent;" we shall also listen to those voices which here and elsewhere were raised in protest, until we come to those glorious times of Clarkson and Wilberforce, of Buxton and Macaulay, who resolutely fought against this terrible evil until the slave trade was abolished, and the slaves of the West Indies were emancipated.

To show what abolition has done, and to gauge the capacities of some of the men whose lives were redeemed, we may single out one or two individual slaves—such, for example, as the Rev. Sella Martin, the Rev. Josiah Henson, Frederick Douglass, Bishop Crowther, and others—and tell thrilling stories of escape, pursuit, and capture; of more cruel bondage and closer vigilance until freedom came, when, as men and not as slaves, they strove to elevate their race, and chiefly so by giving them the comforts and consolations of the Gospel.

In no part of the world has the progress of Protestant Christianity been watched with keener interest than in Africa, and in few places (if any) have the offerings made to the cause of missions been more wisely expended or more substantially rewarded with results. Let us glance at various places here and there in this vast field, and at some of the men whose labours will by-and-bye be described in detail.

George Schmidt, a Moravian, was the first preacher of the Gospel to the Hottentot race. He landed at the Cape in 1737, more than eighty years after the foundation of the Colony, during which time no effort whatever had been made to spread the light of the Gospel over the darkness of heathendom—the poor and miserable people having been regarded as little better than, and in some respects inferior to, beasts. George Schmidt met with great opposition from the Dutch, and from the natives at the instigation of the Dutch; and after a while he thought it prudent to return to Europe in order to get a formal grant of privileges. This, however, was refused, and the work of preaching the Gospel to the Hottentots was abandoned until 1792, when a band of Moravians set forth, and, singularly enough, pitched upon the very spot at

Bavian's Kloof where Schmidt had built his house, and named it "Gnadensthal," or Vale of Grace.

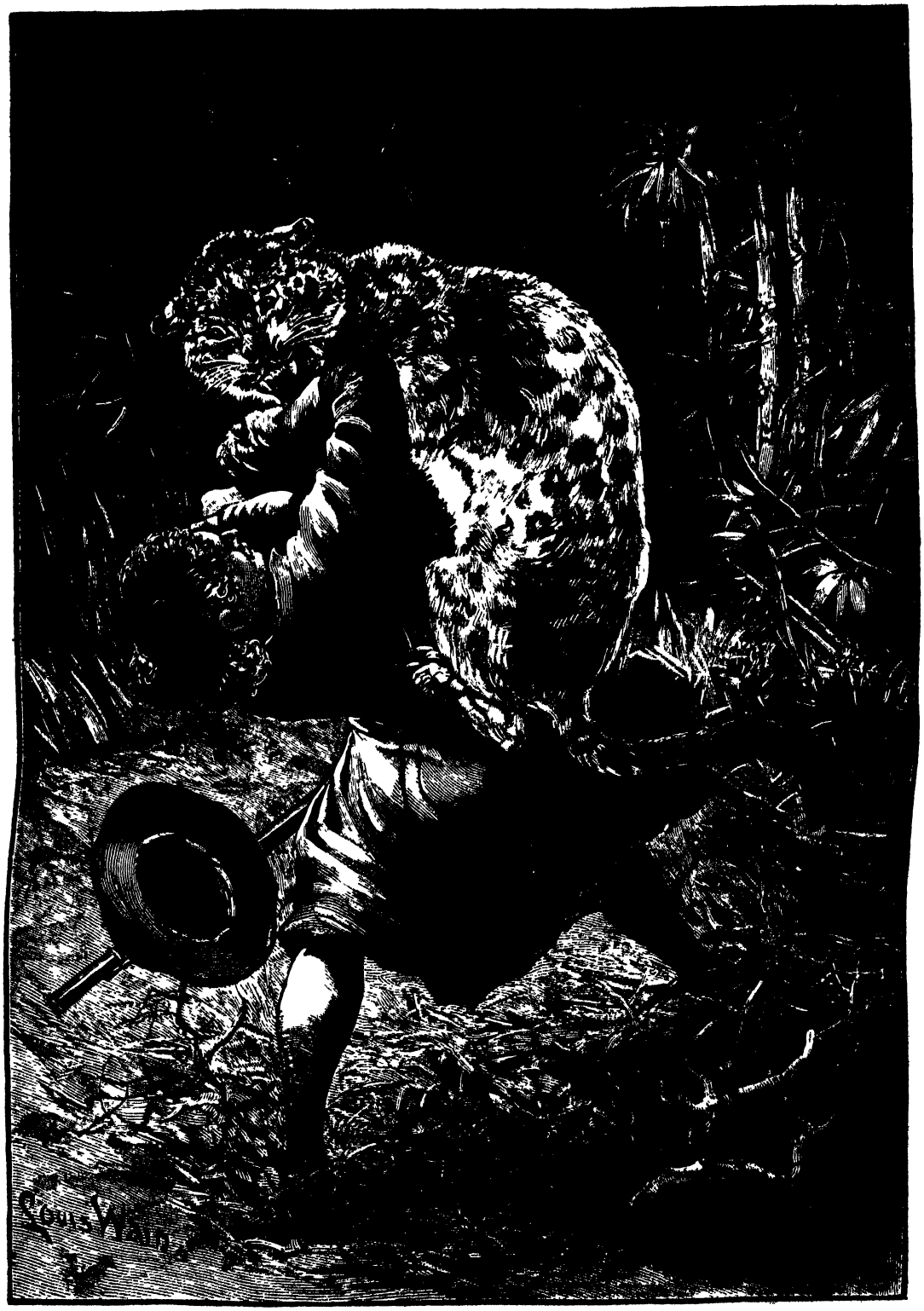
Here they found traces—faint, it is true, but still distinct traces, of the lessons Schmidt had taught the people during his residence among them. A succession of brave and good men belonging to the United Brethren continued the work; and when, in 1848, Bishop Gray made his primary visitation, he records in his diary how he went to the various Moravian Mission Stations. At Genadendal he found "there were nearly three thousand souls in the place, and more than six hundred children in the schools." And he adds, "Would to God the Church in this colony could point to a work of equal importance with this as the result of her own labours in the cause of Christ among the heathen." On visiting another station (Shiloh) he says, "There is a vast superiority in the Moravian establishments, so far as civilisation and improvement are concerned, over all other institutions in the colony."

One incident, to show the nature of some of the personal adventures of these brave men, may be narrated here. The Mission Station at Grunekloof, about forty miles from Cape Town, was in a neighbourhood infested by wolves, which entered the yards of the people, and made havoc among their cattle. One day, Bonatz and Schmitt, two of the Brethren, set out with about thirty Hottentots to hunt and destroy the wolves. When about an hour's ride from the settlements, they discovered and wounded a wolf, but the animal made its escape among the bushes. They pursued it for some time, but not being able to trace its hiding-place, the two missionaries resolved to return home.

They had already left the Hottentots a short distance, when the latter cried out that they had discovered the wolf in a thicket near at hand. Schmitt immediately rode back to their assistance, but Bonatz remained behind, as he had not his gun with him. When they were in the midst of the thicket, the dog started the animal. Those within did not see what it was, but those without exclaimed it was a tiger,* and ran off, leaving the missionary and one of the Hottentots in the middle of the bushes, and perfectly at a loss by what side to make their escape, lest they should come directly upon it. They therefore proceeded slowly, with their guns pointed, designing to shoot the animal the moment it should make its appearance. On a sudden, the tiger sprang upon the Hottentot, pulled him down, and began to bite his face. The distance of the place from whence the animal made his spring to that on which the Hottentot stood, was full twenty feet, and over bushes from six to eight feet high the enraged animal flew like a bird through the air, with open jaw and lashing tail, and screaming with the greatest violence.

Schmitt, who was close at hand, prepared to shoot the tiger; but the motions of the Hottentot and of the animal in rolling about, and struggling together, were so rapid that he was afraid to fire, lest he should kill or injure him whom he sought to save. Immediately, however, the tiger let go the Hottentot, and made a spring at himself. His gun

* People were not so discriminating in those days as now, and there is no doubt that the animal really meant must have been a leopard. There are no "tigers," as we now understand the term, in Africa; but the word was formerly used in a more general sense.



SCHMITT ATTACKED BY A LEOPARD.

being of no use at such close quarters, he threw it down, and, in order to shield his face, held up his arm, which the animal instantly seized close to the elbow with his jaws. Schmitt, however, was still able with the same hand to lay hold of one of the tiger's fore-feet, while with the other paw the animal continued striking his breast and tearing his clothes. Happily, both fell in the struggle in such a position that the missionary's knee rested on the pit of the tiger's stomach. He, at the same time, grasped the animal's throat with his right hand, and kept him down with all his might. His face now lay directly over the tiger, whose open mouth, from the pressure of the windpipe, sent forth the most hideous, hoarse, convulsive cries; while his starting eyes seemed, like live coals, to flash with fire. As his strength was fast failing, Schmitt called to his companions to come to his assistance; while, on the other hand, the rage and agony of the tiger supplied it with extraordinary energy. On hearing his cries, the Hottentots ran to his assistance, and one of them snatching up the loaded gun which lay on the ground, shot the tiger through the heart.*

Although for a long time seriously ill from his wounds, Schmitt, to the astonishment of his friends, at length completely recovered. An incident of this kind, common enough in those early days, and among such adventurous men as the Moravians, carried with it a lesson of great moral value. When the tiger had thrown down the Hottentot, Schmitt might easily have made his escape as his companions had done, but he had the heroism to remain, and not allow the poor man to lose his life without at least an effort to save him.

The first missionary to the Kaffirs was Dr. John Theodore Vanderkemp, an eccentric but very zealous man, who was sent out in 1798 by the London Missionary Society. It was a hazardous undertaking; the Kaffirs were then but little known, and the country was in an extremely unsettled state. Vanderkemp was not successful in establishing a mission, although he sowed good seed in the land, and prepared the way for future labourers.

In 1808, Cape Town became British territory. When the troops landed, in the midst of a violent cannonade, there was present a young man on his way to take up missionary work in India—the Rev. Henry Martyn, who was with the British fleet. In his journal he describes the landing of the troops and the horrors he witnessed on the field of battle, and he adds, "At length I lay down on the border of a clump of bushes, with the battle-field in view, and there lifted up my soul to God. May the remembrance of this day ever excite me to pray and labour more for the propagation of the Gospel of Peace! The blue mountains to the eastward were a cheering contrast to what was immediately before me, for there I conceived my beloved and honoured fellow-servants,† companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, to be passing the days of their pilgrimage, far from the world, imparting the blessed Gospel to benighted souls. May I receive grace to be a follower of their faith and patience!"

After that period, missionaries of all societies came into the country, and spread themselves over it in every direction. We shall see John Campbell, a man constitutionally timid, yet, as a travelling companion said of him, "whether encountering

* Moravian Periodical Accounts. † The Moravian missionaries.

lions in the path, nine of which once stood in the line of his caravan in a single day, or crossing swollen rivers on crazy crafts, with some of the company holding on to the tails of oxen, or negotiating with blood-stained chiefs, or panting over burning sands, enduring intensest thirst, his joyousness drove all shadows away." After Campbell come Threlfall, Links, and Jagger, who penetrated into the Damara country, where no missionary had heretofore gone, setting their faces like flints despite the opposition of friends and the warnings of enemies. All were ruthlessly murdered, through the treachery of their guide. After their decease a document was found, given to a chief through whose territory they had to pass. It ran thus:—

"We, William Threlfall, Jacob Links, and Joannes Jagger, do by this writing make it known that if we never return from the Fish River, or the nations and tribes to the north of it, no unpleasant reflection ought to be cast on the chief and tribe called the Bondle Zwaarts, because they have permitted us to pass through their country into the dangers before us, from which they say we shall never escape with our lives. They have faithfully warned us, but being disposed to proceed in what we all think our duty to God and our fellow-men, should we never return, we acquit them from all guilt in our misfortune." The spirit prompting that document was every whit as heroic as that of St. Paul, who said, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

Following these were Barnabas Shaw and his noble wife, travelling to Namaqualand in a waggon, in which they slept for months together; and William Shaw, on the Eastern frontier, who, at the time of a Kaffir rising, was about to yield to the entreaties of his friends and turn back, when his wife said, "If these people are so bad as to be guilty of these atrocities, there is all the more need that we should go forward and teach them better."

Among the men who troop before us in this review is good Pastor Harms, of Hermannsburg, sending out in the *Candace* simple, homely Christian peasants to dwell among naked savages, and open up new fields of industry, while at the same time they should exhibit the beauty of home life and the influence of Christianity on character and conduct—a wondrous mission, organised by a plain country clergyman labouring among secluded country people, yet influencing with a strange and a new power the Natal Kaffirs, the Zulus, the Bamangwatows, the Bechuanas, the Basutos, and other tribes.

Here, too, we shall meet with Allen Gardiner, Robert Moffat, and David Livingstone, in whose lives the romance of South African missions centres. These, and others, will bring us into contact with many curious customs and habits of native tribes, and with many hairbreadth escapes and adventures, as we trace the progress of young churches cradled in the midst of tribal wars and conflicts, and see men go forward single-handed into perilous places, where to meet a body of natives was as perilous as to visit the lion in his lair. It will be interesting to tell of peoples—such as the Bechuana tribes—among whom there was no vestige of religion, who had no idols, no altars, no symbols or signs of any form of worship, to whom, therefore, the missionaries could at first make no appeal, and for years laboured on without being

able to impress upon them a religious idea, or arouse a religious sentiment. Meanwhile, however, civilising processes were going on. Personal habits and social usages were reformed, the smearing of their bodies with grease gave place to cleanliness; the scramble for food on the floor of their hovels was succeeded by orderly meals in decent



BASUTOS.

fashion, until, in course of time, they desired to know the principles which governed the lives of the people who brought to them these changes and improvements in their habits.

In Kaffirland we shall mingle with witch-doctors, and perchance witness one of those horrible scenes which haunt the imagination—a witch dance. A mighty chief wishes to "eat up" an enemy, or a man who has acquired wealth. He feigns sickness,

and calls the witch-doctor to his aid. Into his ear the poison is poured. A witch dance is appointed; the whole kraal is present. The dancers dance in a circle round the doctor, who stands naked in their midst. Suddenly he is "moved," he pretends to be under occult influence, and by magic power singles out the man who has brought calamity to the great chief. At once the victim is seized and hurried away. Should he, in his dread of death, confess to the crime (of which he is innocent), it is probable that he may escape with the loss of his property; but should he not confess, there will await him cruel torture with red-hot stones, or worse still, he may be pegged down over a nest of black ants, and left there until he confesses or is stung to death.

In South-eastern Africa, customs horrible in the extreme were once indulged in almost universally by Hottentots and Bosjesmen (or Bushmen), which have since been abolished, such as that of wrapping up young children in sheepskins and burying them alive in the case of the mother's death, and of exposing aged parents, who were past work, to be devoured by wild beasts or to perish with hunger. One day Dr. Moffat found a poor old creature so exposed. She had been there for four days; her children had left her to die. "And why did they leave you?" he asked. Spreading out her hands she said, "I am old, you see, and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh; I am not able to gather wood to make a fire; and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do." He wondered that she had escaped the lions, whose traces he had just before seen near the spot. "She took hold of the skin of her left arm with her fingers," he says, "and raising it up, as one would do a piece of loose linen, she said, 'I hear the lions, but there is nothing here for them to eat; I have no flesh for them to scent.'"

Turn now to Madagascar, the great island off the South-eastern Coast. In the early part of the present century, not a ray of Christian light had penetrated the darkness of heathendom there, until in 1818 two Welshmen went to the island, one of whom was cut down with fever, while the wives and children of both fell victims to the same disease. The survivor, however, with wonderful Christian heroism, remained at his post, gained the friendship of the king, and paved the way for the advent of other labourers. After the death of the king, darkness again fell over the land; the missionaries were expelled, and persecutions of the most terrible kind befell those who had given in their adherence to the Christian faith. Many were the confessors, and striking was their testimony. Calmly and heroically they were burnt at the stake, or hurled over the great precipice of Ampamarinana. For more than a quarter of a century the reign of terror lasted; but, on the death of the cruel queen under whose rule the persecutions were carried on, the banished missionaries were recalled, and the subsequent history of the progress of Christianity in Madagascar is a history of triumph.

On the West Coast of Africa, an unhealthy and unpromising region, the missionary pioneering work was undertaken by Germany. Here (as in India by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge) the Church Missionary Society, with plenty of

money but a scarcity of men, maintained a band of Lutheran missionaries, and the names of Renner, Hartwig, Nylander, and many others, stand out conspicuously on the bead-roll of fame. On the Pongas rivers, among the Soo-Soos, these noble fellows worked; but when, in 1807, the British slave-trade ceased, the liberated slaves flocked to Sierra Leone, and that unhealthy region became the centre of missionary operations. The heroism of those who fell martyrs to the pestilential climate is almost unexampled in history.

The Yoruban country, 1,300 miles to the eastward of Sierra Leone, and for generations the spoil of neighbouring tyrants—Kings of Dahomey and Mahommedan Fellatahs—yields quite a harvest of painfully interesting stories, none more so than that of the formation of a little society by a small company of Yorubans, who, hunted from place to place, took refuge in a cave. This they outgrew, and then they built villages and formed them into a colony, which they named Abbeokuta.

One of the most marvellous and thrilling narratives in connection with the mission to Abbeokuta is that of Mr. Crowther, who in his infancy was a slave-child, was kidnapped by a Moslem gang, and afterwards by some Portuguese, was rescued by a British man-of-war, was trained and educated as a Christian, and eventually became Bishop of the Niger—the first black man who had ever been consecrated to episcopal office in the Church of England. The marvels of his story do not end here. When he was on a missionary tour in the land where he was once a slave, he met with his mother and sisters, for whom he obtained redemption from their slavery and admission into the Christian Church.

If we turn to the north—to Egypt, and "the regions round about" that have from the earliest ages been associated with it—we shall find in the land of the Pharaohs written up, in English and Arabic characters, in the city of Cairo, the words "British Mission Schools." An English lady, Miss Whately, in the face of opposition and of Muslim bigotry, founded this flourishing institution, and by patient continuance in her good work carried it on to success—the first British attempt to bring the Gospel to the Muslims, and to educate, and thus civilise and Christianise their children.

The labours of American and English missionaries to spread again the Gospel in the land where it was first preached, will bring us in contact with Druses and Maronites, with fanatical Mahommedans and fanatical Christians; and will introduce us to struggles between missionaries and ecclesiastical dignitaries, to terrible massacres in the Lebanon and at Damascus, to cruel treacheries and duplicities, and also to scenes of wonderful pathos in connection with the heroism of the persecuted Christians.

It is, perhaps, not invidious to say that the culminating point of interest in African civilisation will be in tracing the extraordinary career of David Livingstone, and the noble band of men who followed in his footsteps in Central Africa. In Livingstone we have the exact type of man we shall single out as much as possible to illustrate the purpose we have in view in these pages. He was a man thirsting for knowledge, loving adventure, intensely earnest in bearing the blessings of civilisation to the most oppressed and down-trodden of the sons of men—a man full of hope, ever looking on the brightest side of things with a broad, refreshing sympathy;

a man abhorring every kind of cruelty, and especially slavery, with which he grappled as with the coils of a deadly serpent, and which recognised in him in turn its most formidable foe. He went among the poor degraded Africans determined to see the best in them, and to make the best of them. "My practice," he said, "has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never to allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of sin's characters. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt as if that could awaken Christian sympathy. The evil is there. But all around in this fair creation are traces of beauty, and to turn from those to ponder on deeds of sin cannot promote a healthy state." He did not patronise the blacks; he loved them, and recognised the common elements of humanity in them, shared alike by Christian and heathen. He felt, every year with growing intensity, that the real work required among heathen peoples was not so much the professional services of recognised missionaries, as the evangelisation that could be effected by the Christian trader, colonist, traveller, or legislator. He had little sympathy with sectarianism, and it would be well for the cause of Christian progress in non-Christian lands if a large majority of the evangelists could say, as he said, "I never as a missionary felt myself to be either Presbyterian, Episcopalian, or Independent, or called upon in any way to love one denomination less than another."

Those were noble words uttered by Dean Stanley on the Sunday after the great Christian traveller was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. In summing up his life-work, he said:—"Such deeds as these are the Alpine summits and passes of life; these are the safety-valves even of our insular eccentricities. And when we consider the ends for which his life was given—the advancement of knowledge to the uttermost parts of the earth, the redemption of a whole continent and race of mankind from the curse of barbarism and heathenism, and from the curse of the wickedness of civilised man more hateful than any savagery or idolatry—then from his grave there arises, not only to us as individuals, but to our whole nation (I will even say to all the nations of the civilised world), the last prophetic words which, in the fulness of his vigour, he addressed to that English university which paid special honour to his labour: 'I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work that I have begun. I leave it for you.' He leaves it to you, statesmen and merchants, explorers and missionaries," continued the Dean, "to work out the wise fulfilment of these designs. He leaves it to you, adventurous spirits of the rising generation, to spend your energies in enterprises as noble as his—not less noble because they were useful; not less chivalrous and courageous because they were undertaken for the glory of God and the good of man."

Now, for a moment, let us glance here and there at one or two of the places on the vast continent of America, where by-and-bye we may find some of our most interesting material. It is difficult to know what incidents to select in our cursory review. But we turn in thought to John Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, although

it was so far back as the year 1631 that, on the comparatively barren shores of New England, he plunged into the dark forests in which the American Indians dwelt, to carry to them the message of the Gospel. It took him twelve years to master their language, but with untiring energy he applied himself to his task, and succeeded in completing a translation of the Scriptures into their tongue. It was not as a preacher only, but as a social leader and civiliser, that his great influence was felt, and his enormous capacity to conquer difficulties and carry on his organisations throughout a period of fifty years, under the most trying circumstances, is a marvellous record of Christian zeal and untiring enthusiasm.

Fifty years later, young David Brainerd, upon whom the mantle of John Eliot had fallen, buried himself in the wilderness—a solitary white man among wild tribes whose most coveted trophies were the scalps of their victims. We shall see him now in a log hut gathering the ignorant Red-men around him, now wandering through the forests and sleeping in the open air by a pine-wood fire, kindled not only to keep off the damp, but to scare away the wolves that prowl around his bed; then up and away, to tell in some wigwam the story of the Cross, or to seek to arrest the progress of some savage with words of prayer. A wild, brave, wonderful life was David Brainerd's, and fatigue, exposure, and consuming zeal soon wore it out. He died of consumption at the age of twenty-nine, but not before six other men were ready to take up the work as soon as he laid it down. It was the perusal of the "Life of David Brainerd" that decided Henry Martyn to devote himself to missionary work in India.

Nowhere in the world has change worked such magic wonders as in the regions where Eliot and Brainerd laboured. Now, by various agencies, they are brought under the influence of the Gospel, and where the wild Red Indian once hunted through pathless forests there are populous towns and cities, with every kind of representative of the one Catholic Church.

Some interesting chapters will be found in the description of the labours of the Danish Lutherans, early in the last century, in the icy regions of Greenland, at the very time that they were braving the opposition of the old East India Company in Hindustan. There is the story of Hans Egede going out, "not knowing whither he went," begging his way from house to house in Bergen, bearing the sneers and taunts of relatives and friends as well as of strangers and foes, but intent upon finding the "lost Colonists" of whom he had read in an ancient parchment, until at last he succeeded in reaching Greenland, and mastering the language and gathering the people around him. Here he was joined by three of the Moravian Brethren—Stach, Boehnisch, and Beck—untutored but noble-hearted men, who, on hearing of Egede's perils and disappointments, determined to go out, begging their way if necessary, to lend him succour and help him to carry on his work.

From Greenland, in process of time, the Moravians extended their operations to the coast of Labrador. In 1819 a boat's crew of shipwrecked sailors drifted for eight hundred miles through snow and ice, and were at length washed ashore. Worn out and exhausted as they were, they dreaded the approach of the Eskimos, as they came towards them, more than they had dreaded the death that seemed day by day to have



ESCAPE OF RUDOLPH'S COMPANIONS. (*See p.* 30.)

been awaiting them. But instead of violence and death, they found kindness and care: they were carried by the natives to the mission-house of the Moravians, and found that practical Christianity was known and practised among them.

The narratives of some of the missionaries in these ice-bound regions are stranger than fiction. Take, for example, and almost at random, the case of Christian Rudolph and his wife, who, after twenty-six years of missionary labour in Greenland, bade farewell in 1804 to the scene of their successful efforts, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Copenhagen. For three weeks after going on board, the ice in the harbour prevented the captain from setting sail, but at length he got into the open, and steered

towards Nunarsoak, which was said to be free from ice. He had not been out for more than three days, however, when a storm from the south-west overtook them, and drove the ship into the very midst of fields and mountains of ice. It soon became clear that destruction would be inevitable: no ship could live in such a sea, no ship could resist those frozen masses which threatened to crush her to pieces. Soon there was a crash —planks were started, the water was pouring in, and there was a rush for the boats. One party after another succeeded in reaching a vast field of ice, and amongst them Rudolph and his wife, who had been the last to leave the ship. Then they tried to reach the shore, but there were too many for the boat, and they steered towards the nearest island, a mere rugged mass of naked rock. As they were trying to land the provisions they had taken from the wreck, a violent wind carried the boat away, with eight of the crew on board, and dashed it to pieces among the rocks.

The survivors found themselves in the horrible position of being on uninhabited land, cut off, apparently, from all succour, without food or covering, and in the midst of a terrific storm of blinding rain and sleet. For two days the captain and most of his crew remained upon the island. There was nothing but certain death before them if they continued there; there was, however, the chance of being saved if they could leap from block of ice to block of ice across the sea which divided them from the shore. They resolved to make the attempt; but Rudolph and his wife, and one other, had no strength left for such an effort; they could only beg that if the captain or any of his crew should reach a place of habitation alive, they would seek to have succour sent to them.

Day after day passed, and no help came; they had nothing whatever to support them but water, which they drank from holes in the rock. Hope began to die, and, as the days passed by, their fear that the captain and his men had perished in their hazardous attempt, settled down into a conviction The end did not seem far off; they were exhausted with cold and hunger and watching, but they waited patiently the will of God, and passed the lonely hours in singing those hymns which they had loved to teach the Greenlanders.

At length eight days had passed, and on the evening of the ninth day, as Rudolph's wife rose up to take one last look round the horizon, she saw a sight which thrilled her with joy. Coming towards the island, and evidently in search of them, were two Greenlanders in their kajaks, or skin canoes. Almost too feeble to stand, she and her husband crawled to the top of the rock, and waved to their deliverers, and the signal was recognised. All that day the Greenlanders had been in search of them, but were on the point of giving them up as dead. They brought with them the intelligence that the captain and all the crew, save one, had reached the shore in safety, but were greatly enfeebled by the perils they had undergone. Two days afterwards, when Rudolph and his wife were on their way to Lichtenau, the Moravian missionary settlement, they were met by a boat sent out by the missionaries to convey their bodies for interment, all hope of their being found alive having been abandoned. For a year they tarried with the brethren at Lichtenau, and then, a favourable opportunity occurring, they set sail again for Copenhagen, where they arrived in safety.

In roaming over the vast missionary fields of America, let us look in at a Methodist camp-meeting, held in 1801, and see a man "getting religion," as the phrase went. Follow his movements, as he fords rivers waist-deep, or floats across them on rolling logs, or tears his way through backwoods and wildernesses, to carry the Gospel to any audience, from a single hearer to ten thousand. That man was Peter Cartwright, the earnest, if fanatical, backwoods preacher, the large-souled, humorous, and self-denying apostle of the prairies. A wonderful man was Peter Cartwright! His "parish" ranged over the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, and obliged him, in order to overtake his circuit, to cross the Ohio sixteen times in the course of the year, while almost every one of the perilous wilderness-journeys he took introduced him to incidents of thrilling adventure.

If, in the course of our narrative, an amusing anecdote comes in our way, and illustrates the subject in hand, we shall not hesitate to use it, for humour has a distinct province in the world, and is often a valuable auxiliary to Christianity. If we visit, say the south-western portion of the United States, we must come into contact with the negroes, and it would be losing an opportunity if we did not tarry to examine their religious organisations, and to cull a few specimens of negro preaching—very crude, very original, and very emotional. We might, for example, learn a lesson of earnestness from that preacher who, taking his text from the words "Redeeming the time because the days are evil," gave this as his preamble: "My beloved bredren, if I had de whole earth for my meetin'-house, all de children of Adam for my congregation, de heaven for my pulpit, and eternity for my Sunday mornin', de text I have chosen for dis mornin's reflection would be de one I would select on dat occasion."

Mexico presents a striking picture of a people, only a quarter of a century ago, freeing themselves from the religious tyranny of their Roman Catholic rulers, and obtaining a constitution legalising equality of religions. Then there poured into the country, from the British and Foreign Bible Society, many thousands of Spanish Bibles, and later on an American pastor, Henry Riley, settled in the city. Men banded themselves together to take the brave pastor's life; but this only inspired larger efforts. Multitudes flocked to the Reformed Churches which he planted, and the influence spread, until fifty congregations gathered in the neighbouring towns and villages. Again the slumbering spirit of persecution broke out against the Protestants. On a certain Sunday, as one of these congregations was engaged in worship, the doors were burst open, a furious mob rushed in, and over twenty people were ruthlessly slaughtered, while the cries of the widows and orphans of these Christian martyrs were answered by the joyous peals of bells from the Roman Catholic churches. But, despite persecution, the brave Henry Riley laboured on till he became Bishop of the Vale of Mexico, at the head of a church which numbered its thousands of members.

In British Guiana we shall note, among other things, the strange superstitions of the people: their good and evil deities haunting them everywhere, in forest and in glade, on mountain height or river-worn rock, "flitting in the gloom, creeping in the dark, howling in the wind"; their senseless traditions; their haunting fear of goblins and witchcraft, and their horror of the great Peaiman, whose judgments are hurled at the offending.



CATHOLIC RIOT IN MEXICO (*p* 31)

In the extreme south of America, in Tierra del Fuego, among the Patagonians, there awaits us the pitiful story of the dauntless Allen Gardiner, who, hoping against hope, looked for supplies, to be sent to him, but died, with all his companions, of starvation. When a search party reached the inhospitable shore, they found his remains, and, hard by, a rock on which there was painted a hand pointing to an inscription, "PSALM lxii. 5—8. My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from Him."

But in America there will be nothing of greater interest than to trace the progress of the vast mission carried on by Americans within their own territory, and to see how ample has been the provision in every town that has been planned, for Christian worship and Christian education; to watch their missionaries moving from State to State attending to their own people, and to the Red Indians, as well as to the negroes and the Chinese. And we shall not fail to call attention to the fact, that vast as are their home claims, they have carried forward with amazing energy and success, missions to the heathen and to non-Christian peoples in many parts of the world, notably in the Sandwich Islands, India, Japan, Constantinople, and Syria.

We must not linger on the threshold of our subject, and yet we cannot close

this fragmentary survey without glancing at the Isles of the Seas—a comprehensive term, which gives us scope to turn our eyes to the north, south, east, and west of both hemispheres. Let us, in imagination, mingle with the crowd on a hot day in August, 1796, and see a vessel clearing out of the Port of London. As she unfurls her flag ("three doves argent, on a purple field, bearing olive-branches in their bills") the voices of a hundred men on deck sing lustily the hymn:

"Jesus, at Thy command,
We launch into the deep."

It is the good ship *Duff*, the first ship ever fitted out for the express purpose of carrying the messengers of the Gospel to heathen lands. She is bound for Otaheite, or, as it is now called, Tahiti, the chief of the Society Islands. There are thirty missionaries on board; but the man of all others who engages our attention is the skipper, one Captain James Wilson, whose career is more full of exciting episodes than even that of another famous seaman of a different sort, Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald. It will do us good to look into the honest face of Captain Wilson, and hear his hearty words of Christian fervour, and to recall some of the strange incidents of his life—how he fought at Bunker's Hill and Long Island in the American War; how, when supplies were cut off from the British troops who were hemmed in by Hyder Ali's host, he sped in through the fleet with his vessel and saved the army from starvation; how he was captured by the French, made prisoner at Cuddalore, and escaped by jumping from the fort; how he fell upon a bank instead of into the river, but, injured though he was, succeeded in crossing four rivers, when, to his dismay, he fell in with some of Hyder Ali's men, who stripped him naked, pinioned him, and with a rope dragged him back to Cuddalore; how for twenty months he was subjected to cruel tortures, under which one hundred and twenty-two out of his one hundred and fifty-three fellow-prisoners perished; and how at last Sir Eyre Coote brought Hyder Ali to terms, and the prisoners were set free. A brave man, in good truth, is this Captain James Wilson, commander of the *Duff!* Although the expedition, as far as the missionaries were concerned, did not realise the expectations that had been formed of it, still the publicity given to the undertaking was of incalculable value, as it excited a strong interest in the subject of foreign missions generally.

Wonderful have been the triumphs of the Gospel in the Isles of the Seas, and we must learn about John Williams in the islands of Rarotonga; the American Mission in the Sandwich Islands; Calvert in Fiji; Gill in New Guinea; Marsden among the Maoris in New Zealand. But we cannot here even enumerate the places, much less particularise the societies or individuals, under whose guidance the people who sat in darkness have been brought to see the great light.

Only two groups of islands will we single out for mention in this place—the West Indies and New Zealand. The beginning of missions by the Moravians—the great pioneers of missionary enterprise in the Protestant Church—was on this wise. When Leonhard Dober, a potter, heard the tragical story of West India slavery, as told by a negro slave named Anthony, in the retinue of a nobleman in the

Danish Court, he applied to the Moravian congregation and begged to be sent out as a missionary to the West Indies (St. Thomas). "I determined," he wrote, "if only one brother would go with me, I would give myself up to be a slave, and would say to the slaves as much of the Saviour as I knew myself. I leave it in the hands of the congregation, and have no other reason for going than that there are souls in the island that cannot believe because they have not heard."

His request was granted, after a year's delay, and David Nitschman, a carpenter, was appointed as his companion. With nine shillings each in their purses, these two men set out on foot from Herrnhut, and walked the long road of six hundred miles by Wernigerode, Brunswick, and Hamburg, to Copenhagen, where, by dint of persevering entreaty, they obtained help to procure berths as working-men in a Dutch ship, as the West India Company would not give them a passage on any terms.

That was the beginning of missionary work among the negroes in the West Indies. Its early years were full of suffering, persecution, and martyr-deaths. Cruel laws were passed, prohibiting the slaves from attending meetings, and the fiercest opposition and persecution were brought to bear on the missionaries. "We were never a day secure of our life," said Count Zinzendorf, when describing his visit there; "they would have killed us if they had got the opportunity." Armed mobs broke in upon their assemblies, burnt their houses, and tortured the slaves in the presence of the missionaries through sheer wantonness. Still they persevered, living among the negroes, and suffering from the pestilential climate. In the course of eleven years thirty-five were stricken to death by illness. "And yet," said Spangenburg, "had I asked, 'Who will go into the haunt of the plague?' from twenty to thirty would at once have said, 'We are ready!'"

From that time forth they laboured on, joined in course of time by one society and another, until in 1834, after the Emancipation Act came into force, almost every denomination was represented in the islands, and a thousand beneficent organisations were introduced and successfully worked.

Samuel Marsden, in the streets of Sydney, New South Wales, was struck with the noble bearing of some New Zealand chiefs, and, like Gregory the Great when he saw the Anglo-Saxon youths, he longed to be able to give them the blessings of Christianity. Some years passed by, when he received as his guest a notorious Maori chief named Hongi, who pledged his word that, if missionaries were sent to New Zealand, they should be protected.

On Christmas morning, 1814, Samuel Marsden preached in New Zealand to the natives, and told them, for the first time, the wonderful story of the Cross. He chose for his text the words, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy." For a time there was no visible effect as the result of his efforts, or those of the other missionaries who followed him, but after a lapse of about a dozen years there was an extraordinary religious enthusiasm among the people. Churches and schools were thronged, thousands sought for admission into the Church, and great and important changes were wrought in the habits of the people. So that when Bishop Selwyn arrived at his diocese in 1842, he wrote: "We see here a whole nation of pagans converted to

the Faith. Where will you find throughout the Christian world more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the Kingdom of Christ?"

Happily there were many instances in which it could be said with safety that the people were "converted," but the glowing words of Bishop Selwyn were not true of the vast majority. They ran greedily in the way of European vices; they commenced and continued cruel and bitter wars; they threw down their Bibles to grasp their tomahawks, and cast aside their civilised costumes to smear their bodies with war-paint; they gave up their professed Christianity, to which they had never been faithful, but did not resume their old heathenism, to which they once had been true. At least, they did not for a long time resume it. But after the Taranaki war of 1860–61 there grew up and rapidly spread a new religion among the so-called "converted" Maoris. It was named the Pai-Marire (an almost, if not altogether, untranslatable term), and was propagated by a body of natives called Hau-Haus. Maori missionaries of this new faith traversed the length and breadth of the land; they pretended to work miracles, to speak with tongues, and to prophesy; they taught a strange compound of heathenism and Christianity, and claimed power to retain what they chose of both systems. Success went with them, and on a certain day there might have been witnessed the, happily, unprecedented sight of thousands of men being baptised out of Christianity back again into heathenism!

There are many lessons to be learnt from this singular episode in missionary history, which will be dwelt upon fully hereafter.

And now, having glanced rapidly at some of the lands we shall traverse, the men we shall meet, and the scenes we shall witness, it will be well to define, in other aspects, the scope of the work we have in hand and the principles it will advocate.

Wherever we shall find just and equitable laws being framed for the governance of the peoples; freedom of speech and press; humanity to children and to aged persons, to the stranger, the needy, and even to the brute; respect for women, for personal purity, and the sacredness of marriage; equality of political and social privileges; the progress of education; the amelioration of the condition of the oppressed; regard for the interests of the poorest and weakest; efforts to promote peace among the nations; the opening up of countries by colonists, explorers, and men of commerce; the introduction of appliances to lighten labour—in all these practices, principles, and ideals we shall see man working for the good of man, and there we shall trace the product of the great law of Love embodied in Christianity, working consciously or unconsciously, but working potently.

In examining the causes which have led to the mighty changes that have been wrought among the peoples of the world—such as the sudden and unparalleled rapidity of communication, by which all the ends of the earth have been brought together, and the thoughts that stir one nation soon become the property of all—we shall seek to show how, among the varied representatives of the great human family, with their manifold histories, their unequal degrees of culture, their violently contrasted prospects

—some dying out as rapidly as others are increasing—the great need of the world, and the only means of staunching and healing the deep wounds of human nature, is the blessed Gospel of the Grace of God—in its broadest and most comprehensive sense.

To this end we shall regard all missionaries, travellers, colonists, traders, and others who have had at heart "the good of man and the glory of God," as workers in this great scheme of moral and spiritual redemption. In many places the real progress of Christianity began among the children of the countries, in the vernacular schools—education undermining and exploding heathenism.

We do not propose to trace in detail the origin and progress of the various missionary societies, but rather to look at the individuals sent out by these societies, and examine their characteristics and their work.

There are almost innumerable instances in which respect for the personality of the individual, whether Christian minister or Christian man, has had an extraordinary influence upon men in heathen lands who have had no regard whatever for Christianity. For example: At Morley, a mission-station near the Umtata River, in Kaffirland, a missionary was resident who had obtained considerable influence over a heathen chief, Faku. One night that chief, at the head of an army of a thousand men of his tribe, was on his way to avenge himself on another tribe for stealing the cattle of his people. He must needs pass through Morley to reach his destination, but he did not wish to alarm the missionary or his people. He sent a messenger, therefore, in advance to say that, although he was on the war-path, "no mischief shall fall on any one at Morley, nor shall any one take aught that you possess;" and the chief went forward, faithful to his word to "the Christian man," but at the same time to avenge himself in bloody, ruthless, and desolating war upon his enemies.

Not less striking is the story of a good and holy man who, when the Taranaki war was raging in New Zealand, stood out in the path of the advancing Maoris; and despite the fact that their bodies were painted for war, their arrows sharpened for blood, and every muscle of each man was quivering with the excitement of approaching battle—the attitude of that white-haired man to whose voice they had often listened in hours of peace and prayer, turned their purpose, and they retreated to their villages awed into reason and submission by the very sight of the man of God.

When Schwartz was in India, the fort of Tanjore was about to be besieged, and a famine was imminent—the people in its neighbourhood refusing to supply it with grain, from the fear, grounded on experience, that they never would be paid for what they sent. But Schwartz pledged his word for the payment, and abundant supplies were forthcoming.

So with William Burns in China. When a proposal was made to him by Lord Panmure that he should take the office of Chaplain to the British Forces in the quarter where he was, with the usual rank and salary of a major in the army, he declined, on the ground that "his connection with the invading army would be remembered by the Chinese, and prove prejudicial to the higher ministry to which he had devoted his life." Consistency like this was felt by men who could not comprehend the doctrines of his religion, and it had its effect. His enthusiasm and self-denial were exhibited in many other ways, notably in this, that "he limited his own wants to



MAORI WAR EXPEDITION STOPPED BY THE MISSIONARY.

barest necessaries, and gave up all his means for the sake of China, on one occasion sending home a whole year's salary (£250) to send out another missionary." Even the "heathen Chinee" was sensitive to the influence of a man whose purity of motive was so transparent, and whose actions spoke the words of St. Paul—"I seek not yours, but you."

There will be much to say in the course of this narrative upon individual influence resulting from personal consecration. "No one," said Dr. Livingstone, "ever gains much influence in Africa without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinised by both old and young. I have heard women speaking in

admiration of a white man, because he was pure and was never guilty of secret immorality. Had he been they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him everywhere."

Those were wise words of Lord Lawrence, written in a letter to the *Times* in 1873, in which he bore witness to the good being done by missionaries in India. "Apart from the higher interests of religion," he said, "it is most important in the interests of the Empire, that there should be a special class of men of holy lives and disinterested labours, living amongst the people, and seeking at all times their best good."

Secular knowledge also wields an important influence in the missionary's work. In North Ceylon there was an aged Brahmin, Vesuvenathan, who had the reputation of being the most learned native astronomer. He had given forth his calculations as to an approaching eclipse of the moon, in which certain American missionaries discovered three important errors, relative to its commencement, duration, and extent. They therefore publicly questioned the astronomer's calculations, to which he unwisely adhered. A trusty pandaram was elected as an umpire, and the whole country waited for his verdict. It was given against Vesuvenathan and in favour of the missionaries on all three points, and from that day forth they had a hold upon the people they had never before obtained.

Upon two branches of our subject special stress will be laid. One will be the enormous value of the services which have been rendered to missionary work by women, and abundant proof will be given that in hardly any other sphere has Christianity drawn forth the womanliness of woman, with all her abounding wealth of influence, and all the depths of her heroism, more than in the missionary life. The other will be the invaluable services rendered to the progress of Christianity and civilisation by medical missions. Perhaps there is no one branch of mission work more distinctly Scriptural than that of medical missions. Our Lord never gave to any one class of men the commission simply to preach, and to another class the commission to heal. The duty of preaching and healing was given to one and the same individual, and this also was the work of the Master Himself, who was the greatest medical missionary. Seeking to minister to the sick by the relief of their physical sufferings, the medicine-man comes in contact with them at times when they are most ready, as a rule, to think about the great truths of religion. He can penetrate into places inaccessible to others; doors are flung open wide to him which are closed against others; words spoken by him carry weight, which from others would be disregarded; and we do not hesitate to say that the man who goes into the huts and hovels of the afflicted poor with a packet of drugs in one hand and a Bible in the other, possesses an influence for good which no other being can wield in a like degree.

In prosecuting our task, we shall have to consider some Protestant missions which have been failures, and others that have been conducted on wrong principles; of some that have had as their object "pulling down" without any compensating regard for "building up;" of others that have sought simply to proselytise from one form of

religion to another, instead of seeking first to draw the miserable and the ignorant into the Kingdom of God; of others that have had as their chief concern the propagation of some particular "ism," instead of essential Christian doctrine.

Finally, we shall endeavour, in writing of the spiritual history of men, to do so in the spirit of charity. The term *heathen* has been much too freely and indiscriminately used. Many have assumed that all non-Christian peoples are necessarily heathen, forgetting that in the religion of many of them lie embedded grand, fundamental, and Divine truths. Every phase of the world's religion is entitled to respectful consideration, for it is that which has been the only source of comfort and light to countless men and women amidst their sufferings and sorrows, their fears, and their dim hopes.

One who has written wisely and well on this subject says: "No form of religion which has taken a firm hold upon thousands of human beings can have been wholly evil and false. . . . All good must come from God; and wherever we find men seeking and doing that which is good according to the light within them, then we are sure that they were enlightened by a spark of true religion, however faint, and however much mingled with errors and defects. Who can read of such men as Socrates, as Confucius, as the gentle Guadama Buddha (who taught forgiveness of injuries as a necessary virtue), and not feel that the spirit of God was working in them for good? 'In every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him!'"

While seeking, therefore, to love, honour, and admire whatever is good and generous and true of itself, wherever we find it, even in such as in all things else we think most wrong, we shall never lose sight of this fact, that in the Gospel of Christ *alone* do all the religious instincts of mankind find their full answer; that in Him, who is the Desire of all Nations, and in Him alone, do the peoples find their longings for a divine and human Ideal and Deliverer realised.

I.—EARLY MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

ZIEGENBALG AND THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSION.

Dr. Lütkens Originates the First Protestant Mission in India—Early History of Ziegenbalg—Plütschau—Their Arrival in India—Friendless Condition—Learning the Language—Ziegenbalg Translates the Scriptures—Public Preaching—Opposition from the Brahmins—More formidable Opposition from the Danish Governor—Ziegenbalg arrested—Release and Return of Plütschau to Denmark—The King Sides with the Missionaries—Death of Dr. Lütkens—Ziegenbalg's Illness and Return to Denmark—His Marriage—Sympathy with the Mission in England—Return to India, and Death in 1719.

DR. LÜTKENS, the chaplain of his Most Christian Majesty Frederick IV. of Denmark, was a good man about whom little is known, but whose name ought to live in everlasting memory, for through his instrumentality the Danes had the honour of inaugurating the first Protestant Mission to India. It came about on this wise. In 1621, Denmark had purchased from the Rajah of Tanjore the comparatively small tract of land on which stood the city of Tranquebar and about fifteen densely peopled towns. Pounds, shillings, and pence was the "head and front" of their enterprise, and for eighty years the Danes were content with buying and selling and getting gain—all save one man, and that solitary one was Dr. Lütkens. It seemed to him to be an evil and a cruel thing that there should be living under the flag of his country, heathen populations in India, in Greenland, and in St. Thomas, and no step be taken to tell to them the story of the Gospel.

Once arrested by this thought, it gave him no peace. He turned to the Church of Denmark, but, like all the churches of Christendom, it was in a sound sleep, from which no human voice could awaken it. Then he turned to the King, and, with all the passion of an awakened conscience, and all the wisdom and skill of a Court chaplain, laid before his royal master the claims of his non-Christian subjects. The King was a good man at heart; he listened patiently to the pleader, listened until his conscience smote him; and at length he gave, not only his permission, but added his earnest entreaty that missionaries might be sent out to India forthwith. There was the rub! Who would go forth on such a dangerous, difficult, and unheard-of expedition?

In the days of old, the voice of the King of Kings came to the ear of a prophet, saying, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—and the prophet answered, "Here am I, send me." Dr. Lütkens seemed to hear that same Voice ringing through the words of the King of Denmark, and he answered in the same words, "Send me." But self-denial has not been the prevailing characteristic of monarchs at any time, and it was not that of Frederick IV. He could not spare his chaplain; there were troubles in his own kingdom; he was at war with Charles XII. of Sweden, and Dr. Lütkens was his personal friend as well as counsellor. All he could do was to give his chaplain *carte blanche* to get the best substitutes he could find. It was not an easy task; there was no one in Denmark to whom he could turn; and so he wrote to Dr. Francke, the founder of the celebrated Orphan House of Halle, and Professor in the University.



REMOVAL OF ZIEGENBALG'S FATHER. (*See p.* 42.)

The hour had come, and the men were ready. Two students, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plütschau, men of learning and ability, were called upon by Dr. Francke to undertake the enterprise, and, without shrinking, they were ready to obey the call. Already the career of Ziegenbalg had been remarkable. At the age of six years an event occurred in his history which he never forgot, and which was, perhaps, the cause of his occasional seasons of sadness and depression. One day, in the little Saxon town of Pullsnitz, where he dwelt, a fire broke out, threatening the row of wooden cottages, in one of which lay his dying father. It was not uncommon in those days for a devout

man to keep in his room the coffin for his burial; this was the case with old Ziegenbalg, and, as the fire swept along, the neighbours placed him in the empty coffin, and carried him to the market-place, where during the night he died.

It was a sore grief to the little child, and the memory of that sad scene haunted his young imagination, and made him brood over thoughts of death and heaven and hell. While yet a child he lost his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, and her dying words, "Seek in the Bible the great treasure laid up for you," were words to ring in his ears. As he grew up, and passed from the village school to one of a higher grade in Camentz, and finally to the High School of Görlitz, he was still an unusual boy, meditative and fond of solitude; so that when, at length, a fellow-student spoke to him seriously upon personal religion, he found a ready response from the heart of Ziegenbalg. The friends became inseparable; they were both lovers of music, and together they walked, prayed, and studied the Word of God. The friend passed out of sight, but his influence remained, and in the heart of Ziegenbalg there grew a great purpose—he would dedicate himself to the preaching of Christ, and seek to take his share in overcoming the sin and evil in the world.

He studied the Bible, philosophy, and theology; made great progress in languages, and qualified himself for admission to the University of Halle. This period of his life was one of constant struggle against poverty and sickness; almost every hour of every day he was in pain, and suffering from that malady which is worse than pain—depression of spirits. It appeared at times a hopeless task to labour on for a position in the Christian Church, the burden of which it was improbable he could ever bear; but, after the one session which constituted his university career, a tutorship was offered him in Merseburg. It seemed to be the answer to his prayers and longings; he found himself in a position where he could organise Bible-readings and prayer-meetings, and where the youths of the whole district gathered round him for religious instruction. Just as he was in the midst of congenial work, however, his health broke down, and for a long time he lay on the border-land of death in his little cottage-home at Pullsnitz, where his sisters dwelt. Recovering from his malady, he went from place to place teaching and preaching, and occupying all his leisure moments in study, still cherishing the hope that he might return to the University.

In the town of Werder, about twenty miles from Berlin, he filled a vacant pulpit for two months, and, while he was there, the call came to him to undertake, at the request of the King of Denmark, and in company with his old fellow-student Plütschau, missionary work among the heathen. At first the call startled and alarmed him, but, when he interpreted it into a call from God, he yielded without a moment's further hesitation. It had not been stated whither they were to go, and it was not until the two friends arrived in Copenhagen that they ascertained their destination was Tranquebar.

Although they were received kindly by the King and Dr. Lütkens, every one else regarded them as visionaries and enthusiasts. The clergy sneered at them; the East India Company opposed their start; not a soul was there in Denmark to cheer them with hope; they were young and inexperienced, and missionary work was then a new

thing under the sun; but, strong in the Lord, though weak in themselves, they went forward with their enterprise, and on the 29th of November, 1705, embarked for India.

A voyage to India in those days was a serious undertaking, and it was more than seven months before they reached their destination—months full of discomfort, for no sooner were they out to sea, than the captain became hostile to them, while the chaplain was ingenious in his persecutions. Thus the two young men were thrown almost exclusively together, and every hour of calm weather was used for study, for worship, and for praise. Even the storms, which were frequent, seemed to contribute to their preparation for their work. "The more the stormy and roaring seas broke in upon us, the more were the joy and praise of God increased in our mouths, seeing we had so mighty a Lord for our Father, whom we daily approach, and, as confiding children, put up our prayers to Him."

At length the harbour of Tranquebar was reached, and, when the young missionaries saw the natives assembled on the shore, their hearts beat high, and they longed to be amongst them to commence the great work of their lives. But there were boats sent out for all the ship's passengers and company except for them, and for days they were left on board, until the captain of a small vessel in the harbour took pity upon them and rowed them ashore.

Every one else who had travelled in the ship which bore out those messengers of God, received some welcome on his arrival, but Ziegenbalg and Plütschau stood on that foreign strand friendless and unwelcome. The Governor interviewed them, but refused to recognise the credentials given them by the King; there was no place ready for them, nor were arrangements of any kind made for their reception. The residents treated them with indifference or contempt; the natives stared at them in wonder; and when their first day on the mission-field closed, they found themselves out in the street alone, friendless, and shelterless.

But God had not "left Himself without witness," even in Tranquebar. While they were standing thus in the market-square, a young man came up to them, and invited them to a shelter in the house of his father-in-law. It was a token for good, and it compensated them for the trials they had undergone.

Some time afterwards, in a little house upon the wall of the town, the two young missionaries found settled quarters, and here they at once set to work to study the Tamil language, and put themselves in a position to hold intercourse with the natives. On the voyage they had studied Portuguese, and so were able to converse with the Europeans in the Danish settlement; but it offered little attraction to them. Bearing the name of Christian, the majority of the Europeans had given themselves up wholly to drinking and debauchery, to gambling and cruelty, and, hitherto, this was all that Western "Christians" had taught the heathen world. Of the Tamil language, the vernacular of Tranquebar, the missionaries knew absolutely nothing; nor had they grammar, dictionary, book, or alphabet that could assist them; but, ready-witted as they were, and sustained by a large hope, they succeeded, through the instrumentality of one Modaliapa, who was moved with compassion for their state to induce an old dominie to transfer his little school to their house on the wall. Then, sitting

cross-legged, and taking their places amongst the little children, Ziegenbalg and Plütschau drew their A B C upon the sand of the floor. Later on they fell in with a man named Aleppa, who, having acquired a little knowledge of European tongues, was of such assistance to Ziegenbalg, that within eight months he was able to speak the Tamil language with tolerable fluency.

A day of twenty-four hours seemed all too short for the labours of this devoted man. Reading, writing—and writing, moreover, not with pen and ink, but with a stylus upon palmyra leaves—he worked on from morning till night, until not only could he speak like a native, but he acquired such a mastery of the language that he drew up a grammar and two lexicons, one of prose, containing forty thousand words, the other of poetry, containing seventeen thousand words. Before he had been two years in Tranquebar, he commenced the translation of the New Testament, and in three years it was finished, while later on he commenced the translation of the Old Testament Scriptures, and composed, in the native language, over thirty books, consisting of hymns, catechisms, manuals, and sermons.

When the Brahmins saw that the missionaries were in earnest, the spirit of persecution—old as the world—arose within them. By false accusation they procured the banishment of a man who had assisted Ziegenbalg to a knowledge of the literature of the country, and, luring him away from the protection of the Danish flag, branded him as a traitor to the sacred mysteries of Hinduism. They cast him into prison, loaded him with chains, and subjected him to indignities, from which he shortly after died—not a professed Christian, but a martyr for Christianity. In many other ways petty persecution followed the missionaries, but they had become formidable foes, for the people were with them. They went into the highways and byways, as well as into the public market-places, and outside heathen temples, and preached the Word of Life; they discussed, for hours at a time, questions with the pundits, or learned natives, arising out of the discourse; little children gathered round them in the schools, and learned to sing the sweet hymns which Ziegenbalg had composed, and which, to this day, are sung in Christian assemblies; and everywhere the influence of their pure and unselfish lives, their earnest and sympathetic words, won their way to the hearts of the people.

Nor did they confine their labours to the towns, but, starting off on evangelistic journeys, they scattered right and left the good seed of the Kingdom. Men loved to question them, for they answered with kindness and patience; women loved to listen, for their words awakened slumbering hopes, and satisfied the longings of their hearts; little children clustered round them, enthralled by the beauty and tenderness of the "sweet story of old." A bright and prosperous future seemed to be opening up to the missionaries. They had built in a broad street, and in the midst of the heathen, a substantial stone church, to which they gave the name of New Jerusalem, and where thousands had assembled at the opening services; they had established a successful school; they had baptised nine of their Malabar converts. Everywhere the people heard them gladly.

But a storm was gathering, and from time to time they were made conscious of

its mutterings. One day, dressed in his white robe and turban and red slippers, Ziegenbalg went out to a town near Madras, where a great heathen festival was being held, and for five days wandered up and down fearlessly preaching the Gospel. Tired and depressed, he lay down one night to rest in a covered place, but his footsteps had been dogged by a Brahmin, who thought he would do his god service by putting the missionary to death. A small boy from one of the native schools had, however, watched



ARREST OF ZIEGENBALG. (*See p.* 46.)

the priest, and, rushing into the place where the missionary lay, aroused him in time to escape the uplifted dagger.

There was another enemy, more subtle than that priest, who was working for the destruction of this first Mission to India. The Governor of Tranquebar, Hassius by name, felt himself aggrieved by the encroachment of the King of Denmark upon his rights. The Governor represented the "Christianity" of the Europeans, to whom the purity, self-denial, and goodness of the missionaries were a standing reproach, and, upon the pretext that the Mission would breed sedition and was antagonistic to native ideas, this "Christian" Governor nursed his determination to crush the missionaries and stamp out their influence.

One day, when Ziegenbalg was sitting in his study, his attention was arrested by

a detachment of soldiers, with loaded muskets, under the command of a lieutenant, standing before his door. Ere he had time to realise his position, he found himself, upon a frivolous and unwarrantable pretext, under arrest. Although he begged for a moment's respite for prayer, he was brutally seized, and hurried, just as he was, in dressing-gown and slippers, through the crowded streets, where not a few who had listened to his teaching wept as they witnessed the indignity to which he was subjected, while others jeered and taunted the man who had brought strange things to pass in their native city.

On arriving at the fortress, Ziegenbalg was placed in a close and stifling cell, where the heat was almost unendurable. Paper, pens, and books were denied to him, and for four months he remained a prisoner. The position of the Mission seemed at that time in a perilous case. Plütschau was under the ban of the Governor; a guard was placed before the mission-house; the German services came to an end; and Ziegenbalg, the life and soul of the whole undertaking, was at the mercy of an unscrupulous Commandant. But "the end was not yet." Plütschau managed to convey food to his colleague, and one of the German guards, touched by his loneliness, smuggled into his cell a pencil and paper. From that moment the prison became a palace to his soul, and, during the remaining period of his incarceration, he wrote two bulky volumes, one entitled "The Christian Life," and the other "The Christian Teacher."

While Ziegenbalg was thus employed, Hassius, the Governor, was in no very happy frame of mind. Day by day the people of the town had demanded the release of the prisoner; natives who had shown no leaning to Christianity had cried "Shame" upon him as he passed through the streets; funds, and other offers of help to sustain the Mission, had poured in upon Plütschau; and, in view of these things, and of a possible appeal to the King of Denmark, Hassius found himself in great perplexity. He had hoped that Ziegenbalg would have pleaded for release, and, perchance, have offered to return to Europe; but, finding him calm and haughty, and still prosecuting his work, he caused an intimation to be sent to him that, if he would write to the Governor, asking to be released, the request would be granted. So, for the sake of his congregation, Ziegenbalg wrote, and ended by saying, "I bear to you no ill-will, but you may see that I do not fear you in the least."

Great was the rejoicing in Tranquebar on the day when Ziegenbalg once more appeared amongst his congregation, who wept for joy, and crowded around him to seize his hand. Those four months, however, had been full of peril to the Mission. Plütschau, though a good and amiable man, lacked entirely the power which characterised Ziegenbalg; many of the little community had been scattered, while some had been cast into prison or banished, for expressing sympathy with the Mission, and others were hiding from persecution.

When Ziegenbalg obtained his release, he wrote in his Journal, "I, Thine unworthy servant, acknowledge myself bound to love, honour, and serve Thee more and more, to walk after Thy Commandments, to glorify Thy Name, and so, in all fidelity, to use Thy gifts among Christian and heathen men as to secure the spread of Thy Kingdom, the propagation of Thy Truth, and the salvation of my neighbours, and, for this end, I dedicate myself and all my powers to Thee."

The spirit for all this was willing, but the flesh was weak, and Ziegenbalg fell seriously ill. On his recovery the position of affairs seemed hopelessly bad. Three years had passed, and no letter had come from Denmark. "It seemed as if not a soul in Europe thought upon us, and we were forsaken of all men." The funds had been so low that, although the orphanage he had founded was crowded, there was often not a groschen in the house for its support. At last news came of supplies. Four thousand crowns had been sent out to the Mission from Denmark in two ships. One ship was wrecked, but the money was recovered and taken back to Copenhagen; the other ship reached Tranquebar safely, but the boat which was conveying to shore the sadly-needed supply for the Mission, was manned by drunken sailors, who managed to upset it, and the money was all lost. Not long after, however, a fresh supply was received, and at the same time three new missionaries, Gründler, Jordan, and Bövingh, came out to join the Mission. It was not in all respects a fortunate circumstance that these men arrived. Jordan soon dropped into insignificance; Bövingh developed so bad a spirit, that he ultimately sided with the Governor against the Mission; Gründler alone was a true work-fellow in the Gospel. Their arrival, however, gave an impetus to the work, and the operations of the Mission extended in all directions.

On the other hand, persecutions increased; every plan was more or less thwarted, every obstruction put in their way, and at length the situation had become so intolerable, that arrangements were made for Plütschau to go to Copenhagen, and represent the whole position of affairs to the King. Bövingh returned to Europe at the same time on the pretext of illness, but really to plead with the King on behalf of Governor Hassius and himself, and to thwart the plans of the missionaries.

Plütschau had counted upon the hearty co-operation of Dr. Lütkens, the chaplain of the King, and the founder of the Mission—the only man in all Denmark to whom he could look as the tried and trusty friend of the cause he had so much at heart. But only two days before Plütschau landed, Dr. Lütkens had died, occupying his dying hours in prayers for the Mission. News of the persecutions to which Ziegenbalg had been subjected had reached Denmark, and at the same time the joyful news of the success of his work. The last words that were ever read to Lütkens were a royal edict ordering £300 a year to be paid out of the revenue in aid of the Mission. Tears of joy poured down the cheeks of the old man as he uttered his last words, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Both emissaries reached the King when in camp with his army. After their respective interviews, Bövingh tramped away on foot through the deep mud of a camp in rainy weather; Plütschau was sent back in a royal carriage and with the assurance of £300 a year for the Mission from the royal bounty. It was arranged that for the future regular reports of the work should be sent to the King, who, with the princes and princesses, was earnestly interested in the work, insomuch that the latter kept up a correspondence with Ziegenbalg.

From that time forth the Mission in Tranquebar entered upon a wider and more prosperous career. In Germany, the story of Ziegenbalg's heroism, and his letters,

were published, and sold with such rapidity that edition after edition was demanded. A copy of the book fell into the hands of a clergyman in the suite of Prince George of Denmark (the husband of our Queen Anne), who translated it into English. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts took up the cause, and sent a contribution of £20; while the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge opened at the same time a special fund for the Danish Mission at Tranquebar, thus commencing the co-operation of England in the pioneer efforts for the evangelisation of India.

Plütschau did not return to Tranquebar, but settled down to a quiet country charge. Ziegenbalg, meanwhile, was bearing the burden and heat of the day almost single-handed, still under the fire of persecution, less open but not less trying, and suffering almost constantly in bodily health. His heart was hot within him; he looked out to the fields ripening for harvest; his schools were flourishing, converts were increasing, the New Testament Scriptures, and other books he had written or translated in the Tamil tongue, were in circulation; doors of usefulness in other parts of India were opening, and the realisation of the dream of his youth, that the Gospel might be preached throughout India, seemed to be coming within the range of possibility.

But there was borne in upon his heart the consciousness that others must enter into his labours; day by day he was fighting against the inroads of disease; he felt that his own days were numbered, and that the night was coming, when he could no longer work. In Tranquebar his hands were tied: if he could only get to Denmark and see the King, and lay before him the whole story of the past and present, and cause him to see some streaks of the glory of the vision of the future, then he could die in peace.

On the day when Ziegenbalg left the harbour of Tranquebar, crowds assembled to beg his parting blessing. Converts, other natives, and Europeans joined together in a common grief; like those good people at Ephesus in the days of St. Paul, they sorrowed most of all lest they should see his face no more. It was just ten years since Ziegenbalg had entered upon his perilous, and, as many thought, fanatical and visionary work, that he once more found himself in Denmark.

The nations of Europe were absorbed in war, and the King of Denmark was besieging Stralsund, taking his share in the great struggle to restrain the towering ambition of Charles XII. of Sweden. Ziegenbalg made his way forthwith into the camp, and for hours was closeted with the King, who entered warmly and sympathetically into the plans that were laid before him—plans that secured the permanent success of the Mission.

Ziegenbalg took heart of grace; fresh hope brought fresh courage. He visited the little Saxon town that gave him birth, and, tarrying awhile in Merseburg, the scene of his first labours, he fell in love with one of his old pupils, a woman of sweet disposition and Christian heroism, to whom he was shortly after married. Then he went to England, where George I., the Prince of Wales, Archbishop Wake of Canterbury, and many others, received him with enthusiasm, and loaded him with evidence of their sympathy and goodwill. But Ziegenbalg could not linger at ease; there was work to be done, and the time was short. He set sail with his heroic wife, and, after a passage of five months,

was back again at Tranquebar, where he was received with a welcome that touched him to the heart. Many changes had taken place. Gründler had worked nobly in his absence, notwithstanding the fact that he, too, had got married. A paper-mill had come into existence, and Christian literature in the Tamil tongue was soon to be in free circulation; Hassius, the Governor, who had so long embittered Ziegenbalg's life, and thwarted his labours, had been recalled and disgraced, and in his place, as Governor of Tranquebar, was a man whose heart delighted itself in missionary work.



ZIEGENBALG LEAVING TRANQUEBAR.

It was not all sunshine, however; the horizon was filling with gathering clouds. But Ziegenbalg's work was done. On New Year's Day, 1719, with trembling voice and shaking hand, he stood up to speak for the last time. A few weeks later, on the last Sunday he spent on earth, the native congregation stood around his bed, and he exhorted them to be "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Then came a day when the weary man asked to be placed in an arm-chair, and begged that his friends would sing him a favourite hymn, "Jesus meine Zuversicht" ("Jesus my Saviour"). As he sat drinking-in the sounds with a smile of heavenly satisfaction, and clasping the hand of his faithful wife, God called his spirit home at the early age of thirty-six.

Thus ended the life and labours of the first Protestant missionary in India. When Ziegenbalg died, there were four hundred converts and catechumens who mourned the loss of their great-hearted pastor; and from that day till now the work which he began has never ceased growing. God buried the workman, but He carried on his work.

Gründler only survived his leader a few months, and then it seemed that everything must collapse; but there followed a succession of earnest men—Schültze, Dahl, Keistemnacher, Sartorius, Kiernander, Fabricius—through whose instrumentality the work spread north, south, east and west. The religious societies of England, Denmark, and Prussia, vied with each other in upholding the hands of the labourers. Schültze completed the translation of the Scriptures begun by Ziegenbalg, and these, together with other books of Christian literature, spread from Bombay in one direction to Ceylon in another, while, under his auspices, a flourishing mission sprang up in Madras. We need not tell in detail of the labours of each individual missionary, but would rather fix our gaze now upon one figure that towers above all others in the mission-field of Southern India during the last half of the eighteenth century—Christian Friedrich Schwartz.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ AND THE TANJORE MISSION.

Birth and Parentage of Schwartz—Influence upon him of Francke and Schültze—Ordination, Visit to England, and Departure for Tranquebar—Marvellous Gift of Learning Languages—Instances—After Sixteen Years at Tranquebar Schwartz Leaves for Trichinopoly—Meets the Rajah of Tanjore—Appointed Ambassador to Hyder Ali—Influence and Power of Schwartz's Character—A Free Passage Everywhere for the Missionary—The Rajah Serfojee—Illness and Death—Serfojee's Monument and Epitaph in English upon His Spiritual "Father."

THERE was grief in the comfortable and well-to-do home of Father Schwartz, of Sonnenburg, in the electorate of Brandenburg. His wife lay a-dying. By her side was a little child who had been born to her in 1726, only a year or two before. At the bedside stood her Lutheran pastor and her sorrowing husband; and it came to pass that as her soul was in departing, she gathered up all her remaining strength, and, pointing to the babe, said, in the spirit of the words of Hannah, the Old Testament saint, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." "Take him," said the dying woman; "I have dedicated him to the Lord; and, if he shows any aptitude for the Christian ministry, I charge you to foster it. This is my last wish."

From his earliest years Father Schwartz inured the child to habits of self-denial and simplicity; told him the story of his consecration, and trained him in the principles of the Lutheran faith. At the age of eight he was sent to the grammar-school at Sonnenburg, where masters of varying temperament seem to have first excited and then chilled his

religious emotions. He made good use of his time, acquired a fair knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and, at the age of sixteen, was removed to a higher school at Cüstrin. Here he was away from his father's eye and influence, and, left to himself, was drawn into the dissipations of student life, though happily preserved from open sin. To have seen him at this time, no one would have thought that he could ever become what eventually he became. But Divinity was shaping his ends, however much he might rough-hew them. A daughter of one of the syndics took an interest in the lad. It was not a romantic love affair, or a sentimental attachment of any kind, but simply the desire of an earnest Christian girl to save a young life from frivolity—which is often only another word for ruin. Her father had been educated at Halle, Schwartz was preparing for that university; and she wanted to interest him in Dr. Francke, the excellent and eminent professor—the man who, it will be remembered, recommended Ziegenbalg and Plütschau for the mission work at Tranquebar.

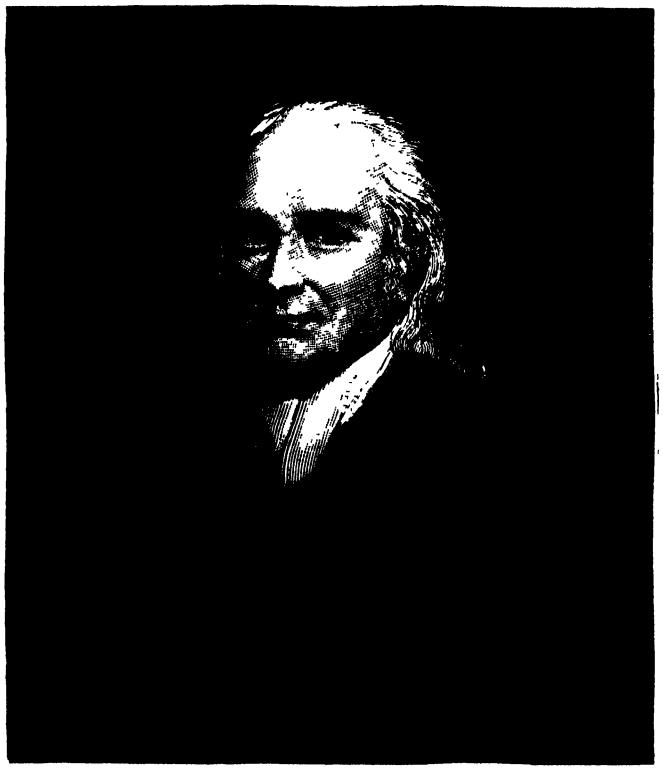
The syndic's daughter lent young Schwartz a history of Francke's famous Orphan House, and so interested did he become in the perusal that he determined to finish his studies at Halle. The kind-hearted Francke took him in hand at once, lodged the lad at his new Orphan House, gave him a Latin class to teach, and evening devotions of the household to superintend. But, more than this, he introduced him to the veteran Schültze, who, after twenty years' labour in India, was at Halle superintending the printing of the Tamil version of the Bible, which Ziegenbalg and he had translated.

No one could be brought under the influence of Schültze, and remain unimpressed with the fervour of his Christian zeal. Young Schwartz caught the enthusiasm of this old hero of the Cross, and before long there was borne in upon his mind the conviction that for him, too, India was the appointed field of service. At length he went back to Sonnenburg, laid the matter before his father, and told him what had then become the great desire of his heart. The good old man asked for three days to consider, and spent those days alone in prayer; then he tranquilly bade his son "go forth with a father's blessing, and win many souls for Christ in the far-off land to which God had called him."

Schwartz completed his course of studies at Halle, gave up to his brothers and sisters all his claims on the family property, and then went to Copenhagen to be accredited to the Danish Mission at Tranquebar. In company with two other young Germans, Poltzenheigen and Hutteman, he was duly ordained, and the three proceeded to England, where they were entertained by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and preached on Christmas Day in the Chapel Royal. As in some previous cases, a free passage was granted to them in an East India Company's ship, and they set sail in January, 1750, for Tranquebar, where they arrived in October of the same year.

Schwartz had a marvellous gift for acquiring languages. During the voyage he studied English, and obtained such a mastery over the language that, on his arrival in Tranquebar, he was able to preach in English to the troops. (There were three English regiments in Hindustan at that time, and not a single chaplain to minister to them.) Immediately after landing, he commenced to conquer the Tamil tongue, and in four

months he was able to preach fluently to the natives in their own language. When of time he acquired the Persian language, which gave him access to the courts of Mohammedan princes; he obtained a complete mastery over Hindustani, and this was one of the reasons why he was employed by the British Government for difficult embassies; he conquered the Indo-Portuguese, in order to do good to the mixed race descended from Portuguese and Hindus. Not less remarkable was his success in mastering



CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ.

the intricate mythology of the natives, their habits and customs and modes of thought—in short, everything which could help to thoroughly furnish him for his life-task, he took in hand and speedily accomplished.

Many changes had taken place in Tranquebar since Ziegenbalg ministered there. Eight missionaries in all were now dwelling at the mission-station, who, besides attending to the schools and services, and privately labouring with catechumens, used to visit, singly or in couples, the neighbouring towns and villages, and by conversation with the natives excite their curiosity to hear more of Christianity. The difficulty in arranging for converts (who of course became outcasts from their people) to get a living, was a serious hindrance. But a yet more appalling obstacle was the evil lives of

Europeans. "If nothing unholy can enter your heaven, your countrymen can never go there," said the acute observers to whom the missionaries preached purity of life. Still the work prospered. The country round became dotted with village congregations, and in 1754 Schwartz was made superintendent of all those south of the river Caveri.

A singularly devoted and unselfish man was Schwartz. He toiled on day by day and year by year with the most dogged and persistent energy. Everything he did he



BATHING PLACE AT TRICHINOPOLY.

did thoroughly. He would take as much pains over the preparation of a sermon for the natives, as if he had been called upon to preach it before all the crowned heads of Europe. He had no notion of sparing himself, and from early morning till late at night every hour had its apportioned toil.

In ceaseless labours, not even intermitted when war was ravaging the Carnatic, sixteen years of the life of Schwartz passed away, and he was forty years old when the series of events occurred which made his career one of the most remarkable in the history of missionary enterprise. Sundry encouraging visits had from time to time been paid to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, when, in 1766, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge

determined to found a permanent mission at the latter place, and it was decided that the right man to go and superintend it was Christian Schwartz. His personal appearance at this time is plainly put before us in a letter written by his attached friend William Chambers, an exemplary English merchant, who had himself rendered effective service to the missionary cause by translating one of the Gospels into Persian. He says that at his first meeting with Schwartz he had been expecting to see a very straitlaced, austere person, "but the first sight of him made a complete revolution on this point. His garb, indeed, which was pretty well worn, seemed foreign and old-fashioned, but in every other respect his appearance was the reverse of all that could be called forbidding or morose. Figure to yourself a stout, well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black curled hair, and a manly, engaging countenance, expressive of unaffected candour, ingenuousness, and benevolence, and you will have an idea of what Mr. Schwartz appeared to be at first sight."

Less than £50 a year was Schwartz's whole allowance at Trichinopoly; a small, low-roofed room, which he and his bed almost filled, was assigned him by the officer commanding the garrison, and here, by the light of the same little brass lamp that had been his companion at Halle University, he often studied far into the night. He lived on rice and vegetables, and dressed in black dimity. He found neither church nor chaplain at this important military station, but he was soon able to read the English Church Service to the soldiers, and before very long he was preaching to them extempore in their own language. A church was built capable of holding 2,000 persons, and the Madras Government granted him a salary of £100 a year, half of which he devoted to the service of his flock. But he took care that the garrison should not interrupt his labours with the natives. Every spare moment he was among them—reading, teaching, arguing. Many of the Brahmins highly appreciated his conversation. So far as argument went, they were often convinced of the truth of his assertions, but they shrank from following up their conviction by taking any practical step towards becoming Christians.

Schwartz was often at Tanjore, and in 1769 he was accorded an interview with the Rajah Tuljajee, a courteous and cultivated Hindoo prince, with whom he had a long conversation. The prince was greatly interested when his visitor expounded to him the doctrines of Christianity, and was much impressed by noticing that Schwartz gave thanks to his invisible God before partaking of refreshments. When he heard that the missionary had left Tanjore, he expressed so much regret, that Schwartz was induced to return, and for several days consecutively addressed large crowds of the Rajah's subjects, who declared that they would all become Christians if their prince would but first set them the example. The mind of the Rajah was evidently favourably affected towards Christianity, and he would probably have taken the decisive step but for the opposition of his courtiers and Ministers, who had their own reasons for fighting against all change, and especially one made in the interests of light and truth. Henceforth, however, Schwartz, whom Tuljajee called his "Padre," was free to come and go in Tanjore, and preach and teach as he pleased. Those who rejected his teachings, reverenced his holy life. "Till you came among us," said a young Nabob, "we always thought that Europeans were ungodly men who did not know the use of prayers."

Schwartz had a little success among the Mohammedans, but he found them harder to reach than Hindus. He went to and fro for a few years between Tanjore and Trichinopoly, nursing at each place his little band of catechumens, till Christian Pohlé was sent out to Trichinopoly, and Schwartz could then give himself up more completely to the work at Tanjore. The Rajah still wavered, sometimes "almost persuaded" by the ministrations of his "Padre," and again led back by the influence of his Brahmin counsellors, or disgusted by the scandals that arose amongst the nominal Christians of the European garrison.

Meanwhile a yet wider sphere of influence was opening up to Schwartz. It became needful for the East India Company to send an envoy to the redoubtable Hyder Ali of Mysore, to ascertain the real nature of his intentions towards the English, and, on account of his perfect acquaintance with the Hindustani language, and various other qualifications, Schwartz was looked upon as the most trustworthy and suitable person that could be despatched on this delicate errand. In reporting to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he stated that he accepted this mission as one tending to the preservation of peace, and likely to afford fresh opportunities for the spread of the Gospel. He was also glad to show his gratitude to the Company for kindnesses received at their hands. "But at the same time," he writes, "I resolved to keep my hands undefiled from any presents, by which determination the Lord enabled me to abide, so that I have not accepted a single farthing save my travelling expenses."

