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MISSIONARY ADVENTURES

A SIMPLE HISTORY OF THE S.P.G.

BY

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"Between Malachi and St. Mathew"*

With a Preface by
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PREFACE.

I VERY gladly commend for the use of our children, and of not a few "grown-ups" too, this little attempt to tell quickly and illustratively, something of the extent and variety of the Church's Mission work and of the services and sacrifices which it has enlisted and inspired.

It is intended in the first instance to show what S.P.G. has done; and I know that it approves itself to the Officers of that Society.

But it has an interest for all who care for the spread of the Gospel and the world-wide coming of the Kingdom. It tells the different histories with touches added to give a notion of the local and historical environment. It will make us feel that though little has been done, yet, indeed, also much has been done; that sacrifices which seemed futile are treasures hidden with God; that God's wonders are still wrought by the converting and transforming power of His Word; and that in manifold ways that Word gives witness of itself as the Truth which men need, and which is the true magnet of human nature in all its shapes.

•§ Preface.

God bless it to the teaching of these lessons ;
and, if He will, to the sowing in some hearts of
seed which will one day bear fruit in dedications
of young lives to missionary sacrifice and service.

EDW. WINTON.

ST. JAMES' DAY,
Farnham, 1911.

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ERRATA.

Page 7, lines 2 and 3. For “separated themselves from the Holy Catholic Church founded by the Lord Jesus,” read “separated themselves from the ancient order of the Church.”

Page 8, lines 25, 26, and 27. For “felt that the Holy Catholic Church was the one that the Lord Jesus had founded,” read “felt the claim of the Holy Catholic Church according to the purpose of the Lord.”

Page 8, lines 28 and 29. After “member of it,” insert “in the Church of England.”

Page 48, lines 11 and 12. For “Prince of Wales” read “Duke of Clarence.”

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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CHAPTER I.

The Great Commission—Founding of the S.P.G.—The Discovery of America—The English Settlers in North America in 1607—Princess Pocahontas—The Pilgrim Fathers—Slavery in the New World—The Rev. George Keith, the first S.P.G. Missionary—Perils of a Sea Voyage—Treatment of Negro Slaves.

LET us carry our thoughts backwards nearly two thousand years.

It is early summer in the Holy Land. Most lovely the country looks, for, in spite of a strong sun, the grass is still green, and springing up all amongst it are radiant glowing flowers.

On one of the beautiful Galilean hills a number of people are gathered together with eager, expectant looks, as if some longed-for happiness was about to be theirs; a few short weeks ago all was sorrow and despair, but now heaviness has turned into joy, for their crucified Lord has indeed risen from the dead, and had promised to meet them in Galilee. They are now waiting for His appearance.

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The twelve Apostles are among the number, and it is believed that it was on this occasion that, as St. Paul tells us, "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once." As they waited, suddenly the Saviour they loved was among them, and they heard His voice.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

This is the Great Commission, the Great Command to His Church.

It is these words which have sent forth every missionary brave to win the world for Christ.

It is these words that have created many and many a missionary society, in order that this last command of the Lord Jesus may never be forgotten.

The words are for us now, in this twentieth century, just as certainly as if we had been standing with those first Christians that bright summer's day on the Galilean mountain, and had heard the Lord Jesus Himself speaking them.

We *must* each one of us be a missionary either at home or abroad, or we are not obeying our Captain's orders—and remember it is only to those who obey, that the glorious promise of the

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Saviour's presence, "Lo, I am with you alway," applies.

If it is desirable to start this work in the best way, it should not be begun independently on your own lines. I have known several very good people who have done this, and though they were very earnest, yet the result of their labour was not great or lasting. If they had become members of a well-organized Church Society, joined together in prayer and effort, to carry out the "Great Commission" of letting the whole world know God's plan of salvation, I believe many more souls would have been brought into the Kingdom.

There are a great number of good missionary societies, and in this book I am going to tell you about one, and that is the oldest one belonging to the Church of England, the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," or "S.P.G.," as we call it for short. Its birthday was on June 16th, 1701, and shortly after the first missionaries were sent out to America.

This New World was discovered in 1492, by an Italian called Christopher Columbus, who hoped to find a new way to India by going west across the Atlantic, instead of going south and east by Africa as everyone else had done.

He sailed on, and on, and on, for ten long weeks, with nothing but water all round him, and at last, when he did see land, he made sure it was the India he was looking for. He really was about as far from that country as he could

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possibly be. Just take your map and find the Bahama Islands between North and South America, that was where he had landed, and this is why all the groups of important islands round there are called the West *Indies*, and why the natives of North America are called Red *Indians*.

The way to India was stopped by those huge pieces of land now called North and South America. Christopher Columbus had really done a much grander thing than to find a new way to the East, for he had discovered nothing less than a whole new Continent!

I always think it hard that his name was not given to this new world, but that it was called after one of his companions, Amerigo.

Many people from Europe went to settle in these strange lands, so rich in tobacco, maize, and many precious metals. John Cabot, sailing from Bristol in 1497, with a crew of English sailors, discovered British North America, and about one hundred years later a great number of emigrants from England crossed the sea, and took possession of the land.

The first real settlement of English people was at Jamestown in Virginia, and the very day after their landing, the clergyman who was with them, the Rev. Robert Hunt, gave the Holy Communion to everyone of the 140 men; so remember the American people and the American Church started life together.

The first church building in America was made

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of logs, with only an old sail for its roof, fastened at the corners to four trees. By-and-by a better church was built, and when the settlers moved further on to a more convenient spot, they took with them all the parts of the church that could be carried, and put them up in what is now Bruton Church, the most ancient one in America. It was to this church King Edward VII. in 1907 sent a handsome Bible, and President Roosevelt gave the lectern on which it stands: both Bible and lectern were a present to the church on its three hundredth birthday, for it was in 1607 that the first Communion service was held.

The new settlers had not an easy time of it, for it was very difficult to get enough to eat, and besides they were in perpetual danger of being captured and killed by the Red Indians who, naturally enough, did not want the white man to come and stop in their hunting grounds.

Out of that very first party of settlers a man called Captain John Smith was taken prisoner, and passed through days of torture, as he fully believed he was being fattened up on purpose to be eaten at one of their horrible cannibal feasts.

At last this awful day arrived, and he was bound hand and foot and dragged before the chief. Then he was laid across a huge stone, while round him stood a circle of savage warriors with uplifted clubs ready to dash out his brains at the given signal.

Suddenly, with a cry of anguish, a beautiful

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young girl, about twelve years old, parted the would-be murderers, and with one bound flung herself on the ground beside the white man, and laid her dark head on his so that the terrible tomahawks might cleave her skull before they could touch that of the stranger. He had been kind to her in those weeks of imprisonment, had carved her boats, and had showed her his compass—that thing of wonder that would always point to the north.

“He shall not die!” she cried out passionately. The clubs were lowered—none dared dispute with her, for she was the chief’s dearly loved daughter, his only child. Thus the Princess Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith.

Her father became a true friend to the Colonists, and Princess Pocahontas a few years later married an Englishman, who was so proud of his beautiful wife that he brought her over to England and she was presented to King James I.

Poor Pocahontas never saw her native land again, for she died at Gravesend, just as she was on her way to set sail for America.

In 1620, another company of emigrants went over to the New World. These were the famous Pilgrim Fathers, who left in a ship called the “Mayflower,” and they named the spot at which they landed Plymouth, in memory of that last port at which they touched in the dear old country.

They were a set of earnest men who wished to

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serve God in their own way, but they had separated themselves from the Holy Catholic Church founded by the Lord Jesus. As always happens, when once the good old paths are left, countless divisions arose, and numerous sects sprang from that small body of nonconformists.

They said they came to seek liberty of conscience, but they only wanted liberty for themselves, and if any dared to disagree with them, they were "imprisoned, whipped, and banished" from their settlements, and a few years later the very district where they hoped to have founded a religiously disposed state, had become a scene of irreverence and neglect of God.

But the great plague-spot in the colonization of America was the cruelty by which it was effected.

The very Spaniards that Columbus himself brought over to the West Indies so shockingly ill-treated those gentle unsuspecting natives, that in the grief of his heart (for Columbus was a saint of God) he declared he could have wished never to have discovered these new islands, rather than have brought such agony on their inhabitants.

The poor West Indians who had never been accustomed to anything but a free open-air life, were made to work hard in the mines; many were starved to death, and in a short time, by wicked treatment, some of the islands had lost the whole of their native inhabitants.

The conquerors then had to look elsewhere for labourers. Negroes from Africa were kidnapped

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and put on board slave ships and brought to America. Thus was begun there that curse of mankind, the Slave trade.

The first cargo of poor chained slaves was brought by a Dutch man-of-war in August, 1620, and sold in the James River. But the English lost no time in sharing in this shameful traffic, and it is calculated that through them, at least two millions of terrified negroes have been torn from their African homes, and shipped off for slaves.

So awful was the state of their imprisonment on board the ships, all huddled together in filth, and hunger and thirst and anguish of body and mind, that hundreds of them died before they reached the end of the voyage.

It is sad to think that it was not till 1807 that the English Slave trade was put down, and it was twenty-seven years later before slavery was finally forbidden throughout the British possessions.

The Rev. George Keith, a splendid man, was the first missionary sent out by the S.P.G.

He came from a Presbyterian family. When he grew up he joined the Quakers and went to America to live in the colony they had started in that country. But as he read his Bible he felt that the Holy Catholic Church was the one that the Lord Jesus had founded, and on his return to England he asked to be made a member of it, and was confirmed, and after much earnest work and study he was ordained deacon and then priest.

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This past life of his made him just the man for America. As I told you, the children of the Pilgrim Fathers had divided into many sects, and he could preach to these and tell them that once he thought as they did, but that he had found out his mistake, and he hoped they would also, like him, belong to the one True Church. Having been in the country before was also a great help, as he could find his way about better than a stranger.

He had to travel a great deal; for the S.P.G. told him to go from place to place, and to try and awake in the settlers a hunger and thirst after righteousness.

Mr. Keith, and another missionary, the Rev. Patrick Gordon, who, sad to say, died a fortnight after landing in the New World, sailed from England, 17th April, 1702. They were most fortunate in their fellow-travellers, having on board Colonel Dudley, who was Governor of New England, and Colonel Morris, Governor of New Jersey, as well as the Rev. John Talbot, chaplain to the ship, all good, earnest men.

The captain was also of the right sort, and would have no bad language used on his vessel. If he heard any of the sailors swearing they were at once punished in this way: for a whole hour they were obliged to wear a heavy wooden collar round their necks, "that was both painful and shameful."

The clergy held daily Church services, and they

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were well attended by the passengers and all the crew who could be spared to come.

That voyage must have been a very pleasant one, especially for Mr. Keith and Mr. Talbot, who became such great friends, that when the ship reached Boston on the 11th of June, 1702, they did not part. Mr. Talbot gave up being chaplain to the ship, and accompanied Mr. Keith on his missionary tour.

Poor Mr. Samuel Thomas, the third clergyman sent to America by the S.P.G., had a very different tale to tell. He had a horrid captain, who allowed him no cabin, and he had to sleep as best he could on a chest. So miserable was he that he wrote a letter telling of his troubles; that the ship was too small and hardly fit for the stormy Atlantic Ocean, and it had no guns, and no other ships to protect it, so that there was danger of their being taken prisoners by the French. This was, at that time, a very real danger, and for many years later. Indeed, as several of the S.P.G. missionaries were captured by the French, there was good reason for Mr. Thomas' alarm. However, it was only down the Thames and English Channel that he had to suffer under this brutal captain, for at Plymouth he was put on shore so dangerously ill that his case was thought hopeless. But he recovered, and found a ship with a kind captain, who let him read prayers on board every day.

They reached Charlestown on Christmas Day,

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1702, after being eighty-six days at sea ; a journey that is now made in about five days !

Mr. Thomas was a hard-working, good missionary among the whites, the Red Indians, and the negro slaves ; but he died of fever within four years of his landing in America.

It is sad to read how many of the men sent out at first by the S.P.G. died after being a very short time at their posts ; some lived only a few months. The work was so tremendous, and good food was impossible to get, and it was always a life of danger from many causes. Only brave men, daring all for their God, would face the hardships that the missionaries then had to suffer.

I will tell you about another S.P.G. missionary, the Rev. William Cordiner, and then you will better understand what these risks and troubles were like.

It was January, 1707, when he was chosen for a missionary, and told to go as quickly as possible to Maryland, in America. He had, however, to wait three months before he could find a ship sailing across the Atlantic. At last, on April 13th, he and his wife and her mother and their young children and nurse, were taken on board a man-of-war called the "Dover." How thankful must the elders have been that the dreary uncertainty was at an end, and that they were now fairly started on their journey to the new home.

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Alas! They were only one day on that vessel. Her orders were changed, and they and their baggage all had to go back to port again.

After a second tiresome waiting-time lasting six weeks, another man-of-war called the "Chester," re-embarked them. You must remember that there were no steamers in those days, only sailing vessels, and everything depended on the direction of the wind. Sixteen times the "Chester" started and was driven back, either by contrary winds, or else because the ship was being chased by the French.

This took up a great deal of time, and it was over four months since the Cordiners had taken passage in her, and not till October 13th did the "Chester" leave Plymouth for the seventeenth time, in company with five men-of-war, and two hundred merchant ships.

With such a number of vessels together, I dare say the Cordiners felt that they would be in no danger of being taken by the French. If so, they were most woefully mistaken! They had not been one day at sea, when they were attacked by fourteen of the enemy's men-of-war, and after a two hours' battle, the whole of the English fleet was captured, with the exception of the "Royal Oak," which somehow managed to escape. The "Chester" was on fire several times, and thirty-five of her crew lay wounded and dead on deck. How terribly frightened the poor little English children must have been at these shocking sights, especially

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when they, as well as the grown-up people, were all roughly searched by their captors, and almost everything taken from them. The common sailors did show a little pity towards the trembling women and children, and gave them back some of their clothes, but the brutal officers snatched them away again, leaving even the toddling babies without shoes to their feet.

Nine days they were kept on board the enemy's ships in cold and hunger and wretchedness, besides being insulted morning, noon, and night, and then they were landed as prisoners of war in Brittany, which you will see on the map is in Northern France. Here they were even more cruelly used, especially the poor sick ones, who were beaten if they complained. During the two months of agony that were passed on French soil, one of the Cordiner children and the nurse died, and another child was born to them.

Altogether there were about seventeen hundred English prisoners in Brittany, but during those eight weeks two hundred of these died of hunger and misery. The gaolers who had charge of them, and who were told to give them a certain amount of food each day, were wretches, and filled their own pockets with the money that ought to have been spent on the prisoners. Mr. Cordiner, as a good servant of God, held services for his suffering companions, which they gladly attended.

At length some understanding was come to

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between the two countries, and the starved and ill-clothed English prisoners were allowed to return home, and arrived at Weymouth on the 11th of December, 1707.

We do not hear of the Cordiner family making any more efforts to reach America; what they had gone through that year was enough to ruin their health and nerve for life.

Nor were perils from the French the only horror that the S.P.G. missionaries had to face in that long voyage. There was often mutiny on board in those troublous times, when the sailors refused to work, and sometimes this ended in bloodshed and murder. Then, if the winds were not favourable, and the ships were weeks longer sailing than they ought to have been, the food would run short, and people even died of starvation. The boats, too, were wretched, and many a one was never heard of again, having gone to the bottom some stormy night. I was right, therefore, in saying that only good, brave men would run these risks for the sake of preaching the gospel in that great unexplored country.

You remember my telling you how many thousands of negroes had been kidnapped in Africa and shipped off as slaves to America. These poor creatures were often most cruelly used by the men who bought them, and who never thought of them as flesh and blood like themselves, but looked on them as animals made to work and obey, and nothing else. I daresay you

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have read something about this in a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

At first, indeed, most of the white men would not allow a missionary to teach the negroes anything about God; they said, "it would make the niggers lazy over their work."

All the slave owners, however, were not as wicked and stupid as this. Two ladies especially we hear of, who directly they came out from England began teaching their black servants and preparing them for baptism, and six months after their arrival, they sent for the S.P.G. missionary to come and see if they were fit for that sacrament of the new birth. Gladly did he obey the summons, and he was much pleased to find how well they had been taught. He asked them who Christ was? They answered at once: "He is the Son of God."

Then he told them to repeat to him the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and they did this distinctly and perfectly; they told him also that they loved the Lord Jesus. Then he promised them they should be baptized the very next Sunday, and on that day, though still slaves on earth, they were made Christ's freemen, and inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Then other traders allowed the missionary to teach and baptize their negroes, and instead of doing less, the joy of knowing that they had a Master who was also their Saviour, loving and

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caring for them, made these newly baptized slaves find their work much happier, so that even their earthly masters could not help noticing the improvement in the characters of their Christian slaves.

CHAPTER II.

The Rev. T. Barclay, Missionary to the Red Indians—Queen Anne visited by Red Indian Chiefs—Savage Warfare—War between the French and English in North America—The English victorious under Wolfe in 1759—The Rev. J. Wesley an S.P.G. Missionary—The American Church asks in vain for Bishops—Revolution in the United States—Independence declared July 4th, 1776.

THE S.P.G. clergy had not only to look after the souls of the traders and their servants ; there were also the original inhabitants of America to be won for Christ, those fine well-made savages who were called the Red Indians.

The Rev. Thomas Barclay in 1709 was sent out especially to teach them ; and his work was blessed, and soon his small church was filled with these copper-coloured earnest learners.

The next year some of their chiefs undertook the dangerous journey to England ; they said they wanted to talk to the great Queen, as they of the Six Nations were her friends now, and they would tell her things it was absolutely necessary that she should know.

It was Queen Anne who was reigning then,

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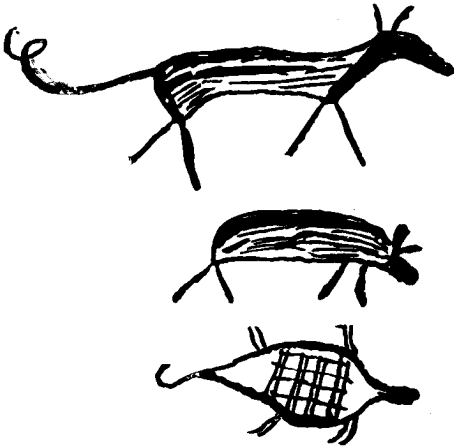
and these chiefs brought her a present, which they thought a very grand one, of wampum belts. These girdles were not much to look at, they were simply strings of shell beads differently coloured and arranged in different patterns, but all the colours and patterns had real meanings to the Red-Indians, and they could read pieces of news from them just as we understand a book of pictures. Of course the wampum belts they brought to Queen Anne would have been worked in signs meaning deep respect and loyalty, for as they gave them her they said they did so as a sure token of the sincerity of the Six Nations.

These were powerful tribes who had agreed together to be friendly with England.

These chiefs were fond of writing letters; at least they sent several to the S.P.G. asking for help to teach their people and make them Christians. I do not know who actually wrote these letters, but the signatures at the end are their very own doing, and are truly delightful, as you can see.

Queen Anne was very good to these chiefs, and gave them a beautiful set of silver Communion vessels and a rich altar cloth, and they built a church and school directly they got back to their own country.

The S.P.G. also sent a special missionary to the Red Indians of the Six Nations, and in a few years' time many had been brought to know



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the true God. Unfortunately the noble work of Christianizing these heathen was often roughly interrupted by fierce quarrels with other tribes. The wampum war-girdle would arrive, and then, instead of prayers, and singing, and holy lessons, there would be war-dances, and fires, and murders.

They were a fighting race, not like the gentle West Indian natives, and before ever a white man set foot in their land their wars with each other were incessant and without mercy—sometimes a whole tribe would be thus wiped off the face of the earth.

After the white men came and settled in their vast hunting grounds, the wish to rid themselves of these unwelcome visitors made the Red Indians forget for a time their own quarrels, and join together to try and kill off every stranger.

Several times this happened, and then the settlers had an awful experience. They could not understand the Red Indians' way of fighting, there was nothing fair and open about it. These savages loved surprising people and killing them when they were asleep or alone. Sometimes they would pretend that they were your greatest friends, and they would give you food and shelter, and smoke with you, and then, without any warning or change of behaviour they would murderously attack you, and if they managed to kill you they would think they had done a very clever thing. Scalps they must have, and if they could not get men, they would take those of women and little children.

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One of the S.P.G. missionaries makes it very plain what terrible visitations they had from these savages ; he writes in his journal : " On the 5th of September, 1708, came a distressed woman, the widow Maynard, who had nine children murdered by the Indians ; collected for her in the church 11s. 6d." On the very next Sunday he had to ask the congregation to help a poor man whose relations had also been slain.

No white person felt safe, however far off the Indians were supposed to be ; distance was no hindrance to their attacks. They could always find their way, even if they had never been in that part of the country before. Suppose a Red Indian is uncertain which track is the right one, he will pick a blade of grass and eat some of it, then he will walk on for a few minutes and taste another blade, and by the flavour he can tell whether he is walking towards a river or lake or woods, or away from them.

When the war broke out between the French and English in North America, each nation tried to win the Red Indians to their side, as by their clever trickery and knowledge of the country they could give most valuable help ; it ended in some tribes helping the English and some helping their enemies.

I am now going to tell you a true story about this war, which shows how difficult it was for the English to be a match for the natives.

It happened one dark autumn night that an

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English sentinel was found dead at his post, stabbed in the back by a long Indian knife; this showed that he could not have been keeping proper guard, and though his comrades were sorry, they felt that it served the soldier right. Next night at the same post another sentinel was found dead, stabbed also in the back! This made a great stir in the camp, for no one could understand how a second man could neglect his duty after the terrible death that had happened a few hours before.

The third night one of the strongest and most trustworthy men of the regiment was ordered to go to that post, and he went determined to find out and kill the enemy who had murdered his two companions. Next morning he was found cold and dead, and also stabbed in the back!

The General declared he would not allow a sentinel to be single-handed there again, as he could not afford to lose his best men in this unaccountable way.

However, a young officer begged so hard to be allowed to take that perilous post alone, for he said it would look as if an Englishman could not beat an Indian if two sentinels were sent. The General much against his wishes gave in at last, and the young officer went off to his awful watch.

You may be sure he looked well to his musket and bayonet, and kept up a roaring fire, and was keenly alert; but time went on and there was not the slightest sign of an enemy about.

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Just at the darkest hour—about two o'clock in the morning—he did see a hog rooting up the ground, but there were plenty of them in that part of the country, so he scarcely noticed the creature, but went on pacing up and down. Next time he looked at the animal, it had come rather nearer but was still busily eating. Then something set the officer thinking. He observed that whenever he turned his back on the hog it came closer to him. He did not quite like this, so he thought he would fire at the beast; he took good aim and let off his musket, when with a yell of agony an Indian sprang in the air and then fell back dead.

Now the mystery was cleared up, and the death of those three poor soldiers explained. The Indian had dressed up in a hog's skin, and by always keeping behind the sentinels had managed to creep up close enough to spring on them and stab them to death.

That terrible war with the French came to an end in 1759, when General Wolfe gallantly captured Quebec, and from that victory crushed the power of the French in Canada. But uprisings of the Red Indians took place again and again; even as late as 1885 an Indian chief, named Big Bear, took about thirty white people prisoners, among whom were women and children. No one knows what dreadful things might not have happened to them had not a friendly Indian tribe managed to rescue them after they had been several weeks in the clutches of the chief. How-

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ever, there is not the slightest chance of such a thing happening again, as the Indians are now far out-numbered by the white settlers.

From February, 1736, to November, 1737, the S.P.G. had the celebrated John Wesley as one of its missionaries.

On the voyage to America, John Wesley, who was accompanied by his young brother Charles, went through the horrors of a storm at sea. It is thought by some that the beautiful hymn so well-known to all of us was written in memory of those hours of terror and peril :

“ Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gath'ring waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past :
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

Directly the danger of being overpowered by the French had passed away, the English, in what are now the “ United States,” had time to think of themselves and their own grievances ; and instead of being grateful to the mother country for the security she had so nobly helped them to win, they became restive, and prepared to throw off her yoke.

England had in truth given them some cause for complaint. She had taxed them without their

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consent ; she had forced their young men to join her navy ; but most of all, she was to blame in not allowing the Church in America to have bishops. For one hundred and fifty years that poor Church had to struggle on as best she could without the guidance of its chief pastors.

This was a cruel wrong, inflicted not by the Church, but by the British Government. It brought its own punishment, for it is probably owing to this, more than anything else, that dissatisfaction ripened into rebellion.

As far back as 1637, Archbishop Laud tried hard to get a bishop sent to America, but failed. The S.P.G. missionaries there were always pleading for one. A memorial even was sent to Tenison, Archbishop of Canterbury, telling him that some dissenting ministers wished to be ordained clergymen of Christ's Church ; and they added "the baptised are unconfirmed, the churches want consecrating," all these being things a priest is not able to do.

Poor Archbishop Tenison, his heart must have ached as he had to write and tell them he was not allowed by the government to grant their right and pitiful request. So deeply did he feel for them that when he died he left one thousand pounds towards the providing of Bishopricks in America.

It cost a very great deal to send young men to England to be ordained deacons and priests by the Bishop of London, and so dangerous was the

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voyage then, that it is reckoned one out of every five who crossed the sea, never reached home again. No wonder clergy were scarce in America.

The war with the French had been a very expensive one, and it was thought that the English colonists in the New World, who gained most by the victory, ought to pay their share of the heavy taxes. This was quite just, and no doubt they would have done so had they been asked properly.

They were not *asked* at all. A tax was *imposed* on them; first on stamped paper which they refused to use, and when their tea was taxed they stopped drinking tea altogether.

In November, 1773, several ships full of the taxed tea arrived in Boston harbour. The captains were forbidden to land their cargo, and day and night soldiers were posted on the wharf to prevent their doing so.

This was the state of things for several weeks, the men of Boston hoping that the tax would be taken off by the home people, but the short-sighted English government remained obstinate, so it was determined to resort to force.

