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A Heroic Missionary

Miss Coombs shielded two of her Chinese girl scholars with her own body and eventually paid for this act of heroism with her own life.

MISSIONARY HEROINES OF THE CROSS

TRUE STORIES OF THE SPLENDID COURAGE AND PATIENT ENDURANCE OF MISSIONARIES IN THEIR ENCOUNTERS WITH UNCIVILIZED MAN, WILD BEASTS AND THE FORCES OF NATURE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

BY

E. C. DAWSON, M.A. (OXON).

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AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF BISHOP HANNINGTON" "LION-HEARTED" "IN THE DAYS OF THE DRAGONS" &c. &c. &c.

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE Church of to-day is running a race for the possession of the world. Other forces than Christianity are hard at work, and make much the same promises as the Church. Civilization is spreading so rapidly that in a very few years hence it will have altered the conditions of life of every race and nation upon earth. But it is a civilization which does not trouble itself much about God, and has nothing to do with another world than this. If we believe in the revelation of eternal life which was made through Jesus Christ, and that the chief end of man is "to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever," we must make haste to proclaim this truth to all mankind before the secular teacher has occupied the ground. Much has already been done to show Christ as the Light of the World, but very much more remains to be accomplished.

The object of this book is to give as vivid a picture as possible of some of the pioneer work which has laid the foundation of all present efforts. The examples here given are all women. The men have been undertaken by other writers.

My endeavour has been not so much to give complete lives of missionary workers, as to present an impression of the everyday doings of those who accept a missionary vocation. Some of the short histories contained in this volume are exceptionally adventurous, some are not. It may be taken perhaps for granted that the ordinary life of the ordinary missionary is not so. It is composed of a regular

round of somewhat humdrum duties, and is as little romantic as teaching in a school at home. Yet adventures of the most tremendous sort may come suddenly and at any moment upon the quiet days of the evangelist and teacher, when his faith in the goodness of God will be put to the test.

Such was the case in China so recently as 1895 and 1900, and such cases may again recur. The earlier missionaries to Africa, to North-West America, to Sarawak and to the South Seas had lives as full of adventure as the most adventurous could desire.

Not a few of the women included in this volume went out as the wives of missionaries. But they were none the less missionaries themselves. Indeed, whatever may be said as to the expediency of sending young wives into certain dangerous or difficult stations, experience has abundantly proved that in very many instances the man who is married doubles his efficiency for good. Wise Mission Boards will, no doubt, make a very careful study in future where single men and single women can be used most advantageously—whether alone or in communities—and where the man and wife can best display the beauty of Christian family life.

The instances given are, as the reader will perceive, taken from "all sorts and conditions" and from various denominations of Christians. We have scarcely yet reached the stage in which ecclesiastical differences bulk largely in the mission field. Here and there there may have been some clashing between differing systems. But things are not generally enough advanced for that. All the teachers are mostly concerned with those elementary truths which lie at the basis of every kind of Christianity. Hence the feeling of tolerance and brotherly-kindness with which missionary greets missionary among the heathen. So far as I have been able, I have tried to give some idea of what all are attempting to do.

PREFACE

I desire to acknowledge, with many thanks, my indebtedness to the following ladies and gentlemen who have kindly provided me with much valuable information concerning many of the subjects of the chapters in this book, contained in private letters, pamphlets, and books:—

Miss C. W. Mackintosh, Secretary of the Barotsi Mission, Upper Zambesi; Mrs. Robins; F. D. How, Esq.; Dr. H. Martyn Clark; Miss A. M. Stoddart; Eugene Stock, Esq.; John Jackson, Esq., F.R.G.S., Secretary of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East; Miss B. Yarnton Mills, of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa; Mrs. Bunyon, and Mrs. McLaren.

My best thanks are also due to the following Missionary Societies and firms of publishers who have given me permission to make use of the information contained in books issued by them, which are referred to at the end of the various chapters:—

The Religious Tract Society; the China Inland Mission; the Church Missionary Society; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; the Moravian Missions; the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton; Mr. T. Fisher Unwin; Mr. John Murray; Messrs. Marshall Brothers, Ltd.; Mr. Andrew Melrose; Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier; Messrs. Morgan and Scott, Ltd.; Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.; Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.

E. C. D.

EDINBURGH.

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I

MRS. DUFF

A GREAT MISSIONARY'S WIFE

Her husband, Alexander Duff—Sail for India—Wrecked—A revelation of character—Landed on a small island—Rescued by a man-of-war—A cyclone on the Hughli—Wrecked again—Reach Calcutta—Work in India—Birth of a son, and illness of Mr. Duff—The flood of 1833—She returns to England—A true companion to her husband—Death—Character.

WHEN Alexander Duff went to India, he took with him his young bride Anne Scott Drysdale. Duff was then twenty-three, and had recently been admitted by Dr. Chalmers into the Ministry of the Church of Scotland. The girl whom he asked to be his wife well knew what sort of life she would have to lead. For Alexander Duff was thoroughly committed in heart and mind to missionary work among the natives of India. He was made of hard and stern Scottish stuff. From the moment when, at the age of fifteen, he left his father's farm with twenty pounds in his pocket, and matriculated at St. Andrews, he kept himself by the prizes and bursaries which Scottish Universities provide for such boys as he. When he came to manhood he deliberately dedicated his sound scholarship and high abilities to India. Whoever became his wife would have to regard herself also as a missionary

to the people of India. And that is what the subject of this sketch did with all her heart. It is true that her conception of duty led her to minister, in the first place, always to him whom she had promised to love, cherish, and obey. But in doing this she did not step out of the ranks of the efficient. As Dr. George Smith says, "She worthily takes her place among those noble women, in many lands of the East, who have supplied the domestic order, the family joy, the wedded strength needed to nerve the pioneers of missions for the unceasing conflict that ends in victory."

Mrs. Duff and her husband sailed for India in 1829. A voyage to India in the twenties was sometimes exciting, and they had plenty of adventures. They were caught by a gale at the start, and blown out of their course as far as Falmouth. Again at Madeira they narrowly escaped shipwreck in a fierce hurricane which drove several ships ashore and drowned their crews. They passed close to one of the dangerous pirate vessels which then threatened navigation off the Cape de Verd Islands. This particular corsair was being chased by a British frigate. Finally, they were wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, striking the rocks of a hidden reef. In an instant the ship's back was broken, and they were in danger of falling to pieces beneath the violence of the waves.

Sudden perils of that kind reveal character. During the few scared minutes which succeeded the shock and the call to the boats, the curtains which hang over people's hearts were lifted. One man declared himself a hypocrite. Another was discovered half-drunk in his cabin, and lost for ever his reputation for sober respectability. To the Duffs it seemed almost like a Day of Judgment, so startlingly did each individual appear as himself and none other. As usual, in such moments of real emergency, the ladies responded nobly to the call upon their courage and unselfishness. They gathered trustfully around Duff, who called them to unite in prayer. They took their turn to fill the boats, which could receive but a few at a

time. A very lovely spirit of self-negation appeared among them. When it was decided that the women should be first saved, the unmarried girls actually besought that the married men should be allowed to go with their wives. The wives protested that they would not go without their husbands. Finally, the boats put off amidst the breakers with the married men on board in addition to all the women. They rowed out into the night through the foam, and somehow reached a shelving beach behind the rocks which had wrecked them.

When daylight came it was found that they were upon an island. Presently two men appeared who lived on the rock during the nesting season to collect penguins' eggs, and with the help of these they made a hasty meal. Mr. and Mrs. Duff had by this time acquired so strong an influence over the passengers and crew, that when one of the sailors found Duff's Bible washed up on the shore, everybody took it as an omen directly sent from God that they would be saved. The extraordinary sight was presented of a shipwrecked company kneeling openly around a missionary while he prayed for them all and read aloud the "Traveller's Psalm" (Ps. CVII.) from the rescued Book.

The egg-collectors' boat was too small to take them to the mainland, but it carried the news to a man-of-war, which after four days transported them over the forty miles of sea which lay between this desolate Dassen Island and the Cape. It is curious to read that so few were the East Indiamen at that date, and so eager were officials on furlough to get back to India before the expiration of their leave, that fancy prices were demanded of all passengers picked up at Cape Town. Mrs. Duff and her husband had to pay 3000 rupees to the last ship of the season to take them to Calcutta.

But their adventures were not concluded yet. At the mouth of the Hughli they were met by a cyclone. So violent was the tornado that their ship was not only torn from her anchorage but was hurled on to the flooded shore. She was pressed by

the weight of the hurricane upon the clayey bank, where she worked a hole for herself in the mud. As she was in instant danger of heeling over into deep water and foundering, the passengers were put in boats on the shore side, and deposited with much difficulty and no small peril on a bank, where they stood waist-deep in rushing water. At last they reached a low-lying island and took refuge in a heathen temple. None of the natives would allow them to enter their huts. "Thus," says Dr. Smith, "the first missionary of the Church of Scotland was, with his wife and fellows, literally thrown on the mud-formed strand of Bengal, where the last land of the holy goddess, Gunga, receives her embrace."

The young husband and wife, thus tossed like a shuttle in the sport of the elements, entered Calcutta a few days later. They were plastered with mud and half-dead with fatigue and excitement, but full of a kind of glory that nothing should have prevented them from reaching the goal of their desires. At last, after eight months' struggling, they were in India. Lord William and Lady Bentinck received them both with kindness at Government House, and wished them God-speed. As for the Calcutta newspapers, when the story of their repeated disasters became known, they wrote: "Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India."

What that notable work was is fairly well known to all who are interested in Missions, but is fully set forth in Dr. George Smith's biography of Dr. Duff. He lost no time in opening a college, at which not only English but the Bible was taught, and soon secured a number of promising pupils. This was done in opposition to the advice of almost all the Europeans in India, who were inclined to treat Duff's measures as revolutionary. But he persevered, and before long gained the interest and affection of some of the most intelligent of the young Bengalis. He himself mastered the Bengali tongue, and got as quickly as possible on intimate terms with the men.

Miss Cooke, afterwards Mrs. Wilson of the C.M.S., had then been teaching a girls' school for eight years. She had perceived that the Indian girl is not so brainless as she was then supposed to be, and a certain little girl had persistently entreated her to be allowed to read with the boys. She opened school in 1822, and now had two hundred girl students. These, however, were mostly of the lower castes. Hindu prejudice was still utterly opposed to the education of wives, and the zenana was almost impregnable. Mr. Duff's freshly trained boys, who had also had an opportunity of studying the family life of their teacher, were of a different opinion. In their debating societies they bravely advocated the emancipation of woman. And though the thing might not yet be in practice, they, no doubt, did their part towards the creation of a more liberal public opinion.

Mrs. Bishop thought very strongly on the subject of the marriage of missionaries. She quotes instances in which weak and ailing wives have injured their husband's influence; and others in which wives, themselves unsuited for the hardship and exile of foreign work, have brought their husband's missionary career to an end. But she would have found nothing but good in such a union as that between Alexander Duff and his wife. If she was not an educationist or a platform-woman, she was much better. She was the warm heart which never failed. She was both stimulant and sedative. Encouraging the man of whom she was so proud to do his utmost, she was always there to comfort and support him when sick and weary. A year or two after their settlement in India, Mrs. Duff's courage was put to the severest test possible. Her baby son was born while her husband lay, as many thought, sick to death. But one does not hear a word of complaint, or any suggestion that she was afraid to face anything that might lie before her.

Yet she had passed through experiences which might have given some women a distaste for such a life. As, for example, when the lower lands were flooded by a cyclone similar to that

which had wrecked them when they first entered the Hughli. That flood of 1833 was long remembered. It carried a ship of 1500 tons some miles inland, and left it stranded there among the villages. It is said that a tiger swam across the tide to a hut which stood on a mudbank, and which was full of refugees. There it landed among the frightened people, and pushing its way through them all, buried its head, trembling with panic, in the darkest corner of the house. It was shot there, and its skin brought as a trophy of the incident to Calcutta. The Duffs thought it their duty to visit the mission stations ruined by the tide-wave, and dared fever and dysentery among the rotting vegetation and putrefying corpses which marked the course of the flood. In all such duties these two were as one.

But Mrs. Duff not only knew how to share all her husband's hardships, she was also ready for the much harder trial of separation when the need came that they should part. Uncomplainingly she rested with her four children in Britain, while her heart travelled forth with her hero in India. Fifty years ago people wrote to one another more formally than now. Letters half a century old sound somewhat stilted to our ears. They are less spontaneous and much more studied in expression. Dr. Duff's letters to his wife are no exception to this rule. There is nothing of the "little language" in them. But they are, at any rate, essentially the letters of a man to a woman. He treats his wife as his equal, and does not attempt to talk down to her. She is his comrade; he is quite sure she will understand him. He explains nothing, but just tells her what he did, where and how he preached, what people said to him, and how he replied. She knew all about it and would comprehend. That is the greatest compliment a man can pay his wife. Besides, the Duffs were both Scotch. They had not been brought up in a demonstrative school. They loved deeply and took each other's love for granted. Probably that can be carried too far; but one must always bear in mind their

innate difficulty of self-expression in gauging the relationship of the members of a northern family to each other.

Dr. Duff's biographer speaks of his "excessive reticence regarding his most sacred domestic feelings," yet sometimes he lets his heart be seen, as when he wrote to his wife about a dead child of theirs: "I seldom allude to the dear child that bore your name, but the sweet image of her often crosses my mind. She was a perfectly lovable one. . . . Even still, when alone by myself, the thought of her sweet expression and lisping tongue, often brings the tear to my eye,—as now."

And again, reminding her of that awful day on the Hughli river when he lay helpless with dysentery, and she brought forth her firstborn son: "If I forget the 19th of July, 1834, 'Let my right hand forget her cunning'; if I do not remember it, 'let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.'" That was written eighteen years after; and still through the crust of habitual reserve would come upheavals of volcanic feeling.

There can be no doubt that "Duff found his solace and his inspiration in his wife. From her quiet but unresting devotion to him, and his excessive reticence regarding his most sacred domestic feelings, many failed to appreciate the perfection of her service, not merely to her husband, but to the cause for which he sacrificed his whole self." When the wife died at a comparatively early age (she was not sixty), people began to understand how great was the loss. It was then not only her husband who mourned. He, indeed, was broken up with grief. "Ah! How solitary and lonely now! My eyes have become sore with weeping." "My faithful, loving spouse—my other half, who sustained and cheered and comforted me, and was not merely the light of my dwelling, but my very home itself. . . . She is not, for God hath taken her."

But such a wife is the ideal other-self of the keen worker, always in the public eye, and engrossed in his schemes and organizations. What such a man wants to complete his usefulness is not a partner as keen to use tongue and pen as he himself,

but one on whom he can always fall back for comprehension and unfailing love. He wants a woman, not another man. There have been women who have cut out for themselves a line of work independently of their husbands', and have made themselves a name. That was not the wish of Dr. Duff's wife. Nor was she the woman to double her husband, taking her stand with him in public and engineering his successes. Some women have done this with notable effect. But that was not the way of her genius. She neither made speeches, nor led movements, nor organized associations. She was content to be very little known, except within that small circle of her own household in which she was all in all.

But her place in the history of missions will probably be found to be a large one when all things are revealed. And in this world, where most people are content with effects, and do not trouble themselves to look for causes, most of the strong things, the forces which move the human machine, remain covered up.

A Bengali preacher, however, understood and appreciated her. Perhaps her quiet strength came very near to the oriental conception of the highest goodness. This Indian Christian said to a congregation of Indians, "Her distinguished husband was engaged in a mighty work, and she rightly judged that, instead of striking out a path for herself of missionary usefulness, she would be doing her duty best by upholding and strengthening him in his great undertaking. Mrs. Duff rightly judged that her proper province was to become a ministering angel to her husband . . . who had to sustain greater conflicts than most missionaries in the world, and who therefore required more than most men to countenance his attentions, the sympathy and the consolations of a loving companion. It is a happy circumstance for our missions and for India at large that Mrs. Duff thus judged."

Such a woman—and there are many not unlike her—should not go unmentioned in a book of missionary heroines. For

if her part is difficult who goes forth alone into the field and faces unknown dangers, it is not less difficult to keep the camp, and to watch with straining eyes the progress of the battle, committed to every issue of the fight and to be still.

Most of the material for this chapter has been drawn from the *Life of Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D.*, by George Smith, C.I.E., LL.D. (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton).

II

MRS. ROBERT CLARK

A MISSIONARY PIONEER OF THE PUNJAB

Robert Clark—Amongst the Afghans—His future wife—Married—Peshawar —The zenanas—Shot at—Death of her daughter—A strange visitor—An Afghan Christian—Kaffirastan—Mrs. Clark invalided home—Returns to Peshawar—The Kashmiri—Opposition of the Maharajah—Mrs. Clark's courage—Medical work—More opposition—Driven from Srinagar —Successful work at Amritsar—Difficulties of converts—Mrs. Clark goes to Scotland—A seven years' separation—Return to Amritsar—The Alexandra Schools—Mrs. Clark invalided home—A ten years' separation—A meeting at Amritsar—Death of Dr. Clark—Character of Mrs. Clark.

ROBERT CLARK is rightly called Pioneer and Missionary Statesman by his biographer. He was educated for a commercial life, but at the age of nineteen decided that he would prepare himself for the ministry. Accordingly he graduated at Cambridge, and was amongst the Wranglers of 1850. His mind was then directed to the Foreign Mission field. After filling an English curacy for about a year and a half, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society and was sent to India. He was twenty-six when he landed at Calcutta, and went at once to the Punjab. His station was to be Amritsar, the city by the Lake of Immortality.

It was pioneer work at Amritsar in those days. Dictionaries, grammars, translations did not then exist. Everything had to be made from the beginning. A school was soon opened for Sikhs, Moslems, and Hindus. English was included in the school course—a great innovation. Scripture study was also made part of the curriculum. The first preaching of the Gospel in the Amritsar bazaars took place on October 20th,

1852. All sorts of ugly rumours had to be lived down, as that converts were baptized in cows' blood. But gradually the mission established itself, won adherents and gained the confidence of the people.

Robert Clark was the first missionary to the Afghans. Most men thought he crossed the Indus to his death, but he safely explored Kashmir and Ladakh, and penetrated some way into the Himalayas and Western Tibet. He was the first agent of the Church to enter the city of Leh.[1] In 1855 he founded the Afghan Mission at Peshawar. This throve apace, though often in spite of frantic and murderous opposition. Clark's own life was attempted at least once. His adventures might have been multiplied many times had he not been sent home on furlough a few months before the outbreak of the mutiny in 1857. During that hideous time, however, he was among his own people in England. It was during this time of rest that he met his wife, the subject of this sketch.

Elizabeth Mary Browne was the eldest daughter of a Scottish doctor who had taken up his residence in London. He had spent most of his life in Calcutta, retiring after forty-five years of work in India. Miss Browne was a girl of somewhat unusual attainments. She was a linguist of ability, and added Sanskrit and Urdu to French, German, and Italian. Her thoughts were much in India, and her heart went out to its needs. As a collector for the Peshawar Mission she had corresponded with Robert Clark. They met at King's College Hospital, where she was working as a Sister of St. John. An engagement soon followed, and they were married at Marylebone Church on May 14th, 1858. A month later they sailed together for India.

Robert Clark was now senior missionary at Peshawar. His young wife immediately took her full share in the work. She visited everywhere, and sought out the women in the zenanas. Here her medical knowledge stood her in good stead, and

[1] See page 85.

brought her many patients and friends. As she was not allowed to take books into the zenanas, she got by heart considerable portions of the gospels and recited them with great effect. Recitations are a well-known form of entertainment in the East, and Mrs. Clark's recitations of the Gospel stories and the sayings of the Lord became very popular. Once when Mr. Clark was away she accepted an invitation to reside for a whole fortnight in a zenana, dressing like a Moslem lady, and getting intimately acquainted with many customs unknown to the ordinary European.

She was quite fearless, too, and not averse to an adventure. Once, as she rashly rode northward toward the mountains and the Khyber Pass, two shots were fired at her by some lurking tribesmen.

In 1859 she lost her firstborn child, a daughter, but did not let her sorrow divert her from the fixed purpose of her life. Her interest in the regions beyond was intensified by a strange visitor, who came floating down to her on the waters of the flooded river. Among the drowned cattle and the ruins of homesteads, which were borne down from the hills upon the raging torrent, was seen a half-submerged haystack, on which crouched the form of a strange-looking woman.

This woman, being brought to land, was found to be different from any in the district. She was fair and dressed in hide. Her language none could interpret. Mrs. Clark at once undertook her care, but could make little of her. She was in great grief and would brood silently for hours, straining her eyes toward the distant mountains. Then she would look at the baby boy in Mrs. Clark's arms and fall into a passion of weeping, lamenting her case in some barbarous tongue. It was conjectured from certain sounds she made that she came from Kaffirastan, and from her actions that she had lost her own baby in the flood. One day she stole Mrs. Clark's child and got almost to the hills with it before she was overtaken and brought back. She was a wild creature who would not be

tamed, and one day she disappeared altogether to reappear no more.

The coming of this strange woman out of the mysterious North opened up the question as to what manner of people those might be who dwelt behind the rampart of the mountain range. The Moslems called the land Kaffirastan, or the Regions of the Unbelievers. It was known that no Mohammedan could penetrate there and live. Those wild tribes made hate of the Moslem a part of their creed. Dr. Martyn Clark says, "No male of the race was accorded the privileges of manhood until he could bring a tale of twenty Mohammedans slain."

In spite of this it was hoped by Dr. Clark that a native *Christian* might be received and secure a hearing. Dr. Martyn Clark gives some delightful and racy examples of the dauntless warrior-spirit which animates the Afghan Christian, and makes him delight in dangerous pioneer work for the religion he has embraced. Thus when he was preaching at a fair a Moslem began to question his statements. Whereupon a young Afghan mullah who had accepted Christianity, entreated, "My father, my heart is so full of love to Christ that I beseech thee let me enlighten this man." The conversation accordingly began quietly; but presently a yell rang through the fair. The Moslem was on the ground howling, "He has killed me! Do you call this Christianity?" Above him stood the wrathful Afghan, heedless of the Moslem crowd about him, and shouting, "Just say that again!" Then he explained, "This scum said that Christ was not the Son of God; so, of course, I knocked him down." The victim found nothing to say, but "Call this Christianity!" To which the white padre replied, "Yea, verily. Had this youth been a Mohammedan Afghan, thy life alone would have satisfied him; but inasmuch as he is a Christian, rejoice that the loosening of a few of thy teeth hath sufficed." "Verily, the words of our doctor sahib be the words of truth and wisdom," cried the crowd. Then to

the prostrate man, "Fool, what demon drove thee to affront the Afghan? Knowest thou not the race?" It was enough; the discomfited refuter of foreign doctrines had to listen to the remainder of the discourse without any further interpolations.

Another Afghan convert was preaching, when a Moslem Afghan rushed at him with, "Say but one word against the blessed Prophet of God, and may I be accursed, root and branch, if I do not at once dispatch thee to hell!" In an instant the other Afghan had accepted the challenge. With a shout he replied: "Wilt thou indeed lay down thy life for that lying camel-driver of Mecca, dead and gone, with his very bones mouldered into dust, who never did a hand's turn for thee; and shall I do less for the Lord who ever liveth, and bought me with His own blood? Come on!" Whereupon like rival bulls they locked together, and had to be separated by main force. Nor could the young champion of the Cross be made to see that there was anything inconsistent with Christianity in his action. "Could I do less for the Lord?" was all he would reply.

Truly those men find it difficult to turn the cheek to the smiter; though even that they will do when their Cause is not in dispute. But that amongst them can be found strong stuff for pioneer work one is not surprised to learn. Mr. Clark says (*Missions in the Punjab and Sindh*), "The first Christian missionary to Kaffirastan was an Afghan. He took some medicines with him, and wrote an amusing account of his reception as a medical man, although he had only received one hour's instruction, together with some labelled bottles, from Mrs. Clark." Nothing daunted by his brief apprenticeship, this man at once set about doctoring the natives. A little girl who took his medicine for her neuralgia, went on crying with the pain; but her mother promptly boxed her ears, saying that if she was not cured, she ought to be, since she had had her physic. This same bold adventurer into a savage land saw twenty-eight Mohammedan strangers who had crossed the

frontier massacred together. The Kaffirs began to drum and pipe while they danced round their unsuspecting guests; then, without a moment's warning, at a given signal, several men flung themselves upon each Moslem and cut him down with their knives. They then took off their heads and flung the bodies into the river.

These wild and excitable men of the mountains apparently had no grudge against a Christian. They received Robert Clark's forerunner in a friendly and even enthusiastic spirit, begging him to bring some Europeans with him next time. The outcome was that a "Kaffirastan and Border Mission" was commenced, with some encouraging results. But life in the neighbourhood of fanatics is never very safe, and Mr. Clark's coadjutor, Mr. Tuting, narrowly escaped while preaching in the streets of Peshawar. An Afghan charged him with his murderous knife, and the stroke was barely averted by a brave bystander. As for Mr. Tuting, says Dr. Martyn Clark, "he finished his address as if nothing extraordinary had occurred."

None of these things terrified Mrs. Clark for a moment, but repeated attacks of fever at last compelled her to return to England. She had made great progress in her work among the women. It still went on during her absence; but her husband wrote to her, "We want you badly, for the women take to you, and are, through the men, always asking for you." After an absence of about a year and a half she was allowed to return to Peshawar, quite restored to health. She and her husband then made up their minds to adventure into Kashmir.

Mrs. Clark's opinion of Kashmir, after a short experience of place and people, was the same as that of almost every other missionary. Everywhere dirt, and people who minded it not. "We have been brought up in it," they would say, "and so we do not mind it; but if any one comes from the country, it makes him ill."

The Kashmiri people, too, were not of a sort to invite affection. Their Afghan and Sikh neighbours used to say, "Kick a

Kashmiri first, then speak to him." However, Mr. and Mrs. Clark determined to try what could be done, and they made for the capital, Srinagar.[1] There they found a house, and hoped to be allowed to settle down.

The Maharajah of Kashmir, however, was of a different opinion. He did not want a Christian mission. And though he dared not openly assault an Englishman, he was entirely minded to turn him out. He gave secret instructions to the police, who in their turn gave the word to the mob; and when the Clarks' boats arrived they were pelted and not permitted to land. An Afghan disciple who went about foraging discovered another house at another landing, and in the early dawn of the following morning the Clarks rowed there rapidly and took possession. They were soon discovered by the mob and for a while the worst was threatened. The house was besieged by a howling mob of men and boys. Stones were thrown, and breaches were made in the walls of the stable and compound. The authorities carefully kept away. The crisis was barely averted by the gallantry of a Frenchman, a Monsieur Gosselin, a shawl merchant who lived across the river. He, seeing the tumult, came over armed only with his whip, and being known by the people, reached the house, and obtained a parley. At one moment it looked as though he would be flung over the bridge into the flooded river, but courage prevailed and the cowardly people let him through. Mr. Clark managed to take advantage of the division to reach the Wazeer and demand justice. Dr. Martyn Clark, who was then a child, says that he has a clear remembrance of his mother that day of terrors. "She watched the howling mob with an amused smile, and so interested her children in the doings of the crowd that they forgot to be terrified." While the frantic populace beat against the house like a tide, and filled the air with their roaring and vile threatenings, "hooting as only Kashmiris can," she faced them all with an untroubled brow. Surely a mother to be proud of.

[1] See page 77.

Finally Mr. Clark got some sort of justice from the Wazeer, and the people were dispersed. But it was only when some of the English officials made common cause with the Clarks, and gave it out that they would defend the house with their bodies, that any peace was assured. Nor was Mrs. Clark at all disposed to yield to violence. When her husband put it to her whether she would go or stay, representing the danger they were in, she replied that "she was not afraid either for herself or the children, but was confident that God could and would protect them, and that at any risk they ought to remain."

They did so, and proceeded to open a dispensary. Mrs. Clark started as doctor to the city. Crowds came to consult her. Patients became friends. Timid people who thought that her medicines were made up of the hairs of dead Sahibs, and had a magical effect to compel the swallower to become a Christian, changed their minds, and sought healing too. Things began to look quite encouraging. Mr. Clark gained a footing as teacher. Even the Dewan came to consult the Memsahib about his health. But in the end the unyielding opposition of the Maharajah prevailed, and they had to return once more to Peshawar.

Before this happened, every sort of attempt was made, on any possible legal pretence, to oust the missionaries from their house. On one such occasion a native officer and a Baboo were sent by the Wazeer to bid them quit. As Mr. Clark was away, they walked straight into Mrs. Clark's room, without any introduction, and called out loudly and insultingly whether she intended to obey orders and go? "Well, what does she say? Are they going or not going?" Mrs. Clark said not one word, but rose and left the room, and sent a servant to request them to leave.

The Memsahib was always quite equal to such an emergency, and was not to be browbeaten. The Kashmir doors, however, were not quite yet to remain open to the Christian teacher.

When they were once more in the Punjab they set to work

to develop the mission in the most practicable possible way. Mrs. Clark's success as a doctor had taught her husband with what key the native mind might most readily be unlocked. He set that movement on foot which resulted in the wide establishment of medical missions throughout India. The Clarks also opened a sort of caravanserai for Christians at Amritsar. Christians had to suffer all sorts of inconveniences and rudenesses in travelling, and a place of rest for the convert on a visit to Amritsar was highly appreciated. While all this was going on, the Clarks lost their second son at Amritsar; but no personal sorrow could turn them from their work.

Mrs. Clark was, as has been said, extremely popular with the women and young people generally. The native ladies had a great affection for her. "Such was her influence," says her biographer, "that, for her sake, her husband and other gentlemen were sometimes actually allowed into the jealously guarded zenanas."

The first, and perhaps the last, occasion on which Mr. (afterwards Bishop) French saw into the interior of a zenana was through the special confidence which the master of the house felt in Mrs. Clark and her friends. Mr. French said of the lady of that house, "She goes to the top of the house sometimes to look at the roof beneath which, she loves to think, a Christian woman lives close to her."

Some of the zenana ladies were very apt pupils and disciples. Dr. Martyn Clark tells the original of that story, which has been often quoted, of the high-caste lady who lay dying of cholera. She besought that the Christian pastor might be sent for to baptize her before she died. Her friends refused. Whereupon she begged for a cup of water. But as soon as it was brought she poured it over herself, saying, "I baptize myself in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; and if I do wrong, may Christ forgive me."

Dr. Martyn Clark also gives some instances which came under his own observation of the excessive difficulties under

which converts labour. Everything is done to prevent them from earning a livelihood. A Christian milkman was allowed to supply an English family. All went well, and the quality of his milk was undoubted, till one day, when the lady of the house was receiving a large party of guests, four huge earthworms wriggled out of the cream-jug into the cups. Horror, indignation, and disgust! But the Kansumah meekly replied, "What knoweth thy slave of the living creatures? It is *Christian* milk, as your honour willed." Of course no more orders went to that luckless dairy.

The Christian butcher may supply the freshest of meat, but a short while in the sun gives "Christian meat" a flavour which does not incline the Sahib to continue his patronage. The "Christian meat" has a way of arriving just too late for dinner, or it will be exchanged for a tough and stringy piece of a similar size. "Not the fault of your lordship's slave. Lo! it is Christian mutton." "Christian tea" followed the same rule. There are several ways of letting tea lose its flavour, and the tea from the Christian shop soon discovers one of them. In fact, the only way to make a Christian household work would be to have it Christian from the top to the bottom.

Mr. Clark tried hard, and not altogether without result, to overcome these impediments to the formation of a Christian community. He founded the first Christian village in the Punjab, and obtained 1900 acres of land from the Government for the purpose. This village was called Clarkabad, in his honour. At the first attempt it did not succeed, but later, after the experience of failure, it became a notable success.

When Mrs. Clark and her husband returned to England in 1868, it was hoped they might enjoy a considerable furlough and regather their scattered strength. That, however, was not to be. A prominent worker died at Lahore, and it was almost impossible to fill his place. In this stress Mr. Clark at once offered to break into his furlough and to return to India. It was perhaps as great a sacrifice on his wife's part as on his own.

She was left with her children, and retired quietly to Scotland. It was some compensation to hear how Mr. French had received the telegram that Mr. Clark was to join him at Lahore. "Then," said he, "were we all filled with gladness and laughter, and we said, This is the answer of God to our prayer."

It was some seven years later that Mrs. Clark again saw her husband. When he was able to return home she hastened to Egypt to meet him. Dramatically enough, their two steamers came into Port Said from India and Europe at the same moment. It was as though the long-separated flew to greet one another from East and West. Together they went hand in hand through Palestine and Syria, then by coasting steamer along the shores of Asia Minor to Constantinople, and everywhere they found time to regard all they saw with the eyes of the pioneer and statesman. They made careful notes of the effect of Mohammedanism in each country through which they passed, and laid up facts for use when they should return to their work. Then came a few summer weeks at North Berwick with the children, and already Robert Clark's holiday was done. His wife and he, after they had arranged for the education of the young people, went back together to India in the autumn of 1876. They landed at Bombay at the close of the year, were present at the Delhi Durbar on New Year's Day, 1877, at which Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, and a few days later were in their house at Amritsar.

A difficult work had now to be faced: the rearing of the Alexandra Schools. They threw themselves into the task of collecting the necessary funds. They were discouraged by nothing. "If there were but one brick left in the Punjab, Robert Clark would have it," remarked a friend who had probably himself been put under requisition. At last the splendid school was erected, and our gracious Queen, the then Princess of Wales, allowed it to be known by her name. The middle-class school for girls followed, and, later still, the Baring High School for Boys at Batála.

All this prodigious work, in which Mrs. Clark co-operated with her husband, broke down the wife's health. In 1878 she was ordered home, almost at a day's notice, as the one chance for her life. Her children were startled to hear by the mail that their parents were actually half-way home. Then Mr. Clark broke down also, with pneumonia, and that winter was spent at Algiers. They then returned to England where Mrs. Clark was compelled to remain, while her husband hastened back to the duties which demanded his presence in the Punjab.

Robert Clark wrote to his wife, "It is hard for you and me to be so much parted; but the children need a mother more than a father, and we must commit each other to Him. . . . Here I am 'at home.' I feel very much for you, and I long to have you with me for work and comfort; but you are clearly in your right place with the children now." Ten years passed before the two were together again at Amritsar in 1889. As Robert Clark's work and influence grew, the strain upon him and his wife became heavier. That is a law of life. The older the really capable and willing become, the more they have to do, until the day at last arrives when the body refuses to obey the mind and spirit. They knew no rest these two, and they inspired others with their boundless energy.

An amusing illustration of this is given by Dr. Martyn Clark. A servant of the Clarks missed his train to Lahore from Amritsar. He jumped into a country cart to catch it at the next station. When he arrived too late, he pushed on to catch it at the next, and so on, always pursuing, but always behind, he persevered, till at last he did catch that train. But it was in the station at Lahore.

But the end was drawing on. In 1896 Mrs. Clark was again obliged to take a rest. This time she sailed to Australia. Her husband wrote to her: "Life's work is nearly done now, and we must get ready to depart." Four years later, on the 16th of May, 1900, he passed into the Beyond. Almost his last

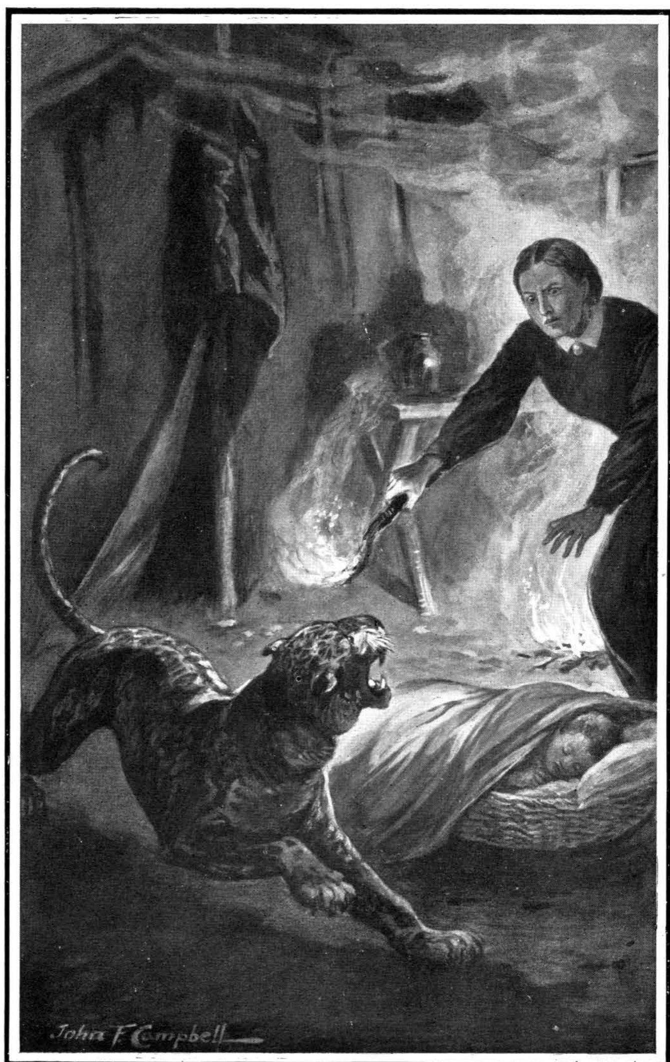
words were: "I am very tired; let me sleep, for Jesus Christ's sake." Mrs. Clark was by him to the last. When they inscribed an epitaph upon his memorial-stone, his wife, who knew best what was always in his mind, added the words—

"He was among you as one that serveth."

The following note on his mother's life has been kindly supplied by Dr. H. Martyn Clark, of Edinburgh.

"Elizabeth Mary was a woman of extraordinary mental gifts. She studied medicine first at the University and hospitals of Paris, an unusual thing then for a woman to do. She joined the group of students who in the early seventies of last century took up medical study in Edinburgh. She took a keen interest in the work of missions, corresponded with various missionaries, and collected for their work. One mission was that of the C.M.S. at Peshawar. Eventually she married Robert Clark, of the Punjab. She had an extraordinary gift for languages, spoke many fluently. I have heard her speak English, French, German, Italian, in one hour, so that none could tell from her tongue of which of these lands she was a native! Hebrew, Latin, and Greek were familiar to her. In her latter years she daily read her Greek Testament. To Western languages she added a number of those of the Orient. As a rest and pastime in her old age she took up the study of Russian! Her memory was marvellous. She never forgot a thing. She was an acceptable and fluent public speaker; she had the pen of the ready writer and was a poetess of high merit. Everything in life touched some point in her many-sided nature, and her versatile genius enabled her to do everything, and do it well. Science, history, geography, literature, were all familiar fields to her. She was a lecturer as well as a writer, and was an exceptionally brilliant conversationalist.