A six days' journey in a palanquin brought Schwartz, accompanied by Sattianadem (one of his catechists) to Caroor, on the frontier of Mysore. Here they preached in the streets whilst waiting a month for permission to go forward. By admirable roads and bridges they then journeyed on to Seringapatam, where they beheld much evidence of the tyrannic power, as well as of the wealth and splendour, of Hyder Ali. The interviews with the terrible prince took place in a large hall, between the marble columns of which were visible the fountains and trees of a pleasant garden. When the missionary was seated by Hyder on the rich carpets that covered the floor of the hall, the prince declared that he wanted peace, but that the British had broken their engagements, and had tried to march troops across his territory without leave. He was very gracious in his conversation, but the letter he gave to Schwartz to carry back, recounted various acts which he considered aggressive, and was couched in a very threatening tone. For the missionary's honour Hyder Ali entertained a great regard. His truth and candour, his plain matter-of-fact honesty, and his firm but courteous demeanour, won the respect and admiration of the tyrant

"Do not send to me," he said on another occasion, "any of your agents, for I do not trust their words or treaties; but if you wish me to listen to your proposals, send to me the missionary—him I will trust and receive. Send me the Christian!"

The Mission at Tanjore and Trichinopoly received substantial aid from the Madras Government, through the persistent refusal of Schwartz to receive any personal recompense. Meanwhile, feeling sure that war was imminent, Schwartz laid in a stock of 12,000 bags of rice in case of emergencies. The summer of 1780 saw Hyder crossing the Ghauts with 100,000 soldiers, to plunder and ravage up to the very gates of Madras. The scattered English garrisons could not easily be collected, and the numbers of the



SCHWARTZ AND HYDER ALI. (*See p.* 55.)

invaders were so vast, that the several successive defeats by Sir Eyre Coote only temporarily checked their progress. Tanjore was laid waste, the irrigation destroyed, and for three years there was neither sowing of seed nor gathering of crops. Crowded into the towns, or beside the roads that led to them, the unhappy peasantry perished by thousands of starvation. The people refused to bring in provisions, as they had been so often deceived and plundered by the officers. The Rajah was in perplexity bordering on despair. "We all—you and I," he said to them—"have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz." A *carte blanche* was sent to the missionary to make what arrangements he could; and in two days a thousand oxen, and eighty thousand measures of rice, were at his disposal for the starving garrison. Schwartz and his catechists laboured incessantly among the heaps of dead, ministering to the wants of those in whom life still lingered. They fed 120 daily by means of subscriptions from the English. All this time Schwartz held three successive services of two hours each every Sunday, one in English, one in Tamil, and one in Portuguese. During the famine a hundred converts were added to his congregation, but their mental powers were so weakened by exhaustion, that he had to teach them very slowly. As a rule, Schwartz never gave any assistance to persons under preparation for baptism; but in this time of cruel hardship, all who needed succour received it.

The missionaries were in no danger all through the war, and the good "Padre," especially, was so reverenced that he passed, in his well-known black dimity suit, through the enemy's camp, or where he pleased, without molestation or hindrance. In 1782, when the population of Tanjore and Trichinopoly consisted mainly of living skeletons, Hyder Ali died. Tippoo Sahib succeeded, and for a time continued the war, but Hyder's French allies had made peace with England, and in 1784 the fierce Sultan of Mysore was induced to make a treaty with the Company. Schwartz, whose health had begun to fail, seized the opportunity to make a journey to Tinnevelly, where Christianity had been planted by native converts. But of the Tinnevelly Mission, afterwards the great stronghold of Christianity in Southern India, we shall have more to say in a succeeding chapter.

The Rajah Tuljajee, almost ruined by the invasion, and afflicted by incurable disease, took to hoarding in his palace all the treasure he could lay hands on, and left the government of the country to his tyrannical minister, Baba. This man fleeced the people so unmercifully, that they refused to sow their lands without some security that the crops should be their own, and, failing this, they left the province in thousands. Tuljajee would not dismiss his minister, in spite of remonstrances from Madras, so the English appointed a committee, of which Schwartz was made a member, to watch over Tanjorean affairs. He consented, and, at his invitation, 7,000 fugitives at once returned, and worked night and day on their lands to make up for lost time.

Over his own flock Schwartz was patriarch and law-giver as well as pastor. When cases came before him in which he thought a little "kind severity" would meet all that was required, he was wont to say, "Will you go to the royal court, or be punished by me?" "O, Padre, you punish me!" was the invariable reply. "Give

him twenty strokes," the Padre would say, and it was done; but never a delinquent spoke a word against him, or entertained a hard thought of him, for they knew he was just as ready to help them and sympathise with them as if they had been the most exemplary of his flock.

Soon after Hyder Ali's invasion, the Rajah, who had recently lost by death his son, daughter, and grandson, adopted as his heir a child of ten, named Serfojee, the son of a relative. He wished Schwartz to accept the sole guardianship of this child, but the "Padre," dreading the political cabals that would inevitably arise, persuaded Tuljajee to appoint his brother, Rama Swamey, afterwards known as the Ameer Singh. In 1787 the Rajah died, a zealous protector, though never a confessor, of Christianity, and, through the influence of Schwartz, there was no suttee at his funeral.

The Ameer Singh complained that his brother was not of sound mind when he adopted Serfojee, and he induced the Company to acknowledge him as Rajah, promising to protect the child. The promise was not kept. He kept the lad shut up in semi-darkness, and in complete ignorance, and was so implacable towards him and the widows of Tuljajee, that Schwartz induced the Government to remove the child and the ladies to Madras. Here Serfojee was educated, but, strangely enough, considering his love and reverence for Schwartz, he never became a Christian. He led an exemplary life, and when, subsequently, the Company deposed Ameer Singh, and placed Serfojee on the throne of Tanjore, he ruled justly and well, promoted education, favoured the Christians, and liberally relieved his subjects in time of distress. It is supposed that Schwartz was hindered by sentiments of honour from attempting to proselytise in this case. He knew, of course, that as a Christian Serfojee would have lost his prospect of becoming Rajah of Tanjore—so scrupulous was the Company in the avoidance of any appearance of tampering with Hindu religion.

In all the changing scenes and circumstances through which Schwartz was called to pass, his life was saintly and self-denying in the extreme. His house was scantily furnished, and he shared it with one of the younger missionaries. Their five minutes' breakfast was some tea made in a jug, and dry bread broken into it; broth or curry sufficed for the one o'clock dinner, and meal or gruel for the evening repast. Each morning he prayed with his native catechists, and sent them to their work amongst the families and villages, and at four in the afternoon met them again to receive their reports. Then they all went together to some public place, and Schwartz expounded the Scriptures or conversed on religious topics with inquirers. We must not forget that, besides his missionary labours, he was still working as a member of the Board which really wielded authority in Tanjore in the name of Ameer Singh. Order was re-established in troubled localities, and all classes joined in praising his administrative skill, his disinterestedness, and his honesty.

Schwartz, as the patriarch of the missionaries, was still moving about with joy among the churches he had founded, where his own spiritual children were to be counted by hundreds, when a complaint in one of his feet, which for years had been more or less painful, assumed a dangerous character. For three months he lingered, and, as he neared his close, he loved to have the children read and sing to him, while his colleagues, Gericke

and Kohloff, cheered him with their ministrations. Almost at the very last Schwartz, in a clear voice, joined in the hymn

"Only to Thee, Lord Jesus Christ,"

and two hours afterwards gently passed away, after nearly half a century devoted to the temporal and spiritual well-being of the people of India. He died on February 13th, 1798.

Not only his converts, but the poor generally, mourned for the good "Padre," and all classes seemed to feel his death as a personal loss. Serfojee, in defiance of Hindu custom, attended his funeral, and wept bitterly as he laid a gold cloth on the bier; the funeral hymn was drowned in the cries and wailings of the poor.

Three years later, Serfojee raised, at his own expense, a marble monument to his beloved friend and "father." It was executed by Flaxman, and represented very graphically the death of Schwartz. The epitaph carved upon the stone which covers the ashes of the missionary was written by the young prince, and is said to be the first instance of English verse ever written by a Hindu:—

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise;
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right,
Blessing to princes, to people, to me.
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

Five years before Christian Friedrich Schwartz, who was "by birth a German, by ordination a Danish clergyman, and by long connection with the Christian Knowledge Society a labourer for the Church of England," passed away, William Carey, the Northampton cobbler, had landed in Calcutta, and the story of his marvellous career will form the subject of our next chapter on India. But it is convenient here to turn aside for a while from the torrid regions of India to the Arctic circle, in order to trace the romantic beginning of a mission to Greenland, which was also of Danish origin.

II.—IN DANISH NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

HANS EGEDE AND GREENLAND.

Hans Egede—A Strange old Chronicle of Early Colonists in Greenland—A Lost People—Egede's Project—Opposition from Wife and People—How the Opposition was Overcome—Appeal to the King of Denmark—Long Disappointments—At Last Hans Egede sails for Greenland—No Sign of the Colonists—The Eskimos—Hardships and Difficulties—Left Alone—Egede a Poor Teacher—Introduction of Small-pox into Greenland, and Terrible Results—The People's Hearts Softened by Calamity—Egede Prostrated by the Loss of his Wife—Returns to Denmark—Death in 1758.

IN the Lofoden Islands, separated from the mainland of Norway by narrow straits, pierced by long, deep fiords, and surrounded by rocks and mountains, there nestles the little village of Vaagen. In the year 1707, Hans Egede, a young Dane, fresh from the University of Copenhagen, took up his abode in Vaagen as the village pastor. He was only twenty-one when he entered upon his new duties, but he soon became popular with the simple fisher folk, and entered heartily into the joys and sorrows of their quiet lives. He loved the place, with its wild scenery, its ice and snow, its lofty peaks and precipitous rocks; and he loved the little church, where, in quaint costumes, the villagers would assemble to hear from his lips the Word of Life. Moreover, he loved one of his congregation, and he had not been long in Vaagen before Gertrude Rask became his wife.

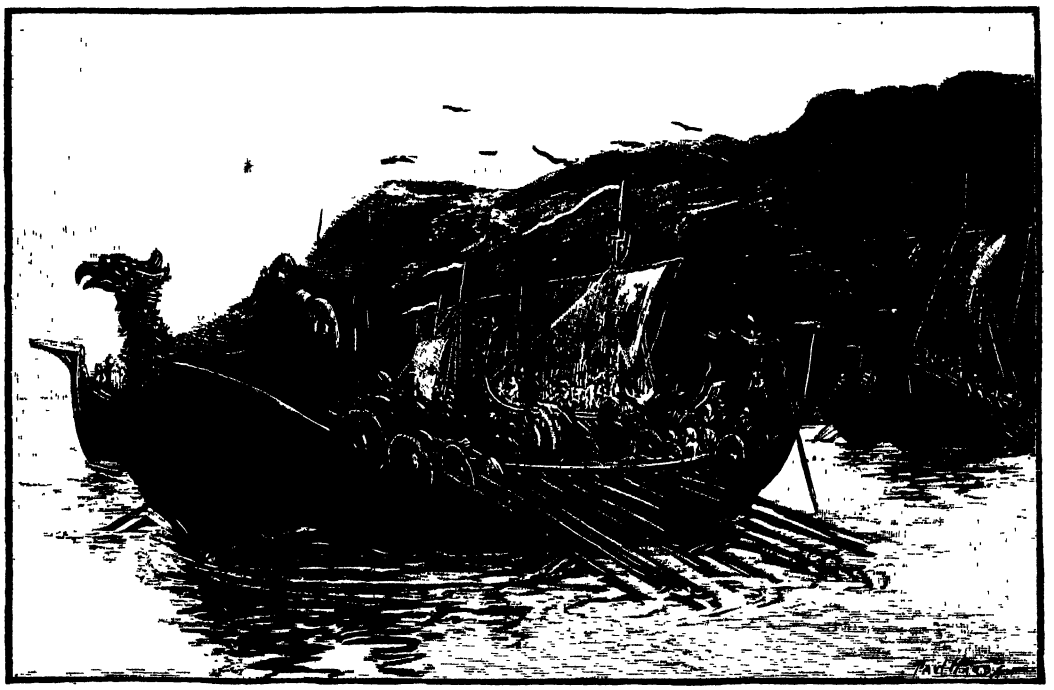
Very calm and pleasant was the home-life of Hans Egede. His wife was in full sympathy with him; he had gained the affection of the villagers for miles round, and there seemed to lie before him nothing but a peaceful and happy future among the people to whom he ministered. But, when a few years had passed away, those who knew him best observed a change in his manner—a moodiness and a reserve altogether unusual to him, as if some burden oppressed his mind. In the long winter evenings he would shut himself up in his little study, and pore for hours over certain old books and papers that had come into his possession.

When his fourth son was born he named him Paul, and, taking the child in his arms, he said, "I give thee this name in honour of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles." There was something so solemn in his utterance and so sad in his manner, that his wife, who had long watched with anxiety the change that had come over him, begged him not to hide from her the cause of his trouble. At first he sought to evade her questioning, but at length he told her everything.

Three years before, an ancient chronicle had fallen into his hands, and in it he had read how, in the tenth century, an Icelander, Erik Rauthi, or Eric the Red-haired, had slain a fellow Viking, and for his misdeed had been sentenced by the Thornœs, or High Court of Justice, to three years' banishment. Erik fitted up a ship, and, with a band of followers, set sail northwards to seek out a new land which, tradition said, a fellow-countryman had once seen when driven out of his course on a marauding excursion.

When the period of banishment had elapsed, Erik returned and announced the discovery of a new land, a *Green Land* of grassy valleys and pleasant woods, a land far greener than his own beloved Iceland—a land where "the rivers were thick with fish and the grass dropped butter."

The news spread like wildfire, and in a short time twenty-five vessels full of colonists sailed with Erik to Greenland to found a colony. That was in the year 985. In the year 1000, Erik's son, Leife, when on a visit to Norway, at the court of the famous King Olaf Tryggveson, was brought under the influence of Christianity, and returned to Greenland with a priest, who baptised all the inhabitants, including Erik the Red-haired. Not



THE FIRST GREENLAND COLONISTS.

long after this, the Archbishop of Trondhjem consecrated a priest, named Arnold, as first Bishop of Greenland. The settlers increased and multiplied, Christianity spread amongst them, towns and villages sprang up, a cathedral, churches, and convents were built. Historical records gave particulars of seventeen bishops as presiding over the see; regular communication was kept up with the mother country, and a letter, preserved in the Vatican Library, relates "that the colonists paid their Peter's pence regularly in walrus hides and ivory." In 1406 another bishop was sent out, but whether he reached his destination no one ever knew.

From that year, all communication with Greenland was broken off, and the fate of Erik's flourishing colonies remains a secret to this day. Whether the ice closed round, so that no one could enter or depart; whether the black pest, which was

desolating Europe, found its way there; whether a hostile fleet destroyed the colonies; or whether all these causes combined, there is no history to tell.

When Hans Egede, the pastor of the hamlet of Vaagen, read these chronicles, his heart grew hot and restless. He pictured to himself the poor Greenlanders, dwelling behind those barriers of ice, cut off for three hundred years from civilisation, and sinking back into the black night of heathenism. The vision haunted him night and day; he seemed to be constantly hearing their cry, "Come over and help us," and he longed to be their deliverer.

This was the subject which had been preying on his mind, and which hitherto he had not breathed to either his wife or to any member of his congregation. There were many reasons for his reticence. He was greatly attached to the people among whom he ministered, and was successful in his labours; the duty of providing for his wife and growing family was binding upon him; the difficulties and dangers of the attempt were appalling, and he could not satisfy himself that it was the will of God he should abandon everything to embark in so perilous an undertaking. Moreover, he felt certain that from all quarters he would meet with the most strenuous opposition, and be branded as an enthusiast or a madman. More than once he had resolved to abandon all thought of the matter, but this he found impossible; and, as a relief to his mind, pending the time that he should feel constrained to finally decide, he addressed a memorial on the subject to the King of Denmark, in the hope that some steps might be taken, even if he were not selected, to search for the "lost colonies," and to carry the blessings of Christianity and civilisation to the Greenlanders. Copies of the memorial were sent to the Bishops of Bergen and Trondhjem, who promised to have the matter brought under the notice of the king.

When Hans Egede "made a clean breast" to his wife, and told her of all the dreams and hopes and fears which he had hitherto kept secret, and thus explained the cause of his moodiness and gloom, she was filled with dismay and horror. To go to Greenland, and face innumerable perils, if not certain death, in the vague hope of finding colonies which had been abandoned for hundreds of years; to give up a settled income and a useful position, and the certain means of doing good, for merely visionary dreams, seemed to her like folly bordering on insanity. Not only his wife, but his own and his wife's relations entreated him to forego his rash project, which, they urged, would plunge himself and his family into ruin.

Hans was in sore perplexity. He hesitated, irresolute what to do. Constantly there rang in his ears the words of his Master, "He that loveth father or mother or wife or children more than Me, is not worthy of Me," and he loathed himself for his want of faith and courage. Meanwhile the news spread through the village that he had a visit to Greenland in contemplation, and forthwith a deputation of the most influential men among his congregation waited upon him, to say that the whole parish was in grief, and to urge him, by many cogent arguments, not to abandon a post to which they were sure God had called him, for one of his own seeking. "Wait and see what the will of the Lord is," urged a faithful old friend who headed the deputation. "If it is His will, He will give you a sign that none of us shall be able to gainsay."

Hans Egede yielded to these solicitations, and, moreover, made a promise to his wife

that he would take no further step in the matter without consulting her. But there came no peace or rest to him in consequence of this decision; on the contrary, his mind was distracted, his conscience smote him, and, during a whole year, he suffered more mental agony than he had thought it possible any one could endure and live. At the end of that time, circumstances were at work which produced a complete change in himself and in his projects. The tongue of slander had been heard in the village; certain cruel and untruthful calumnies against the character of the home-life of the pastor had been circulated by evilly-disposed persons; old friends and neighbours grew cold and suspicious, and Mrs. Egede declared that she could never again find happiness in Vaagen.

Then Hans questioned with himself, and asked his wife, whether it might not be that this was the sign the Lord was giving them, to conquer their unwillingness to go to Greenland as bearers of His truth to the heathen. He begged her to give herself to prayer for guidance, while he also would seek to know what the Lord would have him to do. A few days later, his wife came to him, with tears in her eyes, not of sorrow, but of joy, and, flinging her arms around his neck, begged him to forgive her for her past selfishness in seeking to thwart his plans, and expressing her readiness to go, that very day if need be, to Greenland. As she hung upon his neck, she repeated those words, so full of tenderness, "Where thou goest, I will go; and where thou dwellest, I will dwell; and there will I be buried. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

That day Hans wrote to the Bishop of Bergen and the Bishop of Trondhjem, urging them to assist him in his plans, but their replies were unsatisfactory. They stated that the disturbed state of the country was a drawback to the enterprise, that the merchants showed an unwillingness to take up the matter, and that he must wait patiently until the war with Sweden was over, when they would again bring the subject before the King.

Wearily passed the months, and the prospect of the return of peace seemed further off than ever. So, urged by his wife, Hans determined to resign his living at Vaagen, and to go to Bergen and prosecute the object of his memorial in person. It was a bitter day in the history of the little Norwegian village when Hans Egede bade farewell to his flock. All the old coldness had passed away, the slanderous reports had been forgotten, and every man and woman and child felt his departure as a loss. On the day when he sailed away from the hamlet he loved so well, and where ten of the best years of his life had been spent, the people gathered round him with tearful eyes, and wrung his hand, and uttered, with choking voices, their words of farewell. Had Hans Egede been a superstitious man, he would have regarded as an evil augury the intelligence he received on the eve of his departure, namely, that a ship from Bergen had recently been wrecked off the Greenland coast, and that the crew, who had escaped to land, had not only been murdered, but devoured, by the savage natives. This was fresh ground for the relatives and friends of Hans to urge him to reconsider the step he proposed, and to charge him with being willing to wantonly sacrifice the lives of his wife and family to a mania for notoriety.

But Hans was not to be moved. He had put his hand to the plough, and he would not look back. Arrived in Bergen, however, he had more than enough to try the strongest faith. Everything seemed against him. Many people to whom he told the object of his

visit, regarded him as mad; others alleged that he was a victim to religious delusion. Not a soul seemed inclined to render him any assistance. Some urged him to wait until the war with Sweden was concluded, and the fall of Charles XII. at the siege of Frederikshald led him to hope that peace would not be long delayed. To forward his plans, he visited Copenhagen, explained his scheme to the College of Missions, and was fortunate enough to obtain an audience of the King (Frederick IV.), who took great interest in spreading the Gospel among the heathen. The result of this visit was, that the King sent to the magistrates at Bergen to inquire whether the people of that port would be disposed to commence trade-relations with the Greenlanders. The Councillors met, and summoned before them the captains and pilots who had been engaged in the whale-fishery; but their testimony was so unanimous as to the dangers of those seas—of ships being crushed in the ice, of crews starved to death, and of murders by the savages—that the Councillors determined not to take any part in the attempt to open up trade with Greenland.

Depressed, but not in despair, Hans Egede then set to work to try what his own personal influence could do, and, to this end, he visited the Councillors one by one, and laid his plans before every man of wealth and position in Bergen, with the result that he at length saw his way to start a trading company; but, at the last moment, the largest investor, a gentleman from Hamburg, withdrew from his engagements, the Crown declined to grant the privileges sought by the Company, and the whole scheme collapsed.

This was but one of many disappointments. For four long years he had to wait, and during that weary time he left no stone unturned that could further his ends. He pleaded as a beggar at the doors of wealthy merchants; he told the story of Erik the Red-haired, and of the "lost colonies," to many a wondering crew, and offered to go in any ship that would take him out, but in vain. "Altogether, it is a singular and heroic spectacle, of which that busy Norway port was, for the most part, unconscious. There are not many narratives in Missions so touching as the story of those four years, through which we see the figure of young Egede haunting the streets and quays, till everybody gets to know and wonder at him; till the merchants shun him as a bore, and the sailors marvel with a kind of reverence as they see him gazing wistfully after the departing ships, and at the corners men whisper that he has seen strange visions of the Lord, and tell how he left his parish and gave up everything to get to Greenland; and how they have watched him go down to the forge with his little son, and take the hammer and blow the bellows with the smith, 'for they say a man must learn to do for himself in those far countries.'"*

Throughout these years the courage of his wife never for a moment failed her nor did she waver in her resolution. Many a time, when his heart grew sick by reason of hope deferred, she urged him on to renewed efforts, and bravely and cheerfully bore her full share of the discomforts and anxieties of that long period of suspense.

At length, by means of subscriptions raised among pious people throughout the country, a ship was purchased to convey them to Greenland; two other vessels—one for the whale-fishery, and the other for colonists, who had determined to accompany the

* Quoted in a paper on "Greenland: its Missions and its Men," by Dr. Robert Brown.

heroic missionary—were freighted, the king's consent to the enterprise was obtained, as well as the guarantee of a subscription of £45 a year to the missionary; and, on the 3rd of May, 1721—just thirteen years after he had read for the first time the chronicles of Erik the Red-haired, and had determined in his mind to go out in search of the



BERGEN.

lost colonies—Hans Egede, with his wife and family and a band of colonists, sailed out of Bergen. Merrily the little fleet of three boats sped on; the *Hope*, in which Egede and his family were, taking the lead. But as they neared the Greenland coast a dense fog enveloped them, masses of loose ice encompassed the ship, a leak was sprung, and the captain in despair called upon the passengers to prepare for death, as escape was impossible. Presently a great storm arose, which threatened the immediate destruction of them all. But Providence "rode upon the storm;" the wind not only cleared away the fog, but drove back the ice, and, on the 3rd of July, with the loss of one ship, but

with all lives spared, the voyagers landed at Ball's River, on the west coast of Greenland.

A terrible disappointment awaited Hans Egede. Instead of the Green Land of grassy valleys and pleasant woods, described by Erik the Red-haired, there was nothing but unmitigated wastes of dreariness and desolation, and, instead of being surrounded on his arrival by stalwart Norsemen, his long-lost countrymen, he found himself in the midst of miserable and savage Eskimos. Without losing heart, however, the travellers set to work to build a house of stone and turf on an island now known as Hope Island, and were at first assisted by the Eskimos; but when these realised that the voyagers intended to settle amongst them, they intimated by signs that the ice and the snow would soon destroy them all, and that it would be wise for them to make good their retreat as fast as possible.

When the thought was borne fully into the mind of Hans that the original object of his search was in vain; that the early Christian colonists had indeed died out, or had, as tradition said, been murdered by the Greenlanders, a feeling of uncertainty arose. Was he justified in risking the lives of so many by remaining on that inhospitable shore? He took counsel with his wife, and they gave themselves to prayer. Then their resolution was taken; they would settle down among these poor degraded pagan people, they would learn their language, and would devote themselves to the task of raising them to a higher life.

That was a task of amazing difficulty. The people, unable to imagine any motive for this invasion of their land, unless it were to avenge the murdered Norsemen, were at first very shy of the missionary and his band, and not only fled at their approach, but eventually fled from the miserable huts in which they dwelt. In course of time, however, this shyness wore away, and Egede availed himself of every opportunity to find out what manner of people they were among whom his lot was cast.

The people themselves were anything but prepossessing. Little tawny-coloured men, seldom reaching five feet in height, with broad bodies, wide and beardless faces, ridiculously small and unintelligent eyes, thick lips, and noses more or less depressed and broad at the base, with somewhat distended nostrils; the women, so singularly like the men that at first sight they were only distinguished from them by a top-knot of hair, save and except the old women, who were easily recognised by their extreme ugliness, a total absence of teeth, and a bald place where in girlhood the top-knot used to be. The habits of the people were altogether repulsive. They dwelt in miserable huts dug in the earth, approached by narrow passages, where the atmosphere was stifling, and filth and dirt and every offensive thing abounded. They seemed to revel in personal uncleanliness, their only ablution consisting of moistening the fingers with saliva, and rubbing the salt spray from their faces, while the mothers used their tongues, like cats, to clean and polish their children!

As to their religion—which Egede could not of course understand until he had been some time among them—it was pagan of a very low type, although in their sacred rites there was nothing cruel or bloodthirsty. They had no temples, and no idols, but they believed in the existence of two great spirits and a large number of inferior

spirits. Tongarsuk, the great spirit, was supposed to communicate with the people through the agency of "Angekoks" (priests or wizards). This great spirit was wont to assume many forms—sometimes that of a man, sometimes that of a bear—but, whether represented in tangible form or as purely spirit, he was regarded with fear and reverence. The other great spirit, represented as a female, was supposed to typify the principle of evil, while the lesser deities presided over all the forces of nature, controlling the different elements, acting as guardians of the wild animals, and presiding over hunts. Some of these lesser spirits were believed to be vicious; the spirit of the air, for example, was so capricious that the Eskimos were afraid to stir out after dark for fear of offending him.

The "Angekoks" were the interpreters of the wills of these spirits to the people. They professed, by means of their familiar spirit, to charm away bad luck from the hunter, to change the weather, and to heal the sick. They also spread among the people certain traditions or beliefs, some of which may be summarised here:—That matter is eternal; that the sun and moon are brother and sister, who having quarrelled, the sun bit off one of his sister's breasts, and the maimed appearance presented by the moon is caused by her turning her wounded side to the earth; that the Aurora Borealis is the game of "hockey played by the departed spirits of friends and relatives —and so forth.

It was not long before Hans Egede was brought into contact with the "Angekoks." As soon as the natives found that he was determined to settle among them, they called upon the "Angekoks" to destroy him by their arts and incantations. They tried, and failed, and thereupon, after the manner of conjurers and necromancers generally, they made the best of their defeat, declaring that Egede was himself a wizard.

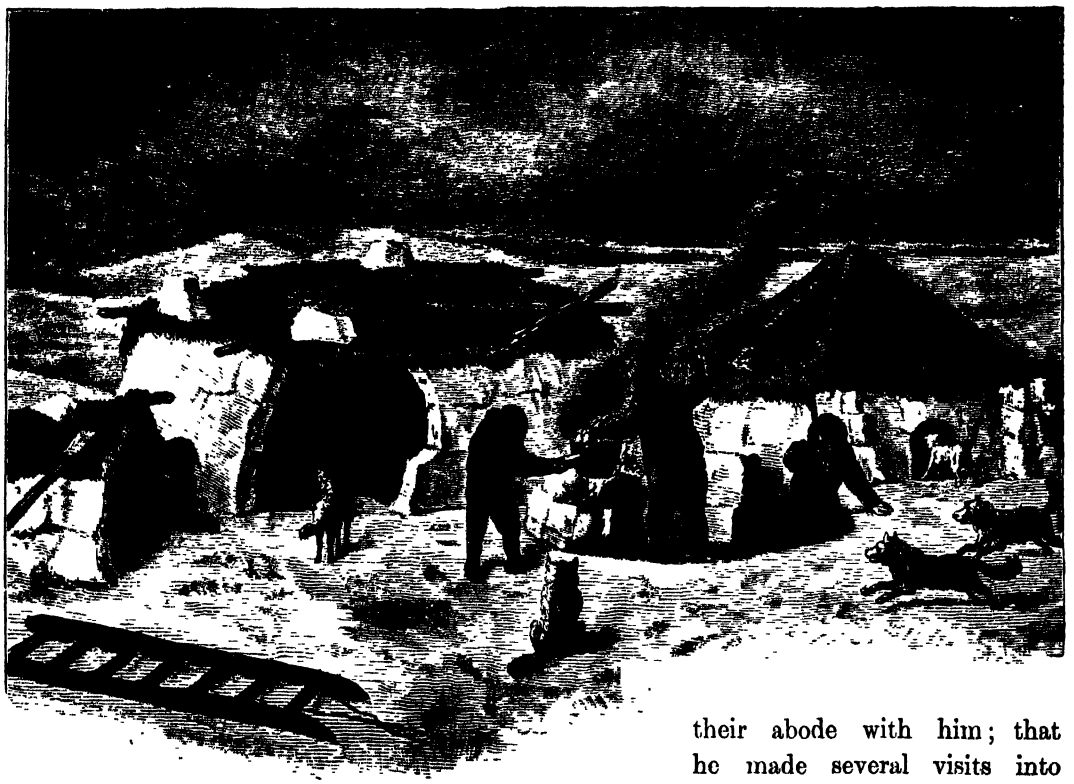
Matters did not present a very promising appearance. Egede found it extremely difficult to acquire the language, and, as he was burning to communicate the truths of the Gospel, he employed his son to draw illustrations of Scripture facts, which to the extent of his ability he explained, although it must be confessed this mode of teaching was soon destined to failure, as it only provoked the merriment of the Eskimos.

Meanwhile, the colonists had been growing uneasy; there seemed to be very little prospect of trade; the ship that had been promised with stock of provisions had failed. Under these circumstances they resolved to leave the country, and urged Hans to do the same. But he was loth to relinquish a position he had laboured so hard to obtain, although he was in doubt as to the moral right of remaining alone among the savages, and running the risk of losing wife and children by starvation or treachery. In his dilemma his heroic wife came to the rescue. "Wait a while," she said; "it may be that while we are giving way to doubt and fear, God's providence is working some good plan for us. Wait but a week or two and see." To give emphasis to her words, she declined to make any arrangements whatever for leaving as the others had done.

Three weeks passed away; the colonists mocked at the fanaticism of their leader and his wife, and the Eskimos scoffed at them; but they waited on until it seemed that there was nothing before them but retreat or starvation, when one day a sail was seen in the horizon, and soon after another. They were the promised vessels, laden with

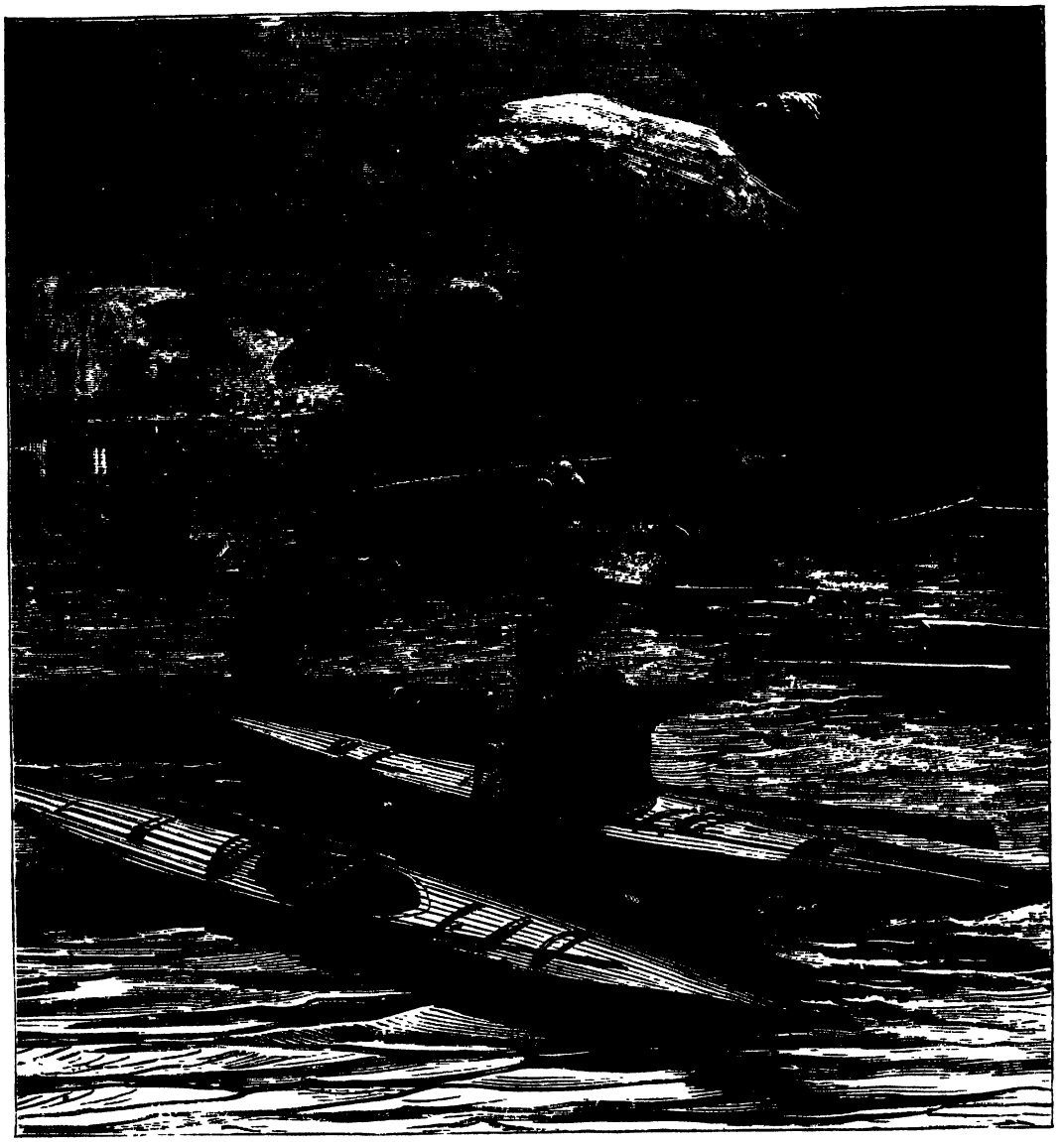
ample provisions and necessaries, and, in addition, their captains brought the welcome news that the Bergen merchantmen were not only determined to open up a wider trade with Greenland, but that the king had pledged himself to continue his support to the Mission.

We shall not follow in detail the history of the next few years, further than to say that Egede made progress with the language, at first by visiting the Greenlanders in their filthy huts, and afterwards by inducing some of them to take up



ESKIMO HUTS.

their abode with him; that he made several visits into the interior, in the course of which he came upon some traces of the "lost colonies," in the shape of ruined houses and farms, and pieces of metal which he believed to be portions of church bells; and that every year the hardships and struggles for life grew more and more severe. Never did soil appear more unfruitful than that on which he sought to cast the "seed of the Word." It was in vain that he offered a fish-hook for every letter in the language a Greenlander would learn; and it seemed in vain to tell them the story of the Gospel. For every story of the Bible, they would tell a legend of their country; for every miracle of the Scripture they would relate a wonder performed, or alleged to have been performed, by their "Angekoks;" everything the missionary taught they turned into ridicule, in which they were aided and abetted by the wizards. Only



ESKIMOS HUNTING SEALS.

one subject ever seemed to make the least impression upon them, and that was the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and a heaven without night, without sickness, and without separation.

Although Hans Egede had all the requisite qualifications of a pioneer, in the shape of zeal, courage, and devotion, he was not an ideal teacher, and he resorted to means which were unworthy of him; as, for instance, in threatening the natives that if they forgot what they had been taught, the king of his country would send ships

and carry them all away and compel them to learn, or else send soldiers to punish, and, if need be, slay them. Threats are poor weapons at the best, and generally turn against the user. But Egede did not confine himself to threats—he proceeded to blows, and was wont to inflict corporal punishment of a somewhat severe kind upon "Angekoks" and the common people alike, when they over-taxed his patience.

On more than one occasion the colonists were brought to the very verge of starvation. For long periods they lived entirely on seal's-flesh, without bread or meal, and many times Egede went on long and perilous voyages in the hope of falling in with Dutch whalers, from whom he might obtain temporary assistance. Discouraging reports, sometimes greatly exaggerated, travelled from time to time to Bergen; the Greenland trade did not yield the returns that had been anticipated, and, in 1728, the Society which had been formed to support the Mission and the colonists was dissolved. This step did not produce the effect that was anticipated, for the interest of the king (Frederick IV.) revived in both the trade and the Mission. He sent out ships and soldiers, artificers and workmen, colonists and missionaries, and ample provisions; but the expedition was not a success. Scarcely had the winter set in before sickness broke out among the new-comers; forty of them died, and the remainder revolted, and visited poor Hans Egede with their maledictions as the author of all their misery.

Still, to be surrounded even by malcontents in that desolate and awful country, in a climate so rigorous that "water placed on the fire to boil will sometimes freeze before the heat can get the upper hand," was better than to be left to bear its hardships alone; and yet this was the fate that, in the near future, was awaiting Hans Egede. Soon after the accession of Christian VI. to the throne of Denmark, his Ministers advised that, as there appeared to be little or no chance that the Greenland trade would ever be a source of revenue, the colonies established there should be abandoned, and the colonists ordered to return within a year, unless, at their own risk, any of them should wish to remain. In 1731 this order was sent, and at first it seemed to Egede that all the labour and anxiety of his life had been in vain. But again his faithful wife came, with her strong heroic spirit, to his aid, and bade him not to entertain the thought of abandoning his mission, while to her entreaties the Greenlanders added theirs, and implored him to stay amongst them. With the exception of eight or ten men, who were left to guard the property of the colonists, which could not be taken away at once, the whole of the settlers in Greenland took their departure, and Hans Egede, with his wife and family, were left alone in that desolate and dreary land.

Partly owing to the heroism of this action, partly to a strong appeal for assistance, and partly to a revival in the blubber trade, the king relaxed the stringency of his order, and at the end of a year sent out further supplies. Hope once more revived. But it was short-lived.

When the colonists left Greenland, they took with them to Denmark a curiosity in the shape of an Eskimo boy. In 1733 he was sent back, but had not been long in his native country—where he was treated as the "lion" of the season, and welcomed in every hut in the place to tell of his travels—than he fell ill; and the illness proved

to be that horrible scourge of civilisation, small-pox, a disease that had never before been known in Greenland. With wonderful promptitude, Egede, immediately he discovered the nature of the disease, sent word everywhere to warn the Greenlanders, and to urge them to remain in their own huts and to take all possible precautions. His advice was disregarded. Already the mischief had begun, and the consequences that ensued were most disastrous. Far and wide the disease spread, and the Greenlanders were panic-stricken as they saw its swift and terrible ravages; many committing suicide as soon as they were attacked, as, in almost every instance—so malignant was the form of the disease—death rapidly ensued, attended with fearful suffering.

It was an awful experience for Hans Egede; but, happily, he had not to bear it alone. There had recently arrived in Greenland some Moravian missionaries—of whom we shall have more to say presently—and these devoted men threw themselves fearlessly into the work of ministering to the sick; while young Paul Egede showed that he had inherited not only his father's faith, but also his self-denying heroism. The story of that terrible time has been told at length,* and it is one of the most appalling in the history of missions. Here, there, and everywhere the devoted Hans and his son were visiting the wretched huts, seeking to solace the agonising hours of the dying. In many places they found groups of empty houses with the dead lying outside in the snow; and the houses of the missionaries were turned into hospitals, where all who fled to them were tended with the utmost care. For a whole year the plague raged, and it turned the land into a great charnel-house. In the immediate neighbourhood of the colony, upwards of two thousand persons perished, while, for forty leagues north and south, the disease wrought terrible havoc, and traders who afterwards visited the country declared that for thirty leagues north of the colony every house was empty.

There was little to mitigate the horror of that year of pestilence, and yet Egede was not without some reward. Many of the Greenlanders to whom he had ministered, clung to him in the time of their trial, and gave him tokens of their appreciation of what he had done for them. One, in particular, who had been wont at other times to turn into ridicule everything the missionary said, changed completely in his demeanour, and as he lay dying said to him, "You have done for us what our countrymen would not do. You have fed us when we were starving, you have buried our dead, who would otherwise have been left for the dogs and the foxes, and you have told us of the true God and of the life to come."

The strain of this terrible time told materially upon the health and spirits of Hans Egede, and he felt he could no longer carry on active work with his old vigour. Moreover, he felt it necessary that new colonies should be opened up, and a larger body of workers be induced to enter the field. His son Paul, who had studied at the Mission College at Copenhagen, had been appointed, with two others, to a station in Disco Bay, where they were to found a new colony. But the resources at their disposal were altogether inadequate, and Egede determined to return to Norway, and, by exertions in his own country, continue to sustain and develop the Missions. To this proposition his wife made no opposition.

* Crantz's 'History of Greenland." Egede (Hans) "Nachricht der Grönlandischen Mission."

Proofs had been abundant that they had not laboured in vain, and neither of them doubted that the good seed which had been sown would yet yield its harvest.

But a sore trial awaited him. On the 21st of December, 1735, his wife, who had so nobly aided him in all his efforts, cheering him when depressed and nerving him when his courage failed, was called to her rest. It was the heaviest blow that could fall on him, and for some time he seemed stunned by the force of it. His strength gave way, and for



EGEDE'S MINDE (EGEDE'S MEMORY) IN WINTER.

some months he was in a state of bodily prostration and great mental suffering. He thought that God had forsaken him, and so great was his despondency that he states "he hated the Word of God, and dared not face public worship." In August, 1736, he preached his farewell sermon from the words of Isaiah, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." A few days later, in company with his youngest son and two daughters, and bearing with him all that was mortal of his beloved wife for interment in her own land, he embarked for Copenhagen, after having laboured in Greenland for fifteen years.

Soon after his arrival in Copenhagen he had an audience of the king, who, on hearing of the state of the Mission in Greenland, acquiesced in Egede's suggestion that a seminary should be instituted for the education of students for the work, and that a knowledge of the language should be acquired, in order that they might at once on arrival proceed to

their work of instruction. When the seminary was opened, Hans Egede was appointed the superintendent, and for some years, until 1747, he continued to hold the office, in which he rendered important services. But in that year, in consequence of failing strength, he retired to the little village of Stubbek-Jöping, where the remaining years of his life were spent. One day, in November, 1758, he called his children to him, and told them that "in the night, one of the blessed dead had seemed to beckon to him;" then, begging that his body might rest beside that of his wife in Copenhagen, the old man fell asleep, in the seventy-third year of his age.

If the reader should chance to go to Greenland, he will not fail to pay a visit to Egede's Minde ("Egede's Memory"), the capital of the trading district of the same name. There is not much to see. There is a harbour and jetty, the official residence of the Governor and his assistant, storehouses for the produce of the hunt and fishery, a house for unmarried white men employed in the settlement, and, scattered around, the huts of the natives. But this is only one of many settlements, and all the settlements throughout Greenland are now Christian, the last professed pagan having died at Proven nearly forty years ago. It will be remembered that some Moravians had joined Hans Egede in 1733, and that when he left Greenland, his son Paul was carrying on missionary work among the natives. How that work spread and prospered under Danes and Moravians, until the whole land became Christian, we will now narrate. It is a stirring sequel to the story of Hans Egede, the Apostle of Greenland, of whom the Eskimos speak to-day with gratitude and reverence, and say, "He was our more than father."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORAVIANS IN GREENLAND.

Origin and Growth of the Moravian Brethren—They Early Commence Mission Work in the West Indies—Stach and Boehnisch—Stach and Two Companions Start for Greenland without Funds—Religious Discord between the Moravians and Egede—The Breach Healed by Common Service in Calamity—Fresh Arrivals of Moravians—Stach, Boehnisch, and John Beck—On the Verge of Starvation—The Work of a Little Child—At last John Beck Hears Kayarnak ask the Way of Salvation—Character of the First Greenland Convert—A New Era in the Mission—The Missionaries Learn from Kayarnak what to Preach—Change in the Greenland Eskimos—Terrible Privations—New Settlements—Death of the Apostolic Trio, and their Character—All Greenland now Christian—Greenland at the Present Day—Depopulation of the Country.

THE Church of the United Brethren, or *Unitas Fratrum* (commonly called in this country "the Moravian Church," from Moravia, one of its ancient homes), claims to have descended from the Sclavonian branch of the Greek or Eastern Church. In the ninth century two Greek ecclesiastics, Cyrillus and Methodius, introduced Christianity into Moravia and Bohemia, and, soon after, there followed the long and bitter struggle between the Eastern and Western Churches. During this period, the infant Church was cradled in storms and beset by cruel persecutions, but, in common with the Waldenses of France and Italy, the Bohemians and Moravians resisted the power of the Papal See, and adhered to the simplicity of their original faith.



MAP OF MORAVIA AND SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

In 1457, sixty years before the Reformation, the Church of the United Brethren was commenced in Bohemia out of the remnants of the ancient Bohemian Church. Some of the earnest followers of John Huss united together "on Scriptural principles of faith and practice," and adopted the name of *Unitas Fratrum*, or the Unity of the Brethren, with "the Bible as their creed, and the Law of Christ as their rule." They soon became organised as a Church, and claiming, like all the old Eastern Churches, to have practically maintained a succession of bishops from apostolic times, they had their episcopal orders, synodal and episcopal government, and a strict discipline.

Fiery trials and persecutions surrounded them, but the Church stood its ground in Bohemia and Moravia, and increased in extent and influence, until it embraced among its adherents a large proportion of the population, and many of the noblest families of those countries. Subsequently they found themselves unable to bear up against their

persecutors, who beset them on every hand, banishing their ministers, and sending their leading men to imprisonment and death.

A little band—the remnant of the flock—fled to Poland, with one Amos Comenius, a learned and zealous brother, who was consecrated bishop, and set himself to the task of rebuilding his church. He was so far successful that, on his appeal "to all the Protestant princes of Europe" for help, he obtained the sympathy of England, which was shown by the issue of an Order in Council, in 1715, "for the relief and for the preserving the Episcopal Churches in Great Poland and Polish Russia."

In its original seats, the Church of the United Brethren had become almost extinct. But the light which had been kindled, although it had long been burning dimly, never died out, and in 1722 a singular "awakening" took place in some villages of Moravia among the descendants of members of the Church, who, in secret, still adhered to the tenets of their fathers. For conscience sake these "Moravians" emigrated into Saxony, where, on the estate of Nicholas Lewis, the noble and gifted young Count of Zinzendorf, they founded a small settlement, and named it Herrnhut (The Watch of the Lord). Here they were joined by like-minded persons from the Lutheran and Reformed Churches of the Continent, by Count Zinzendorf himself, and many of his friends, and by fresh detachments from Moravia.

"In the course of a few years these settlers formed themselves, under the leadership of Zinzendorf, into a distinct religious *Society*, as a close spiritual brotherhood in the bosom of the Protestant National Church. They also gradually adopted the ecclesiastical forms, discipline, and orders of the Ancient Church of the United Brethren of Bohemia and Moravia, and then, as the *Renewed Unitas Fratrum*, took up their position as a distinct Protestant Church in the midst of the other Reformed Churches, maintaining, however, also their character as a select *Society* (or *ecclesiola*—a little church) within the outward Church, as seen in the National Churches of Christendom. In this sense they have been joined by many persons, even clergymen, in other churches, who, whilst belonging to 'the Brethren,' at the same time retain their membership and office in their own church." *

In the course of ten years the little settlement at Herrnhut numbered about 600 souls, and by that time the distinctive work of that Church—the spread of the Gospel among the heathen in foreign lands—had commenced. In all the history of Missions there is nothing more beautiful, or of more thrilling interest, than the labours of the "ignorant and unlearned men," who, without scrip or purse, and dependent upon their own labour for their maintenance, started on the most hazardous and difficult journeys; to carry the light of the Gospel into the most inclement regions and the most unpromising spheres.

The first to go forth were Leonard Dober and David Nitschman, to establish a mission among the negro slaves in the West Indies; and in the following year two other brethren set out for Greenland. In narrating what befell these latter two, and in our further descriptions of the progress of Moravian Missions, we shall continue

* "The Moravians: Who and What are They?" (Moravian publication). [We gladly also in this place the kind aid generously rendered by the Moravian Society in London, in placing relics, illustrations, and documents at our disposal for the preparation of this work.—ED.]

the history of that Church of the United Brethren, whose origin we have now briefly sketched.

It fell upon a day in 1731, that two young men were at work together levelling some ground for a cemetery on the Hutberg, in Upper Lusatia, a portion of the estate of Count Zinzendorf which he had given to the oppressed Christians of Moravia, to dwell upon, and to rear what was soon to become the famous Herrnhut, or Watch of the Lord. Pausing awhile in their work, they began to talk about Greenland and the self-denying labours of Hans Egede and his wife, of whom Count Zinzendorf had given them some particulars on his return from Copenhagen four years before.

Matthew Stach, the younger of the two speakers, was only twenty years of age, and had spent his boyhood in tending cattle, and his youth in domestic service. His father was a small farmer, and, in course of time, Matthew would have come in for the inheritance, which would have given him a definite place and prospect in life. But, from a child, his mind had received religious impressions, and when the persecutions in Moravia drove the Christian confessors to seek an asylum in Lusatia, he cast in his lot with his kindred, and determined to brave the poverty, hardships, and distress with which the emigrants had to struggle. On his arrival at Herrnhut, he performed the most menial offices of domestic work in connection with the Orphan School, varying his employment by spinning wool, until at length he took up with the outdoor work in which we find him engaged.

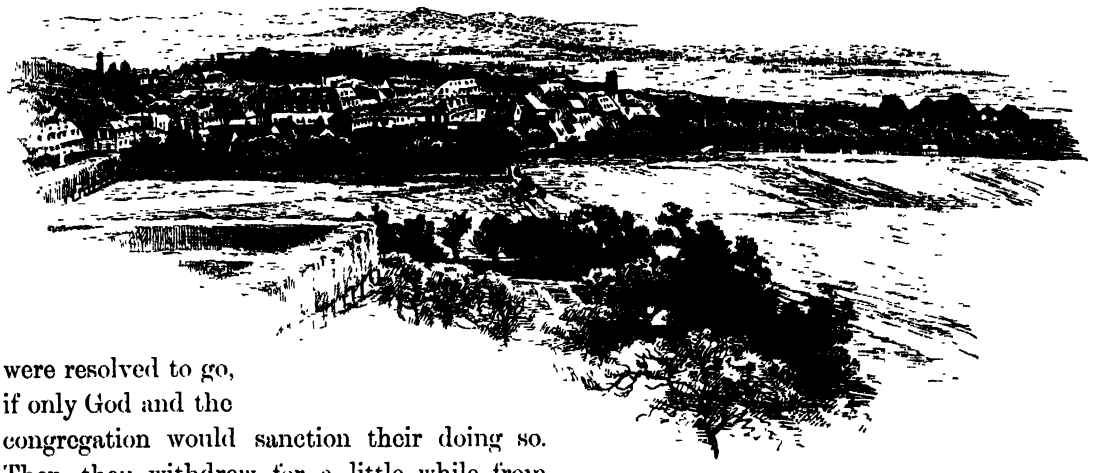


COUNT ZINZENDORF.

His companion, Frederick Boehnisch, the son of a miller, was his senior by one year, and older still as regarded his religious life. When quite a child, he was wont to go with a friend into a quiet corner of his father's garden, where, kneeling down, "with their hands stretched out towards Saxony," they would pray that they might be delivered from their persecutors, and find their way to the new colony. He was still a boy, only just turned fifteen, when the desire to join the emigrants in Saxony became irresistible, and, having obtained the consent of his father, he left his home one night in company with others like-minded, and, breaking through the cordon of soldiery and watchers drawn about the homes of the "heretics," made his way under cover of the night into forest thicknesses, and by circuitous routes, until he succeeded in crossing the frontier, and eventually in finding his way to Herrnhut, where, at that time, only two or three small houses had been erected. Boehnisch was at first employed in weaving, and then as assistant in the school; but neither of these occupations suited his health, and it was no little relief to him when he was relegated to outdoor work, where he was brought more in contact with his friend Matthew Stach.

As the two friends paused in their work and talked together that day, they discovered that each had been cherishing a similar thought and wish. They had been told that the King of Denmark had determined to withdraw his support from the Mission of Egede in Greenland; each had deplored the probability of so good a work being abandoned; and each had been turning over in his mind whether it would be possible for him to go out and assist in the work there, as three of their brethren had gone to break up new ground in the West Indies.

It was a daring desire, but they believed it was God-implanted, and though they were ignorant and unlearned men, and rich in nothing but love to God and man, they



HERRNHUT.

were resolved to go, if only God and the congregation would sanction their doing so. Then they withdrew for a little while from the bare hill-side where they were levelling the ground for the cemetery, and committed their thoughts and plans to God. "As we were both of one mind," says Matthew Stach, "and believed that our Saviour would keep His promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth,' &c., therefore we retired to the wood just at hand, kneeled down before Him, and asked Him to clear our minds in this important matter, and to lead us in the right way. Our hearts were filled with an uncommon joy, and we omitted not to lay our minds before the congregation of Herrnhut in writing, and then waited a long time in tranquillity."

It was two years before their wish was gratified, and during that time Count Zinzendorf fully warned them of the dangers and difficulties of the task they proposed, of the almost unparalleled hardships which Egede had undergone, and of the hopelessness of success unless they could succeed in learning the language of the Eskimos. Nor did the congregation readily accede to their request; some of the older members shook their heads, fearing that the desire might spring from love of adventure and notoriety, or

from the mere love of imitation. And this view was strengthened from the fact that the wording of their application somewhat closely resembled that of others who were being sent forth on missionary work.

But the two friends remained perfectly true and steadfast to what they believed to be "the calling of God," and their courage and enthusiasm spread to others. At the end of a year after they had first spoken on the subject to Count Zinzendorf, he gave them hope that their wish might some day be realised; but another year was allowed to elapse before a mission to Greenland was formally sanctioned. Even then it was not as they had hoped and anticipated; for when the elder of the congregation—one Augustin Neisser—announced that some of the brethren would at once go out to join Hans Egede, Frederick Boehnisch was absent on a journey to some of the brethren at a distance from Herrnhut. In these circumstances, Christian Stach volunteered to go with Matthew Stach, his cousin; and Christian David, the first ordained elder of the congregation at Herrnhut, was appointed to accompany the missionaries to Greenland, and, after seeing them settled, to return.

"There was no need of much time or expense for our equipment," says Matthew Stach. "The congregation consisted chiefly of poor exiles, who had not much to give us, and we ourselves had nothing but the clothes on our backs. Being accustomed to make a shift with a little, we did not trouble our heads how we should get to Greenland, or how we should live in that country. Some money having come from a friend at Venice, the day before our departure, we received part of it to pay the expense of our journey to Copenhagen; and, as we considered ourselves as richly provided for, we would take nothing of any person on the road, believing that He, who had sent a supply for our journey at the critical moment, would care for everything that was necessary for carrying our purpose into execution as soon as we should want it. Neither could any one give us much information on the subject of our work, or any instruction how we should proceed, for the congregation had as yet no experience in the management of missions. It was, therefore, left to ourselves to act in all circumstances as the Lord should lead us. In short, we neither knew nor imagined how it would be with us."

They fared better than might have been expected under the circumstances. On their arrival in Copenhagen, they were met with discouragement, and were urged, by nearly all with whom they conversed, to abandon their wild scheme, and were told terrible stories of suffering in Arctic regions, and especially of the fate of a crew that had been ice-bound and every member frozen to death, one stiffened corpse having been found "with his hand on the log-book, where the date he had last written was grown thirteen years old." Still, they met with some encouragement. They heard that the king had resolved to send further supplies to Hans Egede, and also, what was to them a source of great satisfaction, that the Count von Pless, one of the Ministers of State, was much interested in Greenland missions, and had induced a merchant to send out a trading-vessel to Disco Bay. David Christian lost no time in obtaining an interview with Von Pless, and laying before him an account of the enterprise that had brought the Moravians thus far on their journey. The Count naturally asked them how, in the event of reaching Greenland, they thought of

supporting themselves, to which they replied, "With the blessing of God, we will work with our hands, and cultivate the earth, and we will build a house for ourselves, in order to be chargeable to no man."

"But," said the Count, "your scheme so far is impracticable. There is no soil to cultivate, neither is there wood in that country wherewith you can build."

"Then we will dig a hole in the ground, and live there," they answered. Von Pless was greatly charmed with the earnestness and simplicity of the men, and, feeling convinced that they were endowed with the first qualifications for the task they proposed to themselves, he warmly espoused their cause, obtained for them an interview with the King, set on foot a public subscription, to which he himself gave liberally, to equip them for their work, and assisted them in the purchase of materials for building, implements of husbandry, and other articles necessary for their new life and labour.

On the 10th of April, 1733, they sailed from Copenhagen, bearing with them a letter written by the king to Hans Egede, warmly commending the new missionaries to him, and, at the same time, announcing his intention to prosecute the evangelisation of Greenland with new vigour. After a voyage of six weeks, during which several gales and a terrible storm were encountered, the Brethren arrived at Ball's River, where they found Hans Egede and his noble wife, by whom they were warmly welcomed. Without loss of time, they set to work to build themselves a house, on a spot near the colony of Good Hope, and named their settlement New Herrnhut, to show that they were guided by the same spirit which ruled among the Brethren in Saxony.

But when this was done, they seemed to come to a standstill. They could not speak a word of Eskimo, and an unhappy difference had arisen between Egede and themselves, from no act of theirs, but consequent upon some letters which had been written to the Danish missionary, warning him against the Moravians as heretical in their doctrine. Egede called upon them to state their views in writing, and this widened the breach, as correspondence on disputed subjects too often does.

Before proceeding to show how the breach was healed, a few passages from one of the first letters written home by Matthew Stach may be given. He says: "What we sought for in this country we have found—that is, heathens who know not God, who care for nothing but catching seals, fish, and reindeer, and for that purpose are always moving about, living sometimes on the mainland, sometimes on one island and sometimes on another. We wish to tell these people that there is a God, a Saviour, a Holy Spirit; but we do not understand their language. We would visit them, but we do not know where they dwell. Their whole manner is so different from ours that we cannot even make them understand by signs. Thus, dear brethren, you see our situation in Greenland. It is in situations like these that we may say to ourselves, 'Lose thy way, but do not lose thy faith.' Yes, the way may be missed by us here, but we every day remember this word, 'Keep Thou our minds in peace.' . . . When we write next year, trim the torches of your faith, that the heat may warm us amid our ices."

There is no better remedy for the wounds inflicted in theological controversy than for the disputants to stand aside for a while from their debatable ground, and sally forth together on some work of mercy. This is what Hans Egede and the Moravians did, with

the result that they never again took up against each other what has so often proved to be "a carnal weapon"—the pen. It was while their controversy was at its height that small-pox broke out among the people, and spread with such rapidity, and was of so virulent a character, that it threatened to depopulate the whole country.* The poor victims, who had never before seen disease in this horrible form, were panic-stricken. They quenched their burning thirst with iced water; in their despair, many of them stabbed and drowned themselves; everywhere there resounded the cries of the dying, while the dead lay in the snow outside the huts, awaiting burial. How Hans Egede and his heroic wife laboured night and day for the sufferers, we have already told. Our Moravians were not one whit behind them in their self-denying zeal, although, being still ignorant of the language, they could not labour with the same effect.

There was no rivalry now, except who should do most to relieve the others and to minister to the dying. For nine months the plague raged, and the whole country around New Herrnhut became a desert. Then the Moravians fell ill with a scorbutic disorder which utterly prostrated them; but, happily, they were not all attacked at the same time, and were thus able to help one another, while Egede and his wife tended them with great care and loving-kindness.

At this time, Matthew Stach wrote home: "We are now in a school of faith, and our way is altogether in darkness. As yet, we see no signs of success among the heathen, nor can we perceive a trace of anything good among them. If we look to ourselves, we see nothing but misery within and without. We hardly know how to subsist in this country: nevertheless, we believe this is for the purifying of our souls, that we may be more strengthened for the service of the Lord. Our Lord Jesus will help us, as He helps all the wretched, and we would only be anxious about pleasing Him." And again: "We find not the bodily strength requisite to bear up in this land. Even our power to learn the language has fallen away; nothing but what grace has wrought abides with us but here we will stay till Jesus helps us."

Help came in unexpected ways, as it usually does. Early in 1735, Matthew Stach had the gratification of welcoming his old friend and fellow-labourer Frederick Boehnisch, who, in spite of all the discouraging accounts that had been received, had never swerved for a moment in his desire to devote his life to the Greenland Mission. Accompanying him (for the Moravians, in their missionary work, generally followed the early example, and went forth "two and two") was John Beck, a few years older than Boehnisch and Stach, but full of ardour, and capable of any amount of self-sacrifice. It was later in life in his case than it had been with his colleagues, that he was brought to religious decision. When it became known that he was a follower of Christ, a charge of heresy was brought against him, and, for want of any better plea, the charge was based upon the fact that he no longer frequented the ale-house. "This is a strange thing, indeed," he replied. "When I lived as a heathen, no man minded; but now, as soon as I live like a Christian, you bring it against me as a crime." Nevertheless, he was brought to trial; evidence was adduced that, in addition to the first charge, he had been found at prayer-meetings, and had sought to take others there too, and he was convicted and thrust into prison. But John Beck was a man

* See page 71.

of mettle, and he thought that he could do better than waste the golden hours of his early manhood in a cell. He succeeded in getting out of his dungeon; he scaled the high walls of the prison-yard, and jumped, without injury, to the ground. Soon, however, he was missed, and bloodhounds were set upon his track; but he managed to escape his pursuers, and reached the colony of Herrnhut, in Lusatia, in safety.

Scarcely had he told his tale, than he witnessed a scene which took a strong hold of his imagination. It was the simple religious service in which Christian David and



MATTHEW STACH.

Matthew and Christian Stach were "set apart' for the Greenland Mission. He greatly admired the quiet heroism of those simple men, and longed that he might be some day counted worthy to join them. His wish was gratified. Both Stach and David had urged that he should be sent, and now the Greenland missionaries had the joy of counting him as a fellow-worker with them. Not long afterwards there arrived another important addition to the party—the widowed mother and the sisters of Matthew Stach—and by-and-bye their joy was full.

But there were dark days before this came to pass. In 1735, after the death of his wife, Hans Egede, worn out in mind and body, returned to Copenhagen; Paul Egede, his son, went north to superintend the Disco Mission; Christian David and Christian Stach had determined to return home as soon as possible. Thus the three

friends were left alone. What they were called upon to endure is as difficult to imagine as it is to describe. The natives shunned them and held them in aversion. "If the missionaries had not come to their land," they argued, "the Eskimo boy would never have gone to Copenhagen, and if he had not gone to Copenhagen they would never have had their houses and their land desolated by small-pox, therefore the missionaries were to blame for the introduction of that scourge."

In these circumstances, the relations between the missionaries and the natives were necessarily strained; and there was also another barrier to their intercourse which only time could overcome. This was the difficulty of language. Although the missionaries applied themselves to its study with all earnestness, they seemed to make anything but satisfactory progress. As a matter of fact, their education had been of the most limited nature; none of them had ever been instructed in grammar; the time that Egede was with them was short, and was interrupted by the constant demands of the sick and dying, and afterwards by the fatal illness of Mrs. Egede; and now the natives declined to give them any opportunity to practise conversation. They had, therefore, first to learn grammar, and this they could only do by mastering the Danish in which it was written, and the Latin definitions in which it abounded.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, they applied themselves with amazing diligence to acquire the language, and succeeded as far as words connected with the ordinary affairs of life were concerned. But when they sought to translate into this the figurative language of Scripture, its peculiar doctrines and its terms relating to experimental religion, they found they could not proceed; the language of the Greenlanders appeared to be destitute of words that could in any way express these ideas. It was not for some years that they were able to overcome this difficulty; and, as we shall find, success then resulted from the fact that when some of the natives embraced Christianity "they found words themselves to express the views and feelings of their hearts."

Those were weary years of waiting, and never did men persevere more nobly in spite of the worst discouragements. When the natives ceased to shun the missionaries, they commenced, and sustained for several years, a systematic course of annoyance. Everything the missionaries said, the natives turned into ridicule; everything they did, was made the subject of grotesque mimicry. They would apparently listen to their exhortations, and in the midst pretend to fall asleep; they would ask for hymns to be sung, and then drown them with drums or howling. Nor was this all. They pelted them with stones, besieged their huts and stole their manuscripts, broke their furniture, pilfered their food, and even attempted to spoil their boat (the gift of Egede), and drive it out to sea, in which case their last chance of subsistence would have gone. Nor were these annoyances merely practised for a little time, while their wrath lasted; they were systematically carried on for five long years, and were borne by the missionaries with unexampled patience, although, as Matthew Stach wrote, "My soul is often in a flame when they mock my God."

But there were other troubles they had to bear besides those brought upon them by the natives. On more than one occasion they were on the verge of starvation. Thus, in 1735, the supplies from Denmark failed, and they were reduced to the most

terrible straits, a barrel and a half of oatmeal being their only remaining provision for the ensuing year! They tried to catch seals and birds for themselves, but with little success, for there was a strange scarcity of fish and birds that year, and, moreover, the Greenlanders had damaged their boat so as to make it almost useless. Then they sought to buy of the natives, who had plenty, but they either asked exorbitant prices or refused to sell to them. Then they would row about in their rickety boat, vainly searching for food, until at last they were reduced to the necessity of living almost entirely on shell-fish, and raw seaweed, and such offal as the natives disdainfully threw to them. It was galling to them to know that the Greenlanders had more than ample provision, insomuch that at one meal the Brethren saw eleven seals devoured by them; but, although they entreated them to sell, the unfeeling monsters would not part with a single morsel.

One day, when it seemed that certain death was before them, the three friends got out their old boat, which was crusted with ice, and, despite the unsettled state of the weather, embarked on a voyage in search of food. As they neared the land they were making for, a squall came on, driving them back a couple of leagues, and drenching them in the breakers. They succeeded in getting on to an island, and there for four days, wet and hungry, they were obliged to remain until the stormy weather abated.

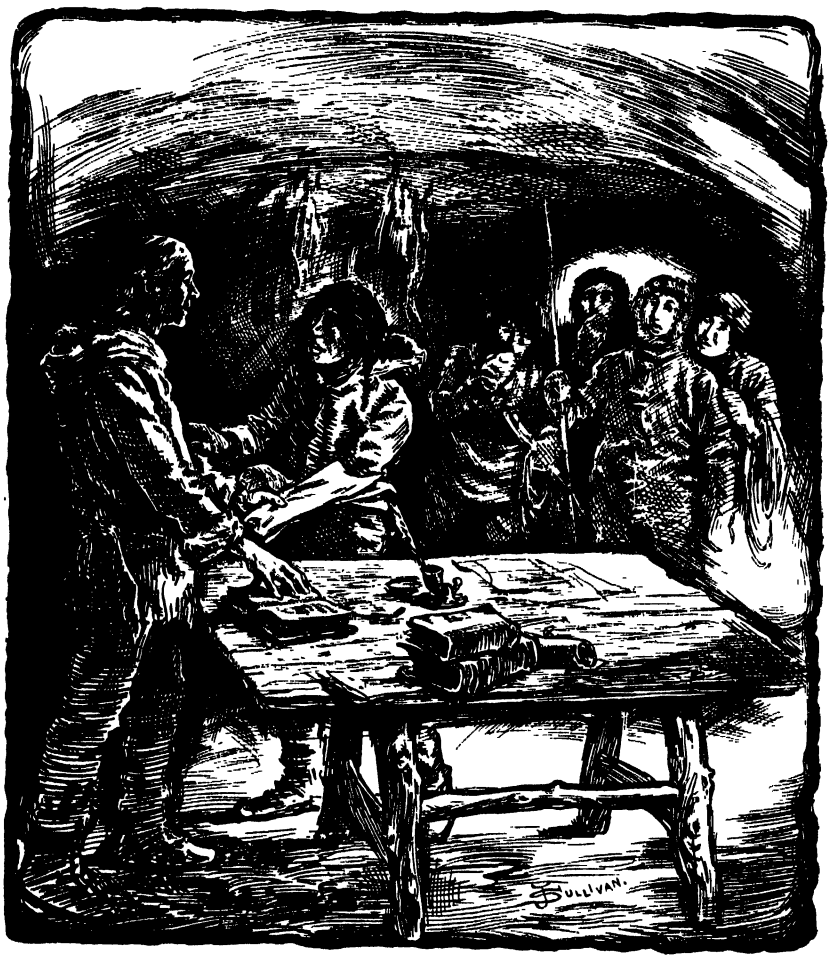
Again and again they were in the most extreme peril. Once, when they were in their boat, they became so exhausted that they could proceed no further, and tarried for the night in an uninhabited spot, where they lay down in a hole they had made in the snow; but even then they could not rest, for the drift closed them in, and they had to rise from their retreat, and to keep running to save themselves from being frozen. At another time they were driven by a contrary wind on to a desolate island, where they were forced to tarry for the night; but the ill wind blew them some good, for they chanced to spy an eagle on her nest, and shot her. To secure their prize they had to climb a steep and dangerous precipice; but they were so inured to hardships and perils that they took but little heed of this additional one.

At length their trials were greatly mitigated. A Greenlander, living forty leagues south of New Herrnhut, had somehow heard of the misfortunes of the Brethren, and was filled with compassion for them. He journeyed to them from time to time, bearing with him as much provision as he could afford to sell, and thus brought relief just when their strength was giving way.

A little later on (that is to say, in May, 1736), a gentleman in Holland, Mr. Le Long, anxious to make the experiment of sending stores to the missionaries from his own country, instead of *viâ* Denmark, despatched an ample stock of provisions, with the promise of more if the first arrived safely. His generous contribution, wholly unexpected, and arriving at a most critical time, seemed to the Brethren like a special interposition of Divine Providence. They thanked God, and took courage.

For five long years the missionaries persevered in their efforts to win the Greenlanders to Christianity and civilisation, but without success. It is difficult to conceive any position more trying than theirs. Not only had they to bear the horrible inclemency of that cruel climate—where the ice would sometimes fill the stove-pipe to

the fire, and where the outside of meat would be boiled before the inside could be pierced with a knife—but they had to contend against insufficient food, an unsuitable dwelling, and a constant and wearying opposition from the natives, as well as the



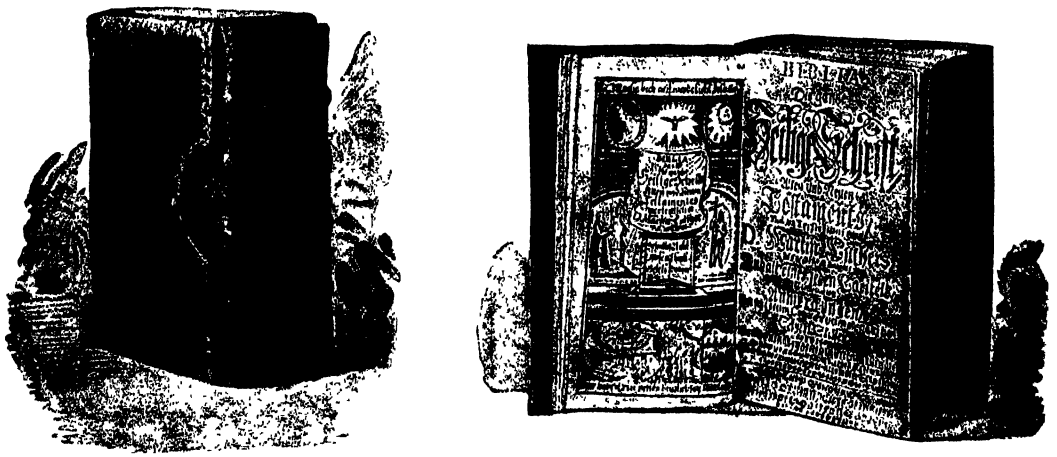
MEETING OF JOHN BECK AND KAYARNAK.

knowledge that in Europe, where the story of their trials had been told, they were branded as fanatics, or worse.

There were some mitigations, however, as there always are, even to the hardest lot. The first was when the mother of Matthew Stach arrived with her two daughters, Rosina and Anna. Very soon the huts of the missionaries, thanks to the aid of the women, began to look more home-like; and this increased as the years went on, for John Beck married Rosina Stach, and, in course of time, a little daughter was born to them. The Greenlanders, who could find no attraction in the story of the Gospel, took

great interest in watching the home-life of the missionaries; and when they saw the little German child making friends with their own children, and heard her lisping their language, their former coldness and rudeness of manner began to die away. Later on, as the little child grew, she showed great aptitude in learning the hymns which Beck and Boehnisch wrote for her in the Greenland tongue, and which she sang with remarkable sweetness. Then the Eskimo mothers wanted to hear their own children sing like her; and so it came to pass that they acquired, and learned to love, the simple Gospel hymns she taught them, although as yet there was no religious impression made upon their minds.

But a great and wonderful change was to come to pass, and proof abundant was



PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN BECK'S BIBLE.

to be given, that though the missionaries had toiled for five years without seeing any direct fruit for their pains, yet their labour had not been in vain. One day in 1738 as John Beck was sitting in his hut, busy translating the Gospels from his German Bible, his attention was arrested by the approach of a band of Greenlanders from the south part of the country. With characteristic inquisitiveness, they asked him what he was doing, and regarded it as nothing short of miraculous that words could be written on paper and made to speak. It was something quite novel for the missionary to excite interest of any kind in a Greenlander; and as these strangers were evidently curious to know more, John Beck read to them from his manuscript. He read to them some of that "sweet story of old," which has a tenderness that can touch every heart. Then, in simple words, he told them of the love of God as manifested in the life of His Divine Son, and finally read to them the Gospel narrative of His sufferings and death. Then one of them, a man named Kayarnak, stepped up to the table, and anxiously looking into the face of Beck, said to him in an earnest manner, "How was that? Tell it me once more, for I too would be saved."

Those words thrilled John Beck to his very soul. For years he had toiled on in the

hope that some day he might hear such, but now he could "hardly believe them for joy." "Those words," he wrote, "kindled my soul into such an ardour, that I gave the Greenlanders an account of our Saviour's whole life and death, and of the counsel of God for our salvation, while tears ran down my cheeks." When Stach and Boehnisch, returning from some work abroad, entered the hut and saw John Beck surrounded by a group of strangers, who were drinking in his words, with their hands laid on their mouths, as was their custom when they heard strange and wonderful things, they were filled with surprise and joy, and joined their companion in telling more fully to the natives the way of life.

The impressions produced that day, were not evanescent. Kayarnak became a frequent visitor in the huts of the missionaries, who wrote: "When we speak to him, he is often so affected that the tears roll down his cheeks. He is, indeed, a very singular man. We cannot but wonder at him, when we consider that the Greenlanders in general are so extremely stupid, that they can comprehend almost nothing, except those things with which they are daily conversant. But this man scarcely hears a thing twice before he understands it, and retains it in his memory. He at the same time shows an uncommon attachment to us, and a constant desire for further instruction, a thing we never before observed in any Greenlander."

Kayarnak and about twenty of his company, remained throughout the winter with the missionaries at New Herrnhut, and rendered them very important service in their translation of the Gospels. On the following Easter Day, Kayarnak, his wife, and two children, were baptised in the presence of a large number of the natives. But with the return of spring, these southern Greenlanders, as well as those who lived nearer to the colony of New Herrnhut, had to start off on their long excursions in search of seals and whales, for "the sea is their corn-field and the seal-fishery their most plentiful harvest." The seal is, in fact, the Greenlander's staff of life. "His clothes, his food, the walls of his hut, the oil for his lamps, all come to him from the seal, and without the skin and the flesh of this one animal he would die of cold or starve of hunger."

The missionaries parted from the new converts with hope and fear. They were going into distant parts of the country, among their pagan fellows. If they remained firm and faithful to their convictions, they would carry the true light into many dark places; if they fell away into their old habits and beliefs, they would bring contempt upon the Great Master and His faithful followers. A year passed, and the missionaries were growing anxious, as they had not heard any news of Kayarnak. One day there was great rejoicing in the little colony of New Herrnhut, for Frederick Boehnisch had taken Anna Stach * to wife, and all the friends were making merry at the marriage feast, when unusual sounds were heard outside the house, and before they could rise to ascertain the cause, Kayarnak stood before them, bringing with him his brother and his family, to gain whom had been one of the causes of his long absence.

* Direct descendants of Anna Boehnisch have continued in Mission service without intermission down to the present day: a unique instance of members of one family throughout six generations—upwards of 150 years—being so engaged.

From that time forth a new era in the history of the Greenland Mission commenced. An earnest spirit of inquiry became manifest among the people, when they saw what effects had been produced upon their own countrymen, and, when they heard from their lips the teaching they had hitherto rejected, they no longer mocked and insulted the missionaries.

There was, however, one sorrow to overshadow their joy. Kayarnak had contracted an illness on his last fishing excursion, from which he never recovered, and at the end of a year, during which time he had borne the most consistent testimony to the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation," he entered into his rest. The following entry from the journal of the missionaries tells the simple and pathetic story of his end:—

"While we were addressing him, he grew so faint that he could neither hear nor see; but during a prayer which we offered up, he came to himself, and immediately joined us, in the midst of his acute pain, and with such fervour that we were all much amazed. When his family began to weep he said, 'Do not be grieved for me. Have you not heard that believers, when they die, go to our Saviour and partake of His eternal joy? If you are faithful to the end we shall see one another again before the throne of the Lamb.' As we were speaking to him of the goodness of the Lord, he breathed his last, having bowed his head upon his hands as if to sleep."

Kayarnak not only taught many things to his countrymen; he taught many things to the missionaries. They had, in their earlier ministrations, commenced to teach the natives about the Creation, the Fall, the Flood, the Dispersion, and so on; henceforth they determined to teach nothing save the simple Gospel. Formerly they had endeavoured to convince the Greenlanders by argument, while their conversational powers in the language were extremely limited.* They now worked harder than ever—seeing that they had full intercourse with the natives—to acquire a thorough mastery of the language, and very soon saw how equivocal some of their earlier teachings must have appeared.

