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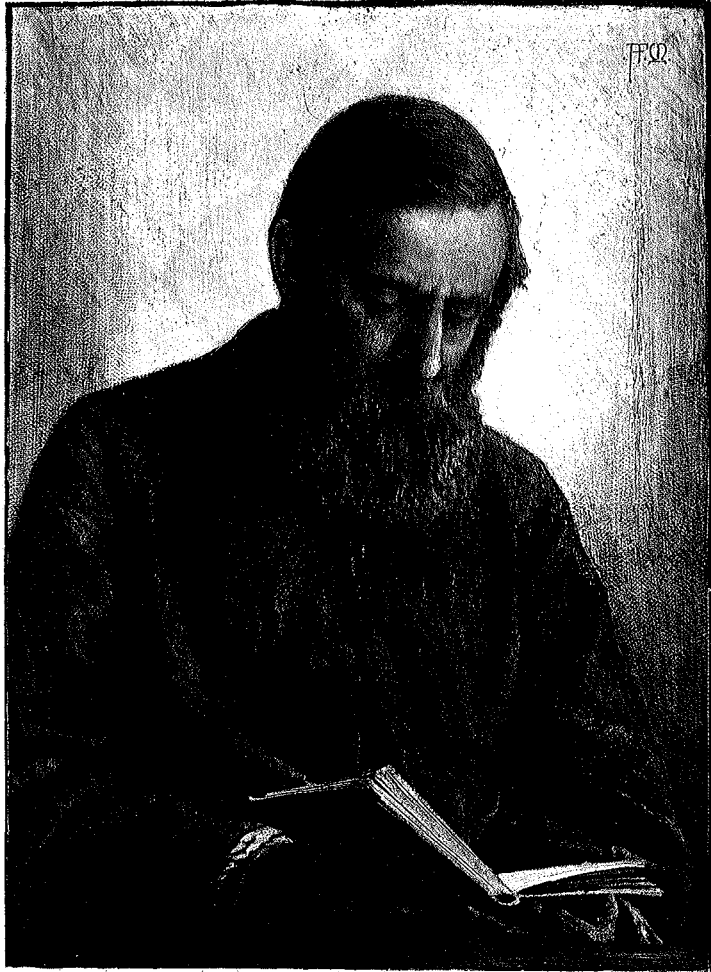


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BISHOP PATTESON.

CONQUESTS OF THE CROSS

A Record of Missionary Work throughout the World

EDITED BY

EDWIN HODDER

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

VOL. III.



CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE

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AFRICA.

(IN FOUR MAPS.)

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

C. M. S.	Church Missionary Society.	Paris Evang.	Paris Society for Evangelical Missions.
S. P. G.	Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.	Free Ch. Switz.	Missions of the Free Churches of French Switzerland.
Col.	Colonial and Continental Church Society.	Morav.	Moravian Missionary Society.
L. M. S.	London Missionary Society.	Herm....	Hermannsburg Evangelical Lutheran Mission.
Wes.	Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.	Norweg.	Norwegian Missionary Society.
Bapt.	Baptist Missionary Society.	Schreuder Miss.	The Schreuder Mission (Norwegian).
*Soc. Fem. Ed.	Society for Promoting Female Education in the East.	Swed. Ch.	Missionary Committee of the Swedish Church.
Ch. Scot.	Church of Scotland Foreign Mission.	„ Miss. Un.	The Swedish Missionary Union.
„ „ Jews	„ „ „ Mission to Jews.	Finland	Finland Missionary Society.
Free Ch. Scot.	Free „ „ Foreign Mission.	Am. B. F. M.	American Board of Foreign Missions.
Un. Presb.	United Presbyterian Church Mission (Scotland).	Am. Bapt.	„ Baptist Missionary Society.
Univ. Miss.	Universities' Mission to Central Africa.	Am. S. Bapt.	Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention (U.S.).
N. African	The North African Mission.	Am. Meth. Epis.	American Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Eng.-Egypt... ..	The English-Egyptian Mission (Miss M. L. Whately).	Bish. Taylor	Bishop Wm. Taylor's Mission (in connection with the Meth. Epis. Church).
L. S. P. C. Jews	London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.	Am. Prot. Epis.	American Protestant Episcopal Church Missionary Society.
Friends'	Friends' Foreign Mission Association.	Am. Presb.	Missions of American Presbyterian Churches.
„ Miss. to Zulu Kaffirs	Mission to Zulu Kaffirs of Rock Foundation.	Am. Wes. Con.	American Wesleyan Methodist Connection Foreign Missions.
Un. Meth.	United Methodist Free Churches Foreign Missionary Society.	Am. Evang. Luth.	American Evangelical Lutheran Church Missions.
Prim. Meth.	Primitive Methodist Missionary Society.	*Am. Wom. Assn.	American Women's Missionary Association.
Freedmen	Freedmen's Missions Aid Society.	Meth. Ch. N. Amer.	Methodist Church of North America Missionary Board.
Berlin	Berlin Evangelical Missionary Society.		
Basel	Basel Evangelical Missionary Society.		
Rhenish	Rhenish Missionary Society.		
N. German	North German Missionary Society.		

* In all other cases, Stations worked by Women's and Auxiliary Societies are included under the heading of the Associations with which they act in concert.

N.B.—The following list of Stations only gives those of Foreign Missionary Societies, and does not include local missions nor the work of colonial churches of all denominations.

ABEOKUTA	Slave Coast	C. M. S., Wes., Am. S. Bapt.	ANUM	Gold Coast	Basel.
ACCRA	Gold Coast	Wes.	ARTHINGTON. See Stanley Pool.		
ADA	„	Basel.	ASABA	Niger	C. M. S.
ADAMS	Natal	Am. B. F. M.	ASYOOT	Egypt	Am. Presb.
(Amansimtote)			(Sioot)		
ADAMSHOOP	Kimberley	Berlin.	BADAGRY	Slave Coast	C. M. S.
ADELAIDE	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Un. Presb.	BAILANDO	Angola	Am. B. F. M.
ADEN	Arabia	C. M. S., Free Ch. Scot.	BANANA	Congo	Bishop Taylor.
			(Chavunga)		
AKBOU	Algeria	N. African.	BANDAWE	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
AKROPONG	Gold Coast	Basel.	BANZA MANTEKE	Congo	Am. Bapt.
ALEXANDRIA	Egypt	Ch. Scot. Jews, Am. Presb.	BARBERTON	Transvaal	Wes.
			BARKLY	Cape Colony	L. M. S.
ALGIERS	Algeria	L. S. P. C. Jews, Swed. Miss. Un., Un. Presb.	BARMEN. See Otykango.		
ALIWAL, NORTH	Cape Colony	Prim. Meth., Col.	BASSA, GREAT AND LITTLE.	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Prot. Epis.
AMALIENSTEIN	„	Berlin.	BAZIYA. See Buzeia.		
AMBAHY	Madagascar	L. M. S.	BEACONSFIELD	Kimberley	S. P. G., Berlin.
(Farafangana)			BEDFORD	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
AMBATONDRAZAKA	„	„	BEERSHEBA	Great Nama-qua Land.	Rhenish.
AMBOHIMANDROSO	„	„			
AMBOHIMARINA	„	Norweg.		Transvaal	Herm.
AMBOSITRA	„	L. M. S.	BENGUELA	Angola	Am. B. F. M.
ANAMAROE	Gold Coast	Wes.	BENITO	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.
ANDEVORANTE	Madagascar	S. P. G.	BEREA	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
ANTANANARIVO	„	L. M. S., S. P. G., Friends', Norweg.	BETAFO	Madagascar	Norweg.
AND DISTRICT.			BETHANY	Great Nama-qua Land.	Rhenish.
ANTIOKA	Delagoa Bay	Free Ch. Switz.			

BETHANY	Orange Free State.	Berlin.	
"	Transvaal	Herm.	
BETHESDA	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.	
BETHULIE	Orange Free State.	" "	
BETISILEO, <i>District of</i>	Madagascar	L. M. S., Norweg.	
BEXLEY	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
BIHE	Angola	Am. B. F. M.	
BLANTYRE	E. Coast Africa	Ch. Scot.	
BLAUBERG	Transvaal	Berlin.	
BLOEMFONTEIN	Orange Free State.	S. P. G., Berlin.	
BLYTHSWOOD	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
BOLOBO	Congo	Bapt.	
BOLOTWA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
BONNY	Guinea	C. M. S.	
BOTSABELO	Transvaal	Berlin.	
BRASS	Niger	C. M. S.	
BREDASDORP	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
BURNSHILL	"	Free Ch. Scot.	
BUZELA	Tembu Land	Morav.	
(<i>Baziya</i>)			
CAIRO	Egypt	C. M. S., Wes., Eng-Egypt., Am. Presb., Col.	
CALABAR, NEW	Guinea	C. M. S.	
" OLD	"	Un. Presb.	
CALDWELL	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
CALEDON	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CAPE COAST CASTLE	Gold Coast	Wes.	
CAPE MOUNT	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
CAPE PALMAS	"	Am. Prot. Epis., Am. Meth. Epis.	
CAPE TOWN	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Col.	
CARNARVON. <i>See</i> Schietfontein.			
CAVALLY	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
CERES	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CHALUMNA	"	Col.	
CHAVUNGA. <i>See</i> Banana.			
CHIKUSI	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.	
CHIRAZADO	East Central Africa.	Ch. Scot.	
CHIRENJI. <i>See</i> Mwemwanda.			
CHITESI'S	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.	
CHRISTIANA	Transvaal	S. P. G.	
CHRISTIANSBURG	Gold Coast	Basel.	
CLANWILLIAM	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CLARKSON	"	Morav.	
CLYDESDALE	Griqualand, E.	S. P. G.	
COLUMBA	Transkei	Un. Presb.	
CONCORDIA. <i>See</i> Springbokfontein.			
CONSTANTIA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CONSTANTINE	Algeria	N. African.	
CORISCO	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.	
CRADOCK	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
CREEK TOWN	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
CUNNINGHAM	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
DIX COVE	Gold Coast	Wes.	
DJEMAA SAHRIDJ	Algeria	N. African.	
DONDO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.	
DORDRECHT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
DORMASI	East Central Africa	Ch. Scot.	
DUFFBANK	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.	
DUKE TOWN	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
D'URBAN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
DURBAN	Natal	"	
EBENEZER	Cape Colony	Rhenish.	
EDINA	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.	
EGGA	Niger	C. M. S.	
EHLANZENI	Natal	Herm.	
EKOMBE	Reserved Territory	Norweg.	
EKOWE	"	"	
EKULANGENI	Transvaal	Herm.	
ELIM	Cape Colony	Morav., Herm.	
"	Natal	Herm.	
"	Transvaal	Free Ch. Switz.	
ELMINA	Gold Coast	Wes.	
EMATLABATINI	Transvaal	Norweg.	
EMGWALI	Cape Colony	Un. Presb.	
EMHLANGEN. <i>See</i> Inyati.			
EMLALAZI	Res. Territory	Herm.	
EMPANGENI	Zulu Land	Norweg.	
ENON	Cape Colony	Morav.	
ENTUMENI	Reserved Territory	Norweg., Schreuder Miss.	
EQUATORVILLE	Congo	Am. Bapt.	
ESIHLENGNI	Transvaal	Herm.	
ESTCOURT	Natal	S. P. G., Meth. Ch. N. Amer.	
ETLOMOTLOMO	Transvaal	Herm.	
FANOARIVO	Madagascar	Norweg.	
FARAFANGANA. <i>See</i> Ambahy.			
FERNANDO PO, ISLAND OF		Prim. Meth.	
FEZ	Marocco	N. African.	
FIANARANTSOA	Madagascar	L. M. S., Norweg.	
FORT BEAUFORT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
FORT DAUPHIN	Madagascar	Norweg.	
FOULE POINT	"	S. P. G.	
FREE TOWN	Sierra Leone	C. M. S., Wes., Un. Meth., Am. Wes. Con.	
FRERE TOWN	E. Coast Africa	C. M. S.	
FWAMBO	Lake Tanganyika	L. M. S.	
GABOON	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.	
GAMBIA	W. Africa	Wes.	
GEBE	Niger	C. M. S.	
GENADENDAL	Cape Colony	Morav.	
GEORGE TOWN	"	S. P. G.	
GLENAVON	"	Un. Presb.	
GLENTHORN	"	"	
GOEDEVERWACHT	"	Morav.	
GOSHEN	"	"	
GRAAF REINET	"	S. P. G.	
GRAHAMSTOWN	"	S. P. G., Un. Presb.	
GREATNOODESBERG	Natal	Swed. Ch.	
GREYTOWN	"	S. P. G.	
GROUTFIELD	"	Am. B. F. M.	
HARPER	Liberia	Am. Prot. Epis.	
HEIDELBERG	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
"	Transvaal	S. P. G., Berlin.	
HERMANSBURG	Natal	Herm.	
HERMON	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.	
HERSCHEL	Cape Colony	S. P. G.	
HO	Gold Coast	N. German.	
HOACHANAS	Great Namaqua Land	Rhenish.	
(<i>Hoakanas</i>)			
HOPE FOUNTAIN	Matabele	L. M. S.	
IBADAN	Dahomey	C. M. S., Wes.	
IDA	Niger	C. M. S.	
IKORANA	Guinea	Un. Presb.	
IMERINA, <i>District of</i>	Madagascar	L. M. S., S. P. G., Friends'	
IMFULE	Transvaal	Norweg., Swed. Ch.	
IMPOLWENI	Natal	Free Ch. Scot.	
INANDA	"	Am. B. F. M.	
(<i>Lindley</i>)			
INHAMBANE	E. Coast Africa	Am. B. F. M., Meth. Ch. N. Amer.	
INHLAZATYE	Transvaal	Norweg.	
INYATI	Matabele	L. M. S.	
(<i>Bomhlängen</i>)			
INYAZANE	Reserved Territory	Herm.	
ISANDLANA (<i>Isandula</i>)	"	S. P. G.	
ISANGILA	Congo	Bish. Taylor.	
ITEMBENI	Natal	Herm.	
IXOPO	"	Friends' Miss. to Zulu Kaffirs.	

JHOSEY	Madagascar	Norweg.
JOHANNESBURG	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes., Berlin.
JOMFU	East Coast	Un. Meth.
KABINDA	Congo	Bish. Taylor.
KAMAGGAS	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.
KAMLIKENI	East Coast	C. M. S.
KANGWE	Lower Guinea	Am. Presb.
KANYE	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
KARONGA	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
KAWELE	Lake Tanganyika.	L. M. S.
KEETMANNSHOOP	Great Namaqua Land.	Rhenish.
KIMBERLEY	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Berlin.
KIMPOKO	Congo	Bish. Taylor.
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN	Cape Colony	S. P. G., L. M. S., Col.
Ditto, Neighbourhood of	" "	Berlin.
KISULUTINI	East Coast	C. M. S.
KLERKSDORP	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes.
KNYSNA	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
KOKSTADT	Griqualand E.	"
KOMGHA	Cape Colony	"
KRUGERSDROF	Transvaal	"
KURUMAN	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
KWA MAKOLO	Victoria Nyanza.	C. M. S.
LADISMITH	Cape Colony	Berlin.
"	Natal	S. P. G.
LAGOS	Slave Coast	C. M. S., Wes., Am. S. Bapt.
LEOPOLDVILLE	Congo	Am. Bapt.
LERIBE	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
LICHTENBURG	Transvaal	Herm.
LINDLEY. See Inanda.		
LINOKANA	"	"
LITTLE POPO	Slave Coast	Wes.
LOCEO, PORT. See Port Loceo.		
LOHARANO	Madagascar	Norweg.
LOKODZA	Niger	C. M. S.
LORENZO MARQUEZ.	Delagoa Bay	Free Ch. Switz.
LOVEDALE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
LUKOLELA	Congo	Bapt.
(Liverpool)		
LUKOMA, ISLAND OF	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.
LUKUNGA	Congo	Am. Bapt.
LUNEBURG	Transvaal	Herm.
LUTULI	Transkei	Un. Presb.
LUXOR	Egypt	Am. Presb.
LYDENBURG	Transvaal	S. P. G., Berlin.
MACFARLANE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
MACLEAR, CAPE	Lake Nyassa	"
MADAGASCAR, ISLAND OF	—	C. M. S., L. M. S., S. P. G. Friends', Norweg.
MAENDAENDA'S	Lake Nyassa	Univ. Miss.
MAFEKING	BechuanaLand	Wes.
MAGILA	East Coast	Univ. Miss.
MAHANORA	Madagascar	S. P. G.
MAHE, ISLAND OF	Seychelles	C. M. S., Col.
MAIN	Transkei	Free Ch. Scot.
MALAN	Cape Colony	Un. Presb.
MALANGE	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
MALMESBURY	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
MAMBA	Lower Guinea.	Bish. Taylor.
MAMBOIA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MAMRE	Cape Colony	Morav.
MANSOORA	Egypt	Am. Presb.
MAPUMULO. See Umpumulo.		
MARABASTAD	Transvaal	Wes.
MARBURG	Natal	Herm.
MARSHALL	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis.
MASASAI	East Central Africa.	Univ. Miss.
MATATIELE	Griqualand E.	S. P. G.
MAURITIUS, ISLAND OF	—	S. P. G., C. M. S.
MBULU	Transkei	Un. Presb.
MIDDELBURGH	Transvaal	S. P. G.
MILLSBURGH	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Evang. Luth.
MODIMULLE	Transvaal	Berlin.
MOGADOR	Marocco	L. S. P. C. Jews.
MOLOPOLOLE	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
MOMBASA	East Coast	C. M. S.
MOMBERA'S	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
MONROVIA	Liberia	Am. Meth. Epis., Am. Presb., Am. Prot. Epis.
MORIJALI	Basuto Land	Paris Evang.
MOSCHI	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MOSSEL BAY	Cape Colony	S. P. G., Berlin.
MOSELLA	Transvaal	Herm.
MOSTAGANEM	Algeria	N. African.
MPWAPWA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
MTINGINYA'S	"	"
MUKIMBUNGA	Congo	Swed. Miss. Un.
MUKIMVIKA	"	Am. Bapt.
MURUNDAVA	Madagascar	Norweg.
MWEMWANDA	Lake Nyassa	Free Ch. Scot.
(Chitrenjt)		
NASA	Victoria Nyanza.	C. M. S.
NATETE	"	"
NEU HALLE	Transvaal	Berlin.
NEWALA	Mozambique	Univ. Miss.
NEWCASTLE	Natal	S. P. G.
NGOMBI	Congo	Bapt.
(Wathen)		
NHANGUEPEPO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
ODE ONDO	Benin	C. M. S.
OKAHANDYA	Damara Land.	Rhenish.
OKOZONDYE	"	"
OKRIKA	Guinea	C. M. S.
ONDONGA	S. W. Africa	Finland.
ONITSA	Niger	C. M. S.
ORAN	Algeria	N. African.
OTYIKANGO	Damara Land.	Rhenish.
(Barmen)		
OTYIMBINGUE	"	"
OTYOSAZU	"	"
OUTSHOORN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
OYO	Dahomey	C. M. S., Wes.
PAARL	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PALA BALLA	Congo	Am. Bapt.
PEDDIE	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PEELTON	"	L. M. S., Soc. Fem. Ed.
PELLA	Transvaal	Herm.
PIETERMARITZBURG	Natal	S. P. G., Free Ch. Scot.
PINETOWN	"	S. P. G.
PIRIE	Cape Colony	Free Ch. Scot.
PLETTENBURG BAY.	"	S. P. G.
PNIEL	Kimberley	Berlin.
POKWANI	BechuanaLand	S. P. G.
(Phokowane)		
PONGO RIVER	Sierra Leone Coast.	S. P. G., Miss. of West Indian Ch.
PORT ELIZABETH	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PORT LOCEO	Sierra Leone	C. M. S.
PORT LOUIS	Mauritius	C. M. S., S. P. G.
PORT NOLLOTH	NamaquaLand	S. P. G.
PORTO NOVO	Slave Coast	Wes.
POTCHEFSTROOM	Transvaal	Wes., S. P. G., Berlin.
PRASLIN	Seychelles	S. P. G.
PRETORIA	Transvaal	S. P. G., Wes., Berlin, Herm.
PRINCE ALBERT	Cape Colony	S. P. G.
PUNGO ANDONGO	Loando	Bish. Taylor.
QUEENSTOWN	Cape Colony	S. P. G.

QUITA	Gold Coast .	N. German.
REHOBOTH	Great Namaqua Land.	Rhenish.
RIBE	East Coast .	Un. Meth.
RICHMOND	Cape Colony .	S. P. G.
"	Natal .	"
RIKATLA	Delagoa Bay .	Free Ch. Switz.
RIVERSDALE	Cape Colony .	S. P. G., Berlin.
ROBERTSON	" .	S. P. G.
ROCK FOUNTAIN. See Ixopo.		
RORKE'S DRIFT	Natal .	Swed. Ch.
ROUXVILLE	Orange Free State.	Prim. Meth.
RUSTENBURG	Transvaal .	Herm., S. P. G.
SAGALLA	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
ST. ALBAN'S	Tembu Land .	S. P. G.
ST. ANDREW'S	Pondo Land .	"
ST. AUGUSTINE'S	Griqualand E.	"
"	Madagascar .	Norweg.
ST. HELENA, ISLAND OF.	—	S. P. G.
ST. HELENA BAY	Cape Colony .	"
ST. JOHN	Pondo Land .	"
ST. LOUIS	Senegambia .	Paris Evang.
ST. MARK'S	Tembu Land .	S. P. G.
ST. PAUL'S	Zululand .	"
ST. PAUL DE LOANDA	West Central Africa.	Bish. Taylor.
ST. PAUL RIVER	Liberia .	Am. Prot. Epis.
SAN SALVADOR	Congo .	Bapt.
SANTA ISABEL	Fernando Po .	Prim. Meth.
SARON	Cape Colony .	Rhenish.
"	Transvaal .	Herm.
SCHIEFFONTEIN (Carnarvon)	Cape Colony .	Rhenish.
SEFULA	Zambesi .	Paris Evang.
SEKUBU	Basuto Land .	S. P. G.
SESHEKE	Zambesi .	Paris Evang.
SETTRA KRU	Liberia .	Am. Meth. Epis.
SEYCHELLES, THE	—	S. P. G., C. M. S., Col.
SEYMOUR	Cape Colony .	Col.
SHERBORO'	Sierra Leone .	Wes., Freedmen.
SHILOAH	Basuto Land .	Paris Evang.
SHIMBA MTS.	Mombasa .	C. M. S.
SHOSHONG	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
SIDBURY	Cape Colony .	S. P. G.
SIERRA LEONE	West Coast .	C. M. S., S. P. G., Wes., Un. Meth., Am. Wom. Assn., Freedmen.
SIHANAKA, District of.	Madagascar .	L. M. S.
SILUVANE	Transvaal .	Free Ch. Switz.
SIOOT. See Asyoot.		
SMITHFIELD	Orange Free State.	Paris Evang.
SOAFANANA	Madagascar .	Norweg.
SOMERSET EAST	Cape Colony .	Un. Presb., Col.
SPRINGBOK FONTEIN (Concordia)	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.
SPRINGVALE	Natal .	S. P. G.
STANDERTON	Transvaal .	"
STANGER	Natal .	"
STANLEY POOL (Arthington)	Congo .	Bapt.
STEINKOPF	NamaquaLand	Rhenish.
STELLENBOSCH	Cape Colony .	Rhenish, S. P. G.
STENDAL	Natal .	Berlin.
SWELLENDAM	Cape Colony .	S. P. G.
TABASE	Pondo Land .	Morav.
TALAGUGA	Lower Guinea.	Am. Presb.
TAMATAVE	Madagascar .	L. M. S., S. P. G.
TANGIER	Marocco .	N. African.
TARKA	Cape Colony .	Un. Presb.
TARKASTAD	" .	"
TAUNGS, District of	BechuanaLand	L. M. S.
TETUAN	Marocco .	N. African.
THABA BOSIGO	Basuto Land .	Paris Evang.
THABA MORENA	" .	"
THABA NCHU	Orange Free State.	S. P. G.
TLEMCEM	Algeria .	N. African.
TLOTSE	Basuto Land .	S. P. G.
TRIPOLI	Tripoli .	N. African.
TRISTAN D'ACUNHA, ISLAND OF.	—	S. P. G.
TULBAGH	Cape Colony .	Rhenish.
TULLEAR	Madagascar .	Norweg.
(Tolia)		
TUNDWA. See Underhill.		
TUNIS	Tunis .	N. African, L. S. P. C. Jews.
TUTURA	Transkei .	Un. Presb.
UITENHAGE	Cape Colony .	S. P. G.
UMBONAMBI	Zulu Land .	Norweg.
UMGENI	Natal .	S. P. G.
UMPUMULO (Mapumulo)	" .	Norweg., Am. B. F. M.
UMSINGA	" .	Free Ch. Scot.
(Gordon Memorial)		
UMSUNDUZI	" .	Am. B. F. M.
UMTATA	Tembu Land .	S. P. G.
UMTVALUMI	Natal .	Am. B. F. M.
UMZINTO	" .	S. P. G.
UMZUMBI	" .	Am. B. F. M.
UNDERHILL	Congo .	Bapt.
(Tundwa)		
UNIONDALE	Cape Colony .	S. P. G.
UNGOYA	Reserved Territory.	Norweg.
URAMBO	East Central Africa.	L. M. S.
USAMBARA, District of.	East Coast of Africa.	Univ. Miss.
USUTU RIVER	Amatonga .	S. P. G.
UYUI	East Central Africa.	C. M. S.
VALDEZIA	Transvaal .	Free Ch. Switz.
VANGAINDRANO	Madagascar .	Norweg.
VATOMANDRY	" .	S. P. G.
VERULAM	Natal .	"
VICTORIA	Cameroons .	Basel.
VIVI	Congo .	Bish. Taylor.
VRYBERG	BechuanaLand	Wes.
WALFISCH BAY	S. W. Coast .	Rhenish.
WALLMANSTHAL	Transvaal .	Berlin.
WARMBAD	Great Namaqua Land .	Rhenish.
WATERBERG	Transvaal .	Wes.
WATHEN. See Ngombi.		
WESSELSTROOM (Wakkerstroom)	" .	Wes., S. P. G.
WINEBAH	Gold Coast .	Wes.
WINKLEIBOSCH	Cape Colony .	Morav.
WITWATER	" .	"
WOGENTHIN	Transvaal .	Berlin.
WORCESTER	Cape Colony .	S. P. G., Rhenish.
WUPPERTHAL	" .	Rhenish.
ZANZIBAR, TOWN AND ISLAND OF.	—	Univ. Miss.
ZEERUST	Transvaal .	S. P. G.
ZUURBRAAK	Cape Colony .	"



AFRICA

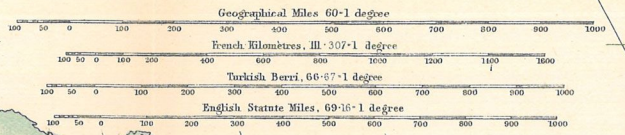
NORTHERN PORTION

BY KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E.

With Corrections and Additions to 1890.

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:18,000,000 - 300 miles to an inch.



wonderful tales) "the mendacious Pinto." After having been attacked by another pirate and driven helplessly before the wind, the pirate and the traveller at last sighted the shores of the southern island of Japan. Pinto landed safely, the first European who set foot on the "Land of the Rising Sun." In native annals that year is remarkable for the introduction of fire-arms, foreigners, and Christianity—a "Trinity of Terrors" inseparable in the minds of six after-generations, and till recently alike regarded with horror.

Pinto's arquebuses secured for him a delighted welcome. Numerous traders—Portuguese, Spanish, and Dutch—followed in his wake, who found their dreams of a rich land and large profits verified. Daimios vied with each other in offers of hospitality. The trader was soon followed by the Jesuit missionary.

Seven years after Pinto's arrival, a Japanese named Anjiro, having killed a fellow-countryman, escaped to India on board a Portuguese vessel, and at Goa encountered the illustrious Jesuit missionary, Francis Xavier. Anjiro picked up colloquial Portuguese, and ere long professed the new religion. Xavier inquired what would be the prospects of a Christian mission to Japan. The answer was true to the nineteenth as well as to the sixteenth century: "His people would not immediately assent to what might be said to them, but they would investigate my religion by a multitude of questions, and, above all, by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words. This done, the daimios, the nobility, and the people would flock to Christ, being a nation that always follows reason as a guide." Xavier hastened to test the truth of this assurance, and in 1549 he landed on the southern horn of the crescent formed by the islands of Japan, accompanied by Anjiro as his interpreter.

In midwinter, through snow-drifts and mountain torrents, he walked, barefoot and thinly clad, to the capital, a two months' journey. Neglecting to acquire the language, however, he was unable to preach, and had to rely mainly on images of the Virgin and Child. He failed alike to gain access to the sacred presence of the Mikado, and to win the ear of the people. Before long he left the country, keenly disappointed with his reception.

But where Xavier had failed, his followers succeeded. Within thirty years, 200 places of worship were established, and 150,000 Japanese, including daimios, generals, and even members of the Imperial House, were entered on the roll of converts. An embassy of four young noblemen was sent to the Pope, to declare themselves vassals of the Holy See. A few years more, and the native Christians numbered over half a million.

This success of the Jesuits is attributable partly to the action of the illustrious Shogun (Premier), Nobunaga. The Buddhist priests, with their vast estates, one occupying thirteen valleys, had become a danger to the realm. To humble their pride and power, open favour was shown to the Christians. The Jesuits, moreover, grafted their own religion on the ceremonies and paraphernalia of the dominant religion of Japan. Buddhism, it has often been said, is Roman Catholicism without a God. In both alike there were altars, candles, vestments, censers, bells, monasteries, celibates with shaven heads, pilgrimages, beads, saints, and indulgences. Buddhist temples were,

without difficulty, converted into Christian churches; lavatories, where the pious had formerly rinsed their teeth in preparation for worship, were turned into baptismal fonts; images of Buddha became images of Jesus; Kuanon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy, was changed into the Virgin Mother. At the same time, to a people who had no prospect better than oppression and war here, and endless re-births hereafter, the promise of Paradise to the faithful at death, came as a welcome Gospel.

Unfortunately the Jesuits had forgotten nothing, and had learnt nothing, and took the sword to spread their faith. They put many of the priests (bonzes) to death, burnt numerous monasteries, introduced the Inquisition, and exiled hundreds who refused to conform. Jealousies and quarrels sprang up upon the arrival of other orders, Franciscans and Dominicans. The old Shogûn and his successor discovered the Jesuits carrying on intrigues for his overthrow. Fear of a foreign occupation took hold of his mind, and he resolved to extirpate the new faith.

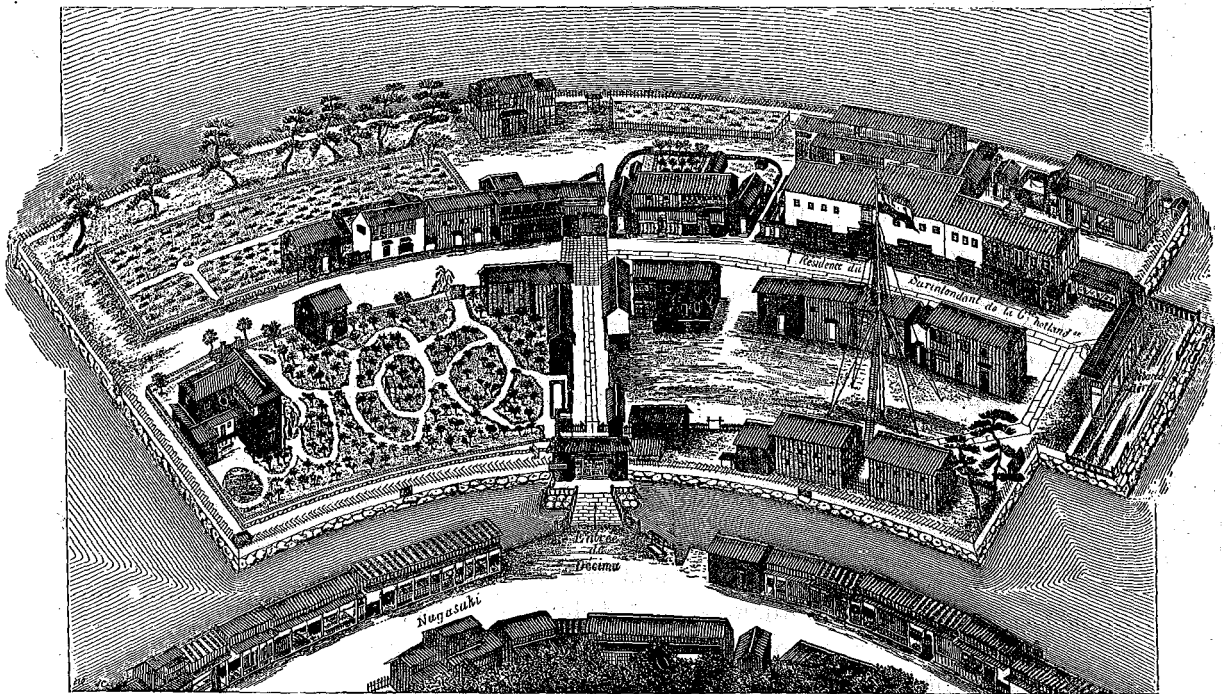
At length, in 1615, as the culmination of a bloody religious war, thousands of Christians were massacred. Their unflinching devotion to their religion compels our admiration. One may search the grim history of early Christian martyrology, without finding anything to surpass the heroism of the Roman Catholic martyrs of Japan. Burnt on stakes made of crosses, forced to trample on plates engraved with the words "The Christian Criminal God," torn limb from limb, buried alive, they yet refused to recant. We are told of "one Jesuit priest, Christopher Ferreya, who, after enduring horrible tortures, was at last hung by his feet in such a way that his head was in a hole in the ground from which light and air were excluded. His right hand was left loose that with it he might make the prescribed sign of recantation. He hung for four hours, and then made the sign. He was at once released, and compelled to consign Christians to torture and death."

Then, after a lull, in 1637 thousands of Christians rose in armed rebellion. They seized an old castle, but after a two months' siege were forced to surrender, and 37,000 were slaughtered. At the mouth of the lovely bay, or amphitheatre, of Nagasaki, is the rocky islet capped with wood, called, by the Dutch, Pappenberg. The closing act in the Jesuit tragedy took place when thousands of native Christians were hurled from this spot into the sea.

Stern decrees were then issued forbidding the admission of any foreign vessel. An exception was made in favour of Chinese and of Dutch citizens, twenty of whom were allowed to remain on the small fan-shaped island of Deshima, and to receive two ships per annum. Japan had experienced a century of "Christianity;" and the chief results were the introduction of gunpowder, fire-arms, tobacco, and some new and repulsive forms of disease; but especially the creation of a loathing of all foreign races and all foreign faiths. For more than two hundred years notice-boards stood beside highways, ferries, and mountain passes, containing, among various prohibitions of other crimes, the following:—

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

For centuries the name "Christian" would blanch the cheek and pale the lip. It was "the synonym of sorcery, sedition, and all that was hostile to the purity of the home and the peace of society. Christianity was remembered only as an awful scar on the national annals. No vestiges were supposed to be left of it, and no knowledge of its tenets was held, save by a very few scholars in Yedo, trained experts, who were kept as a sort of spiritual bloodhounds to scent out the adherents of the accursed creed."* A Police Inquisition was formed, after the model with which the Jesuit Inquisition had supplied them, and now the Buddhist priests used that identical instrument for the discovery of Christians, paying their parishioners an



PLAN OF DESHIMA. (From a Dutch Original.)

annual visit of inquiry and examination. But in the Southern Island the smouldering fire was never quite extinguished. As recently as 1829, six men and an old woman were crucified at Osaka! A large Christian community was discovered near Nagasaki in 1860, whose story must be told at a later point. The Bible had not been translated by the Jesuit missionaries, else many more communities would no doubt have outlived persecution.

At length the gate was shut and bolted; and during the long period of isolation, only nebulous tales about the romantic hermit-nation floated in the Western mind. Charles II. despatched a vessel to open intercourse with Japan, but in vain. A little later a Chinese junk was driven out of Nagasaki for having on board a book

* Griffis, "Mikado's Empire."

descriptive of the Papal Cathedral at Peking. Early last century an Italian priest induced the commander of a vessel to send him ashore, only, however, to be kept in close imprisonment till his death.

It was the repeated attempts of Russia in the present century to seize Japan, that induced America to forestall her aggressive efforts, and take the action which brought Japan into the brotherhood of nations.

When Commodore Perry's war-ship steamed into Yedo Bay, a native official approached and ordered the intruder away. Perry was resolute, and refused to negotiate with any but the highest authorities. He had, he said, a letter from the President of the United States requesting a treaty of friendship and commerce, and it must be put into the hands of some responsible representative of the Government. When the Council at Yedo received the news of the arrival of the powerful fleet, and the Commander's demand, they were thrown into wild alarm. Conflicting opinions were expressed. Some advised summary and stern dismissal of the "barbarians;" others dreaded the consequences, and recommended that, at least, a representative of high blood should be sent to receive the President's letter. This last was done, and Perry retired, promising to return within a year to receive a reply.

Early in 1854 Perry returned, faithful to his word, supported by a larger squadron; and, by the application of pressure, constrained the Government to sign a Treaty. A British Embassy under Lord Elgin followed four years later, taking a small steam yacht from the Queen to the Emperor, and the Treaty of Yedo was signed without delay, securing larger concessions than Perry had obtained. Six ports were to be opened to British subjects, where also consuls were to reside. A Diplomatic Representative was to be received at Yedo, and other valuable terms were obtained. The seclusion of two centuries had been broken, without expenditure of blood or shot.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN EASTERN BRITAIN.

Extent and Climate of Japan—The Inland Sea—Mountains—Flora and Fauna—Agriculture—Lineage—Dress—In Tokio—Street Scenes—Shops and Shopkeepers—Fires—Houses and Gardens—Feasts and Festivals—Schools and Schoolmasters—Women—Poetry—Public Baths—Amusements—Art—Social Ranks.

A RED ball on a white ground—the rising sun emerging from the lonely Pacific—distinguishes the national flag of Japan. The most remote outpost of Asia, with four thousand miles of unbroken sea stretching eastwards, the Land of the Rising Sun clings close, in crescent form, to the great Eastern continent. In insular position, as in extent, population, and many other features, it is an Eastern edition of the British Isles. Of its three thousand islands there are four of considerable extent; one the size of England, containing a mountain as large as Mont Blanc, and a lake as wide as Geneva. Its climate is moderated in the south and east by a warm ocean current from the Equatorial belt—the "Black Stream"—three times larger than

the Gulf Stream. Its southern shores are thereby rendered semi-tropical, while Yezo in the north is washed by a reverse Arctic current. To this "Black Stream" it owes its luxuriant vegetation, which mantles mountain slopes and broad valleys in perpetual green. Its streams are of necessity short and rapid; its coast-land irregular, and indented with deep estuaries and bays.

After a week's run from Hong-Kong, we sight the tall and lonely archways worn out of the rocks that stand like sentinels of Japan, and steam past Pappenberg, the rock of the Jesuit martyrs, through the narrow passage that admits to the harbour of Nagasaki. This bay—a colossal amphitheatre—is second only to Sydney harbour in point of beauty and situation. At the upper bend, the artificial island, Deshima, recalls the story of the few Dutch settlers who were permitted to remain after the expulsion of other foreigners, and whose solitary life was broken only by the arrival of a Dutch merchantman twice a year. It was in this neighbourhood that a Roman Catholic remnant from the Jesuit movement was unearthed in recent years. Leaving this land-locked bay, we soon reach Shimonoséki, the Japanese Gibraltar, the narrow gateway to the Japanese Mediterranean.

The Inland Sea has no rival in all Europe for varied charm and gem-like beauty. We are reminded now of the Isles of Greece, and again of the Lakes of Killarney, now of the Kyles of Bute, and again of the Rhine. From dawn to dusk we sail on, through the shifting panorama of its thousand islets capped with green. Repeatedly we seem to be hemmed in and to be running aground, when a hidden channel reveals itself, opening out into another vista of emerald isles and sand-bordered bays. Traversing the maze at dusk or by moonlight, we glide through the fairy scene as in a dream. The troop of clumsy junks, with swollen sails and open sterns, the villages dimly dotting the shore, the terraced slopes like Rhine-side vineyards, the water like a floor for Titania and her court, and the swift procession of lovely islets, combine to make us rub our eyes, and wonder whether we are the prey of fancy.

Through an intensely clear atmosphere we see the summits of Japan's loftiest range of mountains, from sixty to eighty miles distant. As we round the coast towards the capital, we can see that it is a land of mountain and flood, and at the same time a land of vast plains luxuriant in evergreen. A closer inspection on our first expedition inland will reveal the composition of the landscape: feathery bamboo thickets, beech, oak, maple, and pine trees, azaleas and camellias; among plants, chrysanthemums—the national flower—cryptomeria, and many varieties of evergreens: stretches of watery paddy-fields, for the cultivation of rice, arranged in small squares, like the map of the United States.

Great mountain chains rise here and there into lofty peaks, from 6,000 to 9,000 feet high, volcanic in shape and origin. The scenery in some of these regions is of Alpine grandeur. The widest plain stretches unbroken from the capital, Tokio, to a wall of blue mountain, seventy miles inland. Visible across this plain even by moonlight, the tent-shaped mass, Fuji-san, towers into the sky in silent majesty—an extinct volcano, "clothed by a garment of lava, on a throne of granite," its summit

rising like a cone some 13,000 feet above sea-level. The popular belief is that it rose in a night. We do not wonder that it is an object of worship, is more sacred to the Japanese than their temples, and is the resort of numberless pilgrims. It figures in every painted landscape, every lacquer bowl, fan, dress, or tea-cup. The Japanese artist introduces the sacred mountain, or the sacred stork, into every possible scene. The volcanic nature of the country is seen in the peaks and islands that still vomit forth smoke, in the sulphurous springs whose medicinal qualities attract numerous sufferers, and in the earthquake shocks which daily alarm the nervous, and, in a serious mood, every ten years destroy a city.

Agriculture is the chief source of the nation's wealth. Terraces of carefully cultivated rice-beds cover every acre to which water can be brought, and adorn the hill-sides and shoulders of the mountains. By dint of careful tilling and manuring, the soil is made to yield two crops annually. But the eye looks in vain for English meadows and pasture-lands. The Japanese farmer rears no cattle, breeds only a few pack-horses and draught oxen. Believing in the transmigration of the soul, the people are necessarily vegetarians. To kill an animal would be to unhouse some soul, perhaps to stop it on its upward way. Rice is the staple product of the country; next comes the mulberry-tree, for the silkworm; and tea, exported mainly to the United States. The national drink, called saké, is a fermented decoction of rice, which intoxicates quickly, but which does not render its victims so savage and brutal as does British fire-water.

Landing in spring-time, we are greeted with a glorious show of peach, plum, and cherry blossoms. One of the sights of Japan is Uyeno Park, on the outskirts of Tokio, at the time of the cherry-blossom. By the river's bank is an avenue of two miles in length, bordered by cherry-trees, gay with delicate bloom, and dotted with pavilioned tea-gardens, where the merry pleasure-seeker early in April enjoys a drink flavoured with cherry-blossom.

Summer follows and covers the lakes with irises, and August spreads the sacred lotus over the waters of the castle moats. More representative than any, and at its best in October, is the chrysanthemum, to Japan what the rose is to England. Camellias stay till December, and evergreens relieve the wintry landscape.

The fauna of Japan is as poor as its flora is rich. Its birds are almost songless, with the exception of the thrush, the skylark, and the nightingale. Impudent crows assail the ear with their coarse caw-caw. Foxes, badgers, and hares abound, and have long been the objects of the people's superstitious reverence. Cats are, like their Manx kindred, tailless, and dogs are wolfish. Sheep find the grass of Japan too coarse, and die. Oxen are used only for draught purposes, and may be seen slowly dragging a wooden plough, a reproduction of the Greek *pelton*.

Our voyage in the Japanese waters has been hastened by the "Black Current," a stream which appears to have played a curious part in the history of certain races. There is a reasonable theory which supposes that the original home of the North American Indians was Japan. The "Black Stream," which strikes its south-eastern

shores, bounding off in a curving course across the Pacific, is known to have carried, between 1782 and 1876, forty-seven Japanese junks to the Californian coast. There are other facts, in language and appearance, which give colour to the supposition that the Mexicans and Indians may be traced to Japan.

As to their own lineage, the Japanese claim to be directly descended from the gods. The present Mikado is the 123rd in direct succession from Jimmu Tenno, whose mother was a goddess, and who came down from the heavens in a boat. A theory, almost as reasonable, finds at last the long lost ten tribes of Israel in the Japanese! Probably the Koreans, certainly not the Chinese, are their progenitors.

Two distinctly marked types of feature are found among the people, says Griffis. The upper classes are characterised by "the fine, long, oval face, with prominent well-chiselled features, oblique eyes, long drooping eyelids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high and narrow forehead, bud-like mouth, pointed chin, small hands and feet." The labouring classes are marked by the flattened face, less oblique eyes, and heavy features; and are akin to the Aino race, a remnant of which, hairy, muscular, and without an alphabet, survives in the northern island of Yezo.

We will make our first visit to Japan in company with the earliest diplomatists, merchants, and missionaries, ere the life and customs of centuries disappear before Western civilisation. A stalwart boatman sculls us ashore, in Venetian fashion, with his oar resting on an outrigger at the stern. A cotton wisp bound round his temples, and a girdle round his loins, compose his wardrobe. Behind he is an "art exhibition," a study in tattooing. Safely landed, we are transferred to a *kago*, an open framework like a sedan chair, suspended to a long pole which rests on the shoulders of two or four men. No one but a tailor could comfortably submit to be jostled along in this cramped and cribbed position.

A good-humoured crowd gather to inspect the foreigner. From the bearded grandfather to the merry children, all are polite, genial, and light-hearted. The cares of life seem to weigh lighter here than in other lands.

The men shave a broad strip of their crown, while their long uncut hair is gathered up into a queue, bandolined and knotted in thumb-shape close to the head. The peasants wear palm-leaf hats about one yard in diameter, and in wintry weather thatch themselves with a grass overcoat, which transforms them into so many hedgehogs. With the exception of the rustics and the workmen, the people wear loose long toga-like robes, bound round the waist with a band, in which smoking or writing materials are carried. The most striking features of the fashionable or festive dresses of young women, are the richly brocaded girdle tied in a huge bow behind, the graceful folds of the successive garments at the open bosom, the powdered necks and faces, and the lips reddened with carmine. All wear white socks, which divide between the large and the other toes to admit the thong of the patten by which it is held to the foot. The clatter of these loosely attached pattens, mingled with the street cries, gives life to the scene.

On our way to Tokio, the Yedo of our school-books, we pass several fishing



TATTOED JAPANESE SERVANT.

villages, thread our way among the ubiquitous paddy-fields, and emerge on the Tokaido, the great imperial highway of Japan, and the scene of the military exploits and historic events of many generations. Among the wayfarers are pilgrims clad in white, carrying tinkling bells, and chanting to each other in turn some rhythmical and musical lines. Pack-horses pass us shod with straw shoes, and supplied each with two extra pairs slung to its harness.

The capital, which we are nearing, presents the appearance of a wilderness of dingy wooden structures. It is one wide waste of shingle roofs, relieved by a few wooded heights whose ancient trees shelter the curving roofs of lofty temples. We are startled by a cry of agony, a choking groan, that appears to come at regular intervals from some coolies who are dragging a laden cart. None of them is in the pangs of a colic, however: it is only the alternate cry by which they keep time and urge each other to the effort. We have scarcely entered the city streets when we hear a shrill whistle of a double-barrelled reed-pipe coming from a blind man who is groping his way with his staff. He is a professor of shampooing—stone-blind, like all the members of his profession—who perambulates the streets ready to shampoo tired travellers, or shave their heads, or apply the massage treatment as a cure for rheumatic and other ailments. He is prepared also to lend money at liberal interest.

Amid all the jangle of the street cries coming from coolies, and sweetmeat sellers, and visiting barbers, the milkman's cry is never heard. It is, according to Japanese taste, an indelicate, an immodest thing to milk a cow!

The music of the streets in the evening reminds us of the squalling of two babies in one room. On the occasion of *matsuris*, or festive street shows, girls squat by the way in the line of booths, and draw a knot of admiring listeners by their incessant high-pitched tremolo, relieved by a brief chase down the scale and up again. It is clever, but it is not music.

Here comes the water-cart—a man with two pails suspended at the end of a bamboo pole carried on his shoulders. As he trots along with swaying motion, a thin slit half round the bottom of the pail throws a stream of water on the dusty road.

Each street name, instead of being posted on the corner as with us, is written above each portal. A slab of wood hangs over the entrance, inscribed with the name of the street or block, the number, and names and sexes of the occupants. The Japanese believe in door-plates. Often a charm may be found suspended beside the board, the horse-shoe of Japan. The streets are christened with very flowery and poetic names. But the most curious of all is Will Adams, or the Pilot's Street. The Englishman thus immortalised had a strange history. As pilot of a Dutch fleet, he was the first Englishman to enter the country, fifty years after Xavier's arrival. He rose by ability and fidelity to be the trusted counsellor of the illustrious Shogun Iyeyasu. A street in the capital was honoured with the name of the Pilot, *Anjiu Oho*, and its inhabitants still maintain an annual festival in commemoration of his fame. His grave has recently been discovered, surmounted by a stone monument erected by the Japanese.

Shops are open from side to side to the streets, their signboards needlessly

indicating the character of their contents, which are all visible to the passer-by. The floor is raised a foot or two above ground, and serves at once for counter and seat. It is covered with thick rush mats invariably six feet by three. The size of a room is "so many mats." It is kept scrupulously clean—on the exterior, for within it is often densely populated—and sandals are always dropped at the entrance before setting foot on its shining surface.

The shopkeeper squats on the soles of his feet, toasting his hands at his *hibachi*, a portable metal or stone fire-box in which a meagre charcoal fire is kept burning. In his hand is a pipe, with a long stem, and bowl of the size of a bean, filled afresh at every second or third whiff. As we approach he salutes us by dipping his forehead to the floor. But time is not money to him, fixed prices are unknown, and to make a bargain is a slow process. He asks four times the actual amount he will take, incredulously shrugs his shoulders at the sum you offer, and finally, after counting on his *soroban* and humming his soliloquies, he accepts it with a resigned air, sealing the bargain by calling for a cup of tea for us from the room behind. He bids us adieu with another polite obeisance, sucking his breath through his teeth after the manner of native good-breeding.

The picturesque appearance of the shops delights our artistic taste. One deals in rush hats like mushrooms, paper umbrellas plain or decorated, and straw sandals. His neighbour, the greengrocer, is driving a roaring trade in rice, wheat, vegetables of trying odours, and edible sea-weed. One advertises *Tabako*, a trace of the Portuguese visitors two centuries ago; another announces Saké, the native rice-spirit. Special trades—coopers, china-dealers, silk-merchants, &c.—are to be found clustering together in their own special streets.

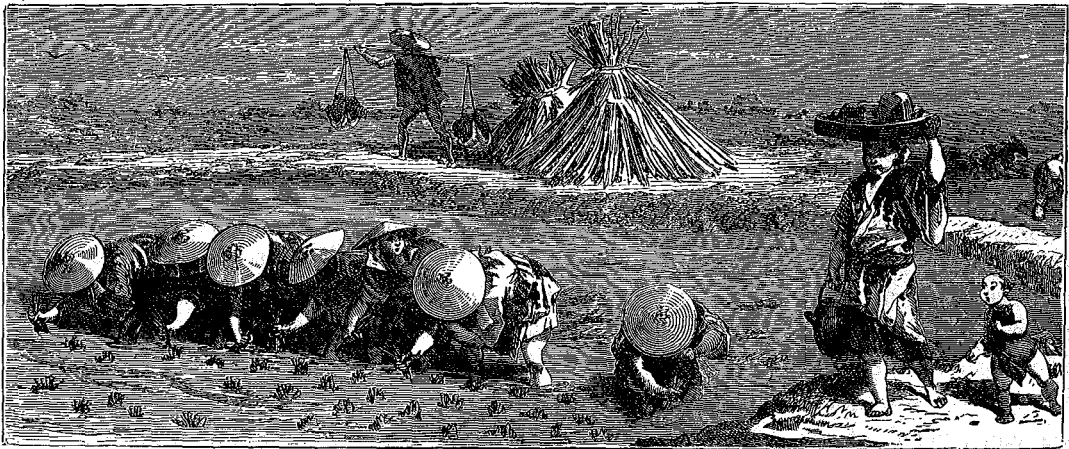
We see few houses of more than one storey, with a dwarf storey above, and all are constructed of wood, with the exception of the clay-built go-downs or storehouses. Stone-built houses would soon be shaken to the ground by earthquakes. Here then among these wooden streets is a splendid field for fires, which are so common that a tradesman calculates on being burnt out once every seven years. One night's conflagration in the capital has destroyed as many as 9,000 houses; and every winter night sees numerous fires, some of them traced to incendiaries, but most of them to the upsetting of lamps or braziers. A watchman in each ward sees the glare of fire from his lofty look-out and rings the bell, once if the destroyer is far off, continuously if it is at hand. The only objects that resist the devouring flames are the fire-proof clay store-houses. Next morning sees the luckless citizen preparing with Yankee speed for the re-erection of his house, and within a month or two the streets are lined with shops again.

In Japanese houses there is little attempt at privacy. Through the open door or lattice may be seen the family at their fish and rice, or the mother shaving her child's head of its entire crop of hair except a tuft above each ear and one at the nape of the neck. And "at night when the paper windows are drawn closely together, you may see many a side-splitting comedy or painful tragedy enacted in shadow by the unconscious inmates. Japanese caricaturists have, indeed, not been slow to seize and

utilise this salient feature in the national life, and comic silhouettes or shadow-pictures are to be seen in any print-shop or bookseller's window."

A native house has no walls, except sliding doors, and the heavy roof with its overhanging eaves is supported only by wooden pillars. Screens with paper panels, which slide in grooves, divide the house into apartments. Remove the partitions and you have a spacious room. An entrance can be made from any side. The floor serves for chair and bed alike. The language has no word for "chair" other than a "priest's seat." The thickly matted floor is a bed softer than a soldier's. The pillow is a curiosity—a small box of wood topped with a tiny cushion, while a thickly quilted coverlet serves for blanket. There is no furniture except a *hibachi* (brazier) and dwarf table.

Every house has its garden in the rear, with its tiny lake, its rockery relieved



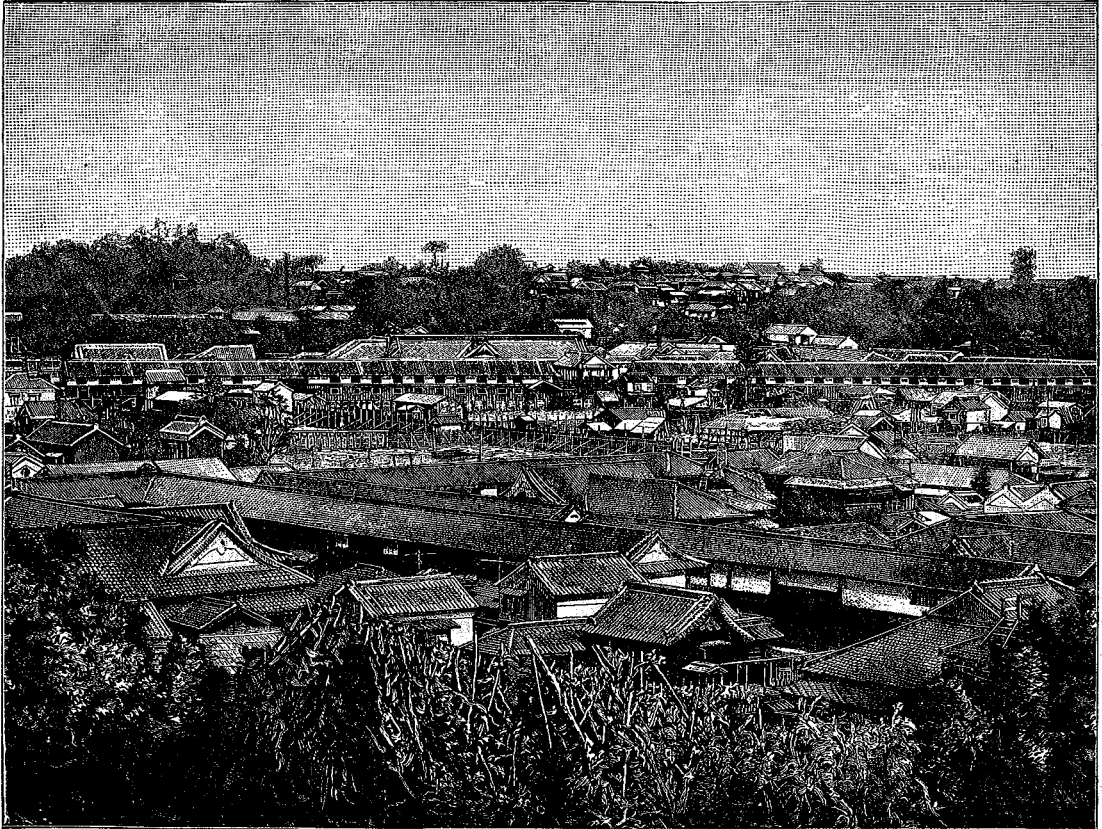
JAPANESE PADDY FIELDS—PLANTING RICE.

with ferns, its dwarfed trees trained into all sorts of gnarled and grotesque shapes. These toy gardens—never laid out in flower-beds—are the delight of the people, and give a fairy aspect to their homes. "The whole calendar is pervaded by festive seasons named after particular flowers or plants. On certain nights, too, which in the stifling summer-time happily come very often, certain streets may be seen from afar to gleam with the radiance of innumerable torches, and, shades of Macbeth! whole uprooted forests, often in full bloom, are seen moving towards the open flower market."

Japan is, according to Sir Rutherford Alcock's phrase, now well worn, "a Paradise of Babies." With their wise, precocious faces, their knowing, twinkling, jet-black eyes, they look little men and women. They hunt in pairs, one always mounted on the back of the other, bandaged on with a special arrangement of cloth. Often the two children—the rider and the ridden—"are so near an age that one is tempted to suppose that they must be taking it in turns and carrying one another." On the back of a boy of six may be seen a child of two, toasted all day in the burning sun, and, when asleep, his little head hanging over loosely and jerked at every

movement of his nursing brother. At first their heads are shaven like priests, then at different stages of their childhood they are allowed to grow three or four tufts of hair, and still later a fringe or forelock is worn. At fifteen they attain their majority, and adopt the style and dress of men and women.

They have the liveliest and most varied games. They may be seen happy at battle-dore or shuttlecock on New Year's Day, or spinning tops and flying kites, or playing at the serious occupations of mature life. On the fifth day of the fifth month is



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celebrated "The Feast of Flags"—the great annual festival for boys. Banners, imitations of military regalia and drill, models of heroes and soldiers, images of great wrestlers, are displayed in the toy-shops in anticipation of the occasion, and a set is purchased for every son in the family. Looking back along the street, we see hundreds of enormous paper carp-fish filled with the wind and fluttering at the end of bamboo rods over the doorways. These are commonly displayed to mark the birth of a male child during the year.

The great day for the girls is the third day of the third month, "The Feast of Dolls." "Several days before the festival," says Griffis, "the shops are gay with the images bought for this occasion. Every respectable family has a number of these

splendidly dressed images, which accumulate from generation to generation. When a daughter is born in the house during the previous year, a pair of *hina* or images are purchased for the little girl, with which she plays until grown up. When she is married, her *hina* are taken with her to her husband's home, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases. Other toys, articles in use in a lady's chamber, the service of the eating-table, the utensils of the kitchen, travelling apparatus, are also exhibited and played with on that day. The girls make offerings of saké and dried rice to the effigies of the Emperor and Empress, and then spend the day with toys, mimicking the whole round of Japanese female life, as that of child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother."

The indoor games of Japanese children are natural, sensible, and instructive—a sort of kindergarten. Some of them teach history and geography, others inculcate dutiful respect to parents or elder brothers or the Mikado. The character of their games contributes largely to the frank, intelligent, and respectful relations of children to parents, so striking in the family life of Japan.

In sauntering through the streets, our attention is arrested once and again by the rhythmical hum, the plaintive, high-pitched notes of children's voices in school. They seem to chant their lessons into ear and memory together. Old memories spring into view of a country school in the old home-land, and of the sing-song way in which we committed our tasks. Six is the lowest age at which they are admitted—only two years after they have been weaned. After five hours' study they are "let loose from school," and with their loose wooden clogs make a strange clatter on the roadway.

There are thirty thousand schools throughout the country, in which three million scholars are at work. There are few people to be found who cannot read, write, and keep accounts, but, beyond elementary studies, their education develops the faculty of memory rather than intelligence. The classics are recited and committed to memory, although utterly incomprehensible at the time. They are consequently hummed or chanted over without any trace of expression.

Among the peculiarities of native education, is the fact that etiquette and morals form a prominent part of school instruction, that the young are taught how they ought to behave as young men and young women, as fathers and mothers, as grandfathers and grandmothers. Another peculiarity is that skill and valour in warfare are always connected with skill in literature, that even in school young Japan is taught that the soldier and the scholar are one and the same, that pen and sword are to be wielded by the same hand. They have their moral heroes, whose deeds are rehearsed; one that captivates the waking imagination the most being an industrious peasant lad who, "when too poor to buy oil for his midnight lamp, learned to read the classics by the soft green radiance of fireflies, which he imprisoned in cages of rush."

In consequence of the common schools, and of the moral systems and heroes they study in their favourite books, the people have reached a state of enlightenment and civilisation which offers a splendid soil for Western science and truth.

Unlike their sisters in India, the women of Japan walk abroad as openly as the men. Happily they have not the Chinese custom of binding their feet, nor the Egyptian custom of covering their face except during the northern winter, when, in common with many of the men, they cover all but their eyes from the cold. One offensive custom, however, prevails. A maiden has the whitest of teeth, but, apparently to lessen her attractions in the eyes of others, upon marriage she must blacken her teeth and shave off her eyebrows. This custom cannot stand before the incursion of Western taste. To know whether a lady is single we look, not for a ring on her finger, but for a red skirt just under her gown. The most expensive part of a woman's dress is her sash or *obé*, knotted into a rich and full bow behind. A parasol takes the place of a hat, except in winter, when her hood serves to screen her from the blast. Her wide sleeves—at once sleeves and pockets—cover her hands instead of gloves. Her tight skirt compels her to turn in her toes and walk with an ambling gait. To see the olive colour of her skin we must look at her wrist, for she powders face and neck and paints her lips vermilion. Her hair is a study. It is done up only once a week, we are told. We at once think of her pillow, and wonder how she can prevent her locks from becoming dishevelled. The difficulty is partly solved when we learn that she makes assiduous use of cosmetics. The rest is explained when we see the pillow, so small that she can lay her head on it without disturbing her chignon. Foreigners have not been known to make large use of native pillows, which may be warranted to dislocate the necks of the uninitiated. It is curious that pillows of the same construction were in use in Egypt, and that the one on which King Cetewayo rested his ill-starred head appears, if London illustrated papers may be trusted, to have been similar in shape.

Women in Japan look haggard while yet in middle life. The explanation is easily found. They marry when only sixteen or eighteen, and they do not wean their children till they are four or five years old. Here, however, woman enjoys a status far superior to that in any other Asiatic country. As a girl she is educated; as soon as she can read, her constant companion, almost her Bible, is a volume containing a collection of writings on the duties of women. This lady's library has been compared to a collection composed of the Holy Scriptures, "Ladies' Letter Writer," "Guide to Etiquette," "Young Ladies' Own Book," Hannah More's "Works," Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," a work on household economy, and an almanack! She excels in love of beauty, order, good breeding, and becomes a tender, affectionate mother.

But she is entirely subordinate to man. Obedience is her supreme duty, obedience first to her father when a child, to her husband when a wife, and then to her eldest son when a widow. She can hope to be saved only by becoming a man in some future re-birth. On festive occasions she is admitted to the banqueting-room, but is not permitted to eat, or only sparingly. In the street she walks behind her husband, and she thinks that an English lady rules her husband! To such a length is obedience carried, that a girl will, at her father's command, adopt the profession of shame, and sell herself to a life she hates, in order to provide means for paying her father's debts. Marriages are only too easily made and unmade. A man seeks a

wife through a professional go-between or match-maker, and goes through a ceremony without priest or official or spoken pledges, consisting of an exchange of presents, drinking tea together, and perhaps a festival of music and dancing. A simple pretext is sufficient to justify the dismissal of a wife. It is enough if she has disobeyed her mother-in-law, or if she talks too much, displays a jealous temper, or proves childless. While she has the enfranchisement of personal and social freedom, as compared with her sisters in the Zenanas of India, she is subjected to degrading limitations as compared with the women of Christendom.

Yet, in the history and literature of the nation, women occupy an honoured place. Nine out of the one hundred and twenty-three Sovereigns were women. The Elizabethan period of Japanese literature belongs to the reign of a Queen. The Homer of Japan, the writer who gave fixed shape to the traditional sacred Kojiki, was a woman. "Moses established the Hebrew, Albert the Saxon, and Luther the German tongue in permanent form; but in Japan the mobile forms of speech crystallised into perennial beauty under the touch of a woman's hand." When the men were deep in civil war or were poring over the classic Chinese, accomplished ladies amused themselves by composing brief poems and reciting them to each other. A poem written by an Emperor's daughter in the ninth century, has been translated thus:—

"Deep in depth of wintry dell
One Flower looked with lifted gaze
On the Sun—
Deep in lonely woodland maze—
Though but one—
There's a Bird that knoweth well
Of the Springtime's coming spell.
Seated on Thy throne apart,
Thou the Spring and Sunshine art,
I, the lone Bird, know Thy grace,
I, the Winter-flower, beholding,
Feel the brightness of Thy face."

Poetry takes a novel and unique form in Japan. It despises rhyme as a coarse element in versification. Its beauty depends on the idea, and the gem-like brevity of the expression. Most frequently it contains about thirty-one syllables, arranged alternately in lines of seven and five syllables. But the external form is of trivial importance compared with the poetic idea, which is the one distinctive requirement.

Pick up a volume from any of the bookshops as you pass, and you find—with some assistance—that a reader begins at the end, as in Hebrew, and reads also from top to bottom in vertical lines, which follow in order from right to left. Are the people of the East left-handed? They certainly reverse Western methods. They turn their screws to the left, plane towards them, saw with the upward stroke (as in Palestine). A lady sews from left to right. A *betto* (groom) puts the horse in its stall with its head out, and a rider mounts from the animal's right side: he does not, however, sit in the saddle with his face to its tail! The blacksmith blows the bellows with his feet. The cooper holds the tub with his toes. Cows wear bells on their tails, and horses are shod with straw shoes, carrying an extra supply with them, and leaving the

old ones on the road. The carpenter makes the shoes, and the basket-maker weaves the head-dress. Gardens are watered with a wooden spoon, and the roofs of houses are built first. When friends meet, each cordially shakes his own hand. At table the honoured guest is placed at the left hand. The crow, not the nightingale, is the bird of love, and it is a compliment to be called a goose. As in French, "No" conveys,



JAPANESE MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

in reply to certain kinds of questions, the same meaning as "Yes" would in English. To revenge an insult a man kills, not his enemy, but himself.

We have not spent an evening in the streets, without having more than once heard the splash and the boisterous merriment of men and women in the public baths. These are the common resorts of the people, as were the baths in Imperial Rome, where they gather to gossip, and lounge, and discuss the latest political incidents. The Japanese love of cleanliness in their homes and their persons is bound up closely with their godliness. The public bath, heated beyond a poor foreigner's endurance, is the people's sanitary safeguard as well as their luxury.

The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese has been cleverly put: "The Chinaman every other day puts clean clothes on the same dirty skin, while the Japanese puts the same dirty clothes on a clean skin." If there is truth in the theory that a nation's stability and good government are proportioned to the people's cleanliness, Japan has a fair prospect of stability. But they need all the sanitary security of their cleanliness, for they have no system of drainage.

Peer through the grating of the baths, and you find both sexes innocently mingling in the one bath (we are describing what the earliest missionary and diplomatic agents found, and are not anticipating the changes effected by the entrance of Western influences). This promiscuous bathing shocks our sense of decency; but remember that the uncovered face of a European lady offends the propriety of her Egyptian sister. There is no consciousness of immodesty among the bathers.

The morality of the people is, however, about as low as that of other heathen nations. Vice is licensed openly, and has its own streets. Polygamy does not exist, but concubinage does on a limited scale. Of such companions a man may have as many as he can afford to keep, although as a matter of fact not many take advantage of this freedom. Daughters and wives who have gone out to share the shameful life of the quarter allotted to courtesans, and have by their earnings saved father or husband from poverty, are received back into their old social circles, and honoured for their conduct. The people's talk is sadly rich in obscene terms.

We soon find that the Japanese are too polite to be truthful. Lying is a characteristic sin. White lies scarcely rank as dishonourable among a people whose first and great commandment seems to be, "Be courteous." They are impressionable and receptive, but so fond of change as to deserve the epithet fickle. They are kind and generous-hearted. Filial devotion, the national virtue, is only equalled by their gentle, bright courtesy of manner.

The Japanese, says "The Land of the Morning," "are a pleasure-loving people. Most of them lead a hand-to-mouth, butterfly sort of life. Misfortune they endure quietly, consoling themselves with a submissive fatalism. In the afternoon a family have a slender wooden house burned to the ground; in the evening they are among the ashes, drinking tea and looking quite contented. So many fires, they say to themselves, must come in so many years: they have got over one, and the next will be so much the longer in coming."

That he has to deal with a pleasure-loving race is evident to the missionary, as he examines his future field and sees the numerous places of amusement. Here is a theatre, flanked on each side with tea-houses, its gable decorated with paintings on wood. The play is over each day at an hour long before an English theatre is open. The performance lasts from sunrise to sunset, and theatre-goers may be seen carrying in with them a store of provisions for the day. On the matted floor of the square seatless boxes, they squat and smoke and sip tea and make havoc with the contents of their luncheon baskets. When the tragedy culminates, and some insulted retainer is preparing to take revenge by self-slaughter, the audience listen in rapt admiration as he sharpens his dirk with grim and



A JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

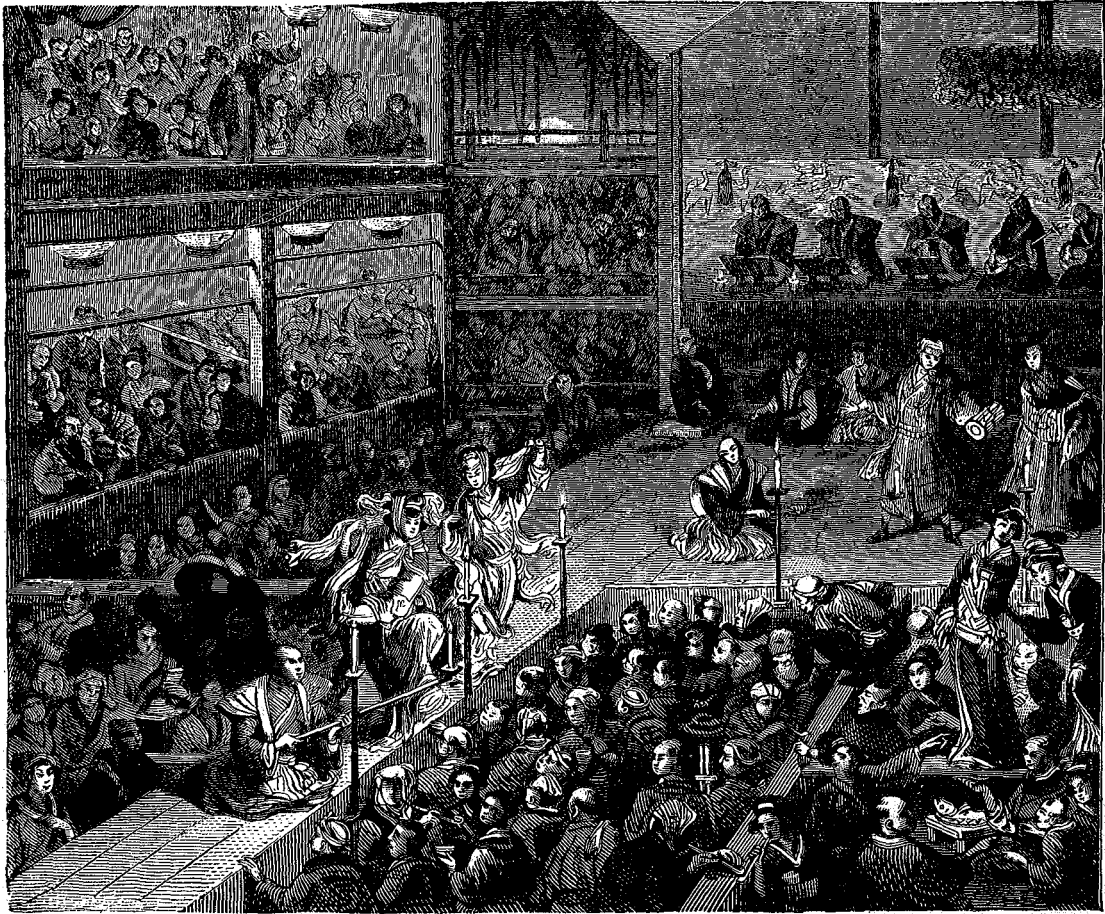
prolonged ferocity. We are reminded of the English theatre of the age of Shakespeare, in the early hour at which the performance closes, in the fact that women do not appear on the stage, their place being taken by boys or men, and in the movements of attendants in black who are supposed to be invisible. As in Britain, also, the drama had a religious origin, and bears the marks of some Japanese mysteries and miracle plays. But in spite of its early purpose, its influence is pernicious. The most virtuous families, as well as the upper classes, do not frequent it.

The art of Japan has a unique fascination for the Western eye. It must not be judged by the crude, coarse imitations rampant at home. Nor can we, by a casual visit to a Japanese home, estimate the range of the people's artistic taste and skill. A householder does not display all his treasures of art at one time. In the storehouse, where he lays aside the furniture and dresses not in actual use, he hoards also his articles of *vertu*, many of which are of high value. These are brought out on great occasions, or, month by month, exchange places with those already decorating the owner's rooms. In the feudal residences or *yashikis*, the sliding doors are covered with paintings; while screens and lovely lacquer ware and porcelain give gratification to artistic taste. We miss in a Japanese landscape painting, accurate rendering of distance and graduation of light and shade, perspective and chiaroscuro. It contains no shadows, no changes of tint and tone. Nor are human figures and the higher animal forms drawn with accuracy. Yet the Japanese artist has wonderful skill in drawing, with a few strokes, many of the simpler and commoner objects in nature. He can, with rare ease, give the sense of motion: a wild goose alighting among the reeds, or a swallow waving to and fro with the branches of the willow. The bamboo, with its slight form and graceful lines, is treated with endless variety, and figures in every sketch. Frequently the sparrow is included in a picture. The cherry-tree comes in wherever it can, with its delicate colours and twisted branches. A crane—the sacred bird of the pious, and the symbol of long life and constancy—is found pictured on every form of ornamental work, on painted screens, fans, *kakemono*, lacquer ware, and bronzes. Almost as frequent in works of art is the noble conical mountain, the sacred Fuji-san, its volcanic summit often capped with snow.

Whilst behind European painters in certain qualities, the artists of Japan are masters of other means by which they can quickly give living form, and produce effects that delight the imagination. They have something to teach the West, and have a great artistic future, if they will allow the West to teach them perspective and light and shade.

A word on the social ranks of Japan will complete this chapter. Japan has no system of caste such as is found in India. Yet the people are divided—we speak of pre-revolution times—into four main classes. First come the two million Samurai, the knights who form at once the military and literary class, carrying pen and sword, or rather two swords; second, farmers; third, artisans; fourth, shopkeepers and merchants, traders always occupying the lowest of the four social grades. Lower still, belonging to no social class, and spurned by all, are the *eta*, who live apart and perform the degrading

duties of life. They are the tanners and executioners; we shall see what Christian civilisation will do for them, and for the *hinin*, the beggars. Above the Samurai are the Daimios, the chieftains, two hundred and sixty-eight in number; and, still higher in rank, though not in money-power, come the court nobles—whose fate remains to be told—and all branches of the Mikado's family. The Samurai form the backbone of the



JAPANESE THEATRE.

nation, monopolising "arms, learning, patriotism, and intellect." It is the only case in which the soldiers of a country have written its literature. True, the classics of Japan are mainly importations from China, but the books read by the people, the tales, the poetry, are all the work of native writers.

It is a country that ministers to eye and ear and lofty taste, occupied by a quaint, bright people, who have clearly a unique place to fill in the history of the East. We cannot but be interested in the career of such a nation.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FAITHS OF JAPAN.

Buddhism and Shintoism—The Shinto Creed—Temple of Isé—Temple of Asakusa—Shrines and Altars—The Dai Buts—Casting a Bell—Kioto, the Mecca of Japan—The Nechirens—Shinshiu—Religious Life of the People—Confucianism—Superstitions—Death Rites and Symbols.

SHINTOISM is the indigenous religion of Japan, if religion it may be called. Its bible is the Ko-jiki, "a bundle of miscellaneous superstitions," of mythologies and heroic narratives. It contains neither moral code nor language for the soul. Its latest exponent mildly claims that "morals were invented by the Chinese because they are an immoral people; but in Japan there was no necessity for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted aright if he only consulted his own heart."

It is a mixture of primitive nature-worship and the worship of ancestors, headed by the Mikado, who is a god in the direct line of descent from the Sun-goddess. Along with living and dead emperors and mythological divinities, national heroes, warriors, patriots, poets, scholars, who have been canonised, are worshipped the eight hundred myriads of gods. The Emperor has the prerogative of elevating human beings, illustrious for wisdom or heroism, to the rank of the deities. These control the elements, the seasons, the fortunes of individuals and states. No wonder they are universally worshipped. In almost every house, Buddhist as well as Shintoist, a god's shelf is fixed on the wall, where every morning the tributes of reverence are paid—rice and fish—to the family ancestors and the gods.

Every village has its Shinto patron divinity, and in his honour a lighted lantern is suspended during festivals over every door. The people of the locality are called the children of the god, and bring their infants to be dedicated to him.

Reverence for rulers, heroes, and ancestors is the central feature of Shinto. It was for this reason that, after the Revolution of 1868, Shintoism was adopted as the national religion, and placed under a special department of state, which issued the following as its great commandments:—

- "1. Thou shalt honour the gods and love thy country.
- "2. Thou shalt clearly understand the principles of heaven and the duty of man.
- "3. Thou shalt revere the Mikado as thy Sovereign, and obey the will of his Court."

Pure Shinto has no ritual and no idols, although in the approach to its temples are often found figures of illustrious beings, real or imaginary. Its sacred edifice is usually of the simplest possible character, constructed of plain, uncoloured wood, with roof thatched with straw or covered with shingles. Cleanliness is the outward qualification of the worshipper, who must wash his hands and rinse his mouth at a lavatory near the gateway. You may see the pious at their necessary lustrations in a pool or running stream. The ablution alone has any sanctity; the water itself has none. The

priest, too, must bathe before officiating, and must cover his mouth with white paper when presenting offerings.

Shinto has its married priests, who wear hair and dress in lay fashion when off duty, and virgin priestesses who perform its sacred dance. Its offerings are gifts of rice, fruit, vegetables, and wine. Its worship is as simple as its temples. Its shrine is known by the *torii*, which now serves as a gateway, but originally was meant to be a bird-rest, on which the sacred fowls should find their perch. Within the interior, the only sacred object is the metal mirror, an imitation of the mirror kept at Isé which the Sun-goddess consecrated.

The Mecca of Shintoists is the Temple of Isé, ninety miles inland from Kioto. Sir E. J. Reed describes the curving avenue of over-arching trees which led through a park wooded with equal richness, past a building in which the priests preach to the people, past another in which reside the sacred horses kept for the convenience of the Sun-goddess, past another in which the religious dances of the temple are performed, and then a broad flight of steps is reached leading to the first gateway of the sacred place. The gateway is hung with a long white curtain, and beyond are seen other *torii*.

Few of the thousands of pilgrims who visit this sacred spot see the actual Temple of the Sun-goddess, and none are permitted to look upon the original mirror which she consecrated for the use of men with these words—

“Look upon this mirror as my spirit: keep it in the same house and on the same floor with yourself, and worship it as if you were worshipping my actual presence.”

Worshippers are permitted to see the imitation mirrors which occupy the Sacred Places of other Shinto shrines. The original, even the chief priest of Isé may not see for years. Pilgrims are content to stand at a distance, to cast a few coins on the ground, to bow low and clap the hands and utter a few magical words of prayer. This is the full extent of their worship. They attend no religious service, hear no music, gaze on no idol, see no performance, receive no advice. No blessing is pronounced as a reward for their pilgrim devotion; no memorial is carried away, except some little memento which is bought at one of the numerous stalls in the grounds or in the sacred village. During the couple of minutes occupied by their devotions, they pray for long life and prosperity, and good fortune in any important enterprise of life.

Buddhism is the popular religion in Japan. Its St. Paul's Cathedral is the Temple of Asakūsa at Tokio. You approach its gateway through an avenue of booths which form the great market for the sale of toys and refreshments, rosaries and ornaments. The scene is a perpetual fair. “There is nothing strange,” to quote the quaint description of Griffis, “to the Japanese mind in this association of temples and toy-shops. The good bonzes declare, as the result of their exegesis and meditations, that husbands are bound to love their wives, and show it by allowing them plenty of pin-money and hair-pins, and to be not bitter against them by denying them neat dresses and handsome girdles. The farmer who comes to town with his daughter turns from prayer to the purchase of pomatum or a mirror. Crapes for the neck and bosom; strings of beads for prayer; gods of lead, brass, wood; shrines and family altars, sanctums,

prayer-books, sacred bells, and candles: all kinds of knick-knacks, notions, and varieties are here."

Passing through a colossal gateway of painted wood, we find our approach challenged by two guardian monsters, wooden demons hideous with contracted muscles. Attached to the railing in front of them are clumsy straw sandals which have been hung up by worshippers with ailing feet, to propitiate Gog and Magog, and to implore healing. The usual pious beggars are at hand to offer prayers for you in return for any iron cash you may choose to throw to them. Within the gate, to the right, the intending worshippers are busy at a huge lavatory washing their hands and rinsing their mouths. Cleanliness, we see again, is close to godliness in the religions of Japan.

To the left is a wooden frame covered with tablets, on which are written the names of generous subscribers to the temple; while piercing the sky on the right is a lofty pagoda. Here, in this temple yard, the sacred pigeons find their home, and are fed with even greater care than are the winged frequenters of the British Museum. As we ascend the broad steps and pass under the heavy curved eaves, we encounter a huge bronze censer that sends up a cloud of odorous incense. Cast your smallest coin into the lap of the acolyte, throw a pinch of incense into the burner, and proceed to your devotions.

Here is Binzuru, a god who has lost ears, eyes, nose, all his organs. Should you suffer from a rheumatic arm or gouty foot, rub first the corresponding part of the god of healing, and then transfer the virtue to your own suffering limb. "The old idol is polished, greasy, and black by the attrition of many thousand palms. We warrant that more people are infected than cured by their efforts."

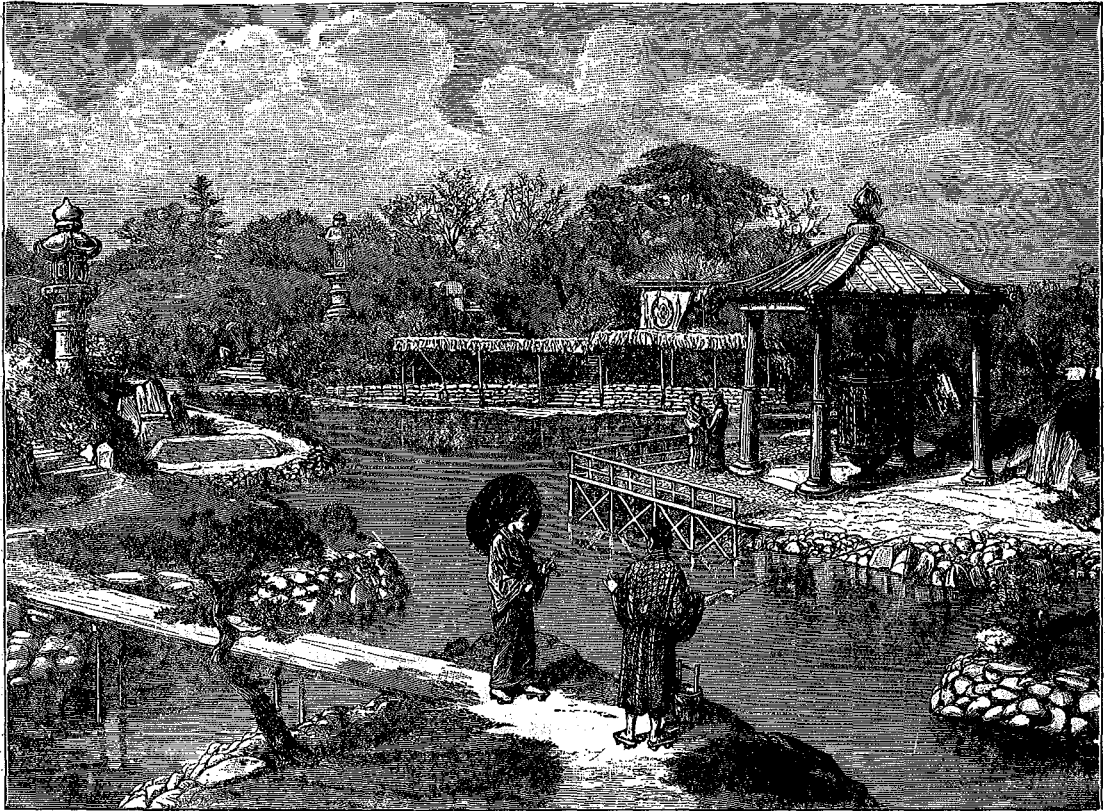
Here is the shrine of Kwanon, the Goddess of Mercy, frequented by large numbers. Walls and pillars are covered with votive tablets presented by devotees whose ventures have been prospered or whose lives have been spared in time of danger. Women's locks and men's topknots are here, too, as grateful memorials of Kwanon's mercy. Here worshippers stand in silence except for an occasional clapping of their hands, as if to call the god's attention to their offered prayers.

Here, at the main altar, one is seen to take a slip of paper bearing a written prayer, make it a soft pulp ball in his mouth, and shoot it out at the screen. If it adheres, the suppliant may go home in peace: his prayer has been heard. Successful devotions depend upon a good aim and a skilful preparation of the prayer-ball! Here again old men are selling charms, litanies, and beads. Within a low railing the priests squat in solemn worship, while at times some one comes and sweeps up the cash that has been dropped on the soft mats by the crowding worshippers. Further in the temple, reserved from the public, are shrines to other Buddhist saints and deities. A small fee to the priests will admit you to the sacred precincts where, amid incense and candles and sacred tombs, a more potent service may be rendered to the gods.

Such is the great Buddhist Cathedral of Tokio, surrounded by extensive pleasure-grounds, and gardens famed for their flowers. Images of Buddha in stone and bronze abound, sometimes with aureole and finger lifted, sometimes sitting on a lotus in

meditation, but always wearing on his countenance the mute, passionless calm of Nirvana.

Among the wonders of Japan are the frequent figures of Daï Buts—August Buddha. Two colossal images in bronze at Kamakūra and Nara attract devout believers and curiosity-hunting foreigners. Selecting Nara as the more important, we approach through the usual fair of booths and pious purchasers, past the usual guardian



THE TEMPLE GARDEN IN TOKIO.

demons and the huge bronze lantern, and enter the sacred ground through the wooden gateway that has stood for eleven centuries, resisting the fire that destroyed the temple seven hundred years ago. The Daï Buts is a figure of gigantic dimensions. Including the lotus-flower on which he rests, and the halo and the flame-like glory which surmount his brow, the total height is about eighty feet: the face sixteen feet, the ears eight, and the middle finger five feet long. The halo alone is seventy feet in diameter; and the entire mass weighs four hundred and fifty tons. Destroyed during the Wars of the Chrysanthemums, it was re-cast seven hundred years ago. As usual, the expression of the face, with drooped eyelids and lips sealed, is one of placid silence of passionless repose, symbol of the eternal rest of Nirvana.

Beyond the temple, up a long flight of stone steps, we come to the monster bell,



THE DAI BUTS AT KAMAKURA.

which dates as far back as the temple, and weighs thirty tons. Few sounds are so mellow and musical as the boom of these big bells. On still evenings their deep rich tones may be heard ten miles off. They are struck, not by a tongue, but by a heavy hammer or block of wood suspended from the roof, and drawn back so as to swing against the exterior with a thunderous blow. On the rebound of the beam, the bellman holds it till the quivering boom has died away!

The casting of a bell seems always to have been an occasion of rejoicing. "When the chief priest of the city announced that one was to be made, the people brought contributions in money, or offerings of bronzed gold, pure tin, or copper vessels. Ladies gave with their own hands the mirrors which had been the envy of lovers, young girls laid their silver hair-pins and *bijouterie* on the heap. When metal enough and in due proportion had been amassed, crucibles were made, earth-furnaces dug, the moulds fashioned, and huge bellows, worked by standing men at each end, like a see-saw, were mounted; and, after due prayers and consultation, the auspicious day was appointed. The place selected was usually on a hill or commanding place. The people, in their gayest dress, assembled in picnic parties, and with song and dance and feast waited while the workmen, in festal uniform, toiled, and the priests, in canonical robes, watched. The fires were lighted, the bellows oscillated, the blast roared, and the crucibles were brought to the proper heat and the contents to fiery fluidity, the joy of the crowd increasing as each stage in the process was announced. When the molten flood was finally poured into the mould, the excitement of the spectators reached a height of uncontrollable enthusiasm. Another pecuniary harvest was reaped by the priests before the crowds dispersed, by the sale of stamped kerchiefs or paper containing a holy text, certifying to the presence of the purchaser at the ceremony, and the blessing of the gods upon him therefor. Such a token became an heirloom, and the child who ever afterward heard the solemn boom of the bell at matin or evening was constrained, by filial as well as holy motives, to obey and reverence its admonitory calls."*

Kioto, the Mecca of Japan, is crowded with both Buddhist and Shinto temples. For a thousand years it was the capital and the residence of the mysterious Mikado. Built on a plain, its suburbs clothe the wooded spurs of mountains that surround the city. The finest sites, on hill-slopes mantled in green and in the secluded glades, are appropriated for temples and monasteries. Their gardens and parks, with arbours and winding footpaths and rustic bridges, are among the loveliest sights of a lovely country. One street, lined with the familiar heavy gateways admitting to the temples, is appropriately named "Church Street."

Every week a holy day or festival comes round, to enliven the streets at dusk with lanterns, and bring out the children and the ladies in their brightest costumes. The river is gay with barges, and lined with bright cherry-blossoms and dark pines. Each may have a temple to his taste. Here is the most notable of all, that of Chionin; there are the three and thirty thousand gilded images ranged in rows. Here is the

* Griffis, "Mikado's Empire."

Dai Buts; yonder are the roofs of the pagoda and of the cloistered courts of Honguwauji. "The slow throbbing of the *basso-profondo* bell of the Chionin temple mingles with the rippling laughter of pleasure-seekers on the river, and the wailing music of the minstrels of the historic temple of Gion, with the strumming of guitars in its music schools." As we pass some dimly lighted shrines, we hear monks chanting psalms to Buddha, in tones that remind us of the Ambrosian and early Gregorian cadences.