The first step was to get rid of the hateful tea. On the evening of the 17th December, 1773, fifty young Americans, got up as Red Indians with paint and feathers, dashed with a war-whoop through the streets of Boston to the wharf where the ships were anchored.

In a very short time three hundred and fifty-

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two chests of tea had been split open with their hatchets and the tea thrown into the sea. There was no drawing back now. War had begun!

Then followed a time of great suffering for the Church. Nearly all the clergy remained faithful to the King of England in accordance with their oaths. There were at that time seventy-seven S.P.G. missionaries in America, and they could, none of them, get a penny of their salaries from England, so that they and their families were on the brink of starvation.

Some of the congregations did their utmost to keep them alive, but war rouses brutal passions, and in the case of the Rev. S. Tingley, the food they gave him was snatched back by the cruel revolutionists; though his wife, who was on her death-bed, begged to have a little left her "as medicine."

Other S.P.G. missionaries were imprisoned and put in chains, and more than one died of the barbarous treatment he received.

The independence of the United States was declared on the 4th of July, 1776, but there were seven more wretched years of fighting before peace was restored.

The Rev. Charles Inglis was one of those who remained longest at his post. He was in charge of Trinity Church, New York. His life was constantly in danger. One Sunday evening his service was rudely interrupted by a company of armed revolutionists marching in, with drums

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beating, and fifes playing; their guns were loaded and bayonets fixed as if for battle.

The congregation was terrified, thinking their last hour had come, but brave Mr. Inglis took no notice whatever of them, and went on reverently with his office, and after some minutes the soldiers sat down quietly.

Soon, however, things got so dark that even Mr. Inglis thought it best to leave the United States, and he asked the S.P.G. to put him in charge of a church elsewhere, and to this they willingly agreed.

A very few of the Society's missionaries took the oath of allegiance to the new republic, and these had their salaries paid from England till Michaelmas, 1785, but after that date the S.P.G. gave no regular help, though she sent word to them that she hoped and prayed that the true members of our Church, under whatever flag they lived, would not cease to be her friends.

The English and American Churches have indeed ever been in closest friendship, and the breaking off of the United States from the Mother Country, which seemed so grievous a misfortune at the time, has really proved a great good, for it set the Church in America free to obtain Bishops, a blessing of which she had been so wickedly and unjustly deprived.

As soon as peace was made, Dr. Samuel Seabury, chosen Bishop by the clergy of Connecticut, was consecrated at Aberdeen by Scottish

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Bishops on the 14th November, 1785; and two years later in Lambeth Palace Chapel three Bishops were consecrated for Pennsylvania, New York, and Virginia. Now the Church in America could confirm, ordain, and consecrate, for it had its three orders of ministers complete.

At the very first meeting of the leading men of the United States Church held in 1785, they sent an address to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, and in it they mentioned our S.P.G. "to whom, under God, the prosperity of our Church is, in an eminent degree, to be ascribed."

Also the American Prayer Book in its preface keeps in memory "the nursing care and protection" of the S.P.G.

It is not only in words that the American Church shows that she is grateful. She has sent rich gifts across the Atlantic to the Mother Church, one of the last being the magnificent oak panelling for the Board Room of the new S.P.G. house in London. But I think their most beautiful present of all was the silver alms-dish given in 1872. It is carefully kept at Lambeth Palace, and used only on very great occasions. One of these was on June 24th, 1908, at the grand Pan-Anglican thanksgiving service held in St. Paul's Cathedral; on it was laid the offering of £333,000 collected from the Anglican dioceses throughout Christendom.

This is a picture of it :—



ALMS DISH PRESENTED BY THE AMERICAN CHURCH TO THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN 1872.

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You see in the very middle of the dish is a map of the world, and when you have found Great Britain you will notice a ship leaving its shores for America; this is to show how that Church "received its existence from the Catholic Church through the Church of England."

Now look at the three sorts of leaves round the border of the dish. They are the oak of old England, the maple from the Northern and the palmetto from the Southern States of America; this means that both are daughters of the Church of England.

I might go on for a long time telling you about this silver alms-dish, for every tiny line has a beautiful meaning, but I can now only add that on July 3rd, 1872, it was formally presented by Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, and Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and Lichfield, to the Archbishop of Canterbury in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The very next day, July 4th, was the day of the month on which, as I daresay you remember, the United States declared their independence; Bishop Selwyn remembered this too, and he sent the following telegram to the Bishop of New York:

"July 4th. Alms-dish presented in St. Paul's Cathedral. Independence is not dis-union."

This message greatly pleased the American Church, which has now grown strong and numerous, possessing thousands of clergy, and shepherded by nearly one hundred bishops.

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Well might the S.P.G. overflow with thankfulness if it had merely its early work in the United States to look back on, but, thank God, its history does not end there—it is still an active agency.

The next country it will take us to is the neighbouring one of Canada, which ought to interest us all, as nearly every family in England has some relation living there.

CHAPTER III.

40,000 "United Empire Loyalists" settle in Canada and the S.P.G. Missionaries accompany them—Bishops consecrated for the United States—Rev. Charles Inglis in 1787 consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia : our first Colonial Bishop—Travelling in Canada—The Story of the Shepherd Lad.

ABOUT forty thousand Loyalists (that is the men who remained true to England and its King) left the United States at the Revolution and passed over to make fresh homes in Canada, where before there had scarcely been any English settlers.

There they have been always known and honoured as the "United Empire Loyalists," and among these, their fellow-sufferers, the S.P.G. missionaries, found shelter and work.

You will remember that when Mr. Inglis was obliged to leave the United States, the S.P.G. found him another post. It was to a part of Canada called Nova Scotia that he was sent, a land we know best because of its delicious apples which find their way into our English markets.

Quite lately there was an exhibition of Colonial fruit in London, and Nova Scotia sent to it one hundred and fifty different sorts of apples—some

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were dark red ones, others rich brown, others clear green, and some golden yellow, so, no wonder its apples are famous.

Nova Scotia was first conquered by the French, who called the land Acadia, and the people who lived in it were called Acadians. Longfellow has written one of his famous poems about them, it is called "Evangeline."

This poem deals with the great war between the English and French in America. Nova Scotia at that time belonged to England, and it was believed that the Acadians were sending money and food across to their French relations. Of course this had to be stopped, but it is a pitiful story to hear how these industrious peasant-farmers were surprised by English soldiers and swept away from their beloved homes and shipped off to distant places. In the confusion and haste mothers became separated from their children, and husbands from their wives.

The poem tells how poor Evangeline spent all her life looking for the young man to whom she had been about to be married, and at last found him dying. No doubt there were many such sad disappearances—war always brings sorrow in its train.

It was in 1775 that the Acadians were turned out, but a few years later, after the war was over, they were allowed to return to Nova Scotia.

Just about the time that they returned, came Bishop Charles Inglis to Nova Scotia, having been

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consecrated in Lambeth Palace Chapel on the 12th of August, 1787, our very first Colonial bishop. He proved as good a bishop there as he had been a priest in New York. His diocese was a tremendous one; consisting of the whole of our possessions in British North America, and Newfoundland as well.

His flock in Nova Scotia was not only English people, but also French, German, and the Red Indians. This is how one of the S.P.G. missionaries, the Rev. P. Bryzelius, spent his Sundays.

First, he gave the English a service in their own language, then the French had one at noon, and at two o'clock he held another for the Germans. It was too much for one man's brain and strength, and he died after six years of this work.

The call to rest came suddenly to him one Good Friday in the middle of his sermon. He was seized with apoplexy and died almost directly, deeply mourned by his flock, but especially by the children, whom he dearly loved.

Since 1902 Nova Scotia has received no help from the S.P.G.—instead of receiving, she has been giving help to the struggling dioceses of Western Canada.

But to go back to the Indians again. I am sure you will like to know that the Six Nations who sent the wampum belts to Queen Anne helped the English right well. To a man they joined our army and fought gallantly, though in so doing they suffered much, for they saw their homes

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destroyed and their country laid waste. In return for their faithfulness, large grants of land, or reservations, as they are called, were given them in the richest part of Canada; and thoroughly they deserved them.

Their chief at this critical time was Thayendenaga. I suppose that was his Indian name; he is best known by his English name, Joseph Brant. He was a man any nation might be proud of; a splendid warrior, clever, and well educated; one who loved the Church, and did his best to make his people faithful members of it. He translated the Gospel of St. Mark, the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, into the Mohawk tongue for his tribe.

The town of Brantford is named after him, and has a beautiful monument to his memory, which was paid for by a national subscription throughout Canada, so grateful are her citizens for his valuable help in those troublous years. Crowning the monument is a noble statue of Brant himself, whilst below are six Indian figures representing the six nations who proved such true friends.

Part of the Communion plate given by Queen Anne is still in the Mohawk church at Brantford, and the rest of it is in another Red Indian church.

During the War of Independence these gifts had a very narrow escape of falling into the hands of the Americans, for, while a party of Red Indians were hurrying away with this treasured possession, they were surprised by seeing some

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armed revolutionists approaching them. A hasty council was held, and they agreed to bury the sacred vessels. This they did at once, wrapping them round with the Communion cloth, which was also a royal gift.

All remained safely hidden there till the war was over, when a band of trusty Mohawks was sent to bring these valuables to their new northern home. The silver was found uninjured, but the damp earth had naturally almost destroyed the cloth.

The Red Indians have others besides Joseph Brant of whom they may be justly proud. When King Edward VII. visited Canada in 1860 as Prince of Wales, he noticed a fine, manly little fellow racing by his carriage wheel. He asked who the child was, and learned that he was a chief's son. He then said he would like him to have the best education possible. Well was our Prince repaid for his kind thought, for the lad became the celebrated Dr. Oronyatekha ; and like Joseph Brant, he, too, was a good and generous Churchman.

Several Red Indians are now clergymen, others are schoolmasters, doctors, and dentists ; while amongst the women there are trained nurses and schoolmistresses. One of these, Pauline Johnson, the daughter of a chief, is a poetess and author.

It is very sad, though, to think that thousands and thousands of these Red Indians living in Canada are still heathen. The bishops are

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earnestly asking for help to open fresh missions among them, and also among the rush of settlers that each year come pouring into North-West Canada.

The Church is making a grand effort to take care of this huge flock; but unless more help comes, many will be the lost sheep over whom the Good Shepherd will grieve. The S.P.G. is doing its best, but would like to do much more, if only it had the means.

More clergy have been sent out and a large number of young men as catechists. These are each given a pony, and just enough money on which to live.

In the summer the catechists go riding about in that rough country, visiting the distant and lonely farms, and trying to get the people to come to a Church service, which they take themselves when there is no clergyman. Of course it is only a priest who can consecrate the Holy Communion, or give Absolution, or the Blessing; but the catechists can take the rest of the service, and keep a congregation together till a clergyman can come among them. In the winter the catechists go into college to learn how to take classes, etc., and some of them prepare for becoming clergymen themselves.

When there is money enough given, a little wooden church is put up, with a tower to show that it is a House of God, the porch of the tower also makes a safe shelter during storm. They are

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quite tiny churches, only holding about sixty people. The people in Canada amusingly call them "Canterbury Cathedrals," while the catechists' houses, or clergy-houses, consisting of one room only with a sloping roof, are called "Lambeth Palaces."

At one time the S.P.G. only helped in Eastern Canada, but the Churches there have long ago become self-supporting; and, better than that, full of missionary zeal, sending the gospel news to those who are pressing into their land in the West of Canada, and also to the heathen in distant China and Japan.

How sadly clergymen are needed in Canada, and how vast the space to be occupied by the Church, is shown by what the Bishop of Keewatin told us a little while ago. He said that one of his catechists travelled two hundred miles on ice and snow, each way, to the nearest place where he could receive the Holy Communion. This travelling is very dangerous, especially before the ice breaks up, when rivers and lakes have to be crossed on sledges—or when a blizzard sets in—that furious snowstorm that blinds everything and makes it impossible to find the way. Missionaries have to face all this, and in summer the mosquitoes, which are as plentiful there as in India, prove a terrible annoyance.

You would not care for the strange things too that they have to eat. How would you like to settle among the Esquimaux, the people who live

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farthest north, as Bishop Bompas did in his younger days, and enjoy these sort of meals. Instead of bread and butter, and tea, and milk, and meat, he had whale-blubber, seal-oil, and rats! "But," he wrote home, "you must get some raw fish, a little rotten, to enjoy a good Esquimaux dinner."

You may gain an idea of the enormous size of Canada, and the sort of dangers a missionary has to face by hearing of the bishop's journey to England, which he took after receiving a letter telling him he was chosen to be a bishop. He was so humble that he wished to refuse the office, and he thought a letter to say so would be no good, so he would go home himself to tell them—he set out in July, 1873.

First he had two weeks' hard rowing with two Indian boys. Then he walked for three days alone through the Rocky Mountains (these were full of bears and other wild animals). How would you like that? I should not. Then eight hundred miles of rowing in a canoe, helped by two Red Indians. This took three weeks, when they reached a place called Fort Simpson,

Then a month's more rowing.

Then a long walk through woods and on ice, and afterwards he travelled for some time over the snow in a sledge drawn by dogs.

Then he had to cross a river on a raft.

Then came five days' walking, when he reached a settlement where he could get a

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horse and sledge which carried him to Touchwood Hill.

Here, through the kindness of a postmaster, he was given a carrible (which, I suppose, is a kind of sledge) and dogs, and in this conveyance he travelled between four and five hundred miles till he reached Red River Settlement on the 31st December, 1873.

Here lived his great friend, Bishop Machray, and Mr. Bompas went straight to his house. The manservant, however, refused to admit him, mistaking him for a tramp! In spite of his rags it was all right directly his friend caught sight of him.

After leaving Bishop Machray he next had a week in a coach. Then he reached a railway, and the train he was in got snowed up. When the train journey came to an end he travelled in a stage coach again, which got overturned in a snowdrift!

After this he took train again, and the train ran off the rails!

However, he got to the sea at last, and after steaming thirteen days he reached Liverpool safely on the 13th of February, 1874, having been between six and seven months crossing the Dominion of Canada.

I am glad to tell you that after all he was persuaded to be consecrated bishop, and returned to his Canadian diocese and lived and worked nobly there till his death.

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Now I am going to give you a story out of Bishop Montgomery's book, "On the Prairie," which, I think, will cause you to do your utmost to help to send the gospel to the lonely Canadian homesteads when you hear of the good that one single man did, though he had only a few minutes in which to tell of God's love.

A minister was travelling one summer's day along a very desolate track in the Bush, as it is called, when he came across a lad about fourteen years of age, who was tending some sheep. He began to talk in a friendly way to the boy, and to his sorrow he found out that the poor child never said his prayers, and did not know anything about the Bible; in fact, the farmhouse, seen on a ridge in the distance, where the lad's parents lived, was a place without religion. Sunday was kept as a week-day. God was utterly forgotten.

This grieved the good minister, but he could not stop long, for he had far to go, but yet he must try in those few minutes to bring this straying lamb to the Saviour's fold.

I cannot tell you all he said, but I feel sure he told that shepherd boy of the love of the Good Shepherd Who laid down His life for the sheep.

The minister did not wish the lad to forget what he had said to him in the half-hour they had had together, so he asked him whether he would do him a little favour.

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"Yes, governor, I think I could," was the answer he got.

"Well," said the minister, "learn five words for me. Say—'The Lord is my Shepherd.'"

The boy repeated the words.

"Now take your right hand, stretch out the five fingers, so; now put each word on a finger, beginning with the thumb."

This was done at once.

"Now when you come to the last finger but one, you find 'my' on it. Is not that so?"

"Yes," replied the boy, getting more and more puzzled.

The minister went on earnestly. "When you come to 'my' and to that finger, put the finger down, crook it; then say the whole five words, 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' You will get to love those words. I shall be coming this way again, perhaps not before next summer, but I will certainly come, and then I shall see if you remember the text. Good-bye, my man—don't forget your promise"—and the servant of the Lord went his way.

Next year, again in the summer, he was crossing that ridge and caught sight of the farmhouse. The thought of the shepherd boy and the lesson he had taught him rushed into his mind. He looked about, but no lad was to be seen now, so he left the main track and walked up to the farm, where he found a woman at work, of whom he asked where the lad was to be found.

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He got no answer at first. She seemed as if she did not quite understand him; then she suddenly looked up and said:

"Are you the man that taught my son some words?"

"Yes, I did," the minister answered, "how is he?"

"Dead," was the only reply.

There was a hush, then he asked the stricken mother to tell him all about it, and she seemed thankful to have someone to whom she could pour out her great sorrow.

"Yes, sir, he was wonderfully set on those words. I used to see him holding up his hand and crooking his finger and saying them over." Then she paused.

"Go on," said the minister gently, "I am listening."

"It was in the winter-time, sir, and the snow was coming down thick. It was a blizzard, as we call it, and my boy was out, getting the sheep in. We ran after him, but could not find him anywhere. We shouted and searched, and I was terribly afraid, but hoped he had got to some neighbours. We found him dead in the morning." Here the mother cried; she did so miss her boy; but very soon she continued: "I think, sir, those words were the last he spoke, for we found him dead with his hand stretched out, and the finger was down."

Surely the lad in that bitter winter's day found

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the Saviour *his* Shepherd, and *his* "hiding-place from the wind, and refuge from the storm," and fell asleep in Jesus.

It is our own flesh and blood out there in that vast Dominion who are needing our help to keep them from sinking into heathenism. Will you not try to prepare yourself for the noble work of a missionary, or pay the journey of a clergyman or catechist to tell "the old, old story of Jesus and His love" to these lonely settlers?

It is well that you should know the names of the bishoprics in British North America. There are now (including Newfoundland) twenty-four, but very soon this number will have to be increased, as Canada is getting so full of people.

We will take the dioceses of the Province of Canada first. These are:—

Nova Scotia.

Quebec.

Toronto.

Fredericton.

Montreal.

Huron.

Ontario.

Algoma.

Niagara.

Ottawa.

In the Province of Rupert's Land are:—

Rupert's Land (as large as England).

Moosonee (the North Pole is said to be in this diocese).

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Athabasca (as large as France).

Saskatchewan (larger than Germany).

Qu 'Appelle (as large as Italy).

Mackenzie River.

Calgary.

Yukon (which used to be called Selkirk).

Keewatin.

And besides these there are : British Columbia, New Westminster, Kootenay, Caledonia, and Newfoundland, which includes the Bermudas.

CHAPTER IV.

Newfoundland—The Bermuda Islands—West Indian Hurricanes, Earthquakes, and Volcanoes—Barbados and Codrington College—Jamaica—Diocese of Nassau—Confirmations in the West Indies—Diocese of Antigua—Trinidad—The Asphalte Lake—List of West Indian and South American Dioceses.

WE shall want our maps with this chapter, as we are going to learn what the S.P.G. has done in the many islands of the Atlantic.

First look at Newfoundland, our oldest colony. You see it is close to America, only twelve miles away. It is a large island, larger than the whole of Ireland, and was discovered by John Cabot, sailing from Bristol, with his crew of English sailors. He first saw its shores on St. John the Baptist's Day, and that is why its chief town bears the name of St. John.

In the account book of King Henry VII. you can read this entry: "August 10, 1497. To hym that found the new isle £10." Not a very grand reward, was it?

For nearly a hundred years nothing was done with the island, but in 1583 it was taken possession of for us by Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

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Returning from this expedition in his tiny ship named "The Squirrel," he and all his crew were drowned in a storm at sea.

The last words he was heard to say as he parted company with the companion vessels on the raging waters were precious ones to remember ; he sang out to his friends in the "Golden Hind" this glorious good-bye : "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

Though from that hour Newfoundland was ours, it was only the sturdy English fishermen who preserved it to us, and that by fighting for 150 years with the foreigners, especially French and Portuguese, who came to catch the cod, and seal, and herring which abounded along its shores. This severe training it was that helped to make Englishmen sailors, and England the great sea power she is.

In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, our right to the island was left undisputed.

Ten years earlier than this the S.P.G. began to work there. They found the island in a terrible state ; there were no roads at all, and hardly any bridle-paths ; the only way to get about was by boat. This was often dangerous, especially in foggy or stormy weather, and when a gale blew it was impossible. Thus a settlement might be isolated for weeks together, with no laws to obey, no church or school to help and teach the people to live God-fearing lives. Everyone was his own master, and in some parts evil raged unchecked,

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so much so that they hated the idea of a clergyman coming to them, and refused to give him shelter and food though he offered good money for them.

Other places, however, welcomed God's priests with true joy, and were delighted to be able to come to church once more, and to have their children baptized and married by a properly ordained servant of God.

Poor Newfoundland was still kept in constant terror of attacks by the French. Once they were in the power of the enemy for three dreadful months, namely, from the 27th of June to the 26th of September, 1762, the French having four men-of-war and seven hundred soldiers at St. John's, the chief town, while one ship and sixty-three soldiers were all of which the English could boast.

In 1796 the French appeared again, this time at a place called Bay Bulls. Here they burnt every single building there was, save one, and you might think that would be the church, but you would not be right. The only thing that was spared was one wretched log hut. I will tell you the reason why this was not in flames like everything else. In it lived a young husband and wife and their twin babies. When the mother heard the tramp of the soldiers coming nearer and nearer she rushed out in her mad terror to hide herself in the woods. Not so the father; he knew he must remain there whatever happened, for he could not

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let his tender infants be exposed to the cold outer air ; so he took one on each knee and waited calmly for the enemy's arrival. The door was burst rudely open by the rough French soldiers who had come to plunder and burn, but they stopped suddenly when they saw the tiny babes on the father's knees ; they felt they could not burn the roof over these helpless children, and they left the cottage undisturbed. It was the twins who saved the parents' home.

Our King William IV. when he was Prince of Wales, worked hard for the Church at a place called Placentia in Newfoundland. His ship was stationed there. First he wrote and begged the S.P.G. to send a missionary, and then he paid visits from house to house asking the people to do their utmost in attending services and giving money ; and when he returned to England he sent them a beautiful silver chalice and paten for use in the Holy Communion.

It is to a Newfoundland missionary, the Rev. William Bullock, D.D., that the Church owes one of her favourite hymns.

“ We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.”

This hymn was written for the consecration of his church at Trinity, but he had to wait many years before this happy event took place.

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Newfoundland had belonged to England for two hundred and twenty years before a single bishop of the Anglican Church landed on her shores, and then, it was only a flying visit ; but when in 1827 the inhabitants heard that one was really coming to look them up, and he, the son of that brave bishop, Charles Inglis of Nova Scotia, they determined to give him a grand welcome.

They made roads between the principal settlements for him to make use of, instead of having to go round by sea.

It was on this occasion that Bishop John Inglis consecrated eighteen churches, one of them being Dr. Bullock's, when that beautiful hymn of his would be sung.

The bishop asked that at least bridle-paths should be made between *all* the villages so that a clergyman might be able to visit his sick and dying parishioners. Not long after this request we read how Archdeacon Wix, in company of the Roman Catholic priest, and about one hundred men of their united congregations, worked cheerfully together, and without pay for many days making new and mending old roads. It is to the Church that Newfoundland owes her first good roads.

In 1839 Newfoundland had a bishop of its own, and since then Church work has gone on steadily improving. The Rev. G. A. Spencer became its first bishop, and after him succeeded the saintly

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Bishop Feild, who gave a long life of unwearied toil for his scattered flock.

The inhabitants consist chiefly of poor fishermen who have not the power to give largely, so the S.P.G. continues its help to the diocese. Here, as elsewhere, men are sorely needed. One clergyman writes that he has *single-handed* to serve four churches and six church schools, and to minister to 650 communicants.

How should we like to work as hard as this in a climate which in the winter is most bitterly cold?

One missionary tells how a good woman cutting bread and butter for him hacked away at the loaf, saying she could not keep it thawed, though she put it into the boys' bed directly they turned out. When good Bishop Feild wrote for a curate, he said he must have a man who did not mind dirt or cold.

A part of the Bishop of Newfoundland's diocese consists of the Bermuda Islands; you will see them in the western half of the Atlantic Ocean, they look like specks on the map. They number about one hundred, but only sixteen are inhabited and all of them are very small, but the climate is so beautiful that an extraordinary amount of early vegetables come from the Bermudas to the New York markets. Those red cedar pencils, too, that school children use are made from Bermuda trees.

The islands were named after the Spaniard who discovered them in 1515, but he left them

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alone. One hundred years later Sir George Somers and some English families were wrecked here on the way to America; for this reason you will find the islands occasionally marked on the map as the Somers Islands; they have belonged to England since Sir George Somers took possession of them.

In 1822 the S.P.G. sent liberal help to the inhabitants, as clergymen and schoolmasters were needed to teach both the English and the negroes; but since 1870 they have needed no more help, and instead send the Society a yearly present.

The Bishop of Newfoundland, as I told you, has charge of the Bermudas, and he spends every second winter there, so they are well looked after, with their twelve clergymen and plenty of good schools.

I think the bishop must much enjoy his Bermuda winter with its glorious sunshine, especially after the bitter cold of Newfoundland's white fogs, or worse even than Newfoundland, the dreary coast of Labrador on the north-east of Canada, a part of which is also in his remarkable diocese.

Now look in your map farther south in the Atlantic Ocean, and you will see so many islands in a sort of double chain lying between North and South America—they are the West Indies, and some of them belong to the United States, some to France, some to Denmark and Holland,

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but more than half belong to Great Britain and they are very valuable possessions.

We get many nice things from the West Indies; delicious oranges, limes, bananas, and pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, ginger, sugar, coffee, spices, tapioca, and arrowroot, besides other useful things though not quite so pleasant, such as medicine and dyes, etc.

The islands are wonderfully beautiful. Nearly all have high hills and winding valleys with rushing streams. The trees, ferns, and flowers are simply glorious, and the climate is perpetual summer, the trees being always in leaf. All this sounds, does it not, as if to live there must be perfection.