Success followed success. The Greenlanders, who had been wont to stand aloof, or to oppose the Mission, now regularly attended the services, eagerly learned the hymns that were taught them, and never seemed to grow weary of the readings from the now completed Harmony of the Gospels which the Brethren had translated. Never was there a more marked and satisfactory change than in the demeanour of the natives, and the best proof of its reality was shown in its practical effects. Instead of treating foreigners with brutality, as formerly, they welcomed them; they begged forgiveness of those whom they had previously ill-treated; when they went away on their fishing excursions they adhered to their profession as when under the eyes of the missionaries, and carried with them to their pagan countrymen the lessons they had themselves received; they broke with the "Angekoks," and refused to hear their

* When they wished to convey the idea of "the Lamb of God," there were no words in the language that they could find to express it save "a young seal." No sheep or lambs had ever been seen in Greenland.

frivolous and ridiculous prophecies, or to tolerate their pretended witchcraft; in times of famine they shared their supplies with their brethren; they observed the most practical of Christian duties, which were utterly opposed to all their preconceived ideas. For example, they cared for the destitute and afflicted: the women nursed and suckled the infants deprived of their mothers, although there was nothing to which the Greenland females had so deep-rooted an aversion. Above all, they showed gratitude, a quality which it was hard to find a word in their language to express. It is recorded that at an early stage of their new life, a Greenlander said to his wife, "Hast thou no thought about giving our teachers something? They do so much for us. Make each of them a pair of shoes."



KAYARNAK.
ng in the possession of the Moravian Missionary Society.)

Nor was proof wanting that the good seed sown by Hans Egede was springing up and bearing fruit. Some of the Angekoks who had opposed him now relented, and confessed that he had spoken words that they could not gainsay. One of them came to the missionaries and said, "For me, I might have learnt once; now I am too old to change, but here is my son, whom I have brought to you for instruction." And in many a lonely island and desolate region it was found that simple passages of the Word of God had been treasured in the memory of men and women, whose hearts were thereby made ready for the reception of a fuller knowledge.

When the news of this great change among the people became known to the Brethren in Lusatia, and to Hans Egede in Denmark, the rejoicing was very great, and it took a practical form. Larger and more generous supplies were sent out, and, among them, the framework and boards for erecting a church, and material for the building of storehouses. In 1747, the first church in Greenland was erected, and there were usually not less than three hundred present at the ordinary services. Storehouses were built for keeping dried flesh and fish for times of scarcity; a school was opened for the education of the children; a singing-class was formed, at which Frederick Boehnisch "astonished the natives" by his accompaniments on the flute, an instrument

he played with great skill; and other improvements were made which exhibited the power of Christian civilisation. The very country, which once consisted of only bald rocks with streaks of sand, was brought under cultivation, and a neat and fruitful garden spread itself around the missionary house and chapel, and dreary wastes which had never before produced a blade of grass, were made to justify the name that Erik the Red-haired had given to the country—*Green-land.*



A SNOWSTORM IN GREENLAND.

Such was the outward appearance. Of the inner progress, the spiritual life of the people, one of the Brethren wrote:—"The Lord hath done more for us than we knew how to pray for. A stream of life is poured upon the people. They are so sensibly affected, at speaking or singing of the sufferings of Jesus, that tears of love and joy roll down their cheeks. If they chance to be from four to six leagues off almost all come to our meetings on Sunday. When the joyful message is carried to of them that he is to be baptised, he has scarcely patience to await the happy

hour.* It is discernible in their countenances, that inwardly a greater change must have been wrought than can be conceived by us."

It must not be supposed that, because this great change had been brought about in the spiritual work of the missionaries, they henceforth settled down into a quiet and comfortable life. They had to endure as many trials, and to pass through perils as great or greater, than any they had hitherto encountered. Although, in a moral sense, "the desert was made to blossom as the rose," physically, the desert remained a desert still. Cold was as biting, famine was as imminent, storms were as prevalent as ever, and the experience of these hardships increased rather than lessened, for the Brethren felt it their duty to travel farther afield than heretofore, to carry to those at a distance a knowledge of the blessings that had been found at New Herrnhut. Thus we read that two of them went forth on one occasion for a distance of not more than six leagues, when they were overtaken by a terrific storm, and for eight days were detained on an uninhabited island, without any shelter whatever, and with nothing but shell-fish and raw seaweed for their food.

The winters of 1752 and 1753 were the worst that had ever been known in Greenland, and they brought famine with them in a terrible form. Not a kajak† could stir in the waters; no birds were to be caught; to venture abroad was to court almost certain death. One poor fellow, anxious to do something to mitigate the horror of want, got into his kajak, intending to try and hunt, but he was carried away by the tempest, and three months afterwards was found half devoured by the ravens and foxes.

A comparatively recent traveller has described the nature of these tempests:— "In Greenland," he says, "the storms sometimes become so violent that they carry the spray from the water, like dust, into the air. The violence of the tempest is, however, not everywhere the same, there being localities protected by mountains, which deserve their Greenland appellation, signifying, 'places where there is no wind;' but, where there are deep lateral valleys, the storms come quite suddenly. When I was, on one occasion, near the entrance of a valley, a storm broke upon us in violent whirling blasts, like some ferocious beast springing on its prey. In such cases, the peril is much increased if the boat's crew lose their presence of mind, and particularly if their steersman does not understand how to guide the boat; and it may easily happen that a violent gust of wind seizes and overturns the boats, plunging those on board into the deep."

In addition to perils by land and water, perils of famine and cold, there were from time to time terrible epidemics that ravaged the country. A peculiarly hard winter, or a failure in the seal-fishery, almost always brought famine in its train, and this would be followed by some serious outbreak of disease. Sometimes new diseases would be imported, as when the Eskimo boy, on his return from Copenhagen, brought small-pox with him, or, as in 1754, when some Dutch ships ran into Ball's River to avoid the ice, one of the ships had on board some men suffering from a contagious

* The Brethren were careful to hold back the people from baptism until they should have given good time-proved evidence of their steadfastness.

† Skin canoe for one person.

distemper, which spread among the people for at least fourteen leagues round the colony, and raged for more than three months. During that time fifty-seven of the Christian Greenlanders died; on one day four corpses—two brothers, their nephew, and a child—were laid together in the same grave, and scarcely a day passed without a funeral.

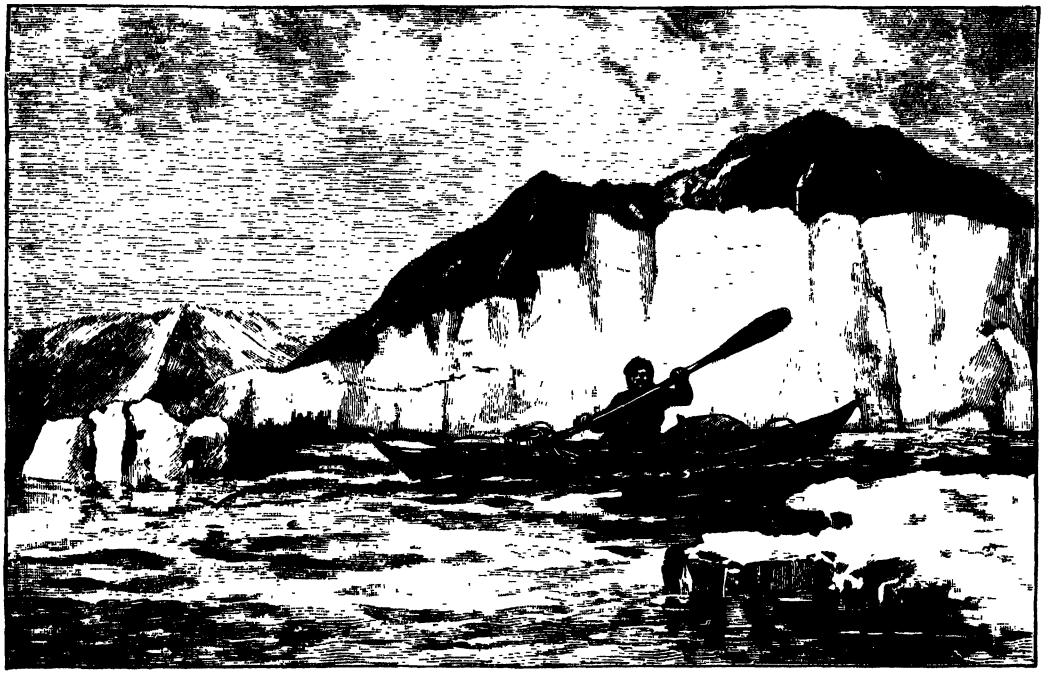
But these misfortunes had one good effect; they strengthened the hold of the missionaries upon the natives; they brought out the practical effects of their Christianity; they fostered patience and resignation to the will of God, and their faith enabled the poor people to face death—through fear of which, to a singular extent, they had been "all their lifetime subject to bondage"—with calmness and tranquillity.

It was a source of never-ending wonder and delight to the missionaries, to see how speedily and effectually the habits and feelings and sympathies of those, who were a short time before but brutish and degraded savages, developed. They followed the example of their teachers in tending the sick, in ministering to the afflicted, in rearing their children with tenderness and affection, in making their homes more habitable, and in striving to fulfil the command, "to do to others as they would that others should do to them." A curious and interesting instance of this may be noted here. From time to time the Brethren received from the Moravian congregations in Europe, accounts of the wonderful work that was beginning among the heathen by means of their missions. The Greenlanders rejoiced to hear of their successes, were greatly interested in their strange adventures, and sympathised with their losses and discouragements. One day they heard an account of the destruction of the Indian settlement at Gnadenhuettan, in Pennsylvania, by the savages, of the murder of most of the missionaries, and of the escape of the Christian Indians to the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, where they were in sore destitution. The intelligence greatly excited them. Many were moved to tears, and all were eager to do something for the sufferers. "I have a fine reindeer skin which I will give," cried one: "I have a new pair of reindeer boots which I will send them," said a second, "And I will send them a seal, that they may have something to eat and to burn," said another, whose idea of the world was as of one vast Greenland.

From time to time one or other of the Brethren made a journey to the old country to tell of what was being done in Greenland, to hear of the labours of the Brethren in other lands, and to get a little rest from their incessant toil. Matthew Stach, whose health had suffered from his exhausting labours in Greenland, was resting thus for a while in Lusatia, when news came to him that the Brethren he had left behind were anxious to establish a second settlement, in response to the earnest wish of Greenlanders in the south. Although greatly needing rest, and lacking that bodily vigour which would enable him to bear the fatigue and exposure which embarking in such an undertaking would involve, no sooner did Matthew Stach learn that it was the wish and prayer of the Christian Greenlanders that he would become the leader in the movement, than he made preparations to return, and in May, 1758, accompanied by two other of the Brethren as his assistants, he set sail from Europe. Two months later, after visiting his old friends at New Herrnhut, he sallied forth, with four of the Greenland families, in

quest of a site for the new settlement, and, on the anniversary of the day when, a quarter of a century before, he had first landed on those shores, he fixed upon a spot, and named it Lichtenfels, or Light of the Rock.

It was no easy work to build a house in Lichtenfels, for, although there was a harbour and abundance of fresh water, there was nothing around but bare rock; all the stones required had to be rolled from a distance, every grain of earth had to be carried in bags, and the sods collected from afar and brought in a boat; provisions, too, were scarce, and for two years the four families, consisting of thirty-four persons, suffered much from



A GREENLAND KAJAK OR "MAN-BOAT."

scarcity of food. Nevertheless, they persevered. At the end of two years, nine other families joined them; materials for a church, a dwelling-house, and storehouse were sent out from Europe; other missionaries came out to take part in the work, among them two sons of John Beck and one of Frederick Boehnisch—young men who inherited the piety and zeal of their fathers—and at the end of four years as much progress had been made as in fourteen years at New Herrnhut. As the years went on, other settlements were established. One, commenced in 1774, in the south of Greenland, about 400 miles from Lichtenfels, and within sight of Cape Farewell, was named Lichtenau, and here, in the course of a few years, a larger congregation was gathered than in either of the other settlements of the Brethren in Greenland.

We shall not tarry, however, to trace step by step the progress of these missions, but simply finish the personal history of the three friends, Matthew Stach, Frederick

Boehnisch, and John Beck, who, for thirty years, were spared to toil together hand to hand and heart to heart, and to see the fruit of their toil. "We three it was," wrote John Beck to Matthew Stach, "who made that solemn vow with one another wholly to follow our Lord in this land; to do all and bear all, as unto Him. He graciously accepted our desire to serve Him, and in His unspeakable condescension and mercy has crowned our work with blessing. He has kept His promise, though we often withstood Him. How many times we besought Him, weeping, to grant us even but *one* soul out of this nation. But He stayed not at *one*. Those congregations which we have seen grow up from the beginning, how far do they exceed all our early prayers, thoughts, and anticipations!"

It was only death that separated these heroic men, and Frederick Boehnisch was the first to be called to his rest. Three times he had visited Herrnhut, and, on the last occasion, had taken part in carrying the remains of Count Zinzendorf to the grave. In 1761 he returned to his old work in Greenland with love and zeal unabated, although his bodily strength was not as it had formerly been. His powers were tried to the utmost in 1762, when sickness was prevalent throughout the south of Greenland; and, feeling that the time was short for him to work, he went from island to island ministering to the sick and preaching the Gospel. One day he slipped upon a rock and fell heavily; that was the beginning of the end. For three weeks he lay ill, but his faith and hope grew brighter. "My Saviour often visits me," he said, "and will soon fetch me home." A few days later he sang one of the hymns he had often sung with his Greenland converts, and then, with the words "Now my Saviour has come for me," he "went home," in the twenty-ninth year of his ministry on those inclement shores.

John Beck was spared until 1777. He had never been so strong as Boehnisch and Stach, and for eighteen years had suffered from an incurable disease. This prevented him from travelling about as his companions had done, but it did not in any way interfere with the value of his work, for he left behind him the translation of the New Testament. When his last day came, his wife, clinging to the hope that he might yet be spared, spoke to him about the future. He turned to her with affection and said, "We have been many years together, and five-and-thirty years ago I seemed as near my end as now, yet the Lord spared me. But our time, you know, must soon come, and we shall meet again with Him." Then calling to his side one of the young missionaries, he breathed his last while in the very act of giving him a special charge to his flock.

Matthew Stach lived to the advanced age of seventy-six, and died in 1787. But he left Greenland before the death of his brother-in-law John Beck; not because his love had grown cold or his zeal for the good work had diminished, but because he had made a singularly unhappy marriage, and it was not for the good of the people that he should remain. This was the great trouble of his life, and he bore it heroically, without relinquishing his missionary work, although he had felt it expedient to change the sphere of it. To him the Greenland Mission owed even more than to his companions. It was he who, on six different occasions, journeyed to Europe to excite an interest in, and to raise funds for, the Mission; it was he who went far and near along the coast to carry

the Gospel to isolated groups of Eskimos; it was he who first urged upon the Brethren in Europe the necessity of a mission to Labrador; and it was he who, by his indomitable spirit, inspired so many others to do noble deeds. The last years of his life were spent in the backwoods of America, where, as teacher of a school for boys, he strove to kindle a missionary spirit in the young, and where, in age and infirmity and loneliness, he exhibited so sweet and chastened a spirit, that all who were round about him bore testimony to "the cheerfulness of his communion with his Saviour."

The story of Hans Egede, and of Bochnisch, Beck, and Stach, is the story of the Christianisation of Greenland by the Danes and the Moravians. The work that these brave men commenced was never allowed to drop, and is still carried on successfully. The trade of Greenland is now entirely in the hands of the Danish Government, and trade settlements are established from Cape Farewell up to 73° north latitude. Mission stations are scattered at intervals throughout the country, from the southern extremity to Upernavik, and there is not now one professed pagan in all Danish Greenland. The Moravians are confined entirely to South Greenland, while the Government Lutheran Missions are stationed through the whole extent of the west coast.

The Moravians, or, as they are universally called by the Danes, "the Herrnhuttians," still prosecute their work as a labour of love only, and are content to remain very poor, and wholly dependent for their support on private contributions. They are not, as a rule, highly educated men, but there is an element of self-denial in their work which the Greenlanders greatly admire, and this may be regarded as a compensation. There is, however, an austerity in their presentation of Christianity, and in their religious discipline, which the Danes do not approve, and this has been one of the causes which have kept the two bodies of missionaries apart. It has been alleged, that insistence upon daily religious services has been incompatible with the necessary duties of life, and has tended to keep the Greenlanders who are under the care of the Moravians, in poorer circumstances than those under the Danes.

English travellers have from time to time visited these stations, and one of them writes of New Herrnhut as follows:—"We went into the school at New Herrnhut, and found about twenty children there, from four to sixteen years old. They read fluently their impossible-looking compound words, such as "Kasnerfigssakangitdlinnarnarysok." Fancy a row of the poorest-looking children, with bright, happy faces, and sharp, black eyes, reading a page or more of such words as these, almost without mistake, repeating together the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and singing hymns very beautifully, and you may have some idea of the toils and successes of the worthy people who count it their privilege to spend their lives among the Greenlanders." It was a special gratification to these visitors to "worship in the little chapel at Lichtenau, and see two hundred of the Eskimos sitting around the Lord's Table, partaking of the holy ordinance."

The Danish missionaries are, as a matter of fact, beneficed ministers of the Lutheran Church, who have received their clerical appointments from the Government according to the grade in which they passed their examinations in the University of Copenhagen.

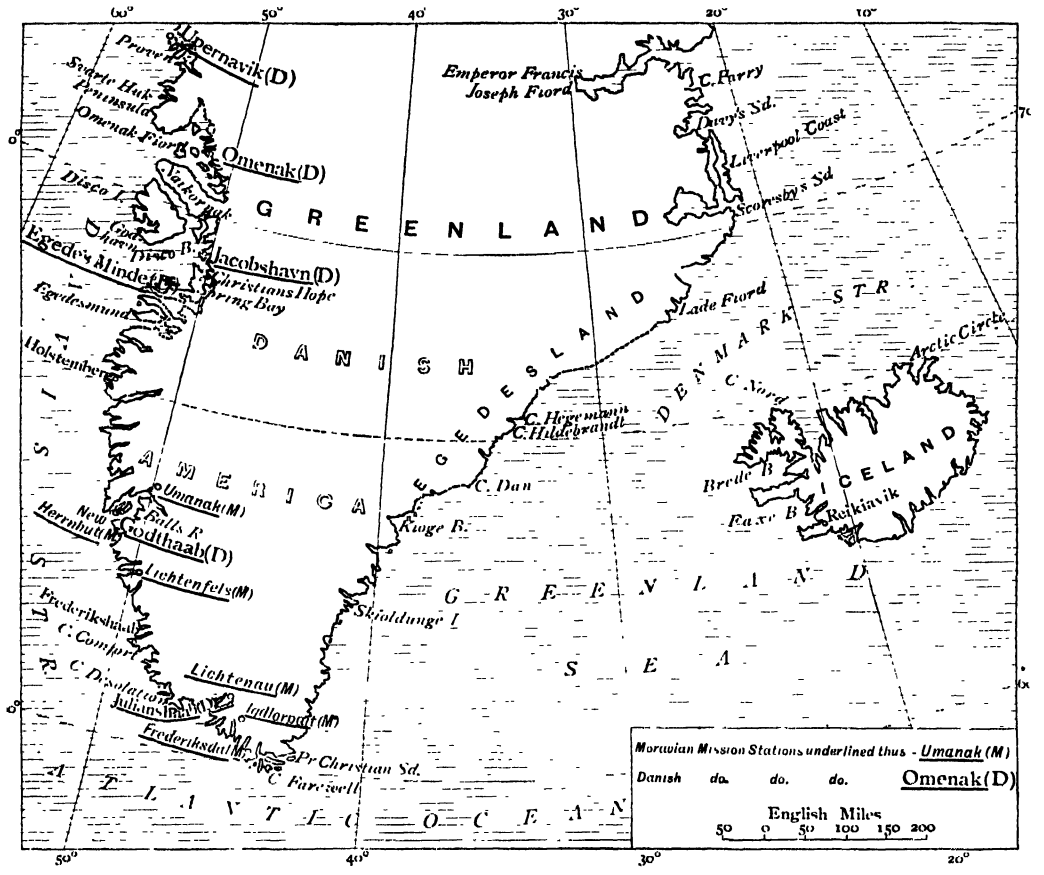
It is not, therefore, often that the brightest and most shining lights of the "Candidates in Theology" are sent to Greenland stations, although sometimes there have been men of mark among them. Otho Fabricius, for example, the learned author of a grammar and dictionary of the Eskimo language, and of the "Fauna Greenlandica," a model scientific treatise, was a Greenland missionary, though he died a professor in Copenhagen. The term of service is usually ten years, after which, on their return home, suitable employment is obtained for them by the Government, unless they elect, as is sometimes the case, to remain in Greenland.

The life of a Greenland missionary, or minister, is still a hard one, although luxurious in comparison with the lives of the missionaries a century ago. Native services are held every week, Danish services occasionally. Some of the parishes are 140 miles long; the visiting times are in the winter, when the Greenlanders are "at home," in consequence of the waters being frozen. The missionary has no carriage, or go-cart of any kind, but, instead, a dog and a sledge and a dog-driver. Sometimes he has to put up with great inconveniences, as did, for instance, the priest of Julianshaab, in South Greenland, who, when the wind began to blow from the south-west, found his house snowed up in the morning, and had to signal from an attic window for a squad of men to dig him out! Ample supplies are, however, sent out every year, from Denmark, of home and colonial produce, and there is no abject stint to the table; in every particular, a Greenland settlement is vastly superior in comfort and civilisation to what it was in the early days of Christian missions.

At Holsteinberg, one April day, not many years since, a traveller went on shore, as the sound of the church bell told that the time for service approached. "The little chapel, with its heaven-pointing turret," he says, "was buried on all sides in snow, the windows and doors being the only spots free from it; a deep pathway, with a four-feet bank of snow on either side, formed the approach to this House of God. . . . Groups of Eskimo men and women were walking quietly thither as I landed, and, when I reached it, it was almost full. Taking a seat close to the door, I felt a thrill of pleasure in worshipping God among these far-off children who also call Him Father. The minister, with his gown and frill, reminded me, by his dress and general appearance, of the pictures of Luther. As the organ began to sound, and the rich roll of the young voices swelled up to the rafters of the little sanctuary, a sympathetic chord was touched, and more than one English voice joined in the song of praise and thanksgiving. The pastor delivered a short address in Eskimo, and, after joining in a psalm, the little congregation dispersed. It did one good to hear the melody sung by the women and children, the men's voices giving solidity to the tune with their lower-octave notes. Of course, all sang in unison."

Since that was written, great improvements have been made. All the children in the settlements have been taught to sing, and many of them to play instruments; so that now, in not a few of the places of worship, harmonious singing may be heard, quite equal to that of many an English country church.

At each settlement in Danish Greenland, there is, in addition to the pastor, a schoolmaster, who is employed by Government to give the young Eskimos the rudiments of a good general education. The amount of information possessed by these children has



MISSIONARY MAP OF GREENLAND.

surprised many an English visitor, and not less so, the pertinacity with which they put questions to draw out information from others. All the children of South Greenland can read and write, and have the elements of such an education as is given in ordinary English village schools. They are sharp, shrewd, and intelligent, ingenious in the manufacture of their own implements for hunting and fishing; they take a singular interest in, and have a practical and scientific knowledge of, the flora and fauna of their own country; and they excel in tale-telling. In most of the schools, natives are specially instructed as teachers and missionaries, and are sent to the outlying hunting and fishing posts of the Eskimos, to instruct them in their leisure hours, the salaries of these catechists being paid by the Government.

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Such is the startling contrast between the Greenlanders of to-day and the Greenlanders described in the narratives of the Egedes, Saabye, and Crantz. There is, however, one melancholy aspect of the condition of the modern Greenlanders. In 1721, when Egede first went among them, he estimated that there were not fewer than 30,000 people in the country; in 1863, when a census was taken, the whole native

population of Danish Greenland was only 9,491, of whom more than one-half were of mixed blood; and since then they have materially decreased. From time to time epidemics break out among them, and sweep away vast numbers of the population. Thus, in the winter of 1866-7, as the result of an exceptionally cold season, nearly a fourth of the people to the north of New Herrnhut died of hunger and of the epidemic that followed in its train.



MODERN GREENLAND CHILDREN.

Some years ago an analysis was made of the causes of 4,770 deaths, and the following are some of the entries:—

Lost in their kajaks	415
Died of coughs and influenza	622
Fell from the cliffs	19
Drowned in various ways	59
Died of consumption	230

It may be that the Greenlander is destined for centuries still to hold his own in his desperate fight for life against the forces which surround him; but he can never become anything more than he is, and a series of hard winters might weep him away from the nations of men, and leave his land to its ice and snow and darkness and death.

III.—CHRISTIANITY IN SOUTH AFRICA

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE SCHMIDT, THE APOSTLE OF THE HOTTENTOTS.

Early Trials and Persecutions of Schmidt—The Dutch Colony of Cape Town—Its Political Vicissitudes—Indifference of the Dutch to the Welfare of the Natives—Schmidt's Early Preaching—Character and Personal Appearance of the Hottentots—Indignation of the Boers at Schmidt's Labours—His Return to Europe, and Death—Second Moravian Mission to the Hottentots—Renewed Opposition of the Boers—Final Success of the Mission under British Supremacy—Difficulties from Wild Animals—Spread of Moravian Missions in South Africa.

IN July, 1737, a solitary man, poor and uneducated, landed in Table Bay. There was nothing in his appearance to distinguish him from the commonplace immigrants who from time to time came out from Holland to join the settlers at the Cape. No flourish of trumpets announced his arrival; no wealthy or influential society stood at his back with funds; no clerical garb marked him as a man set apart for a great mission; no deputation came to welcome him. A stranger in a strange land, George Schmidt landed in South Africa alone, and almost penniless. Had the motley crowd, gathered at the port, been told that he had come there with the fixed purpose of making South Africa a conquest of the Cross, there was not a man, woman, or child who would not have joined in a shout of derisive laughter, and have treated him forthwith as a lunatic. But George Schmidt had heard, as he believed, the voice of God speaking to his soul, and bidding him go forth to that distant part of the world to preach the Gospel, and he had obeyed the summons.

It had come about in this manner. In the previous year the earnest and devoted Count Zinzendorf, the great leader of the Moravian congregation, paid a visit to Holland, and, while there, was brought into contact with Christian men, who spoke to him of the importance of sending missionaries to the colonies belonging to the Dutch Government. At that time the Moravians were but a little flock; their congregation consisted for the most part of poor despised exiles, and numbered only about six hundred souls, and yet upon them *alone* in Christendom—at that time—had fallen the missionary spirit, and they had already sent forth pioneers to Greenland, to the West Indies, and to the American continent. On his return to Herrnhut, Zinzendorf received a letter from two pious gentlemen residing in Amsterdam, again urging the commencement of a mission to the Hottentots. The request came as a distinct call to action, and George Schmidt was the man selected for the hazardous post.

Although only twenty-seven years of age, Schmidt had already passed through fiery and persecutions for the Gospel's sake. He was born at Kunewalde, in Moravia, and at the age of sixteen was "awakened," to use the expressive phrase of the Brethren. Three years afterwards he went on a journey with Melchior Nitschmann, one of the first elders of the congregation, to visit the scattered Brethren, who were at that time suffering great persecution. While in Bohemia they were seized and cast into prison, on the charge

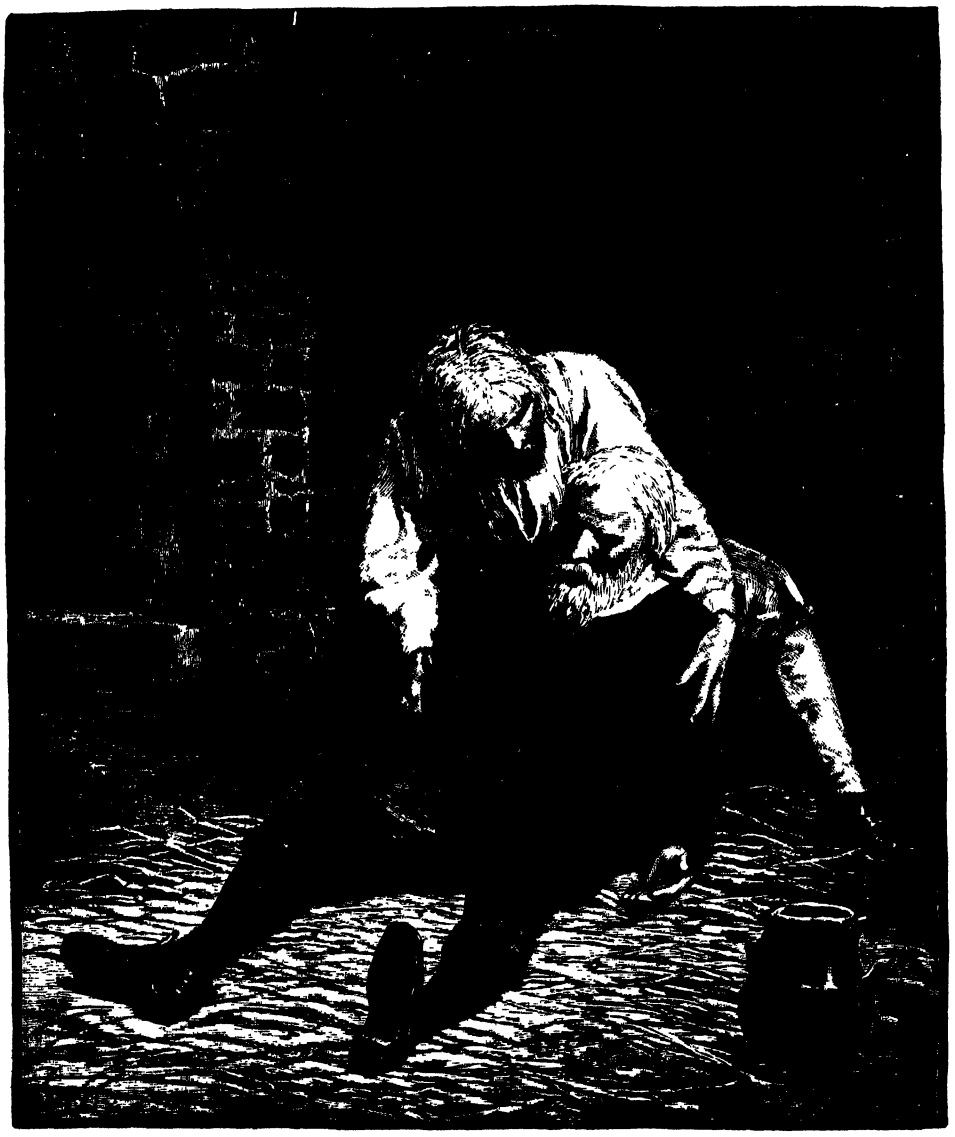
of attempting to make proselytes. The two men were taken to Schildberg, and confined in separate cells, their feet being placed in the stocks. Months rolled away, and a bitterly cold winter came. No provision was made for heating the damp cells, and Schmidt was brought to the point of death. But his persecutors, thinking that he was feigning illness, or, as he was unable to take food, was seeking to starve himself, removed him to another cell, warmer but without light. One night, as he lay there slowly recovering, his old friend and companion in tribulation, Melchior Nitschmann, was carried into his cell, and the irons were removed, as the man was in a dying condition. For four days he lingered, and then came a night when Schmidt, supporting him in his arms, asked him how he felt.

"I have hold of my Saviour," answered the brave old man. "He does not leave me, nor I Him;" and then the head bowed down upon his breast, and his work on earth was done.

The next episode in Schmidt's imprisonment was being marched in fetters through the town to be confronted with his accusers, the emissaries of the Pope, by whom sentence of excommunication was passed upon him. For six long years George Schmidt was a prisoner in irons, at the end of which time he found favour with an officer who, on his own responsibility, granted him release, and in 1734 he returned to Herrnhut. But henceforth he could say with St. Paul, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," for his long confinement in the stocks during the frozen season had done a permanent injury to his feet.

Within a year Schmidt was again engaged upon the identical work that had cost him his freedom; but eighteen months had barely passed before the letter came from Amsterdam urging a mission to South Africa, and Schmidt was the man selected for the dangerous and difficult post. Seven days after its receipt he was on his way to Holland, and there he remained for a whole year, earning his bread as a day labourer, till a passage to the Cape could be secured. Such had been the history of the man who stood alone, that day in 1737, in the port of Table Bay: behind him a life of cruel torture; before him unknown difficulties and dangers; and at the time then present the sneers, scorn, and ridicule of almost every one with whom he came into contact in the colony.

Before proceeding to tell how Schmidt set to work amongst the Hottentots, we must briefly record how it had come to pass that the country had been opened up to foreigners. We need not tell of the discovery of Southern Africa by Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese navigator, who flourished towards the end of the fifteenth century; nor how, when he passed the Cape, he proposed to call it the Cape of Storms, a name which King John II. of Portugal altered to that of the Cape of Good Hope; nor how Vasco da Gama, landing on the coast one Christmas Day a few years later, appropriately the place Natal; nor how, in 1620, Shillinge and Fitz-Herbert took possession of Cape in the name of James I. of England. Neither James I. nor John II. of Portugal however, the real possessor of the country, and it was reserved for the Dutch to the first European settlers in Southern Africa. The event came about, as say, by accident. In 1648, a vessel belonging to the Dutch East India driven ashore at Table Bay, where the crew remained several months waiting



DEATH OF MELCHIOR NITSCHMANN. (*See p.* 99.)

off by another ship. On their return to Amsterdam they represented to the Company the "services, advantages, and profit" which would arise from a permanent occupation, and in 1651 the Company, with the approval of the Dutch Government, despatched three vessels under the command of Van Riebeck. With characteristic caution, he carefully reconnoitred the coast before landing, to see that no hostile ship was already in possession, and having satisfied himself that there was no cause for apprehension on this ground, the anchors were let go, and the crews ventured ashore. No difficulty was made by the natives, who were won over by presents of toys, beads, tobacco, and brandy, and an agreement was entered into by which possession of a certain amount

of territory was ceded to the new-comers. But it was an unhappy beginning of the intercourse between the Dutch and the Hottentots that the latter were bribed by presents of ardent spirits, and that men who were nominally Christian should have encouraged them to drink intoxicants, which have proved so injurious to the physical and moral welfare of the natives of South Africa.

From the days of Van Riebeck to the occupation of Cape Town by the British in 1795, the Dutch extended their territory and their influence in South Africa. Fresh immigrants arrived from Holland, many of whom trekked up the country and occupied the more fertile districts as farmers; but only a small portion of the land was cultivated, and even at the present time not more than a hundredth part of the entire colony has been brought under the plough. In 1688, a large number of French Protestants, driven from their old homes by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled at the Cape, and contributed to the prosperity of the country. For some years the Dutch allowed them religious toleration, for there was little difference in the theological opinions of the French and Dutch colonists; but after a time the Dutch East India Company shut up the French church, and compelled the congregation to worship in the established churches. No theological creed other than that of the rulers was allowed to be taught, and no attempt to Christianise the native population would have been permitted. With our modern views, we may be inclined to censure this conduct; but we must remember that our own East India Company took the same course in India, and threw every obstacle in the way of missionaries anxious to devote themselves to the conversion of the teeming millions in that country. The Dutch settlers at the Cape were willing enough to trade with the natives, and usually succeeded in getting the best of the bargain, but they cared nothing for their moral well-being or their spiritual interests. Here, as in Europe,

> "The great fault of the Dutch
> Was in giving too little and asking too much."

George Schmidt was the first Protestant Christian who had made any attempt whatever to evangelise the Hottentots. When he went on shore, and saw for the first time these "images of God carved in ebony," his heart beat with a wild enthusiasm, which was increased when he found that some of those to whom he addressed a passing word could already reply to him in Dutch. Assured that in regard to language he could approach the natives, it mattered not to him that the people in the inn, where he sought a night's lodging, mocked "the parson" who had come to convert the Hottentots, or that before him lay perils and persecutions; he was strong in faith and of a good courage. Within ten days he was addressing the natives at the port in Dutch, and a few months only had passed before one of them, named Afriko, could speak that language fluently, and had cast in his lot with the missionary, acting as interpreter to Schmidt, who began to carry the message of the Gospel to natives in the interior.

A strange and wonderful people were these Hottentots, and at Bavian's Kloof, at a hundred and twenty miles from Cape Town, where Schmidt settled, naming

Gnadenthal (the Vale of Grace), he had ample opportunity of studying their characteristics. Some of them were employed by the Dutch, and had been found capable of useful service, but the majority were wild, dirty, and degraded. They had scarcely any religious beliefs, though they followed many superstitious practices, resorted to witchcraft, and feared an evil spirit, whom they endeavoured to propitiate by sacrifice. At the time of the full moon they observed certain ceremonies—dancing, shouting, and singing in the fields for their own diversion. They exposed to the beasts of prey such of their new-born children as they did not wish to bring up, but children who were to be allowed to live were smeared all over with cow-dung immediately after birth, and then named by their mothers, frequently after favourite animals, as Hacqua (horse), Ghoudie (sheep), Guacha (ass), or even Gamman (lion). Polygamy was common, but the men did not look for fortunes or great alliances, so much as for wit, beauty, or an agreeable disposition, and thus a poor man's daughter, possessing these qualifications, might become the wife of the head man of a kraal, or village, or of the chief of a tribe.

The Hottentots, and, indeed, most of the natives of Southern Africa, were great meat-eaters. Their cooking was peculiar, not to say disgusting. They cut up the carcases of the animals they killed for food into steaks, and the steaks into strips two or three yards long, which were laid on a fire of logs and just warmed through. Then each person took one of the strips in both hands, and without removing the ashes which adhered to it, consumed a yard or two of meat. When hunger was thus appeased, they cleaned (?) their hands by rubbing them over their well-greased bodies, and as they wore but little clothing, their after-dinner appearance was not prepossessing, and contact with them was by no means agreeable. Van Riebeck has described in his journal how a suit of his best clothes was entirely spoiled by a party of friendly Hottentots, who insisted upon embracing him just after they had dined.

They were accustomed, before the arrival of the Dutch, to intoxicate themselves with a preparation of the dacha-plant, which has the effect of exciting to frenzy and then of stupefying those who use it; they had also another intoxicant made of honey and certain roots. But the Dutch gave them brandy, and, having once tasted it, they preferred that spirit to their own preparations, and soon learnt to distil it for themselves, or, if they could not manage to do this, they endeavoured to obtain it from the Dutch, who unfortunately were only too ready to give it in payment of wages, or in exchange for animals or services rendered.

The personal appearance of the Hottentots did not atone for their unpleasant habits. Angular faces, small eyes, flat noses, high cheek-bones, and pouting lips are not beautiful in themselves, and, when combined, do not approach the European idea of comeliness. Gibbon, after reading a description of them, concluded that they formed an intermediate link between men and monkeys, and the Dutch too often treated them as if they were animals rather than men. But missionary experience has proved that the Hottentots can be taught the truths of Christianity, and many of them have bravely endured persecution rather than give up their allegiance to the faith they have accepted and believed.

Such were the people among whom Schmidt laboured. Although he was single-

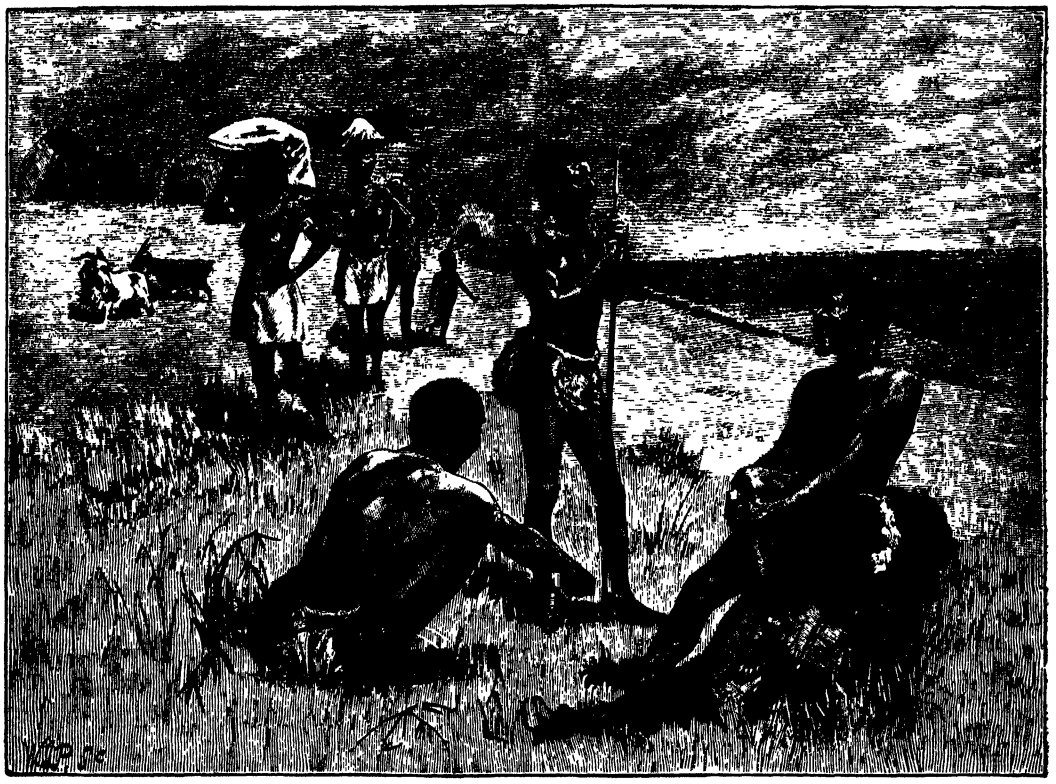
handed, he set diligently to work to make the best of his circumstances, building a house and planting a garden with the assistance of some of the natives. At first only a few came to him, and these he taught Dutch, as he had given up all hope of being able to acquire the Hottentot language. In his diary he was able to write: "By degrees the people came to me in greater numbers, and some left me their children to be taught to read Dutch, giving me a cow or two along with them, to supply them with milk. The number who attended the school and meetings varied from thirty to fifty. In the latter, Afriko, Kibbodo, and William bore a pleasing testimony to my doctrine, acknowledging that they were slaves of sin, and needed the Saviour's blood to free them from its power. On my asking William, on one of these occasions, about the state of his mind, he declared—'Though all my friends should leave our Saviour, I will not, for He has the words of eternal life. I am not yet what I ought to be, but I will pray to the Lord, and abide with Him, till I truly experience the merits of His death within my heart.'"

Very solitary was Schmidt's life in his hut at Bavian's Kloof, but after he had been there over a year, his joy was great to receive a visit from David Nitschmann and Dr. Eller, two of the Brethren who were on their way to Ceylon, and who tarried with him for a week or two. They brought with them a letter from Count Zinzendorf, in which, among many other kind and inspiring things he wrote to Schmidt, was the following: "Preserve, dear brother, the precious treasure which has been committed to you. Let our Jesus be your all. Labour to convince the Hottentots that they are sinners, and then bring them to His feet to seek for mercy. Oh! could I open my whole heart to you, and fill you with my burning desire after these souls — but I know that you have it already."

A year or two later, the work meantime having gone slowly but steadily forward, Schmidt wrote to Mr. Isaac Le Long, of Amsterdam—he who had previously come to the rescue of the Greenland pioneer missionaries—"You will see from my diary that I have baptised five Hottentots. . . . As to my circumstances here, you may represent me as one who has four years already been keeping solitary watch for his Lord without being relieved, and who has vowed fidelity to Him to the last drop of his blood. He knows that I desire naught but Him, and that I count not my life dear unto myself. I want no rest for myself so long as my feet will carry me, but gladly leave my resting-place to the end of my warfare. If I fall in the battle, so be it."

When it became known that Schmidt was baptising the Hottentots, it produced a great sensation, and kindled the wrath of the clergy, who wrote an angry letter to the Consistory in Amsterdam regarding his right to administer the Sacraments. To these clergy the faithful missionary was a perpetual reproach. They sided with the Boers, who did not look upon the mission as likely to advance their own interests, and opposed it on the pretext that the conversion of the Hottentots would be prejudicial to the the colony. They could not understand why any one should take an interest salvation of natives, of whom they were accustomed to speak as black wares, beasts, and to treat as mere articles of commerce. Nor did the clergy in any better light; and while upon one church door there was posted up the

"Hottentots and dogs are forbidden to enter,"* all looked upon the man, whose one aim in life was to preach the Gospel to them, as a visionary and a madman. So persistent and bitter was the opposition, that at length Schmidt found it quite impossible to continue his work unaided, and resolved to return to Europe for help. In 1744, after six years of painful toil, he bade farewell to the scene of his labours, and to the forty-seven



HOTTENTOTS.

Hottentots who at that time were under his care, and set sail for Amsterdam. He hoped soon to return to the work he loved so well, when negotiations should have cleared the way for missionary operations on a larger scale; but the hope was in vain. The Boers made such representations to the Dutch East India Company that, although repeated applications were made to the Government in Holland, none of the petitions availed. Schmidt never returned to Africa, and the small flock of converts, after keeping together for a time in the hope that their teacher would come back to them, gradually dispersed or died.

Schmidt meanwhile went back to the work he had given up in order to go to Africa, and did good service among the "awakened" in Silesia, on the Bohemian and Moravian frontiers, and ultimately filled various offices at Herrnhut, during the whole of which time he continued his humble calling as a day-labourer, so that he might not be a

* Philip's Researches, I., 58.

burden on the slender funds of the congregation. He lived to the age of seventy-six, but during the latter years of his life, his bodily infirmities, especially the pain and weakness in his feet—the consequence of his long imprisonment at Schildberg and Spielberg—became more and more burdensome. One day, in 1785, the old man was working in his garden, when the hour of prayer, allotted to him as a member of the



SCHMIDT TEACHING THE HOTTENTOTS AGRICULTURE.
(Altered from a Painting belonging to the Moravian Missionary Society.)

company of "intercessors," came round. He left his work, entered the house, and knelt in prayer. Who can doubt that his intercessions were for the ignorant, despised Hottentots—that light might shine upon their darkness, and that seeds, which he had sown in years gone by, might yet bring forth fruit? No one, however, knows what those prayers were. All we know is that when, some hours after he had left the garden, one of the Brethren entered his room, he found him kneeling with his hands clasped in prayer; but the spirit of the hero-missionary had gone home to God.

The Moravians made repeated applications to the Company for permission to send out more missionaries to South Africa, but for a long period their applications were firmly refused that it seemed as if the conversion of the Hottentots must be abandoned. In the year 1787, some of the Brethren happened to call

their way home from India, and met there an old Hottentot woman, who told them she was one of Schmidt's converts, and produced a Bible he had given her in support of her assertion.

At length the Dutch East India Company yielded to the constant solicitations of the Moravians, and in July, 1792, three Brethren, named Hendrick Marsveld, Daniel Schwinn, and John Kuehnel, were sent to the Cape. Once more Bavian's Kloof became the Vale of Grace. Traces of Schmidt's labours were still extant; some of the trees he had planted were yet growing, and a piece of the wall he built was standing. With the assistance of the Hottentots, the Brethren began to put up a house, but the Boers interfered and renewed their old policy of obstruction. The Hottentots had brought cattle into the neighbourhood, and it was represented to the authorities at Cape Town that the cattle trespassed and damaged the property of the farmers. The authorities were on the point of taking action, which would have resulted in the withdrawal of the missionaries, when a gentleman who had visited Gnadenthal interposed, and satisfied the Governor that the complaints which had reached him were unfounded, and the building was allowed to go on.

But the Boers still opposed the work, and told the Brethren that they should not live in the country and instruct the Hottentots, as it was not right to teach them when so many Christian inhabitants of the country were without instruction. The missionaries thought it best not to notice these injunctions, and proceeded with their work. The Boers then took up arms, and for many weeks an attack appeared imminent. At length a message was received from their commander, one Pissain, that the settlement must be abandoned without delay, but that the missionaries might go to Cape Town, or to some other part of the country inhabited by the Dutch. There was now no alternative but to comply: the missionaries packed up their property, and made their way sorrowfully to the capital.

Bavian's Kloof was thus abandoned for the second time, and the Brethren feared that once more their mission to the Hottentots would have to be given up. They informed the Governor of all that had befallen them, and he was not a little annoyed at the conduct of the Boers, but he could not quarrel with Pissain, since his help was sorely needed to repel a British force which had recently landed in the colony. Meantime the Brethren were directed to return to their station, and soon afterwards the surrender of the colony to the British authorities put an end for a time to their troubles. In the following year, however, another attack was threatened, but the British commander promptly interfered, and informed the Boers that they would be severely punished if they did not desist.

Gradually the opposition of the Boers died out, and the mission prospered. The settlement at Gnadenthal was often visited by travellers from Cape Town, who testified to the great improvement in the character and habits of the Hottentot converts. One traveller, who had arrived late on Saturday night and had camped out in the neighbourhood of the mission-station, was awakened the next day by the singing of a morning hymn by a group of neatly dressed Hottentot women—a sight very different from anything he had previously seen amongst that people. He conversed with the whom he described as "the good fathers," and found them meek and humble

in their deportment, but intelligent and lively in conversation; zealous in the cause of their mission, yet free from bigotry or fanaticism. Everything about the place was neat and simple, including the church. The mill was the best in the colony, and the garden was well cultivated. Agreeably to the rules of the Society of which they were members, each of them had learned some useful business; one was skilled in every branch of smith's work, the second was a shoemaker, and the third a tailor. They had succeeded in bringing together more than six hundred Hottentots, who lived in small but comfortable huts, each of which had its garden. These Hottentots had learned various handicrafts, many were able to earn good wages as smiths, carpenters, or in similar employment; and their services were eagerly sought by the Boers, who found that natives under the influence of the missionaries were better behaved and more trustworthy than their own Hottentot servants. The Moravians had certainly succeeded in overcoming opposition, and when the colony was given up to the Dutch in 1802, in accordance with the conditions of the Treaty of Amiens, the missions were not interfered with, and the missionaries were allowed to continue their useful and beneficent labours. The Dutch did not, however, retain permanent possession of the territory they had recovered, which was taken a second time, in 1806, by the forces of Great Britain, under the command of Sir David Baird, and has belonged to this country ever since.

Two years after the second British occupation, the Moravians formed another settlement at Gruenekloof, about forty miles from Cape Town. Here, too, they experienced more of those troubles which ever accompany and beset the missionary. The slaves in the neighbourhood rose against their masters, whom they seized and imprisoned, and threatened to kill, and it was even alleged that they proposed to march upon Cape Town, burn the houses, and put to death all the white inhabitants, but Lord Caledon, the Governor, lost no time in putting down the rebellion, and for a while peace was restored to the colonists.

Another difficulty arose from the wild animals, more numerous here than at Gnadenthal. When the Dutch first took possession of the Cape, lions, hyenas, and jackals were common in the immediate neighbourhood of Cape Town itself—then, of course, but a small place—and Lion's Hill, which overlooks the city, derives its name from the presence of those animals in not very remote times. A curious story, illustrating at once the boldness and the timidity of the lion, is told of a trumpeter, who having drunk himself into a state of stupidity, fell asleep outside the fort at Cape Town, and was picked up by a prowling lion and carried off towards the mountain, much as a cat would carry away a mouse. The shaking he received had a sobering and an awakening effect upon the man, who on coming to his senses realised terrible position. His presence of mind did not desert him in his extremity, and his trumpet to his lips—for his arms were free—he sounded a loud and thrilling which so alarmed the lion that he dropped his prey, and made off. The more frightened than hurt, and returned as quickly as he could to the fort, never again to allow himself to be overcome by drink.

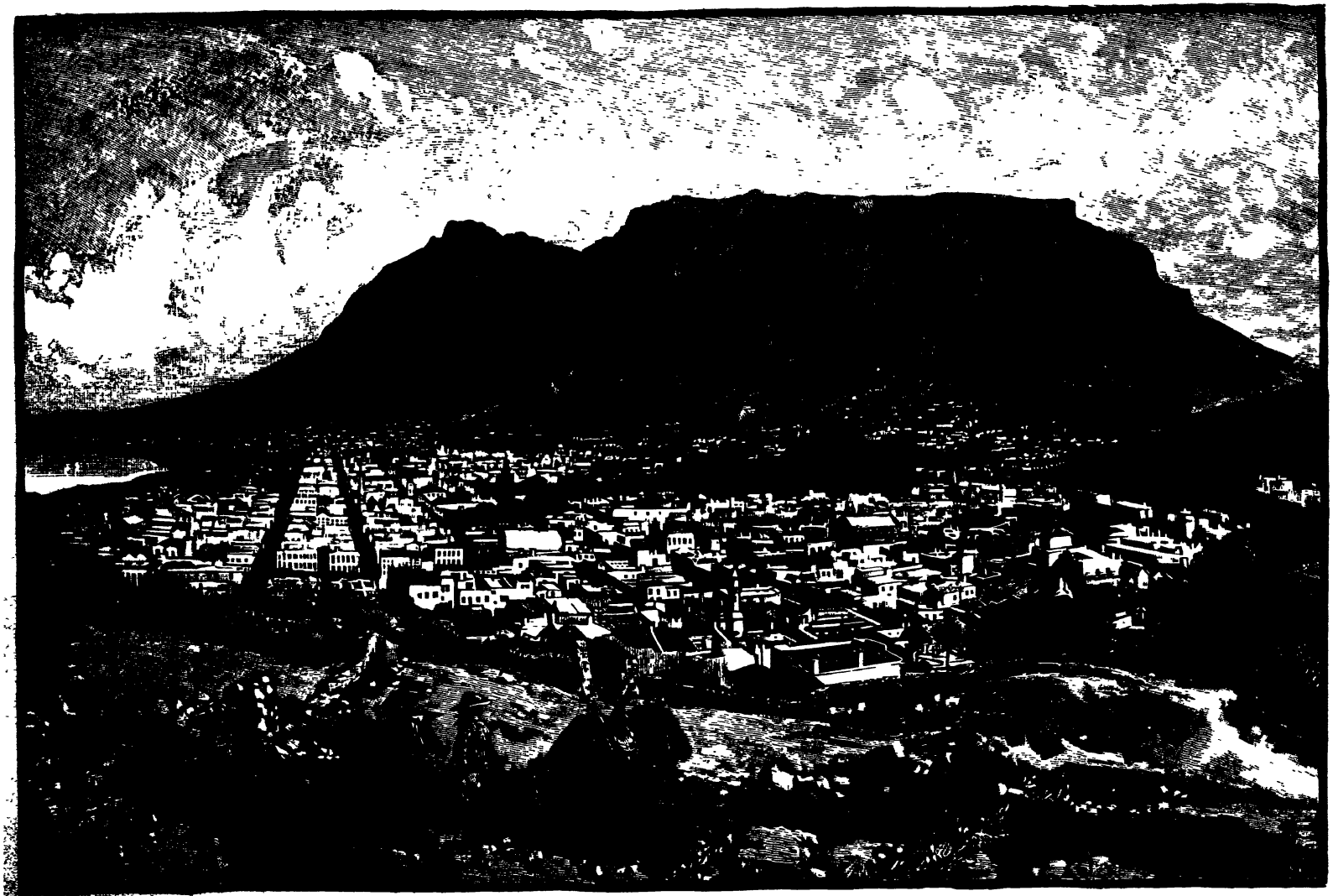
At Gruenekloof the wolves were very numerous, and would boldly enter

yard of the station, carrying off sheep and other animals, and it was in an attempt to destroy the wolves that the missionary Schmitt was attacked by a leopard as has been stated in the introduction to this volume.* He was bitten in eight places, and it was feared that the violent inflammation arising from the wounds would prove fatal; but medical aid was obtained from Cape Town, and the patient, having been bled, in accordance with the practice of the time, slowly recovered, and was spared for many years to take an active part in the work of the mission.

Gradually the Moravians established new stations in different parts of the colony, conducting them after the methods which had been so successful at Gnadenthal and Gruenekloof. The Government assisted them by making free grants of land, which they soon broke up for cultivation, turning the wilderness into a fruitful field. They gave the settlements Scriptural names, and two of the new stations were known as Ænon and Elim, but the designations were not quite so appropriate as they had hoped. At times the water at Ænon was too abundant, and the floods wrought much damage, destroying the crops and drowning the live stock; then a long drought succeeded; the cattle suffered from want of water, and the gardens and fields were burnt up by the continuous sunshine. The missionaries, however, bravely and patiently endured these misfortunes, and industriously repaired, as far as possible, the damage caused by the flood and the drought.

They had also to endure inconvenience, and sometimes personal suffering, in the numerous petty wars carried on by the British forces against the native tribes; and a further and even heavier trouble arose from the behaviour of many of their converts, who frequently relapsed into their old habits, and by drunkenness and immorality brought disgrace upon themselves and their teachers. Many of the Hottentots were willing enough to be baptised, and eagerly sought to be admitted into the churches formed by the missionaries, not for the sake of evangelical truth, but in order to learn a trade and to advance their own interests. The Moravians exercised every possible care before baptising those who offered themselves, and used every endeavour to prevent themselves from being imposed upon, but they were not always successful. Yet, in spite of all the difficulties and drawbacks with which they had to contend, their work grew and prospered, so that in 1852—sixty years after Marsveld, Schwinn, and Kuehnel arrived at Cape Town—the number of communicants at the six stations was 1,883, and their congregations exceeded five thousand men, women, and children.

* See p. 20.



CAPE TOWN. LION'S HILL. AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

IN KAFFRARIA, GRIQUALAND, AND NAMAQUALAND.

Bereavement and Conversion of Dr. Vanderkemp—His Mission to the Kaffirs under the London Missionary Society—He also Suffers from the Hostility of the Boers—Obliged to Abandon Kaffraria and Labour amongst the Hottentots—Final Success and Death—The London Missionary Society send out Mr. Campbell—His Tour of Inspection—Visits Bethelsdorp—His Journey in the Wilds of Griqualand—The Bushmen—Lattakoo and King Mateebe—Trying to Change the Ethiopian's Skin—Commencement of Wesleyan Missions—Mr. and Mrs. Shaw—Teaching the Natives the Use of Tools—A Plough equal to Ten Wives—Namaqualand—The Work at Lily Fountain—Murder of Mr. Threlfall and his Companions—Abandonment for the present of Namaqualand.

ONE day in June, towards the end of the last century, a little boat was sailing on the Meuse, near Dort. It was a bright and beautiful afternoon, and sea and sky and space were flooded with sunshine. There were three occupants of the boat, a lady and gentleman and their child. Gaily sped the fragile craft, and merry was the talk of the father and mother, as they drew forth the lisping utterances of their little one. So light-hearted were they all, that they did not observe the darkening of the sky, and when they did, no thought of danger entered their minds, until at length they were conscious of the approach of a waterspout. Suddenly it overtook them; the boat was upset; the lady and the little child were drowned before the eyes of the man, who struggled with almost superhuman energy to save them; he alone escaped, as by miracle.

That man was Dr. John Vanderkemp, the first missionary to the Kaffirs. The loss of his wife and child made house, home, and life desolate. Hitherto he had not known the consolations of the Gospel; sceptical opinions from the works of French philosophers had been the tasteless fare upon which his soul had fed; but in his trouble he turned to the simple Gospel of Christ, and there he found peace.

All this happened in the beginning of stirring times. It will be remembered that towards the end of the last century, and following upon the Evangelical revival brought about by the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley, English men and women began to take an active interest in the condition of the heathen world, and to ask themselves whether they were not guilty of serious neglect in refraining from an endeavour to preach to the peoples who were sitting in darkness the truths they had themselves received and believed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts had existed nearly a hundred years, but had done little to evangelise the heathen. In other countries missionary societies had been established, and their example was now followed by England.

The London Missionary Society was founded in 1795, and in 1798 an address of the Society fell into the hands of Dr. Vanderkemp. He determined to become a missionary, and placed himself at once in communication with the Directors of the Society, who forthwith sent him to the Cape of Good Hope. He was in many respects a remarkable man. After studying in the Universities of Leyden and Edinburgh, he [illegible] army, in which he served as an officer sixteen years, and then left [illegible] of some personal misunderstanding with the Prince of Orange,

whose friendship he had at one time enjoyed. He then proceeded to Edinburgh, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and established himself as a physician at Middleburgh in Holland, where he obtained a large practice, employing his leisure in literary and scientific studies. Here it was that he lost his wife and child. In December, 1798, he sailed to South Africa, accompanied by Mr. Kicherer, a Dutch clergyman, and by two Englishmen, Messrs. Edwards and Edmonds, who all intended to devote themselves to work amongst the Kaffirs.

On their arrival at Cape Town they learnt, however, that the Bushmen were inquiring for teachers, and Messrs. Kicherer and Edwards accordingly went to them. Vanderkemp adhered to his original intention, and having received from General Dundas, the Colonial Governor, promises of protection and countenance, set out as soon as possible for Kaffirland. The journey was not without risk, for the recent occupation of the colony by the British was very unwelcome to the Dutch inhabitants, and there was much bitterness of feeling between the Hottentots, (who relied upon British protection), and their former masters. The uncertainty as to the continued occupation of the colony by the British was also a disturbing element in colonial life. Vanderkemp was asked by some Dutch farmers, settled in the Zuurveld district, to instruct the Hottentots there; but he would not give up his cherished object, and proceeded to Kaffirland, where, after some negotiations, he obtained leave from Gaika, one of the chiefs, to settle in the country. He built a temporary dwelling, planted a garden, sowed a little corn, and commenced to teach such persons as came to him for instruction. These were but few, and the mission made no progress. One of the chief hindrances to success was the hostility of the Dutch farmers, who made every effort to prejudice the Kaffirs against the missionary, and were so far successful that Vanderkemp found it expedient to withdraw, after having been in the country about eighteen months.

He returned to the Zuurveld, and found that two missionaries, recently arrived from England, had begun to instruct the Hottentots and slaves, a work in which they were encouraged by the District Commissioner. Vanderkemp joined them, and their labours were successful, but this success again brought upon them the hostility of the Boers, who objected to slaves and Hottentots being taught in the church, and complained that the natives were abetted in attacking the colonists. They took up arms, and—on the Commissioner sending to ascertain their demands—they asked that the slaves and Hottentots should be excluded from the church, and that it should be thoroughly purified, the seats cleaned, and the pavement broken up. The request was not unreasonable, if we remember, on the one hand the passion of the Dutch for cleanliness and whitewash, and on the other the filthy habits of the natives; and the Commissioner wisely gave way. But when he was further asked to give up to the farmers those Hottentots who had, it was alleged, murdered their relatives, he promising only that any natives accused of crime should be tried by ordinary of law. Vanderkemp used his influence to induce the insurgent farmers to Commissioner's terms, and after some delay they agreed to do so.

Although Vanderkemp had been obliged to retire from Kaffirland, he had not up all hope of labouring in that country, and he now made a second

there, but finding that, in the then existing circumstances, it would be impossible to do anything, he once more returned to his former quarters in the Zuurveld, and resumed his work. Here he again incurred the hostility of the Boers, who impudently alleged that he had gone into Kaffirland to stir up the chief Gaika against them, and they proceeded to attack and completely surrounded the village of Graaf-Reynet, in which he and other missionaries were living. The Boers tried to shoot Vanderkemp, but he happily escaped, and, as soon as some soldiers came to the assistance of the besieged, the assailants sullenly retired.

Shortly after this attempt to take his life, Vanderkemp received from General Dundas a communication asking him to take charge of an institution for the Hottentots, to be established in such a position as would be most suitable, and on land to be given by the Government, and further requesting his views as to the principles on which such an institution should be founded. To this communication Vanderkemp sent a carefully drawn up reply, in which, after indicating a situation for the proposed settlement, he declared, "That the chief object and aim of the missionaries ought to be to promote the knowledge of Christ and the practice of real piety, both by instruction and example, among the Hottentots and other heathen." No attempt was to be made to counteract the labours of the Moravians or other missionaries; idleness was to be discouraged, and those who joined the proposed institution were to be employed in useful work, on the principle of the rule laid down by St. Paul, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat."

These proposals were accepted by the Governor; Botha's Plain, near Algoa Bay, was selected as the site of the institution, and the missionaries took possession in March, 1802. At first they had some trouble in obtaining water for drinking and other domestic purposes, but they sank wells and found an abundant supply. The Governor promised to send them provisions for the first year, and it was hoped that they would afterwards be able to provide for themselves, but these hopes were doomed to be disappointed. The site chosen for the missionaries was, indeed, most unfortunate, owing to the breaking out of hostilities between the Boers and the native population. Governor Dundas wished Vanderkemp and his colleagues to retire from their post, especially as the proposed institution was obnoxious to the Boers, who alleged that the missionaries encouraged the plundering Hottentots, and permitted their houses to be a refuge for thieves and murderers. But the missionaries were unwilling to give up their settlement, which they continued to hold until the return of the Dutch on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens.

The Boers cherished the hope that as soon as the new Governor arrived from Holland, the English missionaries would be sent out of the colony. On his arrival they proposed that all the Hottentots should be reduced to slavery, and failing to obtain his assent to this proposition, they suggested that a mission conducted by Englishmen and directed from England was likely to be dangerous to the Dutch Government. Vanderkemp was able to convince Governor Janssens of the absurdity of this suggestion, but, in order to propitiate the Boers, he agreed that the missionaries should communicate with their own society in London through the Dutch society in Amsterdam.

The Governor offered a new site for the institution, and this, too, the missionaries accepted, though it was obviously selected without regard to the convenience of themselves or the Hottentots. Vanderkemp was asked to name the place, the Governor expressing a hope that he would not give it a name chosen from the Bible. The missionary suggested "Bethelsdorp," and the Governor, whose knowledge of the Old



DR. VANDERKEMP

Testament was but limited, accepted the proposal. When he afterwards discovered the source from which the name had been taken, he good-humouredly acknowledged that he had been fairly outwitted.

A year or two after Bethelsdorp was founded, a Dutch officer named De Wint paid a visit of inspection. Vanderkemp came to meet him, riding in a waggon drawn by four oxen, and sitting on a plank laid across it. He wore no hat or shirt, but was dressed in a threadbare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with leather sandals bound to his feet after the fashion of the Hottentots. Instead of the usual salutation he offered a short prayer, and then entered a house with the Commissary, who reminded him they had known each other thirty-six years before at Leyden, in Holland. Commissary was very favourably impressed by Vanderkemp's religious denial, learning and enthusiasm, and made a favourable report of his ir Colonial Governor.

On more than one occasion Vanderkemp directed the attention of the authorities to the treatment experienced by the Hottentots at the hands of the Boers, and inquiries were made by the local authorities, but nothing was done to remedy the evils complained of, the Government being either unable or unwilling to interpose. These complaints so exasperated the Boers, that one of them actually went to Cape Town to ask permission to shoot the missionary. Of course permission was refused, and the Governor severely reprimanded his visitor, enforcing his reprimand by asking with grim humour if he had noticed the gallows at the entrance to the town? Vanderkemp continued to protect the Hottentots by every means in his power, though the Boers repeatedly complained of his conduct to the Dutch Governors, and, after the British authorities had resumed possession of the colony, to the Governors sent out from England. On several occasions he was called to Cape Town to answer the charges brought against him, and at one time, fearing he would not be allowed to return to Bethelsdorp, he made arrangements for transferring his work to others. But his enemies were not permitted to triumph, and he continued at his post, befriending the natives and protecting them, as far as lay in his power, until the end of his life.

On a December morning in the year 1811, after he had conducted family worship, he was taken ill and became partly unconscious. A friend inquired of him, "What is the state of your mind?" and he was just able to murmur, "All is well." Again he was asked, "Is it light or dark with you?" "Light," was his reply. It was his last word, but the light illuminated for him the dark valley into which he was entering.

The death of Dr. Vanderkemp having deprived the London Missionary Society of the founder of their missions in South Africa, the Directors decided that it was desirable to send out one of their own number "to personally inspect the different settlements, and to establish such regulations in concurrence with the missionaries, as might be most conducive to the conversion of the heathen, keeping in view at the same time the promotion of their civilisation." John Campbell, minister of Kingsland Chapel, near London—whose name has been given to a street opposite the present Kingsland Chapel, and to a little town in Griqualand West, not far from the Hart River—was selected for this honourable but difficult task, and he left London for the Cape in June, 1812. The voyage was prosperous until the vessel was within a day's sail of Cape Town, when she encountered heavy gales, and was twice driven far out to sea, but on the 24th of October she safely arrived at her destination, and Mr. Campbell was welcomed to South Africa by two missionaries, Kicherer of Graaf-Reynet and Bakker of Stellenbosch, who subsequently advised him to defer his intended journey into the interior until the heat of summer had somewhat abated. The advice was accepted; but in the meantime, not to be idle, Mr. Campbell obtained from the authorities a formal licence to preach, and took part in religious services as he could find opportunity.

in those days about thirty thousand slaves in the colony, and he took in inquiring as to the conditions of their servitude and the treatment they received from their masters. Many of them were Mahommedans, and a few professed Christianity, but the majority knew little of any religious teaching. Their

lot was, however, easier than that of the slaves in the West Indies and in America; they were for the most part employed as domestic servants, were well fed and clothed, and seemed attached to their owners. Churches had been built for them, and occasionally white men and slaves formed one congregation. Slavery had originally been introduced into the colony by the Dutch, and for many years was tolerated by the English Government, though any attempt to introduce fresh slaves was sternly forbidden, and it was totally abolished in 1835.

It was Mr. Campbell's intention to visit all the missionary stations in the colony connected with his own Society, and to find out suitable places for new settlements. With these objects in view he proposed to travel over two thousand miles, and to penetrate districts which no European had ever visited—no light task for a middle-aged minister, long accustomed to the comforts and refinements of an English home. Before commencing this long journey, he went out to pay a visit to the Moravian settlement at Gruenekloof, where he met Mr. Schmitt, the hero of the encounter with the leopard already narrated, and was introduced to the Hottentot who was with Schmitt at the time.* The natives at the station were clean, tidy, and decently dressed; their houses were neatly kept; they appeared attached to their teachers, and took part in religious worship with intelligent interest.

He also visited the Moravian settlement at Gnadenthal, and was present at a watch-night service on New Year's Eve, to which people travelled from long distances. These services—which have been adopted by the Methodists and other religious bodies—are of Moravian origin, but were more uncommon three-quarters of a century ago than in the present day; and Mr. Campbell appreciated the solemnity of the occasion, and the silence in which the large congregation of white and coloured worshippers awaited the arrival of the New Year. He was altogether favourably impressed by the work the Moravians had accomplished—by the contrast between the Hottentots who had been brought under their influence and those who were still in their original condition, ignorant of the true God, depraved by vice (too often learnt from the Dutch), dirty, neglected, and indolent. The changes he observed at Gruenekloof and Gnadenthal encouraged him to look hopefully to the future, and to go forward on his journey with the expectation of being able to carry out the objects he had in view, and to make ready the way for the missionaries who were to be sent out to attack the ignorance and misery prevalent amongst the native tribes of South Africa.

In February, 1813, he started for Bethelsdorp, a journey of five hundred miles, the party consisting of himself, four Hottentot men—one of whom, named Cupido, was a convert able and willing to speak to his fellow-countrymen—and two women, also Hottentots, to cook and wash. They travelled in two waggons drawn by oxen, with spare oxen for use in emergencies, along a route which led through an unsettled and difficult country, in which they had to ford the Gauritz and Gamtoors Rivers, and to several mountain ranges. The journey took four weeks to accomplish, but present such serious difficulties as Mr. Campbell experienced in his subsequent

He was greatly disappointed with the appearance of Bethelsdorp, with its

* See p. 20.

houses, barren soil, and generally neglected and untidy condition—a sad contrast to the Moravian settlements he had previously seen. Yet, in spite of appearances, some progress had been made, and Bethelsdorp could boast of smiths, carpenters, waggon-builders, basket-makers, brickmakers, and even of tobacco-pipe makers and an auctioneer, amongst its six hundred Hottentot inhabitants. There were a few Kaffirs in the district, but they had not come under the influence of the missionaries; most of them were lawless plunderers of the Dutch farmers, and often added to their thievish propensities the crime of murder. There had already been war between these people and the English, which had its origin in a quarrel between a Dutch farmer



A SCENE IN MR. CAMPBELL'S JOURNEY. (*See p.* 118.)

and a Kaffir chief, and this unfortunate affair proved to be the beginning of a long series of wars with the native tribes of South Africa, in which our forces, though ultimately successful, have met with disasters and reverses, and many precious lives have been wasted.

From Bethelsdorp, Campbell visited the Dutch farms in the surrounding district, and made the acquaintance of several English officers in command of the Hottentot troops stationed at various outposts to prevent Kaffir incursions and attacks. Some of these outposts were little better than lodges in the wilderness, and the officers were very glad to receive a visitor who had so recently arrived from their native land, whilst their advice and experience were of great value to him. At Graham's Town, now an important place, with seven thousand inhabitants, but then only a small village, the officer in command furnished him with introductions to the officers of the military stations he would pass on his journey, and made some valuable suggestions as to sites for the missionary settlements it was intended to establish.

Meanwhile, preparations for the long journey were being made at Bethelsdorp, and the services of the carpenters, smiths, and waggon-builders were requisitioned for the expedition, which was a somewhat formidable business, as Campbell proposed to

penetrate into districts hitherto untrodden by the foot of a white man. At last everything was ready, and with Mr. Read, one of the Bethelsdorp missionaries, as a companion, and attended by several Hottentots, in addition to Cupido and three others who had accompanied him from Cape Town, he set off for Graaf-Reynet—now a place



BOSJESMANS OR BUSHMEN.

of some importance and the chief town of the district bearing the same name. This journey, which occupied eight days, was accomplished without much trouble, and the travellers were received by Mr. Kicherer, who had been for some time in charge of the mission there, and had gathered together a large congregation.

The travellers were now to commence the real difficulties of their journey, intending to cross what was then known as the Wild Bushman's Country, in order to reach the Orange River. Many of these Bushmen—who were a nomadic people, perhaps even lower in the scale of human beings than the Hottentots—had been wantonly killed by the Boers, and the survivors were bitterly hostile to white men, and

although Mr. Campbell was bent on a peaceful errand, it was only right to take every precaution against a sudden attack. The Bushmen are now dying out, at all events in Cape Colony and the adjacent districts; but early in the present century they occupied, or wandered over, a large portion of South Africa on the northern boundaries of the colony, and beyond these boundaries to the banks of the Orange River, but they were cut off from the Atlantic by the Hottentots and from the Indian Ocean by the Kaffirs. Happily the travellers, except on one occasion, suffered no inconvenience from the Bushmen, and, indeed, found some of them tractable and willing to help; one young man serving as a guide to the caravan for several days, and making himself particularly useful in finding water in places where it would probably have escaped the observation of Englishmen and Hottentots.

The want of water for themselves and their cattle was a sore trouble at times, as they could carry but a small quantity, which merely sufficed for the consumption of the men, so that the oxen suffered seriously. In addition to these troubles, there was danger from the attacks of lions and the bites of poisonous snakes; but, providentially, none of these anticipated perils befell any of the party, though they killed several snakes and saw a large number of lions, which generally were more willing to run away than to fight. Indeed, on one occasion, when some of the Hottentots were out hunting elands, in order to obtain a supply of meat, and came suddenly upon a number of lions bent on the same errand, the men and the lions fled from each other simultaneously—elks, lions, and men making off as fast as they could in different directions.

On the evening of the first day after the travellers had crossed the boundaries of the colony, some of their escort brought in three young Bushmen, whom they had chanced to meet. These men were mild enough, and when it was explained to them that the missionaries had come a long distance, and were anxious to send them teachers, they appeared glad to hear it. Their father was living in a cave not far away, and they were sent off with some provisions for him, and asked to bring him to the caravan in the morning. The men kept their word, and reappeared just as the missionaries were holding morning service, with the old man and a woman, the wife of one of them, who carried a child of ten months on her back. They looked on with some surprise, but when the Hottentots prostrated themselves on the ground during prayer they followed the example, and behaved in a very devout manner. A looking-glass was produced, and they were astonished to see themselves reflected in it, making strange grimaces in order to fully satisfy themselves, and the woman turning her child round as if to make assurance doubly sure. She was very dirty, and Mr. Campbell advised her to wash, but she shook her head, and the Hottentots explained that the Bushmen thought dirt upon their skin kept them warm and comfortable, and only cleaned themselves by wiping off the perspiration with jackal tails, which they usually carried for the purpose. The men and the woman wore sheepskins, but the child was quite naked, except that round its little body there were a few strings of berries interspersed with round pieces of ostrich

In traversing Bushman's Land a new and unexpected danger presented itself in the pits dug by the natives as traps for wild animals, and the waggons had several narrow escapes. These pits were about six feet deep, with a strong stake driven into the bottom, point upwards, the mouth of the pit being covered with bushes, and the bushes strewn over with grass. Much inconvenience was also caused by two troublesome plants—a grass, producing small seeds which adhered to the clothes, and gradually worked through and irritated the skin; and a shrub with thorns in the shape of fish-hooks, which caught and detained those who came too close, and was known as the "stop-a-while" bush. But these were only minor troubles, though an irritation of the skin and torn clothes are sources of annoyance.

After many days the Orange River was reached, and found to be a swift stream as broad as the Thames at London Bridge, and quite impassable for waggons. It was necessary therefore to follow the southern bank for some days in an easterly direction to discover a ford, and two messengers were in the meanwhile sent off with a letter to Mr. Anderson, the missionary at Klaar Water, or Griqua Town, in Griqualand West, on the north of the river, asking him to send additional oxen to help the caravan through the river at the first practicable crossing-place. Mr. Anderson came to welcome his brethren, who had also secured the assistance of a party of Bushmen under a chief who spoke a little Dutch and had at one time lived at Griqua Town, but had left in order to marry two wives, polygamy not being allowed at the station. With all this aid the caravan got safely over, but it was a long and anxious business. The luggage was packed as high up in the waggons as possible, in order to keep it dry; additional oxen were then fastened to the waggons, and men on horseback or on oxen rode on either side to prevent the draught oxen from turning round; the loose oxen, the sheep, and the goats, brought as supplies of food, were driven over by men swimming on pieces of timber called wooden horses; and the dogs, although very unwilling to make the attempt, at last came over by themselves.

Griqua Town was reached the next day, and the travellers remained for a little time at the station, Messrs. Campbell and Read taking part in the service and in a celebration of the Lord's Supper; English, Scotch, Dutch, Hottentots, and Griquas being present. Mr. Campbell preached one day to a Coranna congregation, his sermon being translated by Mr. Anderson into Dutch, and by a Dutchman named Cok into the Coranna tongue, a long and somewhat tedious process, as it was necessary to employ twice as many Coranna as Dutch or English words. The Corannas were a branch of the Hottentot family, and at that time chiefly occupied a district on the south of the Orange River, and north-east of Bushman's Land. They were said to be even more indolent than the Hottentots of the Cape, and their huts were of the most primitive description, being constructed of branches of trees covered with rush with entrances so small as to be only practicable by crawling on all-fours. degraded and uncivilised as these people were in their wild state, some of them had been brought under Christian influences, and Mr. Campbell's sermon was attentively.