Buddhism, although now the people's religion, is an exotic in Japan. Its founder had been dead a thousand years, when it was driven out of India by the Brahmins. As was the case with early Christianity, persecution scattered its adherents, who travelled eastwards, and carried it through Burmah and Siam, to China and Korea, and finally to Japan in the sixth century. But it was no longer Buddhism as Buddha had taught it. He had revolted from the caste and ceaseless sacrifices and priestly tyranny of the Brahmins, had shown with lip and life his sympathy with the toiling weary millions, and had gone forth from throne and palace to seek the truth. When found, his Gospel had some lofty notes of human brotherhood and self-denial, but was in sober truth a gilded pessimism. There was no God, no help from above, no need of sacrifice—

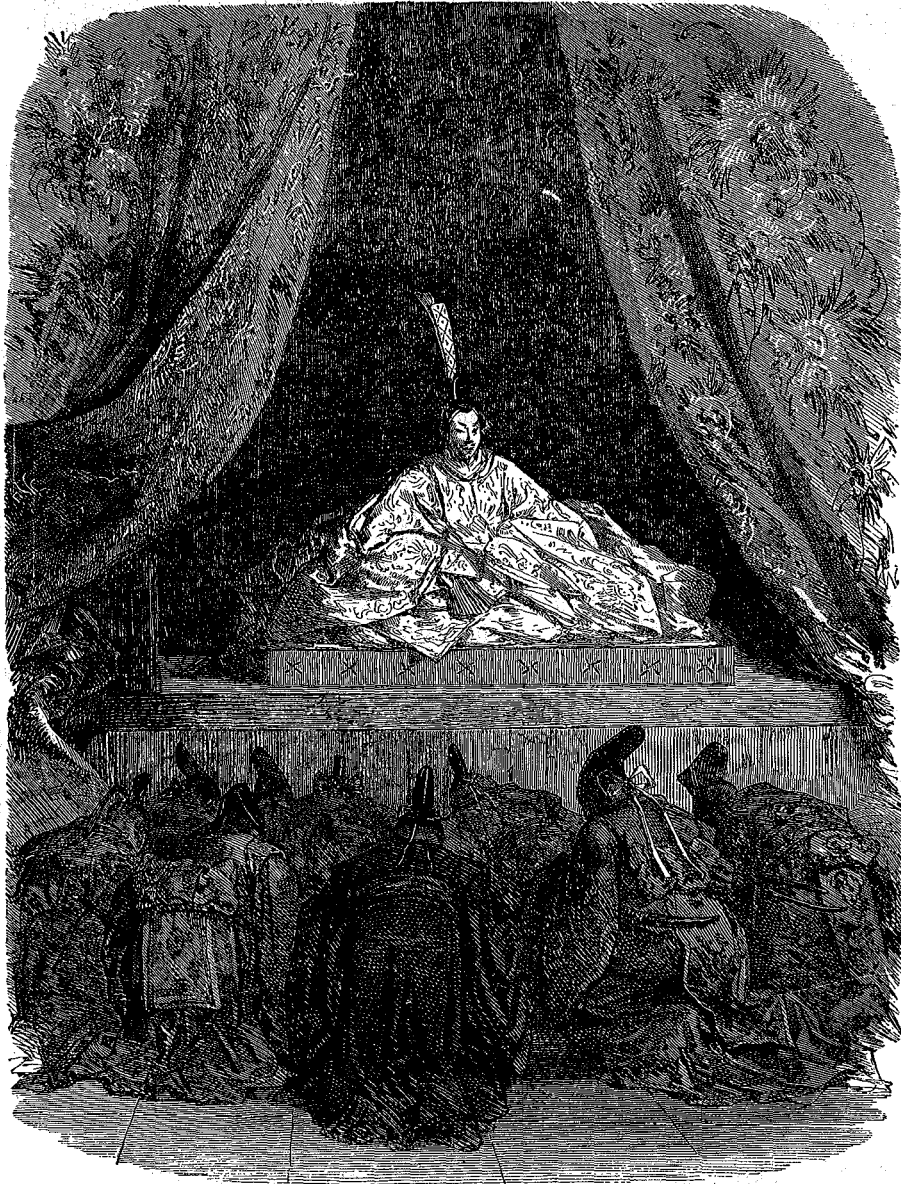
"Pray not! the darkness will not brighten! Ask
Nought from the silence, for it cannot speak."

The highest bliss was to escape from the endless re-birth in other lives, and emerge into Nirvana. The goal was little better than the rest of annihilation; but to a down-trodden people, such as sweated under Indian suns and Indian oppression, such a goal seemed a paradise.

But scarcely had Buddha finished his noble life-work, when they turned round and made him, who had preached atheism and pessimism, their God and Saviour. The hearts of men could not endure his blank nihilism, even although relieved by high moral teaching and humane sympathy. Where at first there was neither God, nor conscious Heaven, nor idol-worship, there arose, in course of years and of migration, a huge ceremonial priestly system, with elaborate dogmas about the supreme Buddha, and heaven and hell, and innumerable gods. When it entered Japan it had all the paraphernalia of a popular religion, idols and altars, vestments and candles, priests and nuns, relics and pilgrimages.

For three centuries after its importation from Korea, its progress was slow. An eminent priest and scholar, the inventor of the Japanese alphabet, Kōbō Daishi, gave it a new start in the ninth century by combining the two religions, declaring that the Shinto deities were manifestations of Buddha. Its golden era came with the thirteenth century, when new leaders—among the number Nichiren and Shinran—and new sects sprang up, and it became the popular faith. Buddhism is split up into thirty-five sects in Japan, which differ in liturgy, in ritual, in superstitions, in the use of images, in theology, and in the extent to which compromise has been made with Shinto and Confucian teaching. The two most important sects bear the names of the leaders already mentioned.

The Nechiren sect is the most bigoted, fanatical, and intolerant. Like its founder, it has been the most aggressive and controversial. Within its pale have arisen the largest numbers of illustrious thinkers, of bitter persecutors, of faithful martyrs. Its



RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO.

teachers refuse to recognise any other sect as a true Church, and, with an assurance equalled only by certain Churches of Christendom, consign all schismatics to a hot hell. Its priests are celibates and vegetarians, and are much given to charms and prayer-books. The Salvation Army cannot compete with their noisy revival

meetings, in which the devotees shout excitedly, preachers make frantic appeals, and incessant drums are beaten. They are justly called the Ranters of Buddhism.

Nechiren, whose birth was, according to the floating legend, attended by wonders, was a profound student of Buddhist classics in Chinese and Sanskrit. The common prayer of the Buddhists, "Hail, Amita Buddha!" he declared to be an heretical and false invocation, and based his sect on the true prayer, "Glory to the salvation-bringing book of the law!" On temple curtains and tombs and wayside shrines, as well as on the banners of the great Nechiren warriors, this inscription may still be read. But, while worshippers piously reiterate the sounds without end, they have no more knowledge of their sense than a Spanish peasant has of Latin liturgies. The religion of Japan owes more to Nechiren than to any other religious teacher. His strong if fanatical personality, his clear and definite dogmas and uncompromising demands, have given the sect vitality and vigour.

The Protestant, or Broad Evangelical sect of Buddhists, by name Shinshiu, presents a striking contrast to its rival, and forms the most fascinating study in Japanese religions. Shinran, the Luther of Buddhism, who originated the denomination in the thirteenth century, began by breaking away from the celibacy of the priesthood. Marrying a lady of noble blood, he set family life in the place of monastic seclusion; he abolished nunneries and monasteries, penance and fasting, pilgrimages and charms; he decreed that the priests must mingle in society with the people, and establish pure home life. While the sacred books of other sects are written in Sanskrit and Chinese, known only to scholars, those of the Shinshiu are written in the Japanese vernacular. The former erect temples in secluded groves among the hills; the latter plant them in busy thoroughfares among the people. The Shin priests have sought after the highest education for their families, and have on many occasions formed battalions and taken the field.

Not content with these practical reforms, which antedate the Christian reformation by fully two centuries, Shinran anticipated much of the Protestant theology, "salvation by another" (Amita Buddha) and justification by faith. Sir E. J. Reed, who had special facilities for becoming acquainted with Shinshiu thought, received from a learned priest, a "Cardinal" of his Church, who had travelled in Europe, the following summary of the doctrine of the Reformed Buddhists:—

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF "SHINSHIU."

Buddhism teaches that all things, both abstract and concrete, are produced and destroyed by certain causes and combinations of circumstances; and that the state of our present life has its cause in what we have done in our previous existence up to the present; and our present actions will become the causes of our state of existence in the future life.

As our doings are good or bad and of different degrees of excellence or evil, so these produce different effects having many degrees of suffering or happiness; all men and other sentient beings have an interminable existence, dying in one form and being re-born in another; so that if men wish to escape from a miserable state of transmigration, they must cut off the causes, which are the passions—such, for example, as covetousness, anger, &c.

The principal object of Buddhism is to enable men to obtain salvation from misery according to the doctrine of "extinction of passion." This doctrine is the cause of salvation, and salvation is the effect of this doctrine.

This salvation we call Nirvâna, which means eternal happiness, and is the state of Buddha.

It is, however, very difficult to cut off all the passions, but Buddhism professes to teach many ways of obtaining this object.

Nâgârdjuna, the Indian saint, said that in Buddhism there are many ways, easy and difficult, as in worldly ways—some painful like a mountainous journey, others pleasant like sailing on the sea. These ways may be classed in two divisions, one being called “self-power” or help through self, and the other called “the power of others” or help through another.

Our sect, called “Shinshiu”—literally meaning “True doctrine”—which was founded by Shinran Shonin, teaches the doctrine of “help from another.”

Now what is the “power of another?” It is the great power of Amita Buddha. Amita means “boundless,” and we believe that the life and light of Buddha are both perfect, also that other Buddhas obtained their state of Buddhahood by the help of Amita Buddha. Therefore Amita Buddha is called the chief of the Buddhas.

Amita Buddha always exercises his boundless mercy upon all creatures, and shows a great desire to help and influence all people who rely on him to complete all merits and be re-born into Paradise (Nirvâna).

Our sect pays no attention to the other Buddhas, and putting faith only in the great desire of Amita Buddha, expects to escape from the miserable world and to enter into Paradise in the next life. From the time of putting faith in the saving desire of Buddha we do not need any power of self-help, but need only keep his mercy in heart and invoke his name in order to remember him. These doings we call, “thanksgiving for salvation.”

In our sect we make no difference between priest and layman, as concerns their way of obtaining salvation, the only difference being in their profession or business; and consequently the priest is allowed to marry and to eat flesh and fish, which is prohibited to the members of other Buddhist sects.

Again, our sect forbids all prayers or supplications for happiness in the present life to any of the Buddhas, even to Amita Buddha, because the events of the present life cannot be altered by the power of others; and teaches the followers of the sect to do their moral duty; loving each other, keeping order and the laws of the Government.

We have many writings stating the principles inculcated by our sect, but I give only the translation of the following creed, which was written by Rennyo Shonin, who was the chief priest of the eighth generation from the founder.

CREED.

Rejecting all religious austerities and other action, giving up all idea of self-power, rely upon Amita Buddha with the whole heart, for we our (*sic*) salvation in the future life, which is the most important thing: believing that at the moment of putting our faith in Amita Buddha, our salvation is settled. From that moment, invocation of his name is observed, to express gratitude and thankfulness for Buddha's mercy. Moreover, being thankful for the reception of this doctrine from the founder and succeeding chief priests, whose teachings were so benevolent, and as welcome as light in a dark night, we must also keep the laws which are fixed for our duty during our whole life.

Whilst these doctrines have a pronounced Christian aspect, it is fair to say that Amita Buddha is only the chief among many Buddhas. It is not monotheism, but, to use a recently coined term, henotheism, the worship of one among other, but inferior, gods. Buddha is not from everlasting, neither sustains all things nor punishes sin, neither possesses personality himself, nor preserves for men the *I* and *thou* of personality in Nirvâna.

That the theory of this sect is more enlightened than the practice, is evident to any one who visits a Shinshiu temple. One in Kioto is described by a sympathetic and admiring writer:—

“The side opposite the entrance has three recesses, the middle one of which contains the high altar. This has very much the effect of an altar in a Romish church. It is surmounted by a neatly carved gilt image of Amita Buddha standing on a lotus, which, in the uncertain light, might at first be mistaken for a crucifix. In the adjoining

recesses are portraits of eight saints, with halos round their heads—the seven fathers of the faith (two Indian, three Chinese, and two Japanese), and Shôtoku Daishi, the prince who was the chief promoter of Buddhism on its introduction from Korea in the sixth century A.D. Several magnificent bronze lamps hang from various parts of the roof. The air is scented with incense. The worshippers assemble, and, squatting on the mats, begin, with heads bowed upon the floor towards the altar, to mutter, in a childishly beseeching tone, the canonical but to them only vaguely intelligible prayer, 'Namu, namu, Amita Butsu' (Hail, Amita Buddha). Some gorgeously gilt and painted shutters are slid open, and then enter the officiating priests, with their shaven heads and variously coloured robes and academic hoods, followed by a procession of acolytes in black. Squatting in front of the altar, they begin a Gregorian-like chant, the weird strains of which are at intervals varied with the ring of a bell. Then offerings are, with due ceremony, laid on the altar. Almost everything in the ritual reminds us of a Roman Catholic service. Judged from external appearances alone, this religion might be Romanism orientalised."

Yet, making all requisite deductions, this reformed faith of Japan bears a striking resemblance to the Protestant teaching of Christendom. No wonder its enemies cast at it the new reproach, that it is so like Christianity it might as well be such out and out. Certainly it is as remote from pure Buddhism as well could be. The sect is aggressive and liberal-minded, enlightened in its methods of operation, has sent representatives abroad to study Christianity and the civilisation of the West, has erected in Kioto large and costly buildings, where Western science occupies a place in the course of instruction. This progressive movement falls to be described later in its connection with Christian missions. It may be mentioned here, however, that recently a monster temple in Kioto was being restored. Towards the fund for the purpose, one province alone subscribed half a million yen—about eighty thousand pounds. "Women and girls are said to have cut off their hair and plaited it into cords with which to drag colossal cedars to Kioto, there to be formed into pillars for the shrine."

But, at best, the Japanese are not a strongly religious people. Large numbers are indifferentists, although they will pay occasional visits to their temple during some religious festival, joining in the pious gaiety, or, if more devoted than the rest, will combine a holiday trip with a pilgrimage to some shrine or sacred mountain. They will also regularly place their gifts of rice and fish on the family "altar." This shelf may be seen in every house, rich or poor. Upon it is placed a small box containing the *miya* or shrine, and the *Gohei*. This is a religious symbol, formed of strips of paper which bear the inscription, "Ten Thousand Prayers." A Buddha-shelf, according to *Fu-so Mimi Bukuro*, is to be found in every house, notwithstanding the remarkable growth of scepticism in the student and upper classes. This is the household altar, where the memorial tablets of departed relatives are deposited. A record is kept of the anniversaries of the death of members of the family, and on these occasions special prayers are recited to them. It is a curious proof of the hybrid character of modern Japanese customs, that now, instead of tablets, *photographs* of dead parents occupy the altar, and are the objects of pious worship.

Confucian ethics have for centuries been absorbed by much of the religious teaching of Japan; but, as a distinct religious system, Confucianism has had few disciples. Some may still be found among the more educated classes. When Chinese writings formed the classics of Japan, naturally Confucius was largely read. But it is a significant fact that the school of Confucius in Tokio became the meeting-place of the Japanese branch of the Asiatic Society. At best, Confucianism was little better than Secularism or Positivism; and now Western science of the materialistic school has taken the place of the Chinese philosophy. So far from the Confucian, or any system of thought, entering into the common religion of the people, much of their piety consists in charms and pilgrimages.



JAPANESE PRIEST.

Fuji-san, the solitary volcanic cone, about 13,000 feet high, is the object of universal reverence, akin to worship. In summer, frequent groups of pilgrims, of old men and young, haggard dames and fair maidens, may be seen *en route* for its sacred soil. You meet them on the Tokaido, or on the green slopes of the mountain, usually personally conducted by some experienced guide, who carries a bell that tinkles as he trudges along. The pilgrims are clad in white, with broad straw sunshades, and straw sandals, wallets, and rosaries; while men and women alike wear tight-fitting trousers, with loose toga tucked within a belt. Each carries a staff, on which is written some mysterious "Ave;" and at night, at the pilgrim inn, he performs his pious ablutions, and chants his cabalistic prayers. As they ascend the lava-strewn mountain path, they hum the refrain, "Rokkon Shôjô, Rokkon Shôjô," "A pure

heart! a pure heart!" reminding the Bible student of the question of Hebrew pilgrims to the Holy City, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

Spending the cold night on the summit, they watch for the morning, and when the "Rising Sun" emerges, they place their hands together, bow their heads, and repeat some solemn chant. Every devout person is supposed to visit the Temple of Isé, and

parties of pilgrims travel, some even begging their way, from all parts of the Empire to "perform their vows." Prayer-wheels may be seen by the wayside, as among the Kalmucs, on which written prayer-slips are placed, and as the little wind-mill revolves it works out the sins of some previous existence.

Near Tokio is a library of 6,000 volumes, to read which procures high favour with the gods. As a short cut to this result, the library has been placed on a central pivot, and the devout, who must of course first pay the fat priest the necessary fee, push round the library three times and thereby have read the books!

Superstitions are more common than devotions among the people. The great



FUJI-SAN MOUNTAIN.

majority, even many who profess indifferentism, wear charms. Women carry amulets in their girdles, never parting with them except when in the bath. Among the most common of those which swell the girdle to the dimensions of a European lady's bustle, are the charms that bestow children, that save from drowning, that bring them beauty. Men wear amulets from Isé, concealed in some part of their dress; children carry them openly suspended to their sashes.

The fox and the badger play a prominent part in their superstitions, as well as in many a good bonze's preaching. Master Fox takes all shapes, generally that of a beautiful woman, steals away people's senses, and plays practical jokes upon his victims. A curious instance of the belief that foxes bewitch people and make them see all sorts of unrealities is given in a recent issue of the *Japan Weekly Mail*. In July, 1888, a terrible volcanic eruption (no rare event) took place, when a mountain, Bandai-san, was blown into fragments and hamlets were buried. The only calm and undisturbed view which appears to have been obtained, was due to a fox. A resident of the neighbourhood

happened to be ascending a hill opposite to Bandai-san at the moment of the eruption. When he saw the mountain belch out mud and fire, he remembered that he had seen a fox not long before, and concluded that all the commotion was a hallucination prepared for his bewilderment by Master Reynard. Resolved not to be affected by this mischief-maker, he quietly sat himself down and calmly watched the fox's fireworks. It was only when he returned home to the valley that he learnt the truth. The eruption of a mountain had been less credible than the magic powers of the fox.

Trees may be seen that are surrounded by a circlet of twisted rice-straw. These are sacred as the abodes of spirits, while some possess the sinister fascination of inducing men to hang themselves on their branches. It has repeatedly occurred that insurrections have arisen among the peasantry because the local magnates proposed to hew down some sacred tree.

A dead body is always placed with its head to the north, and, on that account, no one will ever sleep in that position. Some Japanese travellers carry a compass by which to escape the northward direction, while others find the points of the compass drawn on diagrams pasted on the ceilings of their hotel-rooms.

In suburbs and villages may be seen the mark of a strange superstition, the "Flowing Invocation." "A piece of cotton cloth is suspended by its four corners to stakes set in the ground near a brook, rivulet, or, if in a city, at the side of the water-course which fronts the houses of the better classes. Behind it rises a higher lath-like board, notched several times near the top, and inscribed with a brief legend. Resting on the cloth at the brook-side, or, if in the city, in a pail of water, is a wooden dippet. Perhaps upon the four corners, in the upright bamboo, may be set bouquets of flowers. A careless stranger may not notice the odd thing, but a little study of its parts reveals the symbolism of death. The tall lath tablet is the same as that set behind graves and tombs. The ominous Sanskrit letters betoken death. Even the flowers in their bloom call to mind the tributes of affectionate remembrance which loving survivors set in the sockets of the monuments in the grave-yards. On the cloth is written a name such as is given to persons after death, and the prayer, 'Namū miō hō ren gé kiō' (Glory to the salvation-bringing Scriptures). Waiting long enough—perchance but a few minutes—there may be seen a passer-by who pauses, and, devoutly offering a prayer with the aid of his rosary, reverently dips a ladleful of water, pours it upon the cloth, and waits patiently until it has strained through, before moving on.

"All this, when the significance is understood, is very touching. It is the story of vicarious suffering, of sorrow from the brink of joy, of one dying that another may live. It tells of mother-love and mother-woe. It is a mute appeal to every passer-by, by the love of Heaven, to shorten the penalties of a soul in pain."

When a person is dying, a priest is sent for, but no prayers are said over the sufferer. A wooden table is placed by his side, with a slip of paper pasted on it, on which he writes the posthumous name he has chosen. When he has expired, a desk is placed near his head bearing lights and offerings, a rush wick in a saucer of oil, raw rice-cakes,

fish and saké. The cups and chop-sticks which he had used are placed beside him. Two days thereafter the dead is prepared for burial, in the course of the ablutions cold water being first poured into the tub, and then boiling water added. From this association the Japanese will not pour hot water into cold, but cold into hot. Within the coffin are placed, in some cases, a cotton quilt and a pillow of tea-leaves, and always a dress suited to the season. Sandals, however, are not included, not being worn in Paradise. Robed in white, the body is placed in the coffin in the usual sitting posture, the hands being joined in the attitude of prayer. The funeral procession, white prevailing, forms a solemn sight. After the funeral service is over, the procession retrace their steps.



FUNERAL CEREMONY—THE BONZE ADMINISTERING THE LAST RITES.

XIX.—THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

STORMS BEFORE SUNSHINE.

Early Career of Sir Harry Parkes—An Adventurous Errand—Treachery and Cruelty of the Chinese—Facing Death—Lord Elgin—Destruction of the Summer Palace—"Chinese Gordon"—Assaults on Foreigners—The "Term" Controversy—Important Questions Involved in it—Definitions of "God"—Dr. Bridgman—Dr. Lockhart—Recuperative Powers of Chinamen—The Taiping Rebellion—Gordon and the Ever-Victorious Army—The Steamer *Hyson*—Tributes to Gordon.

AS our readers may already have observed, it was not uncommon, in the early days of foreign intercourse with China, for the Foreign Ministers to that country to call scholarly missionaries to their aid as interpreters, and even as counsellors. It was thus that the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, a short time after the exploits we have already mentioned, was to be seen daily sitting at the desk of the English Representative, in the capacity of Secretary and Interpreter. Mr. Gutzlaff had as his assistant a bright boy of fifteen, with fair auburn hair, who began to reveal an extraordinary aptitude for official business, and revelled in the intricacies of Chinese diplomatic thought and speech. This boy became Consul Parkes at Canton in the great crisis of 1857; as Sir Harry Parkes, he lived to represent England during the most interesting and changeful period of modern Japanese history; and was for a short time, and until his death in 1884, the honoured Ambassador of Her Majesty to the Emperor of China. A medallion portrait of him has just been placed in the crypt of St. Paul's. Sir Harry, who had more than one tie to the body of missionaries, always showed much warm and practical sympathy for the great work they were engaged in, and on several occasions acted in such a way as to earn their gratitude and esteem. A brief notice of some incidents in his life, closely related to our main purpose, may not be out of place here.

The expedition of 1857 first brought Parkes into notice. After Commissioner Yeh was captured and Canton was entered, Lord Elgin found that the hardest part of the work before him was now to come, and he wrote thus:—"You may imagine what it is to undertake to govern some millions of people, when we have *in all* two or three people who understand the language! I never had so difficult a matter to arrange." The young Consul was a very busy man at this time, and one who was not disposed to favour Englishmen unduly, expressed himself thus:—"The greater part of the responsible labour came upon Mr. Parkes, because of his ability to talk Chinese; but before many months he had taught many natives how to assist in carrying out the necessary details. He showed much skill in circumventing the designs of the discontented officials at Fuhshan, giving Pihkwei all the native criminals to judge, restraining the thievery or cruelty of the foreign police, and sending out proclamations for the guidance and admonition of the people." Lord Elgin was enthusiastic about the services of the young Consul, and declared that, "Parkes is one

of the most remarkable men I ever met; for energy, courage, and ability combined, I do not know where I could find his match."

In 1858, the treaty of Tientsin was agreed to, not only giving foreigners the right to travel in the interior with passports, but also affording protection to Christian native converts, and establishing practical toleration for the "doctrine of Jesus" or Protestantism, and that of the "Lord of Heaven," or Roman Catholicism.

It was two years after this great forward step had been taken by China, that events occurred which led to Parkes's adventurous errand to the Chinese camp, which had most tragical results for some of his companions, and was followed by consequences that mark one of the most notable epochs in the long history of China.



LORD ELGIN.

Fighting had been carried on with results of a kind that did not promise to be good for either side; so, when a truce was mercifully to be proposed by that amiable diplomatist, Lord Elgin, Mr. Parkes was sent, along with Mr. Loch and some others, to pave the way. For a little time all went quite smoothly with the British party in dealing with their Oriental foes; then suavity began to blossom into the usual bland pretexts for delay, and these suddenly ripened into plans for carrying out a piece of diabolical treachery. Parkes, after labouring at his despatches till he became quite exhausted, about midnight went for a ride around the neighbourhood, shrewdly hoping to get a useful peep at the ground proposed by the Chinese general as the temporary camp of the British forces. As day began to break, it became evident that during the

night some forty thousand Chinese troops had been secretly and silently massed about the very ground the British were to occupy on the morrow. The brave man could easily at this time have secured his own personal safety; but he made his choice, and straightway rode back to the native headquarters, to demand from the Chinese authorities explanations of this suspicious arrangement. Parkes and his companions were at once, and without further ceremony, seized, stripped, and beaten. Their arms were then so tightly tied together that they became quite livid, and then the poor men were roughly thrown into rude springless carts, in which they were conveyed to Peking, arriving there about midnight. Their sufferings on the way were indescribable, the sun beating on them, and clouds of fine stifling dust forming their only shade. They were tortured all the way with feverish thirst, but not one of those in the staring, jeering crowds which accompanied them would give them even a drop of water. Parkes himself had not slept for forty-eight hours, and sleep was impossible now. The unfortunate representatives of England were without delay thrust into a foul den of convicted felons, including robbers by violence, and even murderers, some of whom had been in that horrible prison for years. The stench of the place was unendurable, and a narrow grating, which during the day-time let in a little air, was closed when darkness came on. Possibly there was nothing exceptional in all this treatment as denoting any national disrespect, and in China "political" prisoners are not even favoured with the luxury of plank beds, or the hygienic attentions of the barber. Indeed, confinement in those places has never been at all popular in China, and the slang term used to denote them by the vulgar is more expressive than elegant, for they are called "hells," or *ty-yo*.

The anguish caused by the tightness of the cords which bound the unhappy "devils," as the Chinese termed the foreigners, was relieved when heavy chains were substituted for them, one of these being placed about the body, another around the neck, while one clasped each arm. Each captive, however, was tightly hitched up by another chain to the rafter above him, so that it was impossible for him to sit down; but after a time the chain was lengthened. A jailor sat by the side of Parkes day and night. The food given to them was coarse and vile, but several of their poor Chinese fellow-sufferers who were better off showed much kindness to the unfortunate young Englishman who could speak their language so fluently. Parkes and Loch, who were confined together, had a pocket Church Service with them, which afforded them much solace in their dire estate.

The cruel torture of compressing the fingers was now employed for the purpose of extorting information; but after many unsuccessful applications of the "question" in this form, Parkes, who was known to be of great importance to the English, was, along with his brave companion Loch, sentenced to die the next day. Mr. Parkes solemnly warned the judges of the disastrous results which such a policy would entail upon their empire; and this scene is still vividly remembered and pointed to with admiration by many a Far-Eastern politician, for many were amazed to observe the firmness and dignity of the young Englishman. When the cart that was to carry them, as they supposed, to the field of blood, suddenly stopped, the two doomed men were reading together

for themselves the solemn concluding collect in the grand Church of England Burial Service, when at once, and as if by a miracle, they found they were near the British camp, and that there might be a chance of escape. Running for their lives, therefore, with such agility as was left to their stiffened limbs, they at last dropped, almost fainting, at the feet of a red-coated sentry, and were safe within the British lines!

When this great outrage put upon peaceful embassies had become known, Lord Elgin and his French allies resolved to mark their just sense of such treachery. "They marched on Peking in October and invested the city, Lord Elgin refusing to negotiate until the prisoners had been returned. The guns of the allies were in position to blow in the gate of the city, when the Chinese acceded to their terms, and surrendered the gate. The allies entered the city, and hoisted the English and French flags on the walls."

As several of the captives had succumbed to the tortures inflicted upon them, that mildest of diplomatists, Lord Elgin, concluded that summary and severe measures, such as would ring through the empire, should mark Britain's righteous resentment of the barbarous treatment her sons and representatives had sustained. While the allied forces drew near, the Emperor found a hunting excursion in the mountains of the interior present great attractions to him, and thither he advanced with great dignity and *celerity*. But he left behind him the magnificent Summer Palace of Peking, which the French looted and the British utterly sacked and burned; a course which it is now very easy for philanthropists to condemn, but which more than any other single event helped and heralded the dawn of a new life for China, and has even aided the development of that intelligent respect and cordial friendship that now mark our relations with the great Chinese race and its rulers.

The Yuen-Ming-Yuen, or Summer Palace, has been described in rapturous terms by many Western writers, some of whom probably never saw it. It occupied an extent of some twelve square miles, and was set in a beautiful natural landscape. In some parts it was almost overcrowded with costly antiquarian treasures, and was laid out like another Versailles, in superb Chinese fashion, with "gardens, temples, small lodges and pagodas, groves, grottoes, lakes, bridges, terraces, artificial hills." British officers and soldiers grumbled a good deal because the French had "remorselessly looted and sacked the Palace before Lord Elgin had given his order." Probably the Emperor would not have relished the performance any better had it been done by the English alone. A young British captain of Engineers, who was engaged in this pitiful work of devastation, gives a candid enough opinion on the matter, thus:—"We accordingly went out, and after pillaging it, burned the whole place, destroying, in a Vandal-like manner, most valuable property, which could not be replaced for four millions. . . . You would scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the palaces we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn it; in fact, these palaces were so large, and we were so pressed for time, that we could not plunder them carefully. Quantities of gold ornaments were burned, considered as brass. It was wretchedly demoralising work for an army. Everybody was wild for plunder."

The writer of these words, Charles George Gordon, whose monument adorns Trafalgar Square, and who is still known to many as "Chinese Gordon," had another

very serious piece of "smashing" to do before he had done with China; and to the story of how he swept the Taiping rebels from the stage of history we shall return a little farther on. Before viewing the work in the interior, which was now to be free from legal restriction, we must turn for a little to the preparations that were being quietly but sedulously carried out in the treaty ports to sow the good seed broadcast over the land. Dr. Bridgman's name has already been mentioned. The labours of his study were, during all the turmoil of events around him, persistently and most



FRENCH TROOPS SACKING THE ROYAL PALACE, PEKIN.

successfully pursued. A cousin of his, James Granger Bridgman, came to share his toils in Canton, but the country around that great city was for a long time in a most unsettled and lawless state, and one day he was seriously injured on the head by a stone thrown at him by a fanatical opponent of the "foreign devils." Studious men in China have often shown a strange proneness to mental disorders, arising partly from close confinement and over-study, but also from some as yet obscure climatic condition, probably of a malarious character. Poor James Bridgman, who was a profoundly pious and devoted man, never quite rallied from his wound, but gradually sank into a state of great mental depression, and in a fit of insanity wounded himself so that he died soon afterwards.

There were frequent and often murderous attacks made upon private foreigners at that period, and few of them went about without some kind of defensive weapon. Dr. Lockhart mentions an instance where "six unoffending foreigners, taking a walk, were attacked and murdered by the villagers; and when their mangled remains were demanded, they were sent down to Canton in a common leper boat, as adding the last insult that could possibly be made." When Dr. Bridgman himself was going on a missionary errand with his wife in a boat, on one of the canals, they were cruelly attacked by a



THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, PEKIN.

large and angry mob which lined both sides of the canal, and hurled large stones at them as they passed. Some of the rioters swam out to them, trying all they could to wreck the boat, while others massed themselves on a bridge which the missionaries had to pass under, pouring down upon the devoted bark a perfect avalanche of large stones, "the heaviest of which weighed eighty-five pounds." Two of the poor boatmen, who stuck manfully to their posts, were badly injured, nor was their sturdy junk improved by such a cannonading as it received, but happily Bridgman and his wife escaped without a scratch.

As knowledge of the language became more general, extensive, and accurate, the missionaries began to hope that a still better version of the Holy Scriptures in Chinese,

than Morrison and Milne had been able to secure, might now be achieved; and the different mission stations had portions of the New Testament assigned to them for re-translation, the first drafts of which were to be submitted to a committee of delegates for careful revision before the results should be printed and circulated. This committee was intended to be carefully representative of the different organisations at work in China, but Bishop Boone's infirm health prevented him from taking part as was intended, and Mr. Walter Lawrie's tragic fate has already been recorded in an earlier chapter of this work. Practically, the task fell to Messrs. Bridgman, Medhurst, and Stronach, and Dr. Bridgman had to leave Canton for Shanghai, where the committee sat. For fourteen years this devoted scholar strenuously pursued his great work, and, although he did not live to see the whole Bible finished, the so-called "Delegates' Version" is likely to be always associated with the name of Bridgman.

It was during the sittings of this committee of delegates that there arose the unhappy dispute known as the Term Controversy, which resulted in the withdrawal of the English members of the committee, who left Bridgman to finish the work. It may perhaps be questioned whether anybody but the hypothetical German professor who mastered the Schleswig-Holstein question, is able to claim a complete knowledge of the literature of the Chinese Term Controversy. Yet the main problems discussed so keenly by great Oriental scholars are of the greatest practical interest, and lie at the root of all religious thought. The immediate result of the first outbreak of the discussion was that the English, as a whole, and the Americans, agreed to differ; each party producing a version agreeable to its own view of the case.

Dr. Bridgman, in a paragraph not quite free from the adornment of question-begging epithets, says of the American version, which bears so strongly the impress of his own fine scholarship:—"In the cardinal rule to give the *entire sense* of the text, and nothing more nor less than the entire sense, we are agreed; but in the manner of doing this we differ. It is my opinion that the style of the translation should be precisely that of the sacred text, equally plain and simple, preserving and exhibiting, as far as practicable, the peculiarities of the original."

The Delegates' Version marks a very distinct advance in Chinese scholarship, and especially in the work of translating the Word of God into the language of China; but when we remember the many attempts to have the Bible in our own tongue before *The Book of English literature* became that invaluable treasury of pure and perfect Anglo-Saxon phrase that it is now held to be, we shall not be surprised to hear the hope expressed that China may yet possess one or more better versions of the Bible than even Bridgman and his colleagues could furnish. The main activity of the most scholarly missionaries is now directed to the preparation of *colloquial versions* in the numerous dialects which are spoken, and to some extent written, in China, and Mr. Gibson of Amoy advocates the general use of Roman characters for the common people.

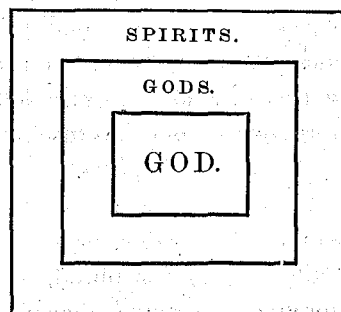
But let us turn to this Term Question, which has now been debated with almost unabated vigour for about forty years. The controversy wholly hinges upon the question, What are the proper words in Chinese to express the ideas of God (gods) and

Spirit (spirits)? As one writer aptly puts it, "we want for each term a word which is "as tolerant of supposed heterodox opinions or ideas as are our English terms God and Spirit," but unfortunately this one safe canon has not always been respected by its warmest advocates. Much of the difficulty which has been felt by the translators of the Bible and Christian books into Chinese is common to every language written or spoken under the sun, but there are some peculiarities belonging specially to the language and thought of China, some of which have already been alluded to, which tend to explain the acuteness that the controversy has sometimes reached in that land. First of all, the Chinese characters have so fixed and changeless a form, that we cannot always be sure whether the hieroglyph is to be taken as a noun, verb, or adjective, unless the environment of the symbol helps us to a conclusion; nor is the singular number distinguished from the plural.

Dr. Wells Williams, in an able and dispassionate treatment of the whole subject, contained in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (vol. for 1878), points to a second element of confusion which is more questionable. "The discussion," he says, "has its origin partly in the nature of the language of the Chinese, but really more *in their pantheistic cosmogony.*" It is very doubtful whether we can justly describe the Chinese cosmogony as pantheistic in any customary sense of the term, though *henotheistic* it might perhaps be called; for Shang-ti undoubtedly occupies a unique place as the One Supreme. Good authorities, such as Professor Legge, hold that the Chinese religion is really *monotheistic*.

Again, when Dr. Williams instances, as an obscurity arising from the language, that "there are many deities in China whose sex cannot certainly be decided from anything attributed to them," he may really be adducing an example of Chinese intelligence. Why should it be possible to determine the sex of the gods by anything attributed to them? That Romans and Greeks, and some modern English poets, have thought in that infantile way, is surely no reason why a plain, practical people like the Chinese should repeat the blunder. Besides this, Dr. Williams evidently confused gods with *saints*, as we are accustomed in English to term the beneficent powers of Buddhism—a distinction always carefully maintained by native scholars in Japan.

Suppose our readers had to sit down in committee to translate into a language quite new to them, and free from the hallowing influence of a long Christian tradition, some such sentence as this—"God is a *Spirit*, and is above all *gods*," they would soon find to emerge some of the main problems that have long troubled Christian missionaries in China. In such a sentence as the above we find certain terms (italicised in the example), one of which is more inclusive or general, or less precise, than another; and so they might all be arranged in logical relation to each other, in a diagram, thus:—



There may possibly be some pious minds to whom such a visible relegation of the Almighty God to an intellectual place *amongst* gods many and spirits (ghosts and angels) savours of irreverence; if so, such an erroneous impression must be got rid of, because logic has its stern laws, and in doing this we follow one of them. The more we know of God, or of any thing or being, the narrower, in a technical and logical sense, is the place which that being takes in such a scheme. It was the confusion of thought between God's place in formal logic as an object of thought, a Being of whom

we can really assert something, and God's place in theology in relation to other beings, that was one chief cause of the controversy. The view contended for by some, leads to an extreme form of agnosticism if pushed to its legitimate issue. The Christian God is rich in attributes. He is not a vague entity lying far apart from thought.

To start with a perfectly clear idea of this in our own English minds, let us glance at our great lexicographer's definition of the word "God." Dr. Johnson defines it as meaning—"The Supreme Being; a false god, an idol; any person or thing deified, or too much honoured." Now, when one of the most learned of the controversialists says—"It is an inadmissible definition of *God* to say the term means an object of religious worship," we must at once feel that, rightly or wrongly, elements beyond the mere significance and value of Chinese words have been imported into the discussion. Whatever



A CHINESE DOCTOR.

particular Chinese words may mean, or not mean, every intelligent Englishman knows that the plain English word "god" does convey an idea very close to that of "an object of religious worship," and that, in short, Dr. Johnson's definition is a very good one. It is not, therefore, a question only for Chinese scholars. The most vital doctrines in theology were rightly felt to be somehow at issue, in the question as to what terms were to be used in teaching the truths of our holy religion, about the nature of God, and the life of spirits.

As has been already hinted, a Chinese word or character, while fixed in form, is somewhat variable, or rather *undefined*, in sense. The same symbol may stand for a noun, singular or plural, or for a verb with a cognate meaning; gender is not denoted; there is no true declension, hardly anything like a conjugation; and so the result of

all this is frequent obscurity of meaning. It must be remembered also, that there is no such distinction as we ensure by printing with capital letters. A Chinaman speaking English after his own idiom will say, "My see two piecee man yesterday; my see two piecee man to-day; my see two piecee man to-morrow," and his meaning perhaps may be respectively, "I saw two women yesterday; see them to-day;" or "will see two men (or women) to-morrow." In hearing such a colloquial statement, the environment of facts, as in literature the context, must needs be our chief guide to interpretation, and in abstruse subjects obscurity of phrase may become seriously misleading. Now it seems as if this danger of falling into obscurity led the early missionaries to form an almost morbid desire for perfect precision, a goal hardly possible to attain within the limits of any language which has had a history of natural growth and development. Neither Greek nor Latin presented the Christian apostles and fathers with such terms ready to hand, as certain of the missionaries sought for in Chinese. The more important names that have been used in China for "God" may be tabulated as follows:—

CHINESE NAMES FOR "GOD."

1. ALOHO. Used by the early Nestorians in China. Now abandoned.
2. ALOAH. Was used by Mahomedans for "Allah." Now abandoned.
3. SHANG-CHU. Now almost abandoned.
4. SHANG-TI. Ancient Chinese word applied to the Supreme Power worshipped by the Emperor. It seems to be a proper name, like Jehovah, Zeus, or Jove. It was adopted for "God" by Morrison, Sir George J. Staunton, Professor Legge, Chalmers, and Gutzlaff.
5. SHIN, or SHĒN. Used in native works with generic force of "God," and so in Japan, also, where it has been unanimously adopted by the Protestant missionaries and converts. In China it was adopted by Bridgman, Wells Williams, Bishops Russell and Boone, and others.
6. TAÓ. Used sometimes in China, but it seems to have more the force of our word "Nature."
7. TI. (Also occurs in Shang-ti.) According to Professor Legge, it signifies "Lordship" and "government."
8. TIEN-CHU. Used by the Roman Catholics in China and Japan. The sect is named in these countries the *Tien-chu* sect. The term means "Heaven," or "Heaven's Lord," and was fixed by authority of the Pope. It is also used by some Jews in China.

As we have already indicated, while paramount importance is attached to the written symbol in Chinese, a very inferior and secondary place is given to speech as a mode of grave expression. Even in the ninth century, an Arab traveller noted this great peculiarity, and he records that the Chinese "never answer at all to anything that is not written." From this neglect of the colloquial, as an element in the higher culture of the mind, arises its comparative poverty; which has to be made up for by frequent writing in the air, or on the palms of the hands, during ordinary conversation. The spoken language consists of monosyllables, of which there are not many more than

four hundred, distinct in sound, but varied by elocutionary inflections or "tones." These have to be combined to make really distinctive words for colloquial purposes, as we do in the case of such words as wood-man, wood-lark, wood-cock, wood-bine, &c. It seems, too, from the fact that old rhymes remain good still, three thousand years after they have been made, that in some respects, Chinese pronunciation has not undergone such changes as other languages have passed through in much less time.

It seemed to Dr. (Sir J.) Bowring that the question of the name for God in Chinese literature could thus be treated differently from that of a colloquial name, and he therefore made the ingenious suggestion that the Greek Θ , the first letter in *Theos*, the Greek word for God used in the New Testament, might be added to the copious symbol-alphabet of China to denote God. Bishop Boone twitted the maker of the proposition thus, "Could Dr. Bowring kneel down and pray to Θ , 'O! Θ , have mercy upon me'? This was witty, and helped, no doubt, to slay the proposal, which is no longer within the range of present discussion; but the broader objection is that no lofty system of religious thought can be permanently strangled by the conditions of an almost fossil language. It is becoming very clear to observers of Chinese progress, that Romanised and almost colloquial versions of the Bible are to become a new and most powerful factor in the evolution of Chinese literature and speech.

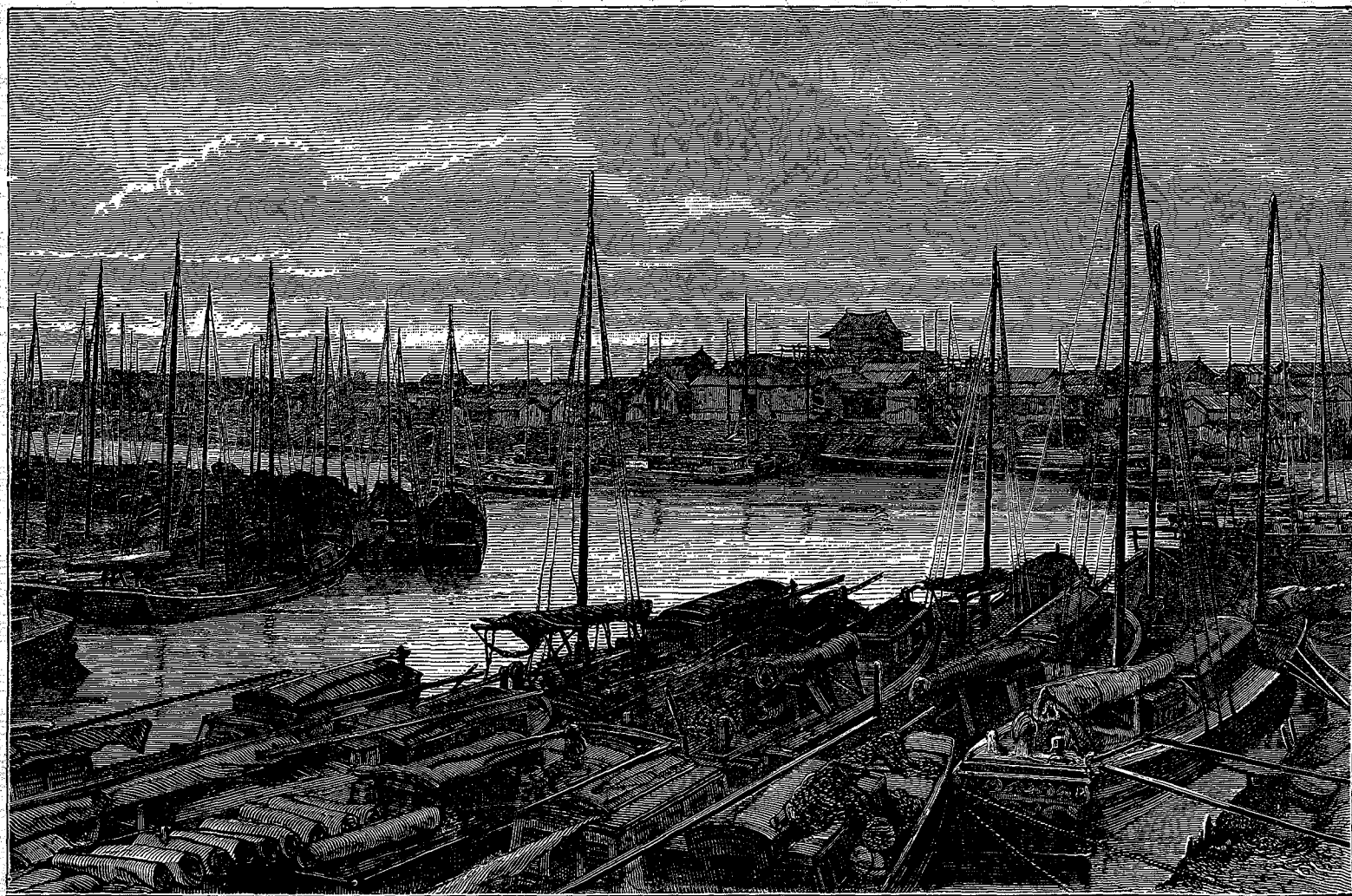
When England and her allies, America, France, and Russia, were bringing the resources of Western civilisation to bear upon the rather self-satisfied minds of the Celestials at Tientsin in 1858, Dr. and Mrs. Bridgman frequently entertained the Ministers of those great Powers on their way, and the learned doctor was of much service to them in unravelling various knotty matters, in translating official Chinese documents into Western languages, and in expressing diplomatic wants in scholarly Chinese.

In 1860, Dr. Bridgman's report on Bible translation was full of the joyful anticipation that the new version would soon be issued in all forms of type, but ere another year had fled, this great and most modest scholar had no need to trouble himself with any further wrangling about the name of God, for he was face to face with Him, knowing even as he was known. His Hebrew Bible was found on his study table lying open at the twentieth chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, to which point his revision of the Old Testament translation seems to have reached. The New Testament had been carefully and completely revised before Bridgman was called to enter on his well-earned rest. His wife (Eliza Jane Gillette, of New York) was an active enthusiast in education, giving of her substance liberally, and establishing an excellent girls' school in Shanghai, the first of its kind there. She died in China in 1871. Not only had Morrison's colleague, Bridgman, lived to see the whole empire shaken by a revolt that grew out of missionary effort, through no fault of the missionaries; but his eyelids only closed for ever when the gates of the empire had been thrown widely open to the unfettered preaching and circulation of the Gospel. It was a short time for a vast work to have been well done, and the change was not expected to occur so soon by the clearest-visioned adept in Chinese affairs.

While the Western Powers had been gently coercing China into the pleasant paths of civilisation, that venerable empire was seriously menaced from within, by the revolt of the Taipings, who, as we saw in a previous chapter, had first acquired strength in the southern parts of China. As repeated unsuccessful wars with foreign Powers lowered the prestige of the Imperial Government, the rebellion rolled northward towards Peking, gathering volume and momentum in its progress. In 1853, the sky around Shanghai was nightly lit up with the ruddy glare of burning villages. At last, in 1854, the town where many of the missionaries had now their headquarters, passed into the hands of the rebels, but the nearness of foreign armies and fleets prevented some of the horrors which were witnessed elsewhere.

Dr. Lockhart, of the London Missionary Society, opened a hospital there which was of much service, bodily and spiritually, to the wounded from both sides of the fray, and the doctor had many striking incidents to relate of his experiences during this terrible period. Through his agency, rice was given to many of the starving people during the siege, and a quantity of slightly damaged provisions, sent to him by a friend of the institution, were very thankfully accepted by the poor famished wretches to whom they were distributed. As the result of liberal assistance in the shape of donations, an attempt was made to enlarge the hospital during hostilities, but the work, as the doctor in his quiet way records, "had to be discontinued, the flight of cannon-balls over the ground making the site unsafe." Meanwhile, religious services were regularly conducted by the missionaries, and many a sick or wounded soldier, who had never before heard of the Saviour of mankind, had an opportunity of carrying the message of salvation to friends in far-off provinces where the Word had never before been heard. While this noble work was going on, the bullets of the opposing hosts used often to whistle merrily through the crowded dispensary, but generally without doing injury to any one, though several persons were struck by cannon-balls almost within the precincts of the institution.

Dr. Lockhart performed many serious and difficult operations under these trying conditions, with results of the most satisfactory kind, causing much wonder. "At certain times," he relates, "there were in the wards, Imperialists wounded by rebels, rebels wounded by Imperialists, and rustics who had suffered from both parties; but there they all lived together in peace, receiving help themselves, and often and cheerfully helping each other." Some of the cases seemed to show that Chinamen have great powers of recovery. One of the most remarkable is thus recorded in the doctor's narrative:—"A man was brought in one morning whom a Triad (or rebel) had caught and tried to behead, taking him for an Imperial soldier. Unable to effect his purpose, owing to the man's struggles, he yet inflicted most severe injuries upon him. The man had a wound on the forehead, which passed through the frontal bone, and raised up a portion of it; a wound on the face, through the malar bone and part of the upper jaw; another wound on the lower part of the face, which cut through the lower jaw; two deep wounds in the neck; one on each shoulder, one of which penetrated the shoulder joint; a wound at the back of the neck, exposing the vertebræ of the spine; and one on the fore-arm, causing compound fracture of the ulna; besides



THE PEIHO RIVER AT TIENSIN.

numerous severe flesh wounds on the body and limbs. The man had literally *to be sewn together again*. After much suffering for more than three months he finally recovered."

Professor John Ker's last volume of sermons contains a very eloquent and impressive discourse on "Things Passing and Things Permanent," in which the preacher remarks that—"Christianity intensifies social struggles by pouring new light upon human rights and duties. The oppressed learn what belongs to them, and the oppressor does not yield without a conflict." That the nearly successful revolt of the Taipings was due to the fermentation of Christian doctrine in the popular mind, with the addition of a sense of wrong sustained at the hands of the authorities, cannot admit of doubt. It is very doubtful, however, whether justice has ever been done to those who were the mainspring of this most formidable rebellion, one consequence of the success of which would apparently have been the immediate opening-up of China to all Western ideas and improvements. History never repeats itself, and the circumstances of China were in many respects very different from those of Japan; but if analogy is at all to be found in the opening-up of the countries, the speedy civilisation of China would have followed the success of the Taipings, whose views, though fanatical and crude, were in the main modern and advanced. The excesses which stained the latter stage of their career were no essential part of the movement, and are common to Oriental notions of warfare. Even Christian Russia is supposed not to be free from the methods that critics so much deplore when employed by Chinese fanatics.

The south of China is tenanted by those who in England might have represented the old Saxon element, when the Normans had been established firmly in this country. The conquerors of China came from the north, bursting at last through the great wall and all that it symbolised, and pouring like a flood over the land. We think of Chinamen as always wearing pigtails, but this custom dates from the middle of the seventeenth century only, when the Tartar or Manchu *coiffure* was imposed on the conquered. The new fashion was vigorously opposed by the southern people for a long time, and many of the boatmen of the south—about Amoy and Swatow—conceal their pigtails carefully under their turbans. The queue is now, however, "one of the most sacred characteristics of the black-haired race." Chinese settlers in British territory, such as Hong Kong, and emigrants to our colonies, where, of course, they can adopt any *coiffure* that pleases them, cling now to this very modern custom with all the conservative tenacity of their race. "Even their British-born sons and grandsons, reaching now to the third and fourth generations, steadily refuse to lay aside the tail." Now one of the "innovations" of the rebels was to resort to the old custom of their fathers, and by way of protest against the Manchus, to wear the hair long.

At that time, old residents in China say, corruption and bribery were very general amongst the Mandarins, both high and low; justice was frequently bought and sold, and there were many forms of oppression and extortion which tended to fan the ever-glowing embers of disaffection into a fierce and all-devouring conflagration. It seems that the pirates of the coast, whom the Western Powers had disturbed, joined the

rebels in great force, and to this cause may partly be ascribed the horrors which followed the army on its northward progress. As to the fanatical ideas of the Trinity of chief men, one of whom was called the Prince of Peace and Plenty, and Brother of Jesus Christ, little seems to be known of a quite reliable kind, and most of the accounts that have been written are uncritical, and intensely coloured by natural and pious horror of such blasphemy. But that is not history.

Hung-seu-Tseuen, the chief and leader, whom we have met with in this narrative before as the reader of a tract, was a man of education and great energy, and quite capable, had success attended him in overthrowing the Manchus, of establishing a firm and responsible government in China. The rebels had at first a certain fanatical zeal which gave them an irresistible fury, and some little moral strength; but although they gained access at the ports to copious stores of Western arms and ammunition, which tended further to demoralise the imperial troops opposed to them, their growing rapacity and cruelty far more than counterbalanced those advantages, and roused a growing storm of resentful indignation among the mercantile population, Chinese and foreign.



GENERAL GORDON.

In 1860, an American civilian named Ward gained high distinction by his most successful attempt to raise and discipline a fresh Imperial force of natives and aliens. Colonel Sir W. F. Butler, in his graphic sketch of Gordon, written for the "English Men of Action" series, pays a well-merited tribute to this energetic American organiser of what was to be known as the "Ever-Victorious Army,"

who died while leading an assault at Ningpo in September, 1862, and who, in the short, well-filled two years of his military life, fought about seventy battles without once meeting defeat. Ward, who has been far too much lost sight of amid the dazzling lustre of his English successor Gordon, was, according to Colonel Butler, "unquestionably a natural leader of men, a brave and skilful soldier, possessing all the qualities which, had not death cut short his career, might easily have attained to a reputation not inferior to that of Clive."

The English and French allies, after the Treaty of Peking, aided the rather crest-fallen Imperialists to clear the rebels from the vicinity of Shanghai, which was then becoming the important centre of foreign trade it continues to be. Gordon was for a time engaged in those operations, and as senior engineer followed up his ordinary duties by an extensive and careful survey of the intricate network of creeks and canals which formed the chief groundwork of the hostilities.

A serious defeat of the Imperialists at Tait-san in 1863, resulting in the loss of many European officers and privates, besides vast numbers of native soldiers, put into the hands of Gordon, in his thirtieth year, the fate of the oldest and largest empire

in the world; for this disaster was the direct occasion of Gordon's receiving full powers to deal with the revolt. Li (or Li Hung Chang), who is often spoken of as the Bismarck of China, and is still by far the most notable personage in the East, was then Fu-tai, or Generalissimo, and to him Gordon promised to crush the rebels in eighteen months from the end of March in 1863. The "Ever-Victorious Army" was disbanded in June, 1864, but the Manchu dynasty, which the rebels desired to overthrow, still retained the Dragon Throne, and a month or two later peace once more reigned in China, and not a rebel was anywhere to be seen. Such an undertaking was not rashly or thoughtlessly entered upon by this Christian hero, and it required for its successful carrying out a combination of qualities rarely found existing even singly in diplomatist, soldier, or engineer.

Throughout the incidents of this rapid and unique campaign, the mercy, firmness, and justice of Gordon were very conspicuous at all times, and many of the bravest of the rebels themselves were soon glad to take arms under a commander whose prestige was so lofty and whose pay was so certain. He was wont to carry nothing in his hand but a bamboo cane or rattan, and, seeing him exposed in the thick of battle to imminent danger with no other weapon of defence, many of the natives thought that Gordon's life was a charmed one, and that the modest bit of bamboo exercised a magic influence over the fray, like that of the uplifted hands of Moses.

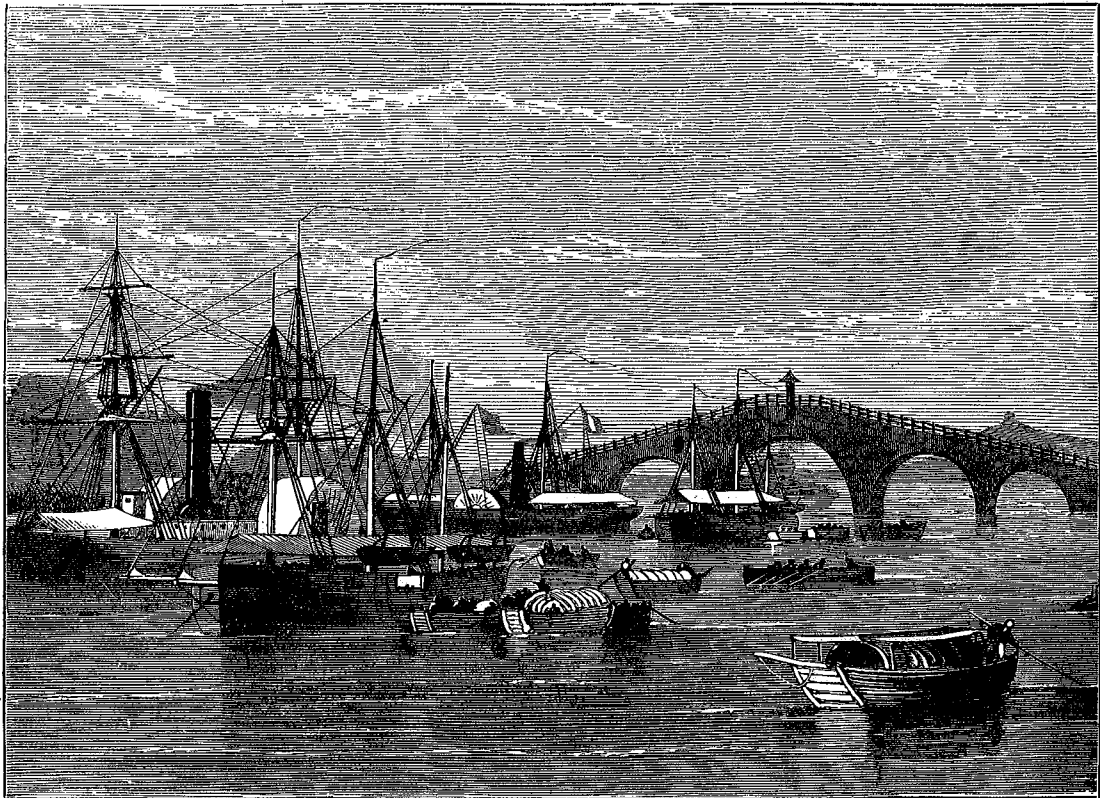
As Colonel Butler very vividly shows, the area occupied by the hitherto triumphant rebels was perceived by Gordon, with all its intricacies, to be "only a big chess-board, its vast maze-work making it all the better for the man who first learns it by heart; and these creeks and cross-creeks will be so many parallels and trenches for sapping up to the very heart of the revolt, for turning cities, taking positions in reverse, and, above all, for using the power which steam gives for transporting men, stores, and munitions along these navigable waterways."

One of the chief difficulties in the management of such troops as Gordon had under his command is that after gaining a victory, however incompletely, they always wish to retire for a little from the field to be among their friends, in order to strut about as heroes and get some mild enjoyment out of the spoils they have taken. After these have been used up and the slender pay exhausted, the Chinese brave is ready to resume warfare like a giant refreshed.

A little steamer, the *Hyson*, with its crew of forty men, came to be of much service to the Imperialists in Gordon's hands. The rebels in great strength held a rich district in which lay the old city of Soochow, a place very lovely in itself, most beautifully situated near the Great Lake, and which Chinamen, indeed, are wont to say is in relation to this earth what Paradise is to the realms of the unseen. Gordon, by a cleverly planned and cautiously executed bit of strategy, passed up country by a series of loop canals, and, suddenly appearing from an unexpected quarter, broke up and dissipated an immense force of the rebels, who thought there was something uncanny about the man and his strange new nautical machine. Such a move was certainly unique in the annals of Chinese tactics, and Colonel Butler, who enters into interesting military details, says: "This was perhaps the most strikingly representative feat of

Gordon's peculiar genius for war—quick to catch, resolute to act, knowing the power of rapid movement against a demoralised foe, and realising the enormous effect which the unexpected can produce even with the slenderest means”

It was a curious circumstance that an English soldier, and a most earnest and somewhat fanatical Christian, should, in the Providence of God, be the means of destroying a movement which English opium and Christianity had been the means of initiating. Sir John Davis says, in an appendix on the Taiping Rebellion, contained in his work



LANDING OF GORDON'S CREW FROM THE *HYSON*.

on China: "There can be no doubt whatever of the existing insurrection in China having been the result of our own war. A Manchow general, in his report, distinctly stated that 'the number of robbers and criminal associations is very great in the two Kwang provinces, and they assemble without difficulty to create trouble; all which arises from that class having detected the inefficiency of the Imperial troops during the war with the English barbarians. Formerly they feared the troops as tigers; of late they look on them as sheep. Of the multitudes of irregulars who were disbanded on the settlement of the barbarian difficulty, very few returned to their original occupations—most of them became robbers.' He observes that 'the army has never recovered from the effects of the want of success in the *barbarian business*' (as they call our

war): 'the troops regard retreat on the eve of battle as established custom, and the abandonment of their posts as an ordinary affair.' This view was also supported by Consul Meadows, and, indeed, by every one conversant with the affairs of China. Sir John is emphatic, that although the chief of the rebels had received lessons in the rudiments of our religion, his followers were "no more like Christians than Mahomet was like a Jew." When told by Meadows that the English must remain



TARTAR SOLDIER.

neutral, they replied that they were under the special protection of Heaven. Their great opponent, Gordon, had a similar conviction, but in his case the belief appeared better grounded, and the Taipings were destroyed by the sword to which they appealed.

That excellent military authority, Colonel Sir William F. Butler, thus sums up the value of Gordon's work: "The service rendered by Gordon to the Chinese was very great. His presence gave vigour to their plans, thought to their councils, rapidity to their movements, courage to their soldiers. He climbed to a far higher standpoint than they ever could have attained to, and surveyed the entire theatre of the struggle

from an eminence they could not reach. In fact, he taught the Chinese how to make war, and, what is still more important, how to end war. His blows were struck in vital places, and followed each other with a rapidity that left the enemy no time for reparation. He suited his strategy to the peculiar nature of the country, and timed his tactics in exact accord with the habits of his enemy. Indomitable resolution, inexhaustible resource, sleepless activity, were his master qualities."

Hung-Seu-Tsuen, the rebel king, whose avowed aim was to overthrow idolatry and the Manchu rulers, and to establish the authority of the Bible, in token of which he claimed to have received a seal and a sword from Heaven, died in 1864, and with him all outward traces of the great revolt soon disappeared, though many believe that there are still smouldering embers, that may one day mount again into flames. Be this as it may, there is now a strong native Church in China, and it is impossible to conceive of any movement of the kind receiving Christian recognition or encouragement.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PRINTING PRESS AS A MISSION AGENCY.

Samuel Wells Williams—"Called to his Work"—A Missionary Printer—Chinese Books and Printing—Paper—Movable Types—Scholarship—Plea for the Roman Alphabet in China—Reverence for Printed or Written Words—The Lettered Paper Pagoda—Williams' Printing Office—Distribution of Tracts and Bibles—Career of Williams—Review of his Character and Work—The American Presbyterian Mission—The Rev. James Webster—Power of the Press.

TO a Christian mind, accustomed to take for granted the conditions of intellectual and religious activity which exist within the familiar regions permeated and suffused by an old Christian civilisation, it is difficult to do justice to the peculiar obstacles met with by the little but strong band of soldiers of the Cross who had invaded the Empire of China.

To such an one it seems very easy and simple for an earnest man to preach the Gospel to any heathen people when the mere language of that people has once been mastered. In Judæa, in Greece, and in Rome, as amongst the European nations, public speaking has always held an important place in popular estimation, and the living voice of the orator has even had a notable influence in determining policy affecting the gravest interests of the State. But in China silence has ever been specially golden; though we sometimes read in history of grave debates, and the never-failing popularity of the street story-teller shows a possibility that the spoken tongue may one day become a great power in the country. The Chinese brain uses the pen rather than the tongue, however; and preaching has, of necessity, often been felt to be an adjunct of the press rather than the chief instrument of spreading the truth through the land. Thus the press came very naturally to attract the attention of the early missionaries to China, as an engine absolutely requisite for the rapid and effective diffusion of

Christian teaching, and unsuccessful experiments were made in various directions, which, however, left, at the least, a useful residuum of dearly purchased experience.

When a strong and urgent need has arisen in the history of Christian warfare against superstitious darkness, Providence has not usually withheld suitable human instruments to supply the want. It was not in this case long after the emergency was perceived to exist, when there appeared in the field a man eminently fitted by hereditary training, natural capacity, and power of diligent and concentrated application, to link modern practical ideas in a conservative fashion to the primitive methods of Chinese printing, and in such a way as to win the approval and even admiration of native scholars, while securing the speedy furtherance of aggressive missionary effort amongst the people.

One of the leading citizens of Utica (U.S.A.) at the beginning of this century, was Colonel William Williams, a publisher of Bibles and other books, an Elder in the Presbyterian Church, and superintendent of the first Sunday-school organised in Utica. The Colonel married a Miss Wells, and the worthy couple were in course of time blessed with a family of fourteen. Mrs. Williams was a lady of some culture, a "working believer," and of very marked zeal in behalf of the cause of foreign missions, then interesting the Churches in America in a special manner. The story is told that on one occasion, when the collecting plate was passed along the pew on behalf of that object, she was dismayed to find herself without money, but put into the Lord's treasury a slip of paper on which the words were pencilled, "I give two of my sons." Years afterwards two of her sons responded to this solemn consecration, one of them going out to Turkey as a missionary, and the other to China, as we have to relate in this chapter.

Samuel Wells Williams, born at Utica (New York) in 1812, when a boy once heard his Sunday-school teacher speak with such tender emotion about the spiritual darkness of the heathen peoples, that a strong desire arose within his bosom to become a missionary and go to their help. The desire does not seem to have ripened into a fixed resolution all at once, and he passed through most of the experiences of boyhood and youth, getting into scrapes and tasting the bitterness of discipline, dabbling in universal science, and leaning with a very strong bias to natural history. His youthful letters abound in allusions to mineral hammers, crystals of carbonates, and so forth, and in after-life he retained a keen eye for scientific observation. At last his school course drew to a close, and the career of a botanist was that which seemed most to captivate his fancy; but a call was to come to him of a different kind.

Far away in China one or two anxious men were puzzling over a great problem. It had begun to be clearly seen, that if the messengers of the Cross were to succeed in their mission there, the press would have to be freely and intelligently used to prepare books for circulation over the land. But, as we have seen in a previous chapter, it was not easy to get respectable and competent natives even to teach their language to foreigners, and it seemed hardly possible to organise and work a printing press without the help of experts, not only in mechanical details, but also in the language itself. People in America interested themselves in the solution of the problem, and at last a Presbyterian congregation in New York (Bleecker Street) sent to China a printing press.

with type and other requisites, "in recognition of the need of books as aids in evangelising the heathen."

Colonel Williams was asked to select a properly qualified young man to superintend the new printing office in China, and without hesitation the good man singled out his own son Wells for the duty. It was not a very brilliant appointment from a worldly point of view, to be sure, and at that time a journey to China was still a serious business. After a night chiefly spent in prayer and meditation, young Wells replied to his father in the following letter:—

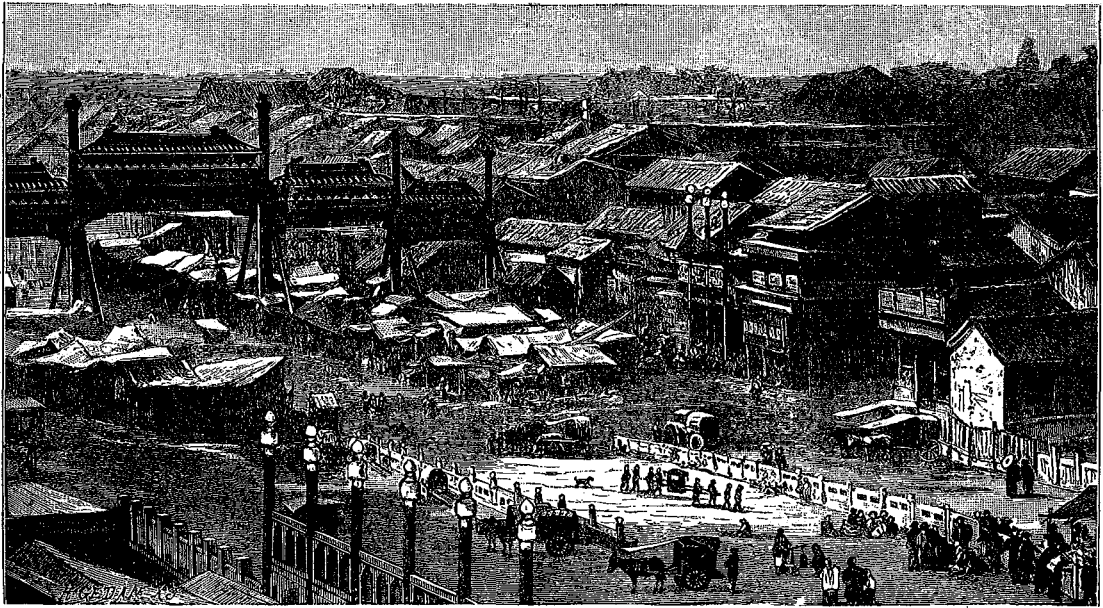
"TROY, April 23, 1832.

"DEAR FATHER,—Perhaps, from the short length of time that has elapsed since I received your last, you may think that I have not sufficiently considered the question, 'Will you go?' It is, I must say, a very important question when its bearings are considered. But did you, my dear father, know the tendency of my thoughts on this subject, and what they had been since a year had passed away, this question would be different. To come to the point. If *one* objection can be done away to my satisfaction, I will go. This is: is it possible, after the course is finished here in October, to learn the printer's trade sufficiently well to take charge of such an undertaking? I should not be willing to leave here till the course and tours" (geological and botanical) "were all finished. For chemistry and botany have a great bearing, and a very useful one, upon the common occurrences of life. Now if, after these were through, I could sufficiently learn that part of the trade which I do not know, I am willing, and indeed would esteem it a privilege, thus to serve the cause of Jesus. . . . Such is the result of what I have thought on the subject. Yet I would say (not by any means that I wish to be excused), why would not Shepard be a better one to go? So deeply has the love of the works of God, and through them, Him, got imbued into me—and is almost now a second nature—that I fear, if I went, any object of natural history would interest me more than anything else. If this takes place, it will alter my course of life, which was to be a naturalist. . . ."

He wrote also at a later date to Dr. Anderson, who had to do with the appointment, objecting to the hastening of his departure, and stating his opinions fully. In that letter the following passages occur:—"I would not wish to have a longer time than reasonable, but if it is necessary absolutely to go by next fall or spring, I must say that I cannot possibly be ready. I cannot obtain a sufficient knowledge of the business to be able to do any one justice, and you would not wish to send one who was incompetent. In that short space of time I would have to learn all the pressman's and foreman's department, and also other small matters, though these would be the principal. All the knowledge I have of the printing trade has been learnt by stealth, while engaged in other employments. The whole would therefore have to be reviewed or learned. . . . I believe that I have, by the light which God has given us in the Bible, examined this question, and as far as I am acquainted with my own heart, I am willing to go. Many doubts and difficulties arise, and also many first impressions of times and places which are dear are to be considered. But I also look at the other side and see

three-fourths of the world in a state of heathenism or half-idolatry—then that side of the scale weighs heaviest. . . . The reasons, however, why I could not be ready as soon as you wish, you have above. I also think that if I could wait even a still longer time than specified it would be better, as nineteen is a young period of life to be sent on such an expedition. . . . If I should go I should expect to collect specimens in natural history, as that is my favourite pursuit; the study of nature is a pleasant one, and carries its own reward along with it.”

The little difficulty as to the time of departure to his new sphere was soon got over, and he was formally, but very heartily, accepted by the American Board as a missionary printer for China. To the varied experience which he had been steadily



A STREET IN PEKIN.

acquiring from boyhood, of which he himself thought and wrote so modestly, he now very diligently added much special knowledge likely to prove serviceable to him in “running” a well-equipped printing-office in China. In making this novel appointment to the mission field, the Board had publicly recognised the necessity of such an adjunct to preaching as the printed utterances of the missionary could best supply. Probably they did not at first perceive the full significance which such an enterprise had for China—the potency of the press in giving a new and religious bias to an ancient civilisation, moulded by literary influences on purely literary models.

In April, when he hoped to sail, we find him writing to his parents (the Colonel had married a second time): “I hardly realise the fact that I *am* going as yet, though as the time draws near, it comes up before me in pretty glowing colours, the vividness of which sometimes almost startles me. But turn the page and consider the object—to evangelise the world; consider the immediate portion of

labour, the mighty population of China now at this time shaking to its very centre, and these are enough to recall to mind the fact that he who has hold of the plough has but one way to look."

A wealthy and liberal merchant, Mr. Olyphant, was mentioned in an earlier chapter as having done much to originate missions in China. This same great-hearted friend of the cause had a ship named after the pioneer of Chinese missions, and in the *Morrison*—a good omen for the young printer!—the Rev. Ira Tracy and Williams duly set sail from New York, casting anchor at Whampoa, near Canton, in October, 1833. Foreign life in China during those days, ere the Opium Wars had done their harsh but useful work, was cruelly restricted, and the new arrivals were, of course, consigned to the tender mercies of a Chinese "hong" merchant, who was held responsible to the Mandarins for their orderly and peaceable conduct. The three hundred or so of Western foreigners who were then in China, lived, like the Dutch in Japan, strictly by themselves in a very close and narrow district, unbearable in the summer-time, while they had an ill-defined legal position in the land, and hardly any rights at all. All official business had to be done through the medium of the body of hong merchants, who had a monopoly of foreign trade, and let their premises to the unhappy foreigners. Some of them were large-hearted and intelligent men, representing, indeed, the advance guard of Chinese civilisation, but these were exceptional, and did not always receive the support of their official countrymen. Mr. Williams gives an interesting account of the arrangement that prevailed on his arrival in China:—"These merchants were the intermediaries between the Chinese authorities and foreigners. When the foreigners wished anything from the Chinese, the plan was to draw up a petition and take it to a certain gate of the city known as the Oil Gate, where it was received by a policeman or some low official who was generally at hand. But sometimes the hong merchants refused to receive or transmit said petitions. On one occasion a Scotchman named Innes, a man of great energy, brought a petition to the Oil Gate, but the hong merchants, having got a hint of its purport, refused to receive it. He waited at the gate all day, but they persisted in their refusal. As night approached he gave orders to his boy to go and fetch his bed, as an indication that he intended to stop there all night; and when the merchants came to know that, they received his petition. On another occasion before my arrival, Mr. Jardine, the head of Jardine, Matheson and Co., having taken a petition to the gate in question, received rather hard usage, some one having struck him a rap on the head. He, however, never stirred or gave any indication that the blow had hurt him, from which circumstance he came to be known and spoken of by the Chinese, during all his subsequent stay in China, as *teet tow lo shu*, 'the iron-headed old rat.'"

In another letter, of a later date, he throws a fresh side-light on the state of affairs between the Western nations and that China of the Old World which exists no longer:—"When one looks back on the then state of things, it is difficult to understand how we could have been there so long, and yet have known so little about the people and been known so little by them. When Canton was thrown open to foreigners, as late

as 1858, some missionaries went into the city and found Chinese who had never seen a foreigner, who had never heard that places for preaching had been opened, who did not think it possible that any foreigner could speak Chinese."

Williams found in Bridgman, whom he succeeded as editor of the *Chinese Repository*, a warm and most sympathetic friend, and a genial but uncompromising critic. Indeed, the highly cultivated literary gifts of the latter were not without a happy reflex influence on Williams' style of composition, which rapidly improved under such able tuition. Encouraged by his preceptor, Williams at last made an ambitious flight, attempting to picture life in a Chinese slum after the model of Charles Lamb's famous "Essay on Roast Pig." But unfortunately the reading of this brilliant effort at fine writing brought tears of unrestrained laughter down Bridgman's good-natured cheeks, and he besought the crestfallen young author, by all that he held in reverence, to return to the sober prose of real life. Williams's great Dictionary of Chinese was, perhaps, the fruit of this rough but well-timed coercion into sanity and science, for, as his filial biographer, with perfect accuracy and justness, remarks, "the terse and direct quality of his dictionary definitions has received the commendations of multitudes of students, and contributed directly to the advancement of philology."

A month or so after his arrival in Canton, Mr. Williams wrote to America, and mentions the first convert, Liang A-fah, "a venerable looking man about fifty years old; his countenance expresses benevolence, and at first view you are prepossessed." He tells also, without any thought of the grave results that were to follow, of Liang A-fah's success in circulating some of his books (which he himself wrote, engraved, and printed) amongst the candidates for literary degrees. This good man, who had been led to the light by reading the blocks he was engaged in engraving for Morrison, "got some coolies to take his boxes into the hall, and there he dealt out the Word of Life as fast as he could handle them [*sic*], to intelligent young men."

Along with the same communication, specimens of tracts or booklets were sent, which could be furnished, he wrote, in any quantity—after the blocks from which they were printed had been paid for—at *one cent* per copy, including paper, silk, and ink.

A word or two on Chinese books and printing may here be useful. In very early times, scrolls of silk or cotton cloth were used in place of books, and such are still to be seen hung up on interiors everywhere—in temple, hospital, or dwelling-house. The works of Confucius, and other writings of his times, seem to have been first transmitted as "rude marks made on boards with red ochre." When Buddhism came to China, its sacred writings were contained on sheets of palm-leaf or thin laths of bamboo, and these were contained, loosely piled up, in boxes. After these slips had been written upon, they received a thin coating of a hard, resinous kind of varnish, and many of them have been so well preserved by this method, that Buddhist writings in the Sanskrit and Pali languages, belonging to the earliest periods of their use in China, are frequently found at the present day, looking almost as fresh as when they were first written.

Just as the priests and missionaries of the Indian cult began to circulate their

爾於市廛，遍築高臺，招彼途人，與己行淫。爾雖殊色，人厭而

棄之矣。埃及隣邦，淫風流行，爾徇欲與私，干我震怒。故我降

災，滅爾糈糧。非利士人，羞爾淫行，深為厭惡。故我以爾付於

其手。爾行淫無度，故與亞述人私，大縱厥欲，靡有底止。在迦

南行淫，至於迦勒底，亦不知足。主耶和華曰：爾行此事，有若

淫婦，既無羞惡之心，又精神之頓耗。爾在達衢，特構高臺，以

為妓室。妓在圖利，爾則不專於利。譬彼淫婦，背夫而私人，居

恆之時，人以金子娼，惟爾以金贈於所權，使四方咸歸。爾與

他婦行淫，本甚懸殊，無人從爾。予爾以金，爾反以金子予人。若

是則爾與他婦不同可知矣。爾為娼妓，宜聽我言。我耶和華

doctrines freely among the Chinese people, the transition from boxes of loose sheets to the bound volume seems to have been made, during the time of the Tang dynasty, in the seventh century of our era.

Paper was invented in the first or second century of the Christian era, and was made from fibres of the bamboo beaten into a pulp. That graceful plant—now so popular an element in our own ornamentation—is the classical emblem of literature in China, supplying from its inner layers the material for the making of paper, and yielding up its tubular twigs to form shafts for hair-brushes. Great varieties of paper are now made, many of them being of excellent quality, and of an exquisite fineness and transparency—like silk-gauze.

The pens used for writing were at one time made from fine tubes of bamboo, split at the points like our quill pens; but about three centuries before our era the hair-pencil came into use, and is now universally employed throughout the land for all the uses to which a pen is put in our country. The writer holds the pencil perpendicularly as if he were going to prick the paper. An old traveller tells us that "The *Chinese*s always write from top to bottom, and begin their first letter where ours ends; so that to read their books, the left page must first be sought for, which with them is the beginning. Their paper being very thin, and almost transparent, they are fain to double it, for fear lest the letters do run one into another when they write on the back side; but these doubled leaves are so even that one can hardly perceive it."

In printing a book, movable types were not employed till the missionaries initiated the change; indeed, it hardly seemed practicable to make types for an alphabet of some thirty or forty thousands of characters. An old-fashioned Chinese book is an almost perfect *fac-simile* of what the author himself wrote, or of the penmanship of the scribe who copied for him or wrote at his dictation. Written out on properly sized sheets of the gauze-like paper we have described, the original manuscript is, sheet by sheet, firmly and evenly glued on to the blocks which are to be printed from, and when the white unwritten surface has been neatly cut away by a wood engraver, it is passed into the hands of the printer, and the rest is merely a matter of good ink and careful printing. Illustrations to the text generally involve no extra expense, unless they are of a character requiring unusual technical skill. The number of blocks required will be exactly as many pages as the printed book should contain, with the addition of title-page, and while the risk of fire and expense of storage involved disadvantages, it must be admitted that there is no need to run the risk of printing a large issue till it is called for; and, of course, proof reading is not required. Imagine a modern political orator having to send the manuscript of his oration to be printed *fac-simile* in the morning dailies! How carefully framed would each sentence be, how calmly the fire of partisan spirit would glow under the apprehension of a criticism of which there could be no verbal evasions. May this not be the secret of the strange and persisting survival of Chinese institutions?

With all its good qualities, Chinese paper is not very durable, and the great works, and even the extensive libraries, which so much excite the admiration of Western scholars,

have to be renewed (in *fac-simile*) from time to time. Mildew and insects soon make havoc among the thoughts of sages and the doings of statesmen, if their evil influence is not constantly counteracted by vigilant airing and dusting.

Mr. Samuel Dyer seems to have been the first to adopt movable types in the printing of Chinese works, but Wells Williams brought the whole machinery of book-making to great perfection, and the work done under his auspices was noted for its thoroughness and accuracy. But such results as he attained to were not reached without toil and tears. His first printers were the descendants of Portuguese from Macao, and he had to acquire their language as a first step. By-and-bye he was driven from Canton to Macao, and on returning to Canton, in 1856, his house and office, with three presses, 7,000 printed books, and extensive founts of costly Chinese and other type, were destroyed by fire.

Chinese civilisation is essentially *bookish*. It is not so stiff and unchangeable as many suppose it to be, and progress can be detected all through its history, unless for one brief period of almost retrogression. But reform must be based on literary precedents, and be effected by literary machinery. The people are by no means impotent, and the high officials are only too apt to curry popular favour by their measures and judgments, but the real power is at present in the hands of the *litterati*.

Scholarship is, indeed, the ultimate basis, all through the empire, of political power and social influence, and the son of the humblest peasant may freely compete for the highest academical titles—the empire ringing with the honoured names of the wranglers for the year, who hold a greater place in the hearts of their countrymen than even the fortunate members of the crew in the annual boat-race of the universities obtain in England. It has already been related how one of the famous people of antiquity was a farmer's boy, too poor to buy oil for his lamp, and too busy with farm work to be able to study in daylight, who collected fireflies, and placing them in a rush cage, read the ancient masters by their pale glow.

And yet reading is less general an accomplishment than one would expect from such favourable conditions, and women are very seldom taught to read at all. A great authority on Chinese education, Dr. Martin, estimates the proportion of reading women as one in ten thousand. In the northern provinces of China, education is much more general than in the south, but still it is estimated that in the north less than ten per cent.—perhaps only five per cent.—of the population can read. It is hoped that the introduction of the Roman alphabet for the use of the common people will in course of time remedy this condition. Mr. Gibson of Amoy thus sums up the question as to the use of Roman letters for the common people, to whom ordinary book Chinese is an almost dead language:—

“If an alphabet is to be used, there can be no doubt that the Roman is the simplest and clearest. It is also that in which there is at command the largest and least costly supply of printing material. Are there any objections to its use?

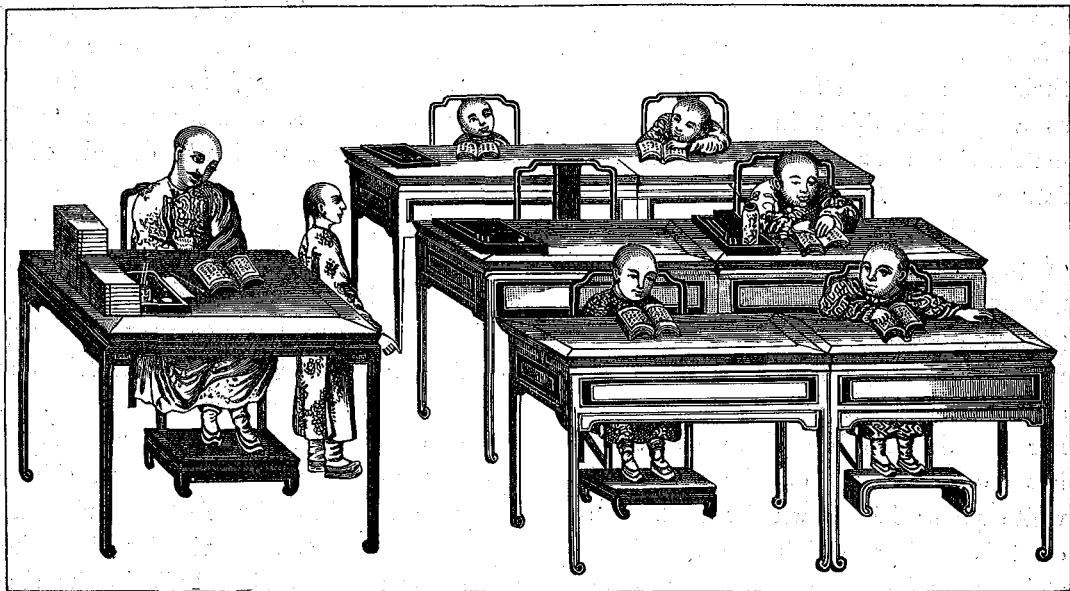
“There is a strong prejudice among the Chinese—not against the Roman letters, but in favour of the Chinese characters. Let us not blame them. They have, as it were,

been born to a profound and unreasoning veneration for these picturesque symbols. It has been a shock and surprise to them to discover that there are in the world many books beside their own, and they can hardly bring themselves to speak of anything else as 'letters.' As servants of Christ, we are not to deal harshly with national prejudices, even when least enlightened. . . . But let us not exaggerate the national prejudice. It is generally supposed that the Chinese are an eminently stolid people, wedded to their old ways, and looking with a suspicious eye on new methods. There is some truth in this view, but it is often pressed too far. The Chinese have a keen eye for what is useful, whether it be new or old. Newness is not in itself a recommendation, although in China, as elsewhere, it serves to attract attention. The new thing must show its credentials and prove its usefulness. But when it has done so it finds ready access to the Chinaman's heart. Steamers have long established themselves in his affections by keeping down the price of rice; telegraphs and even railways are winning their way; modern science, under the name of 'Ancient Learning,' is already installed as a special subject in the public examinations; and in a country where 'safety matches' are supplanting the historic flint and steel, we need not despair of the future of the Roman alphabet."

We have already alluded to the reverence shown by the Chinese for any scrap of paper on which words or letters have been printed or written. Mrs. Lyall, a missionary lady residing at Swatow, relates how this fact was once strongly impressed upon her own mind. It had been a rainy day, the walks were very muddy, and when the teacher from whom she was acquiring the language arrived, she laid down an old newspaper at the doorway to save the matting from his miry shoes. To her surprise, he begged to be excused from treading even on foreign "characters," but rested his feet on the unprinted edge, and readily trod upon a clean sheet of white paper laid down for him. This led her to ask him for further information on this subject, which she records thus:—"In most towns and villages throughout China may be seen a large stone-like furnace, about ten feet high, built in the shape of a pagoda, with a small opening in front. This is called the 'Lettered Paper Pagoda.' There may be one or more, according to the size of the village. This small pagoda receives all the useless paper of the village people. The village elders engage, and pay by public subscription, a man whose business it is to search the market places, streets, by-ways, and even the drains, for every bit of printed, stamped, and written paper. The soiled pieces are carefully washed and dried, and then carried to the furnace and burned. On convenient occasions the ashes are collected and carried off with state, often attended by a procession of the principal men of the village, and thrown into the river or sea. Boats vie with each other for the honour of bearing so precious a cargo to the mouth of the river, or out to sea, where it is thrown overboard in the direction of the current or of the outgoing tide, to be mingled with the waters of the great deep. Happy the boat with such a cargo, for they believe that good luck will be sure to follow it." The old pundit went on to relate how those who were sacrilegious enough to put paper containing characters to any common use would be struck blind, while their descendants would

remain ignorant, and never would distinguish themselves by the attainment of literary degrees.

“In olden times,” continued her heathen instructor, “people knew nothing about reverencing letters, but gradually came to know their duty from noticing that any place in which printed paper was stored was safe from fire and flood, and that families who respected it prospered, and their children became wise and honoured. “Once upon a time there was a merchant who entertained great reverence for letters, and carefully preserved every bit of paper that came in his way, regardless of the jeers of his neighbours. One day a terrible fire broke out in his city, destroying a large part of it. The shops on either side of him and those in front and behind, belonging



CHINESE SCHOOL. (From a native Drawing.)

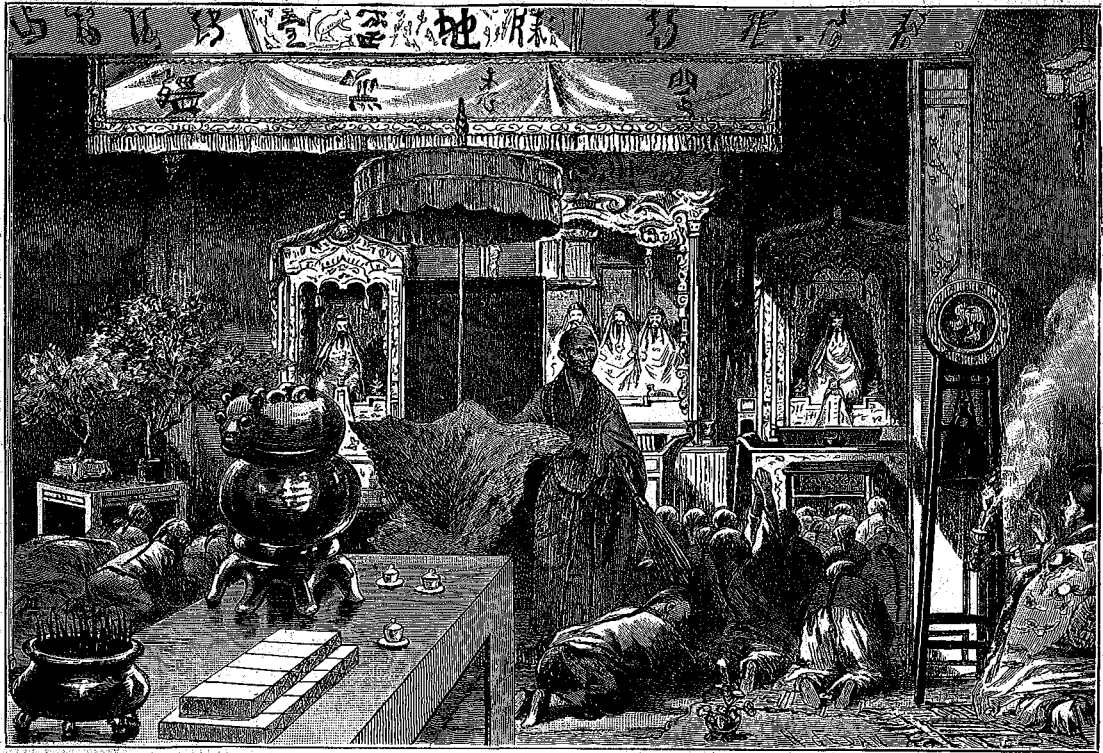
to persons who had made themselves merry at his expense, were burned to the ground, while his shop, in which he had stored the paper, alone remained uninjured. By such lessons as this did the Supreme Ruler teach the nation to regard and reverence the printed and written symbols of our language.”

While the reverence of the Chinese for letters is very profound, there is perhaps a qualifying influence, such as is expressed in our proverb, “familiarity breeds contempt,” for the majority of the people are satisfied with learning enough to meet the ordinary wants of life, in this respect presenting a great contrast to the people of Japan, who are great readers. Indeed, few of the urban population in that country are to be found who cannot read ordinary popular literature fluently.

Some of the peculiarities of printing offices in China are revealed in a lively sketch which occurs in one of Williams’ letters to a friend. He writes:—

“I have one of the oddest printing offices you can possibly imagine; ’tis quite unique,

I am sure, in its way. In the first place there are the Chinese types, which are arranged on frames on the sides of the room, so as to expose their faces, for they must all be seen to be found. There are sixty cases of the large type—which is about the size of four-line Pica—and there are upwards of 25,000 types, hardly any two of which are alike. The small type stands on frames, one case above another, and justifies with the Great Primer, being contained in twenty cases, all so arranged that the type stands on the base, exposing all the faces. So much for the Chinese type, which fills up half the room. There is one clumsy English press of iron, and three composing stands. But



INTERIOR OF A CHINESE TEMPLE.

my workmen are really the most singular part of the office furniture. There is a Portuguese compositor, who knows not a word of English and hardly a Chinese character, yet sets up a book containing both. . . . A Chinese lad, who knows neither Portuguese nor English, sets Chinese types, and does his part pretty well. Lastly, a Japanese, who knows nothing of English, Portuguese, or Chinese (hardly), picks out the various characters, and makes plenty of errors. . . . I am sometimes much amused at the mutual endeavours of my motley group to hold intercourse."