The West Indies are indeed a dream of beauty, but perfection is not to be found in them or in any place on earth. For several months of the year these islands may be visited, and often are, by hurricanes. A terrific wind arises which snaps off big trees as if they were thin matches—churches and buildings are blown down, furniture scattered far and wide, people killed and injured with the falling walls and trees, and all the while there are deluges of rain with loud thunder and vivid lightning. When the storm ceases there is utter desolation—not a green spot to be seen where it has raged, but only a general look of everything having been overturned.

Then besides these storms, earthquakes are no uncommon things. On the afternoon of the

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14th of January, 1908, there was an awful earthquake in Jamaica (the largest of our islands), which destroyed its chief town, called Kingston, and killed many hundreds of its inhabitants.

This was how it came—first there was an odd sort of wind, then an alarming noise as if countless horses were dashing along at full gallop, then a rocking of the ground under foot, and a crashing down of falling buildings, and the cries of the wounded and horror-stricken—lastly, more awful still, in a few minutes the town was in flames.

There is one more dreadful visitation that these lovely islands sometimes suffer from, and that is volcanic eruptions. Perhaps for two hundred years a mountain has been quiet, and then, suddenly, it shoots out earth and stones and fiery lava thousands of feet up into the air.

Vesuvius, near Naples, did the same nearly two thousand years ago, and overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. They are digging those towns out now, and you can go into the very cellars where the poor suffocating people took refuge, and where their bodies were found.

There was lately just such another eruption in the West Indies. It was in the French island of Martinique, which contains the huge volcano of Mont Pelée. At breakfast-time on the 8th May 1902, it broke out violently, and overthrew the town of St. Pierre which lay at its foot. This town contained thirty thousand people, who all

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died in a few minutes ; the place was a cemetery. There was one living man, a criminal, locked up in the dungeon of the city jail ; fortunately this building had a stone roof and no window, only a little grating over the door to let in the air. On that deadly morning that air became suddenly so scorching that he was badly burnt, and he called out wildly for help, but none could come. Fortunately, he had water in his cell and on this he lived from the Thursday, when the eruption took place, till the following Sunday, when he was rescued.

You see, though the West Indies are the loveliest places on earth, they seem to have to endure nature's most appalling terrors.

But we must come back to our history.

Very shortly after the S.P.G. was founded, the Society (in 1711) was brought into close touch with one of the West Indian islands named Barbados. Here Sir Christopher Codrington owned a great deal of property, and at his death he left it to the S.P.G., so that they might build a college where clergymen and doctors could be trained, and through their teaching the people, but especially the negroes, could be taught to lead good and healthy lives.

If you go to Barbados now you will see the stately Codrington College standing in the midst of glorious gardens, and you will hear of the many noble lives that have been trained there, so that General Codrington's princely gift has well

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fulfilled his wishes. The S.P.G. still remains its guardian. It has educated most of the West Indian clergy, and from it many coloured missionaries have set forth to tell the good news of salvation to their kinsmen in far-away West Africa.

All slaves belonging to the British Empire were set free on the 1st of August, 1838. In Barbados, this wonderful day was kept as Christians should always keep times of great joy; the freed slaves came in their thousands to the House of God, to give Him the thanks for their new-found liberty. The bishop preached, and the immense congregation listened in intense silence. The bishop acknowledged afterwards that this satisfactory behaviour was chiefly owing to the work of the S.P.G., who some years previously had started a "Negro Instruction Fund," which, being largely helped by a grant from Government, enabled them to build churches and send out clergymen and schoolmasters. The negroes profited so well by these advantages that in no other part of the world are they so much respected as in the West Indies.

These negroes are a merry-hearted race. They have one peculiarity—they like carrying everything on their heads, no matter how heavy it may be. Sir Frederick Treves tells us that when he was in the West Indies he met an *old* woman carrying on her head a full-sized chest of drawers!

Barbados is the only West Indian island which

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has belonged to us ever since the time of its discovery in 1605. The "Olive Blossom" was the name of the boat that brought the first colonists to the island. When they landed they planted a wooden cross on the beach to show that they were Christians. Next, they cut the inscription, "James, K. of E. and of this island," on the bark of a tree, and thus they took possession. It is densely populated now, every inch of ground to the water's edge being made of use.

Jamaica is the largest of our West Indian islands. The S.P.G. began work here in very early times. When in 1703 a poor missionary wrote home, saying he had lost everything "in a dreadful fire," the Society at once sent him out books. It still continues to help in cases of special need. Such as when fifty-two churches were destroyed in the terrible Kingston earthquake in 1908, which at the same time ruined the Theological College, and the archbishop's house. For months afterwards the archbishop had to live in a corner of his stables!

The Church has taken strong root in Jamaica; indeed, she has always seemed to have reared faithful members there. The building of St. Paul's, Annandale, in 1838, will show this. The site was given by the owner of the land, who also provided the material for building the church; but the negro slaves did more than this, for they willingly gave up their Saturdays—their only holiday (for they were not freed till the August of

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that year)—in order that they might raise up God's House. From miles around, every Saturday, they made their way to the spot; even little children and feeble old folk did their best to help by carrying away the brushwood that had to be cleared before the digging could begin. The 7th of April was the joyful day of laying the foundation stone, and on that occasion almost one thousand of these negroes stood around, full of happiness at the share they had taken in starting this building for the glory of God, and the good of His Church.

The diocese of Nassau, which consists of the Bahama Islands (where, you remember, Columbus first landed), is very poor in this world's goods, but is rich in those who find their happiness in being fellow-workers with God.

The bishop writes that he has over one hundred catechists in the different islands of his scattered diocese, who, without thought of earthly reward, are doing their utmost to help on the work of Christ's Church.

A short while ago the bishop was visiting a spot where a priest came but seldom to hold a service. To his astonishment he found fourteen candidates for confirmation eagerly waiting for him! These were first examined by the bishop's chaplain, who said he had never found a class who knew their catechism better than these isolated Christians.

It was the keeper of the lighthouse, and the lady

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superintendent of the Sunday school who had prepared them. So they were confirmed—not in a church—for Crooked Island did not possess one then. The largest house in the settlement was prepared for the occasion, and there the bishop laid his hands on them, after the example of the Apostles, and they received the Holy Ghost.

I am glad to tell you that Crooked Island has a church of its very own now, not a present from the S.P.G., for every bit of the money and work it cost has been given heartily by the people themselves. When we hear of buildings raised, as Annandale and Crooked Island churches have been, we understand better why the late Bishop of Gibraltar in his sermon at Oxford on Whitsunday, 1909, said: "The noble little Church of the West Indies, in my judgment, one of the brightest jewels of the Anglican Communion, as the British West Indies themselves were formerly called the brightest jewel of the English crown, can in some respects teach us all."

In England, people are often unwilling to be confirmed, but in the West Indies they long for the rite, and will take much trouble to obtain it. Out there the bishop cannot fix for months beforehand the date of a confirmation, as can be done at home. To many of the outlandish places he can only send word that *about* such a time he hopes to hold one. His yacht may be delayed for days together by a hurricane, or sudden fever may seize the bishop in that hot climate. Directly, therefore,

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the Church-boat is in sight, the news is sent round for every candidate to leave his work and get ready for the service.

There was a woman living on Acklin Island who was not told in time of the bishop's arrival, and to her great sorrow she missed the confirmation. For two long years she waited, and at last she heard the bishop was expected again. She was determined that nothing should hinder her confirmation this time, so she and her daughter, who had also been prepared, kept their best dresses and veils carefully tied up in bundles, so that when they were summoned they might set out on their long walk at once.

This they did directly the news of the bishop's arrival reached them, but they lived sixteen miles away from the landing-stage, and when they nearly reached it they were told by some friends that they were too late again—the confirmation was over! They must have been tired and sorely disappointed, but the longing to be admitted into full membership of Christ's Church made the mother still persevere.

Down to the shore she and her child hurried, hoping to catch the bishop before he embarked, but all she saw in the far distance was the boat in which he was being rowed back to his yacht.

I think if this had happened to me I should have sat down on the beach then and cried, but this woman was made of braver stuff, as you will see.

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She did not stop to pity herself but hastily borrowed a boat, into which she, her daughter, and the bundles were put, and off she rowed to catch the bishop's yacht before that started again.

This the determined woman managed to do, only to be told that the bishop was at dinner. Why did she want to see him?

Then was poured out the tale of her repeated disappointments which soon reached the bishop's ears. He comforted her, and promised to hold another confirmation especially for her and her daughter; and soon a solemn service was held in the cabin, and the bishop prayed and laid his hands on those two persevering soldiers of the Cross, and then they returned full of joy to their far-away home.

The diocese of Antigua consists of the Leeward Islands. As early as 1702 the S.P.G. had been helping this part of the West Indies. The eruption of Mont Pelée did a great deal of harm to many of these islands, and the Society made a grant in consequence to aid the suffering clergy.

Trinidad is another diocese: this is a large island very near South America. The Society helps here by supporting a mission to the East Indians, who come in thousands every year to labour in the islands. They have an East Indian clergyman, the Rev. C. B. Ragbir, to take care of them, and his work is so successful

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that he has already over one thousand Church members.

It is hoped that when these men return to their homes in India, they will tell their heathen relations of the wonderful blessings they have received, and thus become missionaries in their turn.

I must tell you a marvellous thing about Trinidad. It possesses a curious lake, not of water, but of black pitch! It is solid enough to walk on, but it feels rather like treading on a warm jelly. The lake is most valuable, as the pitch is really asphalt which is used so much for making roads.

Every day truck-loads of the asphalt are taken out of the lake, and when the workmen lay down their pickaxes in the evening they can see the long deep ditch out of which they have lifted the asphalt. The strange thing is that next morning, when they return to work, this ditch has disappeared and the lake is quite even again.

This happens every day, and it seems as if the supply of pitch were fathomless.

It is sad to recall that the Spaniards destroyed almost all the natives of this wonderful island. Just a few hundreds are left, and that is all. Trinidad is chiefly peopled by negroes and by natives from India.

I will now give you the names of the various dioceses in the West Indies and Central America.

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PROVINCE OF THE WEST INDIES.

Jamaica.

Barbados, } These two are on the mainland;
Antigua, } you shall hear about them in
the next chapter.

Guiana.

Nassau.

Trinidad.

Windward Islands } These two have only one
Honduras, } bishop between them.

Falkland Islands.

Argentina and Eastern South America.

The American Church has also founded four Bishoprics, namely: Haiti, Brazil, Porto Rico, and Cuba.

CHAPTER V.

The Panama Canal—Vasco Nuneo de Balboa—British Honduras—The Mosquito Indians—The Mahogany Cutters—British Guiana—The Rev. W. H. Brett—S.P.G. Missions to Redmen, East Indians, and Chinese.

CENTRAL AMERICA is the next part of the world we are going to visit.

Get your maps and see how very narrow the neck of land is between the towns of Colon and Panama ; it is barely fifty miles across.

The United States have taken possession there of a strip of land ten miles wide, and they are pouring thousands and thousands of workmen on to it, for they intend to finish the great Panama Canal begun by the French, which is to allow the biggest steamers to pass from one ocean to another. They hope to have this canal finished by 1915. The climate is dreadfully hot and unhealthy, but they have done much to render it more wholesome, by killing millions of those mosquitoes which bring the deadly fevers.

The Americans have built mosquito-proof houses for their workmen to sleep in, and they

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have also put up a huge pipe containing kerosine oil right across the isthmus, so that any pool of stagnant water may be flushed with the kerosene which at once destroys all insect life. By these means yellow fever has already entirely disappeared, and the climate of the isthmus is becoming fairly healthy.

The very first European to walk across the isthmus was a stowaway, a bankrupt, who, wishing to escape from the people to whom he owed money, hid in a barrel on board a ship. However, when he did show himself, he was so handsome, and such good company, that he became a favourite with everyone. If his money was short he had a name long enough for a millionaire—Vasco Nuneo de Baboa!

One of the friends he made on board this ship was the son of an Indian Chief, who told him there was a big, big sea the other side of that strip of land. Vasco made up his mind that he would search for it, and after twenty-five days' hard walking he at last, from the top of a hill, saw the great Pacific Ocean close beneath him. This was on the 25th of September, 1513.

The country which Vasco crossed with much toil in twenty-five days can now be easily travelled in an hour, sitting comfortably in a railway carriage.

The first Englishman to cross the Isthmus of Panama was the famous Francis Drake.

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The S.P.G. had at one time eight mission stations between Colon and Panama, but these have now been entirely handed over to the care of the American Church.

At the north of Panama in Central America, you will find British Honduras. Part of the diocese of the Bishop of Honduras is called Mosquito Shore, I suppose from the number of these spiteful insects which breed freely in the low swampy ground.

As long ago as 1739, the Indians who lived there, and who are also called the Mosquito tribe, begged the S.P.G. to send them a missionary. The way they asked for one was rather curious. This is what they said, "All we beg is that he may bring with him his Books and a little salt; as for anything else we will take care to provide for him."

The S.P.G. tried hard to find a clergyman, but it was years before they could discover anyone willing to face the peril and loneliness of the Mosquito Shore, and when at last a good man was found, he died only a year after reaching his wild flock.

Others, however, took up the work, and now the Mosquito Indians have a beautiful stone church of their very own.

Honduras is famous for its magnificent mahogany trees; these take two hundred years to grow to their full height, but as each year they shed plenty of seeds, there are always young

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trees growing up to take the place of those that are felled.

The work of cutting down these giants of the forest is a most dangerous one, and a number of accidents are constantly occurring.

The Church follows these woodmen to their rough encampments in the dense forest, and services are held for them in a tent; their children are taught, and their sick are nursed, for these men take their families and household goods with them, as they often have to remain for months together in their forest camps. So, if the Church did not follow them, they would have little chance of living God-fearing lives.

The first Bishop of Honduras was shipwrecked whilst on his way to his diocese; and the second, who got safely there, wrote to the S.P.G.: "Before your Society took up this part of the world, it seems to have been quite forgotten."

The railway companies in Central America are very good to the Church, for they allow the bishops and all the clergymen to have free passes on their lines.

Now look at South America, and find the only piece of land that we possess in the whole of that huge continent—it is British Guiana.

There was a great deal of fighting with Dutchmen and Frenchmen before, by the Treaty of Paris, in 1815, British Guiana became absolutely ours. It is divided into three

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counties, called after its three great rivers, Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice.

You have all heard of Demerara sugar? It is on the seacoast, and it is on the lower reaches of these great rivers that the sugar-cane is cultivated. It grows from ten to fifteen feet in height, that is, more than double the height of a tall man.

Horrible animals and reptiles live in South America. Fancy being attacked by water-snakes from three to thirty-six feet long! These snakes will attack anything and anyone, hens, dogs, and human beings; if they can only get but one coil round your body they crush you to death.

A gentleman was spending the night in an open boat on a river in Guiana, when one of these reptiles got into his boat. He knew what danger he was in, and that his only chance of life was to lie quite flat, so that the snake could not get under any part of his body. He lay as close as he could to the side of the boat, while the snake tried its hardest to thrust him away, and I am glad to tell you that the gentleman was conqueror, and the water-boa was at last wearied out, and after a while plunged into the water and left him alone.

Mr. Youd, a missionary of the C.M.S., had the same sort of experience, for a huge snake got into the canoe in which he was travelling, and so terrified his Indian paddlers that they jumped

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overboard and left Mr. Youd to fight the reptile single-handed; he managed to kill it with a cutlass.

Some years after this Mr. Youd and his wife were both poisoned by a sorcerer.

In 1840 the Rev. W. H. Brett was sent out by the S.P.G. to this strange, hot, damp land; on reaching South America he had to travel by boat down the River Pomeroon to his new home, which was to be on a half-acre of swampy land, bounded on three sides by a dense forest, which was full of dangerous animals. The fourth side was open to the wide river on whose reedy shores lurked terrible water-boas, scorpions, and centipedes, whilst the river itself was alive with alligators.

A gang of slave wood-cutters had once lived in this place, and they had left three tumble-down old huts, one of which was their workshop. This, as being the most likely to be the cleanest, Mr. Brett chose for his parsonage. Furniture it had none, and he had only brought his clothes and his hammock with him. Fortunately for him, in one of the other huts lived a dear old black woman called Jeannette, and she at once took pity on the lonely white stranger. Out of her own poor dwelling she brought him a table—to be sure it was short of a leg, and had to be propped gingerly up against the side of the hut—after that arrived a queer-looking chair and a form, and finally a washhand basin

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completed the outfit. This basin was really an Indian jug with the top broken off!

There was not a garden near nor a shop where Mr. Brett could buy food, so he must have starved had not the negro woman fed him from her own scanty store, with the dark broth that formed her chief food. When she noticed that the white man did not seem to relish this food, she would send her two sons to the river to catch fish to tempt his failing appetite.

Of course Mr. Brett soon had fever in that damp spot with the scorching sun overhead, and then Jeannette turned doctor and nurse.

It was a life of terrible loneliness and privation, made all the harder to bear as none of the Redskins cared to listen to the good news the missionary had travelled so far to tell them.

The one comfort was in prayer, and every morning and evening Jeannette and her daughter never missed to attend the Church service, and sometimes this little congregation would be increased by the presence of the crew of a chance boat passing by the little mission station.

So Mr. Brett still hoped and prayed till Christ's own missionary prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," was at length to be wonderfully fulfilled.

It was at the very hottest part of the day, and Mr. Brett was sheltering in his hut from

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the fierce rays of the sun, when suddenly the light was darkened, and looking up to find out the cause, he saw an Arawak Indian blocking up the doorway.

It was Sachiberri, or "Goodhair," the sorcerer, and he said "he had come to hear the white man's message. He was tired of his sorcery, and had broken his magical gourd, and now he wished to be taught about the Great Father Who lived above the sun."

That swampy half-acre which had till now been such a sad dull spot to Mr. Brett, at once became a home of joy! Goodhair was in earnest, he wanted to learn about God, and he came often to Mr. Brett, who by-and-by baptized him by the name of Cornelius. His boy and girl were sent to the parsonage to school. I do not know what the boy was called, but the little girl's Indian name was "Blue-and-Red Macaw."

Cornelius was a splendid missionary to his own tribe, and others became Christians within a year of that first visit to Mr. Brett, and the two men together gathered in as learners more than half the people in that district.

When at last Cornelius died, some friends in England, who had been told of his faithful work, sent out a bell, to be hung in the Mission Church where he worshipped. Round the bell were engraved these words:—

"In Memory of Cornelius, the first Indian

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convert to Christ in the Pomeroon district. Died, February, 1868."

I will describe now one of Mr. Brett's Sundays—the Sunday that fell on the 25th of March, 1873.

The Morning Service was just about to begin when there was a great stir in the congregation, and every single man and boy ran out of the building. On one side of the church was a big ditch with water in it, leading to the river; in this ditch the men had seen a desperate fight going on between an alligator and a water-snake. The struggles between these two powerful creatures was so exciting that it proved too much for the lately converted savages, and they rushed out to see the end of the fight.

The quarrel was a deadly one! At last the snake managed to get a coil round its enemy's body, and the alligator lay motionless like a log on the water, whilst coil after coil was crushing it to death. When the Indians believed the alligator to be really dead, they fired at the snake, who sank fatally wounded into the water; a second afterwards, the alligator, seemingly unhurt, darted down the drain into the river.

The congregation then calmed down again and re-entered the church, and Mr. Brett began the service. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion, and as he was about to take

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the chalice in his hand, he saw what he believed to be a large black scorpion crawling round it.

Only a short while before a little Indian girl had died in convulsions in three hours after being stung by one of these reptiles. This proved, however, to be an enormous black-beetle, and whilst Mr. Brett was considering how to get rid of it, a gust of wind blew it off the chalice into the midst of the congregation. After that all went on quietly.

Just before the Evening Service there was another excitement, for the same alligator was now seen coming down the river, and that had to be shot and killed.

I am most thankful, are not you, that in dear old England we can hold our services without any of these excitements !

No mission in the world has been more blessed than the mission of the Church to the Redmen of British Guiana. In the whole land there are but a few thousands left who have not yet become Christians.

Think what this means.

Instead of each tribe hating every other tribe, and poisoning or shooting them whenever possible, they are at peace with each other ; kneeling side by side in the same house of prayer ; partaking together of the one Bread and one Cup in the Holy Communion. Instead of dirty, unclothed savages, they are

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now cleanly white-robed men and women. They have been changed from darkness to light ; no longer children of wrath, but children of God.

It is not only with missions to the Redskins that the S.P.G. gives its help in British Guiana. Of late years thousands of East Indian and Chinese labourers have been pouring into the country, and their souls are as precious as ours, and therefore to them must the gospel be preached.

The S.P.G. supports missions to these thrifty rice-growing Hindoos and also to the Chinese, who, however, do not come in such numbers.

The work among the Chinese has been wonderfully encouraging ; ninety out of every hundred have become Christians, and they, more perhaps than any other nation, seem to know the joy of giving. Chinese Christians are scarcely any expense to the Church. They build their own churches and schools, give largely in the offertories, and gladly and earnestly help on all Christian work.

The black people, or negroes, who were the first to whom the S.P.G. sent help, are now nominally all Christians.

CHAPTER VI.

The first Missionary to Africa, the Rev. Thomas Thompson—The first Black Clergyman, the Rev. Philip Quaque—The West India Church Mission to West Africa—The Rev. W. H. Leacock founds the Rio Pongo Mission—Mohammedanism—Chief Richard Wilkinson's Story—Foundation Stone laid of Falingia Church—Rev. W. L. Neville's Ministry—Conversion of the Devil-man and the greatest Slave-dealer.

THE first S.P.G. missionary to go to Africa was the Rev. Thomas Thompson.

He had already given up pleasant work in England to go and preach the gospel in America, and while there among negro slaves, he heard the call to take up a still more difficult and lonely post among the neglected black men of West Africa, from whence these slaves had been snatched.

He owned that "one labourer in that huge continent could do but little, but he humbly hoped that God would bless the labours of him, the meanest of His servants."

On the 26th of November, 1751, he arrived at James Port, River Gambia, West Africa, and set at once to work for his Master.

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After having been three years in the country he sent some promising lads home to England to be educated, hoping they would return earnest Christian missionaries to their own countrymen.

Alas, two out of the three died soon after their arrival in England. The third native, Philip Quaue, became in time a clergyman, and one of the S.P.G. missionaries on the Gold Coast. He did his best out there, but, sad to say, it was the conduct of the white man that stopped good work more than anything else. They often forbade him to preach, and none of them would come to the Holy Communion. When Mr. Quaue died in 1816, the African Company put up a memorial to him in Cape Coast Castle Church, in token of his long and faithful service.

After this, West Africa was left almost entirely in her darkness and heathenism, till good Bishop Rawle, who was then Principal of Codrington College in Barbados, took pity on her. His study windows looked out on the broad open sea, and he knew that there was nothing but that water between the West Indian Islands, peopled with Christian negroes, and vast Africa, in which their relations were still living in the misery of devil-worship.

After much reflection, Bishop Rawle resolved to carry out the beautiful suggestion of Arch-deacon Trew, that help ought to be sent to them by their happier brothers.

The bishop roused such enthusiasm for the

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cause that a mission to Western Africa by the Church of the West Indies was set on foot very shortly. Bishop Rawle was the hardest worker of all, collecting from his personal friends enough money to add a great many rooms to the college, and these were to be used for negro students, who should later be sent as missionaries to Africa. The climate, which proved so deadly to the white man, would do them no harm.

At first, English clergymen would have to lead the way and brave all the perils until sufficient negro teachers and clergymen were ready.

The Rev. J. H. Leacock volunteered for the work, and with him went Mr. Dupont, the first of Bishop Rawle's missionary negro students.

Mr. Leacock was a splendid man, his only drawback was his age, for he was about sixty. Like Mr. Thomas Thompson he spoke very humbly of his powers. "The Church calls, and someone must answer. But few years' service are now before me. I rise, therefore, to save my brethren of the ministry—the young, who are the hope of the Church; the old, who are the stay of large families." Brave, unselfish words.

On the 12th of December, 1855, the two men landed at a place called Tintima, on the Little Congo river.

The great enemies they had to fight were Mohammedanism and devil-worship.

Before going any further, you must understand a little what a Mohammedan believes, for in

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nearly every country some of them are to be found. Our king has millions and millions of them among his subjects, and it is very difficult to get them to change their religion. Their name is derived from a man called Mahomet, who was born at Mecca in Arabia in A.D. 570.

Mecca and Arabia were full of idol-worship. Mahomet had mixed with Jews and Christians, and he learnt how senseless it was to believe that an idol could hear prayers or help anyone, and that it was only God Who really was great. This belief grew so strong in him that when he was forty years old he began to be a missionary. He preached to the people in the towns and villages near him, telling them to turn from these vanities and serve the living and true God, Who would raise them from the dead and judge them at the Last Day.

I think that at this time Mahomet was very good and earnest. He suffered much persecution, was stoned and driven away from Mecca, but he still persisted he was God's prophet, sent by Him to make the people give up their idols, but they would not do so.

When Mahomet was fifty-three years old, the inhabitants of a large town in Arabia called Medina, sent word that they would like him to come and teach them. Of course he was very glad and set out at once on the long two hundred mile journey with his followers. They had to leave Mecca secretly in little groups, and from

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this year of Mahomet's flight the Mohammedans reckon their time ; we Christians, as you know, reckon ours from the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ.

On the journey Mahomet stopped two days at a place and preached to the people there before leaving—this was on a Friday, and from that day to this the Mohammedans keep Friday as we keep Sunday.

On arriving at Medina the first mosque was built. A mosque is a Mohammedan church. It is sad to know that since Mohammedanism became so great a power, a mosque has been raised on the spot where that most sacred Temple of the Jews once stood—that Temple in which our Lord Jesus taught and prayed.

Five times a day the followers of Mahomet were ordered to pray, and in this we can well imitate them, they are never ashamed of being seen saying their prayers.

After Mahomet reached Medina he became very powerful, he had many followers, and then success did him harm. He committed shameful and wicked sins, saying that he did so by God's command.

He conquered many lands, and compelled the inhabitants to become Mohammedans. In India alone there are fifty million of his followers. One reason why they are so numerous is that it is an easy religion to follow, for if you do all the outward acts such as praying and fasting, little else

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matters. A slave-driver can be a very religious Mohammedan. He can repeat his prayers, and rise from his knees to slash his servant to death.