Griqua Town then consisted of only a few huts, besides the house of

who had taught the people to grow potatoes, pumpkins, cabbages, and other vegetables, and had planted a promising vineyard near the mission-house. Many of the people had Dutch Bibles or Testaments, and Mr. Campbell had reason to believe that good work was being accomplished in the district, made famous in our time by the discovery of diamonds in the Kimberley and other diamond fields in Griqualand West.

The neighbourhood of Griqua Town was much infested with lions, which the people tried to kill in traps ingeniously placed at the springs whither they resorted to drink. The spring was surrounded by a thick hedge formed of bushes, only a narrow entrance being left, and on each side of the entrance a loaded gun was placed with a cord fastened to the trigger in such a manner that an animal entering the enclosure would discharge the gun and be shot dead. In proceeding from Griqua Town to Lattakoo, the lions were bolder than those in Bushman's Land, and came nearer to the caravan, but generally made off as quickly as possible, to the relief of the travellers, who feared more for their cattle than for themselves. They were now passing through a region fairly well supplied with water, and abounding in grass, and the pastoral country continued until they arrived at their destination, where they hoped to be able to arrange for the establishment of a mission amongst the Bechuanas, who, like the Kaffirs, are a branch of the Bantu family, and had not as yet been approached by Christian missionaries.

Although Lattakoo was a populous town—if that term may be properly applied to a place consisting only of several groups of huts—none of the inhabitants were visible, as the travellers approached the outskirts, except two or three boys; and it was not until the caravan reached the entrance of the principal street or lane that any grown-up person appeared. Then a man made signs to the travellers to follow him, and conducted them between rows of apparently deserted huts to a large open space or square opposite the king's house, where several hundred people had gathered. The waggons moved with difficulty through the crowd, and at last were drawn up in the centre of the square, and a tent was pitched. The king, Matcebe, was absent, but the uncle and brother of the late king received the travellers, and were invited to come, with the other principal men of the place, to a conference. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Campbell explained, through the medium of three interpreters, in the Dutch, Coranna, and Bechuana languages, the object of the mission. He said he had come from a remote country where the true God, who made all things, was known; that the people of that country had long ago sent some of their brethren to Klaar Water, and other places, to tell the natives many things they did not know, and to try to make them better and happier; and that, having heard, since his arrival in Africa, that the people of Lattakoo were friendly to strangers, he had come to ask if they were willing to receive teachers, and, if they were willing, he promised that teachers should be sent.

He was answered that, in the king's absence, no promises could be made, but that the king, who had gone to hunt jackals, had been sent for. One of the chiefs reminded the missionaries that he had not yet tasted any of their tobacco, and some was at once given him. Next, one of the king's wives, who had come to see for herself what was going on, produced some milk, in return for which she too received a present of



TRAVELLING IN GRIQUALAND. (*See p.* 119.)

tobacco. She also asked Mr. Read for some snuff, and, on his telling her he did not take it, replied that he would therefore have more to give away. Whilst waiting for the return of the king, the missionaries visited the different parts of the town, and extended the number of their acquaintances. The children were at first very much afraid of the white men, though, in time, curiosity got the better of their fear, and they followed the strangers about, asking questions, and laughing when they received no answer.

It happened that an annual festival took place almost immediately after the arrival of Mr. Campbell, and, as it was held in the square in which the caravan had encamped, he had ample opportunity of seeing all that went on. There was dancing by the women and girls, some of whom prepared themselves for their parts by painting themselves with red chalk, or blacklead dust, mixed with grease, and smeared by the hand all over their bodies, while others daubed lines of white paint on their faces. Thus adorned, and holding long rods in their hands, they marched slowly into the square, bawling at the top of their voices, and preceded by an advance-guard of matrons dancing and screaming. A sham fight between the older and younger women then took place, in which the latter were victorious, and marched forward in triumph. Following upon this, the people formed a large circle, six or eight deep, and forty young girls, from twelve to sixteen years of age, having their bodies whitened with chalk, began to dance with measured irregularity, occasionally striking the ground violently with their feet. Many of them carried small shields, which they used to ward off imaginary arrows. When this had lasted a quarter of an hour they retired, and, after a few minutes' pause, commenced dancing in the same manner, retiring and returning again, until the proceedings had lasted an hour and a half, when the gathering dispersed. This performance was continued for several days in the same place, and was subsequently repeated in other parts of the town, the missionaries being much relieved when the noise was removed from their immediate neighbourhood. One of the chiefs, indeed, expressed his regret that the festival should have taken place during their visit, as he felt that it must have caused them considerable annoyance and discomfort.

The messenger who had been sent to find the king returned without news of him, and the missionaries were obliged to submit to further delay. Meantime, they went about the town and made themselves more fully acquainted with the inhabitants. In the house of Salakootoo, the king's uncle, they found some paintings by his wife—rough frescoes representing camelopards, elephants, lions, tigers, and steinboks in white and black—and executed in a better way than could have been expected. Many of the inhabitants were skin-dressers, others sewed skins together with a straight awl not unlike the awls used by English shoemakers. There were also workers in copper and iron, which they made into rings, axes, adzes, knives, spears, and bodkins. Altogether, the people were more civilised than the Hottentots, Kaffirs, or Bushmen, and the place seemed a favourable site for a mission, if only the king's permission could be obtained.

At last it was announced that his return was imminent, and, in the evening of the day on which he arrived in Lattakoo, he came, attended by his brother and

some of the chief men, to visit the missionaries. On entering their tent, he sat in silence to receive the presents offered him, and to hear what they had to say. He watched eagerly the opening of the parcels, looking slyly to see what was coming next, and when nothing more was forthcoming, he told the missionaries that they would have been quite safe even if they had brought no presents, and that as soon as he heard of their arrival he returned from his hunting. He was informed that there was also some tobacco for him, but he asked that it might not be given to him then, lest the people outside should beg it all away.

Mr. Campbell then explained the object of his coming. He said he had come over the water in a wooden house, which the wind blew, in four moons, to Africa, and that he wished to know whether teachers might be sent to Lattakoo, and whether the king would protect them. Mateebe replied that the people had no time for learning, as they had to attend to the cattle, to sow and reap, and to do many other things, and further that they did not wish to give up their customs. Mr. Campbell answered these objections by explaining that the teachers would tell the people of the true God, who made the heaven and the earth, and all things, of His love to the world, and of the laws He had given. Pointing to a Bible on the table, he said that the book contained everything the missionaries had to make known to him and to his people, and that when the missionaries had learned his language they would change all the book contained into that language. The king did not think this possible; and, to convince him that his language could be reduced to writing, the visitors read to him the names of his predecessors and of his family, which they had previously written down from information they had obtained. With this achievement the king seemed pleased, and when he was further assured that industry would not be interfered with, that nobody would be compelled to listen to those who were sent, he said: "Send teachers, and I will be a father to them." He then asked about two boys belonging to his people who were kept captive by the white men, and received an understanding that inquiry should be made respecting them.

Next day Mr. Campbell called upon the king, bringing with him presents of earrings for each of the queens. Mateebe asked for a gun, and, on Mr. Campbell saying he did not possess one, the king replied that he had seen plenty belonging to the party. He was told that these were not the property of the missionaries, but of their escort, and would be required on the journey still before them. "Then," replied his Majesty, "one of them must give his gun for mine, which is a bad one." The royal family were at dinner in a yard outside the house, and the king's distinction seemed to consist in his having the only spoon, with which he helped himself and his friends, putting a portion into each hand as it was held out to him.

At noon a meeting was held in the square, attended by the king, his chiefs, the missionaries, and the question of sending teachers to Lattakoo was again
Several of the chiefs asked questions and started objections. One said that in
he would not see his enemies coming, and another that he would never be able to
yet, in spite of these objections, some of them came the same evening to a
service, and appeared pleased and satisfied with what they saw and heard.



MR. CAMPBELL AND KING MATEEBE. (*See p.* 123.)

The missionaries having so far succeeded in carrying out their intentions, the caravan moved off in an easterly direction, and then made for Griqua Town. A few years later Mr. Campbell again visited the Bechuana country, with Robert Moffat, who laboured so long and so successfully among the people, and on the occasion of the second journey penetrated much further into the interior. But we must now follow him on his long and dangerous route by the banks of the Orange River, through the Bushmen's and Corranna country to Little Namaqualand, where he proposed to visit the mission station at Pella, and to arrange for further missions into Great Namaqualand and the Damara country. The district through which he travelled was in places much infested by venomous snakes, especially by cobras, perhaps the most dangerous of all reptiles, on account of their unprovoked attacks on men and animals. Fortunately none of the

party were bitten, but they destroyed thirty-one serpents of various kinds, in or near their encampments, or on the route. In the course of their march, Mr. Campbell tried to wash a little boy who had joined the caravan for a time, and was supposed to be black from dirt, but soap-and-water were applied in vain, and the experiment was given up, with the confession that the skin of an Ethiopian cannot be made white. At one place the Bushmen attacked them and drove off all their cattle, leaving them for a day or two in a very awkward strait. But the cattle were recovered, and they were able to continue the journey.

At length the travellers reached Pella, where they were joyfully received by the Brethren, and after a brief halt proceeded to Silver Fountain, another mission station, under the charge of Mr. Sass, a native of Prussia, whose wife died during their visit, after a very brief illness—the saddest incident of the whole journey. Not long before, the wife of another missionary had died in the same district, and these mournful bereavements darkened the close of an otherwise successful and prosperous undertaking.

Mr. Campbell was an accurate observer, and kept a daily record of the state of the thermometer at sunrise and at noon during his journey; he also noted the number of animals killed by the people who accompanied him, the greater part having been shot to supply the commissariat. The game-bag included a lion, a wolf, two hyenas, a baboon, and a jackal, three buffaloes, six hippopotami, eight elks, thirty-eight springboks, nineteen bucks of various kinds, two zebras, fifteen quaggas, two ostriches, and twenty-nine wild geese and ducks. Mr. Campbell noticed that while all the natives were thin, most of the white men and women were corpulent, and he suggests that this was due to their indolent habits, and to the fact that most of the outdoor work was done by Hottentots and slaves. Subsequent travellers have confirmed these impressions, and it would seem that European settlers in Cape Colony are not, as a rule, accustomed to exert themselves in the farming and pastoral occupations they often conduct with a fair amount of success. The Dutch Boers are proverbially indolent, though, as we have found, to our cost, they are quite capable of making vigorous efforts when their interests are threatened by Englishmen or natives.

Before leaving Africa for England Mr. Campbell arranged that Mr. Schemelen, one of the missionaries at Pella, should visit Great Namaqualand to ascertain the practicability of founding a mission there. He accordingly explored the country as far as circumstances permitted, and he found some of the chiefs willing to receive teachers; but he sometimes travelled for days without seeing a human being, except his own servants; and after proceeding for some hundreds of miles, want of water compelled him to return.

In the course of his homeward journey he heard much of the notorious Hottentot chief Africaner, who has been called the "Bonaparte of South Africa." This man had at one time suffered some insult or injustice at the hands of the Boers, and he now carrying on a cruel and savage war with the natives living near the mouth the Orange River, stealing their cattle, burning their kraals, and mercilessly or enslaving those who fell into his hands. Many and urgent were the natives addressed to Mr. Schemelen to endeavour to intercede with their

but he was unable to find the dreaded Hottentot, and, as the result of his journey, he felt compelled to give up the idea of carrying the Gospel further into Great Namaqualand at that time.

About this time the Wesleyan Missionary Society decided to begin work in South Africa, and Mr. McKenny was sent out as a pioneer, but the colonial authorities would not allow him to preach, and after waiting for some time for instructions from home, he was directed to proceed to Ceylon. The Wesleyans were not, however, deterred in their desire to evangelise South Africa by the narrow-minded conduct of the Cape Town officials, and whilst they were inquiring for a suitable person to undertake the work, Barnabas Shaw, a young Yorkshireman, offered himself, and was sent out without delay. He and his wife arrived at the Cape in 1815, but he was at first refused leave to preach, on the ground that the English and Dutch inhabitants were sufficiently provided with ministers, and that the owners of slaves objected to their being instructed. Notwithstanding this refusal, Mr. Shaw determined to hire a room and collect a congregation, and he succeeded in bringing together a few hearers, amongst whom were several English soldiers, but the authorities soon compelled him to give up the work.

At this critical moment Mr. Schemelen, who happened to be on a visit to Cape Town, met Mr. Shaw, and finding him eager to go amongst the heathen with the message of the Gospel, represented to him the needs of the people of Namaqualand, and promised his help if he would undertake a mission to that country. This was exactly what Mr. Shaw desired, and the two missionaries left Cape Town together in September, 1815. After they had travelled for four weeks, and had just crossed the Elephant River, they met a chief of the Little Namaquas and four of his men, who were on their way to Cape Town to seek a Christian teacher, and recognising this meeting as a Divine call to labour amongst a people who were actually seeking instruction, Mr. Shaw decided upon going with the chief and devoting himself to work amongst the people. His companion heartily approved of this design, and, bidding Mr. and Mrs. Shaw farewell, continued his journey to his own station, which was now at Bethany, just within the border of Great Namaqualand.

A few days later, Mr. and Mrs. Shaw reached Lily Fountain, at the foot of the Khannisberg, and were gladly received by the people, who had heard of their coming. The natives were specially pleased to have an English woman in their midst, though at first they were a little in awe of the white *frouw*, but this feeling soon wore off, and awe was succeeded by affectionate regard. On the very day of the arrival of the new-comers the chief called together his head men, and all joined in requesting Mr. Shaw to settle in their midst, and promised their help in founding the mission. He wished nothing better, and, while accepting their invitation, explained fully why he had come, and told them something of his intentions as to teaching them about the true God, the Father of black men and white men, and the Creator of all things.

Under these happy auspices, the Lily Fountain Mission was begun, and it has continued to the present day, a centre from which other missions have spread into near and remote districts, and a source of light, happiness, and civilisation to multitudes of the

natives of South Africa. Here, as elsewhere, progress was at first slow, converts were few in number, and energy, patience, and watchfulness were called for; but in time a native church was founded, young and old learnt to read, civilised habits and customs were introduced, and a chapel was built. This, however, was a long and arduous business, for the people, although eager to help, only gave their services spasmodically, and sometimes left off work when it was most important to proceed, thus sorely trying their teacher's patience.

When the building was ready for roofing, it was necessary to fetch the timber from some distance, as the trees in the immediate neighbourhood were unsuitable, and Mr. Shaw had to show the natives how to hew them with a cross-cut saw. With some assistance, he felled a tree to the ground, to the amazement of the lookers-on, who took up the work, and, overcoming their natural indolence in their anxiety to use the saw, soon got enough rough material, cut it into joists of the proper length, and carried them to Lily Fountain. Mr. Shaw also taught the people to plough, and the plough astonished them as much as the saw. "See," the men said, "how it tears the ground with its iron mouth; it does as much in one day as ten wives"—digging in Namaqualand, when it was done at all, being performed by women.

The people were interested, too, in the missionary's garden, especially with the salads he raised, but they wondered that he ate uncooked lettuce. They soon learnt to have gardens of their own, and to grow many vegetables from seeds he gave them, so that in a year or two after his arrival the aspect of the place was entirely changed, and the wilderness turned into a fruitful field. Nor was the change confined to outward appearances; the people improved in manners and behaviour. Men who hitherto had left all the hard work to their wives, now took their share of it, and meantime the congregation increased, and many members were added to the church.

So great, indeed, was the progress, that Mr. Shaw sent to England for more help, and Mr. Edwards came out to the Cape, and travelled all the way from Cape Town to Lily Fountain on horseback instead of by ox-waggon. Arrangements were made for establishing out-stations in Bushman's Land, on the Underveldt, and at Reid Fountain, though the last-named station was soon given up, and Mr. Archbell, the missionary in charge of it, set off on a journey through Great Namaqualand, with the intention of settling in that country should an opening present itself. He succeeded in reaching Walfisch Bay in Damara Land, but was unable to arrange for a missionary station; and Mr. Shaw, who about the same time went to see his friend Schemelen at Bethany, was also obliged to return, with the conviction that there was no immediate prospect of carrying the Gospel into Great Namaqualand.

Six years elapsed—years of steady progress at Lily Fountain, and the out-stations connected with that place—when a further attempt was made to establish a mission beyond the Orange River by Mr. Threlfall, a young and earnest soldier of the Cross. He had originally intended to go to Madagascar, but was prevented, and settled for a time in Kaffraria, where he laboured for a year, and then removed to Cape Town. after his arrival there, Captain Owen, of the Royal Navy, offered to take him to Bay, that he might try to work in that district. He accepted the offer, but

after his arrival was taken so seriously ill, and had to endure so many hardships and privations, which in his weak condition was more than he could bear, that he returned to Cape Town in a South Sea whaler. Further trouble awaited him on board ship; fever broke out, and on arriving in Table Bay the vessel was placed in quarantine, and he would probably have died, had not a warm-hearted friend gone on board at the risk of his own health to nurse and take care of him. He partially recovered his strength, and then went to Lily Fountain, in the hope of thoroughly re-establishing his health, and of doing more work for his Master. These anticipations were realised; his strength came back, and he was able to take a full share of mission work at the station. During his stay there he became acquainted with the previous attempts to evangelise Great Namaqualand, and was moved by pity and compassion for the ignorant wanderers there. He saw at Lily Fountain what had been effected for the once degraded inhabitants, and was fired by a noble zeal to try whether the blessings which had fallen upon the people of Little Namaqualand could not be extended to their kinsmen beyond the Orange River. Mr. Shaw approved and seconded his design, and two native teachers, Jacob Links and Johannes Jager, volunteered to accompany him.

The three started on their journey in June, 1825, not in a waggon, the usual mode of travelling, but each riding on an ox trained to carry a man and a little luggage, a modest but, as they trusted, a sufficient equipment. They crossed the Orange River in safety, and proceeded slowly for some miles, meeting with many hindrances from want of water, and the difficulties of the route, which lay through a barren country inhabited by a few wild and often ill-disposed people. At length news came to Lily Fountain that they had reached a place known as the Warm Bath. Then for some weeks nothing more was heard, until rumours of their murder reached Mr. Shaw. The Landroost at Clanwilliam was communicated with, and he lost no time in starting with an armed party to find out the truth of the rumours, and, if they were well founded, to bring the murderers to justice. It was ascertained that Threlfall and his two companions had been treacherously betrayed by a native guide, who brought two other Bushmen to the spot where the travellers were resting for the night, and put them all to death;*—Links and Jager with arrows and stones, and Threlfall, who had been alarmed and tried to hide behind a bush, by a blow from a large stone; the object of the murders being to obtain possession of the oxen and luggage.

The principal criminal was captured, brought to Clanwilliam, tried, and sentenced to death, and to warn others of the consequences of such acts, it was ordered that the execution should take place as near as possible to the scene of the murder. The convict, who had made a full confession, was accordingly escorted to Silver Fountain, where the sentence was carried out, but in order to reach that spot the road lay through Lily Fountain, and the escort and criminal remained there over Sunday. It was thought that the people, and especially the relatives of Links and Jager, might attempt to revenge their death, and measures were taken to prevent any outbreak. But these were quite unnecessary; instead of vengeance they were filled with pity; Peter Links, the brother of Jacob, earnestly exhorted the doomed man to repent and

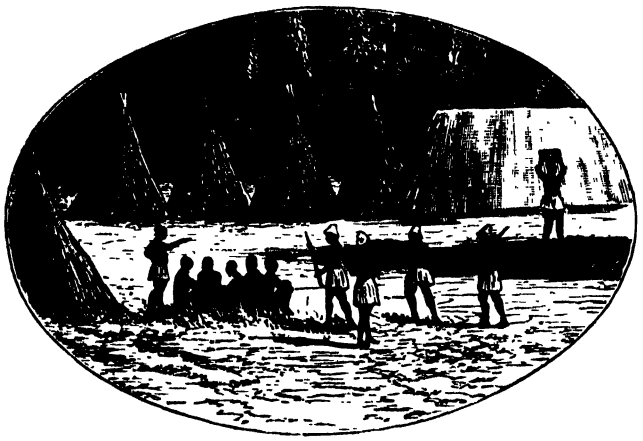
* See p. 28.



BUSHMEN LYING IN WAIT FOR MR. THRELFALL.

seek the mercy of God through Jesus Christ; and his sister Martha, though unable for a while to restrain her emotion, joined in her brother's solemn entreaties. The criminal was led to the chapel, where the missionaries and relatives of his victims joined in prayer to God to have mercy upon his soul, and on the following morning the escort proceeded to the place of execution.

Thus tragically ended another effort to evangelise Great Namaqualand, but the object was not lost sight of, though it was some years before missionaries were sent into the country. In 1832, at a meeting held in Cape Town, Mr. Nisbet, an Indian civil servant, offered a large sum towards the beginning of a new mission if the Wesleyan Society would find a man willing to go. Mr. Cook, who had recently arrived from England, promptly volunteered. His offer was accepted, and, accompanied by his wife, he was speedily on his way. In due time they established themselves at Warm Bath, and commenced their arduous task in the neighbourhood of the scene of Mr. Threlfall's martyrdom, but the story of their work in Great Namaqualand must be reserved for another chapter.



IV.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER VII.

SCENES IN THE EARLIER LIFE OF ROBERT MORRISON.

Discovery of Christian Scriptures in Chinese—Birth and Parentage of Robert Morrison—His Education—Appointment to the Chinese Mission—Total Ignorance of the Language at that date—Morrison Studies it in London—Curious Incident illustrating the Reverence of the Chinese for Written Words—Voyage to China—Early Hardships and Difficulties from the Exclusiveness of the People—Morrison's Narrowness of Judgment arising from Ignorance—Tea—Difficulties of the Chinese Language—Curious Customs of the People—Morrison removes to Macao—Marriage—Learning the Language a Crime—Important Official Services—The Kotow—Affair of the *Topaze*, and Flagrant Official Murders of British and American Subjects.

SEARCHING, one day in the closing year of the eighteenth century, among the manuscripts of the British Museum, a scholarly minister from Northamptonshire unexpectedly came upon a volume written in the strange characters of China. It had been brought by Sir Hans Sloane sixty years before from Canton, perhaps as an Oriental curiosity, and he had deposited it in the museum, where it seems to have attracted no attention. The Rev. W. Moseley, LL.D., who was its discoverer, with the assistance of others, found it to contain a Harmony of the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and a chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, all in the then almost unknown language of China. Who the translator was, where and when he lived, and what his object was, is still unknown. It is not improbable the work was done by some patient Bible-loving Roman Catholic missionary, who was willing, perhaps for ecclesiastical reasons, to hide his light under a bushel. It was, however, soon to be set on a candlestick

Mr. Moseley (he was not then a Doctor of Laws), not a little pleased with his discovery, wrote a memoir about it, which has come to mark an epoch in the history of the religious conquest of China. He argued impressively that it was right, and must therefore be possible, to give the Chinese the whole of the Bible in their own tongue. It was a trumpet-call to duty which soon met with a noble response. This work has long since been done, and done splendidly; but eighty-nine years ago such a scheme as Mr. Moseley had the Christian audacity to propose, seemed fully as wild and visionary as any of which the world had ever heard. The work had been pointed out very clearly as needing to be attempted; but who was the bold and scholarly man who would risk his very *life*—as we shall see he must do—in the execution of so gigantic a task?

A pious member of the Kirk of Scotland, born at Dunfermline, a farmer and a master maker of lasts and boot-trees, moved southward to Morpeth, where he wooed and wed a bonnie lass from the country near there. Soon he rose to be an elder. This godly couple had eight children born to them, and of the youngest son, Robert Morrison, we have now the story to tell.

This Morpeth boy was rather slow at school, but seemed to be quite eager to learn, and had great powers of memory. In his thirteenth year it was found that he

could repeat the whole of the 119th Psalm, in the old Scottish metrical version, and he had it so firmly fixed in his brain that no change in the order made any difficulty for him. By-and-by he learned his father's trade, and when the home was moved with the business from quiet, dreamy Morpeth to the busy, dingy town of Newcastle, we find him very diligent in business, serving the Lord, and studying after the racket was over, when sleep would have done him more good. He suffered from this time and for most of his days from severe headaches, with fits of heavy drowsiness, which make his success as a scholar and translator more remarkable.

Profound sincerity and truthfulness were, from the first, leading features in the character of the future China missionary. During the early years of his life in Newcastle, and from the evil influence of young companions, he fell into loose habits for a time, grew profane, and once became intoxicated. But the grace of God was with him even in this dark hour, and he was soon overwhelmed with the bitterest remorse, followed by sincere repentance, and the joy of a new and higher life beginning to break through the dead husk of mere religious formality. He thus records in a manly, sincere style his new experience:—"Sin became a burden. It was then that I experienced a change of life, and, I trust, a change of heart too. I broke off from my former careless companions, and gave myself to reading, to meditation, and to prayer. It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, and at that time I experienced much of the 'kindness of youth, and the love of espousals;' and though the flash" (so it is printed in his "Memoirs," but probably he wrote *flush*) "of affection wore off, I trust my love to, and knowledge of, the Saviour have increased."

A "praying society" met in his father's workshop every Monday. Young Robert was regularly in his place on those occasions, and often took part in leading the devotions of the pious band. At that time he might often have been seen pacing his little garden in Pandon Dean, in silent prayer or deep meditation, or poring over a book he had borrowed from some friend or bought with his meagre savings. It is interesting to note that in 1799 he had borrowed and read a missionary magazine, then published in Edinburgh, and this had some influence in determining his career. Even while at his work of last-making he had always the Bible, or a book on some useful subject, spread out before him. In this way he got a good grasp of such studies as botany, astronomy, and advanced arithmetic. In after days he used to deplore the scantiness of books in the missionary's library. Indeed, no branch of the Christian army more urgently requires a liberal supply of this kind of ammunition for such battle-fields as China.

Morrison was a diligent lay worker before he became a missionary. Faithfully he followed his Master's command to "visit the sick" while he lived among the poor of Newcastle. This work prepared him for efforts among the sick Chinese, which came quite naturally and spontaneously, and it may with truth be said that out of this germ blossomed that glorious product of modern religious zeal, The Medical Mission.

Soon we find him taking ship for London. He entered Hoxton Academy (now Highbury College), breathing hopes and fears. His Latin was not much more than a smattering. His Greek was still less. Before the term closed he was one of the

brightest classical scholars in the Academy. He remained there till he embarked for China as an agent of the London Missionary Society. His "Reflections of a Candidate for the Ministerial Office" is a most solemn and touching composition, framed almost entirely in the choicest language of Scripture, and very unlike anything which a ministerial candidate would now write. His first sermon was preached, with much emotion, to the inmates of St. Luke's Workhouse.

His diary is not usually very interesting. It abounds in personal heart-searchings



DR. MORRISON.

and aspirations after greater holiness, and in Scripture phrases which are apt to become monotonous; but here and there we find the man's character blossom forth in terse utterances. In one place, very early in his diary, he pithily lays it down as an axiom, "that it is best never to do but one thing at a time." One's sympathy for the studious lad with his slender means is strongly drawn out when we read, as in an entry of June 19th, 1803, "This day I entered with Mr. Laidler to learn Latin. I paid ten shillings and sixpence, the entrance money, and am to pay one guinea per quarter. I know not what may be the end; God only knows. It is my desire, if He please to spare me in the world, to serve the Gospel of Christ as He shall give opportunity. Oh Lord, my God, my whole hope is in Thee, and in Thee alone. Lord, be

merciful to me, a sinner, through Jesus Christ, my Saviour; and grant Thy blessing with this attempt, if it please Thee. Amen."

When Dr. Livingstone offered to go to the mission-field, he was nearly sent to China. How different a life, how divergent an influence on the history of missions and of the world might then have been his! On the other hand, when the Morpeth boy, who was to do so much for China, offered his services, he was disposed to go to be with Mungo Park in Timbuctoo. It was a good thing for China that Morrison was sent there, and specifically "to acquire the Chinese language and translate the Sacred Scriptures." When he was thus appointed—and a day of great joy tempered with heart-searching it was—few except missionary enthusiasts thought that such an undertaking had the remotest prospects of success. Sir George T. Staunton was then *the only British subject* who could, even in a limited sense, be said to know Chinese; and the difficulties of the language were considered almost insuperable.

The general conclusion now reached by scholars is, that the people who first used this tongue migrated from some region lying northwards in Asia, and that they may have been related to the Eskimos, certain of the American Indian tribes, and to some Russian and Turkish peoples. Perhaps, too, they were at one far-back time rooted to the same stem from which grew those who lived in old European river valleys, after the great glacial sheet of ice had melted away, and have left there stone weapons and other utensils as silent witnesses of a life similar to that of the early Chinese, but of which we know very little. The census returns in China do not yet appear to evoke much confidence amongst experts, but it may safely be said that, at the very least, some two hundred millions of the "black-haired," as the Celestials often call themselves, speak the language Morrison was now to study so earnestly.

Before leaving his native land, Morrison, like Livingstone, was anxious to carry with him all the practical knowledge he could find time to acquire. He gave some attention to medicine, and diligently visited St. Bartholomew's Hospital, with, we may suppose, tender sympathy and kind words for its suffering inmates. He also walked to the Observatory at Greenwich, daily, where he studied astronomy with Hutton. During the walk each way he had generally an open book in his hand.

So eager was Morrison to begin work on the Chinese language, that he gladly availed himself, while in London, of the services of a Chinaman residing there, Yong-Sam-Tak, who afterwards joined him in the East. The embryo missionary was soon busy at work under his Celestial guide, and diligently copied out the Chinese Harmony of the Gospels already mentioned. This was of some service to him afterwards in the mission-field, but much of his other studies in the language proved to be of little practical value. Indeed, this seems to be the usual experience of those who attempt to study a living Oriental language away from the conditions in which it grows up and is to be daily exercised.

While working very hard at these new studies—new not only to him but to Englishmen generally—he writes to his father: "The work before me, my dear father, is very arduous, but my hope is in the arm of God. If I take the Chinese I am now with as a specimen of their disposition, it is a very bad one. He is obstinate, jealous,

and averse to speak of the things of God. He says, 'My country not custom to talky of God's business.'" Certainly Yong-Sam did not belie his country in this statement. It requires a little courage to say so, but it seems as if Morrison's training, with, perhaps, some influence from the environment of his age, had left him lacking in a certain intelligent and cosmopolitan *sympathy* with the people he was to labour among. His zeal and his enthusiasm as a champion of the Cross leave little to be desired; but he sometimes fails to elicit the hidden virtue in a pagan act, or the religious truth that lurks beneath some dying superstition.

This shrewd, thoroughly *national* Chinaman, one day, while bending over the sheaf of tissue "tea-paper" which did duty for a copy-book, asked his astonished pupil if Jesus were a man or a woman; adding that he had seen a figure of a woman like Him in his own country. This must now seem, to any one acquainted with China, a very intelligent way of putting his difficulty. There is a semi-Buddhist Spirit of Mercy widely represented in Chinese and Japanese sacred art. This being is sometimes pictured as a male, more frequently as a female; but always beautiful and tender, lovable, helpful to the sorrowful and suffering—the very nearest conception in a heathen mind to that of the Divine Saviour of mankind.

Robert Morrison goes on to say: "I cannot determine what he alludes to. He says he has often heard that God has no temper, that He is not angry, that God does not send evil on man, that if there be a storm, or a famine, it is not God who sends it. He says it is folly to pray without using the means—that it is man who makes his heart good. He seems quite fond of talking of God as the great Governor of the Universe."

During those London studies a curious incident occurred, more intelligible now, perhaps, than it was to either Robert Morrison or his biographer. Yong-Sam had one day written some characters on a piece of paper as an exercise, and had given them to his pupil to commit to memory. Morrison did so, and then very innocently threw the useless scrap to the flames. The fire flared up, and so did Yong-Sam-Tak, as only an angry Chinaman can. For three days the learned gentleman sulked, and refused to give a single lesson. When the Chinese studies were resumed, a "new departure" had to be made, and poor Morrison had now to paint his hieroglyphs on a plate of tin; so that in place of burning them he could wipe them out when they had been mastered. Morrison was quite shocked to find that his Celestial possessed so very touchy a spirit. If the two hundred odd millions who speak his tongue were to be carefully examined, however, a very nearly unanimous and perfectly sincere opinion would probably be obtained, that Yong-Sam had really shown very superior virtue under a trial most severe to a reverent mind. When letters are burned, they are supposed to carry their message to the ghostly tenants of the other world. What was written we are not told; but, at all events, Yong-Sam was transgressing the laws of his country in teaching his language to a barbarian, and here was the barbarian actually telling his spirit-ancestors of it!

Great indeed is the reverence of the Chinese for printed or written words. It is meritorious to pick up scraps of paper from the mud of the streets, and to place them reverently in one of the collection boxes which are to be seen at corners of streets,

just as letter-pillars are placed with us. A Bible colpo ny Savi rteur was once addressing a large audience in a village in the interior of China, and to make himself better heard he rather thoughtlessly stood upon a large bale of Bibles. missi He was somewhat amazed to witness a panic of horror seize those simple-minded *Pa* influe*jans* at his profanity; not that he had stepped on Christian Bibles specially, but upon On the any kind of book at all.

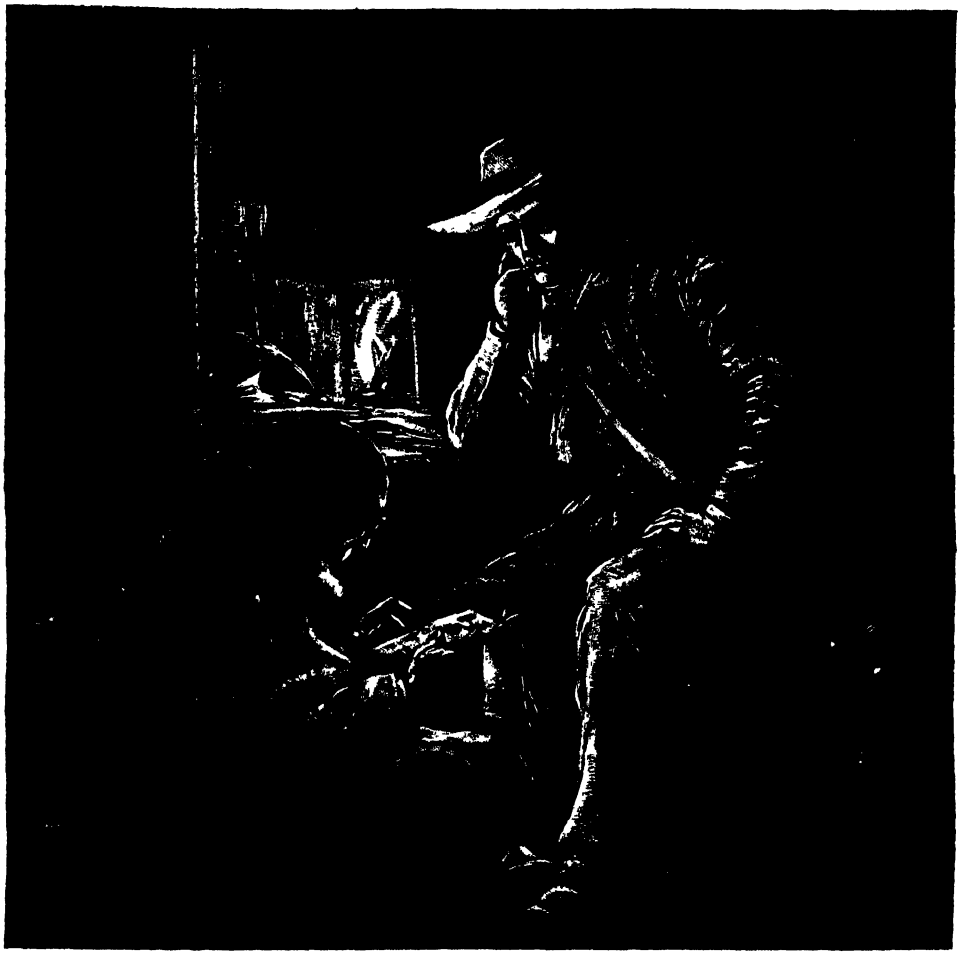
Greatly changed are the circumstances of a vo red hi age to China in these happier days. Our missionary left Gravesend for New York (a was t which port he hoped to get a vessel going to China) on January 28th, 1807, and ire th arrived on the 20th of April—nearly three months! A good modern liner now appoi crosses in six days. He visited Philadelphia, travelling in a clumsy kind of waggon, pt mi and sailed for Canton on the 12th of May, arriving in China on the 8th of September, ts of having been 113 days out. An accomplished American gentleman, with whom he sta n in a ved while in New York, gives a pleasing and truth-like sketch of the man:—"There consi was nothing of pretence about Morrison. An unfriendly critic might have said he urs is, was too proud to be vain; a Christian would more willingly believe that he was t hward o pious to be proud. Nothing could be more plain, simple, and unceremonious th meri an his manners. His fellow-missionaries looked up to him as a father, resorted to vere a his room for prayer, and took his advice in all their movements. He exhibited less of old Eu the tenderness of the Christian than they did; his piety had the bark on, theirs was still left th in the green shoot."

We get one brief but most interesting glimpse of him the in the setting of his harder and coarser times, as he leaves the borders of a Chris not tian civilisation to carry the torch of Divine Truth into Pagan darkness. After all that, matters had at last been arranged in the New York shipping office, the owner who ls of eled round from his desk, and, with a smile of superior sagacity, said:—"And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression on the idolatry of the ston great Chinese Empire?" —"No, sir," said Morrison, with greater sternness than he usua to volu showed; "I expect God will." v's

When he arrived in China little could be done openly to adv ng ance his object, as the Chinese were liable to the penalty of death for teaching their langu diedage to a foreigner; but he succeeded in getting instruction somehow. We can picture k in him, a well-built, dignified-looking man, sitting with his Chinese teacher, he himself cladge, in white jacket, with a broad-brimmed straw hat—for the Indian *sola topee*, or pith helmet, had not yet proved its value as a head-protector. He would sit into the sio "small hours," with his dull earthenware lamp protected from the strong hot breez hine by an open volume of Henry's Commentary, conning over the day's gathering of fre tersh words and phrases, to the inspiring *ping-ng-ng* of the mosquitoes; while his Chinese e teacher on duty (for he worked them in relays when he could), in a curious nasal so ing-song, which once heard is never forgotten, would chant over the lessons as they sh ould be pronounced.

Morrison must have gone through an enormous amount of work in the earliest years of his life in China. Lest he should arrest attention, and so defeat his f main purpose, he let his hair and nails grow long, and wore a queue or pig-tail. He e ate his food with chop-sticks, and walked about clad in a Chinese frock, and with the

thick-soled, peculiar-looking shoes of the country. Long before this a Jesuit missionary, Le Comte, had wisely come to a conclusion which Morrison's experience compelled him also to adopt. "I am persuaded," said Le Comte, "that, as to a missionary, the garment, diet, manner of living, and exterior customs, ought to be subservient to the



DR. MORRISON STUDYING THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

great design he proposes to himself, to convert the whole world." Morrison at last fell into a trying illness from close confinement, while the continued strain of working with a Chinese pen brought on a severe pain in his sides, and he gave up his Chinese ways, and returned to "barbarian" usages once more.

The ways and thoughts of the Chinese were still far from being intelligible to the Western mind. We shall come by-and-bye to see what light missionary scholars of a later date threw upon the religious opinions of the sages and saints, upon Confucian or classic systems, and upon Buddhist and Taoist organisations and cults: how Dr. Eitel, of Hong-Kong, expounds the ideas and phrases of Indian teachers which blended with

the superstitions of the Chinese; how Dr. Legge translated the books of the old religions of China; how Dr. Edkins visited temples and monasteries, and helped us to understand the meaning and origin of many strange symbols and mysterious acts of worship. The writings of Professor Max Müller, and of Principals Caird and Fairbairn, have helped us greatly to follow the growth and embodiment of the Pagan religions of the East, while "The Light of Asia," and other such writings, have created a wide popular sympathy for the struggles after Divine light and truth, which those early religions often reveal. But, at the time of which we write, the most liberal minds in Europe were not ready to view "Pagan errors" with calmness and sympathy. Hence we need not feel surprise when Morrison reports that "the religious rites, etc., of the Chinese, are ridiculous and cumbrous;" or that he saw sixty Chinese priests one evening "go through their vesper to the idol Fŭh, or Buddha," an expression which reminds one of the sole information on the subject in a well-written work by a naval officer, who sums up what is to be known of Buddhism in China by saying that its votaries "worship a male figure!"

Robert Morrison was not, however, by any means a narrow-minded man. Although he had become a Baptist when he reached the mission-field, he translated the English Prayer-book. We find him making acknowledgments of assistance from Roman Catholic Chinamen, with whom he would discuss Bible doctrines through the help of the Vulgate; and, conversing about the teaching and character of the great Sage of China, he allowed that Confucius "was a wise and good man." It was retorted, however, that Confucius was to China what Jesus was to Europe and America.

In spite of restrictions which were soon to become simply intolerable, he began to get many side-glimpses into the life and ways of the people. It was not always, we may believe, very encouraging work, and we seem to hear a sigh as he writes: "I can cast in but here and there a handful of seed. It is not unlike the clearing of land now covered with immense forests. Old and deep-rooted prejudices are to be cut down and dug up, many noxious weeds to be burned, to make room for casting in the seed."

He has now a good deal that is of interest to say about Chinese customs and ways of viewing life. He tells us that oaths are not regularly administered in courts of justice as with us; and that amongst other strange ways of giving solemnity to a statement, the Chinaman is wont to cut off the head of a fowl, to dash a potter's vessel to pieces, or to blow out a candle held in the hand; so implying an appeal to Heaven that a like fate may befall himself, should he vary in any degree from the truth.

He translated, amongst other specimens of "The Popular Literature of the Chinese," a curious tract supposed to be written by an ox of Buddhist and vegetarian proclivities. The poor animal complains pitifully of its lot, toiling all through life for a cruel and thankless master, who sends him at last, in old age, to the shambles; where, after countless sufferings, he is cut up to be eaten of men. It is a powerful appeal to Buddhist orthodoxy, which forbids the taking of life, even of the meanest insect, in which the soul of one's ancestor may perchance reside. The ox assures his readers, in

conclusion, that the fate of the beef-eater will be to be born again with the body of an ox. By undergoing sufferings like those he himself has caused, the great sin of taking life may possibly at last be cleansed. This tract, says Dr. Morrison, had an immense circulation all over China.

Tea was not quite so generally appreciated then as it is now, but it was even then of great interest to European travellers. Morrison mentions that he saw the plant for the first time on the island of Honan, but he was disappointed with its unimposing appearance—"It is not larger than a very small gooseberry bush." Till recently, and probably still, lofty tea trees might be seen growing wild in the British station of Darjeeling, on the Himalayas. They were brought from China by the English when the station was established. It is only when the bushes are very small, however, that tea of good quality is obtained. Sir John F. Davis says, in his "China":—"It is a general rule that all tea is fine in proportion to the tenderness and immaturity of the leaves. In the green-tea districts the plants themselves are never allowed to reach a large size, but are frequently renewed; while, in the black, both the plant and the leaves that form the last picking attain their full growth." The tea-plant is very closely allied to the Camellia, but the seed is different, having three-lobed capsules which burst vertically in the middle when ripe, exposing three round seeds about the size of a black currant. Those seeds sometimes occur in the tea of commerce. The tea-plant grew indigenously in Upper Assam, and great has been the advantage to British industry from this discovery, made in 1834. It grows best on mountain slopes, where vegetable mould exists plentifully.



A TEA PLANT.

It had been expected by Mr. Morrison that the Chinese language would prove a hard nut to crack, but new difficulties sprang up that had not been foreseen. He began to find that the West End, so to say, of Canton, could not understand the dialect of its Whitechapel. He declared that he thought this was affectation, but it is now quite evident that there are several languages—not to mention the many dialects—spoken in China.

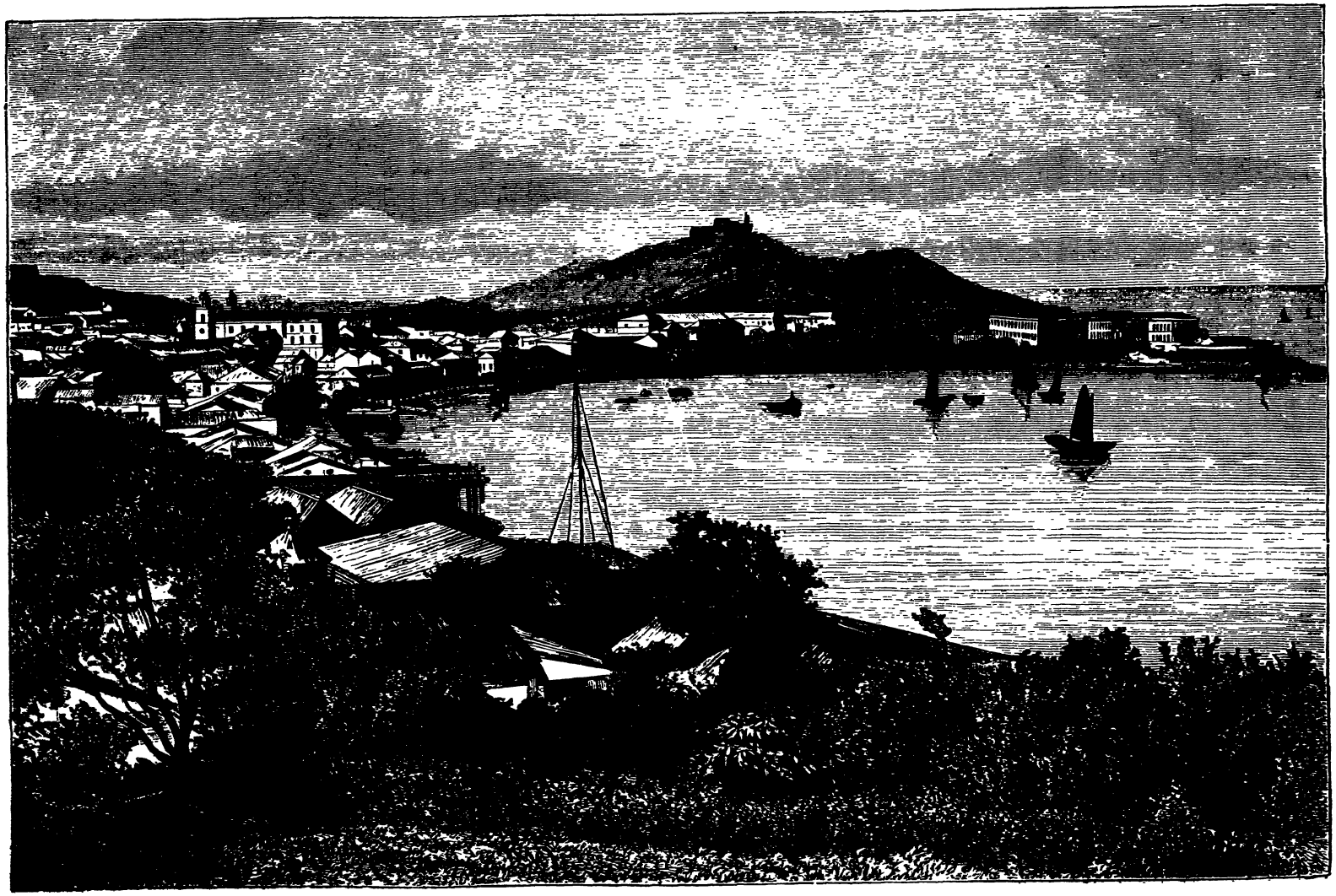
Again he writes, "There is a great difficulty that now occurs to me. Neither the Mandarin tongue nor fine writing is understood by the great bulk of the people. The number of poor people is immense; and the poor must have the Gospel preached to and written for them." The Mandarin language is chiefly a kind of high official

or parliamentary style used at court and in high circles; though originally and still the vernacular tongue of many of the inhabitants of Northern China, the origin, probably, of the ruling dynasty. It contains within itself three distinct forms, several dialects, and many local variations. It is now studied a good deal by the missionaries, by consular officials, and by merchants. The Bible has been translated into it, and it is said to be much read by a class which would despise a commoner vehicle of thought. Its use generally gains respect.

A story is told which amusingly illustrates this, on the principle that the exception proves the rule. An English consul, one of the shrewdest observers of Chinese manners and customs, was riding one day in the suburbs of a northern city. He civilly asked the way, of two educated men who happened to be passing. No notice whatever was taken of the inquiry, further than that one of them stared rudely at him, while the other said to his companion, "I think that foreign fellow is speaking Mandarin." Our consul, irritated at the studied slight, repeated his question in a slightly peppery tone. "Do you know, I rather think he *is* speaking Mandarin," said the first speaker to his neighbour again. This was felt to be too much, and so the doughty representative of Britannia suddenly dealt a blow which felled the silent Celestial to the ground like an ox. The other, looking sympathisingly on his prostrate neighbour, said:—"Now, did not I tell you that he *really was* speaking Mandarin?"

Mr. Morrison had observed, on visiting several temples, certain papers pasted up. There was a drought in the district at the time, and those posters were found by him to be prayers to the gods or spirits for a copious supply of rain. He noticed also that the people, amongst other modes of seeking to know what the fates had decreed of good or ill for them, place in a box in the temple a few numbered slips of bamboo. They then, while kneeling, shake the box, which is held so that a slip may fall out. There are papers, numbered to correspond with the slips. On them are written answers, with all the usual Delphic vagueness, which are presumed to contain the intentions of the powers above.

Another curious custom is referred to by Morrison in a passage which gives us a peep at the working missionary. "My people discoursed this evening about the paper which the Chinese burn with gold and silver leaf on it. The paper, they say, is to represent raiment, and the gold and silver leaf, money; all which, when sent up in flame, are caught by the surrounding spirits." He asked them if they thought the spirits had need of clothes, or were pleased to have such offerings made. They laughed at this, and made the old, old apology for many an absurdity and error; it was the custom of the country, which the mandarins (or magistrates), and even the Emperor himself, were wont to observe, and how, therefore, could such as they presume to differ from an observance sanctioned by so great a body of authority? This might be bad reasoning, they were quite ready to admit, but it was not theirs. This observance had not even come down to them with the authority of Confucius, but was part of an old and widely spread system of sorcery which had come through the priests of Buddha. Morrison adds, in relating some of those discussions with every-day Chinamen: "The professed esteem of my people for Confucius is unbounded. In reading with me the Four Books" (to which we shall afterwards more particularly refer) "they seem quite



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enraptured. . . . There is not in them, they say, one jot or tittle that is errone[illegible]ous. There is in the reasoning of the philosopher, they affirm, a depth which require[illegible]s t[illegible] utmost sagacity to fathom, and a fulness that demands a long paraphrase to unfold."

While Morrison was strenuously wrestling with the problems of Paganism, and devoting himself throughout all to the better mastery of the language, he lived in two small rooms, along with three Chinese lads whom he tried to teach. They seem to have been most unpromising specimens of the race, and indeed, it was not then possible to get respectable Chinamen as servants. One of them in a most ruffianly way attacked him when alone, tore his coat, and so abused him that he had to shout for assistance. Sadly he came to the not unnatural conclusion, as we find in his diary, "That which is most desirable is impracticable, namely, to live with Chinese, have their society at all times, hear their conversation, adopt their dress; in short, in everything that is not of a moral or religious nature, to become a Chinese." At this time his exclusion from Chinese society was extreme, and his sermons were generally addressed to one individual, or, at most, to two or three!

Near the mouth of the Canton river, and some eighty odd miles from the British island of Hong-Kong, there lies, on a somewhat horse-shoe-shaped promontory, with a bay of great loveliness forming its inner curve, the old Portuguese settlement of Macao. It was, till recently, held on a peculiar tenure from the Chinese, but actual sovereignty has been conceded to the King of Portugal. The Chinese now form the majority of the population; but the town, with its citadel and ruined cathedral, is like a fossil bit of old Europe, embedded in modern China. There Cardinal Tournon perished in prison through his foes the Jesuits, and there the great poet of Portugal, Camoëns, died in exile. His tomb is in the centre of a spacious garden, gloomy on the hottest day with the umbrageous shade of rich sub-tropical vegetation—a quiet place to dream in, forgetful of the whirling world of to-day. It was there that Morrison was now to enter upon another stage of his career, fuller of incident than any he had yet experienced.

Even there Chinese opposition became acute and dangerous. The people were growing more and more suspicious as to the motives of this strange man, who had not come to make money in the ordinary way. They became really hostile, and his life was in daily danger. "My crime," he tersely says, "is wishing to learn the language." He tells us also, that even the Chinese officials there were disposed to be troublesome to foreigners generally, and were even in the habit of suddenly entering into their houses without any previous intimation of their approach. His case was especially difficult, for without abundant native intercourse it was almost impossible to get to the proper sources of information. He writes again: "This shrewd and discerning people are absurd and unreasonable enough to consider it criminal for foreigners to know their language, or possess their books." He was afraid to venture out at all; but the close confinement with so much hard study in a sub-tropical climate began to tell severely on his health, and probably left its effects. At last he succeeded with two Chinese friends in getting a breath of air on quiet moonlight nights.

Morrison had next to suffer from a certain suspicion, rising even to hostility, on

the part of his own countrymen; but, on the other hand, helpful friends were discovered, and, best of all, he had at length a partner to share his joys and soften his sorrows. It is characteristic of him, that while going to be married, he notes analogies in Chinese processions met on the way with their idols, incense, and music, to those in which the Portuguese Roman Catholics indulged. His wife, however, returned home in bad health in 1818, and he went sadly back to bachelor's hall. "I have the same dish," we find him saying, "week after week—*Irish stew and dried roots*—which I eat with Chinese chop-sticks."

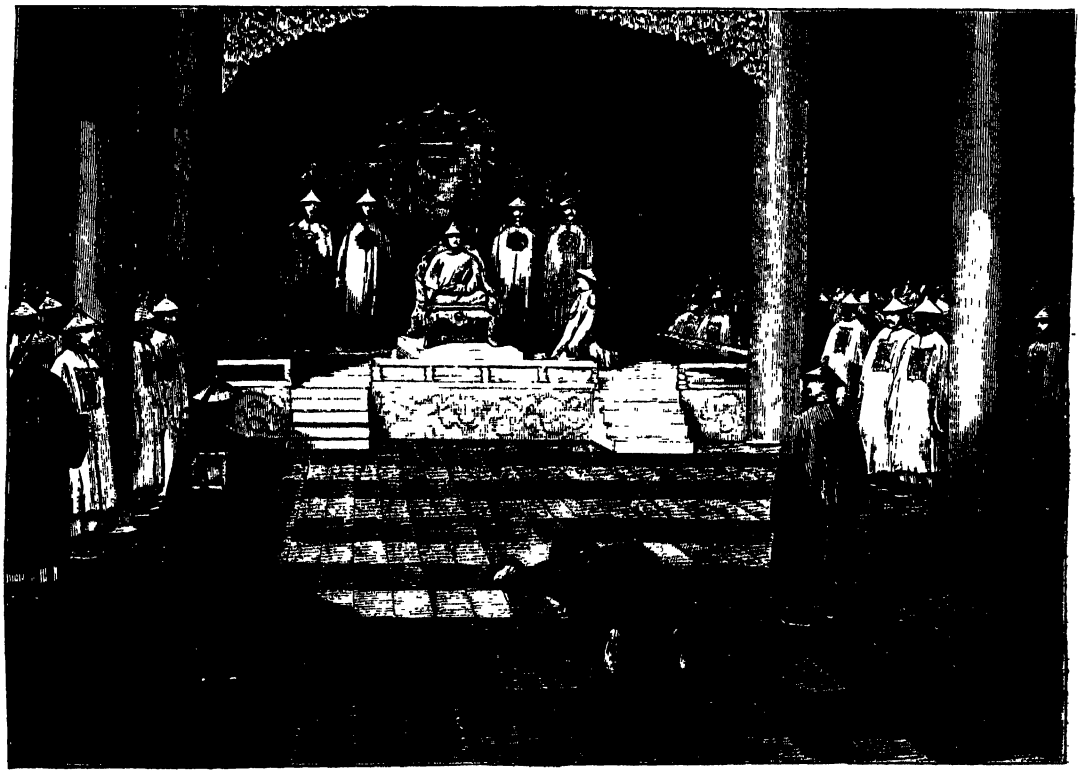
About this time two stirring events happened. Morrison's scholarship and study of Chinese customs played an important part in the diplomatic questions that arose from those incidents. The first is still spoken of as the "question of the *kotow*," and the other is remembered as the "affair of the *Topaze*."

The Dutch, in their dealings with the Chinese, used meekly to submit to every national insult and degradation, so long as thereby they might suck any advantage. Lord Amherst was sent from England in 1816 to arrange a commercial treaty, with the direct sanction and cognisance of the Emperor. When the embassy reached the port of Tien-tsin, which is not far from Pekin, a banquet was offered to him; and the representative of that empire on which the sun never sets, was also offered instructions and an opportunity of acquiring practically the art of prostrating oneself—the *kotow*, in short—before a yellow screen. This was in order to have the ceremony itself work smoothly before the august wielder of the "vermilion pencil." Sir John Davis, quoting Van Braam, tells how the Dutch representatives had once beat their heads nine times against the ground before the throne, and were at last rewarded by some viands from the Imperial table—principally sheep's trotters, which had already been gnawed clean of meat, on a dirty plate. "This disgusting mess," exclaims the indignant Dutchman, "appeared rather destined to feed a dog, than to form the repast of a human creature."

Such a diplomatic blunder was not to be repeated by the English representative, who returned unhumbled. But the discussion became a very hot and a very learned one; and Dr. Morrison's well-known and unique qualifications almost necessarily caused him to be consulted, leading ultimately to his formal appointment as the official interpreter of the East India Company. His defence of the English Minister's view was certainly learned, exhaustive, and convincing.

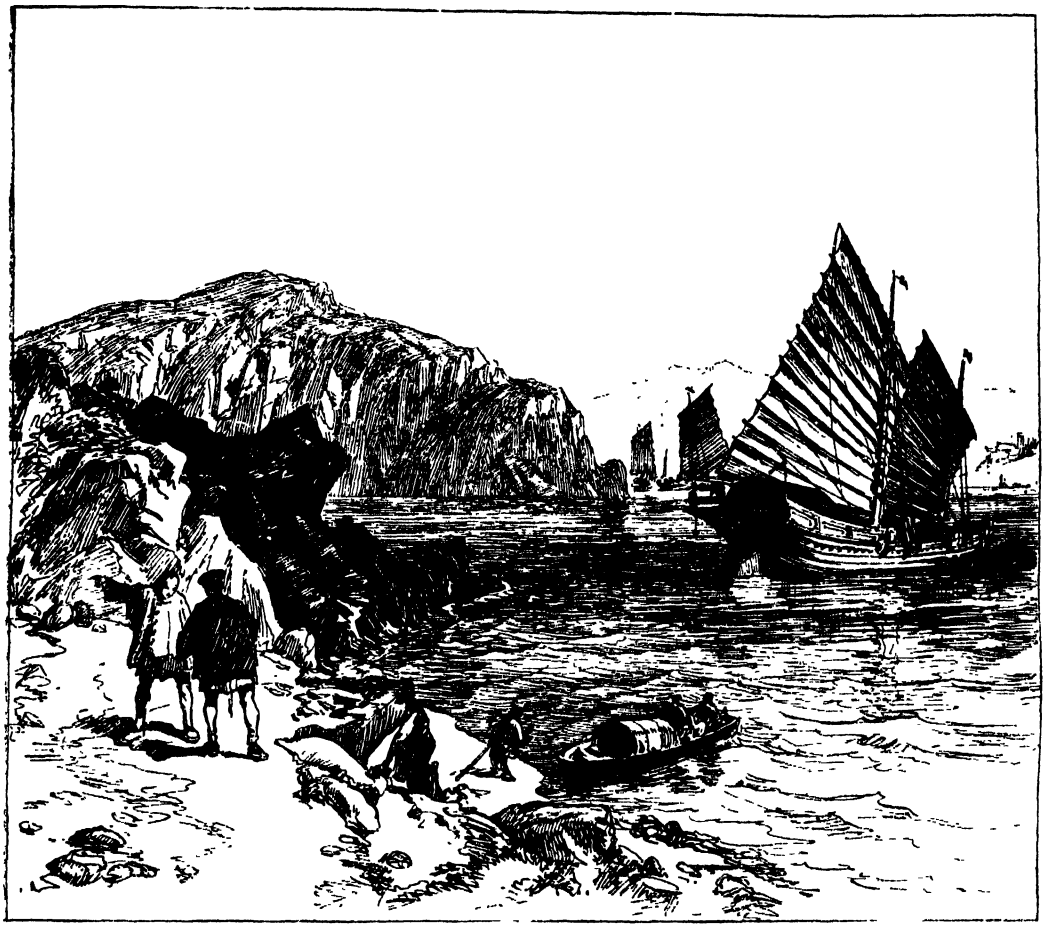
His general conclusion may be here given:—"Waiving the question whether it be proper for one human being to use such strong expressions of submission to another or not, when any (even the strongest) of these forms are *reciprocal*, they do not interfere with the idea of equality, or of mutual independence. If they are *not* reciprocally performed, the last of the forms expresses in the strongest manner the submission and homage of one person or state to another: and in this light the Tartar family now on the throne of China consider the *san-kwei kew-kow*, thrice kneeling and nine times beating the head against the ground. Those nations of Europe who consider themselves tributary and yielding homage to China should perform the Tartar ceremony; those who do not consider themselves so, should not perform the ceremony."

The affair of the *Topaze* was an altogether different kind of business, and involved what was, from at least an English standpoint, a judicial murder, under circumstances most exasperating to every foreigner in China. Around the mouth of the Canton River there are numerous creeks almost enclosed by bare treeless mountains. There are also many islands with narrow channels between. These have been the natural homes for centuries of very daring gangs of pirates. Since Lord Amherst's refusal to



CHINESE CEREMONY OF THE KOTOW.

kotow, or do homage, there had been a long interval of tranquillity. But in 1820 and 1821 some disturbances took place of grave consequence to the intercourse of foreigners with China. On the 15th of December, 1821, an English frigate, the *Topaze*, sent a small party on shore for water on one of the islands referred to, named Lintin. They intended to scrub their clothes also. The sailors were unarmed, and were under the charge of an officer, and it is just possible that the simple-minded villagers looked upon them as pirates. At all events they beat a gong loudly, and in a trice the whole frantic population, armed with great clubs, bamboos with knives attached to their ends, stones, and all kinds of farm implements, rushed upon the small British party. What could a few unarmed men do? They fled to their ship, the officer in command on board firing upon their pursuers, killing one Chinaman and wounding five others, one of whom afterwards died. Of the British party fourteen were wounded.



MOUTH OF THE CANTON RIVER.

The affair caused intense excitement, and as the Chinese then had a lofty sense of their military superiority (which was modified in after days) every resident felt that a crisis was coming. It was said on the Chinese side that the seamen had been digging up their potatoes, and had even run off with two jars of good spirits. This latter accusation was very unlikely to be true, for the British sailor of those days would probably not run far with a jar of spirits. The real origin of the riot became a question of first importance.

The "Hong" merchants—that is, Chinese wholesale merchants, who were a kind of medium of contact with the Government—thought it would be reasonable to give up a man to be "fairly tried." What this meant soon appeared. Dr. Morrison, fulfilling the duties of the important official position which he now held, has written a most elaborate, and deeply interesting account of the affair. One man—the engineer of the was given up for "fair trial." Next morning the Hong merchants reported in pigeon English that "all hab setty." It *was* all "settled" in a way: the man was strangled.

This was, unfortunately, not the first occasion of a similar kind. A little before this an Italian, on board the American ship *Emily*, had seen a Chinese bumboat-woman wrongfully selling spirits to the crew. He struck her on the forehead with a little jar. In struggling to escape, her thole-pin broke, and, perhaps stunned, she fell overboard and was drowned. Her death was clearly unintentional. Francis Terranova, the Italian, was also surrendered to the Chinese for "fair trial," his American protectors putting him in irons and letting him fight his own battle. He, too, was at once strangled, after a bogus trial, in which, as Dr. Morrison explains, every Chinese formality was ignored.

The Doctor's narrative is very pathetic. After explaining that in China strangling is the least disgraceful form of capital punishment, because it leaves the body complete and unmutilated—a fact deemed to be of importance when the other world is reached—he mentions that the implement used is an upright cross, on the transverse beam of which the arms are stretched and fastened. He tells the story of the poor man's execution as follows: "Francis at three was raised, and advised to take breakfast, as he might not get food all the day; he smiled, and said it was too early; but being urged, he finally ate. He was conveyed past the cross on which he was to suffer death; and being a Roman Catholic he made the signs which are usual with the Christians of that persuasion on passing a cross. He was then hurried through a great hall in presence of the governor, and carried back to meet his unexpected fate. It is said that several hundred troops surrounded the place; and not till the executioners put their hands upon him did he suspect their intention. He then wrestled, and made appeals to Heaven, and to his heart, and called as if for assistance from his own people: but he was *abandoned* [Dr. Morrison's italics] and helpless, and the wrenched cord, round his neck, soon made his eyeballs start from their sockets."

It seems to be clear from the details given by Dr. Morrison, who had much to do with both sides during this critical period, that in the American's case all "Europeans" or white men were excluded from the trial. The minds of the judges were made up, as in the Englishman's case, and at daybreak he was strangled. There was evidently need, at that time, of something like the Consular jurisdiction by which each European and American nationality is, by treaty, empowered to deal with its own citizens residing in the land. This principle logically led to other conditions of foreign residence in China, which had much effect upon missionary effort.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIBLE IS TRANSLATED AND CIRCULATED.

Arrival of Mr. Milne—Canton and its River Life—Translation of the Bible into Chinese Completed—Character of the Chinese Language—Difficulties of its Ideographic Character—Impossibility of writing down exactly what a Chinaman says—Poverty of Words and consequent Difficulty of Tones—Dr. Morrison saves a Chinese from unjust Execution—Arrival of Mr. Bridgman from America—Chinese Secret Societies—Extensive Distribution of Books and Tracts and subsequent Condemnation of it—Reasons for a different View—Christian Origin of the Taiping Rebellion—Death of Milne and Morrison—American Chinese Version of the Scriptures—Mr. Lowrie slain by Pirates.

IT does not appear that *religious* opposition was really at the bottom of the series of ingenious obstacles that Morrison and the early missionaries in China had to encounter. Rather it seemed that the Chinese authorities and merchants feared that the foreign powers, certainly including England, meant aggression of some kind, or perhaps commercial monopoly. It was now, however, found to be possible to get some little progress made in translating the Word of God, and in fixing terms to be used in giving certainty to the main teachings of Christianity. This latter, indeed, proved to be a very serious undertaking, nor is it yet quite satisfactorily accomplished.

We have already seen that a Chinese translation of the Acts of the Apostles, and of the Epistles of St. Paul, had been discovered in the British Museum. These Morrison had copied out in London, and brought with him to China. He now carefully revised, and, with his better knowledge, greatly amended them, for they had been but roughly done. He went on then without a pause to translate the four Gospels, the remaining Epistles, and the Book of Revelation.

A colleague was appointed to join him in his solitary struggle. Mr. Milne, a scholarly man, who was sent from the London Missionary Society, first (in 1813) came to that quiet bit of old Portugal, Macao, which then held the place that its great British rival, Hong-Kong, now holds as the key to the commerce of Canton. In Macao religious intolerance was rampant, for it was then, and for long before that time, a stronghold of Jesuit intrigue. This new Protestant missionary might, if he would, go to preach in pagan Canton; but he might not remain to study in the good Catholic town of Macao. So, being driven from Macao by command of the Governor (with a Roman ecclesiastic or two to do the secret wire-pulling, we may be sure), to Canton he went, for it was now possible to live there.

Canton is a densely massed chaos of houses, containing not less, probably, than a million and a half of inhabitants. It lies at the apex of a low delta, intersected with many lagoons and shallow channels, the delta of the Pearl River—the Chu-kiang, or as Britishers love to call it, the River of Canton. The city is about eighty-five miles from Hong-Kong, and the passage is now daily made in a large American of "side-wheeler," in about eight hours. The land around the city is a great, uneven plain, formed of good alluvial soil and cultivated like a garden, in which grain

rice and tobacco, the mulberry plant on which the silkworm feeds, fruits of all kinds, and vegetables of the best quality.

Canton and its busy river are remarkable for their enormous *floating* population, taking the expression quite literally. Those poor people, who are a distinct race, or nearly so, are said to have been the victims of "coercion" of a very vigorous kind,



LIFE ON CANTON RIVER.

exercised long ago. They live permanently in boats; are born, married, and die there. Many of their vessels are commodious and fairly comfortable, and the hygienic arrangements are eminently simple. They are usually shaped like an egg halved lengthwise, and are called by foreign residents "egg-house boats." Many of the river-people live, for the time, on great pine-rafts, which are made to be floated down the river from the well-wooded heights from which it takes its rise. They are carried down stream by the current, being guided by the dexterous use of long, stout bamboo poles, which bend rather than break. Huts, like those on the Mississippi rafts, are built on board, and you may see tawny "water-babies" merrily toddling about the rude

deck, or racing from end to end of its sinuous length, without much consciousness of risking life or limb. Captain Laplace, a French naval officer, wondering at the general propriety and orderliness of these poor boat people, observes:—"The Chinese are very much our superiors in *true* civilisation—in that which frees the majority of men from the brutality and ignorance which, among many European nations, place the lowest classes of society on a level with the most savage beasts."

Mr. Milne was not long in making himself master of what was then known of the Chinese tongue. So Morrison and he, dividing the work which had now to be done on the Old Testament between them, set to their task in real earnest, and before many years had passed, the translation into intelligible and fairly accurate Chinese had actually been *published* and *circulated* in China. The once "impossible" had been honestly accomplished. The difficulties of the Chinese language had at last been conquered, and against tremendous odds, by these valiant soldiers of the Cross.

Since then the missionaries in China, such as Williams, Chalmers, Meadows, and many others, have done much to make, what is still the most difficult language in the world, capable of being read and spoken by foreigners. And here a few paragraphs may perhaps prove serviceable to the better understanding of these difficulties, and of the task which had to be coped with, before the Bible could be translated into Chinese.

The Chinese language has some striking peculiarities, which cannot be more than touched upon here. As written or printed, its characters are understood at sight by educated persons all over China, and in its neighbouring countries, Corea and Japan. It has thus, in the far East, now a function similar to that which Latin exercised in European countries during the Middle Ages, and, like Latin, may be pronounced in various ways without the sense being affected. Written Chinese is thus a social link between tribes and nations whose spoken words are mutually unintelligible. But it is far different with the spoken language, which is widely different in different districts, to a degree far beyond the usual variations in the pronunciation of Latin. And this arises from the fact that the Latin is an alphabet language, whose characters express *sounds;* while the Chinese has no alphabet, its characters expressing chiefly *ideas* or *things*, whose vocal utterance may vary to a great extent. These characters are written in perpendicular columns, beginning at the top; and the columns are read from the right to the left-hand side.

The usual illustration of this (and it is the best available) is to take a number expressed in Arabic numerals, as understood and spoken throughout Europe. Let us suppose the number is 92. These characters express an actual number, and are read correctly as to the *idea* to be conveyed, throughout all Europe. But they are *pronounced* as follows, even in languages known to be very closely allied:—

English.—*Ninety-two;*
French.—*Kahtr-vahng-dooze (quatre-vingt-douze);*
German.—*Zvei-oont-noyntzig (zwei-und-neunzig);*
Italian.—*Novanta-dooay (novanta-due);*

and it can be readily understood that the words as *spoken* by one nation are unintelligible to the other.

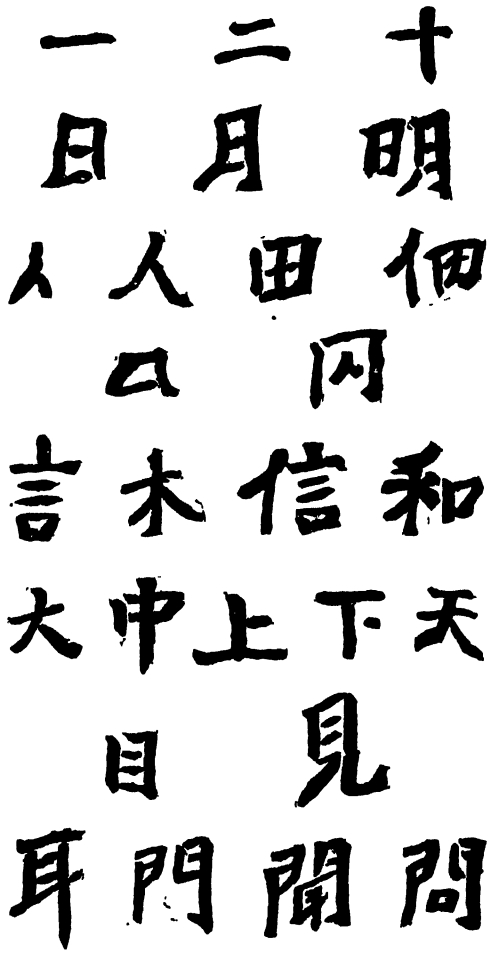
Still further, a *picture* of a horse would be understood everywhere; and if the recognised word for a horse were such a picture of it, in all European nations, the picture would gradually become simplified, and have a sort of conventional form, which would be read everywhere, though the speech might utterly differ.



SOME CHINESE CHARACTERS, AS PRINTED.

It is believed by many that Chinese writing was originally all pictorial, or what is called "ideographic." This is disputed; but it is at least clear that many of the oldest and commonest characters were of this nature. Let us give here a table of a few common Chinese words. The pictorial character can be clearly seen in such words as that for a field, the older symbols for sun and moon, a gate, the mouth, etc. The symbol for a man consists of two strokes for his

legs, which originally had exactly the spirit of the Japanese trousers so well known, and may be compared with Carlyle's "forked radish;" but the two strokes have become modified in position. Put the man and the field together, and you have the written word for farmer. Other combinations of elementary words will be



THE SAME CHARACTERS, AS WRITTEN.*

readily traced in the table, and the ideographic character of some of them is clearly distinguishable.

As a rule these compounds convey, as will be seen, much more *abstract* ideas, and form a second class of Chinese words. They are very interesting, as showing the

* These characters are not given as what would be called "copper-plate hand," but are photographs actually transcribed by a native of China residing in London.

prevailing ideas of the people when such words were formed. A very frequently occurring character represents a tuft of grass. If a complicated "hieroglyph" contains that element set prominently in its structure, depend on it the word has something to do with "plants," and it must be sought for in the dictionary where similar words are grouped. Another stands to represent water, and the word of which it forms part is likely to contain some idea related to moisture, or fluidity. One useful sign represents the sun, another the moon. Used in a certain way, the one stands for "day" and the other for "month." Place them together (as in the table), and you have "brightness," or "light." To represent the east, or sunrise, the sun is shown *behind* a tree; noon is set forth by the sun placed *above* a tree; sunset, by the sun sinking *beneath* a tree. A forest may be denoted by three trees; a mountain is set forth by strokes meant to denote three peaks. A woman, in Chinese, is a robed figure; a wife, is the figure of a woman by whose side is placed a broom, showing that, according to Chinese ideas, one of a wife's chief duties was to use the broom. In Japan "a clattering noise" has been sometimes very ungallantly denoted by a concise group of three such robed figures standing together. These robed figures have, however, like the legs of the man, become very conventional in representation. In fact, many of the signs are so contracted by a kind of artistic shorthand, that their pictorial origin can hardly now be recognised. A rice field was indicated by a kind of bird's-eye plan of one, which is but little altered in the modern form. The sun was set forth in old times by a dot within a circle representing the firmament. The moon was a crescent with a dash between its bounding lines. We can only just trace now the way in which a few of these old figures have become transformed, but a careful study of older forms of writing the characters than those which now prevail, sometimes reveals the development from an original pictorial form, that would not readily have occurred to one who was only familiar with the character as it is written to-day.

Another of the Chinese characters is a simple horizontal stroke. It stands for "one," or "unity," like our Roman I. "Two" is represented by two such strokes. Strokes are so placed as to convey the ideas of "above," "below," "within," and so on. This too, is quite simple and easily understood, and represents another component of Chinese written words; but still it is *idea* which is conveyed, and not *sound*.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that Chinese writing, as a whole, affords *no* guide to the pronunciation. As intelligence developed and culture ripened in the Celestial land, the necessity for fresh terms, and new characters to express them, became the mother of a great improvement in the language. A Roman or Arabic numeral, of itself, gives the European no hint as to how it should be sounded; but throughout some two-thirds of the copious vocabulary of modern Chinese—and there are about twenty-five thousand word-characters in common use—there is set, alongside the ordinary hieroglyph, a phonetic character, as Western scholars term it, which serves as an aid to the pronunciation. This subordinate character also often lends a finer shade of meaning to the broad significance of its companion, and thus exercises a function not

unlike that of the second, or specific term, in the nomenclature of natural history, as when we say or write, *Rosa canina*, or dog-rose.

Such are some of the characteristics and difficulties of this wonderful language. It has beauties and advantages of its own, no doubt. Dr. Morrison tells us that "Chinese fine-writing darts upon the mind with a vivid flash, a force, and a beauty, of which alphabetic language is incapable." It conveys ideas directly to a great extent. A Japanese student who has never spoken to a Chinaman, can read the pages of a Chinese author with profit and delight. If he were to travel in China, he could get along by writing down his daily wants by means of the so-called "hieroglyphs" with which Chinese tea-chests have made Western eyes familiar. Indeed, on account of dialectic differences, Chinamen from different provinces cannot always converse intelligibly with each other, and so resort to mimic *writing* with invisible ink on the palms of the hand. The eye follows the tracing, and the picture-symbol speaks for itself. A Japanese, or a Corean, can thus work his way through China by means of the characters, although his pronunciation differs entirely.

But a consequent and very peculiar characteristic of Chinese, is, that you cannot write down *exactly* in his own language what a Chinaman says. In a court of justice, the most scrupulous clerk must translate into *symbols*—of which there may be many suitable ones to choose from—what a witness utters, before it can be officially recorded. In a conference, or presbytery, a resolution may have to be written out and shown round to the members, before they are able to vote intelligently on it. There are no characters at all to represent some current words which are of daily use in the colloquial language. And some 6,000 or 7,000 of the symbols must be learned, before anyone can read an ordinary book or business document.

So much for the written language. As for the spoken tongue, the great differences of dialect have already been several times alluded to. Hosts of workers have been busily engaged with these dialects, and such variations as they reveal must have been going on for many centuries. In more recent times, "tones," not unlike those used by English teachers of elocution, have been added to the earlier elements of the language. This seems to have taken place as the primitive men from the north came into communion, and blended with, the races lying towards Burmah and Siam. Hence arises another great difficulty which the foreigner meets in grappling with this wonderful tongue. Many words being of only one syllable, the same syllable may mean many quite different things, unless a certain distinctiveness of tone can be given to each. It is the poor Frenchman's difficulty as to the many senses of the English word "box," only on a larger scale. Let us give an actual example. The late Professor Ko Kun-hua, of Harvard University, wrote and sent to Dr. Wells Williams the following melodious lines, which may here serve to illustrate the necessity of using tones to distinguish Chinese words of similar sound. It is perfectly good Chinese verse:—

"Ping ping ping tso tso,
Ping tso tso ping ping.
Tso tso ping ping tso,
Ping ping tso tso ping."