In spite of all these hindrances, great correctness of printing was maintained in the establishment, and almost every work which proceeded from that humble office is now rare, and to some extent valuable. But it was not only as printer, editor, and author that our missionary busied himself. Some of Dr. Williams' early letters—as contained

in his Life written by his son, and recently published—give as vivid pictures of Chinese village life as any we have seen. Here is one to the Rev. Rufus Anderson, dated from Macao, 1836, and containing a graphic record of the way in which books were given and received in the south of China before the Taiping rebellion arose:—

“Mr. Lay, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, has been living with me for the last two months. We have, during that time, taken two or three interesting excursions in the vicinity of Macao, intending to spend the whole day in visiting the Chinese scattered about there, and distribute among them the books we carried. We were rowed across by women—who here, as elsewhere in China, perform this laborious business—and landing among a group of huts, belonging to the fishermen frequenting the waters hereabouts, we started for a village seen in the distance. The day was most pleasant, and our way through the paddy-fields and among the farm-houses was enlivened by the singing of birds and the playful children who ran out of the houses to see us pass. The supposed village, however, proved to be only a cluster of half a dozen substantial brick houses, in which we found a few females, who treated us quite civilly, and one man engaged in sweeping rice on the threshing-floor. He accepted the proffered book very readily, and invited us into his domicile to rest awhile. The house within did not comport, in our estimation, with its exterior effect; the walls were barren of everything, saving a few inscriptions; the floor was the cold and naked earth; and the room in which we sat was half filled with agricultural implements, rice, potatoes, and tables. A partition divided this from the kitchen and bed-chamber, and on it was placed the household tablet for ancestors, with incense sticks burning before it. We endeavoured to direct the attention to the worship and the God spoken of in the book just given him, and then left him, greatly to the mortification of his wife, who had been busying herself to make us some tea ever since we came in, but whose despatch did not equal our haste.

“We were now at a loss where next to go. No village was in sight except at a great distance, and the bag of books was too heavy to carry back again. While still in this half-settled frame of mind, we saw a bevy of females sitting by the wayside resting from their burdens. We made towards them, and found their loads to consist of dried grass procured from the mountains for use in the kitchen during winter. This unsubstantial fuel was bound up in faggots proportioned to the strength of the carrier, and hung at either end of a pole laid on the shoulder, in which manner these industrious women had already brought it several miles, and their homes were yet a good distance. They were rather reserved at our first salutation, but soon became sociable, so, opening our bag of books, we asked an active lad who had joined the group to read aloud one of the Gospels. He read a few lines, when the volume was taken from him by a man standing behind and looking over his shoulder. By this time the number of people had considerably increased, from those passing by with faggots stopping to see the foreigners, and we were soon quite hedged about with bundles of grass. Applications for books were now general, and the same boy who had before read to us was now engaged in preferring requests in behalf of the women; but they seeing our stock rapidly diminishing, cast aside further bashfulness and themselves came up to get tracts,

affirming that they had husbands and sons at home who could read if they could not. Their petitions were not to be resisted, and our bag was soon empty, which called forth loud expressions of disappointment from some of them. 'So few books for so many people! Why did you not bring more?' . . . Before we separated there had probably fifty people collected, and every one behaved as kindly to us as the same number of like persons would in any part of the world. The influence of the females was apparent in restraining all rudeness. One young fellow of about twenty, who was unable to read, came to me for a book, but was laughed at so heartily by them for applying, that he straightway took up his burden and walked off hastily. I was making a comparison between those of them whose feet were as nature made them, and those with whom they had been cramped in fashion's vice, giving my judgment, of course, in favour of the former. The comparison seems to have been made at rather an unfortunate instant, for what I said was heard by one just hobbling by, and she, to show that I was no judge of such matters, set out to run with her load, which experiment nearly overthrew the poor girl, and excited the merriment of those sitting near us. . . . One intelligent-looking man, after glancing over a volume of Scripture given to him, began in a loud voice to inform those around of the tenour of their contents. He declared they taught the practice of virtue, that men should be good, and once made a reference to the name of Jesus, when I reminded him of it, in a manner that one does when a thing is momentarily forgotten. This movement on his part was so voluntary that we were much pleased with the attention and the thought it betokened."

In one excursion, Wells met a Chinese ship-carpenter, who had sailed to London, Bombay, and other places in opium-vessels, and who had been in the habit of giving Bibles as his customary New Year gift to his friends or relatives. Some of them lived far off in the interior, and they, he believed, had read the books. The carpenter took with him some tracts to give to the schoolmaster of his village.

In the same letter there is a quite unvarnished picture of a Chinese hamlet, with its environment of nature, for which the writer had ever a keen eye:—

"The men were mostly in the fields, and the women and children were indeed dirty and ragged enough. Filth and misery appear everywhere to be concomitants of heathenism; a Christian peasant strives to make his poverty clean and wholesome, while a heathen is content to live in such wretchedness and mire as put the more cleanly beasts of the forest to blush. The cabins here were mostly built of mud plastered, and at a distance they appeared very pretty, embosomed as they were in a grove of bamboos. The buffaloes were alarmed at our approach, and were inclined to make closer observation of us than was altogether agreeable. They are a larger animal than the cow, but much coarser in appearance and dirtier in habits, delighting to wallow in the mire like swine. Near this village we found the tallow-tree growing, a most beautiful tree in its foliage and shape. The tallow envelopes the seed, and is separated by boiling in hot water, whence it is taken floating from the top and run into candles. These are covered with a coat of vermilion, and have the property of never becoming hard."

Besides extensive contributions to the *Chinese Repository*, Williams published

"Easy Lessons in Chinese," in 1842; "An English and Chinese Vocabulary in the Court Dialect," in 1844; and in the same year "The Chinese Commercial Guide." Twelve years afterwards he issued the first edition of his "Tonic Dictionary of the Canton Dialect;" and in 1874 his great dictionary of the Chinese language was published.

President Porter has thus portrayed the sweet character of his distinguished countryman:—

"Few men were better fitted in temperament, in intellectual tastes and habits, in moral energy, and in spiritual self-consecration, for the constant and unsparring drudgery involved in such a life. Few men, it is believed, have put their powers and gifts to a more constant and productive use. His elastic spirits, his wakeful curiosity, his minute observation, his loving sympathy with man, and his affectionate trust in his Divine Master, seem never to have failed. His interest in nature and in natural history never abated. The taste for botanical studies, which began with his youth, continued to the day of his death. He observed and discovered in China the habits and varieties of flowers with the same zest and the same success which he had manifested when a youth in Utica.

"The simple and childlike faith which had been inspired by his mother's zealous sweetness and enforced by his father's enterprise, and had sent him to China for his life-work on the notice of a day, enabled him always to see light and hope along the long and often lonely pathway the earlier missionaries to China were compelled to travel. The buoyant and cheerful temper which made sunlight for others whenever he was present, also reflected unbroken sunshine into his own soul. The Christ who dwelt ever in his thoughts as the hope of glory, enabled him to find indications of hope in the social and spiritual movements which he had watched so closely for more than a generation, and oftentimes from points of view which gave him almost the outlook of a prophet. . . . Towards the end of his life he spoke with glowing and almost prophetic confidence concerning the changes which were to befall China and Japan within the next generation. He was by himself and in his words a living and speaking witness of the dignity and inspiration of the missionary calling, and the missionary spirit when it becomes an inspiration.

"There was much in the closing years of his life to admire and almost to envy. The sweetness and simplicity of his character made friends for him with all who met him. It is no exaggeration to say that every casual acquaintance was illumined and inspired by the briefest interview. Though feeble in body and with impaired eyesight, he maintained his habits of close and constant literary occupation. . . . His elastic spirit refused to be bound or depressed, and he seemed almost as buoyant as ever as he smiled at his own infirmities. He sought employment with his hands almost to the hour of his death, and in the quiet but unspoken triumph, nay, rather, in the unspeakable serenity of the peace which Christ gives to those who are eminently His, he breathed out his life."

Dr. Wells Williams arrived at Canton just when such services as he was eminently capable of rendering to Christian missions in China were most needed, and most likely

to be effective. Since his first attempts to organise a well-furnished office, others have profited by his example and experience. Under Dr. Farnham the Press of the American Presbyterian Mission is now as well appointed as need be, and it brings in some revenue to the mission. From a recent report we learn that its business comprises two departments—the manufacturing and the distributing. The former includes the foundry, type-setting, printing, and binding. The foundry has seven casting-machines constantly at work, which turn out six sizes of Chinese type, besides English, Korean, Manchu, Japanese, Hebrew, &c. There is also machinery for stereotyping, electrotyping, matrix-making, type-cutting and engraving. In the type-setting depart-



STREET IN A CHINESE TOWN.

ments (Chinese and English) a number of men and boys have been kept busy on books and tracts for the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American and Foreign Bible Union, the various Tract Societies, and others. The work set up in these two departments has been printed on three presses run by gas-engines, and on five hand-presses. The book-binding department is fitted up for work both in the foreign and Chinese styles. From eighty to one hundred persons have been employed, during the year to which the report refers, in the various branches of the office. The earnings of the Press for the year, including increase in the plant and stock, were \$12,629.65, of which sum \$5,000 were received into the treasury of the mission for evangelistic operations.

Such a report as this is calculated to fill one with amazement, when he thinks of the short period that has elapsed since the first Chinese convert, Liang A-fah, stealthily printed a thousand or two of tracts, circulating them with his own hand, and having

a price set upon his head for doing so. There is room enough in China for all the books and tracts that are likely to be printed, and if once the ordinary colloquial forms of speech, used by the common people, were reduced to the printed form, there can be little doubt that an immense increase would be given to the potency for good of evangelistic effort upon the vast masses of China's empire.

A forgotten Bible or tract has often been fruitful in ways that could not have been anticipated. We have already seen what resulted from one copy of Liang A-fah's "Good Words." But recent and happier examples can now be pointed out. A very remarkable religious awakening took place some years ago in certain secluded valleys lying eastward in Manchuria, the subjects of its influence being chiefly colonists from Korea who had settled down there as farmers. The origin, progress, and results of this movement are quite remarkable, and its origin, at least, calls for special notice in this chapter. The Rev. James Webster, of the United Presbyterian Church (Scotland), made an arduous journey to visit and witness this work, and to form some judgment for himself as to what its value might be.

As Mr. Webster toiled up the mountains, snow was lying eighteen inches deep at the foot of the solitary Great Pass, with its thirty miles of dense forest, the monotony of which is broken by nothing but a solitary Buddhist temple. It is a region which till then had never been visited by any foreigner, and Mr. Webster's description of the country through which he passed is so vividly picturesque that we regret our space will only permit us to quote a line or two. "At some parts the trees were so dense as to shut the heavens out from view. Again and again the freshly made footprints of the deer or the tiger crossed the path; sometimes we heard a sudden crash among the underwood as if we had disturbed the slumbers of some denizen of the mountain. But all through that immense tract of forest, the deep silence was scarcely ever broken, save by the gurgling of some mountain stream threading its way under a covering of ice, or the *tap, tap, tap* of the prettily plumaged woodpecker." Mr. Webster goes on to relate how the simple cottars, whom he found in the valleys below, had been ploughing and sowing in this secluded territory for some twenty years, shut out from the great world and leading most quiet and uneventful lives, till a great event happened which gladly turned the whole current of their simple lives. The Gospel of Jesus Christ had at last reached them, and hundreds had been led in their hearts to accept Christianity, and many homes had been made joyful by the glad tidings. How, then, did the new ideas of religion reach these secluded peasants? No missionary had ever penetrated so far in order to teach them the truth; but gospels and tracts in their own language had come to them from a distant mission-field. Well might Mr. Ross, whose literary labours had thus been blessed, exclaim: "It is worth while to translate a few books to see such results!" Those results, so far as can yet be judged, were very genuine and practical religion, followed by all the moral and social elevation therein implied. Nothing, indeed, could better illustrate the value of well-directed literary labour in the mission-field, than many details of this striking movement which have been recorded.

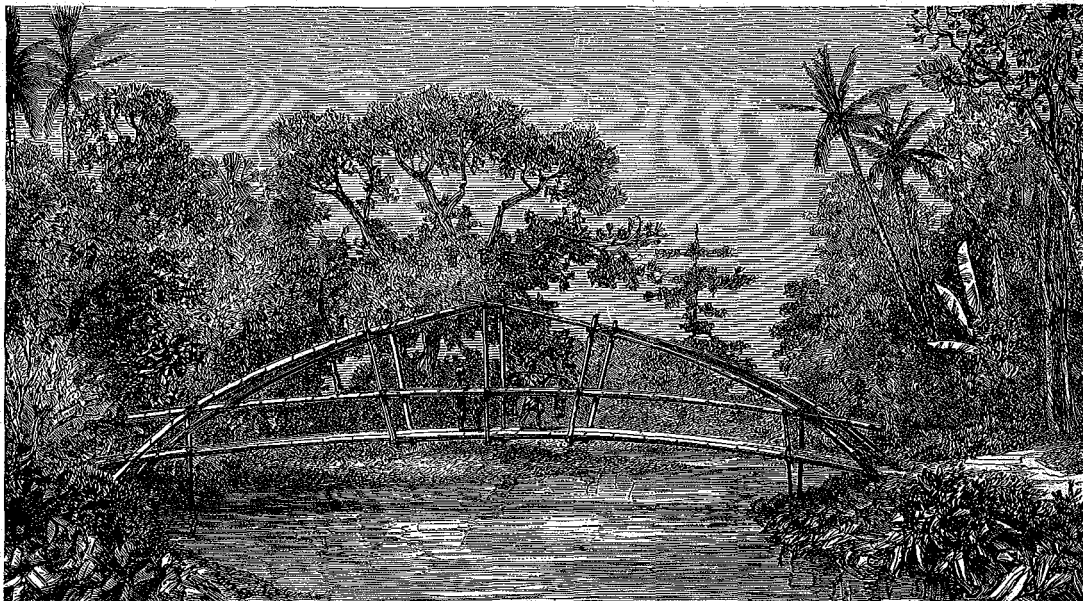
Such isolated and apparently spontaneous stirrings of dry bones as this incident reveals, have not been so uncommon as some suppose, and missionaries in China have

not unfrequently enjoyed experiences of a similar kind, though they have not always been so graphically recorded. Possibly, had China been opened up much earlier than it was, the mission agencies would not have been so well prepared to use the mighty power of the press, as they were compelled to fall back upon it for lack of other means. But without a Christian literature of some sort, it is hard to understand how the people of China could have been reached.

Great efforts are at present being made to supply the studious public of China with wholesome, well-written handbooks on every theme that is likely to be useful and interesting. Such works may not belong strictly to the province of the Christian missionary, but it is felt by those who are most active and intelligent in the work of direct evangelisation, that nothing prepares the way so well as the fresh knowledge that breaks up old prejudices and national exclusiveness. The Rev. Alex. Williamson, LL.D., is the missionary to whose powers of origination and organisation this recent and most successful enterprise owes most. The publication at moderate prices of such popular works on science, politics, ethics, and history, as have been undertaken by local specialists, or are now being projected, must have an immense influence on the minds of the Chinese, who are now bent on making up leeway after the long period of isolation to which they have been subjected.



A CHINESE SCHOLAR.



A BAMBOO BRIDGE IN BORNEO.

XX.—THE EAST INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

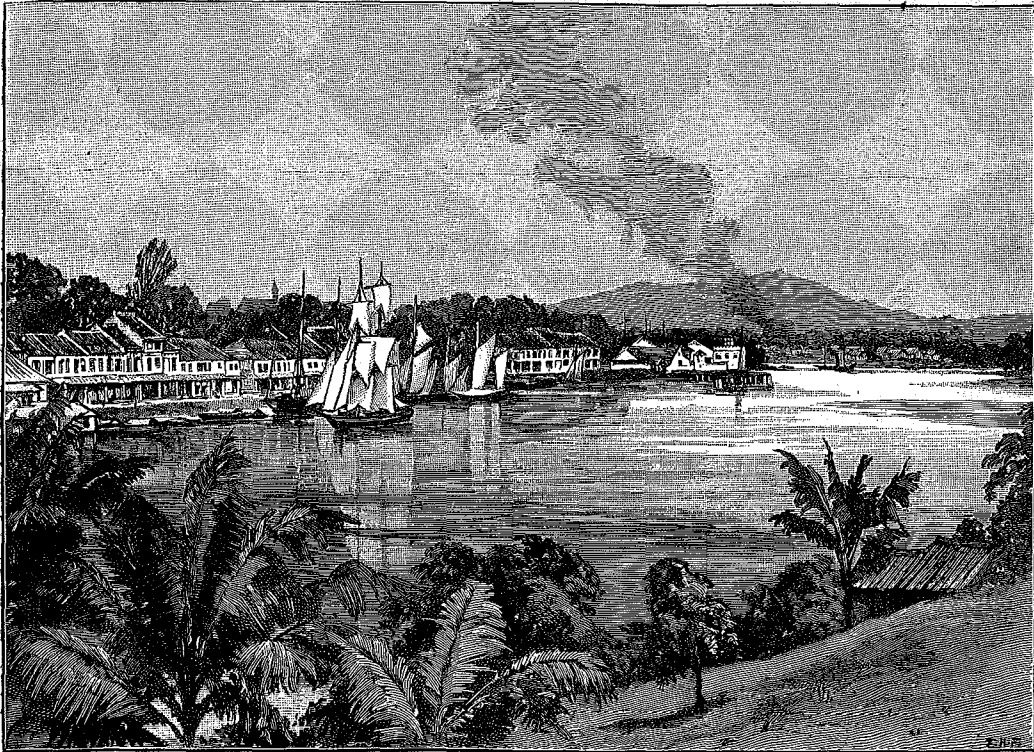
BORNEO AND THEREABOUTS.

Sir James Brooke of Sarawak—His Invitation to Missionaries—Bishop McDougall—Beliefs and Superstitions of the Dyaks—Mission Work in Borneo—Condition of Women—Extension of Missions—Revolt of the Chinese—Head-taking Customs of the Dyaks—Tendency of Converts to Relapse into Heathen Habits—Bishop Chambers, the Rev. W. Crossland, and Other Missionaries—Glimpses of Dyak Mission Life—The Dutch in Sumatra and Java.

IN that victorious army which, in 1825, advanced into Burmah under Sir Archibald Campbell—bringing about, amongst other results, the release of the Judsons from captivity—there was a young cadet named Brooke, who happened to be dangerously wounded in one of the engagements. Recovering from his wounds, he relinquished the service of the East India Company, and, in pursuit of health and pleasure, took a voyage to China. His course lay amongst the beautiful islands of the Indian Ocean, and he gazed delightedly upon the varied scenes of tropical splendour and upon the rich luxuriance of vegetation that everywhere met his view. But he saw also that these magnificent islands, with their vast capabilities for adding to the wealth of the world, were for the most part lying waste; the real natives were poor and degraded, and only the slave-trader and the pirate flourished amidst the universal wretchedness. Young Brooke was now twenty-seven years of age—imaginative, enthusiastic, chivalrous—and as the vessel sped past those far-stretching shores, he formed a project for rescuing at least some portion of that lovely region from savagery, and for putting an end to the crimes and cruelties that gave an aspect of horror to the loveliest landscape. To achieve this design became the settled purpose of his life, and at his father's death he found himself possessed of ample resources for the furtherance of his plans.

He got together a crew of twenty English sailors, with whom he spent a year in the Mediterranean, on board his yacht *Royalist* (160 tons). Having proved their personal attachment for himself, and the reliance that could be placed on them, Mr. Brooke set sail for the East, and in August, 1838, he sighted Kuching (or Sarāwak), then a poor collection of huts built on piles and containing about 1,500 people, but now a flourishing well-built town of about 30,000 inhabitants.

It would be foreign to our purpose to describe in detail the adventurous career



KUCHING, OR SARAWAK.

of the great pioneer of civilisation in Northern Borneo, and it would be equally inopportune to attempt to discuss the vexed questions that have arisen in connection with the energetic methods, and severe repressive measures, adopted by him towards pirates and slaveholders. We must here only note the prominent scenes and events of his administration, and more especially in connection with the civilisation of the natives and the planting of Christianity amongst them.

Sarāwak was a province governed by a Rajah on behalf of the Sultan of Bruni. Brooke, on his arrival in the *Royalist*, found the Rajah Muda Hassim, the uncle of the Sultan, at war with the Dyak tribes, who had risen against the Malay Government. Brooke helped the Rajah to put down the rebellion, and then with great difficulty procured pardon for the survivors. He saw his opportunity, and remained at Sarāwak, making himself so useful, and daily extending his influence to such a degree, that at

last Muda Hassim begged Brooke to undertake the task of governing the province, for he himself had become heartily sick of it. The Sultan consented to this arrangement, and ultimately settled the government of Sarāwak on Rajah Brooke and his heirs for ever. Years of arduous toil succeeded, as the new Rajah devoted his indomitable energy to the reform of the entire system of government, the enactment and execution of good laws, the development of commerce, and the suppression of piracy. Plots and rebellions were incessant on the part of those who wanted the old order of things kept up. The Malay nobles and their followers were very turbulent, and oppressed and cheated the poor Dyaks in every possible way.

The pirates, who came forth in vast swarms from their lurking places whenever opportunity favoured, were extirpated with merciless severity; in this task Captain Keppel, of the Royal Navy, was allowed by the English Government to co-operate. In 1849 their atrocities were so frequent and so terrible, that three British war-vessels were sent to help the Rajah. A great expedition against the pirates was organised on this occasion. Eighty of their vessels were captured and the rest destroyed, whilst of the pirates themselves hundreds were slain, and the remainder driven away into the jungle. The Rajah had to be putting down rebellions and unmasking conspiracies up to the very close of his career. So much the more wonderful was it, that he yet made his way, as if endued with a magic power for winning the hearts of his subjects. He founded a State which has been an asylum of freedom and civilisation, and made the name and fame of Sarāwak acknowledged and feared over a wide area.

Besides the Dyaks—the aboriginal inhabitants of Borneo—and their oppressors, the fierce and turbulent Malays, Rajah Brooke had to deal with a vast number of Chinese, who gave much trouble. The Dyaks were a gentle and teachable people, mentally and morally superior to their Malay tyrants. They were of reddish-brown colour, with high cheek-bones and *retroussé* noses, and with bodies, as a rule, considerably tattooed. They dwelt in houses built on piles, each house being in fact a village. Mr. Brooke mentions one house six hundred feet long, with a large common street twenty-one feet wide running the whole length, and having doors along one side opening into the various private rooms. From the roof-tree of the common hall, thirty human heads were hanging. Head-hunting was with this people a cherished institution; no house was worth living in unless adorned with these horrible ornaments, and no youth could attain to the privileges of manhood without proving his prowess by the possession of a certain number of heads. As is usual among savages, the women were worn out by lives of hard toil—one of their most wearisome tasks being the preparation of the daily supply of rice by pounding it with a huge wooden stamper.

Sir James Brooke found the Dyaks cheated by Malay traders, and robbed by Malay chiefs. They were plundered and murdered with impunity, and their wives and children carried off into slavery. But the white Rajah dispensed equal justice to every man—Malay, Dyak, or Chinese. The Dyaks marvelled as they came to experience the hitherto unknown blessings of peace and security, and almost deified Brooke in their grateful admiration. Can he not bring the dead to life? Can he not give good

harvests?—such were questions eagerly discussed in the pile-built villages of the Bornean forest.

Vast was the forest that stretched away from the coast to the mountains of the interior, and very numerous were the villages from which the curling smoke rose above the tree-tops. Paths of tree-trunks placed end to end led from village to village, but only a native could safely thread the intricate maze. The numerous rivers were, as a rule, the lurking-places of the pirates, who ever and anon swarmed forth to plunder and destroy.

In 1846, Rajah Brooke appealed to England to raise the Dyaks from their unparalleled wretchedness. A mission was set on foot, which in 1852 was transferred to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The pioneer of this mission, and its guiding spirit in its trials and in its successes, was Dr. McDougall, the first Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak. For a time he laboured single-handed, but he lived to see missions established beside most of the principal rivers in the Sarawak territory. The converts number about 2,000; there are many Dyak and Chinese catechists and teachers, and one Chinese ordained clergyman. But the highest success of the mission has been in the general raising of the moral tone of the whole community. Many who are still far from accepting Christianity as their religion, would be shocked at the bare idea of doing things in which their forefathers took a pride and a pleasure.

The religion which the converted Dyaks have had to give up for the religion of Jesus, was at best a gloomy superstition. It had neither temples, priests, nor regular religious worship, though a supreme God was dimly apprehended, and various spirits (good and evil) were sought to be propitiated by rites and sacrifices when occasion required. The Dyak religion is naturally one of fear. It is thus forcibly alluded to by Mr. Helms, in "Pioneering in the Far East." He says, "Like most barbarous and savage natures, the Dyak identifies his gods and spirits with the great phenomena of nature, and assigns them abodes on the lofty mountains. Though in his opinion all spirits are not equally malignant, all are more or less to be dreaded: the silent surroundings of primæval forests in which the Dyak spends most of his time, the mountains, the gloomy caves often looming mysteriously through cloud and mist, predispose him to identify them with supernatural influences, which in his imagination take the form of monsters and genii. With no better guide than the untutored imagination of a mind which in religious matters is a blank, who shall wonder that this is so? I have myself often felt the influences of such surroundings, when dark clouds deepened the forest gloom, and the approaching storm set the trees whispering: if, at such a moment, the shaggy, red-haired, and goblin form of the orang-outang, with which some of the Dyaks identify their genii, should appear among the branches, it requires little imagination to people the mystic gloom with unearthly beings."

Mrs. McDougall, in the course of her two works on Borneo, gives many illustrations of Dyak superstition and savagery, and yet always testifies to the gentle kindness, and the love and reverence of this people. She tells us that they pray to one God over all, but seek in many ways to propitiate the *Antoos* or spirits. When a man lost his wife or child, he used to put on coarse mourning and set out to take so

many heads. Before sowing seed, it was needful to get more heads and fasten them about the sower's neck, and thus all danger and misfortune were averted. The successful head-taker covered himself with glory, and the Dyak girl never felt so fond or so proud of her lover, as when he laid some gory head as a love-token at her feet.



RAJAH BROOKE OF SARAWAK.

Dyak medical skill was, for the most part, a system of charms to counteract the evil designs of the Antoos. On one occasion, Dr. McDougall, visiting the Lundu Dyaks (the most intelligent of the Sarawak tribes), found the wife of the chief's son and her infant dangerously ill. He offered to relieve her sufferings, but the old woman insisted upon first driving away the Antoos. Shrieking and yelling, and beating gongs and drums, they rushed on to the roof of the house, making the most frightful din conceivable. The poor baby died, and the mother grew much worse, whereupon Dr. McDougall was permitted to attend to her, and she was soon in a fair way of recovery.

Besides the Antoos, we find other spirits mixed up with Dyak belief. One group

called Kamang are very malignant. War is their chief delight, and they love (like the war-god of ancient Rome)—

"To drink of the stream that flows
From the red battle-field."

Charms and magic form an important feature in Dyak life. On every native farm, there is a certain white lily kept in a shed, and before this lily offerings of fruit and rice are duly laid. The usual reason assigned for this proceeding is, "that it was the custom of our forefathers." Their legends are curious, and seem to vary in different localities. One account is that Gantallah or Betana at the first created two birds, through whom his will took effect. The Creation is described with a variety of fanciful details, and there is a distinct tradition of a deluge. Another account tells us that the eldest and highest god is Brikkunshan, ordinarily known as Rajah Boiya, King of Alligators. The second is Singallong Burong, and the third is Kling, the special ruler of birds and men and the helper of all. He haunts the jungle or the hill slopes, and when men fall asleep in the woods, they may chance in their dreams to meet Kling. But if they tell any one of that interview, they will either die or go mad. A Dyak who guides an Englishman across a hill-top is very fearful lest by cutting trees, cooking food, or throwing stones, any dire offence should be done to the deity. But all these superstitions are fast losing their vitality, through the spread of Christian influence even amongst the unconverted natives. At places remote from the mission stations, many of the village communities decline any longer to patronise the "Manang" or Sorcerer, whose services were formerly in constant requisition; they have buried the ghastly skulls that used to hang from their roofs, and they carry on their farm work without reference to the flight of birds or other omens once held to be of momentous importance. Head-taking has been suppressed by the civil authority, whilst at the same time the savage inclinations from which it sprang, have been to a large extent supplanted by more humane sentiments. No longer do the women eagerly set out to receive from the returning warriors their ghastly trophies, to decorate them with flowers and pretend to feed them, and to perform, with dance and song, the ancient ceremony known as the "Fondling of the Heads."

Before proceeding with the personal narrative of the pioneers of the Gospel in Borneo, it seems desirable to linger a little longer over the wild and fanciful beliefs of the Dyak people. As a system their mythology is certainly incoherent, inconsistent, and contradictory, so from the maze of traditions we will select the stories of certain beings, whose supposed attributes have always exercised a vast influence over Dyak life. Pulang-Gana is a powerful spirit, whose dominion is the ground, and all cultivation is under his authority. They say that when, at the first, men began to farm the land and cut down the jungle, they found next morning that the trees they had cut down were growing as firmly as ever; whilst the plantains and sugar-canes they had planted were all rooted up. Again they cleared a piece of jungle, and at night lay wait to see what would happen. In the darkness Pulang-Gana came forth and began replacing the trees, whereupon the indignant watchers rushed out and seized him. "Why do you injure us in this way?" they asked. He answered, "Why do you injure

me? Why do you come here and farm without my permission?" "Oh! who are you?" they said. "I am Pulang-Gana, your elder brother who was thrown into a hole in the earth, so now I hold authority over it." And so, ever since (except where the missionaries have taught them otherwise) men have never farmed without asking Pulang-Gana's permission. Every year when farming begins, fowls or pigs are killed as offerings in token of borrowing the land from Pulang-Gana. Twice a year a festival is held in his honour. At the festival of the whetstones, all the parangs and axes are ranged along the verandah or open room of the long house, and Pulang-Gana is invoked to make the parangs sharp and give good crops of paddy. At a certain moment the spirit is supposed to enter the house as a guest, and a Manang kills a fowl in the doorway and waves it about to welcome him. Similar proceedings take place at the festival of the seed. Kwang Kapong (a bird spirit) is held to superintend the fruits of the jungle, and Sera Gindi the waters; but no particular notice is taken of them.

Singalong Burong, the patron of war and of head-hunting, is a great spirit far away in the heavens, and is said to be always on the war-path. Very numerous are the stories told of his bravery and his prowess. Mr. Perham (of the Krian mission), who has written on the subject of Dyak beliefs, considers it probable that Singalong Burong was a famous ancient warrior, raised by tradition to the ranks of a great spirit. His grandson was Suru-gunting, from whom most Dyaks are proud to trace their descent, claiming to be not many generations removed from him at the present time. When head-feasts were in vogue, Singalong Burong used to be solemnly "fetched" to be a guest at the house. A pig or fowl was sacrificed at the door, from which the women and children shrank away lest his terrible though invisible presence should overcome them. It is only brave men who have dreams of Singalong Burong, and it is his sons-in-law who animate the birds which are regarded as omens by those Dyaks who still cling to their old beliefs.

Betara, the Almighty and Supreme, is to the Dyak mind little more than an abstract idea. Traditions acknowledge him as above all, and (through his instrumental spirits) the creator of all, and missionaries can usefully point to these when they wish to substantiate the fact that there is but one God. But no service or worship is recognised in Dyak belief as due to Betara, and the most contradictory notions are afloat with regard to him. The native religion in fact rises little higher than an abject slavery to birds and dreams. The note of a particular bird sends a person setting out on a journey back to his home; a certain bird gets into a house, and a new one must be built forthwith; or another bird flies across a field of paddy, and the crop must not be eaten by the owner or his family, but sold to others. The Dyak imagination personifies the whole realm of nature. The wind is a great spirit, and when a strong breeze sweeps across the land, the natives beat gongs and shout, that he may know where their house is situated, and pass by it instead of blowing it down. When they are sailing on the waters, they will not point to a cloud or island, lest the sea-spirit should be enraged and raise a tempest to punish them. To every beast and to every creeping thing they assign an intelligent soul. They have a high respect for

the intelligence of the alligator, and even to the snakes they speak with courteous civility. Mr. Perham tells us of a big boa which found its way up into a Dyak house, whereupon it was immediately secured and then treated as an illustrious guest, and after offerings of rice and sweetmeats had been made to it, was allowed to depart in peace. "Even trees," says the missionary just named, "especially fruit-bearing ones, are believed to have a spiritual principle—a soul which has the power of changing itself at pleasure into a human being. With all this array of ghostly nature around and about them, it is no wonder that to a very great extent 'God is not in all their thoughts.' And then the nooks and venerable trees of the jungle are peopled by hosts of spirits generally inimical to man, who are sometimes seen having the appearance of monstrous human creatures as high as the trees of the jungle, and who are ever ready to grip human victims with their terrible power. Unless these spirits are fed with the usual sacrifices and offerings, they will feed on human beings, or otherwise inflict trouble or injury. Diseases for which they have no name are the effect of their malignity." They account for almost any evil that happens to them, by assigning it to the blow of a spirit. All idea of duty or worship to Betara, is swallowed up by the necessity of perpetually propitiating the capricious spirits who are always with them.

It was towards the end of 1847 that the Rev. F. T. McDougall, well qualified both as pastor and physician, sailed from England with his devoted wife, the nursing-mother of the Christian Church in Borneo, for the scene of their future labours. Midsummer, 1848, found them passing the coast of Java "under a broiling sun, the very sea dead and slimy, with all sorts of creatures creeping over it." A few days later they were sailing up the river to Kuching, watching the pile-built houses, the alligators basking in the mud, the tropical forest fringing the shore, noisy with chattering monkeys by day, and lit up by glittering fireflies at the approach of night.

They had their first dwelling-place and dispensary in a house where life was a perpetual warfare with ants, white, red, and black. Then they removed to "College Hill," a plot of forty acres presented by Rajah Brooke, and upon which a house and church were erected, and a large garden was laid out. Chinese and other children were induced to come to school, and by degrees the usual methods of Christian work were set on foot. The daily services at St. Thomas's church had one very singular result. The sounding of the bell twice a day for Christian prayer, stirred up the Mohammedans to renewed faithfulness in the performance of their own religious rites. The muezzin was again heard from the mosque, and the yearly average of pilgrims from Sarawak to Mecca rose considerably!

The large wooden mission-house was, by the McDougalls and their friends, soon called "Noah's Ark"—so many waifs and strays were there accommodated. There was Polly, a skinny, yellow-haired Dyak baby, found in the grass after an expedition against the pirates. The child grew up, and was afterwards married to a Christian Chinaman. We hear, too, of Sarah and Fanny, and various other rescued little ones; of two girls, Limo and Ambal, with their brothers Esau and Nigo, these four being the remnant of a slain family. Poor Esau was covered from head to foot with a leprous disease called *kurap*, but a Chinese doctor came to the mission-house and cured



DYAK VILLAGE.

him with an ointment, of which he would not reveal the secret. One little Chinese girl, Nietfong, was trained and educated till she became quite a little lady, and then her father actually took her to China and sold her to be a rich man's wife.

Mr. McDougall was very much concerned about the condition of women in Borneo. The Dyak girls often have considerable beauty, but they soon have to help in sowing, planting, weaving, and reaping; to perform the toilsome daily task of beating the rice; to grow cotton, and dye and weave the product; to carry heavy burdens, and to paddle boats. So they soon lose their beauty and grow old. But as old women



DYAK WARRIORS.



DYAK WOMAN.

they become very important persons in the community. In bygone times they were at once the oracles and the ministers of numberless superstitions. At festivals they figured prominently in their long garments embroidered with shells so as to represent lizards or crocodiles, and sang or recited the wild songs and strange legends of their forefathers. It was they who had previously prepared the chickens and rice and curries, and who now served out the rice spirit, and incited the men to partake of it. The Dyak is generally temperate, but on these occasions it is a point of honour to indulge freely, and be able to boast next day of his fearful headache. But these scenes of licence have been greatly modified under the new *régime*.

As a valuable adjunct to the mission-house, a hospital with twenty beds was established. Twenty sick Chinamen occupied it immediately. One of them died, whereupon the other nineteen got up and ran away forthwith, so it was found necessary to supply another room for extreme cases. Medical work has been made a prominent feature of mission labours in Borneo, and with great success. "Is he clever at physic?" is a question always asked at the mission stations when they hear that a new man

is coming. Whilst ministering to the health of others, the missionaries have often had to be anxious about their own, for the climate is a very trying one, especially for children. In 1851, the McDougalls lost their last remaining child; the bereaved mother writes:—"Perhaps it urged us to a deeper interest in the native people than we might have felt, had there been any little ones of our own to care for. But those six years 'the flowers all died along our way,' one infant after another being laid in God's acre." Their children born after this date were sent to England to be reared.

In 1854, after a visit to England, Mr. McDougall was made Bishop of Sarawak and Labuan. Mr. Chambers (his future successor in the episcopate) now laboured at Kuching, Mr. Gomer among the Lundu Dyaks, and other stations were soon set on foot. The Bishop saw a good deal of his diocese by accompanying Rajah Brooke on peace-making expeditions up the rivers. He thus obtained much communication with the natives, though, being lame at the time, he found considerable difficulty in getting up into their houses. The usual access is only by means of a large tree-trunk set up at a very steep angle, with notches, but with no side rails. He was assured by the natives that, further inland, there was a tribe of people with tails, who sat on logs specially constructed for their convenience. This race, though often heard of by travellers, has not yet been met with.

An object sometimes seen floating out to sea from the rivers is a boat with no one to direct its course. It contains a quantity of coloured clothes and other property, and in the middle is the corpse of its late owner, who is thus despatched upon his last journey with all his belongings. Some of the tribes burn their dead. The deceased is placed upon a pile of wood, which is lighted whilst friends and relatives stand by. It is said that at a certain moment the dead man for an instant springs up into a sitting posture through the action of the heat on the sinews. For this moment all eagerly wait, and then join in loud wailings of farewell.

All was going on hopefully in connection with the new civilisation and the work of the Church in Borneo, when in 1857 a storm that had long been gathering, threatened to undo the patient labour of years. The Chinese immigrants had become so numerous that their leaders apparently thought it would be possible for them to assert a position of supremacy. The insurrection broke out (during the Rajah's absence) on February 18th, when the occupants of the Mission House were suddenly roused by a confused noise of shouting and screaming and the firing of guns. They looked out into the night, and saw that the Rajah's bungalow and several other houses were in flames. The family was so large, that it was impracticable to attempt to hide in the adjacent jungle, so they assembled in the schoolroom, and spent the night in prayer and in reading appropriate Psalms. The din in the town was fearful, and they knew that at any moment the insurgents might rush in and massacre them. It was about five o'clock when a message came from Chinese Town, to say that no harm was intended to the mission family, that "the Bishop was a good man who cared for the Chinese," but that he must come at once and attend to the wounded.

Many horrors had been perpetrated during that fearful night. Mrs. Cruikshank,

the wife of the Chief Constable, was brought to the Mission House from a ditch where she was found wounded and bleeding. She had been roused in the night to find the house full of armed men. Her husband had fought desperately till he thought his wife was killed beside him, and then had watched his burning house from the neighbouring jungle. Mrs. Middleton, wife of the Magistrate, saw her little boys killed and burnt, and then hid herself in the jungle, till found and led to the Mission House by a friendly Chinaman. All that day the town was given up to pillage and destruction, and many Christian Chinese took refuge at the Mission House.

Several days of terror and anxious suspense followed. Mrs. McDougall, with another lady and the children, tried to escape to Singapore; but the schooner to which they were rowed was so fearfully crowded, that they were obliged to decline proceeding by it, and came back to Kuching, where they found the Malay town burning. The Bishop and the Rajah sent off a pinnace full of ladies and children, accompanied by another boat full of friendly Chinese, to Linga, where a force of Dyaks was being organised to put down the rebellion. Mrs. McDougall says they had a very miserable night journey beneath a leaking deck, but she felt very thankful, and seemed "to have no cares." They would have liked to make a cup of tea, but were forbidden to light a fire for fear of its being seen by enemies on shore. The only thing that troubled her was a faint sickly smell, which, she found in the morning, arose from a Chinese head in a basket, that had been standing by her all night. Mrs. McDougall records that her hand-bag which was beside it was quite spoilt, and had to be thrown away. A fine young Dyak, who was helping to row the pinnace, acknowledged the head to be his property. He explained that he had gone into a house at Kuching and saw a Chinaman at a looking-glass. Availing himself of the opportunity, he drew his sword and cut the man's head off. He had merely put it where it was found, to be in safe keeping whilst he was busy rowing the pinnace!

The party got safely to Linga. Meanwhile Rajah Brooke, who was following with his friends, met the steamer of the Borneo Company, and returned with it to Kuching. Rounds of shot were fired into Chinese Town, and then Malay Town was relieved. Malays and Dyaks now united vigorously to subdue the Chinese, and a strong force of Dyaks, under the Rajah's nephew, also arrived, and the insurgents were soon utterly routed. But this outburst of war revived for a time the ferocious customs it was hoped had passed away, and the Dyaks gathered in a tremendous harvest of Chinese heads.

Kuching was retaken just in time to save the Mission House and church from being burnt. As it was, both buildings were looted, and the harmonium was smashed. Before returning, Mrs. McDougall went from Linga to Banting, where St. Paul's church was the centre of a mission, and whilst here she was one day invited to a native festival. It was held in the long spacious living-room of a house accommodating thirty families. Fruit-trees in abundance surrounded the raised dwelling, beneath which an immense number of pigs were located. The table was well filled with food and various ornaments, and Mrs. McDougall was just partaking of some rice, when she suddenly saw amongst the crowd of objects on the table "three human heads standing

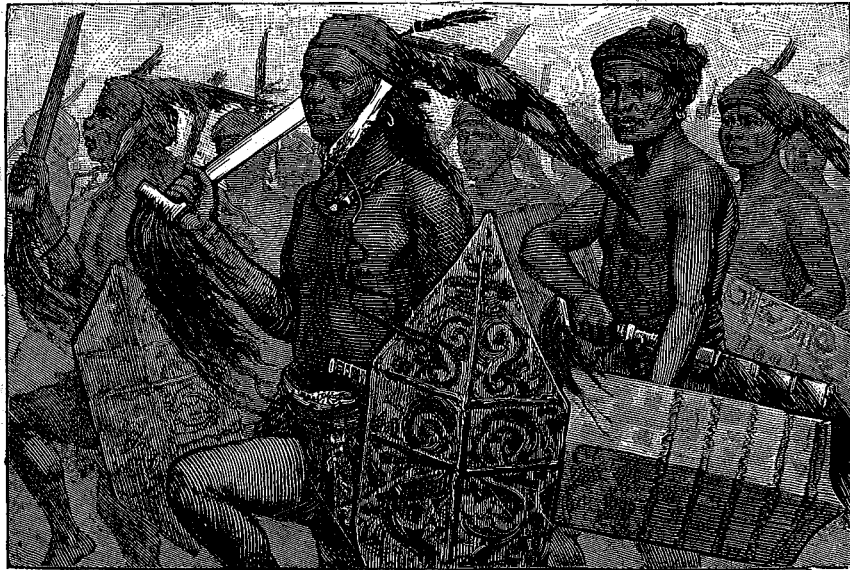
on a large dish, freshly killed and slightly smoked, with food and sirih leaves in their mouths." However horrified she might feel, it was not the moment for expostulation: "I dared say nothing," she writes. "These Dyaks had killed our enemies, and were only following their own customs by rejoicing over their dead victims. But the fact seemed to part them from us by centuries of feeling—our disgust and their complacency." But the Dyaks could not understand that there was anything horrifying in the matter, and were very much annoyed when the poor captured Chinese children cried at seeing their parents' heads up in the rafters.

As a further illustration of the subject of head-taking, which has always formed such a prominent topic in books relating to the Dyak tribes, we may quote the following graphic description of a Dyak war-dance, as it was exhibited by friendly natives to a party of Europeans:—

"A space was now cleared in the centre of the house, and two of the oldest warriors stepped into it. They were dressed in turbans, long loose jackets, sashes round their waists descending to their feet, and small bells were attached to their ankles. They commenced by first shaking hands with the Rajah, and then with all the Europeans present, thereby giving us to understand, as was explained to us, that the dance was to be considered only as a spectacle, and not to be taken in its literal sense, as preparatory to an attack upon us, a view of the case in which we fully coincided with them. This ceremony being over, they rushed into the centre and gave a most unearthly scream; then poising themselves on one foot they described a circle with the other, at the same time extending their arms like the wings of a bird and then meeting their hands, clapping them and keeping time with the music. After a little while the music became louder, and suddenly our ears were pierced with the whole of the natives present joining in the hideous war-cry. Then the motions and the screams of the dancers became more violent, and everything was working up to a state of excitement by which even we were influenced. Suddenly a very unpleasant odour pervaded the room, already too warm from the numbers it contained. Involuntarily we held our noses, wondering what might be the cause, when we perceived that one of the warriors had stepped into the centre and suspended round the shoulders of each dancer a human head in a wide-meshed basket of ratan. These heads had been taken in the late Sakarran business, and were therefore but a fortnight old. They were encased in a wide network of ratan, and were ornamented with beads. Their stench was intolerable, although, as we discovered upon after examination, when they were suspended against the wall, they had been partially baked, and were quite black. The teeth and hair were quite perfect, the features somewhat shrunk, and they were altogether very fair specimens of pickled heads; but our worthy friends required a lesson from the New Zealanders in the art of preserving. The appearance of the heads was the signal for the music to play louder, for the war-cry of the natives to be more energetic, and for the screams of the dancers to be more piercing. The motions now became more rapid, and the excitement in proportion. Their eyes glistened with unwonted brightness. The perspiration dropped down their faces, and thus did yelling, dancing, gongs, and tom-toms become more rapid and more violent every minute, till

the dancing warriors were ready to drop. A farewell yell, with emphasis, was given by the surrounding warriors. Immediately the music ceased, the dancers disappeared, and the tumultuous excitement and noise were succeeded by a dead silence. Such was the excitement communicated, that when it was all over we ourselves remained for some time panting to recover our breath. Again we lighted our cheroots, and smoked for a while the pipe of peace."

As soon as order was restored, the McDougalls again got to work at Kuching, and continued their labours till 1867. They had been abundantly blessed in their work, and



HEAD-TAKING DYAKS.

were privileged to see many churches and stations dotted about beside the Bornean rivers, as the result of eighteen years of prayerful labour. The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. McDougall to a daughter in England, show the character of some of the work in which the good Bishop was engaged during the latter portion of his stay in Borneo:—"Last month papa went to visit the Quop Mission. . . . To get there he goes down the Sarāwak river, and up the Quop river, then lands at a Malay village, from which there is a walk of three or four miles, up and down pretty hills, and across Dyak bridges, and over paths made of two bamboos tied together, with a muddy swamp on either side. Then you come to the mission-house which papa has built, and . . . the church and some long Dyak houses. Papa baptised twenty-four men, women, and girls, and confirmed nineteen people who had been baptised by Mr. Chambers. The old Pangara, one of the principal chiefs, was baptised, and three of his grown-up sons, and one little grandson, whom the old man held in his arms. We had made white jackets for the baptised, but the old Pangara had not quite made up his mind, fearing the ridicule of the other elders of the tribe, till papa

talked to him; so there was no jacket for him, and papa gave him a clean white shirt, round the skirt of which we tied his chawat, a very long waistband which wraps round and round his body, and that was all!—no trousers—and very funny he looked, but papa was too rejoiced at his becoming a Christian to laugh at him. These people will all be Christians soon. They come to Mr. and Mrs. Abi morning, noon, and night, to be taught, and there are two daily services, so the missionaries have plenty to do. Two of our old schoolboys, now grown up, are catechists there, Semirum and Aloch. There is much love between the people and their teachers; they are so happy at the Quop, they never want to come away. However, I have asked the Abis to come to us for a fortnight at Christmas, and bring their poor little baby to be fattened on cow's milk. There are no cows at the Quop."

In the year just mentioned (1867), the worthy Bishop and his excellent wife, whose names will ever be associated with the planting of Christianity in Borneo, found that their health was giving way under the influence of eighteen years of constant service in that tropical climate. Neither had their joint lives of labour been without perils and trials, and they now felt that the time had come when the direction of Church affairs should be placed in younger hands. They came back to England, and the Bishop accepted from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster the well-earned retirement of an English living, and was succeeded by the Rev. W. Chambers, who had for some time acted as Archdeacon. He, too, worked with zeal and energy, visiting all the churches and stations, and making long journeys through the dense forests to native villages. Soon after his appointment, he visited the Sakarang Dyaks, inhabiting a district hitherto untrodden by Christian foot. The people were very kind and attentive. Bujang-Brani (the Brave Bachelor) told the Bishop that he had been living retired for many years, striving to be honest and harmless and kind. For the first time he now heard the news of God, but the Bishop told him that it was the same God who had been leading him to avoid evil, who was revealed unto us by His Son Jesus Christ. Whilst talking to this old man, the Bishop slipped off the path of tree-trunks, and Bujang-Brani waved a leaf seven times over the bruise, and declared all would soon be well.

Of the numerous clergymen who have gone out to the Bornean mission field, we can, of course, only mention a few. The Rev. J. Holland, who was labouring at Banting, tells us of the wedding of his native catechist, Ah-Fook. The bride was a Christian girl named Bunu. The natives crowded the church to witness a Christian marriage, and, after the service, did ample justice to the rice and curry provided at the house for all comers. All day long guns kept firing, and Chinese crackers danced about the hill. Part of the day was spent by the men in dancing their war-dance. "The movements of the dancers," says Mr. Holland, "are so slow that we should scarcely call it dancing; yet, at the same time, there is something so dreadfully ridiculous in them that one cannot help being amused and laughing heartily at them." This seems to have been a different sort of war-dance from the one previously described, or possibly the wedding feast may have made the men lethargic.

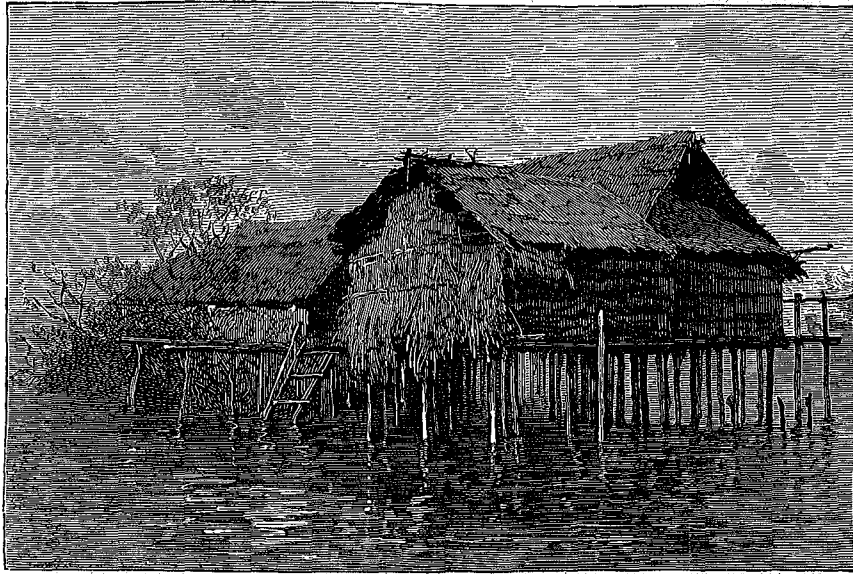
Mr. Holland was very much tried by the tendency of his people to relapse at

intervals into heathen practices. During his absence on a visit to Singapore, a young woman at Banting died in giving birth to twins. One of the children died soon after its birth, but the other was a fine healthy child. Early the following morning they tied the three bodies together, and buried the living with the dead. It is an old Dyak custom to bury the babe along with a mother who dies in childbirth, but the custom was supposed to have fallen into disuse. And yet the man who sanctioned the act (the grandfather of the child) had been a Christian over twenty years, "and was generally supposed to be one of the most earnest Christians in the village. No one was more frequent at Holy Communion, or at daily prayers. He scarcely ever came to the house but he asked to be taught some of the Church prayers. However, in an hour of trial, he fell back upon his old customs." Many fell back in a time of bad harvest, when the heathen declared that it had happened because the ancient propitiatory sacrifices had not been made to the spirit of the earth. It was usually the old folks who relapsed on these occasions; the young, fortified by education as well as conversion, mostly stood firm.

The Rev. W. Crossland was sent in 1862 to reside amongst the Dyaks of the Undup tribe, a race of warriors formerly the scourge of the whole country, but at this time loyal to Rajah Brooke. Mr. Crossland has written a very interesting account of his experiences in this out-of-the-world spot, about seventy miles up the Batang Lupar River. Here he induced a few boys to come and be taught, and gradually collected a congregation, for which ultimately the church of St. Luke was built and consecrated. But there were years of patient, self-sacrificing exertion to be gone through before this climax was reached. The people he had come to labour amongst dwelt in a number of pile-built houses near the river, and amongst them he raised (with native help) a small house on twelve piles. He found the people very neighbourly, and evidently capable of improvement, but with no god, no worship, only a complicated system of charms and omens and traditions to regulate their lives by. They were moral, and generally temperate, and were skilful in carving wood and in farming and house-building. They were grateful for kindness, and very seldom did any one come to ask for medicine without bringing a new-laid egg or some rice or even a fowl as a little present. They have no word for "Thank you" in the language, which Mr. Crossland says is just the difference between the Dyak and the Malay, who uses the expression but does not feel it. As regards attire, the Undup Dyaks wear immense earrings, and the "chawat" or waist-cloth is fringed with small bells which jingle as they walk. Many wear a mat behind them on which they sit when in a house. The hats worn by the women are as large as moderately sized umbrellas.

Mr. Crossland found the people very superstitious. They had birds of bad and good omen. Men going to work in the morning and hearing a bad bird would return home. When the moon rose of a golden colour through the haze, there was a fearful din of gongs and drums to frighten away the "Antoo" who was trying to destroy it. One day an Undup woman was bitten by an alligator, which, however, fled when the woman called out and her people came running up. They assured Mr. Crossland that the alligator must have made a mistake; he thought the woman was a Sakarang, and

when he heard her voice he knew she was an Undup and went away. They have a tradition that the Rajah of the Alligators was once very ill, and sent for aid to an Undup doctor. The doctor was afraid at first to go back with the deputation of alligators who came for him, but the promise of a rich reward induced him to undertake the journey. They took him down through the waters to the palace of the "Rajah of the Alligators," and the doctor soon cured him of his ailment. He asked for the promised reward, but was politely told that he ought to think himself lucky at being allowed to go away at all; but, not to seem ungrateful, the Rajah promised that



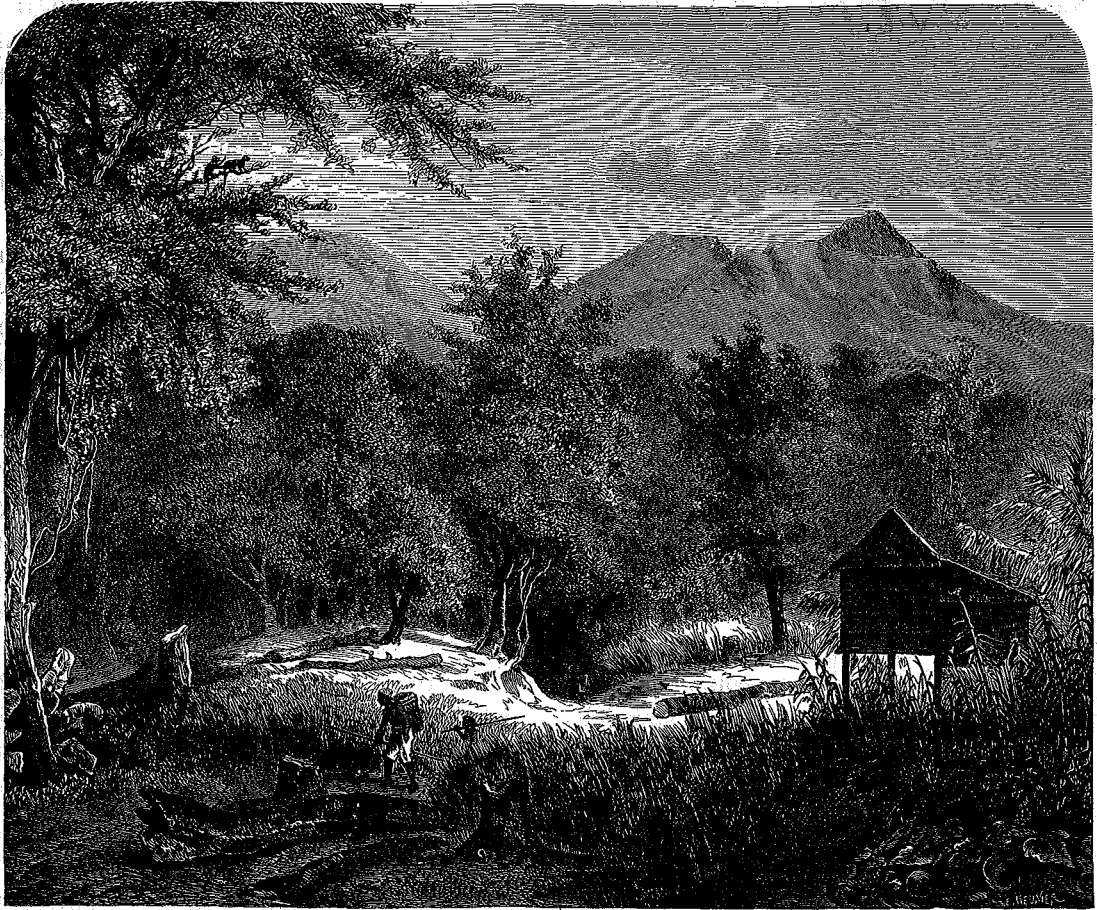
DYAK PILE DWELLING.

there should be peace between the alligators and the Undups. So the doctor came home empty-handed; and even the promise was not kept, for now and then the alligators do eat up an Undup.

Of alligators, bears, snakes, and so forth, our missionary often speaks, as well as of the many, strange forms of tropical insect life that attracted his notice. There was the spider with a spiky shell and two long tails like buffalo-horns; various kinds of mantis or praying insects—one of them resembling three inches of string with six legs to it—others that left off praying and rose up to fight when molested, inflicting a sharp bite; big grasshoppers that bobbed against the lamps—one species making such a dismal noise that it was absolutely necessary to get up and kill it; beetles of wondrous shape and rich colour, and magnificent butterflies. Besides insects there were other troublesome creatures—after a walk over moist land it was needful to sit down and pull a few irritating jungle leeches off one's legs.

By his medical and surgical skill, constantly being called into requisition, Mr. Crossland gained much influence over the people. He often had peculiar cases to deal with. One day a woman was, with a number of others, in the jungle

gathering the fruit from which they make oil for cooking, when a sharp-pointed piece of bamboo fell and cut the end of her nose almost off, and split her lip. She was taken home, and the missionary was soon brought to her. He put three stitches into her nose and four into her lip, and the woman neither spoke nor winced under the operation. The woman's friends declared that Mr. Crossland was "a good Antoo,



IN A BORNEO FOREST.

sent by Rajah Patara (God of Heaven) to take care of us. What could we have done with the woman's mouth if you had not been here? Who is there among us brave enough to touch it?"

One day the missionary was much annoyed by a man coming and asking to have his body and face rubbed, for he was ill. It was in vain that Mr. Crossland declared that he was no Dyak doctor. The man would persist in his entreaties. "You have cured many of my people, and I have come that you may rub me over that I may be well." Mr. Crossland replied, "I am not Patara, I am not an Antoo. If you ask for medicine to drink, I will give it you; if you ask to be rubbed, you may

go to your own people to be rubbed—my fingers contain no charm.” The man ultimately accepted medicine, but evidently thought himself hardly dealt by that he could not have his rubbing.

On another occasion Mr. Crossland was fetched to staunch a wound which had been bleeding three days and nights. To get at the case he had to walk three hours along rotten logs, every now and then up to the middle in bog where the timber path was deficient. At last he reached the sufferer, a boy wounded in the foot, and the wound in such a state that there had to be a very copious application of bowls of water before its real magnitude could be seen. In another minute, to the astonishment of the natives, it was neatly bandaged up. Two magic threads placed round the ankle by the manangs were soon thrown away. The family had been giving all they could scrape together to the manangs, and had sent for the missionary at the last extremity.

A severe visitation of small-pox in the district tried Mr. Crossland severely. For ten months he had very little rest, inoculating those who had not had the complaint, and ministering to the sick. Sixteen deaths took place in the sixty families dwelling close by the mission. Scarcely a woman was to be seen with her ornaments on. The women, as soon as a friend died, took off their finery of brass or coloured cane, and put on black cane round the waist. The people were very kind in nursing the sick—a great contrast to the Sakarang Dyaks near them, who ran off into the jungle and left their sick to live or die. Mr. Crossland found that there was an old man who was going about with a charm declaring it would cause the disease to subside. He was driving a thriving trade with it, and yet he had brought his own grandchildren to Mr. Crossland to be inoculated. The assurance and deceit of the medicine-men were something astonishing. “They look wise,” says Mr. Crossland, “chew some leaves, colour them, spit on the people who are sick, rub them up and down, tie a piece of string round the neck, fasten a stone, bone, or piece of stick to the end of it, finally ask a high price for the charm, and so get on, and are sent for from all parts. To be able to do this, they must have a lot of dreams, in which the Antoo tells them of drug, or plant, or stone, bone, pig’s, dog’s, or deer’s tooth which is in a certain place, and possesses certain properties. Having first caught their hare, they skin it. They get the tooth, or bone, and narrate their dream, which is the best part of the charm. To be a *manang* is something very different, and requires an amount of subtlety and practice almost unheard of. But once a manang, you can do anything, and command a high price. Has any one a pain in his body? the manang will soon show you how to extract the cause. He passes his fingers over the spot, and, by pinches, extracts the most wonderful things—porcupine quills, fishbones, teeth, stones, pieces of wood. You see the things, and might see them before extracted, but the manang is too sharp.”

Mr. Crossland got his church finished early in 1871. It was forty-two feet in length. He says: “All the seats are very handsome, quite of an ecclesiastical type. I gave the designs myself, and saw them cut out by Chinese carpenters. Windows—or, more properly speaking, *wind-holes*—are all neat, almost Gothic in their simplicity,

but not quite so simple as Early English; they are neatly latticed. The flooring is plank, a great improvement upon earth. The roof is nondescript leaf and grass, but that is only temporary, as I hope, ere long, to exchange it for slates of ironwood. The carpenters' wages were about £30; and the wood, nails, paint, with carriage and portorage, about £40 more."

This little sanctuary in the wilderness was consecrated by the Bishop in September, 1873. Rajah Brooke and the Ranee were present; altogether, "a party of nine pale-faces in the depths of the jungle assisting to consecrate to God a pretty little church."

The Rev. J. Perham, who went out to Borneo in 1867, very forcibly pours out some of the obstacles to the reception of Christianity by the Dyaks. "For them," he says, "the Christian religion is gathered up in the one word 'Sembayang'—worship, the outward service, rather than the living a new life. The missionary would persuade them to be Christians, but possibly they want to know the worth of Christianity in wages, paddy, or other tangible and immediate gain. One family told me they wished to be baptised because they were always ill, and they thought that by becoming Christians they might have better health. Or they may ask whether Sembayang will keep off the rats from the growing paddy." Many of them assert that attention to bird omens used to keep off failures of crops, ravages of rats, and so forth, and that Sembayang has made them more liable to these and other evils. Still, it is exactly the bitterest opponents of Sembayang who have in many cases ultimately become its firmest adherents. There are others by whom the constant watching of birds had been found exceedingly burdensome, and who were first attracted towards Christianity by its promising to free them from this intolerable yoke.

Mr. Perham's narrative contains much information of a novel and interesting character respecting the mission at Banting (now St. Paul's church). Dyaks have not been used to distinguishing one day from another, and so on Saturday evening a big gong sounds from Banting Hill to remind the people that the morrow is the day of rest and worship. The little church nestles among thick foliage on the hill-side. In the adjacent churchyard there are simple crosses to mark the graves, and one large four-post arrangement shows where a chief lies buried. For a long time the Dyaks would not use the churchyard; they clung to their old custom of taking their dead away into the jungle. They thought that a cemetery near the village would be a place where the spirits of the dead (some of them, perhaps, ill-natured and badly disposed) would howl and frighten passers-by. But they have lived down this notion. They bury at early dawn, for they will not keep a corpse in the house after daybreak. If the coffin is not ready, they bring the body to the churchyard and wait while the carpenters finish their work. The missionaries have to keep a keen look-out, or some old heathen custom would be introduced—perhaps a fowl brought and killed at the grave as a sacrifice, or a burning stick to scare away evil spirits carried before the procession. The funeral service (as far as can be) is sung by a surpliced choir, and the occasion is usually an impressive one, and fully suggestive of Christian hope. Sometimes, however, as in the following case, incidents occur which mingle strangely with the solemnity expected at such a time.

“Buda had died” (says Mr. Perham), “and great lamentation was made for him. All day and night a sad, piteous cry of wailing rose up from relays of women, friends and neighbours who came to show their sympathy. As each one went into the presence of the dead, she veiled her face with a native cloth, and burst out into a shrill and mournful voice of passionate grief, feigned perhaps in some cases, but generally real, at least for the moment. At times it abated somewhat, but in the morning, when the corpse was about to be removed, it rose to a more intense pitch, as if they were grappling with death itself to prevent their friend from being carried off and seen no more. A crowd had assembled, and the little church was full. When St. Paul’s grand discourse on the resurrection was being read, the wife rushed into the church, and clasped the coffin with her arms and remained kneeling beside it, sobbing and weeping. She followed to the grave, and when the corpse was being lowered into the earth, she jumped down into the grave and lay at full length upon the coffin, crying out: ‘I will be buried with my husband; I can’t live without him.’ A man had to go down and lift her out. And I was just reading, ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,’ &c., when the man shouted out, ‘He never would have died if he had not eaten salt fish.’ With a voice of sternness I rebuked him, and was then allowed to finish the service without further interruption.”

Mr. Perham got a very respectable Dyak Christian, whom he had long known, to act as verger in the church, and robed him in a cassock by way of impressing the congregation with a due sense of the man’s dignity and authority. The poor Dyak wore it two Sundays and couldn’t stand it any longer. He suggested that Mr. Perham should give him a robe of the pattern of the Sarāwak flag—a striking combination of blue, yellow, and red. He thought that would keep the people in proper awe of him. Mr. Perham, however, could not see his way to adopt this suggestion.

Mild incongruities, that would sadly disturb an English congregation, not infrequently occur in this little church amongst the Bornean jungles. Now and again an old man has walked in, smoking a long pipe, meaning no harm, and soon induced to put it away by the significant glances of those who knew better. Or perhaps some raw youth from the interior, in very scanty raiment, would perch on the back of a bench with his feet on the seat, and so remain throughout the service. Not infrequently, when the words of the preacher went home forcibly to the hearts of the hearers, remarks of approval or comment would be made. Mr. Perham did not find this an interruption; on the contrary, it roused general interest. One day the minister was exhorting the people to follow God’s teaching with single-heartedness, when an old man exclaimed, “So we do; see how many of us are here; that’s a proof of it.” Sometimes the interruption was uncalled for, and indeed reprehensible, as when an old woman, who thought herself quite the lady of the place, said, “Yes, what you say is quite right—I am true and faithful; but these other people are very dubious Christians.” Another time, when Mr. Perham was speaking of the parable of the great supper, and mentioned some of the excuses which Dyaks made for not coming to public worship, an old man, by way of completing the list, said aloud, “Yes, and pig-hunting.” It transpired afterwards that the man’s son-in-law had that morning gone pig-hunting



SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN BORNEO.

instead of coming to church. "Yes, the young one speaks fairly well," was the audible comment of an old Dyak when a young missionary was giving almost his first address in the native tongue. But it is almost always the old folk who thus violate church decorum; the young people, with their school training, plume themselves on knowing better than to indulge in these eccentricities.

Mr. Perham paid occasional visits to the mission-stations at Serian and Gensurei on the Sarebas river. At Gensurei were some inquirers who mostly had a passage of Scripture or point of doctrine ready for him to explain to them. "Wisdom is justified of her children." "A prophet hath no honour in his own country." "How many days of judgment will there be?" Such or similar topics were usually awaiting him. At these station-chapels, the offertory is in kind more often than in money. A basket has to be taken round into which the saucer of rice (which is the most frequent offering) is emptied. A bunch of plantains is sometimes brought.

These Dyak chapels, which are dotted here and there in addition to the half-dozen regular churches, are very simple structures. They stand, like the houses, on posts of wood; dried palm-leaves compose the walls and roof, and split wood the floors. They cost little, and are easily rebuilt when required. As the Dyak village huts are often being moved about, a permanent church in the outlying districts would stand a chance of being left alone in the jungle. There is little ornament or furniture except the Holy Table, and the Dyaks sit about the floor as in their own homes. Of course the settled churches at Kuching and Banting are much more after the pattern of similar edifices in England.

It will be seen that the mission work of Sarāwak has been entirely in the hands of the Church of England clergymen sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1839, the American Board of Missions sent out three men to the West Coast. They laboured earnestly amongst the Dyaks, but had to contend with great difficulties in consequence of hostile influence exerted by the Malays, as well as vexatious hindrances from the Dutch authorities. The missionaries and their families also suffered severely from sickness, until all were dead but one, and he returned in broken health to America. The Rhenish Missionary Society sent missionaries to South Borneo in 1834. They have carried on some good educational and evangelical work, and by them the Bible has been translated into the dialect of Pulu Perak.

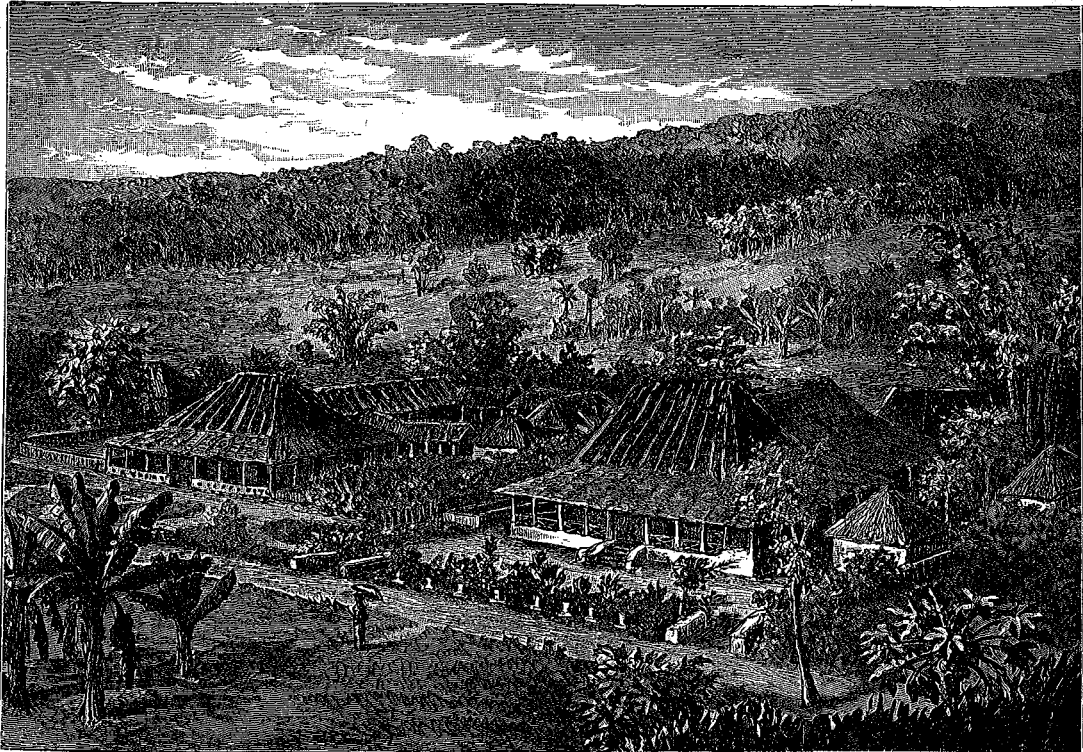
The Straits Settlements are now under the episcopal charge of the Bishop of Sarāwak, but the mission work done in these parts is very scanty. There has been, however, for some years past a mission at Singapore. But the variety of races and creeds to be dealt with, renders religious effort exceedingly difficult. The missionary can do little more than direct native catechists. Tens of thousands of Tamils, Chinese, and Malay-Chinese, remain in the district a few years, and then depart—some to their own countries, some to other fields of industrial labour. Whatever Christian truths are brought home to them they may be the means of scattering far and wide, but they do not stay to build up a church, so that there is very little to show for long persistent effort. Singapore is one of the most important British outposts in Asia. Once an insignificant fishing village with a population of about 150, it is now the

key of Eastern commerce. Sir Stamford Raffles, with wise forethought, secured this splendid station for the English Crown, made it a free port, built a church (now a Cathedral), and also a college, respecting which he wrote: "I trust in God that this institution may be the means of civilising and bettering the condition of millions." With 300,000 Mahometans scattered up and down the Straits, and with a vast population, speaking many tongues, constantly entering and leaving the district, Singapore presents a most important centre for varied missionary effort. Yet the Christian enterprise of the Church of England has been represented here by one missionary, Mr. Venn, who fell a victim to cholera, and whose post it seems there has been great difficulty in filling up. The Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, the oldest Zenana Society in existence, has been carrying on a good work amongst the Chinese women and girls.

Borneo is only one of the numerous fertile islands, large and small, which go to make up the Eastern Archipelago. This vast assemblage of islands includes also Java, Sumatra, and Celebes, as well as numerous groups such as the Philippines, the Moluccas, and so on, and is inhabited by nearly thirty-seven millions of our fellow-creatures. The greater portion of these regions has long been under the rule of the Dutch, who have not been wanting in efforts to extend Christianity amongst their subjects. Too often, however, the matter seems to have been attended to in a wholesale manner, and vast numbers were, in various ways, induced to take up the profession of Christianity without giving evidences of real conversion, or even conviction. Early in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch established themselves in Java, and founded the city of Batavia, all the ministers in the colony were directed at once to use their best endeavours to bring the inhabitants of the country into the Dutch Reformed Church. Accordingly a church and school was established in each district, native teachers were trained and set to work, and the whole affair was really a department of the State. The result was that, in 1721, there were said to be 100,000 Christians in the island. One lasting benefit that accrued was, that the Dutch presented the Malays with the New Testament in their own language as early as 1688, and with the whole Bible in 1733. Upon these early translations have been based other improved versions that have since appeared. But after a time all care for the nominally converted natives seems to have ceased, and during the present century great numbers of so-called Christians in Java have been found living in gross vice, and with no more real sense of religion than their heathen neighbours.

In Amboyna the Dutch were putting forth great efforts to Christianise the natives about the middle of the seventeenth century, and it is said that in 1686 there were 30,000 natives under pastoral care in the capital, and in Amboyna and the neighbouring isles there were fifty churches. Some of the native youths were taken to Holland, and there taught and ordained as ministers. In many parts there were distinct Christian villages, where the authorities took care that no one was absent from divine service or catechising, without lawful excuse. But there is ample evidence to show that before the close of the eighteenth century a very great declension had taken place in this region. To a large extent the religion of the natives seems to have become

little more than a superstitious regard for the minister himself and the perfunctory practice of a few outward forms. Of doctrines, few had any notion whatever, and indeed most had freed themselves from all moral restraint. Whilst still calling themselves Christians, they were revengeful, dishonest, and unchaste, and had revived many of their old superstitions. Whenever they sailed past a certain hill upon the coast of Ceram, they let a few flowers and some small pieces of money in cocoanut shells float away upon the waters, and also, if it were evening, some lighted wicks floating in oil.



THE FIRST DUTCH MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT IN SUMATRA.

Having performed this rite, they went upon their way satisfied that the Demon of the Hill would now do them no harm. There have been fresh efforts at evangelisation in Amboyna during the present century, and a great willingness to make outward profession has been met with. But the work has been too much characterised by wholesale baptisms, unaccompanied by a sufficiency of proper instruction, or proper examination as to the real piety of the converts.

In Sumatra, Timor, Celebes, Banda, Ternate, and the Moluccas, Christianity was introduced by the Dutch much more extensively than is generally supposed. Multitudes of converts were brought into the church by the early ministers, whose successors, however, seem to have very much neglected the religious interests of the people supposed to be under their charge. During the eighteenth century the churches in the country districts were for long periods often without ministers, and the schoolmasters,

being left unpaid, were obliged to desert their schools and go and work in the fields to earn a living. Bibles were exceedingly scarce, and it is reported that some ministers had only a few leaves of one for use both in the public services and in their own studies. We hear, however, that in some of the villages, boys who had been taught in the school, kept up the public Bible-readings on Sundays after other ministrations had ceased.

A quaint peep at Christian work in Sumatra about the year 1718 is afforded us by the narrative of Jacob Vischer, a Dutch minister of Batavia. He writes that in the year just mentioned he was employed in Sumatra, and at the Castle of Badan, to administer the Sacraments, and that many came to be baptised, presenting at the same time offerings of great value to the Lord; that they received the Lord's Supper only once in two years, and that he (Vischer) was very acceptable unto them; that he ordained elders and deacons, provided golden cups for administering the communion, and obtained teachers from the neighbouring islands to instruct the young; that ships full of heathens came there to be baptised, who willingly embraced the Christian religion, bringing gifts of gold and precious stones, which on their knees they offered to the ministers of the Gospel.

The Netherlands Mission Society, which was instituted at Rotterdam in the year 1797, for sixteen years contented itself with training agents, who went out under the care of the London Missionary Society to Java, Ceylon, and elsewhere. After that, it carried on missions of its own in Java, Ternate, Celebes, and other islands of the Malay Archipelago. But this work was still characterised by the old features of Dutch evangelisation. The missionaries adopted the policy of indiscriminately baptising all persons who were willing to profess the religion of their Dutch masters—all-powerful in these islands. Still, the work was carried on very vigorously, and the clearing away of outward symbols of idolatry and devil-worship was in itself beneficial, even if the baptised persons did not learn at once to exemplify the Christian graces. A great many of the Dutch colonial ministers seem at times to have aided in the modern renewal of mission efforts, but amongst them all the Rev. Mr. Karn, an agent of the above-mentioned Society, stands out pre-eminent for his zeal and activity. He visited Celebes and the other islands in 1817, and for sixteen years preached and baptised without intermission. In one island he baptised a vast number of slaves at the special request of a pious king to whom they belonged. Several thousand persons in all were baptised by this resolute evangelist, who strove hard to sweep idolatry from the Dutch islands. He seems to have had the power of communicating his own enthusiasm to the people whom he exhorted; and his progress through the islands was marked by burnt idols and devil-houses. Thirty-four devil-houses were burnt in one native town, and in Amboyna idolatry was completely abolished. This indefatigable missionary died of sheer overwork in 1833.

There have been recent missions in Sumatra and Java on behalf of the Rhenish Missionary Society, the Dutch Reformed Missionary Society, and the Mennonite Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the Dutch Colonies.

XXI.—SOUTH AFRICA.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A GLANCE AT THE MISSION FIELDS.

British and Foreign Missions to South Africa—Pastor Harms of Hermannsburg—His Work in Germany—Sends Missionaries to South Africa—Emigrants—A German Christmas on the Atlantic—Arrival at Zanzibar—Fail to reach Gallas Country—Settle at Natal—Opposition—New Hermannsburg Founded—Work among the Kaffirs—Travelling Adventures—An Arrant Beggar—Missions to Sechéle and Umpana—Illness and Death of Harms—Bishop Gray—His Consecration and Voyage to South Africa—First Visitation—A Kaffir Gathering—Malays at Cape Town—A Kaffir Training College—Sisterhoods—Bishop Cotterill at Grahamstown—A False Prophet—Liberality of Converts—Bishop Callaway—Bishop Colenso and the Zulus.

THE Hottentots, Bushmen, Kaffirs, Zulus, Bechuanas, and other native tribes of South Africa, have not as yet yielded so many converts to Christianity as might have been anticipated from the numerous agencies that have been endeavouring to carry the Gospel into the countries between the Zambesi and Coanza rivers (which may be regarded as the northern boundaries of South Africa), and Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of the whole continent. To no other country, with the possible exception of India, have so many missionary societies devoted their attention. Englishmen and Scotchmen have gone out from the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Methodist Missionary Society, and the Glasgow Missionary Society. Germany has sent her sons through the agency of the Berlin and Rhenish Missionary Societies; and Frenchmen, Americans, and Norwegians have occupied parts of the field which the Moravians were the first to enter. The seed has been sown far and wide by many hands, and some of the first-fruits have been gathered in; but there have been many discouragements and hindrances, and it is a matter for congratulation that, in the face of so many obstacles, some progress has been made. With the exception of Schmidt's brief residence at Gnadenthal, it is little more than a hundred years since the Moravians began their work, and during a large portion of the century, missions have had to contend with active opposition from the Dutch, and indifference on the part of the English authorities. Latterly, the colonial governors have taken a more liberal view of the claims of missions, and two of them, Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, have assisted and supported the missionaries as far as it was in their power to do so.

We have referred to the religious societies which have interested themselves in South Africa, but one of the most remarkable missions to that country is due to the initiation of one man, a simple German pastor who sent out his first missionary expedition in 1853, and followed it up with so much vigour that, in ten years, twenty-five mission stations had been established by his instrumentality amongst the Kaffirs, Zulus, and Bechuanas. This man was Louis Harms, the pastor of Hermannsburg, in Hanover. Born in 1808, he migrated with his family to the village with which his name is inseparably connected, on his father being appointed to the pastorate there. Hermannsburg is in the midst of the Lüneburg Heath, a wild tract between the rivers Elbe and Weser, only broken by a few narrow valleys formed in the course of ages by



AFRICA

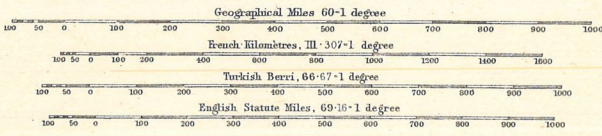
SOUTHERN PORTION

BY KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.S.E.

With Corrections and Additions to 1890.

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:19,008,000 = 300 miles to an inch



European Possessions in Africa distinguished thus:
 (B) British (F) Portuguese
 (Fr) French (S) Spanish
 (G) German (I) Italian

Submarine Telegraph Lines thus ST or Sub-Id.
 Heights in English Feet

Longitude West of Greenwich

Longitude East of Greenwich

the action of small streams, which have fertilised their own immediate neighbourhood in smiling contrast to the bleak and barren heath itself. Here Louis Harms spent his boyhood, and learned to love the wild moors over which he wandered in the long dry summer days, when everything was burnt up by the heat, and in the short days of winter, when a thick covering of snow obliterated almost every feature of the landscape. It was to Hermannsburg that he returned after a brilliant university career at Göttingen, and a few years spent at Lauenburg as a tutor, at first as his father's assistant, and subsequently as sole pastor.

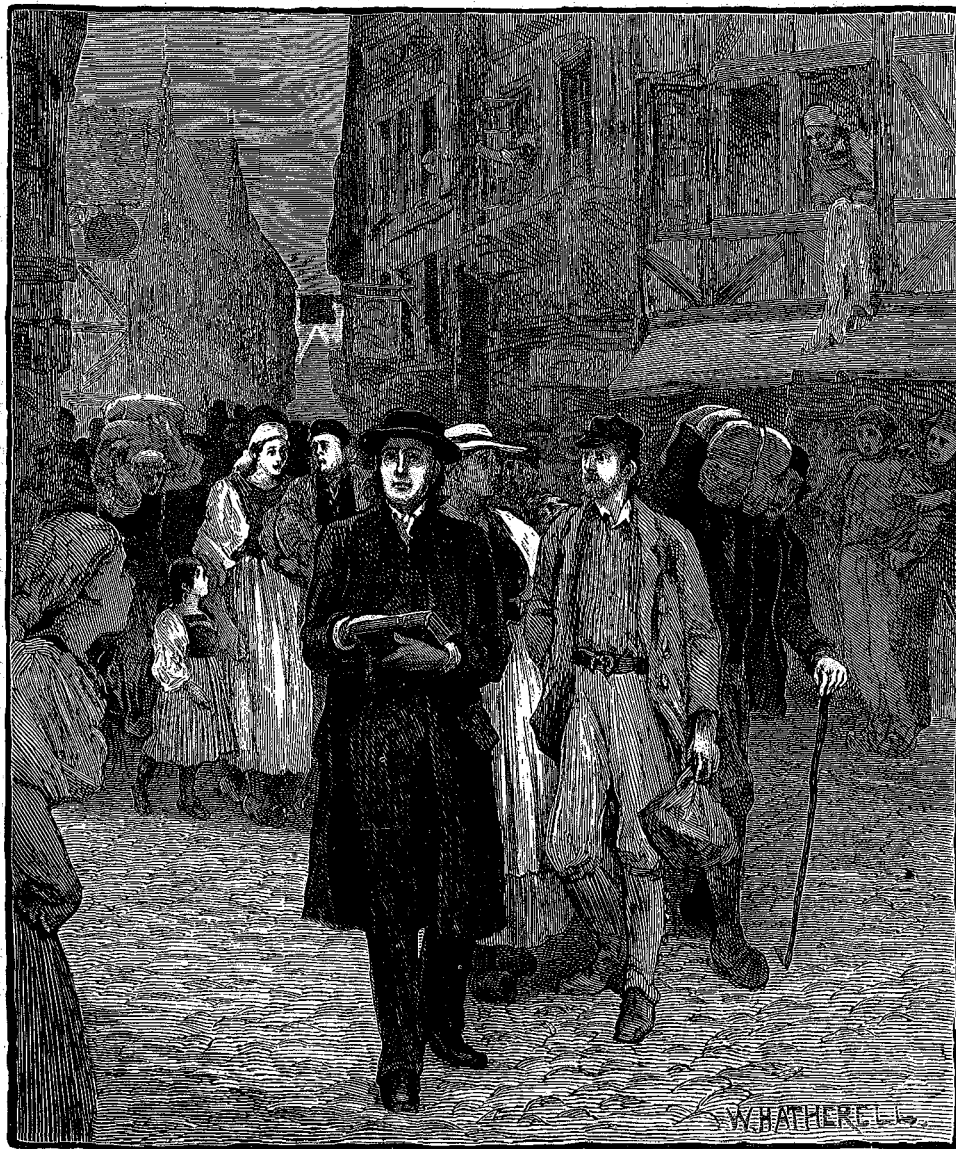
In the earlier years of the present century, evangelical religion was at a very low ebb in Germany, and it was said of Hanover, that one might pass through the kingdom without discovering a faithful pastor. The clergy were dull, formal, learned moralists, and for some time Harms was under the spell which had fallen upon his brethren; but, after many inward struggles, he emerged from the chilling mists of the prevalent rationalism into the light of spiritual religion. Soon after this change he was invited to enter the mission-house at Hamburg, with the object of preparing himself to labour among the German population in the United States of America; but he could not be persuaded to leave his native land, and to give up the prospect of becoming the pastor of the sturdy and independent peasants who lived on his beloved Lüneburg Heath.

His work there was eminently successful. The people were poor, and comparatively uneducated; but he found a way to their hearts, and in a few years his influence was felt in every household, and by almost every individual in his parish. Family prayer was observed in all the homes, and almost every adult was a regular communicant. The church services were well attended on Sundays and on weekdays. At noon the bell in the church tower invited the men to cease work, and spend a few minutes in private prayer. Even the children gave up singing songs and ballads, and raised their voices in hymns and psalms as they trudged along the roads, or wandered across the fields. Hermannsburg became a model village, of which it might truly be said, "like pastor, like people."

Harms had not been long settled there before the condition of the heathen was vividly brought home to him. He could not sleep for thinking of their state, and of the obligation laid upon him to do something for them. He was not a man to spend his time in fruitless contemplation, and he at once spoke to his people and asked their help. Twelve persons offered to go out as missionaries. A house was immediately obtained for their residence and training, and a brother of the pastor, who was also a clergyman, took charge of it. The volunteers needed much instruction. For four years they studied Introductions to the Old and New Testaments, Exegesis, Dogmatic Theology, Church History, the History of Missions, Homiletics, and kindred subjects. They were also taught to labour with their hands, "partly," as their pastor told them, "for your bodily health, partly that you may to some extent earn your own bread, and partly that you may remain humble, and be no more ashamed of your work than Peter was of his fishing or Paul of his tent-making." They were told to be diligent and to remember Luther's saying, "Well prayed is more than half learnt." Therefore

they were to pray diligently, not only in their common prayer, but in their own rooms daily.

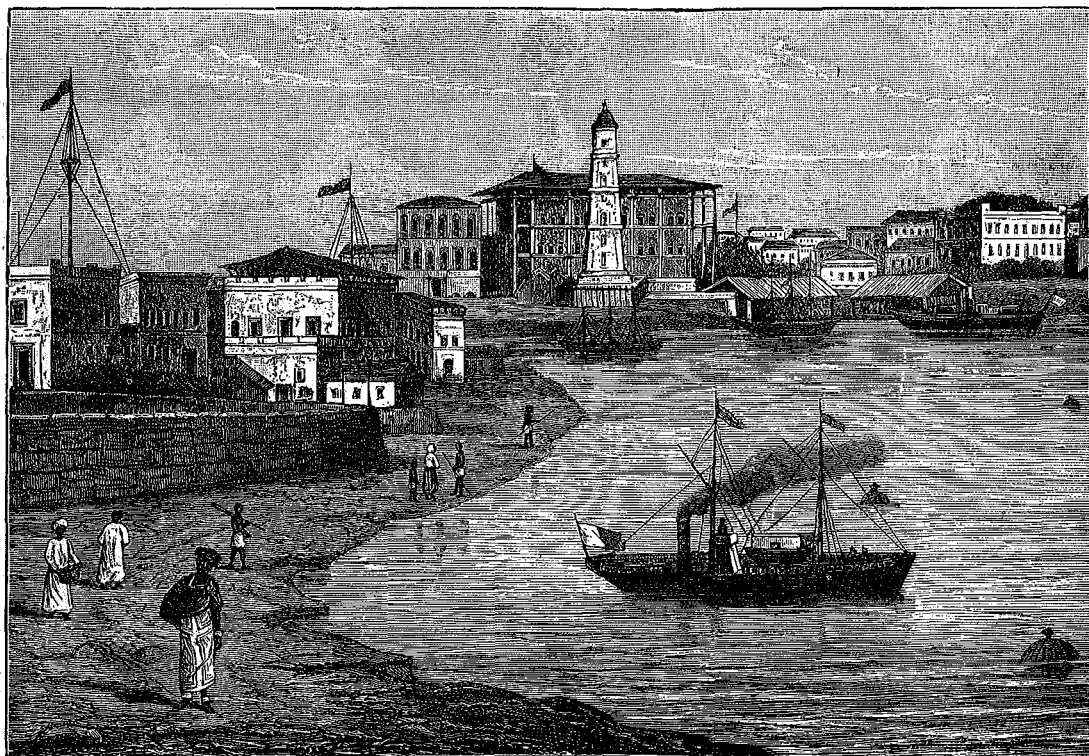
It happened during the preparation of these twelve volunteers, that some young



PASTOR HARMS SEEING OFF HIS FIRST MISSIONARIES.

sailors, who were recent converts, applied to join in the work. Their idea was to found a colony in Western Africa, near Bonney, and, under the superintendence of Christian missionaries, to help in putting down the slave trade; but they were quite willing to go to any other part of the African continent. The offer of these young men suggested to Pastor Harms that the mission might be a means of colonisation; and when he had

determined to combine the two objects of preaching to the heathen and founding a settlement for emigrants, many peasants, who would have been quite useless as missionaries, applied to join the enterprise. Sixty offered themselves. Of these only eight were selected, and received suitable training, but in the meantime six of the sailors grew tired of waiting, and found other employment. This was discouraging, and was followed by a fresh difficulty—want of the necessary funds for sending out the



ZANZIBAR.

missionaries and settlers. Harms, to use his own expressive phrase, "knocked diligently on the dear God in prayer;" and applied for help in various quarters, but without success. One of the sailors, who was still at Hermannsburg, suggested that a ship should be built to go to and from Africa on the service of the mission; but this proposal, which Harms readily accepted, could not be carried into effect without money. Again the pastor prayed diligently, and rose from his knees determined to go on with the project. Arrangements were made for building a brig at Hamburg. Money and material came in from various sources, but chiefly from Hermannsburg itself. Smiths, carpenters, coopers, tailors, and shoemakers gave their services freely, and during the busy season of preparation, it was said that a water-butt or a suit of clothes was not to be had in the village at any price.