It is a terrible religion that puts Mahomet higher than Christ and has not a thought of God's love to us, and that we ought to be merciful and kind.

One of Mr. Leacock's difficult tasks was to teach these proud Mohammedans—who thought themselves superior to everyone—about the meek and lowly Jesus.

Devil-worship was the other great enemy. Huge images of the devil, one in the shape of a man, and the other in the shape of a woman, were to be seen in the country. They were hollow, and a man could hide inside them and move them about. The poor people really believed that they were devils, and were terrified of them, and prayed to them, and gave them presents.

British officers accompanied Mr. Leacock and Mr. Duport when they were introduced to the two great men of the district, King Katty and Kennebec Ali, the famous slave-dealer.

Both men were very polite to the new-comers, but this was only because they knew the British man-of-war was close at hand. When it had sailed away and the missionaries were left behind, then all was changed—neither King Katty nor the slave-dealer wanted Christianity taught, or a white man living amongst them; they were afraid he might stop their cruel deeds.

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So a time of persecution began for Christ's soldiers—they had a very dirty hut given them, no one was allowed to be their servant or to sell them any food. Poor Mr. Leacock was covered with sores from the poisonous stings of the countless mosquitoes.

But worst of all was the impossibility of getting even a child to listen to the glad news of the Saviour's love. All seemed hopeless; the two men wondered how long they could bear this life of misery, with starvation staring them in the face: each day grew worse, and had it not been for the strength and comfort gained in prayer, their lot would have been unendurable.

The ninth day of their loneliness had arrived—this was Thursday, the 21st December, 1855. King Katty and his people still shunned them, and all seemed dark, when an utterly unexpected thing happened.

Down the Little Congo river came a canoe with a single black man in it, a strong, broad-shouldered young fellow; he stepped ashore as near to the missionaries' hut as it was possible to land, and walked straight up to it, and then to Mr. Leacock's astonishment he spoke to him in excellent English.

"Sir, my name is Lewis Wilkinson, and I am the son of Mr. Wilkinson, of Fallangia. I bring an invitation from my father and an apology for his not having called to see you sooner. He is now very sick, and wishes to know when it will suit you to come to him."

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Though suffering greatly with swollen face and limbs, Mr. Leacock at once accepted this call, rejoicing that a way had been opened to him to preach the gospel.

On arriving at Fallangia, Mr. Wilkinson, who was the chief of that district, greeted him with these remarkable words, "Welcome, servant of the Most High, you are welcome to this humble roof." Then, rising from his chair, he repeated the whole of that glorious hymn, "We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

The old chief explained afterwards to Mr. Leacock that when he was a lad he had been sent to England to be taught the Christian faith, and had lived with a very good clergyman, who baptized him.

When Wilkinson was eighteen years old he returned to his native land, hoping that he might win his relations for Christ, but with no Christian to support him, and surrounded by wickedness, Richard Wilkinson yielded to the temptations of the devil, gave up serving his Saviour, and lived as a complete heathen.

But though he had let go of his heavenly Father's hand, God was still caring for His lost sheep.

When Wilkinson was forty years old he was brought to death's door by a terrible illness; for days his life hung in the balance. It was then he had quiet for hearing God's voice; then it was he remembered all the holy lessons that the kind

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English clergyman had taught him, and then it was he humbly asked for pardon through the Saviour, and vowed if he were restored to health that the remaining years of his life should be spent as those of a Christian.

His prayer was heard, and he kept his vow. He sent to Sierra Leone for a clergyman, but no answer came.

But this did not prevent his daily prayer for a missionary. For twenty long years that prayer had gone up, and now, here was Mr. Leacock !

“ You, sir, are an answer to my prayers. I know that God hears prayer, and that a blessing has come to my house.”

We can picture the joy that these words brought to the sorely tried missionary, especially as Mr. Wilkinson told him he had great influence with the other chiefs and that he was cousin to the king of the district (not King Katty), whose daughter had married one of his sons.

“ There are over thirty children in Fallangia alone ; you can begin school with them, and you can use half of my house till I can build you one of your own, and a church. I will charge you no rent. If you are sick, I will nurse you. I will give you fresh milk daily, and help you all I can.”

Chief Wilkinson had very soon occasion to prove his words about nursing. Both Mr. Leacock and Mr. Duport were almost immediately struck down with fever, and they were tenderly cared for and nursed back to health.

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Tidings spread far and wide of the arrival of the white man who had brought good news. Invitations were sent from other heathen places to Mr. Leacock asking him to teach them also. One man travelled one hundred and eighty miles in his anxiety to secure a missionary, but he had to return home again disappointed, and to this very day no one has been found to teach those willing hearers the way of salvation.

Less than eight months after landing in Africa, Mr. Leacock was called to his rest, but a good foundation had been laid, and his work had already borne fruit. West Indians, as well as West Africans, deeply mourned his loss.

Mr. Dupont went to Sierra Leone to be ordained deacon that year, and on his return to Fallangia he baptized fifty-nine persons, one of whom was a daughter of the King of the Pongas.

The people now began to build the church on land that Chief Wilkinson gave, and the foundation stone was laid by a neighbouring chief, who then gave the people this capital advice:—

“Hitherto we have had houses dedicated to the service of Satan. The foundation of the church of the living God is now laid. This church, I trust, will be the overthrow of all heathenism and devil-worship. Hither must our children come to worship God. Here must we dedicate them to the Lord.”

Then he turned to some Mohammedans who

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were looking on, and told them they had been living among all the devil-worship and wickedness, but had not tried to make their neighbours better men as the Christians had.

When the chief had finished speaking, all the people shouted, "God bless this House."

Before the church was finished, the devil-worshippers tried to wreck it, but the good old chief was on the watch and prevented this.

In 1859 the Rev. W. L. Neville came to take Mr. Leacock's place. His letters home were full of joy. "I cannot tell you how I love the dear black children in the schools, and they love the white man who comes to teach them. I never knew what it was to enjoy life before. Notwithstanding the heat, which is increasing every day, and the deadly climate, I am years younger than I was in England."

Mr. Neville's happiness is what God wants everyone on earth to feel, and all who give up their lives in grateful service to Him, whether in the foreign mission field, or in the quiet round of home duties, will have that same deep, never-ending spring of joy.

Mr. Neville persuaded King Katty to allow a missionary to settle in his district, and a young clergyman just out from England settled at Domingia. He died there a very short time after his arrival, and in the same year (1861) Mr. Neville and Chief Richard Wilkinson died too—terrible losses to the "Pongas Mission," as it is

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called. The church at Fallangia was accidentally burnt, but the natives liked the missionaries living among them by this time, so that heathens and Mohammedans, as well as Christians, helped to build it up again.

Shortly after its restoration a surprising worshipper appeared in it, to the amazement of the congregation. He was one of the men who personified the devil, and whom all his followers worshipped and feared! There he was, without any of his abominable masks and horns and trappings, kneeling lowly in that Christian church, and as a little child entering the Kingdom of Heaven. He was, indeed, a miracle of God's grace.

I must tell you of one other great baptism. It was that of a very old lady, Mrs. Lightburne; she was the largest slave-dealer in the district. Mr. Neville reckoned that in 1859 she had at least one thousand poor slaves chained together in her pens, with big guns pointed at them, so that if any attempted to escape they could at once be shot dead.

For twenty years she refused to listen to the gospel message; but at length God's love melted her hard heart, and she was converted and baptized. From that time she gave herself up to holy works, and she and her son did their utmost to induce others to become Christians; her house was always open to the missionary, and he was allowed to hold Church services in it.

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With proofs like these of the Lord working among them, the clergy may well rejoice.

Since 1864 all the ordained ministers have been coloured men, as they can endure the hot climate which kills Europeans. Splendidly they work too. Already one mission station, Conakry, not only supports itself, but helps the mission work around. The S.P.G. still contributes to the Rio Pongas Mission, for the members of the West Indian Church, to whom it specially belongs, have been so terribly tried by visitations of earthquakes and hurricanes, that they have not the power, just now, to help as much as they would like.

The Bishop of Sierra Leone comes every two years to confirm those who are prepared for the sacred rite.

There is another diocese in Western Africa in which the S.P.G. helps, that of Accra, on the Gold Coast.

The diocese of Western Equatorial Africa is aided by the Church Missionary Society. I have not place here to tell you of its doings, which are also full of interest.

CHAPTER VII.

South Africa—Cape Town and the Rev. Henry Martyn—
The first Bishop for South Africa consecrated in 1847—
Bishop Gray's Visitations and Death—The Wreck of
the "Birkenhead," 1852—The Bishoprics of Grahams-
town and Natal founded—Mother Cecile—The Rail-
way Mission—The Church Order of Ethiopia—
Colenso, first Bishop of Natal, 1854—Bloemfontein
made a Bishopric, 1863. A diocese without a single
church.

IN this chapter we are going to tell of part of
the work of the S.P.G. in South Africa.

We must begin with the Cape of Good Hope,
which has belonged to us since 1795, except
for three years, when the Dutch took possession
of it.

The English retook it in 1806, and the saintly
Henry Martyn (whose life you should try to
read) was detained here at that time on his way
to India.

Wherever he was he worked for his God, and
whilst at Cape Town he helped to look after the
wounded and dying, and held services for the
English visitors.

It was a military station, but I am afraid the

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chaplain in charge did not care much for any but his soldiers. Henry Martyn was going one day to take a funeral, and to his dismay discovered that he had left his Prayer Book on board ship. He hurriedly sent round to all the English families in the place to borrow one, "*but none could be found.*"

A few years after this the S.P.G. offered to give five hundred pounds to help towards building a church at Cape Town (for there were no more churches than Prayer Books), but instead of receiving any thanks for this offer the Governor sent word that "*no church was needed.*"

However, the S.P.G. thought differently, and knowing that precious souls were there starving for want of the Bread of Life, they sent out a missionary. He preached in a hut, and had at once a congregation of seventy, which soon doubled itself, and finally a church had to be built, in spite of the Governor.

Church work, however, could not get on really well till South Africa had the threefold ministry that Christ commanded, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons.

South Africa was without a bishop till 1847, when Miss Burdett Coutts gave such a magnificent sum of money that the Bishopric of Cape Town was founded, and the Rev. Robert Gray was consecrated as the first bishop.

His diocese was a huge one, stretching a thousand miles in one direction and a thousand

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miles in another, and in all this enormous space the bishop only found fourteen clergymen and eleven churches. There was not one mission to the heathen, and, worse still, the Mohammedans were winning people over to their false faith. All this grieved good Bishop Gray very much.

More clergymen, more teachers, more churches, and more schools he must have at once, and in all these things the S.P.G. was his right hand.

Twenty fresh workers joined Bishop Gray during his first year at the Cape, and these had all thoroughly prepared themselves for their strange new life.

For instance, Archdeacon Merriman had learnt to be a first-class bootmaker, and he walked hundreds of miles in a pair of boots of his own making. Good roads were not known in South Africa in those early days, so travelling was chiefly on foot.

I must tell you how Bishop Gray took his first Visitation tour.

It was in a common waggon drawn by eight horses, but even these eight willing beasts found it almost more than they could do to drag the waggon up the steep hills. At such places everyone had to get out and walk, and the bishop would lead the horses, for they would always pull harder for his coaxing than if anyone else led them.

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The day's work began at five in the morning, and wherever they stopped the time was filled up with baptisms and confirmations, and sometimes there was even a little church to be consecrated.

These journeys meant much bodily discomfort; once the cart was overturned, and the bishop's only sleeping-place had to be under it!

But if he had bodily discomforts, he forgot them all in the great spiritual joy he experienced by the warmness with which he was everywhere welcomed, and on this first tour he was able to arrange for the building of ten new churches and to confirm no less than nine hundred candidates.

The tour had lasted four months, and when Mrs. Gray heard that the bishop was nearing home, she drove out some miles to meet him, to his great joy.

She describes amusingly the battered state in which she found the bishop: his hat, which had been new and glossy when he started, looked (she said) as if he had been playing football with it for a month, and his clothes were as shaggy as a Welsh pony's coat. As to the poor cart—once so smart—it was now all but a wreck with the wheels tied up with rope. It had, however, travelled through three thousand miles of rough country, so no wonder, that, like the bishop's clothes, it bore the out-

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ward witness to the hard work that had been done.

Very soon a second Visitation tour was begun, for the diocese was so large that so far the bishop had only been able to visit a third of it. To-day this diocese has been divided into no less than ten bishoprics, and yet the present diocese of Cape Town is as large as Great Britain.

The second tour took him into still wilder and rougher country—indeed, he went into parts where such a thing as a cart had never been seen. Most of this journey had to be done on foot, and in one fortnight the bishop walked two hundred and fifty miles, but at the end of nine months he was once more safe at home.

His clergy, too, took long tours. Archdeacon Merriman walked two hundred miles through Kaffirland, for Bishop Gray was most anxious to begin a mission to the sturdy Kaffir people, who were increasing so fast, but who were so utterly without religion as to have no word in their language for God.

In 1852 Bishop Gray went to England to arrange for the division of his big diocese, and whilst there the S.P.G. gave him a thousand pounds for the new Bishopric of Grahamstown, fifteen hundred pounds for the new Bishopric of Natal, a thousand pounds for his College, and five hundred pounds a year for missions to the heathen. He returned to Africa cheered and

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strengthened by this help, and in 1855 he made another Visitation tour, which gladdened him as he found the Church was gradually gaining ground amongst the heathen. At a place called Mulhaven there was a celebration of the Holy Communion with thirty-eight communicants, and these thirty-eight were made up of English, Dutch, Indians, Mohammedans, Kaffirs, Fingoes, Hottentots, and Negroes. "How the Church of Christ knits men of all races into one body and brotherhood."

In another Visitation tour in 1872 the bishop confirmed three Kaffirs who had gone to work in the diamond fields, but who came back three hundred and fifty miles to be confirmed where they had been baptized, starting back on their long journey to the diamond fields as soon as the confirmation service was over.

Africa is famous for its sunsets, but never had Bishop Gray seen such glorious colours as at the close of this tour, and he wrote: "This evening seemed to me almost a prophecy of work done in this dark land and the sun of my life setting; would that it had been done better."

It was his last Visitation: he "fell asleep" next year. His funeral was a sight never to be forgotten, so great were the crowds, and so deep the grief. Besides the vast numbers of the Anglican Church, the mourners included representatives from the Dutch Church, the Roman Catholic, the Congregational, Wesleyan, and

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other Christian bodies, all wishing to do honour to the great Missionary Bishop.

You have heard that Bishop Gray had his large diocese divided: the first two bishoprics carved out of it were Grahamstown and Natal.

We will learn about Grahamstown first, for it is still a part of Cape Colony—the eastern half. It was called after a Colonel Graham, who was sent in 1811 with soldiers to help the white men against the natives who were attacking and murdering them. Colonel Graham defeated a large army of the natives, and drove them across a river, after which he built a chain of forts to prevent their coming back again. The grandest of these military posts was called by the white people—Graham's Town—in grateful memory of the Colonel who had come to help them in their distress.

In spite, however, of these forts, the savages came back again and again and gave the settlers much anxiety. Troops were once more sent out from England to fight them, and there were altogether three great native wars.

In 1852 a troopship called the "Birkenhead" was sent to South Africa with 472 men on board in command of Colonel Seton.

Just as the voyage was all but ended, the ship struck on a rock in Algoa Bay, and half an hour later she lay at the bottom of the sea.

But in those short thirty minutes there took place such a deed of bravery that still makes us

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thrill with pride of belonging to such a nation of heroes! The danger was so immediate that there was only time, and indeed only boats to save a few. It is the invariable rule at sea that women and children must first be put in the boats, and this was done. Then Colonel Seton drew up his men on deck, as if on parade, but it was a marshalling for death, and every soldier knew it, but none stirred from the ranks. Unflinchingly those strong men met their death in that shark-infested sea, rejoicing that through their unselfishness, every woman and little child on board would be brought safely to land.

The 25th of February, 1852, will ever be a day of glory for our nation, as we recall the noble discipline of our soldiers on the "Birkenhead."

The first Bishop of Grahamstown was Bishop Armstrong, who arrived in 1854, and before the year was out he had started a mission to the heathen. Sir George Grey, a wise and good man who was Governor at that time, said that the best way of turning our fierce enemies into friends was by giving them Christianity with its softening and raising power, and he was right. He told the Church "to rise up to her duty."

And the Church obeyed the call.

Bishop Armstrong visited some of the fiercest chiefs himself; one old fellow told him that he

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and his people preferred missionaries to soldiers.

Kreli and Sandili, two other great chiefs, who had fought savagely against us, promised the bishop that they would be kind to the missionary he wished to send them, and would take care that no one did him harm.

Little did the bishop dream, while talking to these wild warriors, that Sandili's own daughter ten years hence would be an educated Christian, and herself a teacher in the mission schools. How he would have rejoiced that the seed he was planting was so soon to spring up and bear fruit.

At one of the mission stations started at that time (St. Matthew's, Keiskama Hoek), there is now a college containing two hundred Christian natives preparing to be teachers, catechists, and clergy. What a wonderful change from savage heathenism! Bishop Armstrong also laid the foundation stone of St. Andrew's College, which is now one of the best of the South African schools, and sends scholars to Oxford. Good Bishop Armstrong died from anxiety and over-work when he had been but two years in his diocese, and Archdeacon Merriman became the next bishop, and did very good work, but it was Bishop Webb who first brought women missionaries out there. He saw what a wonderful help they would be in teaching their poor ignorant heathen sisters.

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Mother Cecile went to South Africa in 1883, and she began work with one pupil in a wretched mud hut which had no window—the only light came through the door. Her work was wonderfully blessed, and when God called her to her rest only thirteen years later, she was head of a large number of important schools and colleges.

Another great work was thought of by Bishop Webb and helped by the S.P.G. This was a mission to the poor lonely workers on the long railway lines which were now beginning to be laid in all directions. Father Simeon undertook this mission ; he would visit the men who were far away from church, and friends, and shops. Sometimes he visited them on foot, sometimes on a trolley, which is not too comfortable a carriage, being a sort of flat tray placed on wheels, but whenever and however he came, the workers were all so glad to see him.

Of course he found many babies unbaptized, for how could the mothers take them to church when it was perhaps seventy or a hundred miles away ; these he baptized, and he would talk to the parents and leave a few books to help them in their difficult life. After him the Rev. Douglas Ellison became head of what came to be called the Railway Mission.

Three years later the Government gave the Mission a beautiful railway carriage ; this is used

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in the daytime as a church, public hall, or dining-room, and in the evening two seats at the sides form the missionaries' beds—the rest of the car is taken up with dressing-rooms and kitchen. There are now three lines of railway with these church carriages on them, so that with the march of civilisation goes the gospel news. Through the efforts of the Railway Mission, many churches have been built, and the people gladly attend them.

The Ethiopian Order are a body of natives who left the Wesleyans, and with their leader, the Rev. J. M. Dwané, asked to be allowed to join the Holy Catholic Church.

On Sunday, the 25th of August, 1900, Mr. Dwané was confirmed by the Archbishop of Cape Town in Grahamstown Cathedral, and the next morning he received the Holy Communion, and at Advent he was ordained deacon.

You know how carefully candidates are prepared for Confirmation in England, and here were thousands of native Christians anxious to be confirmed. However, help came from England in the person of Father Puller and others, and now, over twelve hundred of these Ethiopians have been confirmed. They are called "The Ethiopian Order." You must not mix them up with the "Ethiopian Movement." Our Ethiopians have nothing to do with politics.

Now look at the map north of Grahamstown,

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and you will find Natal. We will think of that South African diocese next, as it was founded at the same time as Grahamstown.

Natal got its name from Christ's natal day—that is, Christmas Day—this was in 1497, when Vasco da Gama discovered Natal.

Bishop Colenso was consecrated its first bishop. He was very earnest about missions to the heathen, and in this work he was greatly helped by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the British Commissioner, who was so gentle and yet so firm with the natives that they loved him as if he were their father.

The bishop wanted some Kaffir children to come to his boarding-school, to be brought up as Christians. The heathen witch-doctors tried to prevent this, but when "Somseu" (that was the native name for "Shepstone") explained everything to them, they at once gave way, and to the white men's amazement, one of the terrible witch-doctors got up, with his strings of charms and old bones still rattling round his neck, and asked, "Who says anything against this scheme? I shall be very glad to send my son." The chief himself promised that his two boys should come, declaring, "he wished to be the last fool of his race!"

An industrial school was then started by the bishop in this friendly chief's kraal, and the number of pupils was soon large.

We seem to know Natal better than any

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other part of South Africa, because so many battles were fought there during the Boer war. The S.P.G. missionaries have more than once been mentioned in despatches for their bravery. One of these was Archdeacon Barker. He and his family were in Ladysmith during the dreadful siege; over seventy shells burst close to his house, and one fell into his garden, and was just about to explode when he picked it up and dropped it into a pail of water, so that it could do no mischief.

The diocese of Bloemfontein was created in 1863. It had once formed part of Bishop Gray's great diocese, and he had visited it in one of his Visitation tours. When the first bishop reached his diocese he found only one church, and that in ruins; indeed, it was used as a sheepfold. There was no house, or even cottage, for him to live in, and for three years he had to lodge in a single room, and one of his first sermons was preached in a chapel, kindly lent him by the Wesleyans.

A church was soon begun at Bloemfontein, and was consecrated in 1866, and three hundred pounds were given in the collections on the consecration day.

The worshippers soon outgrew this church, which then became the chancel of the present cathedral, and in this building on Easter Day, 1900, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, and his staff, and many officers and men,

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received the Holy Communion, after their peaceful occupation of Bloemfontein in Holy Week. The cemetery lies behind this cathedral, and there, resting peacefully side by side, are the graves of many British, Australian and Colonial soldiers.

In this diocese are some of the great diamond fields. They were discovered in 1870, and thousands rushed to them, hoping to make their fortunes in a day. This meant overwhelming work for the few clergymen, but the S.P.G. came to the rescue and sent help. The largest diamond ever seen in the world has lately been found in the Transvaal. This diamond was given to our late King Edward VII., and at the Coronation of his son George V., it formed the head of the King's sceptre.

During the Boer war, Kimberley was besieged for four long months, and it was found that the mines formed the safest refuge for the townspeople from the many Boer shells which were constantly bursting around them.

So the people were lowered into the mines, and here the four S.P.G. missionaries held constant services.

Part of the diocese of Bloemfontein consists of Basutoland. This is called the Switzerland of South Africa on account of its beautiful scenery. Through the wise action of its great chief, Moshesh, it has been secured to his nation,

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for he requested "to be taken care of under the wide fold of the flag of England."

He thought so well of Christianity that he once sent two hundred cows to a neighbouring chief to buy him a missionary! When at last missionaries did come, Moshesh protected them, and caused Sunday to be observed as a day of rest amongst all his subjects; he also quite put an end to cannibalism; but alas! he never himself became a Christian.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOUTH AFRICA—*continued.*

Chaka and the Zulu Nation—Bishop Colenso and King Panda—Persecution—The Zulu War: Defeat at Isandhlwana—St. Augustine's, Rorke's Drift—Arch-deacon Waters, founder of the Church in Kaffraria—Bishop Key of Kaffraria—A Missionary's Letter—Diocese of Pretoria—The Rand, and the Community of the Resurrection—The Diocese of Mashonaland—The Diocese of Lebombo—The Cape de Verde Islands—St. Helena—Ascension—Tristan d'Acunha—Madagascar and Mauritius.

WE are still in South Africa and must look at the country north of Natal for the diocese of Zululand, which was created in 1870.

Long before this date, however, Christianity had been preached in this district. In 1837 the Church Missionary Society had sent a clergyman there with his wife and sister. They were very brave to go to that land of savages, as it then was. For four months they lived among scenes of anguish and bloodshed, and then they fled horror-struck from the place. This will not surprise you when you hear more about the rulers of this fierce tribe.

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The founder's name was Chaka. About one hundred years ago he came from the north with his warlike Kaffirs and conquered the land. His reign was one of most awful cruelty.

If he took a fancy to something that belonged to another man, the owner was at once put to death and his property seized. None might approach him, except unarmed and crawling on their hands and knees. He was cruel as a king, but even more so as a father.

He had twelve hundred wives, but he never allowed one son that was born to him to live, for fear he should grow up and take his kingdom from him.

I tell you about this wickedness because it shows what man can become when he lives without God, and because there are foolish, ignorant people still to be found who say, "What is the good of preaching the gospel to savages, they are nobler and happier left alone!"

In 1828 Chaka was murdered by his half-brother Dingaan, who then became King of the Zulus. He was also terribly cruel. A few years later, another half-brother, called Panda, succeeded Dingaan and behaved no better. The English Government could not allow these reigns of horror to go on for ever, and they insisted on Panda's son and heir being sent to the S.P.G. Mission school in Natal. After he had been there two years, Bishop Colenso,

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who, you remember, was always interested in missions, determined to visit the lad's royal father, taking with him a letter that Umkungo had written with his own hand.

King Panda graciously allowed the bishop to approach him, but he did not take the trouble to dress up for his visitor—he wore only a strip of cloth round his loins and a blue blanket over his shoulders.

If Bishop Colenso had not been most earnest in wishing to make friends with Panda, so that he might get his permission to start a Christian mission in his kingdom, he must have laughed outright at the very unregal costume of the king, and also at the first words he uttered. The bishop thought he would be delighted at his son's progress, so he handed him the boy's letter saying, "Your son Umkungo has written this himself."

Panda took it, looked at it, and turning to the Right Rev. Bishop Colenso of Natal, said very firmly, "You are a liar!"

However, all ended well. The king promised to be good to the missionaries when they came to settle there. The savage courtiers were so numerous and friendly, and the bishop had to give so many presents, that he had not enough blankets and coloured handkerchiefs to go round, so he had to finish off with boxes of matches and pills, both of which pleased mightily.