She possessed an amount of courage and determination that few have. In the face of what she considered duty her will was inflexible. When her fourth child was born a bad epidemic of cholera was raging in Amritsar. She daily went to the dispensary, and herself saw hundreds of patients. One morning she was absent; the news spread a son had been born (Hamlet Edward Clark, B.A., LL.B., barrister-at-law, who two years ago gave



A Courageous Mother

Mrs. Clark awoke one night to find a panther in the act of carrying off her infant. With wonderful bravery and presence of mind she snatched a blazing stick from the fire in the tent and thrust it full in the brute's face.

up the practice of his profession to become a C.M.S. missionary at Clarkabad, in the Punjab). The following day Mrs. Clark had herself carried to the dispensary, and under her directions the patients were attended to. She sent the child straight off to the hills with his ayah, and it was three months before she saw him again. On another occasion a lady with whom Mrs. Clark had had a great deal of unpleasantness, so that they were antagonistic, developed small-pox. Mrs. Clark had another infant at the time. She promptly left it in good hands, and went to the stricken woman and nursed her devotedly through the small-pox. Another anecdote is characteristic of her. An officer, with whom she had had some differences, so that intercourse was straitened, fell ill. She heard he was lying with none to care for him. She went off at once, removed him to her own home, and nursed him assiduously for weeks; and her last words were: 'Remember now that you are well—we are as we were before!'

She was the pioneer of medical missions, of woman's work in the Punjab, of orphanages, etc. (Vide *Robert Clark, of the Punjab.*)

In every home duty Mrs. Clark was as brilliant as in public life. She was not of the number of those who are so intent on the good of others that their own vineyard they neglect to keep. There was time to the fullest for the duties of wife and mother. Very tender was the bond between the children and this most loving and understanding of mothers. She devoted herself to them. When the present writer told her of his resolve to be a missionary, she said, 'Son, all the years you were at home from your earliest childhood, as boy and lad and young man, do you know what my last act was every night? I bent over you while you slept, and prayed God to make you His missionary servant; so my prayers are answered to-day.' So great was the mother's love in her that though she had six children of her own, she adopted four, to whom she was mother indeed, and who took their place as her children among their brothers and sisters.

When the present writer, a baby of six months old, was given up by doctors in Peshawar—for only a cold climate could save him, and there were no railways then or facilities for reaching hill-stations that now exist—the mother rose to the occasion. The Afghan mountains look down on Peshawar—wild, inhospitable, full of cruel men, and every danger—but *cold.* They seemed but

to mock the distracted mother with her stricken child. For all the good they were for her baby they might have been in the moon. 'I will camp on those mountains in spite of every danger and difficulty,' she said; 'my child shall not die if the cold can save him.' And camp on them she did, with soldiers to guard the tents, and it was adventurous work. One night she woke up to find a panther in the tent in the very act of annexing her infant; and if she had not, with the greatest courage and presence of mind, snatched up a stick from the smouldering fire and thrust it full into the animal's face, the present lines would never have been written.

The memories of her greatness and goodness, of her wit and brilliancy, and of the rich reward of her labours crowd on me—but I must forbear. The Dutch and the Scots origin blended well in her to form a strong, devoted character, illumined by the fire of genius and graced by an exquisite tenderness and love.

Many beyond the flood would give her welcome home, as there are many among numerous kindreds, peoples, nations, and tongues to call her blessed."

Much of the material for this chapter has been derived from *Robert Clark, of the Punjab, Pioneer, and Missionary Statesman*, by Henry Martyn Clark, M.D. (Edin.). Andrew Melrose.

III

A.L.O.E. IN INDIA

Batála—Charlotte Tucker—Her works and charities—Her family—"Auntie reaches India—Work at Batála—At Amritsar—Illness—At work again —Bishop French—Her work at Batála—Dies at Amritsar.

THE letters A.L.O.E. and Batála are closely enough associated in the minds of all Church-workers in the north of India, but they will both, possibly, be cryptic to some general readers. Batála is an Indian town in the Punjab, and A.L.O.E. was very well known by the last generation of children, for whom she wrote an unceasing stream of popular books; but fashions change and names pass quickly in these rapid days. When A.L.O.E. went to Batála, the place had a sufficiently bad reputation. A Deputy-Commissioner complained that it was "the most troublesome and litigious city in the district." Things are better now. There is a church there, and a school with 280 boys. This school goes by the name of the A.L.O.E. High School, and whatever change for the better there is in Batála, the lady who was known by those letters may well be remembered as the mother of it.

As most people probably know, the letters A.L.O.E. stand for A Lady Of England. They were the *nom de plume* under which Miss Charlotte Tucker wrote her books. She was a very voluminous authoress. Her works would fill a good-sized bookcase. About eighty of them were published in England, and more than forty more were issued in India and translated into various Indian tongues.

There are many middle-aged people who will remember the pleasure they got from the delightful *Giant-killer*, that daunt-

less hero whose breathless adventures wrapped the meaning and moral of his exploits in a ruddy cloak of thrilling romance. Then there was that cunning *Rambles of a Rat;* and, though second to the *Giant-killer*, *Pride and his Prisoners*. *Fairy Know-a-bit* too pleased us well, and so did many of the others. Forty years ago colporteurs used to hawk books about the countryside, walking from hamlet to hamlet and farm to farm; and people used always to look out for some new book from A.L.O.E. on the good man's tray.

Charlotte Tucker is a splendid type of the indomitable English woman, who never knows when she is old, and will not confess that she is tired until she comes to die. There are all sorts of types in Britain, and some that are very lovely and very unlike Miss Tucker's. But we should do very badly without a strong infusion of that Tucker type. It is a beautiful type which has no physical beauty, and is so lovable because it is so unconscious that it is worthy of love.

But it must be confessed that women like Charlotte Tucker are not to be met with every day. Some may have her talent, others may have her courage, and more may have her gentle humour and humility, but in very few have all these qualities been so happily combined. For Charlotte Tucker was entitled by her gifts to a high place in the world of letters, and she had all the courage to occupy such a place had she chosen to do so; but she was also the least ambitious of women. Strange that one so strong and brave should have asked nothing more than the love of her friends, and their leave to do her duty!

The life of this woman who became a missionary in middle age, after she had found her place in society and made her name in the world, is the most wholesome and stimulating reading possible. It shows the way clearly out of that listless unhappiness which clouds so many unoccupied and self-conscious lives, and teaches all who will follow her how to escape and be joyful.

In the first place Charlotte Tucker dared to make her own

acquaintance. She knew herself thoroughly and was quite aware of her abilities and disabilities. The latter would have appeared formidable to many women. She was not good-looking, distinctly plain, in fact; and she was quite aware of it. As a little girl she came to that conclusion, and, laughing at her own funny little face, made up her mind that if she were to get on in life it must be in spite of it. Some one saw her, a mere girl, take up a glass and apparently put her face through the ordeal of a stiff examination. After a critical study of each feature she shook her head decisively. She had evidently passed sentence upon her looks. After that she gave herself no further trouble about them.

In the next place she had a very strong sense of duty, and very early came to the conclusion that that must come first in life, and that when it was placed first, other things might be expected to arrange themselves satisfactorily. So she followed on contentedly from duty to duty, and never found time hang heavy on her hands.

Charlotte Tucker was born when the last century was still young, on May 8th, 1821. She had the advantage of coming into the world in the orderly ranks of those who know neither poverty nor riches, who are neither hampered by too many honours, nor are devoid of honours and place altogether. Her father was a man of good family and standing, a Bengal civilian who became chairman of the East India Company, that great "John Company," the directors of which were, in fact, the rulers of India. In consequence she met the best men and women, and knew a great number of the most interesting people of her day. She began to write before she had left the schoolroom. The family was great at private theatricals, and Charlotte wrote several plays which have considerable merit. She had a rare humour and an incisive way of making points quite peculiar to herself. Her gift of badinage never deserted her all through her life.

Apparently her sense of religion came to her gently and

without any spiritual convulsion. She was always deep in her thoughts. Witty, but never light. Moreover, she had a habit of facing facts and acknowledging them. So religion was a very real thing to her. At about the age of twenty-six her religion pressed more decidedly upon her conscience, and she put herself under a definite rule. She systematized her charities and her work among the poor. Among other duties she began to visit the workhouse. She also put her pen into harness. She was thirty-one when she published the *Claremont Tales*. Other books followed quickly, the profits of all of which were used for charitable ends.

It must have been quite early that Charlotte Tucker's mind was turned toward India. Not only had her father served there, but five of the Tuckers were in India during the Mutiny, and one of them fell at the hands of the mutineers. This brother, Robert Tucker. was a man of immense determination. His lion-like stand at Futteypore will never be forgotten. Single-handed he defended the Treasury against a horde of sepoys. All the Europeans had escaped from the doomed town but himself. He absolutely refused to quit his post. When the deputy-magistrate, a Mohammedan, in whom he had placed peculiar trust, turned against him, he retreated alone to the roof of the Cutcherry where he barricaded himself as well as he could. There he remained all day in the blinding sun and half-dead with thirst, till he was attacked by the whole force of the rebel police. They had to pay a heavy price for the life of this grim and steadfast man, who stood not merely for himself but for the authority committed to him. He killed twenty, some say thirty, of them before he was shot down.

This same Judge Tucker belonged to that sturdy band of Christian soldiers and statesmen who left such a mark on that generation. He was keenly interested in the evangelization of the Indians. He opened a school at Futteypore during his magistracy, and himself preached to the natives. He gave

royally to the missionary cause. One of his recorded sayings is: "If every hair on my head were a life, it would be too little to sacrifice to the Lord Jesus Christ." Men of that kind can be the most terrible opponents when they have to defend the right. And Charlotte, too, who came of such a stock, could be uncompromising enough when her choice lay between right and wrong. She was always for duty.

Another brother took an active part in founding the "Christian Literature Society for India," and distributed, among other books, Charlotte's work on *Futteypore*, which she wrote at the conclusion of the war. One way and another she was drawn India-ward, and her desire grew to devote herself wholly to its needs. It was not, however, till she was fifty-three that the way was actually opened. She was then widely known. Her literary signature had become a household word, and at least sixty-eight of her books were in circulation. She held a settled position in society, and enjoyed a sufficient competence. Of course, her friends did all they could to dissuade her from going out. How could a woman in her fifty-fourth year expect to cope with oriental languages, not to mention climate and conditions of life?

But they talked to no purpose. Charlotte Tucker was, in reality, a young woman—young in everything but years. She had splendid health, nerves under absolute control, and a cheerful courage which could match most things. In person she was fairly tall, spare and slight of build, and at this period of her life presented to the world an earnest, quaint face, framed in those low-sweeping rolls of hair in which ladies of middle age were then accustomed to enwrap their heads. If the forehead was a trifle narrow, any tendency which might be deduced from that was counterbalanced by the irregular nose and full, kindly mouth; while no one could look into her eyes, behind which twinkled perpetual humour, without wishing to be her friend. "Auntie dear" was the name by which she was known in her own circle. Indeed, she seemed born to be an "Auntie,"

the kindly friend and counsellor of many "nephews" and "nieces," whom she alternately spurred with a racy and relentless tongue and comforted out of the treasures of a steady heart.

As to dress, every one seems to agree that she was completely careless of it. She would put on anything that came to hand. Middle-aged ladies used to wear caps in 1871, and she wore one; but she never could make her own, and wore whatever was given her. Once when, for a wonder, she had a new bonnet, a friend borrowed it without leave, and wore it at a party. There Aunt Char met her, and remarked approvingly that she seemed to be wearing quite a pretty bonnet that afternoon. She had no recognition of it as her own.

For all this, or perhaps on this very account, she always looked well. Somehow her spare figure, with its rather jerky and eager motions, never lost its dignity. People did not take liberties with her, however many chances she might seem to give them. She loved a romp with the children, and danced with them, leaping higher than any of them, but they found nothing to laugh at. Young men and women whom she encouraged to drop ceremony and call her "Auntie," never seem to have been tempted to treat her otherwise than graciously and with respect.

A lady who met her in India describes her thus: "Tall, slight, with lofty brow, sparkling eye, face constantly beaming with love and intelligence; genius in every look; figure frail and fairy-like, agile and graceful; very brisk movements and light tread." All boys naturally took to her, and she to them. She had a perfect genius for games of all sorts, and would keep any company amused. On her way out to India she was quite the most popular person on board. A passenger speaks of the "influence she had over the men, some of them quite indifferent if not hostile to religion." "No one," she says, "could withstand her genial, loving ways; and it was a sight to be remembered to see her gathering the young fellows round the piano, while she led off in some old English ditty."

It was the same with her young men and boys at Batála. She wrote plays and songs specially for them. One of these plays was called *The Bee and the Butterfly*. It was plentifully furnished with songs. One of these had as a refrain—

> I am a brisk and sprightly lad
> But newly come from sea, sir!

The boys shouted it with great applause. "They think," she remarked, "that ours must be a very pleasant, genial kind of religion, connected in some sort of way with singing, cricket, and kindness." One is not surprised to hear that her boys' Bible class was very popular. She knew exactly how to interest young people and make them eager to ask questions.

On social evenings at the Mission she became naturally master of the ceremonies. Everybody was kept amused with stories, comic songs, historical anecdotes, anagrams, and round games. Or sometimes she would give a recitation from *Shakespeare*. She was not only an admirer of the king of poets, but she believed that he exercised a sound moral influence over all who studied him properly. She would have liked, had she been able, to have translated *Shakespeare* into the Indian languages.

Such was the woman who went out to win a corner of India for Christ when she herself had passed the meridian of her life. She was a woman of warm enthusiasms. She loved with a will, and glorified her loves. She thought there was no one like her fellow-workers at Amritsar and Batála, and that Batála itself was one of the most desirable spots upon earth. "Ours is such a dear little church," she would say; "I am not aware that there is one really black sheep in it, though there are some infirm ones." Again, when others were doubtful about continuing a work which they did not see so rosily as herself—"Batála must NOT be abandoned." She would scarcely take a holiday, and would never consent to go far away from her beloved town. As for the natives, she liked them cordially.

If she had been allowed, she would have dressed in Indian fashion altogether. The inevitable result was that she won their hearts. Here is an example of the sort of thing which sometimes led to a swift acquaintance, and more. "I saw a bullock-cart with a red, dome-shaped vehicle on it which contained some pardah lady. As I passed the red cage, a bright, jewel-bedizened lady, smiling, exchanged glances with me. I thought her a pretty creature. I wonder what she thought of the old lady who smiled at her." No doubt she thought pleasantly too. One could not think otherwise of one whose face so sweetly shone. They say that when she sang in church and played the harmonium, her face would light up wonderfully. Indians, not yet Christians, would walk far simply to look upon the face of the Miss-Sahiba. They considered that such an illumination upon a mortal face was well worth a journey to behold. One native continued to come to church solely that he might watch her face as she recited the *Gloria*.

Miss Tucker's belief in the native went very deep. She was sure that none were too degraded to be helped up. Some one had spoken slightingly of the Mihtars, or sweepers, who came for baptism, and she wrote to her nephew at home: "But you know, my T——, that there is plenty of room in heaven for Mihtars, and when they shine in white garments and crowns, no one will despise them." To show the Mihtars themselves how she felt towards them, the unclassed, no-caste folk, she sat down with them on the straw and shared their dinner with them.

As for her Batála boys, they were all gentlemen and knights in embryo. She wrote many school songs to get this idea into them too. Here are two verses:—

What is it makes a Gentleman? His dress is not the sign;
Though on each finger of each hand a jewelled ring may shine.
His necktie may be elegant—his boots be superfine—
Howe'er you dress a monkey, sir, he is no friend of mine.
He cannot be a Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

The real Gentleman is he whose aims are pure and high;
Who scorns a base, dishonest act, and tramples on a lie;
Who treats the woman and the child with gentle courtesy;
Who holds the Christian faith and hope, so does not fear to die!
He is the real Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

The last line of each verse was sung in chorus. Here is another school song, likewise with a chorus:—

Generous and just,
True to his trust,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Eager to learn,
Knowledge to earn,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Valiant to dare,
Patient to bear,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Ready to show
Love to a foe,
That's what a boy of Batála should be!

Of course, virtues put into such shape stick in the head, even if they go no deeper.

Charlotte Tucker gloried whenever any of her Indians showed that they could stand up for the Faith and hold their own with the whites. Once, at a railway station, she met two young Indian Christians and introduced them to an English subaltern on the platform. As soon as her back was turned the officer asked the Indians why they had forsaken their ancestral religion. "It's all the same," said this sage philosopher, "Mohammedans, Hindus, and Christians all know there is one God." "If that is the case," said one of the Indians softly, as the train commenced to move, "what is the difference between you and us and the devil?" If that young man is still alive, perhaps we may know some day what answer he made to himself!

Miss Tucker's thoughts were always with these people. She was always planning to do them good. It was not merely that she would give her bedding away to one sick man and her rug to another, but she would be seen picking out of the path pieces of broken glass. She could not bear to think of the bare feet which so often got hurt by the careless scattering of fragments.

Another point about her was that she saw the fun in everything so clearly. Even when burglars threatened, she could not be horrified out of a laugh. Robberies were terrifying people at Batála, and the open windows of an Indian house make a woman feel very defenceless. So "Auntie Char" armed herself. "Herbert is to lend me his revolver. On the alarm I am to jump up and fire at the trees or the stars. I am to have a very determined look; and we have all tutored one another *not to laugh.* I wonder how Nellie kept her countenance when one of the servants expressed a hope the Miss-Sahiba would give some notice before firing, and wanted to know what would happen if she killed a thief? I never fired the revolver, yet the *report* of it had a great effect."

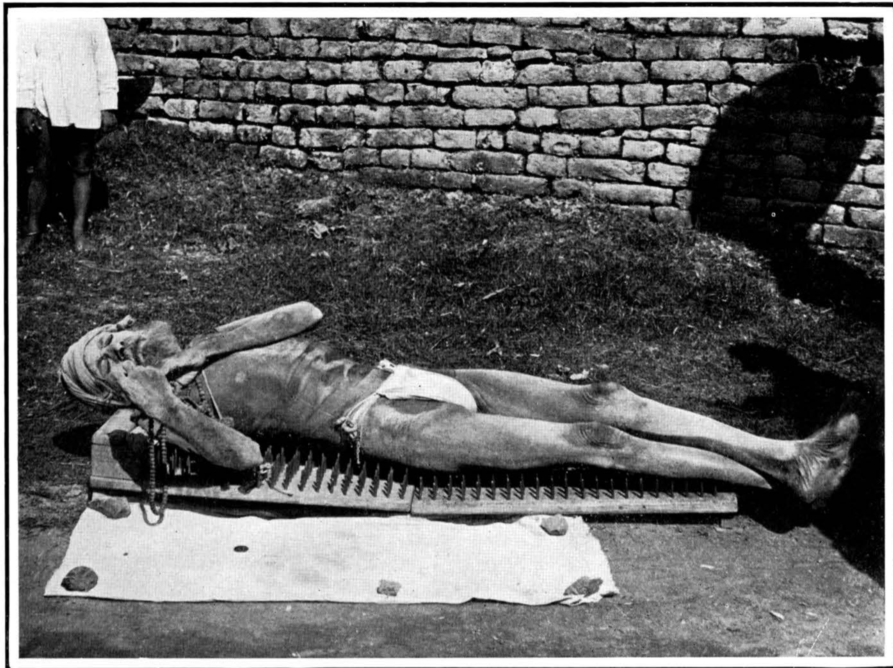
Her figure was well known in the streets of Batála, and everybody knew that she was perfectly accessible. One day a native usher passed her with some boys from the Government school. He stepped to the rear and hastily put the following questions:—

"I beg your pardon. Do you pronounce opīate or opiate?

"Who were the Jacobins? Were they the same people as the Jacobites?

"One more: What is 'Black eye? Give a black eye?' I can't find it in the Dictionary."

Miss Charlotte Tucker went to India in connection with what was then known as the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society. It embraced women of various denominations, and was eventually divided into two, the one being under



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AN INDIAN FAKIR RECLINING ON A BED OF NAILS

This devotee is lying by the roadside at a spot passed by hosts of worshippers on their way to a great Hindu Temple. Notice the cloth spread for the reception of the gifts. There is already one coin on it. The nails are somewhat blunted, and he lies down with great circumspection.

the Church of England, and the other retaining its undenominational character. When this separation took place Miss Tucker naturally joined the society associated with her own Church. On the 28th of February, 1875, she solemnly dedicated herself at the Holy Communion to work in the zenanas. She went entirely at her own charges.

When she arrived at Amritsar, well known to all the workers by repute and with the atmosphere of her literary fame about her, they were a little shy about attempting any immediate intimacy with her. But she took their affections at once by storm. "Don't call me Miss Tucker. Could you not call me Charlotte Maria?" Then, when there was still some hesitation, "Call me Auntie, then. So many call me Auntie. All of you must do so." And very soon they all found themselves doing quite naturally what she asked. But it was "Auntie" in the real and affectionate use of the word, coupled too with respect. Among the native members of the church she was known as the Buzurg or Honourable Miss-Sahiba, though the title Firishta, or Angel, was given her by some of her more adoring disciples.

One likes to think of her stopping her punkah wallas from working the great fan at two or three in the morning, lest they should be over-tired, and coming down to breakfast covered with mosquito bites in consequence. At first she would not take a place in the covered carriage to church, but insisted that she should walk, until a sharp headache reminded her that Europeans cannot trifle with an Eastern sun.

When she settled to go to Batála she found a deserted lodge which had been once a Sikh hunting-box, but was then in ruinous condition. It seemed fairly habitable, so she caused the owls and bats to be driven out, and the rats as far as possible hunted down. She then took up her abode there. Some one compared the house to the Garden of Eden, because, whenever it rained, "four rivers flowed through it."

Though Charlotte Tucker had a comfortable income of her

own, she would never spend more than was required to meet her barest necessaries, and gave all the rest away. This gave some the impression that she was poor. One of her fellow-workers, visiting England, spoke rather plainly to Charlotte's sister on this subject. When she looked round on the well-appointed house in which the English sister lived she was moved to say, "When I see how comfortable you all are here, and think of your sister, it makes me sad." She was much astonished to learn the actual amount of Miss Tucker's fortune, and that her meagre surroundings were entirely her own choice. No one, indeed, knew how wide and bountiful her charities were. She would give £100 at a time to a cause which needed it; and there was always a spare ten or twenty pounds for an emergency call. As her biographer says, "She had the gift of liberality by inheritance, and she cultivated her gift as a matter of principle." She was very sparing in the use of food, and even denied herself ice—almost an essential in such a climate. Her ideal of a "Mission Miss-Sahiba" was that first and foremost she should "never complain."

In 1882 she was happy to see a church commenced at Batála, and a proper mission bungalow. "You should have seen our servant," says Charlotte, when the Lieutenant-Governor came to lay the foundation-stone; "he was quite magnificent. He had on such a gold-adorned pagri that it might have graced the head of a rajah." As for herself, she put on something plain and simple. She wanted to look what she was—just a missionary.

The new bungalow was handed over to two German ladies who called it Sonnenschein, or Sunshine. By and by Miss Tucker herself built an appendix, which she inhabited, and named it Gurub-i-Aftab, or Sunset. Here, as the name implied, she purposed to spend the remainder of her life.

About three years later Miss Tucker's high thinking, hard

working, and plain living nearly brought her to the grave. She was given up by the doctors. It was apparently only her joyful exultation of spirit at the thought of approaching death which kept her among the living. She could not die. Her biographer tells the story very touchingly. When she asked if she might recover, they gave evasive answers. She insisted, "I am very deaf with the quinine, I can't hear what you say. If the doctor thinks I shall stay, do this," holding up her hand, "and if sinking, this," dropping her hand. Her friend dropped his hand. Whereupon a joyful exclamation escaped her. "I am so glad," she cried, "glad to be dying in harness. . . . It is too good to be true. . . . The bowl is broken at the fountain." But this very thrill of gladness brought her back into the circle of life. From that instant she became better, and was, before very long, at her work again. Her condition of mind at this time may be gathered from her conversation with her friends and nurses. "I *want* to go. You *must not* pray for my recovery. The doctor *says* I'm worse, doesn't he? I cannot do any more work, but I depart in the full glad hope of eternal life through Jesus Christ *only*. . . . I am almost surprised at my ever coming out to be a missionary. I was so very ignorant!"

But eight years more remained before she was to be allowed to "go home." There was a fine welcoming among the boys when she again appeared amongst them, and a feast in her honour.

Next year the venerable Bishop French, who was retiring from his charge of Lahore (1887), visited Miss Tucker. One writes of this visit: "It was beautiful to see them together. The Bishop and Miss Tucker went about in company, attended church together, and had many a long talk—both of them white-haired, fragile in look, worn out with heavy toil, aged beyond their years. Both would be so utterly absorbed in the subject under discussion as to see nothing around, to hear nothing that went on. There was about each of them a

remarkable 'other worldliness.' They were citizens of heaven, not of earth, and they realized the fact to an extent not often equalled."

From this time onward Auntie Charlotte was more of the old lady, and was treated, if possible, with greater tenderness by all her companions, but she did not, for that reason, spare herself. The natives regarded her with an extraordinary mingling of affection and respect. One couple insisted on presenting her with a handsome and valuable Cashmere shawl. In vain she protested; at last she says, "I *had* to go away wearing it, though I took it off in the duli, and took care of it, as if it had been a child."

Her old spirit renewed itself in the face of any opposition, and of oppositions, of course, there were plenty. "The Mohammedans," she said, "have done us a good turn. They have rubbed hard against our shield, and have caused our motto on it to shine bright." She came to think of her own personality, always a strong and vivid one, less and less. "We are only the housemaids. We open the door; but they come in, and go themselves up to the King."

In consequence of this shedding of self, a great quiet fell upon her. "I have felt that a beautiful Wing has been spread over me, which is lined with down and stitched with gold; and I am quite safe. Nothing can harm me so long as I remain under it."

So the year passed at Batála, full of restful activities. Charlotte Tucker was content to wait there till the end of her ministry came. "I think what is wanted out here is missionaries' graves; . . . the graves of old missionaries who have given their whole lives for these people."

She was now thinner and more ethereal than ever—"her face covered all over with fine wrinkles." But her bodily and mental vigour continued unabated until almost the end of 1893. In November that year she was again seized with a fever, the result of a chill. The last entry in her diary, of November 15th, is

"Too poorly to work." Much against her will she was persuaded to go to Amritsar, where she was taken that she might have the best possible medical advice. There she passed away on December 2nd. Her last distinguishable words were, "Quickly, Quickly!"

So this sweet and gentle soul was gathered up into the Everlasting Arms, and her frank and childlike spirit was admitted to the Light Eternal. To her, the offer of self-oblation in the Holy Communion had never been anything but most literal and personal: "Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee." When at length the day came in which she was allowed to be "fulfilled" with that Grace and heavenly Benediction for which she had so often prayed, she was very glad.

Her way of life had been so unassuming, and her conversation so kindly familiar, that some of those among whom she moved had scarcely realized how great a lady had shared their company and ennobled their intercourse. But, after death, all the latent strength in that strong face reasserted itself. Dr. Clark says, "I never saw a face so altered. It became a face of massive power; more like that of the Duke of Wellington than anything else; the nose particularly so, and the jaw. A strong, massive, determined, powerful face. I suppose the power was always there, but masked by the habitual gentleness and tender consideration for all around, which was so beautiful a feature in her beautiful character." Charlotte Tucker had learned, as few women have done, how to harness an indomitable will to the Yoke of Christ.

She was buried at Batála. Her body was carried thither on a *charpai*, a native bedstead, and was laid in the Church of the Epiphany. There her dear boys took turns in watching her all through the stillness of the night. She lay, they say, "like a crusader," with folded hands and sweet, set face till dawn brought with it the friends who were hastening from all

quarters to be present at the funeral. Then they placed her beloved body in the cemetery hard by "Sunset," the house which she had built for herself. Her name will always sound sweet at Batála.

Most of the material for this chapter has been derived from the *Life of A. L. O. E.*, by Miss Giberne. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IV

FANNY J. BUTLER

THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR IN INDIA

The first lady doctor in India—Character and abilities—Studies medicine—Work in India—Kashmir—Medical work at Srinagar—The dispensary—Death.

MISS BUTLER was the first fully qualified lady doctor who went from Great Britain to work in India. She dedicated herself to the women of India in 1880. Fanny Butler, known to a large circle of devoted young friends as Aunt Fan, was one of those girls who come early under deep religious impressions, and who conceive highly of their duty to the Saviour of the world. At the age of fifteen she began to dream of her life-work for Christ. Her imagination even then pictured herself as a missionary somewhere in the foreign field.

It is remarkable how, though so young, she directed all her energies in that direction. She deliberately took up languages, and did her best to master thoroughly, not only French and German, but Latin and Greek, saying, "If I get into the way of learning languages it will help me when I am a missionary." It was remembered afterwards by her friends how, when still a child, she never took the best or most comfortable places anywhere, and how eager she used to be to do tiresome things, and to do without treats and delicacies. They recalled how clearly she had shown a vocation for the ministry she afterwards undertook. If any one was unwell, or troubled, or in bad spirits, it was always Fan who could be relied upon to set aside everything and make them comfortable. There are some people who serve everybody, and yet never give the impression of being

put upon. Fanny Butler was one of these, first in the nursery, among her brothers and sisters, and afterwards in the great world.

It was a long visit to a sick sister, and the charge of the children during the protracted nursing, that led Fanny Butler to the definite determination to become a doctor. All that she had heard of the sufferings of neglected Indian women deepened upon her as she saw, from day to day, what a difference skilled and trained nursing made in the home of the sick mother.

When her sister expressed her regret that she should be spending so much time nursing her, instead of carrying on her studies, she would say that she was all in the way of her career, since she was learning in the most practical way how to nurse, and how babies should be washed and dressed. When they praised her voice, as she sat in the twilight singing hymns, she would say, "I am practising for my zenanas."

With this future kept steadily before her, Miss Butler did not grudge a long preparation at home. She was fully thirty before the opening came for her to visit India. She was thorough in laying a proper foundation. In 1874 she passed second in the Preliminary Arts Examination of the Women's School of Medicine out of 123. She also passed very highly the L.M. examination at Dublin. In 1880 she was accepted by the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, which afterwards became the two distinct societies of the Church of England Zenana Society and the Z.B.M.M. She began her work at Jabalpur and then at Bhagulpur, in the Central Provinces of India, where she practised dispensary work, and learned how to deal with the thousands of out-patients who seek the help of the medical missionary. It is a wonderful experience, that eagerness of a people, practically without doctors of their own, to avail themselves of the skill of the European. Eight years later, in 1888, Miss Butler was invited to commence work in Kashmir. She loved the Bhagulpur people, and they were enthusiastic about her. "Ah,

Doctor Miss-Sahiba, but will any one who comes next *love* us as you have done?" So her poor friends asked, and besought her to stay. But she was "under authority," and the word had gone forth that Kashmir was to be her destination; so she went, and was associated with Miss Hull in her work at Srinagar (Srinuggar). There she opened a dispensary, and was soon immersed in medical work.

Miss Hull gives a charming picture of Miss Fanny Butler in a pamphlet, *Itineration in the Villages of Kashmir.* We see her on horseback, then on foot, preferring to walk rather than trust to her bolting pony. Very weak and tired, as the trouble grew upon her which ended in her death; but always sweet and hopeful. Always ready for more work, too. Miss Hull thus describes a morning at a village: "The gospel address is listened to attentively, and the prayer interspersed with many an assent; and then all come, one by one, to be examined and prescribed for by Miss Butler. The eye cases are passed on to Miss Werthmüller, and Miss Edgely makes up the medicine. Plenty, and more than plenty, for all to do. The struggle to get first to the front grows painful as the day advances, somewhat as it must have been at the Pool of Bethesda when the waters trembled at the angel's touch. And now the day wanes. Some eighty sick women have been soothed and helped. We sit down by our lantern to our evening meal."

And so on, day after day. "Again the crowds gather and clamour, noisy, dirty. . . . The noise ceases for a while at the sight of my yellow Kashmir gospel . . . and again the sad crowd of unwashed humanity tries to crush forward to the little table where Miss Butler is getting ready for them."

"Dear Kashmir women," asks Miss Hull, "why won't you wash?" "We have been so oppressed, we don't care to be clean," is the dispirited reply. They crowd round Miss Hull, though she declares, "I am not the great Doctor Miss-Sahiba." They throng the dispensary door. Mrs. Bishop, describing Miss Butler's work, says: "It was a terrible sight

to see the way in which the women pressed upon her at the dispensary door, which was kept by two men outside, and another inside. The crush was so great as sometimes to overpower the men, and precipitate the women bodily into the consulting-room. The evil odour, the heat, the insanitary condition in which Miss Butler did her noble work of healing and telling of the Healer of souls were, I believe, the cause of the sacrifice of her life."

She died on October 26th, 1889, quite worn out, but in great peace, and was buried on the 28th at Srinagar.

Her servants asked the honour of bearing her to her grave. "We have eaten her salt," they said, "and no other arms must carry her."

V

MARY REED

AND THE LEPERS OF THE INDIAN HILLS

Born in America—Sails for India—Zenana work at Cawnpore—At Gonda—Invalided home—First symptoms of leprosy—The asylum at Chandag—Work among the lepers—A question of water—Her vigour.

THERE are many establishments of lepers in various parts of the world, and unselfish Christians have always been found ready to minister to the needs of the unhappy sufferers. Some instances of personal devotion have made a specially deep impression on the mind of this generation, and have appealed to the generous imagination of all who love great and heroic deeds. If the name of Mary Reed has not yet been widely known outside the circle of those who are more particularly interested in missions to lepers, all that is needed is to state plainly those facts about her which her modesty will permit to be published. Her life hitherto has been a very delightful illustration of the manner in which a vital and practical Christianity triumphs over every evil which can befall "this vile body."

Mary Reed was born in America. Like many American girls of good education and slender means, she was destined for the profession of a teacher. She served in this capacity for about ten years, and having been consciously converted at the early age of sixteen, she made the most of her many opportunities among her pupils to instil in them the love of a Christian ideal.

Her people were Methodist Episcopalians, a body which

does some notable mission work in the Foreign Field. In the early eighties Miss Reed offered herself to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of this Church, and was accepted for work in India. She sailed in the autumn of 1884. When the Society's Conference met in the following January she was selected for work at Cawnpore in the zenanas. From Cawnpore she was sent to Gonda, where she remained until 1890. The climate of India had by this time told upon her rather severely, and she returned on furlough to her home in America.

It was during this visit to Cincinnati that certain symptoms which had for some while puzzled her became so pronounced as to leave little doubt that she had contracted leprosy. How or where it was impossible to know, but somewhere in India the fatal contamination had fastened upon her. She had for some months suffered from a perpetual pain in the forefinger of the right hand, and a livid spot appeared on the cheek close to the ear. The doctors could not find any explanation, till it came to her with the force of a stunning conviction that this was none other than the mark of the leper. Her fears were quickly confirmed by the physician whom she consulted, and his diagnosis was confirmed by specialists in New York, London, and India. One can well imagine what a terrible ordeal it was through which this poor young woman had to pass. The future must have seemed to her full of terrors, while imagination would supply all those loathsome details which accompany the halting but certain career of that incurable disease. That she should have quickly risen out of the sea of trouble into which she was for the moment plunged, speaks volumes both for her personal character and for the reality of the faith which upheld her.

The first clear vision which came to Miss Reed was that she was being divinely set aside for a special work. Who could better minister to the lepers than a fellow-sufferer? Who could more effectually persuade them to accept the Gospel of Christ than one who had herself tested that Gospel and found it suffi-

cient for her own bitter needs? So she made her way back to India to offer herself for service in the leper settlements.

A friend who saw her at this time writes, "I wondered at the ivory pallor of that sweet face, and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies." This same companion tells how when, on their way through England, they visited Canterbury, the guide pointed out "the lepers' squint" in St. Martin's Church, where old-world lepers were permitted to stand and watch the Blessed Sacrament through a slit in the thickness of the wall. "If I had known," she says, "what I knew afterwards, my heart would have bled for the woman at my side."

The Mission to Lepers in India and the East accepted Miss Reed's offer, and appointed her superintendent of the Asylum for Lepers at Chandag, among the mountains of Northern India. The situation is glorious. Miss Reed wrote of it as "Chandag Heights, the beautiful, in the Himalaya Mountains." The asylum is perched on the crest of a steep range overhanging a peaceful valley which lies a thousand feet below. It is an ideal spot, and might seem a peaceful eyrie from which the world of toilers could be contemplated in security and tranquillity. But upon it rests the curse of a slowly creeping horror—the lagging doom of the hopeless leper. Into this place of woe Miss Reed brought with her a light of hope which restored joy to many who had long given up all thought of happiness.

To quote from a letter written by a missionary from Almora, "We reached Chandag Heights and found dear Miss Reed busy in the hospital, tending three patients in a much advanced stage of leprosy. She was binding up with her own hands the terrible wounds, and speaking soothing words of comfort to these poor distressed ones." Miss Reed has been able to increase and develop the asylum from a mere congeries of huts

capable of housing thirty-seven lepers, to a considerable station of comfortable houses with accommodation for about ninety."

She soon saw some fruit from her teaching. "Of the fifty-nine now with us, all but six are Christians. . . . Gentleness, patience and peace are now manifest in the lives of some who one year ago were unhappy and so quarrelsome that I was often called several times daily to settle differences." In spite of her own trouble, Miss Reed has always set the example of personal activity in behalf of the community. When the villagers objected to share their water with the lepers, she set to work to find a spring for herself. "I have made a discovery," she wrote in 1894. "I set out upon another search for water, and to my surprise found upon some waste land belonging to Government, a strong spring, within a mile of our boundary wall. It lies in a deep ravine in an out-of-the-way place, hence my failure to find it before. . . . By skilful engineering I think the water can be brought around the brow of the hill, conveying it through troughs and ditches into our own grounds. So this very week I am setting men to work to make the troughs and ditches." She also attends the great festivals of the heathen on the Ram-gunga, to seek out lepers and bring them to her sheltered home.

This absorption in her work has had the happiest result in maintaining Miss Reed in a health which has often astonished her friends. Living in the simplest style, without a single "unnecessary," as Mrs. Bishop used to call the luxuries of life, and spending her whole time and energies in behalf of others, she has often seemed to rise entirely above the level of suffering, and to enjoy a vigour granted to few of those who are accounted robust. She herself is a profound believer in the supremacy of the mind over the body, and of the Spirit-wrought spirit over the mind. She has thus far been justified in her belief by possessing to a wonderful degree what she has named "Divine Health." Her work is one which must always

have the sympathy of the whole Church of Christ, into fellowship with which she has herself been instrumental in introducing more than a hundred and twenty of those poor sufferers who, without such a message as she and her fellow-workers are able to bring them, would indeed be without hope in this world.

The material for the above chapter has been gathered from *Mary Reed, Missionary to the Lepers*, by John Jackson (Marshall Brothers).

VI

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

I

A society girl—Her family—Influence of Dr. Maclagan—Her mental gifts—Her generous character—Work among the poor—Arrives in Lahore—Learns Urdu.

IT would be difficult to find a more delightful personality than that of Irene Eleanora Verita Petrie. Among the group of charming girl-missionaries whose lives have conferred a special grace upon this generation, she appears like a sunbeam. It is too often taken for granted that young women who offer themselves for missionary work abroad have none of those talents for Society which could bring them success and content at home. They are supposed to be the "awkward squad," which is recruited from the unlovely and ungifted, the unplaced and disappointed. This has often and again been refuted by facts, but seldom more patently than by Miss Petrie's enlistment in the missionary ranks.