At last the ship was finished, and though she cost more than £600 above the estimate, the additional money was forthcoming in due time. She was named the

Candace, her intended destination being to carry the Gospel to the Ethiopians. The eight missionaries, two of the volunteers having died and two having proved unworthy, were examined by the Consistory, and, having passed, with credit, were ordained. The colonists included two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The cargo was sent on board, and then a leave-taking service was held at Hermannsburg, which concluded with Luther's hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg ist Unser Gott*" (Our God, a sure stronghold is He). The next day the emigrants went to Hamburg and embarked on board the *Candace*. Much to the astonishment of the quay-porters and sailors, another service was held on deck, and many seafaring men swarmed up the rigging of other ships in the harbour to see the strange sight, to listen to the singing, and to catch the last words of Pastor Harms as he bade the missionaries and colonists read the Word of God and pray daily morning and evening. "Begin all your work with prayer; when the storm rises, pray; when the billows roar round the ship, pray; when sin comes, pray; and when the devil tempts you, pray; so long as you pray, it will go well with you body and soul."

The *Candace* left Hamburg on the 28th of October, 1853, for Zanzibar, whence it was intended that the missionaries and colonists should proceed to the country of the Gallas, a wild tribe who dwelt to the south of Abyssinia, between that land and the Indian Ocean. The voyage was prosperous. Every Sunday there were two services, and morning and evening crew and passengers met for family worship. Some of the colonists were married, and took out their wives and their children, who were regularly taught in school. The workmen carried on their trades; the tailor was busy with his needle, and the carpenter with his saw and hammer. The ministers continued their studies and prepared sermons, some of them with the assistance of their pipes. At Christmas the chests, specially packed and prepared for that festal season, were opened, and their contents—wax-lights for the Christmas-tree, which proved a failure and was ignominiously thrown overboard, apples, nuts, gingerbread, toys, Bible pictures, and other presents—were distributed. There was singing, and blowing of trumpets, with merriment and rejoicing in the good old German fashion, though the sailors and passengers were far from their fatherland on the broad bosom of the Atlantic. After having been eighty days at sea—for the brig sailed but slowly—they reached Cape Town, and then proceeded to Natal and along the east coast of Africa, whence they were driven by a storm out into the Indian Ocean. The storm, however, abated, and at length they anchored at Zanzibar, intending to proceed from that port to the country of the Gallas.

In order to reach their proposed destination, it was necessary to obtain the permission of the Imaun, or ruler of Muscat, to pass through his territory, and in his absence his son told them they might make their way by sea to the island of Mombaz, 150 miles north of Zanzibar, and wait there for leave to go inland. Contrary winds and an adverse current prevented them for some days from approaching the island, and when at length they succeeded in reaching port, it was only to encounter fresh obstacles. The Governor could not help them, and suggested that they should return to Natal. But to this proposal they would not listen, and some of them asked permission to go to a German missionary named Rebmann, who had settled some little distance off

amongst the Wanika tribe. The Governor would not hear of this, but, by way of compromise, agreed that Rebmann should be sent for, and a native messenger was despatched to bring him to Mombaz. Meanwhile three of the Hermannsburgers rashly attempted an expedition to find Rebmann on their own account, but they were obliged to return to the ship, and the Governor at once ordered the whole party to leave, Rebmann being quite unable to turn him from his purpose.

They remained altogether three weeks at Mombaz, and were much impressed by the richness and beauty of the tropical scenery, and astonished at the huge trees, unlike anything they had ever seen before, cocoa-palms a hundred feet high, mangoes, great cactuses and dense underwood, all growing in a profusion which contrasted with the barrenness of their native heath. The people did not impress them so favourably. They found them lazy, unhealthy, and suffering from diseases brought on by excessive eating; for though, being Mohammedans, they nominally fasted at certain seasons, they made up for abstinence in the day by gluttony at night. One of the missionaries, Meyer, who had some knowledge of medicine, was called upon to prescribe for the sick, and found his time fully occupied, but he was obliged to depart with the ship, which sailed for Natal, and arrived there at the beginning of August, 1854, nearly ten months after she had left Hamburg.

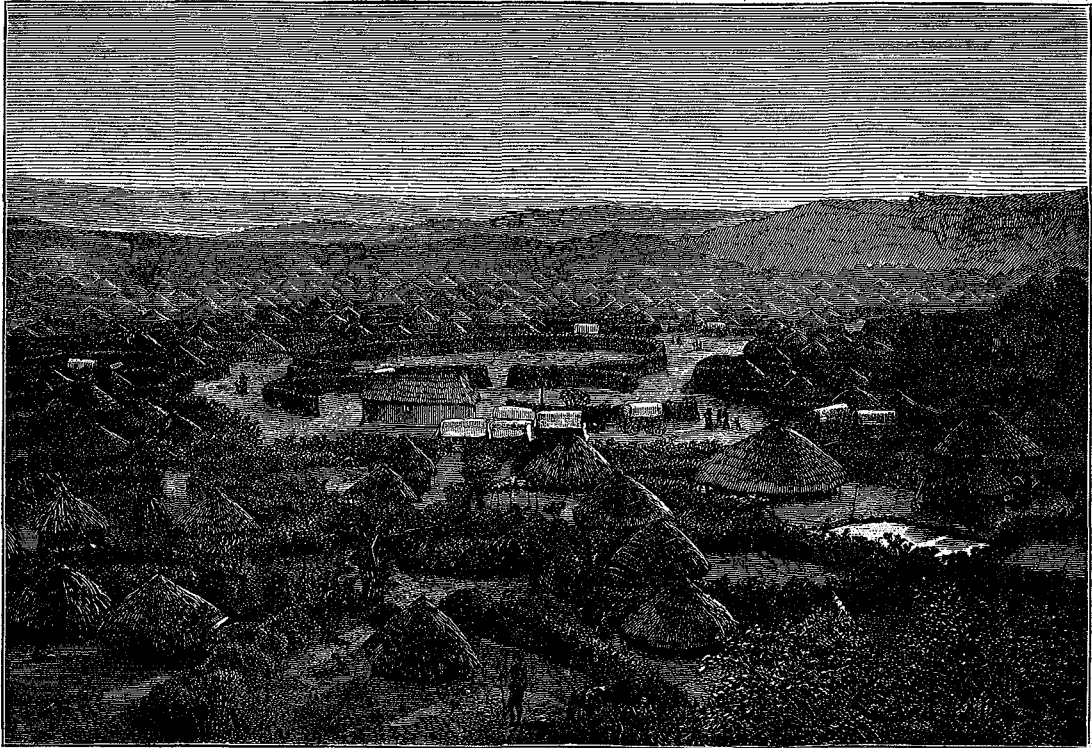
As it was impracticable to carry out the original plan of settling amongst the Gallas, it was decided to remain in Natal. Here, too, difficulties awaited them which were overcome only by great patience. It was first reported that the *Candace* was carrying a company of Jesuits, and the people were warned to beware of them, but a German who met them soon dissipated this rumour. Then the English Governor refused to allow them to settle, and ordered them to return to Germany, at which they were not a little surprised, seeing they had brought letters of recommendation from the Colonial Secretary in London. They found out afterwards that the captain of their ship had entirely misrepresented their object, and had told the Governor, who had accepted the statement only too readily, that they were revolutionary demagogues. When they had satisfied him upon this point, he was unwilling, or unable, to grant them a place for a settlement unless they paid for the land, and they therefore bought 6,000 acres near Pietermaritzburg, for which they paid £630. The site was in many respects advantageous. A river flowed through their property, and limestone and coal could be obtained by mining. Some of the land was arable, and the rest pasture, but there was little wood, and timber was not obtainable in the immediate neighbourhood. They were under English protection, and not far from some of the most powerful tribes of Southern Africa. Within the colony there were Kaffirs and Zulus, while to the north lay Zululand itself. The Matabele and the Bechuanas were at no great distance, and the missionaries hoped that they might, after all, be able to reach the Gallas by overland journeys. But the first thing to be done was to build some shelter for themselves, and they set to work promptly to put up houses, camping out until the buildings were ready for occupation. The kitchen was first completed, in order to provide for their daily meals, but the smith appropriated a corner for his anvil and bellows, and raising too fierce a fire, burnt off the roof, a misfortune which was soon repaired.

Farming operations were next taken in hand, and twenty acres were cleared, ploughed, and sown with hemp, maize, and wheat; sheep and oxen were bought and turned out to pasture, and the poultry-yard was stocked. Fish were caught in the river, and sometimes a buck or a peacock was shot. Meanwhile, the missionaries did not neglect to prepare themselves for teaching and preaching to the natives, and applied themselves with diligence to learn the Kaffir language, which they found difficult, especially as regards pronunciation. "Yet," they said, "the Lord will help." A Berlin missionary who superintended their studies wrote to Pastor Harms, "I have seen them struggling with their clicks and clacks till their eyes turned round in their heads." They persevered, and were martyrs to their attempt to master the difficulties of a strange tongue. They were eager to teach, and spoke as they were able to find interpreters; but in their anxiety to communicate directly with the natives, they sometimes fell into ludicrous blunders. One day there was a lively dialogue between a missionary and a Kaffir. A bystander asked the former what it was all about. "The man wants work from us; but he asks more than I can give," was the reply. It turned out that the Kaffir did not want work, but wished to be paid a shilling owed to him for maize. As difficulties of a like nature occurred in their religious conversations, they applied themselves with more diligence to their studies, and in other respects they were not idle. Harms had warned them against the enervating influence of climate, and they sent him an account of their day's work. "We rise at half-past five, and have worship at six; after coffee, every one hurries to his work; for breakfast, we have bread and milk; dinner is at twelve, and coffee follows; then to work again as long as our dear God lets the sun shine."

After some months of hard labour, the permanent dwelling was successfully completed, and received the name of New Hermannsburg; and shortly afterwards, a friendly English magistrate who visited the place was so pleased with all he saw, that he prevailed upon the colonial authorities to remit the timber tax and the ground rent which the Brethren had hitherto paid. Subsequently orders came from Lord Clarendon that 3,000 additional acres were to be allotted to the mission, and Sir George Grey made further grants of land, and gave every encouragement to the Brethren, so that their organisation was in time firmly and completely established. More emigrants came out, and in the course of time new stations were founded in Natal, in the Transvaal Republic, in Bechuanaland, and further north in Mosilikatse's country, forming a line of mission stations which can be traced on the map from Natal right up to the Zambesi river.

The Brethren, as we have seen, found it no easy task to acquire the Kaffir language, but the difficulties were overcome, and they were able to preach to the natives, large numbers of whom had settled in the neighbourhood of New Hermannsburg. Many of these Kaffirs had been driven from their original homes as the result of war, their tribal arrangements had been broken up, and their chiefs had fallen in battle. They were therefore the more inclined to submit to the mild authority of the missionaries, and were tractable and willing to work. Their houses reminded the Germans of beehives, at least externally, but the interior economy was very different

from the well-ordered homes of the busy bee. With one or two mats, a block of wood for a pillow, an assegai and some clubs, a Kaffir hut was furnished. If a man had more than one wife, he had a separate hut for each, and a rich man bought as many wives as he could afford, the usual price of a wife varying from ten to twenty oxen. They were ravenous eaters, ten of them, it is said, consuming an entire ox in twenty-four hours, but after such a feast they would fast for several days. They were not



THE NATIVE CAPITAL, BECHUANALAND.

wanting in intelligence, and sometimes puzzled their teachers with shrewd questions and subtle arguments. It was very difficult to convey to them the idea of an invisible God. "Your God is up there," said a Kaffir to his teacher; and throwing a stone into the air and waiting until it fell to the ground, he continued, "If your God were there, why didn't He catch the stone?" Then, much pleased with his cleverness, the Kaffir stalked off laughing, without waiting for an answer. The good Germans were often puzzled by similar objections, and were greatly shocked at the almost total nakedness, the dances, and the immorality of their heathen neighbours.

In time the influence of the missionaries brought about a great improvement in the immediate neighbourhood of the settlement, and many of the Kaffirs gave up their former manner of living, and learnt to work at the various trades and handicrafts which the German workmen carried on. It must be remembered that New Hermannsburg was at once a mission station and a German settlement, and

many of the settlers were engaged in farming operations, or as carpenters, builders, and blacksmiths. The Kaffirs took very kindly to the forge, and one of them, a tall, powerful fellow, wielded the hammer with great skill, and even learnt to make horse-shoes, and to put them on. One day the master-smith invited him to come into the settlement with his wife and child, that they might all be taught. "I am too stupid to learn," was the reply; but the smith told him that was just the reason why he should try. A few days later he said, "Sometimes my heart tells me I ought to learn, and then again it says, 'No, you are so stupid.'"

The fame of New Hermannsburg soon spread far and wide, and the Brethren were sometimes invited by the native chiefs to come and settle in their neighbourhood. "If the Gospel is to flourish," wrote one of the pastors, "the Kaffirs must work, for there will be no Christianity among them as long as they lie all day in the sun drinking sour beer." Four of the Brethren went to Umpayandi, one of the most powerful chiefs in Natal, to negotiate for a settlement; on their journey they had to live on such native fare as they could obtain, and though it was not very palatable, they were satisfied. They had evening worship as they travelled, and astonished the people by singing hymns before retiring to rest. One night a whole kraal turned out to hear the solemn German harmonies, and the people were so pleased that the hymns had to be sung over and over again, whilst men, women, and even children listened in awed amazement. Before the Brethren reached their destination Umpayandi's son met them; and when he had brought them to his hut told them it was theirs as well as his, and, calling the people together, explained to them that teachers would come to live among them, and tell them of the great God in heaven.

Sometimes these pioneering journeys were attended with dangerous adventures. Brother Weise once found himself far from any human dwelling, without food, in a district full of wild animals, and in front a deep river abounding in crocodiles. The nights were dark, and on two evenings he was obliged to lie down and take his rest amongst the reeds which grew on the river-bank, with the possibility that a crocodile might devour him ere the morning broke. At last, when he had almost made up his mind to risk the passage of the river, he caught sight of a waggon, and was delivered from his peril. Another time two of the Brethren were travelling with a waggon and oxen, when the driver called out suddenly, "Lion! Lion!" The cattle took fright and rushed on, and for a moment the men's hearts were in their mouths, but the sudden movement of the oxen, or the voice of the driver, alarmed the beast, and he started off. "The lion," said the men in telling the story, "is a very wicked creature, and we cannot thank the Lord enough that He has defended us."

As soon as New Hermannsburg was fairly established and in efficient order, a further advance was made, and a new settlement was founded among the people of a Natal chief named Somahasche. This man was an arrant beggar. His first question, when the missionaries Schroder and Hohls were introduced to him, was—"What presents have you brought me?" and when they gave him two shirts, he put them both on

in an instant. Then he complained of the state of his feet, and they handed him a pair of white stockings, which he immediately drew over his black legs, much to the amusement of himself and his visitors. He further begged the counterpane under which they slept; and having killed a cow to make a feast in their honour, requisitioned all their salt to preserve some of the meat for himself. Several interviews followed this first introduction, and the Germans were detained so long that they were obliged to send for fresh supplies of provisions from New Hermannsburg, until they obtained permission to settle amongst the people.

In 1857, a message was received at New Hermannsburg from Sechéle, the Bechuana chief, and the friend of Moffat and Livingstone, asking for teachers to be sent to him. The request came through the Boers of the Transvaal, who some years before had established the Dutch Republic beyond the Drakenburg range of mountains. They had always endeavoured to thwart the effort of the English missionaries amongst the Bechuanas, and had even ordered Sechéle to send away Livingstone. On his refusal to comply with this monstrous demand they attacked and burnt several villages, and destroyed the mission station. But Livingstone had now left the country; and the Boers, who probably regarded the Germans of New Hermannsburg as harmless, did not object to their presence in Bechuanaland, and a number of them at once started on a formidable journey of thirty days to accept Sechéle's invitation. On the way they met Moffat, who was going on one of his long circuits to visit Mosilikatse, and he gave them some Bibles and a few lessons in the language of the country. Sechéle received them joyfully, and when he had learnt something of their pastor in Germany, wrote him a letter of thanks, and sent him a present of ivory and skins. The old chief's communication recalls Oliver Cromwell's famous order: "Put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry." "I thank my God with great joy, for I had no teachers; and now I thank God that I see them with me and in the congregation; also there is help which I need from you, which is powder, a thing I can never get. I greet you all; and may the blessing of God be with you. I am Sechéle, lord of the Bechuanas."

The request for powder was not unnatural or unreasonable. Disease was rapidly destroying Sechéle's cattle, and his people had to rely upon game for their food; but to kill game in sufficient quantities, fire-arms and gunpowder were absolutely necessary, and the Boers refused to allow these articles to pass through their territory. Meantime many of the natives were dying of hunger, and it is believed that more than four hundred perished in two years. At last the missionaries succeeded in persuading the Boers to remove the prohibition, and the Bechuanas were enabled to obtain supplies of powder to shoot game.

Sechéle had begun to put up a church in anticipation of the arrival of the Germans, and it was soon completed and filled by an attentive congregation. The chief took a warm interest in the services, and occasionally, as the people dispersed, reported to them what had most interested him in the sermon. He was, the missionaries said, as a brother to them, doing nothing without their advice, and seconding their efforts in every way. Shortly after their arrival he reinstated a chief

who had been a fugitive from the Bamangwatos, and this man was so impressed by what he had seen of the missionaries, that as soon as he was settled in his own government he sent to New Hermannsburg for teachers, who came willingly and opened a new station for the chief and his people.

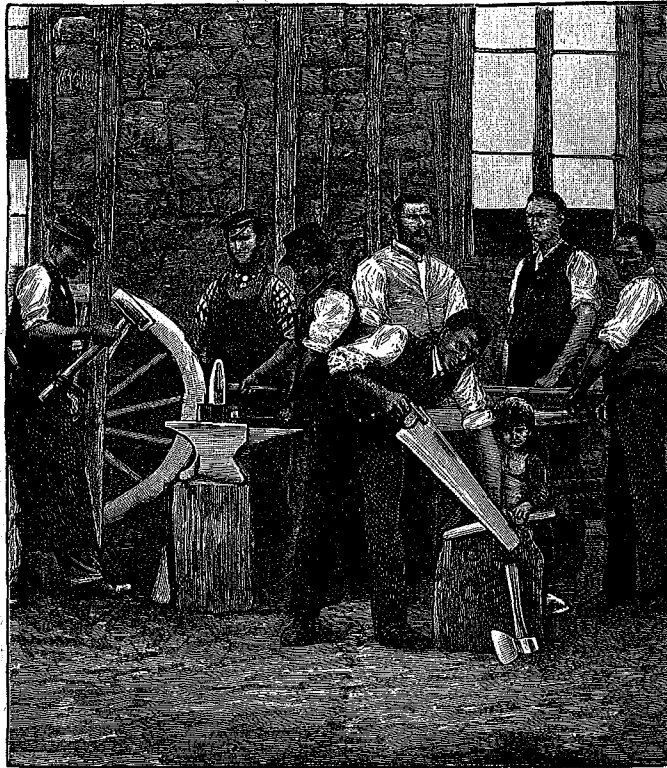
In another direction the New Hermannsburg missionaries found fresh fields and new openings. A Norwegian missionary, Schreuder, had been labouring for some years amongst the Zulu Kaffirs, who dwelt between Natal and the Portuguese territory at Delagoa Bay, and finding that Umpanda, one of the kings or chiefs, was anxious for further missions, wrote to the Germans to send men. Two started at once, and



BECHUANA WOMEN.

five others prepared to follow. The pioneers lost their way, and were in imminent danger of starvation, when Schreuder met them and conducted them to the kraal, which included about 900 huts. After some delay they had an interview with the king, who was holding a sort of court and giving audience to his subjects, but his attention was diverted by so many other calls that for some time the missionaries thought he would not listen to them. At last he welcomed them, and they told him, amongst other things, that they could build waggons. This pleased him so much that he inquired where they would like to live; they asked for a place called Ungoie, but whilst he was considering the matter nearly 2,000 soldiers advanced, and the king commenced a review of his troops, and took no more notice of the missionaries. Two days later he sent a messenger to tell them their request was granted, and almost immediately afterwards he desired them to build him a waggon-house; which was to be the biggest in the country, and he directed 150 of his soldiers to help in the work. But the soldiers were lazy, and did nothing; they were sent into the woods to cut laths, and at the end of the day they returned in long procession,

each man carrying one lath. The missionaries soon discarded them, and finished the building by their own exertions in about six weeks, greatly to the gratification of the king, who had watched them daily, as they worked harder than he had ever seen men work before. The queens and princesses, too, came frequently to see them, but were always begging. "I love God, give me something," was a common way of appealing for gifts, and the missionaries had much difficulty in



MISSIONARY CARPENTERS AT WORK.

satisfying the applicants. At last they were obliged to refuse, and when asked to give, offered to sing a psalm, which was attentively heard and usually appreciated.

These numerous settlements and missions in South Africa made great demands upon the founder of the mission. Fresh arrivals came out from Germany, some as teachers and others as settlers, and Pastor Harms had his hands full of candidates to be examined, and, if qualified, prepared for the work. He also had to find the money, and though the expenses were small as compared with the outgoings of some of the Missionary Societies, he was responsible for the payment of large sums. The good Luneburgers were liberal beyond all expectation, and help came from other quarters. In seven years he received nearly £20,000. But he would not beg, and even when he published a Missionary Chronicle of his own, he refrained from making direct appeals for money. He once put a short account of

his work in a Hanover newspaper, and as a result he received contributions from Belgium, Holland, Russia, and America. "God put it into men's hearts." "The dear Lord has sent me 10,000 thalers," he said. Once he had to make a payment of 550 thalers, and on the day before the money was due he had only 400. Then he prayed that the deficiency might be provided, and the next morning he received anonymously 20 thalers from Schwerin, 25 from Bücksburg, and 100 from Berlin; and later in the day a labourer brought him 10, so that the money was all forthcoming. A medicine-chest was much wanted for the mission, and, while the good pastor was reckoning the cost and the means of meeting it, a letter was delivered to him announcing that the writer had sent his medicine-chest for the use of the heathen.

In all his abundant labours for foreign missions, Pastor Harms did not neglect his own parish. He carefully studied his sermons, and many of them were printed and circulated far and wide; he regularly visited his people, especially the old and feeble; and he found time for a good deal of reading. An iron constitution would hardly have carried him through all he undertook, but he was not a strong man, and he suffered much, bearing all his pain with wonderful patience, and always having a smile for those who met him, or came to visit him in his modest parsonage. As his illness increased he was unable to mount the pulpit stairs, but he preached still, addressing the people from the steps of the communion-table. Only a fortnight before his death he spoke in his sermon of his great weakness: "O Lord Jesus, if I can no longer preach, take me from the earth; of what use can I be, if I can no longer speak of Thee to my brethren?" Days of much suffering followed, but he was able to get about, and even to bury one of his parishioners. The next funeral at Hermannsburg was his own. His spirit passed away as he slept, and his body was committed to the grave in the presence of a great crowd of mourners. Pastors from neighbouring parishes and distant towns, missionary students from the Institution, his own people, and a representative of the King of Hanover, filled the church, and many more who were unable to find room in the building stood round the grave. It was a day of general mourning, and a day never to be forgotten by those who were present. Two months later the sad news reached New Hermannsburg, and the missionaries were for a time stunned by the blow. But, as they remembered their pastor's injunction and recalled his parting advice to them, they felt that he being dead yet spoke, and with fresh energy devoted themselves to their work. Their leader had gone; but his followers are still carrying on the mission he founded, and the name of Pastor Harms is still honoured by many a German settler, and by many a Kaffir convert in South Africa.

The Church of England in South Africa owes a heavy debt of gratitude to Robert Gray, first Bishop of Cape Town, Metropolitan of Africa, and son of Robert Gray, Bishop of Bristol, whose palace was burnt down by the mob in the famous riots of 1831. On the very day of the fire the Bishop preached in the Cathedral, in spite of the entreaties of some of his clergy to absent himself, as it was known the building would be attacked. "I thank you," he said to his friends, "for your kind

consideration of my person, but I am to regard my duty to God, and not the fear of men. It shall never be said of me that I turned my back upon religion." It was in this spirit that his son, the Bishop of Cape Town, went about his work; fearless in the midst of danger, and unswayed by opposition, nothing would ever induce him to give up what he believed to be right, however great the sacrifice he was called upon to make in order to attain the object he had at heart.

He was consecrated in Westminster Abbey, on June 29th, 1847 (St. Peter's Day), as first Bishop of a diocese which included the whole of Africa south of the Orange and Tugela rivers. In this wide territory there were, at the time of Bishop Gray's consecration, only thirteen clergymen, of whom eight were supported by the colonists, and two were army chaplains; he took out with him several others, who formed the nucleus of a clerical staff which grew during his episcopate to nearly one hundred and fifty. Some of these were engaged in work amongst the colonists, but many were missionaries to the native tribes; for the Bishop took as much interest in the spiritual welfare of the heathen inhabitants, as in that of his own countrymen who had settled in the country.

He arrived at Cape Town in February, 1848, and at once set to work to put his diocese in order. This was a matter of some difficulty, for he and the majority of his clergy were of different "schools," and they had been so long independent of episcopal supervision that they did not very easily reconcile themselves to his authority. As soon as he had arranged matters at Cape Town he started on a three months' visitation of the country, and in a letter to a niece in England he humorously anticipates some of the difficulties of the undertaking. "I could draw you a pathetic picture of my coming hardships in the way of impassable rivers, overturning of waggons, sleepless nights while outspanning in the rain, parched deserts, &c.; or I could turn it all into ridicule by describing the care with which I am going to pack sundry bottles of ale and brandy, and to provide myself with hams, smoked beef, gridirons, frying-pans, and all the apparatus for the cuisine department: but I forbear." He travelled in a waggon, and found that mode of conveyance less uncomfortable than he had feared. Services were held wherever it was found practicable, and the Bishop preached in private houses, in the open air, and even in Methodist chapels. Once he was asked to hold a service in Dutch, and beginning with a psalm, he proceeded to read a portion of the Word of God, and to offer up some of the prayers of the Church; but though the people professed to understand him, he confessed that he was afraid his pronunciation must have seemed ridiculous to them.

At King William's Town he met Sir Harry Smith, the Governor of the Colony, who had come to hold a gathering of the Kaffir chiefs, and he accompanied the Governor to the assembly. The sight of men dressed in dirty blankets, brass armlets, necklaces of beads or bone, and carrying long wands, was to him novel and picturesque. The Governor had previously endeavoured to explain to Umhala, one of the chiefs, the difference between a bishop and an ordinary minister, by showing him a long and a short stick, the former representing the superior height of a

bishop above all other ecclesiastics; and at the meeting he told the Kaffirs that the chief minister of the church, and of the Queen's religion, had ridden ninety miles the previous day in order to be present. The Bishop then explained more fully why he had come, but as his remarks had to be translated into Dutch, and from Dutch into the Kaffir tongue, the result was not entirely satisfactory, although one or two of the chiefs expressed a desire to be taught about God, and to have schools established amongst them.

After an absence of four months, during which he had travelled nearly 3,000



BISHOP GRAY.

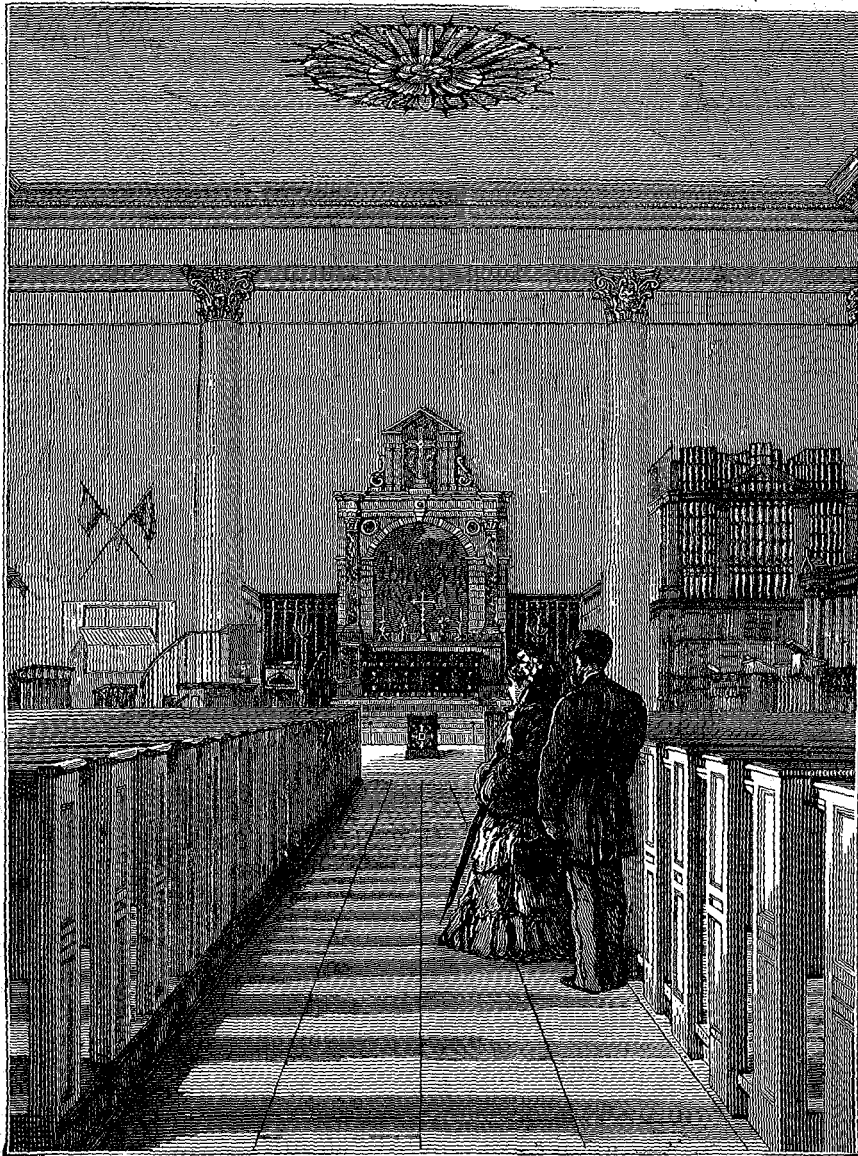
(From a photograph by Messrs. Mason and Co.)

miles, and confirmed 900 persons, the Bishop returned to Cape Town, full of plans for building new churches and schools, and founding missions in various parts of his large diocese. In the capital itself he established schools, and arranged for frequent services. On Whitsunday, 1849, he baptised seventeen adult heathen converts in the cathedral, and later in the same year started with his wife on another visitation tour of 2,000 miles. They met with much kindness, and were frequently entertained by the Dutch farmers; but as Mrs. Gray knew no Dutch, she was unable to talk to her hosts, except when the Bishop was at hand to interpret, he having by this time fairly mastered that language. They travelled sometimes very rapidly, but Mrs. Gray bravely underwent fatigue, and her husband proudly records that in one day she rode on horse-

back sixty miles, in the course of which she crossed five deep and rapid rivers.

At Cape Town, Bishop Gray's attention was soon directed to the Malay inhabitants, who numbered about 7,000, and professed Mahommedanism. Their ancestors had been brought into the country by the Dutch, and they lived apart from the other inhabitants, occupying several streets, consisting chiefly of small square one-storied cottages with flat roofs. Clean, orderly, and well conducted, they formed a useful part of the community; the men were said to be exemplary husbands and good fathers; and, contrary to what might have been expected, very few of them were polygamists. Once a year, on the birthday of the Sultan of Turkey, the father of the faithful, whom they regard as the representative of their prophet, they were accustomed to decorate their houses with flowers and evergreens, and to throw festoons of flags across the streets, observing the day as a great religious festival. Dressed in their best clothes, the men wearing red fezzes, handsome neckerchiefs, blue jackets, and white trousers, and the women many-coloured dresses and bright jewellery, they crowded the mosques, specially decorated for the occasion with triumphal arches,

banners, and transparencies to be lighted as soon as darkness set in. Inside these mosques were more flags of every hue, texts from the Koran in Arabic characters, and flowers made of paper with great ingenuity and skill. Services were held all day long ;



CHAPEL OF BISHOP GRAY.

the evening service, in which special reference was made to Jesus of Nazareth, being followed by a very curious observance called the Kalifa. It commenced with singing or chanting in a low tone by one of the performers, and when this had been continued for a few minutes, others took it up until the whole of the performers, singing in tones of gradually increasing intensity, and accompanying themselves on tambourines,

created a noise absolutely deafening. Six of the troupe, armed with short daggers, with which they feigned to pierce their bodies, next danced to a singing accompaniment; and as soon as this was ended, several of the men stripped to the waist, and an old man thrust skewers of iron and steel into the lobes of their ears, leaving them dangling like earrings. Other and longer skewers were run into the sides of each of the performers, who thus transfixed went round the mosque to make a collection, and then the skewers were withdrawn, and the wounds dressed by one of the priests. This exhibition was followed by an apparent disembowelling of one of the younger men, so skilfully managed as to deceive the spectator, though no real injury was inflicted. The origin of these strange observances in connection with the Sultan's birthday seems unknown, but they still attract numerous visitors of all classes, Englishmen, Dutchmen, and others being freely admitted to the mosques on this occasion.

For these Malays Bishop Gray was most anxious to obtain the services of a competent missionary, and he made many inquiries amongst his friends in England for a man who would come out and devote himself to their welfare. The work was at last undertaken by Dr. Camillari, who made some progress, in spite of the many difficulties attendant upon any endeavour to wean followers of the Prophet from their ancient beliefs, and as early as 1849 three of his converts were baptised in the cathedral.

During the first visitation of his great diocese, the Bishop had been greatly interested in the Kaffirs, and as soon as he was able he founded an institution for their education and training, of which his son-in-law, Archdeacon Glover, became the first Warden. The institution was quickly filled, and many native clergy and schoolmasters, who have done good work in different parts of South Africa, have been educated there. Curiously enough, some of these natives showed a keen appreciation of English history, and in one of his letters to his son, then an undergraduate at Oxford, the Bishop says:—"Yesterday we had the annual examination of the Kaffirs; if you were as well crammed as they were with historical facts, you would be pretty safe. They were bristling with English history from the Romans down to George III., especially the Wars of the Roses and Marlborough's campaigns."

Another important development of religious work was a Missionary Association of Ladies for the diocese, established in 1868, on the Bishop's return from one of his numerous visits to England on Church business. He had laid his plans with great care, after consultation with the founders of sisterhoods at home; but he was anxious that his own association should be conducted on his own lines, and none of the eight ladies who accompanied him to the Cape had been previously members of any similar community. The voyage out was utilised, as far as possible, in singing lessons and learning Dutch on the part of the ladies, and by the Bishop, amongst other occupations, in drawing up regulations for the government of the sisterhood. Some of the ladies were a little opposed to any fixed rule, and there were, as was perhaps natural, some differences among them, but these were overcome by judicious management; and when they reached Cape Town they were at once



REFERENCE TO ELECTORAL DIVISIONS IN CAPE COLONY.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| WESTERN PROVINCE | 1 City of Cape Town | 19 Uitenhage |
| 2 Cape Division | 20 Port Elizabeth | 20 Port Elizabeth |
| 3 Stellenbosch | 21 Albany | 21 Albany |
| 4 Paarl | 22 City of Grahamstown | 22 City of Grahamstown |
| N ^W WEST PROVINCE | 23 Victoria East | 23 Victoria East |
| 5 Worcester | N ^E EASTS PROVINCE | 24 Fort Beaufort |
| 6 Malmesbury | 25 Somerset East | 25 Somerset East |
| 7 Frickberg | 26 Cradock | 26 Cradock |
| 8 Clanwilliam | 27 Albert | 27 Albert |
| 9 Namaqua Land | 28 Colesberg | 28 Colesberg |
| S ^W WEST PROVINCE | EASTERN PROVINCE | 29 Alival North |
| 10 Caledon | 30 Wodehouse | 30 Wodehouse |
| 11 Swellendam | 31 Queens Town | 31 Queens Town |
| 12 Riversdale | 32 King Williams Town | 32 King Williams Town |
| 13 Oudtshoorn | 33 East London | 33 East London |
| 14 George | GRICUALD WEST | 34 Kimberley |
| MIDLAND PROVINCE | 35 Barkly | 35 Barkly |
| 15 Beaufort West | | |
| 16 Graaff Reinet | | |
| 17 Victoria West | | |
| 18 Richmond | | |

The chief town of each Electoral Division is underlined.

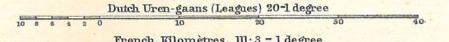
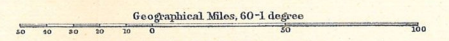
SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTHERN PORTION

BY T.B. JOHNSTON, GEOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:3,817,440-60-25 miles to an inch



Heights in English Feet

Railways —

installed in a small house the Bishop had hired for the purpose. Their work was not to be restricted to the English and Dutch population, but was to be extended to the heathen and Mahommedans, and to include the care of the poor and the sick, the young and the ignorant, and the recovery of their fallen sisters from a life of shame.

They were not bound by religious vows, and were free to quit the community, or to fulfil any claim of duty which to their own consciences appeared more binding, or they might leave at any time by permission of the Dean. Each associate was expected to contribute towards the maintenance of the house, if she possessed the means, and all were under the direction of a Superior, who was to act as an elder sister among her fellow-labourers, and to have charge of the household. A wise rule was laid down as to fasting. The fasts of the Church were to be observed, but the members might not fast beyond what the medical attendant approved; and, as ladies engaged in bodily work cannot fast without injury to health, fasting was not ordinarily allowed to those engaged in such work. Their motto was "Adoremus et laboremus," which united the two great objects of the community—the glory of God, and the service of man, the two parts of Mary and Martha.

Bishop Gray's work in South Africa was sadly hindered, and his usefulness was to some extent marred, by his long and unfortunate controversy with Bishop Colenso, who had been appointed to the see of Natal in 1853. With that unhappy quarrel we have no business; both the combatants have passed to their rest, and, we may hope, to their reward. Each, we may charitably think, believed he was fighting for the truth; and in one respect—a desire to serve the native races of South Africa—they aimed at the same end.

In his episcopate of twenty-four years, Bishop Gray never spared himself, nor abated his zeal for the Church of Christ. His private fortune was largely spent in missionary efforts, and in his frequent visits to England he was always begging, and begging successfully too, for men and money for his diocese. He died literally in harness, and was holding confirmations within less than three weeks of his death. On the day of his last visit to Cape Town, he handed over to the care of the Sisters two little boys, as the first candidates for a Little Boys' Home he had just established, and then he rode home to Claremont to die. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 1st of September, 1872, he gently passed away, and on the following Tuesday his body was laid in a grave next to that of his beloved wife, in the presence of a great crowd of men and women of all ranks and of many races; the Governor-General and his staff, the commodore of the fleet, the clergy, and ministers of several religious bodies, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic, Kaffirs, Malays, and negroes, crowding into the little churchyard to witness the funeral of one whom all recognised as a faithful soldier of the Cross.

Bishop Gray had found, almost as soon as he had settled at the Cape, that he would never be able to exercise proper and effective supervision of the vast territory committed to his charge. In 1853, six years after his appointment, separate bishoprics were founded for Natal and Grahamstown; Dr. J. W. Colenso being consecrated to the

former, and Dr. Armstrong to the latter diocese. In less than three years the first Bishop of Grahamstown passed away, but his brief episcopate was characterised by much activity, and by the foundation of four mission stations, named after the four Evangelists—St. Matthew's at Keiskamma, amongst the Fingoes; St. Mark's in Independent Kaffraria; St. Luke's in Umhalla's country; and St. John's in Sandili's land. The missionaries at the stations were active and earnest men, who set about their work with an energy that soon produced very gratifying results. A few weeks before his death, in his last letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Bishop Armstrong was able to report that many of the native chiefs

received him as an honoured guest, that the schools were filled with attentive children and adults, and that the missionaries were able to preach in the Kaffir tongue. His successor, Bishop Cotterill, took up the work, and in 1857 was called upon to face a time of trial caused by a curious outburst of fanaticism, to which the African temperament seems peculiarly liable.

A man calling himself Umklakazi announced that he was a prophet, and, assisted by a half-mad girl, who professed to be in communication with the spirits of the departed, preached a new and strange doctrine of the resurrection. People flocked in crowds to hear his pretended revelations, and submitted readily to his orders. He directed them to slay their cattle in sacrifice to the spirits of their forefathers, and to destroy their stores of corn, telling them at the same time that their cattle would rise again, their maize and millet be restored tenfold, and their



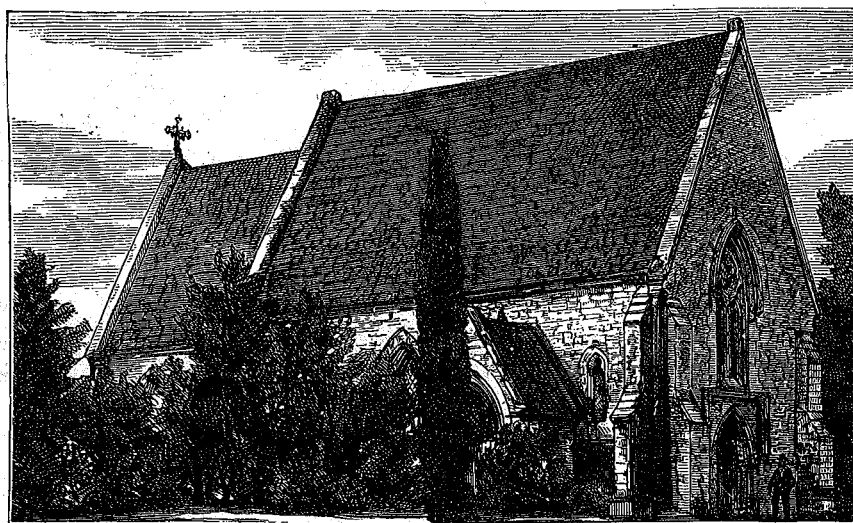
BISHOP COLENSO.

(From a photograph by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.)

ancient chiefs and heroes would come back to earth, and lead them on to conquer the English, and drive them into the sea. He even fixed the precise date of the fulfilment of his prophecy, and enjoined upon the Kaffirs to be every man in his own hut on the 18th of February, 1857, and to await, in darkness, the issue of events. On that day the cattle were to rise from the rivers, the white men would become snakes, and the Hottentots baboons, and then, in storm and earthquake, the dead would come to life. The day arrived, and the excitement was intense. It ended in disillusion, and the prophet disappeared, dying, according to one account, of starvation, and according to another of drowning. Many of his unhappy victims perished of hunger. Some migrated to distant parts, leaving the aged and infirm, the children and many of the women, to their fate. The missionaries placed their own stores of provisions at the service of these unhappy people, and as soon as

Sir George Grey, the Governor, heard of the disaster, he forwarded supplies. The famine was a trying ordeal, but the charity of the missionaries taught the people who were their real friends; and when, in course of time, some of the men returned to their kraals, they gratefully recognised the help that had been given to their wives and children.

The missions seemed now to take a fresh start, and some of them became flourishing communities, throwing out branches which were placed under the direction of other missionaries sent out from England, and assisted by native converts. In 1863, the native congregation at St. Matthew's contributed £37 to the Lancashire Cotton Famine Relief Fund, besides giving a liberal subscription to the Society under whose



BISHOP COLENZO'S CHURCH AT PIETERMARITZBURG.

auspices the station had been founded. In the same year Bishop Cotterill held his first synod, which was attended by thirty-two ordained clergymen and thirty lay members.

Many of the chiefs in the diocese of Grahamstown accepted the teaching of the missionaries. One of them, Sandili, sent his daughter, who received the name of Emma at her baptism, to the Bishop of Cape Town's Native Institution at Zonnebloem, and after remaining there seven years she returned to her native district as schoolmistress. The liberality of some of the converts was very marked, and from almost every station that had been established for any length of time, contributions were sent every year to London for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The list of these contributions reads a little strangely—one man gives a calf, value 10s.; another a goat, value 2s. 6d.; a third a turkey, value 10s.; while two women gave one plank, value 2s. 6d.

In 1868, the Grahamstown synod resolved that all members of the church above fifteen years of age should be asked to pay a poll-tax towards the Diocesan Fund. In the case

of the colonists, this tax was fixed at half a crown a head, but it was decided that the amount to be paid by the native Christians should be left to be fixed by the missionary at each station. At St. Matthew's, Mr. Greenstock brought the subject to the notice of his congregation, and explained to them the Mosaic rule that every Israelite should pay half a shekel, and that our Lord had worked a miracle to enable Himself and St. Peter to pay His own and His disciple's contribution. A long consultation followed; some were anxious to know the exact purpose to which the money was to be applied, others thought the very smallest sum would be more than the poorest could afford. At last one man asked what was the exact equivalent of a half-shekel, and on being told one shilling and threepence, it was agreed by the meeting to fix the payment at that sum, and eighty-five persons came forward with their money in the course of a few days.

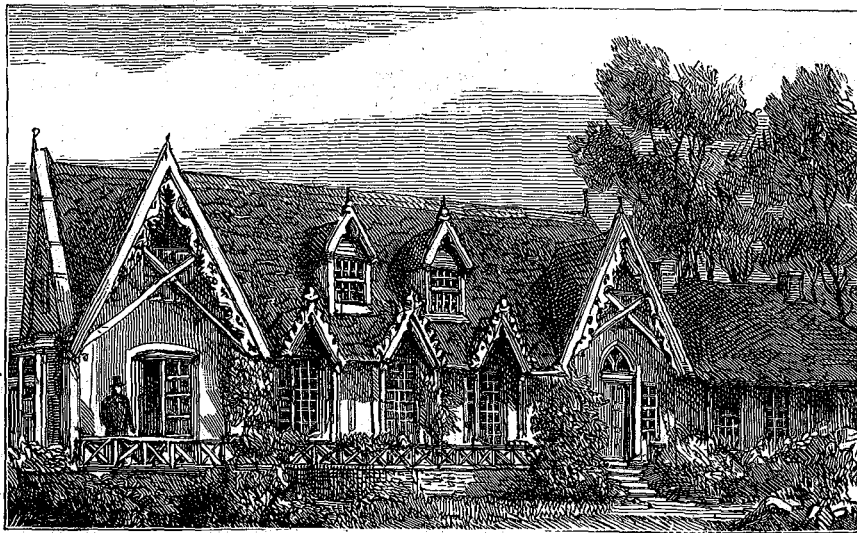
In 1871, Bishop Cotterill left Grahamstown to become Bishop of Edinburgh, in connection with the Scottish Episcopal Church, and Mr. Merriman was consecrated to the vacant diocese. Two years later the charge of the Transkei mission was committed to Dr. Callaway, who was consecrated Bishop of St. John's in St. Paul's church, Edinburgh, the Scottish Episcopal Church having undertaken the support and maintenance of the new bishop. Dr. Callaway, who had been educated for the medical profession, had obtained a lucrative practice in London, which he gave up to become an evangelist in South Africa, and at the time of his consecration had already been labouring amongst the Kaffirs for nearly twenty years as physician, farmer, printer, and priest, winning the hearts of the natives and making many converts. He was in much request on account of his medical skill, and was held in great esteem by his patients. Calling one day upon a chief named Umkqikela, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes, he recommended a lotion and a shade, which were productive of such good results, that the chief declared he was a most skilful doctor, and that his very touch was beneficial.

In 1879, Bishop Callaway founded at Umtatu, on the St. John's river, an institution for training native converts, and the ceremony of laying the corner-stone was attended by most of the neighbouring English settlers, who placed their offerings on the stone itself. Suddenly a troop of native horsemen appeared on the scene, and created much alarm. But they came on a peaceful errand; and at the outskirts of the little gathering all dismounted, when their leader, the chief Gangalizwe, a famous Tembu warrior, reverently approached the stone and deposited ten pounds. The others followed his example, and those who did not give money offered sheep and cattle.

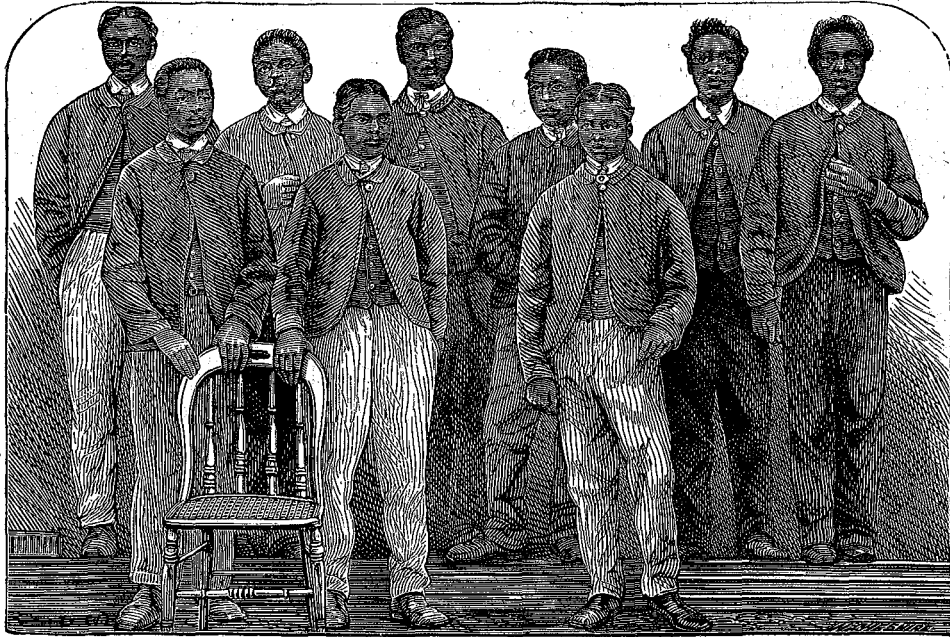
The good bishop's health failed in 1883, and he found it necessary to obtain the assistance of a coadjutor in the person of Mr. Key, who had been educated at the famous Missionary College, St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and for sixteen years had been in charge of a mission on the borders of Natal. In this situation he had been exposed to much peril, and on one occasion during his temporary absence the station was attacked and five native Christians were put to death. Many of the marauders soon bitterly repented their wickedness, and one of their chiefs is

reported to have reproached them for what they had done, adding that they might have murdered Key had he not fortunately been absent at the time.

Reference has already been made to the consecration of Dr. Colenso to the see of Natal. Whatever may be our opinion of the unhappy controversies excited by his teaching, his bitterest opponents are bound to admit that he was always the friend and champion of the Zulus. On his arrival in his diocese, he made it his first business to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Kaffir tongue, and he afterwards compiled, at the cost of much time and labour, a Zulu grammar and dictionary, which have been of immense service to the missionaries. Frequently he interposed with success between the Government and the natives, and often secured justice which might, without his help, have been denied them. The last of his many journeys to England was undertaken to plead the cause of the Zulu chief, Cetewayo, and he was enabled to return to Natal bearing a message of peace from the Colonial Secretary. He has now passed to his rest, and his name is still gratefully remembered by many of the natives of South Africa, who ever found him a true and faithful friend.



BISHOP COLENZO'S HOUSE AT PIETERMARITZBURG.



CHRISTIAN KAFFIR YOUTHS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONARIES.

Wesleyan Missions to South Africa—William Shaw—A Children's Christmas—Dutch Generosity—Scottish Missions—Epidemics and Infection—Curious Fears of the Natives—German Missions—Herr Scholtz—Paris Missions—Captain Allen Gardiner—Arrival in Natal—Work Among the Zulus—American Missions—Successors of Robert Moffat—Mackenzie's Journey to Linyali—A Ravenous Lion—A Sad Meeting—"Fallen in Harness"—Among the Bamangwatos—The Diamond Fields—The Canteen—Kaffir Protests against Ardent Spirits—Story of Heathen Northumbria—Hope for the Future.

NO account of the good fight of faith in South Africa could pretend to be complete which did not include the names and the deeds of the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries in Cape Colony and Natal. In 1820, a large number of Wesleyans emigrated in a body to the Cape, in order to settle in the district of Albany, to the north of Algoa Bay, and the Rev. William Shaw was sent out with them as chaplain, the British Government having agreed to allow any party of a hundred families to select their own minister. The emigrants reached Algoa Bay in the middle of May, and at once took possession of the territory assigned to them. They came out with great expectations of finding the promised land in their new home, but it turned out to be little better than a wilderness, and the earlier years of the settlement were troubled by unforeseen difficulties. By continuous labour, and the exercise of much patience, the settlers succeeded after a time in breaking up the soil for cultivation, and in building permanent and comfortable houses, their faithful pastor and his devoted wife being always ready with counsel and practical help to cheer them

in their arduous undertaking. They came to him for advice in every emergency, and found him helpful both as regards the affairs of the present life and the life to come.

In the course of three or four years the settlement was fairly established, and another minister having arrived to take his place as chaplain, William Shaw was able to carry out his long cherished wish of devoting himself to missionary work among the Kaffirs. His aim was to establish a chain of mission stations along the coast of South Eastern Africa, as far as the then remote and unsettled district of Port Natal; and under his superintendence this noble idea was carried out. In



CHRISTIAN KAFFIR GIRLS.

November, 1823, setting out in an ox waggon, he, after some negotiation with the Kaffir chief Gaika, established a station on his territory not far from the sea and the Kieskamma river, and called the place Wesleyville, in honour of the founder of Methodism. In less than two years another advance was made; a second station was founded by Mr. Kay and named Mount Coke, after Dr. Thomas Coke, the friend and colleague of John Wesley, and the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Coke well deserved to be thus commemorated, for he had crossed the Atlantic nine times as a missionary, and had finished his long and active course in Ceylon, contending earnestly to the last for the faith. Other stations were soon occupied, and the practice begun at Wesleyville and Mount Coke, was continued at Butterworth, Morley, Clarkebury, and Buntingville, which all recall the names of men famous in the history of Methodism. Some of these places have been destroyed in the Kaffir wars, and Clarkebury has furnished two soldiers to the noble army of martyrs—Rawlins, killed by the Fitcani; and Thomas, murdered by the assegais of some Kaffirs who

were attempting to steal cattle. But undaunted by calamities like these, as soon as the wars had ended the stations were restored, and the good work again commenced.

Few missionaries in South Africa have been so often exposed to the perils of war as the Wesleyans in Kaffirland, and wonderful have been their escape. Again and again have the Kaffirs taken up arms, not always without provocation, against British rule, and have frequently inflicted heavy losses upon our troops. They know how to fight, and have proved themselves brave and determined on the field of battle, dangerous in attack, and desperate in defeat. Yet these bold warriors have often submitted themselves readily to the soldiers of the Cross, and many of the Wesleyan stations in Kaffirland have witnessed scenes astonishing to men who doubt the power and influence of the Gospel. At Morley, Mr. Palmer obtained a remarkable influence over a chief named Faku, whose followers numbered more than a thousand warriors. The chief, though retaining his old superstitions, never allowed any of his tribe to touch the property, or the persons of any of the converts at the station. He lived beyond the Umtatu river, and once, having lost some of his cattle, he determined to make reprisals upon the tribe that had carried them off. Calling together his men, he started on his avenging expedition. The road lay through Morley, and fearing the missionary and the people would be alarmed, he halted as soon as he had passed the river, while a messenger was sent forward with an assurance that Mr. Palmer need not be frightened, as nobody at the station would be injured, and nothing would be touched. These promises were faithfully observed, and the whole army marched through the place without touching man, woman, or child, or carrying off any property belonging to the inhabitants.

It was at Morley, during the out-door celebration of Christmas Day by a party of two hundred children of the schools, who in spite of the hot weather, thoroughly enjoyed a feast of roast beef and plum pudding, that some Dutchmen made a remarkable admission as to the beneficent work carried on by the missionaries. They were seeking some horses that had been stolen, or had strayed, and rode up as the children were singing. At the sound of the fresh young voices, the party halted as if by instinct, and listened with attention to the hymn. When it ended they told Mr. Palmer of the pleasure it gave them to see such a sight, and to hear such singing, and then and there they offered to subscribe to the mission funds, and undertook to persuade their friends to do likewise.

A recent traveller has described a Sunday spent at one of these Methodist missionary stations. Soon after daybreak, he saw the natives wending their way from all the neighbouring kraals towards the chapel which was soon crowded. Loud was the singing of the hymns, hearty "Amens" were ejaculated during the prayer as some special petition went home to the hearts of the hearers, and at the end of the prayer there was a unanimous response. The sermon was listened to with great attention, and when the service was concluded the congregation quietly dispersed, some returning to their homes, and others remaining for a second and later meeting. Those who had been unable to find room inside the chapel had worshipped in the open air, the preacher standing on the box of an ox waggon, and the people sitting on the ground.

A few years ago, when the late Rev. G. T. Perks, one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, was on a visit to Natal and Kaffirland, he was welcomed by hundreds of Christian Kaffirs; heard thousands of children singing their native hymns, and dedicated for public worship some recently erected chapels. And all this amongst a people who, a few years before, had no notion of religion, and scarcely any idea of a First Cause; who believed in witchcraft, and were cruel, merciless destroyers of their fellow-men. There are persons still bold enough to tell us that the Kaffirs cannot be civilised, and English travellers through their country have not been ashamed to speak of them as dogs, and to treat them with less consideration than they would extend to the brute creation. The Wesleyan missions are, however, a convincing proof that the Kaffir is not too wild or too degraded to become a faithful follower of Jesus Christ.

Nor has success amongst the Kaffirs been confined to the Wesleyan missionaries, or to the missions connected with the Church of England. As long ago as 1821, the Glasgow Missionary Society sent out Messrs. Thomson and Bennie to begin work in Kaffirland, and these pioneers have been followed by other like-minded men. They too have had sad experiences of the horrors of war, and have been often compelled to quit their stations, sometimes barely escaping with their lives. On one occasion a missionary was obliged to fly before an invading host, and only carried off the clothes on his back and his Bible, leaving behind him property in buildings and goods which could not be replaced for less than £700. The Disruption in the Scottish Church in 1843 had for a time a disastrous effect upon the Glasgow Missionary Society, which was dissolved, but the work in Kaffirland was subsequently taken up and is still continued by the Free Church of Scotland, and now includes several flourishing stations. The early experiences of the Scotch missionaries differed little from those of other teachers and preachers in Kaffirland, and they have only begun to reap a harvest after a long and trying series of years, that gave no promise of ultimate success.

The Scotch missionaries seem to have experienced peculiar trials. It was rumoured that the Colonial Government controlled the stations, and would use them for the purpose of murdering the natives, and taking possession of the country. At Pirie there was an epidemic of measles, and a story was circulated that they were brought in a red pocket-handkerchief by a missionary from Keiskamma, who had killed many people there, and was anxious that Mr. Ross, his brother missionary, should do likewise at Pirie. It was said that all the chapel seats had been smeared with infectious matter, and to such an extent did these fables obtain credence, that for some weeks there was no communication between the missionary and the other inhabitants of the place. A few years later another epidemic broke out in different parts of the country. This time it was small-pox, and the chief tried to establish a cordon round the infected places. Mr. Ross, though not actually living in one of these, was stopped as he was journeying to Lovedale to obtain lymph in order to vaccinate persons willing to submit to that operation, and he barely escaped with his

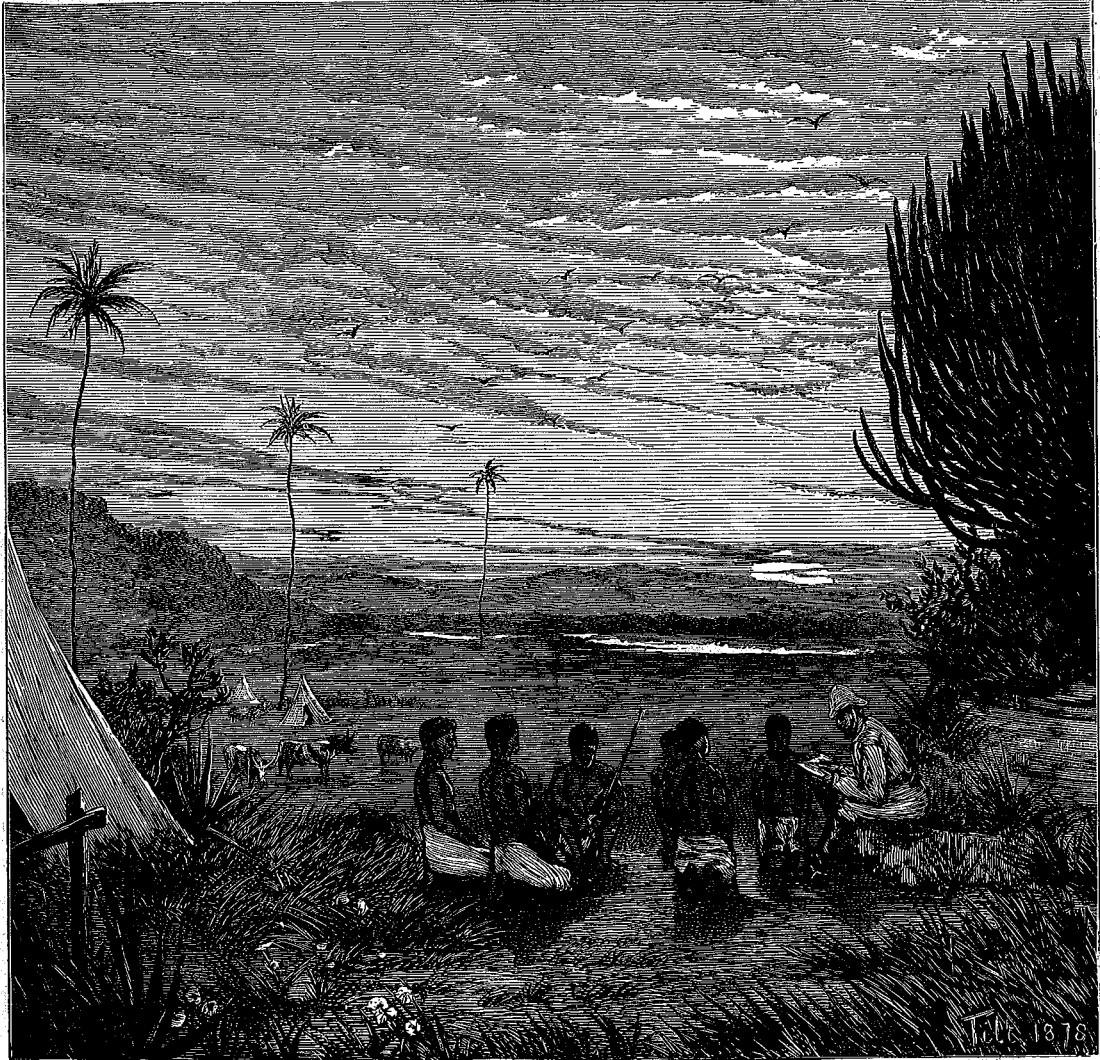
life. Having obtained what he required, he was successful in persuading a number of the people to be vaccinated, and thus saved many lives; but it was still asserted by the natives that the small-pox had been malevolently spread by the missionaries and white men.

Before Pastor Harms undertook the great enterprise associated with his name, the Berlin Missionary Society had already sent out several missionaries to the Cape, and they had established themselves in Kaffirland, Natal, and the Bechuana country, working with determination and energy, and in time seeing some gratifying results. One of these pious Germans, Herr Scholtz, obtained the crown of martyrdom just as he was about to begin labouring among the Kaffirs. The party with which he was travelling had entered the native territory and outspanned for the night, the servants lying on the ground round the watch-fire, and the missionaries sleeping in the waggon. At one o'clock they were awakened by the loud barking of dogs, and supposed that some wild animals were prowling round the camp. Rushing into the darkness to discover the cause of the disturbance, a servant was stabbed by a Kaffir, and Scholtz, who was looking out through the curtain of the waggon received a wound in the stomach. He speedily withdrew the weapon, and did not suppose the injury serious. Help was soon obtained, but the unfortunate missionary quickly grew so much worse that he could not be removed, and after enduring terrible sufferings for some hours, was at length released by death. The body of the servant was found in the bush on the following day, and the missionary and the native servant were buried in one grave.

The Paris Society for Evangelical Missions has also entered upon missionary enterprise in South Africa, partly to minister to the needs of the descendants of the French refugees who emigrated to the Cape two hundred years ago, on the revocation by Louis XIV. of the edict of Nantes, but also to preach the Gospel to the heathen. Their work has been chiefly among the Bechuana tribe, and we have already met with one of them in the person of Fredoux, the son-in-law of Robert Moffat. They have founded several stations, to which they have often given Biblical names, and an examination of the map will disclose a Beersheba, a Carmel, a Hebron, and a Bethesda and another name which one would hardly think could have been chosen by a Frenchman—Wellington.

Captain Allen Gardiner is usually associated with missionary enterprise in South America, where he died in 1851, the last of the heroic band who attempted to introduce Christianity into Tierra del Fuego; but it can never be forgotten that some of the best years of his noble life were devoted to the service of God and the welfare of man in South Africa. Gardiner was the son of a country gentleman in Berkshire, and even as a child showed a strong predilection for a life of adventure, to which he was impelled by reading the travels of Mungo Park. He entered the Royal Navy at the age of sixteen, during the long war between this country and the great Napoleon, and in 1814, whilst serving on board the *Essex*, distinguished

himself so highly in the capture of the United States vessel *Phoebe*, that he was sent home as lieutenant in charge of the prize. Four years later, as he was on the point of sailing for the East Indies, a lady who had attended his mother on her death-



MISSIONARY MEETING IN KAFFIRLAND.

bed, lent him an account of her last days, and allowed him to make a copy. It recalled to his mind her early but long-forgotten teaching, and he determined before he left Portsmouth to purchase a Bible. Yet he was so unwilling to be seen doing this, that he loitered outside the bookseller's shop until it was empty of customers before he ventured to enter. At Penang he received a warm and wise letter from his friend, and this letter, coming to him as it did in the midst of his perusal of the story of the death of his mother, and his study of God's Word, produced a complete

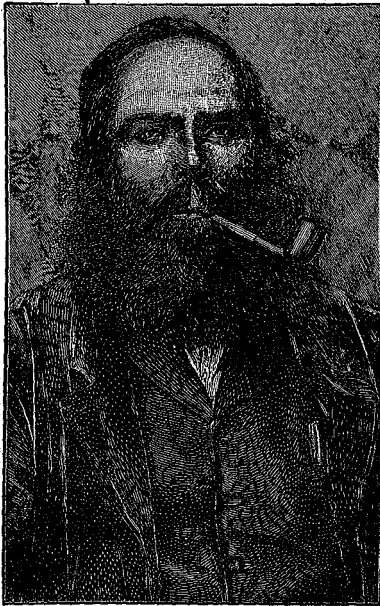
change in his life, and resulted in his becoming a sincere Christian. In the course of the voyage he visited South America, where he was much interested in the natives, and sailing afterwards to Tahiti, he was greatly impressed with the successful results of missions in that island. He returned to England temporarily invalided, and as soon as he was in a better state of health offered his services to the directors of the London Missionary Society. They, however, were unable to accept his offer, and shortly afterwards being appointed to another ship, he was once more afloat, but in consequence of his wife's delicate health, was obliged in a few years to retire, and to settle in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Gardiner's illness proved fatal, and beside her coffin his old longing for missionary work returned. He solemnly dedicated himself to the conversion of the heathen, broke up his home, and abandoned all prospect of further advancement in his profession.

His natural love of adventure, and his earnest desire to become a pioneer, determined him to go to South Africa. Some of his friends counselled him to seek ordination and to become a regular missionary, but he felt that he would do better as a layman, and, unencumbered with the status and dignity of a clergyman, would be more useful in preparing the way for those who might follow. He was not the first instance of an English sailor leaving his ship to become a preacher of the Gospel, but unlike John Newton, who took orders, Allen Gardiner had no formal commission. Called to work for his Master by an inward vocation more powerful than any authority conferred by ecclesiastical laying on of hands, he left Spithead in August, 1834, and reached the Cape in the following November. On the voyage he made the acquaintance of a Polish gentleman, named Berken, who was going out as a settler in the colony, and the two became such fast friends, that on their arrival in South Africa, Berken gave up for a while his original intention, and agreed to accompany Captain Gardiner to Natal. They travelled overland, and met with many difficulties on their journey. At one time they lost all their cattle, and were hindered for days in recovering them. They were nearly drowned in crossing one river, and on the banks of another were in peril from the hippopotami, who resented an intrusion upon their accustomed haunts. For these trials they had some compensation in the hearty welcome they received at the flourishing Moravian settlement at Gnadenthal, and at several stations of the Wesleyan missionaries. They also visited Bethelsdorp, where, however, they were not favourably impressed with the place or the people. At last they reached Port Natal, which had been recently founded and called Durban in honour of the governor of Cape Colony, though it is now generally known by its former name. Gardiner was soon in communication with Dingaan, a powerful chief of the Zulus, the brother and successor of the great Chaka, who, in fourteen years, had transformed that once peaceful people into a nation of warriors. It seems indeed strange that the Zulus, who have now for so many years been the boldest and fiercest of South African tribes, should, in the early years of the century, have been quietly cultivating their fields, and apparently content to lead a purely agricultural life. In 1814, Chaka began his career by inducing his immediate neighbours to join in a common league to defend their

homes from attack. Next he raised an army and carefully trained his men, until he felt himself powerful enough to fall upon and conquer the neighbouring peoples, with the result that in ten years his name had become a terror throughout South-Eastern Africa. Four years later he was assassinated at the instigation of Dingaan, and it is said that with his dying breath he prophesied the coming rule of the white men. Dingaan was favourably impressed by the frank, sailor-like manners of Captain Gardiner, and allowed him to preach to the people, who listened attentively as he explained the power and wisdom of God, the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the dead, but only laughed when he told them that every man was full of sin. During his residence among the Zulus, Gardiner was much interested in many of their customs and rites, which he thought resembled those of the Jews; and he took great pains in investigating the religious traditions, handed down from a period anterior to the rise of Chaka's military power. Their forefathers had certainly believed in one great overruling spirit, to whom they had given the name of Villenanga, or the First Appearer. He had created another great power, who had visited the earth for the twofold purpose of proclaiming the truth, and of separating the sexes and the colours of the human race. Circumcision had at one time been practised among the Zulus, and sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenanga. The first ripe corn was given to the chief, and he partook of it and blessed it before any of the people dared to touch it. Witchcraft, so common with the neighbouring Kaffirs, was punished by death, and it was usual for a younger brother to marry his deceased brother's widow. Other and darker observances had also prevailed; a new chief on his accession to power was washed in human blood, generally in the blood of his own brother, who was killed in order to secure a powerful and happy reign. Many, though not all, of these customs had been suppressed by Chaka, but the memory of them still lingered among the older men who described them to Captain Gardiner.

Dingaan on being asked to receive missionaries firmly refused, and Gardiner was unable to overcome his objections. But when he returned to England he persuaded the Church Missionary Society to undertake a mission to Zululand, and the field was also occupied by the American Missionary Society. Mr. Owen, an Englishman, and Mr. Grant, an American, were persuaded by the chief to settle in the country, and both underwent many dangers and much trouble. Dingaan listened to the preaching of the former, and often questioned him upon religious subjects, but in a captious, sceptical spirit. The doctrine of the resurrection was a great stumbling-block, and he frequently inquired why, if the dead were to rise again, they did not appear then and there before his eyes. The missionary's hut had been built by his orders on a hill near the kraal, that he might be able to see what was going on there, and one day he sent up some cloth with instructions that it was to be made into jackets. Mr. Owen instructed his servants to carry out these directions, and when the jackets were finished sent them to the chief, who then declared that some of the cloth had been kept back, and insisted upon making a search for it. Nothing was found; Dingaan was profuse in his apologies, and sent some cows as a present

to the missionary, but he was much disappointed that Mr. Owen did not, by way of showing his forgiveness, eat a whole cow in one day. This was only one of the many annoyances to which Mr. Owen was subjected. Dingaan soon found the missionary had no great liking for the war-dances, which were frequently exhibited at the kraal, and therefore always invited him to be present at these entertainments, and insisted upon the invitations being accepted. The chief sometimes attended Mr. Owen's preaching, and when he was tired of listening, would seek to distract the attention of the other members of the congregation by some childish expedient, and was not a little pleased when he succeeded in interrupting the service.



TRANSVAAL BOER.

At last circumstances compelled Mr. Owen to withdraw. Some Boers had come on a peaceful errand to Dingaan, to negotiate with him for the sale of land as a settlement; he entertained them with apparent hospitality, and then put them to death in cold blood. The missionary felt bound to remonstrate, and though he was told he had nothing to fear, he judged it best to leave Dingaan, who was afterwards deposed by the Boers of the Transvaal Republic as a punishment for his base treachery.

These untoward events also compelled the American missionaries to quit the country and to take refuge in British territory. Mr. Aldin Grant, the senior missionary, a man of indomitable energy, subsequently returned to the work, and reopened the schools, which were largely attended. For a time he was permitted by Panda, the successor of Dingaan, to carry on the mission, but after a while the chief, pretending that the station was a rendezvous for those who wished to avoid military service, burnt several of the adjacent kraals. Mr. Grant once more returned to Natal, but in the following year Dr. Schreuder, the Norwegian, was permitted by Panda to teach, on condition that he would cure his Majesty's gout and keep him in health, and subsequently other Norwegians were allowed to settle in the country, and were protected by Panda and his successor, Cetewayo.

Before taking final leave of South Africa, a few pages must be devoted to the successors of Robert Moffat in the Bechuana mission, the later history of which has been told by John Mackenzie in "Day-dawn in Dark Places," an interesting narrative of twenty-five years' wandering and work in Bechuanaland. Mackenzie arrived at Kuruman in 1858, where he was heartily welcomed by Moffat, at a time of much anxiety as to a threatened occupation of the place by the Boers, which was, however, prevented by a strong remonstrance addressed to the President of the Transvaal Republic by Sir George Grey. For some months, in the absence of



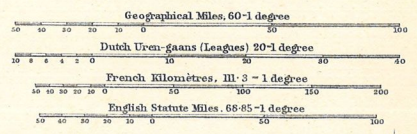
SOUTH AFRICA

NORTHERN PORTION

BY T.B. JOHNSTON, GEOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN

SCALES

Natural Scale 1:3,817,440-60-25 miles to an inch



Heights in English Feet

For names of Missionary Societies working at places underlined on the Map, see separate List.

Moffat, who had started on one of his long journeys to the Matabele, Mackenzie was left in sole charge of the station, and applied himself diligently to learn the Sechuana language with the assistance of a native teacher, and of Moffat's translation of the Bible. He also read medical works, and was called upon to exercise his surgical skill upon several patients, and even to advise upon cases reported to him by messengers from sick men at a distance. One of these patients had been attacked by a leopard, and was so seriously wounded, that the man who came to Kuruman to consult Mackenzie did not think he could recover. Mackenzie could not go to see the case, but sent materials for a poultice and a tonic, and from time to time heard of the patient's progress from the faithful messenger, who came for fresh medicine as it was wanted. At length the visits ceased, and one day, when the missionary was wondering as to the cause, a man walked into the mission house and introduced himself as the patient. He sat down, and told the whole story of the wound and the cure. "My mouth is not exactly where it used to be, but the wound is quite whole. Everybody said I should die, but your herbs have cured me. You are now my white man. Please give me a knife." Mackenzie expected some expression of gratitude, and hinted as much to his visitor, who seemed astonished he did not accept the request for a present as a token of thankfulness. The man thought that as he had now a white man of his own he could always beg of him.



BOER WOMAN.

In 1860, Mackenzie started on a long journey northward, accompanied by his wife, and escorted by about a dozen natives of different tribes, one of whom, Mebalwe, had been for some time with Livingstone, and had taken part in the doctor's encounter with the lion at Mabotsa. Moffat was still absent from the station, but Mrs. Moffat attended the travellers as far as Klein Chwai, and then returned to Kuruman. Three gentlemen bound for the Zambesi on a hunting expedition joined the missionary, and for a time they all travelled together as much as circumstances would allow, Mackenzie having discovered that one of the hunters was a fellow-native of the same district in Scotland. Before they had proceeded very far, one of the waggons broke down, happily at no great distance from Kamj, the chief town of the Bangwaketse, where it was repaired, though only after considerable delay, during which Mackenzie was able to preach to the people, who seemed very willing to hear, but wanted to know why he was going to distant tribes, while they were passed by. He confessed himself unable to give a satisfactory reply to this question, and Christian missions have since been established amongst the Bangwaketse with much success. At Kamj a native teacher attached to the tribe under the chief Montsieve, came to the waggons to ask Mr. Mackenzie to visit his congregation, and administer

the rite of baptism, and the request was gladly complied with. Thus the accident to the waggon was not without compensating advantages, and enabled the travellers to prepare the way for future work, and to encourage and assist a small congregation of Christians who were at the time entirely dependent upon a native teacher.

At last the waggon was mended and the journey resumed. Without further accident they reached Liteyana, the residence of Sechéle, the friend of Moffat, Livingstone, and the Hermannsburg missionaries, where they received from the chief a hearty welcome. He offered his visitors an ox for food, and often amused them by his eccentric dress, appearing one day in a suit made in European fashion out of a tiger-skin, and on another, when it was very hot, in an immense macintosh and huge boots. He introduced them to the Hanoverian missionaries who had built him a house, which he kept in excellent order—a wonderful contrast to the houses or huts of other chiefs.

The travellers did not stay long at Liteyana, but pressed forward to Shoshong, where they met Moffat returning from Moselikatse with a message of peace to Sekhomi, the chief of the district. The meeting between the two missionaries was welcome to both, but the interview was brief, for Moffat had to resume the journey to Kuruman while Mackenzie pursued his way northwards through a dry and barren country, in which he encountered many difficulties, and some strange adventures. One day he had a narrow escape from death in a Makalala trap for wild beasts. This was made of a piece of wood, with a large assegai pointed towards the ground, so suspended as to kill any animal passing under it. Not looking very carefully where he was walking, the missionary did not perceive his danger until he was almost immediately under the trap. A remonstrance with the chief, by whose directions it had been put up, elicited the excuse that the people were without food, and it was not to be supposed Mackenzie would have walked in that direction.

Again a waggon broke down, and there being no place near at which it could be mended, the missionary had to turn wheelwright, and compared himself to a shoemaker called upon to make a set of false teeth. With very unsuitable tools he contrived to patch up one of the wheels, and after a delay of some hours the waggon was once more capable of locomotion. The other waggons had been sent on, and it was dark before Mackenzie came up to the encampment. Scarcely had he arrived when a terrible cry of an animal in pain was heard in the direction in which the horses and cattle were grazing. They were at once brought in and secured, and it was discovered that one of the horses was missing. It was too dark to do anything that night, but early next morning all the men went out to make search, and not more than a hundred yards from the encampment, they saw a lion raise his head from the inside of the horse. One man immediately fired his gun, and the lion made off apparently uninjured. Mackenzie also fired, but the bullet only threw up a cloud of dust, and the beast escaped. A bushman who came up shortly afterwards said that he had seen the lion's track on the road for miles, so it was evident the beast had been following the belated waggon for some time during the previous evening, and had fallen upon the victim almost directly

after he had been turned out to feed. The owner of the horse, a Hottentot named Hendrik, now threatened to return to Kuruman unless he was compensated for the loss, and, on Mackenzie declining to pay, turned sulky and tried to induce the other drivers to strike. A little firmness and patience was, however, sufficient to tide over the difficulty, and the next day good humour was restored.

In another part of the long journey the travellers were sadly harassed by insufficiency of water, which could only be obtained in small quantities after digging for some hours, and even then it was found in the morning that wild animals had drunk what had been collected during the night. Fires lighted and kept burning were not effectual in deterring the marauders, and a stuffed figure intended to represent a man did not deceive the thirsty creatures. A strict watch was therefore kept until they approached the water, and then some were shot, and the rest found safety in flight.

As Mackenzie approached the Makololo country, where Messrs. Price and Helmore with their families had recently gone to establish a mission, he heard a rumour that the party of teachers had all died, except one man and two children. The same story was subsequently repeated, but was not much credited, partly because Mackenzie thought some of the people wished to prevent his own advance, and also because the details were not always identical. Still he could not help feeling that a sad catastrophe might have happened, and this feeling increased when one of the natives, who repeated the tale, and was somewhat severely cross-examined upon it, urged him to go on to Linyanti and see for himself. As he was passing along the banks of the river Zouga, he received a message from the chief Lechulatebe, inviting him to cross the river in boats sent for the purpose, and the messenger added that a white man who was sick and tired was waiting in one of the boats. Mackenzie did not at once accept the chief's invitation, preferring to continue his course until he reached the spot previously fixed upon as the halting-place for the night. There he found the white man, who was none other than Mr. Price, waiting as the messenger had said. "Can all this I hear be true?" was Mackenzie's first question, and even before he received the reply, "All is true," he understood by a look that the rumours were only too well founded.

It was some time before Price could tell the details of the terrible tragedy, in which his own wife and child, Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and two of their children, as well as several native Christians, had perished of African fever, induced by a wearisome journey, improper food, and an unwholesome climate. After travelling for seven months from Kuruman, the missionaries had reached Linyanti in February, 1860, and in less than a fortnight the whole party, except Mr. and Mrs. Price and one servant, were taken ill. The first victim was one of the tallest and strongest of the Bechuana drivers. Four days later, as Mr. Price, who was nurse, doctor, and cook, went out into the hut where the Helmore children were lying, he found little Henry cold and dead. His father was conscious, and on being told of his child's death asked that it might not be communicated to his wife. Two days later Mr. Price's infant daughter died, and again in two days Selina Helmore passed

away, to be followed on the morrow by Mrs. Helmore, who had been unconscious for some days, and did not know that two of her little ones had preceded her to the grave.

For a time the hand of death was stayed, and the missionaries seriously discussed the question of trying to find a more suitable and healthier station, but before any decisive step could be taken Mr. Helmore had a relapse, and died in a few days. Mr. Price then resolved to leave the Makololo, but the chief, Sekeletu, objected, and laid claim to Mr. Helmore's property, while the people made

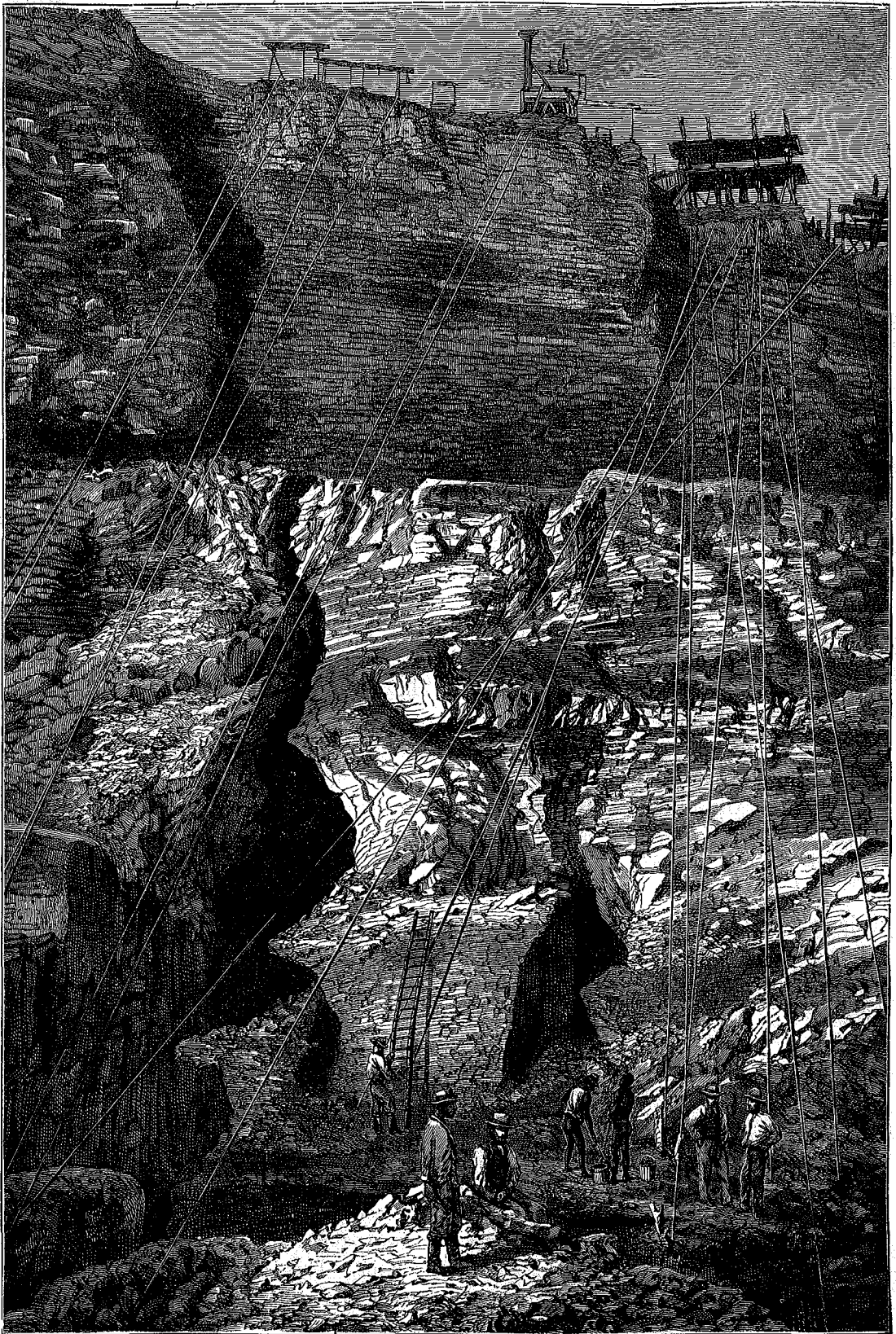
off with everything they could lay hands on—guns, ammunition, tents, and clothing belonging to Mr. Price being stolen, when he was too weak to protect his goods. It was with difficulty that he retained a sufficient amount of clothing for his own and his wife's personal use, but after many hindrances he was at last able to start for Kuruman, a distance of nearly a thousand miles. He had scarcely begun the journey when, waking early one morning, he found Mrs. Price breathing hard and quite insensible, and in a few hours she too had passed away, the last of the many victims of this unfortunate attempt to carry the Gospel to the Makololo.



GROUP OF KAFFIR CHRISTIANS.

This failure of the mission under Messrs. Price and Helmore, and the behaviour of the Makololo, compelled Mackenzie to change his plans, and he decided upon accompanying Mr. Price back to Kuruman, in order to await

instructions from England. Subsequently Mr. Mackenzie settled among the Bamangwato, though he made another long journey far into the interior to assist the mission in Matabeleland, leaving Mr. Price in charge at Shoshong. At first Mackenzie made small progress, but in time he felt he was getting hold of the people, who came to his services and schools in considerable numbers. He was able with their assistance to build a large chapel, and wishing to open it as far as possible in accordance with the native practices on occasions of rejoicing, he issued an invitation to the chief to come with his people to the new church on a given day to hear why it was built, and to partake of an ox. The invitation was generally accepted, and the people came in good time, dressed each according to his own taste, one wearing nothing but a sheet, another only a pair of trousers, though many were more completely arrayed in neater garments. The doors were thrown open and the building was criticised. Some thought it a capital place for drinking beer in, others that it would make a good sheepfold, and one man expressed the opinion that with a few warriors inside they could defy all their enemies. The older men were unwilling to enter, and



A DIAMOND MINE AT KIMBERLEY, GRIQUALAND WEST.

when at last they were persuaded to come in, it was noticed that they carried knives or daggers under their clothes. On being asked why they were thus armed, they replied that they feared the Christians intended to revenge themselves for all the ill-treatment they had formerly received. Mackenzie in a brief address was able to dissipate these fears, and then after prayer had been offered, the feast commenced, and was duly appreciated by the guests.

From that day the mission prospered, and Mr. Mackenzie subsequently commenced a theological class for training native ministers, which was, in 1876, removed to Kuruman, and is still continued there by the now veteran missionary, Roger Price.

Recent years have witnessed the discovery and development of the mineral resources and Diamond Fields of South Africa. Places in the distant interior, a short time ago untrodden by the foot of man, have become populous mining centres, and the face of the country has been scored in every direction by diggers in search of precious stones, white men and natives rushing to the fields in search of wealth and excitement. A day at the diggings reveals strange contrasts—streets of canvas tents, some inhabited by men of gentlemanly bearing, and furnished, if not luxuriously, at least with comfort and decency, and close by miserable shanties, affording the barest shelter to the broken-down, the vicious, and the profligate. The diamonds are mostly found in the clayey grounds, which also contains crystals, pebbles, and quartz. Each miner has an allotment of ten feet square, and his first business is to remove the surface soil, and next to dig out the underlying clay, which is carried or carted away to the nearest water, the clay to be washed away and the residue to be placed on a wooden table or stand. Eager eyes and busy hands are then engaged in a thorough examination of the heap, and careful search is often rewarded by the finding of rough diamonds, easily distinguished from the other stones. The work begins early in the morning, and goes on all day, except on Saturdays, when a half-holiday is usually observed, and is devoted to tidying up the tents or to some form of recreation. Saturday night is too often given up to dissipation and drunkenness, and the canteens are crowded with men singing, shouting, and lounging about in all states of intoxication; Sunday is spent by many in the same manner, although efforts have recently been made to secure order and quiet on the day of rest.

Almost immediately upon the discovery of the Diamond Fields, the English Bishop of Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, despatched a clergyman to undertake the care of the spiritual welfare of the miners. The first religious service attracted large numbers of the better disposed, who heartily welcomed the provision made for their needs, and agreed to pay all the expenses of the mission. Then a regular minister was appointed, and now several missionaries are at work in the fields among the European settlers and the natives. One evident result of these efforts has been an improvement in the outward appearance of the diggers, and a more general regard for the decencies of ordinary life. The Diamond Fields will always attract too many ne'er-do-wells from other parts of the country, and the task of the

missionaries will be arduous. The greatest obstacle to their success seems to lie in the temptation afforded by the drinking booths and canteens, where men who have become the possessors of more than they need for their immediate wants will often dissipate in a few hours the results of many weeks' hard and continuous work.

It is not only at the Diamond Fields that the missionary has found his worst enemy in the canteen. Wherever there is a European settlement there is almost inevitably a drinking-shop, largely frequented by white men and natives. The Kaffirs spend considerable amounts in "Cape Smoke," which is not, as might be supposed, some kind of tobacco, but brandy, often of the most fiery and abominable sort. To obtain it a Kaffir will sell his cattle, his skins, and even his wife and children, if only he can find purchasers; and when he has ruined himself in health and has lost every scrap of property, he becomes the most debased and the vilest of human beings, the victim of want and disease, only to be relieved from his sufferings by a miserable death. Many of the chiefs have protested against the neglect of the Colonial Government to stop this infamous, unhealthy, and soul-destroying trade, and have asked the authorities, "Why have your people brought this temptation into our midst? If we want brandy, let us come to town for it. Don't bring it to our doors, and don't place it before our wives and children." Such appeals and such reproaches go a long way to explain why so many of the natives hate the white man, and why our missions are not more successful in winning converts to Christianity.

We must not, however, despair of the ultimate success of missions in South Africa, or despond as we read of difficulties and of temporary defeat. A great historian has told an interesting story connected with the introduction of Christianity among our own heathen ancestors in Northumbria, and that story has its lesson for the supporters and friends of missions to-day. "With the general religious indifference of their race, they had yielded to their thegns in nominally accepting the new belief as they had yielded to their king. But they retained their old superstitions side by side with the new worship; plagues or mishaps drove them back to a reliance on their heathen charms and amulets, and if trouble befel the Christian preachers who came settling among them, they took it as a proof of the wrath of the older gods. When some log rafts, which were floating down the Tyne for the construction of an abbey at its mouth, drifted, with the monks who were at work on them, out to sea, the rustic bystanders shouted, 'Let nobody pray for them; let nobody pity those men who have taken away from us our old worship; and how their newfangled customs are to be kept nobody knows.'"* The children of the men who were so hard-hearted and indifferent to the drowning of these teachers, threw away the old idols and exchanged the worship of Woden for the worship of Christ. And it is not too much to hope that even before this generation has passed away, Bushman and Hottentot, Kaffir and Zulu, Bechuana and Basuto, will reject their old superstitions and practices, and become part of the one flock under the one Shepherd and Bishop of the souls of all mankind.

* "The Making of England," by J. R. Green.

XXII.—MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

CHAPTER XL.

IN JERUSALEM AND ELSEWHERE.

A Strange Chapter in History—The Jews' Society—Letter from the Duke of Kent—Rev. Claudius Buchanan—A Noble Confessor—Palestine Place, London—A Christian Church on Mount Zion—Frederick William IV. of Prussia—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Bishop Alexander—Dr. Gobat—The Safid Mission—Story of Abraham Oezeret—Jews in Poland, Moldavia, Galicia, and South Russia—Fanaticism in Constantinople—Difficulties of Missions to the Jews.

IN his "History of the Jews," Dean Milman has the following striking passage: "The Jews," he says, "without reference to their religious belief, are among the most remarkable people in the annals of mankind. Sprung from one stock, they pass the infancy of their nation in a state of servitude in a foreign country, where, nevertheless, they increase so rapidly as to appear on a sudden the fierce and irresistible conquerors of their native valleys in Palestine. There they settle down under a form of government and code of laws totally unlike those of any other rude or civilised community. They sustain a long and doubtful conflict, sometimes enslaved, sometimes victorious, with the neighbouring tribes. At length, united under one monarchy, they gradually rise to the rank of a powerful, opulent, and commercial people. Subsequently, weakened by internal discord, they are overwhelmed by the vast monarchies which arose on the banks of the Euphrates, and are transplanted into a foreign region. They are partially restored, by the generosity or policy of the Eastern Sovereigns, to their native land. . . . Under Herod they rise to a second era of splendour as a dependent kingdom of Rome; finally, they make the last desperate resistance to the universal dominion of the Cæsars. Scattered from that period over the face of the earth—hated, scorned and oppressed, they subsist, a numerous and often a thriving people; and in all the changes of manners and opinions retain their ancient institutions, their national character, and their indelible hope of restoration to grandeur and happiness in their native land.