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When, however, the missionaries did arrive, these natives forgot all their promises of kindness, and they forbade any Zulu to become a Christian.

In spite of this command many of them were baptized and suffered persecution. In 1868 a Zulu named Umfezi, rather a great man in his nation, was accused of being a Christian and told he must give up his religion. He refused utterly to do this, saying, "Nothing can turn me away, I care nothing about my cows (that is a Zulu's wealth), my intended bride, and my other things. Take them all!"

After this the king sent a band of his fierce warriors to kill him, but he fled secretly to the missionary's house, who hid him in the roof, above his calico ceiling. An awful time of anxiety followed when the "impi" dashed in and searched every crack and cranny of the house. Luckily they never thought of looking in the ceiling, and when they had marched away empty-handed, Mr. Samuelson, the missionary, sat down to his harmonium and sang that great hymn of praise, the "Te Deum."

As soon as night fell, Umfezi was muffled up in the missionary's only great coat and sent to a safer spot.

Mr. Samuelson could not, however, rescue all the Christians, and many suffered martyrdom.

Things became so bad that the missionaries

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had to leave their posts in 1879, and British soldiers were sent to punish the Zulus. At first they were defeated at Isandhlwana, but in the end the Zulu power was shattered.

At Isandhlwana there is now a flourishing college for training Zulu teachers; also the church of St. Vincent, built in memory of those who fell in the war.

The Kingdom of God has spread far and wide in that old stronghold of Satan, and there are Zulu teachers, deacons, and priests, now in the district. The people have begun to hold missionary meetings among themselves, and they have sent teachers to bring the good news of salvation to the heathen Swazis.

The collections they make in their churches are very unlike those we have in England. Money is not common there, though generally some pieces are to be found in the offertory. In one year, a missionary tells us, he received the following things for the use of the church :

One horse.

Seven cows.

Six sheep.

Fourteen goats.

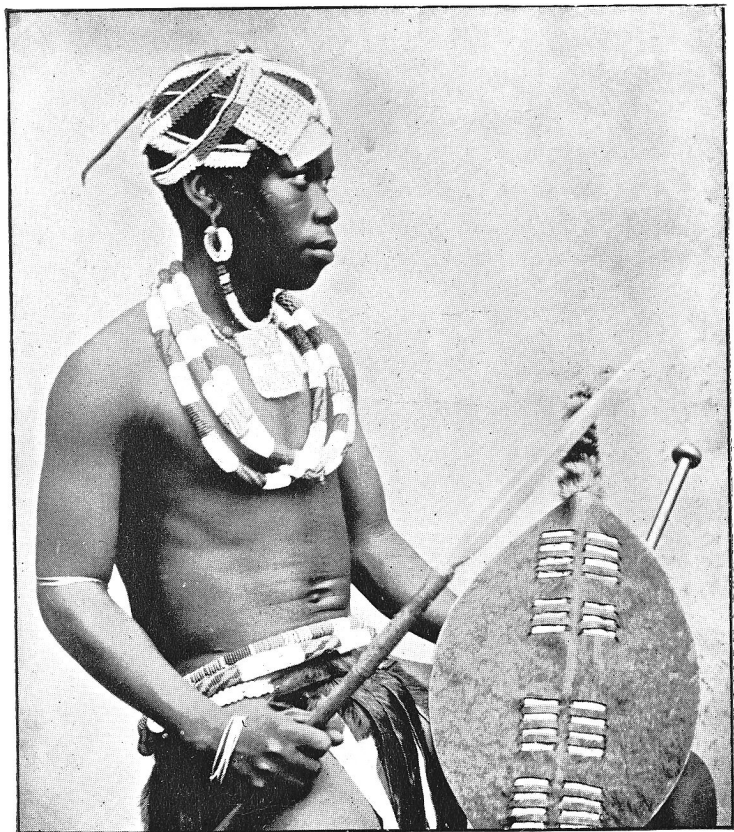
Fifty-two sacks of mealies.

Two and a half sacks of Kaffir corn.

One hundred and five fowls.

Thirty mats.

I have not time to tell you about many other mission stations in this diocese, such as St.



A ZULU WARRIOR.

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Augustine's, Rorke's Drift, with its two thousand communicants, but this station has a special claim on our remembrance, as it was here during the Zulu war of 1879, that a handful of British soldiers, under the command of Lieutenants Bromhead and Chard, withstood for a whole day the entire Zulu army, which had just annihilated the British force at Isandhlwana. An S.P.G. missionary, the Rev. G. Smith, was acting as chaplain to our soldiers there, and he was specially mentioned for his bravery.

In 1873 the bishopric of Kaffraria (now called St. John's) was founded. This diocese consists of a piece of country between Grahamstown and Natal. The Scottish Episcopal Church have adopted Kaffraria as their sphere of missionary work.

It was in 1855 when the S.P.G. missionary, Archdeacon Waters, "the founder of the Church in Kaffraria," began his marvellous work, and by his self-denial and love won many souls for Christ. He passed to his rest on the 19th of November, 1883. For twenty-eight years he had never left his post, and at his death, instead of one sole missionary, living with his wife and family in a hut, there were twenty clergymen, one being his own son. There was a bishop; churches and schools were dotted all over the country, and many thousands of heathen were gathered into the true fold.

The cathedral church of St. John is at Umtata

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It was built in memory of good Bishop Key, and was consecrated in 1906, in the presence of the Archbishop of Cape Town, and also the Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway, who had come all the way from Scotland to be present at that important service.

Bishop Key lost his life through an accident on a Visitation tour.

Neither bishops nor clergymen have an easy life of it in these far-away dioceses. The following letter is from an aged priest who worked with Bishop Key. It was written to Canon Holmes in 1909, when the latter had sent him a letter of sympathy on his not being able to attend the synod :—

“MY DEAR CANON,

“Thank you very much for your kind letter of sympathy.

“I have never failed to attend Synod before, but the loss of one eye makes me very careful to keep the other as long as I can.

“The fact is, my dear Canon, I am a mere wreck. The injuries received when Bishop Key and I were working together, are telling on me now.

“Twice I was drowned; I was lost on the Drakensberg mountains for fourteen days, starving all the time. I fell while putting on our church roof and injured my spine; I was stabbed by a witch-doctor three times; I was

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thrown out of a cart, the last time with disastrous results.

"And now I am left with one leg, and one arm (partially paralyzed), a rick in my back, no teeth, and only one eye, and at times with a dreadfully confused head.

"My dear old friend, the bishop, suffered more than I did, and a cart-fall at the last killed him.

"I hope you will be able to read this. I generally get my wife to act as scribe, but I feel bound to answer your very kind letter myself.

"With kindest regards from us both,

"I am, my dear Canon,

"Very sincerely yours,

_____"

As I read this letter I could not help feeling what new light and refreshment its writer must have found in the words of St. Paul—"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

The diocese of Pretoria was founded in 1878, and from its outset it has been helped by the S.P.G. The first bishop had a troublous time of it; he arrived in the middle of the Zulu war, and after that the two Boer wars followed.

All this fighting checked Church work, but when peace was restored and Bishop Carter arrived, a forward movement began.

Bishop Carter asked the Community of the

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Resurrection, whose headquarters are at Mirfield in Yorkshire, to take up the tremendous task of preaching the gospel to the immense army of coloured labourers who work in the mines on the Rand, as it is called.

The Rand is a ridge in which are innumerable mines and mining towns and camps, which stretches for fifty miles straight across the country. Mirfield responded nobly to the call. Churches and schools have sprung up among the gigantic heathen population, many of whom attend the Christian teaching most willingly, and give liberally to the support of their catechists.

The diocese needs more workers and more money. The heathen district of Sekukuniland sent frequent messages to the clergy, imploring that a teacher might be sent them, to show them how to become Christians. These people are still asking, but no one has gone, and not one out of those thousands is a Christian in consequence of this state of things.

Before I leave this diocese I must tell you about a boy named Simon who was under preparation for Baptism. Just at this time an infectious disease broke out in his village, which was put in "quarantine." The inhabitants might not talk to any other villagers, nor might they leave their own homes for fear of spreading the disease.

Simon was longing for his Baptism, he did so

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want to be made a child of God. He knew when his friends were going to be baptized in the distant church, and he made up his mind to slip quietly away from his heathen relations, receive the Sacrament of Baptism, and then come back again.

He managed to reach the church, but was terribly disappointed to find he was not allowed to stand among the other candidates near the font, as the risk of infection would be too great.

He was promised he should receive Baptism as soon as the quarantine was over, if only he would consent to go away now; but no persuasions would move the lad. "I want to be baptized first," he repeated over and over again. Had he an idea that his time on earth would be short? What was it which made him so anxious to "be born of water and of the Spirit?"

I do not know, but Christ's priest did not dare to refuse his urgent cry, and there, kneeling on the grass outside the church, Simon was enrolled as one of Christ's faithful soldiers and servants. Then the satisfied boy fled away in the darkness. Very shortly afterwards news of his death reached the mission.

Now find the Zambesi River on your map, for it is an important boundary.

Up to its banks, but no further, the whole country is under the charge of the South African Church.

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North of the Zambesi River is the sphere of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, and further north still, the C.M.S. field. The Universities' Mission is independent of the S.P.G., though it received some help from it at starting.

The Zambesi is also the northern boundary of the diocese of Mashonaland. This diocese was formed in 1891, and two years later the building of the pro-cathedral in Salisbury, the chief town, was begun. There was no money for luxuries. The windows were made of calico, and the altar and prayer-desk from packing-cases, while the cross for the east end was cut out of cigar-boxes!

When Bishop Knight Bruce had been consecrated only a few months, he undertook a walk of one hundred and twenty miles. He went twenty miles to confirm one man, a farmer, to whom he gave the Holy Communion the following morning.

The Gospel for that day was about the shepherd seeking the one lost sheep on the mountains. The bishop must have felt he was then truly following out the parable.

At first no native women came to church in Mashonaland, and on questioning the husbands about this, they told the missionary, "God's Word not good for women, only for men." The fact being that the men did not want the women to know that in God's sight they were

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just as precious as the men; for in heathen countries, women, as a rule, are treated worse than animals, hard work and hard blows being their lot. However, now, both men and women are to be seen worshipping together in God's House, and praising Him for the joy and comfort that Christianity has brought into their lives.

The S.P.G. has supported this diocese from the first, but the bishop appeals pitifully for still more help, as he is unable to gather in the heathen who are clamouring to be taught about Christianity.

Perhaps of all the South African dioceses Lebombo is the most difficult.

It is situated in Portuguese territory, and during the past few years some of the Government officials have been using their influence to hamper mission work, forbidding the people to attend the churches, threatening to punish the catechists, etc., etc.; but it is hoped such obstacles may soon be removed.

Then another difficulty in this diocese of Lebombo is the amount of languages that are spoken; in other dioceses there are one or perhaps two that have to be mastered, but here there are many dialects, and worse even than that, the same words have different meanings in different places. Services are required every day in five separate languages, and there is still one large tribe with a distinct language of its

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own, which the missionaries have not been able yet to touch.

It was in 1893 that Lebombo received its first bishop, and he is still doing magnificent work, daunted by nothing—not the unhealthiness of the country, or its many languages, which he has the gift of learning quickly.

Yet if anyone had a right to be depressed on landing it was Bishop Smyth. He found not a single church or clergyman, school or house, and only two communicants. He wrote home later that he wished he could have the stables his father's horses were in for his bishop's palace and a church house for his fellow-workers, outhouses and vestries being their only resting-places.

God's work, however, soon spread, and now in one station alone there are six hundred communicants, and many churches and schools have sprung up.

I am now going to make a list of the eleven dioceses which form the province of South Africa.

Cape Town.

Grahamstown.

Natal.

St. Helena.

Bloemfontein.

Zululand.

St. John's, Kaffraria.

Pretoria.

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Lebombo.

Mashonaland.

Walfisch Bay.

Walfisch Bay has only just been founded.

We must give a glance at the Cape de Verde Islands which are off the west coast of Africa—they belong to the Portuguese, and the S.P.G. helps to support a chaplain there for the sake of the many young Englishmen who are employed in the Telegraph Department and in the three great coaling firms.

Now look further down the map and you will find St. Helena. This once formed part of Bishop Gray's diocese, and he paid it one visit. We know its name well as being the last home of the great Napoleon. The island was also used as a landing-place for the negroes who had been rescued by British sailors from the hateful slave-ships. The poor creatures were always in a pitiful state when landed, suffering from diseases which carried many of them off in spite of good food and care. While Bishop Gray was there one of these captured slavers arrived.

"I never beheld a more piteous sight, never looked upon a more affecting scene—never before felt so powerful a call to be a missionary." So wrote the bishop.

In 1859 this distant part of his diocese was cut off and given a bishop of its own, though

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it still forms part of the Province of South Africa.

The island of Ascension—eight hundred miles to the north is also in this diocese. It contains but very few people—these make their living by catching turtles, from which tortoise-shell combs and ornaments are fashioned.

There is one more lonely little island belonging to the diocese of St. Helena. This is Tristan d'Acunha, which is twelve hundred miles away from any land, and the approach to it is so dangerous that few ships touch there.

The island is a huge peak rising to eight thousand feet in height, and about seventy English people are living there now. The S.P.G. provides it with a missionary as often as they can.

We must pass on to the Indian Ocean and visit that great island, shaped like a slug, called Madagascar. It is one of the largest islands in the world, and now belongs to the French.

It is most beautiful in parts, and some animals and plants abound that are never seen elsewhere. The lace-tree, for instance, with its long pointed dark-green leaves, pierced through and through with a sort of lattice work, looks like pieces of real lace hanging down.

In 1818 good men belonging to the London Missionary Society went out there to convert

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the heathen. The converts they made remained firm under a terrible persecution, just as cruel as those under which the Church had to suffer in its earliest ages.

In 1835 the Queen of Madagascar forbade her subjects to pray to, or even to utter the name of Jesus Christ. She and her nobles were very angry at a religion being taught which made everyone equal in the eyes of God, for in her kingdom the common people were looked upon as rubbish. They therefore determined to stamp out Christianity, and every white man was ordered to leave the country. Then a fierce persecution began.

First they tried to persuade the Christians to give up their holy faith and worship idols again, and when Christ's servants would not deny the Saviour they had learnt to love, shocking tortures were inflicted on them. They were speared, beheaded, thrown over a precipice one hundred feet deep, just under the queen's palace.

Happy were the people who died in this way. Some of the nobles had learnt that the noblest title of all is to be called a "child of God"; and these suffered a more cruel fate, for as it was thought degrading to a noble to spill his blood, the high-bred women, as well as men, were burnt alive.

Nearly all the Christians suffered joyfully, singing praises to God in the midst of the fires,

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till their tormentors silenced them by stuffing their mouths with rags or earth.

Instead of destroying Christianity, persecution gave it fresh power. This is always the case. Twelve years after the last missionary had left Madagascar, there came a letter from a Christian Malagasy (as the people who live in the island are called) giving a list of the various people still under punishment for their faith. Some were sentenced to be chained with such heavy irons that the wearers could only crawl about; others were sold into slavery. Altogether there were 1993 persons who were enduring persecution for the cross of Christ. Yet all these twelve years they had been left to themselves without a leader or Christian services of any kind.

In 1861 a king came to the throne who allowed Christianity to be taught. He freed all the poor chained believers, and eight years later all idols were destroyed by order of the Government.

The missionaries returned to the island on hearing the good news of religious liberty being proclaimed, and they found their congregations, instead of being diminished by persecution, had increased in numbers! The S.P.G. began work there in 1864.

The first Anglican Bishop for Madagascar was consecrated in 1874, and when he resigned twenty-three years later, he left in his diocese

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ten thousand Church members, eighteen Malagasy clergymen, a fine cathedral, churches, and more than a thousand schools.

In 1894, Madagascar was conquered by the French, and though since that event no heathen rules prevent the spread of the gospel, it is sadder still to say that the Governor sent by a Christian nation has done his utmost to hinder missionary work. He allowed no church to be built in a heathen village, no boy educated in a Christian school was given a government post, and religion was not taught in the State schools. It was a terrible state of things, but the Church still went on working and praying, knowing that God could bring good out of evil, and the last news received from Madagascar is most cheering. A new Governor-General has been appointed, who wishes to be on friendly terms with our bishop and clergy, and we may look forward now to happier days for the Church in that island, and many more poor heathen gathered into the true fold.

Difficulties also beset the Bishop of Mauritius and his clergy.

You will find Mauritius in the middle of the Indian Ocean. It has belonged to us since 1810. Before that time it was called l'Île de France, and belonged to the French. Most of the inhabitants speak French, and are Roman Catholics.

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One great hindrance to religious work is the number of different languages that are spoken. Our clergy hold services in three or four, or sometimes seven languages every Sunday. The most numerous race are the coolies, or workmen from India, who came over when slavery was abolished to take the places of the freed slaves.

When Bishop Ryan, the first Anglican Bishop of Mauritius, arrived there in 1855, he found that the prize the school children most valued was a red handkerchief with a portrait of Queen Victoria on it, for they all knew that it was she who had set their fathers and mothers free from their cruel slavery.

The S.P.G. also helps in the Seychelles Islands, one thousand miles away from Mauritius.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIA.

The East India Company—St. Thomas and the Syrian Church—The Five Chaplains—Parliament grants W. Wilberforce's Request for Bishops—Calcutta and her first Bishops—Caste—Bishopric of Madras and Alfred Basil Wood—Bishopric of Bombay—Father Goreh—Lahore and Bishop French—Delhi and its first Christian Church—Burmah and Dr. Marks—The Andaman and Nicobar Islands—Chota Nagpur and the Kols—Tinnevely and Nazareth—Ceylon.

IN this chapter we shall travel to India, that wonderful part of our Empire, which contains one-sixth of all the inhabitants of the world.

Such a tiny thing was the cause of our having anything to do with that great country—just because the Dutch put up the price of pepper the London city merchants became angry and made up their minds that instead of buying pepper and other spices from the Dutch, they would have a trading company of their own, and this is why the East India Company was founded in 1600.

India was at that time in a terrible state of

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wretchedness ; it had been conquered again and again and again by different races, who had each tried to seize the best place ; and the chief power came to be the one who could trample hardest on the people, and secure the riches of the country by robbery and murder.

The only aim of the East India Company was to trade, but it had to employ soldiers to protect its own people, and also to save the land from the French, who badly wanted to drive the English out of India. It was the French, however, who had to give up India, for at the great battle of Plassy, in 1757, the English, under Clive, completely defeated the French allies, and the British Empire of India may be said to start from that date.

This empire, over which George V. now reigns, consists partially of native States, with their own princes and rulers under British protection, who are mostly very loyal to our rule.

The population is a mixed one, and a hundred different languages or dialects are spoken. The odd part is that the different races do not keep each to their own piece of country, like the Germans in Germany, and the Swiss in Switzerland, but in India they are all mingled together in towns.

However, I shall only tell you about three different races : The KOLS, little black merry-faced people, who have lived longer in India

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than any of the others; the HINDOOS, who are really the same sort of people as we English, only they are very sunburnt. They poured into India just about the time that Abraham came into the land of Canaan.

The third is the MOHAMMEDAN race, which conquered India about the time our William the Conqueror lived; but they could not drive out the Kols and the Hindoos, so all are now living together. But the Hindoos far outnumber the other races, and Hindustani is the principal language of India.

St. Thomas the Apostle is believed to have preached the gospel in India, and to have been martyred there, and long ago we read that our Alfred the Great sent presents to the poor Church of India. Also when the Portuguese, in 1500, came to India to trade, they found some thousands of believers who called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, and said that he founded their Church, and that Christianity had continued ever since.

St. Francis Xavier, a wonderful missionary, preached in India about the same time and made many converts, but his work was not lasting.

It is most sad to have to tell you that the East India Company forbade the heathen to be taught about the Lord Jesus. It was feared it would make the idol-worshipping Hindoos angry to hear that "they be no gods which are

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made with hands," and that then they might refuse to trade with the Company, so instead of trying to teach the people about the true God, they every year gave money to the great heathen temple of Juggernaut.

When the terrible mutiny of the Sepoys, or native soldiers, broke out in 1857, many people thought it was a judgment sent from God for having withheld His Church from them; and it is a fact that those parts of India which contained most Christians were the only parts that refused to join in the mutiny.

But you must read the history of the mutiny for yourselves—and now go back to the beginning of the year 1800.

There was a very good clergyman in England then, Mr. Simeon, whose heart was made sad as he thought of the millions and millions in India living and dying without knowing anything of a Saviour's love. The missionaries who tried to teach them were imprisoned, and sent back by the first ship that sailed. The only clergymen that the East India Company would allow in the land were their own military chaplains. Mr. Simeon determined to do the best he could for the heathen through them; he remembered what grand missionary work Schwartz had done in India whilst he was chaplain to British soldiers. So Mr. Simeon persuaded five of the most enthusiastic young clergymen he knew to get chaplaincies, and

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these, after doing their duty to the European congregations, would try and win the heathen to the faith of Christ.

Henry Martyn is the one best known of these five, though all worked well for their Lord. He was very clever, but most delicate, as he well knew, but he said, "Let me burn out for Christ."

You must hear of one convert he made. It was that of a most learned Mohammedan gentleman, who had heard that Henry Martyn was going to argue with some Mohammedans at a public meeting to prove to them that Christianity was the only true religion.

This Mohammedan made up his mind to attend the meeting, saying, "It would be good fun to see the Christian arguments blown into the air and the teacher put to shame." He went in this spirit and heard that young missionary, full of the Holy Ghost, preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and instead of ridicule, a great longing to know more of this religion of love took possession of this proud Mohammedan, and after being prepared he was joyfully baptized. He chose his own Christian name, "Abdul Masih," which means "Servant of Christ," and faithfully he served his Master, first as deacon and then as priest until his death in 1827.

The last words he listened to on earth were those of a hymn composed by himself, and

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which was softly sung by a friend to help him through the Dark Valley.

“ Beloved Saviour, let not me
In Thy dear heart forgotten be !
Of all that decks earth's fairest bower,
Thou art the fairest, sweetest flower.
Beloved Saviour, let not me
In Thy dear heart forgotten be.”

Henry Martyn died in 1812 in Persia, on his way home to England on sick leave. In his last illness he was placed in a stable and utterly deserted by everyone—yet after his death these words were found written in his diary : “ I thought with sweet comfort and peace of my God—in solitude my Company, my Friend, my Comforter.”

India was without an English bishop for over two hundred years. The Government refused bishops to India just as they had formerly done to America. This grieved that good man William Wilberforce, who, you know, was the principal person in getting the cruel slave trade abolished. He could not bear to think of his countrymen out in that distant land, with no properly managed Church to keep them in the right way, and no one to preach the gospel to the heathen, so in 1813 he asked Parliament to allow a bishop to be sent to India. For two hours he pleaded, strengthened by knowing that, at that very time friends were

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praying for him—and he won his righteous cause.

Bishop Middleton was chosen as first Bishop of Calcutta, and he came to his diocese in 1814. He founded a college, and it was in connection with that college that the S.P.G. work in India began. Bishop Heber succeeded him; you all know his beautiful missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," but perhaps you do not know that it was actually written for the S.P.G. and sung for the first time on Whit Sunday, 1819, at the fine old Church of Wrexham, in North Wales.

Heber was found dead in his bath, after being bishop but two and a half years, and was buried in St. John's Church, Trichinopoly, on the very spot where twelve hours before he had blessed the congregation.

His successor lived only eight months after coming to Calcutta, and the bishop who followed just a year and a half. The diocese was too huge for any one man's power, consisting as it did of the whole of India and Australia!

This state of affairs was altered when Bishop Wilson came to Calcutta, and in 1832 the two dioceses of Madras and Bombay were founded. Bishop Wilson bravely helped Lord W. Bentinck to put down some wicked Hindoo customs, such as the burning alive of widows at their husband's funeral, and the leaving little

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babies unprotected on the river banks, to be eaten by the sacred crocodiles. The bishop was also very brave about the "caste" question.

Now you must thoroughly understand what "caste" means, or you will never be able to sympathize with the tremendous difficulty the missionaries have in getting a Hindoo to become a Christian. The Rev. B. H. Cunningham, himself a missionary in India, has explained it so simply, that I will copy out his own words for you:—

"If the Hindu servant of the missionary has fever, the missionary would like in kindness perhaps to give him a glass of water, but the servant must not take it from the Englishman because of *caste*. One day a native was walking along a road in India, and his shadow fell upon a bowl of food prepared for another Hindu's dinner; the Hindu took the bowl, broke it and spilt the food on the ground. If you ask him why he did this, he would tell you that his food was defiled by the shadow of the other man, because the other man was low-caste. We must try and understand about caste, it is very important. The Hindus think that everyone is born into one of four great classes, or castes:— The *Brahmins*, or priests; the *Kshatriyas*, or warriors; the *Vaisyas*, merchants or farmers; and the *Sudras*, or slaves. No man may eat or drink or smoke with, or even touch a man of lower caste than himself, to do so defiles the

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man; and the native Christian defiles most of all because he is an 'out caste.' Now in England we have our different classes of society; the difference between England and India is this—whereas in England a boy may by hard work and gentlemanly behaviour rise from one class into another class, in India that is impossible.

“A man may lose his caste and fall in to a lower caste, but no one can ever rise. The different castes, they say, were formed from different parts of the god; the priests, for example, sprang from the head, the slaves from the feet of the god. So you see this observance of caste is not only a social custom, it becomes part of the Hindu religion, and he thinks that to eat or drink with a low-caste man is a greater sin than to tell a lie. At school the boys when they go for a drink never use a tumbler or put their mouth to the jug. They hold their hands to their mouth in the form of a cup, and the “bhisti” (water-carrier) pours the water into their hand. The Mahomedans keep their water in a skin, but no Hindu could drink water out of a dead animal's skin, and so the Mahomedan boys have one water-carrier and the Hindus another.