The author himself turned the lines into English, thus:—

"In the light of the spring sun far over the sea,
The City Imperial shines in my view;
But fairer and dearer than this is to me
Are the clouds and the water of your land to you.
The teacher's red curtain once used by Ma Yung,
At Yale and at Harvard for us has been hung;
And thanks to the hole which your learning has drilled
In the wall of your language, with light I am filled." *

It will be seen how *two syllables only*, in the Chinese original, are made by differences in tone and pronunciation to express all the complicated ideas rendered in the translation. The allusion in the last two lines is to a famous poor scholar of antiquity who, unable to afford artificial light for himself, bored a hole through the wall so that he might enjoy the benefit of his neighbour's lamp. Ma Yung was an ancient professor who sat before a red curtain when teaching his students.

Amusing mistakes happen through the difficulty foreigners have, at first, in catching the "tones" properly. Miss Fielde, in her attractive series of sketches of life in China, called "Pagoda Shadows," tells of a foreign housekeeper who sent her cook to buy tree strawberries, and was surprised to see him return bringing a sheep's tail! Another comical experience she mentions, which "happened in North China to a young missionary lady, eager to be spiritually useful to the people, who began, after a few months' study of the language, to teach a class of boys in a Sunday-school. She was telling the boys about King David, and referred to his having once slain a lion. She found that the boys were not impressed as she expected by this evidence of David's courage, and was a little surprised after the class was dismissed, by overhearing one of the boys saying to another, 'I do not see that David was so very brave in killing that creature; I myself have killed a great many of them.' On careful reconsideration of what she had said, she discovered that *shai* meant a lion, but *shăi*, as she had said it, meant a louse!" You perhaps ask for a bow and your servant brings you a saddle. You refer solemnly to a corpse, and your Chinese friend stares, thinking you are speaking about a spoon. "*Taw*," says Miss Fielde, writing of the Swatow dialect (which, in common with all the southern, has eight tones, the northern dialects only having four), "is a knife, a cluster, a pocket, or the floor, according to the tone in which it is uttered."

Another distinction is often made by combining two words to help out the meaning; as we might say, the sky-sun, not the child-son, or as John Leech's cockney barber distinguishes the *'air* of the *'ead* from the *hair* of the *hatmosphere*. English examples of this method are, school-master, ship-master, and so forth. Up to the very last, it has been found difficult to find a word that shall express in a satisfactory manner the idea of God; and this for the reason, that it is concrete ideas which have to be used as components, whilst our vocal *names*, though including ideas (of, however, a more abstract form), leave room also for that indefiniteness which best

* "Life and Letters of S. W. Williams, LL.D.," by his son, F. W. Williams. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1889.)

suits the majesty and infinity of the Divine nature.* But sufficient has now been said to give some idea of the difficulties which had to be encountered with the language itself, in the earlier stages of Chinese missions.

Dr. Morrison, in acting as interpreter for the East India Company, had many opportunities of doing kind and Christ-like services, not only to his own countrymen, but also, as their confidence was gained, to Chinamen, and to the merchants, shippers, and seamen doing business under other flags. A touching incident occurred in 1828, which justly caused it to be said of Morrison that he "was destined on this occasion to experience a very gratifying reward for his pains in acquiring the language." †

A French ship which had been battered about greatly off the coasts of Cochin China, and had become, in consequence, quite disabled, one day put into Touron Bay. There her disheartened owners were only too glad to sell the hulk for what it would bring. Having done so, and with a collection of rather costly goods which formed part of the unfortunate vessel's cargo, they took passage with an evil-smelling, motley crowd of Chinese, in a large passenger junk bound for the old Portuguese town of Macao. The unfortunate French captain, blind to the serious risks he ran, was satisfied with the formal watch which was usual on such occasions. But there was on board one loyal old Chinaman, who tried by various signs to draw his attention to the menacing looks and eager whisperings which were ever going on among the rough-looking lot that lay closely huddled on the by no means too spacious deck. Just as the ship drew in towards the landmark indicating the opening of the peculiar sinuous passage that leads to the harbour of Macao—which lies amongst an intricate system of creeks and islands, to this present day infested with daring and troublesome bands of pirates—the more respectable of the Chinese on board made for the landing-boats with suspicious alacrity.

A thought of treachery seemed yet to dawn upon the Frenchmen, and as night fell on they all went off quietly to sleep, thinking doubtless that the risk of robbers was now over. But when the cold pale light of morning dawned upon the noiseless deck of that junk, it was all red with the blood of the poor Frenchmen. In the quiet of the early morning the Chinese crew had arisen stealthily, and with knife and hatchet made short work of the slumbering foreigners. The captain fought gallantly for his life, and had laid several Chinamen dead at his feet before he himself fell, the last to succumb. Only one man escaped to tell the frightful tale, which, of course created the utmost horror and consternation in the small foreign community.

This poor seaman's escape was little short of a miracle. Armed with a stout crowbar of some kind, he, though badly cut about the head and bleeding freely, kept his cowardly pig-tailed assailants at bay for a while. At last, seeing that further resistance was altogether useless, he leaped into the sea. His enemies no doubt supposed that he would inevitably be drowned; but, being an expert swimmer, he succeeded in

* We shall have a further opportunity of stating the main points in the great "Term question," which is so important to the missionaries in China.

† The chief particulars of the incident here narrated are given by M. Laplace, a French naval officer, already quoted, who was in Chinese waters during that stirring period. Some additional details are drawn from the narrative of Sir J. F. Davis, Her Majesty's Minister in China.

getting into a friendly boat, and was landed at Macao, sick, exhausted, and badly wounded. There kindly help and skill were rendered by the Jesuits, and on communicating with the Mandarins, who all hate pirates and piracy, they were soon at work hunting the sea-robbers. The evidence against them was certainly clear enough, for the more respectable Chinamen on board, hitherto afraid of revenge if they informed, came forward and gave testimony. The assassins were speedily caught, put into iron cages, and sent up to Canton to be tried—and condemned.

Now the Emperor himself had commanded that the trial and punishment were to be conducted before the Europeans living there, as proof of good faith, and Morrison had to be present in his official capacity as interpreter. While standing in court he heard repeated cries and pitiful protestations of innocence from one trembling inmate of an iron cage—an old man. Morrison bent his ear to him, and understanding, as few foreigners then did, the meaning of this old boatman's *patois*, he heard him call for the Frenchman, whose life he had really tried to save. The missionary promptly went up to the stern-eyed Mandarins on the bench and told them the old man's story, recalling with great tact the noble truth embedded from olden times in Chinese law, that it is better to let even the guilty escape than to punish the innocent.

The judges agreed that the old man should be confronted with the sailor. This was at once done, and a scene followed as pathetic and beautiful as any that romancers have imagined. The two men embraced, shedding tears the while, and the whole audience was melted with sympathy. The judges, officials of high culture in China, were glad to set the old man free. Only one person in that tragic assembly, we may be sure, could be happier than he, and that one was Robert Morrison. The rest of the prisoners were at once, and in the presence of the court, beheaded, except the leader of the pirate gang. He was slowly and elaborately tortured to death in the Chinese manner, before the horror-sick Europeans who had to bear witness of the execution.

The most merciful form of capital punishment in the code of China is strangulation. It involves no loss of members to be perpetuated in the other world. Not so with the next form, decapitation, reserved for worse offenders, who must reappear in Hades as headless ghosts; till, by long eras of suffering and remorse, the evil-doer has purged the sins of his mundane career. The third and most terrible form of execution is called *Ling-chy*, "the disgraceful and lingering death." In this form, reserved for the gravest offences known to Chinamen, the victim is said to be sliced almost to pieces by a series of cuts, made in a fixed order so as to leave all vital parts intact, that the suffering may be continued as long as possible.

Dr. Morrison, together with Mr. Olyphant, a good Christian merchant in China, had urged the American Board to send out a missionary. The latter-named gentlema offered, very generously, to pay all the missionary's expenses outward, and to furn him with a home for one year. A representative of the Board, therefore, went to t college at Andover without delay, to look for a suitable man. From a quiet farm-hou Massachusetts had come a young student of deeply religious feeling, whose ancestors



MORRISON SAVES AN INNOCENT CHINAMAN.

of that genuine old Puritan stock which laid the foundation of America's greatness. Elijah Coleman Bridgman (born in 1801) was not slow to respond to the clear-toned call to the East, and was off to China, amid much work and worry, in three weeks from the date of his first summons to the mission-field. After a voyage of four months he landed safely in Canton in the year 1830. Here Morrison received the young American with open arms, helped him with much kindly counsel, and gave him some footing amongst the people, who were still suspicious of most foreigners, even to hostility. As a missionary, indeed, no foreigner was yet formally tolerated by the Mandarins, and there was shown not a little actual enmity, which seemingly awaited but a favourable occasion to display itself in semi-legal villainy. Bridgman's life was quiet and uneventful, but not without influence on China, as we shall see by-and-bye.

When the New Testament was ready for circulation, Milne, who was soon followed by others, made extensive journeys among the Chinese scattered about the South Seas, in the vicinity of the Malayan peninsula, visiting Batavia, the island of Java—to

Emperor he had the honour to be presented—and Madura, whose Sultan invited him to spend a night in his palace.

At Malacca a college was founded by Milne, the genuine precursor of those in India with which Dr. Duff's name will be for ever associated. To this institution, which was expected to aid the spread of Christian culture and truth over south-eastern Asia, Morrison, out of his earnings as interpreter, generously gave a subscription of £1,500. The college at Malacca does not, however, seem to have met with success. The conditions which proved so favourable in India could hardly be said to exist in Southern China or its vicinity. Numerous schools of a less pretentious character were opened for the Chinese, Malay, and Indian children, and preaching was now vigorously and openly carried on wherever audiences could be obtained.

Wandering about in this way, seeking to get amongst the Chinese (for China herself was not yet open in any true sense), who formed little close communities in the various neighbouring ports where any business was to be done or money to be made, Milne began to observe that the Chinese colonists or emigrants were often secretly banded together, not always for strictly legal or moral objects. Indeed, he saw that they thus formed many a wild scheme to rob and thwart the local authorities. Chinese society has often, in disturbed times, been perfectly honeycombed with secret guilds, which have sometimes tried to accomplish, by organising bloody rebellions, the political changes our working men's clubs seek to achieve by peaceful means.

Dr. Milne made a close study of one of the largest of the secret bands, called the *Triad Society*, and in 1823 he published some observations on the subject. Outwardly it was a kind of mutual aid society, but, besides certain laudable aims, it sought to identify its members with bold schemes of rebellion, robbery, and revenge. Their motto was—

"The blessings mutually share,
The woes reciprocally bear."

In Chinese systems of thought there are always three phases or departments of the Universe—*Heaven, Earth, Man*. This, then, is the august "triad", from which the rebel guild borrowed its sanctimonious title. The force of the title is the prophetic hint it conveys to the initiated, that when these great influences combine, the reigning dynasty of the Manchus or Tartars (which commenced to rule China in A.D. [illegible] totter and fall. At the beginning of the century this conspiracy spread [illegible] under another name, and it had nearly succeeded in its bold design, but it was almost, though not quite, crushed out of existence by measures of great severity. It revived, however, and still goes on with kaleidoscopic changes of form. The new "brother" used to be initiated at the dead of night by passing under a bridge of swords, one member reading the form of oath to him, he duly responding to each article, and sealing his testimony by cutting off a cock's head, as an assurance that a similar fate will befall him if faithless. Many of the ceremonial details remind one of Western freemasonry.

It is pretty certain that much of the jealous dread of Christianity on the part of

Chinese officialdom, arose from a fear of such secret guilds working injury to established law and order.

After some exploratory work on that seemingly bottomless quagmire—the language—through which Morrison had placed in various directions not a few solid stepping-stones, Bridgman began, at the suggestion of his English predecessor, to conduct a magazine, which was destined to attain its object very clearly, and became in reality, as well as in name, "The Chinese Repository." He remained its editor for about twenty years, showing remarkable tact and ability, and giving a great stimulus to studies pertaining to China. This work is now rather rare and valuable; but we understand that some portion of it has been republished. It is a perfect mine of information upon every subject connected with the Far East. Bridgman was succeeded as editor by Dr. Wells Williams, another able and scholarly American, author of one of the very best books on China, "The Middle Kingdom." But we must tell of the great work Dr. Williams did for China later on.

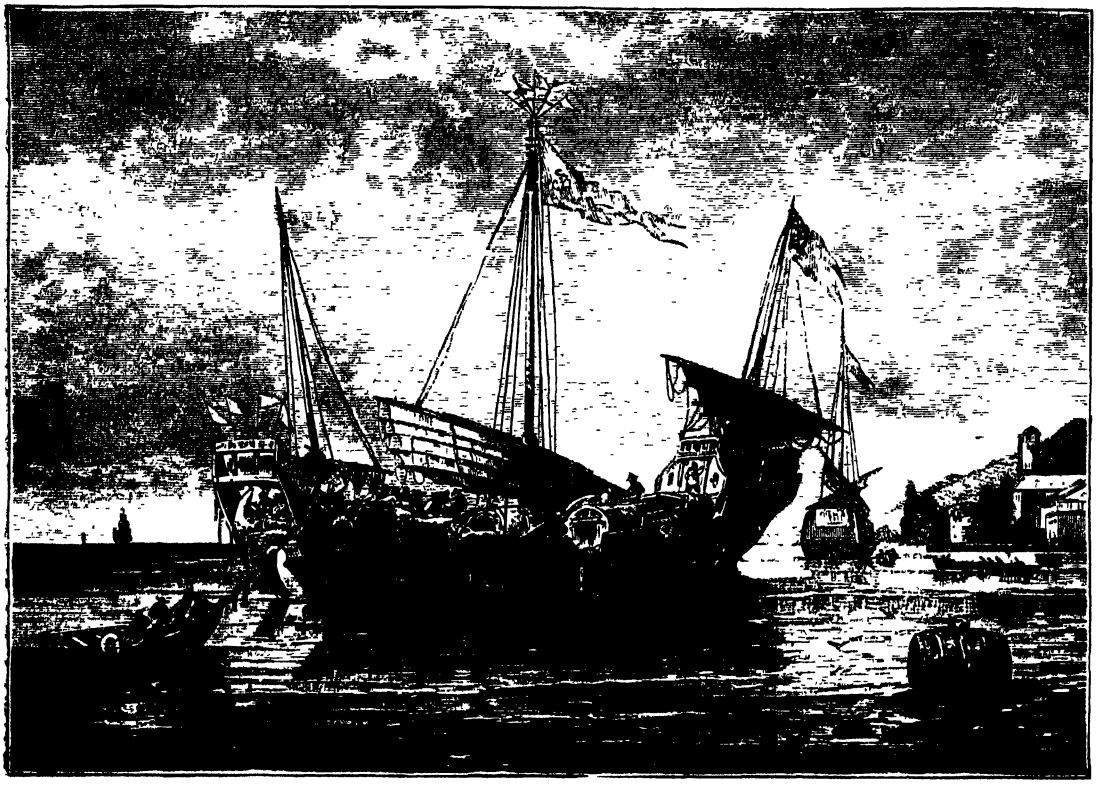
The Chinese as a people have always been fond of reading, and, although the common people have little leisure for real study, a very large proportion of the *men* can read and enjoy a simple tract or story. The Buddhist priests, long ago, provided the populace with little booklets, giving some conception of the life and aims of the great Indian whose system they profess to teach and follow; and many collections of pious and moral tales exist, of which copies are sold for a mere trifle.

The Christian missionaries now began to utilise the opportunities which free access to the boat population, and to the emigrants from China into the neighbouring countries and the Straits Settlements, afforded them for circulating tracts and Bibles. The labourers were now becoming more numerous. Dr. Gutzlaff, a Prussian by birth, sent out by the Netherlands Mission Society, and Dr. Medhurst, with Messrs. Tomlin and Stevens, made long journeys along the coast, and circulated in this way perhaps about seven and a half millions of booklets and tracts. They used to go on board the junks, and there they would find, strangely grouped, natives from every province in China, traders from Malacca, Singapore, and Penang, Jews and Mahommedans, Portuguese and Parsees, and crowds of Malays from the Straits. Whatever judgment has since been passed on this work, the workers were inspired by an ardent conviction that they were doing the right thing at the time, and that this mode of reaching the Chinese heart and soul was the best then available in the state of the country.

It is true that subsequent writers have expressed a very different judgment in most unhesitating terms. Dr. Brown, the generally calm and judicious historian of Missions, says with some degree of severity, "Extensive as was the distribution of books, little or nothing was ever known of spiritual good being effected by them, nor are there any traces of their having had any bearing or influence as regards the spread of the Gospel in China, or in any of the other countries to which they were carried. They were distributed not only much too freely, but much too indiscriminately." This could hardly have been the case if the books and tracts were in themselves good and instructive. The sailors could sometimes not read them. That, at least, has been

and it is quite probable in itself; but, on the other hand, it was admitted by one of the severest critics of this "indiscriminate distribution" that "in no junk did we find the crew so ignorant that none could read." That the works were imperfect in substance and style may be freely conceded.

What, however, was the result of all this enormous expenditure of time, energy, and money? Dr. Wells Williams, writing in 1838, said very candidly:—"Hitherto



A CHINESE JUNK.

we have had no proof that the thousands of books thrown among this people have excited one mind to inquire concerning them, have induced one soul to find a teacher among the foreigners in China, or have been the means of converting one individual." This may seem to be very conclusive testimony, as coming from one of the leading missionaries engaged in the work. Williams went on to express his disappointment at the result, on which he bases his disapproval of the means. He says:—"I have seen books on board the junks which were received at Bankok or Batavia; but I have never had a question asked concerning their meaning, have never heard an objection started, nor a request made to have a doubt solved, though the sight of the books I had brought was [illegible] occasion of their *showing me the books they had received.*" (The italics are our [illegible] rom a

Is there not, however, something in this one [illegible]eling, w[illegible] *they had retained the*

books, and knew about them a little, if not much? Again, when the English captured the town of Tinghai in 1840, a copy of one of the Gospels in Chinese was found on board the junk which carried the admiral's flag. It had not only been read, but had marginal notes upon it.

It must be remembered that at this time there was no permission to visit or missionise the interior, and the work was at first sternly restricted to the coast and river population. This was almost the only way by which the seed could then be sown. Twelve or thirteen years afterwards, from among that same population, there burst forth the wildest rebellion of recent times that China had witnessed—the rise of the *T'ai-p'ings*, which will be referred to more particularly presently. But here we simply note that this movement was *a Pagan version of Christianity*, the exact origin of which is still obscure. It sought to abolish idolatry and promote the worship of one true God. Every Englishman in China knows that this movement would probably have been fatal to the ruling dynasty of China, but for the genius and vigour displayed by "Chinese Gordon," who crushed it ere it attained dimensions, as it threatened to do, with which no army could have successfully coped. It is quite certain that those scattered leaflets aroused Chinese sailors and peasants *to think* for the first time, however crude and erroneous their thoughts might have been.

Constant and grinding work at the language told upon the health of Dr. Morrison, so that he was, though with heartfelt regret, compelled to plan a return to England for a time. But with whom could he venture to entrust the delicate affairs of so young a mission, in circumstances so momentous as the times presented? A Chinese Christian named Liang A-fah, no doubt after much prayer and thought, had been set apart as an evangelist. To him was confided the management of affairs; and amidst the severest troubles and persecution, which occurred several years afterwards, he proved himself to be in every way worthy of the great confidence placed in him by his spiritual father, Dr. Morrison.

Liang A-fah, amongst other proofs of Christian zeal and activity, wrote a Chinese tract called "Good Words to Admonish the Age." It does not appear that admonition was exactly what the age was craving for just then, and the fact came into prominence very distinctly and very disagreeably in this way.

Nearly every kind of official eminence and political success in China is based on *education*, as a first step, and as tested by a grand Imperial system of examinations towards the taking of degrees. Indeed, the system is not unlike that pursued by the London University. The examinations are open practically to all who wish to present themselves, nor do the students require to have been resident at any particular school or university. They may have been entirely self-taught, for aught that is asked on this point. Now it happened that in the year 1833 not less than 24,000 of these students—young lads, most of them, from various parts of the country—had come to Canton to be tested by examination in the usual way. Good Liang A-fah, zealous to utilise such a glorious opportunity of addressing what might justly be deemed the cream of the people, men of intelligence and culture, who would, many of them, soon occupy the highest positions of honour and responsibility the State could

confer, circulated amongst them some 2,500 copies of his innocent little "Good Words," which, alas! nearly proved very costly to him.

Just about the time that Lord Napier was appointed British Consul in China—with Dr. Morrison, by the way, as Secretary and Interpreter at a salary of £1,300—a bitter and violent popular outcry was raised, as had once or twice been done before, against "traitorous" Chinamen lending assistance to the foreigners in learning the language. A senseless proclamation was therefore issued by the Mandarins against those who get up the "evil and obscene books of the outside barbarians," or, as we should perhaps say, unorthodox books. It referred pretty plainly to certain evil-doers who pretended to "admonish the age," and as Lord Napier (with Morrison's official help, no doubt) had issued an appeal to the Chinese, it spoke of the help that it was thought natives must have necessarily rendered, as traitorous. Orders were given to search for the offenders, and poor Liang A-fah and his press assistants were naturally suspected. Dr. Wells Williams thus relates what took place:—"Two of the latter were seized, one of whom was beaten with forty blows upon his face for refusing to divulge; the other made a full disclosure, and the police next day repaired to his shop and seized three printers, with four hundred volumes and blocks; the men were subsequently released by paying about eight hundred dollars." A quantity of type used for printing the Chinese Bible, of which Dr. Morrison had presented His Majesty George IV. with a copy when in England, and many fine cut blocks, were destroyed. The boys' school was quite broken up, and Liang A-fah sought safety in flight to Macao, relentlessly pursued by the Chinese police. He ultimately found a safe retreat at Singapore, where, under British rule and protection, he could work to his heart's content among his Chinese countrymen, who resided there, as they do still, in great numbers.

The police succeeded in capturing three of A-fah's relatives at his native village, and in accordance with national laws or customs, they were promptly dealt with, and his house closed up with official stamp and seal. Bridgman thought that if A-fah had fallen into official hands, he would have paid the penalty with his life. The poor Chinese sufferer for his faith afterwards wrote: "I call to mind that all who preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus must suffer persecution; and though I cannot equal the patience of Paul or Job, I desire to imitate the ancient saints, and keep my heart in peace."

But what came of the leaflets that Liang A-fah had scattered amongst the students? One of them, at least, if it could now be obtained, would be well worthy of preservation in a Chinese national museum, as an historical monument interesting to all time. For it was handed by A-fah to a young man named Hung-seu-tsouen, as he entered the Hall of Examination. This young man read it over carefully; tossed it aside as heretical and un-Chinese; re-read and re-read it, and still its message seemed to ring in his poor pagan ears as a new and living word of truth for him and for his anxious and distracted age. The rest is not very clear, but it is thought that he went and talked over the matter with one or two of the missionaries, without being much noticed; and it is believed that he got from one of them a copy of the Old and New Testaments in Chinese.

The Bible, apart from all theories of its Divine inspiration, is itself an inspiring book. To an inquiring, restless, pagan mind it is full of fresh and high ideals of life; so this young man, dissatisfied with all the hard conventionalism around him, felt, amidst gross ignorance of all that we deem the true spirit of Christ, that he would now like to become a Christian. He made open profession of his new faith, but bitter persecution at once arose, so that he joined some like himself who were just emerging from the profound darkness of heathenism, without—alas! for the shortsightedness of the Government—the control and counsel of living and experienced guides. These few poor men were attacked, and cruelly driven away from their homes. Their democratic blood arose (and Chinese blood is *very* democratic), so that they offered resistance to the authorities, and at last they became emboldened, by the recklessness of perhaps despair (for their cause did not seem at first at all likely to become popular), and attacked with great vigour the Imperialist troops sent to subdue them. They shattered them; they even succeeded in capturing a little city, and seized a quantity of arms and ammunition. Others, with no flavour of Christianity, rallied to this strange parody of the standard of Jesus, and the new and wild movement was soon recognised as a somewhat hopeful-looking Cave of Adullam for the hordes of lawless and disaffected who swarm all over the southern parts of the Empire.

China was soon in a blaze. A large, powerful, and very courageous rebel army was organised, and the final desgin came to be the overthrow of the reigning Manchu or Tartar dynasty, and the re-establishment of some branch, probably, of the old genuine Chinese dynasties. The rebels swept rapidly and with irresistible force over the country, fighting fierce battles and laying whole provinces desolate. When Chung-chow was captured by the rebels, close upon six or seven thousand were slain in the conflict, or succumbed to disease. The central provinces were desolated as if some great plague had rapidly swept over them, "perhaps the greatest scourge to which the race has been exposed for many centuries." Many cities were laid low and almost depopulated, their smoky ruins reeking with blood, and the richly cultivated fields, which had made the land like one vast smiling garden, were rendered desolate and barren.

Before the reigning dynasty of Manchus became the masters of China, there was for two hundred and seventy-six years the Chinese dynasty of the Mings (A.D. 1370[?]—1650). The word means brightness or light, a very good catch-cry for the rising party to adopt. This dynasty was begun by the rise from obscurity of a youth, who, half-starved, took refuge in a Buddhist monastery, became the soldier of Fortune, and found her a very good mistress. The last emperor, in despair, stabbed his own daughter and hung himself. It was during the sway of this line that the Jesuits received so much favour in China. Astronomy was studied with much ardour. Then, too, was published that miracle of industry, the great Chinese Encyclopædia, in some twenty-two thousand volumes, with a convenient little index of some three thousand pages.

The rebels made the old Ming capital of Nanking—whence *nankeen* cloth gets its name—*their* capital, capturing it in 1853. It lies not very far from the mouth of Yang-tse-Kiang, and was noted for its beautiful and costly Porcelain Tower.

strange edifice was never completed, but from an account given by Dr. Charles Taylor, an American missionary, some conception may be formed of this most remarkable tower. Its actual height was two hundred and sixty-one feet, and it was all faced with fine porcelain clay, the tiles, which showed fully on each of its nine completed stories (thirteen was the number in the design) throwing a greenish hue over the whole edifice. The tiles and bricks, by no means of one uniform colour, were highly glazed, and the whole was bedight with gay lanterns and bells, some hundred and fifty of each. Within was a spiral staircase; the woodwork was strong, curiously carved, and so richly painted, that when the sun lighted up this singular structure it had a most bewitching and lovely appearance. The rebels blew it up, and carried off the tiles lest it should, in some mysterious way, prove an obstacle to their designs.

At last this rebel stronghold fell. Let Mr. J. Thomson, F.R.G.S., tell the story of the events that followed *:—"The three days and nights following the fall of the city were spent in massacring the inhabitants, and then all who bore the fatal brand of the long-haired rebel were summarily destroyed. The city moat around the walls flowed with blood, and was heaped with the ghastly relics of the slaughter. Ten years after this dreadful episode, Nanking was still in ruins; acres upon acres of streets, once busy and teeming with thousands of industrious citizens, stretched out within the walls, like miles of grass mounds, hushed, desolate, and overgrown with rank weeds. Here and there, faint as if still subdued by dark memories, the hum of reawakening life might be heard, mingled with the fitful sound of labourers and builders at their task of reconstruction. Outside the walls the deserted plains, where little else but reeds and grass were to be seen, testified how completely the region had been depopulated."

But the final history of the great Taiping rebellion—and how it was crushed by our "Colonel" Gordon, acting for the Imperial Government of China—belongs to a much later period than that we are now interested in. It is enough to know that the American shipper's sneer to Morrison had been answered: the great mass of China *had* been impressed by the Bible.

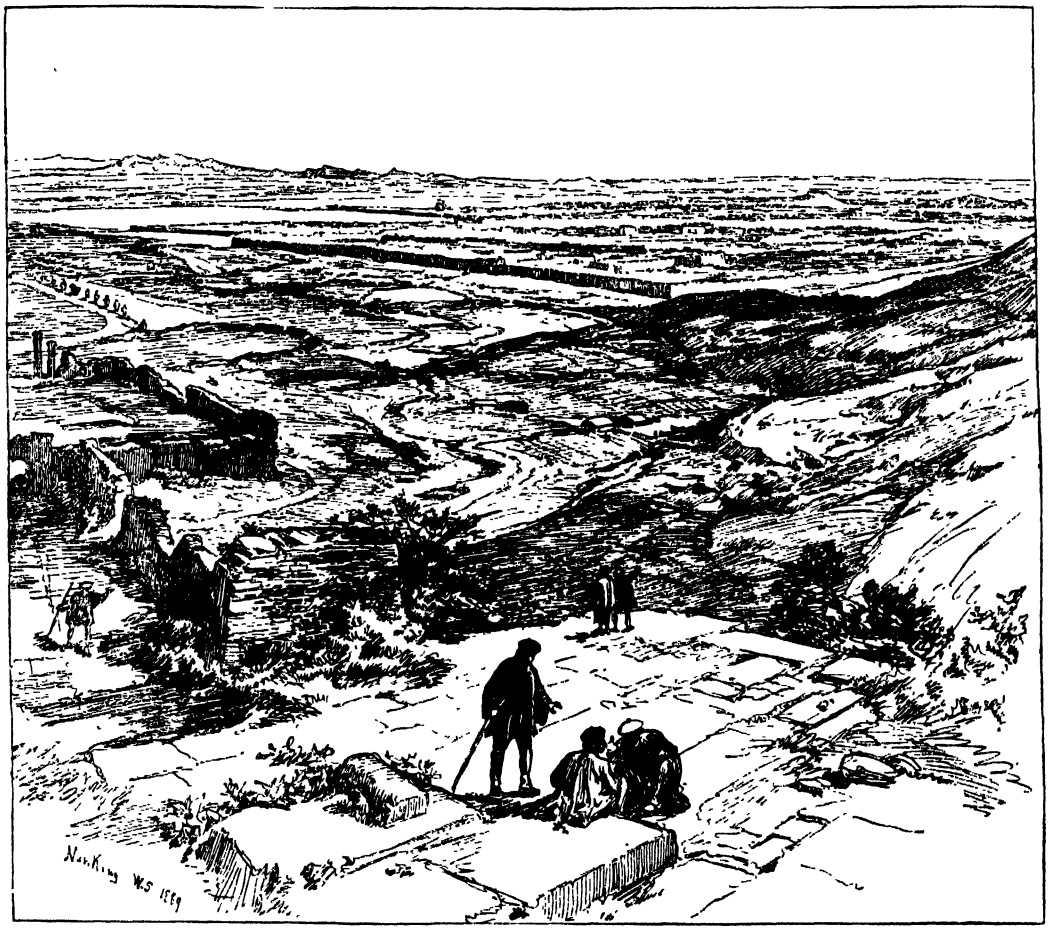
Dr. Milne was not long spared to labour in China. Dr. Morrison followed him twelve years afterwards, but not till, with incredible labour, he had completed his great Dictionary of Chinese, in six quarto volumes. It was for a long period the standard authority, though later scholarship has advanced beyond what was possible for a pioneer like Morrison. It has been said that the true monument of these two men "is the Chinese Bible and the Chinese College."

Morrison died in 1834, and in the same year Lord Napier, the English ambassador, succumbed to the same unhealthy season, which had been marked by heavy rainfall and long-continued inundations. Sir John F. Davis mourned "the severe loss experienced in the recent death of Dr. Morrison, the Chinese Secretary, more particularly versed in the language than any European." He had been richly endowed by nature with gifts of memory and intellect, while culture had been nobly and persistently applied to their development. He often manifested the caution which, perhaps, had

* We take the account from "The Land and the People of China," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

come to him from his Scottish ancestry. Indeed, the extension of English influence and missionary progress in China were greatly aided by the firm and cautious steering of Morrison.

It was said of Morrison that he possessed "talents rather of the solid than of the



NANKING.

showy kind; fitted more for continuous labour than for sudden bursts of genius," and no much higher compliment could have been paid to him. It is questionable if this great and good man made personally many converts to Christianity. No one did more, however, to advance the cause of missions in China, and to give them dignity and importance even in the eyes of the most worldly merchants and statesmen. His warm friend Mr. Bridgman preached his funeral sermon from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous."

Mr. Bridgman, who was now engaged on a great work of 730 pages, the "Chinese Chrestomathy," received the degree of D.D. He afterwards became secretary and chaplain of the American Legation. Dr. Bridgman then entered very heartily i

revision of the Chinese Bible. Delegates were appointed, but the Americans and English could no longer completely agree as to the name to be used for the Deity. The discussion on this point, the difficulty of which has been already mentioned, with the nature of it and the reasons for it, was very keen and protracted, and still echoes through China: probably, indeed, as we have already said, an entirely unobjectionable term could scarcely be found. At all events, henceforward different versions have been adopted. The Delegates' version is held by many English missionaries to give the best results of scholarship; but there is great difference of opinion as to the style, which is flowing and *literary*, in the Chinese sense, rather than literal. It is written in the style called *Wen-li*, the "book-language" used all over China, as Latin was in Europe, and is, like Latin, a dead or unspoken language, so that the lessons are not directly read from it in Chinese churches.

A very sad event was associated with the meeting of the delegates in 1847. Many months were to be spent on the revision, and Mr. Lowrie, an American missionary, whose station was Ningpo, had intended to remain until the work was accomplished. But an urgent message one day came to him from the station, requiring his presence at once. Little did he or his friends foresee how tragically this journey would end. Mr. Lowrie, who was a young man of a kindly disposition and of much promise, very promptly responded to this sudden call, and, along with two native attendants, took passage in a canal-boat to a little Chinese port near the mouth of the Shanghai river. There they got on board a large passenger junk, bound direct for their mission station, Ningpo.

What little wind there was, was against them, and they were floating very lazily along through the yellow-tinged waters off the mouth of the Yang-tse-kiang. They might have made some ten or twelve miles only, when a large three-masted junk, swiftly propelled by eight great oars, appeared on the horizon, and at this the buzzing sing-song of the Chinese passengers became hushed. The craft was much in appearance like those that plied about the little port they had just left behind them. As it continued to bear steadily and rapidly down upon them, the company on board Mr. Lowrie's vessel, who were alert to every seemingly insignificant manœuvre, were seized with sudden panic, and with loud, anxious cries urged the captain to change his course, and go back towards the place they had sailed from. With such a wind, probably nothing could be done. Mr. Lowrie tried to restore confidence, and, waving a little flag upon which were the stars and stripes of America, he stood up and waited to see what the pirates, as they seemed to be, would do. The strange junk fast drew near, and, as it approached, the pirates kept firing on the defenceless passengers. At last twenty cruel-looking villains leaped on board, and began to hunt out from their hiding-places the pallid, terror-stricken Chinamen, who had no idea of resisting such an attack as this. These bandits of the sea, armed with swords and spears, or old-fashioned matchlocks and the like, then rushed about the deck beating, thrusting with their spears, slashing and shooting whoever looked as if disposed to object. The remainder of the passengers and crew they stripped naked.

Poor Mr. Lowrie, seeing the utter uselessness of resistance, handed the blood-stained villains the key of his trunk, which they were trying to smash open. This

well-timed civility seemed to have a pacifying effect even on such brutes as these. They left even his watch and his pocket-money untouched. Suspicious, however, that something might come up against them afterwards, the pirates seemed to confer hurriedly. Two of their number were told off for some purpose. These men at once came up to Mr. Lowrie, seized him, and made a wild and strenuous effort to throw him overboard. He resisted them strongly, and another man had to come to their help. In another moment Mr. Lowrie was struggling amid the hungry billows of the Yellow Sea. One of those who escaped tells that—"He swam about for some time, and was seen to turn several times in the water, as if he would struggle toward the boat; but as one of the pirates stood with a long pole in his hand ready to strike him should he approach it, he gave up the attempt, and, the waves running high, he soon sank to rise no more." The pirates then rendered the ship helpless, and left it to drift rudderless on the waters with its shivering and naked company. These got to land somehow, and so escaped with their lives only.



DEATH OF MR. LOWRIE.

V.—THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE MISSIONS BEGAN.

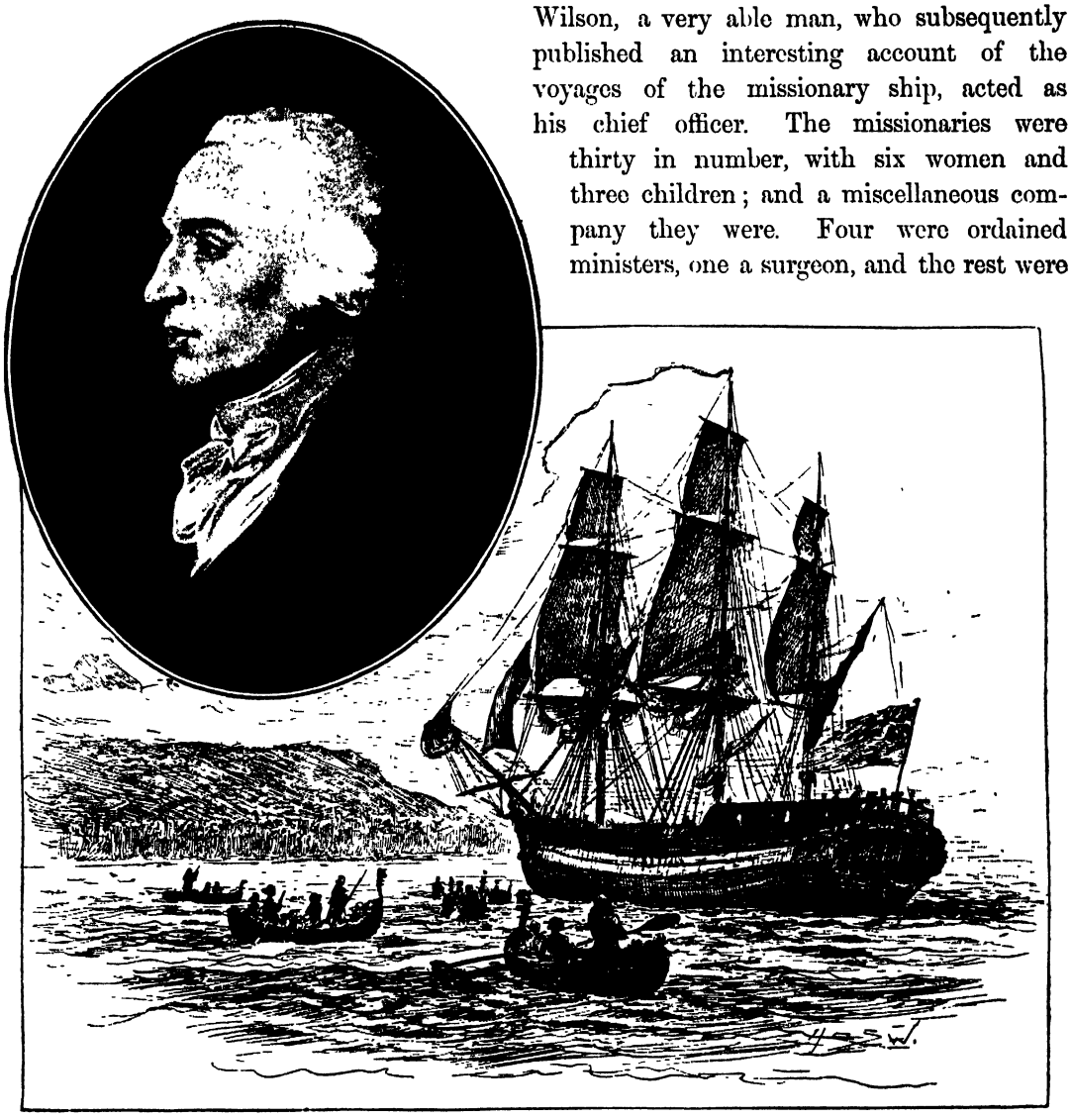
South-Sea Missions first suggested by the Countess of Huntingdon—London Missionary Society Founded—Purchase of the *Duff*—A large Mission Colony—Landing and early Success of the Mission at Tahiti—Hasty and fickle Enthusiasm at Home—Second Voyage of the *Duff* and its disastrous Issue—Misfortunes at Tahiti, and Return of the greater Number of the Missionaries—Lamentable Cases of Apostasy amongst the Remainder—Success of those who Persevered—Early Life of John Williams—Marriage and Dedication to Missionary Work—Early Work at Raiatea—The People Civilised and Reformed—Voyage to Sydney—Rarotonga—Sets to Work to build a Vessel with his own Hands—*The Messenger of Peace*—Her Trial Trip and its Perils.

SELINA, Countess of Huntingdon, lay dying. She had borne her part in the great revival under Wesley and Whitefield—the latter of whom she had appointed her chaplain; and had founded a sect which is known as "Lady Huntingdon's Connection." Sixty-four of her chapels were then in existence (1791), and to-day there are still, according to recent religious statistics, thirty-four chapels belonging to that connection in England and Wales.

Not long before she died, the Countess had been reading an account of Captain Cook's voyages, in which that intrepid sailor told of the numberless groups of little islands lying in the Southern Seas, guarded by rings of coral, bedecked with gorgeous vegetation, and smiling throughout the year beneath a summer sun. In her dying hours the heart of the Countess went out to the poor heathen in those glorious isles, ignorant of God, morality, or civilisation, and sunk in every form of barbarity, superstition, and vice; and she entreated that missionaries might be sent over to help them, to which end she herself subscribed liberally.

Four years later the London Missionary Society was established, and it was resolved by the founders and directors—evangelical Christians connected with the Church of England, various sections of the Presbyterians, and the Congregational body—that the first effort of the Society should be to send missionaries to the South Seas. A subscription was set on foot, and the sum of ten thousand pounds was collected, with part of which a ship called the *Duff* was purchased. On the 10th of August, 1796, the banks of the Thames were lined with eager crowds as the *Duff*—the first ship that had ever been fitted out for the express purpose of conveying the messengers of the Gospel to heathen lands—set sail on her voyage to Otaheite (Tahiti). It was not, perhaps, that the thousands who congregated on and beside the Thames that day, took any overwhelming interest in the missionary enterprise; but the subject of the South Sea and its islands was then one of the most interesting of the times. The narratives of Captain Cook had been read everywhere; and the islands, many of which he had named, had fallen into the hands of European swindlers who had infamously traded upon human cupidity, until the great "South Sea Bubble" had been blown and had burst.

The *Duff* was under the command of as good a Christian, and as good a sailor, as ever trod a quarter-deck—Captain James Wilson, an outline of whose marvellous career we have given in our introductory chapter*—while his nephew, Mr. William Wilson, a very able man, who subsequently published an interesting account of the voyages of the missionary ship, acted as his chief officer. The missionaries were thirty in number, with six women and three children; and a miscellaneous company they were. Four were ordained ministers, one a surgeon, and the rest were



THE *DUFF* AND HER COMMANDER.

of the artisan class—carpenters, weavers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, and butchers. But all seem to have been inspired with one idea, namely, to carry out the message of the Gospel, and at the same time to introduce a form of Christian colonisation, such as the United Brethren or Moravians had, as we have seen, been doing elsewhere.

The *Duff* was detained at Spithead for a month waiting for a convoy; and

* See p. 33.

at Cape Verde Islands and Rio de Janeiro for provisions; but after a six months' voyage she came to anchor in Matavai Bay, off the coast of Tahiti, the chief of the Society Islands. Great was the joy of the natives, not so much because missionaries had come amongst them, as that the arrival of a ship meant beads and hatchets, looking-glasses, gay-coloured cloths, and other things in which barbarous peoples delight. The chiefs and people came fearlessly on board, and when the missionaries were preparing to land, a crowd of natives ran along the beach, and dashing into the sea, drew the boats through the surf, and carried the strangers ashore on their shoulders.

Captain Wilson lost no time in informing the king, Pomare, through an interpreter,* of the object the missionaries had in view, which was, to be of use to his people in teaching them good and useful things, and, above all, the knowledge of the true God; and that all they required in return was a grant of land on which they might erect their houses. This Pomare readily granted, and a dwelling which had been put up by Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*, when collecting bread-fruit, was given them for their use in the meantime. Soon after this the first missionary service was held on the shore, which the king, with his chiefs, attended.

"At ten o'clock," says Mr. William Wilson, "we called the natives together under the cover of some shady trees near our house, and a long form being placed, Pomare was requested to seat himself upon it with the brethren, the rest of the natives standing or sitting in a circle round us. Mr. Cover then addressed them from the words of St. John, 'For God so loved the world,' etc., the Swede interpreting sentence by sentence as he spoke. The Otaheitians were silent and solemnly attentive. After service, Pomare took brother Cover by the hand and pronounced the word of approbation, 'My ty, my ty.' Being asked if he understood what was said, he replied, 'There were no such things before in Otaheite, and they were not to be learned at once; but that he would wait the coming of God.' Desiring to know if he might attend again, he was told 'Yes.'"

Other services soon followed, at one of which the brother-in-law of the king said he was willing to throw away his gods and worship the "English God," which proved that he had not been a good heathen and would probably make a very indifferent Christian. After the meeting, Manne-Manne, the aged high-priest, a Demas in heart, observed—"Missionaries give plenty of the Word of God, but not many axes, knives, or scissors." Times without number this wretched old heathen had officiated at human sacrifices, and other horrible rites, all of which he professed himself willing to abandon —for a consideration! Half the people in the congregation had been guilty of infanticide, and there was among them a society, called the Arreoies, who were under compact to murder every new-born infant.

It was resolved to leave eighteen missionaries in Tahiti, and to plant the others elsewhere. While the good ship *Duff* is on its way to the Friendly Islands, therefore, let us tarry a moment with those who remained, and see how they fared with the Tahitians.

* Two shipwrecked Swedes were found, naturalised, among the natives. They spoke English fairly well, and the native language fluently.

The building of the mission station and the "introduction of the arts and sciences" filled the native mind with wonder and delight. Two of the missionaries were blacksmiths, and, when they had set up their forge, the natives would stand round as long as ever it was at work, and watch—

> "the burning sparks that fly
> Like chaff from a threshing floor."

When, however, the red-hot iron was placed in water, causing it to hiss and splutter, they fled in dismay, and it was long before they could persuade themselves that they were not in bad company when the missionaries performed this "rite." Pomare fell in love with the bellows, and, like many another child, wanted to know what was inside that could produce such extraordinary effects. After watching for the first time the whole operation of one of the missionary smiths at the forge, he took him, grimy as he was, in his arms, and "rubbed noses" with him—that act in the Southern Seas being equivalent to kissing.

Slowly the buildings of the mission station rose; daily the missionaries held services with the natives; good works of one kind and another were being carried on, and everything gave promise of success, until events arose which we will narrate hereafter. Meanwhile the *Duff* proceeded to the Friendly Islands, where, at Tongatabu, one of the chief of the group, she landed ten of the remaining missionaries, who were received cordially by the natives, and where, by a singular coincidence, they again found two deserters, an Englishman and an Irishman, who were able to act as interpreters. Then the *Duff* again sped onwards, and reached the Marquesas group, where the remaining two missionaries were to be landed; but one of them turned chicken-hearted, and declined to remain; while the other, Mr. Crook, a young man of twenty-two, greatly to the regret of Captain Wilson and of all concerned, was left alone on the island. After this the *Duff* returned to Tahiti, where Captain Wilson was rejoiced to find the missionaries quietly establishing themselves, and apparently enjoying the confidence of chiefs and people.

When the *Duff*, at the expiration of two years, returned safely to England, great was the rejoicing among the members of the London Missionary Society. A day of thanksgiving was appointed, and very high-flown and sanguine speeches and sermons were delivered. So great was the enthusiasm—partly kindled by the glowing but mistaken rhetoric of Dr. Haweis, Rector of Aldwinkle in Northamptonshire, a very active worker in this cause—that within three months, preparations were made for the *Duff* to start again for the South Seas, multitudes being eager to go as missionaries.

In December, 1798, she sailed once more, this time under the command of one Captain Robson, with twenty-nine missionaries on board, Mr. William Wilson still retaining the post of chief officer. At first the voyage was pleasant and prosperous; but when off Rio Janeiro, the ship was captured by the *Bonaparte*, a French privateer of twenty-two guns and two hundred men. The *Duff* was boarded by the Frenchmen, and all the men were ordered to go at once on board the *Bonaparte*. Great was the

consternation, and especially of the married brethren, who had to leave their wives and children in the hands of lawless sailors. For some time the missionaries did not know whether they would be detained indefinitely as prisoners of war, or whether their liberty would be given back to them on their arrival in port. The commander of the French privateer, Captain Carbonelle, when he discovered that he had captured a missionary ship, and learned the nature of the undertaking in which his prisoners were engaged, greatly regretted what he had done, and declared that



MATAVAI BAY, TAHITI.

had he known who they were, and the cause in which they were embarked, he would gladly have given five hundred pounds out of his own pocket rather than have molested them.

Within a fortnight two other prizes fell in his way, and he was obliged to alter his original plan of a three months' cruise, and sailed forthwith to Monte Video. Here the *Duff* had already arrived, and great was the joy of the missionaries in being again united to their wives and children.

The *Duff* was sold at Monte Video, and never again took part in missionary enterprise. The voyagers, through the influence of Captain Carbonelle, were not confined as prisoners of war during their stay in South America. Their position however, after a time, was anything but agreeable, as, later on, the Spanish Viceroy

issued an order to make them all prisoners unless they left the country within a week. Had it not been for the kindness of Captain Carbonelle, this order would have been enforced; but, at much trouble and expense, he procured for them a passage in a small brig, bound for Rio Janeiro. The voyage lasted twice as long as they had expected, the vessel was very small, and crowded to excess, but the missionaries kept up heart of grace until they had the prospect of speedily entering the harbour of Rio Janeiro. Then all their hopes were dashed to the ground, for a large frigate of



POMARE.

forty guns bore down upon them, and they were captured a second time. Here many strange adventures and privations awaited them, and a painful and wearisome time elapsed before they arrived in Lisbon, where, however, they were set at liberty, and soon afterwards returned to England, having spent ten months on their fruitless and painful journeyings.

While all this had been going on, terrible disasters had befallen the mission in the South Sea Islands. Scarcely had Captain Wilson lost sight of Tahiti on his return journey, than the natives, covetous of the property of the Europeans, formed a design to seize it. It was a matter which, it would appear, a little tact and conciliation might have remedied. This, however, was wanting, and some of the missionaries were exposed to outrage, several of them being robbed of all their clothes, and dragged naked to the river, where it was doubtless the intention of the natives to drown

but the missionaries escaped from their persecutors, and returned to the station, where a meeting was called to discuss the situation. As a matter of fact, all that they had suffered was the loss of a few unimportant articles; most of the things which had been stolen having been already restored, and friendly overtures having been renewed. Nevertheless, faint-hearted and dispirited, eleven of the missionaries, with four women and four children, came to the hasty determination to leave Tahiti in the *Nautilus* a vessel which was lying in Matavai Bay, ready to sail for Port Jackson. Forthwith they went on board, thus abandoning not only the island of Tahiti, but missionary enterprise altogether.

Seven of the missionaries remained, under the protection of Pomare, who continued to befriend them, and it seemed as though a new career of prosperity would open out to them; but no great length of time elapsed before one of their number united himself to a native woman, and, separating from his brethren, "he learned the way of the heathen." Not many months later he was found dead; murdered, it is believed, by the woman, with whom he had lived only on unhappy terms.

Sad as is the story of this man, that of another is even more distressing; he not only fell into immorality, but openly renounced Christianity. Happily he left the island, and nothing was heard of him for many years, when one day he appeared in India, and presented himself to Mr. Marshman, the noble labourer in the Serampore Mission, who became interested in his welfare. The renegade missionary lay on a sick-bed at Calcutta, where Mr. Marshman visited him, but without any notion as to who he was. During his sickness the truths which he once had believed, again came back with force to him, and one day, on his recovery, he called upon Mr. Marshman, and, after telling him his history, exclaimed, "You now behold an apostate missionary; I am he who left his brethren in Tahiti nine years ago; it is not possible you can look on me without despising me!" Marshman and Carey, with much sympathy and kindness, sought to fan into a flame the sparks of the old faith, and the man expressed a desire to go back to Tahiti. That desire, however, was not realised. He sailed on a voyage elsewhere, and was never heard of more, the supposition being that the vessel had foundered at sea, and that all on board had perished.

It will be a relief to turn from such melancholy episodes, to those men who remained loyal to their trust, and, amid many adverse circumstances, were seeking to bear up the standard of the Cross in the Southern Seas, although they also had a chequered history. Mr. Crook, who had been left alone on the Marquesas Island, struggled on for a time, labouring under every disadvantage. One day a ship visited the island, and, while he was on board, a violent storm arose. The ship slipped her cable, and stood out to sea. He was put on shore on another island. There he bravely toiled without one glint of success to encourage him, until, when a passing vessel presented the opportunity of returning to England, he left in order that he might represent the condition of the Marquesas, and return with reinforcements. Ultimately he returned to Tahiti, where he laboured manfully for many years.

From time to time missionaries were sent to the South Sea Islands, and much good work was done. Many barbarous practices were abolished, many of the idols were

overthrown, and here and there interesting evidence was given that those who had been in darkness now saw the light.

In 1811 an event occurred which altered the aspect of affairs in the Tahitian Mission. Pomare II. publicly renounced the religion of his ancestors, and embraced the Gospel, and his example produced a powerful influence. In a short time it was found that the praying places were full, not in Tahiti only, but in the neighbouring islands; and it was estimated that some five or six hundred persons, including the principal chiefs, had renounced idolatry. This gave rise to a hostile feeling on the part of those who clung, under the guidance of their priests, to the old system, and a plot was organised, by which it was arranged that they were to attack all the professors of the new religion, and slay them without mercy. The secret of the plot was, however, divulged to one of the converts, who warned the brethren in time, and the threatened slaughter was averted.

Troublous times ensued, and a state of warfare prevailed between the heathen party and the Christians, insomuch that when the latter attended public worship, it was necessary to go armed. Out of this apparent evil good came; the crisis being brought about by a battle in which Pomare was the victor. Instead of carrying his victory to persecution, he treated the vanquished with great moderation—would not allow any injury to befall the helpless women or children, and, contrary to the common practice, caused the bodies of the slain to be decently interred. So signal was the triumph, that the heathen party became convinced that it was of no use to trust longer to their wooden gods; they therefore resolved to embrace the new religion; idolatry was completely abolished, both in Tahiti and Eimeo, and Pomare II. was, by universal consent, established in the government of the whole of Tahiti and its dependencies.

This brings us to an interesting period in the history of the South Sea Mission. Hitherto no striking character had stood forth from among his fellows to stamp his individuality upon the work which had been going forward by patient effort through the past years. But now there was to enter the field one whose name will be memorable as long as the world lasts—John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga.

In the City Road, London, there might have been seen, in the year 1814, an active young fellow of eighteen, working at a forge with shirt-sleeves turned up, and all the energy of his nature concentrated on the work he had in hand. He was an apprentice of one Mr. Tonkin, an ironmonger, and although his indentures exempted him from the more laborious part of the business, it was his choice to work at the forge, or to sally forth with a basket of tools on his back to execute repairs. Of a lively disposition, he had many friends, some of whom were undesirable companions, and their influence threatened to produce a baneful effect upon his character. One Sunday night in 1814, he had engaged to go with a party of these kindred spirits, to pass away the hours in the idle and frivolous amusements of a tea-garden. Just as he was about to enter, Mrs. Tonkin, a good and religious woman, who was interested in the well-being of the young apprentice, came up to him, and begged him to accompany her to the Moorfields Tabernacle hard by. The youth, somewhat reluctantly no doubt, consented, but as long

as he lived, he looked back to that hour with joy and gratitude. The Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, was the preacher, and he delivered so deeply impressive a sermon that the whole being of young John Williams was stirred. From that night forth he renounced the habits of his past life, united himself to the religious community assembling at the Tabernacle, assisted in the formation of a young men's mutual improvement society, and became an active Sunday-school teacher.

While he was occupied with these things, and giving proof of the great change that had come over his life, he heard of the movement going on in the South Seas. His imagination was fired by the accounts given him by Mr. Wilkes, the pastor of the church, of the progress of the Gospel there, and this interest increased until, in his twentieth year, John Williams offered his services to the London Missionary Society. Good Mr. Tonkin could ill afford to part with so useful an apprentice, but he freely gave his young assistant opportunity and means to prosecute his studies (which had been wofully neglected), and cancelled his indentures; while the Society gladly accepted him for the South Sea Islands, from whence an urgent call for labourers had come.

It was the practice of many of the Societies to recommend marriage to their missionaries, and John Williams was by no means loath to accept the recommendation, for he had won the heart of Mary Channer, a fellow-worshipper at the Tabernacle, and she proved to be the greatest blessing any missionary can have—a brave, helpful, and loving wife. Soon after they were married a meeting was held, and John Williams was publicly dedicated to his great work. Nine men, of whom he was the youngest, were sent forth from that meeting into the vast harvest-field of heathendom. Four went to Polynesia and five to South Africa, amongst the latter being Robert Moffat, the hero of Bechuanaland, and the father-in-law of Livingstone.

The incidents of that night ever remained fresh in the memory of John Williams. John Angell James of Birmingham was there, and Mr. Wilkes, under whose faithful ministry Williams had derived so much benefit Good Dr. Waugh was also there, and, moved by the sight of the boyish young servant of the Cross, addressed him in these words: "Go, my dear young brother; and if your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, let it be with telling poor sinners the love of Jesus Christ; and if your arms drop from their shoulders, let it be with knocking at men's hearts to gain admittance for Him there."

On the 16th of November, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, in company with several other missionaries, sailed for Sydney, where they were welcomed by the Rev. Samuel Marsden—of whom we shall have more to say hereafter—and about twelve months from leaving England they arrived at Eimeo, one of the Society Islands.

Notwithstanding the fact that Williams lacked the advantages of education, he possessed natural abilities, which stood him in even better stead. He was a man who thought for himself, and had endless enterprise and originality; robust in body and in mind, he was "a quick-witted man, ready to adapt himself to any circumstances, and make the best of them; a hearty, good-natured, and sympathetic man, who made friends wherever he went; and a man so firm, honest, and true, that people, civilised

or savage, believed in him whether they agreed with him or not. In short, John Williams possessed just those qualifications which are required in a pioneer missionary."

During his stay in Eimeo, he studied the Tahitian language diligently, and soon became familiar with it. He made all the ironwork for a small ship, to enable Pomare to open up trading relations with New South Wales; he took his part in the meetings in the chapel, where, to his surprise, he found eight hundred worshippers



JOHN WILLIAMS.

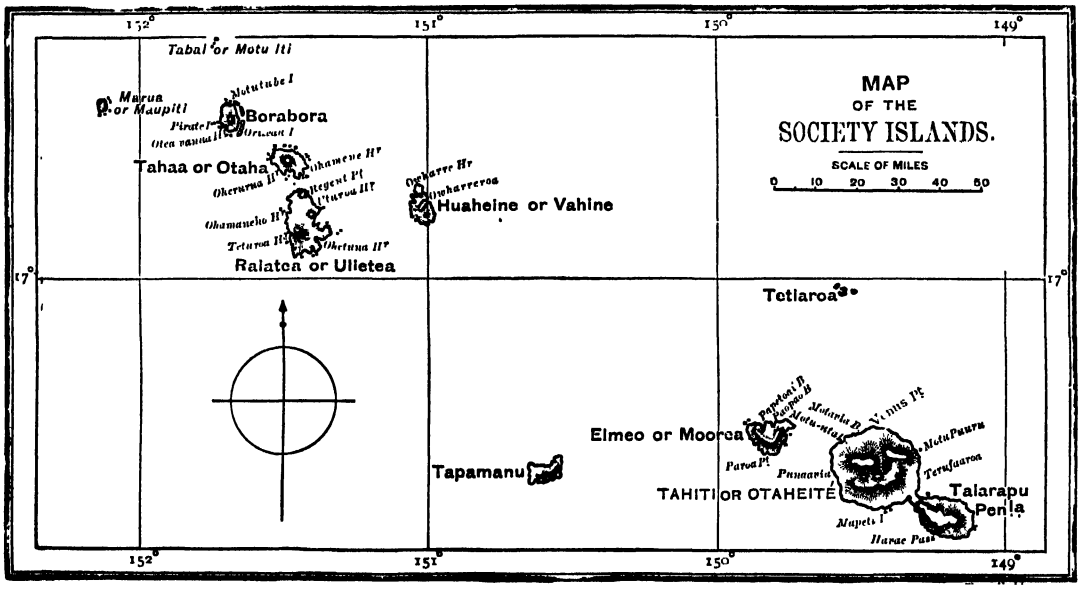
wont to assemble; and he shared also in the duties of his home-life, when Mrs. Williams was rejoicing over her firstborn.

But Eimeo was not to be the scene of the great labours of John Williams. Tamatoa, the king of Raiatea, had heard of the arrival of the fresh batch of missionaries, and came over to beg that some of them might be sent to his island, the second largest, and most beautiful, of the Society group. It was, moreover, the centre of the idolatrous system of the islands, and contained "the archives of their religious legends, the temple and altar of Oro, the Mars and Moloch of the South Seas," while its principal chiefs received divine honours, as well as civil allegiance and tribute, from the neighbouring isles.

An interesting man was this Tamatoa, and withal eager for a fuller knowledge of Christianity. Two years before the arrival of Williams in Eimeo, the Rev. Mr.

a missionary, in company with King Pomare and nineteen of his subjects, was driven by stress of weather to Raiatea, where the Gospel was proclaimed with so much faithfulness that the heart of Tamatoa was touched, and when the voyagers had gone, he built a place of worship, where he gathered together some of his people, and rehearsed with them all that they could remember of Mr. Wilson's teaching.

Williams gladly accepted such a call to Raiatea, and in company with Mr. Threlkeld, soon commenced his work there, the other missionaries who had gone out with them taking up positions in the neighbouring islands. A most cordial welcome was given to Mr. Williams by the Raiateans, who made a great feast, at which they presented him with five pigs for himself, five for his wife, and five for the baby, as well



as large crates of yams, bananas, and cocoa-nuts! The people at once expressed their willingness to "become Christians," flocked to hear the missionaries preach, and gave up Sunday as a day of rest.

But these things were not what our missionary was seeking. He found that the people were inveterate idlers, and that any excuse for wasting time was acceptable to them; their moral tone was exceedingly low, and in their habits they were debased and vicious, while ignorance reigned supreme. He had no sympathy with that kind of work which has, unhappily, been done in many heathen lands, of resting content with a formal and perfunctory acceptance of Christianity by the rite of baptism, or by any oral profession of being "converted." He aimed at bringing out not only morality, but purity, from the lives which had hitherto been sunk in degradation; he sought to cultivate their minds, in order that they might be prepared to receive the truths of Christianity; and he desired to interest them, first in the cleanliness of their persons, and the sanitary arrangements of their own dwellings, rather than in church or chapel building.

Being an essentially practical man and an excellent workman, and feeling also that he must first overcome their inveterate idleness, without which it would be impossible for him to succeed in his plans concerning them, he began to teach them by example. He constructed for himself a pleasant eight-roomed house, with sash-windows, Venetian blinds, and verandah; he laid out and planted a beautiful garden, and he furnished his house with polished furniture, all the work of his own hands. Soon the natives wished to learn to dig and to build, and they were further encouraged in this, as the king set about building a house for himself like the missionary's. In a crude sort of way science and art became popular; one by one the old mud hovels were abandoned, and within two years of the landing of John Williams in Raiatea, there stood a well-built chapel and schools in the midst of pleasant gardens and healthy cottages. The natives showed their appreciation of the comforts of civilised life by adapting the materials of their own clothing into garments similar to those worn by the missionaries; and as time went on they furnished their houses with such elegancies as chairs and tables, sofas and bedsteads, carpets and window-hangings.

Side by side with these improvements in their outward condition, there grew up a new order of things in their moral world; the school was well attended, and the instruction enjoyed; three times on Sunday large congregations assembled for public worship; in almost every home there was private prayer; and a proof that all this was not mere sentiment was furnished in the fact, that the old life of the people became a thing of the past. Cannibalism and infanticide no longer existed. At their own request a meeting was convened for the purpose of establishing legal marriage, and a complete code of laws based on the Ten Commandments was adopted by the vote of the people, who also organised an efficient executive government. Perhaps there was nothing which showed the genuineness of the change that had been effected among them, more than the unsolicited expression of their desire to establish a missionary society, to extend to the other islands the blessings which they had themselves received.

Among the many benefits which Williams conferred upon these people was the instruction he gave them in boat-building, and in the cultivation and preparation of tobacco and the sugar-cane for the markets; thus laying the foundation of future commercial prosperity.

When all these things were in good working order, and the Raiateans were in a fair way to help themselves, Williams felt that he must no longer tarry among them, but with the help of God must organise the same kind of efforts elsewhere. This met with great opposition, but a serious illness assisted him in carrying out his plan. It became necessary for him to go to Sydney for the sake of medical advice, and also to find a market for the produce of the Society Islands. There was, besides, one motive stronger than any other, which induced him to disregard the entreaties of the Raiateans to stay amongst them. He had conceived the idea, that if he could secure a small vessel to be engaged permanently in the service of the South Sea Missions, it would facilitate the possibility of visiting the various islands, to plant the seeds of and Christianity, and to water the seeds already planted. Accordingly he visited

Sydney, where he caused parts of the Holy Scriptures, catechisms, and spelling-books to be printed, and where he purchased a small schooner of about ninety tons burden, called the *Endeavour*. On his way to New South Wales he landed two native teachers at Aitutaki, one of the Hervey Islands; but we cannot tarry to tell the story of their year of apparently fruitless toil, or how, at the expiration of that time, a change came over *the whole* of the inhabitants of the island, who burnt their idols so that not one remained, and set up instead a large and handsome place for Christian worship. We would rather, in this place, follow the personal history of John Williams.

For a long time he had cherished the idea of finding out the island of Rarotonga, then only known by the report of a few natives on other islands. At last a day came when he was able to set sail on his voyage of discovery; he failed, however, in his first attempt, but, after visiting Mangaia and other islands, he at last discovered the desired island, the finest and most populous of the Hervey group. Williams did not remain here long on his first visit, but left a native teacher and promised to return.

From this time forward fresh plans and purposes and incessant work occupied his attention, and he was planning an expedition to the Navigators' and other islands, when he received a disappointment which, to any man less energetic than he, would have been fatal to further enterprise. The London Missionary Society, under whose auspices he laboured, disapproved of the purchase of the schooner; certain jealous merchants had procured, through the Governor of New South Wales, the enactment of fiscal regulations at about the same time, which rendered the idea of opening up trade hopeless; and the result was that he had to send the *Endeavour* back to Sydney, to be sold together with her cargo. Meanwhile, he returned to labour among the Raiateans, and undertook the task of removing their settlement to the opposite side of the island, to protect them from prevailing storms.

A few years later an opportunity occurred for Mr. Williams, with his wife and child, to again visit Rarotonga, where he settled for some time, conquered the difficulties of the language, reduced it into a written form and grammatical system, and instituted reforms similar to those established in Raiatea. When at length he wished to return, he had to wait for many months in the hope of finding an opportunity of doing so, but no vessel appeared, and with that undaunted energy which characterised his whole career, he set to work to build a ship for himself. When it is remembered that he had but the most limited knowledge of naval architecture, that he could obtain no assistance save that which could be given him by the natives, and that the tools at his disposal were few, it is impossible to exaggerate his perseverance in this difficult undertaking. One or two illustrations may be given in his own words:—

"My first step was to make a pair of smith's bellows, for it is well known that little can be done towards the building of a ship without a forge. We had but four goats on the island, and one of these was giving a little milk, which was too valuable to be dispensed with; so that three only were killed, and with their skins as a

substitute for leather, I succeeded, after three or four days' labour, in making a pair of smith's bellows. These, however, did not answer very well; indeed, I found bellows-making to be a more difficult task than I had imagined, for I could not get the upper box to fill properly, in addition to which my bellows drew in the fire. I examined publications upon mechanical arts, dictionaries, and encyclopædias, but not one book in our possession gave directions sufficiently explicit for the construction of so common an article."

Fortunately he had an old English bellows with him, which he took to pieces—



BUILDING OF *THE MESSENGER OF PEACE*.

not to look for the wind, but to ascertain the reason why his bellows did not blow well. It turned out that, instead of making the pipe communicate with the upper chamber, he had inserted it into the under one as well, by which the wind escaped and the flame was drawn in.

At last the bellows were completed, but the rats, which swarmed in Rarotonga, congregated during the night in great numbers, and devoured every particle of the goats' skin, so that when he entered the work-shop on the following morning he found nothing left but the bare boards! Nothing daunted, he proceeded to construct a blowing machine in which no leather was required.

One of the most interesting chapters in Williams's "Narrative of

Enterprises in the South Sea Islands" is that in which he gives the details of the building of his ship:—

"As we had no saw," he says, "we split the trees in half with wedges, and then the natives adzed them down with small hatchets which they tied to a crooked piece of wood as a handle, and used as a substitute for an adze. When we wanted a bent or twisted plank, having no apparatus for steaming it, we bent a piece of bamboo to the shape required, sent into the woods for a crooked tree, and, by splitting this in half, obtained two planks suited to our purpose. Having but little iron, we bored large auger-holes through the timbers, and also through the outer and inner plank of the vessel, and drove in wooden pins termed trenails, by which the whole fabric was held firmly together. As a substitute for oakum, we used what little cocoa-nut husk we could obtain, and supplied the deficiency with dried banana stumps, native cloth, or other substances which would answer the purpose. For ropes we obtained the bark of the *hibiscus*, constructed a rope machine, and prepared excellent cordage from that article. For sails we used the mats on which the natives sleep, and quilted them that they might be strong enough to resist the wind. After making a turning-lathe, we found that the *aito*, or iron-wood, answered remarkably well for the sheaves of blocks. By these means the whole was completed in fifteen weeks, when we launched a vessel about sixty feet in length, and eighteen feet in breadth, and called her *The Messenger of Peace*, which she has proved to be on many occasions. The hanging of the rudder occasioned me some difficulty, for, having no iron sufficiently large for pintles, we made them from a piece of a pick-axe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe. They answered exceedingly well; but, being doubtful of this, I prepared a substitute for a rudder in case any part of it should give way."

When all was ready Mr. Williams determined to make a trial trip to Aitutaki, a distance of a hundred and seventy miles, before venturing upon a voyage to Tahiti, distant some seven or eight hundred miles. Raising his wooden and stone anchors, and hoisting his mat sails, he put to sea, accompanied only by the King, Makea (who had never been away from his island), and some of the natives. They had not proceeded above six miles from the shore when the natives inadvertently let go the foresail, and, as the wind was strong, the foremast was broken. As they neared land, they filled a cask with stones, which, in addition to the wooden anchor, they hoped might hold the vessel outside the reef; "and if not," says the gallant sailor, "I resolved on the desperate alternative of running upon it, by which the vessel would, in all probability, have been dashed to pieces; but this was preferable to being driven from the island with a scanty supply of provisions, and the ship in a crippled state, in a track where there was not an island within a thousand miles."

Happily the harbour (Aitutaki) was reached in safety, the damages were repaired, and, after a stay of ten days, during which he devoted much time to the spiritual welfare of the people, he set sail on his return voyage to Rarotonga, taking with him a good cargo of pigs, cocoa-nuts, *and cats*. The latter proved to be of the utmost value to the inhabitants, for the whole island was overrun with rats. Hitherto the missionaries had never sat down to a meal without having one or two people to keep the rats off the

table; when kneeling in prayer, rats would run over their legs, and Mr. Williams records the fact that one morning, on hearing the servant scream while making the bed, he ran into the room and found that four of these intruders, in search of a snug place, had crept under his pillow. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman, the latest missionary arrivals in Rarotonga, neglected to secure their trunks, which were covered with skin, against depredation, and the rats served them as they had served John Williams's bellows; while Mrs. Pitman, having omitted to place her shoes over-night in a place of safety, sought for them in vain.

Soon after the return of Mr. Williams from Aitutaki, Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, of whom we shall have more to say by-and-bye, arrived in Rarotonga. Mr. Buzacott had been a whitesmith, and among his stores was a supply of iron, which was a godsend to John Williams, who was enabled to strengthen his ship before sailing upon those memorable missionary voyages which will form the subject of our next chapter.

CHAPTER X.

THE VOYAGES OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott arrive at Rarotonga—The Work that had been Done—Williams starts upon his Voyage—How a poor crippled Heathen learnt the Truth—The Question of "Meats" in the South Seas—The *Messenger of Peace* nearly Lost—Sixth Escape of Williams from a Watery Grave—Visits Mauke, Mitiaro, and Aitutaki—The Work mainly Accomplished by Native Teachers—An old Chief at Savage Island—Makes a Friendly Arrangement with the Wesleyan Missionaries—The Samoan Islands—Recent Progress There—The Voyage Ends at Raiatea—Williams returns to Rarotonga—A South Sea Hurricane and its Effects—The *Messenger of Peace* Carried Inland by the Storm—Further Voyages to Tahiti and the Samoan Islands—Williams's Return to England in 1834—Enthusiasm at Home—Another Mission Ship Purchased—Re-visits the Samoas, Raiatea, Rarotonga—Leaves the Samoans for his Last Voyage to the New Hebrides—Erromanga—The Last Tragedy There—Effects of the sad Tidings.

WHILE John Williams was at Rarotonga, fitting out his little ship, the *Messenger of Peace*, for her voyages among the islands of the South Seas, he was, as already mentioned, cheered by the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott, who were to occupy the station he was about to leave. Mr. Buzacott had commenced life as a whitesmith in the little town of South Molton, in Devonshire. At an early age he received religious impressions, and devoted himself to Sunday-school and home-missionary work; and eventually entered the Hoxton Academy. One day he heard Richard Knill pleading for missions, and pointing to the place where Buzacott sat, he drew a bow at a venture, exclaiming, "There is a young man in that gallery who is now saying, 'Lo! here am I, send me!'" It made a deep impression, but it was not until his third year at college that another sermon drove home the impression so deeply, that he offered his services to the London Missionary Society, and, after two years of theological study, set sail under their auspices for the South Seas.

After a miserable voyage of five months, he reached Tahiti, where he remained another five months, waiting for an opportunity to reach Rarotonga. The voyage, which should have taken only a week, was prolonged to four, but a reward awaited him as

one fine morning the beautiful island burst upon his view. Range upon range of mountains towered above each other, forming to the eye a gigantic ladder or series of terraces, while the lowlands revealed cultivated spots amid stately trees and forests; hills and mountains were covered with dense wood, of varied growth and colour; mountain torrents, cascades, and miniature waterfalls breathed a grateful coolness as they leapt through hills and groves, amid luxuriant vegetation, growing to the very water's edge. Framing the foreground of this exquisite picture was a reef of white coral girdling the entire island, and protecting the soil from the conquest of the rolling Pacific.

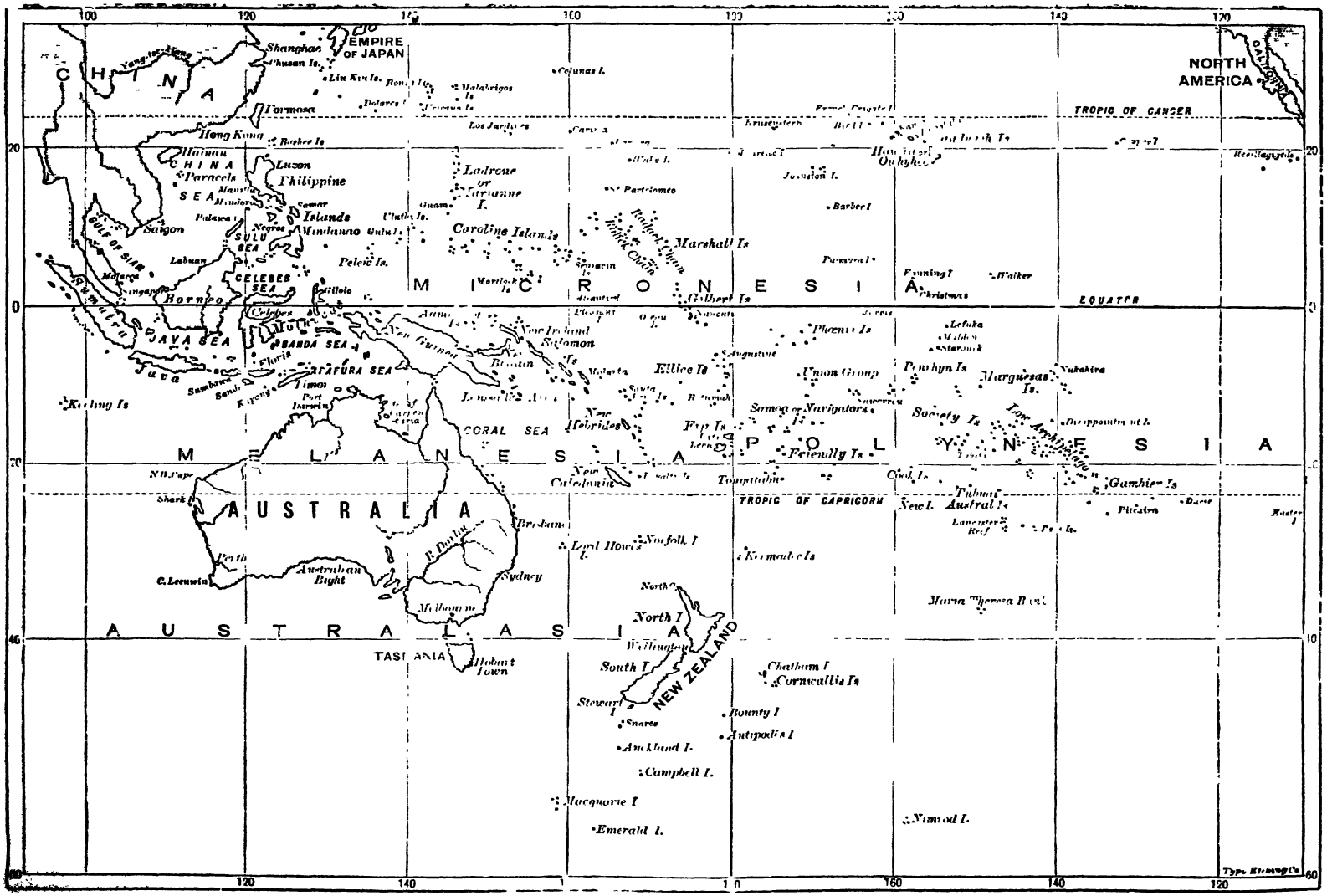
Four years before Mr. Buzacott landed, the people were notorious cannibals; now they were but semi-savages—hideous, indeed, in appearance, with their long hair and tattooed faces, but a people among whom a wonderful work had been going on during those few years. The first teachers that John Williams had introduced barely escaped with their lives, and, dauntless as he was, he would probably have abandoned the mission as hopeless had it not been for Papeiha, a native Christian, who sprang up, and leaping into the sea, cried, "Whether the savages spare me or kill me, I will land among them; Jehovah is my shield, I am in His hand." When this man landed (with only some portions of the Tahitian Bible wrapped in a handkerchief for his luggage), he found himself amongst the wildest of savage tribes, surrounded by warriors who seldom appeared without human flesh suspended from the shoulder, as a badge of honour; others had tattoo marks upon their throats, indicating that they were devoted to lives of vengeance; while all the women of the island were guilty of infanticide, and the common worship of the whole population consisted in the offering of human sacrifices to propitiate the gods, and in licentious rites more horrible than were ever known elsewhere.