She had every advantage of birth, education, and breeding. She had her own well-established position in Society, and was as popular as any girl can wish to be. She was the acknowledged leader of an admiring group of friends. She had almost all that is dear to the heart of a girl, if one may count among these things an exceptional dower of good looks, a ready wit, a natural gift for music and painting, a strong and sweet voice which responded to training, till she became one of the best amateur singers in London, and, what some would

think pleasantest of all, plenty of money to spend as she liked, on what she liked.

A young lady so situated is generally supposed to have the world at her feet. She can marry or not, as she chooses. In these days of freedom and liberality of ideas, she can take up whatever kind of life she may prefer.

Now there is abundant proof that Irene Petrie found life a very pleasant thing, and this world a sufficiently pleasant place for such a girl as herself to live in. If she chose to let Society go its way without her, it was not because she was dull or neglected, or in any way disappointed with her reception by the world. There was everything, apparently, to keep her at home and to guarantee her success. It must have been a strong and clear spiritual call which drew her away from what the majority are so eager to possess. She must also have found in her work something which the world cannot give, since not one word of regret on her part exists to show that she was aware she had made any sacrifice in adopting the life of a missionary. On the contrary, it is clear that she thoroughly enjoyed her work and found her happiness in it.

There are thousands of young women in Irene Petrie's circumstances who make the most of what they have in the world, according to their lights, and, thinking only of themselves, lose utterly what she so abundantly found. Undoubtedly she chose the best part, and certainly she never had a doubt on the subject herself.

It is always interesting to know something about the antecedents of those who have in any way come to the front and done good work. For blood and training usually count for much. The details will be found in her memoir, which every girl should read, and which will be a revelation to some.

It is interesting to learn that this girl, who flung herself with such enthusiasm into the breach in Kashmir, was not only of Scottish extraction but had in her veins a strong infusion of that old cavalier blood which had fought so desperately for the

fortunes of Prince Charlie. The Sir William Dunbar who suffered for that lost cause was her great-grandfather. The traditions of that struggle were always kept fresh in her family, and when she sang a Jacobite song with her magnificent voice, her heart seemed to give new life to the sweetly pathetic strains. She nourished the idea and glorified it, that the best way is not always the easiest, nor the safest the most honourable.

Whatever the Jacobites were, they were staunch Episcopalians, and Irene held with them in that. For the rest she had far too large and practical a disposition of mind and heart to commit herself bound to any party in the Church. There was not a particle of that bitter partizan spirit in her which has gone so far to paralyse the work of the Church, and make it ridiculous in the eyes of the world. But the atmosphere of the Anglican Church was all about her, and she was the child of its devotional system. While she was neither High Church nor Low Church, she was thoroughly Anglican. This is not said in disparagement of any others. Only it must be borne in mind in following Miss Petrie's career.

The first to make his pastoral influence felt by the eager and earnest child who listened to his preaching was the present Archbishop of York, Dr. Maclagan, then vicar of Kensington. Her confirmation, as is so often the case, produced a deep impression upon her heart, and she was fortunate in being prepared by the present Bishop of Peterborough, the Hon. E. C. Glyn. She became a devoted member of St. Mary Abbots, the musical services at which were entirely to her cultured taste. As she grew up she made a very independent choice of spiritual guides and selected what she found most helpful from the writings of such men as Westcott, Body, Phillips-Brooks Henry Drummond, Moule, and Moody. Here, as in the practice of life, she made no difference between "schools of thought," so long as an author had any heavenly light to throw upon the way.

At first Irene's keen ambition turned to self-culture. She was conscious of gifts, and did not want to be second to any one; so we find her "grinding" for the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, and coming out triumphant with first-class honours. That accomplished, she turned vigorously to her music. She had a wonderful musical memory and a voice of great promise. Her instructor in singing thought so well of it that she was urged to come out on the professional platform. She did indeed sing on several occasions with professionals for charitable purposes. One of her friends says that her singing always reminded her of the line, "She sings as a bird sings," so natural-seeming and unstrained was that voice upon which so much careful training had been spent. Irene's singing was often turned to account in dark and stuffy zenanas, and the voice which had charmed a critical London audience proved its power to while away the thoughts of sad Indian women from their surroundings.

But she was almost as clever with her brush. She might have made her mark as a painter in water-colours. She exhibited on several occasions and got good prices for her pictures. Her sketches proved quite a mine of wealth to the mission in Kashmir. She seemed always able to sell them, and the money bought boats for the boys' school at Srinagar and many other things which from time to time were required—amongst the rest an organ for the church at the hospital.

In the meanwhile she did not let her literary or artistic ambition turn her into a "blue-stocking." She was duly presented at Court in 1885, and went through the ordinary course of social functions which succeed a young lady's "coming out." It was still fashionable to travel on the Continent, and that too she did. In fact, about that time she was in rather a whirl, and was sought after by an increasing circle as an acquisition to their set.

It does not seem that the inner and spiritual sense ever slumbered very deeply within the young girl; but no doubt

her soul responded to the sharp reminder of the uncertainty of things which came to her in her mother's sudden death. It did not affect her buoyancy, but turned her thoughts more distinctly upon service. She had all the instinct to be of use to those who were worse off than herself. Her more observant friends noticed how, whenever there was a party, she would have an eye for any one who might seem to be left "out in the cold." Often, while the applause was still sounding after one of her own songs, she would slip aside to devote herself to some elderly and deserted or timid guest, till she had brought all into warm touch with one another. She was also a difficult person to pay a compliment to, and was not in the least inclined to "frivol." Popular as she was, she does not seem to have had any love affairs. In fact, she gave no openings. As her biographer says, she took things responsibly, even in the ordinary round of amusements and calls. "Her calling list abounded with people who had few callers, and she was always glad to have those asked to the house who could not ask again."

It is happily no unusual thing to find luxuriously brought-up girls who will patiently undertake the work of teaching in the Sunday-schools, and give their minds to the organization of clubs and guilds, but Irene Petrie did all this, and more, with a thoroughness which belongs to few. The Latymer Road Mission knew her well in many capacities long before she thought of becoming a missionary abroad. She got up health and hygiene, and won a silver medal from the National Health Society, all with a view to her work among the poor. It all came in usefully enough later on. The picture we have of her is that of a very wholesome and charming girl, full of a subdued vivacity, and with a decided personality; a girl who might perhaps be inclined to take the lead at once if things did not go as they ought, but whose capacity for hero-worship made her the ready and loyal disciple of those whom she loved and revered. Altogether a delightful companion and friend.

The call to the Foreign Mission field seems to have come to her conscience about the year 1891. Insensibly her thoughts tended towards India. She gathered that the Church in the Punjab was undermanned. That was enough. She at once wanted to go out. She had even written a letter to the C.M.S. offering her services, when her father developed the illness which, about a year later, resulted in his death. This alone kept her at home. But when this, the last of her close home ties, was removed, she sailed for India. It was the autumn of 1893 when she entered upon this new venture and started for Lahore.

Lahore, the magnificent, has lost its ancient glory. Under the rule of the Great Mogul, the report of its splendour travelled through the world. Travellers such as Sir Thomas Herbert, Sir Thomas Roe, and Hawkins brought home with them glowing descriptions of the wealth and magnificence of this imperial city. Its palaces and gardens were enriched with every device of luxury. Its towering mosques hung their gilded domes above the narrow streets. The whole city was encircled by a massive wall, pierced by thirteen superb gates. The walls still stand, and the narrow, winding streets are there as of old, but the glitter has departed. Within the walls the native population masses itself in apparent decay and dust. In the tortuous footways, darkened by heavy curtains to temper the heat of the sun, many antagonistic nationalities jostle one another, but are preserved in mutual tolerance by the British power, which governs all alike. Outside the city, where once were the pleasure gardens of princes, are the quarters of the English, with broad and shady avenues, and comfortable bungalows. In this quarter are the Government House, the Chief Court, the college, the hospitals, the two cathedrals, Anglican and Roman Catholic, and other European buildings. Here, too, is the museum, which Rudyard Kipling describes in "Kim," and the "Zam-Zammah," the great gun which is the spoil and trophy of the victor. For, "who hold

the Zam-Zammah, that 'fire-breathing dragon,' hold the Punjab; for the great green bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot."

There are a considerable number of poor white people at Lahore. Eurasians, too, whose education is a problem to the philanthropic. Miss Beynon had been for some while carrying on work amongst these, under the directions of the Bishop, who keenly felt their claim upon his care. Dr. French, the first Bishop of Lahore, had founded St. Hilda's Diocesan Home to meet the wants of the poorer whites and Eurasians, who were so little able to make any provision for themselves. One may suppose that "Kim" was drawn from nature, and, that being so, we can understand at once the need of some such institution as St. Hilda's. "Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium, and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the cheap cabs wait) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a Colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment. . . . The wife died of cholera at Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed, three-year-old baby." There one has a vivid picture of the kind of social outcast which may be met with on the outskirts of an Asiatic city. And to humanize and Christianize such waifs is a task as pressing upon the Church as the ingathering of the heathen. Bishop French named his home "St. Hilda's" after the saintly and masterful Abbess of Whitby, who graved so deep a mark upon her difficult generation, and whom he rightly regarded as a patroness of all women's work for Christ.

It was to take part in this work that Irene Petrie first visited India. She went wholly at her own charges and as an honorary worker, esteeming herself, of course, the more bound by that very fact to the task which she had undertaken. She

started fair, as a missionary, from the moment she set foot on board ship. The passengers all knew that the very charming lady who travelled with them meant business. Irene Petrie was not one to put her harness on and off to suit her company. After a few days, when all had found their "sea-legs," she organized a daily Bible-class on board, and made it so popular that she often had from twenty to thirty in attendance. At the same time she shared in all the sports, sang at the concerts, painted the programmes for the entertainments, and was regarded as a good companion by everybody. It was a good beginning. She was able to gauge by it somewhat what her influence might be among the special people whom she desired to benefit.

Moreover she was an enthusiast. She went out to see what the greater number of Europeans passing through India never see, the Christian life of native India. At Agra she sought out the native church. She wells over with delight at the sight of an Indian congregation worshipping Christ. She only wished that some of her sceptical English friends could have seen those three hundred dusky worshippers and their devotion. Who would dare to say again, after such a sight, that missions to the heathen were a failure!

At Delhi she was met by the Bishop of Lahore, and quickly pressing on was presently greeted at Lahore itself by Miss Beynon.

One sign of Miss Petrie's deeply-seated missionary feeling at this time appears in her innate shrinking from the exaggerated homage which the subject race pays to the conqueror. She remarks upon "the strangeness of being in the midst of a subject race . . . being greeted always with salaams and salutes, and hearing commands and not requests made to those who serve." She had none of the feeling of the Anglo-Indian who goes out merely to rule. She had gone out to associate herself with the people, and to raise them if possible to the level of children of God. From this point of view all men were equal, as they are

in the sight of the Heavenly Father. She began, however, at once to understand how difficult the task would be, and how wide a gulf must be crossed before the teacher can hope to enter into the inner life of the taught.

There is no doubt that she managed to bridge this gulf to a very remarkable extent, but she had the rare gift of combining simplicity and accessibility with a personal dignity which effectually warned the trespasser. Later on, the Kashmiri boys at Srinagar discovered this, and idolized her as friend and queen.

The staff at Lahore consisted of Miss Beynon, the "Miss-Sahib," Mrs. Engelbach, the "Mem-Sahib," and Miss Petrie, the "Choti Miss-Sahib," or "the Baby" as they called her at the Home. The Hon. Mrs. Ian Keith-Falconer joined the party later. It was Latymer Lane over again, only beneath an Indian sun. Classes at the Railway Sunday-school, visiting asylums, meetings for women, Friendly Societies for girls, Band of Hope meetings—all the usual undertakings of an English parish amid oriental surroundings. There was nothing romantic about it, nothing to stir the imagination. But Irene settled into it at once with a contented sigh, and worked as though she had been born to it. She never could understand the indifference of the Anglo-Indians to what so thoroughly interested herself. She wondered at their "limpness." Why could they not bestir themselves to do what they were best able to do of any others, if only they had chosen? Perhaps some of them were asking one another what sort of pleasure she could find in mixing with no-account people all through the dusty days? However, they were very civil to her, and it was not their fault that she did not spend more of her time beneath their cosy verandahs.

Irene found her heaviest task in learning Urdu. Urdu is the *lingua franca* of India, and must be mastered by those who propose to do any missionary work among the heathen. "If only," she groaned, "my useless musical memory could be transferred to these old languages!" That was when she had to

add Kashmiri to Urdu. It was sheer "grind" to her, but she stuck to it, and passed her examinations with honours in both languages. She still hoped to get to the natives as a missionary, and again offered her services as a volunteer to the C.M.S. She was accepted in the spring of 1894, and appointed to Kashmir.

VII

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

II

Transferred to Kashmir—Srinagar—Evils of zenana life—Kashmiri boys—A boat club—A visit to Little Thibet—Typhoid fever—Death at Leh.

IT does not fall to the lot of every woman to be able to offer her services free of charge to the directors of a missionary society. She who can do so is very happily situated; not that she is freed from any responsibility which falls more heavily upon the paid worker, nor that she is less under discipline, but that she has the delightful consciousness that against her, at least, the taunt falls barbless that she has sought the work for the sake of the pay. The heathen man finds it hard to understand that any one can seek him without bargaining for some sort of wage in return. A Chinaman once said to Robert Stewart, who was killed at Hwa-Sang about a year after Miss Petrie went to Kashmir, "I know why you are a missionary." "Indeed," asked Stewart, "and why, then?" "This," replied the man, hollowing one hand into the shape of a cup, and scooping up imaginary rice into his mouth. "You want to get something to eat." Now Robert Stewart had surrendered his career as a barrister to follow his Call to China, but this was a thing he did not care to explain to every passer-by. No doubt most of the women among whom Irene Petrie spent laborious days thought that she had merely adopted a somewhat arduous method of making a livelihood. She was, however, from first to last an "honorary" missionary, and paid her own way wherever she went.

IRENE PETRIE OF KASHMIR

Kashmir is the Indian Switzerland. It is much frequented by Europeans during the hot season. It is in summer a land of fair valleys and glorious mountain ranges stabbing the blue with silver peaks. In winter it is different. But that is another matter. Possibly the summer visitor imagines that the resident missionary has a very good time in the Indian paradise, but one must take into account months of intense cold, frost and snow, and the still more trying period when the spring brings mud, slush, and whelming floods.

Even at the best time of the year, when Nature's smile is sweetest, those who go down among the people know that all is not fair in Kashmir. The visitor to the capital city, Srinagar (pronounced "Srinuggur"), will probably at once decide that it is well named "the City of the Sun." It lies with thickly clustered brown houses about the pretty river Jhelum. Its many bridges span the water and make warm reflections. It suggested Venice to Irene Petrie when she first arrived and saw the swift boats plying to and fro along the narrow waterways. A dilapidated and dirty Venice it appeared to her that first sunshiny day; and dirtier still she found it when she went among the closely-packed houses to seek out the sequestered women who were to be her pupils and her charge.

"Surely," she said, "Kashmir must be the dirtiest city in the world, and most of the houses look as if they could not survive the next flood or earthquake." It is said that things are improving; but in 1894 they were as bad as they could be, and Irene wished that "an army of health missionaries would follow in the wake of the Gospel missionaries and teach practically that cleanliness is next to godliness." "You do not require eyes," writes one familiar with Kashmir, "when approaching the habitation of a Kashmiri." The organ of smell is quite enough. It requires a strong stomach to carry one unconcerned all day among such houses as these. Imagine mire of the foulest kind, so deep that in places a lady must be carried over on some one's back. This crossed, not without splashing and

befoulment, the teacher enters the tumbledown house where unwashed people move serenely among things unwashed. "Oh, you dear Kashmiri women," exclaimed Miss Hull, who knew them well, "why will you not wash?" They told her that they were so harassed and oppressed that they had no time to think about such things. But, in fact, they had not learned to regard a wash as one of the luxuries of life.

The early summer or late spring visitor, as has been said, sees Kashmir at its sunny best, but the resident tells of "the burning heat in summer, the deadly stench in autumn, and the bitter cold in winter." Irene arrived just before winter, and shortly afterwards the roads were choked with snow, and long icicles hung pendant from all roofs. When February came, they found themselves snowed up. The court was filled with snow. Ice formed over all water. They had to fill their kettles with chips split from an ice-block. It was difficult to get about at all. When at last the snow began to melt in early spring, the roads became quagmires of bottomless mud, in which the horses sank to their girths. The ladies expected all this, and did not allow such trifles to keep them from their work; but Irene says, "I believe we must be the muddiest missionaries in the world!"

It may be interesting to give a short account of this mission to the Kashmiri. In 1865 Dr. Elmslie opened a dispensary at Srinagar. About three-quarters of the people are Mohammedans, and intensely conservative of their customs. Dr. Elmslie encountered great opposition, but persevered during five years. His work was then taken up by Dr. Storrs, Mr. Clark, and the Rev. T. V. French. Dr. Elmslie rejoined them in 1872, but died shortly afterwards from overwork and exhaustion. It was his widow who became so close and dear a friend of Miss Charlotte Tucker (A.L.O.E.) at Amritsar (see p. 41). Ten years later Dr. Arthur Neve went out, a man of great resolution and talent. He was joined in 1886 by his younger brother, Dr. Ernest Neve, who had had a distinguished career

at Edinburgh University, and obtained the highest honours. These two men have raised a lasting monument of disinterested devotion in the splendid hospital and native church which were built by their efforts, and which now present so conspicuous an object at Srinagar. Several ladies, as Miss Newnham, of Edinburgh, Miss Neve, and Miss Hull joined the staff, which was increased by the coming of Miss Petrie in 1894.

By that time the position of the missionaries was well assured, but work was not on that account an easy matter. The people were deeply prejudiced. As Dr. Neve says: "To eat with a Christian is a terrible sin; to become a Christian is to become a hated outcast; even the little children know this." The women, too, had become abject through long contempt. They had grown so accustomed to regard themselves as negligible that it seemed absurd to them to try to form an opinion, or to get an understanding. They had sunk into a rut, and did not care to be lifted out of it. Indeed, they mostly seemed incapable of conceiving that anything could become different to what it was. Life in the zenanas is unutterably dull and eventless. Intrigue is the only excitement. The very desire to know anything has been starved out of the apathetic women who dwell in those dingy habitations. The Indian census of 1891 gives only one literate Hindu woman out of two hundred and forty-four, and only one Mohammedan woman out of two hundred and ninety-eight.

To such women as these Irene Petrie came as a bright and wonderful visitor out of the unknown. She was known as the Niki Mem, the Little Lady, whose visits made a pleasant interlude in a dreary day. She describes an ordinary visit thus: "The teacher sits down on chair, charpai, or floor, as the case may be, and reading or knitting is produced. Then when all the pupils are gathered round and inclined to listen, when babies within, and cocks and hens and pariah dogs without are quiet, books and work are laid down, the Bible is opened. . . . 'Miss-Sahib, sing!' is a constant request, and quite a chorus

joins in the Christian hymns we have set to the quaint native airs."

That setting of hymns to native airs would have been a thoroughly congenial task to one whose ready musical gift made her everywhere useful and acceptable. She had pupils of all kinds; some were ladies of high degree: as the fashionable wife of a native official, "arrayed in a gorgeous costume, green, blue and gold, with a fine, scarlet double chaddar"; another, a Mohammedan lady, "wearing a coronet of jewels and a single cotton garment, and dying by inches of rheumatism brought on by sitting on a damp floor"; again, the family of a rich shawl merchant, "the ladies all squatting together in one small, stuffy room, keeping strict purdah" (i.e. curtained off from the world). Besides these were two rival wives of a wealthy Mohammedan. "The second wife sat smoking her hookah, and defiantly uttering bitter arguments against Christianity." And others of the same class. But she also went a great deal among the poor. There was an old woman who had burned herself badly with her kangre, or fire-basket, which the women carry under their clothes for winter warmth. There was "a fever-stricken woman, whose bed was on the bare ground," but whose children were keen to learn, and would beg for extra lessons. And plenty more of that sort also.

It may seem to some people as though continuous work of this monotonous kind must have soon palled upon a highly educated girl, accustomed to such excitements as life in London society could provide for her. But there is no doubt that Irene found in it what satisfied her, and that she loved her "dear brownies" very unaffectedly. When she got back to Srinagar, after a furlough home to England, it was with a glad leap that the heart clinched itself to its work again. "As I scrambled up our ladder to the top of the bund," she says, "I heard dear Miss Hull's voice, and a minute later I was in her arms in the pretty drawing-room, looking cosier and nicer

than ever. . . . I found that the dear brownies had even a bigger slice of my heart than I had thought when in England. It is delightful to get to work again in this dear place."

Certainly the missionary who has found his vocation has no need of our compassion. Rather, he has discovered the way of happiness. Nor, to say the truth, do we often hear much about their hardships from the missionaries themselves. It is not Miss Petrie herself who tells us that she twice fainted away while giving her lessons in unaired and evil-smelling rooms. That was one of her special trials; she was too liberally endowed with senses susceptible to acute impressions.

One of the most interesting institutions at Srinagar is the Christian School for boys. It has done splendid work under the inspiration of its principal, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe. Those who know the material upon which he has had to work, and the conditions of his labours, say that his success in dealing with Kashmiri boyhood has been nothing short of phenomenal. The problem in dealing with the Kashmiri boy is how to produce manliness. Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe says, "A Kashmiri is as different from a European as a sheep is from a war-horse, and it would be hard to imagine a greater contrast to an English schoolboy than a Kashmiri boy when he first comes to school." One has a picture of an effeminate and conceited youth, who has been brought up to consider any work with his hands beneath his dignity, and every woman contemptible. Cowardly and revengeful, full of superstitious fears, afraid to go out in the dark, with no ambition to excel in anything except with the prospect of reward. By tradition and upbringing a liar and a sneak, currying favour with his master at the expense of any other boy against whom he may be able to tell tales. Such was the stuff out of which Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe had to form men and gentlemen.

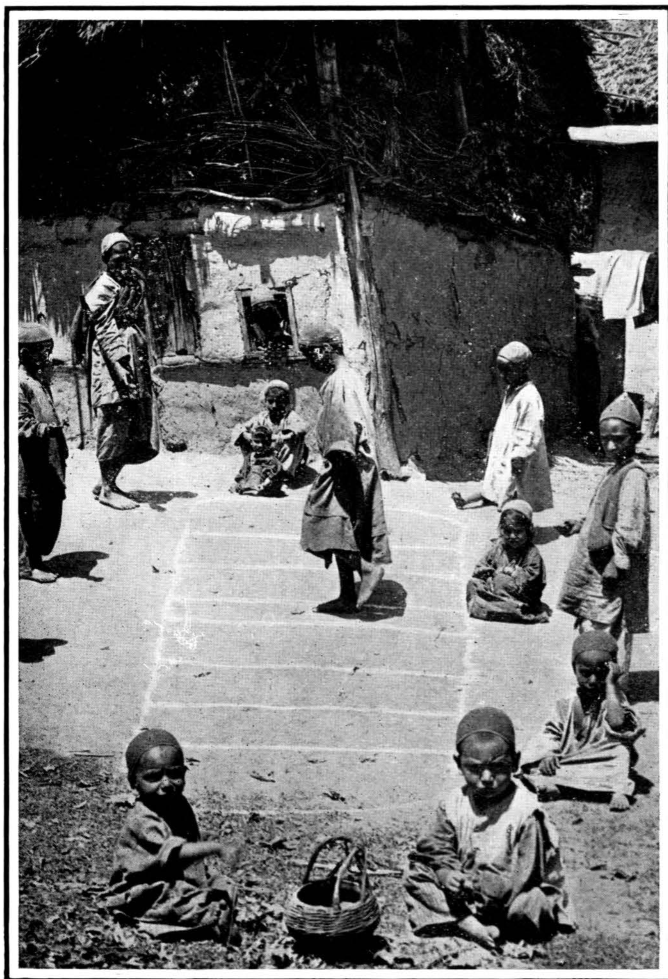
At first he found almost nothing to work upon. There were not the most rudimentary conceptions among the boys of honour or chivalry. The very idea of such things had first to

be implanted in them. The "customs" had to be attacked and routed at every point. The boys had to be shown a new ideal and taught to admire it, gradually learning to despise what they had been brought up to admire.

Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe has unusual qualifications for such a task, and he set himself resolutely to work. He commenced by placing moral qualifications in the very forefront of his system, and always giving the most marks for the proper display of them. He encouraged athletics to the utmost of his power, both by precept and personal example. Gradually he got a new spirit into the wondering boys. To handle an oar was the part of a dirty boatman, not of a distinguished young scholar; nevertheless he taught them to row. He got them to be keen about their rowing. He trained crews and raced them one against the other. He set before them the copy of the English public-school boy, and set them to imitate him in his round of games. And after a long and patient time he succeeded. First one and then another saw that truth was more honourable than a clever lie, and that chivalry is the crown of manhood. As Mrs. Carus-Wilson says, he had the triumph of seeing a few years transform a set of "dirty, effeminate, superstitious, cowardly, lazy, lying, sneaking hypocrites" into clean-living gentlemen with the instincts of a gentleman, ready to run and help the weak whom they used to despise, and thoroughly eager to get the chance to prove their courtesy and goodwill.

Cricket and football matches are now regular parts of the school system. There are several school boats on the river, manned by capable crews. The boys of the town look on and wonder. But the school is fast making itself a name, and as it produces more and more young men with the right "guinea stamp" upon them, it is bound to effect an influence which will be felt far and wide throughout the whole country.

It is true that very few of these boys are yet Christians by profession. The difficulties have so far proved almost insur-



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CHILDREN PLAYING IN KASHMIR

Children's games are similar all over the world. These little people are playing Hop Scotch.

mountable; but the lads are fast learning the peculiarly Christian virtues. "To know many of these fellows is to love them," writes the Principal. "They have such kind thoughts and are so thoughtful. One cannot make out why they are not Christians. Many of them in their lives are superior to a Christian schoolboy." Indeed, one could heartily wish that the Principal and his methods could be immediately introduced into many a British school!

When Irene Petrie came to Srinagar, this school was in full swing. She was immensely interested in the magnificent work among the boys. They wanted another racing boat, and she resolved to supply the deficiency. She could usually sell her masterly water-colour drawings for a good sum, so she disposed of two, and with the proceeds procured for the school the longest *shikari*, or light boat, on the river. This did so well and stimulated the boat club so much that she set to work upon some more sketches, and presently a second boat was added to the fleet. More sketches by and by went to supply various other school requirements.

She herself was by no means the least among the educative agencies of the school. The boys became her devoted knights and willing slaves. The Principal says, "the mere carrying of her sketching materials was an education to them." And as her biographer adds, "the Niki Mem, with her beaming face, her sweet voice, her culture, her trained skill in teaching, her independence, and her gentle dignity . . . must have inspired the Kashmiri pundits (scholars) with a new ideal of womanhood." Altogether it is a very pretty picture and one which we can well imagine. The boys will long remember her. How she shared their water-parties; how they rowed her on her errands up and down the river, and how queenlike she appeared in their sight.

Irene's sketches were of further use in providing an organ for the new church of St. Luke at the hospital. We have already mentioned this hospital and native church which up-

rose in response to the efforts of the Doctors Neve. Miss Petrie's water-colours added the organ—a well-toned instrument in a polished oak case.

Such sympathetic lives as that of Miss Petrie are of especial value in penetrating that almost impassable barrier which racial differences have planted between the Indian and his conquerors. Very few Anglo-Indians have been permitted to see behind the veil of native reserve. Many who have had faithful and loyal service from their retainers have never been allowed to know what those same retainers think. Under such circumstances, any real friendship which presupposes equality, has been impossible. As a recent traveller[1] writes: "The Indians look at us as if they were divided from us by centuries. Their lives lie hidden away from us. . . In London we hear glib talk of the need of greater sympathy with the native. What easy words to utter!"

But if any one can come to close quarters with the shy, brown races, and find a way through the gates of their unfathomable pride, it is the missionary, who approaches not as an alien, but as the apostle of a world-wide Faith. The missionary is sometimes in closer human contact with the Indians, among whom he spends his life, than with the men and women of his own race in the European quarter. Perhaps few of those in authority realize how much of the good understanding between rulers and ruled is due to the friendly, intimate labours of those of whose work in the schools and zenanas they know so little. Among such reconcilers of races Irene Petrie did yeoman's work. Herself a typical Englishwoman of the ruling class, she became in the most literal sense the little sister of the women of Kashmir. As an old Kashmiri woman exclaimed, hugging her on her return from England, "My liver has been longing for you!"

At the same time Irene never fell into the mistake of getting out of touch with her own people in India. In Anglo-

[1] Sir Henry Craik.

Indian circles she was always regarded as one of themselves. Mrs. Carus-Wilson testifies to this. "Artist and musician, she was always well received," and, in fact, she coaxed many an one to take some practical interest in missionary work.

Irene Petrie was not permitted, in the Providence of God, to do more than offer her young womanhood to India. Her singularly beautiful career was brought to a sudden close during a holiday journey in Little Tibet. When the summer vacation of 1897 came round, she planned with a few adventurous ladies to penetrate as far as Leh, the capital of Ladakh.

Ladakh, or Little Tibet, lies on the eastern border of Kashmir, separated from it by a lofty range of splendid mountains. As soon as these are crossed the traveller finds himself among people of Mongolian race. By creed they are Buddhists. Here and there are a very few Christians, the product of mission work commenced in 1885. One of these Tibetan Christians had met Miss Petrie at Srinagar, and she was much taken with him; she thought him "the best native Christian she knew." When the chance came to see the country from which the man had come, she took it eagerly.

The road, as every one knows who has read Mrs. Bishop's account, is a rough one. There is seldom more than a rude bridle path, which skirts precipices, crosses torrents and traverses snowfields and even glaciers on its uncompromising course. By keeping at it, and if the weather is good, one may accomplish the journey of 260 miles in about nineteen days. At first the path ascends gradually through pine forest, then more steeply over rocks until the Zoji Pass, 11,500 feet high, is reached. The whole of Little Tibet lies very high, no part being under 9000 feet. Of course the inhabitants become acclimatized and habituated to the rarefied air; in fact, they cannot breathe comfortably on lower levels, but the stranger who attempts to live among them is sure to suffer from some affection of the heart. At this great elevation the land is bare and stony. The sun shines painfully upon the shadeless steppes in summer, and the

snow drives over them with ceaseless fury in winter. The landscape has been compared to that of the moon, except in its colouring, which flames with crimson and orange tints. All around are stupendous mountains, range behind range of snowy teeth.

Irene Petrie started in great spirits. Her horse "Biscuit" responded to her mood and carried her briskly. The weather was delightful, and her journal describes the ride through pastures and woods sweet with the scent of jasmine and wild roses; up and always up, till they reached the snow and entered the savage defiles which lead into the heart of the Himalayas. On Sunday they would camp and find some cave for a church in which to hold their service.

On one such Sunday they were unexpectedly joined by Dr. Neve, Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe and another missionary who were on tour through the villages. They made it a great occasion. Miss Petrie writes: "We discovered a charming little cathedral, a semi-cave in the great rock above the watercourse, with embellishment of delicate ferns and alpine flowers. . . . Dr. Neve was chaplain, and a chapter of Ian Maclaren's *Mind of the Master* formed our sermon. I jotted down a few cathedral Psalter chants, and we ventured on a fully choral service."

The country gets more and more typically Tibetan as the miles unwind. Buddhist monasteries appear on the queerly twisted crags, and fantastically dressed monks pass to and fro. The people are quite friendly but are unused to strangers, and want to see what sort of dress an English lady wears. They crowded about the tents, some of the girls squatting inside to watch the ladies brush their hair. Irene says: "We got rid of them happily by presenting each with an English pin."

Things were going thus pleasantly, and everybody was looking forward to a safe arrival at Leh, when suddenly Irene fell ill. It seemed at the moment to be an ordinary fever, but was, in fact, the first symptom of what proved to be typhoid. Soon she could not sit her pony, and was carried on a bedstead bor-

rowed from the nearest village. So she was brought by stages into Leh. All that was possible was done for her, both by Dr. Neve and Dr. Graham the State surgeon at Leh; but nothing availed, and at the last she quickly sank. Just before the end she began to sing. Then, as one of the watchers by her bedside says, "She fell asleep like a tired child." They could scarcely believe that she was dead, as she lay there, "with a lovely flush on her cheek, looking so beautiful that it was hard not to believe she would presently awaken as from happy dreams."

Most appropriately her coffin was made from a harp-case, which one of the ladies at Leh offered for the purpose. In it she, who was the soul of music, was laid to rest in the little Christian cemetery outside the walls of Leh.

The greater part of the material for these chapters has been gathered from *Irene Petrie, Missionary to Kashmir*, by Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson, B.A. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

VIII

ALICE MARIETTA MARVAL

THE DOCTOR MISS-SAHIB OF CAWNPORE

A Christian revenge—Women's hospital at Cawnpore—Father a Frenchman—Studies medicine—Reaches Cawnpore—Medical work—Attends plague-stricken natives—Pneumonic plague—Death.

IT was a peculiarly happy inspiration to plant a Women's Hospital at Cawnpore. A most Christian revenge for the wrongs done on women. The awful story of Cawnpore still cries aloud, though fifty years have passed since Nana Sahib gave orders that all the European women and children should be massacred. "To extinguish a fire," said he, "and leave a spark, to kill a snake and preserve its young, is not the wisdom of men of sense."

So the arch-rebel steeled himself to cut off the British root and branch, and to preserve India for ever from their influence. One remembers the madness of revenge which seized our soldiers when they beheld the slaughter-house in which one hundred and eighteen women and ninety-two children had been foully done to death. When they gazed on the blood-splashed walls, hacked with the wild slashing of swords, and trod the floor still thickly caked with the blood of their country-women; and when they saw signs that the human wolves, maddened with the lust of slaughter, had tortured as well as killed their unresisting victims, it is not surprising that they exacted from the murderers the bitterest retribution they could devise. That well, into which the bodies had been thrown, seemed like an open mouth clamouring for justice. It

appeared to the first men who realized that horror that to make the assassins kneel and lick the pavement clean of the blood which they had shed, before they were hanged opposite that clamant well, was but right and seemly.

It is not for us to judge those who passed through moments of such intense emotion. Whatever they did, or allowed to be done upon the criminals, was the act of men almost beside themselves with pity and indignation. But time swiftly brought better feelings. When the true heart is calm it can find pity for the evil-doer as well as for those whom he has injured. And the more savage acts of the Mutiny made those who understand what lies at the root of all cruelty the more desirous to conquer evil with good.

No better way of doing this could have been devised than to establish at Cawnpore a hospital for Indian women, staffed and supported by the women of that race which Cawnpore would fain have destroyed.

St. Catherine's Hospital at Cawnpore was established in 1899, in connection with the S.P.G. It was officered wholly by women. Doctors, nurses, dispensers, and attendants were all women. It was intended for the use of native women who are shut away by custom and who cannot receive the attendance of medical men. To this hospital Alice Marval was sent out as junior doctor, and was supported as "our own missionary" by the Girls' Friendly Society.

Alice Marval was born in 1865. Her parents had made what P. G. Hamerton declared to be so often a happy match. That is to say, the Englishwoman had married a Frenchman. They settled in India, where their daughter was born. Rather late in life she commenced to study medicine and took the double qualifications, L.R.C.P. and L.R.C.S., at Edinburgh in 1901. She was then thirty-six years old.

It is very interesting to know she did not allow herself to become too much absorbed by her medical studies, but continued to teach in a Sunday-school. She felt the danger which

besets all students of physical science, lest the mind should be diverted from its search into the spiritual world. This common danger is specially perilous to girl students. They throw themselves so keenly and intelligently into the new world of knowledge which opens up before them, that they give themselves time to think of nothing else. They become absorbed in the material side of things. Often they drop, at least for a while, out of religion altogether.

Alice Marval never allowed her early and deep religious experiences to grow dull. She took care to whet her spiritual sword. One of the best ways to do this is to teach others, especially when some effort on one's own part is required. And she not only continued to teach, but she became a member of the London Branch of the Society of the Annunciation, of which Mrs. Romanes was then secretary, and Dr. Robertson, now Bishop of Exeter, warden.

The result of this inner life was that she preserved her sweetness of temperament and joyousness of disposition throughout all the strain of her studies. There was in her nothing of that hard, didactic, self-confident, and aggressive mien with which one has become too familiar, and which is fast creating a type. Her friends speak of her as gentle, helpful, and essentially womanly, a person whose sense of duty was lovably tempered by an unfailing sense of humour. The sort of girl, in fact, whom, to use a Scotticism, any one in trouble would "lippen to."

A young fellow-student, who met her when she was thirty, and who speaks of her as "the tall lady in black," since thirty seems an immense age to the girl still in her teens, describes their first meeting in a class-room. The school-girl was shy and friendless, and horribly tired of microscopic work. To her came the "tall lady" in the most natural way and carried her off to tea. She easily made friends of those younger than herself, and kept them without difficulty.

When Alice Marval had obtained the qualification, she saw

some practice at Clapham in the Maternity Hospital, working under Miss McCall. This took her into the slums, and prepared her well for much that she would have to undergo in foul and disease-smitten houses in India. She went next to Dr. Barnardo's Children's Homes, and saw more practice there. But as soon as she felt herself sufficiently prepared, she offered herself for work in the mission field.

As we have said, she was sent out to Cawnpore in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. There she spent the whole remainder of her life. It was only two years. A very short ministry; but during those two years she did enough to qualify her to be enrolled among those who have served heroically, and whose names will be handed down by the Church as the martyrs of love and duty.

The facts of Alice Marval's life are contained in a booklet published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Her first impression of India was the trustfulness of the native women. "They all firmly believe that we could make them all well quickly if we chose, and that if we do not, it is because for some occult reason it does not suit us. 'With joined hands, mem sahib, I entreat you make her well,' is one of their favourite speeches, and then they fall at my feet and touch the ground with their forehead and lay their hands on my feet. And I wish myself anywhere, especially when it is an incurable disease, which I cannot even temporarily relieve."

Of course, she was worked hard; and of course she did not spare herself. Who does, who loves the work and wins love in the doing of it? But she scarcely knew what work can be got out of a willing body till the plague settled down upon Cawnpore. Then, indeed, everybody was put to it to meet the demands.

The doctors who came out to the Cawnpore Hospital did so on the distinct understanding that they were not to be required

to undertake the charge of any case of infection. It was also arranged that if any of them took private practice outside, they should give the fees which they earned to the hospital. When, therefore, it was decided that the hospital could not receive plague cases, since to do so would make the wards unfit for the treatment of other patients, it was permitted to the doctors to attend the plague-stricken at their own homes, doing voluntarily such work among the out-patients as their duties within the hospital allowed.

Alice Marval at once took up the double responsibility. She laboured among the plague-haunted native houses without cessation. She wrote to a friend that one day she had been "in and out of plague patients for about six hours." "During the last month of her life—December, 1903—she paid two hundred and forty-six visits to patients in the city." She is remembered as "that tall, lithe figure bending over those poor people stretched out on their charpais in their dark, miserable hovels, cheering them with her bright words, as her long, slender fingers touched with tender skill the seat of pain in seeking to diagnose the disease." She seemed to the writer to be "the embodiment of the practical Christianity which treads in the steps of the Great Healer Himself."