“There is another difficulty about caste; the four castes have been sub-divided into many, each with its own rules; in fact every trade forms a caste by itself. Now, the son of a gold-

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smith might perhaps not care for that trade, but might wish to be something else, perhaps a grocer, but he cannot be anything else without breaking caste; he must be like his father, a goldsmith. Only Brahmins can be cooks or bakers, because no Hindu may eat food cooked by one of lower caste than himself. Shoemakers (*chamars*), because they work with hides, are the lowest of all castes.

“Now I hope we have learnt some of the evils which come from this custom of caste observance.

“(1) It makes it impossible for men to regard one another as brothers. To the question, who is my neighbour? the Hindu says, ‘The man of my own caste is my neighbour.’ (What does Christ say?) A man may lie sick in the streets of Delhi or Cawnpore, and no one will carry him to hospital unless one of his own caste pass by.

“(2) It prevents a boy making the best of the gifts which God has given him, because caste rules require him to be the same as his father.

“(3) It makes it very hard for a Hindu to become a Christian. When a Hindu is baptized he has broken caste, he is an ‘out caste,’ and may never more eat, drink, or smoke with his own people.

“Caste, then, is a work of Satan, but the King’s Messenger, if he preaches against caste, must

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also tell them of the great brotherhood of man with man in the Church of Jesus Christ."

Bishop Wilson found some Indian Christians who would not go to church because some of a lower caste worshipped at the same time in the building. He knew how wrong this was, for whatever ranks there may be in the world, in God's Church all are equal, so he said firmly, "Caste must be abandoned within the Church—decidedly—immediately—finally."

This decision gave great offence to the better class Hindoo Christians, and many left the Church, but the bishop was right, and great good has come from his firmness.

Madras was the second bishopric, and the Rev. D. Corrie, one of the "Five Chaplains," was chosen as first bishop. No holier or better missionary could have been found; he had already worked for thirty years in India, and it is sad to know that he only lived for one year after his consecration.

The Telugu Mission is one of the many helped by the S.P.G. Telugu is the language spoken by the people north of Madras. Their country is very unhealthy, and many of them are very poor. The low castes are utterly despised: they are not allowed to build a house near any high-class Hindoo, and wickedness rages among them. No wonder, when we hear they worship such gods as the god of fever, and the god of cholera!

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Many of these despised Telugu people have turned with all their hearts to the Lord, and have proved their love by enduring persecution bravely from their heathen masters.

Two of the earliest converts became earnest missionaries. Alfred and Basil Wood were two brothers who preached in places where the glad news had never before been heard. Alfred died in the prime of life, but Basil was allowed to work for his Saviour for many years.

Bombay on the West of India had a bishop of its own at the same time as Madras. Two years before (in 1830) the S.P.G. had begun work in the island of Bombay.

In 1877 there was a shocking famine in India. In England we have four seasons: spring, summer, autumn, and winter; out there they have but three: the hot season, the rainy season, and the cold season. If the rain does not fall heavily enough, the rice does not grow, and then the natives starve by thousands, as rice is their chief food. In England we do not know what famine means, for we get most of our corn from our colonies or from foreign countries, so that there is no fear of starvation even if our harvests should fail. But if the harvest fails in India it means whole families and sometimes whole villages dying of starvation.

On hearing of the awful famine of 1877 England gave thousands of pounds to buy food

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for the poor starving natives, but before it could reach them many had died.

A cousin of mine was employed by Government to see that the food got to the right people, and he was about to drive out one day to look after things, when he saw three skeleton-looking forms enter his garden to beg for rice. He turned back and bade his butler give them a meal, but reminded him not to give too much, as it is dangerous for people who have been long without food to eat a hearty meal.

When my cousin returned from his work some hours later, three dead bodies lay stretched on his garden. The food had come too late to save their lives.

Many poor children were left with no one to feed or protect them, and orphanages were hastily opened by the Church and Government for these helpless little ones. There were sad sights to be seen in these orphanages: a missionary tells us that on one day fifty-one famine-stricken boys were admitted, and in spite of every care, only one boy's life was saved.

When the natives saw how much was being done for them, especially by the clergy, they began to think they should like to know more of the Christian's God Who taught men to be so kind and loving, and they flocked to the missionaries asking to be taught. Whole

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villages came promising to throw away their idols, if only we would send them teachers. The saddest thing of all was having to refuse so many of them. There were not enough missionaries to go round, or money to pay for their support. The greatest mission work of the S.P.G. in this diocese is that of Ahmadnagar with its three hundred villages and six thousand Christians, all drawn from one of the lowest castes.

You must not think, however, that Christ's religion is only for the humbler folk. He died for rich and poor and will have all men to be saved. I am glad to tell you that many of the highest Hindoo castes have thrown away all earthly honours for the sake of following the Crucified One, but they have not come in in masses like the others. Father Goreh was one of these: he belonged to the very highest caste of all the Brahmins: he said, "You English cannot imagine what it is for a Brahmin to become a Christian! *It is very awful.*"

His wife, and his grey-haired old father whom he passionately loved, would not speak or have anything whatever to do with him—he had utterly disgraced them by breaking his caste. After his baptism he preached Christ *openly*, and dirt and stones were thrown at him. His father could not long keep up his sternness, and was the first to be reconciled to him, and after a time his wife came back, and by-and-by

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a little daughter was born, and mother and daughter were baptized together. Two days later the mother was taken from him by death, but he could now think of her as "asleep in Jesus." The little girl lived and grew up to be a comfort to her father and a faithful member of Christ's Church; she is the author of that beautiful hymn, "In the secret of His Presence."

Lahore diocese was founded in 1877. Dr. Valpy French was the first bishop, a man of magnificent powers, all given to missionary work. His name will never be forgotten by Christian Indians, on account of his care for them during the terrible days of the Mutiny. He was then working in Agra, when suddenly the news spread that a great army of treacherous sepoy was every moment expected. The English in Agra were hurried into the Fort, as being the safest place—there was just room for them, but only a small supply of food. Mr. French would not come in, unless he might bring with him everyone of his Indian converts. His request was at first refused, on which he utterly declined to save himself without them. He would not enter the Fort till he had seen every Christian Indian safe inside; he knew well that if the Sepoys found any Christians they would kill them; if a man even spoke English he was severely beaten.

There is grand work being done in Delhi,

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which belongs to this diocese, by the Cambridge Mission in connection with the S.P.G.

I must tell you how the first Christian church came to be built in this wonderful city of heathen temples and mosques, which you know are Mohammedan houses of prayer.

There was no Christian church when the victorious British army entered Delhi early in the last century, only magnificent domes and minarets against the brilliant blue sky—not a single cross, the sign of our holy faith.

A young officer was struck by this as he led his men into the city, and he then vowed in his heart, that if ever he had the means, he would here build a church in honour of his Lord and Saviour. Twenty years later Colonel Skinner, C.B., fulfilled his vow, and the beautiful church of St. James was consecrated in Delhi in 1836.

Later on, an S.P.G. missionary, Mr. Jennings, baptized two noted men in that cross-crowned church, one of them named Ram Chunder, first wished to be a Christian on a day when he happened to look in St. James Church, and was struck by the reverent behaviour of the congregation. He was amazed to see “all the people kneeling, and appearing as if to them God were really present.”

This is a lesson to us to be very reverent always at prayers, whether at home or in church. We little know what power we possess

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of leading others right or wrong. My father was at one time rector of a small country village in Gloucestershire; he had family prayers every day, and if any outsider happened to be working in house or garden, he was reckoned as one of the household servants, and attended prayers like the others.

A labourer who did not bear a good character in the village, but who was the only man then at liberty, was had in to do an odd job at the rectory, and of course he came in with the servants into the sunny dining-room for family prayers that day.

Only *once* did he come, but from that hour he was a changed man. No more lounging and drinking at the village inn, no more coarse language. He became a sober, industrious, God-fearing man. When questioned as to what brought about this happy change, he owned it was the prayers at the rectory that morning; everyone kneeling and "confessing their sins; even the kiddies putting their hands together and saying 'Our Father.' Well, I seemed to see what a black sheep I was, and I made up my mind I would be a different man."

The other convert who was baptized by Mr. Jennings was Chummun Lal; and when, five years later, the Mutiny broke out, he was butchered by the Sepoys, "because he denied not that he was a Christian."

At the same time Mr. Jennings and his

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daughter, and another clergyman, Rev. A. R. Hubbard, and two catechists, were killed in Delhi.

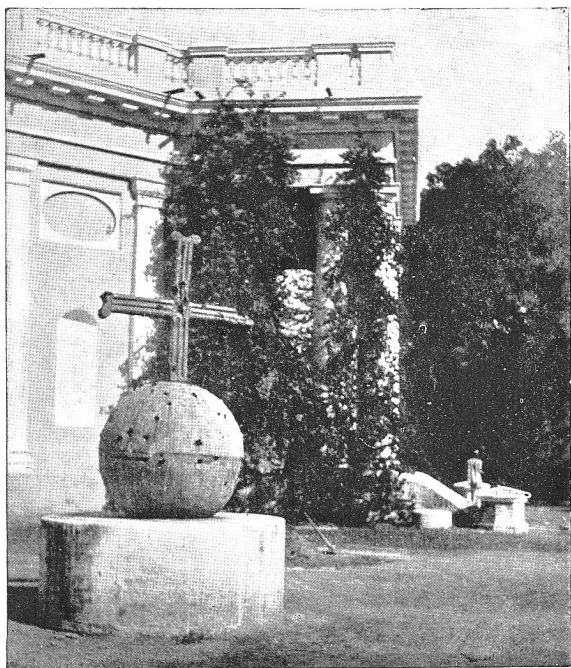
I am glad to say that Ram Chunder, after hiding for two days, managed to make his escape, and remained faithful till death to his Saviour.

You must now look out Burmah in the map, for in 1877 (the same year as that of Lahore) a bishopric was founded there, and called Rangoon after the chief town of the country. In it is the famous temple built over eight hairs of Gautama or Buddha!

The Church of England woke up very late to her duty in Burmah. For three hundred years the Roman Catholics had been working there, and other religious bodies had followed their lead. The heroic Dr. Judson came from America in 1813, and went through terrible hardships. At one time he was loaded with heavy fetters and chained to a pole in the middle of a dungeon called the Death Prison, because all who were put in it were executed; his life was, however, spared.

It was not till 1857 that the S.P.G. thought about Burmah, and a little later sent out the famous Dr. Marks as schoolmaster. So well did he do his work that before he had been a year in the country, his pupils numbered three hundred.

In 1868, by invitation of the King of Burmah,



CROSS AND BALL OF ST. JAMES CHURCH, DELHI,
RIDDLED WITH SHOT BY THE MUTINEERS.

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he went to Mandalay. You must read all about the strange things he saw there. In 1878 Mandalay and Upper Burmah were annexed by the British Government on account of the cruelty and misgovernment of Theebaw.

Some islands lying far away in the Indian Ocean must here be mentioned. They are the Andaman and Nicobar islands, and they also belong to this diocese.

The Andamans are of great interest to clever people, as their inhabitants had not been disturbed by other races till we conquered them. They are the real unmixed natives of the island, which they fully believe is the whole world!

“If you are the whole world, then where have we come from?” asked the white men.

“You are the spirits of our relations who died,” they answered; and to this day all strangers are called by them, “departed spirits.” Very few have become Christians, and there is no missionary willing to settle among this wild, rude race, who, sad to say, are fast dying out.

Nicobar has an earnest catechist, who has already a good congregation, some of whom have been baptized and confirmed.

The bishopric of Travancore and Cochin was founded in 1879; these are the names of two native states which form the diocese. Almost

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one quarter of their population are Christians. The ancient Syrian Church, which is said to have been founded by St. Thomas, is included in these numbers. The Church Missionary Society and the Church of England Zenana Mission are doing good work here.

Chota Nagpur was made a bishopric in 1890, but long before this Christianity had been taught by German missionaries. Four young Germans landed at Calcutta in 1845, and they continually asked God to give them the work He wanted them to do.

One day, when they were walking by the river bank, they saw some strange men, very dark-skinned with merry faces, quite unlike the Hindoos and Mohammedans and others generally seen in the streets of Calcutta.

These were Kols, the original inhabitants of India, and the young men found out that their home was fifteen days' march off, among the hills (the railway now takes you there in a few hours). They heard, too, that no missionary had ever gone to these despised savages, and the young Germans felt sure that this was their work. They at once followed these Kols to their far-away homes and set about building themselves a mud hut to live in. They had soon to enlarge this hut, as the resident magistrate sent them little orphan boys to bring up, whom he had rescued in a famine.

These children were the only ones whom

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they could teach to love God; no one else would come near them or listen to their teaching, and they were stoned out of the villages. At last they got so down-hearted that they wrote to their pastor and asked him if they might give up trying to convert the Kols and go somewhere else as missionaries?

This was his answer: "Whether you convert the Kols or not, your duty is just the same. Go on praying—we here will do the same—we will pray and work for you."

With the help of their orphan boys they built a school and a tiny church, and here everyday they worshipped God.

Five long years of disappointment went by, and then a wonderful thing happened. Four Kols came to the missionaries and said they wanted to see Jesus. They were gladly invited to join in the evening prayers, at which they behaved very well. But when the prayers were finished they repeated their request. "Your words please us, but we want to see Jesus Himself." In vain the missionaries told them that with their bodily eyes this was not possible; the Kols went away very angry, abusing the Christians for hiding the Lord Jesus from them!

No doubt the poor missionaries felt sad at the end of this first interview, but they comforted themselves by prayer, and in a week back came the same Kols with the same

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yearning cry: "We want to see Jesus! We cannot rest till we have seen Jesus!" Then one of the young men took the Kols into an inner room and shut the door, and prayed most earnestly that God would send His light into their dark hearts, and enable them to see their Saviour with the eye of faith. After this the Kols went quietly away.

Some time passed—nothing more was seen of their visitors, and the lonely, unsuccessful teachers must have indeed begun to feel hopeless, when once again the same Kols were seen coming to the church for the evening prayers.

When the service was over they walked to the mission house with faces full of joy, telling the missionaries, "Now we see you are keeping back nothing from us, no idol of Jesus—now we are satisfied—now we want to be made Christians."

This happened in 1850; seven years later there were hundreds of baptized Kols. God had rewarded His faithful servants.

The Mutiny and other troubles much impoverished the mission, and the leaders asked the Church of England to receive them, and in April, 1869, the Bishop of Calcutta ordained three Germans and one Kol as deacons, and confirmed six hundred and thirty-three Kols. Altogether about seven thousand joined the Church of England.

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The S.P.G. comforted and nourished this great family, building schools and churches for them, and sending out the Rev. J. C. Whitley to Ranchi to help them; the beautiful church that was built in that place afterwards became the cathedral with this faithful missionary as first bishop.

This happened in 1890, and two years later another blessing was granted to the diocese by the arrival of the first members of the Dublin Mission, working with the S.P.G., who settled at Hazaribagh. This name means "A Thousand Tigers!"

The largest tiger at the Zoological Gardens in London comes from this district. Not so long ago one was shot in Chota Nagpur, which was said to have eaten two hundred and sixteen people.

The Dublin Mission work chiefly amongst Hindoos and Mohammedans; they have splendid schools, which are also attended by Kols. After visiting one of these schools, Sir John Woodburn, one of the rulers of India, said publicly, "I was amazed at the wonderful work which was going on in this diocese. We are accustomed to speak of the 'savage tribes of the hills.' What did I find? In the missionaries' schools there are scores of boys rapidly attaining the University standard in education." Such power has Christ's religion to raise the very lowest.

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The Lucknow diocese was formed in 1893, but the first Christian convert in those parts was baptized by Henry Martyn, in 1810, at Cawnpore.

The C.M.S. and the S.P.G. share together the honour of evangelizing the next diocese, which was founded in 1896 (Tinnevely and Madura), and rejoice together to see the dawning life of the native Indian Church. These native Christians have started, entirely by themselves, a missionary society for converting their own heathen friends and relations, and this society they most loyally support.

This diocese is in the very hottest part of India, in the south-east corner. I do not think that either you or I would care to live there, for the saying goes, that for nine months of the year it is *very* hot, and for the next three months, hotter still!

The S.P.G. mission at Nazareth is a joy to the Church of God; it has been under the fostering care of Canon Arthur Margoschis, who, after twenty-eight years of that trying climate, in 1908, died; every Christian here has been taught to be a missionary to the heathen, and some time in every week is set apart for this purpose. By this means five hundred converts were baptized in one year alone, and they were made children of God on the very place where they used to sacrifice to devils.

I must tell you of the strange way three

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hundred of these heathen became Christians. They lived in four tiny villages near Nazareth, and they had been much frightened and worried by some of the "Thief Caste" robbing them. They asked the missionary to help them and he did a very kind thing—he went for a week and lived amongst them, and the "Thief Caste," finding that the Christian priest was protecting them, dared not fight against him and his God.

The poor villagers were so thankful for the peace he had brought them, that they told him they would like to become Christians. He would not, however, baptize them till he knew they were really in earnest, so for two long years they were taught the faith, and their conduct was watched till it was certain that they no longer worshipped idols or devils, but were trying to be good.

Then they were all baptized.

Most of the Christians of Tinnevely belong to the Shanar, or tree-climbing caste: they climb trees sixty or seventy feet high two or three times a day, in order to collect the sap—which is their food. Never was a more useful tree than this Palmyra palm: it gives food, as you see, and shade; its leaves roof the houses, and furniture is made from its stalks, and hats and stuffs from its fibre. One leaf alone is strong enough and big enough to make a bucket!

The diocese of Nagpur was founded in 1902.

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The Church Missionary undertake most of the work here; the S.P.G. having only one small mission under an Indian clergyman: it also provides two clergymen for work among the Europeans.

The Island of Ceylon had a bishop as long ago as 1845: he is called the Bishop of Colombo, from the name of the chief town. This island has had Christianity for about four hundred years, brought first by the Portuguese, and then by the Dutch.

Ceylon became a possession of Great Britain in 1798. I am sorry to say the Church grievously failed in keeping up the Christianity that was then in the land, and there are fewer Christians now in the island than when we first took possession of it—only about one person in ten is now a Christian.

The C.M.S. has a great many stations there: the S.P.G. work is chiefly strengthening the Churches that need it, so that a bold attack may be made on the stronghold of heathenism.

All these dioceses I have been telling you about form the "Province of India and Ceylon." I will write down their names, as I did for the Province of South Africa, and those in italics are assisted by the S.P.G.

Calcutta.

Madras.

Bombay.

Colombo.

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Lahore.

Rangoon.

Travancore and Cochin.

Chota Nagpur.

Lucknow.

Tinnevelly and Madura.

Nagpur.

CHAPTER X.

Siam—The Malay Peninsula and Singapore—Borneo—
Mr. James Brooke and Dr. McDougall—The Story
of Igoh—China—The Boxer Rising and the S.P.G.
Martyrs—Corea—How Christianity first reached Corea
—Japan—The Day of Intercession for Foreign
Missions, 1872—The Six Japanese Dioceses—The
“Nippon Sei Ko Kwai,” or the Holy Catholic
Church of Japan.

WE must now find Siam on the map—it is wonderful how much geography we learn from the S.P.G.

Siam lies between Burmah and the Malay Peninsula; Bangkok is its chief town, where Canon Greenstock is our only missionary.

Now move on to the Malay Peninsula and find “Province of Wellesley.” That belongs to England, and so does the island of Penang opposite; in both of these places the S.P.G. is helping as also in Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan, all of which are adjacent native states.

Then further south lies the island of Singapore, twenty-seven miles long, with its town of the same name. Singapore is perhaps one of the most important cities of the world,

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for through it passes a great part of the trade of Europe and Australia with China and Japan. It is called "the meeting-place of nations," and as long ago as 1861 the S.P.G. placed a missionary there.

It now has a bishop of its very own, and as the diocese of Singapore includes all the places of which I have just told you, there will be plenty of work for the bishop and clergy to do.

Now cross the sea from the Malay Peninsula to the island of Borneo, the second largest island in the world; the greatest part of it belongs to Holland, but the northern district, which is by far the most important, is under British protection.

Borneo is divided into four parts:—

1. The State of British North Borneo.
2. The State of Brunei.
3. The Island of Labuan.
4. Sarawak.

The capital of British North Borneo is Sandakan, where there is a beautiful stone church with schools for boys and girls.

Another mission was started in British North Borneo to a tribe called Muruts. These men have long jet-black hair, and have a custom of pulling out their eyebrows and eyelashes, and filing their teeth into points, but this mission has been abandoned for lack of workers.

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Brunei is a tiny native state, and the people in it are chiefly Mohammedans.

The island of Labuan is important on account of its valuable coal mines, which are chiefly worked by Chinese, many of whom are Christians. They have built themselves a little church, but they also are now without a leader.

It is to be hoped that this state of things will not long continue, for now Borneo has again a bishop of its own, with the old title of "Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak." The last two bishops had to look after Singapore and the Straits Settlements in addition.

Sarawak, the fourth part of the island of Borneo, which is under British protection, has a most interesting history, for over it an Englishman rules, with English officers under him, to help him in governing his strange kingdom.

The children in the S.P.G. schools at Kuching, which is the capital of Sarawak, learn the same catechism as English boys and girls do, but instead of repeating, "To honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him," they say, "to honour and obey the Rajah."

They are very fond of their English ruler, and they ought to be, for he is most kind to them.

Once when Rajah Brooke was distributing the prizes at school, he said, "Boys, when I

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pass your playground, and see you enjoying yourselves at cricket and football, you always stop to salute me. But you do something more than salute me, you always smile at me. I value the salute, but I value the smile much more."

The Rajah who spoke these words to the school children is the nephew of the first Rajah Brooke. I must now tell you about that good man.

He was a rich young Englishman, very fond of the sea, who used to go cruising about in strange waters, partly for his own amusement, and partly for the sake of his health.

In 1830 he visited Borneo, where he saw and heard of such terrible doings that he could not get them out of his thoughts. No life was safe there. If a man was working in his own garden, or inside his own house, or taking a walk, he was liable to be killed in an instant by a fierce head-hunter. The natives were also at the mercy of the Malay pirates, who would swoop down on any fishing boat, murder the crew, and take the boat and its contents as a prize. War, bloodshed and slavery, agony and desolation abounded. There was no rest anywhere, and no Government that could put down the injustice, violence, and wickedness.

Mr. James Brooke was deeply moved by the misery of the unhappy island, and he felt he could make no better use of his life than by

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trying to change this poor oppressed country into a happy and law-abiding one.

No good work is done without preparation and for eight years Mr. Brooke tried to fit himself for his lifework. He found out all that was then known about the natives of Borneo, some of whom belonged to the fierce head-hunting Dyak race, whose glory it was to cut off as many heads as possible of man, woman, or child, friend or foe, it did not matter which. No young Dyak of those days ever dreamed of asking a girl to marry him unless he could bring her a present of a human head; without this ghastly offering she would have nothing to say to him.

Mr. Brooke also learnt that the country was naturally very fruitful, but that few crops were sown by the sea coast on account of the Malay pirates, nor inland because of the ceaseless wars.

At last all was ready for Mr. Brooke's venture; he set out in his yacht called "The Royalist," and landed at Kuching in August, 1838.

Little by little he put down wrong, and upheld the right. The natives learnt to trust him, and the land became quieter, happier, richer, wherever his influence was felt. The King of Sarawak saw this, and offered the sovereignty to the Englishman in exchange for a pension, adding, he would go and live at the

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court of his nephew, who was the Sultan of Brunei. This actually came to pass in 1841, and Mr. Brooke was proclaimed Rajah of Sarawak.

Six years later the Rajah came to England to search for Christian priests and teachers for his subjects. A splendid man was found for him, the Rev. F. T. McDougall, who, being a doctor as well as a clergyman, was invaluable. You may imagine how busy he was, the only doctor in the whole state of Sarawak, which is much larger than England.

In 1854 the S.P.G. came to the help of the Church in Borneo, and it has taken care of it ever since. Mr. McDougall was consecrated as its first bishop, and more clergymen came out from England to teach the head-hunting Dyaks the religion of love.

The Dyaks have very strange houses. They are enormous, and sometimes a whole village is contained under one roof.

These houses are raised about twelve feet from the ground, so as to avoid the scorpions and snakes which abound. The staircase to the great doorway is usually the trunk of a tree, which is provided with notches as steps.

From the doorway you enter a passage which belongs to everybody, and runs straight through the house. On one side of this are the sleeping and eating rooms, one for each family, and on the other side is a wide verandah, which

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has no walls, only a roof. This place is the workshop of the village, where nets are mended, boats built, etc.

There are now eight mission stations in Sarawak for which the S.P.G. is responsible. At one of them called Banting there is a school. Igoh, a young native, heard of this, and he travelled two days on foot and four days by boat, in order to reach it. When he arrived at Banting after this long journey there was bad news for him. The head clergyman was away on a preaching tour, so he could not see Igoh, who was found to be over the age for admittance to the school; no boarder was to be more than fourteen years old.

Igoh, however, was not to be baulked of his great desire to learn about Christianity, so he waited patiently six days till the priest returned, then only to hear the same verdict, "too old."

But Igoh pleaded so pitifully that at last an exception was made in his favour, and he was allowed to join the school. Ah, how hard he did work; he seemed to know his time was short, for after only four months he had to return home again, as the school had to be closed for a time. But what a change had come over that young fellow in those sixteen weeks. Igoh had learned to read and write well; he had been taught the truths of the Christian religion and had been baptized—he had, moreover, received the Sacrament of Confirmation,

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and had partaken of Christ's Blessed Body and Blood.

Thus changed from darkness to light he went back to his heathen home, where witch-doctors, head-hunters, and wickedness raged; a place in which no missionary had ever set foot, and where he would be the only Christian. It seemed well-nigh impossible that Igoh could lead a holy life in such surroundings, and the missionary was very anxious about the youth, very full of prayer for the young convert. But Igoh knew his Saviour was with him, and like St. Paul, he found it true, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me."

A year passed, and then the missionary heard news that made his heart glad. Igoh sent a message to ask him to visit his village to give Baptism to forty of his tribe.