"The religious history of this people is no less singular. In the narrow slip of land inhabited by their tribes, the worship of one Almighty Creator of the Universe subsists, as in its only sanctuary. In every stage of society, under the pastoral tent of Abraham, and in the sumptuous temple of Solomon, the same creed maintains its inviolable simplicity. . . . Nor is this merely a sublime speculative tenet; it is the basis of their civil constitution, and of their national character. As there is but one Almighty God, so there is but one people under His especial protection—the descendants of Abraham. Hence their civil and religious history are inseparable.

"To the mere speculative inquirer, the study of the human race presents no phenomenon so singular as the character of this extraordinary people; to the Christian, no chapter in the history of mankind can be more instructive or important than that which contains the rise, progress, and downfall of his religious ancestors."

It is not surprising that when, in the early part of the present century, the

Christian Church awoke to a sense of her responsibility with regard to the spread of the great "commission" of the Master, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," she should also have remembered the letter of the mandate, "Beginning at Jerusalem."



JEWISH CHILDREN, JERUSALEM.

In 1809, a number of earnest men of all sections of the Christian Church met together to discuss how they might best promote the salvation of Israel, and after much prayer and conference, the "London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews" was formed.

On the 7th of April, 1813, H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the father of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, several Members of Parliament, and in the presence of some 20,000 spectators, laid the first stone of the Hebrew Episcopal Chapel and Schools in Palestine Place, Bethnal

Green, London. The occasion marked before the world the opening of a great Christian enterprise, which has since been largely expanded, and has been greatly honoured and blessed of God. The famous Wilberforce was present on that occasion, and the learned Lord Erskine was one of the speakers. After referring in his speech to the Jews as having preserved the foundation of our Scriptures, and their own prophets having foreseen the later sufferings of the Hebrews, he concluded in these words:—

“Let us remember that this is the greatest evidence attending the Christian religion; that its accomplishment is, after the life and death of our Saviour, the most durable of all prophecies; and that through it, it is in an especial manner we know that the Scriptures are of God; and having hitherto seen that the fabric of Christianity is supported by the evidence which the degradation of the Jew affords, shall we not endeavour to establish still further the proof of our own religion by bringing about, if such be the will of God, the conversion of the Jew.”

Such was the inauguration of the work of the Society, and henceforth it made steady progress. It was much indebted, from the first, to the aid of influential persons who took a prominent part in advocating its claims in public. The Duke of Kent, the Patron of the Society, was one of its warmest supporters, and a letter from him to Lord Dundas will be read with interest, as it sets forth his views on the subject:—

Kensington Palace, 4th May, 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,—As the return of the anniversary of the Duchess of York's birthday will render my attendance at Windsor on Friday, the 7th inst, unavoidable, and that being the day fixed for the meeting of the London Society, I shall thereby be precluded from the possibility of fulfilling the conditional promise I gave of presiding at it. I have to solicit the favour of your Lordship to fill the Chair on that occasion in my stead, and in doing so that you will further oblige me by taking an opportunity, in the course of the proceedings, of assuring the meeting that, although unavoidably prevented from personally attending it, my heart will be with them, as I am most sincerely and warmly interested in the success of the grand object they have in view, which I consider not only highly laudable, but, at the same time, most important; always, however, bearing in mind that every idea of proselytism must be excluded therefrom, the freest exercise of conscience upon all matters of religion being, in my own opinion, the only basis on which the plan can thrive. You Lordship will remember that I felt it incumbent upon me to express, in the strongest and most unequivocal terms, at the dinner of the 7th of April, that although holding, as I do, the Christian religion, agreeable to the manner in which it is professed and taught in the Established Church of this country, to be the purest guide to true happiness and morality, still I could not consider a right spirit of Christian benevolence as going beyond the extending our arms to receive into the bosom of our Church either the Jew or Mahometan who, from unbiassed conviction, becomes a convert to Christianity. It is therefore under the impression of these sentiments, conveying the exact principles acted upon by the London Society, that your Lordship will have the goodness to name me as their continual patron and supporter, and to offer my best wishes for the success of the meeting, which I trust a correct knowledge of its real object cannot fail to ensure. I remain, with sincere regard and esteem, my dear Lord,

The Right Hon. Lord Dundas.

Ever yours faithfully, EDWARD.

The third Annual Meeting of the Society was remarkable. It was announced that forty-four children were in attendance at the schools, and that forty-one children and sons of Abraham had received the rite of baptism. “Since the days of the Apostles,” said the Report, “when the Gospel was transferred to the Gentiles, there is no account on record of so many Jews on one day making a voluntary public profession of faith in the crucified Redeemer.”

It was at this Annual Meeting that the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, of Eastern fame,

made a speech in which he urged upon the Society the necessity of a Hebrew version of the New Testament Scriptures. That speech, resulting in action, had a marked and decided influence on the whole history of the Society, and initiated a work of incalculable value. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Buchanan said:—

“I was informed that many years ago one of the Jews translated the New Testament into Hebrew for the purpose of confuting it, and of repelling the arguments of his neighbours, the Syrian Christians. This manuscript fell into my hands, and is now in the library of the University of Cambridge. It is in his own handwriting; and will be of great use in preparing a version of the New Testament in the Hebrew language. It appears to be a faithful translation as far as it has been examined; but about the end, when he came to the Epistles of St. Paul, he seems to have lost his temper, being moved, perhaps, by the acute argument of the learned Benjamite, as he calls the Apostle; and he has written a note of execration on his memory. But, behold the providence of God! The translator became himself a convert to Christianity. His own work subdued his unbelief. In the Lion he found sweetness; and he lived and died in the faith of Christ. And now it is a common superstition among the vulgar in that place, that if any Jew shall write the whole of the New Testament with his own hand, he will become a Christian by the influence of the Evil Spirit.”

It was never an easy thing for a Jew to accept Christianity. He could not follow Christ without taking up his cross, and sometimes it was a heavy one, as Jacob Levi, a dweller in Constantinople, found. When the Rev. Mr. Hartley and Mr. Leevés, both of the London Jews Society, were resident in Constantinople, several Jews came to them professing their belief that Jesus was the Christ, and seeking baptism. For some time they attended Mr. Hartley's instruction, and all went well with them until the matter came to the knowledge of the Rabbis, when a bitter persecution was commenced. Jacob Levi was the first upon whom the wrath of his countrymen fell. He was seized, thrown into prison, and bastinadoed. During this trial he displayed, to use the words of Mr. Hartley, “the true spirit of a Christian martyr.” When he was being conveyed to the Casa Nigra, a prison of the Jews, wherein their mad people also are confined, and a place of which the converts had always expressed the greatest apprehension, a Rabbi, concerned in the transaction, exhorted him to declare himself “a good Jew,” and he would suffer nothing. “No,” he replied, “I am a Christian; the Messiah is come. If I were to be confined a thousand years in prison, still I would declare that Jesus is the Messiah.” Neither the bastinado itself, nor the barbarous threat that he should *eat* it three times a day, could move him in his steadfastness.

At the expiration of five months Jacob Levi was released from his first imprisonment, but it was not for long that he was to enjoy his freedom. The spirit of persecution waxed stronger, and it was determined to persevere in silencing this “babbler.” Sixteen times he was cast into prison, thrice at the Bagnio, or Turkish prison of the arsenal, and thirteen times for longer or shorter periods at the Casa Nigra. The longest and cruellest of these imprisonments was one of nine or ten months in the latter prison, where he was often chained by the neck to the wall, and two or three times a week

beaten with great brutality. When these coarse means of inducing him to recant, failed, the Rabbis came and reasoned with him out of the Old Testament Scriptures. But Jacob Levi held the key to the interpretations of those writings, and would answer them so adroitly from the New Testament, that they found it a wiser policy to mock than to argue with him.

At length there came a winter long remembered for its remarkable severity, and Jacob Levi lay in the prison, without fire or sufficient clothing, and with only food enough to keep body and soul together. It was in vain that he pleaded with the jailors to mitigate his sufferings and save him from death. Their only answer was that "death was well deserved by such a rebel against his religion."

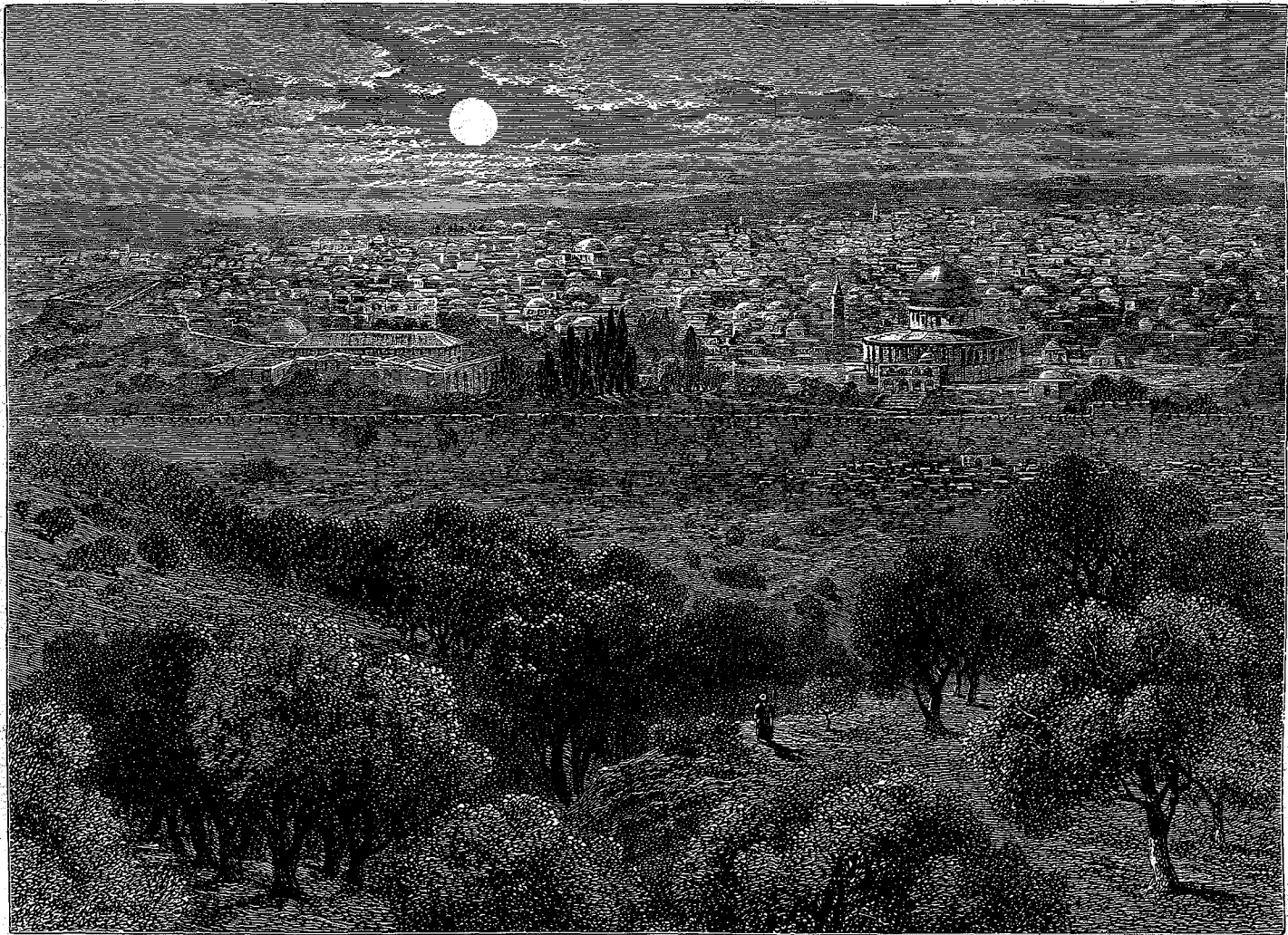
Then came the darkest hour in his life—his faith failed, and his enemies triumphed over him. "If they had put me to death at once," he afterwards said to Mr. Leeves, "I could have borne it; but I was overcome by my sufferings from the intense cold, and could not bear to perish thus by inches. So I at last determined to dissemble, and called the Rabbis and told them that I repented of my errors and wished to become a good Jew again, and thus I obtained my deliverance."

But deliverance was bought at a high price. All the peace and joy of life had gone, and Jacob Levi suffered in mind more than he had suffered in body. Like St. Peter when he denied his Lord, he "wept bitterly," but like him also he became afterwards bolder than ever in his Christian profession, while humbling himself before God on account of the failure that had marred his testimony.

Between the years 1834 and 1836 the liturgy of the Church of England was translated into Hebrew. Embodying and expressing, as it does, a pure spiritual worship needing neither picture nor image, nor other material adjunct; discarding superstition, and recognising that high and holy standard which the Master Himself enunciated—"the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth"—it was found to be of great importance not only in respect to the Jewish converts, but to the Jewish nation at large.

It was not long before its value was put to the test. In 1837, after the lapse of centuries, Christian worship, in the holy language of the Hebrew nation, was commenced in the little church at Palestine Place, in the east end of London, and in the following year a band of Hebrew Christians joined with Gentiles in worshipping the Redeemer of Israel, in the language and words of their forefathers, on Mount Zion in Jerusalem. Referring to these events, Lord Ashley (afterwards the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury), in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1839, remarked:—

"It is surely of vital importance to the cause of our religion that we should exhibit it in its pure and apostolic form to the children of Israel. We have already mentioned that they are returning in crowds to their ancient land; we must provide for the converts an orthodox and spiritual service, and set before the rest, whether residents or pilgrims, a worship as enjoined by our Saviour himself—'a worship in spirit and in truth'—its faith will then be spoken of through the whole world. A great benefit of this nature has resulted from the Hebrew services of the London



MODERN JERUSALEM.

Episcopal Chapel; it has not only afforded instruction and opportunity of worship to the converted Israelite, but has formed a point of attraction to foreign Jews on a visit to this country, and has been largely and eagerly commented on in many of the Hebrew periodicals published in Germany. In the purity of our worship, they confess our freedom from idolatry, and in the sound of the language of Moses and the prophets, they forget that we are Gentiles. But if this be so in London, what will it be in the Holy City? They will hear the Psalms of David, in the very words that fell from his inspired lips, once more chanted on the Holy Hill of Zion; they will see the whole book of the Law and the Prophets laid before them, and hear it read at the morning and evening oblation; they will admire the Church of England, with all its comprehensive fulness of doctrine, truth, and love, like a pious and humble daughter, doing filial homage to the Church first planted at Jerusalem, which is the mother of us all."

It was only natural that the thoughts of those who were interested in the cause of Israel should be directed at an early period to Israel's land and city as a field of labour. Accordingly, the Rev. Lewis Way initiated a "Palestine Fund for the erection and maintenance of chapels and schools, and for other missionary purposes, within the Holy Land;" and in 1823 the Palestine Mission commenced.

Very soon a storm arose. Papal Bulls were issued against the *Bible-men*; the Maronite Patriarch fulminated his anathema against the missionaries, and threatened to withhold absolution to any Maronite possessing, borrowing, or reading a Bible; and a firman of the Sultan at last prohibited the distribution of the Scriptures.

For a long time the history of the Palestine Mission was a blank, but after the political storm that passed over Syria in 1832, the work revived, and continued, until in 1840 there arose on Mount Zion, exactly opposite the Castle of David, near the Jaffa Gate, and on the very confines of the Jewish quarter, a Christian Church.

The year 1841 was memorable for an event which excited an intense enthusiasm among all sections of religious society throughout the country, and will always remain a subject of great interest, inasmuch as it "brought to a test the principles which determined the action of each of the several schools of thought in the country." That event was the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

By the Treaty of July 13, 1841, signed in London, "for the pacification of the Levant," Palestine was declared to be entirely and solely under the suzerainty of Turkey, and this circumstance directed the attention of Christians in Europe to their fellow-Christians in the Land of Promise, especially at Jerusalem. No one felt a keener interest in the situation than Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, the brother of the late German Emperor William I. From childhood he had cherished the idea of ameliorating the condition of Christians in the Holy Land, and the fact of public concern in the question having been aroused, so soon after his accession to the throne on the 7th June, 1840, seemed to him to be a "special providence." He determined, therefore, to take advantage of the terms of the Treaty, to procure for the Evangelical Churches, for all future time, the same legal recognition in Turkey which the Greek and Latin Churches had long previously enjoyed. His design was to endeavour to raise the position of Christians in the East, and otherwise to benefit

the Holy Land. This idea, he felt, was "capable of general extension, not merely as a Prussian, but as a German question; and again, not merely as a German, but a general Protestant question, when viewed in its connection with the entire Protestant Church."

To give effect to this idea, the king sent for one of his Privy Councillors, the Chevalier Bunsen, and requested him to proceed at once to England as a Special Envoy; to place himself in communication with the Church Missionary Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, through the intervention of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, "as the immediate heads of the several congregations of the Church of England in foreign parts;" and to ascertain—"In how far the English National Church, already in possession of a parsonage on Mount Zion, and having commenced there the building of a church, would be inclined to accord to the Evangelical Church of Prussia a sisterly position in the Holy Land."

It was a difficult and delicate mission. On the forefront of the negotiations the king had placed this wise proviso:—"That Protestant Christianity can entertain no hope of enjoying full and permanent recognition in the East, and especially in the Holy Land, or of reaping any blessed or lasting fruits from its labours or its diffusion, unless it exhibits itself to the utmost possible extent as a UNITED BODY in those countries. Above all, it should be remembered that, in that quarter, both the Government and the people have been accustomed in all ages to see those who acknowledge themselves to be co-religionists, appear and act together in spiritual affairs as one body, subject to uniform discipline and forms. This is the character in which Judaism—this is the character in which the corporations of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches exhibit themselves to the people of the East. If, therefore, by the side of these, Protestant Christendom were to come forward, and insist upon being recognised under all its separate denominations—the Episcopal-Anglican, Scotch Presbyterian, United Evangelical,* Lutheran, Reformed, Baptist, Wesleyan, Independent, and such like, the Turkish Government would undoubtedly hesitate to grant such a recognition; an act which comprehends the grant of the highest political privileges to the heads of all such recognised corporations."

Should these confidential negotiations be favourably received, the king was of opinion that the first step would be the institution by the Church of England of a Bishopric in Jerusalem, to include all Protestant Churches in the Holy Land within its pale, so far as they should be disposed to accept the inclusion, and to this end he was willing to contribute out of his own private purse the sum of £15,000. This was agreed to, and it was furthermore arranged that the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem should be nominated alternately by the Crowns of England and Prussia, the Archbishop of Canterbury having the absolute right of veto with respect to those nominated by the Prussian Crown.

All the negotiations were admirably managed by the Chevalier Bunsen (who was greatly assisted in his difficult task by the influential leader of the Evangelical party,

*The Church in Prussia is called "Die Evangelische Unirte Kirche."

the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury), and on the 19th of July, 1841, the Chevalier wrote in his diary:—

“This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston. The principle is admitted, and orders are to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October. He is by race an Israelite; born a Prussian in Breslau, in confession belonging to the Church of England; ripened (by hard work) in Ireland; twenty years professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King’s College) So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel.”

Michael Solomon Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, was born in the year 1799, in a small town of Prussian Poland, and was brought up from his infancy in the strictest principles of Talmudical Judaism. When he arrived in England at the age of twenty-one, he was ignorant of the language, and of Christianity he had no other idea than that which he had derived from the traditions of the Talmud, occasionally illustrated by a passing view of a Romish procession in honour of some saint in his native town, which he regarded as idolatry, to be abhorred by every faithful Israelite. As to the New Testament Scriptures, if he was not ignorant of their existence, he certainly was of their contents.

Soon after his arrival in this country, he obtained a tutorship in an Israelitish family, and while there an event occurred which, although extremely simple in itself, was to be the means of altering the whole tone and complexion of his life. One day when walking with a friend, his attention was attracted by a large handbill, notifying the annual meeting of a local association in aid of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. His curiosity was excited, and he was much surprised on inquiry to find that the Society hoped to convert the Jews by means of the New Testament. This led him to procure a copy, and he was told that “Every Jew should read it, for although it was an absurd book, it would tend to confirm him more strongly in his own religion, and in opposition to Christianity.”

He read it carefully, and the very first perusal of its sacred pages awakened an interest and a spirit of inquiry. Although he sought to resist the “fascination” of the book, his mind was disquieted, and he could not shake off its influence. While he was struggling against his convictions, an opportunity offered for him to settle at Plymouth as reader in the Jewish synagogue, and this he gladly accepted; not long afterwards he married, and these circumstances combined to strengthen him in his determination to abandon every thought of Christ and his religion. But the spirit of God still strove with him; again came all the alternations of doubt and fear; before him lay fidelity to conscience on the one hand, and worldly disgrace and ruin on the other. Meanwhile Christian hearts were yearning over him, and Christian love was drawing him nearer and nearer to Christ, until at length he could resist no longer, and, boldly facing the situation into which his convictions had brought him, he announced to his congregation his change of views, and that he had “fully and finally decided for Christ,” and was about to receive Christian baptism.

This was in 1825. In 1827 Mr. Alexander received ordination in the Church of England, and three years later entered upon important home missionary work among the Jews, lecturing and teaching in Palestine Place Chapel, and visiting the auxiliaries of the Society throughout the country.

On the 12th of November, 1841, Mr. Alexander was consecrated to his Episcopal office, and a few days later the first official act of the Jewish Church was performed when he preached at Palestine Place in Bethnal Green, and, to quote the words of Lord Shaftesbury—gave “the first Episcopal benediction that had fallen from Hebrew lips for seventeen hundred years;”—that is to say, the first since Jude, the last of the sons of Abraham mentioned by Eusebius, occupied the Episcopal See in the Holy City.

In 1846, Bishop Alexander died, a terrible blow to the friends of the enterprise he inaugurated. He was an altogether exceptional man, with gifts and graces peculiar to the office to which he had been called. His own zeal helped to keep alive the zeal of those who, full of hope for Israel, lived in anticipation that the hour for their restoration to their own land would speedily arrive. He was cut off in the midst of his labours, when engaged in his first Episcopal visitation of the darkened Kingdom of Egypt.

His successor, Dr. Gobat, of the Church Missionary Society, and a German by nationality, was selected, according to the terms of the arrangement made on the foundation of the Bishopric, by the King of Prussia. He retained his episcopate for thirty-three years.

We do not propose to tell in detail the history of the Jerusalem Bishopric. It has given rise to much controversy; many difficulties and dissensions occurred; it did not answer the expectations formed of it; Jerusalem showed no signs of being “a city at unity with itself,” and the saying of Newman, “I have never heard of any good or harm that Bishopric has ever done,” was bandied about, until at last it was endorsed even by many of those who at its establishment were most enthusiastic in its favour.

There can, however, be no two opinions as to the value of the Christian agencies in operation at Christ Church, Jerusalem. One of the best and most interesting descriptions we have come across of the present state of Jewish affairs in Jerusalem is given by the Rev. S. Schor, a Jewish convert and missionary, who was transferred to that station in October, 1886. He says:—

“The city has considerably altered since I last saw it, nearly ten years ago. In outward appearance it has greatly improved. The principal streets and roads are paved as well as any I have seen in London. Whole districts have sprung up in nearly all directions, and it is remarkable that perhaps two-thirds of the houses outside the city walls, if not a larger proportion, are tenanted by Jews. This deserves special mention, for I can remember when only about half a dozen Jewish families lived beyond the walls. All Jews then lived in the Jewish quarter, the dirtiest and most unhealthy quarter of the city. Jews are also taking a more prominent place in business than they did formerly. I was surprised to find one of the oldest and largest

places of business, which had been always kept by Germans, in the hands of a Jew; and in the same way many of the finest houses have changed hands, Jews becoming the possessors.

“And as their outward circumstances and social position have altered, they are also becoming more enlightened. The old days when the Rabbis could dare to put such a man as the late Sir Moses Montefiore under a ban of excommunication, are gone for ever, without a sigh of regret from any one except, perhaps, from those who lived on the ignorance of the masses. No parent is now called ‘Apostate’ or ‘Epicurean’ for teaching his sons other subjects than the Talmud, but, on the contrary, is encouraged to do so. I have heard Jewish boys speak English as fluently as boys taught in our own schools, besides French, Arabic, German, and Spanish. The *Alliance Israélite* has opened a large school for boys, besides night-schools for young men, and has actually sent out an Englishman (a Christian!) to teach Jewish boys some useful trades. This, perhaps, shows the great change that has taken place amongst Jews more than anything else.

“And again, I notice that the missionary aspect of things has changed considerably. There seems to be more life and activity in most departments of the mission than used to be the case. First and foremost, I noticed with intense pleasure many new faces amongst the regular worshippers in Christ Church, some of the converts of the last few years, who have settled in Jerusalem. When we remember that perhaps nine-tenths of our converts are obliged to leave Jerusalem in order to seek a livelihood elsewhere, it is clear that great progress has been made. I was also agreeably surprised at the crowded meetings for United Prayer held daily during the first week in January, when I remember the three rather poorly attended meetings held on a similar occasion ten years ago.

“Again, I find the schools overcrowded with children. The House of Industry is full, and so is the Enquirers’ Home. The behaviour of the young men is on the whole good, whilst some are very promising.

“Again, the behaviour of Jews towards missionaries has undergone a great change. They seem to have no fear of openly conversing with us, which is a great thing for Jerusalem. It is no doubt partly owing to the great influx of Jews from Europe, who have to a certain extent not placed themselves under the rule of the native Rabbis, and who receive no relief from the Chaluka. But, on the other hand, some of the Jerusalem Jews have changed, and will converse with us. I have already enjoyed numerous conversations with Jews, many of whom I have known for years, and who treated me with great kindness.”

Three years later, Mr. Schor, in one of his reports to the Society was able to say: “The more I come in contact with Jews here (Jerusalem), the more I marvel at their wonderful change of feeling towards the missionary. We are indeed reaping what our predecessors have done with great struggles and much earnest labour.”

One of the most marvellous stories of life and labours among the Jews is in connection with the Safed Mission. A gentleman—a Jewish convert, a native of

Jerusalem, and a Jewish missionary, whose parents were amongst the first-fruits of the Jerusalem mission, says in a letter to the present writer:—

“The time is not far distant when a missionary would have been killed had he ventured into the streets of Safed; now a missionary can actually reside there! But what makes it still more wonderful is the fact, that the Rev. Ben Zion Friedmān is himself a Safed Jew, and had also to be sent away secretly and disguised from Jerusalem to London, because his life was not considered safe. That he can actually live in Safed is a perfect wonder to me. When I heard that he had been appointed to that station, I felt inclined to protest against sacrificing a man’s life to almost certain death. I may mention, by the way, that a Jew who twenty years ago used to pride himself in being the most zealous persecutor of the missionaries, every time they passed Tiberias or Safed on their missionary journeys, is now a preacher of the Gospel himself (the Rev. W. Schapira, Mission Curate in St. Mark’s, Whitechapel).

A pathetic interest attaches to the first missionary stationed at Safed. Abraham Leo Oczeret was born in Tarnopol, Galicia, in 1854, and was educated first in the Rabbinical schools, where he studied Hebrew and the Talmud, and afterwards in the gymnasium in Lemberg, where he acquired Greek and Latin—all useful to him in his subsequent work. When he had finished his education he devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, and obtained an appointment in an office in Lemberg. While he was there, he fell in love with his cousin Cecilia, and at once began to think about the future. An opening presented itself to embark in business in Egypt; he went there for the purpose, and met an old friend who, considering that his mercantile experience was an equivalent to Oczeret’s capital, persuaded him to go into partnership. The friend, with all the available cash, made his way to Paris to buy goods, but he never returned, and Oczeret was left in Cairo helpless and penniless!

As the Jews in Jerusalem are famous for their benevolence, some Jewish friends advised him to go there, and supplied him with the necessary funds. Arrived at the gate of the city, the first man he met was an old Jewish convert, who opened up conversation, learned his sad story, and advised him to put himself in communication with the missionaries. Here for the first time he heard about the Saviour, His sympathy, and His sufferings. Oczeret’s heart was softened by the trials through which he had passed, and was receptive to the truth. Deeply impressed by what he had heard, he determined to attend the early Hebrew service in Christ Church. Here he was much struck with the simplicity of the service, so different from the superstitions of the corrupt churches. Again and again he attended, each time with fresh light breaking in upon his soul, until at last he asked that he might receive regular instruction, and this resulted in his conversion.

And now came another trial. He had corresponded regularly with the lady to whom he was engaged, but had not told her of the great spiritual change that had taken place in him. His first intention had been to do so, but fearing that his motives might be misconstrued, and that it was possible she might think he had been driven to this step by poverty, and would despise him for it, he resolved to

keep his own counsel. But his letters soon assumed a serious tone; he mentioned various passages of the Bible that had impressed him, and wrote on subjects that would cause even the most thoughtless to pause and reflect.

This continued for some time, but it was obvious it could not last for ever, and one day he received a letter from his betrothed, asking what these religious



DR. GOBAT.

letters meant, and requesting an explicit answer. The critical moment had come. It might result in the breaking-off of the engagement; but he could not shirk the question any longer, and therefore, relying upon God for strength in his great trial, he told her all, writing as plainly as he could the reason of his belief in Jesus, and his renunciation of Judaism.

For the next few weeks Oezeret suffered the most intense mental anguish. Until the answer came he did not know whether he, for conscience sake, had not robbed himself of a love that was dearer to him than all other human loves put together. At last the answer came, and receiving it with trembling hands, he rushed into his room to read it.

In order to explain the contents of that letter, it will be necessary for us to go

back to his home in Austria. Naturally enough, after his departure Cecilia was very lonely, and beguiled the weary hours by novel reading. But she soon exhausted her little stock of books, and happening to visit Lemberg, determined to visit the first bookseller's she could find. This happened to be the Bible depôt of the Jews' Society. Looking in at the window she caught sight of a New Testament in German, bought it, and took it home with her. It was not until she had begun to read it



JERUSALEM, FROM THE DAMASCUS GATE.

that she was aware it was a Christian book; and knowing that her parents would immediately take it away if they found it in her possession, she read it secretly in her own room, hiding it in her pocket when she heard any one approaching. One day when reading it, a young man, a relative, entered suddenly before she had time to hide the book. He asked her to show him what she was reading, pressing his request very persistently, and promising that he would keep it a secret. When she showed him the book, he assured her that she need not have feared to show it him, as he was equally guilty, and so saying he produced a New Testament from his pocket, and from that day they studied the sacred book together.

It was at this time that she noticed the altered religious tone of her lover's letters, in which many expressions were suspiciously tinged with thoughts she had found in her New Testament, and began to suspect that he too was reading the forbidden book. Not daring to divulge her own secret, she at length took the bold step of writing to ask what these altered letters meant.

Great was the joy of Oczeret on reading this strange story in the spiritual history of his betrothed. He had hoped and prayed that ultimately he might have been the means of bringing her to the Saviour, little thinking that God, who moves in such mysterious ways His wonders to perform, was leading her to Himself in His own way.

After two years' probation, Oczeret was baptised in Jerusalem; and then, his talents and zeal pointing him out as a useful future missionary, he was sent to be trained in the Hebrew Missionary College, at Palestine Place, in London. Some friends in London, who had heard the story of his engagement, provided a home for his future bride near to him, as her parents would not allow her to be a Christian and remain with them. Here she was baptised, her lover acting as godfather.

After completing the usual course of study, Oczeret was sent to Paris, and laboured very successfully among the Jews in that city. There, too, he was married, and soon after was selected by the Jews' Society for service in the East, and returned to the Holy City, his spiritual birthplace, with the intention of proceeding to Safed, near the sea of Galilee, to open the proposed new station.

He received his ordination at the hands of the lately martyred Bishop Hannington, and with dauntless courage proceeded, with his heroic wife, to the very hot-bed of Jewish superstition and fanaticism. Safed had long been thought not only a dangerous, but an impossible station for a missionary. When those from Jerusalem had visited the town, they never felt quite at ease in entering the place, and were always glad to quit it after a few days' stay. Many of them had to bear the brunt of an excited and easily excitable mob. Some had very narrow escapes, while others were roughly handled. One old Jew boasted of having on one occasion flung a stone at Bishop Barclay (when a missionary of the Society), with such violence as made him stagger for a while, and at last fall to the ground.

For eighteen months Mr. Oczeret and his wife resided in Safed unmolested, and testified boldly to the 15,000 Jews, amongst whom their lot was cast. The Medical Mission was a powerful auxiliary to the work. One who knew the whole of the operations, wrote:—

“It is really marvellous to witness scores of Safed Jews and Jewesses flocking to the Mission-house long before the appointed time, to see the physician, and here, for the space of two or three hours, beguiling their time with reading the New Testament and Christian tracts. At last the physician makes his appearance; the missionary rises, and amidst a silence which is not observed in Jewish synagogues even on the most solemn occasion, reads a chapter from the Hebrew Old Testament, offers up a prayer, in the name of Jesus, and gives an address bearing on the Messiahship of our Saviour, which is listened to with marked attention. People of every description, young and old, men and women, learned and unlearned, the self-righteous Pharisee as well as the ignorant bigot, all come and sit and listen to the exposition of their own Scriptures in the light of the New Testament. And this takes place in the face of all Safed—a fact to which even our enemies bear witness.”

Perhaps no higher testimony to the work could have been unconsciously given

than by a Safed correspondent of a well-known Hebrew weekly paper. Bemoaning the changed attitude of many Jews towards the mission, he wrote: "Woe unto us! Woe unto our holy religion! There were times when the missionaries have had to walk their feet sore in the streets and lanes of our towns, in search of some light-hearted Jew who might condescend to enter into a religious conversation with them. The missionaries, too, had to be grateful if they returned home from their excursions without some insults from those whose religion they tried to pervert. We can well recollect, for it is not so very long ago, when even our little children used to hunt them down like some pest; nay, the hue-and-cry of our very streets pursued them, and they were hated and despised of all men. But now, alas! how have things changed! The missionary no longer needs to come into our streets in search of somebody to speak to. His house, we are told, is full of Jews from morning till evening, and that, we are sorry to say, not of Jews of the lowest sort only, but of those of our brethren who ought to know better. His dispensary is sought after as if there were no Jewish chemists and doctors in our place to minister to our sick. Oh, Israel, how art thou fallen! It all comes from that so-called progress of the day, of which so many of our people seem to boast. Who in the world would have believed that these renegades would be thought of as objects of great importance? We are constrained to ask, Does our holy religion lose hold of our people, or do the missionaries employ new tactics to outwit us through and through?"

In the midst of his prosperous work Mr. Oczeret's health gave way—for a month he was labouring almost without cessation, while fever and bronchitis were constantly afflicting him. At last the doctors said that nothing but an immediate change of climate would restore him. In the sultry month of June he left Palestine for Europe, attended by his sorrowing wife. But it was too late—his work was finished, and on the 31st of July, 1886, he passed away.

But, again, "though God buried His workman, He carried on His work," and the Safed mission is still one of the most notable successes of the Jews' Society.

Although the founders of the Jews' Society contemplated little more than attending to the temporal and spiritual needs of Jews in England, and London especially, it soon became apparent that they must extend the field of their operations, and as early as the year 1810 they were sending out tracts to the West Indies, Gibraltar, and elsewhere. In that same year attention was specially directed to the condition of the Jews in Poland, and a request was made that a qualified person might be sent out. This was done, and found to be the commencement of a series of missionary organisations in every country of Europe. But the history of the Polish mission is crowded with incidents of a most interesting nature.

On the advent of the Jews into Poland in the tenth century, on the privileges and immunities granted to them in the thirteenth century, and confirmed by successive monarchs in later years, and on their long period of prosperity, we need not dwell here. When the Rev. Lewis Way, an eminent friend of Israel, went to explore this vast harvest field, he found intellectual activity and a spirit of religious inquiry prevalent everywhere. As to the social condition of the Jews, he wrote—

“In these provinces the Jews actually swarm to such a degree, as to appear the possessors of the country; while the native Poles appear among them as the strangers and proselytes of ancient Judea. All the trade of the country is in their hands. They are the *traiteurs* of all the post-houses on the road; most of the inns are kept by them; they keep the ferry boats on the Dnieper, Prypetz, and Betizyna; they farm the mills, and buy the produce of the land from those who till, and in some places are the cultivators; they all have Polish servants for domestic purposes, and are the masters of *fabriques* where Gentiles work. At one place where an immense flame ascending through the roof of a house attracted my notice at night, I found on entering that it was an iron mill which a Jew rented, with twenty-four Gentile slaves who work it night and day by sixes in succession.”

The Polish mission was commenced in 1821, and Warsaw was selected as the centre of operations. Testaments and tracts were put freely into circulation, and were received with eagerness. But in the following year opposition arose; the missionaries were summoned to appear upon the “Commission of the Religious Confessions,” with the result that they were obliged to abandon their mission in Warsaw, and take up their abode in Posen, where, through the intervention of Sir George Rose, the mission was placed on a firm and sound basis. Success followed, and Mr. Moritz, one of the missionaries, wrote:—

“There have now upon the whole been with me at least 800 Jews of all ages; among whom there were nearly all the Jewish schoolmasters of the place, and the greater part of the youths that study the Talmud in the Beth Hamedrash; there have also been some respectable Jews from Berditschef, who were there afraid to visit me. The crowd on the first day was so great that I was obliged to place my people at the door as a guard, allowing only a certain number at a time to enter, and when these were despatched, another number could enter. I was forced to this expedient, otherwise I should have been suffocated; and in this manner I have distributed 1,000 Hebrew and 200 Polish-Hebrew tracts, and 58 New Testaments in these languages.”

The value of services such as these, of course, can never be estimated. It may be that those words of Life are even at this day winning their way to the hearts of the people in obscure places from whence no sound of their influence will ever reach this country.

One of the chief difficulties of the missionaries was to make the Jews understand the Rabbinical perversion of the Scriptures, and to separate the Word of God from the absurd commentaries that obscured its meaning. An illustration may be given here. One day a Jew, evidently sincere, went to Mr. Hoff, one of the missionaries, and, after some conversation, left, taking with him a copy of the Jewish translation of Isaiah. On his arrival at home, he spoke to his father-in-law of the beauty of the translation, and read to him the fifty-third chapter. The old man was greatly touched, and when asked what he thought of it, replied, “The prophet evidently speaks here of a person who shall come, be rejected and despised, but who shall, notwithstanding, be the Redeemer from sin.”

This was a perfectly natural exposition of the chapter, but no sooner had he

uttered the words than he became uneasy, and exclaimed, "This is a most embarrassing matter; it is quite favourable to the Christians. How do they interpret it?" His son-in-law replied that their interpretation coincided exactly with his. "Then," said the



JEWS' MARKET, WARSAW.

old man, "perhaps they have purposely made a wrong translation; let us compare it with the original." This was done, with the result that the true translation was justified, and the exposition confirmed.

Then a great fear came over the aged Hebrew; his faith in the traditions of his

fathers had received a shock, and he at once called for the commentary of Rashi as a refuge for his doubts; but when he read the ill-grounded explanation, which was in opposition not only to common sense, but to the reverent feeling which the sacred words had inspired, he pushed the commentary aside, and declared that the only true view of the chapter was the one given by the Christians.

What became of this old man no one knows, nor is there any record that his son-in-law, who brought him face to face with God's revelation, ever accepted Christianity; but it is certain that the veil over the hearts of those two men was thinner after that day's conversation; and it may be that ere they passed away the grain of mustard-seed had spread, and under its shadow they had found a resting-place.

From time to time many dangers beset the Polish mission, and in 1831 the breaking out of the Revolution at once altered the whole aspect of the work, and placed the missionaries in a peculiar position. At that time Mr. Lange, one of the missionaries, wrote to the Committee as follows:—"You are no doubt in anxious expectation of hearing something concerning us, especially on account of the events which have taken place here. We have passed through a time of great danger. . . . An alarming event took place on the night of the 15th of August, but we slept in peace, and knew nothing of what was going on till the next morning, but from this time the distress was continually increasing, and we had to fear great misery from famine and sickness. Amidst the evils to which a besieged city is exposed, we were kept between fear and hope till the 6th of September, when we were awakened by the terrible thunder of cannonading. During the course of this day some balls fell in our street, but without doing any hurt. Next day we were again alarmed by the report of cannon nearer to us, and therefore more terrible. As the attack was made near the Wola Gate, our houses were the more exposed to danger. That night was dreadful; black clouds of smoke, partly from the artillery, partly from the houses which were set on fire, were hanging over us, and seemed to threaten us with destruction. Afterwards our street was lighted by the flame of fire as if by moonshine, and we expected every moment that our house would fall upon us, or become the prey of fire. But, praised and glorified be God! nothing of this kind happened. We cannot but admire and bless the goodness of God, who has dealt so exceedingly kindly and graciously with us, while hundreds and thousands of others have suffered so very much."

Without entering into the history of this eventful period, we may say that in the end it worked advantage to the mission. From many quarters, however, expected and unexpected, there came opposition. The Chasidim, a sect very numerous in Poland, endeavoured to stop the work by issuing a Bull of Excommunication:—"Cursed be the man who visits the missionaries! cursed be his parents! cursed be his sisters and brothers! cursed be his relations! and may the door of his house be blocked up!" As this totally failed in its object, the rage of the Chasidim knew no bounds, and they ventured on threats of assassination, which, however, were frustrated by providential circumstances.

After the war with Russia it pleased God to permit the hitherto open door to be

closed against the missionaries. After being summoned on several occasions before the Russian authorities, they were at length enjoined to discontinue all missionary work, or to be prepared to leave the country in three weeks—viz., on the 13th of January, 1855, the New Year's Day of the Russian Church.

On the 8th of February took place at the Warsaw Railway Station the touching leave-taking of the missionaries:—

“When the Brethren Becker and West arrived at the station with their families to quit Warsaw, the scene was overwhelming. Crowds of people of all classes, Jews and proselytes, Protestants and Roman Catholics, and members of the Greek Church, together with their own more intimate friends, had assembled to take a last farewell of the missionaries; and it may well be doubted whether a railway station in Warsaw ever before exhibited such a spectacle, and whether exiles ever left the Russian dominions so universally regretted and respected, and with such heartfelt blessings following them, as was the case when these devoted and long-tried missionaries to the Jews in Poland were compelled to leave the sphere of their labours.” . . .

Three weeks afterwards the Russian Emperor died, but it is only within a very recent period that the mission has been reopened.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the services rendered to the cause of Jewish missions by the wives of Jewish missionaries. A hundred stories might be told of wonderful Christian heroism shown by frail and delicate women, who have gladly taken their share of reproach and persecution, in order that they might plant the seeds of the Kingdom of Heaven in the homes of the Jewish people. Let one instance, selected almost at random, suffice as an illustration.

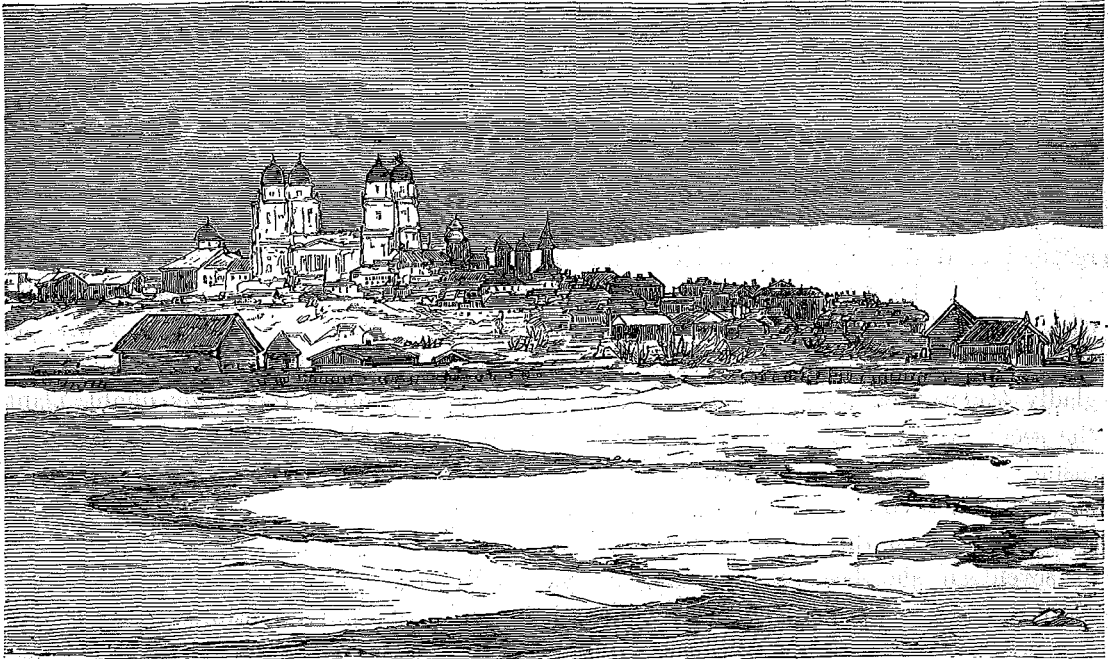
Catherine Grant was the eldest daughter of a parochial clergyman in the north of Scotland, and on the death of her father was left in poor circumstances. At the age of seventeen she became governess in the family of Principal Nicol of St. Andrews' University, in which situation she continued for eight years, during which time she had free access to the Principal's noble library, and made good use of her exceptional opportunities. The ill health of her mother, and the death of her sister, caused Miss Grant to leave, but a “Divinity was shaping her ends,” and while travelling abroad as governess in the family of Lord William Douglas, she acquired a thorough knowledge of the German language, which opened a door of wonderful usefulness to her in after life.

After the death of her mother, whom she attended with such faithful devotion that the strain upon her strength was felt for the rest of her life, Miss Grant went to live with her brother, the Free Church minister at Ayr, and while there she met the Rev. Daniel Edwards, missionary of the Free Church of Scotland to the Jews at Jassy, in Moldavia. Mr. Edwards soon found in her “a kindred spirit, glowing with the same ardent love for the house of Israel, and qualified by natural gifts and acquired attainments to be a helpmeet in his home and in his work.” A year afterwards they were married in Germany, and proceeded forthwith to their labours in Jassy.

Mrs. Edwards was a voluminous letter-writer, and many of her letters have been

published—graphic letters showing incidentally how intense was her zeal and energy, and how full of alternating joy and sorrow was the work into which she threw herself, heart and soul. The following extract from her Memoir* gives a vivid description of an incident—one of a hundred which might be read with interest, as giving an insight into the trying daily life of Jewish missionaries. Writing to her brother, she says:—

“I told you of a youth who came to us some weeks ago—Naphtali Horowitz, from Austria. He was several weeks in the house; his conduct most unexceptionable,



JASSY.

modest, meek, gentle; a truly engaging lad. His mind opened in a marvellous manner to receive the Scriptures. His answers at evening worship used to thrill us; we could scarcely restrain the emotion we felt. His friends had heard of his being here. They came, urging every inducement to get him away. At last the wife of one of them succeeded in enticing him away, only to speak with his friends, as she said. The poor boy, partly from tenderness, partly from fear that they would get him sent back to Austria, went with her. There he was closely watched; they promised him a shop, I know not how many ducats, and I know not what. One day he met one of the converts, and, drawing back from the street, he made a sign to him that he was to return to us. For some days our hearts were longing after him. He came, but was immediately informed upon; again at night he came, and, while he was here, old Rabbi Nahum came in. Had you but seen their mutual alarm!

* “Missionary Life among the Jews in Moldavia, Galicia and Silesia. Memoir and Letters of Mrs. Edwards.”

Naphtali then told us that, from what he had heard here, he was resolved to escape to Galatz, and there learn more of Christ. He could not remain; but he would come once again before starting at the close of their Sabbath. On Saturday he came. Now he had left all—his coat, his Bible, his shirts, his all, and he would fear no longer. Would we not conceal him for a time? We feared for him, but counting the possibility of aiding his escape, we shut him into a little room, and hung a padlock outside. All Sabbath he was there; spies came to watch for him, but he was not to be seen. Two women came in the evening, one a fierce opponent of Christianity, who had caused several to apostatise. We had a long conversation with them, and rejoiced to see this woman in our house. Of course we could answer no questions about our poor boy. His mind seemed to open like a flower to the sun. Though alone in his little dark room, he was full of joy and gladness. At length, when night came, and he had a light, suddenly he heard a voice above him—the woman had got a ladder outside and climbed up. His surprise was so great that he fell to the ground, but declared he would not listen to them. On Monday they went and bribed the corporal to come and demand him as an Austrian subject. For an hour and a half I was alone! Daniel soon turned the men out of the court; no officer of another Power has any right to enter our courts. But then the question arose. What was to be done? The youth was undaunted; Christ was enough for him! He was brought in—our old Rabbi was present—he was questioned, and his answers were most full and to the point. His danger was imminent; and after solemn and anxious deliberation, it was resolved that he should be baptised that evening. This would set him free from Jewish jurisdiction. Accordingly, between ten and eleven o'clock, he was baptised in the chapel, in presence of all the catechumens and converts present at evening worship, and a few Germans whom he had called as witnesses. Daniel questioned him fully, and then admitted one as like a lamb of Christ as you can well conceive. While I write, Daniel is out, and has been out for three hours, at the Consulate. To-day (Wednesday), the Austrian agent applied to our consul to have him delivered up, on charge of having stolen, nobody knows what. Of course they can find fifty Jews to swear that he has done so. The Lord alone knows how to help his own! 29th.—Poor Naphtali has to-day been before the Austrian consul; you may conceive the anxiety of last night to us all. Our consul was very kind, and went with Daniel to the Austrian agency. Marvellous to relate, they were exceedingly well received, and after an interview of about three hours, the agent promised to see justice done to the boy, but no stranger would be allowed to be present. This morning, at ten o'clock, Naphtali, accompanied by Daniel, went to the court of the Austrian consul. The Jews in their written accusation had declared that they missed a silver candlestick, and had given notice of the robbery at the agency last week; also, that after his escape they discovered in his trunk a pair of trousers which had been amissing, and therefore they concluded that he had stolen money, which they also miss. We sent to the agency this morning and discovered that no such notice had been given in there. The boy never had a trunk, and instead of taking their things, he, to avoid suspicion in quitting the house, had left

behind him all his own little stock. A dozen Jews were present; one old man was asked to swear, but declined. The chancellor was much enraged, and ordered them to take the great oath in their dead-clothes with black candles burning. If they refuse they are to be severely punished; if the Rabbi ventures to evade the oath, he is to be sent over the boundaries in chains—but should they swear, we fear the boy will suffer. The matter is in God's hands, we know that He is all-powerful; while we seek by all human prudence to procure a favourable issue, we are seeking earnestly to cast the whole matter over to the guidance of the righteous Lord. To the mission the consequences must be most important; either the Jews will have a triumph, and may be deterred from coming to us, or many of the entanglements that have hitherto hindered our motions may be removed. Now we know what sort of prayer was made by the Church for Peter. Meantime the boy is wondrous calm; he gave a noble testimony to-day before Jews and Austrians. The chancellor treated him very kindly. Naphtali showed him two fingers and said: 'So was he united to Christ, they might put him to death if they would—he committed himself to the Lord.' This morning, just before they went away, I went to see if he would take some coffee—he had an early breakfast. My knees were shaking and my heart beating, but I found him in the school teaching the children their alphabet. The British consul was quite interested in his appearance, and indeed we hoped much from the childlike simplicity of his appearance and story. Should our anxious prayers be heard, it is proposed to make him teacher here, now that Samuel is in Galatz."

Naphtali's future career was full of interest. He had to make his escape from Jassy, and after staying for a time in Constantinople, went to India to settle. Years passed by, and he returned to Europe on a visit for his health. He made his way at once to Breslau in the hope of finding Mr. Edwards there, but failing, followed him to London and thence to Edinburgh, and rested not till he found him in Ayr.

From Jassy Mr. and Mrs. Edwards removed to Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, or Austrian-Poland, where, out of a population of 130,000 inhabitants, at least 15,000 were Jews. For three and a half years they laboured with growing success, greatly to the annoyance of the Jesuit Archbishop, who used his influence to procure an Imperial order commanding the missionary and his family to leave the Austrian dominions. On its receipt Mr. Edwards proceeded at once to Vienna, to see if he could not procure some relaxation of despotic rigour, but instead of being met in a conciliatory spirit, he was ordered to leave Austria by the most direct route within twenty-four hours, without returning to Lemberg. Happily the police interfered and relaxed the cruel order, though the services of the English ambassador had failed in this respect, and Mr. Edwards returned to Lemberg. But in four days he and his family had to depart. It was in the month of December, the season was unusually severe, and Mrs. Edwards was not in good health. In those days the journey from Lemberg to Cracow was fatiguing, even for the merchant's clerk in summer-time. But now it was feeble women and little children who had to prosecute their journey

for four consecutive days, from morning till night, in the depth of winter—the ground covered with snow.

It was a fatal journey. Late on the night of the fourth day Cracow was reached, and the police refused to allow the party, exhausted as they were, to tarry and rest until an Austrian officer, moved with compassion, interceded for them. Then, after two days' respite, they moved forward again, and Mrs. Edwards reached Breslau more dead than alive. Soon after their arrival she gave birth to a boy, and the day following the physician despaired of her life. She rallied, however, but only to pass through much suffering. "Within four weeks she was called to watch, with all a mother's anguish, over the protracted agony amid which the young life to which she had given birth had to be resigned."

Mrs. Edwards never really recovered from the effects of that long and disastrous winter journey in such critical circumstances. Although for a time health seemed to have returned, it was soon found that her strength was gradually declining. No harsh or bitter expression escaped her lips; no vindictive feeling ever entered her heart. She grieved that she could not be laid beside her "martyr boy," who had perished through the Austrian expulsion, but her last words to her husband were to urge him to continue the work which had borne to them such bitter fruit. "Speak for Christ," she said; and then summoning up all her remaining strength, repeated, "Speak for Christ."

From time to time fruit was borne, in many diverse and unexpected quarters, from seed which long appeared to be dead, and with results which have been of special importance. Let us glance at the National Jewish Christian movement in South Russia as a case in point.

At Orgeyeff, in Bessarabia, Joseph Rabinovitz, a lawyer, obtained a copy of a Hebrew New Testament from one of the missionaries of the Jews' Society. Of this book Rabinovitz appears to have made little use. Years passed away, and then, urged by feelings of patriotism, he went to Palestine in the hope of preparing there a place of refuge for his oppressed brethren. One day as he stood on Mount Olivet, absorbed in meditation, the conviction flashed upon his mind that Jesus, the rejected One, was the only Saviour of his people. To Him must the Jews turn, and, side by side with the Gentile nations, rank themselves beneath His banner.

No sooner was he inflamed with zeal by this new idea, than he began to press it openly upon his brethren. With both Testaments lying open before him he pointed out their complete unity to his clients, who came to consult him in legal matters, and tried to impress upon them that the only way of escape from their fearful calamities was for them to acknowledge Jesus as their Messiah. Mr. Rabinovitz did not wish, like many converts, to renounce his nationality as well as his creed, but to form, with his associates, a distinct Jewish national communion of believers in Christ. This idea is in course of realisation; the teaching and the aims of this body have been formulated, translated, and published; the sanction of the highest authorities at

St. Petersburg was obtained for them to constitute themselves into an acknowledged community on their own peculiar basis as published in their articles, and Mr. Rabinovitz, as leader of these "Sons of the New Covenant," is successfully propagating his views, preaching the word of life and founding congregations in many parts of Southern Russia.

Opposition has been the common lot of missionaries to the Jews. In Con-



RABBIS DISPERSING THE SCHOOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

stantinople there was very violent opposition on the part of the Rabbis to the Jewish Mission, not only in regard to its work of preaching the Gospel, but in its efforts to spread intellectual light and knowledge. The following may be taken as a specimen:—

"We are told," says a writer in the *Jewish Intelligence* for 1859, "that in one quarter of Constantinople, a Jewish elementary school, which had been established under the sanction of the Government, was broken into by some of the Rabbis, who tore the books in pieces and forced the children to leave the place. They had previously pronounced a curse on all the Jews who should send their children to the school, and finding that many disregarded their threats, they thus proceeded to take the law into their own hands. And why? Because, as they say, it is unlawful for

Jewish children to learn geography, inasmuch as they ought not to utter such words as *Saint Petersburg*, *San Francisco*, or talk about the river *Saint Lawrence*, the Colony of the Trinity or of the Redemption, the Bay of Todos Santos, &c. Mathematics are also condemned because the signs [+] for addition, and [×] for multiplication, resemble the sign of the Cross !”

Notwithstanding such ignorant opposition of the rabbis in Constantinople and other places, however, the mission schools established by the Society have been a marked success.

The difficulties with which missionaries have to contend are manifold, but they may be summed up under the following three headings:—(1.) Superstitions. The Talmud is of course *the* great stumbling-block. It is considered by most Jews as equal to the Old Testament Scriptures; by some Jews as of even higher authority. The Talmud teaches the Jew to say, “It is more criminal to teach anything contrary to the ordinances of the scribes than against the written law” [Pentateuch].—“The law is like water, the Mishna like wine, the Gemara like spiced wine.” As, therefore, the Talmud is considered of greater value than the Bible, and as moreover it constantly misquotes and mutilates Messianic passages, the difficulties with which the missionaries have to contend in urging the authority of the New Testament Scriptures are evident, as any passages they may quote in proof of Christian doctrine have already been carefully and quite differently explained away in the Talmud.

The Jews have also a “Life of Christ” of their own, and, from the Christian standpoint, a more blasphemous production can hardly be conceived. Written many centuries after Christ, it is of course of no critical value. It does not deny that Christ worked miracles—on the contrary, it contains the record of



RUSSIAN JEW.

many miracles not found in the New Testament, but of a similar character to those found in the Apocryphal Gospels. They assert that Jesus went into the Holy of Holies, and stole the ineffable Name of God, with which He performed His mighty works. (2.) Infidelity. The majority of the Jews in Western Europe are now openly avowing their disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible. Nearly all so-called "Reform" Jews are, in reality, Rationalists. C. G. Montefiore says in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*, "We Reform Jews cannot accept any form of religion which is obliged to take its stand upon miracles." (3.) Persecutions by so-called Christians. No Jew can ever forget that for centuries they were hunted down, persecuted, robbed, and despoiled by "Christians." How then can they believe that the religion which was, and still is, the cause of untold suffering to them, can be the true religion?

These are the main difficulties; and yet, in spite of them, every year shows that more and more of the House of Israel are being won over to the Kingdom of Christ.

"The more enlightened the Jew becomes," says Dean Milman, "the less credible will it appear to him that the Universal Father intended an exclusive religion, confined to one family among the race of man, to be permanent; the more evident that the faith which embraces the whole human race within the sphere of its benevolence, is alone adapted to a more advanced and civilised life."

"We may humbly believe," says Canon Farrar in the preface to his "Life of Christ," "that the day is fast approaching when He whom the Jews crucified, and whose divine revelations the Christians have so often and so grievously disgraced, will break down the middle wall of partition between them, and make both races one in religion, in heart and life—Semite and Aryan, Jew and Gentile, united to bless and to evangelise the world."

But there is reason to believe that if the middle wall of partition is to be broken down, it will be effected by human instrumentality under the Divine guidance! How to assist in that work is indicated by Lord Shaftesbury in his diary. Speaking of the Jews at Carlsbad, he says:—

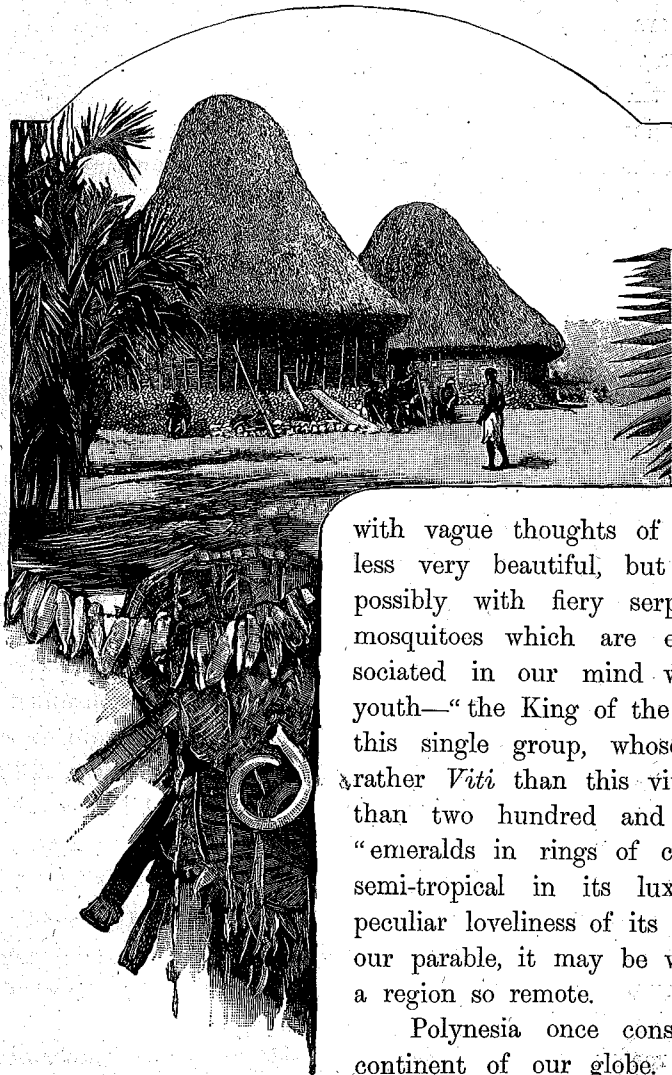
"There are many Jews here in their costume. They seem in comfortable circumstances, but separated from the Gentiles. I have bowed to several to show my respect to the nation. I shall next open a conversation with some of them. They are not oppressed here, but manifestly avoided. The veil is upon the hearts of the Gentiles in respect of that people, nearly as much as it is on their hearts in respect of the Gospel. Blessed will be the day when it shall be taken away from both!"

XXIII.—IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS—FIJI.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE DAY-DAWN.

Polynesia and the Fijis—Geology—Climate—Discovery—Fijian Social Life—War—Religion—Cannibalism—Feasts and Festivals—The Wesleyan Mission—What has been Wrought—In Windward Fiji—Rev. William Cross—Rev. David Calvert—At Lakemba—Influence of Mission Life—Work in Rewa—Messrs. Hunt, Jagger, Calvert, and Cargill—Mr. Lyth and the Medical Mission—Somo-somo—Strangling Customs—Cannibal Feasts—The Story of Ono—Rays of Light—A Christian Heroine—Petty Battles—A Curious Prayer-meeting—A Hurricane.



IN that "milky way of islets," clustered in distinct archipelagoes, and spanning the Southern Pacific between America and Asia like so many giant stepping-stones in the sea, the group of "the Fijis" is perhaps the most familiar to our ears by name, and the least familiar in all besides. To within a comparatively recent date, here has been, at any rate, a *terra incognita*, furnishing us only

with vague thoughts of heat-cursed coral strands, doubtless very beautiful, but swarming with naked savages, possibly with fiery serpents, at any rate with huge mosquitoes which are equally bad; and poetically associated in our mind with that mystic demigod of our youth—"the King of the Cannibal Islands." Yet here in this single group, whose native name, by the way, is rather *Viti* than this vitiated "Fiji," there are no fewer than two hundred and fifty islands, all of them like "emeralds in rings of coral," covered with a vegetation semi-tropical in its luxuriance, and each possessing a peculiar loveliness of its own. Perhaps, before taking up our parable, it may be well to give a brief description of a region so remote.

Polynesia once constituted in all probability a fifth continent of our globe. Submerged beneath the sea, it still is outlined in the multitude of its coral reefs, the present islands originally forming its mountain tops. To Fiji has been left, out of such submergement, an area

of seven thousand four hundred square miles, or seven million acres, a tract equal in the aggregate to the surface of Wales, or, in its isolated insular fragments, greater than all the British West Indian Islands. To form an idea of the size of the largest and most important island, we are told to insulate the south-east corner of England, including the counties of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, Berkshire and Hampshire. That would about form the island called *Viti Levu*, Great Fiji, a territory as large as Jamaica. The next in size is an island somewhat smaller than the south-west corner of England would be, if it could be cut off to include the counties of Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, being one hundred miles long, by twenty-five broad. The decrease in magnitude is gradual, till we reach but an isolated rocky islet, but even on some of the lesser, towns of importance have been built where the sites promised shelter or anchorage. The natives classify their island homes into three groups, *Windward* Fiji, lying to the east, *Inner* Fiji being the central archipelago, and the *Leeward* Isles on the west.

The geological formation is volcanic. Ex-craters are distinctly observable in the basaltic peaks, some of which attain an elevation of four to five thousand feet above sea-level. The coral itself is found in some instances to have been up-heaved a thousand feet out of its sea-bed. Hot springs occur, some of them reaching boiling point in temperature, and covering half a square mile in extent. Earthquakes are known, and gold has been found in small quantity. There is not much level ground. Tavinni, an island twenty-five miles long and five broad, has a central ridge two thousand one hundred feet above sea-level, with a deep fresh-water lake running the entire length of its crest. But along some of the coast lines there are rich tracts, with extensive mud-flats and river-deltas, often flooded. On the larger islands are several vast stretches of open land, suitable for all purposes of native culture or white settlement.

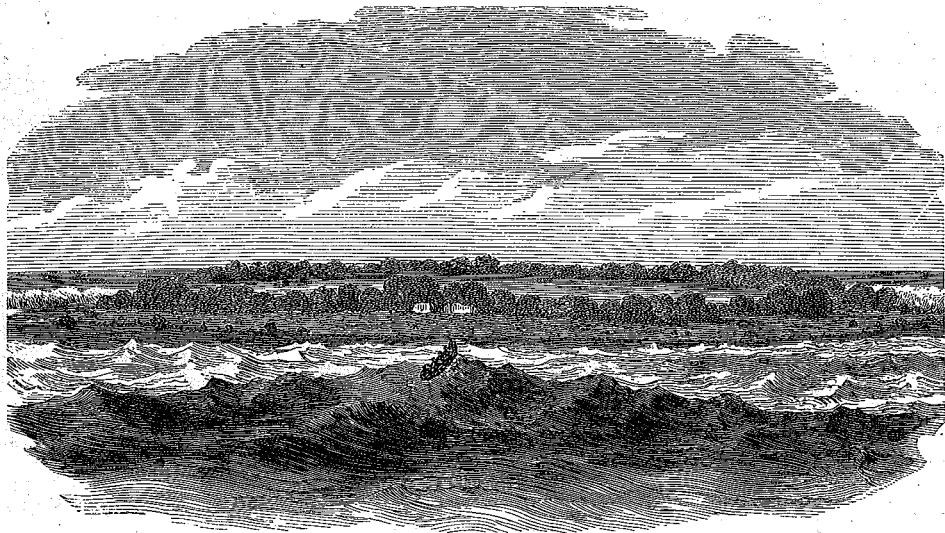
Another distinctive feature in the formation is the coral reef, which, round many of the islands, forms a natural breakwater. Some of these insect-raised barriers are so huge in their proportions, rising as they do from the ocean's bed to its surface, as to dwarf the greatest monuments to the architectural skill of man. They belittle the Babel-builders of old time, both in the gigantic spaces they occupy and the ages consumed in their erection. They defy the rage of the Pacific, an ocean whose nature frequently belies its name. Outside the reef it may be heaving tempestuously, but a line of white foam marks the encircling protection of insectile opposition. All is calm and clear within the reef as a rule, the blue pellucid water baffling the sky to match its loveliness; while beneath, the sea-flora exhibition is as abundant as it is exquisite. The gazer over the side of the lazily floating canoe descries a submarine landscape of rich and curious things of endless hues and fantastic shapes—an aqueous flower-garden of perfect wonderment, the fish floating athwart the scene vying with the coral in the brilliance of its coloured iridescence.

Navigation amid such barrier reefs may be well supposed to be most intricate and perilous. Usually there is but one means of access over the bar to the quiet waters within, through a break in the reef opposite a river's mouth, the coral insect

disdaining, it is said, the flow of tasteless fresh water. In most cases this portal is available only at high tide. Streams abound, and are large in proportion to the size of the islands, forming waterways to the interior districts. The Rewa is navigable by vessels of light draught for fifty miles up-stream.

The climate is considered equable, although severely enervating to European residents. For three months the hot blast of the equatorial furnace is kept up, ending generally in a hurricane which desolates plantations and homes, and, clearing the atmosphere, introduces "the Trades," and these for the remaining nine months render bearable the great and constant heat. Dysentery is a serious evil, influenza is prevalent, rheumatism is common.

The hot moist climate and rich alluvial soil make these Eden hot-houses like so



A CORAL ISLAND.

many conservatories blooming with beauty and teeming with fertility. All the year round the vegetation wears the aspect of a thick tropical jungle. The great trees are covered with great creepers which interweave in tangled festoons. The ferns are of the Australian type. The plains appeared grassy, except where broken in upon by the hand of cultivation, for the inhabitants were agriculturists for ages, and until recently had no use for grazing. On every side are to be seen the native gardens of yam, the staple food, interspersed with taro and mulberries, and with groves of banana or wild sugar-cane, while orange, lime, and rare plum-trees fringe every walk. The cocoa-palm is indigenous, the nuts being sometimes so thick as to defy computation. Coffee is a chief product. Sugar, tobacco, sago, tapioca, maize, rice, india-rubber, arrow-root and spices, are also among the exports. The "sea-island" species of cotton sent from Fiji to the Philadelphia and Paris exhibitions gained gold medal awards, and was pronounced by a Manchester Committee to be most excellent.

The volcanic basis finding a true accessory in the luxurious vegetation, the islands

possess a matchless picturesqueness of their own, suggestive of some marvellous fairy-land. A view obtained from a central coign of vantage presents their range as a whole under the appearance of an unbroken coast much like the sweep of our own colder shores, the interior mountain ridges perhaps hidden by those rain-squalls which, familiar there as nearer home, drive over them and add a saddening charm to the landscape. But the mountain undulations and irregularities are peculiar to themselves. Peaks and precipices, hills and valleys, cataracts and waterfalls common to other lands, have here a decided character which is unique. In some cases the mountain rises sheer from the bosom of the deep, its steep sides clad with graceful palms to the very summit. And within the recesses of those glorious rocks is one vast fernery of sublime magnificence. With forests of mangrove lining their river-banks with its dark green verdure, the home of the orange-coloured dove, and of the parrot ever and anon flitting across the scene and lighting it up with the red and blue and green of its satin wings; with hoary orchids clothing the sides of their deep ravines; with cinnamon and nutmeg blowing soft their spicy breezes, these distant isles of the sea are, to say the least, somewhat more romantic and attractive in their outward guise than must have been these northern shores of ours two millenniums ago.

But the romance only properly begins when we open the record of missionary adventure which these islands have witnessed; and then we are startled into truly thrilling interest in their history. Taking a retrogressive survey of a period a little over half a century in length, we find at its commencement the whole civilised world thrown into a sudden horror at the disclosure of the inconceivable barbarity of the South Sea Islanders; then we behold plunge into the midst of revolting scenes, with only God to care for them, a handful of men and women who, bereft of the common instinct of self-preservation, seem to care for nothing in this world but the reclamation of ferocious savages from their inhuman atrocities; and lastly, we are amazed to observe how this dark spot of earth, full of the habitations of cruelty, undergoes a transformation of extraordinary character, until to-day the religion of Jesus Christ has no more honourable testimony and no more ardent or sincere discipleship on the face of the earth than it has in Fiji. The tale is more variously marvellous than the greatest three-volumed romance which the human mind could possibly have devised.

The most that is known of the early history of Fiji, apart from the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook in 1773, is that some "whites," being runaway sailors and escaped convicts from the region of Botany Bay, had made good their landing on these shores, which were then the least likely to receive them. The desperadoes, who managed to become the dread of the savages by causing them to stand in wholesome and superstitious awe of their murderous firearms, had assisted some of the chiefs to carry on their wars, and so had gained repute for themselves. Outlaws against humanity, they were men of the vilest wickedness, and were regarded even by the islanders as monsters of superhuman villainy, outdoing in devilry the savage votaries of the devil themselves. To them is due the founding of the two chief centres of Fijian influence.

Thus, at the opening of the story of Fiji, we step upon its inhospitable shores to

find them filled with a humanity sunken, in its cruel thirst for human blood, to a level lower than that of the ravening beasts of prey, and goaded on in its loathsome excesses by fallen Europeans, steeped to the lips in crime.

In the beginning of the century, the islanders were designated by a great authority "a race of nature's noblemen." Being a fusion of the Papuan and Malayan stock, they have more in common with the Hindu than the Maori. The native towns are after the pattern of a Hindu village. Only the women are tattooed, whereas in other Polynesian groups it is the men who suffer this art. In the Windward Islands the Malayan element prevails in the reddish-yellow-coloured skin, the straight hair, and the cold, grave, treacherous character which is the incarnation of self. In the West, the Papuan is visible in the dark olive skin, frizzly locks, merry laughter, and impetuous character. The quick intelligence of the fairer race is thus a striking contrast to the suspicious savagery of the darker. Until the beginning of the last half-century the combined race preserved itself in its primitive purity by the massacre of all shipwrecked and other visitors to its coasts.

Mentally the Fijian was superior in some respects to the standard of brain-power usually attributed to savage races; morally he was a mixture of strangely heterogeneous ingredients, combining the extremes of politeness and cruelty, of open-handed hospitality and ferocious murder, of infanticide and tender adoption of orphans, of uncalculating generosity and abandoned mendicancy. A beggar and braggart, living in a constant atmosphere of suspicion and treachery, cunning was regarded as his highest virtue. For vindictiveness of passion, and for Satanic rage when provoked, for cruel jealousies, and for revengeful malignity, cherished even in the hour of death, the Fijian was unsurpassed.

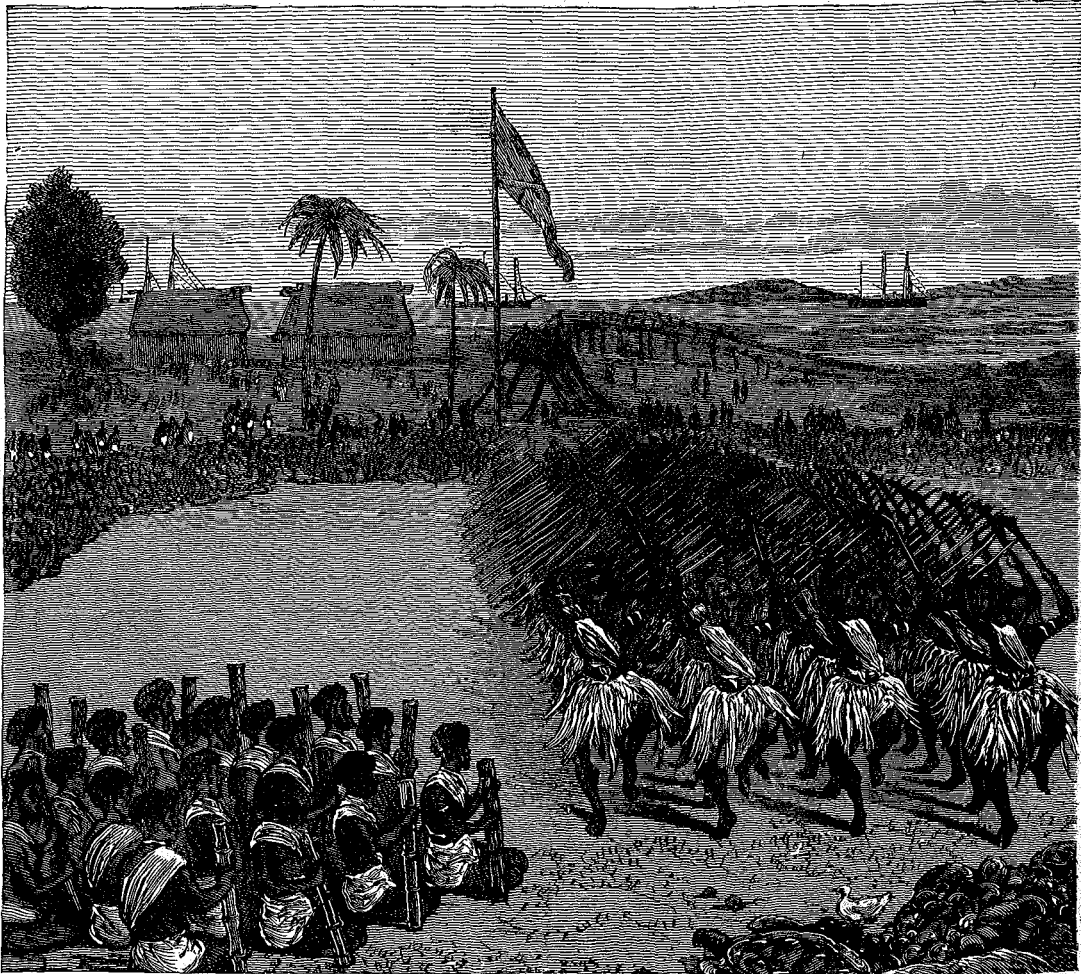
Socially the Fijian was neither much better nor worse than other savages. Woman was but a chattel; polygamy was common; vice was rampant.

As regards civic distinctions, which neither the missionaries nor the Government have erased, there are the grades of greater and lesser chiefs, priests, employés, distinguished warriors of low birth, common people, and slaves. The heathen population was grouped in townships under chiefs, and these again were subservient to the rule of a supreme chief. And this arrangement is still in force.

The most remarkable social person was the *vasu* or "nephew," the son of a chief by a woman of high rank, who had almost unlimited rights of appropriating the property of the mother's family or even of her people. This class "supplied the high-pressure power of Fijian despotism." However high a chief might rank, if he had a nephew, he had a master, who would not be content with the name, but who would exercise his prerogative to the full, seizing whatever might strike his fancy, regardless of its value or of the owner's inconvenience at its loss. Resistance was never thought of. One chief who had quarrelled with an uncle, and had made war upon him, used the right of *vasu* so far as actually to supply himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores.

War was carried on with most courtly formalities. It was neither a necessity nor an amusement, but the business of life. Tribal wars were chronic. Boys were trained

“scientifically” in the use of the club from tenderest years. To neglect to teach a babe how to strike its mother would beget a fear of the child growing into a coward. Thus “without natural affection,” the Fijians became “implacable, unmerciful” at their mothers’ breasts. The child was taught to hate and spurn the dead bodies of slain enemies by kicking them with his tiny feet. Captives were treated with unspeakable

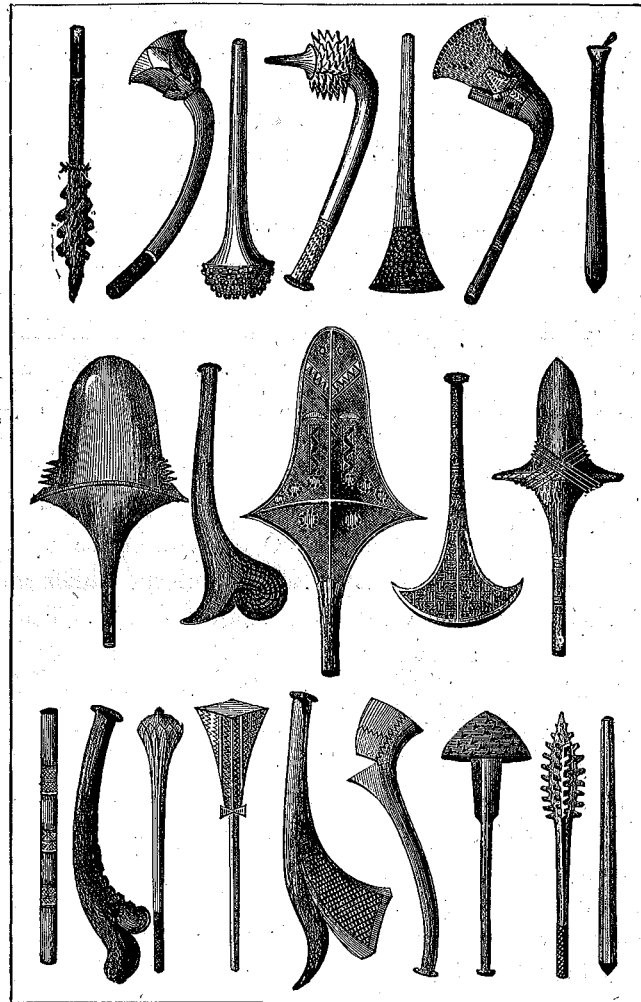


NATIVE WAR DANCE.

barbarity; some were given to boys of rank, to practise upon them their apprentice hands in every ingenuity of torture: some were stunned and cast into red-hot ovens, their returning consciousness under the fierce heat urging them to fearful struggles for escape, and creating uproarious laughter among the witnesses of the horrible scene: children were hung from canoes’ mast-heads by their feet, to be brained against the masts of the rolling vessels.

As regards religion, the pre-Christian creed was that common to the Polynesian

mythology, including a belief in a future existence. There were two classes of gods: the immortals, of whom the greatest was Degei or Ndengei, the creator, eternally existent in the form of a serpent, troubled little by human or any other affairs; and those lesser divinities who were subject to like passions as men, and even to



FIJIAN WAR CLUBS.

death, and comprising the spirits of ancestors and heroes departed this life. Degei had two very natural sons—Ra-dina-dina, the Fijian Ceres, whose smile fills the air and ripens the crops: and Tokai Rabi, the Fijian Mars, whose breast was replete with every attribute of savage ferocity. The local or inferior gods were multiplied till they were countless as the stars, not only each islet being able to boast a presiding deity of its own, but every grove and rock being connected to the supernatural world by some superstitious legend. Religion was spiritual, in so far as the object of it

was immaterial; for the highly imaginative nature of these heathens made them thus capable of realising things unseen, and in their feeble way they acknowledged the superhuman, invisible powers which they felt to be around them. Even in the worst days of gross darkness, the appeals to a wild idealism contained in their traditions were never reduced to visible imagery. The Fijian was no idolater, in the sense of being a worshipper of stocks and stones, the representatives of deity in the shape of natural objects or artificial images. "Fijian gods" have been a late invention of enterprising Brummagem manufacturers, who thus dupe the passion of American and English wanderers for sorry "relics" of paganism, just as the saints of papal countries have developed and multiplied their remains *ad infinitum* for the behoof of their admirers.

The priests exercised a powerful influence over the people, and, in common with the priesthood of other islands of the Pacific, had in full force a system of *tabu* or *tambu*.

Among the cruel rites practised in the old days of heathenism was the strangulation of some of the wives of a great man; and the burying alive of individuals, either tired of life or no longer fit for it, the usual victims being the aged and infirm.

Of cannibalism among the Fijians a writer remarks:—

"There is a certain degree of religious awe associated with cannibalism, when a national institution—a mysterious hallow, akin to a sacrifice to a supreme being, with which only the select few, the *tabu* class, the priests, chiefs, and higher orders, are deemed fit to be connected. Ovens for baking dead bodies, and the pots in which human flesh is boiled or steamed, are not devoted to any culinary purpose.

"The cannibal forks obtained at Namosi tended to confirm this belief. My handling them seemed to give as much pain as if I had gone into a Christian church and used the chalice for drinking water."

But cannibalism degenerated into a mere morbid craving for human food. When a large canoe was launched, the rollers which bore it down across the shingly shore consisted of pinioned men, the torn, crushed, mangled corpses of whom were, after the launch, cooked and eaten. Human victims were sacrificed upon the laying of the keel, the beginning of the planking, the stepping of the mast, or the hoisting of the sail for the first time. They were considered the proper food for the carpenters. And a new canoe was never launched without her decks being "washed" in blood. Some poor creature would be also captured and killed at each point of land it touched, or even at the lowering of the sail. In short, upon every available occasion the opportunity for a human feast was secured, and no case of cannibalism is reported through scarcity of food.

Thus, from different points, light is focussed on the fact that the worship of heathen Fiji had simply become a means of glutting the vilest passions of our fallen nature. The religious festivals were but scenes of loathsome orgies. Man is never better than his religious system. And Fiji, unchristianised, exhibited the heart swollen with Satanic pride to such an extent, that there was rife a boasting of wickedness

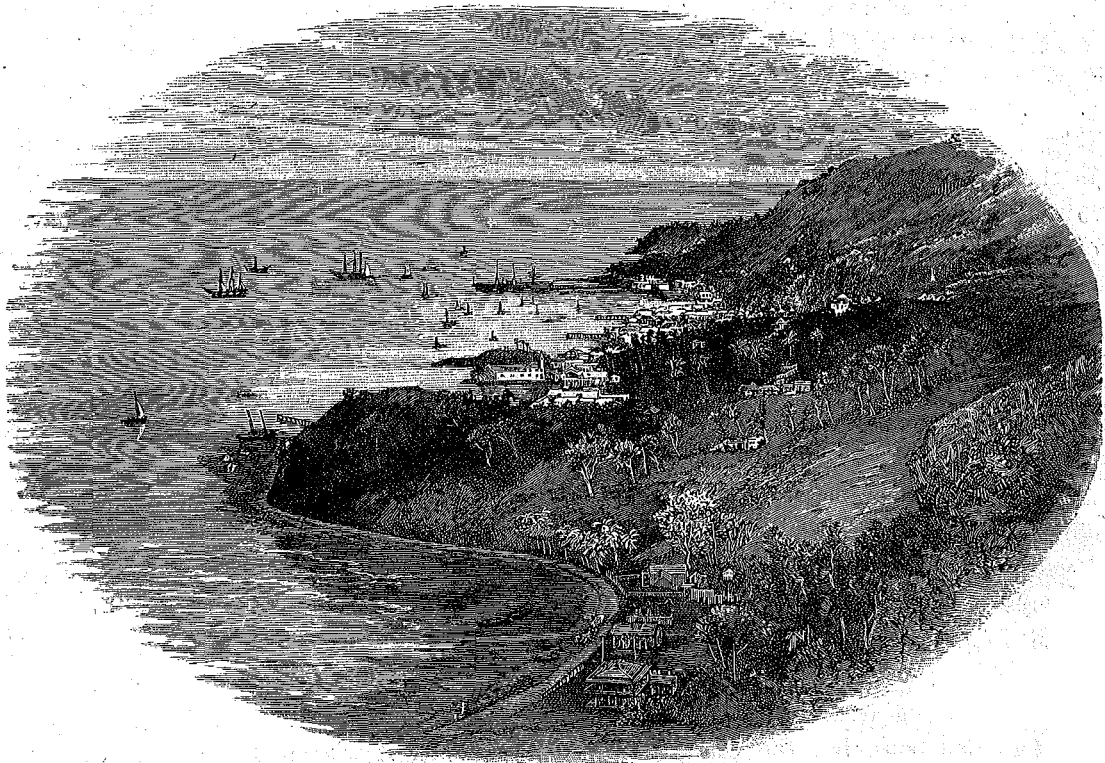
cunning, treachery, and murder from sheer love of notoriety, or human nature's delight in its own self-adulation. The most bitter revenge was deified as an object of devotion. The cultus partook of unutterable obscenities, indulged in by both sexes in all the hideousness of indescribable lust. And when this is said, it must be left after all to conceive as matter of imagination into what a realised pandemonium the first messengers of heaven entered, bearing their lives in one hand and the grace of God in the other.

The Wesleyan Mission holds a prominent place in Fijian history. Apart from the services rendered to humanity, which are acknowledged to have been immense, it was mainly through the efforts of that mission that the heathen abominations just described as so recently in full vigour, have become a thing of the past; and the vastness of the change which has come across these islands, equally with the wonderful tale of the mode of its accomplishment, speaks aloud to all the world of the power of the Gospel of Christ. God has honoured the Wesleyan Church to an extraordinary extent in this corner of the great field which is the world. Independent testimony is plentifully borne to the fact in the Blue-books of the British Government, while reports of naval officers, and the observations of travellers of intelligence and integrity, sufficiently approve the completeness of the work. Forty years after the landing of the missionaries, heathenism as a system was abolished; the temples, the priesthood, the human sacrifices were gone, and Thakombau, as a Christian king, ruled over a Christian nation.

Strange is it, for instance, to read of Levuka for some years the commercial capital, as having become possessed of five churches, a government-house, courts of justice, masonic halls, and mechanics' institutes and library, a club-house, a bank, two bi-weekly newspapers, besides hotels, shops, and schools, and one cab! To-day the sound of the church bells mingles with the tones of the *lali* (the native wooden drum) in calling the worshippers to prayer. The harbour, when the monthly mail steamer from Sydney was in, presented an animated spectacle, with its inter-island steamboats and sailing craft of all kinds flying their various national flags—a gay scene before the long town, straggling its two miles' length along the coast. There was one Episcopalian chaplain, with an assistant from Bishop Patteson's native clergy, to assist him in missionary work and foreign labour, but the Church of England judged it wise to leave Fiji wholly to the Wesleyans, who have been so marvellously successful. Indeed, Wesleyanism is the "established church" of Fiji, and while other sects are now to be found as visitors on the islands, the Methodists hold their own as the almost indigenious Church of the people. "Out of a population of 120,000," wrote Sir Arthur Gordon, on his appointment as Governor in 1874, "102,000 are now regular worshippers with them."

The history of the mission that has effected so wondrous a transformation contains a prodigality of all that is heroic and romantic. Looking back at such scenes as we have now to conjure up by the firelight of our own happy homes, and at this distance of time, a halo of glory encircles them. But in the romance which fascinates us so powerfully, let us not forget the commonplace details of sacrifice, of suffering, of lonely isolation, of dreary depression, which, apart from immediate peril, was the daily lot of the noble men and women who ventured to live amongst those wildest

of savage men. We know not whether to admire more their first daring plunge into the midst of such appalling surroundings, or the steady perseverance and unflinching nerve which they evinced in their work. They had not more than a yearly communication with the outside world. Letters from home were usually fifteen months old. No medical man was within a thousand miles of them, and Fiji was a hot-bed of strange diseases. They had not one of their own language to speak to them a word of sympathy in illness, or of cheer in their work. Apart from peril and the nauseous environment of their life, their toil was no sinecure. Services increased rapidly, both for

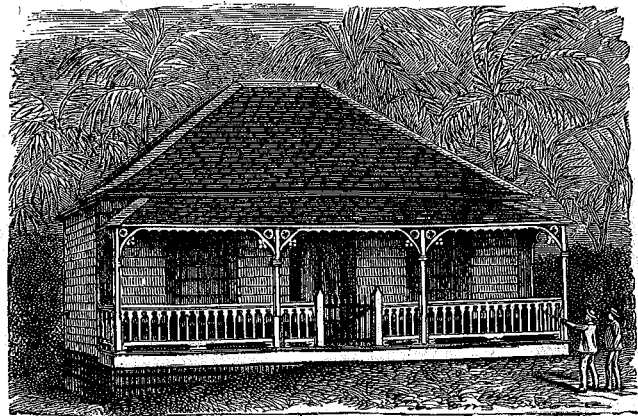


LEVUKA.

brain and hand and limb. Every day, and all day, they were compelled to hold intercourse with natives, that they might gain some; beneath the hands of these nude light-fingered gentry, the mere conveniences of life disappeared, and the periodical running short of provisions also told upon their health. In one missionary abode, all that was left of comfort at one time was a solitary tea-cup, minus its handle. A supply of clothing took two years in coming, having been written for three years before. No ordinary grace sent them there; and no ordinary zeal kept these men of education, and these women who had been used to civilised comfort and refinement, faithful amid such privations. No more hopeless or forbidding prospect could be found than they had chosen; yet their ardour, like the flame of fire on the Jewish altar, never went out.

They sought to offend no prejudice, and to provoke no hostility. In their daily life of self-denying goodness, they preached the Gospel of a living Christianity in the patience of their faith, the endurance of their love, and the fortitude of their living martyrdom. What the happy results cost those good soldiers of Jesus Christ, only He knows who saw their labours, their sickness, their pain, their disappointments, their outraged feelings, and who heard their strong crying with tears. How dare we look on the fashionable shabbiness of our own Christian profession, when we contrast the gifts these heroes cast into the treasury of the Lord!

The mission settled first in Windward Fiji, which the natives of Tonga, another group of the South Sea Islands, were in the habit of visiting. Perhaps it was identified too closely with the Tongan element in the outset, for the generally tyrannic bearing of those seafaring ruffians towards Fiji led to much mischief. But it must not be forgotten that to obtain any introduction to Fiji was most difficult. And among the rough visitors were some who had received Christianity in the love of it, and these became zealous in making known to their Fijian neighbours what they knew of the Gospel. In 1834, when the little Tongan Church was blessed with a remarkable revival, in which thousands, including the king and queen, were converted from idolatry, Fiji was remembered with especial prayers, and an earnest desire sprang up to send the Gospel of Jesus to its savage inhabitants. That year, when the missionaries met in the Friendly



WESLEYAN CHURCH AT LEVUKA.

Islands District Meeting, one chief subject of deliberation was the need of benighted cannibal Fiji. Although they had their hands full, and were just beginning to reap the fruit of much toil and danger in the district already being evangelised, they could not refuse the call which came to them from Fiji to preach the Gospel there. In October, 1835, the Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, not ignorant of the character of the barbarians, undertook to go forth from Tonga for their civilisation and enlightenment. Past the vigour of youth, their homes established, their little ones growing up, their work succeeding, it must have been a second wrench, and a second immense sacrifice in the lives of these men, to leave all and follow Christ. But the voice of the Master sounded unmistakably across the face of the dividing waters, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," and, counting the cost, they gave to His "marching orders" their solemn "Amen!"