At night she slept in the open air on the flat roof of the hospital, so as to get what pure air she could after her horrible rounds in unbreathable places among the unclean and diseased.

Unhappily the will cannot so wholly control the body that it shall last out under a continually excessive strain. Something must go in the end. The last piece of overwork brings the tired heart to the breaking point. It was so in this case. On New Year's night she was waked up to attend a severe case which claimed all her attention till one in the morning. The following day she showed signs of illness. Symptoms of pneumonia appeared. What is called pneumonic plague developed itself, and the end came quickly.

She knew that she was dying, and said to the doctor who was with her, "I have been so happy here." The same writer whom we have quoted above, adds, "Looking at her at the moment one 'saw her face as it had been the face of an angel,' so radiant was it with the light which shone from within the veil." She passed away at one o'clock in the afternoon, and she was buried in the Hindustani cemetery on the morning of the 5th of January, 1904.

Her missionary life, short as it was, made so deep an impression upon her friends in India that it was resolved to erect a memorial to her in the shape of an endowed bed, to be named the "Alice Marval" bed, in the hospital in which she worked.

Most of the material for the above chapter has been kindly supplied by the S.P.G. from *Alice Marietta Marval, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Edin.*

IX

MRS. HUDSON TAYLOR AND MRS. POLHILL

IN CHINA AND TIBET

China's millions—Hudson Taylor—Jennie Faulding sails for China—Hang-Chau—Marries Hudson Taylor—They come to England—Accident to Mr. Taylor—She goes into the interior—Returns home—Vevy—Incurable malady—Operation—Death—Eleanor Marston—Goes to China—Married—In Tibet—Attacked at Sungpan—Home—Darjeeling—Return to China—The Boxers—Return home—Death.

MISSIONARY Reports have accustomed people to the phrase "China's Millions," which also is the title of the periodical of the China Inland Mission. But it is more than most minds can do to grasp the actual meaning of 400,000,000 people. Sometimes an attempt is made to get an idea of these vast numbers into the head of the average reader or listener by stating how many times these people would girdle the earth if they formed themselves into a continuous chain; or by saying that it would take about thirteen years to count the number steadily out. But no such illustrations really bring home to most people the immense size of the unwieldy mass of humanity which forms the Chinese Empire.

It must be enough to say that these people are very many, and that they are not only numerous, but strong. They are by no means a negligible mass. They are perhaps as intelligent as any people in the world. They have great latent powers of organization and will. They only need to be moved by one spirit to make the most formidable combination this world has ever seen.

Until recently they have been their own enemies, in rigidly excluding the foreigner. Only where they have been forced by treaties, wrung from their reluctant rulers by conquering Western Powers, have they allowed the foreigner to trade or to travel in their land. The long-closed doors are opening at last. The wisdom of the West, such as it is, is percolating into the interior of the great Chinese continent. Great changes are almost sure to follow; and what will be the result no one may dare to predict. But now is the Church's opportunity. If the missionary can keep pace with the inventor, the trader and the secular teacher, Christianity may soon occupy China.

It is very interesting at the present moment to trace the footsteps of some of the earlier missionaries who made China their objective. Notable among these are Mr. Hudson Taylor, who died at Chang-sha, Hunan, on June 3rd, 1905, and his wife Jane, who predeceased him on July 30th, 1904. The latter forms the subject of this short chapter.

Jennie Faulding first met her future husband when she was a child of seven or eight years old. Hudson Taylor was then a handsome boy, studying medicine in London, and with a fixed determination to go to China as soon as he was qualified. He used to visit the Fauldings and would sometimes play with Jennie, and sometimes take her on his knee and tell her in grave words, which she never forgot, why he proposed to go to China. She was nine years old when at last he did go out, in 1853. And the fact that so delightful a young man should go so far, merely to teach the yellow people the way of Christ, made a deep impression upon all the children. In after years, three of them gave their lives to similar work.

Jennie did not see her hero again for seven years, when he came back to London with a young wife and a baby. The child was then sixteen, and at that impressionable age received a further seal of what was already developing into a purpose in her heart.

Six years later Mr. Hudson Taylor was at Brighton. The

size and the spiritual emptiness of China had for some while been forcing themselves upon his mind. A map of China hung upon his study wall, and his eyes would constantly revert to it. China, so vast, so densely populated, and so utterly ignorant of the Truth which transfigures life. He added up the provinces; there were eleven in the interior without an evangelist. He corresponded with many secretaries of many societies, but none were able to attempt new and difficult work of the sort which he began to see before him.

In this frame of mind he wandered one day upon the Brighton sands. The tide had gone far out, and he paced up and down alone by the margin of the calm, grey sea. There the conviction came to him that he might commence the work of the evangelization of China himself, and put his trust in God for all supplies. He pencilled upon the margin of his Bible, "Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful labourers at Brighton, June 25, 1865."

The immediate result of this resolution was the gathering of seventeen friends, who had satisfied themselves that his impulse was of God. This party sailed on May 26th, 1866, and took with it Miss Jennie Faulding, who was then nearly twenty-three years old.

It was not easy to make a settlement in China in those days, but the missionary party at last got a foothold at Hang-Chau. As they meant to thoroughly cast in their lot with China they at once adopted the native costume, and took to native ways of living. They learned the use of chopsticks, and ate their simple meals of native food from Chinese bowls.

The Chinese language is not so easily adopted as the clothes and food, but they boldly grappled with it. Miss Faulding was singularly devoid of self-consciousness, and had no regard for dignity, so she made rapid strides in conversational Chinese. The people took to her, though she was a "foreign devil," and called her Foo, that is, Happiness. Her bright face and friendly manner appealed to them. She became sincerely

attached to Hang-Chau, and remained there, doing work among the women and in the schools, when Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor had themselves gone farther on to open new stations. She was there for about five years, and no less than fifty people acknowledged that they owed their enlightenment and conversion to her personal influence.

Mr. Hudson Taylor lost his wife shortly after the birth of her child in 1870, and about a year and a half later he married Miss Faulding, who returned with him on furlough to England. She became the ideal missionary's wife. She had had already so much experience of the work in all its branches, that she was as effective as any colleague could be. There was nothing in which her husband could not ask her aid, and find that she did it well. She understood China and its needs almost as thoroughly as he did himself. She brought also to bear upon the people a tact and gracious kindness which was all her own. Though still a young woman she had had a full experience, which made her counsel as valuable as her help.

Jane Hudson Taylor was soon put to the proof. Her husband fell, while on board a steamer on the Yang-tse River, and injured his spine. The accident caused partial paralysis, and chained him for a long while to his couch. Not long after this disaster a child was born; but she never flinched from the responsibilities which multiplied upon her. Neither her spirits nor her faith flagged. She had at this time to bear her husband's burden as well as her own, and she bore it so bravely that few knew how heavy it was. This was quite the darkest period of the life of these two. China seemed shut. Their friends at home were disposed to doubt whether the door would ever open. Sometimes it was as though the sick man and his devoted wife were alone in all the world persuaded that the Mission must and would succeed.

Then came the answer to their faith. A treaty with Britain opened the interior, and Mr. Hudson Taylor's strength came

back. The years which followed were full of pioneer journeys and the founding of new missionary stations.

Mrs. Hudson Taylor was at home in 1877, superintending the bringing up of her own and her step-children, when her husband returned from China with the account of the great successes which had followed his occupation of the newly-opened country. He was seeking a woman to go to the women of China; some one whose experience and character would enable her to organize and to lead those whom she might take out with her. There was at that moment an opening in the province of Shan-Si, and he wished to seize it, if it were possible.

The question came home very keenly to his wife whether she ought herself to go on this enterprise. There were, of course, many reasons why she should not do so. The children and their needs cried aloud to her heart. The call, however, grew more and more imperative. Both husband and wife recognized it, and she went.

It was no mean task for the first European woman who, alone and unsupported, penetrated into a country still practically hostile to all foreigners. But she gathered a band of brave women who were ready to follow their intrepid leader, and brought them safely to their posts in the far interior of China. When her husband rejoined her, not long afterwards, she was able to tell him that the work had been well commenced.

It is interesting to learn that she devoted the whole of her own private fortune, some thousands of pounds, to this particular work. The gift of a Christian woman to the women of China.

During the following years the Hudson Taylors were actively employed in the extension and organization of their widespreading Mission. From 1881 to 1890 the wife remained at home, keeping her husband in touch with all that was going on in relation to his work. During this time she edited the

periodical of the Mission, *China's Millions*, which has done so much to impress the Church at home with the vast extent of the territory which awaits her conquest. The little book which is written in memory of Mrs. Hudson Taylor states that "on the twenty-second anniversary of their wedding-day it was found that, through the exigencies of the work, they had been separated fully half that time—eleven years!"

Among other evidences of the intense sincerity of this energetic woman in her work for the Chinese, is the fact that her children themselves became missionaries to China. When the parents are immersed in any public work the children sometimes are repelled from it. That occurs either when they detect an unreality beneath all the energy, or when they are neglected in the hurry. Neither of these things occurred in the Hudson Taylor family. There the Christian life was lived in all simplicity and earnestness, and Christ and His claim came first.

The latter part of their life was spent largely together. The two journeyed together along difficult Chinese roads, on foot, in country carts, on wheelbarrow, in boat, anywhere and anyhow that circumstances required; and often when the father of the Mission was broken down with fatigue and sickness, it was his wife who nursed him back to health and vigour.

She also travelled with him through Europe, America, and Australia, speaking, writing, and organizing for the Mission. After the awful massacres which accompanied the Boxer rising in China, in 1900, and when Mr. Hudson Taylor's remaining strength was almost shattered by the terrible anxieties for his people through which he had passed, they both retired for a while to the hills above Vevey, in Switzerland, where she gave him the unremitting attention which he needed.

It was in 1903 that the symptoms of an incurable malady appeared in her. When the evil was discovered it was already too late for a successful operation. She sank rapidly, but when "she was too weak to talk much she lay still and quiet, her face

radiant, her eyes shining with a far-off light, as if already reflecting a glory to others unseen." On July 30th, 1904, at eight o'clock in the morning, her spirit was set free.

ELEANOR AGNES MARSTON

MRS. POLHILL IN TIBET

Mrs. Polhill was born at Devizes in 1860. Her father was a medical practitioner. She was very early brought under religious influences, and at the age of twenty-one solemnly dedicated her life to the service of Jesus Christ. Three years later she joined a missionary party which went out to China in connection with the C.I.M. Her early letters all breathe a simple trust in God, and an unquestioning obedience to His leadings. They adopt that childlike tone which was characteristic of so many of those whole-hearted people who first invaded the recesses of China in the name of Christ. "Wasn't it good of God," she writes, after some encouraging results among the people, "to give us such a beginning in China?"

Her first station was Ganking; then she was sent to Hanchung to conduct a school. She soon inflamed her scholars with her own zeal, and a month after her arrival a girl was baptized. Several others were only prevented from immediately following her example by the refusal of their parents. Her next post was Tsincheo, in the province of Kansuh. Her welcome here was a cold one, but in less than seven months four women and two men were anxious for baptism.

In 1887 Miss Marston was engaged to Mr. Cecil Polhill. The marriage took place in the following year at Paoning Fu, a town on the borders of Tibet. From this place they went to Sining, across the Yellow River, to do work among the Tibetans. A Mongolian lama taught them Tibetan.

Here, in the wilds, their first baby was born, in 1890. Two

months after this event they went to sojourn in the house of a Tibetan at Hwa-yuen-si, where they had better opportunities for the study of the language. They afterwards hired a small house in the same place. Mrs. Polhill and her husband and baby lived like the people of the place, making no attempt to get such things as are usually thought necessary for Europeans. She did without a servant, lighted her own fire, cooked, and made bread; and so living shoulder to shoulder with the natives she found it comparatively easy to get into confidential connection with them. There was one barrier the less to be overstepped. They were as poor among the poor, and simple among the simple. The country people soon ceased to suspect them and became friendly. They hoped to make a start there on the northern borders, till they were able to penetrate into Tibet itself, and perhaps, at last, carry their message into Lhasa itself.

In travelling they often occupied Chinese huts, or, as once, a kitchen where the whole Chinese family slept, rolled up on the floor, where they could find space.

They were at a place named Sungpan, in the province of North-West Szchuen, when the first serious assault was made upon them. A drought was affecting the whole district, and the Chinese supposed it to be caused through the malignant influences of the "foreign devils." It was confidently affirmed that they had been seen to carry a glass bowl outside the city gate, and that they had then mystically waved a brush across the sky to keep the rain from falling.

It was enough. A mob formed and attacked the house. Both Mr. and Mrs. Polhill were cruelly bound and beaten. They would have suffered worse things but for the devotion of two Chinese Christians who offered to be beaten in their stead. The sacrifice was accepted by the crowd, and the two brave men were flogged till their flesh was torn in ribbons, and were then imprisoned in those huge cangues, or wooden collars, which are used in China to confine criminals. Three days of close incar-

ceration passed before the people relented, and the whole mission party was deported under guard beyond the boundaries. Five days later they met compatriots and fellow-missionaries, and were cared for by Dr. and Mrs. Parry. In 1892 they were again in England.

The next few years were spent at home by Mrs. Polhill and her rapidly increasing little family; but at the commencement of 1896 she was able to rejoin her husband. This time they planned to attack Tibet in more organized fashion, having learned the language on the Indian border; and for that purpose they went to Darjeeling. In February, Mr. Hudson Taylor met them there, and constituted a band of his young men who had concentrated on Darjeeling, "The China Inland Mission Tibetan Band." The whole company was placed under the command of Mr. Polhill. They started for Shanghai, and were bidden to await their leader at Ganking, and to acquire as much as possible of the Chinese language. The Polhills followed at the commencement of 1897, and Mrs. Polhill stayed for a while at Chefoo.

When her husband had secured a house at Ta-chien-lu, a considerable town in West Szchuen, she herself went thither, taking with her a new baby born at Chefoo. The next two years were spent in mission efforts, with which both were now familiar, medical work bulking largely among their other labours. Mr. Polhill's time was much spent in this northern region in pioneer work, and his wife, to whom another child was born in 1899, was able to make but slight impression among a people to whom Christian teaching was entirely strange.

The summer of 1899 ushered in a time of terrible disaster to all the mission stations. The Boxers ran riot throughout the land. There was a popular uprising against all Europeans, and many missionaries and their native converts were murdered. Orders reached Ta-chien-lu from the consul that all British subjects should immediately leave for the coast. In the autumn they were again in England.

It was in 1904 that her last illness came. She was then forty-four. She had passed through many dangers, and made many and long journeys during her short life; she was not daunted by the final summons, nor afraid to venture forth on the last and longest journey of all. She was even eager to go. "Don't keep me back; don't hold me like that," she said to those who would have retained her for even a brief while longer amongst them. "Oh, do let me go! There, now I am ready."

Authority: *Found Faithful*, published by the C.I.M.

X

THE MARTYRS OF HWA-SANG

Robert and Louisa Stewart—Attack at Fuh-Chow—Hessie Newcombe—Ku-Cheng—Mary Ann Gordon—Flora Lucy Stewart—Incident in a tram-car—Elsie Marshall at Fuh-Kien—Harriet and Elizabeth Saunders—The vegetarians—Massacre at Ku-Cheng—Burial of victims—The Boxers—Mr. and Mrs. Green tortured—Many martyrs—Baptism of inquirers—Constancy of native Christians.

THE 1st of August, 1895, will always be kept by the Anglican Church in China as a day of remembrance. On that day some of her best and most devoted servants were offered up as a living sacrifice upon the altar of their duty to Christ. No Church of modern days has suffered more than that of China. Constantly exposed to the rooted hostility of the people to the foreigner and his creed, seldom defended and often attacked by those in authority, the missionaries and their flocks in China have been drilled to suffer. They know what it is to use, with special application to their own need, the Collect for St. Stephen's Day: "Grant, O Lord, that, in all our sufferings here upon earth for the testimony of Thy truth, we may stedfastly look up to heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed; and, being filled with the Holy Ghost, may learn to love and bless our persecutors."

The story of the attack on the mission station of Hwa-Sang, in which Robert Warren Stewart, Louisa his wife, with their little son and daughter and their nurse Helena Yellop, together with their companions Miss Hessie Newcombe, Miss Flora Stewart, Miss Mary Gordon, Miss Elsie Marshall, and the sisters Miss Harriet and Elizabeth Saunders were put to death,

begins at Ku-Cheng in the spring of 1895. The war between China and Japan had stirred up a strong feeling against everything foreign. The Rev. R. W. Stewart was then working in connection with the C.M.S. in the province of Fuh-Kien. He was a man of exceptional abilities, who had been educated for the Bar, but who, after his conversion, yielded to the call for missionary workers and devoted his life to China. A most lovable man, he gathered about him a host of friends and admirers. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese and their customs, and had ministered in China since 1876. He was happy in finding a mate in every respect like-minded with himself. It is said that his proposal to her was in this wise:—

"Would you like to be a missionary in China?"

"Yes; I should."

"Then will you go with me?"

Louisa Smyly never regretted the reply which took her into the Far East with her enthusiastic husband. For some years he was Principal of the Divinity School at Fuh-Chow, and they both took their part in the training of native Chinese evangelists. In fact, the husband and wife were able materially to contribute through their Irish friends to the erection of the college buildings. They soon experienced the special danger of China. In 1877 the college was wrecked by a mob, and Mrs. Stewart and her baby hardly escaped. Nothing daunted, she helped her husband to collect the fine band of ladies which was formed for work among the women, and which was organized in connection with the C.E.Z.M.S. Later, toward the close of the eighties, these two left the college and went to Ku-Cheng. How entirely the hearts of both of them were among the Chinese may be gathered from a saying of Mrs. Stewart, when she was at home in England on furlough, settling some of her children before her return. "Every one," she said, "asks, 'When *must* you go back to China?' But Mr. Hudson Taylor asked me, 'When *can* you go back?' *He* understands."

It may be well here to give a short account of the ladies who were in Ku-Cheng in 1895 with the Stewarts:—

Miss Hessie Newcombe was born in Ireland. She was brought up in a missionary atmosphere, and very early resolved to yield her life to the service. She was attracted to China by one of Robert Stewart's sermons. While he described how "this house lieth waste," a voice seemed to urge within her, "I want *you* for China." After some necessary training at The Willows, the C.M.S. training school, she and her sister sailed for the East in 1886. She found that nearly all the Chinese converts were men. The women had hardly been reached. The Chinese explained this by, "Only women can teach women, they are so stupid." Miss Hessie determined to try. She was quickly successful in gaining the confidence of many. Her Bible-classes became very popular. Sometimes, she says, the women would come out to three Bible-classes the same day. "It seemed as though they would never get tired." Whether the teacher was tired or no, she does not record. A great difficulty was the little peg-feet on which all better-class Chinese women were, and are still, mostly doomed to walk. "In wet weather," says Hessie, "they simply cannot go. They cannot keep their footing on the slippery paths." But they received her message in a way which delighted her. On one occasion: "Never did the Lord's sufferings seem so real to myself as when I saw how they felt it. One woman shuddered all over when it came to the crown of thorns, the spitting and the scourging, and she said, over and over again, "And He suffered it all willingly for us! Truly we must love Him and try to please Him!" Again, "An intense longing and passion for souls which I had heard others speak of, but never experienced myself, seemed to take possession of me."

Outside Ku-Cheng, on the "Hill of Righteousness," stood the Boys' Boarding School, the house of the Missionary, the house of the *Kuniongs*, or unmarried ladies, and the Girls' Boarding School. Here also is the "Birds' Nest," where

babies, cast out by their parents, are brought up. The two sisters were immersed in their work and steeped in the interest of it. One cannot look even at the photograph of Miss Hessie without understanding something of the spiritual sweetness and force which emanated from her. Her features are sufficient to confirm what one says of her, that "she lived in the light of the Master's face, and helped us to live there."

Miss Mary Ann Christina Gordon was born in Queensland. She also was brought up in a missionary circle. "Gentle Annie Gordon" sailed for China in 1891. She lost no time in getting into touch with the women. She comforted and strengthened them in the domestic persecution which they suffered for their faith, and sometimes saw a husband converted through his wife. She, too, became enamoured of her work. Of her dealings with the simple and warm-hearted Chinese women she said, "We have some lovely times together."

Miss Flora Lucy Stewart was a daughter of the Rectory. She came from one of those quiet parsonages which have contributed so many workers in the Field of the World for Christ. Her father was Rector of Little Stukeley in Huntingdonshire. She, too, was a serious and earnestly minded girl. At fifteen she wrote in her Bible against the word "Helps," in 1 Corinthians xii. 28, "O God, make *me* that."

Curiously enough her thoughts were first turned to China by an incident in a tram-car. She rose to give up her seat to an old lady who, looking at her searchingly, whispered in her ear, "*You* will go to China." "Oh, no," she replied, "I have my home duties." To which the other responded, "I don't say *now*, but *some day* you will go." Though this was forgotten, it recurred to her when a Chinese Christian lady, who visited England, made an appeal for British women to help the women of China. In 1890 she came under the influence of Mrs. Stewart, mother of many workers, and from that moment merely waited for an opening. When the opening came, in

1891, she was ready. She sailed on October 28th of that year, and a year later was so far master of the difficult language that she was able to teach a class of Chinese children. She, too, felt the attraction of the native Christians. "I do love these dear people," she wrote home. "They are so patient. . . . I love teaching them. You feel you would do anything to bring a little joy into their lives." She had the delight of seeing one family gather all their household idols into a heap that the Catechist might burn them, while they put up in their place a scroll on which was emblazoned the Ten Commandments.

Miss Elsie Marshall was also the daughter of a clergyman. She was the youngest child of the Vicar of St. John's, Blackheath. Of a bright and sunny disposition, she veiled beneath a lively manner a character of unusual determination. Soft and gentle as were her ways, she knew her own mind and could hold steadfastly to any purpose she had formed. She was brought up to work for others, and soon found her place in the Sunday-school with a class of attached girls about her. She was only seventeen when the idea of a missionary life formed itself in her mind. She actually prepared herself by a course of special studies, and passed the Senior Cambridge Local Examinations with that end in view. She also came under the direct influence of Mr. Stewart, and offered herself definitely for work in Fuh-Kien at the age of twenty-two. She first underwent a course of training at The Willows and at the Medical Dispensary at Bethnal Green; she then left for China, which she reached in December, 1892. She showed great aptitude for the language, and in about fourteen months had passed her second examination in Chinese. "Now," she exclaimed triumphantly, "I am free to live the whole of my life for Christ among the Chinese."

Elsie Marshall was a capital companion, and met every incident of a missionary's unsettled life with unvarying good-nature. "I buy something as an accompaniment of rice, borrow bowls and chopsticks, and buy rice from the boat-

people. It's grand!" "My servant has just walked in with a cock screaming to ask if it will do for my dinner. He little knows how it hurts my feelings!" "The other day I had to go over the stream. The bridge had been swept away. . . . A tub was brought . . . so in I got, and was pushed across by two men; the tub leaked and the water came in over my ankles." A fellow-missionary says, "She was every one's darling. She had all the sweet ways of a child, and yet in work was one of the most brave."

She hated even to seem to run away. When Ku-Cheng was threatened by a savage mob and the Europeans were ordered out, she wrote: "This is the hardest thing God has ever asked me to do in all my life. He has told us to go away. . . . To run away . . . it seems as if nothing after that could ever be hard." She did not "run away" when the last call came.

Miss Harriet Eleanor Saunders and her sister, Miss Elizabeth Maud Saunders, known familiarly as Nellie and Topsy, were Australians. Their conversion was the result of Mr. George Grubbs' Mission in 1892, and when Mr. Stewart asked for recruits they at once offered themselves. They are spoken of as frank and friendly girls of strong individuality and devoted to the cause. Their letters show that they were not wanting in "pluck." One who knew them before the great spiritual change came upon their lives, describes them as "just happy, careless, buoyant girls, full of life, somewhat wayward and difficult to control, fond of all worldly amusements, much in request for music, dancing, and lawn tennis." When the change came their companions quickly felt that something had happened. One of them said naïvely, "We never used to listen to the sermons in church, but when we knew that Nellie Saunders had become religious, we thought there must be something in it." The visit to Australia of Mr. Eugene Stock and Mr. Stewart, in 1892, decided them for service in China, and, having once made up their minds, they lost not a moment in qualifying themselves for the work they would have to undertake.

Of such materials was the little company formed which was swept away by the massacre of 1895. The *Church Missionary Intelligencer* of that year is very interesting and exciting reading. In the July number, and in the *Gleaner* of September, the whole occurrence stands out in its relation to contemporary events. The unrest in China, fostered by the war with Japan, had produced some dangerous uprisings against foreigners. A violent political sect, animated by a special hatred against the stranger, went by the name of the "Vegetarians." They were partly fanatical, but still more largely revolutionary. They were not recognized by the Chinese authorities, who, however, were too weak to properly suppress them. They entrenched themselves under a leader among the mountains about fifteen miles from Hwa-Sang, the mission station at which the murders took place. For a while it was thought that these rebel bands were about to attack the city of Ku-Cheng in force. The mandarin was in a panic. As he had no proper force to defend the town, he gave orders to barricade and build up the gates. This was done in such haste that part of the work was accomplished with coffin-boards looted from a neighbouring shop. As the mission buildings were all outside the walls, and entirely unprotected, Mr. Stewart brought the whole of his party, together with the schools, and numbering nearly a hundred, for shelter within the city. The alarm passed away, and the gates were again opened. Mr. Stewart, however, was so convinced that the trouble was not over that he sent his staff of ladies, together with his wife and children, to Fuh-Chow, while he remained to watch the course of events at Ku-Cheng. Later on, in May, when the war was actually over and peace made, things appeared to have settled down, and the missionaries reassembled at Ku-Cheng. When the July holiday season arrived it seemed safe to take them all to the hill-station of Hwa-Sang. This is only three hours' journey from the city, and affords relief from the heat at the most trying time of the year.

They made a very happy party at the "mountain house." Mrs. Stewart was mother of them all. She had a baby of a few weeks old with her, but found time to make everybody happy. They were all so grateful that their time of anxiety was over and the trouble passed that they spent much of their time in prayer and praise. In the middle of July they kept a "Keswick week" together. They lived in an atmosphere of peace and rest, quite unconscious of what was preparing in the outlaws' stronghold, and that their doom was decreed.

On August 1st a treat had been prepared. It was little Herbert Stewart's birthday. The children were up early, and out in the woods collecting flowers to decorate the house. The ladies were up and dressed too. Miss Gordon was sitting in the open air reading at about half-past six. She heard horns and drums, but did not at first associate them with any riot. Other people, too, heard the noise of the murderers' approach. Mr. Phillips, a missionary who had a bedroom at a house about a quarter of a mile away, heard what he thought was the noise of children excited over their play. He went out to join the game, knowing that they were planning a festival, when a native retainer seized and almost dragged him back, warning him that a "Vegetarian" mob was attacking the station. A lady also of the American Mission, not far distant, heard shouts, and, going out to ascertain the cause, encountered a ruffian who almost killed her with his spear.

The plot had been secretly formed in the insurgents' camp, and was so swiftly carried out that it took all by surprise. The first warning was the rush of the armed mob, shouting, waving flags, and blowing horns as they precipitated themselves upon the peaceful little oasis in which that happy party of tired missionary workers were just opening their eyes to greet another sunny day.

In a moment all was confusion. Those who were up and dressed ran in to warn the others, but the houses were instantly surrounded. Some one bolted the door, and Hessie

Newcombe gathered those about her together while she knelt in prayer. Then the door was forced. The mob surged in, striking right and left furiously. The men were led by one who carried a red flag, and who bade them kill and spare none. The girls closed up hand in hand. They knew then what they had to face. "Never mind, girls; we are all going home together," cried out one of them, and then all were struck down. What happened in the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart is not known. Their bodies were found charred among the ashes, so burnt as to be almost unrecognizable.

Miss Hartford, who escaped with a wound, says that the attack passed over the station like a wave of fire and left it desolate. The Rev. H. L. Phillips arrived only in time to see the men carrying off loads of plunder from the ravished houses. He was hidden by some underwood, and as none of the mission party appeared, he at first hoped that they had been warned in time and had been able to escape. Then the horn sounded the retreat, and the Vegetarian band set fire to the buildings and left them to their fate. As Mr. Phillips came nearer he heard the men crying triumphantly, "Now all the foreigners are killed." Those few who escaped the massacre were overlooked by the undisciplined crowd of attackers—as poor little Kathleen, one of the children, who crept beneath a bed, and when the house was in flames was able to save some of the other little children, and the baby who was drawn from beneath the body of the faithful nurse.

There was a solemn funeral at Fuh-Chow on August 6th, 1895, when a boat draped with black cloth bore the bodies of the slain to their tomb. "They were laid side by side, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart in one case; next was the body of Herbert, then came Nelly Saunders and Lena Yellop, the faithful friend and faithful nurse, whose death helped to save the baby. Then came Topsy Saunders, side by side with her dear friend and constant companion, Elsie Marshall; then

the sainted and beloved Hessie Newcombe, and next Annie Gordon, and last Lucy Stewart; companions in labour, side by side in death, and in their entrance into the glory-land."

This uprising of sections of the Chinese against the European teachers was prompted by national feeling rather than by any particular antagonism to Christianity. Bishop Burdon wrote, shortly after the affair at Hwa-Sang, that "there is no tidings of any native Christian having been either killed or wounded." He goes on to say that: "We have been deceiving ourselves for years in respect of China. She never entered, nor indeed understands what is meant by the comity of nations. She has not taken in our meaning of the word civilization. She hates foreigners." He further explains: "Let it be remembered that I speak of the Chinese Government *only*. China is a splendid land. . . . They welcome us among them. But the official class, as a class, is bitterly opposed to us."

Possibly the Bishop might modify these statements if he were writing now, more than twelve years later. But it remains to be yet seen whether the door has really been opened in China to Western influence.

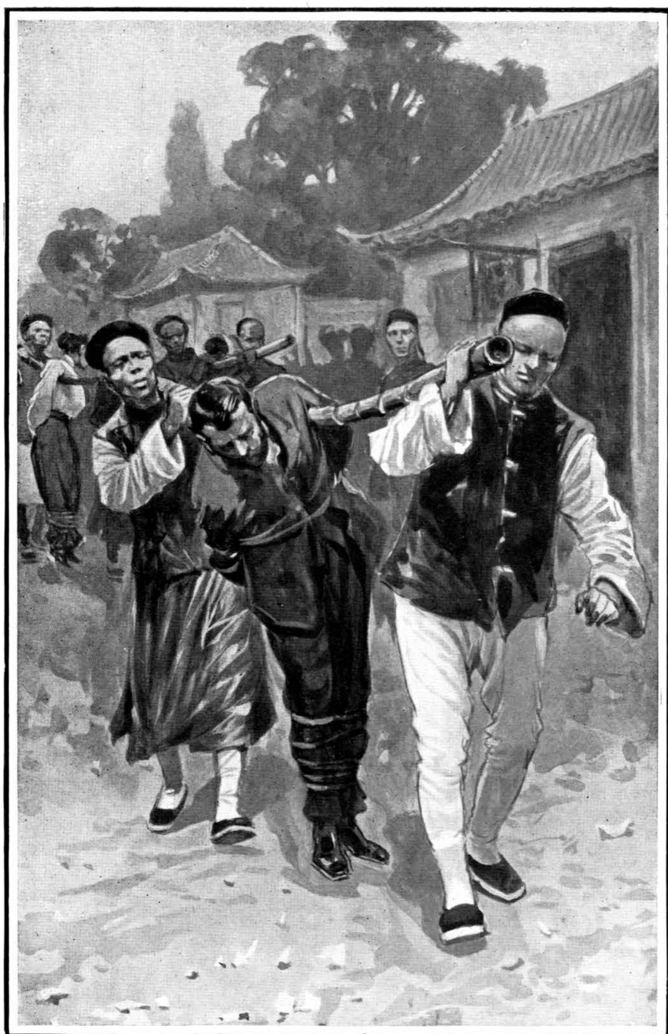
Terrible times followed as the nineteenth century merged into the twentieth. The nationalist Yü Hsien organized a band of men whom he named "The Patriotic Harmony Fists," afterwards notorious as the "Boxers." These ruffians were secretly supported by the Chinese Government, and were encouraged to sweep all foreigners out of China. Their first victim on the last day of 1899 was the Rev. S. P. Brooks[1] a missionary in connection with the S.P.G., who had received his training at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. After this many were killed—or rather suffered martyrdom, since their

[1] It is said that Mr. Brooks received warning in a vivid dream, in which his own name appeared engraved on a memorial tablet in the corridor of his college chapel. He would not be deterred, however, by the entreaty of the friends to whom he told this dream, but started forth upon the missionary journey from which he returned no more. He encountered a band of Boxers, and, after many indignities, was done to death.

presence in China was as ambassadors of Christ, and they remained through the perilous time for Christ's sake and His Gospel's. The tale of their sufferings is briefly told in a book published by Messrs. Morgan and Scott for the China Inland Mission, with special relation to those who perished in connection with the China Inland Mission. The spirit in which they endured the frightful outrages to which they were subjected is well expressed in the pathetic cry of a little girl, only seven years old, who died of exhaustion on the road, and who, when her parents were beaten savagely and stoned by the mob, said, "They treated Jesus like this, didn't they, mother?"

When the children were taught to suffer in that spirit, one need not be surprised to read the words of a mother, sick and wounded, but full of faith and courage: "Please do not be surprised or frightened if you see wild reports in the papers. It is a time of hatred against the Chinese, and many are therefore glad of any excuse to abuse them. Thank God, we bear them no malice." In the book above mentioned no less than one hundred and eighty names are recorded of those who fell during this period of fury against the stranger, and this does not complete the full tale. Not a few of these were little children, to be added in blessed memory to the number of the "holy innocents"; and a very considerable number were young women. A decree from the Empress-Dowager of China was promulgated at that time throughout the whole country: "The foreigners must be killed; even if they retire, they must still be killed." This fell in only too well with the blind conservatism of all who were interested in the preservation of those national abuses upon which the official class throve, and it was carried out wherever any defenceless people were found.

The details given by survivors are shocking in the extreme. Mr. Green, for example, tells a thrilling story of the way in which he and his young wife with their two little children and a brave young lady, Miss Gregg, were hunted into the hills after



Torture of Mr. and Mrs. Green

A bamboo pole was thrust under the arm of each, and in this agonising position they were carried on the shoulders of two men.

the destruction of their home; how they took refuge in a cave where they were hidden by some friendly Chinese; how the Boxers tracked them there, shooting Mr. Green and wounding him severely, and dragging the whole party before their leader. Many times they escaped death by what seemed a miracle. On one such occasion when the mandarin had given their escort secret orders to kill them in some secluded reach of the river down which they were being conducted, the men relented and allowed them to escape into a dense bed of reeds and hide there. They remained on the mud among the tall reeds, scorched by the sun, tormented by clouds of mosquitoes and half dead with hunger, till night fell, and then a sudden storm of rain drenched them all to the skin. When they crept forth from the morass and sought some food at a wayside house, they were immediately betrayed and taken. All were beaten and tightly bound, hand and foot. A bamboo pole was then thrust under an arm of each, and in this agonizing posture they were carried like dead animals to the nearest magistrate. This man sent them, with fresh indignities and torments, to another, and no day passed without the fear of death. Their final escape was brought about by a series of hair-breadth apparent chances, or rather miracles; but one does not wonder to hear that the baby daughter, only four years old, succumbed to the awful privations and terrors of that frightful time.

Nor was it only the Europeans who suffered during that time of licensed lawlessness. The Boxers searched out all the Chinese who were supposed to sympathize with the "foreign devils." A letter written from P'ing-Yang describes how native Christians were threatened, robbed and, many of them, put to death. "On the west of the Fen River, near P'ing-Yang," says the native writer, "they seized all the Christian men and women, and with a knife cut a cross on their foreheads, and afterwards tortured them, throwing their bodies into the river." The same Chinese writer also says: "All the Christians at P'ing-Yang have received an official paper, which they are required to paste

up outside their doors, intimating that they have renounced Christianity. All the houses of the Christians and inquirers (presumably those who would not carry out this order) have been burned or destroyed. The wives and daughters of the Christians have been shamefully treated and tortured."

The fidelity of many of these Chinese Christians during this reign of terror was most touching and beautiful. The women also behaved like heroes. Their endurance matches that of the early Christians in the days when Christianity was so closely associated with martyrdom. They not only remained steadfast to their faith, but stood by their teachers at the peril of their lives. When we read of the many acts of self-sacrifice done for the missionaries in this moment of their unpopularity, and when even the shadow of a suspicion of sympathy with the foreigner was enough to bring ruin upon a man and his entire family, we cannot wonder at the peculiar affection which those who labour in China so often entertain toward the converts.

Dr. Griffith John describes[1] how, when he visited Hunan in 1897, the people were incited to attack his party. The Mission depôt was looted, the boat containing the Christians was stoned. All down the river there was an insurrection against the foreigners and their religion. It was in the very thick of this danger that thirteen Chinese "inquirers" came to ask for baptism. They would not listen to the suggestion that they should wait until safer times, but insisted that they should be then and there received, if they were thought worthy to be admitted into fellowship. They were all examined and all baptized, there on the mission boat, moored in the middle of the river, because the banks were held by their enemies and they could not land. No wonder Dr. John writes: "It was a glorious ending to a very stirring day." But converts of that mettle are worth going very far to seek.

There is no land which offers a more promising field to the

[1] *A Voice from China*, p. 228.

evangelist than China. The tenacity which is so remarkable a national characteristic promises well for the future of the Chinese Church. If the Chinese are to be won, however, it will be necessary to convince their women. Hitherto the Chinaman has had a poor opinion of his wife's mental capacities; but recent facts have proved that the women of China are not merely capable of great and heroic devotion, but of a highly intelligent grasp of the truth. They respond very readily to the woman teacher who wins their affection and confidence. It is to be hoped that the number of such women teachers will increase.

Moreover, one may reasonably expect that the progress of Christian knowledge will be much more rapid now that the prejudice against anything new is being removed. China seems at last to be really "open." The subjugation of the Boxers and the failure of their anti-foreign movement was a great revelation to the mass of the people. Especially it came as a warning to those in authority who had secretly incited them to act. The mistake is not likely to be repeated. It seems likely that the lives of missionaries will now be reasonably safe. With the entrance of Western learning will no doubt come arguments against Christianity harder to meet than martyrdom. But with the extension of knowledge will also come tolerance. There will presently be a fair field and no favour for all. Now is the Church's opportunity, if she knows how to take it.

Authorities: *The Sister Martyrs of Ku-Cheng*, by H. F. Turner (J. Nisbet and Co.); *For His Sake*, by Mary E. Watson, published by the R.T.S.; *His Witnesses*, published by the C.E.Z.M.S.; *A Voice from China*, by Dr. Griffith John, published by Morgan and Scott.