The priest of God set out joyfully on that lonely journey, and what a surprise awaited him when he reached his scholar's home. He knew he should find some instructed natives waiting for him. Igoh had told him that much, but he never expected to find a church in the midst of that cannibal tribe! There it was, built and used every day by Igoh and the souls he had won for Christ. He is still doing good work for God as a catechist.

I have told you this story to show how even one soul may bring in many others to the fold. The heathen in Borneo are still uttering their

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plaintive cry for help, and the bishop is asking us, who have all the rich blessings of the gospel, to send teachers to these Dyaks.

Now find China on the map, that wonderful old country whose people were civilised over four thousand years ago.

I will copy out a verse from a poem written by a Chinese at that time, and which has now been translated into English. "Merry and Wise," such is its title.

" Our work is finished for the year,
Our carts may idle stand ;
The cricket on the hearth we hear,
For winter is at hand.
Now is the time for sportive fun,
For frolic and enjoyments,
Before the days and months bring on
Fresh labours and employments."

Christianity was brought to China about A.D. 500, by some Persian monks, who learnt to make silk while they were in the country, and carried this long-kept secret back to Persia and Europe.

In A.D. 781 a monument was put up by a Christian in China giving the names of about eighty bishops and priests who belonged to the Chinese Church, so that Christianity must have been widely preached at that time. Sixty-four years later, however, it was swept away, and all foreign missionaries were forbidden to teach there, yet when Marco Polo, the great traveller,

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visited China, about 1270, he still found some Christian people and also some churches.

Then, later on, the Franciscan friars came to China, but their work did not endure, though Johannes de Monte Corvino, first Archbishop of Peking, was a noble man, and died at his post after many years' work for his Lord.

Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary whom we have already met with in India, came and preached Christ in China also, and died there. Since Francis Xavier's day, in spite of laws against Christianity, and persecution of the followers of Christ, the true religion had never been quite crushed out of the land.

It was very difficult to force an entry into China about this time, on account of a revelation that had been made (so he said) to one of the emperors.

He declared that it was prophesied to him that the country should be conquered by a grey-eyed people. So from that date all foreigners were forbidden to enter China, and this law held good till the middle of the last century, when the land was obliged to open its doors to Europeans.

The Anglican Church was backward in taking up her duty of preaching the gospel to the Chinese—her sister Church in America had a bishop in China five years before we had our first in 1849.

The S.P.G. began working for China in 1843,

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and it now takes care of the diocese of North China and the diocese of Shantung.

Besides these there are already seven other dioceses chiefly supported by the C.M.S. and the Church of the United States and the Church of Canada. The missionaries have worked bravely, and they can praise God for the noble army of martyrs who steadfastly confessed and died for the faith in the "year of trouble" 1900.

China had been full of discontent, believing that European nations meant to seize their land and divide it between them, and they had some ground for their fears,

A number of desperate Chinamen therefore banded themselves together, vowing to drive out or kill all foreigners—they called themselves by a very odd name, "The Fist of Righteous Harmony." A witty writer to the newspapers gave them the nickname of "Boxers," and this is the name by which they are now known.

These "Boxers" became very powerful, and besieged the foreign ambassadors in their "Legations," as their official houses are called. Luckily these houses were all close together, so that it was possible to fortify the little group of streets in Peking, in which the Legations were situated, and from the 20th of June till the 14th of August, 1900, these hastily contrived defences kept off the Boxers and frustrated

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their plans to murder the foreigners. You may imagine how thankful these people in the barricaded houses were when they heard the European troops marching in to save them, and to insist on the Chinese Government restoring order.

Thousands of native Christians had been put to death by these Boxers, and the S.P.G. had three clergymen among the martyrs—the Rev. Sidney M. W. Brooks killed in December, 1899, and six months later the Rev. Charles Robinson and the Rev. Harry V. Norman.

The missionaries' buildings were found utterly wrecked, but suffering always strengthens the Church, and now there is a Chinese college for training native clergy firmly established, many Chinese schools, hospitals, and a wholly Christian village in the S.P.G. dioceses alone.

The Chinese are so anxious now for English education that the students flock to the mission schools, and many have to be refused for lack of room and teachers. Even girls are sent to be taught, and I should find it difficult to tell you of half the blessings that Christianity will bring to the women and girls of China.

If you were to ask a Chinaman how many children he had, he would, perhaps, answer *four* when he had *six*. Why? Because the other two were girls and they were not worth counting. Indeed, where Christianity has not

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been taught, you will see bodies of dead baby girls floating on ponds and lakes—thrown away as rubbish by their parents.

Wives and children are simply the property of the man, he may beat them or sell them if he likes. When a Chinaman becomes a Christian he has to promise that he will never sell one of his family. Christianity makes the lives of Chinese women much pleasanter; they are no longer shut up in a dull courtyard, but can go to church and see their neighbours. Little girls no longer have their feet bound, which was a most painful process. Now little Christian Chinese girls can jump and run about, whereas their heathen sisters can only hobble. It was a very senseless custom, and even Chinese unbelievers are beginning to see how silly it is.

There is a great deal you ought to read about this wonderful country, where you can go for a ride in a wheelbarrow with sails, and where land is so valuable that people make floating gardens on which to grow their food.

The most northern part of China is called Manchuria, and it is hoped soon to place a bishop there, and form it into a separate diocese.

Joining China on its extreme north-east lies the peninsula of Corea. This poor country has always had a troublous time, with China on one side and Japan on the other, longing to

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swallow it up. Russia also had an eye on it, and this caused the great Russian-Japanese war in which the Japanese were victorious. Now they are masters of Corea and the proud Coreans are humiliated. One good is arising out of this—the Coreans in their trouble are more ready to listen to the gospel story. A man once came to a missionary and said, “I want to learn your religion, for people tell me it cures sorrow.” And the Coreans are now learning, in their bitterness of soul, to turn to “the God of all comfort.”

It is curious to find in what way Christianity got a footing in Corea, for this was till lately an unknown land, sealed up like China and Japan.

In 1794 some grand official Coreans were returning from China, where they had been on an embassy to the Emperor.

On arriving in Corea they found some fragments of Christian books among their goods. These must have belonged to Francis Xavier and his companions, whom you remember as early missionaries to China.

The better class of the Coreans were men of good education; they printed books long before we English did, and they became very much interested in the Christian religion these chance books told them about. They tried to set Christianity up themselves, not knowing that there must be properly ordained ministers to

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form a true Church. They did their best though, and set apart buildings for services, and called some of their members priests and one a bishop. Later on they asked the Roman Catholics in China to come and help them, but it was not till 1831 that the Pope sent them a bishop and priests. Then the work grew and many became Christians.

In 1866 a great persecution broke out. Two bishops and a number of priests with their congregations were massacred.

Corea is a difficult country for us to work in on account of the various languages spoken. Missionaries must know Corean, Japanese, and Chinese, to be of real use.

Japan lies one hundred miles distant from Corea. It consists of four large islands and about two thousand small ones. The Japanese call their country "the land of the rising sun," because it is the most easterly part of the world, the nearest land to it being America, four thousand miles away. This is the meaning of the rising sun seen on the Japanese flag.

Japan is a most beautiful and rich country, but there are such frequent earthquakes, I should not like to live there.

A friend of mine, who had been a missionary in Japan for some years, told me it was rather like living on a jelly-bag! The houses are built of thin wood, and the inside walls are

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of paper, so that they rock backwards and forwards with the shocks, and do not fall down as a brick or stone ones would.

St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary, came here in 1549, and preached Christ to the Japanese; he and his followers made thousands of converts, some of them belonging to the grandest families in the land.

After a time the Japanese people became alarmed, and thought these foreign priests had come as spies to wrest their country from them, so they determined to put an end to Christianity.

They meant to exterminate the Christians, and began their cruel work with great thoroughness. They instituted a special court of law, the head of which was called the "Christian Inquisitor"; he had many officers under him whose duties were to search out the Christians, whether Japanese or European, and bring them to him, that he might examine them by torture and then put them to death.

This is one of their plans for finding out who were followers of the crucified Saviour, and who were not.

A party of detectives would visit each house in turn, and order all who lived in it to come into their presence.

Then they placed a cross on the ground and each person, man, woman, or child, was ordered to trample on it, as a sign that the cross meant nothing to them. The faithful

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Christians refused to do this, as it appeared like denying their Lord. Then they were seized at once, bound, and carried to the Inquisitor, who, before he killed them, made them to suffer great tortures.

Twenty Japanese and six of the Portuguese missionaries were the first to die. They were all crucified at the same time, and after this, thousands more were added to the list of martyrs who died the same death as their Lord.

Many others were thrown from a cliff into the sea, and one of these was a little boy, only five years old, who was most cruelly and barbarously treated before his soul was taken to eternal bliss. This place is still called "The Rock of the Martyrs."

I believe that about two hundred and fifty thousand Christians lost their life at this time, and it seemed as if there could not be one left in the whole of Japan. Proclamations were posted up in every public place, saying torture and execution awaited all Christians.

In spite of these placards, and in spite of the dreadful deaths by which the martyrs had glorified God, the graves of the holy Portuguese priests were constantly dressed with fresh flowers. No one knew who placed them there, though this custom was kept up for years.

After this Japan was closed to all foreigners for two hundred and fifty years.

The Americans at last got permission to

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trade with Japan ; their powerful warships had impressed the Japanese, and they felt that they had better accede to the requests of these determined foreigners ; trade was soon set up with other nations also.

At that time the Emperor of Japan, or "Mikado" as he is called, was a very wise man. "My country," he said, "is going to be one of the greatest nations of the world, so she must use foreign ways." He therefore founded Houses of Parliament, and built up a strong army and navy, with the result that Japan is now reckoned one of the great Powers.

Christianity was fully recognised in 1884, and a Roman Catholic priest paid a visit to the town which once had contained so many Christians, and where the detectives had tried to make them trample the cross underfoot.

When he had been there a few days some Japanese came to see him, saying, "Our heart is as your heart." He questioned them as to what they meant by these words, and, to his amazement he learnt that there were still more than a thousand Christians in Japan ! This was after two hundred and fifty years of persecution, with notices up in every public place offering rewards for the discovery of anyone belonging to that "evil sect called Christian ;" when there was no Christian priest, or Bible, or house of prayer in the land—such life is there in the seed of the gospel. From father to son

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the faith had been handed on, and now these steadfast people would have the joy of a visible church, with priests and Sacraments to cheer them!

In 1854 Japan was open to foreigners, but it was not till 1872 that the S.P.G. entered the field. Interest in missions was at a low ebb in England, and all the Societies were in need of men. Neither was money for the work freely offered.

At last the proper remedy was found. The S.P.G. came forward and suggested that the whole Church should have a solemn Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, to pray God to stir the hearts of His people to take up this glorious work. The plan was adopted, and the 20th day of December, 1872, was the first day of united prayer for missions.

Countless were the prayers that went up to God in his holy heaven, and He Who is "always more ready to hear than we are to pray," was pleased to grant a full answer to these petitions.

Since that day the number of missions has increased marvellously.

It was through those prayers that two clergymen offered themselves for North China, one being the present Bishop Scott.

A gentleman was also moved to give a large sum of money for the work of spreading Christ's Name abroad.

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We keep the "Day of Intercession" every year now—it is held on St. Andrew's Day, or very near to it, because you know he was the Apostle who, as soon as he had found Christ, went at once to tell the good news to his brother, and he brought him to the Saviour.

There are six dioceses in Japan now :—

South Tokyo.

Kiushiu (South Japan).

Osaka.

Hokkaido.

Tokyo (American).

Kyoto.

The American, C.M.S., and S.P.G. bishops and clergy are all working shoulder to shoulder, rejoicing that in Japan there is now a living branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

Japan has already about fifty Japanese priests and deacons, and there are thousands of Church members ; it only needs now a Japanese bishop to make it in the truest sense a national Japanese Church.

When you read in missionary news of "Nippon Sei Ko Kwai," you must remember that is the Japanese for "The Holy Catholic Church of Japan."

CHAPTER XI.

The first European Peopling of Australia—Bishop Broughton—1851, The Golden Year—Towns, Bush, Back Country, “Never, Never Land”—Tasmania—New Guinea—New Zealand and its first Bishop.

THE continent of Australia is about the same size as the whole of Europe ; it belongs to Great Britain, and ours is the chief European nation that has peopled it.

The original inhabitants, called the aborigines, are comparatively few, and of a very low type. They build no houses, not even a mud hut for a shelter ; but for a resting-place they only scoop out a hole in the earth and lay branches over it. They sow no seed, and do no digging, but manage to live on all sorts of roots and creeping things, such as beetles, grasshoppers, and slugs.

For a long while they were utterly neglected by England, and worse than that, they were even hunted down, like animals. But now the Church is working among them, and has taught some of these natives to build cottages which they keep beautifully clean. They have been taught also to grow rice, coffee, maize, and vegetables of all kinds.

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Through the representations of the Church, the Government is granting Reserves for these aborigines, like the Red Indian Reserves in Canada. The poor natives are gentle and dog-like in their devotion to those who are kind to them. Some of them have already been baptized and confirmed, and at a mission station called Yarrabah, several have become catechists or teachers.

A missionary working among them at Trubandman thus describes the boys in his school: "They are bright, cheerful, and happy, their faces have lost the 'old man' look; the little shrivelled bodies have grown up into straight, strapping youths. The hard cunning look is gone from their eyes; merriment has taken its place."

The Church with her Sacraments is doing what the world thought impossible, changing these poor, degraded aborigines into good workmen and citizens, and soldiers of Jesus Christ. Leading peaceful, healthy lives, they are now increasing in numbers.

The beginning of the history of the occupation of Australia is a sad one, for it was used as a place to send our prisoners to, such as had been sentenced to transportation.

In 1788 the first batch of 757 of these miserable persons arrived in charge of two hundred soldiers. The souls of poor prisoners were of little account in those days, and not even one clergyman was appointed to go out with them; a good bishop,

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however, pleaded so earnestly that at least one priest should accompany the party, that one was appointed just before the ship started on its sad voyage.

Government built no churches for these convicts, but after six years the chaplain put one up at his own expense, using it for a church on Sunday, and as a school on weekdays.

At one period they had no clergyman whatever, and then the convicts had to spend their Sundays each locked up in a sort of cage.

Their bodies even were not properly cared for. Sometimes the people were mad with hunger, when ships bringing supplies from England were delayed; their clothing was often reduced to scraps of sail-cloth.

You must not think that all the prisoners were very wicked men because they were transported. Punishments were very severe in olden days: a man could be hanged for stealing anything more than four shillings in value, and many a man has been executed for stealing a sheep. A great proportion of these prisoners were sent out of the country for what we should now call light offences, and had they been helped to make a good start in the new world, all would have been well. Of course there were some desperate characters amongst them, but all—bad, and merely careless—were huddled together without any distinction, and all neglected!

In 1826 the Government declined to send out

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any more chaplains, though the number of convicts increased each year. No wonder that wickedness raged unchecked.

The S.P.G. did a little to improve matters, for in 1793 it gave money for the support of schoolmasters to the settlements; and forty years later it planted churches in every quarter of Australia. These churches are self-supporting now, for when the transportation of prisoners ceased in 1839, Australia, with its splendid possibilities, rose to be one of the important countries of the world.

It was the Church who helped to raise Australia to this position. Bishop Broughton, the first Australian bishop, was a splendid man; he came to the colony at her darkest hour, and with his strong, holy character, and wise guiding, he succeeded in lifting the country out of the mire.

The bishop made long journeys through his great diocese to learn how he could best supply the needs of the new settlers who came in their thousands. In 1843 he wrote: "I have just been a journey of fifteen hundred miles, occupying more than three months, and I ought to start again to-morrow."

The Australian Church has now twenty bishops, and needs yet more.

As the Church Councils formed the model for our great English Parliament, so it was in Australia—the Church organization there sug-

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gested to Sir Henry Parkes the lines upon which the Commonwealth of Australia could be carried out.

1851 was a year of very hard work for the Church. This was "the golden year"—hundreds of thousands of people flocked to Australia to try and make their fortunes in the gold mines which were just discovered.

I will now tell you how two of the great discoveries were made.

The chief honour must be given to Mr. Hargraves, who was the first to prove that gold existed in Australia, and, like a true patriot, informed his Government at once of the fact.

I expect you have heard how gold was found in California, and what a rush diggers made to get there. Well, Mr. G. H. Hargraves was one of these—he dug and dug away for weeks, but had no luck, so he thought he would go home again. Back he went, with empty pockets, but his brain full of ideas, which he soon translated into action.

On reaching Australia he went as soon as possible to the little stream of Summerhill Creek that ran by his home in New South Wales. Yes, he was not disappointed, it looked exactly like the little stream in California, and the rocks on each side were the same colour, and the ground all round seemed the same description of soil. If these produced gold in California, why not in Australia?

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He set to work digging, sifting, and washing, and sure enough there was the yellow gold!

He wrote at once to the Government telling what he had found, and they sent clever inspectors post haste to see if all was true. It was found to be rich gold, and when the news spread the rush of fortune-seekers began. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Hargraves received a large reward for his discovery.

In another case it was one of the poor aborigines who showed his master a gold mine. He noticed how excited the white people became over bits of yellow stone, and one day he told Dr. Kerr he could show him a large bit of the shining rock. The man led him to a spot where, sticking right out of the earth, was a huge nugget of gold worth four thousand pounds!

It is not often that gold is seen in huge lumps like that.

In the autumn of that "golden year," the richest gold mine of all was discovered at Mount Alexander in the Colony of Victoria.

Sheep-farming, also, has made Australia rich; much of the mutton that we eat comes from there, and Australian wool is famous all the world over.

The country is so enormous, and the towns are so far from one another, that the Church has hard work to keep in touch with the people. I must explain to you that the people who live in towns call everything else "the Bush," even though

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it may not have a bush or tree growing near it!

The farmers, who of course live in "the Bush," speak of the less inhabited part as "the Back Country," while the Squatter, who lives in the "Back Country," calls the middle of Australia (which nobody knows much about) by the funny name of "Never, Never Land."

Now in all these "Towns," "Bush," "Back Country," and "Never, Never Land," there are British families living whose souls need caring for. How to reach them is the great difficulty. Some, alas, have already almost sunk into heathenism. This need not have been, and would not be, had they kept up the good old habits of Bible reading and making Sunday a day of rest.

"Bush Brotherhoods" have been started lately, and they promise to do much good in the future. A party of missionaries agree to live together, and work in whatever district the bishop may wish. This is sure to be the most lonely and neglected part of his diocese. The brothers are constantly travelling through this vast harvest-field of souls, holding services, Bible and confirmation classes, baptizing the babies and teaching the ignorant.

Mr. Matthews, one of the Bush Brotherhood, has written a book about the life they lead, which is most interesting. The clergyman out there has to be cook, housemaid, stable boy, milkman, gardener, wood-chopper, carpenter, and

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I cannot tell you how many other things besides.

Mr. Matthews says the Bush children have wonderful memories. A little Bush school which he visited from time to time, had been left alone for six months, as his hands were so full of other work. He made sure the scholars would have forgotten all he taught them in his last lesson, in fact, he was not quite sure that he remembered it clearly himself.

"How far had we got?" he asked the handful of eager children.

"Please, sir, it was the Lord's Prayer, and you had got to 'Thy Will be done.'"

"What did I tell you was meant by God's Will?"

The answer came, perfectly correctly: "God's Will is what God wants."

"What do you mean by your will?"

"My will is what I want."

Then Mr. Matthews asked a more difficult question, which I daresay he thought they would not answer correctly.

"What do you know about your will and God's Will?"

To his delight the children replied:

"My will often seems best, but God's Will always *is* best."

Mr. Matthews must then have felt that all the heat and fatigue he had undergone to reach this out-of-the-way place and teach these children had not been wasted.

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You have no idea how hot it can be in Australia! A Bushman speaking jokingly to Mr. Matthews about the weather said :

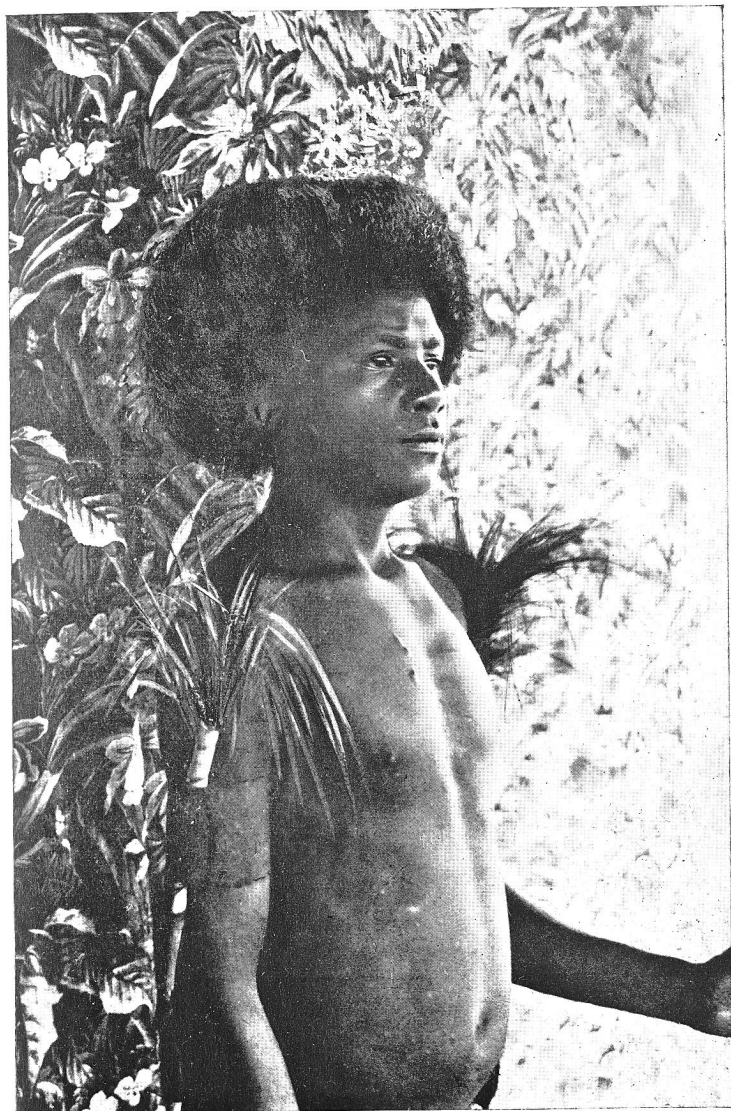
“You have to put the hens on chipped ice to prevent them laying hard-boiled eggs!”

In 1850 the Australian Church started a Board of Missions, so that they too might obey our Lord's command.

Before leaving Australia we must have a glance at Tasmania, the island lying to its south-east. The S.P.G. has helped the Church here since 1831, when it furnished one thousand pounds towards the building of two churches there. The Society continued sending men and money for twenty years, till the Bishop of Tasmania with grateful thanks declined any more help, saying the Church at length was able to stand alone.

Now we must make a jump from the south-east of Australia to the north-east, and look at New Guinea. This is the largest island in the world ; for Australia, you know, is called a continent. Great Britain is Protector over a third of New Guinea—the south-eastern part—while Germany and Holland divide the rest.

The natives are called Papuans, and are fierce cannibals ; their hair is very fuzzy and sticks out like a thick bush, so that it appears like a mop-head. They are very proud of their hair, and think that they cannot have too much of it, so some tribes make themselves look even more



A PAPUAN NATIVE.

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ferocious by wearing huge false whiskers made of dried grass knotted; the effect is quite terrifying.

It was the London Missionary Society which first began work among the Papuans in our part of the island, and they did great things. Some day you must read the life of their famous missionary, James Chalmers, who was murdered in 1901, the same year in which the first S.P.G. missionary to New Guinea laid down his life.

This was the Rev. Albert Maclaren. He laboured earnestly to do his share in planting the Church in New Guinea, but he died after two years of hardships and anxiety, during which he had many attacks of fever. Other missionaries in time arrived, and at Easter, 1896, the two first Church of England converts were baptized. Later on another interesting baptism took place of twin babies. These children had been rescued from being buried alive by the side of their dead mother, this being the usual cruel custom in New Guinea of disposing of motherless infants.

A boy, one of the scholars in the mission school, got wind of what was about to be done to the babies, and he told his teachers, who were just in time to save the little lives. Tommy and Teddy are now sturdy, happy Christian lads.

Hundreds and hundreds of these once savage Papuans have now been brought to baptism; many have been confirmed and come regularly

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to the Holy Communion; some are already catechists.

They have now a bishop of their own, and there are various mission stations. These are all close by the seashore, for it is not safe yet to venture far inland, where cannibals still abound. One tribe, close by the British frontier, breaks the arms and legs of every captive they take, so that they cannot run away, and then they kill them one by one for food. In time, it is hoped (and we must pray for that time to come speedily) all these blood-thirsty cannibals will be brought into the Fold of Christ, and become gentle and loving Christians.

Before we leave New Guinea I must tell you about its money, which consists of tobacco and pigs! Pigs are thought a great deal of, as sheep are unknown animals; the grass in this country is what is known as sword grass, which would kill any sheep that eat it.

Pigs are often taken more care of than children, as they are very valuable; four pigs will build a whole church. Tobacco sticks are used for small payments, when we in England should give pennies.

The Australian Board of Missions takes the New Guinea Mission entirely under its charge, the S.P.G. only giving a helping hand now and then.

New Zealand, as you know, is on the opposite side of the world to the British Islands; so that

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when it is noonday with us, it is just midnight out there.

“ The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.”

This a lovely thought, and quite true of to-day ; but when Tasman, the Dutchman, discovered these islands in 1642 and called them New Zealand, after his home in Holland, no sound of prayer or praise arose then from its shores. The people whom he saw (Maories they are called) were cannibals, who fought with him, and killed some of his crew, so he sailed away and left the country free for Captain Cook to re-discover in 1769 and then hand over to England.