With wives and little ones they awaited the opportunity of crossing the seas to the scene of new peril, utilising the period of delay in arranging an alphabet, and printing, at the Tongan press, a four-paged "First Book" in Fijian, and a "Short

Catechism." The two families embarked in a passing schooner, 8th October, 1835, King George of Tonga manifesting his sincere interest in the undertaking by sending along with them an influential person with a present to the chief of the district whither they were bound, urging him to treat the missionaries well, and stating what great benefits had accrued to him and his people from their sojourn amongst them at Tonga. In four days they reached Lakemba. Early in the morning the two men went ashore, the schooner lying in the offing without daring to come to anchor. On that shore deafening yells had announced the approach of the vessel, and when the two whites stepped out of the boat, a great crowd of savages had thus been gathered to give them the usual anthropophagical welcome, running naked on the beach and gesticulating in wild excitement. A hundred feet from the water's edge were two hundred men armed with muskets, bayonets fixed on sticks, clubs, bows and arrows, their bodies painted jet-black and their faces reddened, in the approved manner of the Fijian fashion of fifty years ago. The missionaries hailed the Tongans in the crowd with the familiar greetings of their own land. And it was well that they could converse with these, so as to bespeak a friendly reception from the natives by describing through them the well-meant intention of their visit. Leaving the long row of houses that lined the shore beneath the shade of cocoa-nut trees, they came to the abode of the chief, situate in a large inland fortress. To him and his great men they explained the purport of their visit, and begged some land on which to erect a house. This was readily granted; they were promised temporary homes at once, and were desired to land their families and their goods. Then the vessel cast anchor, and the sea-sick women and children were taken on shore. For the first night, the shelter of a canoe-shed, open at end and sides, was lent them. Here they spent the hours of darkness amid mosquitoes innumerable and unusually large, within range of the sonorous grunting of a herd of pigs that ran about them in all directions, the children crying with the pain of the insects' stings, and in the midst of a tribe whose ferocious propensity was to eat all strangers, and whose language they knew not. These were the circumstances in which two faithful men of God began their assault upon that ancient stronghold of the cruel.

The chief had promised them a dwelling, and during its erection they gladly availed themselves of the captain's invitation to remain on board the schooner. But house-building was a rapid process in Fiji; a timber frame-work, bound together by sinnet, the native twine, was soon run up, latticed and thatched; the thatching was a ceremony wherein every friendly disposed person was supposed to help with shouts of triumphant, albeit discordant, glee. Thus, in three days, a large company of willing natives erected the mission-premises, the doors and windows being landed from the schooner with furniture, books, clothes, articles for barter and other stores. And on a Saturday night the two missionaries, with their families, found themselves domiciled in their new home among the cannibals.

Next day the mission work began in earnest, by their holding two out-door services, conducted in the Tongan tongue. The king had been invited, and he came and listened attentively. A favourable impression appears to have been made

on him. "The Dayspring from on high" had at length visited this region of the darkness and shadow of death.

Speedily the language was mastered. A version of part of St. Matthew's Gospel containing the "Sermon on the Mount" was soon able to be sent to the Tongan press, where it was printed in a booklet of twenty-four pages. This proved a valuable acquisition. Meantime the preaching in the Tongan dialect was bearing its own precious fruit. Many Tongans, who had found in Fiji a congenial sphere for the free indulgence of every vice, became truly penitent. Bitterly repenting of evil deeds, and putting away the licentious courses still so easily open to them in Fiji, they returned to their own land. Many a cordial greeting then took place between these wanderers and their friends at home, who, themselves converted to the faith of Christ, received them back as "dead but now alive again."

In October, 1837, a fleet of canoes left Fiji in which there removed about three hundred persons who, at Lakemba, had been brought to the knowledge of the truth; and of these earliest results among the Tongans, the thoroughgoing disciples proved some of the most devoted of Christian labourers. Zealous in spreading the cause of Christ, they greatly aided the mission by their earnest exhortations wherever they went, and strove to repair the evil effect of their past lives by their indefatigable and invaluable services. Thus they seemed raised up of God as the best pioneers in the new field, for they held the chiefs in no such fear as did their own Fijian subjects, but professed their Christianity boldly and in an independent fashion of their own.

Among the Fijians themselves, the work did not progress so rapidly at first as afterwards. Many of the professedly converted Tongans were insincere and half-hearted, although some were entirely changed in character and life. And the *lotu*, as the new religion was called, permitted no compromise. It achieved nothing if it did not elevate these lawless people to the standard of morality taught by the New Testament. That was its one position. It sought to go deep into the heart of the cannibal, and, introducing a new set of ideas, a new class of motives, a new style of life, it would rest satisfied with no half-way measures. And that doctrine was unpalatable at first sight to the Fijian, as it is to the natural heart in every man.

The first great attraction of the natives to the new settlers was the system of barter which they had established. In payment for gardening, fencing, building, or for pigs, fowls, crabs, fish, fruit and vegetables, they would receive a long and hopelessly coveted article, such as an axe, a knife, a pot, a piece of calico or other treasure. These things became, of course, matter of admiration; the theme of conversation was soon the mission station, with its air of comfort, its domestic tranquillity, its happy contented life, which stood in marked contrast to their own. So many came to see it at length, that the native curiosity became a nuisance, the more especially that the smaller articles upon which hands could be deftly laid were secreted and "annexed" by the visitors. Some looked upon the mission established among them as giving them respectability, others found in it other advantages, and there was a danger at one time of the Fijian embracing Christianity solely from a sense of the benefits it manifestly conferred. Especially was this the case when medicine became

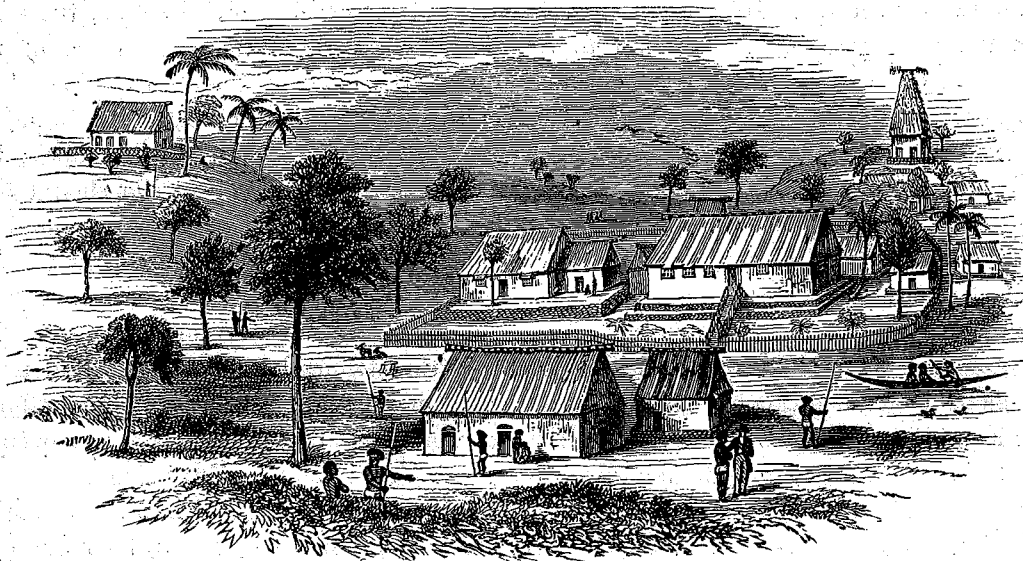
part of its beneficent schemes, the Fijian's great desire in this life being that he might enjoy good bodily health. A chief once urged as a reason for the adoption of the white creed, that his life might be preserved by the love and power of the white God. Thus at first the mission generally met with a favourable reception, though not because the people understood the nature of the Gospel or had any love for it. Mr. Cargill was made to sit on one occasion for two hours in conference with a chief who insisted on "interviewing" him. The heathen was then asked, "Do you believe to



KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

be true what I have stated?" And his reply evinced the state of public opinion in Fiji regarding the whites: "Everything is true that comes from the white man's country; guns and powder are true; your religion *must be true*." As the people became enlightened and thought for themselves, they began to provoke the hostility of "the powers that be," by manifesting an increasing dislike to the tyrannic demands of the chiefs; and when one or more were converted every week, it inflamed the incensed chiefs to greater threatening and persecution. One of these, although supposed to be himself favourable to the *lotu*, was tributary to the monarch of a neighbouring State, and before accepting it openly, he wished to know the mind of his more powerful ally. "When Tanoa leads," he said, "I and all my people will follow." The force of this was felt by the missionaries for some time. Until some chief of importance set an

example, the Fijians would not in any great numbers embrace the Gospel. This circumstance of the subordination of the people to their feudal lord, explains the fact of the great number of Fijians who were afterwards "converted" at one time. In the first six months thirty-one adults were publicly baptised, the sacrament being in no case administered indiscriminately, and merely because heathenism had been forsaken and the Christian services attended, but only such persons being received as had been enlightened by instruction regarding the vows imposed on them, and evidencing sincerity in their endeavour to live according to the principles of their new profession. At the end of the first year of the mission, the Lord's Supper was administered



MISSION HOUSE AND HEATHEN TEMPLE AT VIWA.

to two hundred and eighty persons, reclaimed from the very worst excesses of which our human nature is capable.

The first hastily built mission premises were blown down by a hurricane, but good eventuated out of the calamity, for a much-needed chapel, besides more substantial and comfortable homes, were soon erected in their place. Then the extending of Christianity called forth very violent opposition from the priestly caste, which felt its own influence was on the wane in proportion as that of the missionaries increased. It was proposed that the setting up of the posts of a projected new temple should be celebrated by the eating of some of the Christians. A Tongan chief interfered, however, in time to save them from destruction, and the calm boldness with which these converts endured the annoyances heaped upon them was a new feature in Fijian character. Ex-cannibals, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods, were a novelty indeed; and that they should sustain so much loss, and should show, not only no revenge, but goodwill to their cruel persecutors, was, to all beholders, a perfect paradox, so that when those who had suffered the loss of all things returned to their homes,

they were treated with unwonted respect. The multiplied failures of their own oracles tended to decrease the popular favour towards the priests, while, on the other hand, the missionaries seized every opportunity of conferring solid benefit. Thus, quietly but firmly, the good work sped. Besides the regular preaching, a school at daybreak was held, and there were added, with fresh translations of the sacred Scriptures, class-leaders and exhorters instructed in their exposition.

The two pioneer missionaries, by advice of the king, and in circumstances of exceeding difficulty, determined to push their efforts at length into the leeward and more important part of Fiji. Thus Mr. Cross, though in an enfeebled state of health, left Lakemba and proceeded to Mbau, then promising to be the centre of power which it afterwards became. Here he found affairs in a state of high civic tension, the place crowded with people, wrought up to a pitch of excitement in consequence of the successful crushing of a revolt in connection with the exile of Tanoa, the king. Two bodies were already in the ovens, so that he thought it wiser to settle at Rewa, on the mainland of Viti Levu, and distant from Mbau by river about twelve miles; the king there offering him protection, and promising that any of his people should *lotu* who chose. The first services were conducted in the dialect of Lakemba, but in a week Mr. Cross was able to talk to the people in their own brogue. His house was small, low, and damp, and here the missionary sickened. "For six weeks he lay ill, first with intermittent fever, then with cholera, and then with typhus fever, until his strength was gone, and his poor wife saw closely threatening her, the hard lot of being left alone with her little ones among cannibals." On recovery, a better house was built, a chief and his wife were converted, the services were well attended, a school was opened, and the aspect seemed brightening, when persecution arose, and besides being threatened with arson, Mr. Cross nearly lost his life by one of the stones hurled into the Christian assembly. Here the chief of Viwa, a town a few miles north of Mbau, besought that a Christian teacher might be sent him. He was a man of blood, and Mr. Cross feared some scheme of vengeance. However, the chief told the old king Tanoa privately that he intended to *lotu*, as he was afraid of the whites, some French war-ships having severely revenged an outrage a short time previously. A teacher was accordingly sent into this new district.

Thus was the mission started in two centres of influence, east and west, by these two men defying, single-handed, the Evil One in his ancient fastness of Fiji, where, secluded in its lovely islands, he had for ages succeeded, unchecked, in fostering every vice and unheard-of abomination. No wonder if the demon of savagery, outstripping the common limits of rapine and bloodshed in his fury, and violating the very instincts of humanity, should have been provoked, so that opposition became obstinate, and the people appeared *en masse* more debased and devilish than ever. But the voice of omnipotent exorcism was in the evangel these men had brought, and Providence had its never-slumbering eye upon its servants, not only protecting them, but in due course sending them much-needed help. The Friendly Islands District Meeting foresaw that many more missionaries for Fiji would be required immediately. A stirring appeal was written by one of their number, and circulated broadcast in England,

with the result, that in December, 1838, the Rev. John Hunt, the Rev. T. J. Jaggar, and the Rev. James Calvert, with their wives, landed from England at Lakemba, and Fiji was at once formed into a separate district, with the Rev. David Cargill for its chairman. The noble Hunt then consented to relieve Cross, which meant that he hesitated not, at the request of his brethren, to risk himself to work among cannibals, of whose language he knew nothing; while, with equal nobility, the shattered brother to whose relief he promptly went, would not yield his post when he came, choosing possible death rather than forsake a young, inexperienced man alone in such unexampled difficulties. Fortitude like this was as timely as it was God-given. One of the king's brothers had instigated the pelting of the native Christians, and the plundering of their houses. The new missionary wrote: "Mrs. Hunt and I were not very comfortable, especially about midnight, when the death-like stillness of the town was broken by the firing of a musket. We thought, 'Surely this is the signal for the attack,' and expected nothing less than to have our houses plundered. Mr. Cross slept comfortably enough. He was the old veteran, who had stood the shock of many a battle; we were the raw recruits just introduced into the field, and consequently we felt the timidity which most experience on the first charge. The chief never came near us, and the king called a meeting of chiefs shortly after, which was the means of checking the persecution for a time."

Thus was kindled in Fiji the light that should never go out, but that should burn into the darkest recesses of its degradation until, with holy opposition, it should consume them. Scenes too horrible, too full of fiendish cruelty to be imagined, surged around the missionary band; every vice was committed, and every suffering endured, until the cannibal atrocities lost their novelty, and were looked upon as a matter of course. Yet the work of conversion was really begun. At Lakemba, a printing-press was established among a people who three years before had possessed no written language; but as Rewa appeared more naturally suited to form the centre of the mission activities than Lakemba, to Rewa it was removed. Almost simultaneously, Mr. Lyth arrived from Tonga, to prove, by his medical aid, a great accession of strength to the small but already effective force.

For long these men laboured on, disappointed even in reasonable expectation. "Unfruitful labours," "barren ground," "apparently useless toil," are among the epithets used to characterise such Herculean tasks as lay before them, by people given to too free indulgence in "cold water." But they toiled on in solitude and in faith. Always and everywhere,—by the wayside, on board the canoe, at the sick-bed, and in the garden, the missionaries pressed home to every man's conscience, religious truth. And these men were chosen wisely and well, for individually they had aptitude for their work. While Hunt translated the Scriptures, Calvert managed the press, assisted in this by a Frenchman, who, being shipwrecked on the coast, and coming under the influence of the Gospel, relieved the missionary from the manual labour of printing, and gave him release for his own proper work of evangelism. R. B. Lyth, by his knowledge of medicine, mitigated suffering and prolonged life, leaving, wherever he went, not only a grateful reminiscence of his skill, but an impression of his high honour and

conscientiousness. On gaining some repute for medical skill, his first influential patient was a young chief of wonderful physique, whom Lyth attended during a long illness, so that a deep friendship was formed. Then the old king summoned his professional aid, and being a man of violent temper, proved a most difficult patient to manage. If dissatisfied, he would seize his club and threaten his doctor with instant extinction. On one of these scenic occasions, the physician fled the room, leaving his coat-tail in the royal hands—a breach not easily repaired in Fiji. The

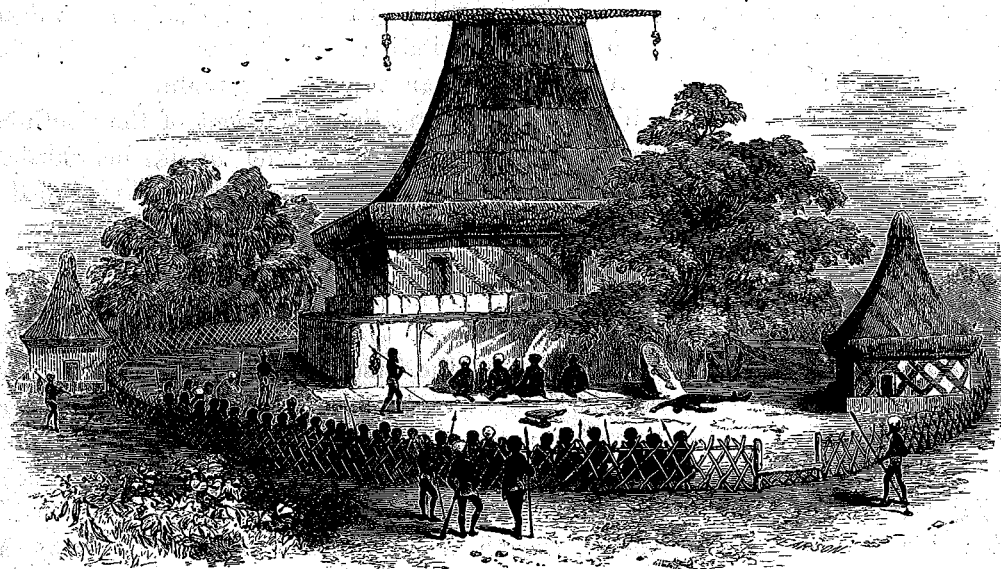


THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

children were gathered round Watsford, who organised schools and put the Gospel into verse and song. David Hazlewood, whose name is little known, was a man holding a front rank amongst apostolic labourers of the Christian mission-field. Highly gifted and of a peculiarly elevated and refined nature, here was a spirit aflame with zeal—kindled, we might suppose, at the great patriarchal fount of Methodism, for it was closely akin in many respects to that of the Wesleys. To him is due a translation of a large portion of the Old Testament. He compiled a masterly scientific grammar of the language, and gave to future generations of missionaries a dictionary which made the work of acquiring the strange tongue comparatively easy to them. In all these men and their wives shone an intensity of unspeakable devotion to their work, which seemed to make them forget the common instincts of

self-love and self-preservation. Apart from all other qualities, with which they were conspicuously endowed for the work, their courage was of an order approaching the sublime in moral grandeur.

The next place which the missionaries attempted to supply with the Word of Life was Somo-somo, a town of weighty influence and of the most barbarous wickedness. Its king and his two sons had visited Lakemba with two hundred people, and being struck by the supply of useful articles bartered at the mission, they had pleaded hard for a similar boon for themselves, on the ground of their greater importance, numbers, and renown. In response, Hunt and Lyth went to Somo-somo in July, 1839, but they soon found, to their disappointment, that they were treated with



TEMPLE OF NA VATA-NI-TAWAKE, MBAU.

conspicuous neglect by the supercilious cannibals. The king's youngest son had been lately wrecked at sea, and it was whispered that he had been eaten. And when the missionaries tried to prevent the strangling of several women, the king was enraged at their interference with the ancient and popular custom, and only increased the number of wretched victims. Sixteen were put to death, the graves of some being contiguous to the mission-house. What the missionaries endured here will never be known. "In quick succession they were compelled to witness scenes of cruelty and degradation too deep for words. Deeds of darkest abomination were the familiar sights of every-day life, and the people of Somo-somo proved themselves fully entitled to the character they bore throughout the group, of being the vilest of the vile. Cannibal feasts, attended by wildest orgies, were of constant occurrence, the bodies being cooked in ovens close to the house in which Mr. Hunt and Mr. Lyth had their quarters; and so great was the offence they gave by closing the doors to try and shut out the revolting scenes, that their own lives were endangered, and the king's

son, Tui-kila-kila, came up furiously, club in hand, threatening to kill Mr. Lyth, who had ventured on remonstrance." Every day increased the peril in which they stood, until one awful night they believed their doom was sealed. Defence was impossible, and, crouched in the great gloomy house, they closed the frail doors and hung up their curtains of mosquito cloth to hide themselves from eyes that might be peering through the reed walls; and then, one after another, they called on God, resolved that their savage murderers should kill them on their knees. A band of noble martyr-spirits, they had left their happy homes in England, counting the cost of the risk they ran in these islands of blood; and now, when the full sacrifice appeared to be demanded, they bent their knees to its completion. "Just at midnight, when each pleading voice was hushed and each head bowed lower," the horrid brooding stillness was broken by a wild sudden ringing yell; but God had changed the death-knell, which they took it to be, into a savage invitation to all the women to come out to dance. So the night passed with the ghastly cannibal purpose unfulfilled.

After a year, the Rev. John Waterhouse, General Superintendent of the South Sea Missions, visiting the station, found Mrs. Hunt ill, and alone in it, her husband having gone to console his brother-labourer, Mr. Cargill, whose wife had just died in Rewa. His reports of this period state that Somo-somo was proverbial even in Fiji for depravity. Tui-kila-kila, who was practically the monarch, maintained a determined opposition to the *lotu*. He permitted the preaching and teaching, but he thought it would be vain, for he was determined to kill the first poor man that should profess Christ. Now it happened that the first to renounce heathenism and publicly worship the true God, was the king's own brother. Success, however, wavered in the balance. The most that the missionaries could effect was the sparing of human life, which was taken on every available occasion. To Lyth, indeed, as a physician, the king became somewhat attached, but he could on no account be persuaded to abandon his heathenism. "Such a Goliath I had not seen before," wrote Mr. Waterhouse; "we measured together, and I found him to be the head and neck taller than myself, and nearly three times the bulk; every part indicating the strength of a giant. This is the king whose mandate is life or death. He called at the mission-house. Such a human form (all but uncovered) was enough to frighten Mrs. Brooks, who had called on her way to Sydney, and who had seen nothing of the kind in the Friendly Islands; and more especially so, when he took her child (about seven weeks old) into his arms, and put his great tongue in its mouth."

The District Meeting of 1842 granted Mr. Cross leave of absence, as he expressed the feeling that another year of Fiji would kill him; but the death of Mr. Waterhouse being reported, Mr. Cross, decided to stay in residence with Mr. Lyth, who in the previous year had been the means of raising Mrs. Hunt from the brink of the grave. But the fatigue of his removal, added to his exhaustion by disease, proved too much for the intrepid missionary, and the sick man passed to his rest on the 15th of October. Over his grave was erected, in Fijian style, a neatly thatched house, and a wooden monument told how the faithful servant awaited the coming of his Lord.

In August, 1843, the Rev. Thomas Williams joined Mr. Lyth, and in September,

1844, the Rev. David Hazlewood strengthened the staff. For nearly two years from this latest arrival, the weary toil was carried steadily on, before these devoted men could persuade themselves of their duty to exchange this barren field of Somo-somo for some other more promising sphere. But in 1847, the purpose of its abandonment was fully formed. The greatest care was necessarily observed to keep the intention a secret in the place itself. Preparations for removing were carried on for months. Clothes, books, furniture, and other goods were packed ready, and doors and windows partially unscrewed, so that the whole might go on the shortest notice. Late one evening the vessel arrived with two other missionaries to assist in the decampment, and at day-break everything was quickly and quietly stowed on board. Then the missionaries went and bade formal farewell to the king, telling him that as he was constantly engaged in war and not disposed to listen to their message, they were leaving his dominions for a time to visit other parts, where the people were most eager to *lotu*. Thus was the dust of Somo-somo shaken suddenly off their feet. The natives were much annoyed, as they were losing a source of wealth and honour, and they made themselves very troublesome in purloining remnant goods, one old chief indulging in the usual vindictive threat to kill some of them on the spot. The benefit of their sojourn can scarcely be estimated. But after the little leaven of good had gone, the whole district went express speed from bad to worse. The king was murdered while asleep on his mat by his own son. The son was killed to revenge the father's death by the brother, who in turn was soon assassinated. Then the town became utterly chaotic. Civil war, in which brother slew brother in deadly defiance, soon rendered Somo-somo a region of desolation.

Perhaps the most remarkable chapter in the history of this mission opens in the story of Ono, an island far removed from the rest of the group, lying, as its southernmost extreme, about 150 miles distant from Lakemba. An epidemic raging in 1835 was proved to be positively incurable by the heathen gods, to whom the thinned ranks of the living made unceasing appeal. One of the chiefs had formed the acquaintance of a Lakemba magnate who, having visited Sydney and other places, had become a Christian. The scant information conveyed through this channel, that Jehovah was the true God and that all men should worship Him on His own seventh day, kept holy for the purpose, was the first ray of that Light which was soon to burst in glorious fulness on distant Ono. This chief and his comrades resolved to pray only to Jehovah, of whom they thus had heard, and accordingly, donning their best and anointing their limbs with a profusion of oil, they observed a sabbath of their own.

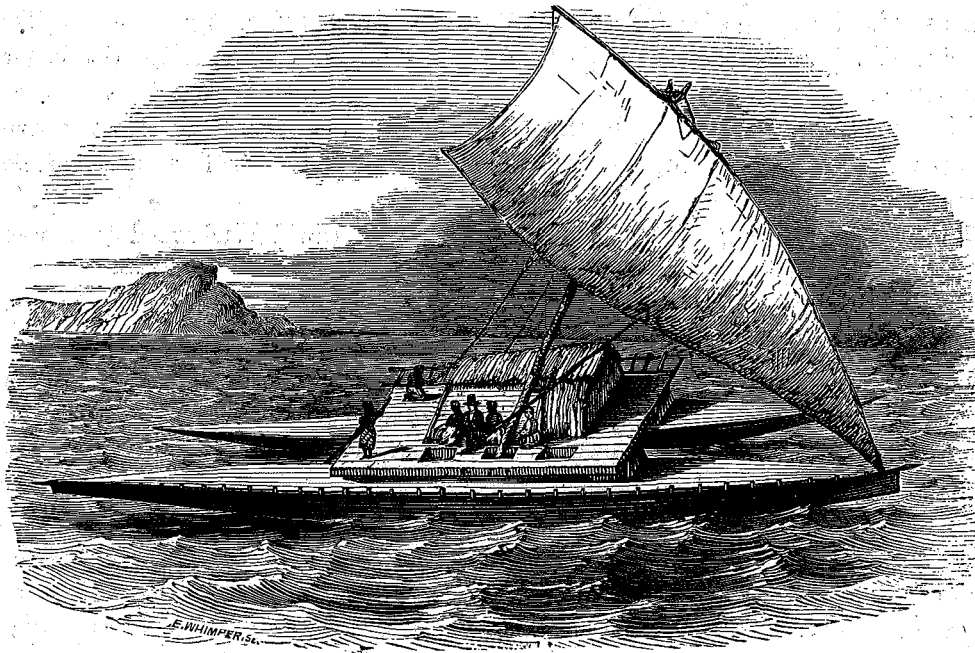
These seekers after God were filled with inexpressible longing to have a teacher among them, and a deputation of two went all the way to Tonga to beg for one to be sent. Meantime, in May, 1836, a canoe from Lakemba drifted within reach of Ono, having on board a number of converted Tongans. One of these, Josiah by name, hearing of the anxious hearts at Ono, hastened over to the island to tell all he knew of the Gospel. He soon took the place of the old priest, and a chapel to hold a hundred persons was built. Other native teachers followed, and in 1839 the glad news was brought to Lakemba that 168 men and 160 women

had turned to the Lord, that the three chapels which had now been built were crowded to overflowing, that the converts were so anxious to be taught that they had scarce allowed the Christian teachers time to sleep; and that, in addition, Vatoa, another little island near Ono, had been Christianised by means of a convert of the Lakemba mission who, on his return home, had persuaded his fellows to *lotu*, and that all the inhabitants, to the number of sixty-six, had followed his example. Mr. Calvert, now left alone at Lakemba, was greatly moved by the report, the marvels of which were being noised abroad throughout Fiji, and by the pleading of the people for a missionary's visit to their distant home. The long, perilous voyage in a canoe, sailing to windward, and especially the leaving of his wife and child, were prospects by no means inviting. But, urged by his heroic wife, he decided to pay the prayed-for pastoral visit; and his resolve was confirmed when news reached him of the unfaithfulness of the head teacher. He embarked the last day of 1839, and reaching Ono in safety, baptised 233 persons, and married sixty-six couples. The evidences he beheld of the good work that had been done, were wonderful and cheering.

Here occurred an incident of peculiar interest in many ways. Toro, the converted daughter of a chief, had been betrothed in infancy to the old heathen King of Lakemba, and Calvert refused baptism unless she resolved, at any cost, to decline to become one of this king's thirty or forty wives. The girl declared her purpose firm. She would die rather than fulfil her heathen betrothal, and the old chief her father, and all the Christians, resolved to die rather than give her up. She was accordingly baptised, and took the name Jemima. When Calvert got back to Lakemba, after about twenty-two days' absence, he informed the king of Toro's baptism. Thus a crisis was raised in regard to olden rights and customs. The heathen were clamorous that their king should demand his wife; eleven canoes were equipped with warriors to sail to Ono, and when Calvert remonstrated, he was only put off with excuses. He met the king's party by a final word of solemn warning at the recklessness of this attempt to fight against Jehovah, whose were both land and sea. The king chose to sail on a Sunday, although two canoes containing Christian converts did not start until the following day. He reached Vatoa in safety, and then the heathen lordling threw off all disguise, and, by his wanton destruction of property and food belonging to the Christians, clearly showed his intention towards Ono. Thence he despatched four canoes, manned by a hundred pirates, preparatory to the attack, but these were never heard of more. Then he started with the rest, but when in sight of Ono the wind shifted, and, do what they would, the canoes could not beat against it, but drifted away to sea. The breeze freshened, the canoe-housings became unfastened, and the lives of all were in great jeopardy. The king dressed and anointed himself, and sat in state for death; for if he escaped the devouring waves, it would be only to be devoured by more relentless fellow-savages. The night closed, and, destitute of hope of rescue in the fearful darkness, the still small voice of the missionary's warning spoke in the heathen soul. He made good his escape next day, being treated with strange kindness by some islanders on whom Christianity was exerting an influence, returned to Lakemba, and begging that the missionary would never follow him with his words

again, owned, in an ostensible way, that his life had been spared by the mercy of the Christian's God.

Strange to say, the two canoes which had refused to sail from Lakemba on Sunday, although they left Vatoa in company with the king's, had reached Ono in safety, while his, which were superior craft, drifted away and were almost lost. At Ono, when news came that the fleet had been sighted, preparations were made for a determined resistance, the heathen, thinking they would also suffer damage from the visit, making common cause for the time with the Christians. The party who landed, headed by Tokoi, an inveterate hater of the *lotu*, collected the usual



THE MISSIONARY DOUBLE CANOE.

tribute, and after waiting three months, sailed back to Lakemba, having never heard news of the king. At last the missionaries thought they had got this man to waive his claim upon Jemima; the usual presents in lieu of the bride were accepted, and she was free by law to marry any other man. But, surrounded by evil counsellors, and forgetting the lesson of the sea, he again demanded her in the interests of heathen influence, which was considerably threatened by the ever-growing *lotu*. Mr. Waterhouse, on his circuit visitation, went with the missionaries to the king to dissuade him, but he was implacable, and nothing remained for Jemima but compliance or death. The Ono people, however, refused to yield her up, although the king's delegate was a chief who had always been successful in manœuvring them; and remembrance of those seas caused the determined husband to dread venturing on the errand again himself.

Meantime, heathen Ono was turned against Christian Ono in a long series of petty battlings, till at last the Christians took the enemy's position by surprise, leaving no

chance of escape. "To the astonishment of the heathen, who had been so abusive and cruel, and contrary to all Fijian precedent, the lives of all the conquered were spared, and their ill conduct was freely forgiven. Hereby a greater victory was won, for the hard hearts of the heathens were softened by this unexpected and unmerited clemency, and no more opposition was shown to the true religion, but many who had before been its enemies now confessed its power, and sought Christian teaching." Peace once restored, nowhere in Fiji was there a greater work of evangelism than that which ensued, and all the people began to turn from their old ways.

Before the news of this remarkable movement had been received, the District Meeting, not able to spare one out of the six missionaries who were all that were in Fiji at this time, deputed to visit this distant and isolated spot a converted Tongan of considerable influence, being a chief of high rank, Silas Faone, remarkable for his piety and zeal, and successful as an evangelist at Rewa. During the visit of the Rev. Thomas Williams in 1842, the only three persons remaining heathen were converted, and about 200 were baptised, the whole island being filled with a spirit of devout seriousness.

The District Meeting of 1847 appointed the Rev. David Hazlewood to proceed to Ono for one year. His journals are full of interest. Thus he writes:—

"On meeting together they found themselves in a great difficulty about the conduct of the service. None of them had ever tried to pray, but they had always been accustomed to employ the mediation of priests in their religious observances. A heathen priest was therefore waited upon, and informed of the purpose and perplexity of the people. Whether moved by his own good temper, or by fear of the consequences of refusal, the priest consented to become chaplain; and in this strange groping way did these Ono heathens feel after the Lord, if haply they might find Him. When all were seated, the priest offered prayer in terms after the following fashion:—'Lord, Jehovah, here are Thy people; they worship Thee. I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people; keep them from harm, and do them good.' Such was the first act of worship rendered to the Almighty in the far-off island of Ono.

"April 5th.—The wind for some days had been strong, but to-day it increased mightily, and continued to increase till midnight, when it blew a fearful hurricane. Myself and one of our dear little girls were at Ono. I, and one of our teachers, sat up all night, watching our house, and expecting every renewed blast to bring it to the ground. The roar of the sea, and the howling of the wind, and the rain descending in almost a solid mass, made it a most dismal night. Such was the roar of the wind in the trees, and the breakers on the reef, that we did not hear the crash of a house which fell not half a dozen yards from where we were sitting. But where were my dear wife and children? On a little island on the weather side of the land, where they might, by one vast billow, be all swept in a moment into the foaming abyss, without the possibility of human aid. But where was our faith? Was there not One sitting above the water-floods who could say to the proud waves, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further?' Yea, and in Him our souls confided; and I felt

but little doubt that their lives would be precious in His sight, and that He would either still the waves, or preserve them in the midst of them. He did the latter. In the morning, the rain having ceased, and the wind moderated in a slight degree, I walked out, and found that many houses had fallen, and in many places the ground was covered with fallen banana and bread-fruit trees. I hastened to the sea-side, and looked towards the little island, on the safety of which all my earthly comforts depended. We could not discern any house distinctly, and concluded that ours had fallen during the night, but were happy to see that the trees made their usual appearance, and had not been materially disturbed. But there still appeared no possibility of approach to them, the waves running, and the wind blowing as if propelled by some almighty engine. About mid-day, the wind having somewhat abated, eight of the natives ventured to attempt a passage in two little *paddling* canoes, the life-boats of Fiji. They succeeded, and returned in the evening, and set my heart quite at rest concerning my treasures there. Our house, in which they were, had fallen, as we suspected, during the night, and they had made their escape into a small house belonging to one of our teachers, which they managed so to prop up as to serve them for the night; but early in the morning the waves came up into it and they were obliged to flee, and build a little temporary shed on higher ground, and further from the sea. It was not until the third day that I could venture across the water to see my dear wife and children, the wind being still very strong. I found her quite comfortable, her mind having been kept in peace. Some of our people who were away at a little uninhabited island not more than twenty miles off, knew nothing of the hurricane till they came home. We deem it a great mercy that it did not happen two or three months earlier, as it would have left the people in great distress; but the yam crop was so far advanced as not to be materially injured by it."



GRAVE OF MR. CROSS.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE BURDEN AND HEAT OF THE DAY.

Tribal Wars—A Missionary's Firmness—Struggles at Rewa—Sorrows and Perils—Work at Rewa Abandoned and Resumed—Thakombau, King of Rewa—King George of Tonga—Revival at Rewa—Fiji Poetry—Death of Mr. Hunt—Sea Rovers—Incidents in the Life of Mr. Calvert—His Presence of Mind—Peace-makers—Funeral Rites of the Old King of Mbau—The Giant King—His Visit to Sydney—Speech of Thakombau.

ALMOST simultaneously with the great "awakening" in Ono, similar movements took place in other parts of the Fijian group. At Lakemba, Oneatu, Loma-loma, and many other places, chapels were built, schools erected, idolatry was forsaken, and heathen customs were abandoned. From time to time fresh supplies of teachers, English and native, came to take part in the mission; and, although there was much up-hill work to be done, much deadly opposition from priests and chieftains to be encountered, and many perils and privations to be undergone, everywhere the seed was being scattered, and in smaller or greater degree was springing up.

We do not propose to give the history of the mission in detail, but rather to select some scenes and incidents in its progress which shall illustrate, not only the pluck, endurance, and Christian fortitude of the noble band of men who, with their lives in their hands, fought at such long odds what, humanly speaking, appeared a hopeless battle, but also the plans and methods they employed, and which became, by the Divine blessing, powerful to the pulling down of the strongholds of savage Fiji.

On one occasion a war broke out between two towns, and the Christians from each were allowed to colonise, unmolested, on a little island midway between them. It was a strange sight in Fiji, that people should thus leave their fastnesses and reside on an open coast in protest against the abominations of the land. The heathen wonderment was great. Here a great multitude congregated to listen to the words of truth from the lips of an Oneatu teacher. Prosperity, too, attended the colony on the islet, while the Fiji notions of war were devastating the mainland; another island, notorious for wickedness and opposition to the *lotu*, yielded to the influence and example of its new neighbours, and many forsook the old faith for the new.

An interesting instance of the firmness required by missionaries when dealing with the heathen is shown in the following experience of Mr. Calvert:—

"The king's daughter had been very ill, and Calvert's medicine had produced a good effect. But he refused to go on with the treatment when a priest was fetched who said that the gods must be appeased. Huge puddings were to be offered, during the lengthy preparation of which the girl grew worse. The king sent for Calvert, and excitedly exclaimed:—'The illness of my daughter is very great!' 'Yes, I know it,' said the missionary; 'you are to be blamed for following useless heathen worship, instead of continuing the use of medicine which proved beneficial.' And he declined the case while the priests' heathen practices were allowed, alleging that should his

medicine succeed, the senseless incantations would be credited with the recovery, and thus error would be confirmed.

“After a long talk, and a lecture to the priest on his absurd deceptions, Mr. Calvert at last consented to undertake the case. He administered a stimulant, which



FIRST MISSIONARY CHURCH IN FIJI.

revived her from stupor, making her throw about her arms restlessly. This frightened the king, who thought she was dying, and cried out angrily, ‘You have killed my daughter!’ The missionary was in no enviable position. The attendants and people all round were very savage at his interference with the priest, and only wanted a word to lead them to revenge. It was late at night, and the mission-house was far off. The place was full of enraged heathens, in the midst of whom stood the stranger

accused by the king of murdering his favourite child. Mr. Calvert snatched up his bottles, and showed great indignation at such a charge, after he had come at their earnest request—though served so badly by them before—and had given some of the medicine that had been sent all the way from England for his own family. Then, assuming a look of being greatly affronted, he hurried away. During the morning a message came from the king, begging for medicine for another of his children, who was ill with dysentery. Mr. Calvert sent word:—‘Give my respects to the king, and tell him that I do not wish to send any more medicine for his children, having killed his daughter last night, and it is not lawful for a missionary to kill two children of a king in so short a time!’ An apology soon came, and an entreaty for forgiveness for words hastily spoken; but the medicine was not sent until another urgent request was brought.

“For four weeks the priests tried all the efforts of their incantations and sacrifices, but the sick girl got no better; so that, at last, the father’s heart relented, and he gave his consent that she should renounce heathenism and be removed, with her attendants, to the mission-house. This was accordingly done, and the missionary’s wife will not soon forget the toil and inconvenience and annoyance of having so many Fijian women in her house. The care, however, was cheerfully borne, and in a short time the patient improved. Now that she had lost all trust in the heathen remedies, she was perfectly submissive to the directions of the missionary, and soon recovered. And God blessed her soul as well as her body; so that she became an enlightened and earnest worshipper of Him, much to the dismay of the priests and the rousing of the whole island.”

One of the most interesting things in connection with the spread of Christianity in Fiji, was, that the “bread cast upon the waters” was found again in so many unexpected ways and places.

In Totoya, an island which no missionary had ever visited before, Mr. Malvern found fifty-nine church members, earnest and intelligent, with everything very orderly. In Thikombia, an eyrie village perched on the top of a precipitous island rock, the Christian religion had found a resting-place, and the elevated inhabitants, living in prayer and praise, could say after Balaam’s example, “From the top of the rocks I see HIM.” In Mango he baptised twenty-nine adults and nineteen children, and married twelve couples. At Nayau, whither a contrary wind had driven him, he found nearly all the population possessing or seeking salvation, and baptised over a hundred of them.

In 1854, Calvert revisited the scene of his ten years’ almost solitary labours, and was greatly cheered. Evidences of Christianity were everywhere visible about Lakemba. People were outwardly reformed and decently attired. They had renounced their obscene midnight orgies. Polygamy was lessening, and domestic happiness improving; temples were rotting, or their foundations cultivated with yam or taro. Club law was abolished. Not a heathen priest was left. There were five chapels to which the people flocked. Eight hundred children were daily taught in the schools. Two-thirds of the adult population had become church members, none of whom were received

without evidence of "fruits meet for repentance." Everywhere there was a hunger for a copy of God's Word, the purchasers being willing to make any sacrifice to secure it, and the press being incapable of producing more than a limited number of New Testament portions. A training institution for a native pastorate had also been founded.

At Rewa, to which place it will be remembered the printing-press was removed in 1839 from Lakemba, many deadly struggles were to take place before a similar record of prosperity could be given. The king, although remaining heathen, was well disposed to the *lotu*, but his brother was its most determined opponent. The attendants at the open-air services were pelted with volleys of stones, some of heavy weight, yet no one was hurt. The opposition was so strong that it was thought wise to postpone building a chapel, although the king had granted a site. Influenza breaking out violently among all classes, was attributed to the arrival of the friends from England, and the anxiety of the mission families for their own safety became very great. When the king's brother died, many horrible customs were observed, which showed that they were among a much more barbarous race than at Lakemba. One night, three miscreants shot their muskets through the house where the missionaries were at worship, and the balls went whizzing very close to some of them, but God protected His servants. Then a house, adjoining the mission premises, was fired, and from all parts the savages rushed to the plunder, but a friendly disposed brother of the king prevented this. Thus the constant alarm was kept up. One day, seventeen bodies were dragged into the town out of a canoe sent on from Mbau as Rewa's share in certain spoil. These were subjected to disgusting abuse. "The scene appeared to the imagination as if a legion of demons had been unchained and let loose among the people to revel in their degradation and misery, and to lash their passions into a storm of imbruted or diabolical barbarity." In another scrimmage, when Cargill was lying ill, the bullets passed through the house, and Mrs. Cargill, in fear for the children, placed them for safety behind a chest of drawers stuffed with clothes, and at the back of the house-posts. The missionary journeys up the Rewa to visit the large populations on its banks, remind us of the apostolic "perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen."

There were sorrows, too, as well as perils; the alarms and hazards, added to arduous duties, proved too great a strain upon Mrs. Cargill, who, with her babe of five days old, died. She was a noble and faithful woman, and in Fiji, where for six years she laboured zealously, her memory is still blessed. Mr. Cargill resolved to take his motherless little ones away from the awful sights that surrounded them, and for a time the management of the printing, preaching, and other laborious duties of the station was left to one missionary and a few Tongan teachers. Brutal murders, strangling and burying alive, sacking of whole towns, when scores were put to death, and cannibal orgies, were surging round the mission station at Rewa, but the Gospel which had turned the world upside down had come hither also. The first few converts had every form of opposition to withstand, from derision to harshest persecution; but when others saw that these men of blood and lust had become men of peace and purity, they greatly

wondered, and from the king, chiefs, and priests, down to the lowest of the people, misgiving grew into awe as they witnessed the might of the engine in their midst. They could only say, with unaffected astonishment, "The *lotu* makes all our land to move."

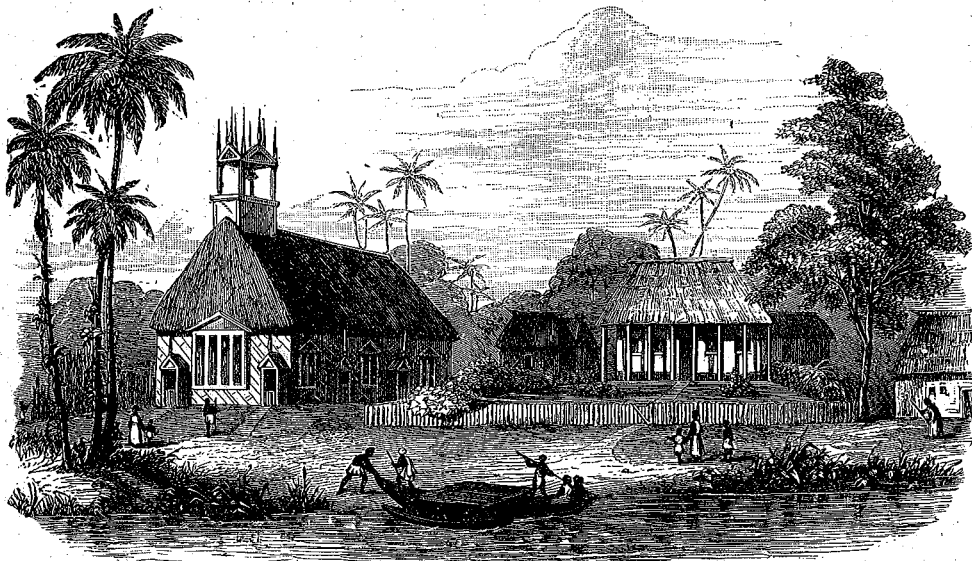
About this time the betrothed wife of a Rewa chief, an old enemy of the mission, was reported to have been unfaithful with a young chief of Kandavu. Forthwith the Rewan crossed with a large force, burned the town, and killed and ate many of its inhabitants. The survivors who escaped would not give up the accused, but when the messengers came the second time, he yielded himself up, and, with a comrade, was killed and eaten. When the girl was carried off to Rewa, it was discovered that the whole report had been a fabrication of certain enemies of her town, who had thus accomplished their own diabolical plot for its total destruction. The wicked victor got the Christian teachers out of Kandavu, and compelled those who had *lotu'd* to give up their profession under pain of death.

Apart from its many sorrows and discouragements, the work at Rewa was carried on in the teeth of horrors. A Christian chief sinking in death, and unable to speak or act, was carried off by relatives, who performed the usual heathen offices, and strangled his mother before his eyes to bury with him. Suva was in ceaseless war with Rewa, and its teacher lived in constant fear of its being burned, which actually happened in 1843, when one hundred persons were killed and cooked. Yet there were a few even in Rewa who had washed their garments and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—sure signs to the patient, toiling watchers through the dark heathen night, that daybreak was at hand.

The sorest hindrance was a fierce war between Mbau and Rewa. For seven weary months, the missionary could do nought but work in the printing-office, surrounded by the continual discharge of musketry, and the dreadful noise of the death-drum, telling of cannibal orgies at his very door. On one occasion, when the Mbau party approached close to the premises, all fled but himself, where, at the greatest risk, he remained working at his type. But his operations, confined to sending the truth to islands at peace, were not lost.

Eventually the work at Rewa had to be abandoned for a time; but in 1854 it was resumed, and Mr. Moore was appointed to the station. Thakombau was king of Mbau, and he had been so far influenced by Christianity as to make overtures of conciliation to his old enemy, the King of Rewa; these were declined, but just then the relentless King of Rewa died. The chiefs capitulated, and Mbau was a scene of rejoicing. Moore, being suspected of giving the king poison in his medicine, awoke that night to find the mission premises in flames; the family were hurried out in their night-clothes, and there was great excitement. Moore's presence of mind sustained him as he called out to the furious mob to take what goods they could, and thus diverting their mind, he saved his own life and the lives of his wife and little ones, which had been his chief object. All undressed as they were, they decamped to Mbau. Moore returned next day to Rewa, and, in the midst of danger, persevered in his work. His property was all either burnt or stolen.

A reputed brother of Thakombau next appeared on the scene, in an attempt to nullify the peace and constitute himself King of Rewa. Hereupon arrived King George of Tonga, with thirty-nine canoes, and after some fresh intricacies, in which Calvert played the part of unavailing peacemaker, he joined his forces with those of Mbau. At 6 a.m., a prayer-meeting was held before going to war, by request of the Tongan chiefs. An immense number attended; the king conducted the service, and sixteen led in prayer. They supplicated Divine guidance for the future of Fiji. They were all of one mind on the subject of the war. Strangers from the Friendly Islands and Tonga would never be safe in Fiji if they did not now make a stand, and they hoped by a



EARLY CHAPEL, MISSION-HOUSE, AND SCHOOL, MBAU.

battle to end the unceasing distractions. The whole force of one thousand Fijians and two thousand Tongans then proceeded to invest Kamba. The town, standing out on a promontory, was taken seawards by the Tongans, and landwards by the Fijians. The rebel chief and one hundred men escaped by a long swim. The rebellion had no hope, and offerings of peace were sent in from several towns. Mbau was very gay. Moore now took his family back to the former scene of suffering and escape, the various missionaries contributing to supply their lost conveniences. Calvert made a round of visitation throughout the disturbed districts with George, whose canoe—probably the largest in the world, and carrying one hundred and forty persons—was a present from Thakombau. They were met by such shrewd assurances as, “The party that is right with God would assuredly prevail;” “The *lotu* is true, or Kamba would never have been taken.” Mara, the rebel chief, and certain whites settled in Ovalau, were still at deadly feud with Mbau, but the sparing of life on the fall of Kamba had made its own impression on the minds of the heathen.

The Rewa mission was now fairly re-commenced, the people wondering at the missionary's continued kindness notwithstanding the treatment he had received. Their minds were preparing for any movement towards the *lotu*, and it soon came. A chief of influence abandoned heathenism and publicly professed Christianity, while his brother chiefs, after resisting much pressure, resolved to *lotu* also. The peace was permanent when Rewa and her dependencies had begun to serve the true God. In 1855, things had taken this turn for the better; where, in the opening of that year, the Gospel had been refused, doors were now opened to it on all hands, and many were inquiring the way of salvation. Great surprise was expressed at the fervour of the converts, and at the simple faith which they manifested. The work of God was altogether surprising, and in the course of a few months it was greater than the missionary could overtake. The District Meeting of 1856 was perplexed to know what to do. Sixty thousand Fijians had bowed the knee to Jehovah, and thousands more were following. In the Rewa circuit alone were twenty thousand professing Christians, and every week was bringing additional numbers. The missionary wrote that he required a thousand bodies, in order that he might be in every place at once.

The "revival" in Rewa spread to Mbau, and without tracing its progress in detail, we may sum up the result in the words of a recent writer:—

"Mbau, that was an Aceldama, is now the Jerusalem of Fiji, whither the tribes go up to worship. It has a very fine stone church, 97 feet by 45 feet inside measurement, with walls $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick—the cathedral of Fiji Methodism. It was built from the stone gathered from the foundations of fifteen heathen temples, and will hold, I judge, about eight hundred people." The font is made out of the stone upon which the human victims of cannibal orgies were dashed. "If Messrs. Cross and Cargill, Hunt and Calvert, Watsford and Williams, and others, planted the seed of the Kingdom in Fiji, Mr. Langham (who has been longest of any of the missionaries in the work) and his contemporaries have nurtured the young and tender plant, and now it is a great tree, and it is like Joseph, a fruitful bough by a well: whose branches run over the wall." *

The marvels of the mission press greatly delighted the people; the heathen declaring it to be a god. With silent power it carried on its work of transforming lovely Fiji, cleansing it of its foul pollutions, and conferring on it the civilisation of happier lands. After the missionaries had revised and corrected their translation of the Books of the Bible in the islands, Calvert brought home the precious treasure, and the work has since had its place among the publications of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The people paid the cost price most cheerfully, that they might possess a copy of the Word of Life. In Fiji one language prevails in several dialects, the purest example being the speech of Mbau, which was therefore chosen as the normal tongue, and into this the Bible was translated. The miniature Gospel of John iii. 16, runs thus, in the beautifully euphonious version:—

"Ni sa lomani ira na kai vura—vura vakaogo na Kalou, me Solia kina na Luvena e dua banga sa vakasikavi, me kakua ne rusa ko ira yadua sa vakabauti koya, me ra rawata ga na bula tawa mudu."

* Reed, "Recent Wanderings in Fiji."

It is a language copious, flexible, vigorous, and full of euphony. The people, so addicted to chattering, have also much poetic feeling inherent in thought and word. The following translation of some native lines on the Resurrection afford an instance:—

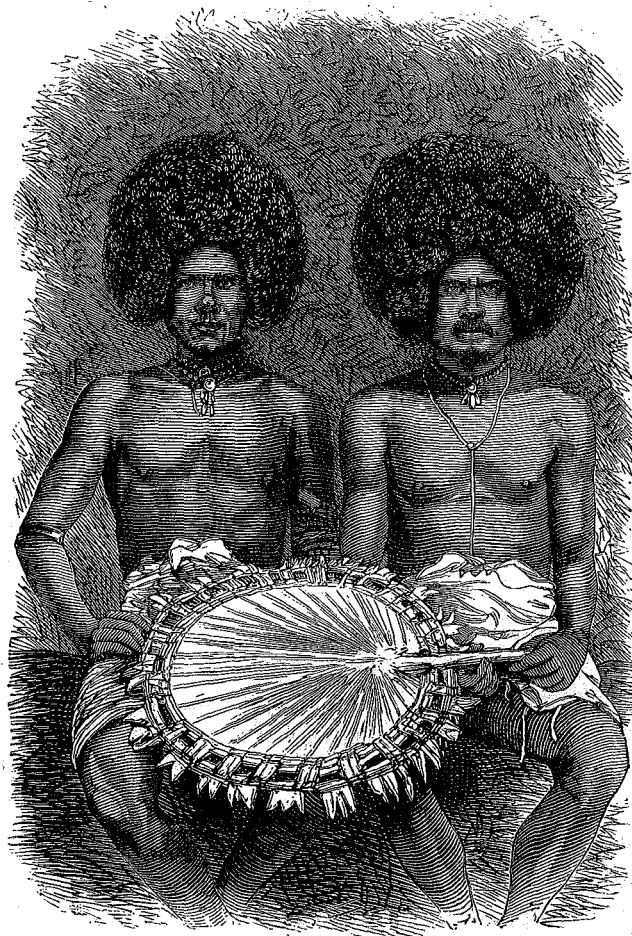
“The Saviour of mankind has expired,
 And the gloom of an eclipse covers the world—
 The Sun is ashamed, and ashamed is the Moon!
 Joseph carried away the body,
 And buried it in a new tomb.
 The world's Atonement buried lies;
 Three nights it lay in the grave,
 And the inhabitants of Judæa rejoice!
 Then of the angels there came two:
 The faces of these two flamed like fire,
 And the children of war fell down as dead.
 They two opened the sepulchre of stone,
 And the Redeemer rose again from the dead—
 The linen lay folded in its place.
 I stamp underfoot the tooth of the grave!
 And where now, O Death, is thy might?
 Take to thyself thy envenomed sting:
 I pledge a wide-spread exemption.
 Shout triumphantly, sons of the earth;
 For feeble now is the tooth of the law.”

The great calamity sustained by the mission in 1848, was the death of Mr. Hunt. With one heart the poor Fijians gathered in prayer to pour out their common grief. They pleaded for his life with importunate cries: “O Lord! we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant! If *one* must die, take *me!* *Take ten of us!* But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people!” The beloved and faithful man had created a love and admiration amounting to reverence. As he died, he cried continually, “Lord, bless Fiji; save Fiji. Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji.” The end was a scene of exceeding triumph. Outside Viwa is a spot sacred to the dust of the man who, in unwearied effort, was the instrument of raising from its heathen vileness the wilderness of Fiji. Here also reposes William Polglase, Joel Bulu, and other of the glorious company of Fijian apostles.

Of the heroism of the men and women who fought the good fight in Fiji, we cannot omit one or two extraordinary illustrations here.

On one occasion a tribe of sea-rovers returned to Mbau, bringing a large present of spoil to the king. Profitable guests like these must be entertained by the royal honours of a cannibal feast. The missionaries were away at the District Meeting. The purveyor of human flesh, the chief of the fishermen, set out in his official capacity and zeal, with a murderous crew, on an expedition to obtain *bokolo*. At a certain point, hiding themselves in the bushes and covering their canoes with leaves, they awaited their prey. Fourteen women were seized alive and one man was killed. Long before they returned the news spread in Mbau, and the rejoicing was great. The next day there was an excited mob to meet the fleet of death. The intelligence of the slaughter of the poor women was soon carried to their white sisters, Mrs. Calvert and Mrs. Lyth, who were alone at the Viwa mission station with their children. It would be desperate for two

lone women to venture into Mbau to thwart the fiendish rage of those bloodthirsty cannibals, yet they determined to go. They procured a canoe, and as they approached the place, the yells of the orgies, the beating of the death-drum, the firing of muskets, mingled with the piercing shrieks of the victims, grew louder. A *lotu* chief met them and hurried them on impatiently. Guarded of angels, they pressed through the mad

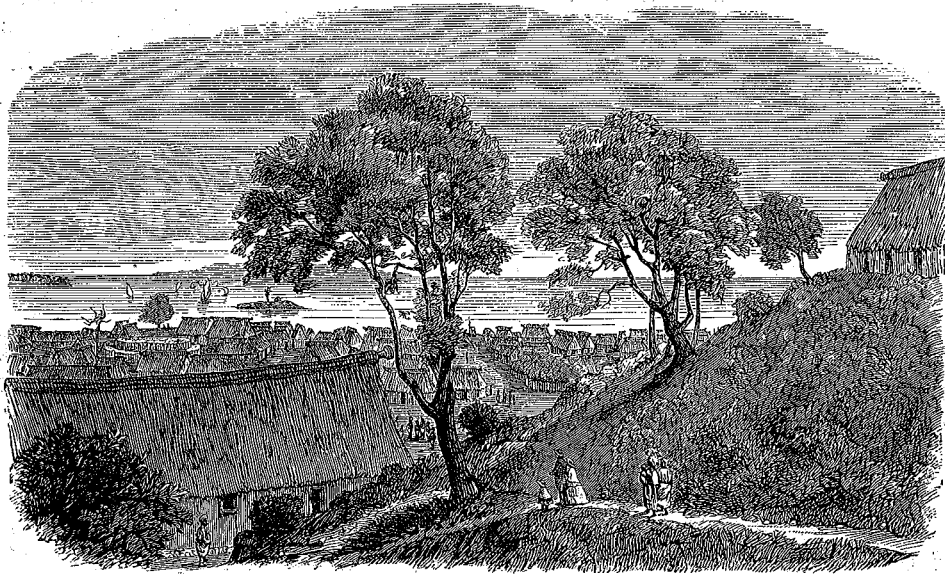


FIJIANS.

crowd unhurt into the old king's house, whose entrance was barred to women. Without ceremony they took the old man by storm; and the butchery was stayed, though nine had been already killed. Then they visited the chief whose word had sealed their dark sisters' death-warrant, and made him wince again under their sharp rebukes. Women like these were the brave, intrepid heroines who, in many a similar scene of horror, proved themselves, for the missionaries whose lot they shared, the true helpsmeet.

The officers of a British war-ship were struck with the beneficent result of Christianity in one part of the group, and coming to Viwa, hinted to the missionaries

that the tales of barbarism were exaggerated. As they sat at a meal in the mission house, the fisher chief, a handsome man, "modest and gentle," came in. That he had taken part in such a tragedy was incredible. But the next day the visitors saw at Mbau the bloody stone on which the victims' heads had been dashed, with multitudes before them, and the sea-rovers pointed with pride to the ovens in which the women had been cooked: also a spot where, a few months previously, eighty slain corpses had been piled before being apportioned to greedy warriors. The reality of the tale of horrors brought expressions of unmitigated disgust to the lips of the naval visitors, who soundly lectured the king on his detestable destruction of human life. Such judicious backing of the long and often weary efforts of the missionaries by these high-spirited



MBAU.

representatives of the British navy, was not without beneficial influence on the savage chief, and a tremendous impression was produced, in addition, by an exhibition of field gun and bomb-shell practice, which astounded him at the same time.

An incident in the life of Mr. Calvert, showing how nearly he ran into the jaws of death, may be given in his own words, extracted from his diary:—

"June 6th.—In going to Viwa I desired to call at Moturiki, which I had also attempted to do the last time I passed on to Viwa. Besides wishing to speak with them about Christianity, I now desired to warn them of danger near, Tui Levuka having told me that Moturiki would certainly be destroyed, as the mountaineers would go by night. We found that the tide did not serve well for landing; we therefore proceeded towards the entrance leading to Viwa. One of my boat's crew observed a man on the Moturiki beach beckoning for us, and told me. I desired one of my Rotumans to go on shore, as it was a long distance for me to wade, and we would put in at another point for him, where I would see the people. He got in the water,

and was proceeding towards the shore, when he observed several persons come out from among the cocoa-nut trees. He was afraid, and said, 'They are from Lovoni, and will kill me.' I requested him to come into the boat. The man continued to call. He was dressed, which led me to think that he was a man from Mbau who had *lotued*. I did not like to let the opportunity pass, and immediately got on my old water-shoes. I did not believe them to be Lovonians; but said to the boat's crew that, should I be killed, they were to return to Levuka so that Tui Levuka might get my body. Kaitu, a Rotuman, wished to go with me. I forbade him, and ordered them to take the boat round by the deep water near the reef, and put in for me at the other side. The beach was a considerable distance from me, and the water was in some places over knee-deep. As I proceeded towards the shore, many more persons made their appearance, some running fast towards me from two directions. As they neared me they looked very fierce, and made gestures indicative of evil intentions towards me. I could not get to the boat; I therefore went on towards the shore. One was swifter than the rest, and came near, with his gun uplifted to strike me. I expostulated with him. Quickly several were up with me, some of whom had clubs uplifted to club me, some with hatchets, some with spears laid on in a position to throw. One came very near with a musket pointed at me, with desperate looks. I trembled; but protested loudly and firmly that they ought not to kill me; that in me there was no cause of death from them; that their killing me would be greatly to their disgrace. I was surrounded by upwards of a hundred. The features of one I recognised, and hoped he was friendly. (This man had thought that it was my boat, and he knowing the exasperated state of the people against the whites for meddling in the present wars, fearing that I should be in danger, had run towards me; but was late in reaching me from having run a sharp shell into his foot.) He took hold of me, recognising me as the husband of the lady of the wooden house at Viwa, who had frequently purchased food of them and treated them kindly, and he said I should live. I clung to him, and disputed for my life with those who clamoured for my death. Another man's face, through a thick covering of soot, exhibited features familiar to me, but a fearful-looking battle-axe he held in his hand attracted my eye. However, I laid hold of him, and advised and urged them not to kill me. Thus I was between two who might be friendly. I told my name, my work, my labours in various ways, again and again, on their behalf; my having offered Tui Levuka a very large looking-glass if he would let them alone; my having entreated Mara and the mountaineers not to attack them, and my preventing an intended attack. I told them that I had interceded with the Mbau chief to send them the help by which they were now strengthened, and that my full knowledge of being one and friendly with them, led me to come on shore; that no white man who had been active in the war against them would have dared to come on shore there. Matters were in a hopeful state, when a very ugly man drew near with great vehemence. Many had avowed themselves in my favour. He appeared resolutely determined, in spite of opposition, to take away my life; he was extremely ferocious; but his arms were seized and held by several. He struggled hard for a length of time to get his musket to bear on me, which indeed

he once or twice managed, but it was warded off before he could fire. At length his rage subsided. All then consented to my living. But their thirst for killing had got up; and, as they could not kill me, they wished me to return towards the boat, intending to accompany me, hoping to get one or more of my natives in my stead. I refused to go, and persisted in approaching the shore, led by two. One untied my neckcloth, and took it. They pulled my coat, felt me, and I fully expected to be stripped. My trousers were wet and heavy. I was weak with talking and disputing with them—indeed, quite hoarse. As we still went on in the sea, they commenced their death-song, always sung as they drag along the bodies of enemies slain. I feared that might increase their rage, and desired to stop it. It was most grating to my feelings, and I stood still and entreated them to desist. After a short time they did so, and we proceeded to the beach. Those who had run to destroy me departed towards their own town.

“I found Ratu Vuki, a chief of Mbau, had just arrived. He was vexed with those who had treated me so, and would have punished them. I begged he would not. I desired him to send me to Viwa in a canoe, as I was sure Mrs. Calvert would be anxious. My boys had seen the danger to which I was exposed; they also were pursued by the natives, and hastened to Viwa, where they arrived about seven o'clock. Mrs. Calvert felt much at the alarming intelligence; but feared to send the boat to inquire, lest my death might be followed by the killing of those she might send. She also hoped that I was alive, thinking that the Moturiki people would not kill me. Ratu Luke Matanambamba was very kind, and very ready to go, though it was thought that my death was the *vukivuki* ('turning') of Moturiki to Ovalau against Mbau; in which case those who went would have been in danger. At midnight I reached Viwa in a canoe, and found that my wife had borne up well, but had just given her consent to the going to look after me.

“During the whole of the attack on me, the Lord blessed me with great presence of mind and considerable firmness, to stand up, proceed, dispute with them, and protest against their taking away my life. My trust was in the Lord. He was my help and deliverer. It appeared to me very probable that my course and my ministry were about being ended; yet I was comforted in the assurance that

‘They could not yet my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of His hand.’

While looking at the instruments of death which were held over and levelled at me, I felt that my life was still in His hands, and could only be taken by His permission. My prayer was to the God of my life. I was persuaded that if He permitted my death, I should glorify Him in some way that I could not have done by my life. I thought that the natives might be thereby led to deep consideration of the folly and evil of war, and be led to terms of peace. I gave myself afresh to the Lord, feeling willing and desirous to glorify Him, whether by life or death. I thought of my family; and committed my children in England, New Zealand and Fiji, and my much-loved and faithful wife, to the Lord, in whom she trusted. I thought of the mangled body of the murdered Williams, and thought my own likely to be mangled

and abused to the same extent; but I knew that I should not be eaten, even in cannibal Fiji, which was some relief to my mind. And then I felt very thankful to Him who had preserved me to labour more than fifteen years, in which I had been employed in rough and dangerous work. It seemed to me an appropriate end to my labours in Fiji. But how gracious, how wise, how powerful my Deliverer! Again I am rescued, and privileged with restoration to my family and labours.

“7th.—I went to Mbau. I felt stiff and tired, having been wet in my legs from twelve at noon to twelve at night, as I had to get into the water with the crew several times in coming to Viwa in a canoe. When about to leave Mbau at three p.m., Mr. Waterhouse asked me to remain and preach. After the service, it was later than desirable for me to be out, so I slept at Mbau.”

Sometimes the missionary inherited the blessing of peace-maker in a double sense. Mr. Williams undertook the reconciliation of two districts that were at war. To get the chief who had *lotu'd* to accompany him to within a short distance of the fortress of his opponent was his first endeavour: and then to enter the fortress and induce the suspicious heathen to come to the conference unarmed, was a difficult task. The meeting was brought about in an enclosure of majestic chestnut trees. The least indication of scorn or anger might mean a scene of bloodshed instead of peace. The first moment of anxious suspense soon gave way to a thrill of pleasure, as the two enemies positively embraced and kissed each other. A Christian chief wept aloud and cried, “We thank thee, O Lord, for thus bringing Thy creatures into the way of life”—both sides having considered the rash judgment of the servant of God in proposing the meeting to be the way of death.

The death of Tanoa, the old King of Mbau, was looked forward to as a dreaded crisis. The tragical custom of strangling must mean the death of many wives to honour so high a chief. If on so great an occasion it could be broken through, the signal of its discontinuance throughout all Fiji would be given. But if the efforts of the missionaries proved unavailing here, they feared the bitter effects of such notorious failure would be a confirming of the horrible institution which had proved so deep-dyed a curse. They became most importunate, and Calvert went so far as to offer the amputation of a finger, in Fiji fashion, if the crime might be demitted. Walsford offered the new mission boat, twenty muskets, and all his own personal property, to save the women. But the consciousness of power made the succeeding chief exceedingly jealous of interference with native dignity. When the missionary arrived on the scene, on the day of the old man's decease, there were six biers standing outside the house, a sign that five wives would be sent into eternity after their lord. One was already dead, and the ghastly work of strangling the second had begun. The third pranced up to the executioners, and was applauded by gentle hand-clappings as she gracefully refused to be strangled with an old cord. The others followed in cheerful composure. Only the new king seemed moved by the murderous part he was playing. He ordered one to live, but she refused, whereupon he helped her own son to strangle her.

This chief, Thakombau, is said to have "gained a pre-eminence in Fiji beyond any one who ever lived or shall live. Through the circumstance of a letter being addressed to him 'Tui Viti,' by an English Consul, he assumed, to the jealousy of his fellow-chiefs, the title 'King of Fiji,' a title which his adroitness enabled him successfully to sustain." "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief," says a naval officer; "of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and



KING THAKOMBAU.

proportioned; his countenance with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; whilst his immense head of hair covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural colour of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire, the evident wealth that surrounded him showing that it was a matter of choice and not of necessity, he looked "every inch a king." His name, "Evil-to-Mbau," refers to his successful *coup d'état* by which he destroyed the Mbaü rebellion, and re-established his long-exiled father in his sovereignty. His industry, an example to all his subjects, was only exceeded by his boundless ambition.

For years before his father's death he had ruled supreme, and had proved himself, amid increasing difficulties, a ruler of considerable capacity. At length his supremacy being disputed by a Tongan chief in the Windward Islands, and being harassed by an American demand of £9,000 for alleged injuries to the United States Consul, his mind was humbled by his many reverses. His first overtures to become suzerain under Great Britain were rejected; Col. Smythe, who had been sent out, having laid a black report before the Foreign Office. The death of a great friend, a fellow-chief who had turned out an earnest Christian, produced a powerful effect on his mind. His downfall was sought by the resident whites as the solution of Fijian troubles. Their number had risen from 200 in 1860 to 1,800 in 1869. Being afflicted with a distressing disease, he held a conversation with Mr. Calvert on the assassination of the King of Somo-somo, who, although he had been raised up by Mr. Lyth's medical treatment, had resisted God's truth until he was suddenly cut off and that without remedy. "And does the Lord work so?" asked the king in anxiety of heart. King George of Tonga wrote entreating him to become a Christian.

In a few days his mind was made up. Calvert was summoned, the big war-drum was beaten, which ten days before had called the cannibals to their human feast; three hundred attended, the old priest with long white hair and flowing beard stood beside the king, all had assumed more ample *lotu* costumes, and the missionary in the midst of that crowning service, for which he had laboured and prayed so long, could scarce proceed for his emotions. The king became regular and devout in his worship, and his example was joined in by many.

For about twenty-nine years this remarkable man maintained his Christian character, and wielded immense influence for good. His wife Lydia passed away in perfect peace in 1881. Their Christian instruction had been promoted by their own son at the age of seven, a bright intelligent scholar in the Christian school. So eager were the royal parents for knowledge of Divine and secular things, that the lad would frequently fall asleep with fatigue, to resume the lesson after a nap. But although the change was great, it was not at first profound. Hatred and revenge were too deeply seated passions to be removed at once. The benefit and truth of Christianity had commended themselves to his judgment, but it cost many an earnest appeal to break his rock-bound pride. Then his confidence in God became calm and simple and strong, though he was surrounded by many a danger. He was at length utterly humbled before God, confessing his sins and seeking often-rejected mercy. The hope of the Gospel was gladly received when his pride and power were in extremity, his town beleaguered, and his people famine-stricken. After the danger had passed and peace was established, the work of the Lord was greatly advanced by his help on all sides. His marriage in 1857 to his "one wife" created no small stir. The Holy Ghost was poured out on Mbau and its surrounding dependencies, and hundreds yielded to the power of the Gospel, the congregations always being large.

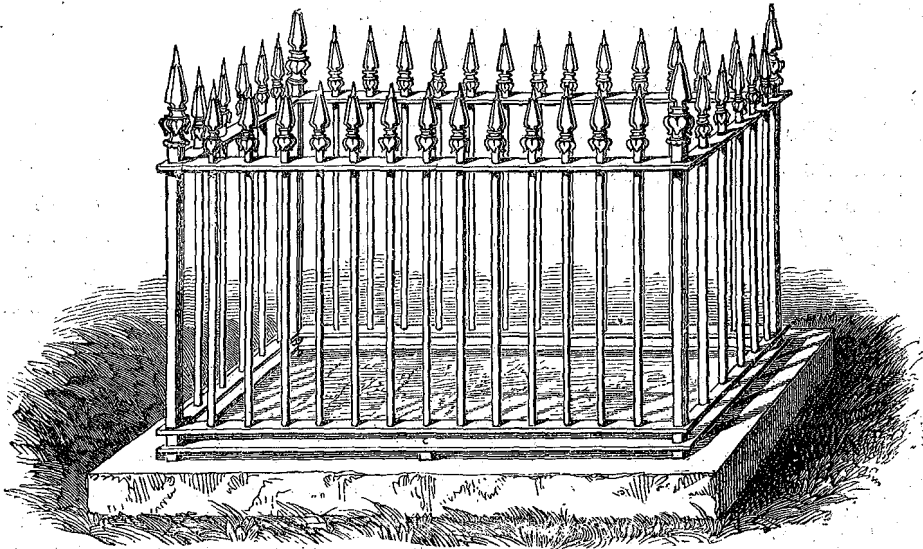
Miss Gordon Cumming speaks of his visit to Sir Hercules Robinson in Sydney:—"Thakombau and his sons came to visit Sir Hercules and see something of

civilisation. You can imagine how strange the great city must have seemed to men whose notion of a king's palace is a one-roomed thatched house one storey high. The horses and carriages were still more wonderful; and as to the railway, that was beyond comprehension. But the old king took it all very philosophically, and was never so happy as when Lady Robinson's little grand-daughter, a pretty little child with golden hair, crept on to his knee, whispering, "You won't eat *me*, will you?" Or else he would lie down and rest on his own mat, keeping his big Bible beside him—not that the old man could read it, for I believe his studies commenced rather too late in life, but he said "it made him feel so good!"

Thakombau's autobiography, well and fully written, would form a volume in the library of the wonders of the world. He was a man of great common sense, and had a forcible way of giving vent to his views. Being encouraged to put down murder by the Scriptural requiring of the murderer's life, he was frustrated by the whites, who on one occasion would not give up to justice one of their own number. The king called a meeting forthwith, and thus addressed it:—

"Being now assembled together here this morning, I wish first to say this is purely my own desire and request, not that of my advisers; I have something to say to you, and I wish to say it myself. The chiefs of Fiji are now united, and our object is the good of the land. *According to our own customs, we had no difficulty in getting rid of an offensive person [by clubbing and eating him!], and we understand revenge or retribution;* but such customs are bad, and we wish for a better state of things, and for that purpose laws have been made by you, and approved by us chiefs, and are now in force, and were to apply to all alike. But now I hear of dissension, and amongst you. Why is this so? You know and understand what is right. You have had the like laws in your own land, and if laws are a good thing for all, is the good not to be mutually enjoyed by you and us? Or are you to have good, and no evil? When a native does wrong, there is no rest till he be punished. If the laws are to apply to both races, then it would be well, but if it be your mind that they are not so to apply, what is to be done? I understood all inequalities were to be levelled and brought to a smooth surface by the introduction of a new state of things; but I heard the day before yesterday, when a man charged with killing a native was to be brought to justice, you of Levuka assembled with arms, and refused to give him up. I thought law and order was a good thing, and expected and hoped for mutual help from all. Three natives have been killed but lately—one at Kenitogaboæ, one at Saou-Saou, and one at Saviuni—and nothing has been done to any of the parties yet, and you Levukans now refuse to give up one of them. If a Fijian commits a wrong, the governors are in their several provinces, and he can soon be brought to justice; but if you refuse help, and take up arms to resist, what, then, am I to do? What will be the consequence, suppose a native kills a white man? If the laws are to apply alike to all, and we all mutually assist in their execution, there can be no difficulty. I have told you my mind; it is with you to follow it or not. I desire the peace and welfare of all in Fiji, and with this wish to end my address to you."

In 1883, King Thakombau died, faithful to the end, beloved by all, an elder in a Christian church; a man who had wrought havoc, and run greedily in the way of blood, but who, as an ex-cannibal king, had become the means of turning multitudes of his people into paths of righteousness.



TOMB OF THE REV. JOHN HUNT.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

Cession of Fiji to Great Britain—A Plague of Measles—Polynesian Labour Traffic—Governmental Tributes to the Missionaries—Christian Fiji—State of Education—Native Agency—Ordination of Students—Eminent Native Ministers—Fijian Public Worship—Praying and Singing—Strict Sabbath Observance—Fijian Liberality—Fiji as It Was and Is—The South Kensington Colonial Exhibition—"What Hath God Wrought!"

FOR a long time the evil repute of Fiji limited European communication. It had become the Alsatia of persons whose pecuniary embarrassments rendered the Australian climate unwholesome to them. White people of shady virtue had found these the islands of the blessed. To them the absence of government was the reverse of distasteful. After years of thus borrowing enchantment from its being viewed at a distance, it began to attract settlers of a better type by the richness and variety of its vast unoccupied tracts. On that virgin soil, energy, and a handiness akin to the native characteristic, appeared as the sole necessity to secure that success should be as certain as the sunshine. In 1871 an attempt at self-government turned out an utter failure. When at last the British Government felt obliged to accept the

unconditional cession which Thakombau then offered, and when Queen Victoria, with the unanimous consent of the chiefs, became its acknowledged and gracious ruler, the change was felt to be a great relief. The late Lord Mayor Sir W. McArthur had much to do with the movement for annexation. The population invited us to govern them, and in 1874 this bright jewel, with its magnificent harbours and opening commerce, was added to the possessions of our Empire as a Crown colony. To insure freedom for the native inhabitants, according to the instincts of the race, and to afford scope for the emigrants from our overstocked home population, was the task of the new government. Wise laws have been framed to enable the Briton and the Fijian to live together in peace, and to contribute to the general and imperial wealth. In many of its smiling valleys, English houses have risen. A few years ago, to be a neighbour was to be an enemy. Now, whites and blacks are living side by side in peace—these grown into a serviceable colony, for the most part possessors of the land; those gathered in native towns.

The first Governor had many evils to combat. The whites, in consequence of the low price of cotton, were struggling with poverty; and a plague of measles had swept off nearly one-third of the population. Miss Gordon Cumming describes the awful havoc thus:—

“So, from every corner of the group, came tidings that the plague was raging. Whole villages were stricken down; young men and maidens, old men and children lay dead or dying. The handful of white people, as a rule, did their utmost to help, and gave all the food and medicine they possessed; but their own labourers and their own children were stricken, and needed more care than they could give. Nor were there lacking bad white men, who went about telling the natives that the disease had been purposely introduced to kill them and get their lands. So the plain medical directions which were at once published were ignored, and the white man’s medicine too often refused, from a conviction that it would cause certain death. Native medicines, and bad, ill-cooked food, made matters worse. Of course, anything like isolation of the sick was impossible; nor could they be prevented from rushing to the nearest water to cool their burning fever. How could men who were continually bathing and swimming be persuaded that this could harm them? So the rash was thrown in, and congestion of the lungs and dysentery of the most malignant type were brought on in thousands of cases.”

The abuses in the Polynesian labour traffic, which had called forth a storm of indignation, formed also one of the tasks before the new Governor. It was thus stated at the time:—

“The supply of labourers is one of the vexed questions of the present, as each year the labour-vessels bring back a smaller number of volunteers from the other groups; and the employment of Fijians on the plantations of white men is in no way encouraged by Government, which recognises as its first duty the care and preservation of these, the true owners of the soil, by whose own invitation, and for whose welfare primarily, England here rules. Considering how invariably dark races have been found to die out before the advance of the white races, the problem of whether

this evil cannot be averted in the present instance is one of the deepest interest. It is therefore considered of the utmost importance that the natives should remain in their own villages, subject to their own chiefs, and cultivating their own lands, both for their own benefit and to enable them to contribute their just proportion of the Government taxes, which it has been found desirable to collect in produce, from gardens specially cultivated for this purpose by each village. Now that the number of the people has been so appallingly reduced by measles, it is the more desirable that those that survive should not be encouraged to leave their homes. Consequently, a comparatively small number of Fijians are in the service of white men, who, as a rule, are not anxious to secure the labour of men from neighbouring villages, but endeavour to engage those from other isles, who thus are virtually as much strangers in a strange land as the labourers imported from other groups. It is said that only under these circumstances are Fijians found willing to work diligently on the plantations—no great wonder, considering how easily they can supply their own simple needs in their own homes.”

The good treatment of native labourers by their masters, and a supervision of the conduct of both, was the policy of the new Government. A three years' term of enlistment was approved. A Government agent sailed on board every labour-ship. Strict inquiry was made on its arrival in port. Not only the Government, but the employers, became most anxious to check any irregularity. Now the labourers will enlist a second or third time. Wild-looking, black, native giants, they are described to be—perfect models of Herculean power as they throw their muscles into the turning of the cotton-press screw, in the full nakedness of savagedom. They work for three years away from their island homes, to be sent back with more extended knowledge, a big box full of clothes, knives, tobacco, hatchets, Jews'-harps, accordions, and a like or dislike of the whites, according as they have had a good or bad master.

The Government has followed the mission in its employment of native agency where possible, and in its tender handling of native laws, customs, and polity, utilising the old order as far as practicable. The admiration of those in authority for the mission work may be seen in the following extracts:—

“We cannot speak of the missionary body, which has laboured for thirty-eight years among these people, without recording our admiration of the zeal, intrepidity, and devotion which have characterised their work here. It is to their teaching that the great progress which we have recorded is due.”—*Blue-Book, Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners*, Commodore Goodenough and Mr. Consul Layard; Clause 60.

“The great social advances which have already been made within the last forty years from savage heathenism, are due to the self-denying and unostentatious labours of the Wesleyan Church.”—*Sir Hercules Robinson, Administrator of the Colony*.

Such testimonies as these are emphasised by Sir Arthur Gordon, the Executive Commissioner, who, in his catalogue of Fijian exhibits for the late Sydney International Exhibition, reports the “entire native population not only civilised to a large extent, but also Christianised and educated.”

The methods employed to accomplish a work like this are very suggestive to all who

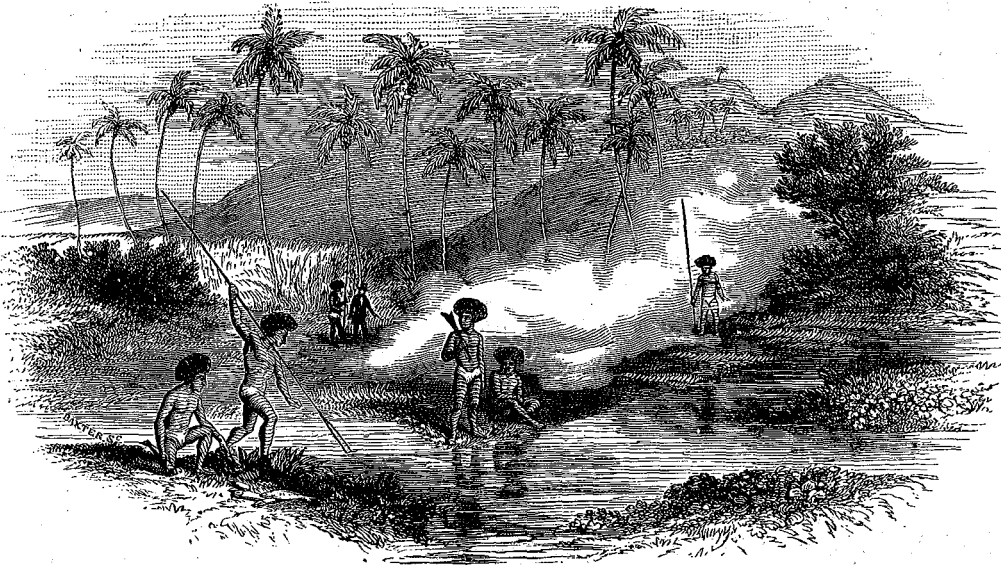
are interested in missions to the heathen. The missionaries have never sought to denationalise. They were satisfied to change the savage heathen into a Christian Fijian. They made no attempt to compel their convert to dress, or look, or sit, or kneel, or sing like an Englishman. His Christianity is adapted to his climate and habits, and while he has abandoned everything heathenish, he has not been required to give up even an amusement because it was Fijian.

Wisely and well had the mission paved the way for civic laws. For example, it had been alive to the jealousy of the chiefs for their time-honoured rights. Taking a firm stand against so deep-rooted a system as polygamy, would the *lotu* interfere likewise with the offerings to the gods, and the tribute to the chiefs? That was a momentous issue. Hitherto, their rule of club seized, for every man who could wield it, whatsoever he listed. Industry was paralysed, and poverty reigned. Injustice everywhere beset the missionary in his path, but from the first he had enjoined the necessity of subjection to those in authority. In all reasonable service people were constrained to obey their chiefs willingly, and they were taught to cheerfully and diligently render the lawful tribute. When all Fiji had its eyes upon Ono, the interest concentrated on the question whether or no it would acknowledge the supremacy of Lakemba. The new converts paid their tribute promptly, and the news of this effect of the spread of the *lotu* there, had great and good results. On the other hand, the Christians everywhere refused to work on the Lord's Day, or to offer first-fruits to the gods. The great event of the visit of the terrible King of Somo-somo to Loma-loma was arranged to take place on a Sunday. Vainly they tried to get the day altered, for their absence would surely be noticed, and might be taken as a slight. The next day they acknowledged his supremacy by the usual offerings, which were graciously received; and this act of united protest and compliance produced a most favourable impression, as showing the genuine effect of Christianity.

The sphere where the mission's success in working on native lines shines most conspicuously, is in its own direct work of preaching and teaching. The excitement of heralding the evangel of God was wedded to the less romantic, but more patient, plodding of the schoolroom. Schools were founded everywhere. When a party of engineers was going out under the first Governor, some of the men kindly volunteered their help to a missionary with whom they sailed, in teaching the people of his charge to read and write. He "expressed his pleasure at their good intentions, but added, 'I think that you will find that some of them can read a little. We have already established some schools in Fiji—*about fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches!*' The engineers were not the only people who opened their eyes at this statement, which was strictly true." Latterly some complications arose between Government and the mission on the education question. It was felt desirable to establish industrial schools as a means of breaking up the hereditary trade guilds, which crippled the rising race in its proper development. There are lately reported (1887): day-schools, 1,765; teachers, 2,526; day-scholars, 40,718. No help is received from the Government.

No other mission has taken the same pains to secure native agency for carrying on its operations, or has employed it so largely and successfully. Lyth had been deeply

impressed with the absolute necessity of this in the midst of his labours. Native agents of all kinds, visitors of the sick, class-leaders, prayer-leaders, exhorters, local preachers, or those more fully set apart as evangelists, pastors, and superintendents, received his special attention. He laboured hard night and day to render these agents efficient. With all possible earnestness and sanctified wisdom, he gave himself up to laying this foundation of the future Church, and his plan of training was published in the Society's Report for 1854. The result was most satisfactory; all schools were made to converge in the training-school. In the young savage scholars, bronzed by the sun, were descried the future Pauls and Apolloses and Timothys of the Church of Fiji. From

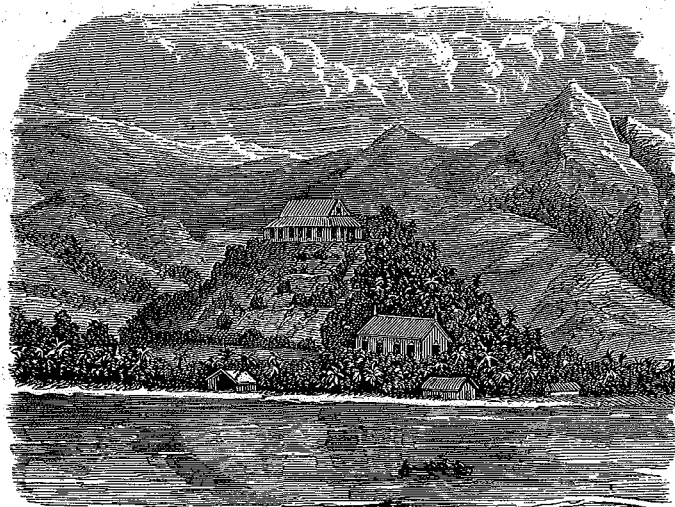


HOT SPRINGS IN FIJI.

the training-school, the most promising young men went on to the theological institution for further preparation as catechists and pastors. They were taught in Fijian, but encouraged to learn English for the sake of the vast literary wealth which thereby was opened before them. Few students in English ever made better use of such standards as "Hodge's Outlines," translated into Fijian, than the late Joel Bulu, and Paul Vea, both of them powerful preachers.

The training institution, situate on the island of Kandavu, consists of a substantial stone building on an eminence christened Richmond Hill, accommodating a hundred students, and surrounded by a model village. A missionary in charge, and native assistants, form its teaching staff. Most students are married, and their wives likewise receive instruction in the art of rendering home brighter by their presence, in assisting to lead classes, in teaching girls to sew, or in the conduct of mothers' meetings. To this institution, the non-success of Romanisers has been mainly due. The influence of an intelligent young man, with his happy home-life, and his Protestant Bible in his hand, makes the work of the Romish priest in a Fijian village

as difficult as it is unpleasant. The candidate for ordination must, besides, have a course of eight or ten years to recommend his conversion by its own proof of his pious gifts and graces. The post of a missionary in his circuit now, is become that of a bishop directing the clergy of his diocese, and watching the systematic education which, like a network, has spread everywhere. The need of supervision of native agency, even where the agents have been men of unwavering devotion and blameless integrity, has been strongly felt throughout. It could not be otherwise than that a people, newly emerged from gross savagery, should be unable to direct and control, socially or adequately, their own infant church. The native teacher is not



RICHMOND HILL THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTION, KANDAVU.

European in any sense; his education is superior to that of his flock, but his manner of life is as one of them, and he is simply supervised. Thus the natives are proud of their own men occupying the position of pastors.

The wisdom of this system compares favourably with such a mistake as that of the New Zealand Mission, which had secured no such agency, and was not able to leave a native pastorate on the breaking out of the Maori war with the British. The resultant disaster to Christianity is notorious; whereas, when Tahiti was occupied by the French, the English missionaries left in charge of the church its own native pastors, without fear of the consequences. Such would have been the case in Fiji. The system was made self-sustaining by the arduous perseverance of Mr. Waterhouse. The work of a teacher is no sinecure; he may be sent to a distant island, whose dialect must be learned; three mornings a week he must teach the children in school, and three evenings the adults; he has two Sunday services with sermon, and one week-day with address; he conducts an early prayer-meeting in the church, besides leading morning and evening devotion in the houses successively; he visits the sick, buries the dead, and, once a week, must find time to travel and report himself to the district minister. His pay varies from

ten to twenty shillings per quarter, in kind, and he is provided with a free house and a garden, wherein he must work. The sustentation by congregations of their own native preachers, has been found to work admirably. The men are no longer regarded by the people as mission agents, but as their own pastors. Funds have been saved, the scriptural duty performed, and tropical indolence checked, because people would not pay a man who would not work. The village builds its own chapel and teacher's house. It then provides for his support according to a fixed circuit scale, in money or money's worth, in food, cloth, or produce, exchangeable for necessaries.

Among the native ministry have been found men of exalted life. Nathan Thataki, for long a catechist, was for nine years a successful minister, a powerful preacher, mighty in prayer, and greatly respected. His one desire on the approach of death was "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Joel Bulu was another fully-devoted helper, labouring assiduously and successfully for thirty-seven years, and passing away on May 7, 1877, full of peace and hope. Miss Gordon Cumming, who was at Mbau at the time of his death, wrote: "He is just my ideal of what Abraham must have been . . . a man whose faith is an intense reality. I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest."

Nearly thirteen hundred pulpits have now to be supplied by Fijian preachers every Sunday. There are nine hundred chapels built by themselves, free of debt and filled with attentive congregations.* The service is simple. The Apostle's creed and *Te Deum* are chanted in true Fijian fashion; which to a foreigner has a certain drone-like monotony. The earnestness in prayer is most striking. A Fijian congregation at prayer suggests to travellers the prostration of Moslems in a mosque. Everyone kneels on the matted floor with his forehead touching the ground. Not a head is ever raised, except that of some tiny brown child standing by its mother's side. All in the daily life tends to show that this is not merely outward devotion. The presence of the white missionary makes no appreciable difference in the congregation, for the church is as crowded when only its native pastor conducts its simple worship. The nation of beggars and thieves has been converted to industrious honesty, which is its remarkable feature now; while into every detail of life, true godliness enters as its most striking and predominating motor. In quelling a rebellion of mountain tribes against the Government, a small native army was employed; each body of men brought its own chaplain, and it savoured of Puritan days to behold the separate tribes at sunrise joining in prayer and praise, and ending the day's adventure by chanting the Lord's prayer and thanking the Lord for His goodness. Where else in the world could be realised a faith so simple and so strong in the Lord of hosts?