XI

LOUISA STEWART

OF FUH-CHOW

Her many qualities—Mrs. Ahok—The Chinese women—Escape from Ku-Cheng—The massacre at Hwa-Sang.

PERHAPS one may speak more particularly of Mrs. Stewart. She was a woman of many qualities. Essentially womanly and devoted to her husband and children, she had the courage of a man and the gifts which would have qualified her for a public speaker and organizer. As wife and friend she was delightful. That is a very pretty picture which Dr. Van Someren Taylor draws of her when he arrived at Fuh-Chow one night. Robert Stewart had been to welcome him, and led him to the mission-house. "Suddenly he stopped and knocked. Quickly the door was opened. The darkness was broken by a flood of light, and in the midst of the light, surrounded by the doorway as a frame, stood Mrs. Stewart, her baby on her arm . . . her face beaming with kindness. . . . To us always her house was our house when in Fuh-Chow, and it always had a home-like feel about it. . . . Always at the side of her husband, she helped him in everything. . . . How vividly one can recall that fond, proud look with which she regarded him, and how she understood his every look! How her own face would cloud when she saw him perplexed!"

All the girls with her at Hwa-Sang spoke of her as the Little Mother, and she carried about with her a restful spirit wherever she went. Yet no one knew better how to gain and keep the

attention of a great meeting. Mr. Eugene Stock says: "She was even more powerful as a speaker than her husband. I have been with her at a drawing-room meeting, appointed to speak after her, and when she sat down I have felt that any other address would only mar the effect of her loving, moving, burning words; and I have risen and simply said, "I will not add a syllable; let us pray now that we have heard."

But she was quite as impressive when speaking before a crowd, as at the Pavilion at Brighton. There she had with her that Chinese Christian, Mrs. Ahok, whose speech she translated, sentence by sentence, to the audience. Mrs. Ahok had drunk in deeply the spirit of her friend and teacher. The writer of a memoir of Robert and Louisa Stewart says:—

"Mrs. Ahok used to wonder why all the 'Ku-niongs' (unmarried women) could not go to China. I have heard her question a young lady—

"'You love Jesus?'

"'Yes.'

"'You go China?' with an eager, longing look, followed by one of disappointed hope, when a shake of the head gave a decided refusal."

Mr. Stock also alluded to Mrs. Stewart's unconsciously heroic attitude. When she spoke all possible dangers were pushed on one side. How should they affect a Christian's duty? African mango-swamps might be deadly. Chinese mobs might be murderous. Well! "No one, after hearing one of her speeches, would have dared to put personal safety as the chief object of concern."

She loved the courage of the Chinese. One Ing-Soi was seized and threatened with everything if he would not promise to speak no more in the name of Christ. As he refused, he was dragged off and beaten almost to death, after which a knife was held to his throat. He was delivered at the last moment, only to die from his injuries in the hospital.

"How did you feel, Ing-Soi, when you faced death?" asked Mrs. Stewart.

"Oh!" he said, "I never thought of death; my only thought was, in one moment I shall really *see* Jesus. They thought I was laughing, and said, 'You needn't laugh; we are really going to kill you.'"

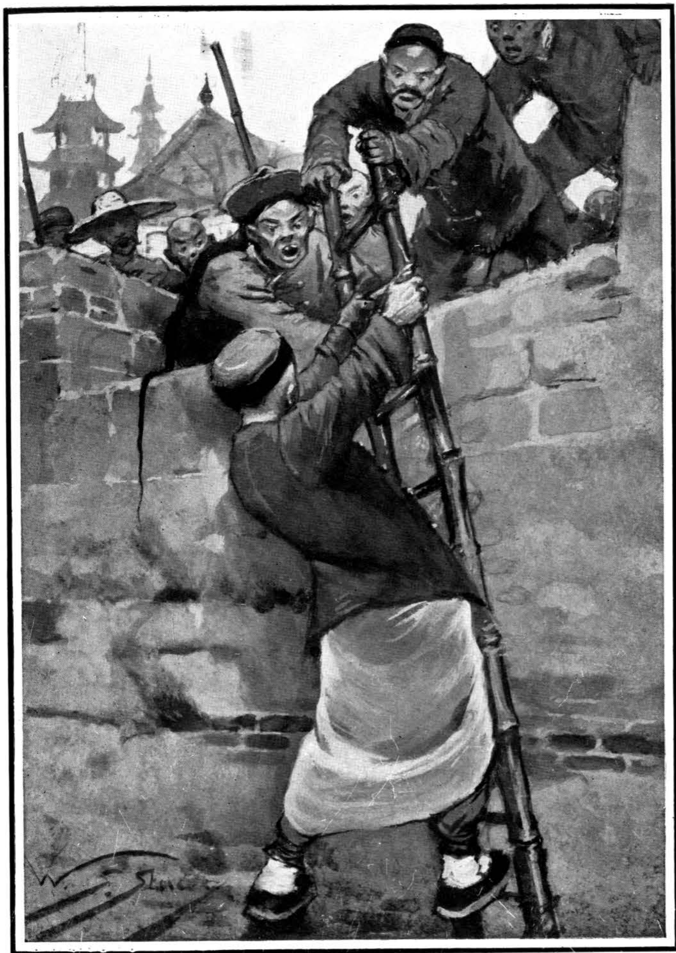
She had great sympathy with the Chinese women, too. She, who was so happily married, understood and pitied their slave-like lives. They began to think, as they looked at her, that there might be something desirable about marriage after all. Though how a girl could *like* to be married was hard to comprehend.

She could speak to them of their national crimes without appearing shocked. As on one occasion to a class of women she said, "I am sure that some of the things said about you are not true. For instance, about killing the girl-babies. I do not suppose any of you have done so."

A smile passed round, and eighteen out of the twenty women present confessed quite openly that they had; only saying in exculpation that it was done at once, before the mother had time to love her child.

To her own little children she made religion a very real and everyday affair. One of them had a fall, and said gravely afterwards to his mother, "God went out to walk with 'Her' to-day, or he would have been killed." This was the little Herbert who was put to death with the others at Hwa-Sang.

Mrs. Stewart never troubled her husband with an exhibition of fear. She could be perfectly calm and collected in an emergency. When they escaped from the city of Ku-Cheng, which was barricaded against the insurgents, they had to climb over the town wall. Miss Saunders, who was one of the party, gives a graphic account of the adventure. The gate was blocked, being built up with boards and masonry; but a ladder was discovered by which it seemed possible to get down from the parapet into the outer ditch. A crowd of excited men



Escape from Ku-Cheng

The gates were all blocked up against the rebels, so a ladder was hired by Mr. Stewart, but the owner now refused to let him use it, except for an exorbitant sum, and tried to draw it up. Mr. Stewart clung to it with desperate tenacity, but was finally shaken off.

clustered about the ladder and hindered as much as they could. They were on the watch for the rebels, and prepared to throw great stones upon them if they attacked. These stones littered the parapet.

When Mr. Stewart approached the ladder, the owner of it declared that he should not use it unless he paid a fabulous sum of money. He had consented at the first blush to accept a moderate amount, but as soon as he perceived that the case was urgent, he repented himself of his too easy bargain, and called upon his friends to help him keep the foreigners off. There was a frightful din and pushing to and fro. They seized the ladder and tried to draw it up the wall.

In this emergency Mr. Stewart acted promptly. He clung to the ladder and threw his weight upon it to prevent it from being raised, when he was nearly pushed off the wall. So he swung himself on to the swaying poles and began to descend, hoping to be able to hold the ladder more firmly from the bottom. The Chinese did their best to shake him off. He, however, half climbed, half slid down, and reached the ground unhurt. But in an instant, before he could get a good grip upon the rungs, the men had snatched them out of his grasp, and the ladder was in a trice on top of the wall.

Things looked very bad, but happily another ladder was found and hired. The difficulty was that it was four feet too short to reach the ground. When the women and children stood on the last rung they had to be lifted down on to the grass. But Mrs. Stewart showed no fear, either for herself or for her children. She wrote home, "There was nothing on which to prop it up, but Robert and two assistants held it up in their hands till we had all safely reached the ground."

That was at the commencement of the "Vegetarian" troubles, which about four months later ended so sadly. The mission party were persuaded that their presence among the Chinese Christians merely marked them out for attack, since the Vegetarian movement was political rather than religious. They

therefore proposed to retire for a while till the trouble was abated, and then to return quietly and without ostentation.

There was a cheerful spirit among all the members of the mission. They made light of any possible danger. It might be or it might not. They were all in the hands of God. One may be quite assured that none of them flinched when the supreme moment was upon them. All of that party at Hwa-Sang had had a time of spiritual uplifting together, which made them very ready to meet death in whatever form it might come. Miss Codrington, who survived her terrible wounds, expressly says that she felt no pain at the moment when the fanatics fell upon them with sword-slash and spear-thrust; nor did the others seem to do so. She herself was only conscious of "a thrill of joy to think they would all soon be in glory together."

The assassins trooped off in savage triumph, carrying with them the linen sheets, on which they painted the dragon emblem, writing for inscription, "The Dragon will conquer the foreigners' God." But the Dragon did not conquer, though he slew. Death could not conquer one who had said in anticipation of some such an end to her spell of service, "I think that our death may mean life to the Chinese."

XII

SOME CHINESE MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS

Shansi—Yü Hsien—The Boxers—Attack on the hospital—Martyrdom of Miss Coombs—Slaughter in the governor's courtyard—Fidelity of native Christians—A change of policy—Memorials.

ALL the civilized world was shocked by the stupid and brutal massacres of Christian missionaries in China at the opening of this century. The anti-foreign movement which came to a head eight years ago in the Boxer atrocities, and which resulted in so many abominable murders, originated in the northern province of Shansi.

Shansi means West of the Mountains. A high range of hills divides it from the province of Chihli on the east. On the north it runs right up to Mongolia.

One of the lofty peaks of Shansi is the Ararat of China. It is named Ren Tsu Shan, the Mountain of Man's Ancestors. The legend runs that two individuals saved themselves from the Flood by riding on lions, which took them safely to the summit. From these two sprang the whole human race. On the top is an ancient temple dedicated by the *literati* to Wen Tsu, "the Ancestor of Literature."

Shansi is thickly populated where cities are built upon the plain, but it also contains many desolate fastnesses, where wild beasts roam at large. Packs of wolves haunt the mountains, and in winter sometimes make incursions upon the plain and carry off children from the villages. The scenery is often very

romantic. The roads pass through deep, secluded gorges, and climb the ledges of precipitous mountain passes. The soil in the plains is very fertile, and produces two crops a year when it is properly watered.

In the days of old there must have been some clever and enterprising men in Shansi. The roads, of which only the battered tracks now remain, are wonderfully engineered; but the present race are content to do with what they have been accustomed to, and make no effort to effect improvements. Rough carts without springs, and crawling on clumsy wheels, are dragged laboriously along the unkept roads. The luxurious travel by litter, a chair swung between two mules in tandem fashion, one in front and one behind. Wealthy officials ride in sedan chairs, carried by bearers.

The people of Shansi used to be regarded as among the quietest and most inoffensive of the inhabitants of China. When Mrs. Hudson Taylor ventured into the province in 1878, bringing with her two other ladies, Miss Horne and Miss Crickmay, no violence was offered to them. They were allowed to open schools for orphan girls without any unusual opposition. In 1880 there were no less than twelve missionaries at work, several of whom were ladies. In 1898 the number had increased to 151, and many Chinese—it is said more than 1500—had been connected with the Church of Christ.

It takes a very long while to get up a revolution in China. The people are slow to move. They take their time to consider any movement before they commit themselves to it. The Boxer movement originated in an official named Yü Hsien, who was made governor of Shantung in 1899. This man became the instrument of the Empress-Dowager to stir up the Chinese to thrust all foreigners "into the sea." After long preparation of the people and training of bands of men, who were actuated partly by religious and partly by nationalist motives, and whom Yü Hsien named the "Patriotic Harmony Fists," the storm broke in 1899-1900. In March, 1900, this

Yü Hsien was appointed Governor of the province of Shansi. He took with him into the province men who could train Boxer bands.

The Shansi people had suffered much from a severe famine, and it was not difficult to persuade them that their misfortunes were due to the ill-luck which foreigners introduced into the country. The fact that the Chinese Christians refused to contribute to the popular theatrical entertainments, which are mixed up with every sort of superstition and idolatrous practice, gave colour to the accusation that they sided with the "foreign devils" against their own people.

All sorts of tales were flung abroad against the Christians. It was said that they manufactured a magic man of paper, cut him up, and scattered his fragments over the land; which fragments presently came together again in the form of a malignant creature who wrought mischief generally. Ghastly stories were circulated of the way in which Christians tore out eyes, and loaded their vessels with Chinese limbs and blood! Pamphlets were published and scattered about to that effect. Silly people were infected with panic. They suspected foreigners of poisoning their wells, killed strangers at sight, and lashed themselves into the mood to do anything desperate and stupid.

The Boxer leaders who arrived with Yü Hsien found plenty of ready recruits among these enflamed people. Attacks were soon made on Christian houses; the post was stopped between Shansi and the coast, and couriers trying to pass through were stopped and robbed. Proclamations against foreigners and foreign religions were publicly posted up. One of these stated: "The righteous people will burn and kill."

The result was a massacre of missionaries at T'ai Yüan Fu, the seat of the Governor. There were some nineteen Europeans connected with Protestant missions there, together with their eight children. All these were put to death. In addition to these were two Roman Catholic bishops and their staff of priests and lay-brothers, and also seven Sisters of Mercy.

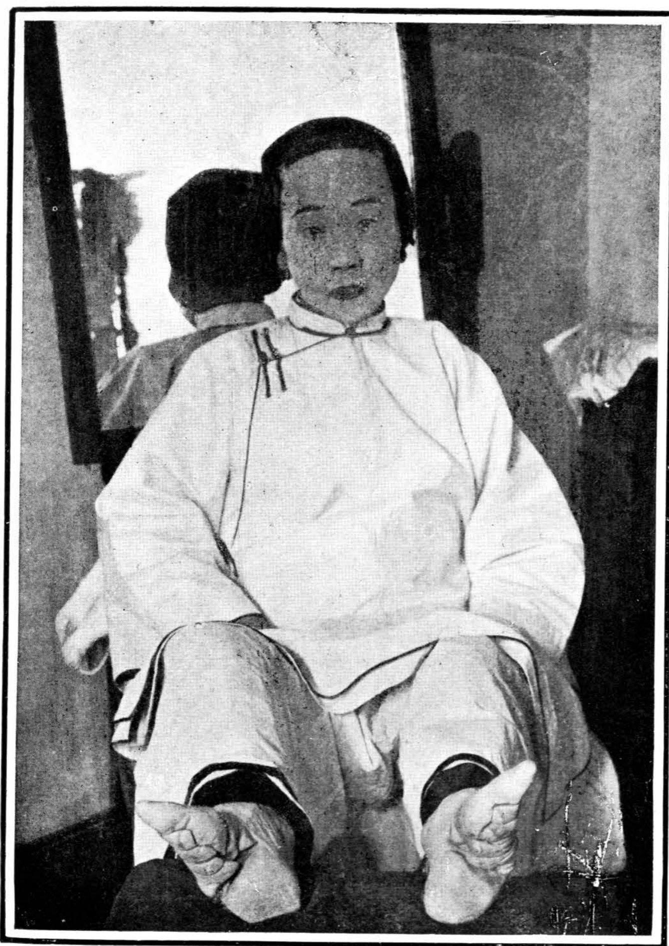
Though the missionaries had known for some while that trouble was brewing, they were always hopeful that the worst might be averted. In answer to a telegram asking how they fared, they had replied, "Safe, hopeful." But the day after the proclamation against foreign religions had been posted at the telegraph office an attack was made upon them.

A crowd of men and big lads congregated about the gate of the hospital. Christian buildings in China are mostly erected in Chinese style, and there is nothing in their architecture to suggest what is foreign and antagonistic to public sentiment. The hospital at T'ai Yüan Fu was thoroughly Chinese in appearance, as also was the pretty chapel in the compound. The missionaries also had adopted Chinese dress. Every effort had been made to carry on their work with as little friction as possible. But, of course, differences are and must be apparent.

When the doctor in charge went to the gate to inquire into the tumult, he was met with a hail of stones and driven in. The mob followed and set fire to the chamber nearest the street. It was now dark, and most of the Chinese assistants escaped by a back door, while the scholars and their teacher and some of the personal servants came, together with the missionaries, into a courtyard which they hoped to be able to defend.

The rioters broke into the hospital compound, setting fire to everything. They then stormed the courtyard and drove the missionary party into the few remaining rooms, which they barricaded as they best could. When the walls of these rooms were being pulled down the men, placing the women and children in their midst, set out to force a way to a fellow-missionary's house, where they hoped to find some better shelter.

They found the front gate blocked by a great fire, through which they had to rush. The street outside was filled with a raging mob, which pelted them with stones and struck at



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A HIGH CASTE CHINESE LADY'S "LILY FEET"

The shoe is worn on the great toe only, the heel being lifted up into the leg of the shoe, so that the foot appears to be only three inches, though actually six or seven in length. The deformity is caused by the feet being tightly bound in pieces of cloth. The gait of a Chinese woman may be perfectly imitated by walking on the heel alone.

them as they passed with sticks and iron-shod bamboos. The Chinese servants with them were mostly lost during this frightful passage, and one of the ladies, Miss Coombs, was missing when at last they reached the house. It was found that she had been killed while trying to protect two of her scholars from the ruffians.

These two girls were undergoing the tedious and painful process of having their feet unbound, and were not well able to walk. They could not keep pace with the rest, and were caught by the mob and stoned. Miss Coombs covered one of them with her own body, whispering to her, "Don't be afraid, we shall soon be where there is no more pain or sorrow." Then she was torn away and flung into the burning mass of the wrecked hospital. When she struggled out, she was thrust back again and again, and flaming beams piled upon her. Next day two Chinese adherents recovered her charred body and buried it in the garden of the mission.

The house in which the remainder of the mission-party took refuge was too closely connected with other buildings for it to be set on fire. Accordingly it was guarded for a while by soldiery. The city gates and walls were also guarded lest any of the foreigners should attempt to escape.

An official then came to take all their names, and told them to go to another house where the Governor would be able to afford them better protection. They suspected a snare, but could not refuse. When they arrived under a strong escort at the new house they found that it was already occupied in part by the Roman Catholics. In fact, the whole foreign community was now gathered together in one place. There they all spent Sunday together, with no very hopeful anticipations. They, however, kept up heart, and the ladies took their part in making the others as comfortable as possible.

On Monday, July 9th, they were all doing their various duties as quietly as possible, when the sub-prefect arrived and again entered in his book the names of all in the house. It

had been decreed that on that day every foreigner in T'ai-Yüan Fu should die. Early in the afternoon the Governor arrived at the house with soldiers. Every one in it was arrested.

What followed was swift and summary. The whole party, together with the few Chinese who were with them, were marched to the Governor's Yâmen, and were assembled in the courtyard. There was no semblance of a trial. The missionaries were asked where they came from. When they replied, "From England," "From France," the Governor merely said, "Kill"; whereupon the soldiers ran in and slaughtered them all on the spot.

There was another company of Europeans who had only arrived the day before, having been brought in under escort, and in chains. They had been shut up in the yâmen of the sub-prefect. This party was composed of two men, two women, two little girls, and a boy. The two girls were in charge of the husband and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, who were establishing a school for foreign children.

These defenceless people were brought through the same courtyard, past the bodies of the victims just slain, lying flung about in horrible prediction of the fate which awaited themselves, and were taken before the Governor, Yü Hsien. All were forced down upon their knees before him and asked the usual question, from whence they came. When they replied, "From England," the command was at once given, "Beat." In an instant they were all belaboured unmercifully by the soldiers till the Governor, tired of the sport, issued his second word, "Kill."

Every possible dishonour was done to the piled-up corpses. Beggars were made to drag them to a waste piece of ground near the South Gate. The next day they were thrown outside the walls, where they were preyed upon by the dogs which serve as scavengers in Eastern cities.

During this reign of terror nothing is more remarkable than

the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the Chinese Christians. They stood by their teachers in a manner which excites the highest admiration. Though they were aware that any association with the doomed foreigners meant death, they offered their services in the hour of their emergency. When the mission-party was taken from the house which received them after the wrecking of the hospital, and was transferred to a house nearer the yâmen of the sub-prefect, and though all suspected that evil was intended to them, more than one native adherent offered to go with them to wait upon them.

The soldiers killed all the Chinese who were found with the missionaries, even a mason who had come a few minutes before their arrival to do some repairs. Five Chinese also perished with the Roman party.

Many of the converts were beaten, some with three hundred stripes, and were dragged before the idols and forcibly bent into postures of reverence; but very many of them withstood all efforts to make them recant. Some indeed accepted a certificate of protection, for which they paid; but this was disapproved by the Church, which counted such an act as equivalent to a recantation.

After the taking of Pekin by the Allies, and the flight of the Court, the Empress-Dowager changed her policy. An edict went forth that Boxers should not be permitted to drill. Finally, orders were given to collect the remains of the murdered Europeans. Some attempt was actually made to do this, but, in fact, it was impossible, since the bodies had been exposed to wolves and scavenger dogs for nearly half a year. Coffins were, however, provided, one to represent each who had been killed. Some pretence was also made of relieving the necessities of the despoiled native Christians; but, as the fund for this purpose was entrusted to local officials, it is not surprising to hear that the Christians got very little out of it.

Yü Hsien was the real hero of the day in the eyes of Chinamen. When he left T'ai Yüan Fu in the autumn of 1900, he

was escorted to the gate by the leading men and the populace, and sent away with plaudits. A tablet to his honour was affixed to the city gate, and his boots were hung in a cage by the gateway as a memorial of so great a governor. Feeling against everything foreign ran very high, and the mountain passes were occupied and guarded against the German and French troops, which had advanced as far as the eastern border.

When the passes were forced, and it was reported that the Europeans were advancing upon T'ai Yüan Fu, there was great alarm. In the emergency it was proposed that the missionaries should be invited to return to look after their property, and a telegram was sent requesting Dr. Richard, who was acquainted with Shansi affairs, to visit the province and act as commissioner. Dr. Richard accepted this invitation, and drew up a code of proposals, demanding that the province should be assessed for the damage done to mission property and that this assessment should be used for the opening of schools, to be under the charge of one Chinese and one foreigner. Also that a monument should be erected in each place where Christians were murdered, stating publicly that they were put to death without cause. Further, that when fresh missionaries were sent out they should be properly received by the officials and people, and that a public apology should be made for what had been done. In future Christians were to be treated as on the same footing as other citizens.

To these propositions there was a general agreement. It was also agreed that the house in the city in which the mission-party was kept before the massacre should be pulled down, and that a pavilion with a memorial tablet should be raised on the site, the ground about it being laid out as a garden.

The first of these tablets was erected in June, 1902, "In memory of the Christian missionaries who laid down their lives in T'ai Yüan Fu in July, 1900." On this tablet were thirty-four names, engraved both in English and Chinese.

The miserable Boxers who had been used as the instruments of the Government were publicly disowned, and more than a hundred of their leaders were executed.

Memorial services were held in various places, and all that was possible was done to prove to the people that henceforth the position of the missionary who came to dwell among them was to be as secure as that of any other man, and that no man was to be persecuted for his religion. Into the indemnities which were exacted by the Powers we need not here enter.

It is more to the point to note that the perils of a life in Central China have not prevented volunteers from offering themselves for this work. More men and women than ever have desired to enter through " the open door " and to take all the risks of the service. And those risks are not wholly removed. The tide of national feeling is not to be turned back at short notice. But every school that is established exercises an influence; and if the Church is ready to teach the increasing numbers of those who are willing to learn, the enlightenment of the giant nation, which is only beginning to open its eyes to foreign knowledge, may be surprisingly rapid.

Not the least needed among Christian agencies is the work of women, who alone can teach with any effect the womanhood of China.

XIII

MRS. McDOUGALL

AMONG THE PIRATES OF BORNEO

James Brooke—Sarawak—The Sea Dyaks—Constituted Rajah—Francis McDougall—Harriette Bunyon—Married—Her qualities—Their arrival in Sarawak—Mission buildings—Mrs. McDougall's successful work—Head-hunting—Death of her children—Run down by a brig—Ill with fever—Mr. McDougall consecrated—A dangerous voyage—Rajah and his would-be murderer—A Chinese invasion—Escape of the mission party—Retaliation on the Chinese—Cholera—A Malay "amok"—A sea-fight—Return to England—Her death.

THERE is no more romantic story in the history of the making of the Empire than how James Brooke became Rajah of Sarawak. It is not every day that a young man goes out on his adventures and finds a kingdom. But that is precisely what happened to Brooke.

When he was thirty-two, and he came into his inheritance of about £30,000, he bought a ship and sailed out Eastward to see the world. That was in 1835, when men were content with small boats. The little *Royalist* was only 142 tons burden, and schooner-rigged. She was entered in the books of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was entitled accordingly to carry a white ensign, as a ship of war. She was armed with six six-pounder guns as well as a good stock of small arms; and she was prepared to meet any pirate afloat.

Her owner and captain was one of the most delightful of heroes. A fine, straight, manly figure of a man; standing five feet ten in his stockings; with keen, kind eyes; frank, sensitive mouth; strong, lissom frame; a born sailor; an enthusiastic friend; brave to a fault in the moment of battle, and tender as

a woman when he had won his fights; there is no wonder that he became the man of the hour, and that all Britain rang with the fame of his doings.

James Brooke had an ambition to "carry his vessel to places where the keel of European ships never before ploughed the waters; and to plant his foot where white man's foot had never before been." So he steered for the Eastern Archipelago and presently arrived at Singapore.

Between three and four hundred miles to the east of Singapore lies the big island of Borneo. The southern part of the island was governed by the Dutch. The British had a sort of footing at the north-east; but Sarawak, a long strip of land between four and five hundred miles long by a hundred miles broad, was claimed by the Sultan, Omar Ali. The Sultan's rule did not amount to much. The various tribes of Malays and Dyaks were constantly at war with each other. The creeks and rivers swarmed with murderous pirates, and head-hunters roamed throughout the forests.

White men, however, were sometimes respected, and the Rajah Muda Hassim, Governor under the Sultan of Brunei, had rescued the crew of a shipwrecked English vessel and sent them safely to Singapore. The English there, astonished at his generosity, asked Brooke if he would sail to Sarawak to see what manner of man this Malay ruler was, and present him with some appreciatory gifts.

Nothing loth, James Brooke set forth, and after five days anchored off the coast. Borneo lies under the equator, and the heat is great; but the coast of Sarawak is described as beautiful. It is deeply indented by waterways, which are the high roads into the interior. Deep forests of great age come down to the water's brink and darkly fringe the winding rivers. In these woods are no wild beasts, but they were haunted by wilder men. Tribe defended itself against tribe, and every village was decked with the heads of its enemies. The Dyak scarcely regarded himself as a full-grown man until he had

taken a head; nor would a Dyak girl look with any favour upon a lover who could not show at least one such trophy. The heads were smoked and preserved as perpetual testimonials to the valour of the warrior who made the collection.

The Sea Dyaks were a brave and warlike race, who cruised along the coast in their bangkongs, or war-boats, and made piratical incursions upon whomever they could find unprepared to resist them. Pirate fleets infested the rivers, and terrorized the quieter people inland when they sought to approach the coast. The more civilized Malays rather encouraged these pirates, since they were able to buy much of their spoil on cheap terms, and obtain a regular supply of slave women and children from their unhappy captives.

When James Brooke arrived at Sarawak the district was in rebellion against the Sultan of Brunei. Muda Hassim welcomed him effusively, and besought him to stay and help him. Though Brooke was not able to do this on the first invitation, he returned after an interval to see how the war with the rebels was progressing. The conduct of this campaign had been entrusted to a certain Makota, a cowardly and lazy general, whose only idea of fighting was to build a strong stockade at a safe distance from the enemy, and sit within its walls to watch his movements.

Brooke consented to help Muda Hassim, and went in his ship to the scene of warlike operations. He soon battered down the enemy's defences with his six-pounders and then proposed a charge. But nothing could induce Makota and his men to run into danger. Brooke was so disgusted that he re-embarked, and would have sailed for home had not Muda Hassim urged him so strongly to remain, even offering to yield him the governorship of the province, that he consented to make a second attempt. Again the guns of the yacht opened on the rebels and demolished their fort; again the troops under Makota hung back; but Brooke's blood was now thoroughly up, and after much fort-building, river-fighting, and

bush-shooting, the rebels were made to see that their cause was hopeless. They surrendered to Brooke, who, with the greatest difficulty, preserved the lives which he had guaranteed from the infuriated Rajah. The officers who had hung back from the attack were now most eager to slay. Brooke only obtained the lives of the prisoners of war by the threat of for ever withholding his friendship from the Rajah if he killed them.

When the war was thus satisfactorily ended, James Brooke had some claim to consider himself as in authority. In fact, the Rajah had promised him the command of Sarawak. This promise was, however, immediately forgotten, and a permission to trade in the country given as sole reward for his services. What brought matters to a climax was a fresh incursion of Sea Dyaks which he frustrated with his armed ships, and some other deeds of masterful daring which secured him the admiration of the people. He became more and more a necessity to the dwellers upon that troubled coast, till, in 1841, Muda Hassim formally handed over to him the governorship. This was afterwards confirmed by the Sultan, and later on, when Muda Hassim retired, he was constituted Rajah of the whole of Sarawak.

James Brooke had proved himself the man for the time. He was hailed with enthusiasm. His position received recognition from Britain, where his name became for a while a household word. In 1848 he was created a K.C.B. He set to work with all his might to rule his wild people well. He established courts and did justice; and among other good works he welcomed and encouraged the settlement at Sarawak of Christian missionaries.

This is, of course, not the place in which to describe the work of Rajah Brooke. The story of the struggles and the final triumph of his kingdom will be found in other books. At least two lives of him have been written by personal friends; and Sir Henry Keppel, in the *Voyage of the Meander*, has given a graphic account of the little State and its gallant ruler.

There are also Sir James' own letters and journals. In this chapter, however, we are more concerned to set forth how a young Englishwoman went out with her husband, and took her place fearlessly among the wild Dyaks and Malays that she might help him to teach them the rule of the Church of Christ.

Francis McDougall, first Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, was born at Sydenham in 1817. His father was a captain in the 88th Regiment. He saw a great deal of life abroad with his parents, and gave promise of becoming a brave soldier and a thorough young adventurer. He, however, had pronounced tastes for science, and these led him first to study medicine and then to go through the usual course at Oxford. He qualified as surgeon at King's College, London, in 1839. He took his B.A. degree at Oxford in 1842. In the same year he rowed bow in the winning boat in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. He then proceeded to Wales, where he applied his scientific knowledge in the superintendence of some ironworks. There he met his wife, Harriette Bunyon, whom he married in 1843. In 1845, his thoughts having turned strongly towards the service of the Church, he was ordained. His wife was in thorough sympathy with him, and encouraged him to do what was in his heart.

Her first baby was born just about the time of the ordination, and she was not able to hear her husband's first sermon. A little later she wrote that she felt so rich and happy "when Frank squeezed himself very carefully into the little pulpit, and left the door ajar to give him space to turn round. The text was, 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' I thought to myself, 'I will listen as if some one else was preaching,' but then, when the words occasionally bolted out, instead of running smoothly . . . . I found myself getting hot and conscious. This was at the beginning of the sermon, but before the end I sat humble and as a learner at my husband's feet, for I felt that he was able, as well as authorized, to instruct his wife. And

thus for the first time I felt myself a clergyman's wife." She goes on to tell, proudly, how Frank had already filled his little barn-like church.

The husband and wife were as different in appearance as could be. He was rather under middle height, but exceptionally broad and muscularly made, with coal-black hair and eyes, and that brown skin which characterizes certain west-coast Scotsmen, and has earned the title of "blackavized." She, on the contrary, was fair and fragile, sweet-tempered and gentle, concealing an indomitable courage under a vivacity which never failed her. She was an accomplished artist and musician, and shone in society. Wherever she went she readily made friends, and all fell under her spell. Lady Augusta Stanley is said to have compared her to the fairy from whose mouth pearls and diamonds were ever dropping.

It was this little, society-bred woman who induced her adventure-loving husband to offer himself for Borneo. He was offered lucrative work in connection with the British Museum, and thought that he ought to accept it for the sake of his wife; but she, knowing his disposition, and what he was best fitted for, insisted that to Borneo he should go. The story is told more fully than we have space for here, in the biography by her brother. It redounds wholly to her praise.

Harriette McDougall probably scarcely realized at the moment to what a life she was committing them both, but she had her missionary aspirations. Her uncle was Edward Bickersteth, of Watton, who had visited Sierra Leone for the C.M.S. in 1816. Her sister married Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. Dr. Bickersteth, Bishop in Japan, was her great-nephew. She was herself filled with the desire to do something to extend the Kingdom of Christ among the heathen. When she died, in 1886, her husband said of her, "Yes, I should like it to be said that she first preached Christ to the native women of Borneo."

On almost the last day of 1847 they sailed for Sarawak,

leaving their baby son behind them. It was a horrible little ship in which they went, a barque of four hundred tons, laden with coal and gunpowder. Since then ships have become some ten times as large, while the comforts and conveniences (if there were any then) have become a hundred times as great. But neither of them quarrelled with their accommodation. They were looking forward too eagerly to what awaited them at the end of the voyage.

When a frightful thunderstorm broke upon them in the tropics and it occurred to them that the hold was full of gunpowder, Mrs. McDougall merely looked at her husband and said, "Frank, this is very dangerous." "Very," said he; "but we are in God's hands, dear." So they stood on deck, hand in hand, and let nothing spoil their peace.

They were nearly six months on board this slowly-sailing boat, and did not reach Sarawak until almost the end of June. McDougall had made himself very popular among the crew. He was doctor and friend to them all, and when they left for the trading schooner which was to take them to Kuchin it was with "One cheer more for Mr. McDougall!" This popularity went with both husband and wife all through their lives.

They were ravished with their first sight of the coast of Sarawak. It appeared to them at the same time mildly inviting and full of adventure. Mrs. McDougall wrote of "high, purple mountains towering over slopes covered with splendid foliage," and of "trees which dipped their branches in the river, and cottages which nestled among them at the margin of the water."

No sooner had they landed at Sarawak than they made plans for the building of a church, and a possible hospital to follow, and he at once started a medical dispensary. This last met with an immediate success. Patients came pouring in. Ague, fever, rheumatism, and internal troubles played havoc among the coast people. Among the sufferers they found some Dyaks, who struck them as "a fine, guileless, honest-hearted people,"

who only needed that self-sacrificing men should live among them to respond to their example.

These same Dyaks were very much in need of teaching. Their dominating thoughts were piracy and head-hunting. One of the first things of which the missionaries heard, when they arrived, was an expedition which was being prepared against some of these marauders, who shortly afterwards swooped down with twenty boats and murdered and took the heads of some of their neighbours.

McDougall soon found a site for his mission buildings. He cleared two hills of wood, named one College Hill and the other Church Hill, and planted the house upon one and the church upon the other. Round the house he planted nutmeg trees. He had to level the tops of these hills, and made wheelbarrows to carry the earth. As the Chinese navvies would not use these contrivances he persuaded the Malays to do so, armed them with shovels instead of hoes, and, to the surprise of the Chinamen, got his work done in a third of the time it would have taken them to carry the earth, as they were accustomed, on their heads, in baskets.

A school soon followed the church and house. The first baptisms were of four orphans, half-breeds, who were received as boarders, and the school became a home-school in which children could be brought up wholly under Christian influence. As others were received and baptized, Mrs. McDougall gathered about her a considerable family of godchildren. She was very fond of them, and tried to inculcate a manly Christian spirit among them. "I don't like the 'umble system," she wrote. "They know God feeds them, but how they do not speculate, and they certainly think that it is our bounden duty to do all we can for them; so they are the most independent, merry-hearted little rascals on the face of the earth."

Mrs. McDougall was, of course, not in any way bound to act as a missionary. She was a missionary's wife, and nothing more. But she was not the woman to stand aside and see work

left undone for the want of doing it herself. Besides, she loved the people and the cause, and made no virtue of devoting herself whole-heartedly to both. Her husband wrote home how wonderfully she had gained the affections of the children, and how fast the wild little atoms civilized under her influence. Quite an astonishing change took place in their appearance and manners after a short while, and the elder boys who had never heard of a Father in heaven, and whose ambition in life had been to grow up as fast as possible and take somebody's head, were heard practising in musical Malay the Lord's Prayer.

Mrs. McDougall cordially disliked teaching, but that made no difference. She threw herself into it. She also set herself to the task of getting to know the Malay women, amongst whom she soon had many friends. Her example was contagious. Her nurse was inflamed by it, and when a mistress was wanted for the girl's school, offered her services. The nurse was a well-educated woman and made a good teacher. She afterwards married and returned to England, but, becoming a widow, went back to Sarawak to help her mistress, to whom she was warmly attached. She was with her until her death.

As has been said, the Dyaks, who are otherwise a not unamiable people, are ferocious head-hunters. The taking of heads is both a social and religious custom. A chief must take a head before he is recognized. A lad must show his head before he can be counted a man, a suitor, before he can win a bride. The heads so taken are supposed to transfer the virtue of the man slain to the village of the slayers. They are taken great care of, brought out at festivals, tit-bits of food placed between their jaws, and otherwise treated with honour as visitors of distinction. The spirits which once inhabited them are propitiated to assist the tribe to which they are now supposed to belong. Accordingly tribal wars are frequent. Of course, we are speaking of fifty years ago. Things are now considerably bettered with the advance of knowledge and the establishment of a firmer rule.

In the summer of 1849 the Rajah called upon every European to help him in an expedition against the Sea Dyaks. He had with him a company of English sailors under Captain Farquhar. They met a great fleet of pirates and, dashing in on the war-boats, scattered them in all directions, taking and destroying about a hundred prahus, and killing nearly five hundred of the pirates. The others swam ashore and dispersed themselves through the forest. While the Rajah's squadron was clearing the river at one part, another fleet of Dyak prahus suddenly swept into the river mouth, stormed a waterside village and took the heads of every man, woman, and child they could catch. Some of the wounded were sent to the McDougalls to the Mission House to be cured. One of them had "six spear wounds through him, besides a cleft skull." The barbed spears made terrible ragged wounds, and Mr. McDougall's surgical skill was often put to the test.

Mrs. McDougall was thoroughly initiated in troubles and alarms before the great peril which befell them all in what is known as "the Chinese Insurrection." When that came she was a veteran campaigner, and not to be easily daunted by any catastrophe. The terrible climate was fatal to European child life. She lost three of her children in fifteen months. Two more died before she made her first return to England. It is no wonder if, for some while after the death of her son Harry, a delightful child who sank under fever, she should have found it hard to keep a brave heart. When she was, shortly afterwards, run down off Malacca by a brig which smashed into their steamer, and she thought that all was over, she says: "I had just time to think, 'I shall see Harry again,' when the danger was over, and the brig was standing off from us, her dark sails towering over our little vessel." "I carry about," she wrote, "such a heavy heart as nothing, I think, but a good kiss of my Charley could relieve." Charley was the eldest boy, whom they had left in England. He, too, was to die not long after.