It was in the midst of these people that John Williams had made himself a home; and when Mr. and Mrs. Buzacott landed, they found him surrounded by a wondering crowd, who watched the building of his missionary ship with curiosity and delight. They found that idols were abolished, rough chapels and school-houses were erected, in which large congregations assembled, and that children and adults crowded to the schools to be taught. The next day after his landing Mr. Buzacott, who, like Williams, was an excellent mechanic, put on his apron, turned up his sleeves, and began to work at the forge. He had brought a stock of iron materials with him, and these were employed in strengthening the vessel, which, at the end of a month, was again ready to be launched. On the evening when the *Messenger of Peace* hoisted her mat sails, several thousands of natives accompanied Mr. Williams to the beach, and as the boat left the shore, they sang with one voice a song they had composed to express their sorrow at the separation, the refrain of which was:—

"Kia ora e Tama ma
I te aerenga i te moana e!" *

It is impossible to exaggerate the pluck of John Williams in venturing on the long voyages he had in contemplation, in such a vessel as the home-made *Messenger of Peace.*

* "Blessing on you, beloved friends;
Blessing on you in journeying on the deep!



AP 01 SOUTH AS.

d with bark, and covered partly
It was very insufficiently fastened with iron, was caulk
with lime and partly with gum from the bread-fruit t
ree, instead of pitch; and from
these causes and the circumstances under which she w
as constructed, it did not seem
possible that she could stand the buffetings of a storm
said, was singular, and Williams

The appearance of the vessel, it need hardly be
re of 800 miles, she arrived off
noted in his "Narrative" that when, after her voyag
s on shore, observed literally 'a
Tahiti, "the crews of the ships at anchor, and the friend
patriots, others for pirates, and
strange sail' at sea. Some took us for South American
s we entered the harbour, the
others could not tell what to make of us. As soon a
nore, hastened on board to see
officers of the vessels lying there, and our friends on sh
t every part of the ship, but
the prodigy, and expressed not a little astonishment
especially at the rudder-irons."

t to his old quarters at
After a few days spent at Tahiti, Williams sailed
from which he had been absent for a twelvemonth, and
or e rejoicings of the Raiateans
thousand persons assembled to meet him. Great were
when they heard of the progress of the Gospel in Raro
aen ga.

Among the many interesting things that Williams t
ndkdem, was the story of a poor
cripple, who one day walked upon his knees into the cen
bunde the pathway Mr. Williams
was about to cross, and shouted, "Welcome, servant
ulder, , who brought light into
this dark island!" Williams entered into conversation with the
t t' -a man, and found that
he had a remarkable knowledge of Christian truth, and inquired
how it was that he
came into possession of it. "From you, to be sure," answered the
nan—"who brought
us the news of salvation but yourself?" Williams replied, "T
ue, but I do
remember to have ever seen you before; how did you obtain
your knowled
"Why," said the man, "as the people return from the services, I tak
e my seat by the
wayside, and beg a bit of the Word of them as they pass by; o
ie gives me one
piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart,
and by thinking
over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I un
derstand a little
about His Word."

On the 24th of May, 1830, Williams embarked upon the grea
test missionary
enterprise he had yet undertaken. In company with seven teachers, wh
o, like himself,
were leaving wife, children, and dear ones behind, for a voyage of altoge
ther uncertain
length, but full of certain dangers, and with the possibility that they
night all fall
victims to the ferocity of the heathen, he bade farewell, and shaped his
course to the
Hervey group, and in four or five days reached Mangaia, where the wh
ole character
of the place had been altered through the instrumentality of native teachers
On
the slope of a hill stood a large chapel, surrounded by the neat white cotta
res of
the native Christians, and backed by groves of banana-trees. About eight hu
ndred
persons assembled in a public meeting, at which Williams addressed them fron
the
words, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy," etc. Preaching, however, was n
t so
much his object as to ascertain the difficulties of the teachers, and how to meet t
hem.
He found at this place, for example, that much annoyance had been experienced
from
the heathen, who, in contempt of the Christians, performed their barbaric da
nces

and games close to the Mission chapel. This, combined with the threats of the heathen to burn the houses of the Christians, murder their teachers, "and make use of their skulls as drinking-cups," had led to a disastrous conflict, in which the Christians had been victorious, but had not shown that spirit of kindness and mercy to the vanquished which had acted so beneficially under similar circumstances elsewhere.

Like St. Paul on his missionary tours, John Williams had to give advice to the infant churches on many topics, and among them was the question of "meats." Rats overran the island, and rat-eating was common, the natives declaring that the food was "sweet and good," while a proverb describing anything particularly delicious was, that it was "as sweet as a rat." As there was nothing morally evil in rat-eating, Mr. Williams could only recommend them to take great care of the pigs and goats which he had brought, and which would soon yield them a supply of better food. Another question was the employment of females in severe manual labour. In this case Williams successfully pleaded for their emancipation, and the "ladies" of Mangaia prepared a sumptuous feast to celebrate their liberation from what had hitherto been slavery pure and simple.

On visiting Mangaia a few years later, Williams found that the heathen were again at war with the Christians; and he then determined to visit every heathen settlement in the island, with the result that peace was restored, and the "league" which had been entered into by them, to scatter the Christians, was abandoned.

At Atiu he found the native teachers in the difficult position of not knowing what to teach. "You," they said, "resemble springs, from which knowledge is always bubbling up; but we find it difficult to prepare for the services of the Sabbath," and he was requested to write out heads of discourses for them—a request with which he readily complied, for he could compose a sermon, turn a lathe, or handle a plane with equal facility.

Williams met with several adventures at Atiu, one nearly involving the loss of his ship, and the other nearly terminating his life and labours. On the day after his arrival, a heavy gale of wind arose, and there being no anchorage, his little vessel was driven out of sight of land, and, as there was no one on board who understood navigation, he never expected to see her again. Books, papers, charts, clothes—all the stock-in-trade, in fact, of the missionary—were on board the little ship, and day after day he watched and waited with increasing anxiety for her return, but nothing was descried on the surrounding horizon. Morning and evening he met with the Christians of the island, and prayed to God for direction in these perplexing circumstances; and, believing in the motto "Work is prayer," he spent his time in making arrangements for the erection of a school-house. Just as he had commenced, a report was brought to him that a speck had been seen on the horizon; the night, however, was drawing in, and nothing could then be seen, but long before daylight John Williams was on the shore, and at sunrise had the inexpressible joy of seeing his long-lost vessel. The crew had been in great perplexity and alarm, the gale having carried them

of sight of land; but, after tossing about for many days, a strong wind in the opposite direction had driven them back again to their desired haven.

On a later visit to this island, Williams was returning to his ship when a billow rolled in and capsized them; the boat and crew were thrown upon the reef, but Williams fell towards the sea, and was carried by the recoil of the wave to a considerable distance from the shore, where he was twirled about in a whirlpool, and sank to a great depth. Being so long under water, he thought he should never rise again,



JOHN WILLIAMS' SIXTH ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

but at length he reached the surface, and swam towards the reef; then another fearful wave was ready to burst upon him, and he would surely have perished had not two natives sprung to his assistance, and they, being almost as much at home in the water as on the land, succeeded in effecting his deliverance. This was the sixth time (up to that period) that he had been rescued from a watery grave.

After visiting the two small islands of Mauke and Mitiaro, he sailed back to Rarotonga, where he found Mr. Buzacott in deep distress, a dreadful and deadly disease having raged among the people, sweeping them away as with a deluge. The disease, like so many others that have wrought devastation among native tribes, was brought to the island by a European vessel, which had shortly before arrived there. As the disease was still raging, and the almost universal reply that Mr. Williams



FRENZY OF AN OLD CHIEF. (See p 190.)

received to any inquiry he made after any one he knew was, "He is dead," or "He is stricken," he deemed it prudent not to tarry; and although it cost him much self-denial, he determined not to enter any habitation on the island, lest he should be the means of conveying the disease to the new and populous groups of islands he was about to visit.

He therefore proceeded to Aitutaki, where he rendered important services in examining the school children, solving difficulties of the native teachers, and in supplying information and advice upon subjects civil, judicial, and religious. He found that marvellous changes had taken place here, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than to meet a class of about thirty old women—some lame, others blind, and all tottering on the brink of the grave. One or two of them could read, having learned after they were upwards of sixty years of age; all of them could repeat a catechism which contained the leading principles of Christianity; and several, although they had lived so many years in heathenism, gave evidence of a preparation for the change they must soon experience.

When it is remembered that, only a few years before, old people were treated with the greatest cruelty, and were put to death as soon as they became burdensome, it spoke well for the Christianity of the converts that these women were receiving so much kindness and attention.

Not less remarkable was the fact that when Williams explained to the people, one evening, the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to heathen countries, they expressed deep regret that they had no means "for making the Word of God to grow." Mr. Williams pointed out that the pigs he had brought to the island had so multiplied that they had now an abundance of them, and suggested that some might be sold to the captain of a ship then lying off the shore. The hint was taken, and a sum of one hundred and three pounds was realised. This was the first money they had ever possessed, and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ!

Most remarkable of all in relation to the changes produced at Aitutaki, Atiu, Mangaia, and Mauke, was the fact that no European missionary had ever resided on either of the islands, and that the whole of the good work was wrought by native teachers.

Mr. Williams, accompanied by Mr. Barff and eight native teachers, then sailed towards the Navigators' Islands; but, in order to gain information about the inhabitants, they steered first to Savage Island and Tongatabu. The former of these presented an appearance worthy of its name—the shore being iron-bound, the rocks perpendicular, and the island itself destitute of all beauty. Coming to a sandy beach, and perceiving natives on the shore, a white flag, the signal for friendly intercourse, was waved to them; and when a similar flag was waved in return, a boat was lowered. But on approaching the shore, it was found that the natives were arranged in hostile array, each having three or four spears, a sling, and a belt full of large stones. It was a custom of Mr. Williams in his first intercourse with savages, only to send on shore people of their own nation and colour, as this at once disarmed suspicion, and opened an easy way of communication. The natives on the shore accepted the overture, and presented the customary *ava* or peace-offering; this over, they launched some of their canoes, and came towards the vessel. One old chieftain was induced to come on board. "His appearance," says John Williams, "was truly terrific. He was about sixty years of age, his person tall, his cheek-bones raised and prominent, and his countenance most forbidding; his body was smeared with charcoal, his hair and beard were both long and grey, and the latter, plaited and twisted together, hung from his mouth like so many rats' tails. He wore no clothing except a narrow slip of cloth around his loins for the purpose of passing a spear through, or any other article he might wish to carry. On reaching the deck the old man was most frantic in his gesticulations, leaping about from place to place, and using the most vociferous exclamations at everything he saw. All attempts at conversation with him were entirely useless, as we could not persuade him to stand still, even for a single second. Our natives attempted to clothe him, by fastening around his person a piece of native cloth; but, tearing it off in a rage, he threw it upon deck, and, stamping upon it, exclaimed, 'Am I a woman that I should be encumbered with that stuff?' He then

proceeded to give us a specimen of a war-dance, which he commenced by poising and quivering his spear, running to and fro, leaping and vociferating as though inspired by the spirit of wildness. Then he distorted his features most horribly by extending his mouth, gnashing his teeth, and forcing his eyes almost out of their sockets. At length he concluded this exhibition by thrusting the whole of his long grey beard into his mouth, and gnawing it with the most savage vengeance. During the whole of the performance he kept up a loud and hideous howl."

The old chief was retained as hostage while the native missionaries went ashore, but was released upon their return. Several attempts were made to come to an understanding with the inhabitants of this island; but extreme caution had to be used, as it was stated that only a few months previously they had seized a boat belonging to a vessel which had touched there, and had murdered all the crew. The teachers from Aitutaki, with their wives, who had come for the purpose of settling among these islanders, were so much discouraged and alarmed that they begged they might be taken on to the Navigators' Islands, or to any other station. This was acceded to, and in order to prepare the way for future usefulness, one or two of the young men from the Savage Island were induced to accompany Mr. Williams to the Society Islands, in order that they might be taught, and, on their return to their native island, excite among their fellows an interest in things relating to their spiritual good.

Leaving Savage Island, a direct course was steered for Tongatabu, the chief of the Friendly Islands (distant about 350 miles), where they were received by Messrs. Turner and Cross, who, with their excellent wives, were working for the Wesleyan Missionary Committee. Here an important negotiation took place. It had been the intention of Mr. Williams to go to the Fiji Islands and New Hebrides before visiting the Navigators'; but now, in conference with the Wesleyan brethren, he ascertained that it was their wish, as the Fiji Islands were so near to Tongatabu, and politically connected with it, that the field should be left open to them: while the Navigators' Group, on the ground of the affinity of language and other circumstances, should be assigned to the London Missionary Society — an arrangement which was adopted, and reflected honour upon both parties. Had the spirit animating these men been more prevalent in the Christian Church, and had the different religious denominations determined only to seek positions unoccupied by their fellow-Christians, Christianity would have made a thousandfold more progress in heathen lands than it has done.

While Mr. Williams was tarrying at Tongatabu a man named Fanea came to him, stating that he was a chief of the Navigators' Islands, and that he was related to the most influential families there; that he had been eleven years absent from his home, and was anxiously desirous to return. He was in every way friendly disposed towards the mission, and promised to use all his influence to induce his countrymen to accord a welcome to the missionary party. This seemed like a providential circumstance, and, when a fortnight had passed, the *Messenger of Peace* bore away, with Fanea among the company on board. After visiting the Hapai Group, the *Messenger of Peace* her course direct to the Navigators', or Samoan Islands.

This group consists of eight larger and smaller islands, the principal of which are Tutuila, Upolu, and Savaii. It was to the latter, the largest, that John Williams came, and he arrived at exactly the right moment of time, for Tamafainga, a most cruel and bloodthirsty chief, who would have been opposed to any designs for the improvement of his people, had been put to death only ten days before.

The services of Fanea were invaluable, and when the chiefs, with whom he had



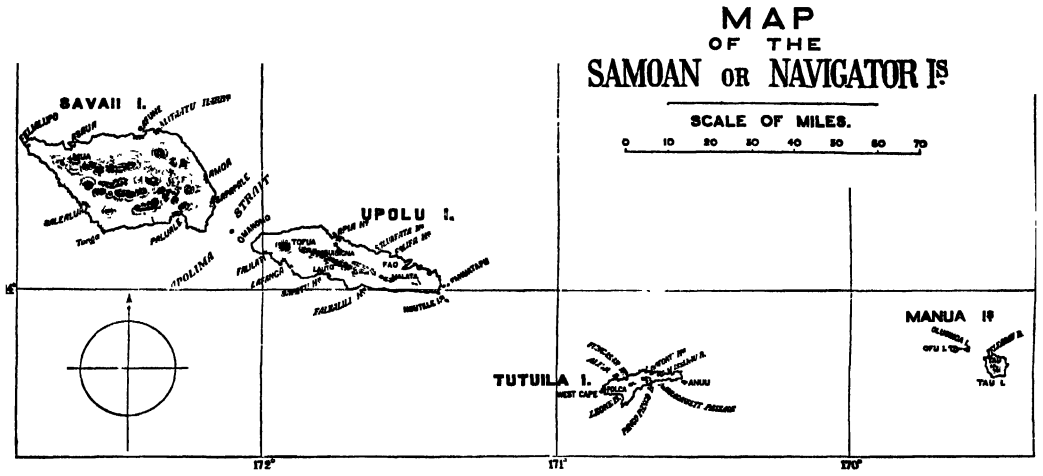
HEATHEN TEMPLES IN SAMOA.

influence, were told of the changes that had taken place in Tahiti, Rarotonga, Tongatabu, and other places, they showed not only a willingness, but an anxiety, to share the same blessings—a sentiment in which Malietoa, the principal chieftain, joined. A visit of state was paid by Williams and Barff to this interesting chief, and negotiations were entered into that four native teachers should be left, and that if at the end of a twelvemonth he had fulfilled all his part of the contract, they would arrange for an English missionary to settle among them.

It may be said in this place, that the promises on both sides were abundantly fulfilled. In 1832 Mr. Williams, on again visiting Samoa, found that marvellous progress had been made, and this was confirmed by Mr. Barff and Mr. Buzacott, who

visited Samoa in the following year. From that time forth a worthy succession of missionaries have carried on the work so auspiciously commenced, several of whom engaged in the translation of the Scriptures into Samoan. Recently a third and revised edition of the Samoan Bible has been printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and valuable Biblical, educational, and other books have been prepared by the missionaries. Perhaps, however, the most important missionary work which has been established in Samoa, is a training-school for native teachers, which still keeps up its well-earned reputation, while the students who have been educated in it are now spread widely over the Pacific, engaged in Christian work.

Leaving the Samoan group, Mr. Williams steered for Savage Island, for the purpose



of landing the two young men he had taken with him from that place, but provisions and water having run short in consequence of being becalmed, the intention had to be abandoned, and the young men were conveyed to Raiatea. Thus ended one of the most extraordinary series of voyages ever undertaken.

Events at Raiatea had not, in the meantime, been in every respect satisfactory. Tamatoa, once the terror of his subjects, the murderer of his people, a despotic tyrant and a most bigoted idolater, but afterwards the constant friend of the mission and the promoter of every civil and religious improvement, died, and his death became the occasion for the opponents of the new religion to make most unreasonable demands upon the party of progress. Williams was in a dilemma; he did not see his way to adjust the differences that had arisen. Mrs. Williams was expecting her confinement, and having lost six children in Raiatea, hoped, by a change of place and scene, to be spared distress of consigning a seventh to a premature grave; the vessel also required able repairs, and Mr. Williams was under engagement to take part with the Pitman and Buzacott in translating the New Testament into the Rarotongan

In all these circumstances he determined to set sail to Rarotonga, and arrived there at the end of September, 1831.

One incident, or rather a series of incidents, relating to the visit must be recorded here. In December of that year Mr. Williams was staying at the station of Mr. Pitman, when one morning he received a note from Mr. Buzacott, saying that a very heavy sea was rolling into the harbour, and, if it increased, the vessel would probably sustain severe injury. Mr. Williams hurried to Avarua, and employed a number of natives to carry stones and raise a kind of breakwater round the vessel; all the timber and ship's stores were removed to what was supposed to be a place of safety, and every precaution was taken to guard his ship and property from the threatened storm. He then returned to Mr. Pitman's for the services of the Sabbath, when, as night was coming on, he received information that the sea had risen to an alarming height, that the vessel had been thumping on the stones, and that the roof that covered her was blown down and washed away. It was impossible to proceed that night to Avarua, but on the following morning Mr. Williams set forth.

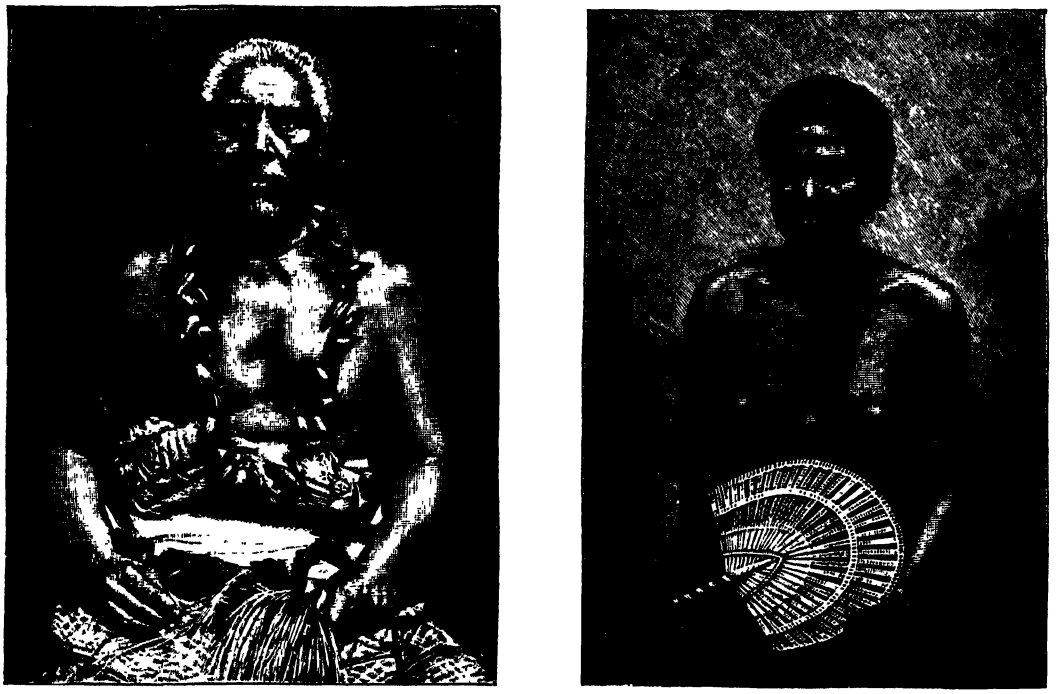
"In order to avoid walking knee-deep in water nearly all the way," he says, in his narrative, "and to escape the falling limbs of trees, which were being torn with violence from their trunks, I attempted to take the seaside path; but the wind and rain were so furious that I found it impossible to make any progress. I was therefore obliged to take the inland road, and by watching my opportunity, and running between the fallen trees, I escaped without injury. When about half-way, I was met by some of my own workmen, who were coming to inform me of the fearful devastation going on at the settlement. 'The sea,' they said, 'had risen to a great height, and had swept away the storehouse and all its contents; the vessel was driven in against the bank, upon which she was lifted with every wave, and fell off again when it receded!' After a trying walk, thoroughly drenched, cold, and exhausted, I reached the settlement, which presented a scene of fearful desolation, the very sight of which filled me with dismay. I supposed, indeed, that much damage had been done, but I little expected to behold the beautiful settlement, with its luxuriant groves, its broad pathways, and neat white cottages, one mass of ruins, among which scarcely a house or tree was standing. The poor women were running about with their children, wildly looking for a place of safety; and the men were dragging their little property from beneath the ruins of their prostrate houses. The screams of the former and the shouts of the latter, together with the roaring sea, the pelting rain, the howling wind, the falling trees, and the infuriated appearance of the atmosphere, presented a spectacle the most sublime and terrible, which made us stand, and tremble, and adore. On reaching the chapel I was rejoiced to see it standing; but as we were passing, a resistless gust burst in the east end, and proved the premonitory signal of its destruction. The new school-house was lying in ruins by its side. Mr. Buzacott's excellent dwelling, which stood upon a stone foundation, was rent and unroofed, the inmates had fled, and the few natives who could attend were busily employed in removing the goods to a place of safety. Shortly after my arrival, a heavy sea burst in with devastating vengeance, and tore [illegible] the chapel, which fell with a frightful crash. The same mighty

wave rolled on in its destructive course till it dashed against Mr. Buzacott's house, already mutilated with the storm, and laid it prostrate with the ground. The chief's wife came and conducted Mrs. Buzacott to her habitation, which was then standing; but shortly after they had reached it, the sea began to dash against it, and the wind tore off the roof, so that our poor fugitive sister and her three little children were obliged to take refuge in the mountains. Accompanied by two or three faithful females, among whom was the chief's wife, they waded nearly a mile through water, which in some places was several feet deep. On reaching the side of the hill, where they expected a temporary shelter, they had the severe mortification of finding that a huge tree had fallen upon and crushed it. Again they pursued their watery way in search of a covert from the storm, and at length reached a hut, which was crowded with women and children who had taken refuge in it. They were, however, gladly welcomed, and every possible assistance was rendered to alleviate their distress. Mr. Buzacott and myself had retired to a small house belonging to his servants, which we had endeavoured to secure with ropes, and into which all our books and property had been conveyed. One wave, however, dashed against it; we therefore sent off a box or two of books and clothes to the mountains, and waited with trembling anxiety to know what would become of us. The rain was still descending in deluging torrents; the angry lightning was darting its fiery streams among the dense black clouds which shrouded us in their gloom; the thunder, deep and loud, rolled and pealed through the heavens; and the whole island trembled to its very centre as the infuriated billows burst upon its shores. The crisis had arrived; this was the hour of our greatest anxiety; but 'man's extremity is God's opportunity;' and never was the sentiment expressed in this beautiful sentence more signally illustrated than at this moment; for the wind shifted suddenly a few points to the west, which was the signal to the sea to cease its ravages and retire within its wonted limits; the storm was hushed; the lowering clouds began to disperse, and the sun, as a prisoner bursting forth from his dark dungeon, smiled upon us from above, and told us that 'God had not forgotten to be gracious.' We now ventured to creep out of our hiding-places, and were appalled at beholding the fearful desolation that was spread around us. As soon as possible, I sent a messenger to obtain some information respecting my poor vessel, expecting that she had been shivered into a thousand pieces; but, to our astonishment, he returned with the intelligence that, although the bank, the school-house, and the vessel were all washed away together, the latter had been carried over a swamp, and lodged amongst a grove of large chestnut-trees several hundred yards inland, and yet appeared to have sustained no injury whatever! As soon as practicable, I went myself, and was truly gratified at finding that the report was correct, and that the trees had stopped her wild progress, otherwise she would have been driven several hundred yards farther, and have sunk in a bog."

While Mr. Williams was in the midst of these scenes at Avarua, Mrs. was passing through even greater difficulties at Ngatangiia, Mr. Pitman's stati She had narrowly escaped a horrible death; the roof of the house in which living was seen to writhe under the pressure of the tempest, and scarcely made her escape before the end of the dwelling burst in and fell upon the

where two minutes before she had been lying. Soon after this her seventh child was born, but the shock sustained by Mrs. Williams on the day of the hurricane had already caused its death.

On repairing to Avarua to inspect the *Messenger of Peace*, it was found that although she had worked herself into a hole about four feet deep, she had sustained no injury whatever! Great difficulty, however, presented itself when an attempt was made to drag her from the hole over several hundred yards of



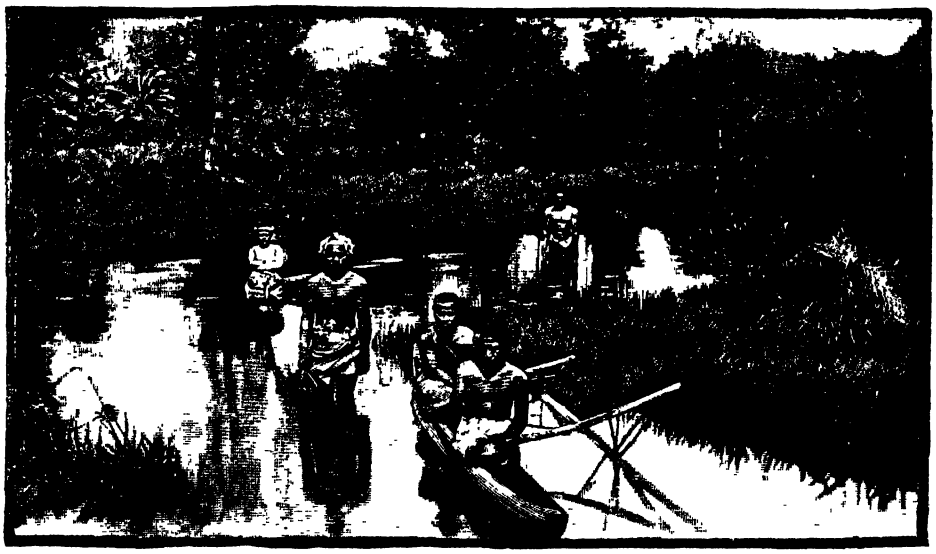
A SAMOAN CHIEF AND HIS WIFE.

swamp, without any engineering appliances. Many hands, however, supplied the place of machinery; about two thousand persons assisted in the work, and she once more floated on the sea!

We cannot tarry to record in detail the further voyages of John Williams. He sailed to Tahiti, and afterwards paid a second visit to the Samoan Group, where he made exploration among islands which had been omitted in his previous voyage, and paid pastoral visits in many places where he had been instrumental in planting the seeds of truth. On the return journey he was awakened one night by the mate calling to him, "You must get up at once, sir; the ship has sprung a leak, is half-full of water, and is sinking fast." To his consternation he found four feet of water in the hold, every one on board was put to work, as the alternative was to pump or to sink. several days this was continued without intermission, and although search was for the leak, it could not be found. At length the island of Vavau was reached, and

with the assistance of the captain of an English whaler, it was found that the cause of the danger was a large auger-hole in the keel, into which the bolt had never been driven, but which had been filled in with mud and stones in the hurricane at Rarotonga, and these had kept the vessel six months from leaking; during which time she had sailed several thousand miles!

For some time Mr. Williams had contemplated a visit to England, in order that he might bring the state of the South Sea Islands more immediately under the notice of the public; and, after completing the Rarotongan version of the New Testament, and putting things in order in various islands, he took passage in a homeward-bound whaler, and reached London in June, 1834. It was no time of rest for him, who had



SAMOANS FISHING.

been engaged for eighteen years in unceasing labour. His fame was in all the Churches; the interest of his adventures rendered him an object of attraction at the numerous missionary meetings in which he took part; from all parts of the kingdom invitations came for him to speak; and as he felt that to carry out the important interests he had at heart it was necessary that he should be backed by the sympathy and wealth of the people of England, he preached, spoke, and lectured everywhere, and continued this arduous toil for four years. Among the many things occupying his mind at this period were plans for a theological college at Rarotonga for the education of native missionaries, and for a school at Tahiti, which should offer superior education to the sons of chiefs, and be a normal school for training native schoolmasters; he superintended the publication of the Rarotongan New Testament, wrote and published his "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises," a book which intense interest, and brought the author into contact with all sorts and of men.

At length the time arrived when he felt he must return to his work in the South Seas, and having demonstrated the advantage it would be to Christianity and to Commerce, to have a proper missionary ship, a subscription was set on foot, to which the Common Council of London voted a sum of £500; and further sums flowed in until £4,000 had been subscribed, with which the *Camden* was purchased, repaired, and fitted out. On the 11th of April, 1838, she sailed from Gravesend, with Mr. and Mrs. Williams, their son John, who had found himself an English wife, and with sixteen other missionaries, who were to be left at different stations, to break up fresh ground, and to be visited, from time to time, by the *Camden*.

After a short stay at the Cape of Good Hope, and another at Sydney, the *Camden* made for the Samoas, where Williams found that out of a population of 60,000, nearly 50,000 were under instruction. It was a great joy to him to be once more in his old haunts, to find that at Raiatea the heart of the people had not waxed cold, and that at Rarotonga civilisation and Christianity had made gigantic strides. After this he made his head-quarters at Samoa, until such time as he could carry out his long-cherished design of visiting islands far off in the west, where, as yet, nothing had been done for the instruction of the savages. His great ambition was to visit the New Hebrides, in order that he might establish a link which should lead perhaps to reaching the Papuan race in New Guinea. At length the fitting time came, and preparations were made for the voyage.

Just before he set sail on this adventurous cruise, he gathered the Samoans together, and preached a sermon from the text, "Sorrowing most of all for the words he spake, that they should see his face no more." John Williams was not a man of the kind to be affected by any omen or other superstition; but when he saw his congregation weeping as bitterly as the Ephesians wept at the departure of St. Paul, and heard their entreaties that he would not visit Erromanga, from whence a report had come of ghastly doings by the cannibal inhabitants—entreaties in which Mrs. Williams, who had a foreboding terror of the visit, joined—it was enough to shake the purpose of any man. But he was not to be moved; he saw, in his mind's eye, island after island welcoming the Gospel, and the New Hebrides becoming a centre of light and influence, as Tahiti, Rarotonga, Samoa, and other islands had become. The *Camden* set sail, and bore away to the New Hebrides. All on board were full of hope and thankfulness, and Williams talked without sense of fear or misgiving to his friend, Mr. Cunningham, the British Vice-Consul for the South Sea Islands, and Mr. Harris, who was intending to become a missionary to the Marquesas.

At the end of a week they touched at Rotuma, and landed two teachers; then on again to Tanna, where three teachers were left, and then on again towards Erromanga, where, on the 20th of November, 1839, the vessel entered Dillon's Bay. Soon a canoe with three men paddled up to the *Camden*, from which a boat was lowered, and Mr. Williams, with Captain Morgan, Messrs. Harris and Cunningham, and four sailors, seated themselves. Conversation was tried with the three natives, but not a word of the language could be understood, it being one of the Melanesian dialects.

The boat was pulled into a creek, and beads, with a small looking-glass, were thrown to the natives on shore, who appeared to be very shy. When, however, signs were made asking for water, they immediately procured it, whereupon the missionary party waded ashore. The natives ran away, but when Mr. Williams sat down, some of them ventured nearer, and at last brought some cocoa-nuts, opened, for him to drink. When he offered them his hand, they would not take it, but shrank away, and there is reason to believe that this fear was caused by the recollection of barbarities perpetrated on their countrymen by the crew of a vessel that had previously visited the island.

With the view of winning their confidence, Williams called to the captain to send him some cloth out of the boat, and this he divided among the people. Somewhat incautiously, it may be, Mr. Harris walked forward into the bush, and Williams, who was surrounded by a group of boys, to whom he was repeating the Samoan numerals in the hope that they might recognise the names of the figures, followed in his track. Mr. Cunningham, who did not like the looks and manners of the savages, expressed his distrust to Williams, but his remark was apparently not heard.

Only a few minutes passed when Cunningham, stooping to pick up a shell, was startled by a horrible yell, and, to his distress, saw Mr. Harris rushing along, pursued by a native. Cunningham fled for his life, and called on Williams to do the same. It was a moment of great terror. Harris lay on the shore, beaten down by natives who were armed with clubs; Cunningham had fled to the boat, the whereabouts of which he knew, but which was out of sight of Williams, who made straight for the sea, intending, probably, to swim off and let the boat pick him up. Williams was a stout, heavy man, and immediately he started to run a native rushed furiously after him. The beach was steep and stony, and just as he reached the water he fell. He was now hopelessly in the power of his pursuer, who dealt him several blows on his head and arms. Twice Williams dashed his head under water to avoid the club with which the savage who stood over him was ready to strike the instant he rose; then a crowd of savages came up yelling, and beat him over the head, while a whole handful of arrows were stuck into his body. Cunningham, meanwhile, had reached the boat in safety, and, with Captain Morgan, used frantic exertions to come to the assistance of Williams. It was too late, however; before they had got half the distance of the eighty yards that separated them, his dead body was being dragged by the savages along the beach, and they "could see the rippling water red with the blood of the noblest man that had ever gone to those far-off Isles of the South Sea, laden with blessings for the ignorant and outcast."

As soon as possible the *Camden* was brought up, and it was proposed to land under cover of the guns, and rescue the body; but the natives had dragged it in the meantime into the bush.

When the appalling news became known among the islands, there was the intense excitement. which spread universally, and called forth expressions of esteem regret, such as had never before been expressed for any missionary. The *Camden* at steered for Sydney, from whence a vessel of war was immediately despatched to to endeavour to recover the remains. Only the skull and bones were left (the rest

been devoured by the cannibals), and these were conveyed to Samoa, where Mrs. Williams received them, standing calm in her sorrow, but surrounded by multitudes of frantic mourners.

"Aue Kriamu! aue Viriamu! our father, our father!" cried the wailing masses in their wild, poetic grief; "he has turned his face from us! we shall never see him more! he that brought us the good word of salvation is gone! Oh, cruel heathen! they knew not what they did! How great a man they have destroyed!"

At Apia, in the island of Upolu, beside the chapel he had built, the remains of John Williams were interred. The officers and crew of the man-of-war, his sorrowing family, friends, missionaries, native teachers, and multitudes of the islanders stood around that grave. In a sense, all Christendom stood there too; for John Williams had won the love and admiration of all men, irrespective of name or creed.

His work did not end with his life, nor was it even checked by his untimely end. Fresh labourers pressed into the field, and carried on the work, until, even upon the very island on which he fell, the truths of Christianity were received with gladness.





DEATH OF JOHN WILLIAMS.

VI.—IN THE FAR EAST.

CHAPTER XI.

TARTARY, TIBET, AND MONGOLIA.

In Search of the Tschecks—The Kalmuc Tartars—Lamaism—Praying-wheels—Expedition of Schill, Loos, and Dehm—Circulation of the Scriptures—Lahoul—The Kyelang Mission Station—Pagell and Heide—In the Lamasseries—Hernis—Funeral Ceremonies—Influence of the Lamas—The Kushogs—Leh, the Chief Town of Ladak—Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Redslob—Among the Mongols—Fanaticism—Wonderful Things in Wu T'ai.

FOR more than a hundred and fifty years the Moravian Brethren have aspired to spread the Gospel in Central Asia, and have made effort after effort to penetrate those vast and long mysterious regions from various directions. Count Zinzendorf himself felt a warm interest in these lands, and one of his hymns alludes to the Mongol and the Persian hearing the Gospel message.

Vast hordes of Kalmuc Tartars roamed at will from Chinese Tartary to the banks of the Volga with their herds of camels, horses, black cattle, and sheep. It was resolved to send missionaries to these wandering tribes, and Russia presented the easiest route for getting at them. But the authorities at St. Petersburg in 1735 forbade the missionary who arrived there from Herrnhut to go any further, and a renewed effort by Hirschel and Krind in 1742 only led to their confinement for several years in a Russian prison.

Some other abortive attempts to penetrate Asia from the Russian provinces took place also; but in 1764, the Empress Catherine II. having become aware of the real value of the Moravians as colonisers and subjects, issued an edict permitting them to settle in Russia, and to enjoy complete liberty of conscience. A number of the Brethren at once proceeded to the banks of the Volga, and selected a site for a colony twenty-four miles below Czaritzin. They were soon hard at work erecting the buildings they required, cultivating the land, and working at their various trades. In a few years the flourishing little town of Sarepta had come into being. As a colony it was a complete success, but its highest value to its pious founders consisted in the facilities it afforded as a Christian outpost on the frontiers of Asia, in close proximity to the hordes of heathen Tartars who roamed the adjacent steppes. And, moreover, it stood beside the road from St. Petersburg to Persia, and the realms beyond;—thus, without leaving their own territory, the Brethren found opportunity to preach to Armenians, Georgians, Persians, Tartars, and Hindoos.

Before they came to the Volga banks, the Brethren had heard rumours of a remnant of Christian people amongst the defiles of the Caucasus. One day a Georgian merchant assured them that these people—the Tschecks—were really in existence. It was said that they had been driven eastward centuries before from Europe, but that they still

jealously guarded their Christian faith, as well as their language and their ancient customs. It was acknowledged, however, that they had lost the ability to read their sacred books, which were kept locked up in spacious churches no longer used for religious services. But they looked forward to a time when public worship should be re-established, and the books of their forefathers once more read. The Moravians were eager to discover this people, who they believed must be the descendants of their fellow-countrymen, exiled on account of their religion in the fifteenth century.

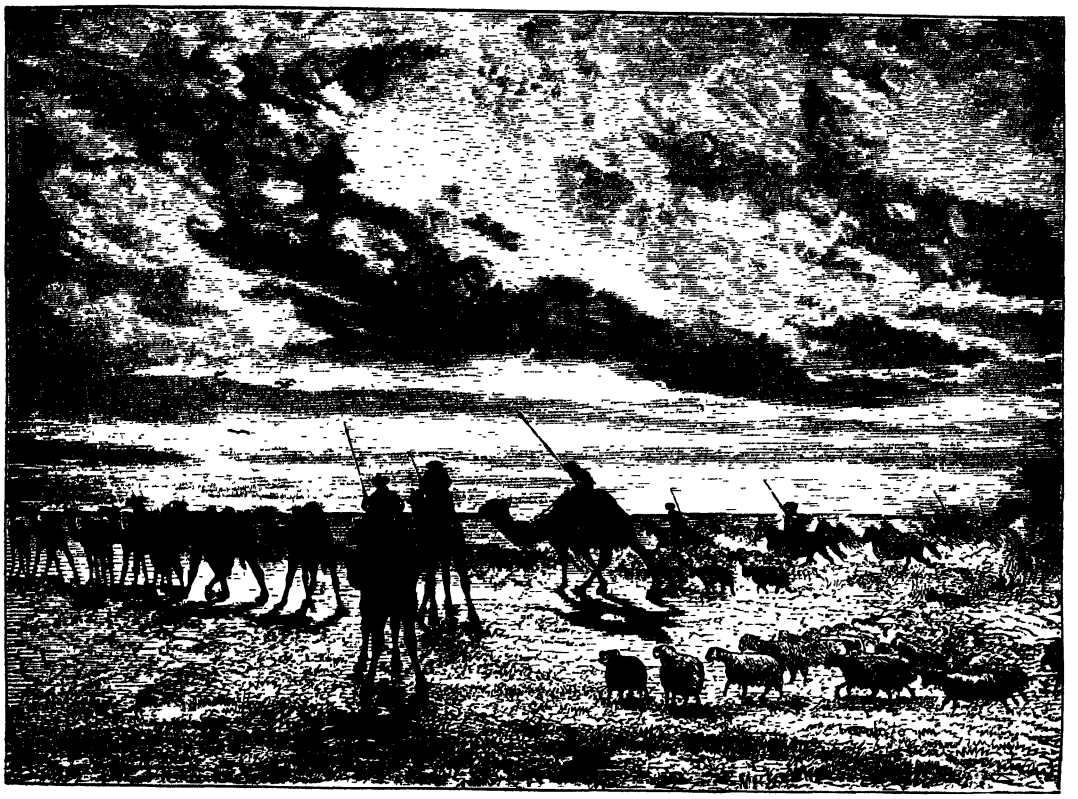
A first attempt on the part of two Brothers to find the Tschecks was frustrated by the near approach of a hostile army of 40,000 Kabardine Tartars, who were addicted to selling all prisoners into slavery. The explorers got back safely to Sarepta, and in 1782 another Gospel expedition was despatched to Mount Caucasus. Gottfried Grabsch (a medical missionary) and George Grühl undertook the perilous journey. They reached Berega, where the bigoted Mahommedans would scarcely let them lodge a single night, and then, with difficulty, found their way to the Prince, Uzmei Khan. He heard their story, but could not credit it as a sufficient motive for their journey. He had heard of the celebrity of Grabsch as a healer, and asked him if he was the doctor who could cure a man in a short time when his body was ripped up. He consented at length to let them go forward to Kubascha, where the people they were in search of were supposed to be located.

It was by a toilsome road—often with a mountain wall rising on one side of them, and a precipitous ravine yawning on the other—that they reached Kubascha, with its five hundred houses clustering in a narrow valley, hemmed in by lofty barren mountains. Great was their disappointment, on entering this supposed Christian town, to hear the voices of the Mollahs from the minarets. They had a conference with the inhabitants, who stated that their remote ancestors had been Christians, but they thanked God that they had now been Mahommedans for three hundred years. In the town there were some ruins of churches, with inscriptions upon them in characters that no one could read. The people were friendly, but were evidently confirmed Moslems, and, grievously disappointed, our missionaries found their way back to Sarepta.

The relations of the Brethren with the Kalmuc Tartars were a little more promising. Soon after the establishment of the colony, a large horde settled in the neighbourhood. Their habits and manners made them at first somewhat troublesome, but, by the uniform kindness of the Moravians, they were won to confidence and friendship. They seemed to take great pleasure in witnessing Divine service, but the skill of the doctor attached to the mission made the most impression on them. Amongst those who occasionally came to the colony was a princess with her retinue, but this lady and her party were so rarely sober that very little satisfactory communication could be had with them. A prince who was a frequent visitor became specially attached to two of the Brethren, and invited them to join his tribe in their wanderings over the Great Steppe. He offered them his protection, and facilities for learning the Tartar language.

The two Brothers joyfully accepted this opening for service, but it was experience. They had to reconcile themselves to Tartar manners and Their companions, the Kalmucs, were strongly built men of middle

prominent cheek-bones, short chins, turned-up noses, and scrubby hair. Their habitations were conical felt tents, which were set out in long lines like streets. They were inveterate gamblers, very much given to drink, and not particularly cleanly. Their religion was a degraded form of Buddhism, or, rather, Lamaism, as they acknowledged spiritual allegiance to the Dalai Lama (or Ta lei Lama) at Lhassa. Their Gellongs, or priests, taught them that all heavenly happiness was to be found in the mystic words, "Om Mani Padmi Hum." The repetition of these words almost sufficed for the entire



KALMUC TARTARS.

religious exercises of the Kalmucs, and even this simple observance is considerably expedited by means of a barrel containing copies of the prayer. A handle is turned, revolutions count as utterances, and so 20,000 or more repetitions are easily accomplished in a day. The words are said simply to mean, "Oh, the precious lotus. Amen." But to the initiated they shadow forth an infinity of mystic meaning. Our missionaries found the Kalmucs able to read and write. The leaves of their books were similar to palm leaves, and it was noticeable that all their standard works had Indian as well as Tibetan and Mongolian titles.

The two Brothers were kindly treated during their long migrations with their wandering hosts. They acquired a good knowledge of the Tartar language and customs, but could find no willingness to receive the Gospel message. The Brethren at Sarepta

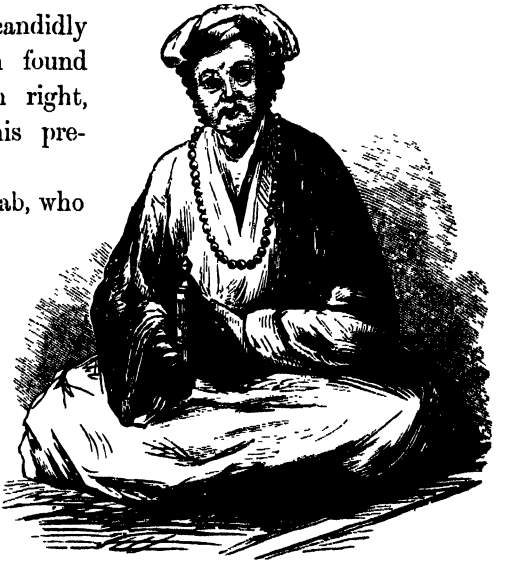
also paid numerous visits to various localities, and had a great deal of friendly intercourse with Tartar tribes. But, after years of effort, their only converts were a poor blind Kalmuc girl, and four Kirghesian children rescued from slavery.



In 1815, a Gospel expedition was undertaken by Brothers Schill, Loos, and Dehm to the Chaschut hordes of Kalmucs, and this effort was certainly more productive of visible results. Five years of patient labour enabled them very materially to undermine the influence of the Gellongs, and to rescue a few souls from the darkness of heathenism. Strange were the superstitions that flourished among the wandering Kalmucs. One terrible winter the temperature fell to 25 degrees below zero, causing much suffering. In one of the tents an old woman lay dying, and very naturally complained much of the extreme cold. When she died, her body was cut in pieces and burned in order to appease the angry spirits, and inasmuch as milder weather followed, the Tartars felt that they had done the right thing.

The Buddhism of this tribe was exceedingly mixed, for a Tartar declared to the missionaries, "We have so many gods, that we are at a loss to know whom to address." Some of the Gellongs began to see that their hold on the people was loosening. One of them, after being applied to to find a lost horse (which was one of their most frequent duties), candidly confessed to Schill that he often found that his books did not tell him right, and that in very many cases his predictions did not come true.

KALMUC PRAYER



A KALMUC SAYING HIS PRAYERS.

The head of the tribe was Prince Serbedshab, who was laid up for a time by a fall from his horse. After his recovery the missionaries were asked to dine with him, and he told them that he had diminished the number of the Gellongs by one-half, but that he found the remainder totally unable to live up to their own rules. Schill and his companions thought this prince would strengthen and protect them in their work, and their hearts were also rejoiced to see a considerable awakening amongst the people, who eagerly read the portions of Scripture, and tracts, which the missionaries had translated. But these tokens of success roused the animosity of their opponents. Prince Serbedshab became embittered against them, and determined to prevent the further Christianisation of his tribe. The lives of those few who regularly attended the sionary services were made miserable by harshness and injustice, and at length Brethren resolved to remove the little company, with all their belongings, on to Society's land near Sarepta.

It was evening when the little band drew near to its appointed resting-place on an island in the Volga. A few were on board a boat in which they were bringing various goods up the river. On the high bank walked Brother Schill with the rest of the men, then came three camels with the skin tents and the women, and a few carts with the furniture and smaller children. The elder children were in the rear, driving forward the cattle, sheep, and goats. Not one of the Kalmucs had as yet been baptised, but amongst them were men in whom wild passions and savage superstitions had given place to the meek humility and peaceableness of the Christian. During the next day or two their island encampment was visited by the whole congregation of Sarepta. One of the first settlers of the colony was Brother Steinman, now eighty-three years of age. He had never ceased to pray daily for the conversion of the Kalmucs, and on hearing of the arrival he seized his staff and was helped to the camp. "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!" he joyfully exclaimed, upon hearing the converts sing of salvation through the Saviour. He went home, and two days afterwards he gently passed away.

But the poor exiles had not yet got to the end of their troubles. They were constantly assailed with abuse and threats, and occasionally they were severely assaulted by Tartars roaming the neighbourhood. On one occasion, Prince Djamba of the Derbet horde suddenly appeared in the camp, and seized two of his subjects, Zürüm and another. He administered a severe cudgelling on the spot, and then carried them off. Although he afterwards lent them camels to return to the camp and fetch away their property, he threatened them with severe punishment if they dared to bring back with them a single letter of the Gospel. On another occasion a band of Kalmucs, led by a Gellong, rushed into the settlement and whipped the converts most unmercifully. Zürüm was dragged with a rope by a horseman across the steppe and severely lacerated. Others were badly wounded, and many of the cattle were driven away. Zürüm, who got back to Sarepta covered with wounds and sores, showed Christian fortitude under much cruel treatment.

It was evident that the Brethren could not afford efficient protection to these poor people, and the attitude of the Government was such that no other course seemed practicable, than to take the converts down to Czaritzin, and let them be baptised into the Greek Church.

A year or two afterwards, Brothers Schill and Hübner were circulating the Scriptures among the Kalmucs at the expense of the Russian Bible Society. But they were expressly forbidden to make any comment, so that the effort showed no practical result. Seeing, therefore, that they were prevented from exercising the usual methods of evangelisation—by oral instruction, baptism, and the forming of congregations; and seeing, moreover, that they were commanded to hand over to the Greek Priests all persons inclining to be Christians, the Moravian Brethren did not think it worth while thus to waste their strength, and accordingly their missionary efforts on behalf Tartars of the Asiatic border were relinquished. But the concern of Count for the conversion of the Mongols still seemed to rest upon the Moravian Church, and in 1846 Gützlaff urged the Society at Herrnhut to make a renewed attempt

to carry the Gospel to the roving hordes of Central Asia. From the thirty volunteers who at once offered to go out, two lay brothers, Pagell and Heide, were selected for the service. Russia, on being applied to, at once interdicted any advance through her territory, and accordingly the missionaries proceeded to India, and waited near the Himalayan border for the opportunity to push forward into Chinese Tibet and Mongolia. But up to the present time the Chinese Government has prevented the fulfilment of this project, and the mission has been almost exclusively limited to Little Tibet, part of which (Lahoul and Spitti) is under British supremacy, and part (Ladak) under the rule of the Rajah of Cashmere.

Five years had been spent in preparation for the work, in acquiring the Mongol tongue, and some knowledge of medicine, when in 1853 the two Brothers reached Khotghur, where they saw for the first time the lamas in their red vestments, and people walking about with their praying-mills in their hands. They pushed forward through desolate mountain passes, sometimes over tracts of snow that took hours to cross, and over heights 12,000 feet above the sea-level, where the glorious prospect was bounded by yet loftier mountains towering far above them. They reached Leh (the capital of Ladak province, of which we shall have more to say presently), but could go no farther, and after many vexatious delays and hindrances found it needful to retreat to Lahoul Province, where, at Kyelang, near the frontier, the mission station was founded. At this mountain station, 10,000 feet above the sea-level, and entirely cut off from civilisation by snow for months together, several devoted Moravian Christians have laboured. In 1857, the year of the mutiny, came Brother H. Jäschke (a descendant of George Jäschke, one of the patriarchs of Moravianism), acknowledged by Professor Max Müller to be the best Tibetan scholar in Europe.

In Lahoul, Lamaism, curiously amalgamated with the Hindoo system of caste, is the religion of the people. The lamas for the most part work in their houses or in the fields like other people, and only retire to the monastery in winter, to study and to lay up a stock of merit. They practically rule the land. They profess to discover springs, to produce rain, to drive away demons, and to trace thieves. They mostly have some rote knowledge of diseases and cures, so that if a man has made up his mind as to what complaint he has, the lamas can treat him according to their rules.

Kyelang has seen long years of patient effort with but little evident result. With services at the mission-house and chapel, with visits to the people, with long preaching tours, and with their schools, these earnest workers have done what they could. There was no difficulty about getting people to listen with interest to their teaching. They were delighted at hearing things they could understand, and would come even when the lamas were holding solemn readings in their own houses. For Lamaism requires plenty of readers at its services, but hearers are not necessary, and if present are not expected to understand. Every respectable person has solemn readings in his house certain periods of the year, and so long as he provides properly for the of the lamas, he is quite at liberty to go where he pleases whilst the services progress.

A good deal of time and energy were given to itinerant preaching. The missionaries soon found that to open a Bible and read by the wayside was of no use. Everybody thought they were simply performing a work of merit on their own account, and had no idea that listeners were desired. The only way was to go to a village and collect as many as possible on a flat house-top, and then talk to them. These flat roofs are the regular meeting-places; there the people rest and enjoy the warm sunshine, and there they hold their drinking or musical parties. Sometimes on reaching a village not a soul could be seen—the whole population was on the house-tops. The only



LADAK SCENERY.

thing to be done was to mount to one of the roofs by the notched tree-trunk with which most of the houses are provided as an outside staircase. There was always a kindly reception, and people soon came flocking from other roofs to hear the missionaries talk. Their own lamas called the people beasts, who could not expect to *understand* religion; the lamas could understand it, and knew Buddhism to be perfection; but the people had simply to pay, and do as they were told. So the people were interested in the Gospel as something new and entertaining, but could not be roused to any anxiety as to their future state. On one occasion the head man of a village collected all the inhabitants on the roof of a large house, and after the discourse they escorted Brother Pagell with two drummers and a fifer for a considerable distance on his way.

Visits were often paid to the lamasseries, whose inmates politely received the missionaries, and frequently conducted them into the large dukang, or place of assembly. Here wer-

the images, and a hundred or more thick volumes, and also a lamp perpetually burning. Rows of low seats for the lamas faced the images, of which the most prominent was always Buddha, with a skull in his hand as an emblem of intellectual power. In



WOMEN OF LEH.

this hall the lamas meet to conduct their simultaneous and monotonous
conclude with social eating and drinking. Times without number
to the lamas in the presence of their idols.

The lamas professed a great deal, and were exceedingly anxious to pile up "merit," so that after death they might reappear as men and not in lower forms of animal life, and in the course of ages attain to Nirvana. They were not grateful for any favours or benefits, but accepted them simply as proofs of their own accumulated merit. All through Lahoul and Ladak, and more especially in Chinese Tibet, the lamas of various grades flourish upon the tribute of the priest-ridden people. Every tscho (or nobleman) keeps his lama (or private chaplain), and it is often doubtful which of the two is really master. The head of this great ecclesiastical system, and so far as Tibet is concerned, the actual ruler of the country, is the Ta-lei-lama at Lhassa. Crowds of lamas and pilgrims, threading their rosaries and muttering prayers, for ever throng the two avenues of trees that lead from Lhassa to the great cluster of temples at Potala. Of these the loftiest is surmounted by a dome of gold, from which the Grand Lama can look over all the plain covered with crowds of his adorers. He is recognised as a never-dying Buddha, and when the event takes place which would be death in other cases, his followers select, by a process of divination, a little child into whom he is supposed to have passed. When he has freed humanity from all its sorrows he will attain Nirvana and be absorbed into God. The government is really carried on by the various functionaries of his court, so that the duties of the Grand Lama are easily learned, consisting as they do, for the most part, simply of sitting cross-legged in the temple, and extending the hand in the attitude of benediction. The vast piles of buildings all around are filled with the court and attendants of the ever-living one. There are several Grand Lamas in connection with Central-Asian Buddhism, but he of Potala is the grandest and most reverenced of them all.

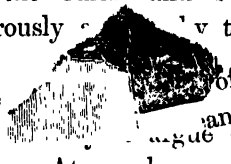
To return to Lahoul. Brothers Heide and Pagell found that though the lamas were too often glaringly remiss in the due carrying-out of the perfect morality and righteousness they aimed at, yet they were very particular about the killing of animals, and even insects. They liked to live well, however, and when they were compelled to slaughter an animal themselves, a number of them would do it together, so that the sin might be divided amongst them, and thus each individual's share in the guilt be minimised. On one occasion a mendicant was met with who had left house and lands, and had been a wandering beggar for years, on account of his remorse for having killed over a thousand animals. One elderly man was in sore distress about the difficulty of avoiding sin, more particularly because he found it was scarcely possible to take a step without destroying insects. A lama who was sadly troubled internally, made it a religious duty to take food at certain frequent intervals in order that the parasites within him might not be disappointed of their regular meals.

One day Brother Heide met a man who wept bitterly, because he feared that the illness from which he suffered was sent upon him for the evil done in previous state. Heide told him it was not so, but that God, by means of afflic- drawing him to Himself. He talked and read to the poor man, and books. "I shall put these with my other books, and burn offerings

before them," was his remark. It is very customary to treat books with superstitious reverence. All such observances are supposed to increase a man's stock of merit, by the development of which he rises, life after life, in the spiritual scale.

But Lamaism is not utterly without some notion of substitutionary atonement for sin. A lama told the missionaries that once a year, at Lhassa, the lamas get one of the poorest men in the city, and dress him in goatskin, with the hair outside. They then drive him down to the river, and there solemnly lay upon him the sins of the whole people. He must then go out into the wilderness and live for some weeks in absolute solitude. His food is regularly sent to him, and upon his return he receives a great number of presents. But the ignominy and disgrace of the position is so keenly felt, that every one tries to avoid being selected for the service.

In the summer of 1861, during a journey into Ladak, Heide visited the large and affluent lamassery at Hernis. It accommodates a hundred lamas, so that it is, after all, small in comparison with the vast lamasseries in Chinese Tibet, where it is not uncommon to find a thousand or more inmates in one establishment. The building, surrounded by poplars and well-kept grounds, is romantically situated in a mountainous ravine. Brother Heide was hospitably regaled with tea and dried apricots, and was then listened to with the usual polite indifference as he preached Jesus in the large hall where the great image of Buddha sat enthroned. This lamassery is very rich in land, horses, and cattle. The land is in various parts of the province, and the occupiers pay a rent in produce. But of late years the Rajah of Cashmere has laid a heavy tax on all the Buddhist ecclesiastical property in Ladak province, so that the different establishments are not so rich as was once the case. At Hernis the lamas were provided with everything they required except clothing. They had all their meals in common, in the room where the sacred lamp burned perpetually before the images and books. Every meal was preceded by readings from the sacred books, and prayers. The discipline was very strict. At the door of the room there was a copy of the rules and beside them was a thick stick with brass ends, which was vigorously [illegible] the superior of the establishment when the rules were not observed.



Some [illegible] well instructed and able men, and Brother Heide found it by no me[illegible] with them. But as a rule they were sunk in formalism and indifference. At one lamassery he saw books that he had given placed with their own sacred books beside the votive lamp dedicated to Buddha. Strange questions were often put to him in these places. He was asked whether it was a fact that the Queen of England never dies, but that she rises each morning with renovated youth! One wise lama settled the question of her great power, by declaring that she was an incarnation of Raldran Hlamo.

In their preaching tours Heide and Pagell often came across the protracted ceremonies connected with funerals. On these occasions the lamas are very prominent, and there is often a great concourse of people, so that the Brethren thought opportunity might be taken to preach the Gospel to the crowds thus brought it was soon evident that at these times both clergy and laity were so

by the free distribution of meal dumplings and chang (or native beer), that few seemed disposed to listen to Gospel teaching. The order of burial is pretty much as follows:— If the deceased is only a little child, the body is placed in an urn or bowl and covered with plenty of salt, and stowed away in a niche of the wall of the cowshed, which universally forms the lower story of a Tibetan house. The corpses of adults, while still warm, are bent as much as possible into the shape of a ball. If they have become



LAMAS OF TIBET.

cold and stiff, they are pulled and beaten with hammers to get them into this desired shape, and are securely fastened with cords. By this means it is supposed that the deceased will be prevented from rising up and troubling the inmates of the house. The body thus tied up is carried forth, and the head lama of the place decides what shall be done with it. Sometimes it is burnt, sometimes thrown from the rocks into the sometimes covered up with stones. Accompanied by music, the litter-bearers it to its place of destination. Then for a whole week a lama sits upon the house- out water. On the seventh day there is a grand gathering of a drum perform long readings for the benefit of the soul up the leaves of a book amongst them, and each reading



LAMASSERY AT HERNIS.

his portion at the same time, they get through a bulky volume very quickly. Then a bell is rung, and all the inhabitants rush together to eat and drink at the expense of the family.

If the family is well-to-do, and the deceased much respected, it is not uncommon to hold an annual festival in his memory for some time after his death. Brother Redslob came upon a scene of this character, where the people were sitting in long rows in a field, and the lamas in a group by themselves. All were partaking of Tibetan tea and oilcake, but as time wore on the scene became a mere drinking orgie, in which the lamas distanced all competitors as regards the consumption of chang. But the laity were not far behind their spiritual guides in this respect, for drunkenness was a conspicuous feature of social life in Tibet. There was one village of which the missionaries were told that it would be necessary to visit it as soon as the inhabitants got up in the morning, as that would be the only time to find anybody sober.

The ascendancy of the lamas in all the affairs of Tibetan life, was constantly being forced upon the notice of the missionaries. This was of course especially evident in connection with religious festivals. Sometimes, away on the mountain side, a great throng of people would be met with, keeping up a medley of religious services and revelry for two or three days together. Sometimes they came upon a village given up to music, dancing and feasting, whilst lamas in red silk, and Buddhist nuns in coarse yellow cloth, begged from door to door. Brother Pagell tells of arguing with two lamas, on one of these occasions, on a crowded house-top. The din was so loud and so incessant, that they had to shout to make each other hear. The same brother passed through Rasang, where thousands of persons were gathered to a festival. Priests and people were alike giving themselves up to feasting and revelry, but devotions were going on all the same. The huge prayer-mill, measuring eight feet in length by five in diameter, containing many thousand copies of the sacred words, "Om Mani Padmi Hum," was being perpetually turned by two men, and thus an almost incredible number of devotional exercises were duly accomplished.

These sacred words, which have been before alluded to, and the mere repetition of which either vocally, graphically, or mechanically, is of such avail in the development of "merit," are to be seen and heard everywhere through all the provinces of Tibet. They are inscribed upon walls and rocks, upon the fringes of garments and the ornaments of houses. People murmur them habitually when they have nothing else to occupy their minds. Rich Buddhists get merit credited to their spiritual account by paying wandering lamas to spend all their time in writing the holy syllables wherever they can find an empty space to display them.

Harvest must not begin without the intervention of the red-frocked gentry. They [illegible] themselves upon the hills near the villages, and blow trumpets as a matter-beating of [illegible] for the fruits of the earth. Then, at the ringing of a bell, offerings are [illegible] to them of the first-fruits of the cornfields, after which the needful operations [illegible] with. The new year is an occasion for a festival of a peculiar character. At midnight the young folks march out into the fields beating drums and

waving torches. Then for three days everybody keeps in-doors, spending the time in eating and drinking. But all must be done in silence, for it is held that any noise will disturb the spirits, of whom the Tibetan is mortally afraid.

After ten years of patient effort, with Kyelang as a centre, and with scarcely any visible result, a second station was established at Poo, at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, close to the frontiers of Chinese Tibet. Brother Pagell took the direction here, and at both places the school-work and preaching tours, and the distribution of Christian literature went forward. In the schools they were obliged to employ native teachers who were, to some extent, under Christian influence, and were willing to use Christian books, but did not profess to be Christians. The Sisters taught the girls knitting, and were very pleased when they had got so far as to induce them to wash their hands before beginning.



THE SACRED WORDS INSCRIBED ON A STONE.

The first baptisms at Kyelang took place in October, 1865, when Sodnom Slob-kyas and his son Goldau were received into the Church, under the respective names of Nicodemus and Samuel. A few others soon followed, but all were refugees from Ladak province, who had fled from the tyranny of the Rajah's officials. In less than two years the mind of poor Nicodemus was unhinged by horror for his former sins, and, much to the grief and distress of the missionaries, he hanged himself.

At Poo, Brother Pagell erected a chapel, which the people named Tschonagra ("the place where religion is taught"). Lamaism makes no provision for the public teaching of religion. In this chapel a congregation was slowly gathered, and a few converts received baptism; here also was solemnised the first Christian wedding in Tibet, when Jonathan and Hannah (two converts who had received these names) were joined in holy matrimony. A wedding without a wild riot to follow it, was something unique in that locality. Pagell was very careful that the wedded pair should walk out of chapel together as man and wife. This also was contrary to the usages of Tibet, where man and wife are never seen out together. In a tent gaily decorated with flowers was held the wedding festival of tea and rice, and roast kid and sausages, and a limited quantity of chang. Over the pouring out of the chang Pagell himself presided, in order to guard against anything like excess.

From Poo, Brother Pagell had two or three times tried in vain to penetrate the adjacent province of Tso-tso, in Chinese Tibet. Tso-tso is a mountain-girt valley, containing about a dozen scattered villages. A fearful visitation of small-pox so terrified the inhabitants, that they sent in haste for

them the benefit of his medical skill; and, only too glad to relieve suffering, and possibly at the same time secure an opening for Gospel teaching, the missionary went at once. He was received with cordiality and honour, and waited for with horses and attendants in places where even a cup of cold water was denied him on a previous visit. He went to every village in the valley, and vaccinated everybody who had not yet taken the complaint, from the babies up to the grey-haired patriarchs. Many houses were silent—the late occupants all dead. Numbers had crawled away to die in caverns and other lonely places. Wherever possible, Pagell ministered to the sick and dying, and everywhere proclaimed the Gospel message, and gave away his books and tracts. He went round the villages again, and found that his vaccination had taken properly in every case, and thus by his prompt measures he



SAKYI-MOUNI.



ERLIK KHAN (GOD OF FIRE).

BUDDHIST IMAGES.

had saved the province from becoming a veritable valley of death. The people were overflowing with gratitude, and profuse in their promises to let him pass through at any time and to carry his baggage. They also collected a sum of money for him, which, however, he refused to accept.

Several lamas were amongst those operated upon, and, as usual, they accepted whatever was done for them as the just reward of their own personal merit. There were not wanting signs that these priests were getting a little jealous of Brother Pagell's growing influence, and especially was this the case when one of their number showed a tendency to side with the missionaries. He even dared to stand up alone and argue on behalf of what he saw to be true in Christianity, when they were assembled in the great hall before the image of Buddha. That man died suddenly, very suspicious circumstances. The lamas gave out that he had fallen off the when intoxicated, but there is reason to fear that his career was purposely cut

same time a lama of high rank was sent into the district, to stir monasteries to renewed zeal and watchfulness, and a number of

young lamas were set to work, industriously carving and painting, as it was felt that what the district really needed was more images as an effectual safeguard against the spread of new doctrines.

Of the little group of converts that were gathered at Poo, perhaps one of the



NATIVES OF TIBET—PROVINCE OF LADAK.

most interesting was the young lama Gzalzan, an impetuous youth, whose zeal earnestness rejoiced the hearts of the missionaries, although his impulsive nature times led him astray, and caused the Brethren much sorrow. He was the son Tibetan Minister of State, and had been trained up in a monastery at Lhassa, by 3,000 lamas. The assembly hall, in which they met before the sacred i supported by 120 columns. Gzalzan was not the man to

had steadfastly tried to find in Buddhism all that it could do for him. In his earlier exercises he had once made the complete circuit of the monastery buildings upon his hands and knees, a task of penance which it took him three days to accomplish. After learning what the monastery could teach him, he went on pilgrimage for four years, carrying with him a skull for a drinking-cup, and a flute made from the bones of a fakir found on the bank of a river. This unique musical instrument was held to be of marvellous power for calling up the spirits of the dead. In the summer of 1871, Gzalzan came to the mission, became convinced of the truth of Christianity, and, after several months' probation, was received into the Church, and employed as a teacher. He wanted very much to go to Lhassa, and there openly preach the Gospel, declaring that he should rejoice if the sacrifice of his life should open the way for the conversion of his nation to the Christian faith. But it was no doubt felt that a premature advance might imperil the future prospects of the mission. So Gzalzan was induced to stay and work at Poo, though the missionaries could not but feel concerned at his statements that there was much mourning for sin among the Mongols. He proved a very useful teacher, but on one occasion an outburst of passion led him into grievous sin. He left the place, and after some solitary wandering he went to the mission station at Kyelang, where he professed great penitence, and was most exemplary in his conduct whilst labouring earnestly as a helper in the work carried on there.

Early in 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Redslob came out to Kyelang. They found it surrounded by a very indifferent population, but the little company of converted refugees from Ladak province formed a very pleasing spectacle. The neat and cleanly appearance of the women was most striking; their hair arrayed in thirty plaits (in native fashion) contrasted favourably with that of chance attenders who happened to drop in, and who, being accustomed to unplait their hair only at monthly or longer intervals, showed heads that were unmentionably dirty. The men, too, exhibited the civilising effects of Christianity, although one or two little mistakes were apparent. For instance, Matthew had had a waistcoat given him, and was wearing it as an appropriate addition outside his long cloak. At the Communion, the men were dressed entirely in white, while the women wore white shawls over their dark robes. In kneeling, each communicant, in Oriental fashion, prostrated the head to the ground. The homes of these people were very different from those of their neighbours. Of course, the chimneyless hearth covered the roof with smoke, that wandered away from the aperture provided for it. But the house generally, and the cooking utensils, were clean; and on some of the walls were pictures cut from the *Illustrated London News*, or other periodicals, obtained from the missionaries.

Lahoul, as has been said, is under British supremacy, but it is a remote province, and in winter is practically cut off from the rest of the world, so that the Tibetan nobleman who acts as the representative of the British Government is under very little restraint, and worries the poor people with the most shameful extortions in the of the Kaisar-i-Hind. The severe winters have been very trying to the Tibetan At times, when on a preaching tour, they have had to wait for days for a

mountain pass to get sufficiently clear of snow for them to go forward. In one terrible winter the snow in the neighbouring passes lay seven feet deep; many flocks of sheep were destroyed, and sixty workmen returning home together all lost their lives in a vast snow-drift.

Amongst the strange characters with whom the missionary sometimes came in contact, were the Kushogs. A Kushog is one who professes to have been a man in his last previous state of existence, the idea being that his merit was so great, that he was permitted to be a man again, instead of going into one of the lower animals. Kushogs are credited with miraculous powers. One came to Poo, and it was given out that he could guarantee people long life, and ensure them against being hurt by evil spirits. Young and old flocked to him in crowds; he read his books, told his beads, and sprinkled holy water about, and then sold the deluded people pills and amulets, for internal and external application respectively. When he left the district he had nearly 200 rupees (about £10), which he had extracted from the scanty stores of the villagers, as well as sheep and goats, and a quantity of butter.

Another Kushog came to a place when an epidemic of measles was raging. The lamas grouped themselves about the holy man, and a poor girl who was suffering badly from the disease. A complicated religious ceremony, the object of which was to conjure the evil spirit out of the girl into the body of the Kushog, where it could do no harm, was then performed. The Kushog meanwhile worked himself up into a state of frantic delirium, and then kicked the girl in the neck, and told her she would be well now and no one else in the village would take the complaint. But the shameless impostor's prediction did not come true, and in less than two days the girl was dead. As Pagell treated several cases during the progress of this epidemic, and every one of his patients recovered, the lamas were indignant at seeing one of their holiest men, who bore about with him the merit of two well-spent lives, thus worsted by the Christian teacher.

Notwithstanding the esteem and regard which the Poo missionaries had won for themselves among the inhabitants of the border valleys, and the flattering reception accorded to Pagell at the time of the small-pox visitation, Chinese Tibet still remained barred against them. They had ofttimes looked with longing eyes from the adjacent mountain pass into the forbidden land. For thirty years Brother Pagell had patiently laboured and anxiously waited. He had heard with hopefulness of the strivings of national life in Tibet, when the populace at Lhassa rose in revolt against their ecclesiastical tyrants. But China had put forth her strong hand to the help of the lamas, and had crushed out the popular movement with horrible cruelties.

In the heart of the mountain barrier that girdles the realm of the Ta-lé Lama, Pagell was still faithfully guarding the farthest outpost of Christian when he died suddenly, on January 2nd, 1883. His devoted wife attended the ment, but being taken ill almost directly afterwards, the Christian children settlement were at her own request brought to her, when almost her last.

to bid them a most affectionate farewell, and then she, too, on January 9th, passed quietly away. Brother and Sister Weber came out to take charge of this mission a few months afterwards.

Meanwhile, at the Kyelang mission some changes had taken place. The Tibetan Bible was issued in a complete form in 1882, and it was being pushed into districts where the missionaries themselves could not penetrate. But the people round the mission station were strangely apathetic and indifferent, and the little congregation of refugees from Ladak province was melting away. There had been changes in the affairs of Cashmere, and several of the people had in consequence felt at liberty to return to their homes. It was resolved to take advantage of these altered circumstances, and push forward to Leh, where accordingly Brother Heide planted a mission station, and several of the converts, who had returned from Kyelang, gathered to the services. Their Christianity was more tried here than at the secluded mountain station; there, in Lahoul, caste was rampant, and they were hedged in from much temptation, but here, in Ladak, caste was unknown. They were as welcome as anyone else at the constant festivals and masquerades, and were frequent spectators of gross, superstitious, and direct demon-worship.

Beside the river Indus, as it flows across a broad open valley, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by lofty mountains, stands Leh, the chief town of Ladak. Above the town towers the huge dilapidated castle, the palace of its ancient rulers there, looking down upon the long wide bazaars and a mass of irregular, intricate streets. Leh is an important meeting-place for caravans from the North and South; Mongols and Hindoos mingle in its streets, and busily carry on a very varied trade.

To take charge of this important mission station, Mr. and Mrs. Redslob were sent out in the summer of 1885. It was a long and arduous journey for a lady to undertake; the rugged mountain paths were always difficult, and occasionally really dangerous; sometimes the party were clambering upward for hours, and then again scrambling down steep declivities with yawning precipices close at hand. The night encampment was often crowded on some narrow space, and the few hours of rest on a hard couch in a little tent were disturbed by the chatter of the coolies round their fire, and the restless movements of the baggage animals. Raging torrents had to be crossed by swinging-bridges a hundred feet or more above the foaming waters. About four feet wide were these bridges, with no handrail on either side, and they swayed up and down at each movement. One old bridge of birch-tree twigs had been in use two years longer than the appointed time for renewing it, and it had become so stretched that the only way of crossing it was to creep carefully down to the centre, and then as carefully climb up the other half. There were some trying moments the whole company and the baggage were got safely across; first the little baby old was taken over in a basket by one of the men; then the baby's years old, was brought over by another man, and finally Mrs. Redslob, the back of a strong man, was carried across. Both mother and daughter trustful courage in a remarkable degree during these trying experiences,

although the little girl, on reaching the opposite bank, would often fall upon her knees and pray silently till her father and mother were by her side.

But the bridges were far from being the only trouble. Once Mrs. Redslob's horse stood suddenly still: an avalanche had swept away the path in front, so that a false step on the steep declivity meant destruction. She managed to slide down from the animal's back, and singly they were able to move across the dangerous piece. At another place they met upon a narrow path a Kushog with a train of followers. He



VIEW OF THE CASTLE OF LEH.

was a Kushog of special eminence, and he carried a great yellow umbrella lined with red. The coolies knelt down in profound veneration, but Mrs. Redslob's horse seemed to forget all reverence, in terror at the apparition, and shied dangerously. Mr. Redslob shouted to the saint to shut up his umbrella. The holy man was not accustomed to be talked to in that style; but, overcome by the missionary's imposing stature and commanding accents, he did as he was told.

Through mountain passes 18,000 feet above the sea-level, across broad [illegible] and glaciers, and in one place across a natural arch of snow—on and on, by ridge glen, the party pushed forward into the Indus valley, and saw at length the old ramparts frowning above the goal of their pilgrimage. A house was soon A church and school have since been built, a

the usual work of Bible distribution, and preaching tours, have been carried on; and although the three churches of Kyelang, Poo, and Leh, only number about fifty converts, yet the indirect result of the Tibetan missions it would be impossible to estimate. There are not wanting reasons for hoping that a much larger area may become opened to the missionaries—an area which has already been penetrated by Tibetan Bibles and other religious literature. A considerable band of earnest students are zealously preparing themselves for pushing forward, as soon as the obstacles that now bar the way are removed.

Attempts have also been made to bring Christianity to the Mongol race in the extreme east of the regions occupied by them. On the bank of the Selenga, near Selenginsk, there is a stone wall enclosing a small pyramid and some graves. Near the Ona river there are (or were till recently) two or three gravestones in a field. Both these sites were, half a century ago, in close proximity to the log mission-houses, where earnest work was being done under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. From 1819 to 1841, the Rev. E. Stallybrass and the Rev. W. Swan, and two or three coadjutors, were labouring amongst the Buriats, a degraded Mongol tribe dwelling on Russian territory near the frontier of China. The missionaries avoided all intercourse with the Russians, and made their home amongst the poor heathen whom they came to serve. The Russian officials and colonists laughed at the mission, and, though not by any means over-cleanly in their own habits, thought the English missionaries must be insufferably dirty persons to be able to put up with Buriat surroundings.