The family worship of Fiji is to-day one of its proverbial characteristics. The traveller is pulled up, night and morning, by the customary ceremony of every house,

* From the Report of the Australian Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for the year ending March, 1887, the following information is taken concerning the Fiji district:—Churches, 862 (which number seems to vary according to the will of the hurricanes); other preaching places, 406; Missionaries, 10; Native Ministers, 56; Catechists, 47; Local Preachers, 1,910; Class Leaders, 3,480; Sunday School Teachers, 2,679; Native Members, 27,097; on Trial, 4,264; Sunday Schools, 1,425; Sunday Scholars, 41,432; Attendants on Public Worship, 101,150. This is out of a native population of about 120,000.

and which is never forgotten. Sometimes the teacher, clad in a white *sulu*, is present and leads the devotion. The melody of the hymn-singing has been compared to that of the psalmody prevalent in a village church of Scotland. A long prayer, fluent and eloquent, is offered, the body being prostrate on the mats as in church. If the teacher is not present, the head of the house takes his place naturally. The Scriptures are read and the Lord's prayer audibly joined in by every one present. Thus in every village, now sleeping in perfect security, where horrible and revolting cannibal revels, too appalling to be described, were once common, one is arrested by the return twice a day of all thoughts to the Lord who has redeemed them. "I doubt," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "if there is any other corner of the world from which the outgoings of the morning and the evening waft to heaven so united a voice of prayer and praise."

Another characteristic of Christian Fiji, as contrasted with cannibal Fiji, is its strict Sabbath observance. Once the Lord's day was devoted to the din of savage orgies equally with every other day of the week. Now, if a canoe is seen darting its white-winged way out of harbour and across the foam of the coral reef, it is known to be speeding on some embassy of peace for the King of Kings, or some errand of mercy towards man. There is a strange natural phenomenon peculiar to these islands in the rising to the surface of the sea of small vermicelli-like worms, which occurs only twice a year. The natives esteem these creatures a great delicacy, and calculate their appearance with certainty by the position of certain stars. The first diet of worms they call "The Little Balolo Festival," and the second "The Great Balolo." They rise in countless myriads just before daybreak, and the natives in eager excitement prepare for the sport of catching them, which, while it lasts, is a game of merriest laughter. It so happened that one year the Great Balolo fell on a Sunday, and thus a witness of the disappointment describes what took place:—

"Sad to say, both this year and last year the full moon tide occurred on Sunday morning, notwithstanding which, the irreligious little worms rose to the surface with their wonted punctuality. So rigid is the obedience of all the Wesleyans in the matter of Sabbatical observance, that not one of their canoes went out; whereas their Roman Catholic brethren, to whom more laxity is allowed, went forth rejoicing. The latter, however, are a very small minority, and you can imagine what an act of self-denial it must be to give up this highly-valued harvest of the sea on two following years. So rigid is the adherence to the letter of the old Sabbatical law throughout the group, that not a canoe will put to sea except to carry a teacher to a place of worship; nor will a native climb a tree to fetch a cocoa-nut, even when bribed with much coveted silver; in fact, the offer of silver is considered as a Satanic temptation to trade on *Singha tambu*, the holy day. Of course to us this seems an overstraining of obedience; but then these people are still like children, for whom a strictly defined law has many advantages; and, moreover, many of them are still in the fervour of their first faith, and they certainly are the most devout race (*for Christians*) that I have ever seen."

The Fijian Church is notably imbued with the missionary spirit. A missionary

meeting is a right joyous time, associated with hospitality, with merry native songs and the *meke* or native dance. The collection is made in kind, chiefly in cocoa-nut oil, with pigs, poultry, copra, and latterly in money notes. No sooner were congregations formed, than it was explained to them that just as other English Christians had sent missionaries to them out of love to them, so must they not only support their own cause, but, having been benefited themselves, they must help in extending



A TYPICAL YOUNG MAN OF FIJI.

blessings to others. It was most gratifying to witness their zeal. The chiefs would preside, and themselves, the fruit of mission enterprise, would urge on the audience the peculiar privilege to which they were now called of cultivating a missionary spirit. Amid chanting, the congregation would form into a procession with the chiefs at its head, and carrying their divers gifts, they would lay them before the Lord. This they did, first giving *themselves* to the Lord. They sent many a champion of the cross to the regions beyond. Forty Fijian teachers went at one time to New Britain and other islands on the coast of New Guinea, where they acquired the language, gathered congregations, and founded schools, preaching the gospel of peace amidst

savages more degraded than their own forefathers, and inducing two thousand three hundred of them to embrace Christianity. They make capital missionaries. Difficulties do not dishearten them, for they can look back on their own past; nor do perils affright them. When one falls under the club of the savage, (and many have so fallen,) others are ready to take his place. In the earlier days each canoe setting out for a business voyage to a distant part of the group, became a little mission ship. In later days the same spirit animates them, and scarce a steamer sails but has on board a Fijian ready to urge quietly but cogently the claims of his Saviour upon others.

“What hath GOD wrought!” The change in Fiji superficially is one which, to the candid student of its history, refuses to explain itself except by the recognition of a supernatural Force—almighty and beneficent. And, compared with past conquests of the cross, we learn, moreover, that God in these days is speeding the chariot wheels of the Gospel. Looking back on the religious past of our Northern Isles, truth and error have waged war for generations since the day when St. Columba came over the rough Irish Sea in his hide-covered canoe to preach Christ to the “painted” savages who, clad in skins, wore, in Fijian style, a tusk at the throat. But in the sunny South Seas, the transformation scene has been more rapid, even as the work of grace has apparently taken deeper hold on the heart and genius of the people. Secluded in their indulgence of unchecked passions until they had become a disgrace to mankind, they are now in thousands the most devout worshippers of that Holy One into Whose Name and by Whose Spirit they have been baptised. To realise the meaning of nine hundred churches crowded with these Fijians, and seventeen hundred schools eagerly attended by them and their children, while the first and last sound day by day is their familiar hymn-singing in every dwelling, one must ask how does this compare with British religion, which, guided by the Light of Christian centuries, should certainly be letting its candle shine equally with this prodigal, who so recently was recovered from the far country where the devil’s swine were being assiduously fed. Out of London’s four million inhabitants, one million are not recognised as even nominally Christian, an exceeding small number of it ever having entered the house of prayer, and of the remaining millions how few would be characterised by uprightness towards man, not to say devotion towards God, in any degree equal to Fiji! So that the evidence which this mission affords for the more rapid, as well as deeper working, in these days, of the grace that brings salvation, would appear most satisfactory. Cavillers, for ever sneering at Christianity, are brought to book by such grand results as are here patent to the most ordinary observer. Recalling the fact that, before the *lotu*, every man’s hand was against his neighbour, unresting from barbarous, intertribal wars, in which foes were regarded as so many head of game, and prisoners fattened like fatted calves for a feast; when no war was occurrent, the living had their limbs lopped off, cooked and eaten before their eyes; the dead were dug out of their graves, ten or twelve days after burial, so that only in the form of puddings could they be cooked; the sick were buried alive; strong men clasped the uprights of their chiefs’ new houses while the earth was heaped on them; widows were strangled in multitudes;

men bound hand and foot acted as rollers for the launching of new canoes, in a death of excruciating agony—recalling these days of darkness and anguish and fear, when the life was as insecure as the property, and whole villages were depopulated to supply their neighbours with carrion—it seems scarcely possible to put side by side with this state of things, the Fiji of the present and deny the potency of the engine that alone has wrought the change. But for the exemplary fortitude, the heroic self-sacrifice, and the perseverance unto the end, enforced in the hearts and lives of the devoted mission band by the grace of God, no Englishman dare have stepped on these shores, with all his vaunted education and civilisation. Now, he may pass from isle to isle not only secure, but certain of a kindly reception from the hospitable inhabitants, whose hearts are full of gratitude for the happy change. Christian schools stand where stood heathen temples, into which if a woman entered she would have been laid a bleeding victim at the threshold; the hideous human ovens are overgrown with yams; and where the shrieks of agony and death mingled with the shouts of obscenity, there is now heard the voice of prayer and praise: the sick are visited, and the dying say they have heard the voice of their beloved Lord, and are going to be with Him for ever. Gratitude and joy have become the regnant affections in Fiji, taking the place of the olden malicious guile and remorseless hatred. Often have the builders of some chapel been heard chanting to each other such passages as, “I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.” “But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded!” To which the response would be, “The Lord hath chosen Zion; He hath desired it for His habitation.” Or with devotional feeling a number would join in the petition, “Hearken unto the prayer which Thy servants shall make; and when Thou hearest forgive.” The Christian spirit opened the door through which civilisation has pushed its way among these hordes of cannibals, and now to speak against that fact is to kick down the ladder by which it has climbed. The early days of unheeded effort were looked upon as visionary; while the faithful servants toiled on in solitude. And now that their little mission vessels have given place to mail steamers, and in the “Colinderies” at Kensington the Fijian annexe has contributed one of the most interesting exhibitions of the industrial arts of our great empire, it is vile ingratitude that denies our indebtedness to the missionary of Christ as having been the pioneer of these wonderful results. A vast commerce has followed Christianity. For the Christianity of Jesus means the highest social blessings to which its disciples can aspire.

Thus Fiji stands like a finger-post, in this nineteenth century of scientific development and commercial organisation, and proclaims in letters so large and distinct that he who runs may read, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the regenerative power of God to every one that believeth, and that He is able to save to the uttermost. In the snatching of this prey from the Terrible, we may, if we choose, hear the footfall of the coming One, who is even at the door, and whose right it is to reign. In the fact that here so recently and so rapidly has sprung up, in the distant islands of the sea, a native church, self-supporting and self-governing, there may be read by every Christian heart longing for that great re-appearing, a sign of the times.

Foreign missions to the heathen will ere long be among the things that are past; for even in Fiji the native ministry is taking their place. The time is at hand of which the prophets wrote: "They shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."





IN THE STREET OF CALCUTTA.

XXIV.—MISSIONS IN INDIA.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HENRY MARTYN AND THE CALCUTTA BISHOPS.

Early Years of Henry Martyn—At Oxford—Ordination—Starts for the East—The Pagoda at Aldeen—Dinapore—Cawnpore—Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood—Out-door Preaching—A Strange Assembly—Martyn goes to Persia—Bishop Middleton—Bishop Heber—His Early Life—Poems—Arrives at Benares—Idols and their Temples—A Tour of the Churches—Heber dies in his Bath—Bishop James—Rev. Daniel Wilson, of Islington—Becomes Bishop of Calcutta—The "Caste" Controversy—The Mutiny—Bishop Cotton—A Mournful Catastrophe.

THE venerable college of St. John's, Cambridge, has sent forth many earnest and enthusiastic workers into the mission field. Among the students who dwelt within its walls in the first year of the present century, was a youth, who, though not yet twenty years of age, had just won, as Senior Wrangler, the highest academic honour his university had to bestow. Twelve years passed by, and the brilliant young scholar was lying in an unknown grave in the far East, leaving to the churches the touching story of his martyr-life as a bright incentive to heroic self-sacrifice and devotedness.

Henry Martyn was born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 18th of February, 1781. His father had been originally a miner, but he was a man of great native talent, who by self-culture, by persevering energy, and by making the best use of his opportunities, had raised himself to the position of head clerk to a mercantile firm. Henry, as a child, soon showed that his mental gifts were not of the common order, but unfortunately they were associated with a delicate physical frame, and great nervous sensitiveness.

His usual quiet and gentle demeanour gave place to passionate fretfulness under the influence of excitement or annoyance.

When his father, anxious to procure for him the advantages of education, sent him, before he was eight years of age, to the Truro Grammar School, it was only natural that a child so gifted should get on well with the masters, but it was equally natural that, with his keenly susceptible organisation, he should experience (like the amiable Cowper at Westminster) a good deal of misery from commonplace fellow-scholars. But young Martyn's school troubles were for the most part put an end to when one of the elder lads came forward as his protector, and a friendship was formed between the two, from which, both at school and college, much happiness resulted.

Young Henry Martyn was but fourteen years of age when he went up to Oxford as candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College. The lad did well at the examination, but was unsuccessful, and went back to the grammar-school for two years more. He believed in after years it was a special interposition of Providence which kept him from being too soon let loose amongst the temptations of undergraduate life. His friend and protector went to St. John's, Cambridge, and Henry Martyn followed him there at the age of sixteen. He soon distinguished himself by his abilities, and took a high position in the college examinations. His father, down in Truro, had been rejoicing over the news of his son's successes, but immediately afterwards the sad intelligence had to be sent to the young student that his beloved parent had suddenly passed away. Martyn says in his diary: "At the examination at Christmas, 1799, I was first, and the account of it pleased my father prodigiously, who, I was told, was in great health and spirits. What was then my consternation when in January I received from my brother an account of his death. But while I mourned the loss of an earthly parent, the angels in heaven were rejoicing at my being so soon to find a heavenly one. As I had no taste at the time for my usual studies, I took up my Bible, thinking that the consideration of religion was rather suitable at this time. I began with Acts as being the most amusing; and whilst I was entertained with the narrative, I found myself insensibly led to inquire more attentively into the doctrines of the Apostles. It corresponded nearly enough with the few notions I had received in my early youth. I believe on the first night after, I began to pray from a pre-composed form, in which I thanked God, in general, for having sent Christ into the world. But though I prayed for pardon, I had little sense of my own sinfulness; nevertheless, I began to consider myself as a religious man. The first time I went to chapel, I saw with some degree of surprise at my former inattention, that in the *Magnificat* there was a great degree of joy expressed at the coming of Christ, which I thought but reasonable."

Prior to his father's death Martyn had been a hard student, moral, temperate, and as a rule amiable. At times his temper got the better of him, and once, in a moment of passion, he had thrown at a companion a knife which remained sticking in the wall. The thrill of horror that succeeded did him good for a time. The counsels of his college friend, and the loving letters of a pious sister, helped to keep alive at least a reverence for religion; but it seems evident that he had taken very little personal

interest in the matter, and in after years he looked back upon the first part of his university career as a time of darkness.

But the death of his father, and the reflections to which it gave rise, were the real awakening of his spiritual life. The letters from his sister in Cornwall had now a deeper significance. Martyn was at this time attending the sermons of the Rev. Charles Simeon, who was exerting, both by his pulpit ministrations and by conversations with inquiring students at his rooms, a vast influence over the religious life of Cambridge. Our young student had many temptations and trials and spiritual conflicts, but he came at length to complete rest in Christ as his Saviour. His diary reveals the remarkably searching character of the self-examination which he kept up as a constant habit through life, and which sometimes might almost be called morbid in its intensity. Very harsh and bitter are the things he often says of himself, but at times he experiences a joy that is almost ecstasy. "Rose at half-past five," he says on one occasion, "and walked a little before chapel in a happy frame of mind. Endeavoured to maintain affectionate thoughts of God as my Father on awakening in the morning. Set a watch over my first thoughts, and endeavoured to make them humble and devout. I find this to be an excellent preparation for prayer and a right spirit during the day. At chapel, the sacred melody wafted my soul to heaven: the blessedness of heaven appeared so sweet, that the very possibility of losing it appeared terrible, and raised a little disquiet with my joy. After all, I would rather live in a humble and dependent spirit, for then, perceiving underneath me the everlasting arms, I can enjoy my security."

Henry Martyn's religious experiences did not hinder him from pushing forward with his preparations for the final examinations in 1801. When he came to Cambridge he was very deficient as regards mathematics, and, indeed, he thoroughly disliked the subject. To obtain high honours at Cambridge it was absolutely necessary to excel in this branch. It was said of him (as it has been said of some others) that at first he began learning the propositions of Euclid by heart, without trying to follow the reasoning. Be that as it may, he soon found the right method of study, and set to work with indomitable perseverance to make himself master of the science. He had not been four years at the University when, in his twentieth year, he attained to the proud position of Senior Wrangler.

When the prize was won, Martyn was surprised to find how little real gratification its possession afforded him. There were in his soul deep spiritual longings which no worldly successes could satisfy. It had been the dream of his young ambition to carve out for himself a career as a lawyer; but his increasing intimacy with Simeon filled him with new aspirations. It was one of the characteristics of that venerated divine to imbue the minds of his young associates with ardent longings for the service of the sanctuary. Henry Martyn resolved to devote his talents to the ministry of the Word, but he had yet to take another step in the path of self-dedication. One day he heard Mr. Simeon talking fervently of the self-denying labours of Carey; about the same time he read the marvellous story of Brainerd's work among the Indians. As he mused upon these things, his own soul became fired with zeal for the missionary cause. The command, "Go ye and teach all nations" came home to his soul as a direct personal injunction, and he

resolved to consecrate his life to the service of the Cross in distant lands. The "Society for Missions to Africa and the East," afterwards known as the "Church Missionary Society," had recently been established, and to this organisation Henry Martyn offered his services.

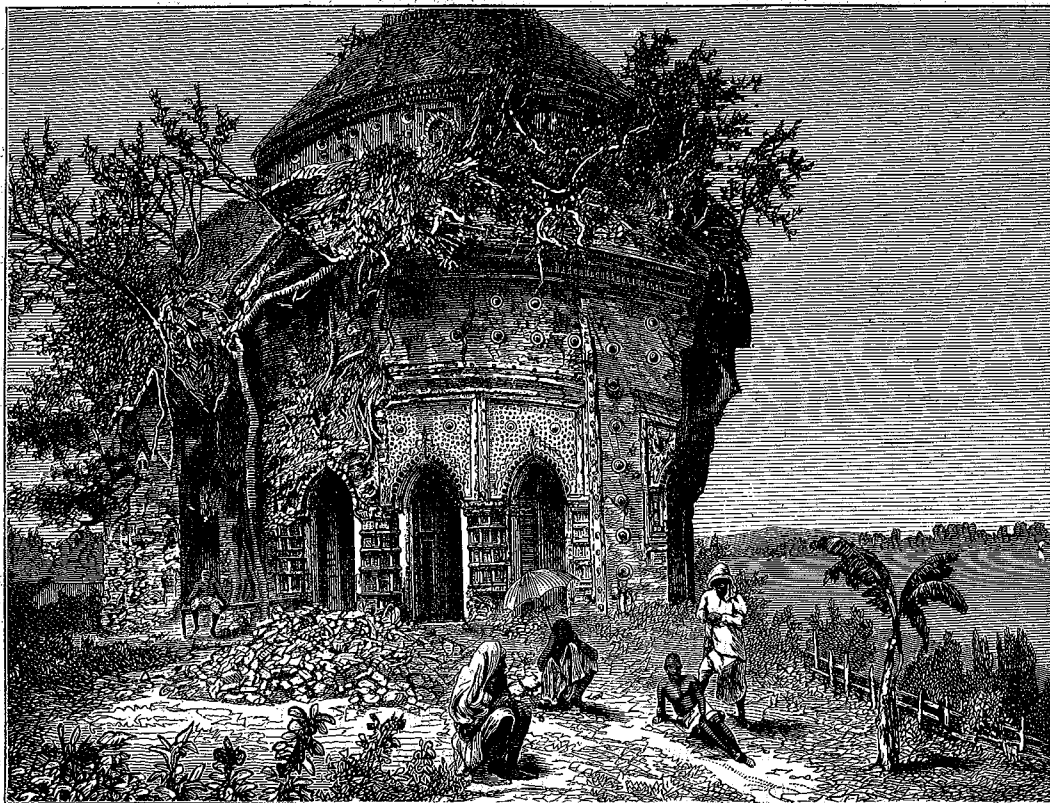
But he was as yet too young to take orders. It was needful to go on with his work as a tutor at Cambridge for a couple of years. In 1803 he went to Ely Cathedral, with other candidates, and was ordained a deacon. To Martyn it was a very solemn occasion, and he addressed some strong remarks to a fellow-candidate who was evidently about to assume the ministerial office in a spirit of light-hearted frivolity.

He now became, for a time, the curate of his esteemed friend, the Rev. Charles Simeon in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, and also took charge of Lolworth parish. Here he preached his first sermon, but soon he had to take his turn at preaching in Trinity Church, where the earnestness and pathos of his discourses were strikingly apparent. He had been made a Fellow of St. John's College, and also one of its Public Examiners, and still carried on tutorial work; so that with his clerical and academic duties, his time was fully occupied. But all these arrangements he regarded as temporary, and still kept in view his high resolve to devote himself unreservedly to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. Nor did his active engagements interfere with his deep spiritual exercises. Sometimes he seemed inclined to abjure everything that was not really devotional in its character. He even struggled prayerfully against the pleasure, which he could not but feel, in his professional perusal of the works of Greek historians and poets. Almost beyond endurance was the misery into which constant self-contemplation sometimes plunged him. And yet at another time he writes, "Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before: I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful."

In 1804, Martyn's temporal prospects received a check. Through a disaster in Cornwall, the property left by his father was all lost. To Martyn this would have mattered little, but it was now needful for him to take such an appointment as would enable him to support his sister. He obtained a promise of the next vacancy that should occur amongst the chaplaincies founded by the East India Company, and went down to Cornwall to pay a farewell visit to those who were near and dear to him. Among these was Lydia Grenfell, a young lady between whom and Henry Martyn a strong mutual affection existed. Circumstances were such that it was needful for them to part without any definite hope of re-union. "Parted with Lydia for ever in this life, with a sort of uncertain pain which I knew would increase to violence," is the entry in his journal. Mental anguish gave way at length to calm and comfort as he became absorbed in his Master's work; but we know well that, up to the very last, in all his varied labours his dearest earthly hope was that Lydia might even yet be able to come and work beside him.

Before his departure to the East, Martyn spent two months in London, studied Hindustani, preached with his wonted fervour at St. John's, Bedford Row, and received a

parting blessing from the venerable Newton, expecting soon to be "gathered to his fathers." He set sail on July 17th, 1805, from Portsmouth in the *Union* East Indiaman, which, however, in consequence of an accident to one of the sixty vessels forming the convoyed fleet, put into Falmouth harbour for three weeks. This was a precious respite, although involving a second painful parting. He found his sister engaged to be married in such a way as to relieve him from all anxiety as to her welfare, and as regards Lydia, there was a renewal of hope and an agreement to correspond.



OLD PAGODA AT ALDEEN ON THE HOOGLY.

(Henry Martyn's first home in India.)

And now the long voyage began in earnest. Martyn was soon hard at work at Hebrew and Hindustani. On board the *Union*, besides crew and passengers, was the 59th regiment, sent out to help in snatching Cape Colony from the Dutch. Martyn wanted to do some good amongst this great concourse crowded together for so many weeks. But he was only allowed to hold one service on Sunday, and officers sat drinking and smoking within earshot of his ministrations. It was evidently the general opinion that it was a great bore to have a parson on board at all, and especially one so terribly in earnest. He helped the cadets in their studies, and tried to talk to the soldiers and their wives between decks, but the general tone of feeling was so adverse that he could

do but little good. Still, some impression was made, and the Captain, who had been one of his bitterest opponents, was anxiously calling for Martyn to attend him on his death-bed before the voyage was over.

The 59th landed at the Cape, and Henry Martyn mourned over the bloodshed and suffering that attended the seizure of the Colony. He tried to minister to the wounded, and was much comforted and strengthened by meeting Dr. Vanderkemp and other missionaries. The voyage was resumed, and at length the *Union* was sailing up the Hooghly. He was soon being nursed through his first fever in the family of the Rev. David Brown, at Aldeen, near Serampore, who was the first chaplain appointed by the Company in India.

Recovering from his illness, he continued his work with Sanscrit and Hindustani, and also sought opportunities for communication with the natives. Though in receipt of his salary as chaplain, it was some time before the Company assigned him a station. He wrote to Miss Grenfell and urged her to come out to India, as he found that his means would be sufficient to justify them in marrying. Eighteen months of mingled hope and anxiety followed before he received the letter stating that she could not accede to his request.

Meanwhile, Martyn's personal trials had not interfered with his work and service. He was no Baptist, but he showed a heartfelt sympathy with the little band of workers in the adjacent town of Serampore, and Mr. Carey writes: "A young clergyman, Mr. Martyn, is lately arrived, who is possessed with a truly missionary spirit."

Close beside the crumbling river-bank at Aldeen, stands the picturesque ruin of an ancient pagoda. It was for a time the dwelling-place of Henry Martyn, and the scene of his earliest efforts to bring the natives to Christ. Many a Christian traveller has visited that sacred spot with loving remembrance of the departed saint. Gone for ever is the open platform that once overhung the bank, and upon which the young missionary sat in the cool of the day or knelt in prayer for the people. The pagoda had once been a shrine of Radhabullub, but the river came nearer and nearer, and, inasmuch as no Brahmin may receive a gift or eat his food within a hundred yards of the sacred stream, the priests saw that they must either remove or suffer considerable inconvenience. So the little black doll of an idol, famous as a work of art, and also for its special sanctity—for it was stated to have been miraculously wafted to this spot—was, with great pomp and ceremony, removed to a new temple further from the shore. Mr. Brown and other Christian residents had a place of prayer and praise fitted up with an organ beneath the vaulted roof of the deserted shrine. As Martyn wrote, "The place where once devils were worshipped, has now become a Christian oratory." It was here, too, that he wrote, "I began to pray as on the verge of eternity; and the Lord was pleased to break my hard heart. I lay in tears interceding for the unfortunate natives of this country; thinking within myself that the most despicable Sudra of India was of as much value in the sight of God as the King of Great Britain." But he was not always absorbed in meditations and solitary prayer. He was bravely active whenever opportunity offered. Once, as he sat here, he saw the flames of a funeral pyre, and rushed off to hinder, if possible, the living sacrifice

which he knew would take place. But the widow had been burnt with her dead husband before he could interfere. He heard the hideous uproar from the gongs and drums at Radhabullub's new temple, and strove to turn his fellow-creatures from "a black image placed in a pagoda with lights burning round it" to the one true God, whilst he himself "shivered as if standing, as it were, in the neighbourhood of hell."

But the time came for Martyn to set out to his appointed station at Dinapore. Mr. Brown and two or three fellow-Christian friends had a parting prayer-meeting with him in the old pagoda. Martyn writes: "My soul never yet had such divine enjoyment. I felt a desire to break from the body, and join the high praises of the saints above. May I go in the strength of this many days! Amen. I found my heaven begun on earth. No work so sweet as that of praying and living wholly to the service of God." He went on his way up the river, and as he passed the Baptist mission-house Dr. Marshman joined the party, and after going a little way with them left them with prayer.

At Dinapore, his chief official duty was to minister to the soldiers, and to the English residents and their families. He also held a service in Hindustani for the soldiers' native wives. When the 53rd regiment halted for a time at Dinapore its paymaster, Mr. Sherwood, and his talented wife stayed for a few days as guests in Martyn's quarters. The lady describes Martyn's residence as "a church-like abode with little furniture, the rooms wide and high, with many vast doorways, having their green jalousied doors and long verandahs, encompassing two sides of the quarters." But not a pillow could Mrs. Sherwood (who was suffering from neuralgia) find in the place—only a bolster as hard as a pin-cushion.

The lady gives us a vivid description of Martyn at this period of his life. She says:—"He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine charity, that no one could have looked at his features and thought of their shape or form: the out-heaving of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners, which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness. He did not appear like one who felt the necessity of contending with the world and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him."

For a year and a half Martyn worked at Dinapore, establishing schools, studying, translating, preaching, and performing pastoral duties for the English, who were spread over a very wide area. His assistant in translation was Sabat, an Arab, with a strange

and disappointing history. In past years he had been one of the most bigoted of Moslems, and had brought about the martyrdom of his own bosom friend Abdallah, when he found that his friend had become a Christian. Before Abdallah was beheaded his hand was cut off, Sabat was standing by, and received from his tortured friend a look of sorrowing pity which he could never forget. He came to India, was led to search the Scriptures for himself, and after being baptised went to Serampore. Here he helped in the translation that was always going on there, till sent to help Martyn translate the Bible into Persian. He rendered effectual aid to Martyn, but his wild manners were a constant source of anxiety, and his roaring voice disturbed the missionary's high-strung nerves. His aspect, which at Serampore had been rather admired, was somewhat terrific, and Mrs. Sherwood depicts him as the ideal of the Saracen's Head on the well-known sign. His gorgeous Oriental attire, decked with jewels and embroidery, and the haughty demeanour which he cultivated, heightened his singularity. Ultimately he became so self-opinated that he would argue for hours when the missionary differed from him over the translation, until Martyn could bear it no longer, and would go to a friend's house to escape the distracting clamour. In the end Sabat relapsed into Mohammedanism, and after a few years of wandering life was cut in pieces and thrown into the sea at Acheen in Sumatra, for offending the Mussulman chief with whom he had taken service.

The removal of Mr. Martyn to Cawnpore in April, 1809, brought him once more into communication with his friends the Sherwoods. But the journey thither almost killed him. He had to cross sandy plains in the face of a hot wind, and of the last two days and nights he says:—"I lay in my palanquin, faint, with a headache, neither awake nor asleep, between dead and alive, the wind blowing flames." He fainted as he slipped into the bungalow of the Sherwoods, and for several days was too ill to move from the couch that was prepared for him in the hall.

Convalescence saw him again at his studies and duties, which were similar to his labours at Dinapore. But here he enjoyed the restful influence of congenial companionship. Mrs. Sherwood's infant daughter Lucy, to whom, for her winning gentleness, he gave the name of Serena, became a special favourite with him. When urgently needing to refer to his Hebrew Lexicon, he would do without it rather than disturb the silken-haired little mortal in white muslin who had perched herself on the bulky volume.

An avenue of palms and aloes led up to the house occupied by Martyn at Cawnpore. A long passage connected two bungalows, one inhabited by himself, the other by Sabat and his wife. There was a pleasant garden, on one side of which dwelt the servants allowed him by the Company, also sundry hangers-on, who for subsistence depended on the daily handful of rice which Martyn gave them. Mrs. Sherwood notes many curious features of this bachelor establishment. One evening a party of invited guests was kept waiting an unconscionably long time for the evening meal. The reason was that Martyn had suddenly remembered that he had heard Mrs. Sherwood confess to a fondness for mutton patties. He ordered some to be brought to table without a thought of the necessity for killing a sheep to

procure the mutton. On another occasion the Sherwoods noticed that the cheese on Martyn's table was the very image of their own, and it came out that the servants had combined to make one cheese do for both tables, and yet had charged each household with the cost. This was easily managed, as Martyn usually partook of fruit for his evening meal, and only produced his cheese when the Sherwoods came to supper.

An interesting feature of Henry Martyn's work at Cawnpore was his school—one of several which he established in the district. Of this institution Mrs. Sherwood



HINDU SCHOOL-GIRL.

gives a graphic description; she writes:—

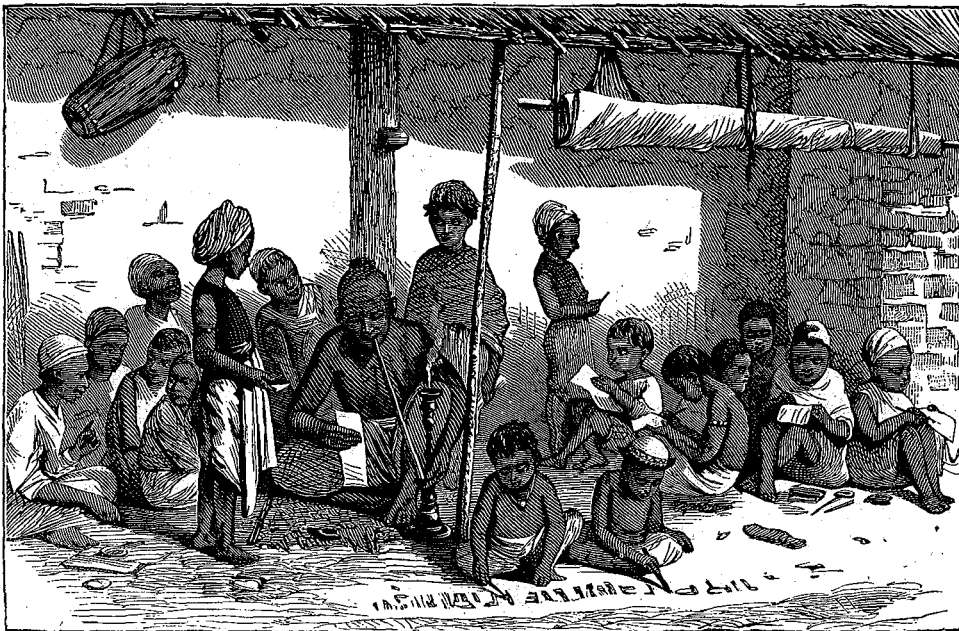
“The master sat at one end like a tailor on the dusty floor, and along under the shed sat the scholars, a pack of little urchins with no other clothes on than a skull cap and a piece of cloth round their loins. These little ones squatted like their master in the sand; they had wooden imitations of slates in their hands, on which, having first written their lessons with chalk, they recited them *à pleine gorge*, as the French would say, being sure to raise their voices at the approach of any European or native of note. Now Cawnpore is one of the most dusty places in the world; the Sepoy lines are the most dusty part of Cawnpore; and as the little urchins are always well greased, either with cocoa-nut oil, or, in failure thereof, with rancid mustard oil, whenever there was the slightest breath of air they always looked as if they had been powdered

all over with brown powder. Who that has ever heard it can forget the sound of the various notes with which these little people intoned their ‘Aleph, Zubbin ah, Zair a, Paiche oh,’ as they moved backwards and forwards in their recitations? Who can forget the self-importance of the schoolmaster, who was generally a grey-bearded dry old man, who had no other means of proving his superiority to the scholars than by making more noise than even they could!”

Towards the end of 1809, Martyn began out-door preaching to the natives. By giving every attendant a piece (rather more than a farthing), a motley crowd was collected in his garden every Sunday evening—often to the number of four or five hundred. Frightful looking devotees, hideous with self-inflicted deformities, and the very lowest of the vagrants that haunted the station, flocked hither to earn a coin by listening to the missionary. The congregation were “clothed with abominable rags or nearly without clothes, or plastered with mud or cow-dung, and with long matted locks streaming down to their heels; every countenance foul and frightful with evil passions;

the lips black with tobacco or crimson with henna. One man, who came in a cart drawn by a bullock, was so bloated as to look like an enormous frog; another had kept an arm above his head with his hand clenched till the nail had come out at the back of the hand; and one very tall man had all his bones marked on his dark skin with white chalk, like the figure of grim Death himself." It was like a crowd of phantoms from some delirious dream. In the midst of this repulsive assembly, and contrasting strangely with the loathsome forms that surrounded him, stood the pale young missionary in his white dress, telling them of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

The congregation had been paid to attend, but did not feel bound to accept the



A HINDU SCHOOL.

teachings of the missionary, or even listen with decorum when his remarks jarred with their prejudices. Ever and anon they interposed with frantic yells. It became evident that his preaching and constant labours were telling on his constitution. The medical men ordered him to leave off work and visit England, and leave of absence was procured for him. He tells us in his diary how he dreamed of a walk with Lydia, and woke to the remembrance that they were sixteen thousand miles apart. He was evidently looking forward joyfully to a visit to England when a new project took possession of his soul.

The Persian translation of the New Testament, over which he and Sabat had spent so much time and labour, had not proved satisfactory. It had become evident to the critical scholars at Calcutta that the work would have to be done over again, to be of real service in the Mohammedan courts of India, where Persian is the polite

language. Martyn saw very clearly that the work could only be effectively done in Persia itself, where a translator would have the advantage of conference with learned natives. He determined therefore to take the present opportunity of visiting Persia, and residing there whilst he revised his translation, intending then to proceed to Arabia and perform the same task with the Arabic version. He was in frail condition, but his Indian friends thought the journey might do him good, and it would at any rate give him rest from the constant preaching which had told so severely on his constitution. "But can I then bring myself" (wrote his friend Mr. Brown, of Aldeen), "to cut the string and let you go? I confess I could not if your bodily frame was strong, and promised to last for half a century. But as you burn with the intenseness and rapid blaze of phosphorus, why should we not make the most of you? Your flame may last as long or perhaps longer in Arabia than in India. Where should the phoenix build her odoriferous nest but in the land prophetically called the 'blessed'? And where shall we ever expect but from that country the true Comforter to come to the nations of the East? I contemplate your New Testament springing up as it were from dust and ashes, but beautiful as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold!"

That out-door preaching on the Sunday evenings had, indeed, been a terrible strain upon Martyn's power. He often began in a low voice, but strength seemed to come as he *warmed* to the work. In clear, fervent tones he delivered his message, then with his own hands distributed the coins amongst the crowd, and retired to his house to fall faint and exhausted on the couch. And what was the outcome of all this toil and suffering? So far as Martyn knew, only one poor woman had been baptised as the result of all his labours amongst the natives at Cawnpore. He never knew that Sheik Salah, a young Mussulman, son of a learned pundit at Delhi, had received his message. This young man had distrustful doubts of his own faith before that Sunday evening when he happened to be smoking with some companions in a summer-house that overlooked Martyn's garden. They were at first intensely amused at the English teacher and his horrible looking congregation, but Sheik Salah heard words that night that sank deep into his soul. He heard Martyn preach several times, but never came into personal communication with him. Afterwards Sheik Salah was baptised under the name of Abdul Messeh (servant of the Messiah), and by his own efforts brought thirty-nine Hindus into the Christian Church.

Martyn left Cawnpore on the 1st of October, 1810. On the previous Sunday he saw his dear friend and successor, the Rev. Daniel Corrie, installed as chaplain, and witnessed the opening of the church which had been rising through his exertions whilst he was holding the church services in his own verandah. Another church now occupies the site, erected as a memorial of those whose sad fate has for ever associated Cawnpore with some of the most terrible incidents of the Mutiny. In the evening Martyn preached to his concourse of beggars for the last time, and afterwards, as he reclined prostrate with weakness, declared to his friends that he did not believe a

single person had received any religious impression during the whole course of his Sunday evening services.

A month's journey down the Ganges brought Martyn, somewhat recruited by the rest, to Mr. Brown's house at Aldeen. He preached for eight or ten Sundays at Calcutta, and then bade farewell to all his Anglo-Indian friends, and set out alone, and in feeble health, for the accomplishment of those services in his Master's cause, which were to be the closing scenes of his long life-sacrifice. Our readers will find the narrative of these events in the chapter entitled "In the Far East."

In the year 1814, through the persistent efforts of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and of several leading English Churchmen, the East India Company were induced to endow a Bishopric at Calcutta. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, Rector of St. Pancras, London, and Archdeacon of Huntingdon, was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel to be the first Colonial Bishop of England, with a see that included all India and Ceylon, and ultimately the whole of Asia and the Islands, with New South Wales, New Zealand, and Tasmania! An Indian Bishop nowadays can rush across Europe, steam through the Suez Canal and the Indian Ocean, and reach his Cathedral in a month. But Bishop Middleton stocked his cabin with a hundred books in various languages, and settled down to his studies for his long five months' voyage. He landed at Calcutta with his wife and two of his Archdeacons in November, 1814, and the entry was kept as quiet as possible, for fear of native excitement. When he came to look round his diocese he found rather a disheartening state of things. The scattered chaplains of the East India Company were at immense distances from each other, performing divine service on Sundays in verandahs, dining-rooms, or riding-schools, and more than half inclined to look upon the Governor-General as their Bishop, and to resent any further attempt at organisation or church discipline. In imitation of the Baptist College at Serampore, he set to work to establish a College at Calcutta for training young men (European or native) for holy orders. He wanted to ordain some of the catechists trained by Schwartz, but there were legal difficulties in the way. He visited Tanjore, and found Serfojee exceedingly polite. The prince came down from his throne to welcome the Bishop, and had Mrs. Middleton taken to the Zenana to see the ladies, whilst her husband was being shown Serfojee's library and curiosities. The Bishop was glad to find five hundred native Christians here, and that the good works established by Schwartz were being kept up. Bishop Middleton was very assiduous in his episcopal labours, visiting the native Christians of Malabar, Ceylon, and elsewhere, but circumstances did not admit of his engaging to any great extent in direct missionary work. He was moreover fettered in all his efforts by an inelastic State Church system, and was perpetually being worried by prejudiced officials and rebellious subordinates. He died on the 8th of July, 1822, the victim of incessant work and worry.

His successor was Reginald Heber, well known to many as one of the "sweet singers" of the Christian Church, and whose hymns have taken a lasting place

in the services of the sanctuary. He was born on the 21st of April, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire, of which place his father was rector. It was a family living, and Reginald was understood to be consecrated, as it were, to the ministry from his boyhood. He was so well acquainted with the Scriptures at five years of age that his father could often save himself the trouble of referring to a Concordance by putting a question to the child. He went to school at Neasdon, where he won the hearts of his schoolfellows by his good nature, his overflowing fun, and adventurous daring. He had read somewhere of wild animals being overawed by the steady gaze of the human eye. He tried it on a bull in the field, but the animal did not properly enter into the spirit of the thing, and charged so furiously that Heber was glad to climb the fence rapidly and jump into the green pond beyond it. He excelled in playground sports, and was ready to fight a bully when it seemed needful. But books were his chief source of enjoyment, and his reading gave him material for the stories to which his comrades were never weary of listening. But perhaps his greatest pleasure was to stroll away alone and dream over Spenser's "Faerie Queene," or some other work of poetry, and he himself began composing verses at a very early age.

Brasenose College, Oxford, received young Heber in 1800, and here, too, he led a blameless life, and by his brilliant talents and untiring industry took high honours in the University. In 1803, he gained the Newdigate prize for English verse with a poem on "Palestine." Reginald's elder brother Richard was a man of culture and scholarship, and had several literary friends. The most eminent of these was Walter Scott, then chiefly known for his collection of "Border Minstrelsy." He was breakfasting in Richard's rooms, at Oxford, in the course of a flying visit, when Reginald's poem, just completed, was produced and read. Scott was delighted. "But," said he, "you have missed one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the Temple—that no tools were used in its erection." Before the party separated the young poet had interpolated his well-known reference to the circumstance of which Scott had reminded him:—

"No workman's steel, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung;"

It was a memorable scene when, in accordance with the usual custom, "Palestine" was recited by its author in the Sheldonian Theatre. Miss Yonge has well described it:—"Reginald Heber, a graceful, fine-looking, rather pale young man of twenty, with his younger brother Thomas beside him as prompter, stood in the rostrum, and commenced in a clear, beautiful, melancholy voice, with perfect declamation, which overcame all the stir and tumultuous restlessness of the audience by the power and sweetness of words and action:—

" 'Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen; forgotten Zion, mourn.
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone;
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?'"

“On flowed the harmonious lines, looking back to the call of the chosen, the victory of Joshua, the glory of Solomon, the hidden glory of the greater than Solomon, the crime of crimes, the destruction, the renewal by the Empress Helena, the Crusades, and after a tribute (excusable at the time of excitement) to Sir Sidney Smith’s defence of Acre, gradually rising to a magnificent description of the Heavenly Jerusalem:—

“Ten thousand harps attune the mystic throng,
 Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong:
 Worthy the Lamb, omnipotent to save!
 Who died, Who lives triumphant o’er the grave.”



BISHOP HEBER.

The young poet held his cultured audience spell-bound, now hushed in deep feeling, now roused to acclamations. Both his parents were present in this hour of triumph. The mother went from the theatre to her son’s rooms, and found him overcome by his feelings, kneeling at his bedside.

After taking his Bachelor’s degree, and receiving a Fellowship and other academic honours, young Heber went for a tour in Northern and Eastern Europe. We see him, in 1806, in a volunteer’s red coat, figuring at a banquet of his brother’s tenants. In the following year he is ordained and becomes Rector of Hodnet. Two years later he is married to Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. Thus possessed at an early age of wealth, leisure, and good social position, endowed with literary tastes and with his mind well stored it would have been little wonder had Reginald Heber, like so many others, resigned himself to a life of scholarly indolence. But he worked hard as a parish priest, and qualified himself for the wider field of service

that was as yet undreamed of. He saw there was a lack of hymns suited to congregations rather than to individuals, and wrote several which are assigned to appropriate days in Church of England hymnals. He watched the growth of missions under the fostering care of the dissenting bodies, and saw how needful it was for the Church of England to take her right place in the forefront of the mighty movement. Then there came to him the story of Henry Martyn's life and death, and the outcome of his emotions was the grand missionary trumpet-call, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The incidents of life that touched his deepest feelings often led him to the composition of appropriate verses; thus the death, in 1817, of a little daughter, whom, as he says, "he had the pleasure of seeing and caressing for six months," led to that beautiful utterance of stricken yet triumphant faith:—

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide.
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died."

When, as already related, Dr. Middleton died, the Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to Heber. From a worldly point of view it was not a position that he had any need to covet. His home life was delightful, and his prospects good. In India worry and toil would be incessant, and the result doubtful. But the man who had striven to rouse the missionary fervour of the Church, was not the one to hold back when the opening for foreign service was thus presented to him. "I hope I am not enthusiastic," he writes, "in thinking that a clergyman is, like a soldier or a sailor, bound to go on any service, however remote or undesirable, where the course of his duty leads him, and my destiny (though there are some circumstances in it which make my heart ache) has many, very many, advantages—in an extended sphere of professional activity, in the indulgence of literary curiosity, and, what to me has many charms, the opportunity of seeing nature in some of its wildest and most majestic features."

"Thank God for that man!" was the fervent exclamation of a leading Wesleyan after hearing Heber preach his last sermon in Lincoln's Inn Chapel before leaving for India. He went out full of ardour for his new duties, and in October, 1823, was installed in his cathedral. Clergy were so scarce in Calcutta, that the Bishop had to work as hard as any parish priest. He opened the college which his predecessor had founded, and as the technical difficulties which hindered Middleton had now been arranged, Bishop Heber, on Holy Thursday, 1824, ordained Christian David, a pupil of Schwartz, and the first native of India admitted into Holy Orders by the Church of England.

Bishop Heber as soon as possible set out to survey his diocese, or, at least, such portions of it as were within reach. He journeyed up the Ganges to Dacca, Bankipore, Dinapore, and other towns, here and there meeting with cheering evidences of Christian work. At Buxar he found Captain Field holding crowded Sunday evening services in his verandah, which many Hindus as well as the soldiers attended. Here, too, he found Curreem Musseh, a converted Mohammedan, teaching school. The schoolmaster

was simply dressed in a white robe and turban, but above his desk hung his sword and sash, for he had formerly been a Sepoy havildar. He was teaching the boys to read Hindustani, and also to recite the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

The Bishop's journal traces his progress minutely, but we must pass on to the sacred city of Benares, his entry into which is thus described in a letter to his wife:

"I will endeavour to give you an account of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town:—

"*First beggar*: Agha Sahib! Judge Sahib! Burra Sahib, give me some pice; I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying of hunger!

"*Bearers* (trotting under the tonjon): Ugh! Ugh!—Ugh! Ugh!

"*Musicians*: Tingle, tangle; tingle, tangle; bray, bray, bray.

"*Chuprassee* (clearing the way with his sheathed sabre): Silence! Room for the Lord Judge, the Lord Priest. Get out of the way! Quick! (Then gently patting and stroking the broad back of a Brahmin bull): Oh, good man, move.

"*Bull* (scarcely moving): Bu-u-uh.

"*Second Beggar* (counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards): Ram, ram! ram, ram!"

The city of Benares, to which the Hindus gave the name of "Kashi," or "The Splendid," is the most sacred city of India. Macaulay tells us how Hastings coveted "that labyrinth of lofty allies, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds." It was densely populated, and religion and commerce brought thousands of pilgrims into its narrow streets, which were rendered almost impassable by holy beggars and holy bulls. Long after Heber's time, the British Government banished the holy bulls to the other side of the river, and after some show of discontent the people learned to appreciate their absence. Benares looks best from the river, where the carved marble palaces are relieved by groups of trees, and where stately flights of stone steps conduct crowds of worshippers down to the bathing places in the sacred stream.

Benares swarms with temples, and many deities are worshipped there, but it is to Siva the Destroyer, the third person of the Hindu Triad, commonly known as Mahādeva, or "The Great God," that the city is more especially consecrated. He is usually represented in paintings as a naked man with a tiger-skin wrapped round his waist, and his body well sprinkled with ashes. Deadly cobras are twined about his neck and in his matted hair. He wears a half-drunken expression, in harmony with his recorded habits. According to the Hindu Scriptures, he was always either begging or drinking or enduring voluntary hardships and sufferings. He is not said to have accomplished any good action, and yet no other Hindu deity is so generally worshipped; but the upright column of stone that so frequently does duty as his image in the temples, shows that an older and more esoteric worship has been incorporated with that of Mahādeva.

Siva in his vagrant days had a faithful wife, Parvati, who, when her father refused to invite her disreputable husband to a great festival, threw herself into the fire, and

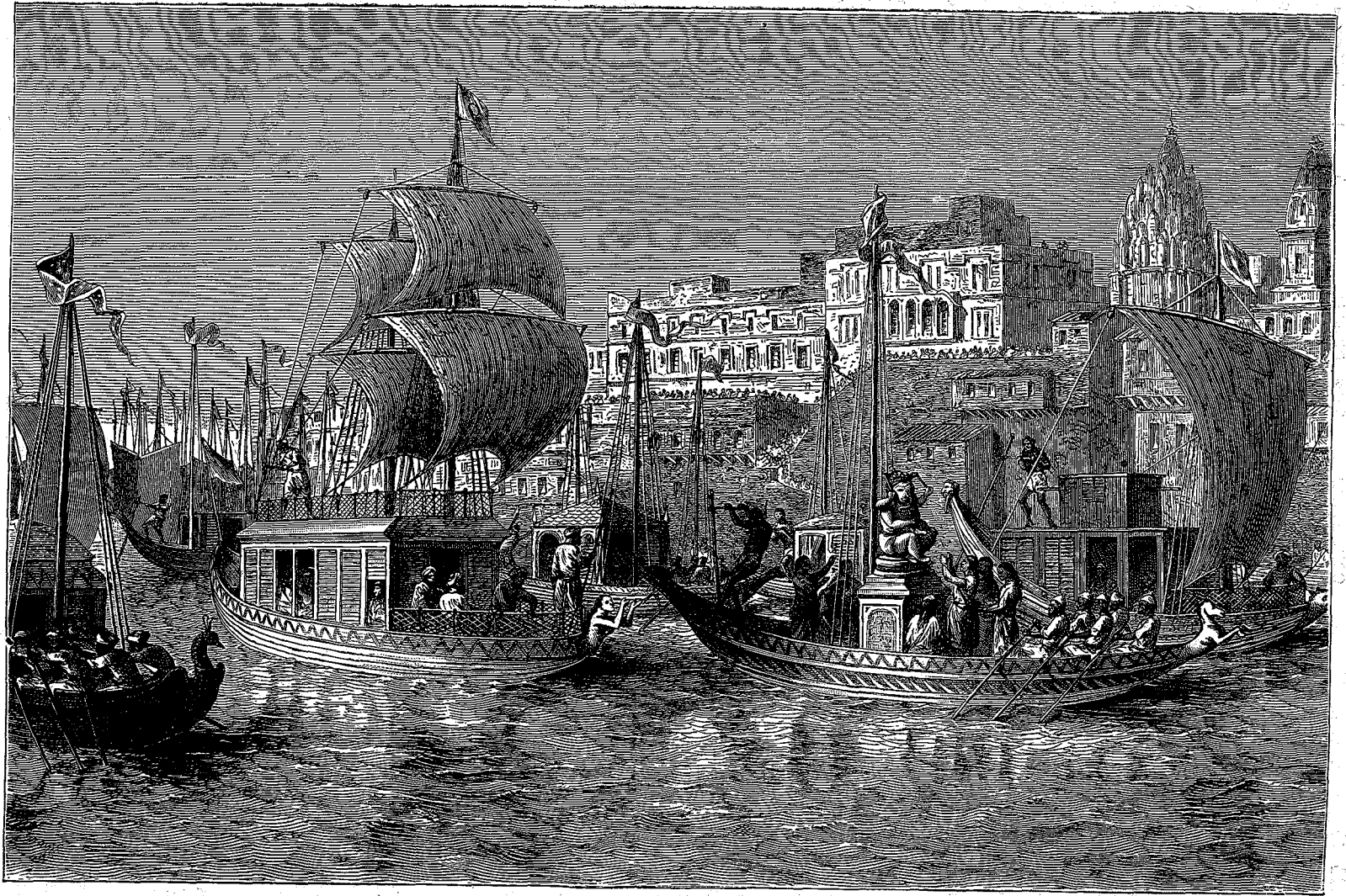
was burned to death. For this act she received the name of Sati, or the faithful one, a name henceforth bestowed on every widow who chose to be burned alive with her husband's corpse. Parvati reappeared on earth long afterwards to engage in war with the race of giants. She slew the great giant-demon Durgā, and all Bengal still commemorates her prowess by suspending business for twelve days during the great festival of Durgā Puja. As Durgā she is represented as a beautiful woman with ten arms.

Very different does this goddess appear under her name of Kali—an ugly black woman with three glaring eyes, and with a huge protruding tongue reaching down to her waist. Earrings and necklace are of human skulls, and a girdle of human hands surrounds her waist. All these are trophies of her victories. She stands upon the body of her husband, Siva. They say she was dancing with joy after conquering all her enemies, and she danced so violently that the earth shook. To prevent its destruction Siva flung himself at her feet. When she found herself dancing over his body, she desisted and blushed for shame. Hence the protruding tongue, which to this day (though certainly not in such an exaggerated form) is the prominent characteristic of a Bengali blush.

Kali is supposed to be delighted with the smell of blood, and therefore abundant sacrifices (happily no longer human) fill her courtyards with an indescribable stench. Upon her days of festival, crowds flock with their offerings from far and near, and great numbers cut and burn themselves to win the favour of Mahādeva and Kali.

It may here be mentioned that this pair of deities had a son, Ganesa, the god of wisdom, or, more correctly, cunning. Hindu men of business keep an image of this elephant-headed deity in their shops and offices, and begin the day by bespeaking his kind offices in furtherance of their schemes. We are told that Ganesa when born had a human head, but that it was inadvertently burnt by the Sun, who had called in to see the baby and congratulate its mother. Parvati therefore besought her husband to procure another head for the child. Siva, being drunk, as usual, cut off the head of a passing elephant and clapped it on to his infant son, and so Ganesa has been elephant-headed ever since.

Benares, then, is the headquarters of Siva worship. His recorded life was one of frequent suffering, and so pain and laborious effort are supposed to please him. For hundreds of miles people journey hither on foot; but for the last few miles, very many measure their length on the ground at every step. To die in Benares is considered to ensure a happy life hereafter, and therefore people who can afford it, when they feel the end approaching flock hither to breathe their last breath in Siva's sacred city. Benares stands between the river Ganges and a road which leaves the river-bank above the city and rejoins the river fifty miles lower down. All the enclosed place is holy ground, and gives the same celestial privileges as the city itself. To account for the sanctity of Benares and its precincts, it is said that when Siva, during a quarrel, struck off the fifth head of Brahma, it stuck to his hand and could not be removed. Everywhere as he travelled he bore with him this proof of the crime he had committed. But when he reached this spot, the head dropped



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION ON THE RIVER, BENARES.

from his hand, and he had peace. If coming here could atone for the sin of a god, it seemed reasonable to suppose it could do as much for his followers.

Close beside this great stronghold of heathen superstition, Bishop Heber found a church ready for consecration, and thirty converts, of whom fourteen were natives, waiting to be confirmed. He visited a school founded by a wealthy Bengali who was an admirer of Christianity. Here 140 lads were taught by English, Persian, and Hindustani masters, under the presidency of an English catechist in training for the ministry. Afterwards, as the good bishop was looking round in one of the temples of Siva, 'one of the brightest scholars he had examined at the school came up and narrated in English the stories of the gods and goddesses, whose effigies were painted on the walls. The young lad wore the cord of a Brahman, and the bishop saw how Young India would slide into that policy of making the best of both religions, which has since become such a marked characteristic of our Hindu fellow-subjects.

It had been found that in Benares, ever swarming with fanatics, street preaching and similar methods could not be engaged in. But the agents of the Church Missionary Society conversed much with people in private houses. Many persons of rank were interested inquirers. Amongst these was Amrut Row, a pious and charitable Hindu, who gave away in rice and money the value of 50,000 rupees on the feast of his patron god, and at least three times that sum in the course of the year. He had appointed a day for the Rev. Mr. Morris to see him, and tell him about Christianity. But he died before that day came, and his body was being consumed in the Burning Ghat when the bishop left Benares.

The bishop went on to Cawnpore, and as far north as Oude, confirming on the way many converts who had been brought into the Church by Henry Martyn's friend Mr. Corrie. After ten months' travelling he reached Surat, and from thence voyaged to Bombay, Ceylon (where he stayed some weeks), and Calcutta. Here he ordained Abdul Messer (formerly Sheik Salah), Henry Martyn's unknown convert, whose brief ministerial career of eighteen months was greatly blessed. After attending to the affairs of the College, and receiving into it with joy two or three young men as candidates for the native priesthood, Bishop Heber set out on another diocesan visitation, which was to see the close of his life and labours.

He went by sea to Madras, and occupied his time with some invalid soldiers, who were returning home, and with a heart-broken mother mourning for her babe who died on the voyage. At Madras he was delighted with the schools, and other good work progressing under the care of Sir Thomas Munro, the Governor, and his excellent wife. The bishop had been deputed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to present to the lady a vote of thanks from that Society for the good works encouraged and aided by her in the schools of the Madras Presidency. Arch-deacon Robinson, who was present when this took place, says:—"I have seldom witnessed a more interesting or affecting picture; the beauty and gracefulness of Lady Munro, the grave and commanding figure of the Governor, the youthful appearance and simple dignity of the dear bishop, the beloved of all beholders, presented a scene such as few can ever hope to witness!"

From Madras the bishop journeyed into the region where the Danish missionaries had so abundantly laboured. At Cuddalore he found the Christian converts very badly off, but in Tanjore matters were more flourishing. He was delighted with the simple faith and consistent lives of the native Christians in the villages.

Of our old friend Serfojee, whose connection with Schwartz has been described in a previous chapter, Bishop Heber writes:—"I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindu prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoilier, Linnæus, and Buffon fluently; has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakespeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron; and has actually written English poetry very superior to Rousseau's epitaph on Shenstone; at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in his neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tiger." After referring to the prince's education by Schwartz, he says:—"To finish the portrait of Maha Raja Sarbojee, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy grey mustachios; generally splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French General officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me."

Serfojee (or Sarbojee) had a son, a pale, sickly-looking lad of seventeen, who spoke English imperfectly, and the father was lamenting the impossibility of getting him properly educated in Tanjore. Heber offered to take the lad to Calcutta, accommodate him in his own house, introduce him into good English society, superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters to be found in India. Both father and son seemed pleased at the proposal, but were doubtful as to the consent of the lad's mother. "Next day," says Heber, "I had a very civil message that the Ranee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c. So poor Seroojee must chew betel and sit in the Zenana, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindu princes, till he is gathered to those heroic forms who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the King of Spades (whose portrait-painter, as I guess, has been retained by this family), adorn the principal room in the palace."

We can imagine the bishop's feelings when he found, that when Serfojee was actually the ruler of his territory, he had permitted Christians to hold any office in the State, but that since the East India Company had taken the administration of affairs into its own hands, no Christians were admitted to Government employment. He warmly denounced the lukewarmness and cowardice of the Government in its attitude towards Christianity.

On Easter Day, Heber preached in the church that Schwartz had built, from the words, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." More than thirty years had passed away since Schwartz ministered in that place, yet many of his spiritual children were present, and close by the pulpit was the marble

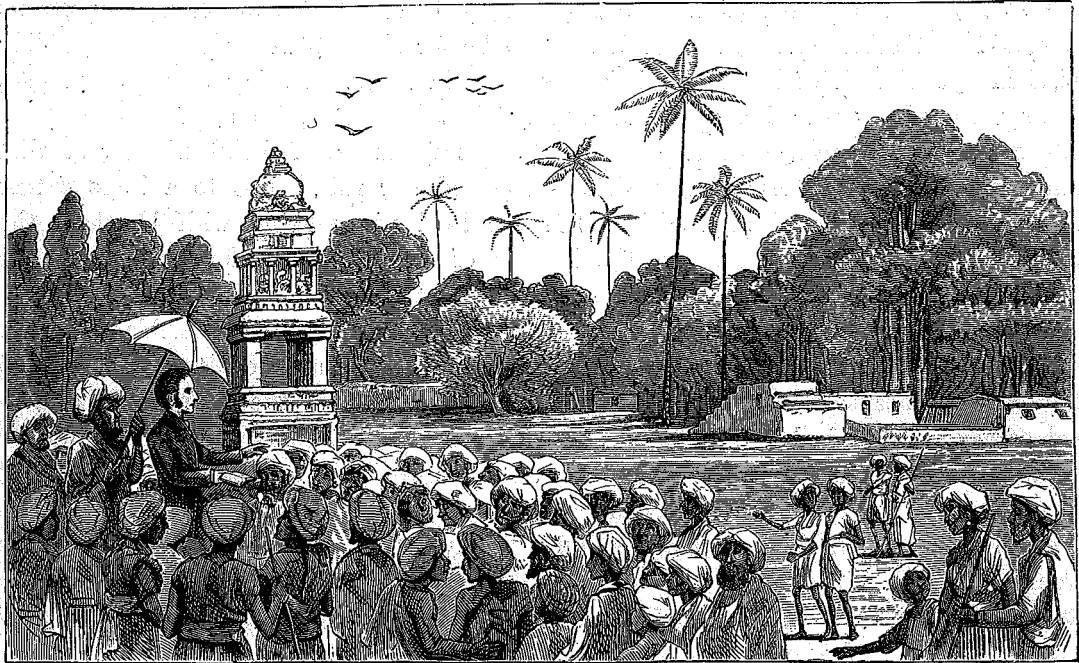


THE GODDESS KALI.

monument reared by Serfojee to the sainted pastor's memory. Thirty English and fifty-seven natives came up to partake of the communion on this occasion. In the evening Heber attended the Tamil service, and was rejoiced at beholding a reverent

congregation of thirteen hundred, all correctly taking^d their part in the liturgy. A Hindu read prayers, a Dane preached, and the good bishop, thrilled with emotion, gave the Benediction in Tamil to the surprised delight of all present. "Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!" was Heber's confession when disrobing after the service.

After confirming a large number of persons at Tanjore the bishop proceeded to Trichinopoly, where on the Sunday he preached and confirmed, but was evidently unwell. Next morning, however, he held a Tamil confirmation in the native church, a poor neglected building, and visited the schools, but was obliged to retire oppressed by



A MISSIONARY OPEN-AIR MEETING.

the heat and bad ventilation. A deputation waited on him bringing an address from the poor native Christians, lamenting that they had been without a pastor for two years, and earnestly beseeching the bishop to send them one. Heber was intensely interested in their condition, and eagerly talked over the matter with his companion, Archdeacon Robinson, to whom he mentioned a Danish minister whom he thought he should appoint to the care of these poor people. To recruit himself after his exertions, Heber presently visited the bath—a separate building near the house. It measured fifteen feet by eight, and had stone steps descending seven feet into the water. A servant waited outside whilst he bathed, but becoming alarmed at the length of time that elapsed, he ventured to look in, and saw with amazement the lifeless body of the bishop lying in the water.

So perished Reginald Heber, in his forty-fourth year, zealous in good works to the

last hour of his life. Unsuspected disease had been developing for years. They buried him next day in the church at Trichinopoly, where a tablet to his memory displays no elaborate eulogy, but simply warns the living—"Be ye also ready!" His dying wishes for the neglected native Christians of Trichinopoly were not unheeded. English Christians sent money in abundance; a church and three schools were established, and the pastor whom he had himself named was placed in charge.

Heber's successor, Bishop James, died very shortly after his arrival. Bishop Turner's episcopate was also very brief, and when he passed away, in 1828, men noted with dismay that four Bishops of Calcutta had died at their post in nine years. Several clergymen of eminence refused the appointment, dreading it as a sentence of death. But at length the parish of Islington (London) had the honour of giving up its venerated and beloved vicar, Daniel Wilson, to be for six-and-twenty years the guiding spirit in the Church of England missionary work in India. During that quarter of a century, in addition to his episcopal and missionary labours, he strove earnestly to induce his fellow-countrymen to cease from that fostering of heathenism, and that indulgence in vice and irreligion, which had cursed our rule. But to a large extent he pleaded in vain, and before his death the land was reeking with blood in the terrible year of the Mutiny, and the horrors of Cawnpore and Lucknow were the miserable fruits of ruling for Mammon and Belial instead of for Christ.

Daniel Wilson was the son of a wealthy silk-manufacturer in Spitalfields, and after being educated in a private school at Hackney, was apprenticed to his uncle in Milk Street, Cheapside. It was a busy house, where some of the young men seldom had occasion for their hats except on Sunday, for the half-holiday movement was as yet undreamt of. Young Wilson, fortunately for his health, was a good deal employed in outdoor work—visiting banks, merchants' offices, and so forth. On Sundays all went to church with their employer and his family. Wilson managed to study in the evenings, though without any definite object. As regards religious matters, he wrote in after-years that at this time he had no faith and no understanding—that he never prayed, that he had vile thoughts and did vile things, and was altogether a castaway.

Of course, like most such confessions, this was an exaggerated picture. He was neither better nor worse than the average young city men of his time. A few words spoken by a companion in March, 1796, led him into serious thought and anxiety. He began to pray. He consulted John Newton, Richard Cecil, Rowland Hill, and other leaders of religious life in London. He passed through a long time of doubt and despondency before he was able to struggle forth into the light. "Yesterday and to-day," he writes to a friend after taking his first communion, "have been, I think, the happiest days of my life. The Lord shines so upon my soul that I cannot but love Him, and desire no longer to live to myself, but to Him. . . . I have felt great desire to go and do anything to spread the name of Jesus; and I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands."

It was thirty-five years before the last aspiration was realised—years of earnest work and service in his own country. He was still a City apprentice and his father and his uncle were both averse to the desires which he expressed to become a minister.

Rowland Hill plainly told him, "You have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other." But, as time passed on, it was seen that his longings proceeded from no passing influence, and so (largely through Cecil's influence) his relatives allowed him to leave business, and he was entered as a student at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford. Wilson worked hard as an undergraduate, and did fairly well with his academic studies, but was not renowned for brilliant scholarship. No one was more astonished than himself when he took the prize for English prose, and had to read his essay on "Common Sense" in the Sheldonian Theatre on Commemoration Day. Amongst those who were warmly applauding him as he came down from the rostrum, was a young man who then took his place, and read a poem on "Palestine." It was Reginald Heber, in whose footsteps Wilson was to tread long afterwards on the banks of the Ganges.

Daniel Wilson was ordained, and became a curate under the well-known Rev. Richard Cecil, at Chobham, in Surrey. In 1809 (having previously married his cousin Ann, daughter of his late master in Milk Street, Cheapside), he was transferred to St. John's Chapel, Bloomsbury. Here he laboured for fifteen years. He had no parish work; his Sunday services and sermons were his chief engagement. He always chose his text on Monday morning, and spent the week in bringing every possible light to bear upon it. His preaching, though elaborate and thorough, was intensely earnest and forcible, and a crowd of intellectual men used to gather to hear him. Amongst these were Zachary Macaulay and his son Thomas, the historian; William Wilberforce and his son Samuel; and Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Stephen. His preaching did not always take immediately with those who heard him for the first time. "I will never hear that Daniel Wilson again," said a young lawyer. But he came again, and then declared, "I will never hear any one but Daniel Wilson if I can help it."

He was always ready to confer with earnest inquirers; hundreds, chiefly well-to-do people, came to him for spiritual advice, and he gave up much time to this service. Of mere visitors, however, he was somewhat impatient. His old friend Mr. Basil Woodd used to say of him, "When I go to see Mr. Wilson, before I have well settled myself in my chair I hear him say, 'Good-bye, dear Basil Woodd; here is your hat, and here is your umbrella!'" "No doubt," adds his biographer, "affection was in some degree checked, and a certain kind of influence forfeited, by this, and some persons may be disposed to blame it; but the man who himself fills a public post, with unceasing engagements, and every hour occupied, will not be inclined to throw the first stone."

But Wilson also gave a great deal of time and energy to the help of Christian Societies, often travelling great distances to speak on and of some good cause. He overtasked his strength, and for a year or two was stricken down by painful ailments, that all but put an end to his career. But he was raised up to be for eight years vicar of Islington, where his unceasing and indefatigable labours were long remembered. Here, in 1827, his beloved wife was laid to rest. Of his six children, three died in childhood; one grew up to manhood, but died on the Continent. His daughter Eliza went forth to cheer his widowhood, and his eldest son Daniel succeeded to the

vicarage of Islington when the father left England as Bishop of Calcutta, in June, 1832.

He found scant furniture in the episcopal residence at Calcutta, and when he asked the Archdeacon why his orders to procure all that was needful had not been attended to, that functionary is said to have replied, "I thought this would be enough to last for six months." It had come to be considered that a Bishop of Calcutta would not want goods and chattels for any long period! But the new bishop took every precaution, lived quietly two years to get acclimatised, and then flung himself with ardour into the long series of labours and journeyings which he kept up till just before his death, at the age of eighty.

In 1834 the bishop began his first long journey. He visited Penang and Moulmein, examining schools, confirming converts, and consecrating a church built of teak wood, with each pillar a single teak-tree. Then he proceeded to Ceylon, and from thence into the Madras Presidency, where some laborious work awaited him. There had been sad declension among the native Christians; in one year 168 had gone back to heathenism. The policy of keeping up caste distinctions in the churches made it easy to retrograde. Had caste been broken, there would have been an irrevocable barrier against returning to the old life. But the bishop found all sorts of unchristian distinctions kept up, and saw that the time had come to make a bold step in advance. He ordered that all catechumens should, for the future, renounce caste before being baptised or confirmed or allowed to partake of the communion, and that all distinction as to place or precedence in church should cease.

The bishop's letter fell on the churches like a thunderbolt. The warlike Sudras, whose proud boast it was that they sprang from Brahma's shoulders, were indignant. At Trichinopoly a large number left off attending the services. At Vepery the Sudras, with their catechists and schoolmasters, walked out of the church when the bishop's letter was read, and for some time held a service of their own. At Tanjore there were now 7,000 Christians, 107 catechists, and four native clergy superintended by Kohloff. Here it seemed as if a formidable schism would be developed. The bishop came, and was met on the bank of the Cavery by Kohloff and Nyanapracasem, the last survivors of Schwartz's co-workers, accompanied by the faithful members of the church and the school-children. The Hindu was the eldest, a picturesque old man with snowy hair, who, as he fervently clasped the bishop's hand, blessed God for his coming. Then followed a conference with the dissentients and a service in the church, to which the Sudras came, but kept themselves separate. The bishop preached from the text, "Walk in love, as Christ also loved us," and a catechist translated every sentence into Tamil. There was a time of deep silence after the sermon, and then, at the bishop's request, the whole congregation repeated these words in Tamil—"Lord, give me a broken heart to receive the love of Christ and obey His commands."

Much private labour with individuals followed, as well as a two days' stormy conference with the main body of dissentients. Resistance was kept up for a time, though many returned, one by one, to their allegiance. Serfojee was now dead, and his son, who had been prevented from accepting the advantages which Bishop Heber

offered him, had grown up an indolent, pleasure-loving prince. He was very polite to the bishop, who noticed that the young man had taken upon himself to try and improve Flaxman's fine statue of his father. He had actually had a coloured turban with black feathers and tassels substituted for the white marble turban which originally crowned the statue.

At Trichinopoly the bishop preached with reverent emotion from the same pulpit from which Heber had preached his last sermon nine years before. Seeing a number of the caste party standing about in groups instead of sitting down with the



A CHILD TAUGHT TO ADORE SIVA.

congregation, he walked up to two or three of the foremost and led them to seats. They could not but conform when thus "personally conducted" by a bishop in his robes, and the rest were soon induced to follow their example. The communion was administered to 147 persons, and Sudras, Pariahs, English and Eurasians, were purposely mixed. Thus, by firmness, the victory over caste was accomplished in the church of Trichinopoly.

The bishop again visited Tanjore, where he found the dissentients were still coming back by degrees, and then proceeded to Calcutta. On his way there he visited the great temple at Puri, where Jagganātha, the Lord of the World, sits in darkness. To this habitation of cruelty and uncleanness, thousands of pilgrims flocked at the great festivals, paying a poll-tax to the English authorities, who thus became partners in the abominable system.

In 1836, Bishop Wilson visited Bombay and the interior of India, and found a

most deplorable ignorance of religion amongst the English officers and residents in the service of native princes. Many of them had seen nothing to remind them of Christianity since they came out as lads to India. Extending his journey northwards, he reached Delhi, where he had the pleasure of consecrating a church—a fine domed building, with porticoes and flights of steps and marble pavement. Colonel Skinner, a stout warrior, came in helmet and glittering uniform to ask the bishop to consecrate the church which he had built. Twenty years before, as the colonel rode into Delhi amongst the army that captured it, he had looked upon the countless domes and minarets, and had vowed that the cross of a Christian church should be seen amongst them.

At Allahabad the bishop saw the crowds of pilgrims bathing in the Ganges, and was indignant that here, too, a Christian Government should be guilty of making a profit out of heathen superstitions. He brought away a pilgrim ticket, "76,902," and used it as his text with such effect both in India and in England, that in the following year the poll-tax at Puri and also at Allahabad was abolished.

Krishnagur, 130 miles from Calcutta, is the headquarters of the worship of Krishna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnu. Krishna's life is detailed in the "Vishnu Purāna," a work written about a thousand years ago, evidently by a person familiar with the Christian New Testament. Many incidents are copied, and the name (pronounced Kreeshta) is very similar to Kreesht, the Hindu for Christ. But here all similarity ends, for Krishna was thoroughly bad, and only used his superhuman power to gratify his own inclinations. Impurity and dishonesty were the prominent features of his career, and his professed followers, probably about one-sixth of the Hindus in Bengal, display the same characteristics. The name of his wife, Lakshmi, is seldom mentioned, but Rādhā the cowherd's wife, the object of his evil passion, is always associated with him, and "Rādhā Krishna! Rādhā Krishna!" is the formula repeated hundreds of times by his adherents. There is no element of terror in Krishna worship; songs of passionate love are sung to him in his temples, and his festivals are, above all others, days of gladness and pleasure.

To Krishnagur the bishop was called in 1840, in consequence of a remarkable movement towards Christianity in the district. In a previous visit in 1837, he had found two agents of the Church Missionary Society keeping a school here, but having no adult converts. But now there were hundreds of serious inquirers, and numbers waiting to be baptised, having been for months instructed and prepared by the missionaries. At Anunda Bass the bishop baptised 150 at one time; at Ranobunda 250; altogether about a thousand in the different villages. All were ready to renounce "all idolatry, feasts, poojahs and caste," and gave evidence of thorough conversion. The work has proved permanent, and, in the very stronghold of Krishna, the power of faith in Christ has been manifested.

After twelve years of service Bishop Wilson's health gave way. He had a fever at Umballah in November, 1844, from which he rallied, but in such an enfeebled condition that he was ordered home for a long rest. He unwisely hurried to England by the Red Sea route instead of the long sea voyage, which to many Indian invalids

has given such robust health that their friends in England have thought sick-leave was very readily granted. But Wilson reached England "worn, pale, thin; the hollow eyes buried in the brows, the knees feeble, the nerves shaken, and the whole body agitated." Slowly he gained strength, and the lingering traces of the jungle fever were driven away by his native air and the pleasant change of scene. He enters in his journal: "Went to No. 31, Milk Street, where in 1792 I was an apprentice. I visited the warehouse, counting-house, parlour, kitchen, bedroom, where I passed with my staff over Jordan in my boyhood." He preached in his old pulpits, and gave numberless addresses at public meetings, and in his sixty-eighth year returned to his Indian labours—just two years after being stricken down by fever. In the following year he consecrated his cathedral, of which he had laid the foundation-stone seven years before, and towards the cost of which he had himself given £20,000. He was in his seventy-third year when he undertook a fourteen weeks' voyage to Sarāwak and back to consecrate a church. Not long after, Mr. McDougall, of whom we have more to say in another chapter, was consecrated in the new Calcutta Cathedral as first Bishop of Labuan and Sarāwak.

Bishop Wilson had many attacks of illness in 1856, and in December of that year was prostrated by a terrible accident. He was knocked down by striking against a "jill-mill," or wooden shutter, in his verandah. On being raised, it was found that his thigh was broken. He was not expected to survive, but the good old man was very resigned and cheerful, and when in too much pain to sleep, was thankful that he could still pray.

In the following year came the terrible time of the Indian Mutiny. Blood was flowing all over the land, even in the very churches where he had laid his hands upon the heads of the converts. But he rejoiced to see those converts remaining steadfast in that wild trial-hour. Where Christianity prevailed in any district, all remained tranquil, and where the rebels were revelling in outrage and slaughter, the native Christians took no part, but either hid themselves away or suffered with the English. The bishop's last sermon was preached on the day of fasting and humiliation which he had appointed on July 24th, 1857. It was a fearful moment;—men were standing aghast with horror at the news from Cawnpore and Lucknow, and no one knew whether worse horrors might not yet be in store. The old man, with the burden of his fourscore years, preached comfort and encouragement, but faithfully pointed out the errors of the past, and declared that in Christianity alone was there any hope for the future. Till the close of the year Bishop Wilson was gradually sinking. "All going on well, but I am dead almost. Firm in hope." Thus he wrote on New Year's Day, 1858, and at the dawn of the next day his spirit passed to its eternal Home. His body was laid in the grand cathedral, the erection of which had been (as he considered) the crowning work of his episcopal life—an outward and visible sign in the sight of all men of the importance and dignity of Christianity in the capital of our Indian Empire.

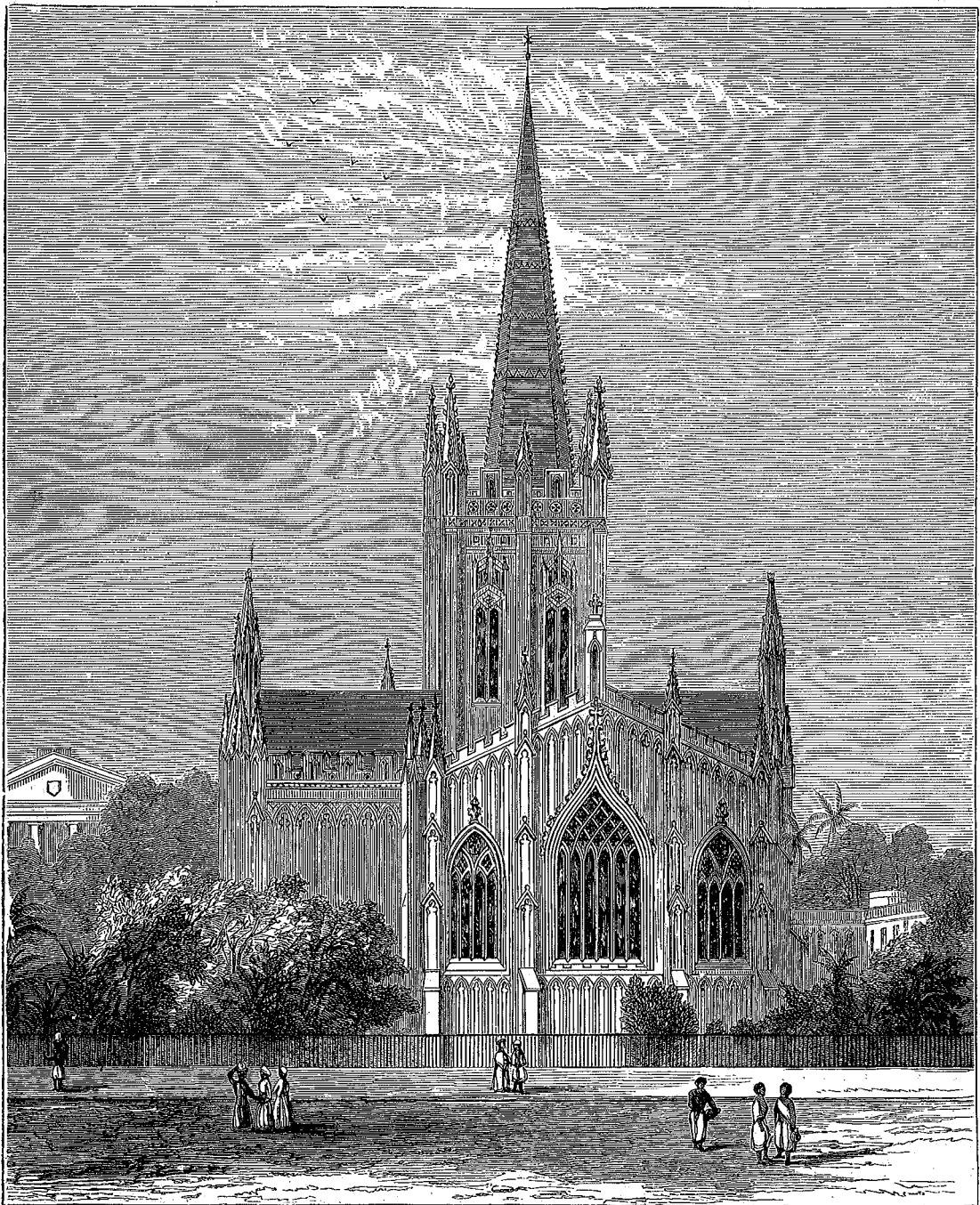
Not to be buried in Calcutta Cathedral, but to be swept away by the mighty Ganges, so that "no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day," was the lot of

the next bishop of this diocese. Dr. Cotton was a man of refined literary culture, and yet one of the humblest and most earnest of Christians. His sympathies were broad and keen. His widow says of him:—"He never heard a false religion inconsiderately or contemptuously denounced in the presence of its votaries without a jar on his own mind. Once, indeed, he wrote, with more bluntness than was usual with him: 'If I were a Hindu I am sure I should be exceedingly angry at hearing my religion so abused.'" Calm in temper, clear in perception, sound in judgment, Bishop Cotton travelled to and fro in his diocese for eight years, building up the Church and helping and directing its aggressive warfare.

He was a child when, in 1813, his father, Captain Cotton, was killed in battle, and in his twelfth year he went to Westminster School. In that purgatory for boys of gentle disposition he suffered much, but by his quaint humour won himself an independent position there, and became known as a "good angel" to many a suffering junior. He passed through Cambridge, became one of Arnold's assistants at Rugby, then head-master of Marlborough College. During six years' residence he completely re-organised that institution, which he left in order to undertake episcopal duties at Calcutta.

He came upon the scene when the after-effects of the Indian Mutiny were everywhere painfully apparent. He had to work hard to reorganise the mission that had been deserted, and to regain ground that had been lost. But still the work of winning souls from heathenism was carried on; converts were gained, and often in a manner to win from those who were witnesses the exclamation: "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." In all this work Bishop Cotton took a warm interest, and, wherever possible, an earnest part. "I have been deeply impressed," he writes to Dr. Bradley, "with the reality and thoroughgoing character of the whole business, and I entreat you never to believe any insinuations against missionary work in India, or to scruple to plead, or allow to be pleaded in your chapel, the cause of either the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, or the Church Missionary Society. All the English humbug, the petty rivalries between the two societies, the nonsense which one hears from a wandering deputation, vanish in this land where the real work is going on, and the actual contest is waged between Christ and Belial."

In 1864 he wrote to Dean Stanley in cheerful mood: "Do you remember that in 1858 you and I drank tea together in Dean Trench's drawing-room? I wonder whether in 1868, when, if alive, I shall be entitled to furlough, we shall drink tea together in Dean Stanley's drawing-room?" That anticipated meeting was never to take place. In 1866, when fresh out of a fever at Kooshteah, he had gone to a consecration service, and was returning to the vessel in the river just as night was setting in. Owing to currents, churs (sandbanks), and the precipitous nature of the banks, it was impossible to bring any vessel up close. The *Rhotas* was lying out in full stream. Between it and the shore was anchored an intervening flat, which had to be crossed. Somewhere on the perilous causeway of planks bridging the water the bishop's foot slipped, he fell, and was never seen again. The increasing darkness, the unsteadiness of the platform, his near-sightedness, his bodily weariness, and the weakness



CALCUTTA CATHEDRAL.

following recent fever, all doubtless conspired to bring about the mournful catastrophe. He had done much for the cause of religion and education in India, but much more was still expected from him when he was thus snatched away in full mental vigour.

CHAPTER XLV.

DR. DUFF.

The Pass of Killiecrankie—Dreams—Duff Chooses his Career—Wrecked on Dassen Island—His Bible Found on Beach—A Terrible Cyclone—Refuge in a Heathen Temple—Dr. Duff's School—A Craze for Learning—Lectures on Christian Evidences—Some Notable Converts—Tempest and Pestilence—The Calcutta Free Church Institute—The Seringham Pagoda—Return to England—Appeals for Aid—The Mutiny—The Rev. Gopenath Nundi—The Indigo Riots—Dr. Duff Leaves India—Death.

NOT far from that famous Pass of Killiecrankie, where "Bluidie Claver'se," otherwise "Bonnie Dundee," fell in the moment of victory, stood the old farm-house of Auchnahyle, where, on April 25th, 1806, was born Alexander Duff, destined hereafter to do in India a mighty work, of which the far-reaching results cannot as yet be rightly estimated.

Of the picturesque scenery that surrounded the home of his childhood, Alexander always retained a vivid remembrance. By Indian rivers and amongst Indian mountains, he always looked back with delight to the foaming Garry and the wooded glens of the Grampians. His father, James Duff, was a man of godly zeal at the prayer-meeting and in his own family worship. He carefully instructed his children in Bible history and doctrine, and made them familiar with the heroic stories of the Scottish martyrs. He used also to show them coloured pictures of Jagganātha and other heathen gods, and led them to take a warm interest in the work of the Gospel messengers in foreign lands. Little did he think that one of those listening children was to go forth as leader in a grand attack upon the very citadel of Indian idolatry. Another powerful influence upon Alexander Duff's early mental development was the recitation of the poems of Dugald Buchanan, who, amongst Gaelic bards, ranks next to Ossian. The appalling scenes described in "The Day of Judgment" so affected the lad's mind that one night he dreamed of the Great White Throne, and the whole human race waiting for judgment. He thought his own name was about to be called, and, thrilling with terror and alarm, he awoke. He prayed fervently for pardon; the impression on his mind was so deep that he could not rest till he realised a sense of acceptance with God in Christ Jesus.

There were two streams near his father's cottage to which they had removed from Auchnahyle. Into one of these the boy fell and narrowly escaped drowning. One evening he was resting beside the other stream, when, as his biographer tells us, "he dreamed as he lay on its banks among the blaeberreries musing alone, that there shone in the distance a brightness surpassing that of the sun. By-and-bye from the great light there seemed to approach him a magnificent chariot of gold studded with gems, drawn by fiery horses. The glory overawed him. At last the heavenly chariot reached his side, and from its open window, the Almighty God looked out and addressed to him, in the mildest tone, the words, 'Come up hither; I have work for thee to do.' In the effort to rise he awoke with astonishment, and told the dream in all its

details to his parents. Not long before his death he repeated it in this form to his grandson, so deep and lasting had been the impression."

The village "dominie" of Moulin parish was a learned man, but was not sufficiently alive to his responsibilities. He mended watches and fiddles, and let the scholars hear each other's lessons, and often went out fishing whilst his wife conducted Bible-reading with the pupils in the kitchen. So, in his eighth year, Alexander was sent to a school further off, and, after three years' rapid progress, to the school twelve miles off, at Kirkmichael. This school, kept by Mr. A. Macdougall, was the making of Duff. Amongst his fellow-pupils was Duncan Forbes, afterwards well known as Professor of Oriental Languages in King's College, London. "What would I have been this day," wrote Duff to Macdougall, long after, "had not an overruling Providence directed me to Kirkmichael School?" His fourteenth year was spent at Perth Grammar School, where he largely increased his knowledge of classical and English literature. Amongst the books which he took back to his Highland home was Milton's "Paradise Lost"—a book that exercised a vast influence over him. It was always in his pocket, and portions of it were read every day. "Thus," says Dr. Smith, "the 'Paradise Lost' moulded his feelings and shaped his thoughts into forms peculiarly his own. The Gaelic Buchanan and the English Milton, the Celtic fire and the Puritan imagination, feeding on Scripture story and classic culture, coloured by such dreams and experiences, and directed by such a father and teacher—these were used to send forth to the world, from the bosom of the Grampians, a tall, eagle-eyed, impulsive boy of fifteen."

His father gave him £20 to finish his education, and henceforth the lad was at his own charges. He went to St. Andrews University, and soon won highest honours in Greek, Latin, Logic, and Natural Philosophy. He obtained a scholarship, which supplied him with the means to live, before that £20 from the parental store was exhausted; he won his degree of M.A.; but he realised something more precious than all these scholastic triumphs. He sat at the feet of Dr. Chalmers, who was then rousing in sleepy St. Andrews a fervour of spiritual life that had scarcely been witnessed since the memorable days when the Scottish Parliament of 1650 declared that "this glaid tydingis of the kyngdome sall be precheit through the hail world for a witnes unto all natiouns, and then sall the end cum."

Alexander Duff, and several like-minded young men, founded a "Students' Missionary Society." Most fervent and most dedicated of that little band was the lamented John Urquhart, who had given himself up for work in India. Duff had talked and written much of Urquhart, and his father was deeply interested in the subject. In 1827 the son had come home for the winter vacation. "The usual budget of intelligence was produced, but as the parents hung on their son's revelations, now with tears, now with smiles, and ever with thankfulness and pride, the loved name of his Jonathan was not once mentioned.

"'But what of your friend Urquhart?' at last exclaimed the father.

"'Urquhart is no more,' said Duff with the almost stern abruptness of self-restraint; and then slowly, wistfully added, 'What if your son should take up his cloak?'

You approved the motive that directed the choice of Urquhart; you commended his high purpose. The cloak is taken up.'

"Mother and father were awed into silence at this, the first breaking to them, or to man, of the vow that had already been made to God."

Roused to a sense of its responsibilities by Dr. Inglis and Dr. Chalmers, the Church of Scotland resolved to send a missionary to India, and Alexander Duff was chosen for the service. He completed his course of studies, and was duly ordained in April, 1829.

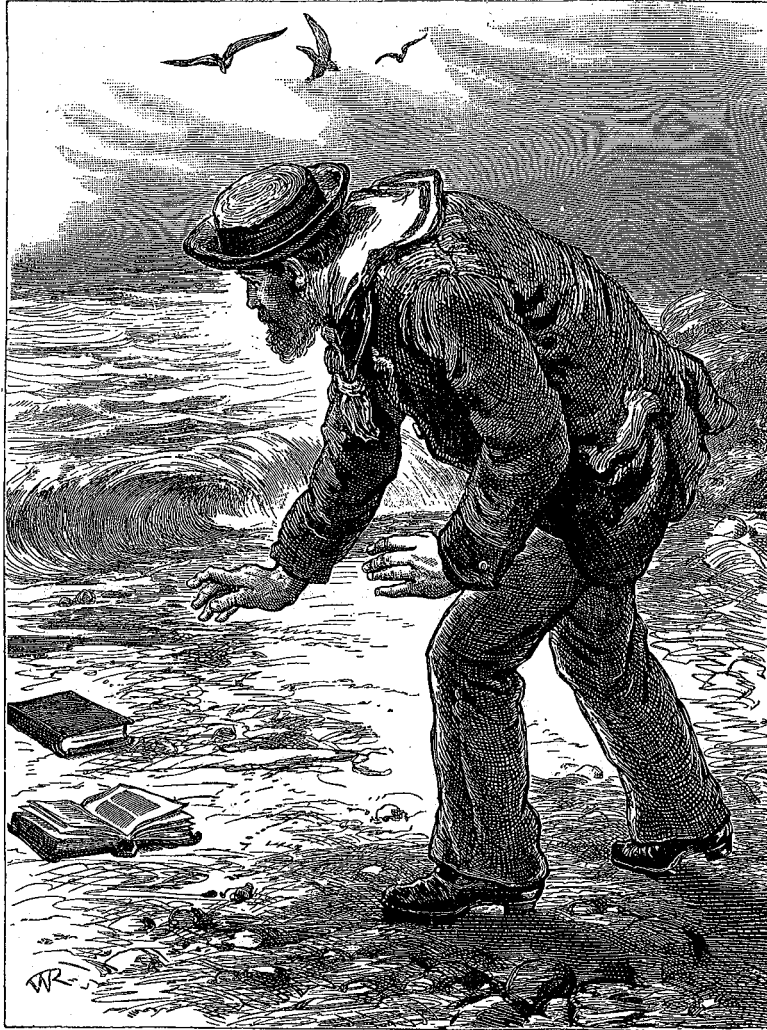
In July he married Annie Scott Drysdale, of Edinburgh—for thirty-six years his devoted wife. "She worthily takes her place among those noble women, in many lands of the East, who have supplied the domestic order, the family joy, the wedded strength, needed to nerve the pioneers of missions for the unceasing conflict that ends in victory."

The East India Company's ship *Lady Holland* bore Mr. and Mrs. Duff towards the land of their adoption. They passed through a severe storm in the Channel, and were depressed by the sight of a timber-laden vessel, swept by the waves, and not a living soul upon it. They were detained at Madeira by storms for about a month, and held Sabbath services, which were attended, amongst others, by the well-known novelist Captain Marryat. Continuing their voyage, they came within three hundred yards of a pirate ship, but the frigate which had accompanied them, to look out for these gentry, came to their rescue, and the *Lady Holland* was unmolested.