When Captain Cook landed he found no horse, cow, sheep, hare, or rabbit in the whole island, and they did not exist until we brought them there. This seems strange when we think of the good Canterbury mutton that comes now in such plenty to our markets.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden was the first to preach the gospel to these warlike savages ; he was a clergyman in charge of the convicts in Australia. He had seen some of the Maories come as sailors in the whaling boats to Australia, and he had noticed their manly, intelligent looks. Mr. Marsden prepared the way for a friendly reception by sending a young Maori sailor in

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front of him. He had found this lad sick and ill-used, and he nursed him to health at Sydney, where at the same time he instructed him in the truths of Christianity.

The lad repaid his kindness well. He returned to New Zealand and amazed his relations there by all the wonderful things he told them. For one thing, he showed them seeds of wheat, and said in a short time he would turn them into beautiful food; they did not credit this, but when the lad planted the seeds and the little green shoots appeared and later the ripe corn, which he picked and ground in an old coffee mill, they saw it was really true.

The boy next baked loaves of the flour and gave them the Maories to taste; they were delighted with the delicious bread, and so trusted his word when he began to teach them about better things than earthly food.

One tale of his they could hardly believe till they saw it come true with their eyes.

Ruxtara, the lad, assured them that his teacher would arrive in a ship with an enormous animal, a thousand times bigger than a rat, yet so tame that you could stroke it and jump on its back!

Sure enough, a horse was brought on shore when the missionary landed; he jumped on its back and rode thus up from the beach, to the intense excitement of all the savages, who now were ready to believe anything.

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On Christmas Day, 1814, in the open-air (for in New Zealand it is summer when it is mid-winter with us) the first Christian service was held. It began by the singing of the "Old Hundredth Psalm"—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

How Mr. Marsden must have praised God for permitting him at last to tell these splendid-looking men that for their sakes the Saviour had come to earth.

The seed sown that Christmas Day has now become a great tree. At Othi, in the Bay of Islands, on that very spot where Mr. Marsden stood, a beautiful stone cross has been raised. It is called the Marsden Cross after that good missionary.

You must hear one very comical story about the Maories. When Mr. Marsden preached to them on Christmas Day, he wore spectacles. The natives noticed these odd-looking things on his eyes, and agreed among themselves that it looked "dressy," and as they are very fond of making a smart appearance they decided to adopt the fashion. At the very next service Mr. Marsden held, the whole congregation appeared wearing on their dusky faces spectacle-frames, cleverly fashioned from willow-twigs! How the preacher kept his face straight I do not know!

Mr. Marsden often revisited New Zealand

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encouraging the C.M.S. workers, for theirs was an uphill task. The Maories were hard to win for Christ, and it was nine years before they had one baptism.

But when the first bishop was appointed (the great Bishop Selwyn) and arrived in New Zealand in 1841, he found many hundreds of Christian Maories to welcome him besides the white settlers. He could speak to the natives in their own tongue without an interpreter, because he had been hard at work learning it daily during the long five months of the voyage to New Zealand. He did not even take a holiday on Saturday—every day but Sunday, he and his clergy “did” lessons and learnt Maori from a native lad who happened to be on board. The other lesson the bishop learnt was navigation, or how to manage a ship. He learnt this so well that in later years, when the atheist captain of a merchant vessel was watching him piloting his little mission yacht through a dangerous passage safely into port, he exclaimed: “It almost turns me into a Christian and a Churchman when I see how beautifully the bishop brings his schooner into harbour.”

Bishop Selwyn did all his work “as to the Lord, and not unto men,” and that is why his was such a grand life. At the time of Selwyn’s appointment, New Zealand had a sailor Governor, who was rather alarmed when he heard that a bishop was coming. “What’s the good of sending one here, we have no roads for his lordship’s

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carriage to bowl along"; such was his remark. However, he invited Bishop Selwyn to be his guest, and then he found out what stuff the man was made of. He saw nothing would dissuade the bishop from visiting his people; if rivers blocked his way, and there were no bridges or boats, the bishop swam across them; he would tramp hundreds of miles through rough country and visit murderous savages unarmed and without a sign of fear. He could not be afraid of them; he *loved* these dark Maories, loved them all. Almost the last words he spoke on earth, long after he had left New Zealand, were in their soft language.

When Bishop Selwyn was consecrated first bishop of New Zealand, by a happy mistake the islands of the Pacific were also included in his diocese.

The islands to the east, called Polynesia, were inhabited by a tall race who mostly had one common language, and to whom Christianity had already been brought by various missionary societies from England.

The western Islands, Melanesia, lying between New Zealand and Australia, had been unvisited by missionaries. They contained not a single Christian, and, moreover, the inhabitants were desperate cannibals.

These islands each had a different language, and in one of them—no bigger than the Isle of Wight—three languages were spoken. Sometimes

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in villages, only separated by one mile, each had a different dialect. This made the work of evangelization most difficult.

I think this shows more plainly than anything else what a life of hatred these savages led, so constantly at war with their near neighbours as never to talk to them, and in time acquiring so many different words that they could not understand one another if they wished.

New Zealand kept Bishop Selwyn busy for seven years; but at the end of that time he visited these neglected islands. He saw that it would not do to plant missionaries on them at first, as on account of the language difficulty they would be able to teach so few natives at a time.

The bishop's plan was to make friends of the savages, and try and get them, by the aid of coaxing and presents, to entrust their sons to him for education. They were to be taken for the summer months to New Zealand with the bishop, where they would be trained and taught, and then sent back before the cold weather set in, to their cannibal relations, to be missionaries to them, teaching them what they had just learned—to be clean, peaceable, and industrious.

On his second voyage among the Melanesian Islands, five little boys were lent to Bishop Selwyn. As the natives grew to believe in him, more and more boys were trusted to sail away with him in the mission ship; but not one little girl could he obtain.

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On a subsequent voyage, however, two little girls were brought to the bishop. This delighted him, but made him very busy, for he had to find clothing for them, as there was no woman on the ship to undertake this task. There was no proper dress material available either. However, the bishop turned dressmaker and made two magnificent costumes out of a bed-quilt, finishing each off with a red bow, to please little "Wabisane" and little "Wasitrutree"—this last name means "little chattering bird."

On another occasion the bishop made a dress out of a piece of old sail!

Visiting these islands was a work of great danger. They were often surrounded by sunken rocks. In those days there were no charts of these little visited places, to assist the sailors in steering clear of such hidden reefs. Then the next danger was the cannibal tribes always waiting on the shore with clubs and poisoned arrows, ready in a second to kill anyone whom they suspected of wishing to harm them. But, as I have already told you, Bishop Selwyn did not know fear. God Almighty was on his side, and he would go absolutely alone, unarmed, into the midst of these blood-thirsty cannibals.

CHAPTER XII.

John Coleridge Patteson, first Bishop of Melanesia—
Norfolk Island—Pitcairn Island—Bishop Patteson
martyred—Commander Goodenough murdered—
Memorial Cross to Bishop Patteson—Bishop John
Selwyn and the little Savage—Fiji and the Bishop
of Polynesia—The Hawaiian Islands and American
Missionaries—Henry Obookiah—Queen Kapiolane
and the Goddess of Fire—S.P.G. Mission to the
Chinese—Bishop Selwyn's Diocese sub-divided into
Nine.

IN 1861 the Rev. John Coleridge Patteson was consecrated first Bishop of Melanesia. Years before, when a schoolboy at Eton, he had heard Bishop Selwyn preach a missionary sermon, and there and then the boy longed to join in the glorious work of winning souls—if possible, in company with the preacher. Both of his wishes came to pass, and in 1855 he sailed away to New Zealand with his hero bishop, who loved the young man as his own son, and always called him by his home name, Coley.

Norfolk Island was the headquarters of Bishop Patteson and the Melanesian mission. This island has had very strange inhabitants.

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First, the worst convicts from Australia used to be sent here, but when transportation was put a stop to, the people from Pitcairn Island were brought over, as they had outgrown that tiny two-mile square island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

You will want to know who these Pitcairners were, who were brought to Norfolk Island? They were the descendants of some of the sailors of H.M.S. "Bounty," who in 1789 mutinied. Several reached Pitcairn Island, where they lived some time in the greatest wickedness. At last only one man was left alive, and he was one of the wickedest, with six women, and twenty fatherless children, all living like heathen.

One night the man, Adams, had a dream (at least he called it so), which brought about a very different state of things.

He thought he heard a voice saying to him: "Search the Scriptures." So earnestly were the words spoken that Adams got up the next morning and searched for a Bible and Prayer Book that he knew had come with other things from the "Bounty," but had been left untouched for more than twenty-one years.

He found the books and began to read them, and the old, old story of the love of God changed his hard heart, and he deeply repented of his great sins.

He built a church, and gathered into it every

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day all the people on the island for prayer and praise.

When a ship next touched Pitcairn Island some years later, it chanced to be a British man-of-war, and to everyone's amazement they found the inhabitants speaking English and using the Church Prayer Book.

In 1850 the S.P.G. sent them a missionary, and in 1856 all the people were moved to Norfolk Island, and the very next year Bishop Patteson and his clergy made this place their headquarters. The New Zealand College for the Melanesian boys was also moved to Norfolk Island, the climate being so mild that they could remain here all the year round.

Bishop Patteson was the very man for that country of many different languages. He was a genius at picking up a new language, and it is said he could speak thirty of the numerous dialects of his diocese.

The work went cheerily on; many of the islands gave up head-hunting and some of their vilest habits and began to attend classes. After most careful preparation, baptisms and confirmations took place, and then came the crowning joy of all, when, in 1868, the first native deacon was ordained at Norfolk Island, with two English clergymen, all S.P.G. missionaries.

In 1871 came the thrilling news that Bishop Patteson had been murdered by natives on a

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little island belonging to the Santa Cruz group—not larger than the ground on which Westminster Abbey stands.

The bishop had landed alone and unarmed, as was often his habit, and had walked a few yards up from the beach to one of the huts and passed inside.

What happened then no one exactly knows. A few minutes later a canoe was pushed off to the mission ship—at the bottom of the canoe lay the dead body of the bishop with palm-leaves resting on his breast.

Little did those poor murderers know that they had thus placed the sign of victory, the palm-branch, on the martyr's heart.

Poisoned arrows were also shot at the bishop's companions who were waiting for him in their boat and two were wounded and died of lockjaw after days of terrible suffering.

It was not the first time that Bishop Patteson had landed on this island, and he had at other times been well received, but shortly before his last visit, a trader had come in a ship "black-birding," that is, carrying away the poor black islanders, whether they liked it or not, to work on a French sugar plantation; it is believed they resisted and that five of the natives were killed in the scuffle, and not knowing one set of white men from the other, the natives took the bishop's life in revenge for the loss of their friends.

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One good thing resulted from the sacrifice of the bishop's life; this wicked "black-birding" (slave-raiding is the right name for it) was utterly put down.

Poor Bishop Selwyn was nearly broken-hearted when he heard of "Coley's" death, he did so love him. But the revenge he took on the Melanesians was that of giving his own dear son John to fill up the difficult and perilous post of bishop of Melanesia.

The S.P.G. built a memorial church to the martyr bishop on Norfolk Island.

In 1875 the natives of the Santa Cruz group murdered another saint of God, Commander Goodenough. It seemed almost impossible to bring the gospel to these fierce savages till Bishop John Selwyn, to his great joy, discovered a way. He heard of two of these natives who had been blown in their canoe far away from their own islands, and were captives in the hands of the natives of the Solomon Islands.

The bishop managed somehow to rescue the two men from their captor's hands, but it was not done without a great deal of trouble and expense, and at some danger to himself. However, he was delighted to have saved them from slavery, and he took them back to their homes on Santa Cruz, and asked them to tell their people what he had done for them, and to believe that he only wished to visit their islands to do them good.

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This conduct of the bishop answered well, and in 1880 he had three Santa Cruz boys given him to take back to Norfolk Island to be brought up as Christians. The bishop was also able to put up a memorial cross to Bishop Patteson on the tiny island where the martyrdom took place.

It was sent out by his sisters, and these were the words carved on it:—

In Memory of
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D.,
Missionary Bishop,
Whose life was taken by men for whose
sake he would willingly have given it.
September 20, 1871.

I must tell you one story about Bishop John Selwyn, for it shows that our lives, if we are trying to follow in Christ's footsteps, preach better than the grandest sermon.

One of the boys brought to Norfolk Island remained a most wild and untamable savage. The bishop had to reprove him one day for some fault, and the lad flew at him in a towering passion, and struck the bishop violently across the face. He walked quietly away not trusting himself to speak to the offender.

This boy went from bad to worse, and at last had to be sent back to his island—still a

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heathen—and the missionaries felt he was one of their failures, and grieved over the lost sheep that would not come to the Good Shepherd. The only news that they heard of the lad was that he had sunk completely back into all the wicked customs of his tribe.

Many years later the missionary in charge of that island (for now teachers or missionaries can be placed on nearly all the islands) was told that a dying man was asking for him, and that he wished earnestly to be baptized before it was too late.

Of course the priest of God went at once, and the sick man poured out his history to him—how he had been that naughty boy sent back from Norfolk Island, and had since done many wicked things, but that deep in his heart he had never forgotten the lessons taught him by the mission.

When the missionary found the man to be truly repenting of his past sins he prepared him for baptism.

“What name will you take?” he asked the dying man. Without hesitation came the answer :

“Call me John Selwyn, because he taught me what Christ was like the day I struck him.”

Melanesia has now many native priests and deacons, and its Christians are numbered by thousands.

Find the Fiji Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

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These islands were at one time inhabited by a fierce race of cannibals ; but we must give all honour to the noble work done here by the Wesleyans, who have changed these once savage people into civilised Christians.

In 1874 these islands were annexed by Great Britain, by the express desire of the people themselves, as they "wished to lean on England."

This, of course, caused many white people to go and live there, and as the Wesleyans only work amongst the heathen, the S.P.G. sent out a clergyman to care for the souls of the thousands of Europeans who now flocked to the islands. Also he had in his care an immense number of Indian and Melanesian labourers, who worked the sugar plantations.

Our clergy had to trust to the chance visits of bishops to hold confirmations and to consecrate their churches. The great Bishop Selwyn came once, as it was a part of his huge diocese, and so did the Bishops of Salisbury, Tasmania, and Honolulu, but since 1908 these islands have their own bishop, called the Bishop of Polynesia.

You must now hear about the Hawaiian Islands which lie in the North Pacific Ocean. They were first discovered by the Portuguese in 1542, and afterwards, in 1778, they were re-discovered by our English Captain Cook, who was murdered here in the following year.

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The history of Hawaii tells a sad tale of the Church's neglect in those early days.

As far back as 1794, one of their kings begged our Government to send out Christian teachers to his people, but no attention was paid to the request. Then, some years later, another of their kings with his queen visited England, on purpose to obtain missionaries. Sad to say both king and queen caught measles in London, and died within a week of each other.

Just about this time America was aroused to take an interest in these islands, through the pitiful story of a young Hawaiian sailor called Obookiah.

This lad had once a happy home in those beautiful islands, with father and mother and little brother; but his tribe went to war with another tribe, and he saw both his parents killed before his eyes. He hastily picked up his little brother, put him on his back, and rushed away; but before he could reach a place of safety, the savage murderer of his parents dashed after him, uttering hideous yells, and ran a pointed spear through the baby's body, and then seized Obookiah prisoner.

After a while the boy escaped, but he had no home to go to—all was gone. "I was turned unto tears," he said. "I have no home, neither father nor mother. Poor boy am I!"

At last he worked his way to America as a

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sailor, and when he saw all the wonderful things in that country, the heathen lad began to find out how different and how much better this new life was, and he longed for someone to teach him to become like the people he saw around him.

He was told that Yale College was a place to learn things, so he went there and wandered up and down its grounds, hoping someone would say, "Come in, I will teach you," but no one spoke to him.

At last, tired out, and feeling very lonely and disappointed, he sat down on a doorstep and sobbed aloud. Remember, he was only a savage lad of seventeen, utterly friendless as he thought. But God was watching over him, and sent a kind student, a Mr. Dwight, to find out the cause of his sorrow, and from that hour he cared for Obookiah and had him civilised and taught. When he had learnt the "good tidings of great joy," his one wish was to tell the people of Hawaii they must no longer worship or fear their spiteful gods, for that there was only one true God, Who was always trying to do them good and not harm.

He was baptized Henry, and with his happy face, and handsome, well-dressed figure, and pleasant manners, no one would have known him to be that poor, wretched Obookiah who had sat crying on the doorstep.

A little boy named Willie Dodge, heard

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Henry speak and plead for help, that he might win Hawaii for Christ, and he longed to get money for him.

He talked the matter over with his greatest friend, and they agreed they would plant some potatoes on a bit of waste ground that they were allowed to use as they liked, and the money gained by selling them should be given to Henry. How hard those two boys worked; for the soil was poor, and the weather was bad, and it looked as if all was against them. But they stuck to the work, and "God gave the increase." There was a fine crop of potatoes, and the money was sent to Henry, and rejoiced his heart. The little fellows, too, had learnt the joy of giving, and when Willie grew up and had become very rich, his princely gifts helped on many a good work.

Henry Obookiah never returned to his beloved Hawaii. His Heavenly Father took him to a fairer place. He died of fever when only twenty-six years old, never murmuring at the upsetting of his plans, but with dying lips saying, "God will do right, let God do as He pleases."

His Christian death helped more than his life, for at once seventeen Americans decided to go as missionaries to those islands still lying in heathen darkness, and their teaching was wonderfully blessed. The Hawaiians were never real cannibals, but they had awful sins,

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one being child murder. If mothers found their babies worrying, they would think nothing of burying them alive.

One woman told the missionaries, "I have had thirteen children, and I have buried them all alive. Oh, that you had come sooner to teach me better."

The largest active volcano in the world is on Hawaii; its great mouth is eight miles round, and its throat is a thousand feet deep, and in the middle of it lies a huge lake of fire which never ceases sending up steam and flame.

You can walk down the steep precipice inside the crater, and reach almost to the edge of this awful sea of fire. I should not much like myself to take that walk, but many do, and go down a dizzy, zig-zag, rocky path, crossing a crust of hot lava or clay, with the ground trembling beneath them, and steam rising out of each tiny crack.

The Hawaiians used to be terribly afraid of this volcano, and they called the lake of fire the Palace of the Fire-goddess Pele, who, they believed, was always thinking what evil she could bring on them. The natives offered her many sacrifices to turn her anger away, and sometimes these sacrifices were human beings.

When the missionaries came from America, they told the savages that they need no longer fear the goddess of Fire, as there was no such

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creature, but the people could not believe this, and they still offered sacrifices to Pele.

The queen of that part of the country where the great volcano is situated was a very wicked woman, but when she heard of the God of Love, her heart melted, and she came as a little child to be taught to be good. Having learnt of the one true God, she would not allow idols where she reigned, and she went herself to the heathen temples to see them all taken away. She visited the sick, and fed the hungry, and did all in her power to make her subjects see how beautiful the new religion was, but with all the queen's earnestness it did not seem possible to the people to give up believing in that cruel goddess of Fire.

Queen Kapiolani then made up her mind to do something to show her people that the goddess had no power whatever. She would insult the goddess by throwing stones at her palace, that is, the Lake of Fire.

The natives were terrified for her when she told them what she meant to do; they implored her not to think of it; her husband also joined in their entreaties, but Kapiolani was firm. She knew it was the only way to prove the uselessness of believing in such a false religion, so she made her preparations without delay, saying, "There is but one great God; He will keep me from all evil."

The journey was a long, weary, and danger-

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ous one, a hundred mile walk over rocky lava, for in those days Hawaii had neither horses nor donkeys. The queen was so tenderly loved that when it was seen she would not be turned from her purpose, eighty persons insisted on going with her.

She was stopped all along the way by frightened men and women, begging her to turn back, but she smiled on them all and said: "If I am destroyed you may all believe in Pele, but if I am not, you must all turn to the true God."

When she got near the crater, she was met by the priestess of Pele, who warned her that if she dared to proceed, she would die a terrible death.

Queen Kapiolani sat down by that poor heathen woman and took out the New Testament and read to her about the Almighty loving God, and told her that was why she had no fear. To prove this she eat some berries, which grew on the mountain, which were said to be sacred to the goddess of Fire, and of which none must eat, who had not first offered sacrifice to her. This was an offence punishable by death, and none of the Queen's attendants dared follow her example.

Then Kapiolani led the way down that steep narrow pathway, with the terrible lake of fire before them all the time, but her heart was full of faith and prayer. At last she stood on

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the edge of that tremendous furnace, and hurled stone after stone into Pele's Palace of Fire.

Behind her crouched her terror-stricken people. Turning to them she said: "I believe in the true God. He made those fires. I fear not Pele. The gods of Hawaii are vain. Great is the goodness of God in sending us missionaries to turn us from these vanities to the living God."

Still the people trembled, believing every moment that she and they would be swallowed up in that awful pit of flame for daring to defy the goddess Pele, but the queen's faith never failed. She commanded them all to kneel down, and above the roaring and crackling of the fire, words of prayer were heard in that strange church; then a hymn was sung, and the dangerous return journey was made in the utmost safety, for "He keepeth the feet of His saints."

You will be glad to know that the queen lived seventeen years after this heroic deed, and those years were passed in serving God with all her power.

In 1862 Bishop Staley was consecrated first bishop of the Anglican Church in the Hawaiian Islands, the then King of Hawaii having expressly asked Queen Victoria for a bishop. He confirmed both king and queen in the same year.

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The king had himself translated the Morning and Evening Prayer into Hawaii, and he now ordered Christmas Day to be kept as a public holiday in honour of our Lord. Alas, the king did not live to see another Christmas; he was a great loss to the Church; he regularly attended the services and often acted as interpreter.

Three S.P.G. missionaries had been sent out with the bishop, but so many Chinese and other foreigners began now to pour into Hawaii, that a special clergyman was sent out to teach them. They became earnest Christians, and in 1897 a Chinaman named Woo Yee Dew was ordained deacon, and others since then have been raised to the same high office.

Some of the heathen Chinese were much amazed on hearing that a Chinaman had been baptized on his death-bed. "Why do they do that?" they asked. "The Church is a Society, and no one wants dead men in their Society."

Then it was explained to them that though they were right in saying the Church was a Society, yet they were not right in thinking the members of that Society were dead when the body was laid in the ground, for the Society has its true members safe and alive in the unseen world when they leave this, and it is only the poorest part of them that dies for a while.

The Chinamen thus learnt their first lesson on

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the preciousness and never-ending life of the soul. In 1900 the S.P.G. gave up helping the Hawaiian Islands, as they had been annexed by the United States and were being well cared for by the American Church.

We have seen in this chapter how what was once Bishop Selwyn's large diocese, has now nine bishops. The Province of New Zealand consists of the following dioceses :—

Auckland.
Christchurch.
Wellington.
Nelson.
Waiapu.
Melanesia.
Dunedin.

And besides these there are :

Polynesia.
Honolulu (with an American bishop).

I have not told you one-twentieth part of all that the S.P.G. is doing in the mission field, but I hope you have heard enough to realise how your help is needed. Be sure of one thing: we must give of our very best to God; the best teaching, if we would be a teacher; the best nursing, if we would be a nurse; the best architecture, if we would be a builder.

We must, therefore, try and perfect our talents. All knowledge is useful to a missionary. We

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have heard what a good bootmaker Bishop Merriman was ; we have read of Bishop Selwyn steering his own mission ship, and making frocks for the little girls he fetched on his journeys ; and, lately, during the Boer War, an S.P.G. missionary, the Rev. J. E. Swinhoe, had to make a dress for a queen !

You might think this was not fit work for a clergyman, but had he refused to do it, he might have lost a chance of winning souls for Christ. This was how it happened. Lord Kitchener had sent the queen of a Zulu tribe whom Mr. Swinhoe was trying to Christianize, a piece of stuff for a dress. The royal lady was delighted with the present, but as hitherto her garments had been very scanty, and required no sewing, she did not know how to make up her material.

So she sent for the missionary. A white man had given her the stuff, therefore a white man must know how to fashion it ; but the missionary was none the less somewhat staggered when he found what was expected of him.

However, he did his best, and called the other missionary in the place to help him. Together they measured her sable majesty, then they cut out the dress (I cannot help thinking they must have had rare fun over it all), and finally they gave it to be made up to some Christian women who had learnt sewing in the mission school. I daresay it was not a good fit, but at all events, the queen thought it so and was delighted.

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After that, she always called the missionary "My son," and he had to call her "My mother."

This shows how useful all knowledge is in the mission field.

Think also, that besides the greatest joy of winning souls, you may be such a blessing to the bodies of the poor heathen. They suffer terribly in the lands where Christ is not worshipped.

In China the first thing a man had to learn before he became a doctor, was where he could safely run a skewer through the body; he had to remember three hundred places, and one of these safe places was through the lungs!

An English lady visiting in India found a rich young Indian girl dangerously ill with fever; an old hag sat on each side of her, and holding on by her long black hair, they were banging the poor invalid's head up and down, and backwards and forwards, "to knock the fever out of it," they told the visitor. Little wonder that the girl died!

In Corea it is a favourite medicine to drink water in which chips from an old coffin have been boiled!

But it is poor, mad people who suffer most in these dark lands.

The Mohammedans have an asylum at Nablous in Syria where the lunatics are taken

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into a dungeon, and made to sit by a pillar on the ground, then their arms and feet are chained to the pillar, and so they are kept till death releases them.

Think how different are our asylums, with their kind, trained nurses and skilful doctors. Do you not long to bring such blessings to those tortured bodies? Very often it is the doctor or the nurse who are able to open the door for the priest of God. The language of love is very easy to understand. Kashmir was opened in this way, and many other countries could tell the same tale.

Lectures on "First Aid to the Wounded" are common things nowadays—so are lectures on Sick Nursing. You should attend these lectures, the knowledge gained from them is certain to be of great use to you—wherever your life may be spent.

God never forgets those who do His will
"They shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts,
in that day when I make up My jewels."

You who read this can be one of those
never-dying glorious jewels.

" Oh, by the Love which only comes from Thee,
Give me more love to-day.
Love which shall make some darkened life more bright ;
Love which shall teach some saddened heart to sing ;
Love which shall strengthen feeble hands to fight
More bravely for their King."

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