The Sarawak of to-day is a considerable town, with many houses, streets, gardens, and orchards. It was then a lonely station by the river. Mrs. McDougall was often the only white lady there. She was very lonely when her husband was making the missionary tours which his work demanded. But she did not complain. She was a brave woman and had counted the cost. She was not going to whimper when it proved hard to pay. She shared in every hope for the mission. She watched the walls of the church rise, and speculated what would take place in it. How "God's life and light would be imparted to the sorrowful and broken-hearted; little infants joined to Christ's flocks of lambs; angels and departed saints and innocents joining in hymns and eucharistic thanksgivings!"

Bishop Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta, consecrated that church when it was erected. His visit was a great event. But greater still was the first service in the new church. "My dear Frank," she writes, "who had toiled for his pretty church, who had thought day and night for two years of the blessedness of praying there, looked as pale as you know he always does when much excited." When all was over the reaction came, and McDougall was down with fever for a long while.

In the autumn of 1855, Mr. McDougall was consecrated first Bishop of Labuan, to which was afterwards added the title of Sarawak, and the responsibilities of both husband and wife were much increased. A band of missionaries, clerical and lay, gathered about them, and the work of the mission spread in all directions.

One of the Bishop's early ambitions was to possess a mission ship wherein to visit his watery diocese. As an immediate makeshift he purchased a lifeboat. They had a rough experience in her on her first voyage. It was during the monsoon, and the open sea between two river mouths was dangerously agitated. "Seven great waves like green hills advanced one after another. The Malay crew prayed aloud

with terror. The Bishop and Stahl steered the boat and held their breaths. It looked like rushing into the jaws of death, but the lifeboat mounted the big waves one after another, sometimes shuddering with the strain, but buoyant and stiff. The danger past, the crew praised Allah and the good boat; but they fell into a fit of ague from the nervous shock." Mrs. McDougall was on shore to welcome them, and was probably more alarmed on their account than she would have been on her own had she been on board.

Things seemed to be settling down everywhere. The Rajah's rule was generally accepted. His early battles with the Dyaks had apparently borne fruit. He had had some narrow escapes. The following is told by Sir Spencer St. John:—

While a party of English were at dinner at Rajah Brooke's house, a famous Dyak chief named Singire suddenly appeared with an armed following and entered the dining-hall. The Rajah saw immediately that they were bent on murder, but received them with an unembarrassed air, and requested the chief to take a seat. The Dyak followers squatted around upon the floor. Cigars were lighted and the Rajah led the talk. It appeared that Singire had just rowed up the river to pay a friendly visit. The Rajah was charmed. He insisted that Singire should take a glass of wine with him.

Calling a trusted servant, he bid him in English bring a bottle of sherry, and added in a careless voice, "and go quickly, tell the Malay chiefs who are here." When the wine came, Rajah Brooke made himself very pleasant. He was the prince of story-tellers, and he told the best he knew. He drew out the pirate to cap his stories with his own exploits; and each "drew the long bow" till the Dyak almost forgot what he had come for.

At last his followers became restless, and in a few moments their swords would have been out, when, to Rajah Brooke's relief, rapid steps were heard on the gravel walk, and his Malay friends poured into the room. The Dyaks were sur-

rounded. They had nothing to say in their own defence. They had come for the Rajah's head; and but for his cool presence of mind they would have had it, and have stolen back triumphant in their swift bangkongs to their stockaded village among the water-ways. As it was they found themselves trapped. The Malays would have fallen upon them then and there had not Rajah Brooke insisted that they should go unscathed. At a sign from him the threatening Malay ranks opened out, and the pirates slunk back to their boats to face their disappointed friends, who had prepared a basket for the Rajah's head, and had already selected the tree on which it should hang.

But those days had passed, and the Europeans began to feel secure. The Bishop even put up a sort of cottage, made of reeds and palm leaves, at Sautubong, by the sea, and there his wife felt herself quite safe with her baby and her friends. Everybody was leading quite a humdrum life when the storm of the Chinese Insurrection broke upon them.

This story may be told in a few words. Up the river there was a colony of Chinese miners, who had formed themselves into a gold company. Such Chinese associations are often bound together into a secret society, which obeys no laws but those of its own making. The members unite to protect one another, so that it is almost impossible to detect or punish any crime which may be committed by any of them. They ruthlessly put to death any traitor, and thus secure the greatest fidelity among their agents.

Rajah Brooke had successfully prevented such societies from forming at Sarawak, but the Chinese in the interior constituted themselves into a strong confederacy. They were in communication with similar societies at Singapore and Malacca, and they seem to have been under the impression that they were powerful enough to turn the English out of Borneo and rule in their stead.

The headquarters of the gold company, or Kungsi, was at

Bauh. From there they planned a descent upon Sarawak. Rumours of their intentions came from time to time down the river, and were echoed from Singapore across the sea. But the Rajah paid little heed to them. He would not believe that there was any real danger. The Kungsi took full advantage of this feeling of security and secretly made their preparations. Early in 1857 they were ready, and they rowed down the river in a fleet of boats which had been quietly gathered for the purpose.

A Malay who was paddling down overtook their heavily-laden boats, and saw in an instant that they were bent on an invasion. He concocted some story, and was allowed to pass through the fleet. Evidently the Chinese did not wish to raise an alarm by stopping boats so early on their journey. This man, once clear, paddled with all his might to give warning. He appeared breathless before one of the principal Malay traders at Sarawak and told him what he had seen. This man, scarcely believing the report, yet repeated it to the chief who was in charge of the river. But the chief was entirely incredulous. He declined to wake the Rajah for any such rubbish. In the morning he might perhaps tell him what he had heard.

In the meanwhile the Chinese Armada was making its slow way down stream. Shortly after midnight it floated silently through the capital, and disembarked two bodies of men to attack simultaneously the Rajah's house and the fort which commanded the river. The Chinamen also sent a detachment to surprise the houses of Messrs. Crookshank and Middleton. the magistrate and head-constable. Everybody was asleep, and no watch was kept in this absurdly secure little town, and so the Chinese found themselves in instant possession of the whole place.

The party that rushed to the hill on which Government House was situated, fortunately for Rajah Brooke, kept together, and did not surround the buildings. They did not

quite know what means of defence the Rajah might have, and were afraid to scatter themselves too widely. To that he owed his marvellous escape.

The Rajah and his English servant were alone in the house, when about midnight they were roused by the yells of the attacking party. The Rajah leapt up, and peering through the lattice blinds soon understood what was happening. He made no sign, but woke his servant, and together they stole to a side door opening on the lawn. Then, drawing his revolver, and with a drawn sword in his other hand, he sprang out, bidding the servant keep close to him. To his surprise the way lay open. The Chinese had massed themselves against the long front and back of the house, and neglected the ends. The Rajah slipped through the trees, reached the waterside, dived under one of the Chinese boats and swam across into comparative safety. The servant, who was in great terror, lost his master in the dark, and after nearly drawing the Chinese on him by his cries, escaped into the forest. The Rajah, who had lately had a severe attack of fever, lay exhausted for a while on the mud, and then, with some difficulty, reached a friendly house.

In the meanwhile the other Chinese bands had wrought cruel work on the European officials. Mr. Crookshank was cut down, and severely wounded. Mrs. Crookshank was almost cut to pieces and left for dead. The Middletons' house was surprised, and the two children were horribly maltreated and killed. Mrs. Middleton herself only escaped by immersing herself in a great jar or tank of water in the bath-room, in which she remained, with only her lips above the surface, until the howling crew of murderers had left the house. When the house was set on fire she managed to fly unnoticed to the pond, in which she again secreted herself. The Chinese, mad with killing, were kicking the head of one child to and fro like a football, while they flung the other child shrieking into the burning house.

There was a gallant defence made at the fort. The Englishman there, Mr. Crymble, hastily collected four Malays and defied the whole Chinese mob, but, when his followers were slain, he leapt into the ditch and escaped in the darkness. The Chinese were now masters of the whole capital. The Rajah had tried to organize a force to oppose them, but panic reigned everywhere, and he found himself obliged to take boat for a safer place in the Samarahan River, from which he might return better equipped against the enemy.

The alarm at the Mission was of course great. They heard the yells, and saw the flare from the three burning houses, and they expected a general massacre. The Kungsi, or Chinese Company, however, sent to them saying that they did not intend to molest those who were unconnected with the Government. The Bishop had collected his household, committed them solemnly to God in prayer and arranged for their flight into the jungle, when a message came to him from the conquerors. The "teachers" were to keep quiet and not assist the Rajah, and then they would not be hurt. On this the Bishop bid all his people settle down again, and quietly took in and hid such Europeans as came to him for safety; also receiving the Chinese Christians, who were hated by the Kungsi. Shortly afterwards he was sent for by the Kungsi to attend to their wounded.

It was a humiliating sight which met his eyes. The arch-rebel sat in the Rajah's seat in the Court House. The Chinese occupied the whole town, letting off their guns in all directions. The chiefs were already, however, a little anxious. They did not quite know what to do with their new possessions. They had a vague plan for taking the country, but they felt that they were surrounded by enemies who would shortly return to be avenged on them. They tried to secure themselves by forcing all the Europeans to promise fealty to the Kungsi, which was henceforth to be regarded as Suzerain. They then started to reascend the river in their big boats.

The remainder of the insurrection may be summed up in a few words. As soon as the Chinese had turned, there was an attempt made to pursue them. The Rajah was recalled. He flew back, but arrived only in time to find the whole town in flames. The Chinese had made a second and fiercer attack in force, and easily overwhelmed the few Malays who were opposed to them. All that could be done was to get the women and children into safety. The Bishop employed himself very actively in this matter, and won admiration from everybody. He was nearly killed by the Chinese, who made a special attack on the Mission to capture him, as they thought he had betrayed their movements to the Rajah. He ran to the river amid a shower of musket-balls, and leaped into a Malay sampan. "As we went down the river," he says, "we watched with heavy hearts the black volumes of smoke and the lurid flames that rose from the burning town." Lower down, at Jernang, the European party collected, and embarked in a small schooner, which also towed the Bishop's lifeboat with the mission-party and the Chinese Christians in her. They finally found rest at Linga. Poor Mrs. Crookshank, a beautiful woman, lately married, was saved by the Bishop's surgical knowledge and care. Her thickly braided hair had saved her head from the worst of the cuts.

The revenge of the Malays and Dyaks was thorough and dreadful as soon as they recovered from the first surprise. The Borneo Company's steamer, the *Sir James Brooke*, arrived opportunely from Brunei and was joined by a fleet of prahus; the Rajah came back to his capital in triumph; the Chinese were driven out; a party which had crossed the river to burn the Malay town there was surrounded and cut to pieces; the rest fled up the river toward Bauh.

Then began a relentless pursuit. The Dyaks followed them up, killing them wherever they overtook them. There was no checking the wild fighters. The Bishop sighed for his Christians, for it was difficult to get the Dyaks to understand

differences in the heat of the chase. The Chinese were thrown out of Bauh and retreated to the mountain range which forms the frontier between the Dutch territory of Borneo and Sarawak. At Gumbang, on the frontier, they found all paths blocked by their enemies, but a remnant cut their way along a steep track over the ridge, encouraged by their women to fight to the last, till the survivors were able to throw themselves upon the protection of the Dutch officers. The Dutch stripped them of everything that remained to them, and sent back to Sarawak as much as could be recovered of the plunder they had brought from there.

That was the end, so far as the Chinese miners were concerned; but the effect of their invasion was rather to the advantage than otherwise of the Government and Mission. Both Malays and Dyaks rallied round Rajah Brooke in a manner which proclaimed how fully he was loved and trusted, and the Christian Chinese abundantly proved their fidelity to the Bishop, helping him against their own countrymen. Of course, the recital in England of the losses which had been suffered by the Mission excited much sympathy, and practical help was not wanting to restore things as they had been before. A stimulus was given to the mission-steamer fund, and the Mission was soon supplied with a fine boat.

During all these horrors Mrs. McDougall never lost her courage. She went about quietly seconding her husband in all his plans for the safety of the people. When he decided that she must leave him alone at Sarawak to deal with the danger, while she went down the river in the lifeboat with the household and servants, she at once obeyed. It was a terrible journey. The river was crowded with boats, all packed with fugitives. The schooner in which they were to have sailed was thronged with an excited crowd. There was no room for the mission-party. They had to keep to their overladen and open boat. But there was no grumbling or wailing. "We opened a tin of soup, and fed our tired and hungry children, who

behaved through all those terrible days as if it was a picnic excursion got up for their amusement."

So they camped in the boat on a mud-bank, the prey of mosquitoes, and the wife sleepless with anxiety for the brave man left behind, but nothing doubting. Later on some Malays took them in till a note came that they might return to Sarawak. A small vessel was sent for them. "The night," she says, "was very dark and wet . . . but we neither heeded the wet, nor felt the cold. We had eaten nothing since early morning, but were not hungry. Although for several nights we could scarcely be said to have slept, we were not sleepy. A deep thankfulness took possession of my soul: all our dear ones were spared to us. My children were in my arms, my husband paced the deck over my head. I seemed to have no cares, and to be able to trust to God for the future, who had been so merciful to us hitherto. I remember, too, that when Mrs. Stahl (her old nurse) opened the provision basket and gave us each a slice of bread and meat, how very good it was, although we had not thought of wanting it."

Not long afterwards came the news of the Indian Mutiny. Terrible reports came to Sarawak of the atrocities which were being committed on those who fell into the hands of the mutineers. There was some nervousness among the Europeans in the Straits Settlements lest the infection of the revolt should spread throughout the East. Merchants and clerks enrolled themselves in rifle-corps and drilled and practised, to be ready for any eventuality. But Sarawak had had its revolt, and the loyalty of the natives to the Government had been strengthened and confirmed by the crisis.

A more dangerous enemy was the cholera, which threatened an invasion in 1858. Several people died, and there was alarm among the Mission servants. Mrs. McDougall tells how one of her Malay attendants died in the morning, and in the evening another suddenly cried, "Help! help!" and fell on the ground. But she was not over-alarmed, and applied freely a

remedy in which she had great faith, "a teaspoonful of camphorated brandy and three drops of cajeput oil," followed by a hot bath of salt and water. This seemed to cure everybody who took it in time, and confidence was restored. This amateur doctoring was, of course, in the absence of the Bishop.

As for the Malays they died in large numbers. They formed a procession of twenty-five boats and tried to entice the cholera demon out to sea with them, promising him pork and dog's flesh instead of men. They wrought, however, in vain. They then thought that perhaps the absence of the Rajah's umbrella might have spoilt the charm, so they made a second procession with the umbrella, all to no purpose. The Chinese taunted them, saying: "You killed the Chinese. Now God is killing you." But the Chinese had not long to laugh, for the cholera devoured them too.

As soon as the Bishop returned from his circuit he grappled with the scourge, which did not prove to be a very lasting one. He endorsed his wife's rough-and-ready prescription, though he was able to add other more scientific methods for dealing with obstinate cases.

Mrs. McDougall was by this time well accustomed to alarms of all kinds. She often appeared amazingly cool to ladies who had more recently arrived from home. As when a Malay seized his parang and ran amuck through the village. Everybody either ran away as fast as his feet would carry him, or prepared to defend himself. There was some wild shooting. The servants rushed to the Mission House to give the alarm. Everybody shrieked at once. Only Mrs. McDougall remained calm, and did her best to soothe an unhappy little English lady who promptly went into hysterics, and had to be sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne. The poor wretch who had gone "must" was soon shot, though not before he had slashed a Chinaman, whom the Bishop presently sewed up. But soon after the father of the frenzied man appeared in a boat, whereupon there was a yell that he had come to avenge his son. Again

there was panic and shouting, and another lady had to be kept from fainting by the application of port wine. As to Mrs. McDougall, she wrote: "I threaten to punish my ayah if she dares tell me she is frightened, and then send the people home, and come back to my writing. It is so ridiculous that I cannot get up the smallest palpitation on the subject."

The alarms were not always of this sort. There were constantly warlike expeditions. The creeks still swarmed with pirates, and often the wives at Sarawak were kept in tremulous doubt whether they would ever welcome their men safe back again. Mrs. McDougall had her own time of fear on the same account when the Bishop himself was involved in a fight with a pirate fleet off the coast. This was the fight in which the Bishop was compelled as a passenger to lend his assistance in a moment of great danger; an act which was much misunderstood in England, where the facts were very imperfectly known.

The Bishop and Captain Brooke, the Rajah's nephew, who was then acting-Governor of Sarawak, were cruising together, and intended to visit Bintulu, on the north-west of Borneo. A large fleet of Lanun pirates suddenly sprang forth from some hiding-place and besieged the coast town of Muka. When news of this came to the steamer she at once put back to relieve the place. Captain Brooke dispersed the flotilla and gave chase. The pirates then pursued their usual tactics and tried to come to close quarters with their armed prahus to board the little ship, and throw a crowd of fighting-men into her. To prevent this the steamer had to move fast, manœuvring so as to engage each prahu separately and run it down. In this way the flotilla was destroyed, but not before some anxious minutes had been passed, since a single shot from their swivel cannon into the engines might have stopped the steamer's way and handed her over to the mercy of a multitude of fiends. Every rifle on board had to be brought into play to keep down the enemy's artillery fire, and the Bishop felt that he could not

refuse his help. Very soon he had his hands full, as surgeon, in tending the wounded, both friends and foes. It was very difficult to save any of the pirates; they fought like wild cats, thrusting and slashing at those who tried to draw them out of the water.

Dr. McDougall had a narrow escape. He had just assisted a wounded man on the quarter-deck, when a prahu full of pirates came sweeping by, and a man took deliberate aim at him with his rifle. The ball flew past his head and sank into the heart of a man standing a little higher behind him. The decks ran with blood, but the pirates were completely broken up and demolished.

In 1866, though neither Mrs. McDougall nor her husband were more than still on the threshold of middle life, yet long residence in the tropics had aged them a good deal. The Bishop could no longer stride along the jungle paths and mount the steep hills as he had been accustomed to do. Nor could his wife make such long journeys as when first she came out. That did not so much matter in her case, as she was still small and light, and her husband said, when she went a missionary tour with him, "Harriette sits in a basket, and the Dyaks trot away merrily with her." As for him, he weighed fourteen stone, and had to make his own legs serve to carry him. Her years had not diminished her admiration for the man whom she had followed and served so faithfully. "There are not, I suppose," she wrote, "many clergymen who could build their churches as well as officiate in them." But whether it were a case of setting a limb, sewing up a sword-slash, doing a bit of engineering, or building a church or house, the Bishop was always a handy man.

It was natural that, as the years passed, her mind should have been set upon home. "Does it not seem a weary long time since we first came to Sarawak? When we were all young and enthusiastic! . . . Could we have caught a glimpse of all these years, their sorrows and losses, surely our hearts would

have fainted, and we could not have done it. However, I have not a doubt but that it was all right, and the years have borne their fruit to us and to others. The sober reality which remains is well worth cherishing and being very thankful for, by which I mean the Mission and the Native Church at Sarawak."

Sarawak itself was full of painful memories to her. Except for the church and the people of the church whom she loved, she would gladly have left. When her husband's health broke down and heart weakness developed, she took it as a sign that their work in the Straits Settlements had come to a close. In 1867 they returned to England, where useful work was soon found for them. Dean Stanley invited Dr. McDougall to accept the living of Godmanchester. He afterwards became Canon of Ely and Archdeacon of Huntingdon, then Canon of Winchester and Archdeacon of the Isle of Wight. The Rajah died in 1868, and his removal seemed to sever the last of the links which had bound them to Sarawak.

The last eighteen years of Mrs. McDougall's life were spent in England. As she had been a faithful worker in the mission field, so now she gave her whole thoughts to help her husband in his work at home. The end came very suddenly. A chill settled on the lungs. Her overtaxed frame had no strength to resist the attack. She passed away on May 7th, 1886. She was buried at Shorwell, in the Isle of Wight, and six months later was followed by her husband, who was laid by the side of her whom he had so tenderly loved.

Memoirs of Francis Thomas McDougall, D.C.L., F.R.C.S., and of Harriette, his wife. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

Rajah Brooke, by Sir Spencer St. John, G.C.M.G. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

XIV

MRS. BOWEN THOMPSON

THE REGENERATOR OF SYRIA

Her active nature—How she obtained a school-house—Marriage—Begins work at Antioch—Death of Dr. Thompson—The Lebanon massacres—The Druses—Massacre of Christians—At Beirût—The Syrian women—Schools—An answer to prayer—Canon Tristram—Daoud Pasha and the schools—Superstition—Return home—Death.

ELIZABETH MARION THOMPSON was one of those women who are born to comfort and strengthen the weak and perplexed. She herself was gifted with superabundant energies, all of which she freely poured forth for others. Her homely face beaming with kindness and lighted up by eyes which looked direct through all difficulties, brought renewed courage to many a downcast heart.

She was of Celtic extraction. Her great-grandmother was a Highlander, and a Jacobite, and it is said that she changed clothes with Prince Charlie and allowed herself to be taken in his stead, keeping up the illusion for several days, till he was well away. Her grandfather was a Welshman, General Lloyd, known in his day as a tactician. Her own character was prompt, decisive, and "managing." As a friendly Quaker observed of her to a member of the family: "Thy sister is a great general"; and to herself: "My dear Elizabeth, thee dost need equanimity."

This equanimity Mrs. Thompson learned in the school of adversity, which so sternly educates all—making or unmaking them, according to their teachableness. All through her life, however, she was noted for her brisk readiness to take the gift of the passing moment. A sedate Oriental, whose leisure had

been encroached upon by her unconquerable Western persistence, said to her: "Madame, you are as quick in seizing opportunities as a Frenchman is in catching fleas." Daoud Pasha, observing this same practical readiness, became her admirer and friend. He had granted her a dirty and uncared-for house among the hills for a school, and told her that he would shortly return to inspect it. Whereupon Mrs. Thompson pinned up her skirts, took brush and whitewash, and spurred everybody to do the same, so that when the Pasha returned, three days later, he found a neat school-house, already furnished with desks and benches, at which a number of children were seated busy over their needlework. It looked like magic. "This is administration!" exclaimed the Pasha. "This is work!" From that moment he became her friend and supporter.

Before her mission to Syria, Mrs. Thompson had given frequent proof of her powers. As, for example, when a soldier was condemned to death for a murder during a drunken fit at Aldershot, she discovered that the man had been wounded in the head during the Crimean War, and that a doctor had cautioned him never to drink. This had not been brought out at the trial. She took up the matter, pressed it before the Home Secretary, and eventually obtained the unhappy man's reprieve. Whatever she undertook she carried to its conclusion with a resolution which would take no denial.

Mrs. Thompson was very early brought under strong religious influences. She was consciously converted to Christ, and was a firm and childlike believer in the power of prayer. Without prayer she attempted nothing, but when she had laid a matter before God she was invincible. Her marriage to Dr. James Bowen Thompson united her with one who thoroughly sympathized with her in all these respects, and they were very happy together in their work. Dr. Thompson was at the head of the British Syrian Hospital at Damascus from 1843 to 1848. He had large plans for Syria, and hoped to open it out by providing direct railway communication to

India along the valley of the Euphrates. In pursuance of this scheme the husband and wife went first to Constantinople, and then settled on some property which the doctor owned near Antioch.

It was at Antioch, where Christians first got their name, that Mrs. Thompson began the work for which she afterwards became famous. She was sorry for the women and pitied their degraded state. She succeeded in forming several little schools in the neighbourhood, and established teaching centres. During the year and a half of their residence they gave the movement a good start. When they left, they committed the work to a native Christian teacher and some Armenians, with a good hope that it would be carried on successfully.

When the Crimean War broke out Dr. Thompson at once offered his medical experience to the Government and hastened to the scene of action. Unhappily he was one of the earliest victims of the malignant fever which raged at Balaclava, and was also a victim of that ridiculous red-tapeism which played such a disastrous part in that distressful campaign. As a "civilian" he might not be taken into the military hospital, but was left to die on board ship. It was a horrible experience, and Mrs. Thompson, audacious in her grief, laid it before Queen Victoria in a notable letter, which moved the Queen's heart to such an extent, that she took measures that no such criminal mistake should again be made. In the meanwhile the deed was done. The fever-tossed man in his close berth was again sent out to sea, and died a few days later.

Mrs. Thompson did not permit herself the luxury of nursing her grief, but, when the Indian Mutiny followed the Crimean War, she joined the Lady Mayoress' Committee at the Mansion House and threw herself into the work of providing necessaries for the sufferers. To this work she added the formation of an Association for the Wives of Soldiers under the patronage of the Queen. When the terrible news of the massacre of Christians in the Lebanon reached England in 1860, she was ready to hear

in the cry of the thousands of women and children who were cast destitute upon the charity of the world a direct call to herself to go to Syria and help them.

The history of the Lebanon massacres is now an old story. But in 1860 it startled Europe and America, and moved every generous heart to indignation. The Lebanon and anti-Lebanon ranges of mountains are famed for their beauty. Tacitus, the Roman historian, thus describes what he saw: "Libanus . . . rises to a great height, affording shade under its verdant groves, and even in the ardent heat of that sultry region is covered at the top with eternal snow" (*Hist.* Bk. v. 6). The mountains rise boldly and lie fold beyond fold till the foot-hills lose themselves in majestic Hermon, which rises like a white altar, and whose snows are seen from far over the hot plains of Palestine.

The wooded slopes and deep sequestered valleys of this mountainous district are inhabited mainly by Christians and Druses. The Christians are Maronites. They are descendants of the ancient Syrians, and followers of the saintly ascetic Marou. He and his party were condemned as "Monothelites" by the General Council of Constantinople and retired to the fastnesses of the Lebanon. They now have a concordat with Rome, and use Syriac as the religious language, celebrating mass in that tongue. They are said to number about 200,000.

The Druses are a hybrid sect which combines Mohammedanism with certain Christian superstitions. They date from the Khalif Hakim, who ruled in Egypt at the close of the tenth century. He was a religious dreamer, and after his assassination was deified by certain disciples who prophesied his return to earth. A Persian named Hamza became a convert to this creed in 1030, and proclaimed himself Hakim's Prophet. One of his disciples, Derazy, fled to the Lebanon and obtained a following there. These Druses admit the more advanced worshippers to an initiation which constitute their "Okkals"; the rest are called Djahels, or uninitiated.

In addition to the Maronites and Druses there are a certain number of Greek Christians not in communion with the Orthodox Church. The remainder of the population of the Lebanon consists of Mussulmans.

For a long while there had been an increasing jealousy of the Druses against the Christians. The latter were industrious and prosperous, and were rapidly growing in power and independence. So much so that they had aroused the attention and fear of the Turks. A systematic persecution commenced, in which the Druses were backed up by the Turkish rulers. Outrages of all kinds began to be practised, and no Christian life was safe. In 1860 the long-planned blow fell. A general attack was made on the Christian villages. The order went forth that all males should be killed from seven years to seventy. None were spared. The stories of slaughter are appalling. In May, 1860, a crowd of Christians escaping to the hills was overtaken near Beirût and not a soul was spared. Beirût itself became crowded with maimed and bleeding refugees.

The village of Jezeen, among steep rocks, was surprised by a mob of some two thousand ruffians, who burned the place, thrust the startled people down the ravine, and cut twelve hundred of them to pieces as they fled. Some were pursued as far as Sidon and murdered on the seashore. Christian convents were attacked and plundered. Sometimes the miserable Christians would be offered shelter in some courtyard, and then the slaughterers would be admitted and all were butchered as they stood.

At the Castle of Hasbeya the Turkish Governor invited the panic-stricken Christians to take refuge under his protection. He took away their arms, assembled them all in the quadrangle under colour of carrying on negotiations for their deliverance, and then sent his soldiers in among them with orders to spare none. "Many were terribly mutilated before the final blow was given. Shrieking mothers, in vain endeavouring to cover and conceal their boys and screen them from the sword, shared

their fate, perishing together in a grasp that the sword alone could dissever."

These poor people met their fate bravely, and in that supreme moment of agony their religion came to their help. It is said by one of the women who survived the horror that each, as his turn came, "submitted his body to the stroke, and fervently murmured, 'In Thy Name, Lord Jesus.'"

All through the Lebanon the same deeds were being enacted. The villages were shambles. The ditches ran with blood. In one place the description is that: "The women being ordered to fall back . . . the blows given by hatchets and axes sounded like those of woodcutters felling the trees of a forest. Six hours completed the work, and filled the gutters and the waterspouts with blood which rose above the ankles." The wretched women, after seeing their men cut down before their eyes, were compelled, all splashed with their blood, to say, "Long live our victorious lord!"

Some of these poor women were driven mad by the terror and sorrow of it. Others could never forget their anguish, or cease to demand vengeance for their wrongs. A year later Mrs. Thompson met some of these women at Beirût to consult as to what could best be done for them. "We look," they said, "to England to do us justice for the blood of our husbands and sons." Then one drew from her bosom a cap stiff with the blood in which it had been soaked. "It was the cap of her son. A shudder came over all and deep silence, followed by sighs and weeping. 'This is my son's cap,' said the lady, 'this is his blood; and see his locks of hair,' opening the cap. . . . 'They cut my son in pieces before my eyes; they have left me nothing but his blood.' . . . And she put the cap back into her bosom, and sat down on the ground without another word . . . while all around sobbed with grief."

Another described how she stood up to her knees in blood, while the Turks stripped her of her ornaments, and one almost

cut her finger off to get her ring, while another gashed her neck in slicing off her pearl necklace.

When the news of these atrocities reached the outer world the Powers at once sent battleships to quiet the disturbance, and a strong Anglo-American committee was formed to relieve the immediate necessities of the homeless and destitute women. Lord Dufferin was prominent in the generous attempt to save life. He advanced £5000 from his own purse to meet the emergency. All that could be done, however, seemed too little. Beirût was overwhelmed with crowds of miserable beings who had literally lost their all.

Mrs. Thompson at once responded to this call from the East. Her own knowledge of Syria fitted her to help the Syrians. And as she said, "It was but natural that my heart should respond to the widow's cry"; she who herself had been made a widow so short a while before. "Therefore, as a widow caring for the widow, I felt specially called upon to try and alleviate their distress, and make known to them the only balm for a broken heart—the love of Jesus."

She lost no time, but started in October, 1860, intending to spend the next half-year at Beirût. She did not at that time foresee the work which lay before her, and which was to fill the remainder of her life. It was heart-breaking at Beirût. "At first my heart," she says, "died within me at the squalor, noise, and misery of these people. Ignorance of the truth and deeply cherished revenge characterized the greater number of the women." But her gentleness and sympathy soon produced some effect, and as she read to them the words of Christ they began to listen, saying, "We never heard such words. Does it mean for us women?" She at once began to teach them to read in order that they might get to know the Scriptures, which were, to nearly all, sealed books.

What was needed was education of body and mind for these poor creatures. They all cried for work, but few knew how to do it. They could not help themselves. "You scarcely see,"

Mrs. Thompson says, "any one here in anything but rags. Even if they had a length of calico or print given them, with needle and thread and hooks and eyes, not one in fifty knows how to cut it out and make it up. You see them kneading a little flour and water on a stone by the wayside sometimes, but otherwise disheartened and idle." They would sit in rows besieging the doors of the Sisters of Charity, in hope of a dole of bread and flour. "Many," she says, "are like bears bereft of their cubs—so wild, so savage, so reckless; one's heart aches to see them, and I ask myself, Can these dry bones live?"

In the midst of all this abject misery and despair, the women did not lose hold upon their religion. But of that religion they understood almost nothing except the observance of its outward forms. Mrs. Thompson describes a death-bed. The Greek priest came in his robes. He turned everybody except herself out of the room. He then took from his pocket a green embroidered scarf or stole, and drawing it over his head he repeated the office appointed for such occasions. Though the woman could not speak, she tried to follow, and feebly made the Sign of the Cross. Then the priest laid the other end of the scarf over the woman's head, and pronounced the Absolution; which being said, he left the room. This woman had once been wealthy. She had seen her husband hacked to pieces, herself unable to save him. She apparently knew very little about what she had been taught to believe, or of the actual teachings of Christ. Mrs. Thompson got a Syrian boy to read to her from the Scriptures, and this boy ever and again would bid her say, "Lord Jesus, save my soul." But the Greek nurse interrupted each time, exclaiming, "Say, Jesus, Mary, Joseph, save me!" Mrs. Thompson became more and more convinced, as she proceeded with the work, that what was primarily required was a sound system by which these women might get the elements of knowledge. The priests themselves were quite ready to welcome her attempt. All

recognized the need. As the family of a certain priest confessed, "We are like the cows, we know nothing."

To understand and to act were one and the same thing with Mrs. Thompson. She began at once. The plan of an association for the improvement of the condition of the Syrian women rapidly formed itself in her mind. She opened a class in her hotel. The landlord himself became the first pupil. She secured an Arabic teacher. The scheme began to run. Already she saw her future school at Beirût. It was to have a class-room for little children, an industrial department for women and girls, a depôt for obtaining work for the unemployed, and a store-room for the supplies which she confidently expected would flow in from England. In fact, the beautiful and splendidly appointed school which now carries on her work at Beirût was plain even then to the eye of her mind. She was very fortunate in securing, at this stage, the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Mott, who devoted themselves to carry out the same ends.

By the end of 1861 a house was secured. It was at once occupied by some thirty Hasbeyan widows. The number increased so rapidly that within a month three schools were in active operation. Subscriptions began to come in, and interest in the work grew. Soon a fourth school was started in a stable. And still the number of applicants were greater than she could receive. Yet another school was filled with ninety little children, and a few days later a fifth school was formed for young women. Almost any one but Mrs. Thompson would have been overwhelmed. She writes: "I had not the slightest idea how large and how rapidly the work would grow; and when I look at the schools as they now stand, I own I marvel to see what the Lord has wrought in little more than two months and a half. Not a single woman or child has been asked to come here, but I have had to select. . . . The care of this large flock completely exhausts my time and strength."

Lord Shaftesbury was much interested in all that was being

done, and gave the weight of his name and influence to procure Mrs. Thompson the financial help she required. But all on the spot were quite enthusiastic. The officers of the fleet anchored off Beirût used to send her all their washing to be done by her women in the laundry which she set up. One of the captains presented her with a mangle, and the ship's carpenters put up all the fittings.

Sometimes she was reduced to straits. Once when money ran short and she could not pay her widows for their work, she called them and bid them all join in prayer with her to ask for help. That day a visit was paid by the harem of a Turkish Pasha. The ladies presented a purse of piastres on leaving the school, and when Mrs. Thompson came to count the coins she found that they totalled up to three Turkish liras, or exactly the sum which was needed to pay her widows. No wonder if they all regarded it as a gift from God, something like the sending flesh and bread to Elijah by the ravens!

In the early summer of 1862 the schools were visited by the then Prince of Wales, His Majesty King Edward. This was a great event. The Prince was greeted by the children with the English National Anthem, and was much pleased with all he saw. After some practical questions which proved how thoroughly he comprehended what was being done, the Prince contributed twenty-five Napoleons to the school, and gave a large order for embroidery.

A school was presently started at Hasbeya, where one of the most terrible of the massacres had taken place. Mrs. Thompson went throughout the whole district planning where best her centres of education might be planted. Indeed from Hasbeya she ascended Mount Hermon, and from its towering summit looked down upon the whole land spread at her feet. Down upon the River Pharpar, and upon Damascus lying among its gardens, like a pearl among emeralds; upon Tyre and Sidon by the sea, and upon the blue Lake of Galilee and the southern plains.

On the descent, as they crossed a gully full of snow, they saw the tracks of a brown bear, and soon the great beast itself appeared quite close to them. When the guides shouted and waved their poles it slowly retreated somewhere to its den among the rocks. Great eagles hovered and soared in the clear blue sky. All around were signs of an untamed world, in in which savage nature claimed the weaker as her prey. But Mrs. Thompson was soon to soften some at least of the human hearts in that fierce place. When Canon Tristram visited the neighbourhood, some while after, he was surprised at the kindly welcome he received. The women, once so uncivilized, wanted to "do" for him, inquired if he had any things to be washed, or clothes to be mended. "We soon found," he says, "that the benefits of Mrs. Thompson's education descended to the very practical details of everyday life, and when I told them that Sitt (Mrs.) Thompson was a dear friend of mine, they clapped their hands for joy. . . . Soon a merry group was seated under the lee of our tent . . . needles in hand, to overhaul our tattered and travel-worn wardrobes. . . . Their Christian education spoke out of their bright, intelligent faces."

In 1864 there were already eighteen schools in full swing, and still more places asked for them. The seventh annual examination of scholars took place in 1867 at Beirût. The greatest possible interest was shown by everybody. During three days all classes of Beirût society, natives and Europeans, came out to see the children. On one occasion there were about a thousand people present.

It was in this year, 1867, that Daoud Pasha was so much impressed by Mrs. Thompson's energy and business-like ways that he gave her his entire confidence and support. There had been some misunderstanding on his part, but the Pasha accompanied her to the village of Aín Zahalteh, where she wished permission to open a school. He offered his arm and went with her through the village to seek for a suitable house.

But such filth and dilapidation and squalor met them everywhere that they returned to the tent. The Pasha then left, and Mrs. Thompson received the offer of part of a house. It was dirty beyond description, and nobody seemed to see the need of cleansing it. She therefore tied a handkerchief over her head, and set to work herself with broom and duster, till others followed her example. After a while the novel spectacle stimulated the men also to assist, and carpenters and masons gave their help to put up partitions and stop holes, besides putting up shelves and benches. When the Pasha returned in a few days, he found to his great surprise that a transformation had been effected. A neat room greeted him, with seats, desks, and blackboard. He then and there contributed 1000 francs toward the new school-house, which was presently to replace the temporary room.

Later on, a school was started at Damascus by this never-flagging searcher-out of new ground. As usual, she did not stop to consider ways and means, but just commenced. Having found the right teacher, she arranged to pay her a monthly salary, and, she says: "I feel the sweetest confidence that God will provide the means." And, indeed, she had every reason to believe that He would do so, since she had never prayed to Him in vain.

It was indeed a triumph when Mrs. Thompson found that her movement was affecting not the Christians only, but their hereditary enemies the Druses. To win this fierce people was a revenge worth taking upon them for their persecution of the people of the Cross. A school was established at Zachleh with the full approval of the Turkish Governor of the Lebanon, and with the authority of an Imperial Firman from Constantinople.

These schools became centres of Gospel teaching as well as of secular knowledge. The Bible was always taught in them and expounded. Some of the Maronite Christians needed this teaching very much. Mrs. Thompson gives an example of the

sort of superstition which had to be combated. It was customary to buy a standing-place in heaven at so much a foot! "We had heard of this monstrous practice before; but, to feel quite sure, we made inquiries, and learned . . . that many had bought two feet square, and others more, but none would own how much she had paid for her lot. This purchased possession in heaven is the absolute property of the purchaser; none can expel her from it, nor may she go into her neighbour's plot. Incredible as it may seem, it is not confined to Zachleh. In a neighbouring village a poor Maronite widow, who had with difficulty succeeded in raising sufficient money to buy the two feet square in Paradise for herself, begged the priest to allow her to have her little granddaughter with her, promising to keep the child close at her side, so as not to overstep the boundary line!"