But, heedless of ridicule, the missionaries worked on, teaching, preaching, translating, and, so far as they were able, ministering to bodily ailments. Some of them died in these wilds—twice Mr. Stallybrass was left a widower. The records of this mission are very scanty; its history has never been written in a complete form. The converts were few in number, but they were exemplary and steadfast, and one of them obtained the crown of martyrdom. Bardu, a youth of seventeen, drew down upon himself the anger of the lamas by his progress at the mission-school, and his avowed inclination to be a Christian. It was in the winter of 1834-5 that one of the lamas cruelly beat the poor lad about the head. He was unwell from that time, and severe headaches were followed by fever, under which he gradually sank. Under the treatment of a native doctor, he got worse, and some mysterious heathen rites were about to be tried as a last resource when the boy begged to be taken to the mission-house. His relatives were glad to be relieved of the care of him. "He is yours, body and soul," his uncle exclaimed, as he left him in charge of the missionaries. They did their best for him, without avail; but in the midst of severe sufferings his soul was at rest in Jesus, and he gently passed away. It was a scene when Tikshi, another converted Buriat, read 1 Corinthians xv. beside the

were very hopeful about their work, when it was suddenly put a by the Emperor Nicholas, who said they might stay if they would not teach

religion. They saw it was best to retire, and their twenty converts, the visible result of rather more than twenty years of diligent toil, were received into the Greek Church, of which (when inquiries were subsequently made) it was found they had remained worthy members. But the missionaries had accomplished more than this. They had translated the Bible into the Mongol tongue, a work of incalculable value, serviceable throughout Mongolia, and also amongst the Mongols of China. As Mr. Gilmour tells us,* now and again in out-of-the-way places in Mongolia, the traveller hears that some one has a foreign book, and a Testament is produced that owes its origin to the self-denying labours of Stallybrass and Swan. It must not be omitted, moreover, to mention that another incidental result followed the suppression of the mission—the Greek Church itself positively set on foot some mission-work among the Buriats.

In 1869 it was resolved by the London Missionary Society to resume Gospel labours among the Mongol Tartars of the far East, and to start from the Christian missions of Northern China. The Rev. James Gilmour was accordingly ordained for this service in Augustine Church, Edinburgh, in February, 1870, and was speedily on his way to Pekin. His first work was amongst the Mongols who abounded in the city and neighbourhood. Many who received great benefit at the mission hospital carried the fame of the institution into Mongolia, so that as soon as Mr. Gilmour began to arrange for missionary tours, he found that in many places he was not received as a stranger. His very interesting work, entitled "Among the Mongols," gives a large amount of information on the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these regions.

At Pekin Mr. Gilmour has met representatives of all the Mongol tribes that acknowledge Chinese authority; but year by year he has spent the summer months in "travelling with natives through the desert, sharing with them the hospitality of the wayside tent, taking his turn in the night-watch against thieves, resting in the comparative comfort of the portable cloth travelling tent, or dwelling as a lodger in the more permanent abodes of trellis-work."

Mr. Gilmour found his medicines highly appreciated. Bodily ailments are very prevalent among the degenerate descendants of the warrior hordes that followed Genghis Khan. But unfortunately many of these ailments are chronic and incurable, and the non-success of the missionary in curing them rather discredited him with his patients. The means found by Mr. Gilmour to be most efficacious for getting at the people are thus described in the graphic volume to which allusion has just been made:—

"When a missionary travelling in Mongolia reaches a cluster of tents, a halt is called, the tents are set up, the goods unloaded, a fire of the quick argol is started, and soon master and men abandon themselves to tea-drinking. Meantime natives of the place have gathered round. Sometimes they are very friendly and assist in setting up the tents. Sometimes they stand by counting their beads and looking on, but always they are ready and willing to join in the tea-drinking. Some of

* "Among the Mongols," by the Rev.

attracted by the medicine which they have heard by report going before is dispensed gratis, some are drawn merely by idle curiosity, some few come in the hope of getting



BURIATS.

a Mongol book. For the most part they are a little distant at first. Tea even fails to thaw completely their reserve, and it is not till a case of Scripture pictures, gaudy with colours, is produced, that old and young find their tongue and crowd around, all eye and ear. A selection of the pictures gives a good opportunity for stating the main

doctrines of Christianity, and in the case of the picture, the eye assisting the ear, even people of small intellectual ability often apprehend clearly the teaching and remember it distinctly."

From pictures it is an easy step to tracts and books. The Mongol is not slow to take in an intelligent idea of Christianity as a system, and usually declares it to be very good—in fact, it is the same as Buddhism. If well read in his own scriptures, he can quote doctrine for doctrine, and miracle for miracle; but when driven to close quarters he is obliged to confess that Buddhism does not produce practical holiness, even in its very temples and religious retreats. Still Buddhism is so excellent that he wants nothing else, and he ridicules the idea of his sacred books, of which a complete collection could only be carried by a long string of camels, being upset by the little volume that is put into his hand. The Buddhist enthusiasm of the Mongols is intense, and solitary converts would scarcely be allowed to exist among them. Arguments will not meet the case, but the exhibition of Christianity by faithful witnesses as a life-giving power will doubtless in due time achieve new conquests of the Cross, even amongst these bigoted wanderers of the Mongolian deserts.



PRAYER-WHEELS AND FLAG.
(The wheels are turned by a running stream.)

Mr. Gilmour, in the course of his long wanderings, saw abundant proofs of the sway which Buddhism has obtained over the Mongolian mind. The Mongols are most assuredly after their manner a very religious people; if you meet one on the road, he is almost sure to be saying his prayers and counting his beads, and in the majority of cases is on his way to some famous shrine where he will perform prostrations innumerable before the idols. In the Mongol quarters of the Chinese frontier towns, the shops for the sale of images and pictures do a roaring trade. In crossing the Mongolian plains, the most prominent objects on the horizon are often the gorgeous temples, resplendent from afar with gold and brilliant colours, monuments of costly splendour in the midst of a scattered and poverty-stricken people. Flagstaffs with fluttering prayers rise conspicuously from every encampment, and the family altar with its images holds the place of honour in every tent. Before each meal the pious Mongol offers a portion of his food to the gods, and pictures or charms, inscribed with prayers, hang from his neck beneath his garments. Over all the land, upon every hill-top, are cairns surmounted by prayer-flags, and every stone upon those ever-growing cairns was placed there by some passer-by who stopped to pray.

The Mongol's whole life is coloured by his religion; in taking a journey, or in

any matter of importance, he makes no decision as to time or place without consulting his teacher—the special lama whom he has chosen as his spiritual director, and for whom his reverence almost amounts to adoration. The advice may be bitterly disappointing, but it is submissively accepted and obeyed.

Lamaistic Buddhism declares that there is an immortal soul in every living thing, and therefore it is sin to deprive anything of life. Even if unavoidable, it is still sin, and must be balanced by a corresponding amount of merit. The immortal soul, by its superabundance, or lack, of merit, rises to divine purity, or sinks to the lowest depths of animal life. It is, then, man's great duty to accumulate merit by ceaseless prayers, by pilgrimages, by offerings and beneficent actions. Indiscriminate charity flourishes in Mongolia as an aid to holiness; half the male population are lamas, and most of these are mean and sordid beggars who seem to exist for the purpose of giving their fellow-countrymen opportunities for perpetual benevolence. Humanity to animals is one commendable result of the Buddhist creed; the very birds on the Mongolian plains seem to feel that here man is not their enemy. The Mongol, seeing birds in cages for sale at the gates of Pekin and other Northern Chinese towns, generally spends a little money in setting two or three at liberty. The Chinese merchant, "child-like and bland," takes good care that his Mongol neighbours shall have abundant opportunity for making merit in this manner.

Though Buddhism presents some creditable features, and, to the profound student, offers a vast amount of philosophic doctrine and speculation, yet, at least for the Mongolian, it provides no intelligible worship. "Om Mani Padmi Hum" moved by hand power, by the wind, or by a roasting-jack, serves all purposes, and the common people undoubtedly worship the actual stone or wooden image before which they bow. The lamas of the highest grade are mere impostors. They show here and there a "living Buddha," dwelling in a gorgeous temple—some poor child who has been carefully coached to pretend to remember the experiences of his predecessor, and who is quietly poisoned off if he gets refractory. The lamas are proverbially immoral, and their temples are the centres of the worst wickedness in the country.

Especially is this the case as regards Urga, the home of a "Supreme Lama," and the religious capital of Mongolia. Mr. Gilmour visited it, and saw a Chinese trading-town on one side, and a Mongol settlement with numerous temples on the other. The temples from a distance wore an air of lofty grandeur, but seemed less imposing when seen close at hand. In the temples, and at every street corner, there were praying machines, so that any passer-by could stop and give a few turns for the good of his soul. In front of the temples crowds were prostrating themselves or performing the ceremony of "falling worship," which consists in measuring the circumference of the group of temples with the human body. The worshipper falls down, and, with a stone in his hand, marks the ground beside his forehead; he then puts his feet to the mark and falls again. The process is repeated continuously till the desired circuit is effected. They acknowledge that this sort of worship is very exhausting, and wears the clothes out considerably, but they justify its performance on the ground that inasmuch as the body has joined with the mind in sinning, it ought to share in its

religious exercises. The market-place of Urga is full of worn-out beggars from all parts of the country, who have come here to die.

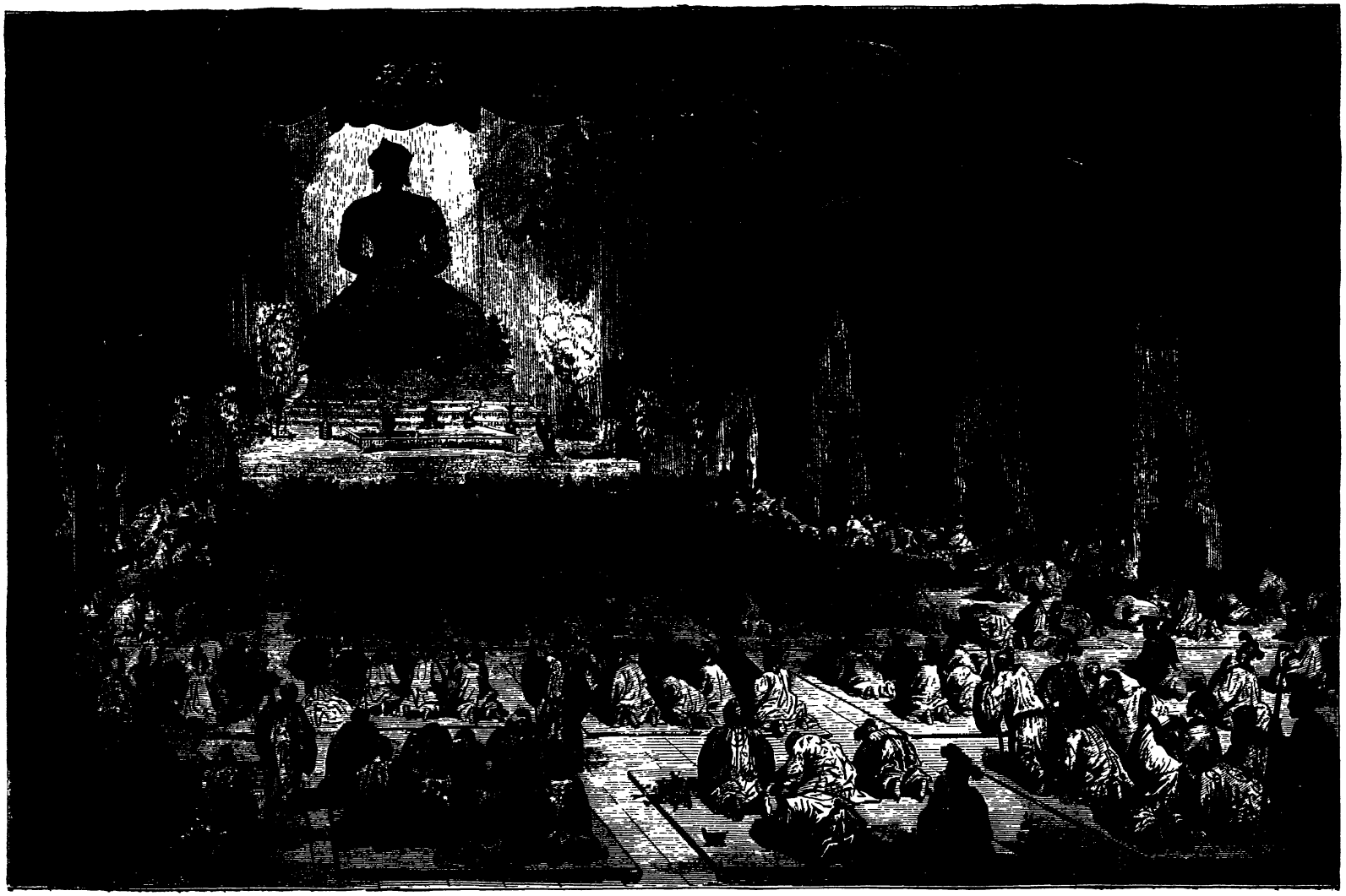
More famous even than the religious capital, as a place of Mongol pilgrimage, is Wu T'ai Shan, within the Chinese border. To and from this most sacred spot on earth to the Mongol Buddhist, pilgrims are perpetually flocking. They say that when the world perishes in universal ruin, Wu T'ai will still survive and flourish. One happy life is secured by every visit; some come annually, so these have a good deal to look forward to. About thirty temples can be seen in one view, crowning a group of hills cultivated in terraces. Around rise the encircling mountains—dense forests to the south, broad stretches of snow to the north. The temples gleaming in the sunlight, the winding strings of camels laden with offerings, the groups of pilgrims performing their adorations, combine with the romantic scenery to make up a marvellous picture.

There are wonderful things in Wu T'ai. The image over yonder gateway has a mark on its brow from which they say you can draw out a hair three thousand miles in length. Three times a week the body of that image is one blaze of light. They say it is spontaneous, but the lamas know how it is done. There are some very erudite lamas to be found in the adjacent temple—spending their lives over the sacred books, which they carefully copy. There is great merit secured by copying one of the books in black, but still more by copying it in red, but to make a copy all in gold characters is of incalculable advantage to the writer's soul.

Another shrine stands upon a mound adorned with three hundred praying-wheels *pro bono publico*. Within the shrine itself is a truly wonderful invention. An immense wheel, sixty feet in height, is filled with shrines, images, books, and prayers. By using an arrangement of handspikes in the cellar two or three people can manage to turn the huge cylinder, and are forthwith credited with having visited all the shrines, worshipped all the images, read all the books, and recited all the prayers contained in it. This unique application of machinery to spiritual needs is rather hard to turn, but it is considered to fully repay the exertion required, and is in great request.

A very steep path and a hundred steps lead up to a ridge, where, in a street of houses crowded with lamas and pilgrims, stands the temple of temples, the Pu' Sa T'ing. Here dwells a Supreme Lama, who sent a polite message to Mr. Gilmour, but could not see him, inasmuch as the lama was very busy preparing for a festival. From Wu T'ai, lama missions, not for the purpose of teaching religion, but with the object of collecting money, are sent throughout Mongolia. When those who have subscribed liberally visit Wu T'ai, they are hailed as old acquaintances. Many of the well-to-do Mongols, when weary of life's worries, or suffering from some incurable disease, surrender all their property to the lamas, and spend the remainder of their days amongst the holy shrines of Wu T'ai.

But it is time to leave the Mongol portion of our story. Of the triumphs of Christianity amongst them there is as yet little to record. Still, the leavening influence is going forward, and the faith and patience of those who are so diligently working in that far-off region will, in due season, reap its reward.



'ERE TH GREA' A BUD SSERY.

VII.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY LABOURS OF CAREY.

Boyhood of Carey—His Early Studies—Cobbler and Schoolmaster—Baptist Minister at Moulton—"Expect Great Things; attempt Great Things"—Messrs. Grant and Thomas—Carey Sails for India—Studies Bengali—Family Troubles—In the Sunderbunds—Translation of the New Testament—Five Years at Mudnabatty—Purchases an Indigo Planting Farm—Establishment of the Serampore Mission.

ON a cottage wall in the little village of Pauler's Pury, eleven miles from Northampton, an inscription marks the site where formerly stood the house in which William Carey was born in 1761.

About as unlikely as any one in the land to do deeds that should make his birthplace famous, was the weakly infant, with scrofulous tendencies, cradled in that two-storied cottage on the edge of Whittlebury Forest. The first-born of five children, he seems to have become the especial favourite of a devout grandmother, a woman of a more delicate and refined type than was to be found among the majority of her class. Her husband was the parish clerk and village schoolmaster, and William Carey's father succeeded to the same position when the child was six years old. The successive appointment of grandfather and father to these offices, even in a country village in the eighteenth century, seems to betoken some degree of mental capacity in the Carey family. The child, at any rate, gave early evidence of possessing an active mind. The listening mother from time to time heard him adding up numbers in his sleep; he learned all that could be acquired in his father's school, and taught himself much more from such books as he could lay his hands upon.

When the family removed to the schoolhouse—which was young Carey's home till he was fourteen—he had a room of his own, and here he kept birds, beetles, and insects, watching their growth and changes with the keenest interest. His rambles in the fields and woods were shared by a sister, who tells us how carefully he used to observe the hedges as he passed along, and how quick he was to notice any new plant or insect.

Although book-loving and studious, the boy Carey had his seasons of activity and fun. He was often the leader in village games, and proved his indomitable energy by climbing, after repeated failures, to the top of a lofty tree which his comrades had given up as impracticable. "Whatever young Carey begins, he finishes," was the verdict of his associates. He made his father's garden, adjoining the schoolhouse, the best cottage garden for miles round. In this plot there stood an old wych-elm—the boy's chosen retreat when the reading fit was on him. Here his companions would sometimes find him, and refuse to go away unless he would first preach to them, whereupon, from his elm-tree pulpit, the lad would hold forth to the intense satisfaction of his rustic audience.

Science, history, voyages—these were the themes most fascinating to young Carey.

For the present, religious books disgusted him; though Bunyan's immortal dream seems, as in the case of most young readers, to have left a strong impression. But amidst his reading and botanising, and so forth, there soon arose the urgent question, How is this youth to be put in the way of getting a living? They sent him out into the fields to scare birds, with a prospect that he might develop into an agricultural labourer. But a troublesome skin-disease became unendurable when subjected to prolonged outdoor exposure, and so, at the age of fourteen, they apprenticed him to a shoemaker at Hackleton.

A self-satisfied young Pharisee was Carey at this period of his career; proud of his connection with the Church, and yet addicted, according to his own account, to "lying and swearing and other vices." He still thirsted for knowledge. He saw in an old commentary belonging to his master, a number of Greek words, and was seized with a burning desire to penetrate their mystery. He copied these words as well as he could, and took them to an acquaintance in his native village—an ex-medical student who had blasted his career by dissipation, and was now getting a living at the loom. This man—Tom Jones by name—was Carey's first Greek tutor. Latin the youth had been teaching himself from an old grammar and vocabulary for some time past.

Through the death of his master, Carey was transferred to another shoemaker, Mr. Old, whose pastor was Thomas Scott, the commentator. Scott used to visit at the house, and became strongly interested in the "sensible-looking lad in his working apron," who listened so intently and asked such pertinent questions. "That youth will prove no ordinary character," remarked the good man on more than one occasion.

Through the ministrations of Mr. Scott, joined to the example and influence of a fellow-servant, Carey became a decided Christian. At nineteen we find him preaching, and a few months afterwards he accepted a ministerial engagement at East Barton, where, as well as in his own village, he laboured for three years and a half. Carey was not twenty when Mr. Old died. Then the business was without a head, with an unmarried sister dependent upon it, and Carey seems to have thought that to take over the business and stock, and to marry the sister, was the simplest way of arranging matters. This programme was accordingly carried out. Poor Carey! Poor Miss Old! One scarcely knows which to pity most, the "called and chosen" evangelist, whose heroic exertions were to be clogged for twenty-five years to come, or the illiterate girl, who thought they were going to get a quiet living out of the shoe business which her father had industriously built up.

But Carey was not the man to keep up a business; he was not so much as a good workman. His cottage garden, even, succeeded better than his shop. So the young couple found it hard to make a living, and it was only kind aid from relatives or friends that more than once rescued them from actual destitution. Carey tramped the country round, hawking his goods; he bore up against toil and privation, and endured long spells of fever and ague, till it seemed as if the end must be near. But amidst all trials he kept up his studies, and his diligent preparation for his pastoral duties.

At length there came a gleam of light across his pathway. He was in his twenty-

fifth year when, in 1786, he was appointed to the Baptist Chapel in Moulton, at a salary of £16 a year. He also set up as a schoolmaster, but in this vocation he was a decided failure. "When I kept school" (he afterwards said), "it was the boys who kept me!" But the school episode was an important factor in the shaping of his career. The geography lessons impressed him with the vastness of the regions where heathenism still prevailed. He sought for more information about these countries, and, as he read and mused, "the fire burned" in his soul, and he longed to stir up Christians to do something for the cause of Christ in those lands of darkness. Meanwhile he had to fall back upon his shoemaking to eke out a living. Every other Saturday saw him trudging ten miles to Northampton with a wallet of shoes on his shoulders, and then trudging back with a fresh supply of leather. He got rid of his goods to a Government contractor, and there is reason to believe that the poor fellows were to be pitied who had to wear them. Carey never had much faith in his own handiwork. In after years, at the table of Lord Hastings, a general asked, "Was not Dr. Carey once a shoemaker?"—"No, sir," said Dr. Carey, who had overheard the question, "No, sir, only a cobbler."

When living at Moulton, Carey had the happiness to form friendships with the father of Robert Hall, with the Rev. Andrew Fuller, and other ministers whose genial companionship elevated and encouraged him. The great idea that had risen in his soul was kept full in view, and, at a meeting of ministers at Northampton, he ventured to suggest as the topic of discussion, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations."—"Young man!" cried the president, springing to his feet, "sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine." Even his sympathetic friend Mr. Fuller was startled, and could only reflect, "If the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be?"

Thus hindered from speaking his mind, Carey wrote a pamphlet—he and his family being at the time almost starving; no animal food, and the bread supply very limited. The pamphlet was an epitome of the then extraordinary knowledge Carey had collected on the subject of the heathen. To write it under his existing circumstances was, indeed, a proof of his enthusiasm and energy.

Carey was transferred to Leicester in 1789, where his outward circumstances improved to some extent, and he enlarged the circle of his friends. All admired his zeal and earnestness, but shrank from the responsibility of uniting in his plans. They helped him, however, in 1791, to publish his pamphlet, written three years before. In May of the following year he preached, at the meeting of ministers at Nottingham, the sermon that was long remembered as having laid the foundation of the Baptist Missionary Society. The burden of his discourse was, "Expect great things: attempt great things." The effect of this sermon was electric; but in the after discussion the ministers were for separating without any practical result. In an agony of distress Carey seized Fuller's hand and indignantly remonstrated, and a resolution was put on the books that a Society should be established for propagating the Gospel among the heathen. At the first meeting, in October, the Society was formed, the first Committee being:—Andrew Fuller, Secretary; Reynold Hogge, Treasurer; John Ryland, John Sutcliffe, William Carey. The next consideration was the "sinews of war," and the twelve ministers present (not one

of them, it should be remembered, worth £100 a year) subscribed £13 2s. 6d. Then William Carey forthwith offered to go out to any country the society might select. The infant society presently received £70 from the church at Birmingham, and other donations quickly followed, but the London ministers seemed to have looked on the whole affair as an obscure provincial movement, and for a time took no part in what was destined to become one of the grandest enterprises ever undertaken by any denomination of Christians.

We have now reached the point at which Carey stands eager to be sent out anywhere to preach the Gospel to the heathen; a young society is willing to send him, and it remains to show how India came to be manifested as the God-appointed field of service.

Of the pioneer mission-work in Southern India the story has been told in a previous chapter. In the Northern Provinces, Christian England had taken Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, and all their kith and kin, under her kindly patronage. Near the mouth of the Ganges, amid swamp and jungle, the English had, in 1696, built Fort William to protect their factories against the Nabob of Bengal. Fort William developed into modern Calcutta, and the victory of Clive at Plassy, in 1756, brought the rich provinces of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa completely under the sway of the East India Company. There were further accessions of territory, and a vast increase of wealth and power, and yet the eighteenth century was hastening towards its close without any combined effort being made in these, the richest provinces of the Indian Empire, to modify one foul or brutal feature of the idolatrous superstitions that prevailed in the land, or to show the conquered people one glimpse of a higher life. The Fakir swung upon the hooks that pierced his flesh, the sick and aged were left to die in the mud of the sacred river, the widow flung herself upon the burning pyre beside her husband's corpse, devotees sought death beneath the rolling wheels of Jaganuātha's car, deeds of unspeakable foulness were perpetrated as sacred rites in the shrines of the gods, and yet English rulers forbade all tampering with native opinions and native usages. England's guns were fired and England's drums beaten by way of salutation to abominable idols, and a Christian Government lent its authority and sanction to orgies of shameless and brutal depravity.

True it is that Kiernander—a German Lutheran Missionary, labouring under the auspices of the Christian Knowledge Society—cordially encouraged by Colonel Clive, had come from Southern India to labour for a while among the Portuguese Roman Catholics, many of whom were received into the Protestant communion; but nothing was done for the natives. For a quarter of a century after the battle of Plassy, Englishmen in Bengal were too busy in amassing riches to care about the spiritual needs of the conquered race. Amidst general corruption and scepticism, Mr. Charles Grant was, about the year 1783, conspicuous among the Company's servants as an exemplary Christian. He was the centre of a little band who met for mutual help and encouragement. A surgeon in the Company's service, Mr. John Thomas, a man of ardent zeal and piety, who felt that something ought to be done for the millions of heathen India, advertised in 1783 for a Christian who would "assist in promoting a knowledge of Jesus Christ in and around Bengal,"

and Mr. Grant and his friends placed him at Goamalty, near Malda, where he translated part of the New Testament into Bengali, and for three years worked successfully among the natives. But, though spiritually minded and zealous, Mr. Thomas was an



HINDOO FAKIRS.

impracticable person to deal with. He was mystical and extravagant, irascible and bigoted, and he speculated so imprudently, and became so involved in debts and liabilities, that Mr. Grant was compelled to break off all connection with him.

Of Mr. Grant's further efforts, and of the elaborate plan which he drew up in 1786 for a "Mission to Bengal," little need be said, inasmuch as nothing came of them.

The Governor-General, Lord Cornwallis, "had no faith in such schemes, and thought that they must prove ineffectual." Mr. Grant, by correspondence, and, on his return to England, by personal effort, sought to enlist the presiding authorities of Church and State in favour of his project. But at that date all new movements were looked upon with distrust, the leaders of Evangelical thought were timid, the prelates of the English Church made excuses; even Wilberforce had the plan twice modified, till its missionary spirit was almost filtered out of it. King George III. thought it important and desirable, but hesitated to countenance it, "chiefly in consequence of the alarming progress of the French Revolution, and the proneness of the times to movements subversive of the existing order of things!"

Both Pitt and Dundas had given some encouragement to the scheme; but they introduced an India Bill in 1793, renewing the powers of the East India Company, without the expected provisions for the moral and spiritual improvement of India. Wilberforce, however, induced the House of Commons to adopt a resolution which led to a clause being placed in the India Bill arranging for the encouragement of schools and missions. But now the "Court of Directors" and "Court of Proprietors," and all the wealthy Anglo-Indians—the men of whom it was said that "they had left their consciences and their religion behind them at the Cape when they went out, and neglected to call for them on their way home"—rose in fierce revolt against Wilberforce and the "fanatics." They put forth a manifesto from Leadenhall Street, declaring that the age was too enlightened for proselytism, that missionaries in India would destroy the Company's interests, that conversions to any large extent would be disastrous, and they "thanked God" it was impracticable. They denounced the project as "wild, extravagant, expensive, and unjustifiable," and exerted such pressure on the House, that the proposed clause was omitted from the India Bill. Ministers were prevailed upon by the clamours of the India House to shelve Wilberforce and the Christian party; the bishops were equally time-serving with the Government; and for twenty years the spread of knowledge and religion in India was placed at the mercy of the Court of Directors. It was at this moment that a Nonconformist sect seized the opportunity which the National Church had flung away. "Many years ago," said Mr. Grant, thirty years afterwards, "I had formed the design of a mission to Bengal, and used my humble efforts to promote the design. Providence reserved that honour to the Baptists."

In spite of his rupture with Mr. Grant, Mr. Thomas was still bent upon working as a missionary. He was a Baptist, and, upon his return to England, he found that among his own persuasion there had sprung up a little society having for its object "to convey the message of salvation to some part of the heathen world." To this society Mr. Thomas so fervidly pictured the needs of India, that it was agreed to send him out as their missionary in Bengal, accompanied by the man who was the life and soul of their own association, William Carey.

Carey and Thomas, dissimilar as they were in many respects, were as one man in their fervent enthusiasm for the missionary cause. At their first meeting they embraced each other, and wept tears of joy at the expected realisation of their earnest desires. But there were still great obstacles to be overcome before the missionaries could reach their field

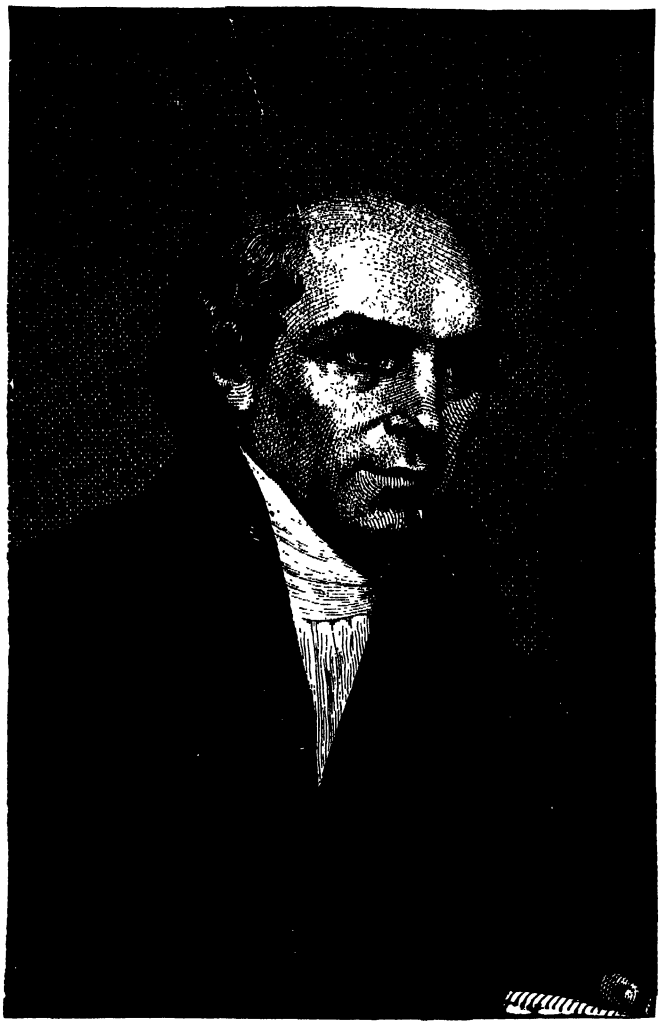
of service. Mrs. Carey, utterly incapable of sympathising with her husband's aspirations, was appalled at the prospect, and positively refused to go. Then Carey resolved to take with him his eldest son, and, when the mission was established, return for his wife and the other members of his family. It was not till March, 1793, that the needed funds were raised by importunate begging from the wealthier members of the Baptist community. On March 20th the Rev. Andrew Fuller, who had done most of the hard work in getting the money by personal solicitation, preached at the valedictory services. His concluding words were, "Go, then, my dear brethren, stimulated by these prospects. We shall meet again. Each, I trust, will be addressed by our Great Redeemer, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father: these were hungry and ye fed them; athirst, and ye gave them drink; in prison, and ye visited them; enter into the joy of your Lord.'"

The next difficulty was how to get to India. No English vessels, except those of the Company, might go there, and every passenger had to receive a personal permission from the India House. Inquiry showed that any application to the Court of Directors would be treated with contempt, and Mr. Grant refused to use his influence if Mr. Thomas was sent out, but would have done what he could for Carey alone. There seemed nothing else to be done but to try and smuggle the missionaries into India; and the captain of the vessel in which Mr. Thomas had made two voyages as surgeon, agreed to take them without the required licence. They joined the ship off the Isle of Wight, when the captain received an anonymous letter, stating that the fact of his taking on board unlicensed persons was about to come before the Court of Directors. Feeling his professional interests in jeopardy, the missionaries were immediately put on shore, bag and baggage. Carey wrote at once to Fuller, "Our plans are frustrated for the present; but, however mysterious the dealings of Providence, I have no doubt they are directed by an infinitely wise God." With a heavy heart he watched the fleet sail away.

They returned to London, where Thomas so vigorously exerted himself to find a way of getting to India, that they succeeded in arranging for a passage in a Danish East Indiaman, which was daily expected to anchor in the Downs on its way to India. But the charges were heavy, and more funds were needful. Mrs. Carey, also, who had already tired of her widowhood, now agreed to accompany her husband if her sister might also be allowed to go. Within twenty-four hours of her consent, Carey had sold his little property, and the family were on their way to London. The passage-money would now amount to £600, and when the Society had borrowed all it could on its guarantee, the sum in hand was still insufficient. By arranging that Mr. Thomas and Miss Old should rank as assistants and dine at the steward's table, a passage was secured, and on June 13th, 1793, just about the time that the godless India Bill, with the sanction of the majority of the bishops, was passing the House of Lords, the party embarked on the *Cron Princessa Maria*. For one day the arrangement made was kept to, and then the captain put them all on an equal footing at his own table.

Carey worked hard at Bengali, under the tuition of Mr. Thomas, during the long voyage, which terminated on November 11th. They landed at Calcutta, hired a house, and proceeded to realise funds by the sale of the goods which they had been advised to bring with them in lieu of cash. Thomas, who was understood to know

the Calcutta market, was entrusted with the disposal of the goods, but he soon exhibited his unthrifty and extravagant ways. The money went as fast as it came in. Carey removed to a cheaper house at Bandel, further up the river, where stands the oldest Christian building in Bengal, a Roman Catholic church, built very early in the seventeenth century. Here he met the venerable Kiernander, then in his eighty-fourth year, and a



WILLIAM CAREY.

pensioner of the Danish Government. It was a memorable interview, when the young evangelist, panting for work, thus came into communion with a veteran who had come out from Francke's "School of the Prophets" at Halle when Schültze was the moving spirit of the Indian missions, and who had witnessed the whole career of Schwartz. From what has been shown in this and the preceding chapter, the reader will have no difficulty in tracing a true apostolic succession from Ziegenbalg to William Carey.

But Carey soon saw that Bandel, with its European society, was not the place for getting at the natives. He went with Thomas to Nuddea, where they spent a few days arguing with the learned Brahmins who thronged that famous place of learning. They were invited to stay, and were somewhat inclined to do so, "as it is the bulwark of Hinduism," says Carey, "which, if once carried, all the country must be laid open to us." However, circumstances obliged them to return to Calcutta, where Thomas found



FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.

some of his bonds awaiting him, forwarded by his London creditors. He was advised to resume his medical profession as a means of partially satisfying them.

The means brought from England were now almost exhausted, and Carey and his family were soon reduced to great distress. Thomas borrowed money at exorbitant interest, and set up as a doctor in comparative luxury. Carey and his family (seven in number) were crowded into a small, ill-ventilated house, generously lent them by a rich native. Never before in his whole life, long and arduous as had been the struggle, had Carey been brought by severe distress so near to the brink of despair. Friendless and often penniless, in a foreign land, and with a large family to be cared for, his condition was indeed pitiable in the extreme. Life in that wretched hovel was made still more miserable by the ceaseless upbraidings of the two women; and to crown all, the wife and two children were for a time laid up with severe illness. It was a miracle of providence and grace that Carey

was enabled to pass through such accumulated trials, and yet maintain his earnest devotion to the cause for which he came out to India. He still studied Bengali, translated portions of the Scriptures, and preached in the streets when he could get a chance.

At length some one offered him an old bungalow in the Sunderbunds. This is a vast region at the mouth of the Ganges, in some parts covered with tiger-haunted jungles, in others a network of mud islands swarming with alligators. Innumerable creeks and streams intersect the muddy swamps, over which foul malaria ceaselessly broods. Yet there are tracts which, in ancient days, were cultivated and dotted with villages, and the land is fertile enough to repay careful embankment and culture. Carey got a little money from Thomas, and started with his family for this delightful region. February, 1794, saw the boatload of the Careys, with their small assortment of worldly goods, floating down the river from Calcutta. Their provisions were well-nigh exhausted, when they saw on the bank a European with a gun in his hand. This was Mr. Short, who was superintending the Company's saltworks. He was an unbeliever, and had no sympathy with Carey's missionary ideas, but, as a fellow-countryman, he most hospitably invited the family to lodge at his place for six months while a suitable dwelling-place was being prepared for them. The offer was gratefully accepted, and on an adjacent clearing at Hasnabad, Carey began erecting his huts. "Wild dogs, deer, and fowl," he says in a letter to Mr. Fuller, "are to be procured by the gun, and must supply us with a considerable portion of our food. I find an inconvenience in having so much of my time taken up in procuring provisions and cultivating my little farm. But, when my house is built, I shall have more leisure than at present, and have daily opportunities of conversing with the natives and pursuing the work of the mission."

These were hopeful words, but Carey's letters written at this period show that he passed through some very trying experiences. He felt deeply the absence of human friendship and sympathy. The prevailing infidelity of the Europeans disheartened him; the stupid superstition of the rural natives seemed impenetrable. Every European he conversed with discouraged him, and told him that the conversion of Hindoos was impossible. But he comforted himself by remembering that the Divine Power, without which no European could be converted, could certainly convert an Indian.

"My soul," he writes in one of his letters to Europe at this time, "my soul longeth and fainteth for God, for the living God, to see His glory and His beauty as I have seen them in the sanctuary. When I left England, my hopes of the conversion of the heathen were very strong; but amidst so many obstacles they would utterly die, unless upheld by God. I have met with many things calculated to upset them since I left my dear charge at Leicester. Since that time I have had hurrying up and down, a five months' imprisonment with carnal men on board the ship, five more spent in learning the language, my moonshee not understanding English sufficiently to interpret my preaching, my colleague separated from me, long delays experienced respecting my settlement, few opportunities for social worship, no woods to retire to (like Brainerd), for fear of tigers (no fewer than twenty men in the department of Dayhotta, where I am, have been carried away from the salt-works this season); in short, no earthly thing to depend on. Well, I have God; and His word is sure. Though the superstitions

of the Hindoos were a million times more deeply rooted, and the example of Europeans a million times worse than they are; if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet my hope, fixed on that sure word, will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials. God's cause *will* triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire."

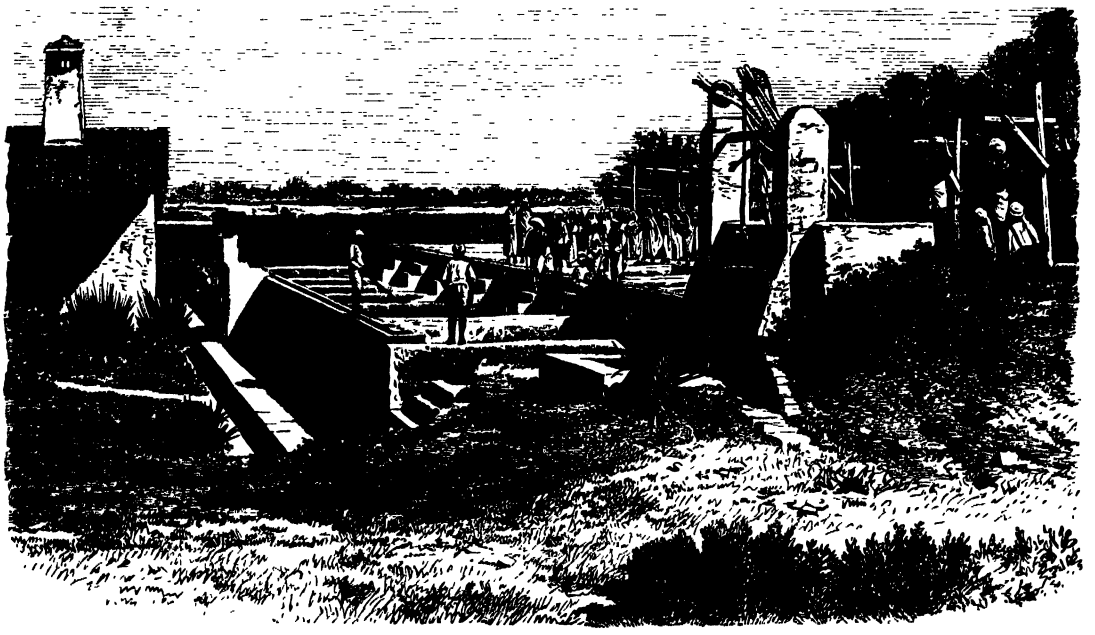
But the Careys were not to stay long in the tiger-haunted Sunderbunds. Mr. Thomas had, with some difficulty, renewed his former acquaintance with a Mr. Udney (one of the Charles Grant circle). Mr. Udney was in a superior position in the Company's service—a pious and able man, through whose kindness Mr. Thomas was appointed to the charge of an indigo factory at Malda, and, in turn, used his influence to procure for Carey a similar appointment at Mudnabatty. Carey was delighted with the prospect of maintenance for his family and extended usefulness for himself. He wrote rejoicingly to the Committee in England, stating that though he should not require from them the means of subsistence, "it would always be his joy and glory to stand in the same relation to the society as if he required its assistance, but he requested that the sum which might be considered his salary should be devoted to the printing of the Bengali translation of the New Testament."

The Committee, which, as Carey's biographer remarks, "had been enlarged without being improved," so little understood the man with whom they were dealing, that some of them actually addressed to him a letter of "serious and affectionate caution lest he should allow the spirit of the missionary to be swallowed up in the pursuits of the merchant." Carey could not but feel hurt at this ungenerous remonstrance, but he meekly replied: "I can only say that, after my family's obtaining a bare subsistence, my whole income, and, in some months, more, goes for the purpose of the Gospel, in supporting persons to assist in the translation of the Bible, in writing out copies of it, and in teaching school. I am indeed poor, and shall always be so until the Bible is published in Bengali and Hindustani, and the people want no further instruction."

In June, 1794, Mr. Carey arrived with his family at Mudnabatty (thirty miles distant from the Company's station at Malda, where Mr. Thomas was located), and at once took up his duties at the factory. It was a secluded spot; and here, free from harassing cares and anxieties, he spent five years of his life in diligent preparation for the more important services of the future. More than a quarter of his salary (£20 a month) was spent on the mission. He saw that the improvement of agriculture was a matter of vast importance, and he procured all sorts of seeds and implements from England. "It will be a lasting advantage to the country," he writes to Fuller, "and I shall have an opportunity of doing this for what I may now call my own country." In all his plans he kept before him the spread of the Gospel. He daily assembled the servants and factory labourers (not far short of a hundred individuals) for Christian worship, and as time and opportunity afforded, preached in the neighbouring villages. He set up a free school for native children, but the parents were too poor to avail themselves fully of its advantages. It even became needful to pay the children for their time to induce the parents to let them remain.

Carey thus describes his itinerant labours:—"I have a district of about twenty

miles square, where I am continually going from place to place to publish the Gospel, and in this space there are about two hundred villages. My manner of travelling is with two small boats, one of which serves me to lodge in, the other for cooking my victuals. All my furniture, as well as my food, I carry with me from place to place, namely, a chair, a table, a bed, and a lamp. I walk from village to village, but repair



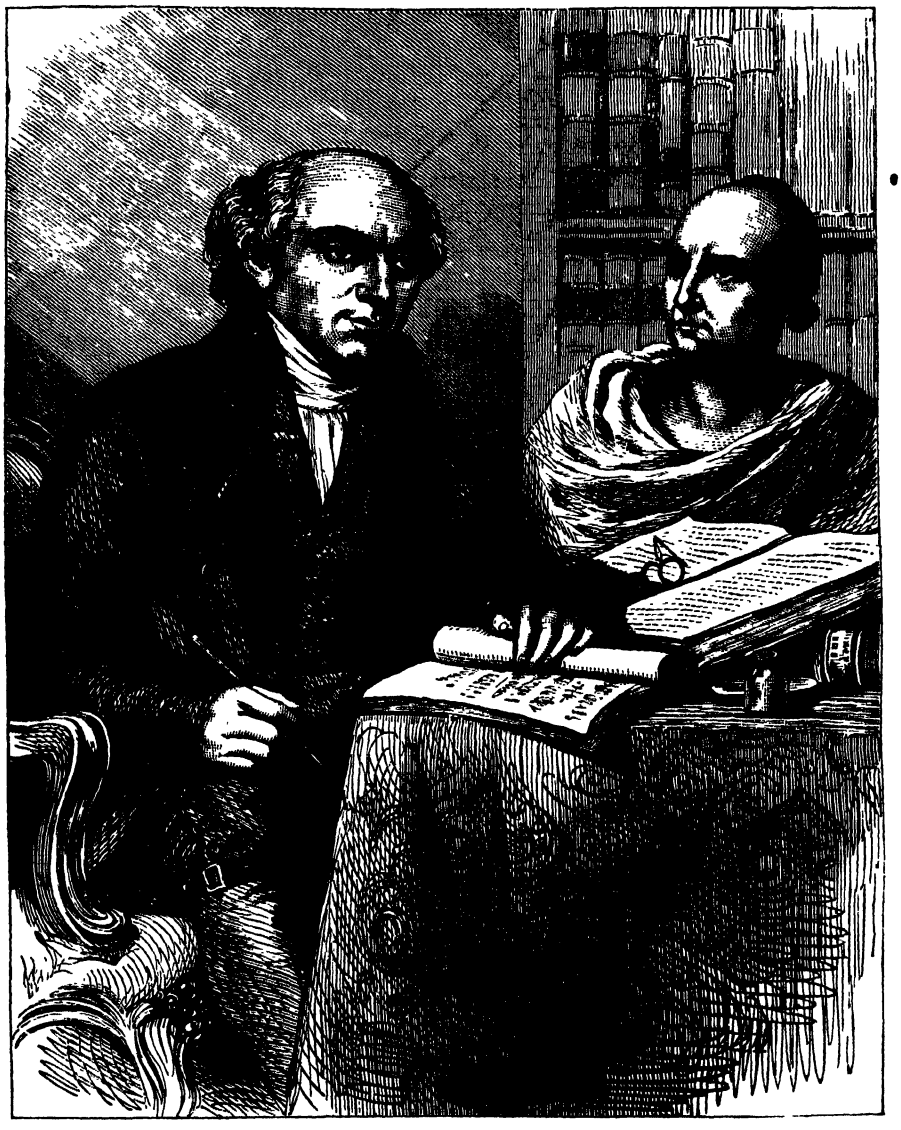
AN INDIAN INDIGO FACTORY.

to my boat for lodging and victuals. There are several rivers in this quarter of the country, which renders it very convenient for travelling."

All this zealous work produced no visible results in the way of open profession of Christianity. A few individuals, of whom great hopes were entertained, never got beyond the condition of "interested inquirers." Year after year, friends in England only heard of ceaseless efforts, but no converts. It was still the time of seed-sowing; the time of ingathering had not yet come. Carey and his colleague had to learn the full strength of the difficulties attending the conversion of Hindoos to the Christian faith.

Carey's principal work during this long exercise of faith and patience, was the

translation of the New Testament into Bengali. When the work was completed, he went to the proprietors of the three or four printing-presses in Calcutta, and found that they,



CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT REVISING THE BENGALI TRANSLATION.

like other Europeans in India, were "making haste to be rich," and wanted £4,400 for 10,000 copies on native paper, exclusive of binding. Carey therefore proposed to the Society to send him out a set of Bengali punches from the well-known type-founding firm of Caslon, London; also a printing-press and a supply of paper, and, if possible, a "serious printer," if one could be found willing to travel 14,000 miles to accept an

engagement. About this time, however, a press was on sale in Calcutta, and a friend of the mission bought it and presented it to Carey. It is still shown in the Serampore College as the press at which the first sheet of the Bible was printed in Northern India. When the press was put together, and erected in Carey's house at Mudnabatty, the natives from far and near flocked to see it; they heard the missionary's glowing account of what it could accomplish, and, filled with awe and reverence, they pronounced it to be a European idol.

To the mission at Mudnabatty, in 1796, came Mr. Fountain, an "unenergetic, little-minded man," who added no real strength to the cause. He managed to reach the mission-field by being rated as a servant on one of the Company's ships, and thus entered the country unnoticed. Carey was very anxious for more helpers in the work, but it seemed almost impossible to break through the barriers which the Indian Government had set up against interlopers. The British Parliament, in 1783, had been induced to decree that any subjects of His Majesty who should be found without lawful licence in the East Indies, should be liable to fine and imprisonment as guilty of high crime and misdemeanour. It is only right to say that the East India Company seem to have used these extraordinary powers very moderately. Their own Court of Directors decreased the penalty to simple deportation, and, in ten years, only enforced it in two instances—in both cases for political agitation.

Sir John Shore, the Governor-General, issued an order in 1795 that every unlicensed European in the country should, under ample securities, enter into covenants with the Company. It was an arbitrary act, but to Carey it was overruled for good, for it gave him a recognised and established position in the country. He found securities, and was duly registered as an indigo planter. He wrote to Mr. Fuller:—"Whether the Company will, or will not, molest us, must be left to His care, without whose permission a sparrow does not fall to the ground; but, that no human means for our safety may be wanting, I have entered into covenants with the Company, and am permitted to live in the country, and with boldness engage in my line of business, and pursue any line of conduct I choose. The missionaries who come out may be returned as my own or Mr. Thomas's assistants."

In an over-earnest effort to get something accomplished, Carey proposed that seven or eight families should be helped to come out and form a settlement near Malda on the Moravian system. Men and women were all to be mission workers, and to have all things in common. They were to live in little straw houses under the government of two stewards, who were to superintend the meals, worship, mental culture, and mission work of the community. He thought the whole thing could be accomplished at a cost of five pounds a month, if they took their meals together. It was, as Mr. Marshman points out,* the dream of a fervid and over-excited mind. The straw huts and mud floors would have sent half the community into their graves in six months, and the whole settlement would have broken up in dire distress in less than a twelvemonth. Mr. Fuller, however, took very kindly to this scheme, and

* "Life of Carey," by J. C. Marshman.

was sanguine of its success. He strongly urged Mr. Carey to wait upon Lord Mornington (subsequently Lord Wellesley)—who, in 1798, had been appointed Governor-General of India—in order to get his missionary vocation definitely acknowledged, and the mission established on a permanent footing, by means of a legal settlement. Carey acknowledged to having smiled as he read the suggestion for an interview with the Governor-General—a suggestion which seemed only natural and perfectly feasible to his friend far away in Northamptonshire. His reply to Mr. Fuller shows clearly the anomalous status of a missionary in Bengal at the close of last century:—"You must," he wrote, "drop all your English ideas and acquire Indian ones. There can be no legal settlement here, in the English sense of the word. The law prohibiting the settlement of Europeans was passed by Parliament, and can be reversed only by the same authority. Every European is obliged to report himself and his occupation once a year to the magistrate, and if I were to return myself as a missionary, I certainly should not be allowed to remain in the country. You must not, however, suppose that we are obliged to conceal ourselves or our work. We preach before magistrates and judges, and, were I in the company of Lord Mornington, I would not hesitate to avow myself a missionary, though I would not officially return myself as such."

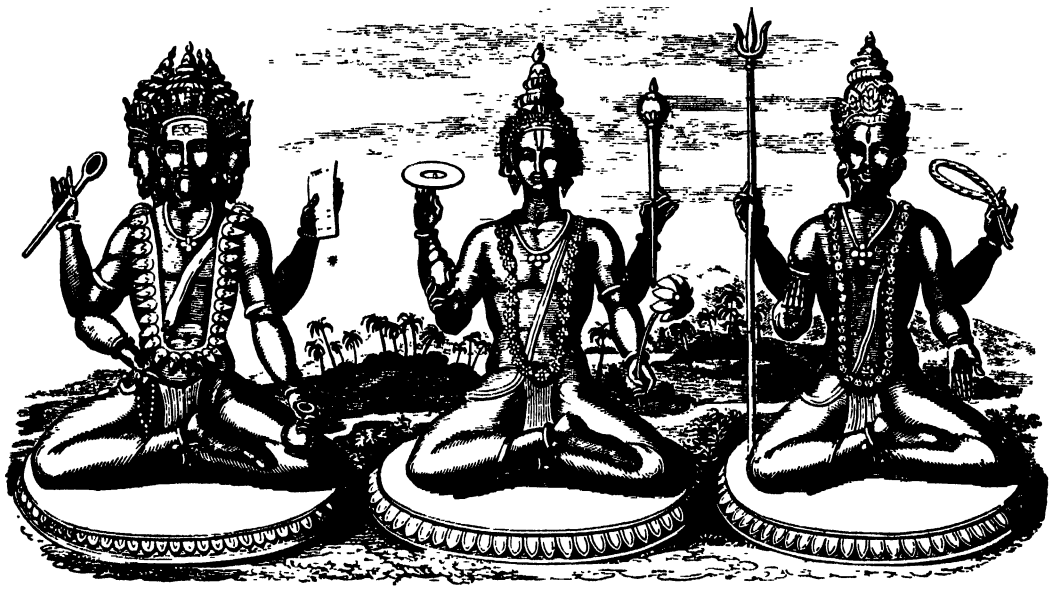
Carey had been labouring in Mudnabatty for five years, with very little visible fruit of his labour, although doubtless the permeating influence of his work was preparing the way for future successes, when circumstances occurred which at first seemed unpropitious, but, under Providence, led to his transfer to another sphere of service, where, with congenial and enterprising co-workers, he could develop more freely his plans for the promotion of the Gospel. The indigo factories of Malda and Mudnabatty did not turn out paying concerns, and were consequently given up. Carey accordingly reported to his Committee in England, that he was now expecting to be quite without independent means.

Over the tone and temper of this Committee a great change for the better had come during the five years that they had watched the course of their faithful missionary. They paid him all the arrears of the salary he had declined to receive, and left to his discretion the mode of arranging for the future maintenance of the mission. Carey at once purchased, for £300, a small indigo-planting farm, near Kidderpore. He was hopeful that the profits of the farm would support the mission, and forthwith began to build straw huts for the associates whom he knew that his English friends were about to send out to him. His biographer surmises, that if the mission had had to depend on Carey's success as an indigo planter, it would have been extinct in a twelvemonth.

Another special source of anxiety at this moment was the appointment of a Brahminised European to a high official position in the Malda district. This individual was about to take proceedings against Carey in consequence of a letter that had appeared in the Baptist Missionary Society's Report, and he would no doubt have effectually prevented Carey from doing anything but attend to his indigo planting, or would possibly have found means to expel him from the country, had not the course of events delivered him from all these embarrassments; so that the first year of the

present century saw the establishment of the Serampore Mission, for ever associated with the names of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. But the story of that mission we must reserve for another chapter.

It may be well in this place to remind the reader, that it is absolutely necessary to bear in mind what the term India really means. There is an essential difference between it and the names of most other countries that might be mentioned. It may indeed be taken as analogous to our word Christendom, inasmuch as it signifies the regions in which the Hindoo religion is prevalent. Of course, by the logic of accomplished facts,



IMAGES OF BRAHMA, VISHNU, AND SIVA.

it has come to mean the dominions of the Empress Victoria. But these dominions include many distinct nations, speaking different languages, and having local customs and observances that have strongly modified their religious beliefs and mythological systems. The Hinduism of Benares is very different from that of Madras; divinities held in high honour in one locality, may be totally unknown in another.

In Bengal (best known to Englishmen) there are Brahministic sects of devotees who never touch any animal food; but a Brahmin of Upper India may dine publicly on pork, or any other flesh but beef, without scandal. These are but samples of diversities that exist throughout the Empire, and in point of fact the Bengali, the Hindustani, the Marathi, or the Tamilian, are as much men of different nations as are English, French, or Italians. Hence, then, arise some of the obstacles that stand in the way of the evangelisation of India. The work has to be adapted to various distinct races, and carried forward in a great number of different languages and dialects, for all of which the needful religious literature must be supplied.

Three great religious systems are primarily encountered in India, but the constant

incorporation of local deities and local superstitions has resulted in an endless variety of religious beliefs and observances. In various parts of the land and in varying proportions are found fifty millions of Mohammedans. The believers in Buddha number from four to five millions. But the great bulk of the people of India still profess the ancient religion brought over the North-Western frontier by the Hindoo invaders in the dim twilight of history, long before the venturous barks of Phœnician traders had found their way to the shores of Britain. These invaders worshipped Brahma the Supreme, in his threefold manifestation of Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer; whereas Hinduism now boasts that the number of the gods is 333 millions. They brought with them also their beautiful Sanscrit language and their holy Vedas, the primitive sacred books, upon whose tenets succeeding ages grafted so much that was loathsome and corrupt. To this debased Hinduism came Gautama (the Buddha or Enlightened One), teaching a purer philosophy as a cure for all the ills of life.

Meanwhile Hinduism had developed the terrible institution of "caste," which has tyrannised over the Indian mind for nearly three thousand years, but of which the more ancient Vedas know nothing. Seeing that the system of caste has been one of the most formidable obstacles to the practical reception of Christianity by those who have found themselves compelled to give an intellectual assent to the truth of its teachings, a word of explanation seems needful with regard to it. In the foremost rank of social life in India are the sacerdotal caste, or Brahmins, who are said to have sprung from the head of Brahma. Next come the Kshatriya, or warrior caste, who claim to have sprung from the arm or shoulder of the deity. The Vaisya, or productive caste, emanated from his breast, whilst the Sudras, or servile classes, whose lot in life it is to serve all the others, had their origin in his foot. These four principal castes have become subdivided into a great number. But in principle the ordinance remains unchangeable, and the poor Sudra, who suffers so much by the institution, is as zealous in its defence as the proudest Brahmin. To lose caste is to become a social outcast, and it is easily lost in ways too numerous to mention here. Suffice it to say, that the Hindoo cannot receive baptism, or partake of the Lord's Supper, or even worship side by side with others in a Christian church, without sundering all the ties that link him to his family and his friends. And this, too, amongst a people who hold all such ties in especial reverence and regard.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.

Ward, the "Serious Printer"—Marshman's Early Career—Arrival at Serampore—The "Canterbury of Northern India"—The Institution of Caste, and how it was dealt with—Krishnu, a Convert—Fort William College—The Festival of Juggernaut—Sutteeism and its Prohibition—The Fair of Ganga Saugur—Helps and Hindrances—Poor Mrs. Carey—A Disastrous Fire—Cholera and Fever—The Parting of the Three.

IN the summer of 1799, the American ship *Criterion* was sailing down the British Channel on its way to India. Amongst the passengers who watched from its deck the receding shores of England, were four men going out to the help of Carey, on that Kidderpore indigo farm which was intended to be the centre of missionary effort in Bengal, and where Carey was already building straw huts in anticipation of their arrival. Of the four, the two younger were very soon to be laid to rest in the Calcutta Cemetery; their companions were Joshua Marshman and William Ward, destined, in conjunction with Carey, to make the name of Serampore for ever famous in the story of the Conquests of the Cross.

Ward, a strong man in the prime of life, was the "serious printer" for whom Carey had been longing. Nearly thirty years before, in Derby town, a pious mother had led him into sympathy with whatsoever things were "lovely and of good report." As schoolboy, compositor, proof-reader, the time passed on till he came of age, having in the meantime devoted all his spare moments to earnest study. A well-stored mind, a ready command of language, and a lively fancy, fitted him for the position which was now offered him, as editor of the *Derby Mercury*. It was the era of the French Revolution, and Ward, like many other young and ardent souls, was thrilled with enthusiasm for the cause of freedom and progress; and an interview with good Thomas Clarkson brought the young editor into cordial alliance with the men who were carrying on the long crusade against negro slavery. His next post was that of editor of the *Hull Advertiser*, and whilst at Hull in 1796 he was baptised. It was impossible for Ward to belong to the Church, or any other cause, without working on its behalf. Accordingly, every Sunday saw him going out to one of the neighbouring villages with a three-legged stool, upon which he would stand and preach the Gospel. A benevolent Christian, seeing in this man the making of a successful evangelist, offered to place him at Erwood Hall under Dr. Fawcett, the tutor of John Foster the essayist.

Ward saw that in giving up his life to the winning of souls for Christ, he would be helping to realise all his fervent aspirations for the good of humanity. He confesses that it was painful to his own tastes and feelings to leave his pleasant lodgings by the Humber, his congenial labours with the pen, his appreciative circle of friends, and his calm leisure for books or society. But it was made clear to his mind that he must go to Erwood Hall, "to enter on a new line of life; . . . to live perhaps on thirty pounds

a year; to warn men night and day with tears; to tremble lest I myself should prove a castaway."

Ward and Carey had met when the latter was visiting Derby, just previous to his departure for India. "We shall want a man of your calling to print the Scriptures, if the mission proves successful," was one of Carey's remarks on that occasion. Ward had been studying a year at Erwood, when there came to the college a member of the Baptist Mission Committee looking out for recruits. Then, like a trumpet-call, the words of Carey came back to the mind of Ward. He offered himself for the Bengal Mission field, and was gladly accepted.

Ward's companion upon the deck of the *Criterion*, Joshua Marshman, was about the same age. He was the son of a Wiltshire cloth-weaver, the descendant of one of Cromwell's Ironsides; his mother could trace back her pedigree to Huguenot refugees. At Westbury-Leigh village school, young Marshman was taught to read and nothing more, neither writing nor ciphering being taught anywhere in that district. The lad's active mind found reading its only solace, and he read everything that came in his way. He read the Bible and the old Puritan Divines on his father's solitary bookshelf, he read whatever lay on the bookstall in the fair as long as the stall-keeper would put up with it; and then he took to borrowing, and thought nothing of a twelve-mile walk to get hold of a fresh book. Before he was fifteen he had read five hundred volumes of a very miscellaneous character.

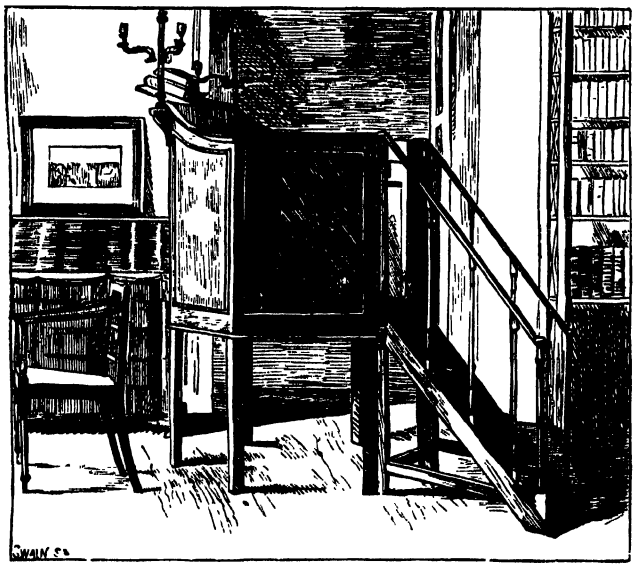
He had acquired considerable local fame for his knowledge and for his marvellous memory, when he was tempted to go to London by the offer of a situation in a bookseller's shop in Holborn. But he soon found that trudging about with heavy parcels of books did not further his acquaintance with their contents. In less than six months he was back at the loom in his native village, and again reading everything he could lay hands on. He grew up towards manhood, a steady, God-fearing youth, but his narrow-minded church associates were suspicious of so much "head-knowledge." They kept him year after year on probation, and he finally left Westbury-Leigh without having been baptised.

In 1791, he married Hannah Shepherd, his true helpmeet for six-and-forty years, and whose sainted memory is still revered in India. He had been married three years when he was appointed master of the school belonging to the Baptist Church at Broadmead, Bristol. He now found himself amongst a cultivated circle who could appreciate his intellectual gifts, and he was at once admitted into Church membership and baptised. Five years of success as a schoolmaster passed by, and ceaseless study made him familiar with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac. Meanwhile, the reports of Carey's work in Bengal came into his hands from time to time, and it gradually became clear to him that he too must go forth to work in the Master's service in that distant land. He offered himself to the Baptist Mission Committee, but even to these worthy people his "human learning" was at first a stumbling-block. The difficulty was, however, got over, and in less than three weeks Marshman and his companions were sailing down the English Channel on their way to India.

A long, tedious voyage of four months and a half, only relieved by devoting a

to the instruction of the sailors, brought the party to Calcutta. Without there, they proceeded at once in boats to the Danish settlement of Serampore, where they could acknowledge themselves Christian missionaries, and wait an opportunity to join Carey on his new indigo farm at Kidderpore.

It was on a cool Sunday morning in October, that the missionaries landed under the shadow of the high bank of Serampore, and beheld around them a bright-hued scene of teeming life. Numbers of people were bathing in the waters of the sacred river, or reverently standing in the stream to pour forth their libations, and repeat their prayers to Mahādeva. Fishermen were plying their calling, groups of talking



DR. CAREY'S PULPIT, SERAMPORE.

and laughing women with their waterpots and babies clustered about the bank, and ferry-boats crowded to the danger-point, passed to and fro. Nor was the scene by any means a silent one; the myriad voices of the multitude mingled with the chattering of the paroquets, ceaselessly flashing their brilliant plumage on the sight as they darted in and out of the tall tree-tops that rose above the shadows into the bright morning sunshine. Marshman was the first to spring to land, and there, kneeling down upon the strand, consecrated for ages to the worship of India's strange gods and goddesses, he poured forth his thanksgiving to Almighty God for having brought them in safety to the Indian shore.

As soon as the authorities at Calcutta heard of this fresh importation of missionaries into the country, they were exceedingly anxious to ship them back forthwith to England; but, of course, so long as Marshman and his friends remained under Danish protection, they could not be interfered with by the Bengal Government. From Carey there came disheartening news; he had been refused leave for his friends to join him, and also made aware that he himself was only tolerated in Bengal on

sufferance, and that any complaint of his proceedings would probably result in his deportation. At Serampore, on the other hand, the Danish Government, faithful to its honourable traditions, protected and encouraged the missionaries in their labours. Here they might work their printing-press to their hearts' content, and preach and teach freely in the midst of a dense population, till circumstances should favour the extension of their work into the adjacent provinces. Armed with a Danish passport, Ward went to Carey on his Kidderpore farm to talk the matter over. "Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!" was his first exclamation as he came in sight of the faithful pioneer. The result of the conference was that Carey submitted to the



Mrs. Marshman's. Mr. Ward's.
Dr. Marshman's. Dr. Carey's.

CHAIRS AT SERAMPORE.

inevitable, packed up his printing-press and all his worldly goods, and, on the 10th of January, 1800, in company with his four sons and his poor wife (now insane), joined his brethren at Serampore.

Sixteen miles north of Calcutta, on the right bank of the Hooghly, stands this picturesque town, that has not been inaptly called the Canterbury of Northern India. Many a pilgrim from Europe or America visits with reverent interest the white-walled church, the cemetery where Carey and some of his co-workers found a resting-place, the old pagoda in which Henry Martyn prayed and studied amidst strange symbols of idolatry, and the mission-house and grounds, linked with a thousand memories of consecrated talents and self-denying devotedness. Here the missionaries lived their simple lives, laboured ceaselessly in all good works, and gave nearly £80,000 for their Master's service. Close by is the noble Botanical Garden, that was a special hobby of Carey's. Potatoes, which are fast becoming a favourite food with the natives, were never seen in India till they were planted here. To cultivate this garden, and collect

in it the rarest treasures of the tropical flora, was the chief delight of Carey's leisure hours. "Ah! Brother Marshman," he said, not long before his death, "I was just thinking that when I die you will let the cows come into my garden." A promise was given, and a small endowment created, so that three gardeners constantly keep the garden as Carey would have liked it to remain. In many ways the Serampore missionaries lived to benefit India, as the public library, the charity hospital, and other institutions founded by them, still testify.

From the mission-house a fine avenue of tropical trees, known as "Carey's Walk," leads past the chapel in which Carey's pulpit of teak and canvas still remains—past the printing-office which created a literature for Bengal, and sent out the Bible (or portions of it) in thirty-nine Eastern languages—past the mission paper-mills (now a jute factory), to which came the first steam-engine ever seen in India—and on to the College, founded by Marshman and Carey, in many respects the noblest edifice in India, and the parent of all similar institutions in the land. In the library are displayed specimens of all the Bibles and books translated by the missionaries, the three chairs they habitually used, and the crutches that supported Dr. Carey for a time after an accident.

Another curiosity in this library is the housekeeping-book, which shows how frugally the six families lived together in the one large house, which was taken on Carey's arrival at Serampore. They arranged for public worship in their largest room, and for preaching in the streets, and at once set to work earnestly with their printing-press. Mr. Ward set up the types, and on the 18th of March, called Carey to put his hand to the press and himself work off the first sheet of the Bengali New Testament.

Two hundred pounds a year was all that the missionaries could hope to receive from England, for their own support and for all expenses. But ample funds were soon forthcoming from the very successful boarding-school established by Mr. and Mrs. Marshman for European children, afterwards supplemented by one for natives. Plenty of people were thirsting for knowledge, eager to learn English, and ready to pay well for instruction, but Christianity was another thing altogether. The missionaries went about and sang Bengali hymns at the corners of streets, and then preached to the crowd that collected round them. Inquirers were welcomed at the mission-house, and daily conversation with these took up a good deal of time. But Ram-basoo, who had been a friend and helper of Mr. Thomas for years past, was a type of many who came—great admirers of the beauty and reasonableness of Christianity, and ready to do almost anything for it except receive it. The horrible institution of caste stood in the way. "All the ties," wrote Mr. Marshman, "that twine about the heart of a father, a husband, a child, or a neighbour, must be torn and broken before a man can give himself up to Christ." The accomplished Ram-basoo wrote a tract on the absurdities of Hinduism, and another on the doctrines of Christianity, and yet declined to become a Christian.

One day Mr. Thomas, who had accepted an engagement to superintend some sugar factories at Beerbhoom, came to Serampore, bringing with him a workman named Fukier, who had made up his mind to become a Christian. The missionaries listened

to the man's simple story of his religious convictions, and decided to receive him as a Christian brother. "We all stood up," says Mr. Ward, "and sang with new feeling, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.' Each of us shook Fukier by the hand. The rest, your imagination must supply." Before finally severing his old ties, the new convert—the first-fruit of the seven years' labour of Carey and Thomas—went to pay a parting visit to his friends. He was never heard of again! Whether renegade or martyr it was impossible to say.

Meanwhile, a carpenter named Krishnu, who had been favourably interested in the Gospel, had the misfortune to dislocate his arm. He was brought to the mission-house, and the limb was set by Mr. Thomas, who then earnestly talked to him about salvation by Jesus Christ. The poor man saw his own condition, and cried, "Save me, Sahib, save me!" In a few days' time he was able to declare his "dependence on Christ and submission to Him in all things," which was the only creed then required from new converts in Serampore. The native servants at the mission-house were struck with horror and amazement when, on December 22nd, 1800, they saw Krishnu openly renouncing caste by sitting down to a meal with the missionaries. That same evening Krishnu, with his wife and sister, and another native, made open profession of their faith in Christ. It was too much for the susceptible brain of Mr. Thomas. He had been in despair about Fukier, and was now frantic with joy over Krishnu. It became needful to put him under restraint.

Soon the news of what had taken place spread through the town. Krishnu and his family were dragged by an infuriated mob before the chief magistrate, who promptly sent all parties about their business. Then another mob, headed by a young man to whom Krishnu's daughter had been betrothed, again brought the family before the magistrate. The Governor then intervened, and heard the case himself. The young man declared his steadfast adherence to the Hindoo religion, but nevertheless demanded his promised bride. The girl openly avowed her resolve to become a Christian with her father. "Then," said the Governor, "I cannot possibly deliver up a Christian woman to a heathen man." And thus the right of the natives to break off Hindoo ties and become Christians if they pleased, was established in Serampore.

On the following Sunday there was an impressive scene, when Krishnu and Carey's son Felix were baptised in the sacred river. The missionaries were careful to explain that they only used it as an ordinary stream, and attributed no special virtue to its waters. The party set out, with the mad cries of Mrs. Carey in one room, and of Mr. Thomas in another, ringing in their ears. A motley crowd of Europeans, Hindoos, and Mahommedans gathered about the broad flight of stone stairs that led down into the water, and all were hushed to silence as they watched the celebration of the solemn ordinance. The Governor could not refrain from tears. A short time afterwards Marshman wrote: "We have now six baptised Hindoos, whom we esteem more precious than an equal number of gems. We need great prudence in our intercourse with them. We are obliged to strengthen, to encourage, to counteract, to advise, to disapprove, to teach, and yet to do all so as to endear the Saviour to them, and to retain a place in their warmest affections."

Poor Mr. Thomas—the first medical missionary in India—passed away in October, 1801. His mental health had been restored by a month in a Calcutta Asylum, and he had gone to superintend an indigo factory at Dinagepore. Here he died of fever and ague. So perished the first Protestant missionary who preached to the people of Bengal in their own tongue. Fervent and zealous, and wonderfully gifted with the power of impressing the Hindoo mind, and yet at the same time unstable and eccentric, always in ecstasy or else in despair, for fifteen years he had done what he could. Grant, Fountain, and Brunsden were already laid to rest in the Serampore Cemetery, so that the whole weight of the mission now rested upon the shoulders of the giant three, Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

Early in 1801, after nine months' hard work on the part of Ward, Carey had the supreme delight of seeing the Bengali New Testament issued in a complete form. The first bound copy was laid upon the communion-table, and the missionaries, with their families and the converts, held a solemn service of thanksgiving. About this time the Governor-General, Lord Wellesley, wanted some one to teach Bengali to candidates for the Civil Service, in his newly founded Fort William College. There was no one at hand so competent to take this post as William Carey, the Northamptonshire shoemaker, who had made such a muddle of school-keeping a few years before. Only on condition that his status as a missionary should be acknowledged, he accepted the appointment, at a salary of 500 rupees a month, which was subsequently doubled. He devoted it all to the service of the Gospel. By means of this income, added to the profits of the schools, the printing-press, and the paper-mill, the missionaries were able in the course of years to spend thousands of pounds on various important works. They repaired and enlarged their premises, constantly repaired the bank which prevented the river from swallowing up their whole establishment, defrayed for years the expenses of numerous mission stations in various localities, printed innumerable books and tracts, erected the college buildings, supplied a library of four thousand volumes, and subscribed to native schools and other institutions. Up to 1826 they had spent from their own earnings no less than £58,613. It was well for the mission that it had so early achieved independence, and that one of its founders was officially connected with the Bengal Government, for in 1801 Serampore passed into the hands of the British. For eighteen months it was occupied by soldiers of the Company, but the work of the mission was not interfered with. At prudent intervals, preaching excursions were made into neighbouring provinces, and Testaments and tracts were freely distributed.

Petumber Singh, one of the Kayust or Writer caste, who rank next to the Brahmins, read one of the tracts, and was so interested that he journeyed thirty miles to Serampore to hear more about this new doctrine. He was not, like many others, content to admire; when he saw that he must give himself up to Christ, he renounced caste, and was baptised into the Church. Two other Kayusts and a Brahmin soon followed his example. And now the Hindoos of rank and influence, who had jeered at the conversion of mere workmen, became alarmed, and tried to make trouble for the missionaries. But the storm, like many others, blew over, and the devoted labourers still pressed forward with their work.

The homage paid by Christian rulers to Hindoo usages was a great stumbling-block. "Last week," writes Mr. Ward on one occasion, "a deputation from Government went



THE CAR OF JAGANĀTHA.

in procession to Kalee Ghaut—the most opulent and popular shrine in the metropolis—and presented 5,000 rupees to the idol in the name of the Company, for the success which had attended the British arms." But the English rulers of Bengal would have gone to far greater lengths had they been permitted. They proposed to increase their

revenue by managing the affairs of the great shrine of Jaganātha, at Puri, with its vast establishment of priests and courtesans. But this was too much even for the Court of Directors in Leadenhall Street, who refused to sanction the proposal. Serampore was, and still is, one of the places to which pilgrims resort from far and near to the annual festival of the well-known deity. The "Car of Juggernaut," crushing human victims beneath its ponderous wheels, has long been one of the most familiar incidents of missionary story. The Rath Jātra, or Car Festival, is now a time of reckless jollity, unattended by loss of life, except the occasional accidents likely to occur when a huge three-storied fabric is urged along crowded streets. But Carey and his companions saw the festivals, when devotees came in their thousands in the assured belief that to see Jaganātha would cleanse their souls from sin. In that repulsive block of wood, with a head too large for its body, and eyes too large for its head, the people saw the representative of Vishnu, the Lord of the World. With a deafening noise of gongs and tom-toms, and the chanting of Vedic hymns by the Brahmins, the idol passed on, whilst the populace shouted their adoration. The scene that might have disheartened men of weaker faith, only served to quicken the zeal and enthusiasm of the mission band at Serampore.

Their first practical victory over the time-honoured but cruel customs of heathenism was won as early as 1802, by the abolition of the sacrifice of children and others at the great annual festival of Ganga Saugar. Carey's friend Udney was then on the Supreme Council, and, through his influence, Carey was ordered to investigate the subject. He lost no time in conferring with the learned Pundits, deeply versed in Hindoo law, with whom he was in constant communication at Fort William College. They were unanimous in the opinion that the custom was not imperative. Carey reported to this effect, and pleaded so urgently for the abolition of the practice that a prohibitory law was passed. The Hindoos accepted it without a murmur.

The little church grew by slow degrees. It numbered thirteen communicants and eight inquirers at the end of 1802, at which time the Gospel methods of the missionaries are thus simply described:—"When the sun is going down, one of us, taking some tracts in his hand, goes out to some part of Serampore or its neighbourhood, talks to the people, or distributes the papers; another does the same in another direction, while a third goes one evening to the Bengali school-house, and another evening to Krishnu's little meeting-house. After this, our Hindoo friends come every evening to our house. In our family worship, the chapter in the Old Testament, after being read in English, is translated off-hand and read in Bengali. When proceeding to a distance, we travel, eat, and sleep in a boat; and, going from place to place, we preach and distribute tracts."

Whilst anxious to avoid all needless interference with native habits and customs, the missionaries determined that no vestige of caste should pollute the Church that was growing up under their care. In Southern India, caste had been tolerated even at the communion-table, but when the Brahmin, Krishnu-Prisad, partook for the first time of the Lord's Supper, it was arranged for him to receive the cup next after the

Sudra, Krishnu. Another blow at caste was struck when the Brahmin just named actually married the carpenter's daughter. After a simple marriage service in Bengali, prepared by Carey for the occasion, there was a happy wedding-feast under a tree in front of Krishnu's house.

A very few days after Carey and his colleagues had rejoiced with this Christian bridal party, three Hindoo widows were burnt beside their dead husband, not far from the mission-house. Often were the hearts of the missionaries filled with sorrow, as they saw the smoke of these dreadful sacrifices going up towards the bright Indian sky. Never could Carey forget his first sight of widow-burning. He had just got out of his boat one day, when he saw a great crowd of people, and in the midst of them there was a pile of wood with a dead body laid upon it. Close by stood the woman who was about to sacrifice herself. In vain did Carey reason with the bystanders and try to make them see that they were participating in a murder. They told him it was a voluntary deed of holiness, and if he did not like to see it he could go away. The widow herself turned a deaf ear to his remonstrances. Six times she walked round the pile, scattering sweetmeats amongst the crowd. She then mounted to the summit, and, after dancing a short time, lay down and placed her arms round the neck of the corpse. Dry leaves and fuel were spread about and over the pair, a quantity of melted butter was poured on the heap, and two bamboos were tightly fastened down crosswise. Then the pile was lit, and if in those last moments the woman repented of her awful purpose, no one could know it, for the bamboos repressed every struggle, and the shouting of the spectators drowned every cry.