But the worst danger was to come. On nearing Cape Town, the vessel struck on some reefs of rock over which the billows were dashing furiously. She became a total wreck, and crew and passengers were only saved with great difficulty in the long-boat, which bore them to the adjacent sandy shore. In the darkness of midnight the boat had to make three perilous journeys amongst the surging billows and the mass of floating wreckage before all were brought safely away. They were now on Dassen Island, ten miles from the coast and forty from Cape Town. The sole human inhabitants were two Dutchmen who were collecting the eggs of the myriads of penguins that frequented the islands. Upon these eggs the shipwrecked company had to subsist until deliverance came.

A sailor who had been one of the most interested in the missionary services on board the ship was strolling along the beach, and suddenly came upon Mr. Duff's large quarto copy of Bagster's Bible, presented to him by friends at St. Andrews, and a Scotch psalm-book. The box in which they had been packed was dashed to pieces. Joyfully the sailor took these treasures to the hovel where the passengers were sheltered. All hearts were moved at the incident. They came forth to the open beach and knelt round Mr. Duff as he read the 107th Psalm with its wonderful description of deliverance in deep waters. To Mr. Duff himself it taught a special lesson. Of eight hundred volumes representing every department of knowledge, these two were all that had not been either utterly lost or reduced to mere pulp. All his journals, notes, memoranda, and essays had shared the same fate. "They are gone," he wrote to Dr. Inglis on reaching Cape Town, "and blessed be God, I can say, gone without a murmur.

So perish all earthly things; the treasure that is laid up in heaven alone is unassailable." Henceforth the human learning he so dearly loved was to be a means and not an end. The Bible, so marvellously preserved and placed in his hands, was to be his great weapon in his coming conflict with the time-worn creeds and superstitions of India.



DR. DUFF'S BOOKS FOUND ON THE BEACH.

The shipwrecked band could see from their island refuge the white mist that hovers over Table Mountain. The Irish surgeon was sent to the mainland in the Dutchmen's skiff, and in four days time an English brig of war, sent by the Governor, bore away the unwilling tenants of Dassen Island in safety to Cape Town. Here the Duffs were detained for weeks, and then had to pay exorbitantly for a passage forward in the *Moirra*. Troubles were not over yet. Contrary winds drove them far out of their course; a hurricane nearly submerged them off Mauritius; and

not until the end of May did the *Moirra* sight the pilot brig in the muddy waters where the Ganges and the Brahmapoetra mingle their currents. The vessel was soon carefully steered up the Hooghly and moored off Saugar Island. It had been a day of fearful heat, and was followed by a terrible cyclone. The three anchors were of no avail, and wind and storm-wave jointly lifted the vessel on to the steep muddy bank, with ten feet of water on one side of her, and sixty or seventy on the other. The vessel wedged itself into the clay, but kept heeling over more and more towards the deep waters. It was an awful night—the hurricane blast howled in the pitchy darkness, and ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning revealed the tumultuous floods that were submerging the low-lying delta lands.

At dawn, by the help of natives with a rope, the passengers got on to a bank, where they were still, however, up to the waist in rolling waters. They hurried inland, but notwithstanding the tempest, the natives, for fear of losing caste, would not admit the shipwrecked party to their houses. They had therefore to take refuge for twenty-four hours in the temple of the great sage Kapila, of whose famous curse, and all that resulted from it, we have spoken in a previous chapter. Then in small "dinghies" they reached Calcutta, terribly exhausted and covered with the mud of Saugar Island. Small wonder that the natives of Calcutta should exclaim; when their newspapers told of the repeated shipwrecks, "Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who must have some notable work for him to do in India."

Mr. and Mrs. Duff were most cordially received by the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and his accomplished and amiable wife, as well as by many other persons of note in Calcutta. Alexander Duff, in his twenty-fifth year, is described as "a tall and handsome man, with quivering voice, flashing eye, and restless gesticulation, when he first told the ruler of India what he had given his life to do for its people."

The first thing to be done was to get a clear idea of the situation. So Mr. Duff visited all the missionaries, and inspected all the village schools and chapels in the district. Six weeks of the hottest and wettest portion of the Bengal year were spent in this work. Last of all he visited Carey at Serampore. It was on a blazing day in July, 1830, that the young missionary, full of Scottish fire, strode up the steps of the college ghaut and sought the simple study of Carey. There he came upon "what seemed to be a little yellow old man in a white jacket, who tottered up to the visitor, of whom he had already often heard, and with outstretched hands solemnly blessed him." Duff had made up his mind that his life-work was to give young India, and especially its Brahmanical element, an English education, saturated with the Bible. Carey heartily approved of the plan. It would not in any way interfere with the work of the ordinary evangelist. "While you engage" (wrote Mr. Duff to the Indian missionaries) "in directly separating as many precious atoms from the mass as the stubborn resistance to ordinary appliances can admit, we shall, with the blessing of God, devote our time and strength to the preparing of a mine and the setting of a train which shall one day explode, and tear up the whole from its lowest depths."

With a few scholars Mr. Duff began the work, in a hall obtained for him by Rammohun Roy, the Hindu Theist. Rammohun Roy's father, the descendant of a long line of holy ascetics, had retired in disgust from the service of Suraj-ud-Dowla, (the perpetrator of the "Black Hole" atrocity) before his son's birth in 1774. Young Rammohun was a born inquirer. He studied Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, but found no satisfaction in any of them; and then took refuge in Pantheism, and afterwards in pure Theism. He had managed to shake the faith of his mother, who had been all her life a zealous devotee. She died at Puri during the festival of Jagganātha, and before setting out confessed to her son, "Rammohun, you are right, but I am a weak woman, and grown too old to give up rites which are a comfort to me." Her gifted son had, unfortunately, not found a Saviour to whom he could point her in their place.

Rammohun and his friends had for some time carried on Theistic worship in Calcutta. It was the hall which they vacated for a new building that Rammohun now procured for Mr. Duff. His views were by this time so developed that he recognised a personal God in the Christian sense, and had the highest veneration for the teaching of Christ. Before his death he came to believe in the Divinity of our Saviour's mission, although not in the deity of His person.

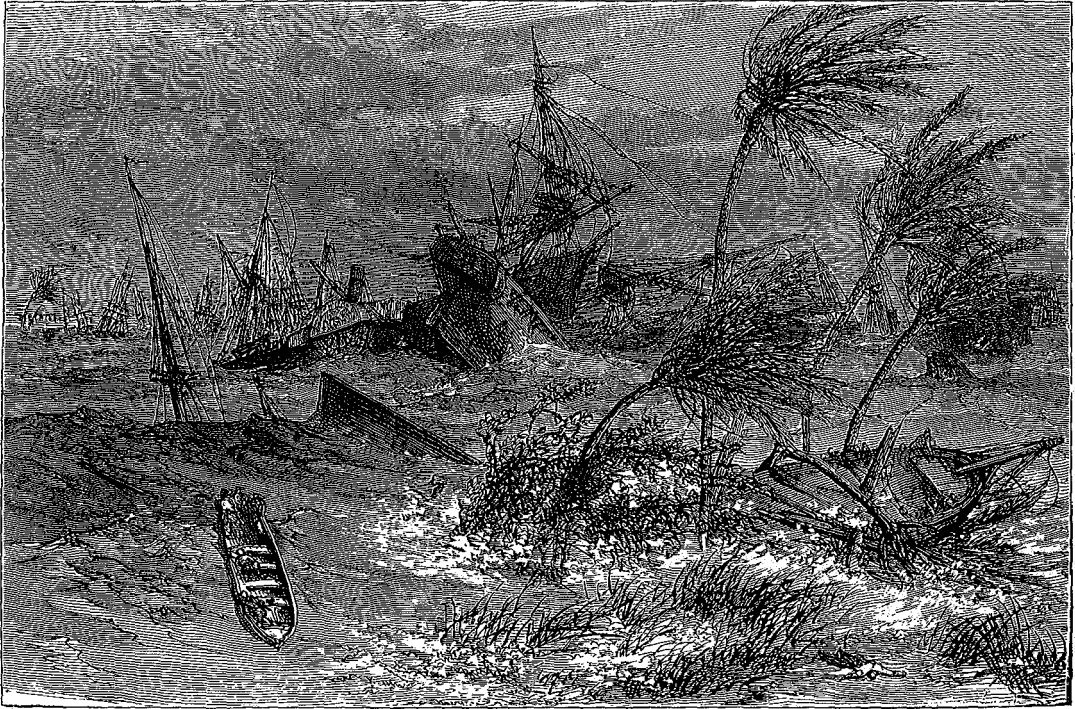
At the opening of the school, Rammohun attended. Mr. Duff offered the Lord's Prayer in Bengali, and then asked the older pupils to read from the Gospels. "This is the Christian Shaster," exclaimed one of them; "we are not Christians. How then can we read it? It may make us Christians, and our friends will drive us out of caste." Then Rammohun Roy seized the expected opportunity. He rose and told them of Christians who had read the Hindu Shasters without becoming Hindus, and how he himself had read the Koran without becoming a Mussulman, and the whole Bible without becoming a Christian. "Why, then, do you fear to read it?" he continued; "read and judge for yourselves. Not compulsion, but enlightened persuasion, which you may resist if you choose, constitutes you yourselves judges of the contents of the book." For ten months the Hindu reformer came daily to the opening Bible lesson, and when he left for England his eldest son gave his frequent presence and counsel to the work.

It was very laborious work. The number of attenders had gone up to 300, all learning the English alphabet from a teacher who was sitting up half the night preparing graduated school-books. He used to paint wooden letters, which he put in a grooved frame in sight of all his scholars. He began by teaching them O thoroughly, he then put up X, and presently put the two together and told them what ox meant in English. Now ox-carts abound in Calcutta, and the drivers were astonished at being saluted with shouts of "ox, ox," whenever they passed any of Duff's pupils. The lads were simply delighted to show off their English.

Of course, till English was mastered, instruction in other subjects had to be imparted in Bengali. As the school increased, more accommodation was obtained. Mr. Mackay, and subsequently Mr. Ewart, were sent out to help. Pundits were engaged to work in the Bengali department under supervision, and altogether the school became

one of the most famous institutions of Calcutta. Europeans who came to the first annual examinations were amazed at the results which had been obtained. An appeal was made to Mr. Duff to found a school of a similar character at Takee, forty miles off, and building and appliances were promised. A fellow-passenger from the *Moirra*, who had been helping him at Calcutta, was sent as first master to Takee.

The excitement amongst the natives during this period was very great. "They threw open the very doors of our palanquin," wrote Mr. Duff, "and poured in their



A CYCLONE ON THE HOOGLHY.

supplications with a pitiful earnestness of countenance that might have softened a heart of stone. In the most plaintive and pathetic strains they deplored their ignorance. They craved for 'English reading,' 'English knowledge.' They constantly appealed to the compassion of an 'Ingraji,' or Englishman, addressing us in the style of Oriental hyperbole, as 'the great and fathomless ocean of all imaginable excellencies' for having come so far to teach poor ignorant Bengalees. And then, in broken English, some would say, 'Me good boy, oh take me;' others, 'Me poor boy, oh take me;' some, 'Me want read your good books, oh take me;' others, 'Me know your commandments, Thou shalt have no other gods before Me, oh take me;' and many by way of final appeal, 'Oh take me, and I pray for you.' And even after the final choice was made, such was the continued press of new candidates that it was found absolutely necessary to issue small written tickets for those who had succeeded; and

to station two men at the outer door to admit only those who were of the selected number."

Secular knowledge was, of course, the main attraction, but these earnest and inquiring youths did not by any means treat the Bible-reading as a mere form. They took a keen interest in the Scripture history, and also in the Scripture doctrines. Many were the evidences that showed how much the purity and loveliness of Divine teaching impressed the minds of the scholars. When they were reading the First



HINDU OX-WAGGONS.

Epistle to the Corinthians, and came to the words, "Charity endureth all things," the young Brahman, who at the opening of the school had protested against reading from the Christian Shasters, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, that is too good for us! Who can act up to that?" Another young Hindu, after the reading of the Sermon on the Mount, often exclaimed during the next few weeks, "'Love your enemies! Bless them that curse you!' How beautiful! How Divine! Surely this is the truth!"

The spirit of inquiry which had been roused in the minds of the pupils was further stimulated by the public lectures on Christian evidences and similar subjects delivered by Mr. Duff and his associates. Mr. Adam and Mr. Hill, of the London Missionary Society, and Mr. Dealtry (afterwards Bishop of Madras) lent good aid in this service. Crowds of young Hindus became as familiar with Christian history and teaching as

with their own intricate and whimsical mythology. They could not but see that in point of reasonableness and common sense their own system could not hold its ground. Then, too, their own sacred books are held to be infallible authorities as regards science and philosophy, which are so interwoven with the system of religion that all must stand or fall together. It became impossible for these intelligent youths to credit a system of geography that supplied seas of butter and seas of treacle, whilst astronomical and other phenomena were accounted for in a similar lunatic fashion. Doubt led to doubt, and young Bengal took to holding debating societies, and circulating journals, in which they denounced and ridiculed the Hindu religion as vile and corrupt, and unworthy the notice of rational beings. Some refused to wear the *Poito*, or sacred thread, which was the sign of their pure Brahmanical descent. Others, when enjoined to recite the *Muntras* or prayers, would repeat lines from Homer's Iliad.

One of the most noteworthy of the Brahman youths in this time of excitement and unrest was Krishna Mohan Banerji. His talents and acquirements were of a high order. He was an excellent Sanscrit scholar whilst yet in his teens, and good judges found a difficulty in deciding whether his compositions in Bengali or English were more to be preferred. He still retained his caste and his high place in Bengal society, but he had lost all faith in Hinduism, and was seeking the truth amongst the various religious systems that surrounded him. His reputation for scholarship, and his powerful mental endowments, made him a leader amongst his fellow-students, who eagerly sought his company. One day a few of these called for him at his father's house, and finding him absent agreed to wait for his return. They were all sceptics, and ready to vie with each other in showing contempt for old opinions and restrictions. "Let us try what Christian food is like! Let us have a beefsteak!" was suggested in a spirit of bravado by one of the party. The proposal was received with hearty acclamations, and a sample of the unclean food of India's foreign masters was sent for from a neighbouring hotel. These young men, who had been chiefly brought up on rice, found the steak good, but it seems to have had an intoxicating effect upon their frugally nourished frames. They had the audacity to pelt a respectable Brahman family with the scraps that were left, calling out at the same time that it was "the flesh of kine." There was immediately a tumult and almost a riot. The young infidels were obliged to make themselves scarce in order to escape a merciless beating by the infuriated crowd, who came with clubs to vindicate their outraged religion.

But this was not the end of the affair. In native circles all over the city nothing was talked of for a time but the sacrilegious "beef dinner" of the young Brahmans. Many an orthodox zealot went about in hourly expectation of an awful judgment on Calcutta to expiate the crime. Krishna Banerji had not been present at the unholy repast, but his avowed heretical opinions and his high standing among his compeers marked him out as a suitable person to make an example of. He was called upon to make public profession of Hinduism, or threatened with excommunication from his caste if he refused. He resolved to abide by his convictions. He was forthwith disowned by his family, and became a disgraced outcast in the eyes of the orthodox. Bravely and resolutely he fought his way in the world, winning general

admiration by the way in which he edited the English newspaper called the *Enquirer*. This journal was for a time the brilliant organ of those Bengali seekers after truth who had cast off Hinduism, but who were not satisfied with the Vedantic Theism of Rammohun Roy, nor yet prepared to accept the Christianity of the missionaries. For a year Banerji struggled with his doubts, then through Mr. Duff's ministrations he arrived at a clear understanding and reception of the truths of Christianity, and he became a member of a Christian Church. He was afterwards ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, became the minister of a handsome church which was erected for him in that city, and was subsequently appointed one of the Professors at Bishop's College. He was the author, editor, or translator of numerous books, both English and Bengali.

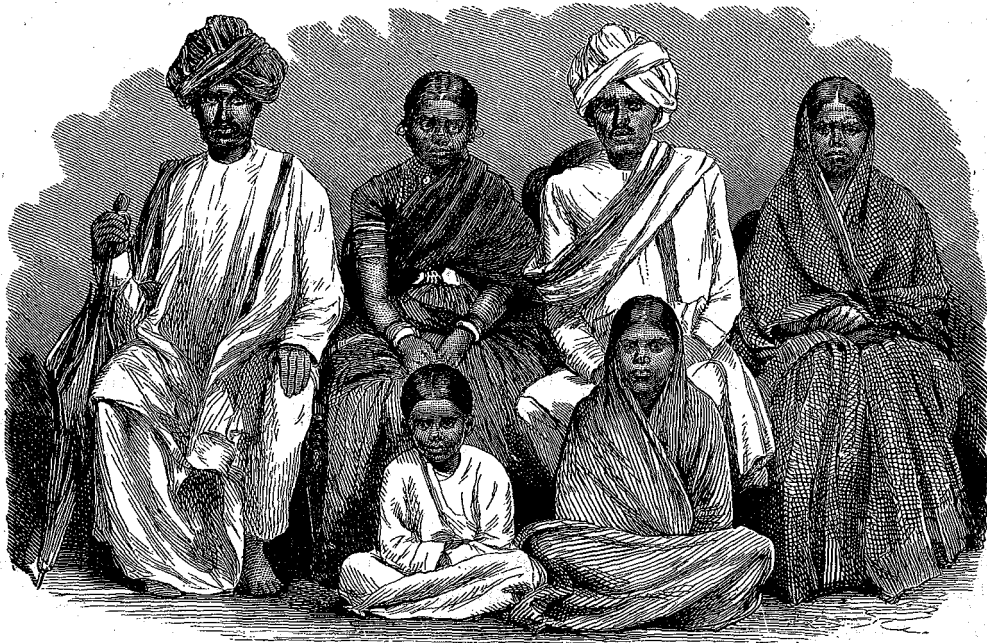
Year by year the work grew, till the institution became a flourishing college, with an average attendance of eight hundred. But during those years Mr. Duff had never lost sight of the great missionary object which was, after all, the mainspring of the enterprise. He had a private class on week-days, when inquirers were taught more fully the doctrines of Christ, as well as Bible-classes, and services in Bengali and English on Sundays. A few converts were gathered in, one by one. Of these one was Anundo Chund Mozoomdar, the youth who had been so impressed by the Sermon on the Mount. He had renounced caste and idol-worship, and passed through a period of atheism till he found rest in Christ. Another young convert was Gopenath Nundi, who came weeping to Mr. Duff's study and asking, "Can I be saved?" He, too, found peace in the Saviour. His family shut him up for a time, and then advertised him in the newspapers as cast off for ever. Nothing moved him. His brothers and friends made a final effort to retain him. They offered to give him wealth and all that heart could desire, and even to connive at his private belief in Christianity, if only he would refrain from open profession. Terrible was the piercing shriek of his sorrowing mother as Gopenath finally rejected all their overtures. The lad wept but his faith remained steadfast. Of his heroic courage in the terrible year of the Mutiny we shall have to speak by-and-by.

Five years of ceaseless labour had, in 1834, reduced Mr. Duff to such a state of ill-health and feebleness, that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave India for awhile. The terrible cyclone of May, 1833, carried an East Indiaman of 1,500 tons several miles inland, destroyed hamlets, and scattered hundreds of thousands of bodies of human beings and cattle over a wide extent of country. Pestilence followed in the track of the tempest. Mr. Duff and his family, going to inspect the prosperous school at Takee, had to force their boat through a mass of putrid bodies of men and beasts. The return journey by palanquin was worse. Mr. Duff was struck down by jungle fever, and recovered only to be again prostrated by remittent fever next year. He appeared to be dying, when Sir Ronald Martin brought him back to consciousness and ordered him home forthwith.

Duff spent his furlough in rousing England and Scotland to the claims of the mission cause. During this visit Marischal College, Aberdeen, bestowed on him the degree of D.D. The autumn of 1839 saw him and his devoted wife again seeking their field of service. They found the institution flourishing. The Rev. W. Ewart

and the Rev. J. Macdonald had gone out to it, and were doing good service. There were now five earnest missionaries at the head of this noble establishment. Several high-class youths were living as converts at the institution, or at the houses of the missionaries. One of these was Lal Behari Day, who has since written a graphic little work, entitled "Recollections of Alexander Duff, D.D." He gives us the following beautiful picture of Dr. Duff in his personal association with his students:—

"After my baptism, I took up my abode with Jagadishwar and Prasanna, who were living in Duff's house. . . . We there messed together by ourselves; but we joined Dr. and Mrs. Duff at family worship both morning and evening. Duff was



A CHRISTIAN FAMILY OF HINDUS.

punctual as clock-work. Exactly at eight o'clock in the morning—not one minute before or after—the prayer-bell rang and we were all in the breakfast-room, where the morning worship used to be held. Duff was always observant of the forms of politeness, and never forgot to shake hands with us, asking us the usual question, 'How do you do?' By the way, Duff's shake of the hand was different to other people. It was not a mere formal, stiff, languid shake; but like everything else of him, it was warm and earnest. He would go on shaking, catching firm hold of your hand in his, and would not let it go for some seconds. The salutations over, we took our seats." After referring to the Psalm-singing, reading, and comment which followed, the narrator says—"Oh, how shall I describe the prayers which Duff offered up both morning and evening? They were such exquisitely simple and beautiful prayers. Much as I admired Duff in his public appearances—in the pulpit and on the platform—I admired and loved him infinitely more at the family altar, where in

a simple and childlike manner he devoutly and earnestly poured out his soul before our common Father in Heaven. . . . I as a young convert experienced sensations which it is impossible to describe. I felt as I had never before felt. I seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. I seemed to be transported into the third heaven, standing in the Holy of Holies, in the presence of the Triune Jehovah."

The Scotch missionaries in Calcutta were working steadily on, when, through causes that need not be discussed here, the Church of Scotland was riven in twain. Dr. Duff and his co-workers unanimously gave in their adhesion to the Free Church. In all justice their institution and library and appliances, built or supplied from private gifts and legacies, ought to have remained theirs; but, as seceders, they had to leave all and found a fresh establishment. They procured a large native house, in which ministers and teachers and over a thousand pupils met for the first time on March 4th, 1844. Thus was the Calcutta Free Church Institution founded. There was a spacious hall, once devoted to heathen revelry, but now dedicated to Christian teaching and the worship of the living God. The very shrine of the family idol was made into a class-room, in which the younger children were taught to read the words of Jesus.

The branch schools in the rural districts next claimed Dr. Duff's attention. Whilst visiting these he saw the need of a school in a certain populous district, and found an empty bungalow and grounds just suitable for the purpose. But he would require 6,000 rupees to erect buildings and start the institution properly. He was revolving in his own mind how to procure the amount. Just then he received a letter from Sir James Outram. That high-souled warrior had received £3,000 as his share of prize-money on the capture of Scinde. Of this "blood-money," as he called it, he would not touch a farthing. He had spent the bulk of it among the philanthropic and religious charities of Bombay, and now wrote to ask Duff (whose career he had watched with admiring interest) whether the balance of 6,000 rupees would be of any special use to him on the banks of the Ganges? Dr. Duff gladly accepted the sum, and began to build at once. Thus the Bansheria school came into existence, through the opportune help of the great Indian soldier who afterwards relieved Lucknow, and whose statue adorns the Thames Embankment.

There was great excitement amongst the orthodox Hindus of Calcutta when they saw numerous conversions of high-class youths taking place at the Free Church Institution. An intensely interesting case was that of Umesh Chundar Sirkar. For two years he was secretly wrestling with the impressions made on his mind by the college Bible teachings. As soon as he showed a bias towards Christianity his friends got him to read the works of Paine, the infidel. The perusal of these writings only confirmed his convictions, and he resolved to be an obedient follower of Christ. But he was only sixteen years of age; his father was a stern bigot; his child-wife was only ten years of age, and he longed to take her with him into the Saviour's fold. For two years this married boy and girl robbed themselves of slumber in order to seize their only opportunity for searching the Scriptures together. They had thus read much of the Bible, when Umesh Chundar bought his wife the "Pilgrim's Progress" in

Bengali. She was now twelve (a womanly age for India), and as she read she turned appealingly to her husband. "Is not this exactly our condition? Are not we now lingering in the City of Destruction? Is it not our duty to act like Christian—to arise, forsake all, and flee for our lives?" At the next idol festival, when women visit their friends in palanquins, Umesh seized the opportunity, and with his brave young wife got safely to Dr. Duff's house.

There was a raging tumult round the house for some days, but the young people would not go back. Then there was an appeal to the law courts, but Sir Laurence Peel investigated the case, and decided that the youth was of legal age to choose for himself. The young people were accordingly baptised—"the first instance (in Bengal) of a respectable Hindu and his wife being both admitted at the same time, on a profession of their own faith, into the Church of Christ by baptism."

There was great trouble a few weeks afterwards over a young student, who subsequently became the Rev. Baikunta Nath Dé, of Culna. He was forcibly abducted from the house of Dr. Thomas Smith during that missionary's absence, and chained up in the house of a distant relative. Whilst thus imprisoning him, they surrounded him with every opportunity for indulgence in sensual pleasures, and deliberately tried to pollute his morals so that he might feel unfit to go back to his Christian friends. After a time the place of his captivity was discovered, and a writ of *habeas corpus* served. In after years this youth became an earnest and faithful preacher of the Gospel.

To Dr. Duff's editorship of the *Calcutta Review*, and other literary work, we can only here give passing allusion. He was delighted to aid in the philanthropic work of Calcutta, and did good service when the Medical College Hospital for the poor of all creeds and races was opened, just after Bengal had been desolated by fever and cholera during the latter rains of 1844. A native (one of Dr. Duff's chief opponents) gave the ground for the hospital, and all creeds united in the effort to provide for its maintenance.

In 1847 came the news of the death of Dr. Chalmers, and the Free Church of Scotland loudly called for Dr. Duff to come home and take the veteran's place at the head of the New College in Edinburgh, the fountain-head of Free Church life. But Dr. Duff refused to abandon his missionary calling, consenting, however, to go home and assist in such reorganising work as might be found needful. Before doing so he resolved to make a survey of the chief Indian mission-fields.

He first went by steamer to Madras, and then by palanquin through the Trichinopoly, Tanjore, and Tinnevely districts. It was a fearful journey to undertake at that season of the year. When he left Madras, on May 11th, the thermometer stood at 97° in the shade. At Chillumbrum, on the 18th, he relates how the water he sipped was not tepid, but positively hot. Ink dried on the paper as fast as he wrote. On May 21st he reached Tranquebar, "the classic land of modern Protestant missions." He visited the new church which Ziegenbalg erected in 1718, the old one which he erected in 1706 having been swept into the sea. Dr. Duff writes, "I mounted the pulpit, and with no ordinary emotion gazed around from the position from which

Ziegenbalg and Grundler and Schwartz so often proclaimed a free salvation to thousands in Tamil, Danish, German, and Portuguese. At the end of one of the wings at either side of a plain altar lie the mortal remains of Ziegenbalg and Grundler. I stood with not easily expressed feelings over the remains of two such men, of brief but brilliant and immortal career in the mighty work of Indian evangelisation. Theirs was a lofty and indomitable spirit, breathing the most fervent piety."

Dr. Duff then visited Ziegenbalg's house, and mourned over the dilapidated remains of the famous old library. There was a pile of MSS. in the handwriting of the missionaries; some had been sold as waste-paper; some, it was reported, had been used as wadding for the guns of the fort.

At Combaconum Dr. Duff entered the region of pagodas—the marvellous vestiges of the famous Dravidian dynasties, "as remarkable a group of buildings as are to be found in provinces of similar extent in any part of the world, Egypt, perhaps, alone excepted, but they equal even the Egyptian in extent." There are thirty groups of temples in the Tanjore district—each group a vast aggregate of courts and buildings—a veritable city of priests and prostitutes—approached on every side by immense gateways between elaborately sculptured towers of gigantic height. The most famous of these temples, the Seringham pagoda, near Trichinopoly, was visited by Dr. Duff. He and his companion were conducted through six of the seven great courts or squares whose high and massive walls rise one within the other—each wall at a considerable distance from the next, and having its own gigantic entrances and vast towers completely covered with mythological sculptures. Into the seventh enclosure, the "holy of holies," none but the sacred Brahmans might dare to enter. Close to the seventh court was the great mandapam for pilgrim worshippers—the roof upheld by a thousand lofty columns. Dr. Duff was taken to the roof of this building to get a general view of the whole temple, his attention being specially directed to the gilded dome over the shrine of the principal idol. It was getting dark when they descended, and they were preceded by torch-bearers. They were next ushered into a room lit by large lamps, and were seated on chairs, whilst a number of massive boxes with large locks were placed in a row before them. These were opened one after another to display some of the jewels and ornaments of the god of the shrine. The missionary was astonished at the profusion of gold and jewels shown to him—amongst other things, large vessels of solid gold, from one to several stones each, and golden ornaments studded with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The silver ornaments and vessels were simply countless. "I had always looked on the accounts of such things as hyperbolic exaggerations before," remarks our cautious Scotch doctor. He was most surprised at the great golden idol—a hollow figure so constructed that it could be taken to pieces and put together again. Each separate portion was of massive gold. "The immense size of the figure," says Dr. Duff, "may be inferred from this: when the feet and the hands &c., were shown us in parts, I took the hand from the wrist to the extremity of the fingers, and having applied my arm to it, found it extended from my elbow rather beyond the top of my middle finger; the feet and every other part in proportion. The figure, therefore, joined and compacted into one, must form a huge

statue of at least fifteen feet in height, all apparently of solid gold." The joints were concealed by a profusion of ornaments and jewellery, and, no doubt, when erected, and wearing all its ornaments, it would be one of the most wonderful sights of its kind in the world. It is carried about at festivals on a brazen platform, overlaid with massive gold, and the long projecting arms of the idol rest on the shoulders of the bearers. The doctor was also shown a covering gown of the deity; apparently a fabric of gold-thread tissue, plentifully inlaid with pearls.



THE REV. ALEXANDER DUFF.

All these costly treasures, Dr. Duff points out, "were the gifts of kings, princes, and nobles when Hinduism was in its prime; and must convey an awful idea of the hold which it took of a people naturally so avaricious, ere they would be so lavish of their substance. Whoever desires to know what a potent—yea, all but omnipotent—hold Hinduism must once have taken of this people, has only to take a visit to the great temple of Seringham! It is worth a thousand fruitless arguments and declamations." The jewels of the idol are valued at half a million sterling, and the cost of rearing the vast temple, even with cheap Indian labour, must have been double that sum.



GREAT PAGODA OF SERINGHAM, NEAR TRICHINOPOLY.

Our good doctor was, naturally enough, sadly indignant at seeing the riches of the earth alienated from its rightful Lord to "a rival deity that holds millions in thralldom." But a further trial of his allegiance was to take place, of which we must quote his own naïve description:—"A ring of ropes" (he says) "was placed around us and the lights, and boxes of gods and their ornaments, to keep off the immense crowd which gathered to witness the spectacle! Then the guardians of the temple came to me and asked if I wished to see a nāch (a dance of the prostitutes of the temple). In a most emphatic way, and in a tone indicative of real displeasure, I said, 'No, no; I wish nothing of the sort. It would give me real pain and not pleasure; do not, therefore, for a moment think of it.' The guardians, or trustees of the temple, spoke a little broken English, so I spoke it simply that they might understand me. Still, whilst the ornaments were being exhibited, I heard the tinkling of bells, and the preparatory notes of instruments of music. Then sideways I saw a procession of the temple girls, gaily and gaudily arrayed, march with the bearers of all manner of musical instruments. I took no notice of it, but felt pained and wounded to the quick. I said nothing to my companion. But as they were about to open new boxes of ornaments I abruptly rose and said I had seen enough as specimens of the whole, thanked the trustees for their courtesy, and begged to bid them 'Good-bye!' On which one of them cried out in broken English, 'Oh, sir; oh, sir, your honour not stop to see the fun!' meaning the intended dance. 'No, no,' said I, moving hastily on, 'I have seen enough—more than enough—may the Lord forgive me if my curiosity (or rather my desire to know what heathenism really is) has led me beyond the threshold of forbidden ground.' So saying, and rushing precipitately forward, the rope ring was raised to let me pass on with my friend. The crowd hurled themselves pell-mell inwardly, and so 'the fun' for that time was at an end.

"With joy I again got out and began to breathe the fresh air of heaven, thankful to have escaped the sad contagion. But doubtless, the matter-of-course way in which they expected that the crowning gratification on our part would be to see the dance, must serve as an index to their ideas of our countrymen generally, judging from past experience."

The temple has an income of £4,000 from land, besides the abundant offerings of pilgrims. At the outer gate Dr. Duff saw, with astonishment, the huge stones, twenty or thirty feet long and five broad. The Hindus ascribe this work to the gods; and it is certainly far beyond any mechanical skill and power which they themselves possess at the present day.

In the Tanjore district, Dr. Duff earnestly looked for traces of Schwartz; the room in which he died, the pulpit from which he preached, the stone that covers his grave, and the monument reared to his memory by the Maharajah of Tanjore. "This monument," says the doctor, "has been pronounced a failure, a disappointment; I know not why. Men of the world, men of carnality, men of mere ostentation and show in the fine arts—that is, men guided and lorded over by the senses—may discern nothing very remarkable, very striking, very imposing, very overpowering there. But the Christian, the Protestant Christian, cannot help being overpowered. . . . I gazed

at the monument as if I were in a trance. I had no consciousness as to what had become of my companion; I was literally absorbed. . . . There was a spell-like power in that simple monument. . . . Before me in solid well-grained marble, in bold, but not obtrusive or glaring relief, was the couch of the dying saint; on it stretched, lay the pale, bald, worn-out veteran, apostolic man, whose assistance and mediation heathens, Hindu and Mohammedan, as well as Christian governing powers, eagerly coveted, in the last gasp of expiring nature. Behind him, at his head, stood the affectionate, tender, loving fellow-labourer, Guericke, . . . looking wistfully at the pale collapsed features of the mighty saint. And there is the Maharajah in full dress holding the left hand of the dying father. . . . Altogether it is a simple, natural, and affecting scene, and the group who compose it possess an interest to the Christian mind beyond what mere words can express."

Dr. Duff returned to Calcutta in August, but in October he was steaming up the Ganges on his way to visit the North Indian mission fields. He visited the various missions on the Ganges and Jumna valleys, and pushed on to Kolghur on the Upper Sutlej. He reached Lahore before the close of 1849, and was the favoured guest of Sir Henry Lawrence. Here he preached to a large assembly in the great hall of the Government House. Thence he took boat down the Sutlej and Indus, and so reached Bombay. There was some brief joyful intercourse with Dr. Wilson, and then a passage home in a crowded vessel—he could procure only "a den in the second lower deck." May, 1850, saw him in Edinburgh.

The great problem which Dr. Duff had before him in this visit to Scotland was to provide a permanent and sufficient income for the Free Church Missions. To accomplish this object he induced the Scottish congregations to put the support of foreign missionaries side by side with the "sustentation" of their own ministers. A quarterly Association for this purpose in every congregation was agreed upon. A vast amount of effort had to be expended in bringing about the organisation of this arrangement. At the General Assembly of 1850, he delivered five addresses, which, as reprinted, cover 80 pages. Of these speeches, the last two specially referred to the Indian Mission. Mr. Smith graphically tells us how "on each night, now swaying his arms towards the vast audience around and even above him, on the roof, and now jerking his left shoulder with an upward motion, till the coat threatened to fall off, the tall form kept thousands spell-bound, while the twilight of a northern May night changed into the brief darkness, and the tardy lights revealed the speaker bathed in the flood of his impassioned appeals. As the thrilling voice died away in the eager whisper, which at the end of his life marked all his public utterances, and the exhausted speaker fell into a seat, only to be driven home to a couch of suffering, and then of rest barely sufficient to enable his fine constitution to renew and repeat again and again the effort, the observer could realise the expenditure of physical energy, which, as it marked all he did, culminated in his prophet-like rapture."

Once the Moderator and other leading men were alarmed at his symptoms of exhaustion, and begged him to postpone the conclusion of his address. But he

refused to rest, and held the house in close attention for two hours longer. His last discourse was a triumph of fervid eloquence. He spoke of the old Scottish loyalty that had been so often commemorated in legend and song: "Are these the visions of romance," he asked, "the dream of poetry and song? Oh let that rush of youthful warriors, from 'bracken, bush, and glen,' that rallied round the standards of Glenfinian—let the gory beds and cold, cold grassy winding-sheets of bleak Culloden Muir bear testimony to the reality, the intensity of the loyalty to an earthly prince; and



A NAUTCH GIRL.

shall a Highland father and mother give up all their children as a homage to earthly loyalty, and shall I be told that in the Churches of Christ, in the Free Church of Scotland, fathers and mothers will begrudge their children to Him who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?" He went on to tell how he had found "from one end of India to the other, monuments of British dead." On the southmost coast overlooking Ceylon he had seen the humble tombstone of a young officer from the braes of Athole. "From one end of India to the other the soil is strewn with British dead. There is not a valley, nor dell, nor burning waste, from one end of India to the other, that is not enriched with the bones, and not a rivulet or stream that has not been dyed with the blood, of Scotia's children." He earnestly besought parents, so willing to let their children go forth to seek wealth or fame, not to hinder them "from going forth in the armies of the great Immanuel to win crowns

of glory and imperishable renown in the realms of everlasting day."

It is, of course, impossible for us to follow in detail the labours of Dr. Duff in this home campaign. He set to work to visit and organise associations in each of the 700 congregations of the Free Church in Scotland. Every member and every Sunday scholar was, as it were, brought into personal connection with the foreign mission cause by seeing or hearing the valiant soldier of the Cross fresh from his field of service. He also traversed England, Wales, and Ireland, and stirred up the sister Churches to fresh zeal and liberality in the support of their own missions. He was Moderator of the Free Church Assembly in 1851; he gave evidence on Indian education before a committee of the House of Lords; and he gave to the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall a lecture on "India and its Evangelisation," which is one

of the gems of missionary literature. He graphically portrayed the hoary creeds and rituals of India, and pictured the power and progress of Christianity in that land; and roused the audience to enthusiasm when in his peroration he called upon the young men to let Britain, through them, "discharge her debt of justice not less than benevolence to India, in reparation of the wrongs, numberless and aggravated, inflicted in former times on India's unhappy children. In exchange for the pearls from her coral strand, be it yours to send the Pearl of great price. In exchange for the treasures of her diamond and golden mines, be it yours to send the imperishable treasures of Divine grace. In exchange for her aromatic fruits and gums, be it yours to send buds and blossoms of the Rose of Sharon with its celestial fragrantcy."

In 1854 Dr. Duff, after strong solicitations, visited America. The newspapers described his course as a triumphal progress; his own letters take a far humbler view of the matter. At Philadelphia about seventy ministers were on the platform of the railway station to welcome him, a little before midnight, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm. In the various halls Dr. Duff was astonished at the almost tempestuous applause which greeted his utterances. The verdict of all the great cities was—"There has been no such man among us since Whitefield." With the benedictions of the religious world of America, he returned to England in May. In October, 1855, he was on his way to India, and reached Calcutta (after tarrying in Central India) in February, 1856.

He received a joyful welcome from his colleagues and scholars, and was at once busily engaged in the work of the mission and in various new developments. He had just started his Girls' School, when the Indian Mutiny broke out, and for many months was the absorbing subject of attention. The European residents in Calcutta escaped, by God's Providence, the massacre which had been planned for their destruction. But the tidings of the outrages and horrors in other parts of the country were harrowing in the extreme. Mr. and Mrs. Duff remained quietly in Cornwallis Square when almost all the other English had left that part of the city. Of that anxious Sunday evening when the British authorities and troops were disarming the Sepoys at Barrackpore, Dum-dum, and elsewhere, and when it was known that failure to accomplish this purpose would doubtless mean a general uprising, Dr. Duff says—

"Faith in Jehovah as our refuge and strength led us to cling to our post; and we laid us down to sleep as usual; and on Monday morning my remark was, 'Well, I have not enjoyed such a soft, sweet, refreshing rest for weeks past!' Oh, how our hearts rose in adoring gratitude to Him who is the Keeper of Israel, and who slumbers not nor sleeps! Then we soon learnt the glad tidings that all the armed Sepoys had been successfully disarmed, and that during the night, the ex-King of Oudh and his treasonable courtiers were quietly arrested and lodged as prisoners of State in Fort William."

This was in May of the memorable year 1857. June brought tidings of woe from every quarter. Military stations were in possession of the mutineers, public treasuries

and the homes of officials were plundered; officers and their families were cruelly butchered; here and there little remnants were cooped up in narrow quarters surrounded by miscreants who were thirsting for their blood. Everywhere the country was ravaged by the insurgent bands. One little incident Dr. Duff records which is a bright spot in these scenes of dismal horror:—

“A poor wailing British child found exposed on the banks of the Jumna, beyond Delhi, by a fakir, or religious devotee, was taken up by him and brought to Kurnal, after being carefully nursed and cherished for several days. The parents of the poor infant were unknown, having in all probability been murdered in their attempted flight. But once safely lodged in Kurnal—through the tender care of a dark heathen devotee, in whose bosom the spark of natural humanity still glowed—the child was soon caught up within the circle of British and Christian sympathy, whose special concern is for the poor, the needy, and the destitute.”

July came, and every day brought additions to the black catalogue of treason and murder. It culminated in the unspeakable horrors of Cawnpore. Before the end of the month came the news of the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, the brave hero and at the same time the tender Christian philanthropist—one whom Dr. Duff had to mourn as a personal friend, and also as “one of the truest, sincerest, and most liberal supporters of our Calcutta mission.”

Very earnestly, amidst all these barbarities, did Dr. Duff strive to remember the need for Christians to watch their own spirits, and to lay it to heart “that the men who have been guilty of such outrage against humanity have been so, just because they never, never came under the regenerating, softening, mellowing influences of the Gospel of grace and salvation. And their diabolical conduct, instead of being an argument against further labour and liberality in attempting to evangelise this land, ought to furnish one of the most powerful arguments in favour of enhanced labour and liberality.”

October brought to Calcutta the brief but significant message—“Delhi is entirely ours! God save the Queen! Strong column in pursuit!” There was joy at hearing that the great stronghold of rebellion had fallen, mingled with sad uncertainty as to the fate of relatives and friends. Then came the news that Havelock had released Lucknow garrison; but all Calcutta mourned to hear that General Niell, who saved Benares and Allahabad, was amongst the slain.

Before the end of the year another great man had died of fatigue and wounds. This was General Havelock, the son-in-law of Dr. Marshman of Serampore. The corps that he led into battle was a phalanx of modern Ironsides. “He was the first of our generals,” says Dr. Duff, “who distinctly recognised the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty hosts of rebel mutineers. ‘By the blessing of God I have captured Cawnpore,’ were the first words of his memorable telegraphic despatch from that scene of one of the strangest and bloodiest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time.”

We have spoken on a previous page of the conversion of Gopenath Nundi. He was one of the many native Christians who witnessed a good confession in this

dreadful year of havoc and bloodshed. When the Mutiny broke out he was in charge of the mission station at Futtehpore. Under his leadership, Europeans and natives worshipped and laboured side by side with harmony and zeal. News came to Futtehpore that on June the 7th the Sepoys of Allahabad had massacred their officers. The rabble rose at once, and burned the houses of the Christian residents, who, for the most part, fled forthwith. The Judge, Mr. Robert Tucker, would not leave his post. He called upon the native police and the Deputy, Hickmut Oollah Khan, to join with him in protecting Government property. He received a message that prepared him for the worst, but he waited resolutely at his post. Evening saw Hickmut and the police entering his park with the green flag of Islam waving above them. They called upon Tucker to abjure Christ and become a Mohammedan; he refused, and, after shooting sixteen of his assailants, he fell.

The Rev. Gopenath Nundi had left for Allahabad a few days before with the Christian women. Finding worse dangers before them, they returned to their husbands, and Gopenath and his family made for Mirzapore. After fourteen miles walking, they reached a village where they were robbed of all they had, even to their shoes, and their only copy of the Scriptures. They just got away decently covered while the Brahmans were quarrelling over the plunder. They were more fortunate than others whose sad fate they witnessed. Travellers who were too poor to be robbed were mostly butchered, for all the restraints of law and order were cast aside. A Hindu leather-worker of low caste, returning from Cawnpore, came to the village; his wife was stripped of every rag, and their infant swung by the feet till its brains were dashed out upon a stone, and he himself was driven away naked.

Gopenath and his family fled to Allahabad, where bloodthirsty Mohammedans swarmed about them, and would have killed them at once, but were induced to take them before the Moulvie who had usurped supreme authority in the city. The Moulvie questioned Gopenath as to his work, and his converts, and especially "How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion?" "I have not perverted anyone," said Gopenath; "but by the grace of God, ten were turned from darkness to the glorious light of the Gospel." On this the man's countenance became red as fire; and he cried out, "You are a great haramzadah (traitor to your salt)—you have renounced your forefathers' faith and become a child of Satan, and now use your every effort to bring others into the same road of destruction. You deserve a cruel death. Your nose, ears, and hands should be cut off at different times so as to make your suffering continue for some time; and your children ought to be taken into slavery." Mrs. Nundi with folded hands besought the Moulvie to kill them at once rather than to torture them. The Moulvie presently expressed his pity, and advised them as a friend to become Mohammedans, promising them high rank if they did so. He would give them three days to consider and to hear extracts read from the Koran, and if they did not become Mohammedans their noses should be cut off. They were sent back to prison, where they found a European family and some native Christians. They all knelt down together at Gopenath's request, and while he was praying, one

of the guards kicked him in the back, and told him to pray after the Mohammedan form or else hold his tongue.

A British officer, Ensign Cheek, was brought into the prison severely wounded, and Gopenath ministered to him till he was forced away and placed in the stocks by himself. Mrs. Nundi was dragged away by her hair and received a severe wound in the forehead. The third day came, the day of threatened execution, and all day long people came offering release with high honours if Gopenath and his family would recant, and threatening to cut off their noses if they refused.

On the sixth day the Moulvie himself came over to the prison, and asked Gopenath if he was comfortable. "How can I be comfortable whilst my feet are fastened in the stocks?" said the prisoner; "however, I am not sorry, because such has been the will of my Heavenly Father." He then asked the Moulvie, "How he could be so cruel as not to allow a drop of milk to a poor innocent baby?" for their little one had for six days lived principally on water. It was on this day that Allahabad was retaken by the Europeans and Sikhs, after a desperate struggle. The insurgents fled without troubling about their prisoners, who, being now unwatched, managed to break their stocks and come forth to their friends, who rejoiced to see them still in the land of the living.

The courage of Gopenath's wife is worthy of all honour. She, when appealed to by the Moulvie, was ready to give up her life rather than become a follower of the false prophet. When she saw the Moulvie in a rage at the failure of his efforts, and ready to try torture and mutilation as a means to gain his ends, she quietly took her twin sons apart and told them, "You, my children, will be taken and kept as slaves, while we shall be killed; but remember my last words: do not forget to say your prayers, both morning and evening, and as soon as you see the English power re-established, which will be before long, fly over to them, and relate to them everything that has befallen us." Gopenath Nundi and his wife lived to reorganise the Church at Futtehpore, but were soon afterwards called to their reward.

Amongst Dr. Duff's anxious inquirers in the early years of the College at Calcutta was Dukshina Runjun Mookerjea, a Brahman, who edited the Bengali journal *Gyandneshun*. He had never professed Christianity, but had been eminent as a reformer, and especially as a promoter of female education. Throughout the rebellion he was steadfastly faithful to the British power. When the time came for the distribution of rewards to natives who had been conspicuous for their loyalty, Dr. Duff called Lord Canning's attention to Mookerjea. The result was that this Bengali Baboo was made a Rajah and Talookdar of Oudh, and the confiscated estate of a rebel was conferred upon him. At Lucknow he rendered efficient aid in the foundation of the Canning College, a similar institution to that of the Presbyterian Free Church in Calcutta. In the exercise of his duties as the feudal lord of thousands of ignorant peasants, he profited much by the wise counsels of Dr. Duff. He created a model village, to which, in remembrance of his counsellor and friend, he gave the name of Duffpore. In acknowledging the Oriental compliment the Doctor wrote: "A village reclaimed from the jungle of a rebel is a singularly happy type of the building of

living souls, whom I would fain reclaim from the jungle of ignorance and error. And if, through your generous impulse, the village of Duffpore is destined to become a reality, how would my heart swell with gratitude to the God of heaven were I privileged to see with my own eyes its instructed, happy, and prosperous occupants."

Till 1863 Dr. Duff laboured on at the flourishing Bengal mission. Many catechists



CAPTURE OF THE ALUMBAGH, NEAR LUCKNOW, AFTER THE MUTINY.

and ministers were raised up from among the students. In the year of the Mutiny the college had been transferred to new buildings, for which £15,000 had been raised in England, Scotland, and America. He also took a prominent part in the establishment of Zenana work, which has since become so remarkable a feature of Indian missions. He was warmly interested in the indigo troubles of 1860. In that year the peasantry, roused to a sense of their almost numberless wrongs, refused to cultivate indigo, and there were "riots, plunderings, and burnings." The result was destruction to an industry annually worth a million sterling to the country. Indian society was convulsed with the question. Some blamed the planters, but these, to a

large extent, were themselves victims of the oppressive system which had been established by their predecessors. Others were for adopting severe measures towards the discontented peasantry, and those who, like Dr. Duff and the *Friend of India*, sought the good of the people as well as the preservation of a valuable industry, were denounced in the newspapers, and even their lives were threatened.

Whilst inquiries by a commission were pending, the Rev. James Long, of the Church Missionary Society, translated *Nil Durpan*, a Bengali play, which graphically mirrored the alleged misdeeds of the planters and their wives. The planters proceeded against Mr. Long for libel, and the missionary was sentenced to a fine of a hundred pounds (which a Bengali immediately paid) and imprisonment for one month in the hottest season of the year. But general sympathy was with Mr. Long; the authorities did all they could to make him comfortable, and the best men and women of Calcutta, including planters, flocked to the gaol where the imprisoned missionary held his daily *levées*. Amongst other visitors came Dr. Duff, who also in a letter to Mrs. Long expressed his warm adherence to her husband's cause. Mr. Long's imprisonment sobered all parties. It was felt that the teeming masses of India must no longer be neglected, and plans were soon set on foot, that have since been largely extended, for giving the peasantry a chance of education.

Dr. Duff earnestly helped in introducing into Eastern India the system of the Christian Vernacular Society. For six years he watched with unremitting zeal over the development of education, and whilst he lived secured fair play as regards the administration of Calcutta University and the distribution of grants in aid to non-official colleges and schools.

In July, 1863, Dr. Duff was again laid low by dysentery, and to save his life was hurried off on a sea-voyage to China. He had dreamed that the coolness of such a Himalayan station as Darjeeling would complete the cure. But, as his biographer remarks, "he was no longer the youth who had tried to fight disease in 1834, and had been beaten home in the struggle. He had worked like no other man in East and West for the third of a century." So, in letters to Dr. Candlish from Calcutta and the China seas, he reviewed all the way by which he had been led to recognise the call of Providence, and he submitted.

Bengal was roused to a keen sense of loss by his approaching departure, and then to a unanimous determination to honour him as not even Governors had before been honoured. Duff scholarships were founded at the University. In the hall, where he had so long presided, his marble bust was set up at the expense of his students, Christian and non-Christian. A few Scottish merchants of India, China, and Singapore raised £11,000, and presented to him. On the interest of this sum he lived for the remainder of his days, and then left the capital intact for the benefit of invalided missionaries.

A volume might be filled with the farewell addresses presented to him during the last days of 1863. Scarcely a class or creed in Bengal was left unrepresented. His replies to these addressés were full of holy pathos. Perhaps the most striking was

his reply to the address of the Bethune Society, which represented all educated non-Christian Bengal. He eloquently pointed out that, strong as were the claims of science and philosophy, nothing but Christianity could account for missionary enterprise. He painted his bright hopes of India's future, and concluded by saying, "Wherever I wander, wherever I roam, wherever I labour, wherever I rest, my heart will still be in India. So long as I am in this tabernacle of clay I shall never cease, if permitted by a gracious Providence, to labour for the good of India; my latest breath will be spent in imploring blessings on India and its people. And when at last this frail mortal body is consigned to the silent tomb, while I myself think that the only befitting epitaph for my tombstone would be, 'Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful guilty creature, but saved by grace through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ;' were it by others thought desirable that any addition should be made to this sentence, I would reckon it my highest earthly honour, should I be deemed worthy of appropriating the grandly generous words, already suggested by the exuberant kindness of one of my oldest native friends, in some such form as follows: 'By profession, a missionary; by his life and labours, a true and constant friend of India.' Pardon my weakness; nature is overcome; the gush of feeling is beyond control; amid tears of sadness I must now bid you all a solemn farewell."

Over the words in which Bishop Cotton and others testified their high appreciation of the devoted life and services of Dr. Duff, we must not linger. He left India, but it was not to spend his days in restful ease; fourteen years of ceaseless labour were still before him. In December, 1863, he had his last glimpse of Saugar Island, of which he had first caught sight in May, 1830. The sight brought up many reminiscences. "At the close of 1833," he says, "I was for three weeks in a pilot brig at these sandheads, while recovering from a severe jungle fever, with my dearest and then only child, who was suffering from ague. To the south of Kedjerie we saw the *Duke of York*, of 1,500 tons, high and dry in a rice field, having been carried there in the tremendous cyclone of the preceding May, perhaps the severest on record. The embankments were everywhere broken down. The sea rolled inland for scores of miles. Myriads perished. In some parts, as we passed, we saw poor emaciated mothers offering to us their skeleton-like children for a handful of rice. The whole of Saugar Island was seven or eight feet under water. Plantations, cleared at a great expense, were destroyed; and for years afterwards salt and not rice was its product. They are only now tolerably recovered. In carrying on the draining, European superintendents resided in bungalows raised ten or twelve feet from the ground to keep off malaria, wild beasts, &c."

With such a parting reminiscence of India, Dr. Duff sailed for the Cape.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of his shipwreck on Dassen Island found him at Cape Colony, where he stayed some time and inspected the South African Mission, and then reached home in time for the General Assembly of the Free Church, in August, 1864. Of the activity and interests of his latter days we need not to say much here. In February, 1865, the beloved wife, who next to God had been his solace and his

inspiration, was taken from him. "As a wifeless husband to a motherless son," he imparted the sad news to his son in India, in a strain of mingled pathos and resignation, that concludes, after referring to other bereavements, with the words—

"And now my faithful, loving spouse—my other half, who sustained and cheered and comforted me, and was herself not merely the light of my dwelling but my very



IN A ZENANA.

home itself, and your precious mother, who so fondly nursed and cherished you, ever ready to deny and sacrifice herself if she could only minister to your comfort and joy and happiness—she, too, is gone. She is not, for God hath taken her, taken her to the temple above, to serve Him and enjoy Him for ever there."

In loneliness tempered by communion with many loving Christian friends, and in such active service as his now failing strength permitted, Dr. Duff lived till 1878. February found him dying, and he feelingly alluded to the prospect of soon being laid beside the dust of his wife. He thought of Chalmers and Guthrie and the other great

and good men who lie in Grange Cemetery, and exclaimed, "Why, there's a perfect forest of them!"

The 3rd of February was his last conscious Sabbath. "I can feel, I can think," he said, "but the weakness almost prevents my opening my mouth."

"You are like John at Patmos, in the spirit on the Lord's Day," said one.

"Oh yes! oh yes!" was the reply.

Slowly and surely the end came; still, for every kind ministration he was careful to express his thanks. He lay apparently unconscious in the evening, but when his daughter repeated the 23rd Psalm he responded to each verse. All through the next week he lingered, till a clasp of the hand was all the recognition he could give to his loved ones. On February 12th, without apparent pain, and in perfect peace, the end came. One of those who were present says—

"He was just like any one passing away in sleep. I never saw so peaceful an end."



XXV.—JAPAN.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE REVOLUTION.

Storm and Earthquake—Civil Wars—Mikado and Shogun—An Elaborate Feudalism—Action of the Shogun—Treaties—The Crisis in Japanese History—Progressionists and Imperialists—The Daimios surrender their Rights, Revenues, and Titles—Material Progress of Japan—Embassy to Europe and America—Educational System—The Army and Navy—Postal System—Newspapers—Costumes—Progress the Policy of the Nation.

IN the years that followed the signing of the Treaty, and the opening of ports to foreign trade, the very earth seemed to resent the intrusion of the "barbarians," and echo the alarm of the mass of the populace. Even in that land of earthquakes, nothing had ever been known like the succession of ominous upheavals of land and water. The land rocked like a rolling sea. In Yedo (Tokio) 14,000 dwelling-houses were thrown down. The sea swept up the rivers and flooded the plains. The Russian frigate *Diana* was whirled round and round forty-three times in thirty minutes, carried inland by the wave, and left hopelessly aground. No wonder many regarded these catastrophes as danger-signals of the gods!

Social and national upheavals of a still more momentous character began with the admission of the foreigner. For fifteen years the State was shaken to its foundations. Civil war ravaged the country, and the people were rent from the hermit life of our Middle Ages, and set in the centre of nineteenth century civilisation. At first it seemed to outsiders that the civil warfare was being waged over the admission of foreign nations. It appeared to be a battle between the ancients and the moderns, between the spirit of seclusion and the spirit of liberalism. But the advent of foreign emissaries claiming the rights of trade and friendship was only the unwitting occasion of a natural revolution, for which in reality rival factions and opposing forces had been long preparing. The real causes of the Japanese revolution, which was merely precipitated by the presence of Western representatives, lie back in the dualism which had been the growth of centuries.

The story has no parallel in history. The Mikados, "descendants of the gods," had throughout all time been venerated as semi-divinities. Only Court nobles were permitted to look on a Mikado's face. Others might be allowed an audience, but it was only to see a pair of feet peering under a curtain that screened his sacred person from the vulgar gaze. This was true till recent years. Imperial authority was vested solely in him, and for a time he exercised it; but the theory of his divine descent rendered him too sacred in public estimation to concern himself with sublunary affairs, and gradually the actual power fell into the hands of his military Ministers of State. The European reader will not fail to notice the remarkable parallel between this gradual military usurpation, and that growing power of the Mayor of the Palace which ultimately gave rise to the dynasty of Charlemagne.

In the course of time two rival houses contended for office, the Taira and Minamoto families. The flag of the one bore the red, the flag of the other the white

Chrysanthemum. The Wars of the Roses between the Houses of Lancaster and York have their Japanese parallels in the Wars of the Chrysanthemums. The conflict began in the middle of the twelfth century; the red flag was victorious; Yoritomo was left without a rival, and received the highest title—*Sei-i-tai-shogun*, Barbarian-subjugating-Great-General, commonly shortened to Shogun, Generalissimo.

Thus began the usurpation of Imperial authority. The Mikado reigned at Kioto, sovereign *de jure*; the Shogun ruled *de facto* at Yedo. The latter appointed and dismissed officers of State and Provincial Governors. While doing everything in the name of the Mikado, he was real master of the country, like the Mayors of the Palace under the Merovingian Sovereigns.

Along with the rise of the Shogun, the feudal system had been gradually growing. By the twelfth century it was as perfect and stable as the European feudal system. Up till 1872 this relic of the Middle Ages remained intact. Japan had its barons—its chiefs, called *Daimios*; and its clans—its Campbells and Camerons, its MacLeans and MacDonalds. Each baron had his armed retainers, the *Samurai*, or “two-sworded men,” who have played such an important part in the recent history of their country. In return for protection and land, these vassals rendered military service to their barons, and the barons to the State. Each clan had its chief’s arms emblazoned on its flag; each Daimio possessed his crest, and, in consequence, heraldry became an elaborate and intricate system. Every knight as well as his charger was clad in a complete suit of armour. Each Daimio and his trusted Samurai fortified themselves within their own walled town. He possessed despotic power within his own territory. He could levy what taxes he desired, could establish his own mint, and coin his own currency.

The Shogun, who was, as it were, great Daimio, compelled the others to present themselves at Yedo, and spend six months each year there; during their absence for the other six months to leave their wives and eldest sons as hostages. The scramble for favour with the Shogun aroused bitter jealousies among the Daimios. Government spies lurked in every quarter. As history would reveal the origin of the Shogunate, the people were forbidden to study it, unless in the garbled form in which paid writers concocted it. To prevent possible insurrection, the Daimios were forbidden to meet, either in public or in private, without the presence of spies. Nominally there was a Council of State, like the English Council of earls and holders of fiefs, but its power was nominal, its existence a form.

Here was an elaborate feudalism, perhaps the most complete the world has ever seen, and certainly the most stable and long-lived, for it lasted seven hundred years. But at last the smouldering jealousy of the Shogun’s power began to burn fierce in the breasts of the Daimios, who regarded him as only one of themselves who had usurped authority. This spirit of discontent was fomented by the revival of Chinese learning in Japan, which familiarised thoughtful students with Confucian ethics, and with their reverence for the Sovereign. The sack of Peking, acting in the history of Eastern progress indirectly as the fall of Constantinople in the West, scattered the classic scholars, and sowed seeds of future revolutions.

A book of history did the rest. A Prince of Mito assembled a number of scholars who composed, in two hundred and forty-three volumes, the *Dai Nihon-shi*, or "History of Japan." Its motive was to disclose the real origin of the Shogun's authority, and to enforce the sole sovereignty of the Mikado; and when the spirit of insurrection burst forth, "the war-cry," says a native writer, "that led the Imperial



VISIT TO THE MIKADO AT KIOTO.

party to victory was 'King and Subject'!" Thus the mines were laid; only the spark was needed.

It was the Shogun's act in signing a treaty of commerce and friendship with foreign nations, without the consent of the Mikado, which supplied the spark and sprang the mine. Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin naturally supposed that they had the signature of the Emperor to their treaties; and when they heard of a king who lived secluded in a sacred inland city, they naturally believed him to be the religious ruler of the nation. Hence arose the theory under which Sir Rutherford Alcock wrote his "Capital of the Tycoon," and which still lingers in many minds—the theory of two Emperors, one Spiritual, the other Temporal.

The Mikado and his Court refused to approve of the Shogun's treaties, and

denounced his assumption of a new and proud title—the Chinese word *Tai-kûn* (Tycoon). The conflict thickened, and involved the nation in civil war and fearful carnage for ten years. Early in this period of anarchy and bloodshed a series of outrages was perpetrated on foreign residents, ere they had well entered the country. Twice the residence of the English Plenipotentiary, Sir Rutherford Alcock, was attacked,



A DAIMIO IN COURT DRESS.

and once held for a time by turbulent Samurai. The Secretary to the American Legation was assassinated in 1861. An Englishman, Mr. Richardson, was murdered on the public road between Yokohama and Yedo. No foreigner's life was safe, and without an escort he durst not leave his house. In default of the payment of indemnities, the British fleet bombarded Kagoshima, the city where Xavier had landed two centuries earlier.

The motive that inspired these outrages, we now know, was not enmity to foreigners, so much as a desire to embroil the usurper, the Shogûn, in difficulties with these Powers, and hasten his downfall. That lofty personage was in a hot position. On the one side were the irresistible foreigners, who were revenging insults suffered by their

countrymen by shelling their sea-ports and exacting—however justly or unjustly—a million sterling as reparation. On the other, were the forces of the Mikado, who were planning his destruction. Ere long he was found dead under suspicious circumstances. New complications and jealousies then arose which cannot be detailed here. But the Daimios had already begun to perceive the advantage of foreign intercourse, and the chief of Satsuma had, in defiance of the ancient prohibition, despatched some rising young men to study the institutions of Europe and America. These “returned, with open eyes and high hopes, in time to guide the Empire at the crisis of its change.” The new and last Keiki secretly conducted intrigues with the agents of Napoleon III., and sought to secure his support in the deadly conflict which was now culminating, forwarding valuable Japanese articles which were exposed at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

In the same year the Mikado died; Mutsūshito was his youthful successor. The new Shogūn, no longer able to resist the forces of opposition, was induced by Okubo and Katsū to resign. But his supporters would not submit so tamely. A fierce civil war began; and, after a three days' battle near Kioto, the forces of the Mikado were triumphant, and soon his restoration to sovereign and sole power was complete. The deposed Shogūn was wise enough to recognise that consolidation of the Empire could never be accomplished unless under the rule of the Mikado. He withdrew into private life, and “became a quiet and loyal country gentleman.”

Some who had fought desperately on behalf of the Shogūn, sharing the noble clemency of the victors, afterwards held office under the Mikado. One, Enomoto, became Japanese Minister at the Court of St. Petersburg. Another, Okubo, one of the greatest statesmen that Japan has produced, devoted his genius and patriotism to the Imperial cause. He and others who had studied Western civilisation, and were fired with Progressionist ambitions, joined the heterogeneous elements which formed the Mikado's supporters, and counterbalanced the reactionaries and the firebrands.

There were still many among the Imperialists who were bent upon expelling the foreigner; they were only biding their time. But the men of intelligence and travel, the strongest forces among the advisers of the Mikado, kept these fierce spirits in check, and prepared to lay the foundations of new Japan. One of these, Fukuzawa, to be introduced again later, published a volume on “Western Manners and Customs,” and various essays which were read voraciously. English books, such as the useful works of Samuel Smiles, “Self-Help,” “Character,” &c.; and Mill's “Essay on Liberty,” and some writings on religion and morals, were translated by a far-seeing schoolmaster, by name Nakamura.

The Progressive party, led by Okubo and Katsū, resolved, in face of fanatical opposition, to invite the foreign representatives to an audience with the Mikado. The British and Dutch Ministers alone accepted; but on their way some of their retinue were fiercely assailed by assassins, one of whom, however, was speedily cut down by a Japanese Minister of State, one of Okubo's henchmen. For the first time in history, a “barbarian” looked upon the sacred person of the “Son of Heaven.”

One of the first acts of the young Mikado was to appear in person at a council

of nobles and Daimios, and make a solemn proclamation "that a deliberative assembly should be formed; that all measures be decided on by public opinion; that the uncivilised customs of former times should be broken through, and the impartiality of justice displayed in the workings of nature be adopted as a basis of action, and that intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of empire."

It was a splendid step in advance—the watershed of Japanese history, a nation led by a few brave and enlightened minds, emerging from the middle ages and accepting the institutions of nineteenth century civilisation—accepting them intelligently, too, and maintaining them with high-souled consistency. No parallel to this can be found in the world's history.

The new era was marked by the removal of the throne and court to Yedo, the former seat of the Shogûn's government, and more accessible than the inland city, Kioto. To escape the unwelcome associations of the old name, Yedo was re-named Tokio—"Eastern Capital." These steps, which profoundly impressed the new epoch on the public imagination, were taken at the instigation of Okubo, the illustrious promoter of the nation's progress. After seven hundred years' seclusion in his sacred city, the Mikado dropped the screen which had hidden him from his people, and entered the new capital in state, driving through its streets under the gaze of rich and poor alike.

In his Kioto Palace he was a god "whose foot must not touch the ground. When he walked in its gardens, mats were laid before him as he stepped, to keep his foot from touching earth; and when he left it, as he rarely did, he was conveyed in a large carriage closed in by screens, and, as he passed along, the people stopped and worshipped. Any eye that saw his sacred form would, the people believed, be blinded by the sight. He was a monarch and yet a prisoner, a god, and yet a slave" (Reed). Now he was riding openly through the streets of his capital, was making a tour of his country, and his photograph could be purchased in the streets. And the change had occupied only ten years. Outsiders began to wonder if they were Rip Van Winkles and had slept through a century.

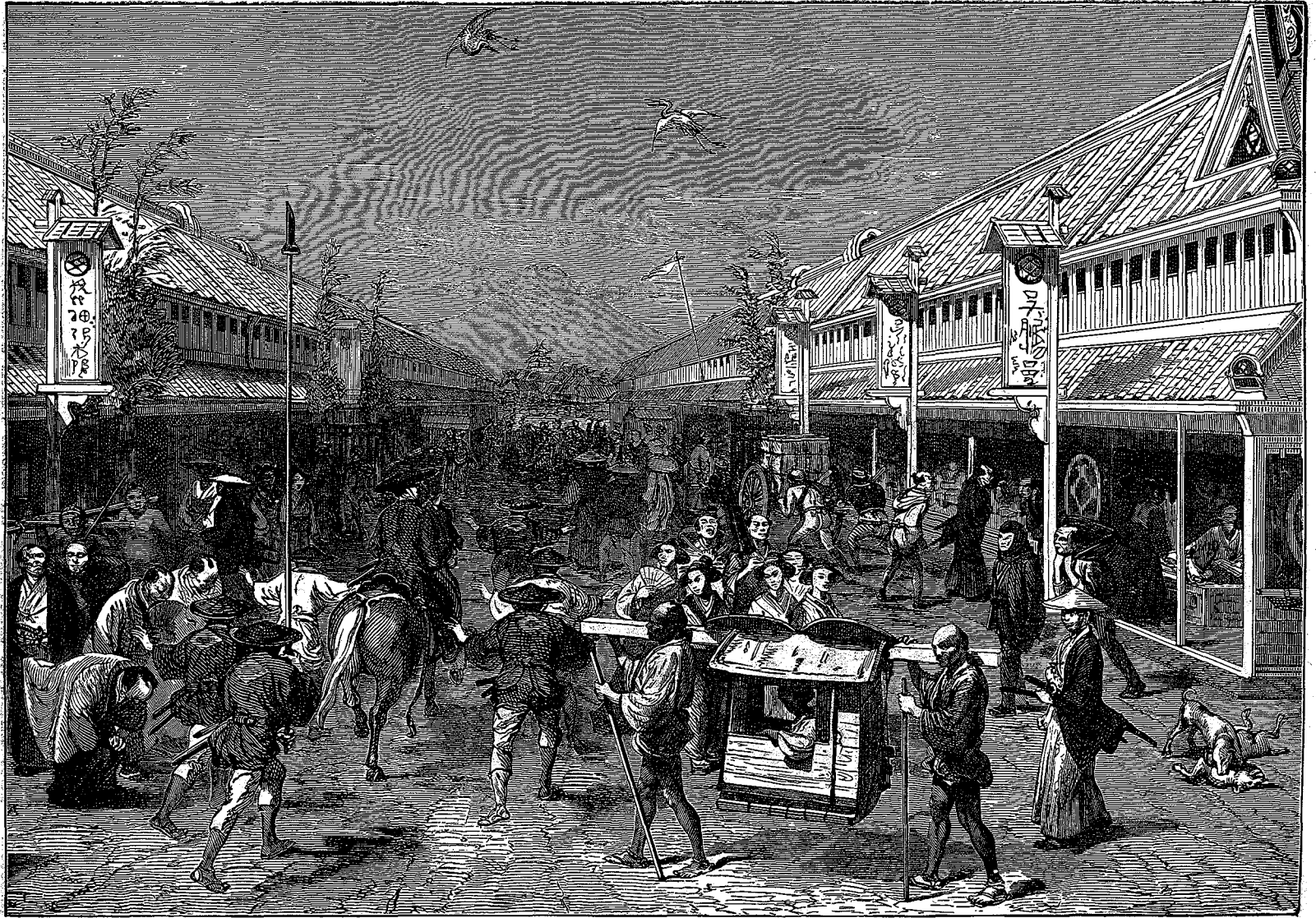
But the most magnanimous of all the acts of the revolution remains to be told. It was daily becoming evident that, in order to establish a consolidated and national administration, the Daimios must follow the Great Daimio (the Shogûn) and relinquish their authority. The feudal lords were local Sovereigns with semi-independent principalities; national unity was impossible so long as that antiquated system remained in existence. The Daimios of Satsuma and Choshû—leaders among the rest—conscious of this stern fact, and impelled by patriotic devotion, memorialised the Mikado requesting permission to relinquish their fiefs into his hands. The enthusiasm was contagious; those who at heart were reluctant to part with their estates were constrained by public opinion to consent. Soon the Mikado had the revenue and control of every principality placed in his own hands. At first, in order to break the fall, the Daimios were allowed to remain governors of their territories. But in 1872, the feudal system finally disappeared, the Daimios became private gentlemen in the enjoyment of

Government pensions; which, however, became such a drain upon the national finances that a forced reduction was afterwards made, and finally they were commuted at a very few years' purchase. The Samurai transferred their allegiance to the Mikado, and went forth to varying fortunes, some to descend to trade and service, others to hold the helm of the nation. It has been pointed out by Mr. Stock that "in the very same year the petty kings and princes of Germany crowned King William of Prussia Emperor at Versailles, the princes and nobles of Japan assembled in solemn council in Tokio and bowed their heads in submission to the Mikado, as his new Prime Minister read out the Imperial decree abolishing feudalism."

History can name no parallel instance, however, in which landed proprietors surrendered their lands and rights, revenues and titles, for the sake of their country's interests, though truth requires us to make a deduction from their magnanimity. These Daimios had long been the mere puppets of their Samurai, the ablest of whom ruled their master. These barons' Ministers were ambitious to have a share in the government of their country, and they persuaded their obedient lords to resign their fiefs. As a matter of fact, most of the Daimios have disappeared into quiet country residences, while the advisers of the Mikado and officers of State are almost entirely drawn from the leading ex-Samurai. From among their number is rising a new aristocracy of ability and intellect. Still, with all deductions made, the self-suppression of the barons was a magnificent action: it was as if our own House of Lords were voluntarily to abdicate political power, and give up the bulk of their estates, for a few years' purchase, to further the growing power of the Commons. Many a pathetic scene must have been witnessed when the dispersal came. Mr. Griffis, one of our authorities, describes one of these scenes, when the wealthy lord of Echizen bade farewell to his clan:—

"I shall not forget the impressive scene. All the sliding paper partitions separating the rooms were removed, making one vast area of matting. Arranged in the order of their rank, each in his starched robes of ceremony, with shaven crown and gun-hammer top-knot, with hands clasped on the hilt of his sword, resting upright before him as he sat on his knees, were the three thousand Samurai of the Fukui clan. Those bowed heads were busy with the thought born of the significance of the scene. It was more than a farewell to their feudal lord. It was the solemn burial of the institutions under which their fathers had lived for seven hundred years. Each face seemed to wear a far-away expression, as if their eyes were looking into the past, or striving to probe an uncertain future. I fancied I read their thoughts. Is the Samurai to become less than the trader? Is honour to be reckoned less than money? Is the spirit of Japan to be abased to the level of the sordid foreigners, who are draining the wealth of Japan? Our children, too—what is to become of them? Must they labour and toil, and earn their own bread? What are we to do when our hereditary pensions are stopped, or cut down to a beggar's pittance? Must we, whose fathers were glorious knights and warriors, and whose blood and spirit we inherit, be mingled hopelessly in the common herd? One could have heard a pin drop after the hush that announced the coming of the Daimio.

"The feudal lord, who was to be a private nobleman to-morrow, now advanced



STREET IN YEDO (NOW TOKIO).

down the wide corridor to the main hall. He was a stern-visaged man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. He was dressed in purple satin hakama, with inner robes of white satin, and outer coat of silk crape of a dark slate hue, embroidered on sleeve, back, and breast with the Tokugawa crest. In his girdle was thrust the usual side-arm, wakizashi, or dirk, the hilt of which was a carved and frosted mass of solid gold. His feet, cased in white socks, moved noiselessly over the matting. As he passed, every head was bowed, every sword laid prone to the right, and Matsudaira, with deep but unexpressed emotion, advanced amidst the ranks of his followers to the centre of the main hall. There, in a brief and noble address read by his chief Minister, the history of the clan, and of their relations as lord and vassals, the causes which had led to the revolution of 1868, the results of which had restored the Imperial house to power, and the Mikado's reasons for ordering the territorial princes to restore their fiefs, were tersely and eloquently recounted.

"In conclusion, he adjured all his followers to transfer their allegiance wholly to the Mikado and the Imperial house. Then, wishing them all success and prosperity in their new relations and in their persons, their families, and their estates, in chaste and fitting language, he bade his followers solemn farewell."

The Christian missionary followed close upon the heels of the diplomatist. Commodore Perry's action in greeting Japan on his first arrival in Yedo Bay by singing into its startled ear the Hundredth Psalm, was a significant prophecy soon to be fulfilled. Christian missionaries in China, who had been watching events with keen interest, made use of Perry's treaty to pay several hurried visits to Japan to discover any possible openings for mission work. The existing treaty was too limited, however, to permit mission operations, and it was not till the wider treaty which Lord Elgin negotiated came into force in 1868, that any forward step could be taken. No sooner, however, was that treaty concluded than the ever ready American missionaries entered.

Before proceeding, however, to glance at the history of Protestant missions in Japan, and the mighty transformation wrought by them, it will be well to pause awhile and look at some of the other closely allied agencies at work in moulding the future of the "Land of the Morning."

Soon after the first Christian missions were established, tremendous strides began to be taken in the material progress of Japan. The people saw at once what a higher civilisation was capable of effecting, and the large majority were more concerned, therefore, about education, laws, medicine, and literature, than they were about the doctrines of the Christian faith.

All the institutions which the Japanese saw with admiration in Europe and America, and copied at home, bore, however, the visible mark of Christianity. That religion was attested to them in (1) the superior civilisation it had produced; (2) the rich literature inspired and animated by its conceptions; (3) the education and enlightenment to which it had given birth; and (4) the science in which its claims were affected. They might at times pick up books which assailed the Christian faith: but

even these shook the torch before their minds, and "the more 'tis shook it shines." Students abroad could not easily escape the discovery, that the Gospel of the missionaries had shaped the life, the social and national institutions of the peoples they had gone forth to study. Japan began to adopt the civilisation of Christendom, and the source of its superiority was—only partially at first, but afterwards fully—recognised.

In his proclamation of 1868, the Mikado had pledged himself to progress when he promised that "intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world." He lost no time in fulfilling his pledge. An embassy of nobles and Ministers of State was appointed to visit America and Europe—the first Imperial Japanese Embassy ever commissioned to appear before Christian nations. It is true that young men, some of them now in this embassy, had been sent by the far-seeing Prince of Satsūma years before to study foreign countries, and learn the arts of war and peace. At the peril of their lives they had eluded the surveillance of the eagle-eyed officials, and had escaped in a ship to Europe. They returned, and foundries and arms, factories, &c., were begun at Kagoshima.

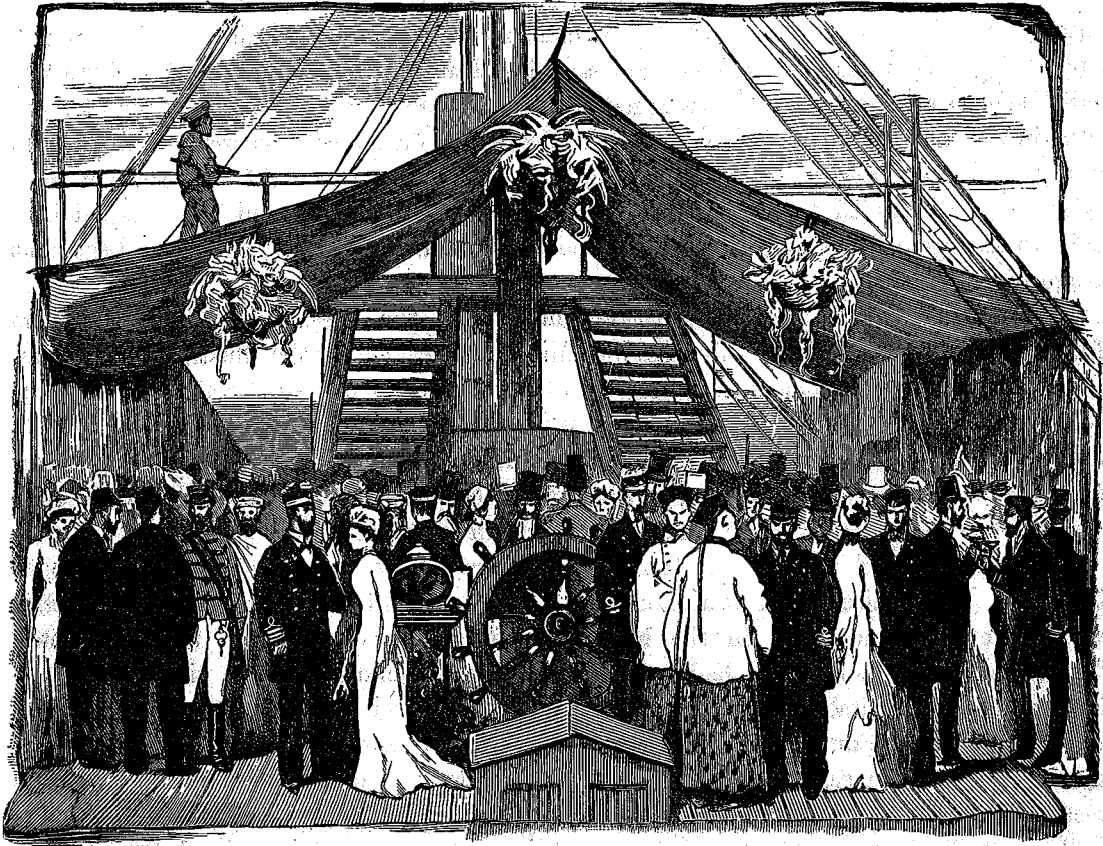
But this was the first *Government* embassy to the West. It consisted of the foremost men of New Japan—five Cabinet Ministers, headed by the illustrious statesman Iwakūra, and commissioners representing every Government department. They were received at Washington by the President, and at Windsor by the Queen. They studied minutely the political methods, social and national institutions of various countries, and returned to start a new era in the history of their country. The work which they were to perfect and crown had already, been begun by anticipation.

The educational system was transformed. Previously, upper schools and colleges had been monopolised by the aristocracy—the barons and their retainers. Merchants and farmers had no share in the higher education. The civil war, that completed the downfall of the Shogūn, had turned the common schools for the time being into barracks and hospitals. But no sooner was peace won than a new educational era was begun. An Education Board was created. The Foreign Language School was opened in Tokio—a school which has since grown to vast dimensions, having had in a recent year over six hundred pupils under twenty foreign teachers. The old Confucian College at Tokio was transmuted into a university, afterwards to be better housed elsewhere, and to become a strong and comprehensive institution. A Bureau of Translation was constituted for the purpose of translating into Japanese the best text-books for schools. They republished every scientific book produced in Chinese by the missionaries. Schools were begun at all the ports for the purpose of supplying instruction to young men in English, German, and French. Schools for military and naval tactics sprang up. Native scholars and select foreigners, with Dr. Verbeck as chief director, were charged with the translation of Guizot's "History of Civilisation," a "Compendium of Geography," "Chambers's Information for the People," and the "Code Napoléon."

The Japanese Minister at Washington had issued a circular letter to the leading educationists and publicists in the United States, inviting advice on the best means

of promoting education in Japan. Voluminous replies were received, and these were submitted to the Government at Tokio. One result was that Professor David Murray was appointed Superintendent of Schools and Colleges in Japan, and joined the Educational Department at Tokio as their adviser in reorganising their system of education.

A gigantic plan was laid out and begun. The empire was to be divided into



RECEPTION ON BOARD THE MODERN JAPANESE WAR-SHIP *SEIKI*, 1873.

eight large territories. In each of these there were to be a university, thirty middle schools, 210 academies, and 53,760 common schools. Native teachers, female as well as male, were to be provided by means of Normal Training Schools. The best students in the Language Schools were to be drafted to the University, and from the University 180 young men were to be sent abroad each year to complete their study of Western science and literature in Harvard, Oxford, or Edinburgh Universities.

These plans have proved not to be Utopian. Already they are speeding on their way to complete fulfilment. It is said that over three millions of young people of both sexes are at school to-day. An Imperial College of Engineering was founded, and is

now attended by enormous numbers of students. Under the patronage of the Empress, a Female School was established in the capital in 1872 for the higher instruction of girls in Japanese and English. Numerous foreigners were engaged at large salaries to come and teach in schools and colleges. Controlling the new and splendid educational system were British and American professors and masters.

From the same countries gentlemen were invited to organise the navy, the army, arsenals, agricultural colleges, and public works generally. Under the feudal system each Dainio had his army of Samurai. A new army organisation was adopted, with a system of conscription, rendering seven millions of men, between seventeen and forty, liable to service, and securing a regular force of thirty-five thousand in time of peace. They dressed on the model of the French army. England supplied the model for their navy, and provided the officers for its instruction and training. Armed war-ships of the latest and best type were procured, and merchant steamers subsidised.

Surpassing both army and navy in the calibre of its men was, and is, strange to say, the police force. When the feudal system fell in 1872, and the Samurai were disbanded, many of them became police officers. There must be 20,000 members of the force, mostly of superior build, educated and patriotic, trusted by the people and admired by all except the jealous army. When in 1877 the Satsuma rebellion arose, the regular soldiers were on the verge of defeat till a police battalion arrived!

Similar progress was made in the law of the land, when the code of Napoleon was adopted. English law "was everywhere and nowhere." Before the revolution and the advent of the Christian foreigners, death was a common punishment for all manner of offences. In serious cases, torture preceded capital punishment. The new code abolishes all excessive penalties, and now the convicts not only learn and practise certain trades, but also produce porcelain and lacquer ware, and even works of art.

A postal system on European model was inaugurated in 1871, replacing no system at all. So rapidly did the people avail themselves of the postal service that by the time of the Satsuma rebellion there were more post-offices than in all Ireland, and thirty million letters, &c., were carried. Telegraph-wires were soon visible on the main highways, and a cable was laid bringing Japan into immediate communication with the rest of the world. The first railway in Japan, covering eighteen miles, between Yokohama and Tokio, was opened in 1872 with great ceremony by the Mikado in person. A second ere long joined the old sacred city of Kioto with its natural port Osaka. Together not above sixty miles, they carried in a few years three millions of passengers per annum. Lighthouses began to mark sunken rocks and promontories and river mouths. Steamboats began to ply between the coast towns.

A mint was established at Osaka, and the decimal currency adopted. When English merchants first landed, the traders had no notion of the value of coins. Gold to them was no better than silver, and they readily bartered the former for the latter, weight for weight. It is to the eternal shame of foreigners that they abused native ignorance, and bought up all the available gold. The new Government has

created paper-money, unhappily seriously depreciated for several years owing to the drain upon the national finances created by the new movements. Trade and commerce took a new start.

A large measure of freedom of the Press was granted; and newspapers, daily, weekly, fortnightly, sprang up with mushroom speed. One of the rising Government officials, Kido, established one of the most enterprising papers. Their editors were often men of culture and liberal-mindedness, who had returned fired with progressive ideas from the study of foreign civilisation. Journalism became a potent factor in the enlightenment of the people. The freedom of the Press was seriously threatened in 1876, and a determined battle was fought between the Government censors and the journalists. Owing to the state of the country, stringent restrictions were imposed. The new Press laws led to numerous prosecutions. "A noble army of editors" suffered fines and imprisonment. The cause of freedom won in the end, and the Press flourished. About the time of the rebellion they had fourteen papers, with a daily circulation of fifty thousand, without a Sunday issue.

The *eta* and *hinin*, the pariahs of society, who had done the defiling and despised work of the people, were now enfranchised, and entered into the rights and responsibilities of citizenship.

In all these new undertakings, each foreign nation was taken as the model in that in which it was believed to excel. Hence they went to England for the model of their navy and for officers to train naval cadets; to France for their army and their code of law; to Germany for their medical and hospital system; to America for their educational schemes and for their instructors in agriculture; and to Scotland, the Clyde, for their engineers. Japan was to combine in its institutions the best products of world-wide civilisation. Every detail of foreign life and customs was copied. Soldiers wore foreign uniform (the baggy trousers of the Zouaves), carried rifles and bayonets, used foreign words of command, marched to well-known airs played on foreign instruments by a band in foreign dress. Sentinels guarded the avenues to public buildings, and saluted in foreign fashion; while horses stood saddled and bridled as at the Horse Guards, ready for any emergency. Policemen donned white trousers and dark-blue frock-coats with stripe on arm, and carried a long baton in their hand. Railway guards wore British railway uniform, even to the brass buttons, and when the train was ready to start gave the signal with the familiar English "All right!"

Many a side-splitting absurdity was to be seen. It was every man to his own taste. Some scenes can never be forgotten: a young clerk with a Paris felt hat, tall wooden pattens, native robe with a bath-towel or shawl round his neck; or a Government official going out to dine dressed in swallow-tailed coat, white gloves, native pants, and clogs; some in Wellington boots, others with silver-headed canes and cigars; some with English coats, others with English trousers, all usually melancholy misfits. A lady traveller records having even seen a man stretched on the ground, supporting his head with his hands, and absorbed in a book, who was dressed in—a pair of spectacles!

Civilised customs were too much for some of them. The principal of the

Engineering College tells how he once saw a good lady, according to the custom on entering a house, leave her pattens on the railway platform as she stepped into the Tokio train, expecting no doubt to find them on the platform at her destination.

Japanese engineers were not long in supposing that they could dispense with foreign help. They started a steamer on a trial trip in the Bay of Yedo, but when they wished to round back to the anchorage again, no one knew how to get the ship about, nor did it occur to them to stop the engines. By a happy accident "they so steered that the vessel went wildly round and round in eddying circles, to the infinite danger of all the other shipping in the anchorage, while at intervals the crew called lustily for help, until, finally, an English crew boarded the runaway, seized the engine-room, and brought the steamer to an anchor."

When the steamship *Hiroshima maru* was on one of its earliest voyages to Shanghai, a heavy storm occurred, during which some sulphuric acid came into contact with some zinc, and ignited a cargo of matches. Believing that their doom was sealed, they, like all Easterns, refused to work. An officer happily remembered a native superstition, and worked upon it. He distributed charms, telling the sailors that, protected by these, they were beyond all danger. They now set vigorously to work and saved the ship. Such are some of the incongruities and absurdities that mark the transition from the old order to the new.

But people were asking, Would this progress last? The Satsuma rebellion of 1877 settled that question decisively. Reactionaries were numerous and powerful, especially in Satsuma, in the southern island. Its Daimio, Shimadzu, supported by Saigo, a distinguished and influential statesman, believed that the country had gone far enough at the Restoration of the Mikado, and that the wholesale introduction of Western ways and means would be fatal to the national life of Japan. To resuscitate the glory of the disbanded *Samurai* he demanded an invasion of Corea, but in vain. He thereupon presented to the Mikado a petition protesting against twenty unwarranted innovations. One was the tacit toleration of Christianity (the "evil sect"), another the extensive "employment of foreigners and adoption of their ideas." The petition was fruitless. The climax came in 1876, when the right of the Samurai to wear two swords was abolished. It was "the knell of all his hopes of a return to the old order." In despair he abandoned the effort. His former henchman, Saigo, however, proceeded to manufacture arms at Kagoshima, and, under a false pretext, prepared for a deadly conflict. When it came, it cost thirty-five thousand lives and eight millions of money. In the struggle Saigo, a noble and patriotic spirit, but mistaken in his reading of events, was the first to fall. His lieutenant, according to ancient military custom, cut off Saigo's head with his heavy sword, and then, with his lighter blade, carried for the purpose, he committed *harakiri*, disembowelment. The reactionaries were crushed; the backward tide was turned again. Progress became now the steady policy of the nation. That rebellion of 1877 had been a momentous crisis. Happily for Japan, the Rising Sun was not stopped in its upward course.

But its progress was mainly material thus far. It had adopted only the machinery of Western civilisation, and had its dark sides. It was intoxicating the

people with the prospect of proud pre-eminence in the East. It was unsettling the foundations of all religious belief. The more advanced minds were beginning to distrust and even despise every form of religion. The moral maxims of Confucius were less generally studied, and the restraints which his ethical teaching had exercised were vanishing. Japan was making the Kingdom of Heaven consist largely in steam and electricity, books and colleges. The change did not at first strengthen the moral principle of the people. A characteristic story is told by Dr. Maclay in his "Budget of Letters":—

"The Mitsui Bank in Tokio is a national bank, backed up with the money of the Government. Young Japan had been especially educated abroad to carry on the banking system on approved foreign principles. They were intelligent, capable, and shrewd. They made excellent cashiers, tellers, bookkeepers, and clerks, so far as the merely executive qualities were concerned. They possessed every intellectual requirement necessary for carrying on a bank, but they were *too* intelligent. They were so thoroughly acquainted with financiering that they understood many little methods of deflecting cash from the treasury into their own pockets. And there was no power except fear that could prevent their doing so; and fear had but little effect, as there was hardly any fear that the capitalists, composed of effete Daimios and of Government officers unfamiliar with banking, could detect how the cash disappeared. In this predicament, one of the bank officers, with great candour and solicitude, came and explained the situation to one of the missionaries. He frankly admitted that he did not believe in any religion whatsoever. He claimed that the Japanese intellect was of too philosophical a nature to accept the Jewish myth called Christianity. 'But,' said he, 'your religion does something that our religion cannot do. *It makes men honest.* Now, we wish our employés at the bank to be carefully instructed in these principles, so that they may learn to discharge their duties with scrupulous integrity.'"

It was indeed not surprising that their ethical progress should be less rapid at first than their material and intellectual progress. Thus far, they appeared to think that a nation that travels fifty miles per hour is ten times more civilised than a nation that travels only five. A few years later, and they would be found deploring the lack of lofty moral principle among the people, and inquiring after the religion that would best produce moral feeling. But meanwhile much silent vigorous work remained to be done by Christian men and women before Japan would be leavened with the moral spirit of Christianity.