"To such a people," adds the writer, "the entrance of God's Word is as 'the dayspring from on high.'"

The Maronite priests were naturally opposed to this school at Zachleh, but they protested in vain. The fine school-house, built in Moorish style, stands to-day on the steep side of the village hill as a monument to the untiring zeal of the beloved foundress.

It was a happy day for her, their spiritual mother, when some of her young pupils went to Jerusalem with their teacher to receive confirmation at the hands of the Anglican bishop.

At length, however, the inevitable day came when the long-taxed strength was no longer sufficient for the demands upon it. During the summer of 1869 Mrs. Thompson suffered much from weakness. In the early autumn she returned to England, and took up her residence at the house of her sister at Blackheath. At first it was hoped that she might regain strength, but the decline recommenced and the end came rapidly. Toward the end she asked them to telegraph to Beirût and beg that the children might be gathered together to pray for her. "Say," she dictated, "Elizabeth is sinking; pray without

ceasing." Later still she received the Holy Communion for the last time. She was quite conscious and content in the thought that she was "going home."

On November 14th, 1869, precisely at midnight, the soul of the friend of Syria passed away, and went to meet its God. Her last words were, "Glory be to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Jesus, Jesus! Rest, rest! Arise! Amen!"

Much of the material for this chapter has been gathered from *The Daughters of Syria*, a narrative of efforts, by the late Mrs. Bowen Thompson, for the evangelization of the Syrian females. Edited by Canon Tristram. (Seeley & Co.)

XV

FIDELIA FISKE

AMONG THE NESTORIANS OF PERSIA

Early life—Arrival at Trebizond—Oroomiah—Ignorance of the women—Popularity of the schools—Deacon Gewergis—Return home—Illness and death.

THE Americans have had a Mission in Persia among the Nestorians since 1834. Though this cannot be placed on the same basis as a Mission to non-Christians, the work is not wholly dissimilar. It is sometimes more difficult to enlighten and teach those who have lost almost all but the name of Christianity than those who are wholly outside. The part which Miss Fiske took in dealing with the Nestorian Christians of Persia was mainly that of raising the degraded girls, and giving them a truer ideal of Christian womanhood.

She was born in 1816, in an up-country farm-house, among the hills of Massachusetts. It was a simple and religious life that the more devout among those American farmers lived during the early part of last century. Plain living and high spiritual thinking was the rule. The family lived in a one-storey wooden house, in which there was but one general room, with a few sleeping-places off it. They rose early, lived hard, and retired to rest soon after nightfall. But when they gathered about the wood fire on winter evenings the children were all brought into real relationship with each other, a true family party, and, whatever might be the occupation, it was always wound up with devotions. The big Bible was taken from its shelf, a chapter was gravely read, a prayer was said, and immediately all were expected to seek their beds.

This religious life had been a tradition among the Fiskes during several generations. The fathers of the family, two brothers Fiske, were among the original settlers who left England for conscience sake in 1637.

Fidelia was brought up in an intense spiritual atmosphere. She was brought under searchings of soul at the age of thirteen, and made a public confession before the congregation of faith in Christ when she was only fifteen. At the age of twenty-three, means were found to send her to Mount Holyoke Seminary. There she graduated in due course, and became a teacher. The lady who presided over the seminary was anxious to create a missionary spirit amongst the teachers and students, and did not find much difficulty in impressing Miss Fiske. When a missionary from Persia visited Mount Holyoke and appealed for helpers, she sent him the following words on a slip of paper: "If counted worthy, I should be willing to go." The family at the farm were naturally reluctant to part with her, but a prayer-meeting was held at which they made up their minds, and finally dismissed her in the name of the Lord.

She reached Trebizond, on the Black Sea, in 1842. Her station was to be Oroomiah, where there were about a thousand Nestorians, among about twenty-four thousand Mohammedans and Jews. The condition of these people, the fringe of the ancient Church of the East, was most unhappy and degraded. The condition of the women was as bad as could be. Miss Fiske saw at once, with the eye of the new-comer, that the only way to reach them would be to get them to school.

The prospects were not encouraging. School had been tried before with poor success. The girls did not care to learn, and their parents were afraid that bookishness would spoil their daughters for the field labour in which most of them were employed. She, however, made a start with one or two little girls. The first two were brought by the Nestorian bishop,

Mar Yohanan. "They are your daughters," said he, and left them in her charge.

Miss Fiske had to begin from the very bottom. She had to wash her pupils as well as teach them. At first they had not the most elementary notions of truth or honesty. Everything was stolen and lied about. She thought something could be done by making a solemn occasion of the next theft, and so laid a little scheme. When the children were on their way to bed, she stuck six black pins into a cushion past which they must go. Pins are valuable assets, and coveted accordingly. When she returned to the cushion the pins were gone. She went up to the girls and told them of her loss. In an instant all the hands were raised in proof of innocence, while all the children cried, "God knows that we have not got them." Miss Fiske replied that she was afraid that God knew just the reverse, and proceeded to search them, but to no purpose. Then she made them all kneel down, and prayed that God would show her where the lost pins were. Immediately she remembered that she had not searched the girls' caps. She told them that she was about to do so. Instantly a child put her hand to her head, and looking in her cap, Miss Fiske found all the pins stuck into the lining.

This made a great impression. It seemed to the girls a direct reply to the prayer. They were very much more careful in future not to lay their hands upon what did not belong to them

But the real difficulty with the women was that they had, through generations of contempt, lost their self-respect. To questions as to their knowledge, they would reply, "What do we know? we are women"—which was the equivalent of saying, "We are geese." It took a long time to excite their interest, and then still longer patience to get them to think out any subject and learn. When once the girls were shown what they were capable of, they made rapid progress. Miss Fiske had the delight of watching a wild crew of noisy, cackling, undis-

ciplined hoydens grow up into quiet, responsible, and lovable Christian women. To have achieved such a change among even a few was a result worth labouring for.

At first she could not even get their ear. They came together jabbering to see the foreign teachers. One could not hear oneself speak. So Miss Fiske told them that unless they, one and all, put their finger on their lips and kept them shut, she would not say a word to them. In this novel fashion she gained an audience, read them a story from the Gospels, and prayed with them.

The school became so popular and so many girls wanted to attend, that Miss Fiske felt strong enough to announce that only those who were entirely happy in the school and meant to take full advantage of their opportunities, and keep all the rules, should remain with them. A real spirit of religious earnestness grew among the scholars. They learnt the meaning of effectual prayer. Speaking of some of them, Miss Fiske wrote: "If they do not pray several times a day, they feel that they are becoming very cold-hearted. To-day, as they were going out to walk, one of them, who, perhaps, had not prayed for three hours, felt that she could not go until she should have a few moments alone. I have the whole school divided into little circles of five or six each, and have a prayer-meeting with one circle every day."

The practical results of this consciousness of God seem to have been very marked. Stealing and lying became less frequent; gradually they became very rare. Consciences became active, and on all sides faults which were quite unsuspected would be confessed. "The intellect of the girls seemed greatly quickened by grace in the heart. They brought better lessons, wrote better compositions, and were in all respects better scholars."

It often happens, both at home and in the mission-field, that hard cases among the parents are healed through the children. An example of this occurred about three years after Miss Fiske

commenced work. A certain deacon named Gewergis was noted for his irreligion and inhumanity. He brought a daughter of twelve years to the school. Miss Fiske calls the man "one of the vilest of the Nestorians." His daughter was heard one day praying for him that God would save her father from "going down to destruction." When this man was interviewed and reasoned with he simply laughed. Then the following occurred, Miss Fiske writes:—

"I was about turning from him, when I seemed to have a new view of the worth of his soul. I turned to him, took his hand and said: 'Deacon Gewergis, I see you do not wish me to speak with you of your soul. I promise you that I will never do so again, if you do not wish me to; but I want you to make me one promise. When we stand at the bar of God, and you are found *on the left hand*, as you certainly will be, if you go on in your present course, promise me that you will tell the assembled universe that, on this twenty-second day of February, 1846, you were told of your danger. I leave you to pray for you!' I could say no more: my heart was too full. I turned and was about leaving him, when he burst into tears, and said, 'My sister, I need this salvation; I will go and pray for myself.'"

That was a remarkable confession; and at the moment Miss Fiske could scarcely believe in it. It passed through her mind that the man would simply steal what came to his hand and go home. But while she and her friends were at prayer "the door opened very gently. Deacon Gewergis entered; his gun and dagger were gone; his turban had fallen over his face; his hands were raised to his eyes; and I could see the big teardrops falling." It was the beginning of a great change, which finally transformed a graceless man into a gentleman. He became after a while an evangelist, and worked with the Mission until his death ten years later.

The last years of Fidelia Fiske's life were full of suffering. She was compelled by the progress of the disease which prostrated her to return to America. There, in spite of much weakness,

she did some good work, among other things writing *Woman and her Saviour in Persia.* She also, in 1863, undertook work at her old seminary of Holyoke. But the end was then very near. She was taken in the summer of 1864, happy and strong in spirit to the last. Such lives are good to think of.

Authorities: *Fidelia Fiske*, by Rev. W. Guest (Morgan and Scott); and *Consecrated Women*, by Claudia (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton), 1880.

XVI

MRS. KRAPF

IN EAST AFRICA

German missionaries—Dr. Krapf—Fraülein Dietrich—Her marriage—Birth of a child in the Shoho Desert—Refused entrance to Tigré—Return to Aden—Mishaps by water—At Zanzibar—At Mombasa—Illness and death of Mrs. Krapf.

IN the early days of the Church Missionary Society's work it was, as everybody probably knows, very difficult to interest the English clergy in Foreign Missions. Almost none offered to go abroad. Their place was supplied from Germany. There was in the first half of the nineteenth century a profoundly serious spirit among the German Lutherans, coupled with an admirable zeal for the evangelization of the world. The opening of Africa and India is largely associated with the names of these men. Weitbrecht, Pfander, Krapf, Rebmann, Hinderer, Leupolt, Hoernlé, Isenberg are household words, both in missionary and geographical circles.

These men were set apart and ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury for work in the Foreign Mission field, and took their place in the ranks of the Anglican clergy. Dr. Ludwig Krapf was born at Derendingen in Würtemberg in 1810. He was richly gifted with the German talent of acquisitiveness of information and knowledge of things foreign. When quite a boy he set his heart on becoming a traveller. He studied at Basle, was brought under deep religious convictions, and finally offered himself to the C.M.S., by which he was sent out in 1837 to Abyssinia.

When the English missionaries were turned out of Abyssinia

in the year following, Krapf journeyed south, hoping to gain an entrance into Shoa. Shoa was then in a very unsettled condition. It had suffered heavily at the hands of Mohammedans, Abyssinians, and Gallas. It was Christian in creed, but the people were ignorant and degraded. Krapf laboured among them in the midst of many discouragements until 1842. At first he had a companion, his friend Isenberg, but was for most of the time entirely alone and unsupported.

In 1842 he felt his position so difficult, especially when boys were brought to him to educate and he had to maintain a school as well as continue his evangelistic journeys, that it occurred to him he would do better with a wife.

It was characteristic of the man that he should have regarded this matter entirely from the point of view of his work. He was aware of the existence of Fraülein Dietrich, who had been betrothed to another missionary, Kühnlein, who had died at Marseilles in 1837. He had never seen her, but had every reason to believe that she was courageous and devoted. Accordingly he wrote to her and proposed an alliance.

Fraülein Dietrich regarded the union in the same light as the Doctor, and agreed to meet him at Cairo. There accordingly they came together and were married in 1842 or 1843. The marriage proved a supremely happy one. They were both of one mind, and Mrs. Krapf displayed as brave and ardent a spirit as her husband. She was not in the least daunted by the prospect of a life to be spent among the rude people of Shoa, nor by the dangers of the way.

It was, however, impossible to return to Shoa. When the approached the frontier from the Red Sea a message came from the King of Shoa forbidding entrance. They were compelled to return to Aden. It was at this time that the University of Tübingen conferred the degree of Doctor on Mr. Krapf, in recognition of the work which he had done in connection with many valuable Ethiopic manuscripts which he had collected and sent to Europe.

Neither Dr. nor Mrs. Krapf could endure the idea of a retreat without first making some supreme effort to reach their work in Shoa. Early in 1843 or 1844 they started for Tigré, where some other German missionaries had established themselves. Mrs. Krapf was not deterred from this journey by the knowledge that she was very soon to become a mother, though they were to pass through some rough and desolate country. The track ran through a sandy plain, with here and there spare trees—the great Shoho Desert. As they proceeded, the waste contracted into a rocky defile through which ran a river. There, overcome by the heat and fatigue of the way, the intrepid lady gave birth to a baby girl.

The child lived long enough only to be baptized by its father, and was buried that same evening beneath a tree close to their travelling tent. They named it Eneba, which means, in Amharic, a Tear. The wild Shoho tribesmen, with whom they were travelling, would not allow Mrs. Krapf to rest more than three days, after which she was hurried along with the caravan. Only by giving the Shoho people a cow and a dollar a day could Dr. Krapf persuade them to remain even for that short while. And, after all, their journey was in vain, for the King of Tigré adopted the same policy as the King of Shoa, and forbade the Europeans to enter his territory.

The Krapfs returned to Aden and, without losing further time, made preparations for an expedition to the Galla country. It was as though the forces of nature were leagued against them. Their dhow sprang a leak in the rough seas, and they barely kept themselves afloat by baling with the saucepans and bowls which Mrs. Krapf had brought with her for a start in housekeeping. When they were in the utmost extremity, and the husband and wife had retired to the small cabin for a last prayer together, another vessel hove in sight, and with some difficulty took them all on board. They had no sooner been transferred than their own boat capsized, and lay along the water.

Again they found themselves in Aden. A week later the wind became more favourable, and they sailed, without further adventure, to Zanzibar. The Sultan proved friendly, and gave letters of recommendation to "Dr. Krapf the German, a good man who desires to convert the world to God." This was the commencement of the East African Mission. The Doctor crossed to the mainland, and decided to make Mombasa the base of his operations.

The mainland at that time bore a terrible repute. The natives were reported as lawless, cruel, and violent. But Krapf was not to be dissuaded. He took his wife to Mombasa, and fixed upon the spot on the great continent itself from which he would make his first attempt to penetrate into the interior. Unfortunately the season was an exceptionally bad one, and there was an unusual amount of fever about. Dr. Krapf was himself down with fever, and he had barely recovered when his wife was seized. It was while she was still weak from this attack that her second child, also a daughter, was born. She seems to have had another attack of fever shortly after the birth, and she failed rapidly.

Dr. Krapf's account of her death is very touching. The devoted companion of his travels and perils for a short while lost heart, and wondered whether her life had been regulated by mere personal desires or by the spirit of sacrifice for the glory of God. She, however, ended in great peace, and with perfect submission to the Divine Will. So brave was she and steadfast at the end, that her husband was strengthened and confirmed in his purpose to devote his entire life to the missionary cause. She desired him to bury her on the mainland, in order that the sight of her tomb might constantly remind the passers-by of the Object which had brought the servants of the Church of Christ to their country. "Thus," says her husband, "she wished to be preaching to them by the lonely spot which encloses her earthly remains."

The child did not many hours survive its mother. The two

were buried together, opposite Mombasa, by the side of the creek, on the coast of Africa. "Tell the Committee," wrote Dr. Krapf to the Church Missionary Society, "that there is, on the East African coast, a lonely grave of a member of the Mission cause, connected with your Society. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world. . . . Never mind the victims who may fall. . . . Only carry it forward, till the East and West of Africa be united in the bonds of Christ."

The material for this chapter has been gathered from *The Finished Course*, by permission of the C.M.S.

XVII

ANNA HINDERER

IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY

A plague-stricken coast—Benin—Witchcraft—Abeokuta—Bishop Crowther—David Hinderer and Anna Martin—Marriage—Ill with fever—They reach Abeokuta—Go to Ibadan—Chief's visit—Persecution of converts—Journey to Oyo—Invalided home—Ibadan again—War and famine—Mr. Hinderer makes his way to Lagos—Rescue of Mrs. Hinderer—Home—Return to Africa—Invalided home—Death.

THE West Coast of Africa has a frightful reputation. It is a land of unwholesome things. Every abomination lurks there. The great lagoons which guard the shores, like moats about a robber hold, are stocked with fever. The tropical forest, which grows so densely right down to the water's edge, is an enchanted country in which death lurks everywhere. No European can breathe that fever-laden air and wholly escape. Those who tarry long are fortunate if they do not bring home with them the seeds of lifelong troubles. It is not only Sierra Leone, but the whole of that plague-stricken coast which has been "the white man's grave."

But the muddy channels with their crocodile-haunted mangrove swamps, through which the rivers make their way into the sea, are types and symbols of things still muddier and more deadly. For here is the very seat of the devil. The devil is the acknowledged god of this land. And the devil in his most sordid and cruel shape. There is no majesty about the devil of the Gold Coast. He is a bogy, a scarecrow, a jumping-jack, a spring-heeled terror, a slinking shadow, a coarse joke, a brutal profanity, not even so respectable as the horned devil with

tail and hoofs which so terrified the imagination of our own forefathers. But in whatever form he is worshipped, whether as a haunting spirit, or a half-veiled sham, there is always death in his hand. His tracks are strewn with death; and death in its most repulsive form.

The punitive expedition to Benin in 1897 revealed to the whole world the horrible results of an unmitigated worship of the devil. When our troops reached Benin, "the blood-soaked city," they found what they described as a mixture of a charnel house and shambles. Everywhere were the dying and the dead, lying among the mouldering remains of those who had long ago been put to death. The ground was strewn with skulls, says one, "like pebbles." On the trees everywhere were crucified figures. Dismembered and horribly mutilated slaves lay in all directions, some still breathing, blocking the narrow pathways through the bush, and half hidden in the long grass by the way. These were all sacrifices to the malignant spirits and demons. The shrines and the images on the altars were caked with the dried blood of the sacrifices which had been splashed upon them.

Possibly no place in all demon-cursed West Africa has had quite so hideous a record as Benin. But many other places have had a reputation almost as ghastly. Kumassi, the capital of Ashanti, into which our troops penetrated in 1874, means "kill them all"; and one of the streets of Kumassi is known as "never dry of blood." At Whydah, a city in Dahomey, the tutelary deity is a serpent. This demon is served by priestesses who are called the Sisters of the Serpent. It was customary in Dahomey to fill a huge reservoir with the bodies of the sacrificed, and cannibal feasts were common.

It is not that the African regards these demons as supreme. He believes in a chief God, the creator of all things; but as this Great Spirit does not apparently interfere with things, but leaves man to manage his own affairs as he best can, He is negligible. He is not interested in His creatures, so why

should they be interested in Him? On the other hand, the world is cram-full of inferior spirits. They are everywhere, and they are all more or less malignant. They are in the forest, lying in wait among the bushes. They are in the earth among the roots of the great cotton-tree. They lurk in the river, at the bottom of the still pool, or in the foam of the rapids. They dance in the cruel, treacherous surf, where the great waves fall crashing upon the beach. They can be bribed to play nasty tricks against one's enemy, or one's enemy may employ them against one's self. One must be constantly on the look out for them, and keep, if possible, on their right side. If they cannot be got rid of, they may perhaps be propitiated.

Hence the system of witchcraft. Wizardry is the art of dealing with malicious spirits. The medicine-man is the spirit-tamer. By his charms he may be able to avert evil; by the sacrifices which he orders he may be able to propitiate the evil things which hunger and thirst for blood and suffering.

It is not difficult to understand how such debasing fears and cruel superstitions must degrade the people in every relation of life. A traveller has described life in West Africa as "squalid." That was the impression which was left on his mind wherever he went. And no wonder. Nobility, purity, and decency are beaten out of a people who have no religion but selfish fears and mutual distrust. And yet there is that in all men which responds to a good example, and disinterested kindness quickly begets love; and so those who have given their lives for the West African have found much that is delightful in him, and have come to regard him with real affection. The sweet and gracious lady whose life in the Yoruba country is described in this chapter, was an illustration of that.

The Yoruba country lies between Dahomey and Benin. In the days of the slave wars a great number of people who had been harried out of their homes by their ruthless neighbours

took refuge there. They formed themselves into a confederation for mutual protection, and in 1825 they founded what became the strong and important town of Abeokuta. This city was organized as a sort of republic. Each tribe which was admitted to the association was allowed to retain its own customs and religion, but they conjointly elected a president, or "king," whose office was for life. The town rapidly grew. It was encircled by an earthen wall some ten feet high, deepened on the outside by a ten-foot ditch. This wall is said to be about twenty miles in circumference, and contains more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. The name Abeokuta signifies "under the rocks." The town is built amongst huge granite boulders which jut out from the swelling plain, some of them to a considerable height. The principal crag, called The Rock, towers three hundred feet above the streets, and is regarded as the tutelary deity of the town. Many of the rocks are strangely contorted; some are like the ruins of a mammoth city, others like quaint beasts, or gigantic turtles. Their grey crags rise out of the billowy green foliage in which the thatched houses comfortably nestle. It is a stronghold which has not only managed to defy the raider, but has become the capital of the province of Egba.

For some while the neighbouring town of Ibadan, which is likewise strongly built on the sides of a commanding hill, and contains almost the same number of people, was the rival of Abeokuta. But, after protracted wars, Ibadan has been compelled to own her mistress. Ibadan is now connected with Lagos by a railway, and the days of sanguinary bush-fighting are done. But when Mrs. Hinderer went to make her home in the heart of the Yoruba country there were no such modern makers for peace. The Yorubas are now spoken of as "a gentle, kindly people—docile, artless, and sincere." They were not always quite that; but Mrs. Hinderer found them very responsive to her friendly advances.

A word must be said about the introduction of Christianity.

When Sierra Leone was bought by the British, and was turned into a station for freed slaves, an attempt was soon made to evangelize them. In 1816 the Church Missionary Society sent out agents. They met with good success, and the Bishopric of Sierra Leone was founded in 1852. The native church flourished apace, and now not only supports its own clergy and schools, but sends out missionaries into the regions beyond.

By 1840 this settlement of freed men had spread itself beyond the borders of the original town. Many of the men had become prosperous traders, and ventured to return to their own districts to extend their business. The missionaries did not lose sight of them, and Christian stations were formed at various new places, as at Badagry and at Lagos, on the coast; and at Abeokuta, Ibadan, Oyo, and other towns inland. The great River Niger was ascended in 1841, and a liberated slave who accompanied the expedition was afterwards consecrated first Bishop of the Church in the Niger Territories. This was Samuel Crowther, whose remarkable personality attracted so much attention when he visited England.

A few years later, or about the middle of last century, a young German, David Hinderer, was working among the Yorubas. He was one of that band of German evangelists who had been ordained by the Archbishop of Canterbury for missionary work in connection with the Church of England. He was the first white teacher to visit Ibadan. The people were delighted to see him, and made much of him. "Now we have got a white man," said they, "we must hold him tight." He was quite content to be held, and remained with them for about half a year; when he was so persuaded that they were ripe for Christian teaching, that he went back to England to endeavour to get an assistant whom he might plant there. He was fortunate in finding the man he sought in a young student named Kefer. He also found a greater treasure than he had sought, in the brave and devoted girl who returned with

him as his wife, to be the mother and teacher of the people of Yoruba.

Anna Martin was a Norfolk girl. She was born at Hempnall in 1827. When she lost her mother at an early age, she was brought up mainly by her grandfather at Lowestoft. There she met the vicar and his motherly wife, who finally persuaded her to come and live with them as parish helper and adopted daughter. Anna had long dreamt of a missionary life, and when David Hinderer proposed that she should join him at Abeokuta, she recognized her vocation. They were married on October 14th, 1852. It was a love match, but they lost no time in dalliance. About six weeks later they were on the sea and bound for Africa.

In those days it took nearly a month to reach Cape Coast Castle. On January 5th they landed at Lagos (the "Lakes"), and Mrs. Hinderer was fairly embarked upon her new life. Her first experience was discouraging. Lagos is a low-lying island at the mouth of a wide lagoon. The turgid waters are thick with the mud brought down by the river, and the air is poisonous for a European to breathe. In a few days the young wife was down with her first attack of African fever. She soon grew horribly familiar with that hateful thing, which is never far off from the dweller by African waters, and which lies at the catch to punish the first moment of rash exposure. She was sorely wrung, and rose from her bed weak and trembling, but not discouraged. Though her limbs gave way, she tottered forward filled with impatience to reach her new home.

The way to Abeokuta is up the River Ogun. There was no steamer then, and the journey was made by row-boat. First the broad lagoon with its encircling mangrove-swamps was crossed. Then, as the morning mists rolled away, the mouth of the river disclosed itself, as one of the innumerable creeks which open between the mud-banks and the mangrove trees. Then they commenced their ascent of the sluggish stream. By and by the winding river flowed between walls of luxuriant

foliage. Out of the brown water rose a steep hedge of magnificent trees, bamboos, palms of every kind, reflected as in a copper mirror in the flood. Over all was thrown a wild profusion of many-tinted flowers and gorgeous berries. The creeping plants hung in heavy festoons from branch to branch, and great blossoms hung like bells of every hue from fairy cords. The white trunks of the tropical trees were stained with delicate pink lichen and scarlet fungus-cups. Birds, like gems of purple, scarlet, orange, and vivid green, flashed and darted among the boughs. Behind the dense green wall of forest there was a perpetual chatter of monkeys and clacking and screaming of gaily-plumaged parrots. The still water beneath the banks was paved with broad lily leaves, between which rose the magnificent star-like flowers which filled the air with their perfume. Now and again a crocodile, like a drifting log, would float slowly down on the current.

Mrs. Hinderer was well again now and could relish all her novel sensations. She was no coward, and gave herself up to ecstatic enjoyment of the beauty of it all. White people were rarities in those early days, and when they stopped at a riverside village the people all came out to gaze. They clapped their hands, as at a show, to see the white folk eat. But they did not always succeed in reaching a village before nightfall; and then an encampment was made on the nearest available sand-spit. There the mosquitoes would come down like a storm in spite of the smoke of the camp fires, and sleep would be driven away. Baboons, too, would creep out of the forest, attracted by the light, and, not being trusted as neighbours, would have to be driven away with perhaps a stinging charge of small shot for their temerity. Several nights Mrs. Hinderer lay awake till dawn, listening to the strange and eerie sounds which arise after dark in the forest. A heavy fish would splash; a crocodile would rise and wheeze and plunge again; all sorts of prowlers went about with soft, padding tread, "seeking their meat from God." At first sleep refused to

come; but Anna Hinderer got used to such experiences and many more before she left Africa.

As there was plenty of water in the river, the boats were able to go as far as the rapids at Aro, and within about two miles of Abeokuta. At the landing-place a horse and a hammock were waiting. The husband mounted the one and the wife crept into the other, and they were soon within sight of the town. Two miles further and the Mission station was reached. Anna Hinderer was at last at home.

It was a very dilapidated home to which to welcome a bride. Nature comes on in the tropics like a tide-wave. If her luxuriance is not being perpetually pruned away she flows over everything and covers it up beneath a green curtain. Already the Mission house, which the other missionaries had left a short while before on their way to England, was in the midst of a wilderness. The floors and walls were being eaten through by white ants; while every sort of noxious insect seemed to have hived itself within the rooms. Mrs. Hinderer marked with alarm some spiders as large as the palm of her hand. But they soon had to go. Under her touch things were quickly righted. The enemy was swept out; furniture was set in order, a hasty meal was cooked, and the two Europeans had their first tea in their own house, laughing heartily at their picnic.

Anna Hinderer had the knack of winning a child's heart on the first encounter. It was usually love at first sight. The plump little Africans took to her instantly. From the moment they saw her they called her "Iya," or mother, and that name clung to her all the while she was in Africa. She found great comfort in her little champions. The boys especially devoted themselves to her service, they became her willing slaves and knights. It was an education to them to be near their beloved Iya, and the mere suggestion that they should be banished from her was sufficient to bring the most turbulent of them to his senses.

She had an example of this power, which she exercised over

the children the very day after she arrived. It was Sunday, and the hymn-singing had reminded her rather too painfully of the far-away English home. For a moment she was quite overcome, and the tears filled her eyes. One of the children crept up to her and looked at her with sympathy, and presently, as she walked home, she felt a small hand slipped into her own, and the child was by her side till she reached the house. The next day an anxious little voice was heard exhorting: "Missis no cry to-day. Missis cry no more."

By and by, when she had another frightful attack of fever, the schoolboys attended on all her wants, and some kept the place quiet, while others supplied her with drinks of water. At first the children from the villages were inclined to be horribly afraid of the white woman. They came creeping as near as they dared, but if she turned they bolted like conies into the bush. One child she coaxed with a few cowries to come within hand-reach; but the mite was overcome with dread, and lay like a small black dog grovelling at her feet. This, however, was soon set right, and one told another that there was nothing to be feared from "Iya."

Hinderer was congratulated by the chief and his people on bringing back a wife with him. They were very complimentary about her colour. Unlike most Europeans, she had kept the carmine in her cheeks. "Very fair; good; beautiful!" greeted her as she passed through the town. In fact everybody was so well disposed to be friendly that Hinderer was not afraid to leave his wife alone while he made a second journey to Ibadan to establish the Mission there.

Writing home at this time, Mrs. Hinderer says: "I have already a great many friends among the Africans; people come to see me and say wonderful things through my interpreter. I let them look at my things, and touch them, which delights them much; and boys and girls come in numbers to sing with the music, listen to the clock, look at pictures, turn over my work-basket, and laugh and shout at some of the mysteries.

Their black skin makes no difference to me. . . . I often saunter out for a walk among the hills and rocks, and a little party surround me, and there is a rush which shall take my hand, to help me up or down in a difficult place." That is a pretty picture, and it is drawn only about six weeks after this lady had arrived at Abeokuta to throw her witchery over the Yorubans.

But death lurks everywhere among the flowers in Africa. One after the other their friends and fellow-workers failed and died. On the 1st of April Mr. Paley died of fever, on the 10th he was followed by Mr. Hensman. A few days later, Mr. Kefer, the new recruit from London, was struck down with a heavy attack, as was also Mr. Maser. The Hinderers were themselves sent to Ibadan.

Anna Hinderer calls Ibadan the "stronghold of Sin and Satan." No doubt it was still so, but peace reigned at that moment. The old kidnapping parties were no longer abroad, and there were no special dangers on the road as they journeyed. They wound their way through the dense bush, camping at night in the tents which they carried with them. At times the trees crowded so thickly overhead that the sky was hidden, and they passed along a green tunnel gay with bright flowers. At dark they camped in some clearing, or among the contorted rocks, with the fire blazing merrily in their midst, while the men slept about them, each with his gun by his side. The path was just wide enough for a horse, and Mrs. Hinderer sometimes rode and sometimes walked, or was carried. So they progressed till they came into more open country, and the track led, in serpentine fashion, through grasses which grew shoulder high, and among great silver-trunked cotton trees. Sometimes the grass would rise above their heads, and even hide the horse and his rider. Often the trunk of some fallen tree lay across the way, and had to be jumped by the horses. All around was the dense forest, hiding multitudes of living things, and secreting in its depths clusters of huts hiding away from the man-hunter.

After a few days of these experiences they saw the pyramidal hill on which Ibadan is built, and approached the gate of the city wall. An excited crowd quickly gathered and ran to meet them, "men, women, and children shouting and screaming, 'The white man is come! The white mother is come!' and then their thousands of salutations, everybody opening eyes and mouth at me. All seemed pleased, but many frightened, too, when I spoke; they followed us to our own dwelling with the most curious shouts, noises and exclamations. . . . Every time I appeared, down they went on the ground, rubbing their hands, and saying, 'Alafia, Alafia! Peace, Peace!"

At last night fell, and the two strangers got some rest. But next day there was the same crowd. Their house was some little distance outside the town, but the people flocked there and watched untiringly the unpacking of the white man's goods.

This native house was occupied by the Hinderers for about a year while the Mission station proper was being erected. It consisted of a long, passage-like room, thirty feet long by only six feet wide, and of two narrow wings, which were reserved for Mr. Kefer, the schoolmaster, the catechist, and for general offices. A verandah ran round the inner side of the house, and formed a general reception-room by day and sleeping-place for the servants by night. There were neither doors nor windows, but curtains ensured a certain amount of privacy. It need scarcely be added that the thatched roof swarmed with insects, and one had to tread carefully in the dark. One night Mr. Hinderer getting hastily out of bed trod upon a snake. which happily for him was not coiled ready to spring. A naval doctor who visited Ibadan about this time, describes the house as "a funny little place, quite a primitive mud dwelling, where no two persons can walk about at one time." But Mrs. Hinderer loved it, and soon made it home-like, both to her husband and their guests.

Mrs. Hinderer was not long at Ibadan before she got hold

of the young men and boys. One of the former, named Olumloyo, a "war-boy," attached himself specially to her. He would come to her class and listen, and say, "The words were sweet." But the women came too. Mrs. Hinderer describes a class thus: "I think you might not have been uninterested to have seen a certain Anna to-day, with a large mixed-up class of men and women on the ground, with her four little boys, who are with her every day, clinging to her, each trying to be nearest at this afternoon school. . . . As I sat on my chair, one little black fellow had clapsed my arm with both his hands, another every now and then nearly resting his chin on my shoulder, the other two sitting close at my feet. . . . The affection of these people is very great, and in these four boys it is remarkable; if a fly comes near me they push it away."

She writes again: "I wish some of you could just look at us this evening . . . our various boys, with some of their friends, sitting in the piazza with their country lamps, teaching each other to read, some Yoruba, some English. . . . Now and then a frog hops in . . . and some long, worm-like-looking things, with at least a hundred legs. But my greatest enemies are the mosquitoes."

The women were kind and affectionate, and showed a tenderness for the white lady which touched her very much. When she was hot they would fan her; when she looked tired they would take her to lie down. They could not make too much of their new visitors. When the Hinderers rode through the town, clambering on horseback up its steep and rugged streets, a rejoicing crowd went with them, pressing kola nuts and other little gifts upon them.

At the same time there were many prejudices to overcome. A woman was overheard persuading a small boy not to trust himself to the white woman. "Don't you know that when it gets dark the white people kill and eat the black?" This terrible possibility prevented the boy for some time from spend-

ing an evening with the Hinderers. As soon as dusk fell he ran for home. When at last he did stay a whole night at the Mission house his sister came to search for him at dawn, and was much surprised to find that he had not been put into the cooking-pot. This same boy became one of the most devotedly affectionate of the black "family." He would throw his arms about Mrs. Hinderer, exclaiming, "My mother thou art!"

About this time Mrs. Hinderer had an accident which nearly cost her her life. Her horse slipped off the narrow pathway and fell into a pit. She was underneath and was much crushed. Though no bones were broken, she never quite recovered from the strains she received. On top of this trouble came fever. Mr. Hinderer was sharply attacked and came near to die. But the kindness of the people sustained his wife wonderfully. The young warrior, Olumloyo, came every day with the inquiry, "Babba o sandie?" "Is our father better?" When the patient thirsted for an orange, and none could be got anywhere, since the season was just over, this Olumloyo sprang on his horse and galloped round to all the farms, collecting what he could get. He came back with eleven and proudly presented them. When Mr. Hinderer would have thanked him, he said, "Don't speak; I am too glad." He kept continual watch about the house, and promised that there would be a *feu de joie* when the white man appeared again. He himself would contribute a whole cask of powder.

Of course this welcome was not universal. When the teaching began to take effect and make disciples, alarm naturally spread. Mr. Kefer was twice driven away from places in which he was preaching. "We will not have you white men," cried the objectors; "you are the world's spoilers." The medicine-men became frightened, perhaps the more so when one of their number, who had been specially violent against Christianity, gave in, and came to the Mission house declaring, "I get no peace; I want to give my heart to God." A well-known priestess, too, who came to convert the Hinderers, went away

without a word to say for herself, and afterwards made serious inquiries into the truths she had heard.

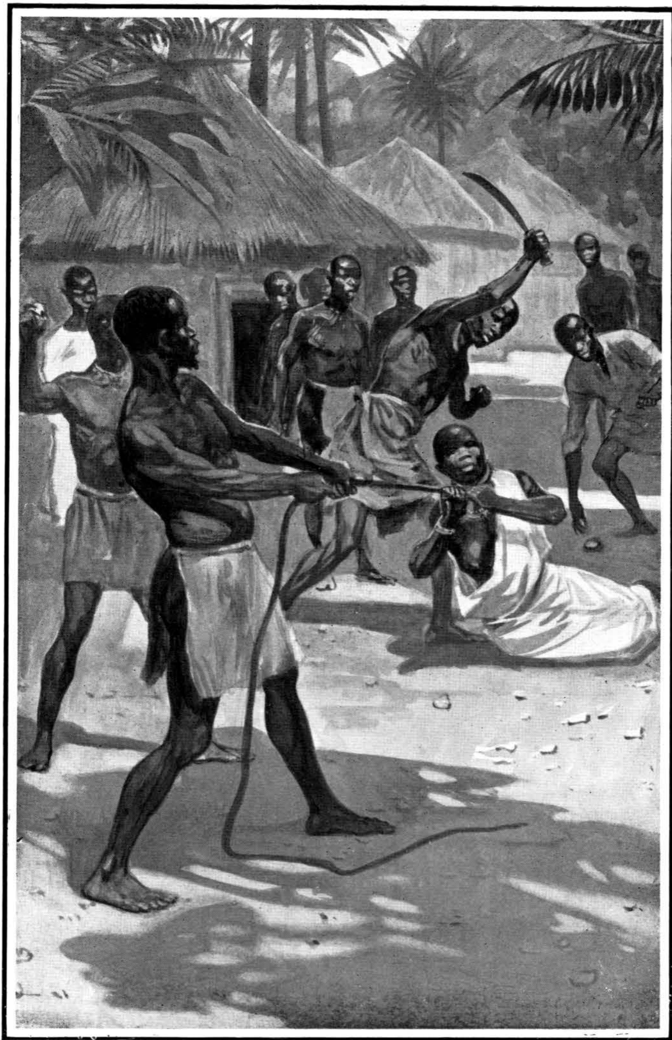
When the new Mission premises were erected, every one was much astonished at their palatial appearance. There was an upper storey and an outside staircase, which seemed quite miraculous. The chief came in state to visit it. With drums beating and band in full blast, and accompanied by a train of singing men and women, he approached the architectural marvel. He could not imagine how it could have been put together, one house on top of another. He hesitated long before trusting himself to the staircase; but at last, Mr. Hinderer pulling in front, and his servants pushing and supporting him behind, he made the ascent. Mrs. Hinderer received him at the top of the steps, and ceremoniously asked him into the sitting-room. When he got in he gave a great shout of astonishment. He then walked to the sofa, and sat there with some of his principal men about him. The wives of the chief and his eldest son were then received, and the staircase had to be removed lest the whole should pass up and bring the house down with their weight.

Refreshments were then served, in the shape of English biscuits and raisins. Then the visitors were shown the bedroom, which opened on to the passage above the steps. The chief, Bale, was delighted and amused to see himself in the looking-glass, and examined everything with great curiosity. The women watched Mrs. Hinderer wash her hands, and then insisted that they should all in turn be allowed to use that strange-looking article the washing-stand, and lather themselves with the wonderful soap. The towel struck them as an unheard-of luxury. They all wiped their hands upon it, till it was stained blue with the indigo dye from their clothes. When all had been seen and discussed Mr. Hinderer made a speech, and explained to the chief and his head-men why they had come to settle there, and what they proposed to teach.