On the occurrence of the first death among the converts, when Goluk passed away in the full hope of the Gospel, it became needful to establish precedents for Christian burial. The wretched Portuguese "pobrees," who bore the coffins at European funerals in Calcutta, were despised by everybody. On the other hand, it was defilement to a Hindoo to touch the dead body of a person of inferior caste. The matter was clearly explained to the little Church, and at the appointed time, Marshman and Felix Carey, with Bhyrub, a Brahmin of purest blood, and Peeroo, a baptised Mahommedan, walked along the street bearing upon their shoulders the muslin-draped coffin of the poor Sudra. Singing a Christian hymn in Bengali, and followed by an astonished multitude, they carried the body to the new burial-ground they had just purchased. As is well known, the native custom is not to bury the dead, but to cremate them in the "Burning Ghāts" beside the river amidst horrible scenes and indescribable smells.

As they went about amongst the people, the missionaries found that there was a great deal of scepticism flourishing, even in the very strongholds of superstition. They came upon whole communities in different places, who avowed amongst themselves contempt for the gods, for the Brahmins, and for the whole system of caste, but who yet, for social reasons, considered it expedient to live in outward conformity to the religion of the country. Many of this class came gladly to talk with Carey and his associates. They would listen with interest, and express approval of the Gospel, but when its personal claims were pressed on them, they became either indifferent or

violently opposed to it, except when it came home to their hearts with the convicting power of the Holy Spirit.

Still the Gospel made progress, and the Brahmins became irritated, and did what they could to hinder. Sometimes they got the people to shout and laugh, and make a disturbance during preaching. The converts showed remarkable patience and meekness under the insolence and abuse which they had daily to suffer as they passed along the streets. More than once they were severely beaten, and pelted with filth. One convert was dragged from his home by the chief Bengalee in the village, and tied for several hours to the pillar of an idol temple, whilst almost smothered with the dirt and cow-dung that had been thrown at him. In all their business relations, the converts were made to feel that they were outcasts—to obtain ground to build on, or a house to rent, was, for any of them, a matter of the greatest difficulty. But Carey and his friends were cheered at seeing the work growing in spite of all hindrances. The little band of converts increased, and the leavening influence of the mission, by means of itinerant preaching and the distribution of tracts, spread far and wide.

It will not be needful to recount in detail the history of the Serampore Mission as regards its frequent troubles with the authorities. The Government policy with reference to the work changed from time to time, as the friends or enemies of the cause gained an ascendancy in the direction of affairs. Then, too, there were occasional differences with the Home Society, which could not possibly realise the actual circumstances of the mission. We must, however, as far as possible, confine our attention to the scenes and incidents that more immediately illustrate the main purposes of our work.

In January, 1804, Felix Carey (now acknowledged as one of the missionaries) and Mr. John Chamberlain, recently arrived from England, went with several native helpers to the great annual fair of Ganga Saugar, held on an island at the mouth of the Hooghly. On arriving they found the shore covered with an immense number of boats of all kinds. Many of these had brought merchants and hawkers anxious to make profit out of the occasion, but a vast number of persons had come to receive blessings from the Goddess Ganga. Of these, many had been journeying for four or five months, to bathe at the right time and place in the sacred stream. Conspicuous everywhere were disgusting-looking creatures, with hair and beard of an enormous length, devotees of special sanctity. Close by the shore an immense and populous city had sprung up in a few days. In the long lanes of tents and booths were displayed all the productions of the East—coarse native cloth, costly muslin from Dacca, shawls from Kashmir—side by side with hardware from Birmingham or Sheffield. Crowds of people were bathing in the river, or worshipping Ganga with ceremonious prostrations, and laying their offerings of flowers and fruits at the river's brink for the goddess to take to herself with the returning tide. Formerly it had been common for many worshippers to sacrifice themselves, or their children, to the sharks and alligators that abound in the vicinity, but the recent English law forbidding it, and enforced by the presence of fifty Sepoys, was obeyed, and the three days of mingled adoration, business, and pleasure, participated in by 100,000 persons, passed over without the sacrifice of a single victim. When the vast assembly dispersed, innumerable baskets filled with the holy mud were

carried away on men's shoulders to remote distances. But while thus serving Ganga, they were also unknowingly spreading a knowledge of the true God, for they carried with them copies of the New Testament, which the missionaries had been freely distributing, into towns and villages hundreds of miles away, where the glad news of the Gospel had never before penetrated.



HINDOO CREMATION.

"Bathing in the Ganges," says the Rāmāyana, "will destroy all sins past, present, and future." But the Ganges is 1,500 miles long, so it may well be asked, Why all this crowding to Saugar Island, near its mouth? It was on this island, as the old legend declares, that the holy saint Kapila turned into a heap of ashes some princes who disturbed his meditation. Hoping to restore them to life, the king their father resigned his throne and gave himself up to religious duties. His son, grandson, and great-grandson,

carried on the work of expiation, which could only be perfected when Ganga should condescend to come down from the snow-clad Himalayas that formed the buttresses of heaven, and revivify the royal ashes with her divine touch. Furious at being disturbed by these long-persistent entreaties, Ganga first jumped on the head of her husband Siva. But the coils of his hair held her fast till she had cooled down, and then she set out on her long journey. No sooner had she touched the ashes, than the princes sprang to life, and were carried in chariots of gold to heaven. And so it is still the correct thing for Hindoos to visit Saugar Island, if possible, during three commemoration-days in January. The more intelligent enjoy it as a pleasure trip, but to the larger number it is still a cleansing from all sin through Ganga's healing touch.

The departure of Lord Wellesley from Calcutta in 1805, and the death of the friendly Danish governor of Serampore in the same year, were severely felt by the mission. Excuses were soon found for hindering its work. A thatched chapel had been built in the Bow bazaar at Calcutta, and not only the missionaries, but also Rammohun, a converted Brahmin, preached there. There was great excitement and some indignation in consequence—the preachers were followed by crowds, and denounced as they passed along the streets. At this juncture, Messrs. Chater and Robinson came out to join the mission, but only just escaped being shipped straight back to England. Chater and Felix Carey afterwards founded the mission in Burmah, of which we shall tell the story in another chapter. Very cramped in their efforts for some time were Carey and his fellow-workers, especially when news came of the Vellore mutiny. Persuaded by emissaries from Tippoo's dethroned family, that the introduction of a new military turban strongly resembling a European hat, was a sign that Christianity was about to be forced upon them, the garrison of Vellore rose in the dead of night and murdered their colonel and over a hundred English officers and privates. Four hundred of the mutineers were massacred in return, and, ignoring the ill-judged turban regulation and the perfidy of Tippoo's sons, the authorities attributed all the trouble to the presence of missionaries in the country. Peremptory orders were sent to Carey and his colleagues to desist at once from all efforts outside Serampore—a harsh edict which was only by slow degrees relaxed and modified.

Meanwhile the eyes of the Christian world were turned towards Serampore as the Gospel citadel of Northern India. To the translating, printing, teaching, preaching, there was no cessation. Carey went to and fro between the mission-house and his professorial chair at Fort William. When the College was reconstructed, his salary was doubled ("Very good for the mission," he quietly remarked). The degree of Doctor of Divinity came to him unasked, as a tribute of esteem from an American University.

As soon as it seemed safe to do so, the missionaries resumed their evangelising journeys into the adjacent provinces, and year by year gathered a few converts into the fold. The position which this little Christian garrison came to occupy in the mission-field is thus graphically described by Miss Yonge: "Every missionary to the East Indies, whether belonging to their own society or not, was certain to visit and hold counsel with them, as the veterans of the Christian army in India, and the men most

experienced in the character and language of the natives; they were the prime leaders and authorities in all that concerned the various vernacular translations of the Scriptures, and their example was as a trumpet-call to others to follow them in their labours; while all the time the simplicity, humility, self-denial, and activity of the men themselves remained unspoiled."

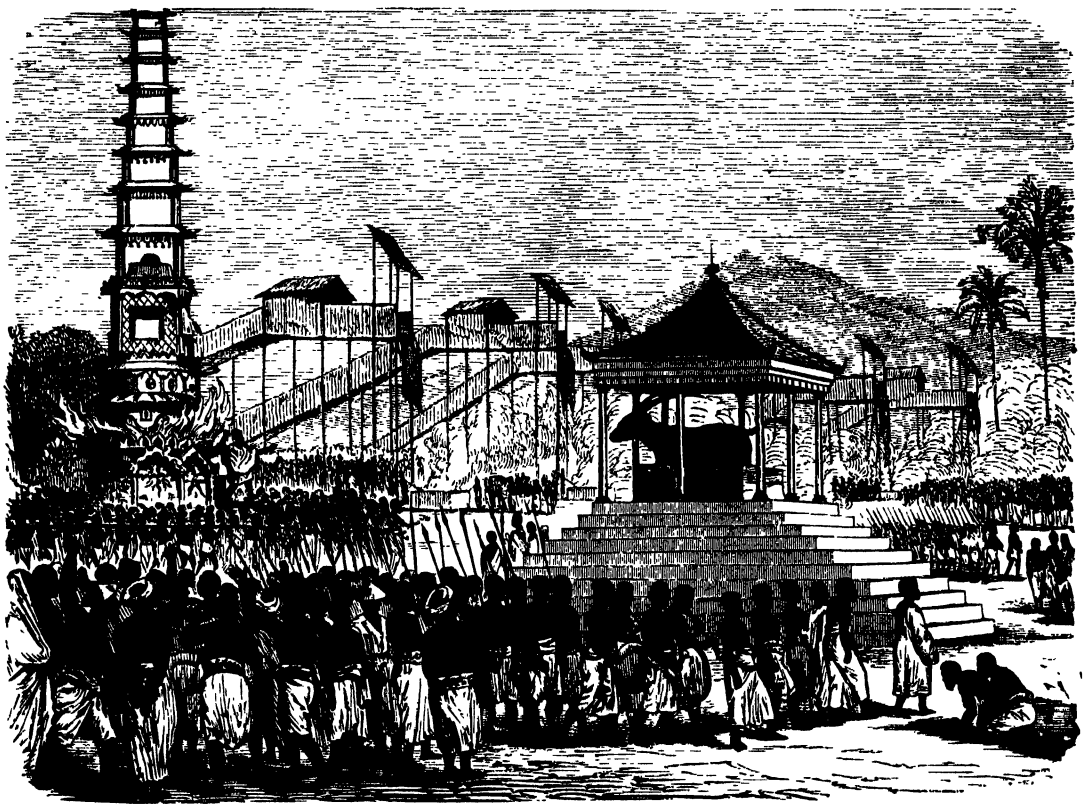
The effect of their grand example upon the Christian Churches of England and America was indeed conspicuous. To careless indifference about the claims of the heathen, succeeded a very prevalent sympathy with the cause. Missionary societies and missionary reports became prominent features of religious life, and many a young apostle gave himself up to the Master's service, through hearing of the self-sacrificing labours of Carey, Marshman, and Ward.

There was one monstrous development of heathenism, for the overthrow of which the Serampore missionaries were unremitting in their efforts for many years. This was the horrible institution of Suttee—the self-immolation of women upon the burning piles that were consuming the bodies of their deceased husbands. The burden that rested upon Carey's soul after beholding one of the scenes, as already narrated, was through long years fully shared by his brethren. But our countrymen in India for the most part regarded these awful rites with indifference, or, in many cases, even with admiring interest, as picturesque and romantic customs which the "mild Hindoo" should be left to regulate in his own fashion. Carey called upon the Government to prohibit Suttee as a crime. He and his fellow-labourers set to work to call attention to the fearful prevalence of widow-burning. By sending agents from village to village they obtained evidence proving that, within thirty miles of Calcutta, *more than three hundred widows had been burned alive within a period of six months.*

The next thing to do was to set the Pundits at the College to work on the Shastras, and these learned gentlemen reported that Suttee was nowhere enjoined as a duty, but simply encouraged as a virtuous sacrifice. All this information was duly laid before the Government in 1804, and the missionaries earnestly entreated that a law might be passed totally forbidding the practice referred to. They asserted their firm conviction that such a law, once proclaimed, would be as quietly accepted as had been the edict forbidding human sacrifices at Ganga Saugar. But unworthy counsels prevailed, and for a quarter of a century the missionaries tried in vain to save the women of India from this fiery death. During that prolonged delay, *at least* 70,000 *more victims perished in the flames.* When public feeling in England was roused against the inhuman custom, the Court of Directors pleaded that it was needful to wait for its gradual extinction to be brought about by civilising influences. But in 1828 Lord William Bentinck went to Calcutta as Governor-General, with the fixed resolve that Suttee should cease as soon as possible. The necessary steps were speedily taken, and before the end of 1829, a law was passed making Suttee illegal, and rendering those who attempted to take part in it punishable in the criminal courts.

A copy of the Act in English was sent to Dr. Carey by the Government, to be translated into Bengali, in order that it might be published in both languages on the same day. It reached him on Sunday morning, just as he was going to his pulpit.

"No pulpit for me to-day!" he joyfully exclaimed; and some one else was soon found to minister to the needs of the congregation, while Carey sat down with his Pundit to translate the Act, with the knowledge that every day's delay meant the sacrifice of six or eight more lives. Through the Sabbath hours (never more truly kept holy) Carey and his helper worked on until the evening, and then the Bengali version was ready for transmission to the Government. It was speedily promulgated, and native society was electrified at the promptness and uncompromising decision of the new law.



A number of Hindoos, and even of *Europeans*, petitioned the Government to repeal the measure, pleading that self-immolation was a sacred duty, and a high privilege. They denounced the Act as a violation of England's compact with India that there should be no interference with Hindoo rites and customs. But Lord William Bentinck was firm, and the malcontents appealed to the Privy Council in England, where they induced Dr. Lushington to prostitute his talents to their infamous cause. But the appeal was dismissed, and this great deed of humanity, so long delayed, at last received the stamp of Imperial authority.

After twelve weary years of alternating melancholy and madness, poor Mrs. Carey died in 1807. As the wife of a shoemaker who knew his business, and could stick to it, she might have lived long and happily. But all that she got through her husband's

glorious aspirations, which she was utterly incapable of understanding, was starvation, ridicule, exile, disease, and death. Her husband watched over her till the close with tenderest care. His second wife was a pious and cultured gentlewoman, who for thirteen years enhanced his joys, sympathised in his anxieties, and aided him in all good works. He subsequently married a widow, who was the affectionate companion of his declining years.

It was a sad blow to the mission when, in March, 1812, the printing office was



COLLEGE OF SERAMPORE.

burned down, and the result of years of toil destroyed in a few hours. It had never been so fully stocked as at that time. Twelve hundred reams of paper just received from England, a quantity of English type, and fourteen complete Eastern founts, all perished. The fire-engine was as yet unknown in India, and for hours the fire seemed to mock at the puny efforts that were made to extinguish it, till, at midnight the missionaries and their helpers could only stand back and watch the steady column of flame that only died away when all was consumed. Besides valuable manuscripts, the pecuniary loss to the mission was at least £7,000. Yet, even as they gazed on the ruins, "a feeling of solemn serenity," says Dr. Marshman, "seemed to pervade and strengthen every heart."

Dr. Carey was at Calcutta, and was at first speechless when the dismal tidings

were brought to him next morning by Dr. Marshman. But, with dauntless energy, the work of restoration was promptly carried forward. Mr. Ward, searching amongst the wreckage, found the punches and matrices uninjured; an adjacent empty building was fitted up as an office; the Pundits were set to work translating; the type-casters worked night and day by relays, and in thirty days two versions were again in the press. In six weeks three more founts were complete, and it was not long before the press was in full operation.

The money loss was soon made up. Mr. Thomasson, of Calcutta, a warm and generous friend of the mission, raised £800 in a day or two after the fire, for pressing needs. When the news reached England, the entire amount was raised in sixty days. Printed slips from the new types were marked, "Feathers of the Phœnix," and widely circulated. The fire, and the way in which the disaster was overcome, raised the Serampore Mission to a height of celebrity which it had never before attained. There were still trials in store for it—the opposition of enemies and the misunderstandings of friends—but these matters it would be tedious to detail. Suffice it to say, that through all the mission lived on and prospered, and the variety and extent of its labours became augmented as years passed. A few incidents of a personal character only remain to be briefly touched upon.

In 1821, who should come on a visit to the mission but Serfojee, the pupil of Schwartz, actually journeying from his southern home on pilgrimage to Benares! With all his advantages and enlightenment, he was still only an admirer of Christianity. He was very much interested in the work done by the missionaries, but thought it best to ensure his own spiritual safety by continuing his pilgrimage to the sacred city.

The next year was a disastrous one in Bengal. First the cholera, and then a very fatal form of fever, were fearfully prevalent. Hindoo superstition busied itself in all sorts of ceremonies and services, to propitiate the Goddess of Destruction. One of the victims of the pestilence was Krishnu-Pal, the first convert, who had proved his sincerity by twenty years of consistent Christian life. In 1823, the cholera snapped the chain which for three-and-twenty years had bound Carey and Marshman and Ward in a sacred communion of life and works; the "serious printer" was taken from the scene of his unceasing labours. One day he was writing in the office, but was too ill to finish the letter he had begun, and before the next afternoon he was a corpse. Dr. Marshman was afflicted with temporary deafness; he could only watch his dying comrade, but could not hear a word. The death of Ward—an amiable Christian who never made an enemy, a fluent preacher in Bengali, and possessing a greater knowledge of native habits and customs than either of his colleagues; and, withal, a clear-headed, practical man of business—was a severe blow to the mission. "I never did anything, I never published a page, without consulting him," writes Dr. Marshman; and both he and Carey were much depressed.

In the same year Dr. Carey was brought to the gates of death by an accident to the hip-joint, through a stumble when landing from a boat. For six months he walked with the crutches which are on view in the Serampore Museum. While he was still

a prisoner through his accident, the country beside the Hooghly was flooded by the bursting of a rain-swollen mountain torrent through its banks. Dr. Carey's botanic garden was submerged, and the result of years of care and patient labour was swept away in a single night. The streets of Serampore were five feet deep in water. The river bank gave way, and the waters were soon rolling past, within ten feet of Carey's bedroom. He removed to the College, and in a few days saw his house totally disappear into the river. The Hindoos declared that the missionaries were now feeling the vengeance of Ganga, with whose worship and sacrifices they had interfered; and old men pointed out that the first piece of the river-bank to give way, was the very spot where the first convert had been baptised.

Dr. Marshman visited England in 1826, and tried to do battle with the adverse influences that were hindering the work of the mission. He had delightful interviews with John Foster, Robert Hall, Hannah More, and other leaders of religious thought, but the brightest portion of his sojourn in his native land was his flying visit to Wiltshire. With ecstasy, he saw once more the Old White Horse carved on the sloping down near his birthplace; he mingled in the meeting-house with companions of his boyhood, and was delighted to hear them address him in the old familiar way as "Joshua." We need not detail the hard terms which Dr. Marshman was compelled to accept on behalf of the mission from the parent society, but he returned to Serampore "looking fifteen years older," and, side by side, he and Carey laboured on for seven years longer, abundantly blessed in their work, but chastened with many trials.

The end was, however, approaching. In 1833 and 1834, Dr. Marshman was at times prostrated with nervous depression and melancholy. He recovered in time to soothe the dying hours of Carey, who, worn out with forty years of incessant labour in the climate of Bengal, passed to the eternal rest. Apart from these abundant missionary labours, his life had been one of constant anxiety and toil, while his early domestic trials had left their indelible mark. Carey was revising the Bengali translation of the Scriptures, and worked hard at the proof-sheets when scarcely able to sit at the desk. But he had ever longed that he might not live to be useless, and that as soon as he was unable to work, he might be taken. There were, however, several months of patient waiting on the bed of death, during which time Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, and the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, were frequent visitors. No shade of anxiety disturbed his peaceful close, and on June 9th, 1834, he gently breathed his last.

Within twenty-four hours the body was carried forth from the principal's house beside the college, and along the streets between long lines of Hindoo and Muslim poor, who knew that they had lost their best earthly friend. The coffin was followed by the native Christians, and by representatives of the highest dignitaries in Church and State, up the right bank of the Hooghly to the Cemetery. From Barrackpore, on the other side of the river, the procession was watched by Lady Bentinck, one of Carey's most devoted friends. The Danish Governor attended the funeral, and above the town the flag of Denmark hung half-mast high.

A tall domed square block now marks the resting-place of Carey and most of

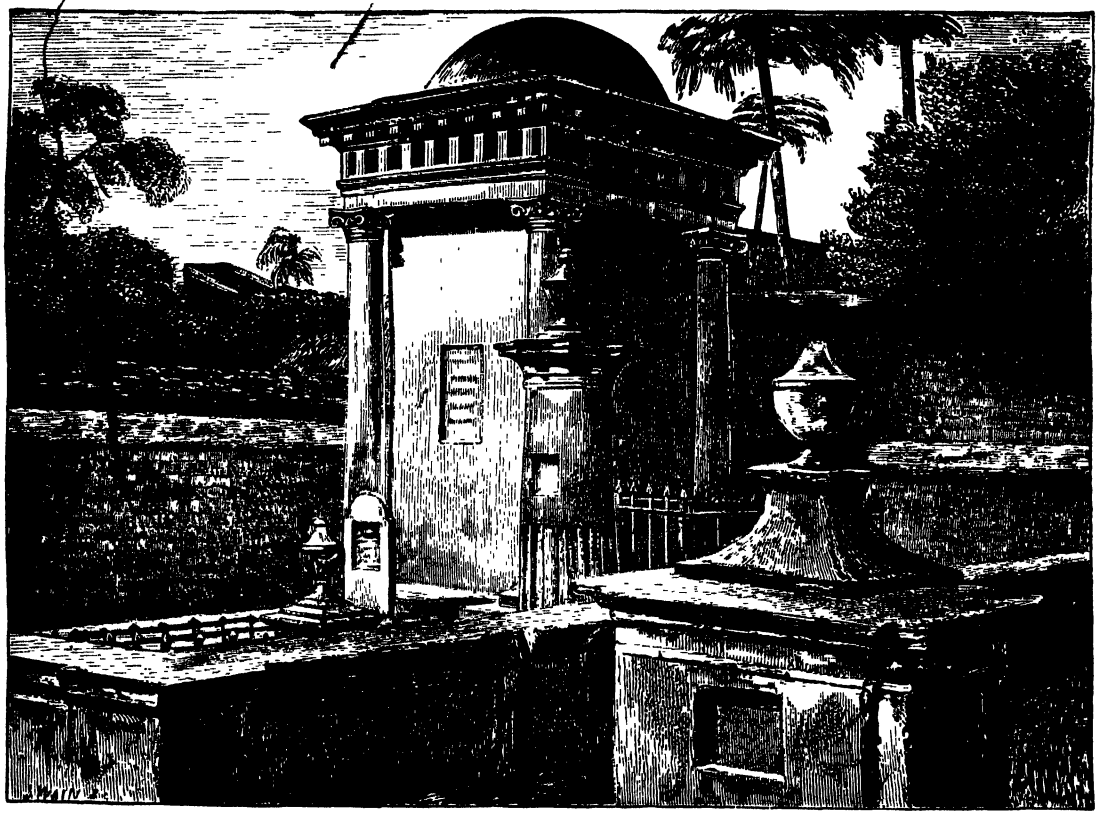
his family. The inscription on his tomb, in accordance with his own explicit instructions was simply—

WILLIAM CAREY,

BORN AUGUST 17, 1761; DIED JUNE 9, 1834.

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall."

For three years longer Dr. Marshman survived—grieving for the loss of his friends,



TOMB OF DR. CAREY.

threatened at intervals with the return of mental debility, and worried with financial difficulties. But though, as he wrote, "everything was tinged with the black hue of melancholy," he struggled on bravely to the last. In 1836 he was failing rapidly, when a family calamity gave a great shock to his system and hastened his departure. A member of the congregation, Lieutenant Havelock, afterwards known to fame as Sir Henry Havelock, had married Dr. Marshman's daughter. Mrs. Havelock was residing at Landour during her husband's absence, and one night was roused from sleep to find the bungalow in flames. Clasping her babe to her bosom, she tried to rush through the encircling fire, but stumbled and fell fainting on the verandah. A faithful native

servant threw his blanket round her, and carried her to a neighbouring hut, but the poor baby was burnt to death. Lieutenant Havelock hurried from the camp to his desolate home, and found his wife apparently dying. He wrote to Dr. Marshman, to prepare him for the fatal news, and then, through some interruption of the mails, the good old man heard no more of his daughter for three days. They were three days of agonising suspense, during which Dr. Marshman did nothing but walk about the house, now and then talking incoherently, and watching incessantly for the postman. Then came the joyful news that his daughter was recovering, but the sudden ecstasy could not atone for those three days of suffering. He seldom smiled again; his bodily frame grew weaker, his spirits were depressed, and the terribly hot season of 1837, when the thermometer in his chamber was above blood-heat at four in the afternoon, brought the end rapidly nearer. But in all his weakness and depression his spirit was fervent, hopeful, loving to the last. Less than a week before his death he was conveyed to the chapel, where he gave out the favourite hymn of the three great men whose story we have been relating—a hymn long known as "the chant of the Serampore Missionaries"—

"Oh Lord our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign."

A few days afterwards he peacefully breathed his last, without sigh or groan, just as the negotiations were being completed in London for the reunion of the Serampore Mission with the General Baptist Mission, from which it sprang.

They buried Dr. Marshman near his colleagues, and above his grave there is a covered tomb where the visitor may rest from the heat of the sun, and enjoy the hallowed associations of the spot. The domed tomb of Ward is not far off.

VIII.—WITH THE RED INDIANS.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN ELIOT AND THE INDIANS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Spanish Supremacy—Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Richard Grenville—Religion of the Red Indians—Sir Walter Raleigh—Little Baddow, in Essex—Eliot sails for Boston—Among the Iroquois—The "Praying Indians"—The Curse of Drink—Formation of Indian Settlements—Converts—Martha's Vineyard—Major Gookin—Whites and Reds—Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century, our ancestors, long impatient of the encroachments of the Church of Rome on their rights and personal freedom, were preparing themselves for the events of 1534, when the Church of England was formally severed from the parent Church. The cause of Protestantism being then in their hands, they found themselves continually in antagonism with the great Catholic power of Spain; and the history of the hundred years succeeding the discovery of America, is a record of the two powers wrestling with each other in every quarter of the globe for the mastery, the one laying deep the foundations of her future influence and greatness, the other just entering upon the downward career which was to bring her low in the eyes of the world. Every new colonisation of territory by the British, was looked upon as a blow to Spanish supremacy, and as a place providentially saved for ever from the errors of the Church of Rome. When the Church of England emerged from the ordeal of the Marian persecution, and once more held up her head as the Church of the land, she immediately commenced, with an energy not unlike that of the adventurous Englishmen who had already crossed the ocean, to add the unknown lands in the far west to the dominions of the Cross.

The "carriage of God's Word into those very mighty and vast countrys" was stated as the express object of the expedition under Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. Two years afterwards Sir Richard Grenville followed, accompanied by the zealous Thomas Hariot, whose efforts on behalf of the spiritual welfare of the Indians were indefatigable. In his own account of his labours—the first public record of missionary efforts—he speaks of the sense of inferiority felt by the natives when viewing the guns, clocks, and instruments of the settlers, and he adds:—

"Many times, and in every towne where I came, according as I was able, I made declaration of the contents of the Bible: that therein was set foorth the true onely God and his mightie works; that therein was contained the true doctrine of saluation through Christ; with many particularities of miricles and chiefe points of religion, as I was able then to utter and thought fit for the time."

This teaching was necessary, since, as with other native races, the Bible itself, instead of its contents, was in danger of being worshipped. Nevertheless, Hariot mentions that a great chief, when "so grievously sick that he was like to die," sent for some of the Christians, having lost faith in his own native priests, and

besought them to intercede for his life; or, if death awaited him, that he might be with God in Paradise.

The typical Red Indian is familiar to all as of a vindictive, war-loving disposition; wreaking vengeance on his captives by the exercise of the greatest cruelties man could devise. Torture was, indeed, looked upon as an art, and he who excelled in devising fresh modes of inflicting it might gain thereby the applause and respect of his fellows. In the constant wars between the Indians and the United States, officers were in the habit of carrying with them pocket-revolvers, which they might use as a last resort whereby to escape the treatment awaiting them if captured by their enemies.* When first made known to Europeans, the Indians were scattered throughout North America in seven distinct groups of tribes, each consisting of several sub-tribes, whilst between certain of them perpetual warfare existed. Amongst some of the southern tribes, civilisation seemed to be faintly dawning, and men were commencing to lead a more settled mode of life; in other tribes, nothing existed to curb the pursuit of the pleasures of the hour, and a roving, hunting life precluded all thought of provision for the morrow.

Their religious belief was of very little importance to them. Beyond a recognition of "the Great Spirit," and a belief in spirits generally, the exercise of religion occupied but a small place in their thoughts. Their priests were the well-known "medicine-men," whose power and influence over the aboriginal Indians the missionaries have always found it a difficult task to destroy.

With all their hostility to European civilisation, there was much which seemed to raise the Red Indians out of the ordinary groove of mere savages. The intelligence of their countenances, and the seriousness of their demeanour when engaged in following up a war-trail or in holding a council, betokened the possession of capabilities which might accomplish much if trained in a useful direction; while the solemnity which accompanied the smoking of the pipe of peace, and the sacredness of the compact sealed thereby, was second only to the respect paid to the white flag of truce in modern times.

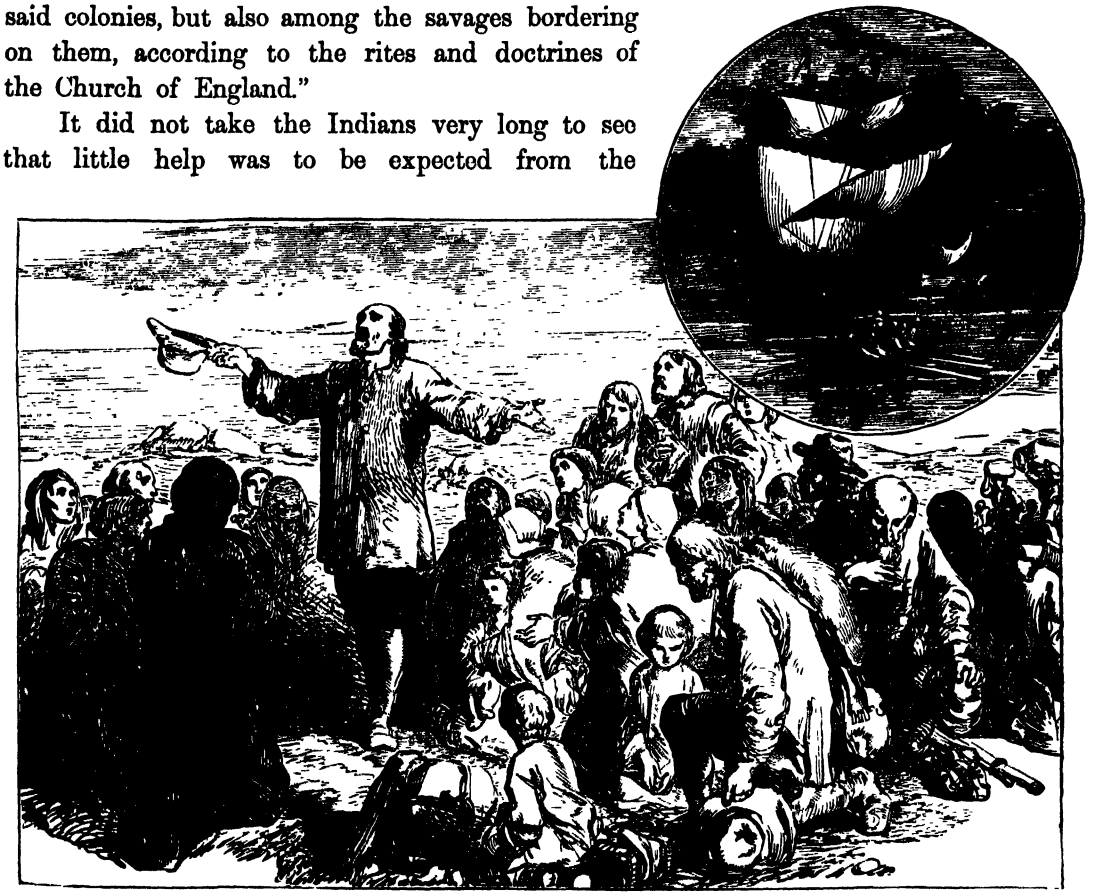
The Red Indians are thought to be descended from a white or yellow race, which emigrated from China and Japan, and mixed with the native race of America. A Choctaw tradition states that, a long time ago, the ancestors of the Red Men removed from beyond the great river and the mountains of snow, occupying many years on the journey. They were led by a great medicine-man, who carried a red pole, which he placed in the ground every night. In the morning it was found leaning towards the east. They followed its direction until it was found upright, and there the Great Spirit directed them to live.

It was to this interesting race that British pioneer missionaries commenced, early in the seventeenth century, to carry the tidings of the Gospel. Stimulated by discoveries made along the coast of the present United States, companies were inaugurated for the colonisation of the lands as they were made known. In this way, settlements in Maine and Virginia were among the earliest to be formed. Sir Walter Raleigh's enthusiasm

* Dodge's "Hunting Grounds."

in the cause of Protestantism was shown by his bequest of one hundred pounds sterling to the work of Christianising the natives of the latter colony, the first missionary legacy which the English Church has on record. Among the ordinances for the government of these settlements was one which required that the "Word and Service of God" should be "preached, planted, and used, not only in the said colonies, but also among the savages bordering on them, according to the rites and doctrines of the Church of England."

It did not take the Indians very long to see that little help was to be expected from the



LANDING OF THE PURITAN FATHERS AT MASSACHUSETTS.

majority of the Colonists. They had come rather to help themselves. Pushing more and more inland, they encroached on the hunting grounds of the natives, who resented the continual interference with their ancient rights, until at last violence was used, and the arbitrament of war decided between White and Red. The cupidity of the settlers, and the vindictiveness of the Red Men, proved serious drawbacks to the propagation of Christianity amongst the aborigines.

There were not wanting, however, men who still remembered the duty which they owed to those they were displacing. In the south the Virginian Company were at some pains to spread the Gospel; while in Maine, short-lived though the original Colony was, the clergymen who accompanied the planters did something towards the

accomplishment of the same object. In 1620, the Puritan Fathers landed at Massachusetts, and proceeded to take up the task which, though successful in the south, had come to be neglected in the sister colony in the north. In Virginia, affairs had prospered, and the missionaries of the English Church were anxious for the establishment of an Indian school and college. To this end, a "King's Letter" was issued by James I., authorising collections to be made in all the parishes throughout England, "as well for ye enlarging of our Dominions, as for the propagation of ye Gospell amongst Infidels, wherein there is good progresse made, and hope of further increase." Large sums of money were collected in 1619, 1620, and 1621, some thousands of acres of land were set apart for the use of the proposed school, and the college was reared. A zealous clergyman was placed at its head, and great results seemed likely to accrue. But the Indians were already growing jealous of the English settlements, and the fair prospect which was opening out before them was darkened by the massacre of nearly three hundred and fifty whites at the instigation of a chief named Opechancanough, who in order to carry out his treacherous designs had expressed a desire for Christian teaching.

War immediately followed; the settlers vowed extermination to the Indians, the efforts of the clergymen were neutralised, and the discouragement caused by this unfortunate affair retarded for some years missionary efforts among the Indians.

Meanwhile, events were happening at the village of Little Baddow, in Essex, which were to exercise an important influence on the Indians. In the quiet household of Mr. John Hooker, the master of the Grammar School, there was great excitement and consternation. Mr. Hooker's careful attention had always been devoted to the religious training of his pupils; and his young assistant, John Eliot, had received the deepest religious impressions from his teaching. But Hooker had fallen under the ban of the bishop of his diocese. Being a strict Puritan, and looking with horror on many of the rites and practices of the English Church, he had found himself unable to fulfil the tests put to him by the bishop, and had in consequence been refused a licence to act any longer as schoolmaster. Deprived of his means of livelihood, ruin stared him in the face. Misfortune fell not less heavily on his assistant, young Eliot, who had steadily looked forward to the time when he could take holy office upon himself. But, as an unordained person, he was absolutely prohibited by law from preaching in public, and with that resolution which marked him through all the vicissitudes of a long life, he decided, when twenty-seven years of age, to seek in the New World that freedom of action and of conscience which he sought in vain in the Old.

Accordingly, he sailed in November, 1631, in the good ship *Lyon*, bound for Boston, accompanied by a party of sixty emigrants. On his arrival, he had not long to wait for an engagement, being sought after by the representatives of a congregation at Roxbury, near Boston, whose pastor had gone to England with the intention of finally settling his affairs.

Eliot seems to have made a very favourable impression on those to whom he had been called to preach; and when their pastor returned, they earnestly requested Eliot to remain as assistant minister. This, however, he refused, as he was but the forerunner of a party of Englishmen who were about to form a new settlement.

In less than a year his flock arrived, and preparations were made for the new settlement. Mr. Eliot then took up the pastorate, having been ordained after the Presbyterian custom.

It was while engaged in ministering, with a free, unfettered conscience, to his fellow-colonists, that his heart first warmed with sympathy towards the poor red-skins, whose wigwams were to be seen scattered around. He had probably no intention of becoming a missionary pioneer when first he parted from his mother country; but he no sooner saw the miserable condition in which the Indians lived, the vagueness of their religious belief, and the degraded social condition of the women as the slaves of their husbands, than he conceived a plan by which they might be collected into settlements of their own, and taught to abandon their roving life; by this means he hoped that he might be able to minister to their spiritual needs, as well as to bring prominently before them the advantages to be derived from habits of Christian civilisation. But before he could put these humanitarian views into practice, he had to master the native language, and during fifteen years of patient labour amongst his people at Roxbury, he devoted much time to this object.

In the meantime, the relations between the settlers and the natives were undergoing rapid change. At first received with open arms by the Indians, the English had been content rather to remain on sufferance than to entertain any future schemes of acquiring territory. Used to privation from the first, they were free to act in accordance with the dictates of conscience in religious matters, and this was considered sufficient recompense for the hardships and difficulties which had to be encountered in their new homes. But there were some, and their numbers soon increased to a large majority, who, possessing but a nominal Christianity, pursued their object of self-aggrandisement at the expense of the natives, and were not slow to take advantage, by might or right, of any opportunity which offered itself.

To such as these we may safely ascribe the cause of the disturbances which took place on the frontiers during the five years following Mr. Eliot's arrival. The surrounding country was peopled by a tribe known as the Pequots, a branch of the Iroquois nation. Murders had been committed by some of them, but a treaty had been entered into on condition of their delivering up the murderers. In spite of this, the commission of cruelties continued, until at last the colonists, assisted by the friendly Mohicans and Narragansets, drove the Pequots from the territory; and by the slaughter of many hundreds of them in 1637, in what is known as the "Great Swamp Fight," secured for themselves a period of thirty-eight years of comparative peace. During this time, much progress was made in the Colony, and Mr. Eliot was enabled to carry on with great success his truly Christian projects for the religious and temporal welfare of the Red Indians.

Having, by the aid of a native, learned "this exotick language," and with much patience and skill constructed a grammar of the same, he commenced, in 1646, that great work among the aborigines which is indelibly associated with his name. The difficulties to be overcome in the acquisition of the native language may be recognised when it is learnt that the word "loves," translated into Iroquois, becomes

noonwhandamoonkanunnonash, and *kremmogkodonattootumm[redacted]onganunnonash* corresponds to our word "question."*

On October 28th, 1646, Eliot convoked a meeting of Indians who were interested in the habits and religion of the whites, at a place not far distant from his own house. He and the friends who accompanied him were met by a man named Waban, or the Wind, and conducted to a large wigwam, where the well-disposed chiefs of the tribe had assembled. To these he discoursed for an hour and a quarter with astonishing energy, on the text, "Can these dry bones live?" Eliot prayed that the four winds of heaven might give life to the dry bones of Indian religion, and breathe into it the breath of life.

After a conference of about three hours, Eliot returned home highly pleased with the success of his first visit to the natives. Having been invited to repeat it, he did so many times, with good effect. He now applied to the Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land, in order that the "Praying Indians" might settle there and live together, and enjoy civilised life. This was granted, and a number of them shortly after met and drew up laws for their future government. The town was called "Noonatomen," or "Rejoicing," and Mr. Eliot taught them how to surround it with a ditch and to build a stone wall, supplying them as best he could with the necessary tools. He said, with much force, "I feel it absolutely necessary to carry on civility with religion," a principle which now, perhaps, scarcely needs enunciating, but the truth of which, we may be sure, was not then so apparent.

Want of means was the great obstacle to carrying out to the full his ideas of the great possibilities which lay before the Indian race. Almost entirely dependent on his own resources, it was with a spirit of deep gratitude that he occasionally received the collections made at Christian churches, or a donation from some one of his many admirers. Hearing of the success of the Indians at Noonatomen, their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Concord sent a request to Mr. Eliot that he would come and preach to them. They then begged from the Government the grant of a piece of land, and proceeded to build themselves a town. Their Sachems, or chiefs, and other principal men, then met, and drew up certain laws which were to be observed in the new town.

Nowhere have the evils of drunkenness been more pronounced than amongst this savage though somewhat noble race. "Fire-water" was unknown to them until they were brought into contact with *civilised* nations. Christian knowledge was never yet propagated amongst the heathen without its preachers having first to contend with the terrible results brought about by the knowledge of the use and abuse of intoxicating liquors. The inferior broken-down Indian, who begged and roamed in and about the white men's settlements and towns, was but the wreck of the "magnificently grave, imperturbably patient savage, the slave of his word, and hospitable to the most scrupulous extent."† The irreparable harm done by the introduction of rum had been early recognised by the chiefs themselves, and in drawing up rules for guidance in the new

* Dr. Mather's "History of New England."
† C. M. Yonge's "Pioneers and Founders."

ettlement, heavy fines were placed upon drunkenness. The Government of Massachusetts had greatly restricted the sale of spirits to the Indians, but "some ill-disposed people, for filthy lucre's sake, did sell unto them secretly, though the Indians will rarely discover these evil merchants; they do rather suffer whipping or fine than tell;"* and Mr. Eliot says, "These scandalous evils greatly blemish and intercept their entertainment of the Gospel, through the policy of Satan, who counter-worketh Christ that way, with not a little uncomfortable success."



JOHN ELIOT.

The pleasing results brought about by the collection of the Indians into settlements, and the approbation with which they regarded it, were attested by the fact that Mr. Eliot, in the next few years, had occasion to assist with his counsel in the building of several new Indian towns.

In 1649, the needs of the Indians, and the duties of the colonists towards them, were brought under the notice of the English House of Commons, which found time to pass an ordinance for the erection of a *Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England*, and ordered a collection to be made for it throughout England and Wales. Although supported by letters from the Universities of and Cambridge, however, and by exhortations from the pulpits to the people

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

contribute liberally to the collection, it was thought to be merely a device for getting funds for Government at a time when money was scarce, and very little interest was felt in the Indians. A sufficient sum was, however, collected to purchase lands worth £500 or £600 a year, and with this the Society was enabled to assist Mr. Eliot in his projected settlement by building him an Indian college, and paying salaries to both himself and his preachers, as well as by buying tools for use in the different trades which he had taught the Indians.

In 1651 Mr. Eliot laid the foundations of the new town of Natick, on the banks of Charles River, whither the inhabitants from Noonatomen removed and assisted in the building of the houses. Two streets were built, one on either side of the river; these were connected by a bridge, constructed entirely by the Indians. In the midst was a circular fort, palisaded with trees, and a large English house, the upper part being used as a storehouse, with an apartment for Mr. Eliot's use when on a visit to the place. The site was secured to the Indians by deed, and Mr. Eliot instructed them in the art of self-government, giving them what he thought to be a truly Scriptural code, such as he hoped to see established at home under the Commonwealth.

He divided the Indians into hundreds and into tens, causing them to elect rulers for each division, on a plan similar to that employed in Great Britain in the early days of the Saxon kings. He then bound them by a solemn covenant to serve the Lord, and on the 24th of September, 1651, ratified it by a fast-day service. Public confession and humiliation occupied a great part of the time, after which the chiefs and people bound themselves to the covenant. The "blessed day," as Mr. Eliot called it, then ended with a collection for the poor and needy.

Shortly after, the town was visited by Governor Endicott, who was struck by the civilised appearance the place presented. He said, "I account this one of the best journeys I have made for many years."

In spite of the success which attended Mr. Eliot's endeavours, he was very careful to admit to Church fellowship only those who had given decided evidence of their Christianity. In 1652 he gathered his fellow-ministers together and requested them to examine his converts, and to judge of their sincerity. Each man spoke for himself and confessed his sins, no doubt in the figurative, roundabout manner common to Indians when discoursing in public. Consequently, Mr. Eliot felt himself constrained to own that their "enlargement of spirit" did make "the work longsome." The confessions were taken down in writing, and afterwards printed and published as the "Tears of Repentance." The book was dedicated to Oliver Cromwell, and was sent to England to be considered by the Society.

Even after such decided proofs of their sincerity, some years elapsed before Mr. Eliot deemed himself justified in admitting them to full Christian communion. A further meeting of the ministers of neighbouring churches took place for the purpose of examining the Indians, when several of them, having at length passed satisfactorily through this ordeal, were baptised and admitted to the Lord's Supper. This took place in 1660, nine years after the building of the settlement. Great strictness was, however,

still exercised, so that, after ten years of its incorporation, it consisted of only between forty and fifty members.

The enormous task which Eliot had undertaken in giving the Indians the Bible in their own language was now approaching completion. In 1661, the New Testament was issued from the press at Cambridge, in New England, and was followed in 1663 by the Old Testament. One copy of this literary masterpiece is still treasured in Yale College, while the tribes for whom it was designed have been long since scattered, their lands occupied by the white men, and their language lost for ever.

Eliot also published an Indian Grammar, and at the close of it added the memorable words, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything." He also translated works by Baxter, and his friend Shepard—primers, catechisms, and other useful works which occupied his time when not engaged amongst his own congregation.

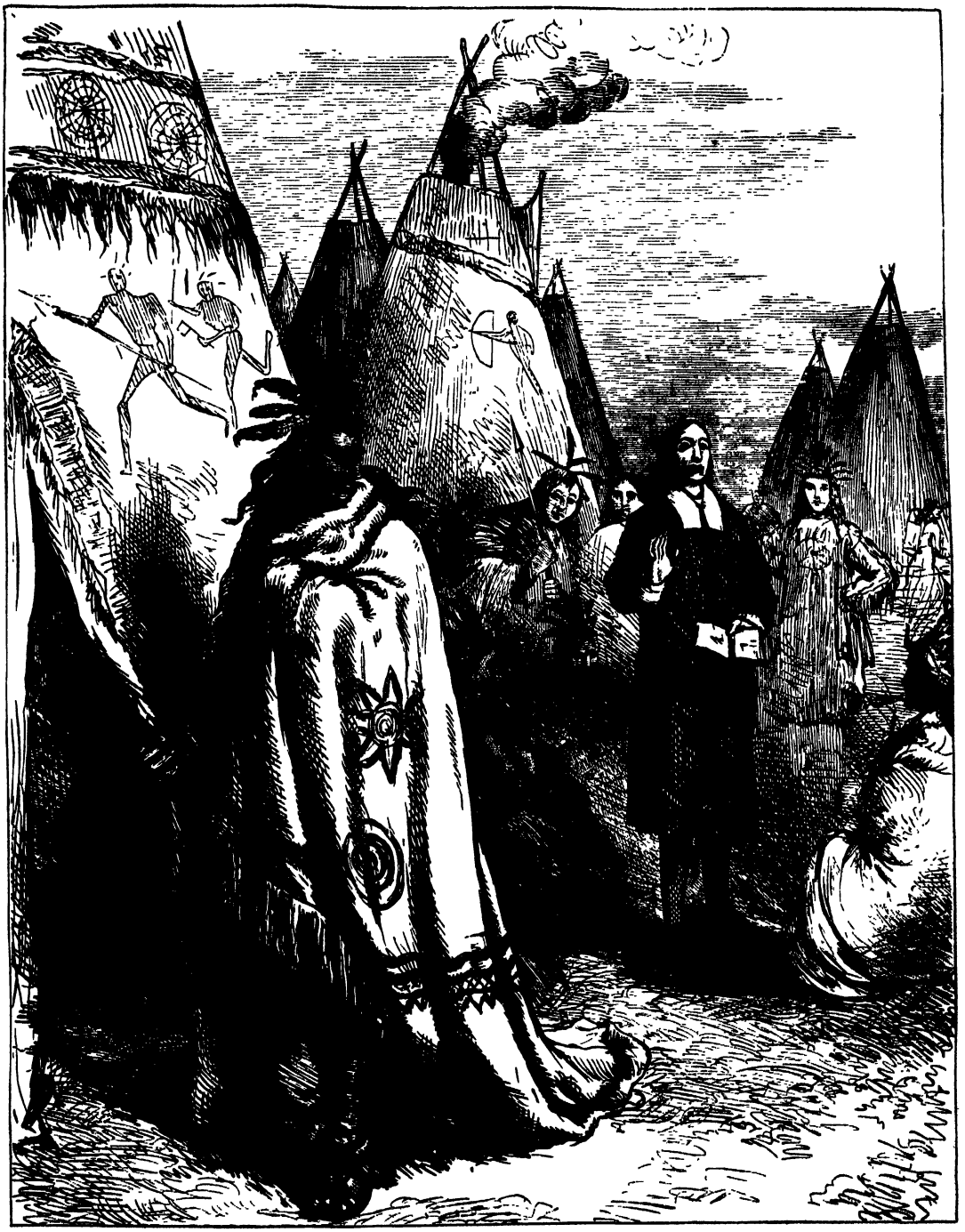
Following the example of Mr. Eliot in Massachusetts, some ministers and others in the colony of New Plymouth engaged in the same noble undertaking amongst the native Indians. Mr. Bourne, of Sandwich, procured for them a grant of land at Mashpee, about fifty miles from Boston, and entailed the property to the Indians in perpetuity.

Mr. Eliot visited the settlement in 1666, and attended a large meeting, held in order that a number of Indians might publicly confess their faith in Christ. This visit was a source of extreme gratification to him, the Indians shortly afterwards being formed into a church, with Mr. Bourne as pastor.

Another important congregation of Indians was that at Martha's Vineyard. A Mr. Thomas Mayhew had obtained a grant of this and the neighbouring island of Nantucket and Elizabeth. Keenly alive to the destitution and want of the native Indians, whose land he and his countrymen were dispossessing, he encouraged his son to settle among them, and afterwards to become the pastor of the congregation which they formed. It was here that Mr. Eliot's idea of educating natives for the ministry first achieved success. Johen Hiacoomes, who was the first Indian convert, was placed at the head of the congregation, after having given pleasing proof of both his courage and devotion.

In 1649 a great meeting of Indians was held, attended by those who professed Christianity and those who were still heathens. Hiacoomes was present, ever ready and anxious to raise his voice on behalf of his God and Saviour. The authority of the "Powaws," or medicine-men, was debated, many asserting that their power to harm their enemies was undeniable. The question was asked, "Who does not fear the Powaws? There is no man who does not fear them."

When Hiacoomes heard this he rose to make reply. All eyes in the assembly were fixed upon him. Then came the words boldly from the lips of this Indian Christian—"Though they may hurt such as fear them, yet I trust in the Great God of Heaven and earth, and therefore all the Powaws in the world can do me no harm: I fear them not." Astonished by his bold words, many expected that immediate judgment would overtake him, but he remained unhurt, thereby proving to all present



MAYHEW AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue. The rivers also were raised so as that we were wet in riding through them. But God steps in and

me. I have considered the exhortation of Paul to his son Timothy, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,' with many other such like meditations."

Sometimes, when travelling alone, he came upon a band of Indians who absolutely refused to listen to him, and, indeed, threatened his life if he persisted in preaching the Gospel amongst them. The Sachems, jealous of their authority over the people, and the Powaws of the gain which their arts brought them, forbade the people to listen, and, indeed, told Eliot it was impertinent for him to come and interfere in matters of their religion. His reply was always the same—that his mission must be fulfilled, and that he must go on with his work.

At one time, a friend incautiously gave him the name of the "Indian Evangelist." This he protested against with great earnestness. He said: "I do beseech you to suppress all such things if ever you should have occasion of doing the like. Let us speak and do and carry all things with humility. It is the Lord who hath done what is done; and it is becoming to lift up Christ, and ourselves to lie low."

He was at great pains to win the affections of the Indians when on his journeys. The work of conversion amongst them was difficult, not only because of their language, but also because of their poverty and barbarous mode of life. Instead of receiving food and lodging from those to whom he ministered, it was necessary always to take with him his own provisions. "I never go unto them empty," he says, "but carry somewhat to distribute among them; and when they come to my house, I am not willing they should go away without some refreshment. Neither do I take any gratuity from them unrewarded; and indeed they do account, that they have nothing worth the giving unto me; only once, when I was up in the country, a poor creature came to me, as I was about to take horse, and shaking me by the hand, with the other thrust something into my hand. I looked what it was, and found it to be a pennyworth of wampum upon a straw's end. I, seeing so much hearty affection in so small a thing, kindly accepted it, only inviting him to my house, that I might show my love to him." *

In 1674, the year in which Mr. Eliot had reached the zenith of his success, there were fourteen towns inhabited by Christian Indians, seven of which were of old standing, while seven were known as the "New Towns." The number of Indians receiving Christian instruction was estimated at the same time to amount to about eleven hundred. He saw around him a new generation growing up, having the advantage of Christian supervision; and the ill-feeling which had existed forty years before between the Indians and the whites had, to his great satisfaction, been reduced to a minimum.

A cloud, however, now arose upon the horizon, which was destined to grow and cover the field of these noble missionary endeavours, and to create havoc amongst the congregations of praying Indians. A Sachem of great ability and cunning, called Philip by the English, had succeeded to the chieftaincy of the Wampanongs, who inhabited the country around Plymouth. It soon became apparent that he was endeavouring to unite the various tribes in an alliance against the white men.

* Winslow's "Progress of the Gospel," quoted in Brown's "History of Christian Missions."

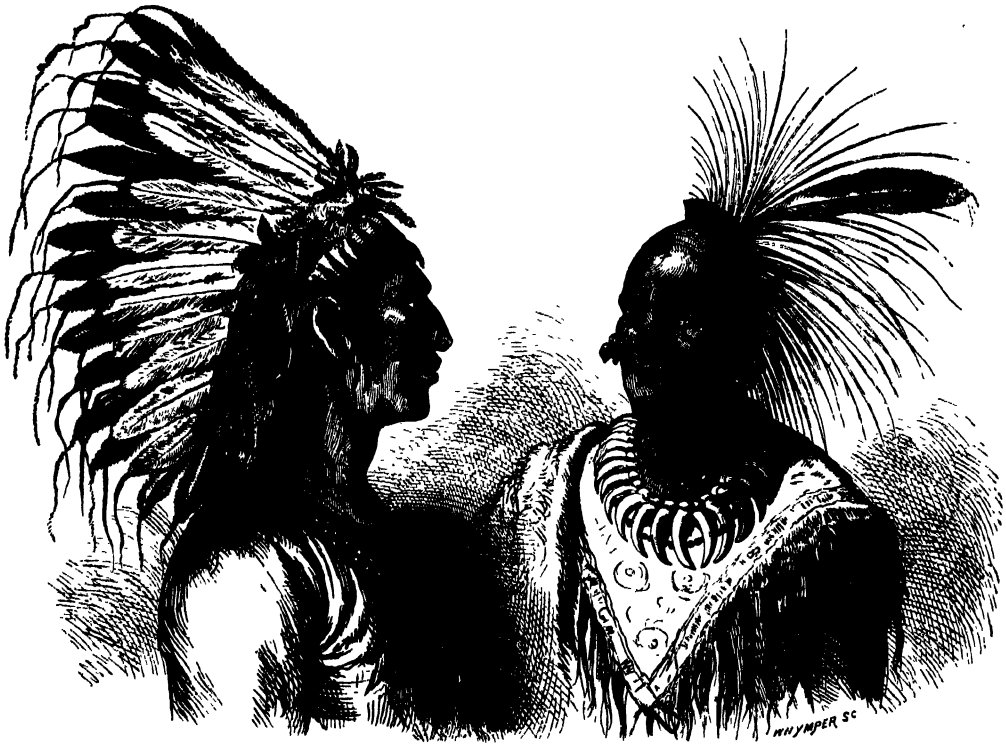
In 1675, he declared war against the English, and a reign of terror soon set in amongst the settlers throughout the country. Farmhouses were attacked in the dead of night, and the Indians swooped down upon defenceless villages, slaying and scalping, and sometimes carrying their prisoners away to be killed by being roasted over a slow fire.

A party of fifteen women and children had taken refuge in the farmhouse of a man named Tozer, at Newich-Wannock. The militia were called out, and many homesteads left unprotected. A body of Indians attacked the place, but were bravely kept outside the house by a girl of eighteen, who saw the enemy approaching. Having shut the door, she set her back against it, thus giving time for the others to escape by another door. These hurried to a building close by, which was better secured, but they were not a moment too soon. The Indians soon made short work of the door with their hatchets, and after knocking the girl down, believing her to be dead, turned in pursuit of the rest. These had in the meantime made good their escape, with the exception of two little children, who fell victims to the Indians.

Many houses were destroyed by Indian raids upon them, plantations were laid waste, and the alarm which the colonists felt soon begot the most bitter feelings of rage and revenge. Unfortunately, a few of the Christian Indians from the new praying-towns sided with Philip, although a large majority either took no part at all in the war, or joined the colonists, to whom they rendered good service. But the whites at first refused to acknowledge any distinction between Indian and Indian. All were alike their enemy; and all in common were objects of their hatred. The Government, indeed, regarded the Christian Indians as true and faithful servants, and did all they could to protect them from the vengeance of the settlers; but Major Gookin declared that when some of them were employed to negotiate with the hostile Indians, they had been, by the ill-treatment which they had received from the whites, "in a manner constrained to fall off to the enemy."

In August, 1675, a party of praying Indians was arrested and sent to Boston to be tried for some murders which had caused great alarm at Lancaster. The magistrates received satisfactory assurance of their innocence, but had great difficulty in protecting them from the violence of the mob, who longed to be revenged on all Indians who came within their grasp, whether Christian or otherwise. The town of Natick, on which Mr. Eliot had laboured so abundantly, was looked upon with great suspicion by those who wished the Indians no good. The Government, fearing that the place was scarcely safe from attacks by the whites, and that its continued existence was likely to lead to bloodshed, ordered Captain Prentiss to repair thither and remove the inhabitants to a spot which had been selected for them on Deer Island. The orders were enforced by a party of horsemen, and Eliot, now seventy-one years old, had to endure the pain of seeing the town which he had founded with so great promise of future results, and after so many years of prayerful meditation, ruined, and its homes broken up. It was a heartrending time for him. He lived to see the labours of his lifetime swept away by the relentless passions of his countrymen, at a time when he might reasonably have hoped to hand over the continuation of his work to another.

Before leaving the place where they had encamped on the banks of the Charles River, Eliot met his converts, and exhorted them to bear the reverse humbly and patiently, and to hold fast to the faith which they had adopted. At midnight they were borne over to Deer Island, where, although exposed to the inclemency of the approaching winter, and possessing little or nothing for their sustenance, they were at least safe from molestation by the whites. In the same way the inhabitants of other Christian settlements were from time to time during the early winter conveyed to Deer Island, so that in December their number had risen to five hundred. Eliot constantly



RED INDIAN CHIEFS.

visited them, old man as he was, and difficult as travelling became during the severe winter that followed; while both he and Gookin made strenuous efforts to prevent a renewal of the war in the spring. But this was too much to hope for, and the war lingered on until August, when Philip was killed by an Indian at the instigation of the English.

The war was a heavy blow to the cause which Eliot had so much at heart, and the mission never wholly recovered from it. By 1684, the fourteen places of worship in Massachusetts had been reduced to four. Natick received back some of its old inhabitants, and Eliot continued his visits to this and other settlements so long as his health would permit. But the infirmities of age were gradually creeping upon him, and his

fortnightly visits became an utter impossibility, he being scarcely able to take a journey more than once in two months. His duties at Roxbury became too much for him, and he urged his congregation to call in another minister, self-denyingly offering to forfeit the salary which they had hitherto paid him. This, however, his people would not allow, but provided him with an assistant, on whom he bestowed all the care and affection of which he was capable.

The curse of slavery had already lighted upon the land. The importation of negro slaves had begun, and Mr. Eliot "lamented with a bleeding and a burning passion that the English used their negroes but as their horses and oxen, and that so little care was taken about their immortal souls." He had the pleasure of training an Indian, Daniel Takawompbait, for the ministry, and saw him ordained as native pastor at Natick. The Church was, however, in a very languishing state. The number of inhabitants gradually decreased; so much so, that in 1836 but one wigwam was inhabited at Natick, and that by three or four persons of mixed negro and Indian blood, "the only remnant of a settlement which its venerable founder probably hoped would prove a lasting source of Christian and social blessings to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country." *

During Mr. Eliot's last illness, he expressed great concern as to the continuation of his work amongst the Indians. "There is a dark cloud," he said, "upon the work of the Gospel among them. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead. It is a work I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word, *My doings.* Alas! they have been poor, and small, and lean doings; and I will be the man who will throw the first stone at them all." One of the last expressions he used was, "Welcome, joy! Come, Lord, come!" He died on the 20th of May, 1690, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

In spite of the fact that the net result of his labours appears to be but small, there will always remain this brilliant example of the most unflinching resolution and undaunted courage—the example of a busy life, consecrated from youth to age to the glorious task of converting the Indians to Christ. The enthusiasm which he possessed has been caught by succeeding generations; the spark which he blew into a flame has burned steadily ever since; and we look back across the space of a couple of centuries with admiration, to him who well earned the title of The Apostle to the Indians.

* Brown's "History of Christian Missions."



YALE COLLEGE.

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID BRAINERD.

A Scene at Yale College—Early Life of Brainerd—His Melancholy Temperament—The Indians at Kanaumeek—Seasons of Depression—Self-denial—At the Forks of the Delaware—Introspection—A Revival at Crossweeksung—A School Opened—On the Banks of the Susquehannah—The Coming of the Lord's Chariot.

YALE COLLEGE was one day in a state of intense agitation. One of the students being trained for the ministry had been found guilty of the crime of insubordination, and sentence of expulsion was passed upon him for refusing to offer an apology for the offence he had committed.

In common with many of his fellows, he had felt the influence of the revival under Wesley and Whitfield, and was in a state of indiscreet enthusiasm. In the heat of a discussion he had said that one of his tutors "had no more grace than this chair I am leaning upon." The remark, overheard by a chattering student, was reported to the authorities, and the culprit was called upon to make public confession, and to withdraw the disrespectful expression. This he firmly declined to do, and the authorities felt it incumbent on them to exercise their power and expel the unfortunate but obstinate student.

The subject of their stern discipline was David Brainerd. He was born in 1718, at Haddam, in Connecticut, New England; his father, who was descended from one of the Pilgrim Fathers, being at the time one of the Council for the Colony. David was brought up in the rigid doctrines of Calvinism, and, as a child, was

wont to withdraw himself from his fellows in order to engage in meditation in the solitude of the woods. Losing his father when only nine years of age, and his mother a few years afterwards, his young mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of preparation for death, and his constant prayer, when a youth, was that God would open a way for him to devote himself wholly to the Christian ministry. He was brought up on his brothers' farm, where he was engaged in agricultural pursuits until his twenty-first year. Then, having made considerable progress in learning during his spare moments, he entirely relinquished his farm work and devoted himself to study.

He went first to live with Mr. Fiske, the pastor at Haddam, in whom he found a friend congenial to his tastes, and was advised by him to withdraw from the company of those not similarly minded with himself, and to spend more time in private meditation. Brainerd was naturally of a melancholy temperament, consequent, to a great extent, on his feeble and delicate health, and the strivings of his heart after holiness and the sense of his own unworthiness weighed upon him with extraordinary power. No sooner did he seem, for a moment, to have attained assurance of salvation, than he was at once checked, and inwardly chastising himself for his presumption. The struggle between the two parts of his nature resulted in a state of deep physical depression, which, with alternating periods of spiritual joy, wore his frail body out and brought him to an early grave.

In the year 1739, he became a student at Yale College. During his close application to study his health broke down, his lungs became affected, and he was sent home to die. He, however, providentially recovered and returned to the college, when the unfortunate event occurred to which we have referred, and which caused him many a bitter hour afterwards.

It was, indeed, a serious affair for a man of his ambition and enthusiasm, and a number of ministers, including Mr. John Wesley, petitioned for his restoration. This was refused, and when, some time afterwards, he sent a most humble acknowledgment of his offences to the authorities, they still denied him forgiveness. Brainerd remained undaunted, and applied himself earnestly to the purpose of his life. His interest had been excited in the condition of the Red Indians, and, in the spirit of religious enthusiasm which Whitfield had brought into the Christian Church, Brainerd determined to go forth to labour among the heathen.

He was licensed in 1742, and at once commenced his labours among the Indians at a place called Kent. He had scarcely any acquaintance with the Indian language; but, in spite of this important drawback, the people were much impressed by the earnestness of his preaching, and perhaps were not wholly ignorant of what he was saying to them, since their journeys amongst the settlements of the white men would cause them to become acquainted to a slight extent with the English language. He remained, however, but a very short time among these people. The Commissioners of the Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge had heard of his enthusiasm for missionary work, and were desirous of engaging him. Having made successful overtures to him, he was sent under their direction to a place called Kanaumeek, between Stockbridge and Albany.

He was in an extremely bad state of health at this time. He would often become so weak as scarcely to be able to stand, and the pain from which he continually suffered showed that he already possessed the seeds of a terrible lung-disease. In this state he arrived at Kanaumeek, riding and wading through swamps, forcing his way through the luxurious vegetation of the forests, and toiling over the rocky mountains which surrounded his future halting-place.

His lodging was in the hut of a Scotch family recently arrived from the Highlands, but their coarse fare and straw beds were ill suited for one of his frail constitution. Perhaps, had he regarded his health, the hospital and its comforts, rather than a draughty hut and a straw bed, would have been a more congenial place for him. But of his health he had no thought. Regarding his frail body as but the temporary resting-place of a weary soul, his writings show the longing he felt that he might take leave of his mortal home, and pass away to the Better Land.

The family with whom he lodged spoke only Gaelic, whilst the master of the house had but a poor acquaintance with English. Brainerd loved solitude, and until he was able to build himself a log hut, was compelled to look on at many a scandalous scene enacted by the colonists, protesting vehemently against the evil habits of the white men who came at times to the settlement, and were a far greater stumbling-block to the propagation of the Gospel than any arguments the Indian priests could bring. "You whites," an old chief said, "bring us your vices and diseases to the extermination of our tribes, and your fire-water to the degradation of our young braves. We had no disease, no drunkenness, before you came: how do you expect us to believe in your religion?"

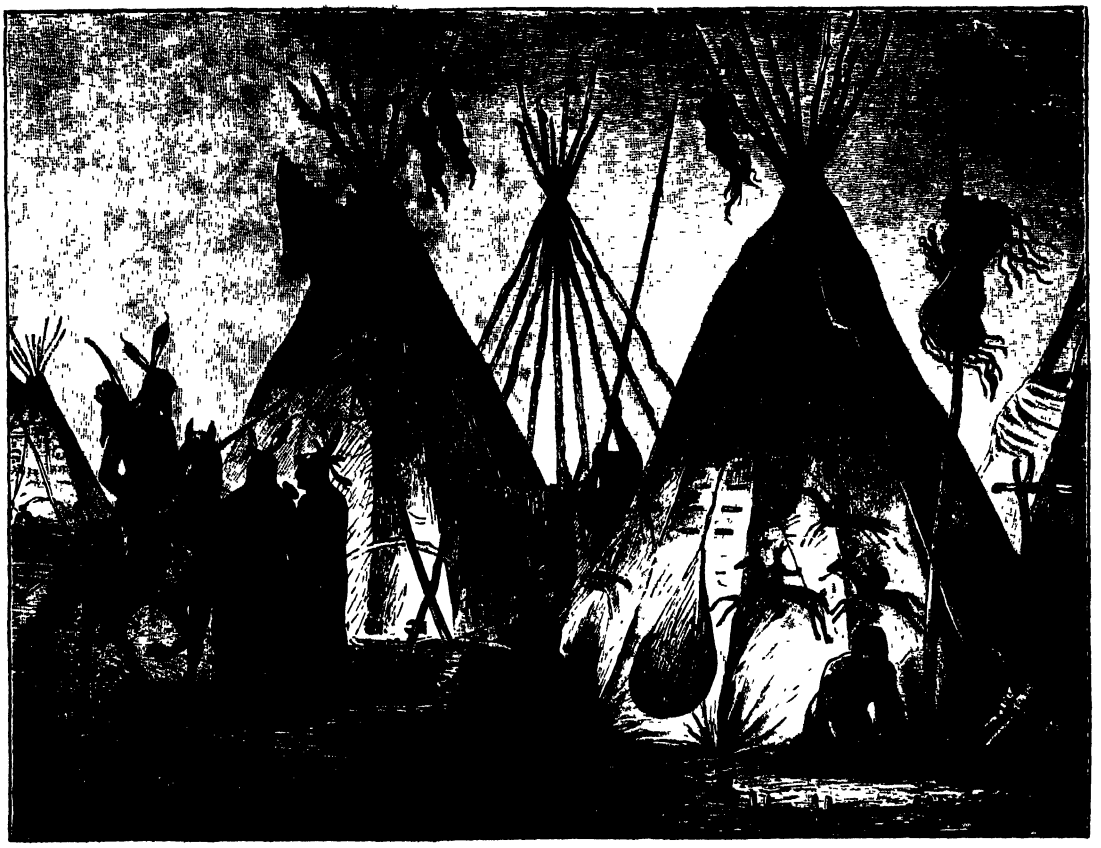
After he had been a few months at Kanaumeek, he wrote:—"My soul is, and has been for a long time, in a piteous condition, wading through a series of sorrows of various kinds. I have been so crushed down sometimes with a sense of my meanness and infinite unworthiness, that I have been ashamed that any, even the meanest of my fellow-creatures, should so much as spend a thought about me; and have wished sometimes when I travelled among the thick brakes, to drop as one of them into everlasting oblivion."

He soon decided to leave his place of lodging, nearly two miles from the wigwams, and trust himself wholly among the Indians. In this way he would be able to preach to them both morning and evening, at which times previously he had been engaged in riding to or from his own abode, and when, indeed, they would be more free to attend to him.

At last he found himself alone with his beloved Indians, far away from all contamination by the whites. He was wholly dependent on himself for his means of sustenance. He would not enter into a wigwam and partake of even the poor fare which sufficed for the Indians' meal; but, like Eliot, compelled himself to provide for his wants; and we can well imagine the straits into which he was driven in his efforts to supply himself with food. He was forced to go ten or fifteen miles for all his bread, and when he laid any quantity by for the future, it would get sour or mouldy before he ate it. Sometimes he complained that for days together he had none at all,

not being able to send any one for it, nor able to catch his own horse in order to go himself. Once, when in a dilemma such as this, he made some cakes out of Indian meal he had by him, and fried them, and then "blessed God as much for my present circumstances as if I had been a king."

His life among the Indians was a terribly hard one, yet, when entering upon his work, he had sold all his personal effects and devoted the proceeds towards the



AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

maintenance of a pupil at the college; and now, by depriving himself of almost the necessities of life, he was able to save a considerable sum to be devoted to charitable purposes.

Brainerd was not very successful in his attempts to convert the Indians at Kanaumeek, and for a long time, whether there or elsewhere, no remarkable results followed from his preaching. He had no fixed plan, as Eliot had, of forming the Indians into settlements; for a long time he had not even a school for the children around him, and was at a great disadvantage in being dependent on an interpreter for the faithful reproduction of his sentiments.

Although he had no satisfactory evidence of the conversion of any of the Indians

at Kanaumeek, drunkenness greatly decreased, idolatrous sacrifices were entirely abolished, and other improvements took place.

Brainerd had been in the habit from time to time of riding to Stockbridge, a distance of twenty miles, in order to learn the Indian language from the Rev. Mr. Sergeant, the missionary at that post. This was always a fatiguing journey to him, and was indeed an affliction to one in his condition.

The place, too, where he was settled, was near to the frontier, and in the days of the war between the English and French in America, when the natives took sides against each other, and perpetrated their horrible cruelties in the name of civilisation, the occupants of outlying settlements were advised to take safety in flight. Under Brainerd's direction, most of his flock removed to Stockbridge, and placed themselves under the care of Mr. Sergeant, whilst he himself was left free to pursue his labours in another quarter.

He arranged with the Society under whose auspices he was working, that he should proceed southward to the province of Pennsylvania, and labour among the Indians near the Forks of the Delaware. The thought of the journey through the lonely forest in the feeble, almost dying state in which he was, nearly unmanned him; but, taking heart, he bore up bravely until he reached his destination.

Of his untiring diligence and zeal, ample proof remains in the diary he left, wherein he was in the habit of writing at length his thoughts and meditations. One day, soon after his arrival at the Forks of the Delaware, he says:—"I was greatly oppressed with guilt and shame this morning from a sense of my inward vileness and pollution. About nine o'clock, I withdrew to the woods for prayer, but had not much comfort. . . . . Towards night, my burden respecting my work among the Indians began to increase much, and was aggravated by hearing sundry things that looked very discouraging—in particular, that they intended to meet together the next day for an idolatrous feast and dance. Then I began to be in anguish. I thought I must in conscience go and endeavour to break them up, and knew not how to attempt such a thing. However, I withdrew for prayer, hoping for strength from above. And in prayer, I was exceedingly enlarged: my soul was as much drawn out as I almost ever remember it to have been in my life. I was in such anguish, and pleaded with so much earnestness and importunity, that when I rose from my knees I felt extremely weak and overcome; I could scarcely walk straight, my joints were loosed; the sweat ran down my face and body, and nature seemed as if it would dissolve. So far as I could judge, I was wholly free from selfish ends in my fervent supplications for the poor Indians. I knew they were met together to worship devils, and not God, and this made me cry earnestly that God would now appear and help me in my attempts to break up this idolatrous meeting." Unknown as he was to them, he was yet successful in prevailing upon them to abandon their dance, and to listen to him.

Brainerd about this time extended his labours to some outlying Indians, and had to travel through an unmapped and almost an unknown country. Many hardships were undergone on this journey, but were very similar to those which befell him whenever he travelled between the Delaware and the Susquehannah—the principal

scenes of his labour for the next two or three years, where much of his preaching must have been thrown away, since the good seed he was continually scattering was not carefully tended, and his visits were too transient to be entirely successful. Yet at one place Brainerd had the intense joy of witnessing a most remarkable religious awakening which attended a visit of his. The cloud was at length showing a silver lining; the darkness at last was fleeing before the rising sun.

He had returned from a most disheartening visit to the Susquehannah, and was ready to sink into the depths of despair. But having heard of a body of Indians at a place called Crossweeksung, in New Jersey, about eighty miles eastward from where he had been engaged among the Delaware Indians, he decided to visit them. He found some few families scattered about at a considerable distance from each other, and was obliged to preach his first sermon to a congregation of only four women and some children. This small beginning was, however, soon to expand into a remarkable work of grace among the Indians. Those who first heard Brainerd hastened to inform their neighbours of his arrival, travelling from ten to fifteen miles for this purpose. The company soon increased to forty-five or fifty persons, and Brainerd preached earnestly to them, meeting with no opposition and hearing of no objection. He attributed this favourable disposition on the part of the Indians to the fact that one or two of them had attended his meetings at the Forks of the Delaware, and although he had there met with such discouragement and want of success, he now had the satisfaction of knowing that his preaching had not been thrown away, but had been the means whereby the hearts of the people at Crossweeksung had been prepared for the reception of the Gospel. Those who had previously heard him had been attempting to show their fellows the evils of idolatry, and at last Brainerd met with that success for which he so earnestly laboured. After spending a fortnight at Crossweeksung, he returned to the Delaware, and experienced great pleasure shortly after in baptising his interpreter into the Church, together with his wife.

Brainerd's good reception at Crossweeksung was fully sustained on his second visit. Scarcely had he been in the settlement two or three days, before every one was making the inquiry, "What shall we do to be saved?" Many were brought under deep concern for their souls, and obtained assurance of the love which was borne for them by their Redeemer. Each sermon which Brainerd preached seemed to be productive of increasingly satisfactory results. Many more were awakened, and such as he deemed fit were baptised into the Church of Christ.

In February, 1746, Brainerd found himself compelled to open a school for children. About thirty entered it, and made surprising progress, several being able, in five months, to read the New Testament. In consequence of some of his flock being in debt to the colonists, it was decided to form an Indian settlement at Cranberry, about fifteen miles distant, and away from temptation by contact with the whites. Brainerd succeeded in paying off the debts of his Indians; the little body of Christians removed from Crossweeksung, and in twelve months the settlement presented a most flourishing appearance. Brainerd was now much exercised on questions of duty. His body longed for rest and quietness, and the thoughts of settling down peacefully among the congregation he had

formed, and which he loved so well, had great fascinations for him. The idea of it, however, only occurred to him to be banished from his mind, and henceforth he decided that he must struggle for the extension of Christ's Kingdom to the very end.

He determined to cast the seeds of religion once more along the banks of the hitherto barren Susquehannah, and in September, 1746, set out for that part of the country. He started, knowing that his state was critical. The hardships he had undergone had broken his constitution, and he was well aware that his incurable disease must soon prove fatal. Often he was obliged to sleep in the woods, where he suffered from cold sweats and spitting of blood, and was so feeble at times that he felt ready to fall from his horse. Depression of spirits naturally followed, and caused him to give vent to the most humiliating reflections upon himself. After an absence of about a month, he returned without having met with any further success. He became so ill, and yet so unwilling to give up his beloved work, that he preached to his hearers from his bed, and administered the Lord's Supper in the same position.

Having been recommended to take as much exercise as possible, he started on a journey to Boston, but was again cut down by illness, and compelled to spend the winter at Northampton as the guest of President Jonathan Edwards. In the spring he reached Boston, more dead than alive; but the popularity he [illegible] there, and the manner in which his advice was sought by ministers when any missionary scheme was on foot, was more than he could bear. He left the city after a short stay, and again visited Northampton. The journey was however, too much for him. He was soon entirely confined to his bed, anxiously "awaiting the coming of the Lord's chariot," until nature at last succumbed to the ravages of disease, and David Brainerd, in an unusual moment of freedom from pain, entered upon the reward which awaited him.

John Eliot was in his forty-second year when he commenced his missionary labours. David Brainerd was yet in his thirtieth year when his earthly task was completed, and he was called away to his lasting home.