The church, too, excited great interest. It was soon filled, and several people became serious inquirers. "A woman," says Mrs. Hinderer, "of about fifty years of age came to me. I noticed her in church two or three Sundays before I went away (on a visit to Abeokuta), and again she was there yesterday. She brought with her a fowl and corn to feed it with, and yams; she put them before me as a present, and said, 'Iya, all my life I have served the devil; he has been my god; but he never gave me peace in my heart. . . . I have heard the words of the great God, and they are sweet to me." This woman threw her idols into the water. She was so constantly bringing presents that Mr. Hinderer told her that they did not desire she should always come "with full hands" to see them. She replied that she knew it well, but that it made her happy to offer them a gift. When the Bishop (Vidal) came to Ibadan, in 1854, there were well-instructed converts ready for him to confirm.

It speaks volumes for the tact with which these advances had been made that Mr. Hinderer was shortly afterwards able to leave his wife alone in this great town of a hundred thousand people, composed of some sixty nationalities and as many different religions. Among these were many whose interests were likely to be seriously affected by the new teaching, but Mrs. Hinderer felt and was perfectly safe in her unprotected house.

In addition to the elected Chief of Ibadan, there was a woman to whom the title was given of Iyalode, the mother of the city. All women's affairs were brought under her notice before disputes were finally taken on appeal to the Chief, or King. Mrs. Hinderer paid her a state visit, and found in her a congenial spirit. The two women made a friendship and exchanged gifts. It was agreed between them that each should be an Iya, a mother of the people. The black woman was to remain Iyalode, and the white one was to be Iyalode fun-fun, the White Iyalode. This great lady returned the visit three



PERSECUTION IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY

Persecution severely tested the faith of converts; one convert was repeatedly beaten, stoned, and slashed with a sword, and finally her husband dragged her through the streets by a rope round her neck, threatening her with death, in spite of the intercession of the missionaries. She, however, finally escaped.

days later, and brought a goat and a calabash of yams to the Mission house to make a feast for the children.

It was not until about a year later that any serious persecution of converts was attempted; but as the Church grew, of course efforts were made to dissuade people from becoming baptized. The story of one woman is touching. She was repeatedly beaten, slashed with the sword, and stoned. When she still persisted, her husband tied a rope round her neck and dragged her through the streets to her father's house. When Mr. Hinderer went to intercede for her, he found her lying on her face before a row of idols, and the people who were holding her down and beating her were furiously shouting, "Now she bows down! now she bows down!" The poor thing continued to protest, "I do not; I do not. I only worship Jesus Christ." Mr. Hinderer could not win her release. She was dragged away by the rope round her throat, and threatened with instant death. This, however, was postponed from time to time, till she managed to escape, and fled to Abeokuta.

Husbands also began to fear lest this new teaching should spoil their wives. One of these conservatives abjured his fiancée after her baptism, and insisted that her father should repay him the price which he had given for her. This did not make parents anxious that their daughters should join the Church, and one poor child was beaten and cut till she could not move or feed herself. Another endured every kind of brutality till her father almost gave way, saying, "I am tired." The relatives, however, insisted that the cure should go on, and at last the girl ran away to take refuge at the Mission. An angry crowd of relations gave chase and filled the yard, waving swords and brandishing knives; but the girl remained with her white friends till the evening, when she quietly returned home, having conquered for that time.

Meanwhile the missionaries were not without encouragement from some of the best of the people—as one said to them: "Be patient, white man; your words and ways are new; we are

dark, and have no sense; tell your word day after day; it will go into the ear, and by and by many will follow it."

In 1856 the Hinderers made a journey to Oyo, a town to the north of Ibadan. As usual, Mrs. Hinderer went partly on horseback and partly, when the heat was too great, in her hammock. She was much entertained by her hammock-bearers. "They were so extremely polite to one another. . . . A fallen tree lies in the road. The foremost bearer mentions this fact. The other thanks him. Then follows, 'Have you passed over the tree?' and 'I have passed over the tree.' Then they salute one another for the load they carry. I joined them in this, which pleased them. At last I forgot them, and was thinking, thinking, thinking, oh, of so many things! when they called me back from my thoughts with, 'Iya, do you sleep? for you have not saluted us so long!' I apologized and promised to do better. They said, 'It helps us to carry you, and makes us think you are a light load, when you salute and talk to us.' The road is very bad, and by and by the foot of one slips into an unseen hole. Off goes the end of the hammock from his head; but he catches it in his strong hands. I shriek, expecting to go out head first, when he coolly asks: 'Iya, why did you lift up your voice?' I told him that fear caught me; but he said fear must not catch me any more, since he would not let me fall."

A catechist had been sent on to Oyo, and the king had made a place ready for the missionaries, so that they were well received when they arrived. The king was extremely gracious, and sent them back in peace after a short visit. A little girl of Oyo took a strong fancy for Mrs. Hinderer, and begged to be allowed to go back with her. This child's name was Konigbagbe. The king granted permission, and she went to Ibadan, where she was brought up and trained at the Mission House.

After this came the excitement of a Christian betrothal. Olubi, a young convert, fell in love with Susanna, the daughter of an Abeokuta Christian. This Olubi had been a headstrong

champion of the national fetish and of the customs, but had been convinced against all his resolutions, and became a devoted Christian. He was placed in charge of the first Mission school in Ibadan.

West Africa soon wears out its servants. Both the Hinderers had suffered heavily from repeated attacks of fever, and toward the close of 1856 they had to return home to get strong again. A short year's furlough put vigour back into their bones, and by the end of October, 1857, they were once more on the African coast. In January, 1858, they were again settled in their home at Ibadan, "this dear place," as Mrs. Hinderer calls it. They had a great welcome. "The horsemen galloped and danced backwards and forwards, and guns were fired, so that we were nearly deafened. . . . My husband was nearly pulled off his horse!"

Things had not stopped during their absence, and the return was marked by some outward and visible signs of success. Mrs. Hinderer wrote: "We have now a large basketful of idols, and last evening a man who had been a large dealer in slaves brought the irons with which he used to chain the poor creatures, saying 'that having been made free by Jesus, he never could want such cruel things again.'"

One day Olubi found a week-old twin child lying deserted near the stream. It was shrieking, but twins are fetish and may not be touched; so it was left to die. It was brought to the Mission house, but was too far gone to save, and died that same night. In 1859 the friendly King of Oyo died, whereupon forty-two of his wives poisoned themselves to accompany him into the other world. The Africans can say very gracious and dignified things. When Mrs. Hinderer was looking distressed over the news of the death of Bishop Bowen, a young woman, not yet baptized, but in preparation for the rite, came and laid her hand gently on her shoulder, saying with tears: "Iya, it is true the fathers pass away. They go, but God is still here." Another, a Fulani man, said on another occasion: "Ah,

Iya, we are both alike, we are strangers in this country; we both speak a different language from this people; so we are one." This time the Fulani was obliged to put his kindly speech to the test, and Mrs. Hinderer told him how much more one they would be when they had a common faith, and would not let him go until he had learned to repeat St. John iii. 16.

Next year war broke out. It was rumoured that the savage Dahomeyans were planning a descent upon the Yoruba country. Ibadan was also threatened by the neighbouring township of Ijaye. Warfare of the reprisal type at once commenced between the people of Ijaye and Ibadan. Each caught the other and sold their captives into slavery. The woods were full of ambushes. The Ibadan people did all they thought necessary to ensure success and made public sacrifices. A human sacrifice was also offered to the demons who affect the chances of war. A slave was provided for the purpose at the expense of the town. He was made the hero of the day, and paraded through the streets as though he were a demi-god. At sunset his head was struck off and was tossed to the birds. His body was taken charge of by the women, who anointed and decorated it, in token that the man so sacrificed should return to the world in the person of an infant and should hold some exalted place in the next generation. The women even prayed each that she might become the honoured mother of the re-born man. After this fresh sacrifices were made at the tombs of dead warriors to secure the help of their spirits against the enemy.

All this being duly done, the war-boys took the field under their chiefs and entrenched themselves as near as possible to Ijaye. Scouting-parties were sent out by both sides to scour the forest for captives, and to harry the farms in the open as they got opportunity.

The consequence of this was that all the roads were closed and access to the coast was almost impossible. Few or no letters got through. Provisions became more and more scarce,

and everything was upside down. The white people had this advantage that neither party wished to injure them, and they had a certain freedom in walking outside the walls of the town without perilling their lives; but it became increasingly difficult to feed the little family of native children at the Mission house, not to mention themselves. Both money and food ran short. No one would lend anything, since the war might go on interminably. They were without flour for at least six months. They eked out a subsistence upon horse-beans which they grew in their own garden, cooked in a little palm-oil.

Mrs. Hinderer realized as much as she could of their movable possessions. "Everything that could be spared was exchanged for food. Again and again the house was searched, in hope that something more might be found. Amongst other things were old tin match-boxes, biscuit-boxes, and the lining of deal chests which had been put aside as useless, but were now regarded as a mine of wealth. . . . The children spent hours in polishing them up for sale."

One morning Mrs. Hinderer had just finished prayers with the children, and had said "Give us this day our daily bread" with a very full heart and much insistence, as she looked round upon the hungry little crew, to which she presently doled out their breakfast of beans. As for herself she was too tired and faint to eat such fare, and went to breathe the air by the roadside. A woman passed by with Indian corn on her head. Mrs. Hinderer saluted her courteously, and the woman stopped to talk. Presently, as though by an afterthought, she asked, "Can you eat our corn?" She then gave Mrs. Hinderer a good handful, which she was only too glad to roast and take as her answer to the petition for "daily bread." Another woman, when she learned that there was no more money at the Mission house, insisted on supplying them with milk day by day. This she continued to do for a whole year, and at the end of the time, when money came, she refused to accept payment. "No,

no," said she; "I did it because you were strangers in a strange land, and I will not take anything for it."

At last Mr. Hinderer resolved that a journey to Lagos must be risked at all costs. He had to go almost alone, since none of the natives, but two boys, dared accompany him through the bands of scouting kidnappers which infested every path. Notwithstanding, Mr. Hinderer and his faithful two got through safely and without meeting a person. He at once arranged that supplies should be sent back to Ibadan. Happily for himself, he was then seized with fever, for the returning caravan was attacked by the Ijebus in the bush, and barely a single load reached its destination. Later on Mr. Hinderer started on horseback. He passed the spot where his caravan had been looted. Skeletons were lying about the path, the horse stumbled over skulls, and there were all the signs of a sudden onset and the flight of the distracted porters. They also passed some Ijebu fires which were still smouldering, but again they met no adversary and returned to Ibadan in safety. When the King of Ijebu heard that the white man had twice passed through his pickets without harm, he declared that his god must be a strong one and had fought for him!

The Ibadan people were much excited over Hinderer's safe return. Everybody but his wife knew that the King of Ijebu had declared that if he caught him he would take off his head, since no one would buy a white man for a slave. Some congratulatory presents reached the Mission house. One man, not yet a Christian, sent a bag of cowries as token of his sympathy.

One way or another food came in. Mrs. Hinderer says: "One of the war gentlemen has bought my large cloak, which was given me in England. I got 20,000 cowries for it (£1) . . . so we laugh and say we have all been living on Iya's cloak." The worst of it was that clothes began to wear out. Mrs. Hinderer wrote: "If the war does not end soon, I shall have to come to a country cloth, and roll up like a native." When an American Baptist missionary sent her from Oyo a pair

of shoes which had belonged to his wife, who had died four years previously, it was a welcome gift indeed. The work-basket was reduced to two rusty needles and half a ball of cotton.

At last Ijaye was taken by storm and so utterly destroyed that, where once there was a thriving town of sixty thousand inhabitants, nothing remained but heaps of rubbish, which were quickly covered with the wild growth of the forest. Everybody hoped that the war was over; but so many cities and tribes had become implicated that the end was not yet. The contest was now mainly confined to the Ijebu country, which lies between Ibadan and the sea. The people of Ibadan accordingly directed all their energies to cutting off Ijebu from the coast, so that they might be starved into submission. Matters were still very awkward and uncomfortable for the Mission-party, to which was now added another white missionary, Mr. Roper, of the C.M.S., who had been taken at the storming of Ijaye. Mr. Jeffries also rejoined them, only to be seized with fever and die.

During the next two years the Christians at Abeokuta and Lagos made very effort to reach the brave couple who were fighting starvation at Ibadan, but with almost no success. Now and then a letter got through, but food or money supplies were almost always captured. Once a handful of tea was brought to Mrs. Hinderer with the tale that all the remainder had been spilt during an attack in the bush. It seemed almost impossible to hold out. Mrs. Hinderer wrote: "We feel sometimes so weak in the morning that we say, 'Well, this day we must do nothing, but just try to keep ourselves alive.'"

At last the chance of deliverance came. The Governor of Lagos found an able volunteer in Captain Maxwell, and sent a flying expedition under his charge to succour them. Captain Maxwell with a few carefully selected men cut his way through the bush, avoiding all the regular paths, and appeared suddenly at about ten o'clock one night at the Mission house. Prudence suggested making as swift and secret a retreat as possible, but

Mr. Hinderer felt that he could not desert his people at short notice; he therefore determined to remain at his post. But he placed his wife in Captain Maxwell's keeping, and she agreed, after much consultation, to accompany him at once to the coast.

No time was lost. All necessary packing was quickly done. The girl Konigbagbe was inconsolable at the thought of losing her mistress, and would not be pacified till she was allowed to accompany her. Then they started, in the early morning before sunrise, and, cutting their way rapidly back by unfrequented places, they reached the coast in a little over three days. The last day was full of anxieties. Hearing that they were pursued, they went for hours in complete silence and without stopping to prepare any food. They accomplished the return journey in half the usual time. On the fourth day they were at Lagos, hungry and tired but full of triumph at their success. Konigbagbe, who had walked beside her mistress all the time, had her feet so cut and swollen that she could scarcely stand when she arrived; but she had not allowed a sound of complaint to escape her on the way lest she should distress her lady.

About a month later Mrs. Hinderer was again in England. She was rejoined by her husband after two months, and the Mission remained in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, missionaries from Badagry, until their return.

Neither of the two felt themselves able to remain long away from their people at Ibadan. They were eager to be back, and after a short four months at home they sailed again for Africa. The Ijebu territory was now open. All the Christians came out several miles on the road to greet them, and there was frantic excitement. As they drew near the Mission house bands of children began singing, "How beautiful upon the mountains," and as they went up the steps of the house they sang, "Welcome Home." For days the house was filled with a stream of visitors. The work recommenced as though there had been no break in it at all. There were now nearly a

hundred communicants at Ibadan, and of course a much greater number of adherents and inquirers. There was a church seventy feet long, with all its furniture manufactured by the natives; and the Christians were allowed much more peace at the hands of their heathen neighbours.

It was not to be supposed that European ideas of family life would at once dispossess native customs. A man who had savagely beaten his wife said to Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, when they remonstrated, "I tell you, you no understand the business at all. White people no understand husband and wife palaver at all. I tell you in this country, if man no flog his wife now and then, she no 'spect him at all—no 'spect him one little bit." But the people were observant, and what they saw at the Mission House went far to mitigate some of their ingrained notions of how to manage things.

Under Mrs. Hinderer's care a generation of children was growing up, each child having learnt something of her sweet spirit. Had she lived longer, still more would have been accomplished in this way. The people saw it, and acknowledged the improvement. When there was an uprising at Abeokuta in 1867, and the missionaries were driven out, the people of Ibadan refused to follow the example of the Abeokutans. They said: "We have watched you, and your ways please us. We have not only looked at your mouths, but at your hands, and we have no complaint to lay against you. Just go on with your work with a quiet mind; you are our friends, and we are yours."

Unhappily the repeated shocks of fever at last did their work. Mrs. Hinderer fought through sickness after sickness, refusing to be beaten; but in the end the inevitable verdict came. She had been seventeen years in Africa, and under specially trying conditions. The doctor who sent her home in 1869 told her that she was one in a hundred to have held to her post so long. As she was still hesitating and unwilling, another violent attack of sickness settled the question. As

soon as she was sufficiently recovered to move, she left for England.

After that the end came swiftly. About fourteen months later Iya of Ibadan passed away at Lowestoft. She was only forty-three, but she had thrown into her few years the energy of a long life. Her last words were—

"For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be!"

The material for this chapter has been mainly derived from *Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country. Memorials of Anna Hinderer, gathered from her Journals and Letters.* (Seeley & Co.)

XVIII

MME. COILLARD

IN BAROTSILAND

Missionaries expelled from Basutoland by the Boers—The Coillards return after three years—Missions in the "seventies"—Mission to the Banyai—The Limpopo—Mme. Coillard's narrow escape—Lobengula—Khama—Crossing the Caledon—In Barotsiland—Lewanika—Illness and death of Mme. Coillard.

AMONG women who have done pioneer work, there has never been one more dauntless than the brave Scotch girl who, in 1861, married François Coillard, the gallant Frenchman who devoted his life to Africa. M. Coillard was working in connection with the Société des Missions Evangéliques de Paris, which had accepted an invitation from the London Missionary Society to carry Christianity to the native races south of the River Zambesi. These races were coming more and more into contact with the British and Dutch; and it was of the highest importance that the teachings of Christ should reach them before the inevitable wave of white conquest flowed over and absorbed them.

The first French missionaries settled in Basutoland in 1833. They were driven out by the Boers in 1865. The Dutch did not love the missionaries, who were the best friends of the warlike Basuto, whom it took them so much trouble to subdue. Mme. Coillard was surprised one morning by a party of armed burghers, who arrived with wagons at her door, and hurried her out of the country at such a rate that she had not even time to take her new-baked bread out of the oven. Everything was piled into the wagons, and they were dragged to

the frontier, the church bell, which had been thrown amongst the rest of the gear, making a dismal tolling as they went.

In 1868 Basutoland became a British colony, and the missionaries were invited to return. They found their converts keener than ever. The native catechists had continued the preaching, and the Europeans were soon able to reorganize their work. So keen, indeed, were the Basuto Christians that they demanded to be sent as evangelists to the surrounding non-Christian peoples.

Among the foremost of these Basuto catechists was an able and eloquent man named Asser. He undertook a pioneering expedition among the Banyäi, a tribe lying on the north bank of the Limpopo river. Asser came back from his somewhat risky expedition full of enthusiasm and hopefulness. "Ah," cried he, at a sympathetic meeting of native Christians, "why could I not cut off my arms and legs, and make every limb a missionary to these poor Banyäi!" An old man rose at the back of the church, and came slowly forward. "Enough of talking," said he; "let us do something." He laid a piece of money on the communion table. It was a signal. As though a match had been put to a bonfire the flame of emulation arose. In a very short time five hundred pounds was raised, and quite a herd of cattle was added to the gift. Men followed the money. It was resolved at once to invade the territory of the Banyäi in the name of the Lord.

In 1876 M. Dieterlen was chosen to act as leader. He started in April and journeyed northward through Pretoria. Two days later the expedition was arrested by the Boers and the missionaries were thrown into prison and sent back. The attempt was renewed in the following year under the leadership of M. Coillard. This time the missionaries were allowed to pass through the Dutch territory.

Much has happened since then. The British flag not only flies over the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, but over Matabeleland, and Mashonaland, and the country of the

Barotse, and as far as the Congo Free State and Lake Tanganyika. One can go through Bulawayo to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi by rail, and missionary work is not much more exciting or dangerous than in any other part of the British Empire. It was different in the "seventies." The wagon was still the ship of the South African desert, the patient ox was still the only motive power. It was a great venture to launch forth into those central fastnesses. To fall among thieves was to lose all and to be ruined indeed.

The Coillards started with three wagons and a large number of oxen to drag them. With them went four native evangelists with their wives and children. It was a considerable caravan. It must have been a delightful company, a veritable pilgrimage. The account of it carries us into the spirit of the Hebrew song, "They go from strength to strength." Every member of that expedition was assured of his Mission and his Call, and of the protection which he would receive from the Lord of the way.

They carried an atmosphere with them as they went. When they reached Pretoria in May, 1877, it was in the hands of the British, and there was a considerable encampment of troops about the town. When they left, some soldiers ran up to say good-bye, and to tell them that they had wondered at the behaviour of their native following. It was so unlike anything that had been seen before. These were real Christian Kaffirs, and no mistake. They quickly removed all prejudice against their mission. As they trekked onward, the farmers' wives brought them plenty of provisions, and mostly refused to be paid for them. Everywhere it was "Carry on the ark of the Lord. Go forward, and fear not!"

The first difficulty came when the river Limpopo barred the way. The current ran strongly over a shifting sandy bed and the wheels sank deeply. The long chain of straining oxen scarcely dragged the wagons across. Then, when everybody was safely over but exhausted to the last pitch, it was discovered that three of the oxen had been left on the other side of the

flood. Night had fallen; the moon shed an uncertain light over the rushing water and the deep reed-beds which fringed the sandy banks. The river swarmed with crocodiles, and no one dared to cross till daylight. Hyænas howled about the camp, and now and again the thunderous roar of a lion was heard over the plain. Those three oxen seemed doomed. But their masters were accustomed to trust the Lord of the way in small things as well as great, and they laid the case of their beasts of burden before Him. Next morning, when the sun rose, the three animals were found grazing close to the camp. They had somehow crossed the river unaided during the night.

Mme. Coillard was the house-mother to the whole party. She always took care to have a good stock of bottles filled with cold tea, so that the axe-men and team-drivers should quench their thirst, and continue their dry work undistressed. A lion leapt in one night and almost carried off a dog, but no one was afraid. There was no ill-humour, no grudging, nor a single faint heart in that caravan.

Soon after they entered the Banyăi country they found themselves in a dense forest, through which the axe-men had to laboriously hew a path for the wagons. When they climbed a rocky knoll, they saw nothing before them but endless waves of foliage. Now and again difficult rivers had to be crossed, and a way had to be engineered through the boulders for the massive wains. They were sometimes without water, but always came in time to some spring. Once their food failed utterly, but then, as though angel-sent, they met the first denizens of the woods, and bought from them all they needed.

The people of this district all lived on almost inaccessible heights, where their huts clung like swallows' nests to the crags They hoped thus to escape their relentless tormentors, the Matabele. The Matabele warriors kept them in perpetual dread. When the Coillards spoke to them of the love of God, they replied, "If God loves us, why do the Matabele destroy us?"

It was in the midst of this forest country of the Banyäi that Mme. Coillard was nearly done to death through the treachery of a chief, who schemed to murder the whole party and loot their caravan. This man, Masonda by name, invited the missionaries to his village. They climbed the precipitous ascent, and were conducted into a cave near the summit. There they were hemmed in by a crowd of Banyäi, who evidently meant mischief, but were afraid to begin an attack. When they resolutely turned, the crowd opened and let them through. A brother of the chief then came, and, under pretence of assisting the ladies, took Mme. Coillard and her niece by the arms and led them rapidly away. It was not till they had gone some steps that they found they were being dragged toward the edge of the crag, which rose giddily above the forest below. M. Coillard sprang forward just in time to save his wife and Mlle. Coillard from these ruffians, and, since they still seemed to shrink from an actual fight, got safely back to camp.

Next morning the two brave women had to stand a still greater strain upon their nerves. The whole tribe was out. The wagons were surrounded by a hooting mob brandishing their weapons and clamouring for powder and guns. To add to their troubles, Mme. Coillard's wagon sank in a marshy stream up to the axles of the wheels, and the oxen could not pull it out. She and her niece were determined to show no fear, so, while the wagon was being lightened, they got out and sat beneath the shade of a tree to sew. As they sat and quietly talked, apparently taking no notice of the people, a threatening crowd pressed nearer and nearer upon them, till a man crept behind the trunk of the tree and made as though he would attack them with his hatchet.

M. Coillard had great difficulty in restraining his own men. When it seemed as though they were all to be murdered, his native companions seized their guns. But he would not let them fire. The first shot would have been the signal for a

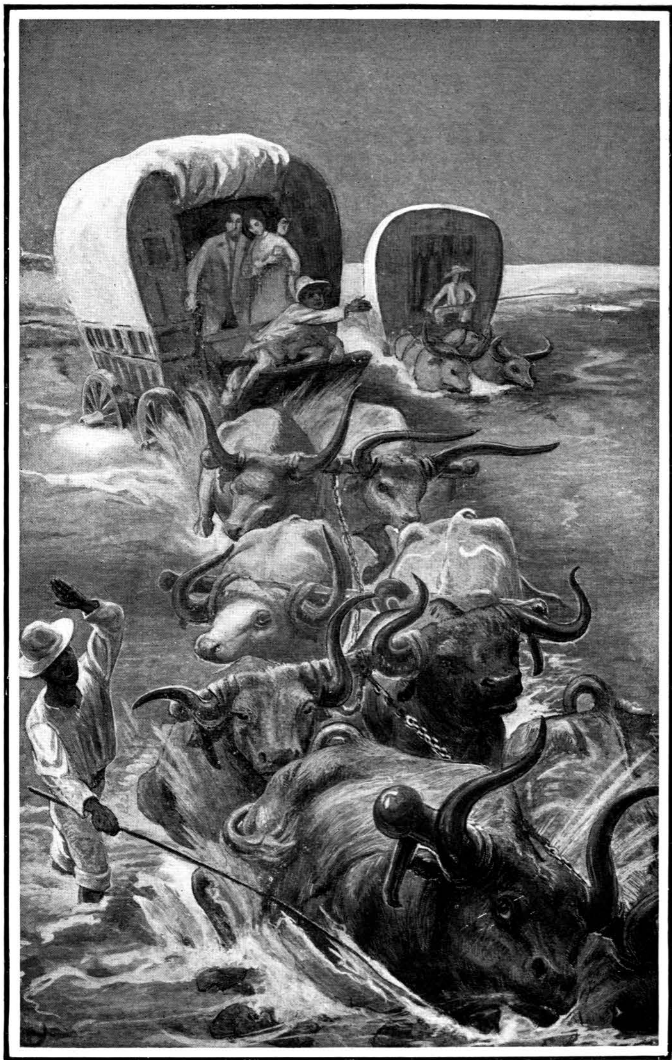
general massacre. "Put your trust in God," said he, "and remember that they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

Some power always seemed to avert the actual attack, and though more than thirty of the oxen were stolen, they were allowed to pass on with their wagons unrifled.

It was shortly after this that messengers from Lobengula, King of the Matabele, met them, and they were all taken to Bulawayo to await that autocratic monarch's pleasure. The Coillards describe the country through which they passed to Bulawayo as "a perfect slaughter-house." Every man was against his neighbour. One village eyrie fought its neighbour upon the opposite crag; and no man dared go down to cultivate his mealie patch unarmed or unaccompanied by some trusted comrade. The Matabele victimized all indiscriminately, and the mere sight of a Matabele warrior was enough to send them all scampering. The kopjies were honeycombed with caves and subterranean passages, fortified to resist sudden attack.

At Bulawayo the mission-party was treated with scant courtesy, though Lobengula offered no violence. He would not allow M. Coillard to explain his mission till Mme. Coillard was introduced to him. She at once impressed his savage majesty. When he motioned her to sit on the ground at his feet, her husband explained that it was not customary in Europe to ask ladies to sit without offering them a seat. A stool was then brought, and very soon Mme. Coillard gained the king's ear, talking quietly and fearlessly till she had thoroughly interested him.

Lobengula had an immense idea of his own importance. He could not believe that anybody could have come to him through English territory without bringing him a present from Queen Victoria. "Perhaps," said one of the Europeans, "she did not know of your existence." "What!" said he, "who could there be that does not know ME?" To which Mme. Coillard calmly



Crossing an African River

Not the least of the difficulties which Madame Coillard and her husband had to encounter was the crossing of rivers. A way had to be engineered through the boulders, and the massive wains hauled across by sheer brute force.

replied that, hard as it must be for his Chieftainship to believe such a thing, there were actually people so benighted as never even to have heard of HIM. By which it appears that she must soon have become somewhat of a privileged person.

Lobengula had his good points, but like all African despots he ruled his subjects by the most appalling cruelty. One day a boy failed to answer some questions straightforwardly, when Lobengula sprang upon him saying that his lying mouth must be punished. He snatched a brand from the fire and held it to the boy's lips till they were completely burnt away.

Finally he sent the mission-party out of his country. He was not ill-disposed towards the persons of the white missionaries, but neither he nor his chiefs wished white men to settle and teach among the dependent tribes which they were accustomed to harry at their will.

The Coillards were then hospitably received by Khama, whose name has since become so well known as that of an intelligent Christian ruler and reformer. As soon as Khama came to the throne of the Bamangwate, he issued a decree against the sale of all spirituous liquors, and proved himself to be as strong in enforcing his laws as he was willing to make his people an example of Christian living. Khama advised the Coillards to turn to the Zambesi, and offered to send an ambassador with them to introduce them to Lewanika, King of the Barotsi.

Mme. Coillard was her husband's right hand. A pretty story is told of her by Mr. Mackintosh,[1] that after her marriage she became somewhat homesick. She had been accustomed to a very active and independent life in Scotland and in Paris, where she worked among the poor. The change to an African wagon and the career of a nomad was very great, and at first extremely trying. Though she kept up a brave appearance and made no complaint, her spirits failed, and she would be seen poring over home letters and journals of her past life, crying silently to herself when she thought no one was observing.

[1] *Coillard of the Zambesi*, p. 101.

But one day a strong conviction came to her that this was utterly wrong. She did not hesitate a moment, but burnt all her letters and diaries; and when her husband met her, she exclaimed: "I have burnt them all. You shall never see me fretting any more. *Forget thine own people and thy father's house.*" Nor was this any mere passing phase. She had made up her mind once and for all, and, as her biographer says, "thenceforth their life was an unbroken idyll of thirty years."

She was cut out for a missionary's wife. She had the keenest admiration for her husband, whom she followed without hesitation and without a thought for her own safety or convenience. M. Coillard tells a very characteristic story of her when he and she had agreed to meet at a place named Leribé to keep the anniversary of their wedding day. She was at Harrysmith negotiating for wood for the Mission buildings, he was on a missionary tour; between them ran the River Caledon. When she reached the stream, the waters were in high flood. It was reported to her that her husband had been swept away and drowned in trying to cross to her. This sounded quite probable, since drownings were of frequent occurrence in those days, but when she discovered that this was a false tale she determined herself to cross the water to him. Two powerful Zulus took her, one by each arm, and swam across with her, other men swimming before and behind. The procession of swimmers fought the strong current resolutely and silently. From the opposite bank her husband watched this adventurous crossing. Only the head and shoulders of his wife appeared above the flood. At last they reached the shallows and Mme. Coillard came out, drenched and exhausted but triumphant, to change into a habit and ride with her husband to their little turf hut at Leribé.

Nothing ever daunted her from doing what she thought she ought to do. M. Coillard says: "No one will ever know what she was to me as a *missionary*. You know her tastes. She loved society, and she loved her home. . . . Like the bee, she

took her honey from every flower. . . . But when the call of God made itself clearly heard, immediately, without hesitation . . . she sacrificed everything . . . and did it cheerfully."

Her courage was often put to the proof, for she went through the war of 1866 between the Boers and the Basutos, and was witness of many scenes of shocking barbarity.[1] She spent most of her life among peoples with whom human life counted as nothing. But she never flinched. When an opportunity was offered to her husband to adopt a safer and less arduous sphere of work in Mauritius, and he asked her opinion, she refused even to consider it. God had sent them both to heathen Africa. They had taken the vow of poverty and self-forgetfulness, and they must at all costs be true to their mission. To which he replied: "Thank God, we are of the same mind, and, since that is so, we will never discuss it again."

Mme. Coillard will always be a convincing argument in the mouths of those who advocate the marriage of missionaries, granting that the right woman can be found. She was the centre of the women, the admiration of the men, the mother of all. At the same time they all came to know that she was not made to be taken advantage of. The rudest got his answer, and the roughest learned to respect her. She soon came to understand perfectly the tedious custom of bargaining over every trifle, and would patiently continue, giving and demanding justice from all, till she had won their confidence and trust.

In 1878 the Coillards made their adventurous journey to the Zambesi and commenced that Mission to the Barotsi which had such remarkable results. They crossed the terrible Makarikari desert with its thirsty flats, Mme. Coillard and her niece setting a continual example of cheerfulness to the discouraged natives. These two were probably the first European women who had set eyes on the splendid Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, the "Thundering Smoke," as the natives call that stupendous catar-

[1] *Coillard of the Zambesi*, p. 148.

act. It was then a wild district with endless herds of game. There was also a large population of people, who gave the missionaries a demonstrative welcome. They were especially delighted to see the white teacher's wife. She was so friendly they all felt at home with her at once. One of her great charms was her complete fearlessness and confidence. She never seemed to know when they were in peril, as they very often were, "within an ace of destruction." Her husband, who behaved with a steady courage which often drew admiration from old African travellers, never would allow that he was a brave man, but said, "*She* was the heroine, if you like—she never knew fear."

When first the Coillards met Lewanika, King of the Barotsi, he was a very different being to the Lewanika who appeared in English and Scottish drawing-rooms in 1902, and when the King of the Barotsi was introduced to the King of England. Lewanika was then quite the civilized gentleman. He had learned to carry himself with all the dignity of an African potentate admitted into the society of European monarchs. He wore European clothes of the latest fashion as though he had been born to them. Those who met him in Edinburgh will remember his quiet and confident bearing while he stood up to say how much he owed to the teaching of the Christian missionaries, who had brought himself and his people out of savagery into the comity of civilized nations.

That was literally true. Lewanika, as the Coillards found him, was a naked savage. He sat with his savage wife on a mat, clothed only in a kaross; or crouched, assegai in hand, behind his oval shield, the very type of a primitive warrior. He had no pity on his enemies, no sense of right government, no idea how to treat his own people with fairness. The Zambesi was in those days beyond the pale. One chief had been in the habit of feeding the crocodiles with babies, "as one would feed ducks." Cattle raids were the ordinary means by which the stronger supplied their wants; and the victors returned, after killing every man, with the women and little

children as captives. Once when Mme. Coillard remarked that some of these unhappy women, portioned out among the murderers of their husbands, looked sad, she was met with, "Sad! What do women feel? They are just the property of the men."

Lewanika had to be taught the elements of civility; and he found in Mme. Coillard and her husband just the teachers he needed. They were thoroughly versed in native ways, and knew exactly how to hold themselves and what to demand without going too far. Lewanika placed a filthy and tumble-down hut at their disposal. "How do you like your quarters?" asked he. "We think that Lewanika is a great king," was the quiet reply, "but that he does not know how to receive a guest." They soon got better quarters. Lewanika was quick to learn, and proved an apt pupil. M. Coillard soon became his intimate and most trusted adviser.

At first the Barotsi were very uncertain as to what welcome they should give the new teachers. There was an eclipse of the sun which frightened everybody, and some cried that the white magicians should be burnt alive! However, a chief who knew Khama's country and the numerous benefits which it had derived from the acceptance of Christianity, persuaded the people to give a trial themselves to the new system. That was in 1886. By the commencement of 1887 the Barotsi Mission was fairly established.

It was not all easy going, however. Superstitions died very hard; barbarities of the most horrible kind were of daily occurrence. Mme. Coillard, writing at this time, speaks of the quantities of people she had seen burnt as witches and wizards, and the numbers who had been poisoned and strangled. It was a common punishment to smear a man with honey and then to cast him bound into an ant-heap, where he was devoured alive. Lewanika was persuaded to discourage and, as far as possible, abolish such cruelties, but it was difficult to persuade his chiefs to do otherwise than custom permitted.

Moreover, the Barotsi people were singularly apathetic and apparently heartless. They seemed devoid of sympathy, and lived only to laugh until their own turn came to fly shrieking from their murderers.

The Coillards tried to introduce education, but it was at first almost impossible to reach the common people at all. Everything was regulated by privilege. The little princess brought three slaves to school with her, one to lean against, another to act as a desk, and the third to hold pencils, etc. No one else was allowed to learn. A man who took a hint from the missionary's house and built an improved hut for himself was promptly ordered to pull it down. Who was he to try to live better than his own sort!

Little by little, however, things improved. Lewanika was taught how to herd his cattle and live on their milk and on agricultural produce, instead of recklessly slaying everything at once. He was shown how to grow corn and cultivate bananas, and, later, how to cut dykes to drain his soaked and water-logged lands.

The chiefs were at first opposed to every reform. They had been brought up to believe in their right to raid their weaker neighbours and to look to spoil for their maintenance. They resented every attempt to interfere with such customs. When Lewanika sought the protection of the British Government, they threatened to depose him. There were stormy scenes at the councils, and the king was tossed like a shuttlecock between conflicting interests.

At one time things looked very serious for the Mission. A regular plot was hatched to prove that the missionaries were traitors in the pay of a land-grabbing company, and that it was their interest to betray and sell the land of the Barotsi into the hands of the whites. Every effort was made by the reactionaries to drive the Mission out of the country. Mme. Coillard's last days were made very anxious by the envenomed attacks which were made upon her husband, whose pure and

childlike integrity did not shield him from the coarsest imputations. During the delirium of her last hours they heard her cry, over and over again, "My darling, my darling, they are slandering you!"

Lewanika himself in 1891 was far from being persuaded that Christianity was the best thing for himself or his nation. Since then, though not actually a Christian, he has thrown the whole weight of his influence on the side of Christianity, and has to a great extent followed Khama's powerful example. But then he could not make up his mind. Sometimes he would ask impatiently what good the schools were doing him; and what his people wanted with such a rubbish-heap of fables as the Bible? It was only by patience and tact and by their transparent sincerity that the Coillards finally conquered.

Mme. Coillard did not live to witness the victory. She saw, indeed, the conversion and public confession of Prince Litia, the heir-apparent, and was present at his baptism, but soon afterwards her last sickness fell upon her. She had been rejoicing at a most unusual spectacle, a man of the Barotsi overcome by his feelings and weeping before God. This was young Mokamba, who has since been baptized, and is now Gambella, or Prime Minister of Barotsiland. In that capacity he accompanied Lewanika to England, and was present at the coronation of King Edward.

Shortly after this encouragement the fever seized her. She had with her a young Swiss lady, who had recently joined the Mission, and who nursed her tenderly, but otherwise there was nothing to make a recovery likely. The distractions of the country had made it impossible to build suitable Mission premises, and the missionaries were living in tumble-down mud huts. In 1891 this brave and faithful woman passed away, leaving behind her a memory of which the whole Church, and especially Scottish Christians, will ever be proud. She was the first British woman to find a grave in Barotsiland. Almost her last words were, "Let us be earnest. Do be in earnest,

do!" Her husband records that her very last words, as she tottered towards her bed, and reached it with much difficulty, were, "*Je suis enfin arrivée.*" And in very truth she had, as the French say, "arrived." She had reached the goal of the Christian hope in peace and with honour, and the eyes which she closed in tired sleep opened to see the glories of the life beyond the sunset.

Authorities: *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, by François Coillard of the Société des Missions Evangeliques de Paris. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1897.)

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